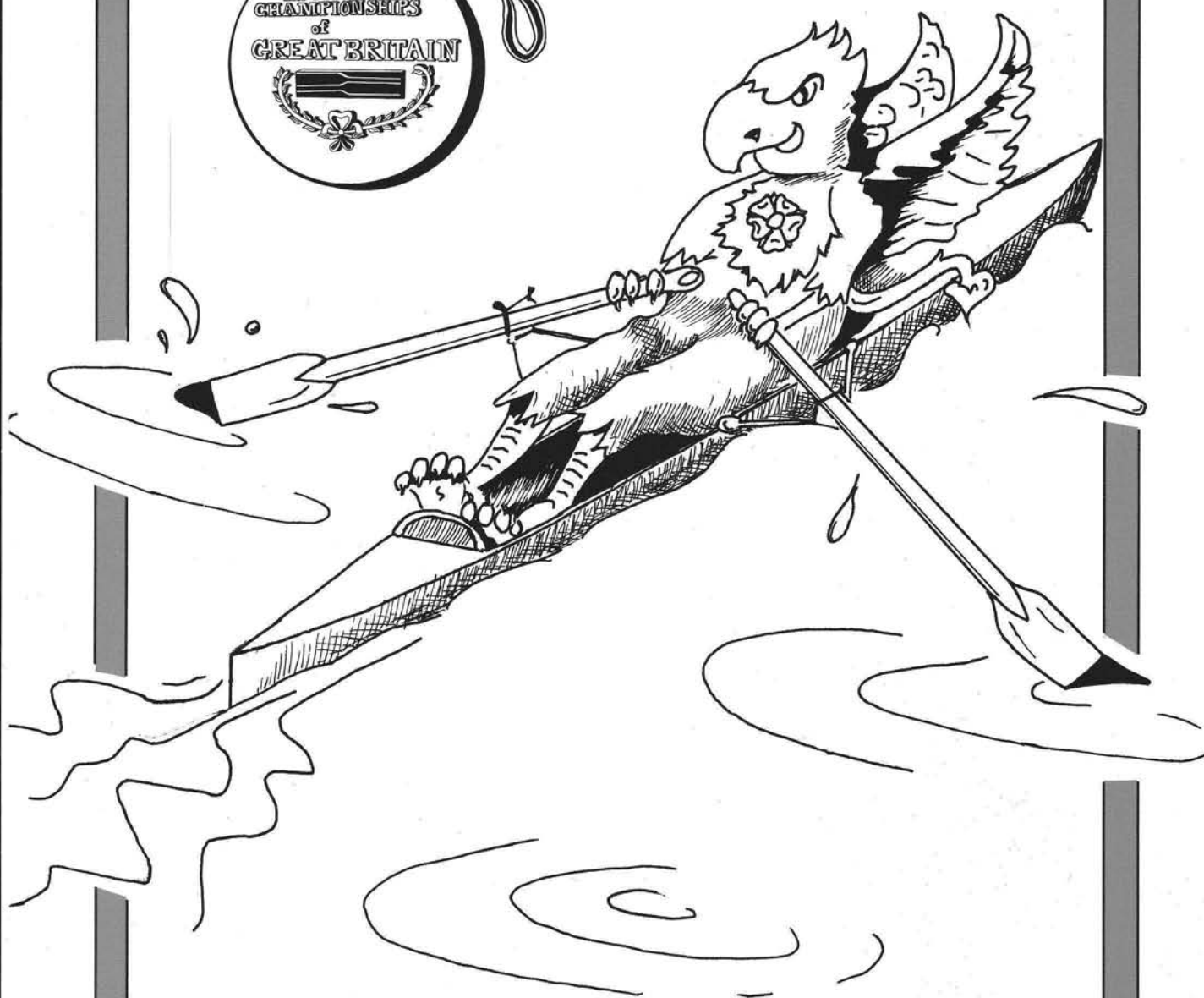
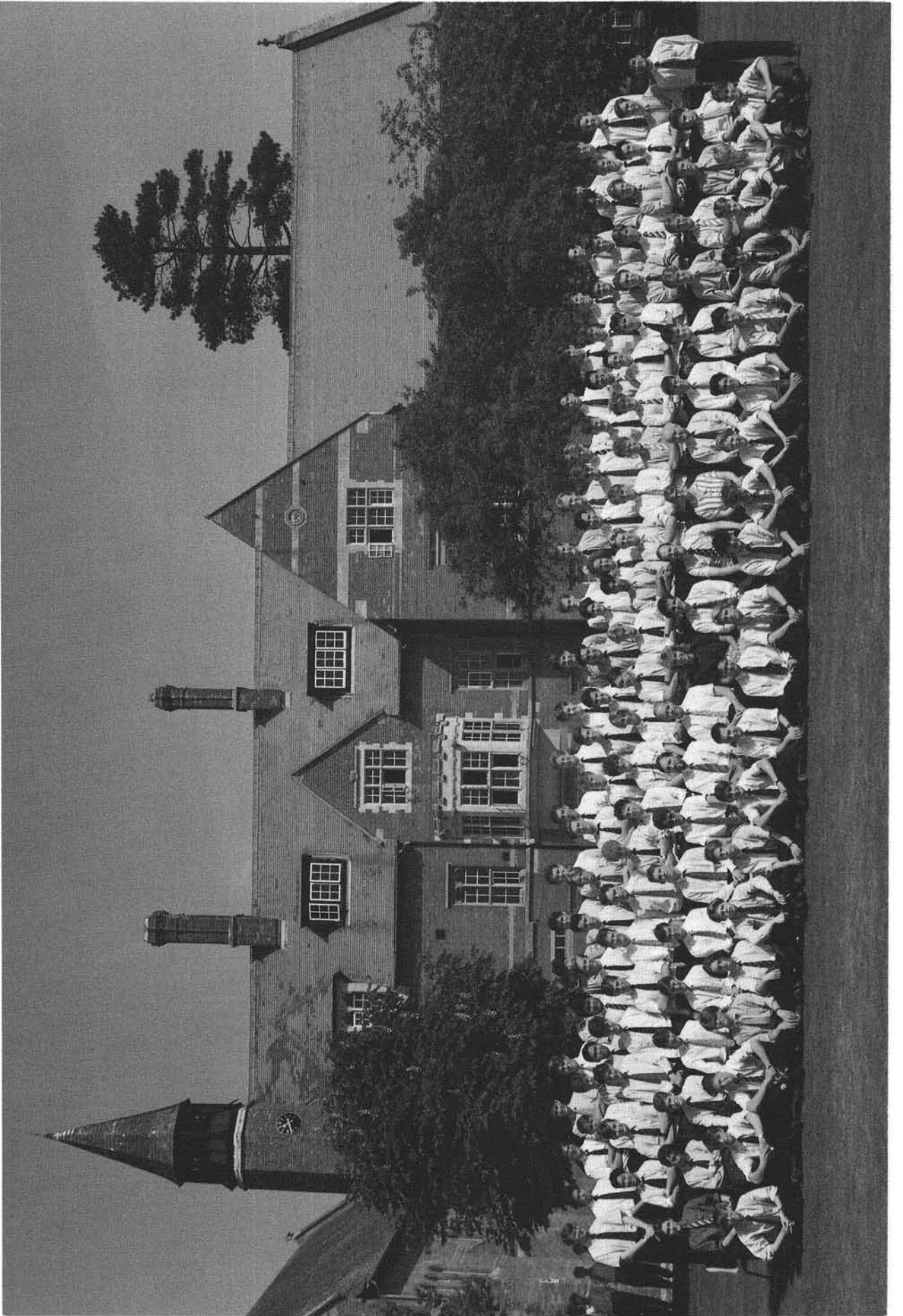


THE ABINGDONIAN



Volume 20 – No. 1

Michaelmas 1992





THE ABINGDONIAN

No. 1 Vol. 20 December 16th, 1992

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Editorial Section

The invitation to become editor of the Abingdonian took me aback at first, but on reflection it seemed an opportunity both to stimulate good writing and to encourage a dialogue of ideas within the school. I often reflect, particularly as I emerge from my 'cage' in the mornings, on how powerless and without influence the individual classroom teacher is. Having run my own business for many years, this loss of autonomy can be frustrating, so I welcomed the opportunity to make a more direct contribution, particularly by encouraging others to write on issues that concerned them. That is not to say that 'The Abingdonian' will become politicised overnight, but at least it might become a bit more lively.

Immediately the summer half-term holiday was over, the new team selected themselves. What energy! What vision! Those early meetings bristled with ideas; idealism was rampant. Benan Omar III addressed the whole school from the platform; posters proliferated and streams (or was it a trickle) of would-be authors queued at the Common Room door to hand in discs (best of all), or slightly soiled sheets of A4. The local supplies of Diet Coke and French Brie (Tesco's best) were quickly exhausted, as Simon Cook and Nick Wright *inter alios* feasted on this rich diet of ideas. At best I would have described it as an exhilarating finale to an action-packed year; at worst as a rather *ad hoc* and amateur beginning to our new enterprise.

Having accepted that the last edition had encountered difficulties of a technical nature in the reproduction of the photographs, we first selected a new firm of printers and, after a detailed examination of our options, decided to revert to a more traditional approach (i.e. IT plus scissors and paste). Such a method, we thought at the time, would be quicker and hence more cost-effective, given your new editor's lack of experience with computerised magazine layouts. I really owe a great deal to the forbearance, guidance and expertise of David Haynes, who has tolerated both my presence and that of Francis Aish and Stephen Turner for long periods at the IT centre, and who has always been ready to unscramble our 'nests'. I would also like to thank another of my colleagues, Stuart Evans, who has handled the 'creative' writing which forms the backbone of the new 'Showcase' section. Mind you the editorial team came closest to internecine warfare over the selection, outside their decision not to go for advertising. This prompts me to ask further - would you like to see local advertising in future issues of the Abingdonian? If you have any views on this, or on any other matter relating to the content and style of your school magazine, then why not write a Letter to the Editor about it?

Generally it seemed wise to retain the best of the old format (after all most school magazines look much the same), whilst allowing space for new and more creative approaches. The best writing, both prose and verse, came, interestingly enough, from

the Lower School, whilst Common Room produced its own 'Wilfred Thesiger' in the person of David Taylor. Ideally we would like much more material for the next issue (on disc, please - Mac compatible). Art work can also make an enormous difference. Oliver Swaddling's 'War Cemetery' is well set off by the stark field and poppy, whilst Thomas Frankum's ubiquitous gryphon is great fun, and almost achieves the status of Molesworth's 'Gerund'. The cover design seemed exactly right, given the Boat Club's triumphs and Bill Potter's retirement, but the response to the competition overall was disappointing i.e. only three serious entries. The challenge remains open and any one with a good idea, either for a front-cover design or anything else, is welcome to submit it, preferably drawn in black ink on white cartridge paper. All copy to the editors a.s.a.p.

There remain, however, many unresolved problems and doubts about future 'Abingdonians'. Its relationship with the Record seems to me uneasy, particularly when the same ground is gone over, and some of the activities' reports have a similar lifeless official feel. We spent a lot of time discussing the possibility of producing two issues a year, one covering the Michaelmas term to be published at the beginning of the Summer term following, and a second covering the events of the Spring and Summer Terms, and coming out within the Michaelmas term (as we had hoped to do with this one). This idea surely deserves consideration. It might mean a smaller magazine, but much more topical, and with the possibility of some colour pages.

One last gripe is the dearth of photographers in the school. Not only has the Abingdonian got its own camera, but we will contribute towards the cost of film if the photographs are good enough. So get out there and record what is going on (black and white is best). The major interest in the coming year and a half must surely be the development of Mercers' Court; we would like to see the Abingdonian record as well as comment on this exciting building project. A very large number of those reading this magazine will be using the classrooms and study areas provided there within two years. After all it ought to be the function of a school magazine to present not merely a sample of the best things that its pupils can achieve, but also to make a record of the events and personalities of each particular era..

At the end of the day it is your magazine and depends on what you contribute. The job of the editorial team is to facilitate this process, not to write the magazine for you. We await your next contributions with eager anticipation.

Digby Cayley, Editor

N.B. Copy deadline for next issue is **Saturday 26th June.**

W.G.P.

'Come on lads, you can do it!' These words of encouragement and exhortation sum up to a great extent the philosophy of W.G.P. in all his dealings with the 'young gentlemen' of the school who were under his wing at various times during the rich and varied schoolmaster's life that Bill pursued, in and around Oxford and Abingdon. It does not fall to the lot of many to have watched and been so closely involved in the whole of a colleague's career, as has been my privilege over the years since 1955, and so I feel a particular pleasure in recalling those times.

How many doctors in this country and abroad owe their careers to the inspired teaching of W.G.P.? One can but make a guess by perusing the Old Abingdonian address list. It seems a formidable number. Both W.G.P. and his distinguished predecessor, Joe Talbot, were the Biology Department for a whole generation of Abingdonians. Those who opted for the subject were in no doubt about the vast number of essays that would be demanded of them, nor about the never-ending stream of references which "they might care to look up!" But this was the regime which inspired so many to want to read medicine at University and gave them the qualifications to realise their ambition.



Oars raised to welcome Mr and Mrs Potter at the Common Room Dinner

As Housemaster of Crescent House for eleven years, both he and his wife Angela enjoyed a role to which they were ideally suited, each caring for 'their' boys in differing ways, and gaining many life-long friends in the process. They helped to form and strengthen that happy and dedicated group of housemasters in the era to which many may already be looking back in a hazy glow as Abingdon's "golden age", when boarding really was boarding, and schoolmasters devoted their whole lives to the one school.

But it is W.G.P.'s love of the river, and rowing above all, which most of us remember with such pleasure. From my own point of view, his appointment was more than welcome in those early days when the Boat Club was so short of equipment and coaches. Over the next twenty years we made a good team, and Bill's enthusiastic and good-humoured approach could not have been of more value. This is not the place to detail his numerous successes with Colts VIIIs, First VIIIs and Henley Crews, evidenced by his election to the Leander Club. But the Boat Club and a whole succession of Abingdon oarsmen owe him an enormous debt of gratitude; they will miss that ruddy complexion and stern, stentorian voice. Nor should it be forgotten

that he coached his old college, Pembroke (they won highest Blades in Summer Eights of '91, and went on to go Second on the river the following year); and is still coaching the Reserve Oxford Lightweight crew. How appropriate then were the raised oars and Boating song, so lustily sung, to welcome him and Angela to the dinner given in their honour by Common Room at the end of last summer term.

In all these activities, Angela has been his devoted and supportive partner, as well as being, in her own right, Relief Sister in the Sanatorium, dealing sympathetically and competently with the sick and injured (real and feigned!). And also in the Chapel where her flower arrangements were always so much appreciated. Her enthusiastic support at regattas all over the country was given unstintingly and greatly treasured by tired, cold, wet, hungry and thirsty coaches. What a splendid sight was the dear old orange Volkswagen!

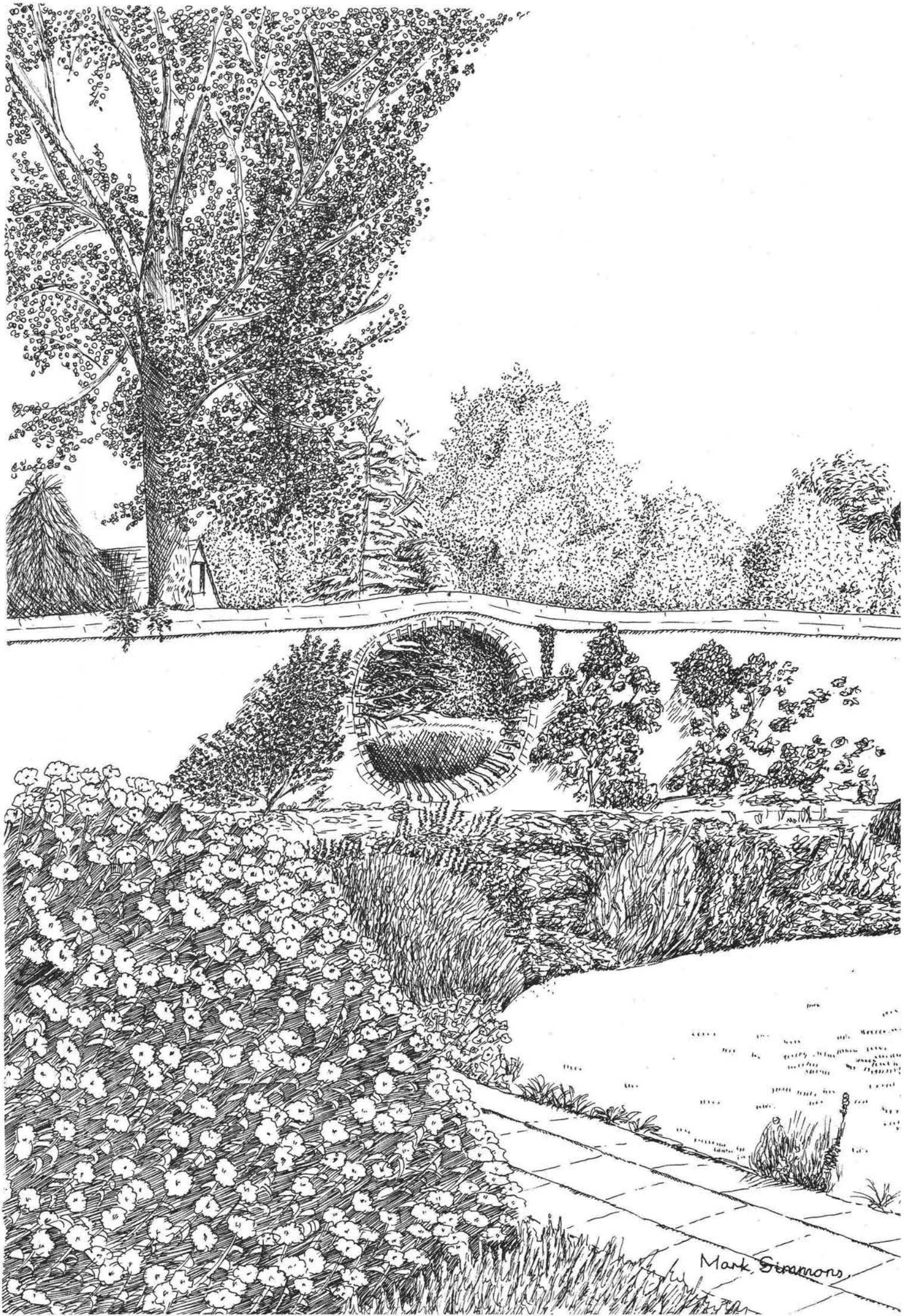
It remains to wish for them the happiest of retirements, whether it be on the banks of the Isis with binoculars, panning between bird and blade, or with feet up in Park Road, and to thank them for their efforts for the School. If they have regrets of leaving — and who has not? — one can only say 'Come on, you can do it!'.

R.G. Mortimer et al.

Others will fill our places
Dressed in the old DARK blue,
We'll recollect our races
We'll to the flag be true;
And youth will be still in our faces
When we cheer for a PEMBROKE crew,
And youth will be still in our faces
When we cheer for an ABINGDON crew.



Bill and Angela at the dinner standing beneath the portrait of Sir James Cobban, CBE



Mark Simmons

EXTRACTS FROM THE HEADMASTER'S SPEECH.

PRIZEGIVING DAY: Saturday June 20th, 1992.

Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,

In common with a great many other independent schools, we came to expect during the early part of the year that we would, by this stage in 1992, have to fight quite hard to protect our interests, and perhaps even our very existence, from the attacks of a hostile left-wing government which seemed bent on abolishing the Assisted Places Scheme, and charitable status for educational institutions. Paradoxically, the election went the other way, and the Conservatives got back in.

Instead of a political threat, however, independent schools have faced rapidly mounting economic difficulties, as their costs have continued to rise while their income, nationally at any rate, has tended to fall because of the recession. Abingdon, with its mixture of boarders and dayboys, and its fees which are still relatively modest, is well placed to retain and indeed attract custom, even at a time of reduced buoyancy in demand; but even so it was a comfort to find that the Hall was as full as ever on the day of the entrance and pre-test examinations in February.

Our academic year opened with a particularly severe rebuff in the matter of the Bath Street project. Our planning application was rejected and we were obliged to lose a year's time and a great deal of money, in going back to the drawing board and starting afresh. We had thought that by the June of 1992 the site would have been cleared, and we would have been some four months into the construction period for a new building. As it is, we have now at last secured permission to go ahead with a fresh, somewhat smaller scheme. On a much more personal level, we certainly did not expect at the beginning of the year to have to mourn the deaths of one very recently retired master, Mr. Tony Hillary, or, still more shockingly and very recently, the sudden death of our greatly respected Bursar, Mr. Alan Daley.

More happily, there have been plenty of successes to record during the course of the year, and some of them, at any rate, came as pleasant surprises - it would be ungenerous to say that they were unexpected! On the sporting side, the Boat Club in particular, has continued its triumphant 'march'. In 1991 the 1st IV won gold medals in the National Championships during July, and then went on to row for England in August. The 1992 rowing season has already been rich in trophies, and there are prospects of national honours for more Abingdon oarsmen during the course of the summer, both current members of the school and recent OA's. The Rugby Club was particularly pleased to record its first blue for Ashley Tapper (OA), who played for Oxford in this year's Varsity Match. And David Johnson (OA), partnered by Neil McLennan, who is currently a member of the Upper Sixth, added to their tally of international honours in sailing.

On the academic front, Alistair Abbott distinguished himself in the National Mathematics Contest and the British Chemistry Olympiad, whilst Peter Haynes covered himself, and therefore by reflection the school, in glory, by winning a gold medal in the British Physics Olympiad. Among a number of musicians whose playing or singing has given evidence of their great ability during the course of the year, Dominic Franks achieved

a very particular success, when he was awarded a trophy as regional solo champion in the Daily Telegraph Young Jazz Musicians Contest. Finally, it has been a very special pleasure to observe some of the School's leading scholars and speakers taking part in international debates and discussions on political and environmental issues in Prague, Barcelona and Oxford, under the auspices of the European Youth Parliament.

As I said, it would be ungenerous to describe any of these successes as unexpected, but I think that a number of those involved did actually surprise themselves by the quality of their various performances. I wonder, in fact, whether it is not something of a characteristic of the school at the moment that we do not fully realise our own strengths. Perhaps the habit of performance to a very high level will feed on itself, and successive generations will regard it as more and more the normal thing, so to speak, to give full rein to their talents outside, as well as inside, the school.

Taken all in all, then, 1991-92 would have been a good year for the bookies, if some incautious punter had been betting heavily on Abingdon School's expectations. Speaking for myself, I would certainly be prepared to lay a little money on today's prize-winners, and those others whom we must certainly not forget - who were awarded sixth-form prizes at the end of last term - and, more generally, I think it would be foolish to suggest that we have yet seen anything like the best that Abingdon can accomplish.

Our Governing Body are giving much thought to the development programme - and I would like here, in passing, to thank the Governors for all that they do for the school. We are extraordinarily fortunate in enjoying the support of a body of such able, distinguished and therefore often dreadfully busy people who bring their powerful wisdoms to bear for the school's benefit without stint of time or energy. Indeed, every member of the Board has his or her distinctive contribution to make, and together they form a uniquely powerful team.

Similarly, the Staff are grappling purposefully with the problems of resource management, timetabling, and educational priorities which arise from the many changes that are taking place in the world of education at the present time. And in just the same way that I have thanked the Governing Body, I would like to express appreciation - an appreciation which, I am sure, is shared by all the parents, and most of the boys who are present today, of the 'Herculean' efforts made by the teaching staff. It is almost impossible, I think, for anyone outside the profession to realise just how much more pressured, and in some senses less rewarding, the life of a teacher is than it was, say, twenty or thirty years ago:- but my colleagues are doing a tremendous job in coping with all the changes that are being thrust at them, and seem to be almost tireless in their efforts on behalf of the boys.

The difficulties that face us are rather different from those of schools with falling rolls. With every month that passes, I become less and less convinced of the relevance of the National Curriculum to the needs of truly able children, less and less impressed by the value of the examinations and tests which

government and prospective employers alike are foisting upon schools and their pupils, and more alarmed by the centralist, regulating tendency expressed in legislation such as the 1989 Children Act, and the requirement for Records of Achievement. Little of this has anything to do with Education, properly speaking. It is 'Gradgrindery', bureaucracy, regulatory interventionism gone wild. I am increasingly inclined to think that it may be the duty of the independent sector of education to make a stand against this *dirigiste* tendency, in support of the values which first gave our schools the reputations which they enjoy today, namely the cultivation of true scholarship, the pursuit of a community life, the development of personality and the transmission of cultural and ethical values.

As a nation, we don't take very kindly to being organised under central government compulsion; we willingly submit ourselves to rigorous discipline in voluntary organisations, but tend to

object strongly if told to act without any options. The independent schools may have a crucial role to play over the next decade, as guardians of the self-disciplined unorthodoxy, originality and enterprise which are true English characteristics, however much they may have been overlaid of late.

At least these admirable qualities have been sufficiently apparent in the Upper Sixth who are leaving us this year. A year-group of unusual talent, they have amply lived up to the expectations which were voiced about them last September, and have altogether accomplished a very great deal during their time at the school. Generally speaking, they have been as marked for their good humour and positive friendliness as for academic or athletic abilities, and while, in this year of overturned expectations, it would be rash to speculate too much about their likely A-level success rate, they can be sure that they have left a favourable mark on the growth of the school.

Mr. St. John Parker



THE GRIFFEN BALL 1992

An eye-witness account by **Max Patey** (6 KGH).

After another year of anxious faces and bitten finger nails, it was once again time to celebrate the closure of the exam period with the traditional Griffen Ball.

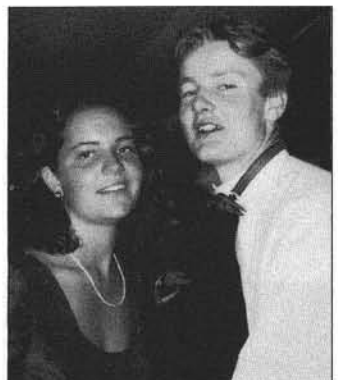
Troops of dickie-bows and their stunning partners could be seen exercising their glass raising abilities at their various locals earlier on in the evening.

With the effects of the early evening 'binge' under their belts, the guests were greeted on their arrival at the elegantly decked cerise and white marquee by the sound of 'So What!', a jazz quartet featuring Ian Cotterill and Dominic Franks. The wine flowed like water and soon the atmosphere was bubbling with laughter (the ingredients of success!). The opening hours of the Ball were a time to ponder and reminisce on the the good old days. Anecdotes were exchanged over the din, as the guests tucked into a magnificent spread laid on by Abbey Catering and the Ball Committee.

As the evening wore on, the funky dance moves of Alun Watkins and the Headmaster came to the fore and the beats boomed even louder. Indeed, Mr. Watkins' voice was on top form, as he shouted through the lyrics of Elton John's 'Crocodile Rock'. The parents, also, were able to relive their youth by challenging their sons to a 'bop-till-you-drop' contest on the bouncy castle which proved rather brutal to the innocent and more sober onlookers!

If there was to be one complaint it would have to be that there were too few smoochy ballads to signal the break of dawn (although at this stage some needed no more encouragement)!

As the last guests staggered through the exit, having bid a fond farewell to all, it was clear that the evening had been utterly successful. Our thanks for that night must go not only to the organizers, but also to all those at Abingdon who made our time so memorable.



TEXT OF THE SPEECH DELIVERED BY MR. GEOFFREY HELLIWELL AT THE ANNUAL PRIZEGIVING ON SATURDAY JUNE 20th, 1992.

Mr. Mayor, Chairman, Headmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:-

A few weeks ago I wanted to ring the Headmaster to find out the details of today's arrangements. I had to look up his telephone number and when I did, as happens so often with the elderly, I remembered that I knew it already. Save for the accretion of a few preliminary digits it remained the same number that James Cobban had been so delighted to acquire over forty years ago, and of course I remembered its significance: 1563. James obviously shared his delight in the significance of this number with John Roysse, our founder, who knew himself to be a lucky man in that his birth had coincided with the birth of his century, and that he, unlike so many of his contemporaries, had lived and lived profitably to reach the ripe old age of sixty-three. Seven times nine, making the grand climacteric. So, as you know, he founded (or was it refounded?) a school of sixty-three boys, and here we are.

Now, as luck would have it, the day I rang Michael Parker was my birthday. I am not about to divulge my age to such a large gathering, but it struck me that had I been a successful businessman, a Mercer for example, this would have been a good year for me to found a school; and had I the means to do so, which 'alas' I have not, that school would be modelled on Abingdon School. For what I will confess without apology is my affection for this school and my pride in being part of it.

Of the four hundred years or so which have passed since John Roysse's foundation, I have known the school for a mere tenth. I came here forty years ago to my first teaching post, and stayed for five very happy and busy years. To you who are pupils now, that may seem as remote as 1563. I remember, for example, how the school and the Common Room were divided in angry disagreement over the Suez crisis, now a date in your G.C.S.E. history course. The town of Abingdon was then a quiet market town without any "base and brickish skirt" of superstore and science park. M.G. cars were tested on the main road to Marcham, then otherwise largely deserted.

The school itself was just beginning to change, with the help of the Direct Grant, from a small country grammar school. The first science 'labs.' had only just been completed, whilst the school play was produced annually in the Corn Exchange, a hired and inconvenient hall (since demolished), near the present Market Square. We used to build the sets in the Woodwork Department, then housed in a ramshackle structure on the site of the present Dining Hall. I even remember helping John Griffin make a hexagonal pillar, covered with gauze, behind which we hoped the ghost of Hamlet's father would, by a subtle change of lighting, mysteriously appear. In Lacies' Court, in a small room furnished with a table, a few chairs and five bookcases, George Duxbury and I added as many secondhand books as we could fund or find, to what was the Library. In those days we still swam, if we swam at all, in the river. Artists practised their art in a classroom near the Chapel, into which, fortnightly, the whole staff crammed themselves for staff meetings, at great risk to their trousers from gobs of Prussian Blue or Burnt Umber. And any of you who may have been

puzzled by the name of the present airy staff dining room, should know that for many years the staff ate in a dank and gloomy cellar below School House, which fully earned the name 'Avernus', though the descent to it was not so easy as Virgil would have us believe.

I could go on, but if you have given me credit for any sense of direction in these reminiscences, you will, no doubt, have guessed my drift: things are better now. But you would be mistaken, for that is not, exactly, what I wanted to say.

Of course, all of you here today, whether pupils, parents or staff, will be aware, from my reminiscences, if you were not before, of the immense progress that Abingdon School has made over these last forty years. It can be measured in terms of buildings, and a cursory walk around the grounds gives ample evidence of this. The War Memorial Field, the Amey Hall Complex, the Sports Hall, the Library, the Warehouse, the Greening Wing, and now most exciting of all, the Bath Street Project (*Mercer's Court - Ed.*). In almost every field of school activity, whether academic or sporting, intellectual or artistic, the facilities have been transformed, and the achievements have matched that transformation. This could not have happened had the school not been led over this period by three headmasters of outstanding ability, enormous energy and far-sighted vision.

Yet my point is not one of contrast but of continuity; of a sense of values shared and handed on over the years; in a word, though not perhaps a 'buzz' word, of tradition. Through these forty years, and for much longer, Abingdon and its staff have maintained standards and followed ideals which have given it a consistency and purpose without which the buildings themselves would have been mere empty shells.

I will not attempt to trace all the many interwoven threads which go to make such a tradition, but as this is a day for prizegiving, may I choose just that one :- prizes. The prizes given over the years and those which I have been privileged to present today are not merely personal rewards for achievement, though they are that, and the prize-winners deserve the recognition, admiration and congratulations which we have given them. But if they were only that, those many others of you who have worked hard, or even fairly hard, without gaining a prize, might well view prizegiving as yet another example of life's unfairness, or at best wonder what this ceremony has to do with you. It has this. Prizes are one of the best ways by which a school defines its tradition. What makes it possible for a few people to distinguish themselves is the existence of the whole complex organisation of a school, its expectations and its high academic standard. To that everyone contributes, be he pupil, teacher, headmaster, parent, or even governor:- everyone who does his share of the work to the best of his ability.

But today is not only Prizegiving, it is also Leavers' Day, and I would like to say a word to them in particular. Important leave-takings, from an airport, from a job, from a school, involve a dual process, of looking backwards as well as forwards, and often with divided feelings. I hope that most of your thoughts

are of the future, and that Abingdon has equipped you to look forward with confidence and a happy sense of expectation, not just to your A-level results, but to the next stage of your lives. And it would be surprising if today you did not also look back, remembering for a moment as I have just done, the years you have spent here, the interests you have pursued and the friends you have made. I hope as you do so you can share my feelings of affection for and pride in Abingdon School.

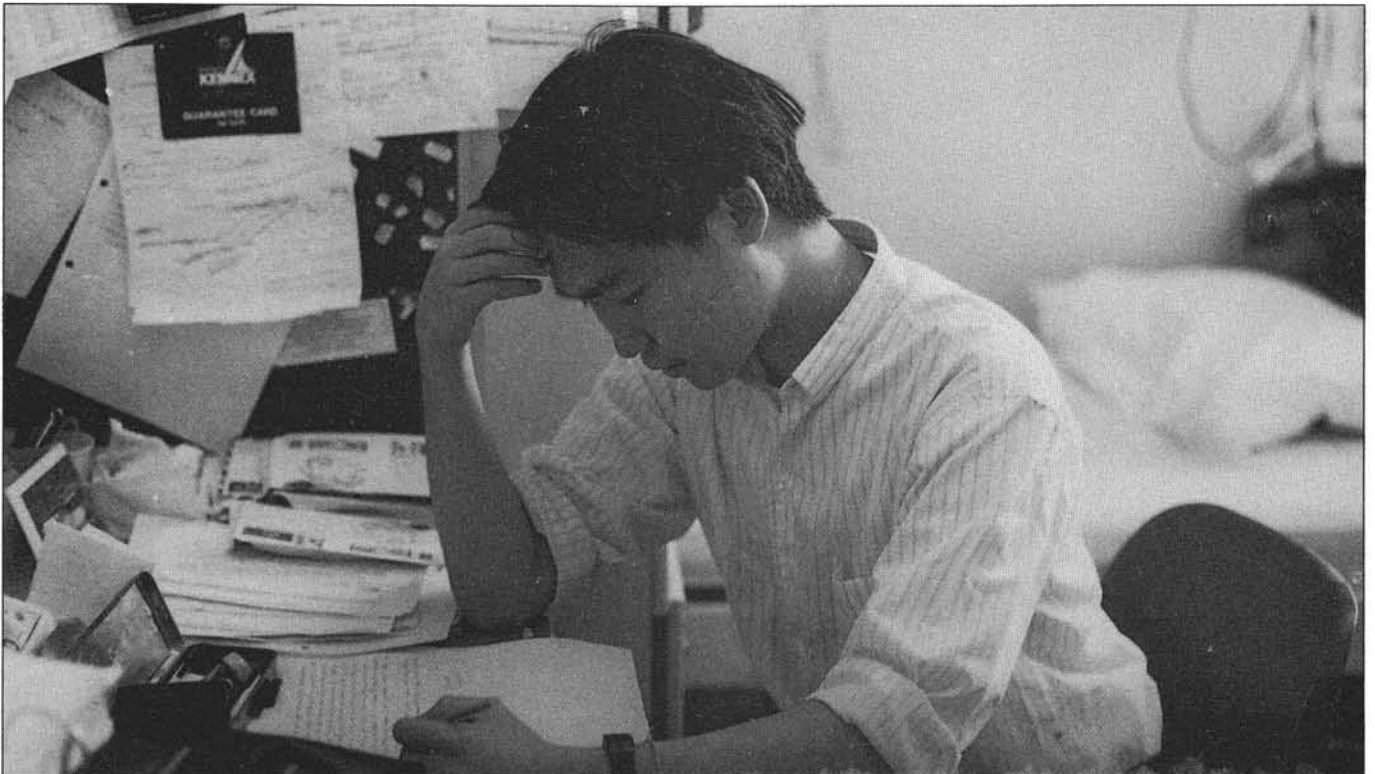


I included parents amongst those who contribute to the tradition of a school, and Abingdon has long been fortunate in educating the sons of supportive and committed parents. May I offer to the parents present one final reminiscence to illustrate what I mean. Nearly forty years ago I joined with some boys in forming a School Building Club. It happened partly because they didn't like cricket, and partly because I thought we needed a couple of 'Fives' courts. None of us knew anything about bricklaying, but one boy had a father who was a small local builder. I met him over a drink in a pub not two hundred yards from here. He had never heard of 'Fives' and was very amused at our total ignorance of building, but when he understood that we didn't want him to do the job for us, he gave us some simple advice about footings and we made a start. I never had to ask for his help again, because he must have kept in touch with our progress through his son, and at crucial stages he found time at the end of his working day to come and inspect our afternoon's work, unannounced, tactfully, after the boys had gone, but, most important, while the mortar was still wet -

or, as he more accurately put it, before it had "gone off".... and with a few well-directed thumps he did for our walls what repeated panels of experts have failed to do for Pisa's tower. I don't make any great claims for the Fives Courts, though they are still there in the corner of Waste Court Field, but the parent I have always remembered as a model to all parents.

Finally, to the Headmaster and the Staff I would like to express my personal thanks, not only for the great honour you have paid me today, but also for the opportunity you've given me in the longer term to renew my ties with the school, and to share again with you in the exciting development of a great tradition in a great school.

Thank you. *(applause)*



Ming and Alex Webster illustrate the 'two halves' of Abingdon School

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LETTER FROM AN OA

Perhaps I can fill you in a little on my activities since leaving Abingdon? I spent the bulk of my 'gap' year in the Middle East, working for the Jerusalem Ambulance Service as a medical assistant. Like so much work, the great bulk was routine. Jerusalem, however, is an absolutely incredible city, and had so much to offer that I wasn't bored for one moment. As you would expect the work of myself and my colleagues inevitably drew us into the conflicts in the area, never more tangibly than when we were first on the scene at one of the largest terrorist incidents in Israel since the Yom Kippur War.

A Palestinian grabbed the wheel of a packed bus on the Tel Aviv to Jerusalem highway and steered it off the road and into a valley. There were fourteen dead and thirty nine injured. The confusion was akin to what I imagine accompanies battle. Looking back, I feel that I did the best I could under the circumstances.

On a more cheerful note, I found that the year out prepared me very well socially for Oxford, although it took a while to settle back into academic work. I rowed for the college, and got involved in the conservation of the Asian elephant. This resulted in my spending two summers in India, working with the Indian

Wildlife Institute. For the second visit I was leading an Oxford University expedition team, researching the land-use conflict between elephants and the human population. We were visited in the field by a BBC 'Tomorrow's World' camera crew, and were featured in the last television series. Funding for the expedition came actively through sponsorship, which included £1000 from the Royal Geographical Society. In all we raised over £8000.

Most recently I gained a degree in Pure and Applied Biology, coming second in my year. I now have a place in Edinburgh, where I will commence studying for a medical degree in October, hopefully combining this with a Ph.D. in neuroscience. This will be much more convenient for travelling, and keep me closer to my friends.

I am really writing to thank you and everyone at Abingdon for giving me so many opportunities and setting me so much on the right path. I hope to be able to come to Abingdon shortly, and look forward to seeing many old friends.

Yours,
Jeremy Hall

This is one A-level student's attempt to tackle an essay set for him while the environment was the topic being discussed in class. Having read it, you may find that you agree with his teacher in believing that he misinterpreted the title; on the other hand, you may not.

IS CHRISTIANITY NECESSARILY 'GREEN' ?

Learned theologians have argued for centuries as to the actual colour of Christianity. For years it was believed that it was definitely a 'Yellow' religion. This idea was first put forward by the early Christians in Rome in an attempt to have their cause taken more seriously, and it was generally accepted that this was the correct interpretation, until that famous year, 1282. Then it was that the celebrated 'Change of the Rainbow' took place. Whilst the traditionalists (and the powerful) conformed to the idea that Christianity was undeniably 'Red', various radical sects came up with their own personal ideas. As a great wave of 'Pink' swept southern Europe, small pockets of 'Orange', 'Purple' and 'Blue' appeared throughout the civilised world. Rulers and monarchs began to get irritated with anyone who did not agree with their 'Red' theory, and up to this day one can still see statues dedicated to martyrs who were burned alive still proclaiming that Christianity was a sort of 'Sea-colour, if you know what I mean?'

This barbaric practice continued up until that sensational date, February 30th 1668. It was then that a group of philosophers, called 'Dave, Yeek, Hairy, Mikey, Squeak and Titch' (*apparently not followers of Spinoza - Ed.*), arrived at the conclusion that all this bickering about what colour Christianity happened to be

was not really important and it was the 'being nice to everybody' bit that ought to be concentrated on. Despite being instantly dismissed as complete 'nutters' and executed, their thoughts did bring about a new fashion in Christian thinking. Gone were the days when all Bibles had to be printed in red on red paper.

Suddenly the debate became public again. Colours ranging from 'Mauve' to 'Aquamarine' were being bandied about, and one gentleman, called Yuini McPoppins, even proclaimed that Christianity was without doubt 'White in the background with lime-green spots', but everybody ignored him for being so downright pretentious.

Then, during the reign of Queen Victoria, the royal parrot was once heard to utter the word 'Green!' on a Sunday. This was generally believed, at least in clerical circles, to be so symbolic, that they immediately set about converting the whole country to 'Green' Christianity; and by and large it has remained so ever since.

Thus I believe that Christianity is necessarily 'Green', and will remain so for at least another one hundred and fifty years.

Duncan Hancox

FOOTBALL - A LETTER FROM DUNCAN HANCOX

At a school where rugby is the dominant sport in winter, and hockey in spring, is there really any room for the people's game, football? The sport that has existed for centuries and is played in every country in the world (with the possible exception of the Vatican City). The sport that occupies more weekly television hours than any other. The sport which can claim such characters as Paul 'Gazza' Gascoigne, Jurgen Klinsman, Ryan Giggs, 'Pele' and Douglas McMahon. The sport which drew the single biggest attendance of the Barcelona Olympic Games (95,000 to see Spain take on Poland).

The sport in which a crowd of 209,000 people (twice the size of Oxford) once saw Uruguay beat Brazil. The sport whose showpiece tournament, the FIFA World Cup, is so popular that more than 120 countries compete in a competition that lasts two years and has a worldwide television audience of billions. Enough said, I think.

Yours sincerely,
Duncan Hancox

MOTOR RACING - YET ANOTHER LETTER FROM DUNCAN HANCOX

Having been at Abingdon School for over six years, I have grown accustomed to our most important sports; rugby, hockey, cricket, tennis, athletics, football etc... I have also noticed, with interest, the arrival of others; table tennis, fives, volleyball, squash etc... But the question remains; when will we get the sport which is second only to football in worldwide television audiences? Yes, when will we get Motor Racing?

Great Britain has produced its first Formula 1 world champion for more than a decade in Nigel Mansell. Surely, with public interest in the sport currently so high, this is an opportunity which is too good to be missed. Who knows; in a decade's time, the next British world champion may have learned his trade at "Brands Abingdon" (or "Abingdon Hatch" - the name has not been finalised yet), and that really would be something to tell Radley about.

Call it radical if you will, but I propose we build an underground mega-track (planning permission should not be too hard to obtain - after all, nobody will be able to see it). Following on from this, a fleet of twenty Formula 1 class cars will be purchased, and a small army of mechanics hired to lend a hand if needs be. Of course, we would need a master-in-charge, but

it is rumoured that both Nigel Mansell and the three times world champion, Ayrton Senna, are both taking a year off from driving next season, so we will be able to pick and chose on that front.

I believe a system of 'team' and 'non-team' motor racing would be most productive, giving a strong squad of dedicated drivers willing to risk life and limb for the honour of the school.

And (this is the good bit), because Abingdon would be the only school with such facilities, whenever we challenged another school to a match, they would have to decline, and we could claim a moral victory.

Of course, there is the small problem of producing the £20-30 million needed to finance the whole operation, but we have generous benefactors, and, with a bit of hard work, we could perhaps put on an extra fête or two each year, so the fiscal side should provide no real problems.

The time to act is now. The public demands it, so let's see Motor Racing at Abingdon School.

Yours sincerely,
etc, etc....



School House

Photo: Andrew Harding

INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY FOR THE FUTURE

Daniel slipped the palmbook computer out of his top pocket, pressed the 'Search' button and wrote the words "ICI crash" on the screen with a stylus. As he wrote, the palmbook converted his writing into neat type on the screen and into a message which was fired off as an infra-red signal to be picked up immediately by the school's main computer system. This message was used automatically by the system to interrogate a CD-ROM archive holding some years' worth of articles and pictures from the newspapers. Several articles about the ICI crash were identified, the headlines for which appeared on the palmbook's screen. A single touch of the screen with the stylus was sufficient to select one of the articles, retrieve it and display it together with a picture. "Just what I need for my Economics essay!" said Daniel to his friend, who was in deep conversation with his voice operated desktop computer.

This sketch of an imagined future scene actually contains much that is current practice and nothing that is not already in an advanced state of development for affordable computing. CD-ROMs containing hundreds of thousands of newspaper articles indexed by every word are already available at every workstation in the IT Centre at Abingdon. We may not wish to take advantage of all the new facilities which will become available in the future but there are certainly some on the way which could change the way we use Information Technology.

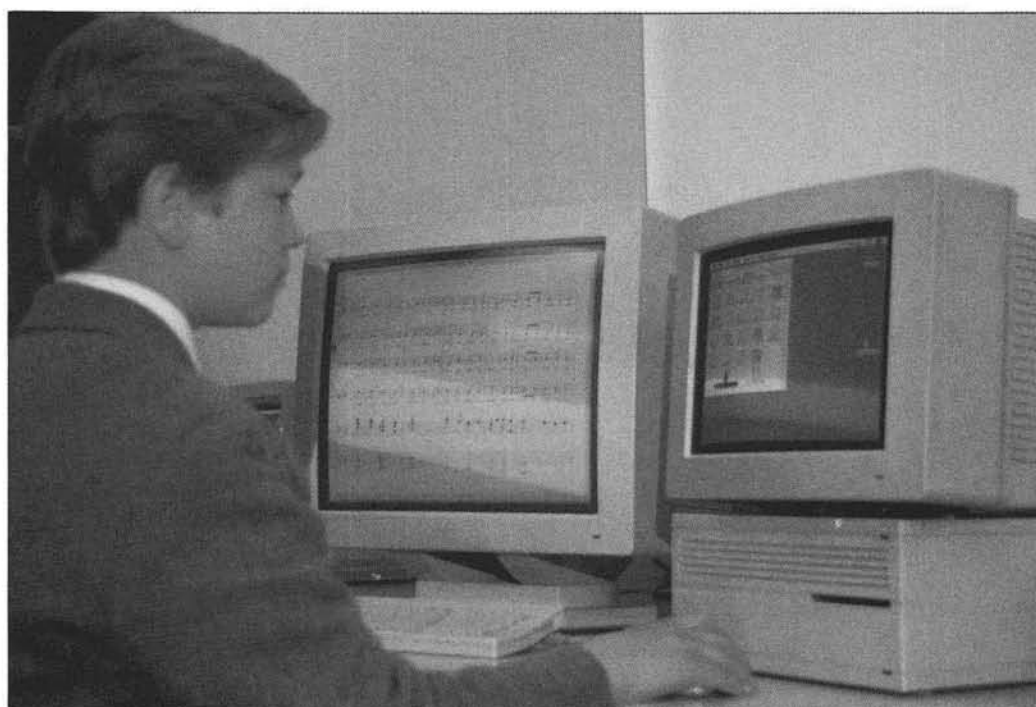
The most important improvements will come through the publication of more software suited to our particular requirements. We have available an excellent suite of 'content free' programs, such as wordprocessors and music notators etc. Information Technology lessons are built into the curriculum so that pupils can be trained in the use of these programs. They are then used by the pupils in other subject classes as aids to learning. There are many useful resources available such as access to the French 'MiniTel' system. This enables pupils to retrieve information about a wide range of aspects of life in

France directly from the French system by modem. What is needed for the future is more high quality 'subject specific' software and resources suited to our curriculum needs. This would increase the store of relevant information for pupil's research purposes and it would offer more insights into topics through the software's ability to handle and present information in new ways.

The use of Information Technology reaches beyond the bounds of the classroom however. Every week some 200 boys use the IT Centre after school for project work, charity administration, stage and lighting plans, developing IT skills and many other things. Notable this year has been the development and commissioning of a computerised library lending system by Leigh Phillips of the Upper School. This employs bar codes on readers' tickets and book labels thus allowing the librarians to keep conveniently an accurate record of the comings and goings of books and to request the lists of overdue books etc. that they thrive on!

Timetabling pressure on the use of the IT Centre for classes is considerable and we look forward to the new building of the Bath Street Project in which another IT centre is planned. This will allow pupils to work individually at computers when appropriate rather than in pairs and will be the hub of a network which will spread initially round the whole building and eventually round much of the school. Then the centralised resources such as databases and CD-ROMs will be available at all workstations on the network. CD-ROMs now hold material such as newspaper articles as already mentioned, music with commentary and score, encyclopaedias, the full Oxford English Dictionary and much subject specific material. The broadcasting of these round the network is just one example of the way in which Information Technology will be used as a service in the School to help broaden pupils' outlooks and to meet some of the demands of an innovative approach to education.

Mr. Haynes



Obituary

ALAN DALEY Bursar of Abingdon School 1987 - 1992

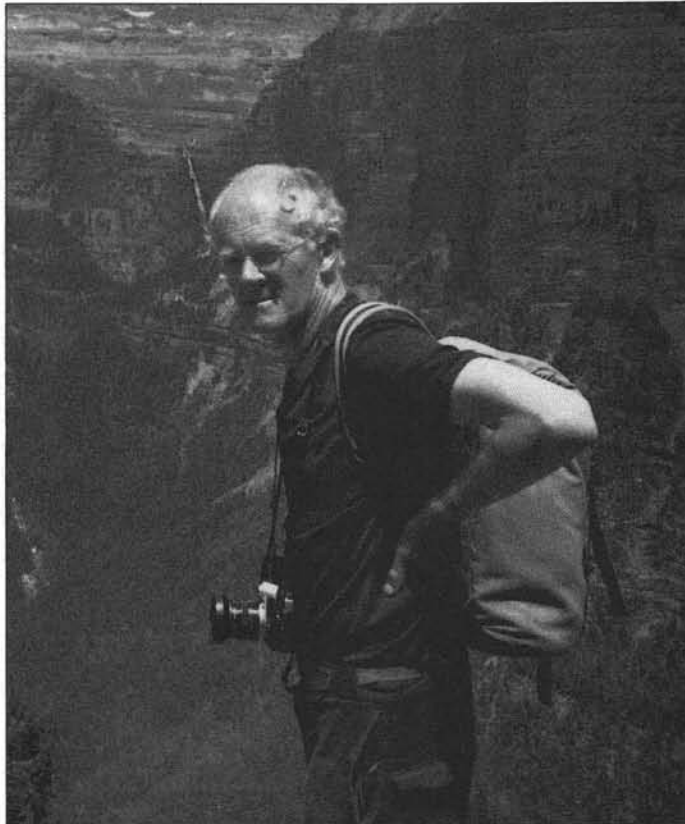
May 12th 1992 was a tragic day for everyone at Abingdon School, and especially for the Bursary staff. By mid-morning we realised that our friend and leader, Alan Daley, was not going to recover from the massive heart attack he had had whilst out walking his dog Polly earlier that morning.

Alan headed the Bursary team from January 1987 when he joined Abingdon School, having spent the previous four years as Bursar of Llandovery College. He had begun his working career in business, after he gained a degree from Christ's College, Cambridge. Prior to moving to Wales he had been the Managing Director of a company specialising in padded outerwear and sleeping bags.

Alan and Pat have two sons, Alistair and Timothy, both of whom are married. Alistair is still resident in the United Kingdom, but Timothy is currently on a three year contract in Indonesia, where Alan and Pat were to have spent their summer holiday this year.

Alan was a well-known local Rotarian, and one of his roles within Rotary was with the local members of the Disabled Workers group. For the past two years, he and Pat organised a 'Ridgeway Walk' for the Abingdon

Rotarians which was greatly enjoyed by all. One of Alan's main interests was walking, and he and Pat spent many weekends walking miles and miles through different parts of the country. He was also a very accomplished sailor and told us many a good yarn about his days on the high seas when his sons were learning to sail.



Abingdon School boys will probably remember Alan best as the tall slim gentleman, seen usually in a dark green anorak, throwing a tennis ball for Polly to fetch on their daily early morning walks around the Albert Park area.

At Pat's request, donations in Alan's memory were sent by the members of the non-teaching staff to a charity very close to his heart, the Lochaber Mountain Rescue Team, and a figure in excess of £400 was sent towards the excellent work they do in the highlands. This must reflect how fond we all were of Alan and how sadly he will be missed.

Pat Daley has now moved away from Abingdon to her cottage in Woodcombe, near

Minehead where she will continue to take long walks with Polly, but by the sea and not along the Ridgeway. We will all miss her too and wish her well in the future.

Out of Abingdon

POPE IN MADRID or LUCKY FOR SOME

"Only 12 more books to go. When will it ever end?" I thought gloomily one Saturday afternoon in February. Then, just as I stretched out a wearied, red-ink-stained hand to the enormous pile of dog-eared 'cahiers' still in front of me, wishing that there were more exciting things to do on a Saturday than marking, the phone rang.

"Hi there! It's Peter Sykes from Madrid. Remember me?"

They say a drowning man remembers all his past life in the fleeting seconds before he dies. Certainly, I was suddenly taken back to another life, before teaching [*can there be such a thing?* - Ed.]. The vision of a bearded music master enjoying a last convivial pint in the pub before emigrating to sunnier climes came back to me, and I blurted out:-

"Peter! Of course! How's life? How are you? How.....?"

"Fine!" he cut me off. "Listen, do you remember the last time we met in that pub?"

I nodded enthusiastically, as I cast my mind back to that moment almost three years before, forgetting that telephones don't have eyes.

"Well, as I promised then," he went on, "I want you to do a gig for me out here, in the 'Auditoria Nacional'. There should be about three thousand people, and if you can find your air fare, the fee will be £500. Oh! by the way, you'll have to sing Soprano. It's Vivaldi's 'Gloria'. Interested? It's March 13th. Unlucky for some!....."

Thank goodness for understanding headmasters and tolerant colleagues, particularly those with whom I would have found myself sharing the stage performing 'The Importance of being Earnest' - on the evening of Friday March 13th. Rats! Unlucky for everybody, it would seem. Who'd be an entertainer? Isn't teaching others enough? Even Peter is a teacher!

*"We are the music makers,
We are the dreamers of dreams."
(O'Shaughnessy)*

Madrid is a fascinating city. The guide book I skimmed through in the 'plane over Bilbao said it was the highest capital city in Europe, and that the Madrileños so love the translucent blue sky that they build their houses as high as possible and live on the roofs! The higher your flat, in an apartment block, the more it costs. The book also said that Madrid was fairly dead during the day and never went to sleep at night. Such was my preparation for Friday 13th!

"Rehearsal? What rehearsal? Oh, you can look at the dots in your dressing room.. You'll have plenty of time - we're on at 12.30 a.m.!" A mere jest, I assumed, - in fact there was a rehearsal, of sorts, with the other soprano, just for the duet - but I knew as I stepped out onto that vast, acoustically-perfected-by-lasers-and-mirrors stage, in front of more exquisitely dressed Spanish insomniacs than I had ever seen, at about twenty minutes to one on that Saturday morning, that here at last was something much more exciting to do on a Saturday.

The rest of that day, after autographs at 2 a.m., and breakfast at 12.30 p.m., was spent with Peter, who took us round the Prado. This amazingly chaotic museum is bigger than the Louvre and

the Tate put together, or so it seemed. And once I had seen the works of Spain's idol, the painter Velasquez, hung in the many odd corners of the building, some dark, some light(er), I began to better understand my trusty guide book's obscure comments about the Madrid fascination with contrasting light. Everything has to be either very dark or very light in that city. The sunny side of the bullring is supposed to have a different effect on the bull (and the spectators) from the shady side. The brighter your seat, the more light it has, the higher your house, the closer to the sky you are, the greater your status in the eyes of your fellow-citizens. A city of 'Manichaeian' extremes, it seems. Perhaps I had better sing more loudly next time?

As Peter settled down to the drink I had just bought him in the café overlooking the main plaza in Segovia, where we spent a fascinating Sunday, he said:- "What about Christmas? I was thinking of doing a Mozart Requiem?....?"

"Bonjour Monsieur!" gaily called out my first years the following morning, as I entered the room.

"Buenos dias!", I slyly replied.

"Oh Sir, how was Madrid?"

"You're not very brown, Sir!"

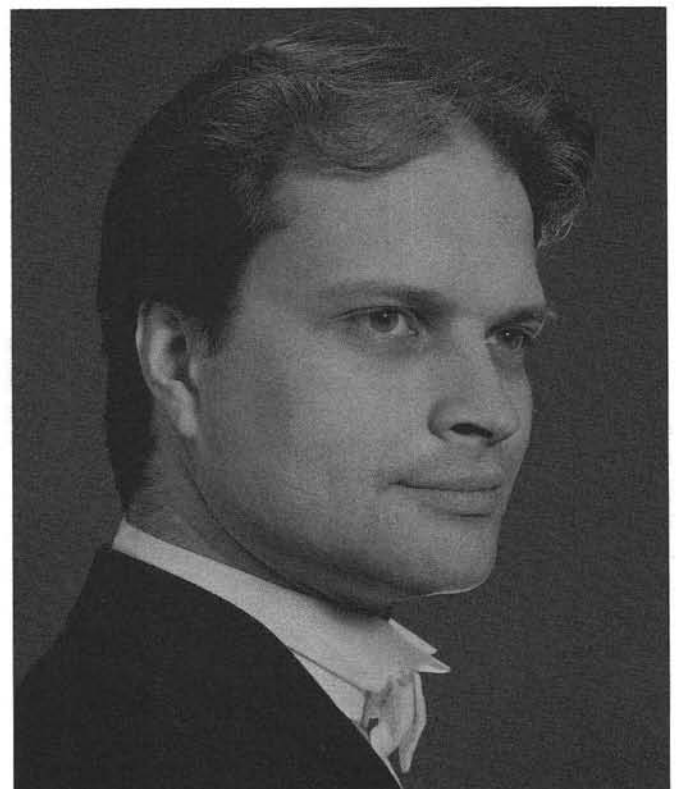
"Did you have a good weekend, Sir?"

"Can I have your autograph please, Sir?"

"Tell us about Madrid, Sir."

"If you promise to do your corrections, I'll tell you all about it on Saturday," I threatened as I handed back their books.....

Mr. Pope



KILIMANJARO '92

Kilimanjaro is the highest mountain in Africa and one of the highest volcanoes in the world. It consists of three major volcanic centres, Shira (4,005 m./13,140 ft.) in the West, Mawenzi (5,148 m./16,890 ft.) in the East and Kibo (5,895 m./19,340 ft.) in the centre.

We hired our guides and porters from the Marangu Hotel and from here were driven to the entrance gate of Kilimanjaro National Park. On the first day we walked through the rainforest which surrounds the mountain at between 1,900 m. and 3,000 m. Troops of monkeys inhabit the trees along the path which leads to Mandara Hut (2,700 m.) where we spent the first night. After we had settled in at the hut, we made a short excursion to the nearby Maundi Crater, the remains of a parasitic cone which is now covered in foliage. The climb out of the forest should have been a pleasant walk, but was spoiled by long stretches of mud created by the previous day's rain. After an hour, we entered the heather zone, which reaches about 3,200 m. and consists of giant heather trees about three metres tall covered with wisps of green moss. This thins out to become moorland and we got our first view of Kibo and Mawenzi as we emerged from the heather. We spent the rest of the day crossing nine valleys before reaching Horombo Hut at 3,700 m.

The third day of climbing begins with a stiff climb onto the Saddle, a region resembling the lunar landscape, which lies between the peaks of Kibo and Mawenzi at 4,500 m. Finally we began the gentle ascent to Kibo Hut. The hut can be seen as soon as the Saddle is reached, but for four hours it never seemed to get any closer, and now that we were only two hundred metres below, it seemed further away than ever. We spent a cold, miserable hour climbing up to the hut and once there, conditions did not improve; it was nearly as cold inside as out. At four o'clock we had some weak tea and biscuits and then crawled into our sleeping bags to try and get some rest.

We were woken at one o'clock in the morning by our guide with some tea and, after putting on every single item of clothing we could lay our hands on, we made our way out into the night. The rim of the crater was just visible a kilometre above us. The temperature was well below freezing, but at least the wind of the previous day had dropped. The path wound its way around cliffs and boulders and progress seemed immeasurably slow. After two hours our guide delivered the shattering news that we had only covered a quarter of the distance, and we knew that the hardest part was yet to come.

We reached Hans Meyer's cave just after four and sat inside and drank tea for half an hour. We could see the lamps of other parties, hanging almost vertically above us, and hardly moving. After the cave, the slope became much steeper and covered in snow, which meant that we slipped more frequently and found it increasingly hard to keep a steady rhythm. We were also very tired and found it hard to keep our eyes open. The last part of the climb was a scramble over rocks until we reached Gillman's Point (5,680 m./18,640 ft.). The clouds blew away and the sun shone, and we could see right down into the crater. The crater itself is circular, with a diameter of two and a half kilometres, and inside, an inner cone rises to about 5,800 m. and within its inner crater lies yet another cone. Inside that minor cone is the ashpit which is the core of the mountain.



'On top of the world'

The peace was broken by our guide asking if we wished to go to Uhuru Peak, the very summit. The prospect of being back in the relative warmth of Kibo Hut within two hours was very inviting, but the desire to be able stand above the millions on the African continent was overwhelming. So the two of us who had made it that far decided to go on. We started by descending from Gillman's Point, something which requires some courage when you don't know if you will ever have the strength to climb back up it again, and made our way around the crater rim, clambering up over minor peaks, and then climbing back down again. After a further hour of slow progress crossing the southern glacier, we caught sight of the flags which marked the summit. The final five hundred metres were very slow, taking us across an icefield which consisted of sharp vertical slabs of ice about thirty centimetres tall, each separated by an interval just slightly less than the width of a boot, which do their best to trip you up. Those of us who had made it to the summit all collapsed exhausted onto the ground as the sun broke through the clouds once more to reveal huge glaciers. When you have climbed to a height of 19,340 ft., there is less than half the oxygen available to you than at sea level, so nothing is easy, and it took a supreme effort just to take some photographs of each other and sign the register.

The descent was somewhat easier and it took just forty-five minutes for the return trip to Gillman's Point. We had lunch at Kibo Hut, packed up our belongings and began the journey back across the Saddle to Horombo Hut. A trip which had taken six hours on the way up took well under two on the way down. We were keen to meet up with the two others who had not completed the ascent and had returned earlier that day. Having walked for twenty miles and climbed almost five thousand feet, we were utterly exhausted and slept for over twelve hours. The final stage down to the park gate took about two hours and everyone was glad to be able to sign the visitors' book, climb into the truck and be driven back to the Marangu Hotel to finally bring us to the end of the climb.

We chose to go to Kilimanjaro because it offered us a physical challenge. We may have got more than we bargained for. We are very grateful to T.A.S.S. who supported us all with travel bursaries, and to the staff and members of the school who helped us in our efforts to raise money for Oxfam.

Peter Haynes (VI IS)
Alistair Abbott (VI IS)
Ben Moseley (VI IS)
Ben Ulyatt (VI IS)

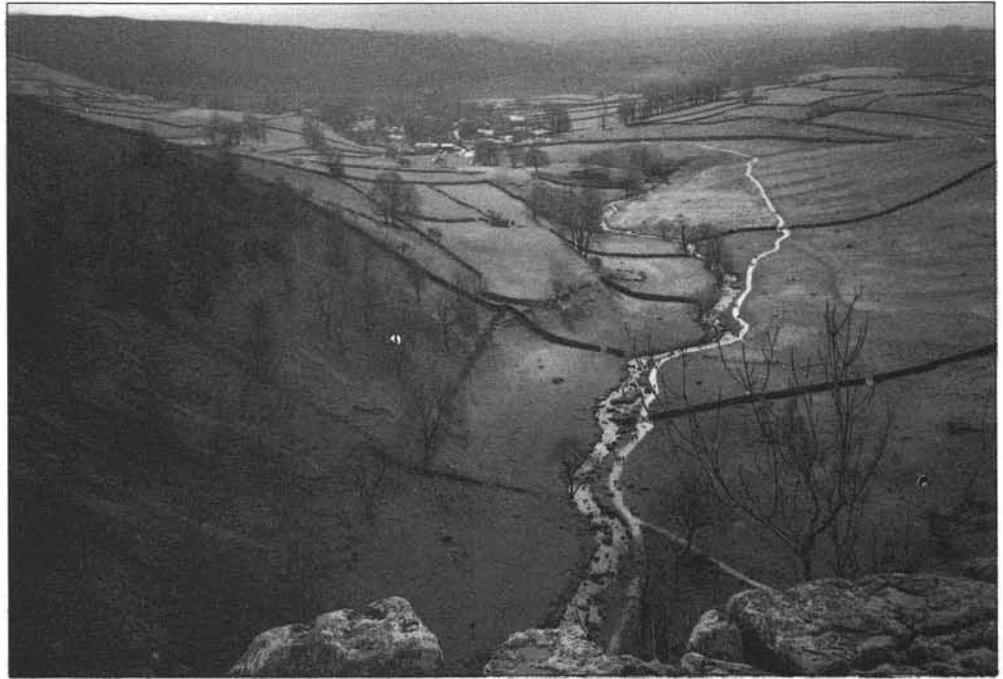
MALHAM '92

A report by A.Winton

The 1992 Lower Sixth Geography Field Trip to Malham Tarn, Yorkshire, must be one of the most memorable on record. Thirty five Abingdonians, eager to immerse themselves in geographical jargon, geological grammar and the local streams and rivers, met at Oxford Railway Station early on the Friday morning. After a few minor complications en route, we all arrived at Malham in time for dinner. It was so good, there never seemed to be enough! After dinner we all hired our wellies and waterproof gear - we certainly weren't going to be inconspicuous in our fluorescent orange and yellow.

When we had settled in, we became inquisitive about our new surroundings. They were actually very comfortable and clean. The rooms were well furnished, and the centre possessed facilities including a games room, which had a constant sub-zero temperature, a library and T.V.-lounge-cum-kitchenette-cum-shop room.

At some stage during the first evening we met Sheila, who was our tutor for the week. We discovered that our programme was to consist of six one-day units of:- The Internal Urban Structure of Lancaster; Settlement Patterns in North Yorkshire; Hydrology of the Tarn; River Forms and Processes; the Evolution of the Malham Area limestone landscape; Glaciation.



View of Malham Dale from the Pavement

Photo: Nick Wright

A typical day began with an hour-long introductory session, then a short break followed by about five hours' fieldwork, then back to work before dinner, followed by another two hours of follow-up work, after which we had to complete our notes for the next day. So, by the end of each day most people were quite ready for bed!

The field centre itself was situated right on the shore of Malham Tarn, which is one of very few lakes in the world in high limestone country. Being a limestone area, erosion has meant that there are a large number of very impressive and rare physical features in the area, such as the limestone pavement at Malham, and Malham Cave, which is the most popular tourist spot in Yorkshire. Glaciation has also played an important part in shaping this landscape. It is not one of great corries, arêtes or pyramid peaks. Instead, most of the glacial features are ones of deposition.

The week was both enjoyable and academically useful: everybody left feeling that something had been learnt. We certainly all arrived home rather more tired than when we had departed.

I would like to thank all the teachers in the Geography Department who took time out of their holidays to come and help:- Mr. Maughan, Mr. Fishpool, Mrs. Lawrence and Mr. Henderson.



Gordale Scar

Photo: Nick Wright

TEN TORS 1992

Tor	km	Time	Information
Start		07:07	
Sourton	5.5	08:12	
Kitty	3.5	08:58	
Lynch	7	10:42	
Beardown	5	12:19	
South Hessary	4	13:56	
Trolsworthy	10	16:25	
Hartor	4.5	17:42	
Camp	6	19:40	Tors close 20:00 to 06:00
Coombstone	2	06:19	Andy Rose retires
Sittaford	12	10:00	
Steeperton	6	12:08	Small navigational error
Finish	6	13:38	Course closed 17:00

Managers: Mr. Smith, Mr. Baker, Dr. Horn.

Team: Nick Hardy (Leader), Robin Morris (Navigator), William Dutton, Jeremy Hart, Andrew Rose, Robert Walker.

Reserves: Simon Drew (Travelling reserve), Edward Duerr.
Also: Ben Moseley (Joined Holsworthy Moor 55 mile team)

Nine of us, the Team, Simon Drew, Ben Moseley and Mr. Baker, loaded up the minibus ready to leave for Okehampton during break on Friday 15th May. It seemed a squeeze to get



Team at start: Rob Walker, Bill Dutton, Andrew Rose, Nicholas Hardy, Jeremy Hart, Robin Morris

nine of us in. I hate to think what it was like last year with fourteen people travelling down, all with full kit!

As the minibus climbed up the hill to Okehampton military base, which was to be our camp, we could hear the sound of radios and laughter. With the beautiful weather it looked and felt just like a holiday camp with many people sunbathing. The kit check was precise. This meant we had to go back for extra kit, a couple of jumpers and a survival bar. Bill kindly obliged.

Before departing nobody told us quite how early we would be woken up ready to leave. We soon found out at 4am when we were woken to the sound of 'Pavarotti' over the tannoy. This was followed by some appropriate music by Phil Collins, namely 'Another Day in Paradise' and 'I Wish It Would Rain Now'.

I will not go into much detail about the route as the times speak for themselves. We were all pleased with our speed when we set



'Off we go'



En route to the first Tor

off and put it down to the good weather. The first two Tors were familiar to us, which meant that we could concentrate on walking. I had also visited South Hessary and Trolsworthy Tors on previous visits to Dartmoor. The views were magnificent especially from Lynch Tor, which is on the western edge of Dartmoor and overlooks the flat land towards Cornwall. The team walked strongly until Hartor. It looked at that time as if we would be able to reach the eighth Tor at Coombstone before they closed. By now the temperature had cooled off as the sun lowered in the sky. Our little aches and pains that we had forgotten about came back to us and the pace slowed dramatically. We managed to find a flat patch to pitch our tents on and a place to cook by a stream.

On the Saturday Andy had unfortunately picked up a blister by the time he had reached South Hessary Tor. He continued on by walking heavily on his other knee. By the morning (we woke again at 4 am) his knee had swollen up and was now causing him some pain, so he decided he would have to drop out. Before we reached Coombstone Tor, Bill Dutton livened us up and made us laugh by falling into a stream up to his waist.

The climb up to Sittaford Tor was the hardest part of the walk for me. It was near midday and the strong northerly wind which had cooled us down during the rest of the walk was shielded by the Tor ahead. Sun hats were out in force as we felt the true might of the sun which had previously been disguised. On the Saturday we got through between 6 and 12 litres of drinking water each and half a bottle of sun cream. Towards the end we all just wanted to walk at our own pace to get back to camp. Unfortunately Rob Walker had a slightly slower pace than the rest of us and he was obliged to drop back as it upset our rhythm to keep stopping for him.



'Nice hat, Rob!'

Eventually we walked in as a team of five (one short) with other teams to the applause of well-wishers and supporters. Mr. Baker was there to greet us. We were herded through the presentation process. Ben Moseley took another five hours to return. His group were airlifted by helicopter one kilometre short of the tenth Tor, but he said he had a good walk despite narrowly missing the Gold Award for the second time.

We would all like to thank Mr. Smith, Mr. Baker and Dr. Horn for organising the team, for transporting us there and taking care of us during the hike itself as well as the practices, - and especially Mr. Baker who cooked us breakfast on Saturday morning at 5 am.

Robin Morris (6JCH)

MIDDLE SCHOOL SKI TOUR TO KITZBÜHEL

After a four hour delay at Gatwick, we arrived in Kitzbühel to find so much snow the following day that all the lifts were closed due to the danger of avalanches. Arriving at the top of Kitzbühel Horn, we found ourselves in practically nil visibility. By the afternoon, the mist had cleared and it was with great interest that we saw for the first time the slopes down which we had been skiing all morning. Throughout the week the weather remained very changeable, from mist, snow and high winds to bright sunshine and even rain! However it was on a clear day that we had our first view of the Hahnenkamm ski area, enabling us to get our bearings, and enjoy the many runs in this high bowl. The snow conditions all week were brilliant, making it a delight to ski down the easy-graded slopes. One of the highlights of the week was the slalom race. Everyone joined in, some better prepared than others, with everyone determined to have a good time.

	Advanced	Intermediate	Beginners	Staff
1st	Ben Hutt	David Lourie	Daniel Thomas	AMB
2nd	Richard Binning	Rob J Finch	George Richards	MDM
3rd	Tom Wragg	Sam Gray	Jonathan Wald	AJM

We stayed at the Hotel Postkutsche, a small comfortable hotel within an easy stroll of the town centre. Surprisingly for a winter sports centre, the skating and curling rinks had closed for the season, thus the après-ski was rather limited. Instead we paid a couple of visits to the swimming pool and held a nine pin bowling competition in a nearby hotel.

**Messrs. Broadbent
Martin
and Mansfield**

SIXTH FORM SKI TOUR TO ALPE D’HUEZ (13th-20th. Dec)

In search of the ‘premier neige’, the sixth form returned to Alpe d’Huez. Unfortunately, upon arrival, we found a very green resort, since the early snow had not been so good this year. Despite this, the pistes themselves had been kept in very good condition by an army of snow cannons. The nursery slopes at Alpe d’Huez are gently sloping, wide, open and long allowing

all the beginners to make good progress in the bright sunshine. The more advanced skiers, whilst enjoying the good snow, had soon skied the runs that were open and were looking for something a little more challenging. Just as everyone was wondering why they had brought all this thermal underwear, the weather changed: a day of high winds and snow storms tested

our low visibility skiing (and thermal underwear) to its limits. This heavy fall of snow changed the resort dramatically and gave us a chance to work on our powder skiing skills, quite an acquired art by the end of the trip!

Although the après-ski had not got underway in the resort itself, we did manage to do some skating and curling on the nearby rink. We also played five-a-side football in the local sports centre. Our hotel ‘The Castellan’ proved to be an excellent base, with comfortable rooms, good food and helpful staff. The ‘boat club in exile’ even took advantage of the hotel’s weights room to indulge in some high altitude training, while I suffered an in depth examination of the sauna!

The most memorable moments of the week for me were Mr. Broadbent practising his forward rolls in the powder snow and David Lindgren trying to explain to a hungry Mr. Martin why he had left his packed lunch in the bubble car.



‘The bigger they are the harder they fall’

Mr. Mansfield



David Jenkins on the 'piste'

PARIS

"Nous sommes arrivés" was the cry as our ferry docked at Calais. There followed a six hour trek to Paris, to the accompaniment of the commentary to the England-France Rugby International. Our arrival in the 'City of Light' was hardly spectacular, as we crawled through the northern 'quartiers', passing immigrant markets and the massed ranks of the C.R.S.(riot police). Nonetheless we arrived (eventually) in the heart of Paris. Our hotel was located down a side street off the Rue Montmartre.

Evening saw us heading for "Le Petit Quin-Quin" - this rather jovial sounding venue was actually our gourmet restaurant for the holiday, overwhelming us with a sumptuous menu and itinerant accordion player.

With our second day came the fun part. Armed with Miss Milligan's 'Blue Guide', we set off to explore the real Paris. The métro posed a few problems for the less well-orientated members of the party like myself, but soon everyone had figured it out.

There were also several organised trips to, amongst other sights, La Musée d' Orsay, L' Arc de Triomphe, the Eiffel Tower and a night cruise on the Seine. The latter was very romantic, apart from Tim Jephson's rendering of the England Anthem.

After dinner, we were left very much to our own devices. As we soon discovered, some of us more than others, Paris at night was as good as Paris in the light. Indeed Adam Janisch's appetite for 'Grand Marnier' crêpes was greater than could reasonably be imagined! Another evening saw us taking a coach tour of Paris, and Mr Bailey gave us an excellent running commentary - the Parisien illuminations were unforgettable.

We left Paris with regret. With a stop at a Calais hypermarket on the way back, we were soon in sight of the 'White Cliffs of Dover'. Reunited with our parents, we reflected on a great holiday. Many thanks to Miss Milligan and everyone else who accompanied the trip.

R-J. Stratton (6RCRM)

Mes impressions sur une école britannique sur Abingdon School et mon séjour en Grande-Bretagne.

L'année dernière, mes amis sont partis en Grande Bretagne en tant qu'assistants et quand ils sont revenus, ils m'ont parlé avec enthousiasme et m'ont ainsi convaincue de partir à mon tour faire la même expérience. Il est difficile de partir dans un pays où on est seule et dont on ne connaît guère que la langue. Au début, mon séjour me paraissait être une éternité, mais aujourd'hui, je regarde les trois semaines qui me restent à passer et je pense: "Déjà".

Les membres du corps enseignant ainsi que: Connie, Ian, Lia, Marsha, Mary, Annette... et les autres m'ont fait me sentir un peu chez moi et m'ont ainsi fait apprécier mon séjour en Angleterre.

Mon travail en tant qu'assistant n'a pas été un travail en solo mais un travail d'équipe avec les autres assistants, les professeurs ainsi que mes élèves qui m'ont également beaucoup aidé à assumer mon statut d'assistante et je les en remercie.

En ce qui concerne ma rencontre avec une école britannique, je pense que le système éducatif britannique est plus intelligent que celui que nous avons en France, en ce sens qu'il est mieux partagé. Un tronc commun le matin et jusqu'à 3.30 et, dans l'après-midi les élèves peuvent se consacrer à la Musique, à l'Art ou encore au Sport-qui sont considérés en France comme des activités extra-scolaires et que les élèves ne peuvent pratiquer qu'après l'école (5 heures).

Je pense que cette méthode d'enseignement est intelligente dans la mesure où elle ouvre les portes au développement des capacités de l'élève.

GRENOBLE 1992

The beginning of the Summer holidays saw Abingdon boys joining forces with the young ladies from Headington Girls' School on an expedition to the depths of the French Alps. It was, in fact, the second leg of a new Middle School French Exchange with Grenoble and, whilst the pupils were to stay on their own in their respective host families in Grenoble, the outward journey still had its moments of excitement.

Have you ever tried to escort 68 people onto an aeroplane? Having been released from Heathrow Group Check-in 10 minutes after the aircraft was due to take off, our only other delay was due to one poor little lad having his multi-accessoried camera painstakingly dismantled by Customs officials keen to find a bomb! Later, at Geneva airport, the party was informed that, despite the laborious check-in, Swissair had decided to leave some of our baggage in England. But, thanks to their extensive experience in examining French "A" level orals, our long suffering Staff managed to gain the upper hand in the angry flurry of French argument with the Swiss baggage reclaim officials and ensure that despite the ongoing French lorry-drivers' road blockade, the said baggage arrived at Grenoble that very night.

The stay itself was a great success. After a few initial parties, the English pupils managed to drift away from each other for the most part, and settle well into the discipline of improving their French in the midst of the French families. By the end of the stay, there were even one or two pupils who professed to be able to THINK in French - they are well on the way to fluency. Certainly all seemed more confident in dealing with the French by the return trip - now for the Swiss again!

J'ai trouvé toutes ces choses à Abingdon School et je n'y suis pas restée assez longtemps pour lui porter un oeil critique, mais il y a une chose que j'ai remarqué et apprécié, c'est qu'il y a, même en dehors des cours, une communication établie entre professeurs et élèves. De plus, je pense qu'inviter des assistants Russes, Allemands, Australiens ou Français est vraiment une très bonne chose. Cela m'a aussi permis de connaître des gens dans la même situation que moi, venant d'autres pays, d'établir des liens après Abingdon School et c'est pourquoi nous nous sentions vraiment une équipe à part entière.

J'ai également beaucoup voyagé à travers le Grande Bretagne. J'aime Oxford, cela va sans dire, mais je lui préfère Glasgow ou Edinburg. J'ai aussi visité le sud de l'Angleterre avec Connie: Bath, Exeter, Exmouth.

Un des élèves m'a enseigné comment jouer au tennis (ou plutôt comment ne pas envoyer la balle derrière le grillage!). J'ai appris comment faire du 'punting' ou du moins je me suis contentée de regarder (j'avais trop peur de tomber à l'eau), et avant de partir, j'aimerais faire de l'aviron. J'ai véritablement développé mon esprit sportif!

Avant de mettre un point final à cette lettre je voudrais dire que j'ai passé d'agréables moments dans cette école et je voudrais remercier tous les enseignants comme mes élèves pour m'avoir aidée et acceptée comme un membre du corps enseignant. J'espère revenir un jour pour une visite d'amitié ou pour être à nouveau une assistante.

Mme. Guylaine Requi

There were three occasions, however, when the group regrouped for specific events. The first was for an ascent by cablecar to one of the highest mountain ranges in the area (around 3,200 metres). The view from the summit was promised to be fantastic, but was unfortunately covered by persistent cloud when we arrived. The snow on the ground seemed to lift many spirits, however, which led to two-thirds of the party clamouring to WALK down again! The fit, sporting Staff consulted "the other half" of their characters and finally agreed, and the lengthy but very safe descent actually turned out to be one of the most enjoyable moments of the trip. A pleasant memory.

A little later the rowers on the Exchange and accompanying groupies assembled for a regatta to end all regattas on a stunning mountain lake, high in the Alps to the South of Grenoble. We thrashed the French in the first round, but when their boat ceased to function in the final, the English best crew came a diplomatic second. Well done!

Lastly, mention must be made of the excellent behaviour the English showed during an impromptu reception held by the mayor of Grenoble in their honour. Congratulations!

The remainder of the Exchange and the return journey were mercifully uneventful and, judging by the number of positive "thank you Sirs" the Staff received from the pupils and their families at the end of the trip, it would seem that the whole venture was greatly appreciated and of inestimable profit to those concerned. Now for the 1993 Exchange!

Mr. Pope

Russia

MR. TAYLOR'S SABBATICAL

"What would you say," asked the Headmaster about a year ago, "to a break from teaching? I suggest a Sabbatical term." I didn't need a second prompting - I had been at the school since 1966, and the last five years or so had been unusually demanding. I reckoned perhaps I had earned a break, and, who knows, I might come back refreshed and inspired by five months of thinking great thoughts.

The reaction of my colleagues was interesting. They all expressed delight that I was going to be away (which could be taken in several different ways), and almost always went on: "And what are you going to do with your time?", not: "Where are you going?", or: "You deserve a long rest!", but: "What are you going to do?"

Although the Head had tactfully refrained from even hinting that something dramatic would be expected of me on my return, it was clear that my colleagues expected me to use my time 'in a positive way.' I felt like a pupil again. "And how many books have you read during the holidays?" "What! you haven't done the five essays that I set you either?" My conditioning over my thirty-odd years as a teacher made it inevitable that I should pay heed to these querulous voices, and should set myself various targets. So I did. Apart from lots of domestic jobs that I could see it would be impossible to avoid, and a resolution to read many books that I was ashamed to admit to myself that I had never read, I decided to prepare some A-level Russian materials, since there is so little available at present. Secondly to go round newly-built school theatres, to see how they were organised elsewhere, and pick other people's brains. And thirdly to go to St Petersburg and glean as much knowledge as I could about the new Russia since the 1990 August 'coup'. Lastly to go on a walking tour somewhere - perhaps the South-West coast, perhaps France?

So far (in mid-August), the last of these has not materialised, but I have managed, to a greater or lesser extent, to achieve the others. The first is esoteric and incomprehensible to all but those brilliant minds who can cope with the Russian language, so I shall refrain from trying to explain my achievements in that direction. However, I hope that people may find a short description of my visits to school theatres (*for this report refer to the Drama and Music section*), and to St. Petersburg, interesting and worthwhile.

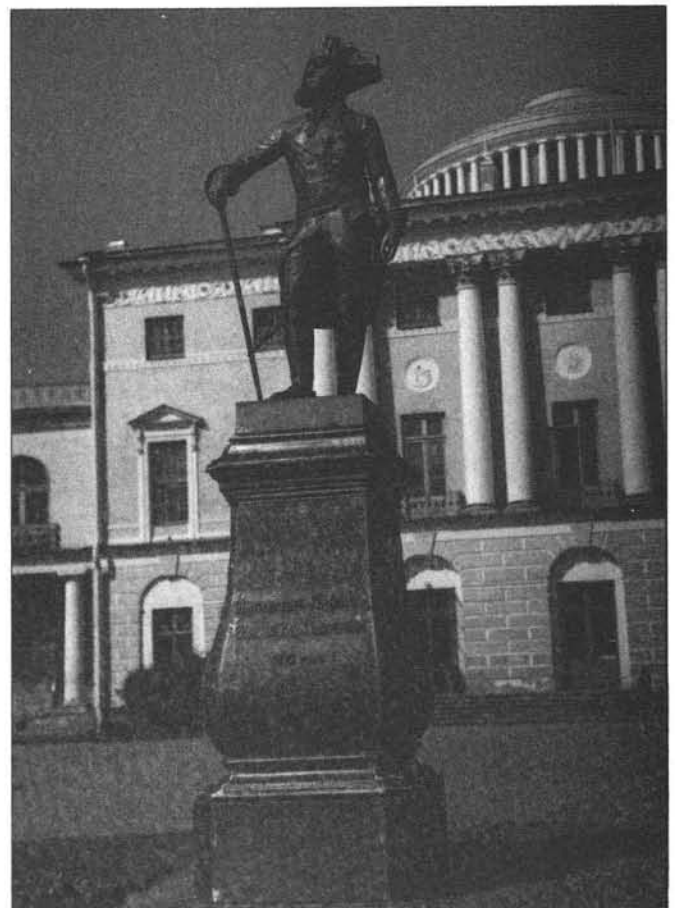
St. Petersburg

I have been to St. Petersburg about twelve times in the past thirty years, so I should know it fairly well. But almost every time previously I have been in charge of a group of school children, and therefore have been rather limited as to what I could do. Add to that the sheer difficulty of organising anything out of routine in the old Soviet Union, and you will understand that I still felt that there was much on a quite basic level that I did not know or

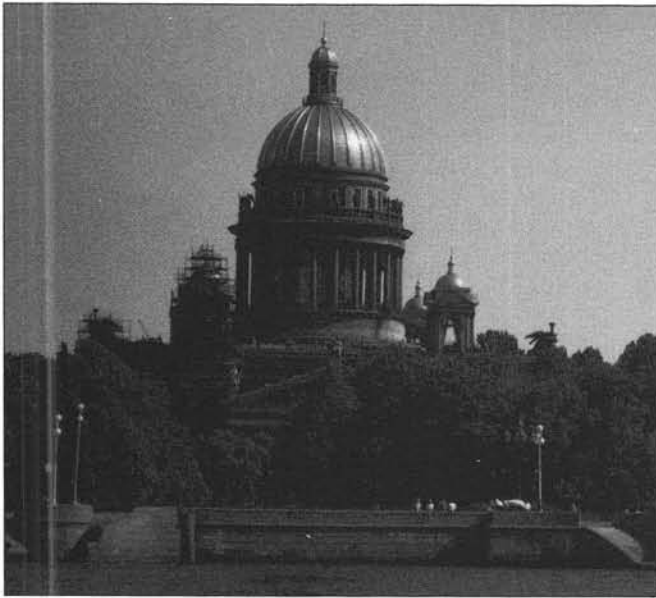
appreciate about this magnificent city. So when I saw a visit to the city advertised at a price I could afford, I didn't need very long to make up my mind. I spent a week there, at the height of summer when the days were longest and the nights shortest, and the effect, visually at least, was magical.

Although I went on a package tour, I was determined to go my own way when we got there, and, apart from the occasional organised tour, that was what I did. The other members of the party were an interesting cross-section of British society - all ages from about twenty to seventy, plus a sprinkling of academics (University term must have just finished), a number of office workers, a group of artistic young men who worked in the media, a couple of antique dealers (*no harm in that, surely - Ed.*), and a lot of retired people.

Our charter plane landed at St. Petersburg airport (that still sounds strange - the name St. Petersburg has an ineluctably period flavour to me, certainly pre-revolutionary, more specifically, mid-nineteenth century). As we taxied to a halt, the captain of the aircraft apologised for the bumpy ride we had had along the runway: "This is the worst runway I know in the whole of Europe," he said. The airport building was small and very



Bronze statue of Emperor Paul I at Pavlovsk



The Dome of St Isaac's Cathedral across the river

dilapidated, stucco breaking away from the outside walls, wooden window frames in the reception hall splitting and coming away from the wall, and the now sadly incongruous heroic murals of the epic defence of Leningrad in 1941-44 in much need of touching up. Outside the building, when we had at last got through, a group of young men were busking, very superior buskers it appeared, playing jazz like a full big band, and with a notice in English saying, "Help us to revive the culture of St. Petersburg".

The hotel was the kind that I had become used to in Russia over the years. An enormous entrance hall with lots of chrome and plush, lifts that were inclined to let you down at important moments, 'currency' bars, where you could only use dollars, marks or pounds (preferably dollars), long, echoing corridors to the bedrooms and the rooms themselves just too small to be comfortable. The food was quite fair by Russian standards, though for a number of the party, used to 'high living', it did not really match up to expectations.

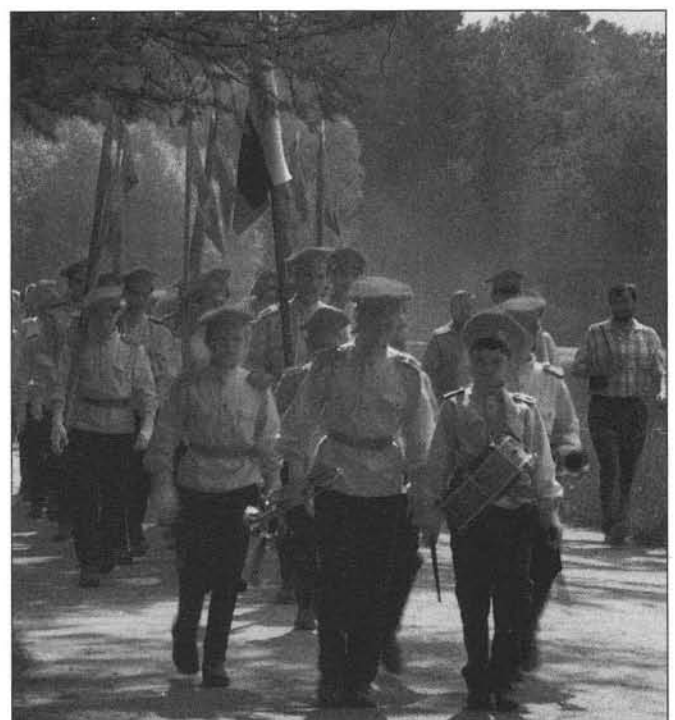
We had a couple of well-intentioned, but harassed guides (all guides in Russia are perpetually harassed since the problems of merely living in Russia now are acute - to have to look after a party of inexperienced and demanding Westerners must make life a continual purgatory!). At one point, only a couple of hours after we had arrived, one quick-tempered member of the party said, "If that's the best you can do, you don't deserve to have tourists here at all!" One thing that long experience teaches you in Russia is that you must be firm, but it's no good losing your cool. In any case, the ultimate delights of a visit to Russia have nothing whatever to do with efficiently-run package tours. They get you there, but then it's best to rely on your instinct for self-preservation and your spirit of adventure.

Last time I was in St. Petersburg, the rouble was officially worth nearly a pound. Tickets on the Metro cost a flat 5 kopecks (or about 5 pence), a copy of Pravda cost 2 kopecks (2 p.), a loaf of bread cost about 20 kopecks and a theatre ticket cost one or two roubles (£1). On this trip, the official rate was 150 roubles to the pound. But this was an 'Alice-in-Wonderland' rate. The average salary is now about 1500 roubles a month (about £10?). But that was the cost of a meal for five people in a fairly good restaurant in central Petersburg. Paperback books cost between 20 and 50

roubles, which sounds an awful lot, and to a Russian it is, but to us it is only 15 - 20 p. The Metro now costs 10 roubles a journey (to us, about 6 p., but to a Russian it must feel like several pounds).

We went to a concert in the Grand Duke Vladimir's Palace (just around the corner from the Winter Palace). I had never been there before, and decided that this sounded worth going to. It had been used for 60 years as the social centre for a Trade Union. I was amazed to see that it had obviously been kept exactly as it had been when the owners fled in 1917. Magnificent, if rather heavy, decoration. You still got a real sense of the personality of the former owners. They must have been very pompous and self-satisfied, if not a little decadent. I found myself concluding, once again, as almost everyone does after a short time in St. Petersburg, that it was no wonder there had been a revolution! But what had happened to this Palace during the terrible years of the famines of the twenties and thirties, the great purges that followed, and the Blockade of 1941-44? Much of the decoration must have been original - how on earth could it have survived? Our guide was an elegantly dressed middle-aged lady. At the end of the visit, she told us that earlier this year they had been visited by the Grand Duke Michael, who just might have become the Tsar if he had not died in April. "He was a most cultured man," she said, "and his grandson, who was with him, was very intelligent and had perfect manners. He would clearly have been delighted to see the Tsars return to Russia."

And there were several other indications that there is an active pro-Tsarist feeling abroad. A number of Museums (including the former Lenin Museum) had exhibitions linked to the old royal family. One day, when I was walking round the park of the Catherine Palace, which is the most luxurious and ornate of all of them, I saw in the distance a group of boys marching. They were wearing a reddish uniform, which at first I took to be the uniform of the Pioneer Movement, which in the former Soviet Union roughly corresponded to our Scouts. Then I remembered that the Pioneers had been disbanded after last year's coup and



Tsarist Youth march in Pushkin Park

looked again. I saw that the boys were dressed in a uniform very like that worn by the White (anti-communist) forces during the Civil War. They were led by men dressed in uniforms that could have come straight out of a film, and they were singing a pro-Tsarist song. This event, more than any other, brought home to me the changes that have taken place in Russia in recent years. Outside our hotel lurked a motley crew of suspicious-looking men, women and children, intent on relieving foreign tourists of their money by any means they could - legal or illegal. Policemen stood by and watched. I was told that the police are entirely in the hands of the criminal world, and even while we were there, a senior Dutch policeman came to the city to advise the government on how to deal with police corruption. In the past, Russian society has been extraordinarily law-abiding, and even now the crime rate is not very different from this country's. Italy is far worse, and much more dangerous. But the rate at which crime is rising is very disturbing and the Russians themselves, who have been used to an almost mind-numbing conformity, are frightened by what they see around them.



Performing bear

As in this country, an alternative society is developing, especially among young people who see no future for themselves in the Russia that is emerging. There are plenty of signs of this in St. Petersburg - buskers in the streets and the entrance to the Metro, people setting up stalls and selling almost anything that comes to hand. I even saw a performing bear one day when I was taking shelter from a torrential rainstorm in the colonnade of the Kazan Cathedral. It was obviously a meeting place for drop-outs, tramps, drug addicts and others. In the middle of them, I suddenly caught sight of a small creature, about the size of an eight-year-old child. It was covered in fur and had a hunchback. My first reaction was that it was indeed a child in a fur coat, but then I realised that it was a bear cub, standing on its hind legs and circling round the onlookers. It had attracted a small crowd of young people. Rather like a child, it seemed uncertain whether to show off or hide. It seemed well treated, though it had a tight chain round its neck.

St. Petersburg is often called the 'Venice of the North', because of its architectural magnificence and the many canals and waterways that crisscross its centre. It has six hundred bridges apparently - more than Venice. I had never been on a boat trip round these canals. In the old days, there was little chance of

doing this, apart from an exciting and speedy trip by hydrofoil from the Winter Palace to the Palace of Peterhof on the Gulf of Finland. Now, there are several pleasure boats plying the canals, and I decided on the last day to blue rather a lot of money on a solo boat trip round the centre. The weather was perfect, and the experience was unforgettable. Everything I saw appeared from an angle that I had never seen before, unencumbered by traffic or hordes of pedestrians. We passed rows of elegant mansions, drawn up in gracious ranks along the canal side, parks and bridges, and then suddenly we found ourselves on the open river, three or four times as wide as the Thames in London, and infinitely more ethereal and beautiful. Don't misunderstand me, I love London, but it is not ethereal, or particularly elegant. St. Petersburg has a unique quality. Some people may hate it. I think it is stunning.

The old Communist regime has collapsed. I cannot really see any prospect of it ever returning - the people had become totally disillusioned with it. It lasted long enough, and took the people through both dramatic and heroic times, sufficient for it to leave a strong legacy, not all of which was bad. It inculcated a sense of order into society, and (although this was mostly spurious) a sense of purpose. It was very good at organising certain public enterprises - the transport system, public arts (theatres, concert halls, sports facilities), and it created an educational system that was as good as any in the world. I never fail to be impressed by the products of that system. Deprived as they were of the freedom to read or experience many things that we take for granted, they nevertheless had a solid basis of fundamental knowledge, allied with a natural curiosity about the modern world that I wish English pupils had. Russian society today is in process of disintegration, - (one has to admit this) and things will no doubt get worse, perhaps much worse, before they get any better. Crime will increase, standards of living will plummet even further, people will become increasingly disillusioned. But: firstly, it is surprising, almost incredible, that there has been so little violence to mark the revolution that is taking place; secondly, the sound basis on which the Russian educational system is founded may, just may, allow Russian society to survive, and eventually thrive. Already, there is a much greater sense of energy and animation in the streets. People seem to be smiling more than they did (though in private they are probably also weeping more).

The old Russia is reappearing - greatly changed, thank goodness, because that's why they had a revolution, but at least now the people have a genuine tradition to recognise and identify with. The Russians are a lovely people, generous, outgoing, romantic, often rather foolishly idealistic. After my visit to St. Petersburg, which I shall never forget, I much prefer to be optimistic about the prospects facing Russia.

Now my Sabbatical is coming to an end, and, as is only natural, I look back on it with a mixture of great pleasure, and some dissatisfaction for the things not achieved. I had secretly hoped that I might have been able to write a book, and indeed, somewhere buried under my papers there is the skeleton of something that might one day be.....? But it hasn't appeared yet, and the dramatic improvement in efficiency and knowledge that I dreamt might follow has failed to do so. Ah well, - next time, perhaps? I should be eligible for another one in ... twenty-five years time. May I pencil it in, Headmaster?

Mr. Taylor

RUSSIA

A personal view by **Simon Cook** (6 RCRM)

The past decade has seen the political map of the world redrawn in dramatic fashion. Nowhere have the changes been more marked than in Russia. Yet the shock tactics of the media portrayal of events to which we in Britain have been subjected lack a genuine perspective on the more profound effect of such drastic changes in Russian society. Last Easter I was fortunate enough to stay with a family in Moscow, as a participant in the Soviet Exchange Programme run by Abingdon and Oxford High School, and was therefore able to observe some of these effects at first-hand.

The death of Communism has produced some obvious changes. The extent to which place names have been changed, e.g. Leningrad to St. Petersburg, and the fact that statues like those of the founder of the K.G.B., Dzerzhinsky, have been pulled down, serve to show that the Russian people are determined to start afresh. However this process is threatening to allow the Russian cultural heritage to be diluted by Western influences, particularly those from America. The effect of Communist propaganda has been to encourage the Russian people to turn away from their heritage and accept a second-hand, americanised, cultural alternative.

Ironically, it is in Russian heritage that the 'double-edged' nature of Westernisation has been most clearly demonstrated. The historical parallels of the reforms undertaken by Peter the Great and Catherine II, influenced by Enlightened Western European thought, speak for themselves. Both rulers believed that they could transplant the more impressive features of Western culture without the damaging detritus that was so visible in so many European states. In this they were mistaken, for the consequence of small changes is to make major change more likely. Catherine became disillusioned with the Enlightenment on the outbreak of the French Revolution, as it demonstrated the power of anti-absolutist feeling which Enlightened freedom inevitably engendered. As Russia was modernised, so her culture became undermined.

Equally today, as a market economy is slowly being created and the large multi-nationals move in, so the seedier aspects of 'Western' society are appearing in Moscow. On the streets drugs and

pornography are widely available, and litter is increasing, presenting the British visitor with a distasteful reminder of home. This is not to say that Russia does not have its own home-grown troubles: there are a large number of Mafia-style gangs, and alcoholism has always been a major problem. These pale somewhat when one is confronted by all the enormous distribution problems that the country faces, and, even more worrying, the price rises. Most families cannot afford to run cars, even if they are lucky enough to have one. Now that the security of Communism has been removed, massive unemployment threatens many people's livelihoods.

Although there is a need for economic reform, the cultural changes in Russia are very unsettling. Russian culture is rich and different from our own combination of imperial heritage and American sub-culture. Ballet and theatre are of the highest quality, and do not possess the class associations that are present in Britain. Television threatens to change all of this, as it has done elsewhere. The most popular programme in Russia is a game show based on "Wheel of Fortune", complete with obsequious compère. At the same time the large multi-nationals like Macdonalds and Pizza Hut are already established in Moscow. Such changes are not necessarily beneficial. Diversity and individuality are more important for a nation whose identity was largely suppressed under Communism. Nowhere were the differences between 'Western' and Russian culture more evident than at the Moscow State Circus. The treatment and, indeed, use of animals was by Western standards, cruel and inhumane. The Russians laughed.

The Russian people are not yet ready for the full force of 'Western' cultural influences. At present they need to find a national identity that fits, rather than to receive American or European cast-offs. There is a wonderful friendly openness in Moscow at the moment, which is sincere and beautiful without being as sycophantic as the American 'Have a nice day' syndrome. The money-grabbing hedonism of our own society will destroy this. Russia must be allowed to find her own way, and it is we who should be learning from their enthusiasm and vitality, not the other way round. The sanitised media portrayal presented to us should not convince us that Western culture is the only way to save Russia. It would be truly wonderful if the changes in Russia were to spawn changes in our own society and offer us a glimmer of hope for the future.

LETTER FROM RUSSIA

Вспоминаю о пребывании в Вашей школе навсегда останутся в моей памяти. Посещение уроков помогло мне ближе познакомиться с английской системой образования. Меня поразило разнообразие предметов, преподаваемых в Вашей школе. Мне кажется, что образование, которое мальчики получают здесь, даёт им возможность раскрыть их скрытые потенциальные способности. Все, без исключения, уроки, которые я посетила, были очень интересными. Я приятно удивлена, что в Вашей школе столь много внимания уделено обучению русскому языку, мне бы очень хотелось принять участие в процессе преподавания. Я бесконечно благодарна всем за тёплый приём и внимательное отношение. Большое спасибо! Желаю всем успехов, надеюсь, что мы когда-нибудь снова встретимся.

Anna Zimina

The memory of my stay at your school will remain with me for ever. Visiting lessons has helped me to become better acquainted with the English educational system. I was struck by the wide variety of subjects taught in your school. I think that the education which the boys receive here gives them the chance to discover their hidden potential. All the lessons I visited were without exception very interesting. I was pleasantly surprised by how much attention is devoted to the teaching of Russian and I would very much have liked to be involved in the teaching process. I shall be eternally grateful for the warmth of your welcome and your caring attitude. Thank you very much. I wish you all success and hope that we shall meet again some time.

Anna Zimina

Showcase Section

PULL THE OTHER ONE

I am Ruari's foot. I am long, thin and aromatic, like a Hamlet cigar. Perhaps they could advertise me on TV. Every toe carries a GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING. Actually there are two of us, Siamese twins you might say. Joined by an arch of sorts, up there. Gives us a bit of a split personality at times, you know. 'Old Lefty' sticks out one way, and the 'Right One', that's me, I stand (picking my words with care) on the extreme right of the party.

I am a size 7E foot, {not many of those around}. Only one in the neighbourhood, in fact. 'Old Lefty' doesn't see toe to toe with me, and he's only Six and a Half. Makes me feel rather superior, I can tell you. Basically, I think I'm really rather a heel. I've got five toes up front doing all the leg work, and up top there's a bump. Inside, we're all covered in old skin like a tin of discarded paint. Oh!, and I musn't forget, each of my toes is capped by a rusty old nail.

I am a working foot, an honest hard-working foot, self-employed, I suppose, (although I still go to school). I am at the foot of the class. Yes, I have an important job to do. I don't have a wife and family to support, but I do have a body up there to support, on

a pair of spindly legs. I don't know how it doesn't fall over.

I carry out my work in a lot of different disguises. I mean the different socks and shoes I find myself put into. Some are more cheerful than others. I particularly enjoy the muddy ones, often the result of my favourite game, football. The mud? I enjoy it when there's dirty work afoot.

I first became self-aware when I sensed all those Size Ten boots standing threateningly around me, waiting for me to put a foot in it. I felt very defensive. My foot specialist suggested I should be more extrovert, and wear jazzy socks and gaping trainers {if you can't beat them, join them}. But that's not me; I'm the quiet type. If they were a bit more self aware, they wouldn't tog themselves up in all that rubbish. Fancy footing the bill for that lot, cash on the nail. Not me, thanks! So there you are; and I'm here; and I try and keep myself out from underfoot amid the milling crowd.

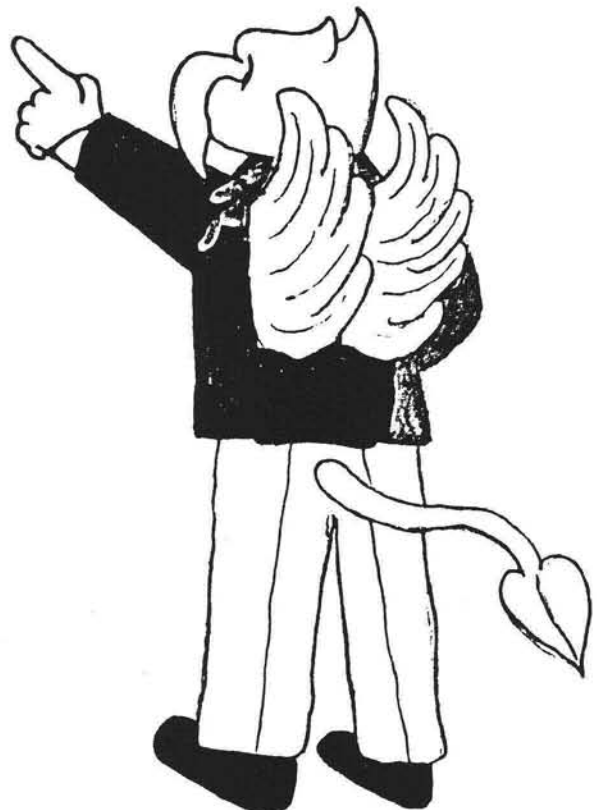
Now I am feeling a bit sore. I think I shall sit down and watch the world through the hole in the end of my sock.

Ruari Coles (3 NHP)

SPELLS

A Poem by **Mark Bailey** (2 VJB)

*Casting a spell is a job we do well,
Into the pot we put the lot.
Mire from a bog mixed with blood from a dog,
Skin of cat, and the wings of a bat.
Eagle's claw if it's chopped fine and small,
Throw in a pig which is fat and big.
Jelly from an eel to make the potion congeal.
The sound of our chanting is like rabid dogs ranting.
In a very short time, our voices will rhyme,
When we all begin cursing the name of a person.
If you are our subject, you'll be turned to an object.
When our spell from this brew, is aimed at you.
Don't think it's a joke; there's no antidote.*



JOY

A short story by **Chris Morgan** (6 KGH).

The street-light flickered in the darkness, erasing all the surrounding shadows for an instant. Its bulb was beginning to fail. The slight buzzing it created was the only noise audible in the street. The November chill in the air was personified by the brisk wind that blew through the gaps between the houses. Steve squashed his cigarette onto the litter-strewn pavement. He drew his jacket up to his neck as Mike and John appeared round the corner. No words were spoken until they were closely huddled together, away from the revealing glare of the light. Not that there was any need for words. All three knew what they were going to do. They all just hoped it would be as much fun as it looked.

This wasn't what Steve would have called 'his cup of tea'. He didn't fancy doing it, but heavy persuasion from his 'mates' had helped him make up his mind. Steve felt dominated by the other two, not least because he stood a good few inches smaller than they. It wasn't because they were unpleasant towards him, merely that Steve wasn't very good at being argumentative. He had never stood up for himself since primary school, when the constant bullying from Darren "The Basher" Rockwood had forced Steve not only to relinquish his dinner money for three and a half months, but also any kind of self-belief he had ever had. He hadn't put up much of a fight against this scheme either. Last week he had been quite content to go with the flow, and just tag along behind Mike and John. But that was a week ago. Now, facing the reality of the situation, he was slightly apprehensive, and the shaking of his knees was not necessarily due to the melted snow which had fallen some hours earlier.

The plan was flawless. It couldn't fail. It had been hatched over a number of weeks, and although Steve didn't quite grasp the finer points, the gist of the matter was clear. The car lay within this road. It was the uncertainty which was one of the main excitements of the whole idea. Two pairs of eyes made light work of the vehicles on offer. Steve meanwhile counted the cracks in the pavement. He was no expert on the subject, as, unlike Mike and John, he had never done this kind of thing before. He couldn't even drive. He did not have long to wait. Today's victim was chosen. It was to be a white Renault 'Clio', which sat nuzzling the kerb about twenty-five metres away, on the other side of the deserted street. Steve examined the house as they walked towards the car. All the lights were off. He felt sorry for its occupants. "What had they done wrong", he reflected, "apart from parking their car where they usually did?" "Don't worry," Mike had said, "we'll return it when we've finished."

The car was so clean it radiated goodness. The whole car reflected the luminescence of the now-distant light. The owners obviously took great pride in it. The 'K'-registration plate was quite unusual for this part of town. John reached the car first. By the time Steve had reached it, the stubborn door was begging for entrance. The car had a new owner. John bundled into the back, opening the driver's door for Mike. Steve hesitated. After this there would be no return. As soon as he had got into the car, he would be breaking the law. From that moment on, he would be

liable to prosecution. John looked through the window at him, and motioned him to get in. His brain said "no"; but in a brief moment the illogical outweighed the logical, and that was all it took for Steve to turn into a criminal.

Mike was still fiddling with the wires under the dashboard when Steve sat down in the passenger seat. He gently shut the door. The catch answered his action with a faint click. The interior was immaculate - none of the usual rubbish, dropped coins, mislaid tapes and empty crisp packets. It was a driver's dream, something which Mike seemed to appreciate. Still he kept coldly silent, until the silence was broken by a cough as the engine came to life. Suddenly Mike and John were all smiles. Into first, and the car slowly rolled away. "We don't want to make much noise," laughed Mike. John found this remark incredibly funny. The car bid a final farewell to its true owners as they rounded the corner. It sounded like it was screaming, but it was merely Mike screeching the car up to its top speed in the smallest amount of time possible. For the first time in its life, the car was going to be 'tested'.

This wasn't what Steve would have called 'his cup of tea'. The corners were taken too quickly, and too tightly. He was not used to this. His mother was one of the few people who would slow down to below the speed limit in a thirty-mile-an-hour zone. This was a completely new experience. The car roared rather than purred, it lurched rather than turned, it flew rather than drove. Mike's foot never seemed to touch the brake, and when it did he slammed it down, causing Steve's seat-belt to bite into his chest and lap. Mike and John were loving it. They were both cheering and shouting. Steve could only just manage a smile. The streets and dual carriageways were deserted, and this only encouraged Mike to go faster. At least with traffic jams there would have been brief pauses in between the bouts of madness. The onslaught was relentless.

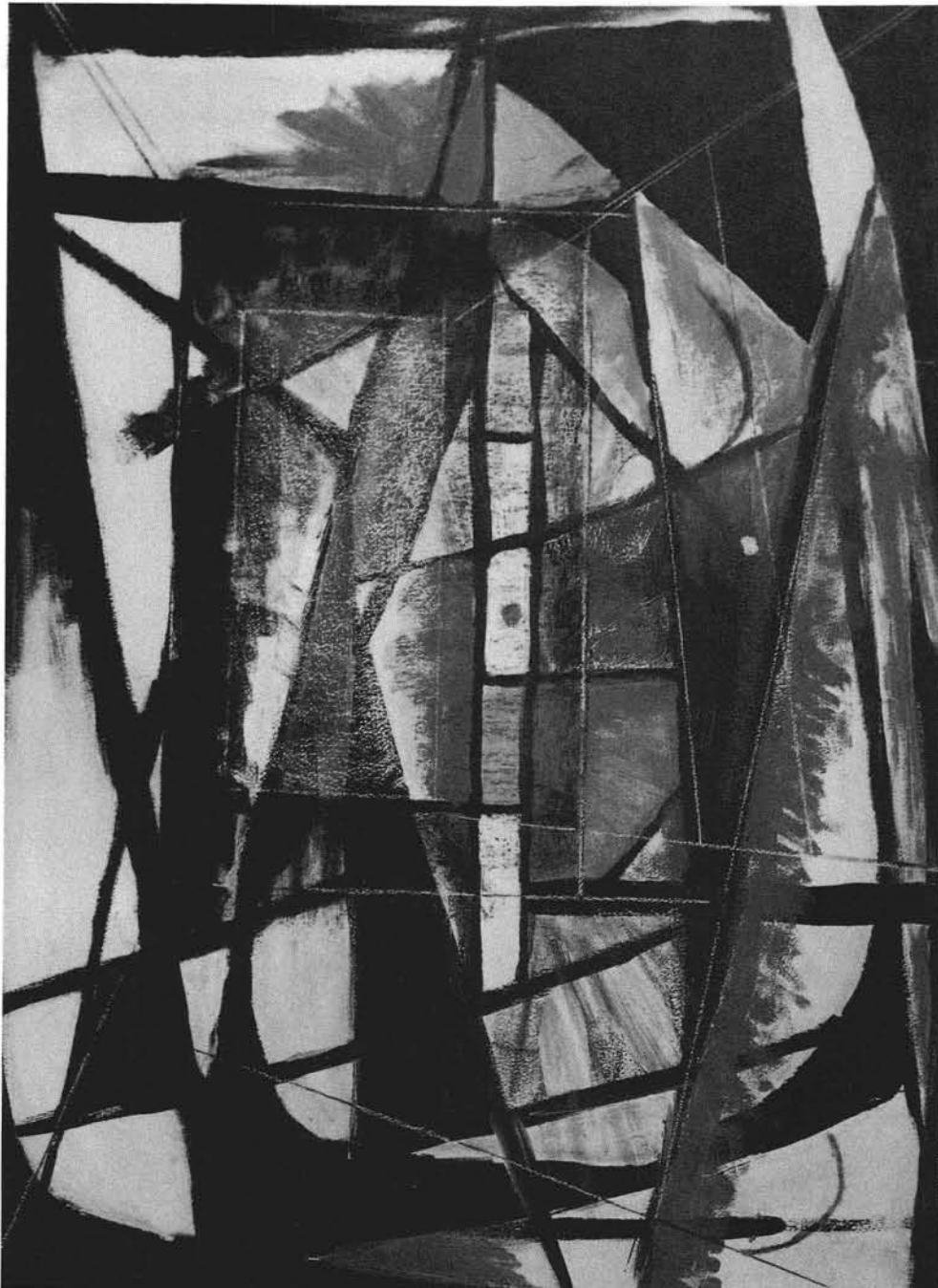
The faster they went, the greater Steve's anxiety. He didn't really know if the experience was living up to his expectations, simply because he didn't have any expectations. He had not thought about it before, as he did not really believe that Mike and John would have had the guts to carry it out. But it was all too real now. Everything raced by. Steve didn't want to look at the speedometer. He was frightened enough as it was. The car, to his dismay, was holding up well. He longed for a mechanical failure. He didn't care that he would have to walk home. He would have given anything for this frantic roller-coaster ride to end. Even the familiar sight of flashing blue lights began to seem welcoming. It was his first offence. He would get let off with a warning.

They came off the carriageway, and Mike continued to develop his driving skills on the zig-zagging country roads. John was quite content to let Mike drive first. Luckily the tank had been fairly full, and both of them should get a go before the end of the evening. The usual procedure at the end of the fun was to dump the vehicle in a field. Mike had once set fire to an ex-joyride, but said it was nothing special watching someone else's property burn. "There's enough of that on the news," he had said.

The roads were now unfamiliar to Steve. This merely heightened his terror. He glanced at his watch. Eleven twenty-two. His mother expected him home in half an hour. He wished it were sooner. They were going too fast. A forty-mile-an-hour sign whizzed by. They were going at least double that. Steve felt uncomfortable. A horrible twisting feeling was building in his stomach. He felt like crying. He wanted to get out, but he knew that he wouldn't be able to cope with the criticism that he would receive. He didn't mind the speed, but he did mind the insecurity. In fact he didn't trust Mike's judgement at all. He had only been driving for a year, yet he thought that he had the skill of a racing driver. All Steve could do was grip the seat tighter and tighter... and pray.....

Nobody saw the icy patch in the road. It lay there, silently, waiting. The rest of the area was clear. This patch had not yielded to the melting powers of the sun. It had stayed. It was simply a hard piece of water, but deadly. The car flew over it. Two wheels went one way, the other two decided to go in the opposite direction. Steve had been right about Mike's driving capabilities. John froze in the back, while Steve screamed. The car again moved wildly, but now it was no longer under Mike's control. The car kept spinning and spinning. Steve kept screaming and screaming.

They hit the wall at a hundred - and - twenty - miles - per - hour.



Abstract design collage

Daniel Smith

MY HOBBY

A poem by **Thomas Frankum** (1 RJS)

*Drawing is my hobby,
A peaceful pastime on my own.
Sitting down in a corner,
Shutting myself out of the real world.
In this small alcove outside reality,
Imagination flows freely like running water.
Blank pieces of paper can be transformed into landscapes of
your desire.
This time you are the master, the king of your domain.
You look upon your creation like a god,
Creating in the flicker of a candle, destroying in less;
Engage upon flights of fantasy, soaring over the mountains like
the eagle,
Or maybe gliding gracefully through the air like the dove.
After completing your adventure with your hidden talents,
The feeling of achievement and satisfaction spreads through
your conscience,
That after all the time and effortless imagination,
The product is a souvenir of time well spent.*



THE TEACHER

A Poem by **Oliver Houlton** (3 SAE)

*We filed in slowly
Quietly waiting for the softly spoken commands.
When we have sat, the voice tells us
To get out our prep to be marked.
We bring our books to the front, one at a time.
Then one boy stammers out an excuse
The voice is raised, punishment is administered,
And the boy goes sullenly back to his seat.
The figure sits at the desk, looming,
His bald scalp showing him to be a veteran of schools.
His flowing cape is a severe,
Bleak black.
The solid brass rimmed glasses glint menacingly
In the sunshine; his gnarled, feared hands
Hold, almost negligently, a straight,
Solid oak walking stick, which is used for
Things other than walking.
Truly a demon; but it is worse than any ordinary demon
For he is our teacher of **Latin!**
The ultimate subject! One to make blood curdle,
To turn men in their graves.
At night we sweat over our books.
By day we walk trembling, cringeingly into
The room
Where our master sits,
Waiting,
Waiting for us to arrive.*



THE REBEL CHILD

Everyday when I,
Go off to school,
I'm perfectly contented,
To follow the rule;

When the bell rings
We saunter indoors,
I pick up my briefcase,
Still following the laws.

Enjoy my English,
My music, my sums,
I feel a little sorry,
When home time comes.

But deep inside me,
I'm as wild as a cloud,
I relish blowaway mornings,
I'm glad the storm's loud.

It's a blowaway morning,
The clouds are wild,
The weather's in a tumult,
And I'm the rebel child.

And when school's dismissed,
I'm set free at last,
I'll laugh in the rain,
I'll sing till half-past;

I sit alone at my desk,
My face is at rest,
I seem quite pacific,
I behave my best.

"Be free as the weather,"
I can yell out and shout,
As I lope through the puddles,
Shouting "School's out, school's out."

When breaktime comes,
I scramble outside
My friends have a fight,
But I take no sides.

A poem by **Rikesh Patel** (2 PKHR)

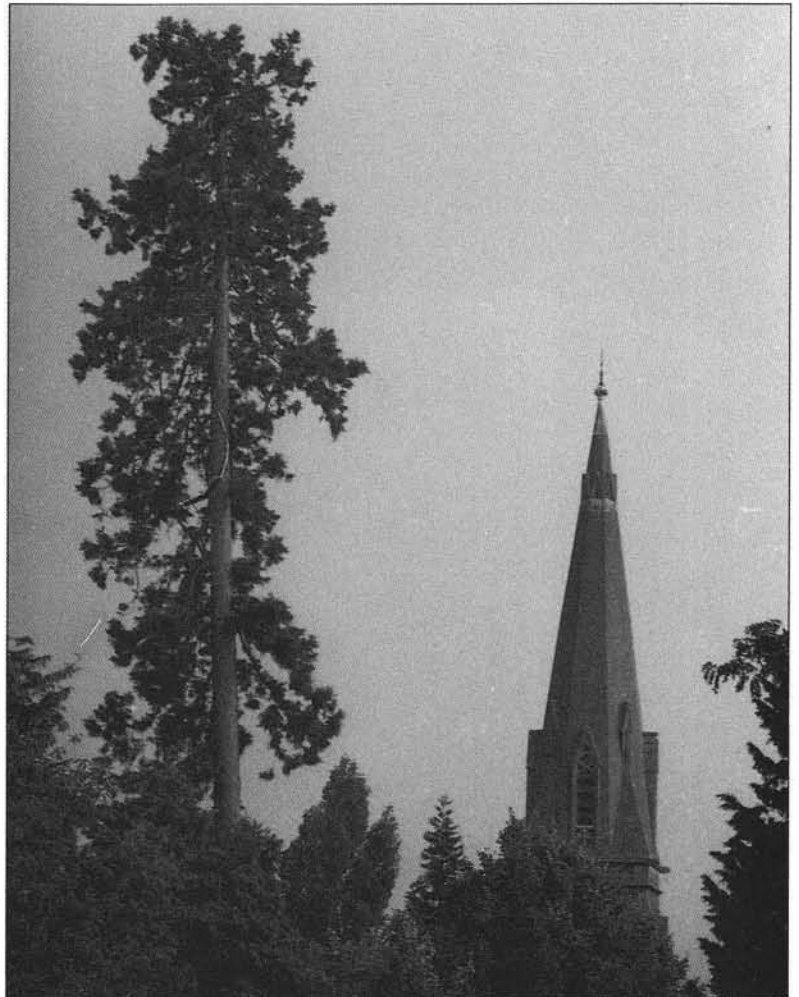
TREES

Swirling, swaying, bending, praying,
Whistling wind and branches swaying.
Weeping willow drooping low,
O'er the river all a flow.
Mighty redwood towering tall,
Huge great beasts both one and all.
Swirling, swaying, bending, praying,
Whistling wind and branches swaying.
Sprightly spruce and graceful larch,
Cedar high with pious arch.
Silver birch with shimmering bark,
Copper beech all dusky dark.
Swirling, swaying, bending, praying,
Whistling wind and branches swaying.

R. Field (2 VJB)

DINNER

"Dinner!" I cried "Percy, Prudence!"
Prudence arrived in her usual dignified way,
Spoilt by the waddle, like a
Mountain bike with stabilisers;
She was looking smug.
A faint tinkle was Percy's
Harbinger, as she skidded around the corner.
They ate hungrily; then Prudence waddled
Outside and the wave in her tail almost
Signified the regal end to dinner.
"Dinner!" I shouted "Percy, Prudence!"
Prudence arrived in her usual dignified way,
Like a mountain bike with stabilisers.
But where was Percy?
Prudence commenced but Percy's
Lay untouched. I tidied the can away.
Prudence stalked off.
"Percy wasn't at dinner today, Mum."
I stated (or was she?).
She still wasn't at home a week later.
Prudence was looking smug:
They'd never liked each other
I don't think Percy knew she
Was Prudence's daughter.
"Dinner!" I cried "Percy, Fluff!"
Prudence walked on the same
And dinner commenced.



Tree and Spire

Photo: Andrew Harding

BLUG

A short story by **Dickon Millett** (1 RJS)

In the world today, sentences make sense. Sentences are the right length. Sentences are under control. But how were they brought to our feet ? Read on.....

Silence. Not a sound. The beginning of a new planet. Only volcanoes. Millions of years pass. Animals evolve. Creatures come forth from the seas. A species of monkey starts down the track of evolution. Primitive man stands on the ground where in four thousand years time a place of education will be built - a school.

Everyone in the Stone Age was called Blug. When man first spoke, it was just one long blur.....until Blug was born. When Blug was fifteen, he made a decision. It was to change the world.

mum I find it difficult to speak without taking a breath I must find a way to alleviate this problem

"That's nice, dear!"

i will call it punctuation

"That's nice, dear!"

its going to have lots of dots and places to take breaths

"That's nice, dear!"

first of all blug invented the comma, then the full stop. and after that, the Capital Letter.

"Hi Mum,"

"Hello, Blug, dear"

"No Mum, the comma only comes instead of "and", or to break up a sentence. (Blug had not invented the exclamation mark yet!). Full stops mark the end of sentences, and capital letters start new ones, or are put at the beginning of a name."

The idea soon caught on, and Blug made a string of inventions:- the question mark, the exclamation mark, speech marks, etc.(that was after he had invented abbreviations.).

So let's all say, "Thank you, Blug, for making sense of the world!"

FOR I WILL CONSIDER MY CAT PIPPIN

A poem by **William Burn** (2 VJB)

For I will consider my cat Pippin.

For he is the servant of the living God, duly and daily serving him.

For this he has been blest.

For after being blest he performs ten things:-

For firstly he sits as a pudding does, gently steaming, in the far corner of the garden.

For secondly he gets up and licks his paws and nose.

For thirdly he decides that love is of the order of the day and sits, yowling, outside the kitchen window.

For fourthly, after being rejected by his owners, he goes and takes his place on the sofa.

For fifthly, on the dot of five thirty, he yells for his supper.

For sixthly he eats it and manages to spread 'kattomeat' all over the kitchen floor.

For seventhly he licks his paws again, as they are covered with this evil stuff.

For eighthly he scratches a log to sharpen his claws.

For ninthly he defends his territory as any cat should, fighting valiantly in the face of fearsome odds and gets a bloody nose.

For tenthly he goes to his corner of the garden and steams again until morning.

After 'My Cat Jeffry' by C.Smart (1722-71)



Still Life

Gavin Craie

W.H. SMITH COMPETITION STORY

By **Edward Smith** (3 RSE)

Sam was David's son. They had been living without his mother for all Sam's life - a whole fourteen years. They were great friends and regularly went out on visits to parks and shows, but gradually Sam seemed to resent his father. David thought this was because of Sam's lack of maternal care. Sam went to a local school at which he had enjoyed a comfortable place in society.

It was a sunny day in July. Sam had just come home from school, and David announced to him that they were going on a camping holiday in the summer. Sam relished the thought as David knew he would. The days in the term flew by and both of them looked forward to the holiday, though Sam's attitudes to David did not alter.

At length the great day came and the two of them were packing feverishly. Sam was grateful to his father but not kind. The drive was two hours long, on a sweltering hot day so they frequently stopped for a drink and a rest. Their home was a tent which they had used on all their camping trips, although it was getting on the old side now, but they couldn't afford a new one at the moment. David as usual had sorted out a timetable for the trip, and rotas for cleaning, cooking and washing-up. The first trip was to one of the biggest caves in the area, the only problem being that they would have to walk a mile or two to get there.

"Dad, how far is this cave?"

"Oh, about a mile and a half?"

"Oh great!"

"But the walking's not too hard going."

"Is that meant to be a consolation?"

"Take it how you want."

"Who was Mum, Dad?"

"She was a fine woman, Sam"

"Yes, I know, that's what you tell me every time I ask you."

"I don't particularly want to talk about it."

"Yes, but I want to know. I can't go on, not knowing that is."

"As I told you..."

"But Dad"...(long pause)...

"Oh, if it matters that much to you. I met her while I was visiting Scotland. Yes, it was love at first sight for me."

"What was her name?"

"Aha, here we are, one of the greatest caves in the area!"

"Oh, Dad."

"Sssh, now we've got to survey how to get down to it," he said in a teacherly manner. They set about this in the usual manner, surveying the cave, or pot hole as Sam thought it should be called. David got all the equipment out and

was testing it. After twenty minutes he said he was ready. Of course, he was the first one to go down.

"If anyone should be the first to fall, it should be me." He then thought about this statement and justified it, nodding slightly.

A voice from down the hole signalled Sam that he was to go down.

"... and make sure you bring everything, we don't want be caught down here without something, do we?"

"No, Dad."

They had been going deeper and deeper for ages. Sam thought it was getting late.

"Dad?"

"Yes?"

"Shouldn't we be turning back now?"

"No; it's only four o'clock in the afternoon."

"Shouldn't it be getting dark?"

"No; it gets dark at seven these days."

They had a few conversations like this. Suddenly Sam heard a whoops! a splosh of water and then a cry for help, which faded as if its batteries had run out.

"Dad, where are you?" No reply. "Dad, don't play games. Dad! DAD!" Sam's heart was pounding like a maniac using a bass drum. A few minutes later he'd calmed down somewhat and had the sense to turn on his helmet light. Sam looked around; all he could see was water dripping down the hole, a couple of tunnels leading off, and a drop of about a hundred metres. He grabbed a small stone, and threw it down. A distant plop sounded, and this justified his estimations.

After a while he thought he'd seen a way down. He decided to try a stretch without his light. It would soon run out. A rock came loose and he nearly fell as well. At long last he came to the pool, he flicked on his light and looked around. At first he could not see anything, but as his eyes became accustomed to the dark, he could just make out his father's head, luckily above the water. His dad was still breathing. A sigh of relief came over him.

"Phew! Dad, can you hear me, Dad?" There was no answer.

"Dad, please answer me". This conversation went on for a while. Sam eventually gave up. David had always prepared Sam for such an emergency. Sam started to make a shelter to go on his back from ropes and his backpack. Half an hour later it was ready; he dragged his Dad out of the water, and onto the stretcher. After a huge amount of struggling, Sam had just about hauled himself up by fifteen metres. He had to rest. He ate half his emergency rations and felt much better for it. He then dozed off.

An hour later he woke up. It took him a minute or two to remember where he was and what had happened. A groan startled him from behind...

"Dad!"

"Wh.....what did you say?"

"Oh, Dad!"

It took a minute or so for his Dad to come round properly. They decided that it wasn't safe for David to climb. After a further half an hour, Sam had climbed up another fifty metres - and it felt like it.

"I'm completely exhausted."

"Couldn't we just go a bit further before we stop, I can just see a ledge." "Oh, Okay?"

It took him a good quarter of an hour to get there, and now he really was exhausted. As soon as they sat down, Sam dozed off peacefully. David was looking upwards, trying to see a route; after a while he stopped, ate some chocolate and dozed off as well. An hour later they both woke almost at the same time.

"We'd better be off."

"Reach, come on, get on the stretcher."

"Do you think it's wise, you'll tire quickly."

"Yes, and you'll die quickly; come on, stop fussing and get in."

Another hour and a half of climbing they stopped, slept, ate.

"Idyllic down here, you can chose your own hours and sleep when you want."

"Do you want the taxi service to suddenly break down?"

"Sorry."

"Dad, I think I can see light above."

"I think you're right, well done lad, well done."

"Dad, I'm sorry I treated you in that way before we came here."

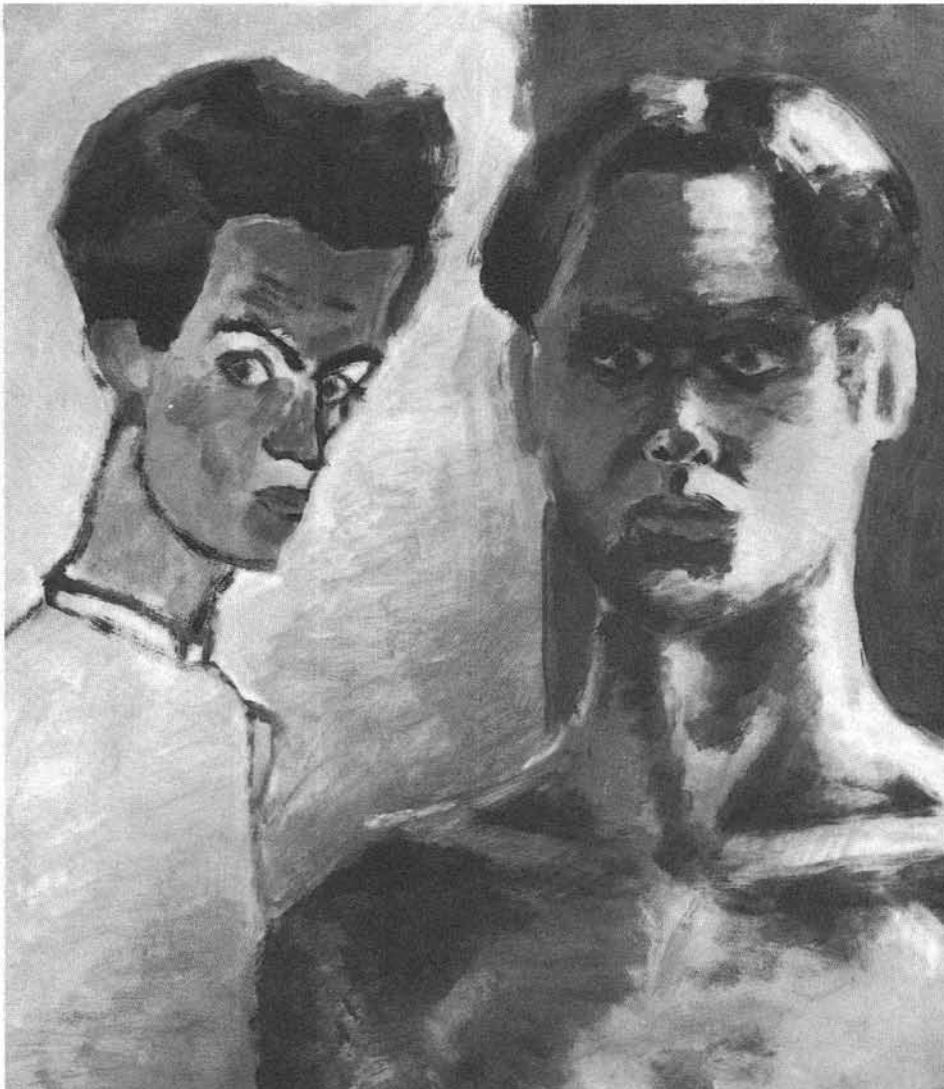
"We all make mistakes."

"Dad, who was Mum?"

"It's so difficult to tell you ? Wait, I think I can tell you the answer to that now. I met her in Scotland; she was beautiful and so caring. We went out together for a few months and then she got pregnant. That helped us decide to get married. Sam, she died giving birth to you." David paused.

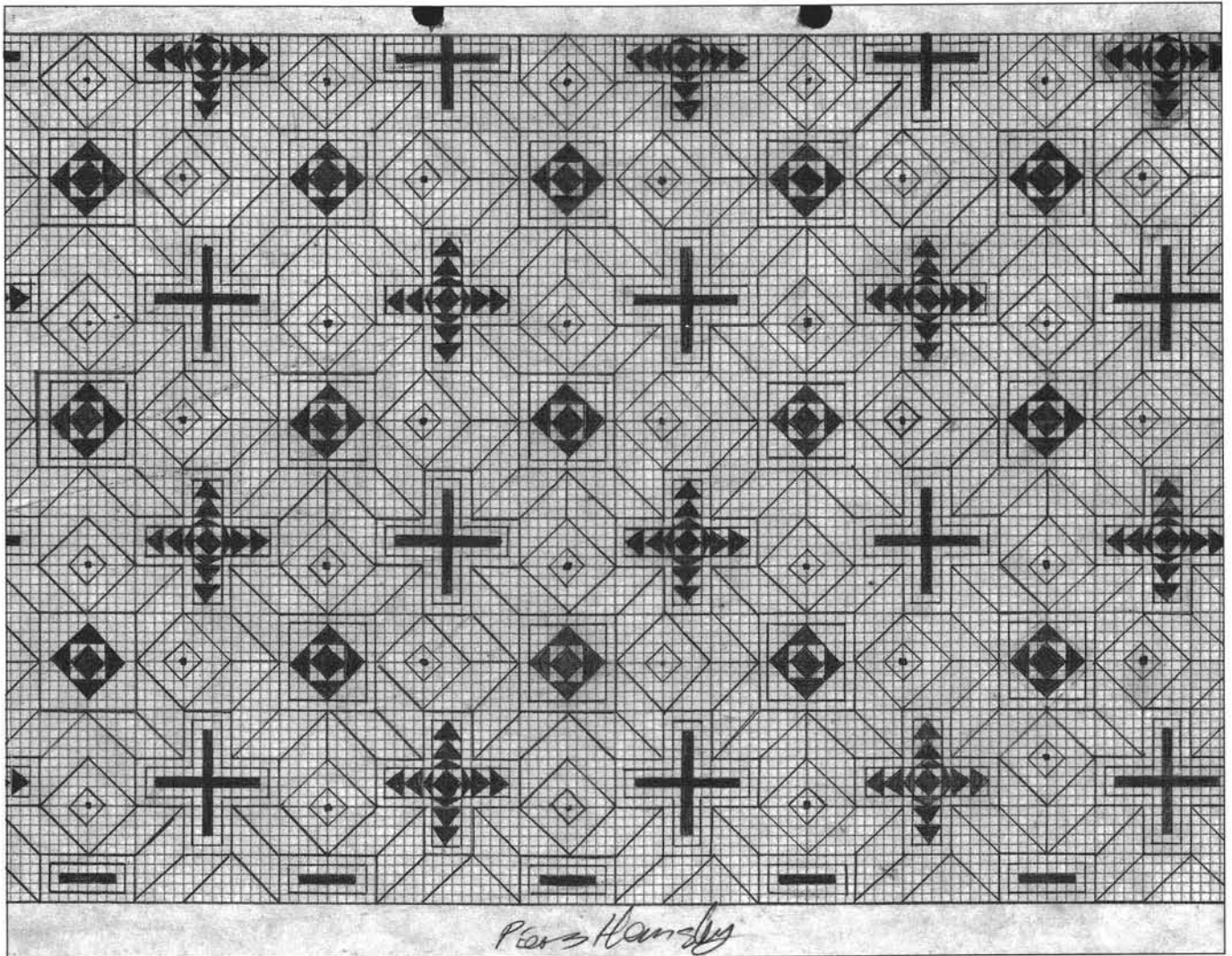
"I'm so sorry."

"That's alright, but I've got you now, and you've got me, so we're going to be alright. Come on, we'd better get going."



Self Portrait: Homage to Egon Schiele

by Tom Davison



Black and white mosaic floor circa 75AD – FISHBOURNE ROMAN PLACE

Piers Hemsley (1S)

ON SITE AT FISHBOURNE

by Mortar-Mix alias **D.L. Pelton** (1 IAM)

Greetings, fellow-workers! I am a Roman craftsman. Let me tell you. First we built the store houses. By Jupiter! (excuse the Latin) - that was bad enough in this horrible cold wet climate. It never rains but it pours. The minute we got here, a gale blew up (a full-blown Boreas Blaster). We thought that as soon as we had finished those, we could have gone back to Italy, and carried on creating villas for rich citizens. How could I be so wrong. The Emperor (IMPERATOR CAESAR VESPASIANUS etc.etc. to you) wanted a palace built for King Cogidubnus (and what, pray, has he ever done for us?). It was to be almost as big as his own, and by the river so that it could have goods from other countries imported more easily. It's going to take years of hard work. Did you know that they say it will need over five million bits of tesserae? There are going to be more than an hundred rooms, most of which will need a mosaic on the floor.

I don't think he deserves a palace like this, I mean, if it wasn't for blokes like us, then all Roman citizens would have to live in totally boring houses without any decorations, -and what thanks to we get? None! Absolutely nothing! It's all right for the Emperor to tell us to build a palace, he just clicks his fingers and everybody jumps!

One of these days, even the slaves are going to demand that they have rights of their own, instead of being pieces of property like they are now. It would only take a few of us to get together and we could wipe out all the guards, smash up the palace, grab us a few.....

Editor's note: *The manuscript breaks off here. It was found in one of the Fishbourne drains.*

STORM

By J.P. Shock (2 VJB)

*Hail stones pelting down,
Like ice cold marbles.
Bouncing off the windows,
And smashing like hundreds
Of tiny milk bottles on the ground.*

*Like popcorn you can hear
Hundreds of little cracks.
The wind is screeching,
The hail stones are pelting,
The house is almost shuddering,
As the storm commences.*

*Now the thunder and lightning
Come in.*

*Like great big drums and cymbals,
The wind like a clarinet
Sometimes high, sometimes low
Sometimes loud, sometimes quiet
And the hail,
Like millions of triangles
All sounding together at the same
time.*

*Then suddenly,
It goes quiet.
The sun peeks through the big
menacing black clouds,
And the great storm concerto is over!*



Flanders Poppy

Tom Frankum

WAR CEMETERY

By Oliver Swadling (2 VJB)

*Row on row, you neatly lie,
As row on row you stood.
Knowingly you chose to die,
To fight for what was good.*

*Inspired to greater glory,
Brave, you fought and fell:
But man forgets the story
Of you, who died so well.*

*The seasons still the land endow
With colours' changing hue.
And younger men still neatly plough
The land that covers you.*

*Do the lessons that you taught us
Appear unlearned, unknown?
Does the freedom that you bought us,
Remain with you alone?*

*Yes: now I feel the story;
My heart and pulses race.
I can learn from your great glory,
To find pleasure in this place.*

CLOUDS

By David Hammond (1 RJS)

*Clouds float aimlessly
Across the light blue sky
In an instant
Slowly and
Swirling round
Aimless form of
Water vapour
And when they get
Too heavy
They burst into
Rain
They make shapes, and
Stir your imagination
But none are
Pink or Green or Yellow or Red, just
White
And
None are made of
Stone or cats or dogs or trees or grass or houses.
They're just
Floaty*

AT THAT TIME OF NIGHT

By T.G.A. Richards (2 VJB)

*The road a white snake,
Coils sneaking through the trees,
Blotched by pools of shadow
Like a leper's sneeze,
The moon, bloated, lopsided,
Impaled on trees and bleeding moonlight;
Our house, symmetrical, angular, dark on dark
And the door opening;
A shaft of electric light exorcising the night.
The trees, friendly again,
Whispering, then lulling like the breeze.*

WEATHER

By Oliver King (2 VJB)

*The wind howls like a thousand wolves outside the window.
It barges its way everywhere and anywhere,
Not caring for anyone or anything.
It vandalises everything and doesn't look back.*

*The snow covers the grass like a frozen blanket,
Not letting it breathe until it melts.
It covers the ice,
And lures the world into its deceptive trap.*

*Jack Frost leaps joyfully painting the windows,
The doors, the floors and moors, with icy fingers.
Then Jack jumps up and paints the clouds grey,
And the clouds throw thousands of kamikaze hail stones into the sky.*

FAREWELL FOXY-LOXY

I suppose it could be said that we inherited the fox from the old lady who lived next door; not by virtue of her last will and testament, but because she left its food under a rhododendron bush that bordered on our property. Perhaps a little background information may help.

I cannot remember the old lady's name off hand, but it was certainly very, very English and I have a feeling it was double-barrelled. She was kind to us when we arrived, making no complaint about this noisy young family. Her son turned up shortly after she died to collect his share of the legacy (which did not include the fox), but for all the time we knew her she lived alone, except for a post-graduate student from Japan called Philip, who lodged with her for each of the three eight-week university terms.

We had not been living in the area very long when tales of the old lady's eccentricity began to reach our ears. These were reinforced when my mother, whilst indulging her passion for gardening (a trait that greatly endeared her to the old lady) saw an exquisite bone china plate, upon which was laid a prime cut of chicken, resting under the aforementioned rhododendron bush.

Over the next two years it became clear that the lady's peculiar actions and reputation were due to her remarkable relationship with the local wildlife; blue tits, robins and squirrels, all by her hand (quite literally) were fed. The relationship was not one-sided, however, for, in return, the animals were her ever-present companions, a replacement for the family that had deserted her. Which creature ate from the china plate under the rhododendron remained however a mystery.

With the onset of her final illness she instructed Philip to leave out both the stockpile of bird cake she had accumulated for such an eventuality and the plate of chicken. To digress briefly she had once accidentally fed some of her bird cake to my father. It was, he reports, exceptionally fine, probably better than what she normally served up to her human visitors. I suppose that was because its production was a true labour of love.

About a week after her death, on the afternoon of the old lady's funeral, my mother was once again in the garden, by now greatly changed from the overgrown untended mess it had been when

we took up residence. Out of the corner of her eye she saw a dog sized creature. Thinking it to be one of the many canines that, unrestrained by their owners, invaded her domain, she turned to shoo it away. There stood Foxy-Loxy. My mother named it this in honour of some long-remembered childhood nursery rhyme.

Foxy-Loxy was not a typical fox; at least he was not the cunning, scheming Robin Hood of the animal world that popular children's fiction usually portrays. He was an 'academic' fox, the reincarnation maybe of an elderly classics don who had died of grief because his students could no longer decline their "-mi" verbs. He was, as far we know, the last of a long line of tame foxes of Boar's Hill. The hill itself was named after the vanished boars that used to frolic beneath the oak trees of the hill, now themselves gone to line the trenches of Northern France, but many of the roads and the local inn and manor house were named for the foxes. There's an old saying that "The fox knows many things, the hedgehog one big one". Foxy-Loxy no doubt knew the many things as well as any other fox, but I also feel that he was all too aware of the big thing: his world was disappearing, to be replaced by that of my own kind.

We were not wealthy enough to continue to feed the fox in the manner to which he had become accustomed; instead of prime chicken, he fed on whatever scraps of meat were left over after we had eaten, although this diet was supplemented by a regular supply of eggs. Whenever he felt peckish he would appear outside the kitchen window at the back of the house, my mother would then leave the house by the back door and deposit the egg on the grass, whereupon would snatch it and trot off with the egg resting unbroken between his jaws. We found out that he would go to the thin strip of wasteland behind the old lady's house and crush the egg, spitting out the fragments of the shell but retaining the precious foodstuff within.

One day the fox stopped coming. We heard later that a fox matching his description had been knocked down by, of all things, a milk float, about half a mile from our house. A friend claimed that he dissected that fox as part of a school biology practical: milk floats do less damage than other vehicles. At least the remains were buried. Now my mother feeds with bread the grey squirrels that play in our back garden and the only fox that I see is the one on the weather vane at Foxcombe Hall.

FOXY-LOXY R.I.P.



No foxes on Park Crescent!



THE FOX

By Stephen P.H. Clark (3 NHP)

*My mother named him Foxy-Loxy,
After a never forgotten nursery rhyme.
He fed on the food that nobody wanted,
That my mother lay on the grass.*

*The kind old lady next door used to feed him,
Until she suddenly passed away.
He arrived at our back door on the day of the funeral.
Clearly, she had left us something in her will.*

*He wasn't the normal, cunning, swashbuckling, 'Robin Hood'
fox.
He was more the philosophical 'Plato' fox.
Once there were thousands of tame foxes on Boar's Hill,
But he was the last of a long line.*

*It was around 1960 that the population declined.
Mainly due to myxomatosis epidemic in rabbits.
Craftier farmers with bigger guns, busier roads,
And the invention of a local hunt, all killed many foxes.*

*His ancestors had certainly left their mark on the hill.
The local pub, several houses, a few roads,
The Theological College, a field and one side of the hill
Were all named after his forefathers*

*One day Foxy-Loxy failed to arrive,
A week later we learned of his death.
Knocked down by a milk float, half a mile away,
When Foxy-Loxy did not look both ways.*

*Farewell Foxy-Loxy, symbol of an age.
You gave your life, to be replaced
By 'Yuppies', social climbers, and Volvos.
An invasion I am ashamed to be part of.*



A SHAGGY DOG STORY

By Mark Curtis (3LAM)

*Its blood red eyes shone, as blades of iced moonlight,
carved their mark on their ancient face.
Its matted hair, from the dark stood out,
as beads of dew shone like diamonds.
Its acrid breath,
the night rout,
until nought was left but it and the Graveyard.*

*Its heavy hands, with knife like claws,
that dug angrily into the parched soil.
Even the earth seemed to shy away in fear,
as the hunched creature continued by.*

*The night was old,
as nights go,
and the moon would now and then,
from behind a cloud skull,
until its gaze would fall upon the creature,
and then with fervent speed leap,
inside another black cotton bed.*

*The wind whipped the trees,
in its flee of terror,
and the anchored dendrites, their arms flailing,
would moan in hopelessness
to the great tombstones,
reared from the night.
As the creature passed,
it would stop and arthritically survey each one.*

*At last it reached,
the tomb of Nathaniel Wright.
The man no-one cared to talk about.
He was the old ferryman.
His face,
like a vine entwined his neck,
from some industrial accident.
No-one had talked to old Nat Wright;
no-one had even looked,
and when in '43 the grim reaper took his life,
he was buried by the young town sweeper,
who with his payment of four and six,
secured with inch long rusty nails,
the oaken planking.*

*By now the creature was at work,
Its huge bleached white teeth,
like pikes, tore out
great hunks of parched soil from the grave.
Sprightly now, and with demonic power,
Its taloned hands gouged out huge rips of earth.*

*At last a dirt-covered bone appeared,
and the creature's eyes glittered,
as it surveyed its prize.
With the sound like a chainsaw,
It yanked the bone with incredible power from the soil.
And then Lulubell, the butchers labrador,
skipped home with a leg of lamb.*

Drama and Music

TWO AMERICAN PLAYS: BOUND EAST FOR CARDIFF and PRAIRIE DU CHIEN

Directed by Mr Camp

The brief we were given by Mr. Camp as director was that it was going to be a very 'laid-back' production. Unfortunately I do not think he realised how laid-back it was possible to be. The rehearsal schedule was largely ignored until a week before the performance and the learning of lines left until the day before. On the night of the play scenes of hysterical laughter backstage mingled with panic at the thought of what we were about to do.

'Bound East for Cardiff' - the first and shorter of the two plays - had been going well in rehearsals but we still had not yet run through 'Prairie du Chien' with everything (including lines) going as planned. Frantic rehearsals of long speeches and sticky scenes were still going on as the audience filed into the Amey

Hall. Finally - much too soon - 8.00 pm arrived. Our adrenalin levels peaked as we stood and waited for the order to go on. Mr. Camp appeared backstage: - "I think we'd better wait for a few more people to arrive" was the speech which neatly summed up the production. He then ran off to round up an audience which eventually numbered about sixty.

As a final production the plays actually went quite well. The director's emphasis on acting rather than learning of lines paid off. William Hall died most convincingly, Toby Cox only

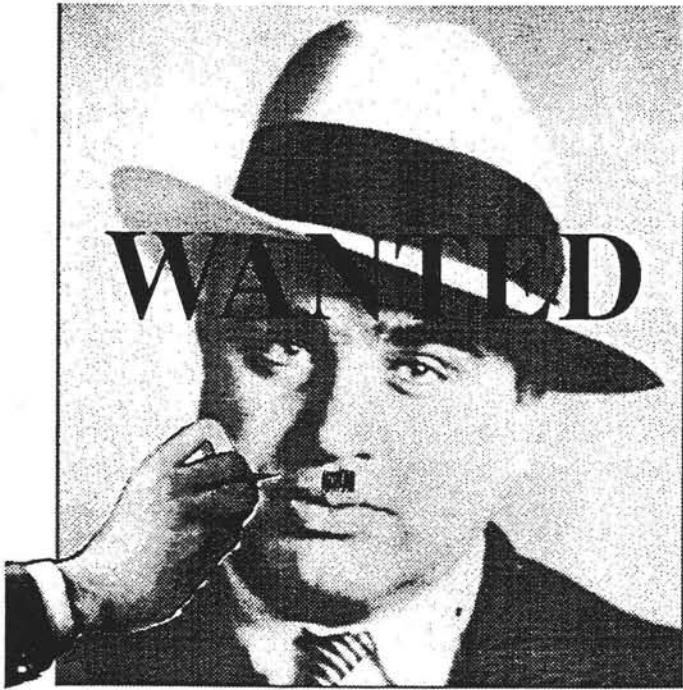
'wacked up' once (due only to a dodgy log-horn), Rob Walker put typical energy and enthusiasm into his role as a cheating card player and somehow I remembered my lines.

Many thanks are owed to Mr. Camp whose direction guided us through two of the most pointless plays ever written. On speaking to some of the audience, they managed to follow the plot of 'Prairie du Chien' and some even found 'Bound East For Cardiff' interesting. Congratulations are also due to Gareth Nutter for

performing well in his very demanding role as a sleeping boy and Richard Brown for finally delivering the line: - "Way up, both of them" without even a shadow of a smile touching his lips.

Nick Wolff (6 KGH)

Abingdon School Presents:
The Resistible Rise of



Arturo Ui
by
BERTOLT BRECHT

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

A review by Tom Soper

The Abingdon School Orchestral Concert was performed on the 19th of June, in front of a large, appreciative audience. It was hazardously close to A-Level and GCSE exams, and indeed one Clarence Reed-Wibbly of the Woodwind section elected to sit on stage writing a sociology essay and putting up his hand for paper now and then. But that's exam pressure for you'

The much loved overture from Rossini's opera 'William Tell' came first, which possessed a good, balanced sound and was performed with confidence. I especially liked the warmth of tone of the brass section during the thunderstorm, and the rhythmic unity of the strings during the famous 'da-da-dum, da-da-dum, da-da-dum-dum-dum' bit. Alistair Abbot, the soloist in Haydn's 'Trumpet Concerto in E flat', coped very well with the chromaticism and deft scalic runs in the melodic line. The second movement was the most interesting, an Andante with some beautifully played lines, though the orchestra was not always in strict time. Following on, Ravel's 'Pavane for a Dead Infanta' had some excellent moments, notably the crispness of Matthew Reynold's and Daniel Smith's horn-playing and James Manship's subtle, beguiling flute lines together with the orchestra's capacity for capturing the fragility of the piece.

Daniel Smith stepped into Ignaz Lentgeb's shoes to perform the Allegro from Mozart's '3rd Horn Concerto'. He produced a limpid, mellifluous sound, and displayed a command of Mozart's melodic structures. One uncalled for 'parp' could have spoiled the atmosphere, but he kept the music under control. The Chamber Orchestra accompanied with sensitivity, led by the highly proficient John-Paul Hoskins. Other treasures were the fine 'cello section and the double-bass as played by Armen Georgian.

The Second Orchestra, who performed a three-piece set after the interval, were a joy to listen to. They did not attempt to over-reach themselves, but played fluently and rhythmically, and adapted to each idiom with ease. 'The Prince of Denmark's March' was suitably pure and uncluttered; Delibes' 'Galliard' movement was clearly syncopated and his 'Pavane' harmonies sweetly balance. The march from 'Iolanthe' was played with gusto, and the tuba finally fulfilled its *raison d'être*, doing the 'pom-pom' of the bass line.

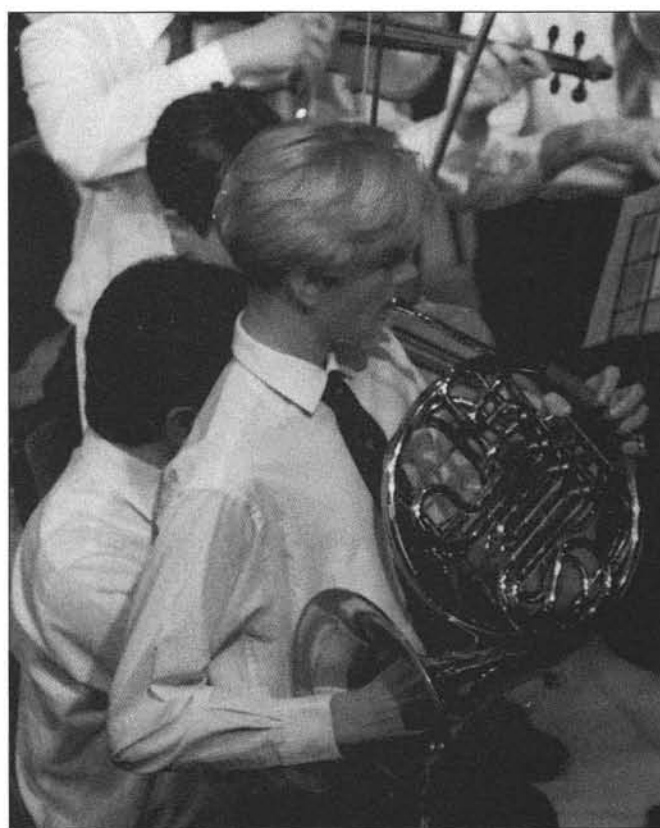
Next was the real tour-de-force performance of the evening, the first movement of the 'Cello Concerto in D major' by Haydn, with Leo Carey as the soloist. It is technically very difficult to play, and Leo scaled heights of virtuosity with his climactic squeals on the top string, and speedy wrist movements. So much so the orchestra were sometimes left trailing in his wake.

And finally!... 'Jingoistic', 'Patriotic', even 'good music' - call Elgar's 'Pomp and Circumstance March No. 1' what you will, it is a great show-stopper. At last, Christopher Bowman could unleash his wild, earthy passions, and clash those cymbals on every beat of the bar. I could see Mr. Stinton's arms flail with the ten gallon increase of adrenalin in his bloodstream. I could also see the sadistic leer in his eye as he turned to the audience during the encore, as if to say "Join in?". Some did, some didn't. The sound of voices was drowned by the deep tide of moaning strings.

As the last fortissimo died away, to be replaced by matching applause, the magic of this evening was brought to a fitting close.



First Orchestra: Viola Section



Daniel Smith on the French Horn

HMS PINAFORE

An appreciation by **J.S. Mill**

In 1492 Columbus discovered America. 50 years later saw the separation of Catherine Howard's head from her body and 100 years after that, the English civil war broke out. Two of those events have seen much media attention this year, but sadly neither of these could match Abingdon School's private celebration of another event 200 years after that, namely the birth of Arthur Sullivan in 1842. This provided excuse enough to stage a full Gilbert & Sullivan operetta. HMS Pinafore, the pair's first really successful production, was chosen and casting began almost immediately.

Nearly half the cast of HMS Pinafore are intended to be female, necessitating some seventeen boys and one member of staff being kitted out with dresses, lipstick and flowery headgear. This fact, and the common perception of G&S as being old fashioned and all to do with a certain trio from an East Asian Ladies' seminary, aroused a certain amount of scepticism among the school towards the project. The two performances, however, on the 26th and 27th of June served to dampen the worries of all who saw them.

The standard of performance was very high indeed and from time to time punctuated with brilliance such as the staggeringly 'authentic' portrayal of Hebe (Sir Joseph's first cousin) by Daniel Hammersley. Daniel was accompanied by a 'female' chorus of 'cousins and aunts' consisting of trebles drawn largely from the usual membership of the Chamber Choir. Supplementing these was another chorus of sailors which included some who don't normally sing with the Chamber Choir. Both these chorus' were fully clad in begged, borrowed or hired costumes which in the sailors case included a full complement of superbly fashionable bell bottoms.

Mr Biggs took on the role of Corcoran, Captain of the Pinafore

with enthusiasm, giving us an almost convincing improvised paraphrase of W.S. Gilbert's words, and music virtuosity which never strayed from the fabulous music of Sullivan (well hardly ever). Hiding behind a mask of thick grey grease paint was the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, KCB, First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr White, a self confessed Gilbert & Sullivan fanatic and on stage, cousin, brother and nephew to various of the female chorus.

The part of the main character, Ralph Rackstraw was given to James Manship, an experienced tenor and soloist in many school musical events. Heavily disguised by huge flares and an absence of spectacles James fell in love with Josephine, daughter of Corcoran, but in reality an even more heavily disguised Chris Upham, selected for his relatively powerful unbroken voice. Doing his best to break up the potentially happy couple was Dick Deadeye, an alliterate (and most probably illiterate) ably over-acted by a suitably hunched and bepatched Mr Dillon. Mr Pope completed the common room contingent with his portrayal of 'Buttercup' described as a 'Portsmouth Bumboat Woman' (answers on a postcard please). His by now notorious counter-tenor voice was obviously felt to be ideal for a middle-aged bumboat woman. I am of course in no position to comment!

The whole performance was accompanied by a small orchestra in the pit consisting of members of the school and, where no musician was available (usually because the prime exponent of that instrument was employed on stage), they were supplemented by other musicians recruited by Mrs Manship, the musical director and conductor.

Both performances were very warmly received and judged by everyone as a great success. Credit is due to all who took part, on and off stage, to Mr Oxlade, who played the Pianoforte so ably and to Mr Lewis, the director : larger than life and twice as modest.



Ralph importunes Josephine



A man's ship!

TEN TIMES TABLE

A report by **S.D.J. Cook** (6 RCRM)

It is usual to associate the organisation involved in a dramatic production with detailed planning and a lengthy (and exhausting) rehearsal schedule. Thus, the recent production of Alan Ayckbourn's 'Ten Times Table' was all the more remarkable in that two coherent, and indeed, stylish performances resulted from a mere week's intensive rehearsing by, amongst others, several sixth formers who had only just completed their A-levels.

Bearing this in mind, I attended the Wednesday performance with cautious anticipation. The almost incomprehensible synopsis in the programme did nothing to assuage my doubts, and it was only when the expressive features of David Mitchell (Ray) began their complicated contortions during the interjections of the exquisitely irritating Donald (Edward Paleit, complete with 'Harry Enfield-esque' accent) that it became clear that a treat was in store. Comic excellence has been the hallmark of several recent Amey Hall productions, and this was to be no exception.

Ayckbourn is a master of satirising middle-class mores, and this tale of the organisation and execution of a historical pageant was a perfect backdrop for exploring the comic potential of committee politics. As the Marxist Eric, Leo Carey portrayed the original pretentious prole, growing increasingly manic as the play went on. He was magnificently matched by Fiona Smith's suitably subdued Philippa, who was an excellent foil to his intensity. Susannah Ashworth's Sophie was sufficiently 'groupie-ish' to be able to convey a sense of middle-class frustration. Likewise, Alison Donley's haughty Helen was the archetypal snob, who gets her (literal) 'come-uppance' from Max Kirkov, outstandingly played by Guy Thompson. As Sophie's lunatic brother Tim, Harry White was arrogant,

SCHOOL THEATRES

A report from **Mr Taylor** on sabbatical

For reasons of time and cost, I confined my visits to South-West England, and in and near Oxford. I went to schools in the areas around Bristol, Bath and Taunton. Space prevents me from describing all the theatres that I saw, so I shall concentrate on the most interesting.

These theatres came in all shapes and sizes. The smallest seated only about 150 people, the largest around 350, which makes the Amey Hall much larger than any of them. All the ones I saw were well-equipped, and many had used much ingenuity to get over problems of space, or multiple use. Perhaps the most ingenious was in Bristol Cathedral School, where the unraked auditorium has to share space with PE, double as a classroom, and act as an exam room. The stage is also very small, and unusually high above the audience. A series of rostra of different sizes gives the space just enough of a rake to make the stage properly visible, and these rostra can be placed in all kinds of configurations to make it possible to stage theatre-in-the-round, or many other solutions. The programme of Bristol Cathedral School was about the most ambitious of any that I went to.

Clifton College's theatre is extraordinarily well-equipped, and is run almost as a local professional theatre. Its programme

deranged, and upper-class in a style reminiscent of, well, Harry White. Donald's ageing mother, Audrey, portrayed by Sally Wallen, lent great weight to the argument for compulsory euthanasia, while Daniel Seward as the permanently drunk Lawrence, was quite simply staggering, notably in one remarkable speech in the second scene, when he appeared in imminent danger of saying something coherent. Yet the real star of the show was the horse, whose performance deserved an Oscar at least. It has a bright future, either in Hollywood or as firewood.

To applaud the performers is one thing, but to look at the performance itself is another. One week is not very long to rehearse, and it showed on the Wednesday night. The performance was raw in a way that didn't necessarily benefit the play, although the spontaneity was improved by it. At the same time, there was a heavy emphasis on the comedy without really challenging the audience. The skill of Ayckbourn is such that he can build the comedy up to farcical proportions and then twist it into something more provoking.

Only in the final scene did the performers lose their camp inhibitions enough to begin to explore the material. This is not in any way to disparage them, since the challenge of undertaking to produce an Ayckbourn play in about a week is enormous. Furthermore, their commercial daredevilism paid off in two excellent performances, which were deservedly well attended. It is a tribute to the 'pulling power' of the cast and the strength of the production, that even in the week that saw a superb production of 'HMS Pinafore', this play should have been so successful. In particular, credit must go to the skills of those Upper Sixth formers involved. What has characterised their contribution to Abingdon drama, amply demonstrated by this production, has been their enthusiasm, wit and invention. We shall miss them.

includes many professional groups, as well as offerings from the school. There is so much pressure on the theatre's time, that the school must find it hard to find slots for its own productions. The day-to-day maintenance is done by a small team of professionals, aided by boys from the school.

Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, housed in an impressive pile set on what appeared to be a cliff in central Bristol, has a very new, intimate theatre with a facade onto a main road. I loved it. It has no proscenium arch and no curtains, and a thrust stage, so that almost all productions will have the audience within touching distance of the actors and sitting on three sides of the action. The lighting and sound set-up is a dream, with everything on or above the stage designed for ease, speed and safety. The control room has everything that a school stage could require and again, beautifully and elegantly designed for maximum efficiency. Like all the schools I visited, it has plenty of room back-stage for storing scenery, props and costumes, and for casts to change in.

King's School, Bruton was a complete contrast. It has a large theatre with proscenium arch, and the steepest rake I think I have ever seen. It shares a building with a sports centre, and so it has a very large, though rather impersonal, foyer. The new Art

and Design Centre, though rather far from the theatre, is obviously much used by the Drama Department, and the results, to judge from photographs and reports, have been very exciting.

I saw several other schools, but these are enough, I think, to give a flavour of what I saw. I returned with undiminished pride in the Amey Hall and what it offers Musicians and Actors, but with a still greater sense of unease at the lack of proper facilities that our fine hall can offer behind the scenes. Every theatre that I saw had a larger and better designed foyer; likewise better and larger facilities for set storage and building, and usually, for changing. No other theatre that I saw presented the same problems of space-sharing that we do, since, either the musicians had another hall for concerts and rehearsals, or Drama had a separate rehearsal room. So the stage could usually be dedicated for a much longer period to preparations for a production, and rehearsals could be easily fitted into the school day. That made me very jealous!

What, from all the theatres that I saw, would I choose to make up the ideal theatre?

I think I should want to be extravagant, and have a double auditorium, along the lines of the National Theatre - one, the existing Amey Hall, the other, the one from Queen Elizabeth's Hospital. With these, we could perform plays of almost any type - traditional 'proscenium arch' plays in the Amey Hall, and more experimental ones in the QEH Hall. For a foyer, I might go for the one at Queen's College, Taunton, which is smart and pleasant to be in, large enough for our audience, and which has an extra area for exhibitions and publicity material. Backstage, I should unhesitatingly pick the Redgrave Theatre at Clifton College, which has stacks of space below the stage for storing and building sets. As far as the technical side is concerned, I should go back to the QEH theatre, because it is so beautifully designed for ease of use and a pleasure to be there, though I was also impressed by a small and compact theatre at Bristol Grammar School. For efficient and effective organisation, I should go to St Edward's, Oxford, which seemed to have the best relationship between the various Departments concerned, and for sheer ambition and flair in the programme, I think I should choose Bristol Cathedral School. Put all these together, and you would have a really fine functioning theatre.

PIANO MASTERCLASS and MUSIC SCHOLARS' CONCERT (February 1992)

A report by Mrs Gill Carey

The Piano Masterclass organised by the Music Society and given by Professor John York of the Guildhall School, and the Music Scholars' concert the following evening, provided a fascinating and heartening pair of events. The great pleasure of attending Music Scholars' concerts regularly is to see the talents of the boys develop over the years. In the Masterclass the four accomplished performances of the Upper Sixth pianists - Alistair Abbott playing Sinfonia from Bach Partita no. 2, Guy Rands playing Field Nocturne no. 4, Leo Carey with Debussy Prelude no. 4 from Book 1 and Armen Georgian the Liszt transcription of Wagner Liebestod from 'Tristan and Isolde' - showed how far they have come in a relatively short time through their own talented enthusiasm and the skill of the music staff who teach them. Their successors - Duncan Masson (Lower Sixth) and Richard Davies (Fifth Year) playing Bach



Alistair Abbott on trumpet

and John Ireland - already impressive, will doubtless be just as assured next year. The Masterclass provided a fascinating insight into piano technique and into a wide range of musical styles and periods. There was also plenty of human interest in John York's kindly and pertinent criticisms and in the responsiveness of the boys.

The added confidence and understanding that the Master Class gave the



Leo Carey and David Hammersley on Cellos

participants was apparent the following evening from the first chord of Alistair Abbott's second performance of the Bach Sinfonia to Armen Georgian's outstanding performance of the Liszt. Leo Carey played Debussy again, but this time the Cello sonata. Indeed the concert abundantly illustrated the versatility of the music scholars such as Dominic Franks (clarinet and piano), Jerome Finnis (cello and piano), Duncan Masson (violin and piano) and Tristan Gurney (violin and piano). Two 'Meditations' - one by Hindemith played by John-Paul Hoskins (viola) and one by Massenet played by Edward Smith (violin) - showed the accomplishment of a leaver and the galloping progress of a middle school boy, while range was given by Matthew Beaumont (tuba), Matthew Reynolds (horn) and Andrew Walpole (guitar). Many of the performances were underpinned by the skilled accompanying of Mr. Oxlade and Mr. Elliot.

The evening was rounded off by Tristan Gurney, Leo Carey and Armen Georgian playing the first movement of Beethoven's piano trio in E flat Opus no. 1, a splendid combination of two senior musicians and an outstanding talent from the middle school. It gave an indication of the high standard of musicianship throughout. All that was lacking was a larger audience.

CHAPEL CHOIR VISIT TO BIELEFELD

A Report by **Daniel Seward** (VI JEF).

The Chapel Choir visited Germany in March to celebrate twenty-five years of the 'Abingdon-Bielefeld Connection'. There can seldom have been any group of people with less proficiency in German than the twenty six choristers and their five teachers who set sail from Dover. Apart from the fluency of Mr. Smith's and Mr. Oxlade's 'O'-Level German, our knowledge of the language was confined to a few phrase-book commands and the logo from the Audi advertisement. It was with some trepidation, therefore, that after a day's travelling from England, we departed to our separate host-families to stay in German homes, amongst German speakers. These fears were quickly dispelled, however, both by the embarrassingly good English spoken by the people of Bielefeld and by their generous and warm hospitality.

Bielefeld is an industrial town and home to 'Doctor Oetker's Pudding', which is apparently consumed throughout Germany. Although Bielefeld does not lure tourists with anything like the cunning of nearby Münster, its modern houses and precincts are clean and whitewashed. The towers and spires of its numerous churches, and of the castle, mingle pleasingly with the factory chimneys on the outskirts. Most of us discovered the various culinary delights available in the main shopping centre, whilst some claimed to have seen an apparition of Paul Daniels, accompanied by Debbie McGee, walking through the streets.

Our main purpose in Bielefeld was to sing, however, and there was a busy schedule of rehearsals and performances before us. At the end of our first full day we ourselves were entertained by an 'Orchesterkonzert' at the Ratsgymnasium. Pieces by Vivaldi, Telemann and Mozart were all performed by their school orchestra (containing one former member of the Bielefeld contingent who had come to Abingdon). Our own first concert was at the Lutheran 'Stiftskirche' at Schildesche. This church's exquisite interior contained an immaculately preserved screen behind the altar, depicting an ornate array of Biblical scenes; the ancient Gothic tabernacle remained in all its splendour, and an enormous mural of St. Christopher decorated one of the walls. Although the church had an impressive modern organ, it was, unfortunately, of exactly the wrong type to accompany English Choral Music. Nevertheless the ever-versatile Mr. Oxlade overcame all these difficulties, and the choir found the church an excellent place in which to sing.

Doubtless impressed, the pastor gave us a more prominent position in the following morning's worship than had originally been planned. As well as singing music by Tye, Bruckner and Vaughan Williams, we also joined in the sturdy German hymns, tunefully, but with little regard for linguistic accuracy! Although the organist was inclined to improvise, many of the hymns were sung to familiar tunes - and we even encountered 'Now thank we all our God' in the original. The pastor gave the whole choir copies of a small book about the 'Stiftskirche', and Mr. Lewis reciprocated with a picture of the St. Helen's Lady Chapel ceiling.

In the afternoon of the same day, we gave a concert in the main Roman Catholic church, St. Jodekus. Much of this had been rebuilt since the War, and thus the interior was more modern than that of the Stiftskirche. Once again we all had to contend with adversities, but the response from the audience was unanimously positive. As in the previous concert, there were organ solos, and performances from small orchestral ensembles, which gave our voices a rest, and variety to the concert.

Our final concert, at the Ratsgymnasium, was a secular affair, which included Madrigals, Gilbert and Sullivan, a 'Barber Shop Quartet', and even pieces by the Beatles. Some consternation was caused during a Purcell duet, sung by Jerome Finnis and Mr. Pope, as few in the audience had ever before encountered an adult male alto voice. Perhaps the crowning glory of the concert was a spirited rendition of 'Three Little Maids from School' by Mark Pritchard, David Hammersley and Jerome Finnis. In response to thunderous applause, we performed two encores. On our last evening, there was a choral concert given by pupils of all ages from the Ratsgymnasium. This ended with a joint performance of 'Zadok the Priest', Handel being claimed by both the Germans and the British.

Our story was not entirely taken up by music. Herr Steinsiek, our conscientious and ever informative host, took us to the 'Hall of Peace' in Münster and also to Hamelin where we followed briefly in the steps of the Pied Piper.

Such cultural exchanges have for twenty-five years turned the 'Abingdon-Bielefeld Connection' into a living reality, and we saw why a link between our two towns was indeed something to celebrate.



The choir in the 'Stiftskirche'

CHRISTMAS CONCERT 1991

Review by **J.R. Smith** (Parent)

For old acquaintances of Abingdon School's music scene, the Christmas Concert was a festival of the past term's endeavours in communal music making, and a spectacle providing much pleasure and entertainment. For new acquaintances, it was an opportunity to discover its vitality. There were themes and mood music to stimulate all tastes. As in the the previous year, two performances were required to satisfy demand. With the standards achieved and the extent of boys' involvement across all years, this is an occasion for all to enjoy. However, enough of generalities, apart from noting the sense of occasion and excitement of public performance experienced by something like a quarter of the school. For the programme included performances by the Brass Band, First Wind Band, Second Orchestra, Sinfonia, First Orchestra and a Choir comprising the whole of the First Year.

The festive mood was set from the beginning by the Brass Band. Under the precise direction of Mr. Jones, we were taken straight into a lively 'Floral Dance' (Moss). This was followed by a relaxed 'By the time I get to Phoenix' (Webb), played at a lilting tempo with a seductive cornet solo by Alistair Abbot. Then a medley of tunes from 'Paint Your Wagon' (Loewe) transported us into the mood of a lazy summer Sunday afternoon in the park.

The Second Orchestra, led by Edward Smith, entertained us next, opening with melodies from 'Cavalleria Rusticana' (Mascagni), and producing a pleasing and promising quality of sound. Under the direction of Mr. Elliott we could appreciate the budding musicianship of those experiencing their first public concert performance. To the Second Orchestra fell the honour of paying homage to Mozart, in this, the bicentennial year of his death. They played with due reverence the beautiful andante 'Ave Verum Corpus', composed in his last year. Their musicality came to the fore with their enthusiastic playing of the lively 'Slavonic Dance' (Dvorak), memorable for its rumbustious and infectious Bohemian folk rhythms.

'Washington Grays' (Grafulla) was the stirring opening march played by the First Wind Band; Mr. Jones' favourite march, we were told. The execution was crisp and would have done any military band proud. Precisely as described by the title, 'Fugue 'n' Swing' (Stauffer), the next piece, started in formal style and then switched into variations played in a very contrasting tempo. The audience then listened raptly to the Band's final piece before the interval, 'Christmas Festival' (Anderson), a medley of well known favourites, both joyful and reverent. We were ready to give praise to all performers (including those yet to perform) as we proceeded to interval refreshments.

After the interval a sea of some ninety of so sparkling white shirts and polished faces greeted us as a Choir comprising the whole of the First Year entertained us with some pleasing songs and carols under the direction of Mrs. Manship accompanied by Mr. Elliott. The boys gave an enthusiastic performance displaying both musicality and clarity of diction, and were deservedly well applauded. Of such occasions are fond school-day memories built.

The limelight next fell on the Sinfonia, under the direction of Mr. Stinton. Their first piece was the 'Concerto for Viola in G

major' (Telemann). With some competent solo viola playing by John-Paul Hoskins, the School's senior musicians took us through the four contrasting movements in masterly style. For a second piece, Five Variants of 'Dives and Lazarus' (Vaughan Williams), they were joined by a lone harpist, creating moods ranging from the mellow through mystical and lyrical to the expansive sounds of the final variation.

The stage was then set for the finale by the First Orchestra. With the Steinway moved to pride of place, an air of anticipation filled the auditorium as we waited to share in a performance of the first movement of the 'Piano Concerto No. 2 in B flat' (Beethoven). This anticipation was rewarded by an excellent solo performance by Armen Georgian, ably matched by the orchestra directed by Mr. Stinton and led by John-Paul Hoskins. This was a happening to savour, to appreciate the drama and lyricism of the music brought to life with such youthful skill and exuberance. The playing was entrancing and received richly deserved applause. We were able to enjoy more quality playing in the orchestra's second piece, 'Symphony No. 8 in B minor' (Schubert), with some sensitive and delicate playing by the clarinets and flutes in the Allegro. The Andante provided a rich mixture of moods, ranging from the contemplative to the grandiose and majestic, with prominent performances provided by the brass and woodwind sections.

It is a pleasure to record the warm praise given by the appreciative audience for the work of the music staff and the back-stage crews, and of course the performances of the boys themselves, in producing an evening of such memorable music making.



Mr Elliott

FIRST ORCHESTRA AT THE YOUTH PROM. MAY 1992

A review by **Jerome Finnis** (4 JSO)

First Orchestra (fifty-five boys, their instruments, and a few teachers) arrived at the Town Hall for the eleventh Oxford Youth Prom.

"What is the Oxford Youth Prom?" I wondered as we walked up the steps into the Town Hall. I was quite in the dark as to how much this concert would be like one of the Promenade Concerts I had seen in the Royal Albert Hall. Patriotic crowds waving Union Jacks and emotional conductors throwing themselves around their platforms.

Dominic Franks and Ian Cotterill were practising for the concert with their jazz group 'So What!', as we got our instruments ready. It was a good, relaxed atmosphere as they tested their microphones and speakers and practised their songs. Then it was our turn to get onto the stage and sort ourselves out. Timps. had to be rolled into position, the orchestra had to be tuned, and we 'cellos had to dig small holes in the stage in which to rest our 'cello spikes (I hope the man in charge of the Town Hall hasn't noticed yet!). We started off with the Rossini 'William Tell' Overture, which starts with a very exposed 'cello quintet (not forgetting our two double bass players)

There were some other kids who carried on talking while we played which was a bit annoying. However, they refrained briefly when we started the final part of the overture, the cavalry gallop, to stomp feet and cheer. And that was just the rehearsal!

The worst horror of the day awaited us in the back-stage room, which, as we soon found out, we had to share with one hundred other performers. We returned to find two camera-men were filming the whole concert. They were standing on the balcony, and what they were filming could be seen on a television monitor, so we watched ourselves watching the television.

We were not due to perform until right at the end of the concert, so we sat down on the floor. The compere hosting the concert made it clear that it wasn't going to be a very formal concert,

although it was well organized and directed. To save time there were two platforms, so while one lot was performing on one stage, the other group was getting ready on the other.

There was one really weird piece performed by a choir, with various people making strange noises and talking to each other like salesmen and women. It was called 'Going For A Song', and it was, apparently, a comment on public gullibility, which didn't immediately spring to mind on hearing it.

Even weirder was the beginning of the second half, when about forty people dressed up as Indians came on stamping and beating rhythms and hollering loudly! It was getting a bit uncomfortable on the floor at that point, spinning around 180 degrees every time to see the next thing.

Finally we got up quietly and went back-stage to get nervous. It was quite a long wait, but some of us managed to hear 'So What!', by opening a door leading into the hall. They were excellent, and they calmed us down a bit. We crept on to the platform in the dark while they carried on playing on the other. Ian Cotterill thrashed the drum kit for about fifteen seconds at the end of their last piece and they received the loudest applause of the whole night.

Dominic and Ian then changed clothes quickly and were back on stage for something very different from what they had just been playing. There was a minute, (it seemed ages), while we got ready to play. Then Mr. Stinton raised his arms and Leo Carey, first 'cello, broke the silence with his solo at the beginning of the 'William Tell'. Then the rest of the 'cello section came in, all with different parts. We all had sticky fingers under the heat of the lights. We all felt more relaxed by the end of our quintet. The last bit stayed on the rails, and then we played Elgar's 'Pomp and Circumstance March No. 1' (including of course 'Land of Hope and Glory'). This felt a lot more like the Last Night of the Proms! Everybody gave it all the energy they had, as poppers flew and air-horns blew. I remember feeling that my arm was about to drop off after the *encore*.

The whole thing was very memorable.



THE DAILY TELEGRAPH YOUNG JAZZ COMPETITION

A report by **Dominic Franks** (6 KGH)

I won one of ten solo prizes for Jazz improvisation out of around 1000 National entrants (21 or under) on all instruments.

The prize was £50 and a Jazz scholarship to the Wavendon Summer School (worth £350 - which I couldn't go on, unfortunately) Plus....guaranteed publicity which was in the form of my trip to Manchester.

In March, I got the chance to meet other young musicians (i.e. other winners).and played with them. I made some interesting

contacts too. I also made a half-hour promotional video with these and other musicians including 'London Beat', a famous, chart-topping soul trio from.....London, no less!which was commissioned by the BBC and bits of which have been shown on Central News, Sky News and TV-am. The Daily Telegraph also arranged press publicity for the winners and I was interviewed by the local independent radio (Fox FM), BBC local radio (Radio Oxford), Jazz FM and appeared in photo stories in our local press : Oxford Times, Oxford Mail and Abingdon Herald.

Club and Events

PETER HAYNES AT THE PHYSICS OLYMPIAD



The British Physics Olympiad is a competition aimed at 'A'-level and Scottish Higher physics students in Great Britain. The medals in the British Olympiad are awarded on the basis of the scores in an exam which is sent out to schools earlier in the year.

The top twenty entrants

received gold medals out of the six-hundred or so students who entered the competition this year.

The gold medallists were invited to Harrow during the Easter holidays to take further exams to determine who would go to the International Olympiad in the summer. There was a one-hour theoretical paper, followed by a three hour practical exam. This year the practical involved spinning ball-bearings (one of which was magnetised) in a watch glass and measuring their rate of rotation using a Hall probe, which can detect the magnetic field of one of the balls. The experiment was designed to model a



planet moving around a spinning neutron star and to test the law of angular momentum conservation. The five competitors who scored the most points in all these exams were invited to attend the International Physics Olympiad, hosted this year by the cities of Helsinki and Espoo in Finland.

The Competition, which lasted a week, consisted of just two exams. One was a five hour theoretical paper and the other a five hour practical exam. The questions usually involve recent technology, a good example being a question set in Austria in 1988 about a method of generating electricity in space, which was unsuccessfully attempted by the Space Shuttle Atlantis in August this year. In Helsinki the questions involved a spinning satellite in orbit. Unfortunately, as often happens, there is more to the questions than is obvious at first glance, even to the person who set the question, and this particular problem caused fierce debate among the International Jury. The other theoretical

problems involved the behaviour of molecular bonds and the radiation of energy by different bodies in space, a topic which caused an enormous revolution in physics at the turn of the century and which has not yet been resolved to everyone's satisfaction. The practical problems involved passing sparks through one's finger using a piezo-electric crystal to generate a potential difference in excess of 10,000 Volts and measuring the track spacing of a compact disc with just a pen torch.

There were about forty teams at Helsinki. This year there were new teams from Russia, the Ukraine, Lithuania, Estonia, Slovenia and Croatia. The teams all have very different aims. This year the Russians and the Ukrainians wanted to beat each other, whilst the Australians, as always, wanted to beat the British: the Chinese wanted to beat everyone else

In the end this was the best year ever for the British team. We won four silver medals and one bronze coming fourth overall, our best showing ever. We were beaten by China, Russia and the Ukraine, and the individual competition was won by China. For the first time ever the Finnish Organising Committee produced proper medals, something which is sure to become a tradition since the Americans will not wish to be outdone next year.

Although the exams were hard work, most of the time in Helsinki was spent relaxing. Trips were organised to Suomenlinna, a fortress on an island in the archipelago surrounding Helsinki, to the Finnish national science centre and to a petrochemical works which was built in the middle of a forest. Each team is provided with a guide for the duration of the Olympiad and this year the guides were physics undergraduates from the Helsinki University of Technology. The teams stayed in a hotel on the University campus, which is situated along the shores of the Baltic Sea. A team of journalists produced a daily newspaper and also organised a sauna party which involved sitting in the sauna for fifteen minutes (birch leaves included) and then jumping straight into the Baltic - most invigorating.

Next year's Olympiad will be held in Virginia, U.S.A., followed by China in 1994. It will be England's turn again in the year 2000, at Oxford: - see you there.

By Peter Haynes



The British Team in Helsinki (Peter Haynes far right)

CHESS CLUB

A report by **Dr. King**

Teams:

1st VI: J.Ellis, A.Bingham, J.Arthur, N.Matheson, C.Lord (captain), A.Walker, C.Graham

U/15: A.Bingham, J.Arthur, N.Matheson, A.Walker, B.Kay, A.Rendell

U/13: N.Matheson, T.M.Allen, S.M.Pavlovich, C.W.Bowler, P.G.Martin, M.R.N.Jones, R.Patel.

Abingdon Chess teams have become accustomed to success, but the results below suggest that in 1991/2 they performed more like our rugby teams! In the Times Competition, for example, the First VI only reached the second round. Although this was a mediocre season, and our top boards were often under pressure, there were some encouraging signs. Our first team is young and bright, and will improve 'en bloc'. Adrian Bingham and Alan Walker play dourly and hardly ever make a mistake, whilst James Arthur and Nick Matheson are full of unusual attacking ideas; their games can be wildly interesting and heart-stopping.

Not surprisingly, we won the Oxfordshire Schools' U/15 league. Our U/13 team also did much better than usual. In James Arthur, we have the first secretary for some time who is prepared to

organise internal competitions. I am most grateful to Mr. Raffell for his sterling work with the juniors. Despite competition from other activities, I hope that more of the intellectual elite will turn up to Chess Club and sample the delights of this fascinating game.

Results

1st VI v. St. Edward's (Times)	Won	4 - 2
1st XII v. Oratory (h)	Lost	5.5 - 6.5
1st VI v. Bishop Wordsworth (Times)	Lost	2 - 4
1st VI v. Staff (h)	Won	4.5 - 1.5
U/18 v. St Birinus (h)	Won	3.5 - 2.5
U/18 v. M.C.S. (h)	Lost	2 - 4
1st VI v. St Edward's (h)	Won	4 - 2
1st VI v. Oratory (a)	Lost	2.5 - 3.5
U/18 v. O.H.S.for Girls (a)	Lost	2 - 4
U/15 v. St Birinus (h)	Drew	3 - 3
U/15 v. Oxford School (h)	Won	4.5 - 1.5
U/15 v. M.C.S. (a)	Won	3.5 - 2.5
U/13 v. Frideswide (h)	Lost	2.5 - 3.5
U/13 v. M.C.S. (a)	Lost	2 - 4
U/13 v. St Birinus (h)	Drew	3 - 3
U/13 v. M.C.S. 'B' (h)	Won	4 - 2
U/13 v. Dragon (a)	Won	4 - 2
U/13 v. O.H.S. (a)	Won	4 - 2

BREWING AND WINEMAKING SOCIETY

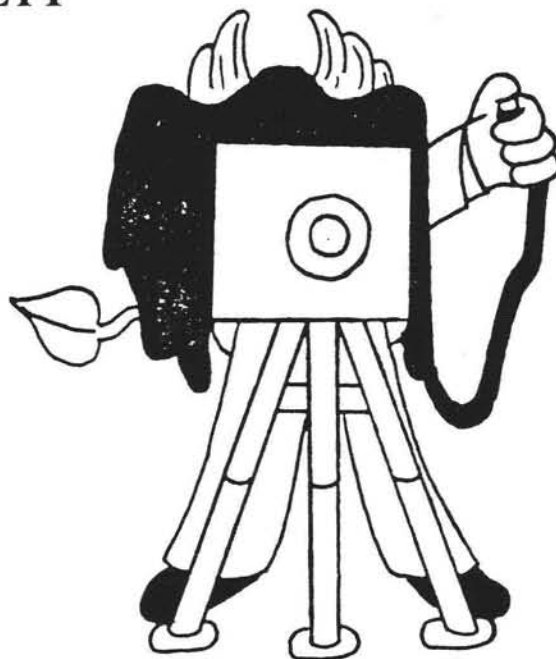
A report by **Stephen Bell** (VI JEF), Secretary and Treasurer of ASBWS

The Abingdon School Brewing and Winemaking Society was formed in February 1991 by Stephen Bell and James Matheson. The society was granted permission to operate by the Headmaster and given use of a room in School House. Mr Raffell kindly agreed to act as the master in charge.

At our first meeting, Matthew Trump was elected as Chairman and Stephen Bell as Secretary and Treasurer. A membership fee of £10 per year was agreed to cover the cost of purchasing equipment and brewing materials.

The members then set about brewing many different kinds of beers, ciders, barley wines and wines. The finished products were usually of a consistently high quality. The society then continued to make further brews into 1992. At Easter time the VI Form members left due to A-Level pressures, but brewing was still continued by Mark Bright and Mark Fulbrook (Lower Sixth).

On behalf of myself and all the other previous members I would like to wish the society the best of luck for the future.



tcj '92

BRIDGE CLUB

A Report by **Graham Williams** (6 JCH)



The Bridge club was formed in the Michaelmas term of 1991 and has had an eventful season. After a few introductory sessions given by Mr. Raffell, we were ready to start playing.

The basics are very easy to pick up, but the fine tuning takes a lot of practice. Bridge is basically the card game of Whist, with bidding. Two pairs compete against each other to win a contract which has been decided by bidding on the strength of your hand (only the Court cards count. e.g. 4 pts for an Ace, 3 pts for a King, 2 pts for a Queen, 1 pt for a Jack). For example, if a pair bid a contract of Two No Trumps, it means they have contracted

to win eight out of the thirteen tricks (rounds of 4 cards). Bonuses are gained for winning more tricks than specified in the contract, whilst the opposition gain points if the contract is lost. Much depends on the skill of each pair in assessing their combined strength, and deciding on the best suit in which to play the contract.

At both the end of the Michaelmas and Lent terms, six pairs of Lower Sixth boys played six pairs from Common Room in a challenge match. Both matches were fiercely fought, but the staff, led by the powerful duo of Mr Pritchard and Mrs Soper were too much for the valiant efforts made by the boys.

Great experience was gained when two teams of four took part in the National Schools' Bridge Championship at Bristol. During the course of play, we learnt a lot about the different bidding conventions and finished a creditable sixth and seventh. It is hoped that next year we can progress into the next round.

Beginners are always welcome to join the club, and will find everyone willing to give a hand in moments of indecision and confusion (these can be considerable at first).

Last of all we must thank Mr. Raffell who throughout the year has spent a lot of time and effort introducing us to this exhilarating pastime, which, although not physically demanding, involves great concentration. However, once mastered, Bridge is very rewarding and can provide a refreshing change from the games field.

MODERN LANGUAGES SOCIETY

Richard Brown (6 NKH) reports:-

The Society kicked off its 'Summer Season' with a visit to the fantastic production of Molière's 'L' Avare' at Radley School. Our hosts laid on an extravagant firework display on stage, whilst a beautifully crafted set all added to the spectacle. The play was performed half in English and half in French; everyone agreed that they had managed to get the gist of the English half.

We all enjoyed a trip to the Museum of Modern Art at Oxford to see an exhibition of the work of Robert Doisneau (probably the most celebrated contemporary French photographer). We felt that through the subtlety of this great photographer's work, we gained an unique insight into the real Paris. Unsurprisingly his portrayals of Parisiens embracing gained the most attention.

Next stop:- La Maison Française, and a packed showing of the wonderful film 'Milou en Mai'. We were expecting a gentle account of the life of some French dodderer, but were instead

treated to a heady mixture of betrayal, jealousy, revenge, greed and 'will-they-won't-they' eroticism. Heartily recommended for all, not just linguists.

The final drama was left to Dr. Zawadzki's end-of-term talk on 'The Great Thaw in the East'. This fascinating lecture gave us a clear view of current developments in Eastern Europe. Afterwards Simon Jones was presented with a gift, in recognition of all his work during 1991 in resurrecting the Modern Languages Society.

Thanks must go to Mrs. Bradshaw for all her guidance and supervision in the running of the Society; to all those pupils who have attended; to the many St. Helen's girls attending, whose presence has been an added attraction; and to Andrew's mum for the *pavlova*.

I hope all Sixth Form linguists will now want to join our exciting 'cult' movement.

THE INSTITUTE OF DIRECTORS CONFERENCE

Tuesday 28th April 1992

By **Christopher Morgan** (6 KGH)

The Royal Albert Hall is a magnificent sight. It combines architecture with beauty and splendour to create an unmistakable building. It is usually associated with 'The Last Night of the Proms', or major boxing matches, but for this particular day in April it had been hired out for the Annual Conference of the Institute of Directors. Thirteen Lower Sixth pupils were privileged as a result of Mr Townsend's efforts to secure an invitation to this event, and to end up sitting with some of the most economically and politically powerful members of the British élite.

There were six speakers during the day, each with a twenty-five minute slot plus ten minutes of questions. Between these, Lance Percival (apparently a household name in the Sixties) entertained us with a light-hearted summary of what had been said, while diversifying into other topics, such as the habits of M.P.s. However by the time he had told this joke, the Prime Minister, John Major, had already left the building. This was his first speech after his election victory some nineteen days earlier. In it he thanked the British People for his re-election and gave us

an outline of how he thought the country would have been under a Labour government. He even managed in his short slot to support the Institute's slogan of "Power, Performance and Ethics". Unfortunately, ITN only used about five seconds of his speech on "News at Ten", as they preferred to speculate on newly released figures which appeared to contradict Mr. Major's assertion that the recovery was on its way.

After lunch, we were free to wander around the many exhibits which ranged from Rover to the Post Office. The two hour break passed remarkably quickly, and we re-took our seats in the balcony above a rather sparser crowd than there had been in the morning.

We all tried our hardest to understand what the remaining three speakers had to say, but on several occasions, I must confess, I found myself getting lost amongst the polysyllables. It was, however, a very good experience for us, to hear the Prime Minister in the flesh, and to see the art of joke-telling perfected.

All in all, the conference made me realise how much more complicated the business world might be than I had initially realised.

ENVIRONMENTAL DAY

The 4th Year Docklands Trip by **Lee Rosier** (4SAE)

On 11th June 1992, 105 enthusiastic geographers set out from Abingdon School coach park ready to explore the London docklands as part of the G.C.S.E. course for fieldwork experience. We were accompanied by a significantly large number of adults which included Miss Milligan, Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. Maughan and Mr. Henderson, to name but a few. Maybe that was why everyone was on their best behaviour and our party attracted so much attention as we travelled through Central London! The coach trip was long and the weather was hot. Due to several bomb scares in the City, many roads had been blocked and traffic was diverted.

We arrived, after a long and uncomfortable coach journey, at Westminster Pier and were issued with packed lunches. We ate these on the tour boat to Greenwich, while we tried to decipher the cockney dialect of our loquacious tour guide. On the trip he pointed out many sites of interest, including the redeveloped site of the famous Globe Theatre, Canary Wharf and 'Dead Man's Dock'. This was, apparently, a favourite place of execution used by Judge Jeffreys, who chained prisoners to the North Bank of the Thames, and, while he sat at a small pub on the

South Bank, watched his victims drown as the tide rose.

Sadly, the boat trip ended at Greenwich where we quickly found the Light Railway. This is the small train network called the 'Docklander' (*unsurprisingly-Ed.*), which transports people to the different areas of Docklands. We then went to two residential sites, Falcon Way and Pleuna Street. These were chosen to show two types of living accommodation to be found in London. We undertook an environmental evaluation of the two localities and this completed our allocated work.

Before this excursion, we walked around the town of Greenwich and noted the main tourist attractions. The many ice-cream shops were inviting and some of the weaker-willed amongst us (not all students) succumbed to the temptation, particularly at the Greenwich foot-tunnel.

Unfortunately there was not enough time to look around Canary Wharf, which forms the largest of the developments in London's Docklands. The trip was very useful, as it complimented the G.C.S.E. Course and gave us ideas as to what is possible in a fieldwork situation.

EUROPEAN YOUTH PARLIAMENT : Oxford - March 1992

A report by **Simon Cook** (6 RCRM).

After the heady days spent in Barcelona, it seemed that the European Youth Parliament would no longer play a major part in my life. I could not have been more mistaken. Unbeknownst to the Abingdon delegation, Mr. Milner had been involved in high level negotiations concerning the next session of the E.Y.P. in Oxford, when we had thought he was merely attending arduous official cocktail parties (in true Eurocrat style). His role was primarily to coordinate the search for accommodation in host families for several hundred young Europeans. Remembering my excellent treatment in Barcelona, my family prepared to have a foreign visitor. At the same time, however, Mr. Milner was frantically searching for enough places (in the process endangering the life of the MCR photocopier). Undoubtedly, it was the pressure he was under that caused him to mistake my family's request for a Russian boy for a concealed offer for a Greek girl. It is perfectly possible to understand the confusion between Russian and Greek – after all, both countries are east of Britain and vaguely linked in a sort of Orthodox-religious kind of way – but in mistaking a boy for a girl one is led to worrying conclusions about Mr. Milner's state of mind. Mr. Milner was unavailable for comment.

Nevertheless, despite all the trials and tribulations, as the participants arrived, it soon became clear that one way or another Mr. Milner had provided accommodation for all, including several delegations in Oxford colleges. As a host, it was possible to see the other side of the Parliament. This time

it was our family timetable that was adjusted as anxious parents rang up at 6 a.m., desperate to speak to a daughter who was out every evening. The purpose of the Parliament is twofold, learning and fun, and the Oxford session was no exception. Being a host involved ferrying people around, arranging meeting times and generally being willing to help. For many people in the school it was their first opportunity to find out about E.Y.P. and to meet articulate English-speaking Europeans. Even the strongest Euro-sceptic could not fail to be impressed by the talent and amiability of all the participants. On the Thursday of the week the E.Y.P. concert took place to honour all the host families, the array of talent and creative skill on show was quite superb and a fitting tribute to all the hosts. For his hard work Mr. Milner received a few bottles, some flowers, and, to cap it all, a kiss from Bettina Carr-Allinson, the President of the E.Y.P., revered as a minor Euro-deity. Mrs. Milner was unavailable for comment.

Over the past year the European Youth Parliament has presented Abingdon with some remarkable opportunities, all of which have been used to great advantage. Now that most of the Barcelona delegation have left, it is time for other Abingdonians to carry the torch. Whether or not individuals are opposed to European Union, for a school like Abingdon it is important to build links all over Europe; for foreign language work, cultural exchanges and for a better awareness of our own gifts and talents. The European Youth Parliament is merely a starting point, and after the Oxford session the opportunities are endless.

JUNIOR PUBLIC SPEAKING

By **Mark Edwards** and **James Bolle** (2 PKHR)

In October 1991, the Junior Section of the Public Speaking Competition was held for the first time along with the Seniors. Many pairs battled it out over a period of two months; eventually two pairs made it to the Grand Final held in the Amey Hall, starring Mark Edwards and James Bolle versus Dickon Millet and Donald Baxter of 1 RJS. The judges for the finals were the Headmaster, Mr. Mitra and Mr. Barrett. During the competition, Mark Edwards had decided to stick to 'The Merit of Different Tennis Strokes', whilst Dickon Millet and Donald Baxter spoke on many different subjects, as they took turns to be main speaker. In the Final, Edwards stuck to his guns and spoke on the now very familiar tennis strokes! In reply to this, Baxter would have liked to have thanked Edwards, but (and these are his words, not mine) said, "I would like to say that I was going to

thank Mr. Edwards, but am more inclined to criticise!". Baxter continued to talk about how you should put backspin on shots instead of slice.

Next Millett came up with a piece of paper (!), and presented his talk on recycling cans. He talked rather too briefly, and gained penalty points for his team. Then Bolle came up, to give his thanks to Millet for a wonderful talk! Now it was time to decide....

The Headmaster came down onto the stage and gave his thanks to all the competitors. Finally, he announced the results.... Baxter and Millet 31 — Edwards and Bolle 42 (out of 50). This meant that Edwards and Bolle were the clear winners and were presented with the silver-plated shield.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

A lyric by **Stephen Turner** and **Simon Cook**

*We'd like to have some order now to open our debate,
Since, although we have no speakers, it is getting rather late.
In the meantime, as your chairmen, we shall try to "hold the
fort."*

*Therefore please excuse us, in advance, if we should sound
distraught.*

*While running this society, great struggles we encounter
As in holding weekly meetings, it is certain we are bound to
Have some difficulty in devising interesting motions
To accommodate eccentric or salacious schoolboy notions.*

*Without administration, this would simply be chaotic,
And motions of a certain kind; that is to say 'erotic'!
With this in mind, to help us out we have a small committee,
Who do our chairmen's work for us, in keeping motions witty.*

*And if we find that motions do not meet with wide acclaim,
Then, at least, there is a larger group to shoulder all the blame.
But our members earn themselves respect from all their peers,
As debating is available to boys of all school years.*

*Last year turned out a great success, as many came to speak
At every single meeting held, on every single week.
Thanks must go to Seward, Mitchell and, of course, Paleit;
But others must be mentioned, like the unique Harry White.*

*Much honour, pride and majesty was won in competition,
Despite a team of speakers who were seething with sedition!
The Rotary Club, the E.S.U. - they all brought us great fame,
Which new teams shall soon emulate by speaking in the same.*

*Before we go much further, we must mention two more names,
As Mr. Milner's sponsorship has moved to different aims.
To him great thanks for all his work, and praise, it must be
said,
And welcome to our newest friend, the sparkling Dr. Z.*

*In Britain's past what is the skill that brought us wealth and
glory?
Not seafaring, nor working hard, nor winning battles gory.
'Twas argument and eloquence that made our nation great,
And you can learn skills, each week, attending the **Debate**.*



Gable End

Photo: Francis Aish

ELECTION '92: How To Fight And Win An Election

The Abingdon School Election of 1992 was perhaps the most spectacular election held in the whole of Britain throughout that year. In the first place, it was not a real election yet still produced voluminous posters and probably the largest number of campaign rallies ever. Secondly, it was not a boring affair: unlike the real General Election, the boring major party candidates in Abingdon School lost disastrously. Thirdly, the School elections produced aspiring Ross Perots long before anyone had ever heard of the aggressive Texan independent politician. Although the major party candidates in Abingdon School tried their best to look respectable, they did not dampen the Independent Parties' enthusiastic fervour for Fun and Creativity. There, among the noted bigwig Conservative, Labour and Liberal-Democrat candidates for School MP stood the smiling Smiles candidate Giles Montier - a giant in stature and personality -. Then there was Duncan 'Dr. Who' Hancox, of the Timelord Party, whose ideas were literally out of this world. The Greens and the Chaotic Raving Anarchist Party were also-rans who also ran, and in the midst of it all stood the eventual winner of the whole shenanigan - the None of The Above Party (or NOTA) with their Sumo-loving nominee, Ben Omar.

The NOTA Campaign began long before Nomination Day, with campaigners desperately trying to reduce the number of Independent rivals. The prospective Lib-Dem candidate Ed Paleit was cajoled into joining NOTA, and on Nomination Day at least 25 Campaign Officials were ready to go full steam ahead on the poster and rally campaigns. The NOTA Campaign began by surprise...slowly, white badges began to appear among the school population, proclaiming preference for the NOTA ideals. The main party candidates were caught unaware...whilst NOTA, Smiles and the Timelords had their own creative badges, the

Conservatives had to borrow some from the local MP's office and the Lib-Dems recycled the stickers David Steel wore in 1987. The poster campaigns too were leaning towards the Independents. The IT Centre was worked full time to cater for the insatiable creativity of Campaign Officials.

NOTA was very fortunate in having dedicated workers within its organisation. Campaign directors Francis Aish and Andy Harding oversaw the poster-and-badges campaign with zeal. The Computer Technicians - Nigel Magnay, especially - was superb...coming up with brilliant posters adapted from other publicity campaigns. NOTA had a lot of support from amongst the boarders, with School House boys taking the lead in campaigning and preparing campaign materials. Kingsley Jones, David Malcolm and Brian Marnane sneakily produced more than a hundred badges within one prep time. The NOTA-supporting masters too did some (clandestine) campaigning. Perhaps the most supportive of the boys were in the Lower Sixth. David Lindgren, Max Patey, Douglas MacMahon, Dan Blake and Simon Wheatley were excellent political aides, and the pollsters Tom Ratcliff and Andrew 'Fenton' Mortimer were almost solely-responsible for the highly successful Lower School campaign.

No election, of course, can be won without the voters. Like Ross Perot, NOTA established its political base among the independent-minded voters, who were not easily swayed by the main parties' cajoling. The message sent was that voters were fed-up with traditional politics and that they would not elect a candidate devoid of the 'Vision Thing. The NOTA Campaign was run not only on a National Policy, but a Constituency Policy - aimed at improving the social conditions of the Abingdon School voters. Whereas the main parties concentrated on a

coat-tail effect and hung on to the image of their National leaders, the independent parties had their own large personalities right there on home ground. In Question Time, the Conservative, Labour and Liberal-Democrats failed dismally. In rallies, the main political parties were just mouthpieces for their leaders' manifestoes. It was the independent candidates who had the guts to think and put their ideas through. Devoid of official support and established political machinery, they persevered to gain credible support in the school election of 1992.

When the results came, it was obvious that the independent candidates had achieved unquestionable victories. Ben Omar of NOTA was elected School MP by 182 votes, followed by Giles Montier from Smiles with 130 votes. Duncan Hancox came fifth with 50 votes. When the independent votes were totalled, they beat the main parties' share by over 100 %. The voters of Abingdon School had spoken.....and they had spoken loud and clear. The Election over, it was time to heal the wounds and close the ranks. Abingdon School's foray into the political arena had been a magnificent success.



The NOTA Candidate - Benan Omar III

Sports Section



COLTS ROWING

The Colts started training very early on and this season although one of tremendous achievement has been one fraught with disaster and bad luck. As in previous years the colts squad was one of the largest in the boat club and full of determination and commitment. Mr M.D. Martin was therefore able to start training us as early on as the start of the Michaelmas term - much to the delight of the squad. Around our other activities MDM organised a training schedule for us to prepare for the coming season, being a reasonable man he didn't make the schedule too strenuous at first: four ergometer, six weights and three seventeen mile runs per week.

This amount of training was required for us to reach the level of fitness needed for J16 rowing and these activities early on served to forge the bonds between the squad. The level of team spirit early on in the season is typified by the words of one team member telling tales on another, "Mr Martin, Mr Martin, Michael splashed me and now I'm aaaalll wet". By the end of the season these two oarsmen were ready to lay down their lives for one another. MDM took advantage of the half term break to take us for a training camp in Scotland which everyone enjoyed immensely. As well as the rowing we participated in various other activities - A. Greany was awarded with the title of best dry slope skier and MDM and P. Baker received a joint freestyle skiing award. Throughout the small boats heads season we participated in different scratch boats picking up pots here and there. Towards the end of the small boats heads, crews became more fixed with a coxed four and coxless pair winning many of their events. D. Smith was of course sculling tremendously throughout this period proving that sculling is not about brute force but often the delicate touch of the strategist and thinker.

The 'larger' heads started with Hampton and we were all determined to start the season on the correct footing. MDM delayed putting together any fixed eight until two weeks before this head. The A eight looked remarkable on the water and were narrowly beaten by St Edward's. The B eight put in an outstanding performance full of guts and came very high up among other B eights. The inspirational MDM said to us after the race, "Coming second at this point is not a set-back, Oh, no, no; it is a launching pad."

We participated in many events throughout the head season and it became clear that Abingdon and St Edward's Colts were leaders in their field and of fine quality. Losing to St Edward's by very small gaps soon stopped being slightly annoying and became very annoying. Abingdon however also had a Colts B eight of very fine quality proving that we had a better depth of squad. This was further endorsed by the number of events that Abingdon entered and dominated in - a J16 coxless quad for example was entered in Trent head after only a few outings to scorch home and win the event with some tantalising steering. Although pipped at the post more often than not by St Edward's, Abingdon were the people's choice and had great support even from other colts crews. When St Edward's wisely stayed away from Henley School's Head and Abingdon romped home beating the closest eight (Eton) by twenty seconds, their supporters were up in arms celebrating. The most important event of the Head season arrived and Abingdon were rowing very well and were geared up for the event. The B eight put in a good row - obtaining a high position among the B eights - but

when St Edward's deprived the A eight of the school's head pennant by one second they were no longer our rivals but our deadly adversaries.

Despite this new wound inflicted by St Edward's, Abingdon were not ones to wallow in self pity and immediately the Head season had finished, those of the squad who could make it left for an intensive shorter training camp on the multi-lane course at Peterborough. We stayed in a motorised / electronic motel (economy) whose proprietor was Hercule Poirot - he was unfortunately not engaged on a mysterious case. We returned for the regatta season much fitter and with one aim - to beat St Edward's at the National School's Regatta. It should be mentioned here that several members of the squad had participated in Great Britain trials and the delicate sculler David Smith was invited to the final trials.

With our prime aim in mind we participated in older age groups as well as our own in regattas with a view that it was good preparation. When questioned on this matter MDM replied, "If you row in the harder groups now it'll make you row better for the future and that, young men, is when you will need it most." The colts through their successes helped the school to many notable achievements including a Victor Ludorum and fame in a local newspaper:- ABINGDON LEAD COUNTY TO MAGNIFICENT TROPHY HAUL IN TREMENDOUS STYLE. We also represented the region in a coxless and coxed four, a coxless pair and a scull (the deft Davide Smith again). For the national schools' regatta it was decided that the technical superiority of Davide would couple well with the equally dainty 'Michel' Litchfield in the middle of the eight to give us that extra edge over St Edward's.

Our J16 (B) coxed four put in some tremendous rows against very strong opposition from some fours specialists to obtain the bronze medal with which they were suitably pleased. The A eight after a good row in their heat, were deprived of the gold medal by St Edward's, by a lane and 0.14 seconds. Winning the lottery and then finding that you forgot to post a ticket could be compared to being slightly annoyed next to Abingdon's frustration. Support from other colts crews was very heartening and the number of mitigating circumstances made it easier to bear. The next day we achieved a bronze in a coxless pair and Davide Smith win the gold medal in single sculls against some gorilla-like opposition.

Abingdon knew they had one last chance to beat St Edward's - Marlow regatta - and around examinations trained like 'demons'. The day came and St Edward's rated 52 off the start and with the first bend in St Edward's favour Abingdon were rowing through them when the blades clashed and the umpire saw fit to disqualify Abingdon. An unworthy end to a season of competition between these two fine crews.

Abingdon produced a fine row at Henley Royal Regatta and lost by 1¼ lengths to Radley first eight in a fast time. Radley were narrowly beaten by Pangbourne who went on to win the Princess Elizabeth. Even more people realised their potential here and the inspirational MDM said, "You have forged a channel through which the waters of this boat club will run and in the next two years as a first eight we have astonishing potential."

The squad as a whole would like to thank everyone who helped us out throughout the season, members of the boat club and everyone else. There is of course one man without whom none of it would have happened - the enigmatic Mr. Martin, whom we would like to thank for keeping us all going and providing us with a constant source of drive.

The following are the names of those who have at various times rowed in these crews. We recorded over the season above thirty victories in these various crews.

VICTORIES:

Heads (Michaelmas):	Worcester, Henley Small Boats, Kingston, Marlow.
Heads (Lent)	Henley Fours, Trent, Henley Schools, Gloucester, Abingdon Small Boats.
Regattas:	Evesham, Poplar and Blackwell, Nottingham City, Bedford, National Schools (Saturday and Sunday), Docklands, Bedford Star.

CREWS: A VIII	P. Baker, J. McCormick, M. Clarke, M. Litchfield, J. Watkinson, P. Godsell, N. Edmonds, C. Schoof, D. Smith, J. Sporle.
B VIII	D. Richardson, J. Sporle, W. Houston, H. Powell-Jones, D. Collins, S. Fisher, T. Baker, M. Laing, J. Malone-Lee.
A IV	P. Baker, J. McCormick, M. Clarke, P. Godsell, J. Watkinson, J. Malone-Lee.
B IV	N. Edmonds, W. Houston, J. Sporle, D. Collins, S. Fisher, D. Richardson.
A IV-	P. Baker, J. McCormick, M. Clarke, P. Godsell.
B IV-	N. Edmonds, J. Watkinson, M. Litchfield, J. Sporle.
IVX-	J. Watkinson, M. Litchfield, C. Schoof, J. Sporle.
AII-	M. Litchfield, P. Baker, D. Smith.
BII-	T. Baker, S. Fisher.
AIX	D. Smith.
BIX	B. Hoodless

James Sporle (5LAM)

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS SUPPLEMENT

After two weeks of strenuous preparation through the summer holidays, the national championships arrived. The Colts stayed overnight just outside Derby and were well prepared for the straight final against Eton in the J16 eights division. After the misses at other big events of the season the Colts were determined to make this one count. Although Eton had not posed a threat earlier in the season, they had narrowly lost to St Edward's at Marlow and reports were that they had improved. In very rough conditions we nervously moved off the start. Abingdon went into the lead very early on and despite winning by over four lengths it was a very hard race against the conditions. With this win, the nerves were banished. We had one gold medal and were entitled to row at the Anglo-French Match.

We had also entered the Junior Men's eight event which was effectively the under eighteen age group. This race was on the Sunday so we stayed in Derby again on Saturday evening. The water was still rough on Sunday with a wicked cross-wind adding to the conditions. This heat was much harder than the previous day with six crews in the event including a Westminster/Kingston composite crew, King's Chester and the Scottish National Crew - George Herriot's. Despite the severe conditions Abingdon (more relaxed now) leapt off the start and were ahead of the rest of the field by halfway; only King's Chester managed to stay close enough to strike. At 500 metres to go Abingdon pushed and despite King's Chester's revolutionary new 'BIG' blades they could not match the push and Abingdon won by eight seconds from King's Chester and sixteen seconds from the next crew (Kingston/Westminster composite). Abingdon collected their second gold medal in two days and were pleased with finally winning one of the major events. Dave Lindgren and Giles Montier entered the competitive Junior Men's Coxless Pairs event. Despite the terrible conditions this pair showed their quality by achieving a silver medal in this difficult event.

The delicate sculler Davide Smith entered the Junior Men's Sculls and with a very attractive prize there were some scullers of high quality in this event. Having a difficult lane and feeling



the effects of weather at half-way when in first place, Davide unfortunately finished just out of the medal placings. On the whole, however, Abingdon came back from this event with their hopes fulfilled. Davide with his half Scottish parentage was invited to represent Scotland in the double sculls event at the home countries - the event being held at the multi-lane Strathclyde park in Scotland over 2000 metres - along with the colts who were invited to represent England in the Junior Men's eight at the home counties senior event. Davide and his Scottish partner Plank put in a splendid row winning their event. Abingdon, despite tiredness from the extended training cycle put in a tremendous row against the international crews who had been training for this event for considerably longer, to come a close third, destroying the Scottish who came in fourth. With the actual achievement of representing their country in an age group two years above them in mind, this was a magnificent end to the season for Abingdon, and in tremendous style too. Roll on the 92-93 season!

J.A. Sporle (5 LAM)

J14 ROWING

This year's J14 squad has enjoyed a worthwhile two terms' rowing. One of the aims has been to develop competence at both sculling and rowing and crews were deliberately not allowed to become too settled. In spite of this there were some creditable performances, recording one impressive win and some respectable placings amongst our rivals.

The Lent term saw some emphasis on fitness with running and ergometer training, but the experienced oarsmen trained regularly in a good scull which rowed well to finish 4th in a large field at Henley Schools Head. They again rowed well at the Tideway Schools Head, with the less experienced squad members also impressing in an eight. The term ended with a marathon 'sponsored row' from Abingdon to Henley and in spite of some unfortunate mishaps and appalling weather the majority of the boys showed enduring stamina and spirit reaching Henley well after dark!

The main goal of the summer was to do well at the National

J15 ROWING

A report by **David Hutchins** (4 RPB) and **Guy Carling** (4 RGH)

We began the Head season training in two matched eights, working together on technique and fitness. Our first event was Hampton Head which we approached as a training session and although we made no real impression on the other crews, we rowed according to plan. Despite this slow start, at Burway Head, two weeks later, a crew of eight that had trained through half-term came a promising second to the St. Edwards J15 'A' crew. The following week was Henley Schools' Head. Here we entered two fours and an eight and this time there was success as we took first and second place in the Fours with the Eight also having a good row. After this result, we went back to the matched eights to row at Reading Head. This was the last event before the School's Head and although neither crew produced an exciting result, we again rowed as instructed.

This then completed the build up to the Schools' Head. After Reading, 'A' and 'B' crews were selected and trained hard under Mr. Green and Mr. Potter respectively. Having spent the term as mixed crews, we did not expect any top results. However, the 'B' crew performed well on the Tideway to come sixth in the J15 Novice Eight class (in fact they came third if only true second Eights were considered, behind only Radley and Eton) and the 'A' crew, with their best row of the term came first by two seconds, beating the full line up of schools.

After this brilliant result, the last Head race of the term was at Gloucester where, against little opposition, we won in an Eight and a Four.

We all had a good chance to get fat and unfit again over the holidays and were therefore alarmed to find out that we only had four weeks to go before the National Schools' Regatta when we started term. Still in 'A' and 'B' crews, our first regatta was Avon County Schools. The weather was very bad, with heavy showers and with variable but often gale force winds. These

Schools' Regatta and crews, including the squad's new secret weapon, 6'2" Richard Binning, trained in earnest. Avon County Schools, often a warm-up event for National Schools, was cancelled due to high winds and on the day itself the gales made the course at Nottingham more suited to surfing. The eight showed true determination to come from behind, despite a broken seat, to qualify for their final. Later in the day, however, they found the waves a formidable handicap and came 5th and only just afloat. The quad scull was much less experienced than their opposition and was a little way off the pace.

The final event of the season was Reading Town Regatta where we fielded an eight and two quad sculls, including one composed of the four biggest J14 oarsmen at the regatta! All crews were a credit to the squad but the giants' squad used their considerable brawn (rather than brain!) to record an excellent win to round off the season.

Mr. Foster

conditions left the 'A' crew placed fifth on a time trial with the 'B' crew not even able to attempt a race. We had higher hopes for Bedford Regatta the following week. Racing as the 'A' and 'B' eights, two fours and a double skull, we had a full day but it was to prove worth it as the 'A' eight won, the 'B' eight came an excellent second to a university college crew in the Novice Eights event and one of the fours narrowly defeated the other in the J15 fours! These wins contributed greatly to the school winning the Victor Ludorum. This was the last Regatta before the National Schools.....

So, the big day had arrived. We had all benefited enormously from an overnight stay at a top hotel in Nottingham, avoiding the bad effects of a long journey on race performance and testing the water at Holme Pierrepont with an early evening outing. Both the 'A' and 'B' crews had their heats in the early afternoon; the 'B' crew coming second in their heat of the J15 Second Eights and the 'A' crew coming third behind Radley and Eton in their heat of the J15 'A' eights. Both crews went through to the finals. The wind was picking up and the water becoming increasingly choppy so it was a relief for both crews to draw good lanes for the finals. The 'B' crew were first to go and had a good start and led the field for some time only to be overtaken by three crews just before the finish and thus were denied medals. It was, however, a gutsy and spirited row and the 'A' crew were encouraged by it. Before their race, the 'A' crew were given an excellent and very effective 'psych-session' by Mr. Green and were all pretty keyed up and determined as they got into the boat. We got a bad start in the race but we kept on going and pushed past Eton in the next lane and from here we steadily pulled ahead to lead the field. We held this advantage against a strong finishing challenge and to our amazement crossed the line to win by over 3/4 of a length from King's School, Canterbury and Radley. A tremendous result!

After this victory, the 'A' crew rowed at Dockland's Regatta the following week. Radley were out for revenge and unfortunately

they achieved it; with one man injured and after the disruption caused by exams to our training, we were unable to shake Radley and lost narrowly. The squad next went to Bedford Star Regatta, entering two eights, two fours, a quad and a double scull. The double and the quad were unlucky to draw the eventual winners in their heats but there was some squad success. A four from the 'B' crew gained their first win and the 'A' four also won. Both eights came second after a hot and tiring day to fresh crews. Reading Town Regatta was the last of the term and four 'A' crew members training for the National Regatta raced at J16 level, both as a four and in an eight with four J16's. The eight raced well, losing by a length to Shawnigan Lake School, Canada (who were to race at Henley) in the School Junior final. The four did well to come a close third to two medal winning crews from the National Schools. We also entered an eight and two fours at the J15 level, with the weakened eight narrowly losing to a full strength St. Edward's crew and the two fours being unlucky to miss out in their finals. This brought to an end the victorious season for the Abingdon J15 squad under the coaching of Mr. Green and Mr. Potter and we thank them for their time and effort that has resulted in a squad that has great strength in depth and can look forward to further success next year.

J15 'A' Eight

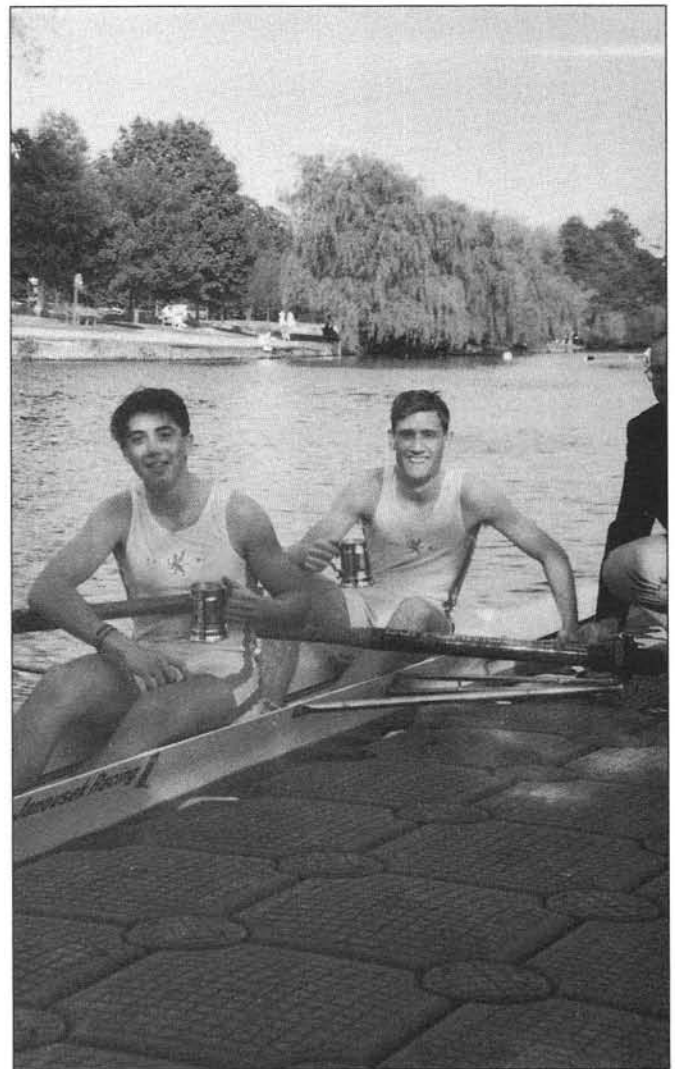
D. Hutchins
W. Unsworth
G. Carling / C. Drake S. Hill
R. Hewes
B. Hutt / C. Stuart-Bennett
A. Hankin
J. Collins
J. Airey / P. Lindgren
J. Sugden / P. Gresford (cox)

J15 'B' Eight

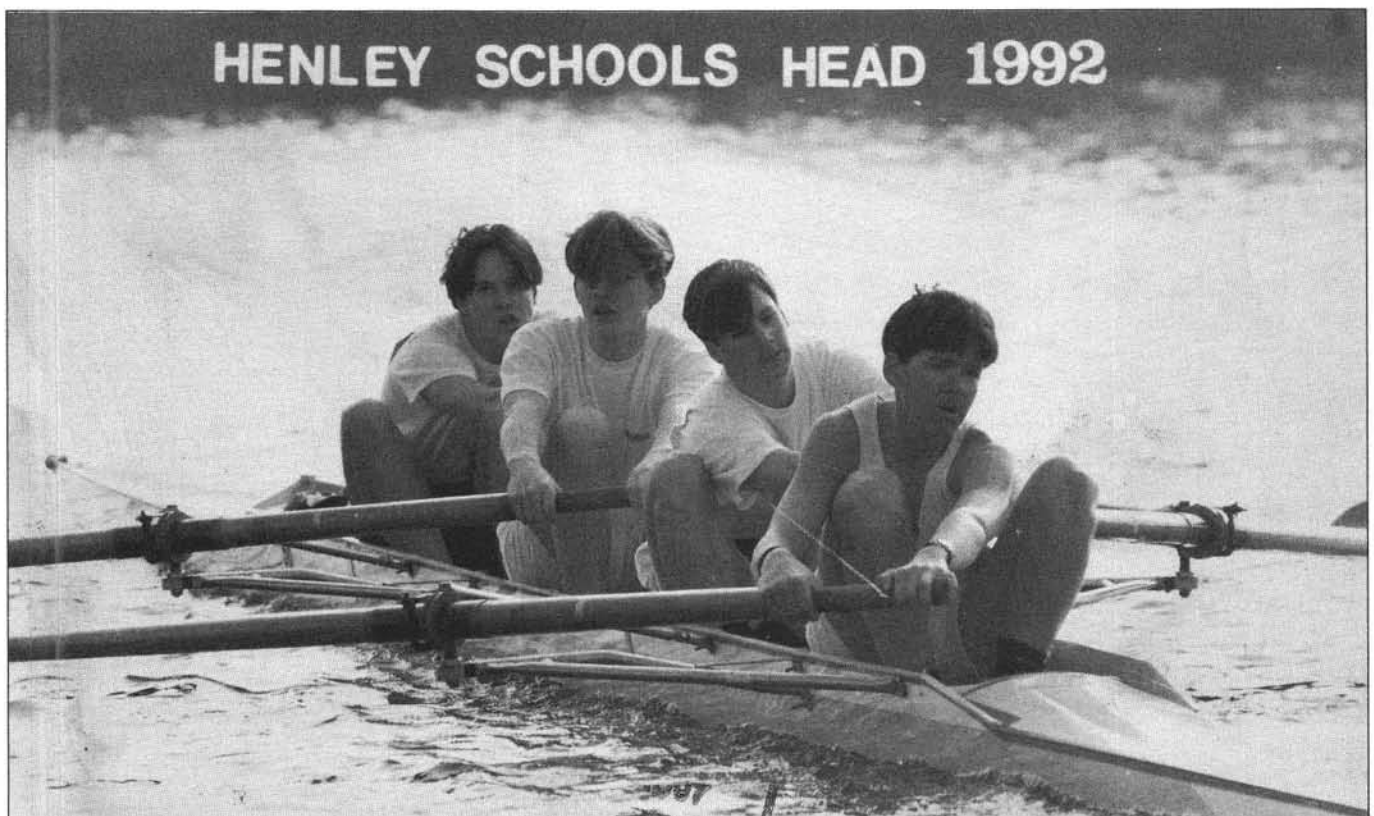
T. Janisch
T. Day
C. Stuart-Bennett
D. Lourie
A. Jones
C. Purcell
P. Lindgren / S. Gray
P. Gresford / J. Finnis

Double Scull

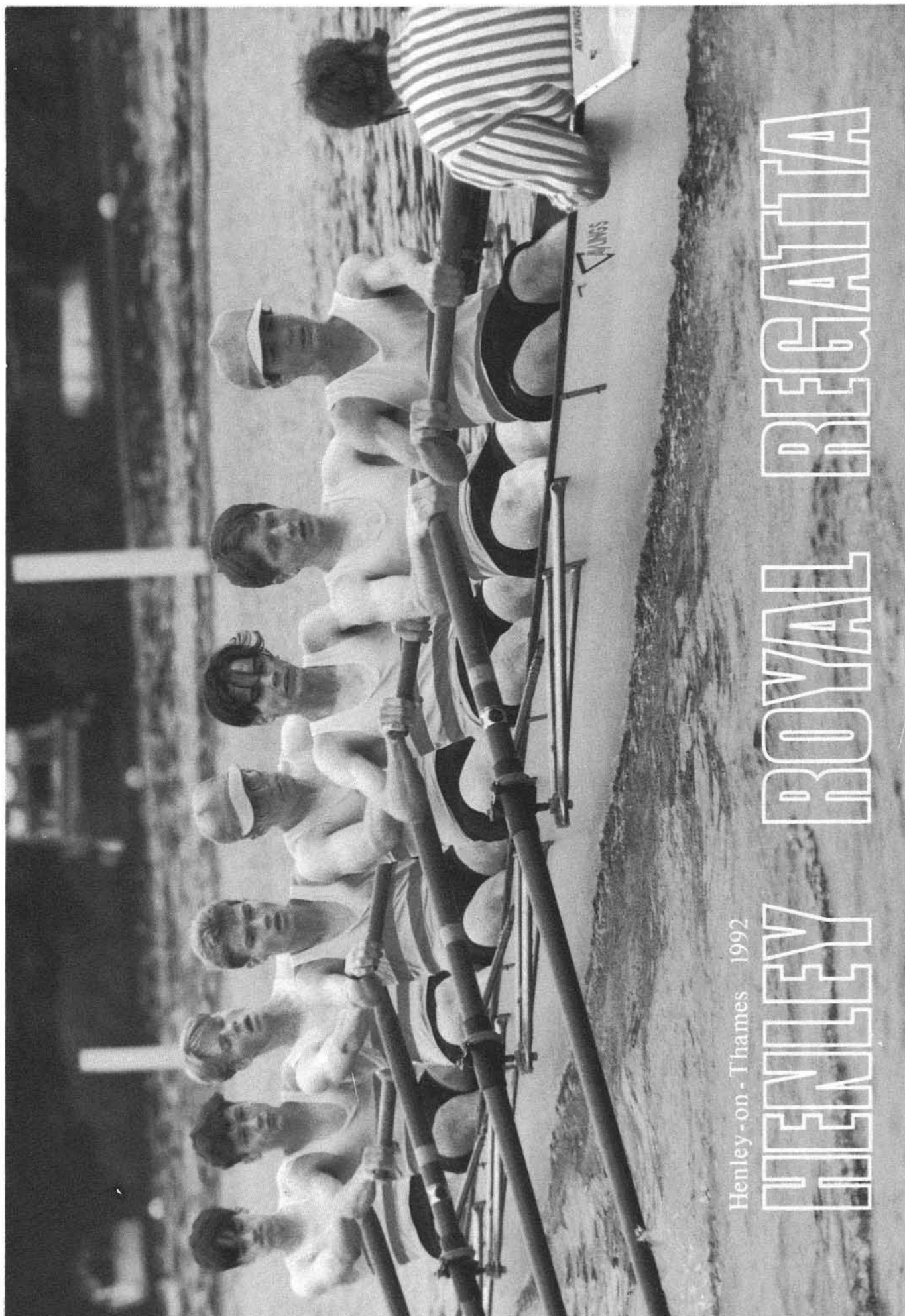
S. Gray
J. West



David Lindgren and Giles Montier



Henley Schools Head 1992



Henley - on - Thames 1992

HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA

FIRST XV RUGBY SEASON 1991

Squad:

J. Allen (Capt.)*, N. McClellan*, N. Drake, R. Wright*, C. Wakefield*, C. Martin*, J. Tilley*, M. Lyon*, S. Milne*, J. Grayling*, R. Stratton*, J. Wilkinson*, D. Whittaker, A. Mutton*, B. Rayner, D. Johnson*, L. Stopps, A. Webster, S. Ruhl, A. Janisch, M. Patey, T. Ratcliff*, G. Ogdan.

* denotes 1st XV colours.

J. Tilley, C. Wakefield, C. Martin, R. Wright, A. Mutton and S. Milne were selected for Oxfordshire U.19 squad.

Played 13. Won 7. Lost 6. Points against 151.

The playing record of the XV suggests a rather mediocre season, yet on reflection most of those who played would probably agree that some of the games that were lost should have been won. The truth, however, is that at times the team played exciting free flowing rugby, but often had to suffer the ill luck of injuries and other absences when they most needed a full team; inevitably they tended to come unstuck against their traditionally strong opponents. It has to be said though, that defeats at the hands of Berkhamsted, Shiplake and Pangbourne, were due in part to lack of real forward power and when one considers that six of the regular pack were back row forwards, it is easy to understand the difficulties they encountered when faced by larger and heavier opponents.

That this team could play rugby in the best traditions of the game was never in doubt, and this was amply reflected in the high try count. With a little more luck from goal kicking the points for could so easily have been higher. The style was fast and it relied on taking a few risks, but it was often exciting and hugely enjoyable to watch. Such a style could not have been possible without high levels of fitness, skill and commitment. The latter quality was admirably demonstrated by John Wilkinson whose great courage and determination was always in evidence. He fully deserved the award from his fellow players as best forward of the season. The front row of Robert Stratton, Jon Grayling and Theo Ratcliff always tried hard and it was a great pity that Theo got injured so early in the term in what might best be described as a freak accident. The second row combination was always problematical and whilst Wilkinson played in every game he had no less than four different partners of which Max Patey showed in the last two games that he could be a very valuable player next year. In the back row we were fortunate to have players of the calibre of Doug Johnson, Adrian Mutton, Steven Ruhl, Scott Milne and Ben Rayner. No matter what permutation was used we were always able of fielding a fast and dynamic break away unit who were adroit at securing that vital second phase possession.

At the start of the season much was expected of the back division and when all of them were fit, they didn't let us down. In the opener against Stowe, James Tiley showed his outstanding ability to beat his man on the outside and whilst he scored two excellent tries he always threatened with the ball in his hand. Once again we must congratulate him on reaching the England area trial, but on a sad note his season was adversely affected by a persistent knee problem. Of the other wingers, Chris Drake

and Alex Webster will be available next year and both have plenty of talent and flair. The consistent pairing of Richard Wright and Charles Wakefield were the backbone of the back division and together they formed a potent force in attack and defence; needless to say they received the admiration of many opposing coaches. Charles' great pace, and acceleration off the mark was nicely complemented by Richard's shrewd tactical awareness and astute handling. The former was unlucky to miss a few crucial games and fully deserved the award of best back of the year. At full back Neil McClellan started the season as the man in possession; his searing breaks and fine distribution were key features of the earlier backplay. However, he too suffered through injury and was forced to give up by half term. Into his place stepped Chris Martin, who was arguably the most improved player of the season. A steady, rock solid defender, Chris did not possess the electrifying pace of a modern day full back, yet his bullocking runs and strength in the tackle often created panic in opposition ranks. His early departure against St. Edwards undoubtedly changed the course of events and the subsequent readjustments that had to take place resulted in two soft tries being conceded. In this brief period of change the game was lost. At half back the skipper Joe Allen and Malcolm Lyon had some indifferent games, but their control of events at Warwick led to a marvellous victory. Both players always gave their all and although Allen was forced to miss games against M.C.S. and Marlborough he had an able deputy in Adam Janisch; his contribution against both of these teams was immense and he has the ability to become a highly effective and influential player next year.

Finally as I close my report, I must pay tribute once again to all those staff who continue to coach, referee and support rugby at Abingdon. Every year I am struck by their professionalism and dedication to the task in hand and the 1991 season was no exception. Many thanks to all of you for your continued support.

RESULTS

Stowe	Won	29-13
Bloxham	Lost	14-15
Berkhamstead	Lost	3-12
Marlborough	Won	19-12
M.C.S.	Won	12-3
Radley	Lost	0-25
Shiplake	Lost	4-12
Newbury	Won	9-7
Reading	Won	20-0
Pangbourne	Lost	4-11
Douai	Won	15-11
Warwick	Won	22-10
St. Edwards	Lost	12-20

2ND XV 1991

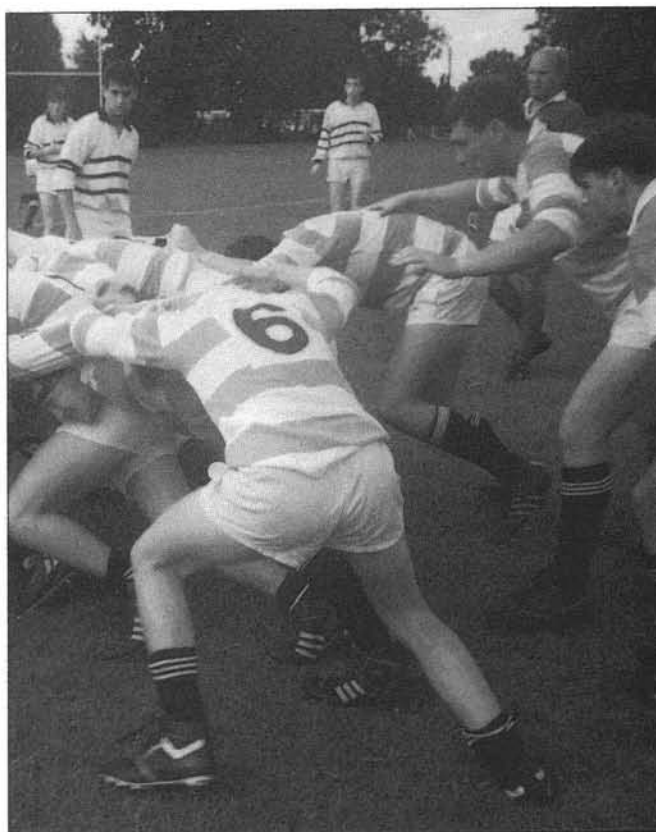
A report from **Mr. Burrow**

This was very much a season of two halves with an unsettled team losing five out of seven games before half term, and then winning five out of six in the second half. With many strong personalities and lots of individual flair available, it meant that team spirit was often lacking. However once a winning habit had been established in the latter half of the season the team prospered under the captaincy of Paul Engwell. The forwards began to play as a unit, winning good ruck and set - piece ball for the talented set of backs, though there were sticking points at half back.

Wins against Warwick and St. Edwards were well deserved but hard fought. Scoring opportunities in these matches were often instigated from the astute kicking of Adam Janisch or the aggressive loose forward play of James Glynn and with Ben Rayner proving a tower of strength at number eight in set - piece play. With so many of the squad only in the Lower Sixth, and their skills and strength developing this must promise much for next year's first fifteen.

Results

P	W	L	Points for	Points against
13	7	6	169	110



Scrum down against Bloxham



Members of the 1st XV squad with Mr Watkins

GAME 2: 3rd AND 4th XV 1991

Squad:

K. Bevan, P. Carter, R. Claye, R. Cooke, T. Davison, B. Fisher, S. Gould, J. Gold, B. Hartley, S. James, P. Skala, J. Soames, J. Pipe, D. Allison, D. Bezzina, M. Clements, A. Dale; M. Dearman, J. Easton, M. Ferguson, M. Fullbrook, M. Funnell, B. Gannon, A. Harding, L. Moller, J. Holmes, R. Jones, J. McIntosh, M. Melton, C. Mitty, C. Morgan, S. Owens, M. Walters, W. Wilkinson, N. Wolff, T. Wright.

[Alphabetical order - VI followed by 6]

Despite only winning four of their thirteen games this was a good season for the 3rd XV. Many of the games were very closely contested and some excellent rugby was played - particularly by the backs, who were given good support by the back row forwards. Everybody enjoyed their rugby, the highlight of the season being the Radley game. Everyone was fit, everybody played well and with ten minutes to go it was still 0-0, with Abingdon preening for a win. Radley then moved into our half, scored a try in the corner from a five-metre scrum and converted. Despite repeated attacks on their line and a last ditch neck tackle made on Chris Morgan, which deserved a penalty try (I was refereeing and I didn't give it, hoping that we would score uncontroversially from the penalty), Abingdon could not manage to redress the score. Our two biggest defeats were suffered as a result of injury to key players during the game. Kris Beran was captain and if colours could have been awarded they would have

gone to Chris Morgan, David Allison, Kim Taylor, Mark Ferguson and Bill Hartley.

The fourth fifteen were more successful in terms of matches won and they too had closely fought, highly competitive games. There was great determination in every game, although the skills (and successes) might have been better had the same determination been apparent in practice sessions! An enjoyable season in which considerable credit must go to the boys themselves for the way in which they coped with the loss of their coach to the 2nd XV after half-term. The notable players were D. McMahon, B. Gannon, R. James, S. Owens and J. McIntosh.

Results	3rd XV	4th XV
Stowe	Won 7-6	-
Bloxham	Lost 0-4	Won 16-0
Berkhamsted	Lost 0-20	Won 6-4
Marlborough	Lost 4-38	Lost 4-10
M.C.S.	Won 6-3	Won 29-0
Radley	Lost 0-6	Lost 6-25
Shiplake	-	Lost 3-6
Pangbourne	Lost	Lost 13-7
Douai	Won 24-6	-
Warwick	Lost 0-20	Lost
Cokethorpe	Lost 10-14	Won 15-0
Reading	Won 14-0	-
St. Edwards	Lost 0-47	Lost



2nd XV with Mr Stindt and Mr Burrow

COLTS RUGBY

A report by **Rowan Browne** (5 AMB)

The team had to endure a disappointing season but the final results do no justice to the effort made by everyone concerned with the team. We were particularly unfortunate to suffer the amount of injuries that we did and because of this the team was always being disrupted. The other main problems were our inability to convert our pressure and possession into points and, by contrast, our rather poor defending. In several games we also lost the early initiative to the opposition by starting too slowly and as a result we found ourselves chasing the game.

The first match of the season was away to Stowe, and it soon became obvious that we lacked practice in terms of full contact rugby, mainly because our pitches at Abingdon had been too hard to play on. Stowe scored all their points in first half and, although we improved as the game progressed, we could not assail their lead. The next match was also lost to a good Bloxham side. Both the games against Berkhamsted and M.C.S. were very close games and could have gone either way. We played very well against Berkhamstead and dominated the second half, but were not able to break down their stubborn defence. A last minute penalty from the half-way line fell an agonizing yard short. We went behind early to M.C.S., but clawed our way back through excellent tries by Mike Litchfield and Dave Richardson. However, some unfortunate (!) decisions by their referee denied us what would have been a well-deserved victory. The match against Marlborough was also disappointing, as we had beaten them in the previous two years. We allowed ourselves to get too carried away, and almost forgot about the game in hand.

The two matches just before half-term both resulted in heavy losses. In both games the opposition had big and fast backs who controlled the game. The match against Newbury was also lost, largely due to two, soft early tries that we were conceded.

Our first win came in the next match against Reading. The match itself was a scrappy affair, dominated by the two packs. Despite going behind, we scored through a try by Ardeshir Battye, which was well converted by Guy Horton. We lost our next match to a very strong and powerful Pangbourne side,

despite going ahead through a good opportunist try by Adam Brown. The team regrouped well after this match and we were beginning to benefit from a more settled team. This became even more apparent through a very good performance against Douai, which resulted in another victory. Adam Brown scored a very well-worked try and Phil Jupp kicked the crucial penalty.

The last two matches of the season were always going to be tough matches, but the way in which they were lost was disappointing. We played badly against Warwick, again getting off to the worst possible start. We came back into the game through a Bob Cullum try, but it was not enough, and the strong Warwick side ran away with the match. We played well against St. Edwards and the scoreline was a lot more than they deserved. A couple of soft tries were given away and several easy opportunities were missed.

Rowan Browne and Brian Marnane were both selected to represent Oxfordshire in the 16 Group team.

The 'B' team had a slightly more successful season under the expert coaching of Rod Yates. They had to suffer a shortage of players which meant some matches had to be cancelled, but this did not seem to affect their success greatly. Particularly notable was their win against Warwick.

The whole squad would like to thank Mr. Maughan and Rod Yates for their coaching, encouragement and perseverance through a difficult season.

	For	Against	Result
Stowe	0	12	L
Bloxham	0	17	L
Berkhamsted	P	3	L
Marlborough	O	10	L
MCS	11	18	L
Radley	4	46	L
Shiplake	0	28	L
Newbury	4	18	L
Reading	6	4	W
Pangbourne	10	40	L
Douai	7	4	W
Warwick	4	36	L



Junior Colts with Mr Broadbent

UNDER 14 JUNIORS RUGBY

A report by **Mr. Evans**

Never mind a game of two halves, this was a season of two very different parts. Two weeks into the second half two defeats came against Marlborough, narrowly; we all know we shouldn't have lost this one. But...Michael Morris went off with a sprained wrist, lightning zapped across the downs, the rain came down, we went down. In better weather, at home, we lost to a better side: Radley. But these two early season defeats were no problem for the team's momentum and morale; we were, usually, a winning team. Those first two Saturdays, against Bloxham and Berkhamsted, it was like the Hong Kong Sevens; the weather was hot and sunny, the pitches were rock-hard, and there was a try every few minutes. We scored most of them; actually, Dunphy and Chadwick scored most of them. After Marlborough we trundled down the Iffley road, put thirty points on MCS - and didn't ever really get into top gear. In the next three victories, over Shiplake, Newbury and Reading, we scored eighty points, and conceded just four. Things were going well; things had gone well. And then; then we hit trouble, in the form of four very strong sides with tremendous speed in the backs. These were afternoons spent watching somebody else's team playing open, attacking rugby with loads of possession while we tried to make too much out of too little. In each of these matches we gave away points very early on and were never able to recover. The tackling improved, but it was never as solid as it should have been.

Nevertheless, there were very good moments in each of these games and the final contest against an unbeaten St. Edward's team showed what we were capable of with greater concentration and commitment. We played some of our best rugby in this game and were unlucky not to score at least one try. The match and the season ended with us camped on St Edward's line. We were awarded a penalty, just seconds to go. Captain Hankin called for a well-rehearsed, short-range move. It worked well - and just for a split-second Richard Binning had the ball in his

hands and was thundering towards the line...and then...

Call it a season of two halves then, but I'm certainly not sick as a parrot. The results go into some record somewhere; I can just remember enjoying myself...I hope you all did too.

JUNIORS A XV RESULTS:

Bloxham	Won	46-10
Berkhamsted	Won	26-16
Marlborough	Lost	8-12
MCS	Won	30-0
Radley	Lost	4-20
Shiplake	Won	32-0
Newbury	Won	42-4
Reading	Won	6-0
Pangbourne	Lost	4-30
Douai	Lost	12-24
Warwick	Lost	0-36
St Edward's	Lost	0-28

Team: A.Ashton, C.McGarry, P.Dunphy, D.Chadwick, B.Lashmore Davies, M.Morris, P.Woodward, L.Van Oudtshoorn, M. Conway, O. Greasby, D. Hankin (Capt), R. Binning, A. Edmonds, P.Rutland, M.Pajak.

The slightly disappointing end to the Juniors A XV season is to a certain extent offset by the final two performances of the B team, who gained excellent wins over Warwick and St Edward's. Their successful season (won 6, lost 4, drew 1) suggests the strength in depth which exists in this year group. We were also able to put out a very useful C team on two occasions. If everyone keeps playing and learning and improving we should see very strong senior teams in three or four years time.

Thanks again to everyone who played for making it such an enjoyable term. Finally, sincere thanks to Mr Biggs and Mr Swann for their kind help, support and encouragement.



Under 14 Juniors with Mr Evans

MINORS RUGBY

A report by **Mr. Drummond-Hay**

Following the practice game against Magdalen College School at the beginning of the season, the A XV got off to a disappointing start by losing heavily to the Oratory Prep School, by 42 points to 10. The Oratory Prep team had been together for four years, had just returned from a successful tour to Zimbabwe, and had not conceded a point in their three games prior to this match! Nevertheless, they exposed weaknesses in our defence and support play, and if we were to win matches, improvement would have to be made in these two areas. Two tough games against Pinewood and an unbeaten Dragon followed, and the guys got the message. Both games were won due to constant pressure and a desire to tackle, and these victories gave the team the confidence which was lacking at the beginning of the season. The second half of term enabled the XV to build on this confidence, and it is pleasing to report that everyone improved their level of skill. Several factors lead to this success. A good team-spirit prevailed throughout the season, practices were taken seriously, and competition from the rest of the squad, particularly the three first formers in the team, resulted in everyone 'lifting their game'. Several key positions were changed throughout the season and the players' ability to adapt to these changes, was most encouraging. Tackling also played a vital role, as was evident against Warwick, which contained the best defence I have seen by a Minors team. If, however, I was to single out a single factor in the team's success, it would have to be the leadership of the captain, Andy Smith, with Henry Dorling in support. It is not often that one can leave the pre-match warm-up to the captain, but I soon realised the influence Andy's enthusiasm and dedication had on the rest of the players. He had their respect, and his reading of the game and need for success, inspired all the players to follow his example. My thanks also to Mr. Smith for all his support throughout the season, and his half-time chats to the XV, when I was refereeing the game.

I do not like singling out players in a season where everyone has made such a contribution, but if I did not mention certain individuals, they might feel their efforts went unnoticed, and I would like to be able to walk home in the dark without the fear of being attacked!

Mention has already been given to the three newcomers into the team. James Dowling, James Winnearls, Charles Pearson and Adrian Howkins seldom let their man through, and all players were always looking to penetrate the defence. James Grady ran with determination, when given the space, and his tackling too improved by the end of the season. Matthew Jones, Paul Talbot and Gareth Mills competed for the fly-half berth. All three played well in this position and it was only Matthew's kicking skills that finally secured his position. The scrum half position was never in doubt, and the XV was blessed with a 'natural'!

The front row of Henry Dorling, James Willats and Ben Porter was solid in every respect, and 'our Enery' made his presence felt in every game. Andrew Ashurst, in the second row, is the sort of player who is seldom in the line-out. This was because he was always in the thick of things, doing the right thing. Geoffrey Heatley and Tom Heel at flank, improved their game throughout the season. Tom was geared up by a rumour that his

position was in doubt. I will declare now that this was never the case, but the rumour certainly did the trick! I have left David Higazi until last because I suppose he would be the one player that the opposition would most like to see the back of! They did get the odd glance of his back on numerous occasions when he went over the line, but it was his unrelenting cover tackles which were so effective.

I realise now that I have in fact mentioned all the 'A' XV players in this report! It is only right that I should have done so, because all players have contributed in making this a most enjoyable and successful season.

My thanks to the 'B' XV players. They have rallied together after a disappointing first half to the season, but their defence let them down against Priors Court and Warwick. Mr. Mitra has been their inspiration, and his very presence on the touch-line is as effective in inspiring his own team, as in terrifying the opposition!

A final thanks to all the parents who have given up their afternoons to support the teams, and I wish all players success in the future.

The following have played for the XV's.

'A' XV:- A. Smith (Capt.) H. Dorling (V. Capt.) G. Mills, J. Dowling, J. Grady, A. Howkins, J. Winnearls, M. Jones, J. Willats, B. Porter, A. Ashurst, M. Capon, J. Dunbar, T. Heel, D. Higazi, P. Talbot, G. Eatley, C. Pearson.
'B' XV:- A. Craig (Capt.) R. Patel, J.P.C. Smith, B. Potter, J. Bolle, C. Purcell, M. Bailey, J. Whibley, S. West, A. Freeman, S. Walker, C. Upham, D. Moss, G. White, P. Aitken, A. Jones, W. Burn.

Results: 'A' XV P.9 W.6 D.2 L.1 Pts + 138 Pts - 64

Try Scorers : D. Higazi (9) H. Dorling (2) J. Dowling (2) J. Willats (4) J. Winnearls (2) J. Grady (2) C. Walford (3) T. Heel (1) J. Dunbar (3) G. Mills (2) B. Porter (1)

Penalties/Drop Goals : M. Jones (2)

Conversions: H. Dorling (2) A. Smith (2)

'B' XV P.8 W.2 D.0 L.6 Pts. + 78 Pts. - 122

Try Scorers : M. Bailey (3) P. Aiken (2) R. Patel (2) P. Talbot (1) A. Howkins (C. Pearson (2) W. Burn (1) G. Heatley (2) S. Walker (1) C. Upham (1) B. Potter (1)

Penalties: Nil

Conversions: C Pearson (5)

'A' XV Magdalen College School	D	12-12
Oratory Prep.	L	10-42
Pinewood	W	14-4
Dragon	W	8-0
Newbury	W	42-0
M.C.S.	D	0-0
Millbrook House	W	28-0
Priors Court	W	17-6
Warwick	W	7-0

'B' XVSt. Hugh's	L	4 - 20
Oratory Prep.	L	12 - 20
Pinewood	L	10 - 14
Dragon	L	0 - 4
M.C.S.	W	28 - 0
Millbrook House	W	20 - 4
Priors Court	L	4 - 8
Warwick	L	0 - 52

At the end of the season the following took part in the Dragon 7's tournament:-

A. Smith, D. Higazi, J. Willats, J. Dunbar, J. Dowling, A. Ashurst, J. Winearls, M. Jones, P. Aiken, A. Howkins.

In spite of only a couple of sessions in preparation for this event, the afternoon was enjoyed by all. It was good experience playing against such good teams.



Minors Rugby with Mr Drummond-Hay

1ST XI

A report by **Dr. Wilmore**

The first half of the season proved to be a torrid time! Playing on Astro turf against sides that have been 'brought up' on this surface, we found ourselves to be very much the underdogs and morale quickly flagged. Against Bradfield we began well enough, but once they had scored there followed a steady stream of goals. Everything seemed to be going wrong and Jonathan Wilkinson's solitary goal was the only exception. It was to everyone's credit that we pulled things around on the very next day at Radley, when we took part in the Oxfordshire U18 tournament. Victories against Henley H.C. and Shiplake and a draw against a strong side from City of Oxford H.C. put us in with a chance of winning the tournament. Radley, however, proved to be too strong.

As holders of the Berkshire Indoor Trophy, we sent two sides to the qualifying round at Wellington College. The A team won 2 games and drew 1, qualifying comfortably for the finals night. The B team lost two games and were eliminated, but both losses were by single goals, one a very creditable performance against Wellington A.

Back to our outdoor programme we next played Pangbourne on their shale surface. It is proved to be bad timing as we were just getting used to Astro and never got to grips with these



conditions. Paul Engwell scored a marvellous goal to add to two scored at the county championship and it was becoming clear that he would provide much needed thrust up front. We next played against a weak, but willing, side from Reading school and were so dominant during the early exchanges that it seemed that a victory was certain. It was not to be, however, as three goals were quickly conceded during a five minute spell when everything went wrong.

Plenty of spirit was shown as we tried to drag ourselves back into the game, but it was not to be. Once again we returned to Astro turf and this time against a very strong Radley side suffered our heaviest defeat. Silly as it may seem, Douglas Johnson had an excellent game in goal, preventing an even more embarrassing scoreline.

We next returned to Wellington for the finals of the indoor tournament and met Bradfield in the quarter final. This was an exciting match and, with a two goal lead, we had a great chance to go through. Unfortunately Bradfield once again got the upper hand and went on to win the competition. We continued in the losers Plate competition and victories against Windsor and Leighton Park brought that trophy back to Abingdon.

Returning from the half term break we produced some excellent performances in the remaining games, but not always with a successful result. Everything went right against Shiplake and



3rd XI Hockey Team with Mr Evans

Adrian Mutton bagged four of the five goals scored. Ahmad Mohamed, Joe Allen and John Wilkinson completely controlled the mid field. Against Bloxham an injury to John Wilkinson heralded a phase when we lost our cohesion and gave away three goals, but a sparkling second half display, with three goals from Paul Engwell put us level. Just when a handsome victory looked most likely, fate dealt us a bitter blow. James Tilley was now forced to bow out with injury, but another good performance saw the side defeat Berkhamsted comfortably. Back onto Astro turf we lost a close match with St. Edwards, despite taking the lead with a goal from Peter Skala in his only appearance for the side.

The final match against the Old Abingdonians was a ding dong battle, played in the very best spirit. The first half definitely belonged to the OAs, well marshalled by Martin Haywood. Stefan Hutchings scored twice in reply to Adrian Muttons opening goal. In the second half we took control and thoroughly deserved to gain the upper hand. Chris Martin scored the winner with a flick shot from a short corner. It was good to see old friends once more. Despite having played very little hockey

2ND XI

A report by **Russell Roan** (Capt).

Played: 10 Won: 8 Lost: 2
Goals: For - 20 Against - 9

Scorers: Peter Skala 8
 Gareth Ogden 5
 Alex Webster 3
 Matthew Lister 2
 Russell Roan 1
 Adrian Mutton 1

An excellent season was the product of a team that quickly learned to work with each other. A shaky start at Leighton Park (W: 3-2) and a not too convincing victory against M.C.S. (W: 1-0) was followed by an unlucky defeat on astroturf, in the last 10 minutes at Bradfield (L: 0-2) but after this with only one 'hiccup' the team never looked as if they were going to lose. This was partly due to an absolutely solid defence consisting of Chris Morgan, Chris Busby, Tim Jephson, and Ben Rayner, who filled any gaps that appeared. At the other end of the field, we were lucky enough to possess an 'inventive' attack. Matthew Lister seemed to be far out on the right touch line, but nearly always crossed the ball in well and also appeared on the end of crosses from the left winger Pete Skala. When not crossing the ball, Pete would usually either be asking politely for the ball, or 'silky' moving through the defence, and promptly dispatching the ball on to the backboard in a number of different styles. The other attackers, Gareth Ogden, and Alex Webster, had many moments of genius especially Gareth's hat-trick against Berkhamsted. Penalty flicks were never a problem; we couldn't put them in, and neither could any of the opposition, thanks to our goalies. The 'extravagant' Chris Mitty was the main keeper,

recently, Duncan Buck Miles Banwell and Simon Newton all had excellent games.

Results:

M.C.S.	Lost	0 - 5	
Bradfield	Lost	1 - 11	Wilkinson
Oxon. Tournament;			
Henley H.C.	Won	2 - 0	Engwell, Wilkinson
Shiplake	Won	1 - 0	Allen (P.F.)
City of Oxford H.C.	Drew	1 - 1	Engwell
Radley	Lost	1 - 3	Allen
Pangbourne	Lost	2 - 5	Engwell, Tilley
Reading	Lost	1 - 3	Engwell
Radley	Lost	0 - 12	
Shiplake	Won	5 - 1	Mutton 4, Tilley
Bloxham	Lost	3 - 4	Engwell 3
Berkhamsted	Won	4 - 1	Mutton 2, Martin, Ahmad
St. Edward's	Lost	1 - 2	Skala
Old Abingdonians	Won	3 - 2	Mutton, Allen, Martin

but welcome appearances were made by Giles Smith, Chris Graham, and Doug Johnson.

However the season would not have been the same if a few of the individuals had not been present on the other teams. A nice chap, with a nice head scarf at Leighton Park had Chris Mitty 'quaking in his boots' (his words, not mine). 'Beef' and 'Wupert' were jolly nice fellows from Radley, and best of all 'Hugo Hairdo' from Shiplake was just perfect.

All in all, a great season. Thanks.

The team: C.Mitty, C.Graham, G.Smith, D.Johnson, C.Morgan, C.Busby, T.Jephson, B.Rayner, R.Roan, M.Lister, A.Webster, R.J.Stratton, G.Ogden, P.Skala, A.Janisich, A.Mutton, R.Jones.

Results:

Leighton Park	Won:3-2
M.C.S.	Won:1-0
Bradfield	Lost:0-2
Pangbourne	Won:3-0
Reading	Won:3-1
Radley	Lost:0-3
Shiplake	Won:2-1
Bloxham	Won:4-0
Berkhamsted	Won:3-0
St Edwards	Won:1-0

Comment by Mr . Payne - Master i/c 2nd XI Hockey

Russell's own vigorous contribution was typical of the side's commitment and will to win. Congratulations to everyone, reserves included, for a highly successful season!

3RD XI

A report by **Graham Williams** (6 JCH).

The squad:-

J.Easton, M. Funnell, A. Moody, A. Sweeting, S. Jones, J. Hirst, G. Williams, T. Moloney, R. Brown, J. Glynn, W. Wilkinson, R. Jones, A. Janish, R. Stratton, J. McIntosh, T. Cox, C. Graham.

The 3rd XI had a mixed season. We played six matches, won two and lost four. The team was always in transition with many players being needed for the 2nd XI due to injuries and illnesses, however we gave spirited performances in all our matches and

only the lack of a final touch stopped us winning more matches.

Richard Brown captained the side in a very capable manner and Graham Williams was top scorer. Other goal scorers were Funnell, Stratton and Cox. Special mention must go to the goal keepers Chris Graham and James Glynn, James' performance against Berkhamsted was particularly memorable as it enabled us to win the match on a pitch not unlike Lower Field.

Congratulations go to the upper sixth leavers and prospects for the next season look excellent. Our thanks go to Mr S. Evans who was a very enthusiastic coach and a great confidence booster in times of adversity.

JUNIOR COLTS HOCKEY

A report by **Mr Coleman**

This turned out to be a reasonable season in terms of results: the opposition just had the edge in numbers of wins and goals; a good season in terms of number of matches played: it is a long time since the Junior Colts have played nine matches in a season; and a definitely good season in terms of the efforts made by the players and their enthusiasm as a team. Much of the credit for the latter must go to the captain, Jeremy Grinstead who was an excellent example to the others, especially in terms of the amount of ground he was able and prepared to cover.

The MCS game was played on a marvellously true grass pitch owned by one of the Oxford colleges. It was Magdalen's fourth match and they were more secure team in defence, in spite of the fact that we were playing a sweeper. The most memorable moment was David Melin's goal: he brought the ball in from the right wing and scored with a sizzling, narrow angle shot squeezed in between keeper and post. The captain was sorely missed in the Bradfield game: with our first choice centre-half off the field, a gap emerged between forwards and defence which resulted in the forwards hardly seeing the ball in the second half. The best result of the season was undoubtedly against Pangbourne. Territorially they were far superior but we took our few chances very well and, in goal, Jamie Aldred was really getting into his stride and played with a skill and flair which suitably depressed the opposition. Territorially, the Reading game was the exact opposite to the Pangbourne encounter and, fortunately for Abingdon, the team with that territorial advantage emerged the decisive winners. The Radley defeat was on their shale We quite quickly learnt how to play on that surface, but not, of course, quickly enough. They were adept at dribbling the ball under close control down to the line and then, having drawn the goalie, squirting the ball back to their man oppssite the far post who, unmarked in the first half, had an almost open goal. This is a tactic which we have practised in the sports hall but which frequently breaks down on all but the smoothest grass. Bloxham too were ahead of us on flat surface skills. In that Bloxham game, the inside left, Dan Thomas,

scored at the end of a solo run at the opposition and Aldred saved two penalty flicks, at least one of which he was prepared to give away in preference to allowing the attacker past him. The Berkhamsted game was a very even, away encounter between two well matched sides both playing field hockey on a field hockey pitch! It was an exciting, robust game and was anyone's match right up to the final whistle. The St.Edwards' game was also very well contested and Abingdon were a little unlucky to lose as a result of a converted and controversial penalty stroke awarded by the Abingdon coach!

Apart from the captain, Dominic Partridge, William Thomas and Robert Finch enjoyed some particularly good games, Dominic was particularly effective with the final tackle, William struck the ball with excellent timin~ and Robert, when fit, subdued some good right wings by tenacious running and marking. The inside forwards, Dan Thomas and Stuart Gray had to play a little too defensively to really get amongst the goals, Luke List struck the ball very well and, with a lots more accuracy practice, could be devastating. Gideon Margo ran well with the ball on the left wing, and the memory of his goal from that position in the last match of term should remain with him.

The team squad was: J.Aldred, D.Partridge, T.Yoshida, R.Duncan, W.Thomas,

J.Grinstead, R.Finch, D.Melin, J.Dolleymore, S.Gray, L.List, D.Thomas, G.Margo

Results

MCS	Away	L	1-3
Bradfield	Home	L	2-4
Pangbourne	Home	W	2-0
Reading	Away	W	2-0
Radley	Away	L	0-4
Shiplake	Home	W	3-1
Bloxham	Away	D	1-1
Berkhamsted	Away	D	1-1
St.Edward's	Away	L	1-2

JUNIOR COLTS CRICKET

A report by **David Melin** (4 JSO)

An enjoyable but unsuccessful season for our team of rising stars. When we won, we won convincingly. When we lost we had enough time to get home to watch 'Neighbours'.

Mr. Drummond-Hay and his assistant Dr Horn were very much like Graham Taylor and Lawrie MacMenemy with their experimental tactics and last year's batting order being almost completely turned upside down. Having said this, their judgment of situations and team selection was, on the whole, quite good. The team would like to thank them for all they have done during the season, even if at times we were inclined to disagree with their decisions (mainly as umpires)!

The season started with a brilliant winning-draw against Stowe. This was just what we needed to put us in the right frame of mind for our Lord Taverners Cup final only three days away. In the final, our old rivals Radley proved to be just 2 runs stronger than us, even after a magnificent opening partnership of 136 by our 'part-timers', Luke List and Tom Pollard. After this it all started to crumble at the foundations. We went through a few rough patches but picked ourselves up well when we were written off by many people.

We were privileged (apparently) to have Robert Finch in our team as Captain, batsman and wicketkeeper extraordinaire. He played brilliantly for almost the whole season and was selected to play for the first XI on occasions. Opening the batting with Robert was Martin Diamond. He did not really find his form this season but found new talents and became a good spin bowler for a few minutes. Then came William Thomas who batted with a great deal of ...luck! Saved the team on numerous occasions and deserved more good innings than his single 64. James Dolleymore, Ben Moss, Alex Shellard and Jamie Aldred all have the ability to get good scores and at times looked as though they might but clumsy shots ended their totals. Looked very good towards the end of the season, especially Ben and Jamie. Dominic Partridge who was a formidable spin bowler last season, did not have much luck and changed to a quicker style which worked well. His batting improved when he finally



acquired his much talked about pads, sadly a little late in the season. His fielding was superb and his catching excellent. Matthew Cooke and Michael Pajak only played two matches each but nevertheless did well in these. Matthew Hodges and Ed

Cooper were the two anchor men who saved us from defeat a few times. Matthew was a very good bowler with his swinging-cutters and a real asset to the team. Ed did not really get enough time to show us his bowling skills.

Gary Stow and David Melin were the strike bowlers bowling 200 overs between them. Gary concentrated on line and length and was very economical, often taking key wickets. His subtle changes in speed and swing were brilliant and he deserved many more wickets. David used his natural talent and took a lot of wickets. His 'Curtly Ambrose' style bouncers were either hit for 4 runs or sent the batsmen back to the pavilion for a change of

underwear. Needs to be a bit more consistent. These two were the teams hard hitters and those who saw Gary hitting 26 runs off 12 balls will not forget it in a long while.

Our last match of the season was a reflection of the whole season. Our bowlers completely killed off High Wycombe who were all out for 91. We progressed well to 76 for 4. A not uncommon batting collapse then occurred and we were reduced to 91 for 9. Some tense moments and lost fingernails later, an almost suicidal run was taken for the win. What looked like a clear run-out was refused by the umpire whose view was blocked. With luck on our side, we ended the season.

BATTING

	innings	runs	not out	Average	H.S
WILLIAM THOMAS	10	169	2	21.1	64
ROBERT FINCH	10	200	0	20.0	77
MARTIN DIAMOND	09	132	1	16.5	52*

BOWLING

	overs	maidens	runs	wickets	Average
DAVID A.MELIN	126.3	28	406	33	12.3
MATTHEW HODGES	54	06	203	14	14.5
DOMINIC PARTRIDGE	52	11	204	13	15.7
GARY STOW	98	25	261	14	18.6

3rd XI CRICKET

A report by **Alastair Mills** (6 JCH)

The third XI had a successful season maintaining their run of two seasons without loss. The season once again was all too short with a total of five matches being played, which resulted in two wins and three draws.

The first match of the season against Stowe provided a good contest at the start of the season. Tom Soper and Tim Jephson both batted well to achieve 33 and 20 runs respectively,

unfortunately the weather once again intervened and the match was abandoned as a draw.

The second match was against a far stronger opposition in the form of St Edwards. In appalling conditions we lost several quick wickets, but the innings was held together with a 65 run partnership of Alastair Mills and Tom Soper. In the innings of St Edwards all looked lost before Andrew Sweeting devastated their batting taking 5 for 13 off only 5 overs.

The match against the Oratory established the thirds' first victory. Tom Soper struck a magnificent 63 in under an hour. G. Ogden then proceeded to take 6 for 32 to destrot the Oratory innings.

Cokethorpe faced us with their first team in the next match and it was only thanks to tight batting and bowling from Tom Soper 3and Andrew Sweeting that a draw was obtained.

All too quickly the final match approached us in the form of Berkhamsted. Chris Stovin and Tom Soper finally showed their

real class by achieving the figures of 5 for 29 and 4 for 29 respectively. The thirds had achieved their second win of the season in an all too short length of time.

Many thanks to Mr. Mansfield who supported the third XI throughout the season and for his unfailing support as coach and umpire, which led us to our second season without defeat. Also thanks to James Mackenzie whose safe hands as a wicket keeper won us many a match, Tom Moloney for his tight accurate bowling and Tom Barton for his morale-lifting advice.

JUNIOR COLTS B XI

A report by **Robert Duncan** (4 RPF)

Results: Played: 3 Won: 2 Lost: 1

Michael Pajak (capt.), Robert Duncan, Sanjeev Rajakulendran, Tom Wragg, Ed Cooper, Adam Brownlow, John Watts, Riky Choudhuri, Andrew Callaghan, James Ruddick, Simon Davies, Tom Arnold and Alan Walker.

We had a very enjoyable season under the leadership of our captain Michael Pajak and the expert tuition of Dr. Horn. Although only three games long, our season was a very good one with some very good cricket played.

We got off to a most encouraging start beating MCS at home very convincingly. Michael Pajak played as the perfect captain leading by example with a well executed 54 supported impressively by Tom Wragg who took no time to put together 33. The bowling was good for a first match with Adam Brownlow playing very well. Michael Pajak was pick of the bowlers with 5 wickets for 9 runs from 10 overs.

“Special mention must be made” Dr. Horn writes “of John Watts who kept wicket for possibly the only time in his cricket career. In the space of a few overs he managed to be hit between the eyes, in the box and on the ankle and yet carried a constant grin from ear to ear. Surely this illustrates precisely what a ‘B’ fixture should be about.”

The second match was played in the same convincing style beating Shiplake at home in glorious sunshine. The openers managed a steady start until Michael Pajak was out lbw. Sanjeev Rajakulendran batted with great confidence and style and was unlucky to be caught out for 33. Tom Wragg contributed another useful innings of 13. Robert Duncan hit 2 sixes and 16 fours in an unbeaten score of 88 in less than 10 overs in an innings Dr. Horn describes as “Played with great flourish and timing.” The Shiplake innings started cautiously and our bowlers were soon rewarded with 2 quick wickets. Shiplake, chasing a target of nearly 8 runs an over, were never really in the match. Michael Pajak rotated his bowlers thoughtfully and the wickets fell regularly. Robert Duncen was pick of the bowlers with 2 wickets for 1 run from just 7 balls. This was a very good performance from the side with the standard of cricket much improved since their last fixture.

The third and final match was a slightly disappointing one losing to Shiplake away in more sunny weather. The early

batsmen struggled against a competent bowling attack with 3 wickets falling for only 18 runs. Sanjeev Rajakulendran and Ed Cooper batted very sensibly in the middle of the innings and Alan Walker on his debut added some valuable runs at number 8. The batting on the whole was not up to the standard we had come to expect and the total was only reached courtesy of some poor fielding and dropped catches by the home side.

Michael Pajak opened the bowling with an extremely attacking field and was rewarded with a wicket off the first ball. A second wicket fell quickly but this pressure was not maintained as two Shiplake batsmen were allowed to settle in and build and build the foundation of their score. Several vital catches were dropped which ultimately cost the match. Michael Pajak was again picked of the bowlers with 5 wickets for 23 runs from 12 overs but Adam Brownlow and Sanjeev Rajakulendran each bowled with great accuracy and aggresion and were unlucky not to take wickets. The team was disappointed not to have won this match and maintained their 100% record but it has to be said that errors in the field cost the victory.

All the matches were played in an excellent spirit by all the teams concerned and most players were given the chance with both bat and ball. It was good to see a side in which everybody tried their best.

I am sure all the team agree that special thanks must go to Dr. Horn for all the encouragement, coaching and organisation of these matches.

MCS (Home)

Abingdon: 150 All Out (40.3 Overs).
M. Pajak 54, T. Wragg 31.
MCS: 60 All Out (30.2 Overs).
M. Pajak 5 For 9 from 10 Overs.

Shiplake (Home)

Abingdon: 183 For 4 (25 Overs).
R. Duncan 88 Not Out; S. Rajakulendran 33.
Shiplake: 114 All Out (22.1 Overs).
R. Duncan 2 For 1 from 1.1 Overs.

Shiplake (Away)

Abingdon: 103 All Out (35.4 Overs).
Shiplake: 105 For 6 (32.4 Overs).
M. Pajak 5 For 23 from 12 Overs.

CROSS COUNTRY

A report by **Rob Walker** (6 NMR)

Junior: R. Ellis, F. Malone-Lee, C. Walford, J. Dowling, C. Purcell.

Intermediate: J. Malone-Lee, P. Shrimpton, T. Lock, P. Moloney.

Senior: A. Adie, N. Ball, R. Walker.

As ever, the Cross Country season started with our annual triangular fixture against Bradfield and Parkhouse. The results were a third place for the seniors, a second place for the intermediates and a first for the Juniors.

For the Seniors, this was the start of what was to become a frustrating season which could only boast 3 regular members.

However, for the Juniors, it opened the stream of successes which were to follow, as a result of the quality and quantity of the young runners. For the majority of the remainder of the Michaelmas term, the Seniors and Intermediates had to be content with training whilst the formidable Juniors successfully tested themselves against schools like Fitzharry's.

However, without a doubt, the highlight of the season was the AAA Oxfordshire County championships which were staged in December. The Juniors fielded a very strong team and literally ran away with the Team Gold and individual placings of first, third, fourth and fifth. Not to be outdone, the Intermediates produced a medallist in the form of Paul Shrimpton, who ran a gutsy race to finish third (despite tripping over a low and apparently inconspicuous electric fence!) The result of this championship was that Abingdon School had five boys representing the County in the AAA English Championship, - a great achievement by anyone's standards.

After such a fantastic end to the term, it was difficult to see how we were to motivate ourselves and gear up for another term of competition, but after a long and restful break, the whole team came back for the Lent term in high spirits, looking forward to some challenging matches against formidable opposition.

The first and toughest test of the Lent term came in the form of the AAA English Championships in January, at which all the counties in England and Wales were represented, which meant that there were some 350 runners in each race. All our athletes representing Oxfordshire did well to finish approximately half

way up the field, in what has to be one of the most gruelling cross country races you could possibly enter. Commiserations must go to Francis Malone-Lee, who, whilst running a superb race, fell and was badly 'spiked' by another runner.

The next fixture was the County Schools Championship, which saw the emergence of Richard Scott who finished 16th in the intermediate race, which boasted a field of over 100 runners. This placed him on the Oxfordshire reserve list and encouraged him to go from strength to strength.

As with the Michaelmas term, the Lent term brought few fixtures for the Intermediates and Seniors. The Juniors however had a busy schedule including several multi school challenges in which approximately 10 schools took part.

Our penultimate fixture of the season came in the form of a triangular competition against St. Edward's and Bloxham.

For the Intermediates, this race was particularly rewarding as they finished a close second and more importantly, all the team ran very well and produced the talent which they had very few opportunities to display at other times in the season.

Individual placings include an impressive third for Richard Scott and two very encouraging performances from Peter Moloney and Tom Lock who finished 7th and 8th respectively.

As always, the season was rounded off by the Old Abingdonians match at Sunningwell, in which the School narrowly defeated the Old Abingdonians, despite having a slightly reduced squad.

Over the course of the season, half colours were awarded to Richard Scott, who also received a special cup presented to him by Mr. Baker, for his dedication to the club and considerable improvement during the year. The following must also be noted for their enthusiasm, improvement and dedication to the Cross Country Club: A. Adie, N. Ball, J. Malone-Lee, P. Shrimpton and P. Moloney.

We must also thank Mr. Baker for his support, organisation and experience which has proved invaluable over the years. His new role as a manager of the Junior team makes way for Mr. Oxlade, whose assistance has already been shown to be an asset to the Club. All that remains to be said is that this cross country season has revealed an exciting depth of talent, both in the Intermediate and Junior teams, all of which can be built on for even more impressive results next year.



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL (at last)!!

A report by **Duncan Hancox** (6 NMR)

When Ally Dale was asked by his tutor what sport he would like to do in the 1992 Summer Term, he regretfully replied "Multi-Sport", while once again feeling aggrieved that football had not been an option. But then again, the "Ruffians' game" had not been an option for about thirty years. However, this time it was going to be different, and Dale will undoubtedly be remembered as a hero, who led Abingdon School back along the read towards the world's most popular past-time.

With next to no school support (no pitches, no nets, no goalposts, no balls), the unofficial break-away sport of football was set up. A dozen dedicated sixth formers braved the elements every Tuesday and Friday afternoon in a desperate attempt to get fitter and more skilful (if that was humanly possible) before Abingdon School 1st XI's first match for several decades . . . against local rivals Larkmead. When the day of the match finally came, no one knew what a nail-biting encounter lay in store. In a game reminiscent of the 1970 World Cup semi-final between Italy and Uruguay (poetic licence), Abingdon shared the spoils in an eight-goal thriller. All, in fact, had looked lost until a few minutes from the end, before speedy Scot, Douglas McMahon, plundered a late hat-trick to restore Abingdon's pride.

In an attempt to get the sport noticed, key central defender, Duncan Hancox, stayed up until the smallest hours of the next morning compiling a match report . . . a sacrifice well worth making

as his stunning repertoire of jokes, puns and double entendres made the finished article a must for anyone passing the Lower Corridor noticeboard, and several pupils are rumored to have been late for lessons, nursing sore ribs that had been bruised from laughing so much.

This done, the next problem was how to deal with a fixture muddle which had left the squad with just two weeks to prepare for two matches in a day. After much deliberating, Dale, by now a cult figure among school football fanatics, decided on an answer; a vigorous, some would say brutal, fitness campaign ensued, after which time the players felt they would be better off taking early retirement. However, there were no complaints on the day of the matches, because the extra fitness gained meant they stood at least a chance on a blisteringly hot day, against both John Mason and St Edwards. Yet for all the hard work, there were only tears of anguish to show at the end after 3-2 and 1-0 losses respectively. For the team, it was hard to believe that so much effort had brought only the pain of defeat, and for a while they wondered whether it was worth continuing. Nevertheless, Hancox once again strove like a true man, while holding back the heart-wrenching sobs that whacked his wretched body, to bring out the match reports by the next morning. The critics said "Give it up lads; without school backing, you'll

never win" and "At least you tried". For a week, the future of football at Abingdon School was on a knife edge . . . But then, from somewhere (only God himself knows where), Dale drew inspiration. Using courage he never realised he had, he rallied his bedraggled troops, and organised one more match before THE END (of term, that is). . . again against St Edwards.

The squad had three weeks to prepare, and this they did as though winning this match was like saving the Earth. Muscles were developed and skills were honed, and by the end of the training the players were like a cross between Hercules and George Best. To cut a long story short, Abingdon beat St Edwards 2-1, in truly dramatic style, and when they realised what they had achieved, the emotion of the moment was too much. However, the memory of that match, and those twelve



'Chris Mitty leaps to save the day yet again'

brave souls who did themselves proud in the name of Abingdon School, will live on, so that in years to come, pupils from this great establishment of learning will look back on that day, just like when the Israelites defeated the Syrians at Ramoth-gilead thousands of years ago, and say "That is what I want to be like . . . I want to be someone; I want to achieve; I want to win."

This article is dedicated to those twelve heroes (Chris Mitty, Charles Hutchings, Chris Morgan, Simon Dickins, Duncan Hancox, Ally Dale (Captain), Chris Busby, Simon Thomas, Craig Dunphy, Kevin Deane, Douglas McMahon. Substitute: John Holmes).

Objectively speaking, they simply managed to force a distended pig's bladder through a painted metal frame more times than the other team did. In reality though, the match was truly symbolic of Abingdon School being kicked through the goalposts of life into the net of joy, success and destiny (*apologies – Ed.*)

Results:

Larkmead	4-4	Holmes(1), McMahon(3)
John Mason	2-3	Deane(1), McMahon(1)
St Edward's	0-1	
St Edward's	2-1	McMahon(1), Deane(1)

BADMINTON

1991/92 was a season of runners up, really. In the Oxfordshire League the U19 As started the season by losing to Henley College which almost meant that all the other league fixtures could be played for fun since there was to be no final. Still they beat our B team (!) and Wantage. Other than in the league the U19s had a good deal of success: they beat Bloxham, Radley - a new fixture - Stowe, Cheltenham and Bradfield. The team pool was Daniel Blake, Ahmad, Shaiful, Nick Myatt, Tom Barton, Robin Gwyther, James Mackenzie, Stephen Da Costa, Alastair Mills, Syed, Ming, Francis Aish and Alastair Abbott.

The U16s had an A and B team, too, and this time a final to look forward to in the Oxfordshire League. The warning shot came when the As were beaten by Wantage in the Browning Star Schools Championship early in the Michaelmas Term. The final in March would - almost inevitably - be a re-match, which they lost again! Meanwhile, the B team lost to St Birinus and King Alfred's. In 'friendly' matches the U16s beat Stowe (twice). Regular players were Richard Haynes, Robert Carder,

Tom Pollard, Barnaby Ulyatt, Philip Allan, Nick Woodward, Russell Clarke, Andrew Davies, Martin Diamond, Matthew Hodges, Chris Keith and Andrew Bennett.

The U14s started the season with a defeat by Presentation College but managed to demolish Burford in a new fixture, and rather more of a confidence booster after close games but a lost match to Larkmead. The intended fixture with Fitzharris never happened. The mighty handful were David Jenkins, Adam Twinn, Jensen Lau, Kelvin Lo, Mark Edwards, Matthew Jones and Simon Morris.

Colours are held by Daniel Blake, Nick Myatt, Tom Barton, Ahmad, Rithauddin Mohamed.

Half colours are held by Richard Haynes, Steven Da Costa, James Mackenzie, Shaiful Adhli.

The Captain for 1992/3 will be Daniel Blake, The Secretary - Richard Haynes.

GOLF

A report by **Mr Payne**

Although there are comparatively few 'serious' golfers in the Sixth Form this term (Michaelmas 1992) it is encouraging to note the number of promising young players in the Middle and Lower School. Friendly matches for Under 16s, the most recent being a 10-a-side game against Radley on their 9 hole course, have been a welcome addition to our modest fixture list. Abingdon was represented by Luke List, Tobin Jenkins, Ben Hutt, Michael Pajak, Gideon Margo, Guy Carling

Barnaby Ulyatt, Martin Diamond, James Willats and Matthew Harvie. Radley won 3 - 2.

Another new fixture was a match against the O.As. at Frilford Heath in May. It is hoped that O.A. meetings will become a regular event (n.b. contact Ian Trenaman, O.A., 0702-219135).

Lee Stopps represented the County in the South West English Schools' Championships, Tom Barton won the half-term competition, and Luke List was the winner in a Frilford Heath junior medal competition.

WIMBLEDON

A Poem by **A.T.Craig** (2 VJB)

*Clipped green grass and strawberries and cream,
It's that time of year, if Wimbledon's your scene.*

*For over a century the crowds have been thrilled,
By the white-clad athletes who are top of the bill.*

*The thud of the ball, and the gasp of the crowd:
Is the ball 'In', or was it called 'Out'?*

*The umpire rules, his chair on high,
Watching the balls flying by.*

*His ruling is law, and the players they know,
Must abide his decisions, and no anger show.*

*Was that chalk dust? They stare with fixed eyes,
And wait for the linesman whose eye never lies!*

*The ball is called 'Out', but the crowd think it's 'In'.
They hiss and they boo, and then start to sing.*



Daniel Blake, Captain of Badminton, tries his hand at another game - Tennis

*The umpire calls order, and says, "Play a let",
Whilst the man on the chair has his ear to the net.*

*The score is called: "Deuce", just two points to win!
The ball hits the ground, "Hurrah! It is 'In'!"*

*The crowd hold their breath, "Advantage" is called,
The last point to play: "Will it end 'One all'?"*



