

The Abingdonian



Photography:

Miles Ashley
Andrew Cross
J. R. Gabitass

Graphics:

John Persson
Peter Hammond

OA Editor:

R. C. B. Coleman

Treasurer:

W. H. Zawadzki

Editor:

J. R. Gabitass

Sub-editors:

Michael Baker
Torsten Brosé
Tim Burles
Dan Butler
Alan Cooper
Colin Cross
Alastair Douglas
Simon Foster
Nick Holmes
Roger Jacobs
Richard Kay
Simon Minter
Mark Murray
Tim Skinner
Adrian Thomas
Richard Thomas
Richard Titcombe
Crispin Wilson



WHY WE ARE NOT ROYSSE'S SCHOOL

When I first visited Abingdon, over five years ago, and asked the way to Abingdon School, I was puzzled to find that no-one in the town seemed to have heard of any such establishment. A little later, the boot was apparently on the other foot, when some of my new neighbours, on welcoming me as Headmaster of Roysse's School, were taken aback to find me innocently repudiating any such title. The misunderstandings were cleared up after a while: I was made to realise that between 1878 and 1960 the School had indeed been officially designated "Roysse's School", and that the name had stuck in local memories. And, of course, there might be various particular reasons causing people to prefer a designation lending itself so readily to familiarity. Anyway, people said, does it matter — what's in a name?

Sometimes, at least, there can be quite a lot in a name, and we are not Roysse's School for several quite distinct and good reasons, quite apart from the narrow legality of the fact that the School's Scheme of Government refers to us as Abingdon School, as do most of the earliest references and records to be found in our own and other archives.

First, John Roysse was not our Founder, though he is often described as such. So far as we can tell, he was an Old Boy of the School, who followed the then fashionable habit (and a very good fashion it was, too) of ploughing some of the wealth he had made during a successful business career back into the establishment that had nurtured him in his youth. The School happened to need such assistance very badly at that time, so Roysse was able to do an unusually comprehensive job of reorganisation on the strength of the rather small endowment he was bequeathing in his Will. But even he did not have the presumption to require that his old school should be re-named in his honour — one trembles to think what twentieth-century O.A's might say if one of their own number made such a bid for immortality, and matters were probably not so very different in the sixteenth century! Instead, he suggested that it should be designated the Free School of the Holy Trinity; however, this name never really stuck. Of the true Founders of the School, some four or five centuries before Roysse's time, we know nothing for certain; our first recorded benefactor appears to have been Abbot John Blosneville, who died in 1256.

If Roysse has insufficient claim to the title of Founder, the ordinances which he caused to be introduced in 1563 offer even less for our veneration. This was a time when the New Learning of the Renaissance was revolutionising the theory and practice of education and scholarship at all levels of Western European society, and Roysse himself was a member of the

CHAPEL NOTES

Mercers' Company in the City of London, which was responsible for the administration of one of the most brilliant of all the "new model" grammar schools — St. Paul's, which today we number as one of our sister foundations under the Mercers' wings. And yet, as Preston justly though severely observes in his paper entitled *The Early Grammar School, Abingdon*, "Cheapness, not quality, was Roysse's aim. A good or a liberal training found no place in his mind, and the School as Roysse re-started it was inevitably on a lower educational plane than the mediaeval school that preceded it. As regards education itself, Roysse ordained no more than that the Schoolmaster should 'teach his scholars as well nurtere and good manners, as lyterature and vertuous lvyngye and Xtian auctors for their erudition'. Nothing could well have been more sterile or vague. For a grammar-school curriculum of the early Elizabethan period it was a mean conception, and indicative of the inferior standard that Roysse was willing to set up. We may well feel that if such is the nature of Roysse's regime, it is at least symbolically important that we should assert our independence of so dubious a heritage!

In the end, however, there is a yet more substantial reason in favour of courteous repudiation of the name "Roysse's" — a symbolic reason still, but one which does not rest on antiquarian arguments so much as on the realities of our modern position. To put it in very general terms, the connotations that go with the name Roysse's are local, limited to the town of Abingdon — they suggest a small local school, with a narrowly local clientele and a purely local function. This is a real, and by no means discreditable part of our history; but it must now be seen as a passing phenomenon. The true inheritors of the local tradition are our three comprehensive secondary neighbours, who serve all sections of the community, and enjoy the support of the Local Government bodies. Since the ending of the Direct Grant system, it has become increasingly apparent that our future, on the other hand, is likely to be found in a regional role, as the independent boys' school in Abingdon, rather than as a modified version of the erstwhile town boys' school. This being so, a simple postal style of address is perhaps more appropriate than an obscure allusion to local history; but it is more important that we realise the need positively to assert a supra-local identity and function, in a way that makes a statement about our activities and standards. This, surely, is one of the most important implications of our frequently-proclaimed belief in the pursuit of excellence as our principal motive and objective: we cannot afford to be trapped in a merely local dimension.

M. St. J. P.

There are times when innovations and new starts are less appropriate than gradual growth, development or consolidation. This year in Chapel has been such a time. There have been no great changes in the pattern of our activities.

On Sunday, 4th November, there was a Sung Eucharist for the boarders of St. Helen's and Abingdon School. Because of the new Sunday arrangements at St. Michael's, we found it more convenient this year to use St. Nicholas' Church.

The Advent Carol Service was held in Chapel on the 1st Sunday in Advent, 2nd December, 1979. The Director of Music was observed to be busily engaged in preparations before the service. In addition to his chief task of illuminating the Chapel with candles, he found time also to train the Chamber Choir to a high standard of singing.

A separate Lower School Carol Service, held on the last afternoon of the term in St. Michael's Church, was attended by the whole Lower School and a good number of parents. The main School Carol Service took place next morning in St. Helen's Church and was the last event of the term.

The Chamber Choir sang at all three services. The combined collections amounted to £123 and, after payment of expenses, this was divided between Christian Aid and the Church of England Children's Society.

In spite of the arctic conditions which prevailed in St. Helen's and St. Michael's Churches, these arrangements seem to have worked quite well. They enabled every member of the School to be present at a Carol Service while still allowing room for visitors. With some modifications the experiment is likely to be repeated next year. Rumours of plans for four, five or six Carol Services can safely be discounted.

On Ash Wednesday the School went in two groups to services in St. Michael's Church. The preachers this year were the Chaplains. Next year's preacher will be the Bishop of Lewes.

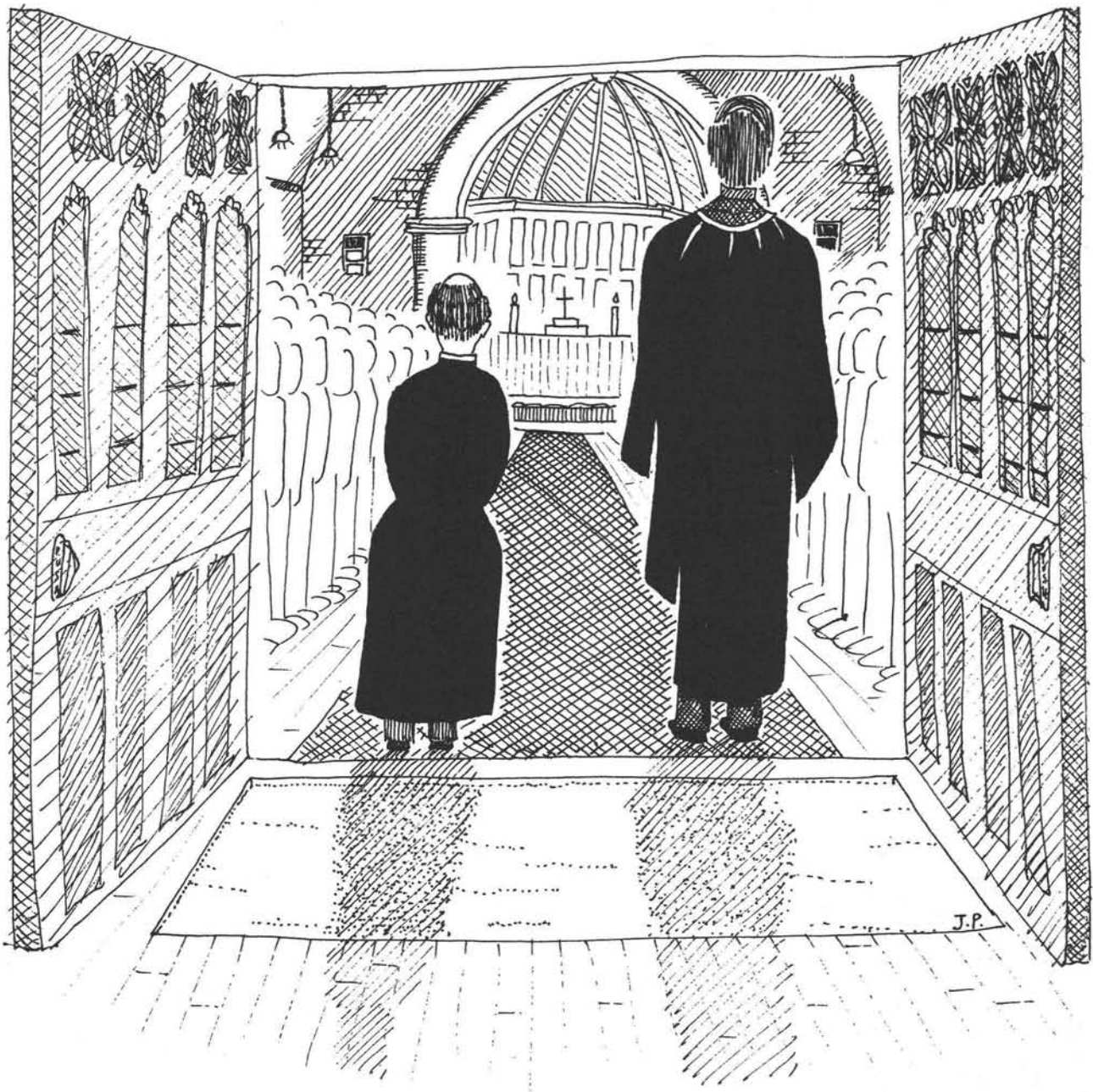
The Bishop of Reading confirmed fifteen members of the School in Chapel on Sunday, 2nd March.

The list of visiting preachers for the year has included: The Revd. R. H. Lloyd, Chaplain of the Dragon School; Fr. Roderick Strange, of the Oxford University Roman Catholic Chaplaincy; The Revd. A. E. Perry, Chaplain of Westminster College (at the joint Eucharist with St. Helen's); Bishop Stephen Neill; The Revd. R. P. Stone, Chaplain of Highgate; Mr. S. J. McWatters, Headmaster of the Pilgrim's School; The Revd. D. T. R. Wilcox, Minister of Abingdon Baptist Church; The Revd. Canon D. Manship, Vicar of Abingdon; The Revd. Canon D. Ingram Hill, Vice Dean of Canterbury; The Revd. A. F. Knight, Director of the Bloxham Project. Several of the local clergy have spoken at Middle School assemblies on week-day mornings.

The preacher at the Founder's Day Service on 17th May will be the Bishop of Oxford, and this will give us our first chance to welcome him to the School since his arrival in the Diocese.

The Headmaster will as usual preach at the Leavers' Service in St. Nicholas' Church, on 12th July.

Collections have been given to Christian Aid, the



Bishop's Fund for Ordination Candidates, the Church of England Children's Society, Oxfam, the Bush Brotherhood and Help the Aged.

The Chamber Choir has sung once each term at a Boarders' Sunday service. In addition a section of the choir has provided music at a Sung Eucharist on several Saints' Days, singing under the name Cantores in Concordia.

We were pleased to welcome a former Chaplain, The Revd. P. G. Osborne, on a brief visit to the School in Lent. He celebrated the Holy Communion in Chapel on Sunday, 23rd March.

Two flower stands, presented to the Chapel by TASS in memory of F. J. Sewry, will be dedicated at the morning service on Sunday, 8th June.

During the year a Christian discussion group has been formed, at present limited to the VI Form, and it seems likely to adopt the title, the Christian Union. In many ways this is a welcome development. It is particularly pleasing to record

that those who are running it have given every indication of their wish to work in harmony with the Chaplains and as part of a larger Christian presence in the School. It has occasionally happened in schools that a Christian Union has seemed to set itself up as an exclusive body, operating in opposition to the Chapel and claiming some sort of superiority. In any community in which there are Christians there can properly be only one Church. It cannot be right that a small section of the Church should claim that salvation depends on membership of such a body exclusively. There is no evidence of such an attitude here. On the contrary, the Chaplains have been invited to attend the meetings, and the Christian Union has attended one of the week-day celebrations of Holy Communion. One may hope that this spirit will prevail and endure.

C.C.S.N.

Tim Skinner (L6) got himself employed as an acrobat for the Welsh National Opera, at the Oxford Playhouse.

Gareth Llewellyn, Alastair Douglas and Simon Foster (all L6) carried off the national title at the Y.F.C. public speaking competition at Kenilworth. Gareth's chosen topic was Napoleonic model making.

During the Easter holiday **Jonathan Kowszun** appeared on the BBC's **Young Musician of the Year**, and won through to the final of the brass competition, where he took third place with his euphonium.

Tim Robson (left school in 1978) has been playing tennis for Oxfordshire, and was picked to play No. 1 for the England Junior Tennis Squad against Ireland last autumn. Tim also reached the semi-finals of the British Under-21 Championship, and got a No. 7 seeding at Junior Wimbledon.

Stephen Vaslet (5) had a considerably detailed article on his 87-mile canoe trip along the Kennet and Avon Canal published by the local Reading paper.

At the end of the winter term, and due to the enthusiasm of **Mrs. Ulla Johnson**, a German Christmas evening was held and enjoyed by many. The evening included German carols, comestibles, and a few films about everyday life in Germany.

We'd like to take the opportunity of thanking **Mrs. Germaine Bevir**, through these columns, for a fairly staggering record of having provided wreaths to be laid on the tomb of John Roysse during the Founder's Day Service for — well, Germaine reckons that she began in 1935 or 1936, so it's a good 45 years or so.

Yet again our **School's Challenge** team won through to the Regional Finals, and yet again the team met Eton in the Final. Sadly, however, the result of the previous two years was reversed, and the team, level until the closing minutes, lost to a fine last-ditch "surge" by their opponents.

In the November examinations twenty-three candidates from the School won places at Oxford or Cambridge. **Paul Burren, Hugh de Lusignan, Gideon Franklin and Mark Nelson** won places at Cambridge, while **Jonathan Cloke, Bruce Edmonds, Matthew Holt, John Madgwick, David Rogalewski, Jonathan Saunders, Hani Zaki and Jonathan Young** were successful in the Oxford examinations. The following won awards:

Cambridge

S. J. Mulvey	Choral Award	Corpus Christi	Philosophy
C. D. Thomas	Exhibition	Pembroke	Engineering
S. R. West	Exhibition	Trinity	Engineering

Oxford

J. Cook	Abingdon	Pembroke	Mathematics
	Scholarship		
P. H. James	Scholarship	Oriel	Biochemistry
S.W. Jones	Exhibition	Magdalen	History
A. T. Kermode	Choral Award	New	Music
D. G. Palmer	Scholarship	Keble	Chemistry
R. C. Smith	Exhibition	Worcester	Modern Languages
			Modern Languages
A. N. Trigle	Scholarship	Hertford	Modern Languages
			Modern Languages
P. D. Wakefield	Postmaster-ship	Merton	Modern Languages

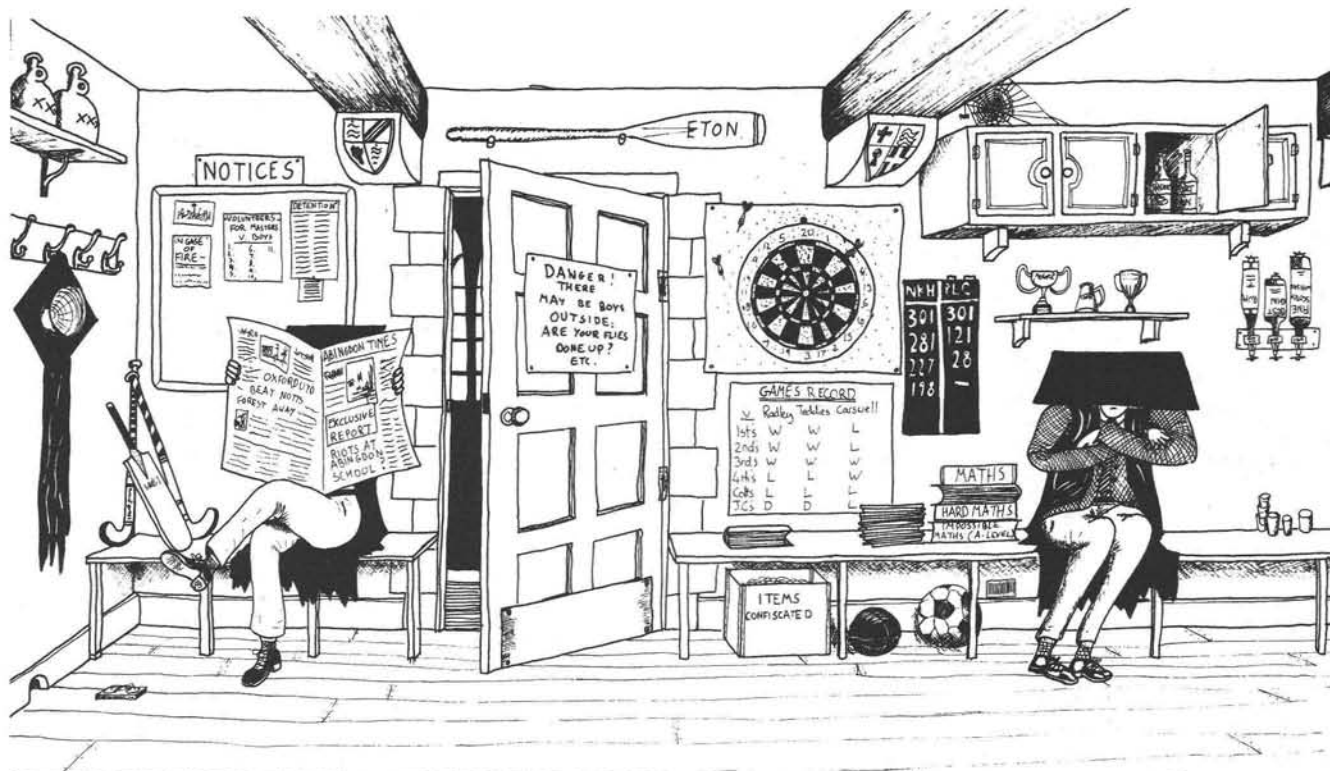
COMMON ROOM NOTES

Last summer saw the departure of some tried and true friends. **Geoffrey Graham** had been with us for some seven years or so, during which time we had grown accustomed to his soft Irish brogue, his endearing gentle manner, occasionally barbed wit and general helpfulness. A first-rate teacher of modern languages, he also ably assisted the cross-country teams of his day, and was a most conscientious tutor. Although he has moved, educationally speaking, only a quarter mile or so the Radley Road, where he is now Head of Department, he has, domestically, decamped in the Faringdon direction. We still hope to see him from time to time in the bazaars.

Godfrey McGowan obviously so much enjoyed the business of leaving the school that he, regrettably, decided to repeat the process. He is now installed, as Head of Department, at Trent College in Nottingham, although home ties will mean that he will be in Abingdon in the holidays.

David Dodwell, stalwart of the rowing community and teacher of mathematics, also left us last July, to take up a teaching post at Glenalmond. We congratulate David on his marriage to Miss Sylvie Taluy; his generous and companionable spirit will be much missed.

Some "short-stay" staff also left us, and although it seems only very recently that we were greeting them, we would like to thank them for their energies and efforts. **Malcolm Murfett** stepped into the breach ably to help with History and Economics, and many boys were grateful for the full-time care of this part-time enthusiast.



Malcolm is now headed for a lectureship in Singapore, which, incidentally, has put an end to attempts by the Common Room to appoint him their cricket professional. **David Stewart**, another man with a keen eye for cow-shot corner, and a most impressive tennis player, also left after a brief spell in which he made a considerable impact; and **Jeremy Munro** finally decided to make a full-time career in music, and enrolled with Manchester University.

In their stead we welcome some new faces to the Common Room. **Miss Cassie Peterson** and **Richard Brett**, both additions to the English Department, have already made their mark, especially in musical and dramatic circles, and are both sixth-form tutors. We look to both to play a considerable role in developing the Arts Centre. **Peter Halstead** and **Philip Chorley** have both added to the stock of the Modern Languages Department, and, while Peter has involved himself in games and the CCF, Philip has rapidly become a committed and diligent librarian. David Dodwell's place, both in the classroom and down by the river, has been taken by **Jonathan Lewis**; and **Simon Pengeley** has joined the History Department to get it up to strength. We extend a hearty welcome to all of them.

Perhaps mention should also be made in this column of the School's only undefeated cricket XI this year — the Common Room XI. The side swept all before it — the Emeritii, Wallingford C.C., the Common Rooms of Pangbourne, Larkmead and The Dragon, and the Junior Colts, to name but a few. CMPB should be mentioned for some lusty hitting, but no comment is offered about his bowling. N.H.P. was a stylish and unselfish batsman, contrasting well with P.J.W., who hit everything in sight. Useful innings were also recorded by J.D.-H. and P.W.B., the latter often invoking a higher authority for a decision. D.G.C. held one amazing catch (very well publicised, subsequently). Malcolm Murfett and J.R.G. usually opened the bowling economically and

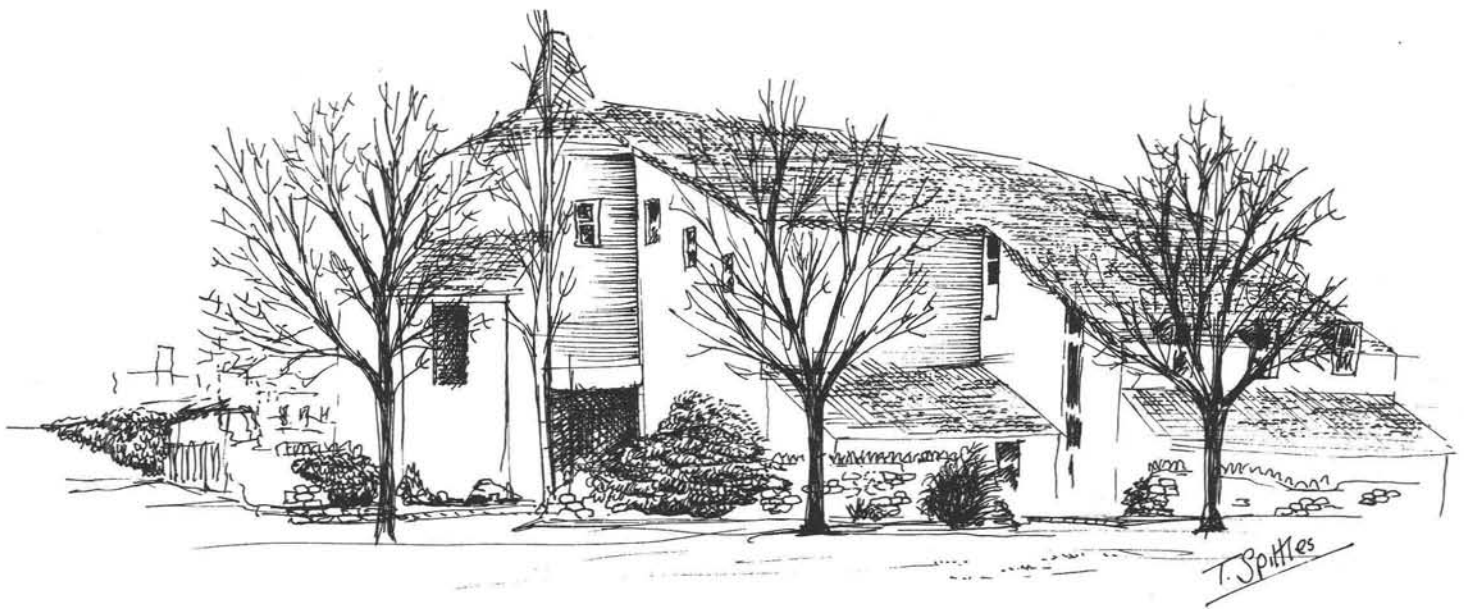
removed the chief resistance (J.R.G. taking the odd-hat trick but handicapped by some appalling captain's decisions), but there was a need for more class spin-bowling to back up N.H.P. Still, a tremendous season. Mrs. Wilmore is thanked for organising the teas.

Through this publication we offer our heartiest congratulations to **Mr. Eric Anderson** and his wife Poppy, on Eric's appointment to be Headmaster of Eton. To all who knew him, this was a deserved accolade to a most gifted Headmaster.

We congratulate **David and Judy Crawford** on the birth of a second son, Thomas, who later in life aspires to pack down with Jamie in a formidable front row (Lizzie hooking); and **Charlie and Mary Bush**, on the birth of their first child, Michael — another Australian Bush.

We record with regret the death of **Myna Hooke**, wife of John, one of our most dearly respected Governors. A memorial service was held in St. Helen's Church on Friday, 7th March.

We record with great regret, and with the warmest thanks for his years of devoted service, the retirement of **Sir George Sinclair** as a Governor of this School; and welcome, in Sir George's capacity as Chairman, **Mr. Gordon Bayley** (O.A.), who has already figured prominently in School life. We also welcome two new Governors, **Mr. David Maland**, current High Master of Manchester Grammar School; and **Lord Armstrong**, recently Head of the Civil Service and now Chairman of the Midland Bank.



SYMPOSIUM

When I joined the Symposium Committee recently, I didn't really know what was going on during the meetings. I just sat quietly in a corner trying to understand the complexities of the discussion. As far as I could make out Mr. MacDonald was supposed to be in charge; but such was the level of intellectual conversation that I often found it very difficult to discover just exactly how the arguments were proceeding. Sometimes it almost seemed as though Miss Peterson at the far end of the room was discussing something completely different from that which was being discussed at my end. However, I persevered and drank Mr. MacDonald's coffee (apparently this is one of the initiation tests), and luckily there was usually a summary at the end of each bout of rapidly fired suggestions.

"Let's make John into a sandwich-board."

"Can I have a cup of coffee?"

"Let's use Ben as a balloon advertisement, I mean all that hot air."

"I'm sorry I've spilt the milk."

"Well personally I think we should readjust the whole structure of Symposium to suit the needs of the ordinary people in the school."

"Shut up!"

"Oh I didn't know you were a member Mr. Cann."

"Let's have a meeting at St. Helen's."

"Yeah, a guided tour." Snigger.

"Look, about the opera trip."

"Excuse me, I seem to have sat on the sugar."

Well, by merely glancing at this you will be able to appreciate my difficulties, and wonder how Symposium can produce such things as diverse as a debate on homosexuality, a trip to Glyndebourne, and a visit to see druids parading about at three o'clock on a freezing June morning.

There is apparently some controversy within the Committee over what Symposium ought to be, and what it is. On the one hand there is a faction which thinks that Symposium should be "popularised", mostly lower down the School. On the other hand there are people who would like Symposium to be more related to concerts, theatre trips and activities along those lines. This friction is perhaps why for the last year an almost non-stop stream of activities have been organised by Symposium: debates, theatre-trips, panel games,

talks, poetry evenings — including a visit from John Fuller, concerts (trips to, and within the school), a ballet outing, cheese and wine evening from Mr. Martin Palmer, to name but a few. Yes, all this in spite of Mr. MacDonald's coffee, and one entire committee meeting devoted entirely to finding Mr. MacDonald in a school photograph; never let it be said that Symposium picks an easy task.

Scott McCracken

FILM SOCIETY

Film Society has improved vastly during the last two years, due mainly to the nurturing influence of **Mr. Paul Cann**, and is easily the most uniformly well-attended society in the school. This is also due to the fact that the films are chosen from ideas of any members who care to give any suggestions, and are high-quality, well-made and successful films of recent years.

The year started with a showing of Lindsay Anderson's *'If'*, a searing and incisive look at life in a repressive boarding school and the students' reaction to it. Although an attack on the system, it shows what students would like to imagine happening, but only happens in dreams. It had been on T.V. just beforehand, which is a problem with many films at Film Society, but most are worth a second or even a third look; this showing was well attended.

This was followed by Roman Polanski's *'Macbeth'*. The film is well-made and ingenious, and the play allows Polanski to bring out his famous obsession with darkness and evil. To the delight of all those gore fanatics in the audience, the film had liberal helpings of blood and severed limbs; still, it was a very strong and powerful adaptation of this famous play.

A little light relief followed with the hilariously funny *'Young Frankenstein'* directed by Mel Brooks. Brooks, Marty Feldman and Gene Wilder make a very funny combination, and most people enjoyed it. The next film was the much talked about and highly rated *'Marathon Man'*, directed by John Schlesinger. Despite excellent performances turned in by Dustin Hoffman and Sir Laurence Olivier, the film fell short of expectations, especially for those who had read the book.

'**One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest**' is highly provocative. It is a deeply emotional and moving film about life in an American mental asylum, and stirs one to react. Some people are shocked, others tearful, others amused, but it is a film which will not leave anyone indifferent. Relief was again on hand with Woody Allen's '**Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask**'. Allen's egotistical and sexually-orientated wit can become tedious at times, but his films are generally very funny. The term ended with '**On the Beach**', an adaptation of Nevil Shute's novel of the events and consequences of a nuclear war.

The Lent Term began, or rather didn't, with '**Monty Python and the Holy Grail**' (shown mid-week because of a broken projector). This was followed by '**Lady sings the Blues**', the life story of the famous blues singer, Billie Holiday. Diana Ross received an Oscar nomination for her first major acting role as Billie, and Richard Pryor is now a leading singer/comedian in America. Despite this, the film is exceptionally long and pays annoyingly pedantic attention to detail.

'**Dog Day Afternoon**', the next offering, is a very rich film. It documents an attempted bank robbery by a homosexual who needs the money for his lover to have a sex change. The robbery goes wrong and what ensues is often very funny. The film can be both amusing and deeply moving, but again it tends to stagnate in several places which rather spoils the high points. Still, it is generally a worthwhile film.

'**Rosemary's Baby**', again a Roman Polanski film based on Ira Levin's novel, was disappointing. This again had been on television a few weeks prior to the showing, but people turned up to watch. There were no remotely frightening moments, although the end was frighteningly inconclusive. However, the rest of the film made the end appear pointless. The Zeffirelli epic, '**Romeo and Juliet**', highlighted one of the worst aspects of Film Society. Some people infuriatingly talk throughout the films and insist on making supposedly clever and amusing comments. This serves to create an appalling atmosphere and utterly to ruin some very good films. This kind of behaviour is deplorable and very selfish. That apart, '**Romeo and Juliet**' is a very good production of the play. It is done 'straight', with none of the director's quirks or obsessions, and comes over beautifully to a responsive audience.

The term was rounded off with another Woody Allen film, '**Love and Death**'. Again, this film is highly amusing and also different in that it is set in Tsarist Russia of the Napoleonic wars.

This has been an entertaining year's films, all wells attended and appreciated by the large number of Film Society members, and we look forward to equal success in the following years.

Bryn Rhys (VI)

ABINGDON INTER-SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

This Society continues to provide an important link with the local schools through a number of social functions during the year. A Staff Representative and Committee of Sixth Formers from each school is normally responsible for

organising one event each year, and assisting in each of the other events.

Functions this year have included a Toga Party, Barn Dance, Ice-Skating at Bristol, and Carol Singing where money was raised for the Mayor of Abingdon's Fund for Old People. A Barbecue and Disco, and punting should be enjoyed in the summer term.

Thanks are due to **D. Game, B. Rhys** and **R. Thomas** for their work on the Committee.

R. J.

SCHOOLS CHALLENGE 1980

This year our team consisted of **David Game**, returning after an absence of two years and more erudite and sharper than ever, two promising juniors **Nicholas Sketch** (full of the most extraordinary information) and **Andrew H. Fisher** (a most knowledgeable fourth-year), and myself as captain. Our first match was at home against Bradfield on 5 February. We made a rather bad start against what was obviously quite a strong team (and to be watched in the future) but recovered well, winning 730 — 650. Next came Bloxham who had had a bye. The match, played away on 27 February, went very much in our favour from the very beginning; the result: 720 — 280. On 11 March we faced St. Edward's, Oxford. We found ourselves in an enormous hall, and being very much the 'focal point' did our nerves no good, but we rallied well to defeat St. Edward's decisively 650 — 520. This then took us to the regional finals for the third year running against Eton, our vanquished rivals of last year. We played at home on 20 March. Having started well, we soon established a lead of about 150 points. But something went wrong and Eton pulled back level. After a nerve-racking ten minutes, the laurels slipped from us by a very narrow margin of 480 — 420, to our great disappointment. Nevertheless we had at least given Eton a good run for their money, and have every intention of restoring our fortunes next year. We would like to thank Mr. G. Barrett for having chauffeured the team to Bloxham and St. Edward's with such skill and enthusiasm.

David Bradbury (VI)

I would like to add a few words of appreciation of **David Bradbury's** four-year participation in the Schools Challenge team since this has been, alas, his last performance. Not only has David captained the team well but has truly been its king pin. His impressive and at times stunning display of encyclopedic knowledge has become a legend. Before matches I have often been asked by apprehensive masters sponsoring rival teams whether 'that ginger-haired boy' was still in our team. To say 'yes' had a devastating effect on the enemy's morale. I hope that a suitable successor will emerge from the present Middle School, although I must admit it will be difficult to replace David.

W. H. Z.

ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS

In January, before most of us had begun to think of a new school year, a mini-bus of sixth-formers from here and from St. Helen's together with Mr. Barrett, headed for the frozen North on a repeat of the Arvon writing course that was so widely enjoyed in 1978. This week's experience was again at Heptonstall, a house in the wilder parts of the Yorkshire countryside loaned to the Arvon foundation by the poet Ted Hughes, and was every bit as successful as the last.

Martin Hyder, veteran of Ayckbourn bit-parts, allowed his droll ironies to seep gently into this account of his week:

LUMB BANK 1980

It seemed a good idea at the time. Of course, I told myself, you cannot actually write poetry but surely this minor disadvantage will be easily outweighed by the other aspects of the course: the rolling Pennine scenery, the camaraderie, the jolly games and the not infrequent visits to the pub.

With these comforting thoughts running through my mind I embarked on the Arvon Poetry Course in January and with thirteen other people shoe-horned myself into a position of unbelievable discomfort in the minibus. The first indication I had that all was not well was a few miles before the MI. I had foolishly assumed that the others had come on the course for the same reasons as I had, but as the journey progressed it became only too apparent how horribly wrong I was. When someone innocently suggested a game to while away the time, I imagined it would be 'I Spy' or 'road-sign spotting'. But not a bit of it: the game selected involved quoting huge chunks of Macbeth's soliloquies within a certain limit. Next came an incredibly difficult quiz which I did not know one single answer to. Slowly the cold realisation crept over me: this unprepossessing looking group of people were not here for a good laugh and a holiday thrown in, but had come to write deep, meaningful and beautiful poetry. Repressing the urge to hurl myself from the van at the next red light and hitch-hike home, I smiled wanly at the intense and serious faces around me, sunk deeper into my seat and stared fixedly out of the window.

Our arrival and general bustling about put paid to any more reflections I might have had and it was not until I was lying in my bunk that I had a chance to think again. Sleep was of course out of the question. I have always harboured a deep suspicion of continental quilts. How can a light and spongy piece of material draped over you possibly keep you warm? Answer, it cannot, of course and combine this lack of cover with a howling draught of Arctic temperature and you have the recipe for keeping the most wornout person very much awake. This was by no means the only thing I had to contend with. The occupant of the bunk above me was periodically consumed by a great racking

cough which set the bed swaying in the most alarming manner and to crown it all, someone else in the room was making a noise like a warthog sucking up porridge through a straw. After that first unforgettable night things calmed down considerably, and with an extra continental quilt on top of me, sleep was no longer denied.

Meanwhile the other aspiring writers on the course turned out, against all my expectations, to be a quite tolerable group of people. Gradually poetic thoughts gave way to silly games, and a pattern of life was established. It was unthinkable to retire before three in the morning and a few hardy souls stayed up all night for the doubtful pleasure of seeing the sun rise. One of the most amusing moments of the day was breakfast-time when hopelessly incompetent cooks tried to demonstrate to those around them that they prepared their meals at home daily. Burnt toast, burnt bacon, broken eggs and clouds of reeking smoke were very much the order of the day in the morning, whilst people make disparaging remarks about others' cooking. Those who did not have the energy to make their own, contented with last night's left-overs — coleslaw, cheese cake or the like. In fairness though I thought the breakfast I made for myself was excellent. The evening generally included a visit to the pub, where we were fortunate enough to meet a delightful old Yorkshireman, who in his time had been a war-hero, a shepherd, Ted Hughes' mentor, a celebrity, a tailor, a dog racer and a personal friend of Andre Previn and the entire London Symphony Orchestra. He was also a born raconteur and kept us all amused with his anecdotes of Heptonstall in the years before we were born. When we returned from the pub, it was not uncommon to find someone holding forth on a pet subject while the people around him smiled condescendingly, or pretended to be interested in a book.

Living with people for five days is interesting. One learns their idiosyncracies: one person ensures that no-one takes his place on the sofa by slopping soup over it, another pokes the fire so vigorously that it goes out almost at once, whilst a third never tires of telling us how he likes poems that can be understood first time, and then goes on to write a lot of totally incomprehensible rubbish.

After one late-night discussion I was alarmed to find myself surrounded by a lot of deep-thinking, guilt-ridden human beings. At the time I felt about as compassionate as an iceberg and my only feelings centred around myself. What alarmed me most was that I was unable to feel guilty about this lamentable state of affairs.

I can look back, now, on the whole Lumb Bank 'thing' as something infinitely worthwhile. I learned a lot there. First of all I now know that I cannot write poetry; secondly that poets, even if they aren't well off, are extremely generous; and thirdly that I never want to look at a toasted sandwich again. The next thing we've all got to worry about, is the photographs being developed...

Martin Hyder (VI)

*Elsewhere in the magazine we reprint one of the poems written by a member of the party.
Tim Screech — Lumb Chimney.*

Shortly before Christmas a party of would-be skiers left for the Austrian Tirol. They were led (in spirit only) by the intrepid Ted Eveleigh, who kindly contributed this article while suffering fairly severe ski-warp:

SKI TRIP TO AUSTRIAN TIROL

The ski party of twenty-two upper-sixth formers, led by Mr. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Webber went to Austria for a week just before Christmas. We were based in Gotzens near Innsbruck, but due to a lack of snow we were bused up to higher altitude and skied on the slopes of the Axamer Lizum where the 1976 winter Olympics were held. The snow conditions and skiing were very good, with just the occasional blizzard. Most of the party graduated onto the Olympic Women's Downhill course, which provided an adequate and exciting challenge. The course began with a one hundred yard run down solid ice along a ten yard wide causeway with a very steep drop on either side, across which a thirty to forty m.p.h. wind blew one day. There was a very adventurous group led by Ian Simpson and Mark Round determined to get into dangerous situations, and with this aim in mind they amused themselves on the men's Olympic slalom slope, graded "Black" (the hardest). This was a very steep icy slope entirely covered with moguls (bumps). At the end of the day it was possible to ski the five miles back to the hotel, through the forest trails and avalanche danger areas. There was deep powder snow to ski through, which was beautiful, and highly amusing.

We only had two major accidents (on the slopes). Whilst travelling at high speed Adrian Round had an unfortunate experience with a stationary metal stake. Adrian was badly bruised but the two-inch wide angle-iron stake was completely bent over. The worst injury was sustained by Brynley Rhys who (with one day's skiing experience) tried a small ski jump. He was airborne for about twenty feet before landing in a ditch, which bruised his ankle badly. Declared "unfit for duty" Brynley did not ski again but cheerfully amused himself alone high up on the slopes. The skiing itself was great fun, and generally held to be an exhilarating and thrilling experience.

The same cannot be said for our place of residence, the "Pension Edelweiss". This hotel was more suited and organised for fourteen-year-olds, and rich fourteen-year-olds at that. We were "verboten" to drink water at meals (on threat of confiscation of skis). We raised our objections to our Scottish Tour Operator — Marlin — as we were not allowed to consume any alcohol. She was not very forthcoming.

Nightlife was — to say the least — lacking in vitality. The hotel's disco could hardly be rated with "Studio 54". Tim Jefferson and Ian Viney tried to hold a Toga Party but it was banned by the highly bolshy hotel proprietor, mumbling something about sheet wear-and-tear. Most people had to content themselves improving their hand at "Space Invaders". However, we did manage to enjoy ourselves in the hotel since there was a party of thirteen — fourteen year old school girls from

Wimbledon. Andrew Crutchlow was heard to have addressed one of these fair nymphs with the eloquent phrase — "Oi you, come 'ere. Watcha doin' ternight?"

Although the time in the hotel was occasionally traumatic — (Mark Round made friends with the Manager by breaking a sofa) — there can be no complaints about the skiing which was excellent. Our thanks go to Mr. Johnson and the Webbers for organising the expedition and for looking after us.

C.C.F. and Outward Bound activities have been their usual vigorous and fairly prolific self during the past year. In the articles that follow most of the camps and courses are described. In addition, there have been teams in the Ten Tors competition on Dartmoor, expeditions to the Lake District for the second year (fell-walking) and the fourth (winter snow techniques), and Arduous Training in rotten weather in Scotland.

THE ROYAL NAVY SECTION

The Naval Section produced a good turnout at the Annual Inspection in March 1980, despite an unpromising prelude the previous week. The 'march past' went well, except for some difficulties keeping in time with the band. The old uniform came up quite well despite the difficulties involved, and hopefully it will be replaced this year. The new uniform includes white shorts and 'woolly pullies'. These will make a smart turnout much easier. Activities being inspected included expedition preparation, a good rigging demonstration, boatwork and canoes, weapon training and instruction in navigation.

Having acquired a 16ft. motor boat in 1979, we have just received a Lark Dinghy to add to our Enterprise Dinghy and growing fleet of canoes. This latter is being built by a group of Cadets in the Old Gun Shed. In addition to our own boats we have the use of an ASC and power boat at Radley College.

Courses attended recently by cadets included Air Acquaint, an excellent leadership and post-proficiency course at **HMS Royal Arthur**, the popular General Camp at **HMS Raleigh, Plymouth**, and Arduous Training with the Royal Marines. Courses this year will include more Air Acquaint and Adventurous Training, in addition to Sailing, Power and Pulling Boats, and Naval Acquaint courses.

Sea training has had several attendances. Leading Seamen Colgan and Allinson spent several days on **HMS Intrepid** and Petty Officer Dykes several days on **HMS Leander**. Sail Training on board **Royalist** was attended by Prentis, and on **S.T.S. Malcolm Miller** by C.P.S. Bromhall for which a T.A.S.S. grant was gratefully awarded.

Thanks are due to Lt. Johnson whose guiding hand will be missed and to Sub. Lt. Lewis, to both of whom go best wishes for the future.

Giles Wilson

The Sultan's Head Trophy for Best Cadet was awarded to Coxswain G. Wilson at the Final Parade of the Annual Inspection. He has proved a most reliable and competent leader of the Section.

R. J.

THE R.A.F. SECTION

In the last 12 to 18 months, the R.A.F. section has improved enormously, due to the willingness of the N.C.O.'s to organise activities efficiently, and for the others involved to co-operate with enthusiasm. This improvement has attracted a recorded number of new recruits, the short term help of Mr. Munro, and (hopefully) the more long term help of Mr. Halstead.

Several activities, previously alien to the section, have appeared on the agenda: for example, numerous overnight exercises, and a lot of hard work has been put in on the assault course.

The recent number of Flights in Chipmunks from **R.A.F. Abingdon** has increased greatly, due to the hard work of Robert Stanway, Guy Neville and Andrew Rowe (all staff cadets at R.A.F. Abingdon).

Due to all this and other hard work, a large amount of success has been achieved away from school. There have been two very successful camps, one in Germany and one at **R.A.F. Linton-on-Ouse**. P. Tidmarsh, R. Hooley, A. Thomas, M. Harrison, and J. Walker have all recently earned their gliding wings, and Robert Stanway and Patrick Tidmarsh were both awarded flying scholarships in the summer, Patrick going on to pass the test for his private pilot's licence.

Finally, many thanks must be extended to the R.A.F. Regiment at R.A.F. Abingdon for all their help, and to Captain Fox for all his hard work for cadets from all three sections.

Roland Hooley

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

The Award Scheme is run on an entirely voluntary basis, and its demanding nature accounts for the relatively small numbers gaining awards compared with those who embark on the Scheme. Requirements include service to the community, thorough training leading to an assessed expedition, perseverance at some pursuit or hobby, and progress made at some physical recreation.

At least 70 boys have entered the Scheme since its re-introduction to the School just over 2 years' ago, and 10 Awards have been obtained since then. However some have left School without intending to complete their Awards, and others have obtained their Record Books but not managed to complete even one section.

Congratulations to those who have recently obtained Awards. I. Sargeant received his Gold Award at Buckingham Palace on 25th March, 1980, and J. Higgs and D. Scott await their invitations having completed their Golds. Silver Awards have recently been obtained by J. Young, P. Morris and S. Scott and Bronze by P. Meadows. Others who are likely to complete their Gold Awards in the near future are G. Wilson, D. Game, R. Dykes, J. Young and N. Burd.

Thanks are due to Dr. Kanagasabay (parent) and Mr. Beadle for organising First Aid Course, Officers of Abingdon Fire Station, and those of the teaching staff who have supervised, instructed or assessed physical activities, expeditions or hobbies.

R. J.

ARDUOUS TRAINING 1980

Once more we made the arduous trip up to Carsphairn, including the traditional night stop at Carlisle Castle. An early start the next morning was ensured by a banger going off outside our room! On arriving at the camp site some of us started to unload the 4-tonner and put up the tents, while others pleaded travel sickness and were not able to help. The large amount of snow on the mountains meant that most of the walks were slightly shorter than usual; though the experience gained by walking in bad weather conditions will be invaluable in the future. We were lucky to have four O.A.'s who knew the area quite well, and although Mark Saunders led one group back to where they started by mistake, nobody got seriously lost. This year we had the added luxuries of an 'officers' toilet tent' and our own cook who provided excellent food throughout the week (there is no connection between the two). Apart from the walks, we blew up an enemy-patrolled bridge with ten-man ration packs (this incidentally took place on April 1st!) and did a river crossing without getting our feet wet by means of two ropes.

All in all it was a thoroughly enjoyable week, for which we must thank Mr. Griffin, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Webber, and in particular Captain Fox, who spent so much time organising the vehicles and equipment, without which Arduous Training would not be possible.

Tim Haworth

TEN TORS, DARTMOOR, MAY 1979

We left on Friday morning to get to Oakhampton by the late afternoon, where we would pitch our base camp.

We were woken up at 5.00 a.m. by the tannoy system and the count down began: "90 minutes till starting time". After arriving at the start at 6.30 for our final scrutineering, we had to set off late at 7.18 because 2½ thousand other people had the same idea.

Due to the hasty pace making of Tim Haworth and Tim Johnston we covered the first 8 miles in 2 hours which was hard going considering the terrain.

Twelve hours and 34 miles later we finally ground to a halt on our blistered feet. I cooked our dehydrated 'meal' as quickly as possible, then we all fell gladly off to sleep.

We set off again at 7.00 a.m. to walk the one mile to our seventh Tor. After plodding on throughout the morning to our ninth Tor, we were still not sure whether we would finish. En route for our tenth Tor we 'bumped' into the fourth (now fifth) form group who were still going well. We arrived at our tenth Tor at 12.00 and were allowed a full hour's rest by our group leader!

With victory in sight we covered the last seven miles in two hours with three hours to spare. We received our medals and our free meal and then went back to camp to pack and make the long journey home.

Our thanks to Mr. 'Bob' Johnson for all his work behind the scenes.

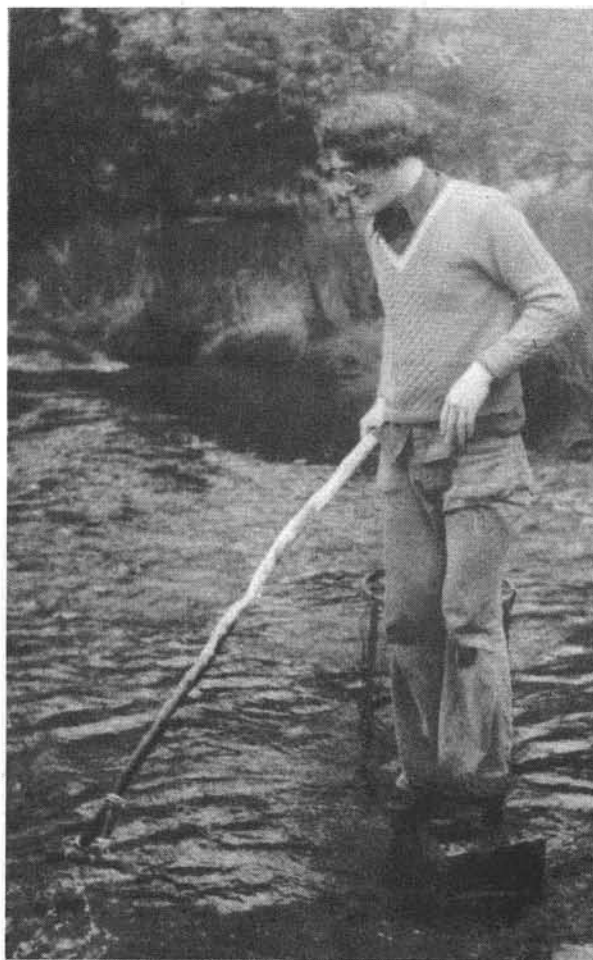
Paul Dubenski

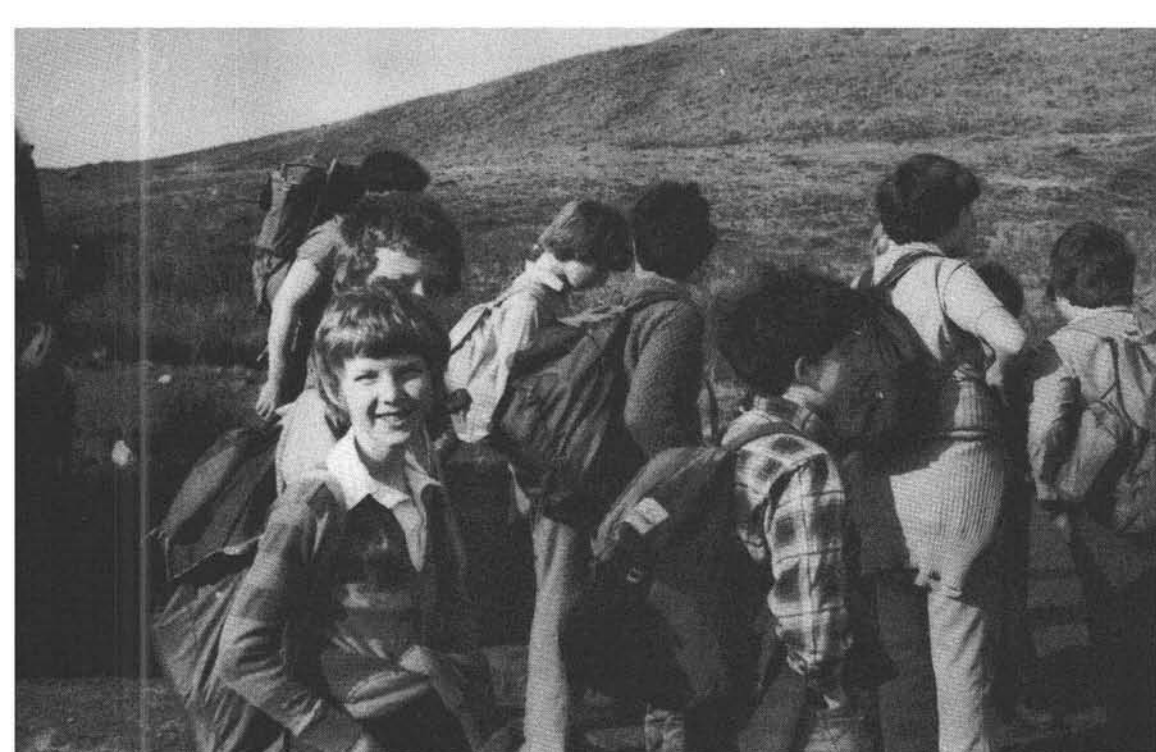
Dolgoed — early September, 1st — 9th, 1979

Things we did: pulled a dead sheep out of the stream on the third day — explored Ratgoed slate mines — climbed Snowdon via Crib Goch — visited Alternative Technology exhibition in Machynlleth — climbed Cader Idris very fast (Clive Bromhall running up) — visited Tryslas nature reserve — went on the Talylyn railway — played luminous frisbee at night — played a great deal of cards — enjoyed a professional standard of cuisine (inspired by Clive Bromhall).

Party consisted of: G.N.F., Philip Todd, Clive Bromhall, Matthew Hunt, James Griggs, Howard Mulvey, Miles Ashley, Andrew Wright, David Spivey.

Rats: Yes — one, spotted by G.N.F.





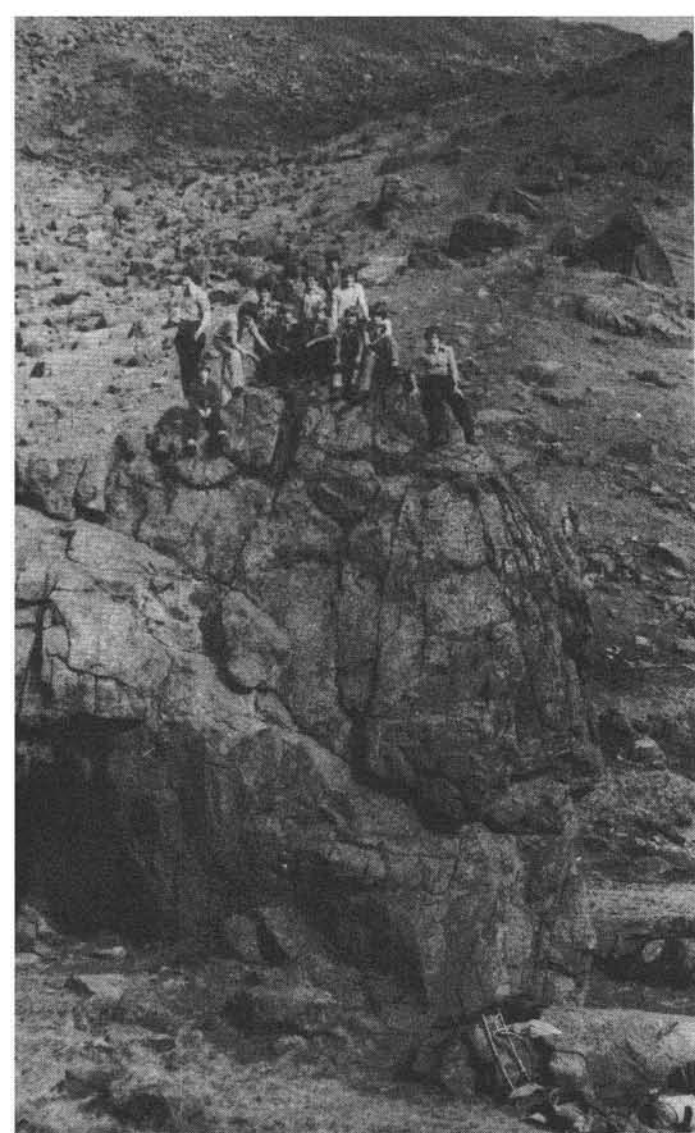
Coniston: time to take bearing, get your pack comfortable, this of some excuse to stay in the bi ...



Single file: a longish haul Boulder Valley. Coniston (Man (our eventual destination and lunch-stop) just visible in the mist above.



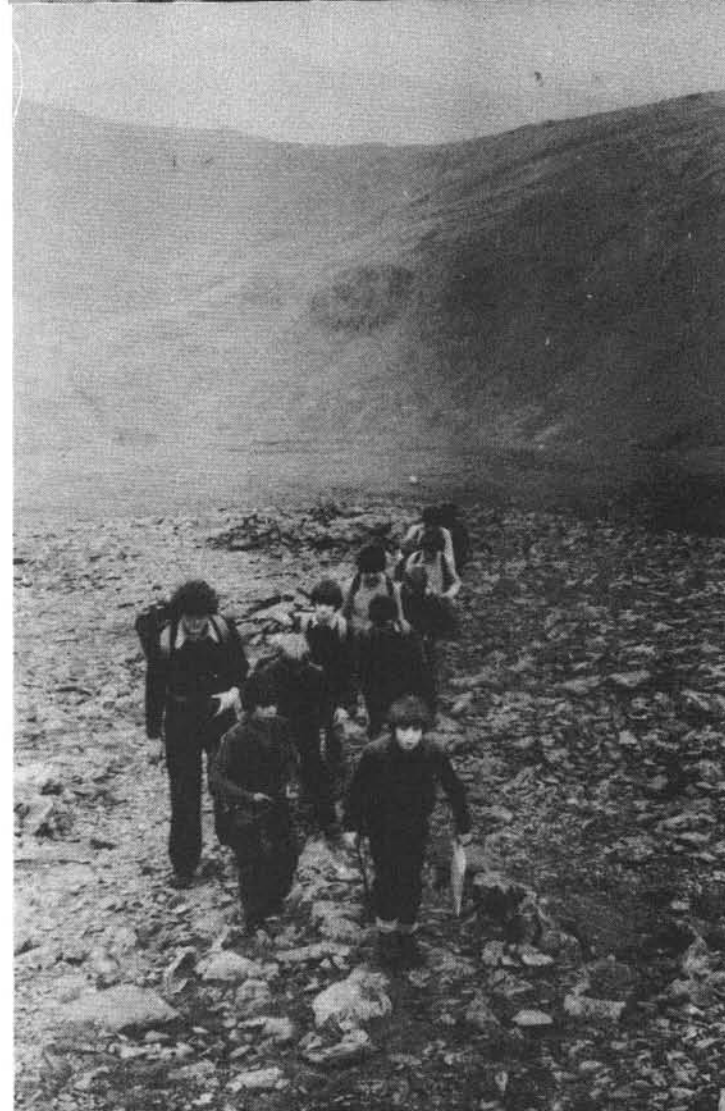
A brief stop on top of the Pudd. Stone — time to practise yo rock climbing ...



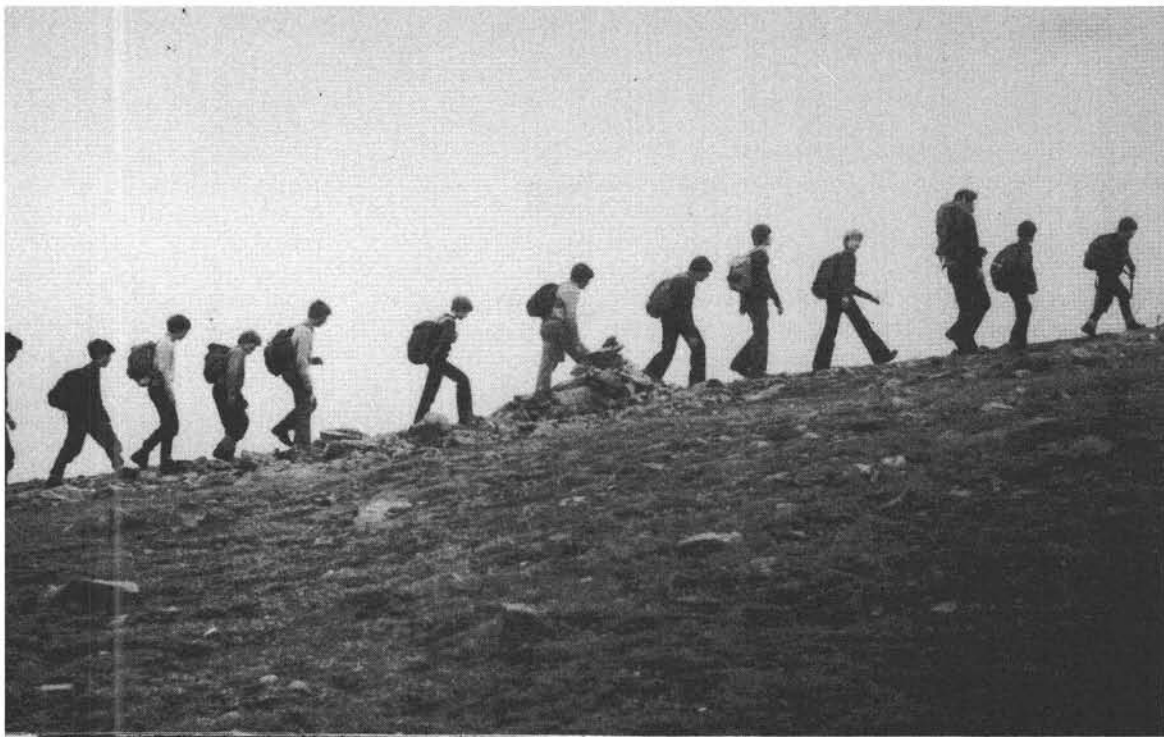
Here's a better shot of the Pudding Stone. You can see why it's called Boulder Valley ...



Of course that rest couldn't last long. Now it's the long haul up to Swirl How, up the Prison Band. It's a lot steeper (and narrower) than it looks here ...



Up on top now — over 2000 feet climbed already. A long, long ridge walk up to the Old Man (2,700 feet) ...



Just keep plodding on and on and up, think of lunch, rest feet ...



At last: the cairn on top of the Man. Lunch (Spam sandwich, hot blackcurrant, Mars bar) well, anything tastes good when you're hungry ...



Coniston down in the Valley, the Lake in the distance, through the mist ...



On the way down — this can be even more tiring on the feet than going up!



A slate mine — time to poke about and persuade Mr Frykman to disappear ...



Back in the bus. Don't we look happy?

MUSIC

DIARY : SUMMER TERM 1979

We began with the Chamber Choir herded off to the church of St. Mary, Redcliffe, Bristol. This trip was notable for the organ-playing of Garth Benson, the superb singing of Keith Bromley in Stanford's **Magnificat** and **Nunc Dimittis in G**, and the ritual consumption of fish and chips afterwards. Peter Wakefield sang the solo in the **Nunc Dimittis** and the anthem, also by Stanford, was '**Justorum Animae**'.

Later in the term the Chamber Choir made their annual pilgrimage to Marsh Gibbon at the invitation of John Cutforth, where they are accustomed to expect a plenitude of Gibbonites. The service comprised Balfour Gardiner's lush '**Evening Hymn**' ("Music to eat treacle tart by"), Moeran's **Evening Canticles** and the Stanford **Motets**. After the cakes and cider on Mr. Cutforth's lawn came a rollicking rendition of Radcliff's '**Fecisti Nos**' to express the choir's thanks for another Gibbonic welcome.

In the Grand Summer Concert at Trinity Church Paul Slade performed Bach's **A minor Violin Concerto** with the Chamber Orchestra, the various Wind and Brass groups 'tangoed' and 'fancied' with Mr. Jones; and the Chamber Choir sang '**Bobby Shaftoe**' (arranged originally for the King's Singers by one obscure "T. J.") and then a part-song by Mansel Thomas (a certain "T. J.'s" father-in-law) '**My True Love Hath my Heart**'.

The second half was given over to the First Orchestra who played some Elgar ditties and Weber's '**Concertino for Horn and Orchestra**' admirably played by Andrew Antcliff. One would have forgiven him even if he had not apologised to the audience for a small mistake in a passage where he had to sing down, and play his instrument at the same time! Lastly, the orchestra, under Mr. James, gave a passionate account of Bruckner's **Fourth Symphony**. At times the passion reached such a fevered pitch that one wondered whether the orchestra would melt under the heat of the music or of that sultry mid-summer's evening.

Philip Blackburn

DIARY — MICHAELMAS TERM 1979

Wednesday, the 12th of September: as a haze of pipe-smoke clears, the shape of Mr. James is just visible, reclining in the Director's chair, surrounded by an entourage of familiar music school faces. An enthusiastic Welsh guffaw marks the beginning of another year in the life of the music school. An interior clutter of music staff and sycophants mirrors the chaos of the building site outside, which surrounds the music school shoe-box with mud, site pre-fabs, and of course the ever-increasing Amey Hall which this Wednesday is already looking very impressive. But this obstacle course of workmen's Mercedes and giant yellow machinery does not prevent access to the

original music school, which retains its well-established character.

Saturday, the 6th of October: a small group of performers with spinet goes out to Marcham Church for a small concert of baroque chamber music (vocal and instrumental). A search for an organ light proves to be quite challenging: does the rector have one at his house or is Stephen Clarke's the right size for this particular organ? Well, the voluntary church duster and brass-cleaner passes the time with his family's life-history and, somehow, a light is found.

A Derek Jones 'Variety' Concert on the 11th of November displays the opposite end of the musical spectrum with selections of music for wind and brass bands, providing a light-hearted, entertaining evening for the enthusiastic full house. Solos played by Andrew Mellor (cornet) and Paul Willett (of National Youth Orchestra fame) enhance the evening, as do Mr. Jones' introductory anecdotes which, this evening, avoid mention of the pools!

An evening devoted to the Chamber Choir and Chamber Orchestra follows on the 17th of November with numerous pieces for choir and soloists; in particular three works by Bach: the Motet "**Jesu priceless treasure**", the beautiful **A minor Violin Concerto** (Paul Slade), and the **Prelude and Fugue in F minor** for organ (Stephen Clarke) in which the Prelude is followed by a rather lengthy pause while the organist changes the stops and the audience commences a hesitant applause which betrays a certain musical ignorance, but shows a genuine appreciation.

A third 'specialist' concert takes place on the 26th of November with the First Orchestra playing, under Mr. James' dynamic direction, a programme of contrasts. Stephen Mulvey arrives just in time for Mozart's "**Sinfonia Concertante**" for four wind soloists and orchestra after a strenuous day at the restaurant! This substantial and delightful piece provides a poignant first half of the concert. During the interval someone accidentally informs Tim Kermode of the cost of the Bosendorfer Grand he is to play in the second half: but any extra apprehension proves only to enhance the performance of Shostakovich's **Piano Concerto No. 2** which is admirably accompanied by an orchestra that must display its full resources to balance the delicate touch of the Kermode pianist — this balance being particularly successful in the Rachmaninovian 2nd Movement. Finally a sigh of recognition greets the 'Onedin Line' theme in the first of two movements from Khachaturian's '**Spartacus**'.

The last 'epic' concert of the term involves the Abingdon School Choral Society, School Choir and Orchestra in a programme of English choral music, the main work being Elgar's '**Music Makers**' — a work that incorporates many of the composer's best known tunes, and a work that a number of people definitely did not particularly like until 'converted' by this successful performance with Sybil Michelow, Contralto. The usual drawbacks of St. Helen's Sports' Hall encourage the customary frustration from performers and audience alike. This year, it's not in vain: the impressive Amey Hall promises to be a superb concert hall for such occasions — it is still hard to imagine it cleared of the glorious mud and the scaffolding that covers the stage at present!

Going back a few weeks, there was a concert in Farnborough Abbey on the 24th November, when the recently-formed "**Cantate**" (a select choir comprising pupils of St. Helen's and Abingdon Schools) and a few instrumentalists entertained the monks of the beautiful and very much alive abbey. Unlike the monks, dressed in their coarse black cassocks, who were probably immune to the chill that complemented the vast stone structure, the performers got their 'fuel' from a visit to "Kentucky Fried Chicken" and the Local. Under Mr. Robertson's direction the choir sang some Mozart Vespers with Keith Bromley's solo treble projecting beautifully in the Abbey's resonance (and the less said about the minibus home, the better!).

For a music school that seems to shrink every day, this was a term saturated with musical activity with as much going on 'un-performed' as was aired publicly. As always, there were Chamber Choir trips to cathedrals (Hereford and Chichester this term) and the Sunday Informal Concerts, one of which included a new composition by our resident composer, Philip Blackburn; a Gordon Jacob Quintet; and a comic duo from the Kowszun brothers. 'Good-bye's' were sadly said to the departing trio: Tim Kermodé, Stephen Mulvey and Philip Todd whose invaluable contributions to school music will be missed by all.

With the Carol Services over, the Director of Music's room was deserted for a Christmas breather while everyone hibernated.

Mark Murray

DIARY: LENT TERM 1980

The unavoidable noise made by the builders' machines and transistor radios managed to obliterate much of the music-making in the Music School during the Lent term, although a number of bricklayers took it upon themselves to give us the occasional vocal rendering during orchestra rehearsals! Fortunately, however, there was ample opportunity for the musicians to express themselves without running the risk of being struck by lighting fitments and the like, as was Mr. Robertson's fate.

The first event of the term was a very well organised Music Society afternoon concert trip to the Royal Festival Hall, London to hear the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Bernard Haitink play a Beethoven programme, which was thoroughly enjoyed.

'**Cantores in Concordia**', the small choir composed of staff and boys, made harmonious noises on two occasions. The first was a celebration of the Presentation of Christ in the Temple, while the second (at the end of term) for the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary saw not only the performance of Palestrina's mass '**Missa Aeterna Christimunera**' and Parson's fine "**Ave Maria**" but also Mr. James receiving a great deal of exercise as he ran very energetically between Chapel and organ loft, playing the organ and conducting almost simultaneously.

The first major concert of the term occurred on

4th February. The Second Orchestra gave a performance of the famous '**Hymn to Joy**' from Beethoven's Choral Symphony, and Weinberger's '**Schwander the Bagpiper**'. The concert also included performances by Daniel Ruiz of the very known '**Trumpet Voluntary**' now attributed to Jeremiah Clarke; by Stephen Clarke (no relation!) who played three chorale preludes for organ by J. S. Bach; by the Clarinet Ensemble; by Mr. Robertson singing one of Handel's seemingly-innumerable arias; and by the recently-formed String Quartet whose members are Jonathan Holt, Ian Flitcroft (violins), Andrew Harrison (viola) and Paul McLoughlin (Cello) who played a Mozart string quartet.

Two Music Society events took place at the beginning of March. The first, a very successful Welsh Food evening, gave Mr. James the opportunity to display his culinary skills to the 100 lucky ticket holders. A dire soup shortage was quickly rectified with a few 'Oxo' cubes and some water, and the meal was followed by the Director's weighing ceremony prior to his 2-month diet (8 pounds already lost!) to raise money for equipment for the new Music School. The other event was a Cake and Jumble sale when the cakes sold twice as fast as the jumble leaving the Music Society with a profit of £60 and rather more jumble than they wanted!

The Bishop of Reading was the celebrant at the annual Confirmation Service attended by the Chamber Choir, which sang Evensong the following week in Christ Church, Oxford. After a fine service, the trebles led the rest of the choir into an abortive attempt at a procession, much to the dismay of their Precentor!

An Informal Concert, when the programme is open to anyone, was held on 17th March in the Music School Hall. As usual, a very high standard was maintained, and items included the delightful '**Sea Fever**' by John Ireland sung by Julian Hamilton-Peach (baritone), the Violin concerto in A minor by Vivaldi played by 3 soloists in turn (Keith Bromely, Roger Smith and N. Cheng), a treble duet by Boyce sung by Jeremy Allanson and Adam Spring and the string quartet this time playing the very exciting '**Miniature**' string quartet by David Stone.

The last week of term saw the main term's concert in Trinity Church. The Chamber Orchestra under David Robinson played two pieces, one by Ernst Krenek, the other by the English composer, Stephen Dodgson. The School Choir, under Mr. Brett (due to the indisposition of Mr. Robertson), sang the well-known '**O Clap your hands**' by Vaughan-Williams, and the Chamber Choir sang three secular pieces, one by Brahms, a Vaughan Williams arrangement of an English folk-song, and a Welsh love-song including a treble solo sung by Huw James to 'round off' the first half of the concert. The second half was taken up entirely by First Orchestra playing three splendid movements from '**Job**' by Vaughan Williams (soloists: Michael Bradbury (flute), Mark Murray (oboe), Paul McLoughlin (cello) and Paul Slade (violin)), a beautiful '**Intermezzo**' from Delius' '**Fennimore and Gerda**', and finally the very lively, jolly '**English Folk-songs Suite**' again by Vaughan Williams. So ended an all-eventful musical term.

Richard Bacon

Marcus Willett *who has joined the double-bass section of the National Youth Orchestra, has played recently in concerts in the Royal Festival Hall and the Fairfield Hall, Croydon, working under international conductors. One such conductor was the Russian Kyril Kondrachin; Marcus was asked to step in as interpreter!*

Paul Willett *(French Horn) has given lunch-time recitals in Leeds, and was also a soloist with the Concerto Orchestra playing Britten's **Serenade** at Culham, with the South Rhineland Youth Orchestra in Oxford, and in the School's Michaelmas Term orchestral concert.*

Jonathan Kowszun *was a finalist in the BBC TV's **Young Musician of the Year** competition, taking 3rd place in his section final. He is also a regular member of the National Youth Brass Band.*

Philip Blackburn *has written several pieces which have been performed this year, including a set of carols for the School Carol Service.*

Tim Kermode and Stephen Mulvey *both won choral awards last Autumn, at New College, Oxford, and at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, respectively.*



THE ABINGDON SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS SOCIETY

Abingdon School is closely associated with the subscription concerts which have been a feature of Abingdon life since 1959. The venue has changed over the years as better halls have become available and we approach the 1980 series with the expectation that improved acoustics, visibility and indeed comfort will accompany a move to the School's new Amey Hall.

Running a successful concert society is not an easy task. Increased costs makes the choice of suitable artists more difficult and the small organizing committee must always try to predict what their prospective subscribers will enjoy and be prepared to pay for! Happily, last season was a particularly successful one, in which we were privileged to hear an outstanding opening concert given by pupils of the Menuhin School under their director Peter Norris. No less than four of these young players, all between the ages of ten and seventeen, have subsequently appeared on the BBC's Young Musician of the Year Programme, and Clare McFarlane reached the last four finalists. The remaining three concerts continued this high standard, being given by the young 'cellist Julian Lloyd Webber, the Vega Wind Quintet and the Academy of Ancient Music under the directorship of Christopher Hogwood.

The School's Director of Music is, ex officio, the Society's Concert Secretary and Terry James can take considerable credit for his influence in the choice of artists and works to be performed. We hope for continued success next season, which opens with a clarinet recital by Jack Brymer followed by the Medici String Quartet. The new year will feature the pianist and composer Andre Tchaikowsky and close to the sounds of sackbut, crumhorn, nandora and voice from the London Early Music Group, who will present a varied programme of 16th century music.

This year has seen a very encouraging increase in the support of this venture by boys in the school and their parents. Naturally we hope that this will extend even further when the concert series takes advantage of the increased capacity offered by the Amey Hall. If the next season is as successful, financially, as this has been, then it will ensure that the 1981 season will continue to command the services of eminent performers.

Dr. B. Forsyth

THE VISIT BY THE SOUTH RHINELAND YOUTH ORCHESTRA FROM BONN

For many of us Half-term consisted of three and a half days full of hectic activity, with very late nights and early mornings. The idea was to return the wonderful hospitality the Chamber Choir had enjoyed in Bonn two years ago, to strengthen friendships made then and, if possible, to create new ones; at the same time to work on a musical programme which was to involve both groups, and culminate in two concerts: an orchestral one on Saturday February 16th in Trinity Church, and a combined one in Oxford Town hall on the following Monday. Our visitors did not arrive until Friday afternoon (more than an hour late, as they had

tried to bypass London); and by the time they arrived, the School Wind Band, which had rehearsed to greet them, had packed up and gone home, and so had the Headmaster, who had planned an official welcome. Once the introductions were made, our guests were whisked away smartly by their hosts, to have their English meal, and no doubt to sleep off the fatigue resulting from an overnight journey. Some of the Germans ventured out that night to sample an English pub, and two of them were promptly beaten up in Abingdon Town Centre. One way to learn that hooliganism is an international phenomenon!

Saturday morning and afternoon were taken up by rehearsals for the orchestra, including some of our players (mainly brass) who, as the Germans put it, "amplified" their orchestra, which not only seems to be chronically short of brass players, but was also sadly depleted due to 'flu', a virus just as much at home in Germany as here. They made up for it by a magnificent string-section, which could be the envy of many youth orchestras. Our players were thrown in at the deep end, playing with a strange orchestra and under a conductor who spoke no English. They also experienced some way-out music by a young Bonn composer, **Friedhelm AUFENANGER**, who came over with the party. They managed extremely well though, and by the time fish and chips were served in Trinity Church Hall, between the last rehearsal and the concert, they were fully assimilated into the orchestra.

The concert was impressive. The works performed before a capacity audience were by Schubert, AUFENANGER and Hindemith, with Nina Dahlhausen, the senior conductor's daughter, playing a fine viola-solo. At the end came the (in Germany) obligatory bouquets, Herr Dahlhausen taking his to pieces and handing individual blooms to a number of players.

Sunday was less hectic, the afternoon given to sightseeing in Oxford, (Messrs. Frykman and Robertson and Mr. Nevil Johnson acting as guides), followed by tea, and then Choral Evensong in Christ Church Cathedral. This kind of service is very much an English institution, and our guests were very impressed.

Monday was, once again, hard work. Rehearsals morning and afternoon, a sherry-reception (with unintelligible speeches) by the Lord Mayor of Oxford, and a Buffet Tea for 120 in true Abingdon School Music Society style. Thank you, ladies; the Germans could hardly believe their eyes!

Another good concert, with both orchestra and Chamber Choir performing admirably, and with two splendid young soloists: Jack Gibbons from Oxford (piano), and our own Paul Willett (horn). Bernhard Dahlhausen, Wolfgang Pfankuchen and Terry James took turns conducting. The party (for orchestra, choir and host-families) which followed would have gone on much longer, had not the Town Hall staff decided they wanted to go home, and insisted on turning the lights out.

Despite all the late nights, lots of friendly and cheerful farewells were exchanged in Conduit Road at 6.30 a.m. on Tuesday. Our apologies to the inhabitants of that area!

What did our German guests take back home with them? A lot of friendship, the impression that "all these English people are so extraordinarily

nice", an acquaintance with Oxford, male choirs,
fish and chips, Choral Evensong

Some of us were left wondering whether
Abingdon Coaches might one of these days offer
W.C., washroom, stereo-installation, air con-
ditioning, and "Wärmeschutzverglasung". This,
anyway, was the last word visible on the rear of
one of the coaches as it turned round the corner
into Ock Street. It would be good to see them all
again one day.

Ulla Johnson

LUMB CHIMNEY

The mill owner married the younger
daughter of a baronet
And went to France. The Young
employees curtsied home, crying
Yorkshire tears into reject cloth skirts
and dreamed
Of Paris fashion and rich young men. They
had held out vain hopes of him,
Even the plain ones, but now, united in
disappointment,
They were glad to see him gone. They
expected no change.
(They only wanted employment and
husbands. And children to serve the
mill.)
They returned to work next day, frivolous-
minded, gay.
Then the manager left — for a week they
said.
He never returned. Perhaps he went to
Manchester, his four sons too,
And there were more young men who
would not make love
On these organic hills. And then no wages
came.
For a while they carried on, expectant,
hopeful.
Then came nothing.
And again nothing.
The girls left the mill. Flirting home to
hunched houses,
Speculative. Living with relations
(uncanonical to marry them)
With half of every generation dead
before puberty.
Then came news : the mill was sold.
Still uncomprehending? Sold, Girls, not
changing hands.

Large-handed men broke and
vasectomised. And soon the mill,
Five storeys proud, was no longer there.
Its stones have built
A workhouse and some cottages. It is
gone
And we miss the beauty of its cruelty.

And now, of those ailing generations, the
rest have spent their power,
And decay, gloriously, into the rich hill-
side ground, fertile and growing.
A baronetcy lies vacant. A Parisian
residence is demolished.
But one chimney stands : a gaffer telling
it was once capable,
Just like you. It stands in state. Loin-
clothed in small shrubs
And bushy growth. Modesty dictates it
hide the swamped
Glory of its fulling processes. Little walls,
once naked, now
Impotent, are hidden from the mocking
gaze of youth towards the bodies of the
old.
Yet the chimney stays. No-one wanted
curved stones and so its
Lost virility is there for you to see. You can
look up
Inside its hollowness. Pitifully
emasculate.
Once some old men (dried-up like it) lit
a fire beneath.
The chimney remembered old passion
and stiffened
Smoking its white richness over the hills.
Copulating with the sky, begetting again
old Yorkshire.

Tim Screech

CRICKET

1st XI

ROUND-UP

As the reports below reflect, cricket was as flourishing as ever in 1979. My thanks to the most voluble of scorers for the report on the 1st XI. Paul Spencer was only once temporarily, but spectacularly, silenced when the six he mentions in his article landed practically on top of his scorebook. Congratulations to Alan Thomas, winner of the Morris Cup for best all rounder (an excellent cover point and splendidly consistent opening bat), to Adrian Johnson, winner of the Smithson Cup, and to Simon Minter, who was awarded the Henderson Cricket prize. Graham Halsey was a positive captain who made some more than generous declarations in order to try and achieve a result; it was fitting that he and Adrian both scored their maiden centuries before the season ended.

The two new 'hard' nets on Waste Court Field were valuable additions to our facilities. TASS very kindly made a grant of £300 towards the cost of the rubber matting; many thanks to those members of the cricket club who helped to match this figure through sponsorship for individual performances throughout the term. The final total, part of which went towards the purchase of a new slip cradle, was £328, of which £114 was collected by the Minors game. Well done. My final thanks are to all who helped with the catering, to Mr. Bagshaw and to my M.C.R. colleagues who gave up so many hours of their time in assisting the running of the sport at all levels, and to Geoffrey Lanham, a most efficient Secretary.

N. H. P.



In many ways the season was very successful and some exciting cricket was played under the aggressive leadership of Graham Halsey. The record (won 6, drawn 8, lost 3) was similar to last year's performance and included some nail-biting finishes.

Of the six victories the two most memorable were against the **S.O.As** and **St. Edward's**. A very strong S.O.A. batting line up was dismissed for 134, and St. Edward's lost their last 5 wickets for 12 runs and the match by 1 run! Simon Minter and William Mellor took 5 and 3 wickets respectively. We had another good 'cricket week', easily winning the matches against **Magdalen** and **Bloxham**. **U.C.S.** held out for a boring draw and we failed to take the last O.A. wicket. We were well beaten by **Brentwood**, but the defeat by **Radley** should never have occurred. At 102 for 3 we looked set for a comfortable victory; however, as was liable to happen, we had a collapse with our middle order batting failing again, throwing away the good work of the previous 5 hours' play.

Our opening batsman gave us a good start in the majority of the matches. Gareth Harper, Alan Thomas and Adrian Johnson all scored consistently, but we tended to rely too heavily on them. Thomas and Johnson scored a fine century against **Reading**. Harper started the season well, scoring a 50 against **Berkhamsted**, but during the second half he failed to fulfil his early promise. Graham Halsey had a disappointing season with the bat, but made a century against U.C.S. which was a welcome consolation. Geoffrey Lanham unfortunately missed the first half of the season with an ankle injury, but he showed his class with a fine 76 against the O.A.s. Andrew Patchett made some useful runs and took some good catches behind the stumps, two of them brilliant in the St. Edward's climax. Mike Hurry proved himself to be a true all-rounder, making some valuable contributions in his aggressive style.

The strength of the XI, however, was the bowling which was accurate and well balanced. We had four seamers as well as the spin of Gow, Paterson and Lanham. Hurry bowled extremely quickly at times, but did not always maintain his rhythm. Halsey had a good season with the ball, moving it both ways. Bruce Gow bowled well, but will want to forget the six hit off his bowling into the scoreboard. He had an excellent spell in the crushing defeat of **Douai**, taking 7 for 25. Simon Minter's and William Mellor's nagging accuracy was well rewarded and they were match winners more than once.

Nick Paterson bowled tidily without really producing the results expected of him after last season's returns in the 2nd XI.

The ground fielding was generally very good, but as usual some important catches were dropped. Halsey led by example, taking 18 catches; Johnson, an excellent close fielder, took 13.

Our thanks once again must go to Mrs. Dennis and Mrs. Halsey and their helpers for providing such superb teas and to Mr. Bagshaw and his ground staff for preparing such excellent wickets.



The final XI was: G. R. Halsey (capt.), A. R. A. Johnson, W. B. C. Gow, A. S. J. Patchett, G. P. Lanham, M. A. Hurry, A. R. Thomas, W. K. Mellor, S. J. Minter (full colours), G. D. Harper and N. Paterson.

Paul Spencer
(scorer)

FIRST ELEVEN AVERAGES

BATTING	Innings	Not Out	Highest		
			Score	Runs	Av.
A. R. A. Johnson	16	3	100*	504	38.8
A. R. Thomas	18	1	71	526	30.9
G. P. Lanham	8	0	76	200	25.0
A. S. J. Patchett	17	5	47*	242	20.2
G. D. Harper	16	0	51	327	20.1
G. R. Halsey	17	0	102	327	19.3
S. J. Minter	9	5	20*	64	16.0
M. A. Hurry	15	2	44	184	14.1
T. P.C. Clift	8	0	44	79	9.9
W. B. C. Gow	11	4	14	54	7.7

BOWLING	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Av.
W. B. C. Gow	193	46	577	38	15.2
N. Paterson	118	34	298	18	16.5
G. R. Halsey	165	47	411	23	17.9
M. A. Hurry	140	34	386	18	21.4
S. J. Minter	125	42	317	14	22.6
G. P. Lanham	42	8	127	5	25.4

also bowled: D. A. Game 12 — 1 — 76 — 4

1st XI RESULTS

Pangbourne (h). Won by 100 runs.
Abingdon 191 for 5 dec. (Johnson 92no); Pangbourne 91.
Newbury (h). Drawn.
Newbury 135 (Gow 5 for 44); Abingdon 125 for 8 (Johnson 46; Thomas 39).

N. H. Payne's XI (h). Drawn.
N. H. Payne's XI 129 (A. A. Hillary 50 ret.); Abingdon 122 for 7 (Harper 43).
Berkshire Gentlemen (h). Drawn.
Berkshire Gents 188 (Halsey 5 for 41); Abingdon 180 for 9.
Abingdon C.C. (h). Drawn.
Abingdon C.C. 186 for 5 dec.; Abingdon 149 for 9.
Brentwood (h). Lost by 7 wkts.
Abingdon 101; Brentwood 105 for 3.
Berkhamsted (a). Drawn.
Berkhamsted 177 for 8 dec.; Abingdon 140 for 5 (Harper 51).
South Oxfordshire Amateurs (h). Won by 6 wkts.
S.O.A. 134 (Minter 4 for 54); Abingdon 135 for 4 (Johnson 62, Patchett 42no).
Douai (h). Won by 71 runs.
Abingdon 158 for 7 dec. (Thomas 52); Douai 87 (Gow 7 for 25).
Radley (h). Lost by 61 runs.
Radley 179 (Halsey 4 for 65); Abingdon 118 (Johnson 62).
M.C.C. (h). Lost by 4 wkts.
Abingdon 208 for 7 dec. (Halsey 65, Patchett 47no); M.C.C. 209 for 6.
Reading (h). Drawn.
Abingdon 225 for 6 dec. (Johnson 100no, Hurry 37); Reading 219 for 7.
St. Edward's (a). Won by 1 run.
Abingdon 163 (Thomas 65); St. Edward's 162 (Minter 5 for 19).
High Wycombe (h). Drawn.
Abingdon 161 for 8 dec. (Thomas 71, Clift 44); High Wycombe 151 for 8.
Magdalen College School (h). Won by 73 runs.
Abingdon 168 for 8 dec. (Thomas 48); M.C.S. 95 (Mellor 6 for 45).
Bloxham (h). Won by 9 wkts.
Bloxham 86 (Mellor 5 for 23); Abingdon 90 for 1 (Johnson 39no).
University College School (a). Drawn.
Abingdon 194 for 7 dec. (Halsey 102, Lanham 43); U.C.S. 154 for 7.
Old Abingdonians (h). Drawn.
Abingdon 207 for 8 dec. (G. Lanham 76, Hurry 44, D. Lanham 5 for 27); O.A.s 107 for 9.

2nd XI

Snow-flakes fell as the team walked out for the match at Pangbourne. Both then and against Brentwood we were very lucky not to be defeated by the weather. As it was, we played the whole season without a stoppage, the only casualty being the game at Magdalen, where the pitch was waterlogged for much of the term. In a year when many of our opponents played only half their matches, we were indeed fortunate.

After three easy victories, we were no match for Brentwood, who did well to dismiss us so cheaply with a wet ball on a sodden pitch. We had the better of an excellent game with Berkhamsted, and, after an embarrassing failure to keep the ball down when hitting to leg, our bowlers rose to the occasion against the Junior Colts. After we had let Radley recover from 36 for 4, we, at 11 for 3, were given such a reprieve that eventually we had a slight advantage in a game that neither side deserved to win (and in which there were sixteen wickets). A pugnacious century by Nelson, well supported by others, was followed by excellent catching and victory over a strong Wantage side that had expected to reach the target. Willett played a truly majestic innings in an even game at Reading. Shiplake's transport was late, but both teams were determined on a result and such excitement followed that even the scorers did not know whether the scores really were level at the end. A weakened batting side found good bowling on a desert-like pitch at High Wycombe a problem, but excellent bowling and bad light made the result (with one ball to spare) closer than had seemed likely. Our batsmen had a great time at Bloxham. Finally, a strong Plymouth side coped well with first-rate slow bowling, but batted too long to gain victory, well though they held their nine catches.

When at full strength, this was a strong batting side. Top scorers were Willett (311), who, like Newman (262), would have played regularly for the 1st XI in years of less intense competition, and Nelson (261). Prest finished the season strongly, as did Kingston, who had previously had a miserable time. Clift was not really comfortable, even at Radley, Hoskin played some vigorous innings, and no one else had many chances.

Game took 34 wickets at just over eleven runs apiece. J. Littlewood (21 at under eight runs each) was the most improved bowler. Black and Kingston also showed improvement.

The fielding was the best for many years, and the 49 catches included some very fine ones, notably P. Littlewood's remarkable dive in the Berkhamsted game. Newman (for whom Nelson was a very able understudy) was the best second-eleven wicket-keeper in my time.

Both Willett and P. Littlewood (who deputised on four occasions) led the side with calm intelligence and tried to obtain a result if they possibly could. The whole team supported them to the full and the consequence was our third successive good season, in terms both of results (six victories in thirteen games) and of enjoyment.

Finally, a word of very warm thanks to P. W. May and his deputies for great efficiency in the scorebox.

The thirteen regular players were: G. C. M. Black, T. P. C. Clift, J. H. G. Driver, D. A. Game, T. J. C. Haworth, G. J. Hoskin, J. H. Kingston, J. A. Littlewood, P. H. Littlewood, M. R. Nelson, A. C. Newman, A. C. Prest and M. B. Willett (Captain). C. C. Newmark played three times, R. I. McCreery twice, and N. Marsh, S. R. L. Miller and S. J. Minter once.

H. T. R.

RESULTS

Pangbourne College (a). Won by seven wickets.
Pangbourne 41; Abingdon 45 for 3.
St. Bartholomew's, Newbury (a). Won by 67 runs.
Abingdon 132 for 5 dec.; Newbury 65.
Oratory School (h). Won by 78 runs.
Abingdon 157 for 5 dec.; Oratory 79 (Game 7 for 26).
Brentwood School (h). Lost by six wickets.
Abingdon 76; Brentwood 77 for 4.
Berkhamsted School (h). Drawn.
Abingdon 151 for 9 dec.; Berkhamsted 110 for 8.
Junior Colts (h). Won by 48 runs.
2nd XI 132; Junior Colts 84.
Radley College (a). Drawn.
Radley 152 (Game 5 for 54); Abingdon 125 for 5 (Clift 51).
King Alfred's School, Wantage, 1st XI (h). Won by 94 runs.
Abingdon 192 for 4 dec. (Nelson 100 not out); Wantage 98.
Reading School (a). Drawn.
Abingdon 180 for 5 dec. (Willett 89); Reading 133 for 6.
Shiplake College 1st XI (h). Drawn.
Abingdon 126 for 7 dec. (Willett 53); Shiplake 126 for 8.
Royal Grammar School, High Wycombe (a). Lost by two wickets.
Abingdon 118; High Wycombe 119 for 8.
Bloxham School (a). Won by 88 runs.
Abingdon 163 for 3 dec. (Willett 68); Bloxham 75 (Game 5 for 25).
Plymouth College (h). Drawn.
Plymouth 218 for 5 dec.; Abingdon 135 for 9.

3rd XI

The 3rd XI enjoyed a reasonably successful season in 1979. Not even the weather could spoil the high spirit throughout the term.

Our main runs suppliers were Graham, Sargeant, Westmore, Miller and Darnborough. Jerry Westmore scored our only 50 of the season in the opening match. Batting was not the strongest aspect of our game but somehow we nearly always managed to scrape enough runs together. Ian Graham's smooth and easy style was contrasted by Gavin MacLauchlan's thrashing out and Jerry Westmore's heavy-handed defence. Although fielding was fair a few individuals proved themselves quite competent, namely Ian Graham, Steve Miller and Ian Sargeant (the best all-rounder). Nick Williams on his debut provided the opposition with four over-throws on his first touch, thanks to previous weight training for the match.

We used several bowlers including Dibble, Tidmarsh, Sargeant and Darnborough, who rose to worthy acclaim. Darnborough with 23 wickets continually used his skill, dropping the ball slowly from the sun. Tony Dibble, with his agricultural antics, decided speed was more important to an opening bowler than line and length. After eight weeks of persistent persuasion of his undiscovered skill, Keith Robinson, to our amazement, joined the ranks of the wicket-takers with two catches being taken on the boundary off his bowling.

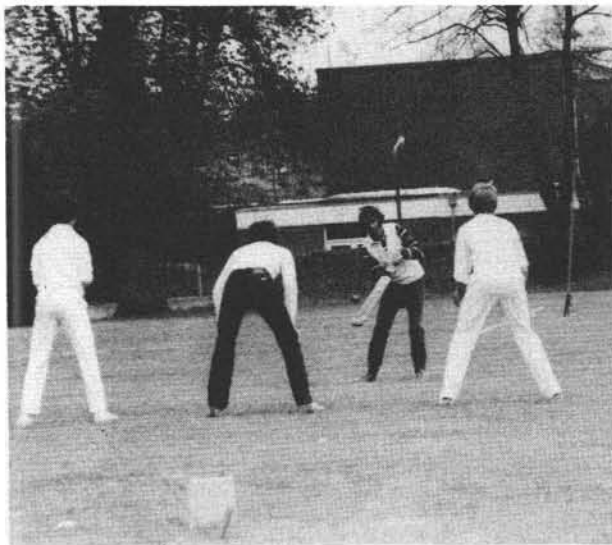
A special mention goes to Will Rayson, at last managing to see over his pads, for his elegant and proud 30 leading to a heartening victory over Radley, with which to finish the season. This brought the total to five wins (four convincing) two draws and one defeat.

Our thanks to Mr. Parker and Mr. Johnson who allowed us to get on with the job in hand at the right times, but keeping order on and off the field when necessary.

The team was: I. Graham, J. Westmore, I. Sargeant, G. MacLauchlan, S. Miller (Captain), D. Merriman, D. Darnborough, A. Dibble, P. Tidmarsh, W. Stock, R. Adair, K. Robinson, T. Spittles.

Also played: W. Rayson, C. Hennah, R. Regan, N. Williams, J. Burley, J. Dibble, A. Newman.

Stephen Miller and David Darnborough



JUNIOR COLTS XI

After a highly successful season last Summer, the team had a lot to do to maintain its reputation. This was most certainly achieved for of the 8 games played this season, 7 were won, and only one lost. Again the team virtually picked itself with only the eleventh place ever in doubt.

On the batting front, Nick Rice excelled, scoring three fifties including an 81 against Douai, and ending the season with nearly one hundred runs more than his nearest rival. Perhaps the outstanding batting performance of the season was Robert McCreery's 93 against Bloxham in the last match. He was denied his century, I thought, through sheer exhaustion and amazement of having got so close. Robert's flurry with the bat came at the end of an outstanding season with the ball, taking 36 wickets for an average of 4.25.

Christopher Newmark, the captain, also had a good season with the bat. He emerged as the best stroke player, but impatience so often let him down, particularly the need to use the sweep shot. Chris is a very dedicated cricketer and a positive captain who wanted to win every game. I always thought the team's performance was far more important to him than his own showing, and as a result, he got out when forcing the run rate. His field placing and bowling changes had a lot to do with the team's success this season and his dedication and alertness were respected by all.

The middle order batsmen, John Warchus, Andrew Mellor, David Phillips and James Cox batted very competently and could always be relied upon to score runs quickly or defend patiently. The only real disappointment of the season was the Radley game, when the side slumped uncharacteristically, from 115-3, to 126 all out. Such is the game of cricket!

Roger Ripley and Andrew Mellor proved invaluable for breaking partnerships, though neither was really given the opportunity for long spells. All too often, Robert McCreery was brought into the attack quickly and left no wickets for anyone else. Chris Newmark always seemed to call upon Robert at the right time, and Robert in return, did the damage. David Phillips did a fine job in taking the shine off the ball and skin off the batsmen. He will also be remembered for his straight sixes and forward defensive strokes!

Alexander Cullen, behind and in front of the stumps, made up for any lack of natural skills with his great enthusiasm. Many a time he removed all three stumps and the batsman, when a bail would have done.

A most spirited and successful season was enjoyed by all. A team of character and class continued to play their cricket in the way they wanted to, playing well and enjoying every game.

My grateful thanks to Reverend P. Butcher for all his help with the coaching and umpiring. His knowledge and enthusiasm never went unnoticed. Also thanks to Nigel Marsh for scoring and working out the team's averages.

The strength of the J. Colts was shown by the representation of Chris Newmark, Robert McCreery, Nick Rice, Roger Ripley and Andrew Mellor for the County team. Special congratulations go to Robert McCreery for being awarded one of 4 cricket coaching scholarships for the 1980 season.

The following played for the team.

C. Newmark (capt.), R. McCreery (v.capt.), N. Rice, R. Ripley, A. Mellor, D. Phillips, J. Prest, B. Rodgers, J. Cox, A. Cullen, J. Warchus, C. Coe, N. Williams.

RESULTS

Pangbourne College (A). Won by 49 runs.
 Abingdon 136—8. (Warchus 27. Rice 23)
 Pangbourne 87. (McCreery 5—26)
 St. Edwards School (H). Match abandoned.
 Abingdon 151—3. (Rice 55. Newmark 46)
 St. Edwards 10—0
 Magdalen College School (H). Won by 141 runs.
 Abingdon 156—9 (Warchus 36. Mellor 36)
 Magdalen 15 (Ripley 3—4, Phillips 3—9, McCreery 3—0).
 Oratory School (A). Won by 3 wickets
 Oratory 105 (Ripley 4—20)
 Abingdon 110—7 (Newmark 25)

Douai College (H). Won by 175 runs.
 Abingdon 198—8 (Rice 81. Newmark 36. McCreery 25)
 Douai 23 (McCreery 3—15. Phillips 3—4. Ripley 4—4)
 Radley College (H). Lost by 3 wickets.
 Abingdon 126 (Newmark 61)
 Radley 127—7 (McCreery 6—54)
 Reading School (A). Won by 98 runs.
 Abingdon 144—8. (Rice 63. Warchus 30)
 Reading 46. (McCreery 7—8)
 Bloxham School (A). Won by 95 runs.
 Abingdon 194—5. (McCreery 93. Rice 29. Warchus 43)
 Bloxham 99 (McCreery 5—29. Mellor 3—18)

J. D. E. D-H.

JUNIORS XI

At the start of the 1979 season there was a large nucleus of boys who showed promise, enthusiasm and skill. But, by the end, the results were not that successful.

From the minors of '78, the tried and tested pace attack of James Robson and Timothy Winter was rightly feared, but they took time to find their rhythm and length. Each was able to swing the new ball enough to trouble all of the teams we played, and with their keen enthusiasm to try something different they developed into the successful strike bowlers we had hoped for. Much was expected of this new ball attack, but they were ably supported by Douglas Pearson whose seamers improved with every match, and Simon Rushton with his economical action and ability to swing the ball. As a team we lacked a spin bowler who could be relied upon to tie down one end but Douglas Allen (off-spin), Peter May (left arm) were tried with some success, before Charles Freeman-Core (off-spin) was used regularly as a compromise all-rounder; he was able to turn the ball sharply, but lacked the control and experience to vary his deliveries — much will be expected next year in this department if the team is to achieve greater success.

It was in the batting department that we lacked consistency. Impatience and lack of sound technique were too often our downfall and it was disappointing to see only one 50 in the entire season — and that in the first match! As openers, Marc Wiles and Charles Freeman-Core were used consistently. Marc always showed plenty of attacking spirit but was out too often to a bad ball playing a loose stroke. Charles Freeman-Core was true to his task of "seeing the shine off" but concentrated too much on defence. Nicholas Thomas and Martin Haywood at 3 and 4 promised much, but never quite lived up to expectation. Simon Rushton enjoyed the lack of pressure at number 5 and produced good scores including a memorable 71 not out in the first match of the season. Nicholas Haynes and Duncan Rand also played well at times.

Behind the stumps Alex Fergusson developed into a reliable keeper and fitted well into a reasonable fielding side. Catches were generally taken and runs not often given away, but concentration did tend to waver when success was not forthcoming and laxness sometimes accounted for the vital catch dropped, or the crucial run-out chance missed. Nicholas Thomas led the team well as an imaginative and enthusiastic captain. He was well supported by Martin Haywood, as vice-captain, who also had the safest pair of hands. The whole team learnt

from their failure to win the Leighton Park match that the game is never won until the last batsman is out.

Overall it was a most enjoyable season, with a high degree of enthusiasm and jollity. It was regrettable that we failed to beat Radley having fielded and bowled so well. Also sadly, we lost in the third round of the knock-out competition to Lord William's, Thame, all the more disappointing since we had humbled their batting only a month before-hand. The most creditable result was a near win against an older age-group High Wycombe side. And the last game of the season against Rev. Pickles' XI was a desperately close affair, with the winning run scored off the last ball by the last man in.

Many thanks to all who gave D. C. T. and myself such an enjoyable season.

C. M. P. B.

RESULTS

v Pangbourne	L	4 wkts. Rushton 71 Winter 3—54
A 155—8 dec		
P 161—6		
v Cokethorpe	W	105 runs Haywood 37 Winter 3—3, Robson 4—1, Rand 3—9
A 126—9 dec		
C 21		
v St. Edward's		
St. Ed. 27—5		Robson 3—9
A		
v Magdalen	W	92 runs Thomas 30 Winter 3—10, Robson 4—1
A 111		
M 19		
v Lord William's, Thame	W	49 runs Rushton 41 Robson 3—13, Pearson 4—4
A 96—9 dec		
LWT 47		
v Berkhamsted	L	26 runs Freeman-Core 4—25, Pearson 3—9 Fergusson 25
B 88		
A 54		
v Gospel Hill	W	9 wkts Wiles 32*, Thomas 21*
GH 81—5		
A 82—1		
v Douai	D	Wiles 28
A 98—4 dec		
D 62—3		50 runs
v Radley	L	Robson 5—13, Winter 3—43 Haywood 21 7 wkts
R 116		
A 66		
v Reading	L	
A 85		
R 87—3		
v Oxford School	D	Wiles 30, Haywood 33 Winter 4—34 19 runs
A 120—8 dec		
OS 99—9		
v Lord William's, Thame	L	Robson 3—19 Haywood 27, Thomas 23
LWT 166		
A 147		
v Leighton Park	D	Wiles 49, Rushton 32, Haynes 34* Freeman-Core 5—24
A 149—5 dec		
LP 91—9		
v RGS, High Wycombe	D	Wiles 29, Haywood, 24 138 runs
RGS 144—7		
A 110—5		
v Bloxham	W	Wiles 45, Thomas 41, Rushton 42 Winter 6—20 1 wkt
A 218		
B 80		
v Hugh Pickles	W	Winter 3—50 Fergusson 33
HP 174—6 dec		
A 175—9		

P16 W6 D5 L5

MINORS XI

This proved to be a surprisingly successful season, thanks to some outstanding individuals who enabled a somewhat fragile team to win almost every match. First mention must go to John Cowan, who scored 360 runs at an average of 55, opening the innings; his only 'failure' was at Reading, and even then his 18 was second highest score. He lacks elegance, but his strength off his legs and superb temperament earned him a record that should stand for years. The other successful batsmen, as expected, were David Newman and Simon Littlewood; both are stylish, and devastating on their day, but, lacking John's temperament, they proved less reliable.

The bowling was definitely suspect, but two first-formers came to the rescue, each having an unusual action: Marcus Marsden bowls left-arm over, at a considerable pace for an Under-11, and Matthew Cox orthodox left-arm spin, well-controlled and varied. Marcus proved himself the best opener in the County, but found it difficult to dismiss mediocre batsmen, while Matthew's haul of 38 wickets is almost certainly a record for a spinner at this age. He contrasted nicely with Martin Day's off-breaks, and these two spinners were kept refreshingly busy throughout the season!

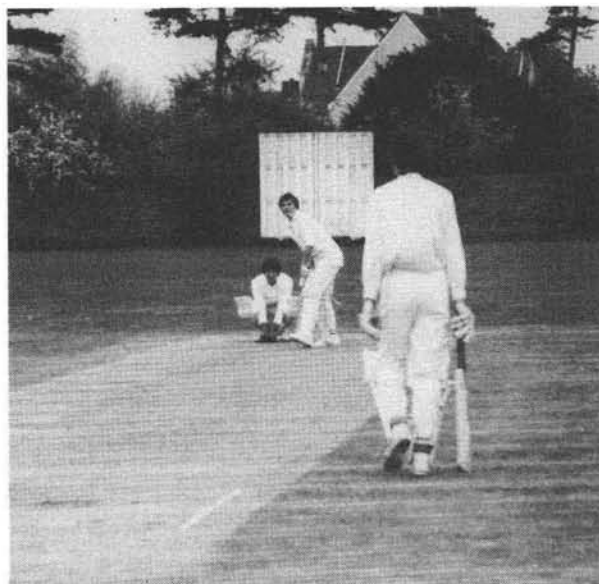
The above six were awarded their colours, and four of them were chosen for Oxfordshire, while the other two probably should have been: Matthew Cox will certainly play next year, but Martin Day was very unlucky, for he is a fine cricketer, and an outstandingly intelligent captain.

There were many other useful Cricketers, and 16 players in all qualified for awards for individual achievement in matches — not just those outlined below, but also in the Oxfordshire League, in which various teams won 9 matches of 13 played. One of these who does deserve mention by name is Brian Woolley, for his match-saving innings against Oxfordshire and Reading. But the most enduring memories of this season will be of the leading batsmen — John Cowan and Simon Littlewood — putting on 98 for the second wicket against New College in 52 minutes (paving the way to a win at long last, after a series of draws), David Newman's brilliant 52+ against a curiously elderly Carmel XI, and their combined efforts in 'knocking off' 120 to beat High Wycombe in just one hour.

M. W.

1st XI: M. C. Day (Capt.), S. M. Littlewood, D. R. Newman, J. A. Cowan, M. A. Marsden, M. C. Cox, B. E. Woolley, J. Phillips, M. C. F. Appleton, R. J. Dalton-Morris, plus one of

2nd XI from: N. Tomlinson (Capt.), N. S. Burgoyne, R. J. Elsey, M. L. Durand, P. J. Stephens, D. W. Newport, P. M. Rainsden, K. W. Higgs, D. C. R. Holder, D. A. Sperry, J. B. Ralfe, W. S. D. Hudson, P. G. Golding.



RESULTS

1st XI Matches:

- Lord William's, Thame, West (a). Drawn.
Abingdon 105 for 5 dec. (Littlewood 35+, Cowan 32)
Thame 32 for 9 (Marsden 385)
- Oxfordshire Schools XI (h). Drawn.
Abingdon 108 for 8 dec. (Cowan 28, Woolley, 24+)
Oxfordshire 53 for 5
- Berkhamsted (h). Won by 9 wickets
Berkhamsted 65 (Cox 3—8)
Abingdon 66 for 1 (Cowan 28+, Newman 25+)
- Cothill House School (a). Drawn.
Abingdon 132 for 2 dec. (Cowan 44, Newman 39+, Littlewood 27+)
Cothill 53 for 9 (Cox 5—10)
- Reading School (a). Won by 32 runs
Abingdon 104 (Woolley 24)
Reading 72 (Cox 4—24, Day 3—6)
- Lord William's, Thame, East (h). Won by 60 runs.
Abingdon 114 for 6 (Cowan 30, Woolley 26+, Day 21+)
Thame 54 for 8 (Newport 4—16, Cox 3—14)
- Royal Grammar School, High Wycombe (h). Won by 6 wickets
High Wycombe 116 (Cox 5—21)
Abingdon 120 for 4 (Littlewood 44+, Cowan 28)
- New College School (a). Won by 20 runs.
Abingdon 138 for 5 dec. (Cowan 52+, Littlewood 40, Newman 25+)
New College 118 (Marsden 4—28, Day 4—29)

'A' XI Matches:

- Douai School (h). Won by 125 runs.
Abingdon 151 for 6 dec. (Cowan 48, Newman 48)
Douai 26 (Newport 3—1, Holder 3—2)
- Oratory School (h). Won by 94 runs.
Abingdon 146 for 4 dec. (Tomlinson 38, Dalton-Morris 33+, Littlewood 31+)
Oratory 52 (Day 6—7)
- Carmel College (h). Won by 78 runs.
Abingdon 152 for 5 dec. (Newman 52+, Durand 20)
Carmel 74 (Stephens 5—24, Cox 3—12)
- Magdalen College School (a). Won by 67 runs
Abingdon 119 for 2 dec. (Cowan 51+, Littlewood 27+, Woolley 27)
M.C.S. 52
- Bearwood College (a). Won by 30 runs.
Abingdon 89 (Newman 47)
Bearwood 59 (Cox 6—25)

2nd XI Matches:

- Josca's School 1st XI (a). Lost by 4 wickets.
Abingdon 66 for 5 dec. (Dalton-Morris 30+)
Josca's 67 for 6 (Tomlinson 3—5)
- Audley House School 1st XI (h). Won by 78 runs
Abingdon 116 (Higgs 28, Appleton 22, Cox 21+)
Audley House 38 (Cox 4—10, Tomlinson 3—9)
- Christchurch Cathedral School 1st XI (h). Won by 32 runs.
Abingdon 100 for 3 (Durand 50+)
Christchurch 68 for 6 (Stephens 3—8)
- Moulsford School 1st XI (h). Won by 73 runs.
Abingdon 109 for 6 dec. (Burgoyne 30+)
Moulsford 36 (Tomlinson 5—3)



ROWING

SUMMER TERM 1979

1st VIII:

We started training before term in our new Donoratico eight and we started the term well at Mortlake Regatta in Senior C Vllls. We beat Westminster School 1st VIII in the first round and went on to the semi-final where we lost narrowly to Molesey Boat Club. Birmingham Regatta was next and we won the final of School Vllls and the Boat Club won the Victor Ludorum for the most successful club. Confidently we advanced to Walton Regatta and had a day of extraordinary excursions and alarms. We won a very tight first round and had an easy second round to take us through to the final, for which the crew had sufficient strength and determination to beat Canford although behind for all but the last two hundred metres. This second Senior C win raised our status to Senior B, but at Reading Regatta we entered Senior A Vllls on both the Saturday and the Sunday. Saturday saw us go down to a very experienced and good Kingston Rowing Club crew, but on Sunday we rowed excellently through to the final in which we were only three feet behind a very fast Winchester crew and within three-quarters of a length of the winners, Hampton School.

Injury now struck and badly spoiled our Henley build-up. We rowed indifferently in the Princess Elizabeth Cup and lost to Bedford Modern whom we had severely under-valued. For the final Saturday of term, though, we went to Bedford Regatta, but lost in the first round to Senior B Vllls to Shawnigan Lake School, Canada, who were touring round a few domestic regattas after their successful Henley. On the next day, we entered a coxed four for Senior C and B IVs in the Sprint Regatta. After several hours of seemingly non-stop racing we reached the final of the Senior C event but just lost to Lady Margaret Boat Club, Cambridge.

The general tone of the season was one of frustration: after our Lent term nadir we picked up astonishingly, but the last time was gone for good and this showed. Nevertheless, we won two events, reached several more finals, entered Senior A Vllls for the first time and kept the cerise flag flying at regattas around the country.

Alan Trigle

SENIOR IV:

The Senior Four was not really assembled until the beginning of the Summer Term, under the guidance of Mr. Mortimer. With two novices in the crew we knew we had our work cut out, however with some patient coaching we were only narrowly beaten by Shiplake in the final of Junior B IVs at Avon County Regatta. Shortly after, a number of last minute problems led to a disastrous row at Walton, and our inexperience was further shown at Birmingham where a high wind destroyed our chances of victory in the final.

At this point of the season we moved to a shell boat and changed the rigging to bring the experience and weight to 2 and 3. This paid off at Reading Amateur in the early rounds, but Tonbridge still found the edge in the final to win by half a length after 1500 metres. At the end of the season, though, we were rewarded with victory in Junior B IVs at Reading Town Regatta, beating (most satisfactorily) Shiplake.

Fred Charlton

JUNIOR 15 VIII:

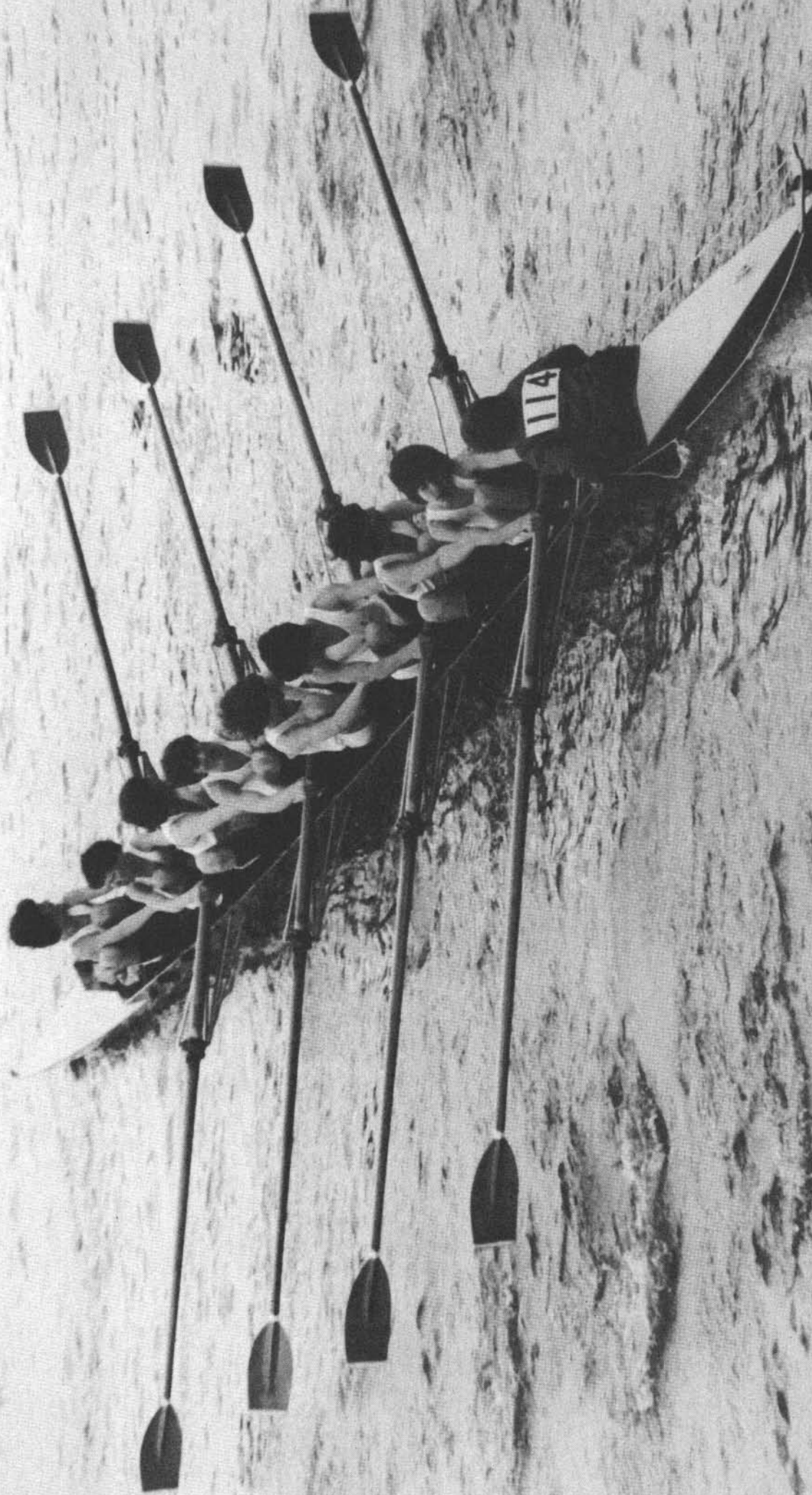
The J15s started the term with a crew change but, even so, we still rowed quite well in training. Our first regatta was at Mortlake, which was a tough experience. We won a tightly fought first round by one foot from City of London School, but we lost to Pangbourne in the next round, who went on to win the event. Avon County Regatta was our second attempt and our first success. Rowing in J15B Vllls, we won our heats against Winchester and Monkton easily and met Radley in the final, in which we had a good start and a good row to win 'Easily'. Everything looked set for future regattas but unfortunately Mr. Potter fell ill and was unable to coach us for two weeks. We went to Birmingham Regatta, but the disrupted training showed and we came third in the final. The following weekend we again reached the final but we were well beaten by a strong Westminster crew, as our rowing had still lost some of its edge despite resumed coaching.

Our row at Reading Amateur was not our best either and we lost to Radley and Emanuel crews, but it was only the second time we had not reached the final. The last event of the term was Reading Town and once again we lost the final, but we were pleased to come second to a very good St. Edward's crew and ahead of Shiplake.

J14 Squad:

The J14 squad had a successful summer, continuing their improvement in rowing and sculling, won numerous races and had two regatta wins — the first ever for Abingdon J14s.

Equal crews went to Mortlake and Avon County where they rowed several rounds and showed an encouraging ability to row through their opposition from behind. A private match with Emanuel School at Putney was even more successful, despite unfamiliar boats and equipment, and was greatly enjoyed by all. The first regatta win came at Birmingham where both crews fought their way through to the three boat final, but the elation of winning might have been the cause of slight complacency in an 'A' crew that went to the National Schools at Nottingham, in which we



failed to get beyond the first round despite some weak opposition. On the same day, however, another crew rowed excellently at Walton and missed a place in the final literally by inches. This frustrating weekend was followed by some good racing and rowing at the two Reading regattas and by another private match, this time with St. Edward's for the B and C crews. They were very hospitable, as always, and we had a very successful day, winning three out of four races.

The final regatta of the term and the second win was at Bedford, where the 'A' crew easily got through to the final and in a thrilling race beat Emanuel by just four feet — a fine way in which to end the term.

At home, a sculling ladder operated (complicatedly) throughout the term and we think it was won by Keith Girdwood! In a small Third Form Regatta at the end of term Frank Bailey won the sculls and the scratch pairs were won by James Charlesworth and Mark Sanders, coxed by Dominic Hayne. The final point in this report is to thank Stephen Mulvey and Michael Hills for their help and especially to thank David Dodwell who has gone on to Glenalmond and whose coaching we shall miss very much.

J. S. Wikramaratna

CREWS FOR SUMMER TERM 1979:

1st VIII: Bow, R. P. Hamlin*: 2, D. C. P. Griffith*: 3, J. A. Higgs*: 4, S. R. Tanner*: 5, J. M. P. Cloke*: 6, M. Round*: 7, T. R. Burles*: Stroke, A. N. Trigle*: Cox, S. M. Russell*

* Denotes full Rowing Colours

Senior IV: Bow, F. W. Charlton: 2, A. Round: 3, J. P. Phizackerley: Stroke, R. I. Stanway: Cox, D. G. Hayne

J15 VIII: Bow, P. G. Harries: 2, H. D. Mulvey: 3, M. F. Hunt: 4, H. C. M. Jones: 5, J. S. G. Tanner: 6, S. C. Jozwiak: 7, S. R. Vaslet: Stroke, I. M. Burnett: Cox, C. J. Hayne

J14 VIII: (Birmingham Winners) Bow, P. E. Dorey: 2, A. S. J. Persson: 3, K. J. N. Hare: 4, J. J. Richardson: 5, D. W. Long: 6, J. I. Charlesworth: 7, J. F. Lane: Stroke, D. J. Cowell: Cox, A. J. Plumtre

J14 VIII: (Bedford Winners) Bow, C. M. Nicholls: 2, M. N. Sanders: 3, K. R. H. Girdwood: 4, A. G. K. Edwards: 5, E. A. Datschefski: 6, A. S. J. Persson: 7, J. F. Lane: Stroke, D. J. Cowell: Cox, A. J. Plumtre

LENT TERM 1980

The Lent Term was one of the kinder ones for the Boat Club in its annual battles against illness and the weather. Seven eights, a four and a pair started training in the January darkness, but last year's absence of a Colts crew and the limited number of coaches resulted in there being no 1st VIII this year — a sad omission which should be amply remedied in the future by the large number of younger boys coming up through the Boat Club.

The Senior IV of L6th boys had a useful term of trying to make up for what they missed last year, but they were hampered by illness for a lot of the term. They had two reasonable rows at Abingdon and Putney, though, coming 3rd and 4th respectively in their classes. The pair also suffered from illness and only went to one event, at which their opposition capsized and broke their boat, so we will have to wait for the summer to see how they are getting on.

The J16 VIII is still very lightweight but they put in a lot of miles of training and increasingly made up for their lack of muscle by skill and boat control. They came a very comfortable 40th at The Schools' Head (8th in the J16 class) and rowed very guttily at Reading School's Head a week later in abysmal conditions to come 3rd overall.

Three J15 Vllls boated and raced in endlessly altered crews — a deliberate policy to encourage competitiveness and flexibility and to allow novices to fit in quickly. Two of the three parallel crews went to The Hampton Head at half term for the experience and did well only to be beaten by a few A crews. Four equally random crews raced in The Abingdon Head on the next day and really coped very well with the completely unfamiliar fours rowing. The group's main achievement of the term was at The School's Head where the (finally formed) 'A' crew came 3rd equal in the J15 class and were only half a second behind our J16 VIII.

Nearly three eights' worth of third formers joined the Boat Club this year and were beginning to look quite business-like by the end of term, having had crews row quite adequately at Putney and Reading.

The Easter holidays saw the completion of rebuilding our waterfront through the remarkable and much appreciated kindness of Garth Round (OA), so that in future we will be able to escalate to three landing stages and make fuller use of our space and facilities. When the grass has grown the boathouse will look smarter than it's looked for years, and that's pleasing in itself. Finally, the money from last year's fund-raising campaign has brought us a new outboard engine and six new sculling boats, the first two of which have now been completed by our boatman, Colin Cox, to whose skill and patience we are as indebted as ever.

G. G. Barrett

CREWS FOR LENT TERM 1980:

1st Pair: A. N. Trigle*: T. R. Burles*: Cox, R. D. Cheat

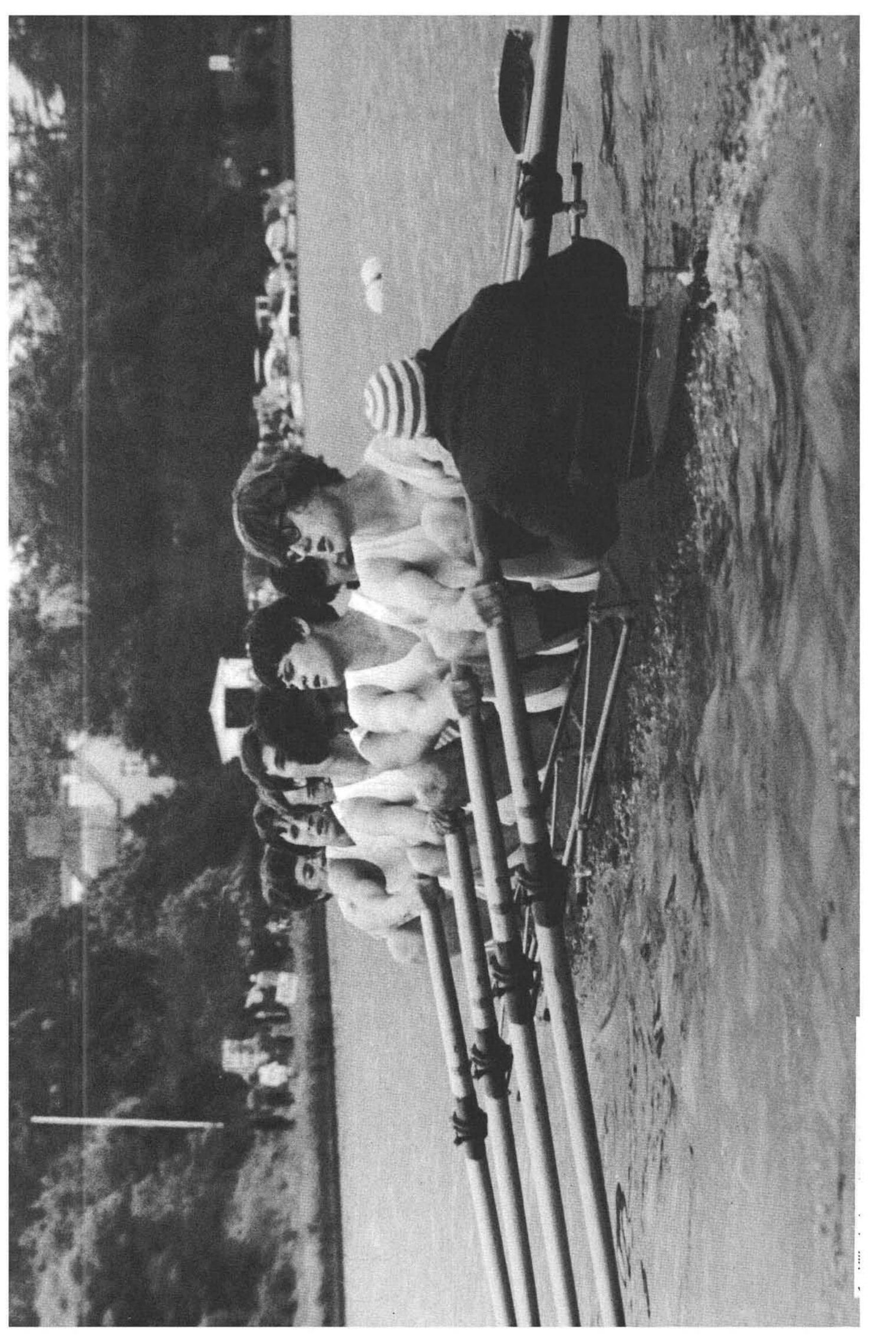
* Denotes Full Rowing Colours

Senior IV: Bow, C. P. S. Wilson: 2, A. J. Colgan: 3, D. D. L. Cockram: Stroke, R. K. Thomas: Cox, K. van der Post

J16 VIII: Bow, M. F. Hunt: 2, H. D. Mulvey: 3, K. J. S. Volak: 4, H. C. M. Jones: 5, J. S. G. Tanner: 6, S. C. Jozwiak: 7, F. J. Bailey: Stroke, I. M. Burnett: Cox, L. I. Girdwood

J15 (Putney) VIII: Bow, K. Girdwood: 2, D. J. Cowell: 3, E. A. Datschefski: 4, A. S. J. Persson: 5, J. F. Lane: 6, J. I. Charlesworth: 7, J. M. Herd: Stroke, M. K. Sanders: Cox, A. J. Plumtre

J4 (Putney) VIII: Bow, D. B. F. Guimaraens: 2, W. J. Morlandi: 3, B. J. Andrews: 4, P. Dominey: 5, D. A. Sperry: 6, R. R. Kanagasabay: 7, T. C. Race: Stroke, H. R. W. Peach: Cox, E. C. Bridges.



ATHLETICS

SUMMER TERM 1979

This has been another exhilarating term, packed with outstanding individual and team achievements. From the 85 boys in the Athletics Club two very strong nuclei developed as expected from the Upper Sixth and Fifth Form, but many others were inspired to make dramatic improvements. Those who enjoyed most success earned it with much hard work doing interval training and practising techniques. From a deliberately challenging fixture list the seniors won 7 out of 13 matches, with the scores against Marlborough, Radley, Coventry and Haberdashers' being remarkably close, but the very powerful colts won 8 out of 9, including wins over Eton, Winchester, Marlborough and Radley, which sounds rather good! Only in the Adkin meeting did we move our best colts, 7 of them, up into the seniors, producing probably our strongest team ever when it mattered, in the big match. However, an equivalent amount of time and effort was devoted to the relays meetings and area championships, often requiring leave off lessons, much to the chagrin of my teaching colleagues.

Pride of place must go to the relays. For whereas Alastair Robertson with his beloved javelin won the best field events performance trophy at the 'Vale' and the youngsters won the Abingdon Schools (Boys) Championships, with the trophy presented to Andrew Hall, captain for the day, by the Mayor Mrs. Walker, these relays yielded the rest of a record haul of 7 trophies and 35 other medals, plaques or sports vouchers. The pipe-opener at Wycombe revealed that we had an extraordinary depth of talent in the 400 metres, with Bell and Hoggarth each making a significant breakthrough here; also Bromhall in his debut run hinted at what was to come with a very fast 5000 metres paarlauf with Baker. In the medley relays at Radley the colts team of Hall, Bell, Hawes and Baker had a comfortable win (in fact our B team was third, just ahead of Eton!); but the seniors had a pulsating struggle in the rain against, in particular, St. Edward's and Eton, with Radley and Bradfield not far behind either. I think Carrie, Davies and Madgwick will concede that Bromhall deserved the main credit for this win, as he first had to catch up the two leaders, then tuck in behind them sensibly, then produce the powerful finishing burst that was to become his trademark; this was very close, very exciting, and the only time Abingdon had led was in the last 20 metres! Brinkmanship maybe, but this is what it is all about when the stakes are high, the chips are down, and the opposition wants to win just as much as you do, or nearly as much!

There were many memorable moments and sadly lack of space and Mr. Gabitass's blue pencil prevent all of them being mentioned, but the highlight must be the Achilles Relays. The main points are these: 42 schools took part in the five-hour programme, including all the top teams, so the standard was red-hot on a glorious sunny day. Our reputation at this meeting was very much that of an underdog, so we entered just two events, both 4 x 400 metres relays. That the colts team of Wijetunge, Regan, Brosé and Hawes were second

beating the meeting record is amazing, but to do so with Hall and Bell (away on the Ten Tors walk in Dartmoor) replaced by two cricketers, Regan and Brosé (who had started athletics three weeks earlier) is staggering. That the senior team of Carrie, Hoggarth, Davies and Madgwick actually won is monumental. This very exciting race was the last event of the day, and with a large crowd shouting out encouragement from the grandstand at Iffley Road, John Madgwick finally edged ahead of St. Paul's and Wellington in the last few strides. The time was incredibly fast, faster than Edinburgh AC who headed the UK junior men's rankings in 1978! Our captain had pulled off the master stroke on the big occasion, and this was a fitting climax to John's career, spanning 7 years. Always a stalwart team member and captain for 2 years, modest and dignified but supremely competitive, he was Vale champion 7 times, Oxon champion twice, and represented Oxon in the All-England at Durham, Hendon and Nottingham; for the school he competed in 48 matches, and ran, jumped or threw (!) in 127 events, winning 56 of them; interestingly this term he was misspelt Madquick in the Vale results and announced as Magic at Marlborough.

Throughout the term Mr. Crawford and I had spent time coaching both the established athletes and the promising newcomers. Thanks are due to Mr. Baker and Mr. Haynes for their help with officiating at matches. There was a tremendous team spirit prevalent and a strength in depth best illustrated at the Oxon Schools Championships when 13 Abingdonians were first or second, more than any other school. 5 of these went on to the All-England, and it is interesting to note that of the 29 athletes picked for Oxon 12 came from Abingdon schools, the other 7 being girls, including 3 who did so well at Nottingham that they were picked for England! At the moment this town leads the county in terms of schools athletics, but really it is a case of the talent always being there, it just needs somebody who is prepared to look for it. Also this county leads the other 17 minor counties because again we won the Tonkin Cup, which was a proud moment for me as team manager and for Duncan, Richard, Graham, John and Alastair, who each contributed to the grand total of points.

I particularly liked the wink from Clive Bromhall with half a lap of the 1500 metres to go at Marlborough, the amused surprise on Andrew Hall's face when selected for the Vale in the triple jump despite not having entered that event, the gradual increase in confidence of Adam Spring when autograph-hunting (e.g. for Henry Rono, Sir Roger Bannister) at Crystal Palace, the revelation in John Madgwick's confidential letter, the present from Duncan Bell's father, having seen our starting gun misfiring at Radley in the rain, and the way Graham Halsey, captain of cricket, suddenly appeared and outsprinted everybody at the Adkin and Oxon Schools meetings. One big disappointment: the intriguing 6-school match at Bryanston was cancelled due to freak flooding in Dorset; you can't win em all, but it's fun trying.

Full colours were awarded to Clive Bromhall, Alastair Robertson and William Hoggarth. Half colours were awarded to Duncan Bell, Graham Halsey, Philip Ashby, Laurence Casey, Michael

Dacre, Andrew Garrett, Andrew Hall, Ian Simpson and Sathis Wijetunge.

67 boys represented the school, the most regular being: Hawes (13 times), Madgwick, Davies, Hall (12), Bell, Baker, Wijetunge, Johnson (11), Bromhall, Hoggarth, Casey, Brosé (10), A. J. F. Robertson, Carrie, Simpson (8), Fulwell, Thompson, Cockram, Khashoggi (7), Garrett, de la Fontaine, Spring (6), Dacre, Regan, I. C. D. Robertson, Flaxman and Naish (5).

New schools records included: **200 metres** 22.4 Halsey; **400 metres** 50.8 Madgwick & U/17 51.6 Bell; **3000 metres** 8:54.0 Baker; **400 metres hurdles** 58.2 Davies & U/17 58.0 Hawes; **javelin** 56.74 m Robertson; **4 x 100 metres relay** 44.8 Halsey, Madgwick, Bell, Robertson; in fact, Robertson improved the javelin record in five consecutive matches: Newbury, Radley, Vale, Marlborough, Adkin.

5-star awards: twelve boys gained the top award, namely, in order of points, Davies, Madgwick, Robertson, Hawes, Hall, Simpson, Bell, Brosé, Khashoggi, Wise, Kent, Duquenoy.

RESULTS

Dr. Challoner's Relays (at Wycombe)

U/17 3 x 800 m 3rd 6:51.1 (Johnson, Regan, Thompson)
U/17 4 x 400 m 1st 3:38.2 (Wijetunge, Hall, Bell, Hawes) : record, medals
U/20 4 x 400 m 1st 3:30.7 (Carrie, Hoggarth, Davies, Madgwick) : record, medals
Open 5000 m paarlauf 1st 13:44.8 (Baker, Bromhall) : vouchers

v St. Bartholomew's, Newbury (home)

U/17 won 84—48 U/20 won 86—46

Oxford City AC Schools Medley Relays (at Radley)

U/15 8th 4:58.0
U/17 1st: 3:53.3 (Hall, Bell, Hawes, Baker) : trophy, medals
B team 3rd 4:04.8 (Casey, Brosé, Wijetunge, Johnson)
U/20 1st 3:45.4 (Carrie, Davies, Madgwick, Bromhall) : trophy, medals

U/17 100 m 1st 11.8 Hall : medal

v Radley, Cheltenham (at Radley)

U/17 won 156—86—64 U/20 second 121—124—63

Achilles Relays (at Iffley Road, Oxford)

U/17 4 x 400 m 2nd 3:37.3 (Wijetunge, Regan, Brosé, Hawes) : record (1st were Stowe 3:36.4) (19 schools entered)

U/20 4 x 400 m 1st 3:28.0 (Carrie, Hoggarth, Davies, Madgwick) : record, trophy, plaques.
(2nd St. Paul's 3:28.1, 3rd Wellington 3:28.4) (17 entries)

Vale of White Horse Champs (at Radley)

Winners: U/17 Bell (400m), Wijetunge (800m), Baker (1500m), Casey (shot put)

U/20 Madgwick (400m), Bromhall (1500m), Davies (long jump, triple jump), Simpson (discus), Robertson (javelin) seconds (6 boys); thirds (8 boys)

best performance trophy (field events): — Robertson

Newbury AC Relays (200m, 200m, 400m, 800m)

U/17 1st 3:54.1 (Hall, Hawes, Bell, Baker) : trophy, medals, meeting record

B team 6th 4:06.0 (Casey, Brosé, Regan, Johnson)

U/20 1st 3:48.7 (Carrie, Davies, Madgwick, Bromhall) : trophy, medals, meeting record

v Marlborough, Winchester (at Marlborough)

U/15 second 70—149; U/17 won 118—114—46; U/20 second 106—108—65

Adkin meeting (Iffley Road)

U/16 1. Millfield (186 points), 2. Haberdasher's Aske's (137), 3. King Henry VIII, Coventry (111½), 4. Dr. Challoner's (92½), 5. Abingdon (88)

U/20 1. Millfield (172), 2. Abingdon (148), 3. King Henry VIII (147), 4. Haberdasher's Aske's (136), 5. Dr. Challoner's (76)

Oxfordshire Schools Champs (Iffley Road)

winners: U/17 Bell (400m, equals county record), Wijetunge (800m), Baker (3000m, county record), Hawes (400m hurdles), Hall (triple jump), Casey (shot put)

U/20 Madgwick (400m), Simpson (discus), Robertson (javelin, county record)

v Eton, Slough (at Eton)

U/15 third 66—117—112; U/17 won 132—101—63; U/20 second 113—130—40

Abingdon Schools Champs (home)

1. Abingdon (136 points), 2. Larkmead (126), 3. John Mason (116) : trophy

v Rugby, Bloxham (at Rugby)

U/15 third 53—141—81; U/17 second 83—123½—68½; U/20 third 68—127—80

All-England Champs (at Nottingham)

U/17 400 m Duncan Bell (heat: 3rd 51.9; semi-final: 4th 51.6 record)

U/17 400m hurdles Richard Hawes (semi-final: 3rd 58.0, record)

U/20 200m Graham Halsey (heat: 2nd 22.8; semi-final: 6th 23.0)

U/20 400m John Madgwick (heat: 6th 52.3)

U/20 javelin Alastair Robertson (final: 7th 51.62m)

U/20 4 x 100m relay Halsey, Madgwick, Robertson, Ewart (heat: 4th 44.5)

Minor Counties: Tonkin Cup 1st Oxon (86 points), 2nd Cumbria (81), 3rd Bedfordshire (69)

Bracknell Relays U/17 4 x 400m 3rd 3:38.7 (Baker, Wijetunge, Hawes, Bell) : medals

Club Championships

This popular tournament again filled the last 4 weeks of term, attracting fifty boys to do one or more of the 12 events. Last year's winner, Jonathan Davies, the club secretary, kept his rivals guessing by leaving four of the events until the last day, but it was appropriate that he should win, as in the last match at Rugby during A Levels the senior team was so desperately depleted (in fact 13 of the 17 who competed as seniors in the Adkin meeting were missing) that he actually did a decathlon that afternoon.

Result: 1. J. P. F. Davies (910 points, record), 2. A. N. Hall (861), 3. I. M. Simpson (759), 4. D. A. Thompson (715), 5. N. R. L. Burd (711), 6. R. J. Thompson (676), 7. W. Khashoggi (643), 8. I. C. D. Robertson (609), 9. A. M. de la Fontaine (605), 10. P. N. Wilson (592).

Sports Day

Inter-Form results

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
1 C (106½)	1 B (93½)	1 W (84)		
2 M (108)	2 W (89)	2 B (88)		

Inter-House results

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
3 R (127)	3 B (121)	3 W (105)	3 C (91)	
4 R (121)	4 C (117)	4 B (115)	4 W (87)	

Victor Ludorum: K. Wise (1 C), S. Littlewood (2 M) & R. Flaxman (2 W), N. Thomas (3 R), A. Hall (4 B)

New records:

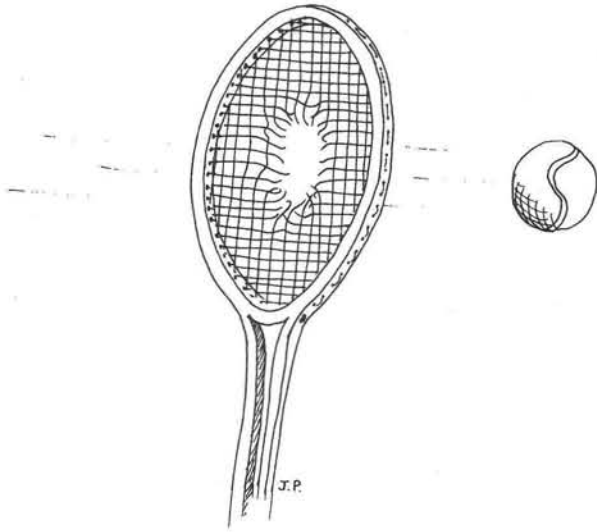
1st form: K. Wise (100m, 13.2 secs), S. Weaver (high jump, 1.33m)

2nd form: S. Littlewood (400m, 62.3), R. Smith (1500m, 5:08.9)

4th form: A. Hall (100m, 11.8 and triple jump, 11.76m)

N. A. F. P.

TENNIS: 1979



Yet again the tennis season got off to an unfortunate start. Everyone became frustrated with the lack of practice time caused partly by unseasonal weather and partly by the generally unsatisfactory surface of the courts. Indeed, the first match on grass that the 1st VI could play at home did not take place until after half-term and well into June. But by the end of term much of the frustration had worn off and the teams had between them achieved a very creditable record: 13 wins to 7 losses, with one match drawn.

The 1st VI always had five very sound players to call on and one outstanding one in Nick Williams. He allowed himself and his partner to be beaten once only in a total of 27 matches — a superb achievement. His shots had even greater severity than formerly, and many an opponent, poised at the net while his partner produced a frail service, had just cause to feel uneasy or even downright scared as Nick, apparently capable of eyeing both opposition and ball at the same time, shaped up to deliver a devastating return. My problem in producing the best possible team was to take account of differing skills, styles and temperaments. Nick Williams was partnered first by David Betterton who sometimes found it difficult to cope with the blasting the weaker partner is bound to suffer; then by Matthew Howes, excellent when his first service worked but whose dolly-drop of a second service was so often punished; and finally by Simon Napier-Munn whose unconventionally produced shots, use of wrist and opportunism were highly successful. The other regular members of the 1st VI were Marcus Barclay, a thoughtful player who was happiest rallying from the baseline, and Adrian Stevens who could clout the ball with surprising ferocity.

The first match was an unexpectedly easy win against Magdalen College School. Their talent at present is lower down the school. Bloxham then held us to a draw with a much stronger team than we have come to expect from them, and so it was no surprise to learn that in Wimbledon week they were runners-up in the Clark Trophy, the Plate event of the Youll Cup competition. One of the more memorable contests, even if the outcome was not a happy one, was against Radley. It was a cold late-afternoon fixture, and blowing a gale. In spite of the conditions and the difficulty in

controlling the ball, many of the sets were very close and exciting, with no less than six tie-breaks, equally divided between the 1st VI and 2nd VI matches. As darkness began to descend high lobs swirled by the wind from one side of the net to the other were still to be followed on Radley's lower courts. Perhaps the best wins came against Leighton Park who had an unbeaten record of several years' standing; and against RGS High Wycombe whose first pair included a talented young American, already ranked in his country. A measure of his nerve and tenacity was his ability to deny us a set after we had reached 5—1 and 40—30.

If the season had one especial regret it was the cancellation of the match against the Old Abingdonians. The School has come to expect a trouncing, but it has always been an enjoyable occasion. Perhaps it was as well that we were prevented from coming up against our most illustrious Old Abingdonian tennis player, Tim Robson, who this year reached the quarter-finals of both Junior Wimbledon and the Grass Court Championships, and who played No. 1 for England Juniors against Ireland Juniors in Oxford.

My thanks go to those who gave us so much time so willingly in helping to organise tennis in the School: Bob Johnson, Geoffrey Graham and particularly David Stewart.

The teams were selected from:

1st VI: N. G. Williams (Captain), M. J. Howes (Secretary), S. D. Napier-Munn, D. A. Betterton, R. W. M. Barclay, A. H. Stevens, R. K. Thillairajah, R. T. Schofield, O. Abu-Ghazaleh.

2nd VI: G. B. C. Franklin, R. K. Thillairajah, P. Lovering, G. A. Khakoo, A. H. Linley, G. L. Radford-Smith, R. T. Schofield, O. Abu-Ghazaleh.

Colts/Junior Colts: R. T. Schofield, O. Abu-Ghazaleh, P. K. Druett, A. R. Ross, P. E. D. Barnes, J. Abu-Ghazaleh, A. S. H. Lowe, A. T. Rowe, A. T. Black, G. J. Francksen, P. F. Batchelor, W. J. Passmore, P. A. Tauwhare.

Junior VI: P. F. Batchelor, W. J. Passmore, J. D. Knott, R. N. Minter, E. W. Benjamin, B. D. R. Lintott.

Full colours were awarded to S. D. Napier-Munn; half colours to R. W. M. Barclay, D. A. Betterton and A. H. Stevens.

RESULTS

1st VI		
v MCS	(h)	won 6½—2½
v Bloxham	(h)	drew 4½—4½
v Radley	(a)	lost 5—4
v Leighton Park	(h)	won 5½—3½
v R.G.S. High Wycombe	(h)	won 5—4
v Douai	(h)	won 9—0
v Berkhamsted	(a)	lost 4—5
v Pangbourne	(h)	won 9—0
2nd VI		
v Shiplake	(a)	lost 4—5
v MCS	(a)	won 6—3
v Radley	(a)	lost 3½—5½
v Reading	(h)	won 6—3

Colts/Junior Colts

v Shiplake	(h)	won 8½—½
v Bloxham	(h)	won 7½—½
v Leighton Park	(a)	lost 3—6
v RGS High Wycombe	(h)	lost 5½—3½
v Douai	(h)	won 7½—1½
v Berkhamsted	(h)	won 7½—1½

Junior VI

v Dragon School	(a)	lost 3½—5½
-----------------	-----	------------

CHESS CLUB

This report had to be re-written on the last day of the season. Up to then our teams had won the comparatively easy matches, but had failed to rise to the occasion in the crucial ones. In the Oxford League, for example, all three teams lost to Magdalen College School, and in the Berkshire League the Seniors lost the deciding match against St. Birinus, Didcot. Thanks to a kind draw, the 'A' and 'B' teams won through to the semi-finals of their Sunday Times zone, a fairly unusual feat one would imagine, but then both crashed on the same day, the blackest of the season!

However, the Under-15 and Under-13 teams did win their section of the Berkshire League, thanks to fine wins over St. Bartholomew's, Newbury, who are always redoubtable opponents and may well have been the best in the county. For both our teams sailed through the semi-finals against Chiltern Edge, and the season culminated in remarkably easy wins in the County Finals; in these four vital matches only one individual game was lost, so superior were we in skill and temperament, steeled by earlier disasters one supposes!

This success must not be allowed to obscure the problems we had with the seniors, who were few in number and frequently (and justifiably) unavailable; too often juniors had to be called in to complete a team, and only Richard Baker and William Passmore could be relied on to any extent, although Ian Sadler had some crushing wins on a Lower Board. The first two played for Berkshire again this year, as did Craig Shuttleworth (winner of the Hoyle Cup for Under-15s), Marcus Marsden (who won the Lower School Shield) and Nial Mardon. The Venning Cup was won by Riccardo Casale, who was by some way the best of a rather unenthusiastic first-year intake.

M. W.

Teams from:

Under-18: R. W. Baker, W. J. Passmore, C. C. Shuttleworth, A. J. Perry, G. D. Brown, I. A. Sadler, P. W. May, T. H. England.
 Under-15: C. C. Shuttleworth, P. W. May, J. E. Robson, P. J. Rodgers, B. R. Keeping.
 Under-13: M. A. Marsden, N. A. Mardon, P. T. Vokins, S. Weaver, R. L. Casale (I. Andrews).

RESULTS:**Berkshire League (Western Section):**

Under 18s	beat John Mason	3½—1½
	beat St. Bartholomew's 'A'	3½—1½
	drew with St. Bartholomew's 'B'	2½—2½
	lost to St. Birinus	1½—3½
Under 15s	beat John Mason	5—0
	beat St. Birinus	3—2
	beat St. Bartholomew's	3½—1½
	beat King Alfred's, Wantage	4—1
	beat Chiltern Edge	3½—1½
	beat Desborough, Maidenhead	3½—1½
Under 13s	beat John Rankin	5—0
	beat John Mason	5—0
	beat St. Birinus	4—1
	beat St. Bartholomew's	4—1
	beat King Alfred's	4—1
	beat Chiltern Edge	4½—½
	beat Altwood, Maidenhead	4½—½

Oxford League:

Under 18s	beat John Mason	4½—1½
	beat Edmund Campion	5—1
	beat Radley	5—1
	beat Magdalen C.S. 'B'	3½—2½
	beat Wheatley Park	5½—½
	beat Larkmead	5—1
	lost to Oxford School	2½—3½
	lost to Magdalen C.S. 'A'	2—4
Under 15s	beat Harlow	4½—1½
	beat John Mason	6—0
	beat Radley 'B'	5—1
	beat Oxford School	5½—½
	beat Stowe	3½—2½
	beat Radley 'A'	3½—2½
	beat Larkmead	5½—½
	lost to Magdalen C.S.	2½—3½
Under 13s	beat John Mason	5—1
	beat Dragon 'B'	4—2
	beat Bayswater	6—0
	drew with Temple Cowley	3—3
	drew with Harlow	3—3
	beat Donnington Middle	4½—1½
	beat Dragon 'A'	4—2
	beat Larkmead	4½—1½
	drew with Kennington	3—3
	lost to Magdalen C.S.	1—5

Sunday Times Tournament:

'A' VI	beat Kennett, Thatcham	6—0
	beat Maiden Erleigh 'B'	3½—2½
	beat Reading School	4½—1½
	beat Dolphin School (but lost on age count)	
'B' VI	best to St. Birinus 'B'	2½—3½
	(but won on age count)	
	lost to Forest School	0—6

It should be added, to ensure a complete record, that in the 1978/9 Sunday Times Tournament our team lost the first inter-zonal match, against King Edward VI, Southampton, 2—4.



Keith Bromley as Salomon Pavey

DRAMA

*The drama year began with an eyrie of children from the second and third years performing **The Ballad of Salomon Pavey** (a work specially designed for their age-group) in the Unicorn in July. The ambition of running a Junior Opera for four nights was well rewarded, as can be judged from Graham Barrett's review:*

THE BALLAD OF SALOMON PAVEY

'**The Ballad of Salomon Pavey**', by Jeremy James Taylor and David Drew-Smythe, presents the boy actors and singers of the Chapel Royal, who were employed to entertain Queen Elizabeth I and her court, in the 1580s when they were at the height of their fame and popularity. The play is supposed to have been written shortly after the sudden death of the most famous of the boys, Salomon Pavey, by Thomas Rich, another of the boys, and is about Salomon's last months.

Thomas Rich's play has the boys acting themselves and the adults too — a device which puts the exploitation of the boys by their choirmaster and their patron into powerful relief. The opera incorporates extracts from other plays which the boys are rehearsing, so the texture is always varied linguistically and, of course, musically. '**The Ballad of Salomon Pavey**' is described by the authors as an 'Elizabethan Ballad Opera' and there are over thirty Renaissance dance tunes whose lyrics, written by Jeremy James Taylor, precisely capture the spirit of the music and increasingly become the natural means of expression to the boys, such as Salomon's '**See the scarecrow standing there**', sung on his own in old man's clothing. This was even more true of such songs as '**Country so fresh . . . London so dank. . .**' in which Kit Webster and Salomon describe the differences of their backgrounds and experiences at a time when they should be rivals but find themselves drawn to each other in ways they don't fully understand.

The script established the characters rapidly and economically and the actors responded well to this — no mean feat in a cast mainly of first to third formers. Andrew Fisher, playing William Hunnis, made exactly the right impression on entering as the impatient, insensitive and greedy Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal who drills the boys into stylised performances of equally stylised plays. Almost immediately after his appearance he is annoyed by the boys' practical joke of having a Cupid hanging from a rope and firing real arrows, and this highlights the difference between his selfish ambitions for the boys and their own much healthier youthfulness and sense of fun which breaks out entertainingly when the 'adults' are absent. The interruption of the archetypal entrepreneur-cum-patron Earl of Oxford (Patrick McCleod) promptly showed the obsequious, ambitious and corrupt side of Hunnis's true nature. Such character revelation in a play supposedly written by one of the boys sharpens the perceptions and within this context Salomon Pavey himself is particularly moving as the principal boy actor, dying (presumably) of tuberculosis, who has an uncanny talent for acting old

men's parts. He has a gentle nature which is occasionally at odds with the other boys who are typically boyish in their arguments, jealousies and vulgarities, but he is more importantly at odds with his own tendency to melancholy and morbidity. Hunnis's cruel indifference to and exploitation of the boy is one of the play's main themes and Andrew Fisher and Keith Bromley did well to maintain it so clearly.

A fault of the opera is that the characterisation does not develop, but perhaps this is inevitable when there are so many characters. The themes do expand, though, so that through the boys of St. Paul's and Nathaniel Giles, their director, we see that Hunnis is not unique and we gain a further insight into the problems and pitfalls of a system depending on patronage. The initial antagonism and then friendship of the two companies of boys emphasised their qualities and vulnerability and this is felt aesthetically in the new strength and depth of their singing.

Many boys contributed to the success of the opera, but Keith Bromley deserves praise for his sensitive portrayal of Salomon and for his excellent singing (though how he managed to cough so horribly and to sing so well I shall never know!). Andrew Fisher offered an assured portrayal of Hunnis, Adam Spring presented Kit Webster very engagingly, and Patrick McCleod gave a mature interpretation of the Earl of Oxford. Simon James was a suitably vulgar Porter who slowly became more sympathetic and there were many marvellous moments from the chorus — in fairness to whom I ought to say that I enjoyed their singing more even than some of the solos. The authors make excellent use of the chorus, so it was good to see the cast making the most of their parts. Jeremy Allanson's spontaneity and poise especially when leading 'Let me sing of the finest play in London town' from the top of the props' basket! Francis Tiffany's relish of the awful rhymes he had to speak, and Matthew Appleton's and James Thompson's vitality all contributed hugely to the opera's sharpness and vivacity. They were, of course, greatly helped by the clean professionalism of the musicians, conducted by Terry James (intriguingly complete with an apple that he never ate) whose baton held the many different musical elements confidently together.

The main credit goes to the producer, Paul Cann, for managing to balance the wide variety of characters and action so evenly and unsentimentally in a well-drilled but never wooden way. It was a memorable Junior Opera.

*During the summer vacation Brian Shelley (who writes elsewhere in this issue) was cast as Shylock in the National Youth Theatre's production of **The Merchant of Venice**, which ran for two weeks in London. We are used to Brian's richly comic performances, and those who made the trip to see him on the opening night were highly gratified at the way he tackled this demanding and equivocal part. We gather that, in his first term in Cambridge, he got into Footlights as the rear end of a pantomime horse.*

*During the Autumn Term Mr. Ian MacDonald produced what was, by and large, a cast of boarders in Gogol's satire on Russian provincial life, **The Government Inspector**. Martin Hyder reviews the play for us:*

THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR

Gogol's play, **the Government Inspector**, deals with the frantic activities of a motley collection of civil dignitaries to get their town into a state of readiness for the visiting Government Inspector. Hugh Jones played the eminently seedy Mayor in an extremely funny North Country accent, and had a perfect foil in Rachel Stringfellow playing his awful, nagging wife with alarming expertise. The Government Inspector was played convincingly by Julius Green who exuded an air of mock superiority which is entirely appropriate for his role as the jumped-up clerk. His servant, Ossip, was played by Richard Watson, in an engaging and insolent manner. The McCracken brothers obviously enjoyed their parts and their effervescent enthusiasm was admirably communicated to the audience. Cameo appearances were made by Nick Rawlinson as Lyapkin Tyapkin, playing an excessively aristocratic judge who was far more concerned with huntin', shootin' and fishin' than judicial pursuits. John Madelin portrayed the nervous, neurotic schoolmaster, obviously taking his cue from various members of staff.

Many thanks to Mr. I. A. McDonald for a production which revealed a depth of dramatic talent which bodes well for the future.

*In recent years we have come to expect a high standard of imagination in what has been called "boy-propelled production" — **Macbeth** springs to mind. In October, David Game turned his attention (as part of his **Duke of Edinburgh Gold award**) to Alan Ayckbourn's **Living Together**, which he put on in the Unicorn. Miss Cassie Peterson kindly wrote a comment for us:*

LIVING TOGETHER

I was told the other day, that on the first night of **'Living Together'**, David Game (Producer) walked out of the Unicorn in a state of panic, five minutes before the start. He only returned, apparently, after the whole thing was over, to ask 'Did they laugh?' Although I'm reviewing it some months after the event, I can certainly remember the audience laughing quite emphatically. With the cast he and Mark Taylor had been lucky enough to assemble, I am not at all surprised.

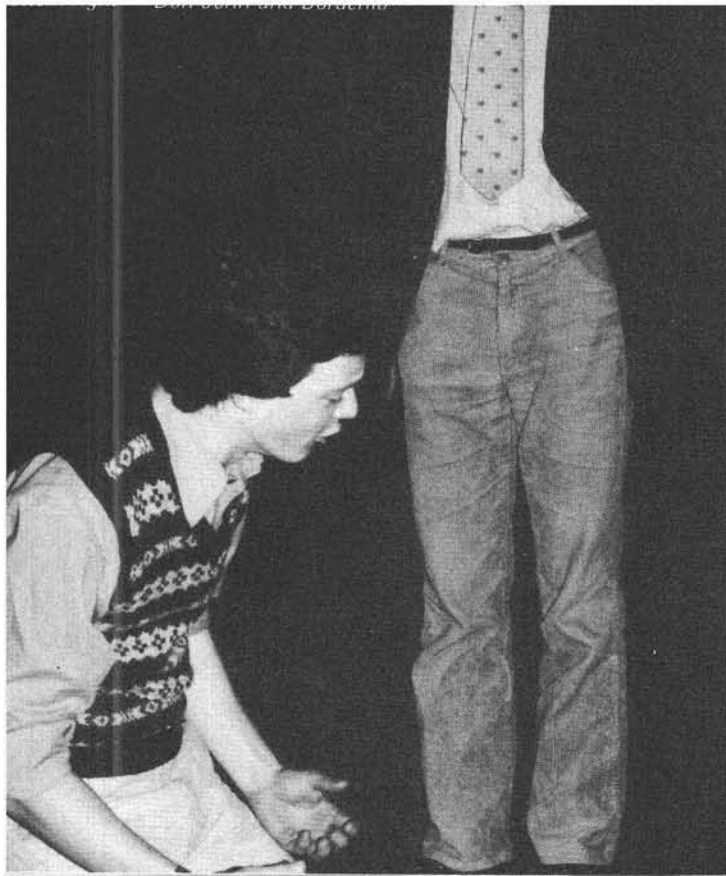
'Living Together' is the middle play of Alan Ayckbourn's trilogy, **'The Norman Conquests'**, and the author himself admits that it is the slowest in tempo. Any lack of pace, then, can be partly blamed on the script, as can the lack of good comedy in the second half, which tails off badly, I think. From the point of view of casting, however, I have very few reservations. Although we've seen Martin Hyder

in many different roles since his 'dim and dismal' Tom, I still think this was the part most suited to him. He captured Tom's dullness, stupidity and thorough niceness absolutely. His 'ums' were unbeatable, his enormous feet were regularly put in it, his blank incomprehension was positively touching and one couldn't help hoping that he would get Annie in the end. Similarly, Tim Cook as Reg seemed made for the part. His sudden rages and childlike enthusiasms were again most convincing and appealing. I think the scene where he tries so hopelessly to explain the rules of his latest game to a more than usually slow-witted Tom, a furious Sarah, and a distracted Annie, while Norman is yelling abuse at his wife down the telephone, was undoubtedly the comic climax of the evening for me. Tony Polack, too, as Norman, was excellent. It's a difficult part since it demands a combination of fey charm, with fairly ruthless selfishness, but Tony never completely lost our affection, in spite of his systematic wooing of each girl in turn.

I must admit that I thought the girls were a little weaker, perhaps because middle age is harder for a girl to capture. I liked Annabel Mann very much as Annie: she combined such obvious goodness with an equally obvious inability ever to organise her life any better to make herself happy. Sarah, too, played by Francis Hitchcock, was convincingly neurotic and aggressive. Her long-standing irritation with Reg was well conveyed by her voice, but her gestures and movements were less natural. Helen Stapleton as Ruth was another actress who looked a bit uneasy at times, and who obviously found the part of hard-faced career woman rather difficult to master. The sudden changes of feeling that she has to display in her relationship with Norman, are certainly quite difficult for any young actress.

Finally I must confess that I prefer the other two plays in the trilogy, and the brief excerpts that we saw from **'Table Manners'** at the Symposium revue confirmed my feelings that the same cast could have been even better, if served by a better script. But I would still like to congratulate both producers and cast for providing me with such an excellent first taste of Abingdon School drama. Let's hope that next year's Upper Sixth will be able to provide equally successful independent productions.

*In the spring term news came through that Robin Kermode (ex-Ross, in **Ross**) had been picked to play Florizel in the forthcoming Jonathan Miller BBC-TV production of **The Winter's Tale**. This term saw the second appearance of the Lower School Drama Festival, an event which is clearly growing in quality, and also Mr. Paul Cann's experiment with a full-scale Shakespearean production in the Dining Hall, which is reviewed here for us by Jon Gabitass:*



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Much Ado has probably a more clearly-defined social atmosphere than any other Shakespearean comedy. In Messina things revolve round the country house. Life there is leisurely and aristocratic. It is a formal society; difference in rank is keenly noticed, and wealth and social convention are of extreme importance. Life proceeds slowly and casually: there are no pressing civil problems. People wine, dine, dance, make love, tease one another, and settle old scores. Above all, they *talk*, often with a repartee that, while it is essentially about nothing, is nevertheless felt to crackle with wit. In fact, **Much Ado** is a formal comedy which anticipates the drawing-room comedy of manners or social world of Congreve, Wilde or Coward; and similar demands are made on a cast to observe high standards of diction and to study gesture carefully if they are to build an appropriate sense of atmosphere.

Perhaps therefore I may be allowed to raise a minor criticism, before I proceed to survey the various excellences of this production. This concerns the 'feel' of the play, for it was in its lack of social atmosphere and style that I thought the production was least powerful. For example, it is helpful to suggest an opulent, superficial taste in fine clothes. Don Pedro, as Beatrice observes, is a man fit only for Sundays. His own remarks reinforce the idea that he is clothes-conscious and concerned with "the fashion of the world"; yet I did not sense a corresponding opulence in the fashions of the day. The general impression of costume, however, was that it was enterprising and thoughtful, and imaginatively suggested a languid Edwardian society in a way that was economic and clearly left the actors comfortable and relaxed. It would have assisted the creation of a formal, elegant life-style however, if gestures could generally have been better observed. Bows and salutations tended to be cramped and uneasy; dances sometimes lacked grace and poise (would Benedick *really* call "Strike up, pipers!" so eagerly for such dancing?); and several characters had difficulty with their hands, and were frequently to be seen wringing them. It would have assisted the imagination if this had *looked* a more polished, self-conscious, stylish society with (a crucial issue, this) a concern for appearances. There was little language of gesture at court.

Less awkwardness was felt with diction and style of delivery, but I was still not fully convinced that this was a group of people for whom brilliant conversation is a way of life. No one has much of importance to say, but it is nevertheless expressed with much ado. Beatrice and Benedick think with devastating rapidity of invention, yet show no undignified haste; each has to make victory seem as if it is achieved with little effort. They are experienced verbal cut-throats but execution is carried out with poise, control, and as much nonchalance as possible. I felt, however, that each was a little too unmasked, too anxious to score a triumph, and too emphatic, as if nervous that the public gallery might miss the meaning. They are of course *meant* to be irritating, and too much of a good thing, at times; but we should also feel, like their friends, awed at their ability to lacerate as well as amuse.

Within the cast there were undoubtedly some highly thoughtful and talented roles acted. The élite of Messina consists of often unlikable and rather heartless people whom the dramatist realises brilliantly as a set of limited, imperfect individuals. For the most part they are shallow, insipid personalities, and therefore are notoriously difficult for actors to get their teeth into. Claudio, for example, is an objectionable puppy. He is "full of promise", having succeeded in the wars, and returns under the wing of his patron, Don Pedro. Yet he repeatedly shows us how insecure is his infatuation, and how immovable his self-esteem. Tim Screech's reading of the part was thoroughly intelligent; he spoke clearly, and played with an impressive authenticity of feeling especially in those frequent moments when Claudio is shocked by some sudden revelation, or turns nasty, or gets the sulks (a "poor hurt fowl" that will "creep into sedges"). Liz Grant was also full of resource as his counterpart, Hero, badgered by her father and uncle into what they see as a marriage de convenance. Neither role is an attractive one, yet each played it with conviction. One felt that, like Claudio, Hero was gradually absorbing the values of the court world without question; in a few years we could imagine them settled down as very solid, respectable, decent and utterly boring citizens.

At the hub of this glittering, frivolous world, like sophisticated jesters within the hierarchy, are Beatrice and Benedick. These are creatures of richer stuff than a Claudio or a Hero, and there is some brilliant cut-and-thrust for the actors to live up to. Each is, irritatingly, far too self-confident, and riding for a fall. Benedick "can see yet without spectacles"; Beatrice "can see a church by daylight". What they cannot see, however, is their complete fascination for each other. Each is the other's compulsive subject of discussion. Louise Smith, a delightful, wide-eyed Beatrice, immediately gave note of this, jibing at "Signor Mountanto" and moving with a sort of feline restlessness about the stage. Both Beatrice and Benedick suffer the proverbial fate of eavesdroppers — they overhear themselves discussed — and both are intelligent enough, as their 'friends' pile on the slander without fear of reprisal, to see the justice of their criticism. The change of intention which these scenes mark — the mind finally yields to the heart — was convincingly and very entertainingly displayed by each. (It was a pity, incidentally, in a production otherwise so marked by its ingenuity in using space and too-familiar surroundings, that the pleached grove was out of sight for about a third of the audience, and much visual comedy of expression was lost.) David Game (Benedick) in particular, contributed to the part a restless energy, and it was highly conceivable that he was a man brimming with a fulness of feeling that discharged itself as wit. Both Louise and David played their roles with enough sympathetic understanding to make us feel delighted at the ridiculing of their conceit, and yet also overjoyed to see deeper qualities revealed. In the main, however, the characters of **Much Ado** are sentimental rather than emotional. Both Claudio and Leonato can utter only romantic or materialistic commonplaces; and there are many immature responses from clever people whom we feel have not yet fully grown up, as when Beatrice

commands her newly-plighted lover to "Kill Claudio" (what will *that* achieve?) or when Claudio waits disgracefully until the church ceremony in order to denounce Hero. There is little 'serious conversation' with these people; the overriding impression is of a shallow, precious world of complacently-assumed, casual values.

Such a world is helpless to right itself. Outwardly it is saved by the watch, a collection of ponderous village idiots who stumble on the 'benefactors' by sheer accident. Inwardly, however, it is saved by the acumen of the Friar (a pleasing brief life by Ben Macintyre) who decides to fight fire with fire, and play yet another trick to undo all tricks. In the course of all this tomfoolery there were some nuggety small roles, notably from assistant producer Geoff Lanham, a 'wide-boy' Borachio ("Ooze this Ear-O then?"), whose contemptuous indifference to his capture reflected the casual malice of his master, Don John. This latter character, a kind of proto-Edmund, is difficult to grasp, but was commendably portrayed by Nick Burd, who idly flicked his riding crop against his boots as if it was his enduring daydream to be thrashing people. Don John's wickedness is unconvincing in its own right because it is rootless, but it works easily because it is founded on the shallow perception of his victims. If Leonato is anything to go by, it is no wonder that the young of Messina are immature and gullible. The elders of the city appear to have little of lasting value to teach them. Leonato is narrowmindedly mercenary and snobbish, pandering obsequiously to his fêted guest Don Pedro. In this respect I felt at variance with Martin Hyder's interpretation. Martin spoke well, was impressively relaxed on stage, but offered us a more sympathetic interpretation than I expected, playing Leonato as a kind of Mr. Bennett-figure, rolling his eyes heavenwards at the foolishness of the young, and sneaking into a deserted garden for his daily tipple ("I do like a sweet white wine").

It was clear, on the night on which I attended, that a powerful element in the production's vivid appeal should be attributed to Tim Cook and Ted Eveleigh (Dogberry and Verges). Here was some all-licens'd fooling. Ted Eveleigh, in particular, reminded me of the sort of comment made in those old school Shakespeares, that the extemporising clown was always a menace to the dramatist's purpose. Looking like an Edwardian scoutmaster (shirt courtesy of J. Fox, shorts courtesy of H. T. Randolph, I assume), it was clear that Shakespeare never stood a chance: here was comic anarchy triumphant. Dogberry insisted that Verges should accept his decrepitude ("a good *old* man, sir ... as they say, 'When the age is in, the wit is out'"), but Verges' irresistible fooling gave him the lie. Verges was a tangle of limbs spasmodically at odds with one another; he seemed to be under continual assault from a column of soldier ants, stamping on them repeatedly, or scratching the ones that buried themselves in the folds of his voluminous shorts — all this while Dogberry, moreover, was wanting to be heard. Dogberry (Tim Cook), the depth of bureaucratic fatuousness, and very much the fag end of local government, was clearly not going to have it all his own way. But Tim Cook's placid self-importance was imper-turbable. His Raleigh was a giant among chopper

pygmies; vengeance was truly carried out on Verges' trike. These two clowns (and their companions) were an excellent foil to the cerebral wit of the country house group — while at the same time illustrating their folly taken to absurd lengths, as in Dogberry's proud desire to show up well in public. Their rapport with the audience grew minute by minute, and a great deal of their acting was by instinct. One could not help feeling, however, that perhaps sheer exuberance at times disturbed the balance of the play, and the abundance of 'business' (bicycle clips, rubber truncheons and so on) harmed to a degree its integrity. Nevertheless, their comic instincts were sharp, original and gifted.

The antics of the watch also illustrated a unique feature of this production — Paul Cann's choice of the Dining Hall as a theatre, and theatre-in-the-round as a medium. Briefly, the stage became a circus ring, and it was the Watch who, as a group, seemed to be most thoroughly at home there. Such a medium creates headaches, however, for both producer and actor over sightlines and audibility, and any uneasiness in making moves onstage can be ruthlessly shown up. It is, nevertheless, an ideal way for the young actor to learn his craft, and indeed the apron stage in the new Amey Hall has been designed with such a need in view. It was clear — and expected — that some of the cast had difficulty in coping with these demands, but equally clear that others — Beatrice, Claudio and the clowns especially — had the necessary instinct for projection. The producer, anyway, had plotted the play most successfully, and the set-up was simple but strikingly effective. The variety of entrances and freedom of movement were pleasing to the eye, and the production was beautifully complemented by Richard Brett's incidental music. The setting of Balthasar's "**Sign no More**" was enchanting, and agreeably sung by an impish Jeremy Allanson. The interdependence of the various aspects of the production was impressive, and — a tribute to the energy and enthusiasm of the producer — a delightfully relaxed spirit seemed to be shared by all the actors and the production team.

Earlier in the term Messrs. Taylor and Willerton had produced *Becket in the Unicorn*. We are indebted to Mr. Peter Halstead for the following comments:

BECKET

The mediaeval atmosphere of the Unicorn Theatre could not have been more fitting for the joint performance by pupils of Abingdon and St. Helen's Schools of Jean Anouilh's version of *Becket*; moreover, the fixed stage-set of the theatre, with its "E.R." insignia, could, with a stretch of the imagination, have been tailor-made for a play featuring King 'Enery!

Anouilh gives the the French view of the story of Thomas Becket who was first befriended by Henry II of England, then by Norman barons after a protracted quarrel with Henry.

Substantial cuts were made in the school production from the original, very long play, though in such a way that did not greatly affect the story. The production was ambitious from the outset, given the length (about 2½ hours even with the cuts), the large number of scene-changes and the weighty burden imposed upon the two leading performers of Henry and Becket.

The scene-changes were well-managed on the whole by using the minimum amount of props to the maximum effect. This was generally well-supported by the lighting and some very impressive sound effects, although the timing of the former could have been more accurate on occasions. One particularly striking feature of the production was the exceedingly high quality of the costumes.

The play was dominated by long exchanges between Henry (Patrick Tidmarsh) and Becket (Toby Screech) and the extensive amount of learning and work done by the two leads showed through impressively in their polished performances. Perhaps the concentration on the accuracy of the French affected their acting performances somewhat, but this was nevertheless an extremely creditable effort at two very difficult parts, with Patrick Tidmarsh, in particular, stamping his mark on the part of King Henry.

The two leads were well backed-up by solid performances from the bishops (Martin Hyder, Geoffrey Lanham, Richard McMahon and Michael Stott) although one criticism which could be made was the heavily anglicised accent of some members of the ecclesiastical cast.

The three leading female members of the cast (Gwendoline — Amana Steeds; The Queen Mother — Sophie Race; and the Queen — Jane Francksen) all performed admirably, playing their parts with great feeling (*perhaps* having the edge on the male cast in this respect). The Queen Mother was particularly strong and Amana Steeds acted well the emotion-filled part of Gwendoline and sang delightfully.

The younger sections of the cast must be praised, with special mention due to Simon Brod with his native French accent. It was evident, however, that some of the cast in minor roles could have rehearsed more thoroughly, and their rather weak showing in places did not do justice to all the efforts that had been made by the major players.

Nevertheless, the production was on the whole a major success and the tireless efforts of D. C. Taylor and P. Willerton, along with all their cast, deserve the warmest congratulations. Finally, much praise is due to all those who put in so much behind the scenes on the production, on costumes, make-up, scenery and stage-management.

In next year's issue, drama will have a new look, created by the atmosphere and facilities of the Amey Hall; and in particular, we welcome (prospectively) Mr. Nigel Brown, who will coordinate the drama and lead the team effort that will be necessary to make the best use of this fantastic building.

The term concluded with a hastily-conceived, not-soon-to-be-forgotten, Symposium Review in the Court Room — surely a "one-off" romp that deserves to be institutionalised?

SYMPOSIUM REVIEW





You
STUPID
BOY!



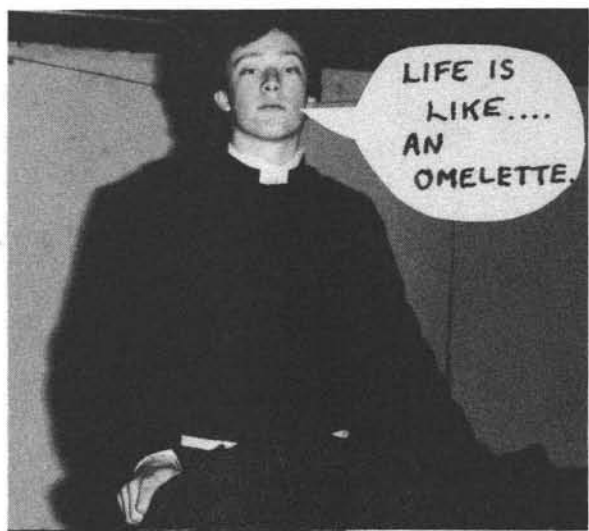
WILL
SOMEONE
PLEASE
REMOVE
THAT
BEASTLY
BODY?



ZISS ISS SEE
S.A.S. VERE ISS
SEE POLISH EMBASSY?



DEE ODDAANT
AND THE ROLL-ON
SISTERS. YEAH!



LIFE IS
LIKE....
AN
OMELETTE.



OH SHE'S
SO
BAAZEN!



WELL,
INZPECTOR,
OI WERE
JUSS MILKIN
MABEL....



PERSONALLY,
I'M A BIT OF
A PURITAN.

RUGBY

1st XV

With only three 'regulars' returned from the previous year's highly successful side, it was clear at the outset that it would be necessary to depend heavily on the most promising players from the previous year's exceptional Colts' team.

The season began in some balmy late-summer sunshine with a 48-0 win over **Bloxham**, in which Halsey gave promise of things to come by scoring the first three tries, and the side running in eleven tries overall. But then the slump. Our early-season weaknesses (poor tackling, slowness to the loose ball, lack of mauling technique, and sideways running) were exposed ruthlessly by **St. Edward's**. Admittedly, we had suddenly hit severe injury problems. Several players were unavailable, including the Captain, Madgwick, and on the wing Hoggarth, the place-kicker, went off after four minutes. (This bad luck recurred in the next two matches, in both of which, unbelievably, we lost players in the opening minutes.) Mark Emerton, picked as a flanker, gained valuable experience as he was repeatedly pressed into service as an all-purpose threequarter at short notice. **Solihull** trounced us, and against **Berkhamsted** we laboured to a draw that could easily have been won had chances been taken. Throughout this early-season period our affliction with injuries could not excuse careless play and lack of nerve that could both have prevented scores and created some. Nor should credit be taken from the opposition for skilful and adventurous play.

The side's real ability, as it transpired, was yet to be shown, and the remainder of the season amounted to a run of eight matches without defeat. The mental approach against **Magdalen College School**, who defended resolutely, was sharper and more determined, and although the margin of victory was modest (7-3), it was largely one-way traffic with many near-misses. The game proved to be a turning-point, for after the half-term break we resumed against **Radley** — definitely a fixture to set the adrenalin pumping. By this stage the pack was beginning to show the kind of technique, especially in the scrummage, that coaches dream about, and the backs, settled now and with their two main attacking (and defensive) players, Halsey and Madgwick, together at last, began to run onto the ball at pace, looked elusive and fast, and were eager to score. The first 25 minutes of the Radley game looked like text-book stuff. Gareth Harper's alert forays from the back of the scrum right from the kick-off got the side going forward, and we put scarcely a foot wrong in the first half. Radley, predictably, did not put up with our 7-0 lead, and pressed hard in the second half to draw up to 7-7. Fierce opposition pressure during the last ten minutes was broken by a movement the length of the pitch, with Hoggarth squeezed out of touch (or out of the linesman's vision) at the Radley corner: a thrillingly competitive game, and proof of skill and spirit in our own ranks.

The **Reading** game which followed should have been won by a wider margin, and a subdued match lacking atmosphere could easily have been lost to carelessness, after the nerve-sapping contest of the previous week: but against **Marlborough** (3-3) the side again showed its mettle. Few scoring opportunities were created on either side, and this was a game which neither side deserved to lose. The following week we tackled a Newbury side reputedly strong in the pack, and competent all-round. The challenge produced one of the best team performances seen on Waste Court Field for years. The bulky **Newbury** pack looked capable of powerful forward drives, and the first-half was even, apart from two excellent breakaway tries on the Abingdon side. The pack, however, scrummaged with imposing skill, and had a heavy pack rolling backwards. Any junior side could learn from this game the crucial value of set-scrummaging. Our superiority in the tight demoralised the opposition, flat-footed their formidable back row, and released in the second half a stream of possession which the backs, in peak form, capitalised on. We scored a further six tries, each of which was a gem in which the ball passed through many pairs of hands and the direction of attack was repeatedly switched. What a game! At last the Abingdon side not only played superbly but showed a real desire to play up to the highest standard it was capable of.

The **Newbury** game ended a useful string of home matches, and it was with greater confidence that we embarked on the final two school matches, both away, at Pangbourne and at Warwick. Both sides had inflicted, earlier in the season, heavy defeats on sides who had beaten us (Warwick, for example, were victors over Solihull). On a heavy ground we started sluggishly against **Pangbourne**, but true to recent form drove ourselves to play well and run out winners 16-6. Finally, at **Warwick**, we dominated the match for almost the entire game. Halsey ran round the opposition (and his own side) to open the scoring, and following a move of scorching penetration Madgwick gave Duncan Bell a scoring pass, which he cunningly took on his foot, and then fell on it. The season was concluded by the O.A. game, in which a rampant school side proved too strong for the old boys, for whom Alistair Robertson and Mike Dacre were outstanding.

A season, therefore, which initially seemed as if it might be disastrous, proved to be well up to recent standards, and it is to the credit of the side that their will to win, self-discipline and fair-mindedness were powerful enough to overcome sagging morale over two early defeats. In this no-one did more than John Madgwick who had the unusual responsibility of a second year of captaincy. The enormous disadvantage an injured Madgwick created was underlined against St. Edward's, and so often the opposition staff picked him out as a dangerous mover and magnificent all-round player. Giles Wilson, too, was largely responsible for the tremendous scrummaging which was the foundation of many a victory. What an improved player the rufous Giles was and how much the tight five owed to his enthusiasm, and refusal to countenance anything but the highest standards!

Graham Halsey, too, unexpectedly returned to us for a further year and continued his brilliant residence at full-back. The 'King' not only tackles everything in sight (as apparently the Gloucestershire side discovered in the Quarter-Finals) but — again a point for any aspiring player to note — anticipates the direction of attack and positions himself where he *will* be needed. In attack, of course, he is electrifyingly fast, with a deceptively relaxed stride. All three of these players could well bring honour for themselves and the school in the future, at higher levels.

The season has had its amusing moments: the expression on Lawrence Casey's face as he caught the ball at the zenith of a magnificent solo leap, only to be whistled up for "being lifted"; the manic confusion when scrum-half Gareth Harper, instructed to call a word beginning with 'P' for a left-hand back-row move, or a word beginning with 'S' for a right-hand back-row move, called "Psychology"; the cerebral quality and "bon ton" of the back-of-the-coach chorale on away trips; and the anonymous penetrating chunter of "Ho! Ho! Ho!" or "Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!" from the touch-line. It has also had its memorable moments: Duncan Bell's match-saving crash-tackle against Warwick; three push-over tries by the pack in one match; or John Madgwick's marathon try against Newbury, in which he sold a dummy in his own 22 which had 29 players and the referee going one way, and John the other. The memorable aspect of the season for the coaches, however, has been the tremendous spirit, willingness to learn and good humour of this particular side. The moral has clearly been that Abingdon sides *can* play with great determination to come from behind, and that when this is coupled with sound technique, a lack-lustre side of one week can be a brilliant side for the rest of the season.

RESULTS

Bloxham	(H)	Won 48 — 0
St. Edwards	(A)	Lost 4 — 44
Berkhamstead	(A)	Drew 7 — 7
Solihull	(A)	Lost 0 — 30
Magdalen C. S.	(H)	Won 7 — 3
Radley	(H)	Drew 7 — 7
Reading	(H)	Won 18 — 13
Marlborough	(H)	Drew 3 — 3
Newbury	(H)	Won 3 — 0
Pangbourne	(A)	Won 16 — 6
Warwick	(A)	Won 8 — 6
O.A's.	(H)	Won 42 — 0

Overall record:

P 12 W 7 D 3 L 2
Points for 163 Points against 119

Played:

G. R. Halsey

D. Bell

J. S. Madgwick (Capt.)

A. Thomas

W. Hoggarth

J. Littlewood

G. Harper

M. Emerton I. Simpson J. Dibble

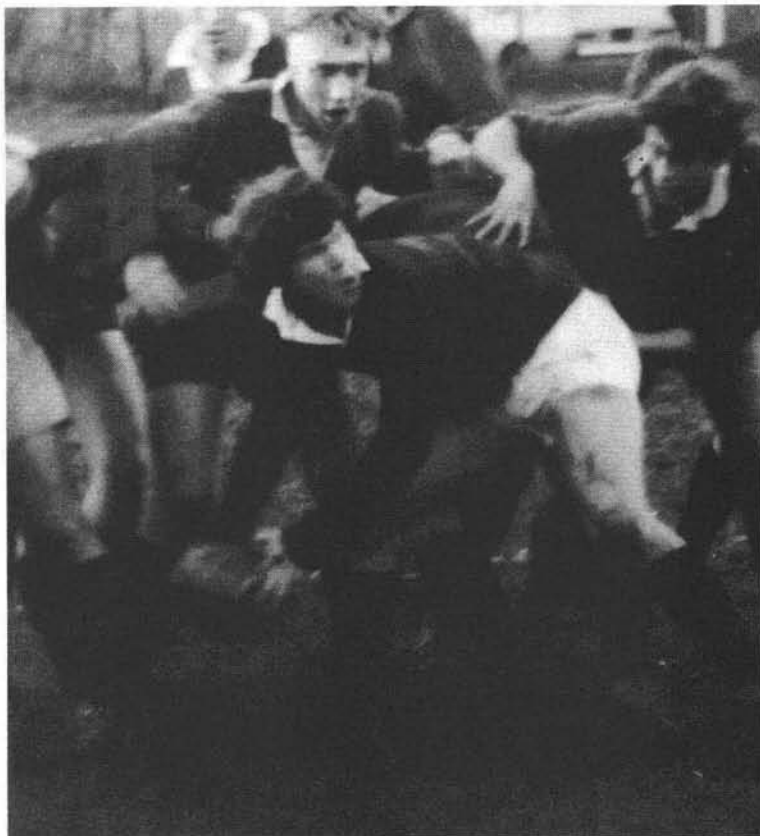
L. Casey A. Trigle

G. Wilson P. Burren G. Radford-Smith

Also played:

T. Haworth, R. Adair, A. Round, T. Burles, I. Graham, R. Hooley, P. Boobbyer.

D. G. C. J. R. G.



Congratulations to full-back Graham Halsey on his selection to play for Oxfordshire in the full County Championship Quarter final against Gloucestershire. Graham's play earned him some headlines. He also captained the Harlequin Colts' side in the vacation.

2nd XV

The 1979 2nd XV was a strong, well-balanced and successful team. Nine of the eleven matches played were won, two notable victories being those over Radley and Marlborough.

We began strongly by beating Bloxham 31-0, but went into the St. Edward's match with injury problems and after a close first half were soundly beaten in the second. Against Berkhamsted we were always in control, but unfortunately Mr. Jeremy Kingston had his nose broken and was laid off for most of the season. The Solihull match has been forgotten due to the distinct lack of activity throughout the match. For much of the heated game against Magdalen we failed to settle down, but we finished well and gained a comfortable win. Then came the highlight of the season, the satisfaction of adding Radley's scalp to our belt, after probably playing the best rugby of the season and everyone putting in 100 per cent effort. Reading proved to be a scrappy and aggressive game, but we were now in a winning stride and nothing could stop us. Marlborough was the closest points victory of the season and saw the return of our gallant fullback, Mr. J. Kingston. The last three matches were very similar in that we were in control throughout and won convincingly.

A few individual mentions must go to: Bob Stanway as top scorer (46 points); Nick Wormell for his aggression on and off the pitch but never at practices; Tim Howarth for his four tries in one match and his "adequate" firmness at fullback; and Ian Graham for his all round flair. Thanks to Mr. Bob Johnson for his devoted coaching and technical know-how. TEAM SPIRIT.

RESULTS

P	W	D	L	F	A
11	9	0	2	225	87
Bloxham				Won	31 — 0
St. Edward's				Lost	10 — 30
Berkhamsted				Won	22 — 7
Solihull				Lost	0 — 33
Magdalen C. S.				Won	26 — 3
Radley				Won	16 — 0
Reading				Won	24 — 4
Marlborough				Won	14 — 6
Newbury				Won	25 — 0
Pangbourne				Won	31 — 4
Warwick				Won	26 — 0

David Darnborough

3rd XV

The team got off to a shaky start with a good match against Bloxham (0 — 0), but then followed the St. Edward's (0 — 52) match, which showed up every fault and weakness in the team. After this disaster a lot of new ideas had to be adopted and this resulted in a good game against Berkhamsted, which was neck and neck, and was won from a superb penalty kick by Newman (3 — 0).

Possibly the high point of the season came early on with the Solihull match. A lot of replacements had to be used and we were on the 1st XV pitch but a joint effort resulted in our being the only school team to win (12 — 4).

The team played well against Cokethorpe (7 — 0), Radley (3 — 14) (Scott — broken ankle) and Reading (18 — 6), but against Marlborough the sparkle had gone (0 — 10) and a possible victory was lost (Oxbridge candidates gone). Newbury was won (14 — 3) and Warwick lost after a good first half.

During the season Mike Hills and Phil Todd gave good support and strength in the pack, backed up by the energy of Dominic Cockram. Andy Newman provided good ball for the backs as Scrum Half/Fly Half. The backs ran hard when motivated and this often resulted in good tries. John Driver provided the team with a pair of safe hands and a good kick which were indispensable, together with his and Tim Cook's tackling.

TEAM:

Bowker, Todd, Colgan, Wilson, Hills, Cloke, J. Cook, Yaxley, Cockram, Newman, Wilmore, Linley, T. Cook, Elsey, Nelson, J. Driver.

Nicholas Yaxley
(Captain)

A valediction for Mr. Eden, who hangs up his coaching boots after 15 years with the 1st XV and then the Junior Colts. We hope, however, that he'll still be in evidence on the touchline.

4th XV

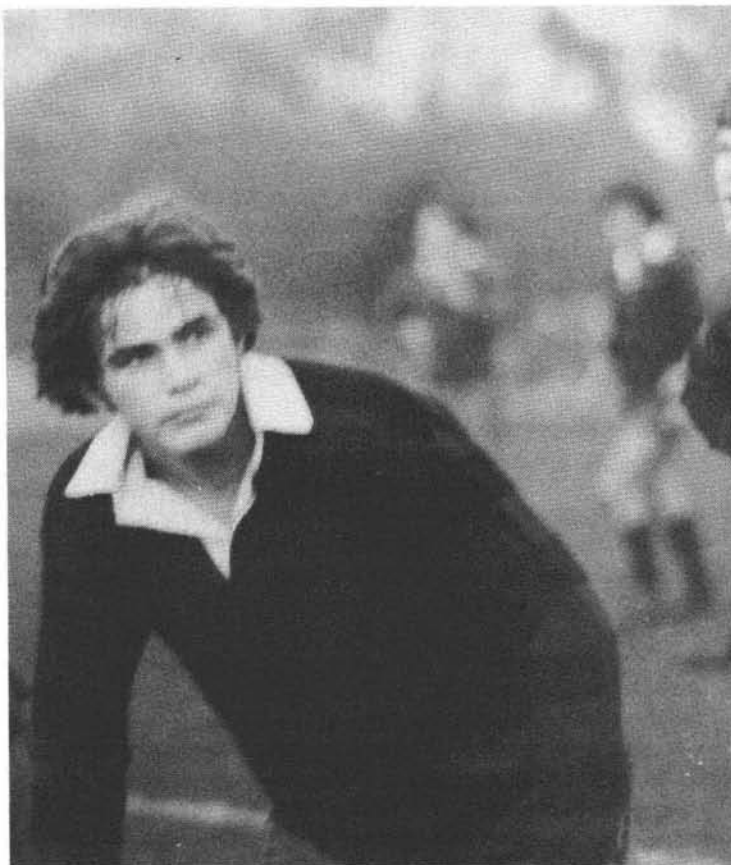
The 4th XV had a reasonable rugby season, winning 3 out of the 7 matches played (which is in fact a record in recent years).

We were plagued through the season by injuries and we always had to make substitutions. The threequarters played solidly with McLauchlan and Minter conspicuous in defence and Rayson and Crutchlow frequently on the attack. The scrum was small but quite strong, MacIntyre in particular helping to win a lot of ball with good hooking. Hignett and Wilson in the second row held the scrum together with Allanson and Roberts propping well.

An enjoyable season!

RESULTS

Solihull	Lost	0 — 4
Bloxham	Won	13 — 6
Marlborough	Lost	0 — 30
St. Edward's	Lost	0 — 30
Pangbourne	Won	30 — 0
Reading	Won	14 — 0
Radley	Lost	16 — 4



We are especially pleased to hear that John Slingsby (Captain, 1978) has got over a very frustrating ankle injury to take up a place at Exeter University for the 1980 term, and should be fit enough to play a considerable lead in University cricket and rugby there.

COLTS XV

A side which has had good results all the way up the School inevitably continues its success at Colts level. This year's XV was no exception winning six of the ten fixtures, and always in with a chance against the stronger opposition.

Success in Rugby stems mainly from the amount of possession gained by the forwards in all aspects of set and loose play. The front row is perhaps the key factor in the set scrum, and the team was most unfortunate in losing its tight-head prop at the very beginning of the season. Following James Cox's injury a great deal of experimentation took place trying to establish the right combination. Toby Marsh, Ian Robertson, and Nicholas North, playing out of position, worked extremely hard in providing the platform for possession. Ian's hooking was unmatched, and he undoubtedly emerged as the most improved player in the loose. Behind them, David Phillips and Chris Johnson put in a great deal of hard work getting their technique right, and Dave, in particular, proved invaluable in the lines-out. The mobile back row of Nigel Marsh, Jock Burnett and John Warchus were excellent spoilers in defence and were always looking to initiate attacks from the base of the scrum. The improvement in forward play was mainly due to their leader and no. 8, John Warchus. His drive and knowledge of the game always encouraged the pack to give maximum effort and his skill gained the highest respect from all players.

The backs' combination of speed and strength resulted in some very good open play during the season. Phillip Harries at scrum half linked very well with Andy Hall, and was at his best when given the opportunity to run with the ball.

In Andy Hall, the Colts were fortunate in having the outstanding fly-half on the circuit. Through his accurate kicking and electrifying pace he was the spearhead of attack, and although he was heavily marked, he seemed to relish pressure.

In the Centres, Alexander Cullen's strength and Christopher Newmark's speed off the mark was always a threat to the opposition. Both were also very solid in defence. Alexander's fiery determination and competitiveness ensured all that was expected of him as a captain. His greatest asset was the ability to get that extra effort from the team during matches and practice sessions. Walid Khashoggi and Andrew Mellor were the first choice on the wings. Both were strong runners, and their defence improved with every game. Unfortunately, both were plagued with injury during the season. However, Matthew Hunt and Tim Howard were such good replacements that it was difficult to leave them out when all four wingers were fit. Kristian Volak at full back had moments of brilliance. His touch-kicking, although lacking in distance, was most reliable; and his fearless tackling set a good example to all those in front of him.

All in all then a most enjoyable and rewarding season in terms of results and individual improvement. All players can look forward to what I am sure will be a successful future in Rugby.

Special mention must also be given to the B XV who played with purpose and enthusiasm throughout the season. Their contribution in the practice sessions proved invaluable, and although

they lost three games to our stronger opposition, their determination and level of skill could never be criticised.

RESULTS

Bloxham	(A)	Won 7 — 0
St. Edward's	(A)	Lost 0 — 39
Berkhamsted	(A)	Won 10 — 0
Magdalen	(H)	Won 24 — 0
Radley	(A)	Lost 6 — 29
Reading	(H)	Won 26 — 0
Marlborough	(H)	Lost 3 — 12
Reading	(H)	Won 26 — 9
Pangbourne	(H)	Won 38 — 16
Warwick	(H)	Lost 6 — 15

TEAM FROM:

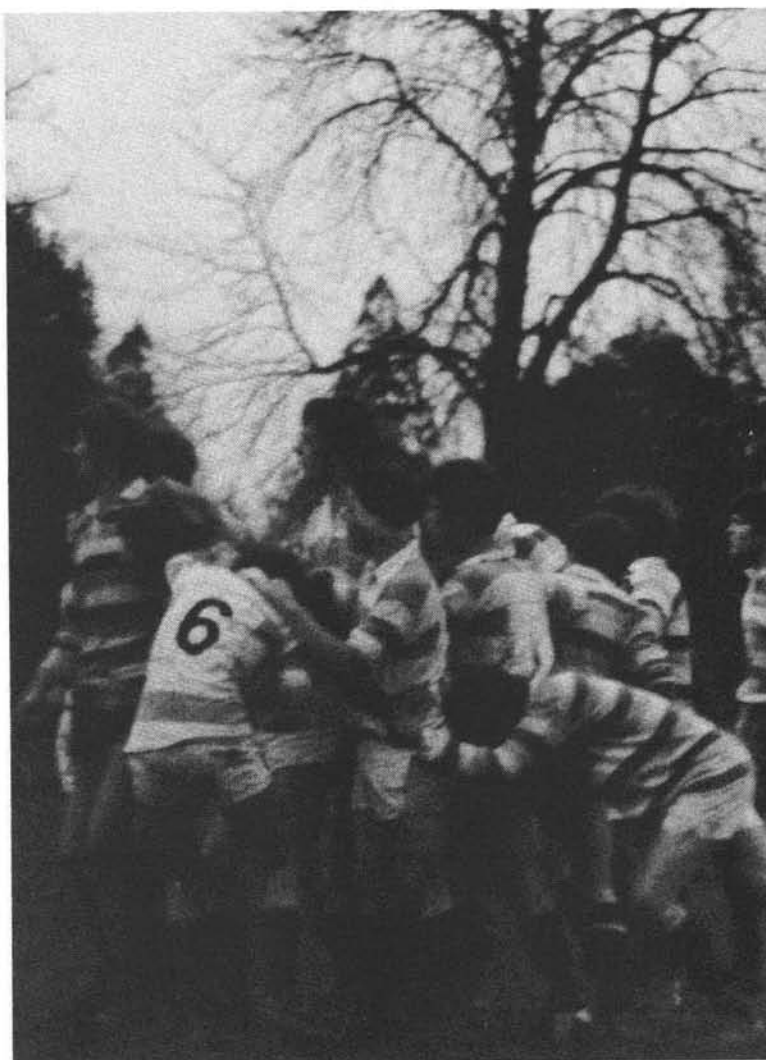
K. Volak, W. Khashoggi, A. Mellor, M. Hunt, T. Howard, C. Newmark, A. Cullen (Capt.), A. Hall, P. Harries, J. Cox, N. North, T. Marsh, A. Robertson, C. Johnson, D. Phillips, N. Marsh, J. Burnett, J. Warchus (V. Capt.)

Also played:

R. McCreery, P. Simpson, H. Jones

J. D. E. D. H.

The winner of the Goal-Kicking Cup for 1979 was Andy Hall (Colts' XV). His side also won the Shield for the best Junior XV, and both trophies were presented at the Rugby Club's annual dinner, held in the Dining Hall on December 2nd.



JUNIOR COLTS XV

By no stretch of the imagination can the junior Colts season of Rugby be called a success — at least not in conventional terms. Won one, lost the rest, points for — far too few, points against — far too many.

And yet if one accepts the maxim that a season's success at this level should be measured in terms of how much is learnt about the game, then certainly the Junior Colts have not been without success of that sort.

We have learnt that without physique or natural ability you don't get very far and that coaching can only make a limited contribution to the game. We have learnt that scrummage practice is somewhat unproductive if a key forward inexplicably fails to turn up. We have learnt that the enjoyment of the individual is directly related to commitment to the group and we have learnt that winning is not the be-all and end-all of the game — at least I hope we have. Unfortunately a number of boys, whose talents could have made the world of difference to everyone's enjoyment, decided to opt out of the Rugby scene.

Yet who can blame them, given the present climate of opinion in which personal enjoyment of success is the main justification for participation and authoritative sports journalists and athletes assure us confidently that 'it's all about winning'.

Perhaps over my twenty years of coaching Rugby, I have got it all wrong. I have always thought it should be fun.

RESULTS

Bloxham	Lost	8 — 36
St. Edward's	Lost	4 — 54
Berkhamsted	Lost	10 — 31
Solihull	Lost	0 — 66
Magdalen College School	Lost	8 — 10
Radley	Lost	8 — 58
Reading	Lost	12 — 28
Marlborough	Lost	0 — 48
Newbury	Won	14 — 0
Pangbourne	Lost	4 — 42

JUNIORS XV

These players had a promising record as Minors but their lack of size, strength and weight prevented them from winning enough ball from any of the 'big four' for anything but defeat to be the certain outcome of those matches. On the other hand they did keep their opponents' scores within bounds and in particular defended very well against strong Radley three-quarter line.

The overall tally of five wins to six defeats suggests an average ability team but I believe they are capable of better than that. It soon became clear that Woolley was too light to defend adequately in the centre and it was a relief that his obvious talents were used to the full at scrum-half towards the end of term. Together with Littlewood, whose confidence returned after the bruising matches early in the season, a half-back partnership full of flair is developing. The other outsidies improved as the season went on, Flaxman being the strongest runner and tackler; he scored several tries from a long way out.

It became clear quite early in the term that the scrum needed much strengthening and drilling. Cockburn and Bishop settled down to forming a solid pair of props and they both gained a lot of possession in the loose too. The flankers trained and kept up with the game in a splendidly spirited and dedicated way. The remainder of the pack gained in expertise, confidence and strength. Much work was done with the new scrummage machine, with advice from the First XV pack, and the scrum won more ball in the last two games. I hope they will build on that next season.

The more regular members of the team were:

M. Appleton, D. Newport, R. Flaxman, M. Day, C. Walker, J. Cowan, S. Littlewood (Capt.), B. Woolley, P. Golding, S. Bishop, B. Stanton, J. Cockburn, N. Ryan, R. Elsey, N. Tomlinson, A. McLellan, R. Dalton-Morris, D. Sperry.

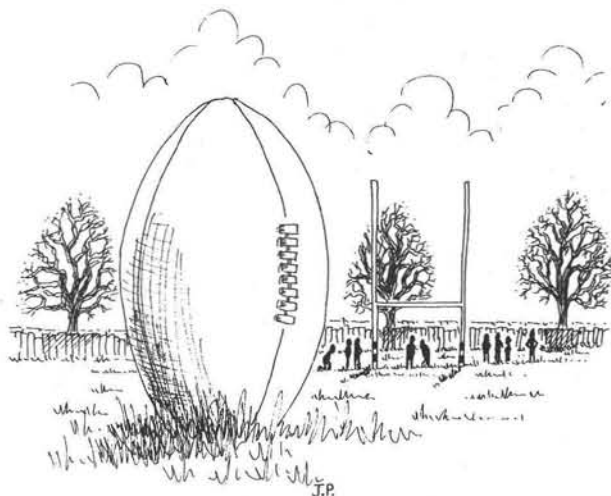
The following played once or twice:

D. Parry-Jones, M. Vanhegan, P. Stephens, A. Campbell, M. Durand, D. Newman.

RESULTS

Bloxham	(H)	Won 46 — 0
St. Edward's	(H)	Lost 4 — 28
Berkhamsted	(A)	Lost 6 — 7
Solihull	(H)	Lost 16 — 26
Magdalen College School	(A)	Won 17 — 6
Radley	(H)	Lost 10 — 28
Warwick	(A)	Won 4 — 0
Reading	(A)	Lost 10 — 24
Marlborough	(H)	Lost 0 — 24
Newbury	(A)	Won 21 — 0
Pangbourne	(A)	Won 25 — 14

R. C. B. C.



MINORS XV

An exciting and well-deserved draw at Solihull suggested that this might prove to be a fine season, but the team never played to that standard again, except perhaps in the second half against Reading — a match we hardly deserved to lose. Of ten matches only four were won, and, while it is true that with two exceptions the margin of defeat was very small, this was a very disappointing record; there were many players of real potential, but they never learned to play as a team.

The main factor, however, in the later run of narrow defeats was the team's lack of commitment (this failing was evident in other sports as well). The tackling was often half-hearted, any loose ball was almost certain to be won by the opposition, and support-work was minimal. When the matches were so close, this lack of fire was strange, for every match (except that against Pinewood, probably) was winnable, if only the spirit had surpassed that of the opposition.

Traditionally, the Backs have been the impressive feature of a Minors Team, but this year they were a grievous disappointment, totalling a mere 16 tries, most of them in a couple of easy matches. The scrum-half, Alex Hunt, was small, and got little protection from his back row or from referees, so that the Backs rarely received good ball; this was compounded by a lack of penetration in the centres, and slowness in transferring the ball to the wings, so that the defence found it easy to stifle our attacks.

Few colours were awarded in so mediocre a season, and those went to the players whose commitment was unquestioned, and who combined their developing skills with an unselfish style of play: to Ian Andrews, a No. 8 of real presence, to Kevin Higgs, a fine hooker and mauler in spite of his lack of inches, to Benjamin Burman and Benjamin Wagon for their total commitment, and to only one back, Jonathan Ralfe, for his kicking and intelligent reading of the game.

In the Easter Term the 'A' XV matches, and those of the 2nd XV against their equivalents, were all won well, with excitingly close scores that made these fixtures well worthwhile; the 2nd XV in particular seemed to suffer a good deal from absenteeism (ten players were missing, for example, against Berkhamsted), and worked very hard for their victories.

1st XV:

N. J. Silk, S. C. Johnson, W. S. D. Hudson (C), J. R. Ralfe, S. J. Walker, E. G. Hirst, A. L. Hunt, B. J. Wagon, K. W. Higgs, M. C. Cox, S. B. James, M. P. Elliott, I. Andrews, B. J. Burman, J. B. May.

2nd XV:

A. S. Kent, S. E. L. Arthy (C), M. J. Winsley, J. R. McCracken, P. J. Mertha, J. N. Silk, T. J. Luteijn, S. C. Tonks, M. S. R. Edwards, P. D. Mayes, S. G. Sutcliffe, N. P. Whitmell, R. W. Money-Kyrle, B. A. Blackman, M. Wilkins, M. R. Wedd, J. A. Brown, J. S. Allison.

2nd XV:

Oratory Preparatory School	(H)	Won 44 — 0
Audley House School 1st XV	(A)	Lost 0 — 28
Dragon School 4th, XV	(A)	Lost 0 — 18
Moulsford Preparatory School 1st XV	(A)	Lost 3 — 26
St. Bartholomew's, Newbury	(A)	Won 13 — 6
Reading School	(H)	Won 10 — 8
Berkhamsted School	(H)	Won 4 — 0

Other matches:

'B' XV lost to Magdalen College School 2nd XV	0 — 8
Under 12 XV lost to Prior Park School	0 — 37

M. W.

RESULTS

1st XV

Oratory School	(H)	Won 46 — 0
Solihull School	(A)	Drew 10 — 10
Pinewood School	(A)	Lost 0 — 24
Millbrook House School	(H)	Won 30 — 0
Prior's Court School	(A)	Lost 4 — 10
Oratory Preparatory School	(H)	Won 12 — 8
Larkmead School	(H)	Won 24 — 4
Dragon School 2nd XV	(A)	Lost 9 — 14
St. Bartholomew's, Newbury	(A)	Lost 3 — 4
Reading School	(H)	Lost 10 — 12
Berkhamsted School	(H)	Lost 3 — 14

'A' XV:

St. Hugh's School	(H)	Won 20 — 4
Christchurch Cathedral School	(H)	Lost 0 — 40
Oratory School	(A)	Lost 8 — 12
Magdalen College School	(H)	Lost 3 — 16
Christchurch Cathedral School	(A)	Won 7 — 4
Bearwood College	(A)	Won 10 — 7
Cothill School	(A)	Won 8 — 4

FILLING IN TIME

Nowadays it is far more common for school leavers who are waiting to take up places in further education to apply for a year off. The argument for greater maturity and a more settled approach to university life seems a powerful one. But how can such a year best be used?

We asked some of last year's leavers to write up their experiences, and asked for opinions from a great many more. Interestingly, not a single leaver felt that he had wasted his time by taking a year off. Indeed, nearly all felt that the opportunity to tackle a menial or boring job, and to earn money that could be spent later on travel, were experiences that were well worth while.

*To start with we asked **Barry Burles** about his eight months or so with the Army, on his Short Service Commission:*

"You will not laugh again during the next three weeks," were the sergeant's welcoming words as we were driven through the gates to Sandhurst enjoying a joke. Briefly, Sandhurst and my syndicate's colour Sergeant can be summed up as an 'exhausting experience', which taught me just how valuable a sense of humour can be!

For once, just prior to leaving Sandhurst and many, many laughs, exercises and reprimands later, we performed our commissioning parade just as it should be, wearing shinier shoes than we have ever worn and perhaps standing an inch or two taller, with more than an inkling of how the army works.

A comfortable five days at Larkhill, the Royal School of Artillery, followed Sandhurst for eleven of us. During this time we were introduced to the many different aspects of the Royal Regiment of Artillery (one of which was the bar). This ensured that we didn't join the adult worlds of our respective regiments completely ignorant of their weaponry and way of life.

Most of us were to join regiments in Germany, which is not only beneficial financially, but also culturally as you are well-situated to visit the many cities and areas of Europe, and you can afford to do so. Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Paris are a few of the cities which I visited. (The French Officer's Club in Paris is a magnificent place to stay).

We were employed in differing ways by our regiments, as each regiment in the Royal Horse Artillery and the Royal Artillery is different.

As a green nineteen year old subaltern, you are initially somewhat vulnerable to pranks. For example, a previous SSLC officer was met at the airport by a Lieutenant disguised as a bombardier and driving a landrover, in the back of which was another officer feigning to be a prisoner. On the journey to the barracks, the driver pretended to be lost. The young officer, keen to show his newly acquired map reading prowess, devoted all his attention to the map, whilst the prisoner quietly disappeared. The bombardier and the young officer spent the remainder of the day desperately searching for the prisoner without success. Eventually, in their exhausted and worried state, they reported their loss to the adjutant who gave them a convincingly severe reprimand and had them locked in the guard room for the night. In the early hours of the morning, when the young officer was in the depths of his depression, the entire officer compliment of his regiment, including the prisoner and the C.O., broke into the cell and gave him a champagne welcome, thoroughly enjoying their joke.

Fortunately, nothing quite so elaborate happened to me. However, I had the inconvenience of spending my first week trying to sort out who was exactly who, as everybody introduced himself as somebody else. Others of my Sandhurst intake were not quite so fortunate.

It is difficult for a regiment to employ fully a young officer with no experience and the minimum of training. Thus, I think I am safe in saying that all of us suffered periods of boredom, as indeed does every soldier from time to time. However, when out on exercise with my battery, I was given the command of three 105mm Abbot Guns and their crews. As a Section Commander, under the fatherly guidance of a sergeant major, I was responsible for making sure that my guns arrived at the correct gun position

and were ready to fire as quickly as possible. Once on the gun position, it was my job to ensure that my guns had plenty of ammunition at all times, and that they were ready to fire when they should along the correct bearing and with the correct elevation, type of shell, fuse setting and charge. Such a task proved to be challenging in both the perpetual rain and mud of the exercise areas in Germany and the relentless sunshine of the Canadian Prairies.

In total, I can boast of only seven weeks of my eight month army career spent on exercise with my battery. The remainder of my time was mainly spent enjoying some form of recreation, be it the comforts and social functions of the mess, the magnificent sporting facilities of the regiment, or taking a group of gunners adventure training in another country.

I cannot admit to being a natural soldier; however, I found my forte as the battery's adventure training officer. As such, I spent a fortnight skiing in Bavaria and Austria, having previously enjoyed ten days of ski tuition in Scotland; three weeks sailing around the Baltic; three weeks adventure training in the Canadian Rockies which involved snow and ice climbing over the Athabasca glacier, canoeing down the Saskatchewan River in Canadian canoes, rock climbing, abseiling, mountaineering and pot-holing; and after my return to Europe via Iceland, two weeks of further adventure training in the Dordogne. During this period we were stood on stand-by to help fight the scrub fires in Provence.

After France, I flew to Cyprus to join a command battery working with the U.N. forces. Whilst on the island, I fully participated in everything which the battery did, including an infantry exercise which involved beach landings, numerous helicopter flights, a village clearance and severe sunburn. However, there was plenty of time to improve my wind-surfing and water-skiing, as well as to experience the effects of a cheap Cypriot wine nicknamed Pandemonium.

Sitting here writing this article and recollecting a few adventures from the ten different countries that I visited, life strikes me as being all of a sudden very tame, which is perhaps not a bad thing. However, I have collected a library of invaluable experiences, both pleasant and unpleasant, and memories to recall and share with people at my leisure, with the security of knowing that I have a commission for the next four years, if I need it. I am reminded of Dr. S. Johnson's remark that, "Every man thinks the less of himself for not having been a soldier".

We then asked Brian Shelley, who had turned his hand to most things in the 10 months or so left free before going up to Cambridge:

How could I best use the once-in-a-lifetime period from January to university? For shining ahead of me was the chance to breathe air before re-submerging in the professional-academic stream to which most of us are committed. And in retrospect, those of us now at university who did take that chance have seen that this stream is only part of life, and not too healthy for swimming in non-stop. But enough of this metaphor, and on with my story!

I was lucky to have July to October sorted out already, with the National Youth Theatre. So: six months into July to fill. Well, I was determined to get to France and try out the language I'd been learning in a classroom. But before this, and above all, the social limitations of my education had made me realize that now was the time to learn a bit about my own country.

'Community Service Volunteers' turned out to be the answer — return fare paid to London for a talk with Arnie, one of the volunteer directors, who was ready to offer me every kind of social work, anywhere in the UK. Being very interested in education, I told Arnie I'd like a job with children — something real tough!

—Aycliffe: England's north-east assessment and training centre for severely troubled and troublesome adolescents. They are assessed, and then either sent into 'care', or transferred to Aycliffe's training unit, or, for the young murderer and the like, imprisoned in the modern secure unit.

.....Thank you, Arnie!

Well, he gave me a useful CSV manual and details about Aycliffe. And two weeks later I was up there, starting in a training school house for only eight boys and plenty of staff supervision. For preparation I read the files on each of these boys, giving me an idea of their appalling emotional, and usually material, upbringing. One boy had been called up to courts countless times for theft and mugging, and, at fourteen, had raped a five-year-old-girl. But his prostitute mother did exploit him and did leave him to a man whose life is crime. Academically, the brightest boy out of seventy in the training school was trying for three CSEs

Joining the care staff, who were with the boys before school, lunchtime and after school, I soon saw that the boys were as troubled and troublesome as on paper. But under a thorough 'token economy', whereby they had to behave well to earn tokens for anything above bread and butter (one token for a blob of jam), staff had the positive role of rewarding, though it was difficult to be caring as well as firm with fierce arguments always stirring up amongst the boys. Still, whenever I failed to do the right thing in a situation I comforted myself with the thought that I'd learnt a useful lesson and would be able to deal with it the next time trouble was, new lessons popped up every day. But I did get more confident and began to take groups on my own for tobogganning, football, dramatics, and occasionally, histrionics.

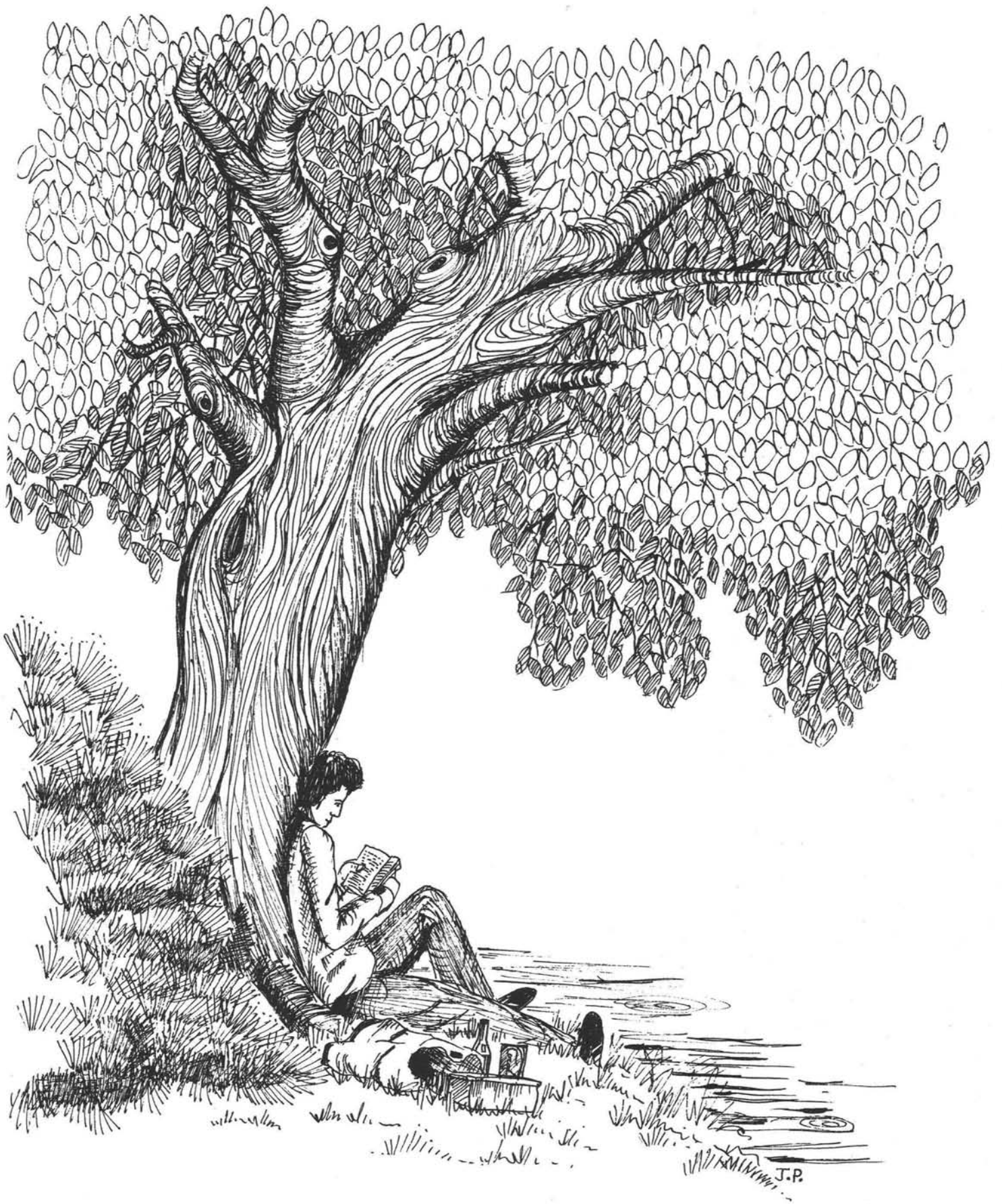
The Principal at Aycliffe encouraged CSVs to try out all three units, so I joined the drama therapist, working with the boys and girls in the secure unit, regularly, and for my fourth month, worked in an assessment house, writing the assessment report on one of the boys for the local authority.

Working with a wide range of delinquents in a professional team of care staff, psychologists and social workers, and discovering t'northerner's way of life, was so thought-provoking and richly inspiring; and as a source of fresh experience, still lives with me in the way I view life — giving, for example, a broader context for understanding my university work in a way which I could not have appreciated until I'd actually lived the experience. So from this vantage point, and knowing those leaving Abingdon this year, I'd implore you to value a bit of Experience above a stereo in preparation for university, or whatever. And since CSV offers Experience on a silver plate — £7.50 a week, all expenses paid, my own three-room flat, regular contact with Arnie in London, and help from John my project supervisor and Janet, CSV regional officer, holding parties for those around Newcastle — why not take one of its slices? There are thousands of jobs to suit even the most retiring school leavers who imagine they 'just couldn't do that sort of thing'. I never imagined I'd be taking football!

There's still time for other things. I worked as a lab steward at 'Esso' (Job Centre) whilst still awaiting replies from jobs in France ('**Summer Jobs Abroad**', '**Working Holidays**'). Most paid jobs had been taken already, but by now I'd decided that working without pay was more enjoyable than with dish-washers; and at last I got an offer to live and work with a lively farming family down south — long hours, but good food and French. And the songs my two Tunisian workmates sang showed me life in tune with the sun, unshaded by concrete career capsules.

Thanks to A level french and a kind referee, I had already arranged to go from the farm to a no-cost 'Connaissance de la France' course (**Central Bureau for Educational Visits and Exchanges**) for fifteen days into July — a great privilege. A well-planned, unregimented look around Paris, and then looking at a region near Spain, with its wine and tourist industry; as well as making friends with young people from France and as far away as Japan.

Then back for the NYT's summer season, which included '**The Merchant of Venice**'. And great opportunity knocks to play old Shylock, : four weeks rehearsing — getting to know Shakespeare's most ambiguously infamous character; and two weeks performing him — a therapeutic climax to my year on!



Michael Dacre spent the year fixed in one spot, working at an approved school which (he claims) offered him a different experience:

Most of those who take a year-off before going to university, do so with the auspicious and grand intention of "giving themselves time to mature". This is said at the time, basically for the benefit of parents and teachers. If you're human, then you're pretty sick at that stage of exams and school, scared stiff of what the future holds, and at a time when directions are being taken concerning university and careers, you want to grab at something which holds no great commitments for later. Going to Europe seems a favourite : but first you need money, a job of some kind.

My situation was difficult. Going abroad had to come later, for my A-level results were far from perfect, which meant I had to retake one. A quick aside here — if you have to retake A-levels, then do them at **evening** classes. Why? For one, you can get a job of some kind in the day, which you wouldn't be able to do if you went to college. Getting out of school habits is also for the good. It gives you time to reappraise the whole idea of education — whether it holds any value as an experience.

Back to the job then. You can't all be firemen and train-drivers, so you're going to have to find something fairly down to earth. Examine the local paper — like me, you may well find something that you consider to be a gem.

Turner's Court was offering the post of assistant club leader in its boys' club. Suited me, I liked sports, but what could Turner's Court **BE?** A school? Yes. A children's home? Yes. A place where they send naughty boys so they can't cause any more trouble? Yes, if you're blue right through, which I was when I saw the post offered. Turner's Court, to use the correct jargon, is a voluntary establishment offering residential training facilities to boys aged 15-18, most of whom are in social service care. A place then, for those who were born invisible, or have become visible, whom it hopes to make visible again. You who are reading this are visible. You can **read** it for a start, but it's also most likely that you have connections with a school which deals with visible people.

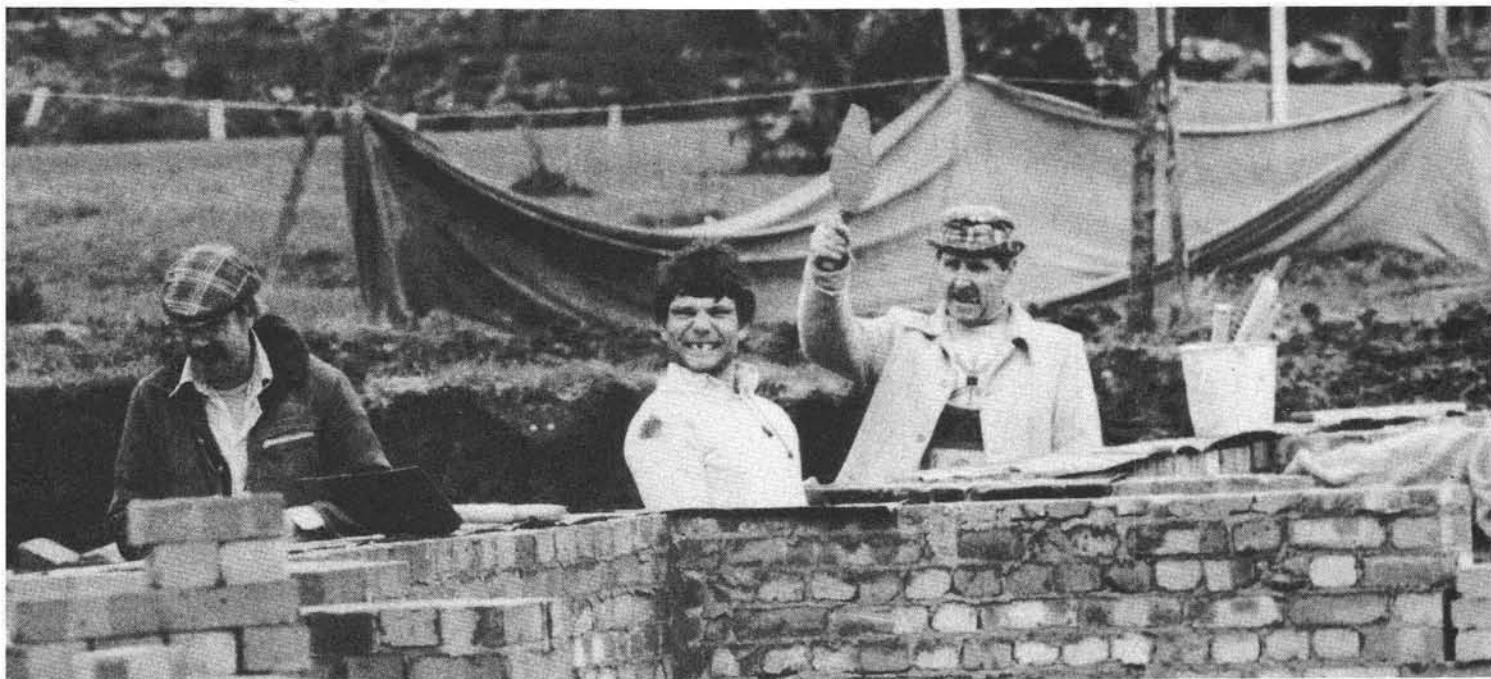
The job interview — difficult? No. Just be yourself. The interviewer will tell you if you're the person for the job. If you're not then there is no point in thinking you are. You and your employer will only become frustrated.

So just what have I done in my year off? What have I achieved? What have I learnt? I've worked for a salary for a start — not too large but enough to live on. I've worked grotty hours too, evenings and weekends. I've discovered that I can't change the world, when I thought I could. I've discovered the truth that work can often be frustrating and boring, but can also give one a sense of achievement and satisfaction. I've worked and lived with difficult kids, boys who don't know the meaning of such things as social behaviour. I've had experiences which I consider worthwhile. Most importantly though, being totally self-concerned, I think (much to my disbelief) that I've matured. School preaches individuality (if it's a good school, which Abingdon undoubtedly is) but finds this difficult to obtain, basically because everybody wears the same clothes and attends the same classes. It satisfies only those who can succeed and achieve in its own limited sphere. It may sound egotistical, but I am pretty sure that nobody in my year at school could do the job that I've done as well as me. Each individual has his own station. A year well spent has, I feel, given me greater self-esteem and brought out to a further degree, my own separate identity. I have matured for I am more aware. This is all very vague but one thing I do know for certain : I enjoyed school, it was valuable time spent, but there is more to life than getting a better mark than the next in a history A-level essay. That however, is no excuse for laziness at school!!

John Rolley discovered what an Italian labourer's lot was like:

How does one fill in the time between Oxbridge exams and actually going up to university? This was the problem which faced me last Christmas as I slumped comfortably in front of a blazing log fire, munching mince-pies and wondering how early one could acquire middle-age spread. The solution, for anyone who intends to study modern languages (or who wishes to experience the diversities of life, for that matter) is to travel abroad to the country where one's chosen language is spoken: and, so in April, armed only with O-level Italian (courtesy of Abingdon/St. Helen's schools) and a survival-pack I set off for Italy. I had first taken the precaution of obtaining some money (furniture-humping at Messrs. Coxeter of Abingdon). This episode had the added bonus of developing the muscles, and familiarising one with industrial vocabulary.

I have arranged, through a contact, to stay with a family near Cuneo, a pleasant city to the south of Turin. The son had done his military service in Africa, and the effect upon him was shattering — his appearance and clothes, African in style, complemented a taste for all things native, and so for five months I shared a room with a close approximation to a five foot golliwog, who rolled his eyes and gripped the arms of his chair whenever a negress appeared on television. An excellent guitar player, his repertoire, unhappily, was limited to negro wailings and revolutionary songs inspired by SWAPO and Che Guevara. His car, a Fiat 500 (which I drove on occasion) resembled both in appearance and in handling a tea-caddy on wheels, and it was his wont to drive it at break-neck speeds with only one hand on the wheel, whilst looking anywhere except at the road ahead. (I have never before seen anyone do a U-turn in the midst of rush-hour traffic while light a cigarette.)



Work on the site, however, did little to improve my command of Italian. Working people speak in dialect, which is extremely difficult to learn; in addition, building workers tend to talk about little but cars and sex, neither of which is included in the syllabus I was preparing. In June and July, therefore, I found a job with a group of some twenty students, picking raspberries. Another working day of ten hours (a glutton for punishment, Rolley,) with the temperature in the high eighties. But I learned a great deal about Italy and its people, through talking all day to the students, or going walking in the mountains with them at week-ends.

This time spent far from home, making new friends and becoming acclimatised to fresh situations, was the best possible training for life away from home at university. Maturity of approach to work is looked for by college tutors; and maturity is based upon experience of life, which cannot be found in text books or passed on at second hand. The time between school and university, even for those not sitting Oxbridge, is a wonderful opportunity which will not present itself again for a very long time, if ever. Why stay at home, brothers, in the insular rut which you may possibly occupy for the rest of your life? Coraggio, amici— e avanti.

John Rolley

Peter Johnson was, perhaps, most exposed to unromantic drudgery : he spent half the year working in a tannery, but his experiences still suggest the satisfaction that can be gained in a job of this sort:

The first thing I did after Christmas was to sign up on the dole queue. After all, I couldn't foresee my getting a job to fill the time between school and University immediately, so I was out to make a bit of money at everyone else's expense. After endless form-filling and interviews in Oxford they decided I was worth £11 a week. But only a fortnight later the Jobcentre came up with a "four-week casual labouring job" at the Pavlova Leather Company Ltd., Abingdon. I went along to see the Chief Engineer there, and he took me on, obviously thinking I was a safe bet for pushing around the wheelbarrow full of concrete for a month without any disasters. As it turned out, he never fired me, and I gave in my notice in July, six months after joining the Firm.

The factory processes leather, taking in raw hides and producing the finished skins, which are ready to be made up into coats, gloves and other soft leather articles. The great variety of machinery in this factory, where about 250 people are employed, totally confused me for a long while, but as I settled in, and was given more varied jobs to do, I learnt a good deal about factory production and what it takes to keep a place like that running properly.

There is a team of about 12 men who work in the maintenance section. They have nothing directly to do with production, but are vital to the continued operation of every part of it. Machines constantly need repairing and overhauling; new equipment has to be installed; old things are taken away. When a new hard-wood drum, 8 feet in diameter, is delivered, it takes everyone available to manoeuvre it off the lorry, into the shop, to lift it up onto the new concrete base, and fit it with absolute precision onto the newly bought stands and bearings. The leather process is now based largely on these drums, which churn the skins around in chemicals that clean, tan, prime, dye and finish them in great numbers. Much time is also spent repairing everyday things like doors, trolleys, wooden horses, windows, and in painting, relaying floors, servicing the great coal-fired boilers, or dealing with the sewage system.

I worked (very hard, I may say) with this maintenance team for all the while I was at the factory, and found them without exception a very friendly, helpful, often witty bunch of people, from whom I learnt a great deal about carpentry, heavy engineering and the like; also about themselves, what they do in their spare time, what they think about various topical issues. Naturally, I found them on the whole relatively uneducated, but at the same time cultured, in that each has a hobby, such as keeping a small boat for fishing on the river, or making working replicas of steam engines, or keeping house plants or pets. Above all, I found out that experience of such a life, with its rushing about, sometimes from five in the morning until five at night, is the only way of informing yourself about the "working" class: theorising from a very privileged position at Abingdon was apt to give me a most uninformed and misguided idea of these people. To know them is to begin to understand them, and just as I enjoyed being at the factory, earning my £50 a week, so I believe those I worked with grew to like me through respect simply for my willingness to work hard. I never felt they resented me because of the so-called "social barriers" : when they criticised someone, it was only because of his attitude (lazy, or over-demanding) towards them and their work, and never for who he was.

Peter Johnson

HOCKEY



GENERAL ROUND-UP

Having lost two very useful hockey coaches at the end of last season, it was clear that this year would be a difficult one, in terms of getting enough members of staff involved with coaching the boys. That the school sides have done so well, particularly at the lower end of the school, is due to the hard work and dedication of a small number of people. Both Jeff Drummond-Hay and Richard Coleman deserve hearty congratulations for the playing records of the Juniors and Junior Colts respectively (P10, W8, L2 : P9, W6, D1, L2). Their results have been gained in style, the sides playing attractive hockey, which bodes well for the future. Congratulations and thanks, too, to David Crawford, who in Jeff's absence set the scene for the Juniors, providing them with a sound base with regard to skills and fitness. From the Junior Colts, Martin Haywood and Alex Fergusson played for Berkshire U15.

The Colts struggled due to lack of numbers of good hockey players, but although the playing record looks poor (P6, W1, D1, L4), all but one of the games lost were by the odd goal. This record would have been much worse, but for the excellent coaching of Charlie Bush and a very good team spirit which he helped to generate. From the Colts, Chris Newmark played for Oxfordshire U16 and Roger Ripley and David Phillips for Berkshire U16.

The 1st and 2nd teams have worked together under the guidance of Nigel Payne and Pat Wilmore and in a season where a remarkable number of games have been played, due to a mild spring, both teams have done well (P15, W7, D5, L3 : P9, W3, D3, L3). The seconds' main problem throughout has been scoring goals and on a number of occasions this ability would have won the day and given them the result they deserved.

The firsts have shown a great deal of character in a number of difficult games and have been well led by David Darnborough who has proved to be an excellent captain. Talented young players like Gareth Harper and Charles Prest have continued to improve and James Dibble has developed into a

lethal goalscorer from the left. David Darnborough, Charles Prest and Gareth Harper played for Oxfordshire U19 and Noel Williams and Robert McCreery for Oxfordshire U16. Congratulations to James, Charles and Gareth who have been awarded full colours and to Andrew Newman who has been awarded half colours.

Finally a heartfelt thanks to all those members of staff who helped out with the non-teams games. Clearly a large number of the less able hockey players have gained a great deal of enjoyment from these events and particular thanks to Hugh Randolph who proved to be a tower of strength in our hour of need.

Since this report was written Gareth Harper has attended the Welsh Schoolboy trials and has been selected for the U19 squad to play in the home countries tournament.

RESULTS

Wantage	Won	7 — 0
Leighton Park	Won	2 — 1
St. Edward's	Lost	0 — 2
Radley	Lost	2 — 3
Oxford School	Won	2 — 0
Pangbourne	Drew	2 — 2
Warwick	Won	3 — 1
Bradfield	Drew	3 — 3
M.C.S.	Drew	1 — 1
Reading	Drew	3 — 3
R.G.S. High Wycombe	Won	3 — 1
P. J. Wilmore's XI	Lost	3 — 5
Old Abingdonians	Won	5 — 2

PUBLIC SCHOOLS HOCKEY FESTIVAL

Wellington	Won	2 — 1
Monkton Combe	Drew	1 — 1
Marlborough	Drew	1 — 1
Greshams	Drew	1 — 1

Played 17 Won 7 Drew 7 Lost 3

Goals for 41

Against 28

P. J. W.



2nd XI

The 2nds were certainly an entertaining side to be involved with; for a start they usually made certain that their matches were close — either by snatching draws from the jaws of victory or defeat by giving away equalisers at our end or missing sitters at the other.

Giles Wilson and Nigel Roberts shared the goalkeeping responsibilities and were entirely to blame for all the goals scored against us, at least according to the other 10 players. Both had their 'moments' of glory and of despair. Graham Black, striving gallantly for fitness, Jeremy Burley, when in position, and William Rayson shared the full back places, though not all at the same time. Rayson was unquestionably the noisiest full back I have ever heard and had to be sacked as captain because we couldn't hear the whistle.

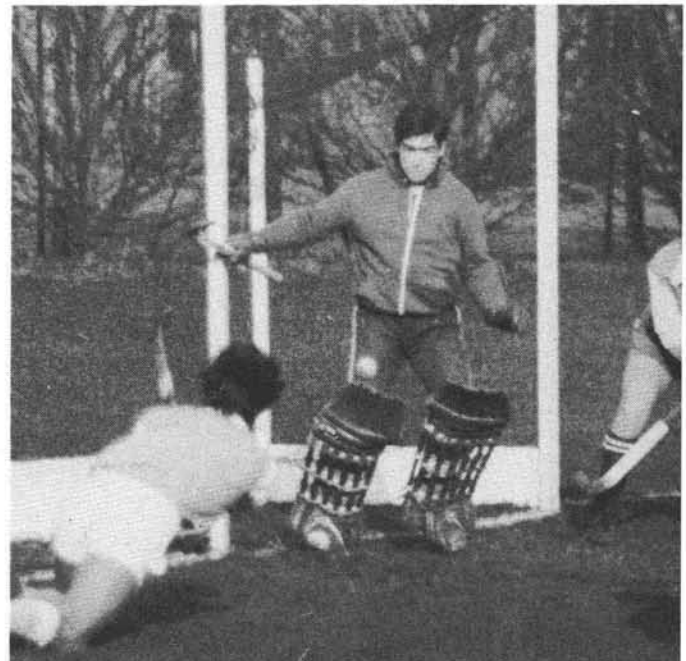
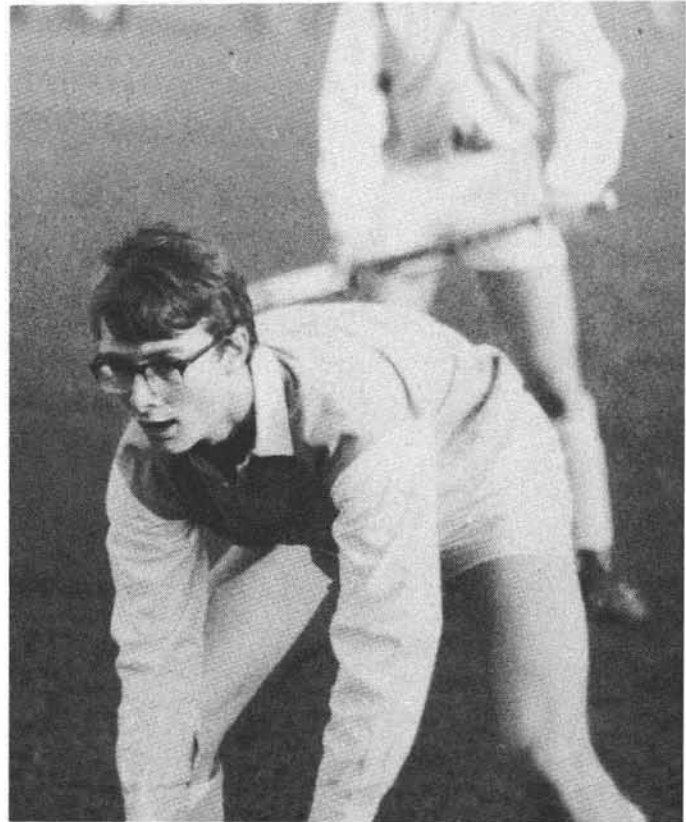
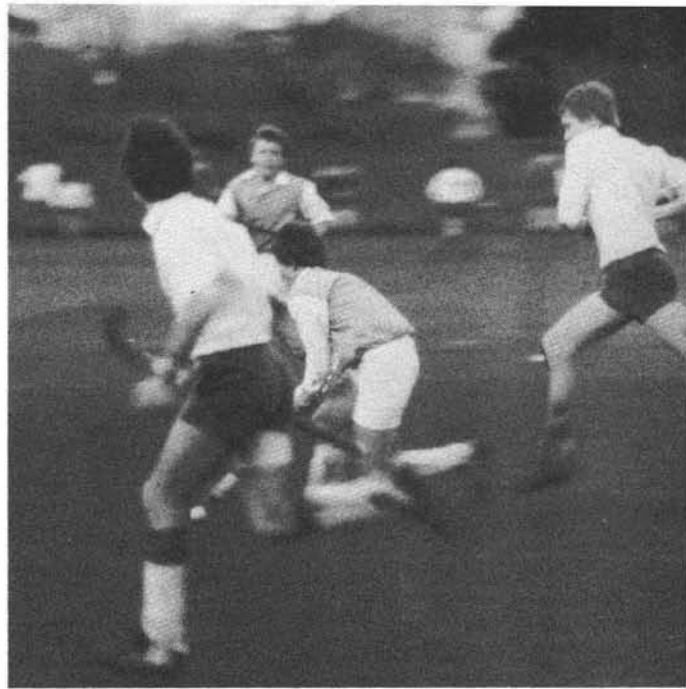
The most consistent performer was Hugh Linley who scored the best individual goal of the season at Solihull from the right wing position. He was supposed to be playing centre-half at the time. Paul Dubenski's and John Littlewood's duties at wing half were mainly to collect the ball when it went off (frequently) and push it in again — which they occasionally achieved legally on the ground.

The forwards looked very promising, apparently athletic and skilful until they arrived at the circle, at which point their basic skills somehow seemed to evaporate — particularly if they had the ball. Jonathan Driver and Nicholas Ward never did manage to find the net; instead 'conversions' over the bar or divots or air shots were the more likely offerings. John Phizackerley scored with a tremendous shot at Radley but found it hard to repeat the fluke (?). Jimmy Nicholls left his mark literally by denting the cross bar at Cheney School — but that was his method all season; he rarely dribbled the ball on the ground. Bob Stanway hit the ball very hard indeed from full back or left wing; it didn't make much difference for no one could stop it at that speed, and Nick Yacley repeated his Nick Yaxley take-off of the year before; if he practises hard he should begin to master the art of hitting the ball before the 1980s are over. As I said, an entertaining side. Even a change of captaincy three times (ordering oranges is an onerous chore) didn't alter our fortunes, exact details of which seem to have gone astray, which is perhaps just as well. My final memories of the side is of a bunch of great triers, indeed very trying at times.

The following played regularly: C. Wilson, N. Roberts, W. Rayson, G. Black, J. Burley, J. Littlewood, H. Linley, P. Dubenski, J. Driver, N. Ward, J. Nicholls, J. Phizakerley, R. Stanway, N. Yacley.

P9 W3 D3 L3

N. H. P.



COLTS XI

Even before the rugby posts were taken down, or a hockey ball was hit in earnest, the Colts Squad suffered a severe psychological blow. Two of the most positive and talented midfield players of last year's Junior Colts XI were promoted to the First XI, and both maintained their places all season. The gaping holes that this left in the team's line-up were never going to be easy to fill as the squad did not possess the necessary depth of talent or fitness. The dents in the boys' confidence seemed even harder to mend.

The first match (against St. Edward's) was as hard as any we were likely to play all season and the result was most encouraging. Losing by one goal in the high-scoring 4—3 result proved to each member of the team that we had the ability to score goals and gave cause for optimism for the remaining fixtures. The next match was an altogether different affair as we were out-classed by an efficient and more skilful Radley side. But this was the only occasion that we were beaten by more than one goal.

Positionally the forward line never settled into a consistent pattern. At inside forward we lacked the imagination and flair necessary for constructive hockey. After the placement of Andy Hall at right wing, the team found most of its worthwhile attacks coming from the right and a number of goal-scoring opportunities presented themselves at every match. All credit to Andy for adapting to his new position, even if some of his tactics at times were a little more rugby than hockey! Chris Newmark as captain and centre-half gave invaluable service in every corner of the field and matured greatly as a hockey player, throughout the season. Despite his sterling efforts he remained a centre-half with inside forward ambitions. The team owed much to his improved skill, although too often we left ourselves open in defence. Holding the ball too long and lack of fitness contributed to defensive errors.

It was encouraging to see the improvement in basic skills of some of the players, especially Jonathan Prest and John Durand. Chris Newmark and Roger Ripley both represented their county teams. Overall the team remained the happiest unsuccessful side I have ever coached and they thoroughly deserved their win in the last game of the season at Reading.

Team:

C. Newmark (Capt.)	C. Coe
D. Phillips	N. Marsh
J. Durand	W. Passmore
N. Rice	N. North
J. Prest	R. Ripley
P. Tauwhare	A. Hall

Results: Played: 6 Won: 1 Lost: 4 Drew: 1

v. St. Edwards	Lost	3 — 4
v. Radley	Lost	1 — 4
v. Pangbourne	Lost	1 — 2
v. Warwick	Drew	2 — 2
v. M.C.S.	Lost	1 — 2
v. Reading	Won	2 — 0

C. M. P. B.

JUNIOR COLTS XI

This, quite simply, is the most skilful, strongest and most successful team the school has had at this level. Alex Fergusson and Martin Haywood are regular County players. Martin captained, cajoled, energised and poured confidence into the side in an articulate and mature enough way. Fergusson at inside left and the centre forward, Suggate, scored around nine goals apiece; Suggate only failed to score in two of the matches; we appreciated his goal-hungry, terror-like methods.

After the third match and the first defeat, in an even game against Radley, the coach was impertinent enough to question those positions he had inherited from the previous season. He had already moved a goalkeeper to the right wing and it was now clear that the left wing needed strengthening too. Not surprisingly, there were few volunteers, but Lee was persuaded to take on the task: he is fast and skilful but likes to be in the thick of the circle action. Anyhow I am sure the team are grateful to Lee for trying to attract their attention and passes from that way-out position. Fortunately he was in amongst the goals by the end of the season.

At least four players were involved in position changes after the Radley match and that must have contributed to the loss against Oxford school. We would certainly have won that one later in the season.

The group is also memorable for its almost embarrassingly abundant supply of goalkeepers. McLeod shared the 'keeping last year but was despatched to the wing where his speed and strength gave him a head start. Ladmore donned the pads for the first couple of matches or so but graciously made way for an impressively endowed upstart in Thomas. Ladmore in fact kept goal commendably well for the Colts side in mid-term.

Space prevents other comments on this encouraging season.

Regular members of the team were: N. Thomas, M. Wiles, M. Ingram, D. Rand, M. Haywood (c), S. Rushton, P. McLeod, T. Robinson, R. Suggate, A. Fergusson, D. Lee.

Also played: D. Allen, S. Crutchlow, R. Fellows, P. Ladmore, T. Winter.

RESULTS

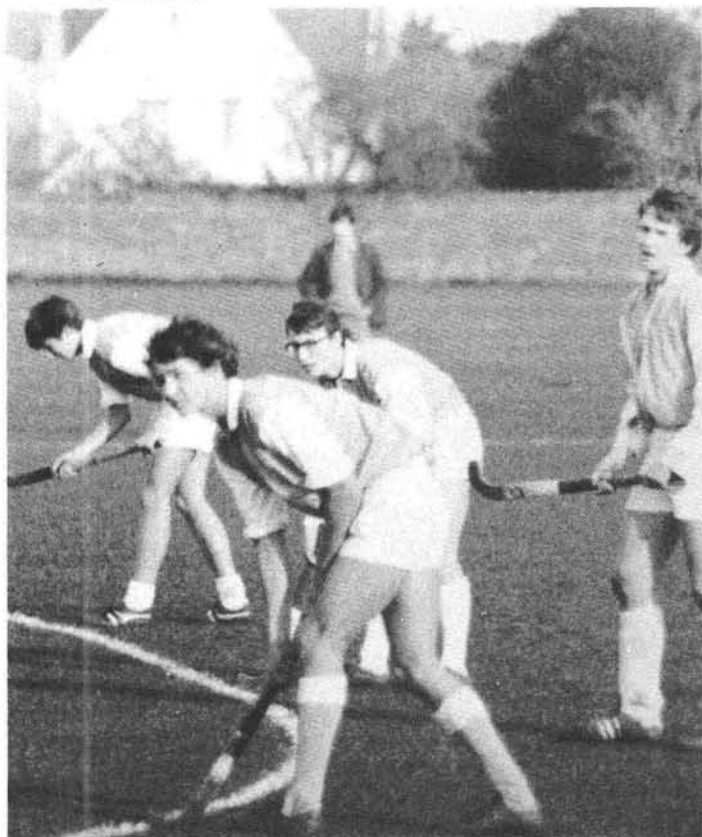
Leighton Park	(A)	Won	10 — 1
St. Edward's	(A)	Won	2 — 1
Radley	(A)	Lost	1 — 2
Oxford School	(A)	Lost	1 — 2
Pangbourne	(H)	Won	1 — 0
Magdalen College School	(A)	Won	5 — 3
Reading	(H)	Won	3 — 1
Solihull	(A)	Won	3 — 1

R. C. B. C.

JUNIORS XI

Starting off their first full season of Hockey, this year's Juniors have been very successful indeed. Of the nine matches played, six were won, one drawn, and only two lost at the beginning of the season. Thirty three goals have been scored and only ten conceded, which highlights the team's strength both in attack and defence.

The team was most fortunate in having such a reliable and brave goal-keeper. Ian Cockburn's greatest asset was his fearless charging out of goal and well-angled clearances. In front of Ian, David Newman and Jonathan Phillips improved as the season went on. They combined well together, missed few tackles, and never panicked when under pressure. David's hitting out of defence was particularly impressive. The combination at half back was just as reliable. Nicholas Burgoyne, Mark Durand, Brian Woolley and Richard Berry, in Brian's absence, managed to control the mid-field with determined authority. Every 50-50 ball was competed for, and seldom lost; and their positional play, both in defence and attack, was quite excellent.



Playing in the key position at centre half, Mark's hard accurate hitting and good stick work initiated most of the attacks. I am most grateful for all his help in captaining the side. This he did with calm authority, and led mainly through example. His determination to run for every ball had a marked effect on the competitiveness of all players around him. The team welcomed three newcomers into the side. Tim Burley and William Martin, two very experienced wingers and Anthony Haywood an accomplished forward. Their presence was soon felt, and between them their skill and determination I thought accounted for much of the team's success this season. Tim Burley in particular, has, I am sure, a very promising future in Hockey.

Simon Littlewood, the leading goal scorer, and Robert Dalton-Morris made up the rest of the attack. Both were quick to react to any scoring opportunity, and Simon must be congratulated for scoring thirteen goals in the season.

All in all then, it could not have been a better season in terms of results, enjoyment and dedication. If the present Juniors manage to stay together and improve as much as they did this season, they will undoubtedly be a force to contend with. Special thanks are due to David Crawford, who in my absence at the beginning of the season, did all the hard graft in introducing the skills and knitting the team together.

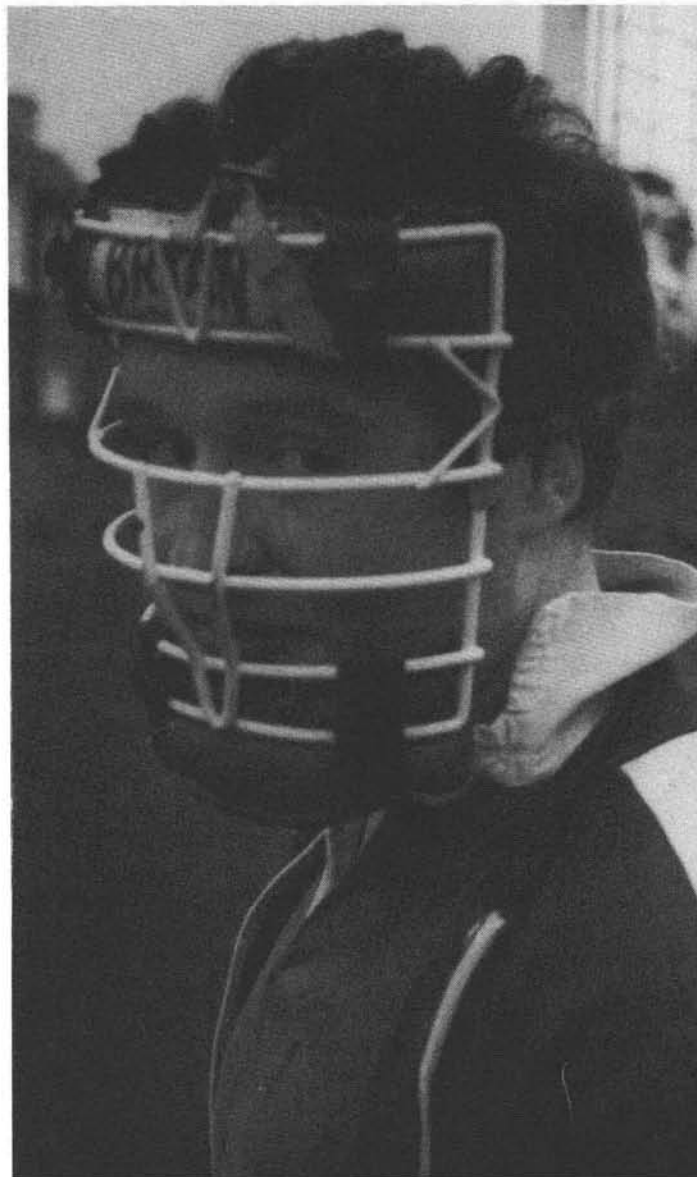
The following played for the team:

I. Cockburn, D. Newman, J. Phillips, N. Burgoyne, M. Durand (capt.), B. Woolley, R. Berry, W. Martin, R. Dalton-Morris, S. Littlewood (v. capt.), A. Haywood and T. Burley.

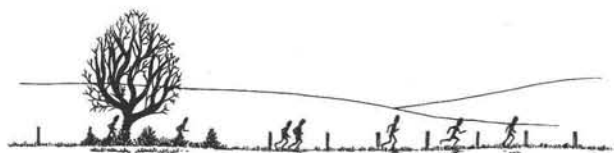
RESULTS

Sat.	Jan. 26	Leighton Park School	(H)	Won 7 — 2
Wed.	Jan. 30	St. Edward's School	(A)	Lost 0 — 1
Sat.	Feb. 2	Radley College	(H)	Lost 2 — 3
Sat.	Feb. 9	Oxford School	(H)	Won 1 — 0
Wed.	Feb. 13	Pangbourne College	(A)	Drew 2 — 2
Wed.	Feb. 27	Magdalen College School	(H)	Won 4 — 2
Thurs.	Feb. 28	Cheney School	(H)	Won 5 — 0
Sat.	March 1	Reading School	(H)	Won 6 — 0
Wed.	March 5	R.G.S. High Wycombe	(H)	Won 6 — 0

J. D. E. D-H.



CROSSCOUNTRY



MICHAELMAS 1979

Reviewing the seventies we see many developments. Membership of the crosscountry club has increased from under 10 to over 100 boys. Few parochial fixtures remain, the big relays now predominate; also this term Haberdashers', Sir Thomas Rich's and St. Albans made their first-ever visits to Abingdon. Selection for the first team no longer depends on 'borrowing' from the 1st XV; now with a first-team squad of 15 we take 'guests' along to avoid disappointment. The end-of-term crosscountry is now compulsory only for the 1st and 2nd Forms and in the middle school the 4 houses select teams of 20. The black team vest is replaced by the distinctive white, red and black one. It is interesting to note also that progress has been made nationally with the boom in jogging, the improvements in running shoes, the digital quartz stopwatches, and the elevation of superstars like Foster, Ovett and Coe.

To give some idea of the present standard of the senior team here are some of the personal bests at Sunningwell from 1961 to 1979: 1, A. Morfey (18:00), 2, N. A. F. P. (18:11), 3, N. Smart (18:28), 4, C. Bromhall (18:32), 5, C. Vernon (18:50), 6, B. Avery (19:02), 7, R. Harvey (19:08), 8, R. Baker (19:14), 9, J. Halliday (19:24), 10, R. Hingley (19:27). Also the following were still at school this term: 12, T. Johnson (19:44), 15, P. Wilson (19:55), 19, M. Chapman (20:20), 21, D. Thompson (20:29), 23, S. West, (20:31), 32, J. Geere (20:48), =33, N. Burd (20:50), 36, R. H. B. (20:48), 38, J. Buckley (20:56), 40, P. Edington (20:59). For any Old Abingdonians reading this I suggest that only in 1965 was there comparable strength in depth. Also the OA's team of Morfey (=3rd), Bromhall (8th), Vernon (22nd), R. Geere (28th), P. Moore (59th), and Lynn (61st) came second behind Coventry in the Public Schools Old Boys race at Wimbledon in December. This was a week after Morfey had gained his blue for Cambridge, the second in crosscountry by an Abingdonian.

This has been a really interesting term with much to go for. The secretary, Richard Baker, arranged the most formidable fixture list. Some of the matches stretched us to the limit and 9 out of 12 were won. We lost our unbeaten record in the very first match against Haberdashers', who later proved to be the top team on the circuit by winning 3 of the relays. They showed, as did Coventry later, that they really took us seriously by going around the Sunningwell course before the match, a tactic we have never met before. In the Millfield relay Tim Johnson ran a brilliant first leg to come home second and the captain, Clive Bromhall, moved into the lead with the third fastest time of the day; but then David Thompson dropped two places, possibly by trying too hard against the wind early on, and Richard Baker conceded another when an 'express train' called Price went past. The standard was very high and indeed Coventry smashed the

course record. As a reaction we rested Clive and Richard at Leighton Park so David Thompson, Simon West, Peter Wilson and Tim Johnson did well to gain third team medals there, and we were pleased to finish ahead of Wellington, Marlborough and Harrow. Then came the two desperately close matches against Sir Thomas Rich's from Gloucester, who had just pipped us for bronze medals at Millfield. Incredibly in each match the away team won by a single point and Clive was narrowly second behind Price after leading him much of the way. Against St. Albans we were flattered by the large win as their star runner, Blyth, hit a stile and dropped out, but they reaffirmed their status by beating us in each of the last 3 relays.

Our last crosscountry match was the long-awaited battle of the giants with Coventry meeting Marlborough for the first time. Unfortunately Clive was absent doing 'Oxbridge', so Coventry's Aldersley had a comfortable win. Times were slow due to the rain, but our scorers were Baker (3rd), Johnson (6th), Wilson (8th), Burd (10th), Geere (15th) and Buckley (17th) and we were a creditable second. This was a memorable occasion involving 3 of the schools who had won the Millfield relay in the last 5 years. We ended with 3 relays and in each the effort and determination to win something was tremendous. Despite permuting our resources we just missed out on the prizes each time, though Clive did get a third individual medal at Haydon. It was hard to accept that we were not good enough but also hard to see how we could have improved. To my mind, the standard has shot up with so many more schools building up powerful squads. We will keep trying though. The feature of our team had been consistency. Clive was always superb, Richard and Tim always very good, Peter had improved beyond comprehension, and the rest each week conducted their own healthy rivalry with fortunes continually fluctuating. The whole squad trained very hard, including Shotover once a week, and there was a stimulating competitive spirit throughout.

Full colours were awarded to Tim Johnson, Peter Wilson and Simon West, and half colours to David Thompson. In the 12 fixtures the following represented the school most often: T. Johnson, P. Wilson, N. Burd (12 times), R. Baker, D. Thompson, T. Fellows (11), S. West, J. Geere, J. Buckley, R. Hawes, R. Naish (10), C. Bromhall (8), A. de la Fontaine (7), R. Dykes (6) and P. Lovering (5).

RESULTS

v Haberdashers' Aske's (h)	Seniors lost 44—34
v Charterhouse & Winchester (a)	Seniors won 26—105—65 Colts third 77—42—61
Millfield Road Relay	A team 4th; B team 10th (28 teams)
Leighton Park Relays	Seniors A team 3rd, B team 8th (15 teams) Colts 9th (13 teams)
v Sir Thomas Rich's (h)	Seniors lost 28—27 (5 to score)
v Sir Thomas Rich's & Beechen Cliff (a)	Seniors won 53—54—78 (6 to score)
v St. Albans & Bradfield (h)	Seniors won 28—50—99 Colts third 76—49—57
v St. Edward's & R.G.S. High Wycombe (h)	Seniors won 23—89—99
v King Henry VIII, Coventry & Marlborough (h)	Seniors second 59—38—83 Colts third 89—49—42
Kerton Trophy (Haydon School)	A team 6th, B team 13th (23 teams)

Dr. Challoner's Relay A team 4th, B team 11th
(Amersham) (21 teams)
Orange Hill Classic (Edgware) A team 6th B team 12th
(18 teams)

End of term Crosscountry:

1st Form: 1 Nicholson (7:33), 2 Lawrence, 3 Silk, 4 Suckling, 5 Evans, 6 Casale, 7 Starr, 8 Day, 9 Polgreen, 10 Blackman (65 ran)

1st team: 1 B

2nd Form: 1 Kent (9:47), 2 Green, 3 Whitmell, 4 Hunt, 5 Hirst, 6 Burman, 7 Hudson, 8 Winsley, 9 Parker, 10 Arthy (72 ran)

1st team: 2B

Middle School: 1 Hall (8:53), 2 Newmark, 3 de la Fontaine, 4 Stores, 5 May, 6 Bailey, 7 Hudswell, 8 Suggate, 9 Hunt, 10 Harrison (67 ran)

1st team: Boarders

Crosscountry Club Champs: 1 Baker (8:17), 2 Johnson, 3 Wilson, 4 Lovering, 5 Geere, 6 Dykes, 7 Burd, 8 Fellows, 9 Naish, 10 R.H.B. (51 ran)

LENT TERM 1980

What a remarkable term this was! So much happened, so much was achieved. It soon became apparent that the first team squad was always willing 'to boldly go' seeking new challenges. Travelling was no deterrent with trips to Sevenoaks, Coventry and even Newcastle arranged. I have seen some teams content to limit their horizons parochially and just be a big fish in a small pool, but this team showed an insatiable appetite for competition. Of course when one takes on the likes of Bradford G.S., Maidstone G.S., Skinners of Tonbridge, Haberdashers' Aske's, King Henry VIII of Coventry and Sir Thomas Rich's of Gloucester, who in my view ranked as the top six, one risks being outclassed, but this served as an incentive, and it was a privilege and an education to compete at this level. In the final analysis we found that in the sixteen fixtures we had run against incredibly 103 different schools, several more than once, and beaten 71 of them.

The first match was the Knole Run, down in Kent. We were staggered by how many schools were prepared to make the long trek, including Shrewsbury, Stockport and even George Heriot's from Edinburgh. Racing against nearly 300 opponents was a tremendously exciting experience, particularly for those savouring the big match atmosphere for the first time. Placing thirteenth out of 37 schools was quite respectable and this provided the inspiration and motivation for some really hard training. But this was surpassed by the unforgettable relay at Coventry, where the continuous informed commentary kept the big crowd involved throughout, and the standard here can best be appreciated by noting that five runners improved on Sebastian Coe's 1975 time. Maybe one year we can make the top ten here, but all six runners will have to be at peak fitness on the day, anything less is cruelly exposed.

Perhaps the most enterprising project undertaken was organising our own relay. Richard Baker, the captain, and Peter Wilson, the secretary, did all the spadework. The course at Yowlbury Camp included the formidable Sandy Lane uphill, which we suspected would be the lasting memory that all our visitors took home with them! There were many fears and doubts

beforehand: would enough teams enter, was each lap too long, would the inadequate changing facilities up there be acceptable, what prizes should we get, what would the weather (in March) be like? I was rather disappointed with the response from the Oxfordshire schools, but many others supported us including two of my aforementioned top six and they had a tremendous battle up front throughout. The Mark Owen Trophy (along with 34 medals!) was presented by the Headmaster at the tea afterwards. David Thompson, Tim Johnson, Richard Baker and Peter Wilson were in our team placing third behind Sir Thomas Rich's and King Henry VIII.

Only Wellington at senior level beat us in the 'bread and butter' matches, whereas we beat Cranleigh, St. Albans, R.G.S. High Wycombe, Radley, Cheltenham, Berkhamsted, Wellingborough and Wycliffe. Eight boys qualified for the Vale team, namely Baker, Johnson, Wilson, Burd, Dykes, Geere, Naish and Thompson, and of these the first three went through to the All-England. Our strong nucleus also included Tim Fellows, Andrew de la Fontaine, Sandy Black and James Griggs. I feel certain that the team gained an enormous amount from all the matches and the stimulating team spirit therein generated. With so much to offer it saddens me to think that there might be some lean years imminent ahead seeing the lack of interest in the middle school. However, I have spent hours this term chasing up the skyvers, hoping, perhaps naively, that even one talented runner will emerge. That said, I really must stress the enthusiasm shown this term instigated above all by Baker and Wilson. It is best summed up by this: when term had just finished and by all accounts we should have been jaded and urgently needing a holiday, eight boys still wanted to enter one final relay at Banbury; two parents came as chauffeurs; our two teams, which were by no means our strongest, finished first and second, and, in particular, this meant that Black and Griggs, who had each made a big breakthrough after half-term, were winning a prize for the first time. That is what it is all about; taking part, trying one's best, improving, setting oneself higher standards.

Richard Naish, Richard Dykes and Tim Fellows were awarded their half colours. I thank Charles Neill and Roger Baker for all their help during the term, 37 boys represented the school, the most regular being: Wilson (16 times), Burd (15), Baker (14), Geere, Fellows, Naish, Thompson (12), Johnson, Dykes (11), de la Fontaine (10), Black (9), Hudswell, Gross (8), Griggs, Brod (7), Buckley, Nicholson (5).

RESULTS

Knole Run, Sevenoaks 13th out of 37 schools
(Baker 19th, Johnson 57th, Wilson 84th out of 281 runners)
Vale of White Horse Champs, Lockinge
U/13 Team 2nd (1st Nicholson, 10th Silk);
U/15 (9th R. Smith);
U/17 (3rd Naish, 4th Thompson);
U/20 Team 1st (2nd Baker, 3rd Johnson, 4th Wilson, 6th Burd, 7th Geere, 8th Dykes)
v Wellington, Cranleigh & Old Wellingtonians (away)
Seniors: 1 Wel 54, 2 Ab 58, 3 OW 80, 4 Cra 131
Colts: 1 Wel A 31, 2 Cra 94, 3 Ab 99, 4 Well B 109
King Henry VIII Relay, Coventry 24th out of 42 schools



Oxon Inter-Area Lockinge

U/17 8th Naish, 12th Thompson;
U/20 2nd Baker, 4th Johnson, 7th Wilson, 9th Burd,
10th Dykes, 13th Geere

Haberdashers' Aske's Relay, Elstree

5th out of 19 schools (6th fastest: Baker 12 min 20 sec.)

v R.G.S. High Wycombe, St. Albans (away)
1 Ab 38, 2 St. Alb 48, 3 R.G.S. 101

Oxford University Tortoises Relay

A team 14th, B team 36th, C team 27th(!) (44 teams)

v Radley (away) U/15 lost 38—42, U/17 lost 35—49,
U/20 won 24—58

v Cheltenham, Wycliffe, Whitefriars (away)

U/20 1 Ab 34, 2 Che 45
U/17 1 Ab 49, 2 Wye 57, 3 Che 72
U/15 1 Whi 52, 2 Wye 54, 3 Che 95, 4 Ab 120

Abingdon School Relay, Youlbury

1 Sir Thomas Rich's 65:44, 2 King Henry VIII 66:17, 3
3 Abingdon 68:55
also 7 Ab B team, 16 Ab C team (18 teams)

v Berkhamsted (home) U/20 won 37—42, U/17 won 36—43,
U/15 lost 29—51

Alleyne's Relay, Stevenage A team 6th, B team 18th (18
teams)

v Wellingborough, Wycliffe (home)

U/20 1 Ab 35, 2 Wel 65, 3 Wye 78
U/17 1 Wel 43, 2 Wye 45, 3 Ab 94

All England Champs, Newcastle U/20 117th Baker, 206th
Wilson, 273rd Johnson (320 finished)

v Old Abingdonians (home) lost (for the first time!) 34—44

Blessed George Napier Relay, Banbury A team 1st, B team
2nd (5 teams)
fastest lap: Baker 5 min 10 sec.

Inter-Form Road Relay: Again this proved very popular, involving many boys who would not otherwise have run competitively this term. As usual there was apparent chaos on the later laps due to overlapping, but also as usual the results sheets published the next day were meticulously detailed. Last year's winning team of Marcus Barclay, Peter Lovering, Peter Wilson and Jeremy Geere were again successful, and the best teams in each year-group were VI Barrett (1st), 5 Coleman (4th), 6 Hammond (5th), 4 Webber (6th), 3 Coleman (16th), 2 Dillon (22nd), 1 Pengelley (28th). 35 teams took part, one less than last year's record entry.

N.A.F.P.



BADMINTON

We unfortunately lost the Oxford School Badminton Association U.19 shield this year, which we have held for the last few seasons, though the individual games were often quite close. Next year may not be much better, but there is some very promising talent coming through the Middle School.

A number of other friendly fixtures were played — friendly in a number of senses, against the Convent and Oxford High School; and also against Eton, Pocklington and Trent, all of which we roundly beat. Turners Court also played a scratch team from Abingdon.

Peter Loverings's contribution as Captain has been most helpful, and he was awarded full colours. Abbas Khakoo has been a pillar of strength and goodwill, whilst Nick Paterson has terrified the opposition on many occasions.

From the U.16's Stephen Yip has obviously great potential and is plainly more relaxed in a match atmosphere. Graham Francksen has also been a great asset and Trevor Rogers, Antony Lowe and Jeremy Lovering will obviously be the backbone of the side for some time to come. Andrew Collins and David Pearson are an excellent doubles pair and have beaten far more glamorous opposition in the O.S. U.16 League. They have won two handicap doubles cups against some stiff competition.

On a related note Peter Lovering also reached the semi-finals of the local U.19 singles tournament, a feat which involved beating a great many of the local stars.

I. A. M.

VOLLEYBALL

Our U16 and U19 teams again took part in the Oxfordshire Volleyball Championships during the Lent Term. The U16 team, captained by Nicholas Smith, put up a brave fight at Peers School but could not overcome its lack of concentration and fell rather badly. The exercise was very useful, however, in making the team aware of what good quality play is like and in encouraging them to raise their standards. The U19 team, on the other hand, displayed their characteristic enthusiasm and determination to succeed, and at matches in Banbury, Woodstock and Oxford they achieved very respectable results coming half-way up the championship table. One must single out for praise the continual zeal and effectiveness of Nick Bugg's captaincy and play, the impressive and athletic manner in which Paul Rushton has tackled many dangerous enemy smashes, and Ian Simpson's skilful and quick play, especially at the net. I am grateful to Mr. N. Hammond for his assistance and with great regret I have bid farewell to Mr. R. Johnson who will be leaving the school in the summer and whose expertise proved invaluable in maintaining the U19's good standards.

W. H. Z.

ORIENTEERING

The "Map and Compass" Sport continues to attract those who enjoy the countryside and like a challenge. Most are content to judge their own performance by the number of minutes they reckon they could have saved had they made different decisions, rather than by comparing their times with those of the experts. But, of course, it is the experts who hit the headlines.

Richard Baker, capped an impressive list of victories in the M15 class by becoming British Champion, and then successfully held off the foreign challenge to win the Trossachs 6-day event last summer. He has been joined in the British Junior Squad by David Thompson, and both boys will be competing abroad again later in the year. It is a rare distinction for a school to have two members in this select band of fifteen.

Richard Thompson (M17) won the CCF and Army Junior Championships (in which the Abingdon team was 3rd) and was later invited to be an instructor at the CCF National Orienteering Course.

Simon West (M17) won several Badge Events and Jeremy Geere (M17) had a particularly good run in the British Night Championships, taking 3rd place.

There are many time-consuming jobs connected with putting on an orienteering event and all orienteers are expected to lend a hand from time to time. In the past year several of our members have also taken on major responsibilities — Richard Baker planned the colour-coded courses at Blenheim, and Simon Moore organised the Youlbury Event at which Simon West and Richard Thompson were joint planners.

Congratulations to William Baker, current chairman of Oxford University O.C. on the award of his half-blue; also to Simon Moore who was a member of Cambridge's victorious second team. An O.A. team (Roger Geere, Simon Moore, Simon West) finished a very creditable 23rd out of 240 in the Open class at the JK International at Easter — an event which also saw two TASS members on the winners' rostrum for the Senior Ladies Relay!

R. H. B.

GOLF

The school again entered the AER Lingus Schools' Championship, but once again very poor weather conditions made low scoring difficult for all competitors. Philip Blackburn, Richard Selesnick and Peter Druett had a combined score of 285 which put us well down the list, compared to our fourth place of the previous year.

Richard Selesnick turned in a score of 69—7, net 62 in the February running medal at Frilford Heath, but this remarkable achievement only gave him second place; Peter Druett's equally creditable 71—11, net 60 won the Secretary's spoon.

The staff were defeated 3½—1½, and a challenge match v. Radley was drawn 3—3. The team was P. Blackburn, R. Selesnick, P. Druett, A. Patchett, A. Ross and N. Paterson.

As usual a dozen juniors took advantage of the Golf Foundation coaching scheme and attended eight lessons given by the Frilford Heath professional.

N. H. Payne

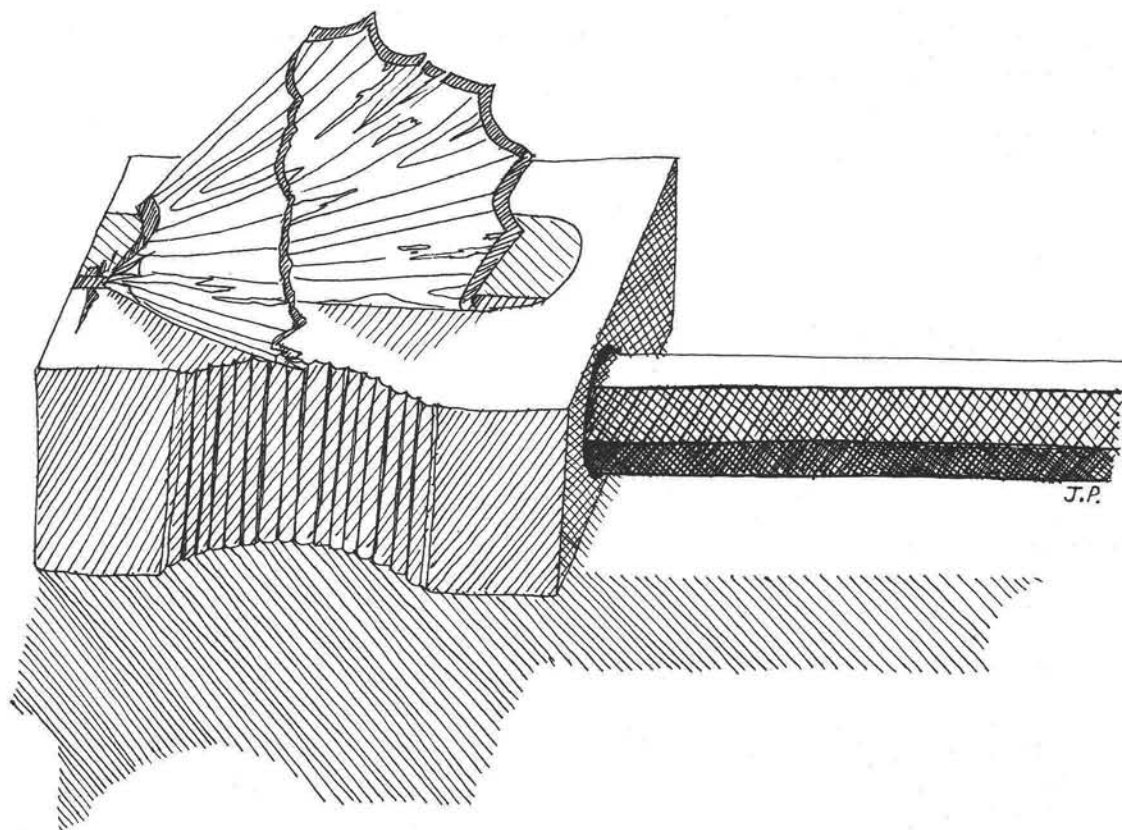
competition

In a mad rush of enthusiasm the editors decided, last January, to commit £20 of valuable Abingdonian funds towards prize money for the best story or piece of journalism, and a runner-up.

As expected (and definitely to the relief of the judges) there was not a prolific response; but we did receive some 30 entries or so, and almost all of them bore unmistakable signs of talent.

It was reasonably easy to narrow the field down to a dozen entries of real merit; but after that factors like the age of the writer (we had rashly made the competition open to all) or the difficulty of making a comparative judgement between a piece of journalism and a story, or between extremely varied styles of story-writing, made judging hazardous.

*In the next round of elimination we decided to whittle entries down to the four best. This meant leaving out Robin Garrett's **Alpine Advent** and C. Alderton's **Invitation to Murder**; both stories were written by lower school authors, and were promising mainly for the way they marshalled a thorough, absorbing narrative. David Crozier's **The Fish** and Dan Butler's untitled piece then dropped out, together with Jonathan Prest's **The Icon** — each of them thoughtful, deserving pieces. After considerable difficulty it was decided also to relegate Charles Prest's **The Lake Book**, which was ingenious but a little slow.*



*That left four finalists. John Warchus wrote **Captured City**, a piece of imaginative journalism set in the future and described in superb style; Mark Murray wrote **The Return**, with a delicate theme and careful evocation of mood; Michael Derry's **Soft Touch** unfolded a macabre theme that would do Roald Dahl credit; and Richard Schofield, with *One Flew Over . . . in mind*, wrote a witty and ironic parable about a lunatic in **Blinded by the Night**.*

We print the two winners — Michael Derry and Mark Murray. At this stage we felt it invidious to pick a single first prize, so each gets a cheque for £10. The stories contrast extremely in style, and repay a careful second glance.

the return

"Bhadgaon."

"Yes Sir," the taxi driver replied enthusiastically and took Mr. Garrett's large leather case which still had the gold lettering, A. J. G., on the top, untainted during the thirty-five years that separated this with his last visit to Nepal. Of course, the airport was new and the line of taxis, but otherwise the place looked remarkably similar. Garrett wanted to explain that he was not just another tourist, that he had spent nine years in the Katmandu Valley : he had been respected and honoured but no, this young driver would not be interested. In any case he was not given an opportunity to speak.

Have you made plans for accommodation, Sir?" asked the driver in that familiar Indian sing-song. "I can recommend to you a really excellent hotel, Sir, in Bhadgaon with lovely servant girls and many air-conditioning. I can arrange special terms : my brother-in-law is Manager and is happy to accommodate you."

"No, take me to the Hotel Asia," said Garrett remembering the room he had lived in for more than a year when it was the only hotel in town.

"There is no such place, Sir," replied the taxi driver whose tedious monologue seemed finished for a while. Garrett sat back and absorbed the fertile countryside, enjoying the exotic tonic it provided.

Arriving at Bhadgaon, Garrett reluctantly tipped the young man feeling the rupee was wasted on someone like him when there were so many beggars on the streets. (There was still a trace of that old socialism which had been quietly eroded during twenty-five years in a Croydon office.) He registered with the brother-in-law and was given a large room overlooking a picturesque unspoilt temple street lined with old timber buildings whose every beam had been painstakingly carved.

A brief sense of his previous importance struck Garrett, but he was a different man now : the once dynamic personality had deteriorated to a dull and tired nonentity. He looked awkward without a suit and tie to compliment his clean-shaven face and neatly combed grey hair. Was he really the same Anthony Garrett who, at the age of thirty-two, had married the daughter of a wealthy doctor in Nepal? She, an exceptionally beautiful girl, had made a perfect wife until they left Nepal for a new life in England. Too much a part of Nepalese culture, Mrs. Garrett never adjusted to their Croydon existence; Garrett, too, found the change to relative anonymity difficult. Going 'home' was simply a terrible mistake, especially for the children. The marriage persisted and they still lived in the same house that had greeted them all those years before. Now that Garrett had been presented with his gold watch, they were free to move — perhaps to the South-West — but neither of them cared where they lived particularly and they did nothing.

On an impulse, Garrett had come on this brief return to Nepal, more as an escape from 'home' than to try to recapture this idyllic past.

* * * * *

Being mid-July the rainy season had begun bringing cooler but more humid weather to the Valley. The mountains of the distant Himalayan Range were obscured by cloud on most days. The occasional shower refreshed the air but that welcome blanket of dampness soon disappeared leaving once again the penetrating dust which, like the grasp of poverty, pervaded body and mind: dust in sandals and in hair; dust in the throat and eyes — dust even presuming to settle on English skin! But Garrett who had been in Nepal for more than a week now quickly regained his old resistance to the heat, the hot stink of animals and most important, to the beggars. Even the conditioned Garrett could not help but notice them — their parched skin stretched taut across an often deformed skeleton; the outstretched arm both submissive and accusing; and their wide searching eyes staring into his.

While walking along one of the more crowded streets of the town, wondering at how unspoilt and medieval the place was, his eye was diverted by a European family nearby who were taking photographs of two delighted Nepalese children whose beautiful smiles would doubtless encourage a "How sweet!" comment at a future slide show. They smiled across to him and Garrett felt compelled to say 'hello' to the intruders.

"Paul Eliot and this is my wife, Stella."

"Pleased to meet you," said Garrett, shaking hands. "Anthony Garrett," he pronounced as if expecting them to recognize the name.

"Wonderful day, isn't it?" said Mrs. Eliot with genuine enthusiasm. "Have you been here long? We arrived only yesterday — it's a fascinating place."

"I used to live here — just back for a visit," he said, suddenly disgusted by their sunglasses and flowery shirts. "My wife had to stay in Croydon."

"Croydon!" they exclaimed.

"What a coincidence," said Mr. Eliot, "that's where we're from!"

"It's a small world," said Mrs. Eliot predictably. "Perhaps you know Wandle Park?"

"Yes, know it well," replied Garrett although the coincidence did not diminish the distance he felt from them. They seemed more foreign to him than the Nepalese : he resented their disruption of his escape from the dull memory of life at home. But things had changed : foreigners were more common now. And he was one of them.

The Eliots offered to share their house-rickshaw with Garrett up to the Pashupatinath Temple. Having planned to re-visit this most sacred of Nepalese Hindu temples anyway, he courteously accepted the offer and rode with them along the holy Bagmati river. His initial reaction to them softened; in fact he was glad to have somebody at last to whom he could talk of his previous importance in the country.

On arriving at the temple, they separated after arranging to have a meal together later that week.

* * * * *

The pagoda-style temple with its gold gilt roof and richly carved silver doors straddled both sides of the sacred Bagmati river with, at one end, a bank where hundreds of devout Hindus were bathing in the holy water. Various priests were scattered around the buildings of the temple, each with a gathering of people.

The main attraction, however, was a cremation that was taking place on the opposite bank of the river. It's not that these were particularly rare at the temple, merely that the sensational burning 'ghats' never failed to attract a crowd. Garrett was drawn in towards the pyre along with all the other fascinated faces, each straining to gain a better view. It was still at the negotiating stage with the bereaved family bargaining with the priests over the amount of sandalwood and clarified butter to be used on the funeral pyre. And there were heated arguments over the price of each verse of Sanskrit scripture that would be read by the head priest as the corpse burned.

With details settled, an expectant silence fell over the crowd. Sweat covered Garrett's face (this was excitement far superior to the crime novels that entertained him in the evenings). At one with the Nepalese for the first time since he arrived, Garrett became totally absorbed in the burning body. A fly that had landed on his hot forehead remained undisturbed, un-noticed. The sweet fragrance of burning sandalwood, mingled with the deep tones of the priest's voice, entranced the audience.

In the midst of this building tension, Garrett remembered that day, just before they had left Nepal for England, when their third child had been initiated by the same respected Hindu priest who was conducting this ceremony. He had been old even then : the flames of this fire revealed a face that was timeless, almost immortal — bringing a vision to Garrett of his old sympathy with his wife's faith and even a trace of the lost love between them. Just as that initiation had preceded their tedious life in England, this cremation was perhaps a presentiment of a new turning-point.

The corpse was virtually unrecognizable now, but still the crowd's fascination grew frighteningly until, with the explosion of the head, it was released in a huge cry. Garrett's rejoicing shout was even louder than that of the others : he almost envied the dead man's release.

* * * * *

The sun had sunk behind the temple, silhouetting the buildings against a trace of yellow. The clear sky promised a beautiful cool evening, tempting Garrett to walk back to Bhadgaon which was visible in the distance as a cluster of roofs highlighted by the setting sun. As the crowd had now dispersed, Garrett was left standing alone, still dazed after the cremation.

He walked out of the temple grounds, oblivious to the frequent offers of a rickshaw and reached the open country road. Fierce black trees lined the road which divided the large flat valley, providing some order of this abstract expanse of rich land — land which Garrett felt was his to absorb and enjoy. Like the priest it was unchanged, intact; wild and yet strangely submissive.

With the sun's last spotlight extinguished, the valley was in shadow and a gentle refreshing breeze teased Garrett's face. A bullock cart passed on the opposite side of the road. Its rubber tyres signified greater wealth than the old wooden wheels, but looked incongruous to the conditioned Garrett who shared that common unpractical wish to preserve the picturesque ancient culture. He remembered his youngest son cleaning the 'Granada' on the day before he had left England, and then his anger when a puddle had splashed the silver paint with mud on the way to the airport. He imagined, for a moment, the Heathrow car park full of bullock carts and laughed briefly to himself. Arriving early at the airport, as he always did, Garrett had picked up a copy of 'The Economist' to read in the departure lounge, along with some chocolate : he was accustomed to a regular bar of Cadbury's, as he was to his evening glass of whisky and the weekly browse through 'The Economist'. But that would all change now that he was retired. Or would it? There would be the same social gatherings, at least for a few more years, and the usual Sunday dinner at the 'Wild Duck' which, come to think of it, occupied most of the day. There would be a whole week of Sundays now — there might even be fifteen years of those Croydon Sundays!

With that rather depressing speculation, Garrett was brought back to the present. A full moon peered through one of the tall trees, offering itself to the perplexed Garrett as Nepal's reply to infinite Sundays.

* * * * *

With the efficiency that typified Garrett's day in the Croydon office, he made the necessary arrangements with the hotel manager and wrote a brief note to this wife with an apology he had never before had the courage to convey. The following morning, leaving his shoes in the hotel room as a gift for the 'lovely servant girl', Garrett retraced the path which the horse-rickshaw had taken the day before.

Mark Murray

soft touch

The sticky mist clung to people and plants like a parasite, sucking out all animation, as another grey day dawned on the town. A pale sun filtered through the dense sky like a watching ghost, and a spasmodic rain began.

The urban cluster of the town was smattered between the hills on the floor of a gently sloping valley. Tall chimneys began to belch out coal smoke, and a million cigarettes were lit. Hordes of faceless people hustled to unknown destinations. Machinery reluctantly sighed into action, bells rang, sirens hailed, 'closed' signs were switched to 'open', and another weekday commenced.

Silhouetted against the opaque pallor of the morning sky, a dark figure trudged through the soft rain to the rise in the moor.

The rain seemed to wash away the colour from his cheeks and the green from his eyes to leave a sad, pale reflection of himself. He kicked a few clumps of dry grasses in gloomy irritation, as his hands were instinctively drawn through some tall ferns which lay in his dismal path.

He sat down at a suitable viewpoint, and studied a notebook, glancing at the dark outline of the jigsaw town. It was a major Northern industrial town, vital to the country, but drab all the same. In the distance, he located metal railings which indicated a school; there were supposed to be three schools, but he could only see two. He shivered, and looked again at his notebook.

* * * * *

"And who," said the headmaster of Chapel Street School to his assistant, "was that?"

"You mean the one who was walking through the playground patting the children on the head, sir?"

"Of course I do" he grimaced.

"No one knows, sir. Never seen him before." A joke sprang to mind.

"Can't be the father of them all, that's for sure!" he laughed, but the head didn't see the humour so he quickly added: "Might be a religious philanthropist dishing out blessings, or something" he offered, desperately trying to be helpful.

The head gave an acrid "humph", turned on his heel and walked away.

The two other schools also witnessed similar happenings that day.

The man was seen in several buildings that day; insurance offices, supermarkets, shoe shops, travel agents, cafes. He carried bundles of flowers out of shops, humped armfuls of water melons and soap until he could find a suitable back street dustbin to dump them in. In musty clothing shops, he inspected elegant canes, tried on a myriad of hats, fitted on jackets, shirts, ties, shoes, socks. The different sizes, styles and colours flashed across his mind like an urban nightmare. He decided it was time for the ritual of dinner.

After visits to five restaurants and seven cafes, he set out to sample a few grocery stores. These were most important.

His hand rested on the aluminium door handle, and as he entered the shop, metal rang on metal above him.

"Yes, sir?" asked the girl assistant.

The man seemed lost for words.

"Er, just a moment."

For ten minutes he stood there, weighing up apples, comparing oranges and pears, caressing potatoes, squeezing tomatoes.

"Do you want anything, sir?" the girl asked petulantly.

A name and number came into his head.

"Ten pounds of cheese, please."

The girl failed to suppress her laughter at this unexpected order, but her humour became surprise when the man pressed a twenty pound note into her hand, and left without a word. She rustled the fresh mint-new paper, wondering about her good fortune, and those strange green eyes.

The parcel of cheese was left behind a tree as the man strolled into the park to once more read his notebook.

During the afternoon, he stopped well over thirty people with a request for the correct time, each time thanking the person with a pat on the back. He grew tired of the stereotyped phrase however, and took a short rest on a park bench.

When he awoke, evening had crept noiselessly upon the town, and the lingering mist had turned into a thick fog.

He headed for the centre of the town, cutting across squalid areas of terraced houses, noting with disgust the littered pavements, the flickering streetlights, the broken windows displaying shattered lives. He dropped in at night cafes and harshly lit bookstores, where his itchy fingers ran through over a hundred books.

Reaching a cinema, he stopped and swung through the chromium-and-glass doors into the picture house. The film was a poor one, and he changed his seat an average of every ten minutes.

Two hours later he found himself once more walking towards his destination. Reaching the end of a dimly lit cobbled street, his sharp eyes ferreted into corner shadows for hidden secrets. The street was empty.

He crossed the road and stepped along the gutter. Halfway up the street he bent down, and with a grating of metal, removed one of the manhole covers. Silently he jumped.

He hit the ground with a splash and a cool darkness closed in on him. He fumbled in his pocket, and withdrew a small torch. The manhole cover above his head was replaced and given an instinctive wiping caress, before he began to plod warily down the unlit tunnel of the sewer.

He heard a soft-scraping; the rats were moving, as though disturbed and excited by the first chords from an unseen piper. Through the gloom they watched the man shuffle through the waters, clinging to his feeble light.

.....watching, watching and knowing.

From their hidden alcoves, numberless, they observed his hunched progress down the underground cellar, and they knew, deep inside their humble bones that this man was evil. Sowers of death, they knew their affinity was with this man.

He hoisted himself onto a dry ledge hewn out of the wall and took out the black metal box and candle. The top of the box was prised off, and an intricate transmitter was revealed.

"3-9-6 Opal 3 calling Opal 3 calling from Town 25 repeat."

A low hiss was followed by a toneless, metallic voice: "Continue."

"Mission completed repeat mission completed."

"Elaborate."

"Well I touched everything in sight — people, animals, food everything as per the book. There can be no risk of failure; the invasion will be a cinch." He clicked his grimy fingers.

"Certain, agent Opal 3?"

"Quite certain, sir."

There was a long silence and only the slow, swirling motion of the sewer water could be heard.

A loud voice spoke abruptly: "Then that is all." It sounded too final — too much like a death-blow.

"Right ... I'll be waiting for you. When you land, we might use ..." His words were cut short.

"Opal 3?"

"Yes?"

"You've forgotten something. Your previous list was incomplete."

He grew disturbed, nervous. A slight panic crept over him. The Voice implied he wouldn't be at the Burning. Why?

"No. I followed all orders Enough people have been contaminated to kill the town" He was growing insistent, begging. "I touched cheese, oranges, clothes, cups —"

"— and yourself. Good-bye, Opal 3." The machine went dead.

A small pain was tugging at his side, and he knew the horrors to follow. The same horrors that were being enacted on the world above him.

The candle went out, and in the darkness that closed in on him, he saw a thousand pairs of pinpoints watching him. The waves of malignance washed over his mind. He knew what they would do when the waiting was over.

Michael Derry



O.A. 1979—80 News

BIRTHS

EDELSTEN: in July 1979, to the wife of David Edelsten (1963) a second daughter.
HOWLETT: on 15th April 1979 to May, wife of Francis Howlett (1966) a second son, Nicholas James.
JOYCE: on 16th August 1979 to the wife of D. E. Joyce (1965) a third child, David John.
OSWALD: on 22nd April 1979 to Margot, wife of Robin Oswald (1971) a son, Tobias Peter Philip, a brother for Anette (1978)

DEATHS

H. V. STONE: (1907-08) of Abingdon, died on 5th March 1979. He was in the First XI cricket team as wicket-keeper and held the school record for putting the shot. Later he represented the Old Boys in many sports.
S. L. BUCKLE: (1917-1921) Stanley Buckle; of Portland, Dorset, died on 20th November 1979.
H. D. SHALLARD: (1920-25) Harold Shallard, one of three (O.A.) brothers who made their home in New Zealand, died in his home city of Christchurch on 28th June 1979.
B. J. PEDLAR: (1923-30) of Pinner, Middlesex, died on 23rd July 1979.
D. G. BROWN: (1929-35) died in late 1979. He was Head Boy and captained most school sports before departing, with a scholarship in Classics, to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he won a Blue for Athletics. Throughout his life he was a supporter of the school.
R. J. N. BARWOOD: (1966-71) died in April 1979.
D. B. KING: (1968-1972) Derwent King died, at a tragically early age, in a road accident on 6th June 1979. His death came as a great shock to his many friends, both in the rowing world and elsewhere.

At school he was, under W. G. P., an outstanding Head of Crescent House and, when Captain of Boats, competed for selection to the National Youth Squad. On leaving school he rowed for Leander, became a member of the National Squad and narrowly missed selection for the Olympic and World Championships. He has been rated the most outstanding O.A. oarsman of all time; an obituary to Derwent appeared in the journal 'Rowing'.

His loyalty, commanding physical presence and splendid wit, to suggest but a few facets of an outstanding personality, will be sorely missed.

NEWS

Following his mention in the Abingdonian and Griffen last year, Eric Whelpton (1909) wrote autobiographically from East Sussex of his writing, broadcasting and acting in France and Italy across this century. He was working, near Xmas, on a 'fantastic nonsense' article pointing out what might have happened had Rodney and Hood not quarrelled.

Frank Mitchell (circa 1932) is Priest in Charge at St. John's, Groombridge, Kent, a Canon of Rochester Cathedral and nearing retirement.

Montague Lee (1943) is Managing Director of Cooper Airmotive (UK) Ltd. at Station Fields Industrial Estate, near Kidlington Airport.

George (M. G.) Nichol (1957) has been appointed Director of Education for Wirral. He has been in educational administration since 1965 and, at 40, is one of the country's youngest chief education officers. He is married with three children.

Stephen Woodley (1957), housemaster at King's, Canterbury, is Editor of the Bulletin of the National Council for Educational Standards. In the September number, James Cobban wrote on the Assisted Places Scheme and Stephen, in criticising comprehensive reorganisation, pins his hopes on a three tier system of schooling.

Major W. J. Courage (1958), originally Walter Phipps, has been awarded the M.B.E. in the Military List of the Queen's Birthday Honours.

John Knight (1958) had been out of touch but visited the School last year and, as an architect, was much interested in the Amey Hall.

Richard Hirte (1960) wrote from the University of North Florida and, in particular, recalled Freddie Sewry's helpful guidance while he, Richard, was in England for a year at the School. He is University Budget Officer at this new university (1972) of some 4,500 students. Last year he was able to discuss the School in much detail with his cousin Richard Griffiths (circa 1972).

Andrew Stuart-Lyon (1960) is working as an accountant in Thatcham and living in Burghclere, near Newbury. He has a young son and daughter, and is enjoying the task of modernising an old cottage.

Simon Richardson (1961) encountered hydrographic surveying while in the Royal Navy on a 10 year Commission and is now putting that thorough training to good use as Deputy Operations Manager of the Marine Department with the largest firm of this kind in the country, Hunting Surveys Ltd. in Hertfordshire.

David Edelsten (1963) is Deputy Public Relations Manager for Castrol at Swindon. He and his family live in the Cotswold village of Eastington.

Howard Ayerst (1970) has been in Capetown since 1972 working for the Norwich Union, where he is now a broker consultant. He was in England last August looking into the possibilities of coming back here to work.

Jeremy Godfrey (1970) is teaching P.E. at Maiden Earley School in Reading. He recently attended Kevin Brown's (1970) wedding.

Robert Cole (1971) obtained an M.A. in Clinical Psychology at the University of Natal and is now working for an oil refinery in Durban. He hopes to return to England towards the end of 1980.

Mark Neville (1971) is greatly enjoying his career as a doctor specialising in Obstetrics and Gynaecology in the warmer climate of Auckland, New Zealand (see addresses).

Robin Oswald (1971) remains in Germany where he is office manager of a textile firm importing Scottish tartans and other quality goods. The birth of a son is recorded elsewhere.

Roderick Godfrey (1972), who is with the 2nd Royal Tank Regiment, was promoted to Captain towards the end of last year while on tour in Ulster. He is now at the Royal Armoured Corps depot at Bovington in Dorset for a year. He qualified for the B.O.A.R. orienteering championships. He regularly saw **Colin Scragg** (1957) at mess functions while stationed in Germany.

Richard Gyselynck (1971) trains, as a T.A.V.R. officer, with the 2nd R.T.R. and has toasted the School with Roderic in recent summers near the Iron Curtain or on the Danish border. Roderic also sent news of others of the 1972 vintage: **John Hills** is at Birmingham University taking his M.Soc.Sc. this year, after two years in Botswana with the Ministry for Overseas Development; **Peter Webb** is a chemical engineer with ICI in Huddersfield; **Bill (G. W.) Hamlin** married about a year ago and is a doctor at the main Leeds Hospital; **Alan Clarke** is also married and has been working for a Ph.D. in mediaeval French Literature.

Julian Spooner (1973), after a 'Thin Sandwich' at Ealing for his degree in Business Studies, under Smiths Food Group sponsorship, has become a Product Manager with that firm. He is especially involved in new product development and deals with advertising, packaging and so on as well as the product itself. He writes from Windsor and mentions several O.A.'s. He has bumped into. They are **Mike Wells** (1967) who recently left Smiths, **Edward Lilley** (1972) who married about two years ago, **Keith Leedham** (1973) who was living in Cricklewood and engaged to Miss Cathy Church, and **Adrian Rayson** (1973) who is on the O.A. Committee.

Gwyn Jones (1975), having obtained a degree in Geology at Birmingham University, is working as a 'Mud Logger' on North Sea and other oil rigs.

Michael Howat (1975) has a job for September 1980 at Kingston Grammar School to teach History and to help run the cricket.

Bruce Sneddon (1975) is working with the Civil Service in London after graduating from the University of East Anglia in English Literature.

Roger Geere (1975) having obtained a First in Physics at Bristol University; is now doing research at Cambridge University.

Matthew Savastano (1975) is a Technical Officer with British Rail at Reading, and lives in Basingstoke. His twin-brother Terry (1973) describes himself as a full-time Electronic Calibrator with Smiths Industries and a part-time musician. His guitar is soon to take him to California, U.S.A.

Julian Gardner (1976) got a First in Physics at Birmingham University and is now studying for his Ph.D. at Queen's, Cambridge.

Ian Burles (1976) has enjoyed sufficient success in the plant world to indulge his interest in the history of the world's botanical gardens to the extent of a world tour. His visits to gardens in Gibraltar, North and South Africa were punctuated by a hair's breadth escape: his back-pack saved him from Moroccan knives as he fled down a narrow stairway.

Graham Bint (1976) gained the A.R.C.M. diploma in organ playing (performer) and, subsequently, the Geoffrey Tankard organ prize at the Royal College of Music; this is the premier prize for an examination performance at this grade.

Colin McKenzie (1976), who left before joining the sixth-form, was working in a Merchant Bank in London before going up to Cambridge.

Ian Thackwray (1976) has accepted a training contract with Price Waterhouse in London.

Richard Tauwhare (1976) got a First in Part 1 of the Cambridge History Tripos and, as a result, was awarded a College Scholarship and a College History prize. He is in the College VIII and spent the long vac. in Australia in search of job and sun.

Roger Thomas (1976), after three months in ancient Peruvian watercourses, read Archaeology at Southampton University where he gained a First. He is now working with the Department of the Environment's Oxford Unit before doing a research degree, probably at Cambridge.

Mark Saunders (1976) is on a postgraduate teacher training course at St. Martin's College, Lancaster. His subjects are Geography with subsidiaries in Outdoor Pursuits and Mathematics.

Richard Allen (1978) completed his Sandhurst course and has entered the L.S.E. as the only Army officer (Duke of Edinburgh's Regiment) in sight, but the neighbours are friendly — so far. He intends, while studying for this B.Sc. in International Relations, to continue his researches into the extent to which that friendly atmosphere can be laid at the door of the local ales.

John Baragwanath (1978) has moved over from Veterinary Science to an Arts and Law course at Sydney University.

Barry Burles (1978), in his brief months with the Royal Artillery before going up to Cambridge, has had map-reading headaches with self-propelled 105mm guns in the Canadian prairies, has enjoyed 'adventure training' in the forest fire country behind the topless beaches of Southern France, and much more besides, including regimental history.

Mark Andrews and **Richard Emerton** (1978) are to be congratulated for their splendid contribution as freshman to the Oxford rowing scene. Mark rowed number three in the victorious Blue boat and Richard captained the winning Isis crew.

Gary Mitchell (1978) has been awarded The Loughborough University prize for the most outstanding sportsman of the first year students.

Alastair Morfey (1978) ran for Cambridge in the Varsity match last December.

Brian Shelley (1978) played Shylock in the National Youth Theatre's successful production of 'The Merchant of Venice' in the summer. By Christmas his wicked laugh had conjured a part for him as King Rat's Minion in the Cambridge Footlights' pantomime 'Cinderella'; what danger of type-casting for this theologian?

Jeremy Westmore (1979) passed out from Britannia Royal Naval College in April. He was with fishery protection and then in the Western Mediterranean before going up to Exeter University.

Bob Morrison (1979) has been working for Thames Valley Broadcasting on Radio 210 full-time since leaving school. He has presented music programmes and, more recently, has presented and produced the station's hour long daily national and local news broadcast.

Ted Coates (1979) joined the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst as an officer cadet.

Jonathan Marsh (1979) has been living in Belgium and touring Europe before studying Politics at Exeter University this autumn. He expected to take up a short service Limited Commission with the army this February.

It feels apposite to round off the News column with a mention of the gathering in Downing, Cambridge, for O.A.'s. presently at the University. Around twenty sat down to dinner with the Headmaster, Joe Talbot, Tony Hillary and the Senior Tutor. The port has a motion all of its own on such occasions and reports of the conversation are such that an excellent time was evidently enjoyed by all. O.A.'s. at Oxford are no doubt looking to their laurels.

ABINGDONIAN 1981

The Editors are anxious to extend the circulation of the magazine to more OAs. At the moment, a mere 250 or so members of the Club subscribe, out of a membership of 2000. The main influence in this decline has clearly been the unavoidable decision to exclude the magazine subscription from the Life Membership, so that each year fewer OAs remember to send us a cheque for the magazine.

Next year's copy will cost £1.50. For any OA interested in how the school year has gone that is surely a bargain. Since the magazine went over to A4 size we have been able to print large numbers of photographs of buildings, personalities, games and events.

We sincerely hope that those OAs who do subscribe, and feel that it is money well spent, will encourage others to keep in touch with the school in this way. Cheques of £1.50 for next year's issue, made out to The Abingdonian, to Dr. W. H. Zawadzki, Treasurer, The Abingdonian, Abingdon School, Oxon.

ALLIGATOR WEEK

The weather was kind during the most successful cricket week the Alligators have so far had. Had we just managed to capture the last couple of Gipsies' wickets on the final day, it would have been a clean sweep for the week. Still, four conclusive wins and one moral victory was heady stuff, and it was due in no small part to the loyalty of cricketing old boys, staff and first XI players to this now-permanent part of the school cricketing calendar. Peter Shellard just made a century against the SOA's, Julian Shellard just missed one against the Gipsies. In between, half-centuries came from Simon Hobson, Bob Evans, Mike Neilan and Angus McPhail, while Steve Boyers and Tom Barrett were the only bowlers to take 5 wickets in a game. But, once again, thanks to David Bagshaw for his excellent pitches, and to all who took part in another highly enjoyable week's cricket.

Mon.	July 16:	SOAs 172 (Boyers 5—48); Alligators 173—5 (P. Shellard 100)
Tues.	July 17:	Bantams 200—9; Alligators 202—5 (S. Hobson 56, R. Evans 64, M. Neilan 50*); Berkshire Gentlemen 242 (A. Barrett 5—82)
Thurs.	July 19:	Alligators 172 (A. McPhail 56); St. Edwards St. Edwards Martyrs 149
Fri.	July 20:	Alligators 246—6 (J. Shellard 91); Gloucestershire Gipsies 196—8.

Peter Shellard

ADDRESSES

J. M. BOWLES	21 Tuberville Close, Abingdon, Oxon.
DR. F. A. BISBY	2 Coronation Cottages, Court St., Tisbury, Salisbury, Wilts. SP3 6LN.
J. COWLING	71 Hengistbury Road, Southbourne, Bournemouth BH6 4DJ.
S. K. FABES	26 Chilson Drive, Mickleover, Derby, DE3 5PG.
P. A. FOULKES	78 Wodeland Avenue, Guildford, Surrey. GU2 5LA.
B. P. GARDNER	9 Blackford Avenue, Edinburgh, EH9 2PJ, Scotland.
G. N. HALLETT	21 Fir Lodge, Gipsty Lane, London, SW15.
I. M. HALLETT	10 St. Ronan's, Putney Heath Lane, London, SW15.
N. J. HOLMES	Lindfield, Faringdon Road, Abingdon, OX14 1BD.
S. C. P. L. HUTCHINS	Burrows Court, Nibley Green, North Nibley, Dursley, Glos.
R. P. JESSETT	2 Normanton, Buckland Road, Reigate Heath, Reigate, Surrey.
J. P. JORDAN	36 Underhill Road, East Dulwich, London, SE22 0QT.
REV. G. R. KIRKBY	22 Church Street, Watlington, OX9 5AQ.
D. M. LEWIS	Flat 1, 1204 Bristol Road South, Northfield, Birmingham. B31 2JT.
D. P. LYNN	23E Lytton Grove, Putney, London, SW15.
DR. M. A. NEVILLE	National Women's Hospital, Epsom, Auckland, New Zealand.
M. F. SAVASTANO	35 Penrith Road, Basingstoke, Hants.

- A. M. SMITH 114 Charlton Lane, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.
- M. WATERFALL 100 Hucclecote Main Road, Hucclecote, Gloucester.
- M. S. WEBSTER c/o Dr. G. A. Webster, 9 Cleveland Court, Kent Ave., Ealing, W.13.
- P. U. WEBSTER c/o Dr. G. A. Webster, 9 Cleveland Court, Kent Ave., Ealing, W.13.
- C. R. WOODLEY The King's School, Canterbury, Kent. CT1 2ES.
- R. S. BARNES 3 Commonage Road., Hillcrest, Natal, South Africa 3600.
- D. R. BLANKSBY 34 Russell Road, Moor Park, Northwood, Herts.
- J. BOWLES 21 Tuberville Close, Abingdon.
- P. L. BUTCHER 2 Castle Close, Benson, Oxon. OX9 6SN.
- G. K. M. FENELON Ach na Crann, Rearquhar, Dornoch, Sutherland.
- Capt. R. G. A. GODFREY Cyclops, 2RTR, BFPO 804.
- J. F. GODFREY Willows End, 4 The Willows, West End, Silverstone, Northant.
- GOLDSWORTHY 21 Fir Lodge, Gipsy Lane, London SW15.
- G. H. HALLETT 10 St. Ronan's, Putney Heath Lane, London SW15.
- I. M. HALLETT 49 Wattleton Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks. HP9 1RY.
- M. J. HEADING St. John's Bluff Road South, PO Box 17074, Jacksonville, Florida 32216, U.S.A.
- J. R. HIRTE 4 Chandlers Close, Abingdon, Oxon. OX14 2NN.
- S. C. P. L. HUTCHINS 52b Frome Road, Southwick, Trowbridge, Wilts. BA14 9QQ.
- A. J. IRELAND RMP Training Centre, Chichester, Sussex.
- Maj. D. E. JOYCE The Hollies, Newark Lane, Ripley, Surrey.
- J. E. KNIGHT British Embassy Khartoum, c/o FCO King Charles St, London, SW1A 2AH.
- H. R. LEACH 50 Park Close, Templar Road, Oxford.
- M. J. LEE 19 Chestnut Close, Witney, Oxon. OX8 6PD.
- Sqn/Ldr. P. A. MERRIMAN 10 Orpen Road, Hove, Sussex, BN3 6NJ.
- L. P. MOSDELL Calnor, Aston End Road, Aston, Herts.
- A. J. MUSTARDE Green Gables, Osbert Road, Blundellsands, Liverpool L23 6VL.
- M. G. NICHOL St. John's Close, Wasperton, Warwick.
- R. S. OGG 55 Lincoln Park, Amersham, Bucks, HP7 9HD.
- S. J. OPIE 72 Black Street, Brighton, Victoria 3186, Australia.
- R. D. PRATT Downing College, Cambridge, CB2 1DQ.
- C. R. SHELDON 40 Hereford Road, Bayswater, London W2.
- B. C. SNEDDON 'Lynfield', Reservoir Road, Somerset West, Cape Town.
- J. C. SPINKS 88 Honington Rise, Honington, Bury St. Edmonds, Suffolk, DP31 1NA.
- Flt. Lt. D. B. SPONG 211 Maidenhead Road, Winsdor, Berks.
- J. R. A. SPOONER c/o National Westminster Bank, 130 Ashford Road, Bersted, Kent.
- C. V. STONE Ladle Hill Cottage, Old Burghclere, Newbury, Berks.
- A. F. STUART-LYON Wee Warrawee, PO Box 54, Balnaring 3926, Victoria, Australia.
- J. M. TAUWHARE 6 Hound Close, Abingdon, Oxon.
- R. S. TAUWHARE 17A Sherborne Road, Petts Wood, Kent.
- I. S. THACKWRAY 2611 Conger Avenue NW, Olympia, Washington, 98502 U.S.A.
- R. D. van WAGENEN 44 Hemingford Road, London, N1 1DB.
- P. J. V. WILLIS (Dr.) The Grange, The Precincts, Canterbury, CT1 2EY.
- S. C. WOODLEY 21 Fortescue Drive, Chesterton, Bicester, Oxon.
- P. M. ABRINES 34 Church Lane, Barton Mids, Bury St. Edmonds, Suffolk.
- P. ALDER "Oatlands", 14 Hill Road, Watlington, Oxon.
- R. J. BANWELL The Clock House, 20 Ford Street, Moretonhampstead, Newton Abbott, Devon, TQ13 8LN.
- J. A. C. BARNES as for J. A. C. Barnes
- M. J. C. BARNES c/o George Jackson & Son, Paynes Park House, Pyanes Park, Hitchin, Herts.
- M. T. BENNETT Raunkollbakken 83, Ronsas, Oslo 9, Norway.
- P. N. BENNETT 22 Millbrook Close, Chelford, Macclesfield, Cheshire, SK11 9SJ.
- H. C. BOWEN 33 Loddon Close, Abingdon
- J. G. BOWEN Church Dene, 6 Crown Street, Bromsgrove, Worcs. B61 8DW.
- D. J. BROWN Lt. Col. A. H. CHERRILL 21 Sterndale Close, Girton, Cambridge, CB3 0PR.
- W. CHISLETT Paseo de la Reforma 122-10 Mexico 6DF.
- Midshipman A. R. COOK RN, HMS "Fyfe", BFPO Ships, London.
- M. CROFTON-BRIGGS 20 Deepglade Close, Grenfell Park, St. Thomas, Swansea, Glam.
- C. G. CROW 19 Paul Street, Malmain East, NSW 2041, Australia
- M. J. CULLEN Mayfield House, Warington Road, Hoole, Chester, CH2 4EX.
- M. J. I. DAY Dovercourt, Illsworth Road, Stanbridge, Beds.
- R. K. GYSELYNCK Rustington, 179 Desborough Avenue, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP11 25T.
- W. J. HAMMOND 5 BIS, Rue Maurvier, 78100, St. Germain en Laye, France.
- A. C. HODDINOTT Field Farm, Netherton Road, Appleton, Abingdon OX13 5BW.
- F. R. HOWLETT 5 Crescent Road, Birkdale, Southport, Merseyside, PR8 4SR.
- R. HUMM 16 Holm Croft, Walsgrave Manor, Coventry, W. Midlands
- I. T. JONES "Rest Harrow", Smugglers Lane, Bosham, Nr. Winchester, W. Sussex.
- P. W. KEMP 57 Cedar Lane, Closter, New Jersey, USA 07624.
- H. R. LEACH British Embassy, Khartoum, c/o F.C.O., King Charles' Street, London SW1A 2AH.
- R. W. LEARY 3 Jonathan Court, 61 London Road, Enfield, EN26 EG
- D. M. LEWIS 41 St. Peters Road, Harbourne, Birmingham, B17 0AV.
- MACKAY, Major B. G. Mrs. Dhekelia, BFPO 58.
- N. A. MALEIN 18 Square Marie Louise, Bruxelles 1040, Belgium
- P. J. MALEIN as for N. A.
- A. E. MEDLAND c/o Stoema, Boite Postale 375, Majunga, Madagascar
- I. W. MOSS "Birkenshaw", The Ridge, Little Badow, Chelmsford, Essex.
- I. C. MURRAY 3 Merchiston Gardens, Edinburgh, EH10 5PD.
- C. J. MURRAY 67 Old Exeter Street, Tavistock, Devon.
- J. B. OTTIKER Fernando Casas 496, Barranco, Lima, Peru
- J. R. W. OWEN The Barn, School Lane, South Zeal, Okehampton, Devon, EX20 2LG.
- Rev. G. R. PHIZACKERLEY The Vicarage, Ashford-in-the-Water, Bakewell, Derbyshire, DE4 1QN.
- R. D. R. RAY Flat 2, 12 Hillmorton Road, Ripley, Warwicks.
- Dr P. C. RICHARDSON 22 Brewery Lane, Stansted, Essex, CM24 8LB.
- Lt. S. A. J. RICHARDSON 22 Kemp Place, Bushey, Herts.
- Mark RIVERS 79 Lloyd Road, Didcot, Oxon.
- P. A. W. ROGERS Dept. Human Morphology, Flinders Medical Centre, Bedford Park, Adelaide, South Australia.
- R. H. ROPER 62067, 1 Wharf Cottages, Bourton, Swindon, Wilts.
- R. J. SEARLE 94 Farlington Avenue, Drayton, Portsmouth
- Cmdr. P. J. SIMMONDS The Old Post Office, Dunchidoek, Exeter, Devon.
- D. B. SPONG Cranford House, Cranford Drive, Hurst, Reading, RG10 0ET.
- J. R. A. SPOONER 27 Queens Road, Richmond, Sussex.
- Dr. J. M. THISTLEWOOD 132 Cypress Point Drive, Springfield, Illinois, 62704, USA.
- A. A. VENN 1B Cressingham Road, Reading, Berks. RG2 7RS.
- J. C. M. VISSER Peyreford, 24380 Vergt, France.
- A. J. WALTERS 370 Havant Road, Farlington, Portsmouth, Hants. PO6 1NE.
- N. C. WARE Claremont, 2 Barfields, Bletchingley, Surrey, RH1 4RA.
- R. P. WELCH Brookstones, Cottage, Sydenham, Oxford, OX9 4LY.
- M. G. WELLS 72 Twyford Avenue, London W3 9QP.
- P. R. WOOD The Old Watch House, 26 The Marina, Deal, Kent.
- G. D. WRIGHT c/o Overseas Personnel Manager, Standard Chartered Bank, Ltd., 10 Clements Lane, London, EC4N 7AB.

