

THE ABINGDONIAN





The Abingdonian

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THE YEAR OF THE BENEFACTORS

1987 must surely go down as the year in which Abingdon received news of three extraordinary benefactions, each outstandingly noteworthy in its own right, and in combination offering a prospect that is nothing less than glittering. Two of them flow directly from the generosity of Old Abingdonians, and the third could perhaps be described, only a little fancifully, as the second harvest of a crop sown by a much earlier O.A. - no other than John Roysse himself.

When Roysse left his London property to the School in his will of 1563, he constituted the livery company of which he was a member, the Mercers' Company, as guardians of the inheritance - if they would undertake the trust. The arrangement was evidently found inconvenient, or inexpedient, at the time and the School developed under the eye of more local patrons until, over 400 years after Roysse's re-entowment, the Mercers re-entered the field. Over the past 10 years, the Company, which is the senior, the most distinguished, and the wealthiest of all the London livery companies, has played a critically important part in the restoration and development of the School's fabric; now they have gone a stage - or several stages - further. At prize-giving on the 17th July, the Mercers' representative on the Governing Body, Mr. J.P.G. Wathen, announced that the Company had purchased a large property on Bath Street, and intended to hand it over in due course for the use of the School. The site in question is at present occupied by offices of the Vale of White Horse District Council, but the Local Authority plan to move out to new premises in some three years time. The cost of the purchase was of the order of £400,000.

Only a few days before this wonderful news broke over us, we had been told of another act of great generosity, this time of an entirely private and individual nature. Mr. John Hooke, O.A., who was for many years a governor of the School, announced at the Old Abingdonian Reception on the 11th July that he had made arrangements for the School to receive the sum of £10,000, for the benefit of the Library, under the terms of his will. Mr. Hooke has already, of course, shown great generosity to the School, and the Lower Library bears his name and is largely stocked by books of his giving.

The third benefactor, Mr. John Greening, was a boy at Abingdon in the 1930's, and sent a son to the School in the early 1970's. During the course of the summer, he intimated his wish to make a gift to the School, and after reviewing our needs and plans he concluded that this should take the form of a sum of £100,000, to go towards the construction of new laboratories to supplement our present stock of rooms.

It hardly needs to be said that planning is already being vigorously pressed ahead for the first and third of these projects. The Greening Laboratories, at the donor's stipulation, must be completed within three years from now - a genial form of pressure which is entirely welcome in view of the growing demand for

space in which to teach GCSE Science. By the time the Laboratories are complete, or at least soon afterwards, we can hope to take possession of the Bath Street site, and there, all being well, to build what certainly ought to be known as Mercers' Court - teaching rooms, perhaps particularly for sixth form use, perhaps with space for private study and common rooms attached. There is a lot more to be said about what promises to be an era of unprecedented development - and about the additional funds which we must go on to raise by appeal if we are to make the most of the opportunities which we have been offered; but for the moment it is enough to celebrate the names of Hooke, Greening, and the Mercer's Company, and the benefits they are bestowing upon us.

Why should people wish to make donations on so princely a scale to schools such as this? We may hope that it is partly at least because Abingdon offers education of a quality which has substantial and lasting value, so that it commands the respect of those who have experienced it and wins the support of those who believe that its benefits should be widespread. Beyond that flattering possibility we may guess at another, more dimly perceived but no less important, namely the idea that independent corporations such as Abingdon School represent something significant and even essential in the English way of life, something that has attracted the support of men of vision all through the centuries. The founding of great bodies - monasteries, almshouses, colleges, hospitals, schools - has been a recurrent preoccupation of the individuals and social groups who have developed our national tradition; their suppression and destruction has been the objective of successive authoritarian, centralist and bigoted regimes, from the Tudor despots of the sixteenth century to the Socialists of the twentieth. Let us hope that Abingdon's good fortune in 1987 is an omen for national freedom and prosperity!

M.St.J. Parker



COMMON ROOM

Headmaster: M. St.J. Parker, M.A., King's College, Cambridge.

Second Master: J.R. Gabitass, M.A., St. John's College, Oxford (English).

Senior Tutor: *A.A. Hillary, M.A., Jesus College, Cambridge (History).

Director of Studies: T.J. King, M.A., D.Phil., F.L.S., Pembroke College, Oxford (Biology).

Lower Master: M.G.H. Dillon, M.A. Edinburgh (Design).

L.C.J. Griffin, M.A., Jesus College, Oxford (Classics).

K.G. Hasnip, M.A., Caius College, Cambridge (Modern Languages).

*W.G. Potter, M.A., Pembroke College, Oxford (Biology).

C.D.B. Milton, B.Sc., London (Mathematics).

R.H. Baker, M.A., Queen's College, Oxford (Physics).

H.T. Randolph, M.A., Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge (Classics).

*H. Eden, M.A., Caius College, Cambridge (Geography).

N.H. Payne, M.A., Jesus College, Cambridge (History).

*D.C. Taylor, M.A., Clare College, Cambridge (Modern Languages).

N.K. Hammond, B.Sc., London (Politics).

*S.C. Bodey, B.Sc., Reading (Physics).

N.A.F. Pritchard, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford (Mathematics).

*R.B.C. Coleman, M.A. Keble College, Oxford (Physical Science).

D.G. Crawford, B.A., D.L.C., Open University and Loughborough (Physical Education).

*T.R. Ayling, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford (Chemistry). Senior Science Master.

*J.D.E. Drummond-Hay, B.Ed., Sussex (Physical Education).

(D.J. Haynes, M.A., Oriel College, Oxford (Physics).)

C. Parker, B.Sc., Nottingham (Mathematics).

(G.G. Barrett, M.A., Corpus Christi College, Cambridge (English).)

C.J. Biggs, Cert.Ed., Bede College, Durham (Design).

D. Jones, A.Mus., L.C.M., Cert.Ed., Royal Military School of Music (Music).

R.J. Webber, B.Sc., M.I.Biol., East Anglia (Biology).

P. Willerton, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge (Modern Languages).

W.H. Zawadzki, M.A., D.Phil., Keble and Wolfson Colleges, Oxford (History). Director of General Studies.

A.J. Gasson, M.A., Dundee (Geography).

*I.A. Macdonald, B.A., Leeds (English).

P.J. Wilmore, B.Sc., Ph.D., East Anglia (Biology).

*T. James, B.A., F.R.C.O., Wales (Music).

G.C. Rolfe, B.A., D.Phil., Exeter and Ulster (Modern Languages).

N.J. Brown, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge (English). Director of Drama.

N.W. Hunter, B.A., Bristol Polytechnic (Design).

R.S. Page, M.A., Emmanuel College, Cambridge (Chemistry).

K.D. Bingham, B.A., D.Phil., St. Peter's College, Oxford (Chemistry).

*R.P. Finch, B.A., Reading (Mathematics).

P. Jones, B.A., Wadham College, Oxford (Mathematics).

I. Smith, B.Sc., Sheffield (Physics).

A.F. Trotman, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford (English).

Mrs. C.M. Manship, B.Mus., F.R.C.O., London (Divinity).

N.M. Revill, B.A., Sussex (Modern Languages).

*A. Mitra, M.A., Keble College, Oxford (Classics).

A.J. Mansfield, B.Sc., Wales (Design).

*J. Townsend, B.A., Keele (Economics and Business Studies).

I.C. Fishpool, B.Sc., Birmingham (Geography).

J.R. Sharp, M.A., Jesus College, Cambridge (History).

*The Rev. T.P. Lewis, M.A., Selwyn College, Cambridge (Divinity). Chaplain.

Mrs. A.M. Soper, M.A., Exeter and Keele (English).

D.S.R. Crozier, B.A., Canterbury (English).

S.W. Andrews, M.A., B.Mus., Christ Church, Oxford (Music).

D.M. Henderson, B.A., Reading (Modern Languages).

M.R. Broughton, B.A., St. Edmund Hall, Oxford (Modern Languages).

J.S. Pilgrim-Morris, B.A., Open University (Physics).

Miss W.I. McLaughlin, B.Sc., Birmingham (Physics).

T.J. Simons, B.Soc.Sc., Birmingham (Mathematics).

I.C. Donald, B.A., Huddersfield Polytechnic (Music).
S.A. Collinge, B.Sc., Oxford Polytechnic (Mathematics).
R.G. Hofton, M.A., Merton College, Oxford (History).

T.H. Birnberg, M.A., Jesus College, Oxford (Modern Languages).
Mrs. C. Hollands-Duverly, L-es-L (Modern Languages).

* = Senior Subject Master.

Medical Officer: Dr. J.C.C. Kendall, M.B., B.S., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.
Bursar: Colonel J.D.C. Peacock, M.A., C.Eng., F.I.E.E., F.R.G.S.; A.G. Daley, B.A.
Assistant Bursar: Major D. Egerton-King.

SCHOOL OFFICERS

Heads of School: S.J. Wintle, C.N. Marnane

Head of School House: A.M. Stacey.

Head of Crescent House: R.J. Jones.

Head of Waste Court: M.D.W. Schofield.

Prefects: A.J. Corbett, T.W. Owen, D.E. Sutcliffe, T.J. Butcher, P.J. Mitchell, P.J. Roberts, D.D. Passmore, M.T. Elliott, N.G. Martin, M.J. Landray, R.A.F. Whittaker, N.J. Clark, J.S. Wissett.

Sub-prefects: J.A.D. Emmett, A.M.W. Gipps, S.J. Green, P.C. Harris, J.F. Lister Cheese, J. Molloy, G.R. Reayer, B.C. Schmitzhe, C.S. Shaw, R.I. Sparkes, R.W. Walker, N.J. Westwood.

Valete



TONY HILLARY

JMC writes: Tony Hillary gave thirty-six years of devoted service to the School, in classroom, in house, and on the cricket field. Such long stints are not so common nowadays. In his case it was broken only by the term he spent in what he himself has called 'cloistered but convivial seclusion' as a schoolmaster-student at Christ Church; nor even there was he entirely idle. The product of his Oxford sojourn was a workmanlike little book on Cromwell and the Fall of the English Monarchy which reflected his major historical interest.

As a teacher, he was as competent with the young first-former as he was with the Oxbridge scholar. The School was indeed fortunate to have such a duo as Donald Willis and Tony Hillary to deal with its serious historians. He was in his element as a sixth-form master, as Head of History, as Senior Tutor. It is quite impossible to quantify the importance of the guidance he gave to the university candidate, of the trouble he took over the drafting of the UCCA forms. Generations of Old Boys - not all of them scholars - have told me how much they owe him.

Unusually, he had experience of three Houses. He started off in the hard way, as Tutor at Waste Court. He stood in as Housemaster at Larkhill during the interregnum in 1960. He took over School House from Alan Tammadge in 1967. There was much to worry a HM

in the late sixties. It was a comfort to know that School House was in such good hands.

It was cruel luck that had deprived Tony of his cricket Blue. While at Abingdon he played during the summer holidays for Berkshire. The Abingdonian records centuries over the years against Buckinghamshire, Devon and Cornwall. His long partnership with Gerald Smithson, our groundsman-coach, raised the standard of school cricket to undreamt-of heights. Their harmonious relationship is reflected in the sensitive tribute to Gerald that he penned for the Abingdonian after his untimely death in 1970.

It was quite outrageous, yet in a sense a remarkable tribute to AAH, that I should ask him to run, without outside help, our Quatercentenary Appeal, which netted what in today's terms would be around three-quarters of a million pounds. And yet, as the candid camera reveals in the Abingdonian for 1962, he somehow managed to appear completely relaxed at staff meetings....But behind this record of activity lies something far more important - the quality of the man himself, the loyalty, the complete integrity, the fundamental strength that underlay his deceptive air of indifference.

It was not however merely devotion to the job which led him to haunt the Private Office out of hours. In January 1957 his engagement was announced to my then secretary, Gillian Healey (her successors in title never seemed to stay long either) and they were married at Easter. No one could have made a better secretary, no one could have made a better wife and mother. I watched Andrew and Claire grow up with something like avuncular pride. The family friendship has meant more and more to me as I have grown older.

So many memories. Just one for the record. It was the last morning of the summer term, nearly thirty years ago. I was still at School House. I got up around six o'clock and walked out in the crisp sunshine to have a look at Upper Field, where Abingdon Cricket Week was due to start in a few hours' time. There seared with creosote on the grass between the wickets, was the unmistakable Hillary logo. I routed out my Head of House (John Foden: he lunched with me last week). We did our best to expunge the offending brand before the rest of the House awoke, but without much success. No real harm was done, but the rule is to keep practical jokes, however artistic, within the family.

And finally, an apology, however belated. I can remember two occasions when we crossed swords. On each occasion he was in the right and I behaved like a pompous ass. I am sorry.

Tony, like Andrew after him, like me before him, like Nigel Payne who took over the cricket from him, was a member of Jesus College, Cambridge. If I may adapt the motto of the College: *prosperum iter faciatis vos ambo - immo faciant omnes Hilaes*.

Andrew Gasson has left us after ten years at Abingdon. In that time he has made a great contribution to the School and he will be particularly remembered for his commitment and professionalism. Many Abingdonians have cause to be grateful for the thoroughness of his teaching in the Geography Department and his involvement as a house tutor was similarly whole-hearted, first in Waste Court but mainly in Crescent House where he was a firm but benevolent tutor in Cobban House.

Though no star of the games field, he nonetheless applied himself to becoming a very competent Rugby referee, master i/c of the U-14 Hockey team and Rick Finch's second-in-command of the Junior's Cricket XI.

Andrew leaves us to take over the Geography Department at Cheltenham College, where we wish him every contentment and success.

Terence James:- David Howard writes: I first met T. J. in October 1980, the year my son joined the school; we said, "au revoir" in August 1987, just before he left for Wales and a professional visit to Singapore. Between these dates the musical life of the school received an input of energy which was used not only to benefit the boys, but all those parents and friends who were privileged to be party to the raising of instrumental playing standards and music making in general.

I speak only as a parent, but one who witnessed the tremendous support which Terry gave to all those who cared for music. His care and attention to detail were revealed on the concert platform and in the smaller studios where music was performed, be it an informal concert or an Amey Hall spectacular. (Work on the orchestration for the "Orient Express" music is one particularly vivid example of hours spent to reach his own high standard). I know that he particularly enjoyed the links with the Mercers Co.; the subscription concert given by the Petri family; the visit of the Welsh Guards (including Huw's solo); the slick production of "Guys and Dolls" and the performance of "The Dream of Gerontius" in St. Helen's sports hall, to name only a few highlights.

Those of you who, like me, attended the Oxford Town Hall concert and the boys' final concert in the Amey Hall in the summer will be aware of the warm atmosphere and admiration of Terry's professionalism.

Terry was not just a "Director of Music". He gave those of us on the Music Society committee inspiration; he is a great cook, a competent cyclist, an able scribe and perhaps most of all a charmer of the ladies! The farewell party in July was a splendid occasion, particularly so because he was joined by his mother and close relations and friends. We wish Terry, Grace and all his family every happiness in the future.

Simon Andrews leaves us after only one year and two terms as a full-time member of the Music Staff. Educated at Christ Church, he joined the staff as a part-time member in January 1985 when Mr. Robinson left and returned in January of the following year to fill the post left by Dr. Finlow. Coincidentally, he too has now elected to settle in the USA where he married in the summer vacation, and he intends to devote more time to composition, his chief musical interest. We thank him for the depth of his commitment to the music of the school, academic and practical,

and we wish him and his wife Diane well in their life together in California.

While Mr. D.J. Haynes was on a year's secondment to ISMEC, his place was taken by Miss W.I. McLaughlin. Wendy had just graduated from Birmingham Physics Department, and shortly laid to rest any fears there may have been, since her pert and pleasant manner combined with great zest and enthusiasm made her a ready favourite with boys and staff alike. Whether illustrating the art of 'cooking-for survival' or accompanying groups to France, she was equally convincing, and we wish her every success in the future.

Christmas saw the departure of Mr. Richard Sharp, a sad occasion, since his flamboyance had caught the eye of all and the imagination of many of the boys in particular. Almost inevitably, he leaves to pursue his interest in the business of antiquarian print-dealing which will enable him to feel the eighteenth century in every way close to hand. We remember his contributions to the Debating Society and to cricket, and wish him every success.

We are grateful to Mr. C.W. Clayton of Lady Margaret Hall, who deputised most efficiently for Mr. Hammond in the summer term while he was away on sabbatical leave. Cornell assures us that he found the organisation of the Mock Election instructive as well as amusing.

This year has seen a number of departures from the visiting music staff, notably Mr. Chris Britton (flute), Mr. Raymond Burley (guitar), Mr. David Lowe (singing), Mrs. Mariette Pringle (violin and viola), Miss Reynolds (flute), Mr. B. Russell (flute) and Miss Violet Maldram (piano). We thank them all for the high quality of their teaching, for their dedication and inspiration and in particular we are grateful to Miss Maldram for the invaluable financial support she gave towards the purchase of the Steinway Concert Grand Piano which now graces the Amey Hall.

Finally, we thank Col. J.D.C. Peacock for negotiating for us the difficult transition from the long and successful reign of Bursar 'Danny' Head. We wish him well in his work for disadvantaged children, as well as his commercial interests. John left in October and his place was taken on an interregnum basis by Mr. K. Pearson. We are most grateful to him for this work and the coachpark is a fitting tribute to his labours on the School's behalf.

Salvete

We welcome Mr. Richard Hofton who came to us in January from Bristol Grammar School to join the History Department. We have already seen to good effect his interests in hockey, golf and rugby.

Dr. F.F.R. Fernandez-Armesto, Fellow of St. Antony's College, Oxford, succeeds AAH as Head of the History Department. While he shares with us the fruits of his 'musings amid the ruins of the Capitol', we have savoured his impressive array of intellectual interests and note already their lively contribution to the Debating Society.

Mr. Michael Stinton, formerly Assistant Director of Music at St. Paul's School, succeeds Terry James as Director of Music. As might be expected, Michael has a full and busy time and we wish him success.

Mrs. J. Boulton, formerly at Pangbourne College, joins the Art Department where she is enlivening the painting.

Mr. J.F. Henderson, formerly of Raynes Park High School, London, is supplementing the Economics teaching. He is also teaching in the Geography Department.

Mr. J.S. Oxlade, formerly peripatetic teacher at various schools, including Abingdon, has joined the Music Department on a full-time basis.

Mr. J.A.N. Ellis has taken over Mr. Gasson's teaching in the Geography Department from Malvern College. He will take over responsibility for the Department in September 1988.

We have been happy to welcome Mr. R.C.R. Milner who comes to us from Merton College, Oxford, to teach French and Latin.

We have been pleased to have in our midst Mr. J.N. Bessell who has been with us since January as resident supernumerary. Jonathan came to us direct from Canberra Grammar School where he had been a prefect and an athlete of note. He has been helping in the boarding houses, on the sports field and in the classroom.

We have been very happy to welcome, since the New Year, Mr. A.G. Daley as Bursar. A graduate of Christ's College, Cambridge, Alan has had long experience of business as well as having been Bursar to Llandoverly College, Dyfed. We have already had reason to be grateful for his skills and calmness, drawn, no doubt, in part from his experience, but also from his expertise in mountaineering! We wish him and his wife a long and fruitful stay in Abingdon.

ENTRANTS TO HIGHER EDUCATION

BIRMINGHAM

Davis, J.J.F.

Biology

BRISTOL

Butterworth, R.D.
Cavell, T.J.P.
Collie, L.C.
Cranshaw, J.H.
Cullen, L.C.R.
Lipman, J.P.R.
Mardon, N.R.
Snow, A.
Tollis, R.
Waywell, J.M.
Wright, N.G.

Psychology
Sociology
Chemistry
Medicine
Sociology
Law
Computer Science
Geography
Economics & Politics
Electronic Engineering
Aeronautical Engineering

BRUNEL

Garnett, R.D.

Communication Studies

CAMBRIDGE

Clare

Jennaway, D.
Salmon, D.S.

Engineering
Natural Sciences

Downing

Owen, T.J.

Geography/Land Economy

Emmanuel

Coupland, R.S.
Starr, P.J.

Engineering
English

Fitzwilliam

Slater, T.J.

Modern Languages

Girton

Storer, N.P.

Natural Sciences

Jesus

Casale, R.L.
Kowszun, J.P.
Wagon, B.J.
Westwood, N.J.

Engineering
Natural Sciences
Music
Natural sciences

Pembroke

Cracknell, J.C.

Geography

Peterhouse

Greenwood, C.C.

History

Robinson

Gipps, A.M.W.

Geography

St. John's

Allinson, J.S.
Parker, D.E.J.
Sutcliffe, D.E.
Winsley, M.J.

Engineering
Theology
Natural Sciences
Modern Languages

Selwyn

Wetherall, M.W.

Medicine

Sidney Sussex

Bilboul, B.A.

English

CARDIFF

Gray, T.R.J.

History

CITY

Jewitt, R.A.

Property Valuation

DURHAM

Boobyer, M.T.
Sutton, T.M.

Latin
Psychology

EDINBURGH Thomas, A.D.	History & Mathematics	Queen's Green, S.J. Littlewood, C.A.J.	P.P.E. Classics
ESSEX Finnis, J-P.A. Ward, L-E.J.	Government Accountancy	St. John's Cheek, R.D.	English
GLASGOW Adams, T.J.	Medicine	OXFORD POLYTECHNIC Bird, S.T. Rae, J.R.	Building Printing
HATFIELD POLYTECHNIC Wheeler, S.P.	Humanities	PLYMOUTH POLYTECHNIC Tiffany, J.J.E.	Psychology
HULL Gingell, N.	American Studies	READING Blackman, B.A. Wilson, R.C.	Landscape Management History
KENT Haynes, J.C.P.	Politics & Government	ST. ANDREW'S Riches, H.G.J.	History
KINGSTON POLYTECHNIC Alner, M.G.	Accountancy & Finance	SHEFFIELD Boorman, R.M. Lee-Jones, S.J. Johnson, S.C.	Archetecture Civil Engineering English
LANCHESTER POLYTECHNIC Scott, J.W.		SOUTHAMPTON Allen, R.F. Arney, J.A. Bray, S.A. Day, C.G. Nicholson, G.T. Porter, L.J.P. Pound, C.J. Rodgers, C.D. Rosser, R.S.	Environmental Science Psychology History & Sociology Law Mechanical Engineering Biochemistry & Pharmacology History Electronic Engineering History
LEEDS Bull, F.J. Lowe, A.J. Cox, M.C.	Mechanical Engineering Pharmacology History		
LEICESTER Croskey, A.E.	Physics		
LONDON Goldsmiths Henley, A.	Social Science	THAMES POLYTECHNIC Wild, R.D.	Industrial Marketing/German
Inst. of Archaeology Dark, J.E.	Archaeology	TRENT POLYTECHNIC Evans, S.D.	European Studies
Imperial Naish, J.S.C.	Biology	UMIST Goodey, A.J. Tyack, R.J.	Electronic Engineering Management Studies
University College Hewlett, N.W. Hodgson, D.A.	Law Geography	UWIST Drury, T.R.	Architecture
MANCHESTER O'Brien, E.J.	Economics & Social Studies	WARWICK Stamper, J.C.	Law
MIDDLESEX POLYTECHNIC Jaques, J.M.A.	Mechanical Engineering	WEST SUSSEX INSTITUTE OF H.E. Lawrence, S.D.	Recreation Studies & Tourism
NEWCASTLE Zwart, A.C.C.	Architecture	YORK Fisher, D.M. Worth, R.A.	Biochemistry History & English
NOTTINGHAM Bailey, T.W.J.	Law		
OXFORD			
Brasenose Lay, N.D.	Physics		
Christ Church Olleson, M.J.	Classics		
Exeter Mann, R.G.	Physics		
Jesus Schmittzehe, B.C.	Chinese		
LMH Casale, M.A. Cowell, D.A.	P.P.E. Geography		
New Williams, N.G.	History		
Pembroke Jones, J.R. Molloy, J.	Medicine Classics		



DRAMA



A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS

After the complexities of the Autumn term's production, T.S. Eliot's "The Waste Land", the main end of term play, Robert Bolt's "A Man for All Seasons" seemed almost negligible in comparison, with its easily comprehensible plot and well-known background. Nevertheless, Bolt has opened up many interesting themes from this apparently simple basis. Sir Thomas More, having become Chancellor of England, falls from favour due to a disagreement between him and the monarch, his end being hastened by the plotting of Thomas Cromwell and Richard Rich. The clearest point to emerge from the unfolding drama is More's unswerving sense of loyalty to his conscience, he does what he does, not because of the orders of some earthly power, such as the king, but because his conscience, a spiritual power over him orders it. This was brought out very

A Man for all Seasons ROBERT BOLT



AMEY HALL ~ 12, 13, DEC.

well by Magnus Macintyre, playing More, and contrasted pointedly with Donal Nolan's scheming politician Thomas Cromwell. For, to the down-to-earth Cromwell whose brief is to remove Sir Thomas More, any man can be persuaded, by fair means or foul, to change his mind. Cromwell certainly does not restrict himself to fair means. Having failed to persuade More by arguments to accept King Henry VIII's divorce of the Spanish Catherine and marriage of Anne Boleyn, he searches all over the place for evidence of any kind to use against him. Despite his unending enquiries, he is unable to ensnare him in the "forest of the law", as he had hoped. As a lawyer himself, More knows that to make no comment on the divorce is a very sure way not to be prosecuted. His public sitting on the fence, although everyone knows his true views, leads to two parallel scenes in which both Cromwell, and Chapuys the Spanish Ambassador who opposes the divorce, claim that More is on their side because he is not on the other side. This black-and-white view, as perceived by these two antagonists, contrasts well with all the shades of grey seen by More. Another character who sees everything in black-and-white terms is Sir Richard Rich, whom Richard Wyatt played with an effective characterisation. He starts at the beginning of the play as a nervous young academic, who, by pulling strings with More and Cromwell, gains for himself great power and influence and eventually himself bears false witness against More, More, who had started him on his career. In contrast to Rich's "using" of his relationship with More, the Duke of Norfolk, More's closest friend, is the perfect gentleman. Even after More has urged him to break the bond of friendship between them, he still will not in any way get More into trouble although he disagrees

strongly with him. Andrew Garvey portrayed this morally sound nobleman with conviction, and was suitably apologetic when he was required to condemn his closest friend, an effective irony. More's close family are the only characters who do not desert him in the end, although his wife Alice (Elizabeth Allison) cannot understand his continued unwillingness to save himself by signing the document, and so freeing her from the life of deprivation she sees herself to be living. His devoted daughter Meg (Melanie English) does not see this as much and just adores her father, without pondering his actions too extensively. In contrast, her husband Will Roper is very concerned about establishing what More actually believes, and so saving him. Andrew Hetherington played him well as a young activist-type figure, very concerned with setting the world to rights. This is dramatically pointed out by his changing of his religious allegiance from high Catholicism via Lutheranism to the "standard" church. He appears to be following whichever camp seems, at the time, best able to change the world.

Linking all these characters in their many scenes, and linking the action of the play to our own century was the Common Man. As well as interacting with the characters on stage, playing all the minor parts, such as the jailor and the foreman of the jury, he comments on the action to the audience. Shaun Hanks, in his debut role at the school played this part very



In this black-out it is the Common Man who shouts out "Behold, the head of a traitor!" thus giving the "official" authority view. Indeed, throughout the play he has an unquestioning respect for the views of those "in charge". I believe that Robert Bolt, in creating this character as a link between the 16th and the 20th centuries, intends us to question whether this is a suitable attitude: should we be happy to comply with the laid-down law at all times, or should we, like More, obey our conscience to the end?

Stephen Wilcox VIF

convincingly, highlighting the many parallels that can be drawn between the characters of then and now.

All this action was played on a fairly simple, adaptable set which was most effective, being used for all the scenes in the same form. In contrast with this the costuming was very complex, all characters wearing rich and bright clothes. Unfortunately, due to a technical hitch, the lighting was very unpredictable, so we were often distracted from the stage action by flickering lights. Fortunately, this did not affect the most dramatic moments of the production, More's execution, which was dramatically enhanced with a black-out on stage.



THE MEASURES TAKEN

Two performances were given of *The Measures Taken*, the only production in this year's "Open House", designed to encourage drama outside main school productions. As such, this represented a considerable initiative on the part of those involved.

This is true not least in the choice of play - the English version of Bertolt Brecht's *Lehrstück*, or learning-play. Regardless of one's own feelings towards the play's message, Brecht is not an easy dramatist to produce or act effectively. This is arguably more true of the early and somewhat crude *Lehrstücke* than of the later, more conventional dramas, since the former are unashamedly didactic and rely on little else to sustain them than the actor's stage-presence and delivery.

The choice of subject, then, was ambitious, yet the team is to be congratulated on the imaginative and above all clear way in which they handled the various elements of the drama: the narrative, the re-enacting of past events, the use of song, music and projector screen, and the control chorus. These various parts were combined skilfully and convincingly to lead the audience step by step and instruct them in the inter-

pretation of events and party policy.

The Four Agitators, in their various roles, displayed the confidence needed to suggest the detachment which is essential to Brecht's Epic Drama. Indeed, we were given little encouragement to empathise with the Young Comrade, so that by the conclusion we too accepted the case for the measures taken.

Also particularly noteworthy was the original music by R. Jones, whose cadences, reminiscent of Bach, were a counterpoint to the starkness of the songs, and underlined the solemnity of the whole play.

M.R.B.



LORD ARTHUR SAVILLE'S CRIME

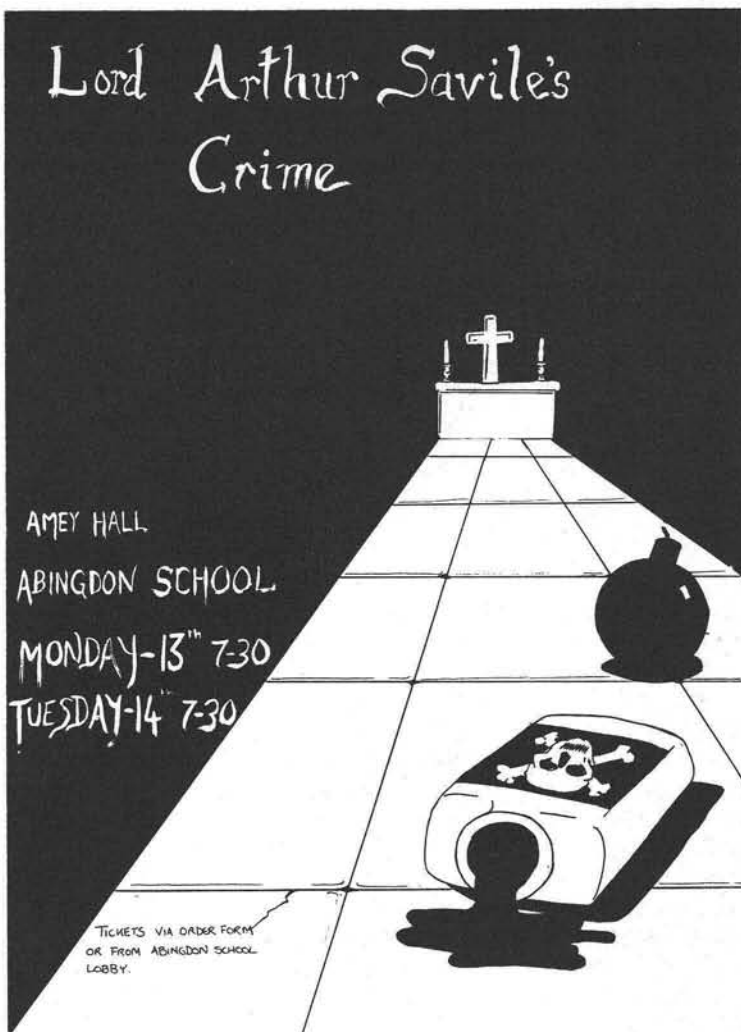
One of the advantages of having a widely spaced family is that we have become connoisseurs of school productions, able to follow the careers of performers from first year one acts to sixth form Shakespeare and to observe the increasing skill of producers. Lord Arthur Saville's Crime provided a much applauded star role for Donal Nolan, who has been entertaining us for some time, and a welcome chance to see Emma Grant, for once not wearing the trousers, but deploying feminine, if elderly charm. James Crosskey in the title role offered a convincing, dateless Sloane Ranger; Gregory Randall had an easier time getting his laughs as Herr Winkelkopf, the archetypal mad foreigner. Heather Sproston bounced her personality effectively across the footlights and at the susceptible Baines/Nolan, providing a well cast contrast to the languid charms of Miss Merton (Sara Edwards).

Putting on plays in single-sex schools presents obvious problems. This production was a triumph of co-operation between the three schools involved and of rapport between the actors themselves. It was a pleasure to be convinced of emotional contact between the characters of the play - not easy to project in a farce, and a dimension we have missed hitherto in the work of Abingdon's regular anonymous producer. We had wondered whether Lord Arthur Saville's Crime would be still viable as farce today; doubts were dispelled by the laughter of the audience which ranged, as is usual at school plays, from eight to eighty. Everyone found Herr Winkelkopf funny, but only my eighty year old com-

Lord Arthur Saville's Crime

AMEY HALL
ABINGDON SCHOOL
MONDAY-13th 7-30
TUESDAY-14th 7-30

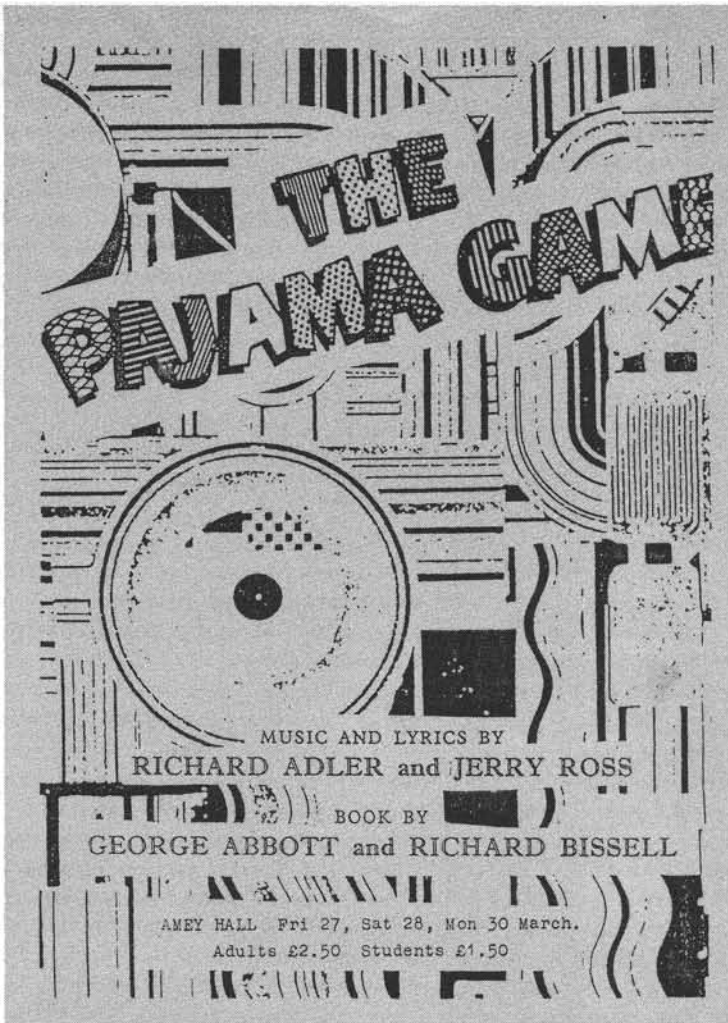
TICKETS VIA ORDER FORM
OR FROM ABINGDON SCHOOL
LOBBY.



panion laughed aloud at Baines' suggestion that Lord Arthur had loaded himself up with the family silver to purchase a commission. The years had blunted the joke, but a neat plot, lively dialogue and a buoyant production triumphed over the conflicting time signals given by language, costume and age of performers to give us a coherently amusing entertainment.

Mrs. A. Collie



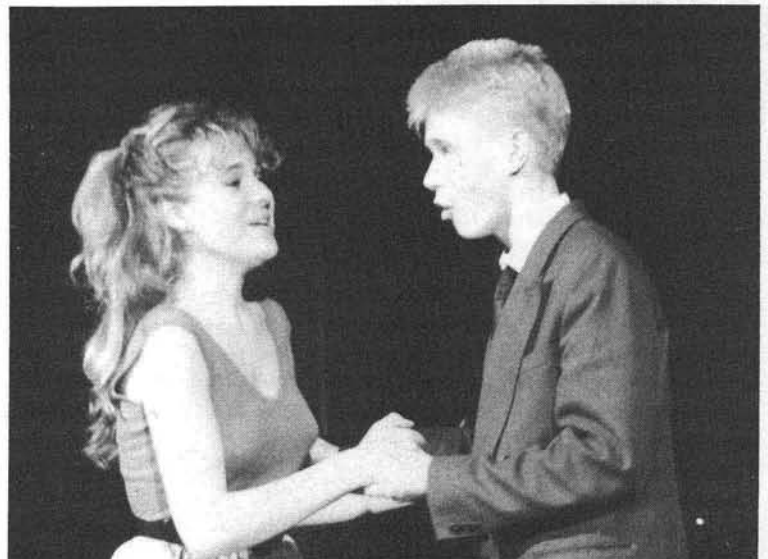
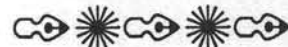


complemented by Tracey Allinson. However, the real acting sparkle came from the assorted lesser characters - especially James Crosskey as 'The Time-Study Man', and Daniel Blackman, who dared to come on stage wearing a really atrocious nightgown and cap. Another feature which was important in the overall effect was the variety of sets used. These ranged from the factory interior with which the production opened, through two (small) trees signifying the countryside during the picnic, to the hint of secretive pleasure conveyed by the surroundings of Hermando's Hideaway. The key to the success of the production was the effect of the obvious enjoyment of the cast in performing. Without this, the impact on the audience would never have been as great as it was. 'The Pyjama Game' is a production which will be remembered for its atmosphere of enjoyment shared between cast and audience - a rare and praiseworthy achievement by all concerned.

Stefan Green

THE PYJAMA GAME

This wasn't the event to be at if you were looking for high-minded, serious drama - this musical did what it was supposed to do, which was to generate fun. Its most obvious quality was its good humour and its most obvious effect the smiles on the faces of the members of the audience as they left the Amey Hall. However, this effect had nothing to do with chance: it was the acting of the cast along with the efforts of the production, lighting and music teams which made *The Pyjama Game* work. If any particular aspect has to be singled out for special praise, it is that of the choreography. I have never seen such an ambitious series of dances attempted in a school production, but the dancers succeeded by continuing the general tone of levity and giving the production real movement. The catchy tunes and the momentum of the dances may have been the high points of the show, but the action in-between these episodes was sustained by good acting. Richard Wyatt was excellent as the male lead and was ably



THE WASTE LAND

An Actor's view

The most exciting aspect of Scott Crozier's and Simon Andrew's production of *The Waste Land* by T.S. Eliot was the feeling throughout the team (technical, acting and musical) of innovation and experimentation. There was no script, as such, just three poems:- "The love song of J. Alfred Prufrock, *The Waste Land* and *The Hollow Men*. These had to be firstly understood fully by the cast, and then transformed into a dramatic representation of Eliot's chilling views on life, typified by the last line of *The Hollow Men*:

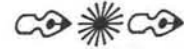
*This is the way the world ends,
Not with a bang but a whimper.*

The lack of script dialogue meant that the first two weeks of rehearsals were simply read-throughs of the

poems, in order to give the cast a grip of the meanings of the poems. Any A-level student who has studied *The Waste Land* will know of its complex imagery. Once this imagery was mastered by the cast, it was necessary to break it down into parts in order to depict it on stage. Here the read-throughs paid dividends, for rather than it being simply the director's vision expressed, the cast were encouraged to reveal ideas of their own. Mr. Crozier always listened to these ideas, realising that we gave a far better performance if we acted in the way that we felt was best. This co-operation and S.C.'s constant questioning of "Well, you tell me, what does it mean?" gave the cast a feeling of self-involvement I have never experienced before in any school production. The production's success was due to the

simple fact that when the acting input increases the dramatic output is augmented in a similar way - a lesson all directors could learn.

J. Crosskey VIF



The Music

The musical component of this production was one of the most ambitious excursions into the field of contemporary music yet undertaken by the school. To describe Mr. Andrews' delicate score as 'incidental' to the poetry and action would be undermining one of the major strengths of the show - that of the absolute integration of the many artistic components involved. Neither was the music easy listening; it presented a challenge to the most discerning audience.

Scored for conventional forces, the emphasis lay firmly on textures and harmony, in many instances stretching the technique of the performers (drawn without exception from the school), and throwing new light onto the range of different effects available. Mr. Andrews has a distinctive style which cannot be readily traced to another composer. Grating dissonance contrasting with traditional melodies, fluid textures with harsh rhythms, all added to the overall sense of tension brought about by the drama. A sensitivity to shape and, above all, the structure of the work as a whole showed an admirable communication between composer and director, cast and orchestra, resulting in a moving, emotional experience, ending, as the text suggests, "not with a bang but a whimper".

We wish Simon Andrews much success in his future career as a composer.

Robert Jones



given to John Wissett whose inspiration created the set, and who had the stage hands moving the Mini from one side of the stage to the other!

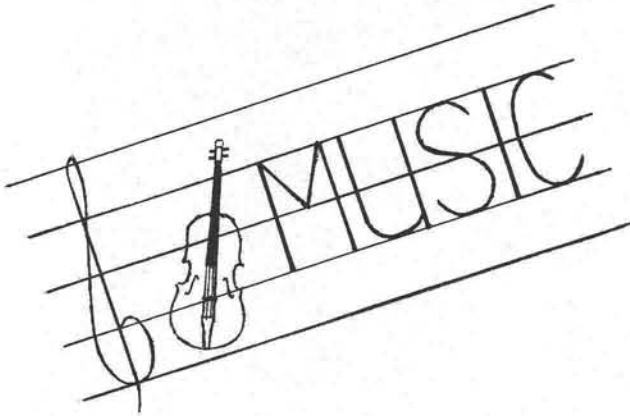
D. Morrison VIF



The Set

To perform the poems was a challenge in itself, to design a suitable set even more so. Mr. Crozier was specifically vague about what he wanted, but John Wissett seemed to understand, and rose to the occasion. The main requisite was for the set to look like a waste land, surprisingly enough. However, this gave us a free hand in the design and probably gave us more problems. The set was started by the Motor Mechanics clapped out Mini Clubman; getting it onto the stage was a job in itself. The floor was covered and painted black, and classes were enlisted to walk all over the stage in order to cover it in dust. A somewhat dismantled Pharaoh's throne from the last production, two oil drums from the river, wrecked with a sledgehammer and metal cutters

were also put on stage. The initial effect was quite pleasing, it actually looked like a tip. A few well placed lights in the car and oil drums, a broken up bicycle, some rent sheets draped over the chair and things were starting to look quite good. Leaves were brought in and literally thrown everywhere, the sheets were covered with blodges of spraypaint and a smoke machine found its way into the car. Part of Mr. Crozier's intention had been to show slides out of the roof onto sheds hung from the proscenium arch; getting the sheets was interesting to say the least, but the effect was very pleasing. More lights were angled and focused, and the result was something we had not expected. The set turned out to be very effective, and enhanced the poems perfectly. Credit should be



THE REVIEW

It was with very mixed feelings that I set out to shape the 'Grand Design' for the year's music at the school, knowing, as I did by July 1986 that it was to be my last session as Director of Music and that there was much that I'd like to see accomplished in that brief period. Musicians have to take calculated gambles when staking the ground on behalf of their young charges and I had to be more than normally resistant to reckless and over-ambitious thoughts. How often have we endured dire concerts, where perhaps the school orchestra tackles a famous symphony with such resources as 3 violins, no violas, 2 'cellos, bass guitar, 7 flutes, 1 oboe, 9 clarinets, no bassoons, 1 horn, 5 cornets, 1 trombone, 1 percussion, the ever-present piano and of course Toscanini II at the helm! It all made for a busy and interesting summer holiday!

As it turned out most of the 42 scheduled events went well - a tremendous achievement by hard-working staff, enthusiastic boys and supportive parents. Some of the concerts have been given individual assessment, but perhaps I may comment on some of the others, not only because they happened but also because they may interest historians in the next century when perhaps the programmes archives have suffered (along with much else) from the ravages of time.

Once again the School Concerts, Informal Concerts, Chamber Recitals, Choral Evensongs, musico-dramatic events and the Music Society evenings provided the 'core' of the three termly Music Calendars. September had not left us before the strains of music-making had begun in earnest. I shall recollect with many a smile the nervous grimaces on young faces as boys ploughed through their party pieces, having rushed headlong on to the platform (how many professionals approach their performances with such zeal?), and finished with a visibly enormous sigh of relief! The Informal Concerts mean much to the Music Staff and to me, because it is through these that we see boys gaining their first chances to share in the musical experience. From small beginnings.....

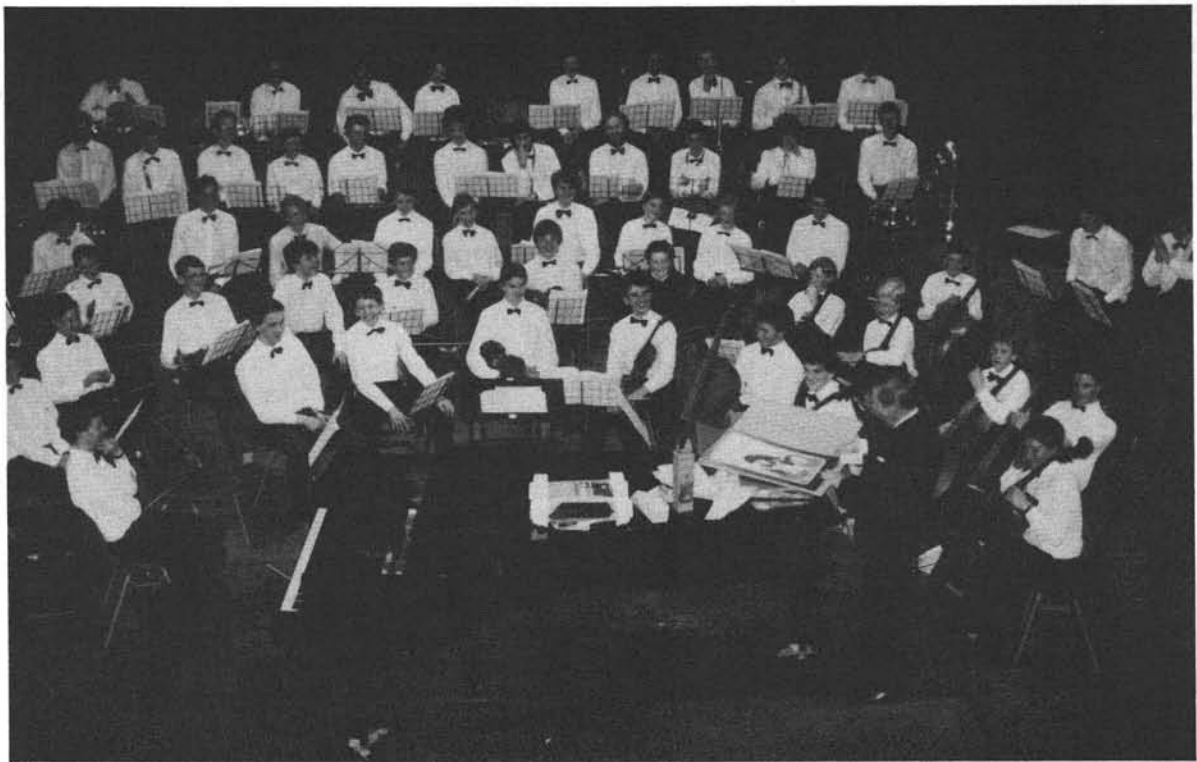
John Cutforth then captivated a large following with his entertaining and informative illustrated Lecture on Mozart. His severe illness several years ago

set us wondering if he would wish to continue, but in truly characteristic fashion he confounded us all by appearing as spontaneous and witty as ever, as inventive in exploring the obscure crannies and as unusual in his choice of slides and music punctuations. What a unique person he really is! In our musical annals he will surely feature prominently as one of the great educators/friends of the school, and Marsh Gibbon village (his home) a firm favourite with generations of Chamber Choir boys for summer evensongs, buns, cider and madrigals.

The great work of the Music Society on behalf of the Music Department was under way and as choirs, bands, orchestras and ensembles established their routines, so busy November and mad December drew closer. Another willing troupe of performers (larger than before) made up a second Informal Concert and Chamber Choir (under yet another new conductor, Iain Donald, fresh from Malvern Girls' College) opened its season at Southwark Cathedral, followed two days later with the Remembrance Day service in the School Chapel. The Choir by now had a solid bedrock of experienced members to assist their new conductor, not least amongst them the indefatigable Andrew Olleson (alto), who was awarded a Choral Scholarship at Christ Church, Oxford (where he had once been a senior treble chorister) and the talented organist Geoffrey Styles who gained the Organ Scholarship at Westminster Abbey from September 1987 under Simon Preston. But our chorally ambitious parents were not to be outclassed. Along with friends in the Choral Society they celebrated St. Cecilia's Day with Purcell's special *Ode* of 1692 along with a fine group of soloists and orchestra, both containing prominent members of the Music Staff.

The Music Scholars and the Exhibitioners, with senior musicians, again presented two high quality recitals of solo music, the second culminating in a Barbershop ensemble of particular appeal. When I think back to the establishment of these scholar concerts, it is indeed exciting to note the increase in the number of quality performances quite apart from the mere number of performers. Success may breed success, but the recognition of and desire to achieve high standards has been very gratifying to our teachers. And nowhere were high standards more visible than in the playing of our bands and orchestras in December's School Concert (to the delight of a packed house). As we waltzed out to the *Orient Express*, so the Chamber Choir heralded Christmas in the school chapel, not St. Helen's - a pity!, and in Trafalgar Square, a link which I introduced from Basingstoke in 1979. Long may it continue!

Little of the familiar format changed in 1987, and indeed why should it? The Lent term opened with a visit by the Patterson Wind Quintet, the third recital in the Subscription Series, and preceded last term by the Bingham String Quartet and a pianoforte recital by Jonathan Plowright. There was a definite air of expectancy about this series, with a new committee in charge and a welcome flush of fresh ideas. Better artists are still needed to make the Series zing again, but the limitations of budget, which stemmed from the Arts Council at the very top, forced a 'safe', if rather unexciting schedule. The Lent term also saw the start of a new series of School Chamber Music Evenings, first with one by boys and then with one by two



members of the Music staff, Mariette Richter (solo pianoforte) and Fiona Murphy ('cello and accompanied by her mother, a concert pianist). Two further recitals in the series followed in the Summer term and the general consensus was that these were both valuable and enjoyable; where else, after all, would you find a performance of Tcherenpnin's *Timpani Sonata* or hear Derek Jones playing 'solitaire' on a trumpet? Mr. Jones' own Vale Concert Band made another charity appearance for the Leukaemia Fund and he enticed the Second Wind Band from the practice studio to share an Informal Concert with Mr. Andrews' Second Orcherstra.

Meantime the girls of St. Helen's School joined the more senior singer/actor boys from the school for *The Pyjama Game*, a fun romp in the nicest possible sense, while the Chamber Choir restored the equilibrium with choral appearances at Gloucester and St. Alban's Cathedrals. The following term they visited Guildford Cathedral and Marsh Gibbon church, and led the singing in St. Helen's for the Commemoration of Benefactors, formerly Founder's Day, Service. The total choral forces - Choral Society, School Choir and Chamber Choir, with soloists and guest symphony orchestra - then met, as they do each May, for a grand choral concert, this year in the more spacious and pleasing Oxford Town Hall and representing a Welsh/English programme of a distinctly 'Royal' flavour. As in the case of the school Orchestral Concert that followed in June, it was for many (including me) a very enjoyable and moving occasion. Both concerts were memorable, not least for the high quality of performances by Music Scholars Robert Clayden (oboe) in the former and Geoffrey Styles (piano and conductor) in the latter. Repetition at rehearsals often becomes tedious, but the bonus of security that resulted was a key factor in the success of these events, just as it

was in the very good Band Concert that helped bring the curtain down on the year's 'big' musical enterprises. It remained for my little ensemble to visit RAF Abingdon to provide music at an important function there, for the Music Society (as ever very well prepared) to take us off hither and thither during the examination weeks and for farewells to be said.

For me personally the mixed feelings at the start of the school year were now replaced by a blend of relief and sadness. It had been a good year's music, one felt, and all credit to staff, boys and friends, and the icing on the cake came with the results in August with a musical 'full house'. It was indeed time to return to Wales, Land of my Fathers, but never to forget so many fine people over the past 8 1/2 years at this splendid school: my colleagues in the MCR (ever patient, ever supportive, especially Jon Gabitass), my colleagues in the Music Department (ever expert, ever forgiving, especially Derek Jones), my friends in the Music Society (ever creative), the staff in the offices and Bursary (ever cheerful), in the kitchens (ever generous) and in the services (ever cleaning) and, of course, generations of Abingdonians, including my three sons, (ever loyal, ever understanding) and their parents (ever productive). To you all - Thank you! - Diolch yn fawr!

T.J.



SCHOOL CONCERT

An air of expectancy buzzes round the audience before a concert, and particularly before the first major event of a new season. Parents of new boys come not knowing what they will find, and for those with sons in higher years there is always the question - "the giants of yesterday are gone. How will those left fill the void?"

From the first item, it was clear we could relax. The Brass Band broke the ice with confidence and we sat back to enjoy the popular delights of music by Ron Goodwin and Henry Mancini. This kind of music gives an opportunity to display some panache, and the young players rose eagerly to the challenge.

Mr. Donald conducted the school choir in his debut at a school concert. Just getting such a large choir in place on stage is an exercise full of potential disaster, but we might have guessed that the precision with which this was to be managed would indeed be forthcoming. There is a natural temptation to gigantism in the choice of music with a large choir. It was pleasing, therefore, to hear them tackle the more delicate and restrained style required by the English Traditional Songs arranged by John Rutter. Our hearts dashed happily along with the smoothing iron, though perhaps not every eye was on the conductor at each change of tempo.



The Chamber Orchestra played Purcell's *Fantasia* and a prelude on *Rhosymedre* by R. Vaughan Williams. Without the cover of the wind instruments the strings have a chance to enjoy the spotlight. This in turn makes demands on the accuracy of all the players and the orchestra performed well under the leadership of Robert Coupland and the baton of Mr. Andrews.

The first half closed with the First Wind Band playing Prokofiev's *Troika*. This shows off in turn many of the instruments and maintains a snappy tempo. It was followed by *Christmas Festival* by Leroy Anderson, a melange of familiar delights, which sent us off to refreshments in a light-hearted mood.

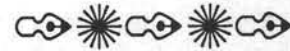
The second half was devoted to the music by Richard Rodney Bennett for the film *Murder on the Orient Express*. Obtaining this music was quite a coup for the school, thanks to the assistance of Mr. Andrew Wylie of E.M.I. One might think of film music

as audible wallpaper, but that is to deride a challenging form, and this music was a fine example of the type - alternately narrative and lyrical, but always colourful and essentially gripping, as tightly structured as the mystery story it enhances. The title of the first movement, *Overture and Kidnapping*, conveys something of the powerful forward drive of the pieces, which was extended in its orchestration for full symphony orchestra by Terence James himself for the performance by First Orchestra.

A partial presentation of music from a long film has inevitably one or two abrupt joints, but we were carried along by the presentation, the lighting and costumes singling out the *Café Ensemble*. Presentation was to the fore in this multi-media event, with excerpts from the film itself projected on a screen above the orchestra. No one can say Abingdon School is stick-in-the mud!!

A glossy and brilliantly accomplished performance left us with music dancing through our heads. Such a programme was not designed as "straight Classical". Indeed its attractive format gave a veritable wealth of boys the chance to display both enthusiasm and musicianship. The breadth of interest and talent was indeed impressive. As we drove into the night, expectancy had been replaced by both satisfaction and the enjoyment of a shared experience.

D.H. Saxon.



THE MUSIC SOCIETY

The 1986/87 season began and ended with rather special occasions and in the middle the committee kept concert audiences refreshed during the intervals and sold jumble.

The illustrated talk on Mozart by John Cutforth in October was a particularly fine event in view of his poor health earlier in the year. He kept his audience entertained in fine style, and the Music Department was better off to the tune of £340, which contributed to the purchase of an upright piano, and the curtains for the ground floor music rooms.

Particular thanks should be given to Dr. Tom Jones who helped the committee to prepare for the European Express evening in March which consisted of illustrated talks on Vienna and London followed by a "quiz for audience". Considerable rivalry was generated among the teams and the evening ended in some excitement!

Our evening away from Abingdon was, this year, to the Colosseum where we were treated to a marvellous performance of the Prokofiev ballet *Romeo and Juliet* in which the part of Mercutio was danced by Rudolph Nureyev in his own production. It turned out to be one of the few hot days of the summer and at least one member of the audience failed to see the finish! We were also lucky with the weather for the summer treasure hunt; a family event finishing with an excellent barbeque in the beautiful setting of Kath-er-in Tollis' garden. Finally, the society showed its

appreciation to Terry and Grace James by organising a farewell party at which we were delighted that Simon Carrington, one of the King's Singers was able to make the presentation. It was a very satisfactory end to an enjoyable year.

On a personal note, special thanks must be recorded for the support which I have received as Chairman of the Music Society for the past few years; the enthusiasm of both parents and staff to keep the Society alive and healthy has, I hope, been worthwhile.

David Howard,
Chairman, Music Society.



CHORAL SOCIETY

It is no insult to the members of an amateur choir to say that many of them, including, one hastens to add, the writer of these lines, are obliged to substitute the more mundane qualities of enthusiasm and sheer hard work for the rarer virtues of talent and training. Nor is it easy for such a choir really to do justice to great, but difficult works of music. It is therefore a tribute to these amateur singers, and to the good-humoured indefatigability of their choir-master, that a most enjoyable evening was had by audience and singers alike at the Amey Hall on 22nd November when the Abingdon School Choral Society performed Mozart's *Vesperae solennes de confessore* and Purcell's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*.

The solo voices were provided by Anne Richards (soprano), Caroline Trevor (mezzo-soprano), Robert Jones (counter-tenor), David Lowe (tenor), Bruce Russell and Iain Donald (baritones). The voices were ably accompanied by the Chamber Orchestra (leader Gillian Springate), with 'cello continuo' by Fiona Murphy and the harpsichord by Simon Andrews. The whole was conducted with his customary affability and grace by Terence James. Iain Donald and Simon Andrews are both members of the school music staff, and the orchestra was augmented by the presence of several former pupils. The Purcell piece was particularly appropriate for the occasion, as the concert was actually held on St. Cecilia's Day. St Cecilia is, of course, the patron saint of music.

The design of the Amey Hall makes it acoustically sympathetic to both voices and instruments, but this writer must admit to feeling especially gladdened at the ringing tones of the tenor section of the choir, which has grown in both numbers and quality in recent years.

It remains to record with some sadness that this was the penultimate concert at which the choir will have been conducted by Mr. James, who will be leaving Abingdon at the end of this academic year. While wishing him the very best of good fortune in all his future endeavours, one cannot help hoping he will feel just a little hiraeth for the years he has spent directing both the school Choral Society and school music in general.

David Howells



ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

Anyone with a professional commitment to teaching hopes to gain the respect and affection of his pupils. "T.J." at Abingdon did more than that. He gained, at a distance, the respect and affection of his pupils' parents as well. This was made happily apparent at his farewell orchestral concert in the Amey Hall on 12 June 1987; and it was moving to witness his and Grace's reaction to the standing tribute and presentations which they so rightly received. Terry has the gift of inspiring the young with enthusiasm for all aspects of music, and he made them feel that their contribution was valued and important, whatever the level at which they happened to be performing. Boys would choose to spend spare moments in the Music School rather than elsewhere, because something interesting might be happening or being discussed there.

Before the presentations we had heard some excellent music from three orchestras under three different batons. Geoffrey Styles (a promising surname for the podium, one feels, even if not quite as colourful as Rattle) conducted the Second Orchestra with aplomb in mildly doctored versions of Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance No.1*, J.H. Foulds' *Keltic Lament* and two movements from Handel's *Music for the Royal Fireworks*. The audience was quick to express its affectionate encouragement of, so to speak, the Colts XV who would soon be graduating to more serious musical responsibilities.

The Chamber Orchestra followed, under Mr. Andrews, with Debussy's *Children's Corner* (arranged by Mouton) and J.S. Bach *D minor Concerto for Two Violins*. The solo parts were shared by three violins in the person of Robert Coupland, Robert Jones and Andrew Olleson, who engaged in a nifty triangular shuttle between the movements. The better known a piece, the harder it is for young amateur performers to meet the criteria of approval lurking among their listeners. (Hands up all those who have the recording by David and Igor Oistrakh, or by Perlman and Zuckerman, or by....) The Abingdon

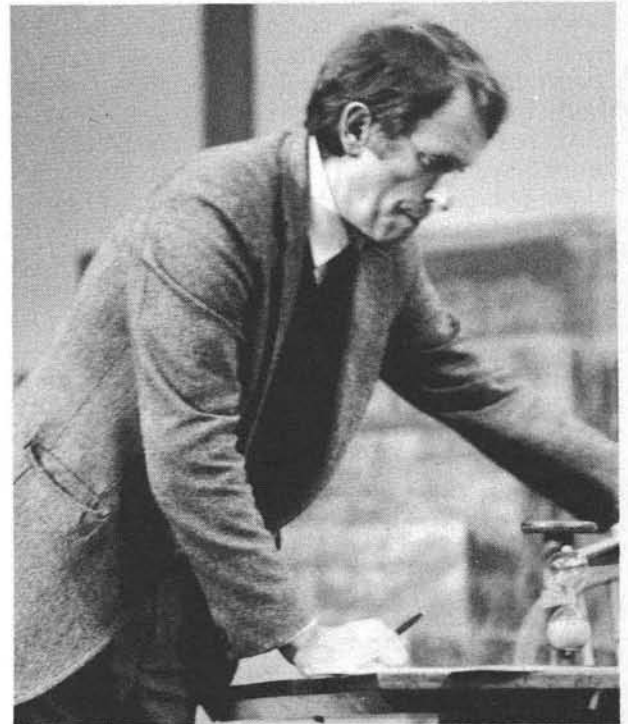
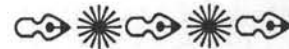
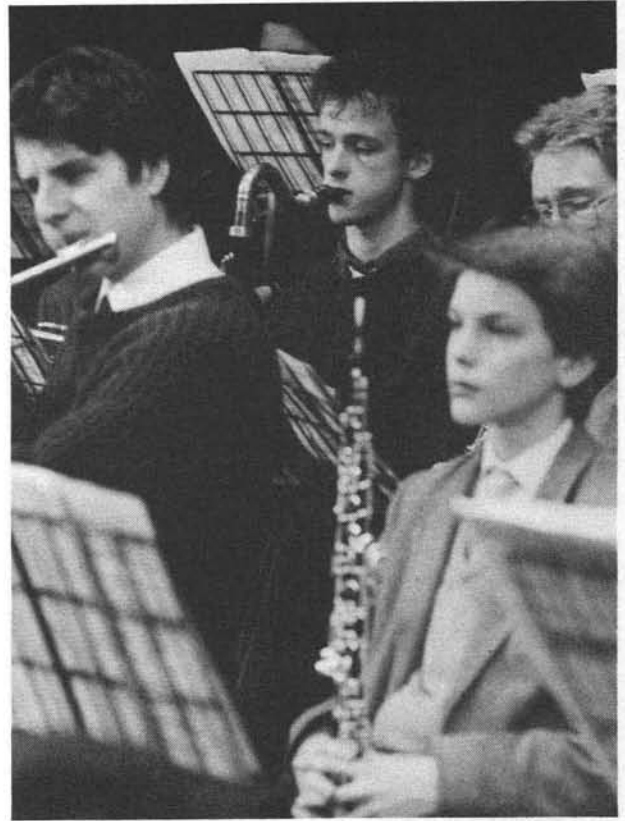


soloists gave a spirited account, which was a credit to them and to their teachers.

The same daunting spotlight of familiarity fell upon "T.J." himself and the First Orchestra for their entire programme after the interval. They began most daringly of all with Beethoven's *Egmont Overture*, a far more difficult piece to bring off than its immediate heroic appeal might suggest. In the faster passages, particularly the crescendo build-up to the final chorus of triumph, the strings were about 90% together: a good effort, but, like British Rail's 85% punctuality, not quite enough to satisfy the more demanding customers. The high point of the concert, in this reviewer's opinion, was the First Movement of the *Grieg Piano Concerto in A minor*, with Geoffrey Styles as soloist - tickling the ivories when not waving the stick or stroking his double bass. One's listening began anxiously, lest the soloist find himself understandably overawed by the occasion. The declamatory opening sequence of chords passed off well, the orchestra sang out its lyrical theme, and after a minute or two one began to smile, as realisation grew that the apprehensions had been unnecessary, and that one could sit back, admire and relish the coomposer's romantic mood.

The programme ended with the triumph of will power over imagination, Ravel's *Bolero*, an orchestral display which makes Trooping the Colour sound (and look) like *Swan Lake*. Full marks to Christopher Wade and Daniel James for sustaining their mind-numbing anchor role on the side drums, and to all other instruments for entering on T.J.'s unmistakable cue and, as Sir Thomas Beecham would have put, adding their delightful contributions to the general welter of sound. A fine evening and a fitting farewell to a distinguished Director of Music, which will long remain in our memories and, we hope, in Terry and Grace James' too.

P.M. Oppenheimer



N.J.B. Sketching an outline stage set:
the end of an era.



THE CCF IN 1986

This year has seen the CCF increase in size, both in personnel and scope. Three main camps were attended; RAF Brawdy, Ripon, and Penhale. Two cadets went to Gibraltar over Easter, and over the Summer, two went to Greenland and two to Bavaria. The South East District Patrol competition was entered, as was the Tremlett Trophy and the National CCF Orienteering.

Cadet Strengths Summer 1987

	VI	L6	5	4	3
Army Section:	6	18	25	28	43
RAF Section:	6	9	20	23	19
TOTAL:	197				

SUMMER CAMP, CORNWALL

As seen by a third year.

On the 18th July, 108 cadets and officers of Abingdon School CCF left for Penhale training camp Cornwall. On arrival we were placed into billets for 8 cadets and two NCO's. Our billets were, to put it politely, not the best. In fact they were the worst on the whole camp, but it was the only way we could all stay together and not have to stay under canvas. They weren't too bad actually, and there were hot showers close at hand. It rained on the first day, but apart from that the weather was very good and we had a couple of very hot days. The food at the camp was also very good and there was a lot of it. It was a lot better than we had expected and no-one went hungry. During the week we did: Escape and Evasion, Canoeing, Shooting, Assault course, Signals, NBC Training, Fieldcraft, Orienteering and a 24 hour exercise. The NBC training was quite good fun. We had to put on special suits and gas masks and go into a chamber filled with CS gas (tear gas). We did some exercises and ran around to show that it is possible to work normally in the event of a gas attack. We then had to take our masks off, walk to the middle of the room, say our name and home town before we were allowed out. If you forgot about the gas and breathed in you got a nasty shock! The main event of the week was a 24 hour exercise. We split into 3 platoons and went out at 7.00 one morning. During the 24 hours we carried out a number of exercises including night attacks, and a massive dawn raid. We got back to camp at about 6.30 the next morning. I really enjoyed the week, as did everyone who went, and I got a lot out of it. We all came back very tired but very pleased that we had gone.

Darran Chadwick 4HTR

As seen by a fifth year.

A party of fifth formers, having finished their O-Levels decided to walk down to Penhale for Summer camp. On Thursday 9th July, seven members of the fifth form CCF struggled through their final exam and then travelled to Didcot railway station armed with one-way MOD passes to Taunton in Somerset. Our aim was to walk from there to Newquay in time for the annual summer camp. Our carefully planned route went to pieces on the first day, in order to visit

somebody's grandparents. Nevertheless, our stay there was certainly enjoyable and Tom Perkins' grandmother was a great cook. This was not our only stop at relatives or friends and each member of the party seemed to know somebody in the area. Our walk took us from Taunton through Cullompton, Crediton, Okehampton, Launceston, Port Isaac and finally Newquay. All walkers would like to thank both the CCF for providing rail passes, TASS for providing a travel bursary and friends of Justin Hodges for fresh milk and eggs at Crediton.

Tim Molloy 6F

RAF BRAWDY

During April a group of RAF cadets visited RAF Brawdy for a one week stay. Brawdy is in the south-west of Wales in a coastal area of extraordinary natural beauty. It is home to the Hawk Tactical Weapons Unit where newly qualified jet pilots are trained in their first experiences of modern aircraft weaponry. A unit from 202 Squadron Sea Kings is also stationed there and operates in the air-sea rescue role. Cadets were accommodated in regular service buildings and followed a daily routine quite similar to that of an airman living on the station. The week's programme included various on-station visits, several off-station visits to other military establishments, sporting activities and a superb coastal walking exercise. All cadets flew in two-seater Chipmunk training aircraft and in Sea King helicopters. At camp, cadets are able to see RAF life at close range, gain knowledge of the activities of an RAF station and meet cadets from other schools and many areas of the country. This camp was a particularly well-balanced and enjoyable one.

C.J.Biggs

ARDUOUS TRAINING CAMP

On Monday 30th March, thirty cadets accompanied by Captain Jones, left for an adventure training camp at Ripon, North Yorkshire. They participated in various activities including rock climbing, canoeing, orienteering, initiative tests, early morning parades and a 48 hour walk across the Dales. The cadets were also able to draw on the expertise of the 38 Royal Engineers, including their superb assault course. Despite adverse conditions, the camp was enjoyed by all, and next year's camp in Wales, completely under canvas, looks promising.

Tim Molloy 6F and Ben Davis 6F

JOINT SERVICES CAMP GIBRALTAR

In the Easter holidays of 1987, while others were training in Yorkshire, two cadets flew to Gibraltar for a week of activities. The 70 cadets, male and female, from many different schools, arrived on a civilian flight in hot sunshine. We were taken to the RAF barracks where we were to stay, and then allowed to explore the city of Gibraltar. The following day was spent with the Navy who in the morning, allowed us to fully utilise

all their watersports equipment, which included windsurfers, canoes, sailing dinghies, and even a couple of very fast Royal Marine launches. In the afternoon we were shown around a nuclear-powered submarine, which happened to be docked at the time. We were then taken on a Naval vessel for a tour around the island, from which we later swam in the warm sea. Saturday was surely the hottest day, during which we were free to do as we liked in the morning. Most people spent it going around the shops or taking the cable car up the rock to see the apes. A few however just lay on the beaches and swam in the sea. The afternoon involved a guided tour around the top of the rock and along the Eastern side which is covered in tropical style vegetation. The Royal Anglian Regiment hosted the Army day, during which they showed us much of their equipment, and allowed us to fire some of the weapons. One day was allocated for us to see across the Spanish border, and we were all taken on an excursion to the resort of Marbella, to do as we wished. The RAF treated us to a day spent around their establishments too. They showed us their fire-fighting equipment, the control tower, and the maintenance facilities required to maintain the huge range of military aircraft which used the airfield there. Ten cadets were even treated to an operational patrol in an RAF Nimrod. They also led a tour around the thirty miles of tunnels under the rock. The Navy returned later in the week to give flights in both their Wasp and Lynx helicopters, and the entire contingent flew back to the UK in a chartered RAF Hercules aircraft, which was quite an experience too. It was a very well organised and enjoyable week, with military life mixed in with plenty of time to relax and enjoy the Mediterranean climate.

Ashley Whittaker 6N

THE SOUTH EAST DISTRICT PATROL COMPETITION

This year the team was made up of 7 cadets, four of whom were from the RAF. The team was as follows; Ben Dyer, Army, L6; Ashley Whittaker, Army, 5; Colin Parker, Army, L6; Craig Hoyle, RAF, 4; Dominic Morrison, RAF, L6; Barry Marnane, RAF, 4; Ken Turner, RAF, L6.

The events of the competition were varied and demanding, and considering the team was made up in a hurry we fared quite well. On the theory side, e.g. First Aid, we could "swot-up", and we did well. However, our let down was in the fitness and the orienteering and night-navigation. To win the event you have to be consistent in all exercises, two or three bad events mean your chances of winning are very slim. But the team enjoyed themselves immensely and valuable lessons were learnt for next year, for example, how to use a map and compass!

Dominic Morrison VIP

TREMLETT TROPHY COMPETITION

The Tremlett trophy is a Royal Artillery competition using the Invertron simulators. These display a battle-

field with targets, and your aim is to bring down artillery fire onto the targets as quickly and as accurately as possible. This year the teams were:

Senior: C.Megaw, C.Ashton, J.Emmett.

Junior: D.Morrison, W.Fletcher, M.Tomlyn.

The senior team went through to the finals, but there they came unstuck. Our thanks go to Bill Williams who arranged a quick lesson with a Royal Artillery instructor which was invaluable.

Dominic Morrison VIP

NATIONAL ORIENTEERING CHAMPIONSHIPS

The team of five, Charles Megaw, Robert Jameson, Daniel Knowles, James Smethurst and myself set off from Abingdon at the crack of dawn on the 25th October in the hope we would reach our destination by nightfall. We were heading for this year's championships in Stirling, Scotland- a mere 8 hours by minibus. Due to an icy wind the temperature in the camp where we were staying seemed about 10 below freezing and none of the heaters would work. We were woken at 6 by the delightful sound of bagpipes and the journey to the start began straight after breakfast in an army of trucks. The course was a short 3.3 kms in the Archway forest, but with a 175m climb, and it took us all about 45 mins. to complete. Afterwards everyone was ferried back to the camp for lunch and to await the results which seemed to take forever to come. Eventually they were announced and on the strength of the four fastest times in our team, we came second. Then it was back to the minibus for the marathon journey home again. Thanks to Tim Johnson and Martin Hayward for invaluable transport and coaching.

Ed Smith VIT

CO'S SUMMARY

At the time of writing, we have on our books a modern record number of cadets, a record number of cadets who have attended camps and courses, a record number of OA's who have been or are going through RMA Sandhurst this year, and a record number of Officers on our books. This year we have welcomed as a new officer P.C. Pete Laidler of the Thames Valley Police - an ex-armourer and highly qualified mechanic, and we are about to welcome Mr. Ian Fishpool from within the MCR as a new RAF officer. On a sadder note, we have said goodbye to Bill Williams as SSI for the past year. He is returning to his beloved Wales to become SSI of Llandovery College. Bill's lessons in advanced fieldcraft, and his experiences in the Falklands conflict will be remembered by all those lucky enough to hear them. As to the future, our teams rather fancy their chances in the National CCF Orienteering Championships and in the S.E. District Patrol Competition this year; and for the rest of us there is Summer camp in Proteus, Nottinghamshire, and our full biennial inspection in June '88 to look forward to.

R.J.Webber (Maj)

EXERCISE ALPINE CHALLENGE

On Sunday August 30th at 2.00 26 cadets from Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire CCF's including just two from Abingdon School CCF - Colin Parker and Dominic Morrison - gathered outside 16 Cadet Training Team headquarters at St. George's Barracks, Bicester. After loading up three minibuses with all our equipment, and a short introductory briefing we left for Dover at 5.30. After a five hour overnight ferry journey we then had a twelve-hour minibus journey from Zeebrugge down to Wertach, a small town in Bavaria in Southern Germany. On arrival at House Hertz, a Royal Engineer's hostel in Wertach, we unloaded the vehicles, had a briefing by the caretaker of the hostel, on house discipline and duties which included washing-up, Hoovering, fire-picket and toilet cleaning. We eventually retired with the prospect of an early morning.

Tuesday

As the fire-picket, I had to wake everyone up at 7 o'clock and after a large breakfast we received some kit, split into our three designated groups and set out for a day-walk. Our group (number 1), after an eventful first half hour (getting lost just outside the town and one boy losing his camera), managed to climb three peaks and cover seventeen kilometres. We arrived back at Haus Hertz at 6 o'clock.

Wednesday

Group 1, after breakfast and packing, had a 1 hour minibus ride to Hinter, another small town in the next valley. From here we set out for another day-walk up the Gaishorn. The first section wasn't very steep, but we stopped after 2 hours for a drink at a café and then began the ascent of the steeper second half section into the clouds. An hour and a half later we reached the peak (2242m) where we found a border marker between Austria and Germany and could see some incredible views of Austria but none of the German side which was shrouded in cloud.

Thursday

Group 1 went rock climbing/abseiling. After breakfast we set out in the minibus and half an hour later arrived at a quite daunting high cliff where a group of Royal Engineers were already climbing.

Friday

We picked an awfully cold, wet and windy day to go canoeing. The morning was spent on a lake practising strokes and capsize-drills and in the afternoon went to find some white-water. The rain had



thankfully stopped by now, but it had rained enough to give us some quite high, fast water. We followed a five kilometre stretch of the river, encountering several quite large weirs and waterfalls and only four of the ten of us survived the entire trip without capsizing.

Saturday

We had a lie in this morning and after breakfast and our various duties, set off for a relaxed day looking around Füssen, a nearby town, buying souvenirs. In the afternoon we took a leisurely walk up the Kreuzloplitz, and looked around Neuschwanstein Castle (of Chitty Chitty Bang Bang fame).

THE EXPEDITION.



Sunday

After breakfast, we packed our kit and all went in the minibus to Oberstdorf. From here, the three groups set off at intervals to climb the Nebelhorn. Unfortunately the climb up the Zugspitze, Germany's highest mountain, was called off due to very bad conditions. It started raining before we set out and we were all quite wet when we stopped for lunch at the café half way up. The first part had been long but not very steep but the second part was, so a few of the weaker members of the party sent their rucsacs up in the cable car. The rain got much worse after lunch and the cloud was quite low so we walked up into it. When we reached the hut just below the peak we were all drenched and very cold and so having warmed up and dumped our kit, only a few of us actually went up to the peak (2224m). It was decided that there was nowhere really safe to pitch the tents so we stayed in Edmund Probst House overnight although we cooked our own food outside.

Monday

The whole party now split up into two groups, a weaker group which would go back down the mountain and back to House Hertz, and a stronger group which would carry on to another few peaks and stay out another night. I went with the stronger group and we did essentially a ridge walk, climbing several peaks on the way. The weather was fine so we were not slowed down at all and we arrived at Prinz Luitpold House at about 3 o'clock. This time the room we were in was almost a corridor and several groups of people walked through it to their rooms. Again, only a few of us tried to make it all the way to the peak, but we

couldn't because it was almost a rock climb.

Tuesday

We woke up in the morning to the sound of rain. When we left, we were sheltered from the wind and most of the rain as we went down the valley, but when we reached the top ridge on the other side it had become much worse. The wind was very strong and we had to walk into it, the rain now stung on the skin and cloud was so thick we couldn't see twenty yards ahead! To keep spirits up we sang all the way up and down the other side and by the time we reached the café for lunch on the way down the wind had died down and only the heavy rain remained. It didn't take long to get onto the flat again and we had a long trek back to the minibuses at Oberstdorf.

Wednesday

This was rather a relaxing day after the expedition. We split up into four groups and my group went windsurfing and canoeing. In the morning the wind was quite strong so the windsurfing was good. We then went off to do a canoe race in the afternoon. The water was good and still flowing quite fast due to the rains of the previous day.

Thursday

In the morning we went back to Oberstdorf to a water-skiing centre. The most spectacular attempt was by one of the officers who went round half the lake having left his skis behind and being determined to get somewhere for his efforts. The afternoon was spent back at Haus Hertz packing up and loading the vehicles and cleaning and tidying up. Then we had some time to do some last minute shopping in the town before the barbecue in the evening.

Friday

We were woken up at 5 o'clock by the fire-picket and after breakfast and a final check over the house, we got into the minibuses and set off for Zeebrugge. Most of us slept through the ferry journey and again on minibuses from Dover back to Bicester where we arrived at 3 o'clock. After unloading a group of very relieved looking parents arrived to collect their sons and find out about the excellent fortnight we had spent on Exercise Alpine Challenge.

C. Parker (VI)



PARACHUTING



On Sunday the twelfth of October, ten lower sixth-formers turned up for a parachute training session in the sports hall. While Mr. Drummond-Hay looked on in bemused incredulity, we practised our 'plane exits, parachute landing falls and (gulp!) what to do if the 'chute did not open... Once we had everything perfected to the instructor's satisfaction, we waited for a fine Sunday...

The morning of December the fourteenth (a date forever etched in my memory) was cold, misty, and wet. Nonetheless, so the weather-man said, this was the day. When we arrived, visibility was 200 yards or less. The more nervous started to hope for postponement. As we sat around at 10 o'clock, eating our lunch, the fog started to clear. When I asked for a second opinion, the aircraft arrived, and a sympathetic instructor offered the calming advice: "Stop whingeing; get your kit on."

I was in one of the later flights, so I had the benefit of seeing other parachutes open. I can honestly say that sitting in the aeroplane watching two other people jumping before me was the worst bit. When it came to me, training took over, and it was very, very exhilarating. I am told that my 'plane exit and parachute landing fall were both very original!

Everyone enjoyed themselves, and four of us have completed at least one other parachute jump, and have plans for more.

Dan Knowles VIP



FLORENCE TRIP



At 2:15a.m. on Tuesday 7th April a group of 22 bleary-eyed sixth formers began their journey to Florence, via Milan, with the "Schools Abroad" organisation. It was an eye-opener for all. The airport provided us with some entertainment - one person losing his luggage, and one of the armed policemen pointing a pistol at us from a yard away! A three hour coach journey awaited us at Milan, and at 9:30 that morning we arrived at the Pensione Ottavani, our "home" for the next week. The day was spent "finding our bearings" and the nearest gelateria (ice-cream parlour) with its choice of ice-creams and drinks. On Wednesday we surveyed the art of Florence for the first time. It was so unlike anything that we had ever seen before, that there was a total culture-shock. Armed with a guide book, a map and the notes Mrs Stevens had given us we wandered around, gazing in awe at sights such as the Duomo (cathedral), with Giotto's beautiful campagnili (bell-tower), and that incredible feat of engineering: Brunelleschi's dome. We climbed up inside the dome, and took a long view of Florence from the roof of one of the most amazing pieces of architecture of the fifteenth century.

On Thursday we went to Sienna and San Gimignano. The gothic cathedral at Sienna was our main target, followed by sunbathing, admiring the beautiful surroundings of "Il Campo", the square. San Gimignano was the next stop; a sleepy, unspoilt town. The main streets were full of tourists, but the small backstreets were a world away, reminding us of *A Room with a View*, thunder and all, and the real Italian countryside! Friday saw a trip to the Uffizi with its many beautiful paintings. It is said that to enjoy the beauty of the Uffizi to its fullest you should visit a room a day; sadly we only had one morning to sample the delights of the artwork, and this only provided us with a glimpse into the artworld.

Pisa and Lucca were the stops on our trip on the Saturday. Pisa was our first stop, and bathed in sunshine the white Duomo was outstanding. The Baptistry was the most interesting building: the harmonizing notes echoing in the rooftops were quite unforgettable. The Leaning Tower itself proved an experience for those in the party who suffered from vertigo; only the top storey had bars and they were on the upward sloping side! The downward slope and all of the lower levels were totally unrailed! Abingdon's twin town, Lucca, was "sleepy" to say the very least. The local population seemed to consist of about five people and two dogs. The sunshine stayed with us for about half the visit, then the rain returned.

Sunday was spent around the Church of St. Marco, the Church of St. Annuziate and the Hopitale des Innocents. We found on walking briskly into a church, that it was Palm Sunday. Now we know why we were the only people who did not have half a tree with us!

The Church of St. Annuziate was full. The glorious colours of the Frescoes mixed with the drab stonework in an amazing blend which assaulted the vision. On that day we visited the Academy of Fine Arts, which, among other things is the home of the Rape of the Sabines and Michelangelo's most famous sculpture: David. We had all heard stories about this statue, but none of us was prepared for the sight that greeted us: the 20 foot high man dominates one end of the gallery.

On Monday we paid a visit to Santa Croce, the base of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi, and the final resting place of Florence's most celebrated artist, Michelangelo. It also has a small thriving leatherwork shop, run by the monks. Monday afternoon was spent sunbathing in the Boboli gardens. We bought presents for our hosts: chocolates for the owners; and a bottle of wine for Dominico - waiter, chef and general dogsbody. There were farewells and apologies for earlier incidents.

We all had a wonderful time! All that remains to be said is a huge thank you to Mr. and Mrs. Gabitass and to Mrs. Stevens for their organisation, their efforts and their many attempts to keep some semblance of order in our group. We will see you there next year!

G. Hyde-Blake VI



THE GREEK TRIP

7.45 on a cool, damp English Spring evening, and 23 members of Abingdon School ranging from 2nd to Upper 6th form, one St. Helens girl, two parents and two masters assembled for the trip to Athens, via Luton Airport. All went very smoothly, including the planned (of course) early arrival at Luton - so early we had several hours of waiting before the flight was called, except that one member of the party sheepishly admitted he had lost his boarding pass. It was duly found, only for him to lose it again. It having eventually been returned, we boarded and flew overnight, arriving the following morning just in time to have breakfast before going to bed until lunch. We were all so tired that not even jets taking off just outside the window could disturb us. That afternoon we visited those sites of central Athens which were open, meaning just the Akropolis. One of Athens' advantages is its excellent transport system - a bus ride anywhere in the city costs just 30 drachma (15p). Even so, the cost of "Eekosee Okto" tickets does mount up, even "Ya to kentro tees polees". On the Akropolis rock are the enormous cult temple of Athena, the Parthenon - covered in scaffolding, a tiny temple to Athena Nike as well as the Erechtheion. This temple includes the famous porch of the Caryatids, six beautiful women, one of whom is now in the British Museum. The others could be seen inside the site museum, which also holds those pieces of the Elgin Marbles not taken by the British. Outside we had our first taste of Orange Juice, Greek style - freshly squeezed and quite expensive at 150 drachma (75p) a glass, but very refreshing.

The following day, Tuesday, we drove to Delphi. Half way there we stopped, and everyone wrote postcards home. They had to be done then to have any chance of arriving before we did. By mischance, one of our postcards was sent to the wrong address, and I gather that the actual recipient was none too impressed by the picture on the card...

It is no wonder that, for the Greeks, Delphi was quite literally the Centre of the World, for I have never been anywhere which has such beauty, both in scenery and architecture, as has this sanctuary of Apollo. Set on the slopes of Mt. Parnassos in the Pleistos Valley, below two great chunks of rock, the Phaidriades, the sanctuary boasts many buildings including an acoustically perfect theatre and the remains of a temple of Apollo, as well as a stadium, complete with stone seats, a miracle of engineering on a steep hillside. It is incredible to think that such buildings were constructed without the benefits of modern earth-moving equipment, by human slave-power alone, and also without any form of mortar or cement. Most visitors are content to stop at this stadium, but going further up through the woods to a grassy slope, there are incredible views all around. In spring, every square inch of grass is covered with a show of wild flowers, and almost the only reminder of humanity is the small road winding far below on the valley floor.

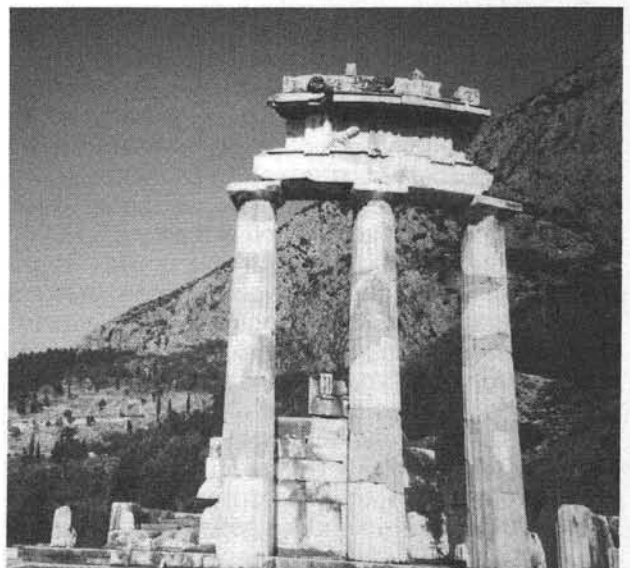
In Delphi's museum are many treasures of all kinds found on the site, from a life-sized golden bull to some exquisite tiny coloured glass perfume bottles. Perhaps the most famous exhibit here is the statue of the Charioteer - "O Iniohos" - a life-sized bronze of a young man, who, although he was sculptured over

2000 years ago, is exactly life-like, even down to the folds of his robe and his glass eyes. After sampling the delights of Delphi we returned to modern Greek village to sample to delights of modern Greek food. The main part of the meal seemed to be the Hors d'Oeuvre - Taramasalata, Tzatziki, olives, feta cheese and Tholmathes among others, before the "main" course of kebabs, cooked in olive oil and sprinkled with herbs, followed by a Greek orange - a very large, juicy sweet fruit much nicer than the oranges we buy here in Britain.

Our next destination was the ancients' equivalent of Seoul or Los Angeles - Olympia. It was here that all the Greek's best athletes came for the honour of representing their "polis" or city-state at the Olympic Games. Then, however, only men could compete, everyone competed naked and even the trainers had to be naked. A story is told that one woman, before this rule was introduced came as her husband's trainer, but was so pleased when he won that she did not notice her robe was slipping, so revealing her femininity for all to see!

The only events competed for were races, over several distances, discus, javelin and wrestling. Following this tradition the two-stade race was run, won by a short head by Christopheros of Cothill, who was presented with his "Stephanos" or laurel wreath by the president of the judges.

However, today Olympia is not noted so much for its stadium, - this one only has grassy banks for the spectators, as for the immense ruins of the temple of Zeus. Here can be seen massive piles of column drums, some 6 foot across, knocked over like a stack of dominoes by an earthquake. It was on the pediments of this temple that some of the most impressive surviving statuary was originally sited - two gigantic groups of figures which now take up one entire hall in the site museum, one of the best we visited on the tour. However, what would have been the centrepiece of the temple complex - the colossal chryselephantine (gilded ivory) statue of Zeus, sitting inside and filling the temple, has unfortunately not survived. The sculptor who designed it, Pheidias, had his workshop very close to the temple, and, in one of those marriages of cultures that occur so often in Greece, the early Christians took it over, building their brick basilica on the stone foundations.



Our next three nights were to be spent on the opposite side of the Greek Mainland at the seaside town of Tolon. To get there it took a very long coach journey through beautiful mountain scenery along some of the narrowest trunk roads I have ever seen. Every so often alongside these roads we would pass tiny roadside shrines to a local saint, often in memory of a relative or friend. In a way this modern Orthodox Christianity reminded me of the Paganism of the ancient Greeks, with its emphasis on ritual and its many saints reminiscent of the many gods of Orthodox Greek worship.

After our first night at Tolon we drove half-way back to Olympia, towards the other major political centre of 5th-Century B.C. Greece, Sparta. However, since the Spartans were not an artistic people, they did not build in stone, so, unlike at Athens, there is no visible record of their presence. Instead, we visited one of the best-preserved mediaeval sites in Greece - Mystras, a collection of buildings including churches, monasteries and palaces. It is the ecclesiastical buildings that hold the surprises. From the outside they look like any other Byzantine church, but stepping inside, the walls are covered with an incredible collection of 13th and 14th Century frescoes, depicting Biblical stories. Possibly the most beautiful is on the ceiling of the most out-of-the-way building, the Peribleptos Monastery, 15 minutes walk from the next church. It is a circular picture of Christ "Pantokrator" - judging all - depicting Christ surrounded by His Apostles and the Holy Family. There are also many scenes of the Nativity and Crucifixion, in which blue stands out as the most prominent colour, contributing to the cool shadiness of these buildings.

The following day was another early start for a long day, to go back 2000 years before Mystras was built, to the Mycenaean palaces of Tiryns and Mycenae itself. These were the first civilisations of Mainland Greece, and left behind them some of the most impressive remains. These include the famous "Lion Gate" at Mycenae, as well as the "tholas", or "bee-hive" tombs, once thought to be the tombs of such legendary characters of Aegisthus and Clytemnaestra. These tombs were built rather as an igloo is, each stone resting on the one below, yet coming in to a point, and were held together by friction alone. They were probably the first domed structures built. Some of the Mycenaean walls, at Tiryns were built of such enormous blocks of stone that the later Greeks believed that only the Cyclopes, the one-eyed monsters of legend, could have built them, so they were called "Cyclopean" walls. The actual method of building was much more prosaic: at the time, Tiryns was on the sea (it is now miles from it), and so the building materials could be floated in and easily put into place. Soon there will be no good romantic stories left about such places!

Already the tour was coming to an end: this was our last full night in Greece, so we gave our two masters presents to thank them for bringing us to the country. Mr. Haynes was brought a T-shirt with flying pigs on - work that one out if you can - and to Mr. Mitra we gave a Greek fisherman's cap, and a pair of mirror sunglasses. That was one "site" not to be missed. Later that night, John Molloy managed to chat up an English girl from somewhere. That spiky orange hair was familiar, though, even under a straw hat, and make-

up couldn't hide a familiar face. Mr. Haynes wasn't fooled either (it wasn't Josh Mandel, if you are wondering!).

Sunday dawned, the last day of our tour, with visits to two more sites, the Epidauros theatre, and the temple of Poseidon at Sounion. Epidauros is a sanctuary of Asklepios, god of healing, but its major feature is a huge theatre built into the hillside, seating tens of thousands of people, this ancient arena would make an ideal concert hall, as we found when a group of Italians gave an impromptu folk-song recital. The resonance of the theatre was incredible: it would be perfect for a 100-piece symphony orchestra and a 200-strong choral society - better than Oxford Town Hall any day! As well as such large sounds, the theatre is perfect for transmitting even the smallest sounds; a coin dropped on the "orchestra" or stage could be heard perfectly at the outside rim. It is easy to imagine a full theatre hanging on every word of the actor on tour from Athens with the latest tragedy by Aeschylus, Sophokles or Euripides.

By the time we arrived at Sounion the weather had deteriorated and it was very overcast. This did not affect the beauty of the monument - the pure white marble gleamed in what sun there was, and contrasted magically with the background grey of the sky. It was not quite the end of the tour. Back in Athens because there was a danger of rain we abandoned seeing the "son et lumiere" at the Akropolis, preferring instead to sit in a cafe, celebrating the end of a superb trip. After that it was back to a Hotel for a long wait for a 3 a.m. coach to the airport, during which some people managed to sleep, but others played Bridge! I am sure that tour operators plan their programmes specifically so that everyone on them needs another week's holiday to catch up on the lost sleep.

In going through customs we decided to persuade the Greek officials that we were dangerous. We had our own Mafia member, "Mad Axeman" Molloy, unshaven and wearing leather jacket and shades. Which of us should they pick on as a suspect but poor Philip Saxon! Even though they frisked him, and searched his chess set thoroughly, they found nothing - except a solid metal spectacle case. What a thoughtful smuggler! By the time the plane took off, "Early-rising, Rosy-fingered Dawn" had appeared, and our last glimpse of the country of Homer, Thucydides and Plato was flying over the mountains just as the nation was awaking. So we returned safe and well, but tired, to a damp but green England - such a contrast with Greece.

For most of us, this was our first trip to the country and I am sure that for many it will not be the last. I am assured, too, by Mr. Mitra that he will be returning with Abingdon School to this land of very varied scenery and sites. I hope that many more will take this opportunity next time. Once again I would like to thank Mr. Haynes for so ably being our banker, Dr. and Mrs. Mandel, and Sara, for putting up with us, and of course, for organising everything so well, Mr. Mitra.

Stephen Wilcox VIF



TRIP TO RUSSIA

An unqualified success is the only possible verdict on April's school trip to the U.S.S.R. organised by Mr D.C. Taylor. Our itinerary encompassed six major cities in five different republics from a still frozen Gulf of Finland to the sandy, windswept shores of the Caspian Sea. The weather ranged from cold winds with wet, driving snow in Moscow and Leningrad to glorious sunshine in Odessa and Transcaucasia.

Many supplementary excursions were on offer and eagerly taken up: the Hermitage, the palace at Pushkin, the Kremlin and Red Square (including the statutory visit to Lenin's Mausoleum), the catacombs of Odessa, the ancient Georgian capital of Mtskheta, Gekhard Monastery (Armenia), the caves of Gobustan (Azerbaijan) to mention but a few. Intourist prices did not always represent the best value for money, however, and the do-it-yourself approach seemed a more suitable way of touring the Moscow Metro or visiting St. Isaac's Cathedral and the Peter and Paul Fortress. Doing it Russian style (i.e. shoving on the crowded buses and being jostled in the queue) provided valuable first-hand experience of Russian life at street level and even made a welcome change from the private coach and prior booking privileges of Intourist.

Despite the frequent changes of location, contact was made with the local population on several occasions. An impromptu Abingdon five-a-side football team, for example, was soundly thrashed by a friendly band of Georgian challengers who attached themselves to our group for most of our three day stay in Tbilisi. They spoke frankly of their way of life, expressed great curiosity about the West, and showered some members of the group with parting gifts. On another occasion a group of Fourth years tagged on to a Canadian group for an official meeting with the Leningrad Komsomol.

For most of the party visiting the Soviet Union for the first time, the tour provided a valuable insight into a country much talked of but little understood, not to mention the chance to try out their Russian on the natives. Following hot on the trail of Mrs. Thatcher probably added a little spice to the tour. Her visit had clearly made a deep impression on the Soviet people and one felt they were more than usually welcoming towards the British.

So what of "glasnost" and the much publicised political reforms? Here and there a more liberal attitude was discernible; there was less evidence of drunkenness; the fruit and vegetable stalls seemed to have more on offer. Nevertheless the ubiquitous queues and terrible overmanning in shops showed that "perestroika" (restructuring) has still some way to go before achieving maximum impact.

G.C.R.



GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP



As a refreshing change for everyone concerned the Southern Lake District was chosen as this year's area of study, with the Castle Head Field Centre in Grange-over-Sands as our base camp.

On the journey north the group was split. A few boys travelled by minibus whilst the majority had the adventure of travelling northwards with British Rail (and a mad Scotsman!). We were soon to become accustomed to everything being well planned (the reserved seats were warmly appreciated). Spirits and the sense of expectation were high. Did they speak English at such a high latitude? We were met at Grange by "Rick" (he refused to answer to any other name) and we discovered that the native tongue was a mixture of English and Gobbledygook!

The sun blazed down as we arrived (as it did for the whole week) and all 27 lower sixth Geographers agreed that this was an ideal location for a nice relaxing holiday. This idea was soon dispelled as, before we could even explore our new surroundings, we were forced into the classroom for an evening's work, in which Mr Gasson informed us that work and enjoyment were synonymous which left most of us wondering what we'd let ourselves in for - and Letty (R.Winsley) wondering what 'synonymous' was a fancy name for.

The location was ideal for our Geographical study. Human Geography was centered upon Barrow-in-Furness. After overcoming the initial culture shock we discovered that Barrow was ideal for studying urban and industrial patterns. However, after a week everyone, except Mr Gasson, agreed that Barrow was a place to be avoided in future. Physical Geography in the area was more diverse: River systems (the raging Bull Haw Moss Beck), glacial landforms, and coastal environments were studied in the Lake District and on the Furness Peninsula. Towards the end of the week everybody had the chance to do small scale projects on a wide range of topics and areas. Mr Gasson showed his spectacular map-reading skills to the fury of a small group of boys who were dropped off in Windermere - or should I say Bowness! The experience gained from these projects will be very valuable to everyone.

After each day's fieldwork most of the evening was spent in the classroom writing up notes, discussing the day's work and planning the next day. This left little time for relaxing and socialising. However, the whole trip was characterised by a very friendly atmosphere and a sense of companionship was formed (although first names were not always acceptable). Unfortunately, one member of our group, the infamous Roger, took socialising too far and he became the heartthrob of numerous 12 year old girls and also the idol of the "concept men".

The Castlehead field centre contributed greatly to the enjoyment and work done. The work facilities were good and the food, which varied in quality, was always plentiful. The recreational facilities were limited. However, this did not stop the group letting out any excess energy. The field centre had its own small nature reserve upon a hill which became the venue for each evening's entertainment. Nearly everybody joined in, some more than others (Richard Moncrieff). I don't know who invented "the game" but it did have a detrimental side effect in partially demolishing the nature reserve.

The greatest asset of the field centre was the friendliness and helpfulness of the local staff. A special mention must go to "Rick" (and his computer) whose local knowledge and help with Physical Geography was warmly appreciated. The field centre lacked one major facility: a bar - and the masters showed obvious withdrawal symptoms.

On behalf of everyone on the trip I would like to thank Mr Fishpool who could always be relied on for entertainment but unfortunately never mastered the Frank Muir impression; Mr Eden, who missed the first half of the trip, but whose knowledge of the local geology was invaluable; and Mr Gasson who, on his last field trip at Abingdon, showed his navigational skills - the tour of the London underground was most enjoyable, even if unplanned!

Overall the field trip was a marvellous success.

D.J.Buck VIF



DARTMOOR



55-MILE WALK

After the short Ten Tors prayer Charlie ran down the hill waving at the TV camera, leaving the rest of us somewhere amongst all the other starters. Once we had regrouped, we climbed the first ridge, went down the other side, up another, then over yet one more, at which point we saw the local teams coming in from the north, having taken the same time to walk round the climbs. After a jog down to Shilstone Tor we checked in ahead of the main bunch and started on the second leg.

We tried to follow a valley towards Fur Tor, and, after laughing at the other teams for climbing onto a ridge, we ended up in the middle of a bog. It was "going well"..... and Paul was already having major stomach problems. We managed to reach Fur Tor on our 3mph schedule, but only after grim experiences with Dartmoor grass. The prevailing wind flattens it against the ground in a uniform direction. When you are walking the other way the grass wraps itself around your boots making progress very tiring. The walk over to Sittaford was fairly short, but by the end the team was spreading out. Jig (Jonathan Gold), our foolhardy reserve, who had joined the team just prior to the event, was being left behind after 17 miles and just over 5 hours. He stayed at the checkpoint by mutual agreement and left us to start running. We soon passed through the village of Postbridge and started the long, but relatively easy trek to Coombe-stone hill. We had a lunch stop and walked firstly along a wooded track, and then on to the moor. This was when the first serious dissension occurred. John, Shaun and I wanted a break, but Charlie wouldn't have it. Possibly the moors' bleakness was amplified by the radio, on which was a feature about Jethro Tull. When we reached the road running started again, and spirits picked up when the cup final started, just

after we passed through Hexworthy.

After Coombe-stone came the stumbling block, the South Moor, the most miserable, bleak, featureless and depressing piece of country I have ever seen. We had 10 miles to walk in just over three hours. Paul was feeling very ill and the rest of us were by now shattered, but at least we were still on schedule. Once again we saw other groups on a distant ridge while we walked in a straight line through the bogs. Everyone was soaked and time was no longer wasted looking for stream crossing points; you just walked straight through. On this stretch we ended up wading across a waist-deep bog. Finally, we walked along the top of the ridge to Trowlesworthy. We had to reach it by 6 p.m. to stay on schedule, but by 5.50 we were still a mile away. Charlie ran on with John and Shaun, while I tried to talk Paul into jogging for at least part of the time. We collapsed together on the Tor with the thought that from here the walk was always back towards Okehampton. Just as we were leaving Trowlesworthy we met the 45-mile team, still intact and looking a lot healthier than us. We set off along a track to South Hessary confident that the 6 miles would be no problem after the South Moor, but towards the finish of this stretch the endless ridges were wearing us down; once you climbed one there was always another. Eventually we arrived at 7.55, meeting Messrs. Simons, Revill and Collinge five minutes before the checkpoint closed for the night. They were as surprised as us that we had made it this far. We rested until the cold was too much then hobbled off slowly in the direction of Merrivale. We contoured round North Hessary and then set up camp around 9 p.m. near a small stream. The meal of freeze-dried soya was luxury in comparison to the diet of glucose and water that we had been on all day.

From 10 p.m. I was, and I assume the others were also, dead to the world.

At 4.15 a.m. I was woken by Paul hitting me, and after trying to stomach a bowl of readybrek we packed up and left. The air was cold and mist severely reduced visibility. The road to Merrivale made easy walking for the start of the day, but soon we were back on the moor and climbing up to Staple Tor. We arrived before 6 a.m. (when the checkpoints opened) and queued. At South Hessary we had been the third route X team, but we were the first checked in at Staple. After running to lose a team that was following us, we followed compass bearings to reach a fence that ran towards Beardown Tors.

Everyone was still fresh and we made good time until we couldn't work out which one of the Beardown Tors the checkpoint was at. After a little wasted time we were back on the move towards Lynch Tor. There was supposedly a track, but we didn't stay on it for long, and soon we were once again on the damp, bleak, miserable moor. This was one of the worst patches for the team; we were still a good way from the finish, the weather was bad and we were all wrecked. No one talked much, and what was said was monosyllabic. Paul was feeling better and pushing on with Charlie, while John, Shaun and I were content to plod steadily. We reached Lynch Tor in driving rain and thick mist and after only a standing rest we set off again, but being en route to the last Tor meant little to anyone. By now things had degenerated to Charlie leading with everyone else trudging on behind and trying to keep each other going.

The nearer we got to Kitty Tor the more spirits lifted and when we got to the top we were the first team from the X or Y routes. The Z route had a different tenth Tor, so just to make sure of our position the running started in earnest. It was just after leaving Kitty Tor that I heard 'Born to Run' by Bruce Springsteen on the radio. Five minutes later Shaun twisted his ankle, and so instead of stopping his rucsac was carried for him while we continued running.

From here the usual practice of running downhill and walking on flat and uphill was abandoned, we just ran the whole time. Once we passed Black Tor (3 miles to go) the serious dissension started. John, Shaun and I refused to run up a slope and walked instead only to find Paul and Charlie way ahead when we reached the top. They turned back at frequent intervals to shout "Come on, run", only to receive a very negative and cryptic response. At this point Charlie gave me the map, but my mind was so disorientated that I couldn't even work out what a mile wide lump was, so he took back the lead and we reached a compromise; stay together and walk 20 yards then run 20 yards, taking turns to count. Eventually we broke into a full run as we reached the crowd at the finish, arriving at the checkpoint at 11.41, after 60 miles and 20 hours of walking. The smiles were wide, but more through relief than enjoyment, and the event was rounded off when John put his arm round a general as we were awarded our medals.

The fact that most of us have steered well clear of glucose tablets and have no plans to return to Dartmoor explains our feelings, but I think no one has any regrets about having taken part; the experience and sense of achievement made it all well worthwhile. The whole team was grateful to Jon Gold for joining

up just before the event and at least trying where many others shied off. Finally, our thanks to Mr Simons the team manager who organised the training and planned everything for the actual event, and to Mr Revill and Mr Collinge who came down to the Moor to encourage us.

R. Jameson

TEAM: C. Megaw (Capt.); R. Jameson; J. Blake; S. Hanks; P. Allen; J. Gold.



45-MILE WALK

An honest account of a Ten Tors expedition, would never be a healthy advertisement for prospective contestants, unless they happen to have masochistic tendencies (if so, refer to Mr. Megaw's 55-mile demonic dash). Yet it could be fatal to lead any future participants into a false sense of security concerning the event. Dartmoor quite simply is a hole, and no-one in their right mind wants to go there. Unfortunately, we did. However, this is only our opinion, and anyway, somebody has to do it next year so do not be put off.

Ten Tors is fun. The morning before, the lucky teams set off for Dartmoor in a transit van made for ten, very chummy and bulging at the seams with rucksacks and camping equipment. This was complemented by Mr. Revill's driving and Mr. Simon's good jokes; nevertheless we were not deterred and spirits were kept high. Arriving after most people at Okehampton army camp, we pitched our base tents on the last remaining piece of land in the designated area, immediately opposite to the huge toilet tents (buckets only), the floors of which had been now reduced to a veritable bog. That evening we all walked down the valley into the town of Okehampton

and consumed as much fish and chips, hamburgers, sausages and beans as we could possibly manage. This part is very enjoyable and gives everyone a chance to relax and think - truly the calm before the storm. Having filled our bellies to our hearts' content, we returned to the camp and retired to our welcoming sleeping bags in the hope of a good night's sleep before the big day. Reality dawned at 4.15 a.m. and was met by a series of muffled frustrated groans from inside sleeping bags, followed by a torrent of unpublishable verbal abuse; they were playing 'Chariots of Fire' at full whack over the public address system. It was a frosty morning, but beautifully clear and the weather looked promising. Then having had a good breakfast and repacked our rucksacks, we bid farewell to sanity and made our way to the start.

The walk turned out to be the only nasty bit, yet it was not as bad as we had envisaged. Good visibility and a fresh temperature promised fine walking and helped everyone to a good start when the gun went off at 7.00 a.m. We set off quickly and on reaching Tor number one were told that we were the first 45-mile team on our route. This lead was maintained for the next few miles until we reached our second Tor, by which time we had dropped to third place. At this point we decided not to make it a race but merely make sure that we finished; an appropriate time to do so as the walk progressively became harder the further we ventured out onto the moor. Helped by the fact that we were all of roughly the same ability and that five of us had already walked together on Dartmoor, the atmosphere was friendly throughout, an advantage that proved to be of great value when someone was feeling rough or when the going became harder than usual. Apart from climbing a wrong Tor, the first day was completed without any hiccups, the weather had held and that evening we set up camp below the seventh Tor. Thanks to a good day's walking, the mood was optimistic and surprisingly relaxed. After the bliss of a hot meal, tiredness prevailed and everyone fell asleep very quickly.

Unfortunately, the weather broke overnight. Dartmoor lived up to its reputation as we woke up at 4.10 a.m. to armour-piercing drizzle, that awful misty rain which penetrates everything without you knowing it and soaks you to the bone; complemented, of course, by Dartmoor fog. Morale was still high, though, but we knew as we set off again that the weather would now remain the same for the rest of the day. We had been very lucky with the previous day's weather and were annoyed that it had turned so suddenly, although this only made us all the more determined to finish in good time. The terrain had also changed. Much of our route now led us through valleys, the bottoms of which are normally very marshy, and across boggy plains. Rucksacks and clothing were weighed down by the rain and muscles were stiff after the night's sleep; by this time there was no stopping, the finish with its medals was far too close. Nobody spoke now, the pace was steady and even, rest stops were best avoided for fear of getting cold, teeth were gritted. Every bog, slope and stream was met with the same indifferent expression, hiding the battle that was being fought inside.

Then suddenly we found ourselves overlooking a valley, on the other side a huge crowd of people, and beyond that Okehampton camp - the finish! We

started to run, all the way down into that crowd, goodness knows how we ran. Coming up to meet us were the jubilant Mr. Simons, Mr. Collinge, and Mr. Revill, who told us of the wondrous feat performed by our 55-mile team which had already finished - mad fools!! An hour later, overjoyed that it was over and with sleepy eyes we drove back to Abingdon swearing never to go near Dartmoor again. A big thank you must go to Messrs. Simons, Revill and Collinge, without whom none of this would have been possible, and also to a great captain, James Lister Cheese.

C. Jackson VIZ

TEAM: J. Lister Cheese (Capt.); C. Jackson; M. Elliot; R. Jones; J. Hall; P. Mitchell.



3rd YEAR BIOLOGY TRIP TO SLIMBRIDGE

On the 19th of January the third year with five masters in charge left for the Slimbridge Wildfowl Trust on the Severn Estuary in Avon. The trust was founded in 1946 by Peter (later Sir Peter) Scott and aims to give wildfowl a safe habitat and to conserve endangered species.

Wildfowl are birds such as ducks, geese and swans, of which Slimbridge houses the largest congregation of different species (over 200) in the world. Wildfowl come south to Britain in the winter to escape the bitter Arctic temperatures and that is why we gained by visiting Slimbridge in January and not July, when the birds have gone back north.

The day contained a variety of different activities. After arrival, we listened to a lecture about the Trust and then walked around the centre until lunchtime. After another lecture on conservation we visited some bird-watching hides, and from the observatory watched wildfowl on a pond.

Although Slimbridge has been very successful at conserving species, the day of our visit was a sad one. Lancelot, a 26 year-old Bewick swan, who had visited the centre every year for 20 years, did not turn up. His three previous "wives" and Elaine, his current one, as well as the staff at the Trust, had come to the obvious conclusion.

Martin Haycock 3 SAC
Julian Denee 3 AJM
Barry Gale 3 WIM

As part of his year abroad before going up to Cambridge, Dominic Parker went overland from home to Beijing (Peking). What follows is the gist of a letter he sent back to Common Room.

QUAIO YUHAN HOTEL
PEKING, CHINA
19th May, 1987

After leaving school, I took a couple of jobs which kept me busy until early November, when, after a further two weeks of preparations, I left England, as I told the special Policeman at Ramsgate, "to broaden my mind and explore some of the world". I think he was rather interested in the unusual collection of visas in my passport!

In the following weeks I hitched across Europe, after pausing in Corsica and Greece for some neglected holidays, and in early January arrived in Istanbul. For the rest of this year I've travelled overland on an assortment of vehicles, ranging from luxury Mercedes coaches to decrepit trucks, from Istanbul to Peking!

My original plans were somewhat different; fly to Australia for work and travel, and return via India and possibly Nepal. The size of the airfare was what started me thinking about alternative ideas, plus the intriguing notion of grassroots travel, instead of giant hops around the world. Then in a moment of sheer luck, whilst browsing in a bookshop in Oxford in the travel section, I chanced upon a book entitled Traveller's Survival Kit To The East; this was arranged around overland travel for the individual from Europe to India.

I can distinctly remember the trepidation I felt on boarding a London bus in Camden, where I'd been staying with a friend, realising that this short bus ride was the first part of a journey which might lead me into the great unknown of India, and even Katmandu or Nepal. And now, at the other end, here in Peking, I still find it difficult to comprehend, as perhaps you do, that I've travelled from London into the

depths of China, on Public Transport!

The journey, as you can imagine, has been full of interesting and very varied experiences. Now though, having been through so many experiences, I've changed a good deal since I left home, and it's become difficult to recall all the sensations that I felt whilst on the early stages of my travels. The fact that it's happened, and I'm here, has removed all the feelings of excitement and apprehension I had before leaving England.

It would be inadequate to try and give a summary of my journey, but I think a few details taken from various parts of my travels might prove interesting and hopefully even entertaining.

One of the first pieces of remarkable good fortune I had was to meet a group of five young American and Canadian cyclists touring through Europe, whilst in a youth hostel in Greece. Whilst enjoying a lively evening there one night, two Australian boys became friendly with us, and explained that they were acting as caretakers for a ketch moored in the harbour off a Greek island. They explained they would be alone for Christmas, and invited us to visit them, assuring us of a welcome reception. Later on, whilst my friends cycled towards the island, and I hitched, we eventually arrived and spent two weeks from Christmas to New Year having a thoroughly enjoyable time on the boat. We became very friendly with the locals, unused to seeing visitors at this time of year and we were regularly invited to join in their meal celebrations and drinking sprees in the local tavernas! We explored the island (Kefallonia), helped with the maintenance on the boat, enjoyed cooking our own meals and living in berths, and, as the boat was

equipped with watersports equipment, went waterskiing and snorkelling on Christmas day!! The greatest thing, however, was the eight of us enjoying each other's company - playing cards, talking, discussing our plans and our interests, and generally, living together over the festive season. I was certainly very fortunate to enjoy such a good Christmas as my first one away from home.

In Istanbul nothing especially remarkable occurred, but I remember it quite clearly as my favourite city. It had a lively, bustling atmosphere, and was full of little corners, aspects, and ways,



Persepolis: The Temple of the Kings

which declared it as the door to the East. The great buzzing bazaars, the most colourful I've ever seen, full of eastern wares and exotic foods; the huge mosques that dominated the city's skyline; the bustling Bosphorus teeming with seagulls, ferries, and fishermen selling their catches from the quayside, the Turkish baths, and the Turks themselves, dressed in heavy black coats and hats against the floating snowflakes, eating noisily in the local restaurants, and shopping hurriedly in wayside vegetable markets. And the call from the minarets, five times a day, and the faithful cleansing their feet in the ablution tanks outside the mosques, the whole city's atmosphere and life hummed with an Eastern air.

I passed quickly to Iran, fearful of the harsh Turkish winters blocking the roads. The first afternoon I spent there, having crossed the border, I witnessed an oldish man hauled upon a jeep by two soldiers who, whilst a crowd gathered around, was then publicly beaten for some unknown offence. At the time I was sitting in a roadside café with a friendly Iranian who explained what was happening, and then proceeded to show me the scars on his arm where he had been tortured in prison. This brutal introduction to Iran was something quite unique; for the remainder of my two weeks in the country, I experi-



Mao's Mausoleum, Beijing

enced nothing but enormous hospitality, friendliness and interest from the Iranians. In fact it is the country I enjoyed travelling in most, and which I hope to return to in the near future. The Iranian people were nothing like the fundamentalist terrorist image we receive in the West, and I met no one who supported the present government, and most who only endured the war with Iraq in terms of self-protection.

The hospitality of the Persian people is quite staggering - often I was invited to people's houses to prevent me from staying in hotels for the night, and I was royally entertained whilst in Shiraz by the manager of the oil refinery there. A student in Tabriz showed me around the city, as his university was closed as a result of bombing, and I had a wonderful evening in the company of his friends, talking and laughing, and discussing serious and comic subjects, until late in the night. The coach journeys were equally remarkable, made in comfortable vehicles reflecting the high standard of living that the Iranians have enjoyed, but especially because as a Westerner, I was invariably the centre of attention, the repository of numerous gifts of food and entertainment, and uproarious scenes when we tried to communicate with each other, with my limited range of Farsi and their broken English.

The all-pervading religious atmosphere was one that particularly interested me: the women in Purdah, the constant calls to prayer, the devotion of the worshippers and the beautifully elegant mosques, especially in Isfahn. Initially I felt somewhat repelled by Islam, preferring familiar Christianity; but now I feel much more sympathetic and understanding of Islamic religion, in its moderate form, and I can recognise many similarities with Christian-



Catching the bus in Kashmir

ity, and I admire and respect faithful Muslims as much as anyone.

Crossing the border into Pakistan I experienced something of a culture shock. A 20hr. bus ride over a track of rough stones (classed as an international road on my map!), allowed me to avoid entering Afghanistan. It was nothing like the shock of flying straight from London to an Asian city, but I noticed the abrupt decline of standards from Iran, not least in the quality of the bus. After my initial disappointment I grew to like Pakistan more and more, eventually spending more than six weeks there, visiting most of the main cities and areas. When I came to leave, for the first time I felt a little sad! I'm interested that the least-visited countries on my list became my favourites.

Pakistan had more of a British air than did India - in cities like Lahore, Quetta, Peshawar, and Rawalpindi, the dominating Victorian-Moghul architecture, the malls and the railway bureaucracy, all greatly reminded me of how I imagined the Raj times to be. The Pakistani people I also found friendly and courteous, always interested to talk to a foreigner and quickly ready to laugh and enjoy a few jokes; the English spoken is good and prevalent. I remember clearly in restaurants that they greatly appreciated my attempts at Urdu, and repeating what they had said to me caused hysterical laughter and produced a great atmosphere. The food there is something I remember enjoying a good deal; soups, stews,

and interesting curries, shishkebabs, meat and vegetable burgers, and nan and chappatis, the local breads cooked immediately in earthenware ovens. Arriving after 10 o'clock in a small village one night, a young boy quickly cooked up a lovely stew, and baked some fresh nan for me - I then appreciated its short cooking time!

In Peshawar, the predominance of Afghan refugees was very interesting. I was very keen to travel up the Khyber Pass to the border, but discovered that you needed a ready-granted pass. Undeterred, I boarded a local bus headed for Landi Khotal, the border village and hid myself in the corner near the door. At each of five laxly manned checkpoints I experienced sensations of great desire to get through undetected, and great relief as we passed through unchecked. After a couple of hours we had climbed the breathtaking and amazingly built pass, and arrived at the village. I casually sauntered around, before deciding to enjoy some Sunday lunch! Whilst tucking into a great plate of food, such as produces Afghans of great stature, a local policeman entered and spotted me. Speaking little English, he indicated that I should remain in the restaurant until the bus returned to Peshawar, which I gladly did.

Two other places of interest I visited were Gilgit and Hunza, two settlements high up the Karakorum Highway in the Himalayan ranges. Gilgit was warm and sunny, and relaxed after the city bustles and the people were quite interested to see a white-faced, ginger-headed westerner wandering around, especially in the outlying villages. By this time I'd met up with another Briton, from Nottingham, and a Finn, so we journeyed together overnight up the awe-inspiring Karakorum Highway, over landslides and rockfalls, around blind corners at 60 km/h, and rattling across narrow bridges in pitch darkness with rushing waters tens of metres below.

Hunza was only recently connected by this road, and was clearly a special, self-sufficient settlement of mountain people, used to harsh conditions and isolation. It was a very special place, only recently visited by tourists, clearly exhibiting its own independence, situated at the foot of 7 and 8,000m. mountains. The Himalayan mountainscape was genuinely breathtaking, and day trips up to glaciers and hidden villages were fascinating. It was one area of Pakistan I was very pleased and rewarded to have visited.

In India I visited Delhi, Kashmir and Darjeeling, as it was beginning to warm up on the plains. Having then gone on to visit Nepal and Tibet, I feel



Waiting for the train at Novosibirsk

my travels have been aimed at a circuit of the Himalayas.

India was even more Asian than Pakistan: the dirt, people, squalor, and now a confusing religion as well, called on special qualities which I didn't possess after being so preferentially treated in the Moslem countries. I ended up being very intrigued but not liking India, but I have an idea of how to approach it if I ever want to visit it again.

Northern India is heavily touristed compared with where I'd been, and the Indians have become correspondingly tough - the merchants, the beggar, the bureaucrats! Nevertheless, I enjoyed my time in Kashmir and Darjeeling a great deal, though transport to those places was quite exhausting. An overnight train journey, from Delhi to Jammu, 2nd class unreserved, re-



The Forbidden City, Beijing

sulted in no sleep but some very strong memories - my eye kept wandering to a sign saying "This carriage to seat fifty persons" as I surveyed the two hundred-plus bodies crammed with huge quantities of luggage into a much abused carriage. I rested that night with about five Indian children in various degrees of sleep fallen about my body. One leisurely, sunny day, spent taking a shikara (boat) ride around the lakes of Srinagar in Kashmir, whilst I lazed on the cushions wearing my new Kashmir jumper, made up for all the troubles of getting there, and provided some picturesque memories, so I certainly felt it was all worthwhile.

Darjeeling was full of beautiful, charming Tibetans, and being a hill station was restful and relaxing. The steep hillside it was built on precluded the possibility of noisy buses or auto-rickshaws. The youth hostel was also full of interesting and entertaining people, so a good time was had by all. I visited a Tibetan refugee centre, and made a short trek to a vantage point, which rewarded me with astounding views of Kanchenjunga, an 8000

metre Himalayan peak. The rhododendrons, and other wild flowers were all in full bloom, so the hike was particularly enjoyable. One section I found left me full of awe. It was just how I imagined the Garden of Eden to be: beautiful wooded glades and terraces, magnolias and rhododendrons, wild bird songs and flowing streams - quite something.

From Darjeeling I ended up in Katmandu, Nepal - which I had seen as the final destination of my overland journey, and which in real terms, probably is. It was by far the most heavily touristed place I had visited. - Until then I had enjoyed always being in places off-season. However, creature comforts were acknowledged here. Amongst travellers Katmandu has a worldwide reputation of being one of the best places in Asia for

accurately reproducing western food, an international travellers place, such as there used to be in Istanbul and Kabul in the sixties and seventies. I indulged in pizzas and quiches, soups and stews, and lemon meringue pie, apple crumble, chocolate cake... a lovely change after overlanding through Asia for 4+ months! I then put my body through the ardours of a ten-day trek into the mountains, going with an ex-Winchester schoolboy working as an accountant

in London, who I had met in Darjeeling. Incidentally, also in Darjeeling (full of English people - two Danish boys there kept saying "This is British India, isn't it?") I met a chap from Radley, contemporary with myself, and one from Millfield as well... The trek was another wonderful experience I'll treasure: the scenery was beautiful, we had great company, and we succeeded in climbing a small mountain just over 5000 metres in height - with quite a struggle. The physical exercise was rewarding, as were regular dips into mountain streams.

After recuperating in Katmandu for a few days, including buying a couple of reading books from the numerous bookstalls, I decided to travel on to Tibet, and finally up to Peking, which is where I am now.

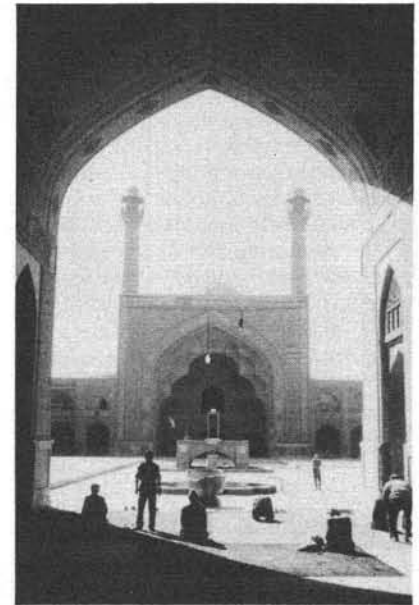
China has probably been the second biggest culture shock after Iran/Pakistan; the language is totally incomprehensible, the food, the faces and the customs (smoking, spitting and staring!) are also very strange. Nevertheless, I again feel I have been treated with wonderful hospitality.

Tibet was totally different as well - somehow I don't think I absorbed as much as someone would who had gone to it straight from the West, but it was highly interesting.

I journeyed for five days over the Himalayan passes to Lhasa, the capital, in the back of old Chinese trucks, old army types with canvas covers. There were about fifteen other travellers who made the journey with me: there is literally no public transport in this part of the world, so hitching is a must. It got pretty cold at times, though we only travelled in the daytime, but the landscape, people and settlements were very unusual. A regular part of the Tibetan diet is Champa: barley flour mixed with yak-butter tea. I have tried most of the local foods, and often enjoyed them, but this was a little too much for me!

Now that I've arrived in Peking, I've time to contemplate my journey so far, and consider returning home. For one thing I'm keen to have my slides developed and see how my photographs have turned out!...

Kind regards,
Dominic Parker



Prayers at the Friday Mosque in Isfahan



SKI TRIP

An early start, delayed only briefly by the Damerell family (well they did have a long way to come), and off we went, full of optimism. Smooth coach travel and a comfortable Airbus flight meant that we were soon heading up the Saalach valley, with magnificent scenery on both sides of the road (Nick Butler was asleep, so he missed it). The signs were not good, however, with none of the snow that everyone had been talking about apparent. Then the occasional splurge of white began to appear, but light rain was falling! As we climbed towards Lofer the snow covering thickened and raindrops changed to snowflakes. Sighs of relief!

The Hotel Post proved to be very comfortable and we quickly settled in. Boots and skis were fitted and arrangements made for the first days' skiing. That evening, throughout the night and most of the morning snow fell and we awoke to glorious skiing conditions. The usual sorting into groups took place and we began to sample the variety of slopes on offer. The first real problem of the tour cropped up in the evening, when we had our first dinner. The food was both poor in quality and quantity, and while the former improved through the week, the latter certainly did not. Complaints were made, but went unheeded. After dinner we travelled by bus to Unken to spend an hour or so in a swimming pool, which boasted a large "blow-up Octopus". We have never seen Dave Passmore so excited, as when he made it to the top of that creature.

By now it was Sunday and day 2 of the skiing. J.D.H. was taking his demotion fairly well, but another problem arose. Idiotic first-time skiers were taking lifts to advanced areas and trying to negotiate them - brave, but extremely foolhardy. As an intermediate group, with N.W.H. and P.J.W., began a tricky descent, who should be clambering up the slope, but Richard Inman. "What on earth are you doing here?" asked P.J.W. "Checking the slope", came the reply. "And?" "It's too steep!"

That evening we strolled across to another hotel, where we had the use of the three 9-pin bowling alleys. The "Dudes" led by Nick Adams won the team competition.

On Monday, surprisingly, the evening entertainment - ice skating - was cancelled, because the rink in St. Johann was not frozen. J.D.H. and N.W.H. challenged the 3rd and 4th years to a snowball fight, dragging a reluctant P.J.W. along. From behind quickly built fortifications, a resounding victory over the boys was achieved, despite the non-appearance of promised 6th form reinforcements.

Tuesday arrived and more snow fell, so that skiing conditions were still superb. Many of the first-time skiers were showing remarkable improvement, while some of the supposedly advanced skiers seemed to spend a great deal of time on their rear ends. Chris Wade and Ollie Money-Kyrle were noticeable for their inability to remain upright. That evening we hired toboggans and made the long descent from the top of

the bubble-lift, via the road. We somehow ended up with more toboggans than we started with.

Wednesday provided another superb day's skiing, with the slopes considerably quieter as the locals returned to school and work - well, who did they think they were, skiing on our slopes! That evening we travelled by bus to the fairy-tale city of Salzburg. While the staff made their way to a small cosy cafe, the boys headed for Macdonalds (they're everywhere) and the good old burger and chips.

On the last day, many of the boys took a ski test in the form of a slalom race. Not a particularly satisfactory way of doing it, but who's to argue with the experts! At the presentation ceremony that evening, the following received awards:

Gold: Dominic Cunliffe, Chris Wade, Julian Thomas.

Silver: Guy Atkinson, Andrew Jones, Matthew Gillan.

Bronze: David Passmore, Nicholas Jakubovics.

Julian, Matthew and Nick did particularly well and progressed very quickly, but others also deserved praise for sticking at it. Barry Gale won through with sheer effort and even Dave Smith was beginning to negotiate the more difficult slopes at the end of the week. Justin Taylor had begun to recover from the virus that had kept him quiet for 24 hours (well he had passed it on to most of the other sixth formers) and we were once again forced to use ear muffs! We returned to Abingdon the next day, weary, but well satisfied with a successful tour. My sincere thanks to N.W.H. and J.D.H. , for all their help (N.W.H. made all the initial arrangements) and to Mrs. H. for her substantial contribution towards our thrashing N.W.H. and J.D.H. at pool.

P.J.W.



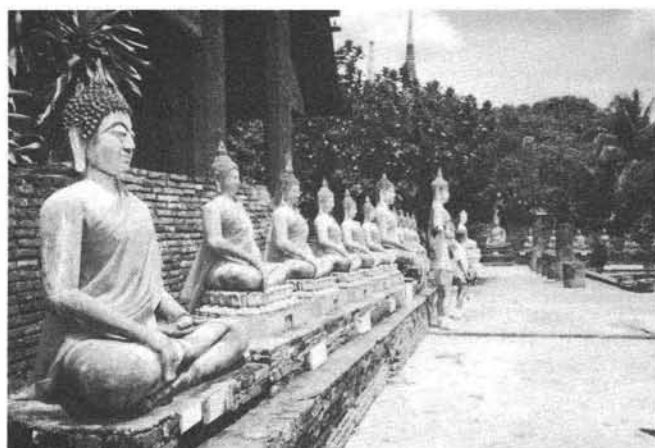
A TRIP TO THAILAND

The usual image of a third world country is one of desert countryside, of poor, staring people wearing rags living on little food and polluted drinking water. But this idea is nothing like the reality in Thailand. After a 14hr. flight we touched down in Bangkok, and after recovering from the heat and humidity, which really hits you, we were greeted by Supoj (pronounced Supot) and sun. The 45-minute journey to the Windsor hotel passed very quickly as we gazed in amazement at the Thai driving. It should be pointed out at this stage that drivers in Thailand use whichever part of the road that they feel they need, which frequently includes the pavement. When we asked a Thai person which side of the road he drove on he replied "Whichever part is vacant". And you must be especially careful of buses going the wrong way down a one-way street. We spent two and a half days in Bangkok. The first day was spent visiting Ayutthaya and Bang Painn. Ayutthaya is the previous capital. There are approximately 700 Buddha images there. Thais take Buddhism very seriously, and nearly 95% of Thais are practising Buddhists and most Thai men have been monks for some part of their lives, some for years, some for days and some for life. At Bang Painn there is a Chinese house shipped over in parts by the Chinese as a way of saying thank you for having a part of Bangkok, which of course became Chinatown. That evening we had a traditional dance and exotic meal. The dancing was incredible, so completely different from anything in England. The food in general was utterly different from European food, although rice was everywhere. The next day we went to a floating market; nothing grand, just a collection of little boats with people selling fruit, meat and vegetables. We came back and went to a Wat, a temple, called the Wat Arun. It is a giant temple, decorated with inlaid ceramic. That afternoon, we flew up to Chiang Mai. In the evening we went around the night bazaar, a large market, where you can buy everything, and most of us bought 'Lacoste' shirts for a few pounds. Because there are no copyright laws in Thailand you can buy copied tapes for 75p, and 'Calvin Klein' and 'Hugo Boss' and 'Benetton' clothes; Gucci is a favourite. That night we stayed in the Prince hotel. The next day we looked around cottage industries. The first one was a laquerware factory. Making laquered pots is a very slow process because each artefact takes twelve coats of laquer, each one takes one week to dry. Then we went to a bronze factory, where they make bronze cutlery with wooden handles. Next we visited a teak carving workshop. We also visited a silk factory where you could see silkworms for silk ties. Finally, we visited an umbrella



factory where they made parasols. The artists who painted them were incredibly skillful.

The next day we visited Doi Suthep, a temple on top of a hill. Legend has it that a white elephant climbed to the top of the hill, collapsed and died; and because white elephants are sacred they set up a temple, lavishly decorated in the same way as all the others, with copious amounts of gold leaf. That afternoon we leisurely explored Chiang Mai. We had an early night that night for reasons that will become obvious later. The next day we all piled into a truck and four painful hours later we arrived in an Akha village. There are no words that could describe that village, and if there were, there would not be enough paper to write on. Their life-style is so completely different that it knocks you back. They have running water, which consists of two stand pipes in the village, one of which does not work. There the similarities end. They are very clever with their hands and all the children have catapults which they made themselves, and which



we swapped for frisbees and other bits and pieces. I was (un)fortunate to see a dog being slaughtered. It was a very gory affair, with the blood being drained off, and the dog clubbed to death, and finally roasted on a fire. I was also fortunate to meet a girl called Apio. She wanted to go to school, but her parents Meeli and Dupor, could not afford it and I so I said that I would try to raise enough money to send her to school. I have to raise at least £500, so she can go to school for two years as a minimum. After the Akha village, we went to a Lisi village. The Lisi are much more prosperous than the Akha. They have a striking dress, and have a strange traditional dance, which they put on for us. The next day we walked to another Lisi village, and spent the morning at the school. All the time we were with the hill tribes, and the few days afterwards, Acha, a man from the Akha was our guide, chef and translator (he spoke Thai, Lisi, Akha and many other hill tribe languages fluently). That afternoon we walked back to the Akha village, and spent two hours



talking to the people, and visiting the school. We then trucked back to Chiang Mai. Then we went to the airport expecting to fly to Mae Hong Son, but although we waited two hours at the airport, and the plane, carrying passengers from Chiang Mai circled overhead many times, it did not land. No one at the airport was able to tell us it was not going to land. This is very typical of Thai efficiency. Finally when we saw it disappear back to Chiang Mai, we piled into the back of two pick-ups. It came as a nasty shock to hear that a 35-minute flight was going to take six hours, but we set off in good spirits. Six weary hours later, at 2 a.m. we arrived in the hotel, only to find out that we had to get up at 6 o'clock to go rafting. We all got up feeling tired and grumpy. We drove a short way to the river to go rafting. The rafts were made of bamboo, and were

very long and thin. They were steered by a man at the front with a long piece of bamboo who punted along the slow parts, and steered the rapids. We arrived at a Shan village resort, where the rooms were like huts with grass roofs. That afternoon we took a boat up river to a refugee camp, about one kilometre from the Burmese border. We waited in the heat for about one hour to see a Padaing lady. They have rings around their necks which make them look quite grotesque. They have one ring when they are fourteen and one every four years after that. One ring can actually be a coil. We all took photographs of her, and then she returned to Burma. Only the women wear these rings, because the men think it is attractive. That night we lit our smoke coils and sprayed ourselves with Autan as we had all the previous nights. In the morning we watched intrigued as some elephants walked up the river and clambered out, and walked over to a raised platform. We grabbed our rucsacs, went to the platform and were allocated to elephants. When we all had our elephant, we set off in procession down the river and then into the jungle. If it had not rained for five out of the six hours we were riding the elephants, it would have been very enjoyable. It is surprisingly relaxing riding an elephant, the way it sways from side to side, and climbs straight up slippery slopes which would have humans scrabbling. At last we reached a Kaya village. The Kaya are part of the red Varen, who are fighting the Burmese army for their own state in Burma.

We stayed one night with these villagers, and gave them frisbees and other gifts. The next day we trekked for about four hours through the jungle, which was very exciting. We met up with a truck, in a clearing, which took us back to Chiang Mai, where we spent a relaxing evening.

The next morning we flew back to Bangkok, and went back to the Windsor hotel. That afternoon we visited a snake farm, where they make serum, and saw a breathtaking display with poisonous snakes. On our last day we went south and saw some monasteries being built and went to an island where king Rama V had his palace (Rama IX is on the throne now), which is now in ruins. In the evening (it was 34 C in Bangkok) we flew back to Heathrow via Delhi. When we arrived at London it was 13 C. If I may make one reflection, I would love to go again.

M.J. Trump 4S.A.C.



Last summer three boys now in the upper sixth were selected to go on trips by the British Schools' Exploration Society. Their funding was supported by TASS grants and what follows is the gist of their reports.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

Each year the British Schools Exploring Society (BSES) organises two expeditions of young people to remote parts of the world where scientific fieldwork can take place. In 1987 the locations were Svalbard in the Arctic and Papua New Guinea. 'But why are you doing it?' A good question, considering I would be spending my entire summer holiday working in the steamy jungle. George Mallory's classic question seemed slightly unsuitable on this occasion. The truth is that I went to acquire knowledge and to experience challenge and adventure at a level which had not previously been available to me. The adventure, however, started long before I left the shores of Britain.

In fact, the expedition had got under way for me back in October of the previous year when I decided to apply for the expedition to PNG. This was on the basis that I preferred to be hot, sweating and mosquito-bitten rather than frozen. My application was followed by a very stringent interview in which I was grilled on how I would react in a series of jungle situations - many of which I was to encounter later! The notification of my acceptance in the New Year filled me with excitement and not a little apprehension. How would I really handle the potentially dangerous environment of the jungle? More immediately, how would I raise the £1,650 as my contribution to BSES for their costs? In the event, I reached the total by vocational work and by very generous donations from compnaies, organisations and individuals.

'Beware of all enterprises that require new clothes.'

H.D. Thoreau

Equipment was a further pre-departure headache. Not only did I discover that kit is exceedingly expensive, but that it is difficult to estimate quantities - how many bars of soap do you take for six jungle weeks? Later I was to learn that

basic living in the rainforest requires relatively little specialist equipment and with improvisation almost anything is possible. This rendered half my equipment unnecessary. Nevertheless, the early part of the year saw my gradual accumulation of 20kg. of kit, ranging from a machete to a yo-yo, a present for the village children. During this period a briefing was organised in South Wales (best approximation to PNG?). We were to be 60 in total, organised in five 'fires', or groups. Each fire would operate as an independent unit, with specific objectives. We travelled by air to Lae in PNG, via Sydney.

There were three main aims of the expedition. First, we were to undertake scientific fieldwork incorporating a range



of different projects. The second was to experience the very different culture of the indigenous population, to participate in village life, and to become competent at living in this hostile environment. The final aim was to undertake a trek through the rainforest along a Japanese Second World War path from the coast to Wau.

The projects undertaken were very varied and on the whole very successful. One 'fire' undertook reef studies, studying coral reef sedimentology and biology. Another fire worked on insect biology and diversity in relation to habitat zonation with specific reference to mosquitos. This involved, among other things, climbing to the top of a mountain and counting how many mosquitos found you worthy of a bite within a specified period. Interestingly, it is only the female that bites. A third fire studied canoe design and actually built a canoe which was transported back to England by container; both the information they collected and the canoe will be donated to the Exeter Maritime Museum.

The team I was involved with undertook ethnobiological and ecological work. Ethnobiology is a study of the knowledge and uses that indigenous cultures make of the biological resources around them. Our project laid heavy emphasis on local medicinal methods. Dr. Conrad Gorinsky, a director of Bioresources Ltd., and a world authority on ethnobiology, is compiling a computer data-base on medicinal plants and their uses. We were therefore gathering data to supplement the information he has already amassed from the Operation Raleigh expedition. Dr. David Bellamy and the Conservation Foundation also took a close interest in our project and one felt a sense of responsibility with such famous scientists involved. Ethnobiology is of the greatest importance as 80% of the world's primary medicare falls within the definition of ethno-medicine while only 1% of the world's plants have been screened for potential use. Also, because of change and development within countries where ethnobiology can take place there are probably only 20 years left in which to study ethnoscience.





Very little was known about the area of PNG we were going to and thus preliminary planning was very difficult. The initial aim was to form small groups and trek between villages gathering information. However, on arrival it became obvious that travel through the dense jungle was virtually impossible and we therefore concentrated on one village area only. We collected a significant amount of data for the project. Much of the information is confidential because of its commercial potential, but, as examples, we identified organic materials which provide relief from muscle cramp, ease the pain of poisonous bites and stings, and act as mild sedatives.

The subsidiary project was an ecological study of the environment. This involved diversity indices of plant life, survivorship curves for forest trees and the study of a wide range of living organisms. The project report is being forwarded to Dundee University.

Papua New Guinea is a country of over 700 different languages. The impossibility of easy travel within the country has led to many different customs, beliefs and ways of life, and we recognised that our observations would not necessarily apply to the country as a whole. The relief of PNG is dominated by a great diversity of vegetation including tropical rainforest, monsoon forest, savanna, grassland, freshwater swamp vegetation and mangroves. Morobe Province, where we were stationed, was predominantly tropical rainforest.

The population is concentrated mainly in the Highlands where a 'friendlier' climate makes habitation easier. The other large population centres occur in the cities on the coasts. The greater part of the country has less than 5 people per sq. km. PNG is experiencing rapid development in the cities and relatively slow development in the rural areas. This has led to migration to the cities and in consequence there is mass unemployment and a serious law and order problem has emerged as a result.

The rural population rely heavily on a subsistence economy. Each member of the family has a specific role to play. Unlike in a traditional Western society, the women are the 'breadwinners'. Women in PNG are not regarded as inferior members of the community, but produce the food and bring up the children, while the men do the more taxing jobs such as building houses, hulking out canoes, fishing and hunting. It was not uncommon to see a woman bent double by the weight of firewood she was carrying, with a man walking alongside carrying nothing at all!

At one stage I spent a week with three companions in a northern coastal village. We tried to merge with the natives as much as possible. During the day we worked in the gardens, cultivating sweet potatoes, taro and sago. The villagers led a subsistence existence, growing what they needed to eat. Some fish is sold for cash at the market in Lae, 50km. away. The opportunity to spend cash is limited,

for, though there is one store, it was empty while we were there and there was no idea when another shipment of goods would arrive.

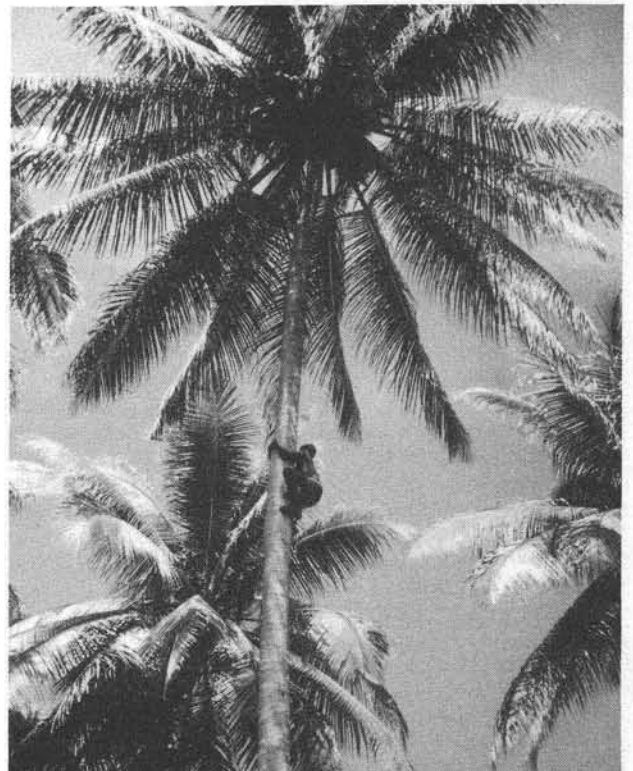
One of the highlights of the week was being taken on a wild boar hunt. This involved trekking into the jungle in the wake of three starving dogs. At length their barking signalled a pig in the area and we crashed through thick undergrowth in the direction of the screaming prey. Once in range, a spear was hurled into the side of the unfortunate creature. Although the village caught thirteen pigs during our stay, the nationals eat very little red meat and their diet consists mainly of vegetables and fish. This leads to malnutrition in some cases. We were taken fishing on numerous occasions and the clear blue waters of the reef provide a plentiful supply of fish, crabs and lobsters for the skilled village fishermen.

In the evenings we were entertained by sing-sings - traditional singing and dancing around a fire - the harmonious wailing rending the night air on many occasions. The nationals smoke a strong tobacco which is produced within Papua, but unlike Middle Eastern countries, there was no evidence of hashish. The only evidence of narcotics was buai. This is a nut (betel) which is chewed in conjunction with dacca, a mustard. It has a very distinctive red colour once chewed and as people spit freely, many in the cities buy red cars to disguise the deposits.

'The more you try to understand an environment and the less you try to fight it, the kinder it will be to you...'

R. Hanbury-Tenison

Life in the bush was quite different from that in the village. The village was situated on the coast and the fine sandy beaches and the swaying coconut palms proved to be a luxurious environment. The muggy, insect-ridden jungle took a while to get used to. Before I arrived in PNG I assumed the jungle was a continuous supply of food. This proved to be a serious misconception. The only appealing vegetable food occurred close to the village where each villager owned and cultivated his plot. We could have freely eaten inch-long ants, huge praying mantis and what seemed to be mutant-sized grasshoppers, but somehow we did not find these particularly appetizing. Larger animals were very hard to catch and even fish evaded our efforts. Despite horrific stories of man-eating crocodiles, deadly



poisonous spiders and killer snakes, we encountered very little that could inflict fatal injury. The danger in the jungle is not from the individual animals, but from the environment as a whole. It is, however, fair to say that in the space of three weeks most of the members of the group had learned to live in comparative comfort.

The final stage of the expedition was to undertake a bushwalk from the coast to Wau along an old Second World War path. PNG was invaded by the Japanese from the north. Their aim was to secure not only the valuable mineral wealth and oil deposits, but ultimately a passage to Australia. However, they were eventually repelled, aided by the nationals. The main reason for the Japanese failure was their inability to maintain a satisfactory supply line in the difficult terrain. The bushwalk was the most strenuous part of the expedition. Our first objective was to climb Mt. Tambu (The Forbidden Mountain). It was the site of many Japanese relics. Unfortunately, in recent years irresponsible Westerners have tampered with these and it required considerable effort for us to be granted access to the area. Mt. Tambu is 3,000ft. high and rises sharply from the sea. The going was very hard with a combination of steep slopes and a muddy surface making the ascent very slow indeed. We walked only 2km. on the first day. As we progressed from Tambu we were hit by illness in the form of violent diarrhoea and vomiting which lasted about 24 hours. This struck different people at different times and there never seemed to be a day when someone was not ailing. The combination of a guide who did not know the route, the loss of the dipole from our radio, inadequate rations, the short supply of drinking water and the illness led to very low morale.

However, we all knew we had to press on. The kit of the suffering was distributed among the fit and we marched slowly onward at the pace of the slowest person. To cap it all, the increase in altitude meant that the nights were much colder and most of us spent sleepless nights huddled together under a tarpaulin. It was anticipated that the walk would take a few days. In fact it took seven and by the end we were living on only a handful of 'Healthy Life' biscuits a



day. Although it is easy to describe the unpleasant aspects of the walk, we passed through very beautiful scenery on the journey to Wau. Also, particularly because of the hardships, there was much comradeship and a strong team spirit. Eventually, we reached Wau with great relief and joy, though this was tempered with sadness as it signalled our stay was drawing to a close.

For me the expedition to PNG has been one of the most beneficial experiences of my life. It certainly broadened my experience by exposing me to a different environment and culture over an extended period. I believe it has developed my character greatly in the areas of confidence, maturity and self-reliance. The six weeks gave me time to think about the future, the opportunity to meet and work with people of varied abilities and from different backgrounds, but with a common aim, has been enormously beneficial. Whether it will enable me to change the world for something better is something only time will tell!

Finally, I would like to express my deep gratitude to all those who provided help in connection with the expedition. Without their financial support and advice none of it would have been possible.

C. Megaw VIP

GREENLAND

During August 1987 a reconnaissance expedition with 12 members visited the area around Mesters Vig airstrip in North East Greenland, which at 71 degrees north is well inside the Arctic Circle. The aim was to carry out scientific work and preparation for a larger expedition in 1988, which will include physically disabled young people amongst its total of 60 members. This region is part of a Greenland National Park to which access is very restricted. Only expeditions with a scientific basis are usually permitted. For our entry the permission of both the Danish and Greenland Governments was required, along with a deposit of £25,000 to cover costs of rescue in an emergency, since helicopters would be unavoidably involved.

The area is very isolated with no permanent population for nearly 100 miles (apart from the three Danes who manned the airstrip). Our expedition area was near the Stauning Alps, which, prior to the entry restrictions, was the venue for many climbing expeditions because of their similarity to Alpine conditions, but many peaks in the region remain



unclimbed. The terrain was very harsh, with the easiest walking being on hard snow. Off the snowfields most of the ground is covered by loose rock, which made most steep slopes unclimbable, but some plants like heather are found on flatter areas.

The coast is usually only free from ice in August. When we arrived there was still some pack ice around, but when we left early in September the fjord had almost frozen over. The midnight sun can be seen in the area between May and July, and even in August it was still never darker than a British dusk.

THE JOURNEY OUT

I was the second person to arrive at Heathrow. Soon after two more arrived and then a steady trickle until by 11 a.m. there were eleven of us present. Ray, the organiser, was the last to arrive and complete the party of twelve. He rapidly finished settling finances and then we said our goodbyes and disappeared into the departure lounge.

We flew from Heathrow in an Icelandic toothpaste tube, also known as a Boeing 727, touching down in Keflavik just over two hours later.

The Polar Bear Rule: They aren't cute; don't try to get near one since it could well kill you.

The Eskimo Rule: Eskimos are very generous people, but their culture is very different to ours and if you upset them badly, expect a rifle to point in your direction and remember that it's not murder according to their law.

The Peteract Rule: If you see some upside down saucer-shaped clouds coming towards you low over the mountains, lie down under a rock, pull a few more on top of yourself and say goodbye to any tents as a 100 mph wind gives them a swift tour of a nearby valley.

My first sight of Greenland at the mouth of Scoresby Sound two days later was of a steep dark wall of rock rising out of the ocean. We then continued north parallel to the coast over Liverpool Land and Jameson Land before circling round to touch down on the gravel airstrip of Mesters Vig. The views from the aircraft were both spectacular and varied. Inland were pinnacle peaks surrounded by glaciers and snowfields, nearer the coast were sandy looking pyramid-shaped peaks with coloured rock strata, and the sea was littered with pack ice and icebergs.

ESTABLISHING THE BASE CAMP

The permanent population of Mesters Vig is three, and we met a third of it very soon after landing when Jack came down from the control tower in the Unimog and took some of our cargo to an outlying hut. He warned us that a major danger was the musk ox. The main herd was in Orsted Dal and those remaining in Deltadal were old or young males separate from the herd and as such were liable to be aggressive. Although it was still like British dusk at midnight, we had unfortunately missed the midnight sun by just over a week.

The next day three of us set off to walk around the coast and up the inlet of Mesters Vig, hoping to find the others by the end. We only had a 1:250,000 photocopied map and by general agreement the best idea was to go down to the coast and follow it. On Friday morning the mist had lifted, and with that our spirits rose. The walk along Deltadal continued until we found a hut, but no sign of anyone else. Eventually we found the other five, who had returned after two days in the mist, already back.

Next morning we loaded up the Unimog and drove it to Blyklippen mine as far as the road went; after that the terrain was impassable for wheeled vehicles. From here we had to carry everything in rucksacs on foot for the following three weeks. The following two days were dull with low cloud either around or just above the hut. On the first of these days Jim and I went down to Mesters Vig, where an old boat had been discovered. It was about 10 ft long and frozen upside down into a strip of snow. We dug a channel right round it and then a drainage channel with tools from a

small fisherman's hut nearby. As the warm air melted the ice (the temperature was just above freezing) the water drained away. This boat was used to make the return journey across Mesters Vig in search of geese for the Goose Project.

After a good rest we made another supply run, but this time three of us decided to take a slight detour via a 3,900ft peak, Scheelebjerg. After an hour of climbing on solid scree, I reached a fairly steep terrace and continued normally, expecting there to be yet another terrace beyond. Instead I was confronted by the spectacular sight of the Stauning Alps, their peaks were covered by cloud which was at around 5,000ft, but the glaciers alone were hugely impressive.

THE MOUNTAINS AND MALMBJERG.

By this stage, 10 days into the expedition, the three of us who were still on our feet elected to do some walking in the glaciers. At Bredefirn, for example, we came across the first crevasses that needed to be jumped. Just as the sun appeared above the mountains we stopped on the saddle south of Bellevue for breakfast. From there we slid down the other side of the saddle and then walked an interesting route back to the hut. It involved plenty of ice axe work, our



first descent on snow using crampons and instruction in digging a snow hole. On reaching the huts we slept for several hours, then set off back to Black Corner for more supplies.

MORE SUPPLY RUNS, WITH A GEOGRAPHY SANDWICH

Monday 24th August, was a somewhat nondescript day. We returned to Jacobsbo, the only incident being Jim falling into the river. I was fairly slow that morning due to my knees starting to play up. The following two days were spent greatly enlarging my knowledge of periglaciation and adding to the large amount of geography I had already been introduced to. Not surprisingly, since I was the only young

person on the expedition not taking a A-level in the subject. We set off on our bumble after a gentle start to the day. After crossing the ice bridge near the hut we crossed in front of Kolossen on a tortuous moraine pausing to photograph features such as kames, eskers, englacial lakes and various formations of the terminal moraine. We followed some very soft mud to the snout of Ostre Glacier where I was introduced to some ice formations, including a hole called a 'moulin'.

After walking away from the glacier for a while, Jim and I along the outwash fan towards the goal of our trip - PINGOS, mounds on the valley floor caused by ice blistering under the mud. Our initial aim was to use an ice borer that we had found at Jacobsbo to see if we could find ice beneath the soft earth. Unfortunately, despite all Ian's efforts, we couldn't. We started work early making sketch maps of the area and finding the approximate sizes of the pingos. Ian tried to climb part way up the mountainside in order to get a plan view photograph. It was at this stage that we saw Ray, walking across the river delta. When he arrived we found that the Kingston party had returned after safely making the return trip in the boat across Mesters Vig. They also had visited some pingos, but had little success with the wildlife they had gone to study. All the geese had flown away almost as soon as spotted and a musk ox had not taken too kindly to their presence.

1380 AND THE SNOW HOLE.

After looking at the Kingston snow hole en route Jim and I reached Trestrommen and very soon found what looked like a suitable site for our very own snow hole. The afternoon was spent digging it, interspersed with the odd bit of glissading. The plan Dave had given was ruined somewhat when we reached scree after digging about three yards into the snow, but we dug around the stones.

During the night we woke at intervals to watch the changing colours of the sky, actually staying awake from about 4a.m. onwards. I was sleeping with my camera in my sleeping bag to stop it from freezing. My boots were about as pliable as rock when I wanted to put them on. The day opened with an orange sky which was photographed from within my bivibag and we then stayed on the peak 1380 until around 6a.m.

THE RETURN JOURNEY, TAKING IN ANOTHER MOUNTAIN.

After an extensive lie-in, the late afternoon was interrupted solely by our closest yet encounter with musk ox. What started with "did that rock just move or is it a musk ox?", ended in the mad panic of finding a telephoto lens and film before the shaggy beasts disappeared down to the delta. Our target for the following day was Sortebjerg and its peak for which all previous planned assaults had been thwarted either by the weather or the terrain. The climb was at a gentle pace and afforded spectacular views of Mesters Vig, where earlier that morning we had seen the sun actually appear over the mountains on the opposite side of Kong Oscars. The sky colour had been rapidly changing then it went dull before the first dazzling rays of the sun appeared. The climb ended when we reached what looked like a wall on the peak. This was a natural wall of stone blocks about 2ft wide and 6ft high right across the highest ridge. On the descent we spotted some peteract clouds away to the south, but fortunately heading towards the Stauning Alps; nevertheless, the speed of our descent rapidly increased. The three of us had just gone down to the delta to collect a tent when we

come across a musk ox at very close quarters. After a few seconds of scraping its hoof, thankfully, the animal decided three against one wasn't a fair fight and it disappeared over the delta.

On our last day out was spent in preparation for returning to the airstrip. Everyone was fairly subdued by the realisation that we were actually leaving, possibly never to return. The plane arrived about 6.30p.m. and the quiet was noticeable as we flew out over the mountains we had previously been living in the midst of.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE EXPEDITION.

The expedition by its close had certainly achieved its aim of being a reconnaissance trip. A great deal had been learnt about the area and sites had been chosen for the base camp and for the fieldwork and adventure camps. Simply by actually being there we had shown how young people would cope next year. Many problems had also emerged, not least the harshness of the terrain and the physical strain that it caused, but a real appreciation of the speed at which people could move around the countryside was formed. Another major problem will be bringing in the freight, since the sea is frozen when the expedition arrives, forcing the use of helicopters and stretching an already tight budget.

The ice and snow in the area means that people with crutches or wheelchairs cannot take part next year, but Ray's plans for the disabled are progressing. One of this summer's suggestions was that those unable to walk from Mesters Vig could be flown directly into Deltadal itself and concentrate especially on art in that area before the adventure phase. Episodes that we were told about from the Colson Expedition suggested that leaders were very glad to have disabled members in their groups, since especially with the deaf their other senses have become highly developed, and apparently the deaf have a remarkable feel for hidden crevasses. Many plans for the whole of next year's expedition were formulated, some of which I know are progressing while others will doubtless be abandoned, but I now know how much actual preparation is involved in even getting an expedition off the ground, let alone the finer details of later planning.

Personally I gained in many ways from the expedition. The direct educational value is connected mainly with geography and also general principles of field study. Practically I was taught a great deal about general mountaineering, and specifically about snow and ice, as well as learning more about my own limitations. Obviously, when we were out there life carried on according to a different social code. Tolerance of the other people is essential, and although the effect is diluted when you once again have the chance to get away from people, I think it hasn't all faded away.

R. Jameson VIP



CHINA

After a few days acclimatising in Hong Kong, I flew on to Beijing (formerly Peking). China spelt for me the unknown, a mysterious nation with an alien lifestyle, history and culture. I had heard of the Great Wall, Terracotta statues and the peaks of Guilin, but these were but the merest tantalising hints of what was to come. I had also imagined the Chinese in Mao suits, walking past walls covered in red propaganda posters and the characteristics of Communism everywhere. Things turned out to be very different and far more beautiful than I had been prepared for.

The first impression on arrival is the sheer mass of the population. Whatever the time of the day or night, the streets of all towns are swarming with people, some walking with a busy air, some strolling, some window-shopping, some eating at small, almost improvised restaurants being served straight from a sizzling wok placed on a blazing coal fire. Yet others are playing cards, children are playing games, parents chat, while some are playing Chinese chess, some read newspapers and others simply watch. Everyone seems to be permanently outdoors.

I was struck at how almost everyone seemed to be smiling and quite happy; quite a contrast to glum Europe or states such as East Germany. The Chinese have, on the whole, good reason to be happy. The average income has doubled in recent years, the economy is booming and the standard of living is rising fast. Most families now have a TV. A further reason is the growth of free enterprise. People are finding that they can equal if not exceed their regular salaries by engaging in free enterprise. Free markets where farmers sell their own produce are everywhere. So are family-run shops catering mainly for tourists, and private restaurants are countless. Most prices are not fixed, but the Chinese are masters at haggling. The extent to which the Chinese have successfully pursued the skills of money-making was striking.

Nowhere else have I seen so many bicycles. Most towns appear to have been built on level ground and so when the rush hour commences, it is impossible to cross the roads. A wall of black cycles engulfs the road, accompanied by a pandemonic sound of clink-



ing bells and screeching brakes. The flow is such that the cars have difficulty in circulating. The local cyclists seem to have no fear of cars whatsoever. Joining the cyclists was exciting but terrifying. Once lost in the flow, one's speed is dictated by that of the mass. One's dexterity is constantly challenged by those over-taking you, while others squeeze through the narrowest gaps ringing their bells relentlessly. Turning away from the mainstream is out of the question as there are always cycles on both sides and stiking out an arm to indicate only risks hitting a couple of fellow travellers in the face.



In the course of a month in China I do not think I saw one person in a Mao suit. People are now wearing what they want, resulting in a confusion of colours. Light shirts and T-shirts are popular in the heat. Men tend to wear the same sort of socks and almost everyone wears high-heeled leather sandals or shoes, men and women alike. Even the customs officials, police and soldiers wore them. In some areas fashion is more to the fore than in others. In some towns some of the young women looked noticeably well dressed. Fashion magazines are beginning to be evident, and with arranged marriages suddenly banned, young people are having to adapt quickly to finding their partner. 'Courting' is a complicated process and the Chinese are much shyer than Europeans.

Tourism is a big trade in China. Because of the valuable foreign currency individuals are always ready to sell to a tourist. This ranges from the traditional tourist shop, called the tourist trap locally, to selling services such as ped-cabs or boat rides on a lake or a canal. There are many art students wandering the streets selling their wares. The enthusiasm for tourists has encouraged the learning of English, and the influence of the USA as well as Japan and Russia is very striking. At one stage China was very close to Russia and there was much building in their style, for instance the high-roofed waiting rooms at airports. Historically Japan has always had a great interest in China and is now investing large sums of money for the long term. Advertising for Japanese brands is everywhere and their cars are sold at below break-even prices. There is, however, a certain animosity

towards Japan, particularly on the part of the students, a hang over, perhaps, from the memory of the invasions. What is evident is that American culture is currently very popular. The children are avid fans of Walt Disney cartoons; American films are shown to full houses.

Without actually going to China it is difficult to appreciate the differences. China is enormous, far bigger than Europe. There is, therefore, great variation. The main race is the Han people. Many minorities also exist. Some look like Arabs, others like Europeans while the history refers to the Mongols, Tibetans and Ming. The food also varies; Peking, Cantonese and Sechuan are quite different. In the east the staple diet is rice, in the west bread, while many potatoes are consumed in other areas. China is also a land of many different languages and dialects. Only written Chinese and the official language, Mandarin, make communication possible. The countryside, too, varies enormously, from the Himalayas to the deserts in the north, to the grasslands and flatlands in the east, to the tropical rainforests in the south. All are strikingly beautiful, and I just hope that one day I shall be able to see some of it again.

B.C. Schmitz



ITINERARY

- 24.7.'87: Flew from Hong Kong to Beijing. Saw:
Tian An Men Square. The largest in the world, covering 100 acres.
The Great Wall. Stout and crenelated, it goes on forever.
The Ming Tombs. Stones statues of real and mythical beasts.
The Summer Palace. Beautiful gardens and calm glittering lake.
The Forbidden City. Endless courtyards and buildings. Amazing.
Xi'an. The life-sized terracotta statues.
Chongqing. Industrial city.
Boat down the Yangtse River.
Wuhan. Beautiful with scenic lake, 33 sq.kms.
Shanghai. Best on foot; European in its narrow streets and cramped housing. Also large European-style facades in the Foreign Concessions.
- Guilin. Famous for its scenery; rightly so. Steep limestone hills.
Chengdu. Wealthy (?) industrial city.
Lhasa, Tibet. Like one's dreams, only more outlandish. Friendly, other-worldly and incredibly beautiful.
Shanghai. The Museum houses amazing bronzes.
Suzhou. Chinese-style gardens; is the house in the garden or the garden in the house? An art form.
Tahu. Scenic freshwater lake with 72 islets.
Suzhou (again). A Chinese equivalent of Venice; riddled with canals navigated by barges and sampans rowed with the feet!
- 26.8.'87: Returned to Hong Kong before leaving for...Japan!



CYCLE TOUR OF FRANCE AND SPAIN

In the beginning the situation seemed hopeless. By the evening of the first day, 23 July, having rolled off the ferry at Caen in the early hours of the morning, we, that is Chris Fulton, Caspar Leighton, and myself, had only completed the 47 miles to Falaise - an unfortunate and unexpected start. It was raining, the Pyrenees and Northern Spain seemed a long way off (which I suppose they were) and the 900 miles involved, daunting, yet refusing to be disheartened we devoted the next few days to 'ard riding, leaving only enough time to eat, sleep and write letters. Averaging nearly 80 miles daily meant that so far it was not the intended 'holiday', although having reached Tours in only three days we felt we could now relax. From the start we had decided to take the journey as it came, roughly planning each day on the previous evening. Cycling as far as the mood took us, yet retaining a steady pace, we did not set any specific targets. Made easier by the abundance of campsites in France, this proved to be the best method, as it avoided disappointment. Our route took us in a dog-leg, at first heading SSE via Alencon, Le Mans, and Tours, turning SSW at Limoges - which took us to the foot of the Pyrenees via Perigueux, Bergerac, and Orthez. The weather held, morale was high, and we completed the length of France in nine and a half days. The evening before taking on the Pyrenees we indulged ourselves for the first time. Having pitched the tent in a field outside Mauleon, we rode into the town, found a neat little local restaurant, and sat down to savour the delights of Basque cuisine. Having completed the greater portion of the journey (nearly 600 miles) in so short a time and having done it only on cheese, baguettes and salami, this was a well-deserved meal.

The next day took us further up into the foothills arriving eventually at a little mountain village called Arneguy where we found the Spanish border post and the foot of the pass itself. Although a little uncertain of having to commence the final ascent at 7:30pm, the visibility was clear, it was still warm, and we could hope for at least another two hours of light. The 9 km of road that wound up to the top of the pass became steeper and steeper. It seemed as though the climb would never end yet we refused to walk any of it. The more altitude we gained, the colder and mistier it became, until at 8:30pm when it reached a bottom low of a mere 50 metres visibility. Exhausted and alone, with no time, the mist was eerie as it came down from the pines on our right, drifted across the road then slid down to the depths on our left - all in complete silence. At 8:57pm out of the mist ahead appeared a sign declaring 1057m - the top at last! Being deprived of a breath taking view by the mist and feeling the cold now that we had stopped, little time was given to celebration - the thought of our sleeping bags was far more appealing!

Returning once more to the saddle after fifteen minutes, we free-wheeled five miles downhill to our first Spanish camp-site at Buguetta. Waking up the next morning with the sun shining through the tent and a magnificent view of the mountain peaks, knowing that we had eleven days left to cover only 300 miles of spectacular country and sierra, was a fantastic feeling. We could now take it easy and

enjoy ourselves - the pressure was off. Our route in Northern Spain took us to Pamplona, Vitoria, then North to Bilbao and finally westwards along the coast to Santander with five days to spare; for it was from here that we were to take the ferry home to Plymouth on 12th August. A journey like this inevitably leads to many memorable events. Perhaps the funniest was when a mad Spaniard, foaming at the mouth and wielding a mallet above his head, charged through our tent in pursuit of a 'rat' (I had never seen Caspar get out his sleeping-bag so quickly!). Fortunately our tent had a door at each end. The 'rat' then ran desperately under a neighbouring tent, into which the Spaniard burst and smashed psychopathically at any lump which appeared in the groundsheet. The remains turned out to be those of a shrew.

Certainly the most memorable episode was when we were coaxed into a bull-ring by a group of Spanish girls who, notably, did not follow. This was during the town's fiesta week and the event was a public free-for-all bull-bait in the ring - absolute madness! Fortunately the bulls were young, yet they made up for this in speed and agility - brandishing two disturbingly sharp horns. It was a wonder that no-one got seriously hurt. A few days later we attended a real bullfight, a rather disheartening experience, and realised the grim fate that awaited these young bulls which we had been baiting. The ride was in aid of the Multiple Sclerosis Society - for which we raised over £400, so we would especially like to thank all those who kindly sponsored us. Thanks also to TASS for their bursaries of £50. Something never to be forgotten, we would recommend a journey like this to anyone. Although involving the bad and rough as well as the smooth, the sense of achievement at the end is immense and the memories will keep us occupied for many a rainy day.

C. Jackson VIZ



Five Hundred and Twenty Miles on Forty Packets of Digestive Biscuits

Five hundred and twenty miles on foot doesn't sound too bad if you say it quickly. Think about and uncomfortable thoughts come to mind. It represents a hundred thousand double-decker buses laid end to end! If you laid the path upright, it would be a hundred times higher than Everest! This is the longest footpath in Britain, dwarfing the Pennine Way, running through four counties from Poole to Minehead - by coast.

In July 1987 we set out from Poole. The sun shone on our backs as the ferry crossed the harbour mouth and we made our first bold strides along the path which was soon to become a way of life. That night the full horrors of what lay ahead became apparent - we nursed bruised feet and tired limbs as we tucked into the remainder of our survival rations in the small two-man tent which was now our home. Only just over five hundred miles to go!



It was the magnificent scenery and picturesque coastal villages that kept us going, however. The gruelling Dorset cliffs flashed by, Lulworth Cove, familiar haunt of all third form geographers, was left in our wake, and soon Lyme Regis heralded Devon. After the beauty of Dorset (give or take Weymouth), the initial part of this coastline was disappointing. The continuously built up shore from Exmouth to Brixham made the going dull and uninspiring. But beyond the hordes of holiday-makers and fleets of ice-cream vans lay the most scenic part of our route yet. The cliffs, uncrowded and windswept, provided us with stunning pitches for our tent and memories of A-levels were gently lulled away by the lapping of the sea beneath us.

Everything that we had done so far, however, had been but a warm-up for the longest and toughest section of the path: the Cornwall coast. We had built up stamina which was to be severely tested. Near St. Austell the rain started. Kit was wet, morale was low and crippling blisters were developing. That night was the lowest point of the walk. After an emergency of the camp committee it was decided unanimously to set back to the nearest bus the following morning; after all, we had already walked two hundred miles.

We don't know why, but we never did turn back. Things suddenly became easier. Aches and pains lessened as beyond Falmouth the Lizard and Land's End lured us on. Even more encouraging was the prospect of our first cream tea which was scheduled to celebrate rounding the tip of England. England's most westerly point was not a pleasant one at which to have, quite literally, the turning point of an expedition; the few acres of turf teemed with the masses. We took our photos and left.

North Cornwall represents some of the wildest, most rugged, and yet most outstanding sections of the walk. From Land's End to St. Ives we saw only six people in as many hours. The sandy beaches were empty and clean, in stark contrast to the Torquay conurbation now many miles behind. Day by day our objective grew closer, day by day our confidence increased - we were seasoned veterans of the path. No cliff was too high, and we took the succession of

deep coombes that flanked the sea from Tintagel to beyond Bude in our stride.

By comparison the gentle hills of Northern Devon was a welcome relaxation. Everything was going well, only A-level results could spoil things now. But a call box in Westward Ho! (named after the book) brought pleasant surprises and a stylish finish was in store.

Crossing into Somerset we had a long overdue shower (one of only two in three weeks!), followed by dinner in a restaurant. The following morning we set out on the last leg of the walk, arriving in Minehead by opening time. No banners awaited us, no cheering mobs, but it didn't matter, we were both elated.

Where shall we go next year?

Rob Jones & Tom Owen



SAIL TRAINING



I was reading through the O-level results on the first day of term when the Headmaster asked me if I'd ever been sailing. "No", I truthfully replied. Little did I know what he had in mind. More than half a year later I was in the South of France, fiddling with my shoelace, trying to work out the difference between a fisherman's bend and a sheepshank. I had less than two weeks left to go before I sailed on the 'Sir Winston Churchill'. I scrawled a postcard to my mother asking her to get three pairs of long johns, an E111 form and to check my embarkation date was the 16th., not the 13th.; perhaps I should have thought of that a little earlier.

The day of my departure was no more organised. We arrived at Fulking for lunch at around 1.00; my embarkation time was 2.00 - strict. We still had ten miles to go, my brother eats slowly. At 1.50 we were

still at Shoreham. Tension was mounting. I was last on board (inevitably?), even though I just made the deadline. There was no welcoming handshake, it was just straight down to the half deck for our first briefing. I hit my head on the roof as I descended. Things were not going well.

The meeting started immediately I arrived, a quick introduction to the crew from the captain, and a set of instructions on the next 24 hours of 'intensive training' from the mate. Next I met my watch leader. We had been instructed to refer to watch leaders as 'Mister' and he introduced himself as Mr. Kuyken, but soon changed it to Bill. He was the first person on the ship who displayed any signs of friendliness and also the first to reveal any brainpower. He was unshaven, wore an earring, and looked like an eighteenth century smuggler. He turned out to be a vegetarian, a socialist and a failed Oxford psychology graduate. His policy of leadership was never to blame those below him. He took the brunt of the flack we got for our mistakes, and in return we worked our hardest for him. We all came to respect him greatly. Bill soon found me a 'Sir Winston' smock, and I blended in a little better.

Next we handed in passports, met the Captain (and had that welcoming handshake at last), and the Purser - Percy, as we called him. To sail a ship like the 'Sir Winston' every crew member must have an understanding of the objective of every manoeuvre and how to carry it out. To start with, there are about 150 basic ropes on the ship; intensive training it certainly was. To say that this early training was fun would be to exaggerate, but it did have its moments. The best of these was climbing the rigging for the first time. This is an art which must be learned backwards by all on board as you may have to set a sail at 3.00a.m. in a gale. The basic idea is to climb up the shrouds by putting your feet on the rope cross struts, the ratlins, and your hands on the vertical metal stays. The idea is that if a ratlin breaks, which they frequently do, you merely slip a few feet before you grip on the firm metal stays which stops your fall! Training over, we set sail at 3.00p.m. the following day. There was a great sense of relief that we were sailing at last. The sea was calm, the food was good and clothes were still clean. As we started our first watch it seemed like a holiday. Not much later it was to feel like a fight for survival.

The days at sea followed a similar pattern. Your watch (there were three in all, each of 13 trainees) was officially on duty for 4 hours in every 12. Watches continued throughout the night; we sailed overnight. During this spell your watch had to crew the ship. Five would be on the bridge, a helmsman, a logbook man, a messenger and two lookout men, while the others made minor adjustments to the sails as necessary or otherwise slept/raided the galley (legal after 8.00). Life was relatively peaceful even while on watch until a major manoeuvre was required such as a tack or a gybe. At this point everyone is required on deck, and just about every rope on the ship has to be exercised in some way. At the best of times it was a panic.

While not on watch or tacking, most of the time was spent sleeping or eating. Sleep varied in quality depending on the weather outside; the two-day gale we had did provide certain difficulties. The food varied also in direct relation to the amount of time since the last port stop. Breakfast suffered the most - sour milk with cornflakes, stale bread and cups of coffee that threatened to learn to fly.

Perhaps the most testing day of all was my day to be in the galley. Somehow it seemed to be my turn to be 'galley rat' on the day of the gale. One person from each watch was 'rat' each day, making three on at each time. We took it in turns to vomit over the side in between preparing 53 three-course meals. Every time the boat tacked or gybed (about once every hour) everything had to be tied down. The wind changed sides and the boat swung from 20 degrees one way to 20 the other. What was more, every knife had to be washed and every dish cleaned. Somehow we managed to keep sailing. Team spirit was strong.

Other duties involved two days as bosuns worker (general ship maintenance), and one 'happy hour' every day. Happy hour was the most unhappy time in the day. The cabins, the half deck, the deck and even the heads had to be cleaned during this hour of pure misery. Heads is the nautical term for toilets. Indeed 'head' is an important word on board ship, and deck-heads, bulkheads, sail heads, ropeheads and heads must not be confused.

Ports provided a welcome break from the routine, though watches still had to be kept going. They also provided a great chance to show off, not least from the yard arms while entering and leaving port. The first place we called at was St. Malo after five days at sea. There we met, purely by accident, the sister ship, 'The Malcolm Miller' manned by a girls crew. This provided a great deal of interest and amusement, though one wit wondered whether the kind of girl who would volunteer for this sort of jaunt was quite the type to be alone with. Much of the time was spent savouring the delights of beach and bistros, enjoying the much needed break in the fantastic weather. Subsequent port stops were at Honfleur and Aldernay and, though less dramatic, were good fun. Each stop, like each day at sea, had its own character, including a tug of war against the 'Donald Searle' at Honfleur, which we won.

After 14 days of averaging 5 hours sleep with almost constant physical exertion during waking hours it is true to say that the end was in some ways a relief. I think we all agreed, though, that had it not been for the exhaustion, we would have been more than happy to stay on. Many of the people with whom I've kept in contact say they are pursuing sponsors

with a view to going again. For my part, I have volunteered for two refit weekends, that is helping to repair and clean the ship. After two weeks we had all come to feel part of the ship and handing her over to the next group was a sad process for all.

J. Hall VIH



LOWER SCHOOL FIELD TRIP

Alarm goes at 5.30a.m. Only possible response, disbelief, but memory eventually awakes.... train to catch.

Cup of tea negotiated (solid nourishment at this time of day is out of the question) and into the car. Gavin, Ben, James and Tim are waiting at the dining hall and dispose themselves between Cavalier and Golf together with a spectacular quantity of luggage - Gavin has brought anorak and wellies in addition to books, games and pullovers. We're only going to York for the day, and much of that will be spent indoors!

At Oxford station several recounts confirm that we all seem to be here. Sister Benedict gives us a tolerant smile and makes for the other end of the train. Even before we reach Banbury the pattern has been set; the card sharps are limbering up, Dungeons and Dragons debates are hotly pursued, brain teasing puzzles are passed around, I'm being lectured on the configuration of modern high speed coaching stock and sweets and crisps are vanishing in large quantities.

Birmingham New Street Station is cursed with an unintelligible station announcer, but eventually we gather that there is no rush - our connection to York is running late. Thank goodness for the T.V. monitors! Permanent way-work near Kilnhurst and Mesborough renders all attempts at recovering time fruitless and we arrive 20 minutes late. There's still time to admire York station, though, and to walk round the walls.

Think of Florence or Paris - any watery foreign city in fact - and the views along the river at York are just as beautiful; it's just a pity that the river is called the Ouse. Despite one attack of altitude sickness and a straggling tail-end charlie (no, he was leading the way) we arrive in full strength at Clifford's Tower. The views are well worth the climb and the souvenirs definitely pass the test.

We pause for sandwiches and then set off for the Jorvik exhibition. Now here is an upmarket queue, plent of rubbish bins, a brass band while you wait, loos within reach (keep my place will you?) and still some sandwiches left. This queue also offers an opportunity to observe some unattractive public behaviour: alongside but now in front, a couple of middle-aged professional queue jumpers demonstrate their talent and drop litter; behind are about forty cheerful but over-excited 14 year olds from Tyneside. Eventually we are inside, but all too soon it is time to think about the long journey home.

I.A.M.

FRENCH EXCHANGE WITH THE COLLEGE SEVIGNE

A party of twenty-five 3rd form pupils from the College Sevigne, an independent school in the 'quartier latin', came to England for a fortnight in April 1987.

Nine boys (2nd.-4th. yr.) from Abingdon and sixteen girls from Oxford High School, accompanied by one member of staff from each school, spent a fortnight in Paris with their exchange partners, from 16th. to 30th. May 1987.

Whereas most of the French pupils' visit was during the Easter holiday, with organised excursions and time in school only towards the end of their stay, our visit to Paris was almost entirely during term time. Consequently, our programme was more structured and, apart from weekends, followed the pattern of mornings in school, afternoons on group outings, and evenings with host families.

Although exhausting for the accompanying staff, this proved a very fruitful combination, providing a full and varied programme, outlined below.

Sat.	16	Arrive Roissy airport; met by host families.
Mon.	18	Use of Metro; Ile de la Cité; Le Forum des Halles.
Tues.	19	Pigalle; Montmartre (with guide).
Wed.	20	Day excursion to Versailles (with guide).
Thurs.	21	Rive Droite plus major sights.
Fri.	22	La Villette, Cité des Sciences et de l'Industrie
Mon.	25	Musée du Louvre; Beaubourg.
Tues.	26	La Ste. Chapelle; La Conciergerie; Notre Dame.
Wed.	27	Day excursion to Vaux-le-Vicomte.
Thurs.	28	Fête de l'Ascension.
Fri.	29	Musée d'Orsay; Samaritaine.
Sat.	30	Depart Roissy airport.

Observations et Experiences

At first I was apprehensive about the whole thing, but after some coaxing it did not seem such a bad idea after all. The time when my exchange partner was 'over here' was spent mostly looking at the such local sights as Blenheim and the Oxford Colleges, but the



one he found most interesting was London. He seemed overwhelmed by its size and beauty. This is what happened to me when I first encountered the city of Paris. Paris, in my opinion, is the most amazing city in the world. At first I doubted what everyone said about it; but it was as soon as I got there I realised what they were talking about. I can not emphasise enough the awesome and overwhelming effect it has on you.

The monuments, the sights, the views, food weather, atmosphere and people were greater than anything I had witnessed before. In fact the things to say about the wonderful city of Paris are too numerous. The family that took me in and put up with me for two weeks were some of the nicest and most hospitable people I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. Both parents spoke fluent English which in my times of trouble came to the rescue and saved me from many embarrassing moments. Therefore, almost because of this, my French had to improve and, of course, I am glad to say, it did.

For both persons involved in the exchange one of the most interesting and memorable things about it was school life. Alex found Abingdon quite eccentric and something he had never seen before. This not only amused him, but he came to quite like its typical English quaintness. I myself found French school life different, intriguing and very pleasant. One time I had a whole Physics lesson dedicated to myself where I learned all I wanted to know about pinhole cameras. On one occasion I also took over an English class, much to the enjoyment of my fellow French classmates.

I will definitely return to the blissful city of Paris. During those four weeks I had the time of my life.

B. Miller 4AFT

.....It helped me enormously. Now I know words I didn't think existed. I spoke quite a lot when I bought things or needed to know where to go, or just having a conversation with my French exchange's brother, mother, father or friends.....I think it's a thing I can look back on and remember for the rest of my life. I couldn't believe that I was actually in Paris; it was as if in a dream. All the sights like the Eiffel Tower, tasting French cuisine and just having a good time were all part of it (as well as aching feet!).

Also just to be in France and start up what I hope will be a long friendship. All too soon it was time to be back in England....

R. Schofield 3IAM

.....I got to my family's house with an aching right hand and lipstick on my cheeks. The French are certainly a demonstrative race! After hearing several rumours about how lonely one can feel on an exchange, I was surprised and pleased to find an extremely 'home-like' atmosphere. The mother of the family treated me like a brother of my exchange, bringing me back little goodies like cakes and sweets, which I didn't need, as the cuisine was delicious.....

W. Howard 5HE



.....We found it hard to imagine from the accounts how small the school would be. When we got there it seemed even more incredible. The playground was about the size of a House room, the Library the same as a Tardis cubicle that plays music. I really enjoyed the big city and the hustle and the bustle, and also being able to go anywhere that I wanted. The metro makes everything so near, and I enjoyed the independence of not having to be with Fabien all the time. The best part for me was going up the Eiffel Tower at 1.00a.m., though the journey back

on the metro was less fun!

I spoke a great deal of French as Fabien's mother did not speak any English. I got really confident by the end and was using some quite complicated phrases. Also asking normal people in the street for directions gave me a lot of confidence, so when I returned I could write a lot better and speak quite fluently. I learned a lot from this exchange, and not all French; how to get by in a big modern city. It was a great experience and I can't wait to get back there.

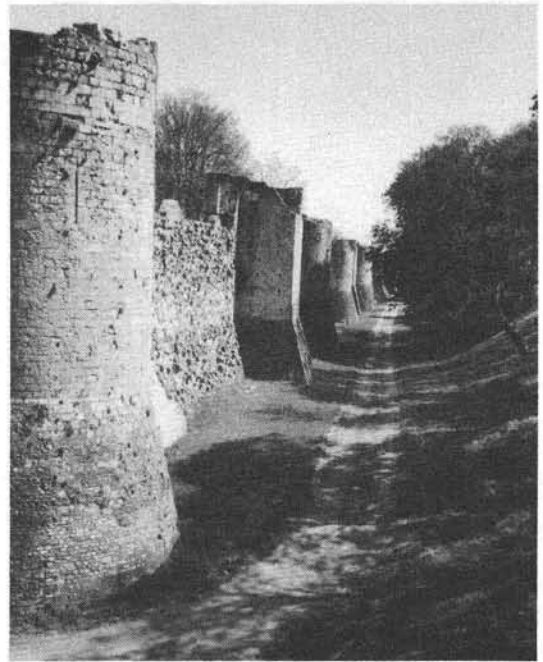
J. Hewes 5DJH

THE SEZANNE EXCHANGE

As this was my first visit to France, I was quite apprehensive not only of the alien country, but also the people and their (to us) strange customs. We arrived, having spent the best part of that day on the road first in England and then in France; at the town of Sezanne. I was collected by a much more comfortable French correspondent and his family, including a sick dog, which during the course of the week died.

My first "culture shock" was French cuisine and table manners; however, despite the food being "different", it both looked and smelt magnificent. Throughout the week, we had very fine weather, which made the day trips to Troyes and Paris very thirsty ones indeed! During my stay, I sampled cooked snails (ugh!), French railways and television, a "hypermarché", an informative visit to a Champagne cellar, and a post office - all providing ideal opportunities to practise my French....

I personally visited Paris twice, and saw many of the famous sights including the Centre Pompidou, the unappealing Eiffel Tower (however, the views compensated for its ugliness), the Champs Elysées, L'Arc de Triomphe, Notre



Dame and, unexpectedly, a radio station.

Towards the end of the stay, and our time had come to an end, there was a football match between the French and English - which the English won - and on the last night a party; then early next morning, as we had arrived on the school forecourt, the "goodbyes" and "thanks" were expressed, which marked the end of a very pleasurable and memorable French exchange felt by both sides of the channel, and I hope that the Sezanne exchange will continue well on into the future.

Joseph C. Viner 4SCB

A YEAR AT ABINGDON SCHOOL

It all began in about February of 1986 when I wrote a letter to the Headmaster asking whether it would be possible for me to come to Abingdon for a period of one year beginning in January '87. His subsequent answer was "yes", and so I quickly put 1987 to the back of my mind while I concentrated on my final year at school.

After my final exams I began rushing around and getting everything organised. I finished packing the day before I left and finally arrived at Heathrow on a cool crisp January morning. There was not a cloud in the sky which immediately left me wondering why the English always talked and complained about their weather - that particular day was unusual and most of the winter weather, as I soon discovered, was characterised by grey overcast days.

After a one-week stay in London, I travelled to

Abingdon. I arrived on a Monday afternoon and was left in the middle of the town. I had no idea where the school was, nor, as I was to discover, did many others. My immediate action was to ask a middle-aged couple, but, to my surprise, they did not know. As I had two very heavy bags, I decided a taxi was in order. I found the taxi rank, but a new problem confronted me - there were no taxis. After a thirty minute wait one finally materialised. I quickly jumped in, eager to get out of the numbing January weather. The driver said "Where to?", my reply, "Abingdon School". There was a brief pause and, I could not believe it, he did not know where it was! A quick radio call to headquarters got us under way: it was just round the corner.

There it was, Abingdon School. On the left the imposing Gothic-looking buildings, in the centre the very 1950's-looking Science and Lower School

Blocks, and on the right the Amey Hall. Everything was shrouded in mist, the leafless trees were like a skeleton's fingers and, as it was still the Christmas holidays, it was deathly quiet.

By sheer coincidence, as I walked up the main drive, a lone figure came striding quickly down the drive towards me. As I was looking for Lacies Court and had no idea where it was I stopped him and asked him. He did know indeed as he lived there: it was the Headmaster. And so my year at Abingdon School had begun.

You can imagine what impression that crazy first day had left me with, but I did not allow it to eclipse what I discovered in the following months. A first week in a new environment is never an easy one, nor was my first week at the school. Trying to remember all the different names of the masters that I would meet was a task in itself and then there were all the boys to contend with as well. But once I had settled into the pattern of school life, things became much easier.

In those first weeks my first reaction to the new environment was to criticise it. Fortunately, I soon realised that this was not really in order. First, I had to accept that the school was different, not inferior, to my own school, and secondly, it was not going to change to suit me, I had to change to suit it. Once I had made these changes the ride was far smoother.

Throughout the year my activities have varied quite considerably. I have helped with gym, games, Maths, Chemistry, Physics, Biology and even taken the odd French and Latin lessons. These have all been extremely interesting, but as most of the work was first to third form, they have tended to test my patience rather than my intelligence. The times I was actually allowed to teach a lesson myself proved the most interesting and ones that spring to mind are a double Physics practical with a second form class which I organised myself and my various attempts to

teach some first formers to swim in their games lessons.

After-school activities have included hockey, cricket, athletics, rugby, swimming and multigym/running. These have involved some learning of my own. When I arrived I only had a vague knowledge of the rules of hockey and rugby. I can now say I am fairly competent at refereeing these two particular sports, though I sure there are a few boys who would have you think otherwise.

On the boarding side my activities have ranged from regular sports hall evenings, and swimming with Waste Court, to movie theatre trips and snooker, table tennis and television watching with School House. Many of these activities have only been possible because during the year I tried to maintain an existence somewhere between being a member of the Master's Common Room and being a friend to the boys at the school.

My time at Abingdon has been a fantastic experience. The friendly staff and students have made sure of that. From my arrival on that wintry afternoon when I knew no one to now when I have many friends who will never be forgotten. As well as being a fantastic experience it has also been an extra year of education. The education any school can provide has its limitations and by having a gap year between school and university I have learned a great deal about myself, from my life at school in a living, breathing organisation, my various activities and also my travels in Great Britain and Europe.

There are many people I owe a lot to, but in the beginning it was the Headmaster whose decision in 1986 brought me from the other side of the world to spend a wonderful year at Abingdon School. Thank you Headmaster and thank you Abingdon School.

M.J.P. Bessell

CLASSICS UPPER SIXTH CONFERENCE

The annual Senior Conference at St. Edwards was again well attended by Oxfordshire Schools. Our 6 boys and 3 St. Helen's girls in the VI trooped off in the small minibus accompanied by Mr. Mitra. The general theme of the three morning lectures was "Tragedy". Dr. Harrison dealt in the first lecture with tragic elements in Virgil's characterisation of Dido in Bk.IV of the "Aeneid". He showed how closely Dido resembles the canons (of a tragic figure) established by Aristotle in his "Poetics". In the second lecture, Dr. Parker entertainingly demonstrated how far removed from actual religious practice are the religious and mythological components of Greek tragic plays. He also indicated the sinister role played by prophecy in tragic plots, whereas in real life, according to Xenophon, the Greeks regarded prophecy as a useful system of

signs designed to help people. In the third lecture, Dr. Rutherford examined Euripides' extraordinary presentation of Medea in his tragedy of the same name. He proved the depth of the poet's fascination with female psychology and contrasted the heroic, or rather demonic, presentation of Medea herself with the colourless, timid creatures who seem to have inhabited real fifth century Athens, if, and only if, we can believe our other literary and historical sources. After lunch we were shown the splendid Michael Cacoyannis film version of Euripides' "Women of Troy" in modern Greek with subtitles. Haunting, atmospheric and deeply disturbing, it moved us through every shade of emotion relentlessly towards its mysterious finale, the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the inhuman destruction of human innocence.

A.M.

BUSINESS STUDIES

This year the Business Studies group face the A level for the first time. It was particularly interesting, therefore, to interview some of the boys in the 'hot seat' and see what their views were on the practical activities part of the course which requires them to seek out, identify and follow up business projects which they then report back on. In all this constitutes 25% of their overall mark, and so is in every sense a significant part of their study. What follows is a list of the boys who offered to speak and the groups that they secured places with.

Adrian Maugham - Minoli Tiles Ltd., Oxford.
Richard Buckley - Wesley-Barrell (Witney) Ltd.
James Slipper - Man UW; Distributing & Marketing Division
Jonathan Davis - ARC Conbloc Division
Jeremy Seager - Abu Dhabai Marina Club
Michael Betts - Frilford Heath Golf Club
Jonathan Blake - Bellhouse Medical Products
James Bennett - Burgess & Son Press
Richard Bakesef - ARC Construction Ltd.
Chris Ashton - Wilder Ltd.
Robert Harding - Mogana Ltd.
Simon Humble - Phaidon Press Ltd.

The excitement of the project, it emerged, was that it entailed solving a genuine business problem. Firms isolated it for one and left one to get on with solving it. Firms were found in various ways, but the most frequent ways were by friends of the family, neighbours or personal contact of one sort or another. The question arose whether any special difficulties were encountered, but the emphatic response was no. Firms, it was agreed, were helpful in setting things up; sometimes it took a little time, but they were geared to the undertaking. Certain of the firms, Amey Roadstone and Burgess most notably, were clear about what they wanted from the project. There was a job to be done in their interests and while they were reasonably clear what the answers would be in advance they certainly expected the task to be done.

The psychology of approach was raised; what were your feelings going in? What were the attitudes and the degree of cooperation? With only one exception did anybody feel isolated. This was at Frilford Golf Club, but that situation was really anomalous in the framework of business institutions, and there was no doubt that economies of scale conditioned the responses. By the same token, how much awkwardness was there on either the part of the pupil or staff? Managers, it was found, were invariably obliging and very much on the wavelength. They made it known they were pleased with the work and the length of time it took, that is to say, the seriousness with which it was approached and the general effort to get it done in a manageable period of time. Furthermore, the firms expected to see the reports, and to the question whether the pupils would wish or be willing to work in that firm the answer was 9:3 in favour.

There was a unanimous feeling that the experience had been beneficial, whether because it was career focused or because it brought home forcibly the practical good sense of such options as sandwich courses. All this was based on such job experience as constructing leaker blocks, working on the production line, on-the-job upholstery or working in an asphalt

park. In all cases it was felt that you were taught to see, to analyse the business, and on this count it was felt to be real work experience, which was congenial. Perhaps most striking were the general conclusions I came away with - that ordinary people know their jobs and are interested in them, that the firms which appear to have the best practice are those which listen to those directly involved, that the accounting/financial side is worryingly divorced from the 'sharp end', at least in the findings of some, that in the end the successful business is the one which is people oriented. Finally, the best firms were alive to the reciprocal benefits - James Bennett was awarded £200 by Burgess for the report which he finally made, an unexpected bonus!

I am grateful to Mr. Townsend and to the boys in his group for setting up the interview for me.

R.S.K.M.



ABINGDON ENTERPRISE

Abingdon Enterprise completed its first year of trading by going into voluntary liquidation in June 1987. We made a modest profit. The Enterprise had decided to produce modern, acrylic clocks which were available in a free-standing or a wall-mounted version in a variety of colours. The production of the clocks was carried out at the Warehouse using the recently installed machines. The Board made the clocks themselves, and so firstly had to learn the techniques involved in the production process.

There were a few administrative problems at the start of the year, but after the dismissal of the managing director the Enterprise ran smoothly and made steady progress. The Board was aided and advised by Tim Cook, the managing director of Oxford Analytical Instruments and also by Marc Forsyth (OA) from the National Westminster Bank, who helped with the financial side of the business. Mr. Townsend gave valuable support and encouragement at all times, while Mr. Mansfield gave advice on the production of the clocks.

We learned a great deal about the business world, especially the important factor of time, which seemed to run out all too quickly, and the need for effective decision making. The enterprise was an enjoyable, valuable and rewarding experience for all concerned. The Board took a voluntary exam set by the Young Enterprise National Council and the results were as follows:

Credits: B. Dyer (Secretary)
C. Ashton (Marketing)
Passes: T. Taylor (Production)
D. Boorman (Accountant)
A. Maughan (Personnel)

D. Boorman

THE MOON GATE AT LACIES COURT

Visitors to the Headmaster's house often comment on the attractiveness of the "hole in the wall" by which they pass from the Jekyll Garden to the gardens of Lacies Court itself. Few, probably, realise that it is a feature of some rarity, with a long and interesting history.

The form of the moon gate was developed in China at a very early date, but even in its native land it is now, apparently, comparatively scarce. One is still to be found in the old gardens of the ancient city of Suzhou, and another is preserved in the Summer Palace at Beijing, in the garden wall of the temple of the Great Awakening. Moon gates evolved as part of the great tradition of Chinese landscape gardening, in which particular attention was paid to the composition of vistas, and to the harmonious interplay of forms and spaces. A round arch, framing a view like a picture, gave formal definition and focus to a garden scene, and acted at the same time as a window on to a different landscape, while its shape suggested reflections on the mystic symbolism of the circle.

Chinese influence on garden style became notable in England during the early part of the eighteenth century, particularly through the agency of Sir William Chambers, who travelled in the Far East and published books on the subject of Chinese building and oriental gardening. It was Chambers who was responsible for the famous pagoda erected in the Royal Gardens at Kew in 1761. We do not know whether Chambers was the first to build moon gates in England, but the vogue for them began about the time that he was working, and lasted for half a century or more. Few of these early arches have survived, however; as garden features, they lack the substance and varied usefulness of a building, and are all too likely to fall victim to changes of fashion in planting or

pathway plans. An early nineteenth-century example survives at Petersfield House, in Norfolk, where it marks the boundary between, on one side, a wooded glade, and on the other, a pleasure garden with a lily pool and dovecotes. At Fanhams Hall, near Ware in Hertfordshire, a pair of matching moon gates similarly pierce a wall separating the lawns and flower beds immediately around the house and the park land beyond.

The moon gate at Lacies Court was created at about the turn of the present century, and formerly opened a way from the sweeping lawns around the house to the walled enclosure which we call the Jekyll Garden. Nowadays, of course, it is the Jekyll Garden which has been opened up to the fields beyond, and the lawns which are relatively more enclosed, but the gate still stands on a significant boundary, and recent changes in the Jekyll Garden have restored a good deal of the original sense of vista, from both sides. The rebuilding of the wall itself, on either side of the archway, and the re-creation of the crumbling brick buttresses on its east side, have rescued the gate from dereliction, and the next few years should see further planting in the neighbourhood to give still greater value to this previously neglected feature of the grounds.

As the name given to the enclosed garden beyond the moon gate suggests, Gertrude Jekyll has for some time been credited with the design of the grounds at Lacies Court, and certainly a good many of the surviving masonry features, together with relics of the planting arrangements, suggest her style. Recently discovered evidence, however, suggests a different, and in some ways even more distinguished authorship - but of that, more on another occasion.

M.St.J. Parker



THE MOCK ELECTION

The mock election began almost immediately after the real one was called. A group of boys drew up a set of rules for the election which were approved by the Headmaster and the election got going. The first task for prospective candidates was to gain enough signatures for nomination. This was no easy task, as several parties had more than one prospective candidate and the one with the most signatures would become the candidate - an arrangement which led to potential candidates competing to get vast numbers of signatures.

After all nomination papers were in the field was narrowed down to seven candidates, one from each of the three main parties, and one from the Greens, a Trotskyite, an Anarchist and an Independent Right candidate.

The candidates each had a public meeting to put

forward their party's programme. These were mostly well attended. For the sake of realism heckling was allowed, under the guidance of Mr. Clayton, and several meetings were distinctly rowdy, one almost becoming a riot due to the outrage felt by the attendant public at the speaker! The candidates also got the chance to put posters on approved noticeboards and this was used to the full.

Over the course of the campaign several schemes appeared. The Conservative called for the extension of the government's policies for five more years, the Labour candidate for an end to these policies and their replacement by better state provision for the needy and for British industry. The Anarchist strove to prove that 'anarchy works', while the Alliance candidate called for less rowdy, personalised and antagonistic political processes. The other

candidates also propagated their views.

Towards the climax of the campaign representatives of the three main parties visited the school to give support to their candidates. For Labour the local parliamentary candidate came, and for the Conservatives and the Alliance, advisors to the parliamentary candidate appeared. Finally, a meeting was held on the day before the poll at which all candidates attended, and spoke on their policies.

Polling took place on election day by tutor groups, and the results were read out by the Headmaster who acted as returning officer. That luctime the results

were read to a rowdy, full assembly in the Amey Hall as follows:

Carr, J. (Green Party)	38
Clark, M. (Alliance)	123
Green, A. (Conservative)	201
Hugill, P. (Internation Socialist)	8
Nightall, M. (Independent Right)	22
Nolan, D. (Anarchist)	191
Randall, G. (Labour)	33

G.J. Randall VIZ



DEBATING SOCIETY

The 1986/7 year was a mixed one for the Debating Society. No meetings were held during Lent term and the Summer term was decidedly shaky, with some poorly attended debates, and lacklustre speeches. At the end of the Michaelmas term we had to say goodbye to our distinguished, sponsoring master, Mr. Sharp, who returned to the eighteenth century. Also leaving us at the end of that term was our distinguished chairman, Mr. Greenwood. His post is now filled by the joint ticket of Mr. Randall and Mr. Nolan. Whether this leads us to Janus-like double-headed wisdom or to plain schizophrenia remains to be seen.

What did we decide? We expressed confidence in Mrs Thatcher's (second) government and welcomed her to a third. We decided to "bash the rich", rejected capital punishment, decided that there was hope, and that Christianity had relevance to the modern world, among other things. Finally, a word to the world from the society: take heed of our predictions! Way back in January 1984 we decided that the SDP had no future. Now we stand vindicated!

G. Randall VIZ

DEBATING SOCIETY TRIP

On the final full Wednesday of term, six members of the Debating Society were fortunate to be able to accept an offer which had come up at very short notice to visit the Houses of Parliament. It was a memorable day. Having been met by John Patten, M.P., we spent the morning touring the Houses and were lucky to have as our conductor one of Parliament's oldest and most interesting guides. The considerable associations of the present buildings were enhanced by his anecdotes, by the sight of living Peers and Members, and by the paintings, statuary, and archival material that witnessed to the life of earlier buildings on the same site. To trace the steps of Fox, Burke and Pitt, or to stand in the same lobby where Gladstone, Chamberlain, Salisbury and Churchill had met, was a powerful experience, not soon to be forgotten.

Lunch took us to Whitehall, to rub shoulders with the mandarin, and to catch glimpses of speeding ministerial motorcades. We were aware of constant high security, and of the media-

consciousness of figures in modern public life: the style of Lloyd-George and Walpole, perhaps, but scarcely that of Mr. Asquith or the younger Pitt. It was salutary to move from Downing Street back to Westminster, to contemplate the frailties of power amidst the tombs in the Abbey, before returning to the House of Commons in time to see the Speaker's Procession and hear the opening stages of the day's business. A reasonably full House was considering mortgage-relief for the unemployed; later the nuclear issue was raised and we heard an unsuccessful application for a debate on the MI5 case from Tam Dalyell. Our chairman drew comfort from the tribulations of a modern

Speaker: compared to Westminster, the Lecture Theatre on Fridays is an oasis of tranquillity and reason. Nevertheless, we all enjoyed the experience enormously and hope that Abingdon debaters will long contrive to benefit from the realisation that even we represent a part of the same great tradition.

J.R.S.



AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

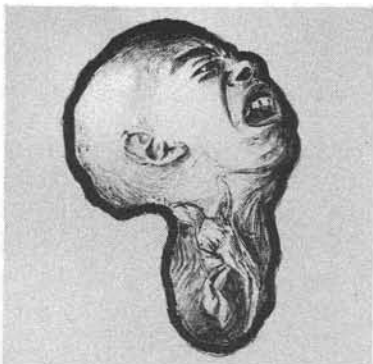
This last year has seen the setting up, with the Headmaster's permission, of a school group of Amnesty International. Mr. Mearns and Mrs. Manship invited any interested parties to take part in the letter-writing campaigns; response was very positive. 'Cases' were selected from A.I.'s bi-monthly journal, and the authorities in countries as diverse as Chile, Turkey, Russia, China, Romania and South Africa were written to. The Christmas card campaign

aroused considerable enthusiasm, particularly the question of the Guatemalan 'disappearance' cases. Activity increased at a steady rate in the new year and liaison was established with the local town group.

Highlight of the year, however, was the climax to the investigation case in Taiwan when, after a vigorous campaign, Mrs. Wu was released after seven years imprisonment without trial for 'guilt by association'. On the receipt of this news the Headmaster invited Mr. Mearns to address the main school assembly and interest in the society's work was greatly increased. By the end of the year the group was in good heart. Interest was widespread and letters had been written as part of the 'Children's Urgent Action Campaign' to Ecuador. Furthermore, as the new year beckons, we are responding to the British Section's plea for raising awareness of the organisation's opposition to the death penalty.

Open Day saw the setting up an Amnesty stand. The number of visitors was not great, but those who came were clearly moved by the photographs and pictures of man's inhumanity to man.

G. Hyde-Blake VIB



THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

This term has seen the first major change in the Grundy Library since it was opened by Princess Margaret in 1963. Although the room in itself is beautiful, over the years problems of use had become apparent. In particular, the oak floor echoed every footstep, even below in the Hooke Library, and the tables, with their groupings of eight chairs, could encourage sociability rather than quiet work. The decision was therefore taken to spend the proceeds of the TASS Fete on carpeting and furniture. Carpet tiles to match those in the Hooke Library have been laid, and 24 individual tables and chairs purchased from Ercon, whilst the former Grundy chairs and tables have been moved into the Hooke Library. The improvement in quietness and atmosphere has fully met our expectations.

An addition to the library has been the formation of a magazine reading area in the gallery with four easy chairs and a low table, which we hope to enlarge in the future, and here we have already been helped by a very generous gift from Mr and Mrs Gawthorne.

In the not too distant future, and as funds permit, we hope to change the ceiling of the Grundy Library and improve the lighting; in the meantime I hope parents and old boys will come and see the libraries and what has been achieved.

K.G.H.

MR. N.K. HAMMOND INTERVIEW

Last summer term Mr. Hammond spent a term as visiting schoolmaster fellow at Liverpool University. Donal Nolan interviewed him on some of the aspects of his time spent there.

Donal: Mr. Hammond, how did the opportunity arise for you to visit the United States and the University of Liverpool?

Teacher: The school encourages members of Common Room to take a year or a term off. Having been teaching some years I decided to take advantage of this magnanimous offer. I decided to go to Washington to see the system at first hand. In order to follow it up with a reading programme, I obtained a School Master Fellowship in Politics at Liverpool University.

D: While in the US you were a staffer internee with Senator Joe Biden. What did that mean?

Teacher: I had a pass taking me to the Senate and House of Representatives or to any of the House or Senate Committees. But technically, being an intern means that you work in the Senator's office. Because I was British, I was absolved from that responsibility.

D: How many times did you visit his office?

T: A couple of times a week.

D: Is it a big office?

T: Huge. It's a suite of offices - four rooms in the Russell Buildings with the senator ensconced in the inner sanctum surrounded by defence mechanisms to keep people away from him.

D: So it is quite different from the average MP?

T: The average MP shares a table in a corridor with three other MPs. The contrast offer for the two is enormous.

D: What did you actually do when you were around the Senate Building?

T: I spent time in the Senate and House Chambers. I also specialised on the Senate Judiciary Committee, because Senator Biden is the Chairman, and the Senate Armed Services Committee of which Senatore Nunn is Chairman. I was particularly interested in listening to the way in which American Defence Policy appears to be operating which came through well in Committee discussion and hearing. The Judiciary Committee was equally specialised and esoteric.

*

D: Then you spent a week travelling round Virginia. Where did you go?

T: The historic sites and battlefields in Virginia, Fredericksburg and Williamsburg. I went up to Gettysburg in Pennsylvania and down to Tennessee. I stayed at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. Obviously, I had been to George Washington's house at Mount Vernon. I went up to Monticello where Thomas Jefferson lived. He founded the University of Virginia. I stayed with an Old Boy there, Prof. James Cox who is Professor of Architecture. I met his mother, Mrs. Cox, who was the second woman mayor of Abingdon. She is now over 90 and living in Charlottesville. I then went on an eight hour drive to the borders of Kentucky and Tennessee in the far corner of Virginia to Abingdon, where I was shown round by an architect. The contrast between Abingdon, Virginia and Abingdon, England is stark. The Virginian town is a small country town, much smaller than ours. The population is around 4/5,000 just concentrated on two streets, a main street and running parallel to it, West Street. In the centre there is a large hotel, the Martha Washington, there is a good theatre, the Baxter, and a number of isolated food and gift shops; apart from that there is residential accommodation for business people.

D: Do you know the hirtory of the link between the two names?

T: I suspect that Abingdon, Virginia was set up by emigrants from this part of England. In the Town Hall of Abingdon, Virginia, there is the Abingdon, England, Coat of Arms along with a picture of Mrs. Cox in full mayorial dress.

*

D: What work did you do in the University of Liverpool?

T: Most of my time was occupied in reading books on American Government and Politics. It was extremely useful because the books available in the Library and the guidance of my supervisor were first rate, and so much of what I had seen in Washington fell into place. Most days I got to the Library when it opened at 9.00 in the morning which was very late for me as I normally start work much before that - I am a lark rather than an owl! I read through much of the day and in the evening I would go out to a theatre, concert, cinema or just walk to the pub for a drink, go the Student's Union or go for a walk along the beach at Southport.

D: What sort of books were you reading? Were they textbooks or more detailed?

T: Largely specialist up-to-date books written by Americans on the American system. Some of them were extremely detailed and highly theoretical. The American political writer looks at American Politics through theoretical and conceptual eyes.

D: What else did you do?

T: I took copious notes. I have something like a dozen notebooks full of extremely valuable material on American Government and I think that should see me through teaching for a few years. I also did quite a bit of reading in British Government with the Professor of Politics, Fred Ridley, who edits Parliamentary Affairs, the journal of the Hansard Society. I reviewed

20 GCSE, school and university books for him and wrote an extensive article for him about them.

D: What were your feelings about Liverpool University?

T: I liked it. When I went for the interview I thought to myself, well I wouldn't mind coming here for a term. In the event I would not have minded going there for rather longer. The reason is that it was unlike any other university I'd been to. I believe in seeing one or two chimneypots, so to speak, and Liverpool is as different from the Oxford area as one could possibly imagine. I liked the University. I found the average student was hard-working, earnest and left-wing. The centre and right in Liverpool seem non-existent. I thought the University very well equipped. The staff/student relationship seemed easy and positive. The accommodation was first rate.

D: What did you feel you got out of you trip?

T: An understanding of how other people live. I think I see something of the problems that exist in Britain more clearly. In terms of my work in the University, I made extremely helpful and useful contacts, and my reading programme helped sharpen up my British and American Politics. I suppose overall, and the schoolmaster fellowships are intended for this, I was given the opportunity for relaxation, reflection: to understand the problems of the University and for them to grasp the objectives and difficulties in schools.

D: Mr. Hammond, thank you very much.



RUGBY



REVIEW

The 1986 season has been a successful one for the rugby club. If the results of the ten teams which regularly play school fixtures are considered, then the club stands in credit with 50 victories and 4 draws out of 96 matches played. This is the first time for a number of years that the club has managed this, and given the known strength of some of the schools we play, it represents a worthy achievement.

The three senior teams all had excellent playing records. The First XV was victorious in nine fixtures. Nine matches won out of twelve played with 221 points for and 74 against was also the playing record of the Colts 'A' XV under the direction of Mr. Drummond-Hay. They swept all opposition aside, except on occasions when the physical dominance of their opponents proved insurmountable.

Pride of place, however, must go to the Second XV who notched eight wins, including Radley and Marlborough, and two draws and sustained only one defeat at the hands of a powerful St. Edward's side. Although they constituted a group of players with no real stars, under the coaching and guidance of Mr. Gabitass they developed into a real team and thoroughly deserved their success.

The Junior Colts and Junior sides, although less conspicuously successful, worked hard and emerged as distinctly better sides at the end of the season.

Individual successes were achieved by Andrew Wintle, James Crawford, Mark Snow, Max Henderson and Guy Harrison who all represented the county at U.16 level, while at U.18 level Tom Owen, the club captain, Simon Wintle, Garrath Reayer and Ashley Tapper were all selected. Andrew Wintle also moved on to higher levels following in the footsteps of his brother last year.

At the rugby club dinner the Progress Cup was awarded to Andrew Ransome, winger for the Second XV.

FIRST XV

In terms of playing personnel the signs looked good at the start of the 1986 season. Although only four players remained from the previous year's First XV, there were a good number of stars from the successful Second XV. It was clear that most of the players would be drawn from the upper sixth, a year group that had become accustomed to success on the rugby field when in the middle school. Despite a hiccup in mid-term, it did indeed turn out to be a successful season, with 9 wins from the 12 matches played.

In the first match of the season Bloxham were defeated 12-0, thanks to four Ashley Tapper penalties. We were clearly the better side, but the game was a typical beginning of the season one. The next two games, both at home, were very tight encounters. We emerged 7-3 winners over Berkhamsted after a game in which we had control of the first half and Berkhamsted in the second. Lineout possession was minimal and we were also under pressure in the scrums. However, we had the edge in the backs and this enabled us to contrive the decisive try. The Pangbourne match was very scrappy. Conditions were ideal, but the two sides cancelled each other out much of the time: in particular second-phase possession was at a premium. Ashley Tapper's conversion of Garrath Reayer's try proved vital as we won 6-4.

In the next two games a more fluent style emerged. Magdalen were comfortably defeated 28-3 in a performance which yielded 6 tries. The pack were scrummaging well by now and the backs running confidently. We next entertained Shiplake College in the first fixture between the two schools, both teams having been all-victorious up to this point. The Abingdon pack immediately asserted themselves over their opposite numbers and this was rewarded by a converted try in the first five minutes. Although we continued to dominate, the remainder of the first half yielded no further scores. However, we scored at regular intervals after the break to emerge 26-0 winners: a good result reflecting a first-rate performance.

Three days later we visited Radley. The abiding memory of this match is the final fifteen to twenty minutes. Any spectator who had arrived in time only to see the last quarter would have concluded there was only one team in the game: Abingdon. Regrettably, though, we had by then allowed Radley to get in front by 19 points to 3. The two fine tries we scored at the end, both unconverted, brought us back to 11-19, but time ran out.

We gave a very lack-lustre display at Marlborough to go down 7-22. Worse was to follow on the next Saturday when we faced Newbury, who in the previous four or five years had been weak. This year they proved to be a much more competitive side. In addition, two of our players making their own way to the ground after Open Morning arrived only minutes before kick-off, four points went adrift when a 'try' was not properly grounded, captain Tom Owen left the field with an injury ten minutes into the second half and generally everything that could go wrong, did. We lost 13-15.

However, the team bounced back with admirable resilience to win the remaining four games. Reading were comfortably defeated, six tries coming in a 31-6 victory. Ten days later we took on another of our big fixtures, St. Edward's. By now we had agreed on a policy of running the ball virtually anywhere. Initially, however, there was no ball to run: all that we did win was messy and effectively unusable. St. Edward's scored under the posts after 15 minutes, 0-6. This seemed to wake us up, but it was another quarter of an hour, from only our second clean piece of scrummaging possession, before we contrived a score. Once again Garrath Reayer proved a key attacker and Dave Jennaway scored the try. Three minutes later from a quick tapped penalty Ashley Tapper fed Damian Sutcliffe who beat his opposite number to score in the corner. 8-6. This was in fact the end of the scoring. A lot of committed defence kept St. Edward's out in the second half and with minutes to go came the proof that attack is the best form of defence. Having been pinned down for ten minutes we ran the ball in our own 22. As the movement neared the touchline it seemed logical that the ball should be kicked safely into touch, but no, the movement was sustained and covered 90 metres, almost resulting in a try. We were then safe. It was a first-rate victory.

The last school match was against Warwick, a school not beaten by us for five years. We produced a very competent display to run out 20-3 winners, Graham Scott notching a hat-trick of tries. It put everyone in a good mood for the rugby club dinner the same day.

On the final Saturday of term the Old Abingdonians were entertained for what proved to be the last time. The encounter was not a sparkling one, but the school side showed what a good side it had become by recording its ninth win of the term, by 12-4.

Tom Owen, as open-side flanker, captained the side by fine example, always ready to give 100 per cent and to demand the same from others. Nick Westwood, the Second XV captain, deputised for Tom very ably in three matches. Stephan Green was an impressive number 8, big, fast and good with his hands. The third spot in the back row was occupied by Robin Whittaker, a much improved player from last year, and then after his injury, by Martin Drewe, physically smaller, but an all action player.

The scrum was locked by Alistair Corbett, a solid scrummager and very effective player in the loose, and Paul Monaghan, another good player in the tight. Bill Reynolds also deputised on four occasions. A very solid front row comprised Tim Taylor, Patrick Roberts and Dave Smith, who were always competitive.

The biggest question mark was over the scrum-half position and we were fortunate to have available two quality players of contrasting styles: Dan Blackman, an elusive quick runner with a useful kick, and Richard Walker, stronger and with a longer pass. As it turned out both players had six matches, Richard playing most of the first half of the season and Dan most of the second.

Ashley Tapper was an accomplished and secure fly-half as well as a reliable place-kicker. Despite his small build, he was a resilient player and his tackling improved tremendously, being willing to put down even stampeding second-row forwards. Simon Wintle and Garrath Reayer formed the centre pairing. Simon always had the capacity to make breaks and distribute the ball well, but was possibly a little too demanding of himself and introspective to let his talent flourish. Garrath was always charged up and ready to give it a go. After a year off he made an immediate impact on his return. He was a very solid defender, but more importantly our most dangerous attacker. He finished as leading try-scorer with eight to his name.

On the wing Damian Sutcliffe combined pace and elusiveness. His handling was also much improved from last year. On the other, Dave Jennaway was determined and had the ability to beat players in his own inimitable style. Between them Damian and David scored 11 of the 30 tries scored. Graham Scott completed the side at full back, a more confident player this year, but still one who preferred to set up tries than score them himself, until the Warwick game that is.

James Lister Cheese, twice, and Andrew Ransome, once, also appeared for the First XV.

R.S.P.



RESULTS:

Bloxham	Won	12 - 0
Berkhamsted	Won	7 - 3
Pangbourn	Won	6 - 4
Magdalen	Won	28 - 3
Shiplake	Won	26 - 0
Radley	Lost	11 - 19
Marlborough	Lost	7 - 22
Newbury	Lost	13 - 15
Reading	Won	31 - 6
St. Edward's	Won	8 - 6
Warwick	Won	20 - 6
Old Abingdonians	Won	12 - 4



SECOND XV

That the Second XV have had such a successful season, out-doing their illustrious predecessors of 1985, could not have been predicted at early-season training. However, the team's record, of only one defeat - and that when 4 or 5 key players were either injured or helping the First XV - speaks for itself. What it says, fundamentally, is that you do not need outstanding individuals to produce a good team. A sense of common purpose, a willingness to succeed, a spirit of enjoyment and a lack of selfishness are quite sufficient.

The high point of the term came a little too early; this was undoubtedly the away victory against Radley, when we bounced back from being 0 - 10 down to win, close to the final whistle, 13 - 10. Things were going well up until that point. Our lack of weight, muscle and power up front had not been exposed in the glorious weather and on some fast, dry pitches. This allowed us to play a running game, moving the ball quickly into space, supporting on the flanks, and winning the rucks. The lack of a goal-kicker made it essential to score tries: in the first five matches, in fact, only 8 out of 21 tries were converted. Running rugby involves all fifteen players, thereby making the whole exercise thoroughly enjoyable, and we played some sparkling football.

Although reliable catching was never a strong feature among the back (the 'Teflon' award attracted an embarrassing number of candidates) they scored some outstanding tries, significantly on the wings, and often sustained passing movements from wide out. The forwards, too, although lacking physical clout, could be persuaded to drive quickly forward: one movement, in pouring rain at Reading, was incredible; I still don't believe it happened. Above all, however, we were fortunate there were two scrum-halves available, together with some good back-row forwards, which gave us versatility and cunning in attack. Dan Blackman played superbly, his style suiting the team's style exactly, until he was deservedly promoted to the Firsts. His attitude to the game was exemplary: busy, always eager for the ball, constantly and passionately involved, keenly competitive and everywhere in defence. When Martin Drewe, a fast flanker and deadly tackler, was also promoted, the team lost a great deal. Fortunately, Richard Walker proved a fine alternative at scrum half, and we managed to cover ourselves on the flank, but it is an overall tribute to the side that it continued to be successful after half-term, when these two players were elevated, against increasingly tough opposition.

The second half of the Marlborough match was memorable; we clicked - explosively - and ran in four tries, while dropping luxuriously another four 'sitters' against good opposition. Against Newbury we came up against a bigger, stronger pack, but managed through intelligent variation to score two tries, and through butterfingers to drop three or four other scoring chances. The Reading game was played in a steady downpour, yet produced an excellent open game in which our predatory wings pounced on every wayward ball to score. Then we came up against a strong, efficient side at St. Edward's, with a line- and goal-kicker whose lengthy accuracy sapped morale. After this, the first and only defeat of the term, it needed all the spirit we could muster to take on Warwick, but after a few narrow squeaks we managed a comfortable draw.

As the season progressed, individuals skills emerged and personalities began to flourish within the team. Andrew Ransome, last year's Fourth XV skipper, developed a hypnotic pelvic twist code-named 'the wriggle', which enabled him to score ten tries in the season. Andrew deservedly won the Progress Cup, and finished the term on the wing for the First XV against the Old Boys. On the other wing the gentle Irishman, Conor Marnane, developed the 'Bolxham two-step' to devastating effect on all those occasions when his other dodge, 'the universal Fumble', allowed. Richard Walker's stout management at the base of

the scrum earned him the nickname 'General', aptly confirmed when he torpedoed the opposition at Warwick. As the last line of defence, Justin Taylor was completely committed, physically and vocally. So demanding were his exhortations on the larynx that he was forced to take most Monday training sessions off to recover.

One could go on and on. This was a side full of colour, with a huge appetite for the game, who turned out cheerfully for a great many practices, and whose apparently unquenchable spirit saw them through some very tough encounters. On four occasions they came from behind to win. The same talents with a different set of personalities might well have produced a very contrasting season's statistics. Our centres, Bomber Banwell and Basher Bishop (picked for the alliteration), were usually uncompromising in defence, and disrupted the opposition with their quick tackling. Neil Franklin at outside-half had a good pair of hands and varied the attack shrewdly, so that the opposition was kept guessing. In the front row Mike Rippengal, another player raised in the nursery of last year's Fourth XV, usually propped with Lames Lister Cheese, with either Martin Browning (a very much improved player) or Matthew Elliott hooking. Although we were rarely in the scrummage, these players learned rapidly the tricks of the trade and showed real intelligence in often winning some good ball against bulkier opponents. The locks were usually Bill Reynolds and Gavin Blake, neither of whom could claim to be the highest of jumpers, but who were wholly competitive, good scrummagers, and 'one-hundred-percenters'. Richard Winsley kept the No.8 position throughout the season. He was a key player in our attacking plans, being fast, athletic, and the possessor of an excellent pair of hands. His goal-keeper training meant that he took many keen line-out catches. Martin Landray and Paul Snow played at open-side flanker, amongst other positions. I suppose they should be described as utility players, although both filled every position they were called upon to play with distinction, and we were lucky to have them; in no way were they ever the fifteenth or sixteenth man on the side. Nick Westwood, finally, took the blindside berth and skipped the side on those occasions when he was not deputising for the Firsts. Nick's commitment was total. I would like to say that he was the best-dressed player in the team, but Gavin Blake took the sartorial biscuit. To Nick goes this year's prize for the 'Team member most avid to arrange extra practices'. A coach has to be truly thankful to a skipper who always beat him to the gun in calling the side out for another lunch-time 'extra'.

It must be some time since the Second XV had such a successful and enjoyable term's rugby. To achieve such a record a great deal of hard, willing work is required, together with spirit and zest. This year's XV was an outstandingly pleasant and rewarding group to work with, both on and off the field.

J.R.G.

Those who played regularly were: N. Westwood, J. Taylor, A. Ransome, T. Bishop, M. Banwell, P. Snow, C. Marnane, N. Franklin, D. Blackman, R. Walker, R. Winsley, M. Landray, G. Blake, W. Reynolds, M. Rippengal, M. Elliott, M. Browning, J. Lister Cheese.

Also appeared: D. Cunliffe, M. Spencer, S. Goldsworthy.

RESULTS:

P 11	W 8	D 2	L 1:	Pts. for 190	Pts. against 103
Bloxham (a)				W	24-8
Berkhamsted (a)				D	20-20
Pangbourne (h)				W	15-6
M.C.S. (h)				W	28-3
Shiplake (a)				W	26-6
Radley (a)				W	13-10
Marlborough (h)				W	16-4
Newbury (h)				W	10-6
Reading (a)				W	28-11
St. Edward's (h)				L	0-19
Warwick (a)				D	10-10

THIRD XV

This year the 3rd XV was back under the leadership of Dr. Wilmore, who, back from his year in the States, got straight into the thick of things, training up the current crack outfit. The season started with two matches in a week, both hard, well fought games, but both ultimately lost: Berkhamsted and Bloxham. The games were as close as the scoreline suggests. The major problems to emerge were: lack of a consistent front row, the consequences of injuries and a general unwillingness to play prop, and increasingly the lack of a good place kicker.

We were never expected to win the next two games against Radley and Marlborough, and sure enough, we didn't. Radley attacked fast and hard, and only gallant defensive work throughout the second half kept the score within reason. With Marlborough it was a different story; their average size was about the same as our biggest man, and their power rugby simply took us to pieces.

The next match was our turning-point. The team finally seemed to fit together as a unit, and Matt Spencer, playing rugby again after a two-year lay-off due to injury, proved to have a previously untapped kicking ability. The next match against Pangbourne proved to be more testing, but our new-found teamwork (and a hattrick of tries by Mike Rip-pengal) helped us overcome them.

The Reading match was almost more of a joke than a rugby match. It was played in pouring rain which did not greatly aid the link-up of our temporary scrum-half James Gold and Andy Trump. Added to this should be the loss (literally) of Ben Schmitzehe to Reading's notorious one-way system. All this was calculated to add spice to the match. The final score reflected more our alertness on to Reading's dropped balls than any particular superiority on our part.

The final two matches of the season, against St. Edwards and Warwick, were ones we were expected to lose, but we only fulfilled expectations in the first of these. Against Warwick we went out intending to put up a good fight and we came off on equal terms at half time. The second half was as hard as any we played and a good deal more physical than most, but three Matt Spencer penalties - one from outside the 10 metre line - saw us to a surprising but very pleasing victory, which rounded off a most enjoyable season.

C. Shaw VIT

RESULTS

Berkhamsted	Lost	9-12
Bloxham	Lost	0-4
Radley	Lost	0-27
Marlborough	Lost	0-40
Magdalen	Won	44-0
Pangbourne	Won	24-0
Reading	Won	36-0
St. Edwards	Lost	0-56
Warwick	Won	9-0



FOURTH XV

This year the IV's, the first to admit their actual lack of talent and knowledge of the rules, showed to the world their true potential. "Au contraire" to the popular belief that we were an uninspired bunch (held mainly by the opposition), we were in fact a merry bunch of well trained professionals melded together to form a team of 'elite' potential. After a series of rigorous pre-season fitness sessions, following a strict pattern set by "coach Wilmore", we were ready for an ambitious season. To begin with this didn't actually go too well, but the "raw" talent was always obvious to our large

audiences. This talent made its explosive appearance on a dark Saturday in October when Ben Dyer (our scrum) and Hamish McIntosh (our Scottish international) chased a bouncing ball to score our only try of the season, and to launch the team's points tally into the dizzy heights of 6. For my own part, I feel we peaked too early and blame our consequent losses on this tactical error. However, even though we resembled the "charge of the light brigade" whenever we fielded, we fought on courageously, the scrummage machine being one of our morale boosting victories. I'd like to thank Ben Dyer, Adam Austerfield and Matthew Burgass for turning up to training sessions when sometimes even our coaches didn't. I'd also like to thank all non-rugby players dragged from the P****Bowl every Saturday at 1.55 to make the team up to 15; but especially I'd like to thank Dr. Wilmore and Mr. Bodey for letting us play, and the team for playing.

Jonathon Gold VIF

Team: J.I.Gold. (Capt.), A.Austerfield, B.Dyer, M.Burgass, J.Seager, D.Nolan, J.Eccles, C.Fulton, C.Leighton, C.Jackson, D.Buck, R.Tilley, R.Jameson, R.Appleyard, M.Drewe, S.Wintle, R.Underwood, H.McIntosh, Rob Edmunds-Seal.

RESULTS:

Bloxham	0 - 31
St. Edwards	6 - 48
Pangbourne	0 - 24
Radley	0 - 48
Marlborough	3 - 42



COLTS XV

"The primary objective of the game is to win by scoring the greatest number of points that the prevailing conditions will allow." E.R.F.U.

On previous results everyone realised the difficulty in reaching this objective. Pre-season training was hectic. Positional changes were necessary, and it took some time in moulding the side together.

The early matches saw a pattern of play which relied too heavily on the skills of a few very good individuals. This approach was very successful in the opening games, but good sides were able to exploit the team's weaknesses, and key players were unable to take on all opposition single-handed. Without discouraging individual flair, the main task was to bring fifteen players into the game. What transpired was a team effort and success was achieved by winning 75% of the matches - the objective for the season was reached.

P.12 W.9 L.3 Pts.For 211 Pts.Ag. 73

Outstanding captaincy, spirit, and the will to win were the main factors in the team's success, but it was the overall improvement and involvement of players who had not excelled in previous seasons which made such a difference.

The following played for the XV

ANDREW WINTLE Captain Centre
OXON U.16 COUNTY PLAYER
SOUTHERN ENGLAND U.16 TRIALIST

A very strong straight runner with effective side-step and hand-off, always looking to penetrate the defence. Very sound place kicker. Very good cover tackler. A player with natural flair and excellent potential. Outstanding captain on and off the field with the ability to get the best out of players. Firm, modest and completely unselfish. A major influence in the team's success.

MARK SNOW Vice Captain Back row
OXON U.16 COUNTY PLAYER

Keen, competitive and wanting success. Excellent spoiler, always on the ball. Very useful at the back of the line-out, and at his best with the ball in his hands. A natural back row player with very good potential.

JUSTIN HODGES Full Back
OXON U.16 COUNTY TRIALIST

Strong, solid, safe full back with good hands and accurate line kicking. Injury in mid-season affected his speed and positional play.

GILES MARTIN Wing

Thirteen tries in the season. Fast, elusive and determined runner. Defensive qualities improved in every game. Most improved player in the team with excellent potential.

BRYN DAVIES Wing

Keen to run with the ball. Very sound in defence. A much improved player from the B XV with good potential.

JAMES HOWARD Wing

Another player to come up from the B XV. Runs with determination on the wing and very sound in defence. A good prospect for the future.

JAMES CRAWFORD Centre
OXON U.16 COUNTY PLAYER

Key player in the XV who put in most work during the season. Scorer or creator of most tries. Strong determined runner with solid defence and main destroyer in the backs. He will always be an asset to any team because of his total commitment and dedication. Like Andrew Wintle, a major influence in the team's success this season.

MAX HENDERSON Outside-half
OXON U.16 COUNTY PLAYER

Adapted well to his new position. Likes to run with the ball and a good kicker, especially when under pressure. Defence has improved and if he could improve his tackling further still, his natural flair for the game will ensure further progress.

ANTHONY EDWARDS Scrum Half

Injury has hampered his progress this season, but he has always come back fighting. Also likes to run with the ball and is fearless in defence. Needs to improve his kicking skills and speed of pass.

TOBY HAY Scrum Half

Excellent stand in for Tony Edwards. A very courageous player who has played at outside-half most of the season. A versatile player with good potential.

JONATHAN CRICK Prop Forward

A strong determined player who has worked very hard on his fitness. Good scrummaging technique and particularly useful in the loose. Very mobile about the field and always keen to be in the midst of the battle for the ball. A very promising player.

GEOFFREY SANDFORD Prop Forward

Strong, reliable player with good scrummaging technique. Fortunately, he never had to resort to his karate skills!

MATTHEW TOMLYN Hooker

Improved in every game and most effective in the loose. Worked hard on his hooking skills and by the end of the season developed a good striking technique. A good prospect.

GUY HARRISON Lock Forward
OXON U.16 COUNTY PLAYER

Strong reliable team player. Good defence and main jumper in the line-out. Likes to run with the ball and covered the field well. Very good potential.

JULIAN GREEN Lock Forward

One must not be deceived by his casual approach. In the matches he always gave 100% and was at his best when in possession of the ball. Defensive skills improved in every game.

HENRY TROTTER Back Row

The team's ferret, always hunting for the ball in the loose. Recovered well from injury in the latter part of the season, and a great asset in defence. Very good potential.

CHRIS BARBER No.8

Like so many players, improved in every game and liked to run with the ball. Worked hard on his fitness and covered the field well. Should have a bright future in rugby.

Mr. Mitra's B XV won four of their seven games including a memorable finale at Warwick, and provided good opposition for the A XV in the practice sessions. My congratulations to them on their success and gratitude to Mr. Mitra for all his support in Colts rugby. The birth of his son and his team's defeat of Warwick provided the highlight of a very rewarding and worthwhile season.

J.D.E.D-H.

RESULTS:

Bloxham	W	24 - 0
Berkhamsted	W	21 - 4
Pangbourne	W	18 - 0
M.C.S.	W	11 - 0
Shiplake	W	22 - 4
Radley	L	4 - 11
Marlborough	L	4 - 17
Newbury	W	50 - 4
Reading	W	17 - 7
Cokethorpe	W	34 - 8
St. Edwards	L	0 - 22
Warwick	W	16 - 0



JUNIOR COLTS

This was a most interesting season. There was plenty of talent for and interest in the game and the group was a pleasure to coach. Marnane came on well, especially towards the end of the season as a motivating and decisive captain, and the forwards were always well led by Annett's tireless example. Injuries in the middle of the season to key players set the coaches some problems, but at least it allowed two flankers to experience the fullback position, Creasey to emerge as a most determined and rugged A team hooker, Tilley to gain some very useful experience at inside centre and King to emerge as an impressively fast and robust winger. Harding and Newton also deserve a mention as players who worked hard for and well deserved their promotion to the A team.

Stoppes recovered well from his ankle injury at the end of last season and although he may have slowed down relatively, he is still an impressive winger. Wallace was very sound defensively in the centre and used his dummy to good effect. The halfbacks developed their game encouragingly and Mitchell quickly learnt the number eight's game. Hewes enthusiastically covered a good deal of ground and persevered in his throwing in. Hancox tried hard to move his lock forward's bulk more rapidly round the field and was involved in some awkward duels, jumping at four, from which he frequently emerged with honour. Gerdes was sorely missed at loose head prop after his nose injury, but Harding covered quite creditably for him at two in the line.

The wins against Bloxham and Pangbourne were relatively straightforward. The set scrum had improved during the Berkhamsted match to such an extent that had the game gone on for a little longer a win would have been virtually certain. The scrum were able to carry that dominance on into the Pangbourne game in a way they were never again able to reproduce except against Reading. Shortening the line against a mystified Berkhamsted scrum also allowed the team back into the game. Against Pangbourne, inside switch moves between the outside centre and wing led to tries.

MCS provided quite strong opposition in the forwards especially as they fielded a large and heavy front row. Fortunately our defence outside the scrum was sound. Against Shiplake the scrum came up against an even more immovable and hefty pack and our outsides were not able to run the ball effectively to the wings, as they were able to do later in the season, because of the extreme narrowness of the opposition's pitch. The team did well to hold out and to come back with encouraging determination in the last quarter of the game. They also played a very good first half against Radley, but then had the misfortune to lose Mowat at full back just into the second half which Radley exploited in a very spirited way. Another injury in the opening moments against Marlborough, this time to Wilkinson on the wing, was particularly unfortunate, as Marlborough had an exceptionally strong runner who was effectively unmarked and who scored most, if not all of their tries. It was something of a relief then that a considerably weakened side was able to at least secure a win away against Newbury, but in doing so Marnane, playing a blinder, injured his knee which put him out for two matches. The team then played particularly well against a Reading side which seemed less organised than usual and all but one of the tries were scored by the wings, Stopps and King, who were on good form; it was a most encouraging first game for King in the A team.

Against St. Edward's, the scrum succumbed to a much heavier pack on a very muddy pitch, but the whole team did very well to come back from 12-0 down at half time away against Warwick. If they had believed more in themselves more in the opening stages of that game, and had run the ball to the wings even more than they did, a win would have been a certainty. They also realised by the end of the game that very little notice should be taken of the previous year's result! If they carry on playing with the same spirit and skill as they did in the second half of this game, then next season should be great fun. They will definitely have to learn how to outwit the heavier scrums which they are likely to come across again in the middle of the season, however.

SAC/RCBC

Regular A team players were: D. Ratcliff, J. Stopps, J. Wallace, B. Marnane, D. King, M. Gordon, T. Biggar, R. Gerdes, E. Creasey, S. Newton, M. Hancox, G. Harding, M. Annett, S. Mitchell, J. Hewes. The following also played for the A team: E. Tilley, G. Mowat, D. Sparkes, J. Frishberg, N. Richards, M. Seager, R. Davison, H. Taylor, H. Wilkinson.

RESULTS:

Bloxham	Won	12 - 0
Berkhamsted	Lost	4 - 12
Pangbourne	Won	33 - 0
Magdalen College School	Won	8 - 7
Shiplake	Lost	3 - 4
Radley	Lost	4 - 19
Marlborough	Lost	0 - 19
Newbury	Won	9 - 6
Reading	Won	28 - 0
St. Edward's	Lost	4 - 27
Warwick	Drew	12 - 12



JUNIORS

This season has been one of mixed fortunes. The overall team results have been poor in terms of the number of victories achieved, but most matches have been closely run things.

A number of players had not been involved in rugby previously, and the early results reflected their lack of experience. Positional play and reading the game are not skills which are rapidly learnt. However there was never any lack of effort, and the skill of individuals and the team as a whole improved significantly as the season progressed.

Chris Jephson proved to be an excellent ball grabber in the back row, having that ability to gather up the rolling ball which many find difficult. Ben Pilling and Greg Thomson were quick around the field and had a real physical presence which was much needed. Ben Miller made a great contribution as a hard prop and Bill Howard as a quick hooker. Although there were other big forwards they rarely "fought their weight", being rather too inhibited.

Andrew Lyon was a determined and skilful scrum-half on his good days, and showed a wide range of running and kicking skills. Martin Scott-Brown was the most versatile threequarter and Sam Palmer-Ward and Ben Birks the most penetrative runners outside.

As a team we gradually improved, and although there were some moments of high comedy in defence, we did learn to run hard, Ben Birks in particular proving very hard to stop.

D.G.C.



MINORS

U13

This was certainly an exciting year with a lot of rugby being played in school matches, inter-form matches and the one big seven-a-side tournament. The 1st and 2nd teams have been a delight to watch, rapidly gaining in skill and experience and always playing in a very sportsmanlike way. Our main problem at the beginning of the year was ensuring everyone had "approved" safety studs on their boots. Then came a long term injury to Lister followed later in the season by another one to Lyon. Our rucking was poor and we found the well-drilled sides at St. Hugh's, Oratory Prep, Pinewood and Berkhamsted too hot to handle and our forwards were overpowered by lighter packs. The side was very much carried along by some outstanding individual players. Tilley (James), in fine family tradition, made an excellent, intelligent fly-half who was as devastating in attack as he was in defence. This captain was equally well supported by his gritty vice-captain Milne as hooker who produced the ball out of a mountainous ruck with nonchalant ease and great regularity. He made a great example for his pack to follow. Ratcliff (Theo) seemed to increase in size, ferocity and speed all season. Ions made a fast, skilful, penetrating, thinking (!) No.8. Allen our most prolific conversion kicker (7) proved to be another hardy, skilful, unselfish forward who liked to run as much as the others, Bevan a slight but courageous running, tackling, kicking full-back, Roan an impressive, gutsy little forward who always managed to find something to laugh about. Johnson a loyal, reliable flanker who (almost always!) got his man. These were all awarded colours and so would Lister (as centre) and Lyon (as scrum-half) had they managed to play more games.

We must also remember the other regular 1st team players such as Martin (2nd highest try score), Gold, Rands, Strange, Mutton, Ahmid and Aitken (greatest consumer of rugby teas).

Together they developed a very fast moving, wing-to-wing, open style of play which was very exhilarating to watch! This was very much seen in the Dragon seven-a-side tournament where such running and excellent tackling showed that we were one of the best sevens teams in this part of the country.

RESULTS:

Oratory	Won	28 - 0
'A' team vs. St. Hugh's	Lost	10 - 4
Oratory Prep	Lost	22 - 4
Prior's Court	Won	19 - 8
Millbrook House 'A'	Won	22 - 14
Oratory	Won	52 - 0
Dragon (2nd XV)	Won	16 - 0
Pinewood	Lost	10 - 0
Berkhamsted	Lost	16 - 0
Josca's	Won	18 - 0
Reading	Won	28 - 0
Played: 14 Won: 9 Lost: 4 Points for: 229 against: 80		

The second team was rather a mixed bag of enthusiastic players who increasingly relied on the new raw recruits from the ranks of the younger first years. They too loved to run, but as they did not relish tackling quite as much as the first team, it meant they rarely had the ball to run with. Oratory was really the only team they could beat, though they gave Reading a good game in their final match. The regular second year players were Ogden (Captain), Lamaison (V Captain), Smith, J.Pipe, Lord, Laing, Sloper, Gould, Soames, Schofield, Davison and Lee. The main first-years were Harding, Raynor, Hutchings and Engwell.

RESULTS:

Oratory (2nd XV)	Won	58 - 0
Oratory Prep (2nd XV)	Lost	26 - 0
Oratory (2nd XV)	Won	50 - 0
Dragon (4th XV)	Lost	32 - 0
Pinewood (2nd XV)	Lost	26 - 6
Berkhamstead (2nd XV)	Lost	40 - 0
Reading	Lost	12 - 4
Played: 7 Won: 2 Lost: 5 Points for: 118 against: 136		

U12

The keen, fit players who had already played the game soon came to the fore, but we had serious problems training the basic skills of tackling, rucking and mauling and fitting everyone into a good team. We have some good runners in Engwell, Bezinna, Morris and Drake; some good tacklers in Ruhl, McIntosh, Davy and Hartley; but many who could only do one or the other! In attack we always look dangerous as we run hard, evasively and with good support. Engwell kicks intelligently, but sometimes too often. However, as soon as there is a breakdown we tend to stand and watch while the opponents pick up the ball. Possession from the line-out and scrum, too, has been scrappy with our poor scrum half, Clements or Webster, always in trouble. If we can give our fast backs some decent ball next year, we will do well. We must also admit to benefiting from the services of Ions, Ahmid and Gould who were all under-age U13 players. The matches were all close, keenly contested and exciting games. Other players include: Harding (1H), Dale, Raynor, Hutchings, Allison, Brown, Morgan and Hancox.

RESULTS:

Eagle House	Won	16 - 4
St. Bart's (Newbury)	Lost	8 - 0
Pangbourne Junior School	Won	8 - 0
Millbrook House	Won	26 - 12
Summerfields 2nd XV	Lost	14 - 4
Reading	Lost	20 - 4
Played: 6 Won: 3 Lost: 3 Points for: 58 against: 58		

Can I take this opportunity to thank the coaching staff of Mr. Drummond-Hay, Mr. Dillon and especially Mr. Townsend for their unflagging support and eternal optimism. The small but faithful band of spectating parents, together with the larger numbers of "invisible" parents who seemed to have to constantly man their washing machines must be also warmly applauded in these columns. We must have evening flood-lit matches so that more of you can come and watch your noble warriors do battle.

D.M.H.



HOCKEY



FIRST XI

Once again the weather took a leading role in the hockey season. Starting with a squad of both good size and quality, our early optimism was dashed by the heavy fall of snow that heralded the beginning of term. The sports hall came into its own, of course, and much useful work was done. The fixture with Leighton Park was lost, but by the time we were due to play St. Edwards, pitches were clear and not too soggy. We shaped up well in this match and the ball was moved fluently in midfield. With the game three minutes away from a scoreless draw, St. Edwards scored the only goal. Our main problems, at this stage, were poor striking of the ball and a lack of vision.

We next played M.C.S. and it proved to be a poor game, with both sides struggling to get the basics right. We gave away two goals and the future was beginning to look bleak. Matters were reversed somewhat, when a few days later we played Bradfield. This was a marvellous game; end to end thrills, with a lot of skillful play. Neil Franklin scored our first goal of the season and Ashley Tapper added our second in a goalmouth scramble. Bradfield were the best side we had played, thus far, making those earlier results all the more disappointing. In the match against Pangbourne, both sides succumbed to a poor surface and a scrappy game ensued. Pangbourne scored first, but we equalised during another goalmouth scramble, when Stefan Green "ghosted" onto a rebound and forced it home.

More matches lost and the half term break was not an ideal preparation for the Radley match. They proved to be a very strong side this year - one of the best I have seen! They struck the ball hard, stopped it dead and in other ways too, gave us a lesson in how to play the game. Nevertheless it was well into the second half before they asserted their authority, and what might have been had we been able to convert penalties! Matthew Elliott's performance in goal was one of the highest calibre.

Our last school fixture, against Bloxham was played under terrible conditions and both sides did well to make some sort of a game of it. Dan Blackman scored our goal and it was with some relief that we returned with a thoroughly deserved "point".

The match against the Old Abingdonians followed a gap of two weeks, when middle school matches took place. The opposition were very weak, but both sides played entertaining hockey. Five goals certainly helped our overall record and Toby Hay distinguished himself in the O.A. forward line.

The Players:

Stefan Green; Captain, Full Colours '86, left back. A strong tackler with a very hard strike, but often takes his eye off the ball. Held the defence together well and proved to be a good leader.

Matthew Elliott; Full Colours '86, goalkeeper. Has developed a fine technique and saved the day on a number of occasions. My choice for "player of the year", but I still don't know why he pinched my Bourbons.

Simon Wintle; Centre half. A steadying influence in the middle. His ball control is good, but his season was not helped by some nasty bumps and bruises. Awarded half colours at end of season.

Paul Mitchell; Right half. A good interceptor of the ball, who kept a close eye on his opposite number. Quick to tackle back, he should try to develop his left to right hitting. Awarded half colours at end of season.

Nicholas Westwood; A steady defender who also prevented his wing from causing many problems. Developed the knack of getting down low to stop the ball. Awarded half colours at end of season.

Andrew Ransome; Half Colours '86, right wing. Suffered from ball starvation, so may be less disenchanted with right half now! Has plenty of speed and produced a good cross when the opportunity arose.

Ashley Tapper; Half Colours '86, inside right. Had a disappointing season, by his own standards, too often getting into a tangle with himself. Nevertheless, scored one of the few goals and always worked hard in mid-field.

Damien Sutcliffe; Half Colours '86, centre forward. Very fast and forceful, but tended, having done the hard work, to lose control at the vital moment. Always caused problems for the opposition.

Dan Blackman; Inside left. Possesses good skills, but needs to release the ball earlier. Always worked hard and helped produce many of our better attacks. Awarded full colours at end of season.

Duncan Buck; Centre forward/Centre half. Was moved around and so had little time to settle fully. Showed plenty of ability, nonetheless, and should be a major influence next season. Awarded half colours at end of season.

Neil Franklin; Left wing. Played out of position this season and did a good job. Provided much needed attack down one flank, especially important as we seemed to ignore the other one. Awarded half colours at end of season.

Jonathon Gold; Right back. Took his opportunity early on and proved to be a good acquisition. Surprised us all with his ability to read the game, make vital interceptions and tackles, and proved to be one of the best strikers of the ball. Unfortunately kept buying cheap sticks that broke easily! Awarded half colours at end of season.

Also Played:

John Loosemore; Inside forward/centre forward. Possesses good skills, but lacked the fitness/drive needed to reap the full benefit.

Miles Banwell; Inside forward. Another player with good stickwork, but a tendency to "rush at it", prevented him from realising his full potential.

P.J.W.



SECOND XI

This was one of the stronger Second XI squads of recent years, and it was disappointing that only six matches were eventually played. A lively forward line were soon into their stride, scoring eleven goals in the first two matches against St. Edward's and Magdalen - a record, I suspect. Such a scoring rate could not last, but an average 3 goals a game reflected a purposeful, direct approach with Colin Parker (a hatrick v. M.C.S.), Martin Drewe, Roger Appleyard, Julian Hemsley and Miles Banwell catching the eye. So too did Alex Durand who played anywhere with great enthusiasm and entertainment value, particularly when he was called upon to attempt a cross from the left!

In defence Mike Rippengal was a fearless goalkeeper, and Richard Winsley and Andrew Trump were the ideal pair of full-backs, tall, solid and dependable. Peter Harris (capt.) was a hard-working centre-half; Tim Greenland, Neil Martin and Andrew Gipps took it in turns to fill the wing-half positions very capably.

Two narrow defeats by good opposition in our last two games slightly spoilt our otherwise excellent record, but my chief impression of the 1987 Second XI is the more important - that they played the game with the right approach, namely for enjoyment and with full involvement in a thoroughly sporting and pleasant way. A relief in contrast to much of the 'professional' cynicism one so sadly witnesses these days....

N.H.P.

Team from: A. Gipps, P. Harris, N. Martin, M. Rippengal, A. Durand, R. Appleyard, M. Banwell, M. Drewe, J. Hemsley, A. Trump, R. Winsley, T. Greenland, C. Parker.

RESULTS:

St. Edward's	Won	5 - 3
M.C.S.	Won	6 - 1
Bradfield	Drew	0 - 0
Pangbourne	Won	3 - 0
Radley	Lost	1 - 3
Bloxham	Lost	2 - 3



COLTS

The 1987 Colts hockey side was a successful one, winning 5 of the 6 matches played. The record would probably have looked even more impressive had the weather relented sufficiently to allow the playing of the other four fixtures, which were against schools we normally reckon to beat.

The only loss was against M.C.S. who were undoubtedly the better side. The match against Bradfield was very even and we did well to score a win. In the other four fixtures we were clearly the better side. Interestingly, half of the games were played on artificial surfaces; the conventional hard type at Radley and Pangbourne, and the all-weather 'carpet' at Bradfield. Playing on the Bradfield surface was an experience much enjoyed. At the other end of the scale the final match against Bloxham was played on a mud bath.

A 3-3-4 formation was employed once again, although it took a few weeks to identify the best positions for some players. Jon Crick was a thoroughly reliable goalkeeper, commanding in the circle and giving confidence to the rest of the defence. Directly in front of him were the back three of Guy Peddy, Julian Green and James Howard. Two of the three were not the quickest men on the turn, but all tackled solidly and the slower men particularly had compensating skill. Tony Edwards and Robert Jolliffe worked hard in the wing-half positions and Toby Hay filled the attacking

centre-half slot. Toby had the best stickwork in the side and was fiercely competitive. Occasionally he lacked vision when it came to distributing the ball, but overall he was a most effective player. James Crawford was a fast right-winger, but still has to work on his crossing of the ball. On the other wing Giles Martin employed his skills languidly and sometimes rather sporadically, but mostly to good effect. He was particularly effective on the reverse side of the stick and scored some good goals. The central attackers were Andrew Wintle and Max Henderson: both players of skill, though in contrasting styles, and both able to score goals.

The 'B' team played 4 matches and contributed well to the enjoyment and high standard of the game as a whole. My thanks to Mr. Revill in joining me in the coaching and umpiring duties.

R.S.P.

RESULTS:

A team		
St. Edward's	Won	3 - 2
M.C.S.	Lost	1 - 2
Bradfield	Won	2 - 1
Pangbourne	Won	2 - 0
Radley	Won	3 - 0
Bloxham B team	Won	6 - 1
St. Edward's	Lost	0 - 1
M.C.S.	Won	2 - 1
Pangbourne	Draw	2 - 2
Radley	Lost	0 - 5



JUNIORS

September has many attributes but it is not the ideal month in which to compose a hockey report for the previous Lent term. Every year resolutions are made to record details of the "action" when all is still fresh in the mind, and ever more attractive propositions present themselves and report writing is indefinitely postponed. This year the perfect escape was planned and the Juniors coach secured a post in a new school in deepest Gloucestershire. However, editors of school magazines never know when they are beaten, so from someone who does, here follows the report on the Juniors hockey season of 1987. As in 1986, the weather played a prominent part in the season with about half of the possible match days being ruined by a combination of rain, frost and snow. However the A and B XIs played a total of eleven matches and revealed much that was worthy of report! The A XI began its campaign on a slippery pitch at St. Edwards, and in the first half scored a good goal and looked set for victory. Unfortunately in the second session the balance of the play changed dramatically and the forwards stood and watched as the defence crumbled, and it was the home team, much to its surprise and delight, that won the fixture 3 goals to 1. This was the first defeat of a Juniors A XI in almost two years, and the three goals conceded equalled the total scored against the extremely talented but much under-praised(!) defence of '86. The short journey home was a sombre affair. The next match was away to MCS and during the trek to the most distant of pitches horrific memories of the 1985 massacre flooded back, and it could only be hoped that enough work had been done in recent practices to ensure that Abingdon now possessed a defence. From the outset it was clear that no classic was going to be witnessed. Both sides played with considerable spirit but despite the many generous gifts presented by both defences, none was accepted, and both coaches agreed that had the game continued to nightfall the result would probably have remained the same! Still, a draw was better than a defeat, and a victory was now only one step away - but the step was a major one for it required the forwards to score goals!

The trip to Bradfield proved very worthwhile. From the first whistle it was clear that something had "clicked", since the team played as a single unit for the first time. Perhaps it was wise words from the coach, or perhaps, (more likely), it was the presence of Tony Blackburn on the side line that did the trick, but whatever the reason it was an impressive display, and the 3-0 scoreline showed that at least the right balance had been achieved at both ends of the pitch! Against Pangbourne, in the only home fixture of the season, another excellent team effort saw a 4-1 victory, which included a maiden goal from Paul Crutchlow. The team had visibly grown in confidence over the last two matches, and the

Radley match was now eagerly awaited. In the unique atmosphere that only Radley College can provide, the team proved that it could withstand pressure and win. It was not a memorable match, but the Abingdon players kept their heads when all about them were losing theirs and...the better side won. The elements determined that only one other match was played, and whilst it was pleasing that the game against Bloxham went ahead, it was also a relief to be on the coach to Abingdon when the groundsman discovered what little remained of his pitch! In very muddy conditions the team slipped and slid its way to a 2-0 victory, and it was perhaps a fitting end to a season that had begun in similar conditions - the team had learnt a lot in the interim.

Meanwhile, on an adjacent pitch, the B XI was also concluding its season with a victory, but unlike the A XI it had also begun with a win, for whilst the A's were slowly sinking in the mud at St Edwards, the second team was trouncing the opposition 5-1, with Robbie Murdoch, new to the game this season, scoring a hat trick in his first match. Unfortunately, this early display of form did not continue,

and in the following two matches opportunities were wasted and no goals were scored, and this resulted in a draw and a 1-0 defeat against MCS and Pangbourne respectively. However the highlight, as was the case last year, was the victory against Radley. This match was played in good spirit and Abingdon secured a convincing 3-0 victory - what better place to refine the goal scoring touch! The 1987 season may at times have been dominated by the weather, but it will be remembered for the hockey that was played.

The Juniors squad was not the most talented group ever to be seen at this level, but its enthusiasm, commitment and desire to learn and improve impressed greatly, and by the end of the season both sides had proved that they could play skillful team hockey and win! Since so much of the success ultimately achieved could be attributed to a good team effort, group rather than individual performances have been stressed. However there are certain names that should be mentioned. Matthew Mowat was outstanding at left back, and he was ably supported by Chris Turner and James Thomson. James' rapid promotion from the depths of the B XI after the first match surprised him as much as it did everyone else, but once there he ensured that no one was going to displace him. Much credit must also go to Bill Hutchings whose confidence in goal steadily increased as did his number of good saves. The half back line of Martin Scott-Brown, Jonathan Dorkings and Ben Pilling were generally solid, and up front the two inside forwards, (Andrew Lyon and Steffan Hutchings), were well supplied by their wingers, (Paul Crutchlow and Ben Williams), and made good use of their chances once their confidence had developed.

At this point, whilst names are being mentioned, my thanks go to RPF. Having a leg in plaster during the first few weeks of term meant that he was slightly less mobile than usual, but with or without his disability, his help and support through the season was very much appreciated. Finally, the season will be remembered by this particular coach since it was his last hockey season at Abingdon School. In all the reports up till now I have avoided the first person, but I can't finish this one without saying that I have greatly enjoyed being involved with games at Abingdon, and my eight years association with team hockey, first with the Minors and more recently with the Juniors, has been a very pleasurable experience. There have been frowns and complaints on both sides, at times, but smiles and enthusiasm have always won the day, and this is what has made this age group such a rewarding one to help.

A.J.G.

RESULTS

Juniors A XI : P.6 W.4 D.1 L.1 Goals 12-3

St. Edwards	Lost	1-3
M.C.S.	Draw	0-0
Bradfield	Won	3-0
Pangbourne	Won	4-1
Radley	Won	2-0
Bloxham	Won	2-0

Team : W. Hutchings, M. Mowat, C. Turner, J. Thomson, S. Pilling, M. Scott-Brown, J. Dorkings, P. Crutchlow, A. Lyon, S. Hutchings, (capt).

Goals : Hutchings 4, Lyon 4, Scott-Brown, Crutchlow, Williams, Hodgson 1.

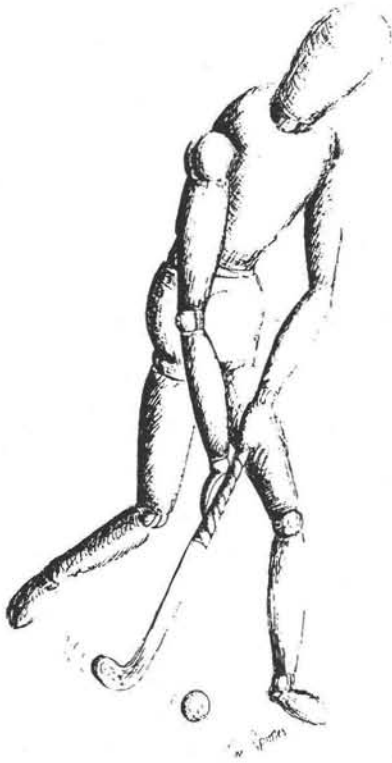
Juniors B XI : P.5 W.3 D.1 L.1 Goals 10-3

St. Edwards	Won	5-1
M.C.S.	Draw	0-0
Pangbourne	Lost	0-1
Radley	Won	3-0
Bloxham	Won	2-1

Team : T. Mannion*, S. Hickson*, C. Hicks, P. Page, R. Darby*, J. Hill, B. Birks, L. Golding, R. Murdoch, J. Taylor, G. Dodd*, A. Treadwell, L. Sheppard, J. Dearman, N. Hodgson*.

* = also appeared in A XI.

Goals : Murdoch 4, Darby 2, Hickson, Hill, Birks, Golding 1.



MINORS

As in previous seasons, the weather prevented maximum use of the playing fields. Nevertheless, eight School matches were played, and an enjoyable and keenly competitive inter-form tournament ended the season with a win for 2P. The Sportshall again saved the day, providing an ideal environment for introducing basic skills, and by the end of the season the skill level of all players had improved considerably. There was also a most enthusiastic and determined spirit in both A and B XI's.

Some thirty 2nd formers represented the school in matches and this experience will prove invaluable next season at Junior level. Everyone played a part in the team's efforts, and the following excelled and were awarded minors colours for hockey:-

The three captains - Scott Milne, Joe Allen and James Tilley;

The goalkeepers - Douglas Johnson and Giles Smith;
The forwards - Joe Gold and Malcolm Lyon.

The B XI deserve a special mention winning three of their four games including an encouraging 4-0 victory against M.C.S. My thanks to Mr. Townsend for his help with the coaching and umpiring. Everyone appreciated his guidance and enthusiasm. Also to Mr. Bessel for his inspiration throughout the season in the training sessions, and constructive comments from the touch line.

RESULTS	A XI		B XI	
St Edwards	1-1	D	1-0	W
Radley	0-2	L	1-3	L
Priors Court	0-3	L	1-0	W
M.C.S.	3-1	W	4-0	W

The following played for the A XI :-

S. Milne, J. Allen, J. Tilley, J. Gold, M. Ahmad, T. Davison, J. Ions, D. Johnson, M. Lyon, T. Ratcliffe, R. Roan, M. Lister, C. Lord.

The following played for the A/B XI :-

R. Gwyther, P. Haynes, C. Martin, A. Medway, B. Moseley, A. Mutton, P. Skala, B. Ulyatt, K. Bevan, B. Kershaw, G. Rands, G. Strange, P. Carter, P. Lamaison, A. List, G. Ogden, J. Pipe, A. Smith, J. Soames, R. Stone.

J.D-Hay

HOUSE MATCHES

With a fairly large gap at the end of the term, it was decided to arrange house matches for the middle school. These turned out to be a great success and one that we hope to repeat in the future. The games were played in tremendous spirit and everyone seemed to enjoy them. Houses were split into Senior (5th and 4th) and Junior (4th and 3rd) teams. In the senior section the Boarders and Trotmans fought for the honours, while in the junior section it was Pages that challenged the boarding side.

League Tables.

A Division

Team	P	W	D	L	F	A	POINTS
Boarders	4	3	0	1	9	2	9
Trotmans	4	3	0	1	11	5	9
Pages	4	2	1	1	5	8	7
Colemans	4	0	2	2	3	7	2
Randolphs	4	0	1	3	4	10	1

B Division

Team	P	W	D	L	F	A	POINTS
Pages	4	3	1	0	9	3	10
Boarders	4	2	2	0	10	2	8
Trotmans	4	2	1	1	9	7	7
Randolphs	4	1	0	3	3	7	3
Colemans	4	0	0	4	0	12	0

COMMON ROOM HOCKEY

M.C.S. 6 Abingdon 3.

A disappointing result, particularly as we relinquished a 3-0 lead! Nevertheless we all enjoyed ourselves over at Sandford. For some the match looked like following the pattern of our previous encounters. We made our usual slow start, but weathered the early storm. Crawford and Drummond-Hay were impressive in defence and once we began to stop and strike the ball cleanly, play moved into the M.C.S. half. At this stage some very impressive team work resulted in the M.C.S. circle coming under siege. Revill provided thrust down the left flank and laid on the first goal for Coleman, who cracked the ball in from the edge of the D. Gabitass caused the M.C.S. defence many problems and created goals 2 and 3 with forceful drives into the circle. Page, who was displaying excellent stickwork, was on hand to put in both rebounds.

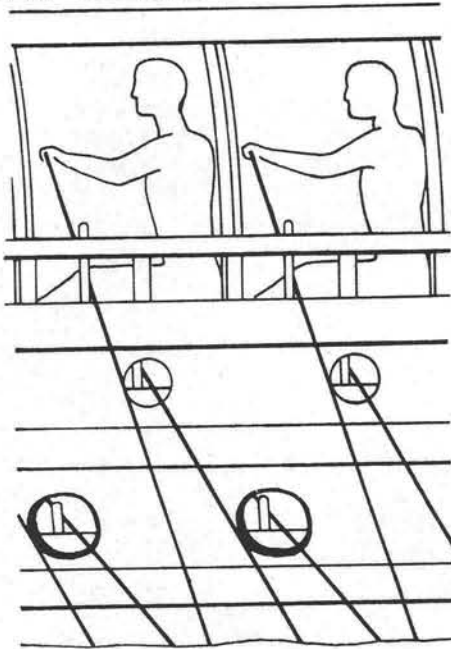
What followed, however, was the beginning of the disaster. The "one minute to go" signal heralded a rare M.C.S. attack, which resulted in a series of short corners. Three minutes or so later, a shot went in which struck the left hand post near to its joint with the crossbar. While most of the players stopped, the rebound was pushed in, confirming the view of many that schoolboy umpires are useless.

The second half saw Abingdon gain about 90% of the possession and yet concede 5 goals. This was largely due to the gap between the attack and the full backs - where was Wilmore? It must seem a paradox that we only gained 2 short corners, while M.C.S. reached double figures! The highlight of the match, came in the first half when Mitra, attempting to kick the ball out of our circle, crashed to the ground with an enormous cry and spent many minutes writhing on the ground. It was a clever tactic, allowing us all to regain our breath.

P.J.W.



BOAT CLUB



LENT TERM

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Training began for all but the most junior boys a week before term on a cold January morning. For the first time the colts were attached to the senior group and they all embarked on a tough course of training in all sorts of boats, in the weights room, in circuits and on the ergos. The junior colts did much the same and a record number of under fourteens set about learning to row, despite the cold.

The first event for all group was at the local Abingdon Head. We entered a wide range of crews and were rewarded by wins in Junior coxless pairs, Senior B IV's, and Junior 16 and 15 IV's, with many pleasing rows from others. Three weekends later seven crews went to the Henley Schools' Head; a matched pair of Senior VIII's, some Colts IV's, a J-15 VIII and two J-14 VIII's eager for their first competition. Lots of promising signs came from this event and the Senior matched VIII's went to Reading Head the following Saturday to row well and one won the Senior C pennant.

The Schools' Head, five days later, was an interim target for the seniors, but the main aim for the younger crews. The senior two VIII's came 13th and 17th overall, which was much as expected, and the sixteens and fifteens also did well. The J-14 A VIII was the most successful crew, coming second in its class and establishing a club record for this level.

Junior crews had one or two private rows with St. Edward's and Radley and lots went to the Reading Schools' Head, at which every member of the club who had not already competed had a chance to do so, with a well deserved win from a J-14 IV. The seniors, meanwhile, were aimed at the Tideway Head, being rowed in the afternoon after the Boat Race. Conditions turned out to be awful and the nearly matched crews coped extremely well to come a record 43rd and 70th out of the 420 entries, which include all the top clubs and schools in the country and many international crews too. These results left confidence high and made the rigours and unpleasantness of much of the weather during the term seem pretty unimportant.

The Easter holidays saw quite a flurry of activity, quite apart from the many miles sculled by the real enthusiasts. We built a new big trailer to replace our antique monster, were given a coxless IV by a very kind but anonymous, donor and the members earned £1400 in a fund-raising effort - the money having since gone towards buying two new kevlar sculling boats.

G.G.B.

FIRST VIII

The summer began with training at Henley, the likely VIII having now been finalised. Everybody enjoyed the few days and looked forward to returning for the regatta in July.

Our first regatta racing experience was at the Avon County Schools' Regatta. Although we had not got up steam by then, we had some good races, and gained some notable scalps over the short 750 metre course, including that of King's, Chester, losing only to St. Edward's, who no longer looked invincible. Our next regatta was Putney Town the following weekend, but we lost the stern of the crew due to illness and then appalling conditions and sinking robbed us of a Senior C victory, though we did win the Senior B VIII's comfortably.

We approached the new London Docklands Regatta as an event to build up experience on a multi-lane 1500 metre course. We arrived on the dreary Saturday morning to race Eton in the final of the Junior VIII's. We had nothing to lose against a crew with such a reputation and were only narrowly beaten after holding a two-foot lead for the first 750 metres in a time faster than that of the Senior A, B or C times on the day. On the Sunday the stern IV rowed as a coxed IV in the choppy conditions and gave the fourteen stone giants from Shiplake a hard race, picking up the silver medal in the process. Meanwhile, two of the VIII stormed away with another win in the Junior coxless pairs. In the interim David Passmore had negotiated his first round successfully in the Senior C sculls, but failed to reach the final when he was just squeezed out by three Isis men. Exhaustion had begun to set in by the time of the Junior VIII's final on the Sunday and we could only manage third place, but the two days racing had given us invaluable experience, and by now we felt the VIII was beginning to move.

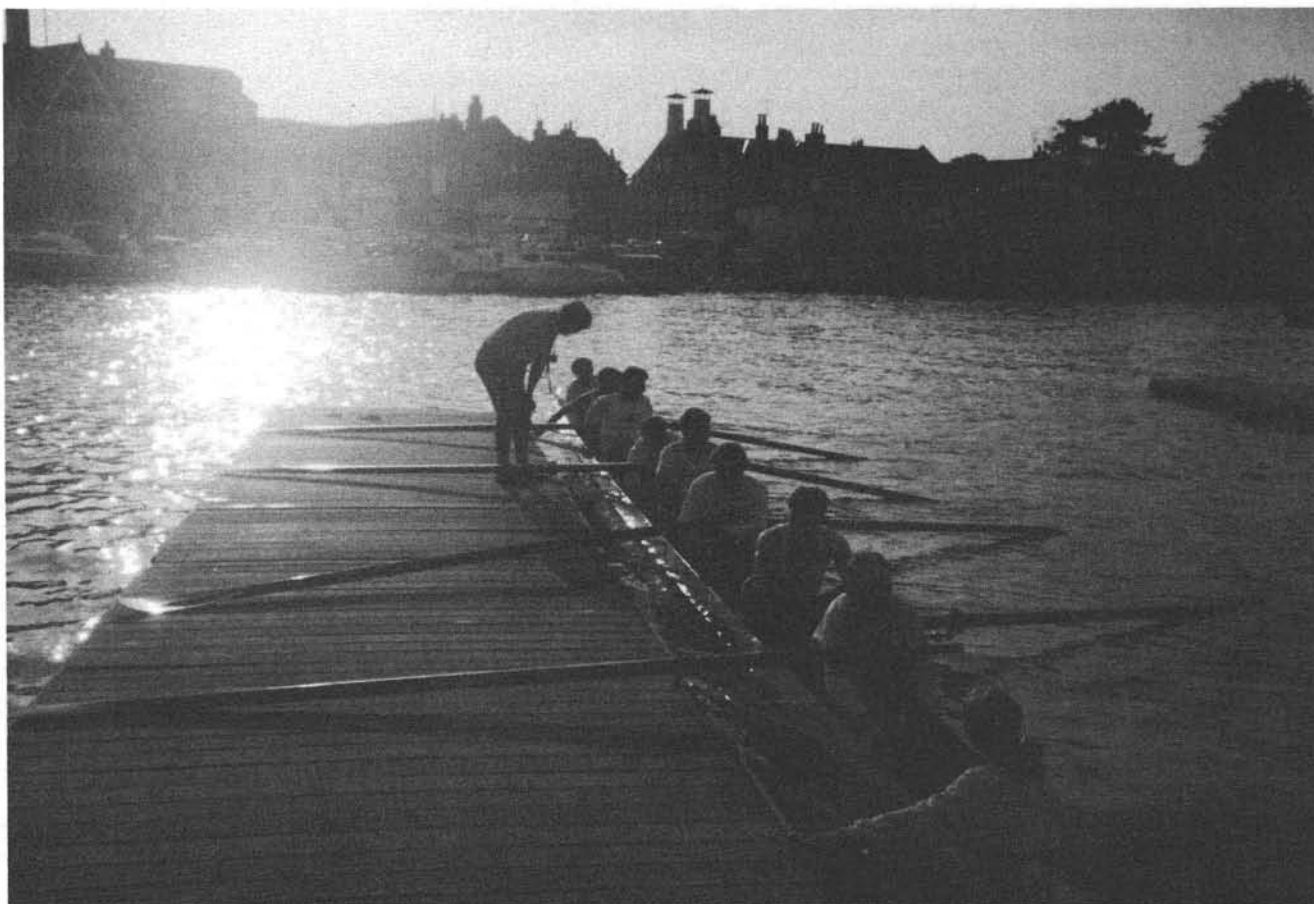
National Schools' Regatta was the next objective and we knew we had a strong chance of winning the Childe-Beale Cup for first eights. Preparations included going to Nottingham the night before and eating an Italian restaurant out of pasta. It was a bitter disappointment for the event to be cancelled the following morning due to high winds and rollers down the course.

At Reading on the following week the consequences were presumably still with us, as we had a frustrating row against some good opposition. Then A levels took precedence and Henley was upon us. We were able to go over to Henley a week before the event and by this time the captain, Dave Passmore, had recovered sufficiently from a back injury and was able to row again. We had not underestimated the difference he made and everyone felt we were rowing fast and well.

In the first round of the Special Race for Schools we met Tiffin School and despatched them readily. At this stage we were very grateful to the Wissetts for giving us the run of their house between races, and in the second round we beat St. Paul's by another comfortable margin. In the evening we met King's, Canterbury, and quickly established a small lead which we held for over a thousand metres. They gained the advantage near the enclosures and pushed through us to win by half a length. They went on the final and were beaten by Radley, so we did not feel we had done too badly. Our last appearance was at Bedford Regatta where we defeated Eton's otherwise unbeaten J-16's comfortably by two lengths.

We are all very grateful to Mr. Mearns for his time, patience and expertise, and were most impressed when his red waterproofs gave way to even redder socks on the improvement of the weather!

C.C. Megaw VIP & P.J. White VIT



SECOND EIGHT

Pre-season training started a few days before term at Henley with many of the group still young enough to row at Colts level and with the other six able to concentrate on small boats, especially the newly acquired coxless IV.

The first regatta was Avon County Schools', and here we entered a coxless pair as well as a coxed IV. It was our first experience of racing coxless and, not surprisingly, steering was a problem. One pair disappeared up the bank in some reeds, while others managed to row in all four lanes in one race....and still beat some other pairs to get to the semi-finals. The IV, though, managed to get to the final.

The next event was the London Docklands Regatta at which the coxless IV and pair rowed well on both days and even steered well. The next occasion was supposed to be the National Schools', but after its cancellation we formed an VIII and went to Reading Amateur Regatta to get experience. We won two rounds of Senior C VIII's and then lost to Radley First VIII in Junior VIII's (surprise, surprise...). On the Sunday the coxless IV had a final row in Senior A and had our best row of the season, against Molesey Boat Club.

The next event was Richmond Regatta. Here we rowed very well, beating Thames RC in the first round and meeting Shawnigan Lake School, Canada, in the final. Disaster struck: we hit a stakeboat and wrecked a rigger. Eton kindly lent us a similar one and just after the start and taking the lead we clashed blades and the race was stopped. We lost the re-row and felt very disappointed, but at least Dan Knowles sculled really well to win the Novice Sculls event.

Our chance for revenge came at Bedford Regatta, though. We won our heat easily to meet Shawnigan in the final. As the race started their extra weight helped them to take an early lead, but through sheer determination we rowed through them to take a small lead by half way.

Nothing would have stopped us then and we beat them by over a length. That tankard is certainly my most prized.

It was an extremely enjoyable season and we gained a lot of experience, and a little silver. Our thanks go to Mr. Pilgrim-Morris for putting in so much time and effort. I hope he enjoyed it as much as we did.

Paul Allen VIT

CREWS IN SUMMER TERM

1st VIII: B.C. Schmitzehe, D.D. Passmore (Capt.)/J.M. Bennett, S.J. McConnell, M.D.W. Schofield, I.J. Green, C.C. Megaw (Sec.), T.W. Owen, P.J. White, R.T. Richmond (cox).

2nd VIII: R.N.J. Jameson/N.A. Woodall, C.H.L. Ashton, T.M. Bishop, J.A. Hodgson, D.N. Knowles, R.A. Scott, T.G.S. Bichard, P.R. Allen, M.N. Haycock (cox).

J-16 VIII: N.A. Woodall, S.G. Pratley, R.G. Harrison, A.R.K. Whittaker, D.N. Knowles, J.A. Hodgson, J.P. Hodges, J.R.S. Scroggs, O.S. Matthews (cox).

J-15 VIII: R. Greasby, J.W.E. Bichard, G.B. Harding, I.C. Dalley, R.G. Godfrey, J.C. Hewes, A.J. Wade, L.A.H. Charlton, H.W. Taylor (cox).

J-15 IV: J.G. Thomas, R.G. Craig, J.G. Britton, J.A. Smith, D.B. Seward/S.E.K. Day (cox).

J-14 VIII: D.W.A. Megaw, A.P.F. Powell, B. Miller, R. Winter, G.S. Thomson, C.R.G. Jones, S.O.C. Snipp, D.R. Chadwick, P.M. Silverwood (cox).

JUNIOR 16s

After the experience of training with the seniors in the Lent Term (illness failed to decimate our group) and pre-term training at Henley we formed a Colts VIII to race against our own age group in the summer term.

The first regatta, Avon Schools', saw us making the final over a short course which did not suit at this stage, and coming in fourth. Putney Town, the following week, gave us the opportunity to double enter. In Senior C a heavy swell made conditions very hard, but we only lost in the final to Barclays Bank. The Colts final, though, saw us well beaten by Eton.

The London Docklands Regatta offered a chance to set the record straight with Eton in a competitive heat. We rowed well but lost to them again and to St. Paul's, although we did beat Radley who were our main rivals the previous year. We also entered in other small boats and had a deliberately tiring weekend, so it was good to win the Colts VIII event on the Sunday, with a convincing victory over Emanuel.

Our main chance to prove ourselves was to have been the National Schools' Regatta, so its cancellation was particularly frustrating and O levels were on top of us. A IV entered Reading Regatta the next week, but we lost to Pangbourne's very strong crew and that was it for the year.

Our thanks go to Mr. Potter, for coaching us in the regatta season.

J. Hodges 6T

JUNIOR 15s

After a frustrating Lent Term, Easter training was disrupted by illness or absence abroad. We entered the regatta season with a small glimmer of hope, and Lenny "I fancy a quick scull right now" at stroke.

Our characteristic 'bad luck' led us to losses at Avon County, London Docks, Richmond and Marlow. The National Schools That Never Was in some ways summed up the season. Despite a scare in the first round (we beat St. Paul's), we finished at Bedford with a 100% loss rate in VIII's. Our 'B' IV won at Richmond and Bedford, where they joined forces with some J-14's to make up an VIII, and that was some consolation. Mr. Trotman constantly told us that the most important thing was not the wins (!) but The Experience. We felt the anecdotes and all the laughs were what had made the year fun and our banquet at the Godfrey mansion was the entertainment climax.

We would like to thank Mr. Trotman for his incredible anecdotes and for what we hope will be an unbeatable season....

J. Richard 5LCJG

JUNIOR 14s

We began the summer term with a good Head season behind us, having come second in The Schools' Head to St. Edward's and having won a fours' trophy at Reading Schools'. Our training started (as usual) about two weeks behind our competitors but we still did very well at our first ever regatta - Avon County Schools'. There were sixteen J14 VIII's competing and we rowed through three rounds to finish second to the very large and strong St. Edward's VIII.

Our next regatta was Chiswick, with a different crew, but we still managed to get to the final after some strong rows, just losing to a more experienced University College School crew. The eight lost again to St. Edward's in the final at Birmingham Regatta, but the stern IV was double entered and won its event, beating a St. Edward's crew in the process! The second VIII just lost its final too, to Pangbourne, but it had a good row.

Then came what should have been the highlight of the season - The National Schools' Regatta. The whole Boat Club travelled all the way to Nottingham only to find very high winds and to be told the start had been delayed. Two hours later the whole event was cancelled, so we set our sights on winning as much as possible in the rest of term.

A week later the A crew went to Bedford Star Regatta in an eight and two fours, but the fours were too inexperienced and were knocked out. The VIII, though, won its heat and semi-finals by over two lengths and met Pangbourne in the final. It was a very close race all the way, but Pangbourne used the stagger better and crept ahead to win by a quarter of a length. We put the day down to experience and went on to win at our last two regattas, but the B and C VIII's also had some good rows a few days later at Bedford Schools' Regatta and showed that they too were improving all the time.

At Richmond Regatta the VIII won in fine style, beating St. Paul's and Bryanston in the process, and a IV from the B VIII won J14 IVs handsomely too. With confidence high we went to Bedford Regatta and won two more events. The A VIII had its tightest race against King's School, Canterbury, in the first round and then went on to win the semi-final and final easily. Four others teamed up with four J15s to form a J15 B VIII and they rowed with real determination and good sense to win their event, so it was a good way to end the term.

This year has been very enjoyable. We usually had three eights on the water, which was very encouraging, and special thanks go to Mr. Barrett for coaching us - it could not have been easy! Last, but not least, I should thank Nelly, our pink and white elephant, without whom nothing would have been possible....

Darren Chadwick 4GCR



**EPISTEMON TRIEREOS, or
Learning to Row a Reconstructed
Athenian Trireme**

When we first arrived at Heathrow airport, we didn't know anyone else, or even much about the trireme. All we did know was that we were going off for around a month to some strange island about three hours from Athens to row in a three-tiered reconstructed ancient Greek warship below decks, and that there was currently a heatwave which meant temperatures in the region of 40 degrees celsius and a shortage of water. Everyone there had some form of powder to tip into water to make up lost minerals, the most popular of which was Rehydrat, commonly used by rowers before rigorous training, or at regattas on hot days. It was an expensive substance at twelve pounds a box of ten, which saturated only 1.5 litres.

The first comment to catch my ears was, "you can't miss the rowers; they're all over six feet tall and they make the most noise". This was true in some cases, especially those from Oriole who tended to stick together in groups of at least five. Despite these generalisations, the less gregarious characters stood out too. They had a bewildered air of anticipation and mystery about them, and those afraid of getting lost wore their official Triretes T-shirts in a multitude of styles, the only thing in common being that they were palpably obvious.

The flight and stay in the hotel went without a hiccup, bar the failure of the BBC's camera which caused us a half-hour delay. While coming in to Poros, which was where we were to spend two weeks learning to row the boat and carry out the standard sea trials which every vessel is put through before its official launching, we saw the trieres for the first time. From a distance all we could make out was a sleek black figure resting on the water with no apparent sail or mast. As we approached, the ship assumed shape and colour, the sloping prow, resting just above the water capped with a bronze battering ram, the mast standing proud above the deck without sailyard or canvas, like a limbless tree in the dead of winter. It was indeed an awesome sight, even while it was stationary and unmanned, like a recumbent giant sprung with energy waiting to be released.

It was another day before we actually boarded the ship and took her out. By then the crew had been divided into six groups with colour coding: black, white, red, green, blue, yellow. Each group had a captain who watched over them in the boat, and organised the seating positions on the grid outside. The grid was an essential piece of organisation, as with one hundred and seventy rowers all trying to get on the boat at the same time and disagreeing over which positions they were to row in the narrow gangway which was two bodies wide, only chaos could have ensued. The grid was 30 squares long by 7 across, each strip representing a separate rank of oarsmen on their respective sides, with a gap in the middle to represent the gangway. In all representations of the ship the naval architect, John

Coates, was meticulously accurate. The top rank of rowers, who sat furthest from the longitudinal centre of the ship and nearest the deck, were referred to as *Thranites*; the second rank, who sat closer in and nearer the hull, with their bottoms at the same height as the gangway, were named the *Zygians* or *Zygites*, and the underdogs, as it were, who sat with their chins at the same height as the gangway with the *Zygians* at their outside shoulders, were called the *Thalamians* or *Thalamites*. The positioning of the oarsmen was based on an important passage in *Aristophanes* describing how the crew broke wind in each other's faces!

When we boarded the ship we were briefed by Mike Budd, the attendant doctor and rowing master, and we found our places with a certain amount of confusion. Once we started rowing, it got worse. Because the *Thranites* had the least headroom, they decided to put the smallest rowers there, while putting the big, broad-shouldered six-foot-five galumps in the *zygian* places, while those who were small and had the most experience rowed as *thalamians*. This caused a lot of difficulty, as the *thranite* positions were the hardest to row, and the shorter people could not see over the side very easily to tell the oarsmen underneath him/her what was going on. We pulled away from the causeway with only the *thranites* rowing to avoid confusion and gain some momentum. When they stopped, it was surprising to see how far we drifted. In fact, at least half the distance we covered in each outing was done by just drifting, as she had a low waterline, a small keel and minimal wet area. But to break us in to rowing with three tiers, they came up with a number of exercises which consisted of: first, each bank rowed on its own, with bow and stroke sides separate, so that it involved six different attempts. Then each bank rowed with its opposite side. Finally, two different banks on the same side. The whole process of getting familiar with the boat, learning the feel of it, and the staff getting it coordinated took three days. By then we had discovered that Mike Budd shouting from the stern end of the ship caused such a difference in timing due to the time it took his voice to travel to the bows, that those in the bows were a full stroke behind those in the stern, that is, around midships the catch occurred during the recovery of the stroke man or woman, as the case happened to be. The effect was a sorely inefficient stroke, and one that looked more like a centipede struggling to get its legs organised to follow the undulations of an inchworm. Despite this, there was no doubt that the boat was majestic. As we sailed in the morning and late afternoon the sun was always low over the water and a cool breeze trickled its way across the still waters.

In the end the crew got itself together and managed to row in unison with two coxes, one in the stern, and one amidships, communicating by hand-signals to agglutinate the calling. Singing in the ship, or shouting "One, two!", or "In, out!", was tried, but it was deemed too dangerous to the *thalamians*. They rowed in the most dangerous position in the boat. Two structural beams were the limiting factors on

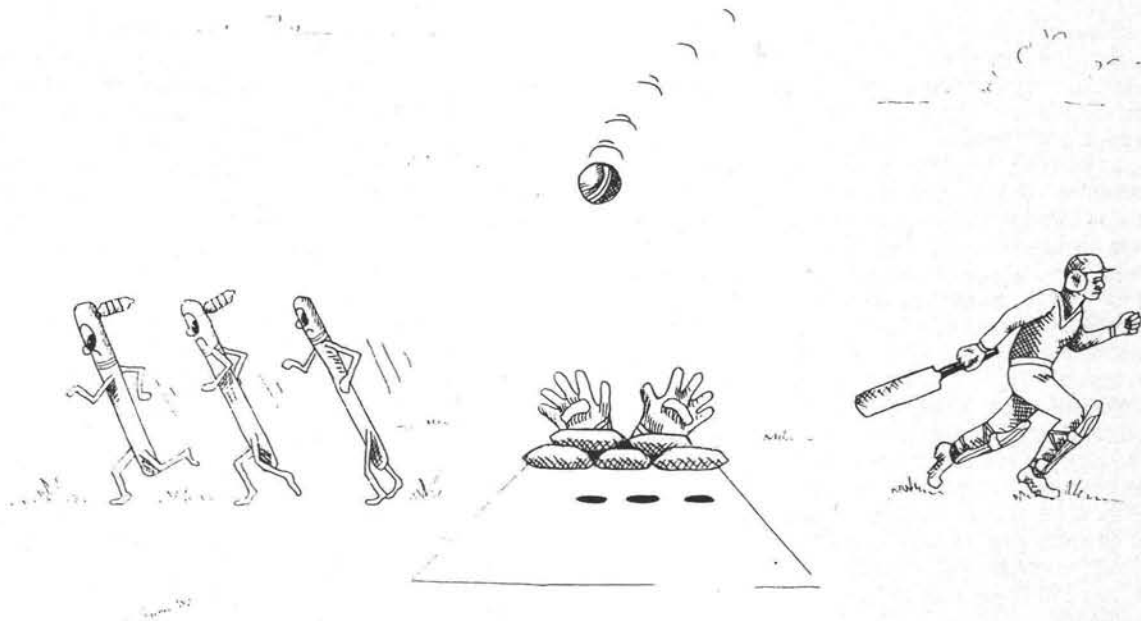
their length of stroke, both at head level, one in front, the other behind. When they leaned forwards, they either had to stop at about half of a normal eight rowing body rock or bang their heads on the unsanded, sharp-cornered projections. But the main danger was that if a *thalamian* caught a crab, the loom would shoot up and catch him in the neck. His neck would be caught by the beam behind him, thus trapping him with (to quote the *Manchester Herald Tribune*), "a hundred and sixty-nine oarsmen tightening the noose". The oar was so difficult to get back out of the water that in some cases the boat had to be stopped, and thanks to the loud singing, the pleas for help were drowned. A legion of safety methods were devised, the most successful of which was a hefty member of staff crawling about in the bilge below the gangway with a whistle in his lips, ready to blow if the need arose. This was a great help, and some serious injuries might have occurred, but for his presence.

Once all the niceties had been arranged, the sea-trials took place. These involved full speed in short bursts, long-term rowing and distance trials, and turning and reversing. We attained 7.9 knots on the short burst, rowed for one and a half hours continuously with shifts of half the crew at a time. This complicated process involved a ten-stroke countdown to the switch over and a five stroke settle, when the whole boat rowed, after which the first half would stop. The average speed was six knots. The vessel could do a full power 180 degree turn in 2 1/2 lengths with one side rowing, and in 3 if both sides rowed. Sailing trials were a little more tentative, since, if the wind had caught the wrong side of the sail, she might have capsized, while the two lower oar banks had to be shipped in case she heeled too far and an oar broke. But since a square-sailed boat cannot tack, there was not much risk of that. In fact the boat travelled too quickly under sail for rowing simultaneously to be anything other than a hindrance.

The designers and architects were very pleased to get any advice from those who experienced the rowing at first hand, and many improvements and suggestions came from crew members who had never had any building or design experience; for example, turning round in our seats when we wanted to back down, which was found to be infinitely more effective. One of the most hotly debated questions was whether the oar should be in front or behind the pin which held the leather thong which acted as oarlock. In the event it was decided that the oar should be changed to row 'against the pin'. In time the blades will also be made lighter, as they had been made deliberately heavy and strong to prevent breakages, but these occurred anyway; furthermore, more experienced, fitter rowers will be chosen for the next adventure. Heights and experience will be given careful consideration, and places will be more competitively fought for, as, thanks to the Greek Government and the organisers, the trieres' success has now been broadcast internationally!

M. Stanley-Baker 6M

CRICKET



THE FIRST ELEVEN

Played 22 Won 6 Drawn 11 Lost 5

It is axiomatic that statistics deceive. A cursory glance at the results would indicate another moderately successful season of the same pattern as the summer of 1986. In reality nothing could be further from the truth. Of the eleven draws, in nine matches we were utterly in the ascendant and only at a serious disadvantage against U.C.S. (The Radley match, alas, was washed out after twenty-five minutes). The lack of one penetrating bowler of the predatory variety, capable of uprooting a number eleven's middle stump at will, proved to be an expensive deficiency from the statistical standpoint. Furthermore, to my constant delight the captain, Graham Scott, refused to play for dull draws and declared early enough to afford his bowlers a chance of seizing victory. This positive approach with its attendant risks sometimes came mildly unstuck. For instance, we lost off the last ball to Bloxham and off the penultimate delivery to St. Edward's. An extraordinary spell of six wickets for five runs by the Reading captain turned what should have been an easy victory for us into a 12-run defeat. Only the MCC and the OA's (thanks to a glorious hundred by Mark Boobyer) really "clobbered" us, and, frankly, so they should. Some of the most fascinating and exhilarating cricket was in our defeats. Great merit was also earned in the conquest of an experienced Berkshire Gentlemen's side in a nail-biting finish and in a fine victory over an otherwise all-conquering RGS Colchester side. NHP's XI was roundly beaten and the School players seemed to be overcome by an almost uncontrollable glee when Mr. Mitra was ignominiously caught behind for a "duck". What a cruel game it is. Another highlight was the scintillating conclusion to the Marlborough match. As on so many occasions we were unable to winkle out the last man to effect a deserved victory. So in spite of unmemorable statistics, on many an occasion I felt privileged to be witnessing some highly memorable cricket played in an attacking spirit.

Of the individuals, Peter Lunn, who had a disappointing start to the season, scored heavily in the final month. His hundred against MCS was a stylish and confident affair. Graham Scott scored slowly but consistently, Neil Franklin sparkled entertainingly on a number of occasions and Tim

Greenland began to look very good when promoted to opener towards the season's end. Some good performances also came from Stefan Green, Nick Westwood, Guy Peddy and Stephen Prince. The majority of wickets were taken by Messrs. Green, Tilley R. and Lunn, but Mark Snow topped the averages with thirteen useful wickets and Peter Williams was occasionally woken from his perennial slumbers at long leg (both ends). However, nothing was as majestic as the master in charge waddling around the covers all genial rotundity and swooping on cover drives with the grace of a superannuated mountain goat. Truly cricket is a paradigm of life.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

A.M.

Wins: St. Bart's, Oratory, Berks. Gents, Douai, RGS Colchester, NHP's XI
Losses: Bloxham, MCC, Reading, St. Edward's, OA's.

Batting Averages:

	Inn	NO	Rns	H/S	Ave
Peter Lunn	21	3	721	119	40.1
Graham Scott	22	2	595	87	29.8
Richard Tilley	18	5	348	55*	26.8
Neil Franklin	21	3	446	72	24.8
Tim Greenland	15	2	256	39	19.7
Stefan Green	15	5	158	50*	15.8
Nick Westwood	14	2	184	50*	15.3
Robin Whittaker	6	2	53	22	13.3

Bowling Averages:

	O	M	Rns	Wkts	Ave
Mark Snow	73	29	205	13	15.7
Peter Lunn	287.5	63	893	56	15.9
Stefan Green	183.1	28	563	34	16.5
Peter Williams	123	29	291	14	20.7
Richard Tilley	176	48	444	21	21.1
Richard Clark	135	30	305	12	25.4
Robin Whittaker	35	7	135	5	26.6

SECOND ELEVEN

Played 15 Won 7 Drawn 5 Lost 3

This has been quite a successful season, especially in the early matches, when we won five games in a row. However, in the best tradition of 2nd XI Cricket, it was not the results, but the spirit of the team that counted.

There were some fine performances during the season, with Captain Damian Sutcliffe setting the tone in the first match, against Bloxham, with a brisk duck. Against Pangbourne, it was Duncan Buck's 5-24 that won us the game. Our bowlers prospered further against Newbury, all out for 60, and then Oratory, who made just 32. It was the "West Indian" bowling of Toby Hay that demolished them, picking up the marvellous figures of 6-3. The bowling rout continued against Abingdon C.C., who were all out for 47, with Mike Herd taking 4-7; there was also a fine innings of 66 by Rich Wheeler, his second half-century of the season. The Brentwood match showed us just how "solid" Jon Crick's batting could be, but even his mammoth two and a half hour stay at the crease could not save us from defeat. Against Radley Rich Winsley was able to show his team-mates what real bowling was all about, taking a superb 5-45. Unfortunately, however, with Abingdon in a strong position, it was the rain that finally won the day.

Against Marlborough, Toby Hay demonstrated his batting skills with a brilliant 57, although this could not prevent us losing to a very good side. But it was Ron Prince who led the way with the bat, scoring a match-winning 72 at Magdalen, and an unbeaten 110 in the O.A. match. Winsley, too, entertained the crowds in this, the final game

of the season, with 63 runs off just 24 balls.

It was a team bursting with talent: Bryn Davies was outstanding in the field, Paul Thomas proved a useful leg-spinner, and even Damian Sutcliffe showed us his bowling was as good as his batting! Many thanks to everyone who played in the side; to our faithful scorer Josh Mandel; and of course, to our coach Mr. Simons, whose sense of humour ensured that the famous team spirit never dropped below par!

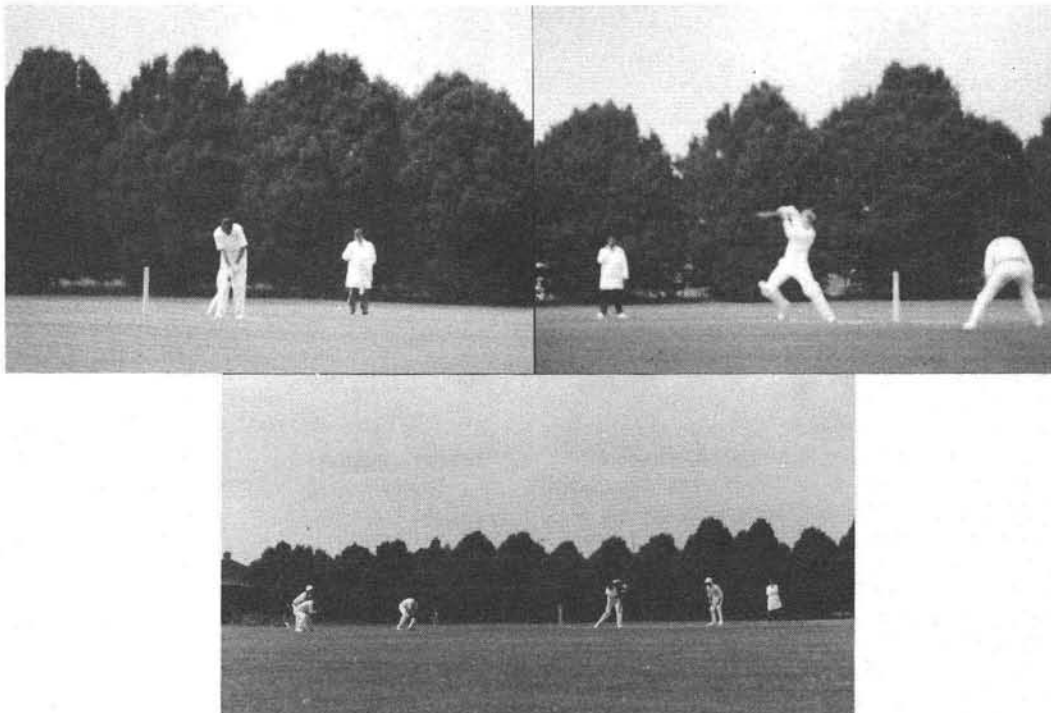
RESULTS:

BLOXHAM	(D)	Ab. 151-7 dec.	Bl. 92-7
PANGBOURNE	(W)	Ab. 182-7 dec.	Pa. 74
NEWBURY	(W)	Ne. 60	Ab. 61-1
M.C.S.	(W)	Ab. 182-9 dec.	Ma. 85
ORATORY	(W)	Or. 32	Ab. 35-1
ABINGDON CC.	(W)	Ab. 157	Ab.(CC) 46
BRENTWOOD	(L)	Ab. 157	Br. 158-8
BERKHAMSTED	(D)	Ab. 97-4	(abnd)
RADLEY	(D)	Ra. 154-9 dec.	Ab. 12-0 (abnd)
KING ALFRED'S	(D)	KA. 210-7 dec.	Ab. 172-7
MARLBOROUGH	(L)	Ab. 126-9 dec.	Ma. 127-3
READING	(W)	Re. 140-6 dec.	Ab. 143-7
HIGH WYCOMBE	(D)	HW.168-8 dec.	Ab. 76-8
ST.EDWARD'S	(L)	Ab. 90	SE. 93-3
OA's.	(W)	Ab. 236-5 dec.	OA. 143

(Best Batsman : Prince, av. 37.2)

(Best Bowler : Hay, av. 12.2)

R. WINSLEY VI T



JUNIORS

Played 18 Won 6 Drawn 8 Lost 4

Despite lacking the talent of recent years, the team had a most commendable playing record and once again we reached the final of the Lord's Taverners Trophy competition.

The first two games of the season gave little cause for optimism, but the side's capacity to heed advice and learn from their mistakes became evident in much improved performances against M.C.S. and the Oratory. An abject display against Marlborough was followed by more words of wisdom and four decisive victories, the most impressive of which was over the hapless M.C.S. XI who again saw the best of us. Two close matches, a pulsating draw with R.G.S. High Wycombe when all four results were possible in the last over and a defeat by just two wickets off the penultimate ball by a very strong St. Edwards side showed how much the team's character and determination had developed. An excellent win over a more than useful Oxford School side in the semi-final of the "Lord's Taverners" meant we had to meet Radley yet again in the final. In a game delayed until a dismal Saturday in September, we surprisingly looked capable of beating the old enemy, but some disastrous running between the wickets (five run outs) led to our ultimate demise.

Much credit for the improved attitude and performance of the team must go to Martin Scott-Brown, the captain, who not only made many important contributions with both bat and ball, but led with much skill, always looking to attack and handling his bowlers intelligently. Given more positive footwork in his batting and tighter control of his off-spin he should develop into a fine player. Philip Page had, until the last two matches, a very frustrating time with the bat, often contriving to get out to weak shots when looking well set. His excellent 93 at Oxford should give him confidence in the future to build big innings. His bowling improved steadily and with a little more "devil" in his whole game he could become a major force in school cricket. Jonathan Hill emerged as a most talented all-rounder. A gifted timer of the ball and a most consistent medium paced "wobbler", he has the ability to become a high class player given a little more confidence and assertiveness.

Leading wicket taker (33 wickets) Louis Golding, with his ability to swing the ball away from the bat, turned in many fine performances. At times he lost his rhythm and confidence, but never his determination. The same was true of his batting, where he worked hard to overcome problems with his footwork and played several significant innings.

Robert Darby's approach to batting is uncomplicated. He has a good eye and is a confident striker of the ball looking at his happiest when asked to score quickly. With a little more patience and selectivity he should become a very effective middle order batsman.

Both Stefan Hutchings and Robbie Murdoch showed they have the ability to play strokes, but often had little time to build up big innings. The former, in particular, was worth his place for his fine all round fielding. Robb Milne looked to be a talented bowler, but he needs more consistent control of line and length if he is to fulfil his potential. Barry Gale seriously underestimated his batting ability and others seemed to undervalue his offspin. I hope he is given more opportunities in both directions in the future.

The wicket-keeping slot was shared by Paul Coleman and Nick Hodgson, with little to choose between them although one outstanding leg-side catch by Paul gave him the job in the latter matches.

We were very well served in the scoring department by Andrew West and Chris Burchett. To have two reliable scorers was a real bonus.

Sadly, we have had to say goodbye to AJG, whose help and friendship over the last five years I have greatly valued.

I am sure that all the teams with which he has been associated have appreciated his caring and dedicated approach and would wish him every success and happiness in the future. What a pity we could not give him the perfect leaving present - a cup win over his favourite opponents - Radley!

TEAM FROM:

M.SCOTT-BROWN, P.PAGE, J.HILL,
L.GOLDING, R.DARBY, A.TREADWELL,
S.HUTCHINGS, R.MURDOCH, P.COLEMAN, R.MILNE,
B.GALE, N.HODGSON.

ALSO PLAYED:

A.WEST, S.HICKSON, R.ELLIS, K.SADLER, R.PILLING.

RESULTS

v BLOXHAM B 91 A 53	lost by 38 runs (Golding 4-42)
v PANGBOURNE P 175-5 dec; A 75-2	draw (Golding 4-49)
v COKETHORPE C 116; A 95-9	draw (Golding 4-29) (Scott-Brown 4-31)
v M.C.S. A 181-7 dec; MCS 103-7	draw (Scott-Brown 76, Hill 36)
v ORATORY A 157-6 dec; O 102	won by 55 runs (Hill 54, Darby 38 n.o.) (Milne 3-43)
v OAKWOOD A 126-10 dec; O 118-10	draw (12-a-side) (Darby 35) (Scott-Brown 3-24)
v BERKHAMSTED B 142; A 16-1	draw (rain stopped play) (Milne 3-31, Scott-Brown 3-40)
v RADLEY A 74	draw (match abandoned)
v DOUAI D 152; A 106-6	draw (Scott-Brown 37) (Scott-Brown 5-32)
v MARLBOROUGH M 162-3 dec; A 48	lost by 114 runs
v OXFORD SCHOOL A 111-7 dec; O 46	won by 65 runs (Scott-Brown 34) (Golding 4-21, Hill 4-8)
*v CHIPPING NORTON CN 58; A 61-2	won by 8 wkts. (Page 4-10, Golding 3-9)
v READING A 135-7 dec; R 68	won by 67 runs (Scott-Brown 39) (Scott-Brown 4-23, Hill 3-11)
*v MCS A 148-5 (40 overs); MCS 77	won by 71 runs (Golding 43, Darby 32) (Hill 3-14, Gale 4-9)
v RGS HIGH WYCOMBE A 127; RGS 124-9	draw (Treadwell 40)
v ST EDWARD'S A 126; SE 127-8	lost by 2 wkts (Hill 3-23)
*v OXFORD SCHOOL A 179-3 (40 overs); O 71	won by 108 runs (Page 93, Hill 41) (Golding 4-32)
*v RADLEY R 130-6 (40 overs); A 89	lost by 41 runs (Page 32)

* = Lord's Taverners Trophy

R.P.F.

JUNIORS COLTS

Played 13 Won 7 Drawn 2 Lost 4

It is always very encouraging coaching a group of boys who are fully committed to their cricket and who respond to coaching. Without exception this year's squad have approached their cricket with maximum purpose and enthusiasm and tried very hard to improve their skill. They have experienced their batting collapses and mishaps in the field, but have learnt through their mistakes and bounced back. To win seven school matches in a season is a good achievement, and everyone has played a major part in the team's success.

The pace attack improved so much that the problem for the captain was to decide on the regular opening pair. Donald Stanley proved to be the most consistent pace bowler and main wicket taker with forty wickets in the season at an average of 8.8. Relying on good line and length, Donald was able to bowl long spells, and his extra pace was always a challenge to the good batsmen. John Wallace, on his day, bowled as well as anyone. He has a very economical action, and by the end of the season emerged as the most improved bowler in the side. Barry Marnane, with his straight bowling, was well employed in his role of containing the batsmen, and his accuracy accounted for a wicket in nearly all of his spells. Jeremy Boorman, coming back to cricket after a year in the Badminton Club, improved in every game. If he continues playing cricket in the future, I feel sure he has the making of a very useful all-rounder. Philip Goldsworthy also bowled well when given the opportunity, but he needs to bowl a lot more to develop a consistent line and length. Edward Tilley, although preferring pace, ended up as the second off-spinner in the side. His natural ability and reading of the game will always ensure success, but he must try to accept that everyone bowls the odd loose delivery. Matthew Gordon bowled relentlessly throughout the season and worked hard on tempting the batsmen with his variety of delivery. Figures of 95:38:266:32 with an average of 8.3 speak for themselves. My only observation is that he should have put himself on to bowl more.

On the batting front, the established opening pair of Donald Stanley and Tom Biggar gave the side a good foundation for building a big innings. Their opening stands of 187 against R.G.S. High Wycombe and 145 against Brentwood must go in the school record books along with a number of other sound partnerships. Donald was always keen to increase the run rate and his good footwork and straight hitting accounted for his 449 runs in the season including his memorable century against High Wycombe. By contrast, Tom was happy to bide his time while Donald stole the limelight. However he was never over-shadowed, and in fact looked the safer of the two. The only flaw in technique was the occasional half step forward to the full pitched ball which made him liable to L.B.W. Matthew took on the role of No. 3, but lacked the patience to build an innings, and seemed always to get himself out just as he was getting his eye in. Run-outs also stopped him in his tracks. Against Reading School, however, his doggedness nearly saved the game, so I hope in the future he will be able to play himself in more often. The same really applies to Edward Tilley, a batsman of unlimited natural ability. He too looked set for building a long innings, but on too many occasions played a loose shot across the line quite out of character and to the delight of the bowler. Hugh Wilkinson, Jeremy Boorman, James Johnstone and Philip Goldsworthy all had their moments of glory during the season, and were quite capable of performing well after a collapse at the top. John Taylor, coming into the side after the Reading game improved in every match and it was his partnership with Hugh Wilkinson that helped the side gain the initiative against St. Edwards School when collapse was imminent. Jonathan Evans, Ben Kendrick, Simon

Newton, John Wallace and Barry Marnane also fancied themselves as batsmen. Quite rightly, too, as they certainly showed the stars how to bat straight against Reading and M.C.S. and how can we forget John Wallace's six against Sheffield Schools?

James Johnstone played well behind the stumps throughout the season and he was particularly effective on the leg side. The ground fielding and catching ranged from brilliant to amazing. In some games everything went right and Barry Marnane and Jeremy Boorman excelled. In other games we seemed unable to take the chances.

My thanks to the whole squad for their dedication and eagerness to perform well. Credit for this is due to the leadership of Matthew Gordon and Tom Biggar. Matthew is a caring captain and he handled the side extremely well on and off the field in spite of distractions from his fans. I wish you all success in the future, and provided you all get in line and play straight, you can look forward to it.

Individual Performances

Batting:

Donald Stanley: 107 v R.G.S. High Wycombe 27.6.87;
95 v Brentwood 20.6.87

Bowling:

Matthew Gordon : 9-43 v R.G.S. High Wycombe 27.6.87
Donald Stanley : 7-44 v M.C.S. 9.5.87

Fifties:

Stanley, Biggar, Tilley. Two each.

5 wickets in a match:

Stanley (4), Gordon (3), Wallace (1).

Leading avges

Batting

	INN	RUNS	H.S.	AVE
D. Stanley	15	449	107*	32.1
E. Tilley	14	320	55*	26.6
T. Biggar	13	244	67	22.2
M. Gordon	13	186	30	15.5
H. Wilkinson	13	146	42	13.3
P. Goldsworthy	9	92	30*	13.3

Bowling

	OVERS	RUNS	WKTS	AVE
Matthew Gordon	95	266	32	8.3
John Wallace	48	123	14	8.7
Donald Stanley	158	352	40	8.8
Edward Tilley	61	171	11	15.5
Barry Marnane	82	239	13	18.4

RESULTS

Bloxham	L: B. 161-9; A. 66.
Pangbourne	W: A. 147; P. 70.
M.C.S.	L: M. 109-9; A. 108.
Oratory	W: A. 134; O. 96.
Brentwood	W: A. 255-6; B. 75.
Berkhamsted	D: A. 145-9; B. 97-8.
Douai	W: A. 163-6; D. 41.
Marlborough	L: M. 103-6; A. 101.
Reading	L: R. 68; A. 52.
R.G.S. High Wycombe	W: A. 178-1; H. 94
Monkton Coombe	W: A. 83-4; M. 81.
St. Edwards	D: A. 133; S. 89-7.
Oakwood	W: A. 138-8; O. 136.

County match v Sheffield Schools.
Lost by 50 runs: SH. 154-4; A. 104.

B XI v Carmel College.
Won by 70 runs.

The following played for the XI:

M. Gordon (capt.), T. Biggar (v. capt.), D. Stanley, E. Tilley, J. Wallace, B. Marnane, H. Wilkinson, J. Johnstone, J. Taylor, J. Boorman, S. Newton, P. Goldsworthy, J. Evans, B. Kendrick.

J. DRUMMOND-HAY

MINORS

U13

The beginning of the season was very encouraging as we had seven matches without loss. We easily beat Millsbrook House, New College School, and Radley U14 4th team, should have beaten Oratory (who preferred to have tea rather than finish the game!) and were lucky not to lose to the two very strong touring sides of Oakwood and Bristol Cathedral School (the latter playing our 2nd team in the pouring rain). Not surprisingly the Marlborough U14 'B' side were too strong for us and the team did well to keep them to only 125 runs and get 8 of their wickets. This was, I think our finest performance though we lost so heavily.

Reading cashed in on our over confidence on a minuscule wicket by a cracking, match-winning last-wicket stand of 35 to overtake our score of 141. R.G.S. High Wycombe were surprisingly weak again; the touring side of Gilling Castle overpowered us with strong, aggressive batting and accurate bowling. The final game at Josca's was rather reminiscent of our disaster at Reading.

As a team our batting was weak in technique, concentration and aggression. Even James Tilley scored more runs for the team last year than he did this. Slow bowlers especially we found difficult to cope with. Allen showed tremendous application and improved most over the season to become the second most effective scorer of runs. He also showed great skill, tact and leadership as the new team captain.

When bowling we felt much happier. Pree could always be relied on to keep the runs down (though how he did not take twice as many wickets I will never know). Allen was able to move the ball to great effect and always proved difficult to play. Tilley was our only real spin bowler who produced some excellent spells but lacked consistency. Ions perhaps showed greatest improvement from last year with some real pace and aggression but not quite the required accuracy! These four were ably helped by first-years Harding and Smith.

On the fielding side Johnson (wicket-keeper), Lister, Lyon, Roan, Martin and Milne were excellent. Thanks, too, to Lord, J. Pipe, Ogden, List, Gold, Laing, Whittaker and first years Engwell, Allison and Hartley who all represented the school at this level. I hope they all remembered to thank their patient coaching team of AMS, JD-H, NHP and PJW.

Colours were awarded to Allen, Tilley, Pree, Ions and Johnson. Allen, Tilley and Pree also gained the exceptional distinction of all being selected to represent the county on numerous occasions towards the end of the season. I gather they made quite an impression on the teams they played even at this high level. Let's hope next year that this team reaps the success they deserve.

Results:

1st XI

vs. St. George's Windsor1 A. 55 all out	Draw St. George's 32 for 5
vs. Oratory A. 135 for 8 declared	Draw Oratory 96 for 8
vs. Millbrook House Millbrook House 29 all out	Win by 10 wickets A. 32 for 0
vs. Oakwood Oakwood 104 for 9 declared.	Draw A. 56 for 6
vs. New College School N.C.S. 34 all out	Win by 10 wickets A. 35 for 0

2nd XI

vs. Bristol Cathedral School B.C.S. 109 for 5	Draw A. 35 for 5
vs. Radley U14 "D" Abingdon 88 all out	Win by 58 runs Radley 30 all out
vs. Marlborough U14 "B" Marlborough 125 for 8	Lost by 79 runs A. 46 all out
vs. Reading A. 141 all out	Lost by 1 wicket Reading 144 for 9
vs. St. Hugh's A. 98 for 5	Draw St. Hugh's 46 for 7
vs. R.G.S. High Wycombe R.G.S. 68 all out	Win by 8 wickets A. 70 for 2
vs. Gilling Castle A. 92 all out	Lost by 8 wickets Gilling Castle 93 for 2
vs. Josca's A. 75 all out	Lost by 2 wickets Josca's 79 for 8

Best Averages:

Batting

	Inn	Rns	H/S	Ave
Tilley	11	200	43	22.22
Allen	10	159	30(n.o.)	19.88
Harding	4	58	37	14.5
Ions	9	112	45	12.44
Martin	7	58	25(n.o.)	11.6

Bowling

	O	M	Rns	Wkts	Ave
Harding	20	7	26	4	6.5
Allen	109	31	214	26	8.23
Pree	103	31	176	19	9.26
Ions	52	11	144	14	10.29
Smith	30	6	72	7	10.29
Tilley	67	19	171	16	10.60

D.M.H.

U12

This was really a very poor start. If only their tremendous enthusiasm was matched by an equally high level of skill. Only a handful of batsmen could play straight and an equally small number could bowl straight. Although we lost all four matches the season was very enjoyable, a gentlemanly one where the inter-form championships generated a lot of enthusiasm. Harding made an excellent captain and the other important contributors were Engwell, Allison and Hartley. Others who played were: Brown, R. Jones, Dearman, Webster, Dunn, Weedon, Deane and Busby. Let us remember all the tips we picked up - practise hard and next year you can only get better!

Results:

vs. Eagle House Eagle House 71 all out	Lost by 54 runs Abingdon 17 all out
vs. Hampshire U11's Hampshire 92 for 7	Lost by 16 runs Abingdon 76 all out
vs. Plymouth College Abingdon 27 all out	Lost by 7 wickets Plymouth College 28 for 3
vs. C.C.C.S. Abingdon 80 all out	Lost by 7 wickets C.C.C.S. 81 for 3

D.M.H.

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

The Modern Languages Society

The Modern Languages Society has continued to thrive this year under the ever watchful eye of Mrs. Hollands-Duverly. Our membership jumped to an almost unmanageable level and we were forced to limit members at some of the events, an unprecedented occurrence.

We began this year with a very successful boules evening to which the entire membership were invited (and almost arrived) - it was the huge turnout that convinced us limiting members would be a good idea. During the year we followed this with, among other things: a trip to "La Maison Francais" to see a film (in French) and a Mardi Gras evening.

Our final event was the now traditional dinner dance for upper sixth members, teachers and committee. As in the past this was a most enjoyable occasion for all concerned, and a fitting end to another good year for the Modern Language Society.

As a retiring chairman I'd like to thank: the chairwoman Nicki O'Shea; the committee of Matt Spencer, Nick Westwood, Ben Schmittzehe, Richard Walkers, Mary Barratt and Lisa Venebles; and also Mrs. Hollands-Duverly and Mrs. Wade for their unceasing help, advice and support. And to wish luck to next year's committee which is to be led by Lawrence Dore and Catherine Godfrey.

Chris Shaw



Motor Mechanics

The Moss Roadster kit car, after what seemed like an interminable period of knotty problems necessitating much improvisation and modification, is now coming on apace. Since all has to be done in the correct order, a general pattern has emerged whereby we seem to spend a great deal of time fabricating brackets for various components with very little tangible progress; then, suddenly, one part is fitted clearing the way for a number of others to follow in quick succession. A case in point was the wind-screen wiper mechanism which involved much careful calculation of the angle of the wiper, length of wiper arms and blades, etc., before finally being installed. The instrument panel could then be fitted, enabling the steering column to be mounted after many months of lying loose in the bottom of the car. The fruits of our labours have thus been more readily discernible in recent times and our minds begin to turn to cosmetic items as fitting the doors, bonnet and trim. The rear end of the car is now completely wired, though the rest of the wiring will present numerous problems thanks to the many non-standard components fitted in place of the original Mk.1 Escort equipment. It may now be only a short while before the rebuilt engine is started up for the first time.

GCR



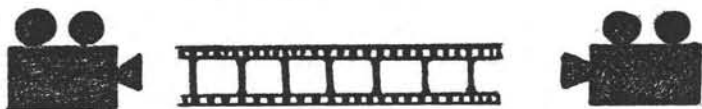
Wargaming Society

Elections took place this year for a full committee to aid Mr. Willerton in the running of the club and to add new games to the games library using money raised by subscriptions from club members. Kingmaker retains the title of being one of the most regularly played games at the club, while Fantasy Role Playing Games have been replaced by Near Future RPG's.

It has been encouraging to note the increasing popularity of wargaming in the lower three years, although this year we were unable to give them a big part in the demonstration. The Open Day was once again one of the highlights of the year when we have an opportunity to show off and play very large games that take too long to play on a Wednesday afternoon. For the first time in four years Warhammer did not make an appearance and the centrepiece of the display was a 1/72nd scale re-creation of an actual Vietnam battle, complete with model jungle and gunships.

Our thanks go to PW for his help in keeping the club running smoothly.

K. Turner VIP



Once again film society claimed the largest membership of all the school's clubs and societies. However, 1986 started as it was to continue - with problems. The heavy fall of snow caused our scheduled film "Fletch" to get stuck - in Birmingham. This resulted in Mike Schofield and Alistair "Wuh" Corbett spending an entire afternoon chasing it up, and its ultimate non-arrival. We ended up showing the only film the company had in the area: "A Passage to India". It was an excellent film, but rather long and slow moving for our members. Other problems included the slow death of our projector during the superb John Cleese comedy "Clockwise". For some reason loud noises on the sound-track were causing the main bulb to trip off, which rather spoiled the film's continuity. Fortunately the film's undoubted quality carried us through. The comic horror film "Fright Night" simply did not arrive and the members ended up watching it on video, with three television sets dotted around the hall. In fact it was a blissful change when a film went off perfectly as did "Cocoon", "Catholic Boys", "Desperately Seeking Susan" and "Fletch" (when it finally turned up, three weeks late). These films ranged from a surprisingly good school-boy comedy "Catholic Boys", through a rather disappointing sci-fi film "Cocoon" to two riotous comedy thrillers.

On behalf of the retiring committee members: Alistair "UG!" Corpsboot, Mike Schofield and myself I would like to thank: Rev. Lewis and Mr. Donald for their time and much needed help and support; and most of all the members who kept us going - even through the excitements of the infamous double bill "The Blues Brothers" and "The Rocky Horror Picture Show". It is good to know that the club is still in good heart and looking forward to its new season!

Chris Shaw



The Rifle Club

The Rifle Club "B" team last term had an unprecedented victory against three other schools' equivalent teams. The first of five rounds saw a promising start, although not at the top of the list. We then fell in the second round to third place, and it looked unlikely that we would win unless we pulled up drastically and shot cards with scores of ninety or above.

The team consisted of: T. Green, J. Rayner, R. Wormald, M. Humble.

J. Rayner shot an excellent "93" and the score was

added to by T. Green's "94"; the rest of the team shot with similarly high scores. The fourth round was bad for us and good for the other schools. At the end of term our morale was high but our scoring low, and having shot the last target we thought we could wave goodbye to our chances of winning; luckily, though, the other schools had shot badly in the last round, and Abingdon "B" were the winners.

T. Green 4AFT



Railway Club

If you were to visit the club room situated next to the T.V. room in Waste Court, you would find a 13'x 6' working model railway with two locomotives, plenty of rolling stock and an assortment of railway buildings. This has all been created in only two terms by a small but energetic group of first year boys. Fieldsend, Allison, Harding, Graham, Dunn and Bennett were the keenest boarders and were ably supported by the dayboys: Temple, Winton, Wells, Wheatley, Williams and Mortimer. Bennett organised an eight mile sponsored walk, TASS generously gave us a grant and the rest of the money was raised by subscription.

Club members have also visited the Mid-Hants Railway, York, Howe's model shop in Oxford and the site of the old Abingdon station. Next year, if enthusiasm continues, we hope to add scenery, models and people to the layout. Ask a member to show you round one day!

D.M.H.



Chess Club

The Chess Club had one of its more successful recent seasons. By virtue of a win over the old enemy, Magdalen College School, the Senior team won the Oxfordshire School's league for the first time for thirteen years. A talented U-13 squad finished equal first in their highly competitive league, and covered themselves in glory in the Times competition by trouncing Fitzharrises and Larkmead.

Nicholas Jacobovics followed his second place in the British U-13 Championship in 1986 with a third place in the U-14 tournament in 1987. He regularly plays for the Oxfordshire senior team, and was the youngest competitor invited to play for the Arc young masters tournament at Oakham School. Philip Saxon won the Oxfordshire U-15 championship.

A small, dynamic and brainy army of addicts

continue to enjoy the game at Chess Club, Junior Chess Club and in the Sixth Form common room. Much of the work falls upon the willing shoulders of Anne Soper and Charmian Manship; never did so many owe so much to so few.



Schools' Challenge

This year's report must begin retrospectively, since the events of the last two seasons have yet to be fully recounted. The 1985 Abingdonian told how Clive Williams, Daniel Oppenheimer, Mark Weatherall, Matthew Clark and Greg Randall had won the regional competition. There followed victories against Reading and R.G.S. High Wycombe, this by the narrowest of margins earning a place in the National semi-finals. Alas, organisational difficulties delayed these until Messrs. Williams and Oppenheimer were out of the country. It was thus a weakened team that lost narrowly to Norwich, the eventual winners, leaving Abingdon to reflect on what might have been.

Sweeping changes were made to provide a team for 1986. I replaced elder brother as captain, Stefan Green filled the other senior place, Matthew Clark was the lone survivor from the previous year, and Greg Randall's position as "Obscurities Correspondent" was taken by Chris Iles. Inexperience took its toll and the team lost its first match against Henry Box school, Witney.

The team of 1987, then, had a point to prove. Matthew was promoted to second senior, his place in the juniors being filled by James Johnston, the other places being left unchanged. We won the regional competition with consummate ease, in all cases leading from the very first question and never falling behind. Wycombe Abbey, Carmel College, Wantage and Radley fell by the wayside. Disaster followed; we were disqualified for finishing our region too slowly. But for the sterling efforts of Dr Zawadski, who mercilessly hounded local and national organisers until

U-18 team: M.J. Nightall, N.S. Jakubovics, N.G. Williams, J.R. Cooper, M.D.H. Clark, P.J. Saxon.

U-13 team: C. Lord, B. Moseley, B. Ulyatt, A. Abbott, C. Graham, R. Gwyther.

Times Competition

U-18 beat Marston Middle 4-2; lost on age.

U-13 beat Fitzharrises 1st team 3-3; won on age.
beat Larkmead 1st team 4-2.
lost to Reading School 1½-4½

Oxon. Schools League:

U-18 beat Larkmead 6-0
beat M.C.S. 3½-2½

U-15 beat Larkmead 3½-2½
drew with Marston Middle 3-3
lost to MCS 1-5

U-13 beat Fitzharry's 5-1
beat Dragon A 4-2
beat Dragon B 5-1
beat Bishop Kirk 4-2
beat Larkmead 4½-1½
beat M.C.S. 5-1
beat Oxford Girls H.S. 4-2
beat Marston Middle girls 5-1
drew with Marston Middle boys 3-3

Friendly - U-13 lost to Oratory U-14 2½-3½



this injustice was put right, our challenge would have ended there. Right prevailed, however, and we were invited to the University of Birmingham for the competition's final stages. Here the opposition was much tougher, so only with all four team matches on top form were we able to beat Cranleigh School from Surrey and Dungannon School from Ulster in horribly close matches. These successes put us for the first time ever in the national final, but there it had to end. Dean Close school's captain (a classicist) proved too quick on the button and only for the briefest of moments could we take the lead. We offer our congratulations to Dean Close.

Thanks are due to Mr James and Mr Biggs for providing us with venues for our home games, to Dr Clark and Mrs White for the transport to Birmingham and, of course, to Dr Zawadski whose contributions were too numerous to mention

RESULTS:

Oxford Region	
v. Wycombe Abbey	(890 - 380)
Carmel College	(950 - 170)
Wantage School	(690 - 420)
Regional Final	
v. Radley	(700 - 370)
National Finals, 27 June	
Quarter-final	
v. Cranleigh School	(680 - 630)
Semi-final	
v. Royal School, Dungannon	(740 - 700)
Final	
v. Dean Close	(670 - 760)

Nigel Williams VI H

Cross Country

MICHAELMAS TERM

Unfortunately the term started with defeat at Haberdashers', but improved with a home win against Warwick. At High Wycombe we were narrowly beaten by Watford G.S. and R.G.S. High Wycombe, but revenge was sweet when we beat High Wycombe on our home course later in the term. In the relays we came 8th. out of 22 at Dr. Challoner's, 4th out of 10 at St. Alban's and 7th out of 18 at Millfield.

The Colts team lost against Bradfield and Coventry, but achieved a victory at the Kingham Hill relay. The Colts team was led throughout by Nick Woodall who managed to beat all of the Senior team at the AAA's County Championships. In that event the Senior team came second to Banbury Harriers while there were excellent individual runs from Julian Day, Matthew Deacon and Robert Walker. Robert went on to win the first-year race, while James Tilley won the second-year race. The first and second-year teams also beat Fitzharry's at the end of term.

Club Championships: Juniors - Robert Walker
Colts - Nick Woodall
Seniors - Mark Head

Half Colours went to Richard Moncrieff.

Full Colours went to Tony Payne and Tim Slater.

Team runners: M. Head (Capt.), J.P. Blake (Sec.), A. Payne, T. Slater, R. Moncrieff, N. Woodall, M. Drinkwater, M. Deacon, J. Day, M. Gillan, R. Walker, M. Gelder, R. Jameson, R. Coupland, P. Allen, D. Buck, C. Hoyle, P. Goldsworthy, N. New, R. Craig, D. Aitken, J. Ions, J. Barton, R. Ellis.

LENT TERM

This term we found we lacked in basic numbers which was highlighted rather embarrassingly against Wellington College where they outnumbered us by rather more than a couple. Unfortunately, we lost. At the Vale of the White Horse the school came fourth with Mark Head winning the Senior race and Robert Walker coming second in the Junior race. In the relays we came 8th out of 16 in the Tortoises relay, 2nd out of 6 at Leighton Park and 9th out of 18 at Worcester. The O.A. match was the closest it had been for a number of years, but the O.A.'s just managed to beat us: O.A. 37, Ab. 42. At the All-England Championships at Preston Park Mark Head came 321 out of the top 350 Senior runners in the country.

Club Championships: Junior - Robert Walker
Colts - Max Drinkwater
Senior - Mark Head

I would like to thank the following for their help and support with the Club this year: Mr. Baker, Tim, Mr. Pritchard, Mrs. Marshall, The Headmaster, Mark (leadership), Rich (training), Tony (commentary) and the club runners (for turning up).

Next year a splendid time is guaranteed for all!

Team runners: M. Head (Capt.), J.P. Blake (Sec.), T. Payne, R. Moncrieff, M. Drinkwater, G. Mowat, J. Hall, M. Gelder, R. Walker, G. Riches, E. Newey, M. Hopkins, D. Engwell, J. Stopps, R. Gerdes, J. Deacon.

J. Blake VIZ

Athletics

This was an encouraging season with a lot of good individual performances and a feeling of commitment which bodes well for the future.

Tony Payne was a consistent performer for the senior team and was dependable as either a 1500m or 800m runner, as well as doing his bit in the long jump. He thoroughly deserved the Adrian Stores trophy awarded for contributions both on and off the track.

Mark Head has also made a great contribution to the Athletics Club over the years, and once again he put himself out to fill spaces in the senior team. If only there had been a steeplechase event he would have been happier.

One other person deserves to be mentioned from the Upper Sixth and that is Alistair Corbett. Although he has never been a "star" he has always been happy to do whatever was asked of him. Discus, shot, javelin, 1500m and a relay have all featured in Alistair's programme. He has been the "team" athlete of the year.

In the Lower Sixth, Lawrence Dore, Richard Moncrieff, Richard Bakesef, John Blake and Jeremy Hall all trained and competed hard, but the prize for the best performance must go to Mark Negus who became the first Abingdonian to clear 6.00ft in the high jump for some years.

In the Intermediates, David Calderbank proved himself to be a star sprinter and now looks very convincing indeed. He took Andrew Carley-Macauley under his wing and made him into a very determined 1500m runner, thus proving that peer group coaches have a lot to offer. James Crawford proved to be a good utility man and a good many others in this group performed well, particularly Julian Day when he was not hampered with injury.

The third year group was quite small, but was effective. Sam Palmer-Ward, Ben Birks, Douglas Williamson and Ben Pilling were the mainstays of the team and all of them have a promising future with the club.

This year we had more county representatives and champions than ever before, and we had significant victories in our school matches at various levels. The problem of a balanced fixture list still remains, but spirits are high and the future looks bright.

D.G.C.

The Abingdon Relay

Born 1980: laid to rest 1986

"We could organise a better event than that!" Fateful words drifting across a quietened minibus after a particularly shambolic inter-school relay in the West Country. Four months, three course changes and much later, we did.

The Abingdon Relay was to be special. Not only would it be superbly organised, but the course itself would be as challenging as possible so that the whole event would live on in the minds of the competitors for the rest of their lives.

There was no way that anything based on the school grounds could provide the sort of course we were looking for. Youlbury Scout Camp on Boars Hill was a potential H.Q. and changeover area, but it was those lovely brown contour lines on the O.S. map which really excited us and enabled us eventually to devise a suitable course with the 5-star attraction of the long Sandy Lane hill coming just

updates from radio links around the course, a leader board and team time display; the press and freelance athletics photographers were there. Athletes from as many as 80 teams, ranging from Brighton to Newcastle, containing some of the best schoolboy runners in the country, waited anxiously in the take-over area for their incoming runners, while their colleagues provided a crescendo of support as each was sighted, digging into whatever was left of his reserves of energy after the agony of Sandy Lane. The Abingdon Relay had become THE RELAY - the big one; the tough one; the one that really mattered!

Back in school, over 300 people packed into the dining hall for tea and the presentation of prizes which were always held in conjunction, thus giving many local schools a rare opportunity to meet new and far-flung opposition.



before the changeover. Careful negotiations with local residents associations and the trustees of "the garden" followed before things could be finalised.

The first Abingdon Relay was a relatively modest affair. Eighteen teams competed, but even then some of the best schools were attracted to it, and the standard of competition was very high. It proved the suitability of the venue and established the organisational guidelines for the extravagances to come. Although N.A.F.P. held the reins, the bulk of the work was done by successive secretaries of the cross country club, each one "prejudicing" his "A" level prospects in his efforts to make "his event" even better than the previous one.

By the sixth year the big day atmosphere was probably unrivalled by any other sporting fixture which the school has organised. The race started and finished under huge banners; there was public address commentary giving regular

Finally, complete results and "bump-charts" were available for all to peruse on the journey home. However, the school as a whole failed to realise just what was being achieved and what a splendid advertisement for the school the event had become. Without community enthusiasm and support it is difficult to keep a tradition going, and by the seventh year the strains on those few members of staff involved were apparent. When, in addition, the burden in store for future secretaries was deemed to be unacceptable, rather than lower standards, the decision was taken to discontinue. Ironically, it was the very success of the relay's organisation which led to its demise.

Maybe somebody reading this would care to take up the challenge again, but the bulk of the task of "organising a better event than that" has become infinitely more difficult.

Richard Baker



tennis

Tennis seasons can be made or ruined by weather. The summer of 1987 conjures up for many cool or damp conditions, ideal for revision or examinations, but not for tennis. The reality, however, was different. Only one match had to be cancelled because of rain, and then a late start would have saved the fixture. Indeed more hours of 'official' tennis were played than for many a year by making greater use of the grass courts beyond 5 o'clock departure of the buses. This worked most successfully because of a combination of factors: the responsible attitude of the quite large and keen group of middle school boarders in the Tennis Club, enough rain conveniently spaced to ensure the survival of adequate grass till the end of term, and the benevolent, discerning eye of Nigel Hunter from Crescent House.

It seemed almost a miracle that the lack of a third hard court did not ruin a match fixture. Sadly, the construction of a pair of new courts was again postponed, but the Club was immensely grateful to TASS and particularly the energies of Dr. and Mrs Clark and Dr. and Mrs Green for organising a major fund raising event in the form of a progressive supper, the proceeds of which are to be directed towards providing extra courts.

It was clear from the first practices of the year that the 1st VI would be strong and the difficulties would be those of deciding who to leave out and what pairings to make. The past form of some of our opponents suggested that our 1st team at full strength would be overpowering and deny everyone an enjoyable match, so we fielded several 'A' teams and with much success. Garrath Reayer and John Loosemore, last year's first, were again very powerful and when playing well together appeared to be unstoppable, even if they never quite reached the peaks of the previous season. Each could excite with their secure but distinctly different techniques and styles, but, like generations of upper sixth formers before them, they seemed to lose some of their zest and enjoyment for the game as A levels loomed. Nonetheless Garrath Reayer's contribution to tennis at the school has been immense: six years in the 1st VI must be a record and it is hard to come to terms with the fact that he will not be there in 1988.

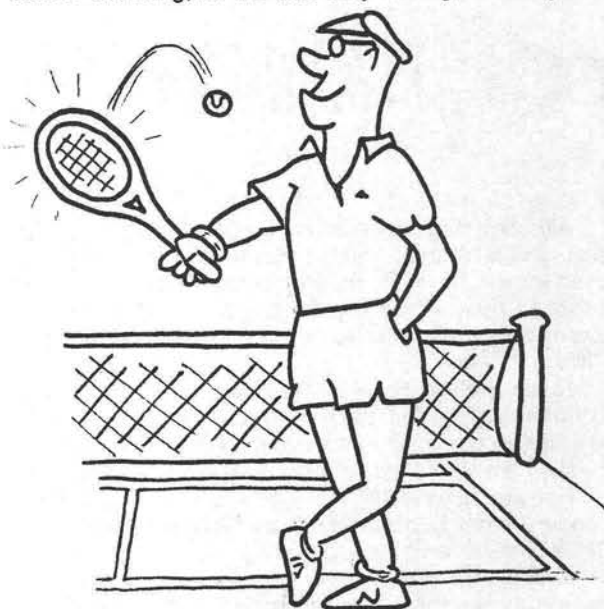
It soon became apparent that Trevor Chesters, new to the sixth form, was an ideal recruit to the 1st VI. A supportive team man with a reliable technique, a sharp eye, good balance and control, he was always prepared to work for his winners. David Boorman proved the perfect partner for him. An experienced competitor with a racquet in his hands, he showed real flair on occasions with a swinging left hander's service and his extraordinary ability to whip his forehand even when the ball was only inches off the ground. Giles Martin and Oliver Money-Kyrle were, more often than not, the third pair. They provided quite a contrast in temperament and style, but had some notable successes, including halving matches with the first pairs of both Magdalen College School and R.G.S. High Wycombe. They, with Richard Walker (Albert or Big Dick to his admirers) who also played regularly at the beginning of the season, have all now left and will be greatly missed. The 'A' VI who will be strong contenders for the 1st VI next year were Jonathan Gold, an inspirational player with undoubted talent that needs disciplining into match-winning tennis. Antony Walker and Matthew Clark, both significantly more power-

ful and dominating than last year, who when playing at Colts level were only defeated by Radley's first pair.

The results listed below show that the 1st and 'A' VIs were undefeated in school matches with particularly sweet victories over Magdalen College School, Radley and a new fixture, St. Edward's. In the national competitions, Eton again put us out of the in the 3rd round in a very close match after we had beaten King Henry VIII, Coventry, Desbrough School and Peter Symond's College Winchester. In the Clark Cup, Reayer and Loosemore could not match their triumphs of the previous year and were put out in the 3rd round by St George's, Weybridge.

The junior sides had mixed fortunes, winning five matches and losing four. The best tennis undoubtedly came in the Radley matches where, despite losing at both U16 and U15 levels, there were sterling performances from both teams and particularly the pairings of James Toogood with Justin Frishberg and Gavin Rogers with Alistair Kendrick.

I am again indebted to Nigel Hunter and Nick Revill, and also to Tim King, for the time they have given this year.



Teams were picked from the following:

1st, 'A' and 2nd VI: G Reayer, J Loosemore, T Chesters, D Boorman, O Money-Kyrle, G Martin, R Walker, A Walker, J Gold, M Clark, M Banwell, A Trump, A Maughan, C Parker, A Austerfield, M Wright, J Seager, G Rogers.

Colts/Junior Colts VIs: A Walker, M Clark, J Toogood, J Frishberg, G Rogers, A Kendrick, M Seager, J Green, A Edwards, M Gillan, S Mitchell, B Williams, P Aitken, J Kingsland.

Full colours were awarded to T Chesters and D Boorman; half colours to G Martin.

The Buckley cup was won by T Chesters.

Results:

v. Shiplake

1st won 6.5-2.5; U15 lost 4-5

v. MCS

1st won 5-4; U16 won 6.5-2.5; 2nd lost 2.5-6.5; U15 lost 0-9

v. RGS High Wycombe

1st won 6-3

v. St. Edward's

1st won 6-3; U15 won 7-2

v. Pangbourne

'A' won 6-3; U15 won 5.5-2.5

v. Oratory

1st won 7-2; U16 won 6-3

v. RGS Worcester

'A' won 6-3

v. Radley College

1st won 5.5-3.5; U16 lost 3-6; 2nd lost 1.5-7.5; U15 lost 3-6

v. Carmel College

'A' won 5-4; U16 won 5.5-3.5

T.R.A.

Fives

The start of the 1986 - 87 school year was heralded by the traditional annihilation by Radley of our best players. Even though the usual number of players has dropped slightly throughout the year, more boys are now taking Fives up as a secondary sport, and subsequently the standard of play has improved. We are set to take on Radley again this term (to face the inevitable devastating defeat!) and we hope that the year ahead will promise some first-class players. Mr Willerton has done a great job co-ordinating the club, and we hope to see the same co-ordination shown in his play!

Richard Buckley VI B



Although eliminated early in the Barclays Bank Competition, the U16 team had an excellent season otherwise. Even without David Boorman (now too old!) victories were achieved over all our regular opponents including John Mason School 4 - 3, Stowe School 6 - 3 and in a new fixture, Millfield 11 - 0.

Unfortunately, it was a weakened U16 team that went to the finals of the Oxfordshire Schools League - Julian Day has hockey commitments too in the Lent term - and failed to retain the shield, being runners up to Larkmead.

Regular players for the U16's also included Stefan Prince, Jeremy Boorman, Richard Tilley, Alistair Kendrick, Cyrus Nikkhah and Tom Biggar.

Though the U19's have won relatively few matches there have been some good individual games: Rushidi and Trevor Chesters have been models of tenacity often winning against the odds. David Boorman has brought his style, precision and spectacular reach to the U19's now, and Jilan Jenggi has never lost his deft touch or good nature even under considerable provocation; we shall miss him. We shall also miss Michael Collins - last of the line - who was actually seen to run during a singles game against Millfield. Adrian Maughan will still be with us next year when we hope to avenge a heavy defeat by King James' College in the U19 League Final.

The U16 mixed team (with Didcot Girls) dominated the County League much to the displeasure of a number of vociferous locals, and won the finals by beating Larkmead 5-2.

The U14's played one rather strange compound fixture in which they lost to Marlborough (Woodstock), but beat Matthew Arnold who had just beaten Marlborough.... We don't understand it, but we DO understand a drubbing by Larkmead and a solid 5-2 win over M.C.S. Sight of this match was Ben Williams driving home some ferocious smashes in his doubles game. Ben's regular partners was Paul Crutchlow, neat of touch but occasionally rattled by gamesmanship. Jeremy Dearman and Paul Coleman often played as second pair, maybe light on brutality but deft and tenacious. Matthew Raynor and Nick Hodgson cheerfully played third fiddle and some quite good Badminton when Nick remembered his glasses. Fraser Cooper and Barry Gale were difficult to keep out of the team too!

The U13's lost to M.C.S. but the U12's drew, with Daniel Blake winning all his games - only fitting for the victor of the Lower School knockout competition.

David Boorman won the internal singles competition, and teamed up with brother Jeremy to win the doubles cup too, defeating Stephen Prince and Richard Tilley.

So much for the customary annual routine. The novelty this year was an outing to the National Badminton Championships semi-final day at the Wembley Arena. Among other matches we saw Steve Baddely lose and Morton Frost in clinically dominating form.

Adrian Maughan, Richard Tilley, Trevor Chesters and Rushidi have been awarded Half Colours. Jilan Jenggi and David Boorman Full Colours.

I.A.McD.



Foursomes golf, as those who have played it will readily testify, has a special feel about it, particularly in the context of a team competition. The recent Ryder Cup event, in which pride rather than money was the chief motivating factor, showed only too clearly the joys and agonies of the foursomes game! On a more modest and familiar level, the words, "Sorry, partner!" reflect the psychological difference between playing one's own ball into trouble compared to putting one's partner into trouble. All four players were heroes in Bradfield's first pair victory at the 22nd hole at Huntercombe over Peter Lunn and William Howard in the deciding foursome. Both pairs had had their chances of victory, but a fine birdie at the 4th extra hole took Bradfield through to the next round of the 1987-8 Hill-Samuel Matchplay Competition. The other two matches were shared 1/1, Mike Herd and Tim Taylor winning and Stephen Prince and Peter Rosenfeld losing two good games. William, Peter and Michael also represented Abingdon in the Golf Foundation sponsored stroke-play event. William returned our best score, a very respectable 81 at Beaconsfield Golf Club playing its full autumnal length.

Good news of Mike's elder brother, O.A., Chris. Now up at Aston, and playing off 3 handicap, he is captain of the University team and has gained selection to the English Universities side.

Recent "friendlies" have been played against Cheney School at Southfields, Oxford and, a new fixture, against Bristol Grammar School. Tim Greenland joined the above mentioned in the school team; all were awarded their half-colours, apart from Peter and William, who received full colours.

Introductory group coaching at Frilford Heath continues to be popular and will, I hope, help to produce some more Abingdon stars of the future; more to the point, it serves to introduce Abingdonians to what is arguably the best game, for a lifetime of them all! (I anticipate some "letters to the editor!")

N.H.P.



UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS

I first visited Abingdon School with my husband on Founders Day in 1964 where my husband's cousin Terry Parfitt was a boarder. In 1969 we arrived in Abingdon because my husband, an officer in the Thames Valley Police, had been posted here. Our first real connection with the school began immediately after our arrival through my husband's work with the school's Police Cadet. In due course, our youngest son Richard entered Roysse's, soon to become Abingdon School. During Richard's first summer we had our first family swimming ticket and thoroughly enjoyed our time at the pool. A new Dining Hall was being built and because it was not completed on time my chance came to join the school staff. I had seen an advert in a local shop, "Wanted - a simple cook for a boys' boarding school". It turned out to be a temporary job at Crescent House until the dining hall had been built. I telephoned Mrs Potter, wife of the Housemaster of Crescent House. When asked how simple this cook had to be, Angela replied, "Simple enough to cook high teas for fifty-five boys and evening meal for the Housemaster and his wife", and so I became a temporary cook at Crescent House in the mid-summer term. I remember Henley celebrations: Bill Potter, as always, a keen rower. There were plenty of boaters about! I also recall Founders Day when I became a "mum" again, and we enjoyed the cream teas, school bands, etc. My duties at Crescent House began at 4p.m. and it was quite a feat to prepare and cook a wholesome meal for 55 hungry lads by 6p.m. Under Angela's expert tuition and guidance I managed to have a homemade high tea ready for the "servers" to take to the three dining-rooms. The huge Aga and an ancient gas cooker helped me. The only item which I found difficult to prepare was Bill Potter's onion sauce. No packet sauce in Crescent House - only the real thing! We also had an excellent fryer for chips, regular Saturday night fare. Crescent House was made as homely as possible, and during the short time I was there I was impressed.

At the Christmas Carol Service held in St.Helen's Church I was asked to read a lesson. It was an evening service mostly in candlelight and a very moving experience for me and my family. My position at Crescent House was coming to an end but Denis, my husband, and the Bursar were chatting during a tea break in the Common Room about this, when the Bursar mentioned a forthcoming job. Shortly afterwards I was offered the new post of Receptionist of Abingdon School. I left Crescent House and became the first receptionist in the General Office, then situated where the Reeves Room is now, where I sat behind a large counter built by Frank Hill, and answered telephones, took messages, duplicated and generally dealt with boys, parents and visitors to the school (there was a bomb hoax during my first week). During this period the Headmaster, Mr Eric Anderson, left for Shrewsbury School, followed shortly afterwards by the Bursar Wing Commander Harrison. Mr M. St. John Parker became our Headmaster and Group Capt. Danny Head our Bursar. The Dining Hall was in full swing, cafeteria arrangement, and very useful for Parents' Evenings and TASS AGM's, and so forth. One day the Bursar asked me if I could relieve the Sister in charge of the Sanatorium. I was very pleased as once again I was in a caring position and could use some of my skills learnt through my days as a children's nurse. The Sanatorium was in the Lodge in those days; although small it was made warm and cosy. From its windows the sick boys could see the lower games fields and some of Abingdon's local life. I enjoyed my Tuesdays at the Lodge: 2p.m. until 10p.m. There were evening meals in Avernus where I met Masters, wives and Matrons - still good friends to this day! One never knew how many boys would be in the wards. There were meals to be prepared, medicines to be given and always boys to talk to and sometimes reassure. And change then came. The General Office was moved to the Lodge and the

Sanatorium was moved to Heathcot. But no room for me in the Lodge. My reception position was made partly redundant and the school secretary, Mrs Reenan, had her Reception Office below the main hall stairs where she worked tirelessly for the school until her retirement.

The Bursar offered me some time in the school launderette, a new venture for the school. Reluctantly I accepted. I still had my Tuesdays at Heathcot; larger and brighter wards for the boys, but slightly cut off from the world in spite of Wastecourt and Crescent House near by. One or two Saturday mornings in the month I also relieved Mrs Reenan in the Reception Office. So, here I was with one foot upstairs and one downstairs. This situation continued until another change: it was decreed that only SRN qualified nurses could work in a school sanatorium and, as I was only qualified as a children's nurse, I was again redundant. With Mrs Reenan's retirement our new receptionist/secretary, Pauline Beacham, was on duty every Saturday morning, so I was now completely below stairs where I remained, helping run the school launderette with my friend Janette Darling until she left in 1986. Downstairs it wasn't so strange for me as I knew many of the domestic staff through my other jobs, Kit Goddard and June Williams who brought tea and sandwiches to the office, the old General Office, and other members of the catering staff who helped with special diets for the sanatorium. Perhaps I should mention here a marvellous character, Peter Cowley, school porter, employed before the post of caretaker was created. Also Mrs Pearce, housekeeper, who knew so much about the school and who, with her cleaning ladies, worked so hard to keep the school clean and tidy. It was with pleasure that my husband and I took her to a CR dinner at Pembroke College, the year before she retired. Together with other mothers I was active in the Abingdon School Society (TASS) and helped in many fund-raising activities for the Amey Hall, mainly during our son's time at school. One particular venture was *The Guzzling Griffin Cook Book* - Anthea Tattersfield and I, with the help of several other mothers, devised, typed, printed and collated the many recipes contributed by mothers. The end product was excellent value for money and is still used in many homes. The fellowship one enjoyed on these occasions was most gratifying. Although not so active these days in TASS, we still attend many productions in the Amey Hall, and I am a life member of the Music Society, and look forward each autumn to John Cutforth's lecture.

I leave Abingdon School knowing that I can come back at regular intervals to visit friends and to inspect "our" chestnut trees, planted to commemorate our son's years at the school, on the edge of Waste Court field.

My grateful thanks to all who kindly contributed to my delightful gifts, I do appreciate them, but most of all I value the fellowship and friendships made during my 12 years at Abingdon School.

Beaty Woodley



Obituary

FRANK SINCLAIR

JMC writes: The best memorial to that great headmaster Willy Grundy is in the type of boy he produced. Abingdon had neither the resources nor the opportunity for the great leap forward of Uppingham under Thring or Oundle under Sanderson. But running everything on a shoestring WMG managed to nurture over the years a small but significant brood of young men who went on to render outstanding service to country and community.

Among them were the Sinclair brothers - George, thankfully still with us, keeping me young by his example and his friendship, Frank his elder brother, whose death occurred recently at the age of eighty.

Frank Sinclair (I feel the name of 'Sinbad' should be left to the decent intimacy of the family) was, as the Times obituary noted, a man of extraordinarily diverse talents. He played tennis for Cornwall and soccer for Oxford and he captained Pembroke College (where he held an Abingdon Scholarship) at cricket. Going out to India for Burma-Shell he finished as chairman of the company; during the war he was Director of Petroleum in the Government of India. Yet somehow he found time to cultivate a love of the arts which so greatly enriched his life.

He returned to this country in 1957 and three years later he was coopted as a Governor of his old school. His experience in senior management at home and abroad, his own wide-ranging interests, enabled him to make a very positive contribution to a governing body which under 'Bill' Stow and later George Bredin gave unstinting and indispensable support to a headmaster whose aim at times exceeded his grasp and whose life was complicated during the sixties by unexpected problems both domestic and political. There was something immensely reassuring about Frank Sinclair. When he spoke you knew he was expressing a considered and well-balanced opinion. And if he was not going to go all the way with HM, that delightful Sinclair smile of his took the sting out.

Abingdon has been - and I have no doubt still is - fortunate in its governors, and not least in the Grundy Old Boys who have served it as such - Jim Wood, Dick Eason, John Hooke, Frank Sinclair and later after my time his brother George, Douglas Kitto. Between them I hope they managed to ensure that the inevitable march of progress did not obliterate all the ancient landmarks. Certainly I welcome the opportunity of paying my own tribute to Frank. He was - and I use the term in its Chaucerian sense - a very gentil man.

O. A. NOTES

DEATHS

We record with regret the following deaths:

A.H. Cox (22) died in December '86. He retired in 1964 after forty years with the Westminster Bank. In his latter years he was manager of the Eton branch and after that enjoyed a happy retirement by the river Fal in Cornwall.

Wing Commander R.D. Gammack MBE (58) died earlier this year. He suffered for several years from melanoma. He was extremely dedicated to the R.A.F.

Rev. R.M. Johns (60) died in October '86 from a rare cancer. He was a minister of the Steinbeck United church in Winnipeg, Canada. JMC writes 'His untimely death cut short a pastorate of outstanding sensitivity; he had also established himself as a hymn-writer of promise.' He leaves a wife and three small children.

NEWS

Congratulations to **A.C. Randle** (41) on being awarded the O.B.E. last June. He retired last year from his post as borough engineer for the London borough of Hounslow.

Prof. J.A.D. Cox (41) is professor of architecture at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville.

Canon D.H. Wheaton (48) has moved from being principal of Oakhill theological college to vicar of Christ Church, Ware, Herts.

R.D.M. Grant (50) has pursued a commercial career and is now President of Heuga International.

M. Bateman (51) lives in London W12 and is deputy editor of the Sunday Express magazine. He recently bumped into J.M.C.'s daughter, Mary, in Australia; they were both researching Food and Wine.

D.L. Banfield (53) runs a group of three companies in Portals

water treatment division and is based in Winchester.

S/Ldr.M.J. Brackley (54) has retired from the RAF and is now a postmaster in Southsea, Portsmouth.

I.T.S. Ashworth (55) is married with two young sons. He keeps in trim by training the under-9's at Maidenhead Rugby Club. He runs a small group of businesses in London concerned with P.R., Management Consultancy and senior high technology management appointments.

Prof. D. Lanham (56) is professor of Law at Melbourne university. He visited the school recently during a six month visit to England.

C.S. Woodruff (56) is Personnel Director of British Gas, East Midlands Area, and a member of the Council of Loughborough University.

R.W. Westcott (56): congratulations to Robert and Angela Westcott on the birth of twins in May '86, a brother and sister for Mark. They live in Maidenhead.

Dr. H.C. Bowen (57) has moved from Plessey to Rediffusion which is part of the BET group.

N.K. Hammond (57) was awarded a schoolmaster fellowship at Liverpool University for this summer term. Whilst visiting the U.S.A. in the Easter holiday, he met up with **Sir James Cobban** (70) and **Dr. R.D. van Wagenen** (63), presenter of the van Wagenen History prize, in Washington D.C.

Dr. B. Kibble (57) worked in the Clarendon Laboratory, Oxford, then in Canada, and is now at the National Physical Laboratory in Teddington as a special merit SPSO. His book on coaxial A.C. bridges was published in 1984 and last year he received the Duddell medal from the Institute of Physics for services to precision measurement. He is married with three children.

A.T. Althison (58) is deputy accountant general at the Southend HQ of the Customs and Excise.

A.J. Foden (59) is international chief executive with P.A. management consultants.

Congratulations to **R.R. Bailey** (59) on his marriage to Selina Garrard last September.

B.D. Gibbs (60) is commercial manager of one of Metal Box's

Liverpool divisions. He rows in veteran events and has just taken the A.R.A.'s umpires exam. He and his family live in Maeshafn, Clwyd.

M.D. Norton (61), often featured in these columns as captain of the Oxfordshire minor counties cricket XI, has been appointed to the staff of Sherborne School to take charge of their new sports complex.

P.A. Bretscher (61) has been appointed to Saskatoon University, Saskatchewan, Canada.

Dr. A.J.C. Leathem (62) is head of a breast cancer unit at University College Hospital, London.

Congratulations to **R.A. Hayward** (62) on his re-election as Conservative M.P. for the Kingswood, Bath constituency in the recent General Election.

Dr. B.G. Mackay (64) until recently Lt-Col. with the RAMC, is now a G.P. in the St. Martin's medical practice in Guernsey. He lives in Cobo, Castel.

A.E. Medland (65), after four years as financial director of a textile company in Madagascar and three years with Cable & Wireless in Bermuda, has now settled in Bristol with his wife and four children. His dentist in Bermuda was **D.N. Roblin** (67) and when representing Bermuda in the '84 Chess Olympiad, he came across **T.D. Harding** (66) who was playing for Ireland.

W/Cdr. S.M. Nicholl (65) has been posted to the Ministry of Defence.

Maj. D.G. Clubley (65) has been posted to RSRE Malvern.

Cdr. M.C.G. Holloway RN (66) has been posted to the Canadian navy department for two and a half years.

Dr. R.F. Newbold (66) is the research director of the Ludwig cancer research at Sydney University, New South Wales. He is also a professor at the university.

S/Ldr. A.N.R. Wharton (67) has been seconded for service in Saudi Arabia.

A.W. Hills (67) is now Personnel Officer to UKAEA working in London.

A.D. Chafer (68) is a lecturer in French at Portsmouth Polytechnic and is very busy on the local political scene.

P.M. Annett (69) is a lecturer in arboriculture at Merrist Wood Agricultural College, Worplesdon, Guildford.

Lt. M.L. Brooks RN (69) after a number of years in meteorology is now an aviation specialist. He lives in Weymouth, is married with two children and AFT (staff) is his brother-in-law.

I. Gillis (69) is a chartered surveyor with Matthews, Goodwan and Postlewaite and is enjoying life at their office in Dallas, Texas.

Dr D.G. Naysmyth (70), who lives in Heswall in the Wirrall, has been awarded the Patey prize for the best paper produced for the Surgical research society of Manchester.

A.J. Wise (70) has qualified as an architect. He is married with two small sons.

Congratulations to **N.K.A. Smart** (70) on his marriage last August. He is a lecturer in history in Exmouth.

Rev. A.M.E. Brown (71) is vicar of Morton in the Diocese of Bradford.

C.D. Chafer (71) is at present based in Oakland, California. He alternates between professional acting and work for a business consultancy in Berkeley.

Congratulations to **F.A.A. Maude** (71) on his re-election as conservative MP for Warwickshire North and on his promotion to a junior post in the Department of Trade and Industry with special responsibility for the City.

J.R. Hills (72) lives in London, N5 and is a senior research fellow at the London School of Economics.

Fit.Lt. D.B. Spong (72) is serving a two year exchange tour with the Royal Australian Air Force based in Queensland, flying F1-11C aircraft. Exercises will extend to Malaysia, New Zealand and the U.S.A. He is married to Sarah and they have two daughters.

S.G. Boatwright (74) graduated last year from the Oxford Polytechnic with a B.Ed. in Environmental Biology. After a year of teaching with ILEA he hopes to study fisheries biology.

Dr. J. Halliday (73) with a BA in German from Exeter and a Ph.D. from Robinson College, Cambridge, is now Head of German at Merchiston Castle School, Edingburgh.

A.N. Rayson (73) is with the R.I.M., Jersey working in aerial surveys in Africa.

A.W. Baumann (73) is an accountant working for an Arab bank. He is married with two very young children.

P. Noble (75) is still with Mobil Oil. He has moved house to Berkhamstead and is now working in Oxford.

B.C. Sneddon (75) very much enjoyed meeting old friends at the O.A. Day last year. He was planning to set up business with other O.A.'s based in the South East of England.

N.I. Tait (75) is an Executive officer in the Department of Health and Social Security in Oxfordshire. **R.S. Chapman** (75) is making great progress in a similar position in central London.

R.W. Holder (75) is a salesman based in Epsom, Surrey.

A.F. Jackson (75) is with the Chemical Bank in the City. He has transferred from the administrative to the direct investment department, which he enjoys immensely.

C.J. Baumann (75) has joined Portals on the engineering side, based in West London.

S.M. Hills (75) is with Barclays de Zoete Wedd which is the investment group of Barclays bank. He is an OA committee member.

G.K. Jones (75), after working on oil rigs in the North Sea, South America, Alaska and the Far East, is now a computer programmer for a firm of consultants working for the MoD.

T. Robertson (75), owner of three video companies, produces records under the name of Thomas Dolby with some of the top popular music singers.

D.N. Blomley (76) is a surveyor with Adkins, the Estate Agents. He is based in Headington.

G. Lowes (76) is now with County Securities, the merchant banking division of the National Westminster.

Dr. C.D. Robinson (76) after a spell in Bristol is now at the Princess Margaret Hospital in Christchurch, New Zealand. He was in the County squad for rugby with Gloucestershire and last year had a successful season with Clifton rugby club at centre. He frequently saw **C. Bartlett** (76) who works with the BBC in London.

M.J. Pattison (77) is a wages supervisor with Pavlova, an expanding leather manufacturer in Abingdon.

M.E. Spoor (77), who was an English scholar at St. John's, Oxford, is deputy head of the English dept. at a comprehensive school in Churchdown, Gloucs. **R.W. Watson** has recently joined the same dept. following his PGCE at Southampton University.

M.J.S. Dennis (77) is, at a very early age for such a distinction, a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons and is Registrar of General Surgery at the University Hospital, Nottingham. He plays cricket for the West Bridgeford 1st XI.

Dr.S.R. Haynes (77), after graduating from Bangor in Physics, did his research degree in low temperature physics at Sussex University. He is now assistant group leader researching in the Clarendon Laboratory in Oxford.

K.W. Larsen (78) is at Besseslesleigh, an E.S.N. school, Reading. He obtained a B.Ed. in special education at Winchester and starts on an M.Ed. at Reading University this September.

C.G. Pattison (79) is with Barclays in Plymouth. He lives in Bishops Mead, Tavistock, and is married with twins.

A.P.S. Luto (79) is in Hong Kong for two years expanding his legal experience.

J.M.N. Grosvenor (79) (formerly Young) has recently joined the OA committee after taking a leading part in the organisation of the 1987 Griffen Ball. He is a rising star with Peat Marwick, the London accountants.

Dr. M.W. Hills (79) qualified as a doctor of medicine last year and lives in Redland, Bristol.

P. Eddington (79) after teaching for two terms in a preparatory school in Perth is now going on to teacher training college.

A.N. Garrett (79) is marketing manager, Far East for Esmerk Information and is based in Hong Kong.

N.T. Wright (80) has his own decorating and painting business in London.

D.S. Bradbury (80) who was a history scholar at Brasenose, Oxford, is with the Henley centre for forecasting in London. He was a conservative candidate in the 1986 Southwark local council elections and his political interests have recently taken him to Washington D.C.

W.J. Rayson (80) is sales manager with Tubney Woods transport company dealing in refrigerator lorries.

Congratulations to **J.C. Geere** (80) on his engagement to Miss Angela Garthwaite. He is a solicitor in Sheffield and is mainly involved in company and commercial work. He leads a church house group and has recently compiled an Index of some 7,500 names from 1665 for the Oxfordshire family history society.

J.P.R. Stephenson (81) owns and operates the Rocket Press, in Blewbury. He has recently been commissioned to produce a limited edition of prints from Tenniel's original wood blocks for Lewis Carroll's *Alice* books, at £700 a copy. After touring his printing press at the Blewbury festival in June. M.St.J.P. commented: "Abingdon should be proud of someone who can organise such a creative and productive concern so soon after leaving school."

R.D. Kay (81) graduated from Brunel University in Craft, Design and Technology and is now teaching that subject in a

comprehensive school in Surrey.

Congratulations to **P.J. Dubenski** (81) on his first in Mechanical Engineering at Imperial College, London last year; he was awarded the Sir Bruce White prize. After two months travel in the Far East, he is now with BP Central Engineering.

R.W. Baker (81) after graduating from Edinburgh University last year in Engineering Science is now a trainee graduate engineer with GEC Turbine Generators, Rugby.

Dr. A.T. Rowe (81) graduated from the Anglo-European college of Chiropractice last summer and is now practising in Liverpool.

N.R.L. Burd (81) graduated from Bristol with a B.Sc. in Estate Management and has recently become an Associate of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors.

P.R. Spencer (82) is chairman of the world debating council and aims to bring the world student debating championships back to Britain in the near future.

2/Lt. D.J. Galloway (82), who graduated in chemistry from Queen Mary College, London, won the prize for the best series of elective studies essays, on passing out of Sandhurst earlier this year.

D.H. Phillips (82) is doing well with Wood Grundy Inc., the Canadian stockbrokers, in Finsbury Square EC2. He is keen to raise one of the sides for a possible OA vs OA match which would replace the School vs OA fixture.

J. Green (82), with a degree in History at Corpus, Cambridge, has just finished a year-long contract as assistant manager at the ADC theatre in Cambridge. He directed a production of the RSC's Nicholas Nickleby for the '87 Cambridge festival. He is now pursuing work as a director in the professional theatre.

I.M. Burnett (82) graduated from UCL in geography in 1986. He won the gold medal in the coxless fours at the National Championships and enjoyed an extended holiday in South America, visiting a number of countries. He takes up his post with Lloyds merchant bank in the city this September.

A.M. Ashford (83) has graduated from Southampton university with a degree in aeronautical engineering. **K.R.H. Girdwood** has a first in engineering from Edinburgh university. They both now go to Cranwell for Flying Officer training.

M.C. Bradbury (83), having graduated from York in Computer Systems and Software Engineering, joins Smiths Industries and Aerospace Defence at Cheltenham who sponsored him through university.

E. Datchefski (83) after graduating in Zoology is now with a Bristol firm manufacturing hot air balloons.

Congratulations to **N.R. Rawlinson** (83) on his first in English at Queen Mary College, London. He is now studying for his Ph.D. at Lincoln, Oxford.

G.H.B. Thomas (83) studying History at Lampeter, received an army undergraduate bursary last year. He was sponsored by the Royal Artillery regiment.

J.E.R.D. Iredale (83) graduated from University College, London last year with a good degree in history. He was hoping to go to the Sorbonne for six months before entering the legal profession.

Two OA rowers have been seen on television recently representing their university eights in the DAF sprints series. They were **J.M. Herd** (84) for London, and **M.M. Saunders** (83) for Newcastle.

K.B. Welby (84) after successful A-Level retakes is reading economics at St. Andrews university. He is the Film Editor and a columnist for the student newspaper and has been awarded a scholarship for a year at UCLA, California.

A.D.K. Campbell (84), having completed his three years medical course at Dundee university, has now joined the Royal Army Medical Corps for a six year short service commission.

R. Wild (84) has been attending the Ratsgymnasium, Bielefeld, for the past year, and in October began a four year course in International Marketing at the Thames Polytechnic.

M.W.M. Iredale (85) achieved good A-level results last year and has just completed his first year at University College, London where he is reading Human Sciences.

Congratulations to **G.P. Forster** (85) on the award of a scholarship at Peterhouse, Cambridge and to **S.J. Marsh** (85) on a similar award at Corpus Christi, Oxford.

Congratulations to the following on achieving Firsts in their various examinations: both **J.M. Perrins** (84) and **A.J. Plumtree** (84) in Zoology at Bristol; **A.J. Macfadyen** (84) in Physics at Reading; **K.B. Wise** (85) in geography part IB at Cambridge and **T.D. Allport** (85) in Natural Sciences IA at Cambridge.

M.S.R. Edwards (85), who is reading Law at Magdalen College, Oxford, has formed a group with student friends to raise cash for famine-hit areas of Africa. A recent challenge was a hundred mile non-stop run.

Congratulations to **S.J. Walker** (85) on being joint award winner of the first Observer/David Hodge memorial award for young photographers. He is taking a degree course in photography at Trent Polytechnic.

N.W. Hewlett (86) has been awarded a North American Schoolboy Scholarship by the English Speaking Union.

J.T.C. Cracknell (86) has received a short service limited commission and has been recommended for the RMA Sandhurst after University.

N.J. Griffen (86) and **E.J. O'Brien** (86) financed their "brilliant" and extensive tour of the States and Mexico by working most of their pre-university year in a restaurant in Oxford.

C.Q. Rodgers (86) has spent a year in an American High School studying such courses as Anthropology and Film Literature. He has been playing the Euphonium in the Colorado All-State Band.

D.E.J. Parker (86) wrote a long and most interesting letter from Peking in May reflecting on his six months travelling by public transport overland to China, including Iran and Tibet.



