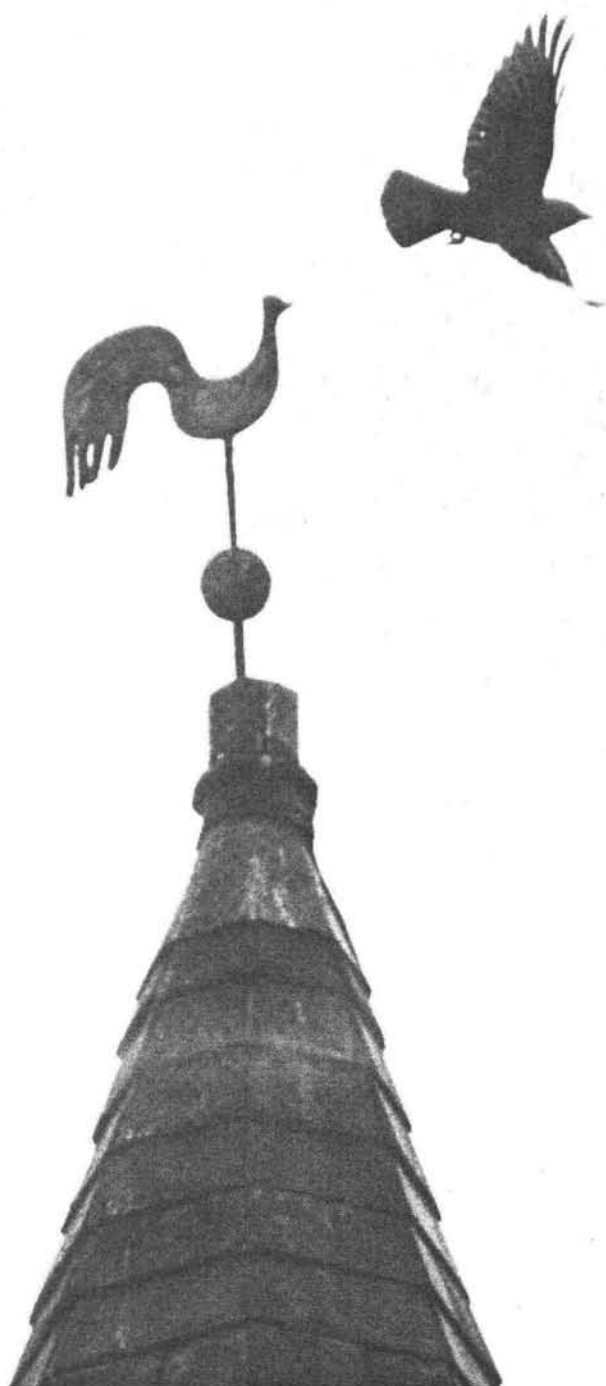


# THE ABINGDONIAN





# The Abingdonian

volume eighteen, number six December 1988

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# Editorial

Abingdon School has always given a high priority to the "academic" concept of education - schooling as intellectual training and endeavour. Nobody should be surprised, therefore, that our development plans for the next few years are dominated by academic priorities. The introduction of information technology; new and refurbished laboratories; sixth-form teaching rooms, organised in departmental suites, with networks of computers; space for private study - these, and related schemes, crowd the drawing-board, and should pass into reality in the early 1990's.

Our devotion to intellectual values, however, has always been balanced by a conviction of the matching importance of moral and physical education. In a period of rapid expansion and growth it may be necessary, therefore, to ask whether this balance is being satisfactorily maintained. On consideration, there may prove to be some cause for concern on behalf of the third element in particular - physical education.

For reasons which I now forget, but which seemed good at the time, I wrote once before about sport in the *Abingdonian*. I chose to illustrate a point I wanted to make by way of an extended description of a cricket match between the school and the M.C.C., and went to great pains to create what I fondly considered to be a rather convincing spoof of an article by Neville Cardus. Unfortunately, not all my readers were sufficiently acquainted with the original - or perhaps they just lacked a sense of humour! Anyway, a certain would-be-mischievous young gentleman sent an extract to *Private Eye*, who in turn was sufficiently taken in to print it in "Pseud's Corner". It was a nice case of the biter bit, but I must admit that the original purpose of the article got quite lost in the process. I will try to be plainer this time.

It is very possible to argue that sport is currently becoming more important and valuable in our scheme of things at Abingdon, simply in response to the conditions of modern life. A television-goggling, junk-food-guzzling, car-borne generation of young people needs far stronger incentives than were formerly necessary to achieve physical fitness, and a school such as this, which has always promoted the ideal of all-round accomplishment, now has to put relatively more emphasis on the physical side of its curriculum if it is to make its pupils aware of the full range of opportunities that await them. In fact, the records show that both the range and the quality of our sporting activity have improved over recent years - a process which has both enhanced the external reputation of the school, and brought us substantial internal benefits. But we may be approaching a crisis point. The number of boys in the school has significantly exceeded the capacity of our facilities to accommodate them, and there is little that we can look forward to in the near future by way of improvement on the sporting side.

A list of the problems which face us will make melancholy reading. All of our eight rugby pitches are too small, and even the best of them is irregular and

uneven in surface. In the spring term, six rugby pitches are converted to hockey, with results that have never been found satisfactory by the cricketers; in any case, modern hockey is, increasingly, an artificial surface game, and we have nowhere to lay such a surface, even if we had the money to pay for one. The cricketers have one good square, one picturesque inadequacy, and a joke. Not surprisingly, rowing is a popular alternative to cricket, and it does amazingly well to operate successfully from a rickety collection of sheds and without benefit of professional boatman help. The track and field athletes have little more than the run of Lower Field in all its boggy glory. The swimming pool is useful for about six weeks of the summer term in a good year. We have two home-built fives courts, and no squash courts. Provision for tennis will be greatly improved, thanks to the generosity of T.A.S.S., in time for the 1989 season - but there are still far more people wanting to play than can be accommodated on the courts. Only the sports hall among our athletic facilities can be unreservedly described as adequate in size and standard for the needs of the modern school; it provides an invaluable base, and has already produced remarkable development in some areas of our sporting activity, but it cannot be seen as the answer to all our problems.

A sensible, perhaps almost inevitable response to the pressure of numbers on limited facilities, has been to discover ways of occupying boys in minor options which require, at any rate, less space. So there has been a growth in such activities as volleyball, shooting, karate, fencing, weight-lifting, badminton and indoor football - all worthwhile ploys, but more suited to minorities than to masses, and with little or no content of team spirit or public appeal. These minor sports, too, are greedy of staff time; every sporting session must be supervised, and a master who is supervising weight-lifting cannot at the same time be refereeing on a rugby pitch.

In sum, sport at Abingdon faces difficulties - all the more credit, then, to those boys, and the staff who coach and supervise them, when they achieve something better than mere competence in their activity, as, thank goodness, they very often do. We must look for ways of opening the deadlock imposed on us by shortage of facilities and staffing, as soon as the forthcoming round of academic improvements has been accomplished.

M.St.J.Parker



## COMMON ROOM

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

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

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

N.J. Brown, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge (English). Upper Master.

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

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

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).

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

H.T. Randolph, M.A., Sidney 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.C.B. Coleman, M.A., Keble College, Oxford (Physical Science).

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

\* (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.

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

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

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

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.S.K. Mearns, M.A., M.Litt., Dublin and Jesus College, Oxford (English).

\* 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).

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

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

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

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

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

T.J. Simons, B.Soc.Sci., 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).

\* F.F.R. Fernández-Armesto, M.A., D.Phil., F.R.Hist.S., Magdalen College, Oxford (History).

\* M.A. Stinton, M.A., Worcester College, Oxford (Music).

R.C.R. Milner, B.A., Merton College, Oxford (Classics and Modern Languages).

J.A.N. Ellis, M.A., Selwyn College, Cambridge (Geography).

J.F. Henderson, B.A., Cambridge College of Arts and Technology (Geography and Economics).

J.S. Oxlade, M.A., F.R.C.O., Corpus Christi College, Cambridge (Music).

(T. O'Mahony (Physical Education).)

T.H. Birnberg, M.A., Jesus College, Oxford (Modern Languages).  
Mrs. C. Hollands-Duverly, Licence ès Lettres (Modern Languages).  
(M.J. Bessell). Left Christmas. (J. Wilcox). Arrived January.  
Mrs. J. Boulton, N.D.D. (Design).

\*=Senior Subject Master

Medical Officer: Dr. J.C.C. Kendall, M.B., B.S., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.  
Bursar: A.G. Daley, B.A.  
Asistant Bursar: Major D. Egerton-King.



## SCHOOL OFFICERS

Heads of School: T.M.Bishop, C.C. Megaw

School Prefects: A. Austerfield, M.E. Banwell, T.G.S. Bichard, D.J. Boorman, M.R. Drewe, N.D. Franklin, J.I. Gold, J. Hall, W.J. Howard, R.N.J. Jameson, J.C.T. Johnston, P.J. Mansfield, D.P. Nolan, J.A. Slipper, P.J. White, R.J. Winsley, N.A. Woodall.

Sub-prefects: P.R. Allen, S.M. Allen, C.H.L. Ashton, N.S. Avenell, J.P. Blake, R.T. Chesters, L.C.W. Dore, T.J. Gosling, M.R.C. Holmes, A.R. Johnson, A. Maughan, P. Monaghan, C.C. Parker, G.C. Randall, G.I.O. Riches, A.J. Sekulin, S-S. So, A.J.P. Trump.

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## Salvete



### DAVID MILTON (Based in part on notes kindly tendered by JMC)

*A modest man, full of surprises, David distinguished himself during the war flying Wellington bombers. He came to us in January, 1956, initially for a couple of terms, to fill the gap in the Maths Department caused by the untimely death of the much-loved John Toplis. It very soon became clear that he was too good a man, too good a schoolmaster, to lose, and his connection with the school lasted, to its great benefit, for over thirty years.*

*A man of wide culture and great sensitivity, he had an unusual rapport with the boys, both in and out of the classroom. He was of those invaluable workhorses who are willing to take the odd game, to do the odd chore. A headmaster is ill advised to probe too deeply into the corporate relationships of the staff, but the impression seeped through that David was a good common room man. It seemed inevitable that he should in due course take over the exacting job of organising the timetable. Later under Eric Anderson he was appointed Director of Studies.*

*It was because of spells of dizziness brought on by an ear problem that David had to forsake a career as a top-class rugby referee. He was a talented musician, with a degree in music, and could perform a very passable imitation of a brass band in full cry. Yet he kept quiet about his startling versatility. As Director of Studies he injected many new ideas into the curriculum, and displayed an extraordinary far-reaching knowledge of educational matters.*

*It was at the end of his career that tragedy befell him, first when his eldest son, Jeremy died in a road accident, and then when his wife, Judith, succumbed to a long and fatal illness. These things would have broken a lesser man. David struggled on somehow. We rejoiced to see the new happiness he has found in his recent marriage. We rejoice to see him with a new spring in his step, with the old glint in his eye.*

*The school owes David Milton much. We cannot imagine that his retirement will be completely inactive; we hope that he will find in it the relaxed enjoyment he has so fully earned.*



## HARRY EDEN

Harry Eden joined the Common Room at Abingdon 23 years ago in 1965. Given his restless, bustling disposition, we were possibly surprised, but certainly delighted that he stayed. He clearly managed to compensate for settling here in his love of sailing, an enthusiasm which he shared with the School's Sailing Club for many years, and in the odd holiday off the Scottish coast (we always knew when Harry was afloat, because 'Kilbrannan' was not to be found blocking his drive). He even grew a beard to cultivate his image as a mariner.

Harry was an athlete who enjoyed a career in first class rugby, as a genuine flier on the wing for Harlequins. At Abingdon he coached the 1st XV and, later, helped out with the junior sides, indoctrinating them with the belief that the ball should get to the wing as fast as possible. When Tom Moore retired, he took over the Geography Department, steered it through a succession of room-changes to its present, well-equipped position and built around him a powerful group of teachers. Harry believed at an early stage in studying Geography as a practical skill. The expeditions to Skye and Dolgoed were piloted partly by him. He saw not only their value to field studies, but also the opportunities for boys to live a bit rough in the wilds of Scotland and North Wales. Later came the trips to the Gower.

Throughout all this involvement, Harry was a man of deliberate moral convictions. This inspired his tutoring, and no doubt - coupled with his Christian beliefs - led him eventually to "change hats" and to enter the non-stipendiary ministry before joining Brentwood School as chaplain. He spoke ideas in meetings that were free of educational jargon, that came from the heart, and which often made striking common sense. He will be much missed at Abingdon. Only now can we reveal that he was teased with the reputation as the sneak who kept "borrowing" the Common Room stapler on permanent loan; only now can we enter the school safely, without falling over a rusting grey bicycle built for a gnome; only now can we concentrate on our marking without listening to Harry's inexhaustible whistling. Musical he was, and he transmitted this love to his family and to the school community, often regaling pleasant social occasions with his baritone (?), and supporting so many school events. Of his delightful (and musical) three daughters Andy, Emma and Lucy, the last-named has the unique distinction of being the only full-time girl pupil the school has known. His wife, Ruth, gave Harry tireless support, and the teaching community will greatly miss her gentle, quiet interest and hospitality. We wish him well in his new role at Brentford.

Footnote: The school will be delighted to hear that Ruth Eden's scheme for supporting the Wishing Well Appeal (to benefit Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children) which enlisted the full musical support of her family, raised the sum of £840.

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## RICHARD WEBBER

Richard Webber came to teach biology at Abingdon in 1975 having the distinction of having been appointed by two headmasters! He served the department well over thirteen years, engendering a relaxed atmosphere in both his practical and theoretical classes, yet also earning a high standard of academic achievement and regard for the subject. Many current and former pupils will remember his friendly personality, perception and thoughtfulness with gratitude.

Richard's period as contingent commander of the CCF was characterised by distinction and success. His hallmark was hard work and putting the interests of the boys first. Despite officer shortages, camps became bigger, better, more exciting. Competitions, courses and Field Days had a sharper emphasis and Parade Days a wider range of activities. What impressed the boys most was his ability to cope instantly with anything that was thrown at him. This facility to think on his feet taken together with his openness in dealing with others won respect from cadets and officers alike. His particular brand of leadership inspired both loyalty and gratitude and makes it clear how difficult it will be to succeed him.



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John Pilgrim-Morris came to us on retirement after a distinguished career with the Royal Air Force to teach Physics. His advent was marked by great enthusiasm and commitment. His humour, openness, generosity and unassuming character became immediately apparent. He was always concerned for the individual's progress, always ready to answer pupils' questions outside the classroom as well as in. Those who were prepared to benefit from his teaching came to realise just how meticulously he was prepared and something of the long period of thought he gave to considering their work in all its aspects.

These aspects were seen to great advantage, too, on the river, for it was here that John found an opportunity to give expression to his great love, rowing. John came with a formidable record of achievement on and off the water. We quickly grasped what it is that goes into the making of a legendary 'water-rat'. There was no part of the activity, training, technique, subtleties of rigging or whatever, that he did not seem entirely at home with, and his willingness to discuss each and all of these and much more with any boy who, however tenuously, had caught the rowing 'bug' was most impressive. It was almost inevitable that the sheer professionalism of Oxford rowing as it is presently constituted should exercise a siren's temptation on him, and we wish him well and every success in his new position as coach with the university.

\*\*\*

We are very sorry to lose Simon Collinge after only two years. He leaves to join Truro School in his native Cornwall. In his short time with us Simon quickly established himself as a natural communicator and talented all-rounder. His commitment, ready wit and charm earned him the respect and popularity of both pupils and colleagues alike. His contributions in the Mathematics Department and on the games field, particularly involving rugby, were considerable and will be much missed. We shall also miss his bucolic approach to batting in Common Room cricket matches as well as his svavagely effective golf swing - when he got it right it went a very long way! We wish him and his wife Claire every success and happiness in their new life way out west and hope they find time to 'drop in' from time to time.

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When Christiane Hollands-Duverly joined the staff three years ago after experience of teaching in Germany and East London she brought to Abingdon a gallic verve and charm which was of great benefit to the Modern Languages Department, helping us to meet the requirements of GCSE. Her love of France was always clear, and it was no surprise - although a cause of regret - when she and her husband Geoff decided to move to France. She is now teaching at the Collège Sévigné in Paris, with which we have a middle school exchange, and we hope she will be with their party next term, so that we shall once again hear her cheerful laughter in the common room.

\*\*\*

How can the inimitable be replaced, even if only for a year? That was everyone's speculation as Terry O'Mahoney arrived from South Africa last summer, as a replacement for Jeff Drummond-Hay. Amazingly, Terry's high-voltage enthusiasm and no-holds-barred committment did the trick. His rugby coaching was enjoyed by all who experienced it and he even persuaded many boys (and some ageing staff) to continue playing touch rugby throughout the Easter and Summer terms - during which he successfully coached the 1st XI.

Terry was the perfect guest, totally sincere in his appreciation of Abingdon. He had plenty of strong opinions firmly expressed, and punctuated with resounding slaps of the hand. His turn-out was impeccable; he had more track-suits than Liz Taylor has dresses, and even wore creases in his rugby shorts. With his charming wife Lindsay, daughter Shelly and son Simon (born in England), he contributed hugely and we very much hope to see them again.

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## Salvete

We are very happy to welcome the following to Common Room:

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Mrs. Jenny Chapman, who comes to us as Head of Classics from Eastbourne College. As well as tutor to Waste Court, Jenny is keen on cross country, and with her authoritative command of all that lies between omicron and subscript iota, she has already generated a growing awareness of her subject.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Daphne Bigmore, formerly of Brown and Brown Tutorial, is supplementing the Economics and Business Studies teaching. She is looking forward to the coming terms when she can contribute to hockey and tennis. The sufferings of her cat threw the Common Room into consternation, but we are very pleased to hear that it is on the mend.

\*\*\*

Mark Stevenson from Sir Roger Manwood's School joins us to assist in the teaching of Mathematics. As well as contributing on the rugby front, Mark has a passionate interest in philosophy.

\*\*\*

Andrew Broadbent has come to us from Cheltenham College of St. Paul and St. Mary to teach Mathematics and Physical Education. Although he has suffered somewhat on the rugby pitch himself, his enthusiasm has diminished not a whit and we look forward to seeing him at work on the cricket pitch in particular.

\*\*\*

Robert Strawson joins us from Peterhouse, Zimbabwe, to teach Physics. He brings with him an evident enthusiasm for his subject and experience of teaching. In his first term he has taken on the responsibility for lighting and sound in the Amey Hall and has started a Bridge Club. We wish him and his family, which is due to arrive from Africa in December, a pleasant reunion and holiday as they settle in.

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On a part-time basis, we have the assistance of Mrs. Page in the Modern Languages Department, while Michael Robins, after a long career at The Latymer School, is assisting in the mathematics teaching.

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## ENTRANTS TO HIGHER EDUCATION

### ABERYSTWYTH

I.W. Turner

Environmental Science

### BIRMINGHAM

J.I. Gold

R.A.J. Wyatt French

Law

### BRISTOL

J. Eccles

A.J. Garvey

O.J. Money-Kyrle

D.J. Mortimer

J.A. Osborne

K.R. Turner

Aeronautical Engineering

French and German

Economics and Politics

Electrical Engineering

Sociology and Philosophy

Aeronautical Engineering

### CAMBRIDGE

#### Christ's

T.J. Kenyon

Philosophy

#### Downing

P.J. Mansfield

C.C. Megaw

Law

Geography

#### St. Catharine's

R.N.J. Jameson

Engineering

#### St. John's

B.M. Hall

D.A. Parker

Modern Languages

Theology and Religious Studies

<b>Trinity</b> S.L. Cranshaw	Architecture	<b>NOTTINGHAM</b> J.S. Wissett	Art History and English Studies
<b>CITY</b> J.A. Slipper	Economics/Accountancy	<b>OXFORD</b>	
<b>CITY OF LONDON POLYTECHNIC</b> B.J. Dyer	Modular course	<b>Balliol</b> M.D.H. Clark	Classics
<b>DURHAM</b> T.J. Gosling A.R. Johnson	Mathematics Engineering	<b>Brasenose</b> M.J. Nightall D.P. Nolan	P.P.E. Law
<b>EDINBURGH</b> T.G.S. Bichard J.C.T. Johnston	Architecture Social Science	<b>Ch.Ch.</b> G.M. Styles	Music
<b>EXETER</b> P.J. Caldwell T.S. Greenland	Mechanical Engineering Educational Studies and Physical Education	<b>C.C.C.</b> R.S. Petersen	P.P.P.
R.W. Harding R.J. Winsley	Economics and Statistics Educational Studies and Physical Education	<b>L.M.H.</b> S-S. So	Chemistry
<b>HATFIELD POLYTECHNIC</b> C.M.B. Milton	Computer Studies	<b>New College</b> P.D. Lunn	Experimental Psychology
<b>KENT</b> S.R. Angus M.R. Betts	Economics and Social History Mathematics and Accounting	<b>Pembroke</b> T.J. Green N.J. Wedgewood N.A. Woodall	Biology Chemistry Medicine
<b>LANCASTER</b> I.N. Gregory	Geography	<b>Queen's</b> S.R. Wilcox	Mathematics
<b>LIVERPOOL</b> G.T. Randall	Philosophy and Politics	<b>St. Catharine's</b> M.P.G. Allin J. Hall J.C. Martin	Medicine Biology Botany
<b>LONDON</b>		<b>Worcester</b> L.C.W. Dore	History
<b>Goldsmith's</b> A.C. Friedhoff	Music	<b>OXFORD POLYTECHNIC</b> S.J. Goldsworthy R.A. Scott	Engineering Art Foundation year
<b>L.H.M.C.</b> P.F. Rosenfeld	Medicine	<b>PLYMOUTH POLYTECHNIC</b> J.P. Blake	Computing and Informatics
<b>L.S.E.</b> A.J.P. Martyn	Monetary Economics	<b>PORTSMOUTH POLYTECHNIC</b> R.T. Chesters W.J. Howard S.J. Mardle	Economics English and French Literature Mathematics
<b>R.H.B.N.C.</b> R.R. Buckley J.C. Seager	Computer Science with Statistics Geology	<b>READING</b> R.J. Bakesef P.J. White	Quantity Surveying Agriculture
<b>St. Bartholomew's</b> M.E. Banwell	Medicine	<b>SHEFFIELD</b> D.J. Boorman	Business Studies
<b>U.C.L.</b> Wan Mohd. Rushidi	Medicine	<b>SOUTHAMPTON</b> P.H.E. O'Loughlin	Law
<b>Wye</b> G.I.O. Riches A.J.P. Trump	Agricultural Business Management Agricultural Business Management	<b>SURREY</b> M.D. Saunderson	Mechanical Engineering
<b>MANCHESTER</b> S.M. Allen R.J. Appleyard M. Zakir Hassan	English Economic and Social Studies Aeronautical Engineering	<b>TRENT POLYTECHNIC</b> M.C. Drinkwater M.V. Rippengal	Building Studies Quantity Surveying
<b>NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE POLYTECHNIC</b> N.S. Avenell	Business Studies	<b>YORK</b> P.J. Spring	History

# Drama

## MACBETH

I never really enjoyed Macbeth as an O level text. My memories of the Scottish play were of hurried reading, timed essays and long exams so I never really appreciated the structure or excitement of the play, but as I walked out of the Amey Hall my enthusiasm for Shakespeare plays had been rekindled.

I was especially gripped by Donal Nolan and Elly Locke's performances of Lord and Lady Macbeth, respectively. Donal mastered the part without falling into cliché and maybe the consistent quality of the evening's performance is best indicated by the way that no one remembers it by individual scenes. Lady Macbeth is a dark character, which can lead to a one-dimensional portrayal, but Elly Locke managed to produce a fully rounded, believable characterisation.

Particularly praiseworthy was the manner in which she ably realised the gradual overcoming of her character by the forces of evil.

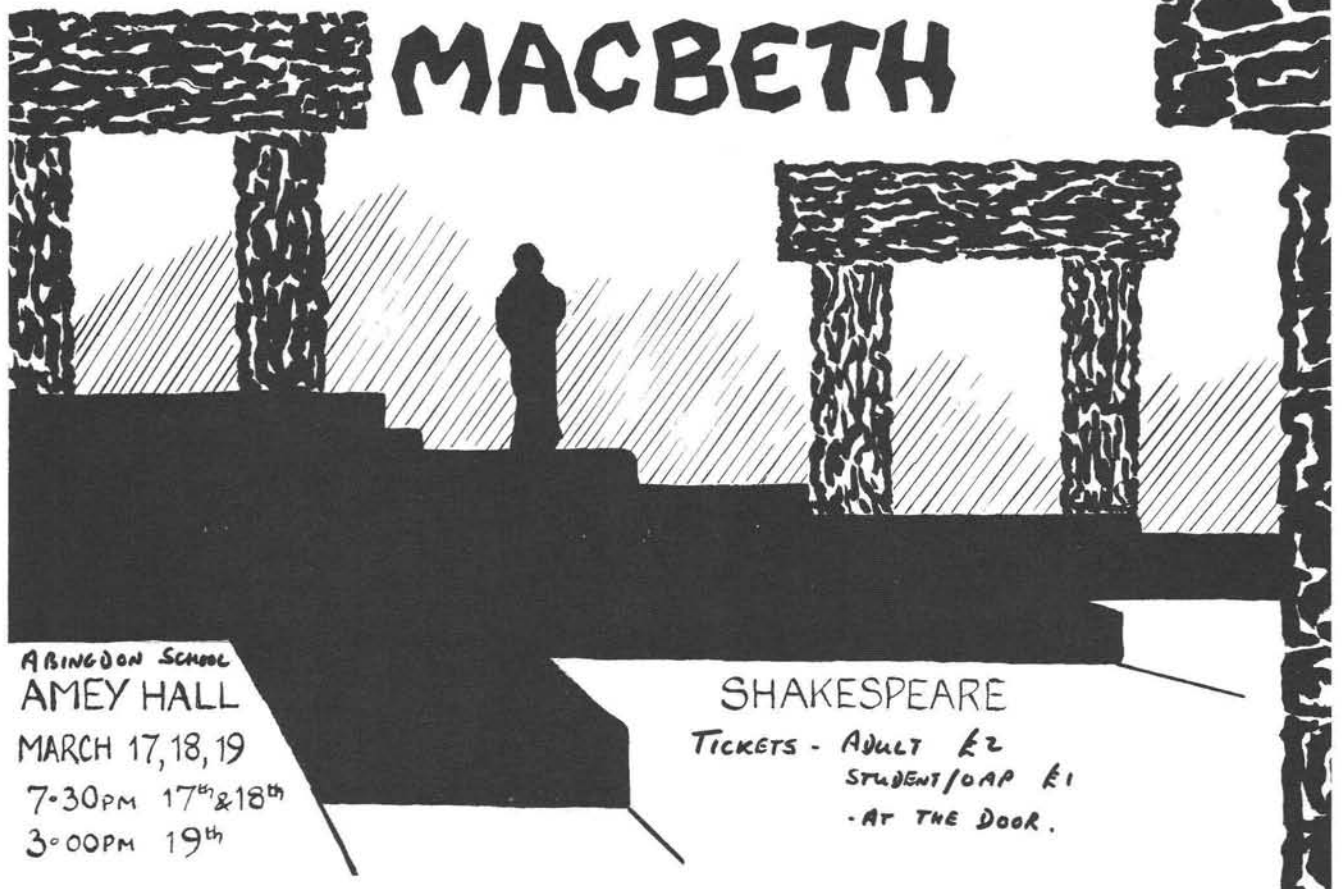
The rest of the company gave fine performances too. Joseph Oppenheimer turned solid Macduff into a powerful portrayal of justified vengeance. Julian Green's sympathetic Banquo falling to hired hoodlums, played by Tom Biggar, Sandy Boyes and Mike Stanley-Baker, greatly enhanced the tragedy. Meanwhile, the line of succession from Duncan to Malcolm was clarified by Andrew Garvey and Richard Wyatt. The witches, omnipresent and threatening, took part in scenes other than those where they speak - setting the banquet, for example. Macbeth's gullibility was especially clear in the minimal props the witches used to conjure his prophetic visions. Lennox can be a nonentity - another attendant lord, but James Smethurst managed to make him a young soldier, genuinely revolted at the discoveries in Duncan's death chamber.

CJB's sparse, black set, all angles, gradients and potential traps or hiding places was entirely appropriate to the dark nature of the play, and allowed the action to run without interruption. It also contrasted with some quite splendid costumes; Karen Keene at Stratford turned up trumps again, and Anabel Casey's ministrations as wardrobe mistress were enormously appreciated.

The total effect of a play like this depends on the response of the audience even before the first actor enters: the music here was a mystery, even to the professionals, but the brooding sinister atmosphere of Alfred Schnittke's Concerto Grosso was entirely effective.

A. Welby VIM

ABINGDON SCHOOL



**MACBETH**

ABINGDON SCHOOL  
AMEY HALL  
MARCH 17, 18, 19  
7.30PM 17<sup>th</sup> & 18<sup>th</sup>  
3.00PM 19<sup>th</sup>

SHAKESPEARE  
TICKETS - ADULT £2  
STUDENT/0AP £1  
- AT THE DOOR.



**The Boyfriend** was originally commissioned by producer Ken Russell and created as an antidote to the depression of the cast during the filming of the *Devils of Loudon*. Sandy Wilson's escapist musical must therefore be a joyful and exhilarating occasion for both cast and audience alike and DCT's brilliant production in the Amey Hall accomplished both of these requirements - and much more beside.

The cast - drawn from St. Helen's and Abingdon School - included many superb characterisations, but it was the essential effervescence of the company as a whole that was most striking. As well as those on the stage there was the lighting (designed by William Fletcher and operated under the skillful direction of Ian Turner) which was at all times effective and evocative, the excellent sets (CJB) and a production that was clever in its resourcefulness and yet generous in its outreach. The audience comments were all full of praise - the only universal regret being that, due to the huge demand for tickets, most people would only be able to see one performance!

As with all stage productions the work that went on behind the scenes - both before and during the performance is obviously crucial to the eventual success - and there are many who made sterling contributions in this way. For those on the stage and literally in the limelight there was the reward of a job done not just well but quite brilliantly and the credit due to DCT, ICD (music director) and Pat Boone (choreographer) cannot be exaggerated. Rehearsals in all three departments had been in progress for a good while prior to the performances and the excellent standards achieved in acting singing and in dance routines is the greatest tribute to the this triumvirate. As well as the expected successes amongst boys and girls there were some pleasant surprises. Who knew that David Caswell (Tony) had such a noble singing voice or such compelling stage presence, or that Gavin Hyde-Blake could create such a perfect cameo of the eccentric Lord Brockhurst or that scholarly Stephen Wilcox would appear equally at home in revue situation? Other notable performances were Elaine Slade's superb interpretation of the role of Maisie and almost equally exceptional Louise Grey playing Dulcie. Many of the supporting roles were also outstanding - David Calderbank (Alphonse), Phillipa De La Haye (Polly Browne), Chris Fulton (Percival Browne), Kenneth

Slade (Pierre), Rob Jolliffe (Bobby) and perhaps most memorable and most colourful of all, Susan Candler as Madame Dubonnet.

The show proved the point that the stage should be an essential part of every young person's education and that comedy and its expression has a vital part to play in our lives - given the opportunity to show the sense of fun.

The costumes - supervised by Mrs. Janet Taylor, Miss Annabel Casey and Miss Pat Hudman were another contributory factor in the great success of the play but the music deserves the last word: ICD - who had selected a strong team vocally and had worked unstintingly for several months to coach both the soloists and the excellent chorus - also directed the orchestra from the keyboard (the method now thankfully adopted in most successful theatres nowadays) with spectacular success. His piano playing and training and the expertise over the previous months produced a wonderful balance of polish and vivacity which ensured that every performance was a winner.

J.S.O.





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**The Accidental Death of an Anarchist** by Dario Fo is a satire based on real events, namely the arrest and subsequent 'suicide' of an anarchist in Milan in 1969, following the explosion of a bomb in the Agricultural Bank. Therefore, whilst I found the play extremely amusing, the knowledge remained in the back of my mind that I was laughing at reality.

Interestingly, the ostensible villains of the piece, the police ( James Smethurst, James Crawford, Julian Green and Joseph Oppenheimer ) were all rather lovable and sympathetic characters (albeit more or less the same character). Certainly, the most outrightly sinister performance was Robert Jolliffe's portrayal of Feletti, a journalist. Inspector Pissani (Julian Green ) in particular evoked pity during his attempt to throw himself out of the window. The sympathy inspired by these characters is probably due to the fact that during the play it was they who were manipulated, simply forming part of the Machiavellian machinations of the marauding maniac (Magnus MacIntyre - or is this carrying the alliteration a little too far ? ). Magnus deserves particular praise for his successful portrayal of a difficult character - which served as a useful vehicle for his own personality.

Also noteworthy was the performance of James Smethurst who was unfortunate in having his major scene right at the beginning of the play before the audience had decided that it was prepared to laugh; and James Crawford's police constable, both with Hitler moustache and without, succeeded perfectly in seeming as much a statutory part of the office furnishing as the filing cabinet, whilst still being able to deliver his lines to good effect.

Most impressive of all was the climax of the play, complete with two alternative endings (thus inviting the audience to consider the issues raised during the performance), a slight deviation from the script concerning Irangate, indicating that play is as relevant today as it ever was, and an explosion so colossal that when the 'bomb' was tested a few days earlier, a dustbin was completely destroyed. Appropriately, a proportion of the proceeds was donated to Amnesty International.

It was, incidentally, interesting to note that Dan Shotton was at the front of house and had on a red handkerchief with white spots.

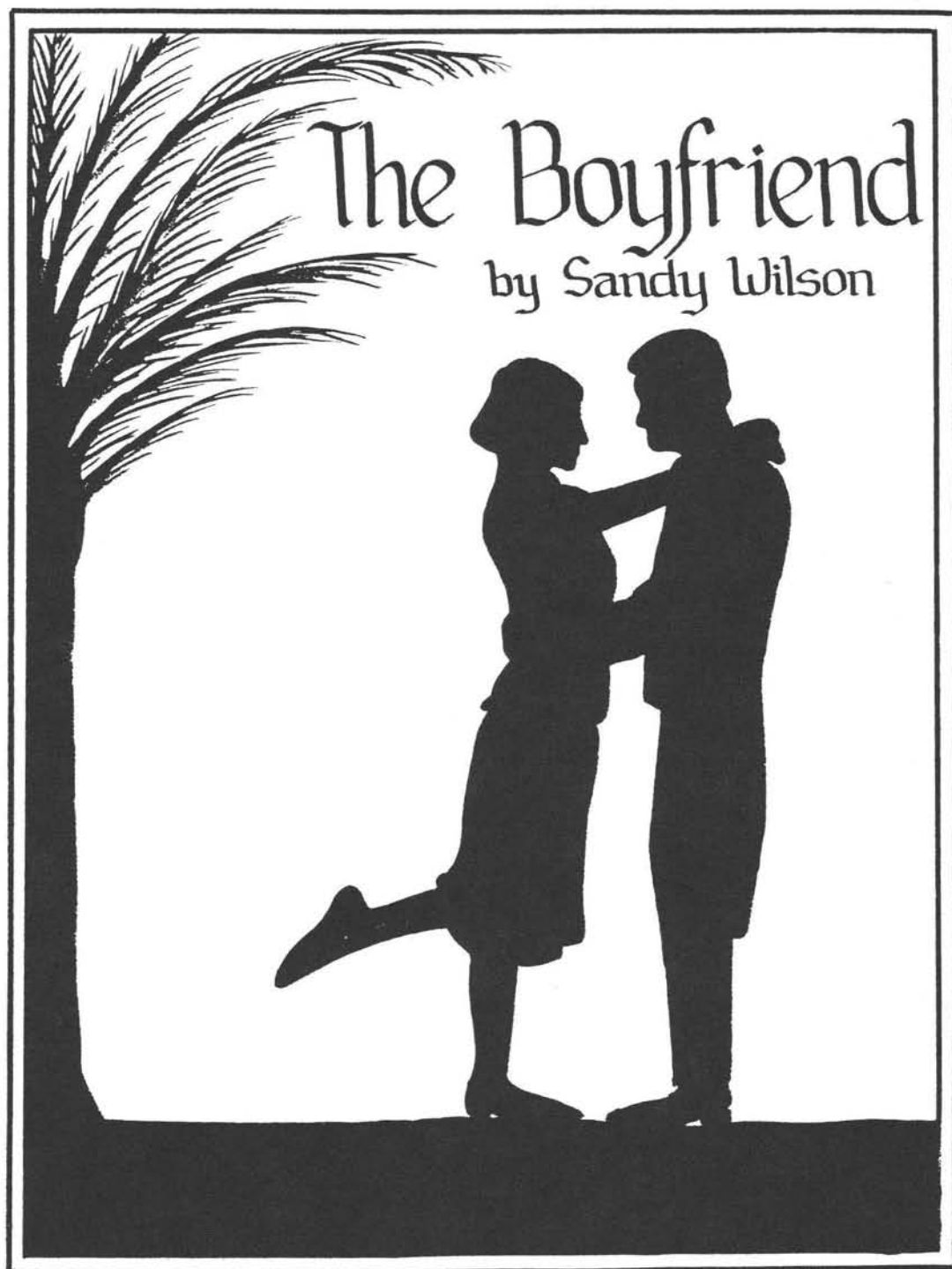
R.G. Collie 6E

Amey Hall

Abingdon School

June 30<sup>th</sup> , July 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> at 8pm

Adults £3.00 OAP./Students £1.50



Tickets from : The Administrator, Amey Hall

# Music

## Music Review

It is with a feeling of amazement that I look back on the past musical year and try to imagine how we managed to get everything off the ground with the infinite intricacies of music timetables and the appointment of no less than six new members of staff. It was a frenetic start and the staff that we already here must have looked on with benevolent amusement as the newcomers grappled with all that had to be done.

Within three weeks the first informal concert was under way in Studio 1 and younger boys were taking their first hesitant musical steps and gaining such valuable experiences in the process.

I was staggered but thrilled to find myself thrust headlong into a thriving and happy department which receives such marvellous support not just from within the school but also from our noble Music Society who throughout the year not only refreshed us at concerts, but also treated us to some excellent events such as the John Cutforth Evening and concert trips to the Barbican and the Welsh National Opera. Furthermore, they have provided us with the funds to buy a French Horn and a splendid cover to protect the much cherished Steinway. It does not seem possible now that we existed without such a splendid body of people at St. Paul's School.

John Cutforth gave a quite superb lecture on Felix Mendelssohn and over a hundred people sat enthralled as the aural was dovetailed miraculously with the visual and we were guided back to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The Michaelmas Term is a busy one for the Chamber Choir: they sang Evensong at Southwark Cathedral; in the Remembrance Day Service (only two days later); during the rededication of the famous lectern; at the Carol Services and the annual carol singing in Trafalgar Square.

The Music Scholars put up an impressive show at the first of their biennial concerts. The quality of the performances was high and there were two of particular note, both given by new boys. The first was a Chopin Waltz played from memory by Armen Georgian which

showed a musical maturity far beyond his thirteen years and the other, a Mendelssohn 'Song without Words' played by David Szekessy, a German cellist we were privileged to have with us in the Lower Sixth, sadly for only two terms. The second of these concerts given in the following term also contained some distinguished performances: Armen was in action again, this time accompanying his classmate, Leo Carey in a Vivaldi cello sonata and Andrew Friedhoff gave an exuberant account of songs by Schubert and Haydn. More up-tempo but equally accomplished was a performance by the jazz group who played us out with Dave Brubeck's 'Take Five'.

The Choral Society had been busy rehearsing for the first of its choral concerts of the year from the third week of September and by the time November 22nd. arrived were ready to tackle Haydn's 'Creation' in the Amey Hall. Separate reviews of both choral concerts appear elsewhere, but many of the boys gain valuable performing experience in these concerts, whether singing alongside parents past and present or playing in the professional orchestra engaged. For the second of these Choral performances which took place in May in the Wesley Memorial Church in Oxford, The Choral Society chose an ambitious work, Bach's 'St. Matthew Passion'. The choral forces are often split into two halves and pitted against each other to represent the crowd scenes and by virtue of their contrapuntal nature are often tricky.

The Christmas Concert provided the first of three opportunities for audiences to see and hear the core of the work of the music department. There was something in this concert for all musical tastes ranging from Corelli to Tippett. The Brass Band opened the proceedings with Grieg and Khachaturian, the School Choir continued with 'Steal Away' and 'Nobody Knows' from Tippett's 'A Child of our Time' and particularly arresting were the treble and baritone solos sung by Leo Carey and Andrew Friedhoff. A Second Orchestra, now of full size, played some Dvorak and Bizet and the First Wind Band, Prokofiev's 'Troika' and some Christmas music. The Chamber Orchestra gave some stylish performances of Corelli, Purcell and Mozart, the Brass Quintet lightened the mood with some up-beat numbers and the First Orchestra played us out with Schubert's 'Unfinished' Symphony.

At the end of the Lent Term there were further opportunities to hear the First and Chamber Orches-





tras. Schubert's 'Rosamunde' Overture was a testing piece to tackle and in a different way, Max Bruch's 'Kol Nidrei' which followed was too. This piece demands tremendous calm and control as the orchestra must be sensitive to the cello soloist who sings above it. The performance provided a fitting farewell to the talented David Szekessy who returned to Germany soon after. The Chamber Orchestra gave performances of music by Stradella, J.C. Bach and Pachelbel and it was left to the First Orchestra to play us out with Purcell's rousing 'Pomp and Circumstance March' No. 4 which received an immediate encore and another one on the Monday lunchtime for the benefit of the school and the Chairman of the Governors.

When the bulk of the A levels and the GCSEs were done with, the boys returned for a new venture, an 'Orchestra Day' followed by a concert. This was a calculated risk: many of the boys had effectively left at Half Term to concentrate on their Public Examinations so things were in a fairly raw state before the day of the concert! Tchaikovsky's 'Swan Lake' ballet music came off rather better than Beethoven's 'Coriolan' Overture. Bach's Second Brandenburg sounded rather good with a clarinet replacing a very high trumpet part and David Johnson (violin) and Robert Clayden (oboe) played particularly beautifully. One of the other highlights of the day was a closely contested 20-a-side football match after lunch in which, thankfully, none of the boys suffered injury to fingers or teeth!

The Second Wind Band and the Second Orchestra joined forces in late January to present their own in-

formal concert, Derek Jones' Vale Concert Band gave its ever popular annual concert in February in aid of Leukaemia Research and the Chamber Choir performed Mozart's 'Coronation' Mass later on in term. This was another new and successful departure which used a compact orchestra and soloists from the Witney Opera Exchange.

The Summer Term was dominated by the performance of the 'St. Matthew Passion' and by the Orchestral Day. But the school bands were in action again in their own concert and in three fund-raising recitals, the first in aid of Thomas Kenyon's charity work in Brazil in which Mr. Oxley (tenor), Mr. Llewellyn-Jones (piano), and Mr. Stinton (oboe) performed in Magdalen College Antechapel. This was followed by recitals for oboe and for organ given by the Director of Music and Mr. Oxlade respectively to start a fund for a new and much needed organ.

A Chamber Concert just before Half Term gave GCSE Music candidates a platform for performances shortly to be assessed. Jonathan Greenwood's 'Alba' for baritone and piano with Mr. Donald singing not just as a performance but also as an example of boys' composition work soon to be moderated. Other items in the concert were wide ranging from Mozart quartet movements to a saxophone ensemble and a modern jazz group.

The music for the end of the year production of 'The Boyfriend' was directed by Mr. Donald and brought a busy year's music making to a slick and effervescent finale.

MAS



ABINGDON SCHOOL



CHORAL SOCIETY

# ST MATTHEW PASSION



by **J. S. BACH**

**SATURDAY 7<sup>th</sup> MAY 1988 at 7.00 p.m**

**Wesley Memorial Church  
NEW INN HALL STREET · OXFORD**

Evangelist - Philip Cave ~ Christus - Henry Wickham

Jayne Whittaker

Andrew Olleson

James Oxley

Iain Donald

Continuo - John Oxlade

**Conductor : Michael Stinton**

**Tickets: £2.50 & £1.50**

**From the Director of Music or at the door**



Bach's **St Matthew Passion** is an ambitious undertaking for any choir and Abingdon School Choral Society's decision to perform the work showed much spirit and courage. The sheer forces involved in the work - two choruses and two orchestras - alone restrict the number of times one is likely to hear the work compared with, say, Bach's St John Passion or Handel's Messiah. The length of the complete work (it was of course originally performed as part of the Lutheran liturgy for Good Friday) dictates some judicious cuts, and these were made so that the dramatic flow of the music was maintained. Although not performed within the church's year as such, the choice of an Oxford church rather than a concert hall helped create the right atmosphere and performing conditions. The Choral Society under Mr. Michael Stinton's direction rose manfully to the occasion producing clear diction and an affecting feeling for the meaning of the words with the School Chamber Choir (trained by Mr Iain Donald) adding an extra dimension of clarity and expertise to the contrapuntal choruses and the School Choir making a notable contribution in the chorales and the opening and closing choruses of the two parts of the work. The soloists are very important throughout the work, not only in the reflective arias, but in the narration. The sensible decision to have the supporting characters sung by the main soloists reaped dividends in terms of confidence and maintained the excellent standard set by Mr Philip Cave, a noted singer from New College Choir, as the Evangelist, and Henry Wickham who sang the part of Jesus with unfailing beauty of tone and musical phrasing. He achieved just the right balance between lyricism and the drama without ever over-emphasizing the humanity of the character. The soprano solos were sung by a young and rising singer from London - Jayne Whitaker - whose poise and stylistic accuracy were exemplary. James Oxley, the School's singing teacher, provided some wonderfully heartfelt singing in his great aria - with high notes that were thrilling in their intensity; and another highlight of the performance were the bass arias sung by Mr. Donald, especially the magical quietude of the arioso which follows the burial of Jesus 'At evening, hour of calm and peace'. Here the rapt stillness and subtlety of Mr. Donald's interpretation provided one of the evening's most memorable moments. Orchestrally - despite many excellent contributions from members of the School (and the hard work which they and the various choralists had put into the project prior to the performance) - the playing of some of the hired help from outside did not match the School's achievements - but then that is an occupational hazard when professionals arrive on the day of the performance for paid engagements without the commitment or accountability that are essential ingredients of a uniformly successful performance.



The new Director of Music's first public appearance was as conductor of Haydn's oratorio **The Creation**. This was an exciting occasion - with some inspiring singing from Abingdon School Choral Society (together with the School's Chamber Choir) and a first-rate team of soloists.

The work was sung in English and with the traditional cuts in the last part of the work (devoted to the happiness of Adam and Eve). Michael Stinton's energetic and involved direction ensured that a high level of enthusiasm and drive was maintained throughout the work - one in which many of the musical highlights occur early so that the latter part of the work can tend to pall. Not so on this occasion, and the audience responded with a stirring ovation for conductor and soloists alike.

Soprano Caryl Kelly produced radiant high C's as well as much sweet, lyrical singing and James Oxley was most effective whether in dramatic recitative or flowing arioso. Mr Iain Donald, who was suffering from a throat infection, courageously opted to take part - with conspicuous success - using great technical skill to overcome vocal impairment and give a performance which was musically highly rewarding and vocally an astonishing feat of technique. The soloists blended beautifully in the trio 'The Lord is Great' and the choral entry made this chorus as exciting as the more familiar 'The Heavens are Telling'. The orchestra - made up of players from school, from the locality and from London - responded to the general excitement of the occasion - and two points call for special mention: one was the cello continuo playing of Fiona Murphy whose expert timing and support of the soloists in the recitatives showed such skill, and the other was the resourcefulness of David Johnson in leading the second violins when the appointed section leader (an outside professional) was unavoidably detained - an assignment he met with exemplary calm and great aplomb.

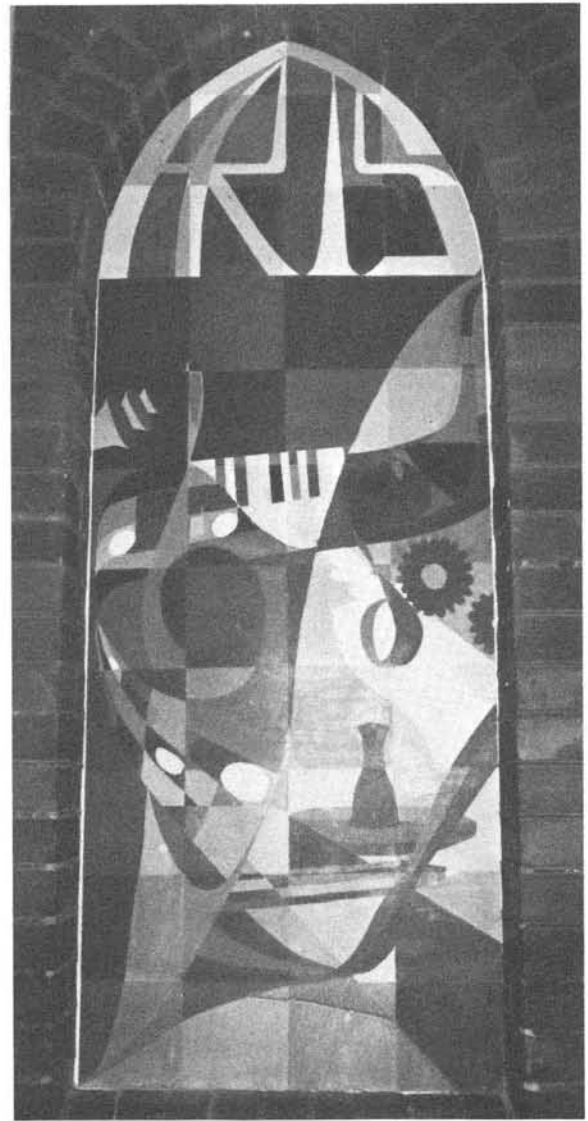


## LOWER SCHOOL MUSIC

Two notable events in Lower School have taken place during the year. The first was a concert performance of the songs from 'Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat' sung by the whole of the First Form Choir as a curtain-raiser to Mr Dillon's production of 'Nehemiah'. This involved all the boys in the three First Forms, and all the music was learned in music classes and performed to an appreciative audience with great gusto and a sense of enjoyment. Accompanied by an electric piano borrowed from JSO for the occasion and with the skilled percussion playing of Martin Diment the solo parts were sung by Russell Clarke (Joseph) and Richard Davies (Pharaoh) with other notable contributions from Richard Haynes, Barnaby Ulyatt, Tom Pollard, Philip Aiken and Martin Lay.

The second event was the Lower School Informal Concert which attracted a large audience. As well as many excellent instrumental items, there was the first performance of Richard Davies' pop-cantata Jonah given by members of Form 1D with JSO playing the piano accompaniment. This work prompted the recollection of the story of Mozart's achievements as a composer, also at the tender age of eleven, and Richard Davies' work not only showed exceptional promise (he wrote not only the music but the words as well), but proved to be a highly enjoyable item with which to conclude this resoundingly successful concert.

J.S.O.



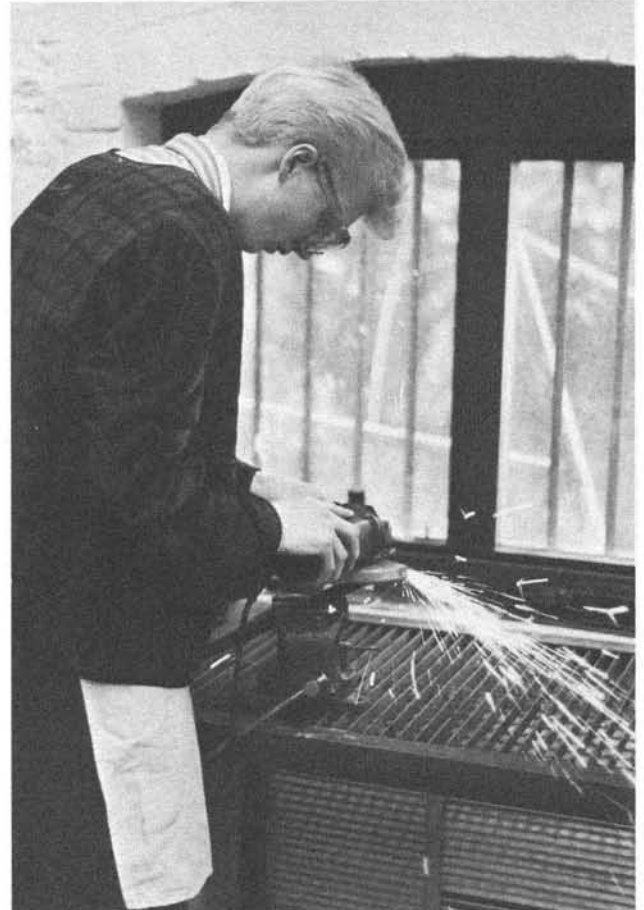
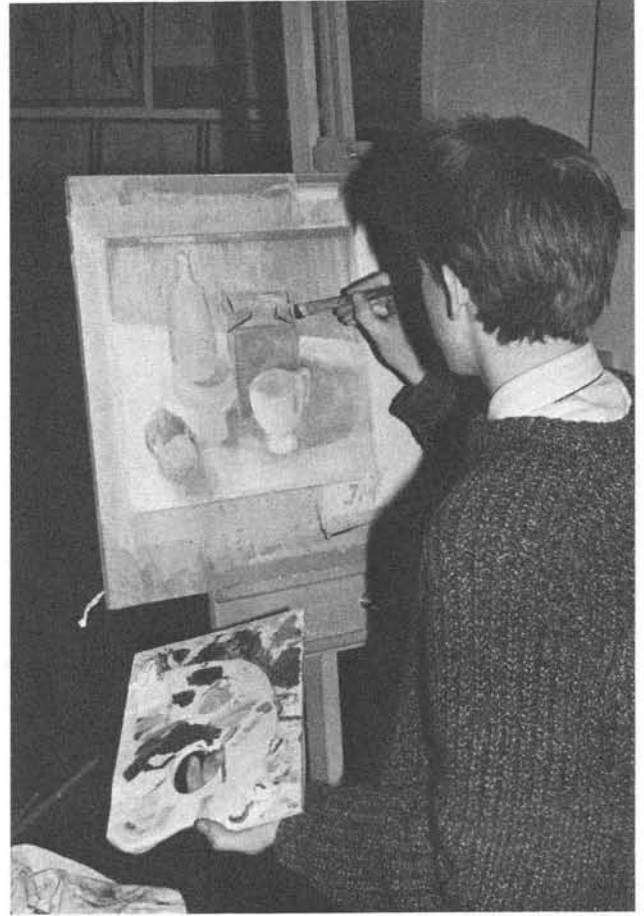
## GCSE DESIGN PROJECT

Last July three panels were installed in the three black Victorian Gothic windows outside the MCR.

They were designed and executed by L.D. Bennett, N.C.P. Hill and P.H. Winterbottom. Their consideration was to choose a theme relevant to a school building - finally settling for Sciences, Humanities and Art and Craft respectively. The treatment of the subject involved careful assessment of the limitations of the site which included the challenge of intractable red brick, cramped space and poor lighting. It was thought that bright 'stained glass' colour would be most appropriate, especially since the corridor leads to the Chapel. Unity in the design was achieved by applying a simple identical grid to each panel and apportioning a quota of warm and cool colours to each artist. The work is executed on board in acrylic paint.

J.B.





## MRS. BOULTON - INTERVIEW

Early this year the artist Mrs. Janet Boulton joined the Art Department to help with the teaching of Art in the school. She very kindly agreed to give an interview to Mr. Hunter on behalf of The Abingdonian outlining some aspects of her work and how has integrated with her teaching.

**Q: You had a one-person exhibition at the Mercury Gallery, Cork Street, W.1, last April. Can you say what was in the show?**

**A:** It was made up of still life subjects, paper pulp collage/watercolours and drawings made in the Colin Ward at the Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford - 42 works in all.

**Q: Can we first discuss your hospital work. You were appointed Resident Artist in the Department of Geriatric Medicine in 1987/88, but I believe you have done other residencies?**

**A:** Yes. The other residencies were in schools and consequently were partly educational. At the Radcliffe I was set up by the City Centre Arts Trust, Milton Keynes, and The Oxford Area Health Authority Arts Committee to work wherever I chose. I was not a therapist or an educationist - just an artist working from life.

**Q: What was the patients' response to this?**

**A:** Very generous and tolerant. At times I may have acted as a diversion, but on the whole I was taking far more than I gave.

**Q: And the staff?**

**A:** Naturally, they were most concerned that the patients were in no way upset and that the working conditions were not made any more difficult. It was important not to be in the way and to quickly adjust to the constantly changing scenes.

**Q: Did the patients and staff see your work?**

**A:** Half way through my time there I had an exhibition in the Board Room of the Infirmary for Staff and Patients only. This was a great help in gaining confidence and understanding in what I was trying to do - that is, as it worked out, to record the life on a hospital ward.

**Q: Does the hospital have any of your work?**

**A:** Yes. Both the John Radcliffe and the Radcliffe Infirmary have bought work over the years. There are a number in the Colin Ward.

**Q: To move on to other paintings in your show. Apart from the large still life paintings which I know are a constant feature of your work, how did you produce the paper pulp pictures?**

**A:** I only recently became interested in making my own paper. Two years ago another artist and myself

set up a paper-making studio here in Abingdon. The 'things' I showed were experiments in dyeing, embossing, embedding techniques using watercolours as well. Only a beginning!

**Q: How do you find working here in Abingdon - most of the art scene seems to be centred in London at present.**

**A:** It's true I shouldn't like to live any further from London and I am there frequently. However, I'm not especially dependent on what my contemporaries are doing. Almost all the artists that influence me are now dead, but I do have a number of artist friends whose criticism I value.

**Q: How do you combine your teaching with painting?**

**A:** I teach for half the week in a block. Wednesday p.m. is set aside for the practicalities of Tesco shopping and so forth, leaving me the rest of the week to concentrate on painting.

**Q: I know you are particularly interested in gardens and are a member of the Garden History Society, etc. Is this a hobby?**

**A:** Partly. I started trying to paint gardens five years ago as a way of justifying spending time looking at gardens and partly to improve my observation from Nature - albeit Nature contrived.

**Q: What gardens have you worked in this year?**

**A:** The weather was so bad in 86/87 that this year I went to Italy.

**Q: And at half-term you made drawings at the Villa la Pietra - Sir Harold Acton's garden in Florence. What was that like?**

**A:** Wonderful. It has two contrasting and complementary parts. One large formal terrace with 'rooms' of box, yew, cypress and statuary. The other a very old and endearing walled garden for fruit, flowers and vegetables. I hope to do better work there next year.

**Q: Finally, how would you like to be seen to be making a contribution as an artist to Abingdon School?**

**A:** If I could make any contribution apart from my teaching, I should like it to be helping forwards a greater understanding and appreciation of the artist as a thinking person.

**Q: Janet, thank you very much.**



# C.C.F.

## REPORT

The last year has seen activity of great quantity and variety helped by a stable membership of one hundred and fifty cadets. Camps and courses are separately chronicled, but highlights of the year for me were the Summer Camp at Proteus, the B.A.O.R. attachment last Easter, a splendid official Inspection Day, and the four successful flying scholarships last summer.

The saddest event of the year was Major Richard Webber breaking his leg during his last camp as Contingent Commander. A week that should have been a glorious celebration of his very successful tour of office was for him punctuated by pain and frustration. Typical of the man, he continued on the camp to the end - literally plastered!

Although Richard has left teaching in order to expand his family business, we are very pleased that he remains with the CCF as officer in charge of the Army Section and second in command of the Contingent.

So what of the present and the future? I have taken over as Contingent Commander, attended my first official conference as such, and weekly emerge from the blizzard of paperwork which one never quite believes is there until you do the job. Even the MCR fades into insignificance beside the torrent of official documents produced by the Services.

During the year we have lost the help of Flying Officer Gavin Hannah but happily gained a large slice of the Geography Department in the form of Lieutenant Ellis and Pilot Officer Fishpool. It is good to have the full time teaching members of staff join us for we have existed too long on the welcome but necessarily sporadic help of young O.A.'s and the friends of the school. It is essential for a well organised and vital Corps that its actual leaders are accessible throughout the school week and not just on parade days and camps. Further to this end I am especially pleased to welcome Mr. Keith Schofield as our S.S.I. this year. Keith is permanently employed by the CCF in the school and runs our H.Q. Building, Stores, Armoury and Range, as well as helping directly with training. He has just left the Army after a distinguished career. His last job for them was as an Instructor on No. 16 Cadet Training Team based at Bicester. Keith was our training link with 16CCT for three years before joining us permanently so we knew him well and he us before this recent partnership. We wish him a long, happy and fruitful second career with us.

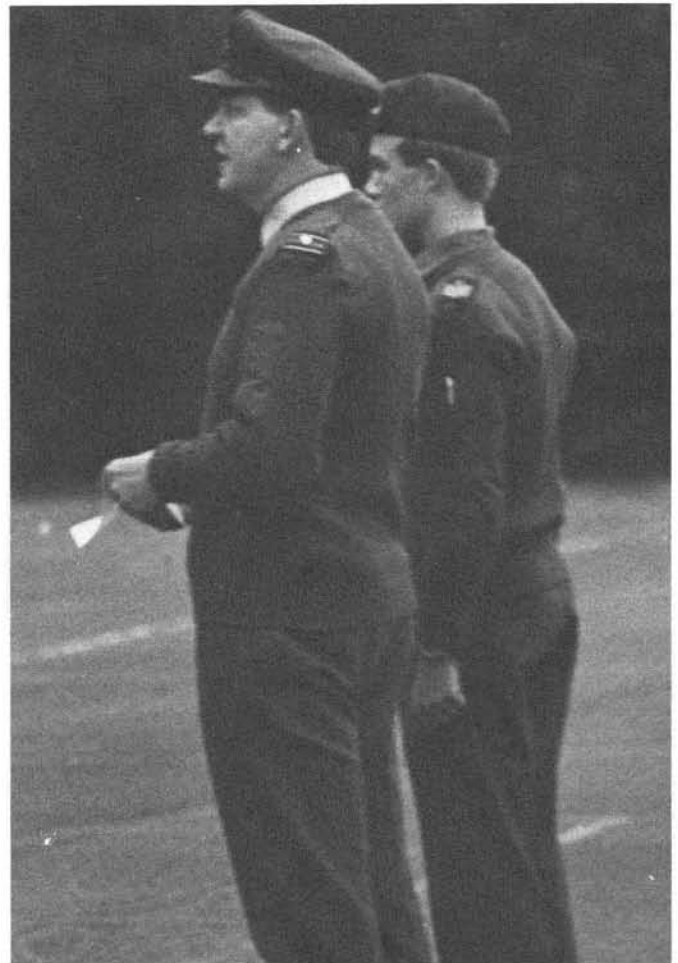
Whilst preparing a list of camps, courses, scholarships and minor events available to those in the CCF for the recent Open Morning I was struck by the quantity and variety available to boys here. There is no doubt that for the cadet who wishes to involve himself fully some tremendous opportunities exist. This brings me to a current cause for concern, which is an identifiable trend, particularly amongst some younger cadets, to take from the Corps what they see as valuable to themselves without giving back what they have to offer in a spirit of loyalty and service. Such cadets are missing the essential element of their membership. Within the CCF the framework of discipline, cooperation and joining together to accomplish aims not reachable by an individual are encapsulated in the reality of belonging. Any cadet who has attended a camp, submerged himself in the activities, worn himself out, and emerged smiling from the coach on return having spent the journey recounting the deeds of the week will recognise the feeling I am describing. These are the lasting memories which form a common link between our present cadets and Old Abingdonians with whom we have contact.

This latter band of welcome helpers regularly attend camps with us as young adult instructors freely giving their time in university vacations and continuing to give back to the

organisation something which they feel they have derived in the past. We hope too that they simply enjoy their time with us and the contact through the Corps with the school. I am compiling brief information on O.A.'s who have Services connections and those at university or college with membership of a Services organisation such as the O.T.C. or T.A.V.R. This is not so that I can appeal to them for help, though I may do so from time to time, but more to keep them in touch with the CCF in the school, perhaps through the medium of a newsletter. Any O.A.'s interested in this should not hesitate to contact me at the school. We are, as always, delighted to receive personal visits.

Looking ahead there is an impressive list of events and activities already planned. In addition, a new venture will be a leadership and adventure course in Easter 1989 based in North Yorkshire. This will be a very full mix of challenges, leadership training, management skills and adventurous activity and is designed to identify and develop potential in individuals. All this may seem impressive but the strength of the organisation lies in a committed and loyal weekly membership. It is this very loyalty which gives one the right to take from the system when the occasion arises.

CJB, Contingent Commander



## THE RAF CAMP IN GERMANY

In the Easter holiday a group of seven cadets and one officer flew to RAF Wildenrath for a week of activity. Such visits to RAF Germany bases are available to cadets once every three years and so we were privileged to attend. RAF Wildenrath is a front line base in Germany where Phantom aircraft are currently based. The programme included a visit to Fantasia Land, the Philips exhibition at Eindhoven, the Overloon War Museum and the war graves nearby. Activities on the base included range firing, individual placings with a wide variety of the stations section, Ten Pin bowling, visits to different parts of the station (we looked round a Rapier training dome, and an Andover aeroplane), a night exercise and a football tournament. We found the trip a good experience of life on a typical base in Germany.

J. Bryden VIF



## RAF HEREFORD

This year there was a rare double with two RAF camps, one at Easter and the other at Hereford at the end of July. Despite the lack of a runway and aerial activity, an enjoyable week was had by all.

A varied program included a navigation exercise along Offa's Dyke, a leadership task at the Airman's Command school, a night exercise and visits to various training centres around the base. There were several flight competitions including drill and sport with close-run results.

The week ended in our being allowed to watch an RAF Youth Training Scheme group passing out, and a fly past by a Tornado F3. After seeing their drill, our own left something to be desired.

There were negative points with the unwanted attentions of a mixed CCF from another school causing some cadets particular distress and the attempted sabotage of our return by British Rail. The group was split into two and arrived back at Oxford rather later than expected.

A. Brown and J. Cooke.



## FLYING DAYS

Amongst the most popular events in the RAF section's calendar are the days at RAF Abingdon. On these days cadets are able to get first-hand experience of flying, including flying the planes themselves. Although the DHC Chipmunk is the aerial equivalent of the Reliant Robin, the basic thrill of flying is not lacking, and cadets return to the ground station talking eagerly about stall turns and eight point rolls.

### First Solo

The 18th. July dawned clear and fine. As I travelled with my fellow flying scholarship cadets towards Blackbush Airport, I realised that the odds were pretty high that I would go solo that morning. At last the crosswinds that had dogged my flying up till then had disappeared. The airfield's windsock hung limp.

As soon as I arrived I checked out "Yankee Peeps". My instructor, John, joined me for a few circuits. Being an assistant flying instructor he couldn't certify me ready to go

solo; consequently I had to face the prospect of three circuits with Laurie Adlington; ex-test-pilot/spin instructor, and not one to suffer fools gladly. To my horror he told me to check out G-BBNX. This plane had an engine that was not only unresponsive but frequently spluttered and made noises that sounded distinctly unhealthy.

My three circuits and bumps got worse as I got more nervous; on my last approach I ballooned gently before finally touching down. I taxied back to the club expecting Laurie to tell me he couldn't let me go solo. All at once, however, he was getting out and I sat in a daze as he told me that the aircraft would take off quicker without him. Then I called up the tower and back came the answer, "Golf November X-Ray, line up and take off at your discretion". Once on the runway I opened the throttle and as the speedo touched 70 gently raised the nose. Suddenly I was flying alone for the first time. Contrary to popular belief, the first solo is not frightening; there isn't time to be scared - checking, levelling off, making radio calls and the first approach take up all your thoughts. It is always said that a pilot's first solo landing is his best and mine was no exception; I hardly felt the plane touch down....

I can only urge other cadets to apply for flying scholarships. They are a unique opportunity to savour one of life's most thrilling experiences.

J. Porter VIP

*Footnote. All RAF Section Cadets have the opportunity to fly in Chipmunk aircraft at RAF Abingdon on a termly basis. Senior Cadets may apply to the RAF for a flying scholarship which, if successful, brings them four weeks continuous training culminating in several hours solo flying. Four cadets successfully completed flying scholarships during the summer of 1988. GJB.*



## BAOR VISIT

During the Easter holidays a party of 18 cadets and 2 officers visited 3 Base Ammunition Depot at the invitation of the commander, Col. Gerdes. The party was there for 10 days and received instruction from the regular army. On arrival we were met by the training officer, Lt. Lewis, who told us to expect an interesting if busy stay.

We were given an exhausting PT session on the first afternoon by an instructor whom we saw later in the week breaking the world record for dips on the parallel bars, 94 in one minute.

The following morning we were taken on a guided tour of the base and were witnesses to a fascinating explosives demonstration where we saw various devices detonated. In the evening we had an interesting lecture, followed by a buffet supper, on the subject of Arnhem by Maj. (ret.) Gibson. The whole of the following day was spent touring the Arnhem battlefields in Holland.

On the Wednesday we went to RAF Bruggen, though not by Lynx helicopter as had been expected, because of the weather conditions, where we visited an operational Tornado Squadron. In the evening we had our first exercise, with plenty of ammunition, which involved basic patrolling tactics. The second exercise was on the Friday and lasted all day. It was based on the old escape and evade formula with many modernisations, including the use of two-way radios, on which to give information in exchange for clues. One problem with the escape/evade exercise was that the area we were using contained several herds of wild boar.



The visit ended with a full inspection by Col. Gerdes, and I am sure we all remember Lt. Lewis's ceremonial sword! Unusually for a CCF camp, we were sharing the NAAFI facilities with the private soldiers who were forever witty and revolting. We must thank Capt. Jones and Lt. Laidler who accompanied us on the visit, and Maj. Webber who popped over from England for 5 days, but most especially Col. Gerdes for making the visit possible.

J. Denée 5AJM



## NATIONAL ORIENTEERING CHAMPIONSHIP

At 4 p.m. on an October Saturday two teams each of five cadets set out in the mini-bus for Wales, specifically the Crickhowell Barracks in the Brecon Beacons. We had missed the evening meal, so we walked the half mile through the dark night to the village in search of food and drink. Suitably refreshed we returned to the barracks for a good night's sleep.

We arose early the next morning. It was cold and misty. The visibility was zero. After eating breakfast we were driven out to the actual course. It was still cold and misty. After we had received last instructions and advice from Lt. Tim Johnson, our team manager, we set off one by one at various times on the competition itself.

The course was indeed the most challenging I had been on, with a climb of 250 m, fitness became an important factor - second only to accurate map reading. I have now a vague memory of water, mud, steep inclines and pressure - this was the real event! The practice orienteering of the past few weeks no longer mattered. All that was important was to get round the course and finish.

At the end we awaited the times of the last few competitors to come in, beginning to realise that our first team comprising D. Knowles, C. Megaw, R. Jameson, Ed Smith and J. Cooper, had won the British Army Junior Orienteering Championships by the large margin of three hours.

Our second team managed to come an impressive third. This team was made up of C. Parker, I. Gregory, W. Fletcher, P. Eland and D. Megaw.

At the award ceremony the first team were awarded medal trophies as well as the team trophy.

Special mention must go to E. Smith who won an award for the third best individual time overall.



## SHOOTING TEAM

In the school year 1987-88 the CCF shooting team has taken part in two competitions, the Cadet Skill at Arms Meeting 1987 (CADSAM) and the Country Life competition.

CADSAM took place on the weekend of 4th. October at Ash Ranges, Longmoor, Hampshire, using the new Cadet issue rifle which is a member of the British Army's SA80

family. This was a new experience as previously the competition had been shot using the Lee-Enfield Mk.4.

After several practice shoots at RAF Abingdon a team was selected by Capt. Jones, Lt. Laidler and Sgt. Schofield. Those chosen for the competition were D. Morrison, D. Bosley, R. Fraser and M. Watts.

The team was accompanied by Capt. Jones and Lt. Laidler to Longmoor, where Saturday morning began with the collection of weapons and an opportunity to sight them in before the competition began in earnest. The shoots on Saturday took place on an outdoor 500 metre gallery range. The shoots were a grouping shoot from 300 metres, rapid firing from 200 metres and snap-shooting from 100 metres.

The following day's shooting took place on the electric range, where the targets were exposed at distance of between 100 and 300 metres, while the firers remained in the same position. Once again the shoots included rapid firing and snap-shooting.

Light relief during the weekend was provided by a showing of the film 'Aliens' in the camp cinema; various additional individual competitions (for which it was necessary to pay a very small charge for ammunition); and an opportunity to shoot with the SA80 Individual Weapon and the SA80 Light Support Weapon.

The Country Life competition took place in the school range on 8 March using the Lee-Enfield Mk.8 .22 rifle. The team was much larger, comprising of K. Turner, C. Barber, D. Bosley, A. Brown, R. Fraser, J. Shepard, M. Watts and S. Humble with J. Cooper (spotter) and T. Schmitzehe (reserve).

The practices taken part in during this competition were snap-shooting, rapid firing, grouping and the landscape shoot.

On the whole, the team did well in its competitions, gaining a middle placing in CADSAM, while the results of the Country Life competition are still awaited. All but two of the present team will be eligible to shoot next year while there is also some new talent in the present third year.

Our thanks are due to RAF Abingdon for the use of their range, Sgt. Schofield of 16 Cadet Training Team. Lt. Laidler for his time driving and coaching, and Capt. Jones for the coaching and organisation of the team.

M.C. Watts 6B



## TREMLETT TROPHY

On Sunday 31st. January a team of three, L. O'Loughlin, W. Fletcher and W. Watts went to participate in the Tremlett Trophy competition at the RSA Larkhill.

The competition is held each year in an artillery simulator and the object is to locate the target, work out a grid reference and bearing for it, then to radio all the information back to the controller who then fires the shells.

On arrival at RSA Larkhill we had two hours practice on the simulator until lunchtime. The competition was after lunch and we waited our turn. We were fairly accurate, and destroyed our target after a few correctors. We scored 89. Very good, or so we thought - the winning team scored 100 and we came last out of seven in our heat of the S.E. District final!

L.L. O'Loughlin VIN



## SUMMER CAMP

On 11th. July, 86 eager cadets and 9 officers gathered at the CCF HQ at 9.00 a.m. for the major camp of the year. The first group arrived at CCF Central Camp, Proteus near Sherwood Forest at 2.00 p.m. Two hours later the second contingent arrived.

In the course of the week the whole contingent participated in a wide range of activities: canoeing, runs, assault courses, early morning parades, more runs, orienteering, more parades and rock-climbing. The military activities were memorable for being excellently organised and instructed; it was a shame that our efforts were so frequently comical. Several incidents lent the proceedings an atmosphere of fun.

We were indebted to the officers who all played their part most theatrically. Sq.Ldr. Biggs stirred his troops in true Henry V style and Mr. Fishpool gave a cameo performance as Dr. Who as he ferried cadets to the Fifteenth Century Sherwood Forest in Who's recently converted Tardis. It was unfortunate that while demonstrating how to fall when shot Maj. Webber slipped on the grassy bank and broke a leg. Nevertheless, it must be said that the camp was enjoyed by all and warm thanks go to those who made it possible. The 1989 camp will be held at the excellent training base at Longmoor in Hampshire.



## BIENNIAL INSPECTION

After only three Wednesday afternoons from the start of term came the Biennial Inspection by Brigadier Beaulieu. With help from the 16 Cadet Training Team, every cadet had been prepared for the Brigadier's visit.

The day started at 10.00 a.m. when the parade and inspection began. After inspection, the contingent marched along Park Road with the Brigadier taking the salute. The activities to be inspected included: Shooting, Abseiling, Drill, RAF Section Project, Initiative tests, Field Craft, Assault Course, Obstacle Course and Orienteering. Due to a last minute change of plan, the abseiling turned into an aerial runway from one of the trees by the sports hall. At the other end of the school on the hard surface was drill and on Lower Field there were initiative tests and field craft which consisted of battle formations.

From 2.00 p.m. to 3.00 p.m. the visitors were shown the CCF on its many and varied activities by means of a slide show in the Amey Hall. The band rounded off the afternoon by traditionally playing a march followed by 'Sunset' and 'Evening Hymn'. Finally, the day was over and everybody breathed a sigh of relief. The next inspection is in 1990 and we all wait in anticipation to see what that one will turn out to be like.

M. Reed

*Footnote: Subsequently, the official Inspection Report passed the School CCF as 'efficient' and made many appreciative and complimentary comments about what they had seen on the day. The Inspection team also take into account very detailed statistics of the Corp's performance since the last inspection available to them through official channels. C.J.B.*



*Sir Michael Bruce (OA), 11th Baronet of Stenhouse and Airth, wrote Tramp Royal in 1954. He was at Abingdon under the headship of the Rev. Thomas Layng and in Tramp Royal writes of an early incident where his Scottish ancestry earned him a sound beating...*

'My strong Macdonald and Jacobite leanings were drawn from my grandfather and Sir James Murray. Grandfather used to say to us: "Sir James used to keep us enthralled at his feet with his stories of '45 and the 'yellow-haired laddie' Bonnie Prince Charlie.

These beliefs led me into trouble at school. From tutors at my aunt's house we had progressed to The Grange, Stevenage, a preparatory school, and from there to school at Roysseyes, near Abingdon. It was at Roysseyes that I became the last martyr for the Stuarts.

Mr Ashwin, the form master, set a holiday task, the writing of an essay, 'The Rebellion of 1745 and the Young Pretender'. This was worse than heresy to a young Bruce, and when I handed in my paper after the holidays, it was a blank.

Furiously, Mr Ashwin demanded an explanation. I told him I had never heard of either a Pretender - unless he meant the Hanoverian who sat in St. James' Palace - or a Rebellion. Mr Ashwin, in an attempt to drive some English sense into my head, ordered me to write 1000 lines on the subject, so, while others punted balls about the football field, I slowly and laboriously wrote out, again and again: "The Rebellion of 1745 was the name given by the more ignorant of the lower classes to the Royalist rising in 1745 for their King - King James III - and the name 'Young Pretender' was the name given by traitors and Whigs to His Royal Highness Prince Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir Stuart, Prince of Wales.'

For this further piece of Jacobite effrontery I was sent up before the Headmaster, the Rev. Thomas Layng ('Pump' to every one of his boys).

"Pump" looked at me, with some interest I thought, and finally said: "Bruce, your family suffered for the Stuart cause, didn't they?"

"Yes sir," I replied.

"Well, and so shall you. Bend over."

And I received six of the best on that portion of my anatomy most accustomed to receive such attention.'

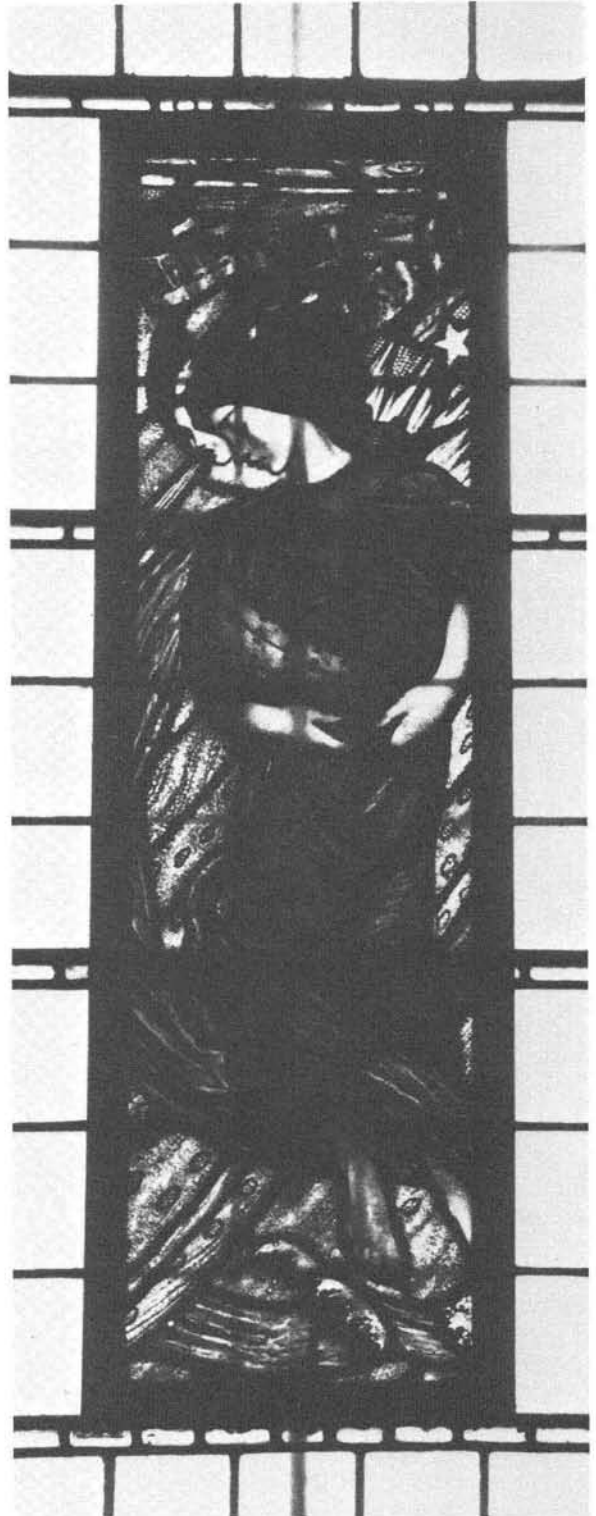


## POLITICAL STUDIES

During the year we have had the opportunity to visit a range national activities in furtherance of their political studies courses. These have included the Bow Street Magistrates' Courts; the Courts Of Appeal in the Strand and the Departmental Select Committees at Westminster, together with a meeting with the Standing Committee on the Education Reform Bill. They have seen the House of Lords in action at Question Time and witnessed the House of Commons in a more mundane session. During the year they have

had the opportunity to meet, hear or speak with Lord Stoddart of Swindon; Mr Simon Coombs MP; the deputy Director General of the BBC, Mr Michael Frankel (a specialist in security matters); the secretary of the Friends of the Earth, Mr Andrew Porritt; Mrs Rosie Barnes MP, Mr Tony Baldry MP and the clerk of committees in the House of Commons, Mr Michael Ryle.

NKH



## ABINGDON ENTERPRISES

When I first heard about Abingdon Enterprises and was invited to a meeting, I expected to find a highly structured and organised 'School' Company. This expectation was soon destroyed; the meeting was attended by 15 lower sixth, and 3 'veterans'. We were given a brief summary of what the company involves:- 'It is a school company (originally a member of the Young Enterprises Scheme which we have now deemed too expensive), run by members of the sixth form which engages in certain activities as decided by the management.'

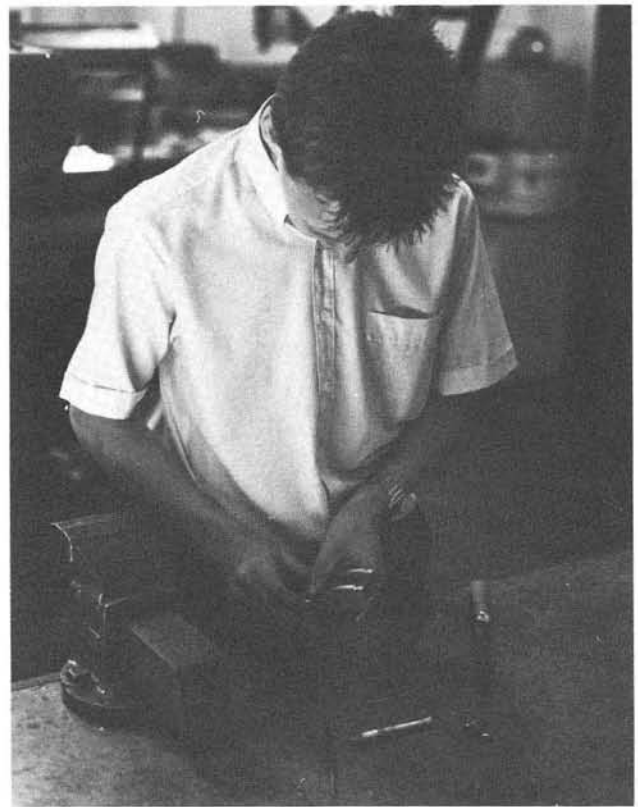
We were informed that we would be starting off on our own and that the first thing to be done was to appoint a Managing Director. No one volunteered so I offered to take the post for a term (that was more than a year ago!). Thus we had a group of about 8 members, Mr Townsend and myself who had to think of a product, produce it if necessary and to market it. Due to the limited numbers it was decided to undertake a research programme into the possible production of a model cannon. This was to make full use of the school's new computer lathe, allow technology students to become involved and to allow the other members to develop skills in market research, accounting, and management.

The engineering side was undertaken by Ben Owen who unfortunately had to leave us due to illness. However, I soon recruited a replacement, namely Philip Haycock. He progressed rapidly with the production of a prototype, certain parts were contracted to outside firms and we eventually had a very marketable item. The list of members who survived this development programme were replaced and I now have a very efficient and competent management team:-

Philip Haycock (Chief Engineer)  
Andrew Brown (Assistant Engineer)  
Tom Wedgwood (Chief Carpenter)  
Adrian Procter (Accountant)  
Ulen Neale (Photographer)  
Ross Fraser (Marketing)  
Ceri Davies (Secretary)  
James Scroggs (Art Director)

It was decided to mount a small display at the TASS fete in order to evaluate the reaction of the general public. The cannon had been produced to a very high standard and was considered by most as a very desirable item. Though the weather was against our side we took orders for five cannons which was to be our limit due to uncertainty about production time.

On return this term we decided to recruit new members from the lower sixth and to gradually hand over control to the new recruits after fulfilling the orders. I soon saw the need to organise the company into departments of which the old members were heads. The number of members is now in excess of thirty-five. However, many problems have arisen in the continued production of the cannon. These have all contributed to teaching us the problems and skills of running a company. Although this was the whole idea of the company, production of the



company is likely to be superseded by another product.

All in all we have succeeded in completing what we had intended i.e. a year of research into a possible product. Unfortunately the cannon has not proved to be a product which we can offer all departments experience in business but I am sure that the last year has proved very useful in educating us, and especially myself, in how to run a company.

James Frost VIT, Managing Director

"Phil."

"Yes?"

"You do Design and Technology, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You're production manager for Abingdon Enterprises!"



James Frost then went on to me about UCCA forms, experience and 101 other reasons why I should join Abingdon Enterprises.

"You will do it, won't you?"

The company had already decided to produce and market an ornamental replica of a seventeenth century 6-pounder cannon. My first task was to produce a prototype.

The side plates of the cannon were too complex to produce at the Warehouse and so Adrian Procter persuaded his brother-in-law to manufacture them for us. The barrel, though, was possible to build using the new equipment. Working from a scale drawing a program was written to operate the computer controlled lathe. After a couple of attempts the lathe was churning out as many barrels as were required. The wheels had to be produced on the normally hand-controlled lathe owing to their shape. These turned out to be the most time consuming parts of the operation.

With the help of Tom Wedgwood a second cannon was produced. The cannons were displayed at the TASS fete at which five advance offers were taken.

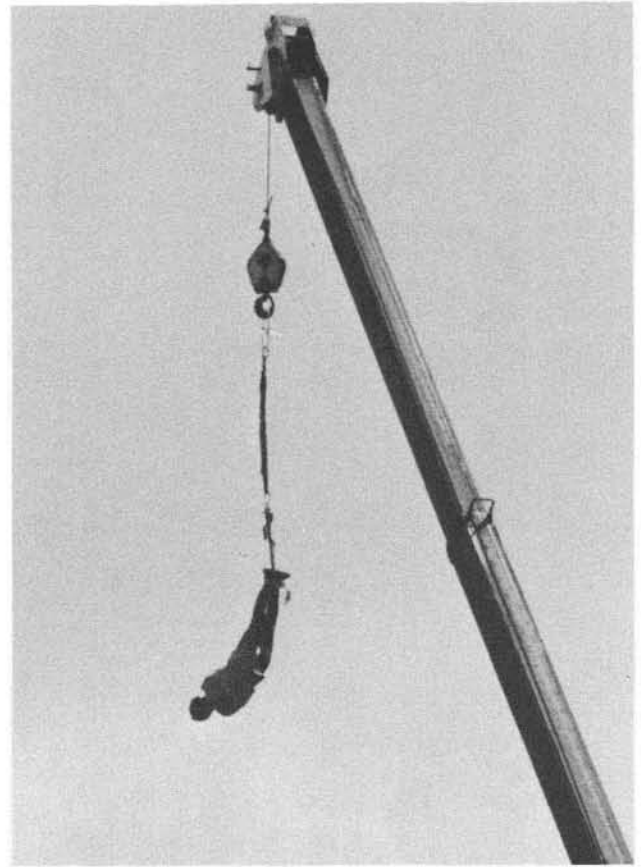
This year (with the help of a lower sixth labour force) we plan to fulfil the orders.

Philip Haycock VIH, Chief Engineer



## TASS FÊTE

For those hardy souls who braved the rain and cold of Saturday July 2nd (a weather pattern which seemed to persist to the summer's end), the TASS summer fete offered the usual range of good buys (produce, books, cakes, plants, carpets, fabrics), games of chance and skill, refreshments, and entertainment. It was always difficult to find a date in summer which would not clash with a multitude of other attractions. On this occasion we were pitted against Henley, Wimbledon women's final day, and several other fetes in the region. Unfortunately, an



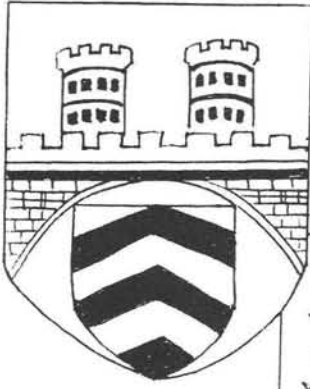
earlier date would have conflicted with exams, and the final Saturday of term with the Griffen Ball - so there was scant choice. In the event, it was undoubtedly the poor weather rather than rival attractions which dictated the size of the crowd. Although attendance was down significantly on previous years, the turnover on most stalls matched the best of previous fetes. Those who came stayed on through the showers, and seemed to enjoy themselves.

The fete Grand Draw this year included a glamour first prize of a week's holiday to southern Spain for two, generously donated by Abingdon Travel in association with Horizon Holidays - and won by the parents of one of the boys in the school. There were plenty of other prizes generously donated by a range of school suppliers and others.

The prime entertainment slots were taken by the UK's top escapologist, Shahid Malik, whose daring feats provided a fitting climax to the afternoon's events. Booking the star of numerous prestigious TV appearances proved to be less of a problem than booking a crane to assist in his act. It seems that crane owners are prepared to lift just about anything - except an escapologist bound in a straight-jacket, and suspended by his feet at a height of 25 metres at the end of a burning rope.

TASS wishes to thank all those who contributed to the success of the fete, which netted a profit of £4,000, and helped TASS to make a donation this year of £10,000 towards the cost of the new all-weather tennis courts.

David Clark



1967 -  
1987

# ABINGDON BIELEFELD CONNECTION

On the occasion of the last exchange with Abingdon Dr. Ohly when addressing the whole of the sixth form gave an outline of the historical background to the development of the democratic structures of modern Western Germany. We are privileged to print here the text of his address.

## **The Germans - In Search of a Nation State and Democracy.**

To understand the reasons why the creation of a nation state and the setting-up of democracy was a problem for the Germans, one has to consider the marked centrifugal tendencies in Germany's historical development up to the 19th century. Owing to its medieval history as the Holy Roman Empire, Germany remained a loosely structured confederation of states, inhabited not only by Germans, but also by Poles, Hungarians, Czechs, Italians. At a time when nation states developed in Western Europe, the German Emperor did not even reign

but was chairman rather of a number of almost sovereign princes such as the King of Prussia. That empire finally collapsed under the attack of Napoleon's armies; yet the civil liberties that Napoleon enforced in the French-occupied parts of Germany soon lost their democratizing effect as a result of continually imposed contributions and conscriptions for his campaigns. Understandably, the national sentiment that developed in Germany under foreign rule was markedly anti-French. When the European powers had overcome Napoleon, the European peace conference in Vienna decided, among others, on the German situation, creating the German Confederation; however, this so-called 'Metternich system', which consisted of two major states (Austria and Prussia) and 37 medium-sized to small states, came as a disappointment to many fighters for Germany's liberation, whereas in ethnically mixed Southeast Europe it was regarded as the guarantee of the "pax austriaca". the order of the Danu-

bian monarchy, of which Winston Churchill once said that if it had not existed it would have had to be invented.

In 1848, the liberal and democratic ideas of 1789 and the national ones of 1813 merged into the revolutionary attempt to create a German nation state with a liberal constitution and based on the people's consent. But, unlike the English Glorious Revolution or the French Revolution of 1789, which resulted in the liberalization of existing states, the German revolution was ill-fated because such a state had yet to be created, and all that within a political structure marked by non-German minorities in Prussia, Austria, and by many Germans living in a very complicated situation under Danish rule. The German question was thus a European question. The first all-German Parliament in the Frankfurt Paulskirche failed when trying to solve the double problem of creating a state as well as a constitution.

Through its conflict with Denmark about Schleswig-Holstein, the German national movement lost the sympathies of the English, and Russian threats gave rise to fears that the conflict might develop into a European war. The crucial problem was Austria: Only the breaking up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire would make possible the creation of a German nation state but although it would have been in the interest of the revolution in Hungary, it was not so for the various Slavonic peoples - they were afraid of being minorities within a German or a Hungarian nation state or of being caught in the wake of a strictly absolutistic Russia. Thus the Slavs saved the old Austria, and with the Danubian monarchy regaining strength, it prevented the formation of a democratic nation state. More than anything else it was the medieval heritage that made the national revolution fail.

In 1870/71 the Prussian prime minister, Otto von Bismarck, achieved what the 1848 Parliament had failed to achieve: the German nation state. However, he did so at a high price, ousting Austria from Germany; and the war of 1870/71, which, on the one hand, united the German states, earned for the Second German Reich the embittered enmity of the French on the other.

Bismarck's successors failed to appreciate the complicated system of alliances he had designed: on the one hand, to secure the existence of the Reich, and on the other to reconcile Europe to the development of a new power bloc in Central Europe. Their imperialistic policies resulted in the growing isolation of Germany and in the hardening of the antagonism between the Powers of the Entente (Brit-

ain, France, Russia) and the Central European Powers (Germany and Austria).

When on 28th June, 1914, a Serbian grammar school pupil by the name of Gavrilo Princip assassinated the successor to the Austrian throne in Sarajevo, hardly anybody in Europe believed that this event might trigger off a world war. The Central European Powers were hoping for the solidarity of the European monarchs regarding terrorist assassins and in doing so failed to realize that Tsar Nicholas II was not free in his actions. His position had already been badly shaken by the Russian revolution of 1905 and by Russia's defeat in the war against Japan, so much so that it would have become untenable if he had let down his "Slavonic brethren". The German government, afraid of Russia's rapidly growing armament that would give it an overwhelming superiority within very few years, thought it right to encourage Austria to take rigorous action against Serbian agitation as Russia was (presumably) not yet prepared for war. With the assurance of German support the Austrian government delivered a sharp ultimatum to Serbia and declared war when it received a delaying answer. Russian mobilization against Austria started the fatal mechanism of mobilization and of abiding by alliances. As a consequence of the Russian reaction, Germany was obliged to come to Austria's, their last ally's, assistance. A German-Austrian war against Russia forced a) France to stand by Russia and b) Britain to enter into war in support of her allies. When handing over the passports to the German ambassador the British Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, said, "The lights are going out in Europe." Indeed the old Europe perished in the First World War, which for the first time made the U.S.A. interfere in a European conflict. With the constellation of alliances, as shown above, the outbreak of the war may have been unavoidable, but the real catastrophe was that the belligerent powers were not able to end the war in 1916 at the latest, in a military situation in which they could have shown moderation and good sense. Both sides were set on total victory! They roused their peoples' national feelings against the enemy and hoped for a peaceful new world and the solution of all problems by overpowering the enemy. As each side was afraid that a sensible peace offer might be interpreted as a sign of weakness, the war was fought to the bitter end, which meant: 9 million deaths, the complete devastation of large areas in Flanders and northern France which had been the battlefields, and the breakdown of the four great monarchies, first the Russian, then the Austrian and Ger-

man and finally the Turkish. The Danubian monarchy disappeared from the political map, but each of the states succeeding it in the Balkans was in turn a multi-national state and none of the problems of nationality in this area was solved. What remained of the former Austro-Hungarian empire was the small Republic of Austria.

There is no doubt that in autumn 1918 Germany was a defeated country and all subsequent assertions that it had been "stabbed in the back" by the revolution and the failure of the home front were simply lies for political purposes. As a result of its appeal to President Wilson to act as mediator the German government hoped for mild terms of peace, but Wilson - aiming "to make the world safe for democracy" - refused to negotiate with a monarchical government. Through a constitutional reform Germany now became a parliamentary monarchy after the English model, for (just) two weeks until a militarily and politically senseless sailing order of the navy command issued during the exchange of notes with President Wilson led to a mutiny of the war-weary troops, which developed into a revolution within a few days.

As the Kaiser, Emperor Wilhelm II, seemed to be an obstacle to peace he abdicated on 9th November. Germany was a political vacuum: The power that had thus come easily to the democratic parties was first exercised to quell the revolution and to reach an armistice. Of the democratic parties the Social Democrats (SPD) were the strongest, but since 1917 they had been split into a democratic wing led by Friedrich Ebert, aiming at social reform, and a socialist-communist wing led by Karl Liebknecht, favouring government by soviets. Within two hours the moderate (Social Democrat) Philipp Scheidemann proclaimed the democratic republic, the radical Liebknecht the soviet republic, both of them in Berlin. The situation was one of complete confusion: Would the revolutionary side prevail, with its soviets of workers and soldiers or would the moderate Social Democrats be able to implement elections for a national assembly by universal suffrage that would give the new government full legitimacy; or would the military make a putsch instead of an orderly retreat according to the armistice terms - after all, 3 million German soldiers were still in Belgium and northern France? In this situation the Supreme Army Command offered Ebert its support against the revolution. In order to be able to sign the armistice agreement - most probably the allied powers would not have entered into negotiations with a communist government - and in order to improve the food situation for the starving population and to

carry out elections the young democracy had to seek the support of the conservative forces, i.e. the largely monarchist officers and civil servants. That the conservatives supported and saved the democracy against the socialist revolution is a fact that until now has made the rift in the German labour movement unbridgable: At the turn of 1918/19 the former left wing of the SPD founded the German Communist Party (KPD), a party which became bitterly antagonistic to the SPD and has remained so ever since.

After a series of communist putsch attempts, which the Ebert government could suppress only with the help of volunteer units that had arisen from the disbanded old army, the first elections produced a convincing majority for the moderate Social Democrats, the Catholic Centre Party and the liberal Democratic Party to form a coalition government after the opening of the Weimar Reichstag, the new parliament. It seemed to reflect the Germans' great trust in democracy, yet this form of government had not been gained by the German people but had, in a situation of military defeat been recommended, even decreed to Germany and the German people by the victors. Whether it could fulfil the great hopes placed in it, depended on the development in the months to follow, first and above all on the peace treaty. The Peace of Versailles caused great disappointment: The loss of Alsace-Lorraine and of the colonies could be got over if necessary, not so that of the so-called Polish corridor leading to East Prussia and of Danzig; the reparation payments imposed on Germany were bound to destroy its currency, which had already been ruined by financing the war. But indignation ran highest at Art.231, declaring Germany's sole responsibility for the war; meant by the Allied Powers to justify their reparation claims, this article was felt by the Germans to be morally defamatory, all the more so as Germany and Russia were excluded from participating in the League of Nations. To be fair it has to be said that, in case of a German victory, the peace terms would certainly not have been more sensible. Many Germans did not lay the blame for their misery on the ill-advised policies of the Kaiser's war cabinet but on the democratic government, which had signed the peace treaty as it had no other choice. Also the new constitution contained some problematic passages: The strict principle of proportional representation led to a huge number of splinter parties, and all governments in the Weimar Republic were coalitions, often formed on a minimal basis of political common ground; as a result the government was in a relatively weak position - majorities for votes of no confidence

could be found easily. The Reich's President, however being elected by the people, enjoyed a strong position. As early as 1920, the SPD and the Democratic Party lost great numbers of voters to the extremist parties on the left and right; only the Catholic Centre remained fairly stable throughout the Weimar Republic, with a share of roughly one sixth (1/6) of the overall vote. Because of its election 'shocks' the SPD denied itself a role in forming a government on several occasions, thus contributing to the inherent weakness of a number of minority governments. Nevertheless, especially after the reconciliation to the republic of the German People's Party under Gustav Stresemann, the young democracy managed a) to suppress putsches from the left as well as from the right, in 1923 for instance the first attempt of a completely new party, the NSDAP; b) to stabilize the currency at the expense of people's savings; c) to gain membership for Germany in the League of Nations in 1926. The elections of 1928 were the reflection of distinct reassurance, with the radical parties losing votes and the democratic parties of the centre stabilizing their position. A great national coalition government was in power when Germany was hit by the world-wide depression in the winter of 1929/30. In this situation the democratic parties failed: For fear of losing their voters to the radical parties, they - above all the SPD - tended to evade government responsibility and withdrew into what was called "recuperative opposition", trusting that the necessary measures could be taken by the President under the provisions of emergency legislation, without parliamentary participation. In March 1930 the coalition government foundered on a relatively unimportant matter; after that only minority cabinets were possible, which depended on the President rather than parliament. Concentrating their interest and efforts on the next election and not on what the political situation actually required, they turned the economic crisis into a crisis of democracy. In many European countries, post-war crises had destroyed the democratic order, first in Italy, then in all the countries in the Balkans and on the Baltic Sea.

In the elections after 1930 the number of votes for the Nazi party grew; together with the Communist Party, in 1932 they represented a negative majority, thus making the formation of any parliamentary democratic government impossible. In July 1932 Hitler gained about 37% of the votes. Why?

1. The disastrous consequences of the economic crisis, unemployment and poverty among wide sections of the population, led to hopes being

pinned to extremist solutions.

2. The failure of the democratic parties, and the fact that the hold of democracy upon the minds of the German people remained weak led them to accept Hitler's promises that a Führerstaat would bring order, work and bread and would re-establish Germany's greatness.

3. The brutal threats made against democrats and above all against the Jews were not taken seriously by many people; even many Jews believed that his antisemitism would not go beyond verbal abuse.

4. Many people believed Hitler to be a German Mussolini, and the political stability of Italy was seen as a desirable objective.

5. As Hitler did not succeed in gaining an absolute majority, people trusted in the assumption that he would be boxed in in a coalition by 'honourable' politicians and - like them - would be worn down by the responsibilities of government.

It was this last argument above all which conservative politicians used to win over President Hindenburg, who had resisted for so long, to appoint Hitler Reichskanzler of a coalition government of Nazis and conservatives on 30th January 1933, and all this in spite of the fact that Hitler in the election of November 1932 had suffered his first electoral rebuff; but his lost votes went largely to the other political extreme, the Communists, so that the negative majority remained the same. The Nazi regime was not the inevitable consequence of an unchangeable national character, as there is no such thing, neither in Germany nor in any other country. On the other hand it was not just accidental, but like Italian Fascism it was the product of a specific - national and social - situation of crisis and of a series of mistakes made by the democratic parties, whose main aim after the First World War was to create a new and better political order. This crisis had its international aspects (such as the world economic crisis and the instability of many democratic systems) as well as specifically national ones (such as the still insecure basis of the new democracy in Germany after the lost war). - Nevertheless, Hitler's Machtergreifung might have been prevented as late as in mid-January 1933; following Talleyrand, one may say that the illusions of those that made him Chancellor were "worse than a crime, they were a mistake", a mistake, however, without which the atrocious Nazi crimes would not have been possible.

In 1933 Hitler promised to gain a majority with his coalition partner in a new election. The burning of the Reichstag gave him a welcome excuse for doing away with vital rights under the existing constitution and for

massively hindering the freedom of action of the rival parties in the election. Nevertheless his party gained only a bare 44% of the votes cast, but together with his coalition partner he could muster 51%. However, within the space of a single year he succeeded in abolishing the powers of parliament, dissolving the political parties and the trade unions and making the Nazi party the only political party in the state. But his success in foreign affairs and the economy concealed the increasingly dictatorial features of his government; the general boom in the world economy was particularly favourable to him. In foreign affairs he could profit from the fact that, almost two decades after the end of the great war, the victorious powers of 1918 were prepared to interpret leniently large parts of the Treaty of Versailles, to allow the union of Austria and Germany and the annexation of the Sudetenland. The enormous opportunity resulting from the Munich Agreement - Chamberlain's "peace in our time" - which would have allowed Germany to exist as a peaceful and strong partner of the European powers, was interpreted by Hitler as a sign of weakness on the part of the western powers. He broke all his promises and risked war, this time intentionally undertaken as a pure war of conquest, although in a direction different from the one intended: He had planned a war against Soviet Russia, with support from England and France. Whether after the victories over Poland and France and the defeat in the Battle of Britain he took up again Napoleon's attempt to defeat England in Russia or whether he wanted to turn to - as he regarded it - the 'proper' direction against the Bolshevik enemy is much debated. Since the German attack on Russia in 1941 and the entry of Japan and the United States into the war, the European war had grown into the second World War of our century.

You will all know the end in 1945: Not only was Germany completely crushed, losing vast areas in the East, her cities destroyed, but even more she was weighed down with shame and humiliation, for in her name had been committed the atrocity of genocide, above all against the Jews, but also against many inhabitants of the occupied countries - known for certain to few Germans but suspected by many. It remains hardly understandable how millionfold murder could happen with a whole people staying mute with apprehension and not wanting to know.

And it borders upon the miraculous that in spite of the burdens of the past, a stable democracy has developed since 1949 in the Federal Republic, helped by means from the American Marshall Plan given for the eco-



*conomic recovery of the military zones that were occupied by the Western Allies. But a heavy price had to be paid: Resulting from the Cold War, the conflict between the victorious allies brought about by the attempt of the Soviet Union to absorb the whole of the Balkans, Poland and the Soviet occupied zone of Germany, and to establish communist regimes there - an attempt failing only in Greece and Turkey through British and American intervention -, Germany was divided and has remained so to this day. Right through the middle of Germany and right through its former capital city runs the Iron Curtain between the two world systems. - people trying to cross it from East to West are still killed, and the German problem remains a European problem, a problem for the Great Powers.*

*To prevent Germany from falling back into political madness and crime, it is essential to keep her away from the very close neighbourhood of inferiority complexes and megalomania: Neither are the Germans by nature the most vicious people in the world nor are they, or should feel called upon to put the world in order the German way.*

*What they should work for, calmly and vigilantly, is: the stability of their democracy, peace and freedom in Europe. preserving a truly human environment - in all: being a cooperative and reliable member of the family of nations.*



**ABINGDON/BIELEFELD CELEBRATION.**

At last! After 20 years association with the Abingdon Bielefeld connection here I was actually taking part in the special visit commemorating the unbroken link between the two schools. It was my first air flight too so that the start of the venture was fraught with apprehension!

Not for long though -the happy atmosphere in the party and the warmth of our reception in Bielefeld showed us all that the visit was going to be a experience.

When our coach rolled into Bielefeld the trumpets blared and the flags waved as the reception party rang out their greeting. This set the pattern for the rest of our stay - never a dull moment. We progressed during our 8 days from an official greeting from the Burgomaster to a formal reception from the headmaster and staff on to gala performances in music and drama by pupils from both schools and a shared organ recital in the Altstander Kirche. Each event was marked by enthusiastic support and showed the real friendship which exists between the two communities, feelings enhanced by the knowledge that the celebration arrangements had been started by Hans - Theo Schäpersmann well known and loved by all of us, but who was unable through illness to take part in the events.

Our stay came to an end all too quickly - but we were comforted by the fact that the celebrations were not over. It was our turn in Abingdon to take our share of hosting and entertaining our friends and colleagues from Bielefeld.

Mrs. A. Hasnip



*Dr. Walther  
Ohly*

*Herr Roland  
Köhne*

*Herr Otto  
Steinsiek*

## A YEAR IN ABINGDON SCHOOL.

September 1987 end of the long summer holidays, relaxed and with lots of encouragement I came to Abingdon School .... Of course maths was the easiest subject in this term. Still, history and biology later became more enjoyable, and more understandable too. I could not often enter into discussions with my teachers, still I could do this in Communication Studies with my tutor Mr Hasnip who was not just helpful for my bad English. I was improving my English. I tried to get the skill to play Rugby. This game of 'hooligans' which we, over in Germany, just know in terms of soccer and its fans was at the beginning a bit crazy because I did not know what was going on. But with the first match and the help of my team and coach I picked up the skill and enjoyment of Rugby. I even was so lucky that I could join the Second XV after half term. More violence, but still fun and enjoyable.

The second term started off with my first attempts to scull. Well now I know what the River Thames tastes like! Although we (Third VIII) were not a very good crew we took part in a few 'heads'. On the other hand I did a reasonable amount of work in the Spring term. I started to understand more and more. A special occasion for me was the trip to London during the half term. There we stayed in a youth hostel and enjoyed the culture and a lot of things. The summer term was obviously the best term, partly because of the sunny weather. Yet with new and firmer friends we did more together. Rowing was getting better and friends and I could row in a pair which gave me a lot of fun. The half-term straight afterwards I spent in John and Andrew Ardrey's house where I was able to see a 'real English home and family'. Not very different to my own home. However this was the first time I could realise how good English food can be. Overall I could say I would do it again. Also I want to say thanks for the helpful treatment that I got in the past year by teachers, pupils and other people. I hope that I can keep up with a few friendships.

Kai Helfritz.

My first impression when we arrived at the main exit of Abingdon School was the outstanding buildings and grounds. Mr Crawford, the house master of school house, where I was to stay, invited all the new comers from abroad to a tea party in his garden. It was a nice togetherness, where I amongst others also met my tutor, Mr Hasnip, for the first time.

Most of the boarders, who just came back from their holidays, were talking about various things

they experienced during their time away from the school. It was an easy chance to join the conversation and "break the ice".

The first few days at the school went over very quick. I had a few problems to understand the language and also to speak the language good enough for other people to understand it, especially when the Malaysian boys took part in the same conversation, where two foreign accents were spoken!

I thought that I could not possibly play Rugby for the entire term and decided to look for some other sport I could enjoy more.

In the next couple of days, I ran in the cross country running club, played volleyball, and went sculling at the Boat Club, where I fell in the river twice.

Tobias Stähle



*Tobias, Kai, Andreas*

How did I find out about this school? Certainly I did not get here the way Mr. Pritchard suggested the day he asked me whether I had just looked at a list of English Public Schools and started at 'A'. 'A...Ab...Abingdon, mmh, yeah, let me think...it is in the South...near Oxford, not too far from London either, basically a good place to go to.' No, that was not the way I got the address. I obtained that and more information from a friend. For that I am very thankful. I had hoped to go to America, but family reasons - such as Mum's idea that America was too far away - prevented that. But now I am very happy indeed I had the opportunity to pass a year at the School.

Back in Germany I had often asked myself what it would be like and I had imagined nice old buildings with large lawns, posh pupils and a very strict, unfriendly and dominating dictator, the Headmaster, in front of whom one had had to confess one's misdemeanours and receive one's punishments. Fortunately, reality was very different from this fierce image. In fact, the first letter I received from the School was very friendly and encouraging, and I remember well

# Obituary

## HANS-THEO SCHÄPERSMANN

In October 1987 we celebrated the 20th anniversary of the "Abingdon Bielefeld Connection", with more than a hundred pupils and teachers of Abingdon School, the School of St. Helen & St. Katherine, Abingdon, and the Ratsgymnasium Bielefeld taking part in the music, theatre, sporting and social events arranged in Bielefeld and Abingdon respectively. On this happy occasion performers and audiences joined in two weeks of common activities, which one who should have been celebrating with us esteemed so highly that he called it "A birthday party among friends" - and he was not a man of grand words: Hans-Theo Schapersmann.

Making an excellent team, and friends, with Keith Hasnip, he was a driving force behind our school links for almost twenty years; hundreds of pupils of the Ratsgymnasium owe their first contact with the other country to him, who was always eager and happy to learn that an exchange partnership was growing into a personal friendship.

Likewise he was proud of being an honorary member of the Abingdon School Common Room, which he regarded as a stronghold of civilisation and excellence and where he moved with congenial ease.

His first visit to England in 1951, when he came as a 23-year old student under the German Educational Reconstruction programme in order to help with the potato harvest, marks the beginning of an intense personal relationship with a country whose language and literature he studied and later taught. Born in 1928, he had been called up for military service virtually as a boy and made to think of England as an enemy's country; his first encounter with it and the many visits which were to follow, made him see the complex picture of a nation with largely unbroken

political and cultural traditions and a self-confidence that fascinated him, all the more so as his own country was lacking in both. In his *Gedanken eines Beteiligten*, one of his contributions to the small anniversary publication "1967-1987 Abingdon Bielefeld Connection", he quotes from Shakespeare's *Richard II* (II,1,49): 'This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England,...' which he may have chosen as the most intimate expression of his deeply-felt desire for a peaceful and human world.

But he would not be lost in dreams; for him ideals and ideas were there to be pursued: a political man at heart, he would fight for them without being caught in ideological fetters and without making his opponents personal enemies even if such matters were concerned as were essential to him. Thus paying and earning respect was part of his role in Bielefeld's political scene, in which he figured large, among others as a committed fighter for preserving a school system that would not be dominated by the comprehensive school.

With equal commitment he would work for the Ratsgymnasium as its deputy headmaster and as a teacher of English and Latin for almost 16 years his great personal authority contributed decisively to shaping the school's interior and exterior structure; alert to pedagogical and social needs as well as to political necessities, he was a forceful and fatherly teacher, a critical and considerate colleague, and a man of good political judgement.

By all those who were close to him he will also be remembered for his sense of humour, that twinkle of his eye; for his powerful voice and warm laugh; for the quick but convincing change in his expression, from a flush of anger to a friendly smile; and for his unique charm which would open doors shut to others and would at the same time betray his Westphalian origin. Here was an upright and courageous, a sensitive and caring man.

Hans-Theo Schapersmann died on 21st December, 1987, after a long fight against the fatal disease.

Otto Steinsiek

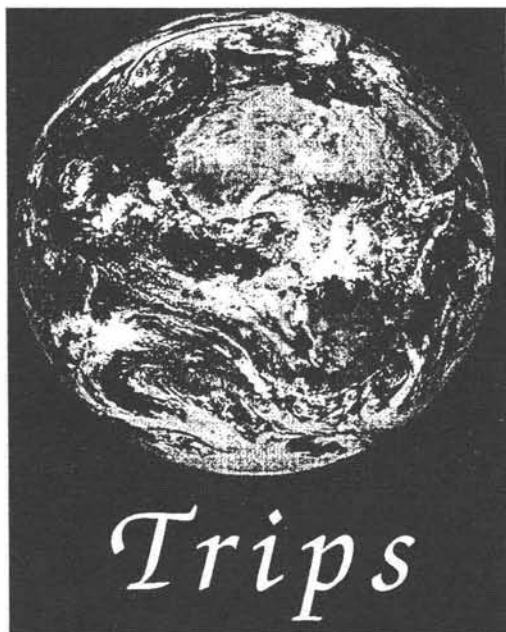
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the day I got my offer of a place...

I would like to talk about my holidays, half terms and weekends. I visited friends in Northern Ireland during the Easter holidays and then went to Henley to stay with a friend. I also stayed at Reading, Henley and Wallingford for half terms and weekends. I was always warmly welcomed and I want to thank these families for their hospitality once again. It was, as many people told me, a very useful experience to see English family life, - not that it is that different from Germany! In the Spring half term I went to London and tried to see everything from the British Museum and the National Gallery to Soho and Wimbledon. I returned to Wimbledon in the first week of the great competition, and this was my first live tournament. I'd like to thank Mr. Ayling for organizing me a ticket and Mr. Revill for his patience.

So what did I get from the year apart from fun? I learned another language as well as improving my character and personality. I learned to 'shut up' at the right moments and to create a thick skin if needed. The lessons were very profitable too. Consequently, I want to thank all my teachers, Dr. Zawadzki, Dr. Fernández-Armesto, Mr Barratt, Mr. Mearns, Mr. Potter, Mr. Webber, Mr. Jones, Mr. Pritchard, Mr. Hasnip, Dr. King. It is sad to leave now, but I look forward to returning to Germany and a happy and sunny holiday. It only remains to recommend to everybody to take a year off and learn a foreign language abroad, because it is a nice feeling to be fluent in two languages.

Andreas Steinert 6H



## RYDAL HALL

When I accepted D.J.H.'s offer to join the second-year party to Rydal Hall this April, I did not quite know what to expect. Finding out would be part of the fun. I was told that Rydal Hall had been discovered a few years ago by J.D.E.D-H., and chosen as a base to replace Hammarbank (of which many fond memories still linger). Since it apparently belongs to the Diocese of Carlisle and is used as a retreat and conference centre, I expected something rather grand. I was not disappointed.

As regards the Lake District in general, my mental picture was a rather second-hand one. I had visited the area several times before, but only en passant and barely above lake-level - certainly not enough to qualify some rather pervasive clichés. These included Wordsworth, for example, stalking the fells with Dorothy in tow, versifying the while, or living in rather cramped intimacy (or hostility!) with sundry other Lakeland poets. Of Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites, in particular the Millais painting of J.R. himself standing in the middle of a stream; or Melvyn Bragg as Regional Novelist, using his native Cumbria as a backdrop; or Wainwright, the indefatigable and opinionated guide, whose little illustrated books are invaluable to the fellwalker; or Postman Pat!

There were other clichés too: the supposedly incessant rain and variable light, for example, which give what would otherwise be a 'chocolate-box' landscape a subtlety which attracts many water colourists. And the evocative names ('Buttermere', 'Bow Fell', 'Great Gable', 'Helvellyn') which give the mountains and lakes much of their mystique. Kendal mint-cake, too: vital nourishment on a long climb, or just a gimmick for the grockles?

It was high time I got some first-hand knowledge of the area - in particular of the fells - to put some flesh (including some muscle!) on the bones. Having been warned of the need for 'stout walking-boots', I had managed to buy a bargain pair - a seemingly indestructible Zamberlan model. I had also managed to locate a long-dormant rucksack in the attic, plus a lightweight Norwegian anorak in the garden shed. My mother had supplied a hefty pair of socks (In lieu of an Easter egg). So by the morning of the 11th of April, I was more or less equipped.

The same seemed to be true of the forty - odd second-years, as they gathered for the 7 o'clock departure from Abingdon Coach Park. Many seemed bleary-eyed at first, but all were in good spirits. The pre-expedition briefings from D.J.H. had clearly whetted their appetites. The accompanying staff's likewise: teachers included some veterans of previous expeditions (D.J.H., J.R.G., R.H.B., N.A.F.P., M.G.H.D.), plus some newcomers (D.M.H., R.G.H., and myself), but all were raring to go!

The journey up passed remarkably quickly, or so it seemed, and uneventfully. There were just two stops: one for a boy who felt queasy, and later a break at a motorway café. By midday, we had left the motorway and the landscape changed abruptly. By the time we reached Ambleside it was, to quote Jonathan McIntosh, 'all sheep, stone houses and mountains'. Many lambs too, I might add.

Rydal is situated more or less in the middle of the Lake District, between and just over a mile from Ambleside and Grasmere respectively. Rydal is just a hamlet really, and Grasmere a village given over to tourism; but Ambleside is a small town of some substance, with facilities for any emergency which might arise. This, added to the central location, makes Rydal a good base for a school party.

But the real selling-point is Rydal Hall itself. Our first glimpse of it was somewhat tantalizing, since we were not due there for some hours yet. As we went past in the bus, down by Rydal Water, all we saw initially was a large façade beyond grounds where sheep were grazing. But it was enough to give one delusions of grandeur!

For my group, which was led by M.G.H.D., the first sortie onto the fells came shortly after this. We set out from Grasmere and made our way towards Loughrigg. Most of the walk was fairly leisurely, but the long, steep ascent towards the summit was a salutary warning of what to expect. Fortunately the weather was good, and the stunning view from Loughrigg Terrace made the slog well worthwhile. It was a wonderful introduction to fell-walking: I shall long remember that idyllic image of Grasmere, with its little island in the middle.

From the summit, we made our way East towards Rydal Hall. En route, we stopped for a while at some disused slate-quarries where the boys were able to practice their climbing and engage in what became an obsession for some - skimming stones.

Some minutes after 3 p.m. we arrived at Rydal Hall. It is approached by a steep lane, which leads up from the road. Going up the lane, one passes Rydal Church, behind which is 'Dora's Field' (a vast carpet of daffodils planted by Wordsworth in memory of his daughter who died young). Some fifty yards beyond Rydal Hall, there is Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth spent most of his adult life. This is often confused by

visitors with Rydal Hall, but is in fact very much smaller: it used to be one of the estate-houses which Wordsworth rented from the family which owned the main house.

After the boys had spent some time on an assault course which has been laid out in the grounds, they were allowed into the house and quickly located their rooms. Most were sharing a bedroom with a couple of other boys. Their reaction to the place seemed very positive, if slightly awed by the scale (not to mention the formal gardens and stuccoed ceilings!). In a way, it was rather too grand for them: but the incongruity seemed to give some of them pause for thought and engendered a kind of respect which might otherwise not have been there. Certainly the standard of behaviour was generally very good: apart from being rather too noisy at supper-time, they all acquitted themselves very well and should have left a good impression.

I should say at this point that the Rydal Hall staff, for their part, were also extremely welcoming and accommodating. Despite having some people away, they seemed to take the influx of small boys with equanimity - in fact they were amazingly unobtrusive. The meals - whether cooked or as packed-lunches - were generous and seemed to meet with approval. There was also a much-appreciated service for filling each person's vacuum flask every morning before he set off on a day's fell-walking. So many thanks to them!

On the Tuesday - our first full day in the Lakes - M.G.H.D and I had the use of the school minibus. We had decided to climb Helvellyn, like the rest of the party, but would use the minibus to set off earlier than the other groups. We hoped thereby to prevent a log-jam along Striding Edge (where a difficult chimney, in particular, makes the going rather slow). In the event, though, we met two of the other groups along this stretch. The resultant delay and the progressive damp mist seemed to make the sheerness of the mountain-side (and the narrowness of the path!) prey a bit on some boys' minds: I think of Luke Davey, for example, who was turned into the rock face all the time, holding on to it like a limpet! An interesting feature of the holiday was how he and others managed, by the end of the week, to conquer their fears and ended up abseiling without hesitation.

Another reason for coming on the trip was to get practice with map reading and using a compass. As the mist thickened on the top of Helvellyn, such skills became all the more important. Unfortunately, the Ordnance Survey map is somewhat out of date, so our efforts to find the path we wanted were to no avail. As J. McIntosh writes, "We walked up and down and up and down and up and finally we went down. We came to the conclusion that we were lost.". In fact we were not lost, but we were on the wrong track (which is not quite the same, though nearly).

A greater drama was soon to follow. As we were making our way down some scree, Paul Engwell tripped and started to hurtle down at an amazing speed. He could not stop until M.G.H.D broke his fall. At first, he was in serious pain, and we feared he might have broken his leg. When we had established he had not, M.G.H.D made a solo cross-country dash to get the minibus, while I led the party - somewhat sobered by the experience - down to Thirlmere.

The next day was relatively plain sailing for us. The weather was fine, so we decided to go up Bow Fell,

followed by a walk along the Crinkle Craggs. Near the summit there was some snow, so we had to abandon one possible route. At the summit itself, where we had lunch, there was an excellent view of Scafell Pike, the highest mountain in England. We looked for R.H.B. and his party on the peak, since they were climbing the mountain that day, but they were not to be seen (we were later assured that they had made it, however.)

On the way down from the Crinkle Craggs, we stopped for a while by a stream. We did the same the next day, when the weather was even sunnier. These two rests, after a long walk, with only the sound of the water and of the boys playing in the stream, were two of the most delightful moments for me. Another was one evening, just before sunset, when I walked alone in the gardens at Rydal Hall. I have rarely felt such exhilaration at the beauty of Nature, and began to understand what Wordsworth was 'on about'.

On the Thursday, we went up Great Gable, and came back via the equally well-named Windy Gap. The path down was another useful object lesson: of the need for fell-walkers to stick scrupulously to the paths, since otherwise they disintegrate and leave large scars on the landscape. Sadly, there are many graphic examples of this in the area.

On the way back to Rydal, there was an opportunity to see a vast rock known as the Bowder stone which at some time rolled down the mountainside and landed on its edge. A small minority went to have a look, but the majority made a beeline for a nearby ice cream van. Those with real *savoir-vivre*, such as myself, managed to combine the two!

The final day's walking was somewhat different. We were making our way up the side of a river bed (Dungeon Ghyll) for much of the time. This afforded some wonderful views of waterfalls. Later on, we stopped near a tarn and had an unpleasantly 'intimate' lunch all crammed inside the emergency tent. The air soon became too thick for comfort! We had started to make our way up Easy Gully (not so well-named, since it is full of large rocks) when we heard a call through the mist to the effect that someone in another group had been injured. That person, as it transpired, was Mark Clements. Apparently someone walking above him had dislodged a stone, which had hit him on the head. The result was plenty of blood, and an impressive bandage wrapped round his chin.

In the circumstances, it was felt best to abandon the assault on Easy Gully and return to the coach. Many of the boys were quite relieved, since they had done a lot of walking on the previous days and it was misty anyway. A visit to the doctor in Ambleside, later that afternoon, confirmed that Mark's injury was not serious. I was pleased, since he is one of my best Latin pupils!

On the Saturday morning, the weather was again poor, so D.J.H decided that we should adopt plan B ('direct return to Abingdon') rather than go on a final walk. There were no dissenters. Everyone had got much fitter by now, and many of the boys (not least R.H.B.'s after-supper abseilers) had proved something to themselves. For my own part, I was glad to have had the opportunity to get to know myself, my colleagues, my pupils, and of course the Lake District, just a little better.

R.C.R.M.



*During his GAP year Tom Owen travelled through Indonesia on his way back to Europe. One of the many places he visited was Bali.*

Bali, 'the paradise isle, jewel drop in the Indian Ocean', conjuring up images of ancient stone temples untouched for centuries; of isolated villages housing peoples with a way of life strange and mystical; deep green paddy fields rising step-like towards the hazy blue skies. This is what I had come to Indonesia in search of. The two bronzed ozzies also on the flight from Sydney and sitting beside me took a different perspective on the green belt towards which we were gradually descending.

"Our boards are in the hold! Great surf, beautiful Sheilas, and the cheapest beer in the Southern hemisphere. You'll love it mate!" I smiled, trying to look enthusiastic.

These two were lost in the crowds of Denpasar airport, as all white faces were descended upon by hordes of pedlars, taxi drivers and hotel touts who plied their trades on the tarmac in front of the International Terminal. To them you were a walking pound sign, ready for the taking, and in the first few bewildering moments away from the security of the plane I was an easy target.

"Transport Mister?"

"A cheap hotel with Pool? Best rates!"

"You wanna good Indonesian woman?"

The questions were hurled at you without mercy.

The same was true in Kuta, a town comprising of a mass of cheap hotels, all-night bars and souvenir shops, lining the beach with the 'Great Surf' that I had heard about. Put a foot on the beach and one is surrounded by the gawking faces of young children stunned by the white glare from the Englishman's body. This time you are offered drinks, massages, drugs, T-shirts - and more women! The prices they quote for everything are ridiculously high, but once you have mastered the art of bargaining, prices drop by at least two thirds.

Sadly, too many people get caught in the high life of Kuta. The bars are packed with holiday-makers revelling in what are in fact very low prices. They fail to see the real Bali which lies only a short distance away from the bright lights. During the next few weeks I slowly tuned my senses to the Indonesian wavelength. Away from Kuta, Bali still holds mystery and beauty for the traveller. The entry in my diary on the ascent of Mount Agung (3,142), an active volcano, was a highlight of the island: 'The sun is about to set over the Island stretching away beneath me. All round puffy white clouds are tinged with crimson. I am perched on top of the world, on the rim of a crater, its base smouldering and red, floating above clouds in a moonscape of volcanic sulphur-encrusted rocks.'

I still remember with cringes of fear the reckless drivers of the 'Bemo' or minibus which was the main form of public transport. With scant regard for life or limb, these aspiring Stirling Moss' sped around the narrow tracks, Bemo packed to bursting, with smiling islanders and the occasional grimacing Westerner. The record for filling a Bemo half the size of the school minibus stands at twelve adults, five children, two sacks of rice, three chickens and a young pig. Travelling was an adventure in itself. Surprisingly, I saw no accidents, but numerous horror stories of Bemos



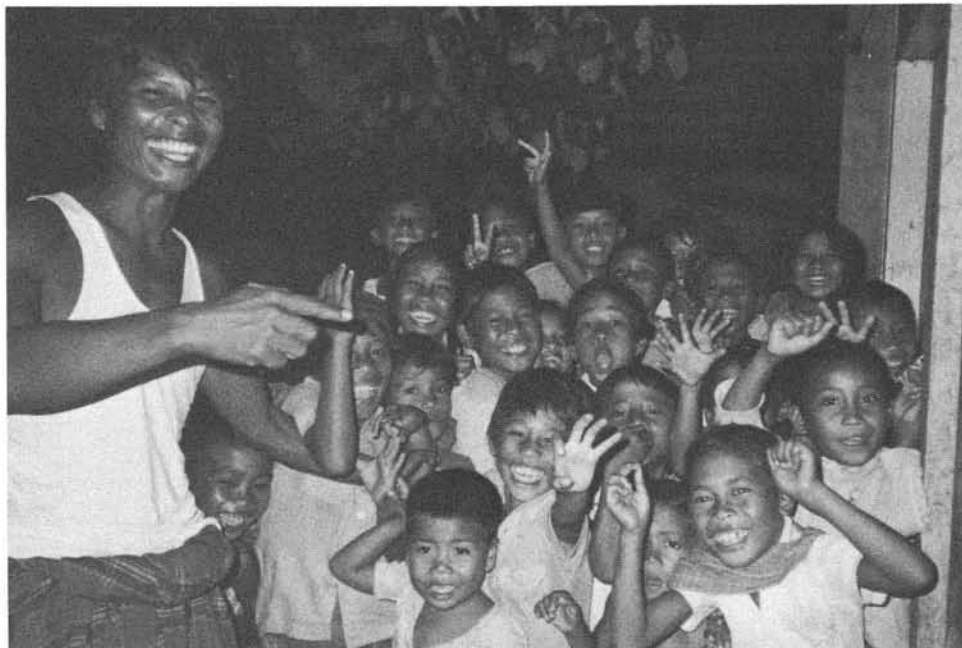
plunging off bridges into rivers and overturning into the shacks lining the roads kept the pulse racing while on the move.

In the hills in the north of the island villages could often only be reached on foot. One was no longer purely an object of commercial interest. The traditional villagers viewed any visitors with immense interest and respect. The contrast with the Southern beaches was striking. What better way to spend a hot afternoon than watching women prepare rice on open fires, or dancing the strange and evocative dances of the Balinese? Many of the dances hold religious and spiritual significance for the predominantly Hindu islanders and are beautiful to watch.

The poverty of the people was always apparent. Apart from the beggars, this manifested itself in more subtle ways. Having bought several cups of tea from a roadside 'Wahrung', I wondered why each cup was getting weaker and weaker. It turned out that the owner of the teashop could only afford to use one teabag a day. I was told I should have got there earlier in the day if I had wanted a stronger cup!! Owning a moped ensured one was considered a man of status, to own a Bemo was the dream of many. Men and women work in the fields from five in the morning under the scorching sun, yet every face had a smile and laughter was always in the air.

Bali is only a very small part of the multitude of islands making up the Republic of Indonesia, but it proved one of the friendliest and most beautiful of the places I visited. If one can come to terms with the chaotic bustle of the towns, the problem of being understood and hassles involved in getting even the simplest things done, it gives in return an insight into a fascinating country. There is no need to sight-see and act the tourist here. The day to day living in itself offers a wealth of new experiences and situations which stay with you forever.

Tom Owen



*The happy face of Indonesia*

## GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP

I waited at the roundabout at Junction 17 of the M4 for an hour, pacing up and down and being periodically offered lifts. At one point an aged Pakistani gentleman exited from the one-way entrance: it all helped to pass the time! Eventually a small white minibus lurched round the corner and stopped. There was one space left between the back seat and the back doors - underneath the green wellies and the rucksacs. They told me no keys had come with the rented minibus: I felt dubious.

We stopped at the Severn Bridge service station, extricated ourselves and partook of some light refreshments. Someone won £7 worth of tokens from a fruit machine. We continued. An hour later we saw Swansea, our destination. We were to be lodged in the first year accommodation at the university. This consisted of 15 storey blocks. We re-extricated ourselves from the minibus. The other two minibuses containing the rest of the group had just arrived. They looked almost comfortable. We struggled under rucksacs of woolly socks and chunky jerseys. I kept dropping my wellies in puddles. Our rooms were clean if slightly lacking in character. The same could have been said of the rest of the university buildings. By the end of the week the opposite was being said of us.

In the afternoon we went to the dunes of Whiteford Burrows to carry out a 'coastal profile'. This consisted of using bits of ropes and rulers and a large corkscrew you stuck in the ground called an auger. The next day was cliff walk time along the Gower coast. Mr. Eden seemed rather concerned with the large numbers in the group, for it appeared that he took every possible step to ensure a reduction in numbers by persuading the party to climb what seemed like sheer faces of rubble. We survived nevertheless, learned a few things en route, talked to some sheep and admired the views.

In the afternoon we donned our 'smart but casual' clothes and were ferried to various local towns in invite the locals to take part in a 'sphere of influence' ques-

tionnaire. I found myself in Swansea's covered market eating cockles and interviewing a vicar from Glasgow. The evenings consisted of debriefings, lectures and lessons, and the next day's briefing, as well as recreational activity.

On the third day it was time to look at rivers. The river Mr. Ellis decided we should look at was situated somewhere very near the top of the Brecon Beacons. This seemed somewhat over-zealous as we had to walk most of the way, but it must be admitted the scenery was beautiful. Having measured the stream in every way possible and losing several wellingtons in the mud in doing so, we returned to base.

One can probably say, "It's better than being slapped round the face with a wet fish" about most things in life. This statement was, however, invalidated on the Thursday. We ascended Cefn Bryn to carry out a biogeographical survey. It was very, very wet and windy. However, all was not lost, for in the process we found one of our group had a talent for grave-digging. When he finally got to six feet we left him in order to de-freeze!

Friday was 'Urban and Industrial Planning' day, which consisted of a lecture, a tour and a survey in Swansea. At least it had stopped raining. Our last day was sent carrying out an urban land use transect survey. We were driven out of Swansea and deposited in pairs at strategic points and told to find our way to the city centre. On the way I saw one factory (light industry), twenty-seven houses (post-war) and about 50,000 trees as our transect took us through the clouds into the wooded valley sides. I am still somewhat bemused about what I was supposed to prove!

After our little trek we re-boarded the minibuses which were now slightly more sensibly organised. Two hours later I was standing at the roundabout of junction 17 once more and waiting for a lift from my mother while being offered lifts by strangers. The twenty-six of us who were given a unique educational experience would like to thank Mr. Eden, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Fishpool and Mr. Henderson for their time and labours spent on us.

M. Kendall



## TEN TORS

Preparations for Ten Tors started many months before the actual event, and there were several trials on the Ridgeway before the selected teams travelled for their first practice on Dartmoor itself. It soon became painfully apparent that the walk had nothing in common with the gentle rolling weald of South Oxfordshire. So after only one night of rain and fog we took a democratic vote and decided to head for civilisation. Instead of civilisation we discovered Princetown, a town whose only endearing quality was a telephone. We rang a much relieved Mr. Simons and waited to be rescued.

After such an inauspicious beginning it was surprising that we were allowed to return to Dartmoor, but on the day of the event both the forty-five and fifty-five mile teams were determined to improve on the previous attempt. And so, after what Mr. Simons considered a nutritious breakfast (bacon and chocolate rolls), we lined up, along with 3,000 other competitors, ready for the gun. We used the ground cover to advance 200 yards before the gun went off, thus achieving what in athletics is known as a flyer, but as the course is forty-five miles long, no one seemed too concerned.

We reached the first four tors well within our allotted time limit, but it was then that disaster struck. The combination of sweat and sun (which was ferociously hot throughout the day) caused one of our number to be afflicted with an excessively painful ailment known as 'Dartmoor rub'. Not only did it provoke squeals of self-pity from the sufferer, but it caused the team to accelerate almost to the point of inertia. Eventually, we reached the fifth tor after four hours, and immediately headed for the sixth in the growing dusk. It was totally dark when we arrived at the sixth tor, so we quickly pitched our tents, ate the first proper meal of the day and promptly fell asleep. The combination of three sweaty bodies, six smelly feet and a supper consisting largely of chili and beans could not have produced a highly alluring aroma after

six hours in a two-man tent. But when we awoke at 5.30 the following morning with another hard day's walking in prospect this was the least of our worries.

The second day was even hotter than the first, and as a result of this many teams were forced to drop out. Conspicuous amongst these were the 'designer walkers' who seemed to possess every conceivable item of camping gear. But although an aerodynamic, colour-coded, index-linked ruck-sack is a highly desirable status symbol, it is no replacement for a strong pair of legs - as many found out all too late. Our team simply plodded on, the conversation was limited to the bare



necessities such as "How much further?" and "What am I doing here?" We took solace from the knowledge that we were nearing the finish. But no one was immune from that sinking feeling, common to all walkers, on the realisation that the destination is just over the next hill, and the next, and the next.....

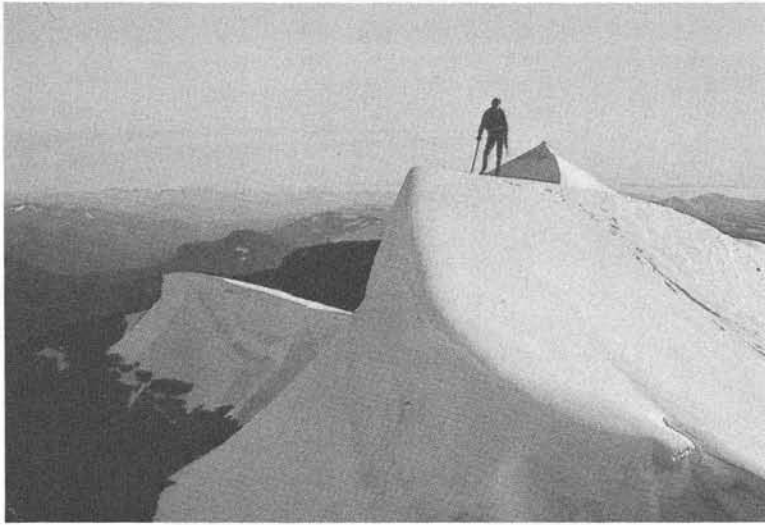
At last we sighted Okehampton Camp and managed to raise a spirited jog to the finishing line. We received a sympathetic round of applause from the huge crowd, a relieved look from Mr. Simons and a silver medal from a Colonel; but nothing could compare with the utterly wonderful feeling of achievement.

Admittedly we crossed the line with only an hour to spare, but we successfully completed Ten Tors, and it felt good.

I would like to thank Messrs. Simons, Collinge, Reville and Ellis for all their help, support and encouragement, and also a brilliant team; Matt, Tony, Ian, Tom and John, who all vowed they never wanted to see Dartmoor again, but who are returning again this year.

A.J. Wintle VIT





## KUNGSLEDEN PATH, SWEDEN

It was when I was in Stockholm that I first heard of the Kungsleden Path in Northern Sweden. This is an official walk somewhat along the lines of the Pennine Walk which extends from Akisbo in the north to Hemavan in the south, a distance of some 500kms. As I was just in time before winter began to set in, I decided to walk the 200km. from Abisko as far as Kvikkjokk. This entailed crossing a series of national parks and I extended the walk by detouring for the full length of the Padjekanta Path, itself a further 100km long, but a walk which took me through rolling, undulating hill country, not unlike the Yorkshire moors or parts of Ireland.

In order to get to Akisbo I flew to Kiruna which is approximately 68 degrees north and certainly in the Arctic Circle. The initial visual effect was very striking; the colours were fully autumnal, but I had beaten the snows in. I had packed, snail-like, to the extent that I was carrying all my bedding and as much food as possible. When the scales at Kiruna started to register 35kg. I dragged the rucsac off before I found out the full truth. Once I had it on my back I knew enough.

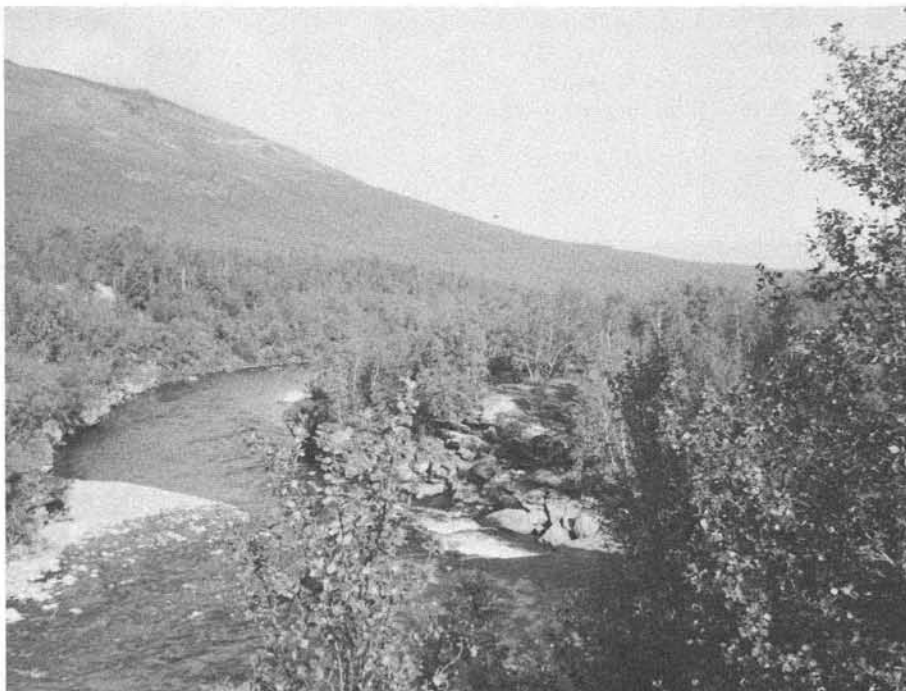
Kiruna is in the heart of Lapland, more correctly termed Sami territory. By law it is only the Sami who are allowed to herd the reindeer, and furthermore, to hunt the elk, the open season for which lasts only nine days. I was walking the path at that time, but I did not come across any.

Kebnekaise is the highest mountain in Sweden. Standing at 2,111 metres, it was first climbed in the 1880's. I left my pack at the fjällstation, 7kms. from the mountain, and set off on my own. The Danes I had hoped to accompany preferred to view the summit from a rented helicopter. About three hours later I was standing on the ice peak, a permanent feature on the mountain top.

At Ritsem you cross the Akkajaure (lake) into the Padjekanta National Park and the boat I took was the last one of the season. Akkajaure is fed by Stora Sjöfallets, the biggest waterfall in Europe until it was drawn from for hydroelectric purposes. The electricity requirements have had a dramatic effect on the water supply and so on the fish and associated water life. It was a fascinating experience walking in the national park for days without encountering another person and expecting to see nobody apart from the occasional Sami/Lapp. In fact there were people one met from time to time, often foreigners which gave an added spice to the journey, whether American, Australian, Norwegian or Berliner.

My destination was Kvikkjokk from which I would hitch back to Abisko, but I greatly enjoyed the fifteen days which included rowing the 800 metres across Teusajaure. Not as straightforward as it seemed, since first you rowed your boat across, then collected the second boat on the far side for your successor, towed it back to your initial departure point and then finally rowed yourself across - for the third time! The scenery throughout the walk was rich and varied; coming down the mountains as the mists lifted to reveal the next peaks as they peered through the cloudbanks was a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

C.C. Megaw





## THE SKIING TRIP

It was 2.00 a.m. when we set off for a week's skiing at Lofer set high in the Austrian Alps in the period immediately after Christmas. There were no problems on the journey and we seemed to settle in to our quarters without hitch; the only cause of consternation being that there was no snow! We had been guaranteed snow, more or less as far we had to travel as part of the insurance arrangements, but as it was, there was just about sufficient if you went far enough up the higher slopes.

In the early stages the group was sorted out into those who had done some skiing before and those who had not. The latter group then had the challenge of developing the rudimentary skills in the difficult conditions. The more experienced skiers, meanwhile, were sub-divided into groups depending on their abilities. In the end the beginners were to find suitable slopes and in fact made very measurable progress. The more advanced skiers had found their own paths through the woods and the luckier ones had the opportunity to note AJM's sophisticated jumps. There were those among the group, Ben Pilling, Jonathan Evans, Steve Jennings were just a few, who preferred the 'off-piste' conditions on long grass! Admittedly, it was steep grass.



A popular port of call in the mornings was the cafe at the bottom of the mogul slope. Here innumerable cups of coffee and cans of coke were consumed while the strategy for breaking our legs in the afternoon was developed. Sad to relate, Giles Smith was unfortunate enough to do just that. He was hastily airlifted away by helicopter off the mountain to the hospital in Salzburg. Mr. Simons stayed with him not only for the rest of the trip, but also for a week following until such time as he could be comfortably transported back home.

We went to Salzburg too, but in our case it was to review the sights and that meant giving a suitably graded approval to the local Macdonalds. We thought they rated quite highly, really. This experience gave us the determination to set up a chorus of demand along with the other schools we were sharing our hotel with, including a group from MCS, to demand that good old staple of the English diet - chips! Our pleas were finally listened to, for the hotel came up with the requisite goodies on the last night.

The New Year was celebrated with a (voluntary) fancy dress party at the hotel. A highlight was Nick Woodall's Invisible Man who had some difficulty in concealing his bandages. This was good fun and was a welcome highpoint as we recovered from our initial stiffness. Five days later we were due to return home having greatly enjoyed ourselves and we are very grateful to Messrs. Collinge, Mansfield and Simons, as well to Dr. Wilmore who set the whole trip up in the first place.

M.N. Haycock 5MCS



## TALL SHIPS RACING

It was a phonecall out of the blue that offered me the chance to take part in the 1988 Tall Ships Race from Helsinki to Copenhagen. The last minute withdrawal of some Japanese crewmen from the UK ship "Malcolm Miller" meant that replacements were urgently sought, and a kind Headmaster from early in my school career had passed my name along the grapevine. The result was that in mid-July I boarded a plane for Helsinki, clutching a book of knots which had to compensate for my lack of sailing experience.

After only a few hours sleep, a commodity that was to be in great demand but very short supply, we were confronted with the task of mastering the rigging. In the event, this proved easier than I had expected, but at that point we were still in harbour! "Handing" the square sails in a storm is a different matter entirely. With a day's training behind us we set sail from Helsinki. The parade of sail amounted to 69 ships in all with representatives from as far afield as Russia, Spain, Portugal, U.S.A., France and Germany as well as Great Britain. We were privileged, therefore, to lead the parade of sail out of Helsinki harbour which meant virtually the whole crew was spread across the rigging shouting shanties at the tops of our voices as we went. Our destination was the autonomous Aland Islands from which the race would be officially started.

The few days we spent here were a Godsend to those of us who had done very little sailing before and it gave everyone time to find their sea legs. Working on the basis that sea sickness is entirely psychological, I convinced myself that I did not suffer from this condition, and to an extent it worked. Although I was never physically sick, almost everyone there was, and frequently too. I had to spend the first few days on deck with my eyes firmly fixed on the horizon.

Just as we were getting over this stage we arrived to an unprecedented welcome at Mariehamn, normally a small quiet harbour town. Sixty-nine tall masted schooners with full complements on board soon changed that. The residents had been preparing for the Tall Ships for a number of years and we were never at a loss for sporting and social activities from six o'clock in the morning until well after midnight. As might have been expected, the Russians dominated the sporting events. It seemed that they were not only bringing a sailing crew, but football and volleyball teams as well! However, we felt that our defeat of 6-0 was not too ignominious and we proudly showed our wounds as evidence of the spirit with which we had played.

But the revelry could only last for so long, and soon we were back to sea and the more important business of trying to make the 500 miles or so to

Copenhagen. We made a very finely judged start, crossing the line only seconds after the maroon had sounded. However, disaster was to strike later off Gotland when we lost our mizzen sail in a gale force 8. This blow proved to be decisive and even the incomprehensible handicapping system could not disguise the fact that we came in last. As for the race itself, it would have been very hard to disregard the extreme strain and pressure that we were put under. It is true that in large part this was attributable to the constant lack of sleep. To say that we averaged five hours a day would have been generous. Furthermore, there were the extremely cramped working and sleeping conditions. However, none of us who had joined the expedition had expected a holiday, and the strain gave rise to a strong crew spirit and immense satisfaction at completing the race.

In Copenhagen itself the shore festivities restarted. A Cornish gig rowing race allowed for some revenge on the Russians; using deft watermanship we managed to engineer a blade clash and drifted over the line first with our blades firmly locked. The climax of the three days was the prize-giving and as part of this all the crews paraded to the Central Hall giving a mammoth rendition of Auld Lang Syne, each in their mother tongue.

C.C. Megaw



## GREENLAND

*For the second year running Robert Jameson went to Greenland with BSES during the summer vacation. The first trip was exploratory, partly to see if it might be possible for a group of handicapped people to go. In the event, it was decided that such an undertaking was feasible and Robert set out as an Assistant Leader with the advance party in mid-July. This report outlines very briefly just some of the activities the group undertook.*

After a straightforward journey by air we arrived in Reykjavik, Iceland. The next day was spent moving between Helgi Jonsson's Air Taxi Hangar at Reykjavik Airport and the Icelandic customs officials in an attempt to gain clearance for the sea freight container. On our arrival at Helgi Jonsson's the next morning we found that the container had been opened and two planes loaded. The other five flew immediately to Mesters Vig in Greenland with the freight while I stayed in Iceland.

The container, with its remaining cargo, was then transported by road to Sauderkrokur in Northern Iceland. The idea was that in flying from Sauderkrokur instead of Reykjavik a return trip to Mesters Vig could be made without making a costly refuelling stop in Greenland. I stayed overnight at Sauderkrokur loading the two MU-2's as they flew shuttles to Mesters Vig, and left Iceland in a plane full of kipper fillets and sugar on 20th July, landing in clear blue mosquito infested skies at Mesters Vig. However, that evening a depression reached the area which stayed blocking out the sun for most of the next two weeks.

Having successfully guided the freight to Greenland the next task for the advance party was to transport food and equipment 15 miles in the marine's Gemini inflatables to Mesters Vig inlet where Base Camp would be sited.

I spent the next two days at the airstrip sorting food and waiting, while Les went with Bill and Finn to recce the area. On their first attempt they picked their way through the pack ice to reach Mesters Vig and found that the suggested Base Camp site on the south shore was impractical since the water was too shallow for the boats to land and therefore a site to the north was chosen. After this James and I were to ride to Mesters Vig and shift equipment from the beach to Base Camp. On the 22nd we found the route completely blocked by pack ice, but we succeeded in making the trip on 23rd after spending 2 hours picking a channel through the ice floes and in some cases pushing them apart. After pitching a tent and shifting the other contents of the boats, we slept sheltering from the pouring rain in our tent.

### BASE CAMP

Our first 24 hours in Base Camp was a most demoralising experience, spent mainly sleeping in our tent waiting for either the rain to stop, the boats to return, or for the first members of the main group to walk round from the airstrip. We knew that they had arrived since we had heard their planes coming in above the cloud. In true expedition style the 24 hours isolation was finally broken with a panic of activity.

The environmental clean up started the next morning around the Fishermans' Hut near Base Camp. Initially directed by James and myself three of

the fires collected together all the scrap metal and broken glass and then freed all of the oil drums frozen in ice and gathered them together in one pile.

I took my first chance to leave Base Camp and so early on the morning of 26th I was walking with James along Deltadal and away from the coast. Three hours later we had reached Jacobsbo, a hut at the snout of the Mellem Glacier. After a relaxed lunch we left the climbing equipment which was the reason for our journey and started the homeward leg, meeting Les, Jamie, the Glaciology and Meteorology fires on their way to Jacobsbo, en route. The next day I was out walking again. Since the boats were still unable to round the headland they had made a food dump on the coast around 3 hours walk from Base Camp. All those who were not crippled by blisters walked out to collect a rucksack full of food and then back in pouring rain to Base Camp.

I was by now very much established as a part of base camp, issuing and sorting food, helping to fit crampons to all members of the expedition, but most important of all staying in bed until a decent hour in the morning.

### SKI RECCE

On 1st August we made the 3 hour trip to Jacobsbo yet again, but this time mainly carrying our own kit. The only event of the journey was Anthony falling flat on his face in one of the rivers whilst trying out his patent method for a dry river crossing. After reaching the hut I went with Anthony and took a rucksack of food on the short, but tortuous journey across the moraine to the ice, and then returned to the hut. The next morning was an early start

with the aim of reaching ice camp before the skiers left. This we achieved and we then became part of the ski group dragging pulks (man hauled sledges) over the deep, soft snow and slushy ice towards Mellem-pas. Finally the snow became so soft that we sank to knee depth every step and the pulks were abandoned several hundred yards from the foot of the pass.

### ICE TRAINING

Wednesday 10th was overcast and cold and so after a late start we first learnt climbing knots and then practised the actions of crevasse rescue. Following lunch and a little ice climbing the four of us walked first to a nearby food dump and then around the back of Kolossen Mountain and down Østre Glacier to the Glaciology Camp for the ritual brew before returning to our tents at midnight. On Thursday the sun finally coaxed us out of bed at midday and we set off to find some good crevasses to jump down, failing which we took it in turns to jump over a snow ledge and the other two used a pulley system to get the 'casualty' out again. After becoming a suitably proficient team in crevasse rescue we returned to ice camp and sorted out the equipment ready for the adventure phase and then strolled down to Jacobsbo for an evening meal, eventually crawling back into Base Camp at 1.30 am.

### BERSØRKERBRØE WALK

The three of us had decided to explore new territory away from the rest of the expedition and so our aim was to walk to Bersøkerbrøe, to find an expedition food dump left in 1985 and also check out whether the area was littered with the same type of debris as Deltadal. After ice training we spent one day in Base Camp sorting out our rations for the adventure phase and helping to prepare food for everyone else. We left



early in the afternoon of 13th, the 3rd consecutive sunny day, and walked high along the side of Deltadal and then along a perpendicular valley, Nedre Funndal, which was where we saw our first Musk Ox at close range. By midnight we were about 30 minutes below the top and we camped there next to a waterfall. Following a pre-midday start we came over the pass and then started the very steep and painful descent into Skeldal. In order to cross the rivers in this valley we waded through in shorts and trainers, some of the time using a rope for security. We stopped for lunch on a sand plain on the west of the valley and then decided to stay there sleeping all afternoon. We left after supper and the radio call at 9.30 p.m. and climbed up the moraine at the side of Bersærkerbrø until we were beyond the huge icefall on the glacier. Once we actually got onto the ice however it was like walking on a motorway, smooth, level and free from crevasses. We finally stopped at 1.30 am, slightly short of Dunottar Glacier where we thought the food dump to be, and camped on sandy moraine beside the glacier.

#### SKI GROUP

Another tough morning in bed fully prepared me for some work tidying up Base Camp and crushing tins. We had packed our kit and food for the next week when the artist Keith Brockie arrived. He had just spent 4 days painting near the coast and was now hoping to get to the south side of the inlet to do some more painting. After the radio call to the Adventure phase groups three of us set off for Jacobsbo. That night we aimed to ski up Langefirn towards the peak of Bellevue and then climb the last 100m with axes and crampons. We skied up, taking in some spectacular views of Kolossen and Deltadal on the way, and initially with me



falling over a lot but then less frequently as I got used to the skis again. When the slope became too steep and icy for easy skiing we left the skis, roped up and walked on. The route we chose was initially straight up and then zig-zagging between some rocks to reach a snow ramp which could then be followed right to the summit. Unfortunately, however we found the snow was both deep and brittle and that very little grip could be gained with axes or crampons, so we turned back. After some spectacular skiing, and crashes, on the icy snow we returned to ski camp and bed.

#### GOING HOME

Sunday 28th was spent sorting and packing the equipment that had been returned in the boats and watching the shuttles of flights leaving, each aircraft

carrying another nine people back to Iceland. I was to fly out on the first plane on Monday morning, and after helping with the last of the packing we were heading south over Jameson Land and Liverpool Land before finally heading back to Iceland and the unwelcome 'civilisation' that was awaiting us there.

#### CONCLUSION

The summer was full of highlights and low points, hard work at times, with at least the corresponding amount of rest and relaxation. At first my feelings were very mixed when I got home, but after becoming more distanced from the expedition I felt increasingly that even what had been bad times out there had really been very enjoyable. I've come back with a lot of good memories, new friends from amongst the leaders and Young Explorers, and a lot more experience of the mountains. In a way it was disappointing that there

were so few handicapped applicants for consideration as YE's since the four who were selected fitted in so well. In fact the only reason they are not mentioned in my report is because they behaved, and were treated just like all of the other Young Explorers. This year I have also learnt to ski in my own individual style, and I'm at present waiting hopefully for snow to fall on Oxfordshire, and also waiting for a chance to get down to Wales and some mountains again. The major change from last year was the number of people involved, 84 compared to 12 in 1987. This really took away the feeling of isolation but gave a far greater flexibility and choice of activities. I would like finally to thank everybody who helped me to go to Greenland and I hope that at some stage in the future I will be able to return there.

R.A. Jameson



## ARGENTAN

This March saw the revival of the school's connection with Argentan, Abingdon's twin-town in Normandy. Some twenty-five third and fourth year boys, accompanied by RCRM and NMR, went on an exchange visit with groups of similar size from St Helen's and John Mason School. Having set off at crack of dawn, they caught an early ferry from Portsmouth to Le Havre, where they were met by two coaches and taken through some attractive countryside to Argentan. There, in a large hall next to the Hotel de Ville, with the aid of two comperes (one for each language!), the pupils managed to find their opposite numbers and host-families.

So began a ten-day visit which everyone - teachers and pupils alike - seemed to find enjoyable and enriching, both linguistically and culturally. Pupils either attended lessons with their French partners or went on long day-trips - to Bayeux and the holiday



*A sense of déjà vu?*

## RUSSIA

As we have done regularly every two or three years for more years than we care to admit, an intrepid party set out for the Soviet Union on March 26th. We flew by Aeroflot to Leningrad (the flight wasn't as bad an experience as many expected, though comforts were rather basic), and stayed there for two days. To put it politely, the weather was - not good. Leningrad was sopping wet and still covered in a layer of winter grime, but even so, on the brief occasions when the sun broke through, something of the magnificence of the city also shone out.

Moscow's weather was much better - a pale winter sun shone for most of the time, and though it was very cold the massive buildings took on an eerie beauty. Our hotel was first-class, and very cosmopolitan, and the food very acceptable - for most of us. We visited the Kremlin, and toured round the city, and explored the Metro, and most memorably, we went to the Ballet. Most people seemed to agree this was the highlight of the tour, though we all returned with very warm memories of the friendliness and generosity of the Russians. Russia is becoming such a popular place with tourists that the Intourist organisation is beginning to creak at the joints, but the experience of a first visit to this extraordinary country is still one that few will ever forget.

DCT



*On mange bien en France*

beaches on one day, to Paris on another. The hospitality extended to us was exemplary (it included a vast restaurant meal for the staff!); Simon Jones' diary, written entirely on his own initiative, bears witness to this.

At the end of the Summer term, it was possible for us to reciprocate - culturally, if not gastronomically! - when the French exchange partners came to Abingdon for eight days. There were day-trips to Windsor and to Stratford (via Woodstock); and, to draw their attention to Abingdon itself, they were welcomed by the Lady Mayoress who showed them the Town Hall and Town Plate. Once again, a good time was had by all, and there is every reason to expect that the contacts made this year will be further developed in the future.

RCRM



Студенты-хулиганы на обеденном перерыве.

*Members of the group singing English madrigals to an appreciative audience in front of Moscow University.*







Рабочие бунтуют перед Зимним.

*A little spot of bother in October 1917?*



## SPANISH CYCLE RIDE

'Truth is the most valuable thing we have. Let us use it sparingly.' -Mark Twain.

One of the most frequent questions, indeed one of the only questions we were asked before people pledged their money was 'Why are you riding along the Way of St. James in Spain, and what good will it do you?' The obvious answer was, of course, 'We will benefit not only in terms of the practical initiative which is used and developed, but we also plan to visit the monasteries, chapels and churches which line the route. We expect to gain firsthand knowledge of many of the features of the Renaissance and Catholic Reformation, which we have so far only been able to read about in books. We will also be able to learn Spanish first hand.' These ideals seemed to vanish slowly as our journey progressed and as we started doing more and more miles per day.

One of the excellent reasons for our mission was indeed the chance to learn an exciting, interesting and useful foreign language, and what better way to learn it than plunging in at the deep end with only a phrasebook and dictionary? Correspondence course, cassette or learn it yourself book, to name but three! By the end of the trip we had lost the dictionary and despite the advantage of a phrasebook we had still managed to order "tripe in a hot paprika sauce with spicy sausage" by mistake. The only way the phrasebook would have been useful to us was if we had wanted to buy a straw donkey or some lipstick. It didn't help us to ask whether the very expensive train tickets we had bought were valid for the date we wanted to travel back. The date printed on the ticket was the 29th July and we were travelling on the 30th. We were in luck and so were able to take a thirty hour overnight train back to France.

Santiago De Compostella and the way of St James according to the phrasebook are "both pieces of living history". Here, for once, they are right. It is astonishingly easy to empathize with the medieval

pilgrims as they slogged it out day after day along the seemingly endless track, each day more tiring than the preceding one, travelling for six hours under the searing sun, feeling the skin from your legs being burned away until you flop back, exhausted in the bar of the campsite too tired to order an ice-cold coke with lemon. Churches became convenient excuses - places to hide away from the sun while feeling you were doing what you came to Spain to do.

One of the most interesting churches we rested in was at Santo Domingo De la Calzada. We arrived there on a day when the temperature was way above 100 degrees and we had no food or money because of arriving at the bank two minutes after it closed. There are always the live cock and hen in a cage in memory of a miracle performed by St. James. It seems that a pilgrim was hanged for an offence he didn't commit and St. James brought him back to life. His family went to the judge to say that the man had walked away free whereupon the judge replied "Oh yes, and this cock and hen I'm eating are alive!", at which point the cock and the hen became alive again.

Spain, as everyone back in England knows, is blissfully warm and sunny with perhaps a cooling breeze and maybe a rain storm now and then to clear the air. No. Spain is either very very hot and miserable or very very wet and miserable or very very cold and miserable; at least when you're cycling it is. We were fortunate enough to experience every extremity, sometimes two at a time. The worst weather came when we were going over our last set of mountains before Santiago. We had been climbing all day on an N road, being passed by cheerful people in cars and lorries, and, once, by what seemed to be the Galician Over 90's Cycle Club. The map said that after we turned off the N road we had one very steep climb and then we would be at the top of the pass. As soon as we turned off the N road the road climbed steeply and it rained. Not just a shower, but a mist which turned to rain lashed by a biting wind. We climbed until the road began to level out and then held a conference. James

said the only thing to do was to keep on going and to descend out of the cloud. I agreed and we cycled. Strangely enough the going was very tough and we didn't freewheel much. We had been going for about 20 minutes at as fast a speed as we could when we saw a white sign. It said "Top of the pass, 1,380m". We had descended out of the cloud to the top of the pass, it seemed.

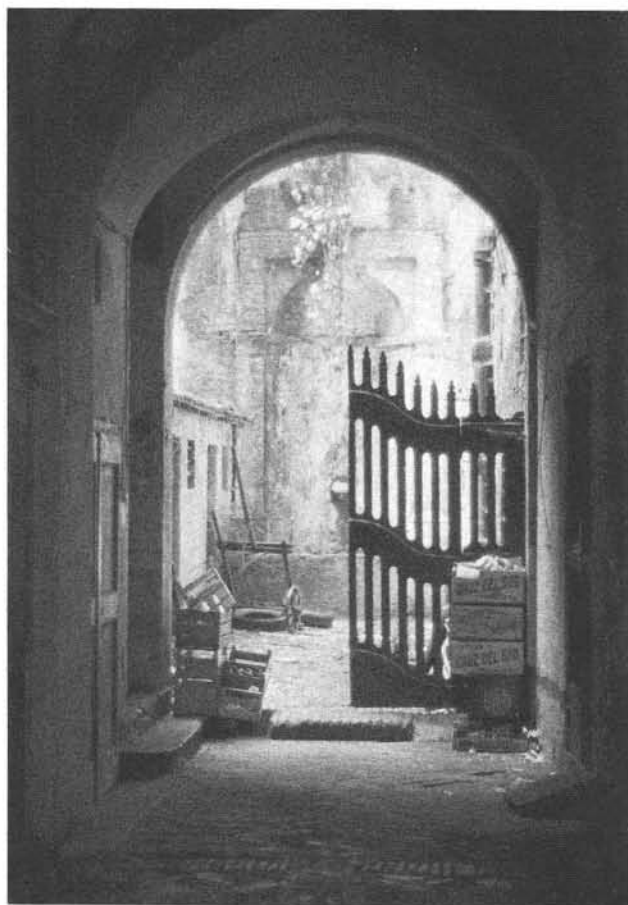
The expectation of the last two days' cycling was enormous as we grew heartily sick of cycling for six hours a day. Our arrival in Santiago on the Day of St James (a holiday of particular significance as Santiago de Compostella means 'St James' burial place') was greeted by much singing and dancing and as we ate our breakfast in the midday sun, our enormous sense of achievement was only partially deadened by our exhaustion. During our four days stay there Santiago became one of our favourite cities, beating even Whitehaven, Barrow-in-Furness and Bradford.

We would like to thank TASS for the £100 to get us to Biarritz and also for the extra £100 which raised our total amount £500.

J.A. Crawford VIM



## VENICE



John Julius Norwich has written of Venice "that no other city has caught the imagination of so many for so long, or has touched life and civilisation at so many different points". Writers, painters, politicians and poets have all visited the great city and been affected by it; Byron swam the Grand Canal from end to end, Browning died there. It is not surprising then, that a trip to Venice attracted so many embryonic artists and linguists, with only four self-confessed holiday makers amongst a group of almost thirty.

The first night was spent in Brighton, which was not on the official itinerary, but it was obviously decided that the splendours of Venice would have been incomplete without a whistle-stop tour of the faded grandeur of Britain's foremost seaside city. After the delay, while Monarch Airlines reinvented the aeroplane, and a day travelling, we were swapping 'Kiss-me-Quick' hats for gondolier capelli. When finally we established in our lodgings in Venice, which were of the kind that travel writers describe as 'encapsulating the character and charm of the real Venice', we were at liberty to see the famous city.

Shelley referred to Venice as "a peopled labyrinth of walls", and the entire party soon discovered that every Venetian street is like every other Venetian street. The maze-like quality of Venice, however, yields up the pleasure of being able to wander for hours along narrow alleys, sometimes crowded, sometimes empty, and suddenly come across huge piazzas and stretches of canal, surrounded at all times by diverse architectural styles. The variety of Venetian architecture is due to its thousand years as a major trading empire, giving rise to many cultural influences, which express themselves as Venetian buildings. Styles range from ornate arabesque of the Ottoman Empire, to the classical Italian of the Renaissance.

"Any trip to Venice is incomplete without seeing the piazza St. Marco",

which we duly did, changing from self-styled cultural seekers into tourists, to mingle with the multinational crowd, which threaded through the Basilica di St. Marco, the Doge's palace, and up the campsite. As tourists we also day-tripped to Ravenna and Padua, which provided relief from the occasionally oppressive Venetian streets and souvenir stalls. A more local trip was by boat to the glass-making island. Because this trip fell close to the end of the holiday it was an ideal opportunity to buy pacifying presents. We were given numerous chances to see glassware for sale, as Venetian hardsell consisted of being invited to see a free display of glass-blowing, and then being directed into the shop, where, once again, the quality of the workmanship was emphasised.

Venetian night-life, which for some was not confined simply to the night, was the typical continental cafe culture. The price and style ranged from the expense and grandeur of those in St. Mark's square, to the cafe just around the corner from our hostel, which was decorated with empty beer bottles, and provided free drinks to a man who came in off the street, swept the floor and played cards. Amongst all the culture and architecture some of the most astounding memories of the trip, are those of friendships cemented with Venetian barmen.

J.W.T. Smethurst VIF



*Basilica of Hera at Paestum*

## ITALY

At 2.15 a.m. on Saturday 22nd of October, 62 of the 63 members of the party were sleepily clambering onto a double-decker bus in the coach park. At 2.20 Mr. Milner arrived and we were ready to hit Italy!

We arrived at Gatwick and boarded our plane in time for the 6.25 take-off with no mishaps - the problems did not begin until we tried to land at Naples. We were informed that there was an air-traffic controllers' strike, and we were subsequently diverted to Rome. Touching down here, we were informed that Naples was now open. After waiting for more than an hour to be refuelled, we took off, and at last managed to land at our original destination. The time was now 1.30 p.m., so our two hour flight had taken seven hours! Needless to say, we were all absolutely exhausted by the time we arrived at the Hotel Savoia in Sorrento, a seaside town about an hour's drive from Naples. Because of this tiredness, our first night was relatively uneventful, in view of what was to follow...

On Sunday we were up early for our first excursion of the trip, to Mount Vesuvius, the famous volcano. We clambered up the steep side of the mountain, ruining our shoes, not to mention our legs, for what seemed like an eternity. But finally we all made it to the top - even Mr. Mitra - and we realised that the climb had definitely been worth it. Not only was the huge, impressive crater an awesome sight, but we were also granted a beautiful view of the Bay of Naples, which stretched out beneath us.

After our first taste of an Italian packed lunch, which made us feel tolerant even of school food, we moved on to Pompeii, the Roman city which was buried in 79 A.D. by an eruption of Vesuvius. This was also impressive with many of the buildings remaining in extremely good condition, and thus giving an excellent insight into life almost 2,000 years ago. One thing that remains fixed in my mind is the huge amphitheatre there, still standing about fifty feet high after so long. Inside, it was easy to imagine the thrill of the gladiatorial contests. So the two sites we visited on Sunday certainly the trip off to a good start.

The evening was also to prove memorable. After supper some of us celebrated Philip Bowman's 17th birthday at a local cafe, and then moved on to explore

the town. Here we quickly discovered that the rumours about Italian driving are true - their anarchic chaos on the roads makes them even worse than the French! But it was when we all returned to the hotel that one of the major non-classical events of the trip occurred. Dante Peters managed to rip the basin completely off the wall of his bathroom. His explanation, when faced with an irate hotel manager and an even more irate Mr. Mitra, was "Um.....I slipped". Needless to say, Dante was not allowed to forget this incident by anyone for the rest of the trip.

On the next day, we again made two trips. The first stop was Naples Museum. This contained a large number of statues, mosaics and pieces of pottery from Roman times, especially, of course, from Pompeii and Herculaneum. This was very interesting and informative, although it might have been more helpful if there had been labels to tell us what the exhibits were.

In the afternoon (after another packed lunch) we arrived at Herculaneum, which had been preserved in much the same way as Pompeii. Although this was a smaller town, it was nevertheless just as impressive, as the buildings were left almost entirely complete (at least before Dante got to them!), with even many of the roofs still existent. It also contained many beautiful mosaics and frescoes, and amazingly, in one place a wooden cupboard had survived for 2000 years. At Herculaneum we were also delighted by the sight of Stephanie Hills trying to assail Mr. Milner with a plastic bottle after he had delivered a subtle insult.

After an eventful Monday night, I was woken at some unearthly hour on Tuesday morning by Mr. Mitra's minion, Mr. Milner, in readiness for that day's excursion. First stop was the town of Amalfi, important for two reasons. Firstly, it contained an absolutely stunningly beautiful cathedral. This cathedral, the resting place of the body of St. Andrew, brother of Peter, was Gothic in architecture, with impressive high arches and delicate stonemasonry, and also had beautifully painted ceiling and walls. The second reason for Amalfi's importance was the sea, which was perfect for swimming. Even Mr. Mitra went in, and all the girls were overcome by the sight of his magnificent physique, and Andrew Brown's shoe also accompanied us into the water. Then we continued the drive to Paestum. This was an ancient Greek colony some way from Naples. It was a rather confusing site as the temples had such names as "The temple of Neptune, dedicated to Minerva" (Neptune and Minerva being two entirely different deities), but very beautiful. There were three large temples, a theatre, and many other such buildings set in an idyllic field of asphodel and exotic greenery.

On Tuesday night we bid farewell to Sorrento, as Wednesday was the day of our journey to Rome. We left (as always) early in the morning, and the trip (during which Matt Hawksworth managed to get his hair plaited!) took about five hours, including a stop at Montecassino, the earliest of the Benedictine monasteries, which was bombed in the Second World War, but has now been rebuilt. This was very large and impressive, and commanded a beautiful view of the surrounding country. When we arrived at the hotel in Rome, the Domus Mariae (which apparently included a drying-out clinic for alcoholic clergymen - any guesses why the Reverend Mr. Mitra took us there?), we were absolutely exhausted, so after lunch Mr. Mitra

made himself immensely popular by dragging us around Rome on foot to see the Ara Pacis Augustae, the Spanish Steps and Hadrian's Mausoleum. That evening, however, a few of us managed to relax by finding a cheap but exceedingly good pizzeria not far from the hotel.

Thursday was spent in Rome. The morning was passed in the Vatican. Firstly we wandered around the Vatican itself, whose rooms were decorated with beautiful paintings on the walls, and which included the famous Sistine chapel, which certainly impressed me, although I must say that I thought some of the other rooms were better. We then moved on to St Peter's Square, and looked inside the staggeringly splendid St Peter's church. In the afternoon we visited the Colosseum and the Forum. The immense Colosseum was breathtaking as it towered above us, and once inside the view was equally fabulous, both inwards to the view of the stage, and outwards to the Forum. The Forum was also very interesting, containing a diverse assortment of buildings, from the Arch of Titus to the Temple of the Vestal Virgins. Here we were again lucky to see Stephanie belabour Mr. Milner after another insult! The evening was spent again in relaxation, and we went down to a local cafe to wind down, and then returned to the hotel.

Friday was our last full day in Italy. We visited two sites, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. The first was Ostia, one of the ports of ancient Rome. In one street we saw the trade-signs of many of the merchants in the mosaic on the pavement. There was also a fabulous theatre, and many other well preserved buildings, including several insulae.

Our second visit of the day was to Tivoli, which was the country villa of the emperor Hadrian. At his villa he had built replicas of all the most beautiful buildings which he had seen in the empire. Tivoli therefore, apart from containing a rather large dog which did not want to leave us, contained some impressive architecture - a fitting end to the trip.

That evening Mr. Fleming, one of the many parents on the trip who all did their best to make it worthwhile, organised a "spoon-fighting" contest,

refereed by Mr. Haynes, in which the object was to hit your opponent over the head with the spoon held between your teeth and with more style and velocity than he hit you. It resulted in broken teeth for Ed. Creasey and Matt Hawksworth, cheating by Mr. Milner, and victory for... Dante Peters!

After this we had an eventful last night, followed by a hectic last day which involved getting up at three in the morning! We bid a final farewell to the pasta, the pizza and the other delights of Italy (Mr. Mitra admitted that what made the holiday for him was ogling the fourteen girls on the trip), and then it was back to England on a flight which was this time short and uncomplicated.

It was the happy end to a happy trip. The holiday was a great success thanks to everyone on the trip, but especially to Mr. Milner, Mrs. Tofield, our competent banker Mr. Haynes and of course Mr. Mitra without whom the whole thing would not have been possible. Here's to the next Classics trip. Turkey next October is a strong possibility, so support it all you enthusiasts for the ancient world.

J. Mandel 6C



*Vesuvius*

A party of 18 third and fifth year boys from Abingdon and 18 girls from Oxford High School spent a fortnight in Paris from Oct. 24 to Nov. 7, 1987. The return trip for the party from the Collège Sevigne was from March 19 to April 2, 1988.

Our time in Paris was a great success, combining group activities, experience of the French school and contact with a French family.

The autumn half-term was a convenient time for our visit to Paris. As it coincided with the French half-term holiday, there was a healthy balance between organised activities and time spent with host families. The link with the Collège Sévigné is proving to be a valuable experience for all concerned, educationally and culturally.

If Paris is such an appealing and seductive city for us, then we hope that a fortnight in Blewbury or Chipping Norton is as worthwhile for the Parisians. I

believe it is, if only because it takes them away from their normal environment, but, of course, the process of adapting is not always easy.

It is interesting to note that, as last year, our visitors were intrigued by their brief experience of Abingdon School. Chapel was a concept entirely alien to them, and many commented on the paradox of a formal manner and exterior which, they said, belied a much more informal, almost liberal attitude to work.

A particularly promising development this year is that the Collège has expressed its readiness to receive a post 'A' level student from Abingdon as a junior English Assistant in the academic year 1988/89. They are able to offer accommodation, part board and some remuneration in return for up to 10hrs./week of conversation classes. Clearly this is a very attractive proposition for anyone wishing to take a year off before going to university.

MRB

# *Paris*



The good thing about the exchange was the predominance of laughter, the good humour, the way everyone got on so well together. The city was a wonderful place to be in in Autumn, the beauty of Paris was stunning.

N. Bailey



The most enjoyable thing that happened on the exchange must have been the outing to Versailles. This was the best outing for a number of reasons. Firstly, because I had always wanted to go to this place and see if it was really as good as everyone said it was, and when we arrived it was better than I had ever imagined. Another thing that made this a really good outing was the opportunity to ride round the gardens on bikes. This was great fun because you had the freedom to ride anywhere you wanted to go, so I rode round the main lake. On the way round you got a brilliant view of the grounds and the palace and all its gardens, and this made a superb picture for home. All in all Versailles was an excellent place and I wish to return soon.

G. Smith 3IAM

I had a very nice family. The parents both spoke perfect English, so I spoke a bit less French than some, though I still spoke a lot. I feel I didn't learn much new French, but improved my old French, my pronunciation and my confidence in the language.

I feel the exchange also improved my personality. You have to give and take, and it improves your ability to get on with other people. I now also have a good friend who I intend to see outside exchanges. I would definitely recommend an exchange to anyone.

R. Stone 3PW



One of the most memorable things about Paris was the food. It was often very hard to resist buying just one more 'pain au chocolat'. In lessons at the Collège Sévigné we were asked to explain the British education system, help first years with their English and sing along in music lessons.

D. Sedwards



*Le Jardin du Luxembourg*



*The Boarders' Advent Carol Service*

## JOURNEY OF A LANDLUBBER

Immediately after sitting his A levels and rowing in Henley Daniel Knowles went sailing for nine weeks on a trip which took him some considerable way north of Spitzbergen in Norway. These are just a few extracts from the journal of his voyage.

We were six hundred miles from the North Pole, the same distance as Oxford is from the north of Scotland, and in the middle of our worst storm so far, a gale force 8/9. We had lost one of the foresail halyards - there are two, one for each forestay - and had just noticed the triple-reefed mainsail starting to rip. This meant in the short run that someone had to exchange the relative shelter of the cockpit for a lurching, slippery deck in order to bring the damaged sail down. Eventually we realised that we could only hoist one sail - right forward in the bows - instead of the customary two or three hoisted in a cutter. It was at this point that Chris, the captain, suggested that we head back for the relative security of northern Spitzbergen. Even though we were four days behind schedule, we had to agree and we slowly limped back to shore.

It was when nearing Fair Isle that a large school of dolphin kept us company for long hours in the afternoon and other wildlife began to pick us up as we neared the island, our first stop. I had soon ticked off gannets, puffins, a seal and various other unidentified species, including jellyfish, to add to the kittiwakes and ever present fulmars.

The next leg, from Lerwick to Tromsø, 800 miles, is the longest. We called in at Bodø on the way and then went on to Tromsø, via the Lofoten Islands. This was probably the most scenic part of the trip. There were now only a few hours of dark per night, so navigation was much easier in the enclosed fjords. It was here that we saw our first glaciers amidst scenery rising as much as a sheer 4,000 feet.

Tromsø was another welcome stop where we filled our fresh food larder and gas bottles at horrendous prices. The real trip started here. From this point we could expect to see very few ships and if we got into any difficulties we would have to extricate ourselves as well. The wind, which had not been with us since we had hit Norway, got up as soon as we left land and we had a long run of continual storms which we found very trying, though I must confess to have enjoyed the excitement.

Bear Island was impressive; an impressive indomitable fortress against the Arctic Seas. The island is triangular with sheer cliffs looking out proudly over the sea to the south, while

on the other side it tapers away to a watery plateau to an average height of 50 metres or so. There is one Norwegian settlement, Bear Island (Bjørnøya) Radio Station in the north.

The navigation aids we had on board were of two types, DECCA works of radio signals. Further north, where there were no DECCA stations, we used SATNAV which gives very accurate satellite fixures, but only at one hourly intervals. This means that in between you are slightly uncertain of your exact position. It was because of this that we found ourselves approaching Bear Island in a force 5-6 in fog, and it may be imagined how quickly we turned round when we saw the southern cliffs only a few hundred yards away. The other tack then took us to the east so that we can justly say we sailed the Barents Sea as well as the North, and also the Norwegian and Greenland Seas, the Arctic and Atlantic Oceans! It was here that I saw my first midnight sun when on anchor watch.

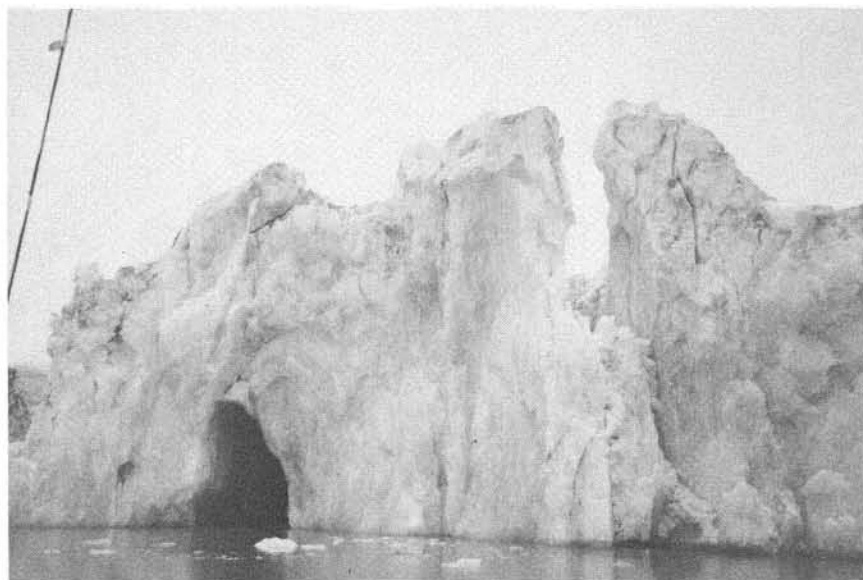
Our initial approach to Svalbard was halted by continuous ice blocking the southern tip. The ice is kept at bay by the Gulf Stream, which hits the southern tip and continues along the western edge. In this way, ice is drawn round and melts on its way back north. Unusually, therefore, we could not enter the first fjords, which meant we missed out on some good scenery. However, we had enough of this in Recherchfjorden, the first ice-free inlet, where we anchored in the blue water. For the first time in Svalbard, the fog cleared, although it remained on the mountain tops, and we were treated to a beautiful day. There was an immense glacier at the head of the fjord, from which blocks of ice fell at regular intervals. Our 1940's chart had it half a mile wider than it now appeared. As well as resounding crashes from falling blocks, glaciers also make a low, rumbling, motorway-like sound, due to their steady scraping erosion.

On our way out of Isfjord we stopped at the main Russian settlement of Barentsburg. Initially a very pleasant miner met us on the jetty, said we could tie up, get water and buy provisions. He was just coming on board when the local policeman turned up, and it was evident that glasnost had not yet reached this area. The catchphrase was "Neh, not possible" and, favourite form of address, "Comrade crewmember..." However, we did get some bread and water eventually, and were told to write in advance the next time when we would be greeted properly!

As we went further north, the scenery got more spectacular, the anchorages more barren, and crew spirit steadily increased. One of the best days was at Loudon, an old marble mine. The clouds had come back after days of blazing sunshine, but the ice, glaciers and mountains set up a fantastic backdrop. On the other side of the fjord was Ny-Alesund, the most northerly community in the world, which boasts the most northerly hotel, post office, railway and airship mast (a relic of Amundsen's flight over the pole).

All in all, we covered over 5,000 miles, just under half of these inside the Arctic Circle. I saw lots of wildlife, fantastic scenery, made some good new friends, and was bitten by the sailing bug. Although I did not enjoy the whole of the nine weeks, much of the benefit would have been lost if I had. Certainly this was the best summer I have yet had.

D.A. Knowles





# RUGBY

## REVIEW

For the rugby club as a whole, 1987 proved to be an averagely successful year - on a par with 83, 84 and 85, but not approaching 1986. At the top end the first and second XVs, especially the former, experienced a thin time and victories were hard to come by. The captain, Martin Drew and the secretary, Tim Bishop, however, led by example in terms of commitment and dedication and fully deserved their colours. The problems of the second XV stemmed from the physical disadvantage they often found themselves at and the lack of a settled team. However, both sides enjoyed a highly successful tour of Holland at half-term. Gavin Hyde-Blake won the rugby progress cup for the most improved player. The colts squad were a keen and talented group. They won eight of their eleven games including victories over Radley and Marlborough. Mark Annett, James Hewes and Gordon Mowat represented the county at 16 group level. The junior colts improved on last year, winning five of their games and closely contesting all the others. Pride of place, however, must go to the juniors who won ten times in thirteen appearances and in doing so ran up an impressive number of points. They were the only side to defeat St. Edwards. Thus, although the season proved disappointing for the senior players, better things were achieved by the younger ones: a hopeful sign for the future.

## RESULTS:

Bloxham	L	0-30
Berkhamsted	L	0-27
Pangbourne	L	3-13
M.C.S.	W	13-6
Shiplake	L	0-14
Radley	L	4-28
RC. Hei Gooi	W	48-4
RC. Duke	W	20-8
Marlborough	L	0-26
Newbury	L	6-9
Reading	L	0-3
St. Edwards	L	0-24
Warwick	L	4-36

As can clearly be seen from the results, the first XV had its most unsuccessful season for quite a number of years. Although it may seem trite to say this, the team did not win because it could not score points. When we had possession, and we frequently had sufficient, if not an abundance, we could do little with it. Penetration was lacking as was also commitment to making ground forward and determination to go for the line. This was reflected in the dismal try-scoring record - a mere five in our eleven regular fixtures.

What were the reasons for this? Firstly, and most importantly, not everyone was sufficiently committed to working hard at the game. Some only switched on in school matches, others really wanted to do well, but could not come to terms with the physical commitment required. Success is much easier to come by when everyone is of the same positive frame of mind. Secondly, the distribution of the ball from ruck, maul, scrum and lineout was neither fast nor accurate enough. Thirdly, there was a lack of aggressive running with, and in support of, the ball. A number of the backs were young or inexperienced. Minor injuries meant that the midfield players were continually being rearranged. As a result neither individuals nor the three-quarter line as a whole developed confidence.

In past reports it has been the practice to write mini accounts of each match and small profiles on most, if not all the players. It is probably not so appropriate to do so this year. On re-reading the individual match reports it is obvious that sufficient commitment to the actual matches was only gradually achieved and by the time it was major damage had been done. Against Shiplake, Radley, Marlborough, St. Edwards and Warwick the team performed really quite creditably, defending fairly solidly and applying pressure but, as has been said, failing to turn pressure into points.

Martin Drew and Tim Bishop have already been mentioned as individuals and of the others it should be mentioned that Jon Crick and Gavin Hyde-Blake never gave less than 100%. The short half term trip to Holland was most enjoyable and successful. On the playing front the first XV had a very easy victory in their first match but nevertheless enjoyed the experience of running in a lot of tries. The second game, played on a superb huge pitch under excellent floodlights, provided a much sterner test, and the side played well to win. The weather was very good, enabling us to enjoy touch rugby on the beach, as long as one avoided the jellyfish! Amsterdam was visited and the Dutch A and B national XVs were seen in action. The fact that that JRG, TO'M and myself were able to enjoy it as much as we did is a tribute to all those who went. It is certainly the only rugby tour I have known where the major recreational activity was a word-game; someone must remember to take a dictionary next year!

1988 must and will be more successful. Already in preparation multi-gym and touch-rugby sessions have been organised through the lent and summer terms. A tour of Italy is due to take place and the season will begin with participation in the Douai tournament. The lessons of 1987 will be learnt.

The following played for the first XV: B.R. Davies, P.J. White, R.D. Jolliffe, M.E. Banwell, J.P. Hodges, A.J. Wintle, J.A. Crawford, R.J. Appleyard, M.J. Henderson, N.D. Franklin, T.M. Bishop, T.J.W. Taylor, M.T.H. Tomlyn, J.S. Crick, J.N. Green, P. Monaghan, R.G. Harrison, G.J.W. Hyde-Blake, C.J.H. Barber, M. Snow, R.J. Winsley, M.R. Drewe (capt.)

RSP





## SECOND XV

Those philosophers who maintain that character is fate would probably decide, after the making of this team, that they had got it wrong. Certainly, the influence of circumstance has been very strong this year, and more powerful than the will and spirit of the team. As a result of the debilitating effects of 'flu, injury, interviews or promotions, some 34 players have represented the 2nd XV in just 13 games, led by at least 4 captains. We were forced to make 4 changes after the first match, another 7 after the second, a further 5 after the third - and so on. Eventually this assumed comic proportions: the gravitas of measured team selection was replaced by the snatch- and- grab of the January sales.

Inevitably, the unity of the team was threatened. Perhaps the most telling handicap was the loss in mid-term of our centres when, despite all these changes, we were beginning to do well and had won 5 out of 6 matches. Justin Hodges was deservedly promoted to the 1sts (we got a winger in exchange) while John Johnston was concussed and missed the next 4 matches. These two were looking a fluent attacking pair, and up to the point of their departure we had provided the more dangerous back play in all our games. After that we lacked thrust and scoring power.

However, despite circumstances such as these, we also had some weaknesses that we never were able to make up. We were never on top in the scrums, and lacked the bullocking strength necessary in the front row. The line-out was a strength, due mainly to the jumping skills of Julian Green and Ashley Whittaker, until Green was promoted and Whittaker was claimed by interviews and 'flu. in the back row we failed to dominate the loose, because we were never quite fast enough - unless Guy Harrison was playing there in his true position. Defensively we were sound; but our upper body strength, collectively, was poor, and we often lost the ball in the mauls. Above all, we didn't learn quickly enough in practices, which gradually became a means of going over old ground rather than new skills, especially as injuries took their toll.

In the backs we showed penetration in the first half of term, and scored some excellent tries, until disruption caused us to lose cohesion. Jig Gold brought thrust, if not pace, into our attack from full-back. His passing was occasionally shaky, but he often brought off first-rate catches. His line-kicking was clever, and he straightened up the line well. On the wings both Matthew Holmes and Ben Davis ran aggressively at times, although we were not always sharp enough in defence here. James Howard played every match on the left wing, and ran with undeviating straightness. When he acquired the confidence to have a go, he showed great heart. He also - something for all blind-side wings to emulate - covered superbly, and backed up well. At half-back we lacked a consistent link, although Tony Edwards (when given good ball going forward) had an excellent, crisp pass and showed he could have done much better with a better service. Toby Hay played best when he ran hard at the opposition and kept a clear tactical head, as at times he obviously could do. We found it difficult to maintain our momentum after half-term, however. Although the arrival of Bryn Davies added exciting pace elusiveness to the centre, we were not as potent a threat as we had been.

The season began sluggishly. Bloxam caught us short of match practice, and although we went ahead early in the game, we let them back into it (as we were often to do later in the term). Berkhamsted, despite our overall improvement and two excellent tries from the backs, were just that little bit tougher and fitter up front. After that, things started to fall into place. At Pangbourne we ran in five tries in fine style to round off a good team effort, then roared off against M.C.S. at blistering pace to go 19-0 up in as many minutes. We looked unconquerable - then relaxed and sat comfortably on our lead, an indication of an inappropriate gentleness that was to cost us dear later on. Still, we then won a close match against

a much bigger Shiplake side, and entered the Radley match in a positive, determined frame of mind. Again, our backs looked sharper, but we lacked the fire power up front to gain enough territorial advantage. Two simple missed tackles, though, were all that denied us a chance to win a very close match. In fact, tackling was rarely a strong point of our game, largely because we did not drive into tackles to bring players to the ground, but tended rather just to get in the way and hold them.

Against Malborough, however, on a wide, open pitch, we suffered a heavy blow to morale. Having won two hard, enjoyable games in Holland, we were on a very good streak. Now we were opposed by a side that was much larger (we looked a bit like a junior side, strayed onto the wrong pitch) and more skillful - and to cap it all we were soon reduced to 14 men. Malborough gave us a lesson in fluent rugby. In the remaining matches we showed flashes of skill and flair but never achieved either forward stability or penetration in the backs that was enough for us to win. We had tough luck at Newbury, and after handing them a try on a plate, played well enough to draw at least.

To its credit the side never lost heart or spirit. This report, written at the end of term, probably reflects in its tone the disappointment over what might have been, or what was really deserved by a bunch of boys who tried very hard, but were up against some difficulties beyond their control. Practice was always good-humoured, and off the field the group were always enthusiastic, and fine ambassadors for the school. In fact, they were such a pleasant crowd that I am sure that, if they had ever found themselves 25-0 ahead at half-time, they would have felt sorry for the opposition rather than keen to take them apart. They were also a very young team - with two or three noble exceptions, a lower 6th side - and if those who remain can cultivate what I can only describe as a bit of 'devil', then they could do well in a years time.

JRG

### RESULTS:

	WON 5	LOST 8	DRAWN 0
Bloxham		L	4 - 6
Berkhamsted		L	10 - 20
Pangbourne		W	28 - 4
Magdalen CS		W	21 - 6
Shiplake		W	8 - 0
Radley		L	7 - 15
RC Haarlem		W	17 - 0
RC Boxtel		W	8 - 0
Malborough		L	0 - 49
Newbury		L	6 - 12
Reading		L	16 - 30
St Edwards		L	0 - 28
Warwick		L	4 - 18

The following represented the side on more than two occasions: Toby Hay (13), Michael Stanley-Baker (13), James Howard (13), Jonathan Gold (12), Julian Green (11), Tony Edwards (11), Ashley Whittaker (10), Jeremy Hall (10), James Owen (10), Guy Harrison (10), Justin Hodges (9), John Johnston (9), Chris Barber (8), Ben Davis (8), Tony Walker (5), Henry Trotter (4), Bryn Davies (4), Kai Helfritz (4), Roger Appleyard (3), Andrew Trump (3), Hamish McIntosh (3).



### THIRD XV

3rd XV rugby reports usually begin with a list of reasons why the majority of our matches were lost - not so this year. This was a team with talent and even a measure of commitment. It was these qualities (as well as the super coaching of Mr. Bodey and Dr. Wilmore for which we are eternally grateful) that led the 3rd XV to be the most successful senior team of the year.

We had a good start to the season, winning our first match against Bloxham, in a close fought and nail-biting contest, by 12-11. Such tightly contested matches were the mark of this year's 3rd XV with results such as 16-12 and 10-6. As the season progressed the score margins became larger both in victory and defeat. Morale was high - the 3rd XV was willing to go where others feared to tread. It was this attitude that led us to take on Cokethorpe 1st XV.

It is difficult to say what made this year's 3rd XV such a success - the coaching? The commitment? Or was it Phil Mansfield's captaincy? Or even his "kick-aheads" which usually went over his own head, ending up 10 yards behind him (something for which he became renowned)? Could it be the fact that we had a member of the team who could tackle? Hmm.... Perhaps it's the fact that other schools have 3rd XV's worse than ours!

Our thanks must go to Mr. Bodey and Dr. Wilmore for all the time and effort they put into coaching and supporting the team.

C. Ashton VI and P. Mansfield VI

#### RESULTS:

Bloxham	W	12-11
Berkhamsted	L	4-18
M.C.S.	W	10-6
Radley	W	0-32
Pangbourne	W	16-12
Marlborough	L	0-20
Reading	W	44-0
St. Edwards	L	0-56
Cokethorpe	L	12-26
Warwick	W	32-10

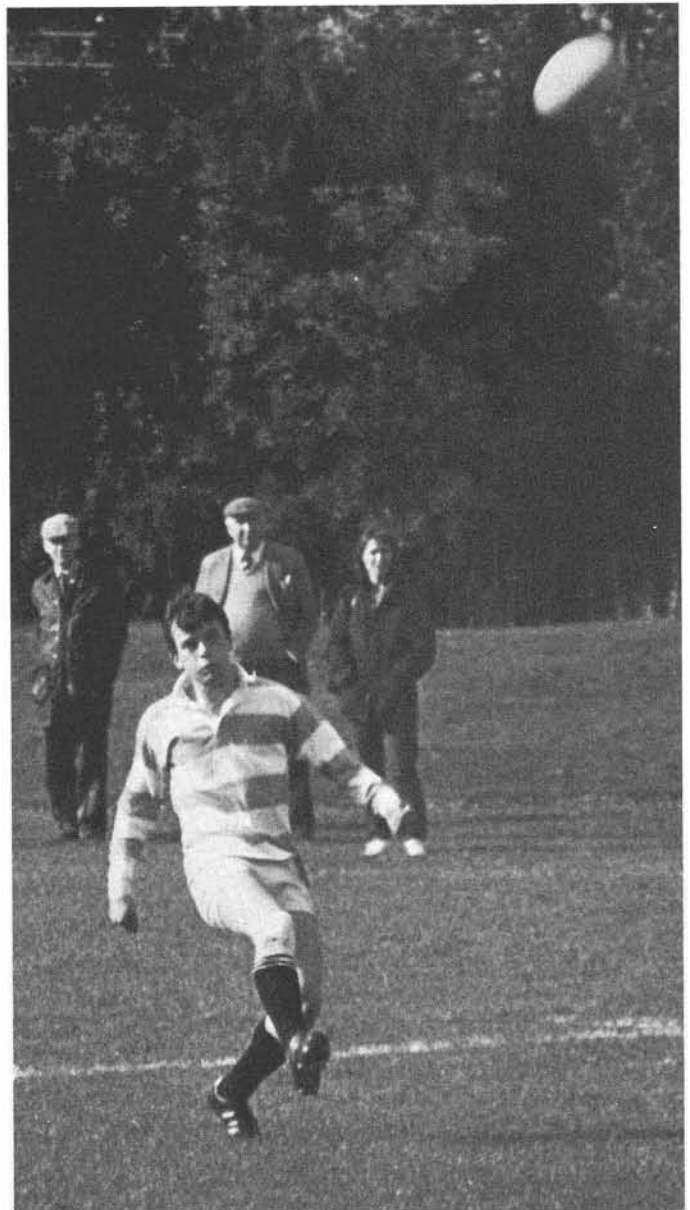


### FOURTH XV

This season has been another glorious one for the 4th XV with each game ending in victory, if only moral ones! Losing, however, has never caused any morale problems for us as we are one of the few remaining teams in the school who still uphold the adage of: "It's not the winning, but the taking part that counts" (Though if a few more people had taken part a bit more often then we might have had a few more victories!)

We started the season somewhat shakily with an 18-0 loss against Bloxham, but soon got into the swing of things by losing 26-0 to Berkhamsted. We fulfilled our potential when our performance peaked and our countless hours of dedicated training paid in a 13-0 victory versus Shiplake; our captain running in the first try of the season, with Jim North setting up Jim Smethurst for the second. Austerfield A and Magnus M were stopped just short of the line, so it was up to our special guest star Andy Trump to kick the rest of the points. I would like to thank Jason Carr for all the constructive criticism he gave the referee during the game.

After such a stunning victory the only way we could go was down, and we did this with the style and panache unique and usual to the 4th XV in losing 64-0 to St Edwards. I put this down to the fact we failed to employ the classic 'Why don't we call each other Bob to confuse the opposition?' tactic, and the dislocation of our gallant and talented winger Alan Welby's hip.



This season bought backs of speed, nimbleness and skill never seen before, even if Jim North's sense of direction was somewhat dubious. The pack played marvellously all through the season under the firm hand of Bob Seal, with Johnny Shepard and Jason Carr getting on so well with the opposition in every game.

So although the season brought the odd loss it was thoroughly enjoyable, which is the main thing, and with only passing and catching left to master, next season should prove the 4th's unstoppable. However, none of this would have been possible if it had not been for Doc. Wilmore and Mr. Bodey who gave up their time and 'energy' to show us how it was done, and whom we would like to thank very much for a memorable time.

M. Kendall

#### Fourth XV Team (Tries)

Props:	M. Chaddock	N. Avenall
Hookers:	S. Shand	D. Caswell
Second Row:	R. Edmond-Seal	J. Carr
Number 8:	J. Shepard	
Wing Forwards:	J. North	P. Thornton
Scrum Half:	J. Smethurst (1)	
Fly Half:	D. Blumenfeld	J. North
Centres:	M. Kendall (capt.)	A. Trump
Wings:	A. Austerfield	M. Macintyre
	A. Welby	
Full Back:	M. Kendall (1)	
Special Guest Star:	A. Trump	
Honourable Casualty:	A. Welby	

## COLTS XV

I was fortunate this year to inherit a talented side, which made for a most exciting and enjoyable season. From the start it was obvious that the Colts as a group were committed and enthusiastic about their rugby.

Much of our training came in the form of touch-rugby, which paid dividends as many players emerged as excellent ball handlers. Even the forwards, who are often thought of as the 'donkeys' of the team, became very good handlers of the ball and on occasion even beat the backs in competition. Having all fifteen players on a side being able to give and take a pass under pressure, means that the side is on the way to playing attractive and successful rugby. Lenny Charlton, our lock, comes to mind, when he was on hand to receive a pass and score under the poles against Newbury.

Special mention must be made of Jeremy Boorman who scored thirteen superb tries on the wing, which couldn't have been achieved without the overlap created by Gordon Mowat, the full back, joining the line. Barry Marnane, was a pillar of strength at centre, both in defence and attack. He combined well with Matthew Gordon, who, with his flair and ability to read a situation quickly, distributed or kicked the ball effectively. Many of the attacking movements were initiated by Steve Mitchell, the 8th man, picking the ball out from behind the scrum and slipping it out to Edward Tilley, the scrum half, while on the burst. Darren King's seven tries were a tribute to his speed and tenacity.

Even with good handling, it is impossible to play effective rugby without winning clean first and second phase ball. This was the area where the Colts improved most during the season. The forwards worked tremendously hard on scrumming and rucking, and the realization that all eight men working as a unit, going forward at all times was the most important aspect of winning scrum ball.

A team is made up of fifteen individuals, with different ideas, but when they are aware of what the others will do in a given situation, winning loose ball becomes far easier. The conscious decision to ruck the ball when passing was impossible, certainly paid dividends. Each player knew that if a back-line was caught with the ball, he would lay it back on the ground. It was then up to the closest player - normally another back - to pick the ball up and retain possession until his forwards could support him in the ruck. This caused some very clean second phase ball from which most of our tries were scored. The players also knew that if the opposition was caught in possession, that it was up to the "tackler" to

seal the ball from getting out, and then the rest of the forwards would bind and drive the maul down the field. The decision to drive, rather than struggle for possession of the ball, won us many scrums, and a great deal of ground.

Thus the shouts of "ruck, ruck, ruck" or "pump, pump, pump" were continuously heard from the side-line. I apologise for this breach of the peace, but I find it impossible not to get vocally involved when such a passionate game is being played.

Finally any team needs a leader with a strong personality who can get all the members to give 100% under stressful conditions. Mark Annett achieved this, and he played a huge part in the success of the team. His team-mates gave him their whole-hearted support, and it was this unselfish attitude that made working with the Colts such a pleasure.

Well done lads - all the best for next season.

My thanks to Mr. Trotman for his help and tremendous enthusiasm with the Colts. His hard work with the forwards was invaluable. Thanks, also, to Mr. Mitra who gave unflinching support to the 'B's'.

T. O'M

Team: (Number of tries scored in brackets)

Props	R. Gerdes	A. Newton	E. Creasey
Hooker	D. Ratcliff		
Locks	M. Hancox	G. Harding (1)	L. Charlton (1)
8th. man	S. Mitchell (4)		
Scrum Half	E. Tilley (2)	M. Seagers	
Fly Half	M. Gordon		
Centres	B. Marnane (4)	D. Stanley (4)	J. Wallace
Wings	J. Boorman (13)	D. King (7)	J. Stopps (3)
Full Back	G. Mowat (5)		

### RESULTS:

Bloxham	Won	40-0
Berkhamsted	Lost	6-9
Pangbourne	Won	18-9
M.C.S.	Lost	0-3
Shiplake	Won	42-6
Radley	Won	15-4
Marlborough	Won	10-6
Newbury	Won	60-0
Reading	Won	23-0
St. Edwards	Lost	3-18
Warwick	Won	22-12



## JUNIOR COLTS

Under the coaching of Mr. Collinge and Mr. Coleman, the team skills have improved a lot, a greater understanding of the game was developed throughout, resulting in a high team spirit.

We kicked off the season with an away match against Bloxham, which we lost narrowly. This we put down to inexperience. On the whole, the overall skill was greater than the opposition. It was an unfortunate beginning, but we bounced back winning the next four matches, the first against Berkhamsted. This was won by a single try, scored from an elusive run by Sam Palmer-Ward. Our defence had improved since Bloxham and we held fast under incessant pressure in the second half.

Next came Pangbourne, a very encouraging result against good opposition. This match showed certain flaws still present in the side. Despite being out-scrummaged, we dominated the loose play. This was because of the very effective play of our back row: Greg Thomson, Ben Pilling, and Robert Milne.

For the next two matches we were without the skills of Sam Palmer-Ward, Spencer Hickson, and our pack leader Ben Pilling, who were away on exchange. Here we drew on the talent of the B-team players to provide a full team. With this improvised team we took on MCS and won easily. Against a weaker team we were able to attack to a greater extent, but this must not discount the defence, especially the centres.

Three days later we met Shiplake, a good team who had beaten us the previous year. After the hard fought game we won by one point: 9-8. All our points were scored by Rob Milne who had a fine game. Also worthy of mention was Andy Lyon whose aggressive and skilful play helped the team throughout the season.

The Radley games loss was due to superior opposing backs. Our scrum played very well, giving the Radley forwards a hard time.

Against a big Marlborough team we had a good match although we were unable to capitalise on our try-scoring chances which the front row were largely responsible for. We were more dominant in the second half, but we could not claw back the lead despite a fine try set up after a textbook move by the backs.

The Newbury game, which we expected to win, we did win with some good play by the backs, led by Louis Golding. The conditions for the Reading match were abysmal. We lost 4-0 due to a bad second half. Martin Scott-Brown in particular looked very solid.

After losing to St. Edwards last year, we were determined to not let this happen again. We started well, but their constant pressure enabled them to score several tries. We lost 16-0.

Finally came Warwick: a closely fought match which we lost by two points (from a conversion). Ben Miller and Gregg Thomson linked up well to score our best try. At the end of the season the team showed good potential and can only improve! Thanks must go to Mr Randolph, our referee, and our hard working coaches Messrs. Collinge and Coleman.

### RESULTS:

#### Matches:

Bloxham (a)	Lost	20-23
Berkhamsted (h)	Won	4-0
Pangbourne (h)	Won	17-14
MCS (h)	Won	18-0
Shiplake (h)	Won	9-8
Radley (a)	Lost	4-15
Marlborough (a)	Lost	6-16
Newbury (h)	Won	25-0
Reading (a)	Lost	0-4
St. Edwards (h)	Lost	0-16
Warwick (h)	Lost	14-16

Team: Played regularly - Scott-Brown, Williamson, Miller, Birks (Capt.), Howard, Winter, Milne, Hutchings, Thomson. Also played - Golding, Lyon, Jephson, Palmer-Ward, Pilling, Winterbottom, Hickson, Ashley, Jones, Darby, Dorkings.



## JUNIORS RUGBY

This has been a successful and purposeful season. The team has developed steadily, and played at its best against St. Edward's at the end of term. Ten matches have been won, and three lost making this the best record at this level for some time.

Much of the team's success was due to Alistair Ross who captained the side in his own individual way, and led by example from the powerhouse of the scrum. His try against St. Edward's was a peach, and really clinched a well deserved victory. Philip Page also made a notable contribution in the second row, and his well timed, athletic line out jumping assured us of a steady supply of good ball. He ran in a determined way, too, striking fear into the heart of many an opponent. The front row of Theo Ratcliff, Gary Strange, and either Ben Fisher or Stewart Biggars was usually secure, but occasionally our technique let us down, and reinforced the necessity of concentration at all times. Theo was fearsome in the loose, and made many a fine run, although he must remember what to do with the ball when he is stopped.

Johnny Ions, Matthew Lister and Douglas Johnstone were an excellent back row. Douglas got better and better as the season went on and he learnt how to support from a deep position to good effect. Matthew was a wide ranging player on his good days, making some excellent tackles. Johnny Ions was the outstanding member of the pack. He was quick around the field, tackled well, and was able to set up some excellent back row moves. His ball handling skills were very good, and he made a major contribution to the success of the team.

Scott Milne was a nippy and talented scrum half. He exploited the quick break around the blind side well, and learnt to link up with others. His pass improved steadily, and he cooperated well with Joe Allen at fly half, the player who scored the most points for us. Joe was often the crucial difference between success and failure, and displayed a welcome maturity. He was able to beat a man, pass the ball out, or make a tactical kick. Sometimes he chose the wrong option, but more often than not he chose the right one. Charlie Wakefield was a determined tackler and runner, often holding the right one. He was aggressive and positive all the time, and ended up the top try scorer. James Tilley came into the side step and swerve. In defence he was not as secure as we would have liked, and this is an aspect of his game which if he can improve will make him an excellent all round player.

Jonathan Richards, Chris Martin and Edward Nolan played on the wing, and all ran hard in attack, particularly Edward. In defence Jonathan was most secure, and all could benefit from studying the defensive role of the winger.

Richard Wright played with spirit at full back, bringing off one or two clattering tackles. He was secure under the high ball, but must learn to kick for touch more rapidly and position himself less deeply than he was prone to.

Mr. Lewis and Mr. Eden have once again given freely of their time and expertise, and the success of the team is due in no small measure to the improvement of skills their coaching has brought about.

DGC

## RESULTS:

Bloxham	won	74-0
Berkhamsted	won	10-8
Pangbourne	won	20-10
MCS	won	20-3
Shiplake	won	17-9
Radley	lost	4-19
Larkmead	won	40-0
Marlborough	lost	13-20
Newbury	won	54-0
Reading	won	25-0
Cokethorpe	won	38-0
St. Edward's	won	16-10
Warwick	lost	19-42



## RUGBY MINORS - U13 1ST XV

Considering our lack of numbers and skills the results could have been a lot worse. In fact, if we had not had an injection of 1st year players we might not have been able to field a second team at all. As regards skills, they seemed unfairly distributed with a bias towards our backs, who seemed considerably more skillful and dangerous than our forwards. Unfortunately - as we learnt several times to our cost - good backs cannot win matches if the forwards never give them the ball. In the backs we had: Bezzina at scrum half who soon learnt to be quick, hard, effective and a good distributor of the ball - most dangerous in attack. Engwell, as captain, was our most valuable player, able to run elusively, kick stupendously and spin the ball out accurately. Then came our lanky duo of Drake and Morris at centre. Both tackled well but Drake was the fiercer runner and the better handler of the ball. On the wing Gould was fast, dependable and experienced. In the pack the stars were "Houdini" McIntosh who could emerge from any number of rucking opposition forwards with the ball, Taylor who was a strong runner but who missed many matches due to a missing tooth and our two flankers, Ruhl and Allison, who finished the season tackling everything in sight.

Engwell (capt.), Bezzina, Drake, McIntosh, Ruhl and Taylor were all awarded their colours. Other regular 1st team players not already mentioned were Rayner, Webster, Harding (2H), Hutchings, Hartley, Busby, and Dale.

We lost heavily to any side that had a well drilled pack. We gave Prior's Court, Dragon, Millbrook House and M.C.S. a good game and finished the season with our best display of rugby beating a strong Larkmead team by 15 points to nil. Had we played all season as we played that game, then the results might have been quite different. As a whole, the team showed great team spirit, courage and tenacity - even when faced with daunting opposition. Lets hope they begin next season as they ended this one.

## RESULTS:

C.C.C.S.	won	24-0
St. Hughes	lost	8-0
Oratory Prep	lost	46-0
Prior's Court	won	14-12
Millbrook House	lost	22-13
Pinewood	lost	28-0
Dragon 2nd XV	lost	8-0
M.C.S.	won	16-0
Newbury	lost	24-0
Larkmead	won	15-0

## U13 2ND XV

The seconds seemed a real rag-bag of 3rd, 2nd and 1st years - all keen to play but with varying degrees of success. They were ably led by their captain Clements. I am sure that if the players had had more confidence in themselves then they would not have suffered such heavy defeats. The other regular team players were: Hall, Wilkinson, R.Jones, Hancock, Litchfield, Horton, Browne, N.Woodward, Smith, Hoskins, Dickins, Morgan, Brown, Williams, Easton and Darbyshire.

## RESULTS:

Oratory Prep. 2nd XV	lost	24-0
Pinewood 2nd XV	lost	44-0
Dragon 4th XV	won	12-4
Oratory 1st XV	lost	28-0
M.C.S. 2nd XV	won	14-4

## U12

There seems to be a great deal of potential in the younger players - few of whom had ever played rugby before the beginning of the season. They learnt quickly, played hard, supported each other and consistently played their best. They were unlucky to face such good teams this season but I am confident they will emerge as a great side next year if they learn how to scrummage and jump in the line. The team was usually selected from : Horton (capt.), N.Woodward (v.capt.), Smith, Browne, Malcolm, Guy, Marnane, Lay, Litchfield, Jupp, Fuggles, Haynes, M.Woodward, Otterburn, Brown, Clarkson, Lord, Brennan, Houston, Lagneau, Hoodless, Godsell, Pollard, Rhodes and Brownlee.



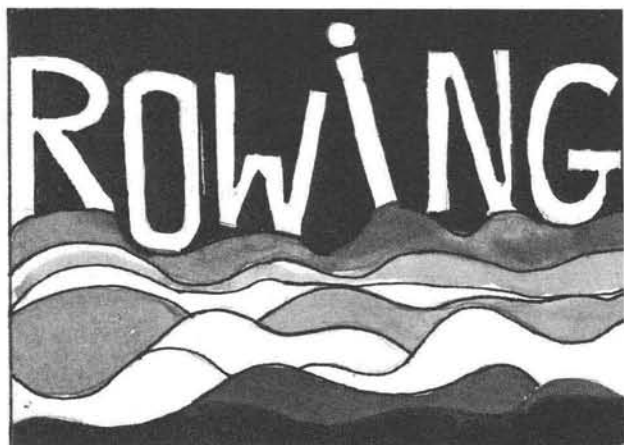
## RESULTS:

Newbury	lost	38-0
Josca's	won	14-8
Pangbourne Junior School	lost	16-4
Berkhamsted	lost	16-6
Summerfields	lost	25-0
Reading	lost	14-12

Once again, can I thank all the parents who came along to support their sons and to keep me company on the touchline? Especial thanks too must be sent to Jonathan Bessel who proved such a tower of Australian strength to me and to the teams.

D.M.H.





### FIRST VIII

The 1st VIII trained hard in the Lent Term and looked forward to the Regatta season when the higher tempo of racing would be stepped up. Training started right at the beginning of the calendar year and was rigorous, arduous and demanding. We looked forward to various events in the first half of term to test ourselves in small boats: the Abingdon Head; the Henley Head for IV's; the Hampton Head. But such were the weather conditions that all were washed out. It was with a great sense of relief, therefore, that we finally had an event on the first Saturday after the half term, the Henley School's Head for VIII's. This gave us a 'feel' of the opposition, and we were satisfied to come in a respectable fifth over the 3km. course. Shortly after we went to Reading for the University Head. This prestigious event was well supported this year with a number of GB Squad combinations featuring, and Leander as well as the Oxford Blue Boat and Isis crews. We settled to a good rhythm for the 2 1/2 miles, striking 32 the whole way and managing to raise a gallop at the finish, shooting Caversham Bridge at a very solid 34. We came in twentieth, as high up the order as the school has ever come. In the circumstances we were filled with chagrin to find that we had been pipped for the pennant in our class, Senior III, by Emanuel College, Cambridge, by three seconds. The previous year the first VIII had won this class coming in 35th. Such is the strange character of Head racing! However, we had done better than the Oxford University Lightweights, The City of Oxford First VIII and the Oxford Polytechnic, and there was much consolation in that.

The following week saw us in action on the Tideway for the Schools' Head. This experience will surely go down in the annals of school rowing. It was the first on the experimental longer course run from Dukes Meadows. An hour before the race saw us slipping just above Chiswick Bridge where Mr. Mearns fished us out of the river, helped us empty our boat and change our clothes which were saturated from the torrential conditions. We went to take up our positions feeling that we had prepared ourselves as well as conditions would allow. We then had to wait almost three hours as the heavens darkened even further and the gods unleashed their fury on anyone who had the temerity to take an VIII out before the organisers felt it advisable to allow the crews to race. It was some way after Hammersmith Bridge, probably the Mile Post, before we even began to lose our numbness and it was almost the Black Buoy before we could really enter into the spirit of the race. In the circumstances we were not

at all dissatisfied with our eighth placing against virtually all of the country's leading rowing schools.

Throughout the term we had known that the goal of this term's training was the Tideway Head. Term ended for us on the Wednesday before and so we took the opportunity to visit the stretch on the Thursday where we saw the river in a wholly new mood. We were very lucky to have a training session with the Oxford Second VIII, Isis, fixed up and greatly enjoyed working with them over extensive stretches as well as for a series of one-minute racing start pieces. On the day itself substantially over 400 crews were martialled for this international event. We were in the second maroon, but were perhaps a little unfortunate to have a particularly good senior crew just in front of us which meant that we lost contact at an early stage. Behind us was Thames RC First VIII, a very competent crew Mr. Mearns said, who were determined to make a good showing in the event. They finally caught us at Hammersmith, but we contested our position vigorously and eventually secured 66th. position, a very creditable performance in this premier event. Term had ended with us weary but with a very real sense of achievement, feeling that we had developed a real cutting edge over the long weeks.

So it was with high expectations and great commitment that we launched into the regatta season. Reward for our efforts was forthcoming at our first event, the Reading Sprint Regatta. In our first side by side race of the season we were drawn against Canford School. They nipped away quickly, but we steadied and then stormed through to win by a 1/4 length. In the next round we found Bristol University less of a challenge, since our confidence and belief in ourselves were now growing. In the final we came away stylish winners of the Senior III VIII's over the City of Bristol RC who congratulated us handsomely on our victory. Shortly after this crew selection for the summer was finalized and more precise details of our start were looked at. This aspect of our preparation was put to the test at Putney Amateur Regatta. In the heat we beat Kingston RC by a length in a good race and went on to meet Radley in the final. On the start they slipped us by about a length. We sprinted repeatedly and although on the run in we drew just level, we finally lost by a verdict of four feet.

We soon put our disappointment behind us and journeyed to Nottingham for the City Regatta. We stayed overnight on the Saturday so that we could race on both days. On the Saturday itself we raced in the Senior III event. In the heat we lined up against leading Cambridge College First VIII's from Pembroke, Emanuel and Jesus as well as university crews from Nottingham and Newcastle. Great was our joy when we lead the field in by a length. In the final we proved our point and defeated our strongest opponents, a crew which had travelled from Galway with, apparently, a number of aspiring junior internationals on board. This victory meant that we had to row Senior II on the Sunday. In the straight final we lined up against various university crews, Emanuel School and Eton. We grabbed a flying start and 500 metres out found we were lying second to Emanuel by a matter of feet. We made a surge and reversed the lead. They came back at us and again at 1,000 metres we challenged. Again we showed in front. At this point a conviction seized the crew that the rhythm at 38 was entirely solid and that we could go for the line. We came in 2/3 length ahead of Emanuel, while Eton were third, the first time that the school has beaten the Eton First VIII in a straight race in open competition. The conditions were very fast, but our time of 4.23.4 was somewhat unnerving. Certainly we were the fastest crew on the day, including Durham University's First VIII who won at Senior I. We felt it was a great victory.

We therefore approached the National's School Regatta with great belief in ourselves. There was some pressure on us to enter for the Queen Mother Cup, but our entry was accepted for the Child Beale Cup, the event for school 1st eights. There were 12 crews entered and the regatta opened with the heats. Ten minutes later 6 school First VIII's



were on their way home, but we, happily, had won our heat. In the final there was a cross headwind which gave some protection to lane 1. Finally, St. Paul's crept home to victory, while Radley managed to squeeze us out into third place. Less than a second separated the three crews. It was galling to feel so near and yet so far from an outright victory.

With the A Level exams imminent we went to Reading Amateur Regatta. Suddenly we found ourselves in competition with senior and club crews race-training for Henley. In the heat we lined up against University College, Oxford and a combination from King's College, London, and Thames RC. We had worked hard on our start and in fact lead the field for 500 metres, but the superior strength of the opposition told. In fact Univ. were to be the second fastest VIII in the Thames Cup, but they lost this race!

While the A levels were going on a non-exam crew was constructed and had its first race at this regatta at Senior III level on the Sunday. In the heat we dispatched Kingston RC and Barclays Bank. In the Final against a Bristol University VIII the lead changed several times and eventually the verdict went against us by one foot. The following week this crew raced again at Senior III at Marlow. In the first round we comfortably defeated Barclays Bank and Monckton School. In the semi-final we drew a strong, mature crew from University and St. Thomas' Hospital. The first bend was against us, and we came out of it clear water down. However, we contested the race fiercely over the 1,600 metres course and finally lost by 1/2 length. Our time in this race was a full 13 seconds faster than in the previous heat and so we had to acknowledge that we had gone down to a faster crew. It had been an honourable defeat.

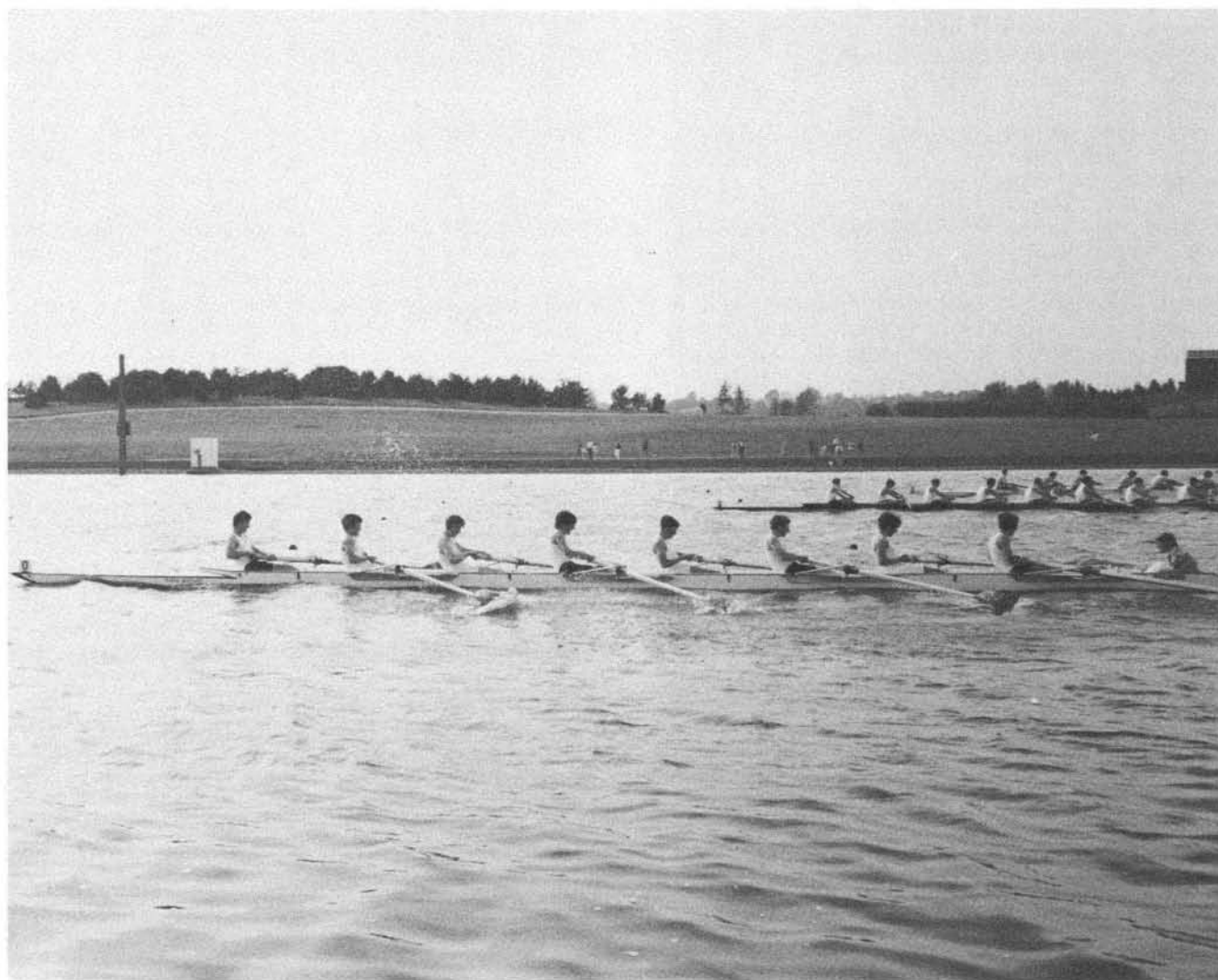
The eight regrouped ten days before Henley and moved there to train. With the pressure of exams now easing we

soon surpassed our previous speed as well as adding more finesse to our rowing. The draw gave us a bye in the first round. In the second round we came up against Bryanston School. We were determined not to underestimate them and set off from the start at 46. In the event, we were able to paddle up the enclosures at 30, a comfortable 3 1/2 lengths in front. Our opponents in the quarter-final on the Saturday evening were Radley. In the strong headwind conditions we had been the only other crew, including Pangbourne, St. Edward's and Shrewsbury, to break five minutes. The headwind, nevertheless, did not favour our young, lightweight crew. We gave nothing away off the start, but by Fawley they were a man ahead. They inexorably increased this lead and by the finish were six seconds, just two lengths out from us. It was a very hard race against the highest quality opposition who were handsome in victory and who went on to win the event convincingly. We felt that we had acquitted ourselves with honour and in effect finished the season on a very high note. Amalgamated crews did go to Bedford but after the sapping peak of the previous weeks did nothing of note. Finally, a mixed crew of Upper, Lower Sixths and Colts elected to go to the National Championships for the experience and to observe the commitment of others intent on winning international selection.

Our thanks for the season must go to Mr. Pilgrim-Morris for his help and guidance, but most of all we thank Mr. Mearns for his commitment and great spirit through a long season.

J. Hodges VIT

Crew: D.N. Knowles (Bow), J.J. Bennett, A.R.K. Whittaker, J.R.S. Scroggs, J.A. Hodgson, C.C. Megaw (Capt.), J.P. Hodges (Sec.), P.J. White, R.T. Richmond/M.N. Haycock (Coxns.).



## SECOND VIII

Following a hard autumn term rowing small boats and land training with ergos and weights, we began training for the head season in the last week of the Christmas holidays. Henley Schools' Head was the first chance we had of comparing ourselves with the opposition for the year. Following a last minute injury and a clash with the bank we did well to finish 11th overall and the fastest second VIII. At Reading we had a good solid row to finish. Considering the appalling weather and a three-hour wait on the start at the Schools' Head, we rowed well to finish 25th. But the main event for us this term was the Tideway Head. Having gone up the previous Thursday to train with Isis, we were now becoming more familiar with this stretch of the river. This was not least because Mr. Mearns made us paddle the whole way to Kew Bridge against both the stream and the tide! It was to prove beneficial, however. On the day the weather was not at all bad and we had a very determined row, picking up and challenging a series of crews on the way down the course. This clearly helped us, as we eventually finished, 100th., only 13 seconds behind the First VIII and were the fastest school second VIII on the day, a first for the school and a very gratifying performance.

It was because of the Geography Field Trip that when the seniors regrouped before the beginning of the summer term that we rowed as an VIII and a IV. These crews were entered for Reading Sprint regatta. The IV lost narrowly to the winners of their class - a crew which had come first in the Schools' Head of the River for IV's - while the VIII

opened its account for the season with a victory over Bristol Rowing Club in the final, having already dispatched Bristol University. After a week into the term the final order for the regatta season was settled and we went to Avon County where we hoped to gain valuable experience on the multi-lane course. The day started well with the coxless pairs. In what turned out to be a straight final, it was a battle royal between England (Tim Bishop and Dan Brunning) against West Germany (Kai Helfritz and Tobias Staehle). Eventually England won. The coxed IV (stern of the VIII) were next to race. They won this heat easily, but missed the final because of a jumped time which was not registered by any recognisable signal. Disappointingly, it was won by the crew which had been beaten in the heat. There were now four races to come for the VIII as there were 16 crews in the event. It was in this regatta that we established that we were fast away at the start, for each time we led away and eventually made the final, coming fourth, having beaten many First VIII's and all the Second VIII's with the exception of Shrewsbury. At Putney Amateur Regatta the following week we rowed as two coxed IV's, a Senior III and a Lightweight crew. As has happened so often in the past, wind and stream combined to make conditions appalling. Our main concern was to finish the course without sinking rather than waste time worrying over who was going to win. Both crews, however, won their heats and reached their finals. The Senior III crew lost narrowly to Eton, but the Lightweight IV beat Berkhamsted stylishly by a number of lengths. The next regatta was the



Reading Head of the River Race - 1988

London Docklands Metropolitan Regatta. From our point of view, the event, held over the full 1,750 metres, was to be arduous training for the National Schools Regatta which was coming soon over a slightly shorter course. Once again we reached the final and eventually we came third to St. Paul's First VIII and Hampton's Second VIII. The most memorable feature of the day was when stroke Paul Allen snapped his oar in half during the practice start - it must have been those three shredded wheat!

Our main event of the season, the Elsenham Cup at the The National Schools' Regatta, was now to come. We travelled up to Nottingham the evening before, fully prepared to eat the Italian restaurants out of pasta. Compared to the year before the weather was good with a moderate cross headwind. Our first race was going to be the most important. We had to come third to qualify, and this was not going to be easy, given the very stiff opposition. From the 'Go!' we held our third position with the "Teddies" crew breathing down our

necks for the full 1,500 metres. They were just there, so close, but we hung on grimly, finally making our successful bid for the line. We then had four hours to relax before the final. Having been drawn in Lane 1, and so slightly sheltered from the wind, we took heart. Off the start we took Emanuel, with Pangbourne and Eton slightly ahead. By the 1,000 metre mark we had drawn level with these two. At the 1,250 metre mark we registered that Pangbourne were tired and we put our heads down and gave our all as we went flat out for the line. Once we heard the

buzzer we waited long seconds for the cox to tell us whether or not we had really won. The pain just melted away as we celebrated ecstatically. It did not sink in until we had received our medals and the cup. It was at this moment that we all felt for Rob Scott who, because of injury the previous week, had lost his chance of a victory that we would all remember for the rest of our lives.

After this the rest of the season could only be an anticlimax, if great fun, for we had the combination of A levels and in competition fast First VIII's as well as top club crews coming more into the open events as they prepared for Henley.

This season as a whole was extremely memorable, both the good times and the bad. Crew spirit was always at the highest and never flagged. It was doubtless this which enabled us to maintain our momentum and which kept us on our rowing toes as we had a different crew at every major event due to injury.

Our thanks go to Mr. Pilgrim-Morris for training us for several weeks prior to the National Schools, but especially to Mr. Mearns for all the work he put in, not only this year, but all the years before. Those of us who have had the privilege to know him as a coach and a friend are very grateful.

P. Allen

Crew from: R. Jameson\*, T. Perkins\*, T. Bishop\*, K. Helfritz\*, T. Staehle, G. Harrison\*, S. Pratley\*, D. Brunning\*, D. Knowles, J. Bennett, R. Scott, P. Allen\*. Coxes: M. Haycock\*/T. Richmond.

\* = N.S.R. VIII.

## JUNIOR 16

The season commenced under the professional eye of the coach Wing Commander Pilgrim-Morris. For the Lent Term of 1988, the bulk of the J-16 squad consisted of an 'A' VIII.

Henley Schools' Head was the first venue, at which the VIII and a 'B'IV both achieved respectable middle-of-the-field positions for their class. The VIII then went to Reading Head where they snatched second place behind Shiplake out of an entry of five. The School's Head, brought out the worst of the British weather, and such were the appalling conditions that the VIII was actually forced to miss the start and had to race at the tail of the event, which lacked worthy competition. The final result was a position only half way down the twenty or so entries, behind many of our serious rivals. At the Head of the River Race there was no official Colts event, but the VIII rowed superbly coming in 200th. This was second in the J-16 category only to Westminster, beating many of our contemporaries and providing a perfect finish to the Head season.

The Colts squad fell heavily victim to the G.C.S.E. revision pressure in the summer, leaving only enough manpower for an 'A' IV and some loyal scullers. Despite this, the IV scored a very convincing win over Berkhamsted and Tonbridge to take first place at Putney Amateur Regatta. The next event was Avon County Regatta. A last minute decision to form a scratch VIII from hard working candidates was made, and together with the IV and two scullers, combined to form an impressive entourage. The IV came third place in the final of their event, beaten only by Shiplake and Windsor Boys in a heavily competitive set of races. The VIII succeeded in winning a repechage to everyone's surprise. Andrew Charlton was outsculled, but Jon Smith survived to make the semi-final due to his impeccable technique.

The Metropolitan Regatta, rowed at the London Docklands, saw the IV recovering from a bad start in choppy waters and beating King George's and Shiplake in a nail-biting finish to take a well earned trophy.

The National Schools' Regatta was the main focus of the season. The IV, having won the first round and taken second place in the semi-final, proceeded to finish a slightly disappointing fourth behind Sir William Borlase, Windsor Boys and Magdalen College, despite holding second place at the half-way mark.

The Colts managed to collate a post-season team for Bedford Regatta. A newly formed IV, despite rowing a technically superior race, failed to outrow St. Paul's. But Andrew Charlton, having won his rounds, took second place in the semi-final of the sculling event, partly due to a steering error and a rather large bridge.

In the National Championships Andrew Charlton and Ian Dalley rowed in a composite crew which was entered for the Junior VIII's event.

In all the season was a success and certainly enjoyed by all. Despite the crippling losses due to the exams, the squad continued to remain committed and competed with a very high standard of opposition with success. Under the careful supervision of the coach the J16's developed a wide range of skills and variations of talent. This will provide a good pool of oarsmen for the senior squad to draw on next year. We would all like to thank Wing Commander Pilgrim-Morris for his loyal support and expert coaching throughout the year and we wish him the very best for the future.

I.C. Dalley

National Schools' IV: T. Wade, J. Hewes, I. Dalley, A. Charlton, J. Mandel (Cox).

## JUNIOR 15

After an exciting triumph at Reading University Head, we felt confident about our racing for the rest of the season. The Schools' Head at Putney was soon to dispel our hopes. After a near sinking in very choppy waters, the race resulted in a disappointing ninth. So with renewed vigour, we entered the Summer determined to win some pots!

Our first event after Easter training was Wallingford, which we entered with a new, sleek, enviable Aydings racing eight, and also with a new stroke, Jim Bichard, who came to us from the year above. By the end of the race we all felt that our loss to Radley, whom we had already beaten at Reading, was due to our unavoidable lack of racing experience in our new boat.

Metropolitan changed all that. The weather was glorious and the long 1,750 metre course on the Royal Albert Dock provided an exciting and enjoyable race, in which we beat St. Paul's by a length and Shiplake by many more!

On the night before the regatta, we travelled up to Nottingham with hopes raised, so that we could prepare for the next day's racing. The later evening was spent either watching the infamous Channel 8 or getting beaten at snooker, both of which were ideal preparation for the racing.

A valuable training outing on the course made us feel confident for our first tough heat, which we won in style, despite winding down to conserve energy during the last 200 metres of the race. Our semi-final was more exciting because a bad start put us in fourth place, when we needed to come third to qualify. With a tremendous effort in the last 200 metres, we finally managed to gain the length we needed to squeeze our way into third place.

After more psyching up and confidence-boosting sessions with Mr. Trotman, we lowered the boat gently into the Nottingham water for the final. As we made our way to the start, the tension was electric and the boat glided through the water easily, as if to thank us for the extra polish we had all lovingly lavished on her. We left the stake-boat speedily, as it seemed, but were surprised to find ourselves in fourth place after 500 metres. Our "kick" started with 500 metres to go, and, pushing hard, we gained considerable water on the leaders. Sensing the increase in speed, we moved faster and began our final assault on the leaders. The gap narrowed. Then, disaster struck: our stroke caught a crab, momentarily halting the boat. It was now too late; the leaders raced for the line and our disappointment was immeasurable.

We entered Bedford Star as a huge age group, all racing in eights, fours, pairs, doubles and there were even some intrepid scullers. There was hardly a moment during the whole day when an Abingdonian wasn't racing, except, unfortunately, for the finals: the exhaustion and lack of experience in small boats had evidently set in and taken their toll.

We hoped that Richmond Regatta would offer us some satisfaction, but after beating Eton comfortably, we went down unexpectedly to a fast Canford crew. We rallied for the last event of the season at Bedford, enjoying some fine rowing against Emanuel, but, as always, going down unexpectedly in the final - this time to Bedford.

The "B" crew missed out on the wins this year; they were always squeezed out at the last moment by larger crews, though, as some consolation, a "B" four won in fine style at Putney Town after a dead heat in the first race.

To round off, we would all like to thank Mr. Trotman, Mr. Potter and Mr. Jones for their tireless coaching on and off the water. And the season wouldn't have been half as enjoyable if it wasn't for Mr. Trotman's little comic story concerning the duck and the slimline carbon-fibre blades....

S.C. Snipp 5 ICD

N.S.R. VIII: D. Chadwick, J. Bichard, G. Thomson, R. Winter, S. Hickson, C. Jones, S. Snipp, P. Powell, P. Silverwood (cox).



## JUNIOR 14

Our first chance to train together came in the Spring term and the Heads gave us some experience of racing. Considering we had only been working as a crew for a couple of months we did well but without any victories.

The Summer term soon gave us our first ever regatta - The Avon County Schools'. All of the twelve competing J14s rowed in four races. Our best performance was in the second race when we came a close second, beating our local rivals, Radley. Meanwhile, our general training was going well. We were all aware that many of the bigger schools train for longer, but our confidence was building up. Unfortunately, we did not do ourselves justice at Putney a week later. Although the water was choppy we felt that more determination might have been the answer, so we put the day down to experience.

About this time our numbers had swelled enough to establish a J14'B' crew. Taking into account their late start they did well to win a race at the Bedford invitation regatta.

Our J14'A' crew, together with the rest of the boat club, travelled up to Nottingham for the National Schools Regatta on May 28th. Unfortunately, we were without our regular cox but were grateful for a loan from the 'B' crew. Unluckily, the lane allotted to us was more exposed to the wind which certainly caused us problems and once again we did not win.

By this stage in the season we were in need of the taste of success and especially to pay tribute to all Mr. Barrett's time and energy in coaching us.

At last at the Reading Town regatta in June everything came together. We won our heat in style by about five lengths of clear water and went on to win the final, beating Radley and Monckton Combe. Winning our first event was a sensational experience and we were presented with tankards whilst the sponsors passed around the champagne!

At our final regatta at Bedford the umpires gave us a disorganised start so the event was not of note. But we finished the season knowing we could win.

The year has been most enjoyable for all of us and we would like to thank Mr. Barrett for his good humour, determination and everything he has taught us.

Ben C. Ulyatt 4IS

National Schools VIII: J. Soames, E. Scott, G. Montier, R. Wright, A. Ross, A. Nicholson, P. Lamaison, B. Ulyatt, F. Ortega (Cox).



Henley Schools Head ~ 1988



This season saw an average First eleven and unbeaten Second side, a generally successful Junior Colts, a Juniors who only lost one game and who are in the final of the Lords Taverners knockout competition, a vastly improved Minors team and a keen MCR team. This all added together to produce a most successful and enjoyable season. All this could not have taken place without the help of the masters who coached the sides, the ground staff, caterers and 'TASS mums', so a most sincere thank you to you all.

### FIRST XI

The season started well for the First XI during the second term with the acquisition of a new bowling machine and evening indoor nets twice a week. These sessions provided ideal conditions for correcting and improving batting technique and all those who attended were rewarded with a great deal of enjoyment and satisfaction.

The strengths and weaknesses in the team became clear after the first three games. We had a good batting side and usually found runs fairly easy to come by, but our bowling was weak and it was perhaps our inability to take the difficult catch that made the difference between a really successful side and an averagely successful one. So the first match against St. Edwards saw the side produce a convincing batting performance (R. Tilley, Snow and Peddy in fine form) only to have their hopes dashed when our opponents got the score for the loss of only two wickets. The game against Bloxham was fairly similar except we managed to hang on to draw. Against Pangbourne (Richard Clark 5/19) we dominated the game, but their last wicket eluded us. Peter Lunn got 6/36 against MCS which assured us of a victory. We drew against Sheffield schools and Douai and on both occasions we chased the total and were one run short at the end of the day. Against Berkhamsted Guy Peddy played another of his hurricane innings which helped us to gain victory in the last over.

The MCC, SOA and Old Abingdonians were a little strong for us on the day, and Highgate saw us have a batting collapse after an extremely good fielding performance. We played a future first XI team against Dover and the bowling of E. Tilley, Hay and Page looks promising for next year.

Tim Greenland and Mark Snow opened the batting for most of the season and gave us a solid start nearly every time, even though they were rather slow scorers.

Richard Tilley batted well at number three while Peter Lunn was injured, but did not get much more of a chance when batting lower down. Peter has a superb technique and scored consistently well with support from Neil Franklin. Guy Peddy is a match winner with the bat in so far as he is able to score incredibly quickly. Of the other batsmen, Richard Winsley and Edward Tilley had their moments, but did not get many chances.

Peter Lunn did extremely well with his leg spin and was by far the most successful bowler. Richard Clark bowled well on occasion, and while Michael Herd, Guy Peddy, Richard Tilley and Barry Marnane batted honourably, they only managed to pick up a few wickets.

The season had its ups and downs with the weather, but in the end it was the enjoyment that we all got out of the games and practices that will be the lasting memory of the 1988. Richard Clark won the Smithson cup for all round cricketing merit while Peter Lunn won the Payne Cup for the best batting average. Guy Peddy won the Morris Cup for the best all rounder. Richard Tilley won the Siever bat and Mark Snow was awarded the prize for the best young player.

T O'M

Regular Members of the XI were : P.D. Lunn (capt.), J.S. Greenland, M. Snow, N.D. Franklin, E.J. Tilley, G.R. Peddy, R.J. Winsley, R.E. Clark, M.J. Herd and B.R. Marnane.

### First XI Averages.

Batting	I.	N.O.	H.S.	R.	A.
P.D. Lunn	9	0	110	396	44.0
G.R. Peddy	16	3	65	384	29.5
M.D. Franklin	14	1	93	320	24.6
J.S. Greenland	13	0	79	293	22.5
M. Snow	14	1	44	289	22.2
R.J. Tilley	12	1	76	241	21.9
R.J. Winsley	12	5	43	143	20.4
R.E. Clark	5	2	18*	48	16.0
E.J. Tilley	13	2	36	149	13.5

Bowling	O.	M.	R.	W.	A.
P.D. Lunn	177	44	441	38	11.6
E.J. Tilley	79	22	234	12	19.5
R.E. Clark	150	37	420	21	20.0
B.R. Marnane	29	4	111	4	27.7
R.J. Tilley	86	21	231	8	28.8
M.J. Herd	111	22	328	10	32.8
G.R. Peddy	93	20	280	4	70.0

Results	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
	16	3	5	8

St. Edwards (H) Lost  
Abingdon 200-6 declared ( R. Tilley 76, Peddy 44\*, Snow 40 )  
St. Edwards 201-2

Bloxham (A) Drawn  
Abingdon 188-6 declared ( Peddy 44, Franklin 35 )  
Bloxham 184-5 ( Herd 3-63 )

Pangbourne (A) Drawn  
Abingdon 169-8 declared ( Franklin 51, Winsley 20\* )  
Pangbourne 55-9 ( Clark 5-19, Lunn 4-20 )

MCS (A) Won  
MCS 131 ( Lunn 6-37, Clark 2-14 )  
Abingdon 132-6 ( R. Tilley 29, E. Tilley 27 )

Oratory (H) Drawn  
Abingdon 180-6 declared ( Peddy 65, Greenland 41 )  
Oratory 104-7 ( Clark 5-33, Lunn 2-26 )

Douai (A) Drawn  
Douai 120 ( Lunn 7-43, Clark 2-37 )  
Abingdon 119-8 ( Lunn 24, E. Tilley 24, Snow 20 )

Berkhamsted (H) Won  
 Berkhamsted 184-4 declared  
 Abingdon 185-5 ( Lunn 62, Snow 43, Peddy 37 )

Berkshire Gentlemen (H) Drawn  
 Abingdon 210-3 ( Greenland 79, Peddy 52\*, Lunn 31 )  
 Berkshire Gents 155-6 ( R. Tilley 2-25 )

South Oxfordshire Amateurs (H) Lost  
 Abingdon 176 ( Lunn 81, Greenland 34 )  
 SOA 177-7 ( Herd 3-35, Clark 2-38)

M.C.C (H) Lost  
 M.C.C 233-3 declared ( Peddy 1-20, Herd 1-33, Thomas 1-38 )  
 Abingdon 102 ( Wilcox 45 )

Reading (A) Drawn  
 Abingdon 306-5 declared (Lunn 110, Franklin 93, Peddy 43 )  
 Reading 187-8 ( Lunn 6-63 )

Sheffield Schools (H) Drawn  
 Sheffield 208-9 declared (Herd 2-30, Marnane 2-39 )  
 Abingdon 207-9 (Winsley 43, Lunn 43, Franklin 30 )

R.G.S High Wycombe (A) Drawn  
 Abingdon 166-5 ( Peddy 57\*, Lunn 45, Franklin 33 )  
 R.G.S 99-7 ( E. Tilley 4-15 ]]

Dover (H) Won  
 Dover 127 ( E. Tilley 4-19, Hay 3-27, Page 2-16 )  
 Abingdon 128-8 (Snow 44, Hay 31 )

Highgate (A) Lost  
 Highgate 131 ( Lunn 5-50, Herd 1-18, R. Tilley 1-26 )  
 Abingdon 59 (R. Tilley 29 )

O.A's (H) Lost  
 O.A's 233-5 declared (Lunn 3-54, Winsley 1-9 )  
 Abingdon 101 ( Greenland 33, Snow 20\* )



## SECOND XI

The pre-season nets showed that this year's 2nd XI would undoubtedly have the talent and dedication to gain a better record than the 2nd XI of 1987. The first match was a morale boosting seven wicket win at St. Edwards. Philip Goldsworthy's ecstatic celebrations at getting a wicket, and his unhinged, breakneck speed at the wicket ( though unfortunately not around the field ) was most entertaining. James Johnstone was undeniably a lynch-pin in the development of the team and kept wicket extremely well ( we won't mention his batting ).

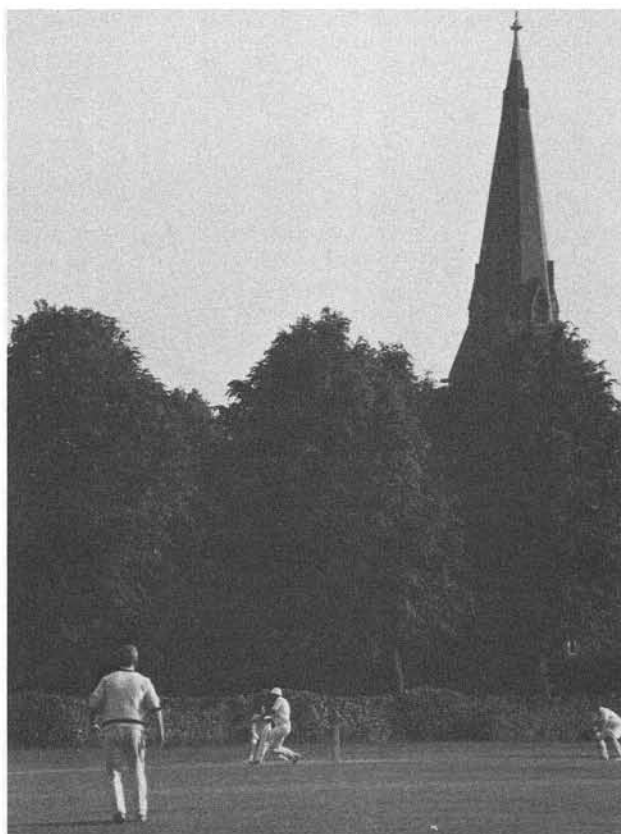
Our fielding and bowling was generally excellent, superb at times, and saved us after poor home batting. At Oratory, with Abingdon all out for 99, including James Johnstone's only four of the season, good varied bowling ( excellent captaincy there!) restricted them to 67 for 9. While fielding at square leg John Wallace took a hard juggling catch and issued a loud expletive! We gained a well earned draw, but again our batting left much to be desired. John

Wallace also bowled extremely well during the season although he was erratic. Against Reading he beat the bat five or six times an over and took 2 for 2 in his first five over spell.

The other opening bowler was Toby Hay. With his high bouncy action, he tended to blast batsmen out. He has a cavalier batting style and was our specialist deep mid-wicket fielder to Paul Thomas. Paul may have lost some spin recently, but has gained guile far beyond his years. Paul was also our specialist gully fielder, though he did seem to spend more time on the ground than standing up. Our captain, the ever affable John Johnson, shared the second spinner's job with Matthew Gordon. John bowled too few overs to ever get into a rhythm, but his captaincy was jovial, enthusiastic and nearly faultless, while his batting was carefree, exciting and all too brief.

At Berkhamsted Abingdon was on a run chase, set a target of 122. Steve Prince and Jon Crick set the slow but steady pace, both getting out trying to accelerate. This was Steve's first major innings of the season and runs were only forthcoming when threatened with demotion to the 3rds. Toby Hay was also out trying to accelerate. But then Robert Jolliffe strode to the crease. Having turned up to one practice all term, he has feeling on form and cracked a quick fire 22 - including two sixes. Hugh Wilkinson then failed to respond to Bryn Davies's incessant cries of 'RUN, RUN, RUN!' and was run out by the length of the pitch. James Johnstone survived the last ball for a tied draw.

Other interesting matches include Pangbourne where their tail seemed to begin at number two and Radley where Mr Simon's waited for appeals which never came. On the batting front Jon Crick usually opened but only responded to the calls for West Indian style in the OA match. He opened his shoulders and endangered spectators by hitting five sixes and six fours on his way to 84. Stephen Prince supported him well over the season. Our David Gower clone at number three, Matthew Gordon, stroked the ball through the covers for some beautifully crafted runs and was our most reliable batsman. Bryn Davies swooped on the ball in the covers but never hit the highs with bat even though he gave every ounce of effort. Hugh Wilkinson contributed to the side immensely and learnt a lot. Tom Biggar attempted to extend inter-school relations and could always be found at



the crease chatting to the opposition fielders. The team nickname committee decided that since America had the Equaliser the 2nds should have the 'Socialiser'. The team members made this an excellent season with a good record. Thanks very much to Mr Simons and to all those mums and kitchen staff who fed us in the freezing, and less often sweltering conditions of War Mem pavilion.

The following were members of the team:

J. Johnson, S. Prince, J. Crick, M. Gordon, B. Davies, T. Hay, J. Johnstone, P. Goldsworthy, H. Wilkinson, T. Biggar, P. Thomas, J. Wallace, R. Jolliffe.

Also played: J. Allen, N. Pree, J. Tilley and B. Marnane

J. Crick VIN



## JUNIOR COLTS

The junior colts enjoyed a reasonably fruitful season; the all round standard of play improved as time went on and the whole-hearted commitment and sporting attitude of the players made it a pleasure to look after their games.

With a view to the future, it was probably unfortunate that the 'squad' possessed three very talented 'all-round' players; this inevitably lead to lack of opportunity for the ever willing lesser lights, who, to their credit, often bowled or batted sensibly and maturely in threatening or, at best trying conditions. These 'unsung heroes' are the backbone of the game and I entreat them to carry on in the belief that their hour will come, their qualities of fortitude, patience and reliability have been noticed!

The first two matches saw Abingdon holding out for draws after too many early wickets had fallen cheaply in the quest for winning totals in excess of 150. There then followed a sequence of tantalizing games in which the roles were reversed, Abingdon holding the upper hand throughout but not quite able to force a win. The sixth game, against Douai, brought the first victory based largely on the consistent, penetrative bowling of Philip Page. The two final matches either side of a washout against Radley, were the best this season, each going into the final over finely balanced; we lost the first to Berkhamsted but gained a rousing final ball victory against Reading. The tour to Yorkshire was marred by rain. The game at Rotherham was a miserable, interrupted affair that petered out into a draw while a deluge at Batley saw the players wrestling with the rules of indoor cricket in the superb indoor nets at Headingley.

Now for the individuals, batsmen first. Martin Scott-Brown led 'from the front'. He showed excellent technique and temperament, proving to be an adhesive and resourceful accumulator; Jonathan Hill and Louis Golding proved their stroke-playing prowess but were too often undone by anxiety and injudicious ambition in their innings; the middle order of Philip Page, Robert Darby, Robby Murdoch and Andrew Treadwell all played significant innings, often in tricky circumstances but would all do well to exercise restraint for a while before going onto the attack; Rob Milne, Keith Sadler and Barry Gale each showed their worth, Rob Milne with a last ball cover drive for victory and the other two stalwarts in an highly entertaining and valuable last wicket stand of 69! The bowling attack was spearheaded by Philip Page and Louis Golding who took their twenty-nine wickets at about twelve each. Both would benefit on less emphasis on all-out pace. They have the actions to move the ball considerably; Jonathan Hill regularly took 'good' wickets and



improved to be an intelligent first change seamer; the spinners, Barry Gale and Andrew West, were less economical but took some vital wickets and should improve with regular practice at bowling length, as they both flight the ball well. The wicket-keeper, Michael Coleman, although not a natural, was a paragon of enthusiasm and encouragement to the bowlers. He has batting potential and showed great spirit after sustaining unpleasant facial injuries in the Berkhamsted match.

Finally, my thanks go to Martin Scott-Brown for the mature and thoughtful handling of the side, to the 'man in the box', Chris Burchett, and to all the boys who played the game with such good spirit and whole-hearted pleasure.

J.F. Henderson

### Results:

St. Edwards	d	S 154 (Hill 4-23)	A 98-8
Bloxham	d	B 179-4	A 53-6
Pangbourne	d	A 158 (Gale 37)	P 44-9 (Golding 6-13)
M.C.S.	d	A 152-4 (Scott-Brown 75*)	M 105-7
Oratory	d	O 142-9	A 130-9 (Hill 35)
Douai	w	D 92 (Page 7-33)	A 93-3 (Murdoch 28)
Berkhamsted	l	A 179-9 (Page 57, Darby 45)	B 183-6
Radley	ab	A 12-2	
Reading	w	R 131-9 (Gale 5-34)	A 132-7 Hill 44)



## JUNIORS CRICKET

This was the most talented side it has been my pleasure to take, and this is reflected in their very fine playing record. To achieve 12 wins in a season, many by large margins says much for the positive, attacking cricket the team played. The bowling in particular had much strength in depth, 12 teams being bowled out and 5 bowlers claiming more than 20 wickets each in the season. If there was any weakness it was in the batting where we tended to rely too much on the run-scoring prowess of James Tilley (468 runs) and Joseph Allen (314 runs).

There were many highlights including the nail-biting draw with St. Edwards in the first match, the annihilation of the MCS batting by Nat Pree, and the high class unbeaten stand of 150 between Tilley and Allen at Pangbourne. There were only two really low points in the season; the uncharacteristically inept performance against a very moderate Douai side and our customary defeat in the Lords Taverners Trophy final by Radley on a glorious day in September when our batting proved to be even more out of practice than theirs.

The side was well led by Joe Allen although a prompt start to a game sometimes caused him some embarrassment! He handled the bowling and fielding very shrewdly and set an excellent example with both bat and ball. He is a fine striker of the ball with a sound technique, sometimes getting himself out through over confidence. A little more patience should ensure that he is a prolific run-scorer in future. As a bowler (21 wickets) he has the ability to move the ball both ways and is not frightened to experiment.

James Tilley's contributions to the success of the team were immense and consistently gave our innings a good start. He has a real appetite for batting, showing a solid, watchful defence, tremendous concentration and the ability to hit the bad ball well. As the only spin bowler (25 wickets) in the side he took many vital wickets. If he is prepared to work as much on this aspect of his game as he does on his batting he could develop into a top class bowler.

John Wilkinson and Edward Paleit also showed much potential as allrounders. Wilkinson had a disastrous spell initially with the bat but towards the end of the season he played a couple of fine innings. He is an elegant player and gifted timer of the ball but lacks some confidence and needs a tighter defence. His bowling, however, was a model of consistency (24 wickets) conceding well under 2 runs per over on average. Late movement and subtle changes of pace made him an awkward proposition for batsmen. Paleit hit the ball hard and straight but too often got himself out just as he threatened to make a large score. On a good day his bowling was lethal, taking 17 of his 25 wickets in just 3 matches. At other times he lost his rhythm and control but has the determination to make the most of his undoubted ability.

Of the 'specialist' batsmen Alex Smith proved he could become a good opener. When in form he looked impressive and talked well! A little more foot movement both at the crease and in the field would improve his game and although his bowling was not required he could develop into a very useful all-rounder. Douglas Johnson's 'good eye' and competitive character, rather than his technique, gave the middle order some substance. Left-hander Chris Martin swung the bat effectively at times while Russell Roan showed gritty determination, particularly against St. Edwards. Tom Barton looked quite sound in defence but needs to expand his range of shots if he is to turn occupation of the crease into runs.

Nat Pree and Jonathan Ions formed a hostile opening pace attack until both suffered back injuries towards the end of the season. Pree with his speed and movement was almost unplayable at times in the first half of the season and was the sides leading wicket taker (30) although no-ball problems seemed to affect his rhythm later on. Ions was very fast but rather erratic. He has tremendous potential and we are very sorry to lose him. In a normal year Chris Stovin would have been a regular. In his one appearance he bowled

impressively and should get many more chances in future with Ions leaving.

The bulk of the wicket-keeping was done by Scott Milne. He has a good pair of hands but needs to keep his concentration even when things are not going so well. Douglas Johnson showed towards the end of the season that he could be equally effective behind the stumps.

My thanks to Jeremy Wilcox for helping with the umpiring, to Tom Barton for his excellent scoring when he was not playing and to the whole side for a really enjoyable season and for occasionally laughing at my 'jokes'. What a pity the last joke was on us!

R.P.F.

### Regular Players

J.Allen (capt.), J.Tilley, A.Smith, E.Paleit, J.Wilkinson, D.Johnson, J.Ions, C.Martin, R.Roan, N.Pree, S.Milne, T.Barton.

Also Played P.Page (Lords Taverners matches), J.MacKenzie, C.Stovin

RPF

### LEADING AVERAGES

BATTING	I.	N.O.	R.	H.S.	A.
Tilley	15	4	468	71 n.o.	42.5
Allen	14	5	314	67 n.o.	34.9
Paleit	11	3	156	35 n.o.	19.5
Smith	13	3	157	39 n.o.	15.7
Martin	7	3	61	24	15.3
Johnson	5	0	73	30	14.6
Wilkinson	10	1	129	50	14.3

BOWLING	O.	M.	R.	W.	B.	A.
Tilley	83.4	16	169	25	4.5	6.76
Paleit	72	8	187	25	7.18	7.48
Wilkinson	103	31	183	24	5.21	7.63
Pree	114.2	27	244	30	6.17	8.13
Allen	82.1	20	202	21	4.17	9.62
Ions	89	19	187	17	4.5	11.00

### RESULTS

P17	W12	D2	L2	A1
St. Edwards		Draw		
St. E 75		Wilkinson 5-27		
A 49-9				
Bloxham		Won by 3 wickets		
B 86		Pree 4-14		
A 87-7		Tilley 30		
Pangbourne		Draw		
A 161-1 dec		Tilley 71 n.o., Allen 67 n.o.		
P 51-9				
Cokethorpe		Won by 96 runs		
A 152-7 dec		Tilley 50		
C 56		Paleit 6-14		
M.C.S.		Won by 79 runs		
A 121				
MCS 42		Pree 6-17, Tilley 3-0		
Douai		Lost by 5 wickets		
A 70				
D 71-5		Allen 3-17		
Berkhamsted		Won by 8 wickets		
B 116		Wilkinson 3-5, Pree 3-19		
A 117-2		Paleit 35 n.o.		



Carmel College C 45 A 46-1	Won by 9 wickets Pree 6-20, Tilley 3-2
Oakwood O 91 A 95-0	Won by 10 wickets Pree 3-14, Ions 3-18 Tilley 49 n.o., Smith 39 n.o.
Radley R 81-6	Abandoned
Banbury * B 33 A 34-1	Won by 9 wickets Ions 4-5, Wilkinson 3-8
Oxford School A 180-5 dec O 60	Won by 120 runs Tilley 73, Wilkinson 50 Paleit 7-18
Reading R 110 A 111-2	Won by 8 wickets Tilley 4-5, Paleit 4-23 Tilley 35 n.o., Allen 32
Wantage * W 109 A 111-2	Won by 8 wickets Wilkinson 3-20 Allen 39 n.o.
Shiplake * S 91-4(40 overs) A 92-4	Won by 6 wickets Allen 37 n.o.
RGS H. Wycombe A 146 RGS 91	Won by 55 runs Wilkinson 37, Allen 30, Johnson 30 Wilkinson 5-21, Allen 3-9
Radley *(Final) R 168-7(40 overs) A 118	Lost by 50 runs Allen 4-19

\* Lords Taverners Trophy matches

## MINORS

At the beginning of the season we began with few batsmen who could play straight and few bowlers who could bowl straight. However, we did have a large squad of keen players who were eager to learn and play. With Mr. Wilcox looking after the U12's this left me free to coach the U13's with the help of PJW, AMS, NHP and our new bowling machine! We lost our second and third matches heavily, but the squad rapidly gained in confidence - especially when 3rd years Ions and Smith or 1st years Stanworthy and Fuggles were playing. We then won all the remaining matches except two where rain robbed us of a victory, two that were narrowly lost and one which was narrowly drawn! Engwell (V. capt.) and Harding (Capt.) emerged as confident, correct, attacking batsmen who almost always scored runs. As a team, though, we only scored more than a century in the last 3 or 4 matches. At least this guaranteed a result in most cases!

On the bowling side Allison, R. Jones, Harding, Fuggles and Stanworth were our regular medium pace bowlers. Although Allison and Stanworth could be dangerous on occasions, it was Hartley who emerged as the most feared and effective strike force. He took 28 wickets with amazing accuracy, bowling on a good length yet moving the ball away from the batsmen. Our fielding was generally excellent and our catches often won matches. Busby and Hartley pulled off some incredible catches during the season and we could always rely on Engwell to keep wicket reliably. This was a most enjoyable season in which all matches were played in excellent spirit. We must thank the now departed Ben Peacock for scoring so reliably, parents for watching so many matches and the rest of the squad (Drake, Deane, Otterburn, Dunn, Dearman, Williams, Wagner, Horton, A.M. Harding, Webster and Weedon) for their support. My two most precious memories of the season will be Hartley's bowling out of R.G.S. High Wycombe virtually single-handed (6 wickets for 4 runs!) and Ruhl hitting the winning ball for 6 into the Thames against M.C.S.!! Colours were awarded to Harding, Engwell and Hartley.

D.M. Henderson



# HOCKEY

## 1ST XI

This was the year when all records were broken for matches played! We completed 20 fixtures, losing one to the weather and another to a 'flu epidemic at Bloxham. It was also a year of many firsts: we played Cheltenham College for the first time and from the beginning of March we had Berks. H.A. umpires in charge of the games.

The squad had all the makings of a good one, blending skill and enthusiasm. We began well enough against a very weak Leighton Park, but the early celebrations were soon dampened. Our next two games were on astroturf and we were badly exposed. Failure to qualify for the finals of the Berks. indoor tournament added to the disappointment and there was a danger that the term would collapse in disarray. An excellent performance against Pangbourne helped to steady things. Toby Hay moved into midfield to support Duncan Buck and we made much better use of Neil Franklin on the right wing. Four goals resulted from some textbook hockey. It will seem somewhat paradoxical to report that we then lost four matches in a row, playing well! Three of the games were lost by the odd goal. These were splendid matches; hard fought against stiff opposition. Only on one occasion, against the H.A. side, did we show any sign of crumbling. Miles Banwell and Julian Day were scoring regularly and our defensive play was much more solid.

From this point on the remainder of the season was mostly a success story. Victories against Shiplake and Reading were followed by a second place in the inaugural county schools championship. It was particularly pleasing to gain revenge against M.C.S. during the course of the tournament. We then found ourselves once more on astroturf at Cheltenham College and again took a bit of a beating. Neil Franklin broke his thumb in this match and sadly missed the rest of the season. His replacement, Colin Parker, had already played well against R.G.S. High Wycombe and once more fitted into the side well. A victory against a "revitalised" O.A. side was followed by the Public Schools Hockey Festival. Three victories and a draw provided a splendid end to the season. Max Henderson at last realised his goal scoring potential with five goals in the tournament. Both he and Miles Banwell recorded hat tricks against Barnard Castle.

When the season is looked at as a whole it would appear to have been fairly successful; 11 victories, 1 draw, 8 defeats. The record, perhaps, does not do the side full justice as four of the defeats took place on astroturf and we are clearly at a disadvantage when required to play on this surface. Unfortunately, more and more club hockey sides are moving onto the artificial surface and the number of schools using this surface is increasing.

### THE PLAYERS

**Duncan Buck:** Captain, centre mid-field. Led by example. Tireless in mid-field, combining good skills with ability to read the game well. Awarded full colours after the Radley match.

**Jonathan Gold:** Right Back. An exceptionally good ball player and reader of the game. Usually strikes the ball beautifully, but does have odd moments and needs to improve defensive mobility. Awarded full colours at end of the season.

**John Johnston:** Goalkeeper. Exceptionally quick and agile goalkeeper who continued to improve throughout the season. Enabled rest of side to relax in the knowledge that only a very good shot would get past him. Awarded full colours at the end of his first season.

**Neil Franklin:** Right Wing. Ability to strike the ball so well that it was almost criminal at times when we failed to feed him properly. Created many goals and could perhaps have had a go himself more often than he appeared willing to do. Awarded full colours at end of season.

**Guy Peddy:** Left Back. Once he had realised that the game does not stop whenever his pride or body is wounded, he developed into an excellent defender. Made many vital tackles. Needs to develop ability to strike ball hard with reduced back lift. Awarded half colours after the Radley match.

**Tony Edwards:** Left Half. Came into the side early in the season following excellent performances in practice matches. Marked his wing very tightly and so caused many sides problems. Needs to improve striking. Awarded half colours after the Radley match.

**Andrew Wintle:** Right Half. Another skilful player in the midfield, but a reluctance to stay wide and mark his wing caused problems. Also needs to learn the value of the short ball and possession, but could be a major force next season.

**Max Henderson:** Inside forward. Plenty of skill, but judging by his responses, needs to learn the essence of obstruction. Early performances were marred by an unwillingness to release the ball at the right time, but he improved considerably towards the end of the season, when he also scored a lot of goals. Needs to drop back into the mid-field more. Awarded half colours at end of season.

**Toby Hay:** Left midfield. Worked well with Duncan Buck. Splendid skills on the ball and a good left to right hit. Surprisingly breathless at times. Capable of scoring as well as making goals. Awarded full colours at end of season.

**Colin Parker:** Right wing. Direct player with speed and determination. Continued the good work that Neil Franklin had done providing good crosses from the right. Needs to steady himself more when moving forward at speed. Awarded half colours at end of season.

**Jonathan Crick:** Goalkeeper. Must be counted unlucky to be member of a squad with two very good goalkeepers. Needs to develop a bit more mobility, but 2nd XI results confirm his value. Was an invaluable secretary of the club. First secretary to cut his hand rather than the orange.

**Andrew Trump:** Right half. Another player who was unlucky not to gain a regular full place, but who played well when called upon. Strikes the ball well, but needs to improve mobility.

### RESULTS:

Leighton Park	won	3-0	Wintle, Banwell, Henderson
MCS	lost	0-6	
Bradfield	lost	1-5	Banwell
Pangbourne	won	4-1	Franklin, Banwell, Henderson 2
St. Edward's	lost	1-2	Banwell
RGS H.W.	lost	1-2	Day
H.A.	lost	0-4	
Radley	lost	1-2	Day
Shiplake	won	1-0	Henderson (P.F.)
Reading	won	2-1	Buck, Henderson
Oxon U18 Tournament			
Cheney	won	2-0	Franklin, Henderson
Banbury H.C.	won	1-0	Buck
Witney H.C.	lost	0-1	
MCS	won	1-0	Day
Cheltenham	lost	0-4	
O.A.'s	won	5-2	Hay, Banwell, Day, Henderson 2

### Public Schools Hockey Festival

Dover	won	2-1	Hay 2
Whitgift	drew	1-1	Buck
Belfast	won	2-0	Henderson 2
B. Castle	won	6-0	Henderson 3, Banwell 3



## 2ND XI

The 2nds again had a successful season (Won 6; Drew 3; Lost 1) The opposition in our first game was Leighton Park, whose best player was the curiously named, 'Michelle'; unfortunately Michelle's fancy stick-work failed to produce any goals...and we went on to win 15-0. John Johnston (our goalie) left a few minutes early to catch a train, but Leighton Park did not realise and we got away unpunished. John was, in fact, to leave the team for good as he aspired to full colours fame in the 1st XI. He was replaced by Jon Crick who, rather disturbingly, suffered a knife wound that left him unable to use his hands. The offending orange was later picked out at identity parade.

As the season progressed victories over Magdalen and Pangbourne were notched up, our defence made up of the ever charming captain 'Letty' (alias Richard Winsley) and 'Victor' (alias Andrew Trump), looked to be consistently good and solid. Indeed, a leading hockey critic was overheard to remark 'Not since 1987 have we had such a good defence, and that includes the 1st XI' (Mr. Payne). I rest my case.

Our style of hockey could, if need be, border on the physical, and indeed it did for the Radley team (and umpire) who proceeded to give us some short corner defending practice; we lost a close match 0-1, our only defeat. Our 'physical prowess' came from the midfield quartet 'Killer' Kendrick, 'Basher' Blumenfeld, 'Hit-øm' Howard and 'Look-at-my-stick-work-I-should-really-be-in-the-1sts' Green. All played magnificently throughout the season, if not all at the same time.

As we moved into the second half of the season the goals kept on coming and we kept on winning, aided by the presence of a special team member we acquired - our new valuables bag... 'Jaamaaicaaaa'. Rob Jolliffe, our leggy blonde could not produce a fan club, but could produce the goods. Ben Jacques, our overseas player, was signed late in the season but proved to be a shrewd investment. Tim Greenland economised on shoe leather by exploiting the offside rule to its limits, but his lack of running was made up for by his deadly finishing in front of goal. Many chances were supplied by Colin Parker whose flying dive to score against 'Teddies' ranks as one of the greatest goals this century. Martin Drewe and Julian Day turned out now and then. Martin ('it's a bit cold for hockey') saved our skins against Reading, and Julian's raw pace, on loan from cross-country, was a bonus in the race for the showers.

Finally, many thanks to our coach and winner of the 'Man of the Match' award at Bradfield, Mr Payne.

RJ Winsley

## COLTS

Coaching and umpiring the 1988 Colts hockey teams proved to be an enjoyable and rewarding experience for RSP and NMR. This was largely due to the genial and talented group of players who comprised the squad. They worked hard and there was always competition for places; in fact there were always 26 or 27 available. Unfortunately, it was not possible to provide all of them with as many games as one would have liked.

In terms of results, although the team was successful, it did lose its two year unbeaten record: against Radley to a goal three minutes from the end after they had marked us very tightly and intelligently for the whole game: and against Cheltenham to a goal from a deflected shot right at the start of the second half when in the first half several good chances for Abingdon had gone begging.

The side probably played its best hockey in the first and last matches of the term: against Magdalen and our own 1st XI respectively. There were a couple of mismatches, against the 3rd XI's of High Wycombe and Shiplake, two other good wins, 5-0 apiece, against Bradfield and Pangbourne, a hard, in all senses, draw with St. Edwards, and a somewhat frustrating one with Reading.

The most capable player was the captain, Stephen Mitchell, who had a lot of skill and composure on the ball and who was easily the leading goal-scorer with 9 to his credit. This tended to obscure the fact that there was no out-and-out goal scorer in the team, its greatest weakness. Paul Aitken played well on the right wing, when he stayed there, providing some good crosses. Hugh Wilkinson and Donald Stanley were both skillful. However, Hugh was sometimes not sufficiently direct and Donald was hampered by a back problem. In midfield Edward Tilley and Mark Seager were very dependable and supported the attack well. Barry Marnane in the middle was an influential figure, always forceful and competitive. At the back, Simon Newton, Justin Frishberg and Duncan Sparkes occasionally caused the heart to miss a beat, but were generally successful in breaking down opposition attacks and clearing their lines. Nick Richards was also very reliable in goal. It is worth noting that in five matches the opposition were prevented from scoring and in the other five only a single goal was conceded each time.

James Johnstone, Philip Goldsworthy, Ben Kendrick and James Kingsland also played for the 'A' XI on occasion, and well. The first three of these in particular would have been automatic 'A' team players in other years.

James Johnstone ably captained the 'B' XI in their matches. They provided the 'A' XI with good practice and showed skills and teamwork well above the general level of previous Colts 'B' teams. This group of players should go on to form good 1st and 2nd XI's over the next two years.

RSP

### RESULTS:

	'A' XI		'B' XI	
M.C.S.	won	2-1		
Bradfield	won	5-0	won	2-1
Pangbourne	won	5-0	won	3-0
St. Edwards	drew	1-1	drew	1-1
High Wycombe	won	6-0		
Radley	lost	0-1	lost	1-2
Shiplake	won	5-0		
Reading	drew	1-1		
Cheltenham	lost	0-1	drew	2-2
Abingdon 1st XI	won	2-0		

Also winners of the county U16 tournament.

'A' XI: N.B. Richards, S.D. Newton, J.L.T. Frishberg, D.A. Sparkes, E.J. Tilley, B.R. Marnane, M.N. Seager, P. Aitken, D.E. Stanley, S.G. Mitchell (capt.), H.E. Wilkinson.

'B' XI from: K. Hyder, J.S. Taylor, M.D. Deacon, C.G. Jephson, R.A. Davison, E.J. Creasey, N.J.G. New, J.O. Johnstone (capt.), M.R.J. Hawksworth, J.M. Kingsland, D.R. King, P.J. Pound, S.A. Compson, B. Kendrick, J.M. Wallace, P.A. Goldsworthy.

## JUNIOR COLTS

This was a successful and busy term of hockey in which all the players were able to develop their individual skills and to discover the positions in which they were most likely to succeed as they progress into the senior teams. No one player especially dominated the play and the teamwork evolved promisingly. Only one match was lost because of weather but, unusually, 'flu struck a couple from the list. Nine matches against other schools, together with a busy house match programme towards the end of term, provided a well balanced menu. The appropriately equal balance of home and away fixtures was also appreciated.

The practice before the first match had been devoted to a revision of the teamwork required to score goals and the Leighton Park defence was sufficiently weak for the lessons learnt in that practice to be used to telling effect in the first match! The Oxford side contained a good number of large, fit players, but our hockey skills prevailed in a well contested game. The opening score in that game was a textbook example of a well controlled strike from an effective rightwing cross. The Magdalen game, away and on a sticky pitch, was another evenly contested game, but once again the chances were well taken and the defence was on good form. The winning ways continued against Bradfield and Pangbourne and it was not until the St. Edwards game that the defence was really tested. Their right wing was a reasonably fast and skillful player and at least two of his crosses found unmarked forwards in the circle. Defensive lessons were subsequently learnt which proved invaluable in later matches. The whole game was an absorbing and exciting one which we were unlucky not to draw. Hutchings' penalty flick was a just reward for vigorous pressure from all the team. It was also good to see how well the St. Edwards' left wing was kept out of the game. That match was an excellent preparation for the equally nail-biting encounter with Radley. That was very much a game of two halves with Radley's stick skills taking the upper hand in the first third of the match and then we steadily took over as the pitch began to cut up and our overall game view and consistent pressure brought its rewards. Another few minutes must surely have seen a goal in Abingdon's favour! In the next game, against Shiplake, the team was not at all on form. Abingdon was never really in the game, partly as a reaction to the previous two exciting games. Certainly they were weakened appreciably by 'flu., and, to cap it all, Shiplake fielded arguably their best side to date. The last game against a reasonable Reading side provided an excellent note on which to end the season. It was a thoroughly competent affair in which our goalkeeper was rarely active. Darby, the captain of the BXL, substituted most effectively for the absent AXI captain at inside forward and the whole team was back to its usual competitive, match-winning ways. Lessons learnt from the Colts players in the house match struggles, no doubt played their part in the successful afternoon on the sloping Reading pitch.

Many thanks to RGH for his shrewd BXL coaching and team selections. They won five out of seven and drew one, the St. Edwards win being a notable feather.

### RCBC

Regular team members were: W. Hutchings, C. Turner, L. Golding, M. Scott-Brown, M. Mowat, J. Dorkings, B. Pilling, A. Lyon, P. Crutchlow, S. Hutchings (Capt.), N. Hodgson, B. Williams, J. Thomson, R. Darby, B. Birks and T. Mannion also played.

### RESULTS

Leighton Park	(a)	won	12-0
Oxford School	(h)	won	4-1
MCS	(a)	won	2-0
Bradfield	(h)	won	3-0
Pangbourne	(h)	won	1-0
St. Edwards	(a)	lost	2-3
Radley	(a)	drew	1-1
Shiplake	(h)	lost	2-5
Reading	(a)	won	5-1

*Last year, through an oversight, the Junior Colts' results were omitted. This was particularly unfortunate in view of their successful record, and we are happy to make good the omission here with apologies to all concerned.*

## JUNIOR COLTS 1987

With such a physically strong, skillful, successful, competitive group of players to choose from, an at least unbeaten season was on the cards, as they say. Several of the players had already represented their county at U-14 hockey. In the event, the outcome was even more satisfactory than that, as the results make abundantly clear. Furthermore, the weather, although it took more than its usual toll of matches, denied the team a crack at only one of the normally strong sides, namely Southampton.

MCS looked potentially the best opposition with several strong and skillful players but, fortunately, there seemed to be little pattern to their game and they did not combine well as a team. We were a little unlucky not to end two or three ahead as, untypically, easy chances were not taken. The most difficult game to win turned out to be away on the rabbit holed, mossy woodland turf at Bloxham. A sluggish defence, thrown off balance if not reduced to bunches of quivering nerves by inexperience and the strange surface, permitted the opposition to be at least two ahead by half-time. Fortunately, the team had scored four in the second half the previous week and had sufficient in themselves to rise to the challenge and win. Full marks for making such a determined effort and for producing such an exciting second half into the bargain.

In contrast, the Bradfield game was a real beauty. The opposition made the most of the surface and their neat teamwork put them one up at half time. In the second half their small half-back line tired and slowed and were off their feet by our superior speed to the ball. The Radley and St. Edwards sides were weaker than usual and we enjoyed relatively straightforward victories. The most satisfactory game of all was probably the last one against Bloxham who, rumour had, were riddled with county players. The home side, however, which had undergone some changes of personnel and position earlier in the season, was settled and confident. Stanley was coming into his stride on the right wing and combined particularly well with Wilkinson and Tilley to produce a string of centres for Mitchell to score from. Day was always a threat on the left wing, which spread the opposition defence satisfactorily wide. The defence and left half were sound and Marnane, at centre half, stuck to his orders and ran the opposition off the ball. It was an encounter which promised well for the future.

The sports hall again saw some very entertaining indoor practice games and the other hard surfaces were well used. The BXL also did well under Mr Hofton's quietly enthusiastic guidance.

### RCBC

The following were regular team members: N. Richards, M. Annett, M. Deacon, A. Newton, B. Marnane, M. Seager, D. Stanley, H. Wilkinson, S. Mitchell(c), J. Day. Also played D. Sparkes, P. Aitken, B. Kendrick.

### RESULTS:

St. Edwards	(h)	won	4-1
M.C.S.	(h)	won	1-0
Bradfield	(a)	won	4-1
Pangbourne	(a)	won	4-3
Radley	(h)	won	4-0
Bloxham	(h)	won	4-1

Matches against Leighton Park, RGS High Wycombe, Southampton, Shiplake, Reading and Oxford School were cancelled due to poor weather.

## JUNIORS

The weather and the pitches at the start of the season did not seem to be conducive to good hockey. The fields were so wet and uneven that we decided we were only going to push the ball to keep the game short and accurate. This helped to build up patterns of play and the running of the ball improved tremendously.

The strength of the side lay in our halves Joe Allen, John Wilkinson and James Tilley. They were prepared to run hard and give 100% at all times. They made space for Joseph Gold on the left wing to show off his stick-work, his goal against Radley was a real cracker, and Russell Roan on the right wing played with plenty of enthusiasm. Edward Paleit did well up front and Matthew Lister was one of the finds of the season, scoring some unbelievable goals. Jonathon Ions, who is a good all-round ball player, worked hard at centre back, and the team had plenty of confidence in him. Scott Milne was steady at right back and Alex Smith, although not too mobile became a valuable player in the team. His free hits and 16 yarders would have made Nick Faldo look like a "duffer". Douglas Johnson was a superb goal-keeper, but unfortunately broke his collar-bone playing ice-hockey. We were lucky to have a competent replacement in Giles Smith.

After a couple of weeks into the season the weather and the pitches improved and so did the skill and cohesion of the team. We all had great fun at practices and enjoyed every game. The side possessed plenty of spirit, was keen to practice hard and enjoyed winning. The losses were miserable at the time but we learnt from them, e.g. never be conned into playing in "takkies" on sand pitches. It was like playing on ice with no skates, as we found out at Cheltenham.

Looking back I feel that it was good fun, the boys and myself learnt a great deal from the experience and it was certainly all worthwhile.

T.O'M

### TEAM:

J.Allen J.Gold E.Paleit R.Roan M.G.Lister J.Wilkinson J.Tilley  
A.Smith J.Ions S.Milne D.Johnson

Also played: G.Smith P.Page

### RESULTS:

Leighton Park	W	7-0
M. G. S.	L	1-4
Bradfield	L	1-3
Pangbourne	W	5-0
St Edwards	W	4-2
Oxford School	W	7-0
Radley	L	1-3
Shiplake	W	3-0
Reading	W	7-1
Cheltenham College	L	0-6



## HOUSE MATCHES

Once again house matches for the middle school were arranged and proved to be a big success. Some exceptionally good hockey was played, much of it by boys who did not feature in school teams. There were a few surprises; the boarders A side was unable to get its act together and neither side from RCBC's house match managed a point. Trotman's A and B sides proved to be too powerful for the opposition and filled the houseroom with silver!

### League Tables

#### A Division

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

#### B Division

Team	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Trotmans	4	4	0	0	16	4	8
Boarders	4	3	0	1	7	2	6
Randolphs	4	2	0	2	4	9	4
Pages	4	1	0	3	3	7	2
Colemans	4	0	0	4	6	14	0



## MINORS

This year's U13 hockey season was characterised by great enthusiasm. There was a regular turnout of at least forty boys, which created some logistical difficulties for JT and RCRM (!), but meant that a large number progressed from rudimentary hacking at the ball to genuinely scientific play. By the end of the Easter Term, passing had become quite accurate (hitting or pushing the ball as appropriate), marking was more thorough, freehits were being effectively ringed, and there was much coordinated team-play. This was particularly true in the 'A' team, where Charles Hutchings, Thomas Stanworth and Andrew Harding made notable contributions.

The matches against other schools were not crowned with success, but were all played in a sportsmanlike spirit and proved both enjoyable and instructive for all taking part.  
RCRM

### RESULTS:

	'A'		'B'
St. Edward's	lost 1-0		lost 2-1
Radley	lost 2-0		lost 3-0
Prior's Court	drew 1-1		
MCS	lost 1-0		drew 1-1
Cheltenham	drew 2-2		lost 5-0

## Cross Country

When I took on the responsibility of Secretary to the Cross Country Club, I determined that I should try to increase the number of active members. Therefore, on the first day of term I launched a massive publicity campaign. Posters went up all over the school suggesting to the readers that the ASCCC was for them. Like most of my attempts to stir up enthusiasm, this publicity campaign failed dismally. The result was that, as my predecessors have had to do in the two most recent editions of the Abingdonian, it is now my painful duty to report that the number of committed members for this season was disappointingly low. Since multi-gym and running became an acceptable sports option three years ago, many potentially good cross country runners have opted for the easy way out, that is, a two-afternoon per week commitment which does not require inter-school competition, rather than cross country which does require a minimum commitment of three afternoons per week and also involves inter-school matches.

Anyway, to come to the results themselves. The Michaelmas term was a mixed bag of results for the club: in general match results were poor, while individual runs were the most impressive for several years.

The rain at the beginning of the Lent term caused carnage. The incredibly muddy terrain at the St. Albans relay caught our runners out on a number of occasions; shoes

came off as their owners yanked them out of the mud; reports seeped through of runners without the appropriate spiked footwear sliding back down slopes they were meant to ascend! "Next time we'll bring a ski-lift", I thought at the time.

At the Oxon Schools County Championship Rob Walker, Julian Day and Nick Woodall were selected to represent the county in their age groups at the All-England championships in Merseyside where Nick and Julian came 1st and 2nd in the county respectively.



The interform road relay, now shortened by approximately 5 seconds per leg with the change-over area being bypassed on the first lap of each leg, was won for the second consecutive year by VIP. The whole club finished the Lent term with a match against the O.A.'s which, of course, we won...narrowly.

Many thanks to Mr. Pritchard, Mr. Ellis and Mrs. Marshall for all

their help. On behalf of the club I would especially like to thank Mr. Baker for all the encouragement and sadistic hill training.

N. Woodall VIP

### TEAM RUNNERS:

Michaelmas Term: J. Blake (Capt.), N. Woodall (Sec.), R. Moncrieff, A. Carley-Macaulay, R. Jameson, L. Dore, D. Bosley, S. Boland, J. Day\*, M. Deacon, E. Newey, M. Gillan, M. Gelder, R. Walker, D. Aitken, K. Bevan, A. Rose, R. Claye, C. Stovin, D. Hardacre, S. Gould, N. Pree, P. Turnbull.

Lent term: J. Blake (Capt.)+, N. Woodall (Sec.)+, R. Moncrieff, A. Carley-Macaulay\*, J. Day, E. Newey, M. Gelder, S. Kenyon, R. Walker, K. Bevan, A. Rose, R. Craig.

+ = full colours; \* = half colours

## Tennis

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The summer of 1988 proved to be another successful term for the tennis club, and fortunately only one of the twenty-four matches was called off due to rain.

The first VI played consistently well. It was clear from the outset of the season that Andreas Steinert, a German spending a year in our Lower Sixth who very quickly earned the nickname of 'Boris', would be a most useful player. He was paired with Jonathan Gold and together they played some amazing tennis. Their most notable achievement was against Berkhamsted's first pair, when they came back from 4-2 down in the final set to win 6-4 and so clinch the match.

Radley, as usual, had a strong side. The first VI fought a very close match, and won in a tie-break in the final set thanks to James Toogood and Gavin Rogers.

The second VI, notably Alistair Kendrick and Jeremy Carder, and Andrew Wintle and Julian Green, also played some excellent tennis on that day to win 5.5-3.5. Unfortunately, the U16 and U15 teams had no such luck, and went down 9-0 and 8-1 respectively. The less said about this the better, I think!

The only first VI defeat of the season came at the hands of R.G.S. High Wycombe on the day of the TASS fete - ironically, as the proceeds of the fete, together with other fund-raising events, were to go to the tennis for the two new all-weather courts. The cheque for the sum of ten thousand pounds was received by the school in October and work will begin this winter on the new courts to be constructed on the former orchard to be constructed behind Cobban House. We are reliably informed that they will be completed in time for the start of the 1989 season.

As usual the school entered the Glanvill Cup this year, in which we were defeated in the second round by Marlborough College. The distinguished match of the afternoon was the struggle put up by the first pair, Trevor Chesters (Capt.) and David Boorman, against strong opposition which ended in defeat 6-4, 3-6, 1-6. We did, however, beat Desborough School and Henley College in the first round.

The Buckley Cup was again a very close fought tournament, with an entry of 45. Dave Boorman surprisingly went out in the fourth round to an inspired 'Mad Gav' Rogers 6-2, 6-4; who then in turn lost in the semi-finals to Andreas 'Boris' Steinert 6-1, 6-4. Andreas then met Trevor Chesters, our wonderful captain and last year's winner, in the final. In an extremely tough yet sporting match, Andreas' forlorn Germanic cries of 'Oh what a volley' (which always sounded like 'Oh vot a wally') were heard for the last time as he emerged the winner by 7-6, 7-6.

The junior VI's lost rather more matches than they won: perhaps there is a shortage of top quality players in this part of the school, though there were some commendably gritty performances, including the salvaging of the match against Shiplake by our third pair on a dank day. I would like to thank Mr. Ayling, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Revill and Dr. King for their organisation; Tim Robson for his coaching sessions; and Jim Smethurst, Max Henderson and Tony Edwards for their inspirational play during the practices.

J.J. Toogood VIN

Teams were picked from the following:

1st, 'A' and 2nd VI: D. Boorman, T. Chesters, J. Gold, A. Steinert, J. Toogood, G. Rogers, M. Clark, A. Kendrick, A. Wintle, A. Walker, J. Green, J. Carder, M. Banwell, A. Trump.

U16, U15 and Junior VI: J. Frishberg, J. Toogood, M. Seager, M. Gillan, A. Thompson, S. Mitchell, B. Williams, J. Dorkings, N. Hodgson, A. Lyon, J. Gold, S. da Costa, J. Kingsland, C. Nikkah. Full colours were awarded to J. Gold, A. Steinert, C. Rogers and J. Toogood.

## RESULTS:

Oratory

1st won 5-4; U16 lost 2-7

M.C.S.

1st won 6-3; 2nd lost 4-5; U16 won 6-3

R.G.S. Worcester

1st won 6-3

Berkhamsted

1st won 5-4; U16 won 6-3

Carmel

1st won 6.5-2.5; U16 lost 3-6

Pangbourne

1st won 9-0; U15 won 9-0

Shiplake

1st match abnd.; U15 drew 4.5-4.5

Radley

1st won 5-4; 2nd won 5.5-3.5; U16 lost 0-9; U15 lost 1-8

RGS High Wycombe

1st lost 2.5-6.5; U16 lost 3-6

OA's

1st won 8.5-0.5



## Volleyball

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*Volleyball may be a minority sport and often has to counteract the image of being a casual, recreational game, but the 1987-88 season managed to assemble and nurture sufficient athletic talent to claim victories over all local schools, and saw Abingdon come runners-up to Henley College in the County tournament. A growing number of boys from the 5th year upwards is being given the chance to represent the school in what they realise is a demanding team game.*

MRB



## Golf

---

The Golf Foundation's School Stroke Play Championship, played on qualifying area courses, now attracts more than a thousand entries. This year we played at a new venue, Stratford. Jonathan Evans returned one of the better scores of the day, a gross 82. Stephen Prince and Iain Martin were Abingdon's other two entries representatives. Only the winning team progressed to the next round and our twelfth place out of twenty never threatened but was respectable. No better fortune in the Hill-Samuel sponsored 1988-89 Matchplay Championship either, I'm afraid. Berkhamsted defeated us at Frilford in the first round, but there was some good golf play by both teams. Apart from Stephen, Iain and Jonathan, our side included Guy Paddy, Alastair Kendrick and William Hutchings. Other 'friendlies' are arranged against Cheney, St. Edward's and Bristol Grammar school.

The introductory group coaching at Frilford Heath has been oversubscribed this year and reflects the increasing popularity of the sport which, in my view, should be for most game players an attractive supplement (rather than an alternative) to the traditional team games.

NHP

## Badminton

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Abingdon may be the cock of the Oxfordshire roost but the national picture is rather more competitive and this year the U16 were eliminated from the Barclays Bank competition by a competitive quartet from Presentation College. There's comfort, however, in the extent of our reach, and this year we played an unprecedented number of teams, and hence matches. There have been A and B teams in the U19 and U16 as well as the U14 team and the various U13 and U12 groups. (Maybe not an eagle but better than a bantam).

The U19 were unbeaten throughout the season - even when not playing at full strength, for instance against Mill Hill and King Alfred's. For a while the B squad looked likely to meet the A squad in the final of the county league, but unfortunately a play-off left King Alfred's in that position. The final was won in a jovial mood, complete with trick shots and the inimitable running commentary from Richard Tilley.

The U16 lost in weakened form to Stowe, but had very little problem with Millfield despite lacking Jeremy Boorman and Julian Day. The U16 B team was largely U15's and they filled the gap in the big time with good humour on many occasions - Frazer Cooper, Jeremy Dearman, Paul Coleman, Peter Winterbottom, Jo Viner, James Johnstone, Derek Wilcox... plenty of talent for next year; their propping up act this season was greatly appreciated. Even the team for the Oxford league final was bolstered from the ranks, but nonetheless won... a heart stopping 4-3.

Having lost heavily to Presentation I rather thought the U14 were in for a thin time, and they didn't have much fun against Larkmead for sure; but DCT took them to Wantage where they won, and then Stephen Prince saw them through to a victory over the John Mason school so they actually had a place in the final - against Larkmead. Illness and French trips rather inconsiderately hacked at the foundations here, but the ill wind blew Steven Da Costa and Alex Chipperfield into the team were Steven especially performed prodigies. This scratch team did better against Larkmead - losing 2-5, very nearly 3-4.

Daniel Blake is in the U14 County side.

Robert Carder is in the Oxfordshire U12 squad. Felix Carr, Tom Barton and Russell Bell also have prospects here.

Full colours for Badminton are held by David Boorman, Stephen Prince, Jeremy Carder, Alistair Kendrick and Richard Tilley; half colours are held by James Toogood, Tom Biggar, and Adrian Maughan.

So we had two county winners and a runner up. This will be rather difficult to match and in some ways marks the end of an era. David Boorman and Richard Tilley leave school this summer having done an enormous amount for Abingdon Badminton for many years. David was playing at our top level long before his age obliged him to, and has left an enviable technique and temperament as a model for others. Richard took over as secretary in the grand tradition of Stephen Yip, Andrew Collins, Adam Spring and Neal Gingell; he slightly horrified me when he briefly lost the vital file, but has done a splendid job chivvying, reminding, entertaining and playing entirely unselfishly; he kept his head while Macbeth was losing his.

Adrian Maughan and Colin Parker too, seemed to have been in with the bricks - deft, not always mobile, but always willing - people like this are a team manager's dream especially when they find the game FUN.

IAM



## Table Tennis

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Table tennis has continued to thrive this year, both within the house rooms and at t.t. club under the watchful eye of Dr. Bingham. Once a week about 25 boys from all years take over the quarter of the sports hall left vacated by the volleyball club.

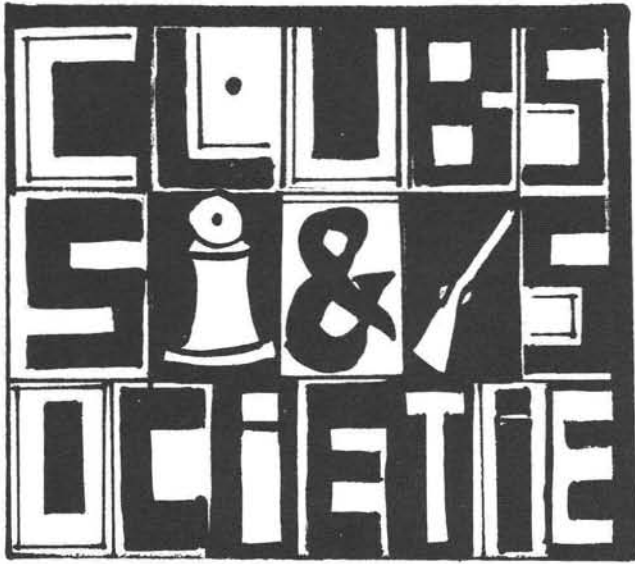
Throughout the season there were many individual successes outside the school. Martin Haycock won a huge number of trophies at league and county level. His best performance must be his fifth place in the southern region finals at U-14 level. Big brother Philip also performed well, reaching the quarter finals of the U-17 age-group in the National Youth Cup Southern Region. Paul Thomas had a successful first season in the Didcot and District League. He led his team to promotion as well, playing in a couple of memorable double matches during the closed tournament. At the county trials Martin Haycock made the U-17 team and the newcomer Adrian Ward clinched the final place in the U-14 squad.

Looking forward to next season, the school will have a table tennis team for the first time, consisting of P. Haycock, M. Haycock, P. Thomas, T. Kiteley and A. Ward.

P. Haycock VIH







## Rifle Club

Abingdon School rifle club is now fielding 3 teams; a senior A and B, and a junior team. These teams are all doing well, Abingdon B is heading their their league with a lead of 83 points. There has been good shooting from W Hartley and S Kinsella. The 'A' team, meanwhile, is third in their league, as some team members have not been shooting to their usual high standard. The junior team, comprised of the youngest and possibly the best members of the shooting club, are also heading their league.

All told, the club is doing well, and at the time of writing there are medal hopes for the 'B' team and the junior team.

New members and the liaison with St Helens have swollen our club ranks, and at present new rifles and equipment are being purchased.

The internal competition was won by R Fraser and the junior cup by W Hartley. Half-colours have been awarded to D Bosely, S Kinsella, W Hartley and R Fraser, with further half-colours and full-colours to be awarded soon. The new post of vice-captain has been awarded to R Fraser and the secretaryship to M Watts.

Finally we must thank Mr Hammond and Mr Parker who have given their time after school to supervising us.

R Fraser

### THE TEAMS:

Senior A:

Headed by D Bosely

A Brown  
R Fraser  
P Sproston  
M Watts

Senior B:

Headed by J Frost

N Frost  
W Hartley  
S Kinsella  
R Rayner

Junior A

Headed by W Hartley

N Frost  
S Kinsella  
J Pipe

## Motor Mechanics

The Moss Roadster kit car is very nearly completed. Over three years have passed since the original Escort donor car was systematically dismembered and assembly work began on the replacement body and chassis. Bearing in mind the extraordinary number of technical problems thrown up by the project and the fact that working time has been restricted to a few hours on Wednesday afternoons, the time scale is not altogether unreasonable and compares favourably with the home-based projects of many enthusiasts.

Some tasks have called for the patience of Job. The windscreen wipers, for example, have been rendered fully operational only after much calculation and experimentation to work out the angle of wipe and optimum mounting position, not to mention numerous hours of poring over wiring diagrams. The wiring of the other electrical equipment, however, which deviates substantially from the original Escort specifications (e.g. Marina wiper motor connected to Mark II Escort column switches via Mark I Escort loom) has presented somewhat fewer problems than anticipated.

This completed, we were at last in a position to start the new engine which roared into life for the first time last May.

Unhappy with the cramped driving position, we shortened the steering column. This in turn meant moving the ignition switch and steering lock assembly further up the column a job which called for a great deal of cutting, filing, milling, and welding. Now the clutch and brake pedals are being extended to bring about a further improvement to the driving position. For the many operations of this sort demanded at several stages of the project the excellent facilities of the Technology Centre have proved absolutely invaluable.

In short, the term 'kit car' is something of a misnomer. Any visions of simply bolting together a flat packed box of parts should be dismissed as utterly erroneous. In reality, a project of this sort falls somewhere between transferring components from one vehicle to another and designing one's own car from a blank sheet of paper.

Before the car can take to the road it remains only to bolt down the seats, fit the seat belts and trim, hang the doors, and, finally, fit the hub converters and MGB wire wheels in place of the existing ones.

G.C.R.

## Railway Society

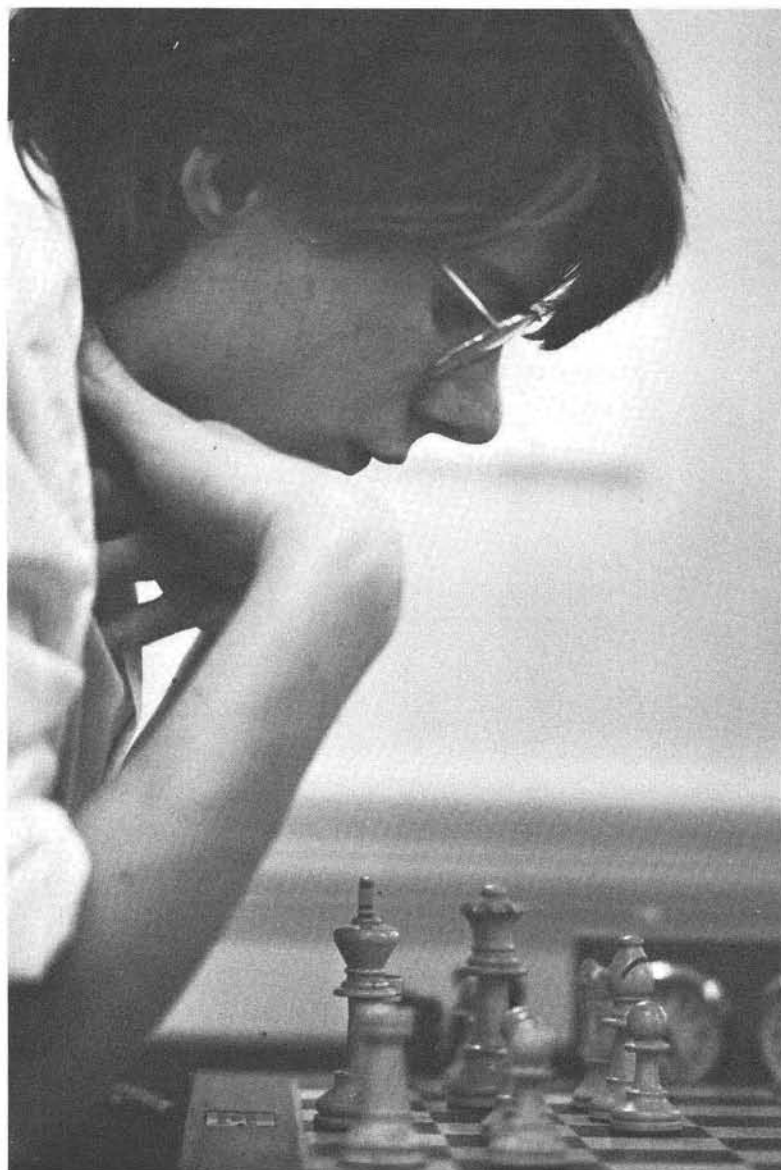
The society's activities during the Michaelmas term were limited to watching videos on various railway topics from Travelling Post Offices to a cab ride along the East Coast Main Line aboard a High Speed Train.

In March, however, we visited the Isle of Wight to take a ride on the 8 mile line between Ryde and Shanklin. The railway is almost like a museum with its 65 year old ex-London Underground rolling stock, semaphore signalling and lever frame signal boxes (one of which we were invited into during the day).

May saw us heading south again, this time to Paignton for the Torbay and Dartmouth Railway. We travelled by train from Didcot via Bristol and once there, by steam engine to Kingswear, where we changed for a ferry to Dartmouth. After a short break we returned to Paignton and then to Didcot, this time via Newbury.

The society is for anyone remotely interested in railways (we are not ALL "train-spotters") and aims at making one or two trips out every term. We hope in the future, for example, to travel over the picturesque Settle to Carlisle line before it closes.

Andrew Brown VIM



## Chess

This season was remarkable because the first six reached the final of the British Schools' Chess Championship ('The Times') from over four hundred schools which entered. They lost 2-4 to St. Paul's. In nearly thirty years of this competition, Abingdon has only once reached the last eight.

The team's ability first became apparent when they won the local zone (there were 28 zones in all) with the loss of only one game in four matches. In the inter-zonal stage, they reached the semi-finals with a bye, an easy win against R.G.S. High Wycombe, and an exciting and close encounter with King Edward's, Birmingham (Camp Hill). Although we won this match 4-2, victory was only clinched by a brilliancy from Nick Jakubovics which was to be later published in the Oxford Times.

The Times then entertained us for three days and nights at their own expense - we stayed at the Charing Cross Hotel, which, refurbished, is rather like the Randolph in Oxford. Antrim Grammar School was relatively weak on the bottom boards, but it was an exciting win from Mark Nightall on top board which clinched our 4-2 victory. In this five-hour game he beat an Irish senior and junior international who was graded over thirty points higher on the national scale than he was.

The following day we held the St. Paul's team, bristling with players near the top of the national rankings for their age groups, for about three hours, but then they broke through on the top boards. Nevertheless, Tom Cooper and Tom Price won convincingly to make the score respectable. The team were presented with their shields by the managing editor of The Times at a dinner attended by the Who's Who of British chess. John Cooper won 7.5 games out of 8 in the competition (and the draw was in a won position when we were in a hurry to get home!). Mark Nightall won his first seven games on top board against superlative opposition. Throughout the competition our team played sensible, solid chess and deserved their success, but it was pleasing to see at the finals that in true Abingdon tradition, they explored a wide range of interests and kept the game in perspective.

In the circumstances it is easy to ignore the other achievements of the team. Nick Jakubovics came third in the British U/14 championship and played in other national events. Five of the team have now represented the Oxfordshire senior men's team - has this ever occurred in other school games? They won the Oxfordshire U/18 league for the second year in succession.

A young 'B' team also played in The Times competition and were strong enough to smash the first team of Marlborough College, no less. The U/15 team, however, hardly tasted success and the U/13 team, although ably managed by Mrs. Soper and Mrs. Manship, only tasted failure. We must work on these young players if we are to scale again the heights of schoolboy chess.

T.J.K.

First team: M. Nightall (Capt.), N. Jakubovics, M. Clark, P. Saxon, J. Cooper, T. Price.

### 'TIMES' RESULTS:

Devizes	won	6-0
Reading School	won	6-0
Ab. School 'B'	won	5.5-0.5
Marston M.S.	won	5-1
R.G.S. High Wycombe	won	4.5-1.5
Camp Hill, Birmingham	won	4-2
Antrim G.S.	won	4-2
St. Paul's	lost	2-4
'B' team		
Oratory 'B'	won	5-1
Marlborough College	won	5.5-0.5
Other 1st. team matches:		
Magdalen College School	won	4.5-1.5
Cheney	won	5-1
Larkmead	won	6-0
Cheney	won	6-0
U/15 team:		
Larkmead	lost	2.5-3.5
Marston Middle School	lost	1.5-4.5
U/13 team:		
Dragon 'A'	lost	4.5-1.5
Dragon 'B'	lost	2.5-3.5
Oxford H.S.	lost	1-5
Marston Middle (Boys)	lost	1-5
Marston Middle (Girls)	won	3.5-2.5
Larkmead	won	5-1
Fitzharry's	draw	3-3

## Wargaming

At the end of the Lent term the old secretary, Ken Turner, resigned. It was decided to hold a committee meeting to vote for a new chairman. Unfortunately (of fortunately as someone sees it) there was confusion as to who was on the old committee: only one person with any claim to committee membership turned up. He promptly held a vote and surprise, surprise, was elected as chairman (unanimously). No one else made much objection, especially when the only significant(ish) competitor was bribed with inclusion in the new committee. Which is: Chairman, B. Randall; Secretary, F. Clark; Treasurer and Sponsoring Master, Mr. Willerton; Other members, A. Wareham, C. Lewis and D. Cuss. Then came the end of term....

On the first day of the summer term the committee met in full session for the first time. Discussion ensued as to what new games to buy for the society and A1 was given to the chairman's brainchild - A Role-playing Competition! All agreed to the idea. A plan was planned, a plot plotted and machinations machinated. And so the first in what we hope will be a long line, of Wargaming Society competitions has been initiated with a £5.00 prize to the winner (such extravagance!). At the time of writing the first round with no fewer than 27 competitors and 5 Gamesmasters (the committee), is imminent. We eagerly await some results.

Meanwhile, other decisions including the power of committee members to eject lesser mortals from the society for rowdy behaviour, were passed.

During the normal course of events the more commonly played games are Middle Earth Role-playing, based on the master - Tolkien!; Star Wars Role-playing based on the film; Doctor Who (obvious!) and a couple of efforts by games workshop (note the lack of capitals); Bloodbowl (a perversion of American Football) and Warhammer 40,000 (a perversion of all that's good in Sci-Fi - Asimov is the master

here - and mass xenocide).

Finally, many thanks to the society's devoted members - the committee and many others, notably Geoff Sandford and Colin Coker, for their continued support and most especially Mr Willerton for making the whole thing possible.

B. Randall 4HTR

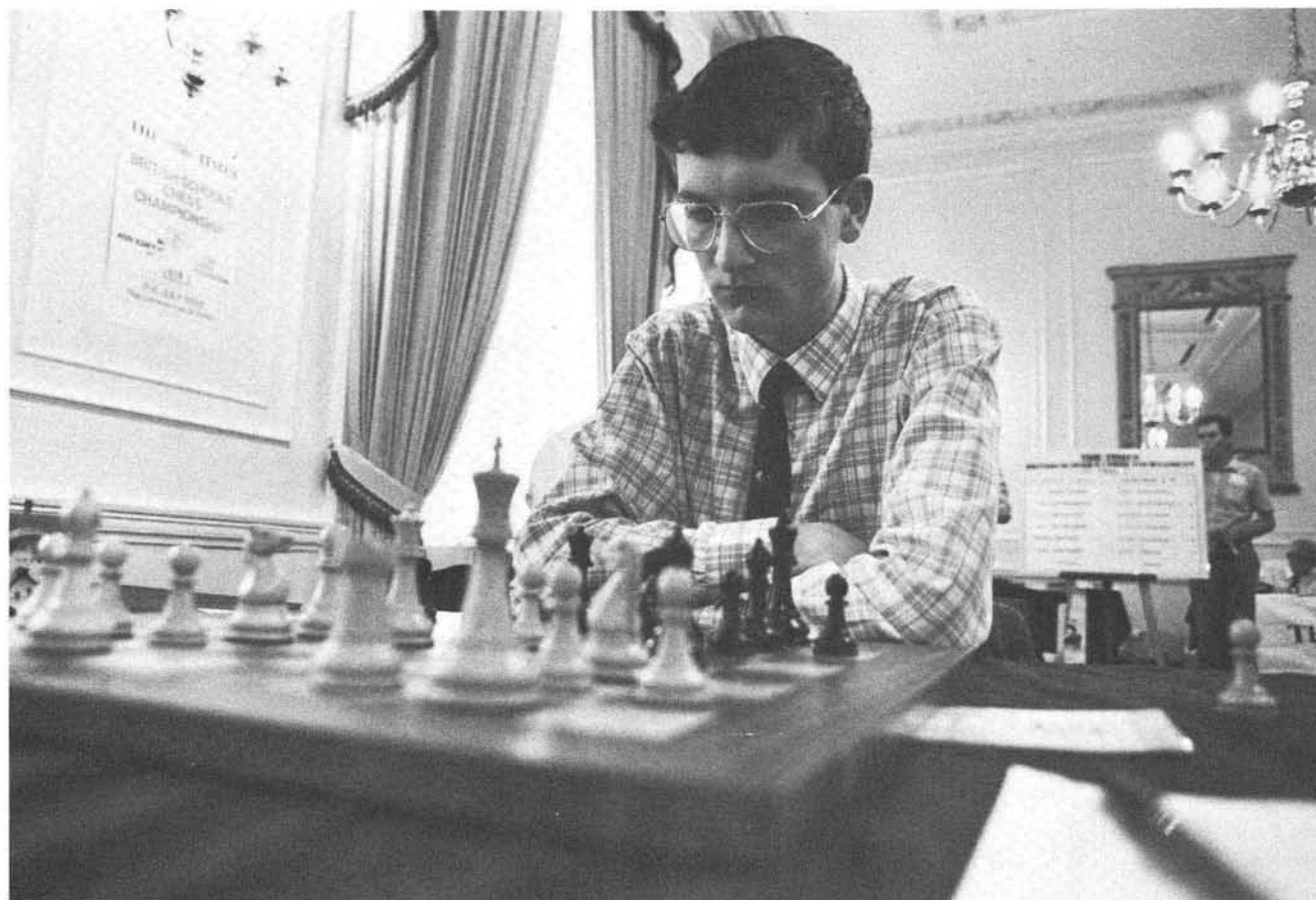


## Photography

*With the generous support of TASS, the Photographic Society has this year invested considerably in new equipment. Its aim is simply to encourage boys to develop practical and artistic skills and to produce high quality photographic work.*

*The focus for much of the society's activity is making a photographic record of school life and events, and members can take credit for much of the photography in the Abingdonian!*

MRB



## Debating

In the past, debates at Abingdon school have been chaotic and lawless, and I can safely say that nothing has changed. But the internal changes inside the society merit a name such as "perestroika", for behind the scenes of Friday's debates, there has been reform and revolution led by our new master-in-charge Dr. Fernandez-Armesto, aided and abetted by the two chairmen: Donal Nolan and Greg Randall.

The new strategy has been to alternate between debates and seminars for junior speakers - hoping to educate the younger debaters in the fine art of public-speaking. A set of standing orders were created, and though at times there has been flagrant disregard for these divine laws, they have stopped debates degenerating into a Saturday night argument at The Punch Bowl and with a committee regularly meeting to decide motions, both have given a more rigid format to debates.

True to the time-honoured traditions of the society, every subject ranging from the controversial to the emotional has been confronted. Many spring to mind as "enjoyable and enlightening" but my personal favourites were "This House believes that Homosexuality is morally superior" and "This House believes that Britain is sordid, decaying and corrupt." The decisions of this learned House rival the Oxford Union or the House of Commons on importance as opinion-makers and this was shown by the wisdom in deciding not to give the time of day to a policeman, to close the Open day and that the Smiths were not the most important band of the eighties.

The style of debating was set by Dr. Fernandez-Armesto, who quite apart from providing the House with many hours of fun mastering his name, set the standard for speeches by his supremely eloquent and insulting arguments which have all too rarely reared their colourful heads. But he has been matched on many occasions by the hybrid

of patter; notably from the rantings of Greg Randall, the turn of phrase of the headmaster, the bleatings of Matthew Clark, the comedy of Magnus MacIntyre and the elegance of the rising star, Andrew Green. Of course the unforgettable Duncan Gregory has rewritten debating manuals by his unique style - silence.

To broaden our mental and social capacities, the society has debated in competitions, at other schools, and at diner debates. Pride of place goes to our junior team of future orators; Daniel Seward, Finn Clark and Josh Mandel, who walked off with the mantle of "Rotary Club" champions. Far be it for the debating society to sing its own praises, but surely the foundations are set for a dynasty lasting into the 21st century. The deadly duo of Randall and Welby were invited to compete against schools hailing from Scotland and Cornwall on the subject of Nationalism. For all the correct reasons of course the society has held joint debates with Wycombe Abbey Girls School and Downe House, and with the former the relationships have blossomed after a series of combative debates.

The highlight for the hard-core debaters has been the diner-debates, which now has its own toast - "Absent friends!" - its own song and its own leader/chauffeur. Now all that is needed is a debating tie, perhaps if the Headmaster is reading he may consider a purpose-built debating chamber.

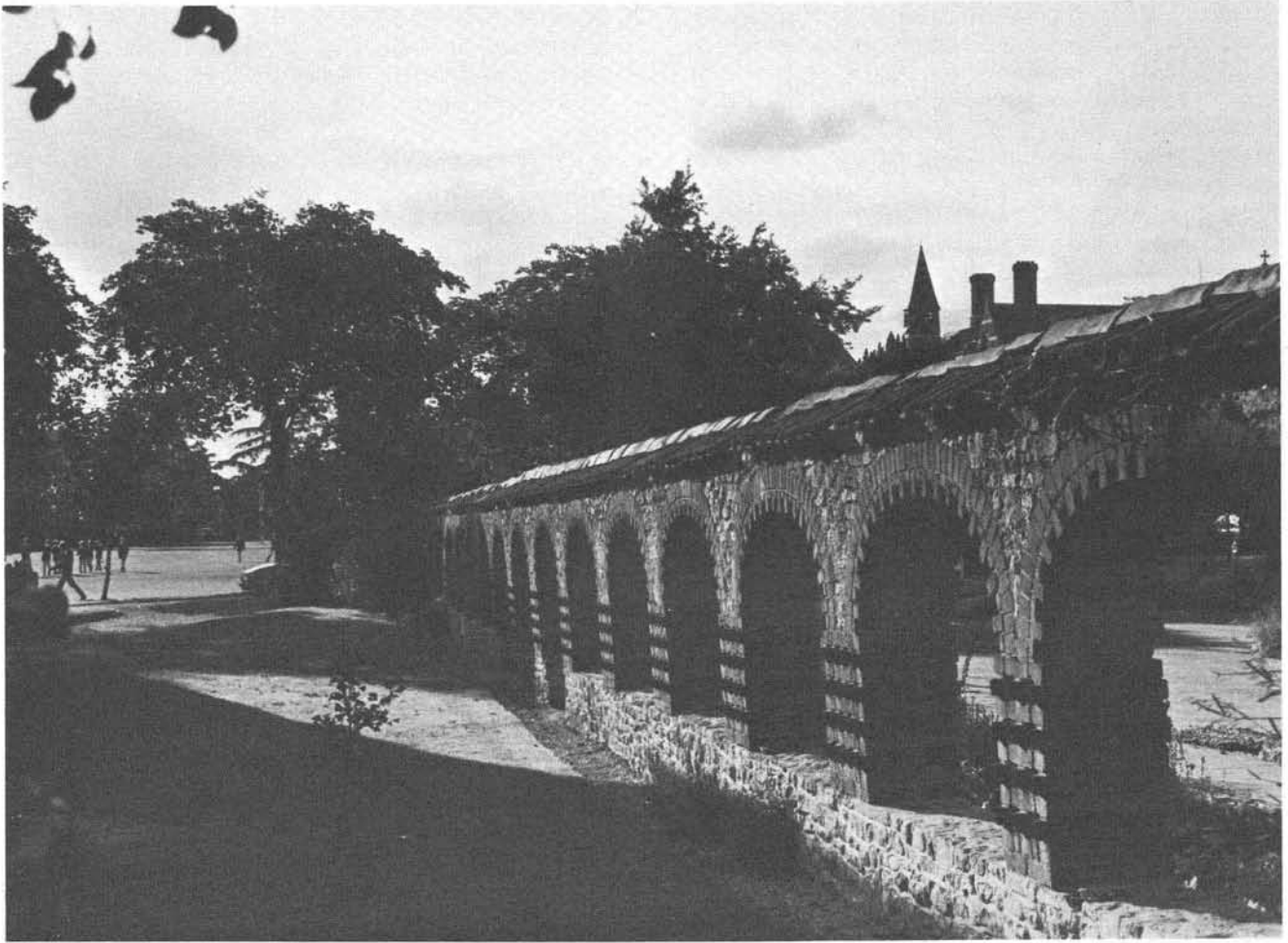
And so, to the future; with the loss of many of our stalwarts at first glance the future may seem bleak but the society is not a meaningless clique. But now the most popular and far-reaching society - at its last debate 75 members packed into the exiguous Room One. The society remains the worthiest and most enjoyable society in the school!

Winter '87 - Spring '88  
Chairmen: D. Nolan and G. Randall  
Secretary: J. Martin  
Spring '88  
Chairman: A.R. Welby  
Secretary: C.E. Iles

A.R. Welby



*The Modern Languages Society playing bowls*



## Obituary

The text of what follows is taken from the address given by Sir James Cobban at the memorial service in St. Helen's Church, Abingdon, on the 10th. July 1988.

### JOHN HOOKE.

*Never for me, curiously, the more familiar Jack. We are met today, so many of us, in this ancient church, the church which he so loved, the church to which he and I alike brought both our joy and our grief, not to mourn his death but rather to pay tribute to his work, to thank God for his life: though my words can add little to what has already been so poignantly expressed by the wonderful music we have just heard.*

*John Hooke was an Abingdonian through and through. He was born in 1907, one of the youngest members of the kind of large patriarchal family which was already becoming less common by the turn of the century. I wish I could have seen him as a small boy, being bundled into a cab with four or five richly speckled siblings for transportation to the old isolation hospital... He was the only man I know who could claim to have been educated in turn at St Helen's School, at the old Culham Normal School (he took the daily walk there and back in his stride), and finally, at Abingdon School, with which he retained a life-long connection.*

*In 1927 he joined the family printing business, which finally found haven in the old cinema at the top end of Stert Street, and there he spent the rest of his working life. Interruption came, of course, in the war years. He had already done a peace-time stint in the old Territorial Army. Now as a part-time member of the Auxiliary Fire Service he saw active service fighting the flames in Coventry and many another blitz-racked city before joining full-time the staff of the Regional Fire Commander at Taplow. I have used the words 'active service' deliberately. I who from a comparatively safe distance watched London Docks ablaze in 1940 know that those who fought the blitz in this way lived far more dangerously than many, perhaps most, of us preening ourselves in our khaki.*

*He returned to the Abbey Press shortly before I came to Abingdon in 1947. Acquaintance soon developed into a friendship based on community of interest and outlook which ripened over the years. He was first and foremost a good businessman, in every sense of*

the term. To him the Press was more than a business - it was a way of life. Himself a skilled printer (there was no casual acceptance of misprints and the like in his scheme of things) he expected a high standard from those who worked for him and they responded well to what might now be considered his rather old-fashioned paternalism. I once had the privilege of attending as guest speaker the annual dinner he used to give in the Roysse Room to his staff and their spouses. It was clear that he was running a taut and happy ship.

In 1969 he transferred control of the business to a worthy successor. But retirement merely gave him more time to pursue his other activities. He had always been closely identified with St Helen's Church. He had been a server at this altar in his youth; I am assured that his rejection by the Choir was on purely vocal grounds. He deeply loved this building, with its rich patina of local history. It was only after his death that I learned that apart from his many other generous benefactions he was the anonymous donor of the St Helen light that was installed in the south-west window in 1964. And to him St. Helen's meant parson and people as well as structure.

Meanwhile he had taken on the office of churchwarden. It was typical of him that after seven years he stepped quietly but firmly down so that others could take their turn. But perhaps his outstanding service to the Church was through the use of his own professional expertise - and if this isn't Christian Stewardship, what is? First as publisher of the Country Churchman and of its admirable series of ancillary booklets, then as editor and publisher of the deanery magazine, for some thirty years he was enabled to put his own special talents, richly and unstintingly, at the service not only of St Helen's but of the wider church. The influence that Church News exerted, in its various transmogrifications, was incalculable but very real. It is significant that the Oxford Diocesan Magazine, which the current number of the Church Times styles the Rolls-Royce of its kind, is still printed at the Abbey Press.

Then at an age when most of us who are playing on into injury time are grudgingly hoarding our days, he and Ron Bailey (no chicken he, either) stepped in at a critical moment to take over the Appeal for funds for the large-scale repair of St Helen's Church. He had already cut his teeth years ago in running what must have been one of the first big ecumenical appeals, involving eight of the local churches. How well he and Ron conducted the appeal for this church is now a matter of history. If you want a monument to their work, look around the outside of this building, wait until it gets dark and look up at the flood-lit spire - a spire at which I have so often gazed from the window of John's upper-floor guest-room in Brewer's Court.

The Abbey Press, St Helen's Church - these were the reference points of John's life. But he had other interests. The words 'public service' suggest to us local government, or possibly the bench. But there are other ways of paying your debt to the community. For many years John was one of HM's Commissioners of Taxes, a thankless and undramatic but very necessary chore. As Master of Christ's Hospital he not only took a deep personal interest in the state of the almshouses and the welfare of the occupants; he ensured that the Hospital was able to widen significantly the scope of its benefactions to meet modern needs. One

of the proudest moments of his life was when he had the privilege of accepting, for himself and for his successors in office, the freedom of the town. I know how much effort his speech on that occasion cost him, for he was not a glib or ready speaker; but when the need arose, what he said carried conviction because of his obvious sincerity.

Then there was his old school, one of them anyway, up by the Park, just opposite the house where he spent most of his adult life. A sometime President of the Old Abingdonian Club, he served as a governor of the School (where a new library preserves his name and memory) for something over thirty years, and three headmasters in succession learned to rely upon his wise counsel. When you have a governor, and such a devoted one as that, living so near the school, you don't have to be paranoid to think that you can feel breath down your neck. That I never did so is a tribute to John's good sense and to his intuitive understanding of what the governor/headmaster relationship is all about.

He was a founder-member and an early president of the Abingdon Rotary Club and an active member of the Chamber of Trade. His life-long devotion to freemasonry will surprise only those whose knowledge of the craft is based on popular conception. There was something about it which appealed to his feeling for order, for symmetry, for precision; he found in it a graceful adjunct to his religion, not a substitute for it. To speak of golf as his 'pastime' is to give much less than its due to another abiding interest of his life. He was a mainstay of the Frilford Golf Club and he carried his golf clubs away with him to far-flung foreign parts as casually as some of us would take our walking shoes. It is typical of him that in recent weeks, after what sensible people would have regarded as the warning signal of his first stroke, he insisted on gadding off, as he had planned, for a short golfing holiday at Aberdovey.

John Hooke could not have done what he did had he not had a secure home base. I speak only of what I know. I know of Myna's devotion to her husband, how supportive she was to him in his work. When her death interrupted that partnership - cruelly enough, almost on the eve of their move to the new home they had planned together, I know the Christian fortitude with which he came to terms with his bereavement.

It could be argued that the smaller towns of England (and I hope that Abingdon still just falls, and will continue just to fall, within that category) are the backbone of the country. If they are, it is because they provide the right kind of nursery for men like John Hooke. He has now joined that long roll of Sons of Abingdon whose services to their community have been commemorated in this church. Certainly Abingdon will be the poorer for his death; but how much richer it has been for his life.

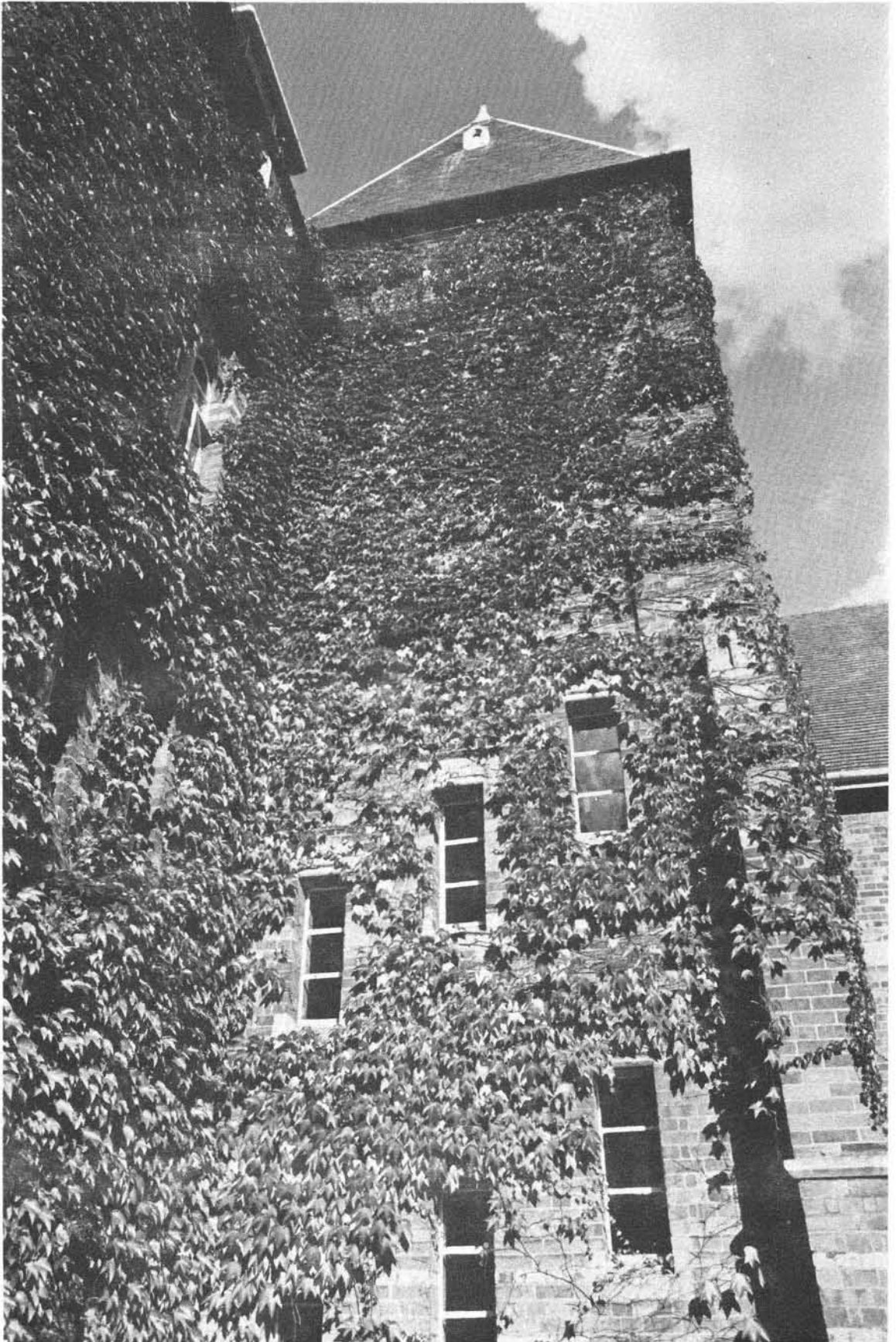
For that life we thank God. We pray that He will grant to him rest eternal, to his family and friends that strength which comes from a sure faith in eventual reunion.

In the words of John Donne:

One short sleep past, we wake eternally  
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die.

It is in that faith that we say farewell to John Hooke - until we meet again.





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