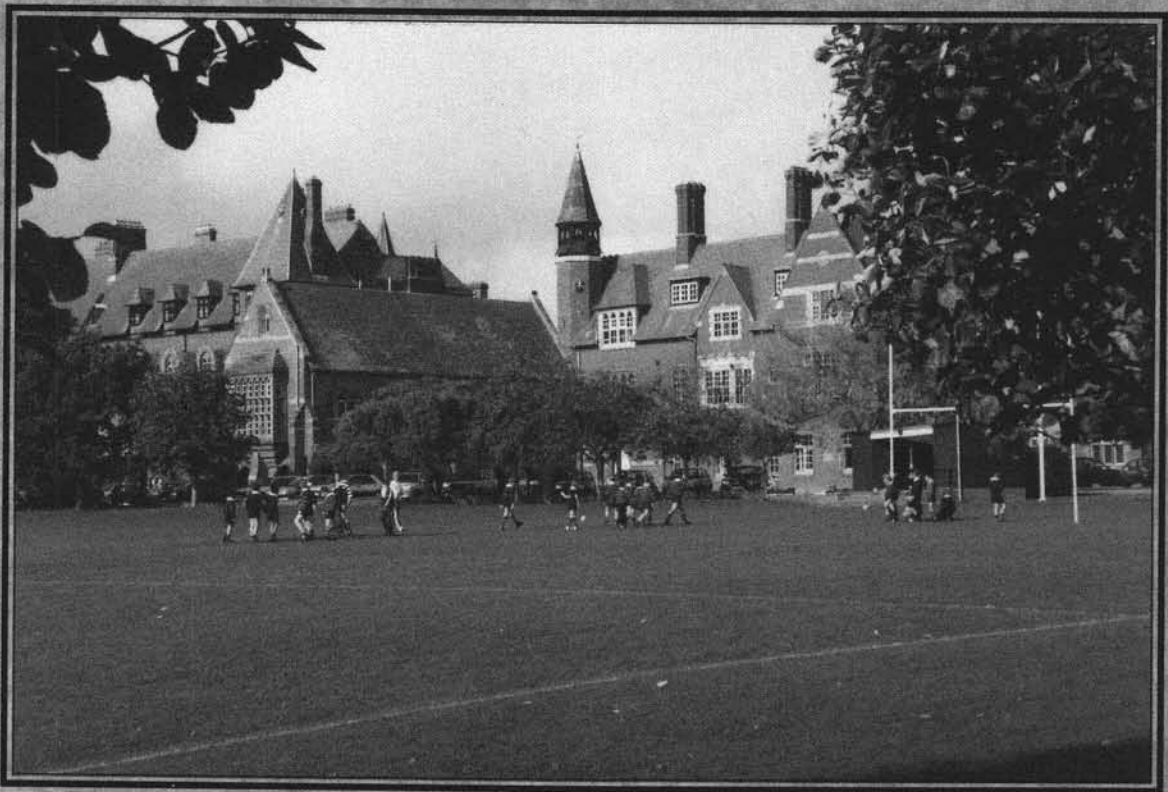




The Abingdonian

Vol. 20 No. 3

Michaelmas 1994





THE ABINGDONIAN

No. 3 Vol. 20 September 5th 1994

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Editorial

A Message from the Editor

Welcome to the Michaelmas 1994 issue of the Abingdonian. This issue includes all the articles you would expect in a school magazine, but a glance at the previous "Contents" page, will, I trust, awaken your interest in one or two articles of a type which have not been included before. Read on ...

It has become increasingly apparent to me as this year has progressed that there is an enormous sea of talent in this school, be it literary, imaginative, intellectual; be it amongst the boys or the staff. There is a great deal of individual and corporate initiative going on in various dark backwaters, ranging from the most publicly celebrated London Marathons to the quietest and longest running Science Project. Whilst the Abingdonian must of course record all the famous achievements, we have tried to provide a representative sounding of the depths of this ocean in this issue, if only to inform you, the reader, of what is going on around you everywhere in Abingdon School, as you paddle your own canoe. Perhaps you may wish to let us know what you have found out there : which talents and skills are you developing, in which clubs are you a member, what is your view of education...?

But holding up such a comprehensive mirror to the school would have been impossible without you. **THANK YOU**, everybody who has contributed to this issue. Thank you for the constant flow of articles and for observing deadlines. I am of course, particularly grateful to my Editorial team, and to the photographers : to **Tom Carey, Jerome Finnis, Kier Darby, David Melin, Ian Jackson, Anthony Pavlovich, James Warner, Peter Gresford, Nick Lewis, Jonathan Wald, Conrad Purcell, James Campbell**, and to **Paul Harrison** and **Ammar Tahir**, without whom the magazine would have been very different (and much shorter!) Please write in and let us know what you think of this issue, (or indeed of any other issues, in both senses of the word!) but most of all, please sit back now and enjoy it for a whole year...



MR. D. J. POPE

"I'm from the Abingdonian . . ." or the life of an Abingdonian hack

"Only twelve more questions to go. When will it ever end?", I thought gloomily one wet Wednesday afternoon in September. Then, just as I put my pen back on the page, wishing that there were more exciting things to do on a Wednesday than prep, I heard a voice: "Hi there! It's **Mr. Pope**. Remember me?" I was suddenly taken back to another life, before the sixth-form. The vision of a French master came back to me, and I ejaculated: "**Mr. Pope!** Of course! ... "Listen, I'm Editor of the Abingdonian now. How do you fancy a job?" And that's how it all started...

I must say it's not an easy life on the Abingdonian, what with all those deadlines, but it's a fulfilling one. **Mr. Pope** is the supreme editor but the boys each take charge of a section. We have a meeting every Wednesday (which saves us from the drudgery of prep), in which we discuss the latest line of attack on such issues as where to keep the keys of the filing cabinet or whether to ban the Sports section (that one was defeated).

"Bonjour Monsieur!", we gaily cried out as we eagerly assembled before **Mr. Pope** on his dais. "Buon giorno", he slyly replied. "How's the copy?" "We seem to only have five articles each, Ed.", we exclaimed. "Rats!" said '**Zorro**' (as we have affectionately come to know the Editor). "Well, on with the meeting..."

We start by making a report on our progress (part of **Mr. Pope's** efficiency drive!). Then, after our reports, we edit the latest stack of photographs and articles. Obviously we have to be very discriminating - not only do we have to look out for quality, but also we have to cut the articles down so we can fit them all in and we have to keep a watchful eye for calumny.

"Our little group has always been, and always will, until the end." (Cobain)

The other main duty is to carry out the suggestions made in the meeting and to solicit more articles for the section. I've developed a bit of a catch-phrase now, "I'm from the Abingdonian", and it will, I'm sure, strike fear into the hearts of most boys reading this! It is so rewarding and heart-warming when boys enthusiastically set about writing something and I can report a string of successes to **Mr. Pope** the next Wednesday. The most trying thing is when people don't contribute, though they be few and far between. Some people produce almost too much copy while others, in their philistine lives of cultural barbarism, never get to experience the joy of seeing their name in bold type. Truly a school of 'Manichean' extremes...

The most satisfying thing about this job must be to look at the finished product, to see it all exactly as planned, with my own little section in it and to think, "I did that". Well worth the effort, I'm sure you'll agree. Well, I'd better go now, or **Mr. Pope** will cut up my article- [That's enough! - Ed.]

A. PAVLOVICH & T. CAREY

FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

What shall I be? What shall I be? Shall I be mad? Or shall I be bad?

What shall I be? What shall I be? Shall I be clever? No, that won't last forever!

What shall I be? What shall I be? Shall I be strong? Just like King Kong!

What shall I be? What shall I be? Shall I be good? Perhaps I should!

What shall I be? What shall I be?

Why not, Be ME!

B. CULLOM 3PKHR

From the Organist :

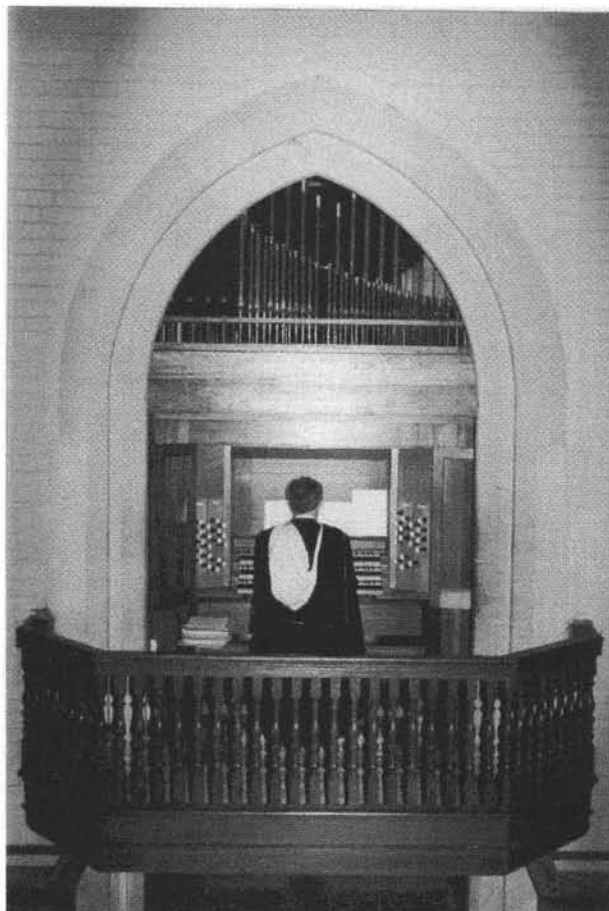


The fine organ which now stands in the gallery of Abingdon School Chapel owes its presence there to the generosity of **THE ABINGDON SCHOOL SOCIETY** and to the initiative of the School itself in procuring the original instrument (from which the new one has been re-cast, re-built and greatly improved) in the Royal College of Music's museum and library of rare manuscripts - the Parry Room.

The School's previous organ was, despite appearances, a pipe organ built by Compton in the early 1930's and had been nurtured by successive Directors of Music to ensure longevity. Amongst these were **Hugh Sawbridge** and **Terence James** who administered to the ailing instrument such technological medicine as it could take - including a tractor battery which saw the instrument through one particularly sticky patch! **Michael Stinton** provided a rectifier and recent organists have endeavoured to keep the instrument running - though compliments about the playing tended to be counter-productive since the idea should have been to make it sound as awful as it was, not to disguise it, and in fact it was not the pipework which was the problem but rather the fact that most of the notes did not work, necessi-

tating extraordinary transpositions in order to capitalize on those which were working.

The new organ has cost a fraction of its real



value, and it does owe something to the old one - the rank producing the trumpet and trombone - suitably re-voiced. It has three manuals and independent Pedal and Positive departments - enabling the playing of Baroque music (unusual in English instruments), but also has the richness, warmth and beauty of the best elements of the Cathedral tradition: it is thus a highly versatile instrument suitable for recitals, concerts (with orchestra or other instruments), teaching (there are currently six organ pupils at the School, ranging from Grade 4 to Grade 8), and most importantly as an accompaniment for the Chapel Choir and the daily Chapel services.

Although the original instrument in the RCM, built by J W Walker in 1950 had much to commend it - both tonally and in terms of design, its present quality is due to the work of Sebastian Meakin who, in consultation with **Charmian Manship B. Mus., F.R.C.O.** (responsible for the School's choral music) and the **Organist, John Oxlade M.A., F.R.C.O.** (both of whom had

known the Parry Room organ as students at the RCM) has produced an exciting and satisfying specification combined with craftsmanship of the highest order.

As well as **TASS** (who also provided the piano for Chapel which proved invaluable during the interregnum) thanks are due to all who made the acquisition and installation of the new organ both a possibility and then a reality - the **Headmaster**, the **Bursar**, the **Director of Music**, the **Chaplain** and also those who helped raise funds - by concert giving or by direct funding. The result is a marvellous one for the Chapel, the school's musicians and the School itself.

MR. OXLADE

ABINGDON SCHOOL CHAPEL

Monday 20th June 1994

The Abingdon School Society
Organ demonstration

J S Bach(1685-1750)

Fugue in F minor

F J Haydn(1732-1809)

Allegro for a Musical Clock

Herbert Howells(1892-1983)

Psalm Prelude no 1

G Meyerbeer(1791-1864)

March (from "Les Huguenots")

Bach's Preludes and Fugues were designed to show the tone and clarity of the organ: the linear nature of a fugue is a real test of the instrument's quality, and one which Mr. Meakin's craftsmanship ensures can be met with distinction.

To show the sound of the lighter ranks on the Choir organ I have selected one of the delightful miniatures which Haydn composed for a musical clock - such automata were very popular in late 18th century Vienna, and Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven all composed substantial pieces for them.

To show the fine English Swell (and the wide range of the sounds which would be used in the English Cathedral repertoire such as that undertaken by the Chapel Choir) as well as the capacity of the instrument to rise from very soft (beginning and ending) to a massive central climax, I have chosen Herbert Howells's first Psalm-Prelude - one of a set of improvisatory meditations on verses from the psalms - in this case from a verse from Psalm 34 - "Lo, the poor crieth and the Lord heareth him." Howells was one of the finest 20th century composers for organ, and was a professor at the Royal College of Music for many years and would certainly have heard his compositions played on the Parry Room organ between 1950 and his death in 1983. Professor Howells was also the composition teacher of our Chapel music director **Charmian Manship**.

The final March from *Les Huguenots* - an opera (composed in 1836 for Paris) dealing with the St. Bartholomew's Day massacre in 1572 - is in rather more joyful mood than the subject matter might suggest, and it shows well the impact of the full organ.



MR. OXLADE

From the Assistant Librarian :

September, season of mists and mellow fruitfulness etc., and amongst the pleasures of Autumn I joined the school as Assistant Librarian. Previously, I had worked at prep school and further education level, so it was interesting to see 'old friends' like Dahl and Dann on the shelves, but also challenging to meet the requirements of an altogether different cross-section of users.

The library is at a crossroads in its development, which I look forward to being involved in, as it returns to being a place of study, and prospers in an enhanced role as a place of active teaching.

The Library now has CD-ROM facilities,

which help to augment its role as a resource centre rather than simply a place of books and shelves. We have just completed the arduous task of cataloguing all the library books and entering them on the computer system, which means we can trace the whereabouts of the stock and complete requested searches even if we have only a limited amount of information.

If you have not managed to find your way there this year, come and flex your flexible friend next term and see how much information - and enjoyment - can be obtained with a library card.

GAYNOR COOPER

Mercer's Court

No edition of this magazine would be complete without a record of progress on this major building. There have been several events connected with it this year, of which photographs provide perhaps the best record:

Construction of the Bell Tower



1. Awaiting attention...



2. Up, up we go ...



3. Final fitting

The "Topping off" Ceremony:



1. The Ladder is climbed...



2. The "Top" is inspected...



3. A "Topping Off" rehearsal...



4. Ta-daa!

HANGOVER

*Light streams in;
The windows are way too large
For this time of day.*

MUSIC

*How do you hear music?
Do you know? Can you hear me?
I'm deaf.*

I. JACKSON 6SCW

A "Control" Inspection :



Lady Thatcher's visit and Inspection:



Arrival...



High-level discussion...



Proud consumers, tipped for high office...

Mercer's Court is now finished and due to open at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term of the Academic Year 1994/5. Watch this space for full coverage of the Opening Ceremony!

The Masters' Common Room bids "Farewell" to:

Roger Baker held up one of the two London marathon shirts he had recently earned. He had modified the slogan to read, 'I survived 111 terms'. A ripple of laughter spread out across the final assembly of term, soon to be followed by lengthy, appreciative, heartfelt applause. No, **Roger**, survival was hardly the name of your game, it has to be called 37 years of consistent innovation and service to the school, family and community. Moreover, thinking of the international nature of your Oxfam and orienteering endeavours, that community could hardly be regarded as merely local.

Roger has many qualities, and in abundance, but two that have stood out are, on the one hand, his unflinchingly critical, questioning approach to whatever situation, fuelled by a determination to achieve improvement if at all possible and, on the other, the remarkable enthusiasm and attention to detail which he has brought to all his endeavours, to the most mundane as well as those of highest profile, and there has been an abundance of both, with all shades in between, in his exceedingly busy career. There is a light burning in the common room or laboratory. We know who is likely to be there.

Roger was educated at Bootham school, a HMC Quaker boarding school in the shadow of York Minster. On leaving school, he spent two years with the Friends Ambulance Unit International Service during which a sledgehammer accident landed him in the finance offices. He has turned that experience to good use as over the years he has been, and still is, treasurer to the Vale and also the Oxfordshire Schools Athletics Association as well as to the town Oxfam shop. He has also, for many years, been a most active governor of Sibford school near Banbury, a Quaker co-educational boarding school.

October 1953 found him studying physics at Queen's College, Oxford. He met Ruth through the Society of Friends in Oxford where she was

reading for the, then, new degree of Biochemistry. Ruth, under the inspiration of Krebs and Blaschko, and via her PhD, has been in and out of Oxford research ever since. Both their **OA** sons have successful computing careers and their daughter, Judith, lives with her husband and two sons in Amsterdam.

Roger stayed on for the Diploma of Education at Norham Gardens. During that year, he was appointed to Abingdon School to teach physics, mathematics and junior science and to be a junior form tutor. All responsibilities which he has gladly and enthusiastically retained ever since. He has been the best, most faithful and most caring of tutors, whether in the classroom, on the playing field, in the Lake District or down the Mendip potholes.

Roger's first impact on the sporting life of the school was to revitalise the crosscountry club, by example and by pioneering courses down by the Thames and, for inter-school matches, round Wooton and Sunningwell. He also initiated the Road Relay, in pretty much its present form. The number of teams has slightly in-

creased - from a mere 16 or so to the present 60 or more! An early trainee, he was soon to be captain of the Oxford University crosscountry club but his heyday was in the late seventies which produced two more blues and the recent Oxfordshire mens' champion. **Roger**, also in the seventies, developed the athletics from being a three week sport on the War Memorial field, via Waste Court, where he was responsible for marking out the track, to a full summer term sport on Lower Field. Both athletics and crosscountry were handed on to **Mr. Pritchard** in 1971, by which time **Roger** had himself been well and truly bitten by the emerging sport of orienteering.

Orienteering fitted him like a glove, providing outlets for his loves of map-reading, the countryside and running. Various described as 'The Thought Sport' or 'Cunning Running', by 1975



the club had attracted an active membership of about thirty boys. **Roger**, who had become chairman of the Thames Vale Orienteering Club, was already responsible for organising the biggest international orienteering competition ever held in this country at that time - over 1,500 competitors. At the end of the decade **Roger's** son William and Simon West won half blues and son Richard and David Thompson were 1st and 3rd in the British U/ 19 rankings. **Roger** had been selected for GB to compete in tournaments in Sweden, was spending much of his holidays competing and mapping and by 1979

had become a grade 1 controller for the sport, specialising in relays. His first international competition as relay controller was in Britain when he was responsible for one of the three days of a competition involving about 7000 competitors. He has contrib-

uted to the British orienteering handbook and is currently rewriting the chapter on guidelines for relay competitions.

Fives, scouts, Ten Tors, rock climbing and even the drama lighting have fallen under **Roger's** enthusiastic guidance. He handed over the lighting when the Amey Hall productions began, but before then the school plays had been lit by his team in interestingly various venues: the Corn Exchange, Culham College, the Abbey Hall, the Unicorn Theatre and, closer to hand, the Court Room (now the Geography department) and the Music School (now the main Art classroom). The most entertaining problems were, somewhat surprisingly, in the Abbey Hall where the crew were

unable to see the immediate effects of their lighting!

Roger has served no fewer than six heads of physics and has been lucky enough to find them all excellent in their own varied ways. They will themselves have been most fortunate in having a loyal supporter and an enthusiast who would not only always be on the lookout for ways of improving his own lessons, by developing demonstration apparatus and so on, but also would be seeking ways of helping the rest of the department, for example by producing sets of model an-

swers or advising inexperienced staff. There have been a couple of brief moments when **Roger** flirted with the idea of moving on but, fortunately for Abingdon, on both occasions new developments caught his imagination: these were inspired by **Alan Tammadge**, who arrived to take over the mathematics department bringing with him the novel ideas of the SMP - **Roger** was soon involved in the writing for that

project - and more recently by **David Haynes** in introducing electronics to the physics courses.

Typically, **Roger** has been amongst the first members of staff to have his own computer back at base, moving on from the BBC to the Apple Mac. He will now have time to really get to grips with his latest manual as well as, who knows, running another London marathon for charity? If there is anything he regrets about leading such a busy life, it is that he has been to far too few school matches, regattas, concerts and plays. Continuing to live on the edge of the school grounds, he is looking forward to making ample amends. We wish him and Ruth a long and happy retirement.

MR. COLEMAN



Keith Hasnip's retirement, after 40 years at Abingdon School, brings to an end one of the longest and most distinguished careers in the School's recent history. **Keith**'s list of achievements is long and very varied, and covers a period of fast and sometimes quite dramatic change.

Keith was a product of Dulwich College, and by coincidence he was there as a pupil at the time that **James Cobban** arrived, fresh from Army service and keen to instil some military qualities into the young lads of Dulwich. The two did not at the time get to know each other - **Keith** was in his last year at the College, and **James Cobban** did not teach him. **Keith** then went on to do his National Service in the Royal Air Force, and there followed nearly two years of his life in which he learnt about things which would be of no earthly use to him later on. But on the whole **Keith** does not regret this time. He found it surprisingly enjoyable and instructive, and since he had never done any Science at Dulwich, he found the introduction to the mysteries of Radar both fascinating and illuminating. He is also rather proud of the fact that he was chosen to be a member of the Experimental Drill Squad, which would have a part to play on ceremonial occasions, if such occasions had occurred during his time. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, no such occasions arose.

After National Service, **Keith** spent a few months earning some money for his period at University. The job he remembers most was one with the Alaska Fur Company (now, happily, defunct), in which he was trained as a "skin stretcher". The smell was appalling and working conditions dreadful - quite unlike School!

In October 1950, **Keith** went up to Caius

College, Cambridge to read Modern Languages. He enjoyed his time in Cambridge, largely because of the people he met there, though he found the teaching somewhat inadequate. This was a general complaint against Universities at this time, and certainly not confined to Cambridge. After taking his degree, he stayed in Cambridge to take a PGCE, and it was there that he met **Audrey**, who had just taken a degree in Geography at London University, and whom he married in 1955.



In his early years at the School, when **Keith** and **Audrey** had married, the young couple lived (one might almost say were billeted) in Lacies Court in a tiny bedsit. Lacies Court in those days was very different from today. The ground floor was basically a teaching area, and upstairs there were a couple of small flats where younger members of staff could live in exchange for looking after a small number of boarders. Facilities were shared between boys and the families, and living space was extremely cramped.

In 1960, six years after arriving at the School, **Keith** and **Audrey** were able to move out of their Lacies Court flat, and settle in one of the four newly built staff houses on Faringdon Road. **Keith** remembers this as a very happy and fulfilling time. The families in these houses formed a close community, and their children, of which there were now quite a number, could play and grow up together.

The period between about 1960 and 1967 was a time of rapid growth and development in the School, and **Keith** was engaged in various activities, of which perhaps the most productive was the Building Club. Started by a colleague in order

to build a new Fives Court, it was taken over by **Keith** when the colleague left. The club was designed for boys who were not very good at sport, and who had shown an interest in work of a practical nature. **Keith** has always been interested in this kind of activity, and he set to work with about 30 boys to finish the Fives Court. They soon came to the conclusion that one wasn't enough, so a second one was added, and the two courts still stand as a monument to the skill and energy of **Keith** and his 30 boys.

Keith was also Librarian for many years, until he handed over to **Mrs. Soper**. He was intimately connected with its development from its earliest days. He served on the committee responsible for the building of the Grundy Library, and also saw the doubling of the library space, when the Hooke Library was built in the space formerly occupied by Big School and the old Dining Hall.

Keith will probably be best remembered for his championship of the Bielefeld Exchange, and his efforts to foster and develop it. Over the years, it has increased from a small, minority gathering to one of the main school trips undertaken each year. Not only the boys, but latterly girls from St. Helen's take part, and the close links forged between the staff in Abingdon and Bielefeld have been remarkable for their warmth and durability. Tragically, two of **Keith's** German friends and colleagues, Hans-Theo Schäpersmann and Otto Steinsiek, both died of cancer. They were great friends of Abingdon School and are sadly missed by their many friends here. Herr Steinsiek died suddenly quite recently, and a separate appreciation of him, written by **Keith**, appears in this issue of **The Abingdonian**. In spite of these two tragic events, the Bielefeld exchange has been a remarkable success story, with many ramifications, not least the succession of excellent German students who have come here from Bielefeld to complete their education.

Keith himself feels that his happiest time in the School was the period that he spent as Housemaster of Waste Court. It was a time when Boarding was at its most popular. Waste Court contained 39 Junior boys, and there was an overflow of 7 or 8 boys in Heathcote as well. **Keith** worked very hard with **Audrey** to make Waste Court a happy and efficient boarding house. **Audrey** was especially keen to foster a family atmosphere, and her

Sunday afternoon tea parties are still remembered with affection.

Finally, however, in 1979 their period of 12 years in Waste Court came to an end, and they had to move out. They bought a house in Conduit Road, where they still live, and intend to stay there for the foreseeable future.

This was not **Keith's** final service to the School. In 1987 he was invited to become Head of Modern Languages, and accepted with great pleasure. It has been during this period that the Modern Languages Department has become one of the most hi-tech. Departments in the School, with the normal complement of tape recorders and slide projectors, but also video, satellite link and the latest line in Apple Mac computers. Language Assistants have also become a regular part of the Department's activities, and **Keith** (following Government exhortations) also introduced Diversification in the First Form - where three languages are offered instead of the inevitable French. He leaves a Modern Languages Department in good heart, and looking very much to the future.

The bald facts of **Keith's** career at the School cannot give an adequate impression of the man. **Keith** is very widely read, as befits a man who was responsible for many years for the School Library. He and **Audrey** love the theatre, and go as often as they feel able. In retirement, we hope that they will be able to indulge this passion more than in the past. He travels a lot, and has a wide knowledge of Germany and France in particular. He is also a practical man, as many details in his own house bear witness. He has also been called a wise man, and certainly his advice both during his time as President of the Masters' Common Room and at other times, has always been listened to with respect. He is the first to acknowledge the debt he owes to **Audrey**, and the happiness that he has derived from his family. **Audrey** has been a constant source of strength to him, offering sterling help when they were in Waste Court, organising delightful social occasions and acting as a source of good humour and laughter when the going has been tough. And perhaps this is the best way of remembering **Keith** and **Audrey** - their laughter and good humour and their faith. **Keith** retires, assured of our respect and deep affection. We are delighted that they will be staying close by, and hope to see a lot of them in years to come.

MR. TAYLOR

Sir Digby Cayley, Bt. came to Abingdon School not only as a very erudite Classicist and accomplished schoolmaster but also a man of quite some experience in the harsh commercial world of antiques dealing. All this knowledge he proceeded to put to very effective use as soon as he arrived.



To help further the teaching of Latin, he embarked on a tremendous computer based project: to collate and clarify the entire corpus of Latin Vocabulary taught to our Lower School boys. The project is so great that it is only now nearing its completion, but it has already served as a very useful scholarly resource for the Classics Department and in preparing some lucky young Latinists for their examinations!

But Digby's dynamism did not stop there. Within months of his appointment, he took up the reins of Secretary to the Masters' Common Room, and like a whirlwind, single-handedly improved the quality of life for every master and mistress in the School. At last, some effective working space was designed, discussed and seen through to its completion inside the MCR, and many boys have surely seen many more red marks on their books

because of Digby's vision and tenacity.

He only stepped down as Masters' Common Room Secretary when called to yet higher things, namely the Editorship of "**The Abingdonian**". For two issues, this driven man bullied printers, offered opportunities for responsibility to an ever increasing number of boy Sub-Editors, taught the basics of publishing, editing and indeed spelling, and successfully managed to give birth to this mammoth magazine earlier each year. Colour brightened the pages of our boys' reading matter, and young minds were suddenly stimulated to argumentative and learned writing.

Digby's marriage earlier this year to **Kate**, a member of staff at Marlborough College, happily means that all these his talents will continue to be put to effective use in education, for he now moves, assured of our respect and affection, to Marlborough College "to spend more time with his family". He will be sorely missed at Abingdon, but we wish him well for the future.

MR. POPE

Dietmar Pfennig, who writes:

"I am very glad to offer you the post of a German Assistant at Abingdon School for the academic year 1993/94." When I read this sentence back in April '93 I was overwhelmed with joy. But soon afterwards I started to ask myself the same question over and over again: 'Will I be able to cope with it?'

Looking back on ten eventful months now, I'm in the fortunate position to say that I haven't regretted my decision to come over to England for a single moment. I must admit, though, that it was probably easier for me than for other assistants, because due to the fact that the 1992/93 assistant, **Kathrin Stolz**, is a very good friend of mine, I already knew a lot of things about the school. However, there was enough left that I had to work out myself. The decision to assist **Mr. Hamilton** in setting up a basketball team proved to be a crucial one since it enabled me to get to know loads and loads of boys without a piece of chalk in my hand.

But let's talk business now: the teaching. It somehow was a strange situation to be 'on the other side' for the first time, but I think it sums it all up if I tell you that this year has confirmed me in my intention to become a teacher. There were

minor setbacks, obviously, but at the end of the day the positive experiences predominate by far. Additionally I think I have learned a lot about the British and their way of life; even more so, I even understand and love cricket now!

Finally, I'd especially like to thank the following people (and I make my apologies to those I might have forgotten): **Kathrin** for recommending me; the **Headmaster** and **Mr. Hasnip** for appointing me; the whole Modern Languages staff for their support; **Mr. Broadbent** and **Mr. Hamilton** for giving me a chance to get involved in the sports; **Guylaine** for being such a nice and patient (Match of the day!) flat mate; **Mr. Bailey**, **Mr. Foster** and **Mr. Henderson** and all the others for great evenings in and out (keep on practising your darts, mates, I'll be back); the Avernus Team for a good laugh after supper; **Mr. Revill** for the private tuition in English sarcasm; **Annabel Casey** for helping me to improve my proverbial English; **Dominic Hardy**, **Alex Shellard** and **James Prior** for the boys' latest gossip; all the non-teaching staff for their help and finally **Mr. Pope** for giving me the opportunity to express myself in this article; you have all contributed to my final verdict: It was a brilliant year that I'll never forget.

Cheers and good luck for the future!

DIETMAR PFENNIG

Tatiana Aleksentseva, Russian assistant writes:

Это было здорово! Мне всё очень понравилось. Должна заметить, что это была моя первая поездка за пределы бывшего СССР и она оправдала мои ожидания. Я очень благодарна за радушный приём, атмосферу дружбы, заботы и внимания, которая окружала меня в Абингдонской школе. От всего сердца — большое, большое спасибо! Мне было приятно работать с моими коллегами-преподавателями русского языка в школе. Главное, что мне особенно понравилось в вашей замечательной школе — это уважительное, тактичное отношение учеников к учителям, и учителей к ученикам, а также и между учителями. Я рада, что за относительно короткий период времени я смогла узнать столько много нового о людях в Англии.

Мне очень нравится, что вы так бережно храните историю и традиции своей прекрасной страны. Я очень сожалею, что не могу быть здесь дольше. Я буду ещё долго думать о вас и вспоминать всех и всё, что я здесь увидела: спектакль «Юлий Цезарь», «Викторианский вечер», «концерт виолончели и фортепиано», Абингдон, Оксфорд, Бат, северный Уэльс, Лондон, Ливерпуль; моих добрых дурзей-ассистентов: **Гилен**, **Дитмара**, австралийских физкультурников, **Мартина**-музыканта; моих добрых друзей-учеников, и конечно же, я не забуду моих добрых дорогих коллег-преподавателей. Желаю им дальнейших успехов и ещё больше оптимизма и энтузиазма среди их учеников! Ещё раз спасибо!

С любовью из России, Татьяна

It was great! I loved everything. I must admit this was the first time I had ventured outside the former USSR and I was not disappointed. I am most grateful for the cordial welcome, the atmosphere of friendship, care and attention that surrounded me at Abingdon School. A big, big thank you from the bottom of my heart! I enjoyed working with my fellow teachers of Russian. The main thing that struck me in your remarkable school is the respectful, sensitive relationship between the staff and pupils, also among the staff. I am glad that I managed to discover many new things about people in England in a relatively short time. I like the way you preserve so carefully the history and traditions of your excellent country. I greatly regret that I cannot stay here longer. I shall be thinking of you for a long time to come and shall remember everyone and everything that I saw: the performance of "Julius Caesar", the Victorian evening, the concert for cello and fortepiano, Abingdon, Oxford, Bath, North Wales, London, Liverpool; my good friends the other assistants: **Guylaine**, **Dietmar**, the Australian sports coaches; **Marcin** the musician; the good friends among the pupils, and, of course, I shall not forget my dear colleagues on the teaching staff. I wish them continued success and still greater optimism and enthusiasm among their pupils! Once again thank you!

With love from Russia,

TATIANA

Marcin Stopczyk, a professional conductor from Warsaw, stayed at the school for the Lent and Summer terms of 1994. Here he studied English while assisting greatly in the music department, particularly with the orchestras and the A-Level musicians who have been conducting as part of their coursework. He agreed to be interviewed by **Paul Harrison**



shortly before he returned to Poland to continue his career.

PH: Mr. Stopczyk, what inspired you to start conducting, and what do you like about it?

MS: I like to work with people, and I realised that it is more creative for me to work with many instruments, not only with the piano. The piano is a wonderful instrument, but for me it is a little bit limited. I think about colours of sound etc., and you can work on it during your rehearsal - that's why I decided to be the conductor.

PH: Could you tell us about the work that you do in Poland?

MS: Yes. Nowadays I work at two secondary music schools, one of which is in Warsaw in the old city, a wonderful area, and the second of which is about 30km from Warsaw. I conduct an orchestra, but this orchestra is smaller than your First Orchestra - it is a small symphony or even chamber orchestra. Also, I teach choirs in Warsaw - and theory.

PH: Who are your conducting idols?

MS: I have some idols. First of all **Sir Michael Stinton** (!). After that is a very long gap, and then I like conductors like Mr. Semcov, a Polish conductor. I have very many idols who come from abroad - Sir George Solti; also Leonard Bernstein and Herbert von Karajan.

PH: What are your ambitions as a conductor?

MS: I'd like to work with a professional orchestra in the future, and especially I'd like to work with a symphony orchestra because it would be the best thing for me, I think.

PH: What advice would you give to potential conductors?

MS: First of all they should know that it is a discipline as important as playing instruments - your violin, your piano, etc. That's why they should spend some time on it, practising and preparing the gestures. They should have a strict self-discipline. Also they should spend very much time thinking about the rehearsal, and have an idea of performance to know what to do with the piece - I am thinking about interpretation.

PH: What have you enjoyed most about your time at Abingdon?

MS: It's very difficult to decide because there were very many wonderful things which happened to me, but I can say I enjoyed the atmosphere here at Abingdon School. It is a very good school, and I'd like to say that you should appreciate being here very much.

PH: Do you think that the experience has been beneficial for you?

MS: Yes, very much. First of all it was the best way to improve my English, and also I appreciated meeting Mr. Stinton and observing his rehearsals. It was a very good lesson for me, because.....more advice for conductors - they should observe another conductor - it was a very good thing. Also, I realised how a music department at an English school looks - it was very interesting for me, and I am sure that I can take something to Poland from Abingdon School - some very good ideas for teaching.

PS: Mr. Stopczyk, thank you very much; and will you send us a postcard from Warsaw?

MS: Yes, of course. Thank you.

INTERVIEW BY **P. HARRISON 6NMR**

Ian Smith retired this year after several years' sterling service to the school. Soon after his arrival, in 1983, he took up the reins of responsibility for the Physics Department, and many staff and former pupils will remember the tremendous care and diligence with which he ran it. He was supremely successful at bringing out the best in all the boys under his care, be they natural physicists or otherwise. Many teachers, too, will remember the gentle advice and encouragement he gave them as they began, for he was responsible for training many young and inexperienced staff. **Ian** followed tirelessly the enthusiasms of the boys beyond the classroom. Whether it be in his Astronomy Club, flying model aircraft, building a kit car with a small band of boys, singing in school choirs or playing the organ, many pupils will remember with gratitude how their interests and skills were nurtured by **Ian**. He is sorely missed by all at Abingdon, but we wish him well for his retirement and are glad that he intends to remain in the area.

MR. POPE

Rob Foster came to us in 1991 as a trainee physicist and a very talented oarsman. He has spent a great deal of time and energy helping the schoolboy rowing at Abingdon become ever more professional and turned into a very challenging Physics Master. Both Common Room and the boys will particularly miss his scintillating range of ties!

MR. POPE

Sebastian King and Jeremy Thompson also leave us. Both came to Abingdon School from Australia to help out in the Sports Department, and both played a full part in the School's life. **Sebastian** was often to be seen on stage in the Amey Hall using his great musical talents, whilst **Jeremy** became an indispensable help to teaching our rowers.

MR. POPE

Mrs. Angela Parkes came to teach History to cover **Mr. Payne's** Sabbatical Term's absence. She has been a remarkably efficient and enthusiastic teacher, by all accounts, and many boys will miss her inspiring lessons.

MR. POPE

Otto Steinsiek 1938-1994

It is with great sadness that we record the death of **Herr Otto Steinsiek**, for many years the key figure in the link between Abingdon and the Ratsgymnasium, Bielefeld, where he had been teaching since 1975. The exchange had already been running for many years under the direction of Herr Hans-Theo Schäpersmann, and Otto became his enthusiastic supporter. He had studied English and Geography at Münster, Göttingen and Leicester Universities, and his knowledge and love for England and English was immense; he was tireless in promoting a similar love for Germany and German among pupils - and staff - of Abingdon School. He did a highly successful term's exchange with **Mr. Revill** during which he fitted easily and happily into our Masters' Common Room.

On Herr Schäpersmann's death he became Head of the English faculty at the Ratsgymnasium, and it was through his inspiration that the Hector Stipendium was set up to finance an exchange of sixth formers between the two schools; already some eight or nine boys have enjoyed the experience of living and working for a term in the partner school. He, like Herr Schäpersmann before him, was an honorary member of Abingdon Masters' Common Room, and he was a regular and popular visitor to the school both with exchange groups and on his private trips to see how life in England was progressing. He fostered not only group exchanges, but also visits by school choirs, orchestras and drama productions. We shall miss him, and our sympathies go out to his wife Kiki and their two children, as well as to his colleagues at the Ratsgymnasium. He will be very hard to replace. We here at Abingdon have lost a friend who with his enthusiasm, diplomacy and general love of life contributed greatly to understanding between our schools and our countries.

MR. KEITH HASNIP

The Registrar, Roger Medill leaves us with these thoughts, delivered to an audience of leaving pupils:

"What will you remember of your school days in 20, 30, or 40 years' time? Perhaps you will forgive a few reminiscences and thoughts from my own time at school, a place I've revisited only twice in the last 50 years. There were special reasons for that and I feel sure that most of you will be closer in touch with Abingdon than that, but what does stand out in ones mind? People, of course; School-Masters both eccentric and relatively normal. Obviously stronger memories will remain of friends and friendships which will no doubt be maintained by planned meetings, and you will find it is surprising how often chance meetings occur. Even a school photograph can arouse powerful memories. I'd just like to mention an odd thing that remained with me and that is inscriptions on buildings - 5 of them. At my school you arrived down a long drive at a huge portico flanked by tall pillars, and across the top were the words

OSTIUM MIHI APERTUM EST MAGNUM - A great gate is open to me.

I don't suppose those words meant much to any boy of 13, shaking in his shoes on arrival; certainly to me that gate seemed quite unnecessarily large. Some of you may know the words inscribed over the entrance to Hell in Dante's great poem of the Inferno.

LASCIATE OGNI SPERANZA VOI Q'ENTRATE - Abandon hope all ye who enter here.

That would have been more like it, especially for me as I had the misfortune to arrive a fortnight late when everybody had settled down and, worse still, wearing shorts instead of long trousers. My Housemaster hurried me away to be kitted out, but too late; I had been spotted. That was bad news in those days when schools were rather tougher places than they are now, and it took me some time to live it down. We all know what it feels like being new and feeling different from everyone else. So I didn't appreciate at the time that those words: 'A great gate is open to me', could have another meaning, but you might like to consider as you're about to leave Abingdon the great gate of learning and experience that has opened to you, probably a richer, fuller experience than

people have had in the past; quite possibly richer and fuller than in any other country at the present time. You start off needing help to open the gate, but the whole purpose of your education is, of course, to enable you to open it for yourself and pass through, leaving your teachers behind.

What have you found through that gate, and what will you continue to find? This brings me to my second inscription, over the science labs:

EPUR SI MUOVE

Three Italian words meaning 'nevertheless it moves'.

What on earth is the point of that? Galileo, Mathematician, Physicist and Astronomer of genius, one of the greatest scientists who ever lived, proved by telescopic observation and deduction on January 10th 1610 that contrary to previous belief the sun did not circle the earth but vice versa, the earth moved round the sun. Suddenly on that day he had shaken the foundations of the universe. The majestic structure devised by Ptolemy in the 2nd century A.D. and accepted for 1500 years - of 9 concentric spheres of crystal in which the sun, and planets moved round the earth within the sphere of the fixed stars uttering a divine harmony - the music of the spheres - all this splintered and collapsed. If the earth was not at the centre of the universe, but spinning round the sun, there was no up and no down and so, in effect it seemed that Heaven and Hell were abolished. The man in the street called Galileo: 'The Bible buster'. Of course, the Church wasn't going to have that, and the Inquisition brought out the thumbscrews and the rack. One look at these instruments convinced Galileo that a recantation was necessary, and who would blame him? He made a public statement that, contrary to all he had taught, the earth stood still at the centre, but under his breath he muttered defiantly what he had discovered and knew to be the truth: EPUR SI MUOVE - Nevertheless it does move.

The Church no longer wields the power of life and death as it did in those days, but people still need to find something which gives order and meaning to life. When Galileo was asked: "Where is God in your universe?" he replied: "In us or nowhere". What would be your reply to that question? Where is God in your universe? I think my answer would be "In us and everywhere", but the main thing is at least to look for an answer rather

than ignore it. There's a paradoxical remark worth remembering: "who seeks for God has found Him". So, through the great gate lies the stubborn and lifelong quest for truth; human, scientific or spiritual.

Third inscription - over the same portico through which you entered, but on the other side so that you read it as you left the school:

GRATIS ACCEPISTIS, GRATIS DATE

Freely you have received, freely give.

Challenging words. Your parents might jib a bit at the word freely, but for you during this time of gifts, freely you have received indeed.

As you will recognise, these words come from the Bible where Jesus - the greatest teacher who ever lived - reminds his disciples what they have learned from him, and how they should conduct themselves. But you don't need to be a Christian to recognise the fairness of that comment, because it appeals to our natural sense of justice. It must be right that those who have much should be generous and give much. And in monetary terms I doubt if many schools have a more lively awareness of giving than Abingdon - over £20,000 in a year is a very impressive sum. It helps to remind us that we here in this Church today, and everybody at Abingdon, are among the most highly privileged people who have ever lived.

Fourth inscription - in gold letters above the altar in the school chapel :

ESTO FIDELIS USQUE AD MORTEM ET DABO TIBI CORONAM VITAE - Be thou faithful even unto death and I will give you a crown of life.

Whatever you may think of the promise of a crown of life, believe it or not believe it, nobody could quarrel with the nobility of that command and that aspiration: "Be faithful even unto death". Faithful to our friends, later on faithful to our wives and families, faithful to our ideas and beliefs.

There's a story which you may know, of a Headmaster showing round a parent whose one concern seemed to be how much money her son could earn after leaving school, and when she asked once again, "But Headmaster what are you preparing your boys for?" he replied "For death, madam". History doesn't relate whether the boy went to that school; I think not. The Headmaster was clearly exasperated by her narrow persistence about material things, but I don't think that was

just a meaningless reply. Surely we would all one day want to look back on our life and feel that we had fulfilled a purpose and that we were, near the end, in some sense, prepared? Wouldn't that be, perhaps, a personal crown of life?

And so to the 5th and last inscription in even larger gold letters around the great shallow dome of the Dining Hall which held 600 at a time: the magnificent words of Mr. Valiant for Truth coming to the end of his journey in the Pilgrim's Progress in sight of the Celestial City with only the river of death between:

'Then said he, "My sword, I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill, to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder." When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river side; into which, as he went he said, "Death where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper he said, "Grave where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.'

I learnt those words over 50 years ago and I've never forgotten them, but perhaps I should add before my conclusion that none of these inscriptions were pointed out to us at school; they were just there, part of the background. And it may be that for you too, some of the things at Abingdon which you take for granted or even ignore will come into focus as you grow older. See what you remember 40 years on. Now, after 60 years of listening to sermons, I know from experience how little remains in one's mind, so may I sum up the 5 inscriptions: 1. The great gate of learning and experience. 2. Through that gate, the lifelong pursuit of truth; human, scientific and spiritual. 3. The appeal for generosity. 4. The command to be faithful, even unto death and 5. Mr. Valiant for Truth's final words of achievement, fulfilment and reward. If I were to choose only one of these to remember and recommend to you, if I may, to remember, it would be the third inscription, the one you read as you left the school; and may I offer it to you not only as our duty to our neighbour but as a source of lasting happiness in life:

FREELY YOU HAVE RECEIVED,
FREELY GIVE."

MR. ROGER MEDILL

Out of Abingdon

The Sixth Form Trip to Paris

The 1994 trip to Paris started very early on Saturday morning at the beginning of the Lent half-term. A group of about 25 Lower Sixth-Formers boarded our executive coach, and set off for the 'City of Light'. Disappointingly, the sea was as calm as a mill pond both ways, but this did give us the opportunity to exploit the ferry's retail outlets to the full.

Crawling through the outskirts, we caught our first glimpses of the city which was to be our home for the next three and a half days - a city in which every other shop was a chemist's, it was noted. We arrived at our hotel off the Rue Montmartre late in the afternoon to be greeted by various degrees of friendliness by the natives. After the first dinner in our restaurant (which was convinced that the British diet was chicken and chips alone), the evening was spent assessing the 'night-life potential' of the area, and it was found to be wholly satisfactory.

After a much needed night's 'sleep', the cultural feast began. During the course of the trip, the Louvre, Musée d'Orsay, Orangerie, Pompidou centre and the Picasso Museum were all visited, guided by the leaders of the four groups into which we had divided. I, for one, 'broadened my cultural horizons', and under the expert guidance of **Miss Milligan**, learned how to recognise a Renoir.

As well as art museums, our hectic schedule included several views from on high. Notre Dame, the Arc de Triomphe and the Eiffel Tower were all climbed. The tower was scaled at dusk on the last evening and the unique view of Paris by night was breathtaking - particularly for those suffering from

vertigo.

Two tours of the city were conducted - the first in our coach by a Parisian guide whose sense of humour unfortunately did not match her knowledge. The second was on a 'Bateau Mouche',



which took us slowly but surely up and down the Seine for several hours accompanied by canned commentary in sixteen languages - none of which was recognisably English.

Some people visited the War Museum, and we were also given the choice of going either to the Science Museum or the Palace of Versailles. Both, it seems, were a success. After a journey through Pigalle (where every other shop is definitely not a chemist's) and several hundred steps, we came across the famous church on a hill - the 'Sacred Heart'. The freezing cold did not dampen



the group's spirits, indeed Sacré-Coeur looked all the more moving in the ensuing blizzard, and the

abundant hat-selling Parisiens must have made enough to retire.

The trip, for most, however, did not consist entirely of visiting art galleries and tourist attractions, and those who claimed to be thoroughly 'cultured-out' found comfort in the plentiful extra-curricular activities supplied by the city in the evenings. It was with regret that we left Paris on Wednesday morning, but the silver lining to the cloud was the highly productive visit to a hyper-

market in Calais. After several hours of 'YMCA' on the coach, we finally returned to Abingdon, reflecting on a highly successful and enjoyable trip. Sincere thanks must go to **Miss Milligan, Dr. Horn, Mr. Hofton, Mr. Mansfield, Guylaine** and **'Bazza'** for accompanying and supervising the trip, and especially to **Miss Milligan** for all the hard work in organising it.

P. HARRISON 6NMR



YMCA?-Ed

HEAT

*I sat drinking long, cool exotic drinks,
Lemon, lime, red; even pink.
The clinking of ice in a glass,
Shrieking of children as they pass.*

*Smouldering heat by mid-day,
Sand-veined and cracked like baked clay.
The sun clasps the golden earth,
Tanned bodies ride the high surf.*

*Afternoon waves flop on hot sand,
In the distance plays a band.
A collage of sunbathers on the beach,
Seagulls swooping as they screech.*

*As I lay on toasted sand,
A good book close to hand,
I decided the heat was too much for me,
And waded out to the cooling sea.*

J. McNALLY 2V

A Trip to Bath

It was 12:05 when I climbed onto the bus, and I had been carrying the packed lunches. I sat down and after a while we left. It was quite a long journey and when we arrived we were all a bit stiff. We set off for the baths at about 2 pm and arrived at about 2:10. We went in and waited for a minute or so. Then we went into a slide room where we received a talk and looked at slides on the Roman baths and the many things found by architects, for example, bracelets, jewellery, curses, lamps, etc.

Next we went to look around the museum and the baths themselves. In the museum we saw the sacred spring - it was steaming hot, bubbling and looked quite dirty. We saw the different colour stone where it had collapsed and been rebuilt. We saw the steps leading to the temple, in front of which they used to worship, and curses they used to throw into the sacred spring. By the temple entrance was the head of a bronze statue of Sulis Minerva and an altar used in the ceremonies. Altars had engravings on them and small hollows on the top where the holy water was poured. We also saw coffins made of stone. The stone pediment that was on the temple had a carving of a sun with a face, moustache, and some snakes as hair (like Medusa). It also had other carvings of people and animals around it.

Finally we arrived at the Main Baths complex. First we saw the sacred spring overflow that was like a small waterfall, but very hot. As the water gushed over the edge, steam rose from it and there was a horrible smell of rotten eggs. Next we saw the drain that took the water from the spring to the baths and we noticed how well built it was. Then we went into the baths themselves and walked through the massage room, where the oil was massaged in and scraped off with a strigil. We walked through the hot room, which was heated by a furnace, which pumped hot air under the floor using a method called hypocaust. We also saw the changing rooms. Then we finally reached the main bath which was full of green water and had pillars around it that had been rebuilt a few hundred years later. There were little bays in the walls where people probably sat and had a chat. After we had seen this we saw the cool bath and another hypocaust system.

We then had a look in the shop before we set off home, after a thoroughly enjoyable day!

C. HOCKLEY 2A



The Classics Speaking Competition

On Wednesday 4th May the St. Anne's Classics Speaking Competition took place, hosted by the Head of Classics at St. Anne's College, Oxford. The competition comprised a number of categories, divided into Junior and Senior competitions, prose and verse texts, and reading or memoriter (reciting from memory) sections. There was a large number of applicants from several schools, including **Jonathan Wald**, **Thomas Carey** and **Jerome Finnis** from Abingdon.

It was a long afternoon with so many sections, each entry stepping onto a stage at the front of the lecture hall before the assembled company and reciting twenty or so lines of their chosen text. This is at best a nerve-racking experience and there were a few nasty moments when people forgot their lines or faltered.

The three judges, all dons and Classics professors, were marking on the criteria of style, enunciation and accuracy. Although the point of the competition was not winning but rather taking part, a £10 book token was awarded to the best entrant from each category, of small significance in comparison with "tanta gloria famaue immortalis"! Abingdon performed very well, particularly in

view of its relatively few entrants : **Jerome Finnis** received the first prize in the Senior Latin Verse Reading Section (reciting an extract from Aeneid book 10) and **Thomas Carey** received the first prize in the Senior Latin Verse Memoriter Section (reciting from Aeneid Book 4). **Jonathan Wald** was also commended for his performance in the Senior Latin Verse Reading Section. All thanks and credit must go to **Sir Digby Cayley** for kindly sacrificing his time and so patiently coaching us.

T. CAREY 6RCRM

6th Form Conference at Headington School

On the afternoon of March 16, 1994, I was invited to participate in a 6th Form Conference at Headington School with Mr. Bruce Kent, senior member of the CND and Labour candidate for Abingdon and Oxfordshire.

I embarked on a journey of broken speed limits and bizarre discussions with **James Warner** and **Anthony Pavlovich** and soon we were hastily deposited in the lobby of Headington School five minutes after the expected starting time of the meeting.

Having made our apologies and sheepishly mooched up to the back of the lecture theatre and out of sight, we sat down to participate in the conference. It was already well underway and Mr. Kent was explaining the logistics of his work and how the conference would be structured, with the occasional plug for various 'Save the Whales', 'Friends of the Earth' and Animal Rights etc. groups and organisations.

A Czechoslovakian animated film called 'Booom' and another called 'The Big If' were screened, and although technically commendable, with humorous animation and story lines, the underlying messages were wholly idealistic and unrealistic. This proved to be the case with Mr. Kent as well. His attitude could be summed up as 'ban the bomb and live happily ever after'. A nice idea, but not practical or realistic. **Mr. Warner** made a point of this to him, commenting that even if all

the major powers destroyed their nuclear stockpiles, there would always be another rebel state that works out how to make weapons-grade plutonium and then tries to win more power by exercising their ability to threaten the rest of the world. I pointed out that if it were not for the nuclear 'deterrent', then the Cold War would almost certainly have been World War Three. These two totally logical points were disregarded by Mr. Kent with the words:

"That's not an argument", and: "That's not an argument, either."

He then continued his hour-and-a-half long CND promotion under the guise of 'making the world a more peaceful place'. I refrained from exclaiming that nuclear weapons do in fact keep the peace rather well, as demonstrated by peoples' unwillingness to use them, and the extreme rarity of occasions when they have been used in combat. Surely the nuclear attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, although severe, halted the Second World War in its tracks in one fell swoop, saving the lives of many more hundreds, maybe thousands, of people from one of the most destructive wars in history?

Mr. Kent's next 'good idea' for bringing about peace was to have every country recognised by the UN sitting on the security council. Oh dear! Each member of the council has the right to veto. Therefore, if the UN wished to mount an attack on, perhaps, Iraq, there might be a problem with persuading Iraq not to veto the decision.

Several schools attended this conference, and after the lecture we were split up into groups in order to decide how to make the world a better place through the roles allocated to us. Most of the groups came up with the usual, default, canned answers, but our group decided to test Mr. Kent's flexibility to new ideas and concepts. As the British Defence Industry, we decided to channel more money into researching nuclear fusion reactors as a cheap, easy and clean method of producing power. We decided to continue building and maintaining the nuclear stockpile as a deterrent to starting any hostilities and to create more jobs in the defence industry in order to lower unemployment and combat the recession. Mr. Kent's only comment was a blank stare.

He did provide some interesting information, though, such as the amount spent on defence

by Britain per annum, and the percentage of the world's fossil fuel reserves consumed by the military every year. The afternoon did provide some excellent, if a little one-sided, debates, and left us feeling stimulated. I look forward to seeing and quizzing Mr. Kent again if the School goes ahead with my suggestion that he should appear as a Tuesday afternoon Lecturer here at Abingdon.

K. DARBY 6RCRM

A Dinner Debate at Wycombe Abbey

At 6:15pm on Saturday 30th April 1994, we waited on the main school gravel to await the imminent arrival of **Mr. Milner** and **Dr Z.** We were: **Anthony Pavlovich, Patrick Tompkin, James Howard, Rizal Amashur, John Asher** and **Conrad Purcell.** **Tim Ward** and **Richard Davies** would meet us there.

When we arrived we were met by the girls at Wycombe Abbey and a bucks-fizz reception had been laid on not only for us, but also for boys from Winchester and Eton. Then after talking about matters of no great importance, except of course Wigan's win over Leeds of which we had been informed by an exuberant **Richard Davies**, when everyone had arrived, we were led to a large room which had been prepared for our arrival and we took our seats as Wycombe's chairwoman opened the debate and introduced the speakers. The motion was: 'This house believes that money can buy happiness.'

After a fairly lively debate which will be remembered for Winchester's total disregard for standing orders and for the total lack of spontaneity displayed by Eton, it was only due to the natural flair shown by Abingdon debaters that the evening went so well. After the motion had been argued for as long as was possible, there followed the summing up of speeches which were thankfully made as short in length as they were in humour. The motion was defeated although the margin of victory was not divulged to us by the chairwoman.

There followed a meal in the Wycombe Ab-

bey dining hall and I was told it tasted very nice, not, however, if you happened to be a vegetarian. This ended our evening and we said goodbye to Wycombe and had a lovely journey back to Abingdon thanks to **Mr. and Mrs. Milner.**

C. PURCELL 6JCH



Lower School Boys attract national attention

DREAMING

*There are many places in the world
Where I have not yet been,
And many moving mysteries
That I have never seen.
I often stop to ponder
On earth's vast mystery,
From the shadowy shimmering Taj Mahal
To the doleful, dense Dead Sea.*

*I think of all the famous men
Who've led their people far,
Be it an Emir of the desert
Or a noble Russian Tsar.
I think of all the mothers
Whose value soars above.
They give us love and learning,
Time and endless love.*

*I dream about the future
And how the world will be.
What will I give? What can I give?
What will Earth need from me?
The young can help this planet,
Whatever creed or sect.
Perhaps the greatest gift to give is that of our
respect!*

CRUMBLE 2S

A Television star?

For years I have been an avid fan of "Count-down". Finally I decided to send off to the programme for an application form, since I had continually beaten the contestants from the comfort of my living room, whilst they were under the studio lights and probably nervous. I did not know how much more difficult it would prove to be in the studio. Later I was ecstatic to find that I had passed the auditions and had to go to Leeds in May for the recording.

May soon came, and armed with eight shirts (they don't film below the waist!), I was ready for Leeds. I arrived at YTV in the morning and was shown to the contestants' dressing room where I met my competitors. When it was time to record the first show, I thought that there was no turning back now. But my first taste of television came at the end of the second show, when they introduced me to the next day's contestant. I then had to change my shirt and ten minutes later I was having my microphone attached. Next I met Jan Harvey, the guest for the show. Eventually the studio lights went on, Richard Whiteley introduced everybody and it was on with the show.

I scored stealthily and at the break the scores were close. After the break my scoring slowed slightly, and by the Conundrum, the scores were 51-42 in my favour. If my opponent were to get the Conundrum she would win. Those thirty seconds felt like five minutes....With one game won, I was off to change my shirt again. After four more shirt changes and four more close wins under my belt, it was time for a hotel for the night. I awoke the next day and enjoyed a full English breakfast.

Back at the studio, I only had one hairy moment in the next two games: luckily for me ROUBLES can be spelt RUBLES. Thankfully my opponent chose to spell it the shorter way. In the eighth and final game I was 21 points ahead at the break but lost the Conundrum. For a while I was inconsolable. At least I was number one seed, by more than 100 points. This meant that I had to go on again for the quarterfinals, which were recorded in June. This time I was less nervous. My first game was relatively easy resulting in a win for me by 20 points. The second semifinal was a lot closer and I only won by 4 points : it was all on the Conundrum.

Before the Final, my opponent was sweating. This proved to be my downfall, because he knew many more words than I and he therefore won by 25 points. But I was quite pleased because £250 seemed as good as the dictionaries on offer anyway, and the whole escapade was great fun and very satisfying : television is much more fun than school anyday!

A. PERRY 2V

Abseiling...

On June 20, 20 boys went climbing and abseiling at Symonds Yat Rock near Ross-on-Wye. We set off from school at 7:45am in the minibus. When we arrived the first thing we did was abseil down a very large rock. It was quite scary as we let ourselves over the edge of the rock for the first time, but it was easy after this. After a picnic lunch we all had a go at rock climbing with five climbs to choose from. These varied in difficulty: two were really difficult and not everyone made these. We all enjoyed the day very much.

M. DALZELL-PIPER 1W

6th Form French Exchange

After the horrendously traumatic experience of being woken at 4:30am and driven hurriedly from Reading to Oxford to the distressing strains of Fox FM, I arrived with my mother at Headington School at 5:30am.

Gradually the rest of the group assembled and the coach arrived, so we said our adieux and boarded. The journey was uneventful apart from some official introductions to Mrs. Wilson, and the group leader Mrs. Ockendon.

Having checked in at the airport, **Phil Brunner** and I lost the rest of the group after deciding that it would be more fun to find a lift to take us to the departure lounge rather than the orthodox escalator. However, we finally relocated them, and made our way to a café, where Mrs. Wilson was now buried not only with her luggage, but with everyone else's too. The group was scattered all over the terminal and she had volunteered to be a 'consigne'.

Time came, and we took our seats on the plane. I found myself sandwiched between Claire Norman of Headington School, and **Robert Duncan**. An 'entertaining' breakfast was served by the staff, and within two hours we had landed at Geneva.

At the baggage reclaim, that fundamental law of airport sociology was yet again proved; 'The first suitcase that appears on the baggage carousel never belongs to anyone, ever.' Claire remarked to me: "Well, at least we're in France now." Incredulous, I mentioned that we might possibly be in Switzerland, but she demanded proof, so I pointed out the vast hordes of Toblerone and watches. She succumbed to defeat and realised her gross mistake...

The weather in Grenoble when we arrived on the coach was stiflingly hot, and winter coats were replaced with Ambre Solaire factor fifteen. The Lycée Grésivaudan Meylan is a stunning structure, three years old, and resembling a strange space station from 'Space 1999' which could take off at any minute. White steel and concrete frame glass formed a building which could be described as anything but a school. Our correspondents were waiting in the car park for us and for the first time I felt apprehensive. I was the only one who had not seen his or her partner, as I was filling in for **James Knight**, who unfortunately had to drop out at the last minute. I wasn't sure who to look for, as I had not even seen a photo of Emanuel, nor he of me. However, a head stuck through the crowd, and grabbing my hand he shook it with the words: "Salut, Kier, je suis Emanuel, tu viens?"

"Oh dear", I thought, "I'd forgotten about the French bit of this trip." So with a muttered "Bonjour" I was whisked away in a very dodgy 2CV by **Tristan Gurney's** exchange partner's mother, as they lived close to Emanuel's house.

The house was situated about two miles from the school and civilisation, and halfway up a mountain. The view from my window was spectacular, across the Grésivaudan valley to the mountains opposite with Meylan in the middle and light aircraft flying low over the town. The family of my correspondent turned out to be very agreeable, if a little French. The food was excellent and I had a room to myself.

On Sunday, the family and I went skiing, I for the first time ever. Coming down was no prob-

lem, but trying to remount the mountain wearing skis was a total disaster. Eventually I gave up and carried the skis under my arm up the slope.

Monday saw our first day of school. The inside of the school looked very like a railway station (having been spotlessly cleaned). **Phil** turned up looking haggard, his exchange, Ghiome, was a walking nightmare with an obsessive passion for ping-pong. Others had similar problems but some had some very good correspondents. During these tales of woe and weekends, we began to come to know each other better. We attended an English lesson with Mme Chaulard, in which she tried to correct our English (!?) and we followed this by a well-deserved session of sun-bathing on the school lawn, during which we invented the new art form of taking one headphone from each of two walkmans and listening to the cacophony of both playing at once in each ear.

In the course of the week we visited a strange monastery...which was supposed to be a chateau, but the driver got lost... and the old town of Annecy, in which we visited a museum of bells, the souvenirs of which include a dubious T-shirt with the words to the effect of: "I sat on the biggest bell in the world" written on the chest. I took photos of everything and everyone in the vain hope that I would find some material for a painting I was going to start on my return to England.

Much French was learned, and many good friendships made by all. The general trip was very enjoyable indeed.

Back at Heathrow ten days later, I discovered how to make an external call on the Budget Rent-a-Car phone while the attendant was away, and we all called home, running up a gargantuan bill for Budget Rent-a-Car. (Sorry!) Fond farewells were made back at Headington after an encounter with an irate bus driver, and we went our separate ways with an exchange of phone numbers, shirts etc...

K. DARBY 6RCRM



The lure of France

The Headmaster's London Marathon

This year the Headmaster ran the London Marathon to raise money for the School. The Abingdonian congratulates him! Read on for a blow by blow account:

Q. Was the idea, from the start, to raise money for Mercers' Court?

In the first case, I had this rather unfocussed idea that this was a thing which it might be worth trying and, then, very shortly afterwards, I realised that Mercers' Court was a very appropriate objective, and I could put my sweat to some useful purpose there.

Q. How did you get the idea of donating, as it were, one mile to the Sport for Disabled Children Charity?

The Lords Taverners had given me the ticket to run, so to speak, and that was on the understanding that I raise money for them, and so I am committed absolutely to giving a portion to them. I would want to in any case because I am of the opinion that, no matter how good one's objective is, it's not a bad idea to vary it a little bit and to think a bit more widely than just in a blinkered way of one's own particular concerns. I actually do feel very strongly indeed about the importance of sport for disabled children. It's a purely arbitrary split I must admit.

Q. How much time did you spend training prior to running the Marathon?

I started building up to it pretty much straight away. A year ago I was really not at all fit and that was perhaps another motive for getting to grips with this thing - I realised I needed to be fitter. So I started in a very gentle fashion and to begin with you might not have thought it was training at all really. I was deliberately taking serious walks, long-distance walks, building up speed and so on. And then, in the summer, I actually began running and although I took time off over both the

Summer and Christmas holidays, I was actually following something like a program of road running from about May onwards.

Q. Where did you get your program from?

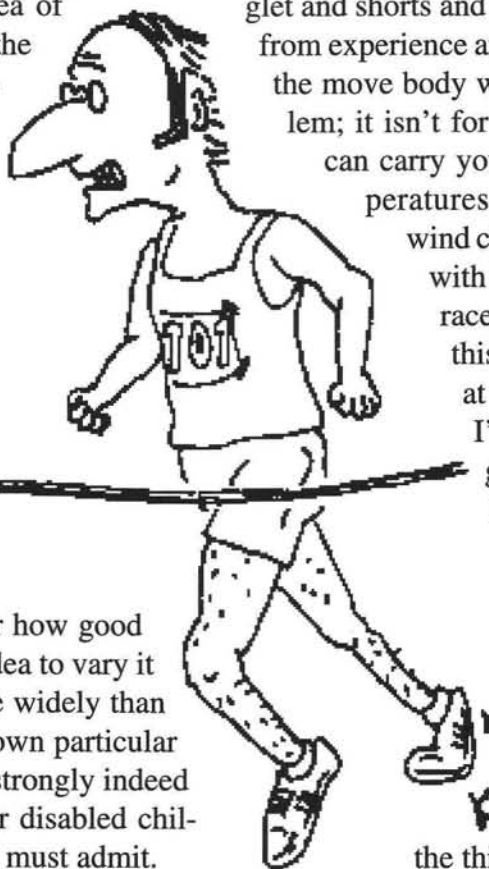
I was roughly following the advice given in The Times which ran a series of articles all through last year about amateur people interested in running marathons and they told you roughly what you ought to be doing from time to time; so I just stuck with that and it worked.

Q. It was unbelievably cold day. How did you protect yourself?

I didn't and if I had been doing that particular day again I can now say in retrospect I'd have worn no more than I did. I stripped down to singlet and shorts and set off. I knew perfectly well from experience and training that once one's on the move body warmth as such is not a problem; it isn't for me. The activity of running can carry you through almost arctic temperatures without difficulty. It's the wind chill. The wind in combination with the cold on the Sunday of the race was actually quite severe but this wasn't immediately obvious at the beginning of the race. If I'd known how windy it was going to be later on I would have put more on. As it was, I got quite severely chafed and bitten by the wind.

Q. From the point of view of organisation it must be a nightmare. How did you know where to stand?

Actually one of the things that lured me into it was the realisation last year that this is the most stunningly organised event. It really is incredibly well organised. It was so impressive that one couldn't wait to join in. It's on a vast scale. They have upwards of 25,000 runners. Allow probably two or three personal supporters for each runner and then countless thousands more of just casual spectators, and you've got a crowd of almost Coronation Day proportions. They take over the whole of East-central London, all the way from Westminster through to Docklands. They have complete control of the main streets. They have bag-



gage handling, a hygiene management system, a route marshalling apparatus (which is quite sensational), thousands and thousands of people, and the whole thing ran with the most fantastic precision; I can't say strongly enough how wonderfully it is organised. What they do at the beginning is only just a small part of the total picture. You're given maps. You're split up into different groups. There are three different starting points. You're organised in processions along those starting points. This time there was considerable freedom of choice as to exactly where you stood in the procession. You could make your own decision what was an appropriate or desirable time for you to aim for and then the whole thing is shepherded and marshalled together so that you end up by running precisely the same distance and over compatible courses. But it doesn't all begin in one vast mass. It couldn't.

Q. Was it a great crush with all the people there?

At the start it was very closely packed. There would have been no possibility at all of going off at a great rush. On the contrary, all you could do was jog very slowly at the rate that everybody else around you was jogging. After the first few miles the crowd began to thin and if you wanted to start overtaking you could, by weaving in and out a bit. But if you talk about a crush in the sense of a heavy unpleasant pressure absolutely not. And this brings me to perhaps one of the most interesting things about the whole experience which is that it had an extraordinarily agreeable social quality to it. Everyone was being extraordinarily kind to everyone else, literally being

kind, helping them, not just being considerate. You were helped by other people. They encouraged one, they made things easy, they gave little bits of advice and helped one out of trouble and so on. So there was no jostling, no awkward competitive shoving for position or anything like that at all.

WINNING

*Just a penalty
To win the game.
A kick that could...
Make my name.*

*My legs are shaking,
What shall I do?
I'll run up
And whack it through.*

*So I limber up,
To start my run.
Then I connect
And my job is done.*

*The whistle goes,
We've won the cup.
A surge of elation
As I'm lifted up.*

*That feeling of happiness
As players lift me high.
My emotions mix
And I begin to cry.*

*I still can't believe it,
But it's sinking in fast,
Being a winner...
...my dream at last!*

C. ROSE 1S

Q. Did this sense of camaraderie allay any nerves?

Yes it did. I was quite prepared to be extremely windy about the whole business. But quite on the contrary one actually felt one was part of a great group effort. Everybody was determined to get everybody else home if at all possible.

Q. While you are running do you talk to anyone?

Yes. I had a very good stroke of luck here, because practically at the start I realised that I was running alongside an Abingdon School parent, **Mr. Longstaff** - whose son **Ben** is in the school - and he'd done it once before. We ran alongside each other and chatted really pretty well continuously for the first ten miles. On the one hand the pace was such that one had plenty of time for chatting and on the other hand we were trained enough not to be short of breath or anything. And you had a perfectly normal conversation. And that takes an enormous amount of edge off the thing. But you were talking fairly indiscriminately to other people as well. It was a right old party.

Q. Did they have some system whereby you could count off the miles?

Yes; every mile is clearly marked. There's an arch over the road and in fact there's a clock there as well. They weren't all working on all the arches but almost all of them were. So you meas-

ured your time very precisely, mile by mile by mile.

Q. Were there any times when you felt depressed - any worst moments?

Yes. There were two or three bad moments, in fact. The first fifteen miles or so I can honestly say were sheer pleasure. I had trained carefully. I was actually very fit, by my standards, and I was running totally easily; I could have run a lot faster, but there obviously wasn't any point. Absolutely sheer pleasure apart from feeling a bit chilly at times. But the worst of the wind was yet to come. In the third quarter, which was running through Docklands, there was hardly any crowd; the setting was different - we were running through office blocks and along new concrete roads. The wind got up and was brutally cold and it did begin to get rather arduous. And just as I was beginning to feel all that weighing on me a little bit, somebody fell down and died just in front of me and I almost had to jump over the body as people rushed to help. And frankly that was very sobering. It was pretty well unnerving actually because it was apparent he was dead. Now that was not a good moment, and it made one feel much less happy than one had done before. And then, of course, the sheer physical side began to have its effect. My knees began to be pretty painful. I knew they would be because I've had trouble with them in the past. They became really disagreeable in the end, particularly at a point where the Embankment goes through an underpass, which I recollect very clearly. One had to make a hard decision, was one actually going to go on or not, and of course the answer had to be yes. At that point I sort of cut out and switched to automatic pilot. Rather a pity, because I missed looking at all sorts of things that I'd have quite liked to look at. The last five miles I wasn't really all there. I was just simply proceeding at a pace that could only charitably be described as a run but at least it was not a walk and one was in steady motion.

Q. Did you have a target time in which to complete the Marathon?

Yes; I had a goal which was to finish in under four and a half hours. I did the first half marathon in two hours which was just about right. The second half, on reflection, actually turned out pretty well, because I did the whole lot at an average of approximately 10 minutes to the mile which

was as good as I would have hoped for and expected. I believe that I came out at about four hours and twenty minutes. So in that sense I was roughly on target. I would think that if one did it a bit differently, on another occasion one might achieve a slightly different time - but that may just be Hope speaking. I don't know.

Q. Were there a number of pit-stops plying you with drink?

Liquid is absolutely essential because you dehydrate enormously and, even on a cold day like that one, one certainly lost pints of fluid as one ran which would have to be replaced or otherwise the kidneys would suffer. So one drinks. All the way along there are very frequent water stations, which are very valuable but a bit of a hazard as well, actually, because the road then becomes littered with the abandoned cartons, and you kick through them. Much more valuable, as far as I was concerned, but also less frequent were the Isostar stations - I think there were five of them altogether. Isostar is a fairly low concentration glucose drink which has the most striking effect. About three minutes after you've drunk an Isostar, tiredness dissipates and you take on a fresh lease of life. It's quite legitimate - it's not a drug - but you gain energy in a most marked fashion.

Q. How were you timed?

The timing operation is extremely fastidious. You carry, attached to your running number, a tear-off strip with a bar code on it. They tear that off and then they take it back and compare it with the photograph that has been taken of you as you cross the finishing line - and they're actually able, by putting the photograph against the strip to get a time correct to within a fraction of a second - which when you consider it - 25,000 runners over 26 plus miles - is an amazing achievement. But it is utterly accurate. You have to do your own deduction of the time knocked off at the beginning - the correction which I mentioned earlier.

Q. Is there something at the start to tell you the delay-time caused by the runners in front?

At the starting post itself there's a very large clock with a numeral display. As you pass under it you can see exactly what it's reading. I know exactly what it said for me as I went under it. I then subtract that from the finishing time.



Q. What was it like at the end?

The end was a rather curious affair altogether. I told you that I was on automatic pilot. I hadn't realised quite how automatic it was or how firm the grip was. I came tottering up to the finish, ran through the finishing arch, and then was fascinated, almost as if I was outside myself, looking down from above at this ludicrous spectacle, to observe that I didn't stop. I actually couldn't stop running. There was a set of parallel long lanes. They're obviously accustomed to this sort of phenomenon because nobody was worried about it at all and I just chugged on for a further 50 yards until somebody at the end put his hand up very gently and said 'OK, it's the end' and wrapped me in a foil blanket. Then you get given a medal and a bag of goodies - Mars bars and things like that - and then you go and collect your outer kit from the lorry and totter away into the darkness.

Q. Would you be prepared to put yourself through it again?

I don't really know. I'm reasonably determined to go on doing a certain amount of running because I've hugely enjoyed getting myself fit again. I always used to be fairly fit. It was only when I had an operation three years ago that I really fell off, and getting back into something like shape is a great relief. It would be stupid just to give it all up again. I must admit that the idea of this sort of long-distance running has got a curious sort of almost addictive attraction to it, so I'm not saying no. I'm not definitely saying yes, though, either. It just depends on how things turn out and what other demands there might be on one's time. I met one man immediately afterwards - he was a chap I think probably in his late sixties, and I believe a consultant psychiatrist from what he told me - which may or may not explain what I am going to say. He cheerfully admitted to being completely addicted to these things. He had run 90 marathons - can you believe it - and I would hate to get into quite that compulsive state, I think.

Q. Perhaps you can become addicted to the adrenaline?

I can very well believe that, because I shall always remember, perhaps with increasing wistfulness, the next morning, when I can truthfully say I felt better than I have ever done in my whole life. I felt really sensationally well - so relaxed with the world and everything that one's tempted

to try and repeat the experience.

Q. As well as being obviously a private achievement, it is to some extent also a public achievement since you are doing it for the school. How much are you, then, hoping and expecting to get?

These are two very different questions then. I'm hoping - and you've heard me say this before - that people in the school will be willing to raise sponsorship at the rate of £1 a mile per person - that's my hope - as to what to expect - I don't know at this stage. At the end of last term it was quite obvious that most people in the school hadn't actually returned their sponsorship forms. Now I very much hope that's because they are actually going to go and get it all sorted out in the holidays. I get the impression that perhaps that is happening. If so, then, who knows what will come out? What has emerged is that a lot of other people around the school - people connected with the school but not pupils of it have actually been very generous. So already money is flowing in, on quite a large scale, from other people. But I really can't even hazard a guess about it at the moment. You can do your own arithmetic. If you multiply 26 by 750 that comes to a pretty fair-sized sum. I should be over the moon if we got that!

INTERVIEW BY T. CAREY 6RCRM

WANTED

*Wanted: a new teacher at our school
He's got to be pretty cool
A sense of humour wouldn't go amiss
Not too much prep would be bliss.
Someone young and not too old
Who gives us commendations two-fold.
A sporty, energetic man
Of football, he must be a fan.
He must be strict but always fair
And always show a bit of care.
If we get the right man
We'll do what we can
To make his life not too bad
And hopefully not too sad.
Perhaps the new teacher ought to know
Where his class want to go.
Working hard and playing well
To the end until the bell.*

C. ROSE 1S

“La dolce vita” or the Italy Trip

On the day after Open Day our party of some forty pupils led by **Mr. and Mrs. Fishpool** (and **Thomas**), **Dr. Zawadski**, **Mr. Elliott** and **Mr. Iain Donald** among others set off by coach for Gatwick, from where we flew to Rome, arriving tired at about eight in the morning. It was not an inspiring start to the trip: it was slightly cold and raining gently as we drove to the Hotel Corallo in Fregene, just outside Rome. There was neither a temple nor triumphal arch to be seen anywhere, neither statues nor amphitheatres.

The first day satisfied, I think, all our expectations of what Rome should be. We saw all sorts of temples, ruins and crumbling edifices as we headed for the city centre. In the morning and early after-

noon we completed a fascinating but rather hasty tour of the Forum, the Circus Maximus, a glimpse of St. Peter's Square, and finally the Colosseum - bigger than you ever imagined. It stands amidst all the traffic and apartment houses of central Rome, yet not looking out of place or unnatural. Its huge interior is now a mere skeleton but it is easy to imagine the marble seats with the central arena which could be flooded to recreate sea-battles. Outside was a whole host of con-artists selling unbelievably tacky postcards for vast sums of money (it seemed even more vast when in lire). Generally the people seemed honest but when one member of our group bought an ice-cream for about £20 by accident, the vendor made no attempt to correct the error.

Exhausted, we clambered back into the hot coach expecting to return to the hotel, but John, our guide, told us of what the second half was to comprise. We visited the Trevi fountain - a large carving with water squirting and flowing all over

it, made of just one piece of marble - Heaven knows how. From there we visited the Pantheon and the Piazza Navona, the “coolest” place to be seen of an evening. We all bundled into the coach and headed for the hotel, most of us having run out of film and had our first taste of the addictively delicious ice-cream they make in Italy.

The second day took us to Ostia Antica, the ancient port of Rome which is wonderfully preserved. It did not seem very promising at the out-

set, but once inside it was both relaxing and interesting to explore. We spent the afternoon back in Rome to have a good look inside St. Peter's Basilica and at the Piazza outside. Not for the agoraphobic, the square is actually circular but nevertheless it is still enormous, domi-



nated by the vast cathedral. Inside, it seems incredible that so much space can be within one building. The huge marble columns and pillars soar into the darkness and a frieze of writing runs all the way around the ceiling, which is exquisitely decorated with gold and paintings, on ornamental moulded plaster too detailed to take in from so far below. Having paid to go up the dome, some of us spent a sweaty quarter of an hour in steep, endless spiral staircases and gloomy, slanting corridors within the dome itself, to emerge at the highest point in all Rome. The view was amazing and we could see all the famous sights of Rome at a glance, although there were lots of other tourists as well, which made moving around difficult. So ended another day.

Wednesday was spent on the long journey down to Sorrento, the latter part of which was dominated by the sight of Vesuvius, a genuinely impressive mountain, even more so when one remembers that it is the same volcano which devas-

tated the towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum. After settling in at the Hotel Leone, we spent the afternoon and evening looking around the town



of Sorrento, with John's voice still ringing in our ears after the five hour journey.

The next day we visited Pompeii in the morning, the weather remaining warm and usually sunny. The town is so well preserved that it is incredible to realise

that all the buildings are Roman and date back two thousand years - usually the term "excavation" applies to nothing more exciting than the foundations of a villa, or so it seems, but Pompeii is a complete settlement, full of interesting alleyways, mosaics and public buildings including the amphitheatre: it is possible to explore for hours. After lunch we spent the afternoon climbing Vesuvius (by coach) to about three hundred metres below the summit, from where we walked on foot, only to find that we had to pay to see the summit and crater. This caused an unexpected delay but eventually we made it. The view itself is astonishing, but the crater is incredible. Its sheer sides drop away into a pit of scree slopes. Impressive wisps of steam seep out of the rocks and there is a really disgusting smell of sulphur. It is a huge object; the size inspires awe and the steaming rocks seem not to make it a very safe place to be for long. From the summit, the whole bay of Naples is visible, but the weather was rather hazy, which spoilt it slightly. After seeing the town of Herculaneum, complete with scorched, blackened timbers from the eruption heat before it was buried in mud, we headed back to the Hotel Leone in Sorrento.

As a change from walking around, we spent Friday being driven by coach along the Amalfi drive, around the coast of the southern peninsula of the bay of Naples. The road clings high up on the steep and jagged white cliffs, with a view out

into the sea a long way below. We reached Paestum in the afternoon and spent the time looking around this Greek settlement, four hundred years older than anything in Rome. It has three temples of a reassuringly familiar classical Greek style, and a museum of objects dug up there.

On Saturday we visited Naples and the museum of archaeology there, seeing some fine Roman paintings, mosaics, weapons and armour as well as statues and sculpture from Pompeii.

With the threat of a general strike looming, we were at a loss as to what to do on Sunday, but finally we unanimously chose to have a good look at Pompeii again, as we felt that there were things which we had missed or would like to see again. So after catching the Circumvesuviana train which runs around the bay of Naples, we spent a much more satisfying six hours or so getting a better impression of the place. Eventually the time came to leave and so we reluctantly boarded the coach for the return journey. It turned out just as well that the trip was over for I had used all my one hundred and something exposures of film and spent all my money in pursuit of the perfect combination of ice-cream flavours.

Just when we thought we had shaken off the ever-present John, it turned out that he was coming on our 'plane, and only when we were assured that he was going on holiday in London did the worry subside. It was great to be back to the cold, raining, four degrees Celsius night at home, honestly! We returned to the coach park at about 1.30 a.m., with the prospect of lessons first thing in the morning, and with this in mind, it was hard to believe that we had ever been away.



B. LONGSTAFF 4RPB

The visit of Michael Morpurgo, the writer

When I first saw in the calendar that the grand man was coming, my mind began to conjure up all sorts of images of this writer-hero of mine. I imagined a tall, humorous man of middle age with a dominating character. Needless to say I was wrong. The wait before his arrival made us all a bit more nervous than normal, and I used the time to think of interesting questions for him. At last, the doors were pushed aside, and a man, not my Michael Morpurgo, but the real Michael Morpurgo strode down the stairs. He was small, hard-faced, and looked edgy. He needed no introductions, but simply stepped onto the stage and began:

"First of all, I want you to engage brain. I want to make sure that you're concentrating and alert, because if you're not interested then it's a waste of time me being here, and I hate wasting time."

I immediately warmed to his authoritative qualities: he let you know what he expected right from the start. He continued:

"First of all, what do we use to give us inspiration?"

We all fell dead silent; then one person put his hand up:

"Yes?"

"Our eyes, sir."

"Yes, so what do we do?"

There was no reply.

"Come on, it's an easy question and an obvious answer."

He was as nervous as we were.

"We observe, sir."

"Right."

This seemed to break the ice, and Mr. Morpurgo then proceeded to tell us how he writes. His first example was from a book called "The Year of Jenkins' War". He read it wonderfully, setting the scene as he remembered it, and really making us understand the circumstances.

This example was one where he described events that had happened in his life. This, he told us, was the best way of writing books; a first hand account gave so much opportunity for variation.

The second example was from a book with many authors. He explained how he had hit upon the idea for his contribution to the book:

"We had been driving along in France, myself and my wife, when we reached a signpost. One word caught my eye. It said "Oradour". I knew I had heard that name somewhere before, but I couldn't for the life of me remember where. So I decided to go there, to jog my memory. When I reached the French village, I immediately realised where I had seen the name before: in a magazine. It had been invaded on 10th June 1944 by a detachment of SS soldiers. For apparently no reason, the town had been burnt down, and all but three of the inhabitants murdered. After the war, as a monument, de Gaulle left the village exactly as it had been found on that fateful day."

Michael Morpurgo was so moved that he wrote about a similar fictitious event in this book. This method relied, he explained, on a solid basic story, with good researching. I would like to thank Mr. Morpurgo for an inspiring lecture and for the time he gave up to come and talk to us.

W. PANK, 2A

The CCF camps

If you ask any past or present member of the CCF what were the highlights of the year's activities for them, they will almost always pick out the camps. This year has been no exception and the Adventure Training Camp at Inverness and the Summer Camp at RAF Manston were well up to standard.

At Easter in Scotland we joined six other schools for an activity packed week based at Cameron Barracks in Inverness. The Army provided ranges and training with the Royal Scots, whilst the RAF hosted visits to RAF Lossiemouth and trips out on their fast boats which train with the air-sea rescue helicopter crews. In addition there were courses in First Aid and Signalling which cadets could follow in the evenings. Rock climbing, abseiling, hillwalking and skiing provided plenty of challenge whilst those with a taste for boats could crew and learn helmsmanship on one of two chartered sail cruisers on Loch Ness. Orienteering and work with the Invergordon Port Authority were also offered and some cadets had time and energy enough to rebuild the adventure climbing fort for children at Brodie Castle, completed as a public service for the National Trust of Scotland.

Summer Camp at Manston in Kent was altogether different. Blessed with blisteringly hot weather and in company with Christ's Hospital School cadets we enjoyed a week of varied activity. Manston hosted several RAF based days with flying and station centred tasks as well as providing good accommodation and excellent food. Firing on the full bore outdoor range and off-station navigation exercises completed our service based activity. A special feature of the Manston Camp was the provision of several "educa-



tional" visits which included swimming, ten pin bowling, Chatham historic dockyards, Dover Castle and a day trip to Dunkerque.

That everyone comes back from Camps tired but happy is hardly surprising, and this year certainly ended with an excellent experience for those lucky enough to go. We look forward to the Michaelmas Term which should bring the comple-

tion of our new range of buildings, a successful Biennial Review and a few surprises for the Corps traditionalists!

MR. BIGGS



An Easter Classics Expedition to Hadrian's Wall provided some adventure....



The Russian Exchange

During the Easter holidays a group of 14 students from Abingdon and Oxford High School went to Moscow accompanied by **Mr. Taylor** and Mrs. Earley from Oxford High School. Nobody knew what to expect of the ever changing country, but we were all very excited. The advantage we had over other tourists was that we were staying in Russian homes living life as "natives". At first it was difficult because of the huge culture shock, but a combination of overwhelming Russian hospitality and our own growing confidence soon made us feel much more at home. Any apprehensions we might have had about the food situation before our arrival were quickly dispelled - such was the care taken of us by our Russian hosts who had organised our trip in a first-rate manner.

The weather while we were there was on a

par with our weather in winter. It was cold and cloudless every day but all the snow and ice was thawing making conditions underfoot very wet.

The Russians are very proud of their famous Cathedral, the Kremlin and many other buildings in which the history of the country lies. These buildings are all exquisitely beautiful, but the ironic thing, I found, was that all the Russians themselves lived in huge, dirty blocks of flats worse than any we have in our country. Nevertheless, they seemed quite content with their surroundings and just wanted to live life, albeit without many of the luxuries that we take for granted.

Everyone in the group was extremely impressed with the world-renowned Moscow Metro, because of the mosaics, chandeliers and paintings in every station. In contrast, the public transport above ground was anything but beautiful, although it was efficient, for the Muscovites rely on a good system; the majority not having cars.

During our trip we visited many interesting



museums, went to the Circus and the Theatre and were very privileged to meet the Secretary-General of the United Nations, Dr. Boutros Ghali.

In post-perestroika Russia, the poor are becoming poorer and a sign of this is that there are street traders literally everywhere. The Russians' own currency, the rouble, is becoming increasingly

The Middle School French Exchange

Ten days in and around Grenoble amply confirmed the notion that "a change is as good as a rest". The behaviour of our fourteen charges seems to have been impeccable, as requested, so there were no awkward diplomatic moments for the teachers! Moreover all seem to have got on well with their exchange partners and host families. I only hope that, in addition to improving their French, they had as entertaining and informative a time as **Mr. Clare** and I did. Thanks to the tireless hospitality of our teacher hosts, we were able to take full advantage of what the region has to offer. Even with some days' hindsight, a host of sense impressions still jockey for position: visual, historical, geographical, gastronomic. For all of these, many thanks to all at the Collège des Buclos.

Grenoble is a city of middling size which is well known for its University and as a centre of scientific research. It lies in the long Grésivaudan valley: and is virtually surrounded by mountains, which afford map-like overviews of the city. Two rivers flow through it: the sinuous Isère, recently dammed and now good for rowing, and the less imposing Drac. The embankment of the Isère is indeed one of the major attractions of the city -

worthless every day due to the hyper-inflation and the hard currency being adopted is the U.S.\$\$. The £ has increased over 2500 % against the rouble in the last five years and sadly for the Russians, it continues to rise. The politicians are so desperate to recover from Communism that their haste is working against them. The current economic climate, however, did not stop the Moscow English Grammar School (our partner school) from purchasing a CD-ROM computer for every classroom (*I wish!* - Ed.) and a video phone for the Headmistress' office!

All in all, the trip was an enormous success and we must thank Tatyana Nikolaevna and her colleagues for all their hard work as well as **Mr. Taylor** and Mrs. Early who spent hours planning the Exchange. All the group agreed that it was a very enjoyable and a culturally enhancing trip and we would all love to return someday.

M. JONES 4RSH

especially since there is a fortified hill, the Bastille, immediately behind the river. The old fortifications are an impressive backdrop - never more so than on the evening of the "14 juillet" when points on the Bastille are used, appropriately enough, as launch-pads for a massive firework display. We greatly enjoyed watching this year's thematic show - the fireworks were very spectacular.

For anyone interested in French art or history, the Grenoble area is very rewarding. There is a huge, new art gallery next to the Isère. Also in the city centre, a three storey building houses the Musée de la Résistance et de la Déportation. The many artefacts are well-presented, and put into context by videos and some telling taped testimonies from former deportees.

The mountainous landscape also offer a wide range of possibilities: from gentle slopes for the rambler and naturalist to sheer cliffs for the mountaineer. There is not only downhill skiing, but also cross country skiing along the mountain ridges. For the photographer, even shots of Mont Blanc are possible when it is clear.

All in all, whatever your particular tastes, you will enjoy Grenoble. By staying in a French family, you are also bound to improve your French. So if you're in the Middle School and wondering whether to go on the next Exchange visit, let me just say "Allez-y!"

MR. MILNER

Food for Thought...

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

It has been decided that, from the commencement of Michaelmas Term 1994, there will be two Middle School tutor groups for Scholars. The decision has already proved controversial among many in the school community, and it has been attacked for its elitism. It is clear to me, however, that the suggestion does have its merits, for the current system (*i.e. no Scholars' Tutor Groups - Ed*) is to some extent failing the Scholars. There is certainly a lethargy, even a timidity among Middle School Scholars to fulfil their true academic or extra-curricular potential. Whilst all boys must be offered equal opportunities, it is naive to believe that there is not a wide range of talents among boys. My hope is that the new system will not serve to separate and distance Scholars from the rest of the boys; I have not noticed that Scholars find it particularly harder to "fit in", so I believe the fears expressed by some Scholars' parents are unfounded. We must acknowledge that cleverer boys may have special requirements and that the school is failing in its duty if it does not provide its Scholars with the necessary attention. By using the Tutor Groups the school is avoiding the greatest pitfall of all: namely that of detracting from the attention it gives to other boys during lesson times.

Yours, etc.

T. CAREY 6RCRM



Scholarly activity?

Dear Sir,

The school has progressed in leaps and bounds since I arrived six years ago: The Greening Wing, Mercers' Court, a new roof for the Lower School, rooms, labs and boarding houses refurbished right, left and centre, leaving Abingdon able to compete physically with other schools on a level that Sir James Cobban would not have been able to believe. But can we boast that we are on the same spiritual level as them? Frankly, I don't think we can.

Abingdon lacks the essential belief in itself vital for it to raise its status over the next few years. We lack the school spirit, the urge to act, not just for ourselves, but also for the school as a community. And now we are to have Scholars' tutor groups. Behind the obvious arguments concerning elitism, etc., I discern a far more disturbing effect. Is it not true that the adoption of this system would merely fragment the school even more? By raising the Scholars to a higher level, we are not just opening them up to estrangement and ridicule (just as we get from our neighbouring schools in Abingdon), but also giving the non-Scholars a sense of inferiority, and a mistrust of the Scholars.

Finally, and most importantly of all, this move will only accent the already clearly marked "try-hard-ex-grammar-school" image of Abingdon. Our route to being a nationally renowned school, on a par with Winchester or Eton, is not to be found by emulating them (a Scholars' system similar to that proposed is one of Eton's hallmarks), but in devising our own, new and classless manner of education, by which we can draw everybody together into an Abingdon spirit. A system that will distinguish us because it is wholly ours, not Eton's. I do not know what this system would be, but I certainly know that it would be the complete opposite of the one proposed.

Yours, etc.

P. GRESFORD 6SCW

Dear Sir,

I feel obliged, on behalf of those who contributed to the Michaelmas 1993 edition of the "Abingdonian" Vol. 20 No.2, to bring to your attention a matter of some delicacy. You may already have divined the problem to which I refer, namely, the frequent and apparently unprovoked insertion of cynical comments into the work of several talented writers. At even the merest glance, the bizarre italics jump out of the page. Imagine **Zool Verjee's** horror upon seeing such a remark at the end of this sentence in his piece "The Good Citizen", page 33: "Our beaches are now officially the most polluted in the Milky Way (though apparently Neptune is thought to have even worse beach-pollution - must be those spaceship joy-riders)" "Ed", as he calls himself, could not refrain from adding, no doubt with a gleeful chuckle, "Huh?". In "Angelica", page 29, "She had a dark Stetson and was carrying two beautiful large rifles in each hand. Reaching to her pocket, she pulled on a pair of sunglasses." "How many hands does she have?" was Ed's comment. Need I say more? Perhaps I should tell you that these victims of Ed were, to use their own words, "gutted" on seeing their indescribable misery caused by this rupture of civility? Perhaps I should get to the point...

As a member of this year's Michaelmas 1994 editorial team, I am determined to find out who or what this mysterious "Ed" character is. A wizened cynic? A deranged lunatic? Is he/she/it lurking in our midst as I sit here, quivering, at the weekly meeting of this esteemed publication? The show's over, enough's enough, too many cooks spoil the broth, he's spilt the beans, live and let live, and all that. Leave no stone unturned in your quest to get to the bottom of this confounded problem, or accept my bitter resignation.

In heated anticipation, yours etc.,

J. FINNIS 6SCW

Point taken. I wish you luck in your quest and trust that you will be gratified by the absence of such derogatory "quips" in this edition. Any additional comments herein are intended purely to inform the reader. Please keep your contributions coming! - Ed.

Dear Sir,

I believe that for pupils to receive good results in exams there must exist between the pupils and the teacher a good relationship. This relationship does not seem to have been seriously considered in connection with performances in examinations yet it may contribute just as much as academic ability to success.

The relationship must be based not on fear but on respect; it must inspire discipline yet give pupils a certain amount of freedom. Fear will only inspire parrot-like work whilst respect will produce a desire to please the teacher with erudition.

Any possible chance to ridicule the teacher will, however, reduce the marks as pupils will waste learning time with mockery of the master. Respect brings out the best but it must be earned and not expected.

From respect will arise discipline. The pupils, inspired by that very respect to work hard, will discipline themselves and set their own high standards - but constraints placed on the pupils will cause them to rebel against their captor. The will to freedom is the most natural human instinct. Superfluous red tape in scholastic or any other endeavours will found a desire to tear through the tape.

This letter was a short attempt to analyse the pupil-teacher relationship. The only improvements will come through experience and feedback on both sides, and I have not the space to go into possible enhancements here. We've just got to work at it.

Yours, etc.,

J. KNIGHT 6MAS

I could not possibly reply. Perhaps a teacher would care to? - Ed



Dear Sir,

I want to complain about our present system of government, and to propose a new one.

Democracy, as we all know, comes from two Greek words, meaning respectively "the people" and "the rule". But when was the last time we, the people, did get a free vote as a decision? There hasn't been a referendum made on a decision for years. Think of all the important issues - Maastricht, privatisation, the new leader for the Tory Party. These issues were all decided by a small team of overweight London businessmen. And, in all the above cases, they decided against the people's best interests.

All the people get to choose is which party is going to represent them. This is not much use. There are three main parties; there are also the separatists (Sinn Fein, SNP, Plaid Cymru) which don't count in the national picture, as they represent minority areas (Catholic Ulster, Scotland and Wales respectively). The main parties use all the same clichés, all the same tactics, all ignore the free vote and all exude the same air of total boredom. The only difference between the Tories and Labour is that the Tories are biased towards the upper classes.

In Britain, 31% of the population is female. In the Commons, it is 5%. In Britain, 8% of the population is an ethnic minority. In the Commons

it hardly registers. How, then, can the Government claim to represent the people?

What is needed by not just Britain, but indeed the world, is a new system of government. A government in which the whole nation is treated as the sole opinion. All the millions of Britons need to speak as one voice. This is omnicracy, meaning "rule by everybody" (*a hybrid word, from both Latin and Greek -Ed*). There will be no Parliament. The state speaks for itself. This is not proportional representation, it simply means that the people vote for everything that is decided. That is real democracy. Although our government is one of the world's oldest and fairest, it has to be said that it has worsened by the filibustering and the abandonment of the Parliamentary free vote.

So I ask you to support this change to our system, or at the very least support Proportional Representation and more frequent Referenda.

Yours, etc.,

C. SCHMIDT 3LAM

Thank you all for your letters. I trust that they have provided "Food for thought". If any reader wishes to reply to these letters or wishes to raise any other issues, then please use this column as your soapbox. Perhaps the remainder of this section will further whet your appetite.... Ed.

Misericordias Domini in Aeternam Cantabo ... ? - or Do we follow the School motto?

At its re-endowment in 1563, the School of the Holy Trinity, which promptly became known as Abingdon School, was chiefly religiously orientated. This is shown in John Roysse's 'Ordinances' for the school which state that each day, every boy in the school shall say the Credo and Hail Mary although at present this is observed more in spirit than to the letter. In its prospectus, the school declares itself to be Christian.

However, the country has changed much since 1563 and although it still considers itself to be Christian, there are many people of other or no creed who have their home in this country. It would not be right to ignore this growing portion of the nation and some may find it hard to reconcile this with the level of religious study and practice in the school.

It is worth noting that very few parents request exemption from chapel for their sons before they send them to the school. Also, although the school treats such requests from atheist parents equally with those from parents with non-Christian faiths, atheist parents seem quite happy for their sons to experience a modicum of worship.

One argument that is commonly used in favour of religious activity in the school is that religion

is a tradition of the school and of the country and hence should be upheld. The logic behind this is that traditions have been found to be an effective means of achieving some objective. But if they are no longer so efficient, then they become more a hindrance than a help. Thus this argument is only valid provided that religious teaching serves some objective and is efficacious in this effect.

The teaching (as opposed to the practice) of religion is seen to serve two purposes principally, namely to encourage the development of an ethical sense and to provide a spiritual side to an otherwise materialistic existence. These correspond to religion as the study of morality and philosophy respectively. I asked the Headmaster why the school teaches religion:

"The religious studies we have in the curriculum serve several purposes, one of which has to do with ... what we call Personal and Social Education. ... this is something that embraces a whole lot of subjects and contributions to the curriculum, including some which are served by, for example, biology ... and religious studies have a contribution to make in that area which is, I think, quite important."

He also expressed a belief in "the utility and validity of some grounding in religious knowledge as part of our basic cultural inheritance."

One of the main arguments against compulsory religious study is that it is neither decent nor effective to coerce pupils to study something in which they have decided they do not believe. I put this argument to the headmaster, who, in refuting it, said it was "to mistake the nature of a school. You learn and experience, which is not voluntary. ... You don't decide whether or not to go to physics on a particular day, you just go, because you have to - physics is part of the course. And in a similar sort of way, religious studies are part of the course."

He went on: "There is no obligation placed by the state or anyone else on parents to send their children here and if they do so, they do so voluntarily. ... Now, having stated clearly that this is a Christian school with a certain amount of Christian activity within it, it seems to me unreasonable of parents to say, 'yes, we know that's what we committed ourselves to but we don't want to do it.' So that's actually the root of it: we declare our character in advance and, in a moderate way, we follow that through."

Thus it is mistaken to regard religion, either as teaching or worship, as of a different class to any other compulsory subject such as mathematics or English. Different people will attach differing values to the religious component in the curriculum - there is room for devout believers, severe sceptics, and those in between who see religion as a more or less inevitable cultural phenomenon.

Some questioning of religious teaching as a result of the process of education is inevitable, and may even be desirable, but although some pupils, especially those in the sixth-form, have some choice as to which subjects they study, some element of religion is, and will no doubt remain, a part of school life.

A. PAVLOVICH 6MCS

THOUGHTS ON NOVEMBER

*The morning is brisk,
Yet the sun is bright.
The sky is as blue as a sapphire,
But gets whiter on the horizon.
The air is bitter,
But fresher than a freshly picked apple.
The ground is hard in the morning;
With the bite of frost, and the cold, wet dew.
The sun a hazy light in the sky,
He fades all the autumn colours.
The wind undecided
Whether to blow or sleep.*

*November is a strange month,
As though it is trapped;
Half autumn and half winter.
I like it though,
The bright, clear mornings,
The thought of warmth,
As I snuggle in my bed.
But then there's the rain, and the wind,
The dreary day.
November; a month for thought.*

S. TOMPKINS 2V

Selections from Upper School Prize essays ...

"To what extent can any musical performance be said to be authentic?"

The recent revival of interest in "authentic" performances has brought up a number of philosophical issues, and the diversity of opinion on these matters is illustrated by the sheer number of different recordings of any one piece in the repertoire. The word "authentic" conveys the idea of a performance which is faithful to the original, or of first-hand authority. This leads to the question of what exactly the original was; should one expressly carry out the markings of the composer on the original score, or are writings and treatises on the performance practice of the relevant period to be trusted in matters of instrumentation, pitch and expression? Both sources are fallible. When one considers that Beethoven would have new ideas for a composition with every performance, a final and definitive version cannot be found. There is also the problem of interpreting the markings of a composer on a score, since every composer would use his own shorthand. The musician Nikolaus Harnoncourt has commented that markings "are not standardised, whatever dictionaries tell you. It could be a staccato, it could be a tenuto, it could simply be the droppings of a fly... it is impossible to be categorical about them"

[...] Purists believe that Classical music should be played with emotional restraint, while Romantic music should show emotional freedom. This invariably leads to exaggerations: over-indulgent, uncontrolled Romantic performances and dry, sterile performances of Classical music. A virtuosic performance of a Romantic piece cannot be called authentic, although virtuosity was one of the key ideas behind the Romantic movement; in other words, authenticity means something different for each period of music. Musical taste may change over the years, but, in the words of the pianist Vladimir Horowitz, "all music is the expression of feelings...feelings do not change over the centuries."

J. FINNIS 6SCW

"Write a comparison of the work of two writers from different periods in any way(s) that interest(s) you, but giving particular attention to the way that writing relates to their historical backgrounds."

[...] There is a great deal, then, that separates the work of [Alexander] Pope and [John] Keats. Most of the differences can be attributed to the historical backgrounds: indeed, that is the main connection between the two, that is to say that they are both very much products of their times. Certainly, Pope's style and his themes were in harmony with his enlightened age, and he was widely appreciated in his own time (many verse laments were written after his death, and a picture produced showing Milton, Spenser, Chaucer and a female deity visiting the dying Alexander Pope). On the other hand, Keats was not truly recognized in his day, for although his writing was in tune with the liberal writers and the other 'romantic' poets, it was disliked by the conservatives, who agreed with Burne when he said that "the French have shown themselves the ablest architects of ruin that have ever existed in the world..." It was left to Shelley to write an elegy for Keats: 'Adonais'. Both Keats and Pope were 'great' poets in their own way, and while it is true that the historical backgrounds can explain much of their writing, it must also be remembered that their magnificent poetry can tell us much about their times."

A. BINGHAM 6MAS



"Of what use are zoos?"

In general, public opinion of zoos, in terms of their usefulness, appears to be somewhat misguided, seeing them as simply collections of curiosity with the animals that are retained within the confines of concrete and steel being done considerably more harm than good.

Looking at the animal as an individual this may not be too far from the truth in many cases, with conditions within the zoo often being far from ideal. However, zoos aren't in existence solely for the benefit of single organisms: a wider picture reveals the true driving force behind zoos; a picture that shows the preservation and conservation of species rather than individuals.

One factor [leading] to a rather confused public opinion is that much of a zoo's activity occurs 'behind-the-scenes', the zoo that is on public view being one of animals established for the sake of curiosity alone, as was originally the case. It is very difficult to promote public realisation of the preservational and conservational work [in which] zoos now perform an active role, along with research and education.

One such area [...] is the conservation of plant species and diversity, with botanical gardens and arboreta becoming increasingly more common as part of the zoo setup. To a large proportion of the population plants tend to be just green things which bring a splash of colour to the landscape every once in a while. In actual fact, plants, with their role as primary producers, provide an essential base for the rest of the living world, and as the diversity of plants declines, so does the diversity of all other life-forms, so conservation of plants is of paramount importance to the overall strategy of conservation. [...]"

G. HORTON VIAMS

"Is Aeneas an Unsatisfactory Hero?"

What is a hero? We can most readily take our examples from Shakespeare, in whose drama we find such great tragic heroes as Hamlet and King Lear, even 'baddies' such as Richard III. These are men caught up in tragic circumstances which are beyond their control. We feel that they, although greater, are like us, since we, too, cannot control our fate. It is clear right from the start

of the Aeneid, however, that Aeneas is backed all the way by the fates and the will of the gods, and that he is destined to succeed and found a city in Italy. This perception is reinforced throughout.

The original blueprint of these heroes in Shakespearean drama is the Greek mythical figure, Prometheus. He defies the gods and steals fire, the secret of which he then gives to mankind. For this he suffers terrible torments as punishment, namely a vulture daily tearing out his innards which daily reform only to be torn out painfully again the next day. In this way Prometheus is a martyr figure, like Jesus Christ, the 'hero' of Christianity.

[...] There is, however, no such basis for Aeneas. Dido is no Circe, Turnus is no Cyclops, never is Aeneas' final destination in any real danger. Virgil's only hope to salvage something heroic, which he must, to justify an epic, is to stress his "pietas" and the burden of suffering he has had to bear. To Romans, the very 'fact' that this Aeneas 'founded Rome' is reason enough to call him hero. To us Aeneas' final goal seems as intangible as when he set out from Troy. He has reached Italy and killed Turnus - so now what? The 'fact' that he headed a lineage to Augustus and somehow founded a city akin to Rome seems very unfulfilling. We lack two important elements, however, which the Romans had. Firstly, Augustus' ancestry would seem very important to Romans who were searching for something grand to take the place of the Republic. Secondly, to them Rome was not intangible. It was around them, it was glorious, huge and headed by a descendant of Aeneas and, from there, Venus.

Virgil, himself, is clearly ambiguous towards Aeneas. Aeneas wins, he is successful. He is bound to triumph with single-minded determination and the will of the gods. Surely, then, a hero. But in the back of his head is the suspicion he admires Dido and Turnus more. In the end Aeneas represents the triumphal, unconquerable might of Imperial Rome, which the poem looks forward to. He may have seemed a hero for nationalist Romans. But he is not a hero for the human race."

T. CAREY 6RCRM

NOSTROMO by Joseph Conrad

'Nostromo' is a novel of epic proportions in terms of length, subject matter and moral implications. The novel tells a fascinating story into which is interwoven a profound meditation on the human situation.

Conrad's magnificent tale is set in the imaginary South American republic of Costaguana. The country's capital, Sulaco, is just another insignificant coasting port; until Charles Gould, a determined and ambitious young Englishman travels to Sulaco

with his newly-wed wife, Emily, in order to reclaim his uncle's silver mine and make it commercially viable. Sulaco prospers as a result and the Goulds become the centre of a sudden wave of social and intellectual interests. Indeed, the Goulds are now highly respected and

genuinely loved as befits their influential role. Of the vast number of capable Castaguanerens who are employed by the Goulds, either as 'officials' or as engineers or labourers, one man stands head and shoulders above the rest. Constantly referred to as 'one man in a thousand', he is Nostromo, the Italian leader of an enormously influential group of men - dockworkers by definition, but heroic fighting men in practice. These are the 'Cargadores' - courageous do-gooders of which Nostromo is their captain. Therefore, Nostromo holds the magnificent title of 'Capataz de Cargadores'.

All is well until the Costaguanan dictator, Ribeira, who is supported by the influence of Charles Gould and the wealth of the San Tome

mine is overthrown by his rival, General Montero. For the time being, Sulaco has remained untouched and unaffected by the revolution, but it is only a matter of time before Sulaco experiences the terrible violence which will surely arise when the revolutionary troops march in. Charles Gould becomes obsessed with the idea of saving the mine's silver from being seized. Therefore, he rigs up the mine with dynamite which can be detonated in an instant. Another problem exists, how-

ever: how to deal with the latest load of silver which is waiting in the Sulaco warehouse. Gould decides to have the silver loaded onto a small boat and taken away



from Sulaco. He entrusts the mission to the bravest, most reliable and so-called 'incorruptible' man available - Nostromo. This ties in perfectly with the ideas of Martin Decoud, a French journalist in Sulaco who is also an intellectual and political figure. Decoud dreams of setting up an 'Occidental republic'; a plan which can only work if the silver does not fall into enemy hands, and if Ribeira's only loyal contingent of troops can be reached to meet Montero's threat.

Therefore, Nostromo and Decoud set off together with the future of Costaguana or Sulaco at any rate in their hands. Unfortunately, they collide in the pitch-black night with an enemy boat which carries on towards Sulaco, believing the other boat to be sunk. Nostromo and Decoud

manage to reach The Great Isabel - an uninhabited island, despite their badly damaged boat. Then, leaving Decoud to hide the silver, Nostromo swims the two miles back to Sulaco. As soon as he returns, he is assigned another arduous mission, this time to undertake the six day journey on horseback to Cayta where Ribeira's loyalist troops are stationed. Nostromo is successful and the Monterist troops are overthrown by the Ribeirist contingent.

But, Conrad's acutely pessimistic imagination presents us with a far from happy ending. Decoud, it is revealed, committed suicide on the island after having been overcome by the unbearable solitude of the place. Nostromo's fate is even more pitiable; having fallen in love with a young woman who is inaccessible to him, he is shot after being mistaken for an intruder. In his dying hour, he offers to tell Mrs. Gould the whereabouts of the hidden silver which he admits he has been slowly pilfering from the island. Mrs. Gould declines the offer of the knowledge and the secret dies with the 'incorruptible' Capataz de Cargadores - Nostromo.

Joseph Conrad's masterpiece captures perfectly the brutality and futility of Latin American politics and shows how good intentions turn to dust in the impossible political climate. 'Nostromo' is also an inherently tragic account of how each character is a victim or agent of a creeping corruption which ruthlessly destroys anything

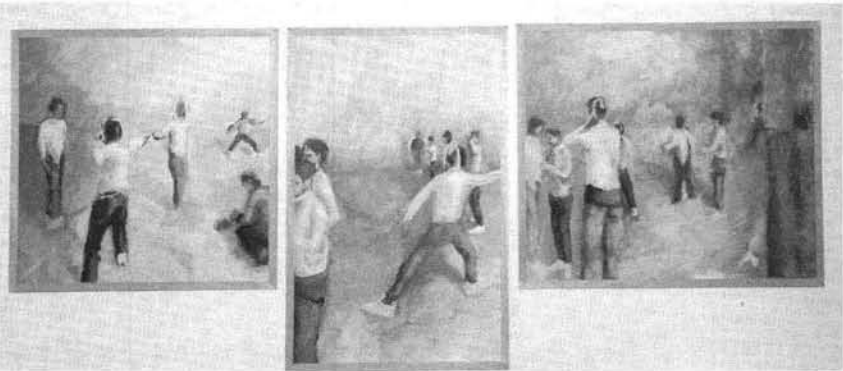
in its path. Indeed, Conrad's uncompromising pessimism is often difficult to swallow, especially when he uses his hard-hitting cynicism exemplified so potently in his use of the adjective: 'incorruptible', to describe Nostromo even after it is revealed that Nostromo is a thief.



By the time one has reached the end of the novel, all that can be felt is an unbearable mixture of pity and despair. Nobody has been left happy - the poor of Costaguana are miserable in their hunger and wretchedness while the rich are bitter and corrupt. Even Decoud's seemingly perfect remedy is made fun of by Conrad who chooses to make a mockery of idealism.

Nevertheless, the worldliness and ingenuity contained in 'Nostromo' are qualities to recommend the novel to anyone who isn't afraid to know the nature of humankind too well.

REVIEW BY Z. VERJEE VIWHZ



“A period of recession is needed from time to time to cleanse the economy.” Comment...

“Before deciding whether or not recession is ‘a good thing’, one first has to look at what a recession is. A recession is part of the trade or business cycle. This is a theory that [claims] that a country’s economic state will fluctuate between periods of growth and prosperity and periods of economic decline. These are called booms and slumps. The time from one boom to the next is estimated to be four to five years for the United Kingdom although it cannot be measured precisely because it varies.

[...] Unemployment is a direct consequence of a recession. [...] [It] does not just have an economic side; [despite] the fact that the people who are unemployed cost the state money and do not contribute any money towards taxes. The other side of unemployment is the social stress it causes. It is all too common in this recession for marriages to break up as a result of the main ‘breadwinner’ losing his/her job. The [...] prospect of unemployment [worries] everyone these days because of long term commitments such as mortgages or school fees. This does not make for a confident consumer and consumer confidence is needed to kick-start the economy. People need to buy things but with the threat of unemployment many people would think twice about spending and probably opt to save any surplus money.

[But] as the title suggests a recession does have a ‘cleansing’ ability. Boom periods breed uncompetitive and inefficient businesses and a recession will weed these out because they will not survive at a time when the economic climate is bad. Companies that are inefficient have to become efficient or go bust. [...] A recession encourages competition and so keeps prices down, which is good for consumers. Also in keeping prices down inflation is kept in check. [...] In a period of recession the free market system works at its best and in some cases [at its] most brutal.

[...] A recession may be good for cleansing the economy but the other costs are too great for it to be regarded as a beneficial event.”

S. RAYSON 6NMR

V.A.T. ON FUELS?

*Deep in a musty mothball
Green tweed with long life
Battered lining wallows an
Old man, hair dying, flaking
Like November leaves his
Head alone to face the
Warm intentions of a cold
November: a hat is too
Much to the pension scraping
Nest egg wishing and he
Has survived, Oh too many to
Count Novembers without a
Scalp saving money taking
Hat, times are bad he
Knows and his head
Will have to face up to
This cruelty. Impose V.A.T.
On fuels? No, Hat,
Another year, maybe.*

P. GRESFORD 6SCW

“Wiedervereinigung: die Vorteile und Nachteile für Deutschland.

[...] Wir wollen uns nun dem politischen Standpunkt zuwenden. Nach der Zwei-Plus-Vier-Handlungen hat Deutschland jetzt volle Unabhängigkeit von den Alliierten, und hat jetzt mehr Einfluß in Europa- und Weltpolitik. Trotzdem sollte man auch einen weiteren Faktor nicht vergessen: Deutschland muß einigen Bedingungen gehorchen. Die BRD darf nur 300 000 Leute in der Bundeswehr haben und muß auf alle Ansprüchen auf ehemaligen deutschen Gebieten in Ausland, z.B. Pommern, Ostpreußen, Schlesien, Elsaß-Lothringen, das Sudetenland, usw., verzichten. Die BRD gab auch der UdSSR viel Geld, um das Abkommen zu sichern. Die BRD garantiert auch, ein Mitglied der EG und der NATO zu bleiben.

Schließlich müßte man sich fragen, ob der wirtschaftliche und politische Preis der Wiedervereinigung zu groß war. Meine Meinung ist, kommen wird, und das der Neonazismus wird mit der Aufschwung weggehen. Vielleicht würde ein zweites Wirtschaftswunder zu Deutschland kommen. Jedenfalls mit der Europäische

Binnenmarkt, dem Europäische Wirtschaftsraum, der am 1. Januar 1994 in Kraft kam, und der GATT-Abkommen, ist Deutschlands Zukunft sicher. Es springt also alles dafür, daß Wiedervereinigung sehr wichtig und richtig für Deutschland war, obwohl die BRD hätte vielleicht die Wirtschaft der DDR vor der Wiedervereinigung verbessern sollen."

NOUVELLE CUISINE

*A slither of sauce trickles
Across the elegant shard
Of meat on my plate. A
Whisper of parsley hints
At herbs and some tiny black
Pimples tell me it's seasoned.
Pensively I sit for a minute
Enveloped in restaurant chatter,
Hoping for something to flesh
Out my meal. Then I set to
With restrained gusto and finish
It in three bites, two chews
And a swallow.*

P. GRESFORD 6SCW

"Tu me sembles presque mort de faim."

"Je suis presque mort de faim."

"Allez vieux, on va prendre quelque chose à manger."

"Pourquoi m'invites-tu?"

"Non par pure charité" lui répondis-je avec froideur. "Je m'en fiche pas mal si tu meurs de faim ou non."

Son regard s'éclaira encore une fois.

"Allons-y alors" dit-il, en se levant.

"J'aimerais bien [prendre] un repas."

Je le laissai m'amener à un restaurant de son choix, mais en route j'achetai un journal. Quand nous avons commandé notre dîner j'appuyai mon journal contre une bouteille de St Galmier et commençai à lire. Nous mangeâmes en silence. Je sentis qu'il me regardait de temps en temps, mais je n'y fis pas attention. [...]

"Y a-t-il quelque chose d'intéressant dans le journal?" dit-il alors que nous approchions de la fin de notre repas silencieux.

Je m'imaginai qu'il y avait dans son ton une nuance d'exaspération.

"J'aime toujours lire la rubrique théâtrale" dis-je. Je pliai le journal et le posai à côté de moi.

"J'ai très bien dîné." remarqua-t-il. [...]

E. COOPER 6MAS

J. ASHER, VIZ



The Headmaster addresses the school at Prizegiving

The Lord Tebbit Lecture

On Wednesday 19th January, Lord Norman Beresford Tebbit, former airline pilot, former Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and former Conservative Party Chairman, gave the 1994 TASS lecture to a packed Amey Hall.

The hall was brimming with fervent expectation and they were not to be disappointed. The notorious 'King Euro-Sceptic' argued with admirable coherency and logic against Great Britain's further integration with Europe. He punctuated his speech with witty asides mostly concerned with the incredibly ridiculous nature of EC regulations.

His style was, perhaps, rather mellower than many expected, yet his inimitable sparkle and political acumen were clearly present. Question time brought further excitement and enrichment. Many challenged his overt pessimism regarding Europe, most notably the impressively articulate **Tim Ward**. Many nodded wisely at Lord Tebbit's answers; many sat and listened.

Finally, Lord Tebbit told us that if he were right (and, he pointed out, we wouldn't have to wait twenty years to find out) then we would remember what he had said. If he were wrong, we would have forgotten every word.

Z. VERJEE VIWHZ

Selected Creative Writing...

BEN, MY DOG

*He sleeps in his basket,
Yet quite wide awake,
Dreaming, that's what.
That's what he does
In a mysterious world of his own.
"Walkies!" I jump up in excitement,
And try to grab the lead,
That most magical word of all.
We walk down the footpath,
And into the field,
I try to sniff the air,
It smells lovely and fresh,
I jump around,
In the young green grass,
And stop to sniff a smell.
The walk is over,
I'm thirsty, at that.
"Ow", how I hate my paws wiped.
Lapping my cool water,
I think for a while
It's time for my afternoon nap.*

T. PARTRIDGE 1W

PREP

*Another hour's duration,
Is broadcast by the twin pips,
Of my watch;
Still no inspiration.
No plot to ambush,
No scenario,
Hiding,
Waiting to be depicted.
No help is provided by the radio,
Blaring out its language of noise and confusion;
Nor does the television come to my aid,
In my quest.
The heat does nothing to help,
Nor the fan - that is not there;
The lack of fresh air helps to distract me,
But still on I must go.
Now I am nearing the finish;
Though hastily drawn together,
My prep ought to survive
The chastisement of **Mr. Evans'** pen.*

ANON.

SNOW

*I open the window,
The ground is white.
Tucked up in a duvet
Made of water and ice.
The water has frozen
The pipes have burst.
The snow and the ice
Both bring out the worst.
Both drivers and passengers,
Frustrated by snow,
Slipping and sliding.
Everyone else is too slow.
A young boy is pushing a sled,
While on the motorway, many motorists are
Dead.
The snow has no remorse
For what it destroys,
Like a very young child
With violent toys.
It looks really beautiful
On Christmasy scenes,
But the snow is not kind
Except in our dreams.*

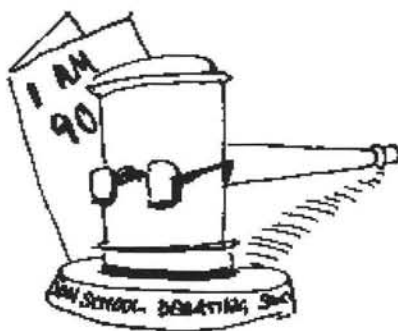
A. WALPOLE 3DJP

THE LONE HUNTERS

*This beautiful bird,
With immeasurable freedom,
Flies lonely up in the clouds,
When it gets cooler he flies to warmer lands.
Life seems perfect,
No worries or cares,
Top of the pile,
And top of the food chain.
This soaring bird
Flies over vales and hills.
This lonely hunter of the skies suddenly spies a
hunter of the land.
"Here's a bird of immeasurable beauty,
Perfect for the cooking pot."
He loads his rifle and takes a shot.
Straight through the heart like a thunderbolt.
This wonderful, soaring, fabulous bird is no
more.*

P. NEVILLE 1W

Clubs and Societies



THE DEBATING SOCIETY 90th Anniversary Balloon Debate

Those present were: Dick Turpin (**Dr. Zawadski**), Rudyard Kipling (**Mr. Milner**), Belinda Carlisle (**Conrad Purcell**), Burt a Bursar (**Mr. Osborn**), Angus Deayton (**Zool Verjee**) and Francis Urquhart (**Tim Ward**).

Dick Turpin started the debate with a rousing speech which left him rather well placed in the eyes of those present. He spoke at length about the charm of being a notorious highwayman and his speech was well prepared and exquisitely executed. Rudyard Kipling found little sympathy amongst the audience. He was knowledgeable but his unhurried pace had a soporific effect upon the listeners. Belinda Carlisle's speech, which was aimed to find sympathy, missed, and a little on-the-spot thinking was required, but the speech never took off and did not do credit to the speaker or the character. The audience was still very much undecided.

Burt a Bursar expatiated, in what was now becoming a tradition, upon a subject which was clearly close to his heart and with the aid of a 12" wrench he managed to persuade certain members of the audience to vote in his favour. Angus Deayton's was a well prepared speech which focused rather more on the other members of the balloon than it did on himself, and after despatching Rudyard Kipling as a racist, Belinda Carlisle fared little better at the hands of this...er...gentleman!

Francis Urquhart had a very well thought-out speech which was brilliantly witty and prepared to the last detail, although he focused very little on himself. After the first round of voting, **Mr. Milner**, alias Rudyard Kipling, was eliminated from the debate and **Tim Ward** won the greatest number of votes. In second place was **Zool Verjee**, and there was a tie for third between **Dr. Z**, **Conrad Purcell**, and **Mr. Osborn**. There was another vote after the three had each given a speech of about one minute to present their cases. Dick Turpin won this in impressive style, leaving Belinda and Burt to be thrown out too. The second round continued in fine style with brilliant speaking from Dick and slightly un-brilliant form from Angus and Francis which culminated in a final vote. Dick Turpin emerged triumphant with **Tim Ward** and **Zool Verjee** as very worthy runners up.

So finally, the ninetieth Anniversary of the Debating Society was rounded off by a spirited rendition of 'Happy Birthday To You' sung by one and all.

C. PURCELL 6JCH

HOT AIR

*When I see a hot air balloon
Wobble by, boasting orange flame,
And the basket in its talon
Waves people, happy with the fame
Of being watched by the grounded,
With jealousy, I tend to think
What it's really like up there, canned
In your basket with folds of pink
Canvas swelling above your head.
It must be nice, I decided.*

P. GRESFORD 6SCW

NOVEMBER

*November.
Nothing stirred,
Not even a mouse.
* * *
Or is that Christmas?*

A. DAWSON 6MCS

The Christmas Balloon Debate

The climax to an exciting year for the Debating Society was the annual Christmas Debate, this year in the form of a balloon debate, where each speaker takes on a rôle and has to justify his presence in a sinking balloon.

On Friday 10th December 1993, Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer, the Christmas Pudding, King Herod, the Archangel Gabriel, Noel Edmonds and a wise king were all in the balloon, attended by a record 113 people, in the vicinity of Room 5. Notable speeches in the first round (in which 3 people must be jettisoned from the balloon) came from the wise king and Rudolph; the wise king in particular, who confessed actually to being all three wise kings and **Dr. Z.** Rudolph, played by noted debater **Chad Mason**, was memorable through the complete failure of his speech to arouse any interest from the audience, who threw him out with only 6 votes out of 113. **Dr. Z.** went as well with only 3 votes, accompanied by Gabriel, actually **Sir Digby**, who mysteriously mustered nine votes.

This left the **Reverend Lewis** as King Herod, **Z. Verjee** as Noel Edmonds and the somewhat excitable **D. Gregory** as the Christmas Pudding. After a positive pile of speeches from the floor (you received a sweet if you spoke) the remaining three summed up their arguments. Finally in a blaze of glory, the House voted **D. Gregory** as the Christmas Pudding to fame and fortune and threw the unlucky **Reverend Lewis** and **Z. Verjee** overboard, by nonetheless a remarkably close margin.

It was a fitting end to what has been a strong year for the society, particularly since the attendance of 113 people beat the previous record by 33.

P. GRESFORD 6SCW

End of year Balloon debate

The traditional end of year balloon debate of 1994 was preceded by a flurry of poster activity, proclaiming the presence of Satan and Onan at the debate on Friday. School notice boards found

themselves swamped with pentagrams and hideous pictures of the members of school playing the characters. The final 'cast list' comprised:

Satan - **Anthony Pavlovich**

Onan - **James Warner**

Dr. Who - **Chad Mason**

A first-year -

Bungle - **Kier Darby**

Black Beard the pirate - **Dr. Zawadski.**

The opening speeches were both impassioned and scathing, with insults flying between members of the house intent on staying in the balloon and jettisoning all others. However, after the half-way stage, three had to be removed, and fate decreed that Onan and his hedonistic ideals, Blackbeard and his life on the ocean waves (me hearties) and Dr. Who should meet their untimely deaths. After speeches from the floor, the second speeches were heard. Satan promised 'a life of thumbscrews, torment and frustration for those who enjoy that sort of thing', the first year pleaded to an increasingly upper-school house, and Bungle, inspired by the entry of WASSY (**Mr. A. Wasilewski**) concluded with a promise of compulsory Latin lessons in the lower school and a compelling, stirring speech as only Bungle knows how. The final vote left Satan grumbling back to the underworld, the first year returning to the twilight zone, and RCR Bungle victorious... "Thank you my children!"

K. DARBY 6RCRM

GROWING UP

*I'm growing up.
But do I enjoy it?
So many changes,
And decisions to make.
I'm growing up.
Things are getting weirder.
My clothes have shrunk,
And my body has grown.
I'm growing up.
My parents always nag at me.
My sister's a pain,
And I don't know what to do.
I've grown up.
I think I enjoyed it.
But now I've finished,
I want to go back.*

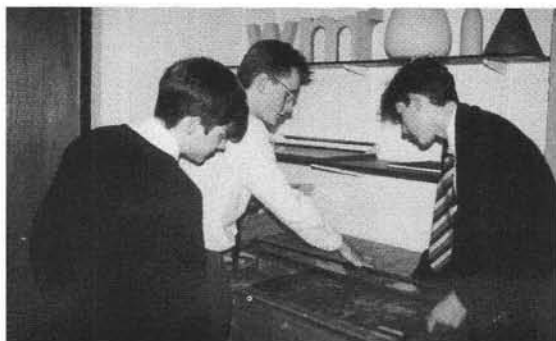
J. ADAMS 2S

Young Enterprise (Official) report



On a sunny day towards the end of the summer term of 1993, countless potential businessmen hoarded into the Amey Hall, dazzled by the glory of "Dreaming Spires" to see how they, too, could take the business world by storm. They were enthused by members of the illustrious "Dreaming Spires" themselves, an ever-effervescent **Miss Milligan**, and a man with a beard. After the persuasion programme, the "achievers" (as the politically correct Y.E. likes to call them) were divided into four groups decided by considering corporate compatibility (i.e. which days people can make it to meetings) - making two fourth year and two lower sixth companies.

At the first board meetings, members of all companies were introduced to their business advisors - these were expert business-people representing Unipart, Mars and Lloyds Private Banking by giving time to advise the companies on business procedure, and how to be successful. The first meeting also saw the election of the "functional directors," consisting of Managing, Finance, Sales, Marketing, Production and Personnel directors and Company secretary. In the ensuing board meetings, "brain storming" sessions occurred, and after comprehensive Market Research (**Gideon's Mum**), our company decided on a product name for ourselves, other companies doing



likewise. Share capital was raised by bullying family friends, acquaintances and people on the street into paying 25 pence for a "chance to be a part of it," and with the resulting haul, production began.

"Viewpoint X," the first of the fourth-year companies, sold computer software and mugs, under the skilful direction of **Andrew Gordon**, M.D. "Split second," the other fourth-year company, produced bookends, with **Jack Whibley** as the Managing Director. "Evolution" functioned under **Tom Adcock**, followed by **David Melin**; the latter eloquently summarising his company's identity as "High quality Candle ware, reasonable profit, no further comment." What a pro. Last, and modesty obliges me to say least, "T-Time" produced a "wide range of laminates including place mats and bookmarks; and T-Shirts" under the tyrannical rule of **Paul Harrison**.

With the hardest part over, the companies set about trying to do to the novelty crockery and plastic place mat market what "Dreaming Spires" did to the tourist market in Oxford. This was effected by sending pushy salesmen to trade fairs, some organised by Y.E. The companies also sold their wares through the school, all with great success - indeed "T-Time's" turnover was in excess of £1200 in the first four months of its existence. In a bid for national recognition, **Miss Milligan**, **David Melin** and **Paul Harrison** were interviewed on prime-time Radio Oxford (at about 7am), and succeeded in "manipulating the media" by turning it into a gigantic advertisement.



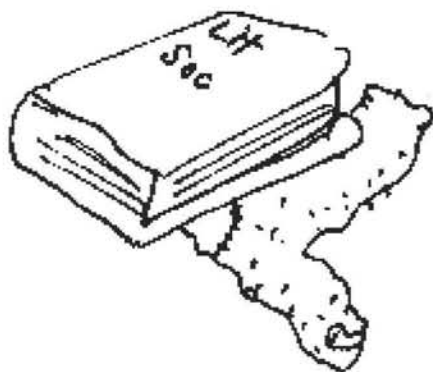
Towards the end of the companies' short lives (insurance for Y.E. companies expires after a year, and laminating is a risky business), reports of the companies' progress were sent to that man with the beard, and on the strength of these, "T-Time" and "Evolution" made it to the local finals. This evening involved a presentation and a display stand, and when remembering the latter it is important to realise that it was not that "Evolution's" display boards were too large; on the contrary, it

was simply that the Rutherford-Appleton Laboratory was too small. The evening saw "T-Time" win the marketing award, and "Evolution" win high praise for their novel outdoor display stand.

The Y.E. experience has proved invaluable to all these who took part, and all achievers have learnt a great deal - both about specifics such as Y.E. Corporation tax evasion, and about communication and teamwork skills. Finally, thanks must go to our advisers, the School (especially the I.T., art and technology departments) and of course **Miss Milligan**, whose boundless enthusiasm and expert knowledge made it all possible. Oh yes, and thanks to our parents for buying the stuff.

P. HARRISON 6NMR

LITERARY SOCIETY



A little after the beginning of the Michaelmas term, 1993, **Mrs. Soper** announced her intention to re-establish the Literary Society, or 'Lit. Soc.' as it would affectionately come to be known. In the weeks that followed, each member of the society chose a work (or works) of literature to be analysed eagerly, discussed and sometimes even read by the Society. Of course, the coffee and chocolate biscuits generously provided by **Mrs. Soper** added to the general enjoyment of it all.

The mainstream members (plus their literary choices) were as follows: **Tim Ward** (Kafka's 'The Castle'), **Zool Verjee** (Evelyn Waugh's 'Scoop'), **Hugh Gittins** (Solzhenitsyn's 'One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich'), **Patrick Tompkin** (Tolstoy's 'Anna Karenina'), **Robert Porter** (the poems of Robert Brooke, Wilfred Owen, Siegfried Sassoon and Sophocles' 'Oedipus Rex'). In addition to this we also read Steven Berkoff's stage adaptation of Kafka's 'Metamorphosis', and **Mrs. Soper's** recommendation - Saul Bellow's 'Henderson the Rain King'. Other members (on and off) of the society included **Ben Uttenthal**, **Joan Winterbottom**, **Dan Otterburn** and (once) **James Nicholson**.

Finally, thanks must go to **Mrs. Soper** for providing both a venue and such motivation.

Z. VERJEE VIWHZ

BOOKS

Books they can be,

Adventures, fables, comedy,

Or just a story.

Books they can be,

Boring, fun or intense,

Good for your spelling or full of nonsense.

Books they can be,

For every season: Christmas, Easter

Or any other festive reason.

Books they can be,

Big, small, thick or thin,

But whatever they are they always win!

E. PAJAK 1S

The Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme

Numbers have swelled this year to seventy, and participants have actively been working their way through each of the four sections. At the beginning of the Michaelmas Term a joint expedition weekend with the CCF provided boys with valuable practice before they set off on their own, individually planned, expeditions in March and April. Physical recreation activities have been as diverse as Tae Kwan-do and fly-fishing, and many boys involved in the Young Enterprise Scheme have found that their experience there counts very well for the Skill Section. Meanwhile, for the Service Section, elderly ladies' gardens have been kept in trim and fire-fighting has been mastered - with the kind help of Abingdon Fire Station! All the boys who followed the British Red Cross "Youth First Aid Course" which continued throughout the Michaelmas term passed the examination. The penultimate weekend of term saw six Middle School boys pass their expedition training and their Practice Expedition and they look forward

to their final Expedition during the holidays.

I should like to thank three OAs - **Bill Dutton**, **Andrew Rose** and **Jeremy Hart**, together with **Chris Smith** for their help with Expedition Training and Assessment and **Mr. Biggs** for his support from the CCF perspective.

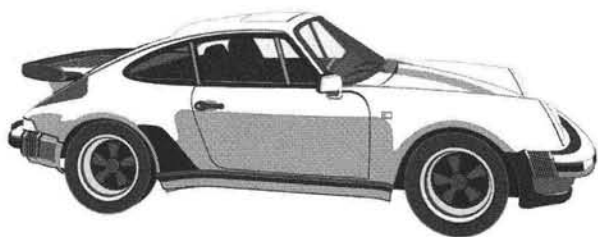
Congratulations to the following boys for completing all four sections of the Bronze Award - **Matthew Jones**, **Adrian Howkins**, **Philip Bradley**, **Oliver Swadling** and **Dominic Partridge**.

At the time of writing, we are greatly looking forward to the move into new accommodation, to be shared with the CCF and The Voluntary Service, and to those activities in which we may all be involved. Combined activities with the School of St. Helen and St. Katherine are also under negotiation.

Overall, the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme is very healthy at Abingdon School, and holds much promise for the future.

MRS. BRADSHAW





Scalextric Club

Although this club has not had much publicity recently it is still functioning successfully and is looking for new members! We meet every Wednesday from 2.00 p.m., in Whitefield Garage and are based on the ground floor.

When we moved from Waste Court Barn to the present site the track was positioned in a relatively basic circuit. Many members treated this as a permanent layout and became bored with racing cars around it. The circuit has recently been transformed, however, into something much more adventurous and negotiating it successfully now requires quite some driving skill.

Being a member of the club is not only about racing cars. We also have a great deal of designing to do: this includes raising the track at certain points, making the layout look more realistic by creating stadia, and positioning banked sides so that the cars do not crash on to the floor. We also have to mend the cars, so it is useful to know a bit about electricity!

When bought new, the cars are quite expensive, but fortunately it is not too difficult to obtain spare parts for them, and often a problem can be solved by using a soldering iron. The cars now are inevitably much more realistic with the introduction of headlights and brake lights - which brighten up as the car's speed decreases.

For only £10 a year (which can be put on the bill) YOU can join this club, which as you can see from this article is very enjoyable.

Wargaming Society

This year the Abingdon School Wargaming Society has had reasonable success. A group of members entered the Dungeons and Dragons National Schools' Competition. We got through to the regional finals, coming in the top three for the



first round. The group had quite a fun day in Bournemouth where the regional finals were being held. We did not win, however, coming seventh out of the fourteen who were competing. Seeing that there were over 600 applicants in our region and that none of our group even play Dungeons and Dragons, I would call this a reasonable attempt. Apart from this we have had a quiet year under the able Chairmanship of **John Chandler** and we have added a few new games to our ever increasing collection. Among these games are "Vampire, the Masquerade", which has been one of the most played games of the year and "Blood Bowl" for which some of our number have started a league.

Any new Third Years who might be interested in joining the Society may like to know that the membership fee is £4 for the Autumn and Spring terms, but it is free in the Summer. This is to help in the purchasing of new games and dice. This also allows members to borrow games. Then you can always just come along and play your own games for free.

A. CAIRNS 4KDB

ELEVENTH HOUR

*Two minutes of silence.
(Two years of silence).
On which to reflect,
The sacrifices made,
In the wars.
Complete silence,
Such as this,
Is rarely heard.
The Last Post breaks the deadlock,
And everybody sighs.*

A. DAWSON 6MCS

Conservation Club

January 1994 saw the start of an Abingdon School conservation project in the Vale of White Horse area. A determined band set off each Wednesday afternoon to tackle such tasks as path clearing, stream diversion and coppicing. It was hard work but good fun and worthwhile. Our thanks go to the Oxfordshire Countryside Service for their training programme and to the CCF for the loan of their minibus.

MRS. BRADSHAW.

The Modern Languages Society



This society has enjoyed a relatively quiet term. Events have included an Italian Film show at the Oxford Brookes University, a trip to Oxford to see "Les Enfants du Paradis" by Jacques Prévert at the Playhouse and an excellent performance of "Antigone" by Jean Anouilh at the

School of St. Helen and St. Katherine.

Thanks are due to **Mark Thomas, Edward Cooper** and **James Lane** for their help in organising Modern Languages Society events. The Society relies very much on the support of Linguists in the Sixth Form. Planning is underway as ever for future visits, talks and events and the Society would be happy to hear from any present or prospective Linguist in the Sixth form, if he has any suggestions for the programme.

MRS. BRADSHAW

Community Service

Over the last 12 months several very reliable "old hands" have left and some "new hands" have come into the Unit at Third and Fourth Form level. I am particularly grateful to the large con-

tingent of recently departed Upper Sixth Formers who have given sterling service, many at Bennett House School for children with special needs: **P. Allan, M. Beaumont, R. Haynes, T. Pollard, R. Razali, R. Scott, B. Uttenthal** and **R. Winterbottom** among others.

I know the staff of Bennett House have been very grateful for their assistance and their commitment; some managed to go twice a week, and continued into Abingdon School's holidays. Recently a group of boarders organised by **Mr. Barrett** gave their spare time over a weekend to redecorate one of the classrooms there.

Several Fourth Formers joined this year to do their 15 hours of Community Service for the Duke of Edinburgh's Bronze Award, and two or three have carried on with their visiting jobs since their "hours" were completed - it would be good to see more doing this! Some year-groups in the school produce only a handful of volunteers; we are looking to 1995's Lower Sixth to get into Volunteering in a bigger way! Not only will you be helping someone in genuine need - a handicapped child, a disabled "senior citizen" - but you will also learn something about yourself and enrich your personality.

MR. WILLERTON

DIED FOR YOUR TEARS

*Years ago there lived a man,
Who made bread from stone
With a wave of his hand.
People would travel from miles around
To buy what he'd sell,
To hear what he'd found.
They looked away from him, away for
years.
When they looked back he'd gone.
He died for your eyes, he died for your tears.*

I. JACKSON 6SCW

Science Projects

Science Projects is a Wednesday afternoon activity in which Sixth Form scientists can undertake a long term project which can last up to two years. The choice of topic encompasses Chemis-

try, Physics and Biology and can involve an amalgam of these, often using instruments and techniques not encountered in the classroom, such as the infra-red spectrophotometer, gas chromatograph, computer-linked experiments and so on.

Recent projects have included the analysis of unleaded petrol using distillation followed by gas chromatography, extraction and purification of the odorous compounds in orange and lemon peel, analysis of amino acids in hair using paper chromatography and the construction of a maze-solving robot. Two of the longest running projects are the investigation of liquid crystals (the substances which change colour with temperature) for which **Ben Strawson**, the third consecutive worker involved with the project, was awarded the Mervyn Gray prize; and the design and construction of an automatic melting point machine by **Neil Carson**. Several of the current Lower Sixth are engaged in project work and I hope to be able to report on these in due course.

MR. BINGHAM

Combined Cadet Force

The academic year began with the cheering news that work was to begin on the total refurbishment of Waste Court Barn into an Activities Centre for the School. The new building would house the CCF and also make space available to the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme with which the Corps now cooperates closely. Older readers will remember the building best as the former Naval Section HQ for the CCF, although very few would recognise it now, at least from the inside.

Whilst contractors gutted the building, often in very wet weather, the Corps continued its activities in the increasingly dilapidated building by the Art School. As always the breadth and quality of activity overcame the physical surroundings and good use was made of our rifle range in the darker evenings. Some solid theory work was also accomplished and it is pleasing to report excellent pass rates in the HQ Air Cadets proficiency examinations. Successes continued in a wider sphere with individual cadets being selected for Gliding courses with the RAF, **James Howard** gaining a place on the Army Alpine Challenge expedition to Bavaria and **Jeremy Sugden** being awarded an RAF Flying Scholarship.

The New Year brought feverish packing activity and the inevitable sifting of years of accumulated paraphernalia; not all of which would fit into our new accommodation. The move required a lot of physical effort but the teamwork and goodwill of cadets made light of a complex job. At last we were in our new home and looking forward to a new future. An eleventh hour decision had resulted in the armoury building being demolished as well as the old Corps hut, temporarily robbing us of our armament, which had to be sent for safety to Bicester garrison. Although there has been some delay in building the replacement armoury we hope that this one will be in use alongside the new HQ by September.

The high standard of accommodation provided by the new building has enhanced all our training efforts and given the Corps a physical focus of which to be proud. Other organisations have made good use of the space and it is now the natural home of anyone in the School who is planning an expedition or outdoor activity holiday for any age group.

It has been an exciting year for the Corps!

MR. BIGGS

Model Railway Society

In the Michaelmas Term we saw light at the end of our tunnel! At last it was decided that the growing Society should move to its new location, upstairs in Whitefield Garage, and total refurbishment of this building now allowed us to increase enormously the scope and size of the layout.

So with all signals set to green, the entire layout, rolling stock, tools, buildings, kitchen sink et al. were transferred to our new home one Wednesday afternoon by hordes of willing Lower School navvies. The new era for the railway had begun!

Ever since then extended designs and realisations by members such as **Ashley Morris**, **Hugh Morris** and **David Champion** have been created, torn up, re-created etc. Meanwhile there has been great progress in building a workable layout, ready to show off in October at the School Open Day.

My thanks go particularly to **Mr. Salmon**, who has shown great interest in this Society and agreed to help in its running next year. His expertise in Electronics has already proved very useful!

MR. POPE

Music and Drama



Verdi's REQUIEM

Congratulations to all members of the chorus and orchestra, especially to the soloists, guided by **Mr. Stinton**, who gave a most convincing, exciting and truly memorable performance of Verdi's masterpiece in November, 1993.

It was well rehearsed and the attention paid to detail by all performers was immaculate, providing a sharp contrast between the ferocity and vigour of the "Dies irae" and the calm serenity of the "Lux aeterna". The "Sanctus", too, a complex piece that splits the voices in half, was carried off confidently by the chorus - a considerable triumph, as the quick imitative entries between all eight parts can cause havoc if even one part is out of time!

The combination of the adults' Choral Society, the Chamber Choir of Our Lady's Convent and own Choral Society was most impressive and it is hoped that such a combination can be achieved again in the near future.

Finally, on the home front, congratulations must go to both **Mr. Elliott** and **Mr. Oxlade**, who jointly trained the Choral Society throughout the term. Their hard work was rewarded by a highly acclaimed performance of this ambitious piece.

B.R. YOUNG 3DJH

Flautists unite!

Every Tuesday at 1.00 - lunchtime - a group of four (five if you include the conductor) flautists gather to play various quartets in a secluded part of the Music School.

The ensemble comprises four boys from the Middle School and their teacher, an internationally renowned flautist herself, **Miss Stinton**. I have been playing in the Flute Ensemble for two years now and have worked my way up the ranks to play the first flute part. It has given me my first taste of playing in an ensemble and has led me to being involved in further ensembles and orchestras.

We play a varying and enjoyable repertoire of music which we sometimes perform. Although we have played in concerts, it is just as important to improve our skills in playing in a group and to listen to each other. Not much pressure is put on us to perform, which leads to a relaxed atmosphere in the group and thus to a higher level of playing.

All the members of the Ensemble, past and present, would unite to praise the value of this group as both an introduction to group playing and as an enjoyable activity which leads to greater things.

R. ELLIS 3PW

THE FIRST EVER "HOUSE SHOUT"

*Adjudicated by Mr. Andrew Morris Esq.
Amey Hall, November 1993*

PARTSONG ENTRIES :

1. "Are you from Dixie?"
The MEARNS' HOUSE BARBERS
(**A.Morris, S.Burchett, W.Burn,**
C.Upham)
2. "Steal Away"
The 6AMS NEGRO SPIRITUALISTS
(**M.Beaumont, M.Lay, S.Thewlis,**
J.Watkinson)

3. "Summertime" by G. Gershwin,
disarranged **Finnis**
The 6SCW & JCH CROONERS
(**S.C.White himself, J.Finnis, J.Wald,**
I.Jackson, N.Lewis, P.Gresford,
C.Purcell, with **R.Finch** trumpet)
4. "Swing low"
The SCHOOL HOUSE CHANTE

With a star-studded cast of this calibre, it was always going to be a close contest, but **6AMS** emerged victorious, stealing the trophy away with their unaccompanied negro spiritual. Their names will be engraved for posterity on the cup, while the others will have to settle with this page of **The Abingdonian**.

UNISON SONG ENTRIES :

1. "Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a lovely war"
MEARNS' HOUSE, **Mr. Oxlade** piano

2. "Staying Alive" (Bee Gees)
6MAS FUNK BOYS
(led by **D.Melin** with **H.Morris** piano,
R.Wyatt bass guitar, **P.Brunner** drums)

3. "Memory" from "Cats"
DRUMMOND-HAY's HOUSE, **Chris**
Isaac piano

4. "With a little help"
6JEF with **Richard Davies**, piano

5. "You'll never walk alone"
6SCW&JCH with **Jerome Finnis**, piano

6. "Jailhouse Rock" (Elvis)
CRESCENT HOUSE
with **Mr. Elliott**, piano
(Star appearance from the King himself)

7. "When I'm 64" (Lennon)
SCHOOL HOUSE
with **Mrs. Burrow**, piano
(**Jan Warnecke**, drums, **Jody Collins** &
David Lourie, saxophone)

School House and **Drummond-Hay's House** were the joint winners in this first year of the competition, a somewhat controversial choice some would think, or at least those in the two houses (who are now planning to cut the cup in half). All the performances in this category were confident and spirited.. but for sheer entertainment, "Staying Alive" was the pick of the afternoon; with coloured lights flashing and a small band and chorus, **David Melin's** falsetto voice had the Amey Hall writhing with laughter. Memorable also (for different reasons) were **Mearns' House**, "With a little help from **6JEF**" (oops) and "You'll never walk or sing in public again", which was brutally crippled by the "Jailhouse Rock". This witnessed Elvis' first performance since his death back in 1977.

J. FINNIS 6SCW

Concert Performance of 'THE SORCERER' by Gilbert and Sullivan

NOVEMBER 1993

This performance was pulled off with the true professionalism and cool nerves of all involved. Any small mishap which may have taken place was concealed, where possible, by the versatile and skilled piano playing of **Mr. Oxlade**. All those on stage were pleasantly surprised by the huge turnout in the Amey Hall. **Mrs. Bradshaw** made up for the lack of acting with a narration of the basic plot which involves the inhabitants of a small village falling in love with the first member of the opposite sex they lay eyes upon. Predictably, calamitous results ensue, and a certain dealer in magical spells (the infamous John Wellington Wells, alias **Jonathan Wald**) is held responsible for dosing the village tea with a love potion.

Probably the most memorable scene of the evening was the 'Incantation', in which the potion is brewed. The Amey Hall's resident pyrotechnicians had a field day here, using smoke, coloured lights and a glitterball straight out of 'Saturday Night Fever' to create a mildly spooky effect. This was a surprise for those on stage who managed to ignore this 'son et lumière' display to the best of their ability!

The female lead soloist, Jayne Whitaker, was particularly impressive as Aline, singing with apparent ease and verve. The evening produced a number of other highlights, including a potentially confusing but ultimately excellent duet from **Mr. Biggs** and Rebecca Martin, who received a much-deserved hearty round of applause, as did **Jonathan Wald**, whose first aria revealed an unusual talent for reeling off words at top speed. **Mr. Clare** added a melancholy touch with his emotional portrayal of Dr. Daley, a world-weary bachelor. The bizarre lyrics of the last chorus display the trivial and light-hearted style of G and S; nothing is allowed to become too serious - always a crowd-pleaser.

J. FINNIS 6SCW



The Chapel Choir preparing Evensong at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford



HUMPHREY LYTTLETON

... in the Amey Hall 24th February 1994

Bridging the generation gap, this concert was a very popular way of raising money for the Mercers' Court appeal. A crowded Amey Hall, many of the older members of the audience treasuring fond memories of their youth, waited expectantly to hear this legend of the jazz world.

After the customary short delay before the concert, the band entered, wearing blazers in colours usually found in waistcoats, and at various sporting venues. An opening playing of Don Redman's 'Hear Me Talkin' To Ya', in addition to revitalising the youth of half the audience, promised much good foot-tapping music to come from the other half. A warm trombone solo from Pete Strange brought the melody out perfectly. A more tranquil follow-up to this was 'Someone To Watch Over Me', by George Gershwin.

Then came a pair of contrasting compositions in which the tenor saxophone played a major role; the first, a steamer by Louis Armstrong, 'I Double Dare You!', the second a lyrical number by Richard Rogers: 'My Funny Valentine', in which Kathy Stobart displayed the range of which the tenor sax is capable.

Several of the pieces they played have stories behind them; 'The Strange Mr. Peter Charles' being no exception. The name arose when the band members had to fill in some Visa application forms under the headings of 'Surname', 'Title', 'Full Christian Names'. The trombonist is of course Mr. Peter Charles Strange, and he played the sort of aloof solo to which any TV villain would feel unshamed to sneak down the street.

In the preset tradition of showing off, the Alto sax player, Jimmy Hastings, excelled in playing 'I Got Rhythm' by Gershwin, with a solo without breath of three minutes, sixteen seconds.

After the interval scrum (not around the wine but by the stand selling CDs autographed by the master himself), we were treated to 'A Porter's Love Song To A Chamber Maid' with a lilting trumpet solo by Mr. Lyttleton. Then a broad picture of a train and driver from the Deep South was painted by various solos in Duke Ellington's 'Happy Go Lucky Local'.

The bass player, Paul Bridge, got his almost obligatory (by now) solo in a piece entitled 'Moten Swing'; the bass being given an almost sweet acoustic tone rather than the more usual 'thud bass' note.

My personal favourite of the evening was a piece by Carla Bley, 'The Lord Is Listening To Ya Hallelujah', with a show-stopping 'preachin' trombone solo by Pete Strange.

The final official piece of the evening was 'Mezzrow', in which Mr. Lyttleton, Jimmy Hastings and Kathy Stobart all took up clarinets and played.

The first encore, 'Madly', saw the previously restrained drummer, Adrian Macintosh, almost destroy the drum kit in spectacular fashion! We finally heard what most of the audience were waiting for (at least those who knew why they were there!) in the second spectacular encore of 'When The Saints Go Marching In'

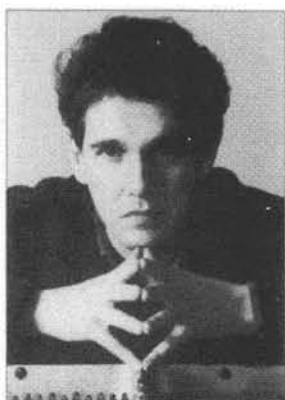
M. ALEXANDER 6MCS



Piano Recital

Iwan Llewelyn Jones is rapidly making a name for himself as one of Britain's finest pianists. His recital in the Amey Hall on May 6 was a rare chance for pupils and colleagues to hear in full the 'snippets' of pieces they might have heard resounding through the corridors of the music school. Out of the seclusion of a practice room, into the concert hall; from the Yamaha upright to the Steinway grand.

IWAN LLEWELYN JONES



PIANO RECITAL

The programme, which included Beethoven's 'Eroica Variations', and Schubert's 'Fantasie', demonstrated the awesome versatility of the pianist. In the Impressionistic 'Images' by Debussy, he used the piano like an artist's palette of colours, while Saint-Saens' 'Toccata' required virtuosic brilliance. The audience was held mesmerised at the end of Ravel's 'Jeux d'Eau', reluctant to disturb the fading vibrations of the last chord with applause.

A piece by the Spanish Granades evoked the paintings of Goya. Then it was into the Viennese drawing room for Schubert's 'Fantasie'. Inevitably, an encore was demanded by the audience. Their plea was answered, the pianist perching himself on the stool, coat-tails hanging down, feet reaching to the pedals, visibly deciding on a suitable conclusion. Would it be showy or tranquil? "More Schubert", he uttered, before calling upon his great technique and inspired imagination to produce another memorable performance.

J. FINNIS 6SCW

Carousel

A highly talented group of performers (some from Abingdon School), an appealing story-line and a great venue at the Oxford Playhouse, the Oxford Operatic Youth Theatre's third production really hit the spot. The rich imagination of the producers Rod and Barbara Denton was evident from the moment the curtain opened. The audience was dazzled by the spectacle of a fairground on the New England coast in 1873. Complete with strongmen, clowns, stilt-walker, ballet dancer, coconut shy and pickpockets, one was left with the problem of what to look at.

The short-tempered carousel worker Billy Brigelow, played by our own **Adam Brown**, woos the sweet-voiced and shy mill-girl Julie. Their courtship is certainly subtle. (They sing: "If I Loved You", and declare that they don't!) By the next scene, they are married. Meanwhile, Julie's best friend Carrie is engaged to the respectable, mild-mannered Mr. Snow. Julie announces her pregnancy to Billy, who accepts that he will have to be supporting and stable as a father. He will also need to earn some money.

Jigger Craigin, the only shady character in the story, played menacingly by **Jonathan Wald**, leads Billy from the straight and narrow and devises a highly risky plan for a robbery. Billy agrees to help in return for a share of the money, but the attempt goes horribly wrong. Jigger runs off, leaving Billy at point-blank range with a large kitchen knife in his hand. What does he do? You may ask. Surrender? Take a swipe with the knife? Leg-it, even?! No, the half-wit cries "Julie!" and prods himself with the knife. The moment was strangely comical. I won't go so far as to say that I blatantly laughed there and then, (imagine the dirty looks I would have received!), but I do think Billy could have taken a leaf out of Brutus, Cassius and Titinius' book (see *Drama Section - Ed*) and impaled himself Roman-style. It would have only taken a good thrust in the rib-cage. Anyway, Billy has just tumbled down onto a hidden crash-mat and Mr. Oscar Hammerstein has realised that he's not going to have much of a plot without his services. Inspiration strikes, and Oscar whisks Billy up to the Pearly Gates. Gripping stuff, eh?

As you would expect, it was all nostalgia and sentimentality from here on, with a tear-jerk-

ing rendition of "You'll Never Walk Alone", and a bawl-your-eyes-out-scene in which Billy's spirit sees his now 15 year-old daughter having a rough time of things down on Mother Earth.

In general, a little more finesse could have been used in some scenes, but the singing was very strong and I heard every word (and every page-turn in the orchestra pit!). Wizenened cynic that I am, I greatly enjoyed this colourful, imaginative and bubbling production. I've done my best to be critical; the empty space following this sentence shows there wasn't much to fault.

J. FINNIS 6SCW

The MIKADO July 1st 1994

Although the projected production of "Patience" would doubtless have proved rewarding for those who know the work - and those who don't - the idea (**Mr. Taylor's**) of a concert performance of a different G&S piece, and specifically of "The Mikado" (**Mrs. Manship's** idea) was irresistible, since a number of the members of the School had given just such a performance at the Holywell Music Room two years ago, in aid of the Glyn Worsnip Trust. This fund-raising event had included many boys whose voices have now migrated from treble to bass (e.g. **Chris Upham**) and some who have now left. For the recent "Mikado" - which was - like a main school production - open to all comers, the cast therefore included boys from the First form through to three members of the Upper Sixth in the chorus, as well as three of the principal soloists (**Hugh Morris**, **Jerome Finnis** and **Jonathan Wald**, whose humorous portrayal of Ko-Ko kept the large audience well rewarded). In addition, a number of the boys played in the orchestra: **Tristan Gurney** (violin), **Richard Haynes** and **Felix Findeisen** (clarinets), **Robert Finch** and **Tom Sapsford** (a superb pair of trumpeters - their Fanfare before the Act 2 finale was one of the highlights of the show!) and **Anthony Hankin** and **Russell Clarke** (trombones) with **Henry Dorling** presiding over the percussion. Happily the 35-strong chorus included twelve regular members of Chamber Choir who had also taken part in a performance of "The Sorcerer" conducted by **Mrs. Manship** last November, (*q. v. - Ed*) and



who were thus established and convinced G & S connoisseurs. For our "Mikado" on July 1st there was the added attraction of the girls from the Convent, who attended rehearsals at Abingdon on a regular basis throughout the term - and so, for once in "The Mikado's" 109-year history, the girls "from a ladies' Seminary" really were sung by girls from such an establishment! Ten members of staff took part in one capacity or another - **Mr. Taylor** (staging), **Mrs. Manship** (who trained the chorus), **Mr. White**, **Mr. Pope** and **Mr. Salmon** in the chorus, **Mr. Biggs** as the hero Nanki-Poo, five members of the peripatetic teaching staff (**Mr. Lockett**, **Mrs. Pringle**, **Mrs. Tugwell**, **Mrs. Findlay** and **Mrs. Kettle**) together with **Mr. Stinton** and **Mr. Elliott** playing in the orchestra, and **Mr. Oxlade** as rehearsal accompanist (on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays) and conductor. To add visual lustre to the occasion, the costumes were prepared single-handedly (so to speak) by **Miss Dawn Lupton**, Waste Court's matron, and the evocative set design was by **Matthew Lay**, with lighting by **Chris Bowman**, **Ashif Verjee** and **Ian Silverwood**.

Soloists from outside School, (all of whom have contributed to previous Abingdon performances - in both G&S performances and Choral Society concerts) were Jayne Whitaker as Yum-Yum, Angela Ayers as Pitti-Sing, Pauline Kowalski as Peep-Bo, with Rebecca Martin (wife of **OA James Allison**) as Katisha - and Christopher Parke (in his customary superb vocal form) as The Mikado.

MR. OXLADE

Grand Orchestral Concert -18th June 1994

The final orchestral concert of the school year was full of variety and vigour, featuring as it did three orchestras and three conductors in a programme ranging from Bach and Mozart to Wagner and Warlock. **Mr. Stinton** paid warm tribute to the professional conductor **Mr. Marcin Stopczyk** (*q.v. - Ed*), and the Second Orchestra, in the Grand March from Aida (Verdi), the Chamber Orchestra in Pizzicato Polka (J. Strauss) and the First Orchestra in the Prelude to The Mastersingers (Wagner) all responded splendidly to his commanding precision.



Mr. Stopczyk in rehearsal

The standard of music in the school is such that one comes to expect talented schoolboy soloists; this year for the first time we saw a talented schoolboy conductor in action. **Matthew Beaumont** clearly had excellent rapport with the Second Orchestra in the Slavonic Dance (Dvorak). He and they looked as though they were enjoying themselves. The audience did too.

Mr. Stinton conducted the rest of the very ambitious programme, including the Chamber Orchestra playing the Capriol Suite (Warlock) with the Concerto for 2 violins in d (J.S.Bach) bringing the first half of the concert to a triumphant conclusion. In this **Tristan Gurney** and **Josiah Lau** gave marvellously accomplished performances, deservedly receiving prolonged and enthusiastic applause.

The first piece in the second half was the first movement of the Sinfonia Concertante for Wind attributed to Mozart. Here four leavers **Chris Beach** (oboe), **Richard Haynes** (clarinet), **Matthew Gear** (bassoon) and **Matthew Reynolds** (horn), whom we are more accustomed to seeing near the back of the stage with the rest of the wind players, took centre stage at the front, showing in their individual contributions and in their ensemble playing just how much the school orchestras have owed to them.

Mars from The Planets (Holst) was a splendid finale, involving as it does each section of the orchestra so intensely. Mars may be "the Bringer of War" but it was also the bringer of remarkable orchestral accord. As usual at the end of the final concert of the year **Mr. Stinton** called the leaving players to their feet so that the audience could thank them for the pleasure they have given as members of the orchestras. The school is fortunate to have such talent to draw upon and such teachers to nurture and encourage that talent.

MRS. CAREY, MOTHER OF THOMAS 6RCRM

The Music Society Riverboat Cruise

JUNE 30th 1994 Folly Bridge, Oxford

In a scene which was vaguely reminiscent of the equivalent moment in the film "Death on the Nile", the mighty riverboat surged away from Folly Bridge, bound for three hours of adventure and intrigue on the Thames; although the chances of murder most foul occurring were, admittedly, more remote since the moustached Belgian detective Hercule Poirot had missed the boat...

After acclimatising themselves to the acous-



tics of the river, the Ritornello String Quartet (alias **Messieurs Gurney, Alexander, Harrison and Finnis**) got the evening's music underway with some cowboy-style "Bluegrass" hits and other musical masterpieces, such as Leroy Anderson's "Plink, Plank, Plunk" (-or was it "Plunk, Plonk, Plink"?).

What could follow this tour de force? Only the close harmony group of **Messieurs Elliott, Pope, Salmon, Capper, Morris, Young and Finnis** had the required class. Their renditions of pieces which included "The Way You Look Tonight" and "Ain't Misbehavin'" were memorable as much for their style and fluency as for their harmonic "slushiness" (i.e. the "pick any note you



like and sing it, however grim it sounds" attitude was largely predominant; but don't quote me on that one).

Fortunately for the singers, the audience had no means of escape, and the point of no return had been reached long ago. The students in the boat alongside us landed themselves in a fatal situation when they made the mistake of entering a lock with us; one of our more senior (perhaps also more shameless) members saw the opportunity and pounced, his mouth watering at the prospect of showing off some more top Gs. Singing straight at the dazed onlookers for full impact, we received a mixed reception; at first they counterattacked with strains of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" - but their valiant efforts to drown us out proved fruitless. Accepting defeat, they listened and applauded. And made a sharp exit once we were out of the lock . . .

J. FINNIS 6SCW



And could Mr. Elliott ever stop his accelerating hornpipe...?

RAY BRYANT

Jazz piano concert - Holywell Music Room

We arrived half an hour early, thanks to my mistaking the starting time (7.30) for the price (£7). The large black blinds were down inside, a gesture towards a suitably intimate atmosphere for a jazz concert; the neoclassical music room had been transformed into a Rick's Bar from "Casablanca" for the night, and all that was needed to complete the picture was Sam, alias Ray Bryant. Expectations were fulfilled as the sturdy black musician ambled in, acknowledging the warm reception with a broad grin. Thrusting his bulk on the seat, he immediately placed the first sombre chords as the applause subsided; this slightly depressing blues lullaby was contrasted with the fast-tempo boogie which raced away immediately afterwards. I don't pretend to know a great deal about jazz, so those who are better informed will please excuse my lack of technical jargon! His left hand provided an unfaltering rhythmic bass while the right hand flew from key to key. Added to this was the soft-shoed right foot, stomping the floor with great vigour and apparently artless precision. The impression was one of spontaneity and probably a fair amount of improvisation. After one high-speed piece he informed us laconically: "That was Franz Liszt - honestly, that was his 'Liebestraum'... in this case 'Liebestraum Boogie'!" Blues, gospel and soul pieces were performed; Thelonius Monk, Duke Ellington and the late Dizzy Gillespie, with whom Bryant had recorded back in 1957, when only 26. The endings of pieces were skilfully done, sometimes with a subtle discord, or a shimmering seventh chord, sometimes with hands at the furthest ends of the keyboard, and, once, by hitting the wood to the right of the highest note with a chuckle. Rapturous applause followed his 'last' piece. Members of the audience pointed up one finger. "I'm gonna play two anyway," came his reply, as he once more tickled the ivories. In the second, swinging encore, grunts of "right on" and "yeah" from Bryant encouraged some members of the audience to clap off-the-beat; the rhythm of his playing was contagious, and even the most restrained could not avoid foot-stamping when he called out "one more time, now!" The sheer ad-

miration of the audience for this great performer was heard as he rounded off the evening with a perfectly judged coda, ending on a fortissimo tremolo chord. Mopping his sweaty brow, and raising his hands once more to the audience, the laid-back smiling figure disappeared backstage for the last time and 200 bedazzled listeners stepped into the rain humming jazz tunes.

J. FINNIS 6SCW



Tristan Gurney who won the RSO Young Musicians' Competition in 1993 receives his accolade when performing as soloist with Reading Symphony Orchestra. He played the solo part in Bartok's First Violin Concerto...



...and The Abingdonian's own tame photographer, Paul Harrison, also plays the violin!

Chamber Choir

Purcell: DIDO & AENEAS

The Chamber Choir has concentrated on English music this year - Sullivan's "The Sorcerer" and, after several rehearsals on Edward German's Elizabethan operetta "Merrie England", the choruses for "The Mikado" - but with a major (and most enjoyable) excursion back two hundred years (from Sullivan) to Purcell. Although next year will be the time when the 300th anniversary of Purcell's death will be commemorated, properly (because of the old dating system) it should be this year! So our concert performance was given with this in mind and the fact that Purcell wrote the music exclusively for young voices; so, although not using authentic instruments or Baroque pitch, the performance was in at least one respect as the composer might have hoped.

This was not the first hearing of the work in the Amey Hall, as The Oxford Purcell Consort conducted by **OA Stephen Clarke** sang "Dido" here in February 1989 (the 300th anniversary of the work's original production). But since it is Purcell's only real opera (as opposed to masques and semi-operas) and because of Dido's "Lament" and the final chorus, the desire to do it again was very strong.

The Chamber Choir (who worked very hard at their twice weekly rehearsals to produce some really refined and, where required, some very dramatic singing), were joined by a fine team of instrumentalists - **Tristan Gurney** (leader), **Mark Alexander**, **Paul Harrison** and **Jerome Finnis** (a continuo cello of exceptional accomplishment) and the work was directed from the harpsichord as was the custom in all Baroque music.

A superb cast was headed by Jayne Whitaker (Dido) - a part undertaken by at least two of the century's greatest sopranos - Joan Sutherland (at the very beginning of her career in 1947 and Kirsten Flagstad at the end of hers in 1958) - and we are lucky to have heard Jayne Whitaker's interpretation. Roderick Williams was a most powerful and affecting Aeneas and the supporting roles were all vividly portrayed - by **Daniel Hammersley** (the Spirit), **Mr. White** (the Sailor), and the other guest principals - Caryl Kelly (Belinda) and the witches by Sally Collings and Angela Ayers. The evocative lighting provided by

the Amey Hall technicians and the wonderful paraphrase of Claude's celebrated "Departure of Aeneas from Carthage" by **Mr. Biggs** also made the evening a most memorable one.

MR. OXLADE

Handel's MESSIAH

On Saturday 27th November 1993, the "Messiah" by Georg Friedrich Handel was performed by joint musicians from Abingdon and Headington School.

"Messiah", one of Handel's most popular works, having become traditionally performed in England before Christmas, could also now be heard in the Amey hall, almost exactly 250 years after it was first performed in London. This was only possible because of the great efforts of the Headington School Chamber Choir, Abingdon School Chamber Choir, Abingdon School Choral Society, Headington School String Orchestra and Abingdon School Chamber Orchestra conducted by **Mr. Michael Stinton**. The basso continuo was played stylishly by **Jerome Finnis** and **Mr. John Oxlade** (harpsichord). The joint orchestra, including, apart from the strings, two trumpets (**Robert Finch** and **Dominic Hardy**), two oboes (**Lucy Earle** and **Elizabeth Rawson**), the bassoon (**Hugh Morris**) and timpani (**Henry Dorling**), did very well too. The Abingdon School Choral Society, consisting of the adults' section (trained by **Mr. Elliott**) and the boys' section (trained by **Mr. Stinton**, with **Mr. Oxlade** accompanying at all the rehearsals), coordinated well with the Headington School Choir under the leadership of Mrs. Sonia Vishniakov.

The soloists were Jayne Whitaker (soprano), Janet Shell (contralto), **Mr. Oxley** (tenor) and Christopher Goldsack (bass). Special credit must go to Jayne Whitaker who performed despite being ill with the 'flu. Unfortunately **Tristan Gurney** was so ill that he could not appear, and Kirsten Wilson was thus the sole leader of the orchestra.

A nicely laid out programme, with an excellent commentary and drinks available in the foyer during the interval made the whole concert a memorable event and a highlight in the School's artistic life. The **Headmaster** really did not exaggerate when he said in the following School Assembly that "it was a very exciting performance".

F. FINDEISEN L6

REVIEW OF 'JULIUS CAESAR'

Shakespeare's play is a classic study of power and its effects on the men who wield it. It is also, of course, a classic study of stage incendiary devices and fake blood. The Abingdon School production in February, 1994, seemed to steer a worthy course between the two extremes, but in the end emerged, under **Mr. Taylor**'s direction, with a mixture of success and relief.

There were surely four stars in this production. The first was the ever-popular **Russell "Marlon Brando" Clarke** as Cassius, who was universally recognised as the supreme character out of the cast. Managing to twist his natural good humour and bonhomie into the snide, evil malevolence that is necessary for Cassius, he bestrode the Amey Hall stage like a colossus, winning the hearts and minds of everyone in the audience. Nothing was too difficult for this man.

The other three stars were the musicians. Composed by **Richard Davies** and **Jo Porter**, the theme music was probably the most memorable part of the production. Many audience members were overheard singing along with it (with the words: Julius, Julius, Julius Caesar: He was killed, he was killed, he was killed) for days after the last performance. The two maestros were ably and rotundly assisted by **Henry Dorling** on the drums.

Those who do not qualify as stars nevertheless deserve a mention and a lot of praise. **David "Rubber Dagger" Gregory** was an extravagantly Scottish soothsayer and frightened the stuffing out of Caesar. **Peter Tompkins** as Antony was superb, especially in the forum speech; **Fran Smethurst** and **Rache "Ooh Rank!" Lashford** were competent and endearingly patronising. **Mark Thomas** was Brutus and remembered his lines. The rest of the cast was workmanlike and effective.

The grateful thanks of the cast go to **Mr. Taylor** for his patience and dedication in directing us to a successful conclusion.

T. WARD VIGGB

JULIUS CAESAR: BACKSTAGE REVIEW

A play which was transformed in the last few rehearsals from a mass of unknown lines into a fast-moving, intense, poignant and gripping thriller. The lighting, music, sound-effects and costumes in the dress rehearsals brought the stark realisation that soon hundreds would be flocking into the Amey Hall with high expectations that must be satisfied. The sheepish grinning between members of the Crowd when uttering such lines as: "About! Fire! Seek! Kill! Revenge!" would have to disappear. **Zool Verjee**'s improvised Shakespeare ("Storm the Capitol! Bludgeon the villains!") would have to be taken seriously, as would **Mr. Taylor**'s threats that next time he would really throw a wobbly. "Don't send it up", were the instructions, as the Crowd rehearsed tearing **Conrad Purcell**, the innocent poet, limb from limb.



Mark Antony's words: "Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war", were fulfilled in the final two acts of the play; Brutus, Cassius and Titinius jumped onto their swords and several soldiers uttered blood-curdling gurgles as they were shot and plummeted to the ground. Meanwhile, backstage, unexpected deafening explosions, dry ice and machine gun sound effects reigned supreme, thanks to the inexhaustible crew. Who will forget the unforgettable "5-4-3-2-1 BANG!"? Who, **Tim Ward**'s Caesar finally getting his white shirt bloodied at the hands of Brutus et al.?

It would be unfair to pick out members of the cast - so let's hear it for the musicians **Richard Davies**, **Joe Porter** and **Henry Dorling**, the crew, our assistant editor "**Baz**" **King** and **Mr.**

Taylor, who must have felt like tearing his hair out at times, but turned a potential mess into a resounding success.



Plotting on stage...

JULIUS CAESAR - COMMENTS FROM AN ACTOR

The most exciting moment was definitely murdering the Head of School (*alias Caesar -Ed*) several times in one hour, and playing war games in the Amey Hall. Several members of the cast were treated for shock after the heart-stopping explosions and temperamental fire-extinguishers which set themselves off liberally. **Kevin Squire's** blood packets were very effective, too, not only on stage, but also later on. (It still hasn't washed out of the shirts!)

In an Abingdon production, one can easily forget the girls from St. Helen's who played such an important part in it - so I won't break with tradition.

M. THOMAS VIJEF AKA BRUTUS



The "Head" of School? - Ed

Arcadia

On the 15th of November 1993, a group of boys were taken to see Tom Stoppard's new play "Arcadia" at the Royal National Theatre.

The play takes place in a large room in a large country house in Derbyshire, in April 1809. It begins with Thomasina Coverly, 13, asking her tutor, Septimus Hodge, what "carnal embrace" is. This paves the way for her inquisitive mind and soon she sees flaws in life in general, wondering why when you stir the blob of jam into your rice pudding, it turns pink, but when you stir the other way the jam does not form a blob again.

Enter Bernard into the same room 180 years later, in 1989. He has arrived to uncover the scandal which is said to have taken place when Lord Byron stayed at Sidley Park. There he meets Hannah, an author who writes about landscape gardening. Bernard uses the reluctant Hannah to help him in his case and the two form an unlikely partnership. Then we are taken back to 1809. The action of the play shuttles back and forth between the early 19th century and the present day.

The play explores many themes, one of which is the idea of chaos in life. Landscape beauty was thought to have relied on symmetry but some people saw beauty in chaos : random trees and ponds etc.

This is undoubtedly one of Tom Stoppard's best pieces of work, totally absorbing, most importantly in its meanings, exploring the nature of truth and time, the difference between the Classical and the Romantic eras and how the influence of sex and love clashes with "real life". Everything is technically planned and written down and predictable. Love totally disrupts that concept.

Full credit should be given to Cherie Lunghi of "The Manageress" (Hannah) and Bill Nigh (Bernard) for their wonderfully thought provoking performances and last but not least, the stunning acting of Emma Fielding (Thomasina) whose curiosity got the whole ball rolling!

A. VERJEE 4RGH

"Travesties" at the Barbican

Having arrived at the Barbican with minutes to spare, we had only just taken our seats when the curtain rose, but the play made up for it.

In Travesties Tom Stoppard throws out many questions regarding art, its purpose and value. Henry Carr (Anthony Sher) as narrator passes some provocative comments on the subject of art, such as, "Wars are fought to make the world safe for artists." Tristan Tzara, or should I say, "Dada", makes further remarks, for example: "anti-art is the war of our time.", and "Nowadays an artist is someone who makes art mean the things he does."

The exchanges are amusing and entertaining. Some, however, are difficult to penetrate; thus Tzara makes this speech: "Dada, Dada, Dada, Dada..." (and this is repeated thirty-nine times.) Later, in explanation of his tirade, he observes "It may be nonsense, but at least it's not clever nonsense!" Carr also manages to play the part of the dandy who reveals the secrets of life on the Western Front. I quote:

"I was invalided out with a bullet through the calf of an irreplaceable lambswool dyed Khaki, in the yarn to my own specification." (He is talking of his trousers!) This diatribe is delivered with great passion and is a measure of the flippancy with which Stoppard treats a theme as weighty as the First World War. Only five short speeches later Stoppard quotes directly from Wilde's The Importance of Being Earnest, one of the most delightfully flippant plays ever written. At this point one feels entitled to ask the actual relevance of these light-hearted exchanges. After much careful thought I have concluded that the sum of the parts is less than the whole.

I went to Travesties expecting a cerebral, erudite and witty classic Stoppard, which is exactly what I saw. The acting was wonderful; the set brilliantly contrived, providing a balcony from which Lenin declaimed, and an ingenious miniature steam train. A riveting production of Travesties which took full advantage of the verbal pyrotechnics offered by the playwright.

W. ROLLIN 4RSH

Evening of One-Act Plays ... Thursday 7th July 1994

The evening started with "The Crickets Sing", a play by Beverley Cross put on by the **Lower School**. Set in London and Oxford during the Civil War, the action centres around Orlando Nokes, a young playwright, sensitively portrayed by **Ronan Fabes**. To escape harsh punishment from the Parliamentary forces he agrees to train a troupe of actors in a play to take to King Charles in Oxford as a "smoke" for an undercover espionage operation. An element of farce is introduced in the consummately bad acting of the troupe which, in the Shakespearian fashion, suddenly develops into the high tension which underpins the piece; the slimy villain, Ezekiel Luke, excellently portrayed by **Daniel Wilberforce**, attempts to assassinate the king. The costumes were in a convincing period style. The acting was of a very high standard and even the occasional forgotten line was not allowed to disturb the smooth running of a very enjoyable performance.

The **Fourth Year** presented a production of "Burglars" by David Rudkin, in which four unnamed burglars witness a series of car crashes. The characters speak in riddles and childish rhymes and box-dance round the stage. Though its meaning is open to interpretation, it was precisely and neatly directed by the cast, **Isaac Raine**, **Sebastian Barwell**, **David Lalé** and **John Terry**.

The last item before the interval was "The Man in the Bowler Hat" by A.A. Milne, put on by the **Lower Sixth**. The play is a comedy about an urbane, rather bored couple (Mary and John alias Rachel Lashford and **Peter Gresford**) who, one moment, are wishing for something exciting to happen, and, the next, are plunged into an implausible plot of intrigue about a Rajah's ruby; their living-room becomes the scene for some colourful characters: the Hero (**Jody Collins**), the Heroine (Fran Smethurst), the Chief Villain (**Jerome Finnis**) and his henchman (**Matthew Fletcher**). Meanwhile a man in a bowler hat sits on the right of the stage with his back to the audience doing absolutely nothing (à la **Vince Clark**). The plot spirals into a confusing mishmash of hatboxes and lost property bureaux of London railway stations. At one point the henchman's hammer went accidentally flaccid though this did not hinder the action. Suddenly the man in the bowler hat gets up and announces that "OK, that's alright; a bit scrappy in Act Two still. We'll take it again at eleven tomorrow". All of the members of the cast were very good. It was well directed by **Peter Gresford** and extremely funny.

The comedy was sustained after the interval by the **Fifth Year** contribution, an abridged re-enactment of the first ever episode of the BBC series "Absolutely Fabulous". It is hard to find anything to say about this which has not been said already, suffice to say that those who liked the series would have loved the **Fifth Year** production. **Peter Tompkins** was a fabulous Edina in an impossible pair of silver platforms whilst **Richard Percival** wowed everyone in a black mini which looked as though it was spray-on. I overheard one male member of the audience remark that this was an even more attractive Patsy than Joanna Lumley's. The scenes of drunkenness were extremely convincing - one could hardly believe that **Peter Tompkins** and **Richard Percival** were not really inebriated. **Daniel Hammersley** and **Edward Smith** were also superb as the two subsidiary characters, Saffron and Bubbles. This was certainly the play with the most swearing of any of the evening's contributions, sweetie!

The proceedings were ended by a very mature production of "The Dumb Waiter" by Harold Pinter, a two-man play acted and directed by **Mark Thomas** and **Russell Clarke** whom many will remember as an excellent Brutus and Cassius in "Julius Caesar". (*q.v. -Ed*) The play was strange, almost surrealist but through perfect co-ordination and rapport between the two characters, Ben and Gus, was utterly convincing. Thus the evening ended on a sad note with the departure of two of the school's most prized actors. However the other plays have shown that there are plenty of willing and able actors to take their places.

T. CAREY 6RCRM

Sports

JUNIORS RUGBY

This was a season of experiment and test, of trial and error, of success and failure. This year, as before, the Juniors squad contained plenty of talent; promising players arrived from prep. schools to swell a nucleus of pupils who had learned their rugby in the Lower School. Very, very slightly, like the Lions in New Zealand, a blend of styles and approaches had to be reached; some positional changes had to be made to accommodate the new boys. During the term further personnel changes were made as individuals showed their mettle. Even by the end, new options were presenting themselves. Thus it was another exciting, adventurous Juniors season. The results indicate that we got some things right, but left room for improvement next year!

It is important that the season, like any match, gets off to a good start. Unfortunately this was something which we were unable to achieve. We lost the first two fixtures, against Bloxham and Marlborough; the opposition in both cases was fitter, more aggressive and better organised than we were. So, some adjustments to the line up were made; we trained and practised hard and went into the next match, against Radley in a much more positive frame of mind. This turned out to be one of the best matches of the season: a real ding-dong affair which Hurricane 'War Mem.', blasting through the second half, made even more exciting. The combativeness and commitment which had been lacking in the earlier games was evident - and we were unlucky to lose by a mere penalty goal.

The Radley game boosted team confidence and we went down the road to play MCS with high hopes of a nice, big win. I knew what I was going to do if we'd lost. We didn't. It wasn't a superb performance, but slowly things were coming right; the backs began to look effective and a sense of team work was emerging, especially in the loose play. Yet the following fixture, against Shiplake, was a scrappy affair. We got off to an excellent start, scoring early tries, and should have run up a cricket score - but then went off the boil.

So having got into winning ways it was disappointing not to have faced up to Oratory, who cancelled the fixture. Instead we played Newbury and exploited their frail tackling and other areas of weakness. It was an easy win, but the worst preparation for the next match, against St. Edward's. They were the best side we played, with a very strong, mobile and effective pack and nimble, swift backs. But in this match, as against Radley, the Jun-

iors team played with real pride and determination. It often helps if you begin the game angry, having been shunted from pitch to pitch in the hope of finding a dry one, when the one selected has a building site instead of an in-goal area. So we got annoyed, got wet, tackled hard all afternoon and did extremely well to concede so few points.

A narrow win against a surprisingly useful Reading team took us on to Pangbourne, and our final home match of the season. Having feared the worst, with various injury problems and an emergency

sition.

By late November the pitches were frozen and the Douai game was cancelled. So we set our sights on that nasty trip up the M40 to Warwick, the final match, the deciding fixture; a victory would see us ahead in the end of term tally. But it wasn't to be. We started extremely well, almost scored, then made a big mistake, huge: we conceded that thing most hated and abhorred by all coaches - a 'soft' try. We never really recovered although we stepped up our efforts considerably to try to do so. We won enough possession, but the Warwick tackling was secure and our backs just couldn't force a way through.

THE PLAYERS:

Andrew Stewart was an excellent hooker who contributed bravely and effectively to all aspects of play. (**Tristan Evans** proved a very good substitute when **Andrew** was injured.) **William Bourne-Taylor** was another who impressed all term. He is a strong, committed player and a rock-like prop. **Thomas Frankum** contributed to the solidity of the set scrum and when the mood took him he was very effective in the loose. **Nick Morrell** was an extremely handy player to have around. He won plenty of line out ball and his speed around the park was an asset. He had several second row partners: **David Cundell**, **Oliver Marshall**, **Matthew Selwyn-Smith** - all of whom performed usefully. **Jonathan Dunbar** was one of the outstanding players in the side and as wing forward/No 8 he was a tremendous attacking force (nine tries in the season); and you knew if you'd been tackled by **Mr. Dunbar**. **Marc Capon** was another player who shone as the season progressed. He just did everything well: tackling, tidying up, setting up, supporting. If you were going on tour you'd take **James Thomson** in the squad. He played wing forward and full back for the A team, looked a very good centre in the B team and did not actually play in his preferred position of hooker. A very useful utility player! **Piers Hemsley** played several games at No 8; his fitness and mobility ensured his effectiveness in the loose. **Matthew Thomas** often filled an awkward gap caused by injury; he was always positive and contributed well.

It says enough about **Tom Greenland** at scrum half that he was automatically picked to play and captain when his commitments to National squad tennis allowed him to. His skilful approach, in passing, running or kicking, was an enjoyable feature of the team's performance. Having started as scrum half (deputising for **Tom**)



Friday afternoon 'we have to rebuild the team' practice, this turned out to be the afternoon where everything went right. The thing we got right first was our frame of mind. We were expecting a very tough game, the coach had been going on about it all week; and this worked to our advantage. Pangbourne were useful, but not quite as strong as we had expected. Having worked on it all season we demonstrated that we really did know how to ruck; thus we controlled the loose play - and the game. This was an important afternoon for this team; that proved that they could do the basic things well - and against decent oppo-

Paul Martin switched to fly half and in many ways was the most improved player in the team, particularly with regard to his kicking. He has a good pair of hands, and he distributes well. **Gareth Mills** started off in the pack, where he had looked quite useful, but the move to centre turned out to be a successful ploy. He showed deceptive pace and his side step took him through many tackles; his kicking, too, was often useful. **Alex Pike** plays uncomplicated rugby, running hard (occasionally straight) and tackling fiercely. When we got the ball to him at the right time he had the speed to destroy defences. **Stuart Harrison** and **Richard Pinckney** were quick wingers who made the best of what ball they were given and whose defence was always reliable. **Tom Allen** started at fly half but looked a much better player at full back where he had more time and space to work in. He impressed in several games.

So I'll look back on a group of talented players who have the ability to play even better rugby in the future. The B and C team results suggest that there is plenty of strength in depth in this year group which should develop well as it moves up the school.

The following represented the Juniors 'A' XV this season: **W. Bourne-Taylor, A. Stewart, T. Frankum, N. Morrell, D. Cundell, O. Marshall, M. Thomas, M. Selwyn-Smith, J. Dunbar, M. Capon, P. Hemsley, J. Thomson, T. Evans, T. Greenland (Capt.), P. Martin, G. Mills, A. Pike, S. Harrison, R. Pinckney, T. Allen, R. Lewis.**

Tries: **Lewis, Selwyn-Smith, Pinckney, Dunbar 9, Mills, Pike 4, Capon, Morrell, Thomson 2, Harrison, Bourne-Taylor**

Conv.: **Allen, Mills 6, Martin**
Pen.: **Mills**

Finally, thanks are due: to **Mr. Drummond-Hay, Mr. Townsend, Rev. Lewis** and **Mr. Osborn** for refereeing several Juniors matches during the term. To the parents and friends who have supported us in so many matches, often in horrible weather. To **Mr. Biggs** and **Mr. Waters** for all their help with the coaching of another large Juniors Squad. And to the boys - for trying hard, and showing an improvement in all areas; and for being successful - and providing me with plenty of enjoyment.

Best of luck next year.



MR EVANS
TEAM
COACH

The Colts Rugby

RESULTS

WELLINGTON	0-3	LOST
KINGS TAUNTON	10-5	WIN
CLIFTON	10-0	WIN
BLOXHAM	5-7	LOST
STOWE	15-7	WIN
MARLBOROUGH	0-13	LOST
RADLEY	0-51	LOST
MAGDALEN COLL.	13-3	WIN
ST. EDWARD'S	0-53	LOST
PANGBOURNE	3-27	LOST
READING	3-3	DRAW
WARWICK	0-29	LOST

The season began on a positive note at a quadrangular rugby tournament at Wellington College. Despite the pouring rain during the team's three 30-minute games, Abingdon creditably won the tournament overall with our two victories. All 24 boys in the squad played a part of the three games. This was a promising start, and the rest of the season looked inviting.

Then came a narrow loss to Bloxham at home. This was a closely contested match, for the first half was even, but in the second we came under particular pressure from Bloxham's clever kicking into corners. The pressure told in the last minute and they scored near the posts. But then they converted, and so turned what looked to be a possible victory into a 7-5 defeat.

At Stowe it seemed that they would walk all over us. In the first half we were very quiet and half asleep. Near the end of the half, **M. Pajak** injured his leg and had to leave the field. This changed the game for us since our substitute **D. Rayner** was not a prop (at that time). The referee had no option but to play non-contested scrums. As a result we won clean, quick possession. The winning try came from **L. Clements**, who chipped the ball over Stowe's flat backs. **D. Chadwick** then raced through, collected the ball and scored.

In the Marlborough match the opposition was on top in the first half. In the second **H. Whalen** was sent off for stamping on the opposition's feet. It took this incident in addition to the fact that they were losing to make them play. Why does it have to be so?!

At Radley we were playing on the large 1st XV pitch against a very good side. Their forwards were much heavier, and the backs very confident. In the first half we played rather in awe of the opposition and sadly lacked commitment, application and determination. Tackling certainly let the

side down in this 51-0 defeat.

The second victory of the season came against Magdalen College School. It proved to be another closely contested match, saved by **R. Binning** who scored his second try in the second half.

St. Edward's pitched us against another strong team. We played again in pouring rain; this time on the 1st XV pitch at Oxford. For some reason the referee played 35 minutes in each half rather than the usual 30, and in our defence, we were short of **C. McGarry** and **R. Binning**. Nonetheless we contained the St. Edward's forwards in the first half, allowing a turnaround score of only 15-0. In the second, however, these forwards dominated and the floodgates opened.

We played Pangbourne at home, and as we were the more senior side, played on our 1st XV pitch. It was a cold but bright day. Again we had a crop of injuries, especially **P. Dunphy** and **M. Conway**. In this match the boys at last showed character. Pangbourne was hard, well drilled and far superior in the rucks, but Abingdon stuck to its task and tackled well in defence. When at half time the opposition relaxed, we actually got on top for a period of time. **L. Clements** then converted a penalty to make the final score 27-3.

At Reading we could only manage a 3-3 draw. In the first half we had pressure but no points. At half time Reading made 5 changes, and thus strengthened their side. They knocked over a penalty, but in the last minute we were lucky to convert our own penalty.

The last match of the season was against Warwick at home. They certainly provided a very large side, as mentioned by the Headmaster on the touch line. We pressed them in the early part of the first half, but size and strength prevailed so that at half time we were 12-0 down. We then looked forward to the advantage of playing downhill and thought that we could pull it off. But the opposition moved up a gear and scored more points.

Several boys represented the County at U16 level: **D. Gooch, M. Conway**, and **R. Binning**. The latter we lost to the 1st XV in the second half of the season. **Richard** has also been selected to represent the South Midlands U16 group.

Overall, it was a disappointing season. The team did not function as a unit; there were too many individuals. Often the chips were down before they started to play. On the whole the squad lacked character and determination both on the training field and on the match days. Basics have to be mastered before progress and development can be made in the game of Rugby Football.

MR. MAUGHAN

Minors Rugby Report

This has been a very frustrating season, plagued by injury, the long 'flu epidemic, and four cancelled fixtures. It has been impossible to field the same team, so with several players out of position, continuity of play and adaptation to new positions have been impeded.

It is to the team's credit, therefore, that they have accepted their 'ill luck' and played each game with such vigour, determination and good spirit. I do not want to single out any individual in this report, because all players have contributed a great deal this season. However, **Barnaby Watts** and **David Pearson**, the two captains, deserve a special mention for all their efforts in getting the best out of the team in all matches. They have led through example and I could not have hoped for two more helpful or dedicated leaders.

This season we entered two teams in the St. Hugh's touch-rugby tournament and one team in the Dragon School seven-a-sides. Our 'A' team reached the semi-final of the touch-rugby tournament and, at the Dragon sevens, we gained victories against St. Hugh's and CCCS before losing to Dean Close Preparatory School, Cheltenham, again in the semi-final. Both tournaments were extremely well organised and I hope we will be invited back again next year.

The B XV has enjoyed a more successful season, in terms of results, winning four of their seven matches. Their strength lies in the depth of talent amongst the first year players - no doubt a good omen for a promising season next year!

Finally my thanks go to **Mr. Mitra**, the B XV coach, **Mr. Broadbent** and **Mr. Hamilton**, for all their help with the coaching of second year rugby. The squad has benefited a great deal from their knowledge of the game.

MR. DRUMMOND-HAY

3RD XV REPORT

RECORD:

Played: 10
 Won: 2
 Lost: 7
 Drawn: 1
 Points against: too many
 Points for: too few

This was a season of very mixed fortunes for the 3rd XV. They suffered heavy defeats at the hands of Marlborough, St. Edward's and Pangbourne, were defeated by Bloxham, Stow, Newbury Colts and Cokethorpe 1st XV, and managed to draw with Radley 5th XV and beat both

Shiplake and Reading. (Games against Oratory and MCS were cancelled.)

It is wrong to dwell on defeats other than to say that at all times the team played with full commitment and determination against better organised and more skilful opposition.

The wins were well worth waiting for. It was particularly pleasing to beat Shiplake after an incident early in the game in which our full back was tackled late and badly injured - there is no place in school boy rugby for that sort of challenge. At Reading, the team found themselves up against most of the 2nd XV in the second half, after some tactical changes at half time and still they managed to win.

Much of the season was characterised by illness, injury and losing our best players to the 2nd XV just before the match, but the morale (and morals) of the team remained buoyant and they were a remarkably resilient lot to train even when following a heavy defeat.

DR. HORN

2ND XV REPORT



RESULTS:

BLOXHAM	WON 41-0
STOWE	WON 32-3
MARLBOROUGH	LOST 6-13
RADLEY	LOST 5-13
MCS	WON 22-0
SHIPLAKE	WON 30-8
NEWBURY	WON 5-0
READING	WON 32-0
St. EDWARD'S	LOST 0-27
PANGBOURNE	WON 15-3
WARWICK	WON 15-0

Played: 11 Won: 8 Lost: 3

Points For: 203

Points Against: 67

The final statistics are almost as impressive as the 1st XV's, but it is the points for and those conceded which emphasise the manner in which this side played its rugby.

In all games, there was a solid forward effort which laid the foundations for success. Excellent driving play by the likes of **Collins**, **Jones**, **Marnane** and **Battye**, often rocked the opposing forwards back on their heels; this released quick, clean possession for the backs to run on to. The running of the midfield of **List**, **Adcock** and

Fuggles was incisive and it was terrific to see **Partridge** and **Hutt** exploiting space created by the 'sorties' of the forwards. Wingers such as **Eyre-Brook**, **Thomas** and **Moss** saw plenty of the ball running powerfully at every opportunity and scoring a lot of tries.

The scrummaging of **Hankin**, **Ruddick** and **North** was solid and despite lack of height, the lineout work of **Fisher**, **Marnane** and **Battye** won its fair share of possession. An outstanding defence conceded only sixty-seven points in eleven games. Very few tackles were missed and this was particularly significant given the size of some of the opposition.

We always relished the close exchanges and were adept at recycling second and third phase ball which **Grayling** and **Finch** used to good effect. In all, a most pleasing and impressive season. We always took our chances showing the killer instinct that is so vital for success.

Finally, a number of this team will be in contention for 1st Team places next year. With so much talent available together with a very promising Colts team coming through, we can look forward to another very impressive season next year.

Those who played: **Ben Hutt**, **David Melin**, **Matthew Eyre-Brook**, **Ben Moss**, **Tom Adcock**, **Ben Fuggles**, **Dominic Partridge**, **James Grayling**, **Robert Finch**, **Henry Powell-Jones**, **James Ruddick**, **Antony Hankin**, **Stuart Fisher**, **Brian Marnane**, **Jody Collins**, **David Richardson**, **Ardeshir Battye**, **Simon North**, **Andrew Jones**.

D. MELIN 6MAS

1st XV REPORT

RESULTS:

BLOXHAM	WON 10-8
STOWE	WON 14-8
MARLBOROUGH	LOST 16-26
RADLEY	LOST 6-18
MCS	WON 22-20
SHIPLAKE	WON 22-10
NEWBURY	LOST 0-13
St. EDWARD'S	WON 16-10
READING	WON 17-11
PANGBOURNE	WON 14-5
WARWICK	WON 12-3
St. ANDREW'S	WON 17-10

The 1st XV record is the best for over 10 years and the team won its last five straight games. On reflection, the start to last year's domestic season was always going to prove difficult; not only were we facing tough opposition in Bloxham and Marlborough, but perhaps more importantly, we were introducing an inexperienced team boasting a large representation from the hugely successful Lower Sixth.

The opening game against Bloxham was a game many of us will never forget. Their big, experienced forwards were hoping to dominate the set pieces and their aim was to play a tight 10 man game. Starved of much possession, we managed to score a converted try from Chris Keith, very much against the run of play. Then, with about 30 seconds on the clock, their fly-half received the ball, measured up the kick and placed it right between the uprights. Not to be outdone, **Guy Horton** kicked off quickly. Bloxham failed to find touch and the same player gathered the ball before slotting an amazing 30-metre drop goal much to the delight of the home supporters. There was no time to restart, and victory was all the sweeter since this was the only defeat suffered by Bloxham all season.

Of the three games lost, Marlborough with their newly recruited sports scholars, were unquestionably the best team we played. The Radley result

was disappointing and looking back, we should have been out of reach within the first thirty minutes. Our failure to capitalise on some excellent penalty awards



proved decisive, but the margin of ability between the two schools is now much closer than at any time in the past. We eagerly await next year's encounter. The defeat by Newbury was particularly painful, and those returning next year will do well to reflect on this game. Some of the most talented players to have represented the 1st XV will form the nucleus of an exciting team next year, but serious doubts still remain over their attitude and ability to work hard when the going gets tough. In this respect, they should consider the enormous contribution of **Rowan Browne's** outstanding leadership qualities as captain earlier in the season that was responsible for transforming the team's performance against MCS, and he must take all the credit for galvanising the team after the Newbury debacle. Alongside **Rowan**, players such as **Chris Keith, Adam Brown, Guy Horton, William Clothier** and **William Houston** showed the maturity and determination which in the earlier part of the season were vital for a side containing so

much inexperience.

Brown and **Horton** scored the points which resulted in a second successive victory against St. Edward's, and by the time we faced Pangbourne, a confident, well-settled team went about its business in a ruthless manner. The final game of the season against our South African visitors was a close, well-fought game with the home side winning 17-10.

Finally, we congratulate **Jeremy Grinsted** and **Guy Horton** on their awards of best forward and best three-quarter respectively.

Those who played: **Rowan Browne, David Melin, Will Clothier, Chris Keith, Adam Brown, Chris Drake, Guy Horton, Robert Finch, Adam Brownlow, William Houston, Richard Binning, Ross Hewes, Gary Stow, Jeremy Grinsted, Matthew Cooke, Luke List, Tom Wragg, Tom Adcock, James Grayling, Brian Marnane, David Richardson, Ardesbir Battye, Daniel Thomas, Henry Powell-Jones.**

D. MELIN 6MAS

South Africa Match

It was with guts and determination that **Rowan Browne** led his mighty cerise and white army out onto the sacred turf of Waste Court to face the onslaught against St. Andrews from South Africa. With an average height of six feet and weight of fifteen stone, the touring side was firm favourite. Abingdon, looking for another victory to finish the season with nine wins and three losses, one of the best records in the school's history, was in confident spirit.

There was a strong wind blowing towards the sports hall. This advantage was with the South Africans for the first half. They were pressed upon our line for long periods and superb tackling and use of the ball stopped them from scoring and an early try. It was after a particularly long period of pressure that we finally took the game to them. The forwards, although outsized, handled the ball better and drove St. Andrews back into their 22, when an excellent break from **Jeremy Grinsted** led to the opening try of the match; a gutsy run from captain **Rowan** who dragged three of their players with him as he dived into the corner. The rest of the half was spent defending our slim lead. St. Andrews applied the pressure and tried to use their wind advantage before the half time whistle. It paid off for them a couple of minutes before the interval with a strong drive by their forwards leading to a big overlap by their backs who scored near the corner.

We came back after the break fully revitalised and ready for action. Using our meteorological advantage, we spent most of the half in their territory. **Guy Horton**

took full advantage of the conditions and put us into a commanding position. The forwards, sensing a try, pushed with all their might and the backs ran at their line and were very unlucky not to regain the lead as the ball dropped over their try line by **Adam Brown** who had made a typically 'bullish' run. The backs ran a lot more at them and gaps appeared in their defence; one large enough for **Luke List** to sneak through and score under the posts. **Horton** then converted to leave a seven point advantage. The match had turned into a very open game; St. Andrews looking most dangerous when running straight at the backs. A good passing move in the backs saw the ball go out to **Will Clothier** on the wing who out-paced his opposite number in a kick-and-run chase which led to another try. With ten minutes to go, we felt that we had sewn up the match, but St. Andrews came back at us with determination and strength and scored a well worked try right at the death. The final whistle went and we had finished off our season in style. This one result really summed up the work and commitment that everyone put into the whole season.

Team: **A Brownlow, R Browne (Capt.), W Houston, R Binning, R Hewes, J Grinsted, A Battye, M Cooke, R Finch, G Horton, C Keith, L List, A Brown, W Clothier, D Melin.**

D MELIN 6MAS

The Rugby Season 1993

The Rugby Club has enjoyed another very successful season; in particular we congratulate 1st, 2nd, Jn Colts and Juniors XVs on their excellent records. Pride of place, however, must be reserved for **James Ruddick** who became the first boy from Abingdon to be selected for England 16 Group squad. **James** was replacement for both games against Portugal and Wales, the latter being played at Twickenham. Quite apart from this terrific achievement we also congratulate the following for gaining county status:

18 Group: **Adam Brown, Chris Drake, Will Clothier, Tom Wragg.**

16 Group: **David Gooch, Michael Conway, Richard Binning.**

15 Group: **Daniel Higazi, Henry Dorling, Sam French.**

14 Group: **Marc Capon**, who was privileged to play in front of a full house at Twickenham on Varsity match day.

D. MELIN 6MAS



Five a side football

James Ruddick for England

If anyone were to have told me that I would be included in the England 16 Year group squad at the beginning of the season, I would have laughed at their making such a ridiculous suggestion. I did, however, on 19th April, represent England at Twickenham in front of a crowd of just over 16 thousand people. It was only by chance that I managed to get into the county team, because originally I did not enter for the Oxfordshire Under 16 county trial as I am in the Lower Sixth. So they had already picked a team, although they needed a hooker, and **Mr. Hamilton** suggested me. I turned up for the training session and was asked to join along with **David Gooch**, **Michael Conway** and **Richard Binning**.

We had two matches against Berkshire and Buckinghamshire and unfortunately lost both. After those matches, a combined county team was selected in which **Richard Binning** and myself were included. We lost this game too, but the performance of **Richard** and myself secured us positions for the South Midlands area. We had a training session at Stowe and went on to play a London XV which we lost to. The conditions were very severe (December 12). Unfortunately, **Richard** broke his finger during the match, which seriously affected his performance and I had a terrible match and was duly

taken off at half time. So, I was amazed that I got through to the South East England Squad.

Several training sessions were arranged after the Christmas holidays at



Queen Elizabeth school in Barnet, and we were given a long, day by day, training schedule, that I stuck to as rigidly as possible. After the training sessions, I was selected to go to Castlecroft, the England Rugby Football Schools Union's headquarters. The first match was against the North. We drew this 9-9. The following weekend we were all back at Castlecroft again. We stayed at the Castlecroft Hotel right by the stadium, all expenses paid. I was in the starting line-up for the next match against the South West. We won this game 26-12 and were made divisional champions for the second time in a row. That evening at

the post-match function, all the boys from all four divisional squads gathered (about 100 boys were there altogether) and a list of 45 boys were asked to stay on to the next day for an intense day's training and the England Final Trial. After the trial, the selection for the England and England A squads was announced. I was ecstatic about my selection to the England squad. We had three training sessions before our two International matches during the Easter holidays against Portugal (28-7) and Wales (11-11). As part of the England squad, we were given England track suits, two England rugby jerseys (one for each match), England socks, Nike rugby boots and boot bag, kit bag, jumper, tie and blazer, and all our travel, hotel and food expenses were paid by the Rugby Football Schools Union. At the Wales international, we were interviewed for the radio, television (BBC1), and daily newspapers (Daily Mail). It was a good experience!

I felt I was unfortunate to be on the bench for both internationals and not be capped, but we did have a guided tour of Twickenham the evening before the match and it was very interesting, and I was very proud, the next day, to run onto the famous Twickenham pitch for the national anthem and experience the overwhelming atmosphere and cheer of the Twickenham crowd.

JAMES RUDDICK 6SCW

HOCKEY

Under 13s Report

RESULTS:

v. Southampton	Lost	1-2
v. Priors Court	Lost	0-1
v. MCS	Drew	1-1
v. CCCS	Won	5-0
v. St. Edward's	Won	2-1

Abingdon 0 - 7 Southampton

This game came only one and a half weeks into the term so naturally we weren't that good together. Unfortunately this match turned out to be our hardest. We were pressed into our own half for virtually all of the game and with only one or two breaks with which we could do nothing. Southampton moved the ball about very well and they proved to be by far the superior side. I thought we did quite well to only concede the seven goals!

Abingdon 1 - 3 Priors Court

We started off well with an early goal by **Liam Butler**; a goal which was an error by the goal-keeper and it trickled in. After our first goal of the season, we began to slacken and we soon found ourselves one goal behind. We decided to push forward and by doing so we conceded another goal.

Scorer: Liam Butler

Abingdon 1 - 3 MCS

Once again we snatched an early goal by **Liam Butler** within five minutes and once more we turned off and went to sleep. MCS had a very good right-winger who made three good breaks up the touch line to cross it in for the centre forward to score. We really should have won this game but we were unfortunate.

Scorer: Liam Butler

Abingdon 6 - 1 Berkhamsted

The pitch we played on at Berkhamsted was more like a rugby pitch than a smooth flat hockey pitch so it was nearly impossible to push the ball far. However, we played really well and this was our first win with our star striker **Liam Butler** getting four goals. **Paul Edwards** got one and **Barnaby Watts** also. Again we were unlucky to let in a goal.

Scorers: Butler 4, Watts, Edwards

Abingdon 6 - 0 St. Edward's

After a comfortable win against Berkhamsted we were in much better spirits going into our final game. St. Edward's had the capability to make fast breaks up the centre but every time our defence kept them out. This was a very good end to the season.

Scorers: Butler, Watts, Bourne-Taylor 2, Edwards

Summary: With half our team having never played hockey before the start of the term, we came on well to win two games at the end. We showed promising moves and goals throughout the matches and I think we are now a very good side together.

Players A XI:

Will Smith (GK), Edward Campbell, Simon Tompkins, Joe Otterburn, Matthew Jones, Neil Gray (C), Jonathan Tarasewicz, Barnaby Watts, Daniel Pearson, Robin Bourne-Taylor, Liam Butler (VC), Paul Edwards, Paul Langton, James McNally.

Players B XI:

Matthew Cooper, Peter Watson, James Lucas, Matthew Jones, Paul Langton, Jonathan Spearing, James McNally, Jeremy Brown, William Ranscombe, James Swift, Anthony Hulse, Avik Choudhuri, George King, Timothy Anore, Stephen Fabes

Colours awarded to:

Neil Gray, Jonathan Tarasewicz, Daniel Pearson, Liam Butler, Barnaby Watts, Simon Tompkins, Paul Edwards, Will Smith.

NEIL GRAY 2B & LIAM BUTLER 2B

JUNIOR COLTS HOCKEY

RESULTS:

Southampton	Drew 1-1
M.C.S.	Won 1-0 Higazi
Pangbourne	Won 2-1 Higazi, Potter
Reading	Won 7-0 Higazi (3), Lloyd (3), Wells
Shiplake	Drew 1-1 Ryder
Bloxham	Drew 1-1 Higazi
Berkhamsted	Won 5-2 Higazi (2), Lloyd (2), Wells
St.Edward's	Won 1-0

It is a pleasure to look back on an unbeaten season achieved, largely by a first rate team spirit and a determination not to let each other down. **Howkins, Howe-Davies** and the captain, **Higazi**, provided a skilful and resourceful backbone, dominating play down the middle of the field in many of the matches. On the wings, **Potter** left them standing with his surging acceleration and **Wells** made play on the left look deceptively easy as he bemused the right halves. **Lloyd** exhibited extremes of intelligence in his ability to be at the right place at the right time when acquiring his goals. **Higazi** frequently took on the goalie and beat him, to our team's delight, one or two of these runs starting from deep in his own half, or at least it felt like that.

The wing halves, **Sapsford** and **Chow Worn**, both impressed with displays of firmly struck square passes and were both quick and strong enough to repeatedly rob the wings they were marking. **Chow Worn** often had to deal with fast, robust right wings and he is to be congratulated for increasingly managing to keep a level head while going about that, often provoking, business. **Matthew Jones** rarely put a foot wrong at right back and struck the ball with excellent timing. **Dorling**, at left back, was a cheerful, unflappable obstacle to the opposition's progress as was the goalkeeper, **Ashurst**. **Howkins**, as sweeper, was frequently able to emerge from the defence in possession and improved noticeably in his thoughtful application of the offside trap.

The unbeaten season looked most at risk in the matches against Southampton, Bloxham and Shiplake. These were all away games and the team must try harder next year to shake off the lethargy created by the longish coach journeys and to come to terms with unfamiliar pitches. The Bloxham pitch was very rough and their smallish, terrier-like side was ahead for almost all the game before **Higazi** managed to pick up a free hit and push his way through at the top of the circle. A captain's rescue effort if ever there was one. The Southampton match was the first of the season and we must have conceded about eight short corners in the first fifteen minutes but

we gradually regained our composure. The Shiplake match was just before half term and we were missing at least three key players; it was to everyone's credit, including those who filled in from the B XI, that the opposition was kept out sufficiently. The defence was under much pressure in the final fifteen minutes. Most of the other games were relatively straightforward. The Berkhamsted match, with its five goals on a rough pitch was full of action and the floodgates really opened against Reading.

Regular team members were: **A.Ashurst, H.Dorling, M.Jones, T.Sapsford, J.Howe-Davies, E.Chow Worn, D.Lloyd, D.Higazi, P.Wells A.Howkins, B.Potter.**

The B XI also enjoyed an unbeaten season, securing three wins from their seven matches under **Mr. Hofton's** astute direction.

Mr. COLEMAN

COLTS HOCKEY

RESULTS:

Southampton (A v. 3rd, B v. 4th home)	Lost 4-3
MCS (A home, B away)	Lost 3-0
Pangbourne (A and B home)	Won 1-0
Reading (A away)	Drew 0-0
Shiplake (A v. 3rd away, B v. 4th home)	Won 6-0
Bloxham (A and B home)	Lost 3-1
Berkhamsted (A v. 3rd h., B v. 5th away.)	Won 1-0
St. Edwards (A and B away)	Lost 7-2

The Colts had a season of mixed fortunes. Early training suggested a promising mixture of skilful inspirational players and solid reliable contributors to a good team blend. As the term progressed, a series of injuries to key players prevented an established pattern emerging and there was some frustration amongst players and coach that the potential they sensed was being denied the chance to flourish.

Nonetheless, there were some bright moments. The win over Shiplake saw the best linking, passing and controlled attacks of the season, whilst that over Berkhamsted was the most satisfying. This memorable match brought together two good teams which played up to their potential. The result was a non-stop, high-speed, exciting game of real quality.

The final game of the season against St. Edwards on their astroturf surface was the most significant sign for the future. To play a first ever practice on astroturf against

good opposition in a match might seem to suggest a huge disadvantage. With St. Edwards 5-0 up at half time, it would have been the easy option to cease all real resistance and be overwhelmed. The Colts side was made of sterner stuff and the depth of character shone out. Abingdon players adapted to the unfamiliar surface and fought back. The second half was shared 2-2 and spectators, including St. Edwards staff, observed that Abingdon had the balance of play. Oh for some practice on astroturf! Against this, it is a real pleasure to note that our grass surfaces at Abingdon played better than ever, were far superior to anything encountered at other schools, and were much admired by visitors.

Mr. BIGGS

FIRST XI HOCKEY

RESULTS:

Leighton Park	Won 2-1 (Keith, Gray)
Southampton	Lost 1-3 (Keith)
MCS	Lost 0-4
Pangbourne	Lost 1-6 (Stanworth)
Reading	Won 2-0 (Porter, Keith)
Shiplake	Won 3-0 (Keith 2, Dolleymore)
Bloxham	Won 1-0 (Keith)
Berkhamsted	Lost 1-3 (Keith)
St. Edward's	Lost 1-5 (Gray)
OAs	Drew 2-2 (Keith, Woodward)

Public Schools Hockey Festival:

Read, Drax	Won 6-0 (Keith 4, Brown 2)
Merchant Taylor's	Lost 0-3
Hurstpierpoint	Lost 0-1
Queen Mary's	Lost 2-3 (Keith, Helfritz)

Given the problems that we face these days with most games being played on astroturf, we decided to play a first eleven against Leighton Park. The basic skills were lacking and a scrappy game resulted. The opening goal was a fine individual effort from **Chris Keith**, something that he was to repeat regularly throughout the season. Leighton Park equalised during a goalmouth scramble. With the game heading for a draw the Leighton goalkeeper conceded a flick to us. **Stuart Gray** made no mistake.

Three defeats followed, but our technique and pattern of play was improving all the time. More importantly, we maintained our morale and did not give up. **Chris Keith** had scored another super goal against a very strong Southampton side and **Tom Stanworth** produced a powerful flick against Pangbourne. An indoor squad travelled to Wellington, progressed to the finals night and recorded commendable

draws against two Bradfield sides.

We then won three games in a row. Against Reading, **Matthew Porter** had an excellent game on the right wing and cracked in the first goal. **Chris Keith** followed his example. **Guy Horton** was in brilliant form at the back of the defence and our midfield controlled the game. In the game against Shiplake, **Rowan Browne** produced a lovely scoop shot that forced the Shiplake defence to concede a penalty. **Nils Helfritz** decided to take charge and missed the flick, but worries that this would be an expensive error were allayed when **Chris Keith** produced another solo goal. **James Dolleymore** scored a neat goal cutting in from the left and Shiplake began to crumble. The win against Bloxham owed much to excellent defensive covering and an outstanding performance in goal by **Dan Otterburn**.

It was a pity that the next match should be played on an awful surface at Berkhamsted. The opposition were a very good side and on the day thoroughly deserved their victory. St. Edward's also proved to be a very good side and in the end rather swamped us. An injury to **Stephen Pearse** did not help our cause and St. Edward's were quick to exploit it. The final match of our regular fixtures was against a talented **Old Abingdonian** side, led again by **Martin Hayward**. **Robert Finch** and **Jeremy Grinsted** had excellent games. Just when it looked as though the **OA's** would record their first victory for many years, up popped **Nick Woodward** to level the scores.

Throughout the season, **Guy Horton** proved to be an excellent captain, leading by example. **Rowan Browne** worked tirelessly, while **Nils Helfritz** added a delicate touch in midfield. **Dominic Partridge** and **Stuart Gray** strengthened their game as the season progressed. It was a pity that **Tom Stanworth** appeared to lose interest following a minor injury and it was injury that prevented **Adam Brown** from playing until after half-term.

The Public Schools' hockey festival provided us with a finale of four games and although we were disappointed after a flying start, there were plenty of moments to savour.

Half-colours were awarded to: **Stephen Pearse**, **James Dolleymore**, **Dominic Partridge**, and again to **Adam Brown**.

Full colours were awarded to: **Guy Horton**, **Nicholas Woodward**, **Rowan Browne**, **Christopher Keith**, **Dan Otterburn**, **Nils Helfritz** and **Stuart Gray**.

D. MELIN 6MAS

MIDDLE SCHOOL HOUSE HOCKEY

A full programme of house matches was completed thanks to a mild end to the Lent term. The matches were played in a friendly, but highly competitive manner. The tournament was not decided until the very last game. **Drummond-Hay's B XI** won their league, with the same number of points as **Henderson's**, but a better goal difference. The A section was won by **Mearns** with only five points, demonstrating how close the A sides were this year. The overall winners were **Drummond-Hay's** who retained the trophy.

D. MELIN 6MAS

CRICKET

Junior B XI Cricket

It is not surprising that in a year where we have seen possibly the best U14 cricket side to play cricket here, the B XI should also finish the season with an excellent record. In our first match against Bloxham, **Michael Howe-Davies** batted with aplomb and his 59 enabled us to declare on 149 for 4 at an early stage in the game. Bloxham decided that this target was beyond them and made no effort to reach it. **Hugh Tompkins** took 4 wickets, but we were unable to get them all out.

After an awful start against St. Edwards, **Russell Lewis** (51) and **Daniel Silver** (33) turned the innings around and we totalled 116. St. Edwards must have thought that they would win this game, but had not reckoned with the speed and accuracy of **Matthew Selwyn-Smith**, who returned the marvellous figures of 8 for 44.

Once again we struggled initially against Pangbourne, but this time **Jonathan Smethurst** and **Matthew Selwyn-Smith** salvaged the innings with a fine stand of 82. Our total of 153 was rarely threatened and **Chris Bowler** produced a splendid spell of 5 for 16.

Toby Shellard proved to be a good rookie captain and the side should have a promising future.

DR. WILMORE

LORDS

*We all sit down,
And are as quiet as mice,
As the two umpires come out,
All clad in white.*

*They go to the teams,
And then toss a coin,
To see who will bat,
And see who will bowl.*

*The Aussies are in,
There is a great din,
As the Brits are preparing,
To bowl them all out.*

*We bowl for four hours,
The score is bad,
600 for the Aussies,
Three wickets in return!*

*We lose the second Test.
What a surprise!
The Aussies are two up.
Another three to win!!*

A.T. CRAIG 3JSO

2ND XI CRICKET

At the start of the season, a judge was appointed to the team because he could neither bowl, nor bat, nor field. He still cannot bowl or field, although he likes to think of himself as a bucket-handed slip fielder, but he topped the batting averages and ended the season by captaining the team. At the start of the season a phlegmatic young fifth former told a lot of people that he could bowl leg spin. He was correct and he can also bowl the googly and the flipper and he took the most wickets and topped the bowling averages.

Over the season, the team played a lot of good cricket and proved too strong for MCS, Oratory, Pangbourne and King Alfred's Wantage. Our best efforts were not enough to survive the storm at St. Edward's. We set up and lost an exciting game against Bloxham which we should have won. We batted out a boring draw in a sauna against RGS High Wycombe. Finally, we were annihilated (gloriously) in the sunshine by nine wickets by a strong **OA** team. Everyone eventually ended up with a good suntan even though we did lose two matches to the weather during May.

In order to be selected for the Second XI cricket team, it is necessary to have demonstrated a skill in at least one other sport and it is considered essential to show

off those skills on the field of play. For example, all our batsmen are handy with the short irons, the putter, and the fishing rod. Our bowlers are fine athletes who can throw anything and our fielders are equally comfortable standing, sitting or lying on grass or performing off a diving board. None of them can sledge.

They are a fine bunch of young men and it has been a pleasure to spend time on the field with them. I thought the standard of umpiring was..... (did I give an lbw decision all season?)

RECORD:

Played:	9
Won:	4
Lost:	3
Drawn:	1
Abandoned:	1
Rained off:	2

BATTING AVERAGES:

A Shellard: (Innings) 9, (not out) 3, (runs) 215, (high score) 74*, (average) 35.8

D Jenkins: 8, 1, 219, 42, 31.5

H Whalen: 6, 1, 118, 46, 23.6

BOWLING AVERAGES:

J Oldham: (overs) 43.1, (maidens) 5, (runs conceded) 176, (wickets) 15, (average) 11.7

S Gray: 20, 4, 72, 6, 12.0

M Hodges: 75, 19, 217, 14, 15.5

DR. HORN

The MCC Match

ABINGDON Ists v MCC :210 for 7

Pollard 93. **Horton (G)** 3 wkts

List 37 **Melin** 24

210 for 4 dec.

Bloke with green cap 100

List's Mate 50

On a rather warm day the battling soldiers of Abingdon came up against an extremely good side from the many millions of members of the MCC. My first recollection of the day was of a short man with NORTHAMPTONSHIRE printed on one side of his car, with a sultry black haired wife talking on his portable phone to 'Alan'. I later found out that Alan was Alan Fordham, the Northants opener and he himself was THE Mr. Nigel Felton (their other opener). After rendezvousing avec mon équipe I heard our captain for the day saying "Why don't they just bring on the whole blooming Northants side (Curtly Ambrose included)?" in slightly stronger words. The rest of their team consisted of many rather good cricketers including some from the Combined Universities side.

The toss was lost (I presume) and their side elected to bat. "Felts", (for we were quite familiar by now), showed what happened when a ball was bowled too wide of the off stump. Upon making a quick twenty he got rather complacent and thought he was the bee's knees until a man 20 years his junior came on to bowl from the far end. **List** implemented a slight field adjustment and **Pike** ran in and chucked the ball down with growing pace. A rather lax shot was magnificently caught when he hit it straight at me at a catchable height. Not a bad first scalp for **Pike** as his first wicket for the 1sts. This was, however, the only wicket to fall before lunch with a large bloke with glasses and a green cap scoring 50 on the penultimate ball before the break.

Lunch can only be described as "Kentucky fried Chicken" without the taste. "Felts" tried to coach me with a few bowling tips and helped in making me slightly more erratic after lunch. The heads never dropped once which is a great compliment to them all, even when the MCC total threatened to enter the stratosphere. **G. Horton** bowled wickedly and took 3 wickets. One was a catch to **J. Horton**, one to **List** (who said it was rocketing over his head as he plucked it out of the sky! Good one Luke!!) and another was a quick reaction bullet caught by **Melin** in the slips (and it WAS going quickly). The bloke with the cap got his 100 eventually after being dropped on 98! List's mate made 50 and then gave his wicket to **G. Horton** (Why not to me?). This left them with a total of 210 for 4 dec.

The batting order was something of a tactical masterpiece with **Dolley** opening again (after a golden against Pangbourne) with **Pollard**. A rather good start was made before **Dolley** got out to a 9 iron shot at a short par 3. That was the only loss before Tea (which was fab.) I think.

Après le grub, **Pollard** continued to edge their quickies through the slips and made his 50. Another few gorgeous cover drives (or were they square cuts?) brought up the team's 100 and the only problem that could be seen was that we would run out of time before getting the runs. **List** in, problem solved! BUT he got out to less than 50 and hard hitting blasters were called upon, but in went **G.** and **J. Horton**. **Pollard** meanwhile was batting very hard and moved into the 90s before getting out to a good delivery on the grand total of 93 or thereabouts.

We were progressing well and looked like getting close when **G. Horton** was given out. The manager of 'Who ate all the Pies' gave a short team talk (Hit the ball damn hard!) and **Melin** went in and consequently hit a 4 off the first ball. The runs required were 7 an over but decreas-

ing rapidly as **Melin** swung the bat and **Bob** picked up the divots that he made. While chasing the singles **Bob** managed to be harshly given out and **Partridge** came in only to be run out by **Melin** in the last over. In came **Browne** who didn't face a ball but ran hard. 3 runs were needed off the last ball but only 2 were possible as "Felts" chucked a reasonable full toss down the wicket. 210 for 7 was the final score and a very close and well played game was over. A tie? A draw? I don't know.

D. MELIN 6MAS



Happy Footballers

1st XI Cricket

Played :	14
Won:	3
Lost:	1
Drew:	10

What seems like a boring season from the results was a season of highlights, laughter and the occasional dropped catch. Had opposition captains any concept of time, many of the draws would have been wins, with only a few more balls.

We started on a very good note, beating Magdalen when they had left such a short time to score a reasonably large total; **Luke List** scoring 88 off 50 balls to reduce the run rate from 8 runs per over to below 3! A few draws later and we were up against our toughest opposition of the season, St. Edwards. With the help of a very accomplished batsman, who scored an unbeaten 107, they managed to succeed where so many before them failed, despite spirited resistance.

One of our more remarkable draws was against the MCC. This afforded the main highlight of our season: namely being able to claim a headline in the Daily Telegraph: "**Melin** impressive as Abingdon win". A slightly bizarre headline as **Fuggles** obtained as many wickets as **Melin** but for fewer runs.

Mr. Broadbent was a rather brilliant "Raymond Illingworth" with a strong youth development policy that was very successful. The whole team would like to thank him for his coaching, management and sense of humour. The only worrying part of the season was when he threatened to win the fantasy Cricket League.

Tom Pollard

The "high-scoring" **Tom Pollard** was the leading runs scorer with 516 runs to his name. He scored 2 centuries, the latter of which was an excellent knock, but he has a reputation as a "space cadet" in the field.

Rob Finch

"Funchy" was again a brilliant wicketkeeper taking 13 catches and 6 stumpings. He opened the batting this season but with little success, and finally found his form scoring an unbeaten 53 towards the end at a lower position.

Luke List

Congratulations to **Luke** for being selected to play for England at his age group. His batting started promisingly, but it was not an impressive season for "Liliput" with the bat or the ball. He is next season's Captain elect.

Ben Fuggles

Captain "Fuggs" was an inspiration to us all. He was rather unlucky with the bat, and even more unlucky not to take the headline in the Telegraph with his excellent bowling figures. He kept the team morale and our heads held high when times were difficult.

Guy Horton

The cool cowboy from Challow scored 145 runs this season and took 11 wickets, showing his all round ability. His fielding is exceptional!

James Horton

"Parrott" is the up and coming star plucked from the Junior Colts. He has a technique second to none and a nice bat. He will score well next season with a regular place and concentration.

Henry Whalen

He did not fail to annoy on any occasion, which played a part in his lack of selection. He can perform very well, however.

James Dolleymore

The most improved player of the season. His batting talent has always been evident but his concentration has improved greatly, making him a better player. He was unlucky not to get to 3 figures on any one occasion. His fielding was rather good and will take over the gap left by **Guy Horton**.

Rowan Browne

"Rozza" was the team man who always had a smile on his face. He showed that he could take wickets at crucial moments and also that he could bat when asked. A fielder not to be reckoned with, as numerous batsmen will claim. He will be sorely missed.

Steve Watts

He did not play many matches but when he did, he showed an abundance of leg-spinning talent.

John Oldham

Like **Steve**, he played few matches but scored well when he did. A lasting memory is of his major scoring shot of the season, a square cut for 4.

Gary Stow

"Invincible" **Gary** could always be trusted to block out in tough situations. He changed from bowling fast to medium pace swing and cut. This worked well at times and will be useful for next season.

David Melin

"Melski" was the leading wicket taker and very, very lucky. He kept trying to bowl bouncers in an attempt for variety. His batting is severely handicapped by his bat, but it hits the ball hard when asked. He is looking forward to plenty more wickets next year.

Dominic Partridge

"Dom" was a man who specialised in knocking up batsmen and fielding. His fielding was rather good but he did not have a chance to show off his batting talent.

Jamie Aldred

He only played one game but had a good season in the 2nd XI. He was unlucky to be a good wicket keeper in the same year as "Funchy".

David Jenkins

He played very well in his one game, scoring 22 runs. He could be a good opening bat for next season.

Paul Woodward

He got 14 runs in his one innings to show that he is a rising star.

Alex Pike

"Biff" from the Third Year (!) is a true child prodigy. He bowls very fast for someone his age and his first wicket for us was that of Nigel Felton. He will be a major bowler for the 1st XI in the next few seasons.

Gwyn Jones

The "15 year old" **Gwyn** showed that he can bat to a high standard and managed to have a paragraph to himself in the Daily Telegraph. He has a good range of shots that will no doubt be utilised to the full next season.

D. MELIN 6MAS

Fives

To add a competitive edge to after-school games this year, we introduced an inter-House Fives competition, which generated interest throughout the School, but in particular in the Fourth Form where Mearns' House scored crucial points.

We say goodbye to stalwarts like **Matthew Beaumont**, after sterling work as secretary for several terms and of course to **Mr. Baker** who coached many new players, especially those in the Lower School.

MR. PRITCHARD

Squash(ed?)

Squash this year was held on Thursdays, by **Mr. Hunter**, and involved being driven down to Abingdon Squash Club, where we had about an hour to play against other people. There were problems, however, because squash is quite popular and there were only four courts, so when around twenty people turned up, it was even possible not to get a game! The Fifth and Sixth formers had a habit of hugging the courts, too!

CONAN COOK 3RSH

Badminton

In the Michaelmas Term we played a large number of 'friendly' fixtures while waiting for the Oxford Schools League to get its act together. Against other independent schools, we generally do quite well and the tally for all matches up to Christmas reads as follows:

U19s	Played: 9 Won: 7
U16s	Played: 4 Won: 2
U14s	Played: 1 Lost: 1
U13s	Played: 3 Won: 3

(Most public schools reserve badminton for older boys, so the Under 14 result serves as a reminder that often the heaviest opposition is to be found in locally maintained schools.)

The Under 13s' success got them to the national finals in March at the Coventry Racquet Centre whence they emerged sadder, wiser and sixth nationally. The pressure increased markedly in the Lent Term when we played nearly half as many matches again in much less time. Both the Under 19s and Under 14s emerged as runners-up in their part of the Oxford Schools League. With the end of the season came the end of **Richard Haynes'** seven years' school badminton. He follows the paths of several who started in the Lower School and stayed to the bitter end - **David Blake** and **Stephen Pierce** spring to mind. **Richard** has been as sensible and thinking a player as any we've had - cheerful and philosophical off court, calm and inventive on. No-one can do a backhand overhead quite like him! But this is not all we will miss.

Colours are held by **Richard Haynes, Tom Pollard, Barnaby Ulyatt, Rosli** and **Russell Clarke**.

Half-colours are held by **Philip Allan, Kelvin Co, Tom Frankum, Andrew Bennett, Stuart Gray, David Jenkins, Mark Edwards** and **Andrew Davies**.

Lower School colours are held by **Jonathan Tarasewicz, Jonathan Spearling, Jonathan Earley** and **Paul Edwards**.

MR. MACDONALD

Table-Tennis

This has been a year of rebuilding after losing a number of older players, and with others moving up to a higher age-group. The relatively young U16 team of **Adam Cherry, Victor Lee, Stephen Pavlovich** and **Joseph Lau** played with spirit in the county round of the National Schools Championships, beating Gosford Hill 5-3, but then losing 7-1 to a talented team from Blessed George Napier School. The U19 team did not play, as their matches were unfortunately placed on the day before the Lower Sixth Tests in November. On a brighter note, **Victor Lee**, after winning the Oxfordshire U13 Individual Championship in 1993, entered the U16 tournament this year and reached the semi-finals before being knocked out - an excellent performance in his first year at this level.

DR. BINGHAM

Athletics

The achievements of a few athletes, in this season disrupted by weather and cancellations, have been gratifying and

made the efforts of the coaches worthwhile. The season ended with the Middle School Athletics Competition taking place at Dalton Barracks and an enjoyable afternoon was spent by all the third and fourth years, in spite of a thunderstorm midway through proceedings. The Boarders, with help from Waste Court, were easy winners of the Fourth year competition and Drummond-Hays carried off the honours in the Third Year competition.

Peter Aiken deservedly won the fourth year Victor Ludorum, narrowly beating **Daniel Higazi** on Standards points. Earlier in the season **Peter** was a member of the 4 x 100m squad which won in the County Schools' Championship, he was also third in the 200m and the 400m races at the same meeting. **Richard Ellis**, who plays cricket for the School but trains with the Oxford City Athletics Club, won the third year Victor Ludorum. He was placed second in the County Championships 800m and is reserve for a place in the All England Finals. Our only County Champion this year was **Francis Malone-Lee**, who won the County AAA 3000m and needless to say, has been an inspiration to all the junior athletes in the few matches which have taken place.

The term started in a blaze of sunshine and with a promising win against a depleted Marlborough College team. There were more good performances at Douai, and in atrocious conditions, our athletes took part in the Vale of the White Horse Trials at Radley and a large number were selected for the Vale team. Our captain, **Richard Scott**, earned a place in the County Championships and the secretary, **Christopher Keith** did well at the AAA Championships, but limited training time in this examination term meant that they performed below their best. At the Schools County Championships **Christopher Drake** was a member of the 4x100m winning squad, came third in the 200m and fourth in the 100m sprints. Members of the fourth year, notably, **Christian Purcell, Charles Pearson** and **Adrian Howkins**, showed particular promise in competition and this augurs well for the first half of next season.

There are often talented athletes in the first and second years who perform creditably against older boys, and this year is no exception. **Peter Watson** 2B has considerable talent as a 400m runner with a personal best of 57.3 secs. and **Ronan Fabes** 1S has clocked under 5 minutes for the 1500m, both boys ran in third year competitions this season with much credit. In a first and second form match at Douai in which Leighton Park School and Pangbourne College also took part, these two athletes made large contributions to Abingdon's victory in both age groups.

Captain of Athletics for 1995 will be **Gary Armstrong** and the secretary will be **Peter Moloney**.

MIDDLE SCHOOL COMPETITION RESULTS

	3RD YR	4TH YR
80m Hurdles	Harrison	Dowling
100m	Selwyn-Smith	Higazi
200m	Harrison	Aiken
400m	Ellis	Aiken
800m	Ellis	Howkins
1500m	Malone-Lee	Pearson
High jump	Pinckney	Potter
Triple jump	Cundell	Grady
Long jump	Ellis	Higazi
Shot put	Dunbar	Hewes
Discus	Simmons	White
Javelin	Thomson	Kingsley
4x100m relay	Mearns	Wilmores
Medley relay	D-Hays	Boarders / Waste Ct.
Parlauf	Hendersons	Boarders / Waste Ct.
Victor Ludorum	Ellis	Aiken
Overall Winners	D - Hays	Boarders / Waste Ct..
		MR. BURROW

Cross-Country

Under the guidance of **Mr. Oxlade** and secretary **Mark Woodward** (and occasionally from Captain **Richard Scott**), we had an extremely busy season, unfortunately without last year's stalwart **Paul Shrimpton**, who was recovering from a long-term injury to his Achilles' tendon.

After our opening fixture at Bradfield in which **Mark Woodward, Francis Malone-Lee** and **Richard Scott** set the marks for highly successful individual seasons, we competed in our first relay at St. Albans. This saw the debut of **Gary Armstrong**, ending with a sprint finish by **Richard Scott**, which gained us a third place. **Mark Woodward** and **William Unsworth** both performed well.

After our second match at Bradfield, which saw **Mark Woodward's** first win of the season, along with that of **Francis Malone-Lee's** for the Juniors, we competed in the tough event at High Wycombe, which showed a steady team performance, with **Mark Woodward** leading in the team at fourth place. **Peter Moloney** and **Paul Shrimpton** both finished in the upper half of the field.

We returned for the second and busier half of the season after a much needed Christmas break with the first match only ten days after the beginning of term. These were the County Championships at Radley - our toughest fixture yet in terms of competition. It produced some outstand-

ing results, however, with **Francis Malone-Lee** and **Christian Purcell** both qualifying for the inter-county championships at Southampton, together with **Mark Woodward** for the Seniors and **Richard Scott** who gained a place for the Oxfordshire team without even running at Radley! At Southampton both **Mark Woodward** and **Francis Malone-Lee** ran at their best, securing places for the All-England Championships to be held in Liverpool later in the year.

The next match was a relay at Haberdashers including guest runner **Jon Winterbottom** who had a close encounter with a barbed wire fence. This course also provided an excellent opportunity for **Mr. Baker** to get in some much-needed Marathon practice. The team performed well, finishing midfield.

Mark Woodward was unable to run in our next match (again at Bradfield), but **Richard Scott** finished in the top ten. **Francis Malone-Lee** and **Christian Purcell** both finished high in the field. **Mark** was available for the match at Merchant Taylors, and scored possibly his best result yet, finishing fourth in a very competitive field. **Francis** followed in shortly at thirteenth place.

A week later we ran in a relay at Wellington in our biggest field yet. None of the team ran at his best except **Gary Armstrong** who beat **Mark Woodward's** time and led the team in at fourth place. **Francis Malone-Lee** brought in the Junior team at a very high position which culminated in winning a medal for the third fastest runner in his age group.

After our final Bradfield match which saw **Mark Woodward** collecting another victory with **Gary Armstrong** and **Peter Moloney** not far behind, we had our last official match of the season. This was against the **OAs** and saw the return of the legendary **Rob Walker** as well as past favourites such as **John Smythe** and **Alex Webster**. Victory went the **OAs'** way with **Ed Newey** starting five minutes later than the rest, but still managing to defeat **Mark Woodward**. **Richard Scott** decided to compete and surprised himself by being well placed at the end.

The final event of the term was the Road-Relay in which **Mark Woodward** won the trophy for the fastest time, and **Gary Armstrong**, just behind, recorded the fastest time in the Lower Sixth. Despite leading the race in the early stages, **Richard Scott** could only manage to finish fourth.

This year's season must really go to **Mark Woodward** and **Francis Malone-Lee** who performed at their best in both inter-school and inter-county level. We must thank **Mr. Oxlade** for acting as the team's guiding influence and for provid-



The end of the Road?

ing the many Mars Bars during the season; **Mr. Burrow** for acting as chauffeur during the season; **Mr. Woodward** and **Mrs. Malone-Lee** for helping with the transport when we were stuck; **Mark Woodward** for co-running the club with **Mr. Oxlade**; and finally a heartfelt farewell to **Mr. Baker** who ran the club for many years and devoted more time to the Juniors as he approached retirement. He will be greatly missed by the Cross-Country Club.

Full colours and Baker Cup are awarded to **Mark Woodward**.

Half-colours to **Gary Armstrong**, **Peter Moloney** and **Francis Malone-Lee**.

Captain for the next season is **Paul Shrimpton**.

Secretary for the next season is **Peter Moloney**.

G. ARMSTRONG 6SCW
& **P. MOLONEY 6MCS**

Chess

After two seasons of rather indifferent results, the first VI bounced back to winning ways for 1993/94. The team was strengthened by the arrival from Germany of **Felix Findeisen**, who set the county alight on board one, and with the players following his example, the Zone Final of the National Times Competition was reached. Teams from Windsor Boys' School and Bishop Wordsworth were beaten in style on the way to the final, but their progress was rather unfortunately halted; the first VI going out after a tense 3-3 draw against arch-rivals MCS, losing due to the greater average of the team.

In other matches, Oratory First XII was crushed twice, 11-1 and 10.5-.5 and Oxford High School was beaten 4.5-.5. The first VI completed the season without being defeated, whilst the Under-15 and Under-13 teams also produced some promising results (most notably, the Under-13s trouncing Oxford High School 6-0). Individually, First VI Captain **Adrian Bingham** remained unbeaten, and **Nick Matheson's** often inspired play was perhaps unlucky not to secure more victories. With all the members of the team remaining for the next season, the outlook is promising; the primary aim being to progress past the Zone Final reached this year in the Times Competition.

The First VI were: **Felix Findeisen**, **Adrian Bingham**, **Alan Walker**, **Nick Matheson**, **James Arthur** and **John Church**.

ADRIAN BINGHAM 6MAS



The Senior Cross Country Club

J14 Rowing

With sweep-oared events for J14s no longer being offered, 1994 saw the advent of the "dreaded octo". With an VIII converted to sculling with the help of the Friends of the School Boat Club, a large and enthusiastic squad began training in this boat, as well as a IV and an VIII. An early outing in the Lent term to Gloucester Head of the River saw the "A" octo suffer typical first race difficulties, whilst the "B" crew performed commend-



ably. Private matches resulted in some commanding wins over Cheltenham College crews, with the squad being put firmly in their place a week later by a strong St. Edwards squad. The term finished on a high note at the Schools head, where the "A" crew finished 5th in a large field, despite having to row most of the way with only seven men.

By the Summer term, the squad was developing motivation, spirit and organised efficiency rare at this level, and got the better of Shiplake overall in an entertaining afternoon's racing, with honours even between them and the Radley "B" crew the next week. At Evesham, their first regatta, they lost narrowly in the final, but at Bedford regatta the octo dealt ruthlessly with local opposition to win their first "pot".

At the National Schools' Regatta in June, the IV had to compete in the "A" category, and although they acquitted themselves well, they did not progress to the later rounds. The octo races with some class, dismissing St. Edwards, amongst others, in the heat, rowing through Westminster to win their semifinal, and missing the bronze medal in the final by a mere 0.03 seconds.

Despite a spell in other boat types, they continued to improve, and both "A" and "B" crews raced well at Thames Valley Park and Reading Town regattas. Although they destroyed the fancied St. Edwards crew in a semifinal, their Radley rivals remained just too strong, for both crews, in their respective finals. This group has been most rewarding to coach, and could be a force to be reckoned with next year!



MR. FOSTER

J15 Rowing

The Lent Term brought mixed results for the J15s, but most notably a win for the B VIII at Gloucester by a large margin and a very close win for the A VIII at Hampton. We can only present two results here because we were to some extent plagued by bad timing, dodgy umpires and marshals, and so our attempts at both Reading and Schools' Heads were foiled. Unfortunately, during the Easter holiday **James Strong** broke his arm, which led to a whole load of confusing crew changes. **Richard Pinckney** took his place and the whole of the B crew was rearranged.

The summer term was much more exciting (and the weather was better). Our first regatta was Evesham where the B VIII lost narrowly but the A VIII won as did the A IV. The A VIII made a significant win at Bedford over names like Radley, St. Edwards and Eton, and again at the more prestigious Marlow regatta. Thames Valley Park regatta was a complete flop thanks to a false start, but at Reading the following week the A IV beat Shiplake, Hampton and others, although the A VIII lost to Radley. It is no reflection of the B crews that they didn't find any wins. Despite this we all had an enjoyable and worthwhile season.

B. LONGSTAFF 4RPB

A IV

A. Smith/ A. McNeillie
B. Longstaff
S. French
E. Russell
J. Whibley

A VIII

J. Hannaford (Cox)
B. Longstaff
J. Strong
E. Russell
S. French
W. Burn
J. Lyall
D. Kingsley
J. Whibley

B VIII

A. Smith (Cox)
T. Jeffries
J. Willats
J. Peterson
R. Pinckney
N. Fisher
B. Cullum
I. Priest
S. Day

The Senior Squad

Following the fine performances in the previous season, training began in earnest at the start of the Michaelmas term. The whole of this term was spent training in smaller boats; in pairs and IVs. The Senior Squad also attended several events, with people often doubling or trebling up. Major events of this term were the training camp at Nottingham and the IVs' Head of the River race from Mortlake to Putney. Three crews entered for this event, one coxless, which produced a very respectable and high finish. The training camp was five hard days of rowing, running, circuits and ergoes. We were fortunate enough to have Great Britain rowing supremo Mark Banks popping in and out all day to help us with several water sessions.

The real season began in the Lent term, which, true to tradition, started after Christmas. The VIIIs' racing begins then, too, and equipped with a new Aylings VIII, the "John Roysse", the first VIII meant business. In the first event, at Peterborough, both VIIIs gave encouraging rows. Major events of this term were the Schools' Head of the River race and the VIIIs' Head. At the Schools' Head the first VIII produced a slightly disappointing row, to finish only sixth; but the second VIII finished fifteenth, and were the second fastest second VIII there. Ominously for our crews, however, two Eton crews occupied joint second placing and were thus both ahead of even our first VIII. In the Tideway VIIIs' Head the crews changed slightly and finished sixty-ninth and eighty-fourth. Then, at Trent Head, some very encouraging rows were produced, four crews entered and four sets of "pots" were won. During the Easter holiday, instead of a transatlantic trip, as in the previous year, the Senior Squad uprooted to Hazewinkel for a week in beautiful Belgium. The first part of the week was the seat racing to determine the fastest crew. The resulting first VIII was stroked by **Philip Baker** and remained unchanged throughout the rest of the season. The second VIII was rechristened the DK VIII, after the boat in which they rowed, named after an OA and former Great Britain international **Derwent King**.

Several regattas were attended before the National Schools regatta; in Reading and Evesham (where both crews remained unbeaten); and then for the first time the boat club attended Ghent International Regatta in Belgium. We were supported there by some tremendously loyal parents, to whom we are extremely grateful, in particular to **Mr. and Mrs. Hemsley**. Undoubtedly Ghent was a high point for the boat club, for there were several tremendous performances, especially the Open Coxed IV of **Philip Baker**, **Peter**

Godsell, David Smith, cox **Alex Greaney** and special guest **Henry Cobb** of Eton, who raced out of their skins to lose to the French Heavyweight crew by less than three inches! This race was described by the Daily Telegraph as the outstanding British performance of the event. **Philip Baker** and **Henry Cobb** competed in Under 23 pairs, and reached the final only to finish fourth behind three very strong national crews. The other highlight was the coxed IV of **David Lourie, John Watkinson, Mike Litchfield, Jake Airey** and cox **Ben Marshall**, who beat the French and Belgian Junior National crews by over four lengths.

At the National Schools' regatta the first VIII and the DK VIII reached their respective finals. In the final of the Championship VIIIs our boys led at 500 metres, but at 1000 metres Eton produced a "killer burn" and left the rest of the field in their wake. Abingdon, Kingston and St. Paul's contested the remaining medal placings: slowly Kingston pulled away and, in a nail-biting sprint finish, St. Paul's pipped "Our Boys" by a short canvas. In the Second VIIIs', the DK VIII and a remarkably strong Shrewsbury crew pushed away from the rest of the field and were neck and neck until the run in, when Shrewsbury pulled out half a length which they then held. On the second day, the pairs of **David**

Guy Carling produced an excellent row but were outpaced to the line, again, by a huge St. Paul's crew. The other IV rowed well to finish fifth. A coxless IV also rowed, but were knocked out in the semifinal.

After National Schools' the training intensified in the run up to Henley, and the Peterborough and Marlow events were attended. At Marlow both crews raced encouragingly over the long course, but they excelled over the shorter "sprint" course. Both crews reached the finals of their events, the Senior Open and the Senior 2, which, although proving to be a commentator's nightmare, was great for the School's name. In tremendous style the first VIII disposed of CRC Yale, Dartmouth RC (USA), the National Sprint champions and in the final the internationally renowned Princeton Lightweights. The DK VIII disposed of Shrewsbury second VIII, Hampton first VIII and St. Paul's first VIII, amongst others.

At Henley the first VIII did not need to qualify for the PE., but the DK VIII, who needed to, did so when rowing in the Temple Challenge Cup. The first VIII drew Bedford in the first round and disposed of them easily. In the second round they raced Kingston, which was undoubtedly the race of the event, for it was neck and neck for three quarters of the course, but Kingston just pipped them on the line in the third

After the disappointment of not winning Henley, again, the crews have gone their separate ways. At the time of writing, **David Hutchins** is at the World Junior Championships, in Munich, in a coxed IV. **Guy Carling** has rowed at the Coupe de la Jeunesse event in Hazewinkel, collecting a silver and a bronze medal. Another VIII came together to row for England at the Home International at the Docks. It included **Philip Baker, Peter Godsell**, and **Andrew McNeillie** (replacing **John Watkinson**) and cox **Alex Greaney**. For the second successive year this VIII won and helped England to overall victory.

The efforts of **Mr. Martin** and **Mr. Mearns** this season cannot be understressed, and the entire Senior Squad owe them a great deal of gratitude. Thanks also go to all the parents and friends who have so loyally supported us throughout the season, in particular to **Mr. Hutchins**.

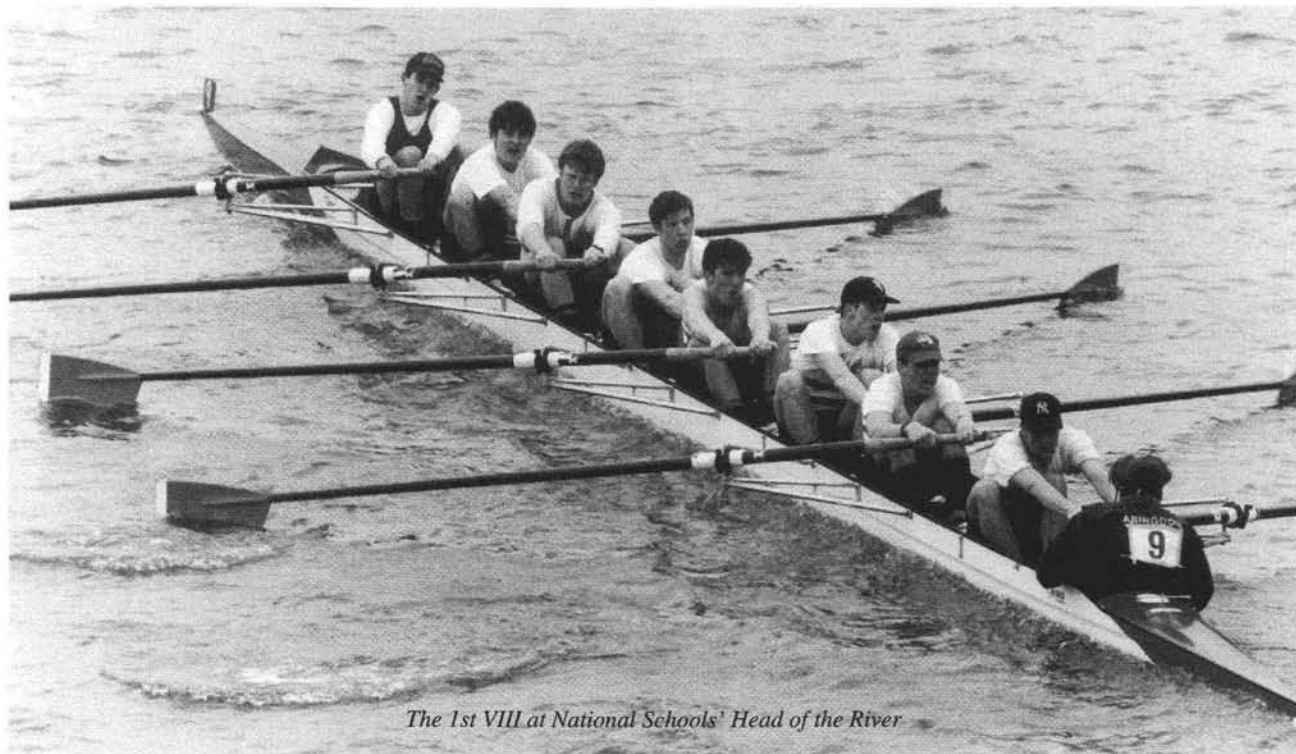
The First VIII:

Peter Godsell, James Sporle, Richard Binning, David Smith, David Hutchins, Mark Clarke, Guy Carling, Philip Baker. Cox: **Alex Greaney & Ben Marshall**.

Also rowed: **Nick Edmonds, John Watkinson, Mike Litchfield**

The DK VIII:

Jake Airey, William Hoodless, Antony



The 1st VIII at National Schools' Head of the River

Hutchins with **Mark Clarke**, and **James Sporle** with **Richard Binning** raced very well to reach the semifinal of the pairs event. In the coxed IVs, Abingdon got two IVs into the finals. The "first" IV of **Philip Baker, Peter Godsell, David Smith**, and

fastest time of the event. The DK VIII drew Aberdeen and disposed of them easily. In the next race they faced Downing, the top Cambridge college. They raced them all the way but in the end were simply overpowered.

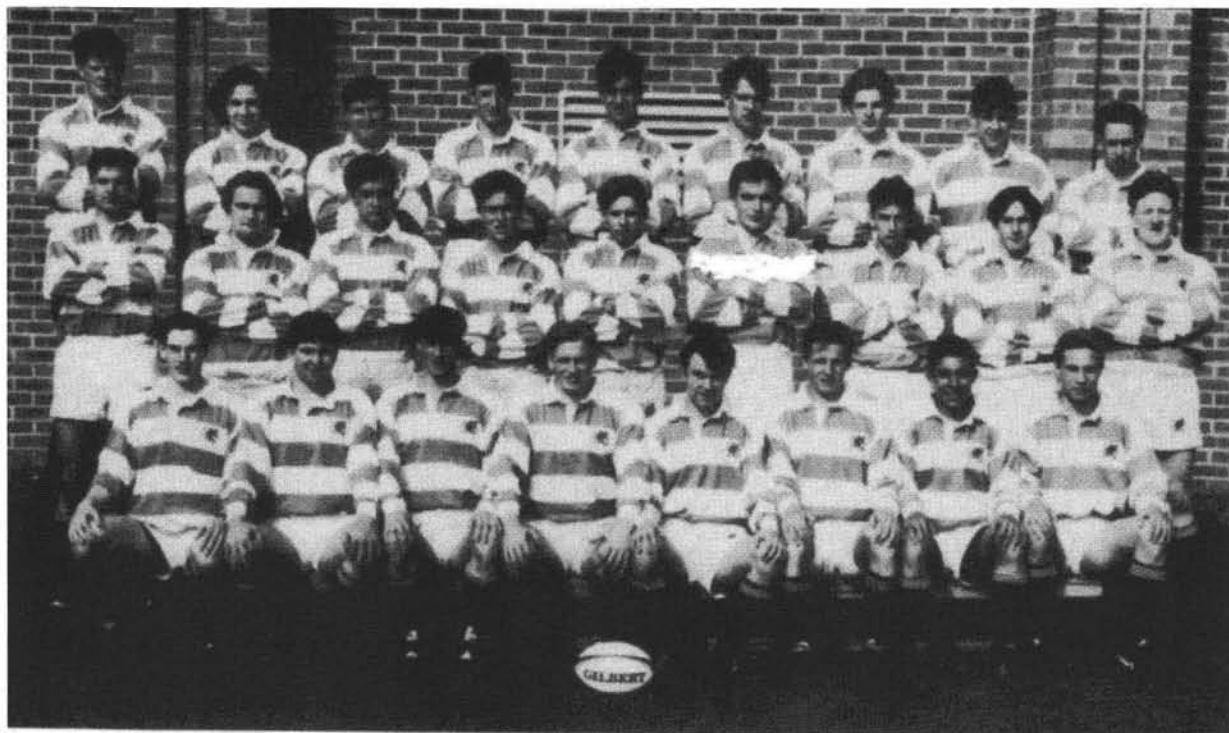
Hankin (William Unsworth), Christian Schoof, Nick Edmonds, Mike Litchfield, John Watkinson, David Lourie.

Cox: **Ben Marshall & Alex Greaney**

M. LITCHFIELD & P. GODSELL VI

Abingdon School

Australian Rugby Tour 1994



SATURDAY 9TH JULY
Depart from United Kingdom

MONDAY 11TH JULY
Arrive in Sydney, Australia

THURSDAY 14TH JULY
Abingdon v. Sydney C of E Grammar

SATURDAY 16TH JULY
Sydney Schools' Tens' Competition

SUNDAY 17TH JULY
Arrive in Surfers' Paradise

TUESDAY 19TH JULY
Abingdon v. Mary Mount College

THE ITINERARY

The Boys are Back!

Unfortunately, though, those who can give a full report are still holidaying in Bali, France and the rest of the world, after a particularly strenuous tour, it seems. So just a taste for now: ONE game was won of those played, and the Ten's Competition, captained by **James Ruddick**, produced a very respectable score.

Don't forget : for a full, blow by blow account from Our Men down under, read the next issue of **The Abingdonian!** (If you're not already on our mailing list, then reserve your copy TODAY!)

MR. POPE

WEDNESDAY 20TH JULY
Arrive in Brisbane

THURSDAY 21ST JULY
Abingdon v. Brisbane Metropolitan East

SATURDAY 23RD JULY
Arrive in Cairns

MONDAY 25TH JULY
Abingdon v. Smithfield High School

WEDNESDAY 27TH JULY
Arrive in Denpasar, Bali

SATURDAY 30TH JULY
Arrive back in United Kingdom

STOP PRESS...LATE-BREAKING NEWS...STOP PRESS...LATE-BREAKING NEWS...STOP

A New Society...

For a number of years sixth formers have complained about the lack of opportunity to develop their philosophical interests. This year a group of enterprising VI Formers led by **Jonathan Winterbottom**, **Ben Uttenthal** and **Tim Ward** formed the Philosophical Society to satisfy this demand. They enlisted the support of the **Rev. A. Mitra** and **Mr. Stevenson** and held evening meetings in the Housemas-

ter's sitting room in Waste Court. Eminent philosophers from Oxford and London were invited to speak and then chair free discussion on the issues raised. Between a dozen and twenty boys attended each of these lively meetings, so we are encouraged to hope that the society may continue to attract senior boys interested in informing themselves in the years to come about the principles, problems and methods of philosophy in all its various facets. Several members of the Masters' Common Room,

too, came to one or more of the talks and clearly enjoyed themselves as much as the boys. If, as we hope, the society continues to function next year, we have the delectable Dr. Mary Margaret McCabe of London lined up to come and speak in the Michaelmas term. All we need is a sign from this year's VIth Form that they would support the meetings : so think about it and get back to us if you want to set the ball rolling in 1994/5.

MR. STEVENSON & MR. MITRA

