

The

ABINGDONIAN



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The First Orchestra tours Central Europe



THE ABINGDONIAN

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Editorial

This has been a year of firsts for Abingdon School. Perhaps most impressive of all is the late-breaking news that **Edward Paleit O.A.** has just taken Oxford University's *top* First in his Classics degree. He and his teachers - at the school and retired - all deserve warmest congratulations. At school, the very first week of the year saw the grand opening of Mercers' Court, our first major building complex and gateway to the town since the school's relocation to its present site over a century ago.

Expeditions abroad have included Abingdon's (indeed Britain's) first foray into the Karakoram mountains of the Hindu Kush, again for about a hundred years, and the school's first musical tour to Central and Eastern Europe. Our sportsmen have for the first time distinguished themselves nationally and internationally in Tennis and Rugby, as well as continuing at these levels in other sports, and the school is now for the

first time an important stop on the global information superhighway.

It has been an unprecedented year for the magazine, too. For the first time selections from this publication are available online for



electronic perusal. For those with interest in the finer points of typography (Communication Studies pupils?) the magazine now boasts certain ligatures for the first time in a century. Within these covers, you will find, as a new departure, accounts of joint activities with the School of St. Helen and St. Katharine, as well as items written by the girls of that school. Reports

of activities in the Boarding and Day houses have been revived. Even the Editorial Team-cum-Lower 6th form club has welcomed into its folds a member of the Middle School for the first time. This bodes well for the future of the magazine, for it still seems dominated by the Upper School. Please, gentlemen of the Middle School, remember that your views and talents count and are often worth reading about. I hope that next year, for the first time, you too will enthusiastically offer many of them for publication - but only on disc or typed please!

In summary, accounts of numerous unprecedented events and achievements will be found in this magazine and as ever, I have found collating and publishing them all a fascinating occupation. I hope that you find it makes an enjoyable read and a source of inspiration for the year to come.

D. J. POPE

CLICK! CLICK WHO?

Photography is not just about 'taking piccies'. Neither is it just about shooting as many photos as often as you like. Even though photography is an art it is also a discipline which can be learnt by anyone. Nevertheless interest is of the essence. My own interest in photography was suddenly boosted when I purchased my first camera.. At first it was just 'trying out' the new gadget but after a few surprisingly impressive shots were produced, I had committed myself to more in photography.

When my films were later provided by the Abingdonian, my

interest became a lot easier since photography is an expensive hobby. I had also acquired the skills of developing my own black and white prints. I had really utilised the dark room in the Art School whose existence is still not known to many.

Like other interests, there were golden moments to be cherished. Photographing rugby tournaments was heaven. You'll get all kinds of facial expressions and actions, besides a sore throat, shouting for support for the Abingdon teams. The National Schools Regatta in Nottingham was another unforgettable experience.

The best part of photography is that you'll get to know people, but of course for the quiet type you can always focus on nature, as I do occasionally when I'm bored of shooting people. To the people of School House, I was better known as Chef, but for most dayboys, they knew me as a photographer. Either way, I enjoy both hobbies very much. The key is to try hard and never give up because of fear of what people might say.

Happy shooting!

A. TAHIR O.A.
OFFICIAL SCHOOL
PHOTOGRAPHER EMERITUS

SCHOOL NOTES

SCHOOL NOTES

MERCERS' COURT ...



THE GRAND OPENING...



THE SCHOOL PAST AND PRESENT

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE HEADMASTER

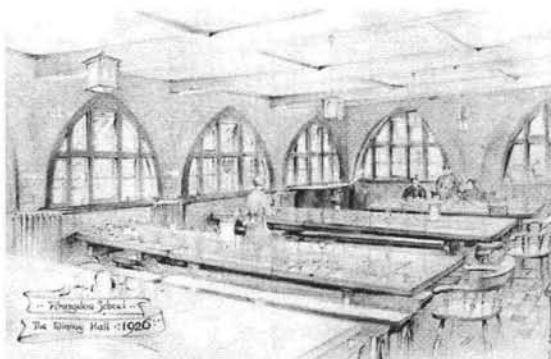
Q. What changes or improvements have taken place in the boarding houses over the past fifteen years?

A. Well, they've effectively been rebuilt, from the inside, in some cases almost from the outside though, as well. They've all of them been changed in a way that gives much more privacy to individuals, with a move towards study bedrooms, including, eventually single study bedrooms for the senior people, whereas twenty years ago everybody was sleeping in dormitories. There is much more space for recreation and relaxation per boy than there used to be. That is partly a function of the fact that boarding numbers have fallen and we have been able to use the space in order to provide better recreational facilities. And then, and this is very important indeed, there are much better facilities for washing and for lavatories and that sort of thing. I think you might be absolutely astonished if you could see how primitive some of the arrangements had to be twenty years ago.

Q. An enormous lot has been happening to the teaching rooms and their facilities recently, but how have things changed since the early 1970s?

A. First of all we have got some sorts of teaching room and facilities which we did not actually have at all before. We have got, for example a woodwork shop, a metalwork and Engineering Shop, an Art school, a sports hall. Those are all things which did not exist before in any shape or form really at all. And then we have got some things which we had before, but have got on a larger and a better scale, such as the Science labora-

tories, which have been considerably extended and improved. And most recently, and very very important, all the teaching departments have been- the technical word is "suited", meaning by that that all the teaching for one particular activity is done in one particular set of rooms and there they have their own resources, and they can organise themselves in the way that they think fit, and that arrangement by departmental suites is already making a big difference to the way the school operates. I think probably we shall see it have a considerable impact over the next few years. I suppose those are the main



changes: a move towards more and more specialisation in the teaching rooms, so that the individual room becomes much more the space where a particular master teaches in the way that he particularly wants, with his own equipment and facilities around him, rather than just an empty and usually rather barren hole in which a whole succession of people operate as best they can.

Q. How would you foresee the immediate future of the school and its pupils in both building and academic terms?

A. I'd say a period of consolidation on the material side and quite intense concentration on the improvement of quality on the teaching and the academic work side. I think we need that sort of space of time to digest what we have acquired in Mercers' Court, and there

is an awful lot that we now need to do to improve our actual working practices. I would hope for example that there would be steadily intensifying use of the library and the various library facilities scattered round the school. I think we need to extend the use of IT as a facility around the school and that means becoming more sophisticated in the way that we actually tackle IT. I think there are quite a lot of things of that sort which can be done to improve the quality of what we do without necessarily spending any more money.

Q. It has often been suggested that Abingdon School should expand its age range which might involve acquiring a junior school. I was wondering if this is a consideration to be examined in the future?

A. Well, I must say, I hope that it will be considered. There has already been a certain amount of thought given to it. I can't call it planning exactly, be-

cause we have not gone as far as to shape up a specific proposal, but the idea has already been pushed around. Quite a lot of parents have expressed interest in the possibility that we might extend our age range downwards. And, I think it might benefit the school quite considerably. But saying that begs a lot of questions, in the sense that I am not making any assumptions about where this junior school might be or how it might be related to this school. I think those are all things that have got to be looked into very carefully. But, in general terms, I think we might be able to help ourselves and help other people better if we had something like a junior school instead of just two years of lower school.

Yes. Thank you very much.

W. ROLLIN 5RCRM

THE ABINGDON SCHOOL SOCIETY

TASS experienced a major change of committee members this year which caused a few hiccups at first but we are now into our stride. We offer fulsome thanks to our predecessors for their stalwart work. Our major event of the year, the Spring Fair took new shape as a Summer Fair in the excellent surroundings of the Charles Maude Room and was very successful.

Our varied activities have included the work of the Secondhand Uniform Shop which has raised considerable money for TASS. TASS volunteers have continued serving refreshments at parents' evenings. There was the usual highly successful charity Christmas card sale. Sir John Whitehead, until recently British Ambassador to Japan, delivered a thought-provoking and enjoyable TASS Lecture to a packed Amey Hall about that country and its connections with Britain. This year we were pleased to award TASS Travel Bursaries to 13 boys who, in total, will be visiting four continents for diverse activities doing much voluntary work on the way. The boys gain tremendously in terms of personal development and international understanding is helped by these lively ambassadors. We have a thick file of letters from previous recipients of travel awards. TASS challenged the Masters' Common Room to golf and tennis matches with a good turnout for both events. A keen competitive spirit and high standards of good sportsmanship were displayed. The post-match celebrations were highly convivial.

As illustrated by the above, there is scope for a wide range of involvement in TASS by every parent and we always welcome new volunteers. Please contact one of the Executive Committee for a chat, strictly without obligation!

N. CAMPBELL
TASS VICE-CHAIRMAN

¡VIVA ABINGDON!

As I am sure you all noticed, last year the school was hosting a group of Spanish students; living with English host families in Abingdon, and following the Spanish curriculum (taught by their own teachers, **Messrs. Contreras, Irlan and Damian-Grint**) as this year they continue back in Spain.

Our aims were - and are, for the coming year - to carry on the normal (lower sixth) studies while at the same time getting as much English practice as possible. Not quite total immersion! But there was plenty of time and opportunity for English, ably aided by **Mrs. Hill** and **Messrs. Bailey and Pope**. And of course we took advantage of our stay to visit London, Warwick, Stratford, Portsmouth and so on.

The project was an experiment; making a quick summary, I think I can honestly say: 'So far, so good.' Every student gained something from the experience. Some improved the general standard of their studies - as they said, they were away from their normal distractions. Everyone improved his English.

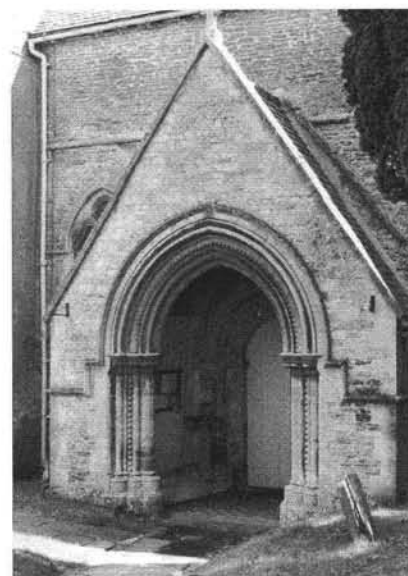
Most of our students suffered from culture shock at the beginning, but as time went on they really got accustomed to the English way of life. Each student has his own story, of course; but I often heard this sort of remark: 'Sometimes I feel quite embarrassed to see how much they do for me.' 'I'm borrowing a bike from the family - I'm taking better care of it than if it were my own.' 'I really feel at home.' 'Sometimes I feel as if I had always been part of the family.'

Ending this short article, I would very much like to thank the **Headmaster, Mr. St. John Parker**, and everyone who helped us in so many ways. See you all next year!

A. CONTRERAS
DIRECTOR

JAMES BROOKS O.A. (1825-1901) DISTINGUISHED CHURCH ARCHITECT

James Brooks caught my curiosity as the famous Victorian architect who restored my own village church at West Hanney. While



*The porch of St. James the Great,
West Hanney*

researching his life and achievements in the Bodleian and elsewhere, I found that here was an Old Abingdonian of national fame who had, so far as I was aware, slipped through the school records without any recognition. In the years I was allowed to deal with the school archives I came across no reference to Brooks: there is no obituary in *The Abingdonian* nor any reference to him in the minutes of the Old Abingdonian Club. Broadly, James Brooks was a farmer's son from Hatford near Faringdon and was sent to school at Abingdon presumably during the headship of **Dr. T.J. Hewlett** (1828-39) in **John Royse's** town-centre grammar school. It is said that Brooks came under the influence of Dr. Edward Bouverie-Pusey (1800-1882) who was born and grew up in the neighbouring village of Pusey; he was of course an early adherent and leader

with Keble and Newman of the revivalist Oxford Movement. In sum, Brooks is particularly well known for building many new churches, particularly in London's expanding East End, but also in the country. He restored churches, built rectory houses, parsonages, church schools, gentlemen's houses, a brewery and a large hotel. Brooks moved to London in 1847 and became a pupil in the architectural office of Lewis Stride. He entered the Royal Academy Schools in 1849 and set up in practice in 1851. In later life James Brooks became Vice President of the R.I. B. A., and was awarded their Gold Medal for his work in 1895. It was said that Brooks was the greatest exponent of the town church in the 1860's and 1870's and his most important contribution was a series of brick churches in East London, the building of which was helped by the organisational skill of Robert Brett, a Stoke Newington doctor, and the cash of Richard Foster, a wealthy City merchant. Brooks' churches are characterised as having wide naves, narrow aisles and lofty roofs. Among them were St. Michael's, Shoreditch (1863-5); St. Saviour's, Hoxton (1865-6 but now demolished); St. Chad's, Haggerston (1868-9) and St. Columba's, Kingsland Road (1868-9). This latter charmingly designed group of church, school and parsonage house is currently under restoration. Elsewhere in London Brooks built the Ascension, Lavender Hill (1876); the Transfiguration, Lewisham (1880); St. Andrew's, Plaistow (1867-70); St. Mary's, Hornsey; Holy Innocent's, Hammersmith (1887); St. John the Baptist, Holland Road, Kensington (1872-89) and his final masterpiece, All Hallows', Gospel Oak (1892).

It was said of Brooks' prolific contribution of churches to the East End that his towers and spires dominated the skyline there as much as Christopher Wren's

churches did in the neighbouring City of London.

Outside London Brooks built the Queen's Hotel, Deal (1892) his only large secular job; SS Peter and Paul, Dover (1891-2); the Annunciation, Chislehurst (1863-70); St. Peter's, St. Leonard's-on-Sea (1889-1901) and All Saints', Gravesend (1868-77); all in the region of Canterbury for which diocese he was appointed architect.

In this part of the country, beside the restoration of West Hanney church (1868-70) Brooks built the Baptist Church in Mill Street, Wantage; Headington Quarry Church School (1863); the Old School House, Hart Street, Henley (1856); Sandford-on-Thames Church (1865); St James', Marston Meysey, Wiltshire (1874-6) and vicarage; Meysey Hampton School, Gloucestershire (1872). He also restored Northleach Church (1877-84).

(Further detail concerning James Brooks can be found in: James Brooks, Roger Dixon PhD thesis, 1979, University of London Library; Victorian Architecture, Roger Dixon & S Muthesius, 1978; Church Builders of the Nineteenth Century, B.F.L. Clarke, 1938; London's Churches, Elizabeth and Wayland Young, 1986).



St. John the Baptist, Holland Road, Kensington

N. HAMMOND

*A place of learning,
Or so I was told.
Before I could stop them
They had me enrolled.*

*First day to school,
And my sentence had started.
At least twelve years long,
No parole to be granted.*

*I started in the infants,
Then advanced up the school.
The teachers were not too bad,
As a general rule.*

*Now I am here,
At Abingdon School.
With prep and the like,
And other things cruel.*

*And so soon,
As I progress,
My sentence will
Get less and less.*

*So I shall soon be the one,
Who'll persuade some little kid:
"School is fun, my dear,
You must do as I did!"*

J. TARASEWICZ 3 RCRM

*In the first year he discovered
humility,
Gigantic, monstrous, looming ogres,
Frightening staff with lists, and
strange people.*

*In the second year he discovered fun,
Rugby in the November sun,
Going to town to buy a bun.*

*In the third year he found class,
New tie, tweed jacket, new friends,
More fun, more buns, and time to
spend.*

*In the fourth year he discovered
coursework,
Sitting on his shoulders and twisting
like a dirk,
Slavishly scribbling senseless essays,
feeling like a jerk.*

*In the fifth year he met revision,
And more revision, no fun, no buns,
Then B and C grades, disaster, and
disgrace.*

W. ROLLIN 5RCRM

CRESCENT HOUSE

I remember thumping the air when I heard that the fourth year boarders had won the swimming cup. I was so proud of their combined achievement that I couldn't wait to crow to anyone I met. But looking back over the year, it is not the winning of cups that stand out, or even the many individual triumphs of the seasons, but the sense of corporate spirit and altruism that happily surfaces when in reflective mood. It has been argued, following the Thatcher years, that there has been a distinctive shift towards instrumentalism and individualism in education. That may be true for some, but boarding highlights a different agenda - despite personal triumphs, it is philanthropic largesse which is the victor.

Take for example the realisation among our fifth year that the omertà of silence surrounding an awkward episode had to be broken for the common good. Their concern for their own was extraordinary. Team games foster loyalty and inter-dependence but are nothing to match the ties and links engendered by living so closely together.

The introduction of a few boys from abroad, with their distinctive customs and cultural differences has done much this year to contribute to the flavour of the house and we have as much to learn from them as they do from us. How intriguing it can be to hear a late-night moral discussion between a Muslim and a Christian - the process of learning to live and share together emerges as an extremely attractive element of what we do.

All this is not to deny the sense of personal achievement many have experienced. **Mark Evans** managed to walk off a mountain with a burst appendix, and then waited a few painful hours before having it removed. His brother, **Tristan**, having suffered a severe facial injury from a cricket

ball, donned a helmet and top scored in a house match. **Hafiz** and **Lim** managed to complete most of their qualifiers from the refuge of the sanatorium, covered in chicken pox. The cut and thrust of school life continues! Two fourth years, **Alex Pike** and **John Church** were selected to play alongside **James Horton** (fifth year) in the first XI and **Richard Pinckney** (fourth year) had several outings with the first VIII. Having outgrown our only divan, we may have to construct a specially designed bed for him. It is invidious to mention just a few, suffice to say that there is obviously a considerable amount of talent in the house. Aspirations are running high, and with most of the Lower Sixth applying for Oxbridge; the highest academic standards are being sought.

As with the Forth Bridge, workmen continue to maintain and upgrade our three buildings, reacting to new fire regulations and demands for new bedrooms. Crescent House is full, a sign of a thriving environment, but one which, happily, is also constantly looking outwards. It is perhaps our greatest pleasure to have been able this year to raise a substantial amount of money for the Goodwill Children's homes in Southern India, which care for the very poor children who, despite their circumstances, want to go to school. As their promotional literature suggests, their smiles are our reward.

N.W.HUNTER

SCHOOL HOUSE

If Abingdon School has leapt up the academic league tables it is fair to say that members of School House have contributed to that achievement. All seven members of last year's upper sixth form gained places at University, six their first choice places with **Siu Wing Wan** and **Christian Schoof** going up to read Physics at Trinity and Oriel,

Oxford respectively. **Ammar Tahir** is at Durham and **Adam Guy** at Bristol. There were excellent results at GCSE too, so all our fifth form returned and started A level courses. **Siu Wing Wan** was also given the Wantage prize for outstanding work during his last term in the School. More recently **Ben Longstaff** was a member of the School's team who won the Oxfordshire section of the Geography Worldwide Quiz.

For those who have not visited School House lately there would be many surprises if they were to step inside. We have a newly created shower room in the basement in return for giving up the rest of that area to the Lower School. The refit of Lower Corridor is almost complete with splendidly fitted single rooms for the fifth and sixth form. With the top floor christened "The Trust House Forte Suite" by the boys, Big Dorm. refitted and New Dorm. redecorated, School House is ready to welcome students into accommodation they will find hard to better at University.

This year we have welcomed two new House Tutors, **Mr. Adam Pettitt**, and **Mr. Simon Davis** and his wife Robin and a few weeks into term son Patrick, quick work even for a Biologist! **Andrew Jones** has been an admirable and efficient Head of House, his kindly manner with the younger boys and easy going relationships with the more senior, together with the help of his deputy **Niels Helfritz** have contributed to a happy, caring establishment. They have been particularly helpful with the many new boys entering the house from many parts of the world. **Aliko Khositashvili** is an HMC scholar from Georgia, we had three students from Germany staying for various lengths of time and contributing on both the sporting and musical fronts. The exceptional all round talent and maturity of one,

Till Kupper added much to life here. There has also been an influx of boys to the Middle School from Hong Kong, who are adding much to the musical life of House and School. It is noticeable too that our reputation in Mathematics and Science is heightened by these foreign students, and our prowess at badminton and table tennis strengthened by our Malaysian scholars.

School House provided two heads of school this year; namely **David Lourie**, who also rowed in the first VIII and gained a place at St. John's College, Oxford, to read Human Sciences and **Peter Lindgren**, who rowed in the second VIII and gained a place at Worcester College to read Engineering.

More traditionally **Jeremy Grinsted** showed his all round ability in several key positions for the 1st. XV, **Niels Helfritz** managed a place in the 2nd. XV and **Edward Ryder**, **Robert Bryniarski**, **Nicholas McConnell**, **Matthew Thomas** and **James Montague** contributed at the highest levels of rugby in their respective age groups. At badminton **Rosli Kadir**, **Kelvin Lo**, **Victor Lee** and **Marvin Lamit** were part of a very successful School team while **Joseph Yau** played table tennis in a local Oxfordshire league, and his team topped the league.

Musically the House goes from strength to strength. **Timothy Mak** and **Josiah Lau** were part of a scintillating Chamber Concert given in Chapel in the latter part of the Michaelmas term and Timothy is a member of the School Orchestra which is on tour in Eastern Europe this summer. His commitments to String Orchestra and School Orchestra are considerable. **Jody Collins** was in the popular Big Band in the Grand Christmas Concert. We also have representatives in Chapel Choir, and can produce a little music at the start of some Boarders' services. Many

other boys play musical instruments in orchestras and bands and it is a help to have our own piano in House. In the House concert we heard a variety of performances for piano, oboe, violin, guitar and cello which more than lived up to our expectations. Particularly pleasing was the Trio in A-minor by Haydn, played by **Timothy Mak**, **Josiah Lau** and **Wilbur Lau** and accompanied by **Victor Lee**.

Not all our activities are inward looking and it is pleasing to report that several boys take part in Voluntary Service on a regular basis, our Malaysian Scholars lead the way in this. Senior boys also man front of house in the Amey Hall most effectively and others help on the technical side. On stage too **Christopher Houseman** played a significant role in the School production of the "Ragged Child". It is noticeable too that often the burden of prefectorial duties falls more heavily on our Boarders.

One House Society meeting in the year had **Mr. Evans** showing us slides and talking about last year's School expedition to the Karakoram. Guests of the House were delighted and surprised that the expedition had taken place at all! We have sadly had to say "goodbye" to our GAP year student **Bazz**, this was done at the Dine In with a revue written and directed by **Bazz** and **Matron** and it set new standards of in-house entertainment, so imported 'Home and Away' and 'Neighbours' had better watch out! We thank him for his all round contribution, are sorry we did not carry off the House Shout competition but wish him well when he finally starts his medical degree course in Sydney sometime in February or March.

On the sporting front Boarders are always well represented. During the Spring term **James Dolleymore** and **Niels Helfritz** maintained a strong presence in the first XI hockey and then James

made quite a few runs in the Summer cricket season. He was joined in the first XI by **Edward Ryder** and more first team honours were gained by **David Kingsley** with a place in the first VIII. The fourth year includes a strong and enthusiastic group of sportsmen who have excelled on the rugby field and in various eights on the river. We were joined in the Boarding House for the Summer Term by **David Livingstone**, another rower but more particularly an accomplished swimmer. He organised the Boarders' team who won their age group's swimming cup.

The final term of the year brings the pressures and worry of examinations. We are optimistic for both the VIth. form and the Vth. form. Many of the VIth. have quite realistic grades to achieve their first choice University place and we expect most of the Vth. to return. Prizes on Leavers Day for services to the School were presented to **David Lourie**, who has also been selected for a Limited Commission to an Artillery Regiment, and **Peter Lindgren**. For outstanding academic effort **Andrew Jones** was presented with a prize and **Ben Longstaff** gained the Vth. year academic prize. **James Dolleymore** won a Travel Award, and we shall look forward to hearing of his exploits in Zimbabwe on his return. **Marcus Jones** recently earned a prestigious award, given by the Road Transport Association, for an extensively researched Geography essay.

Finally we say goodbye to our resident tutor **Mr. Richard Bailey** who leaves us for St. Paul's School in London. He has been a good supporter of School House and particularly helpful to all the rowers. This year he steered the Vth. year through the vagaries of ISCO and encouraged them during their GCSEs. He also hopes to visit South America a number of times during the next few years for the

many experiences it promises, and to extend his linguistic interests in Spanish. We hope to hear from him on his return, but wish him every success in his new post.

F.C.BURROW

WASTE COURT

There have been few problems and several areas of success to celebrate this year. An excellent academic lead was given by the upper sixth boys who worked away like beavers all year. Both **Wyatt Yue** and **Alexander Stewart-Jones** gained places to read science subjects at Oxford and **Felix Findeisen**, **Stuart Craig** and **Andrew Bennett** all look like reaching top grades in most, if not all their A-levels. Felix especially made a huge contribution to extra-curricular activities as well, for he was the school's leading chess player and one of a particularly talented fraternity of top-class musicians. He also represented the school at tennis just to prove that he was not merely an intellectual, but a true "Renaissance Man", the personification of versatility. His younger countryman, **Andreas Hühnerschulte**, equally impressed with his rapid advance in English and the speed with which he picked up new ways and new ideas. We wish both German boys all success in the future. In the lower sixth we welcomed two Malaysian scholars, **Azli Bakar** and **Taufik Mokhtar**, who did themselves great credit with their intelligence, dedication and friendliness. Their excellent academic results were a deserved reward for a fruitful year's labour. **Winston Wei** and **James Oliver** also had good years and the latter is to be congratulated on his performances in both 'A View from the Bridge' and 'The Ragged Child'. He will be head of house next year and we wish him luck. Similarly to the departing fifth formers we wish success in their exams. They had

moments of playful and irresponsible mania, when the patience of the house staff and the resilience of the furniture and fittings were sorely tested, but their good humour and wholeheartedness will be missed. They cohered well as a group and many enjoyed triumphs in every sphere of the school's life.

The house prize was awarded to **Adrian Howkins** who exemplified the qualities that earned universal respect. He was a fine sportsman and academic, but was also engaged in numerous other activities from Duke of Edinburgh's award scheme to public speaking. And yet there was no ostentation in Adrian's style: he just got on with the task in hand. He deserves this public recognition.

A new group of third year dayboys will take the place of our fifth formers in September and we look forward to welcoming them then. We will also have some third year boarders to join the regular first year boys on our books. All look good on paper and we hope that they will settle as well as this year's new boys have done. **Jonathan Herbert** had marvellous results, while **Ahilan Rabindran** and **Kenneth Ma** made it into various sports teams. **Robert Syfret** created an excellent impression and has ignited a passion for wargaming in several of his peers. Among the second years we had four Minors' rugby team players - **Christopher Fotopoulos**, **Timothy Betteridge**, **Antony Trill** and **Thomas Lee**. Fotopoulos also played for the U14 basketball team, attracting much praise for his skill and aggression. There was pleasing evidence of improvement and progress in many areas among the second years who now move on to other boarding houses. A word of thanks is due to **Mr. Macdonald** who tutored four of our boys in 2M and encouraged them to set high standards for themselves. I am sure that they will make a success of middle school.

There have been some enjoyable social events. There has been the usual Sunday afternoon excursion each weekend and we have also seen new films. Tenpin bowling has been popular and we have often visited the Oxford ice rink. Quasar at Newbury provided exercise as well as high-tech thrills and the Coral Reef at Bracknell and the Oasis at Swindon remain regular swimming haunts. There was a decent turnout for the football match at Reading and tremendous relief when the home team scored twice in the last five minutes to snatch victory out of the jaws of defeat over Oldham. Cultural excursions have included Blenheim Palace and the motor museum at Gaydon, where the Landrover ride over rough terrain proved more of a thrill for our boys than the hundreds of svelte American classic cars that were displayed on that day. Nevertheless it is disappointing that trips to museums and art galleries are scoffed at, while an outing to McDonald's is automatically booked up. Both the house barbecue and the buffet for fifth years' parents were blessed with sunshine and all of **Mr. Elliott's** numerous parties were relished.

After all the expensive renovation and repairs on the exterior of the house the old place was looking positively mellow in the long evenings and we all owe a vote of thanks to both **Mr. David Carson** who supervised the bulk of the work and to all the maintenance staff and painters who carried it out. We are lucky to live here and lucky to have the devoted attention of **Mr. Elliott**, **Mr. Waters**, **Mr. Widmer** and **Miss Lupton** to help run the establishment. A warm word of thanks to all of them and to **Mrs. Mitra** who helps to create a family atmosphere in the house even when her husband is bawling at some callow youth for turning up late for prep. He won't do that again!

A.MITRA.

MR. DRUMMOND-HAY'S HOUSE

This has been an outstanding year for the House in academic, cultural and sporting spheres. Academically, **Patrick Biggs** and **Christopher Hignell** distinguished themselves by attaining Bronze Awards in the National Maths Competition. Three academic prizes were awarded: to **Timothy Inman**, **Donald Baxter** and **Anthony Hulse**. In addition, members of the House have attracted a record 269 commendations this year for their daily and weekly schoolwork.

Many boys from the House have been involved in school music making this year and a talented group comprising **Simon Capper**, **Jamie Ferguson**, **Timothy Inman**, **Oliver Horton** and **Tom Richards** carried off the prize in the whole school Singing Competition for their moving performance of the partsong "All in the April Evening." There is nothing like high quality group singing to foster community spirit and so we are proud that the House gave such a good showing in this competition.

Indeed in almost every inter-House competition, Drummond-Hay's has reaped most of the rewards. In the Lent term the fastest team in the Road Relay came from the House - together **Francis Malone-Lee**, **Richard Ellis**, **Thomas Greenland** and **Luke Johnson** won the Smart Cup. Malone-Lee also took home the Wing Trophy. We won the inter-House Hockey and Cricket competitions in the Summer term outright, and as reported elsewhere, the Victor Ludorum in the Athletics competition went to **Stuart Harrison**. Once again, our fourth year won its section of this event outright.

Prizeday was a proud occasion, too, for members of this House, for **Andrew Gordon** in our fifth year won the Richard Turner memorial prize this year. This

sought after prize is only awarded to a young man who has shown the ability to work for achievable goals and to maintain a cheerful disposition even in adverse circumstances. Andrew also well satisfies the requirements to be able to make conversation and to show a keen awareness of other people. This prize rewards maturity and Andrew is one of the most mature boys in the House. The House has seen numerous individual sporting achievements, too. To avoid duplication, I will mention only a few. In Hockey, **William Smith** has played as goalkeeper for Oxfordshire. As a tennis player **Thomas Greenland** is now rated number 1 in the county at under 18 level and in the top 10 in Great Britain. He represented the national team at under 14 level. **Francis Malone-Lee** is Oxfordshire's champion cross country runner in the 3000 metre race.

In summary, there have been many successes this year in a wide and varied field, and if only major achievers have been mentioned in this report, it is merely because it would be impossible to mention everyone. All members of the House have contributed to a happy, productive and very successful year. It is the depth of interest and involvement of everyone that has brought such good results. There has been a real team spirit this year.

J. DRUMMOND-HAY

MR. HENDERSON'S HOUSE

Rather than an overview of events, many of which will be reported elsewhere, this report gives more of an overview of the year groups.

The sportsmen have much to be proud of: some very solid performances in swimming and athletics led to us being placed second overall in each sport. In cricket we were placed "probable second" and third in hockey, several visits to the

sanatorium for "orthodontic recovery" notwithstanding! The consensus is that we'd "wack" a house rowing or rugby competition!

Each year within the House has its own feel: the fifth year is academically capable and each boy is aiming for the sixth form, and the

FREEDOM AND ENERGY

*In the house room, shouting and
screaming,
Listening to loud music which has no
meaning,
Running, talking, playing around,
Making the most of our space,
As when five comes we'll be home-
ward bound.
In the house room we get the chance
To air our opinions, our thoughts.
A sense of freedom, of energy,
This is what we want to end our day:
"Turn that music down!" comes the
teacher's cry,
"We're sorry sir" we all reply,
It's O.K, we're a big family,
We'll all share the blame,
Being at Abingdon,
I'm glad I came.*

A. STEWART 4RPF

vast majority has striven to make the best of potential. The fifth formers' behaviour has been generally sound, both responsible and responsive. The fourth year is less well motivated generally. I would like to see more consistency and drive next year. Their behaviour is very varied, some is exemplary, some far too carefree and self-satisfied. The third year reports were a pleasure to write! I hope that these boys realise that their next year will be the fulcrum of success - so keep up the good work! This year group has great potential, for already their commendations outweigh their punishments in a ratio of 10:1 or better.

I would like to pick out three boys as being representative of the "all round" classification so well used by schoolmasters:

Fifth Form : **Tom Jeffries**

Fourth Form : **Andrew Stewart**

Third Form : **Robert Hutchins**
and I would also like to pay tribute to the "worth" of the Scholars, who, though varied in attendance, have all made very laudable contributions in every sphere. I think it is fair to say that the atmosphere in the House has been lively and happy, if a bit daunting for the more sensitive souls. Let us all try to be more considerate next year!

J. HENDERSON

DR. WILMORE'S HOUSE

This year the house has been full to bursting point and it has been good to see the boys reacting, for the most part sensibly, to the difficulties that arise.

The Michaelmas term always provides the academic foundation for the year and much was achieved. Outside the classroom we provided a good complement of team rugby players, at all levels in the middle school. **Daniel Higazi** went on to earn further honours, when selected to join the squad for the South West under 16 and the last 45 for England! In the Lent term the old snooker table was replaced by a table tennis table and once it was realised that this did not possess the resilience of its predecessor, it proved to be a functional and popular addition. A hot drinks machine was also installed. The pool competition, that had been running through the Michaelmas term, was concluded, **Toby Shellard** winning the trophy. The table tennis competition took longer to complete, **Peter Ewing** defeating **Simon Hughes** in the final. **Tom Sapsford** captained the house hockey A team and we won all our matches. The B team won 2 and lost 2, so that overall we finished a close second to Drummond-Hay's. In the new Charles Maude room, **Callum Rumble** and **Gerald Morton** gave distinguished performances in 'Tartuffe' and **Martin Brown**

proved to be an excellent butler! In the first half of the summer term we joined forces with Drummond-Hay's for a charity sportathon on behalf of the N.S.P.C.C. Head of house, **James Peterson**, organised our participants and a good sum of £329 was raised. Only 20 boys made a real effort, however, and one was left wondering what might have been achieved, had everyone got stuck in. **Toby Shellard**, **Christopher Gale**, **Neil Fisher** and **Euan MacDonald** showed what could be done. A number of fine achievements were announced at this time. **Peter Aiken** was awarded half-colours for athletics, while **Daniel Logan** and **Martyn Segar** gained silver awards in the national physics challenge. **Peter Ewing** represented Oxfordshire under 16 at tennis and art works by **Oliver Moss** were exhibited in the Art department. A number of individual performances for the cricket teams are worthy of a mention. **Tom Crawford** scored 81 for the Junior Colts B team against Bloxham. **Ian Grant** scored 72 for the A team against M.C.S., 79 against R.G.S. High Wycombe and 46 against the common room (the common room's star bowler was injured at the time!) and took 4 wickets for 29 against Pangbourne. **James Thomson** had a number of knocks in the high twenties for the A team, his best being 34 against Oxford school. **Michael Stocks** scored 32 for the Juniors B team against Cokethorpe and **Tim Smith** scored 50 against Cothill. **Avik Choudhuri** took 6 wickets for 15 runs for the Juniors A team against Oxford and 5 wickets for 20 against St. Edward's. **Stuart Laurie** scored 44 against Wantage. On the water **James Peterson** and **Dan Evans** rowed in the J16 eight at Bedford. In the swimming Galas the 4th year came joint third with Henderson's. **Keisuke Kobayashi** and **Roland Marshall** won individual events. The 3rd year swimmers gained a

handsome victory in their gala, with **Jared Sasanow**, **William Starkie**, **Peter Watson**, **Simon Hughes**, **Ben Mason** and **Ben Griffiths** all winning races. In the athletics the 3rd year again produced a number of excellent performances, with individual wins for **Peter Neville** in the B division of the high jump, **Andrew Holland** in the A division hurdles and 200M and **Peter Watson** in the A division high jump, long jump and 400M. That earned Peter the *victor ludorum*, but he earned greater honours outside the school, among which were winning the long and high jumps at the Oxon schools championships and qualifying for the final of the English schools combined events. We wish Peter luck with that next September! **Andrew Holland** also gained success in the Oxon schools championships in the hurdles. The 4th year team did not do so well, but **James Thomson** won the B division high jump and the A division javelin, while **Jonathan Dunbar** won the A division shot. The house cricket team looked poised to win the house competition but personal friendships were given precedence over common sense and the wrong selection was made for the match against Drummond-Hay's. Thus we ended up losing a game that we should have won. Clearly, there is far less integration of year groups than there should be and that is something that we should try and improve in the future. Fourteen members of the house took part in the School Band Concert and throughout the year individuals have performed in a variety of instrumental and choral groups.

Finally we say goodbye to the 5th year and wish them luck with their results. We also say goodbye and a warm thank you to **Mr. David Taylor**, who is taking a well earned retirement from tutoring.

P. J. WILMORE

MEARNS' HOUSE

Mearns' House was an animated centre of variety and achievement for the past year. Having polished off his GCSE in mathematics with aplomb at the end of the third year, **Matthew Hodgson** dispatched A/O maths with a certain panache in June, while **Matthew Lloyd** was seen to wrinkle his brow once or twice in the course of his A level examinations in the same period. There was many a delicate and elegant turn of phrase in **Isaac Raine's** thankfully copious writings which frequently set **Mrs. Soper's** highly refined critical antennae a-flutter. Isaac's scintillating wit, when it could be tempted out, and mordant humour are increasingly sources of entertainment and amusement. It was finally decided that a mainframe would be needed to compute **Michael Pagett's** commendations, so the number is not recorded for posterity, but meanwhile Michael was winning national honours for his skill at scrabble. The House 'dogs', so to speak, were **Messrs. Potter, Chow Worn** and **Upham** who, metaphorically of course, strode the top deck, hands thrust deep in trenchcoat pockets, collars up, faces into the driving rain, scouring the horizon for enemy vessels and the prospect of doubloons. Ben did well at rugby and hockey, Edward secured colours for excellence in athletics, while Christopher played to greater heights on his violin for TVYO. We wish Ben and Ed well in their chosen directions. Watching **William Burn** play his saxophone brings to mind words like roguish, self-assured, urbane..... William was regularly joined by **Sean Sarantos** and along with **Antony Ashton**, a former member of the House, they delighted and entertained on many occasions. William's stage sense was great fun too at the 'House shout'.

Among many memorable

aspects was the House football match marathon for charity. In organising it **William Burn** showed a flamboyant contempt for modern inventions like calculators and retained in his head an unseemly number of permutations and combinations of possible games and groupings. In all this he was ably assisted by **James Winearls** and **Andrew Ashurst**. None of the intricacies seemed to faze our Spanish guests who played with gusto as well as Iberian courtesy - and, unfortunately, skill - until the twilight hours. £580 pounds were raised: £300 goes to the Red Cross while the rest is divided equally between the Baywater Centre, a day-care centre in Brixton, and the Cambodian War Amputees Rehabilitation Centre in Pursat, Cambodia. The tour de force of the evening was **Barry Young** who, as master chef and dressed accordingly in case we were in any doubt, generated £75 from the barbeque.

There were many good performances in the House matches, but we lacked a sufficient range of good individual scores to make an impression on the final placings. At least that was the official view, but the Herculean labours, the planning and determination which went into avoiding last place is known only to a few. In all this it was good to see participation by the scholars, **Adam Molyneux, Daniel Adams, Michael Pagett** as well as **Harry Wearne**, whenever possible. **Matthew Lloyd** solemnly carried a football for me into the sportshall on the evening of the charity match.

In the past the House listings have included art scholars or exhibitors. Sadly, this is not the case at present, but music and drama were strongly represented. **Matthew O'Donovan's** singing is distinguished and along with **Daniel Wilberforce**, he set out for Prague and Warsaw with the First Orchestra in the summer. **Isaac Raine** did many things theatrical while **Mat-**

thew Lloyd trod the boards in *Tartuffe*. **Tommy Norton**, meanwhile, thoroughly immersed himself in "The Ragged Child." **Daniel Bailey** is a serious student of drama which he pursues along with his rowing. Like **Tom Hewes**, he is committed to sport as well as the arts: in Tom's case it is playing the guitar. **Dominic Aitchison** continued to flourish at the tuba. There were many other strong showings. **Mark Billinton** shot clay pigeons and rode horses. **Andrew McNeillie** controlled, master-minded and probably directed the J15 VIII from the bow seat rather than the cox's seat. **Marc Capon**, sadly injured, managed many aspects of the House matches. **Matthew Selwyn-Smith** showed uncommon common sense in many important ways, while **David Meen** did much good work on the computer. **Neil Gray**, who shone at badminton and cricket, excelled in his Russian language declamation,

Mr. Oxlade's tutor group will miss him, as I certainly shall. With his support **Matthew Harris** gave much to football as did **Christopher Watney** to cricket. **Gareth Mills** rowed and **Philip Bradley** impressed variously, including at athletics. Again the Head of House came from **Mr. Oxlade's** group. **Andrew Craig** was second to none. He led with forthright openness and it was no surprise when he was offered a place at Welbeck College as well as an army scholarship. We wish him every success. He is succeeded by **Jack Wearne**.

We are convinced it was the tutor group which drove **Miss Simpson** to marriage as **Mrs. Richards**. We congratulated her then, as now, and wish her every happiness. Meanwhile we are very pleased to welcome **Mr. Hamilton** back into our fold when he too will be married: bravo Stuart! We were sad to lose **Andrew Wilkinson** and we wish him well in his new school.

R. S. K. MEARNS

STAFF FAREWELLS:**LYNDA MILLIGAN**

Lynda joined Abingdon School in January 1990 from the City of London School. As an experienced economics teacher she quickly involved herself in the business studies course and has taught both subjects effectively at A level for the last five years. She has combined a characteristic blend of technical expertise with warmth and enthusiasm: she will be remembered by many grateful former students for the hours spent outside the classroom helping those who found it difficult to grasp the more complicated principles of micro-economics.

Over the last five years Lynda has been involved in many diverse activities from running aerobics courses and coaching tennis to organising the school tuckshop and initiating a popular annual sixth form visit to Paris. It is however for her contribution to the Young Enterprise scheme that she has made a lasting impression, encouraging a wide range of potential entrepreneurs, and recently also girls from St. Helen's, to form mini-companies. The success of these highly competitive businesses at county and national level is a tribute to her energy and enthusiasm.

Lynda has made an important contribution to the teaching of economics and business studies in the school and has been a popular member of the Common Room. We all wish her every success in Kent where she takes up her new post as Head of the economics and politics department at Maidstone Grammar.

J. TOWNSEND

RICHARD BAILEY

Richard arrived in 1991, originally intending to shadow members of the Modern Languages Department, but was pitched into fulltime teaching and into School House as a Resident Tutor by unexpected changes in staffing. He quickly found his feet, even though his first year of teaching saw him having to teach the top, very bright upper sixth French set. His teaching style developed rapidly: his lessons were animated, brisk and, much to the admiration of his more experienced colleagues, conducted entirely in the foreign language. He added German and then Spanish to his own repertoire of languages and acquired a teaching qualification seemingly effortlessly along the way. With such new found skills, he began to lay plans to spend time in South America. He was, though, tempted to St. Paul's school, which, impressed doubtless in equal measure by his considerable expertise on the river as by his reputation as a lively and effective teacher, offered him a post for September 1996. Nonetheless, he has managed to secure a precocious sabbatical to spend in Bolivia and Peru in the summer term of 1996. He will be much missed, not least for the professional qualities outlined above, but also for his open, broad-minded, tolerant and flexible approach to colleagues and pupils.

A. S. PETTITT

CHRIS. HORN

It was clear from the outset in 1991 that **Chris** was no stranger to

school-teaching, though he was appointed to Abingdon from a job as an administrator in the Science and Engineering Research Council. Before that, but after his first degree in biophysics at Leeds and his Ph.D., he had had two very successful years as a boarding house tutor at Shiplake College.



It is above all as a teacher of physics (plus a little middle school chemistry) that he will be remembered by the boys at Abingdon. His clear, direct, no-nonsense approach was appreciated by the brightest and the dimmest, for he had the capacity to engage the attention of everyone in a set; no-one felt excluded or undervalued. And his relaxed style was underpinned by much unseen hard background work - the prep room lights often burned late into the night, as did the lights at Sami's Turkish restaurant where even Chris, always a generous host, was taken aback to discover the capacity of his friends for duty-free beer and burgundy at his and Lynda's farewell party.

On the games field Chris threw himself into coaching 2nd XI cricket and 3rd/4th XV rugby, and almost reinvented soccer at the school. That he should be travelling to the soft south (to take up a much deserved promotion to head of physics at St Edmund's School, Canterbury) seems strange for such a rugged character who found Dartmoor's Ten Tors too tame. But it is easy to picture that affable, plain-speaking, organised schoolmaster with uncompromising haircut, those rolled up shirtsleeves in mid-winter (for he seemed impervious to the weather) and that purposeful stride taking on the Kentish mists and making his mark.

T. R. AYLING.

ANGELA LAWRENCE



Angela joined the geography department in 1991 as a part time member to teach examination groups in the fifth year and sixth form. With her other teaching commitments at Our Lady's Convent, it soon became apparent that precision timing was to become a matter of daily routine for Angela and her family. This was most effectively achieved by using her white mobile office; it could always be seen parked on the gravel in front of school. This familiar sight would be filled with coordinated plastic storage containers, meticulously arranged and ordered for am. and pm. activities at each of her venues. Angela's frequent forays from the geography department to her resource centre allowed her to keep abreast of geographical events, seemingly as they happened!

Angela has been a most effective classroom teacher: her lively and enquiring approach certainly stimulated her students and many have gone on to study geography at university. Several generations of Oxbridge candidates have much to thank her for with the time she spent with them during lunch hours between 'jobs'.

Her infectious enthusiasm for her subject led to the creation of the Sixth Form Geography Discussion group which met regularly during the Michaelmas and Lent terms, again at lunch times. Students and visiting speakers all contributed to this effective forum of discussion and debate under Angela's watchful eye.

I have found teaching along-

side Angela very rewarding. The liberal exchange of ideas and materials between us has enabled us to extend considerably the teaching coverage of different parts of the physical world. The new challenges that await her at Oxford High in both the geography and careers departments will, I am sure, be effectively and efficiently met. We wish Angela and her daughters, Claire and Amy, every success and happiness in the future. They will continue to live in Abingdon and we hope to see them in the future.

I. C. FISHPOOL.

GUYLAINE REQUI



Guylaine first came to us from Montpellier University in September 1991 and has been our French Assistante for three of the four years since then. After some initial difficulty settling in, she made many friends in the Masters' Common Room and was missed when she left to complete her licence-ès-lettres at Montpellier. But after a year she was back in Abingdon and her increased confidence enabled her to become more and more effective with the small groups of pupils whom she saw from each French set in the Middle and Upper Schools. Fortunately for Abingdon, when it looked as if we would not have an Assistante for 1994-95, Guylaine stepped into the breach and we were saved! During her final year with us she has worked on building up some resources for the Modern Languages Department as well as finishing her maîtrise (M.A.) at Montpellier by correspondence, taking the life and

works of Graham Greene as the subject of her thesis. Guylaine leaves to follow a PGCE course at Westminster College, during which she will also further her knowledge of Spanish. The very Frenchness of her style and personality has brightened up the Department and has in a real way brought authentic French experience to our pupils' doorstep. We are grateful for all her patient efforts with the linguistically less talented, too! We wish Guylaine happiness and success in her chosen teaching career.

P. WILLERTON

MEIKE BEHRENBECK



Meike joined Abingdon from the University of Bochum to spend a year as Assistant majoring in music. She was keen to brush up her knowledge of English and put a soft focus on the sharper edges of her teutonic vowels! Her major responsibility lay with the fifth and upper sixth formers as they prepared for their examinations, and she showed patience and perseverance as she worked through the necessarily repetitious confines of oral classes. She also injected a great deal of fun into her lessons, understanding how to be productively sidetracked while insisting on German throughout. Her pupils appreciated her thoughtfulness and commitment. The Masters' Common Room saw a more boisterous character, for Meike threw herself into MCR life, making many friends and contributing warmth and lively good humour. Abingdon will miss her and wishes her well in her career.

A. S. PETTITT



OBITUARIES

BOB OSBORN

Bob Osborn became Bursar of Abingdon School in September 1992. Everything about him - his appearance, his manner, his style of working - suggested substance and stability, and it seemed particularly cruel that this strong and handsome figure should be so suddenly chopped down in the summer of 1994 by the leukæmia which led to his death on 7 February 1995. In the event, therefore, the Osborn Bursarship was shockingly short - but its distinction was in inverse proportion to its length.

Bob was born on 16 November 1945, and educated at Canford School in Dorset. An early enthusiasm for sport, particularly rugby and sailing, never left him and he continued active to the last summer of his life, closely involved with the Clifton Rugby Club and sailing his own boat in West Country waters. He was a big man, tall and impressive, with a courteously robust presence that, to many people, suggested a military background - but, in fact, his career lay entirely in the world of business until he joined Abingdon School. He had worked in managerial roles with builders' merchants, transport concerns, and property companies - ideal qualifications, perhaps, for bursarial work; in any case, though, he was an adaptable type, swift to acquire skills, and to establish himself in position.

The role of the Bursar at Abingdon has always required a mixture of enterprise and fastidious economy - such has been the

situation of the School since the Second World War. Bob dealt well with both aspects, but he was particularly happy with that part of his work which was concerned with the development of the School's facilities and the advancing of its name. He was tasked at his appointment to oversee the great contract for Mercers' Court - and, indeed, it is no secret that he carried the day at

tor in attracting support for the School's plans. It was an evident source of satisfaction to him to hear the news, as he did on his deathbed, of a great benefaction which rounded off the Appeal, and finally ensured the financial stability of the Mercers' Court operation. He could truly feel that he died with his allotted task completed before his eyes.



his selection interview with a particularly ingenious and enterprising scheme for managing the payment of VAT in this connection. He applied all his skills and experience to the prolonged and complex building operation that followed, and played an invaluable role as enabler from the School's side, cheering and, when necessary, driving the work forward with unflagging energy. He played a crucial role, too, in supporting the Appeal which was a necessary complement to the building work, and his strong and convincing presence in the Bursary was a powerful fac-

But there is much more to Bursarship than the management of a single building project, however large and however important. Bob's attention ranged equally over all parts of the field, and every aspect of the School's business prospered under his care. Accounting procedures were reformed and refined, and budgetary disciplines were exercised with a thoroughness that did not preclude enterprise. The ceaseless round of maintenance was given fresh impetus by his skilful vigour, and his sympathetic attention to the detailed needs of old buildings, together with his instinctive good taste, brought harmony as well as order to many parts of the School's property. The grounds and gardens flourished as, perhaps, they had never done before: whole plantations of trees will bear mute witness to Bob Osborn's care in the decades to come, as they grow around the fringes of our fields and in the wooded corners of the School's estate. Only the school telephone system, perhaps, got away from him - and we may be sure that he would have recaptured it if he



had been given the time to do so!

The numerous and varied workforce which falls under bursarial leadership was, of course, a primary concern. Bob was the sort of leader who attracted loyalty, and influenced working habits without resort to power-play. He was not afraid of making difficult decisions when he perceived the need for changes, but his objective was always to get people working well together. The result was a balanced and effective team, which showed its calibre by continuing to support the work of the School for a whole year's interregnum after his illness became known.

The teaching staff learned to respect Bob's acumen, as well as his firmness - and, above all, accepted him as a friend and colleague whose guidance was acceptable because it was patently honest and constructive. So far as the Governors were concerned, it is enough to say that Bob commanded total credibility with them - which, considering the financial and business strength of that formidable body, was the highest compliment that could be paid to any Bursar.

Bob Osborn was essentially a happy man, quick to see the humour of a situation, and always ready to enjoy the company around him: not for him the gloom of self-doubt or the torpor of depression. He had met misfortune more than once in his life, even before his final encounter with illness, but it had done nothing to sour the warmth of his personality. He undoubtedly owed much to the support of his family, and shared with his wife, Jackie, a talent for allowing domesticity to cheer the business of daily life. He was at his most jovial when surrounded by his family - his two small children, Rosie and Harry, and the older children, James and Polly, from his first marriage - all of whom were with him and supporting him to the very end. First in the crowded setting of Rudd's

Cottage, and then in the slightly more spacious quarters of No. 1 Bostock Road, they made the bursarial lodgings into places of warmth and fun as well as taste and style.

The blood condition which had afflicted Bob for a number of years before he came to Abingdon had been regularly treated, and was regarded as benign if tiresome, until it suddenly turned into a leukaemia, in the summer of 1994. Bob faced the message of his diagnosis with characteristic calm and resolution, combining complete candour with a determination to fight for every inch of his life. He carried on in this way until the very end, doggedly enduring the miseries of chemotherapy and later physical decline. None of those who visited him - and they were legion, because he was a man whose friends would not give him up lightly - ever heard him utter a word of complaint, let alone of self-pity. He was a man sufficiently at peace with himself and the world, and so strongly buoyed up by the esteem and affection of all around him, that he was able to take with equanimity the worst that life could throw at him. His funeral, in St. Michael's Church, on 15 February, was a crowded occasion marked, certainly, by poignant sadness, but also illuminated by a cheerful and optimistic affection which was essentially the product of Bob's own personality.

Abingdon School may reasonably hope that it will have other good Bursars in the times to come, but it can hardly hope to have a better one than Bob Osborn.

M. ST. J. PARKER.

G. HALLIDAY

On Wednesday 19th April, Mr. George Halliday, the Managing Director of Halliday Catering Services Ltd., died suddenly.

His company has been re-

sponsible for the provision of school catering services for the last five years. Throughout that period George took an active part in ensuring that the catering services provided to the School were professional and innovative. He became closely associated with the School, attending many functions and was a generous benefactor to the Mercers' Court development.

His wife, Linda Halliday, worked with George and now intends to run the company, ensuring that the business he developed is allowed to continue.

George leaves two young children and will be sadly missed by all those associated with him.

RICHARD BROWN

R. W. AMEY

Ron Amey died in February of this year. He was an outstanding, if at times a somewhat controversial individual as well as a clever mechanical engineer and successful businessman who built up a large multinational organisation from a small family business.

A very keen sportsman who was well known in his younger days in the motor cycle scrambling



and TT worlds, he especially enjoyed skiing but his major love was ocean racing. He owned a series of

boats and was three times winner as captain of the British team in the Admiral's Cup Series, and also won the Sydney to Hobart and the Bermuda Onion Patch races.

It was just after the Amey Group was taken over that in July 1973 he was delighted to accept an invitation to become a Governor of



Abingdon School. He immediately became very involved in all matters concerned with the future of the School which was at that time making the necessary plans to revert to full independence from the Direct Grant System. He was particularly interested in future building plans and did much to bring Amey Hall into being and could often be seen inspecting the site and acting as an unofficial Clerk of Works. A major benefactor, he was elected a Steward of the School in 1988.

Although he retired from the Governing Body in May 1985, he retained a very active interest in school activities and despite his failing health was keenly interested in the building of Mercers' Court. Confined to a wheelchair, he still managed to attend the opening.

Ron Amey will be remembered with affection and gratitude. Although not an O.A., he loved the school and all that it stood for.

DANNY HEAD

C. E. T. MOORE

CET "Tom" Moore was born in 1913 in Manchuria, where his father worked in the Chinese Customs Service. He was sent home to England to be educated at prep school and at St. Peter's, York. He read History at Hertford College, Oxford. There followed two or three years' teaching in Hong-Kong. In 1939 he returned to England to enlist in the Leicestershire Regiment. On being commissioned he transferred to the Intelligence Corps, and spent most of his war working on the movement of shipping in East Africa.



In 1940 he had married Jean Shaw of North Hinksey. After the war he turned down an offer of a permanent commission so as to have more time for his growing family. While taking his teaching diploma at Oxford he did his term of student practice at Abingdon. He must have made a good impression on WMG, for he invited him to return in the September to a permanent appointment - curiously, to take charge of Geography.

So he was one of the ten or twelve (no more) who were there to welcome me when I held my first staff-meeting in April, 1947, and we were colleagues for nearly a quarter of a century.

Tom was the kind of loyal work-horse that every school needs. He was a good schoolmaster, sound, sympathetic, supremely conscientious. With him, you knew that a first or second form was in safe hands. His own games were hockey and tennis (I believe he was in charge of the latter after **Mervyn Gray**) but he was always willing to take his turn with a junior game of rugby or cricket; in the Corps, he was for many years second-in-command to **Major Parker**. Somehow he was the one to turn to for any not particularly interesting odd job. It was Tom, for instance, who was for many years in charge of the arrangements for the School Entrance Examination.

Out of school he was a very private man. I remember we visited him once in a basement flat in Oxford. Later he moved into a newly-built house in North Hinksey near his in-laws' home. He usually cycled to and from school through Bagley Wood. I have never been able to confirm the legend that he habitually read a book which was more or less securely attached to his handle-bars. I knew that he was a very good violin player. Only recently did I learn that he sang regularly in the choir of the University Church at Oxford, where indeed he

did a stint as church-warden.

His primary concern was for his family of one son and three daughters and their education. To help with the school fees (high enough even in those days) he was prepared to spend most of his holidays working - usually in marking examination papers, but it might well be as a Christmas postman. But then Tom had no pretensions.

On retirement in 1977 he spent two years' standing in for a daughter up at a school in St. Andrew's while she produced a couple of children. He continued to be very much involved in university and church up there. Then in 1992 he and Jean moved south to Norwich, where a son-in-law was a master at Norwich School. And in recent years he was amply rewarded for his devotion to his family. Of his nine grandchildren, three are in New Zealand. Every one of his six in England is now at university - one of them having followed him to Oxford.

In 1990, before leaving St. Andrew's, he and his wife celebrated their golden wedding. Last year he found great delight in attending the joint celebrations to mark the silver weddings of three of his children. He died on 11 February of this year. His funeral service, held in Norwich School Chapel, was conducted by the Revd. **Philip Butcher**, sometime Chaplain at Abingdon.

I deeply regretted that age and distance prevented me from attending it. I welcome all the more this opportunity of paying tribute to someone who for so long served the school faithfully and loyally; and of offering my sympathy to his wife Jean, who throughout shared his concerns and his joys.

They don't make many of them like Tom nowadays. More's the pity.

SIR JAMES COBBAN

Food for Thought



IS ABINGDON SCHOOL A COMMUNITY ?

What is a community? My dictionary gives three definitions of the word . 1. A specific locality including all the people inhabiting it. 2. A body of people having a religion, a profession *etc.* in common. 3. (Ecology) A group of plants and animals living or growing together in the same area.

The first definition does not seem to describe Abingdon School as only a minority of pupils "inhabit" the locality. Abingdon due to its boarder/day pupil ratio does seem to evolve more around its "day" side. The coach park is of more importance to school life than boarders' supper. This is not to say that boarding life and boarders are not a central and integral part of Abingdon. Only they are part and not the whole.

Much of Abingdon's strength as a school is its diversity. Pupils come from different social, ethnic and religious backgrounds, although the school seems to be predominately (but certainly not exclusively) middle class, Caucasian and Protestant agnostic. Pupils heralding from nations scattered around the globe give the school a cosmopolitan

flavour. We can boast strong all around academic results in subjects ranging from Chemistry to Classics; a fine orchestra and Chapel choir; sporting success on a regional and national basis; some dynamic dramatic productions, several more than competent artists; a string of cultural pursuits and a host of other activities. It is difficult for an insider to identify the stereotypical Abingdonian. The committed rower, the assiduous academic, the flamboyant debater and rebellious smoker are seemingly different people yet all seem equally "very Abingdon." Our alumni include: a saintly archbishop of Canterbury; the financier of Chelsea football club; a former minister at the treasury and the rock group Radiohead. Abingdon is truly a diverse place and Abingdonians a diverse group.

The members of the second sort of community, however, do not have to be identical or even similar but merely have something in common. At a base level we all have in common that we are Abingdonians, but surely this means we are a subset within society. Does our "Abingdonianess" mean we have any common traits or characteristics? One would like to say that it was the

pursuit of excellence, social courtesy or an abundance of talent, but this would be to let ideals blind one from reality. In fact what does seem to set Abingdonians apart from others is that, due to the diversity of their school, their horizons are broad and they are not content to be a "sub-set within society".

Of the three definitions it is perversely the third, the ecological one, that seems the most satisfactory. The staff can be seen (jokes about having no brains aside) as the plants, the basis of the community, and the pupils the animals feeding off the staff and each other. Within the school environment we grow academically and hopefully develop a passion for learning; we discover, develop and enjoy new talents; we learn to interact with each other and above all we grow spiritually and find out more about ourselves.

The greatest benefit of being a community is the community ethic. This includes the ability to tolerate and accept others, to encourage them in whatever they endeavour, and to be prepared to put other members of the community before oneself. Abingdon must aspire to have such an ethic.

S. CLARK 6WHZ

THE DECLAMATION COMPETITION

Abingdon's first modern languages declamation competition attracted a mammoth entry of some fifty boys, who recited poems in French, German and Russian. Their efforts were judged by **Mrs. Catherine Fox** (School of St. Katherine's and St. Helen's) **Keith Hannis Esq.**, (Oundle School) and **Richard Haddon Esq.**, (Eton College).

The competition had three aims: first, to bring all boys into contact with some poetry in the language(s) which they are learning; second, to allow boys and staff to work on pronunciation, intonation and enunciation; third, to create an annual occasion, a 'golden moment', as it were, for all involved in modern languages.

Contestants had to memorise their poems. As Mr Haddon pointed out in his adjudication, the more effective the memorisation, the more convincing the pronunciation. To learn a poem off by heart is to be liberated from the constraints of papers and lecterns; it is easier to establish contact with the audience. This does, however, require effort to master the poem's intricacies of pronunciation, rhythm and metre. A number of boys were not up to the task of mastering the poem and it was surprising how

many bleated at the magnitude of the learning. However, those who did rise to the occasion - and it was noticeable that the Lower School entrants were more convincing than their Middle School counterparts - were able to recite with confidence and poise, and not a little charm.

welcome a number of supporting parents and staff. It was disappointing that so few boys came to support their friends. Nonetheless, the feeling of excitement and pride in each other's efforts and achievements was tangible, and no less so than in the warm congratulation by runners-up of winners.

James Mearns won the junior French section, **Ian Macdonald** the junior German section and **Folarin Sagaya** the junior Russian section. In the intermediate sections, **Neil Gray** won the Russian prize, **Gerald Morton** the German prize and **Iain Smith** the French prize and the overall prize for the best declamation. **William Pank** was highly commended for his lively contribution to both French and German declamations.

The organiser of the competition hopes that next year will see as much interest but allied to a greater awareness of the aims behind the

declamation. With a senior section planned, preliminary rounds will be needed, and this will allow would-be declaimers to hone their skills and test their memories. If we are faced with performances of the quality of the best of this year's winners, next year's adjudicators will have a tough job, but it is a challenge well worth meeting.

A. S. PETTITT

*The Modern
Languages Department*
presents a
Prize
Declamation
Competition
in the Amey Hall
on Thursday 15th June 1995
at 3.30 p.m.

It is, of course, vital that poems are understood and those who had done their homework were able to communicate, even to those who did not know the languages, the sense of the poems. This came across not only in appropriate intonation but in timing (once again, the Lower School stood out here) and gestures.

It was good to see so many boys taking part and to be able to

Dear Editor,

PUBLIC RELATIONS...

I am becoming increasingly concerned with the school's priorities. It seems to me that it is being treated as an exhibition centre for prospective parents rather than a place of learning for pupils.

Mercers' Court is the most startling example of this attitude; several of its features neither add to, nor detract from its quality as a teaching block. For example, certain rooms are not designed for teaching, but as conference rooms. I have repeatedly heard it referred to as a 'major selling point for the school' in an effort to encourage boys to treat this facility with respect: much as I agree that it should be treated with respect, I believe that this is the wrong reason.

This great concern with the school's 'image' is admirable as long as it does not interfere with the excellence of the education provided. When, however, *current* students are treated as less important than *potential* students, I think that a line must be drawn. To place the school's appeal to parents above its obligations to its present pupils is simply wrong; not only is it irresponsible in the short-term, but it is also damaging in the long-term - I cannot see how decreasing the school's commitment to its pupils will attract more of their successors in the future.

Yours, etc.,

O.WATKINS, 6MJM

RELIGION...

In its prospectus, Abingdon School declares itself a Christian foundation, and the school does indeed have a long religious history. However, it is time to move into the modern age. 36% of the British population have no religion, and we still see no allowances made within the school for this growing minority.

"The school is a Christian foundation, but we encourage a respect for a wide range of beliefs" says a recent prospectus for the school. It continues: "The Christian religion is presented in an open-minded way and boys have the opportunity for questioning and discussion as well as worship, but Christian attitudes and assumptions underlie the school's daily life." Chapel continues to be compulsory for all except those who have a special arrangement due to their non-Christian faith, excluding atheism.

Most atheists do not object to learning *about* Christianity, for it is the official religion of this country and has influenced the school's history for centuries. However, to be *forced to worship* in a religion of which we have no part is extremely disrespectful to our own beliefs, and is, therefore, contrary to what is said in the school prospectus.

Earlier this year, an "Atheists' Assembly" was organised to take place instead of Chapel for a small group of atheists. I felt that this was an ideal way of tackling the problem sensibly and certainly more effectively - and respectfully than compulsory chapel.

How can we be expected to respect religions (including Christianity) when our own beliefs are themselves disrespected and dis-

couraged? I would therefore like to urge that the School recognises this growing proportion of the population, and allows all members of the School to follow their own beliefs freely.

Yours, etc.,

T. WINCHCOMB 6SJS

In his letter, T. Winchcomb rightly points out that most atheists are prepared to learn about the Christian faith. Surely this makes attendance of chapel necessary, since the church service is at the core of the religion, and one cannot learn about the faith without witnessing it. Indeed, his point that we are forced to worship during a chapel service implies a lack of conviction on the part of any atheist who attends chapel. Surely if one were truly convinced that there were no God, one would not be swayed to worship just because everyone else in the room did so? That said, atheists are showing respect for the beliefs of others when they attend chapel and sing the hymns, even when they do not agree with the sentiments expressed in them. The sermons we receive in chapel are inevitably based on religious doctrine, but even to an atheist they can contain thought-provoking and useful ideas with an ethical argument rather than a religious one.

One purpose of a chapel service is to broaden minds. One cannot obtain the answer to everything through opening a text-book, and as the national curriculum recognises, there is a need for some kind of moral education in the school. An Atheist's Assembly would merely restate the ideas expressed in chapel in different words in order to avoid any religious aspect, and I do not think it is a good idea to promote this. It is fashion-

able in school to complain about having to go to chapel, and should an alternative like an Atheist's Assembly be widely offered the result could be that Atheism suddenly became fashionable as well, merely as an excuse to escape chapel. I hope that **T. Winchcomb** takes matters of this nature seriously enough to recognise how wrong this would be- spiritual teaching is not a useless part of our school career, tacked on to please the authorities, but a valid part of our education.

I recognise **T. Winchcomb's** lack of enthusiasm for singing hymns, but his attitude that he will not respect religions if his lack of religion is not respected is rather childish. Religion as a concept must surely deserve respect because of its power and uplifting qualities. Positive belief can keep people alive in treacherous conditions, and can keep people going in times of need. Atheism by its very nature cannot do that, and I think any considerate person must respect religion for this. It is a bad idea to close the mind entirely to religion - apart from being very narrow-minded, it may indeed come in useful and worthwhile.

Yours, etc.,

A. CLARK 6SJS

FOOTBALL, AGAIN ...

Dear Sir,

I read with interest a recent letter in the "Wantage and Grove Herald" from an **Old Abingdonian** who, referring to our recent feature in "The Times", lamented the lack of football at the school. He wondered why the school could not simply "swallow its pride and take up our national sport", drawing attention to Abingdon's "promotion of a classless society". I have to say that I agree wholeheartedly with his view.

Has it come to the stage now that instead of supporting the national game, we foster within the school an alien sport - the American game of basketball - and that we are going to the length of distributing colours for such a pastime? Clearly the advantages of the game have to be recognised. In football, a person's stature is no impediment to success, and appreciation of the sport would bring together all years in support of their teams. There must be numerous boys who spend their days following national and international teams, and who feel deprived of the opportunity to play competitively. The sport is obviously an attraction to all: never a break time goes by without football-related shouts echoing across the playing fields, and I have a suspicion that football fans lurk even in the dark recesses of the Common Room. With this great enthusiasm, it is guaranteed that we could produce outstanding players and fine teams, capable of reducing Radley to rubble and Magdalen to matchwood. As that former pupil concluded, I look forward to the day when all pupils can play football with other schools. Abingdon is certainly at a loss without the capacity to do so.

Yours, etc.,

N. MUNRO, 5KDB

*The cry for football continues, it seems. It has been debated in the pages of this journal for at least 100 years, as illustrated by the following from the Editorial of **The Abingdonian** of Michaelmas 1894 (No. 16. Vol. 1):*

"Writing of football reminds us of a paragraph that we saw the other day in a newspaper about the game as played in America, which shows that football is not equally suited to every nation and every temperament. It appears that all Inter-University football has been

forbidden on account of the crippled state of the teams after a representative match; the authorities have come to the conclusion that it is Thuggery pure and simple, and the Thugs it will be remembered, are or rather were-for they were not appreciated,-a sect in India, who evinced their devotion to their goddess by killing anyone, whom they might be fortunate enough to meet with, and whose piety was gauged by the number of murders they had committed. Of the possibilities of Rugby Football, an American critic thought that we in England were unaccountably ignorant..."

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis?-Ed.

AND, FOR THE RECORD, WITH THANKS...

Dear Sir,

I wish to adjust the factual accuracy in detail of material concerning the funding of the new chapel organ which appeared in **The Abingdonian** for Michaelmas 1994 (vol. 20 No. 2 page 3).

I paid a cheque for £3,000 in July 1993 to Abingdon School with the specific and express purpose of purchasing this organ: the late **Mr. R. Osborn** as Bursar subsequently told me that purchase had been successfully completed. The money came from generous contributions, still being made, to the Quatercentenary Appeal Fund of 1963 which I administer, having taken it over from the late **Mr. A. A. Hillary** shortly before he retired. Having circulated by letter contributors to the Fund telling them where their accrued contributions had been spent, I feel **The Abingdonian**, as a journal of record, should note this benefaction.

Yours, etc.,

N. HAMMOND

PRIZE ESSAY SELECTIONS ...

"Is Britain a Society in decline?"

At the end of the Second World War Britain could still be deemed a "superpower". She had a number of colonies and former colonies whose economies were designed to boost British trade. Nevertheless, as these nations gained greater autonomy and independence from Britain, they traded more with other nations and entered new markets. Britain has spent a long time finding a new role for itself; neither committing itself to the European market nor establishing itself as separate from it. The rejuvenation of Europe in the fifties and more recently the rise of Asia, has meant greater competition for British industry. Britain's wages and welfare payments have become too high. For fear of social unrest wages have risen, whilst countries such as Singapore have been able to keep wages low. The cost of welfare has become too high relative to its benefits.

Britain does have one major advantage over the rest of Europe, it has a closer relationship with North America and Asia. Whereas European economies have become more inward looking and protectionist, Britain's free market policies have let it become a stepping stone to Europe for foreign investors. Due to its two large airports and cosmopolitan nature London will continue to be a European base for foreign firms. How long other European nations will tolerate Britain's non-committal policy is, however, critical.

Britain continues to have an influence in world affairs due to permanent membership in the U.N. security chamber and strong army. Britain's cultural influence is larger than its economic power. British actors and musicians (of all sorts) are extremely successful. British foot-

ball is watched live in over 30 countries. Drove of tourists come to Britain each year, due to its culture rather than its climate. Britain's education system is both a strength and a weakness. Standards are extremely high at the top level but poor at the bottom. This confines a large sector of the population to low-skill industrial jobs, which are disappearing in number. This could increase unemployment and social tensions. The standards of Britain's top universities mean a lot of medical research and extreme hi-tech work is done here.

The Britishness of society is being eroded. Scotland and Wales are becoming very different in voting patterns to England. As the provinces gain greater autonomy they will drift away more from England. In conclusion the British economy has been in decline for most of this century, but her continuing cultural influence could serve her well when other nations face difficulties. To what extent Britain does succeed, depends on what happens abroad.

S. CLARK 6WHZ

"Purists believe that operas should be staged in contemporary settings."

The interest in staging a dramatic or operatic work in some alternative setting will always be with us. There will be a wide variety of reasons for such interest, some artistic, some to possibly enhance the poignancy of the story, some maybe simply commercial to renew interest in an otherwise overfamiliar or unimpressive work. An opera, it might be presumed, is created in a setting which appears most natural to the composer and librettist, including, of course, even a supra-natural setting. Each opera must be considered on its own merit with regard to the likely success of changing its setting. A starting point

might be to try and understand what its creators were hoping to achieve by setting a particular opera in a certain idiom and code of dress. The story of Beethoven's *Fidelio* has a Spanish setting during the period of the French Revolution (1789-1799) and was composed not long after its end (1805) so it was particularly relevant and poignant enough to stage the opera exactly in its own period....

The theme of the opera is in praise of wifely fidelity and the strength and beauty of conjugal love overcoming evil. It is an ode to the nobility of the soul and the dignity of man and described as a 'rescue' opera. So, in principle, one might argue that the setting is not important to the matter of getting the story, or the message, over....

Nowadays there are many ways an opera can be staged. The advent particularly of Television has enabled enormous advances to be made in the presentation of a work. The modern media can dramatically change the perception of the opera to the viewer. With the availability of the close-up detail, there is the possibility of the background, scene-setting, and actual acting becoming much more important. The setting of opera may be made much more adventurous than that available to its original creator.

A major point to be considered, if the setting is to be changed, is whether or not the style of the music would still be appropriate. It may be that some of the original pathos would fail in the new setting. Some new setting might even raise the issue of whether the language in which it is to be sung should be changed. The change of setting could well lead to the music and setting becoming incongruous....

A final consideration, and quite important, is the practical one of the availability of singers, players, instruments and so on. It is un-

deniable that the instruments that were available to Beethoven had restrictions which held up the music, and limited the composer's flair.

Whatever might be your views as a result of the foregoing discussion, regardless as to how the source material was brought together, I think that we should readily recognise the uniqueness of Beethoven's creation. The purists among us may feel that when they are going to see an opera, they want to see the opera as created as close to the original as possible....

The view I have formed is that purists are right in believing that changing the setting of an opera will detract from the original creation. Simple changes of setting may, due to the technical details of the original setting, lead to a less plausible story. The most successful change of setting is effectively one which creates a new work, retaining only the original theme.

So, bearing all these considerations in mind, my opinion is that the operas should be performed as the composer wanted them. We should be faithful, in the case of Fidelio, to Beethoven's unique creation.

E. SMITH 6SJS

"What was cubism?"

When George Braque, Picasso's collaborator and fellow inventor of cubism first visited Picasso's Paris studio, he, like most, was shocked by the crudity and brutality of such pictures as "Les Femmes d'Alger". Despite this, Braque realised that Picasso was hinting at a radical new school of thought and style of painting. Braque's "Standing Nude", painted as a reaction to "Femmes d'Alger" heralded the arrival of cubism.

Picasso and Braque collaborated furiously throughout 1909 - 1914 to establish a brand new di-

rection for the visual arts. By 1910, numerous sub-standard imitators were springing up. Picasso and Braque did not see cubism as a movement or even a style, and their paintings were produced with purely selfish, non-political motives. "During those years," wrote Braque, "Picasso and I discussed things which nobody will ever discuss again, which nobody else would know how to discuss, which nobody else would know how to understand." Because of the private nature of their art, and of Picasso's reluctance to put pen to paper, they never produced a manifesto on cubism and their own views on their work remain largely unknown... Both artists rejected the idea that a painting should represent the world exactly as it appears to us visually, but attempted to depict the world in a deeper, more conceptual fashion.

For example, the reality of an object is not confined to what we see at a single glance, but also encompasses what we know to exist. If an image represents an object from several views simultaneously it may be more realistic, if less logical than one representing one view only, as it presents a more complete picture.

Picasso and Braque inevitably moved away from conventional ideas about perspective, instead placing their objects in a convincing if difficult to interpret space. They abandoned traditional ideas of light and shade, introducing a new system in which the plane of the paper or canvas became all important. Most importantly they broke down and analyzed their subject matter into a series of geometrical facets which combine into simultaneous views... When reviewing these paintings, the critic Louis Vauscelles remarked that Braque had reduced everything to cubes. From that point onward, Picasso, Braque and their followers were called the Cubists.

The first distinctive phase of cubism, known as "Analytical Cubism", first appeared between 1909 and 1912. During this period, the artists dissected or analyzed the objects they painted in an effort to find a set of forms that suggested the entire reality of an object, painted in monochrome and set in an indeterminate space, with recognisable points scattered throughout the picture.

After 1912, the cubists drew back from the increasingly abstract forms their paintings were taking, and adopted a new approach, now known as "synthetic cubism". The basis of this was the invention of "collage", where ready-made fragments of newspaper or wallpaper were incorporated into their paintings. A glass drawn on top of a piece of paper could be interpreted as a glass standing on top of a piece of paper, indicating spatial relationships but without having to resort to traditional theories of perspective, further challenging traditional assumptions. They did not, however, always use collage realistically, but clearly delighted in using unexpected materials in unexpected ways, such as a piece of newspaper to represent a violin, and in doing so continued to challenge traditional concepts of reality.

At this stage, the cubists also began to explore sculpture, transferring the principles of their previous art into three dimensions. As with his collages, the radical element in Picasso's sculpture was the incorporation of everyday objects into fine art...

S. KENNEDY 6DH

TRAFFIC CONES

*Traffic Cones stand alert,
Guarding the roads from danger
Happily eating.*

D. MILLETT 4MDM

THE ANSWER TO LIFE, THE UNIVERSE AND EVERYTHING?

'Physics, Clocks and the Universe' is not the most captivating of titles for a lecture and I, for one, went out of a sense of duty more than anything else. It was however quite an interesting evening.

The lecturer was an ex-Astronomer Royal, whose central theme involved such weighty matters as 'How did we get here?' and 'Where are we going?'

It seems there are three theories answering these questions. Conveniently, they all start with the elegantly and subtly named Big Bang, but, after that, it all depends on how much matter there is in the Universe.

The first idea is that there's not really much at all. That means that it's expanding too fast for the gravity of all the stars, black holes, and other cosmic bits and pieces inside to slow it down, so it will keep on expanding to *infinity*. That sounds fine but, as usual, it gets messed up by the maths, which finds that when it gets to infinity, it's still expanding. 'Into what?' you may quite legitimately ask.....

The second theory suggests that there is actually quite a lot of mass in the Universe, and that all that gravitational pull is getting the better of the expansion process. Apparently, it will go on getting bigger for a while (meaning quite a few billion years) then, rather like an obese drunkard trying to negotiate a hill, run out of steam, teeter, and fall backwards. The name for what happens when it falls back in on itself is, naturally, the Big Crunch, which is rather like the Big Bang in reverse and would be fairly uncomfortable for anyone around at the time.

Finally, the third concept is that the Universe is perfectly tuned. There is just enough of it. It will expand at an ever decreasing speed

with gravity slowing it down by just the right amount to get to infinity and very conveniently stop.

This last one has the added bonus of being the lecturer's favourite answer, so I have no hesitation in giving it my wholehearted backing. Apparently, it means that there was no energy at all needed to get the Universe going; which seems to imply that there is no need for there to be a God - the universe suddenly appeared all by itself for absolutely no reason whatsoever.

Does that mean it could suddenly disappear if it felt like it?

J. DALE 6SJS

*An address given by Rev.
David Manship in Chapel on
the occasion of the dedication
of the new organ.*

"When I attended a reunion at my old theological college a couple of years ago, the beautiful Steinway Grand in the minstrels' gallery, which was used to accompany the services, had been joined by a set of drums and an electronic keyboard; something quite unthinkable when I was a student there, but a sign of the times.

There has always been a tension between those who see in good music a path to heaven, and those who see it as idolatry, or at best, a distraction.

The latter might ask "to what purpose is this waste?" when they see good money being spent on a new organ. Such folk would want to put all the emphasis on the horizontal dimension of religion- on social togetherness, with music as an expression of that. They wouldn't be entirely wrong- for music must be of the people if it is to get through to them, but there are inherent dangers- of neglecting the transcendent in religion, or even of leaving God out altogether, and reducing worship to cosy and self-indulgent entertainment.

These different perceptions

have resulted in different attitudes to the church organ. To some it is an anachronism, an irrelevance, classified along with stained glass and Gothic lettering as altogether too "churchy". They would substitute guitars. To others the organ is the King of Instruments, which through the range and splendour of its tone, and through a whole millennium of association with worship, symbolises the transcendence and otherness of God.

This ambivalence is no new thing: what some called the King of Instruments, the puritans called the "devil's bagpipes". John Wesley thought the Organ Voluntary "an unseasonable and unnecessary impertinence". He thought even less of the music of the choristers which he described as "the screaming of the unawakened striplings who bawl out what they neither feel nor understand". I trust that this is not true of the choir here today!

I suppose it's understandable that in an increasingly religion less society- as the Chairman of the Headmasters' Conference described it in a recent speech- religious leaders should want to strip the faith down to its bare essentials. But this does rather beg the question as to what those essentials actually are!

At a recent service in Canterbury Cathedral marking the culmination of a fortnight's summer school by the Royal School of Church Music- a fortnight of exquisite cathedral organ and choral music to a very high standard, I heard a visiting preacher, who was one of the Archbishop of Canterbury's two Advisers in Evangelism, ignore and dismiss all that creativity-towards-transcendence, in favour of what he described as the one thing necessary for salvation- instant conversion through one of his little pamphlets.

Perhaps one can go some way to understanding this attitude if one sees it- (though this would

be excessively if not impossibly generous) - as an attack on the musicians, rather than on the music itself. Certainly we do need commitment, and doubtless there have been musicians through the centuries who have used the church for their own glorification rather than God's, and who have forgotten that music is meant to be the handmaiden of the Lord, not his master.

Such a danger is always with us: indeed, those of you for whom the organ is simply a background sound, taken rather for granted, and who are not quite clear what the organist does with his (or her) feet, or why there are sometimes three or even four manuals when you've only one pair of hands- may not have realised how revealing the organ can be of a player's character (and original sin!) . It has this in common with fast sports cars, for it puts at the fingertips of the person operating it an enormous range of power, which can only too easily be deployed with more enthusiasm than skill, and more lust than sensitivity!

But, in spite of these pitfalls, the organ has the capacity to inspire and lift the heart out of this world. To do this it must be played with discipline and precision, with deference and discernment. As always, the real masters of the instrument (as of any instrument or work of art) turn out to be its willing servants.

Somewhere in our music cupboard at home I have a tattered copy of Bach fugues, on the cover of which I scribbled years ago a quotation from Socrates that I'd come across shortly after a frustrating hour of organ practice: "beautiful things are indeed difficult". It is because there's a cross somewhere in all of this that I see a connection between the glory revealed in music, and the glory revealed in the sacrifice of Christ, referred to in St. John's Gospel. This is where

music and worship go hand in hand, and perhaps this is why the author of the Book of Revelation can suggest that the highest worship is all music.

So I arrive at my text, from Revelation 4:

"I heard a voice as a trumpet saying, come up hither!"

The Chairman of the Headmasters' Conference, in that same speech to which I referred earlier, called on the Independent Schools which are for the most part Christian foundations, to ensure that their life and example reflected the workings of a truly caring Christian community. He conceded that the muscular Christianity of earlier days would not be appropriate for today.

I would suggest that what would be appropriate, if we are to be that caring community, would be to find ways of sharing with our young people a vision of a transcendent God- a vision that all our strivings and all our learning has as a goal, a home and a focus beyond self in the eternal order, so that learning becomes not an acquisition, but an encounter with divine mystery. I know of no words that can do this. But music can. Music has a mighty power to lift people into the presence of God.

Handel is said to have been disappointed that the first performance of the Messiah took place in an Opera House and not a cathedral. He said: "I should be sorry if I only entertained them: I wished to make them better!"

The former Dean of Winchester, Michael Stancliff- (that, by the way is the cathedral where in the 10th century a mighty organ was first used to accompany the worship. It required two people to play it and seventy men to work the bellows, so it can't have come cheap!) - Michael Stancliffe once wrote:

"Music casts out our deaf and dumb spirits, lifts us out of our depressions, frustrations and our

insane preoccupations with the things of the earth and raises up our hearts to the sublime heights of heaven itself". And he quoted Handel commenting on his writing of the Hallelujah Chorus:

"I did think I did see all heaven before me- and the great God himself".

Milton shared the same vision:

*"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters
pale*

*And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear
As may with sweetness, through
mine ear,*

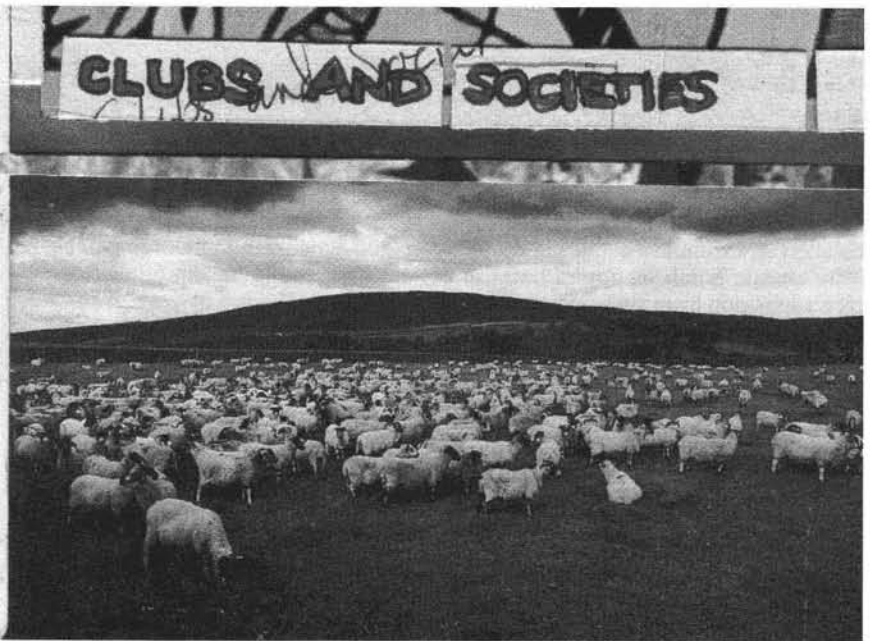
*Dissolve me into ecstasies
And bring all heaven before mine
eyes".*

This may all sound very fanciful, grand and highfalutin, but to bring us down to earth, let me mention that on Songs of Praise on the Sunday before last on TV we heard a testimony, among all the tambourines and electronic keyboards, from someone who had come to faith through the noble tradition of the classical English organ and its music.

Now that, at last, the school has in its chapel, which is, after all, the very heart of its life, a worthy instrument capable of both Baroque and Romantic music (thanks to the voicing skills of Sebastian Meakin, the organ builder) we can look forward to recitals and concerts and organ tuition, but, above all, to worship which term by term will "bring all heaven before our eyes", and lift up all the life of the school to the eternal God for his blessing, to whom be glory, now and for ever, Amen."

D. MANSHIP

Clubs & Societies



VOLUNTARY SERVICE

Voluntary Service is perhaps one of the better established of the school's extracurricular activities and yet many boys are ignorant of the possible opportunities offered by the scheme. As a prospective medic, I first considered the options available in the fifth form and **Mr. Willerton** promptly arranged for me to help a man suffering from Rheumatoid Arthritis. Since then I have also visited another elderly man in addition to going to Bennett House (a special needs school) once a week.

The latter has proven not only to be an excellent experience but also an enjoyable retreat from academia. On my weekly visit I help (spoon) feed some of the more junior children. Such a task is neither demanding nor infuriating, but overcoming minor tribulation does give one a feeling of charitable worth. The school also has a residential week but in the nursery department, where I work, the children can go away only for single days and I am planning to go on one such outing to Maidenhead, which again should prove enjoyable.

One's motivation for partaking in Voluntary Service need not (and perhaps should not) be career orientated. Indeed, the experience I have gained in coping with the children has greatly contributed to my personal and social development and I sincerely recommend the scheme to everyone else.

O. GUY 6SJS

HISTORY SOCIETY

This society of Sixth form historians has had a busy and informative year, packed with many varying themes. The first meeting was a lecture given by Dr. Ian Archer of Keble College, Oxford on "Popular Religion in 16th Century England." This mammoth topic was expertly handled by the "young and dynamic" historian (to quote **Dr. Zawadzki**) and was particularly rewarding for **Mr. Payne's** and **Mr. Clare's** set who are studying that period.

The next meeting was on a subversive subject. Mr. P J Waller of Merton College, Oxford (where

our own Head of Department **Mr. Hofton** studied) gave "A celebration of 100 years of English riots" in a talk entitled "From Trafalgar Square to Toxteth". Mr. Walker was suitably exciting in his speech, which was informed and interesting.

Mr. Philip Revill (from Bristol Grammar School) discussed the teasing question "Who were the Liberal Tories?", a question which historians will debate *ad infinitum*. Then, in the Summer, when exam fever was setting in, Mr. Michael Hurst led an A level history revision workshop, which contained many useful hints for students, such as how to be precise and how to focus on the essay titles - obviously important areas.

Unfortunately, the final meeting of the term had to be postponed following unforeseen illness, so we will have to wait for Mr. Roger Hawsheer's lecture on "Some Principal Currents of Political Ideology in Germany, from Herder to Hitler".

All our thanks for an excellent year go to the Speakers, the school History Department and of

course to **Oliver Cox** and **Luke Clements** for their stunning and crowd-pulling posters.

A. CLARK 6SJS

LITERARY SOCIETY

Initially an upper sixth association, we first hoisted our Jolly Roger with contemporary American authors. Jack Kerouac's 'On the road' was mulled over, digested, and generally went down well. The group felt the calling of the laid-back 50s beat generation, and pined for a 90s analogue. Look no further than Jay McInerney's 'Story of My Life'. Not as deep as 'Catcher...', but just as easy to read, some of us were sufficiently impressed to follow up with 'Bright Lights, Big City'. The 90s message was, however, strangely unattractive. Unless you like stomach pumps.

Next through the intellectual sieve was Toni Morrison's 'Tar Baby'. It was at this point that our upper sixth brethren began to desert. Make of that what you will; suffice to say, the book was rather tedious. An influx of lower sixth formers brought a return from across the Atlantic to our own Angela Carter. 'Toy Shop' was weird, wonderful and refreshingly uninhibited - if not a little worrying. Those of us who were more enthused than disgusted went on to read 'The Bloody Chamber'. With more archetypes than Carl Jung and more pornography than Hugh Grant (topical at the time of writing!) this proved very entertaining. Miss Carter showed us what Little Red Riding Hood *et al* were all about - for those willing to accept it...

More lower sixth contemporaries arrived at the same time as Graham Swift's 'Out of This World'. The book structure definitely was so, but its themes were more down to earth. Sticking with Brits, we then went for a bit of Fry. 'The Hippopotamus' was truly

great - funny, memorable - a thinking man's comedy. Not to be recommended for those under 18, however.

Obliged to read something pseudo-intellectual before the term expired, Martin Amis's 'Time's Arrow' was thrown into the metaphorical melting pot - and golly, did it melt. Initially confusing, but ultimately disturbing, this certainly was; a veritable bible for the backward. Not least, but certainly last, came 'My name is Asher Lev' by Chaim Potok, filled with religious innuendo, but yet to be discussed, we can't possibly comment further.

Many thanks must go to **Mrs. Soper**, our guide and intellectual leader, for being both. How better to finish than with a quote? Such a shame we don't have one.

N. MATHESON 6JEF & D. JENKINS 6AMS

THE CLIMBING CLUB

Twice during the last three weeks of term **Mr. Haworth** took about eight boys to the new climbing wall at Brookes University. The climbing society has planned a trip to Snowdon during the summer vacation and thought it a wise idea to get in some practice.

The wall at Brookes was recommended as the best in Oxfordshire, so we went to check it out. Indeed it was the best, apart from being well priced (£2 for as long as you want) it had several types of challenging climbs, including an overhang. The climbing area is split into two sections. One section is a bouldering wall - a selection of climbs ranging from easy to severe/v.difficult made out of synthetic rock. Ropes were not required and the highest climb is about 30 feet, no problem if you fall for there is a large mat on the floor. The other section is for more experienced climbers - many of us are experienced. This area consists of four

hard climbs - the easiest being a "difficult" the hardest being a "very severe". These climbs are very challenging and can only be "lead climbed". We were at a disadvantage as we do not possess the correct equipment, but hopefully next term we will get a grant and should be able to buy some new equipment. The lack of equipment however did not deter some of the more foolhardy of us from attempting these walls. **Richard Smith** attempted to free climb the wall using slings and carabiners but no ropes. A sticky situation occurred when he had climbed about 10 feet of the 60 foot wall. He hung in the air for about 20 minutes before he made it down. A competition up one 25 foot bouldering wall was undertaken and everyone made it in under 10 seconds, the fastest two being **Nicholas Austin** and **Ian Silverwood** in a time of 6.5 seconds. On the horizontal overhang, sheer determination came into being as **Thomas Rendell** and **Nicholas Austin** repeatedly tried to get across it - both showing pure excellence and their ancestry to the apes!!! A truly worthwhile and challenging specialist sport, which will hopefully expand next year.

N. AUSTIN 6DH

THE GOLF CLUB

"Friendly" golf matches during the Summer Term have been



played against Pangbourne, Radley and the Oratory, and have involved boys from years 3 to VI. Frilford Heath's new (third) 18 hole course has provided another challenging venue for the Junior and 'school' members. Coaching for beginners continues to be a popular after-school activity in the Michaelmas Term. The O.A.s again enjoyed their annual summer meeting at Frilford, and a TASS team of parents played the Masters' Common Room at the end of term on a beautiful summer's afternoon. This year the Common Room won in some (variable!) style.

N. H. PAYNE

FANTASY FOOTBALL

Fantasy football has become well known since the conception of the 'Daily Telegraph' fantasy league at the beginning of 1994. Since then, there have been television and radio programmes devoted to it and so it seemed a good idea to set up one for the lower sixth. The rules are simple: at the start of the school year, each fantasy manager had a budget of £20 million to put together a squad of real-life football players. Each premier league football player was put up for grabs and managers then tried to outbid each other for players like Cantona, Shearer and Klinsmann. Once each manager has a squad of players they would pick a team of 1 Goalkeeper, 4 Defenders, 4 Midfielders and 2 Strikers. Each player would then be given points for their real-life performances in the Premier league; they are awarded 3 points for a goal, 2 points for making the final pass which leads to the goal; defenders and goalkeepers lose 1 point for every goal their premier league team concedes but gain 4 points for keeping a clean sheet.

In the fantasy league, **Nicholas Matheson's** team (People with a life FC) got off to a quick start

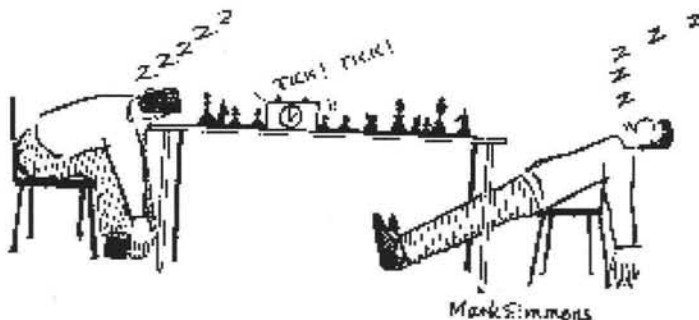
but after a few weeks it was clear that the league would be a two horse race between the team jointly managed by **Charles Pelling** and **Simon Greenland** (The Giraffe, the Pelling and me) and the team managed by **Stephen Clark** (Villa in their rightful place FC) star players for each team being Jurgen Klinsmann and Matt Le Tissier respectively.

Foxes Fellas (managed by **James Fox**) was the surprise package, reaching the semifinals. The Fantasy cup was in the end won by **Stephen Clark** who completed the season with the double.

S. BURCHETT 6MJM

THE CHESS CLUB

1st VI	WON 5 LOST	1
U15	WON 2	
U13	WON 1 LOST	2



The 1st VI:

N. J. Matheson, F. Findeisen, A. Bingham, J. Arthur, S. Bough, M. Pagett, R. Kadir

The U15s:

S. Bough, M. Pagett, B. Darling, M. Simmonds, J. Church, W. Rollin, E. Moseley

The U13s:

S. Bough, T. J. Matheson, E. Moseley, D. Whitmore, C. Campbell, J. Mearns, J. Mendelsohn-Malik

All-conquering in all but one match, the 1st VI had a fine, if ultimately disappointing, season. We won the Oxfordshire league at a canter, with an overall record of 15.5 points for, 2.5 against. **Nicholas Matheson**, on board one, found success with his unorthodox, attacking play, whilst **Felix Findeisen** remained unbeaten on board two. **Adrian Bingham** continued to impress, and the team was strengthened by the arrival of **Stephen Bough**, in the first year, who looked very solid throughout. **Michael Pagett** was also a much improved player, and should proceed to get better next year. **James Arthur's** use of the Budapest Counter-Gambit deserves praise for initiative. Less so his driving; he rounds corners with rare finesse and apparent disregard for the stomach of the person in the passenger seat.

In contrast to this success in

the league, we suffered a reverse in the Times' School's chess competition. With a team stronger than it has been for some years, we had high hopes of doing well. Sadly, in only the second round, we had an aberration, with **Nicholas Matheson** and **Adrian Bingham** succumbing to their only defeats of the season. Despite this setback, we ended on an upbeat note - rivals, MCS, who knocked us out of the Times competition last year, were annihilated 5-1, showing what a good team we really were.

The U15s played two matches only, winning both convincingly. This is a team which usually does well, in contrast to the U13s. To redress an excess of good results, these conspired to have an indifferent season. Stephen Bough played well for both junior teams, while Thomas Matheson emulated his brother by performing impressively in the U13 category.

Individual congratulations go to **Felix Findeisen**, **Nicholas Matheson** and **Stephen Bough**, who represented the county at U18 level; to **Stephen Bough** and **Michael Pagett**, who became Oxfordshire junior chess champions; and to **Stephen Bough**, once more, who represented the England Midlands in the U12 age group.

N.J. MATHESON 6JEF

AN ELECTRONIC GAMBIT?

At the Speed Chess Tournament on Wednesday September 24, **Dr. King** and his space age Apple Mac amply proved that computers have a major role to play in the most unexpected situations. With indisputable accuracy and impartiality, every eleven seconds, no more, no less, a computer-generated tone sounded to remind players that their time was up for that move.

This was the first high speed tournament to have been held at Abingdon. The inevitable initial confusion about procedures was rapidly overcome, and some very fine play ensued: the impressive contingent of strong Lower School players boding well for the future. After six matches the clear winners, sharing first prize, were **N. Matheson**, and **M. Pagett**.

W. ROLLIN 5RCRM

THE RIFLE CLUB

The year started off with my

appointment as team captain, replacing **Ben Uttenthal** who had done a remarkable job the year before. The autumn league (1994) produced no remarkable results but all involved shot competently un-

scores were:

Abingdon A	580/600
Marlborough A	588/600
Abingdon B	555/600
Marlborough B	581/600

A close but respectable defeat this



der the coaching of **Jeremy Thompson**, an Australian exchange student, who had taken over the task from **Sir Digby Cayley**. The senior A team secured fifth place despite having the third highest points aggregate. The seniors B also finished fifth and the junior C team came in a respectable fourth. Towards the end of the autumn term **Mr. Thompson** had to return to Australia with his engraved pewter beer tankard (strictly for use with proper English beer and not the cheap nasty stuff they make down under) as a token of our gratitude and **Dr. King** kindly stepped forward to help fill the gap left.

The spring league went much the same as the autumn one with the seniors A and B both finishing fourth in their respective divisions and the junior C team finished sixth. During the term we took two teams to Marlborough College for a friendly match. This trip had previously been arranged for the autumn term but unfortunately had to be cancelled. Both Abingdon teams shot excellently on the different range and the final

time, but next time?

The club has been through a rough patch without someone to take more sessions or to coach but we must acknowledge the time and effort put in by **Mr. Parker** and **Dr. King** who have kept the club alive this last term.

P. HARPER 6DH

DEBATING SOCIETY

This year's debating society has seen great activity both home and away. The Friday debates have constantly pulled in crowds and the debating has been pithy, eloquent and amusing with some fiery performances from staunch supporters of their causes which sometimes resulted in verbal Armageddon.

Away from school, we have sent teams to York for the national finals of the European Youth Parliament under the expert guidance of **Mr. Milner**. Our accommodation at York University turned out to be a sort of floating edifice in the middle of the university lake, but

our intrepid adventurers were not perturbed and sat up in my room into the (very) small hours of the morning writing speeches for the delegation. The weekend progressed with debate after debate, and some of the speeches were extremely memorable, although not always for the reasons their speakers intended: one delegation, charged with the task of addressing the problems of 'Road & Rail' were confronted over their failure to deal with buses, and emphatically replied that they had not done so because they *'were told to deal with specifically road and rail!'* (?) The debates were lively and instructive but it must be said that the most enjoyment was gained from 'Bob's Disco'; arranged for the last evening.

Following the EYP, a team consisting of **Chris McGarry** *et al.* was sent to the Rotary Club's 'Youth Speaks' public speaking competition, and have refused to tell me of the degree of their success (very dubious). We have visited the ladies of Wykeham Abbey, and they have returned the gesture, for dinner debates. A team of **Anthony Pavlovich** and **Thomas Carey** was dispatched to the Oxford Union for their annual national debating competition, and their success led them to the final, although last minute illness prevented **Thomas Carey** from turning up, so I was drafted in at the eleventh hour, resulting in our resounding defeat.

The balloon debates of the year have been a roaring success, and have shown a disturbingly high portion of homicidal maniacs attempting to endear themselves to

the house, most notably 'The Psychopath' all too convincingly portrayed by **Thomas Carey**, and his gamut of jagged-edged sheath-knives. Other entrants included Proteus, Lynn Faulds-Wood, Stalin, An Oxo cube and Good King Wenceslas. The Psycho slew his opponents without mercy.

The Abingdon School Public Speaking Competition, held over the Winter and Lent terms saw teams from all over the school competing against all odds to win the coveted cups. The first round was judged by the debating committee and staff were invited in for the second round. Fierce competition drove back only the very strong in miserable defeat, but emerging vic-



torious came last year's champion; **Gary Window** with his 6JEF team, and **Matthew Lloyd**, special envoy for 4ASP. The Headmaster's decision was final, and **Gary Window** was sent packing despite it having been a well-fought and closely tied battle.

So now, as the year draws to a close I must hand over the burden of this century-old society to the burgeoning talent of the Lower

Sixth in the capable form of **Christopher McGarry**, **Stephen Clarke** and **Matthew Smith**. Their delicious ties have been delivered.

K. DARBY VIRVS-S

EXPERIENCES IN THE DEBATING CHAMBER

I had always wanted to join a Debating Society, so when I joined this school and heard about ours, I went along to see what it was like.

The Debating Society is normally run by **Dr. Zawadzki** and a group of sixth-formers. However, on my first day there, it was the House Singing Competition, so only Lower School could come. It was absolute chaos! **Chris Rose** took the part of Chairman, but unfortunately he was one of the speakers as well, so that raised loud objections. To make things worse, the motion of the debate was "This house would make Abingdon School co-educational", so you can imagine the silly speeches that were made when the motion was thrown to the floor - although to be fair some people tried to be sensible.

Everyone was interrupting the speeches, shouting, and climbing on to the tops of the bookcases sometimes via tables and chairs. Poor Chris was trying to get a grip on the situation, and some people were thrown out. However, Chris couldn't throw out all the trouble-makers, because they made up the majority of those present! Eventually the meeting dissolved ten minutes early.

This experience almost put me off debating for life but I decided to try again after half term, on the chance that it might improve when **Dr. Zawadzki** and the sixth-formers were there. It did. I can't remember what the motion was, but I thoroughly enjoyed it. I have been to every debate since, and have not regretted it. Some of the best have been:

"This house thinks terrorists should never be released." "This house thinks that the present government is useless." (Actually we were in over our heads on this one. **Mr. Shaw-Smith** was one of the speakers, and he had a seemingly endless string of political scandals and blunders, which he used for a speech to strike terror into even the bravest of Tory hearts).

"This house thinks debating is a waste of time." (In fact some people said this debate was, because anyone who voted for was contradicting himself by turning up to the debate! Needless to say, the motion was defeated.) The last debate of the term was the Christmas Balloon Debate. The idea of this was that all the speakers dressed up as characters, supposedly in a balloon that was going down because of excess weight. Only one character could remain in the balloon, and they all had to make speeches saying why it should be them.

All in all, I think that the Debating Society is an excellent forum for practising one's skills in rational argument on a variety of

interesting subjects.

A. K. THYAGARAJA 1AJM

BALLOON DEBATE

As with all Balloon Debates, six characters got in, and five were thrown out. There was a good variety of characters drawn from the darkest depths of the sixth form, and MCR. **Dr. Zawadzki** arrived full of festive cheer as Good King Wenceslas, and **Kier Darby**, playing Claudia Schiffer, arrived full of something altogether different. They were soon removed, and the balloon sailed on. Next to go, in order to keep it airborne, was **James Howard** and **Chris**



McGarry. James came as the lovable Jeffrey Dahmer (the renowned American gay serial killer - evidently back for more...) and Chris strutted his stuff in the role of Tom Jones. Sadly, the tight vest and leather trousers were too much for the excitable first and second years, and after being forcibly removed from the balloon, it ventured onwards and upwards. Two occupants were left in the basket and these

were **Stephen Clark** and my good self. Stephen took on the role of Ug the Caveman, armed with rocks and a big club. Alas, the club didn't manage to sway the voters, and I triumphed, to my surprise, with my impersonations of a variety of Harry Enfield characters (shirley shome mistake, I thought...!) . A rather dubious collection of questions were posed from the floor, urged on by the reward of sweets, no doubt. An enjoyable afternoon was had by all, however, with the level of humour staying high.

M. SMITH 6ICF

SCHOOLS' CHALLENGE

After a series of trials, a team consisting of **Ian Smith**, **Charles Schmidt**, **Stuart Burchett** and captained by **Stephen Clark**, was selected to face the might of RGS High Wycombe. The RGS team leapt away to a spectacular early lead and for most of the half hour contest Abingdon found itself trying to claw back this deficit. The RGS performance was notable for quickness on the buzzer and Abingdon for the breadth of knowledge over a range of questions. At the five minute bell Abingdon was only 30 points behind, but at this stage the RGS team came into its own and pulled away to win 840-630.

The overall quality of the match was extremely high, with speedy answers and unprecedented final scores (a score of 450 would usually be a winning one). Only two starters and a minority of bonus questions were left unanswered. With all four Abingdon competitors at the school next year and given the quality in the internal trials, the future bodes well for Schools' challenge at Abingdon.

S. BURCHETT 6MJM

LOWER SIXTH CHALLENGE

The lower sixth challenge was fought out over two weeks at the end of the summer term. All the lower sixth tutor groups took part in this 'University Challenge' style event. The rules are similar to those of the popular quiz show, the only difference being that **Dr. Zawadzki** took Jeremy Paxman's place at the helm. With each 'crew' consisting of four members and a sub., the competition got off to a bright start, when the mighty team from **Dr. Zawadzki's** own tutor group took on the 'Dream Team' from **Mrs. Fishpool's** tutor group. The champions of **WHZ's** group, generally accepted as the favourites, started well but were unseated by the pretenders to the crown, to the delight of **Mrs. Fishpool** and the chagrin of **Dr. Zawadzki**, beaten by 310 points to 170. The tournament proceeded without hitch with **Mr. Maughan's** (who came through a close match with their old Geography Department rivals **Mr. Fishpool's** tutor group) **Mrs. Soper's**, who looked strong in dispatching **Mr. Sharp's** team with the minimum of fuss, and **Mr. Haworth's**, who got a bye, tutor groups joining that of **Mrs. Fishpool** in the second round. The second round produced two upsets, namely **AMS's** team being beaten by **MJM's**, and **Dr. Zawadzki's** booming voice being heard in the Chapel above on a Saturday morning. **Mr. Haworth's** team, though, was dispatched with the utmost efficiency by **Mrs. Fishpool's** boffins. So the day of the final, Wednesday 5th July, dawned bright and clear and a tense match ensued. For a while **MJM's** team seemed to be on top, but when the contest started they were outclassed, and **JEF's** team proved themselves to be worthy champions, and won by 470-330. Thanks must, inevitably, go to **Dr. Zawadzki** for his help in

organising this fine event, and commiserations to the losing teams.

The teams were:

ICF

D. Gooch	M. Greaney
J. Howard	S. Hunt
A. Paleit	N. Matheson
A. Williams	G. Window

JEF - champions

M. Greaney	S. Hunt
N. Matheson	G. Window

DH

A. Ashton	J. Chivers
S. Kennedy	S. Rajagopalan

MJM

S. Burchett	N. Higginbottom
O. Watkins	T. Williams

AMS

T. Darton	I. Gray
D. Hammersley	J. Oldham
(Reserve - D. Jenkins)	

SJS

A. Clark	D. Rayner
P. Rutland	A. Twinn

WHZ

S. Clark	C. McGarry
D. Pinniger	A. Simmons

**M. GREANEY 6JEF &
G. WINDOW 6JEF**

YOUNG ENTERPRISE

This year has seen for the first time five Young Enterprise companies from Abingdon School; two lower sixth companies, and three fourth year companies run with the help of some girls from St. Helen's. The Companies' names were Forwards and Backwards for the lower sixth companies and TSC, Clockwise and Kraftwurxs for the fourth year companies.

As the School Open Day approached, market research was un-

dertaken to decide on a product and a market. Kraftwurxs had already decided on a product called impossipuzzels. These were 3D wooden jigsaws and they were already under production. Following the Open Day, TSC and Clockwise both had products; TSC destined to sell jewellery and pub quizzes and Clockwise to sell Purple Ronnie clocks. As the profits started to flow in and marketing ploys were instituted the achievers were encouraged as ever by their advisors and **Miss Milligan**.

The new year saw companies going to trade fairs to make



more money and seminars to talk about the Young Enterprise experience. In the meantime Backwards had decided on a product - a cookbook in which Masters would submit their recipes. A third of the book's profits would be given to Leukæmia Research. Forwards had decided to produce a local sports guide. As soon as things seemed to be settling down, the problem of writing company reports loomed up. Deadlines were already very close and it was these interim reports which determined whether or not the company would progress in the Young Enterprise competition.

The two lower sixth companies in fact made the area final, in which the companies had to prepare a ten minute presentation as well as a display stand to be judged.

The finals evening was a very enjoyable event and although it required great planning, both companies had a successful night between them - coming away with four of the seven cups available. Backwards won the shields for the best presentation and the best stand whilst Forwards won the cups for the best company report and the best financial report. That evening it was announced that **Supraj Rajagopalan** and **Peter Hatt** had been selected as two of sixteen finalists as a result of their exam performance. **Peter Hatt** had been awarded third place in the exam.

After the finals, the results came through and surplus stock was sold at the **TASS** Summer Fair. The highlight of the year was still to come when representatives of Forwards and Backwards were invited to go and meet the Duke of Edinburgh at UNIPART in Oxford, where all concerned had an excellent day.

Although the year has been turbulent with its ups and its downs, almost everyone concerned has got a lot out of it and thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Young Enterprise has brought together many different people and has taught everyone who has taken part a great deal about individuals' capabilities and commitment to a company.

P. RUTLAND 6SJS

Near the end of the Summer Term 1994, a man with a beard gave those interested in Young Enterprise a brief introduction to the scheme in the Amey Hall. As a consequence of this introduction, **Miss Milligan's** enthusiasm and our own aspirations of becoming rich and famous (like 'Dreaming Spires') fifteen of us decided to set up a

Young Enterprise company called 'Forwards'.

Having recovered from the initial shock of calling the company such a bad name, we were introduced to our business advisors - Mr. Sheldon Rowles from Midland Bank and Mr. Ian Freeth from Lloyds Bank.

We then sought to choose the ideal product and after much deliberation and market research (coordinated by our Marketing Director, **Anthony Williams**) decided to produce a sports guide to the Oxford area. Our Production Director, **Paul Ng**, organised the printing of a prototype and also found a suitable printer - Oxuniprint. Paul and myself held a

wards", I realised that what was needed was discipline. Having instilled this, an emergency plan was drawn up, a business strategy was formulated by **Supraj Rajagopalan**, whilst **Sam Hunt** our Personnel Director (who soon became known as 'Mr. Motivator') introduced a performance related pay scheme. These measures seemed to work and within a few weeks we had finally produced the guide. On receiving the run of guides we were extremely satisfied with the results: there were about one hundred entries, a fair number of adverts and several money off vouchers at the back all printed on glossy 100% recycled paper with a colourful and striking front and back cover de-



meeting with the printers in which we negotiated an excellent price in return for a free Oxuniprint advert in the guide.

Unfortunately though, we soon reached December, and six months of the Y.E. year had by then elapsed, yet we were still nowhere near finishing the sports guide. We had an insufficient number of entries, hardly any adverts and as a result a shortage of money. To be honest the situation was not looking promising. Therefore, new elections were held in which I was promoted.

On assuming my position as Managing Director, Chief Executive, Chairman, life-long President and Secretary General of "For-

signed by **Mark Simmons**.

We then set about selling the product. The marketing team of **Anthony Williams**, **James McKenzie** and **Mark Simmons** created some posters, and obtained some valuable coverage in the local press. I made a guest appearance on Fox FM, and broadcasted to the nation during the five o'clock football roundup. It was also at about this time that in addition to sending us a miscellany of letters, questionnaires and various demands for money, the Area Board asked us if we would like to attend a Y.E. Trade Fair in Holland. We politely turned the offer down saying that we didn't think a sports guide to the Oxford area would sell too well in Holland.

Sales got off to a brisk start helped by our marketing techniques, the school order form and the fact that I have a very large family. The guides were sold to the usual retailers (Blackwells, W.H.Smith's etc.) In the selling process we had to hone our negotiating skills and we received a variety of reactions from shops contacted as potential distributors. One manageress of a newsagents, when approached by **Gary Window** was so overwhelmed by his good looks

to get the slide projector to work properly and therefore the impact of our presentation was impaired slightly. The presentation team of myself, **Sam Hunt**, **Supraj Rajagopalan** and **Anthony Williams** did a very professional job nonetheless and have since congratulated ourselves on this many times.

We were pleased to receive cups for the best Company Report and financial Report but disappointed that we didn't win the overall prize. In an attempt to compen-



and sophisticated humour, that she not only succumbed to buying copious quantities of guides off us, but also frantically agreed to buy them at a higher price than their retail value. In contrast to this, the manageress of a well-known newsagents in Abingdon obstinately refused three times our excellent sale or return offer.

Sales were boosted by our appearance at the Oxfordshire Trade Fair and a joint Forwards/W.H.Smith's venture. As we neared the end of the Y.E. year, we submitted a company report to the man with the beard and as ours was judged good enough, we proceeded to the local finals at Culham Laboratories. These finals involved a trade stand and a business presentation to a distinguished panel of eminent, experienced businessmen and a lady from Unipart. Although the technicians at Culham are able to split the atom they were unable

sate us for this, the Area Board invited us to the Unipart factory to meet his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh.

Thanks must go to **Miss Milligan** for being so helpful and supportive, **Mrs. O'Neill** for all her assistance, **Mr. Hall** and **Mr. Haynes** (whose patience we tested to the limit) **Mr. Townsend** for providing some very amusing theories as to why we didn't win, the Y.E. area board and of course our brilliant advisors - Sheldon Rowles and Karen Hirst from Cannon Transport Ltd. Members of 'Forwards' in no particular order of rank, age or beauty:

Ruari Coles, Tom Darton, David Gooch, Iain Gray, Sam Hunt, Paul Ng, Mark Simmons, Andrew Simmons, John Oldham, Robin Popham, Supraj Rajagopalan, Matt Harris, Anthony Williams, James McKenzie, Gary Window

A. SIMMONS 6WHZ

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD

This year the Duke of Edinburgh's Scheme has continued to flourish, partly due to our new accommodation, with which we are delighted and partly due to the arrival of **Mr. Sharp**, whose enthusiasm has been greatly appreciated.

The year got off to a flying start with a new Vale of White Horse Area initiative to hold a grand and thoroughly enjoyable Presentation Evening at Radley College in November. The following boys received their Bronze Awards from Sue Lawley:

Philip Bradley, Dominic Partridge, Oliver Swadling, Matthew Jones, Adrian Howkins, Owen Moore and Andrew Craig.

During the Lent term we were delighted to welcome many new members from the Third Year as well as some enthusiastic sixth formers from Malaysia. Throughout the Michaelmas and Lent terms a small but committed band of boys carried out a great deal of hard work at the Nature reserve. The wardens, **Mr. and Mrs. D. Bedford (O.A.)** were pleased with the help they gave.

Over the year several expeditions were mounted and successfully completed along the Ridgeway and in the surrounding area. Two training sessions took place in the Activities Centre at weekends during the summer term in preparation for summer expeditions.

We are looking forward to next year, especially as several participants are now in a position to start the Gold Award. We are pleased with the work that has been done. Keep reading the noticeboards!

**S. J. SHARP &
V. J. BRADSHAW.**

THE TOUR DE TRIGS

For those not familiar with this event, it consists of a 50 mile walk around Banbury, to be completed in less than 24 hours. Four teams set off drawn entirely from the Lower Sixth, and all with suitably dodgy team names - **Mark Evans, David Pinniger, Peter Tompkins; William Scott, Paul Harper, and Ian Silverwood; Thomas Rendell, Timothy Jones, and James Howard; Christopher McGarry, Peter Rutland, and Matthew Smith.** We set off in ideal conditions - driving rain and a high wind, but sadly things brightened up (to such an extent that Christopher felt it necessary to wear sunglasses !).

By early afternoon, problems were arising from the ranks of the "Take That Appreciation Society - Not", both Timothy and James were unable to continue and so Thomas left them at a suitable farmhouse, to venture on single handed into the unknown. After dealing with a race official who tried to stop him from continuing (and leaving the other two) Thomas formed an "ad-hoc" team, as only he can, with an ex-Royal Marine who had just undergone a hip operation and held the record for falling the greatest distance down Mount Snowdon and surviving ! They continued on through the darkness, being finally stopped, not through fatigue, but through missing a time check (a total of 35 miles). The progress of "The Sea-Urchin's Lunch box" was curtailed by my need for a hot drink, resulting in amalgamation with the "Tackle Box". They reached check point 6 (35 miles) with Mark and David still in need of further pain, and they managed a further 2 miles. The progress of the "Gnats Chuff" (William, Ian, Paul) was good as well, reaching check point 4 (24 miles).

All 12 will be back for more

next year, undoubtedly, but would like to thank **Mr. Haworth** for giving up his Saturday to drive us to Banbury. It was much appreciated.

M. SMITH 6ICF

THE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

It was the Lent half-term; undoubtedly a strange time of year. It is all too easy to brood at this time of year; and so it was that when the chance arose to escape the monotony several of us jumped at it. The chance to which I refer was a trip to the Lake District with **Mr. Haworth.** This was the baptism of the school's mountaineering club.

We arrived at dusk and with the tents pitched it was decided that food was required. 'Food' is being unkind, for every meal was a feast; we especially enjoyed the subtle canned curry which was our first meal. A wise man once said that it is the simple pleasures of life that are the most important: 'A strong pair of boots, log fires, a good meal and a sturdy wife.' Naturally we wished to track down at least one more of these simple pleasures. Unfortunately the only establishment in the locality which had a log fire was the pub down the road. Reluctantly we headed for the warmth. Worse still **Mr. Haworth** insisted that it would be more than rude not to join in with the local custom....

Back at the site a contented sleep would await, or so I thought During the night **Mark Evans'** appendix ruptured! We were in the middle of nowhere! He was going to die - for sure! He didn't as it turned out but the excitement of the first night encroached upon the first day's walking. Naturally **Mr. Haworth** along with **David Payne** were holding Mark's hand at Newcastle Hospital (some sixty miles

from the campsite) which left the rest of us in a quandary. To walk or not? We walked, again the rain began, everything was running to script. Upon our return we gladly discovered that three inches of rain sat in the bottom of all our tents; all our worldly possessions were soaked! Things really were going well.

The second day's walking was far more satisfying and we tackled Striding Edge. The snow line was at 800ft. which meant that the last 1200+ft. of our ascent was in snow. Snow on a mountain almost invariably means that "blizzardesque" conditions will be encountered at some stage. The ten of us could certainly testify to this truth. **Richard Smith** became our spiritual leader on this hike and at least convinced us that he knew where he was going. Stories of avalanches heard in that dreadful public house prevented us from continuing as far as we would have liked. His, and indeed the group's, enthusiasm was typically displayed at midnight on our final night. Having broken into my tent he tried to convince us that we should sneak off to climb a mountain right now. Depressingly it seemed like quite a good idea for a moment, perhaps it was sunstroke ... umm.

Back in Abingdon we were all very pleased that we'd made the effort and were very thankful for **Mr. Haworth's** initiative in organising our adventure. **Mark Evans** was especially thankful. He eventually made it back. Pleasingly the group had left a reminder of its visit up North- Mark's appendix is somewhere in Newcastle as you read this!

And so the mountaineering club goes from strength to strength. Its second expedition is planned for summer 1995 in Snowdonia.

C. J. MCGARRY 6WHZ

SCIENCE PROJECTS

This has been a year of variety with several sixth formers involved in long term projects while others have "dabbled" briefly with an eye on University interviews. It also saw us move base from Lab 29 to Lab 20 around the middle of the year. **Wyatt Yue** was awarded the 1994/5 Mervyn Gray prize for a project which involved trying to develop a method for measuring the rate of chemical reactions, on the small scale, using gas-liquid chromatography. He encountered many difficulties and achieved only partial success; nevertheless much was learned along the way. There are three current projects in the lower Sixth which will be continued into next year. **Jacob Doran** is developing an instrument which will automatically search for and locate the source of a sound. A rather Heath Robinson set-up at the moment, it consists of a microphone attached to a meccano platform controlled by motors linked by electronics to a BBC computer. **Tim Winchcomb** has taken over the liquid crystal project and has totally rebuilt the temperature control for the hot stage on which the crystals are melted. His last experiment produced a liquid crystal which maintained its colour for several days - something which should not happen! The third project takes up a topic in which others, **Mark Woodward (O.A.)** and **Sanjeev Rajakulendran**, have made some preliminary and rather unusual observations. They measured the rate of a reaction which is in the A-level course, the iodine-propanone reaction, but changed the solvent from water to propanone. This appeared to alter radically the reaction mechanism. **Jin-Choo Lim** has recently started to work on this project, has confirmed the previous findings, and hopes to make further progress next term.

K. D. BINGHAM

THE ROLEPLAYING SOCIETY

ABINGDON SCHOOL'S ROLEPLAYING SOCIETY has historically been a low profile, low membership club. It is generally believed to consist of lonely, unbalanced individuals, misunderstood by society and rejected by their classmates, who turn to roleplaying, (or its less intellectual cousin Wargaming) because they find comfort in pretending to shoot people. Not so. I would like to redress the balance, so here are some plain facts that may clear up the lack of understanding:

- Drama, (in the best Greek cathartic tradition) is a large part of the process, exciting characters and scenes are important to the enjoyment of games.
- Roleplaying is different from Wargaming, involving more problem-solving and subtle tactics.
- Ordinarily, the aim is to involve the players in an interesting and fun storyline.
- Luck plays a part in most games, the rolling of dice allowing a certain random element.
- Reasonable limits are set, with regard to behaviour, within the confines of games.
- Unless there are clearly defined rules to the contrary, the "Gamesmaster's" word is final.
- Over the course of a "campaign" or "chronicle" there will be thousands of different situations and characters for players to face, each with its own challenges.
- Normally, the Gamesmaster controls all other elements of the game.
- Adventure style games are common, recreating the atmosphere of Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings" series.
- The combat involved in roleplaying games does not glamourise or encourage real life violence, because it highlights the inherent risks - injury and death.

• Simply put, roleplaying is an interesting pastime, not suitable for everyone, but to those who take part, very worthwhile.

J. HOWARD 6
(SOCIETY PRESIDENT)

COME TO THE CIRCUS!

There aren't many people in this country with unusual hobbies. You do sport, computers, stamp collecting or even train spotting. But I do something totally different. I do it in a small village hall with lots of friends. Have you guessed what it is I do?

Juggling.

This, my hobby is not expensive (if you get involved with a juggling club with its own equipment). The best thing is getting a lot of enjoyment from something that with a bit of practice (actually, quite a lot!) anyone can do. The club is full of lots of people doing different things; it's a brilliant way to meet new friends.

Juggling isn't just throwing a few balls in the air, one after the other. You can learn to get to grips with juggling clubs, rings, beanbags and bouncy balls. After you have mastered these skills, you can learn to juggle with things from apples to smarties! You don't just have to learn to throw things in the air, you can learn other circus skills as well, such as diabolo-ing, devilsticking and even unicycling!

If you don't feel like joining a club, you can easily get hold of your own equipment: a set of 3 juggling balls costs from £2 to £8, and a diabolo costs from £10 to £20. For those interested in joining a club, there is one in Yattendon Village Hall near Reading in Berkshire. We meet every Thursday from 7.30 pm to 10.00pm.

At Christmas every year, we finish with a JUGGLERS BALL! (complete with full circus act!)

R. PUGH 2W

CCF - AN ORDINARY YEAR

In a year when no unusual events took place it is too easy to look back and think of the catalogue of happenings as simply ordinary. To do this is to miss the significance of variety, endeavour, achievement and fun which characterises CCF activity.

The year did begin with a special challenge in the shape of a formal Biennial Review where the principal inspecting officer was Group Captain Brian Poulton, the then station commander of RAF



Raft building. Will it float?

Brize Norton. He was very impressed by the enthusiasm of cadets and the breadth and quality of what he saw in a packed programme. He also paid tribute to the school for its support of the CCF; most clearly shown through the provision of splendid new buildings based on Waste Court Barn and now renamed the Activities Centre.

Cadets have flown in Chipmunk aircraft and Vigilant



*Initiative Exercise -
the unconventional approach*

gliders, tackled weekend camps and the rigours of the Ten Tors event, used the climbing wall at Oxford Brookes and scored a 100% pass rate in RAF proficiency examinations. Target rifle shooting has also been a regular activity and the number of shooting standards awards has increased.

Inevitably the Camps take pride of place in the yearly calendar and the Adventure Training week in Ripon and summer camp at RAF Coltishall lived up to expectations.

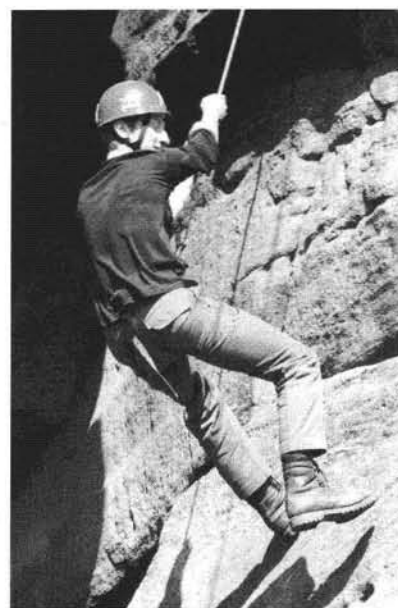
A particularly enthusiastic group of cadets tackled everything at Ripon ably helped by professional instructors from 16 Cadet Training Team. Brinham Rocks provided climbing and abseiling venues whilst Slenningford Mill rapids on the River Ure was a challenging canoeing site. Backpacking and camping centred on the lovely village of Horton in Ribblesdale and enabled cadets to walk part of the "Three Peaks" route.

RAF Coltishall, close to the edge of the Norfolk Broads, is a lively station with three squadrons



of Jaguar fighters in residence. Cadets were able to do several sessions of work experience around wide variety of sections and sampled everything from fighter servicing and flight line refuelling to sitting in with the RAF police. Flying, shooting, initiative exer-

cises, raft building, swimming and leisure trips ensured a packed week. One highlight was an evening visit to the "RAF bunker". This is a fighter control centre for the air defence of the U. K. Although I can report the visit I am not permitted



Brinham Rocks take the strain

to publish what we saw there. One of the great values of a camp like this is that cadets live with others from schools around the country in what rapidly becomes a very socialising atmosphere.

Looking back there has been more - quite a lot more - to report, but never enough space to do it justice. On balance perhaps it has been just an ordinary year.

C. J. BIGGS
CONTINGENT COMMANDER

Some didn't quite make it.

world, originally a cathedral, then a mosque and today a museum. A boat-trip across the Bosphorus took us past some of the world's most exclusive properties, the yacht of Ataturk (who founded the Turkish Republic in 1923) and under two huge suspension bridges that link Europe and Asia.

Haggling skills were put to the test by an afternoon in the Grand Bazaar, a labyrinth of over two thousand shops selling leather, carpets and imitation Rolexes. One gullible member of the party was conned into buying fake stamps and even fell for the "three year guarantee" shoe-shine trick.

After a scandalously early start, we made a 700km "detour" through spectacular countryside to Kusadasi (which means "Island of Birds") on the Aegean coast. Five years ago, it had been the quietest of fishing villages, but its demise into a haven for tourists was lamented by our guide. En route, we feasted on that pungent hallmark of Turkey, the Doner Kebab, in a seemingly respectable restaurant, and basked in the incredibly high temperatures.

The house in which the Virgin Mary may have spent her last years was then visited. From its beautiful and tranquil surroundings, our next port of call, the ancient city of Ephesus, could be seen. One felt almost Roman when walking down the Sacred Way past the Temple of Domitian and the Library of Celsus in the scorching midday sun. A mile away lies the site of one of the seven wonders of the ancient world; only a single column of the once magnificent Temple of Artemis remains today.

Three more sites, Priene, Miletus and the Temple of Apollo at Didyma were seen the next day. The third of these was an imposing site, with huge columns that have miraculously stood the test of time

thanks to the architectural genius of the Greeks. The evening was one of scintillating excitement, as rumours (and it must be emphasised that they were only rumours) spread that **Mr. Elliott** had been involved in vicious rioting on the streets of Kusadasi and subsequently interrogated in the high-security wing of the local jail. The truth will never be known.

The lofty fortress of Pergamon, with its vertigo-inducing theatre cut into the steep hill-

cient medical centre, complete with an underground tunnel through which the sick would walk and be soothed by the sound of running water and whispers of, "you will be healed!" The use of opium for healing was also not uncommon.

Fabled Troy, discovered and excavated by Heinrich Schliemann in the 1870s, is a less impressive site than Pergamon, but still looked magical in the late-afternoon shadows. Many layers were discovered as Schliemann dug deeper, the earliest from around 3000 B.C. However, in one of his less scientific moods, he bulldozed a deep trench across the site, thereby damaging the remains of several civilisations. The legendary Treasure of Priam, found by Schliemann himself, has recently surfaced from the vaults of the Pushkin Museum in Moscow: the Russians had looted the gold from Berlin in the chaos of 1945, and its whereabouts had been a mystery for over fifty years.

Tradition dictates that a gift be presented to the accompanying members of staff at the end of such tours. Racking our brains for original ideas, inspiration struck in the form of a Turkish flag. We set off into the night, seeking guidance from shopkeepers as to where we might buy one, and subsequently being led on a fruitless wild goose chase. Tempted by a 20x20 footer proudly displayed on the side of a seedy hotel (this was, after all, Turkish Independence Day) we waved large wads of money in the owner's direction, but were rebuffed on the grounds that it is unpatriotic to part with one's flag until the following morning. In desperation, we eventually succumbed to the greatest rip-off of all time, and returned with an odour-ridden flag: the smell of Doner had struck again. The **Fishpools** and **Messrs. Elliott** and **Zawadzki** undoubtedly



side, was once the key city of its region. There our guide showed us the site of the Altar of Zeus, a reconstruction of which now takes pride of place in the Pergamon Museum in Berlin. The Museum also displays the original frieze, depicting a battle between the Gods and the Giants.

We were led through an an-





deserved better.

On our last morning, we crossed the Dardanelle straits to Gallipoli, the site of a famous WW1 battle, and popped in for lunch at the extravagant, diamond-infested home of the Sultans, Topkapi Palace.

Our devoted and illuminating guide for the duration of this trip, Bulent, has gone almost unmentioned; with his wit and all-encompassing knowledge, he far surpassed the rather stale American commentaries that we heard snatches of while walking through Troy. We were also fortunate in having a reckless, snake-charming driver and his dignified co-driver at our service; the latter, an ex-policeman, proved valuable in bailing us out of some hefty speeding fines whenever his friend was caught flooring the accelerator.

As with all good things, however, (and this trip was no exception) it had to come to an end, and with great sadness we said our final goodbyes to this land of history, intrigue and Doner kebab. But, whilst fighting back images of the English weather, we were destined to receive one final reminder, when the Turks on board our return flight gave their customary burst of spontaneous applause following our smooth landing. This applause was a fitting end to a highly rewarding and much enjoyed tour of a fascinating country.

**J. FINNIS VISCW &
D. JENKINS 6AMS**

MEMORIES OF THE FIRST YEARS' ADVENTURE WEEK AT HYDE HOUSE

.....Before we arrived at the actual house we had to go along a very slow, long, winding road through rhododendron trees. We were shown to our rooms, where we dumped our bags, and then went back down to the dining room to be given a talk about the place...After the tour we went to explore and chose our beds. As I lay back on my bed I discovered an open Stanley knife on my pillow. Not surprisingly, I was taken aback by this, but decided just to give it to an instructor. As I was going back to my room the fire bell went. We all had to go and stand at the front of the house. Luckily it was only a drill.....

.....I was woken up at 6.30 by lots of talking, but lounged in bed until 7.45, when I got up, got dressed and tidied up the area around my bunk. When I had finished this I went down and had breakfast. Brilliant, it was sausage, fried bread and baked beans. The sausage and baked beans were delicious but the fried bread was like a rock, and not a very tasty one...I was not a happy unit.....

....We then went up to our rooms to get ready for the first activity. This was a Team Challenge. We went and assembled at the front of the house. We were then taken to a field at the rear...we opened our

legs as wide as we could. The back person had to crawl between each member in his team's legs and then run about ten yards, whereupon he held onto his ankles and spun round ten times. Then he had to run back with his knees together and join the front of the queue.....

.....When everybody had had a go at this we had a game of football against the other group. We won 7-6, and I scored two fantastic goals...After lunch we went to archery. This was really fun. When we had had a little practice we played a darts game. We were thrashing them but nobody could get a double. They could not get a double either but called in **Mr. Mansfield** to help. This was a cheat as we only had **Mr. Hamilton!**....

.....The evening activity was a night walk which was, rather graphically, a walk in the night...I went to explore a bit with Martin when we both managed to walk into a narrow but incredibly muddy stream with concrete sides. Martin got both feet dirty whereas I just got one leg in. Unfortunately I cut my other leg open on the side of the stream. I cleaned them off and put them in the drying room (the shoes that is, not the legs) !.....

.....I woke up the next day, and saw blood patches from my cut leg all over the inside of my sleeping bag. Either the cut had been worse than I feared, or I had found another Stanley knife. To my relief, the former was true....

.....We all then got ready for climbing and abseiling. This was fun.....

.....After lunch we went water-skiing. Instead of soaking our clothes, we put on wet suits..... Unfortunately I tried to ski underwater and did not get very far. It was probably due to faulty construction of the skis....

....After this we went to a communication exercise in which we did lots of puzzles, one being how to balance 8 nails on one. We

were completely stuck on this, but luckily **Mr. Broadbent** and **Shane** were also trying to do it, and, even with those two, we had some pretty crafty people....

....After dinner we had role play in which there was a scavenger hunt....decided to put a shoe on the hinge of the door so that when the door opened the shoe fell on the opener. I was on the wrong side of the door to see much but I think it got **Mr. Broadbent** a beauty!

.....Time to get up...We then got into our very worst clothes as we were about to go on the assault course. Before the assault course we went on a blind line. This was following a rope blindfolded. This was foul.....It absolutely stank.....

.....Coming back from brushing my teeth I found **James Cox** on the floor with his head cut open.....I have passed a first aid course, but I completely forgot what to do.....trying to help, he thought James had a nose bleed. He slammed a tissue on his nose which actually started one off! Soon a teacher came, though, and he was taken to hospital.....

.....The final day...After lunch, it was the afternoon. We had the final activity, which was search and rescue. We were given a map and had to find a professor who was shot down in his plane. He had found the secret of eternal life. We also had to find his parachute and the flight recording box. We found absolutely nothing. We went home.

T. MATHESON 1AJM

Extracts from his Prizewinning Diary compiled by

N. MATHESON 6JEF

MEMORIES OF RYDAL HALL

After waking at some unearthly hour, I was bundled off to the school coach park, where the

bus was waiting to take half the second year off to the Lake District. All the masters were there, frantically ticking off names, with everyone else waiting impatiently for departure. The journey itself was as interesting as your average coach trip, and soon we arrived in the village of Grasmere, where we began our walk to Helm Crag.

Most of the start was very steep, and we were all very tired by the time we got to the top. Pausing only to look at the view, we charged down the other side into a very marshy area, where anyone who fell over got rather dirty to say the least. When we had finished the round route, we got to Rydal itself, where we unpacked and had a delicious supper (the food was actually very good for most of our stay).

The next day was a walk up Helvellyn, one of the few peaks over 3000 feet high. The best part of that was Striding Edge, which was basically a causeway about 2 or 3 metres wide, and very tricky to negotiate. There was also a 2000 foot drop on either side!

We very nearly got lost on the way down and had to walk for a couple of miles around the mountain, until we came to a loose-gravel path, which we all slid down! The other event of the day was **Mr. Strawson's** group getting somewhat sidetracked and not returning until dinner!

The next day was the best. We walked up Dungeon Ghyll, a short, steep valley leading to a lake called Stickle Tarn. We climbed up 'Easy Gully', which does not seem to live up to its name. It was very steep, with a lot of loose rocks, and a scattering of bones! It was just as scary as Striding Edge, if not more so! That evening we went abseiling.

On the Wednesday we attempted Bo Fell, but were unable to manage it because of the terrible conditions. The next day most people attempted Scafel Pike, but I

couldn't, because I hadn't been too well the day before. (Scafel Pike is England's highest peak). In the evening we went swimming, but it was so cold that most people barely got up to their waists in the water!

Finally, on the last day, we went up Blencathra, although many had to drop out because of the high winds. Then it was back to Abingdon on another long trip.

All in all it was enjoyable and fun. Our thanks to **Mr. Dillon** for arranging it, and all the masters who took us for putting up with us all for a week!

P. GARDNER 2TLW

6TH FORM SKI TOUR

At 5.00 p.m. all that stood between us and a week of fun and frolics in Les Deux Alpes was about 1000 miles and 24 hours on a coach. This was a thought to sicken the heart of even the most seasoned traveller, but even the prospect of no snow at the other end could not dampen our spirits. We were sharing the coach with two other schools, and soon found out that their music taste left a little to be desired, but a tactful word from **Richard Binning** (6'4" and 15 stone) was all that was required to silence their CD players.

We crossed the Channel, a welcome relief from the cramped bus, and arrived on French soil at about 11 p.m. The bus got going again and continued through the night and at eight o'clock the following morning stopped in Macon. We were actually quite close to our destination, but we still had most of the Alps to get through. We dropped off the other schools at Valloire and Alpe d'Huez and heard about the terrible lack of snow. Our spirits were dampened a little, but the prospect of getting on the bus for the last time was a gleaming light at the end of the tunnel.

We arrived in Les Deux Alpes to find the lower slopes bare,

but we were told that there was plenty of snow further up the mountain, and more was forecast. Our skis were fitted and stored in the ski-room and we went off to explore the town. Les Deux Alpes is an entirely ski-based resort: one shop in three is a ski shop; the other two thirds are made up mostly of bars and cafes, souvenir shops and a few general stores. The town is quite big, with pistes on either side and cable cars going to the higher runs.

The next day we were the first at the cable cars, and as we went up the mountain we saw more and more snow and then some actual pistes. **Richard Smith's** comment was "I never thought it would be this big!", but like most mountains it was pretty huge. We met our instructors and got on with the skiing. **Christopher Birch** was unfortunate to dislocate his shoulder on the first day, but he made the best of his holiday anyway. The highlight of the skiing was to see **Richard Smith**, a well read beginner, throw himself with reckless abandon down a steep mogul field. But the most amazing thing was to see him emerge upright at the other end and with a full complement of limbs. Inspired by this performance, **Mr. Broadbent**, a seasoned skier, followed Richard down and promptly fell over in a cataclysmic way.

During a particularly enjoyable karaoke evening (a highlight of the resort's nightlife) **Richard Binning** stole the show with his rendition of "Great Balls of Fire", which left the audience breathless. Another notable performance was that of **Richard Smith, David Roycroft, Daniel Rayner** and **Jonathan Seymour** singing "Twist and Shout", which lacked almost everything required of a good song except enthusiasm!

Much as the skiing and the après-ski were great, the prospect of the bus journey back loomed

large, and matters were made worse when several of our number went down with a mystery illness. This resulted in a lot of noisy bag filling, but at least we had our revenge on the other schools for their music. We changed coaches just outside London, but our new driver had not developed a great affinity for his gearstick or clutch pedal, so travel sickness was added to our troubles. We finally arrived back at Abingdon at three o'clock on Christmas Eve, looking pale and wan and in need of a good week's sleep.

Many thanks to **Mr. Martin, Mr. Broadbent** and **Mr. Mansfield**, for, despite the mode of transport, we all had a wonderful time. Without the help of these masters, the ski tours would not be possible, and everyone is very grateful for it.

O. WATKINS 6MJM

FESTIVAL OF SCIENCE BIOLOGY LECTURE

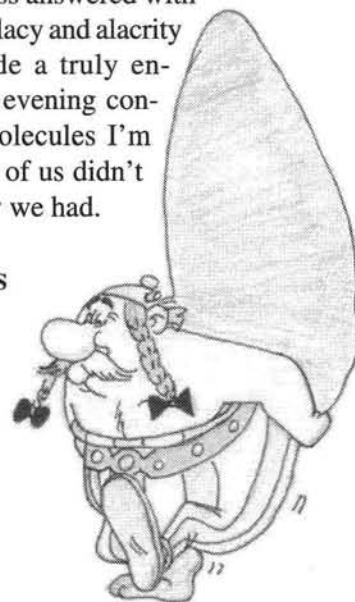
On Wednesday, January 18th, several of the more dedicated Lower Sixth biologists made their way to the Old Fire Station in Oxford to listen to Dr. Fran Bathwill of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund deliver an initially mysterious speech, entitled "Messenger Molecules and the Enemy Within" as part of the Oxford Science Trust Festival lectures.

The audience, inevitably brimming with budding scientists of all ages, was not to be disappointed as she proceeded to inform us about a fascinating group of molecules known as cytokines, essential in fighting disease and for the general well being of the body. Of the two hundred different types, she concentrated on a mere two, namely Interferons and Tumour Necrosis Factor, and, in an informative style, briefly outlined their proposed uses as novel treatments for

cancer and other diseases, ranging even to the common cold.

Following a most interesting lecture, conducted by someone who had a real flair for her subject, question time came somewhat as an anticlimax. But, despite the rather pitiful array of questions, they were nevertheless answered with both articulacy and alacrity to conclude a truly enlightening evening concerning molecules I'm sure many of us didn't even know we had.

**D.JENKINS
6AMS**



LITTLE WITTENHAM NATURE RESERVE

Forty-two boys and three masters set off from school at nine o'clock and were smoothly and quickly delivered to the Nature Reserve at Little Wittenham. The offices are situated in the grounds of the restored House and once we were all inside we were given a brief, introductory talk on the history of the reserve by Mrs. Julia Sergeant who then took us on a tour of the reserve, stopping in each area to give us a talk on how it had been managed. The reserve was established fourteen years ago on land which had, for centuries, been used for farming.

Through the course of the day it became clear to us all just how important it is that land is carefully managed. We could see the long term effects of the way that people had used the land in the past and began to understand how a seemingly small decision might

make very considerable, long-term differences. We were told how different styles of management were used to encourage a variety of types of vegetation and how this variety helped encourage a public interest in nature. For instance, many people come to see the wetland areas, where careful management has allowed the build up of one of the world's largest colonies of Great Crested Newts (a very rare species). Our tour finished on top of Wittenham Clumps themselves, where it is said that on a clear day you can see six counties.

After a filling lunch, we were split into three groups and rotated around three activities in hour long sessions. First my group went pond dipping with **Mr. Davies** in a specially dug pond in Church field. We investigated the animals that could be found in different areas and at different depths of the pool. Some of the most interesting animals we found were efts (young newts) and a dragonfly larva.

Next we went to **Mr. Watkins** where we were shown two different techniques for catching small organisms on land: sweeping and beating. Sweeping involves using a net and pulling it through long grass and low-lying plants. In beating, a white sheet is placed under a tree or bush which is then shaken vigorously so that small organisms fall off and show up on the sheet below. In both cases, a 'pooter' is used to catch and observe anything of interest without our having to touch the animal and do it harm. We found, amongst other things, an ichneumon wasp which feeds on caterpillars and several sawfly.

Finally we went to **Mr. Waters** who was suffering badly from hay fever in the long grasses (at Little Wittenham you can often find fourteen or more species of grass within one square metre and all were producing pollen!) . Using quadrants we recorded the percentage of different grasses and low-

lying vegetation across three different parts of Church Meadow.

The lovely weather helped to make it a very enjoyable day for all of us. I think that everyone found it both interesting and informative and I would like to say thank you to all involved.

N. MORRELL 4JAR

LOWER SIXTH GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP TO THE LAKE DISTRICT



As the rest of the school departed for the Easter holidays, the Lower Sixth form geographers boarded a coach which would, after a gruelling six hours, take us to Blencathra in the Lake District, and our home for the five day course.

Excitement turned sour as we realised just what lay in store for us on the academic front; hope turned to despair when we met the resident staff. But it turned out to be rather an enjoyable few days, improved considerably by **Mr.**



Maughan's collection of woollen jumpers.

Day 1 saw us looking at glacial landscapes and walking vast

distances; day 2 saw us looking at Salt Marshes and Sand Dunes and walking vast distances; day 3 saw us travelling to Carlisle and still walking vast distances, and as a special treat we were allowed to walk vast distances on day 4, whilst studying rural settlement.

It was never designed as a holiday and although it was both tiring and hard work, it is fair to say that everybody came away having learnt a lot and had an enjoyable time.

The weather stayed dry during our stay and thus the "water-proof gear" saw little action. We were all well catered for in terms of accommodation and food and had nothing to complain about except the bus driver's Elvis tape. With the sound of "I can't help falling in love" still ringing in my ears, I would like to thank, on behalf of all who went, **Mr. Maughan, Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Fishpool** for a very rewarding five days.

M. SMITH 6ICF

THE TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN DINING CLUB 1995 LECTURE

This lecture, the last of three entitled "Ireland: the peace process", was introduced by Mr. Eric Lowry, Chairman of the Dining Club, and given by the former Prime Minister of Ireland, Mr. Albert Reynolds, with remarks by the chairman of the lecture, Sir Edward Heath KG, MBE, MP. With such a formidable line up we were ensured a lively, informative, inspiring talk by two men who have contributed so much to the quest for peace in Ulster.

The hall was full well before the six o'clock start; the audience consisting of not only students and academics, but also the American Ambassador. There was an expect-

ant buzz of anticipation, so much that the three men entered almost unnoticed, until like a Monday morning assembly, the gathering was silenced and then standing, applauded.

Mr. Reynold's talk concerned his role in the peace process while in office, February 1992-December 1994. He explained that the impetus for his moves to discussions with the British government were humane, political, and economic and urged that a move towards peace would bring employment and thus development to the province. He described Northern Ireland as "the graveyard of British politicians" and continued to say that the only certain way to a lasting cessation of violence in Ulster was through talking and listening and national self determination. Mr. Reynolds concluded by suggesting that any discussions or ceasefires should not be tested to see if they will break, but instead should be treated with the utmost care and attention.

Sir Edward then spoke, divulging some rather astounding anecdotes on the presence of copious quantities of Irish whiskey at the Sunningdale talks with leaders of both Northern and Southern Ireland - suffice it to say that they had to be extended due to some members feeling none too well in the mornings!

The lecture was indeed most inspiring and filled one with a new fervent hope that if all parties can concur over the future of the Province, then peace will be inevitable. The thanks of all Abingdonians attending must go to **Mr. Milner** for giving us the opportunity to attend as well as supplying transport to and from Oxford on a most unforgettable evening.

T. JONES 6WHZ

ECONOMICS & BUSINESS STUDIES STUDY TOUR TO PRAGUE

To reach Prague, capital city of the newly formed Czech Republic, a marathon 20 hour coach journey must be endured. Our party consisted of 13 economists and business students accompanied by **Mr. Townsend** and **Mr. Evans**. We set out on Saturday 18th February from London armed with only a coach, two Liverpoolian drivers (as European regulations now require) six teachers, parties from two other schools and a bilingual tour guide (sadly, fluent in only English and Italian). Our travels took us through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany (eastern and western regions) and finally the Czech Republic. We arrived at the Hotel Kosik, in the Chodov district, late on Sunday afternoon. Our accommodation was basic, yet sufficient with most of us sharing double rooms. The hotel bar was the focal point of our evenings' entertainment. The friendly atmosphere resulted in the integration of all three schools.

Our first full day in Prague was occupied with a four hour tour of the city. This started in the St. Vitrus Cathedral, in the castle district of the city. The original church on this site was ordered by Prince Wenceslas in the early 10th century; the present building began in the reign of Emperor Charles IV in the 14th, though it was not completed until the 1920s. The western facade has been likened to that of Notre Dame in Paris. The next stop was the Royal Palace - home of the Kings of Bohemia until the 16th century. The Vladislav Hall was an integral part of the Palace and has been used for coronations, tournaments and feasts. Our tour ended in Wenceslas Square, where we were given a few hours to explore the city centre for ourselves. Rather than catch the coach back to the

hotel, the more adventurous of us opted to tempt our fate on Prague's public transport system. Some time later we had a more thorough knowledge of Prague's suburbs. During the seemingly endless hike from the Metro station to the Hotel Kosik our morale was upheld by tuneless renditions of Welsh hymns.

Tuesday began with a tour of the Kaucuk chemical processing plant. The group was taken to the control centre and given a talk (via our tour guide turned interpreter, Stena) from the General Manager. Although very proud of his plant, he is keen to improve its efficiency. He is looking to attract foreign investment so that a greater percentage of crude oil can be used productively (to form bitumen and tar). The recent changes in the former Soviet Union have meant that Kaucuk is able to choose its crude oil suppliers. Crude oil is now piped in from Germany rather than the Soviet Union. The afternoon was spent at the Skoda car plant. The surrounding town relies heavily on the Skoda plant for employment and commercial security. Unlike most car plants, Skoda has its own power station and pressing plant as well as transmission and gear-box production lines. In 1991 Volkswagen acquired a 30% stake in Skoda, which was increased to 70% by 1995. The remaining 30% is owned by the Czech government which is reluctant to relinquish its stake in the company. Since VW's involvement there have been significant changes to the production process, including most importantly the increased percentage of cars which are produced "right first time". Generally our group was impressed by the new Skoda model, which closely resembles VW's Polo.

Wednesday morning began with a visit to Prague's main bank, where one of the directors talked to us about the Czech Republic's rapidly changing economic structure. The banking system under

Communist rule allowed only an elite few to have a personal bank account. The banks are keen to emulate their British counterparts, hailing our system as the best in the world. At the end of our visit, we were offered local delicacies known as "teslake schete". These were made from a pastry base covered in poppy seeds and cottage cheese which we ate out of politeness, if nothing else. Prague's largest brewery which is now partly owned by Bass, was the venue for our final visit. We were led on a tour of the brewery. Some of the odours were nearly enough to 'put a man off his pint'. Despite this, when it came to the free round in the brewers' drinking hall, no one refused. Many of our party were suffering from not having kicked a football for five days. To resolve this, a football match was arranged on the waste ground adjacent to our luxurious hotel, between Abingdon and The Rest of the World. The result was questionable but a glorious victory for Abingdon was recorded by our undoubtedly reliable and almost certainly sober referees/bus drivers. The final night was spent in the city centre, with members of the party sampling local cuisine and later frequenting dubious pool-halls and beer cellars. Back at the hotel, we were all treated to an exhibition of the infamous dance step, the stomp, by **Matthew Hodges**.

Industrial action by French ferry workers resulted in our departure from the Hotel Kosik being moved forward a few hours. The prospect of the long journey ahead was not welcomed, but shoes were loosened (as instructed) and people bade farewell to Prague for the final time. Leaving the Hotel Kosik was emotionally crippling for many members of our party who knew they may never experience its unrivalled atmosphere again. But we were reunited only five minutes later - Pete the driver had left his sheepskin coat in his wardrobe.

Many thanks to **Mr. Townsend** and **Mr. Evans**.

**A. DAWSON VIMCS &
S. GRAY VIMAS**

TEN TORS 45 MILE ROUTE '95

Dartmoor is one of the bleakest, most inhospitable places to walk in Great Britain. This is what makes the annual walk across Dartmoor so demanding. The aim of the walk is to travel as quickly as possible between the summits of ten selected tors carrying equipment and supplies for two days. Basic kit lists tents, food, emergency rations, waterproofs *etc.* Most packs weighed 10-20kg - a formidable weight for 45 miles!

The team included myself as team leader, **David Pinniger**, **Ian Silverwood**, **David Payne**, **Peter Tompkins** and **Andrew Craig**. Andrew, who was looking forward to a quiet weekend at home, revising for his GCSEs, was dragged from a history lesson just before lunch and at 50 minutes notice asked if he would compete! The problem arose when two members of the 55 mile team dropped out at the last minute. **Thomas Rendell**, who was initially team leader, was asked to move up to the 55 mile team. This now meant that both teams had five members - enter Andrew! It was now possible for the 55 milers to compete as well.

We departed Abingdon at one o'clock, Friday in two minibuses, driven by **Dr. Horn** and **Mr. Haworth**, and arrived at Okehampton by around four o'clock where we were booked in and set up camp. Before dinner, kit was scrutinised and we attended a briefing session on safety procedures for the walk.

At 4:30 am we were rudely awoken by the tannoy system playing "Chariots of fire". After break-

fast and repacking our kit we set off for the start line. The Ten Tors prayer was read, to fill us with a bit more confidence, and then Sir Ranulph Fiennes gave a short but inspiring talk on how one shouldn't let the wimpy side overcome the stronger side - something I kept in my mind for most of the walk.

On the first day we walked from 7am until about 7pm and covered about 25 miles, reaching Tor six. We were fortunate as it was sunny and warm all weekend with only one hail shower. Sunday involved a further 20, even tougher, miles ending back at Okehampton with 1 hour to spare - a good time. Unfortunately not all the team made it back. **David Payne** twisted an ankle between Tors 8 and 9 and was slowing the team down considerably and so decided to drop out. If any one deserved a medal at the end it was him.

All thanks to **Dr. Horn**, **Mr. Haworth** and Andrew.

T. JONES 6WHZ



KARAKORAM EXPEDITION

On the morning of 16th July 1994, **Hugh Leach O.A.** (expedition leader) **Mark Emerton O.A.**, **Mr. Stuart Evans** and nine pupils gathered together at Heathrow Airport. After a year of planning, meetings in room 12 every week and two training weekends in Wales, the moment looked forward to by so many for so long, had finally arrived.

Boarding passes grasped tightly, each of us said goodbye to family and friends who had come to see us on our way. A whole month would pass before we would see them again, but the anticipation of what was to come washed away the last traces of sentiment.

We arrived in Islamabad - the capital of Pakistan - after just over seven and a half hours. The temperature on leaving the plane (30 degrees centigrade at 5 o'clock in the morning) gave us a first taste of what was to come - after the in-flight meal that is!

After a long hour in the oppressive humidity of the airport waiting for our baggage, it was a relief to see three jeeps and the smiling faces of the AFP representatives outside, waiting to whisk us away at breakneck speed to Abbottabad, some three hours north



of Islamabad, and the headquarters of the "Adventure Foundation Pakistan". This was to be our base for the duration of our stay in Pakistan.

Our first adventure was into the middle of town to do some shopping - for the traditional dress of Pakistan - the "sarawal". Not all of us were keen at first to embarrass ourselves in such a garment, but that was before we realised that in fact we would look even sillier (and out of place) if we weren't wearing it. So, half an hour and a very happy shopkeeper later, we returned to the headquarters for a meal and a rest.

We were all very tired from the journey and had not adjusted to the time difference quite yet, so the

next day was relaxed - resting, checking kit, and checking kit again. This was our last chance to ditch any 'unnecessaries' - extra clothing, toiletries *etc.*, in an attempt to lighten individual loads as much as possible since every ounce mattered.

At 5am on July 18th, we were woken by a bugle-call courtesy of **Mr. Leach**, and were promptly sent off on a run. The altitude (still only 2000ft) and the intense humidity made it hard work. It was just beginning to get light when a rumble in the distance heralded a heavy rainstorm approaching. Late starters didn't quite make it back before the torrential downpour started! Later that day we were driven up to 8000ft where we walked a few miles, as an acclimatisation exercise.

We were woken at 4am the next morning, in order to commence a 12-hour jeep journey from Abbottabad to Gilgit. After a couple of hours on the road we crossed the Indus - one of the largest rivers in the world - a very impressive sight for those of us accustomed to the humble meanderings of the Thames! From there we joined the Karakoram Highway (the legendary Old Silk Road) for centuries the most important trading route in Asia, which links Pakistan with





China. The road is cut into the sides of the fantastically huge gorge created by the immense power of the Indus. As we drove further up into the mountains, at ludicrous speed, we became flanked by huge walls of rock - thousands of feet to the highest peak above and again thousands of feet down to the raging torrent below. Excitement was spiked with fear as we sped around corners with no barriers at all to cushion any mistake made by the somewhat fearless drivers. It didn't comfort us at all to be told by one of the English speaking drivers that several people every week are killed by losing control of their vehicle and plunging into the icy grey depths of the monster below. A broken bearing in one of the vehicles meant we all had to squeeze, luggage and all, into the two remaining jeeps, for the final part of the journey.

We didn't reach Gilgit that night, but stopped at a hotel, the inappropriately named "Shangrila" at dusk. No electricity, small amounts of warm water both for drinking and showering, and a searing wind funnelled through the narrow gorge meant that the night-time temperature of 105F was distinctly unbearable.

During the drive to Gilgit the following day, the scenery became more and more spectacular and at

one stage we glimpsed Nanga Parbat (third highest mountain in the world) and Rakaposhi (one of the highest mountains in the Karakoram Range).

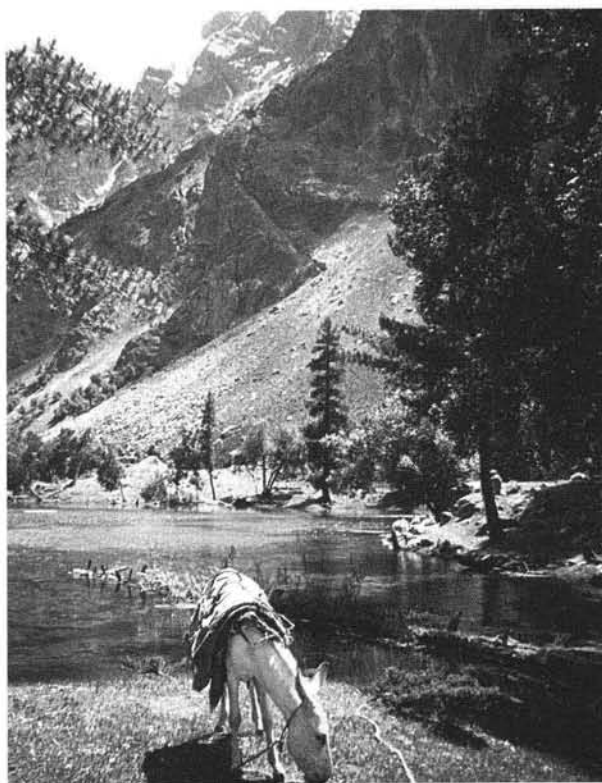
After spending the night at a very comfortable hotel in Gilgit, we hired some jeeps to take us further north to Naltar. Compared to the dirt and dust of the valleys during the journey up, Naltar was a paradise comparable to the Swiss Alps in summer. The rolling pastures and meadows along with grazing herds of cattle, the snow-capped peaks and the deep blue sky above, presented us with a beauty not yet experienced during our time in Pakistan. The landscape offered a tranquillity which was missing from the aggressive barren wilderness from which we had just come.

The following day was the first day of the trek. A 5am bugle-call (which eventually, by the end of the trip, we were all to love and hate at the same time) meant

breakfast-time! The porridge (Pakistani-style) the digestive biscuits and the milk-less tea weren't that bad - we thought. We could get used to this - we thought. Believe me when I say the novelty wears off very quickly, especially when one wakes up every morning - tired and irritated - to tea and porridge made from silty, muddy, grey river water.

Still, that's what we were given - that was what one had to eat. All fairness to the cook - Hashim - he could have done very little else under the circumstances. To complain would have been wrong and indeed small-minded. To grit one's teeth and bear it, however begrudgingly, was what had to be done and, despite minor grumblings every now and again, expedition members accepted what was given to them.

I digress. The first day's walking was a light affair. After only four and a half hours we reached Naltar Lake, an exquisitely beautiful glacial pool hidden by trees, under the shadows of the mountains. Here we set up camp with the tents provided for us by



the AFP. Those insane enough to take the plunge regretted it, as the temperature of the glacial water was sub-zero.

The next day, the trek up the Naltar valley began. In the valleys, the weather can suddenly change from beautiful clear blue skies to dark clouds and heavy rain in a matter of minutes. Several hours into the work this phenomenon struck us - we barely had time to slip into our waterproof garments before the rain came crashing down. We took shelter in a shepherd's hut; but as soon as the rain came it disappeared again, and the sun felt hotter than ever before.

Over the following few days we gradually ascended and made camp at the base of the famous Naltar pass (15,500ft). Early on the morning of July 26th, we started, wrapped in the warmest garments that we carried, the ascent of just under 2000ft, to the top of the Naltar pass. After just an hour and a half we were at the top, and gasping not only from the hard climb up, but also because of the breathtaking scenery which stretched, both before and behind us. It was a beautiful day and for hundreds of miles in every direction the snow covered peaks of the Karakoram, Hindu Kush and Himalayas presented themselves to us in magnificent splendour. We were on the

"roof of the world" - the sense of achievement was incomparable.

A quick rest to recover and we then set off down the difficult boulder-strewn glacial terrain on the other side of the pass. Snowfields, shale and shingle, steep cliff edges and extraordinarily deep crevasses, meant that for every step of the seven hour descent, concentration was absolutely necessary to avoid injury or worse. We eventually made camp in some woods, near a tiny spring which produced quite possibly the most pleasant tasting water in the whole world, but considering the state we were all in, maybe that is an exaggeration.

That night, we slept under the stars.

We were now following the glacial meltwater down a deep gorge and the next day we negotiated a dangerous, narrow pathway cut into the side of the rock walls. This was the most dangerous day of the trek so far. For four hours we walked along this pathway, no wider than a foot at any point along its entirety, often several hundred

feet down to the raging torrent below - one slip on the loose gravel and it would all be over. But gaining inspiration from the donkeys that went before us, carrying our supplies, thankfully we all got down to the valley safely, and continued on the road to Chatorkhand, passing countless apricot orchards on the way.

Upon arriving at the guest-



house in Chatorkhand, we collapsed (literally) under the shade provided by an orchard of apricot trees. We rested in the garden for a long time, drinking tea and eating the apricots the local boys had just picked from the trees around us. Whilst having supper in a local "restaurant" - (a shack by the side of the road) we negotiated the price of a small sheep for supper the next day. Satisfied with its state of health, we paid 650 rupees (£12) for it. The next day was a rest day, which we spent washing clothes, washing ourselves and sleeping. That evening we were invited to tea by the local "pir" - the headman of the area. Whilst having no equivalent in the western world, he could be described as a cross between a pope and an emperor, being both the political and spiritual leader of the local people. This was an occasion to dress up for and we put on the cleanest clothes we had - which isn't saying much!

We were greeted warmly by

the pir and his entourage, were fed and watered, and given a guided tour of the (large) estate including the fabulous orchards containing almost every fruit tree it is possible to think of, and also of his house, adorned with stuffed animals (a rare snow-leopard being one of the best examples) rugs, ancient weapons of war and hundreds of paintings. After thanking the pir warmly for his hospitality, we returned under the setting sun to our humble campsite. A few more days of rest in this idyllic spot wouldn't have gone amiss, but we had to press on and early the next morning we were on our way again.

This was to be a short walk, but legs had become stiff after the rest, and the two hours or so felt a lot harder and longer than anticipated. Morale was high and conversation and debate were in abundance. Having arrived at a lovely riverside spot at Asambar, the afternoon was spent relaxing - as with so many other afternoons on the trek - washing and generally being very silly in the shallow slip-off from the river. Sunburn was a personal penalty for having too much fun in the sun, but almost an entire tube of Savlon helped to ease the discomfort. Supper and early to bed was what was required for a 4am start the next morning.

The next day's walk was extremely tough. We climbed over 3800 ft in height in just over 4 hours up an extremely hot, dry gorge. We made remarkably good time and arrived at our campsite at around 11 o'clock, and were promptly treated to tea and fresh goat's yoghurt by the local people. We sat

around for the rest of the day, largely due to the fact we were all so tired that we couldn't move anyway. That night, as before - we slept under the stars.....

We awoke even earlier the next day - 3:45 - and it was still dark as we packed kit away and waited for breakfast. This early in the morning and at such a high altitude we had to wrap up warmly against the biting chill of the air. This was the day of the assault on the Asambar pass, and we set off hastily to avoid the worst of the mid-



day heat during the hard climb up. Another 4000 ft and five hours later we reached the top of the pass. The view from the top was absolutely breathtaking, probably the finest view yet and we rested here wrapped up in all our warmest gear for three-quarters of an hour. The descent down the other side was long and hard. Boots and socks were removed to cross a largish stream, and good balance was required as we waded waist deep through the fast-flowing, ice-cold water. Thankfully no one was swept away, and we continued on our way. A couple of hours later we came upon a wonderful mountain lake. The water may not have been crystal-clear, but that didn't stop any of us stripping down and taking the

plunge. Cool and beautifully refreshing as it was, our stay was short-lived, and again, we were on our way, and seven hours later we found camp towards the bottom of the valley.

The following day's walk of around five hours took us to Sandhi, and we collapsed on the plush grass in the shade of an apricot and mulberry orchard, belonging to the local police-chief. We sipped tea brought to us by the local people for what seemed an age whilst being keenly observed by literally

hundreds of local children. At first it was most disconcerting, but it quickly ceased to bother us and some of us started acting the fool in the shallow slip-off from the river, much to the pleasure of the children who showed their appreciation by

clapping wildly and shouting.

By now it was the 2nd of August, and the longing for home was beginning to take over the minds of the tired and ill. The following rest day gave us all a chance to reflect on the trek, past and present, and also served to prepare us for the third and final leg of the trek; indeed, it turned out to be much tougher than we expected.

The pace as we started off the next day was fast and it showed as several members of the expedition fell further and further behind the group. On this day, the end of the walk never seemed to come, the dry heat and openness of the terrain we were walking over meant digging deep into reserves of personal resolve to keep going. Camp

was made almost 20 miles after we started, much to the relief of everyone, especially those who were suffering. As luck would have it the next day's walk was comparatively short - only three and a half hours in duration. We were now unfortunately a day behind schedule and were desperate to make up lost time. After a very short walk to the proposed campsite the following day, we decided that we should push on and break the back of the ascent to the Thui-An pass, and it meant tackling the huge glacier which lay in the way. Our guide, the head porter for this leg of the trek, led us into a sheer wall of ice at the base of a glacier so out came the ropes and ice-picks, and one-by-one we made our way up the sheer ice face. That obstacle over, we pushed on up the glacier following a weaving path that led us clear

of potentially lethal, and hidden, gaps in the ice. The climb up was long and tiring but we were led at a good steady pace by our experienced leader, and we found our campsite 5 hours later within striking distance of the pass. We passed a group of Americans towards the end of the day's walk, but strangely not even a greeting was muttered between the two parties. We were amazed to find ourselves walking through fields of wild spring onions growing on the side of the mountain but were at the same time disappointed not to see any grazing yak, as anticipated.

The next day, August 6th, was the day we climbed the last pass and as we prepared for this final ascent, the mood over breakfast

was one of enthusiasm and excitement. It took two hours to reach the top, a very cold and windy place to be, but we stayed and savoured the moment for as long as possible. From here, we were just seventeen miles from the border with Afghanistan. We were all in a good mood as we virtually ran down the scree slope on the other side of the pass. A tricky descent followed over rivers and rocks, but soon the terrain flattened out and once again we were making our way through undulating pastures. We witnessed



a huge avalanche from down in the valley. It must have been many miles away, but it rumbled around the valley like thunder, and a huge mushroom-shaped cloud of dust soared into the sky. Lack of silt-free water at the campsite tested the patience of some of us, but we hadn't made any fuss so far and that was the way it was going to stay.

We passed through fields of marijuana and opium during another long walk (18 miles) along jeep tracks the next day, and resolve was tested once again. We stopped at a place called Bang (which was, ironically, how we felt at the time) and rested in the shade of its school.

The trek had led us down into the valley and for the rest of the journey we followed the jeep

track from village to village. On the very last day of the walk, there were slabs of stone positioned by the side of the road marking off every kilometre to Mastuj, our final destination. Twenty slabs later, and a band of dirty, dishevelled, downright exhausted men - both young and older - collapsed at the foot of the ancient walls of the old fort at Mastuj.

We had done it - completed a route never before walked by an expedition such as ours, in a single journey. We compared ourselves to

Colonel James Kelly, who exactly one hundred years before had led a small army along a more southerly route to relieve the very same besieged fort at Mastuj. Kelly's historic march has been described by historians as one of the "most remarkable in history", and we

were proud to have commemorated the event, through our imitation of it.

We spent a day at the fort resting and recovering. Being in a weakened state, several members of the group fell ill with giardia - a nasty intestinal bug caught from drinking infected water. There had been a degree of sickness over the course of the trek but as a whole we had got off lightly - we had been very careful throughout to make sure water was safe to drink, or we filtered it as diligently as possible.

As much as we enjoyed the rest at Mastuj, we had to get back home. Our onward route to Chitral had been planned by jeep, but infuriatingly, a landslide six miles south of Mastuj had washed away



the only road and communication link to the outside world, which meant that we were stranded. Determined to get home on schedule, we persuaded two jeeps to carry us as far as the landslide. Here we unloaded all the stores, and lacking the porters we had dismissed a long time ago, we had to manhandle it ourselves. In addition to our own rucksacks, each of us now shared an additional 60 lb. load for a mile long trek up and over the difficult and dangerous terrain of the landslide, an incredible effort in our weakened physical states.

Safely across, we eventually found jeeps to take us on to Chitral, a journey of more than eight hours in the most uncomfortable manner possible - thirteen of us (all standing) crammed in the back of an old U.S. Army-style "Jeep". Upon reaching Chitral, a telegram was sent to the headmaster, governors and boys of the school, telling of our success.

The following day an epic drive of over fourteen hours took us back to Abbottabad and the headquarters of the AFP, where we were warmly welcomed by the staff. We stayed here for a couple of days during which time we visited a local army college in Abbottabad and had to say a very sad farewell to two of our foreign number - Naveed (our "diplomat" and translator) and

Hashim (the cook) both of whom had served us incredibly well throughout the trek.

On the 14th August (independence day in Pakistan) we returned to Islamabad where we were given a tour of the city. We witnessed the build-up of both people and atmosphere to the celebrations of that evening. It was here in the main mosque that we experienced for the first time a small amount of anti-western feeling. There was a feeling that we weren't wanted, understandably, as we were effectively "gate-crashing" a party to which we hadn't been invited. It did nothing to blight our overall impression of Pakistan and its people - goodwill, unselfish and wel-

coming to all.

That evening we gathered at the AFP's 'Adventure Inn', for a farewell dinner steeped in emotion. Moving speeches were made by **Hugh Leach**, **Hugh Gittins** and **Kuberan Pushparajah** in which they spoke for all of us in expressing our feelings of thanks to all involved in making our trek so successful in every way.

The flight home the next day was long: fifteen hours. It provided us with ample time to reflect on the past month. **Hugh Leach**, in his account of the trip, "Racing Kelly across the roof of the world", sums it up in a way that can hardly be surpassed:

"We had learned a lot about the local people, of their spiritual values, their hospitality and their contentment in simplicity. We had learned also a lot about ourselves; the ability of the mind to overrule a body which says "no more"; that an expedition is not about the survival of the fittest and the devil take the hindmost, it is about the strong helping the weak in the sure knowledge that these roles can be reversed in the morrow."

Not just a thought for the day - very definitely a thought for life.

D. PINNIGER 6WHZ



MODEL UN MOSCOW

The morning of Tuesday 16th December was freezing cold, but as we well knew, it was not as cold as it would be in Moscow. We four, **John Oldham** and **Mr. Milner**, Rachel Burton from Burford School and Bea McLeod from Oxford High School, were setting off on our mission to attend the "2nd Moscow International Model U.N.", as a delegation representing..... France?,

to discuss Rwanda. On arriving at Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport, after a long delay at Heathrow, we all had our passports, visas and customs forms scrutinised for a worryingly long time before the officials decided it was safe to let us into the country. From the moment we first met our Russian hosts, though, it was obvious that they are

amazingly friendly people, always doing their best to make sure that you have everything you want. The insides of the apartments we were living in were warm and homely, with rugs and decorative items covering all the walls and floors. Outside, however, it was quite different! Minus ten degrees Celsius is not a particularly welcoming temperature at the best of times, but with faceless grey apartment blocks on all sides, it seemed even colder. They were all around us and they all looked exactly the same. We were glad of having someone who knew the area well to take us around, otherwise I probably would not be writing this. After looking at the old-fashioned school that was hosting the UN conference, we embarked on a tour of Moscow. The centre of the city is completely the opposite of the repetitive architecture of the suburbs. Everything is decorative, with brightly-coloured churches and chapels, and Disney-

land-style buildings. Red Square and in particular St. Basil's Cathedral were very beautiful with snow lying all around. We went into Lenin's Mausoleum which was guarded by several dodgy-looking Russian soldiers. It reminded us all of Madame Tussaud's, except that this exhibition had only one wax effigy in it - that of the former Russian leader.

After the pleasant, touristy first day, the hard work started the following afternoon with a short



meeting about the model United Nations. Unfortunately, it was conducted in Russian, so we did not catch much of what was being said. In the evening we all went to see the Moscow State Circus and in short, we were stunned. The performing bears, birds, dogs and deer would probably have made the circus illegal in the West, but it was a brilliant show all the same.

As the whole conference was to be held in Russian, we employed the services of the English teachers at the School as translators.

In the opening ceremony, the delegations introduced their countries. Most of the nations were played by Russian students, apart from France, which was us, and Russia itself which was represented by three Americans. There was a stunned silence amongst the French delegation as we did not know about this introductory speech. Luckily, we were the sixth group to speak - thank goodness 'France'

doesn't start with an 'A' - and, as I had drawn the short straw, I had a few seconds to scribble down some notes about France's great culture and traditions, before the microphone was at my mouth. There was a bit of time to think while each line was being translated, so it went quite well, but it was a harrowing experience. After that, everything seemed easy and we all contributed to the discussions on the situation in Rwanda. We put forward our proposals on how to restore peace and normality in Rwanda, and were told later that our 'draft resolutions' would be the first to be voted on the next day. This, according to some, was a great success.

Friday was entirely devoted to the conference, so after an early breakfast we all took our seats in the semi-circle of delegations and got down to some serious discussion. We got a long way in deciding which

proposals to put forward, despite all the 'dining hall breaks', but not as far as we should have. The Russian students did not appear to be in a hurry to come to any conclusions and seemed intent on slowing the proceedings down. For example, they proposed at least two votes on whether to change a spelling mistake in some documents that came round! By the end of the day, each delegation had put forward their draft resolutions and we had all voted on them. Both of ours had been accepted by majority decision which was pleasing, and the final resolutions were all decided on.

In the closing ceremony on Saturday morning, we were all given certificates and copies (in Russian) of the resolutions on the Rwanda situation. **Mr. Milner** gave a quite brilliant speech to say how much we had enjoyed taking part in the conference and what wonderful hosts the Russians had been. After the ceremony, there was a

concert in which many pupils from the school performed and in which **Mr. Milner** persuaded me to play the guitar. Luckily, everything went well and, after the concert, we gave our thanks to the interpreters and organisers, and bade farewell to the other delegates with whom we had become friends, before returning home to our host families.

On Saturday afternoon we went shopping for souvenirs of our stay. In the open-air market that I was whisked off to, it had to be colder than anywhere else on Earth. By the time we had walked around the hundreds of stalls, looking at the Russian dolls and wooden boxes, and haggled with the stallholders to reduce the prices, our feet were seemingly non-existent. That evening, we and our Russian hosts



had a farewell party, but without the infamous Russian vodka about which we had been carefully warned before leaving England. It was a very sad moment when we said goodbye to our host families and friends, as we had all had a great time, and there were some tears later when the minibus pulled out of the school car park.

Participating in the model United Nations was a very profitable and worthwhile experience, but it was also very interesting to see what life is like in post Communist Russia. Many thanks must go to the Russians, who made our stay so pleasant, to **Mr. Milner** for getting us through it with no problems, and to **Dr. Rolfe** for his help in organising it.

J. OLDHAM 6AMS

It is not just current members of the school who have been adventuring "Out & About". Two members of the O.A. Club have written in to tell readers of their wanderings. Please keep those articles coming! -Ed.

"I hate Quotations," said Ralph Waldo Emerson. Most A-level English students would agree with his sentiment, as they are told to remember countless numbers of obscure, often incomprehensible, excerpts from all manner of literary texts. Therefore, I was doubly surprised one day on finding a practical use for one such citation. A certain scholarly gentleman was categorically informing me as to the merits of continuing my education at University immediately, instead of swanning off around the World for a year, as was my wish. 'Was it not Francis Bacon,' I pointed out, 'who said, "Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education... He that travelleth into a country... goeth to school"?' Smug, I was.

It was during my first 'gap' year that I found how inspired that comment was. Israel was my first port of call, where I took part in a month-long archaeological dig. This was the first time I had to take on a major organisational task, something which, while at school, I had always taken for granted would be done for me. Never had we been taught the fundamentals of shopping around for flights, insurance *et al.* It seems such an obvious step, in hindsight, but as a naive, young student, for different companies to charge different prices for the same service, was as bizarre a concept as my former English teacher not being able to recall the act, scene and line reference of even the most minor 'King Lear' quotation on demand.

Other first principles of living were gleaned from my next trip abroad, a fascinating three month work placement on a fish farm in

south-west France. Living on my own in a caravan, it soon became clear that a boiled egg, bread and cold meat every meal, although economical, could just become a little tedious. And so, the basic skills of cooking, albeit through necessity, were self-imparted.

Next came a long period of employment back in the United Kingdom, fairly important as far as paying off debts was concerned. Life back home can seem dull after three months in foreign parts, but as it became increasingly clear during my voyages, enjoyment comes at a price. This should not be allowed to detract from having fun; it is just that the paying-for-it bit can come as a shock to the system.

My final, and most exciting, journey was a three month trip to North America. As rabid followers of football, my travelling companion and I spent much of our time engrossed in the World cup. The whole ensuing experience of pondering whether to purchase tickets for the final, deciding they were too expensive to buy, reflecting on them again, deeming they were still a little on the exorbitant side but buying them anyway, attending the subsequent match between Brazil and Italy, and having the absolute time of our lives, has long since achieved legendary status. The adventure of a lifetime.

The term 'gap' year is misleading. If used properly, the sixteen or so months between school and university it represents do not serve as a temporary interlude in the education process. I am sure I will be continually referring to the skills and experiences that have figured during this time at University, and afterwards. For me, my 'gap' year was a year gained, not wasted. If other students are thinking about taking one, I urge them to go for it.

D. HANCOX O.A.

ISRAEL (AND EGYPT)

One of the most deceptive things about Israel is its 'European-ness', the result of large waves of immigration particularly from Germany, Poland, Austria and France in the aftermath of the Second World War. Tel Aviv, Haifa and Tiberias could be said to resemble many large towns in Western Europe, although generally without the architectural heritage. Israelis themselves tend to appear as conservative, in keeping with Jewish emphasis on family life, and the dominant culture is certainly that of the white, educated middle class.

There are some very early pointers, however, which indicate that this cannot be the full story. My first vivid memory on leaving Ben Gurion Airport is of realising suddenly that everyone (taxi drivers, porters *etc.*) was carrying a gun and managing to remain remarkably relaxed about it, despite a detectable atmosphere of tension and half expectancy. More curious contradictions: children playing on the pavements at midnight; the Palestinian Arab behind the desk of the Jewish Youth Hostel; the omnipresence of young soldiers amongst the regulated scramble of the streets. Eventually it all came to make some kind of sense and I began to understand a society trying to create and maintain the freedoms cherished by its culture whilst having to accept that it has (or had?) been effectively at war for every day of its short existence and having to make the subsequent sacrifices.

With initial confusion still inescapably in mind I set out with one other volunteer to a kibbutz - Kfar Hanassi - in the northern Galilee region, one mile from the River Jordan and the old Syrian border. A kibbutz is a highly developed form of commune of which there are about 350 in Israel, initially encouraged by the emerging government in the 1940s as a self-

financing means of settling borders. Based loosely around the old Soviet model of the Kolkhoz, kibbutzim have come a long way from their early days of orthodox left wing ideology and grass huts; whilst most retain an agricultural base for purposes of sale and subsistence, many have found it necessary to diversify into manufacturing and tourism to maintain the comfortable and semi-affluent lifestyle which members have come to enjoy in the last two or three decades. As a typical kibbutz, Kfar Hanassi consists of around four hundred permanent members and a more transient element of anything up to two hundred. Everybody capable must work - six days a week and long hours; the most common jobs include working in the fields, the factory or the communal kitchen and dining areas. All are judged to be of equal importance, however, and the majority consist of maintenance tasks - gardening, painting, plumbing and so on.

A typical day would mean starting work at 6am (or probably earlier) and walking to the kitchens or perhaps being driven out to the fields clinging to the back of a tractor; roughly a half-hour break for breakfast at eight or nine, then working through until lunch at one and then a return to work until the heat and exhaustion begin to show. Kibbutz life is, by our standards, extraordinarily informal and nothing is fixed except for morning start times. If this sounds at all daunting then it must be said that one quickly gets used to it. Kibbutzim are liberated and tolerant communities but will not accommodate an unwilling worker or someone who will not get up in the mornings. On the other hand, a good worker is respected and appropriately rewarded.

Volunteers are not such, then, in the aid-worker sense of the word. Obviously a volunteer is not a salaried person, but a small weekly allowance is common; ac-

commodation is provided in ancient and often wonderfully muralled pre-fab buildings (on arrival I noticed what looked like a long dis-used garage which I was then given the keys to and told to call home). It is possible for the small volunteer communities (which tend to be extremely close) to become socially isolated from the kibbutzniks - after all, volunteers are basically on a long holiday whereas holidays for kibbutzniks tend to be a lot rarer. First generation members are invariably east European immigrants, survivors of the Nazi oppression, who are quite prepared to relate their experiences, often with an incredible stoic cheerfulness.

Kibbutzim will, from time to time, lay on either educational trips for volunteers and resident students or seminars on the themes of current affairs or recent history. For instance, we were taken on tours of the Golan Heights to see the ghost towns, Israeli settlements and the burned out tank shells - monuments to the Six Day War; another four day trip encompassed the Dead Sea, En Gedi, Massada and the accompanying stunning sunrise over Jordan. There is plenty of scope for a volunteer to use the kibbutz as a base whilst taking accrued time off to explore other parts of the country, notably Caesarea, Tel Aviv, Jerusalem and Eilat. Of course, the list could go on, but one other option is Egypt, which is readily accessible from either the Taba crossing point at Eilat or (supposedly) by bus from Tel Aviv to Cairo.

Three of us decided to spend a month roughing it round Egypt and subsequently derived much greater satisfaction than those who opt for luxury Nile cruises which release their tourists for an hour at a time to gawp at museums and temples. We started by touring the Sinai, then onto the fabulous city of Cairo, south to Luxor and back across the Red Sea from Hurghada to the civilisation of Israel. In the

process we acquired a good deal more traveller's 'nous', saw the real sides of life in Arab towns and met ordinary people - as well as gawping at the Pyramids, the Valley of the Kings and the ultimately ridiculous Temple of Karnak. Going in July was not one of my cleverer ideas, however - it can get pretty warm.

By means of working and saving hard and the generosity and goodwill of TASS I was able to have this experience which certainly benefited me in many ways, not least in opening my eyes to the wide world and preparing me for university. At some point in the future I would like to revisit the Middle East, without wishing to repeat the experience carbon-copy, but in the mean time I will confidently recommend Israel and/or Egypt to anyone who wants to travel, meet with something physically and mentally challenging - and have lots of fun.

O. RANT O.A.

THE RUSSIAN EXCHANGE

During the Easter holidays a group of 12 pupils from Abingdon



Москва.
Храм Василия Блаженного
Moscow. St. Basil's Cathedral

and Oxford High School went to Moscow accompanied by **Dr. Rolfe** and Mrs. Bainbridge from Oxford High School. All the students were a little apprehensive about the trip to an ever changing country, but the hospitality everybody received soon made them feel at home.

We were greeted at the airport by Tatyana Nikolaevna and were driven back to the school in a rather dodgy bus which didn't look as if it was capable of making the hour trip.



Сергиев Посад
Sergiev Posad

We were greeted by our exchanges and taken back to their flats where

we were all offered plenty of food, but this offer was declined in order to all get a good night's sleep.

On the first weekday the group assembled at the school with plenty of details to share about their exchanges and their families. It was now that the group got it's first chance to go on the Moscow Metro, and all the different forms of Russian public transport. We visited many interesting places (and some not so interesting) and also got the chance to go to the ballet and the circus. Best remembered though are the armoury in



Москва. Царь пушка
Moscow. The Tsar Cannon

the Kremlin and Sergei Pasad, but for differing reasons. The armoury was very interesting but the tour took so long that whenever a seat of some kind was seen, there was a mad rush to get there first to rest tired legs. Sergei Pasad is a religious monastery and we got given a tour by a monk who amused everybody by making references to

Michael Jackson, Jurassic Park and telling us to mountaineer up two tiny steps.

Everybody was very taken with the hospitality shown by our host families and found the Russian food interesting, if not always nice. The majority of the group were given either Corn Flakes, Frosties or Coco Pops for breakfast, which we were told would have cost the earth and taken forever to find in the shops.

The trip was thoroughly enjoyed by all who went and thanks must be given to **Dr. Rolfe** for putting in a lot of work in organising it and coming with us. Everybody agreed that it was a very enjoyable trip and would like to return sometime to see how much the country has changed.

Abingdonians on the exchange were **D. Logan, J. Adams, H. Wearne, M. Edwards, J. Whibley, A. Craig** and **P-C. Rae**

M. EDWARDS 5RPF

THE GERMAN EXCHANGE

I had just received a letter from my German exchange. All the letter really said was that he was interested in some band called 'Aerosmith', that he loved watching videos, didn't have a girlfriend, and that his name was Christoph. I read again, and again - nothing! I suppose I only have to put up with him for a week, and I suppose I'll have to try and make the best of it.

The day arrived for us to pick up our exchanges. My name was read out, then Christoph's. We were introduced, shook hands, and then gave each other a nervous smile, maybe even a smile of recognition. We then left the coach park, home-bound. At home we conversed in extremely broken English/German. He told me that he had difficulty in understanding my Scottish

accent. I then started to speak backwards and said, "Is this better?" He stood, looked me up and down, and broke into fits of laughter. I had 'broken the ice' so to speak. Things were beginning to look up for the week ahead. The week went extremely well, consisting of two trips to the cinema, one visit to Laser Quest where we paired up with my friend and his friend (Britain 'v' Germany) a game of golf, swimming, and other activities.

To round it all off, we had a Germany 'v' Britain football match. Out we ran, red and black rugby tops flapping. We looked good, better than good. If how clean your kit is has anything to do with how well you play, we were already unbeatable. We eyed up our ragamuffin German opposition, secretly thinking it was in the fun of it. The whistle blew as the Germans fluently passed it around. And then suddenly the ball was in the back of the net, unfortunately ours. I'm afraid that about summed the game up; the Germans scoring, us chasing.

But it was a great laugh. In fact, the whole week was great fun. I'm looking forward to our return visit to Deutschland, as I'm sure we all are.

A. STEWART 4RPF

MEMORIES OF GRENOBLE

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 enough - in some cases very 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. Indeed we were wined, dined and chauffeured with a panache which it will be difficult to reciprocate. 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 our friends at the Collège des Buclous.

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: however it has the peculiarity of being 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 - espe-



cially since there is a fortified hill, the Bastille, immediately behind the river frontage. 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 spectacular, even though a poor sound system meant that we never worked out what the supposed "theme" was! For anyone interested in French art or history, the Grenoble area is very reward-

ing. There is a huge, excellently lit new art gallery next to the Isère. Also in the city centre, a three storey building has been fully refurbished to house 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.

R. C. R. MILNER

THE 1995 GRENOBLE FRENCH EXCHANGE

On April 8th 1995, approximately forty Abingdonians gathered in the coach park, complete with passports and suitcases, ready for the ten day adventure which awaited them. Despite the odd case of pre-exchange nerves, the atmosphere was cheerful, and even **Mr. Pettitt** and **Mr. Willerton** seemed quite relaxed. Bags and boys were successfully loaded, the bus eased through the hordes of tearful parents, and after a brief detour to Headington School to collect their half of the exchange, we headed for Heathrow.

A short and crystal-clear flight later, we touched down in Lyon-Satolas, a half-hour behind schedule but with no real disasters. Of course, it had been my bag that the Heathrow security officers had decided to investigate in painstaking detail, but all of the pupils managed to avoid being arrested in either airport, surprisingly enough. After clearing customs, we piled into another coach and made for the Lycée du Grésivaudan in Grenoble,

a three-hour drive away through some of the most impressive scenery in the world. We arrived in a



somewhat dazed state after a full day's travelling, desperately speaking as much English as possible before we were cut off from our friends for ten days. Warily, we stumbled off the bus into the evening sunshine and admired the panorama of stunning mountains whilst trying to remember exactly what our exchange partners actually looked like..... Eventually, we



were all paired up and sent off, expected to cope on our own. It may well have seemed impossible at

first, but we all began to realise that we could, and that everything was going to be OK.

There were no group activities organised for the Sixth-form, so I can only write about the exchange from my point of view. I had an enjoyable stay with a mixture of sightseeing and relaxation, all the while completely immersed in French culture. Expeditions for me included a trip to Mont Blanc and Italy, and some of the rest of the group managed to go skiing. Most of us went to the cinema at one point or another, and *Légendes d'Automne* (Legends of the Fall) proved especially popular... but perhaps not for all the right reasons! It would seem that **Mr. Willerton** and **Mr. Pettitt** were obliged to spend a great deal of time in the cinema (or at fancy dinners for the staff) since apparently their hotel was somewhat unsatisfactory. My heart bled for them.

The trip was ruled by **Mr. Pettitt** and his iron will, and **Mr. Willerton**, Mrs. Earle and Mrs. Hallas managed to marshal their charges successfully. All four teachers deserve thanks for organising such an excellent and educational trip, and **John Oldham** deserves special credit for his musical contribution to the trip with his trusty guitar - something few who heard it will ever forget!

A. CLARK 6SJS



Music

"The School seems to be acquiring quite a musical tone, When this magazine was first started, a concert was about the last thing we ever hoped to chronicle." The Abingdonian 1894



THE INAUGURAL RECITAL OF THE CHAPEL ORGAN

The school was very fortunate to attract Jane Watts, one of Britain's leading organists, to give a recital on the new Chapel organ on the day of its inauguration on Saturday 24th September. Jane Watts, having got herself acquainted with the new Walker organ in the days leading up to its inauguration, gave a splendid recital, which was well attended by many old friends of the school and retired masters who had put up with the other organ during their days in the school. Interestingly enough, the organ had been certified dead 30 years ago, but thanks to the skill of the organists in the school, it had continued to accompany (at times!) the Services in Chapel. The recital opened with a composition by **Mr. Oxlade**, a piece that was both exciting and which was a great overture to the rest of the recital. Having played it, Jane Watts acknowledged the applause, then herself applauded **Mr. Oxlade** for his piece. The recital continued with the

virtuosic playing that Jane Watts is accustomed to show, and showed a wide variety in the style of piece. The Chapel witnessed music of a type never before heard! Thanks go to the **Chaplain, Mr. Elliot, Mr. Oxlade, Mrs. Manship** and **TASS** (who helped financially) for all their hard work in ensuring the installation of this wonderful instrument. Indeed in his final speech at the end of the recital, the **Headmaster** gave particular thanks to Jane Watts for her playing and to **Mr. Oxlade** for his initiative in arranging the whole occasion. The school already has a few keen boy organists and it was a shame for one of them, **Hugh Morris**, that he was not in the audience: for he was away playing the organ in Magdalene College, Cambridge, which earned him an Organ Scholarship. This great news arrived just after the recital. So, congratulations go to Hugh, and to **Mr. Oxlade** for his inspiring teaching and playing!

M. PRITCHARD 6WHZ

THE SERVICE OF DEDICATION OF THE NEW CHAPEL ORGAN.

At midday on 24 September, a middling-sized congregation, among which was the Mayor of Abingdon, assembled in the Chapel to celebrate the Eucharist and dedicate the new organ. Whilst this was first and foremost, and rightly, a spiritual experience, it was also, on a less exalted level, a four star occasion. The first star was, not surprisingly, the organ itself, whose tone, range and power were ably demonstrated by the second, **John Oxlade**, in his voluntaries and in accompanying the choir. It is the words of the third, (*qv. - Ed.*) the

Rev. David Manship, which give me the audacity to describe a service in terms more appropriate to a hotel, for he reassured me, in a sermon witty, amusing, enthralling and entirely appropriate to the occasion, that I was not going to damn my soul to 'the everlasting bonfire' if I admitted to approving wholeheartedly of excellence in all aspects of worship. No surprise, then, that my fourth star is the choir, and its director, **Mrs. Charmian Manship**. There is no sound in music that I find so moving as beautiful treble voices under perfect control, and these trebles certainly moved me; not that the rest of the choir did not. Altos often have to play second fiddle and sometimes cannot be heard; tenors, especially school tenors, can be raucous, and basses too dominant; this choir was well-balanced and consistently produced lovely sounds. They coped extremely well, both with an anthem which had been new to them a fortnight before, and with the difficulties of Mozart's *Missa Brevis*. All the soloists performed well, and if I mention but one, it is not just because of the quality of the bass soloist's unusually mature voice, but also because, I happen to know, he did not know until the morning of the service that he was to sing solo- no-one would have guessed. **Mrs. Manship** must be very proud of her choir, and they of her.

It required a great deal of dedicated hard work, and skill, and patience to produce such a performance in a mere fortnight- she really ought to have a star herself, but, knowing her, I think she would prefer to be part of her choir's. It was a privilege to be there; thank you all.

L. C. GRIFFIN.



JOINT CONCERT WITH SCOTCH COLLEGE, MELBOURNE.

Due to a contact between one of Abingdon's musicians and the authorities of Scotch College in Melbourne, Australia, a joint concert was organised for the two schools as part of the Australians' European tour. The date arranged was Tuesday 24th January, and the orchestra was "billeted" with Abingdon players. Its tour included trips to London (Big Ben, the Houses of Parliament and the Tower of London) Paris (including the Champs Elysées, Notre-Dame and the Louvre) Bruges in Belgium, and Oxford, Cambridge and Oundle in Britain. By the time they arrived on 22nd January they were all fairly tired after an enormously full schedule and eighteen days of touring, but they were all in good spirits. Monday 23rd was spent sightseeing, and we first heard them play on Tuesday in rehearsals.

Obviously any orchestra which tours round the world is going to be good, but Scotch College was truly fantastic. We all eagerly anticipated the concert that evening. The event began with our first Orchestra charging rousingly through

Walton's Spitfire Prelude and Fugue, but the event really was one for the soloists. The first was **Felix Findeisen** with Shostakovich's second Piano Concerto, which he thundered through with tremendous aplomb and ability despite the fiendishly difficult part. He was followed by **Tristan Gurney** playing Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto in D major. Tristan gave a typically excellent performance, in particular during his enthralling cadenza which held the audience spellbound. Incidentally, this was the piece which Leopold Auer, one of the greatest virtuosi ever, refused to play because it was so difficult. Tristan on the other hand made it seem easy.

After the interval it was the

turn of Scotch College who rose to Abingdon's challenge magnificently. They began with Respighi's Ancient Airs and Dances and Bergamasque from Suite II, both of which were perfect showpieces for their orchestra, which played with amazing balance and control. However, the highlight of the evening was their stunning rendition of Rachmaninov's Second Piano Concerto. The soloist, Cameron Roberts, was about to embark on his studies at the Guildhall School of Music in London and had performed spectacularly in previous concerts on both the Piano and Violin, so it was no surprise to find he was excellent that evening. From those famous opening chords to the explosive ending of the piece he enthralled the audience to such an extent that he received a standing ovation and an encore was demanded. This was Rachmaninov's prelude No 6 from Opus 23, a flowing, sweeping piece very similar to the concerto. It would not be an exaggeration to say that no finer concert has been given by a school orchestra in the Amey Hall in many years. We can only hope that our First Orchestra performs as well on its tour, and that Scotch College prove to have been an inspiration.

A. CLARK 6SJS




A SPRING CONCERT

This musical concert was overall a most enjoyable experience. The musical menu included Fauré, a Vaughan Williams oboe concerto, and Poulenc's Gloria, all of which are difficult and deep pieces of music. The music was performed by the school's growing Choral Society and the associated orchestra.

ABINGDON CHORAL SOCIETY

Conductor: Richard Elliott

POULENC GLORIA



Fauré Cantique de Jean Racine
Vaughan Williams Oboe Concerto
Vaughan Williams Rhapsody

Michael Stinton: Oboe
 Carol Kelly: Soprano solo

Saturday 13th May 1995 Amey Hall, Abingdon School
 at 7.30 p.m.

First to the orchestra, which was led by **Mariette Richter**. I felt throughout the concert that the orchestra knew the pieces they were playing extremely well, and this knowledge was evident in their performance; my only (small) complaint was that in the Gloria there was a slight overbalance towards the wind section, resulting in a drowning out of the rest of both the orchestra and the choir. **Mr. Elliott** conducted the orchestra with finesse.

The choir itself was also very good, but if anything too small compared to the large orchestra. Coupled with the fact that they were situated at the back of the stage (the orchestra lying in front) the choir was at many points during the concert inaudible. This was a pity as some of the vocal parts in the music played are exquisitely beautiful,

and complicated. It was a little disappointing to see that only about 10 boys turned up to sing, especially as 22 were listed on the programme.

The highlights of the concert were without a doubt the two soloists. Carol Kelly sang a beautiful soprano, **Mr.**

Stinton's oboe solo was absolutely superb, in both a technical and a musical sense, and his performance injected a good deal into the concert as a whole.

To sum up, the evening was highly successful. Concerts such as this are very valuable to the school, as they demonstrate both the quality and the quantity of musical work being done. A fair number of people attended, but the Amey Hall was certainly not full - in fact the performers almost outnumbered the listeners! It was a shame that such an excellent concert should be rewarded by such a moderate attendance.

M. LLOYD 4RSKM

CHAPEL CHOIR TO ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY

As part of its yearly round of England's cathedrals and colleges the Chapel Choir was invited to sing in St. Alban's Cathedral, having impressed so many there last year. The Evensong was well-attended, and it was pleasing to note that the congregation outnumbered the choir, which is very rare. **Mr. Elliott** was called in at the last minute,



and sight-read very creditably! The building of St. Alban's is spectacular, and the acoustic, whilst not too resonant, was rich enough to send our voices echoing around the building's many antechapels. The experience of singing in a large cathedral building is inimitable, particularly for those in the Lower School, to whom the building must have seemed overpowering.

Having spent a few years in Chapel Choir, it is very satisfying to remember the range of cathedrals and college chapels we have sung in. The thanks for these experiences rests with **Mrs. Manship**, and **Rev. Lewis**, without whom we would not have had any of these trips. Many thanks also go to **Mr. Oxlade**, our usual organist, and to **Mr. Elliot**, who has frequently been indispensable as a last-minute stand-in!

M. PRITCHARD 6WHZ



THE GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

This year, the annual Grand Orchestral Concert was a warm-up event for the forthcoming tour of Central Europe. A reasonably large audience had the pleasure of hearing the majority of the tour programme, and perhaps more strikingly, they also witnessed the first appearance of the First Orchestra tie. Clearly, this was an occasion few would forget.

The concert began with Beethoven's Egmont Overture, played vigorously by the First Orchestra. Then, Chamber Orchestra performed Vivaldi's Concerto in G minor for two cellos, with **Mark Pritchard** and **Jerome Finnis** captivating the audience with the solo cello parts. **Hugh Morris** and **Edward Smith** then took over the soloist duties in Albinoni's Adagio, on organ and violin respectively, with Edward's performance in particular deserving praise. After a short pause while First Orchestra trooped back on again, the players launched into Vaughan Williams' English Folksong Suite. This was an old favourite from the orchestra's repertoire, and as such may have been a tiny bit under-rehearsed, but it all went smoothly on the evening, with a creditable performance from **Simon Capper** on the Oboe. The first half was then brought to a suitably uplifting conclusion with Eric Coates' Dambusters' march, and an enthusiastic brass section ensured that this was a success.

Second Orchestra began the second half, playing melodies from Faust by Gounod, Pagliacci by Leoncavallo, and Rigoletto by Verdi. These were conducted by **Daniel Hammersley**, **Edward Smith** and **Antony Ashton** respectively, all of whom are A Level musicians. Both the conductors and the players performed admirably given their relative inexperience and their efforts were appreciated by the audience. Despite the sweltering heat on stage, First Orchestra returned to doggedly battle through the stodgy Bolero by Ravel (not made so by the orchestra, I should point out) and the multiple soloists generally performed well despite the difficulty of the parts, their inexperience and the occasional case of stage fright! Chamber Orchestra then performed an emotive rendition of Samuel Barber's Adagio for strings, as heard in the film "Platoon". Finally, an abrupt mood change was created by the thunderous rendition of Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance number 1 given by First Orchestra.

As usual, it was time to bid farewell to the upper sixth, many of whom have contributed inestimably to music at Abingdon during their time here. All our best wishes for the future must go to them, and also our thanks for their efforts through the years.

A. CLARK 6SJS

THE FIRST ORCHESTRA TOUR TO CENTRAL EUROPE

The exciting and successful orchestral concert tour which was undertaken immediately following the Summer Term came about as a result of a number of impulses that have been gaining momentum in recent years.

The gradual growth in the numbers of musicians at Abingdon, the quality of a gifted and committed team of visiting musicians and the resultant rise in the standard of instrumental music at the school were the most compelling factors. Another was the existence of a particularly gifted group of boys in last

year's upper sixth, including seven boys reading music at A level, for

an appropriate opportunity to say farewell.



whom such a tour would be a fitting tribute to their hard work and

further afield.

It was the acquaintance of

Many will remember the freelance conductor **Marcin Stopczyk** with warmth (see *The Abingdonian* 1994 Vol. 20 No. 3 - Ed). Marcin proved to be a crucial linkman in the plans for our stay and concerts in Warsaw and Krakow. Finally, the visit of the orchestra of Scotch College, Melbourne in January of this year seemed to suggest that it was about time we took our music-making

Ben Gunner from Musica Europa, recommended by a colleague at Wycombe Abbey, which brought the concept of an orchestral tour more sharply into focus; so it was that a feasibility letter was sent out to parents half way through the Michaelmas Term. The response was unequivocal - Abingdon School was ready for its first orchestral tour.

The crucial question was whether we could successfully assemble a balanced symphony orchestra using just our own boys. But that potential anxiety was soon dispelled. The critical sections: the bassoons, french horns and double basses are of good sizes thanks to recruitment over the years and should be for some time to come (the Second Orchestra currently boasts respectively three, six and four players in these sections). Ultimately, we took fifty-eight of the seventy boys in the First Orchestra.

With the help of Musica Europa, a company specialising in providing assistance with international concert tours, and that of **Margaret O'Neill**, an indefatigable Music School Secretary, we set to work to find the most convenient and economical means of transport and the most interesting and rewarding itinerary possible. In addition to a programme of sight-seeing in the ancient centres of the three cities we took the opportunity of visiting the nazi concentration camp at Auschwitz; it provided a particularly compelling aspect to the tour for which the boys had been prepared in a talk given by an Auschwitz survivor, Victor Greenberg, before our departure.

We are very grateful to a number of organisations and individuals who offered us crucial financial support for the endeavour. Particular mention should be made of Oxford Instruments, a local company with business interests in Poland. Their early support made the

whole venture financially viable, not least because it allowed us a generously sized team of staff (nine) to lead this large group.

The repertoire had to be balanced; enough for the brass players and saxophonists, but not so much that the music couldn't be brought to a high level of performance. Some serious "art music" including concertante works would be desirable, too. The orchestra was to be reduced to chamber size for these pieces and some of our best soloists could be spot-lit. And what better credentials could be offered than the Organ Scholar elect of Magdalene College, Cambridge (**Hugh Morris**) and a Choral Scholar elect of Clare College, Cambridge (**Jerome Finnis**)? Unfortunately we were denied the opportunity to offer the talents of our leading violinist: **Tristan Gurney** was committed to staying in the U.K. for the BBC Young Musician Competition before taking up his place at the Royal Northern College of Music.

Great thought had to be given to the business of carriage, care and insurance of a very valuable collection of instruments, careful ordering of music and folders and successful accommodation of the "Kitchen Department" (percussion) and sufficient numbers of collapsible music stands!

And so to the tour ... but I shall reserve my comments in favour of those of the boys which appear in the following pages. Save to say that the tour was stimulating, exhausting, rewarding and ultimately hugely worthwhile for all concerned, and to express my sincere thanks to all who supported us, financially and in other ways; to the superb team of staff who accompanied us (**Mr. Elliot**, **Mr. Milner**, **Mr. Pettitt**, **Mr. Townsend**, **Mr. Gunningham** from Radley College, **Mrs. O'Neill**, **Mrs. Milner** and **Mrs. Stinton**) and most importantly to the boys whose deport-

ment throughout the tour was enthusiastic, committed, thoughtful and dignified. Several people made telling remarks about the outstanding behaviour of our boys: Auschwitz guides, fellow hotel guests, coach drivers and courier but perhaps the final word should go to a Radley master who came with us and whose letter I received today: "... I thought the boys were perfect ambassadors for Abingdon School, and of course, our country."

M. A. STINTON

DAY 1-MONDAY.

As the first light of dawn broke, approximately sixty boys were queueing beside a large, green double-decker coach in the school. Despite the hour (5 am) the mood was cheerful, if a little subdued, since we all knew we were about to embark on a tour like no other. After a short wait while the instruments were loaded into the trailer, the drivers eased the bus out of the school, away from the parents, and towards Dover- the Abingdon School First Orchestra tour was underway, and it was Go, Go, Go..... or rather Stop, Stop, Stop, since we managed fifteen minutes of driving before the trailer acquired a puncture. Leaving the trailer in a lay-by, with the ever-ready **Mr. Elliot** on guard, we returned to Abingdon to pick up the necessary equipment for the repair. Unfortunately, it became evident that a simple repair would not be enough, and we were forced to patch the trailer together until we could get to the coach company's headquarters in Essex and find a new trailer. This was an annoying but unavoidable delay, which could not have been predicted or prevented, but in the end it was not a huge problem since we were able to exchange our ferry tickets for a later crossing.

The crossing was completely calm, and the drive to Aachen was uneventful. Aachen is just inside

Germany, near the Belgian border, and apparently has an impressive octagonal church, but we did not do any sightseeing. We arrived at the youth hostel where we were staying at about half past ten, absolutely exhausted and starving, and after a rapid meal we went to bed.

DAY 2-TUESDAY

Breakfast was at quarter to seven in the morning, and with three showers between the entire group, this meant getting up stupidly early for all those who felt the need to wash. The hostel, you may have gathered, was not quite the Ritz, but was comfortable enough and the food was reasonable. Breakfast itself marked the beginning of a long run of continental

ion crossing the border meant a delay, and it took about an hour for the border police to stamp all our passports and satisfy themselves that we were not attempting to smuggle out drugs or instruments, before we were welcomed to Poland. After a few hours driving, it was very obvious that we had left the rich west, because the villages by the road often looked somewhat neglected, and practically every car we passed was a Polska, Skoda or Trabant. Also, the typical communist-built housing blocks did not look particularly appealing, so we were beginning to wonder why we had come. In the end, this question was answered by the hotel we stayed in at Poznan that evening.

Despite our late arrival (it was about 11 pm before we got to Poznan) the hotel still gave us a meal, and the staff were very considerate. After the youth hostel, the luxury of an en suite bathroom and toilet in each double room was much appreciated. We did not have time to



breakfasts, which some appreciated more than others (after much cajoling, **Tom Carey** was persuaded to eat a sandwich...) and also the true meaning of those fateful words "take own packed lunch" became clear- this was the first appearance of the dreaded cheese and ham sandwiches which would plague our tour.

We had welcomed **Till Kupper** and **Felix Findeisen** into our fold the night before, and we set off that morning somewhat bleary-eyed, but awaiting to cross into Poland. We were not sure what to expect, and there was just a hint of apprehension in the air. After crossing Germany in about eleven hours, we arrived at the border at Frankfurt uber Oder. As Poland is not a member of the European un-

do the proposed tour of the city, and after sampling our first Polish cooking ("slab and potatoes" as one member of the orchestra described it) we went to bed and prepared for another early start.

DAY3-WEDNESDAY

Up again at the crack of dawn and after another continental breakfast ("Tom, you really should eat something...") we drove to Warsaw. We arrived at the Seminary where we were staying a little behind schedule, and so we had to hurry our lunch before going on the proposed guided tour of the old city. Owing to our late arrival, **Marcin**

Stopczyk showed us around this wonderful capital city, largely rebuilt following the destruction in the Second World War. We finally met up with our guide (described by one anonymous source as "a persistent granny") and made our way to a reception given by the German chemical company Bayer whilst our noble leader and his wife were wined and dined at the British Embassy.

DAY 4 - THURSDAY

We visited the stunning Royal castle in the centre of Warsaw in the morning, which was not original since it had been destroyed in the war and reconstructed carefully, like the rest of the city. It was still well worth a visit, because of its splendour and incredible antiques.

That afternoon, we had a rehearsal in our venue for that evening, which was the Church of St. Anne, and we had a chance to appreciate its grandeur. The concert itself was extremely successful, because the church was filled with seven or eight hundred people, blocking side-chapels, gangways and aisles, and a further three hun-



The Church of St Anne

dred people had to be turned away. The publicity campaign had obviously paid off (there were posters all over the city, and the previous afternoon we had led a valiant crusade through the streets armed with leaflets).

Never before, in the seven hundred year history of the school has a first orchestra concert been

attended by so many. A programme of daunting music had not deterred the hordes of Poles from attending a school orchestra concert, given by a school they had never even heard of before. Most Abingdonians do not know what they are missing- after all, according to an independent inspector last year we have the best music department in Oxfordshire. It seems that music here is now at a level where we can compete with "the big boys", so Abingdonians, let's see more of you at our concerts- **YOUR ORCHESTRA NEEDS YOU!**

Stunning performances were given in the concert, especially by **Edward Smith** and **Hugh Morris** in Albinoni's Adagio and **Mark Pritchard** and **Jerome Finnis** in Vivaldi's double cello concerto and all the soloists in Ravel's Bolero, which led to a standing ovation

Backstage, **Mr. Stinton** was mobbed by hordes of Polish girls demanding his autograph, and a tentative invitation to play in the Middle East was offered, although this is not very likely to occur. After the concert we were given a reception by Oxford Polska holdings which allowed the elder members of the orchestra to relax and sample the local beer. We were treated like the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and warmly congratulated by our hosts, whom I would like to thank for such an incredible evening. The concert had been the finest in our current orchestra's history, and the reception made the whole evening perfect. Following the reception, we said a tearful farewell to Warsaw and to a beautiful young guide called Vla.

DAY 5-FRIDAY

Once again, it was an early start with an expected 8 am depar-

ture. In true tour spirit, though, this did not go entirely according to plan, and we left approximately one hour behind schedule. The journey from Warsaw to Cracow took about six hours, during which another of the dreaded packed lunches was consumed ("Come on Tom, it's not that bad, eat something...") and when we arrived we were given a tour of the Old city, including the Mariacki church and theatre.

The evening meal was in the hotel restaurant, like all our other meals in Cracow, and the menu remained regrettably consistent throughout- there's only so much



The Mariacki Church

mashed potato you can take! After the meal, we went to a nearby Soldier's club for a folk evening, which consisted of a group of local musicians dressed in traditional costume playing local folk songs. Hmmm. This was very enjoyable and entertaining, as was **Mr. Stinton's** thank-you speech, to say nothing of the impromptu conga he led during one number which was well appreciated by the band. After this, the sixth form were given some free time to sample Cracow's culture. The main attraction was a jazz band in the main square, which gave the whole place a carnival atmosphere which was much appreciated.

DAY 6 - SATURDAY

Spirits were understandably lower the next morning, because we not only had a 7am breakfast, but

many of our group were coming down with a mysterious illness. Theories on the cause ranged from food poisoning and the tap water to the notoriously dirty air in Cracow (the town is located near many brown-coal burning industries, meaning the sulphur content is high) but whatever the explanation many of our players were ill. The group was split into two for this day, one party going to the Royal castle, and the other to the notorious concentration camp at Oswiecim (Auschwitz). The party which went to Auschwitz were shown around the concentration camp called

Auschwitz 1 first, which was the oldest part of the camp. We saw the barracks and the gas chambers, which were smaller and less active than those in the extermination camp. At the time, it was not as shocking as we were expecting, because the tour was not needlessly sensationalised by gruesome artefacts. The area was so calm and peaceful it was difficult to im-

agine the events that took place there, but later it became clear how eerie this calm was. For example, birds do not fly into the camp, which really did give the impression that time had frozen there. It was afterwards that the full horror of the events struck, and this was largely provoked by the visit to Birkenau, the extermination camp in the Auschwitz complex. Birkenau covered a huge area, and most of it that remains are the chimneys from the wooden barracks, which stand as a solemn reminder of the million who died there. The gas chambers were destroyed in an attempt to cover up what had happened when the Russians liberated the camp, and it was extremely difficult trying to imagine the sheer scale of a million deaths in the camp. There is a huge monument there, in which each brick represents one human life, and that was

probably the closest any of us came to realizing how huge the death toll was. A lot of our questions about the place were answered by the visit, and it was an experience none of us will ever forget. We put this unpleasant experience behind us, though, because it was time for our next concert. This was in the Cracow Philharmonia Concert Hall, and seemed an anti-climax after the dizzy heights we had scaled in Warsaw. In actual fact, though, an audience of a hundred and fifty is a very good audience for a touring orchestra of our level, but partly due to these feelings of disappointment and the number of illnesses, the concert was not as successful as the previous one. **Felix Findeisen** and **Jerome Finnis** deserve commendation for their superb performances in the Shostakovich Piano Concerto no.2 and the Mozart Piano Concerto no.12 in A major respectively, and the Bolero also went well, but the orchestra suffered from tuning problems during the first piece and never quite played to its full potential. Still, it was by no means a bad performance, and we can be fairly proud of it. The venue was spectacular, and the acoustic was wonderful for playing in because it did not create a blur of sound like a church acoustic does. The audience too was quite appreciative, especially of the "Dambusters' March" by Eric Coates and the items mentioned above.

After the concert we were given a reception in a local restaurant by Oxford Polska Holdings, which was very enjoyable and certainly a vast improvement on hotel food! Once again, we were congratulated on our performance and wished the best of luck for the rest of our tour, since we were due

to travel to Prague the next morning.

DAY 7-SUNDAY

Another early start and another packed lunch later, we arrived at the border with the Czech Republic. Again, there was a slight delay while the border guards checked the coach and asked questions, one of which seemed particularly suspect. We were asked how many people we had on our bus, and how far we intended to travel in the country, the two figures were multiplied together and a sum of money was demanded. This would have been perfectly reasonable, except that we had no idea it was going to happen since nothing had been mentioned about it when we were planning the trip. Fortunately, we had enough money to cover the fee and we were able to continue. We arrived at the hotel Rhea in Prague at about half past six, and we were organised into suites of rooms between five people. The hotel had two-stars, and twenty floors, and the rooms were very nice indeed. The only problem came later when the lifts started misbehaving, which meant a sixteen-flight walk for all those who didn't want to get stuck. That evening, we were given supper in the hotel, which was an improvement on the Polish food, before we caught the metro and vis-

ited the famous Charles Bridge.

The Charles Bridge is one of the many bridges which connect the two parts of Prague, divided by the river Vltava. The bridge is very ornate, with statues arranged at intervals on the sides, and it is packed with every different culture under the sun. Our first glance of Prague's incredible beauty came that evening when we had got to the end of the bridge. **Mr. Townsend** told us to look back, and when we did we saw the entire opposite bank, with its palace and other incredible architecture floodlit above the shimmering moonlight on the river. This is one picture of Prague that will surely be remembered by all of us. A rapid tour of the city by night followed, before we returned to the hotel and went to bed, after sampling the local brew in some cases.

DAY 8-MONDAY

Our first day of sightseeing in Prague was delayed slightly at the start, but we managed to cram visits to the Strahov monastery, Prague castle, the Cathedral, Golden Lane and old cathedral steps into three hours before lunch. The cathedral in particular was worth visiting, because of its incredible splendour. From the outside, the cathedral looks breathtakingly dramatic, and the interior is no disappointment either. Our visit

to Prague castle consisted of watching a changing of the guard, but due to our booking for lunch at the Avalon restaurant, we had to hurry and didn't actually go in. Lunch itself was absolutely fantastic, and a real change from hotel food (even Tom ate it) but the highlight of the day was definitely just walking through the streets of Prague. The city is stun-



The Charles Bridge

ning, and it justifies its nickname of "the Paris of the East". The atmosphere in the city was very welcoming, and the number of things to do was immense and varied. After lunch, we continued our sightseeing with the Charles bridge by day, the Jewish quarter which contains some of Prague's most striking architecture, and then the Stavoske theatre and several other sights. There was too much to take in in one day, but we saw enough to make most of us want to return.

That evening, we had hired a boat for a trip down the river Vltava. Despite the lack of "live music provided by the Abingdon players" as our programme had promised, we had a very pleasant evening relaxing in the gentle breeze as the city drifted past on either side of the river. Our first day without concerts or travelling drew to a close in exuberant mood after more local brew was sampled on the boat, which rounded off a very pleasant day.

DAY 9-TUESDAY

In the morning, we visited Konopiste castle, where the Archduke Franz Ferdinand had lived. The castle was very grand, but the most striking thing about it was Franz Ferdinand's obsession with weaponry. Whole rooms of the castle were devoted to his rifles, knives, swords and armour, to say nothing of his hunting exploits which included some unpleasant artefacts such as tables made of elephant's feet and so on. Even so, the castle was very impressive and its thirteenth century architecture was striking. After this, it was yet another packed lunch in the castle car park, before we headed for the church of St. Simon and St. Jude

for our rehearsal.

The venue was once again very spectacular, and was notable because both Mozart and Haydn had played the organ in the church in the past. For the concert, we had an audience of about 150, and they were very appreciative. The orchestra played significantly better than in Cracow, and after careful rehearsal Beethoven's Egmont went very smoothly. Despite a minor glitch in the Elgar, the concert was very successful, and the Bolero was again fantastic. Also, the two chamber orchestra pieces (the Mozart piano concerto played by **Jerome Finnis** and Samuel Barber's adagio for strings) were both particularly well received. Our last concert of the tour finished triumphantly with a rousing performance of the "Dambusters' March", but it was a sad moment as well. Not only was our tour drawing to a close, but also this was the last time we would play with our current upper sixth year, many of whom have been valuable members of the orchestra for some years now. The concerts had all been very rewarding to play in, and the orchestra did a fantastic job throughout the tour. The warm-up event at Abingdon in the Grand Orchestral Concert had obviously been much more helpful than we had realised, since I cannot remember a time in the last six years when the orchestra has played so well.



St. Simon & St. Jude

DAY 10-WEDNESDAY

We were allowed a fairly late start (breakfast 8.30) before we caught the metro and went into the city for a free morning. We went off in groups with our friends, and were told to meet up again at half past two in front of the Prasna Brana (Gothic arch). Activities ranged from shopping to sightseeing, and locations ranged from the National Art Gallery to McDonalds, but each group had a good time. That afternoon, we had a visit to Mozart's house, which meant a long and dusty walk through one of the less attractive areas of Prague. The house itself was filled with instruments Mozart is believed to have played, and was an interesting view of the great composer's life. There was a concert in the afternoon at the house for violin and guitar which the Abingdon players attended, and despite the general fatigue we were enthusiastic in our response. The programme was varied, including some Mozart and some Paganini, and our musicians were dazzled by the splendid playing from the duo. We returned to the Old Town, and to a Buffet Supper party in a local restaurant. This was the end of our tour, and the atmosphere was slightly sad because of it. Our courier Mr. Jeremy Andrews was thanked for putting up with us and for being so efficient,

and **Mr. Elliot**, **Mr. Malcolm Gunningham** (a late replacement for **Mr. Derek Jones** who could not join us because of illness) **Mr. and Mrs. Milner**, **Mrs. Margaret O'Neill** (the music secretary and source of all medicine during the tour) **Mr. Pettitt**, **Mr. Townsend**, and **Mrs. Ghislaine Rowe** and

Mr. Brien O'Rourke were all thanked for their role in the tour.



We left Prague ON TIME at half past nine that evening, and travelled through the night and next day to arrive at Calais at twenty past three the next afternoon. This pleased **Hans Allnut** in particular, since his prediction of our arrival time had proved correct, meaning that he won about thirteen pounds in the sweepstake organised by our bus drivers. After twenty-three hours of travelling, we arrived in Abingdon at half past eight that evening, welcomed by the awaiting parents. We had made it, and the tour was over. There were no serious injuries, no fatalities, no lost boys or instruments, and more significantly we had left a very good impression of the school and of English people with the Polish and Czech people we encountered. We were very kindly complimented on our conduct and appearance by several people independent from the group, which was very pleasing.

I would like to take this opportunity to repeat our thanks to all those mentioned above, and also to our bus drivers for putting up with our varying punctuality and for such a good job. **Mr. Marcin Stopczyk** and Ms. Lucie Kratka also deserve our thanks for their services as guides and native language speakers, and finally but most importantly to **Mr. and Mrs. Stinton** for giving up some of their

holiday to spend ten days with seventy school boys. As **Mr. Stinton** told us himself, this was the first tour he had ever organised, and he deserves our congratulations for doing so with such efficiency and with such a successful result. Without his enthusiasm and general hard work, this tour could never have happened, and I hope he gained as much from the experience as we did. Let's hope this tour was the first of many for the school, and that future tours will be as rewarding.

None of this would have been possible without our sponsors and benefactors, and we would like to thank Oxford Instruments, Oxford Polska Holdings, Promar, Fentone Music, Professor and Mrs. John Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Aitchison, our **Headmaster** (in addition to his fax wishing us luck before the Prague concert) Abingdon School Big Band for their fund raising efforts, Abingdon School music society, the musicians of Scotch College, Melbourne, and also of our own school, Shell UK, the Midland Electricity Board, and the 9th World Congress of Paediatricians. Music at Abingdon has benefited enormously from this tour, thanks to these individuals and companies.

A. CLARK 6SJS, M. PRITCHARD 6WHZ, T. DARTON 6AMS.

CHAMBER CHOIR

Chamber Choir has met regularly this year every Monday and Thursday to rehearse a selection of early music - including a dozen or so madrigals and Purcell's last Birthday Ode for Queen Mary (1694) "Come ye sons of art away" as well as later music - Elgar's "Songs from the Bavarian Highlands" and Britten's setting of Christopher Smart's visionary poem "Rejoice in the Lamb".

The end of the Christmas term saw the departure of one of the principal tenors - **Russell Jeffery** - to Vancouver, after a long period of loyal service to the Choir, but it has been good to welcome new faces including **Benjamin Darling** to sing tenor and several boys have moved down the scale from treble to alto, alto to tenor and tenor to bass.

On March 6th the Choir broke new ground by giving a lunchtime concert - to an appreciative audience of parents, members of Common Room and boys - which included madrigals from the Age of Elizabeth 1, partsongs by Brahms and Stanford and an excerpt from Purcell's "Dioclesian" - the final trio "Triumph, Victorious Love". The madrigals - beginning with Campion's "Never weather-beaten sail" also included Bennett's "Weep 0 mine eyes" and the seasonal "Now every tree" (Weelkes) - a theme continued in a solo harpsichord piece "The Fall of the Leaf" (Martin Peerson). The second group of madrigals were based on the theme of love - "Farewell, dear Love" (by Robert Jones) "Dearlove, be not unkind" (Richard Dering) and the Purcell trio "Triumph, victorious love", brilliantly sung by the three soloists **Mr. Pope, Mr. White** and **Mr. Salmon** and accompanied by the harpsichord. Two of **Mr. Oxlade's** favourite partsongs concluded the programme: Stanford's inimitable

setting of William Cory's poem "Heraclitus" and Brahms' "Vineta" brought the concert to a rousing finish. In a short speech **Mr. Stinton** warmly thanked the excellent singers and **Mr. Oxlade** (whom he described as "an unsung hero" for the work which goes on behind the scenes in the training of a choir). Complete texts of all the songs were provided and the **Headmaster**, on the strength of the concert's success immediately "engaged the services" of **Mr. Oxlade** and the Chamber Choir for a family wedding in July.

This took place on July 28th and the members of the Chamber Choir were joined by several O.A.'s: **Stephen Wilcox**, **Derek Wilcox** (basses) **John-Paul Hoskins** and recent leaver **Jerome Finnis** (tenors) as well as **Matthew Hawsworth** and **Mark Priest** (from the Chapel Choir) together with an incoming music Exhibitioner **Michael Spencer-Chapman** who sang the treble solo in Wesley's "Blessed be the God and Father" quite superbly.

The Choir's outing had a cultural connection: visiting the birthplace and museum of Sir Edward Elgar (an idea hatched while rehearsing the "Songs from the Bavarian Highlands") and then hiking round (up) the Malvern Hills - scene of much of Elgar's inspiration.

The Chamber Choir team has consisted of: **James Eaton**, **Chad Mason**, **Matthew O'Donovan** and **Ian Macdonald** (trebles) **Harry Robson**, **Oliver Horton**, **Thomas Richards**, **Andrew Wilkinson**, **Neil Gray**, **Sam Hutchins** and **Mr. Pope** (altos) **James Ferguson**, **Edward Allen** and **Benjamin Darling** (tenors) and **Timothy Inman**, **Barry Young**, **William Burn**, **Simon Capper** and **Mr. Salmon** (basses) - to all of whom I am most grateful for their loyalty and expertise.

J. S. OXLADE

BOARDERS' CAROL SERVICE

This had a special format this year (devised by the **Headmaster**) and consisted of a wide-ranging selection of readings (by boys and staff) from Mediaeval to the present day as well as Biblical texts, and music to reflect the readings sung by quartet in the organ gallery (**Mrs. Manship**, **Mrs. Fishpool**, **Mr. Elliot** and **Mr. Oxlade**) with lustrous singing from the assembled boarders in the Chapel in the Advent and Christmas hymns. The whole service was a novel, evocative and thought-provoking occasion.

J. S. OXLADE

THE MUSIC DEPT. BIDS FAREWELL TO JOHN OXLADE

At the party following The Choral Society concert in May a presentation (a fine piece of Wedgwood china) was made to **Mr. Oxlade** in recognition of his eight years as accompanist to the School Choral Society - under its three regular conductors **Mr. Stinton**, **Mr. Donald** and **Mr. Elliot** and his own conducting of the highly successful St. John Passion by J. S. Bach. In a speech **Mr. Stinton** paid warm tribute to **Mr. Oxlade** for his hard work and particularly his help with the preparation of **Mr. Stinton's** first two concerts with the Society: Haydn's "Creation" and Bach's "St. Matthew Passion".

At the end of the riverboat trip the Music Society presented **Mr. Oxlade** with a First Orchestra tie in recognition of his service to the music department over the past thirteen years - and in a speech made by John

Smith, treasurer of the Music Society, **Mr. Oxlade** was thanked for all the various ways he has contributed over the years and wished well for his history teaching in the future.

Mr. Oxlade gave an organ recital on the new organ on November 4th including music by Bach and Guilmant. More particularly - for the first time - such an event included boys participating and there were important contributions from **Matthew O'Donovan** and **Thomas Richards** (in a duet) and from **Jerome Finnis** (cello) in Saint-Saens' beautiful *Prière* for cello and organ and the *Pie Jesu* from Duruflé's *Requiem* with **Matthew O'Donovan** (treble) and the cello obbligato part played by **Jerome Finnis**.

The concert was given to raise funds for the new ward at the John Radcliffe Hospital set up in memory of Melanie Richardson who died last year aged 19 and whom **Mr. Oxlade** had taught at St. Hugh's School before joining the staff at Abingdon. The concert raised the sum of £225 for the Fund.

D. J. POPE



Drama & Links with St. Helen's

AN EVENING OF ONE-ACT PLAYS

The participation of the Lower School in this first major dramatic event of the school year was particularly encouraging, and is perhaps a sign of great plays in the future, although active coercion on the part of form masters/mistresses may have been the reason for such involvement!

The programme consisted of *Pyramus and Thisbe* (from a "Midsummer Night's Dream") courtesy of **2M** and the small cast. Next came a play written by **Mr. MacDonald**, a rather witty take-off of 'Blue Peter'. The costumes, very quick scene changes and convincing accents made this play all the more amusing. **2W's** play "The Whole Truth", by Barry Haworth, was equally well-acted. Finally, **Peter Tompkins** and **Richard Percival** offered a very well-acted dialogue, which was dynamic and dramatic.

The scripting and directing of these plays by the boys seems to have offered them some salutary experience, whilst the professional manner in which they were presented doubtless owes much to the help and encouragement of their teachers.

M. PRITCHARD 6WHZ

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

The sparse audience did not bode well for this spring production of Arthur Miller's dank insight into the lives and values of the Italian - American community in Brooklyn, New York.

Preconceptions vanished, however, as did the voices of the audience as a wave of beautiful blues music (apparently composed

table' death as he desperately tries to prevent her marriage to Rudolph, whom he suspects to be gay.

Alex Tratt was convincing in her part as Eddie's niece, the whining male-magnet Catherine. Equally well-suited to her part was **Charlotte Young**, who was extraordinarily convincing as Beatrice, Eddie's long-suffering wife.

Eddie's downfall is initiated by the arrival of two 'submarines' - illegal immigrants - Marco and

Rudolph, who as cousins of Beatrice are invited to stay. Unsurprisingly, Catherine falls in love with the handsome Rudolph, played rather woodenly by **James Oliver**. **Peter Tompkins** played his brother, the mysterious, moody Marco with convincing accuracy.

Despite the lack of atmosphere, due to poor lighting and abundance of strange accents, the evening was most enjoyable and memorable, certainly worthy of a greater audience.

S. KENNEDY 6DH

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE - A REVIEW BY THE SOUND MANAGER

At last! Arthur Miller's masterpiece got the Abingdon School



especially for the event by **Ash Verjee**) washed over the hall. The lights revealed a rather disappointing set - with pieces of white tape apparently representing walls - and the play began, convincingly introduced and narrated by **Jerome Finnis**.

Jonathan Wald gave a typically enthusiastic performance as Eddie, the over-protective uncle who harbours secret desires for his niece. Beginning as a figure of respect in the community, the play follows his downfall to his 'inevi-

treatment on the 14th, 15th and 16th of February. Even though the lighting manager, **Chris. Bowman**, fell ill after the first performance, the play still managed to stagger on with **Mr. Strawson** filling in at the last moment. Generally over the three nights everything went well, with only a few minor upsets. Luckily, these were of the sort that the audience didn't really notice; a light fading up (or down) too early/late, actresses having fights with records as they were forced onto the turntable, *etc.* Once, even your trusty sound manager himself put on the wrong piece of music. These errors were quickly corrected and the traditional after-the-last-night-party was a resounding success. I should say that **Ian Silverwood** held the whole play together and he is easily the best at everything, anywhere, ever. Well done to the cast and crew and especially to **Mr. Taylor** who once again performed his special magic trick and turned something fair into something excellent.

A. VERJEE 5RGH

RED DWARF

The concept of the Red Dwarf Stage Play was conceived nearly a year ago and immediately **Michael Bartlett** and I got to work on the project. At first we were both doubtful whether Grant Naylor Productions (the creators of Red Dwarf) would even allow us to perform the play. But our hopes were high and we kept the plan under wraps for nearly four months, until last summer.....

The auditions took place at the end of the summer term and we received a large turnout of Lower School boys. Once the basic structure of the cast was formed though, several people forgot about it and we ended up recruiting further after the summer holidays. At first we had three episodes to perform. This

was later reduced to two because of set difficulties. Hence extra characters and parts of scenes were added to fill out the play.

Proper rehearsing didn't really start until the beginning of the Lent term. The week before the first performance the stage crew began the job of building the set and arranging the lights. From then on it began to get rather hectic.

March 16th. The day before the first performance and the play looked and felt a bit shabby and somewhat under-rehearsed. But it was promising. Ticket sales were high and **Mr. Taylor** kept assuring us that it was going to be fine.

March 17th, 18th. Most of the crew and actors were surprisingly calm and composed, until the music started to signal the beginning. The play went well, except for one non-appearance and a few technical hitches. On the Saturday there were more errors but they added to the comical atmosphere - a hologram forgot to put on his "H" and we had a walking, wobbly coffin but otherwise everybody enjoyed it and remembered their lines. With nearly three hundred tickets sold the play was financially a great success. Just one week earlier we had learned that Comic Relief was going to hold its national collection day on the 17th; thus we suggested making a contribution by collecting on both nights. In fact we raised nearly £80.

Afterwards it was rather anticlimactic, compared with the previous ten months, but the experience was well worth it. So all those visits to the Masters' Common Room weren't in vain!

It is worth pointing out that this production was entirely achieved by members of the cast and technical crew, but without **Mr. Taylor's** help and advice we wouldn't have got anywhere.

N. GRAY 3GCR

THE PRODUCTION OF TARTUFFE - AN INSIDE VIEW

As many may know, the Lent Term saw a production of the comic French play *Tartuffe* (translated into English) put on by **Mr. Pettitt**. The cast was chosen from mainly the Middle School (with one 6th former, **Andreas Paleit**, who played the lead) with female parts played by girls from St. Helen's and St. Katharine's School. It was performed at the end of the term on three successive nights, in the Charles Maude Theatre, as it was. I played Orgon, the burly and infuriated master of the household.

The entire production was developed during that Lent term, the rehearsals covering just four weeks. After a few weeks of lengthy auditioning, the cast was chosen, and the first rehearsals began. The response to **Mr. Pettitt's** pleas for actors was fairly decent: around twenty people had a go at getting a part (about 4% of the Middle School) excluding the girls, and in the end a cast of fifteen was created.

As usual, Half Term was deluged with work, and this was augmented by having to learn lines. Proper rehearsals began immediately after this, lasting in total for those four gruelling weeks.

We started (before Half Term) with a read through of the play. Since the cast had already had some time to look at the scripts, the quality of reading was just a little above the typical English lesson standard, and I suppose that this (first) meeting of the cast served more to introduce the cast to itself. We were all very shy at first, as you can imagine, but we soon became far more relaxed as the initial novelty of working with the opposite sex wore off.

The venue for the production was decided fairly early on; **Mr. Pettitt** had the ambition of being the

producer of the first production in the newly 'refurbished' Charles Maude Theatre, now to be known more wisely as the Charles Maude Room. We all hoped to see the redecorations of the former 6th Form Common Room occur before the performance, but... sadly we discovered all too late that these would not come in time.

Mr. Pettitt's rehearsal schedule was as ambitious as any we'd ever seen. The medicine of two hours of afternoon rehearsals once a day, taken in conjunction with a five hour rehearsal every Sunday, proved almost too much! I must admit, we only had four weeks until the performance, but we all felt that a little more leniency would have paid off.

It seems we were wrong. The rehearsals were tiring but in most cases enjoyable (even adventurous); many rehearsals were cancelled at short notice due to absences of main cast members. However, we worried that our performances would peak too soon, leaving us worn out and in decline for the final performances; but this never happened. Indeed, the performances were of a far better standard than the rehearsals that preceded it.

I must say at this point that perhaps the only factor that kept us going through the four weeks of fire was the enormous amount of chocolate we were fed, provided by our producer. At first we were gratified to see it (to say the least) and during the final week we were even more glad to munch all the energy we could find. We managed to devour several bags of mini-sized chocolate bars within just a few hours, quite amazing considering we were on stage most of the time.

After three weeks the set had been decided. Two antique chairs and a folding screen (from Mr. Pettitt's repository) were placed on the 'stage', along with a small table and a chest of drawers, under-

neath which was a VERY small hole for me (Orgon, whom I played) to hide in at one point. The Amey Hall Technical Crew were very helpful in setting up the lighting and seating; sadly, due to the poor layout of the Charles Maude Room, the only space for actors to wait between scenes was a small, claustrophobic room (around 30 square feet) littered with dusty relics (and records) of the Common Room days, with a small window opening less than three inches. A fire exit adjoined through which we all processed during the interval. Nevertheless, the fact that we were all crammed, sitting on the cold floor, for hours on end was, how shall I put it - 'character building'.

Costumes were kindly lent by **Miss Lupton**, who adjusted trousers and attached suspenders as and when necessary. The costumes were (as with all costumes) very hot, and coupled with the poor ventilation in the Charles Maude Room, the performances became very tiring.

We had one final rehearsal on the Sunday before the performances on the next three days. We did several run-throughs, nursed our sore eyes, and generally sank into the floor as Mr. Pettitt added the very final forty or so comments to our performance.

The first night of performance was moderately successful. We changed in **Mr. Henderson's** house room, and had yet more warm ups, before we were led by a member of the technical crew into our communal cupboard backstage. We had expected a small attendance (twenty people at most) yet fifty people came along in total, fifty very willing and jovial people, too. After our performance, we returned home to face more school and more acting. Thankfully, we wore no makeup, so we did not spend the night scrubbing our faces.

The second night was markedly different. Although we did

have a slightly larger audience, they refused to laugh at all during the performance, which was most off-putting for those on stage. It transpired later that many did not wish to put us off by laughing!

At this point adrenaline, tiredness and obstinate exhibitionism had all set in. That 'magical showbiz feeling' was rising through our bodies, and this alone seemed to make the whole month worthwhile. The tiredness was made worse by the fact that on stage it had to be suppressed as much as possible, as any one small slip of the tongue could have proven fatal.

The last night was a huge success - a full house - and nobody made any mistakes.

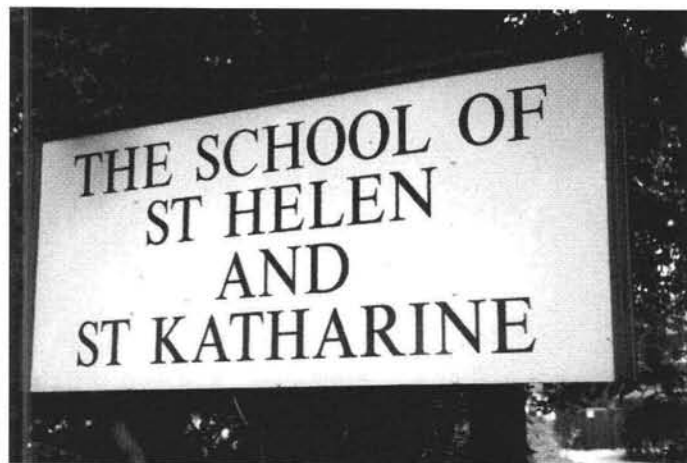
Unfortunately, we lived through two sad happenings on that day. Firstly, the table tennis table in Mr. Henderson's house room collapsed under the weight of the card we wrote to Mr. Pettitt, who was not amused when he found out. This placed a huge dampening on the proceedings, which was however lifted after a good session of acting in front of the audience. The only other mishap was that I accidentally tore a small piece off Mariane's petticoat within the last four seconds of the play - that certainly livened up the front row!

After the usual presentations of bottles of wine, all those involved and present were treated to a 'party' by the over-generous Mr. Pettitt, who supplied real champagne (we needed it) and pizzas. Having exchanged signatures (and telephone numbers) with the girls, we said our final good-byes, and concluded the theatrical efforts of a most productive term.

This play was certainly a most enjoyable experience all round. Acting is always a very personal and educational occupation; it teaches you more about your own character, allowing you to explore activities that would normally not

be advisable in real life (e.g. shouting at people); it also teaches you a great deal about communication within a team, and how to gain self-confidence. It is unfortunate that at the moment very few pupils get involved in this activity. Everyone should give it a try - it sure beats football!

M. LLOYD, 4ASP



FREDERICK KEMPF PIANO RECITAL

This concert was the second in the Abingdon Concert Series, and held in the **Yolanda Pattison Hall** at St. Helen's School. A variety of pieces were performed, all to the highest degree of quality. **Hugh Morris** had the following to say about the day's performance:

"As soon as Frederick Kempf arrived on the platform, and began to play, it became clear that this was going to be a performance of the highest quality. He began with Beethoven's Piano Sonata number 31 in A flat (obviously a request, as it is an A-level music set piece, known well by all my set) played with faultless, flowing technique, enabling him to give a performance with which he was quite at ease.

The concert continued with a set of Brahms variations on a theme by Handel, played to an equally high standard. The second

half was even better than the first, playing two difficult Liszt études, and Schumann's "Fantasietück".

It was during the Liszt that he was at his most brilliant, in terms of technique, but the depth of expression was none the less impressive. He finished to rapturous applause from the audience, and so went on to give an encore of Chopin. It was a very satisfied audience

that left the hall, in my opinion. It would have been difficult not to have enjoyed the afternoon, made all the more astounding by the fact that he is still only 17."

M. SMITH 6ICF

ROTARY PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITION

On Thursday the 2nd of March six competitors and two supporters led by the dynamic **Dr. Zawadzki** trudged bravely through three inches of snow to the annual Rotary Public Speaking Competition at the Abbey building. The main speaker for Abingdon in the Junior event was **William Burn**. He was supported by his two side-kicks for the evening, **Alex Smith** and **Ben Longstaff**. Like Dizzy Gillespie, William's speech was amazing. Wielding his trusty saxophone, he narrated the history of this most sophisticated of musical instruments and the greats who have played it. Unfortunately this team was hastily put together and would have benefited from more

practice, before coming up against their better prepared opponents.

Following them, **Christopher McGarry**, assisted by **Matthew Smith** and **Stephen Clark**, competed in the senior event. The subject for Chris's speech was his three heroes; Tom Jones, Ronald Reagan and Eric Cartom. His performance combined the showmanship of Tom Jones, the charisma of Ronald Reagan and the *je ne sais quoi* of Eric Cartom. However his over-use of notes and incurring of time penalties resulted in Chris losing some marks. After a break of a quarter of an hour for squash and biscuits, the result was announced. In both events Abingdon had been nudged into a close second place by **St. Helen's**. This evening and the speeches delivered underline the words of the legendary Sir Garfield Sobers and the remarkable Chris McGarry. Form is temporary, but CLASS is PERMANENT.

S. CLARK 6WHZ

ENTENTE CORDIALE?

Boys' courtesy - what is courtesy to boys on the bus? The boys always lend a hand to those who have injured themselves in some way. We all like the way the boys say at the bus stops "after you!" - ladies first of course!

The sixth form are very chatty and they are always willing to lend a hand when they possibly can. For example: when you leave some item of yours behind on the bus, and they know it belongs to you, they always make sure that it is returned to you.

A bad moment, however, is when they have just been playing sport, and then they come on the bus very smelly. The summer term is unbearable in this respect.

Most of the time we get on with them, but sometimes they tease us about one thing or another. We can get offended by these com-

ments but it never crosses their minds that they have hurt us. Some of us, particularly fourth years, don't get on with them at all.

The presence of the Sixth Form is probably one reason why we travel on the school bus. Several are always cracking jokes, and we have to laugh even when they are not that amusing.

Some, like the First or Second Years, are quiet and they don't usually get involved with the fun on the bus; whereas others are just loud and extravagant. We also tease these younger boys, with help from the older ones.

We are glad that we are given the chance to share the coach with Abingdon boys, as we have good fun and we get a chance to mix with other people. This means that we can meet them outside school and it gives us a chance to socialise.

**CHARLOTTE WILBY &
SUE HARRINGTON.**

A SCIENTIST REPLIES...

Hazardous Materials data sheet;
Woman

ANALYSIS

Element: Woman

Symbol: WO2

Discoverer: Adam

Atomic Mass: Accepted as 55kg but known to vary from 45 to 225kg.

Occurrence: Copious quantities in all urban areas, with elements found in most others.

PHYSICAL PROPERTIES

1. Surface is usually covered in powder or painted film.
2. Boils at nothing, freezes for no reason.
3. Melts if given special treatment.
4. Bitter if incorrectly used.
5. Found in various grades ranging from virgin material to common ore.
6. Yields to pressure applied gently to selected points.

CHEMICAL PROPERTIES

1. Has a great affinity for Gold, Silver, Platinum and most Precious stones.
2. Absorbs great quantities of expensive substances.
3. May spontaneously explode without warning, for no apparent reason, whatsoever.
4. Softens and takes on a rosy glow when soaked in water.
5. Activity greatly increases with saturation in alcohol.
6. Most powerful money reducing agent known to man.

COMMON USES

1. Highly ornamental- especially in sports cars.
2. Can be a great aid to relaxation.

TESTS FOR

1. Pure specimen turns bright pink when discovered in natural state.
2. Turns green when placed beside a better specimen.

A.J.TAYLOR 6JEF

THE RAGGED CHILD

For a short while, things did not look good for the school production of 'The Ragged Child'. Rehearsals were dogged by failures, and at one stage it looked as if the play might not actually happen. But **Mr. Taylor** has NEVER called off a play in Abingdon before, and he wasn't about to start with this one. It was, incidentally, the last play over which **Mr. Taylor** would preside as Director of the Amey Hall, which made it all the more important for 'The Ragged Child' to be a success. **Mr. Taylor** and **Mr. Elliot** launched a rehearsal campaign strenuous enough to frighten the Royal Shakespeare Company, but even by the last dress rehearsal things did not look promising.

Then, miraculously and in true Abingdon fashion, things came together on the first night, and went

on improving over the three days of performances. The play itself was a challenge for the young actors and actresses, insofar as it represents a harrowing trip through nineteenth century London and the cholera infested slums that the hero, thirteen year old Joe Cooper, his sister Annie and their friends are forced to live in.

The lead roles were all superbly acted, with particular credit due to **Ronan Fabes** for his stunning performance as Joe Cooper. **Emma Kernahan** too acted brilliantly and performed her singing parts incredibly well, and **Mr. R. Shaw-Smith** was very effective as the charitable Earl of Shaftesbury. Apart from the main roles, though, there were several performances which deserve praise, such as **Dan. Wilberforce's** malicious Leary, the head thief. **James Eaton** sang with confidence and gusto in his role as the Patterer, as did **James Wareham** who played Perkins, a stall holder and typical cockney geezer. Last, but not least, the performances of **Adam Porter**, **Chris Houseman** and **Richard Percival** as various members of the snobbish aristocracy will surely be remembered by all who saw them.

The remainder of the cast, too, acted or sang superbly, and despite the lack of naturally talented singers among them, they found the confidence really to go for it on the night. This made the play work very well, despite the odd "off moment", and it was a fitting tribute to **Mr. Taylor's** hard work. Both he and **Mr. Elliot** were completely dedicated and tireless in their efforts to force the play into shape, and they should feel very happy with the result. **Mr. Biggs** (set design) **Mr. Strawson** (technical assistance) **Mrs. Soper** (ticket sales) and **Miss E. Fox** (help during rehearsals) all deserve thanks for making the play possible.

A. CLARK 6SJS

Sports

RUGBY TOUR TO AUSTRALIA

Saturday 9th July:

The big day had finally arrived! After months of planning and training, we were finally off to Australia! We said our goodbyes and the coach left at 9:30am for Gatwick airport where everything went like clockwork and our Garuda Indonesian flight to Sydney took off on time at 1:30pm. The rest of the day was spent in the air or on the ground at Zurich.

Sunday 10th:

The whole day was spent on the aircraft or in the transit lounges of Abu Dhabi, Jakarta or Denpasar.

Monday 11th:

We arrived in Sydney at 6:30am to the sight of rain! So much for the sun! We got to the Coogee Beach Hotel at 10:00 and went to our rooms. Most of us had a sleep to try and overcome the jetlag, or went and had a look around Coogee. At 3:30 we had a training session on the beach for about one and a half hours followed by a swim in the ocean. That evening we went to a restaurant in Bondi where you could eat as much as you liked for \$10 (about £5). Some of us went up to the beach, and while there wasn't much to see in the dark, it was worth the walk for the bragging value!

Tuesday 12th:

We had a full breakfast in the hotel which was so good that it made the unwelcome alarm call from **Mr. Broadbent** worth it! We trained on the beach a while later and although it wasn't all that warm, it beat training on Lower field! At midday we went into Sydney for a tour of the Sydney Football Ground and the adjacent Cricket Ground which was rather spoiled by pouring rain. In the evening most of us just relaxed in the hotel.

Wednesday 13th:

We packed our bags and walked down to Randwick Rugby Club (one of the most prestigious in Australia) and had a look at the large array of trophies and memorabilia in the clubhouse. We then proceeded to Randwick School where we started a training session with their team for the Tens Tournament that Saturday. After this we crossed the harbour to SCECGS Redlands where we met our hosts for the next two nights.

Thursday 14th Match Day One:

The weather was fine and warm - theoretically the weather for good flowing rugby. We met at the ground at 12:30 and prepared for the match. The match was moulded by poor refereeing and mistakes on both sides which resulted in the giving away of a couple of soft tries. However the spirit shown by the team was most creditable and we were disappointed to lose to our hosts, but the 19-8 scoreline was not really a fair representation of the game. But that is rugby! After the match there was a barbecue and a presentation of ties to the opposition coach and captain. In the evening most of us were given a taste of the nightlife in Sydney.

Friday 15th:

It was a warm, sunny day and we had nearly the whole day to view Sydney. We met up at 1pm at Circular Quay and spent the afternoon seeing the sights such as the Opera House, the Sydney Tower, and while we had a few hours, we could have done with much longer to have a proper look around. Having said this, we enjoyed it greatly and loved the clean and cosmopolitan atmosphere of it. Our billets then took us up to the Nor Barracks where we were to stay for two nights.

Saturday 16th:

At 7am we got the bus to MacQuarie University for the Cathay Pacific Schoolboy Tens Tournament. We chose to enter two teams because

we had decided that our best team could go a long way in the competition mainly since training with Randwick. In a hard competition and playing tens competitively for the first time, we did well to get to the quarter finals of both the cup competition for the 1st's and plate competition for the 2nd's. This was a good performance by both sides but we were disappointed nevertheless not to have gone further. However, the 1st's did get revenge over SCECGS Redlands *en route* to the quarter finals by beating them by two tries to a try and a conversion. The tournament was filmed by Channel 10 and got a one hour slot that night on TV. All in all it was a good day enjoyed by all (especially **James Ruddick** who had his cap signed by Nick Farr-Jones and was so pleased that he wore it constantly for the next two weeks!).

Sunday 17th:

We packed, walked down to Manley Rugby Club, had a barbecue and then went to Concorde Park for the match between New South Wales and Queensland. Despite having the worst 'seats' in the ground, we all enjoyed watching NSW (including David Campese) destroy Queensland 38-3. After the match, we transferred to the airport for our flight to Coolangatta near Surfer's Paradise, and made the one hour bus journey to Marymount College where we met our hosts for the next three nights.

Monday 18th Match Day Two:

We got to school at 8:30. We were then taken by school minibus to Pisse Park where we trained for about one and a half hours and then relaxed in or by the pool for a couple more. Our billets finally collected us and ferried us back to Pisse Park for 4:45 for the match. We kicked off at 6pm under the floodlights and in a game dominated by scrappy possession and poor refereeing we managed to come out on top 17-10. It was a hard and fairly played game in which we were concentrating throughout and deserved the

win. After the post-match function, most of us went to a party held by one of our hosts.

Tuesday 19th:

We arrived at Marymount at 8:30 kitted out for the beach. We spent the morning sunbathing or in the ocean and for lunch we went to Choices and had another \$10 eat-and-drink-as-much-as-you-like meal. At 3:30 we returned to our billets. That evening most of us went into Surfer's Paradise and had a look around the high-rise city centre.

Wednesday 20th:

We spent the morning with our billets and arrived at Marymount for our 2pm departure for Brisbane. We arrived at 'The Summit' at 3:15 where the apartments were spacious, pleasant and only a ten minute walk from the centre of Brisbane. The afternoon was spent by the pool and the evening spent relaxing in the rooms.

Thursday 21st Match Day Three:

We proceeded early to the park for some light training and fine tuning for the match that afternoon. After the training, we had a few hours to kill before transfer to the ground so we grabbed a bite to eat and relaxed. We left for the ground at 3pm and arrived to find the temperature in the 80's. We kicked off at 4pm and after a stupid lack of concentration right at the start, we were seven points down. We fought hard, however, and played some fine rugby to eventually lose by only 26-19. This was most creditable against a representative side who were fairly well organised but we were still very disappointed to lose. Afterwards we returned to the apartments for the evening.

Friday 22nd:

This was a free day and most

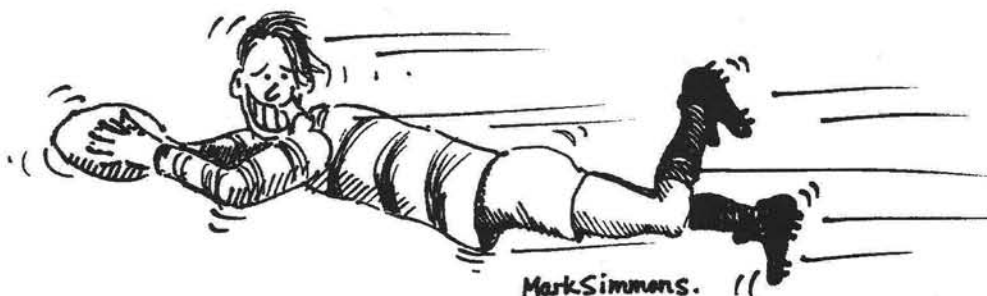
of us spent the time souvenir hunting around the shopping centres of Brisbane. For supper we went out together to Pizza Hut for yet another eat-as-much-as-you-like meal and most of us ate so much that we virtually rolled out and went back to the apartments.

Saturday 23rd:

Packed and left at 9:30am for Brisbane airport. We arrived in Cairns at 12pm and transferred to Trinity Bay School where we met our billets for the next three nights. The afternoon and evening were free and most of us spent the time looking around Cairns.

Sunday 24th:

At 8am were taken out to Apollo Cay on a £1.5 million catamaran. The journey wasn't enjoyed by all but everybody perked up as soon as we



got to the reef. We got out our snorkels and masks and headed out over the coral. The diversity of life was incredible with many shapes, sizes and colours of fish and coral. We had a large buffet on the boat and in the afternoon some of us took the trip in the glass-bottomed boat back for a different view of the reef. This was more informative because we were actually told information about what we could see. When this was over we returned to soak up a bit of sun on the Cay. We finally returned to shore at about 6pm and had the evening free. This was a wonderful day enjoyed greatly by all (even those who got burnt in the sunshine).

Monday 25th Match Day Four:

In the morning we had a training session at Trinity Bay School followed by a few hours of free time in the centre of Cairns. Most of us wandered around the shops buying souvenirs for friends and family. However,

Ben Hutt went temporarily insane, and journeyed out of town to the A J Hackett bungy centre, and threw himself off a specially constructed platform with a piece of elastic tied around his feet! At 2pm we got the bus back to Trinity Bay School and prepared for the match. We kicked off at 4pm and showed a lot of spirit against a good side with quick backs who liked to run the ball and weren't afraid of practising 'New Zealand style' rucking. At times our tackling was shaky and despite a last minute try we were disappointed to lose 24-23. After the match there was a presentation and then we had the evening free.

Tuesday 26th:

Met up at school at 6am and by 9am we were headed for Denpasar (Bali). We arrived at about 12pm and by 2pm we were at the Duvangkara Beach Hotel. We spent the afternoon getting accustomed to our surroundings and even

buying a few souvenirs. A few of us went out for dinner to the restaurant at the back of the hotel. The meal was great. Three courses and a drink for £3.50! Most of us spent the evening in the hotel because we were feeling a little jaded after five hours on the plane.

Wednesday 27th:

Today most people decided to go to Kuta. The morning was spent looking around the shops and lying on the beach. The weather was fine and hot, the sea was warm and the waves were quite large. Lots of people bought items (mainly fake watches) from street-sellers who flocked to tourists like vultures to a fresh carcass. We returned to the hotel late in the afternoon a little sunburnt and rather hungry. We had a quick snack and then went back into Kuta where we had another eat-as-much-as-you-like pasta dinner. We then moved onto a nightclub where we stayed until 2am.

Thursday 28th:

The whole day was spent on the beach in the hot sun or by the hotel pool. In the evening we had a meeting to discuss travel arrangements and the official handing out of the tour shirts and any disputes were sorted by 'cutting' a pack of cards. A little later on, we all went to a restaurant called the 'Watering Hole' and had supper before most people went off to the 'Number One' club for the rest of the evening.

Friday 29th:

The morning was spent packing, by the pool in a pathetic last effort to gain a suntan, or buying cheap T-shirts in a manner not unlike people buying presents at 4:30 on Christmas Eve. We checked out of the hotel at 1pm and then went to the 'Watering Hole' for lunch. We left for the airport at 3pm and took off from Denpasar at 8:45 after a delay. We then flew to Jakarta where we changed planes.

Saturday 30th:

On the way home we landed at Singapore, Abu Dhabi and Zurich and it was quite a relief to finally land at Gatwick at 12pm. We met our coach and set off for Abingdon and arrived at 3:30 with everyone's parents there to meet them. We all said our good-byes to each other and it was all over.

the people who bought raffle tickets, T-shirts, came to the barbecue and generally supported the tour. It was a wonderful tour thoroughly enjoyed by all and I hope it will be the first of many Abingdon School tours in the future.

T. WRAGG VI NMR

1ST XV

This season has been one of the longest in the school's history with the final match on the penultimate day of the term. The highlight of the term was without a doubt 'The Daily Mail Cup' in which we reached the last 16 in the country, and were narrowly knocked out by R.G.S High Wycombe who were greatly assisted by their talented kicker. The 1st XV was ably led from the front by **Matthew Cooke**, who set an excellent example with his attacking forward play. The undoubted highlight of the season was defeating Radley at their home ground. This performance was exceptional with full commitment from every member of the team. The forwards made strong runs setting up second phase ball for the backs who ran with pace and determination. The most memorable aspect of this game was the tackling especially by the Backs. **Christopher Drake** made at least three try saving tackles in the last ten min-

the backs, who despite a few changes during the season worked well as a unit. The backs showed some excellent handling skills, and with the pace of **Chris Drake**, scored a large number of tries. Full colours were awarded to : **Matthew Cooke, Gary Stowe, Thomas Wragg, Ross Hewes, James Rud-dick, Jeremy Grinsted, Luke List, David Melin, Christopher Drake.**

Half colours were awarded to : **Richard Binning, Ben Hutt, Thomas Adcock, Daniel Thomas, Mark Pa-jak, Dominic Partridge, Andrew Brownlow, Simon North.**

Forward of the season - **M.Cooke**
Back of the season - **L.List**

Despite the team's occasional difficulties in starting matches, and the odd upset, everybody showed a lot of commitment even if there were a few lighter sessions (where **Jeremy Grinsted** got to practise his ballet).

D. GOOCH 6ICF

2XV

It was on a damp and windy day that the members of the 1994 game one squad gathered on lower field and the mood in the squad was surprisingly good after a successful tour to Australia.

After only one week into the term, it was the match against Bloxham that was going to kick off the season. **Luke Clements** was the first to score after about 20 minutes and once the forwards settled in to produce a platform for the backs to build on the game started to flow in our favour, the final score 20-0.

Stowe had a weak team and at half time with the score only 3-0 in our favour we were perhaps not playing as well as we should have. After half time we upped the pace, **Oliver Cox** won a significant proportion of the lineout ball.

Playing Marlborough we seemed to move up a class, they were much larger than us and there was no way we could dominate this well drilled pack, in the end we were well beaten 25-3 and we had not played to our full potential. Even with this set back we thought we were still capable



Thanks must go to **Mr. Hamilton** and **Mr. Broadbent** for the hundreds of hours of effort they put into organising the trip. Thanks also to all

utes preserving our eventual win. This year's team was undoubtedly one of our strongest, up front the pack got stuck in and won good possession for

of beating Radley, and we made the short trip up the road with confidence. Again we failed to perform with only **M. Pajak** having a superb game. The final score 26-12 was a little disappointing.

The match against Shiplake was very memorable, our Pack ran riot dominating both scrums and lineouts using brute force from **S. Morris** and **O. Cox** and our backs were running fast and straight, we came out easy winners 33-0. In a confident frame of mind we travelled to the Oratory where we gave the finest performance of the season to win 63-0, they were simply unable to compete in any aspect of the game.

After half term, we had to play Newbury; this was the first match we played at home and at half time it was 0-0, but thanks to a charging run from **S. Morris** we scored. **Luke Clements** converted a penalty and we won 8-0. We moved on to play St. Edward's, the most important game of the season. The first half started well with **T. Adcock** scoring by the posts. In the second half they equalised. The fly half dropped a goal to put them into the lead and the Referee blew for time.

Reading should have been an easy match but St. Edward's had taken too much out of us. **A. Edmonds** played exceptionally well, scoring his first try since the second year. The final score was 28-3.

The last game we played was against Warwick. After a long coach journey we were very tired, and did not play as well as we might have done. The match was hard and bad tempered and it was a shame to end the season on such a low note.

Top Try scorer : **O. Cox**

Top points scorer : **L. Clements**

Played 13 Won 8 Lost 5

H. WHALEN 6AMS

3XV

Abingdon 3XV 62
v. Bloxham 3XV 0

What a start to the season! On a Newcastle v Antwerp scale drubbing, Abingdon 3XV mightily humbled Bloxham. It was a warm and sunny

afternoon as the red and black army strode slowly and confidently out to Waste Court One (no less than the premier pitch in the school!) led by **James Barr**.

So the game kicked off - Abingdon took the impetus, but looked rusty to say the least. Then, just as Bloxham looked to be settling in, the pack won a good ball; **Robert Finch** kicked it out, great work along the backs until **Adam Higazi** fought his way over - 5-0. **Tim Janisch** then slotted over the simplest of conversions - 7-0, and Abingdon was really moving.

The rest of the tries are a bit of a blur - some of them I saw, others I missed due to being buried at the bot-

tom of a ruck down the other end of the field.

Not long after the first try came a second; again the backs did us proud with straight running and good catching. But after this we seemed to go off the boil a bit, although some great tackling by **Thomas Arnold** and **Simon Morris** meant we held firm. As half time approached two more tries were added to the amount. Half time: 26-0. (How many tries could we score?)

Second half, we kicked off, **Tim Mortimer** and 2 others tackled, we won the ruck, we scored. Simple rugby, simply brilliant.

It was now that **Mark Gionis** and **James Lane** got bored of playing a passing game, and decided on a plan that **Michael Morris** had worked out on scoring a dream try - and this was

A. CALLAGHAN VI RVS-S



THE 3XV SQUAD

What can you say? With the combined coaching skills of **Dr. Horn**, **Mr. Stevenson** and **Mr. Richardson**, this year's 3XV were set to be a successful side from the start, with a very strong scrum and not quite so strong backs, we dominated reasonable opposition including Bloxham, Stowe and Oratory.

Played 10, Won 5, Lost 5.

The scrum :

Prop **David Payne** : Lightning bursts down the wing creating holes in the defence with try scoring abilities.

Hooker **David Wrigley** : A stunning hooker (shame about the throw-ins) a

tackling machine.

Prop **Andrew Callaghan** : A bearded mean machine whose sheer presence was enough.

Lock **Niels Helfritz** : flying high in Lineouts, phenomenal rucking abilities.

Lock **Tim Mortimer** : Had a stabilising effect, shame about his feet.

Flanker **Mike Pajak** : Should have been in 2XV, quick, and skilful.

Flanker **Mark Evans** : Good in open play, don't pass in the dead ball area.

No. 8 **James Barr** : Formidable captain, yet another tackling machine with his stunning "flipper" move.

Scrum half **Robert Finch** : Quick hands and feet, with inspiration.

Fly Half **Tim Janisch** : Tactical with positional kicks, occasional pass out.

Inside Centre **Martin Diamond** : Crunching neck tackles.

Outside Centre **Adam Higazi** : Slippery hands, nice side steps creating space.

Winger **Mark Gionis** : Once in a straight line he is undefeated.

Winger **James Lane**: Most points overall. Breakneck acceleration.

Fullback **Michael Morris** : Safe hands, crunching tackles, sheer size, all you need.

D. WRIGLEY 6AMS

COLTS RUGBY

The results reflect the mixed season which we had: flashes of brilliance interspersed with rather longer periods of mediocrity.

The team didn't change greatly from the previous year, or from week to week, as is often the case; but because of injuries or absentees some regular B-team players got chances to display talent at a slightly 'higher' level. Having said this there was a lot

of fierce competition for places, as was displayed in many of the training sessions. We started the year with a pre-season tournament at Wellington, where a large squad played reasonably well and where many players displayed great potential. It was here that the basis of an 'A' team was forged. When we came up against the big rugby schools we played very well, but much of the time couldn't finish off attacks as well as our opposition. Of course this was blamed on the backs, which may well have been true, but they did sometimes have their moments (admittedly though these were few and far between). Under the captaincy of **Robert White**, we dispatched the weaker opposition with relative ease. When it came to the likes of Radley and Pangbourne though we faltered slightly and couldn't convert hard attacking work into tries. A lot of the time it wasn't that we weren't the better team, but that we were just too slow off the mark and let the opposition have a few quick tries in the opening minutes. These may sound like excuses, but much of the time we put up gallant performances, and simply ran out of time.

Midway through the season about ten players were chosen to represent Oxfordshire, some of whom went on to greater things and further representative matches. Unlike the year before the squad's efforts in practice did not materialise into as many wins this year. This is not to say that there was a lack of effort, as all the players in both teams worked extremely hard from September to December. The teams would like to thank **Mr. Broadbent** who had to coach the same group for a second year in a row, and also **Mr. Sharp** for his inspiring work.

D. HIGAZI 5NHP

JUNIORS RUGBY

A XV Pl.10 W. 6 Dr. 1 L. 3

Pts For : 205 Pts Against : 99

A very successful season for all three teams -well done and thank you all for your efforts during the term.

Bloxham	Won	31-0
Marlborough	Lost	15-33
Radley	Lost	0-22
MCS	Won	14-0

Oratory	Won	18-12
Newbury	Won	55-5
St. Edward's	Drew	0-0
Reading	Won	53-0
Pangbourne	Lost	12-22
Warwick	Won	7-5

B XV Pl. 11 W. 9 L. 2

Pts for: 273 Pts against: 67

Bloxham	Won	54-0
Marlborough	Won	17-5
Radley	Lost	0-37
MCS	Won	30-0
Oratory	Won	20-0
Cokethorpe	Won	19-0
St. Edward's	Lost	0-13
Reading	Won	52-0
Pangbourne	Won	32-0
Douai	Won	32-12
Warwick	Won	17-0

C XV Pl. 4 W. 2 Dr. 1 L. 1

Pts for: 37 Pts against: 32

Marlborough	Drew	5-5
Radley	Lost	5-10
Oratory	Won	15-12
Pangbourne	Won	12-5

JUNIORS RUGBY

The results above indicate that this has been a very successful season for Juniors rugby, at all levels. A strong A & B squad formed in the first few days of term and this was effectively supported by an enthusiastic group from the C squad.

The A XV remained a very settled side for most of the term, and this certainly helped us to develop a sense of teamwork and continuity. The squad as a whole was lucky to suffer very few injuries and it was only odd instances such as **Andrew Papps** finding a direct line to Southern Electric which upset the early rhythm of the team. As usual we faced opposition of varying quality through the term, but the best, most committed rugby was played against the toughest opponents: Radley, St Edward's, Pangbourne and Warwick. This team, perhaps even more so than in previous years, always played with real courage and determination and it was this sort of spirit which enabled them to cling on for a wonderfully exciting scoreless (but not pointless) draw, away against St. Edward's, on a pitch which was more like a marshy river bank than a playing field. And in the final game of the season, against Warwick (home) they turned around a

half-time five point deficit against enormous opponents. When they emerged onto the field we all assumed this must be Warwick's U15 team who had been misdirected. Afraid not, we were meant to play these juvenile giants. We withstood enormous pressure for large parts of the game, and did very well to limit them to a five point lead at half time. In the second half our speed around the park began to tell; we kept putting in the tackles and at last began to win some possession. With not many minutes to go **Adam Benson** (recently promoted from the B's) crashed over for the equalising try. **Stuart Laurie**, putting all thoughts of what might have been, against St. Edward's, behind him, slotted the conversion. A great moment - and a superb way to bring the season to a close.

Right to the end the team presented fresh possibilities and further potential; and the success and strength of the B team meant that competition for places was keen. The team had the personnel to do what was required, and the improvement during the term of certain aspects of play (passing and rucking particularly) was very pleasing. The front row, **Matthew Jones**, **Simon Hughes** and **Harry Ronaldson**, was a really effective unit - and they all worked very hard in the loose. The power house (which might have included **Papps** but he was busy generating his own) of **Adam White** and **Howard Watkinson** really were that. I didn't see a better second row in anyone else's team. They were tremendous both in attack and defence and this would have been a much weaker team without them. The back row of **Jo Otterburn**, **William Armstrong**, **David Baxter** (and later **Adam Benson**) were always lively and combative; they won their fair share of second-phase ball and linked well with the backs. **Robin Smith** started off as scrum half, then injury gave **Simon Tompkins** his chance. Both served **Stuart Laurie** effectively and the half backs were a neat unit throughout. **Stuart** captained the side well, distributed smoothly, and, when on form, his kicking was a major bonus. When we got the ball to them at the right time, centres **William Pank** and **Chris Howard** proved themselves as really effective runners (and tacklers) and they were always prepared to try out new options.

Daniel Pearson and **Peter Watson** were a great combination on the wings. Daniel made excellent use of his opportunities and was the most outstanding tackler in the team (in the school?); the bigger they were, the more Dan liked flattening them, in copy-book style. And we would have been severely limited in attack without **Peter Watson's** speed and strength. **Barnaby Watts** was a secure and efficient full back. I can't remember him dropping a high ball all season. He supported well in attack and put in some try saving tackles. So we were lucky enough to have good players in all positions and as I said to the team just before the Warwick game, and I meant it, I was sorry that the season had come to an end because the team showed such potential for further improvement that I wanted to carry on to see how much better they could get.

Once again, it was a thoroughly enjoyable season of Juniors rugby, characterised by the boys' cheerful willingness to train and practise hard, learn and improve - and gain a decent measure of success. Many thanks. A big thank you also to **Mr. Burrow** for his considerable help, support and sensible advice all through the term; and to **Mr. Waters** for somehow keeping the C squad (alias 'Waters' Wanderers') going through thick and thin. Finally, sincere thanks to all the parents who supported us so loyally through the term and also to our occasional 'society' refs: **Mr. Townsend** (Longworth Real Ale Society) **Mr. Drummond-Hay** (Society for the Development of Anglo-Zimbabwean Sport) and **Rev. Lewis** (South Glamorgan Operatic [lapsed]).

The following represented the A XV: **B. Watts, P. Watson, D. Pearson, C. Howard, W. Pank, S. Laurie, S. Tompkins, R. Smith, A. Benson, D. Baxter, W. Armstrong, J. Otterburn, A. White, H. Watkinson, M. Jones, S. Hughes, S. Fabes, H. Ronaldson.**

S. A. EVANS.

JUNIORS B XV:

This has been an excellent season for the Juniors B XV team. Indeed, having played eleven games and won nine of them they are one of the most successful teams in the school. During

the course of the term a lumbering pack of large forwards improved their skills and fitness to such an extent that some were promoted to the AXV for the final match. Flank forwards proved their worth by their speed to the breakdown of play and our rucking skills were dominant.

The backs (or 'Ladies' according to Mr. M. Skinner) were generally smaller but more skilful than their opponents. **William Ranscombe** was the 'mastermind' at fly-half, who controlled the game well and he was ably supported by the speed and handling skills of **George Roycroft**.

This team and members of the whole year group show great potential for future years and they will be very successful if the same dedication and effort are forthcoming.

Regular members of the B XV:

W. Ranscombe (capt) **A. Choudhuri**, **A. Cooper**, **G. Roycroft**, **C. Hockley**, **P. Neville**, **A. Benson**, **J. Montague**, **R. Bourne-Taylor**, **L. Butler**, **M. Shaikh**, **M. Cooper**, **S. Fabes**, **T. Smith**, **R. Smith**, **E. Campbell**, **J. Morse**, **A. Papps**, **B. Hunt**, **T. Andrews**, **C. Orr**, **W. Yip**; also **J. Sasanov** and **T. Hedge** in occasional games.

F. C. BURROW.

JUNIOR COLTS 'A'

Fixtures: Won 6 Lost 7

Report:

Bloxham	10-12
Stowe	20-0
Marlborough	0-15
Radley	0-13
M.C.S.	21-0
Shiplake	71-0
Oratory	7-17
Newbury	22-12
St. Edward's	0-24
Reading	32-0
Pangbourne	7-17
Douai	22-0
Warwick	12-17

G.Mills (prop) Gareth plays with flair and thinking. His reliable kicking being a great attribute.

A.Stewart (hooker,captain) An honest and very hard working player and captain. Always getting 100% out of the team.



I.Lashford (prop) One of the most improved players on the side. Is effective when a drive is needed.

W.Bourne-Taylor (lock) A true 100 percenter. Gives everything until the final whistle.

D.Livingstone (lock/prop) Has moved into the 'A's and has easily kept his place due to versatility.

N.Morrell (lock) A superb jumper in the line. Helping us to win considerably more possession.

M.Capon (flanker) Unfortunate injury held Mark back, but the old trusted power in play is still there.

M.Thomas (lock/flanker) Never one to give up. This has helped him leave his mark on the season.

J.Dunbar (No.8) A key member to the team. Outstanding and consistent.

J.Thompson (scrum half) A flanker who turned scrum half. He has made the position his own.

T.Allen (fly half,v.captain) Very quick, accurate, and motivated.

J.Wearne (centre) At the end of the season Jack's tackles were coming fast and furious.

D.Silver (centre) Jack and Daniel work well together. Daniel runs hard, and maintains his sound tackling.

P.Martin (centre/full back) Helps to keep things together. Even if he has to run at times!

R.Lewis (fullback) When under pressure he produced the goods.

R.Pinckney (winger) Richard tackles and runs extremely confidently.

S.Harrison (winger) The quickest in the team, running the wing beautifully.

A.Pike (winger) The 'lad' of the side.

Mr. Davis (asst. coach) Without whom the team would not have had as great a season.

Mr. Maughan (coach) Helped to keep us going throughout the term.

Conversions:	
Mills	14
Allen	1
Penalties:	
Mills	2
Drop goals:	
Mills	1
Tries:	
Dunbar	5
Thompson	8
Bourne-Taylor	3
Allen	4
Stewart	2
Thomas	2
Pike	4
Harrison	2
Pinckney	1
Capon	1
Lewis	1
Wearne	1
Mills	1

Points for:	224
Points against:	127

A. STEWART 4RPF

HOCKEY

1ST XI

The season began with a visit to Leighton Park. This provided our first match on Astroturf and a chance to see if our "new system" was going to suit our playing strengths. The first exchanges were understandably scrappy, but we then produced an excellent spell of coherent hockey and took the lead when **Paul Woodward** cracked a shot in just under the bar. We then met M.C.S. who during the first half we matched skill for skill. M.C.S. scored shortly after the break and again after we missed a flick. **James Aldred** had to leave the pitch with muscular strain and **Jeremy Grinsted** put the helmet on, and now has the distinction of being the only undefeated Goalkeeper at Abingdon.

David Gooch took over in Goal and with **Jeremy Grinsted** and **Robert Finch** in such good form we rarely looked like conceding a goal. What we lacked was someone who could score goals with any regularity. In midfield **Stuart Gray** proved to be an inspirational captain. **Niels Helfritz** provided touches of class and opened play up.

By now fixtures on grass were being regarded as disadvantageous and against Berkhamsted, we scraped a draw, despite looking the better team for much of the game. This could not be said of our encounter with St. Edward's, where we were forced to defend for long periods. We came away from that match with a draw, partly due to good fortune, but mostly due to a brilliant performance in goal by **James Aldred**.

St. John's College, Johannesburg arrived, en route to the Oxford hockey festival. The South Africans proved to be formidable opponents and we felt rather lucky to only lose by the odd goal. We joined St. John's at the festival, winning two and drawing two of our five games.

Although we won and drew 12 of the 17 matches played, we only scored 19 goals. Niels was the leading goal scorer with 6. Everyone had contributed fully to a successful season and it was without hesitation that I awarded full colours to those who played regularly.

Results:

Leighton Park	Won	3-1
MCS	Lost	0-2
Pangbourne	Lost	0-1
Reading	Won	2-0
Shiplake	Drew	1-1
Oxford hawks	Lost	2-1
Bloxham	Won	1-0
Berkhamsted	Drew	1-1
St. Edward's	Drew	1-1
St. John's	Lost	2-1
Oxford Festival		
Cranleigh	Drew	1-1
Dulwich	Lost	2-0
Scarborough	Drew	0-0
M.T. Crosby	Won	3-2
K.C Wimbledon	Won	2-1
O.A.s	Won	1-0

P. J. WILMORE

2ND XI

We knew it was going to be an unusual season and it was with optimistic minds that we set off to Leighton Park, there on a wonderfully flat pitch we encountered mixed opposition. After an amazing number of misses **Daniel Thomas** scored with an unbelievable reverse stick shot and we were away. Three other goals, two of which **Oliver Greasby** scored, sealed the game.

After a succession of matches called off due to bad weather came the disaster! Our opponents were Reading; not exactly the most fearsome of teams, but they managed to do what other, greater teams could only dream about: beat the 2nd XI.

Against Shiplake we again came out on top, the midfield was the main feature of the game with penetrating square passes that had the Shiplake defence in tatters. The MCS game was one of the best. After recruiting foreign mercenaries from the 1st XI, we found ourselves playing a technically perfect game. They scored an early first half goal but we fought back with spirit and with the help of the back three (**Edward Cooper**, **William Thomas** and **David Wrigley**) we pulled back two goals and several were disallowed.

The next match, against Bloxham, was a slightly less exciting one, but just as successful, we won 2-1 with goals yet again coming from **Oliver Greasby** and **Daniel Thomas**. We moved on to play Berkhamsted, the

field must have been used for grazing sheep and what was more, they placed a fluorescent pink ball on the centre spot: we didn't know whether they were making fun of our shirts or the ref. was just lacking in taste. Although again a victory for us it was very scrappy.

The final game of the season was the long-awaited match contest against St. Edward's. Although on the surface they seemed a very good team, they had a lack of depth and were very vulnerable to the 2nd XI's probing style of play. The final score was 3-1, they pulled back a consolation goal in the last minutes playing against 81/2 men (**David Wrigley** playing left handed after a heavy collision with **William Thomas**!).

Finally I would like to mention **David Gooch** who was the most dependable and impressive goalkeeper I have played with, even though he sometimes adopted the style which was perhaps a little reckless.

I would personally like to thank everybody who played for the 2nd XI for making the season what it was and I would also like to thank **Mr. Payne** who gave up so much of his time, and whose stirring half-time talks won't be easily forgotten.

Played :8
Won :7
Lost: 1

2nd XI Squad: **William Thomas**, **Edward Cooper** (Capt.) **David Wrigley**, **David Gooch**, **Martin Diamond**, **T. Yoshida**, **Daniel Thomas**, **Anthony Funnell**, **Mark Pajak**, **Oliver Greasby**, **John Oldham**.

E. COOPER VIMAS

3XI HOCKEY

3rd XI unbeaten for two years running!

Results '94: (all matches played away)

MCS	Drew 2-2
Pangbourne	Won 3-1
Bloxham	Won 3-0
Berkhamsted	Won 2-1
St. Edward's	Drew 1-1

Regular team players:

S. North, T. Yoshida, M. Findlay, P. Allan (Capt.) B. Marnane, R. Clarkson, J. Ruddick, K. Leen, J. Lane, A. Dawson, D. Craig, S. Craig, M. Wilkinson, E. Cooper.

By now the shock waves will have faded away, the news will have sunk in: the 3rd XI, in only their fourth season in existence, have had an unbeaten season. This was team sport in the 'Barbarians' style: the team does not possess its own pitch, the matches are always played away, the players wear their personal choice of socks and shorts, and there is only a minimum of coaching.

The season got underway with a cracking game against skilful opponents MCS. After ten minutes we were already 0-2 down and a long afternoon, punctuated by the sound of balls clanking against our blackboard, was in prospect. We managed to sneak back a goal just before half-time. In the second half another **David Craig** goal brought the scores level. Vociferous instructions came from goalie **Andrew Callaghan** to 'stay focused': it worked- we stayed level.

The confidence was reasonably high for the Pangbourne match and we certainly improved on the MCS performance. On a decent grass pitch we struck the ball about very effectively - and even stopped it a few times too. We rattled in three goals (a sizzler from **Brian Marnane**) and our back line of **Takeshi Yoshida, Michael Findlay** and **Philip Allan** worked tirelessly to limit Pangbourne to a single goal. The Bloxham side was weaker than expected, and on a lovely spring day, on another decent pitch, we looked good in parts but played carelessly and clumsily in others. It was late on in the match when **James Lane** got the first goal, but **Kevin Leen** pushed home the advantage with two good goals towards the end.

One look at Berkhamsted's rugby pitch confirmed that absolutely anything could happen on such a surface. It made War Mem. look like a bowling green; and ball control (which we had begun to demonstrate recently) was almost impossible. We resorted to 'route one' hockey and, having gone a goal down, battled hard in the second half to keep the record intact. **David**

Craig equalised and the roving, ever-threatening **Kevin Leen** got the winner.

St. Edward's was much the best team we played all season. But the third eleven hustled the opposition well, and our back three worked hard to keep things tight. After a while, St. Edward's began to get frustrated. At this point, **Ben Fuggles** (the people's choice) played the through-ball of the season out to **James Lane** on the right wing. **Kevin Leen** latched on to the orthodox cross and thumped it past the be-



mused goalkeeper. Unfortunately, eventually the St. Edward's pressure turned into a goal and very nearly two or three. It was a tremendous match and it brought a memorable season to a close.

Finally, amongst many worthy individual performances, I must select **Philip Allan, Brian Marnane, Mark Findlay** and **Kevin Leen** for special mention. But thanks to everyone for their efforts (and it was effort which really made the difference with this team).

Results '95

MCS (h)	Won 1-0
Berkhamsted (h)	Won 7-0
St. Edward's (h)	Drew 0-0

The following played for the team:

S.North (GK) A.Ashton (Capt.) N.Matheson, E.Smith, D.Roycroft, S.Craig, B.Jones, J.Lane, J.Ruddick, J.Wald, A.Stewart-Jones, A. Callaghan, P.Hatt, M.Greaney, A.Rudd,

D.Craig, N.Higginbottom, M.Simmons, S.Greenland

The pressure was on at the start of the season to emulate last year's unbeaten team. At first, it seemed likely we would achieve this not by winning every game, but rather by playing none - our early matches were cancelled due to bad weather!

When the season finally did get underway, however, we proved equal to the task. Victory in our first game was, as in the other matches, based on sound defence and hard work; **Edward**

Smith was rock-like throughout, and the halves tackled back relentlessly - for which much praise must go to **Antony Ashton**. Despite this fine win, we were more impressive still in our next match, against Berkhamsted, who, though a good side, were cut to pieces. Once again, our defence was commanding - dare I say impe-

rious - and our attack decisive. The performance of our front line - **David Roycroft, David Craig** and **James Lane** - climaxed in a hat-trick for the quicksilver **Mark Simmons**. Should I mention our last match? Only a draw, but a solid performance nonetheless.

All in all, a successful season. Thanks must go to **Mr. Evans**, for giving up his time to coach us, and congratulations to our good selves.

**S. A. EVANS &
N. MATHESON 6JEF**

COLTS B XI

Regular B team players :

Robert Gilley (GK) Philip Bradley, Oliver Moss, Julian Easton, Greg Taylor, Anthony Freeman, Benjamin Cullum, Paul Talbot, James Towe, Simon Ferguson, Gwyn Jones, Ol-

Iver Swadling and Hamish Norris.

The Colts B had a mixed season with some good matches played by all members of the team, unfortunately due to the weather many of our games were cancelled at the beginning of the season and subsequently we only had three games, hardly enough to call a season. We had two narrow losses and one good win over Berkhamsted 2-0.

Robert Gilley, Goalkeeper performed throughout the season, narrowly missing some shots by a formidable Shiplake attack. Against Berkhamsted Robert transformed into a machine saving some amazingly fast and powerful shots from their Centre Forward.

The Back line remained the same all season and we were doing well at cutting out crosses from the opposition's wings. Powerful 16s were taken by the sweeper, getting the ball to the Wingers quickly and consistently.

The Halves played well all season supporting both the Backs and the Forwards. **A. Freeman** was a good centre half with real potential with great vision also willing to use square passes. **G. Taylor** seemed to be everywhere providing everyone with good back up.

The Forwards were consistent. Both wings worked in harmony with quick, accurate crosses which usually led to goals.

Overall we had a good season, with the lack of game practice and experience leading to unnecessary goals that should have been prevented.

O. Moss 5NHP

MIDDLE SCHOOL 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-Hays B XI won their league scoring 21 goals and only conceding 1. Wilmores A XI won the senior league, but Drummond-Hays A team did just enough to enable the house to retain the cup.

A Competition:

	W.	Dr.	L.	Pts
Wilmores	4	0	0	8
Boars	2	1	1	5
D-Hays	2	1	1	5
Hendersons	1	0	3	2
Mearns	0	0	4	0

B Competition:

D-Hays	4	0	0	8
Hendersons	2	0	2	4
Wilmores	2	0	2	4
Mearns	1	0	3	2
Boars	1	0	3	2

P. J. WILMORE

JUNIOR COLTS HOCKEY

Oxford School	Won 5-0
Pangbourne	Won 2-1
Reading	Won 5-0
Shiplake	Won 2-1
M.C.S.	Won 4-1
Bloxham	Lost 0-2
Berkhamsted	Lost 0-1
St. Edward's	Lost 0-1

In terms of results, this was clearly a fair season. **James Thomson** was exceptional in his ability to dominate the midfield. He also captained well and certainly provided many opportunities for the front four to turn into goals. James and **Sam Potter** were the main goal scorers.

There were a few notable incidents. In the St. Edward's match, **Toby Jones**, who had made a particular effort to cover lots of ground at speed as an inside forward throughout the match, ended his game by somersaulting over the goalie and landing awkwardly on his shoulder. In the M.C.S. game, the team came back from 1-0 down to win 4-1 simply because they moved the ball around well and also made telling use of the circle which slopes very awkwardly for goalies at the Sports Hall end of Waste Court field. 15 seconds from the end of the Shiplake game, with the score at 1-1, Abingdon was awarded a short corner and just 3 seconds from time the ball, struck very firmly, deflected in off the far goal post. The first goal also had a fortuitous air to it. Goal keeping equip-

ment these days is so effective that there is no point in hitting the ball anywhere near the goal-keeper. **Robert Jones** ignored this advice and hit the ball straight at the Shiplake pads. Goodness knows how it managed to reach the netting!

The B XI did not have so many lucky incidents, but many thanks to **Mr. Hofton** again for getting the right number onto the field on each occasion, and for much more besides.

Regular team members were: **I. Lashford, P. Martin, M. Howe-Davies, I. Grant, A. Molyneux, J. Thomson, A. Stewart, R. Jones, T. Jones, S. Potter, T. Allen. J. Smethurst** and **T. Evans** also played.
R. C. B. COLEMAN

CRICKET

1ST XI

This has been a rather mediocre season, with several ups and downs along the way. The side has generally been a very young one, although there were a few old hands around to add experience. However, for one reason or another, they found it difficult to gel together and generate enough team spirit to make the season a really successful one. There was plenty of talent in the side, admittedly a lot of which was raw and untested, but unfortunately it rarely came good at the same time.

The final statistics of 4 wins, 5 defeats and 6 draws is a fair reflection of a season where the team played well in parts, but too often individuals did not live up to their potential. The highlights were the excellent victories over M.C.S., Reading and Highgate along with a resilient batting display to beat an AMB's XI following a very sporting declaration. However, disappointing performances, especially with the bat, lead to resounding defeats by Raddley, St Edward's, M.C.C., South Oxfordshire Amateurs and the Old Abingdonians.

The batting was something of a struggle throughout the season, where a lack of consistency was evident. With the exception of **Luke List, James Dolleymore** and **Henry Whalen** to a certain extent, the batsmen found it very difficult to score runs quickly but the underlying problem was that, de-

spite 5 batsmen scoring 50's, only one scored well in any one match - thus several dramatic batting collapses occurred and the side struggled to set or chase reasonable targets.

Luke List is by far the most talented batsman the first XI has had in several years, but that makes his performances this season all the more disappointing. He has rarely looked troubled throughout and has scored runs at an alarming rate, but too often displayed a lack of patience and surrendered his wicket to some poor shot selections. He scored 4 fifties during the season but never went on to make the big hundreds that a player of his calibre ought to be doing at this level.

Henry Whalen was the batting success of the season. He was not only the leading run scorer, but also the most consistent batsman scoring over 400 runs, including 4 fifties, at an average of over 35. He displayed the sort of concentration and determination which is essential at this level, although he still needs to improve his running between the wickets.

Robert Finch started the season well and was averaging over 40 midway through, but his frustration at finding runs difficult to score, especially quickly, led to a string of low scores towards the end which dented his confidence somewhat.

James Horton began the season in promising fashion with a match winning 76 against M.C.S., but then never managed to reproduce such form again. He is an extremely stylish batsman who times the ball exquisitely, but needs to learn to work the ball for singles more frequently, and pick up every run available in order to avoid getting bogged down. He often threatened to do well, but always seemed to get out to rather lazy shots whenever he appeared set for a big innings.

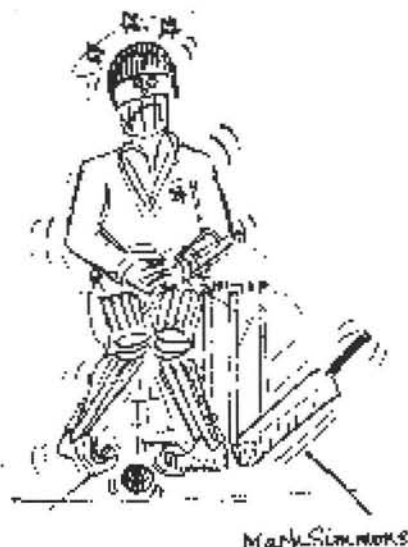
James Dolleymore is a rather unorthodox player who can be very effective on his day, as he showed on 3 or 4 occasions. However, he needs to show a greater degree of patience and consistency if he is to become a genuine middle order batsman.

Unfortunately, **Gwyn Jones** our regular opening batsman at the start of the season had a rather torrid time. He had one good score of 40 early on in the season, but otherwise struggled to reach double figures. This understand-

ably destroyed his confidence and as is the case when you're struggling, he often seemed to get an excellent delivery early on in his innings. He is a talented batsman and providing he is prepared to work on his game over the winter, especially on his footwork, then I am sure he can bounce back with a vengeance next season.

Of the others, **Ed Ryder** scored some very valuable runs lower down the order. He has an excellent temperament and a solid technique, both of which should put him in contention for next season. **Steven Watts** and **Alex Pike** both showed signs of their resilience and potential when given the opportunity to bat.

The bowling has shown more



promise, especially when you consider all but one of the front line bowlers will be back next year, but the team has found it difficult to bowl sides out - indeed they only succeeded on three occasions, all of which resulted in victories.

The leg spinner **Steven Watts** was the pick of the bowlers throughout the season, finishing with 30 wickets at just under 22 each. He is a genuine match winner on his day, who spins the ball a long way and has a full range of deliveries. At present he has a tendency to lose it a little when batsmen get after him, but hopefully he can overcome this before next season. He has been unfortunate on occasions with catches being dropped or not going to hand, but this is where field placing is so important and this is another essential part of his game that he needs to

work on.

Alex Pike has opened the bowling throughout the season despite only being a fourth former and has done an admirable job. He has plenty of pace and potential as was reiterated by **Tony**, our illustrious Australian assistant coach, who was the first to admit he struggled against Alex when batting for my XI against the firsts. It is a big step up to first XI cricket and unfortunately both Alex and **Toby Jones**, another fourth year who played regularly after half term, have had to learn this the hard way because of a lack of genuine bowlers in the senior year groups. However, I hope they have learnt from their experiences that although pace is useful, it isn't everything and that it is equally important to bowl an accurate line and length consistently, especially when the batsmen are looking to accelerate the scoring.

The other main bowler used was **Luke List** who finished the season with 22 wickets. He was arguably the most economical of the bowlers but often settled for containment rather than actually trying to bowl the batsmen out. His decision to bowl both seam and spin proved effective at times, but more often than not, made life difficult for the wicket keeper, who never really knew what to expect.

Henry Dorling and **Iain Gray** had limited opportunities with the ball, but both showed promise for next season, whilst **John Church**, another bowler from the fourth year conveyor belt, played 3 games towards the end of the season and showed just how profitable it is to bowl a good steady line and length.

The fielding was steady, but lacked the necessary enthusiasm and fizz to really make things happen. You get very few chances at this level of cricket and it is essential that you put the pressure on the batsmen and capitalise on those opportunities that do come your way. This means being on your toes all the time, expecting every ball to come to you, encouraging one another in the field - especially when things maybe are not going your way and above all wanting to be out there and enjoying yourself.

Robert Finch set a fine example behind the stumps, taking 19 victims in all, and whoever takes over next season will find him an extremely hard

act to follow. **Dominic Partridge** and **James Dolley more** were the pick of the outfielders, and James in particular will be remembered for his numerous run outs - often when a run looked a formality.

This has been a difficult season and certainly a very challenging one, and at first glance, it will probably appear a rather disappointing one. However, it was always going to be very much a rebuilding one with so many young players and so we won't be able to gauge the true success until next season. With 13 players with first XI experience returning next season, hopes are high that a better season is in store.

Finally, I would like to take this opportunity to thank Luke and Robert for their roles in leading the side, **Tony** and **Dr. Horn** for their assistance with the coaching and all the parents who have helped to maintain our reputation for producing the best teas on the circuit.

First XI Results 1995

M.C.S. 211-10 (**Watts** 4-82)
W. by 2 wks 212-8 (**Horton** 76)

Oratory 162-5 dec
Dr. 81-6 (**G.Jones** 40)

Reading 127-10 (**Melin** 5-17)
W. by 6 wks 130-4 (**Finch** 63)

Radley 129-10 (**Finch** 35)
L. by 8 wks 130-2

Ld. Williams 184-7 dec (**Watts** 3-28)
Dr. 139-8 (**Dolley more** 42)

Bloxham 138-7 dec (**Pike** 3-41)
Dr. 123-5 (**List** 53)

St Edward's 132-10 (**List** 51)

L. by 8 wks 134-2

Pangbourne 175-8 dec (**Whalen** 60,
List 44)

Dr. 139-6 (**Watts** 4-51)

M.C.C. 207-8 dec (**List** 4-53,
Watts 4-85)

L. by 101 rns 106-10 (**Horton** 40)

AMB's XI 206-2 dec (**Morrish** 69,
Hamilton 41*)

W. by 2 wks 207-8 (**Dolley more**
74-0)

RGS, High 182-7 dec.
Wycombe (**Whalen** 79*)

Dr. 127-8 (**Church** 3-23)

S. Oxon. 170-10 (**List** 52,
Amateurs **Ryder** 38*)

L. by 6 wks 171-4 (**List** 3-41)

U.C.S. 193-7 dec
Dr. 110-7 (**Whalen** 55)

Highgate 258-8 dec (**Whalen** 81,
List 56, **Finch** 37)

W. by 59 rns 199-10 (**Watts** 4-49,
List 4-55)

Old 157-10 (**Whalen** 27,
Abingdonians **Pike** 26)

L. by 7 wks 158-3 (**Watts** 3-41)

A. M. BROADBENT

1ST XI - A PLAYER'S THOUGHTS

With many long-time members of the team away, there were many gaps to fill. These were filled admirably by young, very talented players, so given a squad mixing seasoned pros with players making their first appearances, it appeared that we had a good blend of youth and experience.

...My favourite match was the penultimate game of the season against Highgate. We batted first, and some brilliant batting led by **Whalen** and **List** gave us our biggest total of the season. We had been warned about their two Middlesex batsmen, but we fielded with a terrific attitude. After reducing them to 110-5 with both Middlesex batsmen out, there came a captaincy masterstroke as **List** and **Partridge** served a selection of full losses and short hops on purpose....We had immediate success and bowled them out for 199.

Overall the season has been very enjoyable and all the players thank **Mr. Broadbent** for his commitment to coaching and management. He believes in giving young players exposure to the first team, and this will stand us in good stead for next year despite the departure of key upper-sixth formers, especially **Luke List**, **Robert Finch** and **James Dolley more**.
S. WATTS 6AMS



2ND XI

The 2nd XI had a rather mixed season and never really gelled into a team. This was mainly due to disruptions to the side and to the 1st XI because of examinations, but also one or two individuals were found wanting when their enthusiasm for the game and commitment to the team was put to the test. The team was well skippered by a combination of **James Aldred** and **Alex Shellard**, the latter taking over the responsibility when James was

called to the 1st XI. They rotated their bowlers well and kept the fielders on their toes. Alex took a catch! James took a stumping! There were some memorable events: **William Thomas** hit an enormous six at Radley to break their stranglehold on the game and he hit an even bigger blow to clear the wall on War Memorial field; **Ian Gray** demolished Lord William's Thame and **John Oldham** had the Oratory in a real twist; **Robert Duncan**, playing as strike bowler, delayed taking his first wicket until the last match of the season and then he took four to come bottom of the bowling averages; **James Howe-Davies** contrived to make a very difficult catch at MCS look far too easy; the standard of umpiring was excellent. Thanks for the season and I hope that you all go on and enjoy the game for many years to come.

Played 8, Won 2, Drew 3, Lost 3

Leading run scorers: **W. Thomas** 135 runs at an average of 33.75; **J. Aldred** (109, 21.8) **E. Ryder** (98, 32.67) **D. Jenkins** (97, 24.25).

Leading wicket takers: **I. Gray** took 15 wickets at an average of 11.07; **J. Oldham** (10, 25.20); **M. Hodges** (8, 23.63)

Results:

MCS	158-7	(Whalen 56)
Drew	170-6	dec
Oratory	138-5	(Oldham 6-36)
W. by 5 wkts		Or: 137 a.o.
Reading	143-8	(Aldred 56)
L. by 2 wkts	140 a.o.	(Gray 4-46)
Radley		Radley 171-5 dec
Drew		Abingdon 94-8

nearer I got to the crease, the more concerned I became; and then my suspicions were confirmed - the wicket had great big corn circles on it!

I watched **David Jenkins** and **Henry Whalen** stride onto the square, confident that they would make their customary large scores and get us off to a good start. I was wrong. Two balls later, Henry was walking back after a chip to square-leg. Oh dear, another 'quack'. Shame. In went **Paul Woodward**. He started scoring quickly, swatting the ball well over the



Thame	73-1	(Gray 6-16)
W. by 9 wkts		
Bloxham		Abingdon 129 a. o.
L. by 8 wkts		Bloxham 133-2
St Edward's	95 a.o.	(Thomas 59*)
L. by 10 wkts		St. Edward's 96-0
RGS High	169-5	(Howe-Davies 54)
Wycombe		
Drew		RGS : 218 - 6 dec

J. C. HORN

A 2ND XI MATCH

A PLAYER'S THOUGHTS

As we arrived at the ground, our first impression was that it would have made a better fairway on a par 5! The

short square boundary. A quick leap by the batsmen and he'd be well over it. Unfortunately, Paul came back just as quickly, having scored fourteen runs. In strode **Alex Shellard**. A few minutes later, out he strode, a measly four runs to his credit. It was a 35 over match.

It seemed as though we would only scrape 120, as our last real(ish) batsman went in. It was **Martin Diamond**. The run rate suddenly dropped. Then he hit a four. Strange. Then another. Martin was developing a follow-through. As the majority of the team fainted, Martin kept on scoring. **David Jenkins** then got out for above 30 but below 50. Next to go in was **Stuart Gray**, not specifically a batsman (in fact, a bowler). He started scoring quicker than Martin and soon overtook him, eventually reaching a well-de-

served fifty.

We got them all out for 80 odd.

A. SHELLARD VI SAE

3RD XI

Matches played:

Oratory	WON
Cokethorpe	LOST
Reading	WON
Radley	LOST

The 3rd XI enjoyed a mixed session this year with four matches played; two victorious and two defeats. With honours even, the team continually improved throughout the season, coming up against stiff opposition in the final matches.

The team was enthusiastically captained by N. **Higginbottom**. Useful contributions were made by all the members of the squad. **Rupert Janisch** provided a season of cheerful irritation to his team mates from behind the stumps.

On behalf of the 3rd XI I would like to thank **Mr. Mansfield** for his time and energy in organising and coaching the team which provided all of us with such an enjoyable season.

B. JONES 6AMS

JUNIORS A XI

Played 12	Won 6
Lost 4	Drew 2

From the playing record it looks as if we had quite a good season, but this disguises the real truth. At least three of the victories came against very weak opposition and some of our defeats were in the humiliating category. Rarely have I known a young side suffer so many injuries, illnesses, and other inconveniences which meant we were able to choose our strongest eleven on only a few occasions. The need for a resident physiotherapist, or even more to the point, a psychiatrist, was clearly required to deal with the frequent outbreaks of hypochondria that seemed to affect several members of the squad.

The one memorable result of

the season was a nail biting win against a very strong St. Edward's team when, on a good wicket, 18 wickets fell for just over 100 runs thanks to some very fine fast bowling by both sides. **Avik Choudhuri**, free for a change from back (lumbago?) and foot (gout?) problems, bowled magnificently to set up the victory.

The outstanding batsman, when his pain racked body allowed him to play, was **Paul Edwards**, who started the season with a veritable run glut, making four consecutive scores over 50 including a superb hundred against Reading. With the exception of **William Smith** who, with admirable concentration, ground out several decent scores, mostly behind the wicket, the rest of the batting lacked either the temperament or technique to score consistently.

Our inability to bowl enough wicket taking balls was painfully apparent in many matches, particularly in the last two when we were mercilessly hammered. Our most consistent bowler was undoubtedly **Tom Bartlett**, although his lack of penetration against good batsmen was exposed at times.

The most depressing aspect of our play, however, was our pathetic fielding. Never have I seen so many young people make so many arthritically unsuccessful attempts to bend down, stop a ball, and then throw it in accurately. At least it made **PJW** and me look positively lively and agile! **Team from: P. Edwards (capt.) T. Andrews, T. Bartlett, A. Benson, L. Butler, A. Choudhuri, N. Gray, B. Hunt, S. Laurie, J. Otterburn, R. Smith, T. Smith, W. Smith, M. Stocks, S. Tompkins, C. Watney**

MCS	M	178-6 dec	(Edwards 77,
Draw	A	170-6	Hunt 40 no)
Oratory	A	105	(Edwards 53)
	O	108-3	Lost by 7 wkts
Coke-	A	168-6 dec	(Edwards 71)
thorpe	C	65	(Watney 4-9,
Won by		103 rs	Gray 3-0)
Reading	A	231-2 dec	(Edwards 137
Draw	R	181-4	no, Gray 44)
Thame	T	92-6	(25 overs match)
	A	97-2	Won by 8 wickets
King	A	182-6	(W. Smith 56,
Alfred's *		Laurie 44, Edwards 36)	
	KA	82	(Bartlett 5-26,
Won by		100 rs	Andrews 3-36)
Oxford *	O	37	(Choudhuri 6-15)

A	38-5	Won by 5 wkts
Bloxham	A	178-4 dec (W. Smith 51
		no, Edwards 30)
B	179-5	Lost by 5 wkts
St.	St E	53 (Choudhuri 5-20)
Edward's	A	57-8 Won by 2 wkts
Pang-	P	110 (Andrews 8-20)
bourne	A	111-5 (W. Smith 47,
Won by		5 wkts Otterburn 30 no)
Thame *	T	246-3 (Semi-final)
	A	117 Lost by 129 rs
RGS High		231-2 dec Lost by 97 rs
Wycombe		134 (Tompkins 36 no)
* Lords Taverners Trophy Matches		

R. P. FINCH

JUNIORS' AXI A PLAYER'S THOUGHTS

This was an indifferent season for us, some good performances and some "pathetic"....

Our first win! This was against Cokethorpe. We batted first and set them a target of 160+. **P. Edwards** was once again in the runs, this time with 71. Some great bowling from **C. Watney**, 4-9, and **N. Gray**, 3-0, helped us to a hundred run victory.

Against Reading good batting from both sides was the real highlight in this game. We batted first, setting them a target of 200+, Paul this time with 137 not out, with **S. Laurie** with 23 not out providing some great support play. They got to within 50 of the total, but never really looked like reaching it....

Our last game against High Wycombe was a NIGHTMARE! We were missing 3 of our bowlers, **A. Choudhuri**, **T. Andrews**, and **R. Smith**. They batted first and got 231-2, although we gave them about 60 runs with our abysmal fielding. Our batting was nearly as bad. **T. Smith** (25) and **S. Tompkins** (37 not out) held our innings together for a long time, but we lost with 2 balls to spare.

Finally I would like to thank **Mr. Finch** and **Dr. Wilmore** for putting up with us and coaching us brilliantly.

P. EDWARDS 3RGH

JUNIORS B XI

The cancellation of the fixtures against Radley and Pangbourne reduced the season to four matches. We began well against Cokethorpe, **Adam Benson** and **Michael Stocks** enjoying a good partnership, which was followed by some equally competent batting from **Richard Coates** and **Robin Smith**. We were able to declare with the score on 174 for 3. Adam's 55 earned him promotion to the A XI and Robin joined him. Our opening bowling was wayward, but an accurate spell from **Liam Butler** of 5 wickets for 4 runs in seven overs, heralded a Cokethorpe collapse to 60 all out. Next we travelled to Bloxham, where our opponents got off to a flying start, but then collapsed. **Alex McTier** did most of the damage, with a remarkable 5 wickets for 7 runs in 2.5 overs! We took a mere 13 overs to reach that target without loss, **Anthony Hulse** cracking 32 not out.

We then took the short journey to Cothill and found opposition that was a bit too strong. Cothill batted first and one very good batsman scored a hundred. A total of 191 for 2 declared was beyond our capabilities, but with better application we might have held out for a draw. **Tim Smith** scored an excellent 50 and while he was there, the opposition were beginning to show signs of nerves. Our final total of 127 was no disgrace.

We did, however, let ourselves down badly in the next match, which turned out to be the last. St. Edward's came over on a wet and windy day, to play on the all-weather strip. They had a strong side and batted on and on, amassing a ridiculous 257 for 4 declared. **Simon Tompkins** scored a bullish 48 and we entered the last 20 overs with only two wickets down. A draw seemed certain, but then we began to commit suicide and continued doing so. Our last wicket fell in the penultimate over, handing an undeserved victory to our guests.

P. J. WILMORE

JUNIOR COLTS XI

This was a good season for the Junior Colts with just two defeats and

many memorable team and individual performances. The only real difficulty we faced was our inability to capitalise on a winning position, thus leaving us with many drawn matches by the end of the term.

We started off on a high note with a draw and victory against the only two teams to defeat us last year - namely Magdalen and the Oratory. We rallied well from a difficult start against Magdalen, aided by an excellent half-century from **Ian Grant** and some tight, restrictive bowling on our side. The match against Oratory was almost over as soon as our

captain **Toby Jones** opened the bowling, as he took a startling nine wickets to bowl out our opposition for under 70 runs, a target which our batsmen reached very quickly. Following these matches, we defeated Reading with the help of a half century by **Tristan Evans** and then went on to lose to Radley, despite the fact that **Paul Martin** made an excellent 48. After this, we drew with Thame, beat Shiplake, drew with Oxford School, Bloxham, Pangbourne, RGS High Wycombe and lost narrowly to an RSH XI. The captain for the first half of the season was **Toby Jones**, who on leaving to play for the 1st XI was replaced by **Ian Grant**.

Notable individual performances included half centuries from **Ian Grant**, **Tristan Evans**, **Richard Ellis** and excellent bowling figures from **Toby Jones**, **John Church**, **Alex Brown** and **Ian Grant**. Mention must also be made of the excellent fielding by **Tom Allen**, **James Thompson** and **Michael Howe-Davies**. Commiserations go to **Tristan Evans** who was injured twice and whose wicket keeping duties were taken on admirably by **Tom Allen**.

Newcomers to the side who made a regular contribution included **Daniel Silver**, **Toby Shellard** and **Alex**

Brown who was undoubtedly the find of the season, bewildering all the batsmen of opposing teams with his excellent repertoire of spin bowling.

This was the last season this team will play together, as next year we all disband to play for teams higher up the school. It was a good season to finish on and our thanks go to **Mr. Hamilton** and to **Mr. Henderson** who put so much effort into the teams.



Those who played for the Junior Colts in 1995 were as follows: **Toby Jones**, **Ian Grant**, **Tristan Evans**, **Tom Allen**, **Richard Ellis**, **James Thompson**, **Paul Martin**, **Alex Brown**, **John Church**, **Toby Shellard**, **Michael Howe-Davies**, **Phillip Makings**, **Daniel Silver**, **Edward Wagner** and **James Weeks**.

R. ELLIS 4RCRM

U13 XI

The season was very mixed with some excellent games and a few disappointing ones. Our first match against Oratory was a promising start with **Campbell** scoring 54 n.o. and **Fleming** 39. The wickets were shared evenly and we won by 151 runs. Ten days later we played Reading who had a very tough team. Abingdon declared at 156 for 8 with **Webber** scoring 42 and **Martin** 25. After some very good batting by Reading we lost by 7 wickets. Thame proved to be quite an easy match with **Fleming** scoring 82 n.o. We won this by 122 runs.

Berkhamsted was very strong and even with some good batting from

Campbell and **Webber** and excellent bowling from **Norman-Longstaff** we still lost. When we played Prior's Court most of our batsmen got tied down and the match ended in a draw. We batted very well against St. Edward's scoring 196 for 6 with **Gardner** scoring 51 and **Webber** scoring 81 n. o. Unfortunately the weather didn't get any better and the match was abandoned. Our bowling wasn't very tight when playing St. Hugh's, with **Norman-Longstaff** taking the only wickets. **Fleming** was the only batsman who gave any resistance. High Wycombe also had a very tough team and **Bracher** finally proved that he could bat when he scored 79. Our bowlers couldn't find any fault in their batting and eventually we lost by 10 wickets. In the cup we have been very successful, beating last year's champion, thanks to **Bracher**, **Apps** and some excellent bowling from **Norman-Longstaff**.

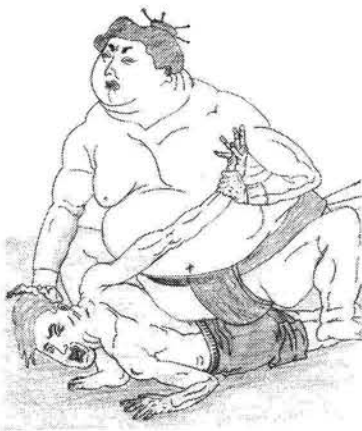
E. WEBBER 2M

U12 XI

The U12s this season played 8, lost 5 and won 3. The highlight of a disappointing season was a very good victory over Hampshire U11s. We won the game by six wickets. Our weak point was in the batting. We had a lot of potential including two county players but many of our batsmen had poor seasons. Our performance in the field was a lot better, with good bowling from **Iain Downie** and **Martin Walker** especially. **Tom Matheson** was excellent in the field. We found it hard coming up against teams that were a year older than us and next year, hopefully, we will get some easier matches. Next year we can only improve!

PETER THOMAS 1B

OTHER SPORTS



ATHLETICS

The Athletics club had an arduous season but was rewarded with considerable success. After only three days of intense training the club met at Marlborough at its usual strength. **Gary Armstrong** and **Adrian Howkins** ran well winning the 800m and Gary also won the 400m. **David Gooch** set the standard for the rest of the team to follow, winning both the Long jump and the Triple jump. First places also went to **Ed Chow-Worn** and **Francis Malone-Lee**.

David and Gary followed through their successes at Marlborough with two wins each at Radley. Other strong performances from **David Wrigley**, **James Arthur**, **Peter Moloney** and **Chris McGarry** strengthened the team. Abingdon retained the Bloxham cup with many notable successes including wins by **Daniel Chadwick**, 100m, **Gary Armstrong**, 400m, **Paul Shrimpton**, 1 500m, **James Arthur**, High jump, **Simon North**, Discus and **David Wrigley**, Javelin.

For the Intermediates **Edward Chow-Worn**, **Peter Aiken**, 400m and Javelin, **Francis Malone-Lee**, **Tom Hewes** and **James Dowling** were also victorious, with strong performances throughout the season proving to be the backbone of their team.

The last school match at Bradfield followed a similar pattern as previously with wins going to **Gary Armstrong**, **Paul Shrimpton**, **Peter Aiken** and **Francis Malone-Lee**. An extensive list qualified for the County Championships at Iffley Road, with the most notable performance coming from **Peter Watson** who qualified for the All-England championship at Nottingham.

In the Senior section of the Athletics club **Gary Armstrong**, **Peter Moloney**, **James Arthur** and **David Wrigley** all secured a placing of third or higher giving them a place in the Vale squad.

Finally I would like to thank **Mr. Burrow**, **Mr. Stevenson**, **Mr. Maughan**, **Mr. Pettitt**, **Mr. White** and **Shane** who gave up their spare time to coach the Athletics squad.

Full Colours: **G. Armstrong**, **P. Moloney**, **J. Arthur** and **E. Chow-Worn**

Half Colours: **Francis Malone-Lee** and **P. Aiken**.

G. ARMSTRONG VISCW & P. MOLONEY VISCW

This year is the first time for four years that we have an athlete in the English Schools National Competition, this year it is being held in Nottingham and **Peter Watson** has been selected to compete in the Junior Boys Long Jump. Recently he came second in the Midland Schools Combined Events Championships and later in August will compete in the National Combined Events Championships.

In the County Schools' Championships this year we had a number of competitors selected for the Vale of the White Horse team. **Peter Watson** won the Long Jump and High Jump, **Andrew Holland** is Champion Junior Boys Hurdler and **Francis Malone-Lee** won the Intermediate Boys 3000 metres race. **Edward Chow-Worn**, **Peter Aiken**, **Gary Armstrong**, **Peter Moloney** all performed well on a cold and wet weekend at Iffley Road. After half term we entered the Radley Challenge, in which boys compete in three events, a run, a throw and a jump. **Messrs. Watson**, **Malone-Lee**, **Harrison** and **Holland** all performed well but were beaten by Bloxham and Cheltenham College athletes.

Earlier in the term we had had teams drawn from the first and second form and from the third and fourth form competing against Douai School and Pangbourne College, both winning on the first occasion. The same age groups were well beaten, however, by Larkmead in a competition spread over two days after School, during the last two weeks of term.

The Middle School Athletics Competition was held this year on Lower field, on the last Tuesday afternoon of the term, the discus competition having been held the week before to save injury to runners on the track which crosses the discus sector! The athletics squad had also contributed to an initial total of points through a Standards Competition, which was a popular start to the whole competition and gives status to those who have trained all season, but who may have limited talents. The most notable performances of the afternoon were in the Third Form high jump when **Peter**

Watson cleared 1.75m. and the shot in which **Andrew Papps** put 10.34m having previously thrown the discus 17.05m. In the Fourth year Competition **Stuart Harrison**, one of our most promising athletes, ran 100m in 12.3 secs. and the 200m in 26.2sec., his shotput and consistent performances in the Standards Competition won him the Victor Ludorum trophy. Another talented athlete **Francis Malone-Lee**, deserves a mention for a fast 1500m completed in 4. 44.0 s, and on the uneven Lower field track. The final relay events provided the last excitement of the afternoon and overall Drummond-Hay's claimed the Fourth Year prize with Henderson's the Third Year, in spite of being disqualified in the relay. Captain of Athletics for 1996 is **David Gooch** and **David Wrigley** is the secretary.

MIDDLE SCHOOL ATHLETICS COMPETITION RESULTS



	4TH YEAR	3RD YEAR
80m	Malone-Lee	Holland
Hurdles		
100m	Harrison	Dear
200m	Harrison	Holland
400m	Pinckney	Watson
800m	Ellis	Bourne-Taylor
1500m	Malone-Lee	Bourne-Taylor
H. Jmp	Pinckney	Watson
L. Jmp	Pike	Watson
Tr. Jmp	Cundell	Baxter
Shot Put	Dunbar	Papps
Discus	Morrell	Papps
Javelin	Thomson	Tarasewicz
4x100m relay:		
	Henderson's	Wilmore's
Medley relay:		
	D-Hay's	D-Hay's
Parlauf:		
	D-Hay's	D-Hay's
Victor Ludorum:		
	Harrison	Watson
Overall Winners:		
	D-HAY'S	HENDERSON'S

F.C.BURROW

BADMINTON

The Oxford Schools' Badminton League arrangements eventually fell into place at the beginning of December, so we were only able to play Larkmead before Christmas - and lost both to their U14s and U16s. Otherwise the Michaelmas fixtures were 'friendly' and the picture is quite rosy.

The U19s lost narrowly to Stowe School but beat Wellington, Radley, Rugby, Marlborough and Cheltenham. The U16s also lost to Stowe though the team was under strength and several of the individual games were very close. Wellington and Rugby were easily beaten even after we had loaned a player to Rugby! The U14s had some outings in other teams though only turned out officially against Larkmead. The U13s played in the Top Schools Championships of the English Schools Badminton Association. We hosted the local group which was won by Presentation College who will probably be national winners again.

We play 'A' and 'B' team matches where other schools can't raise competitive teams in one age group. This gives us a chance to field less experienced players. In this format our As beat Bloxham, Oratory and Bradfield. Our Bs beat Bloxham in one incarnation and lost in another but overwhelmed Bradfield.

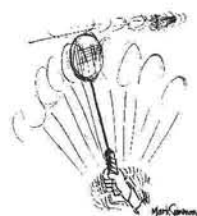
In the Lent term the U19s were undefeated through a frantic list of 'friendly' fixtures and the whole of their commitment to the Oxford Schools' League. Opponents were Rugby, Wellington, Marlborough, John Mason School, Cheltenham, Wood Green School, Eton, Henley College and Wantage School. On March 30 they became U19 Oxford League winners.

The U16s lost to Henry Box School but beat Rugby School, Wellington College, Oratory School and Cheney. They ended the season as runners up in the Oxford Schools' League. The U14s beat Marlborough School, Woodstock, but a long lay off slowed them down, so they lost to Henry Box School but managed to beat Wood Green and Cheney. **Paul Edwards'** susceptibility to injury remains worrying. **David Jenkins** and **Rosli Kadir** won the Carlton/Bloxham doubles and Rosli was runner up in the singles im-

mediately after the doubles final.....

Pressure of time led to matches against Bradfield College, Bicester, St.Birinus and John Mason School being conceded - by the opposition in every case. Despite having four other fixtures in the same week, we managed to find time to get to Birmingham to see Indonesia, Malaysia, Denmark and the U.K. in the semi-finals of the All England competition.

The regular U19 team comprised **Rosli Kadir**, **David Jenkins**, **Tom Frankum**, **J.Ch Lim**, **Andrew Bennett** and **A. Marvin Lamit**; with



support and substitution from **Kelvin Lo**, **Mark Edwards**, **Tom Darton**, **Dan Hammersley**, **Victor Lee**, **Ian Gray**, **Mark Curtis**, **George Richards**, **Hafiz** and **Jeremy Cave**.

The U16s have usually been **Peter Ewing**, **Toby Shellard**, **Adam White**, **Victor Lee** and **Kieran O'Leary** with visits from **Patrick Biggs**, **Wilbur Lau**, **Edward Wagner**, **Toby Jones** and **Christopher Bowler**.

The U14 line up has been **Paul Edwards**, **Robert Tattersall**, **Simon Hughes**, **Jonathan Tarasewicz**, **Jonathan Earley**, **Jonathan Spearling**, **Paul Langton** and **Neil Gray**. Colours are held by Rosli and **David Jenkins**, and are awarded to **Andrew Bennett** who has become a valued partner and splendidly unflappable player over the last seven years. We will lose Rosli too and it will be hard to replace his mobility, style and athletic deftness. For two years he has given everyone an enviable standard to match and me only a few worries by delayed arrival in the minibus! Half colours are held by **Kelvin Lo**, **Tom Frankum**, **Mark Edwards**, **J.Ch Lim**, **Ian Gray**, **Peter Ewing** and **Paul Edwards**. They are awarded to **A. Marvin**, **A. Lamit** and **Victor Lee**. Secretary for 1995/6 is **M. Edwards** and Captain is **D. Jenkins**.

I.A. MACDONALD

SPORTATHON 95

Dr. Wilmore has hosted a footballathon once before. This was held in the sports hall and was a roaring success. But this time **Dr. Wilmore** took the plunge and joined forces with **Mr. Drummond-Hay**'s house to host this years sportathon, which raised money for the NSPCC. Sponsor forms were handed around to everyone in the house while the tutor-group representatives found out which sports everybody wanted to play and when. It was planned that basketball, volleyball and football would be going on from 2 pm. until 10 pm. In the end the couple of dozen participants decided on a football competition. House teams were picked for the fifth, fourth and third years consisting of five players and in some cases a reserve.

The day came and everyone was raring to go. Several enthusiasts tried to start some games straight away much to the annoyance of the meticulous planners of the event. The rivalry between the two houses and the will to win made for some very exciting matches. By 5 pm. however the enthusiasm for the competition started to drift apart due to the long wait between matches for the eager teams. The league tables showed that Wilmore's fourth year "A" team was on top when the competition dissolved. This has never been confirmed but as a member of this team this is my totally unbiased view.

Many teachers helped referee and organise matches and a handful of parents turned up to watch and to help with the barbecue. **Mr. Drummond-Hay** was also there to look over the whole operation and keep everything going. To all these people, all those who also helped and all the generous sponsors thank you very much for making an enjoyable charity event to rival that of the annual charity walk. In the end we had raised the grand total of £329.00

E. MACDONALD 4PKHR

SWIMMING

After a long fought struggle with Henderson's, closely followed by the other three remaining houses Wilmore's finally won the third year swimming competition with a stunning score of 94. After starting very suc-

cessfully the team never failed to lose first spot and really the battle was for second position between Drummond-Hay's and Henderson's. It must not, however go unmentioned that yet again, as in Middle School Athletics, the Boarders suffered heavily with a drastically reduced team but did give a worthy showing, with both commitment and enthusiasm ever present.

A special mention should go to the winning team, with exceptional performances from **Hughes, Watson, Starkie** and **Sasonow** who formed the basis for the Wilmore's success.

W. RANSCOMBE 3DJP

TENNIS

Abingdon School Tennis Club had one of its most successful seasons ever at 1st VI level, thanks to a very strong squad with no less than five U18 County players. The first match of the term saw a reversal of last year's 8 1/2-1-1/2 defeat by MCS, in spite of fielding a weakened team. This trend was set to continue throughout the season, with comfortable wins over Bloxham, Pangbourne, Oratory and Shiplake. The last match of the season, against Radley, promised to be our hardest test, but a full strength team succeeded in winning 8-1.

The Buckley Cup, an internal singles competition, was won for the second time by **Gideon Margo**, who beat **Stuart Gray** in the final.

In the holidays, many members of the Club played in tournaments around the region. Particular performances of note include **Simon Greenland** winning the Oxfordshire U16 Singles and reaching the final of the U18 Singles and **Gideon Margo** winning the U18 Doubles. Special mention must go to **Tom Greenland**, who represented Great Britain at U14 level, and reached the final of the U14 Doubles at Nationals.

Tom Greenland, Simon Greenland, Gideon Margo, Peter Hatt and

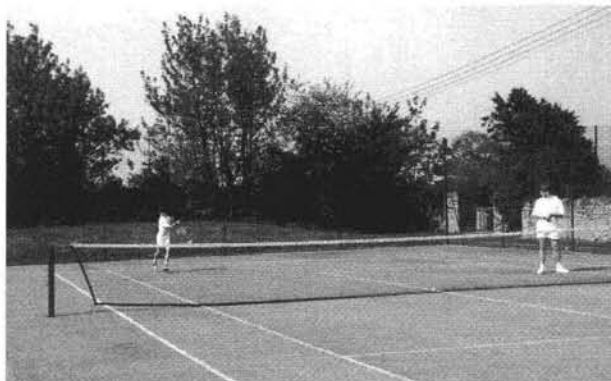
Supraj Rajagopalan all represented Oxfordshire at U18 level.

Full Colours are held by: **Nick Rees** (captain) **Stuart Gray, Gideon Margo, Simon Greenland, Supraj Rajagopalan, Peter Hatt.**
S.RAJAGOPALAN 6DH

STOP PRESS

We have just returned from the Glanville Cup National Schools' finals, where we beat Radley and Cheltenham amongst other well-respected tennis schools. Having reached the final stages, we lost in the quarter-finals to Repton, the no. 1 seeds and very strong favourites. The highlight of the tournament was **Tom Greenland**'s amazing performance against a top-ranked U18 player. He narrowly lost 7-5, 7-5 in a gruelling 2 hour match and won a great 3-set doubles match with **Supraj Rajagopalan**.

This has been a season to remember, one indeed which might never be repeated again, and which has put Abingdon School firmly on the national tennis map. Our thanks are due



to **Stuart Gray** (the Secretary) and **Gideon Margo**, both of whom have remained unbeaten in all their school matches this season, as well as to **Mr. Ayling**, whose time and efforts have been so successfully spent this season managing and supporting the teams.

S. GREENLAND 6DH



CROSS COUNTRY

After three preparatory races in the Michaelmas Term, in which **Gary Armstrong** and **Francis Malone-Lee** showed promise of what was to come, the season proper began in the Lent term with the county championships. **Gary Armstrong**, **Francis Malone-Lee** and **Richard Ellis** all qualified to represent Oxfordshire at inter-county level. **Gary Armstrong** and **Francis Malone-Lee** qualified for the All-England Championships in Warwickshire



following further trials. **Gary Armstrong** was forced to pull out by a knee injury whilst **Francis Malone-Lee** was Oxfordshire's top placed runner finishing in the top 20. He had come 26th in an All-England Championship earlier in the season.

The relay at Coventry the following week produced less spectacular results but was followed by a more rewarding race at Haberdasher Aske's. The pleasing results saw **Gary Armstrong** finishing his leg in first place and attaining the second fastest time amongst 162 competitors; other good performances came from **Peter Moloney** finishing 3rd in his leg with **Francis Malone-Lee** bringing the team in to a respectable 6th place.

The Oxford University Tor-

toises' Schools' Relay produced a very good collective team effort from both the A and B teams. We claimed notable scalps, such as those of Dr. Challoner's, RGS High Wycombe and Marlborough. The following match at Warwick again gave excellent results: **Gary Armstrong** came in first, **Francis Malone-Lee** second, and **Richard Ellis** and **Paul Shrimpton** followed suit to come in fifth and sixth respectively. The season then progressed with a relay at RGS Worcester, where the team ran at their best against formidable opposition. Results were not up to standard, however.

In the friendly relays at RGS High Wycombe, by contrast, the results showed promising signs for our coming Road Relay. **Francis Malone-Lee** won a prize; **James Dowling** and **Peter Moloney** won medals, and **Peter Moloney** also achieved the fastest time in his competition. In all the team had successfully ended the season in their last inter-school match.

The final event of the term was the school Road Relay in which members of the cross-country club performed admirably. **Francis Malone-Lee** had the fastest time in all the competition, winning the Jules Wing. He brought his team in in first place, and **Richard Ellis** was also in the winning team. **Gary Armstrong** was the second fastest runner overall, and along with **Peter Moloney** was in the second fastest team.

We wish to thank **Mr. Macdonald**, **Mr. Mitra** and **Mr. Baker** for helping with the transport; **Mr. Shaw-Smith** for helping the Juniors in the earlier part of the season; and particularly **Mr. Oxlade** for all his help and support to the club over the past four years.

Full colours : **Gary Armstrong & Francis Malone-Lee**

Half Colours : **Richard Ellis**

Baker Cup : **Peter Moloney**

P. MOLONEY VI SCW &

G. ARMSTRONG VI SCW



The Finish

ROWING THE HOME INTERNATIONAL

This year's home international regatta again saw an all Abingdon eight competing in the Men's junior eights event, rowing for England.

The selection race allowed them just four days training to bring a scratch crew together. They were coached by the seniors-squad cox **Alex Greaney**. A special race was being organised in Nottingham, on the National Watersports Centre at Holme Pierrepont. The Abingdon crew was almost the same DK [second] eight but with **Philip Baker** replacing **Jonathan Watkinson**, and **Peter Godsell** replacing **Christian Schoof**, both of whom were abroad. The DK eight had beaten Emmanuel's first eight twice before, and it was known that they had lost their two strongest members to the GB squad. This also placed the crew under an age limit of eighteen years.

So to Nottingham, on the Saturday, armed with a four man tent (to house the nine-man crew...) three cars, and plenty of food. After a mediocre night's sleep, we arose with high spirits and paddled on the Trent. Our race was not until 6.30 pm. It was then that we realised that our opponents were racing a 2000 metre race against Eton's J16's only half an hour before racing us. We watched Emmanuel/Quintin lose in the last 3 strokes to a poor Eton crew in a slow time. They declined to row against us. We were slightly disappointed not to have had the opportunity to beat them by a distance of 7 or so lengths, but we had qualified to row for England.

We saw **Mr. Martin**, and he told us that we HAD to win it for England. Back in Abingdon, the boat (the "Derwent King") reassembled, our training began in earnest. Graham Wells, a St. Edward's School rowing coach and geography teacher, had volunteered to coach us, and we met every evening at 6.30pm for a fortnight, doing much hard work. For the race, none of the Senior coxes were available, so we were steered and instructed by **Andrew McNeillie**. Despite two or three utterly disastrous outings, as the race

approached, we were recording fast times over 500 metres.

The regatta was to be held at the new course on the Royal Albert Dock in London's Docklands, a race 1750 metres long. This was nothing compared to the feat that was "Henley". We arrived at the course on the Friday, at about 4.00pm, received our England kit and went for a practice paddle. The weather was fairly awful; a strong tailwind was blowing, and this does not help boat stability in the slightest. We soon realised that we were the only England crew to have our blades properly painted white with bright red stripes, to form the flag of St. George. The other England crews had simply used red insulation tape, and didn't look anywhere as near as intimidating as ours.

Saturday was race day. Our race was the penultimate event on the programme, and so we simply cheered for the other England crews all morning. After a 20 minute warm-up and a cold shower we were ready to die for our country if we had had to.

Drama struck on the way up to the start of the race, as no. 2 man **William Hoodless**'s seat became stuck on the runners. One of the wheels was trying to escape and leave the axle on which it was attached. However, **Jake Airey** fixed it in time. The warm up continued. On the stake-boats, the wind had turned from a dead straight tail wind to a slight cross tail wind. This made lining the 30 foot boats (and keeping them straight whilst the other three crews got straight) very difficult, and we were waiting for about 5 minutes. By this time, most of the crew were feeling sick with nervousness. Then we were started.

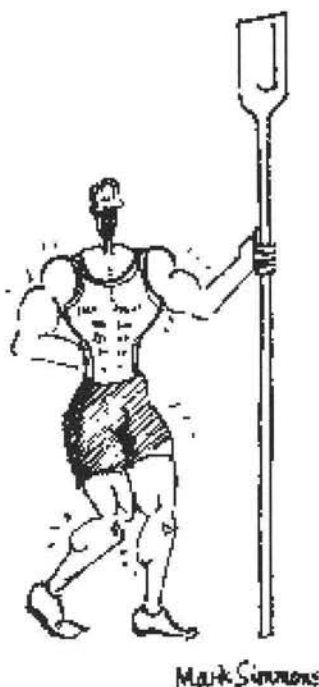
"Attention....Set..Go!". England stormed off to the best start ever experienced by anyone in the crew. We took 1 length in the first ten strokes. Then the red flag, everyone was called back. England was judged to have made a false start! Back on the stake-boats. Almost ready. Scotland broke away from its stake-boat, but we didn't mind, confident that we were the best. "Attention....Set.."

"Wait! Wait! Hang on!" shouted our cox, as he realised that we had been blown off alignment. This did fluster us a little, but it got to the other crews

too. Again we were aligned. "Attention....Set..Go!". We were in battle at last!

We gained an advantage of about two men over Scotland after the first twenty strokes, and extended this to a length after 250 metres. All due credit to Ireland and Wales, but they were out of their depth racing against crews of the standard of England and Scotland. In a race of this sort, it has been observed that the trailing crew may tire and settle for second place. Not so Scotland. They pushed us all the way down the course, and **Andrew McNeillie**'s coxing paid off.

We had planned to put in a push just over half way through the race. It didn't occur until we were pushing for



home anyway. We extended our lead over Scotland to win by 1.5 lengths, Ireland came third, and Wales came fourth. A party ensued at the hotel where we were staying.

I would like to thank everyone who rowed in that eight, all those who helped coach and support us, all those parents and families that cheered for us, and especially Mr. Graham Wells for being a great coach. The crew consisted of:

- 1: **Jake Airey**
- 2: **William Hoodless**
- 3: **Anthony Hankin**
- 4: **Michael Litchfield**

- 5: **Nicholas Edmonds**
- 6: **Peter Godsell**
- 7: **Philip Baker**
- Stroke: **David Lourie**
- Cox: **Andrew McNeillie**

J. AIREY VIMCS

THE HAZEWINKEL REGATTA

Mr. Martin had entered two eights, three fours and three pairs for the Belgium national championships at Ghent. The J.16 coxless four of **Kingsley, Pinkney, Longstaff** and **Strong** rowed very well and came in to win a silver medal. Bow pair of that 4, namely **Longstaff** and **Strong** flew the flag well in the J.16 pairs and came in 5th. Next came both J.18 coxless fours. The 'A' four comprised **Carling, Pajak, R. Smith** and **Binning**; the 'B' four **Lindgren, S. Morris, McGarry** and **Day**. The 'B' four started well but finished a sensible last. The 'A' four had stuck to convention finishing a strong second behind the Greek national crew.

The remaining 2 pairs were rowed by **Hutchins** (captain) and **Russell** in one and **Lourie** and **Airey** in the other. Once more the two Abingdon crews were in the same heat. David and Edward finished first, David and Jake second, highly impressive stuff. This row won David and Edward a bronze in the overall event. By now it was late afternoon, it was time for the 1st and 2nd eights to row in J18 eights; it was a straight final. The 1st eight of **Pank, Hutchins, Russell, Pajak, Carling, Binning, Kingsley, Lourie** and **Airey** completed the course in the impressive time of 6mins11secs. They won the silver losing out only to the Belgium world championship crew! The second eight of **Hannaford, R. Smith, Pinkney, Lindgren, S. Morris, Hill, French, Beale** and **Day**, rowed bravely to finish fourth. Thus ended Ghent. After Ghent we had another day and a half of rowing before returning to England.

Thanks must go to **Mr. Martin, Mr. Bailey** and **Jamie Sporle**. Were it not for their enthusiasm the camp would never have gone ahead.

C. J. MCGARRY 6WHZ

SENIORS ROWING

Seniors rowing started in the Michaelmas term with lots of small boats work, with a small but committed band of rowers turning up through rain, wind, shine and even in pitch dark for a stroke side v. bow side football match. Despite far outnumbering bow side, stroke side still struggled for a win. Various boats competed with some success at Upper Thames Small Boats Head and Kingston Small Boats Head.

The real rowing season began at the beginning of the spring term, but almost all prospect of head racing was washed out by the incessant rain. The first race then was the Schools Head, which has long been a very important race in the rowing calendar. This year the school entered three senior VIIIs. The 1st VIII came 9th, the 2nd VIII came 10th with the 3rd VIII placed 4th=. These results were not bad, but we had hoped for better!

The next race was Abingdon Small Boats Head, entered by many less brilliant crews. We had a large number of wins in Novice VIII's, Novice IV's, Junior IV's, Senior III VIII's, Novice 2X and a few others. This race was the last race of the head season, and a fine way to go out.

The regatta season started with a selection camp in Belgium, which saw considerable crew shake ups. The newly selected crews raced at the Belgian national championships. (*see previous article -Ed.*)

Once we were back at school preparation for the National Schools regatta began in earnest. There was a good showing by the second VIII, first IV and novice IV at Poplar. This showing was carried on at Bedford regatta, where the second and third VIIIs both did well. The novice IV had a good win. The first VIII had their heads down in preparation for National Schools, so did not compete in any public regattas.

Finally National Schools arrived after much speculation and worrying about our chances. In true Holme Pierpoint style the day dawned windy and horrible, this did not come as a great surprise to those who know the course, which only ever sees the extremes of the weather. Crews thrashed

down the course in incredibly slow times. There was a vicious cross headwind which whipped up huge waves and more importantly doomed the crews in lanes four, five and six to failure. The first VIII was disappointed not to qualify, but won the "little final" in excellent time, beating Radley. The second VIII did well in their heat but was drawn in the worst lane in its semi-final, and failed to qualify for the final. It did remarkably well given its disadvantage, and beat Radley. As at the schools head the third VIII looked likely to win. We won our heat, beating Hampton by a length and Shrewsbury B by a minute! Disappointment was to follow however, for we were drawn in lane four, and were a canvas up at 500 metres gone, but then the wind got us and we dropped back to IVth where we stayed. We did, however, beat Radley! Overall our crews were stumped more by the weather than their own failings. On Sunday there were high hopes of wins in the championship pairs and IVs, and thoughts of G.B. selection, but everything was spoiled by the wind. Undoubtedly Abingdon could have forced a way through and shown what real rowing was about, but was denied the chance.

The next big challenge was arguably the most important of the season. Henley, the most prestigious regatta in the world was only a month away. In the intervening time there were to be numerous crew changes (some voluntary, some involuntary) to achieve the best possible results. The plan was to enter a IV in the Visitors challenge cup, an event for coxless IVs from any academic institution, and an VIII in the Princess Elizabeth cup, for school VIIIs. To execute this plan the top four oarsmen in the school went into the IV, then the top half of the second VIII joined the remainder of the first VIII. This made five members of the third VIII very happy as they were promoted to fill the second VIII. Unfortunately three of the five were made very unhappy again when they were kicked out a week later! Plans had been seriously upset by **J. Airey** when he fell off his motorbike and broke his collar bone. He had been the bowman in the VI, his exclusion resulted in the original second VIII (minus **S. Morris**

and **T. Day**) being entered in the Temple challenge cup, for college VIIIs, and four of the first VIII rowing in both the IV and the first VIII. After such frantic readjustment the qualifying races were held. The second VIII failed to qualify in the Temple cup, a very hard event. The IV, however, qualified in fine style. **Mr. Bailey** and **Mr. Foster** entered the double sculls challenge cup, for doubles of "international standard", but just failed to qualify.

The weather for the regatta was in stark contrast to that of National schools, there was very little wind and the temperatures were scraping record levels for June. After the disappointing draws of recent years **Mr. Martin** may have been forgiven for thinking the first VIII would draw Eton in the first or second round every year, but it drew Pangbourne B in the first round and went through. In the second round it faced K.C.S. Wimbledon and blew them away. Luck ran out in the third round and the VIII faced St. Paul's first VIII. This was destined to be a close race for the crews were evenly matched, and our boys had a psychological advantage having beaten St. Paul's at National schools. The first VIII pushed all the way but eventually went down by one and three quarter lengths. The IV had a very hard draw in its first round. It faced an almost impossible challenge, having to race an Isis boat full of Oxford blues, which actually went on to win the event.

Only G.B. final selection trials remain at the time of writing, and there is a good chance of a few more items of G.B. kit going to Abingdon boys.

Many thanks to all those who have coached us, we would get nowhere without them and their almost tireless efforts. All through the last two terms we have enjoyed the services of **Jamie Sporle** acting as boatman in his GAP year. Many thanks to him for his occasional coaching and an uncanny ability to resurrect seemingly broken steering mechanisms, oar gates, stretchers *etc., etc.*

The crews over the past year have been:

1st VIII: Schools Head:

Charles Pank, Guy Carling, David Hutchins, Edward Russell, Richard Binning, David Lourie, Jake Airey,

Richard Smith and Richard Pinckney.

2nd VIII: Schools Head:

Jack Hannaford, Stuart Hill, Jeremy Sugden, David Kingsley, Mark Pajak, Jack Whibley, Sam French, Chris McGarry, Tom Day.

3rd VIII: Schools Head:

George Whittaker, Peter Lindgren, Tom Rendell, Oliver Watkins, Ben Marshall, Tim Janisch, James Lyall, James Beale, James Strong.

Henley:

Charles Pank, Edward Russell, David Hutchins, Guy Carling, Richard Binning, David Kingsley, Simon Morris, David Lourie, Mark Pajak.

Henley:

Jack Hannaford, Richard Smith, Richard Pinckney, Peter Lindgren, Sam French, Jeremy Grinstead, Jack Whibley, Stuart Hill, James Strong.

National Schools:

George Whittaker, Ben Longstaff, Jeremy Sugden, Tim Janisch, Oliver Watkins, Jeremy Grinstead, James Lyall, James Beale, James Strong.

Also rowed: **William Scott, David Pinniger, Andrew Parry, Matthew Smith.**

O. WATKINS 6MJM.

J 15 ROWING

Rain is all we had for the first six weeks of our new season. With the River Thames permanently bursting its banks, only the best were able to take to the water. For the next couple of weeks we found ourselves stuck on the ergometers and in the gym, while the river decided to calm down. By this stage we were behind in training compared to other schools, and with Schools' Head of the River coming up at Tideway in only a few weeks we needed intensive training in how to row. Countless outings took place for both the A and B squads, and then there

was Schools' Head. We came in at a reasonable tenth position behind the top schools: Kings College School, Wimbledon were already using clever blades at our tender age! Our B squad used brute force and finished just forty seconds behind the A squad. We returned home fairly satisfied, but still with major improvements to be made. The weeks went by, and a crew was put together from anyone who could make it in the Easter holidays to compete in Abingdon Head. We fought against very tough opposition and came away with the winner's medal.

The following term both crews made a big effort for the National Championship for Schools. We were drawn against some pretty tough schools, but although we went out in the first round, we still beat our arch-rivals St. Edward's, whom we overtook with a sprint finish. A slight disappointment, but spirits were soon raised when the B crew rowed tremendously, and won the bronze medal.

After National Schools there was a crew reshuffle because of injury and **David Livingstone**, probably the most powerful in the whole squad, was promoted to the A crew. He immediately improved his technique to keep himself in the number 4 seat. Fortunes changed at Thames Valley Park when we gained our first tankard of the year beating Shiplake in the final. With an absence at stroke for the final regatta, the crew lost by a canvass to Pangbourne and were disappointed to go out on a low note.

Overall the season was pretty successful. Our thanks to **Mr. Waters** who did a great job as coach, and by the end of it all, we may have a pretty awesome J16 squad next year!

W. BOURNE-TAYLOR 4RGH

A squad:

E. Knowles (cox) W. Bourne-Taylor, M. Thomas, B. Mather, P. Hemsley, D. Livingstone, T. Frankum, N. McConnell, A. McNeillie, D. Hancock, N. Morrell, O. Marshall, G. Morton.

B squad:

A. White (cox) S. Husbands (cox 2) A. Grady, O. Marshall, G. Mills, A. Hambridge, R. Bryniarski, N. Morrell, G. Morton, D. Livingstone, D. Millet, T. Myatt, N. Kennedy.

J 14 ROWING

First Octo Squad: **B. Watts, W. Pank, R. Hutchins, H. Ronaldson, J. Montague, A. White, R. Bourne-Taylor, S. Rutland, D. Himpson (St.) S. Hutchins (Cox).**

Second Octo Squad: **J. Anderson, W. Yip, E. Cox, A. Croft, H. Wilkinson, J. Morse, W. Horner, M. Jobling (St.) S. Hutchins & P. Aylward (Coxes)**

The J14 squad suffered some teething troubles at the start of the season: the weather proved too hazardous for any consistent novice training on the water for the best part of half a term, and although the boys trained well on land and used the Oxford University Rowing Tank, this was no real substitute for the river itself. Then, as the current gradually calmed, the boys' fitness and competence improved, and during a sunny Easter Training Camp their technique and confidence increased immeasurably.

The first Octo performed extremely well at their first regatta in Bedford, where they beat all other crews in their draw for a place in the final, but were eventually overcome by St. Edward's unfeasibly large fourteen-year-olds. These successes were unfortunately not repeated at the National Schools Regatta where a sudden injury off the start knocked the crew out in the first round. The first elusive pot was finally secured by the first Octo in a wonderful day's racing at Bedford Star Regatta, where the crew beat Pangbourne in the final by over three lengths. Towards the end of the season the boys raced at two regattas at Reading troubled by injury and demanding opposition, but rowed with enthusiasm at all times.

The Second Octo's first racing experience was an exciting, if frustrating day at Tewkesbury Regatta where a surprising decision from the umpire kept the Abingdon oarsmen from a place in the final.

To sum up, despite the slow start, the season was rewarding and at times very exciting. The entire squad trained well and hard, and each boy deserves to be congratulated on mastering the rudiments of a difficult but exhilarating sport.

J. A. RICHARDS

A THOUSAND YEARS

St. Helen's Parish Church, the burial place of our founder and benefactor, **John Royse**, celebrates its Millennium this autumn. It is precisely one thousand years since the existence of this Abingdon landmark was first documented. In truth, the site had already been in use for Christian worship, and had even been dedicated to St. Helen, for at least three centuries prior to 995, but in that year St. Helen's Church was recorded in an Anglo-Saxon charter as a place of sanctuary, and its written history began.

Abingdon School has an important place in this, having, like St. Helen's Church, an inferred pre-history as well as a documented history from the fourteenth century onwards. Local historian Mienke Cox would push back the school's origins into the tenth century when Ethelwold was Abbot, and "surely lads from the neighbouring gentry bent over books at the monastery." The mediaeval Grammar School had perhaps closer ties with the Abbey and St. Nicholas' Church

(whose Rector may have doubled as Headmaster) than with St. Helen's, but the sixteenth-century reformer and benefactor of the school, London Merchant **John Royse**, was a St. Helen's man, and was buried in the church on 2 August 1571.

His will (if followed to the letter) paints a vivid picture of his memorial ceremonies: his body was to be brought to St. Helen's Church from London on a horse litter and was to be buried "near unto the quior door in the midst of the church, and there a tomb to be made over me, with one step for four-and-twenty or six-and-twenty persons to kneel round about, that they may receive alms every Sunday accordingly. And I will my great stone in my arbor in my garden in London, to be the upper stone of my said tomb, and for the making of the same I will that there shall be bestowed five pounds." The tomb is still there, restored by the **Old Abingdonians** in 1873. And Royse is of course still remembered by the townspeople, for



The Tomb of John Royse

The daughter of the **Headmaster**, Sofia St. John Parker was married on Friday 28th July in St. Michael's Church to Rupert, an accountant from London. The wedding was very well attended, and there were many connected with the School in the congregation and choir. The School Organist, **Mr. Oxlade** directed the music and accompanied the service. The Abingdonian would like to congratulate the happy couple and wish them the best for their future together.

whom Abingdon School has always been simply "Royse's". Emphasising his own charitable and spiritual objectives, Royse wished his endowment to be named The Free Schole of the Holy Trynitye. A thousand years may be an understatement of the antiquity of St. Helen's Church, but their celebrations this autumn will not be understated. Come and enjoy some of the musical, dramatic, gustatorial, educational and spectacular happenings listed below.

P. FODEN, ARCHIVIST TO THE OUP

WORSHIP

Sept. 3 Picnic and Opening Service (5pm) in the Abbey grounds with music and dancing *etc.*

Oct. 13-15 Abingdon and the Benedictines. Singing of the Liturgical Hours, Addresses on the relationship between work and worship.

Oct. 22 Eucharist (1662 rite) 10am

Oct. 29 Morning Prayer as in Georgian times. Singing and music on period instruments. 10am

Nov. 5 Choral Vespers

Nov. 19 A Victorian Evensong

Nov. 26 "Songs of Praise"

Dec 10 Final Service by Candlelight.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Sept. 10 A Historical Walk. A guided walk from the Museum to the Church.

Sept. 22-24 Flower Festival

Oct. - Dec The Millennium Exhibition. County hall Museum.

Oct. 7 Mediaeval banquet in the Long Gallery. Special dishes and period music.

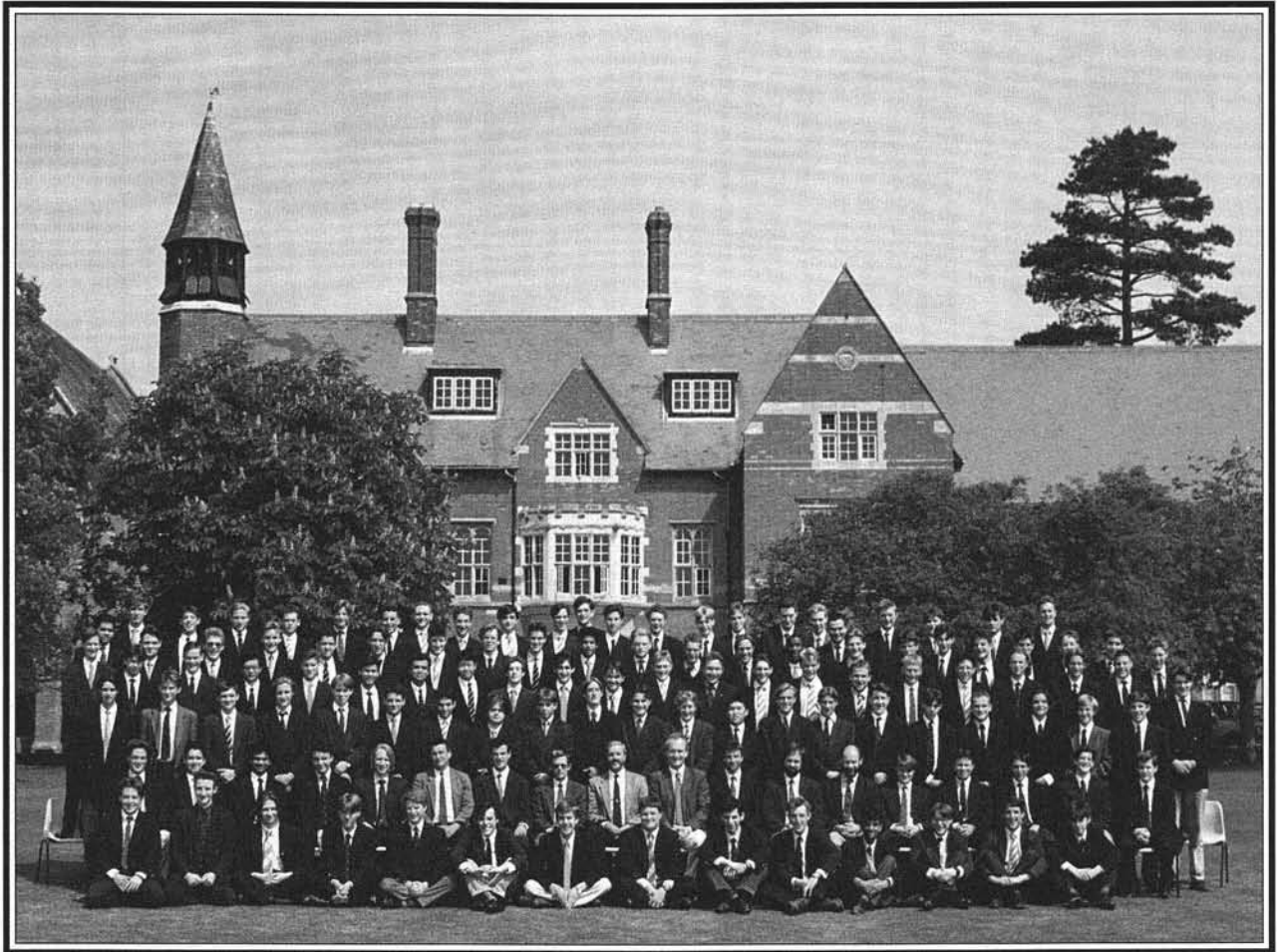
Nov. 20-25 Son et Lumière. The history of Abingdon and St. Helen's told in sound, light and projections

Oct. 11, 20 Talks on the Anglo-Saxon Church in Abingdon

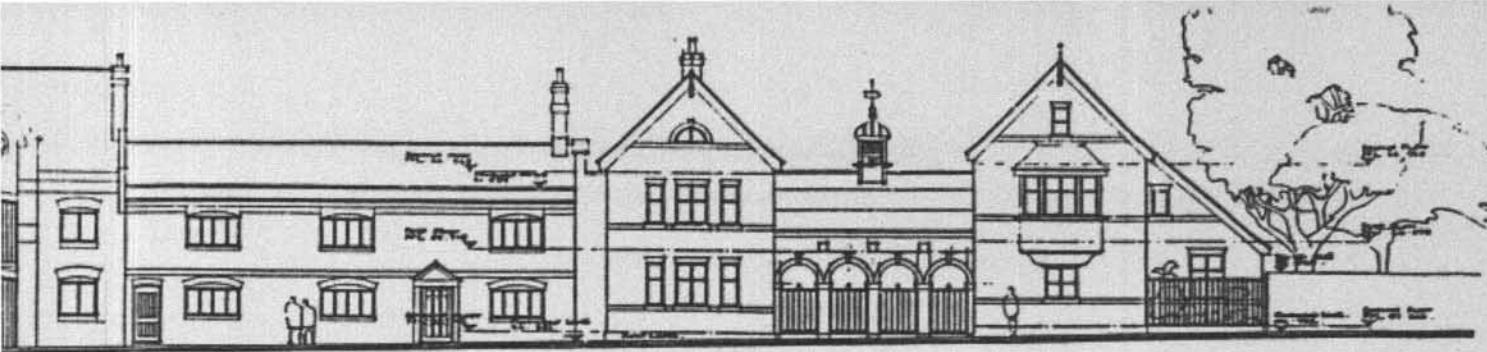
21-22 Exhibition on "Abbey, Church and Town" St. Nicolas' Church

Further information from the Millennium Office. Tel.: 01235 520144

D. J. POPE, EDITOR



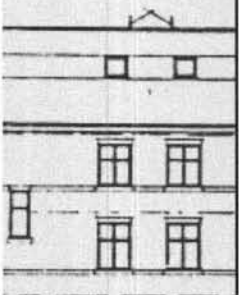
1995 Leavers



EAST ELEVATION TO BATH STREET



NORTH ELEVATION



SOUTH ELEVATION

