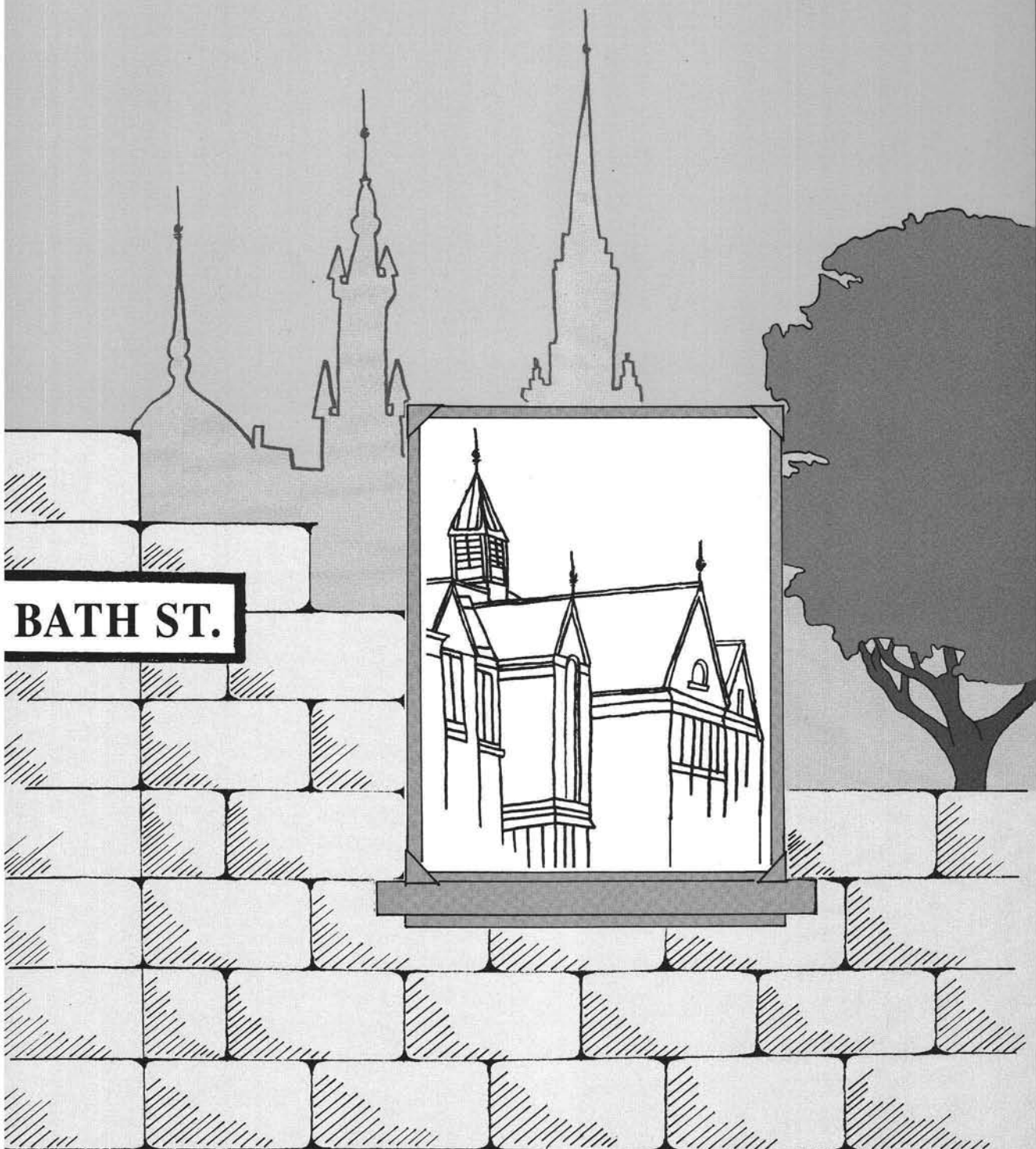


THE ABINGDONIAN

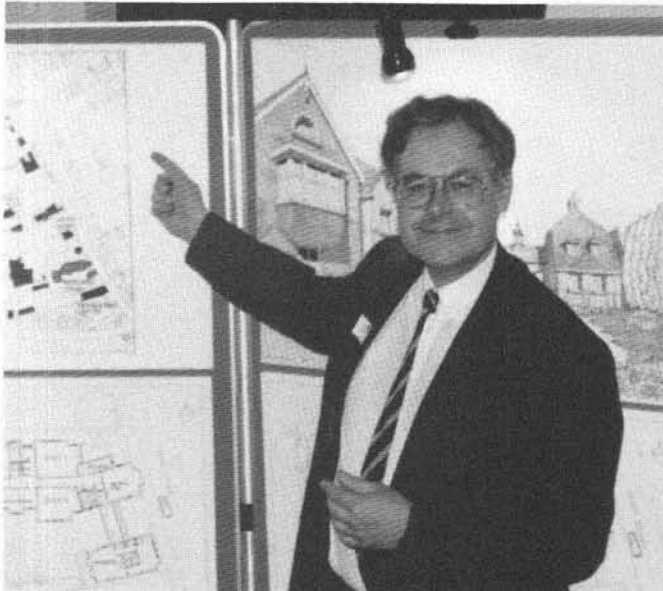
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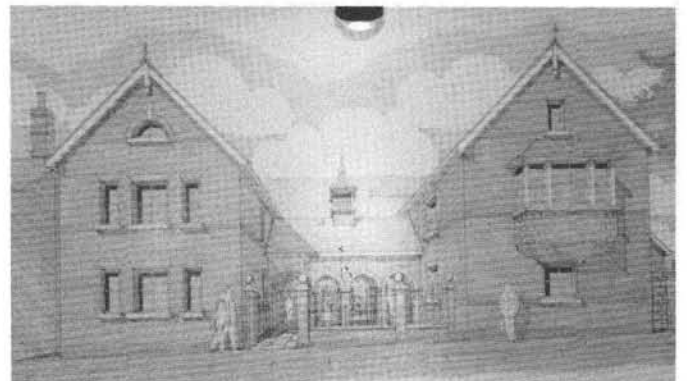
The 'Dreaming Spires' Edition



BATH ST.



MERCERS' COURT
– before





THE ABINGDONIAN

No. 2 Vol. 20

December 15th 1993

CONTENTS

Mercers' Court – before (*inside front cover*)

Editorial Section 2 – 17

including

Editorial

Donald Owen Willis

Letters – various

Book Page

Sing Your Heart Out MCR leavers

Out of Abingdon 18 – 27

including

Classics in Tunisia

Rowing U.S.A. Style

Parker on China

The Almost Impossible Tors

Showcase 28 – 38

including

Haikus

Poems – various

So You Want To Be In The Movies

Book Reviews

Clubs and Events 39 – 46

including

Physics Olympiad

Young Enterprise Scheme – Dreaming Spires

The Mock Trial Report

Mercers' Court – demolition

(*centre spread*)

Music and Drama 47 – 54

including

Concerts – various

Debut at the Royal Festival Hall

Play Reviews

Sports 55 – 72

including

Cricket

Athletics

Hockey

Cross Country

Rugby

Rowing

Mercers' Court – re-creation

(*inside back cover*)

The Dreaming Spires' Team

(*back cover*)

main picture, back row L to R: Ian Bowen Morris, Adam Guy, Brian Marnane, Andrew Kayley, Alex Edwards, Chris Keith, Richard Clarkson.

front row: Nick Rees, Rowan Browne, Miss L. Milligan, Adam Gibbons, John Sparrow.

Inset picture, L to R: Adam Gibbons, Nick Rees, Ammar Tahir.

EDITORIAL TEAM

Sir Digby Cayley, Bt., *Master in Charge*

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Distribution: Dr. W.H. Zawadzki **Front Cover design:** Guy Horton (from an editorial idea).

Editorial Section

Welcome to the new Abingdonian, covering events, successes, mishaps: the essence of our beloved school! This issue's front cover combines the themes of Mercers' Court and the successful 'Dreaming Spires' logo. Along with the others in the editorial team and the 'workaholic' Sir Digby Cayley, Bt., we have managed to produce this journal together with our new printers, Hunts Lithoprint of Oxford.

After the last magazine had been sent to the printers, I was invited to attend 'post-mortem' meetings with the former editors. Consequently, I was put in charge of the running of the magazine for this year. Zool Verjee as secretary and Rizal Almashoor as copy typist were hand picked by Sir Digby and myself. The rest of the team was chosen by interviewing prospective candidates. I then chose Adam Guy as my deputy because I had easy access to him in School House.

Articles started to trickle in slowly at first while everybody was enjoying the summer warmth. Much later, things started to get very busy for Rizal. We have had a lot of contributions from pupils as well as teachers and even up to now people have been still sending us material. Here, we would like to say thanks to everybody who helped to recreate their experiences on paper by submitting it to us.

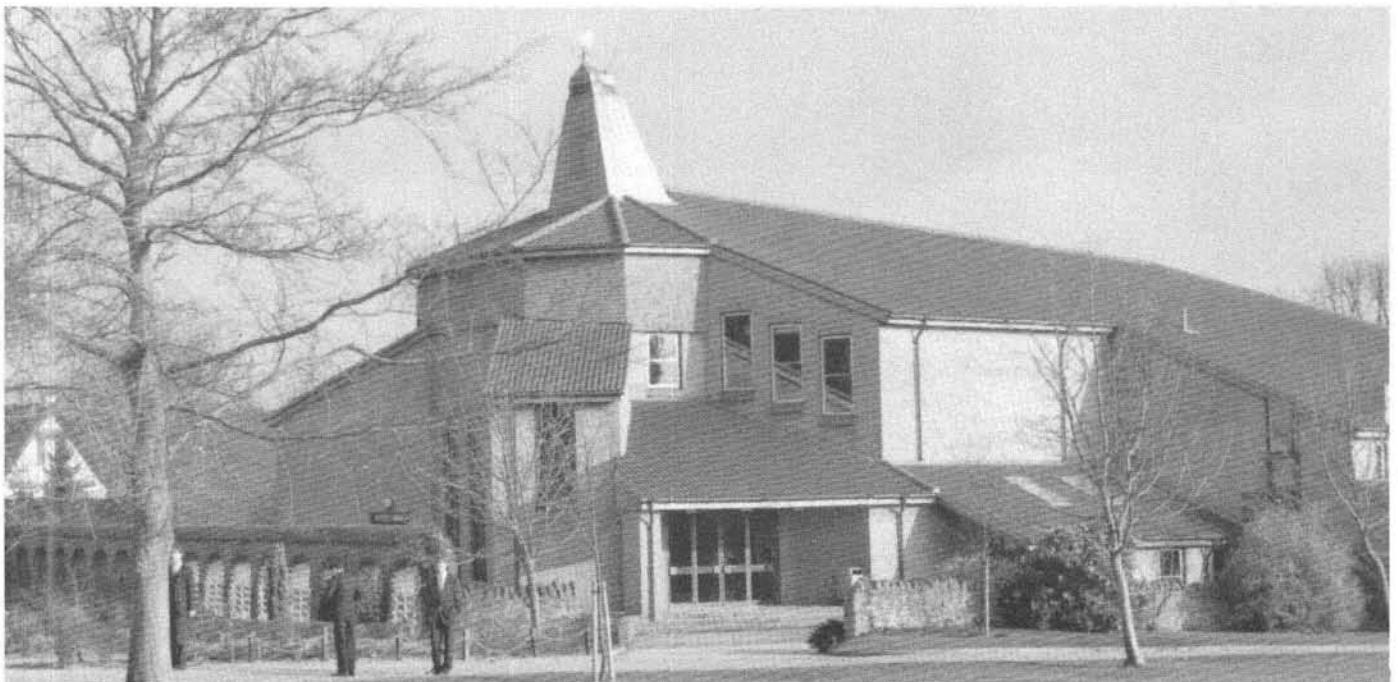
Although it has been tiring, time-consuming and sometimes aggravating for us to edit and arrange the magazine, it has given us much pleasure, when we think that we have served the school in a unique way: after all everybody will have a copy of our work.

Having to work within constraints has made us more disciplined. Not only having to juggle studies and The Abingdonian together, but also time and a tight budget set by the Bursar (and Sir Digby!) made it even more challenging. This has made us very critical about articles and photographs. We have only wanted to show the best of the school and to ensure that everybody gets their money's worth.

At the time of writing, this magazine should be distributed and out certainly by the beginning of next term. I would like to apologise in advance if it comes out late due to unforeseen difficulties. If there are any comments or congratulations due after scrutinising this issue, please feel free to forward them to Sir Digby Cayley so that things can be different next time.

My gratitude to all masters who showed concern about the magazine, Sir Digby for guiding us (and also for the odd photos), my fellow editors who have toiled day and night, Michael Litchfield for his hard work on the sports section and a special thanks to Rizal Almashoor who did 95% of the typing for us. Not to forget Ammar Tahir as the main photographer and also Mr. Nigel Hunter and Robert Porter who shot some events for us. I also appreciate Jan Warnecke's help by translating a German article into English and Guy Horton for his work on the front cover and other budding artists who chipped in. Lastly, I would like to wish everybody *HAPPY READING!*

Mohd Rizal Razali
Chief Editor



The Amey Hall

photo: Digby Cayley

DONALD OWEN WILLIS

(This is an abridged text of the address delivered by Sir James Cobban at a Memorial Service held in Abingdon School Chapel, on Sunday 7 February 1993.)

Donald Willis was an Oxford man through and through. He was born and brought up in a modest home in Hythe Bridge Street - and you can't be much more Oxford than that. And what a family it was, to produce three sons, each of whom went to a different Oxford college, two of them as scholars! Donald himself has made it clear how much he owed to his hard-working parents, to his twin sister, to the four very much older siblings.

He grasped with both hands at everything the City of Oxford School could offer him. He played hard and he worked hard; and he developed that love of history which he shared with an earlier alumnus, T.E. Lawrence.

It was the offer of a scholarship that led him to Pembroke. His first set of rooms was in the Old Master's Lodging. His bedroom looked down beyond St Aldate's Church to the gate of Christchurch. It may well have been the identical room which a few years later was my own office for eighteen months of the war. In later life he proved to be a very loyal Pembroke man and he treasured greatly his election as a member of the Senior Common Room. His congenital shyness, which it took a Great War finally to eliminate, did not prevent him from impressive performance on rugby field and running track. He also hugely enjoyed his life in the Gunner Section of the University OTC.

The future loomed, or rather beckoned. The Colonial Service had interested him. But by now Muriel had appeared on the scene. Jungle and desert no longer attracted; it was back to a teaching career. He was offered appointment at Abingdon School for September 1939.

An ominous date indeed. He left for Abingdon, with an emergency commission in the Gunners in his pocket. In fact he had a term and a half, living in at the Lodge (now the Bursary), with a handful of young boarders to look after, to a battery which was attached to 5 Division in Scotland, and it was with this positively foot-loose division that he - by now a married man - fought his way round most of the theatres of war in the next five years. It was in Germany, in 1945, that Major Willis RA watched with mixed feelings while his battery finally laid aside its guns. It is a story which he himself has told simply and movingly. Being Donald, he never gets round to telling us that he was mentioned in despatches for his gallantry on the Italian front.

And so back to England to rejoin Muriel, to make the acquaintance of the three-year-old daughter whom he had never yet seen. Then in September 1946 he returned to Abingdon, in time to face that dreadful winter and to say good-bye to a great and well-loved headmaster. From the start he was supremely happy in his job. Abingdon is fortunate that ambition never led him to seek promotion elsewhere.

Those were exciting times. The School was poised for a great leap forward. The establishment of the AERE at Harwell provided a spring board. All a new headmaster had to do was to grip the bars of the roller-coaster and hold on tight. Donald, sensible, unflappable, was just the man to help me keep my balance. Putting it another way, he was the ideal adjutant; and the time

came when I could no longer put off regularising his position. Leap-frogging him to the new post of Second Master, over the heads of four of his seniors, was fraught with hazard. To their credit, those who had been passed over loyally accepted the decision. Initial unease in the Common Room was very soon dispelled.

The job of Second Master is not easy. There is much scope for misunderstanding, there are many potentially dangerous reefs. That Donald was able to circumnavigate them all without mishap was due to his fundamental integrity, his unquestionable loyalty to the School which he was proud to serve. One of his greatest achievements was to weld together a Common Room which could have been deeply divided between the faithful Old Guard - the Grundy men - and that growing army of bright young men - I thought of them as the Young Turks - who joined us during the 'fifties'. A colleague has written to me of what he calls Donald's simple decency, his complete lack of pomposity, which made him approachable both to masters and to boys. He was a man whom it was impossible to dislike. When I went off on sabbatical in 1961 I knew that I was leaving the school in a safe pair of hands.



Donald Willis with his wife, Muriel

His teaching timetable took far too little account of his other duties. A sound historian, he had the kind of rapport which encouraged the Oxbridge scholar to stretch himself beyond his limits and the rather dim fourth-former to do a little better than he thought he could. He served his stint as a housemaster at Larkhill, where he and Muriel presided over a wonderfully happy and well-balanced society. I have inside information - one of his heads of house is now a son-in-law of mine. He ran the Gunner section of the CCF, he was master-in-charge of rugby (and he himself was active on the field at an age when most of us have long since hung up our boots). He was responsible for the school magazine and the calendar.

My own relations with Donald were unusually close. We had the same idea of what Abingdon was all about. We shared memories of those difficult days after the war, when lines of demarcation were blurred and successful response to new challenges called for a total commitment to the job, of a kind which can perhaps - and rightly - no longer be expected. Fortunately the foundation

laid by my predecessor stood firm; and Donald can claim much of the credit for the subsequent development of the School.

Meanwhile our children were growing up together. We were very much of a family school. I still treasure a photograph taken on the Waste Court Field. There are three perambulators, three mums, and a jumble of young Cobbans and Willises and Holloways. We shared our family joys, and at a time of shattering loss I found real support in their friendship. In later years it was - and it remains - heavy on my conscience that I never adequately acknowledged, publicly or privately, how much I owed him. He was not the only one whose devotion to duty I took too much for granted. We sometimes forget the price that wife and family have to pay for such single-minded devotion.

When I retired I knew that Donald, being the man he was, would have no difficulty in transferring his loyalty in turn to my successors, each of them very different from myself and with qualities to which I could never aspire. I know that Eric Anderson, like me, could rely on Donald to strengthen his backbone and stop him dithering on occasion. . . . But then disaster struck. Some sixteen years ago, shortly before he himself became eligible for retirement, he suffered a series of major strokes which left him almost completely paralysed.

Most of us, I am sure, would have crumpled under this stunning blow. Not so Donald. He learned to type with his left hand, and over the years he wrote and had published three engaging and widely-acclaimed books of reminiscence. Reading them again in recent days, I am impressed anew by their quality. But he cherished an even more formidable ambition, and only last year, after four years' hard work, there appeared a full-blown historical novel, *Storm Over Ireland*.

Apart from his own sturdy determination, there were two things which enabled him to triumph over his disability. The one was his quiet but unshakeable faith. He never paraded his religion, but throughout his life he was a practising Baptist. When he was at Larkhill he punctiliously attended school chapel every Sunday morning. Then on Sunday evening he would be off to his own Baptist Church in Oxford - that same church where he had regularly taught in the Sunday School throughout his college years, that church where his funeral service was very properly held.



The Headmaster and Richard Cox, O.A., Steward of the School, on OA Day.

The other was the unstinting devotion and the caring support of his wife Muriel, who throughout these years looked after him at home. He could have gone into an institution, but they both felt that for them that was not the answer.

In these days of selfish materialism and meanness of outlook it is good to be reminded of the vast resources of the human spirit and of the heights which man, with God's help, can attain. Those, and there were many, who visited Donald and Muriel in Cumnor found them always cheerful, without complaint or self-pity. We came away feeling humble, yet somehow better men.

Against all the odds, Donald survived for sixteen years, with a real quality of life about him. Against all the odds, Muriel was given the strength to care for him night and day. The end, when it came on New Year's Eve, was sudden, peaceful, dignified. He had tarried long enough on Jordan's shore. His crossing now was smooth and easy. And he, if anyone, could be sure of a warm welcome on the other side.

The world will be the poorer for Donald's death. But how much richer it was for his life! We remember him today with pride and with affection and with gratitude. We thank God for what he did, for the splendid example he set for us.

And as we think of Donald we think too of Muriel. We thank God for the wonderful way in which she looked after Donald; we pray that God will support her at this time of loss. Adjustment will not be easy; this is where the family, all of whom have been such a support to both of them over the years, has a special role to play. To her and to them, to Judith, David and Richard, to all the grandchildren we offer our deepest sympathy.

Donald may well be commemorated, with so many of his past colleagues, on the walls of this chapel. That is not my business. His true memorial will be in the hearts of all who knew him and who will always treasure the memory of one who was a fine schoolmaster, a staunch friend, a true soldier of Christ. Freed from the constraints of his broken body, may he now be enjoying that fuller, richer life which he has so well earned.

Sir James M. Cobban



George Whittaker, youngest boy in the School, turns the first sod on the Mercers' Court site.

FOUNDATION STONE CEREMONY - 11 JUNE 1993

(SPEECH BY MR MICHAEL ST. JOHN PARKER)

Ladies and gentlemen,

One of several nice things about the little ceremony for which we have gathered here this morning is that it really doesn't require very much in the way of introduction or explanation, at any rate to present company.

For many of us here, the building of Mercers' Court represents the fulfilment of a dream. And, before we ask our distinguished visitor to perform the symbolic act which will mark the transformation of vision into reality, I feel I must say a word of thanks, on behalf of the School, to all those who have worked so hard to bring us this far along the way.

We are grateful to the Governors, for their courage in embracing this project, and their prudence in planning for it. We are deeply grateful to all those concerned with the appeal fund - the Patrons; the Chairman, Judge Medd, and his hard-working committee; and the numerous band of our benefactors. And it is right that we should be grateful above all to the Mercers' Company, without whose princely generosity this site could not have become available to us, nor could this building have begun.

When Julian Wathen visited Abingdon in his capacity as Master of the Mercers' Company, on a cold, grey day in 1985, he lost no time in making it very plain that the Mercers were interested above all in promoting quality in education - and that certain aspects of the Abingdon operation did not come up to standards which they thought appropriate! In a real sense, everything that we see around us now has followed on from that momentous visit. These buildings, which we are going to be happy to call Mercers' Court, are essentially about improving the quality of education at Abingdon. From the moment of their completion, they will be of immediate benefit to every boy in the School, since every boy will be able to use them - and they will equally benefit the rest of our operation by enabling us to re-organise virtually all the departments in the School.

Rather as a certain brand of lager is supposed to do, therefore, Mercers' Court will refresh parts of the Abingdon School body

that other buildings have not been able to reach. Of these, perhaps the most important part of all is the sixth form, which at present has to live and work in conditions which have to be described as, at best, cramped, dreary and uninspiring. I do not believe it is in the least materialistic to insist on the importance of environment as a factor in encouraging civilised behaviour and sophisticated habits of thought: so we look forward eagerly to the improvements which Mercers' Court will offer to our sixth form, particularly in the shape of TI Group's sixth-form building, which is already rising on the western part of the site.

All this adds up, I believe, to something much more than a cluster of carefully thought-out, excellently designed, and - we trust - splendidly constructed buildings. It means that Abingdon School

is being given the opportunity to climb on to an altogether higher level of activity and achievement than any that we could have encompassed in the past. This is something which should be of benefit, therefore, not just to the School itself, but to a much wider community which we are keen to serve. So we are very proud, as well as very happy, to be able to celebrate the completion of the foundations of Mercers' Court.

Who could be more appropriate to play the part of *deus ex*

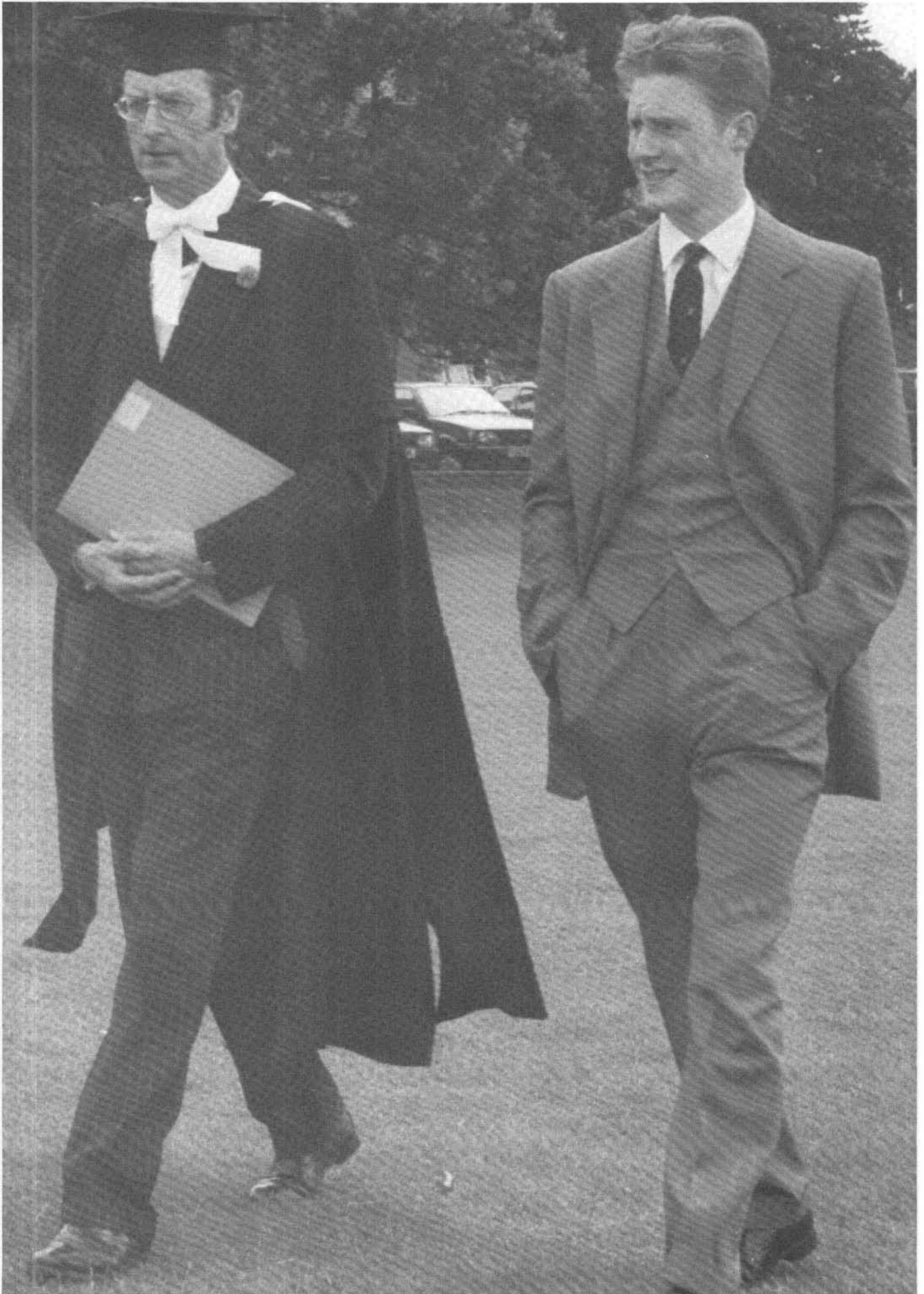
machina on such an occasion than our local Member of Parliament, especially when he happens to be Secretary of State for Education? The last time we were visited by a holder of your office, Sir, was, I believe, an occasion in 1973 - which will be well remembered by some of those present at least - when Mrs. Thatcher, as she then was, came to inaugurate work on the dining hall. That visit was, quite clearly, the launching pad on which she based her subsequent illustrious career: you will understand, Secretary of State, that I say this only to encourage you!

Seriously, it is a great honour to have you with us today. You have a mighty reputation as an M.P., who really cares for his constituency, and works hard for it in season and out of season, as we at Abingdon School already have good reason to know and to thank you for. Nor can anyone doubt your passionate concern for the good of education. So it is doubly fitting that you should be the one to unveil the foundation stone of Mercers' Court, and it gives me very great pleasure to invite you to do this now.



John Patten laying the Foundation Stone

photo: Ammar Tahir



Like Father, Like Son.

photo: Rizal Razali

INTERVIEW WITH JON BARNESLEY

(School Architect of Mercers' Court)

Tuesday 25th May, 1993.

SAJT: Could we start with an outline of your initial brief from the School?

JB : Yes. About four years ago, a feasibility study was made into what sort of accommodation could be put on to the site. Once the Mercers' Company agreed to buy the Purchase Rights, the School produced a brief setting out what would go into an ideal building:- specifically, the number and size of teaching rooms; facilities for the administration to be moved from Lacies' Court; Sixth Form accommodation, which was seen as equal in importance to the teaching rooms; Upper Sixth study areas to double as conference accommodation in the holidays (this option was rejected after the original planning hearing).

SAJT: Speaking of the planning process, what was the influence of the site being within the Albert Park Conservation area?

JB : We felt that there was more likelihood of a sympathetic reception if we took account of the fact that Albert Park is, architecturally, a predominantly Victorian area, and that Bath Street is an historic street. Obviously, a building of 1993 architecture, designed in a high-technology and logical style, would be out of place. It has certainly been the most traditional new building that I've been involved in.

SAJT: As the Architect of Mercers' Court, what pleases you particularly about the design now under construction?

JB : The final design is the result of a great deal of dialogue and heartache both by ourselves and the School, which has contributed towards a much more satisfying result. Mercers' Court has been very much a combined operation, with much influence coming from the School, not least from the Headmaster and other members of the Common Room.

SAJT: Does the final design in any way represent a blend between the individual style of the Architect and a corporate style of Abingdon School?

JB : Certainly there was a feeling that the School as a body was wanting to bring its building into a common line - witness the pitched roof added to the 1950s' Science Block, and the Greening Wing extension. In this sense, Mercers' Court is symptomatic of the School's belief in a more harmonious feel to its buildings.

SAJT: A corporate architecture?

JB : Yes, and also a realisation that it was not necessary for every new building to be stridently 'of its own time'. As for the individual input, you could give the same brief to a hundred architects and you would get a hundred different schemes. Essentially every architect tries to provide a solution based on his brief. He may not provide the best solution - only the test of time can judge that. However, I do feel that the second design (now under construction) represents a fundamentally better solution, which answers as much of the original brief as possible given the restrictions of the site and the constraints placed upon us after the School's first application was turned down

by the Planning Committee.

SAJT: What particular problems did the site itself present?

JB : Principally, a lot of accommodation was required on a small site, though this was helped by the fact that the School owned much of the land around the site. Also, before the construction of the through main road (Stratton Way), Bath Street ran right into the centre of town, with the section from Heylyn's up towards Faringdon Road having a more suburban feel. At the original stage, the argument was that it was reasonable to make the termination of the town section at the point of the site. Mercers' Court really falls in the town/suburban hinterland of Bath Street, so we decided to make a positive statement, that the development marked the end of the town section.

SAJT: Now that Mercers' Court is under construction, what is the extent of your involvement in the project?

JB : Less at the moment. In the current climate, there is a need to bring in a different side of the team - a different group of people with specific expertise to this stage of the project. As the architects, we are gradually moving out of the project, taking on much more of a supervisory rôle, in liaison with the Contract Manager. The key figure is the Clerk of Works, supervising the construction and making sure that the requirements of the Contract are being met. It's very much a 'hands on' situation at the moment.

SAJT: Finally, do you have any particular and abiding memories of the Mercers' Court Project?

JB : Yes, I was about to go off on holiday, and we had submitted the original plans to the Planning Offices - looking back, with hindsight, you could say there was a more guarded than approving response at the time. I rang up the Planning Offices before I left and was told that things were going very badly - so that what we had thought would be relatively smooth became an increasingly rough ride (*immediately before the first set of plans were turned down - Ed.*). Subsequently, I can remember with particular pleasure, after another six months of discussions and redrawing, the whole thing coming together with the planning approval for our second design.

SAJT: Mr Barnesley, thank you very much.

S.A.J. Turner



Jon Barnesley, centre, talking to Hugh Leach OBE, President of the OA Club, together with John Cahill. photo: Digby Cayley

Letters to the Editor

Bielefeld, den 6.7.1993

Hiermit möchte ich alle diejenigen grüßen, die meinen Aufenthalt in Abingdon zu einem unvergesslichen Erlebnis werden ließen. Mein besonderer Dank gilt folgenden Personen :

Mr. Michael St. John Parker,
Familie Burrow und allen Betreuern im "School House",
allen Schülern und Lehrern, die mir hilfsbereit zur
Seite standen.

Hierbei sollen namentlich genannt werden:

Rizal Razali, Kingsley Jones, Dave Malcolm und
Siu Wing Wan.

Vielen Dank für alles ! Ihr
Christian Sudbrack

DR. REINHARD HECTOR-STIPENDIUM 1992

Abingdon, a nice town, directly on the Thames, lies in beautiful surroundings, with about 27,000 inhabitants. It is otherwise known for its good schools, for girls as well as for boys. The Ratsgymnasium Bielefeld is really lucky to have two schools, namely St. Helen's and Abingdon School, for participating in the student exchange programme for some years now.

I was given the chance to study there for one term (Sept. to Dec. 92), courtesy of Dr. Reinhard Hector-Stipendium. I gained a lot of experience not only by attending lessons and participating in extra curricular activities but also through living in an English boarding school (*especially with Kingsley Jones, Rizal Razali and David Malcolm - Ed.*). I must admit that one term there has dramatically improved my command of the English language. My stay there was fulfilling and it has broadened my mind. Following this is a summary of what I told my friends in Germany.

Abingdon School is a private institution which wants to give only the best to its pupils. Exercise books, file paper and text books are provided for. Through donations, modern equipment is bought, especially for the natural sciences. The latest addition to the school is The Amey Hall. It is used for plays, lectures, assemblies and also for examinations. You have a long list to choose from on what kind of sport you want to do for each term. Rugby, cricket, rowing, tennis and badminton are the main sports. I played badminton and table tennis. Unlike in Germany, sports are considered as options there and not as compulsory classes. The same goes for clubs and societies e.g. the computer club, the model train club. The opportunity to fill up your time after school hours is endless.

Another thing I would like to comment on is the wearing of school uniform. Before my stay, I thought it would be horrible to look the same as everybody else. One term changed it all. Uniforms, to my mind, provide you with some kind of identity whilst making a good impression on the general public (*only if you are dressed smartly! - Ed.*).

Now, I would like to give some critical advice to foreign students going to study there. In the first five forms, you have to attend a specially tailored programme of subjects. This is to provide a wide variety of education to pupils. In the sixth form, you can

choose to study as little as three subjects, plus subjects like General Studies (in which you discuss love, marriage and divorce). The subjects that you can choose range from Maths to Biology to Religious Studies. You start to specialise early at a high level. In Germany, we have a wider spread of subjects to attend to. Some English pupils I know prefer the German system, and think that the English system is traditional and unhealthy. Still, my impression of the school is full of respect and I learnt to appreciate the differences we have. What I miss most after returning is the amount of discipline and respect shown to the teachers. One thing I dislike about the school is the private study sessions because there is always a teacher looking over your back. I think that such periods should be for students to mind their own business unattended.

Meeting other pupils from different parts of the world in the boarding house was a memorable experience. I was able to make many good friends while I was there. Swapping stories about each other's country is enriching. Lastly, I would like to convey my gratitude to everybody who made it possible for me to come to Abingdon School and I hope that I have contributed something for the benefit of both our schools.

Christian Sudbrack

Translated by **Jan Warnecke**

A YEAR IN ABINGDON

I must admit that I didn't want to go to England actually, but that my common sense urgently advised me to do it because of my standard of English. But I also have to admit that I have never regretted that I came to Abingdon.

Since I arrived here two days before the term actually started I had some time to get used to the school building itself. I was impressed because I had attended a very new and modern school which was not more than fifteen years old. In Abingdon I had the impression that the history and the tradition of the school were lurking behind each and every corner. But obviously it became more exciting and lively when teaching started and there were small and big boys in school uniforms everywhere, something else that I hadn't seen before. But after some time had passed, I found out that all in all there's no big difference between German and English pupils and that they are basically interested in the same things (GIRLS!!!). But I have to mention the discipline, which was much better than it was at the German schools I knew.

What I liked very much were the other-half activities. At the beginning of the year I was so enthusiastic that I wanted to try as many of them as possible. Reality then turned out to be different because of my laziness. I started with rowing (rugby is not my cup of tea - I knew that I didn't have to try it at all), but after an unplanned bath in the river I had to admit that my talent in that area is rather restricted. I survived the winter doing runs around Albert Park temporarily and then decided to go for a swim and to play tennis during the course of the summer.

I visited the Modern Language Society just once. But Friday, 3.45 pm, became one of my regular dates quite soon: the Debating Society. This was new for me, too, and I became

immensely interested in it. I felt very much honoured when I was asked to deliver a speech about co-education. A special "Thank you" therefore to the members and guests of the Debating Society for integrating me so willingly. Enjoy yourselves next year! But I always felt very welcome at other happenings, e.g. visits to the theatre and diverse happenings in boarding houses (hot chocolate evenings in Crescent House!).

All that helped me to feel part of the School over the course of this year, which passed in a twinkling. I would like to thank all those who helped me so much.

Many thanks and all the best for the future.

Kathrin Stolz

Dear Editor,

About eighteen months ago, as I stood staring out of the window during a Chemistry practical, I caught sight of something going on outside which made my heart leap and my blood rush. It was a magnificent vision to behold. As I stood there, awe-struck, a tear trickled down my cheek as the future of football at Abingdon School opened up in front of me on that earth-shaking day.

There were our junior colleagues dribbling round cones with footballs, as coaches looked on offering guidance and encouragement. It seemed as though Abingdon School football would proceed from being a minor break-time activity, to a respected game complete with mentions in assembly, proper pitches and inter-school matches.

Yet since that historic day, nothing has been done about scrapping the futilities of hockey in exchange for the national sport. While I don't mind hockey (I was top scorer for the B team in the third year), I realise that rugby won't be scrapped seeing as it is the upper-class game and this is a public school.

The real reason, however, why hockey should be scrapped is because in the Lent terms it rains and the games get called off and the pitches become bumpy and unplayable. As the school can't afford astro-turf, most games and practices are cancelled. In short, it's a joke.

Football, however, (a game in which I was School Captain and top scorer at my old school) is the easy and fairly costless answer. A few goal-posts and balls are all we need. (*And less bragging - Ed*). The footballing talent in the school is fairly considerable; it just needs to be nurtured and then we will have teams capable of doing the school proud.

Anyway, how many of you can name the winners of last season's hockey championship and how many of you really care? Football is the most popular sport in the world, gentlemen, and failure to introduce it would leave me feeling 110% sick as a parrot, John, when I decide to hang up my school boots at the end of the day!

With any luck, by the time this magazine is in circulation, football will have booted hockey off the school calendar and national celebration can begin. You never know, in a few years we might have Old Abingdonians scoring the winner in the Cup Final.

Yours sincerely,

Rich 'spokesman of the masses' Carter (6GGB)

Rosser Hall, Waunfawr,
Aberystwyth, Dyfed.
SY23 3JJ

20/10/92

Dear All,

Aberystwyth University, like any other uni, is unlike any other university, honest. I've been here five weeks now, and while the scenery is as good as, if not better than, I expected, the institution has confirmed my darkest suspicions: it's actually a really nice place. The staff never give the impression that they expect students to do any work, and the students are careful not to give the impression that they are doing any. The system seems to work fine.

Large numbers of students, in lieu of doing work it seems, like to go out, in the universal language of students everywhere, 'on the piss' several nights a week, and I gather that this is a traditional practice among students everywhere. In the interests of furthering my own knowledge, I have tried it out once or twice!

You may get the impression from my jocular and frivolous style that I am enjoying myself here at 'Aber' (as the SU is desperate to encourage everyone to call it - I've tried it myself, and it doesn't sound as good as UCW), and your inference would not be at all erroneous. I don't have all that much work at the moment (which is why I have the time to waste writing to you), which is a very clever lead in to a bit of info about my courses. Here at UCW, for the first year one studies three subjects. Mine are, in ascending order of number of letters, French (language and literature, no less), Italian, which is limited currently to teaching the beginners a bit of the lingo, so I haven't too much work to do there for the time being (thank goodness), and Information and Library Studies, which, I am pleased to announce, entirely vindicates the 'communication studies' course in the lower sixth (well, not really, but they do have some elements in common).

ILS is my main course, and it concerns (fanfare) the study of information organisation storage and retrieval, with particular reference to its application in the library (NB: this is not a quotation). This week's assignment concerns the differences in presentation of information in the various mass media. (What fun!) Actually, this is an extremely useful course for all areas of work (and should be strongly recommended to people not suffering from a vocation) as businesses of all kinds are rapidly coming to recognise the importance of a person skilled in information retrieval. These are the mysterious lot who call themselves 'information officers.'

Possibly the most difficult aspect of university life is money (all donations welcome). I managed to get a place in the best hall on campus, Rosser. En suite shower room, fully fitted kitchen and computer-controlled central heating has its problems. These are the most expensive rooms on campus, and leave me, on my pitifully small grant, with very little money! It's enough to make you turn Marxist (the union building is called the 'Mandela Building,' though nowadays I think people find this rather embarrassing).

Well, I can't stay and chat all day; a student must work, you know. I'm off to the library!

Yours,

Harry White, OA.

MY GAP YEAR IN TANZANIA

Having left the School in the summer of 1992, I decided to embark on something a little different. I wanted to have the chance to see the world from a less privileged angle, to use my time to do something that I would remember for the rest of my life and above all, if possible, for it to be a useful experience. When the opportunity came for me to spend six months working in Tanzania, I jumped at the chance.

In October, having raised the funds that I would need to support myself for that time and with the help of the Old Abingdonian Club, I set off for what would turn out to be the most memorable six months of my life (so far!). I worked at a Leprosy Centre located in the middle of Tanzania, about 45 km from the administrative capital, Dodoma. About 85 patients lived and worked at the centre. There were many who were treated in their own villages, though the inadequate road network made it difficult to reach many of those in need. My time was spent as an odd-job man, my duties being anything from doing the accounts at the Centre to installing a new water-supply system to the Centre from the nearby lake.

One of the most surprising things that I found during my time there was the feeling of happiness the patients and also the people in the surrounding villages cultivate within themselves. Despite the hardships that they suffer - food and clean water were often in short supply and medicine for even minor illnesses was difficult to get hold of and often too expensive anyway - there is an incredible amount of vitality and zest in their lives. They lead very simple lives and even the smallest success, such as having enough food, was an occasion for much rejoicing. It has been a real lesson for me to see a leprosy patient, without any fingers on his hands and one foot amputated, laughing and smiling when many around us in our own country, despite our material wealth, seem so unhappy.

It was not all hard work, and I did have time to travel around the country and visit the world-famous Ngorongoro game reserve and to travel to Zanzibar, the so-called Spice Island just off the coast. I also spent a very strange Christmas in Dar-es-Salaam, eating octopus, squid, prawns and crab on the beach for my Christmas-day lunch. It gave me a chance to sample the wonderful hospitality of the Tanzanians and to get more of a feel of Eastern Africa.

Looking back on my time in Tanzania, I cannot claim to have improved the life of the community there and they are certainly no better off than when I arrived. I have grown a lot as a person and have, I think, learnt what things should be important in my life. My gap year has continued my education and has taught me some things that I would never have learned if I had stayed at home.

John Wilkinson, OA



A YEAR IN AUSTRALIA

Everyone at Abingdon has come across our bronzed, Australian PE assistants but not everyone knows that there are ample opportunities to do the same sort of job in an Australian school during a year off. The chance of spending a year in the sun is obviously attractive and to do so without having to worry about prep or double-chemistry makes it hard to resist.

There are many schools all over Australia that offer places for English 'Gappies' or 'Reutaponis'; I applied and was accepted by The Scots College, a prestigious school in the Eastern suburbs of Sydney. Thanks to its stunning harbour views, its beaches and its proximity to the city, this area is one of the most exclusive and expensive in the country. For a poor GAP student it was a marvellous place to live when I could avoid the constant stream of Porsches and Mercedes. I could take a train into the city, walk to Bondi Beach and 'catch a few waves' or perhaps cruise on the harbour in one of the school boats. Before you all rush to book a flight I must mention the work that is required. I worked six days a week with two afternoons off, rather like life in Abingdon. The amount of involvement and satisfaction was very much up to the individual. This will differ enormously from school to school and at Scots alone there were three different job descriptions. I spent most of my time at the Prep School teaching P.E., English and Maths as well as coaching the second team at cricket, but others taught Latin and French in the Senior School or stayed at the school's outdoor education centre in the mountains supervising activities such as rockclimbing or bush-walking (in Australia the word 'bush' can be used to describe anything from an ornamental rockery to the desert). From my experience everyone enjoyed it wherever they were because the staff made us so welcome. The Australians are famous for being laid back and knowing how to have a good time and the common room at Scots was no exception. Any occasion was celebrated with a 'slab of stubbies' (translation: crate of bottled beer) and I was convinced of the difference in attitude to home when a Parent/Teacher social evening ended at 2.30am with a karaoke machine!

This is only one of many choices available to someone taking a GAP Year. There are possibilities in exotic cultures but for the less adventurous Australia offers the chance to experience a new society (one which is fascinating for its similarities and differences to our own) but in a safe and stable environment in which English is spoken, albeit with heavy accent and endless slang.

I had the chance to see some of Australia in the school holidays but sheer distance meant that I could only travel up the East Coast. I will always remember scuba-diving at The Great Barrier Reef, sailing a yacht around the Whitsunday Islands, taking a 4WD vehicle around the sands of Fraser Island and white-water rafting in the rainforest. I was also lucky enough to see an international cricket match under floodlights at the Scot, climb the highest mountain in the country and even visit Ramsay Street. These are just some of the experiences that I enjoyed in Australia and on my return journey I stayed in Singapore, Hong Kong and Bangkok, places that I may never get the chance to visit again. I cannot advise anyone to take a year off or how to spend one as we all react differently to situations, but I can say that my time in Australia will stay with me forever.

James Tilley, OA

Dear Editor,

I feel that I need somewhere to air my feelings and where better than the school magazine? Although much has been said about chapel, the powers-that-be never seem to listen to those who have to sit through the weekly ordeal.

I'm not about to embark on some personal attack on the chaplain or those in the school who may be in favour of chapel, but freedom of choice (without which we wouldn't be at this school) should surely allow the heathens and atheists amongst us to opt-out!

I don't want to deny those in the Christian Union, and others, their dosage of spiritual guidance nor their right to bow their heads and mutter to the heavens. Everyone should be able to see if the Christian path is for them and therefore I think that Religious Education should be taught. But surely only the junior members of the school (say the first five years) should have to attend chapel. If sixth-formers are supposed to be adults, then why can't they be treated as such?

Most people I know are apathetic as to whether or not they attend. Whilst this is understandable, is it really what the school or the chaplain wants to see? The services really would be better if they involved the students more. At the moment the singing of the masters easily drowns out that of the dedicated few, and the saying of prayers often appears farcical.

Those in the sixth-form who wish to attend should have the opportunity, but those of us who haven't found God could spend our Wednesday mornings far more constructively. I suspect that writing this may not bring about any changes (schools can be notoriously reactionary), but now when I sit in Chapel on a Wednesday morning wishing I was somewhere else, at least I can say I tried to do something about it!

Don't worry, I'm not a devil worshipper!

Yours in Good Faith,
Richard Carter (6GGB)



Still Life with Lamps

Tom Davison

THE WILLIAM MONEY-KYRLE MEMORIAL GARDEN

My first thought for a garden came at about the time the space for The Boarders' Hall was created in 1988. The demolition of a warren of gloomy partitions and cubby holes, including a careers room, made this new, airy meeting place and gallery into an important 'corridor' which most members of the school pass through each day on their way to the Dining Room. The old fireplace is flanked by the pleasantly proportioned windows which overlook a space at the back of the school surrounded by high red brick walls. Since time immemorial this seemed to have been a no-man's-land, housing dreary lean-to sheds containing a few bicycles, stray trolleys filled with rubbish, all presided over by a sick and lanky tree.

In 1988 I presented the first sketches and plans for a garden to replace all this and generally enhance the view to the Headmaster. He welcomed the idea and at some point discussed it at a Works Committee meeting. It was felt that at present the school could not meet the expense within the foreseeable future and the drawings were put on file. It was therefore a surprise when Mr. Michael St. John Parker reopened the subject in late 1990. Tragically William Money-Kyrle had been killed in a mountaineering accident in Kenya. His family and friends wished to donate a memorial to him in the school: would I be agreeable to him suggesting to them that the garden plan might well be appropriate? We visited the site with Mrs. Money-Kyrle and Mrs. Gentles, a costing was estimated and happily the overall scheme was approved.



*Mrs Janet Boulton, Mr Michael St. John Parker,
Dr and Mrs Money-Kyrle*

Now that the idea was to become a reality I began to look again at this valuable space and examine its possibilities more thoroughly. A stony, north-facing site with a sloping surface intersected with uncharted drains and inspection lids. What entrances and exits would be needed, indeed required by fire regulations? Would the bicycle sheds have to be incorporated into the design? How many pupils and staff traversed the space and why? Did the kitchen staff use it for any purpose? After consultations with all the departments involved, especially Mr. Keeble and Mr. Gregg, these important details were resolved and

it was agreed to completely clear everything away, thus enabling me to see the space without clutter and in the end to realise a different design - less formal and more functional.

The ground was levelled, the steps connected to School House were raised, new walls and a wrought iron gate were installed to complete the enclosure; raised beds capped with industrial bricks were built alongside curved paths connecting the three doorways. Volunteers came on a number of wet Wednesday afternoons and helped the groundsmen to move tons of gravel and topsoil from the gateway near Roysse's Alley into the garden. Mr. Hames built the walls; the Italian terracotta pots were bought from Millets Garden Centre; Graces made the wrought iron gate with the WMK logo; Mr. Harris of Marcham was commissioned to make the garden benches. Then came the trellis work made and installed by Mr. Nick Barnard. Everything about the garden - its position, the terrain, the need for it to be of all-year-round interest and easy to maintain - dictated the choice of plants, shrubs and trees. These are predominantly evergreen with an emphasis on interesting and varied foliage. Ivies and ferns are planted beneath *Lonicera Baggasons Gold*, *Eucalyptus*, *Mahonia*, *Yew*, *Buxus*, *Cotoneaster*, to name but a few. All are thriving and complementing the dominant red brickwork. In the summer this year the greens were enlivened by a colour scheme of reds and pinks in the form of seasonal bedding plants - *Petunia* and *Impatiens* - still thriving now as I write this in mid-September. Winter Pansies will tide us over until early next Spring when the dozens of snowdrops planted this Spring should shoot up between the groundcover and sparkle in the Winter sunshine. Funds allowing, it is hoped to plant numerous small pale species of daffodils to extend the Spring planting. Looking ahead to next Summer, I envisage a theme of blues and purples and also expect to add to the varieties of ivy which are so suited to this position.

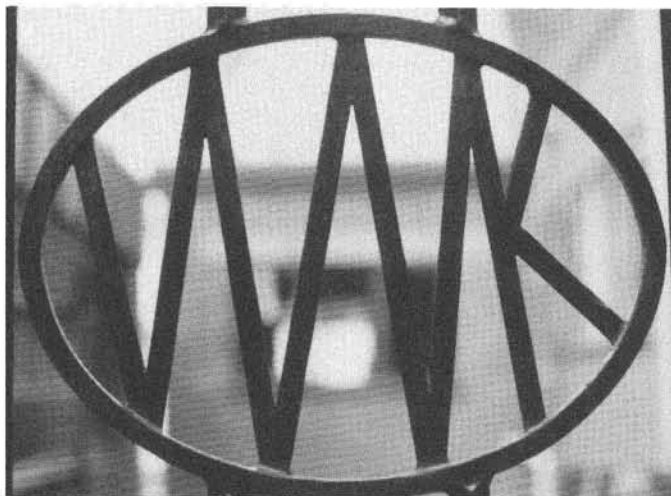
In October 1992 the garden was officially opened. An informal tea party was attended by Dr. and Mrs. Money-Kyrle, their family and numerous contemporary friends and teachers of William. The Headmaster made an appropriate speech.

A garden is an ongoing thing; it changes with the seasons; plants come and go and it is hoped that wildlife will in due course proliferate in its leafy tranquil atmosphere. Our ceramicists and sculptors see it most effectively as an outdoor gallery for their more substantial frost-hardy works.

Perhaps one day a design competition will inspire a thought of a permanent work in the form of a fountain, sundial or even a good modern birdbath. It is hoped that with continued care this previously dispiriting place can go on being a place of interest, grow old gracefully and be an oasis of tranquillity within the busy life of the school.

My sincere thanks to all who gave help and encouragement. Apart from those people already mentioned, to Mr. Tim Gentles who as a close friend of WMK acted as fund-raiser and organiser, and to Mrs. Margaret Andrews who did the administration in our accounts department. Lastly and most importantly all our thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Money-Kyrle without whom the garden would still be a dream in the Headmaster's filing cabinet.

Janet Boulton



William Money-Kyrle, O.A. (1979-86), was killed in a climbing accident in Kenya on 31 July 1990. He was buried at his family's home church of Heddington, near Calne, in the presence of a great crowd of mourners, who included many of his contemporaries, together with the Headmaster and several members of staff. William was a young man of quite exceptional charm and quality, as well as outstanding ability, and his untimely death seemed to all who knew him to be a most bitter blow; but though there was much justified grief at his funeral, there was still more serenity and hope, reflecting his own happy spirit, and the strength of his remarkable family.

BOOK PAGE

Two members of Common Room have recently broken into print, and their 'opera' can be purchased at any reputable bookshop. Each are very different and reflect the personalities and interests of their respective authors.

Dr. Hubert Zawadzki's study of the extraordinary political career of Prince Adam Czartoryski as statesman of Russia and Poland, 1795-1831, has just been published by the Oxford Clarendon Press, under the title 'A Man of Honour'. At just under four hundred pages and costing £45, it is not for the casual reader, but has been well received and praised in reviews.

For example, Norman Davies, writing in 'The Times Literary Supplement' on October 8th of this year, reviewed 'A Man of Honour' in conjunction with another recent publication on Polish history, in a way that must reflect great distinction on its author.

"Zawadzki's A Man of Honour, therefore, is a fitting sequel to Zamoyski's The Last King of Poland. Together, they cover two long careers which span the origins, the execution and the aftermath of the Partitions. It is a formidable panorama, all the more moving since it is viewed through the eyes of men who strove to pit common sense against brute force. Zawadzki deserves high praise for his meticulous scholarship Both these books combine readability with high academic standards; and both have helped to make long neglected major subjects more accessible."



Dr Hubert Zawadzki talks to Mr I P Foote, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, at the launch party for 'A Man of Honour'.

photo: Digby Cayley

Mrs. Janet Boulton, on the other hand, was essaying a quite different task in her charming and beautifully produced edition of Paul Nash's letters to Mercia Oakley 1908-18 {publ. Smith Settle Ltd. 1992}. If you like clear print, well and thoughtfully



set-out texts of letters (printed as written - spelling mistakes and often without punctuation), interspersed with facsimile drawings and comments by a rather mischievous and sensitive young artist, then this is definitely an extremely attractive buy. If you are interested in Nash and his development as arguably one of the greatest English painters this century, then this book is essential. Janet Boulton must be congratulated for the elegant format of her book as must Dr. Zawadzki for his scholarship and massive industry in researching and writing 'A Man of Honour'.

The Abingdonian congratulates you both.

Digby Cayley

TWO SONGS REWRITTEN IN HONOUR OF COMMON ROOM LEAVERS IN 1993

(Apologies to W.S. Gilbert)

For Hugh Randolph, Nigel Hammond, Derek Jones, Kathrin Stolz and Nathalie Revol.

1) The Sentry's song from Iolanthe

(to be read/sung in a South London accent)

When all week long those kids detained
He follows up, to chase monotony,
Derek exercises of his brains -
That is, assuming that he's got any!
Though never nurtured in the lap of luxury,
Yet I admonish you -
He is an intellectual chap
And thinks of things that would astonish you.

I've often tried to understand
(Fa la la la, fa la la la)
How Derek and Nigel can command
(Fa la la la la)
That every pupil in their hands
Who hasn't yet got his life planned
(Fa la la la, fa la la la)
Should either start in Derek's band
And/or contrive to lead the land.
(Fa la la la, fa la la la)
They either start in Derek's band
Or try, like Nige, to lead the land!
Fa la la!

And French and German assistants
(For they've a brain and a cerebellum, too)
Whilst they prepare such fun lessons,
They still teach what their colleagues tell 'em to.
But then the prospect of a lot
Of assistants -
In close proximity -
With pretty faces and "whatnot"
We all enjoy unto infinity!

And let's rejoice with loud "Fa la"
(Fa la la la, fa la la la)
That Nature always does allow
(Fa la la la la)
That the weather changes as Hugh predicts
Or "obiter dictum", we'd be in the Styx,
And the people he's trained as Classicists
Still can play in the Band or in Politics
(Fa la la la, fa la la la)
Abingdonians trained as Classicists
Still star in Bands or in Politics.
Fa la la!

2) Pooh-bah's, Ko-Ko's & Pish-Tush's Trio from "Mikado"

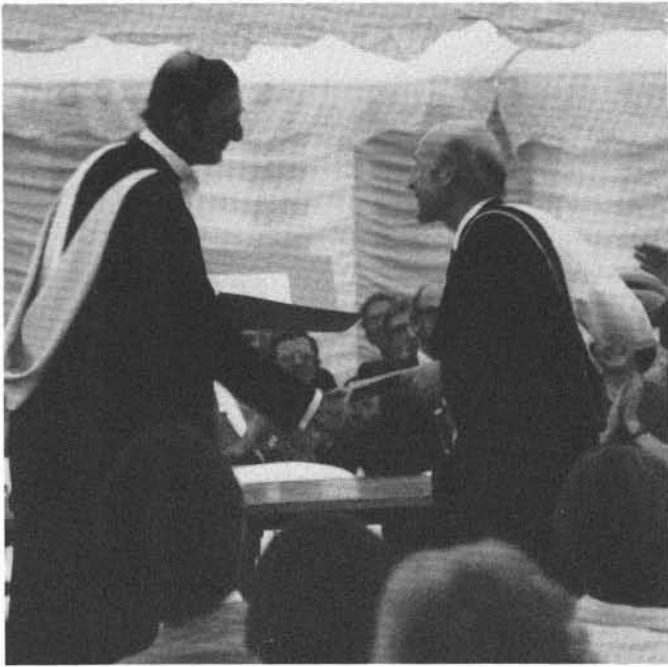
The band's so loud,
If he allowed,
The players' pride to be his guide
They'd volunteer
To quit this sphere
Instead of he in '93.
But players' pride
Must be denied,
And mortified,
And set aside, and set aside

His brain it teems
With endless schemes
Both wild and fun
For Abingdon
For Abingdon.
But now he's quit -
The benefit
That he's diffused
The School will lose.
Now all the gang
To thank this man
Must plot and plan
As best they can.

I heard one day
An HMI say
That classicists who've
Been taught by Hugh
Will rarely feel
Th'examiners' steel
And A levels gain;
They gain without much pain.
Since this seems true
Then thank God for Hugh
Our courage screw
To bid him adieu.

REPEAT in trio

And so although
He's ready to go,
Yet recollect
T'were disrespect
Did we neglect
To thus effect
Our thanks direct
As we elect.



Mr Hugh Randolph on Prize Day

And so although
He wishes to go,
We're all amazed,
The band still plays
His baton sways
On happy days
The military craze
Is still ablaze!

Let's go and show
Both friend and foe
How much we owe -
For we all know
They hate to go.
Our hearts o'erflow
With a grateful glow:
Oh chaps - don't go!

For 20 years and over they've all shown their might
For each and every one of them a well fought fight
We're pleased their presence with us is not over, quite,
For each by their example is a shining light!

REPEAT ad nauseam.

© D.J. Pope, July 1993



ODE TO A DEVALUED CHANCELLOR

O Norman, O Norman, what have you done?
Environment wasn't a job to shun,
So now you're just a common M.P.,
Who can't tell the difference between 5 and 3.

Inflation and sterling both felt your mark,
But now they serve under Kenneth Clarke,
Who will, like you, boast the discovery
That Britain is finally into recovery?

'Twas you sir, by your own confession,
Who pulled us out of this recession,
So is this thanks for our gallant hero,
To replace him, and repay him zero.

And when you've died and gone to heaven,
We'll think of you at Number 11,
And gladly from our memories draw,
Your happy days as Chancellor.

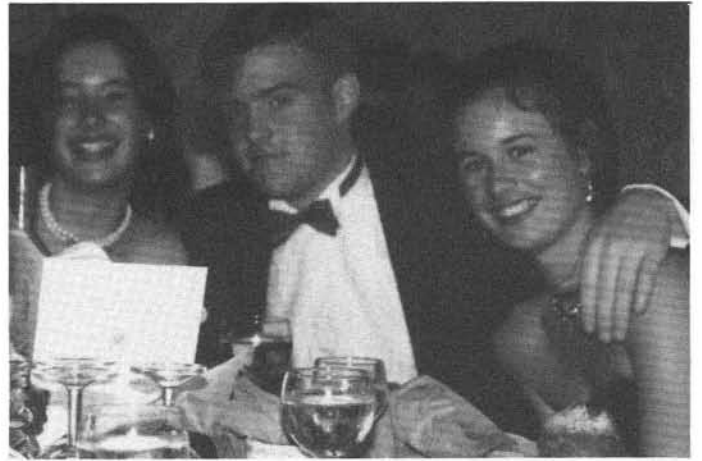
For any seekers of political glory,
Let us note the moral of the story:
If you want to do well, and stay off the backbench,
Then don't go to Newbury, and don't speak French.

B. Young



Thinking Nude

Patrick Carter



GRIFFEN BALL – 26th JUNE 1993



LAST TRIP TO WESTMINSTER

(a tribute to Nigel Keith Hammond)

Mr. Hammond sat quietly in his chair. It is not often that Mr. Hammond sits quietly in his chair. We (his Politics class) therefore thought that he must be up to something.

"You know," he said, "you chaps and I have something in common."

We were all a little disturbed by that statement. After all, we were young, active and intelligent. What in the world could we have in common with that grand old man of fifty-four?

He didn't let us know. He just looked down again from his torn copy of "British Political Facts" and grunted.

"You in a bad mood, Sir?" said Dan Blake.

"No," growled Mr. Hammond, "I don't have moods!"

He didn't tell us what we had in common with each other. It was only much later that we discovered that he, like us, was to leave Abingdon School for ever at the end of the year.

* * *

The Politics class trip to the Houses of Parliament at Westminster was a special one this year because it was to be Mr. Hammond's last. Unlike in previous years, we were a little nervous making our way down because we were thought to have been less able than previous Politics sets to understand the complex workings of the Commons and the Lords. We were, in fact, dim. But that still didn't stop us pleading a day out of the small and cramped room at Whitefield. We just hoped ("None of us would do that, Sir!") that we could wiggle our way out to a nice London pub once our Politics master wasn't looking!

We went first to the Bow Street Magistrates Court where we saw a stipendiary magistrate in action, and then on to the Old Bailey. Those of us who expected to see Rumpole were disappointed, because the barristers seemed a little too nice and too soft-spoken. The defendant, looking plain in his jeans and T-shirt, looked bemused at the sight of this group of students all immaculately dressed in smart suits and without a single tie askew amongst them. It was a plain and simple case... so simple that none of us knew what it was by the time we came out.

After lunch, we queued up in front of the Commons. Mr. Hammond, however, being a great friend of many powerful political figures both in Government or otherwise, quickly drew up to the guard in charge and demanded to be let in immediately, right in front of all the Japanese tourists. The guard looked not a little perturbed, but he agreed once Mr. Hammond showed him a letter from Lord Stoddart of Swindon, which gave us priority treatment. We then promptly marched up, past the Great Hall, and into the corridor leading to the lobby. Lined up on each side of the corridor were paintings which depicted great scenes from English history, and the members' lobby had on its walls busts of English monarch. Someone with a sense of humour had put Edward IV under his bitter rival Margaret of Anjou, and Richard III the usurper under Edward V. Most of us just sat down in the niche comfy leather chairs.

Then, shortly afterwards, a shrill voice called out, "Speeeeeeeeeeeeee-keeeer!" The Speaker came in with her procession. Led by the Sergeant-at-Arms carrying the Mace, the Speaker made her way in a black robe with golden linings, into the Commons' chamber. We thought she smiled at us.

We did not, however, follow her straight into the Commons, but



went first to the Lords. Black Rod stamped his mark on our yellow tickets, and an usher led us upstairs into the gallery. From on top, we saw past giants of British politics speaking listening, grumbling, or just sleeping. Those of us sitting on the front seats tried to identify the participants in that particular debate: Lord Jenkins was there, Lord Howe, Lord Hailsham (who looked right noble, I thought), but not that great figure so much admired in common by Dan Blake and Mr. Hammond - the Leaderene (? - Ed.) Lady Thatcher.

The chamber of the House of Lords has beautiful stained glass windows. The observers' gallery was parallel to statuettes of barons who were responsible for the signing of the Magna Carta, and the glass had on them the achievements and coat-of-arms of various former members of the Lords. The Woolsack, we thought, looked very uncomfortable to sit on. But we would never know. As we listened intently to the peers' debate, we could see Mr. Hammond looking wistfully down. Maybe, just maybe, he was dreaming of what could have been - when he, having retired after many years of service to the good folk of Swindon, would be led out by his sponsors, to doff his hat at the Lord Chancellor, and to take his rightful place, down there, as the Lord Hammond of West Hanney.

Tom Ratcliff's snoring, however, woke him up with a jolt.

Off we went to the Commons. There were few inside the chamber, as the debate was relatively unimportant and there were no divisions that afternoon. We sat high up, facing the Speakers' Chair, from where Fenton Mortimer began to describe the distinctly equine features of one of the Labour Party MPs. The Commons looked small compared to the Lords, perhaps because it was far down from where we were. It was distinctly more egalitarian from the splendid decor of the Lords.

The last section which we visited at Westminster was the Committees' Room, where the 'real work' of Parliament (legislating), is done. It was obvious to us that the argument seemed more lively, not in a stirring manner, but in a serious and practical way. It is in Committee rooms that Bills are scrutinised. It is there too that witnesses are called to testify before the select committees of both houses. The view from our particular committee room was breath-taking: the Thames bathed in the rays of the dying sun. It was time to go home.

* * *

"Come on, Sir. It's your last day at school. We'll go down to the pub for a drink. It's on me."

"No! Don't waste my time! I want you to revise!"

"I am sorry Sir, but this is our last lesson at school as well as yours. We are going to the park, all right?"

Mr. Hammond fumed. We left Room 47. He left shortly afterwards, locking Mortimer's books inside. Then, like the summer half-term holidays right before our A-Levels, we were gone.

By the **Politics Set**, 1991-1993

Out of Abingdon

THE CLASSICS TRIP TO TUNISIA 1992

It is strangely appropriate that we are writing this report on the back of a "hygienic waste disposal" bag on the Tunis Air Boeing 727 which is taking us home to England. After all, Tunisian food is hardly renowned for agreeing with foreigners, and a substantial number of party members did succumb.

In no way, however, did this detract from the general enjoyment of the trip by all concerned. Our very full schedule allowed us to visit several outstanding historical sites, Roman (both non-Christian and Christian) and Muslim, the foremost among which must surely be Carthage.

We are lucky that much of what was the great city of Carthage still stands, although the Romans, who detested the Carthaginians, razed this relic to the ground and sowed salt in all the surrounding fields so that crops would never be able to grow there again. Fortunately, such barbaric actions left enough remains to make it interesting and impressive today.

An integral part of all our enjoyment of all the places we visited was our guide, whose name we have attempted to write phonetically. Wajdee was a small, round, flamboyant Tunisian,

who had an incredible capacity for wearing pullovers even in the most stifling heat. He never failed to let loose our imaginations with his descriptions of whatever we were seeing at the time.

The trip was excellently arranged; although we resented it at the time, our guide's insistence that we get up very early in the morning (the most unearthly hour was six o'clock) allowed us to wander at leisure around our destinations, some of which had superb medinas (Arab markets) in which we acquired a remarkable skill in haggling. It is recommended that a visitor to Tunisia should go on an organised holiday such as ours, not only because there is no hassle in finding one's way around, but also because the guide, if he is good, provides useful information regarding medinas and other places. At one medina, Wajdee told us that we should not agree to a price of above a tenth of what we were offered. Tunisia is a fascinating place, with both splendid sights to see and an atmosphere, which can only be experienced to be understood, yet which films of bustling Arab markets convey to a degree. It was refreshing to be able to enjoy a week so far removed from daily life at home.

Finally, thanks are of course due to Mr. and Mrs. Fishpool for arranging the trip and taking us on it; all those who went thoroughly enjoyed the experience. I am told that there is a similar trip to Italy proposed for next year; without wishing in any way to plug on the behalf of the Classics Department, if it is anything like the Tunisia trip, it will be well worth while.

Tim Ward and Hugh Gittins



Roman Triumphal Arch admired by Richard Scott, Hugh Gittins



Tim Ward



Roman Theatre at Dougga

photo: Tim Ward

UPPER SCHOOL SKI TOUR TO VAL D'ISERE

The 1992 sixth form ski tour left Gatwick and arrived in Lyon without any delays. After a lengthy coach journey, steeply up and then down into Val d'Isere we arrived to 'perfect' conditions. Being quite late into the 'festive' season, the decorations were already up and the slopes were very well covered. A supermarket and small shopping mall were situated right next to the 'modern style' hotel building and we were quick to buy our essential provisions for the next day's skiing.

We were favoured with warm, clear weather throughout the week, with little falling snow - though unfortunately a few days were a little overcast. Mr. Broadbent led the few beginners on the first day and despite travelling up the difficult slopes we managed to find the more scenic off-piste routes down with the help of a couple of ski-rescuers. After our daily lessons we made use of the funicular railway, and many of us recreated 'Ski-Sunday' on the Olympic run; the way that the valleys were kinked meant that we were able to explore them and ski back to the hotel for lunch and dinner.

Our hotel was within steady walking distance of town and the free buses were regular as well. The 'après-ski' was fairly active and among other things, we took part in the 'sumo-wrestling' in

the town. We also lost a game of five-a-side football to another school despite our secret weapon Ben "Jones" Rayner, and we narrowly lost in the hotel quiz, thanks to some dubious judges' decisions.

A very enjoyable week was had by all and we were able to get some fantastic skiing done. James McCormick's moonboots won the fashion item of the week award and everybody would like to thank Adam Brown for keeping us all amused throughout the week, from 'blacking' to 'getting a drink of water' and even staying in his hotel room alone. The only skiing accident of the week was Mike Litchfield's head graze, which was merely a method of getting a free haircut and fashionable head wrap.

The skiing was brilliant for all: from the beginners (like myself) to the more advanced there was a wide enough variety to please all. For me the view from the hotel of the finish of the Olympic run was nice enough, but I'm sure others would point out that the view from the summit was one of the highlights of the week. Many thanks to Mr. Broadbent, Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Martin for 'making' such a successful trip.

J. Sporle

FOURTH FORM GEOGRAPHY TRIP TO DOCKLANDS

It was a bright and sunny morning as the two coaches were loaded with fourth form geographers, who were heading up to London's Docklands.

Upon arrival in London we were given out lunches (which were duly swapped and eaten) and then hustled onto a tour boat. Our mission for this part of the day was to record land uses along the river banks, which was greatly helped by a beautifully-made map designed by Mr. Henderson.

After this eventful trip we headed on to survey different parts of The Docklands, with help from our 'all day rail passes'. Also we visited the 'London Docklands Development Centre' for a

helpful and informative video in which the river Thames told us about 'his' life!

Everyone managed to stagger back to the coach, after a whole day's walking, with *nearly* everyone on time.

The journey home was somewhat more sedate than the journey out with everyone very tired after a busy day.

So everyone arrived back home safely and with great notes for any oncoming projects.

R. Binning (4RPF)

MIDDLE SCHOOL SKI TOUR

This year the middle school went to Valloire in the French Savoie Alps. Valloire is designated as one of the nine station villages, which means that it is judged to have that particular village charm that so many of the purpose built resorts lack. The resort was well suited to the beginner and intermediate skiers with plenty of blue and green runs. Because of a lack of any new snow combined with hot sunny days we were very pleased to find that the main run back to the village was well equipped with snow cannon. However, it was disappointing for the more advanced skier that the large area of unpisted snow down to Valmeinier (safe skiing with an instructor) was not open because of lack of snow.

The 'après-ski' this time consisted of tobogganing, thankfully passing once again without injury, ten pin bowling, and skating. This tour was one of the most enjoyable trips that I have taken; congratulations to all who took part in it.

A. Mansfield



Rupert Milner wins the day

photo: R. Porter

1993 JUNIOR EUROPEAN GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Last summer, as a result of coming second in the 1992 National Finals, I was selected to represent the British team in the 1993 Junior European Gliding Championships which took place at La Roche-sur-Yon, France. At 18 years old I was, by nearly two years, the youngest to take part in this under 25s competition.

The weather at La Roche was certainly good by British standards, with 8 days flying achieved out of a possible 12, yet the locals said that they were disappointed with the conditions. Each day the competitors undertook a different pre-set course (or task), which varied in distance between 150 and 500 km. On the 500 km flight I was airborne just under eight hours and had to cope with an immense headache, as well as being physically sick. I was very pleased to get back in one piece!

Cruising at 80 to 100 mph is tense stuff, especially with one's eyes scanning for any gliders ahead and searching for the 'big' thermal to save valuable time. Just as you're getting low, the characteristic glint of wings turning in the distance indicates a glider turning in lift - you pray it's a good thermal. You arrive beneath it, haul back on the stick and pull the heavy glider into a climbing turn. Once high again you speed on, concentrating like mad, sweat all over your body, as you calculate your next moves. How far to home? Is the weather improving? How can I get ahead of that German just half a mile away? How do I go around that military airspace without losing time? The list is endless, the pressure continuous.

Towards the end of the flight the gliders are spread further apart and slowly, oh so slowly, your destination creeps closer. Forty miles out you start to think about final gliding (the point at which you can glide straight in without needing more height). If you are as high as 5000 ft this might be possible from as much as 30 miles out. At 25 miles you are normally on final glide, constantly putting distance to run and the head/tailwind strength into the computer so it can tell you the height you need to get back. On the glide path, 10 miles out and by now down below 2000 ft the airfield looks impossibly distant. The computer says you can do it, common sense says you can't! You press on. Four miles out you are now very low and the airfield looks very flat; all you seem to see is the perimeter fence. Two miles out you can see the computer was right after all, you're going to make it. You put the speed on. One mile out you are at tree-top height doing 120 mph. Suddenly the perimeter fence, which looked so distant five

minutes previously, rolls by. You flick the water dump valves to 'open' and you know the glider will be shedding all the water you had in your wings (in order to glide further for a given loss of height). You flash through the finish line just a few feet above the ground, and simultaneously hear the blessed words "good finish", pulling up victoriously - a job, hopefully, well done.

It is not always so sweet. The trouble with flying is that when it goes wrong, it tends to be quite severe. Thus the pilot has to be disciplined and not push so hard that he runs out of options. During one very difficult flight at La Roche I was 12 miles out with enough height, the computer said, to get home; but abnormal sink meant I gradually fell below glide path. Two other gliders were following me. Three and a half miles out I decided that I was not going to make it and peeled away from the other two, planning to land in one of the few fields available between my position and the airfield. The field was small, to put it mildly. Into wind, the speed as low as I dared, using full airbrake, I touched down just past the surrounding fence. The fence at the far end approached fast, getting bigger and bigger. I started to pray. "Stop, please stop - I'm sorry about all my sins - I'll never be bad again, please, just stop". The rolling goes on. "This is it, I've finally over-cooked it!" A conveniently placed softer area of grass stops me - just five feet from the fence. Phew! My mouth is dry, my body soaking, I stagger from the glider relieved to be down safely. The other two gliders landed short of the airfield also, but one had pushed it too far, finishing up wrapped around a tree, his glider written off.

My final position was 23rd out of 32 - not spectacular, but pleasing. I had gained more experience, learnt lessons and thoroughly enjoyed myself. If I can get back in the British team I hope to return and do better still. Hopefully when I'm 23 or 24 I will be one of the top pilots in the competition!

It might not have been possible to have had this wonderful experience but for the generosity of the Old Abingdonian Club, Tappins Coaches and most of all my parents, who continue to support me to the utmost of their abilities. Thank you. Finally, I apologize to all those school friends whom I have bored silly over recent years with my gliding fervour.

David Allison

LOWER SIXTH GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP TO BLENCATHRA

Amidst a pile of rucksacks and traggads, 29 Lower Sixths, all cursing the British Rail seat reservation system, trudged off the platform at Penrith station having left Oxford six hours earlier. Boys were then stuffed into hired minibuses and trailers. We set off for the Blencathra Field Centre located about 5 km to the west of Leawick on the side of a mountain range some 300 metres up in the Lake District.

Unbelievably it was not raining when we arrived, and, much to Mr. Maughan's disappointment, it did not do so for the majority of the week. This allowed us to conduct five days' valuable fieldwork, aided by the Abingdon Staff and two residential teachers from the Centre.

The group was split into two, each group conducting three days' Physical Geography fieldwork and two days' Human Geography, including a visit to the City of Carlisle, where an 'Urban Land Use' survey was conducted by all twenty-nine involved.

Work continued late into most evenings, but we were all well fed and a few even found energy for some early morning runs. When we were not working (although a rare event), the Centre provided very good leisure facilities and we all returned home feeling we had worked hard on this very worthwhile week whilst enjoying all of it. Thank you very much Mr. Maughan, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Fishpool.

Geography A-Level Students 1992-94

PARIS TRIP REPORT

The February half-term Paris trip for the Lower Sixth began in a sleep-starved haze outside Abingdon coach park at five in the morning. The journey seemed to take for ever, but we were lucky enough to visit several motorway service stations.

Everyone perked up by the time we arrived in Paris and we were pleasantly surprised by the standard of our hotel, despite the rather dodgy nightclub across the road. The restaurant was excellent, with extremely tolerant waiters.

After a good night's sleep and a large breakfast hoards of Abingdonians descended on the Louvre for the first leg of cultural enlightenment. My abiding memory, however, is walking around in circles for about an hour looking for one of the paintings - and not finding it! Also on the itinerary were Notre-Dame, the Musée D'Orsay and L'Orangerie, Versailles, a trip

down the Seine, and a night tour of Paris by coach, where we were privileged enough to meet Mr. Biggs! There were also other, unofficial, trips, but they weren't exactly on the "places-of-interest guide"! Everyone seemed to enjoy the night-life (some more than others, possibly!), with the bars and cafés around the hotel doing great business!

Finally, thanks to Miss Milligan for organising it all; Mr. Hofton, Mr. Bailey, Dr. Horn, Neil (and his jumpers) for keeping us in line. Also to Hugh Gittins (whose excellent French saved us from more than one dodgy situation), the boarders for providing the music (sic) on the return journey, Matt Porter for his exploits, Dan Otterburn for being responsible (seriously), and all the rest who made the trip such a success. Lastly thanks to our cult-hero bus driver: one hundred and eighty miles in five hours isn't bad!

R. Carter (6GGB)



Les Invalides photo: Robert Porter



Place de la Concorde

photo: Robert Porter

BOAT CLUB U.S.A. TOUR

A tour abroad during the Easter holidays, it was hoped, would be beneficial to the senior squad not only in terms of rowing but also to help us form a closer group. During the Lent term it was finally decided that we would visit some schools in Massachusetts and Connecticut. We would particularly like to thank M.D. Martin for the great job he did in attaining the cheapest possible arrangement, as only someone from north of the border could. A lot of fund raising was necessary in order to bring down the cost, therefore we staged a 12 hour five-a-side sponsored football match. We are grateful to Richard Haynes who volunteered to join us in our desperate efforts to keep the match going. After 12 hours of solid Premier-League style playing, in which Michael 'Miguel' Litchfield particularly excelled, bowside defeated strokeside by a considerable margin.

We eventually arrived in Boston on 14 April '93 and were met by the Tabor Academy's coach, Mr. Fernlea, who welcomed us before whisking us away to the academy, so that we might have an early night, in order to join the five o'clock training session with 'his boys' the next morning. This was the order of the day throughout the trip. Two or three outings and/or a run, ergo and/or weights per day and not forgetting the 'wind down' session which included circuits or a game of basketball. Faced with the choice of basketball or circuits, the 'Dream Team' b-ball skills increased remarkably.

We rounded off the twelve days with a visit to a 'shopping mall' (where we all bought our £35 worth of American Purchases - and no more), a Chinese meal and a karaoke session (where James 'Jackson' McCormick's rendition was greeted with cheers from all).

Apart from a lot of hard work our tour provided us with unusual insights and new ideas. We had great fun experiencing the American way of life, eating junk food in countless hamburger restaurants, playing basketball for hours and generally enjoying the hospitality of the schools which we visited, namely Tabor, Pomfret, Groton and Brooks. We are very grateful to them for providing us with free accommodation and food, which we devoured in huge quantities, and allowing us to use their equipment. As a result of experimenting with their equipment we even bought a set of the controversial 'Big Blades' after returning to England.

The tour was very successful and enjoyed by all. We would like to thank R.D. Foster, J. Watkinson and P.A. Greaney for their work in helping organise the trip and ensuring its smoothness. Most of all, we would like to thank M.D. Martin for managing to get the whole trip off the ground - let us hope it will be a good springboard to achieving our goals this season.

James Sporle (VI B)

CHAPEL CHOIR TOUR TO BAVARIA (APRIL 1993)

Not long after the highly successful Chapel Choir trip to Bielefeld in 1992, Mrs. Manship began hatching plans for a sequel. The new destination was Bamberg, an ancient Bavarian town near the old border with East Germany.

We arrived in Bamberg after approximately nineteen hours' travelling, by which time many of us looked fairly close to death! Our accommodation was a former boarding school which formed part of a Carmelite monastery in the heart of the mediaeval town, complete, we were to discover, with a very loud bell tolling at 6.30 and 7.30 every morning! Food at the hostel, concocted from *das Deutschegefängnisrezeptbuch* never once failed to disappoint, MacDonald's benefiting as a result!

Our first concert was in the beautiful late-seventeenth century civic church of St. Martin. Ranged across the bare stone steps of the altar, the choir of thirty-five had to contend with the huge time lag between them and the organ, high up above the west door. Despite a few sticky moments the acoustic was, by the time of the concert, almost conquered.

We shared this first concert with the native adult 'Bamberger Madrigal Choir' who sang unaccompanied sacred works including Bruckner's 'Locus Isle'. The performance was fine and they stayed to listen to our half of the concert, greeting it with much enthusiasm.

Next day we travelled to Sonneburg, near the old border, and part of what used to be the German Democratic Republic which prospered during the prewar years from the toy industry, its factories alone producing twenty percent of the world's toys; today, however, it had a sad prospect. Most of its buildings are in poor condition and most of the roads consist only of unconsolidated rubble. Despite all the obvious hardship, however, the eastern Germans were more friendly than anything the 'west' could offer. An entire year group from the school, where we had already consumed the best meal of the week, gave up their afternoon to show us around the town's toy museum, of which they were all obviously proud. We also visited the main church, which is only now being restored after years of deliberate neglect by the Communist authorities.

Our concert, later that afternoon, was in the inauspicious surroundings of a nineteen-sixties' school hall. We found, on arrival, a tiny Casio electric keyboard as our accompanying

instrument. It turned out that there was one piano in the school. We were, however, warned that it was very old. Upon inspection it looked reasonable. We tried to move it from its classroom domicile on the other side of the playground and it creaked, twisted and fell to bits. Two legs and the pedal board were lost immediately! Not knowing whether to laugh or maintain a respectful straight face, six of us carried the remains across the playground, depositing the carcass at an alarming angle in the hall, where it remained, to our surprise, the right way up, if not in perfect tune, throughout the concert. Our audience for this concert of English church music was a huge mass of anarchic-looking teenagers. Not until afterwards did we discover to our surprise and delight that everyone had attended entirely voluntarily! In Sonneburg, music and other art events are still few and far between.

On the way back to Bamberg, we stopped at a little village right on the old border, to eat our substantial packed teas provided by the generous Sonneburgs. A short length of heavily graffitied concrete wall remains outside the village as a memorial to the 'bad times'. We investigated, where once armed soldiers patrolled.

Our final concert took place in the Franz Ludwig Gymnasium (secondary school) in Bamberg. Our audience was disappointingly small but it included some members of the Madrigal choir, eager for a second instalment. Although they were appreciative, maybe they can invite their friends next time?!

Finally came the trip to Munich, the capital of Bavaria. The highlight for most of us was travelling at seventy metres-per-second to the top of the Olympic tower which commanded excellent views over the city, the Olympic complex and B.M.W. headquarters directly below.

Typically, we lost two people in Munich. Christopher Houseman was recovered after only half an hour by a smug-looking Adam, but Richard Percival's loss brought a number of us to near exhaustion in pursuit and finally we decided to leave Mrs. Manship in Munich. Fortunately, they both returned by train soon after nine o'clock that evening.

Save this final mishap, the trip was a magnificent success and well worth while. Great thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Manship, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Wickens, Kathy Manship and Claire for fixing arguably the best Chapel Choir concert tour to date.



Buses leave

photo: Ammar Tahir

ART SCHOOL TRIP TO FLORENCE

(27 Aug 93 - 3 Sept 93)

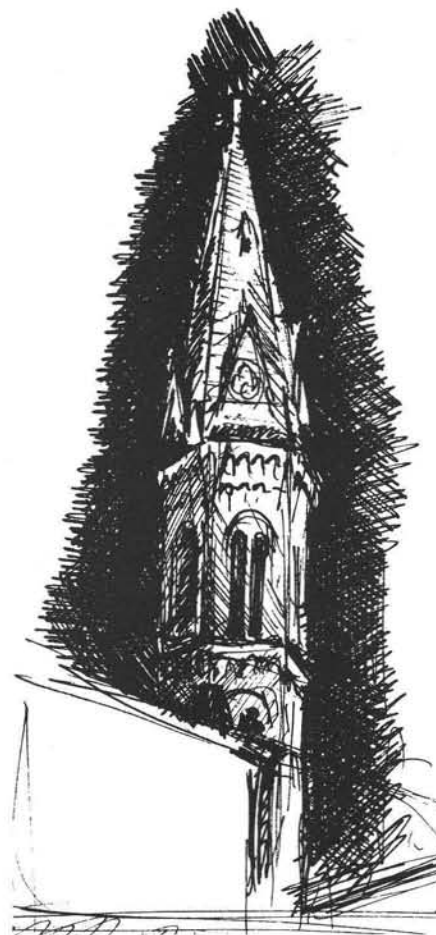
John Chandler, Alex Greaney and I were lucky enough to spend a week in Florence with Mrs. Boulton as our guide. The plane landed late at night in pouring rain at Pisa Airport, where we were met by Mrs. Boulton, who accompanied us on the train journey to Florence. Next morning we had our first sight of the city. We took a bus to the Piazzale Michelangelo up on the side of a hill south of Florence, from where we had a complete overview of the city. Immediately we realised that Florence was not some rundown mediaeval city. From a distance the reds of the roofs and the apricot colours of the walls ran together to contrast with the surrounding silvery green countryside and the brilliant blue sky. Thirty minutes later we were standing in front of the enormous Duomo (Cathedral), the dome of which is a comparable feat of engineering to the Pyramids - if piling stones one on top of the other could be described as such (*why not the Pantheon in Rome?* - Ed.). The Museum of the Duomo houses Donatello's Magdalen and the original door panels by Ghiberti and Pisano. Next we visited Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence, with the tombs of Galileo, Michelangelo, Rossini and Machiavelli. Beside the church lies the Pazzi Chapel and Cloisters of Brunelleschi, which beguiled us with their tranquillity and elegance.



Alex Greaney, John Chandler, Jon Coleman at Pisa photo: Mrs Boulton

Day 2. Fortified by numerous cups of coffee, we stormed off to Santa Maria Novella, another fine church, which contains chapels dedicated to the leading families of Renaissance Florence. The Altar Chapel was frescoed by Ghirlandaio for the Tornabuoni Family. Also of note was the crucifixion fresco by Masaccio. Outside we admired the cloisters with frescoes by Uccello. In the afternoon, we sketched the church of Santo Spirito with its bare yellow facade.

Day 3. We admired the church of San Lorenzo, built for the Medicis and designed by Brunelleschi with a later unfinished facade by Michelangelo. Within the complex, we found Michelangelo's mathematically precise staircase which leads up to the Laurentian Library. The Medici Ricardi Palazzo close by contained the fascinating jewel-like chapel by Benozzo Gozzoli depicting the 'Procession of the Magi'. After lunch we took the bus to the town of Fiesole to see the Roman remains.



Day 4. Another bus trip through the beautiful Tuscan landscape to the mediaeval town of Siena, home of the Duccio School of painters, traditionalists who paid less attention to perspective. We ate our lunch on the shell-shaped cobbled square outside the vast town hall. Inside the building we found Simone Martini's 'Maesta' and frescoes by Lorenzetti. We ended the day with a tour of the Gothic cathedral.

Day 5. We returned to San Lorenzo to sketch from Michelangelo's Medici chapel until we were evicted by museum officials. Disheartened by this, we trudged off to the Uffizi, where Mrs. Boulton gave us a guided tour of numerous masterpieces by Giotto, Botticelli and Uccello. We also saw great works of sculpture from Greek and Roman times.

Day 6. We spent the day at the Church and Monastery of San Marco, where there were many glowing frescoes by Fra Angelico, including the famous 'Annunciation'. After a pavement picnic of bread, cheese and grapes we went to the church of St. Mary of the Carmine, which is dominated by the newly restored fresco of 'The Life of St. Peter', started by Masaccio and Masolino and completed by Lipi.

Day 7. We said farewell to our favourite places in Florence - the Pazzi and the Standa Supermarket - and made some final sketches of the Church of Santa Croce. At 3.15 pm we took the train to Pisa Airport and then a taxi in the rain to the Piazza Miracoli to see the Leaning Tower. We arrived back at Gatwick at 8.30 pm, stunned by all we had seen. The trip was a great success, thanks to Mrs. Boulton and all those Italian ice-creams and pizzas we consumed.

Jonathan Coleman (VI JEF)

PARKER ON CHINA

It had been a long time coming. I had had over two years to plan what I would do and it goes without saying that I didn't complete all I had set myself. The Headmaster had been kind enough to suggest that I could spend all my time "drinking gin on the sun terrace", if that was what I wanted, but I decided to be a bit more adventurous; - do some travelling, some mathematics (getting the act together for the declining years!), some work on a middle school careers course, a little time on a preserved railway, some work on the cottage we had newly acquired - and the rest of the time drinking gin on the (new) sun terrace!

As most readers can guess, the most exciting part of the whole operation was the travel. Janet and I were celebrating our silver wedding and it was natural to take the opportunity to do something rather special. We plumped for China.

Air China, the equivalent of Aeroflot, but unbelievably better, gave us our first glimpse of the high standard of Chinese hospitality. On arrival at Beijing we were greeted by masses of posters "A more open China welcomes Olympics 2000" and could have been forgiven for thinking that the matter had already been decided! Writing this six months after our trip, I confess to a sneaking sadness that Sydney won the vote; maybe one way of helping improve a country's reputation is to get in there alongside the people, show good will, and help to educate them.

Beijing was unseasonably hot and very noisy. The unusually wide main streets were full of cyclists, with road side pumping and puncture stations (no DIY here). Memories include the beauty of the Summer Palace gardens, the colourful tracksuit uniforms of young schoolchildren, the sheer size and vibrant colour of the Forbidden City, the expanse of Tiananmen Square (where, incidentally, the guides did not want us to go - but we insisted), the Mao Mausoleum (he was in but we didn't visit), the disdain with which officials treated the devout in the temples, the walk to the Ming tombs, and of course the Great Wall at Badaling some 50 kilometres from Beijing. At the Wall the guide said most tourists turn right - so we turned left, giving ourselves a tougher climb on very steep steps: that way we avoided the crowds and walked as far as we could before coming to a section not yet restored. Magnificent views included a sight of the Beijing-Moscow train on the Trans-Siberian. Tourism has arrived, the level of commercialism was unexpected, and we were surrounded by people selling T-shirts (very good and very cheap); haggling was rife (two coolie hats for less than the price of one). The Great Wall Certificate has pride of place at home.

We then moved on to Xian, which was nearly as hot as Beijing, very dusty, with a large shanty town area and families seemingly spending all their time on the streets. It was here that we first saw the slit trousers of Chinese children being put to good use - they simply squat in the gutter! The souvenir traders worked very long hours from seven in the morning to well after midnight. Our main memory of Xian must, of course, be the Terracotta Warriors. These guard the entrance to the tomb of the Emperor Qin. Two pits have been excavated so far, with a third to come soon. The size of pit No. 1 was far in excess of anything we had anticipated - more like Wembley than the Manor. The craftsmanship of the figures was superb, with many variations of face and uniform.

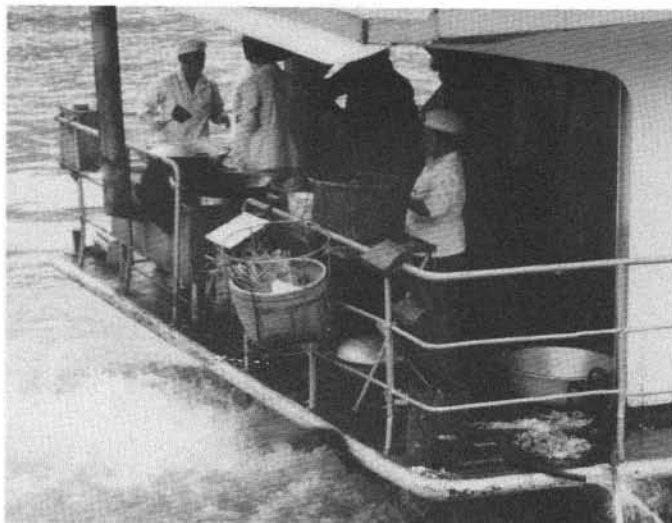
Then to Shanghai - a bustling, overcrowded metropolis with a traffic problem worse than London's. The airport and our hotel

were on opposite sides of the city so we spent an inordinate amount of time travelling. However, there were good things to do - a train journey (definitely a highlight, but by boring diesel) to Suzhou where the attractions were the superb 'Garden of the Nets' and visits to a silk factory. We spent a good hour in the typical Chinese garden which, though not large, was skilfully created to give many different views as one walked round. At the silk factory we saw the whole process, from dealing with the worm to the finished article. A typical silk is worked on by two workers for several months; the eyestrain is phenomenal (all retire by the age of forty). We saw one highly privileged worker who had been provided with specs. One silk of which they were justly proud was double sided, with the Prince of Wales seen from one side and - yes, you guessed correctly - seen from the other. We had many visits, some good, some dull, to factories and shops: each guide had to take us to a set one and would be in trouble with her superiors if she did not. On the train journey, first class (lace antimacassars), we were treated to green tea and an opportunity to buy silks and ties at ridiculous western prices - silk ties for £3: one was marked "made in China for Liberty's of London". Shanghai itself offered the waterfront with its bustling but filthy river on one side and a panorama of rich and varying Victorian architecture on the other. Here we had difficulty escaping from the guides who were frightened we would get lost - but blunt talking and common sense prevailed and we took a protracted walk on The Bund. Here we were accosted by non-English-speaking Chinese who gesticulated madly at us and pointed at my camera. Eventually we gathered that they wanted a photograph of us with their family - western beards and ladies with blonde hair are pretty rare sights, it would appear! The Chinese in general, the wealthy ones at least, are photographic maniacs and spend much time taking photos of each other against everything from historic buildings to the latest Pepsi sign.



From Shanghai we flew to Guilin. Each leg took us further south and to a cooler climate and by now we were in a very wet region not too far from Hong Kong. It was here that we had a truly magnificent boat trip down the River Li. Four hours just watching the scenery go by; those sugar loaf mountains are not a figment of the artist's imagination. A wonderful relaxation towards the end of a hectic programme. Whilst in Guilin we had a second trip to the river to see trained cormorants catching fish and we visited the night market. Here ear plugs are obligatory as the idea is to grind the visitor into submission with a cacophony of sales talk. This we didn't understand in any detail (!) but that didn't stop them. We struck a very good bargain for a lace tablecloth,

finishing at well under half the asking price.



Before we leave China the observant reader will spot that the subject of food hasn't been mentioned. OK here goes: we were staying in western standard four and five star hotels throughout and were advised to take American Breakfast. Lunch was always taken in a Chinese restaurant during a break in the sightseeing and was excellent in the north, getting worse as we went south. Dinner was in the hotel and most "ate western". The one evening we tried something Chinese, in Shanghai, it was not particularly

TRIP TO BIELEFELD

During the Summer term of the fifth year I was intercepted by Mr. Hasnip and asked whether I was interested in going to Bielefeld during the Autumn term. I heard nothing more about it until, a few months later, I received a letter from my host-family, the Haubolds. A fortnight later I was in Bielefeld.

Bielefeld is a fairly large town, which like most German towns, is spotless, with efficient public transport and strict town planning (local taxes are also quite high). Similar to many north German towns, it has some buildings with stepped gables and a large British garrison. Heavy wartime bombing means that the Ratsgymnasium is now one of the oldest buildings in the town centre.



The Ratsgymnasium

photo: John Asher

The Ratsgymnasium, being located in the centre, is very different from Abingdon School. Everything is inside a single large building, and most rooms have the same shape, size and colour-scheme, making the interior decoration somewhat monotonous. Their sixth-form common room is only about a quarter of the size of ours, so it can be very crowded there.

successful; "congi with beef" was reminiscent of Polyfilla with bits and the jellyfish was like discarded Royal Mail rubber bands lightly fried in Castrol. The best meal throughout was the feast on the boat trip on The Li. It was a superb banquet though we were glad we didn't see the kitchens at the back of the boat until we had eaten. How do you do the washing up when you're afloat and think no-one is watching?

Finally Hong Kong, where we spent three nights. Flying in there at night is a memory etched on the mind. Hong Kong was a great experience although, by now a little travel weary, we settled for staying fairly central. The Peak Tram, the metro, the Star Ferry, the sheer density of building, afternoon tea at the Sheraton waiting for the suit to be finished, good reliable food and very



cheap electronics are all memories to treasure but are nothing compared to the large Rodin exhibition in the new galleries. Out of France for the first time were 'The Thinker' accompanied by 'The Kiss' and 'The Gates Of Hell' (truly awful) and many other pieces. An excellent way to prepare one for the 17-hour flight home, courtesy Cathay Pacific.

Charles Parker

Up until the Untersekunda, the equivalent of the fifth-year, all teaching is done in forms, as a fairly fixed curriculum is followed. In the three-years of the Oberstufe or sixth-form, however, a variety of optional courses are taught. Each sixth-former must learn two Leistungskurse, which are a bit like A-Levels, and about eight Grundkurse, like AS-Levels. Although this sounds like a lot, the total workload is about the same there as it is here. All the assessment of pupils is done internally by means of tests called Klausuren.

After the nine years in secondary school, all male Germans must do National Service. Most serve in the Bundeswehr, or federal army, for a year, but anyone who claims to be a conscientious objector can do civilian service lasting for 14 months. Then, and only then, is it possible to go on to university, where long degree courses mean that some, like potential doctors, will not even graduate until they are about thirty.

I stayed with the Haubold family in a suburb of Bielefeld called Senne, which is on the side of the chain of low hills called Teutoburger Wald. To get into school each day, I travelled by tram. As the first lesson in the Ratsgymnasium starts at 7.50 am, I had to get up very early. However, the early start means that the school day ends at lunch time every day, Monday to Saturday. During weekends, I went out to visit places like Berlin, Munich and Frankfurt.

I feel that it was both a very enjoyable trip and a useful experience which I would recommend to everyone interested, even though the only success I had in the newly-inaugurated Lower-Sixth Tests immediately after my return was in the German test (*what happened to the rest?* - Ed.).

John Asher (6WHZ)

TEN TORS '93

45 miles.

Team: David Malcolm: leader
 Tim Baker
 William Wagner
 Henry Powell-Jones
 Richard Scott
 Stuart Fisher

It was 5 am on Saturday 26th that we gathered shivering on the gravel in front of school: everyone was in good spirits (though mentally still in bed) and swapped notes on clothing which had either been borrowed or bought at great expense. Richard Scott in particular was not found wanting in this department, threatening to beat up anyone who challenged the superiority of his coat's three-way breathing system (or something).

Conversation quickly ran out as lack of sleep took its toll and we all slept soundly for most of the four-hour journey to Dartmoor. As we approached Oakhampton Military Camp we saw the tents of the other entrants sprawled in their hundreds over a huge field: we chose our camp site and promptly set up our tents as rain began to set in. We checked in and talked eagerly of the course and the challenge awaiting us, blissfully unaware of the thirty-six hours awaiting us on Dartmoor.

Our first task was to satisfy the scrutineers that we were fully equipped; unfortunately the tents were included in the inspection and we had to uproot them only half an hour after having put them up. With this tedium out of the way we ate heartily and squeezed our bloated bodies into sleeping bags for the night.

We were woken first at three thirty by Stuart "the limb" Fisher's perfectly executed somersault on account of his bad negotiation of the guy ropes; having narrowly escaped suffocation we fell back to sleep. Unfortunately we were woken again only an hour and a half later by those 'pranksters' in the army who decided that it would be the height of amusement to play such classics as 'Chariots of Fire' and 'I wish it would rain down' loudly over the Tannoy to wake us up. Our spirits, however, were soon revived by the excellent cooking of Mr. Baker and numerous mugs of coffee.

At six forty-five we arrived at the starting line; the sun was shining and at seven o'clock we set off in good spirits with Dr. Horn looking despondent, sincerely wishing he could come with us, but it was not to be. After about two minutes Tim Baker collapsed (with exhaustion!) only to tie up his shoelace. The first tor we encountered was 'Kitty' which was only a few miles away and we made it in good time, wrongly assuming that we were a tenth of the way there. (We were in fact about one twentieth). From 'Kitty' onwards the weather was constantly changing on account of Dartmoor's exposure to high winds, so we had to keep adding and removing layers, with the result that we were either freezing or boiling.

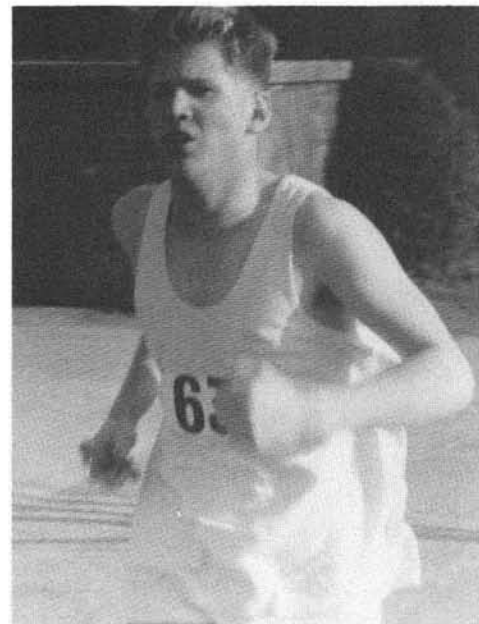
Nothing of great note happened from tors one to five: we walked at a good pace and kept more or less on schedule and the weather was good. It was tor five onwards that the problems started. Tim was having problems with blisters and we all had to slow down our pace and bear with him. At tor five we collapsed, fatigue had begun to set in: from then onwards the pace began to slow and

conversation died as our spirits dipped to their lowest ebb. However, we laboured on past tor six in reasonable time to pitch camp for the night at tor seven. We pitched our tents as near as we were allowed to our next tor. The last thing we felt like was cooking but as we had eaten only Mars bars and energy tablets all day we knew that we needed lots of carbohydrates to survive the last three tors, and so the cooking commenced. Such dainties as burnt baked beans, burnt rice and burnt spaghetti were served (one did have the option of having all these things uncooked if one preferred): we feasted on these culinary delights, stretched off our tired muscles and collapsed into our tents. At this point the effect of our first day's walking became apparent: where once feet had existed, now were swollen white lumps with growths, not dissimilar to craters on the moon, erupting over their entire length.

We woke the next day to the sound of heavy pattering on the roofs of our tents; the rain had come. It was almost inevitable that Dartmoor's more usual climate should be revealed at some point. Having packed up our tents we set off into heavy drizzle; we made tor eight in good time and the weather improved slightly until tor nine. Tors nine and ten were the worst of all: the rain came down in sheets soaking us to the skin and everyone's spirits dropped except Richard Scott's and Will Wagner's. Richard was either walking proof that his coat worked after all or maybe those pills he was taking did the trick. Will 'no pain' Wagner came through it all with a smile on his face; no one, including Will, knew why. The last two miles were uphill into strong wind and horizontal rain but we got to the finish, dirty and too exhausted to even speak.

We collected our certificates and medals and collapsed gulping in the cool Dartmoor air, happy that it was all over. It was apparently the hardest ten tors for along time and several teams had been forced to pull out, yet we had done it and caught the cup final on the radio in the process. I would like to thank Mr. Baker and Dr. Horn for driving us around and looking after us and Dave Malcolm for navigating us right over the highest tor on Dartmoor completely unnecessarily.

H. Powell-Jones



Henry Powell-Jones leading in. photo: R. Porter

55 miles. 14th May 1993.

Bill Dutton: *Team Leader*, Robin Morris: *Navigator*, Nick Hardy, Jeremy Hart, Simon Drew, Kevin Squire.

Weather:

Sat a.m. Strong West wind, Showers of hail & Sunny Periods, good visibility. Streams and rivers full and bogs swampy. Wet feet for Bill.

Saturday p.m. Strong West winds, hail turned to rain, sunny periods ground still very boggy - stream and rivers in flood. Wet feet for all.

Sunday a.m. Stronger, bitter South/West winds, continuous rain. Tors covered in cloud. Waterproofs required all the time. Air temperature cold. Team soaked.

Sunday p.m. Gale force 8 winds, continuous driving rain, much of which horizontal. Most of moor except valley bases filled with cloud - poor visibility and navigation difficult. Very cold - Team drowned. Choppers grounded.

"The tents were blown back at camp so the only shelter was the minibus where we changed into fresh wet clothes and with blisters bigger than our toes, we returned to Abingdon. We will never return to Dartmoor..."

Tor	Name	Distance (min)/km	Total (min) Distance/km	Time / Hrs	Min Speed Km/Hr
0	Start	0	0	07:06	0
1	Shilstone	8	8	08:46	4.8
2	Steeperon	4.5	12.5	09:59	3.7
3	Sittaford	6	18.5	11:42	3.5
-	Combestone	11.5	30	15:14	3.3
4	Pupers Hill	4.5	34.5	16:34	3.4
5	Hartor	7	41.5	18:37	3.4
6	Trolesworthy	5	46.5	19:25	6.3
7	S. Hessary	8	54.5	06:24	-
8	Staple	6.5	61	08:00	4.1
9	Rough	8	69	10:25	3.3
10	Sourton	12	81	14:49	2.7
	Finish	5.5	86.5	16:08	3.9

Bill Dutton (ex VI H)

BOARDING LIFE



Showcase

SELECTED HAIKUS BY 1W

The War

*Long rifles straight and tall,
Old boots in the corner lie.
Tattered memories on the wall.*

Chad Mason

Cars

*Rushing by very fast
Letting off fumes into the air.
Another car goes past.*

Jonathan Earley

School

*I go there in rain,
Get extremely bored
And go home again*

John Walford

Night

*Night is colourless;
It doesn't let you take a look
At what is out there.*

Joseph Otterburn

Train

*Like a big head,
Linking with so many small bodies,
Running on its track.*

Joseph Yau

The Fossil

*Underground it lies
Covered by the earth's layers
Many thousands of years old.*

Mark Munro

The Weather Cock

*He sits on the spire.
He tells the wind's direction,
And he's no liar.*

Michael Pagett

Cherry Blossom

*Lush white globes, falling.
Cherry blossom dropping down,
As the day is dawning.*

James Eaton

Coral

*The storm overhead
The coral safe under the waves,
In a peaceful world.*

Mark Munro

Sun

*Summer's sun beaming
It's golden rays ripening
Fruit for the harvest.*

Tom Partridge

THE RIGHTS OF SPRING

*Spring is the season of much joy,
Life is the job, it is employed.
Any ponds with no ducks there
Are obviously dry and without care.
Hedges, bushes and other green plants
Sprout around us and we see at a glance
Spring is here, no doubt about that,
Time to get out the old table tennis bat!
The smell of the mown grass wafts to
my nose
While green grass is wet around my toes.
I see colourful quilts of patchwork fields
As hedges form the boundary shields.
Birds are singing, my ears are ringing;
On the telly, no more skiing!
Ah, the clear waters of the stream,
In its wetness the hot sun gleams.
New seeds the farmer does sow,
Ooh, fast food for budding crows!
The heavenly skies once more turn blue,
The outdoor train shunts past,
"Woo woo!"
Spring is the season of much joy,
Life is the job, it is employed.
Any ponds with no ducks there
Are obviously dry and without care.*

B. Darling (1W)

SPRINGTIME

*Spring is the nicest time of
year,
Lovely crisp mornings,
White shining blossom,
Beautiful flowers,
Bursting here and everywhere,
Birds returning,
To their nest sites,
Hedgehogs waking,
Ice melting,
Clouds departing,
Making way for the clear blue
sky,
Dazzling sunshine,
Taking us out of winter's clasp,
Church bells ringing,
The damp smell of fresh grass
cuttings,
The cricket season,
Oh hooray,
Whack,
The ball goes for six,
Oh I do love Spring.*

J. Otterburn (1W)

SPRING

*A mist of green in patchwork fields,
Budding hedgerows forming defensive
shields.
New seeds the farmer sows,
Fast food for the cunning crows.
Daffodils dance in the warm spring
breeze,
Waiting patiently for busy bees.
Flowers showing their exquisite art,
Children playing in the park.
Warm sun clasps the earth,
Boats are waiting at their berth.
Blue sky brightens dull, old towns,
A circus comes with tumbling clowns.
Spring is here, good-bye to cold,
Another season to unfold.*

J. McNally (1W)

ANGELICA

"Listen up cowboy. If da' money ain't here by midday tomorrow you're gonna have a little surprise. Now beat it, ya' filthy ass."

"Look you don't have to go to all that trouble. I'm not bothered, honest."

"We're not here to mess around, do I make myself clear. You've heard what we had to say, is it all clear?"

"Oh, huh-huh. Yes."

"Now get out of MY SIGHT!!"

John scampered to the door. "Bye," he called. They replied with a round of lead. John ducked, missing the fire, opened the door and ran outside into the night.

Ten minutes later he arrived home; a derelict shack north of town. John wasn't married, but had an adopted daughter called Angelica, (Angie for short), who was aged about six, but no one was really sure. She was lying on the carpet next to the hearth with her pet cow, Honker. John's mother sat sleeping on a chair. She had the rather unusual talent of being able to carry on knitting though asleep. She was a fast knitter and could knit twenty stitches to each snore.

"Hello, Angie."

"Hello, Dad. Did you kill anybody today?"

"Um."

"Bah! Why can't you be like Lucy's Dad? He kills someone every day."

"I-I, I used to when I was younger."

"I bet. Dad you're useless, it's abnormal."

"ANGELICA, get into bed! And for the last time, it's not abnormal to be a coward. And get that disgusting cow of yours away. It's leaving the contents of its stomach on my carpet!"

"Night Daddy."

"Night Angie."

"Where's the pot? It was here," cried John, while Angie listened intently from behind the door.

"If I can't find the money I'll just have to take my gun and apologize."

Angie chuckled from behind the door.

"Angie, go to bed! Do you realise the time? It's 3 o' clock."

"Dad, who wants money? Is it Peter Shakleston? I bet it is!"

"Angelica! I just owe him some money. Not much. Now, go to bed, you're tired. I can see you yawning."

Early next morning Angelica woke up to find her Dad gone. Without dressing she searched the house. She gave Honker her breakfast in front of the fire.

"Granny wake up! Where's my Daddy?"

"Said he was going for a walk," the aged couch potato managed to say.

"Granny you're irresponsible. I don't know, letting him out on his own like that," wailed Sam. There was no reply, just a loud grunt coming from Grandma, who had lapsed back into knitting.

Back at Shakleston's warehouse, preparation was being made for John's appearance.

"What'd ya' say we take da' money and do away with dat feeble prat Smyth," suggested O'Reilly.

"O'Reilly shud up!" said Shakleston. "Let me do the thinking. Hey! Let's take da' money and do away with Smyth. That's a great idea. If only you could have thought of that one."

Shakleston's five employees fell silent.

"Now get ready, he'll be here in a few minutes," shouted Shakleston.

Five minutes later John stood in the doorway, his gun hidden in his pocket.

"Where's da' money Smyth?"

"Sorry to let you down lads, I haven't got it. Instead ma - may." He paused and started again. "Maybe you'd be interested in fifty cows?"

"No, you had ya' chance and ya' blew it. Now we're gonna' blow you"

The five huge men neared John. O'Reilly lifted his gun and roared:

"Get him!"

Gun shots sounded all over the derelict old building. John leapt behind a pile of bricks, drew his gun and fired back. It seemed hopeless: John just couldn't hit one of Shakleston's men. After a few minutes, John's gun gave up on him. Frantically he fell to the floor crying.

"M-U-M-M-Y!"

"Are ya' giving up Smyth?"

There was no reply.

"Come on guys, let's finish off. We can take his cattle anyway."

Suddenly from the back of the warehouse the latch on the door swung across and the door flew open.

"Howdy guys, let's go play."

It was Angie in a cowhide jacket and cowboy boots which reached past her knees. She had a dark Stetson and was carrying two beautiful large rifles in each hand. Reaching to her pocket, she pulled on a pair of sunglasses. (*How many hands does she have? - Ed.*)

"Suck this, ya' filthy rats," she said, loading her guns. Shakleston and his men turned and fired. She stepped aside, letting the bullets ricochet against the wall. "Now it's my turn." She held out the guns and shot. The bullets spun into the throats of three of the men, knocking them to the floor. Only Shakleston, O'Reilly and Redwood were left standing. They were so amazed, they didn't react and fire back.

"Whoops," the small girl joked. Then, dropping her weapons, she hoisted up the chord around her neck. Attached to it was a loaded machine gun.

"Been nice knowin' ya' suckers." She raised the gun and pulled back the trigger. The noise was incredible, but the gun was effective and all three men toppled over onto the dusty floor."

"Did you see that Daddy?" said Angie. "That's how Lucy's Dad does it. Now your go!"

A. Holland (11 years old)

NEVER A CROSSWORD

A dictionary
Is not solely for looking up useful
Words.
It is a tool
In the writer's world of make-believe,
Of fantasy.
Di'ctionary n. Book
Explaining, usually in alphabetical
order,
The words of a language or
Words and topics of some special
subject
Or author.
An author may be several things but,
above all,
He, or she, should not be -
Ignored,
Taken for granted,
Despised, or criticised (too much).
He is in fact (or fiction),
Au'thor n, Originator
(Of a condition of things, events etc.);
A writer of books, essays etc.;
Author's writings.
Writing is -
The natural skill we develop,
As time passes
In an hour glass until the last letter-
grain creeping
Stealthily forward,
Plunges down into the never-ending
pool of words strung
Together into phrases,
Then sentences.
Words are utensils, as potential pen
power
In your grasp,
Lying dormantly,
In wait,
In the dictionary.

N.A. Munro

MYE SPELING

Mi speling is apalling,
I'me toled it is erattlk,
If i'me nott botum of the klass,
I reely get xtatik.

Teecher Sez that I'me so bad,
I knead sum educayshun,
He sez if I dont buk up soone,
I'le bee wurst in The nayshun.

I dont reely se the poynt
Of lernin' 'ow to spel,
It just dont cum naturul tu me,
Yu se I carnt rite wel.

J. Walford (1W)

BOSNIAN POEM

<i>He looks at me,</i>	<i>Which is to take him</i>	<i>And from his hands,</i>
<i>With tear-stained eyes;</i>	<i>From his home,</i>	<i>I receive</i>
<i>His small hands,</i>	<i>From the death</i>	<i>One last moment</i>
<i>Pressed against</i>	<i>And the suffering,</i>	<i>Of warmth,</i>
<i>The cold glass walls</i>	<i>Which engulfs this country.</i>	<i>Before he goes.</i>
<i>Of the steel prison,</i>		

D. Logan



THE WOUND

*The wound seems small
to others, a mere scratch
caused by a name, just small
but truer than you think*

*But to the owner it's deep
and sore. It sticks around,
and deepens and it's much worse
than a cut finger that heals quickly.*

*But this sort never heals
no matter how hard you try,
it never quite leaves,
completely: it bruises.*

*It bruises deep and stays
there hurting. All the time
it's there, black and blue.
And just a slip of the tongue can open it
again.*

David Jones (3DWDC)



Still Life

Alex Hutchins (5)

OUR WORLD

WHALES...

Four whales swimming in the sea,
One gets shot, now there's only three.
Three whales swimming side by side,
An oil slick comes their way, another
one has died.
Two whales as beautiful as they may be,
Men in boats kill them, out in the deep
blue sea.
One whale gets scared and swims onto
the shore,
This one has died, how many more?

TREES...

Four trees where a forest used to be,
One dies, now there's only three.
Three trees are no longer big and
strong,
Especially after the men with chainsaws
come along.
Two trees growing strong and high,
The acid rain comes along, one begins
to die.
One tree grows up into the sky,
Pollution kills this one, how will
they cry?

ELEPHANTS...

Four elephants walking side by side,
The men with rifles come along, an
elephant has fallen.
Three elephants in the water, splashing
and having fun,
Two of them get away, while one falls
victim to the gun.
Two elephants wild and free,
Another gets shot for its tusks of ivory.
One elephant gets a bullet wound and
falls onto the floor,
This one has died, how many more?

MEN...

Four men breathing smog and smoke,
The very next day one begins to choke.
Three men work in a nuclear dump
instead,
But one gets infected and soon he
is dead.
Two men start walking about,
But no water is found, so one dies of
drought.
One man forms cancer of the skin,
I'm asking you to save our world, don't
let pollution win.

Stephen Fabes (1W)

GROWING UP

A small child, running in dungarees,
The only thing at my height was all the
adults' knees.
Voices from the heavens, thunder and
boom,
"What a sweet little child. Does he have
his own room?"
Walking under the furniture, hiding
under seats,
Now the only thing at my height was
all the adults' feet.
"He's broken out of his play-pen, he's
gone at a glance.
He'd break out of Colditz, if given half
a chance!"
When I'd walk out of hiding, they'd
exclaim, "Oh, there you are!"
Then they'd hoist me up into the air and
put me back behind bars.
When it comes to toys I must be the
best,
Putting "Fisher Price" and even
"Tonka" to the test.
If given a plaything, I'd break it in two,
Or quickly proceed to flush it down
the loo!

A lot of years have past now, I'm a
pupil at school,
All my friends have grown up, and think
they're so cool.
Ink pellets and homework, all
trademarks of my studious life,
And occasionally annoying teachers,
whose careers are ridden with strife.
Those days are my most enjoyable,
though they've moments of disaster-
I threw a rubber at a gentleman's hat,
and it turned out to be the Headmaster!

Years fly by again, as I've become a
middle-aged man,
All the days right up to here are only
half my lifespan!
To avoid the work that comes with my
job, I hid in the toilets as much as
I could,
Till my boss realised my computer was
off, and I'd not been doing as much
as I should.

Time flashes by again, as I reach the
age of oldness,
But my most important problem's my
head- I've a serious case of baldness!
I have not seen a tooth for many a day,
for they are far between and few.
In fact, the problem became so bad, I
bought some false teeth to chew!

Time has flashed by me, my life has
gone so fast,
But I still believe in Santa Claus and the
ghost of Christmas past.

T. Frankum (2S)

LOOKING BACK

Growing up is an uphill struggle,
Everything seems harder,
Much more is expected of you,
Now you have to unload the dishwasher
- (not Mum),
You have to learn how to behave like
an adult,
And you have to do your homework
on your own,
You are expected to organise things
for yourself,
As you get more mature you are
more calm,
You don't play with your toys any more,
You go out, meet girls, go to clubs,
You start to enjoy yourself as an adult,
Then you realise that you've grown up,
You look at some little kids playing
and say to yourself,

"I was like that."

L. Jackson (2S)

GOOD-BYE

The pain is too much
A thousand grim winters grow
in his head.
And now they will go wandering
Away from their belligerent home,
Away from the bloody conflict,
Away from the distant cries,
The enmity,
The doleful warrior,
The purposeless warfare.
Why? For they began it.

Away they shall go: the children, their
mothers,
Wandering wondering,
More loved,
More wanted
Than ever.

In his ears, the sounds of the
coming dead.
Through all seasons; through all pains.
No drug to lock his senses
But yet standing there pensive.

Back home, the flowers in his garden
grow down.
Their colour is pain
Their fragrance sorrow.
When his child waves good-bye
The only colour is black
The only sound the broken bell.

R. Patel

SO YOU WANT TO BE IN MOVIES?.....

If you are anything like me, you take a healthy interest in films: going to the cinema once in a while, perhaps hiring a videotape for those long evenings when the marking etc. dries up. You watch Barry Norman's "Film '93" now and again and pat yourself on the back that you are keeping up to date with all the latest films, stories and, if you have a particular star as your hero, with his or her career. So what do you do when someone asks you to appear in a feature film? You thump yourself on the back because, as Langbridge said,

"Two men look out through the same bars:
One sees the mud, and one the stars."

Sir Anthony Hopkins is the star in this film. (And I still haven't plucked up the courage to see "The Silence of the Lambs"!)

Directed by Lord Attenborough, it is called "Shadowlands" and is the story of C. S. Lewis' life and loves at Magdalen College in the 1950s. It opens in the U.S. before Christmas 1993, and should reach British cinemas around spring next year.



Sir Anthony Hopkins

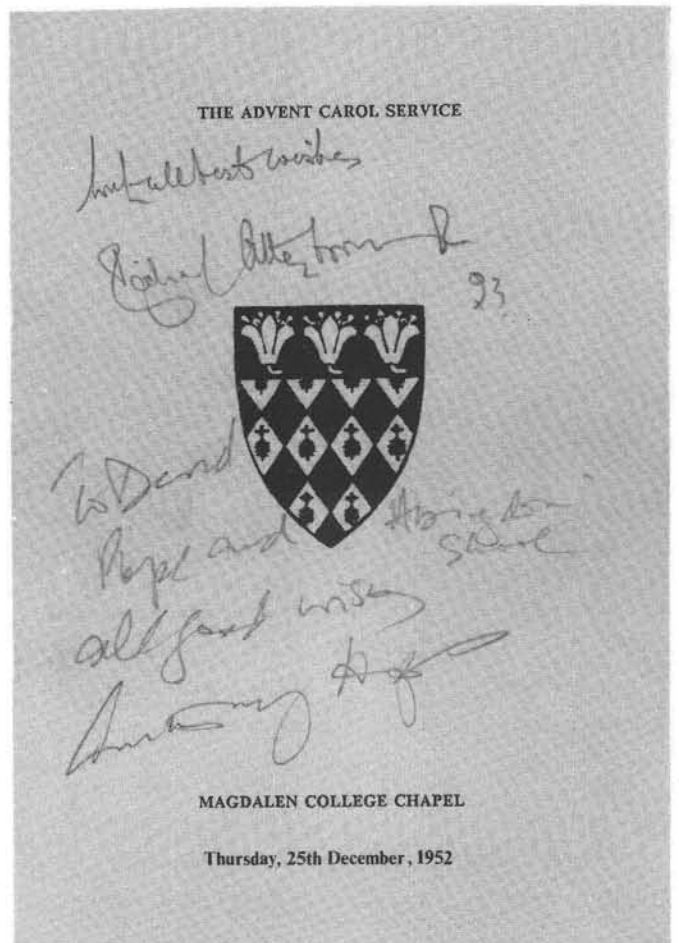


Lord Attenborough

It is actually quite easy to appear in a film. My particular role was that of a singer in the College choir, (and I actually start the whole thing), but if you happen to be around Oxford with time on your hands when the film crew are there, you can sign on as an "extra", in which case you will get paid £40 a day to hang around, be well fed and watered, and possibly be summoned to appear on set in the shot. In Attenborough's films of course, with his casts of thousands - think of Gandhi- it is actually quite likely that you will be able to wave to Mum. There are side benefits, too - I have had no less than two expert 1950s' haircuts, and my black shoes regularly shined for free! (What do you mean, you never noticed?!) Nice work if you can get it! Perhaps rather you should ask yourself whether you prefer mud or stars?

Of course, my profuse thanks go to my long-suffering colleagues on the staff and to the Headmaster, who have variously enabled me to be in Oxford for the filming and recording. Sir Anthony has promised though, that at some point during his busy global schedule over the next two years, he will try to come to Abingdon School to address us all on how to be a star - so watch this space. In the meantime, look out through those bars and study the picture and dedicated autographs below, they should hopefully whet your appetites for the day when the Star appears in the Amey Hall!

D.J. Pope, 8th July 1993



“THE GOOD CITIZEN”

- an essay on the condition of society in 1993 and growing up in this society.

Possibly at no other time in human history has life been so complicated, complex and dangerous. The narrow path of life is surrounded by countless evils of all kinds and it is becoming more and more difficult to remain on the path without falling victim to one of the demons.

While we are a long way from the type of society that Aldous Huxley would have us believe in, we are certainly very far also from an entity of any distinct happiness or security. The phrase ‘human nature being what it is’ is becoming more and more disturbing for the very reason that human nature itself is becoming more disturbing. Society now is more aggressive, more ruthless and less caring than ever before. Add to this other factors - the new age of liberalism, the increase of undesirable elements in society, the flouting of long-standing moral principles, the dominance of greed and selfishness replacing ‘old’ ideals - and you have a picture of horrific proportions where recklessness and ungodliness have become commonplace and most moral principles have been discarded.

This cannot pretend to be an earth-shattering philosophical theory like those of Burke, Russell or Freud; nor a fantastic prediction of the predicament of society in the future, in the style of Wells, Huxley or Orwell. What it can be is this - a personal work (opinionated as anything personal must be) of self-expression about something for which its author cares passionately. I hope that this work, or at least a part of it, will be valuable to its readers.

Civilisation must bring with it many problems. These problems are there to be dealt with in order to allow civilisation to continue. Yet we may have reached a stage where human nature and society has become so perverse that it is beginning to destroy itself. We may have reached a stage where the problems which, up until now, we have always conquered, have been rendered insurmountable simply because society has become destructive, too immoral and too blind. Therefore the problems will build up and give rise to further problems until the water is too deep to swim to the surface. If we have not reached this stage, we may be about to.

I wish to get down to detail, seeing as I could easily be accused of throwing about vague and casual theories of pretentious magnitude. Violence, drugs, pollution, war, famine, oppression, racism, sexism. . . a random list of evils very much in evidence throughout society. There are many more. A recent phenomenon to emerge from the annals of moral consciousness is that of Political Correctness. Crime is increasing. Marriages are breaking up with increased frequency. Our beaches are now officially the most polluted in the Milky Way (though apparently Neptune is thought to have even worse beach pollution - must be those spaceship joy-riders). (*Huh? - Ed.*)

I’m worried: I don’t want my parents to split up, I don’t want to be nuked, I don’t want to get skin cancer caused by UV rays getting through the hole in the ozone layer because I used too much deodorant spray last week.

So, you see, through all this, people are trying to make a Good

Citizen out of me. I’m trying to turn out all right - happy, successful - an asset to society. I’m under pressure (so are Ashley, Brian, Charlie, David etc.) It’s 1993, I’m seventeen years old, almost grown up (but not quite) and I’m scared that there’s little hope left for me. I try to think of others, I try to be happy, I work hard at school, I live by some of my own personally-established morals and principles (I try my best, I love my family, I’m anti-euthanasia, anti-abortion, anti-capital punishment, pro-monarchy and maybe I’d still vote Conservative if there was a general election tomorrow). But all around me people and things are falling apart - not just things a million miles away (famine in Somalia etc.) but things close to home.

I have what may be called a safety clause - despite any cynicism in my character, I can sincerely state that - yes - I believe in God and - yes - I believe in life after death.

To return to more mortal matters - Liberalism is dangerous; Freedom of the Press is one thing (another thing about which I have strong opinions) but this media-led age of irresponsibility, sexual promiscuity and so on scares me. The media have become our ‘dictator’ - they feed us propaganda, ‘nurture’ us - tell us what to do and how to do it. They are as corrupt as the corruption they claim to fight against. The mess we’re left in is a bloody one.

I only ask that this be read with some attempt to understand my views. I’m not trying to be pompous, condescending or clever. If you have anything to criticise, then do so. Certainly - you won’t agree with everything I’ve said, but then I’m probably being very naïve in believing that this will cause the slightest difference to what anyone else thinks or does.

Wilbur Smith said - ‘Always look to the future, there are not regrets in that direction.’ Well - I can already see the regrets.

People may question my motives for writing this (“He’s insecure”/ “He’s struggling for recognition”/ “What is this tripe?”). Some of these may be true.

Yet I was feeling very inspired when I wrote this. Tomorrow - or the next day - I may end up flat on my face. This has been a type of imitation of my secret heroes - people who REALLY inspire me - **Martin Luther King** - **J.D. Salinger** (lots of zany teenage philosophy) - **John Lennon** (he’s just. . . inspired).

Thank you for your (undivided) attention.

Good night - God bless.

Yours,

Zool Verjee

12:05 a.m., Monday, 14 June 1993.

THE SPIRE

*Surrounded by a cluster of
buildings
Staring wistfully at the
waves,
Protruding over the
rooftops,
Watching eagerly as the
ocean raves.*

*Its stone, grey eyes,
Covered in moss and sand,
Spying on mischievous
children,
Creating castles with their
hands.*

*After years of torture from
the waves,
Crashing against its walls,
Listening contentedly,
As the angry seagull calls.*

*A thin red haze settles in the
west,
And to a halt another day
grinds,
As the old tenor bell
precariously swings,
And eight o'clock it chimes.*

J. McNally (1W)

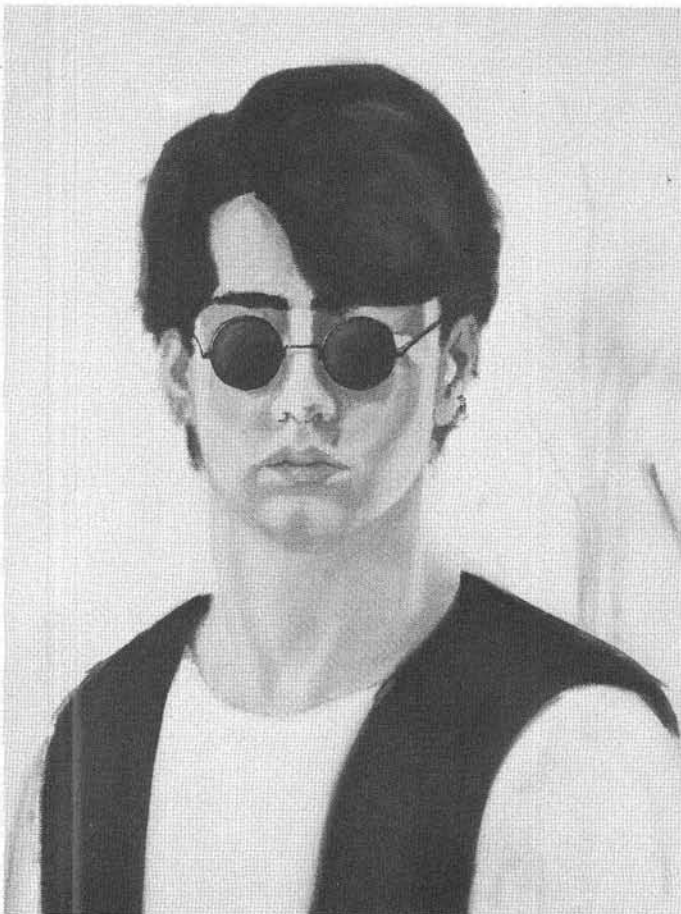


Reclining figure

Nick White

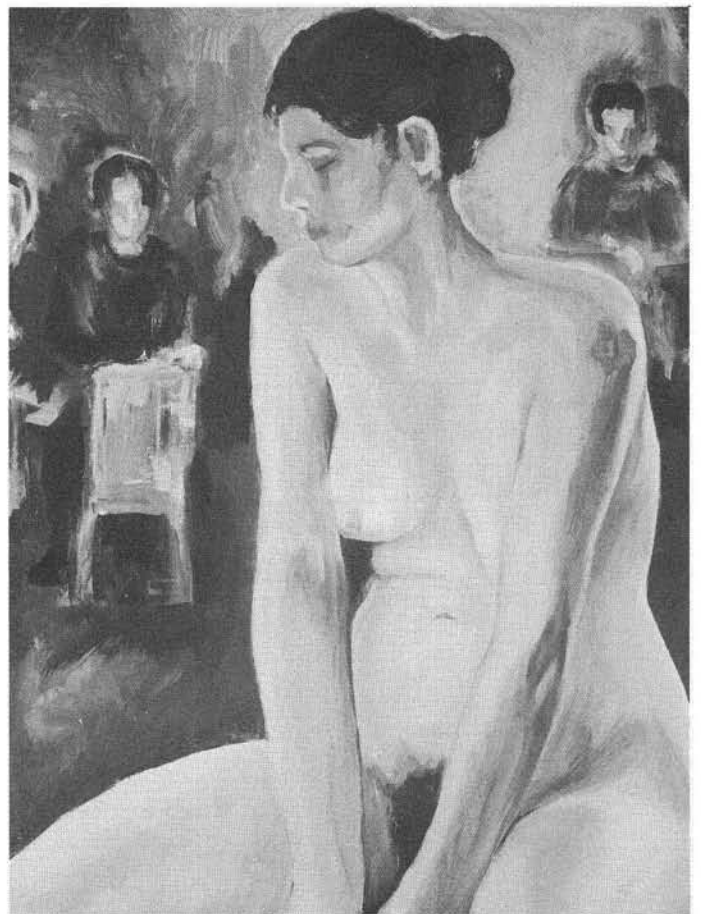


*Still life
Kier Darby (5)*



Portrait

Neil Barlow



Nude

Michael Fowkes

AUTOMATIC CAT FLAP

Part of a Technology Project submitted by **Robert Finch** for his **G.C.S.E.** Course.

IDENTIFICATION OF PROBLEM

I have a very lazy cat which always wants to go out at the most inconvenient times. At the moment we have a good, solid cat-flap but it can be quite heavy to open, especially for a small lazy cat like ours.

Another problem with our cat-flap, as with most, is that other cats can stroll in unchallenged. This has become quite a problem as cats have come in when we are all at school, eaten all of our cat's food, and left our cat to starve all day. If we let this continue then the other cats may go further and use the whole house without us being able to do anything about it.

More importantly, our cat is very nervous about using our flap as when she is just leaving it, it shuts on her tail! To avoid this the only thing that can presently be done is to hold open the flap for her; which, when we are around, she very much insists on.

ANALYSIS

- 1) I could leave the cat-flap open all the time. This would solve the problem of the cat having to open the flap, but wouldn't stop anything else coming in and would play havoc with the heating.
- 2) Design something to let my cat in and out. This would be more tricky but would solve all the aforementioned problems.
- 3) Train my cat to go out through the flap. This would be very time consuming without necessarily having the desired outcome at the end. It still wouldn't solve the problem of the other cats.
- 4) Take out the flap and let the cat in when you can. This would stop other cats coming in but my cat would still moan and hassle us.
- 5) Put the cat on a course of energy pills. This may eventually make our cat keep others away, but again the result may not quite be the one desired.
- 6) Continue to open the flap for her. This may save her the pain of getting her tail caught, but does not improve the present situation.

SPECIFICATION OF PERFORMANCE

I have chosen to design something to let my cat in and out automatically. This is because it seemed the most practical and would solve the problems previously mentioned.

For this project it is important it has the following specification:

- 1) It must be very **safe**, as if there are any loose wires or sharp edges the cat could easily get caught up and hurt.
- 2) It must be **durable**, because the cat may use it up to 20 times a day.
- 3) It must be **compact**; big enough to let the cat in and out, but any extra electrical boxes should be as inconspicuous as possible.
- 4) It must be very **reliable**, as if the system breaks down then the cat will either be locked in or out, and either is distressing for her.
- 5) It must be **quiet**, because noise can frighten her so that she will not use it.
- 6) The **cost** is quite important. There is no point in making something that would be cheaper to buy, the cost must not outweigh the benefits.

7) The flap must **open with ease** or on its own, otherwise the cat will not go through it.

8) It must **not let any other cat in**.

9) The end product should be **waterproof and draft proof**, as it will be submitted to all the elements.

10) It must **look attractive**, without drawing too much attention.

11) It must be **secure**. Therefore it should not exceed the present hole dimensions of 210 mm by 175 mm.

12) The final product must allow **enough time** for the cat to get out without catching its tail.

EVALUATION

Looking back at my specification I see that I have succeeded with most. The system is safe, with a minimum number of loose wires and the electronics neatly hidden away in a small box. However, the pump is very unsightly and big and one improvement would be to find a pump with all the power and quiet, but half the size! The end product seems very reliable and durable, as there are few moving parts. The flap is not very draught proof, this is because the aluminium zed section was too big. If I were to make it again I would obtain the correct, smaller, size of section.

My original estimation of nine or ten seconds for a time delay proved too long due to the high power of the pump, which I had not expected. A modification would be to make the delay less, say five or six seconds by altering the capacitor and resistance values, using the previously mentioned formula.

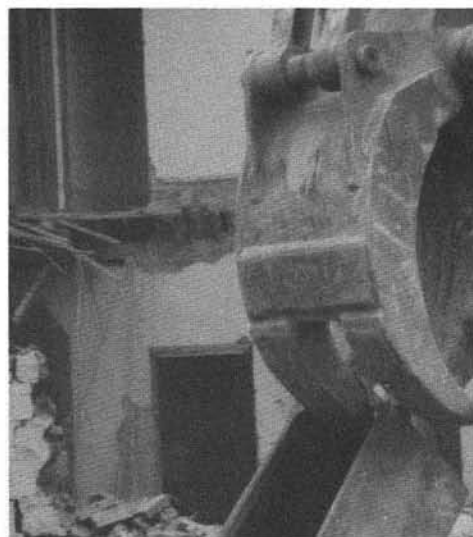
From the outside the flap is very discreet, possibly neater than our present one. The inside is less attractive, but still 'presentable'. My flap is certainly quieter than the present one and does not flap and crash in a high wind, as ours does.

Apart from the small problems, the major deviation from the specifications is that the flap is not totally specific to my cat. I found that there was no cheap way of doing this and that a pressure pad was the closest I would get. If money had not been a problem I would probably have used a transmitter like that used in the locking device of the electronic catflap on the market. Again, on the positive side, the end product was cheap, easy to service and secure.

If I had more time I would try to make my design more compact, and so easier to install. As it stands at the moment it would be hard



to install into our door as the main sections screw into the wood, and the door panel is very thin, about 3 mm. This could be done by making the side supports from a strong plastic and, as many commercial flaps, including our own, do, stick them on with a strong double-sided sticky tape. However, this would need to be investigated further.



MERCERS' COURT – *demolition*





“I, CLAUDIUS”

by Robert Graves

“Another damned thick square book!” The Duke of Gloucester’s stricture applies to many a book, but it categorically does not apply to Robert Graves’ “I, Claudius.”

For the modern reader brought up on the works of Dick Francis, Joan Collins, Robert Ludlum and of course Jeffrey Archer, a novel set in Roman times would be a candidate for the rubbish bin. However, one page into the book you are already compelled to read on.

This fascinating novel has all the excitement of a modern day thriller (*Are you sure? - Ed.*). The story revolves around the powerbroking, treachery, politics, greed, murder, high finance, high living, immorality and insanity prevalent amongst the clique in Europe.

“I, Claudius” is written as if by Claudius himself, as a history of his life. The introduction consists of four short paragraphs to clarify this. We are told that the Sibyl at Cumae prophesied that “Claudius the Stammerer” should “speak clear 1900 or near.” In order to fulfil this prophecy Claudius wrote the history of his life.

Claudius has to explain the complex relationship between the various families, and, to fulfil this without confusion, he introduces them gradually. For instance, his tutor Marcus Portius Cato was one of six notable men of that name. Upon examination of the imperial family tree of the time, it is to be noted that very few of the males had married twice; in fact Claudius married four times and one of his wives was only sixteen when he had reached the age of fifty. Almost all the imperial marriages at the time were arranged by Livia, third wife of Augustus, who quietly disposed of various possible spouses who might have disrupted her plans.

As well as learning about the intrigues and plots of daily life in Imperial Rome, the social history is also skilfully welded into the story. The style of writing is such that you would have learned a major part of Roman history by the time you reached the end.

The first reading will provide a great deal of entertainment, while the second reading gives no less entertainment but also the reward of acquiring a lot of knowledge. “I, Claudius” is a novel which rewards another read and as such is a wonderful holiday investment. Evidence of the appeal of “I, Claudius” is that sixty years after its first appearance the novel is still in print. This is testimony to its literary value and readability. The book is wholeheartedly recommended.

W.J. Rollin (3RSH)

YAK’S HAIR

*The main problem that yaks have to cope with,
Is an extremely tough hide full of hair,
The heat encompassed inside it,
Is more than most people could bear,
The temperature of the torridity,
They can stand is a wonder to all,
Amongst all the masses of hairyness,
Underneath they must be very small,
Who benefits the most is the hairdresser,*

*He must have a very good pay,
But when you’re the cutter of yak’s hair,
There’s a chance you’ll be at it all day,
Such hair does have its advantages,
(Though I can’t think of them yet),
It’s probably why most of
the hairdressers,
Are situated in Tibet,
Insects must thrive by the millions,
All manner of mosquitos and wildlife,*

*But as the humidity is almost unbearable,
They’re lives must be ridden with strife,
Having hair as consistent as steel,
And the heat it’s a problem to cope,
But there’s nothing that wouldn’t be cured straight away,
With a nice hot bath with some soap.*

Thomas Frankum (2S)

PORTERHOUSE BLUE

by Tom Sharpe

Porterhouse Blue is another highly satirical and amusing novel from one of Britain’s greatest modern writers. Making a mockery of the highly conservative Establishment, amongst other things, one could be led to believe that this was a Left-wing novel, until Socialists and their ideals also suffer complete humiliation under the brilliant hand of Tom Sharpe.

The novel is set in the fictitious college of Porterhouse, in the heart of Cambridge University. The college boasts no scholars or hard-workers, just the bone-idle, the rich and, of course, the rowers. The moral standing of the college is echoed in the motto; Dives in omnia - riches in everything. Highly set in its ways, the college is still stuck somewhere in the mid-seventeenth century in every manner possible. It seems intent upon continuing its secluded and sheltered life forever, until disaster strikes...

When the ailing Master of the college dies, he fails to name a successor. To make matters worse, the college council cannot elect a successor either, as the votes are equally split between the Dean and Senior Tutor at every count.

Having consulted the Constitution, the council discover that the Prime Minister has the choice of next Master if the council cannot decide. Seeing a chance to rid himself of his government’s biggest liability, the Prime Minister chooses Sir Godber Evans, who is duly elected by the council to the Mastership. Never in the entire annals of our history has such a big mistake been made by so few, or so it seems to the college.

The new Master arrives accompanied by his wife (very much like Hillary Clinton, but without the humility and timidity) and immediately lays out his agenda for reform, including the admittance of female students and scholars, and the instalment of a contraceptive dispenser in the mens’ toilets!! Such treachery to the name of Porterhouse provokes enormous dismay, anger and bewilderment to members of the college council, and also to the Head Porter, Skullion, a descendant of one of the college’s first servants.

The book continues in its amusing, well-written and, in places, highly explosive manner, as the author brilliantly describes the hair-brained schemes that the college council devise, in order to rid themselves of the Master. If by this time, you have not felt the urge to read this book immediately, then watch out for the subplot concerning the post-graduate student and his bedkeeper.

To conclude, this book is a must for everyone who mistakenly thought that the great Universities of England had actually arrived in the twentieth century. Lovers of the so-called ‘class war’, and anyone who enjoys a good satirical novel would be well advised to read this one, but must be warned that, once picked up, it is impossible not to read from cover to cover.

Barry Young (3DJH)

Clubs and Events

FIRST YEAR INDUCTION DAY

- 1 September, 1992

At 9.20 am on Tuesday 1st September, my Mum dropped me off at the Bursary and as I walked up the drive I wondered what my friends would look like in school uniform.

I signed in and had a sticker put on my back; I had to find my opposite (I was Obelix, so I had to find Asterix). At 10.00 everyone got changed ready for orienteering. We were divided into groups and my leader was Francis Malone-Lee, a second form prefect. The orienteering took place all around the school, so we learnt where everything was, which was useful. At the end we had to work out an anagram:- it said, "WELCOME TO ABINGDON!" We had some refreshments and then we were told the result. Our team had won and we all received a snack-size Mars bar! Mr. Dillon (Lower School Master) gave us a brief talk and then we were organized into groups for the next activity. Our team was in the Sports Hall doing exercises in awareness, trust and team work. I.T., Music, Drama, Art and Woodwork were also on offer.

After lunch we got back into our original groups for the initiative test. For this we had to get two sticks out of a bucket of sand. We were only allowed to use six pieces of cane and eight elastic bands and couldn't tread past a certain point! Having achieved this, we went inside and had to write down the fifteen most important things we would need if we were stranded on the moon! When this was completed we had a brief meeting with our tutor.

After the meeting with our tutor we changed back into our uniforms and met our parents. Then we went to the Chapel for a service where we were welcomed to the School and the Headmaster gave a talk.

The dining hall was our final destination, where I introduced my parents to my tutor, Mr. Foster. We had tea, chatted with friends and then went home after a very enjoyable and interesting Induction Day.

Paul Edwards (1F)



Mr Dillon addresses the throng

photo: Benan Omar III



Middle School lunch queue

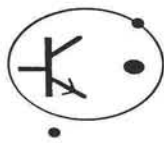


Stephen Turner (fomer Editor of Abingdonian) shows off the Older Cup.

photo: Digby Cayley

PHYSICS OLYMPIAD

Anybody fortunate enough to have read Peter Haynes' article in the last year's issue will have quite a good idea of what this competition involves. An article on the Physics Olympiad is becoming quite a regular feature!



The method of selection for this competition essentially involves an examination. The top twenty candidates then proceed to team



selection where five individuals are chosen to represent the nation in the International Olympiad.

The 1993 Olympiad was held in Williamsburg, Virginia; rather a step up from last year's venue, Helsinki. The whole exercise lasted a week - a week of physics may not be most students' fantasy, even if it does mean a free trip to the U.S.A., but there were only two examinations and for the most part, work was forgotten.

The trip started badly - on landing in Washington D.C., four air masks were jolted out of the ceiling! After a three hour coach journey, however, we finally arrived exhausted at the College of William & Mary. We were the lucky ones; the Spanish team had set off at 4.30am and the Chinese even earlier - one team didn't arrive until 3 am, US time!

Various outings were arranged, the first being to 'Colonial Williamsburg', John D. Rockefeller's brainchild, which has made the area famous. It is a village preserved just as it was 300 years ago! Other excursions included outings to Water Country (huge by British standards), Busch Gardens (Alton Towers with good weather) and NASA.

As with all the trips we had to struggle with the heat, but even NASA was rather a disappointment. The base was entirely dedicated to aeronautics, thus we saw none of their space technology. The next day spent on the beach was one of the highlights. The beach was too hot to walk on, but we still enjoyed the sandcastle building and volleyball. The American Music Fest was quite an experience too, save the lack of females - there were 206 men and 4 women, three of whom were Kuwaiti and did not even turn up (they were notorious for spending the day on the beach, fully clothed, in 37°C!).

Although our attention had tended to drift from the academic pursuits for which we had come, the award ceremony was still a

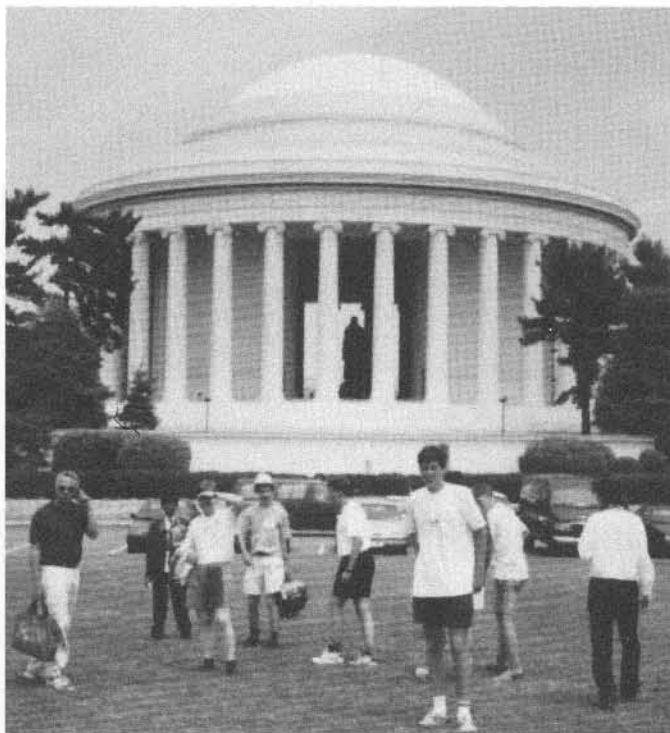
1993 INTERNATIONAL PHYSICS OLYMPIAD (IPhO'93)

nailbiting occasion. I was pleased to come 30th out of the 210 and to receive my Silver Medal, although slightly disappointed to be ranked only third in the UK team. Once the celebrations began, all was (again) forgotten and the banquet, karaoke, cards, frisbee and boomerang throwing got under way.

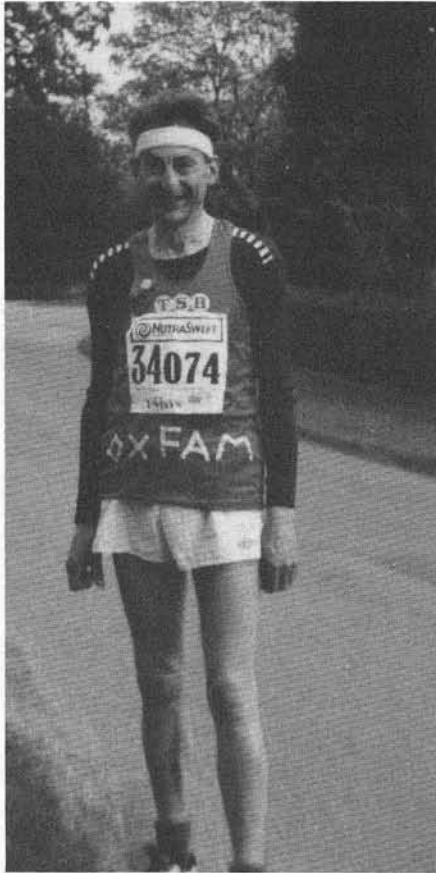
Before leaving, we drove through the capital. Having missed so much sleep, I woke just in time to pass the Pentagon and the White House. We had a fleeting visit to the Smithsonian Institute and Washington Museum before returning home, elated if exhausted.

I must thank the organising committee, all who helped to make our trip fabulous and our hosts at the College of William and Mary. Let us hope that next year someone will be reporting their success at the 1994 Physics Olympiad in China.

Robin Morris



THREE MARATHONS FOR THE PRICE OF NONE



Roger Baker - London Marathon 1993

TSB, generous sponsors of Schools Athletics, offered free places in the 1993 Nutrasweet London Marathon to each County Association. Oxfordshire nominated our Mr. Baker, their long-serving treasurer.

Specific training having been curtailed by a haematoma, suspect knees and general inertia, I'd just have to look on it as a scientific experiment - could a moderately fit sixty-year-old do a marathon "off the cuff" without the lengthy build up of mileage which all the experts advocated?

I would be running for Oxfam and offered to sew the name-tapes of

sponsors onto my running vest - a chance for their name to appear on TV! Boys, colleagues and friends responded most generously and ensured that I would have the greatest possible incentive to keep going.

Greenwich Park 9.30 am: The starting box for all those with numbers in the thirty-four thousands is very near the back, so that when the gun goes off there is a great cheer - but no movement. Four minutes later we start to amble along. In another four we are out of the gates of the park, passing the official start line, and actually jogging, hemmed in, shoulder to shoulder. Soon we no longer have fixed positions like molecules in a solid; our neighbours change - we have some fluidity now (nice analogy, I think, but what about the latent heat?). The concave slope of Greenwich Hill enables us to appreciate the sight of this

multicoloured larva flow of bobbing heads and torsos winding its way into the distance.

The crowds are terrific - the route is lined all the way, often several deep. Do they cheer so enthusiastically all the time or can they see a local hero or an ostrich somewhere behind me? The balloons at each mile post set the mathematical mind to work - miles x sponsorship per mile = ? - but the calculations are interrupted by another drinks station. "Drink a little and often" is the advice, so we seize the proffered water bottles and take a few sips, pouring the rest over our heads and necks, while our feet crunch the empties left by those who have gone before.

So this is Canary Wharf? Yes it is impressive, but the wind is in the wrong direction, the road is exposed and far from being flat. The thighs are complaining now; will they last? Those special shock-absorbing heels of my new shoes are doing a superb job - no complaint at all from the ankles, calves or knees - just those stupid thighs. The stride is getting ridiculously short - time to apply the principle of conservation of angular momentum: swing each elbow back really vigorously and the opposite knee will lift automatically. Must look daft, but it works!

"Come on Oxfam, you can do it!" Why is it that all this vocal support gives me a such a lump in the throat? Must be getting emotional in my old age. Dear me, overtaken by the squaddies up the Mall. Give me some new thighs and they wouldn't see me for dust. Twenty six miles done - just 385 yards to go. Come on, put in a good finish. "El-bows; el-bows!". It's not a run, hardly a jog - more of a vigorous shuffle, but at least I'll finish at reasonable speed.

And then it was a stagger down the funnel of applauding Nutrasweeties to collect my medal - I'm told that Eamon Martin received an exact replica of mine some three hours earlier!

Three marathons? Well the first was with the needle and thread emblazoning OXFAM on my running vest using all those name-tapes. The second was the one that finished on Westminster Bridge, and the third was the one that took by far the longest - collecting in the sponsorship money!

For the record:

R.H.B.'s official time: 5:05:09

His overall position: 21692 (age position 390)

Two people claim to have caught a glimpse of him on the Telly. Oxfam benefited by £613.24



Road Relay: Adam Janisch, Richard Scott, Philip Baker.



Senior Management: Mr Tom Ayling, Dr Tim King and Mr Bob Osborn (The Bursar). photo: Mr Nigel Hunter

CCF WRITE UP

The CCF has had an active year with increased recruitment, an exercise and several camps. In September 1992 we took the decision to have a change of standard uniform and to start recruiting at the beginning of the third year, rather than towards the end of that year when many people were absent or busy with exams. This has paid off as we saw our numbers rise from just under forty to sixty five - one short of the maximum size we are officially allowed to enlist. We changed our recruiting strategy to allow third years to come for four taster sessions, starting with the Biennial Inspection and the Open Day which followed two days later. After the Biennial Inspection we introduced "Standard Dress" which we use for the regular training sessions. This consists of British Army lightweight trousers, hi-leg boots, RAF berets, working shirts, and new CCF sweatshirts.

The Biennial inspection took place on 15 October 1992 and involved a fly past by Puma helicopter, the inspecting party arriving by Gazelle helicopter, a full parade with rifle drill and a roundabout of activities including a camouflage and concealment exercise, shooting in the rifle range, command tasks, an adventure training display, abseiling, first aid, and a demonstration lesson on the Cadet GP Rifle. Cadets also flew in the two helicopters. After lunch we had a visit to RAF Benson, including air experience, flying in Chipmunk aircraft, and a visit to 115 Sqn. Andovers and 60 Sqn. Wessex helicopters.

The Autumn term programme for the Tuesday afternoon training sessions included command tasks, patrolling, compass work, NCO training and weapons training.

The Lent term saw the planning and running of an overnight exercise on 13-14 February 1993. The exercise was entitled Operation Revival, as it was the first overnight the CCF experienced for over a year. We ran the exercise on Piddington Training area near Bicester and gratefully received the help and supervision of Sqn Ldr C.J. Biggs and Dr J.C. Horn, both of whom camped out overnight with us and helped set up the scenario and tasks for the participants. The exercise was fully tactical and over forty cadets attempted to rescue the "Advance Missile Guidance System" from a ruthless and chaotic enemy force. This involved putting into practice various skills, which had been practised in the previous term: platoon harbouring, section patrolling, camouflage and concealment, ambushing, walking on bearings, cooking from 24 hour ration packs, bivouacking, recce patrolling and first aid.

The Lent term also saw an air experience gliding day and Tuesday afternoon training sessions were taken up with HQ cadets' exams and advanced proficiency training and tests, command tasks, NCO training, shooting, weapons training, map and compass work, abseiling, 'march and shoot' events and first aid.

Our annual adventure training camp was held from 18-23 April at Ripon, N. Yorks. The camp catered for thirty cadets and included canoeing, rock climbing, walking and camping. Canoeing involved still water lessons, a river trip and some white water experience including learning to roll. Rock climbing took place at Brimham Rocks and included varying climbs and abseils. There was a day walk with light packs, map and compass experience and an overnight camp in two-man tents with cooking from luxurious 24 hour GP ration packs. The camp was both character-building and terrific fun (*yeah - Ed.*), with the variety of activities and opportunities for leadership. Everyone had a brilliant time. (*No, but everyone did! - Ed.*)

The start of the summer term saw a presentation by 60 Sqn. and everyone had a flight over Abingdon in one of their Wessex helicopters. This was a very enjoyable and interesting experience and a repeat opportunity will definitely be taken up readily. Through a programme of varied and intense training, nearly all cadets who joined in September have passed their weapons and HQ recruits' tests and can now move onto advanced training as we look forward to new intake in September.

Looking to the future, we shall be going to RAF Scampton in Lincolnshire for RAF camp this summer and sending cadets on gliding courses and to Exercise Alpine Challenge in Bavaria. In addition David Malcolm will be undertaking Flying Scholarship training with the RAF. We look forward to an increased intake and the long awaited new Head Quarters building that we shall share with the Duke of Edinburgh's Award scheme in an effort to combine resources, staff, equipment and activities. This will commence with a campcraft training weekend on 18-19 September to be run by experienced staff from DoE and CCF.

My thanks to Mr Biggs and Mr Fishpool for all the time they devoted and all their effort in providing the necessary supervision for the activities that the CCF has enjoyed throughout the year.

Cadet under Officer Bill Dutton (ex VIH)



YOUNG ENTERPRISE SCHEME 1992/93

Early in the Michaelmas term 1992, all lower sixth formers were requested to attend a short meeting in The Amey Hall, which served as an introduction to Young Enterprise.

Y.E. is an educational charity trying to encourage the younger generation to cultivate interest in the business world. As such it helps to establish student-managed companies under its guidance. In this school, two companies emerged, namely 'Dreaming Spires' and 'The Perfect Card Company'. While the latter had reasonable success, the former reached national level. This is the success story of 'Dreaming Spires'.

Dreaming Spires - A Young Enterprise Company.

Set up in October 92, 'Dreaming Spires' enjoyed a successful and prosperous few months' trading. Having been given a short talk on Young Enterprise at the start of the term, our company simply developed through a group of pupils with a common interest. A fifteen-man team emerged. We knew little about business and had never worked with each other before. In our first meeting, executives for the company were elected and I was appointed Deputy Personnel Director.

During the next few weeks, ideas were exchanged on what we should produce. To avoid later mistakes, our Marketing Department researched all possibilities. Adam Gibbons, Deputy Managing Director, then suggested that we produce audio cassette tour guides of Oxford. We agreed on it because we believe it has potential.

Unfortunately, our Managing Director resigned at this stage because he could not meet the commitment level required to lead the company. I was then promoted to Managing Director.

These changes led to greater efficiency, and we identified our first priority, which was to secure financial backing. Shares were sold and a small initial loan from the school Bursar was negotiated. It was decided that the cassette should be mounted on a card so that the tour route could be displayed. Around the border of the map, we sold advertising space, generating revenue to cover our high manufacturing cost. Advertisers ranged from Jamal's Tandoori Restaurant to Midland Bank, Unipart and Hartwells.

The next step was to research into Oxford's history, in order to

prepare a script. Meanwhile Richard Branson was approached, who recommended Timeless Studios as a possible recording venue. It was decided that we would try to get a famous Oxford personality to narrate the script. Both Jeremy Irons and Sir Roger Bannister (Master of Pembroke College) were approached but regrettably both were too busy at that time to be able to help, although the former did offer to read the script at a later date. Since time was limited, we then invited our Headmaster, Mr Michael St. John Parker, to assist us and he was only too pleased to be involved.

Before the launch of our product in January, retail outlets throughout Oxford were contacted to see if they would be interested in selling the tape. As a result, contracts were signed with most major retail outlets, including WHSmith, Dillons, Blackwells, The Ashmoleum Museum, The Oxford Story, Pickwicks, Cluttons Estate Agents and many more. In school, we sent letters home to parents to expand our market. Our tape was also sold at the Cowley Trade Fair which we attended in January, as well as at a stand in Lewis's in Oxford and even at the House of Parliament, to which we were invited in the summer term. Whilst twisting various MPs' arms to buy our tapes, we also enjoyed a personal guided tour (an area in which we are considering expanding!).

Extensive PR work was done to instigate interest. Interviews were arranged with Fox FM and Radio Oxford and local newspapers such as The Oxford Times and Abingdon Herald came to the school for photo sessions and published several articles. Our most impressive PR coverage was when The Daily Telegraph asked if they could do a photo session and full-page article on our company, alongside two others. It was through these channels that our first export order was negotiated - 3000 tour tapes to Poland, as part of a learning package to help Polish students studying English.

The success we enjoyed was shared with 'The Magdalen Bridge Appeal Fund'. We donated £150 to them in hope that it would be beneficial for the city and we also paid our shareholders a 50% dividend on their investment as well as making a profit of over £1000 upon liquidation.



Looking into the future, we believe 'Dreaming Spires' has great potential for expansion. A tour could be produced for other tourist centres in Great Britain and eventually the world! The script has already been transcribed into French with the prospect of other languages to come. Already the company has been offered a sizable amount of money to sell the idea but, with many avenues unexplored, no firm decisions have been made.

I believe we have all gained valuable experience from running the company. The board has become market orientated and performance driven. Co-operation and teamwork were the essential ingredient. I can see people in a different light now and I am more aware of my own strengths and weaknesses. We are really satisfied from seeing our product on sale in the shops and our tour tape bought as a souvenir.

Finally I would like to thank our two company advisors, Ian Bowen-Morris and John Sparrow (from Unipart International) as well as Miss Lynda Milligan, our link teacher, for all their help and encouragement and our shareholders, for having faith in the company, the parents for actually buying the tapes and everybody else who has contributed to the success of 'Dreaming Spires'. I would like to emphasise that all your support has been greatly appreciated by the whole management team.

Nick Rees, Managing Director

The Young Enterprise Competition.

After trading for a year, companies interested in entering the competition were asked to submit an official company report. The reports were evaluated and the best eight companies were invited to attend the Oxfordshire Area finals. Both companies from Abingdon School attended.

There each company had to put up a stand displaying their products and information about the company. Later, a presentation was given by the finalists, explaining what the company had learnt and achieved during the business year. In a strongly contested final, 'Dreaming Spires' beat off impressive teams from both Oxford High School and Abingdon School, in the form of 'The Perfect Card Company', who came second and third respectively. 'Dreaming Spires' then submitted a revised report and hoped to be selected as one of the top eight Area final winners in the South and South West England region. Having been selected, 'Dreaming Spires' went on to represent Oxfordshire at the Regional Finals in Gloucester. A similar system of judging was employed and this was perhaps 'Dreaming Spires' finest hour, as success was again secured unanimously. As South and South West England champions, 'Dreaming Spires' was invited to the National Finals.

The National Finals.

On the seventh and eighth of July 'Dreaming Spires' went up to Logan Hall, the University of London, to compete in the Y.E. National Finals. Expectations were high as the presentation team of four set off from Didcot station early on the Wednesday morning. It was going to be an eventful two days.

Having checked in at the Royal National Hotel, each Company set up a stall displaying their product. Later, the three-woman and two-man judging panel was shown around the stalls for marking. At a glance the competition looked tough, but we were

not overcome with nerves and presented ourselves well, answering any questions, outlining any problems which we had encountered and how we overcame them and explaining what we had learnt within the scheme. The judges were impressed with our product and the professionalism of the company when approaching the public.

The session lasted about two hours, which was mentally exhausting, but later that afternoon came the interview with all five judges together. Here we were given the opportunity to speak of our experiences in more depth, giving the judges time to ask any nasty questions that they had! Fortunately there were few of these and the whole process seemed to go very well. By this stage we knew that there was nothing more we could do - the judging was over and all that was left was to rehearse our speeches for a company presentation at the closing ceremony.

By the evening we were all extremely tired but were looking forward to meeting the rest of the company the next morning and hearing the final results. We had been assessed on our company report as well as the extensive interviews - who was going to win? That night a reception was held at the Astor Suite in The House of Commons, which was a great success, but the supper was reminiscent of school food - a major disappointment, as we had hardly eaten all day.

Tension was starting to build early the next morning. We enjoyed meeting other companies from all over the country, but now it was time for the crunch! With the announcement of the winners we were bitterly disappointed - for all our effort, we hadn't even come third. The irony was that we had made more money than the top three companies put together and undoubtedly had a truly unique and original product and had learnt a tremendous amount about business and about ourselves. When we approached the Chairman of the judges asking what we could have improved he replied, "In all honesty - nothing." In the judges' eyes we were geographically disadvantaged because "it is easier to raise capital and run a business in the south of England because it is more prosperous." He argued that we had not learnt as much as some other companies because we did not encounter the problems which they had. He also implied that, because we were from a private boys' school in the middle of Oxfordshire, we started from a slightly higher platform than everyone else and so, whilst still reaching the top we had not achieved as much as the comprehensive schools which had reached similar heights.

After the initial shock, although still disappointed, we realised that we had beaten 28,000 other pupils from over 2000 companies nationwide by reaching the National Finals. What we had learnt through our experiences was most important and paradoxically the Finals had taught us a lesson in themselves: don't expect life to be fair.

Since the Finals 'Dreaming Spires' has gone into liquidation, but not without various contingent benefits: a few people went to both the British Grand Prix and the Radley fireworks display, not to mention being a focus in one of Unipart's promotional videos or the fact that through contacts made during the business year, company members secured jobs with both WHSmith and Unipart. We all thoroughly recommend participation in the Young Enterprise Scheme to anyone who is interested in business or wants to find out more about themselves. It is great fun and thoroughly rewarding.

MOCK TRIAL REPORT

- Friday 28th May 1993

Dramatis personae :

Trial judge - His Honour Judge Patrick Medd
Counsel for the Prosecution - Mr. Nicholas Syfret
Counsel for the Defence - Mr. Nigel Daly

Witness for the Prosecution :

Mrs. Fishpool (victim)
Mr. Fishpool (the victim's husband)
Mr. Pope and Mrs. Sue Richards (expert)

Witness for the Defence :

Dr. Michael Ward (as the Accused)
Miss Casey
Mr. Stephen Janisch (expert)

The Jury :

Mr. J. Clare (Foreman), Mrs. Clare, Mrs. Soper, Mr. Osborn,
Mrs. Burrow, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. O'Neill, Duncan Masson,
Tim Ward, Richard Davies, Zool Verjee, Hugh Gittins.

"Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with Assault Occasioning Actual Bodily Harm, that on the 13th day of March 1993 you did perform a Caesarean section upon one Mrs. Anne Jones, in spite of her refusal of consent . . ."



Photo of Mock Trial

Thus began Abingdon School's Inaugural Mock Trial. With His Honour Judge Patrick Medd overseen by Her Majesty The Queen (aged 27), bewigged counsel and a jury of twelve good citizens and true (with the exception, of course, of the notorious serial-killer Mr. Clare!) sworn in, the Lower Library might well have been taken for Court No. 1 at the Old Bailey. Two months previously, the idea of a mock trial had been suggested. Fresh from matters epic and Herculean (for Volume 20 no. 1 of *The Abingdonian* just hot off the press), we responded to Mr. Milner's exhortation of "See what you can come up with . . .". Inspired by recent cases such as the Tony Bland ruling, we decided to give the trial a medical flavour. The story ran like this:

A doctor had performed a Caesarean section on a Christian Scientist despite her alleged refusal. The case for the Prosecution was simply that as the doctor did not have her permission to carry out the operation, he was guilty of Assault. The Defence countered this by arguing that the woman, far from refusing on the grounds

of her own religious beliefs, had in fact been wholly dominated by an overbearing husband.

The day before the trial, we still had to find two crucial witnesses. Mr. Pope, famed for his musical talents, swapped Voltaire and Vivaldi for stethoscope and scalpel. Enter Dr. David Pope MBBS. Our final expert witness was discovered at the eleventh hour. With invaluable help from Sister Matthee, we contacted Mrs. Sue Richards, a parent and midwife, who agreed to come to our aid as an expert witness for the Prosecution.

The stage had been set for a battle of wits and a conflict of accusations between counsel and witnesses, certainly more akin to 'Rumpole of the Bailey' than Dickens' decrepid Court of Chancery. While the Prosecution cast aspersions on the professional competence of the Accused, the Defence responded by portraying the principal Prosecution witnesses (played by Mr. and Mrs. Fishpool) as domineering bully and downtrodden neurotic respectively. Meanwhile, the medical evidence covered much ground: from the testimonies of Mr. Janisch and Mrs. Richards, to 'Dr.' Pope's admission that he had injected his hapless patient with 400 [sic] ccs of Pethidine to relieve her pain (was the wrong man in the dock ?!). Despite his lack of specialist knowledge, Mr. Pope gave a convincing impression of a harassed junior doctor.

Mr. Syfret's valedictory cast a dark shadow over the fate of the Accused: it looked as if a conviction was on the cards. Yet, Counsel for the Defence rose to the occasion. Echoing Marshall Hall's: "Look at her, members of the jury: God never gave her a chance; won't you?", Mr. Nigel Daly described his client's dilemma: forced to make a decision about a mother and child, facing possible death, with a hostile and abusive husband opposing his moves. So, after the summing up from the trial judge, the jury were conducted to the 'safe and secure place' where they were to attempt to reach a verdict.

They returned twenty minutes later.

Foreman Clare stood up.

"Have you reached a verdict upon which you are all agreed?"

"Yeeeeeeesssz. We have."

"Do you find the Accused guilty or not guilty of Assault Occasioning Actual Bodily Harm?"

"Not guilty."

The Defendant was discharged without a stain on his character.

Report by: **Benan Omar III** and **Stephen Turner**
Co-organisers of the Inaugural Mock Trial 1993



*Our esteemed former editor:
Benan Omar III, presently
Commonwealth Scholar at
Jesus College, Cambridge.
photo: Rizal Razali*

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

1992-93 was one non-stop frenzy of intellectual slam dunking and oratorical magnificence for the society. This fine year saw (in addition to our weekly debates) speaking competitions (both internal and external), dinner debates and tea debates with neighbouring girls' schools and the emergence of some fine new speakers to supplement the continued success of the old speakers.

Simon Cook and Stephen Turner were the chairmen until the middle of Lent term, when Tim Ward and Richard Davies succeeded them. Likewise, Ben Omar was succeeded by John Asher as Secretary.

Included in our vast programme of debates throughout the annual session were motions such as 'This House Condemns The School Prefects' (defeated); 'This House Would Abolish The House Of Lords' (defeated) and 'This House Believes Abingdon School Should Become Co-Educational' (passed).

Throughout these fascinating discussions on moral and immoral, grave and comic, domestic and global, a central care of dedicated and talented speakers was apparent: among them the remarkable Ben Omar; the winsome Simon Cook; the smart Steve Turner;

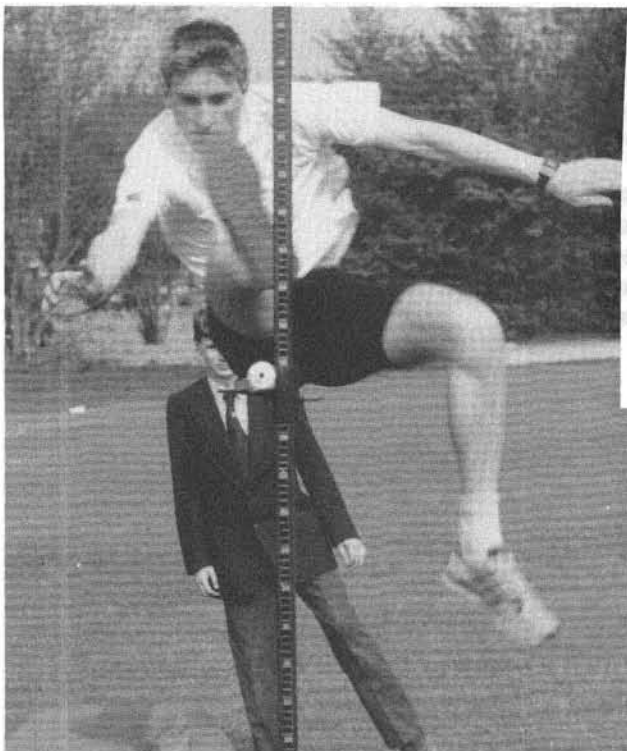
the cynical Nigel Vereker; the pragmatic Tim Ward; the objective John Asher; the hard-hitting Richard Davies and the superlative Zool Verjee. These and other figures (Rizal Almashoor, Mark Thomas, Fraulein Stoltz, Mr. Milner and Dr. Zawadzki) contributed to the magic of those memorable Friday debates.

Two dinner debates and one tea debate were held with Wycombe Abbey, Headington and St. Helen's respectively. They were successful due to the winning combination of a magnificent debate, excellent food and delightful company.

Looking back, this particular journalist has fond memories of a year of emotion, excitement, enjoyment, entertainment and of course, eloquence (large grey animals with big ears?!). Thanks must go to the committee and everyone who spoke both from the platform and the from the floor and especially to Dr. Z, to whose support and zest we all owe a great amount.

Thank you also to the resources of the I.T. centre which enable us to produce our notoriously witty posters, the Headmaster for acting as our patron and God for inspiring so many minds.

Zool Verjee (VI Z)



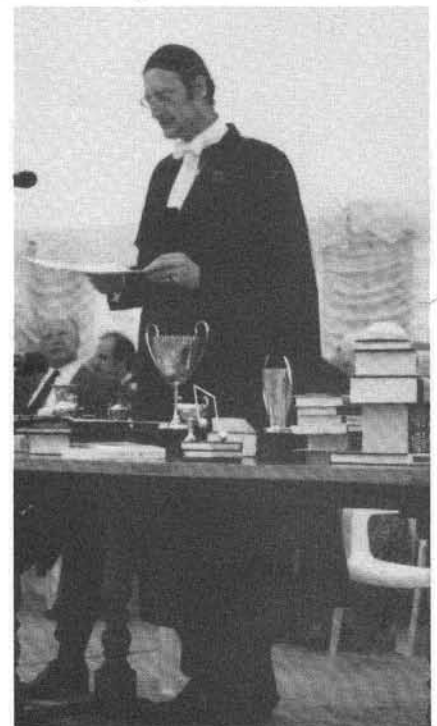
Robin Morris - Athletics



Dr Z, Nick Pritchard and Michael Maughan at Dalton Barracks



James Brownlee at work



The Headmaster delivers his speech



Jeff Drummond-Hay makes it to '50'

Music and Drama

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

25th June 1993

Having been to many school concerts before, I arrived at the Orchestral Concert anticipating high quality music; I was not disappointed.

First Orchestra began and ended the concert, playing with great rigour and enthusiasm. They made a remarkable contrast between the loud, charismatic pieces, such as 'March to the Scaffold' (from *Symphonie Fantastique*) by Berlioz, and the more serene, but no less refined, bassoon and clarinet concertos by Mozart and Weber respectively. Thomas Harrison on the bassoon and Dominic Franks on the clarinet played with style and panache, and proved to be great virtuoso players, despite their nerves.

Chamber Orchestra serenaded the audience with the vibrant harmonies of the 'Brandenburg Concerto no. 3' by Bach, and then wooed them with a magical rendition of the 'kanon' by Pachelbel. Thus bringing the first half to a close with the melodic clarity that was to be sustained throughout the evening.

After the interval came Second Orchestra, playing items both well-known and not so well-known. Beginning with the famous 'Hymn to Joy' from Beethoven's 9th Symphony, they went on to play 'Sicilienne' by Fauré, a piece sprinkled with interesting harmonic phrases and magnificent flute and oboe passages. They finished with a rousing 'Czech Rustic Dance' by Smetana. Encouragingly there were many novice instrumentalists,

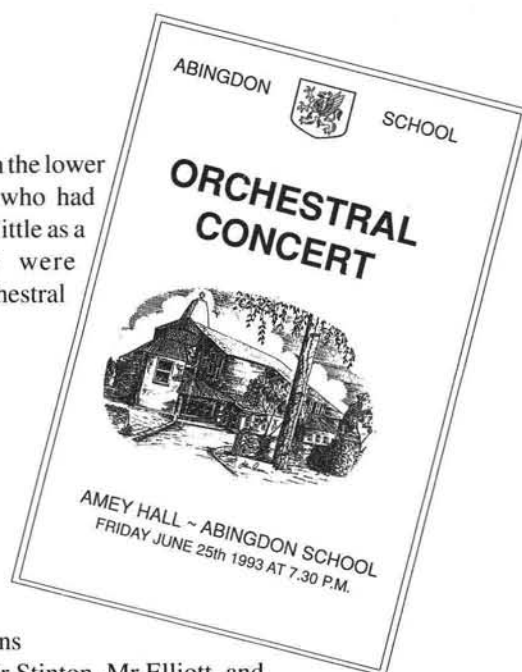
particularly in the lower years (some who had played for as little as a year), who were already at orchestral standard.

The concert came to an end, to thunderous applause.

Warmest congratulations must go to Mr Stinton, Mr Elliott, and also Mr Oxlade, without whom such a concert might never have happened.

Sadly it was the Upper Sixth formers' last school concert. They have all been dedicated to their orchestras, and for that we must sincerely thank them. The mark they have left on music at Abingdon has been profound. Let us hope that, whilst they shall be sorely missed, the very high standards of musicianship which they have set continue for years to come.

Barry Young (3DJH)



Second Orchestra, Orchestral Concert

photo: Ivor Fields

THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT REVIEW

The last night of the Abingdon School Grand Christmas Concert was sadly marred by the death of Cyril Brooks, one of the school's gardeners. It was characteristic of him to have come to this concert; he had always supported the school in all its events. It seemed irreverent and slightly wrong to move from the announcement of his death to the cheerful, lightweight numbers played by the Brass Band - like the funeral and wedding at the beginning of Hamlet. It must have been difficult for the performers but the awkwardness in the auditorium was soon dispelled by the toe-tapping rhythm of "Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines."

Handel's Concerto Grosso Op 6 no 1 in G was a more serious and taxing proposition, and, under Mr Elliott's powerful conducting, the Chamber Orchestra brought out good sways and surges of tune.

The First Year Choir - as slick in their entrance as in their singing - provided a selection of songs from "Joseph and his Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat" in which William Pank's solo was beautifully sung and accompanied by Mr Oxlade, and the percussion (led by Matthew Hardy) in the three assorted carols was a pleasure to hear.

The first half ended with Tristan Gurney's violin solo, the Praeludium and Allegro by Fritz Kreisler. He had a fine, sweet, strong note in the Praeludium reminding us of his effective solo lead in the Handel Allegro, two items earlier. His brilliant performance earned him long applause. And in the interval those resisting wine in the Art Block were regaled with "Christmas Crackers" by the Brass Quintet.

The second half began with three popular orchestra pieces. Mr Stinton's lively, uninhibited conducting and Henry Dorling's cymbal playing in the Bizet Farandole from "L'Arlesienne" Suite no 2 did much to keep the orchestra together. There were a few mouse squeaks during the pauses but the stage was so crowded that the violinists' bowing must have been cramped.

The First Wind Band were kept well in hand by Mr Jones' controlled conducting; Leroy Anderson's "Sleigh Ride" was seasonally rich in endless sleighbells, and his "Christmas Festival" was a light mixture of familiar tunes taken at a brisk canter.

The high point of the evening was when the three 'stars' were gathered together in the First Orchestra's performance of Grieg's Piano Concerto in A minor Op 16. Duncan Masson's piano solos were quite outstanding: his evident nervousness only endeared him to us. He held himself well in reserve when playing with the Orchestra and played with confidence in the bravura passages.

Even the most seasoned concert-goers in the audience were impressed by his fine technique and reserves of power.

Hamish MacCunn's "The Land of the Mountain and the Flood" was a little anti-climactic after this splendid joint performance, in which orchestra, conductor, soloists and composer were so well married, and probably no objective critic could have praised the community singing with which the evening ended, but everyone participating in it.

I. Raine (3RSKM)



Conductor - Mr Michael Stinton



Mr Michael Stinton conducts the Chamber Orchestra

ABINGDON SCHOOL SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT NO. 4

This 4th Subscription Concert certainly provided us with something to remember - rarely have such high standards of playing been heard in the Amey Hall.

Mariette Richter is a most accomplished violinist - not only does she lead many Oxfordshire ensembles, but she also teaches violin and viola here at Abingdon. She was accompanied by Simon Weale, who also teaches at Abingdon but has appeared in many prestigious events as well.

The concert began with Bartok's First Rhapsody, in two movements - 'Lassu' and 'Friss'. It was a fairly recent work and most enjoyable, and the two played the difficult but interesting harmony with sheer brilliance - both made tricky parts sound very easy. This, like all the other pieces, was a duo and not an accompaniment. Every aspect of Miss Richter's play was superb, and she was matched by the wonderful performing of Simon Weale.

After loud applause for their first piece, the concert continued with Ravel's Violin Sonate, dating from 1927. It had three fine movements: Allegretto, Blues and Perpetuum mobile; which provided a varied contrast in style and expression. Once again, we were treated to an excellent display of violin and piano playing - both performers used their outstanding expertise to bring out the different moods of the composer effectively.

After the interval, the audience were treated to the Richter/Weale rendition of Frates by Arvo Pärt. It was a slow, interesting piece, described in the programme as a 'secret and unknowable' work. It's drawn-out melody was performed beautifully by both soloists.

The final item was, in my opinion, the best of the evening - a Brahms Sonata in D minor with four fiendishly difficult movements. However, they were played with such skill and cleverness by both Miss Richter and Mr. Weale that they were made to sound, in part, quite easy. The harmonies were very raising and enjoyable, and it provided a fitting end to an outstanding concert.

Many thanks must go to everyone involved, particularly the two performers, and we look forward to next season's concerts, hoping that they can match the high standard set by this one.

Patrick Wells



ABINGDON SCHOOL SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS

34th SEASON

1992-1993

Clarino - The "Glorious Baroque"
trumpet, oboes and strings

Colin Stone - Piano Recital
Bach (Busoni), Beethoven, Chopin

Jennifer Stinton/Lucy Wakeford
Flute and Harp

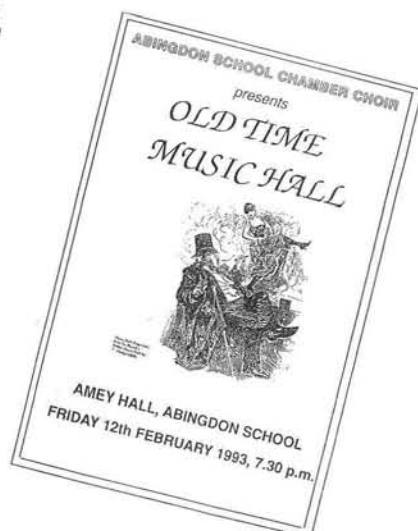
Mariette Richter/Simon Weale
Violin and Piano

AMEY HALL
ABINGDON SCHOOL

Since the Abingdon Subscription Concert Society have suspended their activity for the season 1992-1993, Abingdon School is, itself, promoting these concerts.

OLD TIME MUSIC HALL

Amey Hall
12th February
1993



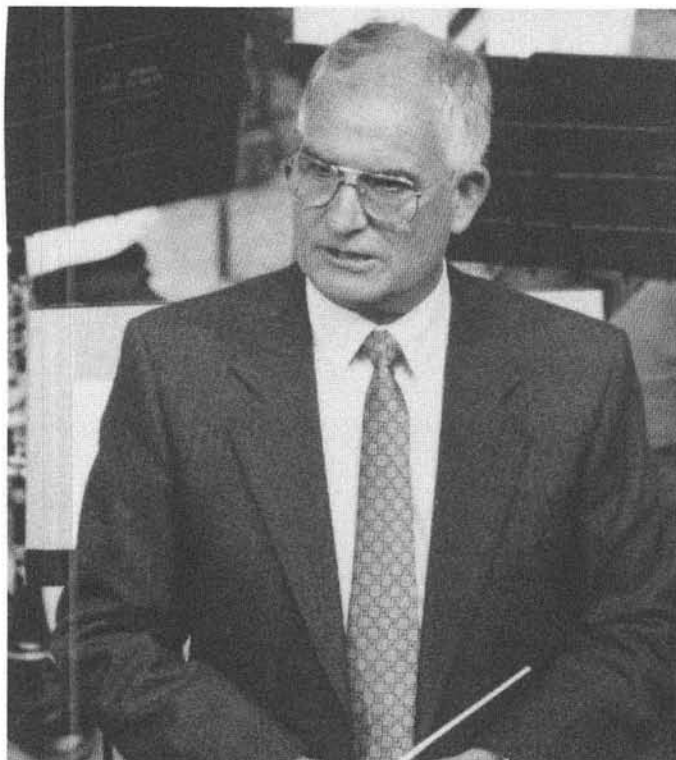
At the Music Hall - Barber Shop Quartet
Chris Upham, James Manship, Adam Jenkins, Hugh Morris

SCHOOL BAND CONCERT

Musical Director: Derek Jones

Amey Hall 7.30 14th May 1993

In he strode, ramrod straight, bold as brass, to conduct his last school band concert, after eighteen and a half years teaching at Abingdon.



Derek Jones, Band-Master extraordinary photo: Owen Tarran

After a quiet joke with the Brass Band and a word with the audience, Derek launched the Band into a bold, rhythmic march followed in turn by a swing selection, a lovely, tuneful fugue, and lastly Swinging Safari which had everyone swaying in their seats.

The Second Wind Band then took over and performed a March by Gluck, followed by the 'evergreen' lost chord, in which Tom Hewes and Andrew Pavlosky performed their solos splendidly. The final piece, 'Chariots of Fire' was clearly a favourite with the Band, as they played with verve and obvious enjoyment.

There then followed what for me was the highlight of the evening, the Big Band. By stepping down from the conductor's rostrum, and allowing the performers to guide themselves, Derek demonstrated not only his confidence in them, but also his skill in training them to such a level of confidence.

LOWER SCHOOL GALA CONCERT

The Lower School Gala Concert held on the last evening of the Summer Term was a resounding success. It even had an element of drama when a stage light exploded: the soloist, a small boy with a large bassoon, brilliantly carried on unperturbed while the casualties manfully bore up, holding their wounds, until he had finished.

It is so encouraging to see so many young boys involved in music on a wide variety of instruments. We were admirably entertained by Junior Strings, Junior Windband, a string trio, a Barber shop quartet, a clarinet trio and the Lower School Choir, along with



Trumpet Section, Leader: Rob Finch photo: Owen Tarran

From his first assault on the drums, Ian Cotterill established himself as the dominant personality. How the kit stood up to the battering remains a mystery, but the crisp beat and complex rhythms provided the background for the wailing saxophones, bright trumpets and trombones, twanging guitars and tinkling piano to weave the main melodies of what was a memorable programme.

After the interval, and suitably refreshed, we were entertained by the First Wind Band. They lacked the raw energy of the Big Band, but provided a mellow programme of which the highlight was 'The Happy Hippo,' with Kester McMorris playing the solo part with obvious relish. Derek explained that he had hoped to finish with the 1812 Overture, but time had not allowed him to make the necessary pyrotechnic arrangements! 'Thundercast' by Osterling had to suffice.

There must have been at least 50 musicians involved in this concert, all of whom owe a great deal to Derek Jones. His sense of humour, out and out professionalism, and kindness, have helped to bring out the best in even the most timid performer. The range and depth of music at Abingdon has grown significantly over the years, and Derek can be proud of the part he has played in that development.

David Crawford
Headmaster, Cokethorpe School.

many able soloists. The standard of the composition was very high. The Headmaster presented Ben Griffiths and Neil Gray with the Shield for the best composition and certainly theirs sounded the most original. Mr. Michael St. John Parker also thanked all the music staff for their hard work and enthusiasm which was warmly re-iterated by the audience.

The evening was rounded off by a spirited reprise of the "Abingdon School Song" (did you realise there was one?) sung by the boys, staff and the audience.

Mrs. Pearson

ABINGDON ORCHESTRAS AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

July 6th is one of those days that stick in the memory. For this was the day that we went to see Abingdon represented for the first time in the prestigious National Festival of Music for Youth at the Royal Festival Hall, London.

'Music for Youth' aims to ensure that all children in the UK have the opportunity to make music together wherever they live. This unique Festival involves some 35,000 young musicians aged 4 to 21, who perform during a week of the world's biggest and best events for the young musicians of tomorrow. Being the first time that Abingdon had applied to take part in the Festival, to succeed with two orchestras is a major triumph for the dedicated music staff and musicians.

Early in the morning, two large coaches complete with mobile phones waited at school, to be packed with instruments, precious luncheon bags, Abingdon School's First and Chamber Orchestras and a representative sample of the Music department's unofficial Fan Club.

Unfortunately we arrived a little late, but thanks to the mobile phones this did not matter to the festival or our musicians. Blessed with the sun, the coaches rapidly disgorged us all and in minutes the boys re-appeared on-stage, eager and disciplined and ready to play. Their spotless (yes, really!) shirts showed faintly pink under the huge Hall's lights. They were well rehearsed and confident enough to smile at each other and Michael Stinton, their conductor - and they played Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 and Pachelbel's Canon.

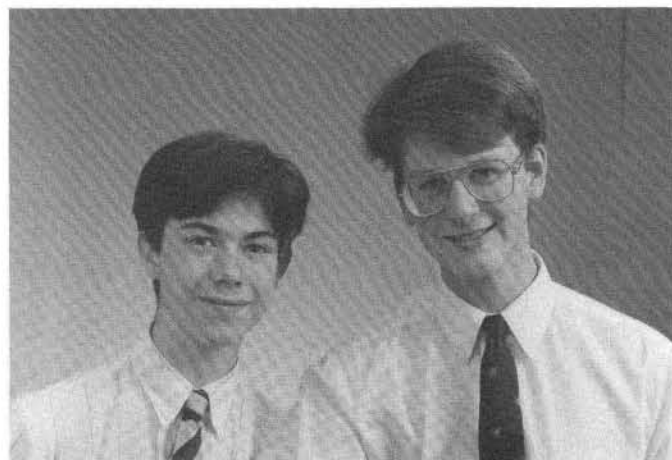


Royal Festival Hall Foyer: Chamber Orchestra

Assessing the Chamber Music section, the adjudicators drew attention to the energy and commitment of pupils, staff and parents to the courage it takes for a musician to reveal himself and what he believes in, on stage, through his music. Audiences respond initially with their emotions, and the adjudicators reminded us that in live performance, the audience both sees and hears a performance - hence the importance of behaviour, actively listening and watching each other. Abingdon's Bach was greeted as a vital piece of playing, especially the last movement which they thought 'excellent'; the orchestra's interpretation and especially the balance with the harpsichord, drew admiration. "There was a very good dynamic and a good structural comprehension". The Pachelbel performance drew a compliment for the conductor himself, (the only such compliment we heard all day) who obviously held the respect and affection of his orchestra. The adjudicators verdict was "a fine performance from a single school".

Abingdon Chamber Orchestra had been selected to play during the lunch break in the foyer; this proved one of the highlights of

the day, the cafe atmosphere a more appropriate setting to a chamber orchestra. It was interesting to observe how many people came to listen around the group, at floor and balcony level, and we heard music making which was even more relaxed and enjoyable than we had heard in the Hall. The sheer pleasure shown by the boys was infectious and they won spontaneous, prolonged applause.



Tristan Gurney and Duncan Masson

photo: Ivor Fields

After lunch the First Orchestra opened the afternoon's programme with Walton's Crown Imperial March and Mussorgsky's Night on a Bare Mountain. They looked impressive, tinted shirts, rainbow colours reflecting off polished instruments, matched by the smiles between themselves and their conductor. They produced a performance appreciated by all; adjudicators remarking on a wonderful, spirited opening with the Mussorgsky, and their challenging choice of repertoire. The Crown Imperial March needed a little more watching and listening to each other to keep tight, but first time performance in the huge Hall was always difficult for a group of musicians. Their overall performance, they were told, was a tremendous credit to their music staff in particular and their School should be tremendously proud of them. What more needed saying?

Other orchestras followed, one of ninety players - all were enjoyable, fun, exhilarating. But for the Fan Club, we were proud of our orchestras and well satisfied with a good day's work which has set Abingdon firmly in another arena of excellence.

Sometimes one senses that musicians are undervalued, their achievements not being as obvious, perhaps, as the achievements of 'academia' or the sports world. We have seen the commitment, eagerness and confidence which results from many, many disciplined and lonely hours of practice inspired by caring, challenging teachers. To bring this together into orchestral playing, to retain the commitment of time, energy and practice of perhaps 60 or more young men, to weld them into a supporting network, a real team, is no mean feat. We had seen that day one of the results of such work, the product of the School's flagship, perhaps the School's most important promotional asset. We hope boys, masters, and the whole School appreciate what was and continues to be, achieved in the Amey Hall for Abingdon School, and hope we may be allowed to continue to support you all. Very, very well done!

Mrs. V.E. Masson

REVIEW OF 'BLACK COMEDY'

Peter Shaffer's one-act play "Black Comedy" was performed by pupils from the school and from St. Helen's. The play was directed by actor-director Alex Webster. On the whole, the acting was of a high standard, although there were weak sections in some of the performances.

Michael Fowkes played the central role of the production, that of a poor artist. He was expecting the father of his betrothed (a millionaire played by Ben Stephens) to buy some of his work. The evening started out to be a total shambles, as five minutes into the play the light fuse blows. What follows is a complex and hilarious farce full of mistaken identity and humour. Michael spoke clearly and precisely but his movements were not so good. He did, however, manage to carry off a controlled fall down the bedroom steps later on in the production.

Similarly Alex's personal mannerisms were evident on stage. Although the play requires Harold Gorringer to have hair falling down all over his face, it was irritating to see Alex constantly brushing it back in his normal everyday manner. The rest of his acting, however, was excellent and amusing, varied in both tone and pace. Alex gave the impression of appearing totally absorbed

in his part. He managed to achieve this admirably, whilst directing the other actors.

It could have been said that Su Ashworth was far more suited to serious roles than comic plays. She simply did not make enough of her farcical character and one was left with the impression that she had something else on her mind during the performance (the other actors? - Ed.).

Judging by the volume of applause and laughter, Ian Cotterill was the funniest and most convincing actor. His voice, character and movement all blended magnificently to give a truly side-splitting performance!

In conclusion it seems a shame to crib at Alex's strong and interesting direction but insufficient attention was paid to the synchronisation of the actors and the lighting. The play starts in total darkness and it is only when the fuse blows that the lights come on. The actors sometimes forgot that they were supposed to be in the dark. A distraction in an otherwise sound and enjoyable production.

P.B. Rendel (VI RCRM)

VERDI REQUIEM



Congratulations to all members of the chorus and orchestra, especially to the soloists, who, guided by Mr. Stinton, gave a most convincing, exciting and truly memorable performance of Verdi's masterpiece on 28 November 1992.

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

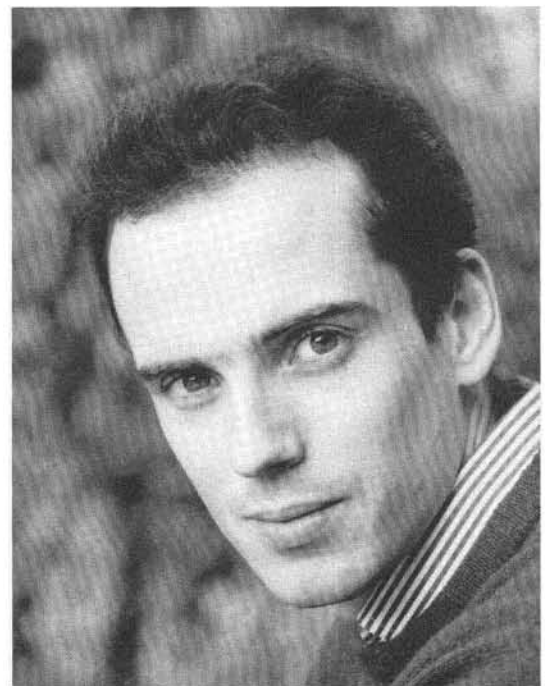
The combination of the adults' Choral Society, the Chamber Choir of Our Lady's Convent and own Choral Society was most impressive and it is hoped that such a combination can be achieved again in the near future.

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

B.R. Young (3DJH)

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

The fifth Grimsby International Singers Competition had a record level of applicants - 140 singers from 20 countries - but a large proportion of the prizes went to British artists. The bass section was won by Roderick Williams (26, England), the soprano by Jenny Saunders (23, England), the tenor by James Oxley (26, England) and the mezzo-soprano by Katerina Karneus (26, Sweden). Special prizes went to mezzo-soprano Ding Ping (26, China) and Christina Wilson (24, Australia), the operatic prize to Jiang Ming (30, China) and the accompanist's prize to Annette Saunders (24, England).



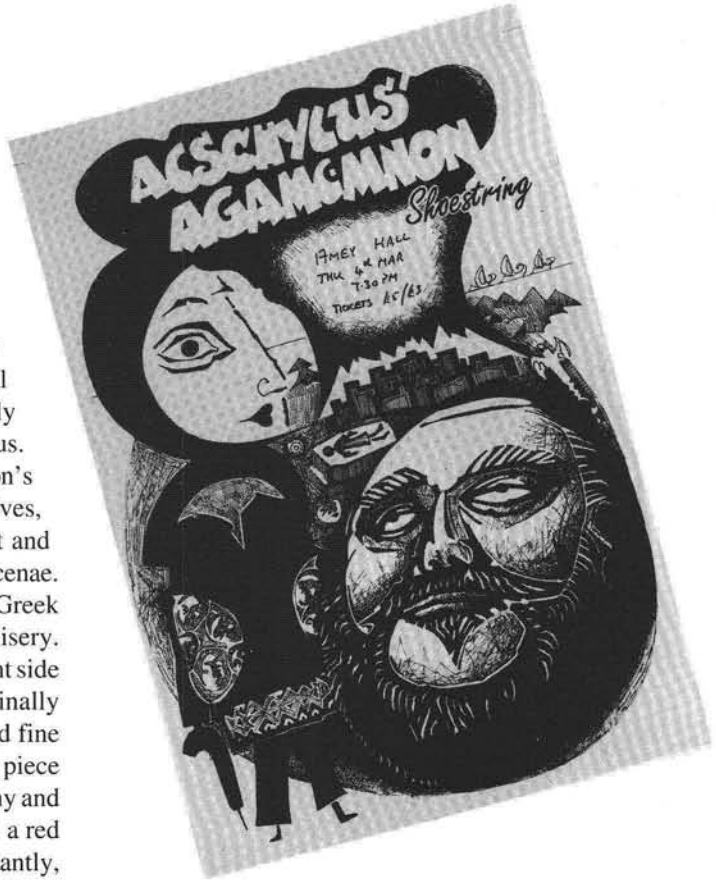
James Oxley

photo: Gerald Place 1993

'AGAMEMNON'

Agamemnon, the greatest of all Greek tragedies, written by Aeschylus in 458 B.C. as the first play in his Oresteia trilogy, came to the Amey Hall for one night - Thursday 4th March. It was performed by the Shoestring Company - consisting of only five members - who specialise in, among other things, modern adaptations of classical plays from Ancient Greece.

The story of 'Agamemnon' is relatively uncomplicated. It begins in Mycenae where, courtesy of some astronomical quirk, it is discovered that the ten-year Trojan war is finally over and that the Greeks, led by Agamemnon, are victorious. The citizens are jubilant; however, Clytemnestra, Agamemnon's wife, reacts in a more sinister fashion. Later, a herald arrives, having been sent in advance of the returning Greek fleet and announces the imminent return of Agamemnon, King of Mycenae. The citizens are once again jubilant. On hearing about the Greek losses and the atrocities of war, their joy soon turns to misery. The herald tries his utmost to urge them to look on the bright side but manages only to convince half of the people. Finally Agamemnon does arrive home, resplendent in chariot and fine garb, accompanied by a rather pretty, young, dark-haired piece of luggage. Clytemnestra welcomes him with due ceremony and beseeches him to tread the few steps into his palace upon a red carpet, which, she argues, befits a victorious king. Reluctantly, Agamemnon does so, entering the palace, never to leave. Next, Clytemnestra approaches her husband's dubious luggage which is Cassandra, daughter of Priam, King of Troy. Agamemnon, having seized her as booty, has brought her home to serve as a slave-girl. Clytemnestra asks Cassandra to enter the palace, but with no success. Clytemnestra then returns to the palace declaring that she will not waste her time. A most extraordinary scene takes place next - Cassandra goes into a frenzied lamentation - whining and screaming about her unhappy fate. But soon a more dramatic event takes place - a terrible cry is heard, the citizens rush into the palace and find that Agamemnon has been murdered. Clytemnestra, the murderess, explains her motives: the torture of worrying about her husband's fate for the last ten years, the torment of remaining chaste for so long and the little affair involving Agamemnon's obligatory sacrifice of their daughter, Iphigenia, ten years ago were just too much for her to bear. At last, Aegisthus, Clytemnestra's lover, arrives on the scene, declares his approval of Agamemnon's murder, beats up a citizen and enters the palace with Clytemnestra. An ominous future lies ahead.



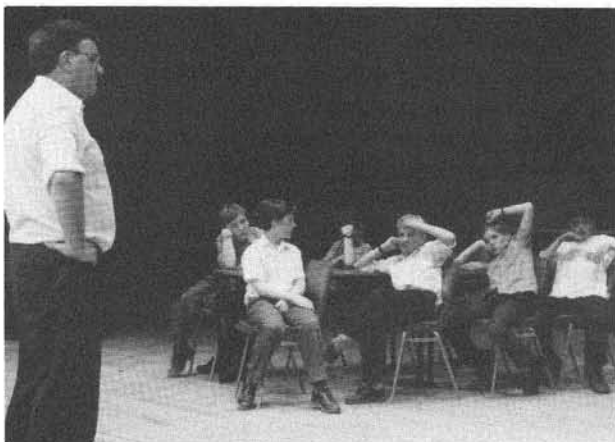
The production was interesting and, at times, innovative. However, its complete success is questionable. While I applaud the company's efforts considering its size (five people) and the difficulty of effectively conveying a play of this genre to a modern audience, I must question its overall accomplishment. The chorus scenes, for example, which are a feature of the utmost importance in the formula of ancient Greek drama, did not achieve the effectiveness which they should have done (though this was very largely to do with the tiny company). The singing was of mixed value - sometimes effective, at other times not so. Another factor which crept in (most noticeably during Cassandra's frenzy) was the unintentional comedy - surely a most undesirable trait in a Greek Tragedy. I was especially amused by the 'special effects' of Agamemnon's murder - Clytemnestra wore a pair of red washing-up gloves!

Nevertheless, on the whole, these flaws did not completely mar the production. In many ways, I quite enjoyed it.

Z. Verjee (6WHZ)

'OLIVER'

26/27/28th June 1993. Photos: Robert Strawson



'THE ALCHEMIST'

On Monday 29th September 1992, two minibuses, piloted by Messrs. Mearns and Macdonald, filled with lower and upper sixth 'A'-level students, were weighed down with boundless enthusiasm and anticipation.

The venue was to be the inspiring Barbican - a first for many of us. After an hour of high-speed cruising followed by a further half hour of snail-paced crawling, we arrived in good time at the place of entertainment, culture and sophistication.

At eight o'clock, lights dimmed, voices hushed and hearts

pounded with breathless expectation. The result was tremendous. Had Jonson himself been there, he would have died of ecstatic passion and been mighty impressed too. Here was a symbol of success. A combination of terrific acting on the part of the RSC, huge amounts of hilarity, extremely effective costumes but, nonetheless true faithfulness to the written play, united with the magnificent Barbicanesque atmosphere, resulted in a truly sensational culmination.

For days afterwards, nothing was real.

Z. Verjee (6WHZ)



Philip Aiken c. 1987 - 'Time Flies'

'TWELFTH NIGHT'

'Twelfth Night', according to Mr. Taylor's programme, "is an ever-surprising mixture of subtlety and coarseness, of social graces and vulgarity, of high comedy and low farce." The comment is absolutely true, and in the hands of the combined dramatic forces of Abingdon and St. Helen's the contrasts were even more stark. The audience, I am told, found almost too much to enjoy, whether it was in the drunken revelry of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, the fooling of Malvolio, or the reuniting of Viola and Sebastian.

The cast had its fair share of stars but at no stage was the play anything but a team effort. Tom Gresford and William Hall as the two drunken knights were a dynamic duo and certainly caused a great deal of laughter. Daniel Hammersley has a remarkable voice and was an excellent Feste, bravely wearing a red dress each night without claiming danger money! Countess Olivia, played by Wendy Knox, was suitably disparaging of the Duke, and her maid Louisa Gray was a fitting wife for Sir Toby.

An unintentional source of merriment was the transatlantic portrayal of Sebastian. "Why has he got an American accent?" one child was heard to remark, but Matthew Woodward battled on well. His long-lost sister Viola, Georgina Datnow, looked nothing like him but under the skilful direction of the make-up team she was transformed. Fabian and Antonio, in the guise of Rob Walker and Philip Allan, were also good, as were the host of other characters I cannot mention for reasons of space.

The best must come last, though. Never has there been as funny a Malvolio as Kester McMorris, whose rantings, ravings and cross-garterings were justly laughed at by the audience. Not being a subtle actor himself, Kester was Malvolio as he was meant to be played. Finally, there must be an appreciation of Rizal "Kenneth Branagh" Almashoor, an instant favourite with the audience and a great "Officer in the service of the Duke."

Individually, then, the actors and actresses were a motley bunch. Put them together and you have a full evening's family entertainment.

Nothing could have come of it, however, without the hordes of dedicated people backstage and belowstage. The stage crew, led by Simon Drew, excelled themselves, as did the lighting crew headed by Jeremy Hart and Ben Taylor. The impression of a Taylor family production is reinforced by the presence of Mrs. Taylor as our costumer!

Mr. Biggs' set design and backdrop were widely praised. Just as important was the Musical Director, Composer, Arranger and harpsichord-player, Mr. Oxlade. Backed up by some skilled Abingdonian musicians, he was able to make the scenes flow beautifully. "If music be the food of love..."

All that remains, is to congratulate Mr. Taylor on his direction and production. I know that all of the cast enjoyed it greatly; I hope that the same was true of our gallant audience.

T. Ward (6GGB)

Sports

1993 CRICKET REPORT

The 1st XI have enjoyed one of their most successful seasons. They have remained undefeated throughout the term (a major achievement in itself) but to also win 14 of their 21 matches is a tremendous testimony to their all round talent and effort. They have displayed high team spirit and have always approached the games in a positive manner. Their hunger for victory motivated them to push for the best.

The success is down to a real team effort with everyone playing their part to the full. The batting has been solid with no fewer than 6 players scoring half centuries and 2 scoring centuries. The leading run scorers were captain Adam Janisch, Tom Pollard, Andrew Harding, Nick Watts, Guy Horton and Ben Fuggles.

The bowling, however, was the main reason for winning so many matches. Having the ability to bowl sides out even on an afternoon match is simply super. The honour here must go to Ben Gannon who has proven that he is a genuine strike bowler; the fastest and most accurate on the school cricket arena this year. His tally of 46 wickets at 10 each from more than 250 overs justifies the statement. Assisted by Ben Fuggles (19 wickets), Luke List (31 wickets) and Guy Horton (23 wickets) this made it a memorable year.

The fielding was not the strongest part of the team's game but they worked hard at it and held onto some important and difficult catches. Special mention here must go to Guy Horton who was outstanding throughout the season and for his spectacular catch on the Sedbergh Tour; a legend in the making.

Full colours: Adam Janisch, Andrew Harding, Ben Gannon, Ben Fuggles, Luke List, Guy Horton, Tom Pollard, Nick Watts, Rob Finch and Rowan Browne.

Half Colours: David Allison, Steve Ruhl, David Melin and Gary Stow.

1st XI Cricket Results

Magdalen College School	won by 128 runs
Oratory School	won by 8 wickets
Radley College	match drawn
Reading	won by 8 wickets
Berks. Gentlemen	won by 8 wickets
Lord Williams, Thame	won by 8 wickets
St. Edwards	match drawn
Pangbourne	match drawn
Old Abingdonians	match drawn
M.C.C.	match drawn
U.C.S.	won by 74 runs
R.G.S. High Wycombe	won by 8 wickets
Sedbergh Festival	won by 36 runs
Merchiston Castle	won by 6 wickets
Sedbergh	won by 6 wickets
Oratory	match drawn
Hamilton High School (Aust)	match drawn
South Oxon Amateurs	won by 7 wickets

They were also victorious in the Oxfordshire U17 cup against Henry Box, Witney, Burford School and Cherwell School.

Final Record:

Played 21 Won 14 Drawn 7 Lost 0

Leading Averages

Batting:

L. List	608 runs	Average 55.27
A. Janisch	626 runs	Average 41.71
T. Pollard	437 runs	Average 31.21
A. Harding	299 runs	Average 27.18

Bowling:

B. Gannon	46 wickets	Average 10.37
L. List	31 wickets	Average 11.68
G. Horton	23 wickets	Average 14.39

A rather young and inexperienced 2nd XI also enjoyed a fairly successful season by winning 5 out of their 9 matches. They lost to Radley and St. Edwards. The outstanding performers were Dave Allison on his guest appearance at Pangbourne (80 and 8 for 13), captain Steve Ruhl (247 runs at 49.4), Dave Melin (26 wickets at 10.6 each) and Gary Stow (14 wickets at 9 each).



Unfortunately, the 3rd XI's season was rather curtailed for one reason or another. They only played 3 games (1 win and 2 defeats). However, there were some encouraging performances notably from Edward Cooper, Michael Pajak and Barnaby Ulyatt.

The Juniors Colts returned an evenly balanced record with 4 wins, 4 defeats and 2 draws whilst the 'B' XI performed very creditably in their four games. The leading performers were Steven Watts (22 wickets at 10 each) and Henry Whalen (196 runs at 32) but there is plenty of depth in this year group which is very promising for the future.

The Juniors had a somewhat disappointing season after showing plenty of early season promise, finishing with 4 wins, 6 defeats, 1 tie and 1 draw. The leading performers were James Horton with 4 half centuries and James Howe-Davies who scored 157 not out at M.C.S., but too often they were let down by poor fielding. Hopefully, they will have learnt a lot from this year because talent is nothing without the ambition to succeed.

The Minors had a very successful season, finishing with 10 wins, 1 draw and 2 defeats whilst the final of the Under 13 cup remains to be played next April! The side still has a great deal to learn but displayed immense enthusiasm for the game. Providing they are prepared to listen and learn, they should develop well. The outstanding performers both with the bat and ball were Tom Allen, Tom Greenland, Richard Ellis and Edward Wagner.

The Under 12s did not do very well, looking at the results. They are still at the learning stage and often found themselves up against much more experienced opponents. They made encouraging progress, however, and there is plenty of talent evident amongst them, particularly in the spin bowling department. Special mention must be given to Paul Edwards for his 106 not out against Priors Court, which is the first century in the Lower School for years.

A.M. Broadbent

1st XI '93

L to R: Ben Peacock, Ben Fuggles, Andrew Harding, Ben Gammon, Tom Pollard, David Allison, Guy Horton, Dominic Partridge, AMB
Front: Rowan Rowne, Rob Finch, Adam Janisch, Luke List, Nick Watts



1st XI CRICKET REPORT

Anyone who had been present at the indoor net sessions now routinely held during the Lent term in the sports hall for all prospective 1st XI cricketers would have seen plenty of attacking but inconsistent batting, and some fiery but often wayward bowling. There was clearly some talent in the squad, but whether it would be transformed into a successful team was another matter.

The summer that followed, however, quickly laid all doubts to rest for this was one of the most successful seasons for decades. The team was unbeaten, winning a superb 14 out of 21 games. This remarkable record was due to the good spirited attacking style of cricket played by a young side (all except one of the regular first team were eligible for the U17 county cup competition).

We began the season very strongly indeed, bowling out the first 7 teams we played. This ability to bowl out other sides proved to be a crucial feature of our cricket and was the main reason that we won two thirds of our games. We beat M.C.S. convincingly in our first game, Tom Pollard scoring an excellent century off only 124 balls, and Luke List taking 6 for 22 to secure a win by 128 runs. Against the Oratory, our opening bowlers demolished their top order to enable us to win by 8 wickets and we easily won the first of our U17 cup games.

Then came the Radley fixture, always a tough test. Ben Gannon took 5 for 32 which, backed up by sharp fielding and excellent catches from Rob Finch and Rowan Browne, restricted Radley to 153 all out. Our batting, however, underwent a rare collapse, only Andy Harding keeping the side together with the first of two vital fifties, to draw the game.

We won our next four games, including a 181 run thrashing of Reading, yet could only draw at St. Edwards, which was the beginning of a barren patch.

We beat U.C.S. and R.G.S. High Wycombe, Luke

List scoring a raid century, before travelling up to Sedbergh to play a three day festival. We won all three games on very soft wet grounds, and this was a credit to the strength in depth and adaptability of the team. After two more draws back home we soundly beat the S.O.A.s to end a superb unbeaten season.

Our top order batsmen all made runs and whatever the surface was like it was always someone's day. The leading run-scorers were Adam Janisch (626 runs, five 50s) and Luke List (608 runs, two 50s, one hundred) with Tom Pollard, Andy Harding and Nick Watts all contributing large amounts. Guy Horton and Ben Fuggles also made very useful half-centuries.

Our bowling, however, was the key to our outstanding season, backed up by good feeling and some breathtaking catches from the likes of Andy Harding, Guy Horton and Rob Finch behind the stumps. Ben Gannon led the attack with considerable pace, accuracy and at times unplayable movement. In taking his huge haul of 46 wickets he demolished several teams including Radley and a distinguished O.A. line up. He ably provided different variations of pace and movement, supplemented by Rowan Browne and Andy Harding, who both took important wickets with leg-spin. Dave Melin and Gary Stow are both excellent attacking prospects for coming seasons.

All in all, the team had no real weaknesses, put in a lot of hard effort during the summer and fully deserved all the success it achieved. Everyone contributed to what must be one of the finest cricket seasons ever recorded by an Abingdon School 1st XI.

Finally I would like to thank Mr. Broadbent for all the time and effort he put into coaching and organising the team and Mrs. Harding for the teas so enjoyed by all.

Adam Janisch

J. COLTS CRICKET XI 'A' TEAM' REPORT 1993

Played	Won	Drew	Lost
10	4	2	4

The opening fixture, against Magdalen, gave us exactly the start that we wanted. Having won the toss, and opting to bat to gain practice, we fell from 70-2 to 116 all out. Iain Gray gave us the perfect start in the field by producing a wicket in the third over. Our other opening bowler took two wickets. After that we never looked like losing and eventually won by 42 runs.

We then lost two games in a row - by 6 wickets to Oratory and by 5 wickets to Radley. After hitting a reasonable score on a small pitch at Oratory the game was fairly even until one of their batsmen took apart our bowling attack.



The Radley match was disappointing. Too many of our players arrived in awe of the size of Radley's pitches and expecting to be hammered. This was the reason for our score of 85 all out. Paul Woodward's 25 stands out; Steve Watts produced 4-40, but was unable to prevent defeat.

Against Oxford School we held them to 106, but, due to an early collapse, only managed a draw. Reading was a simple victory with our bowlers bashing them out for 73. Despite losing an early wicket we easily scored the 74 needed for victory.

Against Thame we bowled well - Steve (4-19) and Iain (6-7) bowled Thame out for 26 in 17 overs in 59 minutes - they were aided by good fielding as well, and we easily scored the 27 required for victory.

St. Edward's are a strong team and gave us two hard hours in the field. After a good opening stand between Paul Woodward and Dave Watts the side yet again collapsed. Against Shiplake after some impressive batting with the order being changed we declared just after tea at 159 for 5. After some good bowling, again by Iain Gray, the match went to a tight close with a win for Abingdon.

Against Pangbourne injury and absentees meant that we lost heavily. The last match against High Wycombe was a bare draw. High Wycombe batted first and left us to score 158 in 80 minutes which was a disappointing end to the season. S. Watts and H. Whalen were selected for the county for consistent bowling and batting, respectively.

My final word goes to Mr. Drummond-Hay and Mr. Henderson who coached the sides with great humour and enthusiasm all year. All the players

J. Colts A Team Statistics

Batsman

Batsman	Innings	Not Out	Runs	HS	A	Catches/Stumpings	Byes
Whalen	9	3	196	45*	37.67	2	
Woodward	10	0	189	51	18.90	3/7	22
S. Watts	7	2	147	63*	28.60	2	
D. Watts	9	1	96	38	12.00	0	
Morris	6	1	40	24*	8.00	0	
Clements	4	2	20	16*	10.00	1	
Oldham	3	1	20	12	10.00	1	
Jenkins	7	1	18	13	3.00	0	
Gray	6	2	17	6	4.25	4	
Hall	6	0	11	7	1.83	4	
Gooch	4	1	7	6*	2.33	1	
Moss	5	0	7	3	1.40	2	
Jones	2	0	6	3	3.00	0	
Prior	3	2	5	5*	5.00	1	
Simmons	2	0	0	0	0.00	1	
Higginbottom	1	0	0	0	0.00	0	

Bowling

Bowler	Overs	Mdns	Runs	Wickets	Average	E. rate	Strike rate	BB	5 wicket
S. Watts	78.2	10	282	23	12.26	3.60	19.91	7.43	1
Gray	83.4	16	197	20	9.85	2.35	25.10	6-7	2
D. Watts	41	5	168	9	18.67	4.10	27.33	3.44	0
Clements	29	3	166	7	23.71	5.72	24.86	2-6	0
Whalen	17.2	1	79	4	19.75	4.56	26.00	4.53	0
Jenkins	6.2	1	16	2	8.00	2.53	19.00	2-15	0
Prior	25.4	3	76	2	38.00	2.96	77.00	1-6	0
Gooch	1	0	7	1	7.00	7.00	6.00	1-7	0

are very grateful to Mr. Henderson and Mr. Drummond-Hay for their efforts.

Results

Won by 42 runs	v Magdalen	Ab	116 all out - Woodward 40, Whalen 37
		Mag	74 all out - Watts 7-43, Gray 2-12
Lost by 6 wickets	v Oratory	Ab	151 for 8 dec - D. Watts 23, S. Watts 23, Morris 24 n.o.
		Or	154 for 4 - D. Watts 3-44
Lost by 5 wickets	v Radley	Ab	85 all out - Woodward 25
		Rad	86 for 5 - S. Watts 4-40
Draw	v Oxford	Ox	106 all out - Gray 3-17, S. Watts 3-24
		Ab	54 for 8 - S. Watts 21, Clements 16 n.o.
Won by 8 wickets	v Reading	Read	73 all out - Gray 2-6, Clements 2-6
		Ab	74 for 2 - Whalen 45n.o.
Won by 8 wickets	v Thame	Tham	26 all out - Gray 6-7, S. Watts 4-19
		Ab	27 for 2 - Woodward 14, Whalen 13 n.o.
Lost by 51 runs	v St Edwards	St Ed	183 for 3
		Ab	132 all out - Woodward 51, D. Watts 22
Won by 9 runs	v Shiplake	Ab	159 for 5 - S. Watts 63 n.o., D. Watts 38, Whalen 38
		Ship	150 all out - Evans 5-31, S. Watts 4-54
Lost by 9 wickets	v Pangbourne	Ab	29 all out - Jenkins 13
		Pang	32-1
Draw	v RES High Wycombe	RES	157 for 7 - Whalen 4-53
		Ab	64 for 4 - Woodward 27

JUNIORS CRICKET 1993

Played 12 Won 4 Lost 6 Drew 1 Tied 1

For a side that appeared to have a lot of potential, this was a disappointing season. It started well with a moral victory over old rivals MCS but the side's ability to snatch defeat out of the jaws of victory was often in evidence in subsequent matches. There was certainly no lack of excitement at times with a tied match against Oratory and a desperately frustrating defeat by one run at the hands of Shiplake in the Lord Taverners Trophy, having played ourselves into a winning position several times during the match. At least we gained some revenge for this later on, beating them quite convincingly in our best performance of the season.

When available, James Howe-Davies was a destroyer of moderate bowling, starting the season with a magnificent 157 not out against MCS and 88 not out in the Cokethorpe game. However, some technical frailties were exposed by more testing bowlers which must be rectified if he is to fulfil his potential and score heavily higher up the school. Edward Ryder made significant progress during the year as he played straighter and could make a most reliable opener. Left-handed James Horton proved to be the one class player, making four excellent fifties. He has that little extra time to play, and has a good range of shots. He is also a promising leg-spinner but seemed to lack some confidence in himself. Henry Dorling eventually showed what a good batsman he could be with an excellent knock against Shiplake. At last he moved his feet positively and hit powerfully through the ball. He is also a very useful change bowler, although plagued by a shoulder injury, and held some marvellous slip catches. Karthig Rajakulendran's batting largely failed to live up to expectations, suffering from a lack of front foot movement and confidence. His bowling was more impressive, with the ability to swing the ball and be reasonably accurate, something that eluded most of the other bowlers. Matthew Jones is a fine striker of the ball and he developed promisingly as he became more patient and selective. His bowling, however, lacked consistency and requires much hard work on his action if he is to improve. Some innings of character and determination from Mark Edwards saved the side from humiliation on several occasions. He had less success with his offspin although was never frightened to toss the ball up. Robert Gilley bowled with increasing aggression and reward, showing a commendable enthusiasm to improve, although his batting was generally disappointing. Although

he made no significant score, Andrew Smith displayed a good defensive technique on which to build. Some accurate medium pacers were purveyed by Alistair Mays and Patrick Wells picked up useful wickets with his offspin. Greg Taylor worked hard to improve his keeping, claiming quite a few victims. Andrew Ashurst, the B team captain, showed he could develop into a handy batsman-wicketkeeper when he was given his chance.

The team was unlucky to be without the injured Gwyn Jones for much of the season. In the last few games he strengthened batting considerably.

One pleasing feature of the year was the enthusiasm of many of the squad which manifested itself very noticeably in the B team matches. Although only one of the five games was won, all were played with great spirit and mutual encouragement.

We were well served by scorers, James Bolle and Patrick Morse in particular doing a splendid job towards the end of the season. My thanks yet again to PJW for his valuable help with coaching, umpiring and consoling!

A Team: J Horton (capt), H Dorling, E Ryder, J Howe-Davies, K Rajakulendran, M Jones, M Edwards, R Gilley, G Taylor, G Jones, A Mays, A Smith, P Wells,
Also Played: D Lloyd, E Chow-Worn, A Ashurst, S Coates, T Burton.

B Team: A Ashurst (capt), A Smith, D Lloyd, B Potter, T Burton, S Coates, O Swanzy, A Mays, L Altmann, T Heel, P Wells, E Chow-Worn, J Winearls, R Patel, A James, P Morse, C Gale, A Carter

Results

v MCS	A	238-3 dec (Howe-Davies 157 no, Horton 52)	
	MCS	151-9 (Horton 5-28)	Draw
v Oratory	A	171-5 dec (Horton 51)	
	O	171	Tie
v Radley	A	98	
	R	101=2	Lost by 8 wkts
v Cokethorpe	C	121 (Wells 5-21, Rajakulendran 4-35)	
	A	122-0 (Howe-Davies 88 no)	Won by 10 wkts
v Reading	R	125	
	A	41	Lost by 84 runs
v Kingham Hill*	A	152-9 (Horton 63, Dorling 30)	
	KH	25 (Rajakulendran 4-7)	Won by 127 runs
v Lord Williams	LW	43	
	A	46-4	Won by 6 wkts
v Shiplake*	S	173-9	
	A	172 (Horton 56, Ryder 40)	Lost by 1 run
v St Edwards	A	108	
	St E	109-3	Lost by 7 wkts
v Shiplake	A	178-3 dec (Dorling 59 no, Horton 43, G Jones 33)	
	S	138	Won by 40 runs
v Pangbourne	A	99 (M Jones 31)	
	P	103-5	Lost by 5 wkts
v RGS	A	138-8 dec (Dorling 32)	
	RGS	139-7 (Gilley 6-40)	Lost by 3 wkts

* Lords Taverners Trophy Matches



ABINGDON SCHOOL ATHLETICS

The mile race has always been the Blue Ribbon event of any athletics meeting since one of our school Governors, now Sir Roger Bannister, broke the four minute barrier by three fifths of a second, on the Iffley Road track while he was a student at Oxford University back in May 1954. More recently there was an attempt on Steve Cram's World mile record of 3 m 52.17 s. Eight years had slowed him by about 6 seconds! During the time that this world record has been in existence there have been many changes in Athletics, the way in which it is organised and athletes paid. Talented men and women earn large sums of money in the sport and are paid through a series of contrived trust funds, which preserve their "amateur" status. We sit back in our armchairs and see exciting races and feats of athleticism on T.V. and are entertained with no effort on our part. Thus athletics, like many other sports has become entertainment for a large number of spectators. We become brainwashed into thinking that participating requires little effort and achievements must rate in comparison with these "professionals". This, of course, is unrealistic and far from the truth. One thing that a boy at Abingdon can learn is how to compete with himself and others and judge his own performances, and strive to improve his own techniques and fitness through self-discipline and determination.

Athletics here is organised so that we have teams each of three age groups, as laid down by the English Schools' Athletic Association. Boys thus gain experience competing in all the standard events against each other and boys from nearby schools. They then have an opportunity to compete in an area Trial in order to gain selection for the Vale of the White Horse team, which competes in the County Championships. An even higher achievement is then to be selected for the County team, which competes in the All England Schools' Athletic Championships.

When F. Malone-Lee (2HTR) gained a personal best of 4 m 47.4 s in the County Championships, running in the Under 15 age group, he was elated by his own improvement of about 14 seconds during the year, and with further improvements next year could gain selection for the County team. He trains a sensible amount for his age and enjoys participating in other events for fun. Many other athletes have done the same this term, improving their personal best performances. P. Aiken and N. Drake became County Champions in the Under 15, 4 x 100m Relay, and the Senior Triple Jump, respectively. To achieve this requires commitment, loyalty and determination to succeed, which means hard work during regular training and matches.

This year the pace has been set by a group of athletes in the third year. The most successful won various cups and tankards in the Middle School Athletics Competition. The Victor Ludorum was keenly contested, with D.R. Higazi the winner by just one point on a count back to earlier standards from P.J. Aiken, J. Grady and R. White. Sunny weather this term has coincided with many of our athletics matches and we were able to round off the season with an exciting Middle School Competition. Mearns' House won the Fourth Year Event with the Boarders' team a close second. At Third Year level the Boarders' team, strengthened by the inclusion of a talented

day-boy group based in Waste Court, ran out easy winners with Wilmore's House in second place. Our Under 15 (mainly third form) school team only lost one of their five matches and that was in the first match, only three days after term had started! (*Excuses, excuses - Ed.*) They therefore gained wins against Douai, Pangbourne, Shiplake, Bradfield, Bloxham and St. Edwards.

There is a little less talent in the Under 17 age group, so it is greatly to their credit that they won over half of their matches. A number of our competitors, namely, C. Drake, E. Conway, P. Dunphy and B. Lashmore-Davies, do well on the track but we need more talent for the throwing events. I wonder how many potential javelin throwing champions are playing cricket or shot put champions, rowing? P. Dunphy is to be congratulated on some excellent performances during the term and he deservedly won the fourth year Victor Ludorum in the School competition.



Chris Drake

photo: Ammar Tahir

At Open level the captain Robin Morris and secretary Nicholas Hardy have had a difficult task holding the team together with only seven athletes in the VIth. form and two in 6th. being prepared to train and compete on a regular basis. In some matches boys had to compete in up to five events, but this did enable us to carry off the honours in four out of five competitions. We were well supported by a number of the 6th. form who officiated at home matches held at the Dalton Barracks track. In contrast, the apathy and lack of commitment shown by certain senior boys has been disappointing. Our regular competitors show that it is possible to combine sport and study, indeed many claim that well organised interludes of exercise are of considerable benefit in this stressful term.

Our final match of the year was against Bloxham and St. Edward's, and this year we were successful in all three age groups and so retain the Abingdon - Bloxham Cup, specially presented for this competition.

Full Colours were awarded to: Robin Morris, Nicholas Hardy, Nicholas Drake, and Ben Rayner.

Abingdon - Bloxham Cup Results:

	Abingdon	Bloxham	St. Edwards's
Under 15	143	98	26
Under 17	119	115	—
Open	108	104	65

Middle School Athletics Competition

Year	Total Pts
Third Year	
Boarder/Waste Court	258
Henderson's	167
Mearns'	124
D-Hay's	120
Wilmore's	218
Fourth Year	
Boarders	191
Henderson's	132
Mearns'	211
D-Hay's	162
Wilmore's	114

Middle School Athletics Competition

at Dalton Barracks, June 1993.

Cup Winners

Event	Cup	Winner
Fourth Year		
100m	Price	B.C.Lashmore-Davies
200m	Saywell	P.D.Dunphy
400m	Marsh	B.C.Lashmore-Davies
800m	ASAC Hurdles	R.J.Binning
1500m	Burnett	D.E.Pinniger
HJ	King	P.D.Dunphy
LJ	Light	D.S.L.Gooch
TJ	Alstone	D.S.L.Gooch
SP	Woolfe	M.J.Pajak
DT	X Cup	P.D.Dunphy
JT	Viney	P.D.Dunphy
Victor Ludorum		P.D.Dunphy
Third Year		
100m	tankard	P.J.Aiken
200m	tankard	D.R.Higazi
400m	Mobbs	P.J.Aiken
800m	Cross	A.J.Howkins
1500m	Griffith	C.T.Purcell
HJ	Holne	D.R.Higazi
LJ	tankard	J.R. Grady
TJ	tankard	J.R.Grady
SP	tankard	R.M.E.White
DT	tankard	R.M.E.White
JT	tankard	B.R.Potter
Victor Ludorum		
	Townsend	D.R.Higazi

We wish to thank the Commanding Officer of Dalton Barracks for the loan of their track and the many colleagues and boys who assisted in many ways throughout the term and on match days, without whom none of the athletics competitions mentioned above would have been possible.

F.C.B.



Mark Pritchard photo: Ammar Tahir

FIVES 1992-1994

During the last couple of years, great changes have been afoot in the Fives Club. The end of 1992 saw the departure of Mr. Willerton as head of fives, being replaced by Dr. Horn. He only lasted a term, however, and was to be replaced by the ever-dynamic Mr. Pritchard.

The last match we played was against the Masters' Common Room. Needless to say, as in the last six years, the MCR won hands down, the only victory being by Matthew Beaumont over Mr. Hunter. Other creditable performances were by Mr. Baker (despite his bad leg), Mr. Mitra, Mr. Hunter and Chris Beach.

Some matches for next term are being lined up, probably with Bloxham and Radley. Can we gain victory over Radley twice in a row? The last game against Radley resulted in the awarding of Half Colours to Matthew Beaumont, Richard Samuels and Chris Beach.

It is at this point that everyone in the Fives Club would like to say thank you very much to Mr. Randolph for all of his coaching over the last few years, and we all wish him well in his retirement.

Neil Carson (6IS)



Christian Purcell photo: Ammar Tahir



Daniel Higazi photo: Ammar Tahir

BADMINTON 1992/93

During the Michaelmas term we had quite a large and frenetic series of fixtures. In total we played 15 other schools.

The two U19 teams won 14 out of 15 matches, The two U16 teams won 2 and lost 4 matches, and the two U14 teams won 6 and lost 1 match.

This was especially creditable when it is noted that five out of the eight members of the U14 squad are at least a year under age. This mighty handful also beat the Bloxham U19 B team rather amusingly.

On Open Day we held the allcomers doubles competition; sadly the crowds had thinned by the time the elite were playing off, but the winners were Richard Haynes and Alistair Mills and runners up T. Ming Huang and Yusmal Ghazali.

New fixtures this season were against Wellington, Rugby and Chipping Norton, while the Stowe and Marlborough fixtures were revived. Sadly the U19s still failed to beat Henley College, which inevitably meant that they would lose to them in the final of the Oxfordshire Schools' League. Though this was no surprise, the games were keenly fought and the result no disgrace when the



Henley team included England squad and Berkshire County players.

The U14 team won its Oxford Schools' League final vs. Henry Box School, thus ending the season in high feather.

Colours have been held by Daniel Blake (captain), Richard Haynes (secretary), Alistair Mills, Syed Adlan and T. Ming Huang.

Half colours have been held by Andrew Bennet, Matthew Hodges, David Jenkins, Patrick Voss and Mark Edwards.

Lower School Colours were awarded to Tom Frankum, Robert Jones, Edward Wagner, Sam Potter and Paul Edwards.

Secretary for 1993/94 is Andrew Bennet and Captain, Richard Haynes.

Paul Edwards (1F) has practically done what Daniel Blake did six years ago: entered the U14 team two years young almost as he entered the school. Ever since then Daniel has been at the heart of the game here: he has an enviable technique and an almost unflappable temperament. His willingness to play for pleasure, to encourage and support, just simply to be around doing the decent thing when visiting teams arrive has been widely noticed and valued. Sadly for us, he leaves school this July but he will be remembered by a whole generation of players.

Mr. I.A. Macdonald



Thomas Frankum, Sam Potter, Paul Edwards, Mark Edwards photo: I.A. Macdonald

Senior Squad members, below left - Richard Haynes, right - Philip Allan photo: I.A. Macdonald

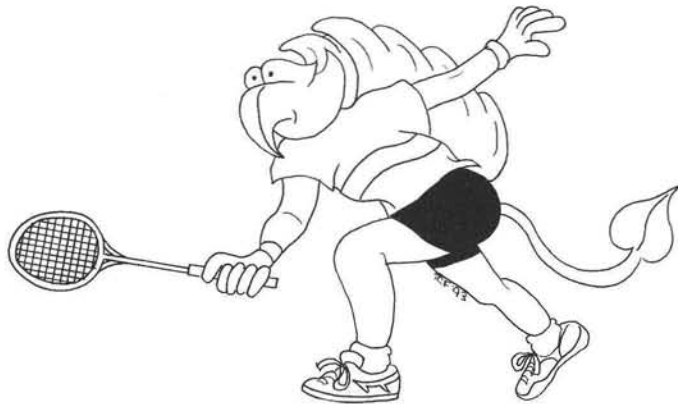


TENNIS REPORT

The Tennis Club this year has enjoyed a mixed season. In a disastrous start all four teams in their first matches lost heavily to a very strong MCS squad - our tennis players being more interested in the British Telecom advert being filmed on Magdalen Bridge and staring at Mel Smith than in any tennis being played! We were to recover quickly, however, the first six bouncing back easily to overcome Oratory and the under 16s also doing well to draw when losing four of their best players to the firsts - this was to turn out to be a recurring event throughout the season, the middle school being particularly well endowed with young tennis talent.

Next were Pangbourne. Here all four teams played very well against a rather weak Pangbourne squad and as a result all won easily. A trip down the road from Pangbourne three days later would bring us to Shiplake, always a difficult team to beat, especially away from home. On this occasion, playing in bad weather and on an astroturf surface, which we were not used to, the first six lost 6-3. The U15s, the only other team to play, won in a close match (5-4), which made up for a slightly disappointing performance from the senior team. It was their second and last defeat of the season.

The next two matches for the first six were cancelled due to RGS Worcester being unable to field a worthwhile team and bad weather forcing



a match against Bloxham to be called off just as the opposition arrived. This enabled time for practice and psychological preparation for the Radley match after half-term. The second six did play against Bloxham, however, and ended up drawing in wet conditions and the U15s played well to win 7-2. A junior team (a combination of U15s & U16s) also played RGS Worcester and lost narrowly 5-4. S. Gray and S. Rajagopalan proved a cut above the rest, losing only four games in four sets.

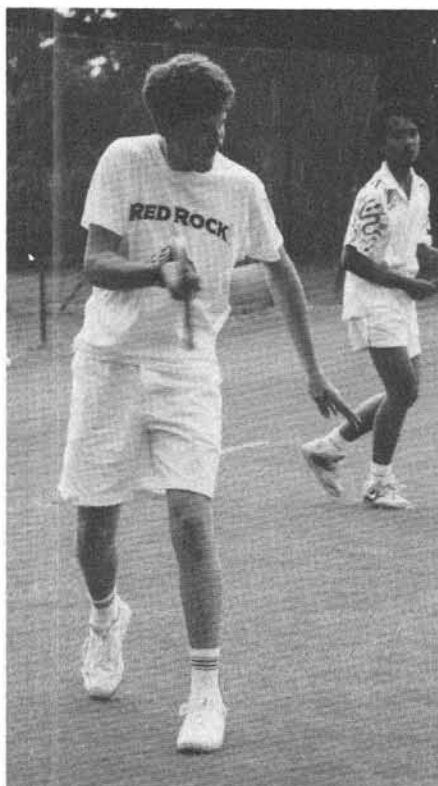
The last matches for all the teams were those against Radley. Here Abingdon swept the board once again, winning three out of four matches and drawing the other, to leave Radley demoralised even if their teams might not have been up to full strength. This rounded off a pleasant season and all that remained was for the firsts to beat a strong OA team 5.5-3.5. This, along with our U15 team again winning their way to becoming county champions in the Midland Bank National Tennis Competition, all bodes well for a successful season next year.

Regular members of the teams this year were as follows: N. Rees, S. Gray, G. Margo, S. Greenland, F. Carr, D. Blake, S. Allan, M. Dearman, H. Powell-Jones,

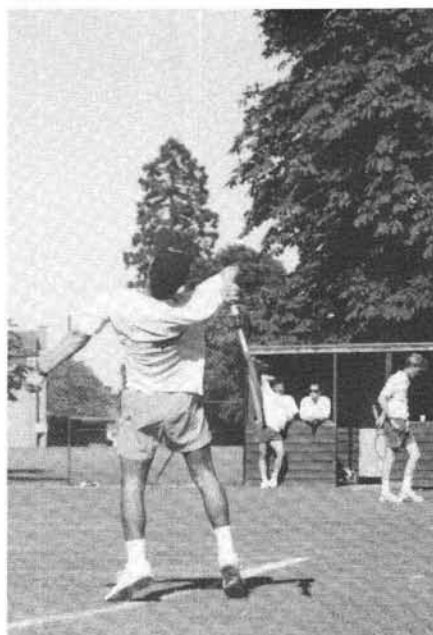
N. Woodward, R. Brown, C. Keith, P. Allan, R. Haynes, D. Otterburn, S. Rajagopalan, P. Edwards, P. Voss, D. Craig, M. Cooke, R. Hughs, P. Hatt, J. Howe-Davis, T. Adcock, D. Matthews, P. Ewing, M. Simmons, A. Edmonds, A. Twinn, A. Simmons, M. Edwards, T. Greenland.

Special thank to Mr. Ayling for all his help and commitment throughout the season, along with Mr. Evans, Mr. Revill and Miss Milligan.

Nick Rees



Alistair Kieran and our beloved Editor
photo: Ammar Tahir



OA matches photos: Rizal Razali



Mark Woodward photo: Ammar Tahir

HOCKEY REPORT - 1ST XI

The season got under way on the Astro-turf at North Oxford. MCS were playing their fourth game and quickly took control. We took some time to get the feel of the surface and with MCS producing an excellent short-corner routine we were soon three goals behind. Nevertheless there was a determined air about our play in the second half and as we got used to the surface we began to put some good hockey together. The MCS defence were clearly becoming rattled by our fast attacks and when Alex Webster nipped in to score an opportunist goal, we were suddenly on top. We came close to scoring again, but could not quite add that final touch. Chris Mitty gave an excellent display in the Abingdon goal, preventing MCS from adding to their score.

In a way it was unfortunate to have to play Bradfield next. They are such a strong side these days and they seem to save their very best form for us. The match, therefore, was one long struggle and the talented Bradfield forward line scored at regular intervals. To report that I was pleased with our approach on this occasion seems strange perhaps, but we battled through it and at no stage did we drop our heads and give in.

We next switched to grass at Abingdon and played a very tight game against Pangbourne, losing by the only goal of the match. Dan Otterburn filled in for Chris Mitty in goal and gave an impressive performance.

2ND XI HOCKEY REPORT

Year by year hockey becomes a more acutely endangered species at Abingdon School, and year after year the second 'best' team in the school helps prolong its existence. This year was no exception, and during a period of unqualified disappointment for our premier team, their understudies were able to assure at least a resemblance of honour for the establishment.

Pressure meant change in hockey circles this year, the result of which was the installation of a 'continental' sweeper system focusing on the employment of a 'libero' granted freedom to roam the playing fields. Such adventure did not reap immediate rewards as we struggled in our opening matches on 'alien' surfaces: astroturf and a flat grass pitch. Not dismayed, however, the team grafted on, boosted by a succession of comfortable victories over our 'superiors'. With such a commendable scalp under our belt we were able to fashion a season which was marred only by two defeats, one at the hands of an accomplished Magdalen side (and an allegedly Russian umpire!) and another following a rare poor performance against Bradfield. Indeed such was our brilliance that we were able to end the season with a magnificent victory over St. Edward's - beaters of Radley.

On reflection such results were entirely deserved by a team who displayed a never-ending application to the game in hand, enabling a team spirit the like of which I have never before had the privilege to experience; not even on the rugby field. The squad of players over the season performed with such gusto and flair that with the inevitable loss of stars from the team, following the promotion of 'Chubb' Busby and 'Rickets' Brown, we were unable to continue unhindered in our winning ways.

The match against Reading started really well, playing attractive hockey. Chris Keith made a number of good attacks down the left and Paul Engwell cracked in our first short-corner. It looked as though we were heading for a convincing victory, but everything seemed to go wrong in the second-half. We seemed to relax, while Reading got the bit between their teeth. Eventually Reading equalised and we were only saved from defeat by Chris Mitty's superb goal-keeping.

Returning to Abingdon we next faced Shiplake and lost a controversial encounter by the odd goal, which many thought was scored from an off-side position. (*Sour grapes - Ed.*) The same thing happened at Bloxham. A number of chances were missed in a game that we dominated for long periods, with some excellent mid-field play. Chris Morgan, Charles Hutchings and Nick Woodward all played well and Paul Engwell scored from a penalty-flick.

Chris Busby and Rowan Browne made impressive debuts in our next game against a young Berkhamsted side; it was a well-deserved victory. Paul Engwell scored the winning goal. We then returned to Astro-turf, confident of doing well against St. Edward's, but what a disappointing match this turned out to be. Apart from one spell in the first-half we did not produce our best form and an excellent goal from Chris Keith was our only consolation. The season ended with a rousing

match against the OAs, who produced the best performance from an OA side that I have seen. Guy Peddy gave an exhibition of defensive play and the game, played on the Radley Astro-turf, buzzed with good hockey moves from both sides. Will Hutchings in goal for the OAs thwarted brother Charles' attempts to score and Stefan Hutchings once again scored for our opponents. The game ended with honours even and much applause from the spectators.

Results:

MCS	Lost	1 - 3	Webster
Bradfield	Lost	0 - 7	
Pangbourne	Lost	0 - 1	
Reading	Drew	1 - 1	Engwell
Shiplake	Lost	1 - 2	Brown
Bloxham	Lost	1 - 2	Engwell (P.F.)
Berkhamsted	Won	1 - 0	Engwell
St. Edwards	Lost	1 - 5	Keith
Old Abingdonians	Drew	2 - 2	Engwell 2

Half-colours were awarded to Christopher Busby, Timothy Jephson, Guy Horton, Nicholas Woodward, Rowan Browne, Christopher Keith and Adam Brown.

Full-colours were awarded to Andrew Harding, Christopher Mitty, Charles Hutchings, Christopher Morgan and Stephen Ruhl.

Chris Mitty played for Oxfordshire and the South at the under 18 level.

P.J.W.



It seems unfair not to mention all of our heroes, but one man above all others merits such distinction. However, the unwritten laws of humility prevent me from such self-appreciation and so I suppose it shall have to be Chris Busby. His role in the success of the team cannot be underestimated, his defence providing stability and his 'attack' exhilaration and excitement. Without his weighty impetus none of our success would have been possible, and it is a testament to his selflessness and generosity that he allowed me to write this report. Thanks Chris!

It would seem inappropriate to end this resumé without mentioning our mentor Mr. Payne, who once again sacrificed countless hours of his time to provide consummate coaching and inspired team-talks necessary to facilitate our lofty achievements in such a great season. I offer my thanks to him and all other of our noble contributors and hope that such success can continue for many years to come, and maybe spread, given time, into the 1st XI.

Results:

Leighton Park 1st	Drew	1 - 1
M.C.S.	Lost	0 - 3
Bradfield	Lost	0 - 1
Pangbourne	Won	2 - 0
Reading	Won	5 - 0
Shiplake	Won	1 - 0
Bloxham	Drew	0 - 0
Berkhamsted	Drew	1 - 1
St. Edward's	Won	3 - 2

Players: R. Browne, C. Busby, T. Cox, B. Fuggles, M. Funnell, J. Glynn, A. Janisch, T. Jephson, R. Jones, C. Keith, B. Marnane, D. Otterburn, S. Pearse, M. Porter, R. Stratton, B. Ulyatt, A. Webster.

Richard Jones



3RD XI HOCKEY 1993

The clichés could come pouring out by way of commentary on this team: particularly the one about enjoying a season of mixed success. But luckily, with a fixture list of only four matches, I reckon you only have to win one game to qualify for this sporting platitude. But let's save the best - the success - until a little later; the 'mixed' first.

We avoided MCS this year, because the weather played its usual Lent term part and the whole of the Thames Valley was waterlogged. A pity; we were looking good in the early practices - who knows how many goals we might have scored against them? Our first opponents became Bradfield; we were still full of early enthusiasm but were just not quite skilful enough to cope with a typically accomplished Bradfield team. But we learnt a good deal during this match, particularly about the need for a direct, positive approach on grass - especially War Memorial field. However, Mark Findlay's goal gave us something to build on.

Next we trundled down the valley to Pangbourne, looking for a repeat of last year's away victory, the team strengthened by the inclusion of Richard Brown, borrowed from Game 1, as captain. But it was not to be. We played very well in parts - there was a marked improvement on the previous game - and we enjoyed the decent grass pitch, but Pangbourne's defence proved unbreachable. We created some good moves but could not set up any effective scoring opportunities. Two half-chances didn't add up to a whole goal. We looked well organised in defence too, but a slight loss of concentration in the second half allowed Pangbourne to dribble one in.

The final two matches took place towards the end of the term. This gave us plenty of time to build on the improvement we had already shown and develop a more effective attack (honed to perfection one afternoon against the Second XI, who kindly allowed us to score the winning goal in extra-extra time). By now Marnane, Allan and Clarkson had established themselves as a very effective back three. The midfield of Powell-Jones, Leen, Brown and Pollard combined skill, industry and sense of purpose - sometimes all at the same time. Up at the glory end Wilkinson, Davy and Clothier were proving to be our best attacking force - although somehow we never made as much use of the right flank as we should have done. Anyhow by the time Berkhamsted (and some nice spring weather) arrived in mid-March we were good and ready. Ready, anyway. This turned out to be a thoroughly convincing win - and a pleasing end to the long build-up. Even then it took a long time coming. We had numerous chances in the first half but, perhaps short of match practice, just couldn't put them away. Then in the second half the flood gates opened, as they say. We scored three and might have had several more. We found more room than in previous matches, particularly down the left side, and we exploited this well. Stand-in Mark Ferguson kept goal with some style that day, deputising for Matthew Lay who deputised for James Glynn! It's good to have such strength in depth at 3rd team level!

So, at least the pressure was off; the season wasn't going to be a 'whitewash'. Instead, with renewed confidence (having decided that we rather liked winning) we headed for north Oxford to look for

more of the same. The St Edward's Derby turned out to be an excellent game, which we could and should have won. We set up some good opportunities in the first half and may even have got the ball over their line - but rumour has it that the umpire (our umpire), unfortunately, was unsighted. A shame - sorry. We looked in fact rather more dangerous than Teddies all the way through what was always going to be a tight, physical match. Luke Davy - usually something of a sharp shooter in practice - was having what we'll politely call an off day; certainly his shots 'at' goal (both with or without the goalie present) were off target! In between, while we might have been setting up a five-nil lead, St Edward's scored from one of the few short corners they were awarded. We had further chances, but there was no let up in effort; it just wasn't our day. Luke's life-threatening crack from just inside the circle which hit the cross bar summed it up well. So, a disappointing result, but at least we ended the season playing some good hockey. And it may be another sporting truism, but we certainly did improve as the season went on. It took a while to settle the team (selecting from a group of about twenty-five players) and to establish the best pattern and arrangement on the field; but after the Bradfield defeat we always looked a competent, determined and really quite skilful side. Those two narrow defeats might so easily have gone the other way. Then I might have been reaching for a different cliché... about being the best team, on more than one day.

Never mind; we tried hard, did quite well, got much better - and it was enjoyable. I'll settle for that sort of mixed success any day of the week.

The following players represented the 3rd XI: J. Glynn, L. Davy, P. Allan, H. Powell-Jones, T. Ward, G. Williams, W. Clothier, T. Pollard, B. Marnane, W. Wilkinson, K. Leen, M. Findlay, M. Reynolds, M. Lay, R. Clarkson, R. Brown (Capt), T. Mortimer, M. Ferguson.

Results:

Bradfield	L	1 - 4
Pangbourne	L	0 - 1
Berkhamsted	W	3 - 0
St Edward's	L	0 - 1

S.A.E.

MINORS HOCKEY REPORT

We had all been looking forward to the hockey season, but our first match was, for all players, their first game of hockey. The team was not at its full strength, and unfortunately we ended up on the wrong side of a 7-0 scoreline!

Yet, more determined than ever, we soon began to improve our skills, and looked like a team. We went into our next match against Magdalen College School with high expectations, but failed to score again, resulting in a 0-0 draw. The forwards' lack of flair was detectable by the moaning of our centre forward, Sam Potter!

With more practice and confidence, we were hoping for a better result against Christchurch Cathedral School. We played well and dominated in mid-field, and won the game 7-0. Robert Jones scored a hat-trick and Sam Potter put two past their goalkeeper.

Our next match was against an U14 team from Berkhamsted. We managed to resist their big hitting, and Sam Potter was again our hero - scoring both goals.

Our final encounter was against another U14 side from St. Edward's. We made a superb start with a lucky early goal and survived a last minute goal by St. Edward's, to win the game 2-1.

Despite a slow start, we never lost heart, and ended the season on a high note. The message from the U13 A XI is 'keep on boooowamming' (a very big hit!)

The following played for the XIs:

U.13 A XI

I. Lashford, S. Husbands, P. Biggs, M. Capon, A. Stewart, T. Greenland (Capt.), F. Malone-Lee, T. Crawford, T. Allen, R. Ellis, S. Potter, R. Jones, A. Brown, O. Marshall, E. Wagner.

U.13 B XI

C. Bowler, P. Bareham, K. O'Leary, T. Crawford, E. Wagner, J. Smith, P. Biggs, J. Adams, J. Smethurst (Capt.), O. Marshall, G. Mills, R. Marshall, D. Jones, A. Pavlosky

Results:

					Goals+	Goals-
A.XI	P.5	W.3	D.1	L.1	11	8
B.XI	P.3	W.1		L.2	2	5
		A.XI		B.XI		
Priors Court		L. 0-7		L. 0-3		
M.C.S.		D. 0-0		L. 0-1		
C.C.C.S.		W. 7-0				
Berkhamsted		W. 2-0				
St. Edwards		W. 2-1		W. 2-1		

Goalscorers:

S. Potter (4)	F. Malone-Lee (1)
T. Greenland (2)	
	T. Crawford (1)
R. Jones (4)	K. O'Leary (1)

Tom Greenland (2R)
Richard Ellis (2R)
J.D.E. Drummond-Hay

MIDDLE SCHOOL HOUSE HOCKEY

A full programme of house matches was completed thanks to a mild end to the Lent term. The matches were played in a friendly, but highly competitive manner. The dark-horses of the tournament proved to be Drummond-Hay's A XI, who pulled off three shock results. The outcome of the tournament was not decided until the very last game. By this stage Drummond-Hay's B XI had won their league, with the same number of points as the Boarders, but a better goal difference. The Boarders' A XI needed only to draw with Drummond-Hay's to clinch the overall title, but lost an exciting match and had to settle for second place.

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against	Pts.
A Competition:							
Mearn's	4	2	1	1	6	3	5
D-Hay's	4	2	1	1	3	3	5
Boarders	4	2	1	1	3	3	5
Henderson's	4	1	1	2	4	6	3
Wilmore's	4	1	0	3	2	6	2
B Competition:							
D-Hay's	4	3	0	1	9	3	6
Boarders	4	3	0	1	8	4	6
Henderson's	4	2	1	1	7	4	5
Wilmore's	4	1	1	2	4	4	3
Mearn's	4	0	0	4	1	14	0
Final Points Table							
D-Hay's	11	(+8)					
Boarders	11	(+4)					
Henderson's	8						
Wilmore's	5	(-4)					
Mearn's	5	(-10)					

JUNIOR COLTS HOCKEY

Wed	Jan 20	Oxford School (a)	won	1-0
Sat	Jan 30	Bradfield (h)	lost	0-4
Wed	Feb 3	Pangbourne (a)	drew	2-2
Sat	Feb 6	Reading (a)	won	1-0
Sat	Feb 13	Shiplake (h)	drew	2-2
Wed	Mar 3	Bloxham (h)	lost	1-2
Sat	Mar 13	Berkhamsted (h)	lost	1-3
Sat	Mar 30	St. Edward's (h)	won	3-2

Team members: D. Gooch, J. McKenzie, A. Moss, D. Wrigley, J. Gray, B. Jones, A. Funnett, J. Arthur, J. Mackay, P. Woodward, J. Oldham, O. Greasby, S. Greenland.

Looking back, it can be said that the boys experienced both the sweetness of victory and the pain of defeat (and aggravating draws!). From the record above, we won and lost three matches and drew two; a 'balanced' performance, I would say. Still, I believe that the boys had a great time representing the school.

The team was blessed with two captains this season. Paul Woodward served for the first half of the term and Iain Gray succeeded him. Paul played excellently all season, setting a good example for everybody else while Iain was more on the tactical side by planning ball distribution for each player. Alex Moss, who played defence, gave us pointers all the way by shouting at us from the D line.

Although this lot weren't always a pleasure to coach, they played hard on the field. They were full of enthusiasm and team spirit. Everyone improved substantially and I hope that a good number have been able to practise and play on artificial turf so that they might have an even more successful and enjoyable season next year. Last but not least, many thanks to Mr. Hofton for his loyal support and for also being patient with us.

R.C.B. Coleman

A TRIBUTE TO HUGH RANDOLPH

I have been in charge of hockey at Abingdon for the last 14 years and for much of that time have been burdened with finding help to run the non-team hockey. This thankless and undervalued job has never attracted many volunteers and there have been a number of occasions when it looked as though we would be left with boys wanting to play, but with nobody to supervise them. Hugh Randolph has never failed to provide the answer. On those occasions when it has been necessary, he has added an extra double session to the one already assigned to him. His support for the non-team hockey has been unstinting and has enabled hundreds of Abingdonians to enjoy the game. Many was the time that Hugh has recounted, with great relish, the previous evening's match that ended in a 7-7 draw!! I shall be forever grateful for his support and enthusiasm, as will, I am sure, those schoolboys who benefited from it.

P.J.W.

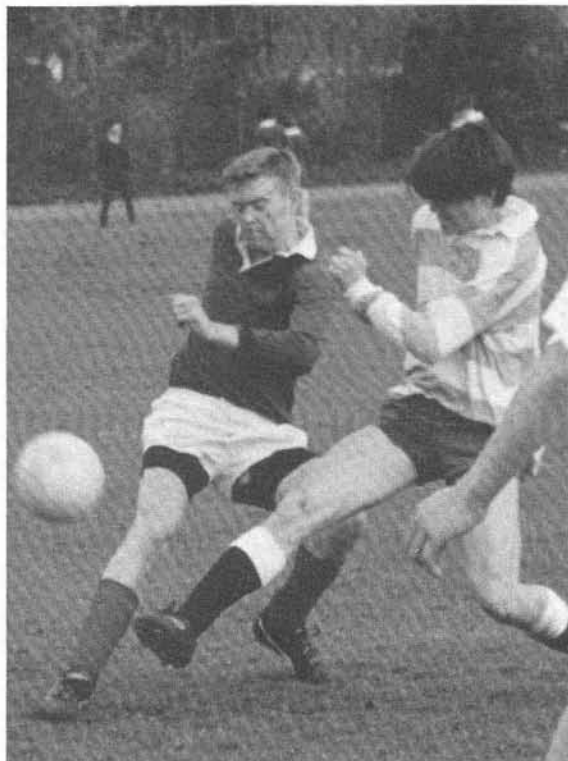


SOCCER

on Lower Field, Lent 1993



Paul Engwell



Dan Otterburn and Ben Fuggles

CROSS COUNTRY

After a long summer of cramming neglected text, it was a pleasant surprise to come away from our first fixture of the term with two individual winners; Christian Purcell and Paul Shrimpton both came first in our annual fixture against Bradfield. What was even more encouraging about the results was the number of runners placed in the top 10. This gave many team members an added incentive to build on their impressive start to the season.

Owing to the fact that many of the regular cross country runners were in an examination year, there were few fixtures in the rest of the Michaelmas Term. This gave us the opportunity of placing more emphasis on the quality of our training as opposed to the quantity. (As we had more time in which to get fit). The result of this was that we were getting faster, in preparation for the Lent term, where the races are comparatively short.

The Michaelmas term concluded, as always, with the Oxfordshire AAA Cross Country Championships. Despite the heavy going conditions, three runners gained places in the county team. For the juniors, the dynamic duo of Francis Malone-Lee and Richard Ellis, and for the junior men, Rob Walker. Commiserations must go to Richard Scott, who in any race would almost certainly gain a county place. However, he found himself in an extremely fast race, with several of his competitors bordering on national standard. In this high class field, he did extremely well to finish just two places off a county team place.

After a satisfying term's racing, many of us hit the



Francis Malone-Lee finishes strongly at the All England Championships

books, in order to prepare for the 'mocks'. It is for this reason that the Lent term was kick-started into action by the younger members of the team. Having gained his place in the county team, Francis Malone-Lee produced the performance of the season, finishing 37th out of 350 in the national championships. For Francis, this run was particularly sweet, as last year, whilst running in the same race, he fell and was badly injured.

The second half of the Lent term saw a concentration of relays, of which there were two particularly large ones. The first at RGS Worcester, was an impressive field, where we entered two very underaged teams. Despite this handicap, both the juniors and seniors ran very well indeed

to finish half-way up the field.

The second was at RGS High Wycombe, where Richard Scott and Paul Shrimpton both dipped under the elusive ten-minute barrier, and Rob Walker produced a fitting finale to his Abingdon career by winning his leg of the relay, in his 106th run for the school.

Although still weary from this event, the cross country club turned out in force for the road relay, the very next day. What was demonstrated, above all else, was that over the year every club member made significant personal improvements, in both times and race placings. There can be no question that this was due to the general level of determination and the friendly atmosphere, which prevails over our training and competition. It is this atmosphere in the club which I personally will miss most of all.

After the successful season, there was quite an array of prizes and awards to be presented at the end-of-term assembly. Half colours went to Paul Shrimpton who has matured into a talented runner and a

subtle tactician. Full colours went to Rob Walker and Richard Scott, the captain and his successor. The trophies awarded include the following: Francis Malone-Lee (Best Junior); Paul Shrimpton (Best Intermediate); Peter Moloney (Most Improved); Richard Scott (Best Senior); Rob Walker (Outstanding Service and Baxter? Cup).

All that remains to be done is to thank Mr. Baker and Mr. Oxlade for their help in the administration and training of the team (Mr. Oxlade, in particular, for providing vast quantities of Mars Bars!). I would also like to wish Richard Scott good luck as the new captain; I hope he has as much fun as I have done in the role over the previous two years.

Rob Walker



Rugby: 1st XV 1992

photo: Ivor Fields

RUGBY SEASON 1992

This was another very enjoyable and hugely successful season for the Rugby Club. Not only were more games won than lost and more tries scored than in the previous season, but our representative honours were most impressive. Four boys were selected for Oxfordshire at U18 level, seven played for the county at U16 level and Matthew Cooke represented South Midlands division in what was effectively an England trial.

1st XV

The 1st XV record speaks for itself; an impressive try count of 30 tries and no game lost by more than 10 points. If the undoubted highlight of the season was the victory at St. Edward's, the first against them for some years, the real disappointment was the cruel one point defeat at Radley, a game which even the Radley faithful suggested should have been won by Abingdon.

The domestic season began with a narrow defeat at Stowe where complacency, early season lack of fitness and lack of tactical awareness were significant factors in a weak and often disorganised performance. In hindsight, the defeat was perhaps a blessing in disguise since in the following week a well earned victory was achieved against a stubborn Bloxham XV.



Line-out with Bloxham

A bruising and often bad-tempered affair resulted in another narrow defeat away to Berkhamsted, but a week later a fine all round team performance gave us a third consecutive victory against Marlborough. Our next two games saw us lose to Radley and M.C.S., but the manner was in each case wholly different. The former game was well within our grasp and having come from behind, we were well in control until the final moments of the match. Unfortunately, Radley snatched victory late in the game and the final scoreline of 13-14 reflected a close and compelling contest. The M.C.S. game was rather bizarre with Abingdon comfortably ahead at half-time 10-0 and seemingly well in control of proceedings. Then for some inexplicable reason we went off the boil, conceded a soft try and allowed M.C.S. to take the initiative.

A scoreline of 10-17 was bitterly disappointing, but in truth it could have been far worse.

The response to two consecutive defeats was four straight wins and a deluge of tries. A key positional change was instrumental in giving the back division more bite; Guy Horton moved to fly half with Adam Janisch switching to full back where the extra time and space suited his elusive style of running. The only defeat after half term was against Pangbourne which in retrospect was just about the best team we played.

In a season which saw many changes in personnel, a few players stood out. The captain, R.J. Stratton was a tower of strength and his maturity, determination and total commitment were a major factor in a pleasing season. The front row of Stratton, Chris Busby and Rowan Browne played in every game and as a unit they were the cornerstone of the pack. In the back row,

Ben Rayner and Steven Ruhl were always in the thick of the action with the latter a well deserved recipient of the award for best forward of the season. Our weakest position was probably at scrum half and in many ways there was really nothing to choose between Chris Morgan and Tim Jephson. The most dangerous and incisive runner was Paul Engwell. He was also the most consistent of all our player and he thoroughly deserved the award for best back of the year.

Finally it was encouraging to see two fifth year boys making their debuts for the 1st XV and in Matthew Cooke and Ross Hewes, we have two players who could play influential roles in the 1st XV over the next two years.

Abingdon 1st XV - Season 1992

12/09/92	Stowe (a)	L 3-7	pens: Janisch
16/09/92	Bloxham (a)	W 18-3	tries: Rayner, Engwell
19/09/92	Berkhamsted (a)	L 6-12	pens: Horton (2)
26/09/92	Marlborough (a)	W 10-5	tries: Webster, Richardson
03/10/92	Radley (a)	L 13-14	try: Webster pens: Engwell (2) cons: Engwell (1)
10/10/92	Magdalen (h)	L 10-17	try: Drake pens: Engwell (1) cons: Engwell (1)
17/10/92	Shiplake (h)	W 18-12	tries: Webster (2), Rayner pens: Engwell (1) tries: Janisch (2), Webster (2), Litchfield (2), Morgan, Ruhl, Drake pens: Horton (1)
07/11/92	Newbury (a)	W 49-5	try: Drake cons: Engwell (1)
14/11/92	St. Edwards (a)	W 7-0	tries: Drake cons: Engwell (1)
19/11/92	Reading (h)	W 36-13	tries: Drake, Engwell, Cooke, Janisch, Litchfield pens: Horton (1) cons: Horton (4)

21/11/92	Pangbourne (h)	L 6-13	pens: Horton (2)
28/11/92	Douai (h)	W 42-10	tries: Drake (3), Glynn, Engwell, Litchfield pens: Horton (4)

Record

Played	12	Won	7	Lost	5
Points For	217				
Points Against	111				
Points Difference	106				
30 Tries	15 Penalties	8 Conversions			



Scrum against Radley

Try Scorers:

Drake 7, Webster 6, Litchfield 4, Janisch 3, Engwell 3, Rayner 2, Richardson 1, Cooke 1, Morgan 1, Glynn 1, Ruhl 1

Penalty Scorers:

Horton 10, Engwell 4, Janisch 2

Conversion Scorers:

Horton 4, Engwell 3, Janisch 1

Point Scorers:

Horton 38, Drake 35, Engwell 33, Webster 33, Webster 30, Janisch 23, Litchfield 20, Rayner 10, Richardson 5, Cooke 5, Morgan 5, Glynn 5, Ruhl 5

Appearances:

Stratton 12, Browne 12, Busby 12, Horton 12, Engwell 12, Webster 12, Drake 12, Janisch 12, Litchfield 11, Glynn 11, Rayner 11, Ruhl 10, Allison 8, Jephson 7, Cooke 6, Marnane 6, Morgan 5, Richardson 3, Patey 1, Dale 1, Taylor 1, Hewes 1, Harding 1

Colours:

Stratton, Busby, Allison, Rayner, Glynn, Ruhl, Engwell, Webster, Drake, Janisch

County Players:

Rayner, Jephson, Engwell, Drake

A.D. Watkins



1st XV v. Douai

photo: Jan Warnecke

2nd XV

Played 10 Win 7 Lost 4 Draw 1
Points: For 171 Against 151

Overall, a very satisfactory season in which team spirit and enjoyment of the game were paramount in the players' minds. We started the season well with a hard fought victory at Stowe. There followed three consecutive victories, with the highlight being the outstanding display away to Bloxham. Marlborough was undoubtedly the toughest fixture of the season and a major set back; despite all our efforts we could not prevent them from rattling up an impressive total of tries.

As usual, the Radley match was a frenzied affair and although we played with tremendous courage and determination against a side containing some very big specimens, we were unable to prevent a narrow defeat. This game also saw us lose key players through injury or selection to 1st team level and two games immediately before half term produced defeat at the hands of M.C.S. and a truly forgettable draw at Shiplake.

After half term, we returned with renewed vigour and enthusiasm; at times we played some breathtaking rugby and out of five games our only defeat was at the hands of St. Edward's. Excellent wins against Pangbourne and Douai reflected the true potential of this team. The Pangbourne fixture was a real nail biter, we led 5-0 with ten minutes to go when suddenly, but not unexpectedly, Pangbourne scored an unconverted try. Showing tremendous character we quickly bounced back to seal victory, courtesy of two well struck penalty goals by William Clothier.

Highlights of the season include Kim Taylor's 6½ tries, Robin Morris missing the coach to Shiplake, Chewy's classical prop forward tries, the never ending saga of the scrum-half position and last but not least, Chris Morgan's *Oggy! Oggy! Oggy!*

All of this made for a very enjoyable season and a most respectable record. Thanks to the coaches, all our supporters and of course to those who wore the 2nd XV jersey with pride and honour.

Captain: Ali Dale

Players: N. Rees, J. McIntosh, W. Houston, M. Ferguson, B. Marnane, M. Patey, S. Fisher, W. Wilkinson, D. Allison, K. Taylor, A. Harding, A. Battye, D. Richardson, C. Morgan, T. Jephson, R. Jones, N. Watts, W. Clothier, C. Keith, R. Morris, T. Ratcliffe, D. Benzina, A. Brown, M. Bright.



D. Melin punts away photo: Jan Warnecke

GAME 2

3rd XV: Lost 7, Won 4
4th XV: Lost 6, Won 1

This was not a good season. The squad suffered in two important aspects: firstly there was a lack of leadership for the third XV; secondly there were insufficient players to effectively run two XV's. Jon Holmes took on the captaincy of the thirds for the first five games, but then relinquished it to a number of successors. For most of their games the fourths (ably captained by Mark Clements) had to press gang non-team players - and on one occasion a passing OA - to make up the numbers. There was, not surprisingly, a very pessimistic spirit in the camp as a result. Despite the good efforts of some, this pessimism rendered training sessions ineffectual so that there was little improvement over the season. The numbers problem did have some beneficial side-effects: Rufus Trotman having been converted from spectator to player whilst supporting the thirds away at Radley put in such an impressive (and enjoyable) performance that he thereafter became a stalwart member of the third's pack. Similarly, Henry Powell-Jones volunteered his services to good effect. Whilst we lost heavily to traditionally strong rivals such as Radley and St. Edward's, a good on-field spirit meant that many other games were very close.

COLTS

The Colts played twelve games this season, (excluding results from the Scottish Tour).

Up to half term they were undefeated, beating Stowe, Bloxham, Berkhamsted, Marlborough, Radley, Oxfordshire Under 16s and M.C.S.

The most notable victories of these were Marlborough and the Oxfordshire Under 16s. The former match was the best of the season. It certainly was the worst for the spectators, being such a hard and closely contested match. We controlled the first session, encamped in Marlborough's half. However we could not convert pressure into points. They defended well and kept us at bay. The second half belonged to Marlborough. They scored a penalty giving them a 3-0 lead. From the restart C. Drake went outside his man and ran under the posts, D. Melin converted - just! Marlborough came back hard and eventually the pressure told and they scored and converted. 7-10 to Marlborough. Time was short but the character of the team shone through. R. Finch went blind from a break-down situation and scored the winning try. 12-10 to Abingdon.

The match against Oxfordshire was also a pleasing performance. It was in the second half that the side clicked and everything came right, especially in the rucking and mauling departments. M. Cooke and C. Drake scored two and three tries respectively. R. Finch got one and D. Melin converted three. The final score 36-19. Due to this game six players, G. Stow, R. Hewes, J. Grinstead, M. Cooke, C. Drake and D. Melin, were invited to train with the county squad.

Over half term the Abingdon squad went up to the West coast of Scotland and played two games on a mini-tour of that area, playing Lomond School 1st XV and Glasgow Academy Colts.

One welcoming and unusual fixture was arranged against Abingdon College (lost 12-6), a good game played in excellent spirit.

Squad

P. Aiken, M. Bright, R. Brown, J. Brownlee, M. Clements, I. Cotterill, T. Cox, R. Davies, L. Davy, J. Easton, M. Eyre-Brook, B. Fuggles, M. Fullbrook, M. Funnell, B. Gannon, J. Grayling, J. Holmes, W. Hoodless, M. Lay, D. Malcolm, D. McMahon, M. Milton, S. Moss, S. Owens, H. Powell-Jones, T. Ratcliff, C. Sandford, R. Trotman, M. Wilkinson, N. Woodward, N. Wolf, T. Wright.

M.C. Stevenson



1st XV v. Bloxham

In the second half of term the side played a further five games. They beat Reading, Newbury and Douai but lost to St. Edwards and Pangbourne. In the two games we lost the weather conditions were not that pleasant. In the former match we lost 3-0, but could have converted two penalties to reverse the score. In the Pangbourne match we were short of key players. Due to the weather conditions it was a forwards game. At the end of the day both teams were equal in all departments but it seemed that Pangbourne were the more determined. The final score 17-0.

A pleasing season with several players representing the county at Under 16 level.

M.J. Maughan

Results

Stowe	W 44 0	Adcock, List x2, Drake, Partridge, Grinstead, Thomas, Cooke, (Melin x2C)
Bloxham	W 11 3	Melin x2P, Cooke
Berkamstead	W 36 0	Thomas x2, List, Drake, Grinstead, Adcock, (Melin x3C)
Marlborough	W 12 10	Drake, Finch, (Melin x1C)
Radley	W 15 5	Matthews, Hankin, (Melin x1C, 1P)
Oxfordshire	W 36 19	Cooke x2, Drake x3, Finch, (Melin x3C)
MCS	W 12 3	Hewes, Ruddick, (Melin x1C)
Lomond	L 5 10	
Glasgow Acad.	W 20 5	
Reading	W 30 0	
Newbury	W 21 7	
St. Edward's	L 0 3	
Pangbourne	L 0 3	
Douai	W 22 0	Drake x2, Pajak, List, (List x1C)
Warwick	Postponed/Cancelled	
	239 67	

P	W	L	D	PF	PA
12	10	2	-	239	67

JUNIOR COLTS

Overall, this was a successful and very enjoyable season. Everyone worked hard and made encouraging progress as a team. There are some big forwards, who developed into a very useful unit, especially when several of them began to realise their potential. The presentation of the ball in the loose, to ensure possession is maintained, needs fine tuning. The backs have plenty of pace and strength, and the tactical awareness improved as the season progressed, but they struggled against the tight, well drilled defences where the basic handling skills let them down.

Although the overall record was spoilt somewhat by disappointing displays at St Edward's and Warwick, total demolition of Douai (whom they'd lost to in the previous year) and the draw against Radley made up for it.

The key to the side's success, as is often the case, lay with their confidence - when they were prepared to run at opponents. They proved capable of destroying defences, as the 4 scores of 46+ showed. However, too often against the stronger opponents, a sense of apprehensive and tentativeness was always evident, and consequently they never gave full justice to their ability.

JUNIORS A XV

It seems a very long time ago that Robert White received his first pass in one of our initial practice games and ran round everybody to score the first of many tries that term. Robert picked himself, but the problem remained of selecting the other fourteen players, in the correct positions. We had a playing squad of about ninety, including over fifty new boys competing with the nucleus of last year's successful U13 teams. This produced an exciting and competitive start to the term; there was plenty of talent, some outstanding individuals and a vital ingredient; enthusiasm.

The team won five out of six matches in the first half of term. Most wins were 'comfortable' although the scorelines suggest quite close games. We faced opposition of varying calibre later in the season. We trounced Newbury one week, when everybody had a bit of fun and Henry demonstrated that he was the best fly half as well as the best prop in the team. Yet the rather narrower victory against St. Edward's the following Saturday was by far the more satisfying win. The team lost just two games all season, one in each half of the term. There was no disgrace in defeat by a strong Radley side and a courageous second half ensured that Radley scored no further points. Against Pangbourne, however, we lost our way in the fog. Again we were up against an accomplished, confident side and without Robert White, our attacking options were limited. Strong performances against Reading and later Douai put us in quite good shape for the final match against Warwick, which turned out to be an excellent game of rugby. It may have been a scoreless draw but this was no damp squib and included some of the best rugby of the term. Both teams thwarted each other's advances with brave, committed tackling; it was a fair result - and it provided a memorable conclusion to the season.

This was always an interesting side to watch and

There's a lot of size, power and potential amongst the squad and if they're to develop into an even better team, then they've got to start to believe in themselves more and enter the tougher games with the belief that they're good enough to win.

I'd like to thank all those who played throughout the season for making it such a successful one - even if it did have its ups and downs. (But then there's no challenge if it's all plain sailing!!)

Finally, I'd like to give a special thank you to Joe Allen for all the time and help he gave to the coaching and also to Richard Binning, who led the team by example superbly throughout the season.

Good luck next season.

A.M. Broadbent.

Regular members of 'A' XV:

R. Binning (Capt.), D. Hankin, M. Pajak, P. Rutland, A. Edmonds, O. Cox, C. McGarry, D. Wrigley, P. Woodward, L. Clements, D. Chadwick, P. Dunphy, A. Funnell, M. Morris.

Also played: M. Conway, J. Mackay, O. Greasby, B. Lashmore-Davies, A. Moss, R. Finch, P. Tompkins.

a very enjoyable and rewarding one to coach. Success stemmed from a robust and effective pack, of which Henry, our sizeable prop, was the cornerstone. Henry on the charge was one of the best sights of the season!

The backs were a less settled unit than the forwards. Their main strike force was Robert White, who always ran with speed and determination. It took a good tackle to stop him and his tally of eight tries shows his contribution to the team.

A successful side needs a good captain and we had that in scrum half Andrew Smith. I rarely saw Andrew make a bad mistake; he usually did something very effective. He was positive and enthusiastic about the game and this set the tone for the whole team.

I think we all learnt a lot this term about the way the game should be played, especially under the new laws where the emphasis is on securing possession and keeping the ball alive. This is a vital aspect of play which this team only demonstrated inconsistently - but they proved to themselves time and time again what good rugby they could play when they did retain and re-use possession. My hope is that they build on their knowledge and go on to play excellent, attractive and winning rugby. They are certainly capable of it.

The last word should be one of thanks; to the boys for making it such an enjoyable and successful season, to Mr. Biggs for all his help with the A and B team squad - and to all the parents who supported us so loyally throughout the season.

Junior A XV Results

Bloxham	W	12 - 5
Berkhamsted	W	34 - 5
Marlborough	W	10 - 0
Radley	L	0 - 19
M.C.S.	W	15 - 5

Final Statistics for the 1992 Season.

Opposition	Result	Score
Stowe	L	7 - 19
Bloxham	W	52 - 5
Berkhamsted	W	17 - 0
Marlborough	W	22 - 0
Radley	D	0 - 0
M.C.S.	W	65 - 0
Shiplake	W	46 - 10
Newbury	D	3 - 3
St. Edward's	L	0 - 34
Reading	W	50 - 0
Pangbourne	L	8 - 41
Douai	W	36 - 7
Warwick	L	0 - 40

Overall Record

Played 13 Won 7 Draw 2 Lost 4
Points for: 306 (inc 50 tries) against: 159



2nd XV: Andrew Jones takes the strain

Shiplake	W	29 - 0
Newbury	W	70 - 7
St. Edward's	W	7 - 0
Reading	W	26 - 0
Pangbourne	L	0 - 20
Douai	W	29 - 7
Warwick	D	0 - 0

Played 12 Won 9 Lost 2 Drew 1
Points For : 232 Points Against : 68

Try Scorers: White (8) Dorling (4) Higazi (11) Jones (1) Ashurt (2) Taylor (1) Howkins (2) Hewes (1) French (3) Jeffries (4) Lyall (1) Aiken (2)

Regular A Team Players: C. Pearson, P. Aiken, R. White, J. Horton, A. Howkins, M. Jones, A. Smith, S. French, D. Higazi, E. Russell, J. Lyall, A. Ashurt, T. Hewes, J. Willats, H. Dorling

Also played: J. Grady, B. Porter, B. Cullum, J. Winearls, G. Taylor, R. Janisch, J. Downing, J. Strong.

Congratulations to Mr. Biggs and the Juniors B XV on their very successful season:
Played 11 Won 7 Lost 1 Drew 3

The Juniors put out a C team on three occasions this term and although all the games were lost there were no heavy defeats. The boys did very well considering the limited team practise they had. The D team played two matches and was one of the only team to beat Radley, (5-0). They lost their other match to St. Edwards very narrowly.

Thanks are due to Mr. Milner and Mr. Waters for their invaluable help with C and D team and non-team rugby. Also, a special thanks to Mr. Lewis and Mr. Townsend for giving up several Wednesday and Saturday afternoons to referee our matches.

S.A. Evans

MINORS RUGBY

With seven wins to their credit and only two defeats, this year's Minors XV will go down on record as one of the most successful teams at this level. Few sides can boast of scoring 40 tries in ten games while conceding only 6, in a total tally of 224 points for, and 35 against, which says a great deal for the XV's attacking and defensive skills.

Perhaps the most pleasing aspect of the season is that thirteen players of the XV joined in the scoring spree, and one is able to reflect on a highly successful XV, rather than a team of a few talented individuals.

Leading points scorers:

Tom Smith	(60)	12 Tries
Gareth Mills	(55)	11 Tries
Jonathon Dunbar	(30)	6 Tries
Francis Malone-Lee	(20)	4 Tries
Thomas Allen	(17)	1 Try, 6 Cons.
Thomas Greenland	(10)	5 Cons.

Scoring tries, however, is by no means the only criterion by which one judges a player's contribution to his team. No-one contributed more to the team's success than Mark Capon, a very exciting and fully committed lock forward, and the ever solid front row of Andrew Stewart (hooker) and William Bourne-Taylor and Thomas Frankum, the two prop forwards. Thomas Crawford, Richard Ellis, Sam Husbands, Stuart Harrison, David Livingstone and David Jones improved in every match, and they were also match winners in their own right.

As a result of their efforts and commitment to Minors Rugby, the above, and the leading points scorers, are awarded Lower School Rugby Colours for the 1992 season.

The team is indebted to the leadership skills of Thomas Greenland and Jonathon Dunbar, who always succeeded in getting the best out of their players, and I am grateful for their help both on and off the field.

The B XV had less success in terms of results; nevertheless they approached each game with purpose and determination, led enthusiastically by their vociferous coach, Mr. Mitra.

The following played for the XV's:

A XV

F. Malone-Lee, T. Crawford, R. Ellis, S. Husbands, T. Allen, T. Greenland (Capt.), W. Bourne-Taylor, D. Livingstone, A. Stewart, T. Frankum, A. Benson, M. Capon, J. Dunbar, S. Potter, G. Mills, D. Jones, S. Harrison, T. Smith.

B XV

J. Smethurst, D. Pearson, J. Otterburn, C. Hockley, J. Watts (Capt.), S. Tompkins, M. Selwyn-Smith, D. Hancock, J. Adams, L. Jackson, E. Wagner, R. Bourne-Taylor, I. Lashford, P. Hemsley, S. Jones, M. Jones, R. Jones, A. Brown, K. O'Leary, N. Warmingham.

Results:

A XV		B XV	
P.9	W.7 L.2 Pts+224 -35	P.8	W.3 L.5 Pts+109 -88
St. Hugh's	Match abandoned 12-0		
M.C.S.	W 61-0	L	10-22
Millbrook	W 46-0	W	39-0
Dragon	W 22-10	L	7-22
Pinewood	W 7-5	L	5-12
Oratory Prep	L 10-17	L	5-15
Newbury	W 27-0		
Oratory	W 32-0	W	5-0
Priors Court	W 7-0	W	38-7
Warwick	L 0-3		
Christchurch C.S.		L	0-10

J. Drummond-Hay

David A. Melin (SJSO)

COLTS TOUR 1992

On the 26th October during half term, Mr. Maughan took 17 colts players on tour to Scotland. We stayed at his old school, Lomond School, which is ten miles away from Glasgow on the banks of Loch Lomond. The players stayed with the players of Lomond's first team. We were due to play them on the afternoon of the 27th and in the morning we went to Cameron House. This is a leisure centre which is frequently used by international sides before playing Scotland at Murrayfield. The team felt quite at home here using the sauna, jacuzzi, swimming pool and other excellent facilities that were provided. After lunch we played Lomond School's first XV on a waterlogged pitch and narrowly lost 10-5. James Ruddick and Luke List picked up injuries during the match and were forced to pull out. Luke played no further part in the matches but James played the next game. The match was well fought and their size and strength proved to be the winning factor.

After spending another night with Lomond School's company we said our goodbyes and moved on to Glasgow. Here we played Glasgow Academy's Colts and played well, defeating them 20-5.

After the match we headed for home and arrived at Abingdon just before midnight.

The touring players would all like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Maughan for making this tour possible.

The touring players were: M. Cooke (Capt.), A. Brownlow, R. Hewes, B. Hutt, S. Hill, T. Adcock, J. Ruddick, S. North, T. Wragg, D. Matthews, C. Drake, J. Grinstead, G. Stow, L. List, J. Collins, A. Jones and D. Melin.



Junior 'A' XV 1992

photo: Ivor Fields

SENIOR SQUAD

Most members of the current senior squad returned after the summer holidays to find that they were to be awarded colours in the first assembly of term. Not only was this a psychological boost but also a challenge to continue last year's string of successes.

Michaelmas term is a time which needs to be used wisely by rowers, although it contains no major events. It is a long, daunting time of hard work when much emphasis is placed on developing strength and stamina. Most of us, however, had the ambition of rowing in the first eight and we knew how fierce the competition would be. Along with Mr. Martin's coaching, this kept all of us working hard.

The half-term training camp in Nottingham was exhausting and competitive, yet everyone enjoyed it, especially our visit to 'Lazer Quest' where Guy Carling and CCF hardman Dave 'Davide' Smith excelled by scoring the largest number of kills. The few events there were over the term, however, tended to be cancelled due to heavy flooding. The most notorious cancellation was that of a head race near Glasgow, which we did not find out about until we had arrived in Dumfries! The most daunting event was the Boston Marathon, a 31-mile 'race' from Lincoln to Boston, Lincs. The junior four, superbly entertained by cox Alex Greaney, managed to survive the four-hour row without too much dehydration and won their event.

After returning from the Christmas holidays racing eventually began. The first eight was supplemented, rather than by a second eight, by a quad and a coxed four. The first races at Hampton Head were very promising. The first eight came second to beat, amongst others, Hampton School, who had won the Championship eights at Nat.



Quad at Henley Regatta - July 1993

Schools the previous year, the quad came first and the four third.

Later on in the season it would sometimes be said that we were not doing as well as some of the other rowing schools because we were not strong enough to win the major events. This certainly was not due to lack of effort. We all knew Mr. Martin as someone who relentlessly demands hard work of those who want to row in top crews and he always encouraged us.

ROWING

The major event of the head race season was Schools' Head on the Tideway, a three-and-a-quarter mile race which, rowed with the tide, takes around 12 minutes. All four crews, the eight, the quad, the coxed four and a novice four prepared thoroughly for this race and had a practice outing on the course on the day before the event.

After a race in which many crew members did not perform to their best ability, striking 35 on the notoriously bouncy water of the Tideway, the first eight were disappointed to find that they had only come 10th. The quad did slightly better, coming third equal to be beaten by Windsor, who, being quads specialists, later became their archrivals, and Durham. The best result, however, was that of the coxed four, whose average weight of 13 st. explains the nicknames 'Rotund Four' and 'Obese Boys'. They came second to Belmont Abbey in a very promising race. The novice four also did well to come third.

The head race season finished promisingly with an impressive performance by a modified eight at the Head of the River on the Tideway. We could now hope for some good results in the regatta season ahead of us.

While maintaining a pattern of lunchtime weights sessions we spent most of the summer term rowing, following our experiences on tour in America. The objective was to develop more speed for the regattas, with an emphasis on technique, togetherness, strength and 'peaking' at the right time.

After much preparation and hard work, the big day of the National Schools Regatta, the first of the two major events, finally arrived. The coxed four cruised through their heat and in a tough final they kept in contention all the way to come a close third behind Belmont Abbey and Westminster. The eight knew that it was going to be tough even to get to the final, but they also knew that they had the potential to do very well in the final. Working together as a crew is vital for success and they spent the whole day together preparing for the

race. Determined to show that they had to be taken seriously, they rowed a very good race in their heat and qualified safely behind St Edward's. Their final was the last race of the day and the atmosphere around the lake was tense as the race



Home Counties - Exit Ben Marshall

was started. St Edward's took an early lead but were challenged by Eton and Radley as they approached the line. Although the eight were in fifth position and almost a length down on Kingston, the winners of Schools' Head, at the 1000 m - mark, they made a surge and closed the gap, finally overtaking Kingston on the last 250 m of the 1500 m race. Coming fourth just over a length behind St Edward's, Eton and Radley was a splendid result, especially because Abingdon had never before entered the top event at Nat. Schools.

The next day the first eight was split up into two fours, and both did very well in Championship events, the top category at Nat. Schools. Disadvantaged because of unfair orders given by the starter, both crews got off the start late and had to pull back on the other boats. Nonetheless the coxless four were only beaten by Hampton. The coxed four were particularly unfortunate to be very late off the start but came third behind King's Chester and St Edward's. Real disaster struck, however, when the quad, who had been coached by the formidable Mr. Simon Johnson of Simon Johnson International, the world's biggest manufacturer of rowing seats, had to give up their hopes of reaching their final after one of their seats, which had not been produced by SJI, broke on the start. They were disappointed to have to watch Windsor, to whom they had come so close at Poplar, beat Durham by nine seconds to win the event.

After Nat. Schools we set our sights on Henley, which is a much longer course and therefore required us to train differently. The first eight were pleased to find that they were seeded for their event at Henley, the Princess Elizabeth Cup, whereas the four and the quad learned that they would have to qualify. After much preparation the quad qualified, but the four had been entered in a tough event and just failed to qualify.

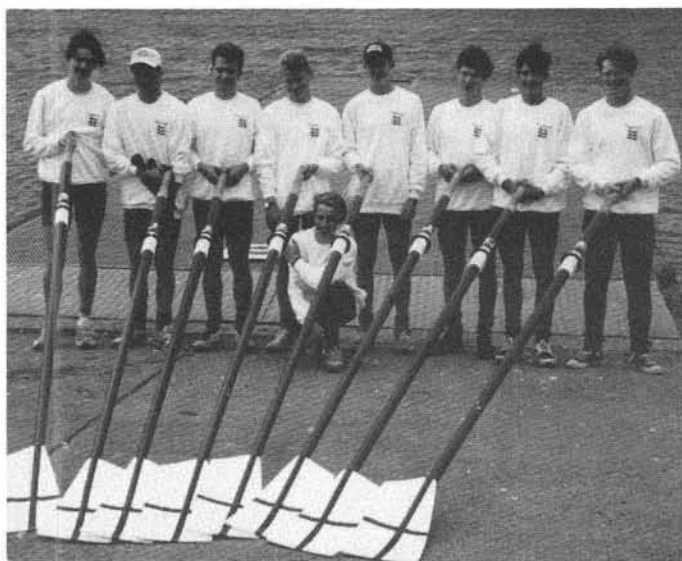
The two crews that were going to compete at Henley took their preparation extremely seriously with regular outings on the course. Knowing that their race would be early in the morning the quad got into a habit of getting up early, while the eight stayed together in nearby Goring. Both crews achieved some good times in practice outings.

The first race of the eight was something of a

disappointment. They only beat Oundle School by a length and it had been a closely fought race all the way. On the next day they met Shrewsbury. The eight was down on the start and struggled to decrease Shrewsbury's lead. As they came to the enclosures it became clear that it would be hard for them to win the race and in the end they were beaten by a length.

The quad did not have much better luck to draw a very fast crew, who later won the event. The final verdict was $3\frac{3}{4}$ lengths — a very long way.

During the last week of term, a number of pairs went to a race-off where final GB selection was



England VIII

Christian Schoof, Pete Godsell, Nick Edmonds, Jon Watkinson, Guy Carling, James Sporle, David Hutchens, Mike Litchfield, Cox: Ben Marshall

made. Disappointingly only James McCormick was invited as a result, along with Alex Greaney, Philip Baker and David 'Davide' Smith, who had proved themselves earlier.

The rest of the eight and the quad together formed an eight which entered the trials for the England squad to be entered for the Home International Match. A four was also entered. After a disappointing day of racing in which the four came second to Bedford and the eight came second to an Eton J16 crew, who had opted to row in the Anglo-French Match, the eight should thus have been selected, but it was decided that it was not fast enough and that a composite of the Abingdon and Bedford fours would race instead.

The eight, with a slightly different crew, were now determined to do their best at the National Championships against Eton and the Scottish Home Countries crew. In addition to their race in the eight, some rowed in a coxless four, which came third to Kingston and Bedford, and a pair, which also came third. The eight led off the start in their straight final, but around the 750 m - mark the Eton crew put in a push and pulled level. For the rest of the course it was a close race until the last 250 m where Eton managed to gain a length on the eight, who came second. They did, however, defeat Bedford by a sufficient margin to convince the England selectors that they should be entered for Home Countries.

The next two weeks were spent training hard. Knowing that they lacked a lot of power - the eight was missing four of its best rowers - the only way

of winning at Home Countries was to rate higher than anyone else while maintaining the same power efficiency that the crew had at lower ratings, and in order to achieve this the crew had to work perfectly as a unit. Uncertain about their prospects the crew arrived in Glasgow for the Home International Match on the last weekend in July.

Despite unclear orders given by the starter the Abingdon crew were fastest off the start with their rating in the high forties. Having gained half a length on the Irish, who were, as expected, their toughest opposition, at the 500 m - mark the eight were still reluctant to drop their rating below 39.

At the 1000 m - mark the eight were leading the Irish already by a whole length, a situation to which they were rather unaccustomed. This point in the race proved to be crucial, as Messrs. Mearns and Martin had predicted. The eight had the guts to fight off a strong surge by the Irish and never allowed them to catch up again, winning the race in a splendid time of 6.08. Having finished off the season with such a great win, the crew certainly enjoyed the ensuing party!

Meanwhile, the GB trialists all worked very hard to get into the best crews they could. James McCormick suffered

dehydration and was not feeling at all well, but nevertheless he was selected for the Great Britain pair which rowed at the Coupe de la Jeunesse in Vichy. Both Alex Greaney and Philip Baker, were selected to compete at the Junior World Championships in Oslo in the Great Britain first eight. After a promising time in their heat, coming close to the world record time, this fastest ever British junior eight was disappointed to come 'only' sixth in the final. David Smith was also selected to row at the Junior World Championships in a double, where he and his partner came 13th.

It has been a year of hard work, and, although some of us may have hoped for better results, it has been a good year, too. Twelve members of the senior squad have now rowed internationally, some of them twice, and four of them have represented Great Britain, an achievement which is unprecedented at this school.

Finally, a word of thanks, first and foremost to Mr. Martin, to whom we cannot be grateful enough for sacrificing so much of his spare time to coach us and for leading us to the great successes we have had, but also for organising training camps, Boat Club events and fundraising. The quad would like to express their thanks to Mr. Simon Johnson who coached them so superbly but may have been disappointed at their results. The England eight are very grateful to Mr. Mearns for coaching them. On behalf of the tourists I would like to thank Mr. Foster for joining us on our trip to the USA. Thanks are also due to David Lindgren, Captain of Boats, Alex Greaney, Vice-Captain,

and Jonathan Watkinson, Secretary, for their work during the year.

The Crews:

1st 8+:

Peter Godsell, James Sporle, Guy Carling, David Lindgren, Michael Litchfield, Mark Clarke, James McCormick, Philip Baker, Alex Greaney (National Schools Regatta and Henley)

Peter Godsell, Jonathan Watkinson, Guy Carling, David Lindgren, Michael Litchfield, Philip Baker, James McCormick, Mark Clarke, Alex Greaney (Schools' Head)

Christian Schoof, Jonathan Watkinson, Peter Godsell, Nick Edmonds, Guy Carling, James Sporle, Michael Litchfield, David Hutchins, Ben Marshall (Home International Match)

Hampton Schools' Head (2nd), Reading Head (3rd), Trent Head (1st), Gloucester Head (1st and 2nd), Schools' Head (10th), Tideway Head of the River (...th), Poplar Regatta (1st and 2nd), Nottingham City Regatta (2nd), Bedford Regatta (1st and 2nd), National Schools Regatta (4th), Chester Regatta (1st), Marlow Regatta (semifinal), Henley Royal Regatta (P.E., 2nd round), Home International Match (1st)

The 4x:

David Smith, James Sporle, Nick Edmonds, Christian Schoof (Schools' Head)

David Smith, Nick Edmonds, Christian Schoof, Jonathan Watkinson (National Schools Regatta, Henley)

Hampton Schools' Head (1st), Trent Head (1st), Schools' Head (3rd equal), Poplar Regatta (2nd), Bedford Regatta (in 4+, semifinal), National Schools Regatta (d.n.q.), Bedford Star (1st and 2nd), Marlow Regatta (2nd), Henley (Fawley Cup, 1st round)

The 4+:

Dan Collins, Kingsley Jones, William Houston, David Richardson, Ben Marshall

Hampton Schools' Head (3rd), Trent Head (1st), Gloucester Head (1st), Schools' Head (2nd), Poplar Regatta (1st and 5th), Nottingham City Regatta (3rd), Bedford Regatta (2nd and 2nd), National Schools Regatta (3rd), Chester Regatta, (1st) Bedford Star (semi-final), Marlow Regatta (3rd), Henley (Britannia Cup, d.n.q.)

The 1x's:

David Smith
National Schools Regatta (semi-final)

Will Hoodless
Gloucester Head (3rd), Bedford Regatta (semifinal), National Schools Regatta (2nd round), Chester Regatta (2nd)

Christian Schoof (6JEF)



Ian 'Bob' Swann - Coach

J15

At the beginning of the year, the prospects for J15 rowing appeared somewhat limited. Conventionally, to row well it is considered that you need a large powerful frame with a high level of endurance and unusual mental toughness. This, allied with good technique, results in boat speed and hence wins. Unfortunately, large powerful frames were notable by their absence and endurance was a rare commodity. However, the squad had quite good technique and, it seemed, outrageous mental toughness.

Training began in earnest with long sessions on the water consolidating technique and countless sets of gym sessions raising the level of fitness and strength. As the year progressed, the training had crept higher and higher, the changes and increases being accepted with unnatural eagerness! The Easter holidays saw no let-up with 3 sessions per week throughout.

As the year progressed, the benefits of the training showed through. Early in the Head Race season, the eight started as a moderate performer, the standard raising by the time of the Schools Head. In this we finished a respectable 12th in a very tight field, only 9 seconds behind the winning crew.

The Regatta season began with similar levels of performance, middle-ranking opposition being easily despatched. Competition with the established schools was tough, Radley and Hampton appearing to be of similar pace to us, with Shiplake consistently being 1-2 lengths quicker. This pattern remained through to the National Schools Regatta where we were disappointed to go out in a tough first round.

After the National Schools, work continued apace and we began to ease up the order. Our old enemies, Shiplake were beaten in a very close race in Thames Valley Park regatta, a dead heat declared first time with us winning by a few feet on the re-row. At that time, we had also split the squad into Fours. One four won the J15 A's event at Thames Valley Park and the other won the J15 B's event at Reading Town Regatta. This served to reward us for our efforts. Our sculler, Oliver Watkins also sculled well at the Thames Valley Park regatta.

The last and best performance of the year came at the National Championships in Strathclyde Park. We had a good coxed 4 to enter in the J16 event and they trained intensively in the weeks running

up to it. They rowed exceptionally on the day to finish 5th. It is of note that the J15 gold medal four from the National Schools failed even to make the final! It has certainly been an excellent year from the point of view of progress and I hope that it has laid the foundations for more success next year.

Crew Lists

J15 - 8

- BOW Will Scott
- 2 James Beale
- 3 Dave Hankin
- 4 Dave Pinniger
- 5 Mark Pajak
- 6 Richard Smith
- 7 Tom Rendell
- STR. Chris McGarry
- COX Charlie Pank

NAT. CHAMPS 4+

- BOW Chris McGarry
- 2 Mark Pajak
- 3 James Beale
- STR Tom Rendell
- COX Charlie Pank

T.L.W.



Great Britain Junior 1st VIII including Alex Greaney (cox) and Phil Baker (stroke)



Ian Green - Coach



The 4+ at Hampton Head of the River

L to R: Dave Richardson, William Houston, Kingsley Jones, Dan Collins. Cox: Ben Marshall



Schools' Head of the River 1993

R to L: Alex Greaney, Mark Clarke, Guy Carling, Phil Baker, Mike Litchfield, Dave Lindgren, James McCormick, Jon Watkinson, Pete Godsell

J14

Over the Lent and summer terms, a faithful core of boys have competed in Heads and Regattas. At first we did not produce amazing times at either Gloucester Head or Schools' Head. In fact there isn't a lot to say about these two events, so I will move onto the summer term, and the regatta season.

Our first regatta of the season was at Kingston. It was here that we realised St. Edward's to be the crew to beat. Their "A"s beat our "A"s, and their "B"s likewise. Having put this behind us, the crews settled down and began to train in earnest for National Schools' Regatta at Holmme Pierpont.

On the weekend of the regatta, we had the benefit of staying in a hotel on the Friday evening and racing on the Saturday. Without having travelled up to Nottingham early on the Saturday, we were quite relaxed and ready to race.

In our heat we had drawn - St. Edward's, King's School Wimbledon, Radley and Westminster. From the start Teddies were out in front, but the battle was for the second and third qualifying places. Up until the 250 metre mark Radley, King's and we were lying neck and neck. I think it was then we decided that this was our only chance. In the next 50 metres we pulled half a length off King's, but Radley were still yapping at our heels.

We already knew from a friendly race against them that Radley had a good finish, and it was now that they proved it, pulling away for about a length. Eventually we just crept into third place, with Radley second and Teddies first.

Unfortunately, the "B"s didn't have quite the

same luck. They finished a tired 5th in their heat (but soon got over it).

The line-up for the final looked like this:

- Lane 1 - Abingdon
- Lane 2 - Kingston G.S.
- Lane 3 - St. Edward's
- Lane 4 - Latymer
- Lane 5 - Radley
- Lane 6 - Winchester.

As you may have guessed from what I have said earlier, St. Edward's ended up the victors, but surprised everyone else (in our new outfits). Off the start we were in second place, about a length and a half in front of Radley and Latymer. From our previous experience, we knew that our finish was going to have to be our best yet. So for the last 100 metres we put every last drop of energy into it. It paid off, for we crossed the line in second place, about 2 lengths behind a tiring Teddies crew, but about 2 lengths in front of Radley. They, however, were disqualified for clashing oars with Latymer, so Latymer took the bronze medals.

With this unexpected silver medal under our belts, we travelled home, anxious about the rest of the season. However in our last two regattas of the term nothing much happened apart from the fact that we only lost to St. Edward's at both of them. The "A"s picked up the second fastest time for the J14 competition, being beaten by St. Edward's "A"s in the semi-final at Reading.

Lastly I and the rest of the crew would like to say thank you very much to Mr. Bailey for coaching us and also to Mr. Potter, who helped out whenever he could on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Both of them helped us win the silver medal at National Schools.

Quad (Lent term)

- E. Russell
- S. French
- B. Longstaff
- J. Lyall

"A" 8 - Summer term

- B. Longstaff
- J. Strong
- E. Russell
- S. French
- W. Burn/H. Wearne
- J. Lyall
- D. Kingsley
- J. Whibley

"B" 8 (ish)

- T. Jeffries
- R. Janisch
- J. Day
- H. Collis
- N. Fisher
- D. Aitchison
- D. Evans
- H. Wearne
- B. Cullum

J. Hannaford / A. Smith - coxes

J. Whibley (3SAE)



MERCERS' COURT
– re-creation



