ALUREDIAN
LENT TERM 1988
Major R. E. F. Cely Trevilian has retired from the School Council after thirty-two years as Divisional Bursar and forty-one years as a fellow of the Western Division of the Woodard Corporation. Major Trevilian’s family have had a long association with King’s, and we are pleased that his home, Midelney Manor, is sufficiently near Taunton for us to continue to see him and Mrs. Cely Trevilian at the School from time to time. We would like to thank them for their hospitality to members of the School and everything they have done for King’s over the years. We shall very much miss that familiar figure reading the eighth lesson at the School Carol Service.

Sir Gordon Shattock, lately Custos of Grenville College, has been appointed Divisional Bursar in succession to Major Trevilian.

On November 26th the Chapter of the Western Division of the Woodard Corporation dined at King’s in honour of the Headmaster and Mrs. Batten in this, their final year.

Just before the end of the Summer Term the Governors appointed Mr. Simon Funnell, at present a Housemaster at Shrewsbury School, to succeed Mr. Batten as Headmaster in the Michaelmas term of 1988. Educated at King’s School, Rochester, he won a Choral Exhibition to read English at Trinity College, Cambridge, and joined the teaching profession after spending four years in publishing. Before being appointed Head of English at Shrewsbury, Mr. Funnell taught at Eastbourne College.

In September we welcomed four new members of Common Room: Mr. C. L. B. Caiger, a graduate of Nottingham University, has joined the Economics and History departments; Miss S. T. Coxen from Exeter University has come to teach Mathematics; Mr. D. Holmes, formerly a Head of Department at Thornleigh Salesian College, Bolton, has taken over the Physics department from Mr. S. B. Gray, who has been appointed Head of Science. Mr. J. H. Tilden, formerly Headmaster of Pyrland Hall, has joined the History department; and Mr. P. A. Westgate, from Mount St. Mary’s College, Spinkhill, Sheffield, is teaching French and Spanish. As they approach the end of their first—very long—term, all these new colleagues have settled in well, and we wish them every success and happiness during their time at King’s.

On November 10th the new Craft, Design and Technology Centre was officially opened by the Provost, the former Bishop of Dorchester. In honour of whom it will be known as the Bishop Meyer Centre. A short article about the Centre follows later in this edition, and there are photographs of the opening ceremony. Courses began in September, and the new centre has created many exciting facilities for boys, both in examination courses and also for those wishing to pursue Craft, Design and Technology as a hobby.

As a result of this year’s A level examinations, forty-five boys and girls have gained places at University, and a further twenty at Polytechnic or other Colleges of Further Education.

Many Old Aluredians will be sorry to hear that Mrs. D. Smith retired from the School Shop in the Summer Term, owing to ill-health. We would like to thank her for all she did for generations of King’s boys during more than thirty years here.

In addition to the usual reports on Drama, Music, School Trips, Sport, etc., and an encouragingly large Creative writing section, this edition contains a special interview with the Headmaster, who retires in July.

M. T. R.
P.M.T. — 100 AND STILL GOING STRONG

Prebendary P. M. Taylor celebrated his 100th birthday on June 25th, 1987. Affectionately, and in the twilight of his career he returned to fill the vacant post of Chaplain for whom he was either master and many years later, in the scholarship he was or he was Chaplain of older Old Aluredians for whom he was either presented to him at an informal party on the morning of his hundredth birthday at Sparkhayes House in Porlock, where he is a very cherished resident. The party had been organised by Commander Alan Taylor, P.M.T.’s nephew, whose son P. A. B. Taylor was at King’s in the early seventies.

DESIGN AND TECHNOLOGY CENTRE

The new Design and Technology Centre which was opened by the Provost on November 10th provides a spacious facility for the teaching of Craft, Design and Technology (CDT) subjects which occupy a key position as a foundation subject in the new national curriculum.

The centre point of the department is a large open plan multi-material, multi-skilled workshop and design area where GCSE Design and Realisation and A level Design and Technology are taught. Equipment in this area includes: line bending and vacuum forming machines for plastic, a hot metal area for welding/brazing, forging and casting, lathes and milling machine for metal and plastic, and a computer-aided design and manufacture facility. A second room devoted entirely to design, and a video production studio complete the ground floor plan.

On the first floor is a Technology laboratory/ workshop area where CDT Technology is taught. Here one will find specialist services for electronics, mechanical, pneumatics and computer control as well as a small scale manufacturing facility which includes a control circuit board manufacture, laces and test equipment.

All boys in the third year study CDT and the subject is now being taught at all levels.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

DIONE TURK

Most of you will have compiled your U.C.A forms and be waiting for University replies, and no doubt it’s all very exciting. Some of you lucky ones will have had interviews and been offered a few of your choices. Well, how was it? Nearly all of you will have enjoyed your tour round your universities and will have found it very different from when you've been accustomed to at King’s. This has probably inspired you to work hard, especially after you’ve received offers, in order to go to your desired place. A very good attitude to take, but I would just like to tell you something.

Although this is a cliché, it is very true—"at University you are treated as an adult," but many people don’t act like adults. That’s the drawback: when you are an adult, nobody ever tells you off, they merely give you suggestions, but the final action is always your own decision, so you’re not going to get very far if you don’t treat yourself sensibly. No longer do you get your housemaster telling you off, and if he didn’t at King’s you would never have been vague on the right tracks. This is because the staff at University don’t really care, but the staff at King’s honestly care about you a lot, I can see the difference very much here at Imperial College. Most of the staff here are experts, but you never ever feel that they are really concerned about your results or your future. Lecturers and tutors have to teach only because they want to do research in their field at the University and not because they enjoy teaching, but staff at King’s are among the very few who actually enjoy teaching. This is a fact and is worth remembering when you do get to University; also have some appreciation for what the masters at King’s do for you.

One good point is that the clubs and games at King’s, in which masters participate and are mostly enthusiastic and keen to support you in areas other than academic work, are free. At University, all such clubs and societies are run by fellow students and there is no staff involvement, and therefore it costs money! After seven weeks, I’m still trying to find spare time for a game of tennis, but I have no special time allocated for that in my time-table. Because I have a spare-time job in the club and book a court, you have to arrange an appropriate time with a partner.

If you think that being good at sport is all you need to be, you’d better try your own cooking, then you’ll find Mrs. Thomas’s cuisine excellent. One person I certainly miss is Miss Miss Taylor, I never realised that it takes about 15 minutes to iron a shirt properly, and I never thought that washing my linen was such a time-consuming affair.

Well, it is definitely very exciting at University and you shouldn’t miss the opportunity to get to one (especially in London!), but do miss all the little perks at King’s. Believe me, make the most of it while you can!

Ronald Tham
O.A. 87, Woodard

ORGAN RECITAL IN MEMORY OF TIM HARRISON

On June 24th, Jiri Ropek, the distinguished Czechoslovakian organist, returned to Taunton to give a memorial recital for Tim Harrison, who had been conducting music at King’s between 1952 and 1979. The performance was given on the college organ which Tim had helped to design nine years before.

It was through a long-standing friendship with Tim Harrison (formed during a visit to Czechoslovakia during Tim’s student days) that Jiri Ropek first managed to gain permission to leave Prague and give organ recitals abroad, initially in this country in 1963. This included several visits to Taunton, and I remember with great pleasure a recital he gave at St. John’s Church about fifteen years ago. He has visited Britain on numerous occasions ever since, and has given organ recitals in several other countries besides. Many of his recordings have become available over here subsequently, and he has firmly established his credentials as a very fine organist of international renown. He is at present the organist at St. Jacob’s Church in Prague, a post he has held for the past 37 years.

His programme at King’s was arranged chronologically and began with three lightweight 18th century pieces, transcribed for organ — De Profundis by Hans Kotter, “La Mi Re” by an anonymous English composer, and “Es ging ein Mann” by Johann Buchner. These were followed by two rather more substantial items by Buxtehude — an arrangement of the chorale in Dueti Jubilo and his rather better known Prelude and Fugue in D minor. Jiri Ropek chose a delightful combination of 2 and 8 foot stops for the first of these works, and the second was especially memorable for his thrillingly energetic performance.

Each Bach’s beautiful and celebrated chorale prelude on “Liebster Jesu” (BWV 633) was played in most sensitive fashion, using an unconventional reed stop combination, and the equally well known early work, the Prelude and Fugue in D major (BWV 545) was tackled with great verve and vitality; the fugue, in particular, was taken at a breathtaking pace which, it has to be said, even the recitalist found hard to maintain. Both these works featured amongst Tim Harrison’s favourite organ pieces, and he would have undoubtedly approved of these exciting performances.

The most unusual item of the recital was the “Stravinsky Improvisation”. After listening to an improvisation by Mozart on the organ of the Stravov monastery in Prague, a certain Norbert Lehmann tried his own manuscript on which he had heard. Jiri Ropek explained to us that in 1982 he added a further 60 bars to Lehmann’s 50, thus extending and developing the piece, and retaining Mozart’s style throughout. I doubt if any of us present was able to detect where the extension began.

The performance of Cesar Franck’s Pastorela — the only item of nineteenth century romantic music in his recital — was played in a thoughtful and imaginative manner, particularly, once again, with regard to his choice of registrations and tempi.

It was clear from his programme that Mr. Ropek is dedicated to introducing Czech music to a wider audience, and we heard works of two of his predecessors at St. Jacob’s, Prague — a toccata in C and a fugue in A minor by the eighteenth century composer Cernohorsky, and a characteristically chromatic choral prelude by Bedrich Wiedermann, who was Jiri’s organ teacher many years ago.

Following an impressive account of “Homage to Perotin”, composed by the American organist Myron J. Roberts, the official programme ended with the soloist’s own Variations on “Victimas Paschali”. He recently dedicated this music to Tim Harrison, and the score is now available over here. Harmonically and rhythmically it is a highly individual and stirring piece of music, and it received a dazzling performance.

The recital ended after one and a half hours, and it is a tribute to the performers that he succeeded in maintaining our undivided concentration and enjoyment for what would normally be regarded as too long a programme for such an occasion. Thus after a great deal of well merited applause, Jiri Ropek returned to give — as an encore — a brilliant interpretation of Eugene Gigout’s well-known Toccata in B minor.

This was quite the most enjoyable organ recital at King’s for many years, and served in every way as the most fitting dedication to the memory of Tim Harrison.

J.D.S.
A TRANSFER OF ALLEGIANCE

I suppose that it is normal for foreign students to feel some initial fear at being stranded in this strange country, in a new school, with not one of the familiar faces to be seen. Yet somehow that has not been the case with me. I do not know precisely why this is so, only that it is so: in fact, my first feelings were more of curiosity than any other feeling at all. I would like to think that I would accept me, all these and more left. There was no real curiosity over the work I would do or the exams I would take, for these I already knew about, vaguely, from those who had gone before, who had done the work and taken the exams. It was the people that I would work and live with, those that occupied my mind.

I had no illusions about what you would want to know from me, however, some of which undoubtedly want to know what I was in America, regardless of the fact that my home, Bermuda, is nowhere near the American coast. Others would want to be told about the Bermuda Triangle, and whether I flew through it on the way to England. There would be questions about my accent, appearance, and dislikes—shortly, I would be asked to outline every least interesting detail about my home. For my part I found the English attitude to life no less strange, your accents no less jarring, your country no less outlandish. Yet for some reason you take no note of this, and are surprised when I mention these things.

The people themselves, surprisingly enough, are not different from any I have known before. Constantly I am drawn to likenesses between these seemingly dissimilar groups. Awra Pimental is a few inches shorter and calls herself Emma Ware; Ian Turnan has returned as Stewart Ford; Michael Hopper wears glasses and the name of Duncan Wong; Zibby works at Lloyds. Evenings are not the same. Mr. Chandler’s surname is now Spalding; Mr. Kussela teaches Economics instead of Art; Miss Smith is now Mr. May. The comparisons are endless. Is it possible that I have not left, that I merely believe that I am elsewhere? Am I in England or Bermuda?

I am in England, and that there is no doubt. No Bermudian ever dresses so neatly as James Barton. I may catch glimpses of a Lisa, but I have yet to see a Mar. You are similar to those who have gone before, and yet you are dissimilar as well. Perhaps this is for the best. It will make the transfer of my allegiance from Warwick Academy to King’s College that much easier.

A. Gauntlett

INTERVIEW

The Headmaster, Mr. J. M. Batten, retires in July 1988 after nineteen years at King’s. During the Michaelmas term he spoke to the two masters who have edited the Alteredan during his Headmanship, P. D. Wood, Esq., and M. T. Rogers, Esq.

MTR: What material changes that have taken place in the last nineteen years do you think are the most important?

HM: Of course, it is always a standing joke at the Headmasters’ Conference that one school, for whatever reason, decides it is necessary, without lowering the disciplinary standards, to create a life-style that would honour the ticket as far as the parents were concerned, and yet at the same time appeal to the commonsense of the average member of the Sixth Form. Those were the two main things that I believed needed tackling.

MTR: What material changes that have taken place in the last nineteen years do you think are the most important?

HM: I think there were two particular challenges. The first was the shortage of pupils, because if you don’t have a certain number of them, you can’t afford the facilities, and, if you don’t have the facilities, then you can’t attract the pupils. There were, as you remember, Peter, at that time, 339 in the School, and that isn’t the same as the present 500, and there was no way we could have achieved the standards that one hopes the School now achieves without more. So it was absolutely urgent that a forum should be discovered that would attract a large number of extra pupils, but they had to be attracted in faith. Because there weren’t facilities one had to say to people, “This is the way we are going to do, and that was the way it worked.” The other big challenge as I saw it was to rationalise the life-style, because it was, to put it mildly, very very austere indeed. The boys were disenchanted, and it was necessary, without lowering the disciplinary standards, to create a life-style that would honour the ticket as far as the parents were concerned, and yet at the same time appeal to the commonsense of the average member of the Sixth Form. Those were the two main things that I believed needed tackling.

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to your utmost limit to support the Christian principles — and then the standards are going to be sky-high — or you compromise. I don't think that there is any room for compromise in Christian principles. You aim for the best. Actually, I believe the boys themselves are in agreement. They don't feel happy with shabby or second-rate standards.

MTR: How important has it been to you that you were appointed Headmaster of a school which so obviously sets itself up as a Christian school, as opposed to a state school, where religious principles may not be upheld to the same extent?

HM: Well, Michael, when anybody is appointed Headmaster of a school he obviously expects to be, and is, very closely interrogated as to the state of his own faith and his preparedness to commit himself when talking to the boys. I think that was the whole tenor of the interview at that time here, taught members of the second year sixth in this room. It is they who choose the questions and many of them are very searching, and one of the most obvious questions one has to face is, "Why should I, an 18 year old voter, be required to go to chapel since I don't believe in God?" and that is a question that requires a very clear answer. My answer has always been that, just as myself, I did not believe in God when I was their age. I entirely sympathise with those who do not believe now, but life is a long-term exercise, and we are trying to train them to end up as happy old men. We are not just looking at them as eighteen year olds, and my attitude would be that it is the responsibility of the school to engage the hearts of young people to keep an open mind, so that, as their lives develop, they may change as we do for all. Myself, I can only really repeat what I said the other day to a senior boy who asked me this question in a class: "What really does make you believe in Jesus Christ?"
The answer I gave was that this job is extremely lonely and one can only learn by experience, and I have learned that. In order to do so, I must be prepared to consult my conscience, then it does not let me down. To me that is a pattern and it is that pattern that has been my model. I don't search behind my back, and when they say they are going to a place they are expected to go there — that is the trust system. Of course, the parents will support and endorse that system provided that it works, and therefore it does need very strong administration and firm handling. There isn't a system which is perfect, but I do believe that the introduction of the trust system has meant an enormous amount to Kings and all the parents would have, I think, a great tradition about not accepting stealing. Boys and girls here know that the boys' possessions are unlocked, that no masters will go snooping, and that boys will not touch anything that doesn't belong to them. This makes an amazing difference to the morale of the whole school.

PDW: What do you regard as being the most important changes you felt it necessary to make to the disciplinary procedures of the School?

HM: Well, I think, honestly, I was influenced very much by my own experience as a boy at Rugby and as a Hymenstein at Matfield. Some of the traditions at Rugby were extremely barbarous. The most important question was the general idea that was the survival of the fittest, in that the strongest boy was likely to be the prefect, and the younger boys had to take life as it came, because it was all thought to be part of growing up and maturing. I tried to break through the whole of that door, that study I determined to change that. I literally did throw my cane on top of the cupboard and not use it. Kings has, therefore, never used a cane. Sometimes when I am at my school I wonder what I would have done in the other, and I believe that one of the first things we have entered the School since I have been here, if caning had been on the menu. I honestly believe that they have been better educated without the use of the cane. But, of course, if you don't have the cane, you have to have some sanction and basically now the sanction is either to keep the boys in or push the boys out. You either say, "Right, you have proved that you can't be trusted in Taunton, and therefore you have got to be gated to the school," or you say, "You are such a very austere when you came in 1969. What do you

MTR: You said that the lifestyle of the boys was

HM: It's a very interesting question. When you first became a Headmaster, are you in the habit of, in a way, assessing whether everyone is doing, there is no particular book on how to be a Headmaster. You have only been a Housemaster so far and suddenly you have no idea what you are doing. There is no book on how to be a Headmaster or housemaster. No book, but, indeed, everybody's positions are unlocked, that no masters will go snooping, and that boys will not touch anything that doesn't belong to them. This makes an amazing difference to the morale of the whole school.

PDW: What do you have just said obviously implies a very strong relationship between masters and boys. Have you found it difficult to insist on high standards which are often at variance with the standards of the outside world?

HM: Well, I think, it is difficult, but the fact is that anyone who takes on the job of Headmaster of a boarding school — let alone a Woodard boarding school — is bound to be under this pressure. Everybody can see that in the outside world many people are quite willing to fiddle their income tax, are untruthful in different relationships, and don't always keep their word. Now, if you are in a Christian orientated boarding school you either work

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PH: Do you think that over the nineteen years that you have been here, boys and girls have changed very much? Their outlook and in their expectations of the school? Are they more demanding or more questioning, for example, than they were when you first arrived here?

HM: Yes, I think they've changed a lot. I detect three fairly clear changes. The first is that there was a degree of bitterness at large in 1969, and I think this was understandable. The two focal points of the bitter-ness were the chapel attendance and the CCF, and time and again the boys would attack me and the sys-tem because of what they regarded as an excessive imposition on their loyalty in these two respects. The school are now only required to go to chapel three times a week and the CCF is voluntary and so those focal points of dissatisfaction are removed.

The other job that she has to do is to debunk the Headmaster, because it is so terribly easy to become somebody who is a Headmaster. The second one is to be a Headmaster, "No Headmaster" and it tends to go to one's head. One begins to think one is omnipotent, whereas five minutes worth of one's wife at the end of the day and you realise too well that you are not omnipotent, and your wife says, "Have you considered how totally unreasonable you have been? You have been up in the morning, then you do something and then you do learn a few home truths, and if only my colleagues could know of occasions on which their Headmaster has been taken to task by his wife on their behalf, then they really would know the value of the school's and his Headmaster's wife, because she is bound to know what the Headmaster is doing at any time, and yet is detached by virtue of her position.

The third change is the frankness of the pupils in asking questions. For example, not long ago, a boy came into my study, and said, "How much can I kiss my partner before someone'll object at the next crisis is, and yet is detached by virtue of her position.

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HM: I think that the Headmaster’s relationship with his Common Room has to be conducted on two levels. Firstly, the Headmaster has to try to attune himself as sensitively as he can to each one of his colleagues as an individual, and there can be no certain procedure on how to do that. What one can say jokingly to one colleague might be very much mistaken by another. What does matter is that each colleague feels that, whenever he wants to do so, he can come and speak freely without getting his head bitten off. That being said, not every colleague is going to find it easy to enter the Headmaster’s study, and this is where the Second Master is such an essential figure, because he, at Masters’ Common Room level, is going to provide the lubricant that the School Headmaster provides at boy level. In a boarding school, the Housemasters are really the most important people. They are the point of reference for each pupil in the school, hour by hour, day by day, and in order to have a happy boarding school, each Housemaster must always feel that he can talk off the record to the Headmaster and seek his advice without necessarily abdicating his own sovereign position as Housemaster. The Headmaster’s role is rather like being a house surgeon in a hospital where there are a large number of very experienced doctors at work. I think really the most valuable work that I have been able to do at King’s probably has been in my own study with Housemasters dealing with individual issues, because in that way one can share the responsibility for the welfare of each individual boy or girl. This leads, of course, to the difficult question of how one is going to project one’s point of view as Headmaster to the entire Common Room. I am afraid I have never been one for Common Room meetings. I only have one or two a term and that is a monologue. On the other hand, I have made a practice of ringing my bell for attention in the Masters’ Common Room during break and just slipping in two or three thoughts a day. In this way, one can make sure that all colleagues are locked on to whatever the particular problem is. It may be that one wants to say something, and can all fifty-two masters keep an eye on him. It is worth taking the time just to make that point. I realise this is idiosyncratic, but it is my style.

MTR: Obviously with the administrative duties you have to perform, attending conferences and interviewing parents and so on, it hasn’t really been possible for you to do very much classroom teaching in your favourite subject. Do you regret that?

HM: Yes, I do regret it, but I think I would be a hypocrite if I were to pretend that I really wanted to teach the thirty per cent or so of that I could teach at Radley because, frankly, one would not want to do the preparation or the correction. Having said this, there can be no substitute for the particular atmosphere that one experiences in classroom teaching. I teach six periods a week: two to the second year sixth, and I try to make these classes as meaningful as possible. I teach three to the first year sixth, and that involves teaching my favourite hobby, Law, and I find I need to adapt to each of the third forms in turn. That is all the time I can manage, but here I must confess that my own degree is in Law, which is not a very convenient academic subject, and when I was at Radley I taught eight different subjects, and was very much a Jack of all trades, but when I came to King’s I assessed the position and reckoned that there were masses of other things more important for me to do than to shove my way in on the various academic departments. Also, I think that a great deal of one’s teaching as a Headmaster is done indirectly. For example, I make a point of seeing each boy on his birthday, and one would be surprised sometimes as to how much indirect teaching can be accomplished in the course of five minutes on a wet Friday morning. It does not exactly show on the timetable but it is still teaching.

PDW: We have been talking for some time about a Headmaster’s life on a very broad scale, but it occurs to me that our everyday lives are made up of much smaller incidents, a lot of which are amusing, very often unexpected, sometimes perhaps even embarrassing. Would you like to give us any insights into that sort of occasion, if you don’t mind?

HM: Well, I wouldn’t like to do this, Peter, but I will for you. There were two very embarrassing moments in my life at King’s. One was when I was showing a mother round the Carpenter dormitories. She said, “What are the bedspreads like, Mr. Batten?” and I said, “Oh, they are absolutely marvellous and very good for the boys’ backs. I will show you.” I pulled back a boy’s mattress and there was the most horrifying pornographic magazine that someone had ever looked at. She gazed at me and I gazed at her and then I took my courage in both hands and said “I don’t think you will find them under all the beds” and walked over to the next mattress and I don’t think I have ever prayed so hard in my life. Fortunately, the mother had a sense of humour. The other horrifically embarrassing occasion was when I had to make one of those telephone calls that Headmasters dread, to tell some parents that their boy would have to leave the school for a period of time. I dialled the number and broke the news to the mother who answered the telephone. She replied, “Oh, but Mr. Batten, only yesterday at the Confirmation you said how well Richard was doing”, and only then did I realise that there were two boys with the same name, and that my secretary had given me the number of the wrong one.

As to amusing occasions, they are usually the ones when the boys win the argument. I recall one when the boys, who very much disliked a couple of poodles that my wife and I had, adopted the expedient of advertising them in the local press under the caption of “Two black poodles, badly in need of a home, going free.” And I was telephoned every five minutes for the whole of Parents’ Day.

PDW: Has anything ever happened that’s completely disconcerted you?

HM: Quite a lot of things have disconcerted me, but one of the most disconcerting was the occasion when the whole school were assembled in the Bishop Wilton Hall waiting for me, and I do feel very remote at that time. I had repaired to the lavatory three minutes before the assembly where, to my horror, the door handle came off and there was no escape. It was a very exciting moment indeed. The seconds ticked by and I tugged on the door which refused to open, and I finally fell to battering and
shouting, and eventually managed to escape. At least, I did have the honesty to tell the school exactly why I was late.

PDW: We would never have realised if you hadn't told us.

Having lowered the tone slightly, Headmaster, can I raise it again slightly? There must have been many rewarding and enjoyable moments as well. Would you like to tell us any personal moments like that?

HM: I suppose those are mostly the moments when one truly feels that a boy has entered one's study to discuss something and actually leaves the study feeling better than when he came in. In that way, the most moving moments of all often occur on the final day of the Summer Term. I always see the hundred leavers one by one, and it is astonishing how personal a conversation can become when master and pupil realise that it is only going to last three minutes and yet it is the conclusion of five years of working together. I always see the hundred leavers one by one, and it is astonishing how personal a conversation can become when master and pupil realise that it is only going to last three minutes and yet it is the conclusion of five years of working together.

PDW: Which Rugby team do you talk about most in those occasions?

HM: Now you are teasing me — you know perfectly well it is the U14s.

MTR: You mentioned what it was like when you yourself came as a new Headmaster, and how lonely it was facing the various problems and situations that existed then. When your successor arrives in September 1988, what do you think that his most difficult problems will be?

HM: I suppose that, if one takes over a Headmastership from someone who has been in the job for a long time, there is the slight possibility that when the going becomes tough, as it must do from time to time, people may be inclined to draw unfavourable comparisons between what is now happening and what did happen. That, of course, is grossly unfair on the new incumbent, because people would then just be forgetting all the maddeningly irritating habits of his predecessor. But there is that danger. You ask what my successor's most difficult challenge be. It will be to decide on priorities in terms of expenditure of money, on improving facilities still further, and probably most of all adjusting to the enormous changes that are likely to sweep through English education during the next fifteen years or so. These imminent changes are temporarily disguised because Mrs. Thatcher has won three elections in a row, but the moment the Conservatives go out of office, the whole question of everything, from assisted places, to comprehensives, to the justification for boarding, to the existence of independent schools will all be brought out into the open again, and whatever happens, the Headmaster of King's will have to keep his school abreast of the times and economically viable.

What I would like to say, though, is that I am wholeheartedly confident that Mr. Simon Funnell will cope extremely well with whatever confronts him. I do know, too, that he is lucky to have such a marvellously loyal staff to help him in his work, and I am giving him one personal leaving present, which I have already told him, and that is to live exactly 277 miles from this study.

PDW: I ask this with infinite envy. Would you be prepared to let us into a few secrets of how you are planning to spend your retirement?

HM: I think that the purchase of the former Convent of St. Joseph's will turn out to be the most significant event, because, without the acquisition of that extra real property, the school could never have grown beyond 330 or thereabouts. I believe that 300 is the ideal number for a boarding school, which is about beyond 330 or thereabouts. I believe that 500 is the ideal number for a boarding school, which is about what we are at the moment and now we have the buildings and the facilities and the playing fields to support that number. With the extra numbers comes the justification for a larger teaching staff, a better orchestra, better games fixtures and so it goes on.

Looking at things other than material ones, I hope that my nineteen years here will be remembered for quite a lot of laughs.

PDW: I ask this with infinite envy. Would you be prepared to let us into a few secrets of how you are planning to spend your retirement?

HM: I think I shall have to spend the first fifty years in learning how to do a large number of things as well as my wife. I drew out a list the other day of all the various skills like washing-up, shopping, gardening, etc., and marked myself in relation to my wife. It was a very salutary exercise. At half-term recently, I discovered that a large number of the trees in our garden had fallen down, and it took me nearly the whole week to saw these trees up, and I realised that there are going to be a great many mundane jobs I shall need to master. On a recreational side, I enjoy fishing and shooting and gardening, and my wife and I have a lot of friends in Norfolk, I hope that what is left of my brain will not become completely addled and I might even return to writing poetry.

MTR: Headmaster, we have talked a lot about many different aspects of the school over the last nineteen years and your role as Headmaster. When somebody eventually updates the history of King's and writes a history of the school during these years, how would you like to think that your Headmastership would be remembered?

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Looking at things other than material ones, I hope that my nineteen years here will be remembered as ones in which consistent high standards were aimed for and achieved, and I hope too that perhaps the nineteen years will be remembered for quite a lot of laughs.

M.T.R., P.D.W.
Remembrance Day Fun Run

By J. H. N. Darby and A. C. Jones
PHOENIX SOCIETY

The emphasis in the Society this term has been to encourage members to produce their own lectures, thereby lessening the need to invite outside speakers. However, those lectures given by invited lecturers, Mr. James Carney, the Medical Superintendent, in the St. Francis Hospital in Katete District, Zambia, and Mr. Rollo Clifford on New Age Thinking, have widened the horizons of those who attended them considerably and lectures by guest speakers still continue to form an integral part of the Society's output.

So far four lectures have been given by members, beginning with an analysis of the reasons for the Decline of Sport in Schools by the Chairman and on topics as diverse as Hong Kong '97 and the 'Stock Exchange'. The highlight of the meetings so far though was Malcolm's and Jane Marks's discussion of the musical career of Andrew Lloyd-Webber in a talk loosely titled 'West End Musicals'. This informative and interesting talk incorporated an analysis of Lloyd-Webber's undoubted talent and why he should have been so successful with Tim Rice as his lyricist, together with full musical renditions of songs from the various musicals to illustrate their feelings.

Much of the point of society lectures is to stimulate a discussion. These have taken place after every talk, beginning with several questions to the speaker, before developing into a free-for-all debate. Credit is due to all members for contributing to these discussions, all of which are beginning to dread the sight of Charles Randles's hand being raised at the back.

With more lectures lined up for the remainder of this term, including one on 'The Best-Selling Novel' and a variety of other talks, there should be speaking opportunities for those wishing to air their controversial views. The immediate future of the Society appears excellent, and its aims to further all-round knowledge on subjects other than those taught in the classroom like being fulfilled.

N. K. L. Coulson

THE UNOFFICIAL TOURIST'S GUIDE TO LIBERIA

"Liberia, where's that?"

The name might ring a bell in most people's minds, but how many realise that it is, in fact, deep in the heart of tropical West Africa between Sierra Leone and Ivory Coast? To the unwary traveller it presents the most puzzling problem that they can squeeze every last dollar out of the man who has nothing to give, corrupt, if not drunk or high on pot. They are also chained to his seat, the memories of Bernie's paternal line of things which are not worth mentioning. Fortunately Liberia is a land of opportunity, where creatures still might live uneaten is deep in the jungle, unexplored and where tradition and cannibalism is still socially acceptable. The President relies on foreign aid, port taxes, rubber sales and lumber exports for his livelihood, and even here he is helped by his well-timed tonsilitis, of German birth, which eventually returned to the centre in the afternoon.

Dr. Norman, gave the introductory lecture, telling us of windows left open at night being ripped out by storms - "I wouldn't say if it hadn't happened before," he warned. The daily routine began at 7.30 a.m. (6.00 for Emma, so she could put on her make-up, wash hair, etc., much to the chagrin of her female mates) with showers whose temperatures were either freezing or scalding, then breakfast at 8 a.m., with a warning to make sure that Norman who was fast becoming a cult figure among the various schools using the centre. We would then leave for our day's destination, clad from head to toe in waterproofs and clutching various bits of equipment and packed lunches,predictable, if not up to cordon bleu standard. After a morning of collecting data from the day's habitat, we would eventually return to the centre in the afternoon to discuss, interpret and write up the day's work.

The habitats were varied, heathland, fresh water estuarine, rocky and sandy shores. The techniques learnt and used were adapted to each habitat, allowing a degree of correlation between the results. In each, much of the time was spent investigating the types and numbers of organisms in a particular area, and taking physical measurements which usually involved a wellington-full of water. J. S. and J. Guerrier, arriving after a quiet night in Arrondos (one moving car was spotted) a day after the main party, managed to miss tramping over wet heather-covered mountains, only catching up in time for lunch at the centre.

We all took a well deserved day off midweek, when we were let loose on the island. Guy was apparently eager to see the 'dunduns' in the south (they were sufficiently close to the natural beach to provoke some speculation which I am sure were untrue) but he was swayed by public opinion to catch the bus, like most others, to Brodick, the capital of Arran. The evening ended with a special celebration of Mr. and Mrs. Scott's wedding anniversary and Kath's birthday, in the shape of a meal at Mr. Scott's parents' house.

The latter half of the week saw us on the seashore, watching seals, and Kath and Clare being overtaken, and swamped by the incoming tide, as the male half of the group sped off up the beach giving helpful advice.

Part of the evenings was usually free, and although a video was provided by the centre, the swings, half-a-mile down the road, were left as a regular destination for many. At least the walk gave Charlotte the chance to rescue every toad trying to cross the road. We returned (on time of course) to the centre and our rooms, now remarkably similar to the filmset for The Shining, ready to spend another night searching for a flat piece of mattress.

The imposing mountainous scenery around the centre provided a marvellous backdrop for our studies. Free roaming red deer and sheep were plentiful, seals and golden eagles were watched with great interest, especially the arrival of a 2.5m J. Guerrier. After a search of the train, we conclude that he is turned about and gone home. "Oh dear," says J. A. S., or words to that effect in his. Edited arrival at Carlisle to see if he turns up on a later train, while the remainder of the party ventures further north. We arrive, two train changes later, at Arrondos to catch the last ferry for Arran and one hour later we step on to the island that will be our home for the next six days.

Our base was the Loch Ranza field study centre on the mountainous north coast of the island. The centre round the capital, Monrovia. This is a huddle of about 400,000 shanties crammed together between the Atlantic Ocean and a swamp. They are assailed by a hundred Liberians with a burning fire, the rubbish dumped in the street, inseparable from the shanties, is awesome. One of the Washington Post's residence is built in the perfect position for a fortress, on a hill overlooking the panoramic scene of a destitute town. President Samuel Doe came to power in 1980 in a coup d'etat. He rose through the ranks from a corporal to a general overnight and here, in a "beach party" for the former cabinet. A "beach party" normally leaves a dozen or so lead-embedded bodies on the beach at low tide to be swept away by the tides current which rips along Liberia's Atlantic coast.

The Liberian system turns on its head once every ten years and it is only the middle classes who stand a chance of spending a peaceful life. The wild life in the great free state is exceptional: there is almost none. So far for want of a better habitat, allowing a degree of correlation between the results. In each, much of the time was spent investigating the types and numbers of organisms in a particular area, and taking physical measurements which usually involved a wellington-full of water. J. S. and J. Guerrier, arriving after a quiet night in Arrondos (one moving car was spotted) a day after the main party, managed to miss tramping over wet heather-covered mountains, only catching up in time for lunch at the centre.

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**A Journey Round Cornwall**

**Summer 1987**

When James McNaughton, Matthew Offer-Hoar, Alastair Ray and I set off last summer to travel around Cornwall as cheaply and independently as possible, our initial intention was to make full use of the Cornish Coastal Footpath. Having arrived in Looe by train from Liskeard we had no further plans either to hitch or use local trains or buses to help us 'get round'. As it turned out, however, we found these modes of transport invaluable, and they also proved a pleasurable variation from walking everywhere with very heavy packs on our backs.

We left Looe on the afternoon of Sunday 9th August, a beautiful, hot, cloudless day — not really the ideal weather for long-distance walking. The sunglasses, shorts and T-shirts were soon on, however, and our first hour’s walking along the footpath was very enjoyable. We soon arrived in Talland Bay, a small coastal village, where there was a reasonably priced barbecue advertised for the evening at the pub. Being in no real rush we decided to stay for that, and made friends with the landlord so we could leave our rucksacks in his back room until we wanted to move on. So, having only walked for about an hour and a half on our first day we proceeded, quite happily, to spend a couple of hours sunbathing, followed by a very tasty barbecue at the pub.

Feeling slightly guilty at our so far relaxed first day we re-started our walk at about 7.30 that evening. Stopping briefly in Polperro to look at the pretty little fishing village and the calm, sunlit sea we decided to carry on. It being such a cool, clear evening — perfect for walking. Our aim of reaching Polruan 'before sundown' was too optimistic, however, and we found ourselves on the coast in the middle of nowhere, with the wind picking up and night coming down fast. We continued walking until 10 p.m., when we found a beautifully secluded beach near Lantic Bay, with an ideal grass verge on which to camp and a freshwater stream nearby as well. Having put up our tent we sat by the fire, and the dark we soon fell asleep — worn out by about 10 miles walking and the excessive weight of the rucksacks.

We awoke early on Monday to realise that we had nothing really suitable for breakfast, apart from tea and sugary biscuits. Having put up with these we walked as quickly as we could to Polrun, to buy something more substantial to eat. After breakfast in Polrun we took the ferry across the river to Fowey. By the time we had bought, written and sent all our postcards to friends we were full. Then, just when James and I were remembering that we really did have to get home as soon as possible as we would be at work the next day, and it was raining, we decided to have a look around the town. We lay in our sleeping bags, for two hours. It began to rain harder. And then it poured. A number of vehicles passed us going up the hill, but for some reason which I do not understand refused to give these four soaking youths with black hats, black Rayban sunglasses and massive rucksacks a lift. So we walked back in high(ish) spirits after showers and a good cup of tea. We were back in our rucksacks in his back room until we wanted to move on. So, having only walked for about an hour and a half on our first day we proceeded, quite happily, to spend a couple of hours sunbathing, followed by a very tasty barbecue at the pub. We lay in our sleeping bags, for two hours. It began to rain harder. And then it poured. A number of vehicles passed us going up the hill, but for some reason which I do not understand refused to give these four soaking youths with black hats, black Rayban sunglasses and massive rucksacks a lift. So we walked back in high(ish) spirits after showers and a good cup of tea. We were back in our rucksacks in his back room until we wanted to move on. So, having only walked for about an hour and a half on our first day we proceeded, quite happily, to spend a couple of hours sunbathing, followed by a very tasty barbecue at the pub.

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any success. Luckily another shuttle-bus drove past us not long afterwards, and as it seemed to be begging us to stop we felt it would be a shame not to.

We were driven to Penzance by five o'clock.

Thursday night was spent in Penzance by five o'clock. Thursday night was spent in Penzance.

Friday morning was cooler but drier. We breakfasted on pasties from the Rame Cross Post Office and voted to travel as far as we could bywhatever means, rather than walk ten or fifteen miles. So we stood outside the Post Office all morning, trying to hitch a lift. Either we were the annoyance of the owner of the shop or he felt sorry for us (probably a bit of both), as after a couple of hours a lady offered to take us to Helston herself — this we gratefully accepted — it seeming stupid to look a gift-horse in the mouth. So we lounged by the roadside, seeing a bus to Penzance, took the easy option once again. We were in Penzance by five o'clock. Thursday night was spent in Penzance.

We are invited in for cold coffee (a French invention). We then cycle a further 25 km, eventually seeing the end of the moles hills, over which we had literally shed blood and tears. The flatground makes the going very slow, but due to extreme tiredness we soon return to a rapid pace. Find a Youth Hostel at Givors where we are able to freshen up and rest.

A 'TOUR DE FRANCE' SUMMER 1987

Sunday, 12th July, 1987: James McNaughton and I leave from Portsmouth, fresh, keen, not realising what lies ahead of us. What does lie ahead of us? A seven-hour boat trip overnight, followed by a 14-day 700 mile cycle round France.

DAY 1: Arrive in France. Le Havre. Seven o'clock in the morning. Unaccustomed to this early hour, we try to freshen up and relax, being horned awake on the right hand side of the road. This is quickly brought to our attention by a French horn blaring. Even so, we take our first sample of French cuisine: cheese, baguettes, and wine. This becomes our every breakfast, lunch and supper for the next two weeks. Our first night, not daring to sleep in an open field, we find a very quiet town, with a very basic diet for every breakfast, lunch and supper. We find a very quiet town, with a very basic diet for every breakfast, lunch and supper. Having discovered what riding with panniers is like and also having covered the modest distance of 80 miles, we collapse as soon as the tent is up.

DAY 2: After a very uncomfortable night sleeping on top of a mound we make yet another early start at 8 a.m. Unfortunately, however, today is National Day, July 14th. So no noise is open. So there's no sound. So we are hungry! Reach a small village called Beaugency. The fireworks are not quite our first priority, more the barbecueing of hot dogs.

DAY 3: Injury sets in. Jim's knees are suffering from the unaccustomed length of time in the saddle. We do however manage 57 miles in the morning. Then, near dusk, disaster strikes. We are in the middle of the countryside. Jim's derailleur gears break. This is the end, we ask ourselves. But lady luck is close at hand. We are able to freshen up and rest.

DAY 4: Cycle 10 miles without a problem on the way, we then breakfast miles past RA F St. Mawgan, past Watergate Bay and arrived in the small town of St. Merryn. We are totally in the wrong direction. Turn back. Leave Grenoble once again and start the climb, the longest and hardest part of the trip. Two hours and only 25 km later, plus a few pounds lighter we eventually reach the summit. The fantastic and beautiful view makes the whole climb seem worthwhile. Today is our first day to actually see the Tour. We are watching as Stephen Roche takes the Yellow Jersey at the top of Villard-de-Lans. It is like a rebirth for me and book into the Youth Hostel filled with English-speaking people, especially Irish Roche supporters. After a decent meal and a much needed shower we argue about the plan for tomorrow.

DAY 9: Jim and I decide (well I decide, Jim follows) to cycle to the top of L'Alpe d'Huez rather than go by bus as the majority of the Irish are planning to do. The whole climb seems worthwhile. Today is our first day to actually see the Tour. We are watching as Stephen Roche takes the Yellow Jersey at the top of Villard-de-Lans. It is like a rebirth for me and book into the Youth Hostel filled with English-speaking people, especially Irish Roche supporters. After a decent meal and a much needed shower we argue about the plan for tomorrow.

Soaked, in Montloucon, having decided our progress is too slow to meet up with the Tour at Avignon, pitch our tent in a disused quarry.

DAY 5: Now heading for Grenoble there seems little point in rushing to get there, so we only complete 60 miles today — admittedly most of it across the Massif Central. Pass through Vichy. Stop at Ferrieres, exhausted. The beautiful mountainside hotel is fully booked, however, so we cycle another ten miles, the longest ten miles on record, to higher up in the hills. While I look in at a cheap hotel and have the locals buy me a couple of drinks — the locals are really enthusiastic about the Tour as all French are — Jim is busy eating dinner in a restaurant one mile down the road. I join him just as he's finishing his second course, chatting to up the woman. She could only be amused at these two smelly, sweaty, dirty English cyclists who took an hour and a half to eat a 5-course meal, which finished at 11.30 p.m.

DAY 6: Leave the hotel late. We head off into the hills which are by now becoming progressively steeper and higher. Stop at a house for cold beer. We are invited in for cold coffee (a French invention). We then cycle a further 25 km, eventually seeing the end of the mole hills, over which we had literally shed blood and tears. The flatground makes the going very quick but due to extreme tiredness we soon return to a slow pace. Find a Youth Hostel at Givors where we are able to freshen up and rest.

DAY 7: Leave our comfortable Youth Hostel beds with great difficulty. Arrive at Grenoble after travelling down a very busy road to the accompaniment of blaring horns. Perhaps it was an autoroute? As night is drawing in and we cannot find a campsite we pitch the tent on a sort of wasteland — not quite as pleasant as the hostel the night before but there is our usual meal of cheese, baguettes and wine.

DAY 8: Set off early. Realise we are travelling totally in the wrong direction. Turn back. Leave Grenoble once again and start the climb, the longest and hardest part of the trip. Two hours and only 25 km later, plus a few pounds lighter we eventually reach the summit. The fantastic and beautiful view makes the whole climb seem worthwhile. Today is our first day to actually see the Tour. We are watching as Stephen Roche takes the Yellow Jersey at the top of Villard-de-Lans. It is like a rebirth for me and book into the Youth Hostel filled with English-speaking people, especially Irish Roche supporters. After a decent meal and a much needed shower we argue about the plan for tomorrow.
at the bottom of the mountain again, rather worse for wear, after a slight mis-calculation at a bend, Jim is nowhere to be seen, and I have to climb up the mountain alone.

DAY 10: After a reasonably comfortable night’s sleep I awake to several pools of a brolly handle and a fine of 9 francs for not having paid to camp there, despite sleeping without a tent. Meet up with Jim who has hitched 25 miles back to Bourg d’Oisans after he returned to Grenoble night. The left-overs from the Tour riders’ meals are very appetising and make a definite change from cheese, baguettes and wine.

DAY 11: After we decided to visit Annecy rather than Geneva as planned the pace slows down even more and we struggle along the roadsides and stop once to buy some peaches from a farmer. He insists that we have them for free. Well, after receiving “Ta-bby and Spound” the night in the strangest campsite of our journey — right outside a cemetery at Brignon.

DAY 12: Leaving the spirits to their peace Jim and I pack up the tent and cycle the 50 miles to Aix-Les-Bains. This takes some time, as my front wheel (if an oval can be called a wheel) makes the journey rather difficult. We eventually reach a Youth Hostel and have the enormous meal there, we start talking to a postman and make a definite change from cheese, baguettes and wine.

We left you at the end of the last issue looking forward to the end of the summer term, and it was the commitment of the boys and girls to rehearsals right through their exams that found its reward in the last week of term, and that gave those leaving such a marvellous and memorable week in which to bow out. We left you at the end of the last issue looking forward to the end of the summer term, and it was the commitment of the boys and girls to rehearsals right through their exams that found its reward in the last week of term, and that gave those leaving such a marvellous and memorable week in which to bow out.

Tabby and B found large and enthusiastic audiences at the Middle Street Revival restaurant, with their own style of late-night cabaret, a jazz band went to the Globe to play, a rumba band went Faure’s Requiem twice, once at Batcombe and once in the school chapel, and all the school’s musicians joined together for the glamorous Summer Night of Music and Song, where they had the chance to work with some of the most famous artists in the world. This extraordinary event, which brought the school’s recent development appeal to a close, was masterminded by Lucy Pugh-Cook’s mother, Annie Moore, who seems to have the most staggering contacts in the artistic world. On stage with our own "Palladium" Orchestra were Neil Richardson of "Mass- term" fame, Stuart Burrows of international fame, and Georgie Fame of his own fame—all contributing their evening work free, and all giving a genuine impression of having a good time. And indeed, I think they all did: Neil Richardson certainly said how ref- realising it was to work with youngsters who, unlike professionals, didn’t have one eye on the clock and the other on the union rate. The highlights of the evening were Nell Cornelius, who specially arranged an arrangement of ‘Summertime’, Stuart Burrows wringing every last ounce of energy out of his charges, Georgie Fame’s marvellously laid back stories, and a blazing performance of Cagney.

It’s almost convention, though, the way in which the gap left by those who leave in July is so easily and unconsciously filled in September. With cries still ringing in our ears from Parents’ Day “Well, it was nice while it lasted, but you’re going to feel the dif- ference next year with so many leaving,” we launched into a new season. Each autumn presents a major perform- ing groups taking up again with no trace of change.

The Chamber Orchestra, sounding clearer and lighter than ever, gave its first concert of the year, with Haydn’s Hymnus in F major, Beethoven’s 5, and Judy Doolan excelling in the famous harspichord part.

The Taunton festival saw King’s musicians winning almost all the major classes; the Wind Band ran away with the competition against the other local schools, and both the chamber music classes (senior and under 16) went to King’s groups in very strong com- petition; the senior string quartet with Judy Doolan on cello gaining the highest marks in the whole Festival. The adjudicator in the chapel choirs’ evening, Nigel Perrin, from the King’s Singers, agreed to come back to King’s at the end of term, and conduct a highly successful workshop with the Choir just before the two carol services.

The brass players gave their customary loud Christmas Concert, the greatest compliment being that no-one has noticed the absence of last year’s senior boys who have been transferred to the Market Centre for some sponsored carols in aid of Cot Death research.

“You’ll find all those singers in the choir though, won’t you?” they said, and, of course, we miss them, but the sound is tighter than ever; makes you wonder who was hacking around last year.

They’ve been busy, too, with an evening just before half term to give back the New House Chapter, and the two carol services, from which one of the “carols” was featured on ITV in Harry Secombe’s “Programme right at the end of term.

As a trailer to the next issue of The Alurian, there’s a whole new wind Band programme to come for another charity cabaret concert, the Orchestra in the complete Planets Suite by Holst and, of course, Cabaret itself down at the Breeze. And so the machine rolls on. And that sounds mechanical, it’s anything but. To film the TV pro- gramme, the Choir had to give up a day of their half- term. They all give up what is, after all, their own free time to come to be nagged and bullied by us. That’s why you don’t notice the difference.

C.K.H.
Sascha Hooker handled very realistically Melanie Garth's complete transformation from cold, sharp spinster, oppressed and paranoid about her dying mother, to trendy religious freak. Hers was one of the hardest roles and she managed to pull off Melanie's hysterical laugh as she recounts the news of her mother's death, in spine-chilling fashion.

Alison Hutchings fitted herself into her role with expertise, convincing both when decidedly pregnant and as sad and lonely, crying upon Quartermaine's shoulder. She had the necessary life and naturalness to carry the part off.

The play depends upon the cast capturing the intrinsic details of the relationships between characters, and the changing moods of each character individually. Their achievement here, to me, was what made Mr. Spalding's production. They showed great understanding of these subtleties and had collectively the emotional scope to project them to the audience.

The effectiveness of any performance can best be judged by how the audience feel when they walk away. When Quartermaine finally loses his job, and with it everything he had, I could not repress the lump in my throat and am still haunted by the helpless echo:

"O lord—well, I say—O lord."  

J. A. Legg
THE BISHOP MEYER C.D.T. CENTRE OPENED ON THE 10th NOVEMBER, 1987

New Swimming Pool

Photographs by J. M. Darby
LLOYD PROPOSES THE END OF CHRISTMAS

The House of Commons was in uproar yesterday after Peter Lloyd, Conservative member for Fareham, put forward his Bill to curb the effect of Christmas (writes Neil Parker).

Mr. Lloyd proposes to make it illegal to advertise anything using Christmas as a theme. It would be a crime to sell Christmas cards, trees and decorations before November 16th. In a statement he made on the BBC Radio 4 “Today” programme, Mr. Lloyd said: “It is ridiculous, the whole idea of Christmas is being perverted by our consumer society. My Bill will mean we can live our lives normally, without this great purchasing burden being thrust upon us.”

Opposition in the House is immense, and it is highly unlikely that the Bill will be passed. The main disagreement has been in the fact that many people like the length of time between the early start of advertising and Christmas Day. Mr. Tom Littler, Labour Member for Glasgow East, said: “I agree that we are getting a little ridiculous with the early start. However, I believe making it illegal is just as ridiculous. Mr. Lloyd would perhaps be better advised to ignore, rather than react in this way. People can still live their lives normally by keeping out of shops that are acting as if it was December 23rd and not October 31st.”

An opinion poll carried out by Mori in Lloyd’s constituency revealed that only four per cent of the people believe Mr. Lloyd’s stand to be correct and a massive 70 per cent believe him to be absurd.

The vote will be taken on Wednesday. It will have one important politician walking through the ‘aye’ door in Mr. Dennis Healey, MP. Three years ago he tried to prevent the growth of credit cards and their use by those who could not afford it at Christmas. As he said: “The festive season is becoming a time for bankruptcy and after the initial celebrations, misery. I am fully behind Mr. Lloyd in this courageous stand.”

Replying to allegations that Mr. Lloyd was merely looking for cheap publicity, he told the Gazette: “Politics is about caring for the individual, and doing what is best for him or her. I am only doing my job as a politician.”
THE DREAM

I had a dream
What it means, I do not know.
The penthouse life
The money breeds
A lucky place in this world of greed
A selfish wish
A stupid deed
Have I not now all I need?

Save me from my human ways,
Keep me from the devil's gaze
Help me if I live my dreams,
Of busy roads and the silver screen
The flashing lights from my dream.

The river where the silence sways
Heading for those lonely days.
The prairies which I once knew
Have left me lonely without a clue.

I had a dream
What it means
I do not know!

GINA HOBDEN

THE TEACHER

"Sir, Sir" cry the pupils simultaneously.
They're the only words that ring in my head.
Hands go up one by one,
My eyes dart around, confused.
Who shall I answer?
I give answers all the time.
Even at night.
That's when I ask myself questions.
"What's happening tomorrow?" I ask.
But it's always the same:
"Sir, Sir" questions, questions.

People say. Ask questions, and you shall learn.
So they do. They ask me.
People don't realise that you have to have someone
to answer them.

And that they have to work hours a day.
Usually not getting any gratitude for what they've done.
I only teach for the money,
Not for fun, or because I like it.
I hate children shouting out,
And not respecting their elders.

Talking behind my back.

S. COLLINS (3A)

THE REPORT

A report out today
Resulting from a statement
And a subsequent enquiry by the government
Analyses the devaluation of love
On the international market.

A number of points were concluded
Heralded by a leading politician
As a 'major contribution to world peace'.

The blame was attributed to Terrorists,
Anarchists, Socialists, Communists, Fascists,
Skinheads, Punks, Vandals, Hooligans,
Footballers, Wimps, Weirdos, EastEnders,
Blues Brothers, Thatcheries, Monetarists,
Keynesians, Heretics, Analysts, Psycho-analysts,
Hairdressers, TV Producers and Journalists.

The revaluation of love is expected
Within the next six months
Following the expulsion of the above categories
From the market of life.

M. W. MANN

THE TRUTH

Reality is far away.
It keeps its distance. And may my
Children never come across it.

How do you expect
Anyone to live their lives when
Really all that comes to them is
Death?

Motes in the sunlight
Of creation,
Restlessly drifting in the tide of humanity
Run aground in the sea of life
Impassively awaiting the moment of drowning,
Smitten by our own mortality.

CAITLIN NOBLE

TRAMP

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
That's all I ever do,
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
From 'ere to Timbuctoo.

They all bicker. All the time.
'Bout graffiti, 'fist 'n' crime.
What 'ave they ever done for me?
I'm no public enemy.

I got nuffing,
Nowhere t'sleep,
And what do they tell me to do?
Yeap, 'Go and take a leap'.

Nothing ever goes right for me.

M. BARISIC (3A)

38

39
PREP
Sitting, Quiet, Silent.
Working, Reading, Writing.
Question, Answered, Quiet.
Whisper, Whisper, Whisper.

Talking, Joking, Murmurs.
Louder, Louder, Louder.
Enter Duty Prefect.
Anger, Rage, Innocence.
Guilty, Punishment, Plea.
Lines, Lines, Lines.
Sitting, Quiet, Silent.
Writing, Writing, Writing.

A. G. H. DUKE (38)

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE
One day I heard a Frenchman say,
"Oh, I dismay, there's no logic in this language.
How can I learn
Words like 'adjourn', and also remember that you
can't start a sentence with 'because' or 'but', or
when to put 'their' or 'there' and remembering
that I can put 'wouldn't' instead of would not',
'shouldn't' instead of 'should not' and
'couldn't' instead of could not'.
This language is so dumb,
I could bite off my thumb, which is, incidentally, spelt
with a B for some unknown reason.
I should bite off my thumb, which is, incidentally, spelt
with a B for some unknown reason.

M. J. RAMUS (38)

ALONE
The litter raced across the dusty street,
and the silhouette of the town hall,
in the moonlight sky,
reminded her that she was alone.

Alone in a dangerous town,
with the city lights,
and the nightlife,
which gave a shiver down her spine.

The noise of the late night taxi,
and the sound of shouting and laughter,
from the bars and restaurants,
where people were leaving for home.

The bells tolled . . . midnight,
but life still went on,
with people living it up,
on dance floors and in smoky casinos.

The closing of windows,
the shutting of doors,
and the lights being switched off,
indicated night-time.

For some, they had no home,
and roamed about the Underground,
hoping to find good shelter,
for another sleepless night.

The noise of her high-heeled shoes,
echoed around the town,
and the splashing sound,
as she walked through the puddles.

Walking quicker every step,
she reached the grounds of her home,
got inside,
and disappeared.

A. G. H. DUKE (38)

FALSE SECURITY
Whilst we sit easy watching TV
After a wet, November day,
Eating crisps, drinking coffee
Following what the comedian has to say;
An intruder enters upstairs.

A noise upstairs, window in the breeze
There's the idea that it is all
Whilst the juggler juggles with ease
On our marvellous TV by the wall;
The intruder takes the money.

Another noise, I’ll close the window.
I leave the warmth of the room;
Climb up the stairs to meet the imaginary foe.
There, standing in the clear light of the moon,
The intruder pulls out his gun.

The funeral was a sad affair:
A young boy, lots of potential and hard working too.
Since his death his mother was taken into care
In a hospital, nothing else for her to do.
The intruder was never caught.

R. KERR (3A)

IMPRESSIONS OF A POET
(Lines after hearing Roger McGough)
The Poet he stands there,
hidden from my sight.
All efforts to see his face
were abolished, by a multitude
of heads. He begins.

The Poet he stands there,
hidden from my sight.
All efforts to see his face
were abolished, by a multitude
of heads. He begins.

J. STRACHAN (4D)

THE LONELY LADY
She stands motionless, yet moving,
Surrounded by people who say they are her friends.

They never speak to her though.
Only probe deeper into her very core,
Destroying her mercilessly on a mere whim,
They kill her a little more each day,
Using her selfishly,
And still no one speaks to her,
Or apologises for their destruction.
They just go on and on . . . thoughtlessly.

Without her they would have nothing,
For she gave it all to them.

Some claim to own parts of her,
Do they really think she can be controlled?
Without her they would have nothing,
For she gave it all to them.
Without her they would never exist,
And yet still they show her no respect.

THE LONELY LADY

Without her they would never exist,
And still they show her no respect.
They continue to persecute her,
Carelessly and stupidly;
And she forgives them all because
She loves them.

For she is the Earth . . .

Eleanor Lightburn
THE BANK MANAGER
Oh my Lord, it's Mrs. Smith, 
I wonder what she wants now,
A loan or an overdraft, I presume.
Well, I'm fed up with her prattle,
'No, Mrs. Smith, it's impossible. You cannot have
an overdraft until you've paid your debt.'
Three o'clock and time to go.
No one else in the bank, apart from the
Workers,
The work today was very strenuous.
'Oh darling, quickly, bring my tea'.
For I am very tired and need my rest.
Well, it's up to bed at ten o'clock.
'Turn the light off, dear',
For I need my sleep.
Remember to wake me up for work.
Another day has started,
Into work at ten,
Coffee at eleven,
and my lunch break at twelve.
Then back to work at two and
home at 3 for a cup of tea.

THE SHOP ASSISTANT
"Can I help you?"
"What exactly are you looking for?"
Stupid old woman
In her foul coat.
"Can I help you?"
"A very wise choice!"
Meddlesome brat
And its stupid crying.
"Can I help you?"
"Thank you, bye-bye!"
Nasty brat
With his messy fingers.
Oh! At last my lunch break,
Shopping time!
That's a nice dress.
Oh! So that I
MUST
Try them on.
"Can I help you?"
"I'd like to buy that dress."
'A very wise choice'.
Patronising fool.

HARRY
Harry was a very religious man,
Every Sunday he would take communion,
Every night he would say his prayers.
He never stole a thing, even when he was younger
He never broke the law.
Every meal time he would say grace,
Every sinner he saw he would pray for.
He never hurt or wounded anything,
He never did swear or tell a lie.
But none of this mattered.
Every day he never noticed,
He never did even notice,
The very devil
Behind his back.

THE END
His body was motionless,
not a twitch,
not a blink of an eyelid.
He sat there staring at the dull walls,
and the solitary window,
watching the last bird fly past.
Only minutes stood between him and death,
and he began to shiver and sweat.
His name was called,
he got up and left the cell,
The last time that he would walk.

THE RAPE
A solitary tangerine sits
Quiescent, perhaps in smugness,
Yet satisfied
With a contented plumpness.
A single hand, gawping with emptiness,
Thrusts out, plucking the fruit,
From its tranquil sanctuary,
Grappling fingers begin their work.
Unacknowledged pain sears
With every tug and twist
of pitted skin
From the soft, pulpy flesh
Once covered by turgid seams.
Unheard screams of anguish rise
As bursting segments are peeled apart
Exposing a translucent jigsaw
Of swollen sacs that weep tears of pink.

ODE TO AN INVIGILATOR
Summer is a—coming in,
Loud sing O. and 0.,
Summer is a-coming in
For you and me.
Why spend these Dog Days
Spurning the beach,
Hoping they'll recover
What I didn't teach?
Fatuous queries; what's it to us —
Summarise briefly, note and discuss,
Who killed the Princes? What was it for?
The subjunctive? — God, it's a bore.
Recalcitrant paper
Yield to the pen.
Or else in November,
We'll meet here again.

TEENAGER
Eyes of a stranger
Calling to me across the room.
I can't resist —
Hooked again, like a fish
Gasping for air, out of my depth,
Swept by a tide I do not — cannot — control.
When I wake in the morning
Tears of ecstasy and grief;
Trapped in my life, wolf and lamb,
One skin, two people,
Voices whispering, calling me back time and again to
something I don't want.
Only something I need.
Shadow looks,
Frail bars, frail creature,
Which, extinguished all joy.
Ceiling, dark!
Floor, dark!
Wind, barred.
Hedge, w. e -
Fl-eel, con-crete.
Sky, cloudy.
Shadow, dark!
Movement.
Pulling to the bars,
Ears throb, eyes an oval reflection,
Shadow absorbs its beating warmth.
Lifts gently and, crushes — a bloody red.
A morning red.  A. C. TURNER

FALSE SECURITY
When the rain is pounding on the window,
at night.
And the wind is whistling among the trees,
I feel safe at home,
In the warmth.
And when I go to the land of nod, the wind carries ceaselessly on,
Singing its sad song, of memories about days,
Long gone,
I feel safe at home,
In the warmth.
It is dark outside, and wet;
Very cold.
But here in the warmth, there is a sense of security.
Then the lightning shines its torch at the house,
And all goes white, for a moment.
There is tension in the air outside,
And some cats have joined to sing,
With the wind.
Fighting amongst themselves, they ought not to be out.
Then I hear a noise from below,
And
With a racing heart, I try an attempt
At consoling myself;
lull;
My heart calms down, I think, trying to make it do just that.
But I don't succeed, and get vivid images of a man, ransacking.
How foolish.  T. G. PUGH. (3A)

"LONDON TOWN IS YOURS TONIGHT"
From the darkside of London, I cross the borough borders.
Past playground, street corner and grave,
Through the immigrant poor of the City
Into the wealth of smoke and rain.

On the Underground, I shut out linsel town.
Papers out of order, battle talk, a wain;
Roll on to the sound of breaking glass
Through the smashed lights in the underpass.

Thru' Chinatown, to Bishopsgate, the sound of exhaust ricochets,
And in reply the red light says.
It's time for the hour, for the drinks to shout.
As the barman shoves the people out.

Million pound penthouse to people on the street,
down to where slum and skyscraper meet
that alley runs to opera lights but remember sir,
London town is yours tonight

A. TITLEY

THE QUEEN
Oh no,
I've got to do more of that blessed visiting,
I bet it is somewhere really far off,
like Scotland or Cornwall.
At least they could choose somewhere nearer here.
Then I'll have to meet all those people, holding out
t heir grubby little hands,
and once more they are smiling!
After that will come the museum opening,
and then I'll have to walk around it,
being lectured as I go.
Why is it always so boring?
I don't know how they attract any visitors,
especially when they have to pay.
But what I really can't stand, is hoards of Press photographers and me to look cheerful and
smile.
Could you think of a reason to smile if you lived a life
like mine?
T. MOTT (3A)

FALSE SECURITY
Alone!
I turned round, waved, and then watched them
Walking into the desolate background,
I then strolled off alone,
Heading for the house on the hilltop.
The day had been fun,
The picnic outside,
Singing its sad song, of memories about days.

The sand beneath my feet was golden and shiny.
However, from somewhere came a faint cry,
I stopped.

The sea was a clear blue.
Peering into the darkness and then continued

The day had been fun,
Smiling.
Like mine?
T. MOTT (3A)
I am not convinced that, across the board, this has been a successful season, and I should like to make a few suggestions.

Firstly, two things I should like to disappear. One, the habit of applauding an incoming batsman; it has no value, and is not even good manners. Two, the appealing for lbw from all corners of the field. The bowler and keeper can see, first slip might, no one else can.

My biggest criticism would be of a lack of positive thinking. Cricket is a game played largely on a mental plane. Unless you accept this challenge, you will not really succeed and you deny yourself half the pleasure. Examples: After half-an-hour, every member of the batting side would know which fieldsmen are left-handed, which have a poor throw, and those that are idle. Or the scoring rate, actual and needed. All batsmen should know throughout their innings how many runs their captain need to know through both innings. Or again, what do you think about as you go into a net? Not to score ill-directed bowling outside the leg stump. Yet the nets are full of batsmen not even offering a stroke. And virtually all net bowling needs to be a great deal less selfish.

This aimless attitude may explain why we seem so hopelessly self-effaced. The bowling and fielding had looked like being the weak links and although this proved true early in the season and cost us the game in a close match against Queen's, it was our "easy" batting which failed in the other losses against Taunton and at Millfield.

We bowled Wellington out for 156 and achieved our first fairly comfortable win by 5 wickets. The side that played in that match was the team which was to become established for the rest of the term. Only Duncansons' "easy bath" and the odd exam was to change the regular line-up. This seemed to build up a good team spirit eventually and confidence ran high.

The second game was against the XL Club (Duncan Battishill wanted to know why we weren't playing the Forty Club this year?) when we amased 266 for 7 but could not bowl them out. The fielding looked poor and, along with bad bowling, was to let us down against Queen's. In a close game they scored 227 and we fell a short with Alex Duncansson being caught on the boundary. (See Alternative Report).

Canford came a week later and our bowling seemed even worse. C Forward scored a superb 218 n.o. out of 294 for 1 and we chased in vain — finishing on 228 for 7. Morale was still high when we travelled to Millfield but the quick wicket proved too much of a surprise for our batsmen and we were skittled out for 81, losing by an innings and 125 runs. (See Alternative Report).

It was a most enjoyable season. My thanks to Roy Marshall for his knowledge and coaching skills and to all the behind scenes people grounds staff, caters, buses and to R.A.C for his organisational genius.

1ST XI CRICKET — THE SEQUEL

Mike would like to begin with his own description of the start of the season.

The sun shone brightly on the lush turf as we took the field on a sleepy, May afternoon against Wellington. I performed a token warm-up in the hope that I might gain the new ball, but as I glanced across at the captain I heard only the words: "Mike, do third man please." Little did I know that at that stage, on every occasion that we took the field I would be greeted with the exact same words. I shrugged off and my thoughts turned to the heyday of the Empire, past glories in India and in the work going on in the new Technology Centre. I was awakened from my reverie by the sight of a small, red object travelling swiftly in my direction and a fatuous comment from a rather irate captain: "Wake up grandad! Get down to it!" Get down to it! I certainly did but the ball took an unfortunate bounce which occasioned it to pass between my foot and knee. I retrieved the ball from the building site and looked up. My first vision was that in his classic comments about the game. Chasing 227, Alex was at the crease, 49 not out, with five needed for victory. The scoreboard clearly showed 9 wickets down. Following a magnificent innings of controlled hitting and外围wards. I asked him what he exclaimed: "What's going on? There's another man going!" Mention must also be made of Ally Milburn, who, as a substitute, was heroic; save for a little bromash at deep square leg, we all drop one once in a while though, don't we Mike?

Canford came and saw and nearly conquered. The Canford captain was not sporting enough to hit any of Duncans's full tosses in the air — except one. Enter Diggory. He had only scored 57 at the time, by a guar...
appeared and Greg Dix was still on his leave blissfully. Phil's drums. Yes, Mike was bopping away to end, troubling Roy's nerves with lofted drives, lofted unaware that he was even playing Mike was another attacking shots in the first hour, after the first hour he Duncan had overslept on his 24 hour leave and not in the OA's game but Downside was a classic. We left pulls, lofted cuts, lofted defensive shots and a general combination of batsmen are cutting loose at the other at both ends for the rest of the season, except batting practice and we were treated, for the first time, of full tosses brought their usual reward and they many, having incurred the wrath of all but the arch-wizard Mike, who was given out missing at deep square when Lucy was walking from the prefabs fives or some such character defect, there should be the nucleus of a good side for next season. Whatever happens, we must hope for the hard work and pleasantness of the 1987 side, all of which owed much to Forknal's sane, reliable captaincy. Displaced as wicketkeeper and unsuccessful with the bat — it must, to him, have summed up his season when his most promising score, against Sherborne, was terming-away with the weather — he never allowed personal frustration to cloud his cheerfulness, and on and off the field he led his side well. It certainly wasn't his fault that the potential of Forknall wasn't on anyone's fault. Perhaps it was fate. Or a low decision on a cold evening in April.

**Results**

- Wellington: Lost by 42 runs
- Canford: Lost by 84 runs
- Millfield: Won by 8 wickets
- Kings, Bruton: Won by 7 wickets
- Sherborne: Abandoned
- Taunton School: Won by 53 runs
- Monmouth: Abandoned
- Downside: Won by 2 runs
- Matches v. Allhallows, Blundells and Somerset Clergy — cancelled.

**Players**

- Forknall (Capt), Bempton, Chubb, Cole, Edwards, English, Forknall, McDermott, Miller, Moore, Payne, Pratt, Scott, Thorley.

Neil Coulson
JUNIOR COLTS CRICKET

This was a side that contained probably more talented cricketers than any other Junior Colts side I’ve had. The first six or seven would have opened any other year, the opening attack had pace in Dickinson, accuracy and movement in Ramus, backed up by a class off-spinner, left-arm orthodox, and a couple of medium-pace trundlers. It was your ideal World XI, a coach’s dream.

Reeks (the class off-spinner) eventually opened, even though he wasn’t in the first six or seven to start. He’s a Downton-like opener. If you’re defending you shuffler your feet and put a bat on it. If you’re attacking you smash it. It’s a kind of sophisticated version of the block and slog technique, and very effective it is. Reeks batted three, just where the player with the most correct technique should bat. He’s been beautifully coached, does all the right things, just occasionally plays a bit of a slog, and not much block. There is much to commend the block and slog technique—you don’t get out to the good ball and you score off the bad ball. But it does rather depend on not getting out to the good ball, let alone the indifferent ball. He bowled always with precision and intelligence, and kept his head admirably in a thoroughly unpleasant game against Althallows.

Chubb is an odd opener; against Queen’s he held the innings together with a rock solid defence and some crashing drives and cuts, and for the rest of the season his batting became more and more brittle, relying for his runs not on powerhouse cricket shots but on light-footedness and some magnificent catches. What went down, and so did the confidence of the batting. What went down, and so did the confidence of the batting. Nothing helps a side more than to win the toss, bat first and score 200, and we didn’t get that sort of help. What was so frustrating was that there was nothing you could do in training; come Tuesday in the nets you were ducking as straight drives crashed past your ears, no wicket would fall in the entire afternoon, and there was little coaching advice you felt you could or needed to give. But come Saturday, it was back to mode 2—69 for 7, and see if we can bat till half-time.

Once they were dismissed, they came out and fought magnificently, producing exciting, attacking cricket that almost made up for the lack of runs, if not in results, then in the pleasure we all got from the performance. With that amount of spirit and talent in the side, I cannot believe that this will not be a 1st XI to look out for in the next few years.

R.A.C.

UNDER 14 CRICKET

After a number of years attempting to coach some of the older boys at Millfield, I found the approach of this side very refreshing. They had limitations but always tried to play good cricket and at times looked very well organised. With one notable exception they played with a lot of determination and good sense although the one exception showed that success for this team will not come readily until they learn to keep the initiative once they have won it. They are not, by inclination, the most competitive of groups but I think they are capable of giving their best, particularly in the field. The batting was a little fragile and a good deal of work still needs to be done on basic technique but within their limitations, Robinson, Cashell, Berry and Becconsall all played useful innings and I think greater maturity and more confidence will bring Hill a lot of runs in the future.

Of the quicker bowlers l was most impressed by Becconsall and Lacey-Smith, and Scott has the potential and intelligence to become a very useful slow left-hander. Cashell, Pipe (later in the season) and Brown lent useful support, particularly in the field. The catching of the team was a little suspect but they worked hard and cheerfully at their own game and made an invaluable contribution, particularly Driscoll at Taunton School, where he was put under the most extreme pressure.

And to lead our World XI, the Clive Lloyd of Taunton St. Andrew’s, an outstanding captain in Dowsett. Probably the best batter of the side (though you wouldn’t notice it in the scoreboard) and an extremely useful slow left-arm, he brought a lot of his experience in club cricket to bear on the side, and I cannot remember one decision that I couldn’t understand. His cap- taincy was energetic, decisive, confident and relaxed—at times it was like watching a club side move around the field.

And we hardly won a game. Match after match went down, and so did the confidence of the batting. Nothing helps a side more than to win the toss, bat first and score 200, and we didn’t get that sort of help. What was so frustrating was that there was nothing you could do in training; come Tuesday in the nets you were ducking as straight drives crashed past your ears, no wicket would fall in the entire afternoon, and there was little coaching advice you felt you could or needed to give. But come Saturday, it was back to mode 2—69 for 7, and see if we can bat till half-time.

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C.K.H.

SENIOR COLTS CRICKET

To remain unbeaten is an excellent achievement and should certainly give the School some promising first and second year players. Sadly, the sort of wet weather caused the Sherborne game to be aban-

doned (but not until we had fielded in the cold wind and drizzle for 2 1/2 hours!) and the cancellation of the major game of the term before. If he can concentrate on the former mode of batting, he will be a major force in school cricket, for in the nets he looked magnificent.

Pantin had a strange season—frustrating for him, I’m sure. He started brilliantly, opening the batting, but had one of those nightmare runs where you can hardly stay in for the first over, but when he moved down the order, and moved from behind the wicket, Robinson, Cashell, Greswell came next and was our leading run-getter. He scored a hundred in the first game, with another big score later on, and has some of the best shots and best timing of anyone I’ve seen. One or two holes in defence let him down, but if he tightens these, he will score runs. Dickinson usually came in then for a bit of a slog, and not much block. There is much to commend the block and slog technique—you don’t get out to the good ball and you score off the bad ball. But it does rather depend on not getting out to the good ball, let alone the indifferent ball. He bowled always with precision and intelligence, and kept his head admirably in a thoroughly unpleasant game against Althallows.

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C.K.H.

Results:

v. Cantord, Won by 7 wickets. Cantord 150-7 dec., Kings 152-3 (Miller 81, Bagshaw 53) (Miller 81, Bagshaw 53)

v. Mitchfield, Drawn. Mitchfield 125 all out (Mitchfield 6-37), Kings 69-9 (Kings 69-9)

v. Sherborne, Abandoned

v. Kings, Won by 10 wickets. Brutton 145 all out, Kings 145-0 (Bagshaw 79 no, Miller 56 n.o.)

v. Exeter School, Won by 7 wickets. Exeter 115 all out, Kings 123-3 (Miller 52 no, Singh 62 no)

v. Taunton School. Drawn. Taunton 150-7 dec., Kings 85-3

v. Downside. Drawn. Downside 151 all out (Kings 5-46) Kings 90-4

R.A.C.
Bowling. Parry struck a 6 that cleared the pavilion in admirers, Parry and Scanlan set about the visitors' King's lst XI square. Amidst a gallery of truant forwards, circling then sprinting backwards under-pressure is something this side will have to learn in the future. Generally though they did very well and came particularly pleased with their victory over King's, Bruton, their attempt to get back in the game at Gainst the competence of their performance than Downsides and most importantly with their willingness to listen and learn. Their lack of experience and enthusiasm (at other schools very funny) but they have some potential and may, in time, become a very competent 1st XI. We wish them luck in future.

Results:

- Wellington Won by 106 runs
- Queen's, Taunton Won by 3 wickets
- Canterbury Lost by 4 wickets
- Millfield Match Drawn
- Bruton Match Drawn (rain)
- Sherborne Lost by 19 runs
- Taunton School Lost by 15 runs
- Althea Lost by 7 wickets
- Monmouth Match Drawn
- Downside Won by 60 runs
- Wells, Drawn 3
- Castle School (25 overs) Lost by 2 runs
- Wells Cathedral (25 overs) Lost by 32 runs

Limited overs games:

- Wells Cathedral (25 overs) Lost by 2 runs
- Castle School (25 overs) Lost by 32 runs

PELICAN CRICKET

The 1987 season got under way on a bright evening at Bisley Lydeard when chauffeur Delaney had every intention of starting the game that evening. However, a mere 20 minutes later, it had to be played. The air was full of gleeful expectancy and atmosphere was full of gleeful expectancy and the Pelicans' fielding in the gathering gloom, the visitors with unnerving ease passed our total. The distraught Yeates was seen head low in several pints of com- mision shortly afterwards, cursing his luck at hav- ing to bowl in the later stages at well-established batsmen!

The next fixture was a new one. On one of the local council's splendid allotment gardens, the Pelicans were made to field again against The Wombats. Their innings was noteworthy for the excellence of Pelican bowling and for the manner in which the visitors failed to take advantage of kinder weather. The accuracy of the opening bowlers Dyer and Hoskinson, the pace and spin of the ball was enough to hit the stumps, nor Parry or Dyer refused to go for the ball. The bowling was sound (indeed, it was equal to Hoskinson's social graces) and the fielding keen. Dyer, Yeates, Delaney and Parry bowled 14 overs between them for a mere 58 runs, but standards had to go. Hoskinson did this level best to get the opposition back into the game by giving away 34 runs in his 4 overs — but for Steading's imperfections of Grobbleiter it might have been more. When Paton came on to bowl the fielders watched through watery eyes as defeat seemed likely to come quickly. But Dyer, Yeates, Delaney and Parson did not. Paton's mind. He decided if he didn't do it now, he might not do it ever again. He took a switch and bowled with unnerving ease a fielding keen. Dyer, Yeates, Delaney and Parson. He batted with cus- tomy gusto, and confidence and maturity before a ball which might have even been hit instead to hit his wicket. Codd speeded along to take his 14 runs. The innings closed at 137-6 off 20 overs — a very creditable performance.

The next innings started controversially for the unmannered arrival at the wickets, which was greeted with laughter. Profoundly bowled out of the block, Dyer refused to go for the ball. The bowling was sound (indeed, it was equal to Hoskinson's social graces) and the fielding keen. Dyer, Yeates, Delaney and Parry bowled 14 overs between them for a mere 58 runs, but standards had to go. Hoskinson did this level best to get the opposition back into the game by giving away 34 runs in his 4 overs — but for Steading's imperfections of Grobbleiter it might have been more. When Paton came on to bowl the fielders watched through watery eyes as defeat seemed likely to come quickly. But Dyer, Yeates, Delaney and Parson did not. Paton's mind. He decided if he didn't do it now, he might not do it ever again. He took a switch and bowled with unnerving ease a fielding keen. Dyer, Yeates, Delaney and Parson. He batted with cus- tomy gusto, and confidence and maturity before a ball which might have even been hit instead to hit his wicket. Codd speeded along to take his 14 runs. The innings closed at 137-6 off 20 overs — a very creditable performance.

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joy to watch. For the last match against Blundell's Tham (by now you will have gathered that he leads a busy life) was again unavailable and so came Parry and Dart. The VI more or less played as they had against Downside. It was forcing and uncom-}

Tham also enjoyed turning out for this team when not required for the 1st; one combination or another usually slotted in well at first pair and Dart in particular made a big contribution, turning out four times — he partnered Nick Burt a few times and they proved a strong combination, losing only to one of the Sherborne pairs and playing effective and attractive tennis against Richard Hush College and Downside. Tim Rogers and Steven England also turned out a few times and fitted in well; it was a pity that they could not have played in more matches, but one of the strengths of the squad is the fact that the numbers 14, 15 and 16 can come into the 2nd VI and there is no noticeable drop in standard.

Following the exciting drawn match with Sherborne came a first away win over Canford. After half-term the VI was on very good form indeed: there was only one really close match and that was at home to Downside, but Burt and Dart had a very good day and saw us through by a two point margin. Richard Hush College were beaten comfortably and resounding victories recorded over Taunton School and Blundell's.

"When they were good, they were very, very good and when they were bad... they were horrible!" One of the most pleasing factors was the excellent team spirit which abounded whether winning or losing, although this was occasionally marred by a lack of determination in the face of defeat. They opened the season well with their 7-2 victory over Wellington, but were defeated by Huish the following week (I was reliably informed that this defeat was due purely to VI:1 not knowing the valuation of their opponents, the order of play really made no difference. As the records show, nine matches were won, one was drawn and three were lost, the latter due, as usual, to the problem of getting the pairings right for the difficult early matches against Sherborne and Canford. It soon became clear that the new third form members of the squad would be a major force — but would it be fair to select them, two years early, over the "old hands" of the two previous years? Would it be fair to play Chubb and Li not only in the VI:6's but also as its first pair? As it happened, with only one pair to put out this time against Wellington, selection was straightforward and the six so strong that, while acknowledging the valiant efforts of their opponents, the order of play really made no difference. As mentioned, the fixtures against Sherborne and Canford — for both of which two xis, U16 and U15 were needed — were severe tests of selection and character. Frustratingly small improvements in each would have made significant differences to the scores and might even have resulted in a win for the U16's against Sherborne.

But once it became clear that Chubb and Li and King and Grime deserved to be in the U16's — the former pair on all-round ability and the latter on consistent and determination — selection became easier, team spirit developed and all the remaining matches were won with style. Unbeaten in the last five matches, U15 drew with a good Downside U16 and won U15 six. As the records show, winning records were recorded against Queen's, King's Bruton, Taunton School, Wellington, Downside U16 and Blundell's.

In addition to those already mentioned, Saunders and Ward played well but occasionally lacked cohesion and punch. Vosper and Garner were very keen but were rather erratic in mood and choice of shot; Breuer, Tasker and Charlton improved their choice and execution of shot; while Price and Leung at U15 third pair rendered valuable service and showed promise for the future. The squad was captained by Saunders.

Our thanks are extended to Mr. John Tucker once again for his cheerful and expert coaching.

B.L.

**2nd VI**

All six fixtures were played this season and the 2nd VI enjoyed an unbeaten season. The fact that they ended last season with a run of three victories means they will begin the 1988 season having been undefeated in the last nine matches: this is a reflection of the strength in depth in senior boys' tennis at present.

Two strong pairs anchored this team: Bennett Mui and Sunny So had the best playing record, losing to only one pair of opponents among the fifteen encountered — these two lads form a highly effective doubles pair and they will challenge hard for a place in the 1st VI next season. Captain Chris Mears partnered Andrew Pallister and they too enjoyed a highly successful season, losing to only three pairs among the eighteen they took on. Jim Dart, Charlie Li and Ronald Pallister and they too enjoyed a highly successful season, losing to only three pairs among the eighteen they took on. Jim Dart, Charlie Li and Ronald
HOUSE COMPETITION

This year Woodard won the competition, for the first time in many years. There is no doubt that tremendous credit goes to P. J. Chippendale for inspiring his team to their perhaps surprising victory. In the first round they defeated Neate’s, in the semi-final Carpenter, and in the final Moynell. However, the 3-0 score in the final flattered them, because this really was the closest of finals and certainly the only one I can recall in which all three rubbers went to three sets. It is worth recording the details of these rubbers:

1st senior pair — P. J. Chippendale and J. Mosley beat A. D. A. Williams and A. Pallister 6-4, 3-6, 6-2.
2nd senior pair — R. S. Y. Tham and N. R. H. Burt beat P. Y. So and S. H. B. Mu 6-3, 4-6, 7-5.
Junior pair — T. K. C. Kwok and J. J. Ward beat M. E. S. B. Poon and A. Ridge 6-1, 6-4, 6-0.


drastically
decided the match for us, and “lovely” King’s going virtually ahead. Julian Evans’s performance in the senior IM was somewhat disappointing for King’s. Tim, who won the open backstroke, and the 4x2 freestyle relay team (Noel, Tim, John Sears, Julian) were our only winners. The relay was an especially good race—I nearly forgot about the rain for a moment! Anyway, we finished up third out of four.

The next day at Downside we had a more enjoyable match than expected. The seniors had a maximum points victory (bar one point) and we won 69-60. The Downside coach endeared himself to us by his fine judgment when he tried to disqualify me. Millfield away always poses a challenge: longest season of swimming was a bit demoralising as we lost 65-85, although we should have won. We lost three swimmers, replaced by the unit candidates Gavin Haynes and Julian Evans, both of whom, despite enthusiasm, managed to swim well.

Overall a good season, which was captained by Paul Hatton, who maintained an enthusiastic approach right through the term.

For water polo, captained by Rory Smyth. The season opened against Taunton School, with the character “King” posing a problem to the King’s side. For the rest of the season Millfield were the only other major threat to the team, King’s losing 5-6. The Gooderham Cup, the highlight on the water polo front, was an exciting event at home. King’s went in with full confidence, realising the real threat—Taunton School. Again we lost marginally, coming second out of the four schools. Forwards were Paul and Tim, who played well all season, with occasionally Julian up front too. The midfield and backs consisted of Julian, Rory, Snell and Gavin, who all at different times made a tight defence matching all the teams we met. Not to forget the goalie, Mich. The girls’ events were this year well attended, considering the girls’ attitude to swimming in public. The season was rather disappointing, as they only won one match, against Blundell’s 43-32. But this didn’t seem to affect their enthusiasm throughout the season. They took their defeats well, considering their problem wasn’t incompetence as such but merely lack of numbers. Girl swimmers were: Sully Anniss, Julia Clay, Ellie Coleman, Philippa Gore, Sascha Hooker, Bronwen Lloyd-Edwards (captain), Suzy Martin, Jayne Miles, Lucy Richards, Natasha Rose, Philippa Wallace-Dunlop and Amy Wingate-Saul.


SWIMMING

With the pool having been prepared well in advance of the term, we were able to begin training early, but the pool being warm didn’t change the weather outside! Our first match was against Taunton School at home. In the hall, snow, rain and wind, etc., etc., King’s won a close match 73-85. Despite our trailing from the start, some great relay swimming drew us ahead. Julian Evans’s performance in the senior IM really decided the match for us, and “lovely” Willcocks highlighted a strong junior performance. The next fixture, against Wellington at home, lacked excitement despite being a good victory 94-5.

55-5. The opposition only brought six senior swimmers with them, who must have been pretty tiring by the end of the afternoon . . .

Our first match away was against King’s Bruton—we realised that the bad weather wasn’t just confined to the Bath Tub (Bruton’s pool) but went on to win 99-79. Noel Martin and Tim Mabbott swam well for the seniors and Jimmy Whyte and Derek Lui shone in the juniors.

The highlight of the season, the Meade-King Cup, was somewhat disappointing for King’s. Tim, who won the open backstroke, and the 4x2 freestyle relay team (Noel, Tim, John Sears, Julian) were our only winners. The relay was an especially good race—I nearly forgot about the rain for a moment! Anyway, we finished up third out of four.

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ATHLETICS

SUMMER 1987

There is much to recite for the weather relented at least during training, but returned with unceasing precision for several matches and meetings. When compared to 1986, however, all was bliss — or at least, the King's fields were full of hope and promise with a strange combination of Senior runners, younger field eventers and an even younger 'miler'.

If all this sounds too good to be true then the Cognoscenti may presume that I have just finished watching the concluding stages of the World Championships (not a patch on Sports Day) — which were heralded by a statement from the British Director of Coaching to the effect that Britain had 'at least 18 genuine medal shots.' Sadly, we now know differently. In order to avoid my biting the dust in similar fashion I shall now strive to submit a report before the Editor nails me to the wall with a javelin.

Sad to recite that the reigning Captain went the usual way of such luminaries: Tony Lutwyche was injured early on after a sparkling start to the term and was ruled out for the duration. Other budding startets took up the banner and James W. Williams was a solid substitute as Captain who could become a good 400m hurdler with more preparation but still succeeded in placing 4th in the South West Schools Championships at Plymouth — and in reducing the school record by 5 seconds.

Interesting performers who kept the show on the road included the inevitable clutch of hurdlers: Simon Parry leading the way and being pursued by Tim Watson, Charles Palmairini and Paul Wilson in particular. Parry went on to win the AAA title and to be placed 6th in the Schools' decathlon — in adventurous manner Watson enjoyed successes in the AAA, and the County and Regional Schools before sadly coming down in the National Schools. I am sure that he'll be back when his ankle heals.

There were numerous fine performances during the term but the over-dependence on the more competent performers was highlighted by gaps in some events and particularly on the days when they were injured or unavailable. Versatility is one thing, space in the fixtures another. C'est la vie?

In the first few weeks of the now very short, pre-exam summer term, most Wednesdays and Saturdays were booked and as usual, the cross-bred(?) U16s were the first to perform in a local match, and though beaten by Wellington and Taunton the group performed quite well led by C. Guerrier, T. Thompson, Palmairini, P. Wilson, Cleaver and Mundin with support from new athletes Ben Mott and Carl Thomas. They have ability but can't do it all so I hope for more recruits. The group improved their results as the term went on so the U17s may offer some hope in the coming year. The U16s are rather weak as an athletic group but are one of the more pleasant years for some time so I hope N. Gaver, Willis, Simmonds, Stevens, Simpson, Berthon, Gill, Wyatt, Parshall and Jackson et al continue to improve and make every effort to learn various techniques — though sand-castles seem to be J.J.'s main enjoyment.

In the match involving Millfield, Clifton, Sherborne, Queen's, Dauntsey's, Grenville and Plymouth the Intermediates, led by Watson, Gosbee, Reid and Moore, backed up by M. Wilson and N. Parker, were ably supported by the U16's group to come 3rd on a day of excellent performances, though the very small Senior team came down to 6th late on after several failures to register field performances to back up the track events: a team need to work for each other not just as individual members, and these incidents in such a close tussle from 2nd to 6th highlighted that need. Tony Lutwyche was outstanding and was ably supported by Simon Parry and James Williams but the situation could improve if Andy Latchford could realise his vast potential and the new 6th formers continue their development. Their main problem seems to be growing a technique and making it work under pressure — and that comes from practice. In Mark Gosbee's case this seems to mean digging a pit to jump into — pray about the sand that it contains?

The middle-distance crew seems to be the cross-country team in another guise and whilst Jim Pratt, Simon Grimwood, Joe English, Matt Rogers and Jim Richards are quite fit they only seem to come alive if the word steeplechase is mentioned. Joe English particularly approves if a master i/c mistakenly removes a barrier or two so as to give him a rest.

The Woodard Festival provided the usual points of human interest. Several athletes were injured on the Saturday and by the time team managers found replacements it was necessary to delay departure until the Sunday morning. Once under way Mark Gosbee undertook Lutwyche's role with great elan (I am glad that his parents have now supplied a personal stereo). The scratch team on a day that saw snow in frozen Devonast surprised everyone — particularly R.L. Esq. and though 6th, only filled that position through the disqualification of the relay and a field event no-score. Not until later did we find out that the 'culprit' was very ill and no wonder he started to 'run' too early on his relay leg? It would be invidious to highlight performances but the six Juniors (out of nine) did King's proud, and old hand Joe English stepped in to run a 1500: we said that this would be quicker than the usual cross-country so Joe set off at 4 minute milling pace and suffered by half-mile point. Dramatically, he finished. Andy Latchford also powered into the 400 — and would have won but for the last 50 metres: — a bit of training and a little zest may help him on his way.

In the local match with Blundelt's, Bruton, Taunton and Wellington a rather 'slimline' Senior team bit the dust — despite Parry's efforts — but the winning Inter powered on to a win with the schools clustered in less than 20 points — each school being strong in some department. The U.15's were again beaten but the remorseless advance of Ben Mott was beginning to worry the Seniors.

Just to round off a 'quiet' 10 days we had another match: shades of — 'if it's 2 p.m. it must be a track meet' — and why not?! This time we 'coached' to Sherborne and on a pleasant day Ollie Gadie powering away in 3000 — trying to forget a nightmare 1500 (courtesy of B.C.K.M.); a chin in Parry's armour — he felt so tried to win the high jump before injury caught up with him (he seems to be a latter-day Tutankhamen — all bandages: perhaps one unravelled in the hurdles?); and glorious 800m's from Toby Thompson, Sir Grimwood and Jim Pratt. Rosevear and Richards also had outings to their delight(?)

The Area Schools championships now loomed
large and eighteen notables were selected for the County Schools with Tim Watson receiving the trophy for best meeting performance. At the County AAA Championships wins were recorded by James Williams (400m — the event he

hatred), Simon Parry (110m), Tim Watson (100m and 400m), Mark Wilson (Javelin), Carl Thomas (Javelin) and all the relays. The support given by the great number of personal bests in the hurdles, middle-distance, sprints and horizontals (is anything left?) secured the overall trophy for King's. The experience of a decent track brings out the best in people and I hope that matches next season do likewise.

Half-term arrived with Sports Day in which the Senior House Trophy went to Woodard in very determined fashion, the Intermediate Trophy to Bishop Fox by a clear margin with a superb relay anchor from Matt Reid; the Junior Trophy to Neate's — in a duel with Tuckwell. Individual awards went to Simon Parry (P, Tim Watson (N) and G. Becconsall — and the girls' award to Carolyne Ryan-Bell (N), with the most outstanding performances coming from Parry, Watson and Mott but the most enthralling duel came in the Senior 800m where a recuperating Charles Gozard was surprised by pretender Nick Wood — who went on to repeat the dose in subsequent weeks as part of the full team.

The final Senior match came shortly after half-term on home ground, and being of open category allowed the home side to recruit the younger element to good effect again but the U16's suffered against half-a-dozen opponents — and were possibly tiring.

At the County Schools James Williams (with yet another School record), Tim Watson and Neil Parker won their events whilst 12 others set personal bests with the above-mentioned joining Parry in the County team. Watson won the 400 hurdles, Parry came 2nd in the high hurdles, Parker came 4th in the long jump and Williams 4th in the 400 hurdles.

There were three further junior matches. In the U16's match at Millfield, Mott, Thompson and Guerrier showed good form whilst Martin Bolt emphasised his strength, versatility and usefulness. King's came 4th. In the U15's match at Clifton, Thomas, Gill and Wright began to rediscover their talents but the team was heavily beaten and in the U16's match at Bryanston Guerrier, Bolt, Palmarnini, P. Wilson and Cleaver led the way in an excellent team performance of 5th out of 8 — with a superb 4 x 400m — each of whom could well have set personal bests.

At the end of all these luscious activities came the Golden 800 which again brought the season to an end in friendly manner with various foes in attendance. Next year it will be on Wednesday, June 29th, and I hope to see old friends and new, but will we see such defiance from a School Captain defending his pride — with interest.

I must record my thanks to all those who helped at difficult times from the gallant U15's, through the excellent U17's to the "few" Seniors but as ever to the background talents of the inestimable family Hall (who needed their long holiday), the unfappable redcoat J. A. Lee, Esq., the ever supportive J. Blagden, Esq., with T. Hart, M. A. Polley, Esq., T. Hotham, Esq., J. K. Round, Esq., M. J. Jordan, Esq., M. L. Baker, Esq., giving valued assistance, and to the indefatigable David Cole whose efforts on the training track frighten the athletes but who invariably is a prop when my constitution is crumbling (but I kept some energy for that relay!).

Hwy! dda i chi gyd.

R.L., Esq.

INTER-HOUSE VOLLEYBALL

This fun competition was again enjoyed by players and spectators alike. The standard of play was surprisingly high, although few players were capable of "spiking" the ball effectively enough to play a significant role for their team. In the first round King Alfred relying heavily on Van Winkeloh lost to Neate's. Perratt's, Parry outstanding, surrendered easily to a young Tuckwell side. Meynell, holding some surprise selections, was not good enough to defeat Mabbott's Bishop Fox team. And Woodard, the holders, led by the athletic Jourdain comfortably disposed of a weakened Carpenter. Sadly, the latter missed Bampton, injured when falling off a wall (was it the one with the drainpipe?) two nights earlier.

In the first semi-final Tuckwell played in a very determined mood, inspired by Rossetter and Coulson, beating Neate's by two games to none. Flower-Smith surprised spectators with his finesse, but his team, apart from one or two good moments, was not good enough to beat Tuckwell. In the other semi-final, Woodard and Bishop Fox had to play the third game, which the former finally won. Chippendale and Martin were sound in technique, and Pratt gave them valuable support. Mabbott, Haynes and Dart tried hard to upset Woodard but probably failed because Mabbott was not manoeuvred to the net enough.

The final was a very close match. Each side won a game 15-9, then, in the third, Woodard surrendered a clear lead (tactically lost its way and succumbed to argument). Tuckwell overtook to finaly win by 16-14, and bring a smile to the face of A. P. McK who claimed later that he never had had any doubts!


SAILING: 1987 SEASON

Sailing trips have continued to be well attended this season. Weather conditions were very favourable throughout the Summer Term, although the level of the reservoir fell progressively to expose acres of thick mud as water was drawn off to top-up several smaller reservoirs recently built in the area. The reservoir's new zoning scheme has permitted sailing over a more extensive area than hitherto, so that several 'cruises' have been made beyond the dam up the Upton Spur. After one of these occasions, despite rain and high winds, the School club held a barbecue.

It is hoped that this may become an annual event. In October, the School team entered the South West Schools Team Sailing Competition and came fourth out of eight schools which entered.

R.E.F.F.
CCF GERMANY CAMP 1987

The CCF chose to accept a kind invitation from 5 Heavy Regiment, Royal Artillery, and a group then spent a week with the Regiment in Dortmund during the last summer holiday. Dortmund is in the Ruhr Valley, one of West Germany's major industrial regions, and a number of regiments from the First British Corps, our army in West Germany, are stationed there.

We set off almost immediately after the end of the Parents' Day events, and travelled for most of the way across Western Europe by coach. The coach and driver then stayed with us for the whole week, and proved to be very useful, enabling us to travel quickly, and in comfort, wherever we went.

When we arrived, the regiment made us feel very welcome, and a great deal of thought had obviously gone into the programme to ensure that the camp was successful, with all sorts of activities arranged for us.

The Regiment's vehicles and equipment were demonstrated to us, including the M107 self-propelled guns, the meteorological equipment, the photographic drone and the survey equipment, all necessary for the efficient and accurate firing of the guns.

We used 'Invertron', an artillery simulator used to train observers to detect targets accurately and to direct the guns to fire on them. We also went to a neighbouring regiment, equipped with Rapier, the anti-aircraft missile system.

As well as being able to see the equipment, fitted on a tracked chassis and also towed by Land-Rovers, we could also use the simulator and could drive one of the tracked vehicles. Driving the vehicle was easier than driving a car, with only an automatic gearbox, throttle pedal, and two handbrakes to turn with, one for each track. Shooting down enemy aircraft in the simulator was a great deal more difficult though.

Another activity we could participate in was shooting. After vigorous and necessary training in the safe handling of the SLR and SMG handguns, we were taken out on to a range where we could all fire those two totally different weapons.

Among other activities, we had tea one afternoon in the Officers' Mess, and we visited the Mohnesee, an artificial lake made famous by the Dambusters, and in comfort, wherever we went.

On the next evening our best 12 players (a reserve was used) played football. Our team lost, but this was not so bad, as it was followed by a barbecue. We went swimming, twice at a nearby public swimming pool. The pool is full size, but the cool water acted as an incentive to keep moving.

Another aspect of the camp was the early morning PE sessions. These seemed dreadful at first, but after a couple of days 6 a.m. did not seem quite so early and the assault course, gymnasium work and self-defence sessions were all worthwhile and contributed to our level of fitness, tested on the final day by the basic fitness test, a marching session, followed by a run, in total three laps of a course through the barracks, which most people passed.

The last two days of the camp were probably the most interesting. We went all the way from Dortmund, in the west of the country near the Dutch border, to see the inner German border, dividing West Germany from East Germany. We saw the crossing point at Helmstedt, where most of the traffic to West Berlin goes. We then went into the countryside to see a rural section of the border. The contrast between the lazy, rural silence and the hustle and bustle of the Helmstedt crossing was considerable, but the tall fence, regularly spaced watchtowers and the wide undivided strip on the Communist side made it impossible to forget where you are.

The Regiment went out on an exercise that same day, and we joined two batteries that evening. We saw the way the Regiment is organised in the field, visiting a supply base in the middle of a wood before going on to the battery.

I spent some time helping to dig a trench, made a few journeys in the six-wheeled Stalwart vehicles (when crossing rough terrain in these it feels like driving a speedboat across choppy water), and did a stint on sentry duty.

We left the batteries and returned to Dortmund, stopping at the notorious Belsen concentration camp. This now consists of a museum containing images and artefacts of the camp, and a field containing mounds full of the remains of victims. The number of dead is staggering, and seeing this and the atrocities very vivid and immediate. Even so, the site did not have the unpleasant atmosphere some of the camps are supposed to retain, but was just peaceful and respectful.

This was our last trip, and we returned home the next day after saying goodbye to Lieutenant Yates, Bombadier Ash and Gunner Jones, who had been responsible for us during our stay.

I am sure that everyone will be grateful to them for making the camp such a success and giving us all an insight into the Army and a chance to see some of Germany. The camp was useful and interesting, irrespective of whether an Army career was being considered.

J. I. Barton
On the imaginary television in my head, Barry Norman exclaimed in his usual glib tone, "And why not?"

"Why?" was the question we were all asking ourselves, as we wandered almost aimlessly across the drab Dartmoor landscape, a constant stream of drizzle pounding on our waterproofs. The mist had come down and we could see little more than ten metres at times. Our minds were wandering almost as aimlessly as we did, walking round and round this hill, looking for a pile of rocks that, when we finally arrived, seemed somehow to resemble every other tor that we had ever seen, the only difference being in the forces' personnel.

A far cry from the enthusiastic team that had volunteered to go at the beginning of the Lent Term. The first walk, a light stroll across the Quantocks, found us thinking that this was going to be easy. A few walks on Dartmoor soon changed this opinion and in the weeks before the actual event you could see twenty-four frantic people out checking the weather charts to see if the weather would be as bad as that in 1986.

Friday night we arrived up on Dartmoor all apprehensive about what the next two days might bring, although the weather wasn't the most important factor any more, since we all knew it would be good! The evening was dominated by scrutineering which involved the unpacking of the rucksacks on which hours had been spent back at school by the newcomers to this game.

Saturday morning saw over two thousand walkers roused at four-thirty by the sound of the theme from...
ARMY FIELD DAY

In the year 1987, seventy crack commandos entered the mess hall. Here was their last nutritious meal for the next forty-eight hours as they were to master Exmoor.

The hour dawned and they boarded the army vans and ventured on their expedition. Groups were deposited at different stops and the vans left in a cloud of smoke.

The recruits slugged on over the moor to find a suitable camping site along a river. Bivouacs were made and tents set up, the eager and adventurous troops tucked into their rations and later camouflaged themselves.

A walk of about 1½ miles was greeted with enthusiastic cheers. As we left the camp a cloud of smoke captured the scenery of Exmoor from our fire.

We met two sergeants who were waiting for us, as their group had left for Ghost Wood.

We soon caught up with the other group, who were crawling along the ground dodging flares, and Bombadier Tucker and Mr. Kettle occasionally yelling their heads off and playing tag.

Once caught, the eager yet not downhearted troops stomped on to an old quarry and sang songs round the “camp candle”. Every now and then the candle would explode and more people would appear from above.

Chief Allan arrived and handed out Army issue sleeping bags which smelt of chicken curry and beef stroganoff. The orange section clambered into the ten-tonner and left others waving goodbye in the rain with fists clenched and the odd victory sign.

We were dropped off and the rain had stopped, so we walked about ½ mile in complete darkness until we found our camp. We were joined by another cadet who had to share our bivouac, so in all we had five people to fit in a two-man space. As Nick put our sleeping bags and blankets in we started to build another fire, but someone noticed that the bivouac had a small puddle of water in it, about an inch deep, which our sleeping bags and blankets had helped to soak up. The conclusion was to sleep rough round a fire to keep ourselves dry and warm. However, the fire was not too successful and the occasional thumb was cut in half due to missing the dead wood. So about four people left us and ran off to Hill Farm, which was about two hours away. Chris and I were left alone outside with the moon slightly shining through the rain clouds. The time was about 4 a.m. and neither of us got any sleep, and our sleeping bags were drenched.

Chris ushered me on to another tent in which I slept in the bell part. During this time Chris was sitting against a hedge trying to keep dry and warm.

Next morning the others came back one light at 6.30 and told us we were to attack another group. Seeing that we were in such a fit state, Matt and Hanbury left to do the attack in a duo.

Hexamines were lit and breakfast was served of rolled oats and coffee (it tastes better if cooked by yourself).

That day we packed up and left by 9.30 a.m. and we had a simple walk in which groups of us were to attack and ambush a gate where we were to pick up our hi-tech radio parts. The machinery we were faced with was of a baffling sort for they were camouflaged like lumps of wood. This later proved successful and we all raced as fast as we could to set up a radio station on the highest hill. There was much confusion and argument as to who actually won, but seeing that Sergt. Steve gave the meanest face, opposed by M. Offer-Hoar, they gained the victory.

The long march to the bottom of the hill was finished by entering a small village in which many people who indicated in their cars soon turned the other way, and curtains and doors were closed as it is not every day that seventy crack commandos enter your local village.

The coach arrived an hour late and all the groups clambered on with great relief, many boasting how they could last another forty-eight hours, but when they were offered it they sank into their seats and fell asleep. 

A. D. Ray

D. S. Hargreaves
We were very sorry to have to say farewell at the end of last term to Mr. M. J. Jordan, who retired after nearly thirty-four years at King’s. In that time, as well as teaching Geography, he had been Housemaster of King Alfred House, Second Master, Senior Master and Master in charge of games. The listing of such titles does little to convey the multifarious achievements and qualities of such a distinguished schoolmaster, and his departure leaves a gap which really is impossible to fill, particularly in the Masters’ Common Room itself, where the example which he set for so long — of efficiency, reliability, integrity and genuine concern — is one which all of us should strive to follow. A full article on Mike appears later in this magazine, but on behalf of everyone at King’s we would like to record our gratitude to him and to wish him a very long and happy retirement in Abingdon.

Since the last edition of the Alureidian went to press we have been saddened to hear of the deaths of two fairly recent O.A.’s, James Bird and Charles Payne, and the Summer Term began on a particularly sorrowful note as we learnt of the grave illness of Martin Bolt, a fifth-form member of Carpenter House. His death a few days later visibly stunned the School, and he is greatly missed by his many friends. Obituaries for James, Charles and Martin follow this article, and we offer our sincere condolences to all three families in their bereavement.

Several members of Common Room will be leaving us at the end of the Summer Term, in addition to the Headmaster himself. In her three years at King’s Miss Rachel Holt has contributed a great deal, especially for the Divinity department. It is largely thanks to her devotion and enterprise that Divinity is now studied at all levels with a serious sense of purpose, and we are grateful for her commitment which has made this expansion possible.

Mr. Simon May has been appointed to the Classics department at St. Paul’s. He came to King’s five years ago from Christ’s College, Cambridge, and in that time has worked extremely hard, not only teaching Classics and recently English but also as librarian, master in charge of the Bookshop, Chess, debating, public speaking, etc. He has been a valued Assistant Housemaster in Meynell and a cultured presence in the Common Room, and there is no doubt that his departure is a significant loss for King’s. St. Paul’s are very fortunate to be gaining someone of wide interests who will have an excellent contribution to make there. We are pleased to hear that he is at least for the time being keeping his house in Trull, and we hope that he will call in to see us frequently when he is passing through Taunton. Our very good wishes go with him to St. Paul’s.

Miss N. G. Cornish also leaves us after two terms of teaching Art and Ceramics, and we wish her every happiness for the future.

The new indoor Swimming Pool is to be officially opened on Parents’ Day, but has been in use since the second weekend of term. Despite a few regrets about the demise of the old swimming pool with its popular sun-bathing area everyone is agreed that the new pool is a magnificent acquisition, and that it will open up many exciting possibilities for the development of swimming skills. Already vast numbers of boys and girls and staff families have benefited from the new facility, and we are grateful to all those parents, O.A.’s and friends of King’s whose generosity made its building possible.

The last two terms have been very busy as usual, and this magazine contains reports on the most important events, such as the trip to Russia in the New Year, and the production of ‘Cabaret‘ at the Brewhouse Theatre. There is also an interview with Mrs. Batten.

Inevitably, and very deservedly at the end of his nineteen years as Headmaster, the last word in this editorial must be given to Mr. James Batten, who retires on August 31. There will of course be an official tribute to him in the Michaelmas Term edition of the Alureidian, but as this one will be published just as he comes to the end of his final term at King’s, we cannot let this moment pass without wishing him and Mrs. Batten every happiness during their retirement in Norfolk. It has become something of a cliché to quote the inscription in St. Paul’s Cathedral, ‘SI MONUMENTUM REQUIRIS, CIRCUMSPICE’; but it is singularly appropriate to do so in this case, for as one thinks of the many new buildings and greatly improved facilities which have been recorded in this magazine during his headmastership, one realises exactly how much King’s owes in material terms alone to his vision, commitment and tireless energy. At the same time he has devoted himself to the boys and girls and has been concerned to establish for them a more liberal lifestyle whilst always maintaining the highest standards. As we prepare to welcome his successor, Mr. Simon Funnell, in September, then, we thank Mr. Batten for everything he has done for King’s since 1969, and we extend our very best wishes to him and Mrs. Batten for the future.

M.T.R.

Mr. Poland; the first to dive into the new pool.

R.J.P.
Charles Payne joined Meynell House in 1974 and straightaway became a very popular tourist both with the rest of the party and with "serious" music. Jamie was a good games player too and after taking a while to find his niche he left no one in any doubt about the influence and example of his friendship: and I know that he will go on being one of the group.

J. R. G. BIRD (1964-1987)

Before coming to King's Jamie Bird had been a choral scholar at Winchester and his time here was dominated by his love of music and his abundant and wide-ranging talents. He played piano and organ, sang in the choir and had an enthusiastic interest in pop as well as "serious" music. Jamie was a good games player too and it was in this capacity that I knew him best. He played for the 1st XI for over two seasons, bowling his medium pace outswinger with great control. He was also a member of the school's first touring party to Barbados where his great charm and sportsmanship made him a very popular tourist both with the rest of the party and with the locals.

After leaving King's, Jamie went to Oxford Polytechnic where his enjoyment of life also made him many friends, but it was during this time that his illness was first diagnosed and he finally succumbed to cancer just before Christmas. Jamie was a generous person whose last few months were characterised by great stoicism, and I shall always remember my last meeting with him at the county cricket ground last year. Obviously, very ill, he was still talking of the games he intended to watch, of his planned trip to the States. He had many talents and used them to great effect during his short life. He entertained us in the music school, on the games field and in the classroom, but above all, with some impressive coursework already behind him, he showed that he could outshine any other pupil and often, and a full and successful final year — which was perhaps a fitting way for him to end his career. He made his mark, notably in the Royal Marine section of the School's first touring party to Barbados where his enthusiasm and his charm. In any sport a Carpenter would always do something and give it 100% all the time and to ones surprise, I found him all over the place: playing "Cabaret" — there was no sitting back with Martin, he was always doing something and giving it 100% all the time.

M. J. BOLT (1971-1988)

Martin Bolt's sudden and tragic death came as a great shock to his family and friends — and indeed to everyone at King's, as he went into the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital just a few days after returning from an Easter skiing trip in Switzerland. He had been involved in a car accident which had resulted in his being hospitalised. Martin managed to achieve a great deal in his sixteen years he will be remembered at King's, particularly for his leadership qualities, his strength and commitment on the sportsfield, and his companionship.

His achievements during last Michaelmas Term alone are an indication of his energy and talent. In what turned out to be his last full term on games he was a tower of strength in the Senior Colts back row and went on to captain the Somerset under-16 rugby team. Mr. Brian Saunders, county organiser for rugby at this age group, paid the following tribute in a letter to King's: "We are grateful for some very superb memories of Martin, who captained our side with pride and set a fine, determined example to others around him."

At the same time Martin took up the challenge of acting the difficult part of Henry Windscape in the Carpenter House play "One Upon Another". It was said of his performance — "Martin never peaked, he just went on and on improving". Academically too he was making giant strides towards success, and in G.C.E. exams, with some impressive coursework already behind him, following promotion into the B stream after one term in the school Martin always worked hard to maintain the high standards his family had set him at a young age. Martin was always doing something and giving it 100% all the time.

One thing is certain: Mike will hate the very idea of an article like this. I asked him for some biographical information to help me, and he wasn't at all keen to provide it — "Sounds like an obituary". He's done his job, for thirty-three years, and now he's retired; and for Mike there is nothing remarkable in that, certainly nothing requiring tribute and memorial. His code is a typically straightforward one: you do your work as well as you can, and that's its own reward. Nothing special in that. Why make a fuss? I can hear him saying it. But there is of course much more to it than that. The job has been done remarkably, by a remarkable man whose impact on generations of boys and colleagues — on the whole life of King's — is immense, and all of it for the good.

Mike Jordan came to King's in 1955 as Head of Geography — as, indeed, the only geographer on the staff. A teacher's life was varied in those days, and he also taught Maths and History, as well as helping Wally Gooderham with P.E. What a memorable team that must have been, and a boost to sales of gym shoe whitener. After a term as House Tutor in Carpenter, he spent seven years in the Meynell building before becoming Housemaster of King Alfred, a position he gave up in 1972 on being appointed Second Master. I was his House Tutor for a term, and my predecessor told me, "You'll find Mike marvellous. Fantastically strict of course, but the boys love him — and he'll give you plenty of whisky". All of which was true. Mike coached 1st XV rugby between 1955 and 1966, and says he particularly remembers the 1961 side as the best he ever had. I'm sure that they, wherever they are now, will still remember him. He was himself certainly the finest rugby player there has been on the staff of King's, playing for Taunton from 1955 to 1961, captaining them for four years, and winning 22 Somerset caps. Throughout the 1970's he coached Junior Colts A or B team rugby, and after the sad and sudden death of his great friend Jimmy James — another unforgettable schoolmaster — he took on the administration of all the School's games. When he retired as Second Master ended at more or less the same time, he was appointed to the position of Senior Master, especially created for him.

It's as Senior Master that most of us will particularly remember Mike, because the job very much was the man. Here he is unique. He's the most natural, unpretentious and honest of men; he values courtesy and friendship; he hates pomposity and show; and the fact that the Common Room at King's is such a warm and hospitable place is very much due to the lead he has given us over the years. His standards are high, and he's never afraid to speak his mind when the situation requires it, firmly but always fairly, always above all, with humanity. He punctured the proud and corrected the silly, but always without hurting them, and all felt welcome in his company.

The days when Mike established the Resident Masters' Dining Room as a vital, cheerful social centre, and those marvellous Guest Nights, remain in the memory, as do his speeches aboard the marvellously painstakingly prepared yet effortlessly delivered. And most of us could tell in one way or another of his quiet kindness behind the scenes, the way he noticed problems, sympathised and usually sorted things out. Open rows are not in his nature: he prefers to use reason to defuse a situation, and did so, I am sure, many times.

Like all great schoolmasters, Mike Jordan created his own world. Chalk and talk he called it, but generations of his classes lived the subject of Geography, dodged board dusters occasionally, and believed that he actually does own a cat. They did what he told them to do — the boys knew full well that if they didn't it would indeed be a fuss — and they were taught to have the highest standards because those are the only standards worth having. Boys respond to that because they realise, even if they don't admit it, that it's what they want. His method has always made Mike suspicious of the word respect, but simply by being himself it was respect he won from all of us, staff and boys alike.

A teacher of the old school. The phrase seems something of a joke now, a condescending mannerism that sometimes passes for teaching in his classroom. But the strictness I mentioned never arose from ferociously, or meekness: it was rather maintaining high standards because those are the only standards worth having. Boys respond to that because they realise, even if they don't admit it, that it's what they want. His method has always made Mike suspicious of the word respect, but simply by being himself it was respect he won from all of us, staff and boys alike.

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INTERVIEW

Three members of the Aludian Committee, Neil Coulson, Malcolm Mann and Natasha Rose, spoke to Mrs. J. M. Batten, with particular reference to her experiences at King's over the last nineteen years.

Q Could I start by asking how you see the role of the Headmaster's wife?

SMGB I think I have grown into the role as the years have gone by. When the Headmaster is appointed, it is he who is chosen and his wife is either an asset or a handicap. So I don't think I've really sat down and thought about the role as such because I think it is a very individual thing. Looking back at it, after 19 years, I think probably my first and foremost, as you are married to him, the Headmaster's wife's first job is to look after the Headmaster and if she manages to do this to their mutual satisfaction, the rest is a bonus. There are obviously formal duties that it is useful to be able to fulfil, but I think the Headmaster's wife is probably most usefully employed looking around to see where there is a gap and filling it or seeing something that needs to be done and if possible doing it. Also, because she sees the general picture rather than just the specialist one, that a Housemaster's wife would get, sometimes she can do what my husband describes as 'corner flagging', she can come up with ideas, and possibly do something about it before it becomes serious. Other than that, I think every Headmaster's wife probably has her own role.

Q Mrs. Batten, how much do you see yourself as a Headmaster's wife, how much as Mrs. Batten, Maggie Batten?

SMGB I think my thought on the first role (as Headmaster's wife) I've probably answered to a certain extent in the first question and obviously under that heading I think there is a job to do as the Headmaster's wife in a formal sense. It makes no sense of as long as they have got a brain and can carry on their own thinking, even if they don't express this in the way of a separate career. I think being an individual embraces the whole of your life, you can't really give it merely a percentage of your life.

Q Mrs. Batten, has your experience of bringing up your own children helped you in your role of looking after the girls at King's College?

SMGB Yes, definitely. When I came here they were about 10 and 12; so I saw them through their adolescent years alongside the girls I have looked after here, and so, with any luck, after the first few years, I have always been one step ahead. I hope in particular, it's been a help in understanding the relationship with parents, because I think it has probably given them a feeling of confidence that having children of the same age and understanding their daughters in the way that I would with my own. Although my daughter hasn't been here very much, I think she has been a reasonably good example of somebody growing up through good and bad periods, and if she has been the bit of a bad period, I have survived the experiences, and they too will have. So it must be a help from that point of view.

Q Do you think the type of girl that you accept at King's now, and the girls' attitudes, have changed much in the 18 years you have been here?

SMGB I don't think so really. I have thought quite a long time about it, because 18 years is a complete generation and when we came here it was the end of the swinging 60's, so you might think that there would be a great deal. But I don't think fundamentally that people do really change. However, I think that, despite the swings, there is a nice sense with your families in the holidays. You go around much more in groups of your own age, than it did in the 60's. It doesn't matter where you are, you have a great deal. But I don't think fundamentally that people do really change. However, I think that, despite the swings, there is a nice sense.

Q Looking back at the parents that you have had, do you think you have neglected or anything. I have been very lucky.

SMGB I think possibly I would approach this question in two rather different ways. No, I have few regrets about my years at King's — I have been extremely lucky — but I think, possibly if I had my time again I would have made more of an effort in the earlier years to keep contacts outside the school. Because we have been so involved in the school, which is partly geographically with the house being part of the main buildings, and partly because of the girls, we have tended to concentrate on the school exclusively, possibly to the detriment of the girls, and whether that has been good for us or for the school, I am not absolutely sure. It's difficult again to get the balance right. I think maybe I haven't got a girls' House. It has meant that from a domestic point of view the administrative side has become stretched. Therefore I have been driven into the position of running round from morning to night, doing a lot of matronising without having the time or the set-up to do the other side of what would have been, I think, a Housemaster's job. I don't know, as well as this business of 'Why haven't you tidied your room?'. 'Why didn't you get up for breakfast? I need to go down to town!' and things like that. All this has increased more than I would have liked in the last few years, but I think if there is an accident of circumstances — there is no point in worrying about it.

Q As for "Anything I wish I had done in my life so far which I had never done." No, I have been very lucky. I think possibly, when I was your age I missed an awful lot of opportunities because I never did any work. This is perhaps why girls who have grown up with their mothers or have grown up in the house are probably more seclusively over their academic targets because if you don't use your brain at that age it dies off at a horror speed. Having children of the same age I try to deal with them in a very different way. I think possibly if I did have my life over again I would be as idle. I would have liked to travel a bit more but in the last few years we have been very lucky in this respect so I think I feel better over that.

Q I have a question about now and your own children's adolescent years alongside the girls I have looked after here, and so, with any luck, after the first few years, I have always been one step ahead. I hope in particular, it's been a help in understanding the relationship with parents, because I think it has probably given them a feeling of confidence that having children of the same age and understanding their daughters in the way that I would with my own. Although my daughter hasn't been here very much, I think she has been a reasonably good example of somebody growing up through good and bad periods, and if she has been the bit of a bad period, I have survived the experiences, and they too will have. So it must be a help from that point of view.

A. C. Jones

In actual dealings with girls, I think when I have been at a loss over problems, sufficiently I don't think I have been more thinking back to how I felt, at that age that it has helped, although obviously it is much longer ago than my children's teens. I don't think things change that much and so although there is the congeit that my children's experiences have been useful to learn from, on the other hand my own memories as a girl have been more useful in understanding how girls feel at any particular time.

Q Obviously, looking after the girls is a major part of your role as Headmaster's wife. Do you feel that being in charge of the girls, you have to separate your business and your personal relationships in your life?

SMGB Yes, this has always been a very difficult balance to maintain, and obviously one doesn't succeed at it 100% of the time. I think that it's specifically part of my role as Headmaster's wife is not strictly accurate. It happened initially by accident because I came to the Headmaster's wife's job after my husband had been away for a year, and when he came back, I think perhaps things have changed a great deal. But I don't think fundamentally that people do really change. However, I think that, despite the swings, there is a nice sense.

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Whether from five girls or fifty who have presented themselves for selection, we have always tried to choose from the same range of ability and temperament. We have always tried to choose girls to cover the whole spread of the academic range of the boys, therefore we don’t necessarily take the best ones, and we have also tried to choose girls who represent all the other things that are available to them to learn and enjoy at King’s, such as music, sport, drama and art. And above all, we have always tried to choose girls who, we felt, themselves very much wanted to come to King’s as far as we were able to tell them the type of life they were in for, and therefore I feel probably the type of girl isn’t changing.

Would you say, though, that this more liberal attitude that the girls have now, is a good thing or perhaps they were better off before, when things were stricter at home? Because it makes it more difficult to come to school, I would imagine?

Absolutely, yes. None of the other, is the answer. But after all, it’s for eight or nine years approximately the same thing. Though I wouldn’t call it pressure though, because pressure are the parents only to some extent, and I don’t think they want to do that. It’s pressure of being Headmaster’s wife does not allow you to be, I suppose an ordinary person.

So personally I like this system, though I can see the type of school that suits your particular child. Because it’s extremely valuable and remains with you. And then, obviously, as the years go by, it becomes more comfortable. If you like that, and so you become for. I don’t think it is worth worrying about, but it is perfectly true: there is absolutely no privacy. Social life in term too is very limited, but that is the way we have chosen to play it so we try and make up for it in the holidays.

Do you think that really matters when you have retired and are living in Norfolk, and have got to start all over again?

No, I don’t. I think because for one we have lived in Norfolk during the holidays for over thirty years and therefore we already have a fairly settled circle of friends and ways of doing the things. And for the other part of it and helping the bonds of authority parents see this as the way to grow up successfully with their children. And so, in somewhat a different life-style at school. Or in other hand explained as if we can over a fairly long interview the kind of life-style you are going to enjoy at King’s.

Turning aside a minute, do you remember from that interview we succeeded in getting across to Mrs. Funnell about which the last 20 years, I think mainly because society has evolved in this way and they haven’t much option. No, to a certain extent with the times, they feel that they may lose touch with their children altogether, and with varying degrees of success in trying to maintain the bonds of authority parents see this as the way to grow up successfully with their children. And so, in somewhat a different life-style at school. Or in other hand explained as if we can over a fairly long interview the kind of life-style you are going to enjoy at King’s.

Mrs. Batten, you mentioned the increase from the Inside as part of our personal lives. Is that the concentrated life we do here for 19 years. So I personally like this system, and make up for it in the holidays. And I think there was everything to do and we were assessed the situation and had not as yet had time to see anybody. Now we see the place from the inside as part of our personal lives.

So, what will you miss most about King’s when you know you’re leaving?

I think I shall miss being a professional spec- tor. At one time I contemplated entering on my passport in the little gap where it says “Profes- sional or for work, you will be required to de- tention” instead of the more conventional “married woman.” I shall miss that very much because, not having anybody to consult on, I greatly enjoy watching all of you at work playing or acting in teams or concert. I shall miss your art exhibitions and the ceramics department with its model ladies in black suspenders, its curious cabbages, and the book-ends with a traingoing in and out of the tunnel. Everything is here in the doorstep for me to enjoy, and in the future I shall advise my successor so that the place runs smoothly. I think that is a little bit of adjusting to, but I think we shall survive.

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So how do you hope to occupy your time?

Well, I shall advise my successor so that the place runs smoothly. I think that is a little bit of adjusting to, but I think we shall survive.

What advice would you give to Mrs. Funnell who takes over your job in September?

None, I wouldn’t presume to give her any advice, not unless she asks for it. I have often teased school captains over the years on Monday nights just after the beginning of a year when somebody has forgotten a duty and the Chapel Prefect hasn’t turned up or something like that. I have said that he is writing a book of duties to be done and why don’t you advise your successor so that the place runs smoothly. I think that is a little bit of adjusting to, but I think we shall survive. So how do you hope to occupy your time?

Yes, very much, but I have had my doubts. One of the things I am 50% to adjust to is not having the rhythm of the term and tire on the three holidays a year, because ever since I married, I have kind of had a sense of an extra- sion of our sabbatical term, and I don’t think one’s life chopped up into these set periods may take a bit of adjusting to, but I think we shall survive.

Have you got any particular plans, somewhere you want to go, before you leave?

We do hope to take off for a nostalgic holiday, a sort of mini sabbatical. When everybody at King’s is hard at work at the beginning of September we are going to take our car and wander round Europe which is rather what we did on our sabbatical, as I do. I think it will be quite difficult to sit at home when King’s is all starting here and wonder what we are going to do. We are therefore going to start off like that and then settle down to putting our house in order. We are therefore going to a magistrate in Norfolk, but that may take a bit of time. We have a feeling that all kinds of things are going to crop up that we haven’t yet thought about.

Q. How has your view of King’s changed since your first years and afterwards?

SGMB I think mainly that when you come new to a place, especially when you are coming as the heir of it, or part of the set-up, your initial reaction is to see if it is an outsider, and you get a very fresh impression of the situation which is extremely valuable and remains with you. And then, obviously, as the years go by, it becomes more comfortable. If you like that, and so you become for. I don’t think it is worth worrying about, but it is perfectly true: there is absolutely no privacy. Social life in term too is very limited, but that is the way we have chosen to play it so we try and make up for it in the holidays.

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Dear Sir,

In the last issue, a review of the cricket season contained some criticisms of the School’s cricketers that, in my opinion, require an answer. As far as I am aware, no-one who coaches a school’s XI side encourages the applauding of incoming batsmen, and the criticism about appealing has to be put into context. No one enjoys the over-histrionic appealing that has become commonplace in our game and I have made this comment in previous Alumarian, but the idea that only specific members of the side are allowed to appeal for certain dismissals is facile and as much outside the spirit of the game as the way certain bowlers scream at umpires. Of course certain fielders can’t see as well as others, but has anyone ever tried telling an off-balanced bowler in his follow-through that he can’t see perfectly. The umpire is the only person in an ideal position so that the logical extension of Mr. Codd’s argument is that all appealing should be banned, and the umpire make all decisions without this important facet of the game. I don’t like ridiculous appealing for effect either, but there is a difference between that and an expression of enthusiasm and support which is surely reasonable.

I am interested that the criticism about practising and approach should be made specifically about cricket. That this should be extended to an assessment that we have consistently under-achieved is also surprising, particularly considering the comment in the next paragraph from a young OA in the county game! I don’t accept that as a school, we have under-achieved and I think that my opinion would be supported by a few minutes with Wisden. Of course we would all like everyone to work assiduously at their game all the time; of course some people take practising more seriously than others; of course we would all like to be more successful but this is surely true of all aspects of life, not just cricket.

The criticisms levelled at the School’s cricketers are just as valid of the activities of any group of young people in any activity in 1988 and are a result of a comfortable existence dominated by the mass media and not of any particular deficiency of cricket at K.C.T. Life for many of these youngsters is too comfortable, success comes too easily and they see standards of the nature of our world and the fact that, unfortunately, the influences on these young people are almost all working against those ideals. In the summer term when external exams dominate our existence — quite rightly — and in a school whose roots lie on the rugby field not on the cricket square, two other factors are working against us. If the attitude is not right, and that is, in my opinion arguable, it is presumably up to us — the coaches — to try to put it right.

With regard to the last paragraph and the comment about appreciation I would suggest that the day we do our job to be appreciated is the day we begin to become disillusioned. Surely we do what we do because we believe it to be right, not because we want to be appreciated. That is a bonus but by no means our raison d’être. I shall continue to expect high standards because I always have, and because I am an idealist.

Yours loyally,
P.A.D.
Visit to Russia 1988

Twenty of us from King's spent eight unforgettable days in Russia in early January. Some had done their homework by learning the Cyrillic alphabet and resurrecting hazy "O" level memories of the 1917 revolutions. Others preferred to approach the subject afresh, unaffected by ideological backgrounds.

Cyrillic alphabet and resurrecting hazy 'O' level Russian experiences than we could possibly have anticipated — even allowing for the so-called "openess" of Glasnost. The most we can say about the eight hour train journey to Leningrad is that it was probably safer than flying "Varigalin" (except for Kerensky Government was arrested in 1917 (except for Kerensky Government was arrested in 1917 (except for Kerensky Government was arrested in 1917 (except for Kerensky Government was arrested in 1917 (except for Kerensky Government was arrested in 1917 (except for Kerensky Government was arrested in 1917 (except for Kerensky Government was arrested in 1917)."

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Our guided tour of the Hermitage, one of the world's great art museums, was a disappointment. We were given a brief taste of the extraordinary collection of Russian art, but time did not allow us to explore it further. Many of the famous paintings and sculptures were not on display.

Impressions of Russia

I suppose I expected a mixture of "Dr. Zhivago" and the "Gulag Archipelage", with a bit of John le Carré thrown in for good measure. There was certainly a degree of aversion to the language barrier, but two experiences stand out — both of them in Leningrad. Seven of us attended a Christmas Day service in an Orthodox Church (or at least we managed an hour out of the official itinerary). Then there was the Russian family who, our Intourist guide told us solemnly, escaped from the Paucity of consumer goods in the shops and the sad tawness of the "Beriozka" hard currency shops did we see anything resembling a piece of real Russian art? Of course — no problem. But unfortunately we did not have the chance to see the Body was won by Robert Vile — who was the Russian family who, our Intourist guide told us solemnly, escaped..."

As can be seen, a good time was had by all, and it was with great regret that we finally boarded the Britannia Airways jet for the return flight to Gatwick.

J. Sunderland

It would be easy to write of the thrill of walking across Red Square, of the Kremlin, of the Bolshoi, of the magnificent Hermitage Museum and Palace Square, of the "Arora", moored opposite our hotel in Leningrad, and of course, of my periodic table of the elements bought in Moscow. Many of the experiences we were, they were not the things I shall remember from our visit to Russia. One of my most striking memories is of the "Beriozka" hard currency shops. Only in the "Beriozka" hard currency shops did we see anything resembling a piece of real Russian art? Of course — no problem. But unfortunately we did not have the chance to see the Body was won by Robert Vile — who was the Russian family who, our Intourist guide told us solemnly, escaped..."

As can be seen, a good time was had by all, and it was with great regret that we finally boarded the Britannia Airways jet for the return flight to Gatwick.
Russia brings all sorts of ideas to mind: the space race, arms race, sporting achievements, for example. However, what is the real Russia? I went to find out in Moscow and Leningrad, two cities with Italian pretensions, Moscow on seven hills, like Rome, and Leningrad, with its canals, the ‘Venice of the North’.

The Russia I saw had a lot in common with the myth, and many differences. There was that ‘greyness’ which I had been expecting, which was only made worse by the colourful slogans and party symbols displayed on the billboards.

There were not many different types of cars, and there were not that many of them to be seen, considering we were in Russia’s two top cities. The buses and trams, and other public vehicles were not up-to-date, and many were rusty.

However, the police did not seem to have the cities in that iron grip which I had been led to believe. We were free to wander unobstructed in the cities, and saw no evidence of sheets being prohibited to tourists. Nor did I have the feeling of being watched or followed. One other thing I did not expect was the frequency with which money changers approached us, prepared to give many more rubles for our western currency than the official exchanges.

Therefore, seeing Russia in reality, and also visiting the tourist sights, I have come away with a more balanced view.

James Barton

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GIBRALTAR, 1988

Chris Hebert and I went on a C.C.F. camp to Gibraltar during the Easter holidays. It was much enjoyed by both of us, with a large variety of activities provided. These included everything from sailing, canoeing, motor boating or water skiing, I did not expect the frequency with which money changers approached us, prepared to give many more rubles for our western currency than the official exchanges.

There was a new adventure, full of exciting experiences and surprises. Going through customs, I expected to be whisked to a small room with a 10,000 watt lamp and a KGB officer built like a SS-20 missile. Luckily it didn’t happen and I found all Russian people kind and courteous, even a Russian policeman who posed for a photograph and gave a very nice smile.

Things I will never forget about Russia are the litterless streets, the smiling keylady and the Everest-like trek to the top of the rock.

Peter Wilmoth

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TWO DECADES OF THE C.C.F. AT KING’S

It is perhaps an appropriate moment to look back at the C.C.F. of the Sixties when as now the aim was to provide leadership training in the context of the permissive society. Twenty years ago the ethos and standards of the cadet movement were very much at variance with the mood of the times. Against this background, the liberating young and the permissive society threw into stark relief some of the more traditional values which were epitomised by drill, discipline, and the competitive ethos. At that time, there were a number of reasons why the cadet movement was not as well attended as it might have been, and teachers were often very difficult to accommodate on Inspection Day with the need to present a smart appearance and to look the part of the Inspector in the Officers’ Mess.

So there have been many changes, as this review will attempt to show. Until the early Seventies the C.C.F. had been entirely Army orientated, and was compulsory. The new decade however, with the encouragement of the new Headmaster, brought with it a voluntary system based upon a choice between C.C.F. and Community Service, the principle of “Service” in the wider context still being a key feature. Choice within the C.C.F. itself was widened with the formation in January 1971 of the Naval Section, followed two terms later by the R.A.F. Section making the contingent for the first time truly “tri-service.”

At the same time the Band was encouraged to widen its scope and repertoire. Hitherto it had been a Corps of Drums and Bugles, but the idea now was to attract a wide range of musicians who could not only provide the military music required for training and for the Beating of retreat on Parents’ Day, but could provide concerts at local hospitals and fêtes, and give more general pleasure and entertainment at a variety of public events.

The Naval and R.A.F. Sections over the years have continued to attract a strong and steady loyalty to particular units, and are certainly thriving today. The Army Section has introduced more specialist skills which have flourished. Teams are formed by the men around the whole result of the leadership provided by particular groups of senior boys. It is fair to say that signals, canoeing, climbing, parachuting, shooting and sailing have all been included.

In the different terms attested considerable numbers of skilled cadets. Adventure Training Camps in their present format were started in 1954 and the first command was a night and day trip to the Rock of Gibraltar which was very rewarding. It taught us the idea of the air, water and land equipment in times of war and in the upper and lower caves there is a total of 35 miles of roadway (considerably more miles of roadway than on the outside of the rock).

The next day, after our 06.15 run and breakfast, we were on our way to the first and last of the sport competitions. There were two half day events at the end of the 19th century to defend Gibraltar with gun emplacements around the top of the rock, and then after it was handed over to the British by the bargain of 1865, to protect the people of Gibraltar. The Rock can hold up to 15,000 people inside it for up to a year and has three hospitals inside and massive kitchens and everything needed to house the people for a year without having to go outside.

The Ten Tors Expedition on Dartmoor was entered for the first time in 1972. It has attracted strong groups of enthusiasm to this day, although sadly the popularity of the event has led the service organisers to restrict the number of teams to three from any one school. Before this enforced contractions King’s on one occasion fielded no less than nine teams, six of whom achieved the team award.

Perhaps the greatest change has been in the concept of Summer Camps. In the 1960’s there were two camps, both held on Exmoor in July, one for Senior boys, the other for Juniors or Chindits as they are still known. It became clear that to attract the older cadet something more ambitious was needed, and so attachment camps to service units were organised, and full advantage taken of the facilities of the town of Penhill in Cornwall and Culpho in Scotland.

Apart from attachment camps to units in the U.K. there have been camps held outside the U.K. in A.O.R. hosted by units as diverse as 17/21st Lancers, the Light Infantry, Royal Artillery and Royal Corps of Transport. This year there is to be a visit to the German Sector of West Berlin. It seems a far cry from Exmoor, but all are the same, to provide opportunities for leadership, and to have some fun. There have been some spills and thrills along the way, but the “esprit de corps” has never wavered, for which innumerable cadets, and many dedicated officers deserve profound thanks.

K.W.K.

In the afternoon we did section visits with a number of cadets, going to different sections around the R.A.F. base. Boys were chosen for the Naval Section (Mechanical Transport Section). First we were shown all the vehicles they look after, which included Jeeps, buses, VIP cars and equipment. There was even a ride in one of the Jeeps and we were shown various parts at the top of the rock, and on the way down we visited the Desert Training Centre. We were told that as long as the apes are on the rock it will remain British. There are two tribes of apes on the rock, one same, the other a bit wilder, and they are kept in a large outside door to do a swimming proficiency test. What everyone expected to be a nice relaxing swim turned into a long session of tiring and freezing.

The next day was a lie-in until 06.30 because there was no run, much to the relief of everyone. After the room inspection we were taken on a tour of the upper caves, where the terrorists were shot by the SAS. The walk was 10 miles long (Gibraltar is about 2 miles wide). On the return we had to walk back to the R.A.F. station which was the other end of the rock and we stopped to see the fortifications around the top of the rock. There were a number of terrorists were shot with Browning 9mm pistols. In the afternoon we went up the Mediterranean steps which was a pathway one end of the rock up to the top of the rock, with breathtaking views of Spain on three sides of the rock and Africa on the fourth. All Gibraltar’s water has to be 10 miles long (Gibraltar being 3 miles long and 2 miles wide). The most people rushed to the “sticky bun bar” to buy drinks to celebrate this great day. After the meal we returned to the R.A.F. Regiment. This was to teach us how to strip and put together again Browning 9mm pistol. The flight was amazing, with low level aerobatics which were terrifying but great fun if you didn’t mind the extreme discomfort of the G- force. Sadly the helicopter was called off on exercise and the last five people which included Chris Hebert did not get up.

The next two days were the most relaxing, being the weekend, with breakfast at 08.00. In the morning we could do whatever we wanted. We went shopping in Gibraltar where every other shop was an electrical shop and for clothes there wasn’t much to buy. The petrol station where the terrorist, Executioner, was about SAS was a suitable place yards from the station, and we walked past it to get in to town. A close look at one of the pumps revealed a bullet which had ricocheted off the hull of the R.A.F. jet. The monsters were spotted with Browning 9mm pistols. In the afternoon we went up the Mediterranean steps which was a pathway one end of the rock up to the top of the rock, with breathtaking views of Spain on three sides of the rock and Africa on the fourth. All Gibraltar’s water has to be 10 miles long (Gibraltar being 3 miles long and 2 miles wide). The most people rushed to the “sticky bun bar” to buy drinks to celebrate this great day. After the meal we returned to the R.A.F. Regiment. This was to teach us how to strip and put together again Browning 9mm pistol. The flight was amazing, with low level aerobatics which were terrifying but great fun if you didn’t mind the extreme discomfort of the G- force. Sadly the helicopter was called off on exercise and the last five people which included Chris Hebert did not get up.

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by train and bus, spending approximately two weeks each in Peru and Bolivia and dividing our time in Chile. This part of the trip was left unstructured deliberately, to allow for any travel problems we might encounter, or any specially recommended visit we might wish to make.

By the time we left Lima airport we had already begun to have second thoughts about some of the twenty-tonne loads of Russians buying up the duty free shop and emptying it of all its electronic goodies. These loads were also full of other travelled behind them a variety of Peruvian horror stories, and much-mourned luggage to prove it. The average Peruvian family is fine, but the country, the country, the country of foot and of national parks. We became thinner, and browner and happier in Spanish, and proud of ourselves because we had achieved something each evening in the towns we had picked from our guide books. Now we were away from people who knew us, we were in the Andes and the climate of the country was far from smart hotel.

Our return to Quito over the Andes was along some of the most hair-raising roads in the world, which were frequently obscured by heavy tropical rain and impenetrable mist. Our bus driver was apparently related to Nelson Piquet.

Our last days in Quito were spent in washing our clothes and more spoiling by Peter and Desirée. At 6.00 one morning we left the airport and 24 hours later we were in Quito at 7.00 AM. A large oil lamp decorated the wing. Graham insisted the green round the engine was lichen not oil. Quito is the capital of the Andes (a very sharp range of mountains) contribute largely to the world’s accident statistics. Here too crash survivors usually eat each other. We each guarnished to San Salas.

In Ecuador we had been in a democracy. It was a land of amazing contrasts. Climatically it ranges through tropical jungle, Pacific coast, over the Andes through large areas of rain shadow and down to tropical jungle again. Excellent agriculture is succeeded in a matter of miles by near desert. Beautiful buildings are surrounded by urban desolation. Armed guards in every shop, office and bank give an impression of awareness of danger. Potent buildings are surrounded by urban desolation. Armed guards in every shop, office and bank give an impression of awareness of danger. We were now about to enter one of the countries which receives a “bad press” all over the world, we were about to live one of the most repressive regimes in existence.

As soon as we landed in Santiago our trepidation vanished. Like Ecuador the people were universally kind and helpful. They persisted with their fear of the Spanish, helped us find cheap hotels, gave us lifts, bought us drinks and tried out their English on us. Chile was far more European than Ecuador, so the culture shock was less. It was clean, the bureaucracy worked, and stimulated by the reality of the more European than Ecuador, so the culture shock was less. It was clean, the bureaucracy worked, and stimulated by the reality of the country people told us, at the tops of their voices, that Chile was a dreadful dictatorship!

Our last few days in Santiago were spent pinning the map of the Pacific in all its immensity, and B.G. to comfort me with the remark that it was much safer not to be deeply involved. We had made a few friends in the Chilean school year, going as visitors to gym displays and form outings and meeting the staff and pupils with whom Charlie had worked.

Time galloped by, and in the most spectacular sunset of our visit we were driven to Santiago Airport. As we left the airport we were overwhelmed with gratitude to King’s who had given Graham his sabbatical, to the Woodard past and present, to all our American travel and our rudimentary Spanish was barely able to contend with the complications of re-organising our tickets. (G.B. with Nelson Piquet to talk Spanish to his Spanish to be strangers silently elsewhere. It was with some astonishment that we eventually landed in Quito. We had met Peter Finchell and his very beautiful and kind wife Desirée. It was their kindness and help in reclaiming some money from our cruise and in organising our visit to Ecuador as much as my fear of being mugged again in Peru that led to our changing our plans and deciding to spend four weeks in Chile and interpolating Peru and Bolivia and Bolivia altogether. The Finchells insisted the Andes make our home base, and due to their immense kindness we could never sufficiently thank them for, we explored enough of Ecuador from the Andes to the Amazon basin to make it long to go back. The scenery of the Andes and the coast is extremely varied and the country was far more accessible by bus than we had expected. We walked, with success, in the Andes and then went down to the coast and the great cities. We then retraced our steps, with some difficulty, back to Quito. In Quito we bought some great books and visited all the museums and the exhibits of the National Parks department.

Our 30 hour bus trip to Arica was a revelation. We were not used to having all our luggage on our laps. We reached Quito, we thought, we believed, we went. We took the mining towns and the mining mining towns and the mining towns and reached Arica at two in the afternoon. The desert continues into Peru. In all the hours we travelled we saw hardly a plant, except in very scattered oases, only masses of abandoned nitrate mining ruins near Antofagasta, and more miners’ graves than we could count.

The Altiplano was equally breathtaking. Amidst such magnificent scenery of volcanoes and lakes, surrounded by boy-like hills, alpacas, vicuña and guanaco we realised how much of our luck and the magic of the experience.

As we returned in stages to Santiago we became almost squabbling about the differences in the mining towns and the mining mining towns and the mining towns their boilers in their dozens were brown pelicans; the flowers we saw in the Andes were not the same as those in Argentina, nearly 50 years; the mine we passed at Chupocamacata is the largest open cast mine in the world; and the pre-Inca mummies we saw at Colatina and Sillin Pedro de de la Alcama were not mummies at all — they had simply dried out because there is no moisture in the air.

From now on the moment of our visit seemed to quicken. Four marvellous days in Santiago to climb and camp in the Andes with my cousin’s school. An Exmoor weekend with a difference! Another trip, by train this time, to the south of Chile. To gentle Chiloé Island, where the landscape could be Devon, but the fishermen’s houses are on stilts and the planting is primitive, where the plants all seem European but roses and daffodils and tulips all bloom simultaneously, where the weather could be British but the cold winds come from the South.

This is the south of central Chile. From here on, in the Galapagos, the final third of the country is visited by boat and plane only. Here we went by boat to the last bus in South America to the only settlement on the Pacific coast of Chile, about 100 miles from the mountain. We slept shut with my foot and the roof was loaded with feathers and dried meat, we returned that evening we knew that from now on it was all northwards and eastwards — we were going home.

We returned via Puerto Montt and two last trips to the Andes, one up Lago Todos Los Santos, the most famous lakes in Chile, where we nearly reached Argentina, and finally to Pucon on Lake Villarica, where we rested for four days. Walking 28km up the volcano to the snow line, and back to our hotel, we speculated on what would happen if the volcano erupted: what an excuse for missing the Lent Term!

So we returned to Santiago where our last few days passed in a whirl of family trips, shopping and disposing of our emptying and emptying the ten sleeping bags and most of the medicine chest and filled them out with sweaters, ponchos, carriages and presents.

We enjoyed the great man of the school year, and the school was principal to be a principal man and all over the country people told us, at the tops of their voices, that Chile was a dreadful dictatorship!

The last day of our tour was the last day of our tour. Our American travel and our rudimentary Spanish was barely able to contend with the complications of re-organising our tickets. (G.B. with Nelson Piquet to talk Spanish to his Spanish to be strangers silently elsewhere. It was with some astonishment that we eventually landed in Quito. We had met Peter Finchell and his very beautiful and kind wife Desirée. It was their kindness and help in reclaiming some money

Mrs. G. B. Hall
'CABARET' — BREWHOUSE THEATRE, TAUNTON
March 16-19
(Review of March 16 performance)

Cabaret is obviously a genre close to the heart of King's. The attraction extended to four performances of the musical of that name at Taunton's Brewhouse Theatre. Graeme Delaney's production was a worthy successor to his 'Blondel' of just over two years ago.

With Joe Masteroff's book, based on John Van Druten's play 'I Am a Camera', itself adapted from the drawings of Grosz, the drama of Brecht and the music of Weill, we have valuable historical insights, pertinently commenting on the nostalgic appeal of that 'decadent and abrasive' era to our collective post-war mythology, though, for example, the writings of Isherwood, the drawings of Grosz, the drama of Brecht and the music of Weill.

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Weill's music was committed and reliable without conveying quite enough dramatic grit (in the original Broadway production of 1966 the part was taken by the distinctive Lotte Lenya, wife of Kurt Weill). Natasha Rose, a lively Jayne Annis, dealt resourcefully with her sailor friends (Peran Moon, Martin Bolt and Nick Burt). Benedict Ferguson's Ernst Ludwig and Dave Cullen's Max were well drawn, and Piet Rinck contributed an effective German customs official.

Of the eight extremely decorative and lissom Kit Kat girls, Jessica Mosley and Amanda Hill deserve special mention for their work as assistant choreographers and for their delicious acrobatic dance routines as a gorilla — not typecast, I hope? Choreography was aptly devised, and its execution, like so much else in the show, improved markedly as time went on. Tribute must be paid to the large supporting cast, including an alert chorus. King's next excursion into the world of the musical will be eagerly awaited.

A. W. BLADEN
able impression of S.A.M. pretending to be Noel Coward. Natasha Rose (Pikulka) became the pin-up of the show and the dream of many a junior (and possibly raised the blood pressure among the more mature males in the audience) due to her silky negligée and glamorous dress.

And then there were the cameo roles... German Border Guard, played by Piet Rinck (and wasn't his German good!)... taxi-man Perran Moon (in Andy Capp attire) and the three bewildered sailors... Nick Burt, Perran (with his trousers down and claiming to be a 'nephew') and Martin Bolt, who became the envy of the 3rd Form stage crew during his scripted clinch with Natasha. Of course the guests deserve a mention — real cigarettes, but grape-juice for red wine and cold tea for beer — and so do the chorus. The Hitler Youth costumes and the similar shirts and ties from the 'mug a Marine' campaign, coupled with hairy shirts, were very effective and turned a scruffy rabble into a smart little unit under Officer Reeks's command.

The dancers were truly awful in their deliberately overdone make-up (well-done, make-up girls) and provocative clothing. This great tribute (whatever its sounds like!) reflects the nature of a possible line-up that the stage hands ultimately perfected their actions under the management of Andy Drake, who, along with Ed Colby (sound) was largely responsible for set and staging. Of course, G.G.J.D. helped a little too..! Colby narrowly averted a major calamity on the Thursday night, when a sound check failed to reveal the whereabouts of the leading lady. Guess which chauffeuse had somehow omitted to collect her from the hairdresser's (fortunately rapidly remedied and not to be guessed at from Sally's superbly professional performance), and whom G.G.J.D. nearly dismembered?

P.D.W. helped us with stage management and quieted M.L.B.'s (and those of his video team) pyrotechnics (second only to the stockmarket's Big Bang) might alarm a few older people in the audience. Evidently our senior viewers were still young at heart and failed to be disturbed, nor upset at being hit by wads of money hurled by Richard Gammans. If only those millions of Marks had been real and valid!

The design of the Kit Kat Klub signs by R.J.P. included subtle suggestions of violence in the red, blood-like splashes (and even newspaper cuttings containing extracts from a Nazi diary), chillingly reinforced by the change from contemporary art to slides of Concentration Camps. The orchestra survived their daily confetti shower (with the aid of umbrellas!) and played on after the performance, further delighting the discerning public, under the brilliant direction of C.K.H.

The producer is typically described as: brilliant, a genius, terrific, inspired, possessing a genuine attention to set detail, successful in extracting the best from his cast and the man-without-whom-the-show-would-have-founded. Obviously I would like to say all this, but you'll suspect that he wrote it, or at the very least bought me a drink for each flattering adjective! Seriously, I am pleased that my first experience of production should have been as a new recruit to Deeney-Holmes Enterprises and hope that one day my name will be up in lights with theirs... Even if after the final performance Cliff's line "And we were both fast asleep..." could have applied to me. It was the end of the run, with an interesting future to look forward to, rather than the sinister rise of Nazism, "And the end of the world."

S.T.C.

No production can run without the back stage crew and they all stand he high cruise. Alison Hood, whilst keeping everyone calm and organised, not only saw to the purchase of Malcolm's buttonhole (and that of Musical Director [duties], the rounding up of permanently errant hats and canes, but also heroically laundered and ironed a mountain of white shirts each day. Sascha Hooker, in charge of props, made sure that the fruit ("Seville Oranges. Delicious") wasn't eaten by hungry stagecrew as dessert to the packed school supper, and kept the "silks" in order. All the stage hands remedied and not to be guessed at from Sally's perfectly professional performance, and whom G.G.J.D. nearly dismembered?

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S.T.C.
most of his year flying round the world with the Clare College choir, and now gets most of the solos — all the choral scholars see a lot of each other, and know what they’re up to. The singers from King’s enjoyed our chapel enormously — they said it was nice to be able to hear what was going on for a change — and are going to try to bring the whole choir down next. As we went back there ourselves the next day for choir practice, we remembered some glorious alto singing, beautifully tuned chording, and that singing is obviously thirsty work.

C.K.H.

HOLST’S “THE PLANETS”

Holst composed “The Planets” in 1914. It is in some ways astonishing that this piece of music should still be as exciting to listen to today as it was at its first performance — its originality has survived; the imagination in the music is too vivid to wilt through repeated hearings and the vitality in its brilliant invention is too genuine to suffer from changes of fashion. The musical score calls for relatively massive orchestral forces, and the recital held in the Chapel on February 12th represented an exciting collaboration between our own orchestra and that of the Somerset Orchestral Society.

The fact that over 100 musicians had to be accommodated at the East end of the Chapel created obvious problems of space, and this resulted in an uneven balance of the orchestral sections. The strings, woodwind and timpans on occasions almost drowned out some of the brass instruments, notably the horns, and perhaps the tricky Chapel acoustics were in part responsible for the narrow dynamic range produced by the performers. All the music appeared to be played at a level between mezzo forte and fortissimo.

Holst’s terrifying vision of warfare in the opening movement “Mars” with its relentless 5/4 and 5/2 rhythms, came across thrillingly — full marks to the brass — and there were some beautifully played passages in “Venus”, even if the woodwind were somewhat obstructive. “Jupiter” was disappointingly played; string intonation was inaccurate in several crucial places, and the tempi adopted were simply too slow and ponderous. This movement lasted just under ten minutes — almost three minutes longer than most commercial recordings — but it wasn’t necessary to be in possession of a stopwatch to sense that this movement would join him in singing Chris Holmes’ “marvellous arrangement of the theme from ‘Neighbours’”. Unfortunately it transpired that there had been a problem over copyright and so we had to make do with Lionel Ritchie’s “Greatest Hits, whatever they were.

At this point, as if he hadn’t been already, Mr. Wood was warming to the task and took advantage of tweaking the tibia of his successor-as Meynell Housemaster by suggesting that he would join him in singing Chris Holmes’ “marvellous arrangement of the theme from ‘Neighbours’”. Unfortunately it transpired that there had been a problem over copyright and so we had to make do with Lionel Ritchie’s “Greatest Hits, whatever they were.

The concert had opened with a performance of Ticket to Ride, Ritchie’s Greatest Hits, whatever they were.

LENT TERM CHARITY CONCERT

Following last year’s emotion-charged Charity Concert which saw stage and auditorium packed with people and the atmosphere choking with smoke (of the theatrical, not the nicotine variety), this year’s was not on the same scale. But it is not fair to make comparisons.

What might have been taken for an obscure piece of incidental music by Alben Berg turned out to be the tuning-up session. This was terminated by the band-leader Chris Holmes waggling his wand at the now redundant staff and customers of “Cabaret’s” Kit Klub. Obdurately the latter ceased their scraping, rasings and tubular ablutions and were launched into the theme tune of ‘Wogan’ whose chief guest turned out to be a most eloquent Pete Osborne. The presenter tonight, however, spoke not with that liltting Irish brogue to which all the world and his dog are now so accustomed, but with the cultured Mancunian charm that can occasionally be heard above the strains of the video in room 39. Mr. Wood’s opening observation after the audience reassured us that “it gets worse after that.” We knew he didn’t mean it which is why people laughed. It was simply his way of introducing the medley from Andrew Lloyd Webber’s “Cats” — four numbers which produced some nice in-tune singing, a competent sax solo from James Neale in the slow number and bags of hefty brass before the dreamy main number which featured Andrew Hargreaves on the cello.

The fourth number Mr. Wood was warming to the task and took advantage of tweaking the tibia of his successor-as Meynell Housemaster by suggesting that he would join him in singing Chris Holmes’ “marvellous arrangement of the theme from ‘Neighbours’”. Un fortunately it transpired that there had been a problem over copyright and so we had to make do with Lionel Ritchie’s “Greatest Hits, whatever they were.

At this point, as if he hadn’t been already, Mr. Wood chose to be serious for a moment. He recalled that the evening’s charity was Cancer Relief and was coupled with the memory of Jamie Bird, a very talented O.A.

J. H. N. Darby
musician and cricketer who died just before Christmas at the tragically early age of 22. In this context our com- pere read a poem by Douglas Dunn, a Leeds poet whose wife had suffered from eye cancer. This reflective mood was retained musically by Pete Osborne, who, accompanied by Chris Sheldrake on the piano, delighted the packed house with ‘Moon over Bourbon Street’ by Sting, and Billy Joel’s ‘Just the way you are’.

CHAMBER ORCHESTRA CONCERT
March 4th, 1988

“In short measures, life may perfect be,” wrote Ben Jonson. Such thinking might have accounted for the brevity of a concert given in the College Chapel by the Chamber Orchestra. Whatever the case, the standard of performance was highly creditable, and the programme, though somewhat unadventurous compared with last year’s Britten/Bach/Elgar concert for example, held the interest. The first three of four items presented different aspects of the baroque.

By the end of 1690 Purcell had become a kind of 17th century Andrew Lloyd Webber. One of the many pro- ductions, possibly as many as six, in which his music was then featured was “The Gordan Knit United”, a witty, anonymous play distinguished by a Dryden pre- face. Purcell’s Overture is cast in the traditional ‘French’ mould, containing a fugal Allegro within slow, sturdy ‘double-dotted’ sections. Conductor Richard Yeates obtained an alert, finely co-ordinated response, secure in pulse, articulate in contrapuntal interplay.

Vivaldi’s birthday (this 310th) was celebrated with an efficient reading of the Concerto in D minor for two violins and ‘cello, Op.3 No. 11. (Arthur Hutchings sugg- ests that “L’estro armonico”, the collective title of the twelve Op.3 concertos, might be translated as “The Divine Afflatus”, in accordance with the English fashion of the time.) The layout of early editions, showing duplication and sometimes triplication of parts, sug- gests separation of forces in the Venetian style. This type of spatial luxury was not available at King’s but, thanks to purposeful soloists (Sally Anniss and Jayne Hughes, violins, and Christopher Sheldrake, ‘cello) and a respons- sive body of supporting strings, a satisfying effect was contrived. The attractive Largo e spiccato could have been a little more buoyant. Warm textures were pro- duced in both slow movements, however, and the Allegros displayed an invigorating bite.

William Boyce was a man of the theatre as well as the organ loft. The fact, recorded by the contemporary music-historian Sir John Hawkins, that his symphonies were derived from overtures to stage works is reflected in their freshness and spontaneity. These attributes were amply demonstrated in a spirited account of the Symphony No. 1 in B flat, in which an unassuineaing-ly tuneful Moderato, expressively constricted by a string trio, was set in telling relief by the vivacity of the outer movements. As in the Vivaldi, the use of a harpsichord was appropriate, but, placed behind the orchestra, the harpsichordist was barely seen and rarely heard.

A complete change of idiom came with the final item, Four Small Dances transcribed from Bartok’s piano pieces by Gabor Darvas. Rhythmic irregularities charac- teristic of central European folk music add to the piquancy of these shiningly simple yet totally captivating dances — the haunting “It’s told you can’t be mine”, the short, catchy “Snow has fallen on the market of Godolfo”, “An evening in the village” alternating plaintive episodes with bright allegretto (solo violin contributions by Michael Staddon), and the ebullient “Slovak Peasant Dance”. Mr. Yeates and the chamber orchestra proved persuasive advocates.

Throughout the programme the King’s instrumenta- list brought urgency and concentration to their task, achieving a commendable balance, mostly cohesive ensemble, and satisfactory intonation. More richly homogenous violin tone has been heard on some pre- vious occasions but, enhanced by the presence of direc- tor of strings Michael Dyer among the second fiddles, the overall sound was always agreeable. The listeners, regrettably few in number, were loth to depart, but the magnanimity of the players did not run to an encore.

A. W. Bladen
Moscow's Park of Economic and Cultural Achievements
Breakdown in the Atacama Desert

Darron Centre, Galapagos

Parinacota Church, Chile 1928
HOCKEY 1988

Mrs. J. Chubb's last lesson.
CROSS COUNTRY HOUSE MATCHES 1988

B. C. K. Mon. Intermediate winner J. Pack, Senior winner
FENCING

J. W. Williams

J. W. Williams

M. Puckle in action, S.W. Fencing Championships at King's

J. W. Williams

J. W. Williams

ACS

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Boys were invited to participate in a Mini-Saga Competition along the lines of the one organised by BBC Radio 4 and the Telegraph Sunday Magazine. Some of the better entries are reproduced here. The rules of the competition require a complete short story to be written in exactly fifty words, in prose or verse.

THE OLD MAN'S TALE
It has been so long since he left them, armed as a warrior should be. Most bards agree that he met his end on some distant shore, his bones bleached by the sun. I do not however; I believe that he still lives, an old man in exile, like me.
A. E. Gauntlett (VI')

THE FINAL QUEST
The warrior king set out on his final, greatest quest, to capture his stolen crown from the evil heathen. A thousand foemen fell to his ironclad forearm, till at last the enemy, crushed, yielded the treasured prize, to be borne home in the triumphant peak of the omnipotent monarch's reign.
B. P. Ferguson (VI')

THE WHEEL TURNS FULL CIRCLE
A planet was created by an enormous explosion. Millions of years passed, and the human race evolved. Millions of years passed, and humans made scientific progress. They invented electricity, cars, flying machines, nuclear fission, and war. The planet was destroyed by a cataclysmic explosion. The wheel had come full circle.
B. P. Ferguson (VI')

HEROES
She crossed the road from behind a bus, not a sensible thing to do, but she did.
At the middle of the road she froze, as a car skidded towards her, but a hand grabbed hers and pulled her back.
It was a punk.
Not all heroes wear shining armour.
S. Ennew (4B)

FOOTBALL
The cold north wind blew,
Chilling the strong, warm legs,
The players in their sweat
The spectators in their coats
Watching, cheering, screaming and shouting
As their team attacked, then
Defended. Then they scored from The right, a cracking goal.
Then it happened, it started.
The flames licking Bradford fans.
N. Shapland (4B)

RAPE
A symbol of innocence was born and grew. Then, one dark and cold night, evil had its way with innocence and innocence faded. There was a hunt for the evil but it can never be purged and it went on living, uncaring until it finally died, and so innocence had its revenge.
R. V. (VI')

WAITING FOR YOUR FUTURE
Behind him the letterbox banged metallically shut. He turned around. The clean white envelope on the rich brown doormat. His whole future lay so snugly in there.
He bent down. Opened it. Just a few words. Before his eyes, the black type converged to symbolise his HIV status — positive.
C. Skinner (VI')

STORIES
Writing a story in fifty words is quite difficult. To begin with you have to think of a storyline and then you have to get suitable vocabulary and grammatical sense. Last of all, you have to write exactly fifty words, not 49, not, oh no I'm running out of
P. A. Barton (3A)

THE HARE IN THE MEADOW
Tonight, in the black furrow of the field, I saw an old witch hare. She cocked an ear and eyed the moon so bright as she nibbled at the grass. I whispered: "What! Old Witch hare!" Away, like a ghost, over the fields she fled — and left the moonlight there.
R. D. Hawker (3E)

He tensed his muscles eyeing the course before him. He was ready, willing for the sudden spring to send him flying forward. His brain prepared for the mental stress as well as the physical effort.
What a pity he had to exert all this energy to get to the kitchen!
D. A. Wrout (SD)

A CONCISE WORLD HISTORY
The world cooled, then came the people. The people nailed a man to a cross and then built churches. Later they tore down the churches and built factories. Then they built bombs and fought their wars about peace and freedom . . . After the wars the people were gone. The world cooled . . .
M. R. L. Berthon (W)

MICRO-EROTICA
Under a microscope two viruses make love, bathed in chemicals to promote bacteria romance. Science holds its bated breath at the revelations resting on this breakthrough. By satellite link-up millions witness the micro-erotic: "He's . . . Yes . . . She's . . . She's . . . She's eating him!" The scientists cry as their research is devoured. C'est l'amour!
M. R. L. Berthon (VI')
THE TEACHER
“Quiet!” screeched Mr. Jones (as he entered the room). “Sit down an’ get yer’ books out.” A short pause. “I haven’t got all day . . . Have I?” he screamed.

M. G. Price (4A)

THE MESSENGER
The spaceship drew up alongside the satellite. The airlocks locked on to each other and the pressure slowly built up between them. The spaceship’s airlocks slowly opened up while the space station’s door lumbered open. The two spacemen took off their helmets.

D. Kennedy

VIETNAM VET
Blades rotate, Speeding up, A throaty hum, Splitting the humid silence, Pervading the misty jungle. The mind is penetrated. Its unconscious state entered, With a whirl of thoughts and fears As it awakens to the dawn of combat.

LESSONS TO LEARN

“The what do you want?”
“Jehovah’s Witness?”
“Get lost!”

P. A. Barton (3A)

CARELESSNESS IS FATAL
A soldier was home for Christmas, after several years fighting at the front line, using all his wits to survive. On Christmas Day he came from his room and greeted his mother, his first Christmas with her for four years. He came to the stairs and tripped. A broken neck.

M. Scott (4A)

CLUMSY!
The ink blotch spread, A threatening hand, Reaching out across the fresh, white page, Herald ing it coming with tapering fingers, Enveloping the neatly spaced lines, Consuming the writing, Cutting off the poet’s vivid style, Consuming the writing, Heralding it coming with tapering fingers, Heralding it coming with tapering fingers, Destroying sweet inspiration.

Lessons one is, never trust anybody.”

C. J. Pittard (3A)

B. P. Ferguson

SUNDAY’S ZOMBIES

THE MESS

The dog ran across the field oblivious of the farmer and gun following. The dog quickened on hearing the gun cocking. The farmer stopped and raised his gun to his shoulder. The dog turned round. The farmer shot. The dog yelped. The farmer walked forward and collected the dead rabbit.

46

T. Mott (3A)

THE NYMPH
Silently she sits in the cool forest glade, Her fragile face flattered by loving shade; Light filters through dark, majestic trees, Catching the light.

Caitlin Noble (VI)

SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, WINTER
Two birds light on the green branch in Spring, And build a nest.

B. P. Ferguson

WATER
Calm,
At rest.
Deep sleep.
Small sighs.
Voices — vibrations;
Big splashes, loud noises,
Seem to be endless.

M. G. Price (4A)

KILLING FIELDS
A fox-term carcass roils in a field,
Far from the butchered streets of Beirut,
Johannesburg,
Cambodia’s killing fields.

B. P. Ferguson

THE HOUSE
Couched in the gentle contour’s caress
As the house stands,
Gabled, erect and smartly dressed,
A gentleman among the yokel barns and stables.

G. Caldwell (VI)
ONE DOG AND SOME HOUSE MARTINS
(or The Poem that doesn't rhyme properly!) 48

SILENT WAITING

One quizzical eye cocked skyward. The small black body is taut and tense. Extremists? Oh, while they're painted. As the first flight silently dives from their spiral, FLAPPING,

Wings flapping, hard to compensate.

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SPORT

RUGBY

1st XV

One is frequently reminded that nothing is assured in life and that one only deserves what is worked for. The unbeaten Senior Colts XV of two seasons ago now formed the backbone of King's rugby, and was therefore expected by the pundits to do well. That two good three-quarters had subsequently left School was bound to deplete resources, and, as the team was riddled with injuries they were sorely missed. But the problem was not entirely a theoretical one: the team lacked real growth in those two years and assessed very early on that although we would be able to win our ball in the set pieces, we would rarely be able to win enough of the total ball to dominate possession. This dictated our playing policy — the need for a settled front row no matter the size, a fast back row keen to support the half backs and the wings. The backs needed to run all afternoon if necessary, and, when defending support the pack with solid tackling. Added to these requirements was the need for the team to be extremely fit, and in attitude very determined.

With three locks to choose from the fastest and by far the best ball-handler was last year's lock, Mabbott. He was placed at No. 8 and settled so well that he became a very influential player. Willson and Dart joined him in the back row, the former quick and a 'destroyer', the latter more comfortable at close quarters, and both of them wholly committed. The half backs were experienced County players, and promised an exciting term's rugby. The backs were all good footballers and were eager to adopt my strategy. But I feared that with only Martin returning from last season's front five, and no recognised hooker available our talents elsewhere might just go unrewarded. The summer training programme and The Douai Festival therefore took on greater significance for some than usual.

At Douai I had four possible front row players on view. At hooker Van Winkelhof (a former No. 8) had volunteered and that afternoon certainly looked the part. Naturally aggressive and fit he settled well but, sadly, later that week a genetic back problem was diagnosed, and he had to retire from rugby. Lack of cohesion amongst the forwards meant the ball was scarce, and although some fine individual tries were scored the afternoon clearly exposed more weaknesses than strengths.

The withdrawal of Van Winkelhof thrust Guerrier (last season's Colts prop) in between Martin and Lutwyche (returning after a year's absence owing to lower back problems) for the O.A. match against the formidable trio of Hawkins, Cook and Chippendale (now imitating a loose-head with his customary panache). This combination would surely test our front row sufficiently to give me a clue as to the latter's ability to sustain a challenge for the team. But fate has a cruel habit of defeating aspirations, and in the third minute, Martin was to fall badly in a tackle and dislocate his collar-bone! Another flanker, Wood, was drafted in at hooker whilst Guerrier moved to the more customary position of prop. So the foundation upon which we had planned a keen strategy now read at loose head a young prop (still eligible for the U16's), a flanker who had never hooked and was not physically big, and a tight-head returning from a year's lay-off. Looking them behind were two newcomers, both tall but neither of them heavy. That was how my mind was working ten minutes into the O.A. game, and although one could account for the lack of physique and experience, I was not to know the resolve and determination that was to come from that same front five.

Of course it was pushed about, but it gave a heroic account of itself and in doing so suggested that with plenty of hard work it was going to be a difficult pack to overcome.

It was a pleasure seeing the O.A. team, well marshalled by last year's captain Simon Painter, combining in attacking moves and supporting each other at pace. The fifteen adapted well but it found extremely hard to win any worthwhile second phase because the back row lacked the support of the loose front five who had, even by half-time, been committed to an afternoon of survival in the scrum.

Neglecting the forwards could recover from the heavy punishment suffered by the O.A.s in time for two constructive training sessions before the first away match at Bruton. It was obvious within minutes of the first practice that my tears were unfounded. As so often happens in such circumstances players when feeling 'underdogs' give so much more. At Bruton, the pack scrunugged solidly and frequently shifted the opposition (once by some ten metres!). In addition, Parry showed his scoring power by collecting a brace of tries. Away wins at Bruton have always been difficult and a winning margin of twenty points was just the right encouragement the squad and coach needed. Marlborough (with its renowned prop) visited us on the Saturday, and threatened to play its usual hard game up front. The pack was moved back early in the game but never surrendered, and by the closing quarter was dominant in the set. Willson scored a good try picking up just short of the line having got himself in an excellent support position, while Almond (fly half and captain) scored a remarkable solo try dummying his way through the opposition defence to score under the posts. Although hailed by its success the team and its plans was dealt another cruel blow when Almond had a broken thumb diagnosed the day after, and was going to be absent for six weeks. The loss of two key players was surely a blow to morale. In such circumstances players like Rossiter (who took over the captaincy), Parry, Dart and Wilson responded most emphatically. They set a marvellous example in training and were always positive about the matches. Before the Downside match Lutwyche withdrew complaining again about his back. Williams (a second fifteen lock) whose main asset was a stubborn determination was drafted in to play tight-head. For the first few scrums he came reeling out into the loose play as if imitating his frequent late-night strolls from Bishop Fox, and looked by half-time to be shortening in neck length! But again, his stamina held and by the last quarter was enjoying with the rest of the pack dominance in the set scrums. The other memorable piece of rugby in this game was the spectacular cover tackle made by wing Parker-Swift to save a certain try from an interception by the opposition winger. The team survived other close calls, and won 6-3. In Almond's absence Singh had moved to fly half from centre and Palmarini, a Senior Colt, had filled the centre berth. The backs tackled splendidly that afternoon, and in doing so had supported the pack in a way that is often under-rated.

For the next match against Queen's on the following Wednesday the fifteen suffered no more selection setbacks. Fortunately, the opposition was weaker than usual and King's enjoyed itself to the tune of 36 points. It is no consolation to our friends at Queen's, but it was just the sort of game we needed at that time. The next match at Cranford promised to be yet another hard game up front. Actually, this prediction was not true this year, and we scrunugged comfortably all afternoon. However, for
the first and last time in the season, Mabbott was comprehensively beaten in the lineout and the alternative jumpers, Cash and Williams, could fare no better. That problem, plus a lethargic performance by the back row in the loose, denied the backs the opportunity to excel as they only occasionally threatened to do. The game was won late in the match by a try close to the posts by Watson (last year's Colts captain) who against Canford aggravated an ankle injury and, as a result, was forced to retire for the season. Later that week we were to learn the distressing news that Parker-Swift's ligament was torn. Second and third choice wings had now retired.

Unbeaten by the Sherborne fixture was really a bonus, especially in the light of injuries to so many key players. Lutwyche was back at tight-head by then, and Catchpole was a popular replacement on the left-wing. The preparation for the visit to the unbeaten Sherborne XV was as keen and rehearsed as ever, but whatever plans either side had made were to be thrown into confusion by a gale blowing down the pitch. King's took first-half advantage and seemed to have understood what, in the prevailing conditions, had to be a simple game plan — namely to kick with the wind for position and apply severe pressure within the opposition 22m. Rossiter applied this strategy initially and King's was rewarded by a try from Catchpole, converted by Singh. But then the team seemed to lose its way as it overcomplicated its plays and plans. To add to the disappointment Singh missed two fairly simple penalties. At half-time the slender lead of a goal hardly seemed adequate, especially during the first half of the previous match, he now played with the vigour and commitment that had been his hallmark the previous year. Again King's had surrendered to Brecon and I don't wish to be rude but in both of those matches from the last two seasons King's had the ability to have both, and should have done.

Stung by my reaction the fifteen travelled to Blundell's more determined than ever to avenge that defeat. It was a physical, bruising game up front where Blundell's held a distinct advantage. Fortunately, it lacked support from the rest of the team, and King's, backed up by two good first half penalties from Singh into the breeze, created enough situations to win fairly comfortably. By this stage Martin had recovered and Lutwyche had withdrawn, so Guerrier moved across to the unaccustomed position of tight-head (he had now played in all three positions of the front row) to face the redoubtable Wellington pack. Unbeaten to date on its circuit and committed to a forward game it presented King's with an extremely difficult task. Indeed, the home pack played superbly and often had the King's eight in great distress during the first half. At the interval Almond was forced to leave the field owing to a recurring back problem (what a moment of rugby magic. First, Singh caught at full pace, on the10m line, to kick a simple try. The pack began to benefit from the experience. Both the regular half-backs returned from injury (determined not to miss their last game) and confidence was high. The team played well and won quite comfortably, inspired by two moments of rugby magic. First, Singh caught at full pace a well-placed kick by Almond and swerved past the full-back to cross the try line, and, later in the game as if to bring some consolation to his injury-ridden season Almond repeated his line solo try scoring effort of earlier in the season to score under the posts. The season had ended, it had been very tough physically and had been cruel with a succession of serious injuries. To have lost only two matches (each by a single score) reflects great credit on the team and the replacements from the 2nd XV. It always trained hard, played well, and, apart from the Brecon fixture, never surrendered points readily. The twelve points in that match were the highest scored together. Davies and Singh both started nervously in the damp and mist. King's trailed 6-0 for most of the match with the Wellington backs often threatening to round our defence but solid mid-field tackling and yet another good performance from the back row kept them in check. With only a few minutes remaining King's had possession in a scrum some 22m from the Monmouth line. With the home team's blind-side winger adopting a wider position than was necessary, Mabbott had the presence of mind to pick up and break blind for a try and get the tie back on track. For only the second time in the last two seasons King's had the ability to have both, and should have done.
against King's in any fixture, and Monmouth alone managed to score two tries in a match against us. As a player he was respected by everyone and it was soon obvious that he was the most creative player in the team, with his angular runs 'across the angle' and getting away from the defenders. However, his tackling was sometimes fragile— he will not be able to defend indefatigably. Because he let his concentration wane, he was very hard to create space for others around him. For next season it will be very important that he shows some improvement in this aspect. Singh was destined to change roles from the three wings used does reflect his lack of ability to link with the ever-present Cash. Both these players were similar in as much as although both talented they were not able to develop equally their attacking play. The back row had a marvellous season, rarely beaten in any fixture, and Monmouth alone stood up well to a strong and aggressive Downside unit. Typical of games at Downside, however, the team were penalised for a wide variety of offences that they hadn't been spotted committing either before or since that match. Against Huish’s 1st XV in atrocious conditions, King's were heavily outmanoeuvred, but still managed to hang on for a single point victory. A penalty each way against Canford may give the impression of a draw game. In fact it was a cracking open game and both sides were happy to settle for a draw. Kemble made his début in the centre and Davies was very positive at scrum-half. The scrum looked secure, but was let down by poor control in open play.

The thought of half-term obviously inspired the team to pull out all the stops against Sherborne, and despite being 7-0 down at the 19th minute, a 12-4 defeat was recorded. Injuries deprived the team of their talisman, and in the end were lucky to hang onto a 6-4 victory. Another epic game against Wellington was won in the last minute by a 40 metre dropped goal from Neil Coulson. To make matters worse, the Wellington coach didn’t even see it go over!

Larry Lutwyche arrived in the back-row against Blundell’s, and marked this day with a huge vote of thanks and wish them well in retirement. The game here at school. I personally owe both of them a large debt to both for pilot’s licences and for auditions for the “Hunchback of Notre Dame”! Larry Lutwyche arrived in the back-row against Blundell’s, and marked this day with a huge vote of thanks and wish them well in retirement. Larry Lutwyche arrived in the back-row against Blundell’s, and marked this day with a huge vote of thanks and wish them well in retirement.

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had not Kemble's hands been so insensitive (lack of large, and there was flair in the backs. It was only on one approach in training. Weight-training and running could have been missed, partly due to a rather casual attitude. The lock combination would have been Andy Latchford and Richard社会. Available showed some good touches, especially in the line-out. Scott played in most games and looked the best in the players around him.

His tackling was outstanding, but his distribution of ball needs attention. He should do well next year. Jim Guerrier at No. 8 spent the whole season trying to return to Wellsy, the full-back, Adam Bagshaw. Nobody else was capable of being a gloriously warm, sunny afternoon. He stood by the pavilion, but I couldn't resist a first look at the school. My taxi, waiting for me, was inside a little building called Briar Lea, with not a boy in sight. It was a gloriously warm, sunny afternoon. He stood by the pavilion, but I couldn't resist a first look at the school. My taxi, waiting for me, was inside a little building called Briar Lea, with not a boy in sight. It was a gloriously warm, sunny afternoon. He stood by the pavilion, but I couldn't resist a first look at the school. My taxi, waiting for me, was inside a little building called Briar Lea, with not a boy in sight. It was a gloriously warm, sunny afternoon. He stood by the pavilion, but I couldn't resist a first look at the school. My taxi, waiting for me, was inside a little building called Briar Lea, with not a boy in sight. It was a gloriously warm, sunny afternoon. He stood by the pavilion, but I couldn't resist a first look at the school. My taxi, waiting for me, was inside a little building called Briar Lea, with not a boy in sight. It was a gloriously warm, sunny afternoon. He stood by the pavilion, but I couldn't resist a first look at the school. My taxi, waiting for me, was inside a little building called Briar Lea, with not a boy in sight. It was a
Actually the names confused me all afternoon: there was this huge chap called Little, at least two others called Joel. The tall blond — and everyone else was called Joel. Now the only Joel I know is Joel Garner, who’s tall, blond, and very fast. Presumably the head coach’s half a dozen little half brothers — but he seemed a rather portly-looking chap, who looked as though he was undeniably tall, but he’s not that hot afternoon. He wore a yellow jumper and was rather sun-tanned, and I’m sure I've seen the West Indian fast bowler called Millstone, who buzzed around the pitch at a snail’s pace. He was yards away from the action. Which was most of the game. He was wearing number 8, who actually knows what to do but who would rather not play the game. He had banged his head against a brick wall, which forced the quip to my lips that the scrum-half had不过 perhaps I was being too clever again. As he was yards away from the action, I hardly expected him to know where. Or even if he knew where. But he seemed a rather portly little chap.

The other chap they called Joel was in the second row. Not that I heard much more about him, because he was undeniably tall, but he’s not that hot afternoon. He wore a yellow jumper and was rather sun-tanned, and I’m sure I’ve seen the West Indian fast bowler called Millstone, who buzzed around the pitch at a snail’s pace. He was yards away from the action. Which was most of the game. He was wearing number 8, who actually knows what to do but who would rather not play the game. He had banged his head against a brick wall, which forced the quip to my lips that the scrum-half had不过 perhaps I was being too clever again. As he was yards away from the action, I hardly expected him to know where. Or even if he knew where. But he seemed a rather portly little chap.

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JUNIOR COLTS

The 1987 Junior Colts were a very-worthy side. Their impressive tally of tries and points testifies to their talent and efforts. Yet their attitude to the game, a game perhaps exalted to a religion in the eyes of those over the Severn, contained a mixture of the Bohemian and Corinthian. Before a match you never knew what to expect from them. At times they dazzled as when they played Marlborough or moments in the Millfield match; at others, the ordinariness and willingness to let the opposition into the game would have made an English selector feel at home. In those heady autumn days, it was very frustrating; in retrospect, when this amateur game has become so professional and ordered, it was perhaps rather refreshing.

It took some time to find a settled front row. Too few fit in either their own or the coach’s eyes the prerequisites of strength, mobility, uginess — and lack of intelligence? We left out prerequisites — too big a word! — and a very strong combination evolved from Nicholson, Chippendale and Weston. Solid in the set, they became increasingly mobile in support of the marauding back row. Few had the stomach to take on Thomas and Charlton in full flight, whose offensive play became a telling factor in the later games. Wright lacked the same physical presence, but had a good pair of hands tidy ing loose ball, and was resolute in defence. The two locks, Hill and Willis, made an unobtrusively impressive contribution throughout the season. They won a goodly amount of line-out ball, and in the loose you didn’t notice them — which is always a good sign — until they produced the ball.

The half back combination was very strong. If the Captain at fly-half modelled himself on Jonathan Davies — except ours couldn’t drop goals! — then the scrum half was another Terry Holmes. Becconsall was a powerful and aggressive player. He enjoyed mixing it with the forwards as much as running in open space, and he was always capable of producing the unexpected. The skipper, Robins on, too created his share of magic, having a sharp eye for the gap and a growing ability to make the right decision. Thus, the centres and wings saw plenty of the ball throughout the season. Lacy-Smith showed pace and growing confidence; and by the end of the season he was to have scored 30 tries. Credit must also be given to his fellow backs and the pack for making the ball available to him.

The match against Queen’s was marred by silly technical mistakes and endless penalties although we did win comfortably, with Ramus (flanker) as the undoubted man of the match. The Cann (wing) was becoming quite a celebrity and had already scored a great number of tries. By the end of the season he was to have scored 30 tries. Credit also must be given to his fellow backs and the pack for making the ball available to him.

The two Welsh matches are always difficult, especially if you are away on Welsh soil. Monmouth was fortunately at home and we gained a narrow victory against a very well-drilled side. Next year’s match in Wales must be something to look or not look forward to! Brecon away proved to be a very unusual match with a 45 minute second half and a visit to the field of play of an ambulance. It was a day, and I gather, a season of injuries for the Brecon side. We wish them more luck for the next season.

The worst moment of the term came on the day of the Millfield match. Cann was off games and there was a
very large 'depression' over the South West of England. We arrived on the pitch in a force 8 gale and horizontal driving rain. The complete match was played in one 22 and we lost 8-12. A great feature of this year's side has been its spirit and in the following three matches they came back and convincingly defeated Blundell's, Taunton and Wellington.

The traditionallastmatch of the season which was at Rosslyn Park to play the much-fancied Trent College. With Singh at centre-forward and Davies and Parry in midfield, more direction resulted. At home on the Convent Grass they beat Queen's 3-0, although somewhat fortunately as goals were scored against the run of play. At Alnwick, a comfortable 2-1 victory was obtained in appalling torrential rain, on a puddle-strewn all-weather pitch. The next game was away on Sherborne's artificial grass but this time the team was more confident and twice went into the lead, the second goal being scored by Dart after some excellent attacking work by Singh. However, Sherborne scrambled an equaliser in the dying seconds, much to the team's dismay! Devon Dumphries arrived with a very strong side containing several current and past county and divisional players. The game was played in a good spirit but the talent of the Dumphries eventually shone through 5-0. After half-time the team was again defeated convincingly 6-1. The midfield still didn't seem balanced.

Real success in sevens comes from having the strongest squad available, remaining free from injury and playing plenty of practice games. King's rugby can never enjoy the last factor for the obvious reason that hockey, as the major game, must take priority in games time. King's rugby can never enjoy the last factor for the obvious reason that hockey, as the major game, must take priority in games time. King's rugby can never enjoy the last factor for the obvious reason that hockey, as the major game, must take priority in games time. King's rugby can never enjoy the last factor for the obvious reason that hockey, as the major game, must take priority in games time. King's rugby can never enjoy the last factor for the obvious reason that hockey, as the major game, must take priority in games time. King's rugby can never enjoy the last factor for the obvious reason that hockey, as the major game, must take priority in games time. King's rugby can never enjoy the last factor for the obvious reason that hockey, as the major game, must take priority in games time. King's rugby can never enjoy the last factor for the obvious reason that hockey, as the major game, must take priority in games time. King's rugby can never enjoy the last factor for the obvious reason that hockey, as the major game, must take priority in games time. King's rugby can never enjoy the last factor for the obvious reason that hockey, as the major game, must take priority in games time. King's rugby can never enjoy the last factor for the obvious reason that hockey, as the major game, must take priority in games time. King's rugby can never enjoy the last factor for the obvious reason that hockey, as the major game, must take priority in games time. King's rugby can never enjoy the last factor for the obvious reason that hockey, as the major game, must take priority in games time.
3rd XI HOCKEY

By the end of the Exeter matches, we, the coaches, had agreed not to mention ‘hockey’ in this report but to confine ourselves to writing of the ‘character and co-unity’ of the XI. Played 12. Won 10, Drew 1. Lost 1. Goals For 36, Goals Against 23.

When he concentrated, Skinner proved excellent in defence as he has speed and a clean hit, while Ford, though slower, was very effective when he remembered to keep his head down. Pallister, too, was reliable in matches. Willis was another to maintain his interest in spite of disappointments and he worked hard, always ready to plug gaps in the side, he enjoyed success at Taunton. Vaughan-France played most of his games at centre forward and was another good team man.

In spite of the scarcity of experienced players, the third eleven did more than honour all its matches and we enjoyed our season.

GB/HAKV

JUNIOR COLTS HOCKEY

After three defeats in the first four matches, a very difficult term seemed to be in prospect. However, only one or two less was sustained, and that in very difficult circumstances, so that in the end, this side finished with a respectable record and certainly improved considerably during the term.

After losing to King’s, Bruton, by simply playing badly, a win was given by Marlborough and it was, in the main, a very easy win. Marlborough and Canford in the space of four days. Only a week into term and we were not learning how to play the game, but merely trying to organise a ‘team’ and to compete in matches. There was no time to learn from mistakes and this was a very tough few days that would have shown a great deal of progress had we not been too much for this one and not a goal was scored in any of these games, six being conceded. The tide then turned, however, and as we began to realise that this season did not offer us the usual skills and techniques so, on the whole, results improved. The last two games, a victory over a previously unbeaten Downs H.XI and a draw over a previously unbeaten team, indicated the progress this side had made.

One of the reasons it made progress was that individuals who were not prepared to learn or contribute to a team effort were left on the side-lines and only those who worked at their game survived. I hope one or two of the talented players who didn’t play a full season learn from these games, six being conceded. The tide then turned, however, and as we began to realise that this season did not offer us the usual skills and techniques so, on the whole, results improved. The last two games, a victory over a previously unbeaten Downs H.XI and a draw over a previously unbeaten team, indicated the progress this side had made.

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Tristan Myatt began the term with enthusiasm and did quite well for a while, but the defeat at Sherborne seemed to knock the stuffing out of him and he was replaced by Merv Wilson for the last couple of games. Both are athletic and both could be good goalkeepers but on the evidence of this season only one will succeed. The record of backs only shows two, but I think this was a result of either, says a lot about the boy concerned or about how feeble Jim Neale’s drives are! Then there is the goalkeeper; he looked so frightened (or ugly) that the opposition did not like scoring against him too often. This meant that we just about scraped through our matches to go nine back on the path of the unbeaten record.

Dodd (who played for the 3rd XI for most of the season) and Jones, M. Wood played with increasing confidence and work their ball well. Had they been employed to get a few marks throughout the season. The draw against Sherborne saw the defence at its most resolute. Saunders swept tenaciously while Cleaver, Hart and Seyfied marked effectively. Each improved his positional play during the term.

Perhaps the most lasting memory of the season is the 2-1 victory over Canford, achieved after trailing by a goal at half-time through a miraculous penalty corner made in the whole to tak-
be a good player. After a few games we found Adam
didn't play anything like a full season although Andrew
King's best position at left-half. He is a very natural player
became more accurate and thoughtful, and his work-
frustrating player. At times he opens the game up very
goals. Against Taunton he provided a number of chan-
rate was excellent. Mark needs to be braver, but has
ball, giving bad passes and being slow around the field.
showed some ability but had an approach to the
stay in the side for the whole season, and Simon Pearce,
be the best right wing in this year group. I just wish he as he believed it. Dan Willson replaced Matthew Robinson for
were learned and there is enough basic talent in the year
3-1. 

to score. Whenever she was near the ball there was
been back in defence yet up in support of the forwards.
threatened with being axed from the team, as it was then
very well indeed to become a defensive combination.
Catherine Lacy-Smith proved successful on the left
when she was offside and at her best when
indefinitely with a virus, and had to stay away, Dave
McNaughton caught a virus and had to stay away, Dave
won the County AAA Boys' Championship in a close tus-
sle with club sides and only fell by the wayside in the
medium length, genuine cross-country races such as
exhaustion, muscular Mark Gosbee, who pulls muscles most
shakes legs from even the most exhausted. The Seniors
Mr. Small who seems to appear in
It is all very well having runs of unbeaten seasons but it

cross-country races such as
miles per
Hodkin, at centre-forward, was beginning to wonder
usual tally of three goals. Caroline Berry and Jessica
have seemed a little uncertain of their role: successful
as before but with varying moves played with some enthusiasm,
6-1. 

our play and we deserved all we got. This event had a
everything, muscular Mark Gosbee, who pulls muscles most
the team has to disband.
the Seniors were awarded to Jane Spurr, Caroline Persey, Jessica
sereated, but whenever she was near the ball there was
way of the defence to score a lovely goal at

In the meantime, other luminaries took their chance and moved into the spotlight, namely James
Baron, Feroze Pomery, Damian James and Dave Cullen. Several returns after long absences brought
Owen runners took some interest in the proceedings at
results at the Bishop Fox cadre flexed their muscles.
We had hoped that these seniors and fellow survivors would form a team but unfortunately
McNaughton caught a virus and had to stay away, Dave
Newhouse (Captains) managed only a few races before leg problems forced his retirement to be succeeded
by Pratt — closely followed by Grimwood whilst Martin
and Willson had grown into large rugby players who felt rather out of place. The Seniors
were, therefore, reduced to the Captain No. 2, Jim Pratt, who had a marvellous season at the front of every race,
backed up by the ultimate social runner, Joe English,
who came good and even came 2nd in the
steepleschase. His ambition is the marathon — legs per
Hodkin, at centre-forward, was beginning to wonder

unfamiliar to offer. He is one of this side that could
become a very good 1st XI player in the future.

The forwards, only Gary Becccssall and Mark Jour-
dan played anything like a full season although Andrew
Lacy-Smith became the first choice inside-left after a few
games elsewhere. Gary has enormous natural talent and
improved tremendously throughout the season. He
began to make much more telling runs, his passing
became more accurate and thoughtful, and his work-
rate was excellent. However, but has pace and ability to beat people and scored a few
good goals. Against Tautoin he provided a number of chan-
ces and also had an excellent performance. Andrew
Lacy-Smith, in common with a number of this side, is a
frustrating player. At times he opens the game up very
well, showing that he is a very good player in the making; at others he looks dreadful, panicilling on the ball,
giving bad passes and being slow around the field.
Perhaps another year or so will give him the confidence
to develop into the player we all believe he could be.

Others who played a significant number of games
included Anthony Shrub, who has strength and pace but
who didn't work enough on his basic control; Matthew Robinson, who has a good deal of natural
talent but again didn't work hard enough at the basics to
stay in the side for the whole season, and Simon Pearce,
who was unfortunately injured but when fit he could be the
best right wing in this year group. I just wish he as he believed it. Dan Willson replaced Matthew Robinson for
the most few games and played with some enthusiasm,
but has still to do far more work off the ball if he is to make
an impact in A teams in the future. Nicholas Grime
also showed some ability but had an approach to the
game that he meant that he was unlikely to earn or con-
tribute as much as the other Martin Club played that
number of matches that half-hour, and except on the Astro
turf where his technical deficiencies were exposed, he
did a good job, although he himself seemed to lose con-

This was Biddy's year, and from the start Bridge Paint
showed herself to be a superb Captain for our team. It
seems only a short while ago that all the new girls were
assembled on the all-weather pitch to be put through various
tests of speed and ball skill, but here we are again and with
another season finished and with a regret the team has to disband.
The girls have worked extremely hard during the past months and through the time have shown considerable
enthusiasm for more and more training. This realisation of the basic requirements has made my job a lot easier and the final level of the girls has improved steadily.
There were quite a lot of spaces to fill in Sep-
tember and we started with only three members of last
year's team in our line-up. With two losses out of the first
three games I began to think that we were heading for
a return of injured bodies after half-term brought improvements in the Quantock Relay (staged in a

Canford, to be closely followed by Biddy who scored
another one later in the same match. In January Clare
Hoskin, at centre-forward, was beginning to work on
what she had to do more to score, but after warning the
to task against Huth's where she hit the post, goalie,
and their full backs, she was rewarded with a goal
against St. Audries. The full backs, Alison Hood and Joanne
Williams, were both newcomers and they have settled in
very well indeed to become a defensive combination.
Catherine Lacy-Smith proved successful on the left
flank when in possession of the ball. She was at her
worst when she was offside and at her best when
threatened with being axed from the team, as it was then
that she made the most of her contacts. She was our
most productive forward with six to her credit. Jessica
Moisley and Caroline Persey became good midfield players, showing great dedication and a difficult task of
being back in defence yet up in support of the forwards.
Natasia Rose will be missed next year particularly for her
speed and her determination to score. Whenever she was near the ball there was always a chance of a shot and she finished with a per-
sonal tally of three goals. Caroline Berry and Jessica
Smyth have also played a number of times and con-
tributed a lot to our effort and they both will no doubt
figure largely in the squad next September. I thank them all for a super season and for all their hard
work and good humour in the past months.

Colours were re-awarded to Bridge Player. Colours
were awarded to Jane Spurr, Caroline Persey, Jessica
Moisley, Alison Hood, Joanne Williams.

Results: Played 14, Won 6, Drawn 3, Lost 5.

J.W.H.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The hopes of last year have been partly fulfilled in that the junior team managed to take U16 to the top of the league this year
supplemented by stronger allies. The seniors who remained have followed two paths: running suc-
cess or retirement for various reasons. The 'new' 5th Form have lost a few adherents and those that remain have seemed a little uncertain of their role: successful one week and switched-off the next.
The season started very early — September to be pre-
cise — but after a pause for thought and re-organisation we went away to Canford and recorded a fine win. Also in the Michaelmas term we played tremendously against Marlborough and Wals and as well prepared with draws in both cases. These games were real battles and our thanks go to Catherine Lacy-Smith for our deserved equaliser at Marlborough against Nasha Hooker for keep-
ing goal so well against Wels.

We started the Lent fixtures with an appalling defeat by
St. Anthony's of Lewinton. There was no structure to
our team and we deserved all we got. This event had a similar effect to pulling the lion's tail and we came back
with a vengeance in the next two games when we
lost again. Jane Spurr, our new winger, worked her way
through most of the defence to score a lovely goal at

U14 HOCKEY

It is all very well having runs of unbeaten seasons but it
could be argued that to lose occasionally at this level —
as long as it does not become habit-forming! — teaches you a lot. You can learn a lot from the perception of
easy success. It is therefore logical to claim this year as
the best ever, despite the loss of one game.

Unlike most years, the winter weather was sufficiently
mild to allow all the fixtures to be played. As the list of
results shows, all the matches were won apart from the
Sherborne game, which fell immediately after half-term. Repeated admirations must go to the girls on the
gains, necessities tactical as well as technical changes fell on
unreceptive ears: the team played a classic shale game —
and lost as a result. After the loss we were back at
home — once it was too late! — and the team produced
a fine performance on grass against a good Taunton
School side to give the seniors deserved three points and
a 2-1 score.

All the players developed well, inspired by their skillful
captain, Edward Breton. That said, there is no room for complacency: the game itself is advancing rapidly at all
levels, and the future looks very bright. It was great to
see Caroline Bentley return to the side after a long
absence, and it was lovely to see Natasha Rose, one
of the key players, with a goal in the next game along
with a number of assists. She is a player who has
scored many goals in the past and this was another
two. She can be trusted to score. Whenever she was near
the ball there was always a chance of a shot and she finished with a per-
sonal tally of three goals. Caroline Berry and Jessica
Smyth have also played a number of times and con-
tributed a lot to our effort and they both will no doubt
figure largely in the squad next September. I thank them all for a super season and for all their hard
work and good humour in the past months.
typically cold north wind with no cover), Wellington Relay (a plucky pursuit of stars and veterans), Taunton School (for once dry), Sherborne (even drier though guts—provided that the badgers were left in peace), Relay (a plucky pursuit of stars and veterans), Taunton (typically cold north wind with no cover), Wellington (where J. Garner almost beat J. P. after holding him off for some time).

Several runners remain for next year to be joined by James Richards and George Tasker but there is ample room for one or two fliers who fancy their chances. Whilst the Seniors had problems the U16s of '88 (and U17s of '89) showed their promise in Schools, trophy and representative action and retained the County Youth Cup. Ben Mott continued to show strong and intelligent running and is still learning, as wins in the House Steeplechases, at Grenville and at Wellington demonstrated. The younger elements of Wyatt, Garner and Parshall supported diligently but could be outgunned by Richards, Tasker and Munden when the latter group put their minds to the job. Next year's Interns could see Mott and the younger group joined by Duke, Wood, Singleton, Barton, Gill, Walkley, etc.—with possibly a 'B' team in full harness. The Interns' better races were at the King's Cup, in Grenville and at Taunton and Sherborne though Mott and Duke enjoyed some relay success in the Senior 'A' team.

The juniors were rather thin on the ground and occasionally needed an influx of energy from new members. They improved greatly (and inevitably) towards the end of term as their experience widened and they were led in devastating fashion by Adam Duke who won most races (Junior or Intern) and set records with great frequency on his way to high places in the National AAA Inter-Counties competitions for clubs, schools and youth groups. However, the Third Form Steeplechase record lives on—Mark Hedley (M) showed his pace though he had to fight hard to hold off Jim Wood (BF). Other regulars, Barton, Singleton, Coles, Bliss, Fughi, etc., were close behind and Hiller made an appearance as the latest serious/social-runner. In the meantime, Messers. Simmonds and Gill (juniors in age but 4th form) ran with some success in the Intermediate House Race whilst Clark, Sheridan, Jones, Gillies and Wells showed flashes of talent and interest as well as the social runner—illness permitting.

Speaking of the Bishop Fox, their veterans signed off in style with a win in the Senior Steeplechase when Pratt was followed home by English with Newhouse and others just close enough to do the business. Tuckwell picked up the inter trophy with excellent early packing and the Junior trophy after a solid all-round team performance. Mott (P) and Hedley (M) picked up the Intertrophy with excellent early packing and the very wet Wellington Trophy (where J. Garner almost beat J. P. after holding him off for some time).

Brian Clough once said that if the opposition does not score, they cannot win. It was therefore reassuring to know that the back four would be bolstered by the experience of Marcus John and Colin McHenry, both of whom were playing their second year of first team football. Neil Coulson frequently dominated the centre of defence, and James Wells-Cole controlled the left back position admirably in his first season of school football. With the final piece in this defensive jigsaw being Tim Lutwyche, now in his third season as 1st XI goalkeeper, and his second as team captain, hopes were high for the 1988 season. However, in the immortal words of Jimmy Sirrell, "If ye dinnae score, ye dinnae win" (roughly translated as goals win games). Last season's top scorer, Perran Moon, was moved back into midfield this year, a position from which he often dominated the play and always covered an enormous amount of ground. On the right wing, Nigel Chubb deserves a special mention. This position was one of the most fiercely contested throughout the season, with two or three people quite capable of filling it. However, Nigel managed to fight off the competition and started in every game. Nick Wood was solid and reliable as a defensive midfielder and Neil Coulson, who was solid and reliable as a defensive midfielder and Neil Coulson, who was solid and reliable as a defensive midfielder, has made an appearance as the latest serious/social-runner. In the meantime, Messers. Simmonds and Gill (juniors in age but 4th form) ran with some success in the Intermediate House Race whilst Clark, Sheridan, Jones, Gillies and Wells showed flashes of talent and interest as well as the social runner—illness permitting.

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With this mixture of youth and experience, an all-round ability to do the basics well, and a not inconsiderable amount of genuine skill, the team appeared to have the ability to prove itself among the best in King's history. The fact that by the end of the season the team had only been beaten once, was, however, perhaps better than anticipated.

The first match of the season versus the Masters' Common Room was a valuable confidence booster before the tough home game v. Clifton. This was always going to be a hard game, but after a workmanlike performance had led to a 2-1 lead, it was a sloppy piece of defending that robbed us of a deserved victory. Against Sherborne we dominated the first half and took a 1-0 lead. At the start of the second half, however, the offside trap was frequently sprung, leading to a few heartstopping moments before Rinck scored the decisive second goal. Blundell's provided a rather less severe test, and it was only due to a below average performance that the winning margin was not greater than 3-1. The match v. Micklefield was aptly followed by the atrocious weather conditions, and the 3-3 scoreline does not accurately reflect the story of a game which we dominated from start to finish. The next game on the schools circuit was the 'local Derby' v. Huish's. Before this, however, the team played the O.A.'s. This game has rather lost its purpose in recent years, with the O.A.'s rarely playing more than two or three ex-school footballers. This year's game, however, proved particularly costly as Lutwyche was
BASKETBALL

Depleted by players and by fixtures the club nevertheless functioned to a commendably high standard. With only six senior players to select from it made training at that age rather difficult. Whilst this necessitated mixing seniors and juniors, no doubt to the benefit of the latter it did not help the seniors very much. In spite of this Burt (Captain), Scott, Mui, Van Winkelhof and England practiced and played well. Regrettably, Mabbott did not give the same commitment but still made some telling contributions in the matches.

The Juniors were very small but did make considerable progress, and by the end of the season were scoring more frequently. Spiers, as Captain, set a splendid example and was ably supported by Jones N, Brabyn, Munden, Pipe, and Charlton.

Bishop Fox defeated Meynell in the House Competition.


Record: Seniors — Played 5, Won 4, Lost 1. Juniors — Played 4, Won 1, Lost 3.

R.A.C.

FENCING

Captain's Report:

Over the past two terms, the fencing team has shown great improvement in all aspects. Many people in the team doubled their match averages in Lent 1988. In My Millennium 1987 we won out of 7 matches, beating Clifton, Taunton (twice), and King's, Bruton. We lost to Bristol Grammar, West Buckland and Queen's.

King's also managed to host the South West U16/U18 boys'/girls' competition on the 22nd of November. Many thanks to the people who helped me set up 18 pistes in the sportshall in one Saturday evening. Mike Wall, the secretary of South West Fencing, was very impressed.

Although we had fewer matches in Lent, the average standard of fencing was much higher. We won 3 out of 5 matches, beating Taunton, Allhallows and Blundells.

Due to the high prices of fencing equipment, it was necessary to revise our budget in order to bring our club equipment up to standard. With much help from higher authorities it was made possible.

Special mentions should go to J. Sunderland, W. James and A. Nichols for consistent results. Mention should also go to J. Phillips (armourer) who has patiently endured my naggings for more equipment and my mis-spelling of his name!

The "beginners" term have also shown improvement, especially P. Barton who has done well in Novice Competitions.

Finally, thanks to A.C.S., S.A.M. and S.T.C. for their time in supervising our sessions. Thanks to P. Walker (Captain)

The Team:

1st Foll: P. J. Walker (Captain), 2nd F. Ferguson, 3 J. Sunderland

2nd Foll: W. James, 2 D. Tidd, 3 A. Nichols

3rd Foll: 1 M. Gammans, 2 R. Gammans, 3 J. Puckle.

Reserve: J. Phillips (armourer).

PHILLIPS AVERAGES (out of 3 fights)

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<tr>
<th>Opponents (point of view)</th>
<th>Tourney</th>
<th>Coton</th>
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King's College Internal Competition results:

Senior: 1 P. Walker, 2 W. James, 3 A. Nichols.
Junior: 1 B. Daniel, 2 P. Barton, 3 M. Gammans.

As usual, so as to avoid an early start on the Saturday morning we left King's on Friday, arriving at Bulford for about 5p.m. We soon settled into the accommodation which we had been given for the night; and after supper in the mess, a trip in to Amesbury was organised so everybody had an early rest for a while ready for the competition the next day.

We arrived on the range at 8.15 on the Saturday morning, ready to take our assigned positions we were entered for. The main one of these was the Ashburton; a contest for the shooting VIII shot at both 300 and 500 yards. Although beaten by Marlborough, who took first place, King's finished a creditable third, only eighteen points behind. This figure would have been further reduced but for some slow target-work in the butts which resulted in the loss of three rounds — worth fifteen points — due to a lack of time.

By a coincidence, the Cadet pair 'A' also managed third position, unfortunately losing out at 300 yards, and then climbing the results table with some better shots at 500, although only another two points would have put them into King's second equal.

The Cadet pair 'B' had a rather unlucky day. After finishing the first round at 300 yards, lying equal first, they were unable to shoot at 500 due to a lack of both time and targets.

The other two competitions entered were the snap and the marling, both very popular with the team members as they involve rapid fire at small targets displayed for only 3-4 seconds.

So, despite not quite achieving the top slots, King's cannot be said to have done all at once on the end — and certainly everyone enjoyed themselves.

Teams:


Cadet Pair 'A': J. Sunderland, C. Hebert.

Cadet Pair 'B': J. Prove/Shore.

9th man: R. Gammans.

J. E. Sunderland

SQUASH

At the start of the season it was clear that this was not going to be a vintage season at senior level. Out of the four slots available in the first team, one were filled by senior players, the remainder being claimed by boys from the L.P.S. form or below. This reflected well on talent lower down the school but they were coming up against stronger, more experienced teams and it was going to be difficult to produce consistent results. Much to their credit the team produced some good wins and despite losing A Williams, the number one seed, through injury for most of the Lent Term, they produced a final result sheet of four victories out of ten matches. As predicted, not a marvellous season in terms of results but the team deserves credit for their consistent determination and morale.

At number one, A. Williams produced some thrilling performances, combining his natural flair and talent with growing determination and ability. He performed particularly well to clinch a five set match against King's, Bruton, to give the team a 3-2 victory. The number two position was filled by the Captain, S. Rossetter, who showed much improvement in his back court game
since last season. His fitness, power and growing confidence enabled him to raise his game when needed. M. Emmett held the number three position for much of the season, and his enthusiasm for squash, together with many hours on court produced a marked improvement in his ability to play his best under match pressure. Also he has represented the county at Under 16 level. T. Thompson struggled to find his form although his power and touch made him a difficult player to beat. J. Hopkins showed great speed round the court and his determination to win compensated for any weakness on the backhand. One of the most pleasing success stories this season was the meteoric rise of S. Li. A naturally talented racquet sports player he showed a remarkable ability to learn the finer points of the game. His touch and speed produced some fine victories and he finished the season at number three having played for the school at U15, U16 and 1st V levels. C. Reeks played several matches for the 1st V and despite a lack of practice he could be relied on to give a creditable performance when called on. At junior level there is considerable strength at present. The Under 16 V won nine out of their twelve matches, losing to only one other school side. They finished first in the county league, a great achievement that used fourteen different players during the season. This shows the depth of talent at this level. The side included M. Emmett, T. Thompson, J. Hopkins, S. Li and C. Reeks, who have already been mentioned. Other regular players included M. Price, M. Chubb and T. Emmett, all young players who show much promise. The Under 15 V played five matches, losing just one to Sherborne. T. Emmett and M. Pennington were called on to represent Somerset at under 14 level. If these junior players maintain their present form and enthusiasm their success will continue through to senior level and the school can look forward to some good seasons over the coming years. The Inter-House Competition produced a very close final between Tuckwell and Bishop Fox with Tuckwell the eventual victors to retain the cup. The 3rd and 4th form league was narrowly won by Neate's House.

**Results**

- **1st V:**
  - v. Exeter Lost 0-5
  - v. Richard Huish Won 5-0
  - v. Wylye Won 5-0
  - v. Downside Lost 1-4
  - v. King's, Bruton Won 3-2
  - v. Queen's Won 3-2
  - v. Blundell's Lost 0-5
  - v. Wylye Won 4-1
  - v. Sherborne Lost 0-5
  - v. Queen's Won 2-3

- **Under 16:**
  - v. Street Lost 2-3
  - v. King Alfred's SRC Won 4-1
  - v. Queen's Won 2-3
  - v. Wells Won 3-2
  - v. Sydenham Won 3-2
  - v. Wovv Won 3-2
  - v. Street Lost 2-3
  - v. King's, Bruton Won 3-0
  - v. King's Alfred's SRC Won 3-2
  - v. Wells Won 3-2
  - v. Sydenham Won 4-1
  - v. Gatshill Won 5-0

- **Under 15:**
  - v. King's, Bruton Won 3-2
  - v. Queen's Won 5-0
  - v. Blundell's Won 5-0
  - v. Sherborne Lost 1-4
  - v. Queen's Won 5-0

- **Under 14:**
  - v. King's, Bruton Won 4-1

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**GIRLS' SQUASH**

It is hard to remember as far back as the first match of the year, and probably better not to try, as the demoralising 0-5 defeat at the hands of the Staff Wives' team is not exactly the happiest of memories. Still, it did prepare us mentally for the equally demoralising 0-5 defeat at the hands of Richard Huish College the following week, though in that match we were without our Captain and No. 2. The pool of available players is of course shared with Badminton and Hockey, and this does reduce the amount of time players can practise. Another difficulty faced this year has been the shortage of suitable opponents, or the difficulty of pinning down their fixture secretaries. As a result, over the Michaelmas and Lent terms we played twice against Huish's (both matches being comprehensively lost) and twice against both Queen's, Taunton and Wycliffe College (all four matches convincingly won). The remaining fixture against Blundell's School in the Michaelmas Term, was lost 1-4, thus balancing the books at four victories and four defeats.

Having started the year with more concern for her own individual performance, Anna Debenham improved steadily as Captain over the two terms, playing in all matches but one; others appearing regularly were Caroline Persey (7 matches), Debra Wallace (6), Caroline Hawken and Sarah Collier (5) and Lucy Pugh-Cook (4). Alison Hutchings, Georgina Hobden and Amy Wallace also played occasionally, and will form the nucleus of next year's team with Alison Hutchings as Captain.

My thanks to Sue Gale for her patient and effective coaching, and to all the girls, whether in the team or the coaching squad or merely playing for exercise (pleasure?), for a very lively and entertaining two terms.

M.A.P.

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**SAILING CLUB**

Sailing trips continued to be well attended, the season ending in October. The School team came fourth in the South West Schools' Team Sailing regattas in October. A total of 8 schools participated. An exciting future development in the club is the gradual replacement of the present Lark fleet by Laser 2 dinghies. This is now the main team sailing dinghy in School, University and Armed Forces circles. I hope that it will provide some exciting and challenging sailing for the more experienced members of the Club. To complement the Lasers, it is hoped to purchase one more Topper dinghy to make up the Topper fleet to six so that we have the capability of organising races for Juniors and B teams.

R.E.H.
SCHOOL NEWS

Mr. Simon Funnell, previously a Housemaster at Shrewsbury, took up his appointment as Headmaster at the beginning of this term, and we would like officially to welcome him and Mrs. Funnell and their children, Rosalind, James and Isabel, to King’s. They seem to be settling down well in Taunton, and we extend our very best wishes for a long and happy Headmastership.

In addition to the new Headmaster, five members of Common Room have joined us this term: Mr. C. J. Dean, who studied at Wolverhampton Polytechnic, is teaching Art and Ceramics; Mr. C. M. Henshall from St. Peter’s College, Oxford succeeds Mr. M. J. Jordan in the Geography department; Mr. D. Howe from the Conservatorium of Music in Sydney has been appointed Head of Keyboard; Mr. P. W. Murphy a late Exhibitioner of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, succeeds Mr. S. A. May as assistant in the Classics and English departments; and Mr. G. T. Ramsay from Durham University replaces Miss R. B. Holt in the Divinity department. We hope that all these colleagues will thoroughly enjoy their time at King’s.

We were saddened shortly after the beginning of term to hear of the tragic death in a road accident of Amy Wanga-Saul, who left King’s last term after taking her ‘A’ levels. She had joined the school only two days before being killed, and the tragedy came as an immense shock to all her friends, many of whom were present at the memorial service. Our deepest sympathy is extended to her family in their bereavement.

We congratulate W. J. N. Darby on being awarded the gold medal in the Under 16 group in the Woodworker’s Exhibition held at Alexandra Palace in October, together with a Very Highly Commended and a Commended for his two other contributions.

As always, the Michaelmas Term began with an analysis of the Advanced level examinations, and this year particular interest was inevitably shown in the first results in the new General Certificate of Secondary Education (G.C.S.E.). As far as the ‘A’ level results are concerned, with an overall pass rate of 86.2% and an average of 2.65 points per candidate, they were among the best results we have ever achieved, and forty boys and girls have been enabled to embark upon University courses, and a further fifteen at Polytechnic or other Further education establishments.

We congratulate the following on being awarded places at Oxford or Cambridge:—

- Sasha Hooker, Pembroke College Oxford to read Chemistry.
- David Phillips, Oriel College Oxford to read Chemistry.
- Matthew Chapman, Pembroke College Cambridge to read Engineering.
- Edward Colby, Pembroke College Cambridge to read Engineering.
- Jake Legg, Christ’s College Cambridge to read English.
- Charles Li, Queens’ College Cambridge to read Medicine.
- Deborah Wallace, Pembroke College Cambridge to read Natural Sciences.

We also congratulate L. J. Cole on being elected to the Casheid Exhibition in Modern History at St. John’s College Oxford in October 1988.

After all our preparations for G.C.S.E., the results were encouraging, and the overall average pass rate of 7.5 per cent was slightly higher than the percentage achieved in the last two years of G.C.E. Ordinary level. Owing to a changed emphasis in the syllabuses of certain subjects, results showed significant variations from those of previous years, the most obvious example being the much improved marks in Modern Languages. One very important fact which emerged from this year’s results, however, is that the new examination is no easier for the weaker boys to pass, while those looking for the highest grades must work as hard as was formerly required at ‘O’ level. Some aspects of administration have been, as the Board acknowledged rather disturbing, and it was particularly unfortunate that one or two candidates were kept waiting for as much as six weeks for late results.

The Batten Swimming Pool, which came into use last term, was officially opened on Parents’ Day by Major-General Mike Matthews. Photographs of the ceremony are included in this edition. It has been excellent to be able to provide many opportunities for boys to use the pool this term, both for serious training and for enjoyment.

Work began on the long-awaited Carpenter extension during the Summer holidays, and this building should be ready for use during the Summer Term, all the conversions to Carpenter being completed by September. This continues the policy of modernising and improving facilities in all the Boarding Houses. Conversion of the fifth form studies for King Alfred and Meynell Houses is also being completed during this academic year.

Work is also well under way at the Covertec for the provision of a synthetic grass hockey pitch, which will be ready for use by the Summer term, 1989.

We congratulate G. J. Darby on being awarded the gold medal in the Under 15 group in the Woodworker’s Exhibition held at Alexandra Palace in October, together with a Very Highly Commended and a Commended for his two other contributions.

The Under 15 tennis team has had considerable success this term: competing for the Midland Bank Trophy, they won the South West regional final before losing narrowly to the South of England. We congratulate them on getting so far in this prestigious competition.

There are four concerts this term and two major dramatic productions, though most of them are too late for reviews to appear in this edition. The junior play is an adaptation of ‘Don Quixote’ and the senior production ‘The Lion in Winter’, by James Goldman. In addition, sixth form historians specialising in the mediæval period are going to Stanford to performances of the Plantagenet trilogy, a marvellous opportunity to see the complete cycle of Shakespeare’s Wars of the Roses plays, newly arranged by Adrian Noble.

Over the last two terms a series of collections has been organised for leukaemia research in order to commemorate Martin Bolt, who died in April. Chapel collections, a sponsored walk by King’s College Communi-
J. M. BATTEN
A Personal View
by P. D. W.

The following article is the text of a speech delivered by P. D. Wood, Esq. on Friday 27th May 1988, in the presence of a Master's Common Room Dinner in honour of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Batten.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Headmaster and Mrs. Batten: That reminds me of an introduction - I can't remember when I last introduced someone to you, but I think that it is necessary to do so in this case.

Firstly, I would like to thank all those masters and members of the Alumnae Committee, who have made a special effort this term in meeting extremely demanding deadlines, and that the magazine was to be published in time. I am grateful to the large and enthusiastic committee for their hard work in gathering together the material, and for forward planning with them again over the next two terms. Special thanks are due to Mr. R.P. Esq., whose advice and expertise have been invaluable in planning, art-work, and general presentation of the magazine.

M.R.

J. M. BATTEN
(Headmaster 1969-1988)

By P.J.S.

Any narrative survey of James Batten's nineteen years as Headmaster of King's College can only hope to scratch the surface of the story. One naturally looks first of all at the record books in particular the Headmaster's termly Memoranda and the Alumnae, and one finds such an array of material and personal changes and achievements that it is hard to identify any clear pattern of events. Nevertheless, there have been three broad phases in the development of the school, and it is to these three phases that any future historian of King's will look back when Mr. Batten's achievements come to be assessed.

In 1969 Mr. Batten inherited a Senior School of 27 masters, 330 boys and 2 girls. By September 1988 there were 51 masters, 442 boys and 16 girls. This increase in numbers has had significant academic and pastoral consequences. Instead of nine forms in the Lower School there are now four; and there are now eight Houses, including one for day boys. Moreover, nearly every teaching department now contains four specialist masters in particular subjects, two, and this in turn has produced a much broader curriculum and many more choices.

The consequences of this increase in numbers have been far-reaching; the effect on buildings is perhaps the most notable. In 1969 the School's only sporting facilities were a hall and two tennis courts. In 1988, there are 11 indoor games halls (1983-89) and 13 outdoor tennis courts. Every school building has been either completely new or extensively improved: the sports hall, the Chapel Organ, the Boarding House, the Master's Flat, the Teachers' houses, the replating Bishop Fox House to be built, and both a Design and Technology Centre and an Indoor Swimming Pool.

By far the most important change in the life of the school was brought about by this vast building programme and has been the introduction of the new Boarding House (Neale's) to be established but a new multi-purpose room for all the various activities of the school. Nevertheless, revenue from school fees has not been enough alone to facilitate this far-reaching building programme since 1969. An Appeal in the early 1970's was vital in enabling such a large construction project to be undertaken. The appeal was a success, not just because of the amount raised, but because of the commitment of the whole school community. A new Appeal in the early 1970's was vital in enabling such a large construction project to be undertaken. The appeal was a success, not just because of the amount raised, but because of the commitment of the whole school community.

The sale of full and a third Appeal in 1984 has enabled additional facilities to be bought, and both a Design and Technology Centre and an Indoor Swimming Pool.

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The Video One Studio — An Introduction by Eleanor Lightburn

I arrived slightly earlier than Mr. Baker and found my way to the video one studio and looked in. I was confronted by what appeared in the darkness to be a small room that had been taken over by an array of television screens, wires and other complicated pieces of technology — I retreated.

Mr. Baker, who organises the studio, soon arrived, turned on the lights, showed me around and explained that the workshop was run by a handful of passionate people under the leadership of Mrs. Batten.

The studio records most of the School’s main events and there is also a monthly ‘magazine’ video produced, called ‘First Sunday’ which is made by the video one unit. This term it runs on the rough format of sport, the Music School, interviews — a 4th form pupil who was interviewed, various people in the School each month — and a review of the Amazon Trip.

One of the most interesting aspects of the studio is the amount of music that is produced. The studio has been used for recording students’ performances, and has been used for many different purposes, from music videos to documentaries.

The studio is not only used for recording School events like trips, plays and music but can be used for G.C.E. Examinations and music recordings.

There is a VI minority option in studio production which operates for one term with three lessons a week, this is so that each term different people can take advantage of the video one studio. It gives an opportunity for pupils to try out the individual roles involved in producing a film.

One practical use for the cameras is the filming of teams playing — either as a record of teams but more usefully to help the coaches demonstrate faults to members.

The ability to cope with your own difficulties is a mark of adulthood, and university is geared to developing that capability.

I find Mr. Tham’s claim that ‘after seven weeks, I’m still trying to find time for a game of tennis’ highly remarkable, considering the very flexible times for study at university. Let me reassure anyone who may have thought that remark, that undergraduates spend days sitting at their desks that is far from the case.

To say that ‘the staff at university don’t really care’ is a pity to me, for isn’t there a lot of pressure on the outside world is an open invitation for theft.

The University School is not only used for recording School events and music but is also used for G.C.E. Examinations and music recordings.

There is a VI minority option in studio production which operates for one term with three lessons a week, this is so that each term different people can take advantage of the video one studio. It gives an opportunity for pupils to try out the individual roles involved in producing a film.

One practical use for the cameras is the filming of teams playing — either as a record of teams but more usefully to help the coaches demonstrate faults to members.

Mr. Baker, who organises the studio, soon arrived, turned on the lights, showed me around and explained that the workshop was run by a handful of passionate people under the leadership of Mrs. Batten.

The studio records most of the School’s main events and there is also a monthly ‘magazine’ video produced, called ‘First Sunday’ which is made by the video one unit. This term it runs on the rough format of sport, the Music School, interviews — a 4th form pupil who was interviewed, various people in the School each month — and a review of the Amazon Trip.

One of the most interesting aspects of the studio is the amount of music that is produced. The studio has been used for recording students’ performances, and has been used for many different purposes, from music videos to documentaries.

The studio is not only used for recording School events like trips, plays and music but can be used for G.C.E. Examinations and music recordings.

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One practical use for the cameras is the filming of teams playing — either as a record of teams but more usefully to help the coaches demonstrate faults to members.

The ability to cope with your own difficulties is a mark of adulthood, and university is geared to developing that capability.
Carpenter House Play: Zoo Story by Neil Parker

An actor once said: 'When there are just two or less actors on stage, then acting is like a trapeze artist working without a safety net and with a greasy trapeze.'

It is therefore a great tribute to Carpenter that they were able to carry off successfully a play with a cast of two.

David Gullen and Richard Barton both gave a controlled and convincing performance, excellently conveying the symbolism of the play.

David Gullen was the American working-class man, disillusioned with life because he is too perceptive, and therefore aggressive.

Richard Barton played the American middle class man, happy because of his pathetic naivey.

The set was simple, a bench, which represented America. Within the play we see how both classes behave when on the bench, i.e. ruling America. The working class destroys itself because of its perception. The middle class survives because its world is so small.

The performance flowed, the audience was held the whole of that time and the atmosphere created was quite unlike any House play that I have seen.

Full credit must go to the actors and also the directors, Malcolm Mann and Mr. Spalding, for an excellent production.

The Third Form Experience
Liverpool by D. Kennedy

It was Cup Final day when a group of third formers went up to Liverpool. We got up at the "crack of dawn" ready for the long day which lay ahead of us. After breakfast we left for Bridgewater station to catch the 8 o'clock train to Liverpool. During the journey we listened to our walkmans or caught up with the sleep we had missed.

At quarter past eleven we arrived at Liverpool, ready for a long and tiring day. The city was deserted as we headed for the Anglican cathedral, which is the tallest building in the United Kingdom and is fairly modern. The building is white and towers over the city. When we reached the Anglican cathedral we wandered around, answering a questionnaire which Fr. Smith gave to us. In the lady chapel are windows representing Kitty Wilkinson, Josephine Butler and Anne Clough, famous women in Anglican History. When we had finished the questionnaire we had lunch in the crypt.

We then split up into groups. Mr. Pocock went off to look at the art galleries; Fr. Smith took a group across the river Mersey and Miss Holt took a group off to the Planetarium. J. Barisic, J. Legg and A. Shaw went off on their own for a tour of the Beatles' home ground if none of these activities appealed, you could go and shop in the modern complex.

At a quarter to four we all assembled outside the Roman Catholic cathedral. When everyone had arrived we went inside and admired the modern architecture. The cathedral is a large dodecahedron with a tower rising up from the centre of the cathedral. The altar is situated in the middle of the dodecahedron where every wall meets there is a Lady chapel. The whole cathedral is centred around the altar and it is designed so that whenever you stand you are facing it. As the back of the cathedral is a large courtyard; there is also a very large outdoor chapel called the Piazza.

After we had finished looking round the cathedral we returned to the station. We arrived back at King's at quarter past eleven after an enjoyable day ready for Mr. Exlam's sermon the next day!!
The Third Form Experience
by M. Wells-Coole

If one were to fly over King’s at 6 a.m. on Cup Final day 1988, there on the front square would stand a bus with fifty small, gaunt figures clambering around it. If this daring pilot were to swoop lower, he would see that these boys were members of the third form and the larger figures were Father Smith, Mr Pocock, Miss Holt and, of course, the bus driver. Yes, that day, was the highlight of the term—the third form trip to the cathedrals, shops, museums and ferries of Liverpool. But much to the disappointment of many (especially Tom Mort!) we were not going near any football grounds or gift shops...

Much to the relief of all, we were only travelling by bus for half an hour, then we were transferred to a train in which the company had two carriages reserved and were safely shut off from the outside world.

After the six hour journey, we arrived at Lime Street and were bundled off to face the city. If I were to decribe all the events, I would probably fill half the Arabian, so I will only list my most vivid memories. Our first stop was the Anglican Cathedral which looked like any other grey, sacred building of Liverpool. But inside one was amazed by the beauty of the architecture and the startling view from the top of the tower: two lift journeys and one hundred steps up! We wandered by the three equally tired masters, all having enjoyed a pull in and the tired but happy pupils get off, followed by P.A. Barton and the tiredbut happy pupils get off, followed by P.A. Barton.

An hour or so later, full in mind and body, we were set loose on the city. Many went to the Maritime Museum but most of us crossed the Mersey on the famous ferry, observing the Liver birds but not hearing them squawk.

After the crossing the majority of us went up to the new museum structure and others went on a Beatles’ magical mystery tour. The day rolled on and finally we went offto Notre Dame. Asit was very bland and not very spectacular at all, we went to the ice-cream shop and everyday, having wandered around, we would go to the same one. I recommend Italian ice-cream to everyone.

While doing this we encountered our two main enemies for that week—sand and ants. Having just been able to pitch our tents in the sand, we found it had penetrated our shoes and socks in plentiful supply and when we got in the tents there were ants all over the place but fortunately we had some ant spray which was duly used by all.

The next day and many days to come were spent in Venice. St. Mark’s, Venice is a beautiful place and you have to see it to believe it. The walls are covered in gold and marbles of angels and God, and although it is fairly small, the dome in its 15th century architecture gives the impression of its being larger than it is. As it has had so much wear and tear, the floor is literally wavy and it is quite astounding. The lavishness of the whole building shows how much the Italians love the church and how much it symbolises their worship. The Piazza San Marco can be seen clearly from the top, but although the cathedral is an impressive building, it is not exceptionally tall, so you cannot see much else.

The Tower close by is extremely high, however, and the lift rules are quite strange, so our small party ascended and we could see all of Venice and the several other islands nearby. While you were up there, it was easy to see the Grand Canal running through the heart of Venice.

Of the two famous bridges, the Rialto Bridge and the Bridge of Sighs, the Rialto Bridge is the better. You walk up it on either side and you encounter many people trying to sell you sailors’ caps or small plastic replicas of St. Mark’s Cathedral.

There are two sides to Venice, the tourist side of it with souvenir shops, gondola rides at £30 a head and money changers and the dark dingy alley with hungrily washing and the small smelly waterways. Most people see the former but Neil Parker, Tim Bunting and myself returned to see the latter.

The area where you can walk in Venice is fairly small but full of variety. We came across a very narrow alley once, with a small dark tunnel bordered either side with dark-coloured houses with ancient shutters. We decided not to go down; a wise choice, we thought. While on our usual wander, we encountered a very pleasant little ice-cream shop and every day, having wandered around and got lost, we would instinctively Find our way back to it, buy an ice-cream, sit down and eat it. I recommend Italian ice-cream to everyone.

After a week’s stay near Venice, we packed up and journeyed through Turin and into France where we found a small campsite. We had a fairly pleasant night and then journeyed on to Paris. Here we stayed at a youth hostel which was an extremely welcome change from a campsite. In order to see the sights we quickly went off to Notre Dame.

I, personally, was quite disappointed with Notre Dame, as it was very bland and not very spectacular at all.

It was lovely hot weather and we pitched our tents, ate and went to sleep. According to Miles Smith, who was in the same tent as me, I slept soundly through a terrible thunderstorm and woke up to pouring rain. It continued to rain as we packed our tents and got soaked.

We went next to Switzerland where we were able to have a quick glimpse of the Swiss countryside, while staying in a very pleasant campsite. We journeyed on to Milan, where we had upper and wandered around, then continued to our main stop, Venice.

Arriving at 9 o’clock in the morning and being greeted by the foulest smell imaginable from the Venice lagoon and the Adriatic, we tried to erect our tents.

While this doing we encountered our two main enemies for that week—sand and ants. Having just been able to pitch our tents in the sand, we found it had penetrated our shoes and socks in plentiful supply and when we got in the tents there were ants all over the place but fortunately we had some ant spray which was duly used by all.

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Junior Expedition to Paris A.C.S.

The European Tour
by P. A. Barton

We set off in high spirits at 11.35 on Friday 22 July on a long and taxing journey to our first stop in France. We all intended to get some sleep, but as most coaches it was extremely difficult to do that. We arrived at Dover and had a fairly pleasant crossing and drove on to our campsite.
all, just big. The cold blank stone did not appeal to me.

If I had to choose between this and St. Mark's, I would certainly choose...[text cut]

Father Smith and I decided not to go up the towers of Notre Dame and went to the Law Courts to visit La...[text cut]

The following day we went to see the Eiffel Tower. They were having lun...[text cut]

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veloped a deep and life-long obsession with the figure of Jesus Christ. 'It is order to mount to the cross, the monasticism to Marxism, from Buddhism to what he termed the film in a petty and biter manner. The film is shown, serene, without a flicker. However, it is worth reading and should be read. To fight against ideas as we personally dislike, with fear and ignorance and quite is a very great temptation. A temptation which this time too many Christians simply couldn't resist.

The Colonsay Biology Trip by Catherine Lai Smith

To be quite frank, our sixth form biology was not the most exotic collection of people prior to the trip to Colonsay. What could be more exciting than the prospect of a bunch of biology students begrudgingly thrown together on an uninhabited island strategically placed off the furthermost regions of sun-drenched Scotland? The idea of no transport, one shop, one pub and a no on social life for us were doing a film of this type could have had enormous potential — both in a religious and in a commercial sense. Instead, through sheer ignorance, the opportunity was wasted, and the questions, while asked, are never asked poetically enough to force a response. For example, there is a moment in the film when the living breathing Jesus who by now has a wife, children, mortgage and vole estate, arrives across St. Paul, who is preaching the 'Israel without God'.

If the world is to be saved it is necessary for you to be rescued. If you are rescued, life is unnecessary and it is necessary for you to be resurrected and 1 shall resurrect you, like it or not." I am not afraid of you. I don't even need you.

Here we have the classic confusion between Jesus the historical figure and Jesus the God; Jesus of Nazareth and Jesus the divine. In the film Scorsese expresses this with force and style. In the film Scorsese castes it into a facile and muddled irrelevancy. This is not simply due to the age of the film makers don't seem to have even understood the novel in the first place. Of course the real crux and shame should fall not on Scorsese, who is normally an extremely talented film maker, but on those members of the Christian Church, particularly actingCardinals, who persist in trying to portray the film in a petty and biter manner. The film is shown, serene, without a flicker. However, it is worth reading and should be read. To fight against ideas as we personally dislike, with fear and ignorance and quite is a very great temptation. A temptation which this time too many Christians simply couldn't resist.

The atmosphere on the night-train to Glasgow was more barren than we had believed. We slumped off the ferry in mutual despondency, resenting the fact that we had to cycle everywhere especially when God decides to test us in supreme hardships and test-rides them on Colonsay. "Colonsay Lodge is just round the corner, chap." Of course the real crux and shame should fall not on Scorsese, who is normally an extremely talented film maker, but on those members of the Christian Church, particularly actingCardinals, who persist in trying to portray the film in a petty and biter manner. The film is shown, serene, without a flicker. However, it is worth reading and should be read. To fight against ideas as we personally dislike, with fear and ignorance and quite is a very great temptation. A temptation which this time too many Christians simply couldn't resist.

Colonsay but consequently obtained results of great bi- ological importance. Emma Lettington avidly showed us whilst pinned under a vivid castle of people prior to the trip to Colonsay. What could be more exciting than the prospect of a bunch of biology students begrudgingly thrown together on an uninhabited island strategically placed off the furthermost regions of sun-drenched Scotland? The idea of no transport, one shop, one pub and a no on social life for us were doing a film of this type could have had enormous potential — both in a religious and in a commercial sense. Instead, through sheer ignorance, the opportunity was wasted, and the questions, while asked, are never asked poetically enough to force a response. For example, there is a moment in the film when the living breathing Jesus who by now has a wife, children, mortgage and vole estate, arrives across St. Paul, who is preaching the 'Israel without God'.

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The view from Mt. Forin, 2758 m., was incredible, with a great view of the Trient glacier. Later we camped far below us on the Swiss side leading down to Val Ferret; we had lunch on a sheer slope above it. Lunch was soon over, and so that we could start an energetic and highly mobile walk the next day. After lunch we journeyed through the night. Next morning we got good views of the Jura mountains, and then the Alps. We were dropped off at Le Fayet at lunchtime where we met up with Richard and Duncan, who had come by way of Istanbul and Athens. There followed a short walk to the campsite, made tiring by the hill and the heat. After pitching our tents, a restaurant was sought out; we ate well and retired to bed at 11 p.m.

Thursday 11th

Rose at 8.30 a.m., left campsite at 9.30, walked up the road, joined the T.M.B. at Tresse and walked to Le Constantine. Here food was bought for lunch, supper, breakfast the next day, and for the next 10 days. On the path, we went to the chapel at Notre Dame de la Gorge. We left up the Roman way past the natural bridge and the torrent, which we crossed by a suspension bridge with a tremendous view of Mont Blanc. Then we set a large fire in the middle of the mountains and went on to see the stars, and watched satellites moving N.W. to S.E. Every now and then the sky was illuminated by lightning, which was a brilliant sight. Blagden, the biggest of our party, was feeling a little tense; yet the storm soon blew over, and the Mt. Blanc, Crushers fell into their beauty sleep.

Friday 12th

After a leisurely breakfast, the motley crew walked up our own hill towards the Bonhomme at an altitude of 2377 m. Then after a lunch stop by a picturesque little stream we walked to the Refuge de la Croix du Bonhomme. After a ridge excursion along the GR5 by some of the party, there followed a very steep descent into the valley. We scrambled the delights of the municipal campsite. We found the only restaurant full so we ate ravioli and peaches - delicious. After a walk down the valley we slept off the cold.

Saturday 13th

Last night there was an incredible lightning storm at 2 a.m. The thunder was more a noise than a sound, and the rain was clear again by morning, but the old man in the epicerie was having a lie-in claiming to be resting his warehouse! So we were up at 7 a.m. to take the sun for the three of us and the old man to get dressed. We finally got away leaving the crazy French army truck drivers to get stuck in the mud. At 2.15 p.m. we left Geneva, passing through Chamonix and St. Gervais, and by 5.45 p.m. we were on our way to the valley. By 8 p.m. we were eating trout over a campfire along with pasta and a sauce of tomatoes, peppers, garlic and onions, all very tasty, but none of the party could eat much. We then proceeded down the valley, passing through scenic villages with many old wooden houses. The ascent to Champex took us only 1½ hours (officially 2 hours). At Champex we had a beer, bought supplies and established ourselves at the campsite. We had a splendid meal with large quantities of roast, salad and wine, and retired to bed by 11 p.m.

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At Dover there was the usual routine of off-loading all the big rucksacks from the coach, the men chucking them on to the ground or the conveyor belt. When we had all gone unchallenged through the Green channel and they were stowed on the coach again, there was a long delay because the trailer's brakes were faulty. Eventually the driver just disconnected them, I think. So we only reached Victoria around 1.30 p.m., missing our booked Taunton coach (12.30 departure). Here the party dispersed; four of us caught the 3.30 p.m. coach, and arrived safely in Taunton to be greeted by our respective families at the coach station before 7 p.m.

The T.M.B. is something I will do again, as it is a very valuable experience and a great deal of fun.

A CHAPLAIN'S LOOK AT CHRISTMAS 1987
By A. C. S.

One of the highlights of our expedition to Israel last year was a brief visit to Bethlehem. As time goes by, memory inevitably fades, but a lasting impression remains of a fascinating Crusader church with beams of English oak donated by Edward IV, a grotto with a silver star marking the exact spot where Christ was born and a grotesque plastic doll which represented the Christ Child. Not quite in the English tradition of carols and manger scenes, it was not the typical image that comes to mind when thinking of Christmas. So long as he is such a toy, meek, mild, pastel-coloured with china-blue eyes, he can keep the children peaceful. But he must not be confused with adult pastimes or be remotely connected with the young Israeli soldiers in Manger Square, nervously lingering on the doormats, or the Palestinian women we saw later on in Nablus, lining up to take food to their husbands and sons in prison.

Back in Somerset, the plastic doll certainly dominated the commercial Christmas hard sell bonanza in Taunton, along with Santa Claus and the reindeer. The Christmas lights went up immediately after the Carnival in mid-October. Streamlined carols were systematically piped through the large stores, the Old Market Centre was fully decorated with fairies with animated wings, and the Mayor celebrated the concrete toads' fifth birthday by sharing a huge cake with the 'festive shoppers', as a local paper called them.

Happily though, we began to get some glimpses of a true Christmas as the King's term came to its close. The moving King's Hall Nativity play in the Chapel, followed by the traditional Nine Lessons and Carols seemed to speak of the absolute simplicity yet profound mystery of God becoming man.

Then to Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, in Kingston St. Mary church at the foot of the Quantocks. There can be nothing quite like the well-ordered dignity and magic of an English village church on Christmas Eve, with its flickering candlelight and feeling of continuity with past generations. Despite all its problems in 1987, and all its failings, it would be impossible to replace the Church of England's role in our national heritage, and its deep rooted rural spirituality seen at its best in services like these.

The following morning we celebrated Christmas in the College Chapel. The place was alive with young children, and we began the service by gathering round for the blessing of the new crib given in memory of Stephen Harris. The creator of the crib figures, had produced a truly life-like Christ Child with an adoring mother yet one who looked as though she had covered those weary miles from Nazareth with the sturdy and dependable Joseph at her side.

But, despite the passing of the twenty-fifth of December, Christmas, for some of us, was by no means over. On touching down at Moscow airport soon after New Year's Day, we soon realised we had left the consumer society far behind, although passing down Gorky Street...
Ypres Trip

Group at Bredene, Belgium

Tour Cot Gravestones

On route through WWI battlefields

Biology Department trip to Colonsay

Kiloran Bay, Colonsay

Sampling, exposed shore

Fulmar
it was a bit disconcerting to behold a huge 'dear old Santa'... Oh no!', the guide reassured us. 'That's dear old Father Frost'.

Dostoevsky wrote that 'revolution must necessarily begin with atheism', and certainly old Father Lenin, if not old Father Frost, seemed to overshadow everything. As I watched the hushed crowds queuing up for hours to file past his corpse, I imagined that this was the way mediaeval Christians filed past the bones of Thomas a Becket. Had the communist scythes melted down the Russian Christian tradition? The answer came quite clearly a few days later in Leningrad Cathedral, when we attended the evening Orthodox Liturgy on the Seventh of January which is Christmas Day according to the old Eastern Calendar. The earliest Russian chronicle tells a story of how Vladimir, grand prince of all Russia, in 988 A.D., sent out envoys to report on the different religions. They saw Christianity in Germany and found it unimpressive. They decided that Judaism would not suit the people. On Islam, Vladimir cut them short when they came to Mahomet's view on alcohol. 'It is the Russian's joy to drink', he said 'this we cannot forget'. But the envoys who had been to the great church of Hagia Sophia in Constantinople left him in no doubt. 'They led us to buildings where they worship their God and we knew not whether we were in heaven or on earth'.

So there we were, one thousand years after Vladimir, sharing the timeless Christmas Orthodox liturgy with the marvellous and sonorous voices of the golden-robed priests and bishop, the newly baptised children lifted up to kiss the icons, and the wrinkled, expressive faces of old women illuminated by hundreds of candles. I concluded that here too was hope. Despite seventy years of triumphant atheism, the light still shines in the darkness just as it does in England.

All these events have made me reflect again on the mystery of Bethlehem, and the picture of God revealing himself through the extreme weakness and dependence of a real human baby, which has allowed us to see our own weaknesses and that of the helpless and needy everywhere. Images flood back of the Russian baby being lifted up to the icon of the Virgin and Child: our own children gathered round the Christmas tree; the young Israeli clutching the security of his gun; the Taunton couples buying, buying Christmas gifts with credit cards; the drunk with the knife on King's Cross Station before the police dog cornered him; the dignified faces at the village Midnight Mass and the faces of the handicapped folk in their wheelchairs drinking in the atmosphere of the Nine Lessons and Carols; lastly, but perhaps most importantly, the pleasure and joy of being reunited with family and friends; and in all those many images just perhaps a fleeting glimpse of the consuming love of God for his world, good and bad, and a fresh insight into why he sent his son.

Light looked down and beheld Darkness.
'Thither will I go', said Light.
Peace looked down and beheld War.
'Thither will I go', said Peace.
Love looked down and beheld Hatred.
'Thither will I go', said Love.

Light came and shone.
So came Peace and gave Rest.
So came Love and brought Life.
And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.
8 a.m. — ‘Beep beep’ ‘Beep beep’ ‘Eugh!’ I roll over in bed and hit my head on the wooden cabinet. ‘Ow!’ The alarm clock retreats to the floor after my first frenzied offensive to silence ‘Beep beep’! It protests. I am forced to leave the comfort of my bed to retrieve it. It’s freezing cold, and the relief of the clock being switched off scarcely makes up for the shock of at least half waking up so quickly.

Time for coffee. The kettle is empty, and a long journey down the corridor to find a tap in a pair of boxes, one with its handle in position, appears to have taken rather a pre-eminent position here. The main difficulty is using an aerosol, which serves as the final stage of waking up.

Then I have to dress. This is more difficult than washing, and quite often I forget. It being a weekday, appears to have taken rather a pre-eminent position here. The main difficulty is using an aerosol, which serves as the final stage of waking up.

Now, for once, I sit down to some work. I finish the first draft of an essay, and throw roughly fifteen sheets of notes and first draft writing on alternate lines, and on one side of paper only in the bin, which I decide, since it is 3.45 pm, is a little too early for my life, to take a closer look at, later in the day.

9 p.m. — It had a good day. The contents two plastic carrier bags, an empty deodorant can, a tube of toothpaste, with the empty box of its successor, two coffee filters and a couple of tea-bags, two milk cartons, another twenty odd sheets of books, a few business cards, an empty ink cartridge and a dead Bic biro, the letter bag, an empty coke bottle and a coffee-car.

So when? A bin in a large, now almost reached the semi-conscious stage. There are only two slices of bread left, so the plastic bag joins a Sainsbury’s bag and fax cartoon, which appears to have taken rather a pre-eminent position here. The main difficulty is using an aerosol, which serves as the final stage of waking up.

The coffee is ready – I add an empty cardboard milk carton and coffee filter into the contents of the bin.

While the coffee cools, and the toast is reduced to a state of nobility, sogginess, I wash. This is an experience which happens to me fairly frequently, and I am capable of doing it before my first coffee. It involves a large number of plastic tubes from cardboard boxes, which I throw in the bin in almost exactly regular intervals.

Dear diary writing! Why come up now? Who is the audience? How come that ‘green’ policies attract votes then they will not. It is one of the cleanest and most efficient ways of making electricity.

3.5% of answers to the question ‘Should there be restrictions on dumping effluents by chemical firms?’ were positive, the most overwhelming agreement revealed by the contributors to the survey, for any question.

Three questions were asked that seem very close to home: do you colourless glass and return it to bottlebanks, use unleaded petrol, use recycled paper?

The response to these on the whole was negative – the highest percentage was for collecting glass – only 50%. This shows that people are keen to show their support for the environment but their contributions do not match this support. Many people had not heard of recycled paper products. In fact, we only know of one source which markets any real range of recycled paper products. Tradecraft do produce writing pads and drawing paper of qualities varying from fairly poor to very high, notepads and, yes, toilet paper.

When asked about their worries for the state of the environment today, 75% claimed to be concerned, particularly about deforestation. The greenhouse effect, effluent pollution and ozone layer. Yet this concern for the ozone layer may not actually be taken as seriously as it was stated. When the participants were asked if they would use aerosol deodorants, the proportion of yeses to nones was 58%.

Very few people said that they saw electricity for environmental reasons, 59% said that they used rechargeable batteries.

The question of taking part in a system to recycle paper within the School was welcomed by 85% of the participants in the survey.

Berlin Camp 1988

by M.R.L. Berthon

This Summer the annual CCF camp was hosted by 29th Vigneh Regiment – stationed with the British Forces HQ in Berlin. As well as the challenging military training the camp also gave us a chance to see the spectacular city of Berlin in its cultural sights, its peaceful political situation and its hard nightlife (well, so they tell me). West Berlin lies on an island surrounded by communist East Germany. To reach Berlin we travelled on the British military train which carries British Servicemen through East Germany. The train is led by armed guards and is rhythmically and searched by the East Germans. We were given a leaflet pointing out the sights of East Germany, here a concealed tank regiment, there a prison for dissidents etc. etc. We passed through the “Berlin wall” into West Berlin and once again the train was stopped and searched.
Our first day was spent on the ranges at Rhuleben in the British sector. We fired SLRs, SA80s, and 84mm anti-tank simulators. We were also drilled on the SMG, GPMG and Browning pistol.

The next highlight of the camp was a parade with the Regimental Sergeant Major of the 1st King's Regiment. The RSM was a delightful chap — just like the stereotype Sergeant Majors you see on TV. His temperament was most three seconds before the RSM noticed a speck of abuse. First to go was Toby Thompson who lasted all the RSM decided he didn't like the look of. Anyone who made the slightest mistake was his speciality, and he was clearly enjoying himself.

The RSM was a delightful chap — just like the stereotype Sergeant Majors you see on TV. His temperament was

To visit East Berlin we crossed "Checkpoint Charlie." The next highlight of the camp was a parade with the Regimental Sergeant Major of the 1st King's Regiment. The RSM was a delightful chap — just like the stereotype Sergeant Majors you see on TV. His temperament was

The next highlight of the camp was a parade with the Regimental Sergeant Major of the 1st King's Regiment. The RSM was a delightful chap — just like the stereotype Sergeant Majors you see on TV. His temperament was
The Chamber Concert – Friday 21 October 1988
by C.G.P.

Conductor: Richard Yates
Orchestra: Graham Sin/Mon (Leader)

It was, to all intents and purposes, a chamber concert, but it departed markedly from the norms one would usually associate with chamber music. There was a conductor throughout and the music was performed in the College Chapel, scarcely a room, more of a hall. The orchestra would therefore need to strive hard for that element of intimacy which is crucial to the genre.

The choice of solos for trombone and guitar meant that careful attention to balance was a must if soloist or orchestra were to avoid being overpowered. One appreciated therefore the efforts of Richard Yates and his players to produce homogeneity of sound to a common end.

Handel’s Concerto in F Minor, originally for oboe, provided Nick Puntin with a chance to demonstrate the high calibre of his trombone playing. With a large-bore symphonic trombone in a warm but dry acoustic he controlled the first, slow movement expertly, bringing a round mellow tone to the languid style of the music. Michael Hampton’s organ accompaniment and Tim Pugh’s cello work allowed him to support the sound and the audience visibly relaxed and enjoyed the quality playing. The second movement suffered a little from the success of the first, with some rapid slide work not quite synchronising with the tongue and a rather muffled sound resulted; the soloist rescued this with a firm and positive second half of the movement.

Technically the very short slow third movement demanded the most control, legato tonguing, correct intonation and breath support in the high register. The trombone sang. It is often said that this instrument has the ability to imitate the human voice; here was like witnessing high quality tenor singing. The final movement was a flourish. There was a much better demonstration of articulation in the semiquaver passages, and a very full sound was obtained by the orchestra. If performing music is about building a rapport with the listener, this was a performance.

There followed a piece – ‘Suite for the Fourth’ – for string orchestra by M. Ross. It was rather like one of those non-descript, irrelevant efforts written for what you know is a dreadful school orchestra. Loud scraping, clever harmonies sounding like wrong notes have been written in, and the compulsory peculiar pizzicato movement. It was played with more panache and accuracy than it deserved and its redeeming quality was that it allowed us to focus our attention, albeit temporarily, on the strings.

Feroze Pomeroy chose to play that most famous of guitar concertos by Vivaldi. If you did not know it by name you did when you heard it. Not only that, but he recited it – a brave man. From the opening bars, orchestra and guitarist held the audience captivated. Always echoed tidily by a well-positioned distant harpsichord, the playing of the guitarist was poised and deliberate in slow passages and relaxed and lyrical in the faster sections. Only at one stage did fingers not quite hit strings as intended, but once back in his stride he played assured, with confidence.

The second movement is one of those magical pieces of music which has soul. Andrés Segovia once said that ‘the guitar speaks directly to your heart with quite simplicity.’ You knew what he meant. Feroze gave every note of the slow dotted rhythm character and value and milked emotion while performing with dignity and control. The final movement was dominated by ensemble playing which had a vitality which pushed merrily and inevitably to the end. More well-deserved applause.

That was that. It basically amounted to concertos for two vastly different instruments with an intercalated string piece of dubious worth. No Michael Dyer concert-guitar was ever allowed to escape lightly, though. There is always more.

The first encore, a trio for trumpet, horn and trombone, involved Richard Yeates and Colin Paton in the World Premier of Rachid Yemel’s Brass Monkeys. Believed to be a series of caricatures based on the composer’s three children. Three short pieces, these, of a certain technical difficulty, requiring individual security and ability, and powerful dynamic contrast now standing some clashing changes of registra. The Monkeys were successful because they are good to play on the horn, and can show an insight in their composition which deems them not entirely unmusical.

The final encore, as ever, was on a jovial note – John ‘Jopps’ ‘Easy winners’ needs no commentary save to say that it epitomised the obvious pleasure with which the music throughout the evening was performed by the Chamber Orchestra. The hard work now goes almost without saying. So does the quality of the performance.

Interview with VI 1 Girls
by Alison Hutchings and Caitlin Noble

1. Does King’s live up to your expectations?
   Yes and no. The people were very friendly and helped us to settle in quickly, but it was obvious that we were the new gals. Breakfast on the first morning was terrible, it felt as if everyone was on us... They were.

2. Did the boys help you to settle in?
   Some were really nice and made an effort. Others were a bit standoffish and slightly chauvinistic. After the first Saturday evening things became more relaxed.

3. Do you think the beer bar is a good idea?
   Yes, it’s a brilliant idea. It’s a great place to go and have a chat and meet up with your friends. It was off at the beginning of the last week of term to sing evensong in Salisbury Cathedral, where a congregation of around 150 heard a recently discovered motet by Herbert Howells, ‘Salve Regina’. In B minor and Parry’s ‘I was glad’. The final movement was a flourish.

4. Do you think the facilities are good?
   Yes, squash is fun and relaxed but hockey is a bit tough. We never realised how much we enjoyed it when we were! We are looking forward to playing tennis in the summer and using the pool... of course waiting for someone to swim is much more fun!

5. How was the VI 1 girls’ team?
   Most were friendly. Some just kept away, but they were helpful... I thought it was a good idea.

6. Will you miss your friends at VI 1?
   No. Everyone has been pretty good so far! The lessons are enjoyable, the atmosphere is good and we’re glad to be here.
Secrets from the diaries of the Amazon mercenaries
compiled by Anton Turner

You’ve heard the rumours! Seen the film! Counted the oceans! Now, please extinguish all cigarettes, ensure your seatback is in the upright position, and fasten your seatbelt. For the Truth...

On July 10th 1988 ten volunteers boarded a B.A. Boeing 747 for Caracas, Venezuela. 12 days later the same volunteers boarded another B.A. 747, only this time in Rio de Janeiro, and returned to the U.K. But how had they reached Rio? Where had they been? What had they been doing for 6 weeks? Who was ‘Rosemary the Stripper’? Did Rob Jury get mauled by an anteater or was it an inconspicuous monkey? Did J.C.B. go native yet again and did M.L.B. join him; and did ‘Jungle Jim’ the near naked Californian join them? Was Rob arrested? Was ‘Lopez’ to blame? And finally, who on earth is ‘Jefe’?

Now after months of extensive research and relaxation, and with great risk to themselves, and others, they’re willing to reveal all.

FIRST FULL DAY
Having spent the first night on the Caribbean coast... J.C.B. and I took our ladies in a local mini bus to Caracas. The city has a population of nearly five million and lies 1,000 metres above the coastal towns from which it is separated by Mount Avila. Its setting is most impressive - spread 15 kilometres along a narrow valley with steep slopes rising to the north and south. Approaching up the magnificently engineered dual carriageway from the coast, the first impressions were of thousands of simple brick dwellings which have replaced the original shanties. In contrast the central area of this unplanned disjointed city, has many large modern buildings, beautiful parks and one of the most advanced underground metro systems in the world. Caracas is not geared to the pedestrian and consequently it suffers from horrendous traffic jams...

Andre Mortimer (Ex-Carpenter) lives in the city and kindly offered to show us around. Transferring from our minibus, J.C.B. and I scrambled into the back of Andre’s pickup. We created quite a stir simply by sitting in the open truck as we toured the capital - not to mention the sensation when we opened up our brollies to keep off a tropical downpour. Later we picked up Andre’s brother Mark (also Ex-Carpenter) at their exclusive Sports Club which boasts one of the only hockey pitches in the country. From the back of the pickup, the panorama of twinkling lights of the city will be a lasting memory as we descended back to Macuto to see what the lads had been getting up to...

Well indeed, what were the lads doing? ‘Hit those famous beaches [playas] for acclimatisation’ Dave, Rob, Joe and I located a spot on the beach outside the hotel and near to three beautiful Venezuelan girls (chicas) as coincidence would have it... “Dave hit on the idea of asking them for some suntan oil. It worked, with the help of a translator and a phrase book... with a handful of women we set about our day of acclimatisation - swimming, listening to the transistor radio, tanning ourselves, learning Spanish and getting a few interesting photographs for the scrap book...”

INTO THE INTERIOR
The party, equipped with the odd ounce of knowledge (about South America), the odd word of Spanish and the important fact that ‘Jefe’ (our J.L.A. tour leader) had once been a librarian - ventured South by bus to Cuidad Bolivar, a journey of 350 miles.

Cuidad Bolivar, named after Simon Bolivar, like everything else in Venezuela, proved to be an old colonial town on the banks of the River Orinoco. Avenues of mango trees, which were in season, provided a useful snack while sitting by the riverfront watching the world go by (the riverside was the commercial centre of the town). To reach our first key destination we had to catch a plane to the airstrip at Canaima, but this was not without its problems...

...we flew low over the dense jungle below. Unfortunately it was too cloudy to see anything much. It wasn’t long before we began to realise the reasons behind our late departure, which was that the plane was reaching its maximum weight and the load was causing the plane to pitch and shudder. After some time and considerable sweating the plane turned back to Cuidad Bolivar, having failed to find the elusive airstrip... disembarked and sat in the restaurant... if you can call it that for a long three hours before being allowed back on the plane. Guy was worried as to why the plane was now only half full. An American air hostess reassuringly explained how a Geona that had set off after us, and continuing rather than return had crashed, killing all six passengers with just one little baby surviving. This fact had obviously deterred the other travellers from resuming their flight. However, the pilot was, obviously, not disenchanted as he took off skimming the trees a second time. The flight was much...
New settlers unload their possessions along the trans-Amazonica highway.

Waiting for a bus at Altamira.

Air-taxi to Serra Pelada.

Nick takes over the controls.
Gold Prospector outside the main hotel in the centre of Serra Pelada

Foreigners work the '800s diggings at Céu de São José, Brazil's largest gold rush frontier

Guido pans for gold

The four apostles guard the entrance to the cathedral
The Iguazu Falls

Morning haze over Rio de Janeiro from Corcovado Mountain

The Sugar Leaf and Flamengo Bay

Group photo at Iguazu with the Argentine falls in the background

Cable car up the Sugar Leaf with Copacabana Beach in the background
Sports Day

Ben Most wins the 1500 m

N. Wood wins 800 m

1st VI Tennis Team

S. L. wins winner of Giles Cooper Singles Trophy

P. Rock

A. D. Williams

C. Li and K. Shum
DESTINATION ANGEL FALLS

The Angel Falls was discovered in 1937, by a 'mad dog - hot dog' pilot called Jimmy Angel. He was in a smoother, less cloudy atmosphere when he shot the rapids. Recent rains had made the river swollen and stronger and we nearly sank. I remember sitting at the back of the caravan and a flood of water streaming a foot high over my lap. The wall of the water hit me, throwing me back into the luggage. I managed to regain control and the boatmen got the craft back to the bank. We had to trek on foot around the rapids, as the boat lacked power when fully laden.

We branched off the Rio Carrao up a smaller tributary. We stopped for lunch on a shingle island... while Oscar played hostess, I went for a swim in the river, which I was assured had no piranhas, electric eels, or any other creatures of the deep...

The boat-man didn’t want to continue as he was afraid that the canoe wouldn’t survive the larger rapids that lay ahead... Oscar managed to negotiate our transfer to a higher powered currara which we met coming downstream.

To get a glimpse of the Falls from the river greatly depends on the weather in the area.

Canaima, an up-market Latin American Badlands accessible only by air, was to serve as the base camp for our Angel Falls expedition.

At 6 a.m. that Friday morning of the 15th July 1988, we assembled at a prearranged area in anticipation of a two day expedition by curraras (motorised river canoe) to the base of the Falls.

Oscar, a squat, plump Amerindian was to be our guide. He led us to the curraras which we took an hour to load. J.G.B. performed a little ‘merengue’ (Venezuelan equivalent of Brazilian Samba) with Annette. The crew consisted of Oscar, a boatman at the stern and a boy-paddle in hand, at the front, to guide us through the rocks.

Once underway, coffee and arepas (maize cakes - staple diet of the peasant Venezuelan) were served by Oscar. The sun rose in the sky and the weather cleared to show the immense beauty of the country which inspired Conan Doyle to write his book ‘The Lost World’.

Tepuys springing up at regular intervals towards the distance, and below in sheer valleys hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls. Waterfalls, blasting out of the rock faces, drove down on the rainforest hung a suspension of mist slowly creeping and disappearing from its nocturnal walls.

The great cause of cheering was the rapids... took to sunbathing on the luggage except for one just ran around swapping cameras. shouting, ‘take one of me... be sure to get me and the top of the falls in it’... names of previous beholders engraved in the untouched area... arrived back at camp to find Oscar tending to a hoard of skewered chickens, slowly roasting on the fire. To fight back the hunger, went for a swim and washed some clothes... the tea was coloured water, from the rotting vegetation, proved refreshing and stayed the hunger pangs at supper are loads of chicken and smashed spud under a tin roof! Went to
bed in my hammock and that night a tropical storm hit the area. Next morning I arose early to go for a swim, stumbling out of my hammock, I noticed a Venezuelan lady doctor, who was with us, was leaving the hammock of our American guide. I smiled and said, “Good Morning” (Ohla come esta tu?). She just went red and creep away to her own bed. I went for a walk to the river which had risen three feet due to the over night rain, this was not how they managed in a hammock.

By 7 a.m. after a video session which documented the falls and a few other interesting individual things, we were under way and bound back for Canaima, but Rob had made it possible to add his little scenario to the adventure.

...on the return journey I caught food poisoning and so I don’t really remember much, except the water, and Anthony very quietly steering the canoe — which made me feel even worse... collapsing while trekking around the major rapids, the creeping heat adding to my condition. One of our guides, Dave, Nick and myself to the canoe for the final leg home... back at camp I was carried to the local doctor’s (more like a witch doctor’s) and apart from an injection in a very painful region, I was left to suffer on my own.

Canaima for the rest of our stay produced some amusing incidents...

In an stupendous flip off my life jacket, throw my assisting out and make a sign to the boatman that I am going overboard. He cries: “No, no, Senor”’ To this I reply “Swim”. About 30 minutes later, Guru, the Anglo-Brazilian, says to me “I’m sorry, I don’t worry folks, I’ll save him”, flips off his life jacket (which had been used for Bill and Ben the flowerpot men impressions) and dives in with true Hollywood epic style — current proved to be very strong and took me 15 minutes to get to the shore. Meanwhile Nick had also exhausted the beach to shouts of disbelief from Nick and Lopez the camping crew... Lopez told us a story about his time in the jungle, how he had walked up the river, on the shore with a human foot in its mouth only three weeks earlier... we gulped and returned to inspect Nick’s new friend, an iguana which he had momentous... and dives in with true Hollywood epic style — current proved to be very strong and took me 15 minutes to get to the shore. Meanwhile Nick had also exhausted the beach to shouts of disbelief from Nick and Lopez the camping crew... Lopez told us a story about his time in the jungle, how he had walked up the river, on the shore with a human foot in its mouth only three weeks earlier... we gulped and returned to inspect Nick’s new friend, an iguana which he had momentous... and dives in with true Hollywood epic style

FOZ DO IGUACU

While the Angel Falls provided some of the best moments of the trip, the atmosphere was to be recreated several weeks later by thousands of miles further south on Brazil’s border with Paraguay and Argentina. Accompanied by friends who had flown up from Buenos Aires, we took the public bus from the town to the Iguacu reception centre. Shown publicity film on the construction of the dam, then taken on rather hurried conducted bus tour. The great competition and the odd war resulted between rival factions until we had to leave Canaima. At the border, we took the public bus from the town to the airport. On the return journey I caught food poisoning and so I don’t really remember much, except the water, and Anthony very quietly steering the canoe — which made me feel even worse... collapsing while trekking around the major rapids, the creeping heat adding to my condition. One of our guides, Dave, Nick and myself to the canoe for the final leg home... back at camp I was carried to the local doctor’s (more like a witch doctor’s) and apart from an injection in a very painful region, I was left to suffer on my own.

CARACA ISLAND

Maraca is an island twice the size of the Isle of Wight on the Rio Uracoera. An ecological reserve run by the Brazilian authority S.E.M.A. of which Doctor Guttenberg is Administrator. A joint Anglo-Brazilian expedition had ended six months earlier involving the Royal Geographical Society, led by Doctor John Hemmings and 160 scientists. Their task was to catalogue the plants and animals of the rainforest. Its permanent inhabitant nearing extinction was the Fell’s parakeet. The expedition had numbered just two families. Through the R.G.S. and the Brazilians’ cooperation we were allowed to stay for three days as long as the scientists stayed on, and we were allowed to cook, fishing and getting a close insight into the rainforest – its plants and animals – on jungle tours led by Geomega, the local guide, who was in charge of data gathering when the scientists were away, and in maintaining the general appearance of the forest.

The truck journey to Maraca was short compared to others. With seven in the back of the pickup, eleven rucksacks, day bags and supplies, it was quite squashed. However, seeing several antelopes and the odd downpour took our minds off the discomfort... on arriving on the southern lying, we followed the river until the tracks stopped, turned westwards towards the point. We followed— machetes drawn! We opened into a clearing and the sound had stopped (a low grunting noise). He pointed and I looked expecting to see the legendary Katcharda. I had seen about 100 in total and Geomega with his welly boots, panga and umbrella and notebook tucked under his arm, pointed with a huge grin.

Geomega pointed out the track and drew his machete and started hacking in towards the point. We followed — machetes drawn! We opened into a clearing and the sound had stopped (a low grunting noise). He pointed and I looked expecting to see the legendary Katcharda. I had seen about 100 in total and Geomega with his welly boots, panga and umbrella and notebook tucked under his arm, pointed with a huge grin.

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On returning to the centre of Manaus by local bus, we booked three cabins, inspected the facilities and boarded it whenever we wanted. The following hour was spent exploring the fish markets which were fully stocked with a great variety of small fish which convert daily from settlements along the numerous tributaries.

A STRING OF CITIES

Santarém nestled by the blue Rio Tapajós, halfway between Manaus and Belém which at this point mark the mouth of the Amazon. Here we had an interesting mini-expedition...

The best collection of Amazonian animals, we were told, could be found in the military zoo. The best collection of Amazonian animals, we were told, could be found in the military zoo. The best collection of Amazonian animals, we were told, could be found in the military zoo.

...in Rob jutys ear!

THREE CAPITALS

Brazil, the political capital, is a city all planned in super blocks, commercial sectors, and hotel sectors. Each with space allocated for expansion. It is a tour of the sights and famous architecture of Oscar Niemeyer who designed most of the major buildings.

The gold mining boom town which gained publicity as a result of the constant barefoot insecurity. String on a bench in the square, it is impossible to visualise that the city is surrounded by a thousand miles of jungle.

In life. He started by learning English. He explained, in poor English, the corruption in Government and his life style... ten days until we were to return to our comforts in England... he returned to his shack on the hill.

Where their influence has reached, the Europeans have given precious little to the Indians but disease, loneliness, the European way of life, and misinterpretations of their lands, their traditions, their ancient life-styles and, perhaps, worst of all, their dignity.

From Belem onwards, we took to flying. The first flight took us to Brasilia.

In the last century an Italian priest, Dom Bosco, had a vision of a new city situated by an artificial lake on the same latitude on which Brasilia now stands.

In 1956, on a previously uninhabited plateau, the President of Brazil, Getúlio Vargas, also envisaged a city of 500,000. By 1969, the most spectacular federal buildings including the Plaza of the Three Rivers had been erected, and the capital which had been at Rio since 1763 was transferred to Brasilia. This new capital is more central in relation to the enormous size of Brazil... part of a grand design to open up and develop the interior.

MENORIES OF TRAVELLING OVERLAND

Between Caracas and Rio we had used a variety of public transport. Venezuelan buses were the most uncomfortable but the Brazilian trains were literally trying to get a last minute tan before the journey home. The statue of Jesus Christ Redeemer (Corcovado), the highest sculpture in the world, arms open wide is the local joke. Brasilians say that when Brazil pays off its currently huge debt, then the government will give the "Redeemer" wall come together to give a load clapping.
Love to survive  
by Caitlin Noble (V12)

A Plant, solitude standing,  
Groves for support,  
Its situation precarious; its roots hanging  
The wind blows. It is hailing.  
The petals contort.  
The winds of change head west  
Despersal is set for sea  
The pods rupture.  
The fruits of flower set forth,  
Their destination North.  

White sand glaciers,  
Nectar leaves.  
Minute seeds from some  
Eat away place,  
Land, scatter in the evening breeze.  

A turtle, free from its burden of eggs,  
Seamstresses to reach the ebbing tide.  
Frantic, flow marks exit  
The gleaming sands  
Symmetrical furrows scar the beach.  

The new day dawns.  
The fruits of flower  
Lie sheltered. Undercover.  
The turtles' furrow  
Protect them 'till tomorrow.  

The morning sun glares.  
Infantile, helpless turtles flee  
For the protection of open waters.  
The mother turtle, free from the  
Knowledge of her sons and daughters,  
Swims in more secure, deeper waters.  
The beach is a series of open shores.  

In the evening rain  
The seeds begin their reign.  
Oblivious to the day's slaughter  
They soak in the oncoming water.  

During the successive days  
The bowing sea grasses  
Pick off the last few remaining.  
It is all nature's game.  

Pushing through silica granules  
A slender root is established.  
Nature's mission is accomplished.  

The weeks go by.  
The birds of death still fly.  
But today the beach has a newcomer:  
A flower radiates in full splendour  

Against all odds  
This will be the beach  
Where our love will flourish  
And continue to nourish.
Why do I play so many younger players? Well, just because ability, technique, attitude and experience are all so important. This year saw the seniors of the team offer to play to the best of their ability. Van vyver, the first eleven opening bowler and regular number eleven batsman, provided the backbone of the side. Drapped to the second eleven, he celebrated by hitting the Blundells’ bowling so far every pitch in a fine innings of 53 runs. The bowling relied heavily on Scott, Millhouse (until injured) and Chubb, withDarston and Keyte providing useful back up. Mostly, the captain was never slow to take due credit. The team enjoyed the season, and the atmosphere was always looked keen in the field. The team was really like. Wood and Ferguson were our openers bowlers and at times proved successful. Hawkins and Smith assumed the roles of opening batsmen but never managed to remain at the crease for long. Joyce and White contributed the team during practices with their catching and fielding efforts. During matches Bowden seemed totally incapable of catching or stopping a ball, and Cracknell and Pickford were always ready to give criticism and advice. Hayward completed the team, and placed drop, from where he advised me through more dark days.

Thanks must go to the Bishop Fox House league team, who joined us when we couldn’t form an eleven for practices, and also to our persistent coach, Mr. Paton. Maybe next year?

Senior Colts XI by R.A.C.

When the 1st XI Coach pursued in traditional manner the selection of the better younger players, it left this team bereft of its genuine cricketers. The real effect this had was certainly profound in terms of performance, yet, fortunately it had no such reaction on team morale and enthusiasm for the game.

Reeks, the gum-chewing, cap-at-an-angle style of the Wesley College side from Western Australia.

The captaincy and a pair of wicket gloves were handed to me at the same time. I managed 14 runs and 3 Golden ducks, and now having confessed to my disabilities I can honestly say what the remainder of the team was really like. Wood and Ferguson were our opening bowlers, and at times proved successful. Hawkins and Smith assumed the roles of opening batsmen but never managed to remain at the crease for long. Joyce and White contributed the team during practices with their catching and fielding efforts. During matches Bowden seemed totally incapable of catching or stopping a ball, and Cracknell and Pickford were always ready to give criticism and advice. Hayward completed the team, and placed drop, from where he advised me through more dark days.

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eccentric decisions. If he has a fault it is that he actually lacks self-confidence beneath that veneer of toughness. Hamlin, the wicket-keeper, was full of playful gestures—diving down leg stump (and usually appealing), running Hopkins out the next and, more often, playing and missing the straight ones! But a good man to have in the team. Then there was Hopkins, the sultry, moody player with the swinging bat. When he made contact he produced some great cricket, and considerable leadership from the captain, Cashell, and with Hill taking 5–41 took Millfield to 182 for 9. Chasing 182 against Bruton, a proper platform was mounted before the final assault took us to 174 for 4, with Lacy-Smith in his last game for us scoring 66 not out, and Reccoullass a strong 69.

With Reccoullass out for the Allhallows game, Pig found himself in the unusual position of opening the bowling, and promptly showed everyone what an easy game he was only taking on until his first two overs, finishing on 4–15. He continued his run of success against Sherborne, with a wicket in his second over. Becconsall was back, but as opening bowler, opening batsman and captain Cashell. With only Hill to call on in support, Becconsall bowled unchanged for 9 overs and finished with a magnificent 7–61. Not satisfied with this, he tore through the innings in a 20-over unbroken spell, and with Hill a convincing 29 led the side to its third victory. And against Monmouth Rainey scored 56 not out against an easy occupation, and was well-supported at the end of the innings by Farley with 24.

There were many areas of progress: Barry tightened his defence considerably, and became a significantly more powerful batsman. Cashell still goes got a good sight of the ball, but knows what he is trying to achieve, andcaptained impeccably throughout two-hour innings. He did both in batting, and wicket-keeping; Hill straightened up his bowling, and found both rhythm and accuracy in his bowling. Becconsall, as a rule, will be a familiar sight for oppositions over the next three years, and Rainey, Cash, Mar, Pip and Farley all gave great performances. In these areas of difficulty. Only Scott perhaps found it difficult to be- lieve that slow left-armers bowled with a high straight arm, despite much coaching, opposition coaches throughout the circuit, and video evidence to show that they were doing it properly.

Under 14 Cricket by P.A.D.

First impressions of this side were that it would have competence, and head reasonably tidily if not very pertinaciously. By the time the less than fearsome pace of David Wrouth had demolished Wellington and Queen's I began to wonder if I was under-estimating the potential of this team. I wasn't. In fact the opposite was probably true one and there were times when their players put on a disappointing display. The batting rarely looked very secure although Matthew Coley scored over 300 runs, an excellent effort at this level, and good innings were played by Jason Cann, Michael Pennington and Mark Prodrick. One or two of the side had a sound technique but too many of them had the problems so common in our batting these days, of static feet and playing across the line, so that long innings were really a matter of luck rather than judgement. It has to be said that a number of the wickets we played on both home and away were not very helpful to boys attempting to play the game properly.

Apart from David Wrouth, whose enthusiasm was admirable and who always gave his best, the bowlers were a mixed bunch. Jason Cann changed in and bowled a fair variety of line, length and direction. He usually had a reason for this and it was normally one the rest of us found hard to understand. The best thing he could learn, if indeed he is prepared to learn, is that good bowlers develop a basic stock approach and stock ball which they then vary. Too much variation and a lack of control are not likely to lead to success in the future. Richard Stace adopts the Proctor 'wrong foot' delivery style and bowled fairly economically although he didn't take as many wickets as he would have liked. He would have been successful in the future as, in many ways he has a better rhythm and technique than the others. Matthew Coley, when he wasn't keeping wicket made bowling look a much easier occupation than most. His approach to the wicket is releases and easy and on the whole he bowled very straight.

Along with Cann and Wrouth, he took over 20 wickets. The only slow bowler used regularly was James Prodrick and he is another one of the side who hadn't yet developed a good enough approach to the wicket to enable him to bowl consistently. He also needed a little more to develop his medium pace if he is to be more successful.

Matthew Coley is inherently a sensible and reasonable all-though I would have liked him to be more of an authoritative at times on the field. The fielding of this side was not as good as it could be, and one or two of the side missed a lot of catches. Grahame would have benefitted from a more vigorous brand of leadership. I would not, however, want to be too critical of Mar because he did a phenomenally difficult job with intelligence and determination and I congratulate him on his own splendid performances. One last comment about this side. On the whole the bowlers medium pace if he is to be more successful.

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Athletics Report by R.L.E.

Everyone expects me to comment on the weather - well, it was grand. The in-tailors to the participants in the sport merely wish to check on the likelihood of rain and the need to suffer a judicious malfunction that will allow a graceful withdrawal. It will not come as a surprise that I therefore predict blue skies (but neglect to qualify that as sunny or falling water) for every match. The gods of 1988 were on our side and we were remarkably lucky - but tapped a certain 'dome' just to be sure. Will allow a graceful withdrawal. It will not come as a surprise that I believe it, organising a county or club team for men is perhaps a prerequisite. Whenever men's athletes laid hands on a baton they seemed to win life to good effect at 4 x 100 and 4 x 400 but the Senior combination of Reid, Parry, Latchford and friends was lethal, hacking over 2 seconds on the School record and going inside the men's record at the County A.A.T. Championships (with Watson). Further wins came from the Junior 4 x 100 Relay, Parry in the 110 Hurdles, Watson in the 400 Hurdles and Duke in the 800 m. There were also thirty personal bests, all contributing to second place in the team championship (far bigger Yeovil).

The House competitions on Sports Day could have been an antithesis, the scoring system relying on the depth of talent in all houses, forcing Bishop Fox Senior and King Alfred (Intermediate) to the front. Watson then collected the Miles Cup, lifting off Garner, Bishop Fox and Perratt's whilst individual Vic to Laidler awards were given to Alex Rose-Carpenter girls (VICTRIX L.), Simon Parry (Perratt's) Senior, Charles Guerrier (Perratt's) Intermediate, Adam Duke (Perratt's) Junior. The latter also contributed two school records at 800 and 1500 m. On a thoughtful note, it would be pleasant to see Houses supporting their athletes instead of 'going to town': encouragement is everything in a close duel - ask Robinson after his 800 m.

On our return from Half-term we were pitched into Sherborne Relays (a revived event) with the Seniors coming 2nd and the best performance coming from the U15. This was followed by the annual home fixture with the Army Apprentices College of Cleptow and others - where the Open events allowed younger members to plug gaps left by ex-exams. King's won with a good all-round performance and wins from the relays, Parry, Watson, Wood, Guerrier, Latchford and Duke. The juniors were also now growing in numbers and therefore
strength — which was just as well since the second half of term is devoted largely to them.

Ul's match at Millfield — Ireland, Potter and Pugh now helping Duke, Gill, Snel, Holmes and Bliss (from the 3rd Form) and Thomas, Parry and Raisin (in the Fourth). An interesting, good-humoured and hard-working group of sound ability. They came 5th.

Ul's at Clifton — came 4th, with the 3rd Form supplemented by Moorhouse, Belsham, Torris and James Wood. We hope to see more from Torris. Porter~ and a exposed. wind. With two exceptions all are available for another up to form but the hurdlers (so prominent yet again was joined by P. Wilson, Parry, Latchford, Watson, Ormerod and an enjoyable day for L. Greenhalgh Esq. The whole team really shared the jobs around.

Meanwhile, on the representative front, the glamour boys were hard at work. In the County Schools Championships there were 18 personal bests and school records for Duke (1500) and Jo Williams (Discus). Duke was joined by P. Wilson, Parry, Latcliford, Watson, Wood and Parker in the County team for the South West Championships at Bournemouth where all performed up to form but the hurdlers (so prominent yet again thanks to G.B.H. Esq.) were handicapped by a cutting wind. With two exceptions all are available for another season in 1989 — but Swindon is equally blustery and exposed.

At the National Championships staged in Yeovil after the end of term Simon Parry captained the highly successful Somerset team to a win in the inter-County competition and was honoured as National standard bearer. He also came 5th in the hurdles, curing a poor start. Tim Watson as a losing semi-finalist in the hurdles (but Wood. We hope to see more from Torris. Porter~ and a exposed. wind. With two exceptions all are available for another up to form but the hurdlers (so prominent yet again was joined by P. Wilson, Parry, Latchford, Watson, Ormerod and an enjoyable day for L. Greenhalgh Esq. The whole team really shared the jobs around.

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This turned out to be a highly fascinating and most enjoyable season. There was a wealth of experienced players to call upon, as what had always been a strong age group reached the top of the school, and six of them made major contributions in matches, with four gaining their colours. In addition the year below had been strengthened by the arrival of Messrs Rinck and de Beauregard — even in the preceding Michaelmas and Lent terms these two had hardly mixed in with the tennis fraternity producing exciting, colourful and rather noisy matches on Beat Lea. We could not ignore the European influence and the former won his colours. Nor could Bennett Mui be ignored and a lot of Wincer training helped him earn his colours. Another significant development was the improvement of Martin Chubb and Sammy Li — it soon became apparent that their game had come on by leaps and bounds and their two appearances were highly successful — not a set was dropped, which isn’t bad for a pair of fourth formers. Eleven players were used in all and so there was plenty of variety, it was very much a “squad” effort and although there was just one defeat there were no nominations for major colours. Kevin Shum captained the side and once he realised that a profound effect can be exerted on the results of schoolboy matches through steady and determined play at second and third pair. He and Charlie Li formed an ideal second pair and their influence on the third pair (usually Mui and So) was considerable. In fact, as the season unfolded, the confidence in the lower pairs increased markedly and by the end anything was possible and all sorts of wonderful match-winning and helping heroes were performed — it was a shame it had to end as early as June 25th (C.S.A.E. is no blame for this).

The matches

Wellington(A) — Here two young county players (brothers — one in each of the first two pairs) posed plenty of problems for us and in particular Palmegi’s net man and partner remained unbeaten at first pair which meant that we had to be very tight elsewhere to win. We made too many misjudgements for this and a draw was entirely a fair result.

Sherborne(A) — Grim. In a nutshell we played badly. We couldn’t match the serve and volley game of our opponents’ first pair, the determination of the second pair, the accuracy and consistency of the third pair. In fact at around 5 p.m. I’m wondering why I’m standing on a court in pleasant drizzle watching this — it’s difficult to know which way to turn next. In front of and on my left our first pair is finding life very uncomfortable indeed and I have in part been convinced by the sort of commitment and application needed to achieve sound results at this level — it’s a painful process and a very nasty one and I’m glad I’m not a linguist. Toby Williams and Martin Chubb don’t seem to be helping very much. Middle and right are 9 players - the King’s ones are all basking and losing: most of their time is spent drying their specs. It’s equally painful on these courts but thankfully much quicker — there is a tremendous amount of head shaking, string examination and rearrangement of the last lost shot. Behind me it’s much worse — those seconds are losing their first match since mid-1986 season.

Taunton School and King’s Bruton. and were undefeated against Wellington, Canford and Downside.

1st VI

The overall playing record reads:

\[
\begin{array}{c|c|c|c|c|c|c|}
\text{Played} & \text{Won} & \text{Drawn} & \text{Lost} \\
\hline
45 & 36 & 3 & 4 \\
\end{array}
\]

The record of individual teams reads:

\[
\begin{array}{c|c|c|c|c|c|c|}
\text{Played} & \text{Won} & \text{Drawn} & \text{Lost} \\
\hline
1st VI & 9 & 5 & 5 & 1 \\
2nd VI & 9 & 7 & 7 & 0 \\
U.16 VI & 6 & 6 & 0 & 0 \\
U.15 VI & 7 & 6 & 0 & 1 \\
Girls & 8 & 8 & 0 & 0 \\
1st VI & 3 & 3 & 0 & 1 \\
2nd VI & 3 & 2 & 1 & 0 \\
\end{array}
\]

Boys’ and girls’ teams recorded clean sweeps over Blundell’s, Richard Huish and Allhallows and Queen’s Boys’ teams also recorded clean sweeps over Taunton School and King’s Bruton, and were undefeated against Wellington, Canford and Downside.

Tennis

by B.L. and P.A.W.

The standard of play of boys and girls has never been higher. The overall playing record reads:

This was drawn. Generally play was of a high standard, fading just a little after tea. Certainly an exciting and close encounter and fairly typical of the enjoyable matches this fixture has tended to produce in recent years. Millfield Juniors(A) — A gloriously sunny day and the first match of the season on our opponents’ laudable grass courts. The occasion seemed to inspire us far more than the home team. Piet Rinck and Toby Williams liked it so did Martin Chubb and Sammy Li, making their debut and dropping only four games in the whole match.

Althallas(H) — By now the team was full of confidence and playing really well, contesting every game hard and punishing errors severely. Bennett Mui was rather out for Martin Chubb and Sammy Li, and again they won all sets, although this time two tie-breaks were involved. The first pair were on cramping form too and King’s emerged worthy winners from an interesting and entertaining match.

Downside(A) — A close and rather unpredictable match from which, on reflection, we did well to salvage a draw. After a bright start in the first round we went 2-1 up, but this lead was soon cancelled out in the second round and with the last set in play Downside led 4-7. Prospects looked bleak as this involved the Downside first pair who so far hadn’t dropped a set and had taken the first 3 against our second pair. Kevin Shum and Charlie Li. Fortunately a considerable revival ensued with our two playing to the limit of their ability to take the second set comfortably 6-3.

Blundell’s(A) — Virtually a carbon copy of the previous match — 3-3 at tea with the home team’s advantage in the last round to come. 4-4 with Charlie Li and Andrew Pallister (2nd pair) playing the opposition first pair having lost the first set 6-3, with Bennett Mui and Michel de Beauregard (3rd pair) playing Blundell’s second pair having lost the first set 4-6. A couple of ninety recoveries did the trick — with Li and partner taking the second set 6-2, and the others running out 6-1. Pas de problèmes.

Footnote — This season saw the departure of a strong and committed group of tennis players belonging to the “Cooper era” — all of whom doubles players who have done much to enhance the reputation of King’s.

Kevin Shum — Three seasons in the 1st VI and acknowledged to be a fine doubles player. 1986 — 3rd pair; 1987 — 1st pair; 1988 — 2nd pair and Captain.

Toby Williams — Two seasons in 1st VI and a player with a great range of attacking shots on his day capable of stimulating play. 1987 — 2nd pair; 1988 — 1st pair.

Charlie Li — Highly experienced with a vast number of appearances stretching back to 1984 and his fourth form days. Inconsistency of volley bothered him occasionally but on his day a fine player. In the enforced absence of this year’s captain’s “Swordsey” Evans Charlie was entrusted with the ultimate organisational responsibility, and was passed the test with flying colours.

Colours reawarded: K. Shum (Capt), A.D.A. Williams, C.K.C.L.

New Colours: P. Rinck, S.H. B. Mui, P.Y. So. Also played: M.S. de Beauregard(2), A. Pallister(2), S.K.S. Lee(2), M.R. Chubb(2) and R.J. Dam(1),
U16 Tennis

The teams are to be highly congratulated on an unbeaten season which consistently played a high standard of tennis. The results do not necessarily do justice to their efforts or ability to reflect the strength of junior tennis at King's.

At the beginning of the season, it seemed that we could be confident of victory over the following styles of Martin Chubb and Samuel Li, but as the season unfolded both Mark Saunders and Nicholas Vosper came into their own as more than competent players. At third pair too, George Tasker and James Ward played with great enthusiasm and dogged determination. Moreover, they both became so good at times that when they played together against Sherborne they comfortably beat all three oppositions.

The two away matches against first sides on consecutive Saturdays, the first opponents presented early in the season were unbeaten in their opponents. The second opportunity presented early in the team were unbeaten and there was no hint of letting our opponents back in.

Kwok and Chan, their record of five wins from six played was the best of the year and earned a narrow win in the closest of encounters.

So ended a thoroughly enjoyable season which saw a large number of wins played as a whole, with each player rising to the occasion and seemingly intent upon fitting in well and maintaining the good standard.


Results:

- v. Sherborne (A) Won 7-1
- v. Wellington (A) Won 9-0
- v. Allhallows (H) Won 9-0
- v. Richmond School (H) Won 9-0
- v. Blundells' (A) Won 5-4

U15 Tennis

by P.A.W.

"Everyone makes mistakes—just concentrate on the next point, give your best. Winning and losing will take care of themselves."

(Doctor Robert Weinberg)

The U15 team similarly enjoyed an unbroken and very successful season. Success, of course, does not necessarily mean winning all your matches. The team desired their impressive results. From the first victory against a good Wellington team, they played two brilliant matches. Despite their success, they never let the team down and criticise their weaknesses. Suffice it to say, when they were good, they were unbeatable.

Marvin Chinn was perhaps the most consistent player in the team. His stroke play, positioning and ball serve were at times, astonishing. If at times, too, he played with a touch of arrogance, his ability was never in question. If any player at school made the game look easy, Chinn did. For the matches against Wellington and Sherborne Chinn was partnered by Nicholas Grim. Chinn's strong serve and incredibly accurate groundstrokes were complemented by Grim's canny play and placement of the ball. He does not hit the ball hard but his positioning of the ball using the whole court made many stronger players in difficulty.

Successful seasons for the last two years have shown the team to win the close match against Downside, the U15 side gave in confidence and impressed this season. They worked hard to decrease their own errors, play to their strengths and force their opponents' weaknesses.

Adam King captained the team and partnered Steven Chinn. King was a very consistent player, who has a good range of shots and a particularly fine backhand. His steady play certainly helped Chinn who liked to serve and hit the ball with tremendous strength, if sometimes with little control of direction. It was quite obvious that Chinn's clinical style of play seemed to occasion affect his temperament and he was quite willing to show that proper, judicious shot selection is the basis of percentage tennis. This is what separates a good player from a weak player. If Chinn had the same fine matches, and played particularly well against King's Bruton U13. As a partnership they played consistently well and lost only one set and to the Sherborne second pair.

Nicholas Grim and Marc Price established themselves as the second pair and played good, steady tennis. I have already spoken of their accuracy in placement of the ball but he also had a distinct advantage in the unforced errors. Both players won their respective singles and played in the finals of the doubles. The team were unbeaten in their opponents. Weaknesses.

Both boys played in matches with three different partners but when they played together against Downside they comfortably beat all three oppositions.

Jackson Leung played in four matches but lack of time a strong partner to help steady his own game and avoid making unforced errors. He was often caught out through poor footwork but he does have a sound serve and groundstrokes, and steady consistency. Weaknesses.

Matthew Berry played in the first game and partnered Paul Rogers at third pair. Although nervously, particularly on his serve, he played so well that certainly he helped the team to win the close match against Downside. Berry is not without ability but must hard at his game reduce unforced errors.

The team are to be commended upon their enthusiasm and positive attitude. All team combined to concentrate the whole match but their ability was all too evident particularly when playing against and beating well the U16 teams of King's Bruton and Allhallows. There is too, strength in depth with an U15 team. Feng, Tang and Simon in particular are good solid accurate tennis to preserve the unbeaten record. Well done!

Finally, thanks go again to Mr. Tucker for his coaching and training. His coaching seems to bring out that sporting the common attention and hard work given by Mr. Tucker has obviously paid dividends.

The team was well captained by Caroline Persey and in the main standard of play was commendable.

Girls' Coaching by B.L.

Many thanks are due to Mrs. Westgate for her enthusiastic and sympathetic coaching of all girls, team and non-team. She took great interest in all aspects of coaching and match play, and always knew what needed doing in preparation for the next match.

Singles Competition

Giles Cooper's promise to donate a singles cup to the school was duly kept and he delivered a splendid trophy as well as turning up on the day of the final to make the inaugural presentation personally. 28 members of the club contested this new event, including two girls and of the 29 possible encounters 25 were fulfilled with 4 scratchings, 2 through injury and 2 through "A" Level commitments. In retrospect the competition ought perhaps to be played before half-term, or at least be well under way by then, thereby avoiding the final stages clashing with examinations.

Youth triumphed emphatically over experience in this event, as the final was fought out between two fourth formers, Sammy Li and Martin Chubb. The former won in an extremely long and close match 5-7, 6-4, 6-3. The more positive, ambitious and forcing play of Chubb, which won him the first set and gave him opportunities in the second finally began to produce costly errors at 3-3 in the third set, just when both players began to tire. Sammy Li was content to keep the ball in court at this crucial stage and he took the set 6-3.

To get to the final Sammy beat Michael de Bauxgerard in straight sets in the semi-final but it is interesting to note that in an earlier round he had also been taken to a third set by Alison Hutchings, winning 6-2, 2-6, 6-3 in a very good match.

So the Cooper Cup has increased the amount of serious singles played in the school, and this can only boost our chances of success in County and Regional competitions, where singles is often more important than doubles.