

Kingham Hill School
Magazine
1982

Kingham Hill School

Magazine 1982

Volume 5 Number 2

Editor : Paul Owens

Photographs : Roberto Campana

Art : Tom Mallalieu
Simon Lawrie
Stephen Zealey

CONTENTS

	page
Speech Day Report	1
Salvete, Valeté	2
Prizes	3
John and Flora Essame	5
Miscellany	6
House Reports	10
Games Report	17
Clubs	23
Music and Drama	28
C.C.F./Scouts	30
Christian Activities	32
Contributions	35

SPEECH DAY REPORT

26th June, 1982.

The speeches this year again took place in the spacious and modernised gym. It has proved to be a suitable auditorium and will probably become the established venue for the speeches in the future. An extra fire door has been put in with this in mind. Indeed the need for such a venue was amply demonstrated on the occasion as the heavens opened during the earlier stages of the afternoon. The Chairman's speech was delivered with the accompaniment of rain pattering on the roof!

Apart from the usual speakers, Mr. Hanton, Chairman of the Governing Body, also took the rostrum. He briefly outlined the changes which had taken place within the School Management Committee and introduced the new members of the Governing Body, as it will be known from now on.

The Warden, after warmly welcoming the guest speaker, Major-General Withall and his wife, went on to give his annual report, in his usual colourful and aggressive manner. Although they might seem trivial against the background of events happening on a much larger scale, there are, he said, certain aspects of school life to which great importance must be attached. Work and games were on his list. He then touched on a subject of particular concern at the present time:

"Our independence is important to us. Indeed I would go so far as to suggest, Mr. Chairman, that the independence of independent schools is important to us all. It is difficult to mention a topic like this without appearing to expound a party political line and it seems to me essential that, as the battle lines in this particular campaign are drawn, those fighting for the independent cause are not standing on the platform of any one party. Recently I spent a most enjoyable hour having a good therapeutic grumble with a visiting Headmaster of a distinguished state comprehensive school. 'Of all the blessings you enjoy' he said to me, 'give the greatest thanks for the absence of political appointments to your governing body.' As party political control in education becomes more prevalent, so the importance of the independent sector becomes more crucial."

But the Warden laid special emphasis on Christian faith:

"At Kingham Hill we see our Christian faith not as an infinite variable, not as a philosophical periphery, nor indeed as a device for making good boys behave better, as if faith were some kind of moral Mars Bar; but rather is the Christian commitment of this school aimed at coming to terms with central elements of our existence."

The Warden took the opportunity to pay tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Essame's twenty-three years of service and dedication. He brought his report to a close by giving a picture of the great variety which constitutes boarding school life.

Major-General Withall charmed us all with his smile and amused us with his numerous anecdotes. Above all, he laid great stress on the value of and the need for communication. His experiences in military life, he

said, had convinced him that this was always of primary importance. But even after the speeches, it seemed that his duties were not over, for he allowed himself (wisely or unwisely) to be rushed around on a stretcher during the C.C.F.'s "Treatment of Casualties" demonstration, much to everyone's delight! As is the custom, each department put on some kind of display for the occasion and although the rain perhaps hampered activity, an enjoyable time was had by all. R.P.O.

VALETE — SUMMER 1982

- Bradford : D. Barnes, M. Bartlett, A. Foster, R. Gatward, P. George, M. Lusty, C. Maciejewski, R. Mead, J. Moreau, J. Wadham.
 Clyde : K. Briley, R. Casewell, A. Dovey, M. Ellison, T. Knight, S. Lewis, M. Pickles, D. Whitehead.
 Sheffield : G. Bland, S. Chandley, A. Grierson, M. Harris, N. Owens, P. Yearsley.
 Durham : D. Billings, W. Driver, M. Layton, A. Pyle, S. Randall.
 Greenwich : M. Coleman, A. Gobir, M. Head, D. Parker, G. Passey, A. Price, I. Thickpenny, G. Tidmarsh.
 Norwich : J. Armstrong, J. Carvalho, P. Eberlin, P. Gunasena, P. Hall, B. Holman, R. Priest.
 Plymouth : D. Harris, J. Harvey, M. Kemp.



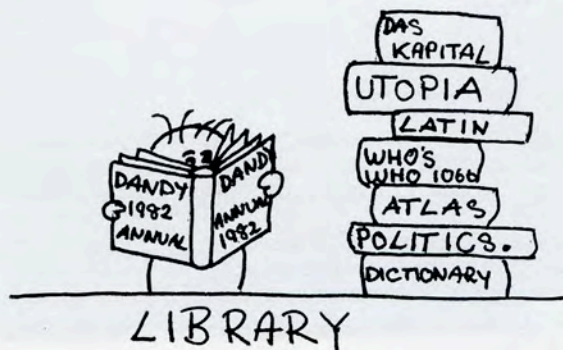
SALVETE — CHRISTMAS TERM 1982

- Bradford : M. Elliott, R. Ellison, A. Hanley, M. Sahani, P. Turner-Smith.
 Clyde : T. Hewetson, J. Slade, M. Stevens, N. Ainley.
 Sheffield : M. Barr, F. Churchill, N. Drysdale, J. Everitt, S. Holland, C. Blandford.
 Durham : N. Burgess, D. Morley, C. Preece.
 Greenwich : A. Alden, M. Chisholm, A. Cole, C. Matthews, S. Neill, H. Neville, C. Nmecha, B. Patterson, P. Whitlock, A. Clarke.
 Norwich : A. de Barnholt, A. Roe.
 Plymouth : J. Bevis, J. Bliss, M. Cooper, J. Deacon, C. Ellis, M. Fisher, S. Foster, S. Gray, D. Green, P. Johnson, N. Jones, D. Lea, A. Longhi, R. Matthews, S. Moon, M. Neill, S. Ritter, D. Rowland, L. Shaw-Lawrence, M. Storey, C. Talbot, E. Wallace, A. Willis, A. Osborne, S. Shipton.

PRIZES 1982

Form Prizes

Form 1	Achievement	Simon Dunn
	Effort	Tim Clifford
Form 2P	Achievement	David Thomas
	Effort	Justin Paterson
Form 2T	Achievement	Andrew Beetson
	Effort	Nick Balfroid
Form 3A	Achievement	John Davy
	Effort	John Lynes
Form 3F	Achievement	G. Harper Jones
	Effort	Christian Symes
Form 4	Achievement	N. Harper Jones Heath Thomas
	Effort	Ian Ray David Trigg



Subject Prizes

Maths and Physics	Stephen Catlin
Biology	Neil Owens Leo Stanton
Metalwork	Roland Casewell
Woodwork	Simon Buckley
Technical Drawing	David Barnes
Scripture (<i>Forrester Prize</i>)	Malcolm Brecht
English, History, Modern Languages	Paul Owens

Special Prizes

Shelton Brass Progress	Nicholas Murphy
Senior Singing	Richard Priest
Shelton Piano Progress	David Whitehead
Senior Music	George Bland
Junior Music	Julian Thompson
Newman Special Music	Kevin Briley
Music Outstanding Achievement	Alan Foster
Junior Essay	Robin Lea
Senior Essay	Simon Moore
Model	Mark Maycroft
French Reading — Junior	J. Talbot
Middle	Julian Barker
Drama — The Johns Prize	David Smith
Riding Club	David Braithwaite
Gym Medal	Martin Barlett
Robin Green Memorial	Martin Bartlett
Octagon	Martin Bartlett
Cross Country	Leo Stanton
Lenton Prize	Richard Priest
Canon Mohan Memorial	Martin Bartlett
Head of School Medal	Paul Owens

U6 LEAVERS' PROSPECTS

John Armstrong is moving on to study photography at college in Reading.
Martin Barlett after working in Austria for the summer, hopes to take up a place at Brunel University to study Design and Technology/Education.

Darren Billings has a contract with a recording studio in his native Stoke-on-Trent to play as a session bassist.

George Bland may join his brother in Australia for a year. As far as long term prospects are concerned, he intends to pursue a career in commercial diving.

John Carvalho is going to live in South Africa and may continue his education there. He has hopes of becoming involved in safari parks.

Alan Foster will lose himself in the wilds of Zambia before returning to this country to study English and Music at Rolle College, Exmouth (exams permitting).

Mark Head hopes to study accountancy at some (unconfirmed at present) educational institution.

Jon Moreau will be found somewhere in Reading.

Paul Owens might return to do some more exams next term, depending on results.

Richard Priest starts working for the Oxford branch of Lloyds Bank in August.

JOHN AND FLORA ESSAME

The resignation of John and Flora Essame as Houseparents of Norwich, and their retirement from the school marks the end of a long period of service to and involvement in all parts of the community life. 13 years as Clyde House Tutor, School Librarian, Leader of the Venture Scouts, Biology Master, Naturalist, Geologist — his range was enormous. Mrs. Essame too served as Sister in the Sanatorium before marrying John and moving to Norwich to create the distinctive leadership which so marked that House.

Their fierce independence of spirit emerged in so many ways; some light, such as the unusual life style accorded their Dachsund Oscar, who when not attacking visitors, lived in distinctive luxury in his own car; some more serious, such as the strong stance taken during the sale of some of the



J.G.E. at his station.

Trust assets a few years ago. Their devotion to the explicit purposes of Kingham Hill was absolute, and appeared most clearly in their endless concern for and interest in the weaker members of the community. The love and affection in which they were held by members of Norwich House are the obvious memorial to them.

Although they are moving off the Hill, contact will not be lost, as they have purchased in Oddington a home sufficiently large to enable them to house their fine collection of antique furnitures. They leave laden with gifts, gratitude and good wishes.

D.S.

MISCELLANY

- 1 The appointment of five new Governors has created a governing body of eight all told, three of whom are Trustees. The newly appointed members are: Mrs. Jill Bacon, wife of the Headmaster of Dean Close School; Dr. Vivian Williams, PhD., Senior Lecturer in Education at the Oxford University Department of Educational Studies; Rev. Richard Bowdler, of Oxford, National Organiser of Pathfinders; Mr. David Orton, of London, Financial Controller of a Chemical Company; and the Hon. Tom Ashton, of Stow-on-the-Wold, a scion of the Brooks family so long associated with the School. We were pleased to welcome them to the School for their first public engagement on Speech Day.
- 2 The 50th Anniversary of our sister foundation, Oakhill Theological College was celebrated on Monday, 14 June, with due ceremony and a huge panoply of episcopal power. The Warden and Mrs. Shepherd, Malcolm Brecht and Dickie Pheasant represented the School. Highlight of the day was the Communion Service with some 1200 communicants. The most amusing moment was Dr. Runcie's story of a visit he paid to Nigeria where, from a procession one day, he saw on sale some balloons on which were printed his image. The board which offered for sale these wares had written on it: "Help the Anglican Church; blow up the Archbishop".
- 3 The news of the proposed sale of the last 500 or so acres of the Farm caused rather less stir than did the sale of the earlier portion three years ago. There seemed to be an element of self-fulfilling inevitability about it. Thus from Michaelmas 1983 the School will stand in splendid isolation on its Hill.
- 4 Apart from the usual services taken by the Old Boys' Association, we have had the pleasure of hearing two old boys preach to us during the course of the year. Both David Walsh (St. John's College, Nottingham) and Andrew Montgomerie (Keble College, Oxford) braved the dizzy heights of the pulpit.
- 5 The Chaplain has become a most elusive man. If he is not climbing, he is windsurfing; if he is not sailing, he is off on Geography Field Courses. This summer he is leading no less than three sailing expeditions. Catch him if you can!
- 6 We have had old bangers, we have had go-carts. The latest object of mechanical interest is a shiny bright red tractor, acquired through the initiative of Mr. Herringshaw, which promises to provide excitement for many generations of engineers to come.
- 7 Our representatives at the annual sixth form conference at Jesus College, Oxford were Tim Frohwein and Richard Pheasant. Earlier in the year we hosted a one day affair which was attended by pupils from Burford, Gosford Hill, and the Convent of St. Clotilde, Lechlade. Dr.

Robert Baldwin was the chief speaker on the highly topical theme of "Police and Society".

- 8 There has been no shortage of visiting entertainment this year. In the Christmas term, Dr. Leo Aylen gave two readings of his thought-provoking poems. "The Words", a christian rock band from Liverpool, were very popular and had everyone "freaking out" in the aisles. Equally entertaining was the theatrical experience we underwent at the hands of Dr. Foster's Travelling Theatre. In a combination of music and drama, all their own material and written very much in a modern vein, the company presented their view of adolescence.
- 9 The legalisation of Citizen's Band radio has meant that scores of C.B. sets have appeared on the Hill. Boys have discovered that it is a marvellous way of making friends, especially with local maidens! There is an added advantage: the C.B. is infinitely cheaper than the telephone! The more dignified among us however, find it difficult to come to terms with the C.B. vernacular. As for its educational merits, they seem somewhat limited since C.B. fanatics never get any further than talking about C.B.'s.
- 10 Mr. Bentley returns to his native Australia after two terms on the Hill. As the Warden noted, he has made a tremendous impact during his short sojourn and we are sad to see him go. The Science Block will not be the same without his broad Australian accent resounding through the corridor.
- 11 Roberto Campana leaves the school after twelve years, firstly as a pupil, then as a lab assistant. He has almost become an institution himself! Perhaps he holds the school record for longevity!
- 12 The industrious Mr. Welsh retires at the end of the year. For a semi-retired part-time teacher he has always taken on an inappropriately large amount of work. We are grateful to him and wish him every happiness for the future.
- 13 Congratulations to Andrew Adonis (Durham 81) who has been awarded an oepn Exhibition at Keble College, Oxford.
- 14 Hugh Bodington (Clyde 79), Michael Cullen (Bradford 79) and David Russell (Norwich 75) served in the Falklands Campaign, as 2nd Lt. in the Welsh Guards, as L/Cpl. in the Paras, and Lt. in the Royal Navy. Hugh was fortunate enough to escape unharmed from the Sir Galahad. Indeed Hugh and David report an Old Boys' reunion on the Heliport at Stanley. There is an account of their adventures elsewhere.



- 15 The paddock below Sheffield and Clyde is under assault from bulldozers and other such mechanical monsters. Two new pitches are being created on two different levels, to replace the Plymouth pitches. They should be ready for use in September 1983. The tennis courts are being extended, to provide four courts in all and a hard surface recreation area for games in winter. The new .22 rifle range should be ready by September, together with the relocated CCF hut and new premises for the Scouts.
- 16 Good to see that we are educating our masters. A curious coyness meant that not all the staff lectures were entered on the Calendar, but we understand that visiting speakers led discussions on, among other things, Mixed Ability Teaching, Adolescent Case Histories, Sex Education and Christian Schooling. It is interesting to speculate on the sort of topic present staff could offer at a seminar. May we suggest, for instance, Antarctic Fauna — Messrs. Gilmore and Sinclair; Honky-Tonk Music — Mr. Nicholson; Machismo — the Chaplain; Oenology — Mr. Herringshaw. Other suggestions to the Editor, please.



One of the building sites — on top of the gym

- 17 School newspapers have flourished this year. Andrew Knowles gives a report elsewhere of his term of office as Editor of the Snapper but a new star burst on the publishing firmament with the sudden appearance of the Plymouth Oracle, serving to assure us that literacy is not confined to the staffroom crossword aficionados. Credit here, we think, to Mark Bury, who has been a most imaginative Plymouth assistant.
- 18 Camping weekends have been understandably popular throughout the year. Admittedly, some things were better not examined too closely.

It is a curious route that goes to Pinkhill lock via St. Aldate's police station, but doubtless Messrs. Thomas, Armstrong, Sheppard and co had a good explanation. It was significant too that camping weekends, certainly for the first half of the year seemed to coincide with the most awful weather you could imagine. Even so, tremendous hospitality was provided by local farmers, whose courtesy was greatly appreciated.

- 19 It has been good to welcome Old Boys to the School in a guise other than as games players. Preachers in Chapel are mentioned elsewhere but we were happy to see, for instance, Mark Gyde and Daniel Harrison taking Christian Fellowship on separate occasions; several Old Boys lent their expertise at the Careers Convention on Old Boys' Day last October; Simon Lang provided admirable support to the Scout Camp and one reticent Old Boy presented the Workshops with a magnificent lathe. Thanks to them all.
- 20 The first year of 6R has been a success. Its prime purpose is to enable the O-level resit candidates to have their own programme without having to fit in with the youngsters in the following year's Fifth Form. In addition however, they have had the opportunity to take an increasingly leading role in the admin of the school, as monitors, CCF officers and as senior games players. Previously such roles inevitably went to the more scholastic individuals, not necessarily to everyone's advantage. A variation next year will be the one-day-a-week work experience programme for 6R. Unionisation is an inevitable next step.
- 21 The re-roofing of Top School has regrettably caused the loss of two distinctive local landmarks. The Byzantine-looking towers on the Chapel and the Hall have over the years rotted badly, and the cost of replacing them is hardly justified by their aesthetic contribution. So they must go, and herewith a photograph to perpetuate the memory of that famous skyline.



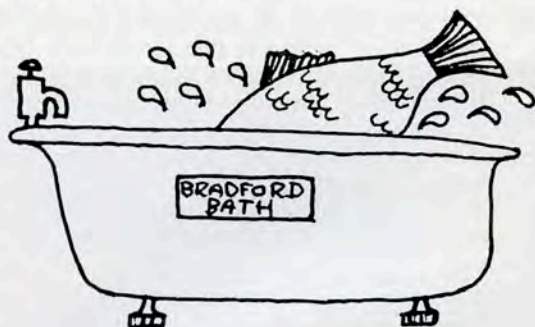
BRADFORD HOUSE — Mr. and Mrs. Herringshaw

Tutors: Mr. Mylan, Mr. Cunliffe.

Prefects: Martin Bartlett, Alan Foster, Jon Moreau, Dickie Pheasant, Kevin Smith, David Barnes, Phillip George.

We started the year by welcoming new Houseparents in the form of Mr. and Mrs. Herringshaw. With their arrival there evolved a definite motto: "Bradford, the Tidiest, Cleanest, and Best-Kept house on the Hill". Gardening has taken on a new and significant role, especially in the summer term. Anyone available has been collared to dig the garden, or water the now very attractive flower beds at the front of the House. Mrs. Herringshaw has kept the notice-board well supplied with rotas, adorned with pretty flowers and watering cans, and numerous other notices, many with the ominous words "Action this day!" as an extra incentive!

We have welcomed three new boys throughout the past year; Jonathan Wadham (a computer enthusiast, to a certain house tutor's delight), Sarju Patel (from the wilds of Zambia) and John Wheatcroft (from rather less exotic climes). All have settled in well, and contribute to the House in their own particular way.



The highlight of the year for many will be the very pleasing results we obtained on the sports field. A cause for particular jubilation amongst the senior part of the house is the fact that we came first in both rugby and football, beating our old rivals Clyde convincingly, to say the least. Mr. Rees's Welsh leeks were happily in vain, and Bradford savoured the long-overdue sweetness of coming first. Not to be forgotten are the very respectable 2nd places we gained in both cricket and athletics. Meanwhile, the juniors seldom lacked the spirit of Bradfordian patriotism, and tried hard on the games field. The results they gained were by no means poor; 2nd in rugby and athletics, and 3rd in football. All in all, a very successful year of sport for Bradford.

One of Mr. Herringshaw's numerous friends was able to provide the House with a full-sized colour TV, at a reasonable price. This proved a great attraction until some rather thoughtless persons broke it during a late-night viewing session. Happily, most people have not felt the loss too greatly, and play cricket instead, or go on "nature rambles" through the bushes behind Bradford in the long light summer evenings!

With the end of the year we say the inevitable goodbyes. Our 3 upper sixth formers wend their way to pastures new; Martin Bartlett to Brunel

University (exams permitting), Alan Foster to Rolle College, Exmouth (exams permitting); and Jon Moreau to Reading (exams or no exams!). We also bid farewell to David Barnes and most of our fifth formers. This is perhaps an appropriate time to thank these people for all they have done for Bradford over the years. Nor must we forget to thank our loyal, long-suffering house tutors, Messrs. Mylan and Cunliffe. Their help has been much appreciated, as always, throughout the past year.

Many will, I am sure, agree that this has been a very happy year for Bradford. The Herringshaws deserve hearty congratulations at the end of their first very successful year. We all join to thank them for their care and help thus far, and wish them many more happy and memorable years in Bradford.

A.D.F.

CLYDE HOUSE — Mr. and Mrs. Rees

Tutors: Dr. Jenkins and Mr. Batchelor.

House Prefects: Malcolm Brecht, Simon Moore, Toby Knight,
Tom Mallalieu, Mark Ellison, Kevin Briley, Sean Lewis.

At the beginning of the year we saw the largest intake of new boys yet in the Rees regime. It did not take long for the Prefects to convince the juniors that boarding school life is not all roses, and they soon settled in without too much trouble. Piggy Irish, however, tainted their image somewhat by placing a knife in the house toaster, an action which not only blew up the toaster, but fused the whole house. The middles found a new voice in the person of Warren Harding and they more than made up for the shortcomings of the juniors.

Colin Hamilton left us in the middle of the school year, to move to a school in an area even colder than Kingham; Scotland! Warren Harding ousted Paul Chandler from the top of the extra work league, but the latter not wishing to remain out of the limelight, became the merit card champion. Cassanova Ellison, donning his Micky Mouse shirt, chatted up the girls, while Sebastian Stanton, with true Clyde zeal, won the Individual Cross-country cup. The rest of us helped him to maintain an eleven-year tradition by winning the Senior Cross-country cup.

Tom Mallalieu set the house prayer meeting on its feet, and with the aid of various visiting speakers, kept it running. The Falklands crisis, of course, was often foremost in our minds; we prayed especially for Hugh Bodington (a Clyde Old Boy), who was fighting as an officer in the Welsh Guards.

It has been a year of variety. The house went ice-skating in Solihull; the Reeses entertained us with a Christmas party, during which the Prefects sang an adulterated version of "The Twelve Days of Christmas". There was a great scandal on the athletics field when Clyde were disqualified from the 4 x 100 relay, for changing lanes, but, as with other crises during the course of the year, we were able to take it all in our stride.

We bid fond farewell to Toby Knight, Sean Lewis, Kevin Briley, Mark Ellison, Matthew Pickles, Andrew Dovey, David Whitehead, and Roland Casewell, as they seek their fortunes elsewhere.

Our thanks are due to our loyal House Tutors, who have given Mr. and Mrs. Rees their much needed days off. Our greatest thanks go to Mr. and Mrs. Rees, who have been ever-willing to help and support us throughout the year. Mr. Rees will naturally be with us for the rugby term, but will be replaced for two terms by Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, who have kindly agreed to take responsibility during the Rees's sojourn in New Zealand.
M.B.

DURHAM HOUSE — Mr. and Mrs. Craik-White

Tutors: Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Roberts.

Prefects: Darren Billings, William Driver, Simon Randall, Mark Layton, Lars Henrikson, Charlie Pyle, Tim Kemp, Simon Smith.

We returned at the beginning of the year to a modernised house and a new housemaster. Despite the wet paint, the sand-paper walls and the blare emanating continuously from the end study, we have managed to survive. Indeed this has been a successful year in which co-operation and sound advice have produced a well-balanced routine.

Although comparatively small, Durham has made its mark in various school activities; not least the Public Speaking Competition in which Simon Smith, Kirk Frost and Nick Balfroid took the house to a well-earned victory and the Chess Competition which we won for the second year running. Our sporting attributes have never been innumerable but we have held our own this year, often providing stiff, if not formidable, opposition at both senior and junior levels. The Juniors won the Basketball Cup and although the Seniors were less successful they had the gleeful pleasure of beating everybody's greatest rival, Clyde.

The house party was a welcome break. We swanned, with grace and majesty down the Cherwell to the obvious delight of all present. Mr. Craik-White deserves our thanks for organising the trip, as does Mrs. Craik-White, for the feast she provided on our return.

Without wishing to sound too sentimental, we bid fond farewells to a number of dear friends at the end of this term. Our best wishes go with Darren Billings, William Driver, Simon Randall, Mark Layton, Charlie Pyle and Simon Smith.

Mr. Roberts also leaves to take on a new more important role.

Our other tutor Mr. Sinclair is fortunate enough to be staying on! We are grateful to them and to the Craik-Whites for all they have done during the year. May the memories of '81-'82 always be happy ones. C.P.

GREENWICH HOUSE — Mr. and Mrs. Sutton

Tutors: Mr. Stoodley, Mr. Bentley.

Prefects: Mark Head, Ian Thickpenny, Richard Brooks, G. Tidmarsh,
A. Price.

On the whole this has been an uneventful year for Greenwich. Having had plenty of time to settle in, the members of the House seem to have adjusted well to their new and modernised surroundings.

Our annual injection of new boys soon became accustomed to the house routine.

There has been a certain amount of success on the sports field, although this has probably come about more out of determination than skill. Armed with an impressive scrum we managed to come third in the rugby after narrow defeats by Bradford and Clyde. Our enthusiasm made us runners up in the Basketball competition. We were less successful in the football but managed to come third in the cricket.

However, our enthusiasm was not confined to the sports field. The house garden has benefitted from the initiative and the hard labour of a number of fifth formers and leavers. Under the direction of Mark Head, Alan Price, Liam Scott and Richard Brooks and Barry Jenner, laid a new path across the Greenwich gardens. We hope it will last!

As another year draws to a close we feel sadness at bidding farewell to old friends but at the same time there is hope and optimism for the prospects which the future promises. Certainly, the house has the capacity to improve and it is to be hoped that we have seen an end to the antagonism and ill-feeling which has been sadly present in the past.

Finally, our greatest thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Sutton for their work, their care, and their guidance.

M.H.

NORWICH HOUSE — Mr. and Mrs. Essame

Tutors: Mr. Gilmore, Mr. Roberts.

Prefects: Richard Priest, John Armstrong, Jon Carvalho, Andrew
Hillier, Phillip Eberlin, Andrew Rowell, Philip Malcolmson,
Stephen Roe.

The first full year in our new house has run smoothly and without crisis. Everybody, veterans and new boys alike, seems to have fully adjusted to their new surroundings. The existing house prefects were strongly aided and supported by the three fifth formers who ascended the echelons of authority half-way through the year.

The results of the senior's sporting year do little to reflect the spirit in which their matches were played. Although results were not as good as in previous years, the house matches were greatly enjoyed and the few

victories which we did achieve were very sweet. The juniors, on the other hand, turned out to be very successful, winning the rugby, football and athletics cups. They will be a force to be reckoned with in years to come.

Mr. Roberts took over from Mr. Cunliffe as assistant house tutor, and has involved himself in a number of House activities; he has not only been taught how to play snooker, but also how to kick a ball around! Mr. Gilmore, our ever faithful House Tutor, has provided his usual help on Monday evenings. Our thanks to these, as well as to their wives, for their help.

As the end of the academic year draws near, we say the inevitable good-byes to 5th and 6th form leavers. Our best wishes go with Bamford Holman, Philip Hall, Philip Eberlin, John Armstrong, Jon Carvalho and the all-efficient head of house, Richard Priest.

It is with great sadness that we see the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Essame at the end of the year; we will miss them both. Countless generations of Norwich boys bear witness to their years of dedication and service. However, there is still much to look forward to, as we welcome the Roberts' as new Housemaster and Matron in September. J.C.

SHEFFIELD HOUSE — Mr. and Mrs. Harvey

Tutors: Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Bentley.

Prefects: Paul Owens, George Bland, Andrew Knowles, Timothy Frowhein, Stephen Catlin.

"Wakey, wakey!" No longer will that well-known cry ring through the dorms and sleepy ears of Sheffield; no more will those colourful ties and strange hair-styles be so familiar to us. This year we say "good-bye" to the Harveys as they leave the house they have worked so hard in since 1976. This year, their last, has been as good as all the others and will be remembered for a long time.

At last, Sheffield's sportsmanship has been recognised and we have won the Aggregate Shield for the first time. Those long, hard hours on the muddy pitches have at last paid off. Strangely enough, victory has not been particularly common this year, but our good standard over the full range of interhouse sports has brought us out on top. Our juniors have played very well this year and they promise some good senior sportsmen for the next few years.

We are also, of course, an intellectual house, although rather top-heavy, any glimmer of intelligence among the juniors having gone unnoticed. This year we had our first Head of School for some time and he, along with his colleague, promise some fine 'A' level results this summer. Our Lower Sixth, a varied bunch, are coping in their own different ways. One of them is the new Head of House and threatens to hold 'Nuremburg' style house meetings next year. The members of 6R sadly leave us this term. They did have strange habits but we were rather fond of them.



Part of Sheffield aggregate success.

A general comment on Sheffield must mention its cosmopolitanism. With our resident Chinese, ex-Nigerians and the visiting Australian (the tall, hairy one with strange accent) Sheffield House almost spans the globe.

Now, alas, we must bid farewell to George (who moves on to view TV sets afresh), Paul (who may well decide to stay a while), and most of the fifth form. We also lose Mr. Bentley, who has been a great help to the house during his two terms in England, and, of course, the Harveys. They leave the house (although not the school) and we wish them well. Looking forward to next year, we wish the Kenworthys the best of luck. A.M.K.

PLYMOUTH HOUSE — Mr. and Mrs. Jones

Tutors: Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Bury, Mr. Nicholson.

We arrived at our new location as the painters, joiners, carpet-layers and electricians were putting the finishing touches to our extensively renovated residence. Our comparative proximity to Top School brought a sigh of relief from each 'Plym' but a certain amount of apprehension from our senior neighbours.

It is impossible to record every event of the year in such a short summary but some areas of activity were particularly successful and deserve special mention. Thanks to James Graham in particular, and all members of the house in general we managed to win the Junior Mass, six 'Plyms' finishing in the first twenty. We performed admirably on Sports Day against older opposition to finish fifth.

Drama was another of our fortes with Dorm 2, after the success in the House Sketches going on to give a short and charming performance of 'An Easter Carol', written by Martin Pitick, James Costa-Duarte and Toby Rush, in front of the whole school. A number of boys performed in the chorus of 'Trial by Jury'. The House was always well represented in the informal concerts. Mr. Stoodley's junior activities group gave a version of 'Rock around the Clock' which was well received at the Speech Day Concert.

Within the House, competitions included Rubik Cube, Table-Tennis and Darts tournaments, Dorm rugby, Superstars, and perhaps the most popular of all, Mastermind. Organised by Mr. Bury, this provided much entertainment and amusement. In the winter term furniture renovation took place while in the summer term eighteen boys tended their own gardens growing all manner of vegetables and consuming them the instant they peeped from the soil.

Mr. and Mrs. Woolliams were guests of honour at our Christmas Party. They decided that the cup which was presented in their name should be awarded to the boy who has made the most progress in the year.

At the end of the Christmas Term Mr. Gordon Selwyn, our House Assistant presented us with a new letter rack (to cope with our record number of forty boarders) on his departure and Ashley Mullens made a bird table which stands majestically outside the Dining Room window.

Particular thanks go to Mr. and Mrs. Ruark who have catered and cleaned for us; to Mrs. Strongman and Mrs. Lloyd-Thomas who have cooked for us; to Mr. Selwyn who provided valuable assistance to Mr. and Mrs. Jones in their first hectic term; to Mr. Nicholson for holding the fort on Thursdays; to Mr. Bury, who leaves us after two terms in which he has organised many activities and has been a great help in the administration of House affairs.

Finally we are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Jones for all their hard work during their first year and pay tribute to the high standard they have set in all aspects of House life.

SCHOOL SPORTS

1st XV RUGBY

Won 6, Lost 6

This was a season of mixed fortunes in which the team failed to find consistency. A disappointing performance would quite often be followed by a satisfactory or even an outstanding one. Nevertheless the team pressed on at all times with each player making a valuable contribution. It was particularly satisfying to watch the ease with which the various replacements settled into the side when their services were required. All played with enthusiasm but particular mention should be made of Malcolm Brecht and Kevin Smith. Colours were awarded to Martin Bartlett (capt.), Paul Owens, Toby Knight and George Bland who went on to distinguish himself by reaching the final Oxfordshire U19 trial. Others who played were: Neil Foulger, Ian Thickpenny, Darren Billings, Mark Head, William Driver, Gary Adeney, Stephen Roe, Steven Chandley, Liam Scott, David Barnes, Leo Stanton, Patrick Pearson-Miles and Andrew Rowell. P.A.L.

2nd XV RUGBY

Won 3, Lost 5

The 10-0 victory over Magdalen College School in the opening match of the season ensured a healthy spirit of competition for 2nd team places for the rest of the term. It was very encouraging to have so many keen players to choose the team from and it is to be hoped that this will continue in the future.

A lean patch was encountered in mid-season but the team was eventually rewarded with two satisfying victories over Banbury and Bloxham. The best match of the season was undoubtedly the hard and fast game against Cokethorpe, in which both sides showed an excellent spirit of fair play. In fact this match, although we lost it, exemplified the teamwork which became the hallmark of our game. Only one man can touch down to score but the credit often belongs to the whole team.

The players: S. Moore (capt.), T. Mallalieu, S. Buckley, S. Lewis, R. Barnes, J. Moreau, S. Randall, A. Hillier, R. Gatward, A. Price, P. Malcolmson, A. Miller, P. George, N. Owens, G. Tidmarsh, R. Pheasant, M. Harris. A.J.S.

U15 XV RUGBY

Ably led by Colin Hamilton, the team started the season with a spectacular win over one of the Banbury schools. In this, as in other games, the pack controlled the play with David Parker scoring a memorable try from the half-way line. The euphoria, however, was short lived since in the very next game we were solidly beaten and given a lesson in 15-man rugby by Westwoods Grammer School.

These first two results seemed to set the pattern for the remaining fixtures: the team played extremely well on some occasions but were ground into the mire on others. Lessons were learnt, and some team members matured and improved considerably as a result. Special mention should be

made of: D. Parker, P. Chandler, A. Thompson, N. Atkinson and N. Randall.

Other players were: L. Buckley, T. Foster, D. Parker, A. Higgs, I. Ray, L. Redgrave, R. Alexander, N. Harper-Jones, N. Rubino, D. Smith, M. Pearson-Adams, A. Sheppard, T. Barnett, M. Cawley, M. Gooding.

D.A.R.

U14 XV RUGBY

In terms of results not very successful but the team's forward play was committed and teamwork improved during the season. Murphy was a spirited pack leader and several others showed growing skill and determination. The backs tended to lack imagination but Checksfield's skills and Gregory's pace showed promise for the future.

The following also played: Barker, Bull, Burns, Castermans, Cawley, Cherry, Davies, S. Day, Dunsford, Fadaïro, Freeman, Graham, Wheeler, Hawes, Holland, Ingram, Irish, N. Joy, Mirazimi, Taole, Thomas P.

W.M.H.

U13 XV RUGBY

There was much to be learnt in a short space of time as many of the eventual team had never handled a rugby ball before arriving at Kingham Hill. The more experienced second years formed the nucleus of the team and lent much encouragement to the newcomers. Even so the team who found it almost impossible to make any progress against teams who had the better of us through sheer stature. Colours went to Adeyemi, Bartlett, Balfroid, Sullivan and Harper-Jones. Others who played were: Dunn, Smith N., Beetson, Mangan, Graham, Lea, Hunnisett, Walsh, Robinson, Maycroft, Rush Clifford, Thomas.

R.J.H.

FOOTBALL

1st XI FOOTBALL

Played 5, Lost 5

As a result of a distinct lack of enthusiasm among several likely 1st teamers, our squad has been rather weak this year. There were, of course, notable exceptions to this and the central nucleus of the team could be relied upon to give one hundred per cent in all matches.

After several promising starts in the opening matches the XI seemed to lose confidence and heart, consequently suffering heavy defeats. The best performance was against RMSC when the opposition snatched two quick goals in the dying minutes to win by 4-3. Against Banbury the XI scored twice in the opening three minutes, only to be methodically steam-rolled into a 7-4 defeat. In the remaining three matches the XI were comprehensively beaten by superior sides.

I am certain that had we had our selected sides out on all occasions we would have given a much better account of ourselves. Those who deserve a mention for battling on are Martin Bartlett (capt.), who won his colours, Kevin Smith, Richard Pheasant, Gary Adeney, Malcolm Brecht, Toby Knight, Sean Lewis and Mark Harris.

M.L.J.

2nd XI FOOTBALL

Harry scored THE winning goal!!!

A.G.N.

U15 XI FOOTBALL

In a season of few fixtures, cancellations reduced the number of matches played still further.

What the team lacked in skill, they made up for in determination; but even this was not enough and all matches were lost. The main weaknesses were lack of experience and speed in defence. With more matches this improving side might have done well, eventually.

The team was well captained by David Smith, ably supported by his vice-captain Kirk Frost. Colours were awarded to Trevor Barnett, Paul Chandler and David Smith.

J.D.J.

U14 XI FOOTBALL

The contribution made by new arrivals to the school was evident from the beginning of the season — notably Brian Tavares, whose powerful running struck fear into the hearts of the opposition. Benjamin Checksfield led the team by example, and his reading of the game was a delight to behold. He was well supported in mid-field by Neil Gregory, who became the team's most consistent player.

The goal scorers were Brian Tavares, Gordon Taole and John Freeman. At the other end of the field, Eddie Holland proved to be a valuable asset in goal. Although the end results were not always flattering, the team played with grit and enthusiasm, providing formidable opposition on their day. Other players were: Hawes, Dunsford, Patel, Thomas, Burns, Davis, Irish, Ellison.

D.A.R.

U13 XI FOOTBALL

Most of the matches played were close and exciting contests. The team showed much determination and kept working hard throughout the season. The match against Chenderit School was perhaps best representative of this; although most of the play took place in our half, we capitalised on the few breaks we had to emerge 2-1 victors. Many thanks to Mr. Warne for coaching the side. Colours were awarded to Tim Adeyemi (capt.), Gerry Harper-Jones, Mark Maycroft and Richard Sullivan. Other players were Shaun Emm, Dean Smith, Robin Lea, Shane Robinson, David Mangan, Neil Smith, Simon Dunn, Damian Etherington, Tim Clifford, Bill Slaven, James Graham and Toby Rush.

P.A.L.

CRICKET REPORT

1st XI CRICKET

Won 5, Drew 4, Lost 2

Eleven good matches against eleven sides of varying ability, resulting in a set of figures that all the team should be proud of. There can be no doubt that this has been a good season for the fairly young team and that they worked hard on the field, although several matches were threatened, none were actually called off.

The season opened with two draws as the players found their feet on the pitch, and then Burford were stoutly defeated in a good match. Kevin Smith, one of the openers, scored a magnificent 67, hitting 7 fours in the first five overs.

The match against our sister foundation, Oak Hill, is a bi-annual affair and this year the 'Ashes' remained at Kingham. Hitting them for six (literally!) the team made 204 runs, with Tim Frohwein making the only century of the season (105 n/o). Despite the rain during the Oak Hill innings we dismissed them all for only 63, with Mark Head taking five wickets.

Kingham Hill Old Boys, stronger than usual, managed a comfortable victory during an extremely hot afternoon and following that the team lost to Rendcomb in a close game.

The last, and most looked forward to, game of the season was that against the Staff. It promised to be a good match as this was reckoned to be a very strong Staff side and indeed some pessimists saw the possibility of a 1st XI defeat. However, this was not to be, as it was soon realised. The 1st's put up a questionable performance which resulted in a handful of ducks. Luckily Tim Frohwein saved the day with his 59. The total was 92 all out. The it was the turn of the Staff to face the ferocious accuracy of Mark Head. After a shaky start, they managed to muster some runs, but it was not enough and they were all out for 81 — only 12 runs short of a victory.

A good season, with outstanding bowling from Mark Head and batting from Tim Frohwein. We look forward eagerly to next summer. In addition to the above the following also played: M. Bartlett, S. Buckley, W. Driver, K. Frost, R. Gatward, B. Holman, A. Rowell, L. Scott, S. Moore and P. Stevens.



Batting Figures :

	Innings	Total Runs	Not Out	Average
Tim Frohwein	11	404	1	40.4
Mark Head	11	189	5	30.3
Kevin Smith	9	128	—	14.2
Gary Adeney	11	121	1	12.1
David Whitehead	6	44	2	11

Bowling Figures :

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wkts	Av.
Mark Head	103.2	17	319	36	8.9
Ian Thickpenny	67	11	190	19	10
Tim Frohwein	60.2	9	224	21	10.6
Gary Adeney	58.3	7	232	13	17.9

A.M.K.

U15 XI CRICKET

A season in which the team depended rather more on enthusiasm than sheer skill and technique. At times there was a lack of discipline but otherwise the team worked hard, improving their fielding in particular. There were some close games but more often than not, the results were unfavourable. The highlight of the season was undoubtedly the score of 130 which ensured a victory over King Edward's, Stratford. Colours were awarded to Kirk Frost (capt.) and Nick Harper-Jones. Other cricketers were Andrew Thompson, Andrew Sheppard, Heath Thomas, Nick Rubino, David Smith, Tim Foster, Paul Chandler, Kevin Sheppard, Charles Armstrong, James MacMillan and Trevor Barnett.

P.A.L.

U14 XI CRICKET

Potentially a very good squad of players, who in early matches encountered remarkably strong opposition and consequently suffered three heavy defeats. On later occasions the team showed itself capable of good performances and of inflicting the sort of efficient demolition it had previously endured.

Most of the batting line-up were capable of playing very effective innings. The bowling had a balanced variety of pace and spin, though the spin bowlers will need more opportunity in future if they are to realise their potential.

A.G.N.

U13 XI CRICKET

Owing to a lack of confidence and experience, the squad was never able to do itself justice, although it showed initial promise. The closest match was against Magdalene College School in which we restricted the opposition to 66 for 5, thanks to some impressive bowling from Simon Dunn and Shane Robinson, but then failed to take advantage of this and lost by six runs. We were never really in the running against teams like Rendcomb and Chenderit, whose batting totals left us impossible targets to aim at.

There is no doubt that our bowling was much stronger than our brittle batting: Neil Smith, Gerry Harper-Jones, Damien Etherington, Simon Dunn, Tim Clifford and Shane Robinson all bowled well on occasions yet lacked consistency. Fielding was often too casual and the straight bat eluded us too often. Gerry Harper-Jones coped well with the unenviable task of captain.

Members of the team should not be discouraged by this season's performance; with more experience and match practice many will mature into competent cricketers. Many thanks to Mr. Bury who has freely given of his knowledge and experience throughout the season. M.L.J.

BASKETBALL

U19 BASKETBALL

This season we played not only in the County League but in the newly established County Cup Competition. Unfortunately we were knocked out of the Cup in the first round; an ignominious defeat suffered at the hands of Cherwell School. We won our first league match but then form suddenly slumped, resulting in four defeats in succession. Nevertheless we plodded on, lifted our game, and went on to win the next two matches and a place in the county play-off. After a hard-fought battle against John Mason School, we bowed gracefully out of the competition in a 38-35 defeat. All in all a fairly successful season, however, which was enjoyed by everybody. Paul Owens led the crusade, won his colours, and played for the county team. Other contributors to the cause were George Bland, an ever improving guard; the elusive Martin Bartlett; Jon 'giraffe' Carvalho; Nasir Gobir, highly capable jumper; the dominating and aggressive force of Toby Knight and Ian Thickpenny; the skillful pair of Tim Frohwein and Kevin Smith; and the aspiring Ike Aneke. P.A.L.

U15 BASKETBALL

Although we lost all six of our matches, there was little difference between ourselves and our opponents: the largest margin of defeat was five baskets. In three of the matches we actually had more scoring attempts than the opposition, demonstrating our greatest weakness: a fatal lack of shooting ability.

Michael Gooding showed considerable skill and fully deserves his colours, while Andrew Thompson, Simon Howlett and Ian Ray showed enthusiasm and imagination. M.L.J.

CROSS COUNTRY

Under the inspiring leadership of Mr. Herringshaw, we started off the season with bright hopes and a burning desire to get our teeth into some competitive running. The hard training we embarked on increased our hunger still further. However, in spite of strong runners like Steven Chandley and Leo Stanton, the team seemed to lack true substance and star quality. The closest match was against Dean Close who beat us by the narrowest of margins — if only 'Sid' hadn't lost his shoe! We proved

to be no match for Bloxham who beat us convincingly at home with a team possessing superior fitness and stamina. The narrow defeat by Dean Close seemed to justify a re-match. But we failed once more to fulfill our hopes and found ourselves defeated even more convincingly owing to injury and a drop in enthusiasm. It is perhaps unfortunate that we did not have more matches. This might have prevented our interest from flagging. F.B.

RIDING CLUB REPORT

Riding Cup Winner: David Braithwaite

None of this nonsense about Mr. Gilmore's buttercups this year; this is going to be a proper report, straight from the horse's mouth.

First the good news, in order of importance: We, Top and Bottom, survived the coldest winter on record, certainly the coldest on our record anyway. If we hadn't, I wouldn't be writing this would I? Secondly, we want to record our grateful thanks to Mrs. Sutton without whose help we might not have survived the holidays. You may laught, but have **you** tried living out of doors for days on end with your whiskers frozen? A pony needs regular feeding and someone to talk to in those conditions.



Top and Bottom look suitably crestfallen at losing the paddock.

Then there was the sponsored ride. Yes, another sponsored ride. This summer term David Braithwaite and Nigel Bartlett made us cover fifteen miles with which **they** got sponsored! They hope to raise millions of pounds in this way for the National Children's Home in Chipping Norton. Well, something like that anyway. Actually they were very good and let

us walk most of the way, and every time Mr. Gilmore came round with food and drink for them they took our saddles off and let us eat lovely, juicy grass.

Then there was the Speech Day riding exhibition. Yes, another Speech Day riding exhibition. This time Julian Thompson and David Hunnisett had us in the Bradford Paddock jumping over jumps and weaving round something they called a slalom; a bit like looping the loop in a jumbo jet. Top rushed round like a lunatic (showing off as usual) but I showed them who has the brains in this outfit and only went round rather gently a few times. I'm fed up with these references to jumping like a double-decker bus.



Now for the bad news: The Bradford Paddock is a paddock no more. They have taken away the fence and the place is full of bulldozers hurtling round pushing great mounds of earth. They are trying to level it (that'll be the day) to make it into two games pitches. At the moment we are living in a nice little field by the Bursar's House but we have been promised a new home on the east side of the Top School with a new shelter and a food-store that we can't get into (Big deal!) and running water. We hope you will come and visit us there next term. R.B.

EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE CLUB

A group of mixed ages and with a diverse range of interests has met this year. Activities have been as varied as the membership. The "electric boffins" have used the lab facilities for testing, repairing and constructing everything from tape recorders to amplifiers and power units. Another group has taken the opportunity to operate lab apparatus themselves, something they had previously only seen demonstrated. A third group have really earned their keep by either repairing or manufacturing apparatus for physics lessons, thereby saving the physics master time and the School money. In this last respect particular thanks must go to Richard and Bernard Barnes, John Wadham, Richard Brooks and Leo Stanton. Finally, a lot of work was put into preparing what was generally considered a very successful and illuminating Speech Day display. D.E.H.R.

GUITAR CLUB

Since its inception at the beginning of the school year, some sixteen people have passed through the guitar club. Of them, only two or three have been in the club for all three terms while others have differed widely in age, musical aptitude and taste. The formation of any kind group or band has, therefore not been practical. Instead, the function of the guitar club has developed into one of enhancing the individual abilities of its members and of broadening their outlook in the field of guitar playing.

Boys have astonished each other and their friends and relatives by their renderings (in varying degrees of excellence) of the songs of Abba, Shakin' Stevens, the Beatles, Genesis and Motorhead. Some have written their own compositions and improvisations.

Because so few boys actually own guitars, we have been particularly grateful for Ginny Smith's donation of her guitar and for the purchase of four more guitars from the recording studios in Chipping Norton. However modest our collection, we now seem well equipped to train more people next year.

R.J.S.

CHESS CLUB

In the first term, Neil Foulger was very helpful in looking after the club. Our thanks to him for this. In the second term, the club individual knock-out tournament was won by John Lynes.

The house chess competition has been won by Durham, captained by Simon Howlett. The competition was somewhat marred by lack of interest, resulting in both Bradford and Sheffield defaulting matches.

J.D.J.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

Following requests from several boys, the school contacted the County Operating Authority for the Duke of Edinburgh's award scheme, who made it possible for the scheme to be taken up in the school. Since then more than twenty fourteen-year-olds have become involved in taking the Bronze Award in Expeditions, Service, Skills and Physical Recreations. They have been doing this mainly on Thursday afternoons but also during the weekends. All these activities have certainly been enjoyable and have kept those involved very busy. Above all, they have provided the challenge intended by the author of the scheme. All this makes a lot of work for the voluntary assessors and we are very grateful to them.

E.M.B.

OCTAGON REPORT 1981-82

There can be little doubt that this past year has been a very successful one for the Octagon Debating Society.

For many, the highlight of the year will be the topic:— "In TOOTH the female is deadlier than the male". It was thought that the 'fair sex' should be allowed to have their say in the debate, so some brave young ladies from Burford School were specially imported. May I on behalf of the Committee, particularly congratulate the main speakers: Helen Roper (supporting the motion) and Katherine Shepherd (opposing the motion). Our thanks also

to the other young ladies who provided moral support from the floor. The motion, incidentally, was lost.

Another notable sight presented itself during the debate: "In TOOTH this is the age of the train". Mr. Herringshaw arrived to support the motion in full guard uniform, complete with whistle, ridiculous cap, and railway lantern. It did not take those present long to realise that something decidedly fishy was afoot — Mr. Herringshaw is a renowned train enthusiast.

The other debates were equally enjoyable. here were serious topics such as "In TOOTH the Monarchy is purely a form of entertainment" (defeated!), while rather lighter-hearted debates such as "Call my Bluff" and "Just a Minute" provided excellent entertainment value, if nothing else.

The voting for next year's committee brought the largest attendance on record — 96 people arrived to vote. What was equally pleasing was the fact that there was a larger number of candidates for election than there have been in the past few years; eleven people in all! Even more pleasing than this was that there were people standing for election from the 4th form as well as the 5th and 6th forms. This must surely be a very favourable reflection on these candidates, who were willing to participate, even if they did not gain office, in what constitutes a very worthwhile asset to all. Octagon presents the ideal opportunity for one to develop (often necessary) public speaking skills, as well as the educational value of listening to two sides of an argument, and forming one's own opinions accordingly.

I would like to thank, on behalf of the Committee, all those who spoke in Octagon last year. Our thanks, too, to the people who realise the validity and usefulness of the debating society, and attend the meetings, providing amongst other things very welcome moral support for their fellows. It now only remains for me to thank this year's (already retired) Octagon Committee for their inspiring presence at the meetings, to thank the President for his presiding, and to wish, at the end of a very successful year, next year's Committee the very best with what we all hope will prove another equally successful year of Octagon debating. A.D.F.

THE SNAPPER (1977 - 1982)

In the Christmas of 1977 a group of senior boys under Andrew Montgomerie, came up with the idea of having a magazine for the boys of Kingham Hill, and they called it "The Snapper" for reasons which are still quite not fully understood. This novel idea went down very well with the boys, most of whom did not object to paying out 2p every week for their magazine. Grubby, ink-stained hands reached out eagerly for a copy and it drew the attention of almost every pupil at the school. Unfortunately, things did not go quite as expected and the regularity of the issues became questionable. I'm not quite sure what went wrong, but even then the lack of material hindered publication. From that time on the popularity of "The Snapper" has waxed and waned. During the summer of 1978, Mr. Cooper commented on the "dying snap" of "The Snapper", but still the magazine did not die.

There appears to be a substantial break in the "Snapper" history once the founders of the magazine had left. In 1979 Andrew Adonis, Mark Owens and Robert Bones revived the publication and brought out several successful issues. However, that problem of no material, or at least very little, again cropped up. It can never be over-stressed how much the "Snapper" depends on support from the boys.

The summer of 1980 seemed once again to be the end of the school magazine, as the editors either left or resigned to do their "A" level studies and no one wished to replace them. Many of the boys were always asking when the "Snapper" would next be issued; I was among them. Eventually I realised that without some effort on some-one's part the "Snapper" would remain dead, so I offered to take over as editor with assistance from Timothy Collinson. We published two issues together. The first was just a small "starter" to get us used to the problems and then we plunged into the first Speech Day "Snapper". A success, selling nearly double the usual numbers, it paved the way for this year's edition.

Mark Ellison took over when Timothy left us and we worked on two "Snappers", only to find ourselves thwarted by bad weather and printing difficulties. (We still have almost one hundred copies of an unsold Christmas "Snapper" somewhere). The Speech Day edition this year was another success and I thank Mark Ellison, Roberto Campana and the contributors for that. I hope it is a strong foundation for next year's "Snapper", under the editorship of another, as it is time for me to resign and work for my "A" levels in the summer.

As many of our readers have noticed, the quality of typing on the "Snapper" could be better. However, we did provide an excuse in our last edition.

My typist has gone on hir holiday
My typisk has gohn on A spreee
mx tyoyst hap gone oh hyr horiday
O gring bacq mV hypisT too me.
Bling bac? OK @ring bakj
hO bynk b4ck my tipish to mi to me
Brung bicq oCling 6ack
oo blynk bac£ mg t½pys?* to m½
o d%mn

The magazine tries to cover a wide a range of subjects as possible, and there is always plenty of odd corners left for 'space-fillers' such as cartoons.

MUSIC

Writing a report on school music invites the obvious question — why is music taught here at all? As Head of Department I clearly have a vested interest; if I were not teaching music I would probably be in the dole queue. But when one of this term's preachers, discussing the principle of sharing, argued that if he played a Mozart violin sonata to the 250 or so members of the congregation it would not be divided among them but its total value available to every individual, I did think ruefully of the many boys for whom, sadly, sitting through such a performance (even were it given by Heifetz and Rubinstein themselves) would be an ordeal of agonising boredom. The appreciation of classical music demands a sensitivity possessed by few.

What, then, is the function of the music department? Do we aim to produce musicians with high grades at 'A' level and an advanced degree of technical accomplishment and send them on to the music colleges and the Philharmonic Orchestra? (We might be disappointed if we do). Do we encourage them in their dreams of becoming the pop groups of tomorrow (or even of this afternoon)? Do we teach them to listen constructively to great music and hope that they will form the audiences of the future.

Until 1979 music was taught as a classroom subject throughout the school and happily it is to be restored to the timetable, as far as the Fifth Form, next term. What an opportunity for choral work in the senior forms and for fostering musical awareness and standards, the cultivation of good listening habits and the ability to form considered judgements. Brahms was less of a genius than Bach — though personally I prefer him. Cole Porter and Lennon and McCartney in no way compete with either, but their music is well written and attractive — entertainment at its best. And who shall deny the value of entertainment? Performance should be encouraged, whether it be of Mozart, Stravinsky or Jerome Kern. Nor am I impervious to the attractions of pop music, or blind to the need to keep up with its progress, though I must confess to a dread of noise, an uneasy anticipation of the deaf generations to come. New wave, new new wave, newest wave — there seem to be as many waves in popular music as in the vast Pacific Ocean. I should be delighted if boys formed groups to play and sing(?) the current Top 20, or 30, or (though for reasons partly to do with decibels and partly with fire regulations I would wish to exercise some control over the use of electric instruments).

So all performance is acceptable; yet we have our problems. This year has seen an unprecedented decline in the number of boys studying instruments. The brass department, so lively for so long, has been especially hard hit. The woodwind, under the benevolent direction of Mrs. Williams comes on apace. The strings, though limited numerically, continue to play, on the whole, well. As a small single-sex school we lack both the sheer numbers or a larger establishment and the overwhelming advantages of a co-ed. We hope for an increase in music pupils next term and, as always, we look ahead hopefully, praying that the gods will smile benignly on us and send us, with our September intake, most of the King's College

choristers, fourteen expert trumpeters and a host of violinists unequalled save by the strings of the Berlin Philharmonic. They won't, of course — but one can hope. And in any case, the Berlin Phil have Karajan.

However, the usual events go on. The Carol Service, the Speech Day concerts, the various anthems and Informal Concerts through the year, the classroom teaching, the 'O' and 'A' level courses. Richard Castermans, David Thomas and Toby Rush sang the roles of the "Pickled Boys" in Britten's "St. Nicholas" with the Chipping Norton Choral Society last November. Alan Foster passed his Grade 6 organ exam in the Easter term, and Luke Redgrave and Jonathan Humfrey gained Grade 3 flute and clarinet respectively, the latter with merit. We thank once again our team of peripatetic teachers for their willing and expert encouragement and also Mr. Stoodley and Mr. Roberts for the invaluable help they give.

W.F.S.

DRAMA

The fact that there was no School Play this year, did not mean that the boards were left untrodden — far from it. Thanks to the efforts of a large number of people, a very worthwhile time of music and drama was presented for two nights during the Easter Term. The programme promised "An Evenings Entertainment" and this was probably the nearest to an accurate description since variety and diversity were certainly the order of the day. The first half of the programme consisted of a number of shorter items leading up to a performance of Gilbert & Sullivan's "Trial by Jury" which headed the bill.

The intrepid Prefects set the tone for the evening with their inspired, if slightly tentative, rendering of (appropriately enough) two songs from Gilbert & Sullivan. "The Sergeant's Song" was delivered with gusto while the tragedy of "Tit Willow" was recounted with such emotion and meaning that the audience was nearly reduced to tears. This was followed by an equally impressive item, "An Easter Carol", from the Plym's admirable version of Dickens' work, in dramatic form and with a change of season. Unfortunately, owing to illness, the various ghosts were forced to use the same body. In spite of this the Plymouth boys delighted their audience and deserve much praise for their ingenuity. There is obviously much promise in the lower reaches of the school.

If Dickens could not escape adulteration, then neither could Shakespeare, as the next item proved. The stage was taken over by a group of hyperactive fifth formers and the intricacies of the plot of "The Merchant of Venice" were worked out before our eyes in no less than fifteen minutes! Costumes were donned only to be torn off in a matter of seconds, identities changed with equal regularity, props flew backwards and forwards across the stage. Yet from this apparent chaos emerged the story which we all know so well. Whether or not Shakespeare himself would have approved, it is difficult to say, and this is truer still of the ninety second version which followed. But it is certain that the audience enjoyed it, however much their heads were spinning by the end. But they were not to be allowed much respite since the surrealist sketch which followed required even greater concentration. "Oh!" by N. F. Simpson was a true challenge and although

some of the younger boys could do nothing but stare in blank amazement, most others rose to it and managed to understand the nonsense which was played out before them, in a superb piece of innovative acting, by Paul Owens and Katherine Shepherd. Relief, however, came in the shape of Alan Foster's cabaret act. His mimicking of staff and colleagues had everybody laughing uncontrollably and the imitation of Mr. Nicholson, especially, is not likely to be forgotten.

Yet the highlight of the evening was undoubtedly the Shepherd/Stoodley production of "Trial by Jury". There was a warm reaction to what was a commendable production, sparkling with life and zest. Richard Priest was brilliantly cast as the Judge. His authoritative and officious manner ensured that the court was kept in order and his booming voice was becoming to the astute personage he played. Mrs. Stoodley played the coy and abused plaintive with grace and style, managing at all times to hold her own, despite the fact that she was the only lady in the cast. The hardened defendant struck fear and indignation into the hearts of the audience with his snarling leer. But Steven Chandley acted this part with a sensitivity that made us all realise that underneath his callous exterior, he had a heart of gold. The night, however, belongs to David Smith, who, as the counsel, won us all over. His sincerity, his humanity, his rhetorical sensibilities and his clear ringing baritone ensured that everybody was backing him every inch of the way. His was a commanding performance and he well deserves the drama award which has since come his way. Not to be forgotten are the twelve (or so) jurymen who sang lustily and remained dependable throughout. The fact that they did not always sing in time was more than made up for by their enthusiastic and responsible approach to their task. Mr. Stoodley had no problems with the piano and should be congratulated for his work on a memorable production. Justice was certainly done in all areas and as a satisfied audience left the hall, a study of the programme would have revealed that no less than sixty boys took part in the activities of the evening on stage and back-stage.

R.P.O.

COMBINED CADET FORCE 1981-82

Little did we realise last August, when all the contents of the old CCF hut were bundled into the Land-Rover to be dumped in the cricket pavilion, that eleven months later, they would still be there. Progress on the new CCF hut and stores, on the corner at the top of the farm hill beyond the Music school, has been slow. The hut is not school property and its rebuilding has been out of our control. However, we have hopes of starting next term from a secure and official base. The cricketers have been very patient.

With every term that has gone by since the old .22 Range was demolished to make way for new workshops, we have seen our shooting decline. Thanks to positive action by the Governors, our new range, just behind the new hut, is rapidly rising on the old Young Farmers land and should be ready by next term. Then inter-house and school shooting can start again, and our own shooting for badges within the CCF.

Incredibly four years have passed since Captain Strongman died, and to almost all the boys now in the CCF, it has been RQMS Campana who has issued kit and run the stores. He is now leaving, having served in the CCF as boy and Old Boy for 9 years. Our thanks and good wishes go with him. C.S.M. Harris, who is now leaving the Royal Green Jackets, is joining us as School Staff Instructor next term, and will in advance of that be helping at camp. We look forward to his contribution, not least on the training side.

1981 Camps in Sennybridge, mid-Wales, and at Bünde, West Germany, with 2nd Armoured Division Transport Regiment, R.C.T., were both excellent in their very different ways. Training was full and good, spirit first-class. More than 60 cadets attended on of these camps. This year we have over 70 about to set off for Longmoor as I write this.

Our last Longmoor camp in 1979 had as our senior Cadet C/Sgt. Michael Cullen, the first winner of the Strongman Cup, shortly again to be competed for. A cutting from the local Newbury paper tells us of his wounds received in action with the Paratroops in the fighting for the hills round Port Stanley. We are glad he is recovering well. Our senior cadet of 1977-78, Hugh Bodington, now 2/Lt. with the Welsh Guards, fortunately escaped when the Sir Galahad was attacked. Sadly many of his men did not. David Russell, Lt. R.N., writes of meeting Hugh in Port Stanley. David was senior cadet in 1974-75 and is flying helicopters for the Land Forces H.Q.

Despite our problems this year, training has kept going well, with excellent proficiency results, a good junior cadre, adventurous training in the trees behind Greenwich, on the dry ski slopes etc., under the Chaplain, a small REME Section and all the usual activities. F/Lt. Woolliams left at Christmas and P/O Jones took over. The RAF Section is small, and we have no glider, but it is carrying on and will surely grow. W.O. Malcolm Brecht has been awarded a Flying Scholarship and is at present on the course. Our congratulations to him.

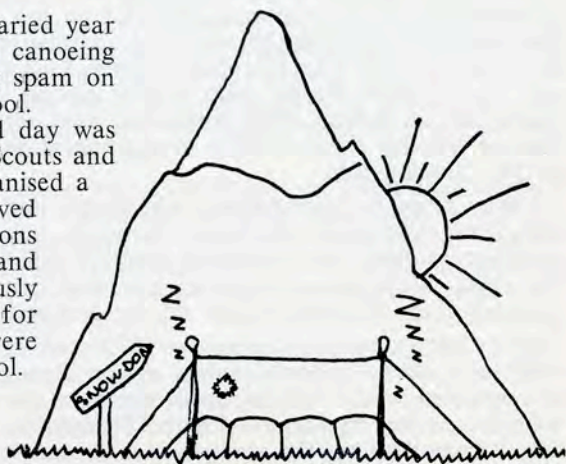
We have had three C.S.M.'s this year, Martin Bartlett, George Bland and Toby Knight. All have contributed, as have the other NCO's. CQMS Priest has done far more on the stores side than duty called him to do. I have confidence that up and coming NCO's will do their part in the better equipped CCF of 1982-83. Our thanks to the Cadet Training Team who have really helped us this past year, to Lt. Craik-White for taking over Army Section training, and to all, staff and boys, who have supported us in any way. All the activities have been attended by much good spirit and skill; they have been abundantly worthwhile.

R. H. B. Chapman, Lt.-Col.,
Officer Commanding, CCF.

SCOUT REPORT

The Scouts have had a varied year of activities, ranging from canoeing at Ross-on-Wye to cooking spam on open fires around the school.

The Christmas term field day was a joint effort between the Scouts and the C.C.F. The C.C.F. organised a night exercise. This involved members of both organisations sleeping rough on a wet and freezing cold night. Obviously the pace was too much for some of the cadets who were found sleeping in Top School. (Don't worry Richard, I won't say anything.) Mr. Sinclair was ambushed in the Land Rover by Heath Thomas.



Easter term field day provided us with an opportunity to visit West Midland's Safari Park. The Polar Bears looked as if they were suffering in the heat. However, most of the time was spent, not with the animals, but at the amusement arcade or on the rowing boats. Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Rees for providing a memorable day.

The Summer field day was spent canoeing intrepidly down the River Wye by courtesy of P.G.L. The trip was exciting but tiring, involving instruction and, on the lighter side, various games in the canoes. Most participated but there was the odd character lacking in enthusiasm. Our "fleet" of canoes included Canadians and Doubles as well as Singles. We returned muddy and dripping but well satisfied.

After learning how to fry spam on an open fire, the Scout Troop now considers itself ready to venture out into the wilds of Snowdonia. It only remains to thank Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Batchelor for yet another interesting and eventful year.

F.B.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITIES CHAPEL

The great strength of the School's Christian life lies in the variety and number of people who are prepared to play an active part in it. One sympathises with those communities, both educational and parochial, in which the presentation of the Christian message is the peculiar preserve of the Rector or Vicar, or so far as a school is concerned, the Chaplain. Christianity is not just "another Club", with a small band of enthusiastic followers, but a fundamental element in the lives of us all, and the catholicity of its application is most effectively shown when all sorts and conditions of men express their lives in it.

Thus we have been greatly blessed by the extent to which Christian activities have been spread throughout the School. Voluntary Chapel on

Tuesday mornings has been a good illustration of this. Worship on this day is prepared and presented by groups of boys. Malcolm Brecht, who organises the roster, observed with a mixture of pleasure and surprise that he had so many volunteers to take Tuesday Chapel that not a single person was required to lead the service more than once per term. Indeed he suspected some people were slightly upset at being required so little. The same range of involvement was apparent on the part of the Staff, 16 of whom, out of a total of 21, took Chapel at some stage during the year.

The accounts of C.F. and of Crusaders given below provide some indication of the breadth of activities. Octagon on one evening was seriously limited in effectiveness because there were three Bible studies in boarding houses taking place at the same time; a House Communion on



the evening of the World Cup Final had an even larger attendance than usual; hearty singing in Chapel has greatly encouraged the many visiting speakers who have guided our Sunday worship during the year; the Chaplain has gone off on another series of sailing trips to provide himself with enough material for a new run of Friday morning homilies; and the work of the Lord has been spread in the School.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP REPORT

The meetings of the Christian Fellowship have continued to take place every Sunday evening at the Warden's house. We are very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd for allowing us to use their house, and indeed to others on the staff who have made their living rooms available. We are also grateful to those who have come to take our meetings over the past year. The programme has been a varied one. Our regular Bible study, centred on an examination of James and a few chapters of Ephesians, has been interspersed with a look at such diverse topics as Christian music, a Christian view of entertainment, alcohol, the use of Sundays, the Holy Spirit, and the need for commitment.

The normal format adopted at these meetings is a time of singing followed by a study of the topic under consideration. During the meetings we seek to help and encourage boys already committed to the Lord Jesus Christ, while stimulating interest in others. P.A.L.

CRUSADER REPORT

We planned to start the year with a barbecue, but this proved slightly difficult in torrential rain. Mr. Woolliams kindly came to the rescue, however, by opening up the old Plymouth to us.

Sunday by Sunday, some twenty boys meet for worship and to study from the Bible the claims of Jesus as Lord. We have been grateful to visiting preachers who have stayed on to speak to us, and to the various members of staff who have joined Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Sinclair from time to time.

One particular high spot in the year was the Anniversary in March, when the Bishop of Thetford spoke on "Some Secrets of Usefulness": watch for Christ's purpose and work in Christ's power. The other high spot was the over-night leave weekend which six boys spent camping in Mr. Service's Vicarage gardens, up in Derbyshire, the venture was very successful and will be repeated.

A number of us have also been meeting during the week to pray. This is as important as the Sunday meeting and its support is a measure of the concern we have for God's work among us. A.G.N.

LETTERS FROM THE FALKLANDS

The crisis in the South Atlantic has been a matter for great concern. Certainly, we at Kingham have followed the fortunes of the Task Force very closely, not least because of the old boys who were involved in the campaign. News of three of them has arrived on the Hill in various forms.

We have had letters from Hugh Bodington and David Russell who both wrote at the end of June. Hugh, a 2nd Lt. in the Welsh Guards, lost all but one of his platoon in the "Sir Galahad" incident and had a narrow escape himself. His company had to return to San Carlos to re-equip, thus missing the main advance on Stanley. However they were given the task of returning Argentinian prisoners home aboard the Canberra. Hugh writes that he was in charge of "120 very smelly, lice and scabies ridden Argentinians". At that time he was unsure what the next move was to be, but suspected his Company would take part in clearing up Stanley. Hugh hopes to make the rugby match in the autumn if he is back by then.

David Russell, a Lt. in the Royal Navy, reports a meeting with Hugh on the Heliport at Stanley. A helicopter pilot, he was aboard the first ship into Stanley. He speaks of the great pride which he and all his compatriots feel and says that morale is very high even amongst the Paras and Gurkhas who have been through the worst. Having seen the "squalor and devastation" the Argentinians have inflicted, he has lost all sympathy for them. These are no harmless 14-16 year olds, as the media has reported,

but "hard, professional killers who prove to be as ruthless as the worst." David continues to serve in the Falklands in a supply and communications capacity.

"Shot Paratrooper Returns Home to a Hero's Welcome." These words headed an article in a provincial weekly on Michael Cullen. It turns out that Michael took part in the much acclaimed trek across East Falkland. His part in the campaign culminated at the battle of Mount Longdon where he was shot in the face and had to be transferred to the SS Uganda where his wounds were treated. He was fortunate: a bullet struck his top lip, richacheted off his teeth, and went straight through his bottom lip and it seems that his scars are barely visible. In his typically dry manner he claims that the worst thing about the trek was "eating chicken supreme for three weeks." He says he is finding it difficult to get used to the praise and attention which is constantly heaped upon him at home. At Kingham we are as proud of these three as anyone and look forward to seeing them in the near future. R.P.O.

CONTRIBUTIONS

GRANDFATHER

Although I had never seen my grandfather before, I had always referred to him as if I had. Pictures of him had been conjured up in my mind for years. Whenever I was asked about him, my immediate reply was "Of course; part of the family, i'n he?" But the truth was far away from the white lie. I always tried to keep away from the long discussions in the playground about whose Grandad was the best. I guess I knew that I couldn't quite describe in detail the old man that lay half-created in my mind's eye. But now had come the opportunity of seeing and hearing the mysterious old man himself. He lived in a remote part of Lincolnshire, in a mansion that could house an army. The grounds, I was told, stretched as far as the eye could see. My mind was not yet made up on whether I should give him dark or white hair. I would find out soon though and all my visions of him would be tested.

As our red Chrysler drew up to the huge stone gate-way of the green estate my heart thumped hard with excitement. A long narrow drive, lined with colourful elms and nibbled grass on either side was paved with gravel and shingle. Away in the distance stood a white washed mansion, surrounded with grey brown trees and lifeless bushes. As we neared the house though I saw that I had made an error. The mansion was not such a dazzling white and the flower beds that surrounded it were uncontrollably wild. The trees looked duller and in the drive sprung weeds and wild plants. It was as if the grounds were increasingly uncared for, the nearer we drove towards it.

As we slowed to a halt on the crackling surface of the forecourt, I was stunned by the lack of light about the place. Even the huge fountains in the middle of the grey stagnant pool stood lifeless. We all left the car without a word and walked across the courtyard to the large steps leading up to the huge oak doors. My family looked rather stern, especially father. A long rod hung from the frame of the door, its large brass handle swaying

to and fro as the gentle breeze caught it. Joanna tugged at the rusty object. I was surprised to hear any reply from the jolt she gave it. But sure enough, a resounding gong-like sound was heard from where we were standing. A few moments later a latch was heard opening. The oak door swung open and a receding hall lit up by the day light. I couldn't see the man very clearly for the shadow of the door obstructed my view.

We all entered after being invited by a rather morbid voice. In the hall the light was dim but one could see objects in reasonable detail. The man who let us in was middle aged, he wore a dark suit and lent on a stick. I could not believe that this man was my grandfather, and indeed I was right. An older man hobbled in, the light from a high window shining off his dazzling white hair. He had a beard that straggled down his chest and his constantly moving jaws suggested that he had false teeth. His face was intensely wrinkled and his deeply set eyes twinkled just slightly as he glanced at me. Then slowly his small mouth formed a shy smile; he gazed at my little sister, she smiled and apprehensively approached him. He gently stroked her blonde hair, his shaking hand feeling her face. A tear-drop shone silver on his cratered face and ran down to his bushy chin to be lost in the jungle of shabby grey hairs.

Everyone was smiling now, and the atmosphere in the dark hall was warmer and more inviting than before. My dream had come true, I had seen grandfather; he was the same as any other, only closer, a part of my life.

G. Adeney, Form 5

LIFE WITHOUT WORK

The sun, a rarity in the winter, now making a more regular appearance — a fairly predictable one — bleached the wall by my bed. Outside the day had begun and would continue, but inside there was, I thought, no day or night.

The birds rejoiced at the sun's return. The animals dozed in the first signs of heat, and sighed as the sun popped the dew bubbles on their backs. The farmer was working with a sense of urgency, and had been for two hours. It seemed as though he were trying to thank the sun and repay it for the favour. Perhaps he thought his yellow blades of wheat and rape flowers, which embarrassed the green nettle-patched pasture fields, would render thanks to the sun for him.

I sat up in bed, moved my closed eyelids from side to side, and decided to get up, even though I was tired. I was tired of being lazy. I was tired of resting and relaxing. Downstairs I read through the papers for a third time to ensure that I had not ignored any minor detail; but even the newspaper — the one thing that did change every day — did not satisfy my inquisitive mind. I read the recommendations on the back of a novel and began to test their validity.

For me the sun was no reason to rejoice, no appreciated warmth, no sign to work. I did not lack a reason to work, for I had no work. With work I would not have asked for any reasons.

For two years I had worked, everyday demanding more from me, and

challenging me to continue and make my success more impressive. Every-day was different and difficult. Awake with the sun, it urged my conscience to control me, and succeed. There was always more to learn and more knowledge necessary, I thought, to prove that I had not wasted the day. In every game I played I found room for improvement and aimed to fill it.

I was afraid that the sun would not stay for the scheduled hours expected, afraid it might burn out or be smothered forever by a cloud. By night-time I would be exhausted and welcomed the arrival of darkness, and would be relieved by the sun's departure. I tried to hold on to the night and keep it in my grip, but I failed and woke up thinking that the night was abstract. I thought the night, the time for rest, was not sufficient. It was like a few drops of water for a thirsty man; it only made me beg for more. I wondered if it was worth my while looking forward to rest I deserved, and remembered:

"Things that are, are with more spirit chased than enjoyed".

I earned my rest during the day and was underpaid at night. I considered lengthening the dark hours by tightly closing my eyes. But behind closed eyelids I would see a red screen.

I was time's slave. I did not obtain sufficient time to complete my work or sufficient time to rest after the day. Despite all my efforts, time was against me. It controlled the arrival and departure of the sun, and I never once considered that I was inefficient, but always blamed the apparent shortening of the day.

Now at the end of two years, a few weeks had determined my destiny. On the back of a pure white sheet of paper I found an impression of my ability. Did I give a bad impression. This could only be a rhetorical question: obviously I had. So, again, time was my master, but now it tortured me even more. I asked it, in vain, to pass quickly, to behave as it did before. I had been compelled to hurry and now I was compelled to slow down. I no longer had an ambition, for I no longer needed to learn. Nothing was expected of me. A sum of twenty-five pound a week was given to me. Perhaps it was given to comfort me or as a supercilious gesture that I should remain as I was.

The past two years were of no use to me now and would not be in the future. I occupied my mind with the thoughts of my future. I became pessimistic. Old age would be the same.

An old man rests, comfortably crippled in his armchair, his worn-down body asleep and his less alert mind surviving on the memories of the past, the satisfaction gained from the sense of achievement which was his. He smiles at his photographs and sighs at his wife's portrait on the wall.

I will never be like an old man. I will have no memories, feel no satisfaction, but will watch the rise and fall of the sun and be daily reminded that I never lived to appreciate the time-table it printed. I will still question the reason for life and be sure that "to be is to do". Discontented, I will have to admit that I do not know what it is to be fed, because I was never hungry. I do not know how it feels to rest, for I have never worked.

Neil Owens

TIME TO KILL

Nikkia had refused to marry the old self-made tycoon, Niak Bormarr, preferring the small and harmless Miirl Keron. Bormarr took this as a personal insult, for he had always had his way, and he threatened the young couple until they lived in fear of him.

Three years later that fear turned to hate. Nikkia, Keron and his parents were involved in a ground car accident and as he lay among the tangled and twisted wreckage, listening to his wife's dying screams, her life blood dripping uselessly onto the dusty road, he felt that hate welling up from deep within his heart.

Nikkia and Keron's father died in the accident while his mother was permanently crippled. He knew who was behind the deaths, but there was no proof; Bormarr had his revenge. From then on Keron lost all interest in life. He lived with his mother and led a dull, repetitive existence. He became drained of emotion, so much so that the sight of a smile on his face was a rare as a rainstorm on the moon. All his friends drifted away, for who wants to know a man devoid of feelings?

But despite this outward appearance Keron still remembered his wife with a mixture of pity and happiness. Those fond memories were all becoming so painfully distant yet the seed of hate was lodged in his heart forever. But what could he do against a man as powerful as Bormarr?

One day he learned of the new fantastic service to be opened by the Institute for Time Research; a time machine which could be used by members of the public wishing to travel into the past. The service cost more than Keron's modest wage would cover, but he schemed and saved until he had devised a wild but possible plan. It needed research and, after frequent visits to the record office, he applied to the Institute for a trip seventy years into the past.

The next two months were spent filling in forms and going for medical check-ups. Keron claimed that he wished to go back to research for a book he intended to write, and eventually he was accepted.

On the day he was to begin his journey he spoke to his crippled mother. She did not really understand, but to his surprise, she seemed interested.

"I'm going to get Bormarr once and for all", he told her. She sat silently, then began to repeat that name.

"Bormarr, Bormarr".

"Yes, Mother; Bormarr".

She spoke quietly as she remembered. "Your father... he... knew Bormarr... once".

Keron knelt down beside her. "What do you mean?" he asked.

She shook her old head. "I... I can't recall. They were... fr... friends once... as children. As they... grew up there was... an... an argument and... and they fell out. I know they used to be friends, your father... told... me".

"Anything else?" but she shook her head.

Keron stood up and left for the Institute.

Once he had arrived, he was reminded of the procedure. Then, dressed in the clothing of the period, he entered the cubicle of the time machine. It was pitch black inside once the light had faded and Keron fidgeted nervously. Suddenly a thin whine filled his ears and an eerie light glowed under the floor. More lights appeared, tiny multi-coloured pinpricks which danced unerringly beneath the translucent glass panel, weaving intricate and seemingly meaningless patterns. Although they were only just below his feet they appeared to be receding, until their movements became more and more beautiful and the whole cubicle was filled with dazzling lights. Feeling lightheaded, Keron put his hand out to steady himself, but could find no wall; then he lost his grip on consciousness.

A split second after blacking out, he found himself standing among a group of trees in the city's main park. Slipping quietly away, he soon armed himself and went in search of the area where Bormarr had lived as a child. Keron did not understand the mechanics of time, but he knew that if Bormarr died as a child, then he could have never arranged to kill Nikkia later in life. Keron smiled; when he returned to his own time Nikkia would not be dead.

It was so easy, yet so disgusting. The child squealed as his body was cut down by the weapon and a young friend with him was injured. Keron did not enjoy it and fled immediately from the scene, his stomach turned by the odour of charred flesh. At least the child Bormarr was no more.

That evening, sitting in the dingy hotel room, he waited for the time to come when he must return home. Out of curiosity, he listened to the latest news programme.

"Today two young boys were brutally attacked in the suburbs. One Niak Bormarr, aged ten, died instantly. His friend, Aalb Keron, is critical in the Northern General Hospital. Doctors give him little chance".

He leapt up and fled to the hospital.

It was a huge building and once inside he felt that he would never find the boy. However, after asking directions he found his way to the boy who might be his own father. He lay in a small room, surrounded by several machines, and Keron watched through a large glass panel in the wall.

What have I done? He asked himself and he felt his stomach heave. What if he dies? He was beginning to shake and a nurse nearby glanced at him curiously. The hair on the back of his neck pricked up as a red light began to wink on a machine by the child's head.

"Trouble", breathed the nurse. Two doctors came running and began to work with an easy air of experience. They knew the boy would die, but their job was to prolong life for as long as possible. The red light remained on and it hurt Keron's old eyes.

No! No! He pleaded silently.

"Emergency", said a voice over hidden speakers. "Doctor-technicians Earll and Smets report to assist Doctors Karlsen and..."

Please no! Keron cried out in his tired head.

The various machines displayed facts that were meaningless to Keron but meant something to the nurses, watching with grim fascination.

"He's critical", observed one.

The other agreed. "They can't save him now; it's too late".

In his fifty-six years of life Mirl Keron has experienced many types of fear but this was different, so very different, and it hurt. The fear oozed out of his pores, mingling with the sweat and surrounding him with an unseen cloud of uncertainty, filling his mind with the almost uncontrollable urge to drop into the bliss of insanity. His mind tottered dangerously on the brink, and the abyss below seemed more inviting than ever before.

The red light winked out. "It's too late", said a doctor. "He's gone too far; he's going far too fast for us to do anything".

Keron's mind slipped.

He turned and ran headlong down the corridor, uttering a terrible hellish scream that sent shivers down the spines of all who heard it. As the boy's last spark of life was extinguished, the scream ended abruptly, leaving only an empty silence.

Andrew Knowles L6

20th CENTURY HEROES

"Of getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter past, breakfasting at nine, going to the City at ten, coming home at half past five, and dining at seven". Dicken's Victorian hero was certainly of dubious quality. He organised his life, his wealth and his friends with a religious and regular efficiency; he was noticed and well known, yet his contributions to society were minimal. Not so the Twentieth Century hero: he still gets up at eight, shaves close at quarter past, breakfasts at nine, goes to the City at ten, comes home at half past five and dines at seven. The day, monotonous and boring and vital to the economy, is crucial to his bank account.

Everyday he drives to the station in his Cortina, parking it alongside the other Cortinas. Out he gets, straightening his grey suit, retrieving his briefcase, bowler and umbrella. In a mirror movement, fifteen other Cortina owners unconsciously mimic his actions, finishing with a reassuring click as the key locks the door.

A small grey trickle winds its way among the Cortinas towards the ticket office, where a bored, blue-clad official holds an unused clipper and waves past the worn season tickets. The blank faces pass briskly with familiar regularity on to the platform just as the train, with similar repetitive pattern, draws alongside. The same door, the same seat, the same nod to the same neighbour.

The train begins to speed up as it draws away from the station, passing the same views through the same murky windows. Then, and only then, do the rows of blank faces, take on an individuality. Some scan the paper, others tackle the crossword, yet others rouse themselves with thick, sweet BR coffee, but the bulk are lost, staring unseeingly at passing cows, fields, hedgerows or reflections, reflecting on awaiting office or departing home.

At Paddington, the grey trickle, now swollen to a swarm, pours from the still moving train and urges itself to the Underground, braced to receive the accustomed rush. Down the rounded, tiled corridors, curiously decorated with regulated spidery lines in elaborate colours, they move.

Even the words of the prophet on the sub-way walls go unnoticed as the swarm buzzes by. On to the grey platform the van spills, soon to be surrounded by brief cases and bowlers, unstimulated by the incitements to lust and violence offered by the posters across the track. It is strangely silent, except for the faint panting of public school minds, reared on the playing fields of Waterloo and anticipating the next stage of the sport. Seats are few, but umbrellas are sharp, and the travellers surge on to the train, searching quickly for the empty place, trying not to catch the eye of the rare elderly lady whose unwritten rights might cause defeat.

The rocking motion begins, the sin-boards vanish and the battle of guilts now begins in earnest. By looking their most uncomfortable and dejected, those standing try to make those fortunate enough to be sitting feel as uneasy as possible. Those sitting try to look as discomposed as possible to persuade those standing that a seat is in fact not worth having and that they are really quite fortunate to be able to stand on their own feet rather than have some-one else stand on them. Eyes, strangely, never meet. Suddenly, with a burst of light, the next station appears. The doors hiss open and a few, too few, leave their seats. Two make for the nearest vacancy; true to the British technique of trying to win by at the same time appearing to want to lose, they offer it to each other and a third passenger adroitly steps in. The scene is plunged into temporary darkness in preparation for the next, repeat performance.

As a grey swarm they leave the Underground station, umbrellas oddly enough not out of place on a London summer's day, signalling in the accepted manner for the black cabs which come scurrying to their rescue.

And so the final leg of the journey to a day's unsung heroic action. Into their computerised holes the ants disappear, the paper work before them and the journey behind. They are the nation's back-bone, pliable, flexible but unbreakable. They will make no media highlighted decisions, nor will they shake the stock market by trying to outbid Holmes a'Court for A.C.C., Fraser and Tiny Rowland will still hold the limelight, but through it all they will be there, moving paper, talking to telephones, initialling documents. They are the unnoticed men of the Twentieth Century, the heroes of the age.

Simon Moore

THE FALKLAND CRISIS

(We asked Andrew Adonis for a University letter, to give us some idea of his academic life. He said it was too parochial and offered us instead his comment on the year's major event. Here it is. Ed.)

Her Majesty's Governor of the Falkland Islands and Dependencies once again resides in Government House, Port Stanley. But the price of restoring British administration has been high. Though "The Paper which supports Our Lads" will rejoice that

"There's some corner of a foreign field That is for ever England", many bereaved parents up and down the country may not share such sentiments. Now that the conflict is over, it is right and necessary that we should not only consider the future of the Falkland Islands, but also examine the justification for our own use of armed force, and assess the particular and general significance of that use.

As British troops landed on South Georgia on the first stage of the repossession of the islands, the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Pym, assumed Churchillian tones in declaring in the House of Commons that "Britain does not appease dictators". Any such view that the United Kingdom is the bulwark of liberty and democracy in a world increasingly under the thumb of dictators is dangerous, and entirely irrelevant in the case of the Falklands. The current Israeli action in the Lebanon demonstrates that democracies are not immune from the use of blatant military aggression. Indeed, the invasion of the Falkland Islands has been the junta's one claim to popular support since its formation; a democratic government in Buenos Aires would pose no less a threat than the present one. We rightly condemn the Argentinian regime: the Argentinian people are governed under the rifle butts of a military tyranny which has introduced a sinister new idiom into their language — "the disappeared ones". Yet the fact that it was a fascist dictatorship which invaded the islands ought to have had no bearing on our subsequent actions.

The clarion call of Britain's responsibility to uphold International Law is more appealing. On the day after the invasion "The Times" quoted John Donne's famous words:

"no man is an island entire of itself. Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee".

Donne's words are poignant, but we must keep a steady head: Britain is neither the arbiter nor the policeman of the world. The Prime Minister made much of our role as the upholders of International Law; ministers treated the U.N. Security Council resolution 502 as Holy Writ. Yet the British bases remained inactive as the Turkish forces invaded the island of Cyprus in clear violation of International Law, the wishes of the majority of Cypriots and the treaty by which Cyprus was granted independence by the UK. But we were right not to intervene: to have intervened in the name of "International Law" — often a vague expression — would have been highly dangerous. We need only to look at the result of repeated attempts by the United States to intervene in the name of International

Law and "freedom and democracy" — Central America at the moment, Vietnam and Iran in the recent past — to appreciate the validity of both of these points.

The fact is that the Taskforce sailed because British territorial integrity had been violated, and British citizens forceably subjected to rule by another country. There is no need for us to fudge this point by invoking high-flown and grandiloquent arguments: British interests lie primarily where British citizens are, as much in the Falkland Islands as in Northern Ireland. After the refusal of the government of the Argentine to relinquish control of the islands and withdraw its troops we could have done none other than recover our territory and restore our administration by force.

Yet to say this is in no way to lessen the anomaly of a situation where the United Kingdom is solely and entirely responsible for a group of islands and their inhabitants 8,000 miles away in the South Atlantic and under continual military threat, when our long-term concerns are, and must be, principally European. The Foreign Office has been universally castigated of late, but in fairness it must be said that it has been grappling with this problem for the last decade. Obviously there cannot be a simple return to the status quo ante, but those who in the heady days of military victory talk of maintaining massive forces in the South Atlantic, accompanied by large-scale British development of the islands should be treated with caution. A cursory glance at a world map, (preferably not one which still has the British Empire coloured in pink), will suffice to show that the long-term future development and security of the islands will have to involve Latin American links of some form. Of course the government must have the wishes of the Falkland Islanders to the fore in any future moves, but in planning the future it is quite absurd to suppose that 2,000 British citizens possess an absolute veto over the actions of Her Majesty's government, and the islanders themselves must appreciate this.

"The Falkland Islands are British. The Falkland Islanders wish to be British. Our duty is clear", were Lord Carrington's last words in the House of Lords as Foreign Secretary. We have carried out our duty, and the professionalism, courage and bravery with which our forces regained the islands has been outstanding. But it is important not to be carried out to sea on the tide of victory: to suppose that the future of the islands has been settled would be to lose sight of reality; to believe that Britain has embarked on a new era in foreign policy would be dangerous folly. We have acquitted ourselves well of a situation which should never have occurred, and should never be allowed to recur. After all, it was in the Waterloo dispatch that the Duke of Wellington wrote: "nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won".

WOMANLY WILES

(An adulterated and modernised ballad version of Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale.)

In th' olde dayes of the Kyng Arthour,
Of which that Britons speken greet honour,
Al this land fulfild of fayerye.
The Elf-Queene with hir joly compaignye,
Daunced ful ofte in many a grene mede.
... And so bifel it that this kynge Arthour
Hadde in his hous a lusty bachelor...

A knight there was, a lusty knight,
A knight of lust, I trowe,
Who thought that it was harvest time,
Wild oats had he to sow.

He came upon a maiden fair
Bathing in the river,
And though 'twas 'gainst his noble creed,
To him made her deli'er.

The ladies of the court were shocked
To hear of such a deed,
But when the King called for his head,
They tried to intercede.

"Have mercy Sire, he's but a lad
Of less than twenty years,
And should you harm his handsome self,
'Twill drive us all to tears".

The knight was brought before the King
And pardon he received,
But not before the King explained
How he would be reprieved.

"Your crime", quoth he, "may be repaired,
Pay heed to what I say".

"I shall", returned the humble knight,
"Your every word obey".

"Go out my knight and seek for me,
In every land and shire,
The answer to my question of
What women most desire".

So quoth the King unto the knight
And on the self-same day,
The youth girded his knightly loins
And went upon his way.

In every land and every shire
His weary way he wound,
In every land and every shire
No answer could be found.

"A lady loveth finery",
Said some, and others, "No;
A lady loveth more those things
Divorced from worldly show;

Like love, the love that floweth free
From an amorous heart".
Yet others still would not agree:
"A lady loveth art".

Full many a month he sought the truth
In north, east, west and south,
But still there came a different view
From every woman's mouth.

"Alas! Alack!" said swarthy knight,
"Who am I to believe?
Return must I unto my King
And just desserts receive".

From Calais with a heavy heart
He caught the Dover ferry,
And there he drowned his sorrows deep
In medium dry sherry.

Inebriated, staggering,
He for the castle made,
But on his way some maidens saw
A-dancing in the glade.

His wonder grew as he beheld
The starry sparkling troop;
They danced, they sang, they laughed and played
Upon harmonious flutes.

This heavenly scene entranced the knight:
"Oh joy! Celestial show".
Yet in the midst of these belles fleurs
A weed there seemed to grow.

The withered crone arose and came
Unto the manly knight:
"Oh, knight", croaked she, "You troubled are;
Can I your wrongs make right?"

The knight though loth to fix his eye
On such a dreadful sight,
Replied unto the crone "Perhaps,
You can my wrongs put right

"My question is no simple one,
But this I do enquire:
Sagacious crone, tis what, I pray,
The fair sex most desire?"

"Reply to that, I can", said she,
"And answer you I may
If you agree to marry me
Tomorrow or next day".

The knight, a young and virile man
Had no desire to marry,
But in his plight accepted her:
There was no time to tarry!

The knight reported to the King
And he had this to say:
"Women desire, before all else,
To always have their way".

The King agreed, the court they cheered
And celebration made;
The knight was grieved but kept his word
And married the old maid.

The wedding night arrived too soon,
They to their bed repaired;
The knight turned over in disgust:
He could not if he dared.

"Oh kiss me knight! Oh kiss me knight!"
Implored the withered hag.
"Not likely", said the lusty knight,
"You lecherous old bag!"

At length, howe'er the weary knight
Submitted to her cries,
He kissed the crone full on the mouth
And much to his surprise...

She turned into a youthful nymph
With ample female charms.
"My love!" cried he, "Oh, Beauty Fair!"
And took her in his arms.

Paul Owens U6

