



The Court '90

Altana, Igor *Ashbourne Tutorial*
 Ashcroft, Richard *Edgeborough*
 Binns, Mark *Kings House*
 Bishop, Anthony *Millbrook House*
 Bowler, Simon *St Clement Danes*
 Boyle, Thomas *Twyford School, Winchester*
 Bradley, Jack *Beechwood Park*
 Browning, Oliver *Gateway School*
 Callan, James *Ashbourne Tutorial*
 Campbell, Christopher *Leighton Park*
 Chattwell, David *Edge Grove, Aldenham*
 Collard, Sam *Blundells School*
 Cooke, Timothy *St Andrew's, Pangbourne*
 Curzon, Edward *Chiltern Edge*
 Darke, Nicholas *Gillotts*
 de Lloyd, Rhodri *Downs*
 Deakin, James *Abberley Hall, Worcester*
 Devine, Guy *Clares Court*
 Dickinson, Duncan *Hordle House*
 Ducat, Giles *York House*
 Dudeny, Thomas *Priors Court*
 Eden, Dax *Scaitcliffe*
 Evans, Thomas *Dorset House*
 Felton, Alistair *Millbrook House*
 Folawiyo, 'Bert' *King's College, Lagos*
 Frank, Richard *Duke of Kent*
 Froggart, Edward *Cheltenham Coll. Junior*
 Gentilli, William *Moulsford*
 Gilbert-Smith, Mark *Lambrook*
 Gillespie, John *Edgarley Hall*
 Goatly, Michael *St Edmund's, Hindhead*
 Green, James *Gayhurst*
 Guihard, Matthieu *St Vincent, Providence*
 Gulliver, Alex *St Hugh's, Woodhall Spa*
 Hammond, James *Presentation College*
 Hardie, William *Twyford School*
 Hawkins, Thomas *Chiltern Edge*
 Hayes, Ben *Moulsford*
 Hodge, Edward *Ashfold*
 Huggan, Alex *Edgeborough*
 Hunt, James *St Edward's, Tilehurst*
 Jacklin, Seymour *Crosfields*

Jameson, Dearden *Millbrook House*
 Jessey, Daniel *Scaitcliffe*
 Kennedy, Dominic *The Dragon School*
 King, Timothy *Millbrook House*
 Lenander, Dane *King's, Canterbury*
 May, Siva *King's House*
 McAndrew, Daniel *Chiltern Edge*
 McLelland, Chris *Long Close*
 Mead, Nicholas *Sir William Borlase*
 Mehmet, Nevzat *Westbrook Hay*
 Mellor, James *Crosfields*
 Mirzoeff, David *Sibford*
 Mooney, Stuart *Thorpe House*
 Mosley, Ashley *Oratory Prep*
 Nicholas, James *Windlesham House*
 Nixey, Frank *Ashfold*
 Pontin, Ben *Crosfields*
 Proctor, Giles *St Edward's, Reading*
 Quigley, Stuart *Sir William Borlase*
 Rake, Piers *Long Close*
 Rawlings, Robert *Dulwich College Prep*
 Reynolds, James *Millfield*
 Roberts, Peter *Oakmount*
 Sandringham, Mark *Long Close*
 Sanusi, Khindi *Dorset House*
 Sanusi, Taiwo *Dorset House*
 Saunders, Nicholas *St Neots*
 Scagell, Lee *Stokenchurch*
 Shedden, Jeremy *Reading School*
 Sherlock, Ben *St Pirans*
 Simpson, Raoul *Headfort School*
 Smith, Matthew *Beechwood Park School*
 Spreckley, Robert *Stokenchurch Middle*
 Stuart King, Charles *Bearwood*
 Tanir, Omar *Davenies*
 Tate, Simon *St Edward's, Reading*
 Tatersall, William *Swanbourne House*
 Thompson, Luke *Crosfields*
 Valls, Alexander *St Aubyn's*
 Vellacott, Ben *Ashfold*
 von Portatius, Hans *Germany*
 Woodnutt, Piers *Edgeborough*

A vintage season (see page 32)



Editorial

This is only the second year that a boy has edited *The Court*. This is also the first year that a pupil has attempted to do the majority of the production on computer to save money. This pupil turned out to be me, as my partner defected in July to Bradfield, for some reason that I was not sure of, but if I had known how much frustration a computer could cause, I think I might have joined him.

Before this year, the nearest I had got to a computer was writing letters that required a slightly more sophisticated touch than I could achieve with my hand writing. With this limited background in computers, I was rather pleased with my progress on the machine that I was eventually going to design the magazine on. However I only found out a few weeks into the project that I had the *black dot disease!* Mr Scoins diagnosed this psychological disorder after the computer had broken twice for no apparent reason, apart from the fact that I was using it. After a string of supernatural happenings within the computer, which caused it to 'wipe' every carefully-set page, about 48 hours after I had painstakingly designed it, we decided that we should perhaps leave a bit more, this year, up to the professionals who had had slightly more practice.

To answer a certain person's question – whose identity I cannot recall – it is not a biannual magazine! You will be receiving a copy of *The Court*, I hope, for years to come, and in future years, technological revolution or no technical revolution, we will be in print *on time!*

Tom Barnes

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Editor

Tom Barnes

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Gerran Thomas

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Mike Llewellyn
Chris Foster
David Scoins

As we move into the Goodwin Building, there is much talk of new classrooms, laboratories and equipment. Our design and technology facilities are second to none in comparable schools. We have a magnificent Art Centre with much more teaching space than hitherto, and the English Department at last will have a base from which they can work effectively and efficiently. But does all this progress immediately make us a different or better school? Certain parts of life at the school, for some of our staff and some of our boys, will undoubtedly be greatly enhanced.

Far more important, however, is the character of Shiplake. We live in a very close community, and as staff and boys pass through they have a profound influence on one another. Ask your parents or any adult about their memories of their own schooldays, and they will recall people, personalities and characters, and only very rarely a building or a place.



Education is a preparation for the next stage in our lives, and is therefore a never-ending process. All of us, masters and boys alike, are being educated in the broadest sense of the word, all of the time. For any form of education to be successful a person, whether child or adult, needs a sound, secure base from which to work and learn and grow. It is all about confidence and security: and in my view much more important and significant than any new buildings are the members of our college, divided into their successive year groups, each with its own special mix of characters and personalities, forming a fascinating cross section of society. In any such community members are 'pulling together'. There are times in all schools when the balance between the various forces at work within the community are upset, and I am concerned that this should happen as little as possible at Shiplake.

The general atmosphere within our college will never be perfect, but I am occasionally disturbed by hearing of boys made to feel isolated or insecure by their fellows: I have talked often, and at length, about the need to support one another, about helping when someone is struggling, about cheering up a friend who is unhappy. We have an enviable and, I am sure, justified reputation for being a cheerful, friendly, but above all, caring community. This is something of which we must never lose sight. Boys at Shiplake at the moment may be the generation of the Goodwin Building, but I hope that it is also recognized by us all that new classrooms and laboratories mean nothing, if people are ignored. 1991 heralds a new era at Shiplake in terms of facilities and opportunities. Our first Cambridge undergraduate is settling in. Horizons for Shiplake boys are widening all the time. Let us not allow this material and academic progress to lead us to forget the fundamental qualities on which Shiplake's reputation has been built. — NVB

The Goodwin Building

Architects praised for new building at Shiplake College

This past year has brought a great change to the face of the school. Now, as you look across the cricket pitch from the Henley-Reading road, there is the impressive sight of the new Goodwin Building.

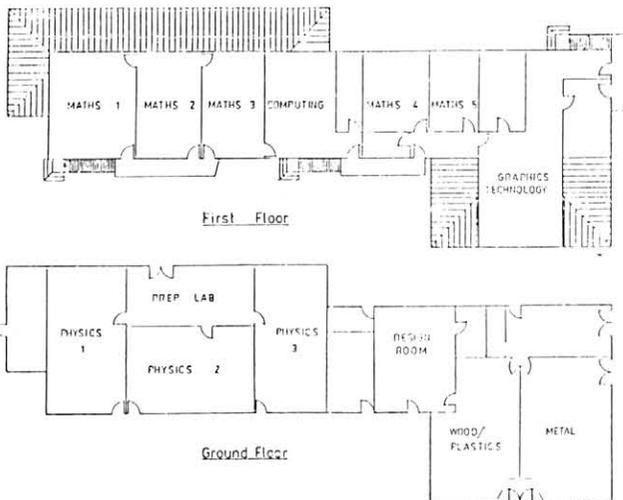
It was a year in the building, at a cost of around £1.2million, but it was clearly worth it. The Goodwin Building houses the Maths and Physics departments, along with the Graphics Technology room and Woodwork and Metalwork areas. There is even space for a brand new computer room.

The block was opened on Sunday 23 September by Mrs Diana Goodwin, the widow of Mr Aubrey Goodwin.

Mr Goodwin had been associated with Shiplake since its foundation and was Chairman of the Board of Governors for 10 years.

The Goodwin Building does not only provide the College with 4 new Maths rooms, 3 Physics labs as well as the other facilities, but it has also allowed the rest of the school to be revitalised. The Chemistry and Biology departments now have the Science block all to themselves, which provides much more space.

The old Maths block has become the art rooms, and, with the enlarging of the rooms, has become a much more airy place to work. Now, the gallery



which was built towards the end of the year, will certainly be used to its full potential.

In turn, the English department has taken over the old Art block in the stable yard. This includes a number of new classrooms as well as a word processing room and a fiction library.

Other changes which the Goodwin Building has made possible are the establishing of a small Chapel and Divinity room for the Revd Dale in the Skipwith basement (now that the workshops have moved), and also the enlargement of the library's stock due to the moving of the fiction library.

So, the Goodwin Building has meant a change for the better for the whole school. Everybody, even the people who may not have lessons in the building, will have been affected in some way by it.

It is also pleasing to note how attractive the building is; it must surely make a very favourable impression on visitors to the School. To quote Mr Bevan from his speech at the opening ceremony: '... just look what an imaginative architect can do'.

Henry Tilney



Why Cambridge?



Daryl Partridge

Computing

Witch doctors are rife in our community. Not in medicine, in computing. When it goes wrong, you practise your use of forbidden words, flap around like a bat with the 'flu, and eventually call in your local expert. He whispers incantations like 'Wrong type handshake . . .', (*mutter, mutter*), 'possible cable break, voltage flutter, loose connection, lousy software, operator fault, love you hardware'; waves a screwdriver or soldering iron at it, and saunters off, still muttering, but now using *in*-words (like *in*-excusable, *in*-expert, *in*-sulting and *in*-sulation). The less serious problem – from his point of view – merely requires a wave of the hands; he doesn't necessarily even touch the keyboard, and suddenly it works. You receive a dirty look at your incompetence (another *in*-word) and he departs, nose in the air. There is a suspicion that computers can catch more than merely viruses; how do they *know* that this is the one file you failed to keep a back-up of? Just as photocopiers somehow *know* that this is the only copy that can be chewed as you try for a double-sided copy (in a hurry, in a queue). There must be something they aren't telling us . . . and if I'm right, then it won't let me print this, so I'll have to write it freehand . . . perhaps that peacock can let me have a feather. . .

PCW

On returning to Shiplake College during a break in my flying course, I was faced with the problem of deciding which Universities I was going to put on my UCCA form. I had already decided that I was going to apply for places at Bath, Loughborough and Southampton, but this meant that I still had two spaces left on my UCCA form. While pondering on this dilemma, it came to me in a flash! Why not ask someone who might have a few bright suggestions? So, as anyone would have done, I turned to my father for advice. 'Why don't you apply for Oxford or Cambridge?' he said.

Why not indeed? But the question was which one, as I could only apply for either Oxford or Cambridge in the same year. That one was quite simple. Cambridge would be the hardest to get into on a scientific course, such as Engineering, so go for that. After all, if you're going to aim high, you might as well aim for the top! So with strong support from my father, and positive encouragement from my teachers (although, 'The chances of you getting an A in Physics are very remote!' *Anon*) and the added incentive of a certain amount of 'there's no way you'll get in', my objective seemed clear: to read Engineering at Cambridge.

Applying to Cambridge was relatively simple. So after the Headmaster speaking to the Oxbridge candidates (all 3 of us) about the importance of us doing this for ourselves and not being pressured into it by our parents, followed by a visit to Cambridge to look around, I set about filling in the forms. As well as the usual UCCA form, I had to fill in a PAF (Preliminary Application Form) for my College of first choice, which in my case was Selwyn. Then all I had to do was wait. After a number of weeks I received a letter inviting me for interviews, on 14 December 1989. Along came the interview day and I drove up to Cambridge. As I arrived early, I had time to wander round the city and to swot up on the course and College for which I had applied.

My first interview was a brief, ten minute affair during which I discussed the reasons why I wanted to go to Cambridge, why Selwyn, what I had done of interest and what I could bring to both the College and University itself. I had a chance to ask any questions I wanted about the University or Selwyn in general. Then, after a wait of about an hour or so, came the main interview which lasted for about forty minutes. During this interview, two members of the teaching staff asked questions, firstly in general about me and why I had

applied for this course, and then more specific questions about Further Mathematics, a limited amount of Physics and the RAF.

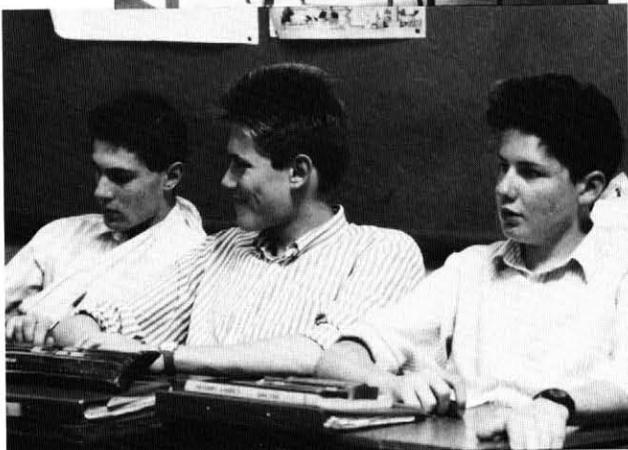
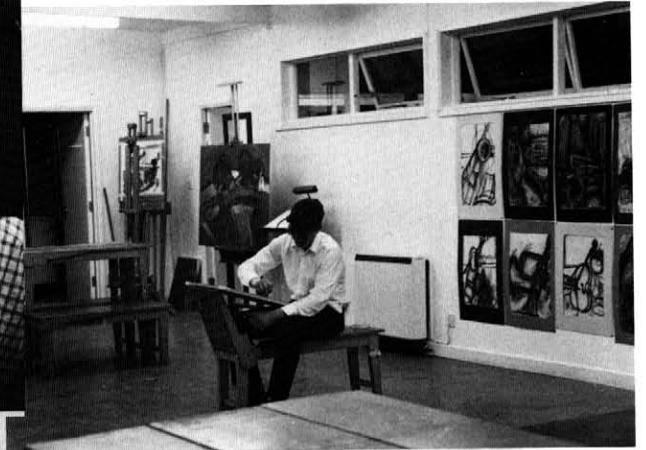
It was my lucky day with regards to the last field. One of the interviewers was an ex-flying scholar, like myself, and so there was much which we could discuss. One major pitfall with this was that I had to be very careful about what I said because I could not waffle my way out of some of his questions. Although not very hard or complex, the questions were quite searching – simple questions to which I had no immediate answer. Unlike the classic University question, 'You are doing Maths, Further Maths and Physics, quite understandable for an Engineer, but why History?', to which I had a standard, pre-planned answer, the questions required some quick thinking on the spot. 'What do you see as the role of the RAF in the future?', 'How do you see technology playing a part in the RAF's future?', 'Will the computer ever replace the pilot? If not, why not?' This impressed me: these interviewers had imagination! Even with these probing questions, this interview was not the most taxing I have had to undergo, and posed no real problem.

Then I had to wait for over three more weeks until I received a letter from Selwyn, stating that I had been offered a place on condition that I gained an 'A' at Physics and a 'B' in Further Maths.

What advice would I give to younger boys wishing to go to Oxford or Cambridge? Well, I did not do it just because I had a space on my UCCA form, but for the same reason that men wanted to climb Mount Everest, the same reason man wanted to fly: because it was there to be done, a challenge! If you want to go to either Oxford or Cambridge, then apply. If you do not apply then there is no way you will ever get there. Even if you do not think you have got what it takes to get there, then still apply. When it was first suggested to me that I should apply to Cambridge, it terrified me. The prestige alone is enough to put you off. Whether you are applying for Oxford, Cambridge or any other University, or anything else for that matter, it is important that you show that you have interests outside school and A-levels, and that you can bring something to the University, College or job to which you are applying. Finally, if you do apply for Oxford or Cambridge, it is because you want to go there, not just because you are being pressurised to by someone else.

Daryl Partridge

Glimpses of Study



Field Trip Report

Each year all the Fourth form Geographers spend time in Wales at the Rheidol Field Study Centre, to learn fieldwork techniques they will be able to use in their GCSE projects. The following account is written by a number of Fourth years, all wishing to remain anonymous. The Rheidol Centre, not dissimilar to Burr House in style, was very clean and had a cheerful atmosphere. We all realised what a good time we were about to have on the journey up to Wales, when the atmosphere was relaxed and friendly. We also realised we might have to do some work when we were dropped off about two miles from the centre and told to walk the rest of the way. This was not completely appreciated after we had spent five hours crushed in a mini-bus.

Each day we would fill our hearty souls with the nourishing breakfast and then soon afterwards, having donned our foul weather gear, head bravely into the typical mountain rain. This was Mr Foster's way of teaching us about relief rain, the relief coming when you

are allowed back inside. Whether it be studying the landscape or wading through rivers, we intrepid explorers would never give up hope, our mission (hypothesis) had to be proven or disproven.

One day we did a tour of the Rheidol Valley. Our first stop was the Nant-y-Moch Reservoir which was very exposed and very windy, causing half the group's files to blow down the hill into the water. We then continued on down the valley, stopping at various points making sketches and cross sections of the valley. After lunch at the forestry centre, we went to the Rheidol HEP centre and watched a video and played a game that controlled the different power stations in Britain. Then we returned to the centre. We had the customary half hour to clean up before back into the classroom to write it all up. Then it was off to supper and a quick break, before back to work again for another two hours. We had an hour's free time before we went to bed at 10.30.

During the week we learnt a lot about ourselves, for instance Guy Jackson is more right wing than Norman Tebbit; John Riley loves getting wet, be it river or sea water; and that Edward Horner likes playing cricket with the measuring equipment, and is rich enough to afford not to have to worry about the number he breaks. Nick England thinks he is Rambo. Mr Foster is addicted to salt and vinegar crisps.

Mr Foster, the only 'adult' on the expedition, coped surprisingly well with the laborious task of controlling the rabble. We had no intention of working, but somehow without the slightest threat of punishment, we completed a GCSE project, and got many useful tips on fieldwork, such as how to use a gun clinometer and callipers and other useful techniques.

I think I can safely say that everyone enjoyed themselves and learnt a bit, and I still hear occasionally in class the words 'Will you take another trip soon, Sir?' I think that sums it up.

CI Geography

A moment of leisure . . .

Summer Ball profits

From profits made at the Shiplake Summer Ball every year, the following have benefited in some way or another

Tithe Barn
 Art department – picture frames
 Metal workshops – various
 Fitness / Boat Club
 Ground-levelling lawn
 Music department – clavinova
 Tennis courts – lights
 Media Studies – video camera
 Expedition to Nepal
 Sailing Club
The Court Magazine
 Stage lighting/curtains
 Vehicle maintenance – air compressor
 Welsh House library
 School library
 SCE – glass washer
 Video recorder
 Physics department – prep room
 Catering department



The library at Shiplake College has changed dramatically over the past year. Encouraged by the Headmaster, and generously supported by the Governors, a team of librarians, led by the new Master-in-charge, Mike Llewellyn, and my predecessor as Head Librarian, Edwin Wolff-Metternich, inaugurated a thorough review of the library's use and potential.

As a result of their findings, and a series of visits to other school libraries, over two-thirds of the book stock was withdrawn, either to be sold or given away. Some of the 'island' shelving was also removed, to make more space for comfortable study. All the fiction books were moved, to make up a new and separate fiction library in the new English Department, in the stable-yard. This all liberated considerable shelf space, to be filled with new books.

The aim in 'rebuilding' the library is that it should serve two functions. The first is to be a reference centre, for students working towards GCSE or A level exams, or on coursework projects. The second is to act as a pleasant, relaxed and informative reading room, for all members of the community. With help from the Governors and the Ball Committee, and advice from many Heads of Department and other

teachers, a wide range of reference and supporting books have been bought, and the book stock is becoming much more modern, lively and accessible; however, in comparison with many of our rivals, our range of books is still very limited, and considerably more spending will be necessary before our coverage is in any sense adequate.

A wide range of periodicals has been ordered on a regular basis, and a press cuttings system is now in operation, run by the student librarians themselves. Trillia Scoins has begun the enormous task of re-cataloguing the library; about a third of the stock has been processed as I write, and Trillia hopes to have completed this work by July 1991.

New lighting and heating have recently been installed, and one end of the room has been transformed into a relaxed reading area, with soft chairs, a rug, and a window-seat generously made for us by Mrs Claire Shorrocks, mother of Adam. The shelves have been clearly re-labelled, and new tables and chairs provided.

The librarians have developed a rota of duties, enabling them to supervise the room during evening prep, as well as maintaining it during the day time. This has meant that the number of boys using the facilities has increased consid-

erably, particularly in the evenings; also that librarians are around at the busiest times, to help other students find the material they need. We very much hope that even more boys will come to use the library regularly, and see it as a pleasant and useful place to go, as time goes on.

Another very successful innovation has been the twice-termly book sales, at which, with parents' permission, boys can buy books on account. Margaret and Alison, from the Bell Bookshop in Henley, which handles much of the College's book buying, have been enormously helpful in stimulating our pupils to take an interest in books, and their visits are looked forward to with keen anticipation.

The number of people who should be thanked for their help in improving the library is enormous. As well as those already mentioned, Simon Brown and Liz Cooke have given hours of their time in planning and installing better furniture and facilities. Marjorie White has provided fresh flowers every week; the Art Department has given us paintings and pottery to display. Many parents, neighbours and friends have given us presents of useful and attractive books. The boys, too, have responded to the improvements very positively, by looking after the new books and furniture well, and by helping to make our voluntary book-borrowing system work with very few problems. In contrast to an independent school of roughly our size, not a million miles away, which expects to lose £1000-worth of books each year from its library stock, we have so far lost less than half a dozen.

Our plans are far from complete. Although we already have photocopying facilities on offer, so students can get hold rapidly of the information they require, without having to take the books away or spend hours copying in longhand, we would like to build up a catalogue of all resources available in the school, including video and audio tapes; we would like to install a computer-based multi-key retrieval system – far more flexible and creative than a card index. We would like to further develop our communication with everyone in the school, so that all the pupils know what we have to offer, and can pass on their needs, suggestions and complaints. And there is still an enormous need for many good, new books; far more than we can afford, both to keep pace with developments in new subjects, and areas of study, and in the field of leisure and hobbies. Still, we have made a start.

Gerran Thomas



Three Angry Poems

What a Shambles

*Cast your eyes over this beautiful scene –
this wonderfully sculptured view
this endless concrete jungle
quietly killing you*

*where at night the street lights flicker on
to a light that fills the skies
and behind closed walls
TV's babel force-feeding you with lies*

*if you were to just disappear
who would know or care
except the bloody tax man
come to collect his share*

*so every day you trek to work
to try and earn your keep
only to come home at night
and be murdered in your sleep*

*and everyone follows convention
for fear of seeming odd
and every sunday they trek to church
to worship their loving god*

*but take a deep gulp of the sickly-sweet air
overflowing and rancid with lead
and feel it settle in your brain
and remember you'll soon be dead*

*so get away – escape to the countryside
to meadows of grass and flowers
with rare breeds of chemical plants
turning the waters sour*

*and over the hill in the valley
lies the picturesque cooling towers
giving birth to a million pylons
feeding the cities with power*

*so return to the seething cities
the endless cess of squalor
where anything – even a life
can be bought for the price of a dollar*

*and people live like animals
fighting to stay alive
in this lowlife high-tech jungle
where only the fittest survive*

Dan Heppner

Media Studies

*On hazy nights above sweltering cities
neon signs torment the pitied
shrieking out
constantly
the virtues of industry
tormenting and teasing the homeless and poor*

*TV tubes flicker to promote the products
that only the powerful profitable purchase
but still there's a yearning
amongst those that have nothing
a desperate craving*

*Billboard posters patchwork the skies
a hundred million corporate eyes
constantly pushing
senseless items
that no-one requires
but thousands still buy*

Dan Heppner

Gesture

*In anger
a man unfurled
two fingers –
'up yours' to the world*

Andrew Ramsbottom

At the beginning of the Autumn term the IVth Form embarked upon a new adventurous training course of campcraft, map and compass and first aid, for their first two terms; after which they would each join a section of their choice. Each cadet attended an overnight camp and put into practice what he learnt during the course.

The 'Biennial Inspection' took place on 6 March, replacing 'Field Day'. Fortunately the weather was kind and the Reviewing Officer, Air Commander J. F. Jarvis OBE, MSc, BA, RAF, stated that it was a highly satisfactory inspection.

Ten boys completed their Gold Duke of Edinburgh expedition during Easter in the Lake District, and 14 their Silver expedition. Pilot Officer Rosemary Jones took 4 cadets to Germany, on camp. This was a great success.

The Summer term saw an early Field Day with GCSE taking its toll of any later plans. All sections were busy and a considerable amount of training was achieved.

During the holidays the Naval Section attended a camp in Plymouth, the RAF a camp in Locking, Somerset, and the Army Section a camp in Sennybridge, South Wales. All camps were attended by Officers of the Corps.

The RAF Section is to be congratulated because D. Partridge gained a Flying Scholarship, the first of its kind at Shiplake. We wish Daryl every success for the future.

A Corps Dinner was held in March, and the guests of honour were Lieut. Col. Richard M. Lee, Contingent Commander 1969-1988, and Commander Eric R. Pollard, Contingent Commander 1989. Contingent Commanders were presented with inscribed silver.

The evening was enjoyed by all who attended it, and we look forward to holding a dinner to celebrate the 30th anniversary of the Shiplake Corps in March next year.

In the Summer term a number of the senior NCOs and Officers visited Wareham, near Poole Harbour, for a weekend's canoeing. It is hoped the combined section ventures and training will mushroom. We have already begun the process by sharing skill at arms instruction and attending talks given by officers from different arms. By providing different activities in addition to those already on offer, it seems the corps will continue to offer activities which are not found elsewhere in the school.

The number of cadets attending courses has risen. However, now that details of courses are mailed to parents,

it is hoped that more cadets will attend them as the opportunities are varied, and the cost 'minimal'.

Congratulations to all old boys who have recently 'joined up'. We will be more than pleased to hear from you, and I hope many will enquire about the forthcoming CCF dinner.

Many thanks to all the Officers, the SSI and Adult Instructors for their enthusiasm and patience, in what has been an interesting year with a number of innovations.

PJFW, Cont. Commander

Royal Naval Section

One does not appreciate how important background is until one is in a situation without it. This thought was uppermost in my mind when I took over command of the Royal Naval section from Commander Eric Pollard in January of last year. The fact that I was taking over from an officer who is one of the most experienced CCF officers in the country made my situation no less harrowing.

The reason the section has survived my first year as officer in command is, in no small measure, due to Cdr. Pollard's continuing support. I have also been greatly indebted to Mr Chris Foster for his invaluable help with sailing and navigation.

I am further indebted to CPO David Moore, our Area Instructor who visits us every fortnight, and to Lt. Cdr. David Carter, our Parent Establishment Liaison Officer. Both have been continuing sources of knowledge and advice.

Though I still wear the cap badge of the Royal Green Jackets, the section does now have its own RNR officer. Mr Simon Brown was appointed as a

sub-lieutenant in the Christmas term and has brought the skills of a lifetime spent in sailing boats to us. He has the added benefit of being able to fix practically anything which does not work properly.

With such experienced officers and instructors we have been able to make full use of our fleet of boats at Shiplake. The fleet consists of an ASC, a Bosun dinghy, the 16ft motor boat and two wind surf boards.

Field days during the year have been based at HMS Kent and at the Royal Dockyard in Portsmouth and at our parent establishment, HMS Wessex in Southampton as well as the Dockyard at Chatham which has recently been turned into a most interesting museum.

A small number of new recruits had a very exciting visit to HMS Osprey in the summer term when they attended the annual Fleet Air Arm Open Day. We hope that more will be able to attend next year.

In the autumn term LS Jorge Lourenco and AB Simon Orange represented Shiplake at the annual CCF Regatta at Portland where they put in an impressive performance. They hope to return next year to win the competition outright.

The 1991 intake of new recruits is already responding enthusiastically to the syllabus. All 14 of them have booked to attend courses at various centres during the summer holiday.

Finally, I must pay tribute to Cox'n Alastair Tucker, to his petty officers and to the leading seamen in the section for their professionalism and enthusiasm and, on occasions, for their great patience. They have proven fine examples for the younger recruits who will soon be taking their place. *Ian Lowry*

Cdr. Eric Pollard RNR, flanked by the Area Chiefs who instructed at Shiplake while he was Officer in Command of the Royal Naval Section. Left is CPO Frank Kettle BEM; right is CPO Harry Winter BEM.



RAF Notes

The current year has seen several important changes. As a section, we have grown quite large and now number well over 50 cadets in all – somewhat in excess of our establishment numbers. The reason for this is that we have decided in future years to do all our own training, which now includes Part 1 Proficiency. This move will hopefully make good sense in that it will give plenty of opportunities for the senior cadets to learn the basic leadership skills – so valuable when they become house prefects! – and because recruitment to the other two sections does not now start until the end of the fourth form year.

It must be noted that this move has only been made possible because Mrs Rosemary Jones has now come into the section to take over the position left vacant by Sister Orr's departure. Mrs Jones completed her initial training course last summer and has been given the rank of Pilot Officer, and we are very grateful for her interest and enthusiasm.

Although we got off to a slow start at the beginning of the autumn term because of the lack of uniform and the unfinished training by the Fifth Form cadets of Part 1 Proficiency, the general programme has now moved into full swing with the whole section looking comfortable and very smart.

Our Field Day last term was spent on a station visit to RAF Brize Norton and we ended the term with an excellent trip to RAF Abingdon where nearly all the party had long flights in Chipmunks.

Finally, I would like to express my gratitude to Sgt William Browne for all the very efficient work that he has done for the section and, in particular, to express all our congratulations to Warrant Officer Daryl Partridge for having been awarded an RAF Sixth Form Scholarship. This is a tremendous achievement and we hope that his example will be an inspiration to all other cadets.

Flight Lieutenant Whittington
9/2/90

NB Daryl Partridge has since gone on to take up an RAF Scholarship whilst continuing his studies at Cambridge University. – Ed.

The geography department has, over the last few years, become weighed down by a huge mountain of paper. Coursework is now part of Common Entrance, the third form assessment profile, GCSE and A and AS level. Every local study possible has been undertaken and a vast array of information has been gathered. Amongst this great weight of paper shine forth some fascinating conclusions. I offer a few for your interest.

Perhaps the most topical of projects was one by Martin Phillis which was based around the water quality of the River Thames. An impressive set of results was gathered which conclusively proved the Wargrave sewage works was unable to deal with the quantities of waste being fed into it. Soon after the completion of the project, Thames Water was taken to court and fined. I should add this was not the direct result of Martin's work; however if you wish to see the mass of evidence, including some awful photographs, I am sure Martin will tell you more. Certainly those buying shares in water would have been interested in the results.

Another issue local to Shiplake is gravel extraction. It is not that long ago that planning permission was sought to exploit the fields opposite the college, which would destroy the wonderful view from the common room. Tom Key found that quarrying had little appreciable effect upon the local environment in his area of study and in one place a Site of Special Scientific Interest had been set up after extraction. Nick Copcutt studied people's attitude to such developments, and found that generally they were irrational. In an area where gravel extraction had occurred, people talked of the benefits that had resulted, such as a boating lake, fishing areas and pleasant walks. In an area where extraction was planned, people's reaction was one of total opposition. This is the well-known 'NIMBY' (not in my back yard) attitude.

The problems of Henley have also been under close scrutiny. The long-running debate on the Regal cinema has been tackled twice by pupils, though they seemed unable really to make progress in furthering any solutions to the impasse. The parking problem in Henley was carefully studied by Nick Ives and a set of serious and practical solutions suggested. Toby Williams has investigated the need for an out of town shopping centre. He investigated people's opinions and needs and then looked at various possible sites. His conclusions appear to be the same as

those about to be made by the Henley town council, though we await their decision. In conjunction with this, we have a detailed study of the sporting facilities in Henley and the usage levels of those facilities, by Charlie Lowden. The development of the out of town shopping centre will be partly upon these playing fields and much of the projected £7–8 million raised by the sale of the land will be spent on the needs of Henley. These needs are outlined in Charlie's study.

We all know of the dangers of the Henley–Shiplake–Reading road, the A4155, but for a detailed analysis of danger spots, including photographic evidence of blind spots, and a series of suggestions of a way forward, we have an interesting file from Nick Healey.

Another local issue is the building of the third Reading Bridge. This has been tackled by both Alex Smith and Brian Massey. The building of this bridge would make the journey for parents from the south much easier, but would have a clear impact upon the A4155, making an already congested road even more dangerous.

One can only assume that such studies are now available for all areas within a short distance from schools. In reality they will not be used. However, I hope they illustrate some of the interesting but hard-won conclusions that are being made year after year by the modern generation of young people brought up on coursework. We hope in this way they will begin to appreciate the environment around them a little more than some who have come before.

Chris Foster

The Dew Pond

*The crystal light
Reflected from the
brook's edge*

Signals the new life.

*Dew clears, revealing
diamond webs*

And sapphire dragon-flies

*Which flutter in the
meadow breeze,*

*Until man destroys it with
His JCBs.*

Mawgan Grace

From the Art Room



GCSE Exhibition – work by Caspar Ouaroff

Art and Design

The Art Department played host to sixteen artists from North Foreland Lodge on Sunday 12 November 1989. Senior pupils from NFL and Shiplake spent the day drawing around the College and paid a preview visit to the school art exhibition in Henley. Following tea, there was a disco in the tithe barn. It was a most enjoyable day both for work and play and will, I hope, become a regular event.

The Shiplake College Art Exhibition 13–18 November 1989

It was our most adventurous exhibition to date, with the introduction of drawings from the life model and with exciting large-scale works in ceramics.

Life drawing has now become an extension of lessons for the sixth form, with classes taking place over three hours on a Thursday evening.

On 8 December all members of the Art Department had a work study day at the Tate and National Galleries. This was the first of what will become a regular study day each term for the Shiplake artists, as up to now a regular exposure to exhibitions and galleries has been extremely difficult. This will be a very important step in the development of the Art Department.

This is the first year that the Art scholarship on offer at Shiplake College has been taken up. Competition was so fierce for the scholarship that we ended up with 3 Art scholars. We can look forward to some exciting work and hopefully a much greater involvement in the years ahead.

On Sunday 4 March the Art Department was invited to North Foreland Lodge for the day. We arrived shortly after noon. The boys went off for a tour of the school and then after midday dinner, spent a session drawing in the art room where the girls certainly showed a greater ability to concentrate than the Shiplake boys. Next a very energetic game of lacrosse, more food, and the evening ended with music and dancing.

A fairly exhausted group of artists returned to Shiplake on Sunday night after a very enjoyable day. Many thanks to North Foreland Lodge.

The 3rd form Art History expedition to the Tate and National Galleries (now an annual event) took place on Tuesday 6 March. A good day was had by all. However, two galleries in one day meant no time to relax and, for most of us, no time to enjoy or even eat our lunches.

Next year we will probably spend the whole day in one gallery.

James Johnson

In the new art school



The Giant Mole

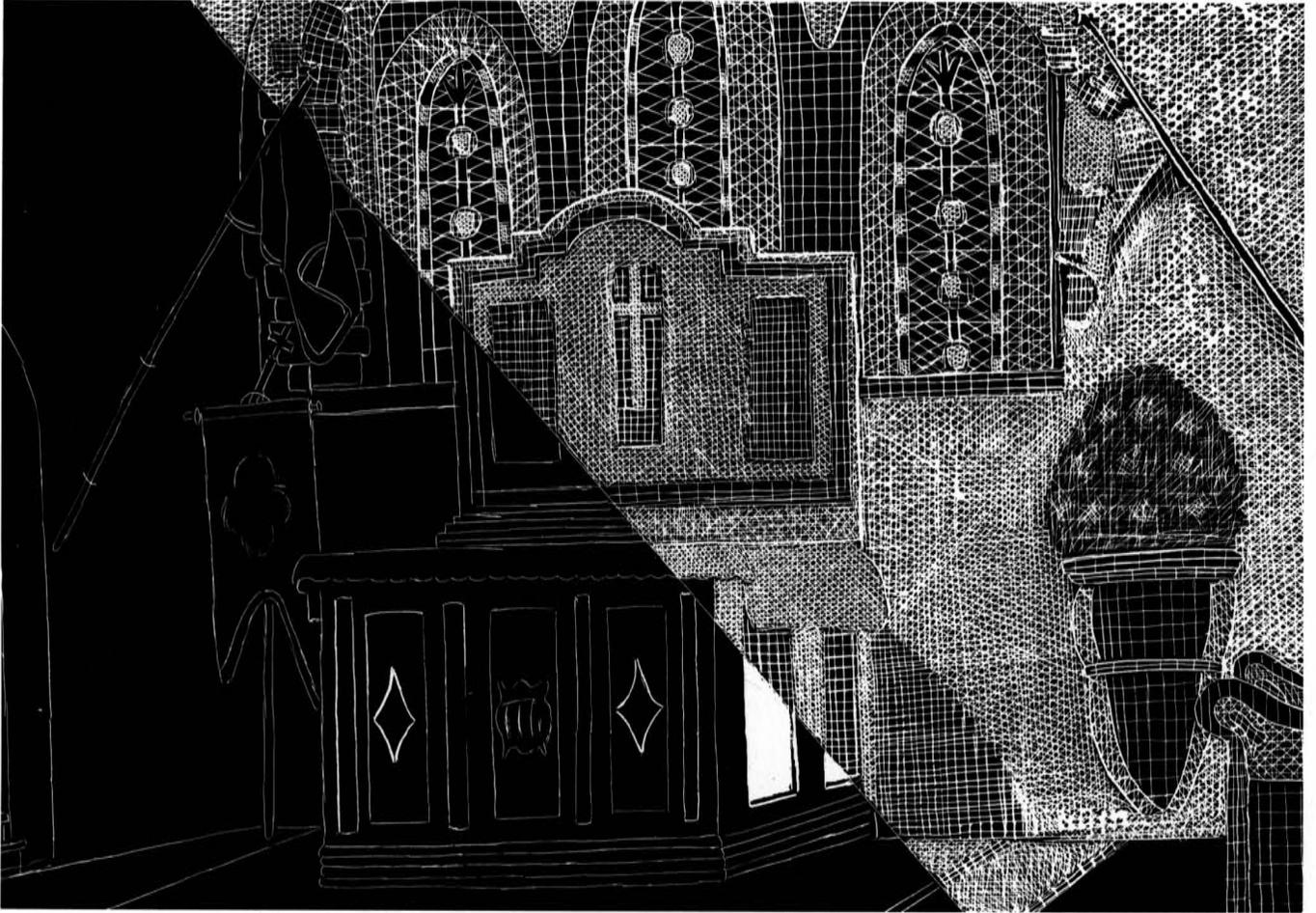
Chris Guimaraens saw it first, during a Geography lesson, out on the New Field (don't ask!) – and the evidence was there for all to see – a great big hole just outside the running track. It was very busy around the edges of the Front Field all last year, pushing up spoil heaps all over the place. The groundsman was heard to blame all sorts of things for the trees falling down – we know the roots were eaten – if you looked you would have seen the teeth marks. As the magazine goes to print, the mole is still active, this time near the new Art block.

Now I get to thinking, it must have been down by the swimming pool for a while, 'cos I'm sure I saw some of those tell-tale spoil heaps by the new tennis court – and the staff lawn below the terrace still hasn't recovered from a near-surface passage (we do know the chalk is near the surface there). So did it, like so many strange things at Shiplake, come up from the river? Since it seems to have travelled in a circle round the main building, where is it headed next? The laundry for the winter? Everett?

Giant Mole: [1] an artificial harbour / [3] an indiscreet harbourer of secrets (measured by their combined atomic weight) / [4] a bad egg, not to be confused with / [5] chilli sauce, often served with chocolate(!) / [5] a blot on the (dermatological) landscape / [6] a burrowing furry mammal located by spoils.

Definitions suggest an aquatic creature of confused ancestry, from a cold source (a Mars bar?) which feeds on secrets, probably leaving an odour of hydrogen sulphide in its wake. Keep looking for the next mole-station!

David Scoins



Scraperboard by Tim Ratcliffe



Charcoal drawing from life by Gerran Thomas

Audience response

This was a polished and glittering performance of a witty and elegant play. Like most people, perhaps, all I knew about Oscar Wilde before this evening was that he wrote *The Importance of being Ernest*, and that he was gay. This less well-known play was extremely witty, and provided flamboyant 'showcase' parts for Jeremy Blake as the amoral Lord Illingworth and Jane Rampton as the beautiful but bad Mrs Allonby. They were well supported by Alison Dindar as the dark and brooding tragic heroine, the 'woman of no importance'; Adam Vere-Nicoll as the son of her youthful affair with Lord Illingworth; Howard Gregory as the garden-party bore; and particularly John Everett, who developed his role as the elderly, but still randy, Sir John Pontefract, into a minor comedy masterpiece. Lizzie Dodds struggled courageously with the huge and difficult part of Lady Hunstanton, the elderly hostess, and despite the obvious strain on her voice, carried it off well. Jayne Spiers milked lots of laughs as Lady Stutfield,

an upper-class moron, and even the minor parts were acted with style and conviction. It is impossible to mention all the actors without turning this review into more of a list than it already is, but they all deserve praise for their parts in a fine team effort.

The set was sumptuous, although obviously difficult to move rapidly between scenes, and the costumes – some of them I believe kindly lent by Eton College – were dramatic, enabling the sense of period to be sustained. The small stage was often very crowded, and perhaps because of this, the production at times seemed rather static, and lacking in the drama of movement: this is my only real criticism.

I suspected, before I came, that a schoolboy audience might not respond to as subtle and conversational a play as this; but certainly, on the night I was there, the audience was totally involved throughout, and moved between laughter and silence as the play demanded. When I left, I felt as though I had been out to the theatre, rather than attending a school event – and I think that is high praise.

Chris Horn



Lizzie Dodds, as Lady Hunstanton

A Woman of no Importance

<i>Lord Illingworth</i>	Jeremy Blake	<i>Make-up and costumes</i>	Liz Cooke
<i>Sir John Pontefract</i>	John Everett		Ann Lake
<i>Lord Alfred Rufford</i>	James Rook		Barbara Pilbrow
<i>Mr Kelvil, MP</i>	Howard Gregory		George Squire
<i>Ven James Daubeny DD</i>	John Ostroumoff	<i>Programme design</i>	Tom Barnes
<i>Gerald Arbuthnot</i>	Adam Vere-Nicoll		Rupert Meats
<i>Farquhar – butler</i>	Marcus Hamlyn	<i>Stage design</i>	Helen Duhig
<i>Francis – footman</i>	Dan Morphy		Matt Rake
<i>Lady Hunstanton</i>	Lizzie Dodds		Boris Wolff-Metternich
<i>Lady Caroline Pontefract</i>	Lucy Richardson	<i>Stage manager</i>	Edwin Wolff-Metternich
<i>Lady Stutfield</i>	Jayne Spiers	<i>Stage crew</i>	Dominic Barretto
<i>Mrs Allonby</i>	Jane Rampton		Henry Furniss
<i>Hester Worsley</i>	Sophie March		Chris Frank
<i>Mrs Arbuthnot</i>	Alison Dindar		Matt Almond
<i>Alice – her maid</i>	Cadence Linthwaite		James Gordon-Finlayson
<i>Director</i>	Mike Llewellyn	<i>Lighting and sounds</i>	Toby Caesar
<i>Music</i>	Rupert Meats & friends		Derek Dovaston
<i>Prompt</i>	Henry Furniss	<i>Front of house manager</i>	Chris Hay
			George Neale

An actor's perception

This was an ambitious production, and broke new ground for Shiplake College in a number of ways. Firstly, the involvement of girls from Gillott's School and Chiltern Edge School made it possible to put on a genuinely heterosexual production of an adult and quite sexy play. The opportunity for us to work with girls of our own age was very much welcomed, and was a great success; some mutual misconceptions about comprehensive and independent schools were also rapidly eliminated. Secondly, a number of new (to us) methods of rehearsal were used, many of them learned from the drama group at Gillott's; as a result a very strong feeling of group loyalty was developed among the cast, as the production took shape, and I think that everybody felt they were able to contribute something to the play, rather than just being moved around the stage. Finally, the play itself, while extremely challenging – because it demanded great style and perfect timing – was a very interesting one, and it was good to feel that we were performing a genuine 'classic'.

From an actor's point of view, you never feel, when there is a week or two to go, that the play can possibly 'come off'. That it was, in the end, such a success – well, it certainly felt like that to us – was largely due to Mike Llewellyn, the director, who, without ever lecturing or losing his temper (who was it who said 'If he was any more laid back, he'd be dead?'), brought out the best in all of us, by the time the curtain went up. It was also largely due to the terrific support we got from Liz Cooke, and the fantastic costumes she scoured the country to get for us, and the excellent period sets designed and painted by Helen Duhig, Edwin Metternich, and their helpers. With backing like that, it was difficult not to raise the level of our acting. Finally, I am sure all the company would agree when I say how much we owe to Jeremy Blake. He was much more than just a leading man, but helped us all, and it was a privilege to be in a play with such an excellent actor. Best wishes to him at Drama School – where, I am sure, he will do very well.

Adam Vere-Nicoll



Howard Gregory as Mr Kelvil, MP



Ali Dindar as Mrs Arbuthnot

The Man who wouldn't go to Heaven

Produced by Helen Duhig and Mike Llewellyn, this revival for the Henley Festival was distinguished, for this critic at least, by the unexpected success of several familiar faces in most unexpected roles; and also by the dramatic and very effective set, designed by Gerran Thomas and built with the help of Simon Brown and the College carpenters.

A 1920s one-acter, written for the amateur stage, the play was set at the gates of Heaven, which on this magnificent set soared into a distant star, flanked by hanging rococo angels and built, apparently, of black marble! The atheist rebel, who takes it as his mission to prevent all the other dead souls from believing in the after-life and entering heaven, was played with force and conviction by Dan Heppner, and the long-suffering angel by none other than Bill Tatchell, who invested him with both a world-weary politeness and at the same time, a hint of malice.

The other parts were all situation-comedy, two-dimensional caricatures of recognisable types, and were all confidently and cheerfully carried off. At the Festival, Mark Wilson, playing the lunatic seer, Timothy Toto Newbiggin, won the Open Prize for 'Best Supporting Actor', and the stage set was Highly Commended.

Festus

The Man who wouldn't go to Heaven

the Shiplake College entry for the Kenton Drama Festival 1990

Cast

<i>Thariel</i>	Bill Tatchell
<i>Margaret</i>	Laura Smail
<i>Richard Alton</i>	Dan Heppner
<i>Bobbie Nightingale</i>	Adam Vere-Nicholl
<i>Eliza Muggins</i>	Lucy Richardson
<i>Sister Martha Theresa</i>	Jayne Spiers
<i>Mrs Cuthbert Bagshawe</i>	Noel Cecil
<i>Harriet Rebecca Strenham</i>	Laura Smail
<i>Rev John McNulty</i>	Jeremy Blake
<i>Timothy Toto Newbiggin</i>	Mark Wilson
<i>Derrick Bradley</i>	Max Tilney

Backstage

<i>Set designers & stage crew</i>	Gerran Thomas Matt Rake Boris Wolff-Metternich
<i>Lighting & sounds</i>	Bill Hunter Paul McCann
<i>General Assistants</i>	Charlie Lowden Alex Root-Reed Charlie Lowden
<i>Front of house manager</i> (College performance only)	
<i>Directors</i>	Helen Duhig Mike Llewellyn

Mark Wilson as Timothy Toto Newbiggin



Bill Tatchell prepares to become an Angel



The Junior Play

Hip Hip Horatio!

It was a very satisfactory production. First I will say the bad points; it was not the loudest play I had ever heard, but it was, after all, junior standard. I do not think, myself, that it should have been a musical, but a play. In the singing I could only hear one person and that was

Henry Furniss. The singing droned on. At times the action seemed rushed, but it was an exciting theme, and often the actors did not have much time to do it.

Now the good things. By its liveliness, the play showed that it had been taken seriously by the boys. It showed a great future for some of them in acting, if not in singing. Altogether the different

scenes were full of variety, and the actors were all keen and sensible. I liked it a lot, and thought some bits must have been quite fun to do. It had its bad bits, but far more good bits. It was a great contribution to Shiplake College. Well done to everyone involved.

Andrew Howell



Photographs by Tom Pearse



The Old Man

*There was an old man
Who lived in a house,
All lonely was he,
As quiet as a mouse.*

*There was an old man
Who tripped down the stairs,
But nobody came
And nobody cares.*

*There was an old man
Lonely and neglected,
He looked out of the window
Whilst the birds collected.*

*There was an old man
Dirty, simple and sad,
The local people
Thought he was quite mad.*

*There was an old man
Who lay on his bed,
Next day the postman came
And the old man was dead.*

Mawgan Grace

Social Service

'And how did Margaret come to get involved in the Youth Theatre Group?'. Margaret sat still in her wheelchair, her husband looming tall above her, answering a question that ought to have been directed at his wife. Again the broadcaster probed with another question, and again the incredibly patient subject of the interview sat pondering the rather curious attitude of the questioner. Eventually, as the TV interview came to an end, the broadcaster turned his attention away from the husband, and actually directed a question at Margaret herself. Margaret's clear and intelligent answer must have left many people wondering just why this capable and intelligent woman was virtually ignored throughout her own interview. Unfortunately for Margaret, her physical disability was sadly misunderstood by the broadcaster. Like so many of us, the broadcaster, devoid of experience of the handicapped, was demonstrating a national attitude problem.

'At first "Autism" was a totally new word to me. The thought that I would have to work and play with them frightened me.'

A Public School can prove to be a rather sheltered and privileged existence. It can also be rather introspective, and can happily benefit from its position in the community, without putting much back. Shiplake College Community Services Department came into existence to help redress the balance in a modest way.

Its primary objective was to serve the needs of the community, whilst providing an educating and stimulating experience for those who took part. What this meant in practice is that the 3rd form, who do not take part in the Corps activities, could be introduced to Dyson's Wood House, a Home catering for up to fifteen autistic residents, on Tuesday afternoons. In small groups of 8 or 9, the boys worked directly with the residents on a range of activities, including gardening, going for walks, and indoor games. The close contact with the residents allowed the boys to grow in confidence, and by the end of their four-week stint, each seemed perfectly happy in the company of the residents, as well as being of some considerable use in and around Dyson's Wood.

'When the residents were introduced to us, we took some time to mix with them, but when we did, we all got a great sense of satisfaction out of helping them, and putting a smile on their faces.'

The spring term saw a change of project. The new project allowed the boys to spend time with local mentally and physically handicapped school-children nearer their own ages. It was perhaps more appropriate that the Shiplake contingent met and befriended youths who were less fortunate than themselves. Some take a small group swimming, whilst the others work one-to-one in the classroom with a more junior set. The mutual satisfaction of both parties on these afternoons is inspiring, and this is echoed by the staff of Bishopswood School, who thoroughly enjoy this new partnership between the two schools. In my opinion, the scheme has been, and hopefully will continue to be, a great success.

'As we became more familiar with Community Services, we found that we enjoyed it more, and really gave our best to help them.'

There were two main reasons for this success. Firstly, the boys have been privileged to have had the assistance of two very special ladies. Catherine Gilson and Wendy Hordern have given up their Tuesday afternoons to help in any way possible. When someone appeared unsure, or needed advice or assistance in any way, you could be sure that they were there to help out, in such a way that nobody felt embarrassed or uncomfortable. Their efforts laid the foundations for so many boys to become confident and unselfish givers, and it was always the boys who would pay testimony to that fact.

Secondly, the boys themselves have thrown themselves into the projects, and come out winners in the process. They have developed into sensitive and sympathetic young carers, as expressed in this comment.

'Doing Community Service has really made me aware of how "the other half" live. It was good fun to go swimming with them. You could see by the expression on their faces that they were enjoying themselves, even if they didn't talk to you.'

It is hoped that the department will expand next year, and that boys from other years will be involved. We will also be looking to maintain our fund-raising efforts, having donated £2000 to the Friends of Dyson's Wood House, following the highly successful Walk-a-Dogathon. The 'Friends' intend linking the entire Home to a centralised video, which will prove enormously beneficial, both for educational and entertainment purposes. I now leave it to Mark Stockill to explain a typical

Community Services outing, thankfully without reference to my usual impatience and frequent displays of bad temper!

'Every Tuesday afternoon, Mr McCann and a group of budding young 3rd formers set off in a minibus for Gillotts School. The aim of the exercise was to help, and assist the mentally handicapped pupils from Bishopswood School. Each week this group, consisting of 4-5 boys, arrived, not knowing what to expect. The two parties met, each side as nervous as the other, but it wasn't long before everyone got to know one another.

After getting changed, we all entered the pool; not all of them as enthusiastically as we expected. Their standard of swimming was much higher than we might have imagined, although some needed encouragement at the beginning. After getting to know them, the initial shyness was broken, and conversations started up. Games began, using rafts, hoops, and footballs, and a good time was had by all.

After swimming for half an hour, we all got out, had a shower, and very slowly, they got changed. Our job was to assist them with buttons, ties, shoelaces, etc. After that, we went our separate ways, they back to their school, and we came back to the joys of maths!

An interesting, unusual, and enjoyable time was had by all.'

*Paul McCann
with contributions from Chris Vos,
Andrew Howell and Mark Stockill*



This is largely as delivered verbally; apart from this paragraph, very few changes have been made to make it readable. Apparent spelling mistakes are either not as you think, or are to help recognise one of the names. I have used a capital letter only to help you identify some five or six dozen names. The dinner took place shortly after the Junior play, *Hip, Hip Horatio*, the Cheltenham Gold Cup, and the day after the inter-House cross-country competition. These events have been stitched clumsily in too.

For those that are new to the Society dinner, the idea of these speeches, like so many of their kind, is to mention everyone if possible. Complete list provided by Hickey – who didn't stand up quick enough, did he?

So, the story continues this year in a little town on the outskirts of Paul, in the almost sholly Gnomian Empire. The emperor Caesar is thoroughly frustrated at this little village above the clefs which run along a fault in the woodwork. In the little, Hick, even rural, mark, Hamlyn of Navis-Lacus, built on the curve of a large river, opposite the Mires of the water meadow, dotted with ox bow Blakes; (probably full of Bass, not bass). Across the valley you can see the various local woods (Gar, Sher, Chet etc. etc.) where the Squires can Hunt er whatever they want; Reynolds the fox, Pike in the river, etc. etc.

Our hero *, pronounced limp, wanders back into the story from wherever he got to last year, wondering lonely as a shroud among the forementioned and foregathered views, blah blah. Fascinated by the village, he wanders in to meet the people – also to have a swift half or six, consume various viands (is Meats with us? Sorry, I thought he was in French). Thoroughly confused, probably because of his rubato wristwatch, realises the village is strangely quiet, positively tacet (a moot/mute point). He can see that not all the stalls are open for it is quiet hour and understandably everyone has dashed off for a smoke, or Hookey, or somesuch.

So asterisk wanders down the street, noting the strange signs over the shop fronts, Wil uan would, wound't one? Each one has a message or motto over the door, called an *Ars Dictum*. There's the Haberdasher Sisters (for the chemists, the Middle sister, Middle miss Allegro Haber-dasher runs the speedy iron-smelting works); the sisters' business motto is 'Why will ye dye?' Their speciality is in the blues and antedeluvian patterns. On the other side of the square is the bank: motto 'Is it nothing to you'. Next to them is the

ostler Vacuus Dormus with his wagons, he specialises in the harvest time when his Hayterners are known as the Wain Fleet Ringers. Motto? 'Just a tenor for a high G'. His brother Domus Dormus runs an overnight wagon train, called Slum Bevans. They appear to be converted Ferraris, Asterisks can't didtum their ars because the sign is Bwadley beaten up.

He hears noises around the corner, and goes to look; there he finds the blacksmith, Equus-mender, the horst Schumann, whose motto, in raised helvetiCa(r) lettering over the portal says 'Oh perishing soles to you I cry'. He is busy with an intricate trophy, and happily shows Asterisk his work – 'its an aurio vase', he explains, 'for next week's big race – a very prestigious event and I'm really lucky from little Bart (Bartlett), the Chamberlain Baronet Oh. Obviously a relationship worth Fostering. This auric vase, or, as the French say, l'or en c'eau, is mainly made in a mould in the Furniss, but I was just mixing metals again since when the last lot didn't come out aLloyed, we bbernt offerings to the gods – we thought of a Crucifixion, but a stake is so much nicer, don't you think? What d'you mean are we in the race on the Roman Rhodes? We're going Fauré winner here!

'GorDan Bennett!! There's the mayor's horse without a shoe again – no you dimuendo ritenuto (that's Latin for a dim-rit) not the gelding, that's in for the Aurio Vase – no, it's the plodder Pesante whose lost his shoe – how I Hayater work on that beast; Chester's I'm getting it right, he – Oh, never mind. (and apologies). Boyes! Work! Sons! Jack(son) – the bellows; John(ston) the iron . . .'

'Other runners? Well, there's Gaz or Des(ert Orchid) as the favourite; the moroccan sailor's horse, £1 Yott, and since he's out of Disney's dragon, he can disappear if you leave him Clare space; our own horse is a fair runner as an outsider and the Cobb could come second on the day. Good pipes, that one; flies along like a glOster moth (Ostroumoff). Well, I'm off for my well deserved long smoke, what we call here a fAghion. (apologies again).

Asterisk (his father by the way is JC** – you'll get that one next term) enjoyed his conversation with the Smith, and wandering further in search of interesting people he meets the venerable and Spalding druid (he should be called Getafix, but that's quite properly forbidden). Serendipitus – the druid – was keen to chat about his delightful garden. For reasons entirely concerned

with seed catalogues (sorry, that's a bit chronographic), they discussed the weedy problem of the root crops; as Serendipitus said 'Ay, Mack, ay, I Hose anD rakes the carrots or Eltze if you Leathem alone the fungus gets to them and to be Frank that'll never Clare up. The other problem we have is that the soil Leaches so easily, the rain Harley wets the soil and the goodness has vanished. It makes the Roots Reedy – mind I don't like the rain anyway, it gets to my Jones something awful. I tried double digging (shortened to duigging), but it doesn't get Me down enough to the plants, so I have to Neale and use a trowel, no matter how dirty youR andsby getting. Got some good stuff to get the Stain erf your Ransby gum (up twice please! You'll get stuck in a Rutter). Wil, son, come in the Bach for some tea – if I Burrell around enough I can raise a decent meal; I've only got a Smail appetite myself, Wood coq au vin do? 'Horatio! White wine for the coq! My Char les me have some expensive stuff a bit less, you know. . .

So they did, and we did, and I have . . . finished.

Or almost.

Oh, the horse race was held, but there was a small riot among the legionnaires at the result;

Galvanised, might be the word, though there was talk of Welshing among the Libris, and some were disciplined. These Court Marshalled ones included the following who got left out: Zero the Jap, Nihil the political campaigner but not, because he's implied.

DJS – The Northern Scion

'If you are charged by an elephant or lion, stand absolutely still! If a buffalo charges, run like hell and climb the nearest tree!' It was with such words of advice ringing in our ears that we set out into the last remaining jungle area of Kenya, in the Loita Hills.

We had arrived in Nairobi over a week earlier in the middle of riots and public disorder and had set out immediately for Mt Suswa. The group, consisting of 16 boys and 4 adults, camped in the bush and on the first day climbed Mt Suswa on the edge of the magnificent Rift Valley. The only animals we saw at this stage were giraffe although we were told that cheetahs were almost certainly nearby. In the evening we descended with the aid of ropes into lava caves where bats hurtled around our heads and made a return visit out of the question!

After this initiation into the wilds of Kenya our unreliable vehicles – two Rovers with trailers and a Toyota Land Cruiser – carried us precariously over the lava fields and on to Lakes Naivasha and Nakuru, where we found flamingoes, pelicans, water buck and other superb wildlife. Our next stop was Hell's Gate where we camped for two nights half way up a hill and overlooking a valley where a variety of game grazed peacefully below us. The group of climbers practised on nearby cliffs while the remainder, accompanied by Micky, who was an expert on snakes and other wildlife, walked quietly through the bush catching glimpses of different animals, including grantii, hartebeest and warthogs, but some of us were busy keeping an eye out for snakes and buffaloes.

That evening, after collecting wood and cooking our own food, we organised a rota for guard duty and settled down for the night. We had earlier seen a herd of buffalo below us and at about one o'clock in the morning one of the startled guards woke us up to tell us that they were inside the camp. For the next two hours those of us who were awake waited, hardly daring to breathe. These huge animals, of whom even Africans are scared because they are so unpredictable, were snorting and eating within yards of the tents until, suddenly, something startled them and they charged off. The earth shook as the whole herd ploughed their way through the trees and bushes and yet miraculously not one tent was hit.

It was with some relief that we set off for a long drive over the Mau escarpment and on to the Maasai Mara for some more game-viewing. We camped on the Sand River not far from

Keekerock and not far from where Julie Ward was last seen alive. Early each morning, left to our own devices, we drove into the Mara and found a variety of animals – a pride of lions lying lazily by the side of the road and another group feeding on an early morning kill, elephant, Thompson's gazelle, wildebeest, silver-backed jackals and perhaps one of the most incredible sights – gigantic hippos wallowing in a huge pool. One of the powerful beasts suddenly took it into its head to charge through the water at an amazing speed and with unbelievable power. It was the memory of this awesome sight that lingered with us when we were later rafting down the Athi River. At night hyenas would enter the camp, looking for any scraps of food, and during the day small monkeys would try to steal anything of interest.

The next phase of the trip – a four-day 'walk' through the Loita Hills, will long be remembered and not necessarily for good reasons. It was here that Mark Savage, our guide and Kenya's answer to Crocodile Dundee, really showed his true sadistic and masochistic nature! As we walked we kept a wary eye out for spitting cobras, puff adders and buffaloes. Instead of a relatively easy walk we found that we had to hack our way through virgin jungle. We were carrying full packs with tents, food and clothing for four days and as time went by the heat and humidity became intolerable. Vicious safari ants have to be seen, or felt, to be believed. At night we had to climb down almost vertical slopes

to try to find enough flat areas to pitch the tents. There weren't any! In the end there was no alternative but to follow an exact bearing to ensure that we were able to emerge from the far side relatively unscathed.

After four days we joined up again with the vehicles and it was not a moment too soon, because Mike, our American raft expert, had developed malaria and had to be taken to hospital. On our way back to the capital we passed by Lake Magadi, the world's largest soda lake and when we reached Nairobi we stayed at Kenton College, a boys' prep school. Here we were able to clean ourselves up and prepare for the last stages of our trip.

Until now the trip had not been very arduous, but had been a pleasant combination of game-viewing and walking. We now drove to Mt Kenya where we were going to walk up the Chogoria route, which is more spectacular than the normal route, via Lake Ellis. The first part of the ascent was by vehicle and because of the recent rain the trek was slippery and almost dangerous. In parts we all had to get out and push and it was even necessary to use the winch to pull the vehicles up the steeper sections. Our first camp was near Lake Ellis at 3600m and then we headed for our high camp at Minto's Hut at 4200m. During the day this site was idyllic, situated as it was by the side of a lake and near marvellous views of a deep gorge and Mt Kenya and Batian (5199m) but by night it was as low as -18°C !



Batian defeated the climbing group, possibly because most of the group were relatively inexperienced in climbing with the heavy packs needed for the two days and the bivi on the mountain. The majority of the group spent a day on acclimatisation walks in the area and then climbed to Point Lenana – the normal ‘top’ for non-technical climbers. A long walk down to the vehicles was followed by the unanimous decision to travel straight back to Nairobi to give us an extra day there to prepare for the rafting. We arrived there in the early hours of the morning, after one of the vehicles had again developed problems.

Two days rest, with shopping and visits to Bubbles (!), the Thorn Tree Cafe – the famous overlanders’ meeting point – and the equally famous Norfolk Hotel, was followed by a day’s rafting on the Tana River to test out the boats and to ensure that everyone knew roughly what to do.

The last part of our trip took us down the Athi river towards the Indian Ocean. Ours was the first group to raft in Kenya. There had been less rain than usual and so the river level was low. In spite of that there were some interesting white water stretches and at least no-one fell in unintentionally. The group was slightly smaller now because one member had sustained injuries when he fell out on the Tana, and three or four others had drunk or eaten something which did not agree with them.

The next three days saw us paddling furiously during the white water stretches, relaxing as we drifted with the current, dragging the rubber boats over the rocks and through thick vegetation and climbing out of them into the croc-infested water to carry them over sandbanks and through the shallower parts. There were occasional panics when crocodiles were seen, but more worrying were the hippos because they are remarkably stupid animals which can appear underneath boats and tip them over. At night we slept under the stars with the three boats on their sides making some kind of protective shelter. Those of us on guard duty for an hour at a time throughout the night were told to fire a flare into a hippo’s mouth if it came too close!

The last two days were spent on the Indian Ocean at Malindi, where some relaxed by the pool whilst others went out fishing in a small local boat and did catch a baracuda. Three went scuba-diving and a few more saved some money by just snorkelling. The trip back from Mombassa to Nairobi was on the ‘Lunatic Express’, a good enough train but one whose food is



best left untouched.

So ended our first venture to Africa. It was a very different trip from our previous ones where we have usually spent three to four weeks at a stretch away from civilisation. The combination of game-trekking was a pleasant change. There were many highlights and some problems – a boy went down one white water section without the boat and another one found, after his return, that he had caught malaria! Almost certainly many of the group will return to Africa, if not to Kenya itself.

Our thanks must go to Sister Robinson for helping us with medical preparations, and also to Dr Rouse for providing us with plasma for emergency use and for blood-grouping everyone. Robert Pullar, a local dentist, was our indispensable medic and Marcel Wagner and Alan Howard our mountain leaders and Africa enthusiasts. Mark Savage of East African Mountain Guides, who is perhaps the leading climber and safari expert in Kenya, was our guide and Mike Barlow was our river expert from Wyoming. DSP

The group members were: *David Part-ridge, Marcel Wagner, Alan Howard, Robert Pullar, Alex Anderson, Lee Blackford, Paul Croll, Simon Dainton, Matt Fisher, Duncan Gilbert, Robert Hawkins, Bill Hunter, Jonathon King, Matt Lloyd, Mike Murray, Andrew Rouse, Will Spalding, Alastair Tucker, Dameon Wagner and Iain Wetherall.*



The wisps of smoke drifting from the camp-fire on a rocky headland, as the first stars come out, and the murmuring of the sea suddenly seems closer; the thrill of the wind in your hair as you race down a twisting uneven track, with your load slipping on the panniers behind you, and the gravel flying beneath your tyres; the screaming of seabirds and the hoarse cough of seals – these beautiful experiences have been a part of all our Hebridean and Hibernian expeditions in recent years. What made this year's trip to West Clare, in Eire, so different?

People, perhaps, first of all. Our group was a particularly relaxed, democratic and harmonious one, with no-one seeking particular attention and no-one marginalised; everybody did their bit to see that those around them had as good a time as they were having themselves.

The people we were among were not inured to travellers, but made us welcome with great warmth, interest and courtesy, and we soon came to realise that Ireland's reputation for generosity and human interest was far from being a cliché, or a travel agent's myth. The lobster fisherman and his family, in whose house the twelve of us stayed (yes, in whose house the twelve of us stayed!) for several rainy days at the start of the trip, and who never let us feel for a moment less than welcome, set a lot of thinking in motion that seemed to be reflected in the behaviour and attitudes of the group throughout.

The place is another factor worth dwelling on (worth dwelling in, for that matter) for a little while. West Clare is one of the more remote parts of the west of Ireland, with a wild, dramatic coastline of cliffs and headlands. The

Burren, in which we stayed for half our time, is a limestone area of bare, rocky 'pavements', springs and swallowholes, vivid green grass and exotic plants, scattered farms, and roads that dwindle away into ruts in the ground. The Aran Islands, which some of us visited, are a surviving stronghold of the Gaelic language, and their patchwork of tiny fields, separated by piled limestone walls, is both very beautiful and a reminder of centuries of exploitation, poverty and endurance.

Eire itself, though it shares a common language, and did for some reluctant centuries endure a form of political union with England, is to a newcomer so startlingly and attractively different, in style, manners and way of life, that one has the excitement of coming to terms with a friendly but in many ways remarkably different civilisation.

And finally, of course, there was the music. West Clare is a gathering place, in summer, for traditional musicians from all over Ireland – and some from much further away. Impromptu music is a feature of many bars, but the three days and nights we spent in the small town of Milltown, while the festival was on, were an unforgettable experience. Literally hundreds of musicians were playing there; groups settling into a corner, swelling and diminishing as new players joined or others left, sharing rousing unison passages or passing round the solos, and all with tremendous enthusiasm and mutual respect. When the pubs eventually closed – far too late to reveal in a family magazine – the players would just spill into the square, or on to the doorsteps, and carry on there until dawn was in the air. A few bleary hours later, we would awake, squinting out of the tent into an already hot sun, and all around us in the crowded camping field (really the sports field of the local school!) we would hear fiddlers and whistlers and uilleann pipers, and even the occasional harpist or bouzouki player, squeezing in a bit of practice, or enjoying a bit of jamming, before the serious business of the day began again.

What a wonderful people! What an excellent holiday! Next year it may be Donegal, in the far north-west of Eire, possibly even wilder and certainly more rugged. Interested? Let me know.

The party: *Helen Duhig, Ben Holden, Robin and Mike Llewellyn, Simon Charlesworth, John Everett, James Gregory, Andrew Howell, James Kohout, Charlie Lowden, Matt Rake, Boris and Edwin Metternich, Alex Root-Reed.*



My kind of worship

*Stifled in the dim interior,
Voices drone,
Scratchy collars,
Throttling ties,
Itchy knees on the kneelers.
Counting the pages yet to go.*

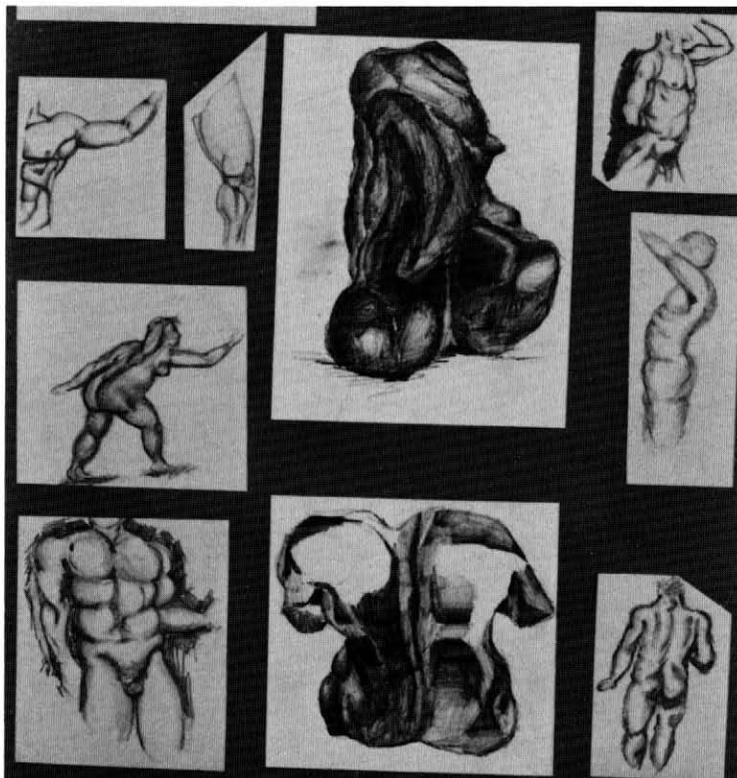
*A tiny bird, fluttering to get out,
Restless feet swinging to and fro;
The blessing is a blessing
in disguise,
A hidden agenda, has the sermon,
(Three more pages to go.)*

*Hooking up the kneelers,
Stretching crackling joints,
And, still dignified,
Walking out into a cocktail:*

*Hit by a blast of colour and light,
by a thrill of sound.
And dancing down the pathway go,
Tearing off ties and collars,
Down shady glades to the glinting river,
Taking the rod from under the boathouse.*

*Under the weeping willows,
Going dapping, for Chubb.*

Seymour Jacklin



Preliminary studies by Rupert Lawson-Johnson

Preliminary studies for pottery by Ollie Lea



The Dead Forest

*The forest of Reven
Looms up in the misty distance,
The trees standing like moss-screened statues,
With the branches
As broken and battered
As the rutted ground they lie on.*

*The forest lies as silent as a graveyard,
For sparrow and pigeon,
Blackbird and rabbit,
Have all been 'phased out'
By the profitless surroundings
That lie for miles around.*

*The smell of the morning green
Lingers in the clear fresh air,
And is distinctly noticeable
When strolling past the forgotten giants,
In this lonely, empty, silent, mesmerising,
Awesome Forest of Reven.*

James Mellor



Helen Stewart

A midlander by birth and education, Helen Stewart, our new Head of Languages, has become a real, rather than a closet, European, in adult life. Although she tells us that, while at school, she was 'extremely quiet, in fact painfully shy', she has travelled extensively and lived in a number of European countries since, including France, Germany and Portugal. Helen believes firmly that we Brits must shake off our narrow, insular attitudes towards other languages and cultures, and hopes to help develop a sense of fun in language learning.

She comes to Shiplake with a wide range of teaching experience, both in the maintained sector and in the teaching of adults; she has even taught both English and German as foreign languages. Her spare-time interests include surfing, water ski-ing, 'in fact anything to do with water', and also 'going out to the cinema, going out to eat . . . you could just say, going out!'

Although she is looking forward to her impending marriage (to Gary) during the Easter holidays, any glints in her eye during school hours are almost certain (she tells us) to be related to the excitements of integrating our language work with the requirements of the National Curriculum, or the challenge of launching the new sixth-form German course.



Steve Fox

Steve joins the Geography Department from Hampton School, in Middlesex, where as their J-15 rowing coach he became well-known to his then rivals at Shiplake College. Educated at King Edward VI School, Birmingham, he went on to Durham University, that centre of academic and sporting excellence, where after completing his Honours Degree he stayed on for a further year to take his PGCE.

Steve's great pleasures, as well as sport, include travel to exotic places, particularly to the fascinating landscapes and cultures of the Far East, but also tramping the hills of the Scottish Highlands and other remote and challenging places. With a big, very fit, frame to maintain, he has also become known as one of the Common Room's big eaters. 'If no-one else is going to finish this off. . .' has already become something of a catch-phrase.

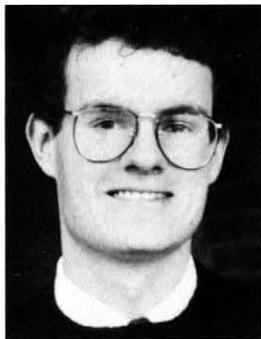
A lover of all music, Steve is a keen bassoonist, and looks forward to participating in the College's wide range of musical activities. As a 'somewhat surprising' runner-up in a recent Miss Hampton competition among the staff there, we can expect him also to involve himself both in high drama and low comedy here, as the opportunity presents itself. He has certainly settled rapidly into College life, having helped to coach the IIIrd and IVth Rugby XV's, and has been exposed already to the delights of the Geography Field Trip.

Text by Henry Tilney and Mike Llewellyn; photos by Ben Hayes

Nigel Baldwin

Nigel is the third in an illustrious line of specialist scientists that Shiplake College has recently lured into teaching. A PhD, who comes to us after five years of working on 'the biosynthesis of trichothecene mycotoxins' at Nottingham University Pharmacy Department, followed by a period researching into 'tylactone macromide antibiotics' in the Institute of Bio-Organic Chemistry at Southampton University, Nigel brings to us not only an awareness of the stringent academic standards in the practising sciences, but the refreshing honesty of an outsider in a world which can all too easily become cloistered and introspective.

Nigel grew up in the West Midlands, and comes into teaching having never expected to do so; in fact this gamekeeper gives every indication of knowing a thing or two about poaching. He is to take over the leadership of the Photography Society from James Johnson, and his personal interests include films, music and 'comparative beerology'.



Andrew Trees

From just outside Chicago in Illinois, Andy is the first Shiplake College/Princeton Fellow. Educated at Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts, he read Religion at Princeton, before deciding to spend a year in England dipping a toe into the waters of teaching. He has a full timetable which includes being a Skipwith House tutor, developing an 'American Studies' course in the Upper School, and participating in the teaching of English at all levels. No slouch at games, Andy has already been involved in soccer, rugby, and something he insists on calling 'field hockey'! His attitude to cricket has however, so far, been distinctly luke warm.

..... And Farewell!

Richard Lee

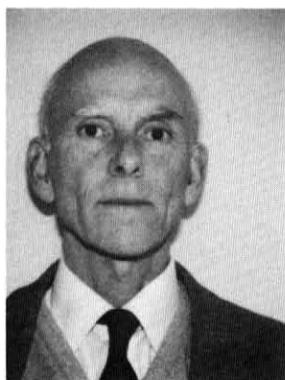
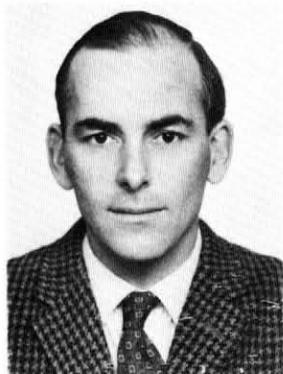
A quiet, approachable and eminently courteous man, Richard Lee was at the same time a very private one. He joined Shiplake in 1962, and from then until his retirement in 1990 played a gentle, but very influential, role in a variety of areas of College life.

Not many teachers have degrees from both Oxford and Cambridge, and even fewer have a background in West African forestry. Another aspect of Richard's background that was of great importance to the College was that, as an ex-Army officer, he was ideally suited to nourish and develop the emergent Cadet Force, of which he was Commanding Officer from 1968 to 1988. The early contingent camps, while they perhaps lacked the precision and tight scheduling of present-day events, were occasions of much activity and, at times, hilarity; as on one famous occasion when Richard, incapable as ever of allowing any opportunity for quick advantage to slip by, was caught red-handed by an irate Regular adjutant, having 'encouraged' an Army mechanic to service his car in between the rows of three-ton trucks and tanks.

As Head of Biology, Richard also presided over radical developments in the facilities and syllabus of his subject, and his lessons were never without a quiet humour, and an awareness of the wider horizons outside classroom windows. For years he was known among the boys as *Twinks*, because it was known that he was unable to administer even the most deserved and necessary punishment without a twinkle in the eye.

A very able chess player, a wizard on the Stock Exchange, and probably gifted with a number of other attributes that even his closest colleagues were never allowed to discover, Richard will still be remembered above all, by both pupils and teachers, for his tolerance and kindness. As I complete this article, I turn to three Vth formers who studied Maths with *the Colonel* in his final year. What do they remember most? 'He was kind-hearted; a good bloke.' 'He was always tolerant.' 'Wise, and thoughtful.'

Michael Llewellyn



Before and after! Richard in 1962 (top) and 1990

Ken and Judy Tiffin

It was with considerable sadness, tinged with gratitude, that members of the Senior Common Room invited Ken and Judy Tiffin to a farewell reception in the Common Room in June of last year.

Ken and Judy joined the Domestic Bursar's residential staff in May 1988. Although a generation older than most itinerant New Zealanders, they decided, while on holiday in England in the early 1980s to return for a longer spell in order to work and travel.

They both quickly established themselves as part of the fabric of Shiplake. In addition to his domestic duties, Ken quickly established himself as a very useful sports coach. He helped with the Under 14C rugby team in the winter term; in the spring he turned to hockey and in the summer term, coached cricket with the Under 14B team.

Like many New Zealanders he had a great love of sport and firmly believed that it should be played in a dignified manner. He was a great inspiration to boys who needed a little more time before achieving a place in 'A' teams.

Both Ken and Judy took a paternal interest in the boys and supported many of the non-sporting activities put on by them in the College.

They have now returned to New Zealand.

Ian Lowry

Front Office Blues

To work as a Secretary in the Front Office of Shiplake College you first ought to have had training, preferably with the SAS, or at least have done a week's training with the Army on Dartmoor during the cruellest of winters. It has to be likened to an assault course. It also helps if you are blessed with three pairs of hands, two sets of ears, and eyes in the back of your head!

Having said that, life here in Cell Block One can be very enjoyable, and quite good fun, providing you have a warped sense of humour and people don't take you the wrong way. Members of staff expect us to have instant recall, endless stationery, and a bottomless pit of patience.

Besides being a typing pool, we are a sub-post office, a telephone exchange, a booking office, a Citizens' Advice Bureau and an Agony Aunt's office. On the rare occasion (to become more frequent) that we lock our door against all invaders at lunch time, in order to eat our very slimming salads and chocolate sponge and custard in peace, we have to ignore forces hammering frantically, or what sounds like a battering ram being hurled against the unforgiving panels. Is half an hour too much to expect a little peace? Of course there is never peace from the telephone – otherwise known as *the greatest queue-jumper ever invented*. Have you noticed that it doesn't matter if you've been waiting to see someone for over an hour – if the phone rings, whoever it is on the other end always gets priority attention?

However, we digress. The Front Office is the warmest place in the School in the winter (apart from the icy blasts every time the door opens). Perhaps that's why we are so popular, and get so many visitors! The trick, of course, is to make sure that the front door is kept closed, which entails hiding the brick and ensuring the automatic closure is kept well oiled, (maintenance department please note).

We are *always* busy, under pressure and overworked, but we hope we are never too busy to cope with any problem that might suddenly arise. We hope that like Girl Guides we always smile and sing under difficulty, and that in this male-dominated world of Shiplake College we bring a little sunshine into all your lives.

Rosemary Jones

Over the last 30 years the Old Viking Society has evolved as a club with three main objectives. Primarily it is to keep OVs informed how their fellow members are doing, as well as organising sporting and social events where OVs are able to meet up with each other on familiar ground and to see how Shiplake is changing and improving. Its third objective is to help Shiplake with medium-sized projects, not necessarily concerned with education but which benefit both the school and the boys. Led by an active and youthful committee that speaks with one voice, it is hoped that the OVS fulfils these three objectives successfully and the results are appreciated.

The main channel of news throughout the OVS is by the twice-yearly newsletter edited by Hans Wells-Furby. All OVs are encouraged to send in news and the Editor will endeavour to include it in the next newsletter. Any OV who has recently moved is requested to inform the Editor or the School of their new address so we can send the newsletter directly to them. Details of coming events are also included in the newsletters.

Sporting contexts between old boys and the College are concentrated on a Sunday in March (two hockey matches and squash) and on a Saturday in June (cricket and tennis). Mr Ian Lowry has organised some OVS rowing on the Spring Bank Holiday. There has been some talk of a golf match and shooting.

The OVS had a rare hockey victory in the 1st XI game in 1990 but Vith form dance or no, the 2nd XI defeated a useful OVS team. Normally OVS squash players tend to be a bit strong for schoolboys, but a real effort has to be made to strengthen OVS tennis. In June rain and lack of time led to the contest being declared a draw.

The cricket match for the Liddell-Grainger Trophy was badly affected by heavy rain. The OVS declared while still short of runs and were quite unable to stop the 1st XI scoring the runs they needed.

The standard in all these contests is high, and old boys are a bit disappointed that there are so few spectators to watch the fun and the skill.

On the social side, there was a good turn out for the AGM, and we gave Richard Lee a good send-off after 28 years with the College. Considerable time, effort and money has gone into the planning of the annual dinner, with a notable speaker invited. The OVS committee has introduced a subsidised price for recent leavers, thus reinforcing the commitment the OVS has to bring

OVs together again, and it is hoped that all will take advantage of this opportunity and make the dinner the success it deserves to be.

Several projects that would benefit both Shiplake College and the boys are at present being examined by the OVC and will be in part or wholly funded by monies received by the OVS from grateful old boys and also from subscriptions. The most recent work commissioned by the OVS was the impressive front driveway entrance. All ideas and contributions should be forwarded to the chairman, Rodney Davis, or the chairman elect, David Dalzell.

Any old boys interested in participating on the sporting side will be most welcome and should contact the relevant OVC member responsible. One last point is that OVS members include staff who have been at Shiplake for 3 or more years. Whether they have recently left, or are still very much part of Shiplake, it would be good to see more of them at future OVS functions. Finally, I have been requested to point out that the Old Vikings Society has a distinctive tie which members are encouraged not only to buy, but also to wear at appropriate occasions.

Frank Browne

*Big fish in small pond?
New Membership Secretary:
David Scoins*



Reading the Carol Service Lesson

Reading in front of your friends or family is fun. I always found that sort of act fun. But when I was told I was going to read the lesson in front of 350 boys and 450 parents, my bottom jaw dropped to the floor.

I had several helpful practices with Revd Dale, and I was very grateful to him, because without some of his advice, the whole episode would have been a disaster. Reading about Adam and Eve hiding from God because they were naked is not funny. Especially if you are wearing a surplice, cassock and a ruff, looking like a girl's blouse. It only struck me that I would be reading dressed like that one day before the real thing!

As I was in the choir, I was waiting in a room for the crowd to come in. That half hour was nerve-racking. I don't think I had ever done a performance to an audience of this size. Yes, I had done drama exams to examiners, and school plays at my last school, but never to a crowd of about 800 people. I sat down with my own copy of the lesson and read it over and over again. I remember realising I was biting my nails down to the skin.

Then it was time. The organ started and the choir began to sing as we walked down the aisle. I began to feel hot and sweaty. The choir walked to our pews and finished the hymn. They sat down, leaving me still on my feet, ready to walk up to the lectern. I walked out, turned to the altar, bowed, and strode up. I had to lift my 'skirt' so as not to trip over.

I began to read. All was going well, until I looked up and saw every person watching me. Some boys were giggling at the front, other parents frowning with interest. I did neither. I read on for what seemed like hours, but then I reached that last full-stop on the story.

'Here endeth the lesson'. I got down with a feeling of triumph. It was over. I was happy in a way, but in another, I felt like doing it over and over and over again.

So, in the long run, I really did enjoy the whole thing.

Alex Root-Reed

The Black Hole of Reading

*In a stinking shop doorway
escaping life's hell
lies the drug-ridden body
of a teenage shell
running away from the world
that he's creating
blaming his country
and all the time hating
his parents
for giving him the life he hates
he just thanks god
he's got some mates
who'll sell him some dope
and something much stronger
that'll pick him up when he feels
he can't cope any longer
and take him away
to that far-off land
where everyone's happy
but can't even stand
and all of life's problems
just disappear
and no-one but him
has anything to fear
until he comes down
and lands with a thud
and he only then realises
he's been lying in mud
and he thinks to himself
there must be more to life than this
hungry and cold
and stinking of piss
and he looks for his friends
that treated him so well
and introduced him
to this doped-out hell
but his money's gone
and so have they
and as they go
he hears them say –
'if you want any more
you know where to come'
but all he can do
is sit feeling numb
and the only thing
that will straighten his day
is another acid tab
to take him away
but who does he really think
that he's kidding
because there's no escaping
this black hole he's living*

Dan Heppner

But why?

*Why do we survive as a race?
Do we have something that will last?
We have hands, feet, eyes and face,
Write, read and work from present to the past
Poems aren't life, life's abandoned.*

*Why do we live to die?
Do we always have to think?
Poems aren't hard and they're easy to try.
Normally we try to ignore our mind and
just use paper and ink.
Rhyme is not hard so it's easy to get by.*

*I thought it would be easy to write,
Have I done what I was told?
To write a rhyming poem?
End is near and I am cold,
Now is the time to stop this problem.
Goodbye! But why? Goodbye.*

Ben Hayes

The Clown

*It looks unsteady
High above the laughing crowds
But behind the mask with the red nose
I will bet he is as white as death.
His playful pastime looks fun.
But what a fool he looks.
Watch him fall over, into the bucket.*

*Under the gay, painted face
He is an unhappy man with no one to talk to.
He prays he can cope with life;
He wishes for love and hope,
No one can make him laugh.
He wishes it to be short and painless,
He wanted love and hope but
He could not cope. Now no one
Can make him laugh, for
He is hung, high above
The raving crowd.*

James Worley

The Court Interview

Jeremy Blake and Mike Llewellyn interview each other

M *We've been a bit of an odd couple, you and I, haven't we, over the years?*

JJ *Bloody eccentrics, you mean . . .*

M *No, not that, really. We've known each other quite well, since we started here together, in fact. And been involved in quite a lot . . .*

JJ *Yes, and I was in your first play – the junior play, remember? With Howard Gregory and Nick Rook-Blackstone? Toad of Toad Hall . . .*

M *And you were an excellent Mole, too.*

JJ *But I never felt you liked me much, in those days. You thought I was . . . a bit too flash, perhaps?*

M *No, I wouldn't say that. I liked you, but I think I was – wary. And maybe I felt I had to support the other actors that you might have overwhelmed. You seemed so enormously self-confident.*

JJ *But only in acting. In everything else I was the opposite. In sport, in lessons, socially – I was desperately unsure, and nervous. Acting, mimicking, was the one thing I knew I was good at, and it could make me popular, give me an audience. I've always liked an audience. And compared to most people here, I was so very poor . . .*

M *Yes, of course, I had that, too. It was only the army subsidy that got me through public school. Whenever you stayed with friends, they seemed to have more money, bigger gardens, more rooms . . .*

JJ *Were you a one-loo family, like we are?*

M *For quite a while, yes. And we are again now. Queues in the morning . . .*

JJ *Did it worry you?*

M *I don't remember that it ever did. I think I just quite liked having richer friends!*

JJ *At times it does rankle, with me. When you know that your friends have so much more money to blow, so many more choices. And if you try to match them, you're bound to end up skint or broke . . .*

M *I haven't noticed you ever being particularly careful with money. In fact, I'd say that you were one of the most extravagant people I know.*

JJ *Along with yourself?*

M *God, I'm awful. I try really hard at times, but I just can't accept that money has any real value. It's just a tool to me. But I can't hang on to it . . .*

JJ *Nor me. If it's there, I'll spend it. Give it away, if someone needs it . . . And then, of course, I'm trying to borrow my fare, or the price of a pint. And drink! If a bottle's open, I can't bear to see it corked up again. I'd rather ask someone in off the street to help me finish it! Food and drink are there to be eaten and drunk, to be shared.*

At prep school, we had this guy who'd buy penny sweets about an inch long: he'd take a bite, then cover the rest up and save the bloody thing! I can't bear that sort of thing! But you're the same, aren't you?

M *Yes. But like you, I don't think I'd change it. If I'd been more careful, made more thoughtful decisions about money earlier in my life, we could certainly be a lot richer now. But we don't go short. I don't think either of my sons feels underprivileged. And I don't feel embarrassed asking friends back to my semi . . .*

JJ *Angie's earning, isn't she?*

M *Oh yes, these days I think she probably earns more than me, on a good week.*

Can I take you up, Jeremy, on something you said a few days ago? You were describing yourself as a 'waster' for some of your time in the Sixth form. Looking back now, do you blame yourself entirely for this, or do you hold us, as staff, at all to blame?

JJ *No, it was me. Although I do think the transition to the Lower Sixth is a hard one to make. Masters put so much effort and emphasis on passing GCSE – coursework in, and all that – only then, in the Sixth form it seems so slow and tranquil that it's all too easy . . .*

M *To wind down?*

JJ *Yes, and bloody hard to wind up again, too. But I'm a lazy slob, I know that. I needed much more kicking than I got. Much more than most, I suppose.*

M *Would you really like to have been kicked?*

JJ *Well, at least shouted at! I really did just 'fake it' for quite a while, and it annoyed me, at times, that I could pretend to be working hard so easily. People believed me much too easily!*

M *How much have you been excited by Sixth-form work?*

JJ *More and more, as I've got older. English, particularly. I've loved the A level work this year, essays particularly. Some nights I just haven't been able to stop writing.*

M *A friend of mine, who's just finishing his lower Sixth year, said recently that too often we present work as a burden, as a necessary chore, rather than as a stimulus for excitement.*

JJ *That's interesting. I do agree. Excitement is a very infectious thing, and I don't feel that we're always very good, in lessons here, at sharing our interests. Maybe we're frightened of seeming uncool . . .*

Different on the sports field, of course. I'm now enormously excited about literature. Your style of teaching seems very high on excitement. Do you find it an effort, maintaining it?



M No, not at all. I think I am fairly excitable – probably at the expense of common sense.

JJ You obviously enjoy your work enormously. Do you think you're a good teacher?

M I don't know, really. I think I can interest some students very strongly in some things, and that there's some I fail with. On the whole, I think I do best with the easily-bored, slightly delinquent types; and fail most with the steady sorts who like to know where they are, and what's coming next. They'll probably swot something up, then find me next day rabbiting on about something entirely different, because it's caught my interest.

JJ And you get a bit of flak, from time to time, about too relaxed an approach?

M Probably deserved, at times, as well.

JJ Too many videos? And didn't you have a class once that had cream cakes every week?

M Still do. But I do believe, very strongly, that if you can get people looking forward to your lessons, and thinking that what they're doing is fun, you've won the major battle. After all, we're all on the same side, aren't we?

JJ And that's the great strength of Shiplake, isn't it? Even in the low sets, the teachers give you all they've got. And I should know . . . my Maths!

M You're right. The number of times I've heard people say that they've dropped a set, but that they're doing much better since. We should be proud of that. This year's B5 English, for example . . .

JJ All passed?

M Not all. But a very high proportion of them. And all the others got pretty close. Close enough to be confident at the re-sit!

A bridge you seem to have crossed, in recent months, is that of treating adults comfortably, as equals. I was talking to someone else the other week, a really mature and manly sort of chap in your year, and he was saying that he found it impossible to relax with the adults here. And yet you've managed it . . .

JJ Yes. I'm really good friends now, with a number of masters – and mistresses. They'll stop for a little chat, or a joke. I can't really think how or why it changed – but you're right; it has.

M How much, genuinely, do you think that you'll keep in touch with Shiplake once you've left? How much will it mean to you, in a few months?



JJ The place, generally, do you mean? Or the people?

M I suppose it's hard to divide the two . . .

JJ There are people that will matter enormously. I'm not so sure about the place, the institution. I won't feel torn away, like some do. I'm ready to leave, now; I know I am. In some ways, I've outgrown it. The Third and Fourth formers look so young!

M And now you think you'd like to teach?

JJ It'll be acting or teaching, yes. I'd like to ask you – each time a new year starts, the new faces – does it seem like starting a new circle?

M Never. Funny, isn't it? It always seems new. I try not to do the same things, the same approaches, twice, if I can help it. I imagine you could get terribly bored if you did.

JJ When did you decide you wanted to teach?

M I never did. I used to hate teachers when I was at school. I farmed for a while, after leaving university, and then quite accidentally found myself back in school for a few weeks, helping out, and I absolutely loved it!

JJ And still enjoy it as much?

M More. Every year, every week really, I enjoy myself more.

JJ And more at Shiplake than any other school?

M My previous school was wonderful, too. Very different, indeed; socially, in size, in attitudes and aims. But yes, I've never been so happy as I am here.

JJ And so you're here for ever, are you?

M Till I blend in with the wallpaper? I hope not. In fact, it's people I always find it hard to break away from, not places. And I'm very nostalgic for Wales. But I always think 'well, I can't leave until X does, or until Y gets his GCSEs'. And then, of course, Z comes along, or even A and B!

JJ I can imagine. But you fancy another life too? So you'd really like to do something other than teaching, before too long?

M I would. There's part of me that, more and more, in recent months, has been saying that I should do one more teaching job – in a comprehensive! But after that, or maybe instead, I fancy trying my own little restaurant. Surely nobody should spend all their adult life teaching?

JJ I take your point. Maybe some doing as well. At present, though, I could really see myself teaching. And somehow, I feel that I would have far more fun at a public school. You seem to have plenty of fun.

M Well, you've got the long hours, haven't you? You're with people in work, and games, and leisure – morning and night, in good times and bad . . .

JJ Plays, sport; and just sitting in people's rooms talking. But then, if you say you want to teach in a public school, you get labelled a snob or something. That's what my brother would say . . . and he'd say they were institutions, whereas kids should grow up in a family.

M *It's difficult, isn't it? Do you feel you've missed out, growing up in an 'institution'?*

JJ Well, there was only father at home, anyway. And it was similar for you, wasn't it?

M *Dad was in the army for quite a while. I really enjoyed boarding school, in fact, while I was there . . .*

JJ Yes, I just can't comment, 'cos I don't know the alternative. But I don't think I'd send my children to a boarding school, unless they actually wanted to go. Even then, at thirteen – not seven!

Do you know, I'm developing a real problem. I just can't stop picking up litter. Even in someone else's room, I can't walk past a sweet paper or a piece of peel.

M *Sounds an excellent habit of mind, to me. More of us should do it. Public awareness . . .*

JJ But it's becoming obsessive. If I do leave something lying around – someone else's mess, I mean – I find myself blaming myself, hours later. Another thing that upsets me is waste. We ought to have huge skips and bins everywhere, for glass and tin and paper.

M *Throughout the country?*

JJ Oh yes, but in the school as well. If we don't start caring in school, when it's easy to organise such things, when will we ever? And things are getting worse so fast, ecologically . . .

M *Do you fear for the future?*

JJ Yes. For the distant future, certainly. For the immediate future, nothing but excitement. And appetite.

M *As it should be, when you're leaving school.*

JJ As it should be, surely, at any time?

M *You're right.*



Role model?

In the Staff Common Room

'There's this long gallery affair with vertical cabinets in it, and each one is labelled, from Burgess to Woodcock. That's where teachers disappear to at the end of a day. We expect to find teachers at any moment on any day. Pigeon-holes are where they live, though what it's got to do with pigeons when the Tower is out of bounds (perhaps they're cultivating Legionnaires' up there?) I don't know. Mind, Mr Woodcock (we all call him Malcolm anyway) never uses his piggy hole – or his cabinet – 'cos he's always somewhere else. Mr Pollard's seems to have a loose door, 'cos he's around a lot too. Why do masters have cars? What do they need to do shopping for? We boys don't get to do that – except in the Sixth where anything seems possible. And what's the special attraction that makes all staff disappear suddenly on Friday afternoons? I've never discovered where they go – perhaps it's like our exeats . . . 'cept they do it again on Saturdays . . . Perhaps they've got a girlfriend! . . . or they smoke! Do you think the Headmaster knows, then?'

David Scoins

Did you know . . . ?

Some answers from the Junior General Knowledge Quiz

- The school architect is Mr Burgess
- The SSI of the CCF is Richard Alldrick, or is it Mr Hardnutt?
- The pub by Shiplake station is either called *The Black Horse* or *The Hound of the Baskervilles*
- The fish stew was used as a sheep dip, sewage pond and lock
- Mythology is taught in the new building
- The local newspaper for Henley is *The Viking*
- The Reverend Dale's real name is the Reverend Del
- Shiplake College was founded in 1850
- We have 5 cricket pitches
5 squash courts
5 boat houses
- The Sports Hall was paid for by the College's 'Boyfriends'
- The constructors of the new building were Wimpey



Barry Roper-Caldbeck

1st XV Rugby

The 1989 Rugby term was, for the College 1st XV, the most outstanding season in the history of the College Rugby Club. The side produced the most wins ever by a 1st XV, and in the process created a new points scoring record. Congratulations must go to the whole squad on these achievements.

The team's success was formed around a very strong pack of forwards who dominated their opposite numbers in almost every inter-school match. From this sound base the three-quarters, who contained a number of youngsters, were given a little extra time and space to perform their skills, and many tries were scored from some excellent handling movements involving all the team members.

Exceptionally pleasing wins were gained against old rivals, Lord Wandsworth, Oratory, Abingdon and Lord Williams, who have all, in recent seasons, been difficult to beat. The MCS, Bearwood and Pangbourne matches resulted in good wins where it was blatantly a case of 'men' performing against 'boys'. High Wycombe were the outstanding side in the South and their strong three-quarter line gave the Shiplake side a lesson in hard positive running; and Bloxham played above themselves to record an excellent win.

The highlight of the season had to be the win over local rivals Henley College in the final of the County Cup. This was very much a team performance with no outstanding individuals. Everybody did their jobs to the best of their abilities and Shiplake thoroughly deserved their 4 point victory.

In such an outstanding season it is difficult to pick out individuals, but mention must be made of captain, Dan Richards, who led by example both on and off the pitch, and was a credit to Shiplake Rugby. The cup final was his 50th match for the College, an outstanding record. Credit must also go to the 2nd XV players who so ably stepped in on occasions, and gained valuable experience for the future. Mr Webb had obviously done a good job with them, and he deserves the thanks of all those who represented the 1st XV. With these boys coming through, the future looks good for Shiplake College RFC.

Full colours were awarded to:

D. Richards, C. Abbiss, D. Jones, D. McArthur, R. Hawkins, B. Hunt-Davies, A. Hall, R. Alldrick, S. Luard, L. Blackford, R. Salleh, N. Copcutt, H. Neville.

Half colours to: *T. Phillis, T. Foster.*

Shiplake College 1st XV, 1989

Results

Magdalen College	(A)	Won	25-6
High Wycombe	(A)	Lost	9-31
Lord Williams	(H)	Won	30-0
Oratory School	(H)	Won	16-0
Lord Wandsworth	(A)	Won	34-4
Abingdon	(H)	Won	18-6
Bearwood	(A)	Won	50-0
Pangbourne	(A)	Won	21-9
Reading	(H)	Won	13-6
Douai	(H)	Won	27-6
Bloxham	(A)	Lost	9-20

Oxon Cup

Wheatley Park	(H)	Won	60-0
Bicester		(w/o)	

Semi-Final

Lord Williams	(H)	Won	13-6
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Final

Henley College		Won	4-0
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Half-term tour to Portugal

Belerenes	Won	42-6
Tecnico	Won	36-0
Cascas	Won	21-6

Played 16: W 14, L 2, Pts for: 443, against: 89

1st XV v Pangbourne: 1990

The game started with tremendous pressure from Shiplake. Strong running from the back row and half backs saw repeated pressure put on the Pangbourne defence. Finally this paid off with a 10 metre break for Anthony Hall to score under the posts, which he converted. This woke Pangbourne's scrum up. They were tall, heavy and mobile and soon had Shiplake on the retreat. Despite a lot of pressure, it took another ten minutes before they replied. This time it was the Pangbourne number ten who broke for the line. He also converted. For the rest of the half Shiplake defended. Ben Chamberlain, despite going backwards and under great pressure, managed to keep control, scrapping with the forwards and giving Hall time to clear with his excellent touch kicking. It was with some relief to the Shiplake crowd that half time came and we were six-a-piece.

The second half saw another surge from Shiplake and slightly against the run of play Ben Chamberlain forced his way to the line after about 15 minutes. A beautiful conversion by Anthony Hall saw a six point advantage. Pangbourne began to open out and really run at the home team. However, some very steady defence, a safe pair of hands from James Williams, Alistair Kidd backing



up his full back and making a match-saving tackle 5 metres out, and a mobile committed pack of forwards willing to run and pass the ball out of trouble saw Shiplake to a well-earned victory. This was a fine team effort against a team of greater ability, but who lacked the calm head and committed tackling of the Shiplake team. Man of the match: Ben Chamberlain.

HEW-F

County Cup Final

Doug McArthur, scrum-half in Shiplake's tense and exciting victory over Henley College, is interviewed by Mike Simpson.

M Well, how much did you actually enjoy it?

D It was great. I loved it – a hundred per cent – every second.

M The best match you've played in?

D No, not the best match. It was very scrappy, and tense. We got things together a bit in the second half, though.

M How did you feel before the match?

D Very, very nervous. It's not like me, I normally just go out and play – even in County matches. But before this one, I really was wound up.

M Did you have a game plan, Doug? What was it?

D Well, the usual one, I suppose. Take it back to the forwards, and smash our way through. Nine-man rugby, you could say – although Chris Abbiss at fullback, and Danny Jones on the wing, are absolutely vital to our play.

M Shiplake rugby always seems to be forward-dominated, doesn't it? And so many centres and scrum-halves, like you, are converted forwards.

D Yes, and it works. But it does seem a shame – we don't seem to breed the centres. Maybe the Phillises will change all that, in a season or two.

M Was it hard for you, at scrum-half? You took a bit of stick once or twice in the season. Would you have been happier as a flanker?

D No. I loved scrum-half from minute one. You're always in the thick of the action – it's always exciting. And having the ninth forward was just what we needed.

I still play flanker for the county, but I don't enjoy it as much. Come to think of it, I've never really got that much from county rugby. School rugby is the real thrill; and the club game at Henley is a good laugh.

M Going back to that match, although it was very tough, it also seemed very good humoured.

D It was. There was very little fouling. A lot of us know each other, you see, through Henley Rugby Club. I think that helped.

M It doesn't always seem to help in house matches!

D Maybe we know each other too well then. That's when the wind-ups start. They start off humorous, but it doesn't always stay that way.

M I had a feeling, in the last quarter, that you might just blow it. It got very tense, there were one or two mistakes – remember when Chris slipped?

D Yes, and the pitch was very tricky. I thought they might run through us. Their two centres were very strong – if they'd used them better, we could have been in trouble.

M But you held out. What did it feel like afterwards?

D Anti-climax at first. Oh, it's all over, then. But after a quarter of an hour or so, we began to realise what we'd achieved. After all, that's a sixth-form college, with more than a thousand in.

M Big celebrations? Did you go wild?

D Not really – a few drinks. To tell the truth, I was exhausted. We were all really knackered. Tell you who I did feel sorry for – the regular players, like Lee and Scott, who missed the match through injury. The replacements did

them proud, but they must have been gutted.

M Will you go on playing when you've left?

D Certainly. I'm hoping to go to Strathclyde University, and I'll play there. They know what rugby's all about, in Scotland!

M You're very much an all-round sportsman, Doug. First teams all year. What do you think of the criticism that we take sports a bit too seriously at Shiplake?

D To be honest, I agree. I love sport, so I've got no complaints, but there are a lot of people who don't. And I think there should be a bit more choice. I'll be playing first-team hockey this term, for example, but I don't really enjoy it. I'd much rather sharpen up my squash – a game I'll play for years when I've left school – and come back fresh to team games for the cricket season. And there are players like Seb Cobb, who are as keen as mustard, and who would be over the moon to play first-team hockey. But I shouldn't complain – I've had a wonderful time.

M And lessons? Have you enjoyed those?

D Probably most in the lower part of the school. I really enjoyed GCSE. I could have done with more pressure in the lower sixth, where maybe I was allowed to relax a bit too much. Mr Wells-Furby always pushed me in my history, which is why I enjoy it so much now. I would say this, to people in the lower sixth – that is the year to really work.

M Cheers, Doug.

D Not a bit. See you around.

Rugby 1st XV



County Rugby 1989

The reward for an outstanding inter-school rugby season was the selection of no less than nine boys for the Oxfordshire Under 18 side. Congratulations to: D. Richards, (*captain*), D. Jones, C. Abbiss, S. Luard, A. Rouse, H. Neville, R. Hawkins, D. McArthur, and B. Hunt-Davies.

Dan Richards progressed to represent the South and South West Divisional side, and eventually the full England team.

The County Under 16 side was equally well represented by Shiplake boys with the following all playing: T. Phillis, B. Phillis, B. Chamberlain, O. Harding, C. Ouvaroff, and E. Wardale. Ben Phillis progressed to represent the combined Berkshire/Oxfordshire side.

Paul Emerson

2nd XV Rugby

The season opened with three defeats, the first of which pointed to a lack of cohesion between backs and forwards, also that the forwards displayed an unwillingness to run with the ball. By the second game against Royal Grammar School High Wycombe, the latter was, in part, rectified and the pack played well. Unfortunately we did not capitalize on our first half lead and mistakes were made thus we were unable to maintain our lead. It was an unexciting game and a fair result against such a strong rugby school.

Reading Blue Coat 1st XV were a sound side, and executed numerous tactical ploys which placed us under pressure. However, poor tackling allowed their three quarter line space to manoeuvre and they scored, wide out, on two occasions.

Fortunately prior to the Oratory fixtures, the team began to find its feet; it became sharper, and moves were executed with alacrity. The result was in our favour and it seemed that the pattern of play was set. Lord Wandsworth School could not match our forward play, therefore the team had the run of the game. At Abingdon the forwards seemed to wait until the last quarter of the game before placing the home side under pressure. This produced 9 points but it was insufficient, and we lost the match by a narrow margin.

The team learned from its mistakes and in the next fixture against Bearwood, the tries came at regular intervals during the game. Pangbourne was an interesting situation as we had no less than six players injured, but due to a

tremendous team effort, we scraped home the victors.

For the next three fixtures we were almost at full strength against old rivals, Reading School and Henley College, we won by the largest margins ever by reaching 30-point margins in both games. On each occasion some excellent rugby was played with a number of tries initiated in each half by backs and forwards alike. We entertained Douai at Shiplake for the first time having played away last season; again we placed them under pressure and produced a fine performance.

The final fixture of this season, played against Bloxham, was a tremendous game. Both sides played a high standard of rugby and all present agreed that it was 'a game to remember'.

At the beginning of the season we had a 'new squad' which included a number of junior colts players who were, arguably, being expected to play in new positions. However, they improved tremendously and messrs B. Phillis, E. Wardale, S. Ouvaroff, D. Harding and B. Chamberlain represented the Oxfordshire U 16 County side and A. Rouse represented the Oxfordshire U 18 County side.

It was an enjoyable season. Hopefully we will have produced new players for the 1st XV, to enable them to continue to play at a high level. Congratulations to those who were selected to play for the 1st XV, and to J. J. Blake for captaining the side and dealing with the day-to-day administration. It was greatly appreciated.

Peter Webb

3rd XV Rugby

This was a fairly good season for the team, with no real stars, except when Nick Copcutt played with us against Pangbourne! He enjoyed a lot of practice before rejoining the 1st XV after injury, and his ability helped a little I suppose. Thanks Nick!

This was a highly determined team, wanting to win, even when they had been bitten all over by certain people from a certain school in the Pangbourne area. We still won 6-4.

The team was spurred on from the touch line by the voice of Mr Partridge, our faithful team coach, who I hope enjoyed coaching us. Thank you. One memorable phrase we remember his bellowing voice for, was 'Where's the tackling?'. This was an area we were weak in.

The team enjoyed being led by 3

different captains, all moving up and down from 3rd to 2nd. One captain was Daryl Partridge, Mr Partridge's son.

The scrum half, Ben Chamberlain, and the scrum had a good understanding and the scrum started to try rolling the ball. Ben also had a good understanding with the fly half (that's me) and as a result we completed many successful moves, especially in a 34-6 win over Bearwood.

Giles Carradine at inside centre adapted to his new role well, scoring in the Bloxham match with a triumphant 'chop' and ended up after the match, and before a party, having four stitches.

Russell Bartram was a good member of the team, for everyone loved his pungent aroma in the scrum. He was highly motivated though!

The team finished strongly, winning against a large and determined Bloxham side, and Carradine managed to headbutt his way through to score the winning try.

The team was young, with mostly 5th form lads, and I'd say they did themselves proud. A fun season was had by all, and after all, it's only a game: but where was the party at the end of term?

Again thanks to Mr Partridge.

Richard Jones

Dan Richards, Shiplake's first Rugby International, played for England U-18s in the Five Nations series, 1990. Congratulations!



4th XV Rugby

The first truly successful 4th XV in Shiplake College's history, this team developed its own identity and team spirit, completed a full and varied fixture list with conspicuous success, gave the Thirds a hard time whenever they met them, and enjoyed a successful tour of the West Country. Led with commitment and spirit by Sebastian Cobb, they played open, running-and-rucking rugby, and made lots of friends.

Outstanding players included Big Geoff Dunnett, Shiplake's answer to the Jolly Green Giant; Tom Barnes, whose fragile appearance was in fact anything but misleading; and Toby Williams, whose studious and intellectual image certainly was. Dan Morphy did much to prove that, at this level, a fierce appearance is half the battle – although he frequently lost the other half! Dan will, I am sure, have a long career in club rugby; he already plays twice as well with a hangover!

The team was the thing, though, and no-one who was associated with them could forget what a happy and determined bunch they were.

Mike Llewellyn

U-15 A Rugby

In terms of the County Cup, this was the most successful U-15 team in the history of the College. After beating Gosford Hill School comfortably (42–0) the team struggled to defeat local rivals Gillotts School (17–13), but played excellently in the semi-final away to Lord Williams School (18–6) and even better in the final to draw (0–0) with a very strong Radley side. In fact Shiplake could regard themselves as unlucky not to win the Cup outright, having had the better scoring chances, and missing some key players due to injury and flu.

The rest of the season was a combination of some good performances and some very poor results. The team was well beaten by RGS High Wycombe and closely beaten by Bloxham, but performed badly in losing to Abingdon, Oratory, Bearwood and Douai. Victories were recorded over Magdalen College School, Reading Blue Coat, Claires Court, Lord Wandsworth College, Pangbourne College and Reading School.

The team was well led by captain, John Polansky, and colours were awarded to: *John Polansky, Alex Lacey, Matthew Jones, Edward Horner, Miles Gilbert, John Pratt, Tom Pearce, Michael Baker, Adam Binns, Simon Charlesworth, Edward Wardale and James Walker.*

U-15 B Rugby

The team suffered due to the cancellation of several matches, when other schools were unable to provide supervisory staff or referees for their B teams. This meant that fewer matches were played than in previous years, but the team tried hard and were well led by James Ashton-Wickett (aided by Simon Charlesworth and Ben Middlemiss, for one match each).

There was not a strong squad, and several players were used in different positions to those they preferred, but everyone appeared to enjoy the games in which they played. Oratory were defeated (10–6) as were Douai (28–4), and Magdalen College held the team to a draw (6–6). Losses were recorded against RGS High Wycombe, Leighton Park A team, Abingdon School, Pangbourne College and Bloxham School.

Colours were awarded to: *James Ashton-Wickett.*

P 8: W 2, D 1, L 5, Pts for: 60, Against: 132

Henry Trotter

U-14 A Rugby

The U-14 As can look back on this season with qualified satisfaction. There was outstanding play by some individuals, but it was not until fairly late in the season that the message got through that rugby at this level is a team game. Lack of concentration or effort on the part of an individual can so easily undermine the sterling efforts of others.

The captain, W. Harding, led by example and was tireless in initiating attack and covering in defence, and he deserved a little more support than he often received. J. Hayes developed into an excellent prop in set pieces and also managed to secure a lot of ball in the loose. Neil, Kitchen and Moore all worked hard in the forwards, and the late arrival of Eltze considerably improved the forwards.

The backs took a little time to settle down but the final line-up of Stockill, Marret, Rosser, Howell and McCrum, with Smith A. at full back were a formidable force going forward. The fact that they received little possession to demonstrate this was rather frustrating. Stockill especially, for one new to fly-half, learnt quickly, has safe hands and let little past in defence.

To summarise, therefore, it was a team with plenty of raw talent and considerable ability. As players progress through the College and develop a greater tactical appreciation of the game, I have no doubt one or two useful players will emerge.

Team: *Harding, *Hayes, King, Kitchen, *Neil, Moore, *Eltze, McCarthy, Ingram, *Stockill, *Marrett, *Rosser, *Howell, McCrum, Smith A. * denotes Colours.

Phil Davey

U-14 B Rugby

We started the season with a massive win over Magdalen 36–0. Then we took on the 'Barbarians' of RGS High Wycombe and drew 4–4. The next match was 'the choir boys' of Oratory and they beat us! Our matches against Bearwood, Lord Wandsworth and Reading were all cancelled. Then we played the 'wet backs' of Pangbourne who beat us, but we were not sunk without trace. David Cockrell managed to persuade two players to leave the field but they were awarded a very questionable try.

Outstanding performances this season came from Vim Patel, the smallest player with the largest mouth, who tackled like a man possessed. David 'I'm a meat head' Cockrell was a handful to the opposition, while Matthew, Almond added a little refinement to the side. Andrew Powell scored a total of 36 points, while Daniel Pattinson was fast, manoeuvrable and very energetic.

I should like to thank Mr Dunlop for having a good sense of humour when required, as well as a short temper to motivate us.

Marcus Dryden

U-14 C Rugby

It would be unfair to compare this year's squad with that of last year; the 1988 season was outstanding, due, in part, to the great determination of the players but helped by the large numbers competing for places in the team. This year's squad was much smaller in numbers and as small, if not smaller, in stature.

Primarily, the philosophy has remained the same; boys who have never played before, or who have never had an opportunity to play effectively before, are taught the basic skills of the game and learn to be hungry for success. The best have got to be capable of slotting into the B Team when necessity demands, and play that standard of rugby.

Because of the baked earth state of pitches at two other schools, we had to wait until after half term for our first match, against Pangbourne. They, unluckily, were playing their last game

of the season and settled down much quicker than we did, so deserved the 22-16 win.

The next match, usually a difficult one against Reading School, was closely fought in the first half. Fortunately for Shiplake, the traditional half time orange segments were 'swiped' by the Reading boys. In the second half the cry of 'Oranges!' was given as the ball was put in to every set scrum. The mighty shoves which resulted, coupled by some very nifty back play, resulted in a 22-4 win.

The last match, against Radley, was very evenly matched. Just before full time, with the score 12-18 in Radley's favour, a Shiplake forward dived over in the corner. Sadly, his pot was in touch.

In a sense that was a metaphor for the season. A little more luck would have resulted in additional matches before half term, which might have changed one or two of the defeats after half term. At this level, experience really does count.

We are, again, most grateful to Mr Ken Tiffin for helping PCJC and myself. This season he joined us on all four afternoons each week. At a time when the All Blacks were teaching British and Irish players a thing or two about rugby, it was good to have a New Zealander teaching our backs how to win possession and what to do with it.

IRL

'Sevens' House Rugby

Senior

Due to the increasing size and specialist techniques of Shiplake rugby players, especially the forwards, it was decided for safety reasons to hold the House competitions as sevens. That is, each house to have an A and B team who would play off a 'round robin' and the consequent points added together for a final score.

Whilst not generating quite the tension of previous years, the format was successful and players found there was no hiding in a team of sevens.

Welsh won their A team matches despite trying very hard to lose, leaving the winning try later and later into the game. However, their B team played with a lot of spirit, winning a couple of matches where they looked the weaker side. Orchard were second overall. This was very close, their second team picking up valuable points by dint of one or more conversions.

Junior

This was an extremely tight competition, decided in the end by the number of tries scored by both A and B teams. Welsh won the A team competition and the overall one, while Burr's B was undefeated.

Junior leagues

The leagues continued as a 15 a side competition but without scrums. However, the flu epidemic made the raising of sides difficult and the matches were disappointing. One team dominated the results and their progress was too convincing to be interesting. That is Burr won with: *Won 4, Lost 0, Points for: 166 and Points against: 7.*

CPF

Inter-House Soccer, 1989-90

Held at the end of the Autumn (rugby) term, both competitions were badly hit by the flu virus which struck at that time. All houses were deprived of important players, but Welsh and Orchard suffered more than the others.

The preliminary round in the Senior competition was between the remnants of Welsh and Orchard, and was won 3-1 by Welsh. Having lost even more players by the semi-final, however, Welsh went down 1-4 to Everett. In the other semi-final (played on a rugby pitch) Skipwith defeated Burr 4-2. With more of their players returning from illness, Everett were far too strong for a depleted Skipwith in the final, running out easy 11-1 winners.

In the Junior competition the Everett team matched their seniors by reaching the final, beating Orchard 5-4 on penalties after a 2-2 draw in the semi, but could not make it a double for the house, losing narrowly 1-0 to Burr. This was by far the hardest match for Burr, who had defeated Welsh 6-1 in the preliminary round, and Skipwith 7-0 in the semi-final.

Congratulations to:
Everett - Senior Champions
Burr - Junior Champions.

George Cassells



1st VI Tennis, 1990

A beautiful summer with excellent facilities meant that much enjoyment was had this year. The first pair of Dan Jones, a fine captain, and Julian Shamsion, played some great tennis, but did not always maintain the high standard throughout their matches. The rest of the team were played in a variety of combinations, but successful results were rarely achieved. For sure, all boys tried and practised hard, but somehow the opposition seemed to be that little bit better and more determined.

For the first time, the College entered the Midland Bank Schools Competition. In the first round we defeated Gillotts and King Alfreds, Wantage with ease, and then gave Bradfield a real fight before losing 4-2, having been narrowly ahead after the four single matches.

Next year's 1st VI will be a young side, and I look forward to their enthusiasm and flair.

Peter Gould

Junior Tennis

In a lovely hot long summer the Junior team had another very good season. Our growing reputation has allowed us to improve our fixture list and gain Wellington, Bradfield and Radley 1st VI.

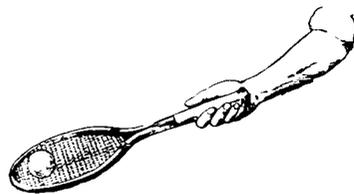
The strength of our first pair, J. Cochrane and J. Mackie, was the key to our success. Their talent and ability to work together made them formidable opponents. M. Moore and N. Kennedy worked very hard to pick up valuable points in many tight games, which turned the result in our favour. There were also very encouraging performances from the rest of the squad.

Two pairs from the team were entered for the Midland Bank U-15 Tournament. They beat several schools including Reading Blue Coats and Bradfield to get to the area final where they lost to Windsor Boys School in a fine match.

Colours were awarded to: *J. Cochrane, J. Mackie, M. Moore and N. Kennedy.*

Squad: *J. Cochrane (capt), J. Mackie, M. Moore, N. Kennedy, S. Charlesworth, and J. Adams.*

Richard Mannix



Squash report

This was very much a year of change for the Squash club, with comings and goings of masters and coaches alike. With the departure of Chris Horn at the end of last year, the reins once more passed back to Viv Daly, and once again the club experienced a term of success under his leadership. But this was only a temporary measure until a successor to Chris Horn could be found, and in the Spring term, the leadership once more passed on, this time to Paul McCann. I must say that he had a very successful first term. Everything ran smoothly, and he seemed to settle in very quickly.

Also on the move was John Marsh, who has coached Shiplake boys for twenty years. He was a hugely popular man, who will be sorely missed by all. He created a unique rapport with those he coached, and we wish him all the best for the future. He retires to more leisurely pursuits (probably cricket, since that's how he's usually dressed).

1st V

Once again the 1st V demonstrated that they can compete with the very best, and the end of the year results show more victories than defeats. C. Lucy (*capt*) had a good season, and was well backed up by a strong squad which included J. Wood, D. Jones, A. Dale, J. Galvani, J. Weedon and G. Davies. The stars of the year were John Wood, an excellent no. 2, Gus Dale, who improved tremendously throughout the year, and Gareth Davies who consistently impressed at no. 3 despite being two years younger than most of his opponents.

The performances against Pangbourne, Oratory, and St Edwards in both terms were the team's high moments, all being crushing defeats for the opposition, but the most inspiring victory was against Reading School, by the slimmest of margins, when defeat seemed inevitable. Dan Jones will not forget his contribution to that particular match!

Chris Lucy

U-15 Squash

Played 10, Won 9, Lost 1

Once again the team had an exceptional season with some of them really beginning to develop into very good players indeed. The star of the year had to be Matthew Baynes, who crept up the order, and played some exceptionally good squash in his matches for the school. The team was also well served by the ever-present R. Vitty and K. Imran, and by J. Cochrane, J. Mackie and R. Drummond.

Other details

The Boys v Staff match was a close run and hard-fought battle of wits, but the staff ran out narrow winners. The house matches saw Welsh house dominate, winning both the senior and junior competitions. Orchard put up a spirited defence against what was virtually the 1st V. Nick Ives, a member of this team, was retiring coach John Marsh's choice for *Man of the Season*. The Peter Lapping Trophy always provides the best opportunity to see the emerging talent from the 3rd form, and this year was no exception, with Mark Stockill winning the tournament convincingly.

Another most important 'thank you' is to Derek Dovaston, whose quiet help in a number of awkward situations has been much appreciated by all members of the Squash Club.

Paul McCann & Chris Lucy

Shooting

It has been difficult to build a senior team, and the 1st VIII included 4th formers up to Lower 6th. Consequently it has been difficult to guarantee consistent high scores. On most occasions at least one member has produced a much lower than expected score. This problem also affected our results both in the Cadet Target Rifle and the Cadet Skill at Arms Fallbore meetings where our only success came from the side-shows.

The junior IV (Frank, Leach, Stanley and Li) won their division in two consecutive terms.

The House Competition also produced lower scores than previous years. The order was:

1st	Welsh	277
2nd	Everett	271
3rd	Skipwith	270
4th	Burr	267
5th	Orchard	266

Colours were awarded to
P. A. J. Croll

Eric Pollard

Squash 1st V Squad



1st XI

The weather was much better than in the past, and only two games were cancelled due to the weather. This was due to our now using the Reading astro-turf for all our midweek matches, which has been a great boost to our hockey.

A. Rouse and G. Philp performed their duties well, keeping the defence tight. G. Wood had a good season in goal, proving to be both a dedicated and agile keeper. Our halves, C. Abbiss, M. Smith and D. McArthur were very strong and there were many times that openings were created in the opposition defences, with incisive passes being made to the forwards. Both inside forwards were busy working hard in the attack, helping in defence, and laying off passes to the wingers. A. Hall had a good season on the right wing, showing both speed and skill to set up many telling crosses many of which were ably put away by the centre forward.

The season was a tough one against hard opposition. The best match the 1st XI played was against Merchant Taylors School which we won 2-0. Also there were two good draws against sharp Bloxham and Pangbourne teams. We lost our games against the OVs and Berkshire Hockey Association but both games were played in good spirit and were very much enjoyed.

We entered the Nationwide Anglia U 18 for the first time and did well to come third out of eight teams on our round (beaten only by Radley College). We also played the Reading U 18/U 16 side for the first time and won. We hope that this is the start of many such games against Reading Hockey Club.

Full Colours: *E. Van Till, D. McArthur, A. Rouse, A. Hall, G. Wood*, and our secretary, *J. Hickey*.

Squad: *E. Van Till* (captain), *G. Wood, C. Abbiss, D. McArthur, G. Philp, A. Rouse, M. Smith, A. Hall, T. Phillis, M. Wilkinson, A. Kidd*.

E. Van Till

2nd & 3rd XIs

The Seconds, captained with great enthusiasm by Sebastian Cobb, had a successful season, and a number of the team are still young enough to form valuable recruits to next year's 1st XI. Mike Simpson was dashing on the wing, Alasdair Kidd and Ben Chamberlain thrustful in the forward line, and Pierre Lefort intelligent and controlled in mid-field. Of the 'old guard', Rahim Salleh was safe, and, at times, dramatically fast in goal, Kalpesh Patel struck fear into all those around him (and many further away!), and Lee Blackford's energy and drive were as successful as ever.

The Third XI, too, had a fine season, and contributed to the ever-increasing depth of talent in senior hockey. Congratulations to all those who played in both teams.

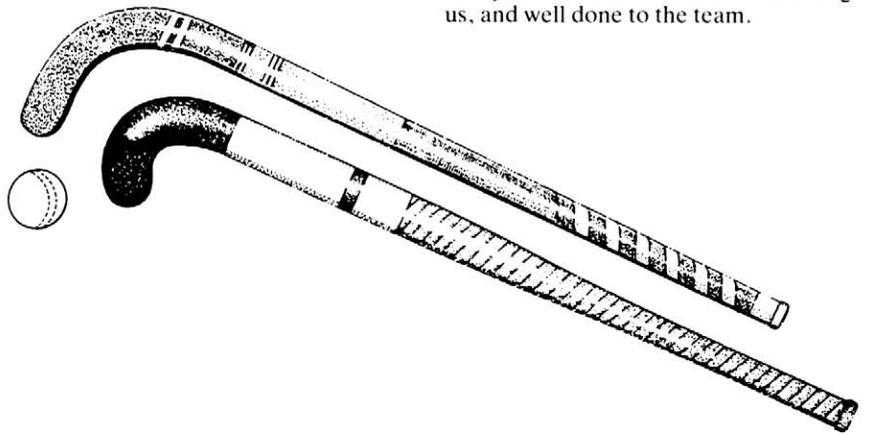
4th XI

The 4th XI Hockey season went well considering we had only four matches. However, due to bad weather and a mix up by another school, two of our matches were cancelled.

In the two matches we did play, the team produced good skill for a 4th XI. The team as a whole played with courage and determination in both matches even when we were a goal behind.

The first match was away to Pangbourne which was a convincing victory, 6-2. This victory inspired us for our next match against Merchant Taylors at home. Despite the lack of support we played well, however I personally felt that we should have won and I think I speak for the rest of the team. We led the game until the last few minutes when Merchant Taylors equalised to make the final score 2-2.

A certain level of seriousness was maintained throughout the season. Many thanks to Mr Jacklin for coaching us, and well done to the team.



Hockey 1st XI



U-15 A

If you were to judge the Under 15 A's success on the amount of games we won or lost, you would have thought that we had a disastrous season, but in a way you would be wrong.

The team's proudest memory of the season was being unbeaten on astro-turf.

At the beginning of the season we had a setback, being one 'keeper' short. So Miles Gilbert was promoted, and soon to be rewarded with his colours, along with Edward Wardale, James Mackie, Chris Barwell and Peter Miller.

The team's quality of hockey had vastly improved by the end of the season (even though some say it could not have got worse). The team had a very good team spirit which never let them down.

I would like to thank Mr Gould for all the time and effort he put in towards our coaching (I hope he did not think it was put into too much of a lost cause).

James Gregory

U-14 A

The season got off to a flying start with a 2-0 win at Pangbourne. This was achieved by a magnificent save by Andrew Ramsbottom from a penalty flick, and a couple of opportunist goals by Andrew Smith and William Rosser.

The games against Merchant Taylor and Reading were hard-fought, and produced some excellent defensive work by both Duncan McCrum and Paul Haskell. Only once did we get the ball into the back of the net when Vim Patel hit a cracking shot from the back of the D: it was, however, disallowed.

We were unlucky not to get more than a 2-2 draw against Lord Wandsworth. This was a game played in boggy conditions and one in which we dominated most of the play and hit all parts of the woodwork, but just couldn't put the winning goal away.

Although we were not at our best against Magdalen, they were the better side and not even the controlling influence of captain Mark Stockill could prevent a 3-0 defeat.

It was a different story, however, against Ranelagh where we were queuing up to put six goals away including a hat-trick from William Rosser.

The final game was a great match against RGS at Bisham. We were trailing 1-0 for most of the game until Chris Roper went on one of his dazzling runs on the left wing and slotted home the equaliser with thirty seconds to spare! It was a fitting end to a very successful season.

RCS

House Hockey Matches

Senior

Everett and Welsh met in the preliminary round and a very tight hard match took place. Welsh eventually won on penalties. Welsh again met stiff opposition in the semi-final against Skipwith, Welsh again emerging the victors. Burr won the other semi-final in a close, enjoyable match against Orchard. The final was a quiet game with Burr fighting hard against a much stronger Welsh team, eventually Welsh won through to take the trophy, 3-1.

Junior

It was a tournament for penalties. As the preliminary round and both semi-finals were so close, penalty shoot-outs were needed to produce all the results. Skipwith and Welsh emerged through this to the final, and a good, close match resulted, Skipwith emerging the victors by a slender 2-1 margin.

Indoor leagues

Both Junior and Senior leagues again produced an abundance of good hockey, sometimes from the unlikely of sources! Skipwith won both the Senior and the Junior events, with Welsh runners-up in both.

RTM

In the past

*I spun round like a dancer,
No immediate pain striking at once.
All of a sudden boys swarmed,
like bees to honey.*

*By this time I had dropped my stick,
and sat on the coarse, grainy surface.
The Headmaster broke through,
and nursed my bloody cut.*

*Painless and thoughtless,
I was taken off.
I was Captain for one side,
we were losing 2-1.*

*Parents discreetly turned away,
except an old matron.
I slowly ascended the surgery stairs,
being helped like an OAP.*

*'Sit down 'ere luvvy!'
was the reply.*

*'Nothing a few stitches can't handle,
they won't hurt, luv.'*

*Later I cautiously went outside,
acting when people walked by.
Humans are the worst 'starkers',
pretending not to see.*

Edward Hodge



1st XI

The start of the summer term saw a record number of seniors signing up to play cricket and consequently competition for places in the 1st XI was going to be pretty tough. Douglas McArthur's name was the first out of the hat and he was, therefore, duly appointed captain. So successful was he in this position that he managed to bat only twice in the entire season! He was, therefore, able to devote his energies to becoming a very competent wicket keeper and to knocking a bunch of desperate individuals into a team.

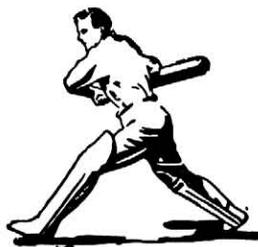
A very convincing win against Leighton Park hardly served as a yard stick for the season, but was welcome none the less. It was obvious that in A. Hall and G. Philp, Shiplake had a strong opening bowling partnership, but from where would support bowling emerge? C. Abbiss seemed to have lost his earlier rhythm and direction, and A. Kidd intimidated the slips more often than opposing batsmen. P. Lefort had caused utter confusion in the nets with his back of the hand spin but lacked the concentration and confidence to reproduce this ability in matches.

Gratefully he reverted to left arm over medium pace and swung the ball alarmingly whenever he decided to pitch the ball up, which was far too seldom. This left J. Wood as the sole spinner in the side but he proved to be too temperamental and lacking in faith. His self-doubt appeared to be contagious as the captain used him less and less as the season progressed. The fact that our success rate subsequently improved was entirely coincidental and J. Wood must appreciate that much will be expected of him next season, but no more than he can achieve with a little less diffidence!

The batting potential of the XI was considerable. Plenty of batsmen had big scores under their belts in previous seasons, but a combination of lack of footwork did for too many players on too many occasions. Despite numerous personal changes we never really established a solid opening partnership and too much pressure was placed on batsmen 3, 4 and 5. Only three individual scores over 50 is indicative of the shortcomings in this department. P. Lefort's six ducks illustrated this point admirably. A combination of impetuosity, bad luck and an unnerving instinct to pick the wrong ball were responsible, rather than good opposition bowling. Fortunately A. Kidd's good eye and broad shoulders enabled him to compensate for lack of technique and 'club' us out of trouble on more than one occasion.



Cricket 1st XI



I would like to hope that the batsmen available next season will have learnt this lesson and be prepared to battle it out and adapt to variable conditions in the future. It is only in adversity that a batsman's true worth can be assessed. R. Wilson's innings v Magdalen was one of the few instances of determined application in torrid circumstances.

The alarming lack of rain in the vital months left the outfield more ragged than I can ever remember at Shiplake and ground fielding became a lottery and fielders would have been justified in expecting full protective clothing anywhere off the square. I think that G. Philp will be the first to agree that the slip fielders let far too many chances go begging. The value of good slip fields cannot be over-estimated both as an encouragement to toiling bowlers and in undermining and inhibiting opposing batsmen.

On reading back what I have already written, it occurs to me that perhaps I have been unreasonably critical considering Shiplake notched up more wins this season than anyone can recall in the past seasons. Winning the last four matches at the end of a very intense season and against senior sides was

especially gratifying and could only have been achieved by all involved playing their part to the best of their ability.

Most powerful memories of the season must be: A. Hall's 148 *n.o.* v Reading, followed three days later by 9-18! C. Abbiss dispatching the ball into the beer tent in the OVS match, a drawn match with the scores level v Lord Wandsworth, and one I'd rather forget, a complete rout by Bloxham. All in all, a most satisfactory season both for these for whom this was their final season at Shiplake and for those who will have gained valuable experience for next season.

In conclusion I would like to thank Charles Boxall on behalf of everybody involved in 1st XI cricket at Shiplake for the exceptionally high standard of umpiring he has provided over the last four seasons; an often overlooked but vital aspect of the game enabling young cricketers to ply their trade with confidence and certainty.

Colours: McArthur, Hall, Abbiss, Carradine, Philp
Half-Colours: Lefort, Kidd, Lawson-Johnson, Wood, Wilson

2nd XI

Played 9: Won 2, Lost 2, Drawn 5

The season got off to a good start against Oratory with a newcomer to the 2nd XI, Ratcliff, making 42 runs in his debut innings. Having notched up 130 by tea, Oratory could only manage 49–7 in reply. It was a similar story on the windswept plains of Lord Wandsworth whom we set 140 to win (Jones 38, Lawson-Johnson 31) but who could only muster 110–6 at the close.

We had lost the match against Bloxham as soon as the coin hit the turf. Having endured a very soporific coach journey, Shiplake were immediately thrust in to bat and, like clockwork, everyone came sleep-walking back to the pavilion with very few runs to their credit. Jones (31) and Williams (25) were the only two to show any discernible signs of animation, but a total of 114 was never enough to trouble Bloxham.

The match against Reading was a much more spirited affair and, having put them in, we managed to contain them to 112 all out thanks largely to some hostile bowling by Partridge (4–31) and Lawson-Johnson (3–10). What seemed to be a relatively easy target proved to be more difficult than expected and Hickey, Jones, Ratcliff and Salleh all fell for a total of 4 runs. However, Key (34) and Lefort (55 *n.o.*) managed to hold the side together and in the end we won quite comfortably.

The fixture against St Bartholomew's saw another emphatic victory for Shiplake, who managed to overhaul a total of 110 (Patel 3–24) for the loss of only 3 wickets. Ratcliff (47) just missed out on his 50 in the last few overs of the game.

With a weakened side out, we were never really strong enough for Magdalen who set us a total of 147. Everybody chipped in but when the last wicket fell, our total was 111 (was this significant?).

The final match at home against Pangbourne should be entered in the annals of Shiplake cricketing history as the game in which a record opening partnership was chalked up for the 2nd XI. Key (105 *n.o.*) and Rouse (87 *n.o.*) made an unprecedented 198 without loss at tea. Unfortunately our reluctance to call them in left us very little time to convert this gargantuan effort into a victory, but after a performance like that, nobody really cared!

Bob Snellgrove



Cricket 2nd XI

3rd XI

Played 4: Won 3, Drawn 1

Once again the 3rd XI experienced a brilliantly successful season, remaining undefeated throughout the season. Once again the team was led by Howard Gregory. His personal tally improved this year, as he finally stayed at the crease long enough to pour scorn on his critics with some very hard-hitting and high scoring innings. The batting was bolstered by more big hitters in the shape of Daryl Harding and Geoff Allen, with the highlight of the season being Daryl's 96 against Cokethorpe.

The real success for Shiplake was in the attack, with some excellent fast bowling from Ted Bartlett, deceptive spin from Gerran Thomas, and deceptive (especially to the bowler) 'efforts' from Patrick Gubbins. His 7–11 figures defy explanation, but are a testimony to a hard-working and determined team effort. Once more, this was not cricket for the purists, but it was real fun, and very much in the spirit of the game.

Paul McCann

County trial beckons

Cricket followers who have watched in despair as England, without a genuine all-rounder, have floundered from defeat to defeat around Australia, will be delighted to hear that a Shiplake College cricketer 'of that ilk', still in his Lower VIth year, has been attracting interest from more than one county.

Anthony Hall, fast-medium bowler and middle-order batsman, has been a pleasure to watch, and play with, during his progress through the school. On a recent visit to Somerset's ground at Taunton, arranged by the College groundsman, Mike Hobbs, Tony joined in nets and practice with the full-time staff, and pronounced himself 'very impressed, but not intimidated'. Somerset, in their turn, were impressed enough to advise Tony to return for a formal trial next summer, after his A levels.

Who knows? That turf, graced in the recent past by such giants of the game as Viv Richards and Ian Botham, may yet have even greater feats performed upon it . . .

U-15 A

Played 11: Won 6, Lost 4, Drawn 1

This season, as proven by the results, was far more successful in both cricket and morale, than in the previous year.

After a shaky start (three of the first four matches lost), the team pulled together in both performance and attitude to record a very respectable end of season tally.

It was pleasing to see that there were more notable performances this season than in the last. James Walker's bowling remained at an astonishingly high standard throughout the season, taking over 4 wickets on four occasions, and 3 wickets once.

The coming of age of two not so prominent batsmen from last season bolstered the upper order after a few shaky early season's innings from the openers. Drummond's innings of 71 *n.o.* v Leighton Park gave us a definite total to bowl at and eventually win the match, while Glover (71) led the assault on the Reading bowlers against huge odds to pull off an incredible victory. Drummond's form deserted him totally at the beginning of the season, but he pulled through showing great temperament to register three 50s by the season's close.

Good innings were also played by Vitty, Barretto and Gregory to pull us out of trouble on more than one occasion, while Philp defied Magdalen bowlers for longer than most on our visit over there.

Gregory and Barretto, promoted from the 'B's, provided us with a useful spin pair, while Miller's performance on the field improved no end.

This season was greatly enjoyed by all and hopefully next season many from this team will be knocking on the door of the 1st XI. Much is owed to Mr Smail and Mr Charles.

Tom Caston

Footnote from MAS: As it was the Captain's lot to write the report, the reader is able to see only the improvement in his English, but learn nothing of his performance on the cricket field.

An average of nearly 40 over 11 matches, and a top score of 94 reveals his batting ability. Throughout the season he led by example, and displayed an understanding of the game and situations within individual matches, uncommon at junior level. Well played!

MJHC and I would like to thank him, and the rest of the team, for a rewarding and enjoyable season.

Colours: Caston, Barwell, Drummond, Glover, Gregory, Miller, Walker, J.



U-15 A

U-15 B

The loss, early on in the season, of James Gregory and Dominic Barretto to the 'A' team is a tribute to their own, and the team's successes in the previous year; however, it did weaken the 'B' team in vital areas, as did the loss of Phil Carle to Rowing, and Nick Vane to Bearwood. The survivors struggled manfully, though, and enjoyed a generally satisfactory season without quite reaching the heights of the previous year.

Perhaps the most improved player was James Worley, now at last getting the regular long spells of bowling that a left-arm spinner needs. As his confidence improved, he showed himself quite able to mesmerise opposing batsmen, and soon began to set challenging and aggressive fields. Now that he has discovered 'the one that goes with the arm', we can expect James to be among the wickets from the start of next season. Given intelligent captaincy and support, 'Wally' is potentially a slow bowler of the highest class.

Josh De Haan played bravely behind the stumps, always setting an example of commitment and energy, and Nick Thomson, learning his cricket as he went along, hinted at considerable promise both as a hard-hitting batsman and as a seam bowler. Another 'find' was James Rook, recruited from the tennis club, who after a frustrating first

few weeks working to recover his touch, began to emerge as a thinking batsman, able and willing to stay in and build an innings – something desperately needed in a team always prone to give the bowlers a chance. If only Ben Middlemiss, a cricketer of quite considerable potential who joined us from the 'A' team, could discover just a little of that patience and consistency, he could yet emerge as an influential all-round cricketer at Shiplake.

Quite apart from these individuals, though, I would like to thank the whole squad, who went about the term's sport with an admirable blend of effort and entertainment, and gave me much pleasure. The future of village cricket, at least, is in safe hands!

Mike Llewellyn



U-14 A

The standard of Cricket at Under 14 level is always unpredictable, and when this year's cricketers were seen for the first time, it did seem that we were going to be weaker than usual. As it turned out, although there was only a small squad, the team produced some useful performances and fared far better than might have been expected. Every boy who played for the team showed that he had something to offer, and there were some very pleasing victories against opposition who are usually amongst our toughest.

The team was captained by Patel, who led by example. He produced some fine innings and showed an admirable determination to succeed. His slow bowling was also instrumental in gaining us our victories. When he has confidence to vary his flight and speed, he will achieve even more success. Stockill opened the bowling with Haskell and both bowled well on occasions. Stockill tended to be a little erratic and when he improves his line and length he will be a good bowler. Haskell was very steady and also tended to be unlucky because he deserved more wickets than he got. The rest of the bowling was shared between several of the other players. Pearse produced some very good figures and was usually accurate. McCrum, who had started off as a wicket-keeper, will in fact develop into a good bowler. He has the physique and technique to do well. Ingram again bowled well on occasions, and when he gains in confidence he will be a useful asset to any team. One bowler who was unfortunate in not being given much of a chance was Iredale. The side never really had enough runs to play with to enable us to risk his type of bowling, which tends to be a little expensive.

Every player battled well on occasions, but there was never a feeling that we were totally in control. Akinloye batted very sensibly with restraint when the occasion demanded. Gordon-Finlayson also produced some good shots, but never really had a full innings. McCrum is a powerful player, but one who is vulnerable to the well-pitched-up ball early in an innings. Haskell too played well on occasions and he plays very straight for most of the time until a sudden rush of blood in the end results in his stumps being shattered! Howell, who was the third person to be tried as wicket-keeper, improved as a batsman as the season sent on, and also scored runs in difficult situations. Another all-rounder, Ingram, was able to score runs on occasions, and played some

attractive shots without going on to build a big innings. Pearse was unfortunate not to get a bowl, but he too helped the tail to add runs.

Of all the matches, the victories against Bloxham, Magdalen College School and Bearwood College were the most satisfying, although good individual batting performances by Patel and Akinloye against Newbury, Haskell against Oratory and McCrum against Lord Wandsworth saved those matches for us.

During the course of the season Under 14 Colours were awarded to *Patel, Haskell, Howell, Akinloye and Pearse, M.* Also played: *London and Ramsbottom.*

David Partridge

U-14 B

Played 4: Won 2, Lost 2

Shiplake has been rather spoilt over the last few years by being able to rely on a steady influx of junior cricketers.

It was, therefore, rather disappointing to find potential England stars so thin on the ground at Shiplake this year. We were, however, able to fulfil our fixture commitments by judicious use of the personnel available. The captain, A. Ramsbottom, was ever busy in the field and bowled with a venom that was often too much for the batsman, wicket-keeper and fine leg. Velacott, Hill, and Dryden all showed enthusiasm, D. Jones and McCarthy applied themselves and a handful of 4th years, surplus to requirements elsewhere, completed the team.

The cricket was enjoyed by all on most occasions but, unfortunately, it is difficult to get suitable fixtures at this level. Several of the games were rather one-sided affairs. When we had the upper-hand there was a general celebration, but there is a lesson to be learnt in enduring defeat. Hopefully, this lesson has been learnt, alas, with much more! by those boys relatively new to cricket.

Many thanks to Ken Tiffin, who gave up considerable time to assist with the U-14 Bs.
Phil Davey



Wanderers

The pleasure given to, and all winter remembered by, those staff members and boys lucky enough to participate in those long summer afternoons in the field, and fairly long subsequent summer evenings with a jug at hand, is hard if not impossible to exaggerate. 'Wanderers' cricket is a blend of happy compromises; of age and youth, of skill and enthusiasm, of keen competition and good cheer. The fellowship, both between the members of the team, and with those we meet in matches, is a great delight. It does us enormous good, as both teachers and pupils, to cast off our weekday roles and *play* in a different and relaxed situation.

It seems that 'Wanderers' matches are almost guaranteed to achieve a close result – the skipper has a wide variety of cricketing talent, or, dare we say, ineptitude, to call upon to help in this respect – but the result never seems to be the pre-eminent thought in anybody's mind. At the same time, everybody is anxious to do their best, and contribute in their own way.

To some, like *Six-hit* Partridge, or *Swing-It* Neale, flamboyance seems second nature; with others, shrewdness and native cunning comes to the fore, as in Phil Davey's subtle and elegant batsmanship, or Bob Snellgrove's scientific dabs and edges through the slips. A number of our opponents are characters in their own right, too – suffice it to mention Chas and Bas, the archetypal West Indian cavalier cricketers from Coppid Hall, or our distinguished ex-colleague *Bad Penny* Coulson, who seems to come back, in the cricket season, more often than Ray Illingworth – although recently with somewhat less success.

I call, then, for a mid-winter toast to Hans Wells-Furby, whose creation the team was, and whose influence is never far away; to Mike Hobbs, who prepares us just the pitch we need for each home match – 'nothing too bouncy, Mike, but plenty of spin . . .', to Judy Smail and her helpers, who invariably provide us with teas that are the envy of cricketers throughout the area; and above all, to Andrew Smail, the skipper, who creates without any seeming effort the ambience we all enjoy, who spends the weeks juggling, and at times cajoling, the potential players into an almost recognisable team by Sunday lunchtime, and who quite often scores us a packet of runs – whenever, that is, Judy isn't watching!

Mike Llewellyn



How the day should end . . .

Cavaliers

The Shiplake College Cavaliers are a new cricket team, mainly composed of members of the 2nd and 3rd XIs, supported – if that's the word – by a few members of staff, parents, friends and neighbours. Whoever is passing the College gates is at risk of being dragged in, it seems, in the hour or two before a match. The Cavaliers were the brain-child of Richard Jones, Boris Wolff-Metternich and Mike Llewellyn. Richard and Boris wanted the opportunity of playing 'social' cricket on Sundays, and on summer evenings . . . and Mike just wanted a team to captain. Or a team that would let him bowl – it comes to more or less the same thing.

It was fun. We played about a dozen matches, some of them long, hot, all-afternoon games, and some 20-over thrashes. Some of the teams we played were of a really high standard, and we had to coax a 'ringer' or two in from the 1st XI, like Doug McArthur, Rob Hawkins, or John Wood; others were, well . . . There was one Sunday when the opposition opening bowler ran in wearing a leather biker's jacket, comando boots, and with a cigarette in his other hand. I think it was that team who arrived at their pitch a few minutes after we did, then looked at each other when they reached the square, muttering 'stumps'. 'Ah yes', someone replied,

'I know someone who might have some'. At which he drove off again.

On the whole, though, the games were closely contested, and a high proportion of them went to the last over or two, before a result was reached. The blend of good humour and generosity, with a good game of cricket, isn't always possible in school matches, and at times it was nice to be able to try things you'd never normally do – like opening the bowling with two leg-spinners, or setting a field with eight slips and a gully! It is fun to play with teenagers and adults together – twice we had father and son in the same team – and very pleasant indeed to sit in the JCR after a match, talking to prison warders or accountants or dairymen about the tense, or amusing, moments. Perhaps the funniest moment I remember was once when we needed four runs to win, in the last over, against a team from Nettlebed, and it was getting very dark. Mr Davey was batting, and Anthony Hall – God knows how or why he was playing for the visitors – was bowling as fast as he could possibly bowl at his coach's head. Two near misses, as the Master in Charge of Cricket ducked and weaved – and then a hook for four, and the match was won.

Many thanks to Mr Davey and Mike Hobbs for making it all possible.

Howard Gregory

Athletics

Cross-Country

Captains: *F. J. Galvani, M. Ferguson*

Sterling support from Rook-Blackstone, Neale, Morris, Simpson, and Ostroumoff in the Seniors, and Kennedy and Miller in the Juniors, led to some splendid victories hopefully to be built upon in 1990. Success in cross-country comes only when everyone runs well, so the team should thank its back runners for their reliable contributions; Dale, Jackson, Gilbert, Roper-Caldbeck, Lowden, Copcutt – to mention but a few. There is nothing so frustrating to these supporters as the able but idle runner – of whom we have several – and those of whom one so readily believes intimations of various habits (apply your imagination freely!). This sport would be only half as successful without the kind support of the Boat Club and the Squash Club – my thanks to MHGH and PJM for this. All our races were taken in traditional good spirits (*hic*) with wins at some level against every school except Cheltenham, but including Winchester for the first time.

Standards result

Welsh 2.1; Everett 1.87; Burr 1.6; Skipwith 1.49; Orchard 1.09.
S Standards: 20 Senior; 6 Junior
 Watch out for Everett in 1990.

Inter-House Cross-Country

House	Juniors	Seniors	Overall
Burr	369 3	411 4	780 4
Everett	261 1	257 1	518 1
Orchard	435 4	352 3	787 3
Skipwith	482 5	515 5	997 5
Welsh	336 2	349 2	685 2

Individuals

	Junior	Senior
1 Charlesworth	18.32.9	Cobb 25.55.5
2 Kennedy	18.38.5	Rook-Blackstone 26.07.0
3 Miller	19.20.9	Simpson 26.16.2
4 Gilbert	19.27.1	Morris 26.22.8

David Scoins

Inter-House Athletics 'Sports Day'

Not a memorable day. No records were broken, probably because it was wet. Welsh won both competitions, with 2 points less than maximum in the field events. Orchard juniors did remarkably well to finish 2nd. Of the upper sixth, only Lucy and Jones won anything – which promises well for this summer's

event. Perhaps it will be more memorable.

Inter-House Competition

100m	England (W)	12.3
	Alldrick (O)	11.1
	Jones (W)	12.6
	Hall (E)	11.77
200m	Pratt (E)	26.3
	Alldrick (O)	23.65
400m	Pratt (E)	56.8
	Lucy (W)	56.55
800m	Polansky (W)	2.22.7
	Ostroumoff (S)	2.09
1500m	Charlesworth (E)	4.52.2
	Simpson (B)	4.39.6
4 × 200m R	Welsh	1.48.5
	Skipwith	1.41.9
Long jump	Walker (B)	5.03m
	Lucy (W)	5.46m
5 kg shot	Binns (W)	11.23m
	Ouvaroff (W)	10.97m

Inter-year Athletics

Organised by Malcolm Ferguson and friends, this was exactly as silly as usual. The weather was pleasant, the competition fierce in parts. The 1500m included the one steeple-chase jump completed – Simpson beat DJS at last! Mr Webb yet again beat all-comers in the field events; all the race walkers except the staff and those behind them were disqualified. The 100m was impressive and quite as confused as usual; the relays slightly more competitive – by which I mean that the finishes were fairly close. Winners? Does it matter?

Inter-Year Competition

100m	Alldrick R. (L6)	11.3
	Jones D. (L6)	
200m	Alldrick R. (U6)	24.0
	Lucy C. (L6)	
400 walk	Scoins D. (St)	1.18
	Hayter M. (St)	56.55
1500 s/c	Simpson P. (St)	4.37
	Scoins D. (St)	
5 kg shot	PJFW (St)	14.00m
	Binns (L6)	
Discus	PJFW (St)	
	EJP (St)	
100 Slow	J	9.6s
	J	
50m back	L6	45s
	U6	
4 × 100m	L6	48.25
	U6 Vth	
4 × 400m R	Staff	4.05.0
	Juniors U6	
8 × 50m R	U6	57.0
	U6 (Skip) St	

Athletics Standards

Everett, 8.51; Welsh, 7.86; Burr, 6.15; Orchard, 5.7; Skipwith, 5.48

S. Standards: Pratt J. and Jones D. with 5; Aghion E. with 4; Patel K. and Lawson-Johnston R. with 3.
 Total: 41 Senior Ss; 11 Junior Ss.

Generally

More boys than ever have earned the right to represent South Oxfordshire – 20 in three age groups. Yet while no school records were broken, the general willingness to compete and compete hard was present as never before. This may be partly due to the imminent introduction of S standards, measured but not included in that House competition (*see above*). To have boys grabbed from among the spectators at the area trials winning places there and in Oxford is quite a testimony to the school's sporting depth.

David Scoins

Sailing, 1989–90

This has been a very poor season, result-wise, beaten by all opponents except Oratory and a junior St Clare's team.

On the bonus side we have now developed into a six helm team with everybody in the club having acquired the basic seamanship skills. We also have an extremely young side. It has been the 4th and 3rd formers who have provided the bulk of the team and any sort of success in results. This provides hope for the future, as with greater experience and a better understanding of the rules, they should develop into a useful team unit.

Recent developments in school sailing, with the setting up of the British Schools Dinghy Sailing Association, has meant the general standard of sailing has rapidly improved, and clearly Shiplake will have to train hard and gain a more competitive attitude for future seasons.

The house matches were won by Burr in extremely difficult conditions where the wind favoured the lucky. The Transom Trophy for individual membership was won by Julian Mason after some extremely close racing with Bill Robson and Chris Frank.

Our ageing fleet of boats are only kept going by the unstinting support of Brian Burgess, and all the club are very grateful to him for his efforts. I should also like to thank Eric Pollard for all his support.

We are also extremely grateful for the support of Mike Frank, who is always willing to get out in the boats and show the boys how to do it.

I look forward to next year when we hope to see a flourishing of many young sailors. Team members: *Julian Mason* (Club Captain), *Jorge Lourenco* (Team Captain), *Chris Foster*, *Chris Frank*, *Simon Orange*, *Bill Robson*, *Archie Scott*, *Alex Ransby*

In the Beginning



1st IV

1st VIII



Three key men



Rowing was one of the first sports to be introduced to Shiplake. The first oarsmen were launched in skiffs and tub pairs in the school's first term and were coached in the basic principles by Mr R. E. Burgess, who arrived in a tiny pre-war Austin car on rowing afternoons from his home in Watlington. R. E. Burgess possessed an imposing figure and forthright parlance. He had rowed for Eton before going up to Magdalene College, Oxford and won his rowing blue in 1909. Miss Monica Tomalin remembers him always sporting the distinguished cerise cap of the Leander Club. Despite his advancing years and the steepness of the hill down to the river, he continued to coach until 1962.

By the summer term of 1960 there were some 45 boys who rowed regularly. Although Mr Burgess was in evidence as a coach, the organisation was carried out by another Old Etonian of a much more recent vintage. John Campbell had just left Eton and was having a break before going up to Pembroke College, Oxford. Between them they managed to raise the standard of rowing to the point where an inter-house competition was feasible. Unusually, points were awarded for style and watermanship as well as for speed. The boys of Everett House were the eventual winners.

In September of that year, David Skipwith appointed to the teaching staff Col. W. H. C. Travers to teach Physics. Col. Travers had been a 'Sapper' and, apart from a first class degree in Engineering from Cambridge, he possessed the range of practical talents which all Woolwich-trained officers were expected to have. Col. Travers had been an oarsman and had rowed for Clare College while an undergraduate. He became the first master in charge of rowing at Shiplake.

When he took responsibility for rowing, the resources were meagre. There were a couple of dubious two pairs, a fixed tub, and three ancient clinker IVs which were said to be 'throw outs' from Eton. There was no boathouse, apart from the small wet boathouse which had been part of the original Shiplake Court, and there was no landing stage. The tubs fitted into the wet boathouse but the clinker IVs had to be kept in the open-air on trestles. With these limited items of equipment rowing became a major sport in the summer term of 1961 and the number of boys taking part increased to 67. However the boys were not sufficiently experienced to compete in local regattas so the organisation of fours was restricted to bringing on the

House crews. In the inter-house competition, Burr House beat Everett House into second place.

In his rowing report for *The Court* of 1961, Col. Travers wrote, prophetically: 'Looking to the future, we hope to build up the club gradually, until the name of Shiplake Court is fully recognised among the rowing schools. This must, of necessity, take a little time, as considerable capital outlay is involved in building up a full boat club. . . .' The foundations of what was soon to become Shiplake College Boat Club were being laid.

One of the guests at the Staff Christmas drinks party in 1961 had settled in Henley in the previous June. His career in the Colonial Service in East Africa had been cut short 11 years prematurely owing to constitutional changes in parts of that Continent. He had met David Skipwith in Cambridge in 1938 when the latter was at Oxford and training for the Sudan Political Service. His name was Edward ('Sam') Hall, and he arrived to teach History and English with a responsibility to develop rowing in January 1962. Sam had read History at Cambridge and had been Captain of Selwyn College Boat Club. He had coached crews from King's College and Downing College and from Reading University. Later, he had coached in South Africa and helped to restart the Vaal Regatta at Vereeniging after the Second World War. Sam agreed with Col. Travers that he would take responsibility for the coaching side of things in the Boat Club, while Col. Travers remained in charge of getting the equipment to work.

As there was no landing stage, boats had to be launched by being slid into the water over the muddy bank. No proper boat drill was, therefore, possible. Although money was in short supply, Mr Hall agreed that rowing offered the best choice of putting this young school 'on the map'. This was accepted by the Headmaster and by the Bursar, Col. Newell. So a small stage was constructed by a local firm, at a cost of £45.00. This stage was later made wider and longer by 'self-help' within the College under the direction of Col. Travers. In 1966 Col. Travers further improved the landing stage area when he designed and built the slipway for the sailing craft.

Sam Hall's next move was to get in contact with a pre-war acquaintance, Jack Arlett. Jack was a member of an old Henley firm of boat hirers and boat dealers. Sam asked if Jack, in his travels, would keep an eye open for good second-hand boats and oars. As a result, a stock of good oars, at about £1 each, was obtained, and a stout clinker

IV was purchased from Staines Rowing Club for £50.00.

Again, in 1962, there was no competitive rowing against other schools, as the boys were still too 'raw' and the equipment was not up to competition standard. Sam Hall argued that a boathouse was needed and that a new boat and a decent set of blades would have to be purchased if the boys were to compete on equal terms with other school clubs. Eventually, funds were made available for these. A set of new blades was ordered from Aylings and a clinker IV was ordered from Sims at a cost of £250.00. The boat was named 'Viking I'. Kidby Bros of Caversham erected a 50ft wooden boathouse with a concrete apron. It was so designed that, when funds became available, it could be extended to accommodate VIIIs. It cost the College £650.00. Through the good offices of Mr Hans Wells-Furby, the Club acquired a sound tub pair for £30.00 from his old college, Exeter. This was a godsend as, by now, the original one had collapsed.

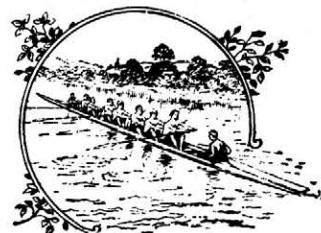
It was now time to test the water beyond Sonning Bridge. A private match was arranged with Reading Blue Coat School on their reach of the river above Sonning Lock. The Shiplake boys justified the investment which had been put into their club and won all three races.

'The summer term of 1963 was a happy one', according to *Wish and Fulfilment*, 'with problems being resolved at some speed'. In May, Sam Hall regis-

tered the club with the Amateur Rowing Association as 'Shiplake College Boat Club'. During the term, crews competed at Wallingford, Reading Clinker, Pangbourne, Egham and Upper Thames regattas. Five boys stayed on after the end of term and competed as 'Shiplake Vikings' at Maidenhead and Henley Town regattas. The record for the season was 19 races won and 15 lost. In many cases Shiplake crews were competing against heavier and older crews. Of these they beat crews from Barclays Bank, and from Pangbourne and Henley Rowing Clubs.

In the 1963 edition of *The Court*, Sam wrote: 'Last season's results give grounds for quiet satisfaction but not complacency. We have entered a keenly competitive sphere of regatta activity and must make up for lack of weight and experience by keenness and technique. . . We are now getting the right tools: we hope to do a good job with them.'

Thus was 'Shiplake College Boat Club' born, 25 years ago this year. At a pre-season dinner held in January to mark the silver jubilee of the registering of the Club with the ARA, both Col. Travers and Sam Hall were among the guests of honour. IRL



The real thing!



ERGO

It could have come from a sixteenth-century torture chamber. Boys enter the weights room, innocent to the word *pain* and leave a mere shell of the person they once were before the 'Ergo'.

From the new boy in the 3rd form to the almost brainwashed 6th former in the 1st VIII, the mention of the almost blasphemous word 'Ergo' can destroy a person's livelihood for at least a few years.

On first entering the weights room you are confronted with a line of Ergos, all as menacing as each other, not to mention the squad Ergo that is reserved for total masochists in the 1st VIII.

With a smug smile on the face of the coach, he sets your time clock for 20 minutes. You feel your heart sink to an all-time low, but you know by the end of the piece you are going to feel something free from your stomach. You look across and watch the expressions on the faces of the other three boys. 'Three, two, one, go!' the cox shouts, the start of probably the worst experience you will ever encounter. The cox keeps his beady eyes transfixed on your clock: 'don't slack, you lump of useless lard, keep that score lower than 1.45 or else you might as well stop now', the cox screeches. I tell you the only thing at this point stopping you from standing up and punching the cox's lights out is the fact that it would be a waste of energy. You think to yourself, 'why don't you come and try to keep the score lower than 1.45, smart-ass?'

A glance down at the time clock and oh no! only 5 minutes gone. By the end of the full 20 minutes you are going to be four times as tired as you are now. The first stream of sweat starts to meander down the side of your face and a small crowd of boys starts to appear around you; a few jokes are cracked at your expense.

The all too familiar feeling crosses your mind, 'right, I'm going to drop the handle, stand up and tell the coach and the cox exactly what I think of them and their idea of fun'. Then, do I want to make the first crew, or do I want to rub shoulders with the not so capable people of the boathouse? OK. I will carry on for another five minutes, then I will definitely stop.

So he expects me to get 2800 metres by half way, well, by the looks of things

I'll be lucky to break the 2000 barrier. After a lot of sweat and the muscles are starting to burn, I have made half way and I have surprised myself by making 2893. I feel wasted but I have too good a score to stop now. Why should I waste all the effort I put in for the past 10 minutes? If I give up now I might as well have picked my nose for the past 10 minutes. I could relax now and complain to the coach that my back hurts or my ostralouslatus or something.

That song, how does that song go? By the 14 minute barrier you hate the cox and the coach might as well rename himself a four-letter word because that is all you can refer to him by. Madness has set in now, as that song that boy was singing has almost turned you into a mad psycho. What *is* the name of that song? You will probably spend the next 4 to 5 minutes just trying to think of that bloody song.

Just 5 minutes to go, and the cox is on your back again: 'your score's too high, too high, do you hear me?' You think to yourself, 'just wait, Neale, until I get my hands on you - you're one dead cox'.

The sweat is pouring off you and you smell pretty bad, to say the least; the muscles are aching and your forearms are cramping, and so is your bum. Why do rowers have to have such uncomfortable seats? Surely the person who designs the seats has a bum, so if he has tried the seat out, he could see how painful it was.

Down to the last minutes, and you can feel what the words 'totally knackered' mean. The cox shouts 'go for the last minutes, go! take it home'. You slowly but grudgingly take the rating up to 32 then, with further shouting from that Neale: I swear when I finish and recover, that brat is dead meat. The rating slips up to 37 for the last 30 seconds and you slip into tenth gear. You start acting as if possessed; panting, sweating, groaning, then finally the clock reaches zero and you flop into your legs, letting go of the handle almost straight away only to be told that you have to keep rowing. One final glance at the clock to see. Your clock reaches 5610 metres. A sense of achievement sweeps over you, but all the cox does is pats you on the back and says 'well done', and walks off.

Caspar Ouvaroff

Winter training followed the usual pattern with some valuable experience gained in small boats especially sculls. Now we have a fleet of sculling boats which are at last competitive, I expect this element of our competition to go forward from strength to strength. The visit to Wycliffe brought a hat-full of wins to complete this season.

The Spring term began well, with three of last year's splendid VIII to show the way for a very young crew - three of whom had last raced in the U-15's VIII. However, setbacks were immediately to follow with the floods which affected the whole of the Thames. While some of our rivals commuted to the Tideway to row regularly, our only water training had to take place over the fields! In fact the term was not without success; the crews at the Schools Head all performed well; the 1st VIII finished 5th, our highest place for three years, and with a 3rd (J-16), 2nd (J-14) and 4th (J-15), the future looked rosy. Even our IVs were well placed and the 64th place of the 1st VIII at the Tideway head, making us fourth fastest, was also highly satisfactory.

However, the outstanding form being shown by Eton and, close behind, Westminster, showed the going would be tough for the 1st VIII.

The early weeks of the summer were quiet with only two wins before half term. The first major success was that achieved by four crews at the National Schools, where medals were won at all ages. The 1st VIII had difficulty with their starts, although they did come 6th in the Championship final, but wins from J-15 coxed IV and the J-14 VIII entered in B VIIIs largely made up for this. An outstanding race in Championship IVs, where our 1st IV only narrowly failed to hold on to the lead they established in the early part of the race, and a silver also for two more of the VIIIs in J-16 coxless pairs, made for a happy return to College for the rest of the campaign.

During the second half of the term the 1st VIII continued to struggle to connect as an VIII despite a number of wins at Docklands and Reading regattas in IVs. Ben Hunt-Davis re-emphasised the outstanding form he had been showing in International Trials and at Ghent - where with Thomson of Marlow he had won the U-18 coxless pairs - won twice at Novice (Reading Amateur) and Senior 3 sculls (Thames Valley Park). All competitive Senior oarsmen won in IVs with various members of the 1st VIII winning in different combinations and the Headmaster's IV winning (at last) twice at the Thames Valley Sprint.

The Colts, having lost three of their crew of 1989 to row in the 1st VIII, had mixed fortunes early on, despite the guidance of Mr Dunlop and Mr Scot-torn, but having won at Avon in a IV their principal goal was to produce an VIII to win, which again they ultimately did twice towards the end of term in U-16 and also at Novice for the U-16 B squad at Birmingham. A large squad, they will doubtless form the backbone of next year's 1st and 2nd VIIIs.

The U-15s, having gained one of the first trophies of the season at Hereford, proved to have an outstanding IV. Our only regret was that, as they won all their events with some ease, they did not combine more often with the rest of their year. When they did at Peterborough and Thames Valley they produced unfortunately memorable races. In the final of J-15 VIIIs their cox, Riley, inexplicably steered across into the middle of the course in the closing stages and was disqualified. However, after some argument over the steering of one of the other crews earlier in the race, they were reinstated; the middle crew, Claires Court/Reading Bluecoat, unsportingly refused to rejoin the race and having previously been awarded the 'pots', went off with them. The 're-row' we won against Pangbourne.

The U-14s, having won at the National Schools under the Webbs' able guidance, were unable to repeat this success later in the season, except at Thames Valley – an event at which the College won more events than at any other regatta. They experimented with doubles and quads, but with insufficient sculling preparation failed to make any appreciable mark, a situation which we are proposing to remedy in 1991.

Mark Hayter

1st VIII: *B. Chetwode, A. Tucker, R. Alldrick, S. Herner, L. Garwood, H. Neville, R. Graham, B. Hunt-Davis, G. Jackson (cox).*

Also rowed: *C. Ouvaroff* (Wallingford)

Henley Royal Regatta

Despite being drawn against a seeded crew, the 1st VIII were to produce their best race of the season in the first round and beat LaSalle HS, USA by a little over a length. They found this form hard to recover, despite winning their next two rounds against Latymer Upper School and St Paul's School.

The semi-final was to see a 'repeat' showing of last year's semi-final against Westminster. The result however was not to be the same, and after allowing the opposition to slip away to over a length before the Barrier and two lengths at Fawley, this was to be the final distance.

Coup de la jeunesse

Laurence Garwood, having only just failed to make the World Championships team, was picked for the Coupe VIII. Having comfortably won Junior VIIIs at the National Championships the VIII were beaten by an Italian VIII whom everyone agreed should have been competing in France at the . . .

World Championships

Ben Hunt-Davis, having proved to be the fastest at the trials in Peterborough, was chosen for the coxed pair with Doran Tranmer (Hampton), coxed by Guy Jackson.

What might have been an inspired piece of selection proved disappointing. The crew had less than usual time to prepare and with East Germany, Russia and Romania producing outstanding crews, the crew, who never achieved the speed off the start to enable them to challenge for gold, finally had to settle for 4th place in the most hotly contested event of the championships – the medal winners separated by 0.6 seconds – GB fourth by a little over a length.

The Eights

1st VIII

Richard Alldrick
Alastair Tucker*
Bill Chetwode*
Simon Horner
Laurence Garwood
Harry Neville
Robin Graham
Ben Hunt-Davis
Guy Jackson *cox*

* also J-16 pair

J-16 A

J. Ostroumoff
M. Neilsen
M. Elliott
H. Cook
C. Ouvaroff
A. Smee
H. Felix
C. Marett
G. Churchill *cox*

Ski Trip, 1989–90

Journey: Long, but no delays.

Crossing smooth, videos excellent.

Hotel: Spacious rooms, 'hot water'.

Food good.

Skiing: First day good; second day, snow was thinning; third day, time to go the glacier. Queuing dreadful, but snow excellent, especially when none in other resorts.

Ski school: Good.

Après ski: Bowling and swimming excellent; skating good but cold. MacDonalds frequently.

New Year's Eve Disco, cramped but enjoyable.

Conclusion: Yes, another enjoyable holiday. Many thanks to all the team.

PJFW

J-15 A

Horner
Stanley
Furniss
Riding
Baker
Pratt
Binns
Polansky
Chetwode
Grace
Riley *cox*

J-14 A

Ferrero
Custance
Hayes
Neil
Harding
Cockrell
Kitchen
Eltze
Marett
Vos *cox*



Burr House

- Bartlett, Edward C. B.** *July 90* 2nd XI, Wanderers and Cavaliers Cricket; Percussion, Drama-sound technician; PAL Junior Assistant Director; Owl Tie.
- Blackford, Lee P.** *July 90* House Prefect; House Colours; 1st XV Rugby Colours; 2nd XI Hockey Captain Colours.
- Browne, William N.** *July 90* House Prefect; 2nd V Squash; 3rd XI, Wanderers and Cavaliers Cricket; Secretary, Poetry Society; Guitar; O Level Prize, J. Art, G.K, 3rd/4th Form Physics, Chemistry, Geography, 4th Form Maths, English, and Sen. G.K, Prizes; Caston Memorial Prize.
- Caesar, Toby** *July 90* 3rd XV Rugby; Sound and Lighting technician.
- Fisher, Mathew R.** *July 90* 3rd XV Rugby, 2nd VIII Rowing, Photography, Chulu West Expedition, Kenya.
- Freeman, Charles G. R.** *July 90* School Prefect; House Colours; Cross Country; PAL Junior Director; Stage technician; 4th Form French Prize; Foundation Course Prize; Caston Memorial Prize.
- Harvey, Alastair C.** *July 90* 2nd VIII Cox; Junior Graphic Comm. prize.
- Hawkins, Robert B.** *July 90* House Prefect; House Colours; 1st XV Rugby Colours; Oxon U. 18 Rugby; 1st XI and Cavaliers Cricket; Secretary, V1th Form Society; Viking Ship.
- Hickey, James W.** *July 90* School Prefect; 2nd XI Cricket Colours; 3rd XI Hockey; Reading U. 18 Hockey; Secretary, Hockey Club; Spiers Cup; 4th Form Music; European Studies; Owl Tie; House Colours.
- Horner, Simon W.** *July 90* School Prefect; House Colours; 1st VIII Colours; 2nd XV Rugby Colours; Jun. England Rowing Squad; 1988; JCR Treasurer; Chulu Expedition.
- Hunter, William T.** *July 90* Choir; Drama; Chulu and Kenya Expeditions; Flying; Owl Tie.
- Luard, Scott A.** *July 90* 1st XV Rugby Colours; Oxon U. 19 Rugby; 2nd VIII half-Colours.
- Meats, Rupert C.** *July 90* J. 16 B Rowing; 5th XV Rugby; Cross Country; Art Editor *The Court*; Music, Art.
- Neville, Harry G. L.** *July 90* School Prefect; House Colours; 1st VIII Colours; 1st XV Colours; Oxon U. 18s; Gt Britain JB VIII.
- Scott, Archie J.** *July 90* Sailing; Music; Junior Cricket.
- Shamsa, Julian S.** *July 90* 1st VI Tennis.
- Vatanen, Kim S.** *July 90* Golf.
- Vere-Nicoll, Adam N.** *July 90* 2nd VIII Rowing; 3rd XV Rugby; Drama; Stage Management; Public Speaking; Owl Tie; Editor *The Court*, 1989.
- Wood, Guy R.** *July 90* 1st XI Hockey goalkeeper Colours; Cycling.

Everett House

- Abbiss, Christopher P. J.** *July 90* 1st XV Rugby; 1st XI Cricket; Oxon U. 19 Rugby; 1st XI Hockey; 1st V Squash; Viking Ship.
- Bearman, Marc B.** *December 89* Tennis; Squash; Art.
- Brentnall, Mark N.** *July 90* U. 15 'B' Hockey (Capt); U. 15 Cricket; X-Country Team; Music; Athletics.
- Cobb, Sebastian J.** *July 90* House Prefect; 2nd XI Hockey (Capt); 4th XV Rugby (Capt); X-Country; Ekin Trophy (X-Country).
- Cook, Henry R.** *July 90* J. 16 Rowing, 4th XV Rugby.
- Couzens, Chris N.** *July 90* Squash; Junior Tennis.
- Cowen, Adam C.** *July 90* 2nd XV Rugby; X-Country; General Sports; Chulu Expedition '89; 3rd Form PE.
- Greening, Richard** *July 90* Art; Music.
- Gregory, Howard N.** *July 90* House Prefect; 2nd XI and Cavaliers Cricket; 2nd XI Hockey; 3rd XV Rugby; Drama; Chulu Expedition, '89.
- Gubbins, Patrick H.** *July 90* House Prefect; 2nd XI and Cavaliers Cricket; Photography; Drama; O Level Prize; Caston Memorial Prize.
- Harding, Toby J.** *July 90* House Prefect; 3rd VIII; U. 15 'B' XV; Squash; Sailing.
- Hay, Christien J.** *July 90* U. 14 Rugby; Drama; Photography; Squash.
- Hayles, Curtis J.** *December 89* House Prefect; Guitar.
- Hayles, Matthew L. R.** *July 90*
- Key, Thomas J.** *July 90* House Prefect; 2nd XI Cricket (Capt); School Athletics (Capt); 4th XV Rugby; O Level Prize.

- Lawson-Johnston, Rupert** *July 90* House Prefect; 1st XI Cricket; 2nd XV Rugby; Special Public Speaking Prize.
- Lumley, Thomas E.** *July 90*
- McArthur, Douglas A. R.** *July 90* Head of House; School Prefect; 1st XV Rugby; 1st XI Cricket (Capt); 1st XI Hockey; Prizes: 3rd Form General and O Level.
- Midgley, Geoffrey D.** *July 90* Sailing.
- Patel, Kalpesh R.** *July 90* 2nd XI and Cavaliers Cricket; 2nd XI Hockey.
- Salleh, Rahim A.** *July 90* 1st XI and Cavaliers Cricket; 1st XV Rugby; 2nd XI Hockey.
- Salleh, Rashid A.** *July 90* School Prefect; 1st XV Rugby; 1st XI Hockey; 2nd XI and Cavaliers Cricket.
- Smith, Henry J. E.** *July 90* 3rd XV Rugby.

Orchard House

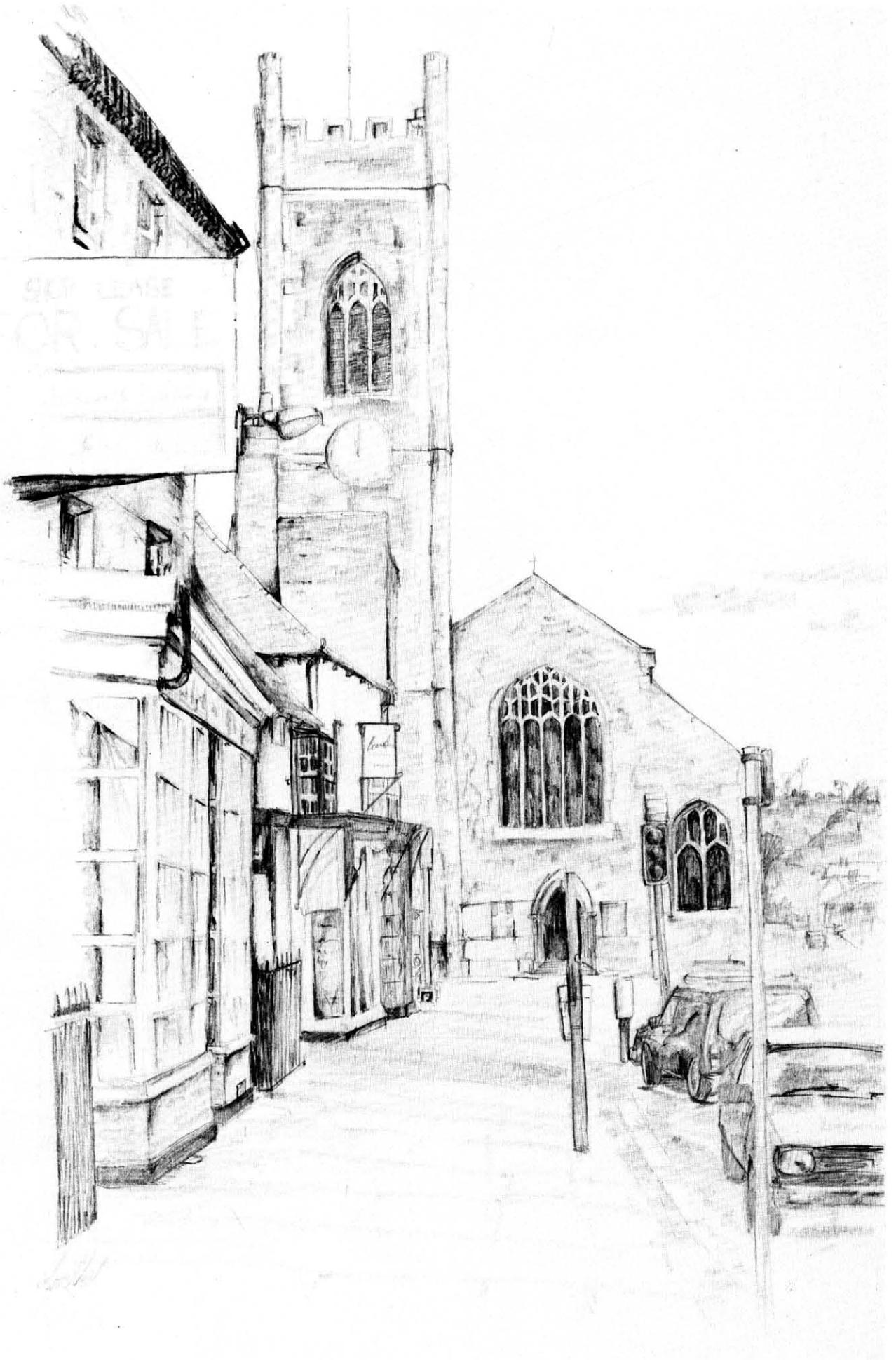
- Allen, Jeffrey M.** *July 90* Junior Cricket
- Brunton, Simon D.** *July 90* Junior Cricket; Friends of the Earth.
- Copcutt, Nicholas R.** *July 90* Head of College; 1st XV Rugby; D of E Expeditions; HM's Prize.
- Graham, Robin A.** *July 90* House Prefect; Pottery and Art; 4th Form Biology and O Level Prizes.
- Lea, Oliver N.** *July 90* School Prefect; Art and Pottery.
- Partridge, Daryl J.** *July 90* School Prefect; Head of House; 2nd XV Rugby; RAF Flying Scholarship; Prizes: 3rd/4th Form History, French, 3rd Form Maths, O Level.
- Smith, Alexander C. A.** *July 90* 3rd XV Rugby.
- Williams, Toby R.** *July 90* 3rd XV Rugby; 2nd XI Hockey.

Skipwith House

- Blake, Jeremy J.** *July 90* School Prefect; Drama; Junior and Senior Reading Prizes; Salmon Cup; 2nd XV Rugby; 2nd VI Tennis.
- Carradine, Giles M.** *July 90* 1st XI Cricket; 2nd XV Rugby; Drama.
- Fasoli, Alex J.** *July 90* Tennis; X-Country.
- Jones, Mark A.** *July 90* U. 15 Rugby; Music.
- Rook-Blackstone, Nicholas** *July 90* Head of House; School Prefect; Esau Essay; Poetry; 4th Form General and O Level Prizes; X-Country.
- Smith, Marcus A. B.** *July 90* House Prefect; 4th Form Technical Drawing Prize.
- Wood, Richard D.** *December 89* Junior Cricket.

Welsh House

- Cecil, Noel A. A.** *July 90* Play Production; House Debating.
- Dale, Gus D. C.** *July 90* House Prefect; 1st V Squash; 1st X-Country.
- Galvani, F. Javi** *July 90* House Prefect; 1st V Squash; 1st X-Country (Capt); 2nd XI Hockey; 1st VI Tennis; O Level Prize.
- Gilbert, Duncan C.** *July 90* 1st X-Country; 3rd XV Rugby; 2nd VIII; School Plays.
- Guimaraens, Christopher** *July 90* House Prefect; 3rd XV Rugby; Photography Prize.
- Hamlyn, Marcus J.** *July 90* Jesus Christ Superstar; Solo Chorister; Spiers Music Prize.
- Humbert, William G.** *July 90* House Prefect; 3rd XV Rugby; J. 15 Cox; O Level and Bleackley Prizes.
- Hunt-Davis, Ben F.** *July 90* Deputy Head of College; Head of House; 1st VIII; GB U. 18 'B' '89 and 'A' '90; 1st XV Oxfordshire and Four Counties Rugby; Chairman, Food Committee; Captain of Boats.
- Jones, Daniel P.** *July 90* House Prefect; 1st XV and Oxfordshire U. 18 Rugby; Athletics; 1st VI Tennis.
- Lloyd, Matthew S.** *July 90* House Prefect; 3rd XV Rugby; 3rd XI Hockey; Choir.
- Lucy, Christian B.** *July 90* School Prefect; 1st XI Cricket; 1st X-Country; Squash (Capt); Food Committee; O Level Prize.
- Montgomery, John K. H.** *July 90*
- Richards, Daniel M. E.** *July 90* Rugby England U. 16 squad; England U. 18 '90; 1st XV (Capt); 2nd XI Cricket; 2nd V Squash; 2nd XI Hockey; Viking Ship Prize.
- Van Till, Edward F. N.** *July 90* 1st XI Hockey (Capt); Reading U. 18 Hockey; 1st VI Tennis; 1st V Shooting; 3rd XV Rugby; Drama; Gilbert Cup for Shooting.
- Weedon, James M. M.** *July 90* 1st X-Country; 1st V Squash; 2nd VIII and England U. 16 Rowing.
- Wilkinson, Matthew J.** *July 90* 1st XI Hockey; 1st VI Tennis.



Henley Church and Duke Street - by Ross Neal



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