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THE AMPELEFORTH JOURNAL
Volume XCVII Autumn 1992 Part II

THE HEADMASTERS’ CONFERENCE
BRUGES — 21 September 1992
Chairman’s Address
DOMINIC MILROY O.S.B.

In welcoming you all most warmly to Conference, I wish to take certain liberties with our very correct tradition of formal hospitality. It would be proper to mention our guests individually, and, in doing so, to say why we are gladly grateful to each of them for coming. This we certainly are: if it were not so, we would not have invited them. However, I have made a resolution that in this speech I will mention no acronyms whatsoever, for reasons which I hope will become clear, and I hope our guests will forgive me if I apply this self-denying ordinance to the distinguished associations which many of them represent, and without which the work of our own association would be much diminished. One of the main purposes of this Conference is to thank and entertain many people. All of us gathered in this remarkable hall are united by a concern for, a collaboration in, and (on this occasion) a celebration of the great work of educating children. This brings together schools, support associations, individuals and families. The presence of members’ wives is deeply welcome; it is far more than a cosmetic exercise, and expresses, in a definitive way, their role — not only in our schools but in the huge collaborative process upon which the well-being of growing children depends. In crossing the channel for the first time, we have made a statement (from which there can be no going back) both about the roots and about the future orientation of the education which we offer, and our friends from other educational traditions are particularly welcome. It also goes without saying that I am deeply grateful to the members of our own association, whose friendship and support, in Committee, in the Secretariats and around the country have given me the courage to indulge in the sort of train of thought of which you are about to be the victims.

Our Conference has made a point (more often than not) of assembling in beautiful places — a fact which is by no means unconnected with the central purposes of education. Sir Henry Wotton, a sixteenth century Wykehamist and Oxonian, later Provost of Eton, may not have been a man whose opinions could always be relied upon — as, for instance, when he remarked that “the farther you go from the Church of Rome, the nearer you are to God”. However, in his “Elements of Architecture” he said something that can be applied equally to this beautiful city of Bruges and to the underlying purpose of education: “The end,” he said, “is to build well. Well building hath three conditions: Commodity, Firmness and Delight”.

DOMINIC MILROY O.S.B.

THE HEADMASTERS’ CONFERENCE
Commodity and Firmness may be left floating tantalisingly in the air. I propose to dwell for a moment on the concept of Delight. This is not a concept which figures prominently in the literature (if that is the right word) generated by current educational reforms, but it has always been top of the list of the purposes of great teachers, and when Bacon said that “Studies serve for delight, for ornament and for ability” he was expressing a sense of priorities which has always tended to characterise centres of learning in periods of high civilisation. Delight implies pleasure, wonder, discovery, surprise. Is it frivolous to suggest that Learning without Delight is almost a contradiction in terms? Any philosophy of education (or, perhaps better, any approach to education) in which the pre-eminence of delight has been overlooked in the interests of utility, or social engineering or of bureaucratic convenience is doomed to end up by becoming the victim of that plague which is above all inimical to the true interests of education – the plague of Boredom.

There is much talk these days of the stress being suffered by teachers in general and by Heads in particular. Stress may be caused by many factors, such as overwork, or the pressure of change, or the sense of being undervalued. But there is nothing more stressful than boredom. Ladies and Gentlemen, we are bored stiff, not, of course, with educating children, but with the topic of education. In our case, this is due to the downgrading of delight and the upgrading of information – a bombardment of information and of questionnaires on absolutely everything which government departments or civil servants or commissions may think has some bearing on some aspect of education. Voltaire once said “If you really want to be boring, say everything.” How right he was, even without knowledge of databanks and word processors. The deluge of documentation which has descended on the olive grove of Academe these past years is not destructive simply because it places at risk the delicate balance between the requirements of education and those of administration. It is destructive above all because it is profoundly and dehumanisingly boring.

The two most worrying symptoms of this boredom are as follows. For the first, I have allowed myself an acronym, because I have invented it myself. We have all experienced, sometimes for longish periods, that nagging feeling that we have not been doing very much of our education, only watching it go by. The Headmaster who had failed to read the only document that missed altogether. Letters from Leicester may go a long way towards relieving this condition from time to time, but they do not altogether remove the claustrophobic fear of the surrounding jungle of half-assimilated piles of paper. The other symptom is the darker one. ... deep distaste for the things of God. A monk bored by God is like a Beethoven bored by Music or a Faldo bored by golf. It is very hard to devise remedies for such a condition, though (surprisingly enough) it can be relieved by a good breakfast or a swim in the North Sea. The longer-term cure lies in a renewal of the vision which lies behind continuing to do what has to be done.

As Headteachers who are bored by what is so often allowed to pass as the Education Debate, we are clearly in the grip of a form of Acacy. My purpose today is to suggest some remedies. The good breakfast and the North Sea are being provided by Bruges. My theme is the longer-term cure.

In the first place, we must recognise that a part, at least, of the burden of documentation is legitimate, and represents our collaboration in reforms or organic developments which are right and necessary. The taking forward of the National Curriculum (especially at 16-19); the fostering of the skills revolution in its proper context; the recruitment, training and induction of teachers; the development of appropriate systems of professional support, within our own association and in collaboration with others; the building of mutually supportive links between the Sectors, phases and associations at a time of change and anxiety, the proper response to the Government’s recent White Paper – in these and in other areas it is obviously important that we should not attempt to shoot the pianist, even when we have doubts about the tune being played. Perhaps, indeed, the trouble about the educational piano is that it tends often to sound to us rather like the instrument used by Joseph Cooper in the TV game Face the Music, in which the contestants had to guess what the music was by listening to a keyboard which rattled away without actually playing a tune. There are a great many keyboards rattling away in the infra-structure of the educational world. What is important is that they should in the end produce, not simply more fodder for the data-bank, but the music of good learning – “sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.”

The cure for boredom, for the acacy that tends to creep like a fog over too many of our debates and deliberations, is of course the nourishing of, or the recovery of, a sense of delight in learning. This phrase “delight in learning”, came to me, I think, as a half-remembered echo of one of Becket’s speeches in Murder in the Cathedral. Eliot is, in fact, attempting to summarise the temptations of youth, but what emerges is a passably good description of what ought to be happening in a good school.

Delight in sense, in learning and in thought,  
Music and philosophy, curiosity,  
The purple bullfinch in the lilac tree,  
The tiltyard skill, the strategy of chess,  
Love in the garden, singing to the instrument,  
Were all things equally desirable.

“Things equally desirable”. This is what we might call an holistic curriculum, rooted not only in the concept of disinterested curiosity but also in the sheer desirability of its satisfaction, in what the English Language has, with perverse originality, called the experience of glory. Romance Languages have been less fortunate with the overtones of the Latin word Gloria, and have been
which has always been the deepest aim of good teachers — the child's entitlement, is, however, a deeper level of entitlement, which cannot be legislated for, but

There is an essential framework of topics and skills which every child has the right to encounter and to master at an appropriate level of competence. There is, however, a deeper level of entitlement, which cannot be legislated for, but which has always been the deepest aim of good teachers — the child's entitlement, not to areas of information or of skill, but to quality of learning.

Each one of us was drawn towards the vocation and the profession of teaching by a compelling desire to share the delight of learning. Most of us can remember, as children, certain definitive moments of discovery, in which fragments of half-understood information came together and became "our own", linking our own personal growth with that of countless others who had travelled the same road, and pointing us towards other and more complex experiences of the same kind. Most of these moments are inseparable from the inspiration of a particular teacher. Whatever may be, in other contexts, the advantage of distance learning, for children (of any age) there is no substitute for the relationship formed with a good teacher. This relationship, between the individual teacher and the individual pupil, is pivotal to all education and is the essential basis of the integrity of the teaching profession. Children know this, even if the general public sometimes forgets it.

In my own case, I can remember very clearly a moment in which the voice of a teacher opened the way for me into an experience of glory, which was certainly unexpected and probably definitive. I was seven, unwillingly in the classroom, which seemed (on a hot afternoon) a poor alternative to the playground. The teacher told us to open our poetry books at page seven, and said that she was going to read a poem. We would then discuss it. If I had had the courage and the necessary vocabulary, I would have protested that the whole procedure lacked relevance, was remote from my need for personal fulfilment, would not contribute to wealth-creation, either for me or for a nation on the brink of war, and offended against the universal declaration of human rights, and probably the Children Act. However, I found myself listening as she read:

I must go down to the seas again
To the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship
And a star to steer her by...

I knew nothing of the sea, or of ships and masts. If I had any experience of the nostalgia for lost paradises, it was pretty rudimentary and largely associated with food. Yet at that moment something happened. Without knowing it, I already belonged to the culture which Masefield was voicing in words, and it was out there waiting for me to claim it. The voice of the teacher was the bridge.

To use a current phrase, I entered into a new kind of ownership of my language. Words were no longer just ways of naming things, they became a light illuminating pathways into other people's experiences, which I did not understand, but which I could feel as though they were mine.

Being perhaps wise after the event, I think that this was the central effect of that moment, that Masefield's experience belonged also to my teacher and to me. It was the beginning of a cumulative process, in which other teachers, and other words and other books made several distinct cultures and languages progressively more available to me.

There were, however, other related effects. The depth of the experience was utterly related to the attention I paid to it, an attention given at the moment, and renewed (however fitfully) at countless other later moments. Iris Murdoch, in her remarkable book The Sovereignty of Good argues convincingly that the giving of real attention is the basis of all right moral action. The founder and patron of my own Order, St Benedict, opens his Rule with the words "Listen to the voice of the Master", and on this foundation goes on to formulate a vision of inner obedience which became one of the features to which we owe the development and preservation of European civilisation. At a time when it is fashionable to regard individual self-fulfilment as the over-riding aim of education, it is perhaps right to recall that such fulfilment is unlikely to occur without it being rooted in a habit of giving deep attention to what is being contemplated and without a sustained obedience to what that contemplation reveals — that is, an obedience to the inner truth of the particular experience.

I use the word "obedience" in exactly the same sense as that in which Iris Murdoch uses it, when she is trying to describe what happens when the human will, thinking of itself as free, finds itself compelled to obey what she calls "a sustained attention to reality", "This is" she says, "something of which saints speak and which any artist will readily understand". Obedience is, in this sense, not the negation of human freedom, but its apotheosis, rooted in the essential meaning of the word, which has to do, not with subservience, but with an attitude of listening, of attentiveness. Attentiveness, unless it implies a subsequent obedience, is merely frivolous.

The words that I am using — contemplation, obedience, truth (let alone celebration, delight and glory) — do not belong to any of the current languages of education. Yet without them, what goes on in our thousands of classrooms is reduced to functionalism and social engineering. What I experienced that
summer afternoon at the age of seven was a moment of truth, and the quiet hum that we hear as we walk round our schools during the hours of study has at its heart an entire tapestry of such moments. The child who for the first time masters the meaning of an equation, or the making of a lampstand or a pot, or the value of the subjunctive tense, or the issues underlying the Wars of the Roses, or the purposes of tragedy, or the complex simplicity of the genetic code, or the elegant secrets of a suspension bridge, or for that matter of the cover-drive, or of harmonic modulation — it is this interlocking network of moments of truth that constitutes what really goes on in our schools, that sustains the personal and professional relationship between teacher and pupil, and that defines the human purpose of Education. It is true that, at this level, there is no practical distinction between education and training, between the academic and the vocational, between the humanities and the sciences, between work and play. This is because it is in the moment of truth that they all meet. It is in the moment of truth that the human being—whether child or adult, whatever his or her ability, whatever the nature of the activity or the complexity of the skills involved—is learning to be more fully human.

The encounter with the moment of truth, and the response to it, is essentially a moral act; that is, it has to do with human conduct, and implies (whatever you may happen to mean by the terms) the possibility of good and the possibility of evil. The good lies in what I have called obedience to the moment of truth, and the evil in disobedience to it or betrayal of it. I must here be very careful to define my terms. I have been accused several times, during the course of the year, of dogmatism, of trying to insert into the educational debate a preconceived and backward-looking conception of what is true and of what is not. I suppose it is my own fault for choosing this particular vocabulary, but I do not feel embarrassed by having to defend the choice.

The phrase “the moment of truth” does not come from the language of theology or of moral philosophy. It comes from the language of great human achievement. The mountaineer faces a moment of truth as he tackles a difficult traverse, the scientific researcher as he tests his final hypothesis, the stone-carver as he makes an irreversible cut in virgin stone. The moment of truth occurs when a skilled professional has to complete an extremely difficult task, at considerable personal risk, by giving total attention to the moment in hand, by being absolutely obedient to what he has previously learned, and by avoiding slovenliness or self-indulgence in doing what has to be done. The moment of truth is so-called because it brings together, at a very high level of tension, the three essential features without which all human achievements sink to the second-rate — attention, obedience and risk.

I have said enough about attention, and would only add that one of the central experiences of education, both for the teacher and for the child, is the formidable one of transforming a capacity for attention (which all children have) into a habit of attention. This is, in practice, the theme of most school reports, and deservedly so. It is an amazing and rewarding experience when we are able to observe the growth of a child’s simple capacity for wonder into an adult’s capacity to contemplate and to unravel many more complex realities — a process requiring much concentration, patience and self-discipline.

This is where obedience is so crucial. The devaluation of the concept of obedience is perhaps the greatest disservice done to children (and to many of their teachers) by a half-digested philosophy of self-fulfilment and liberty, which has produced such a voluminous literature since the middle of the eighteenth century that it would be futile to attempt to summarise it here. It will suffice to recall Rousseau’s comment to the lady who claimed with delight that she was bringing up her son entirely according to the precepts implied by Rousseau’s “Emile”. “Poor child” murmured Rousseau.

My only point here is an extremely simple one. Liberty and obedience, whether in politics, in personal relationships, or in education, do not exist as alternatives to each other, but as opposite sides of the same coin. Obedience, properly understood, is not a constraint placed on the growth or the liberty of a child, but a necessary condition for the completion of that growth and the realisation of that liberty. If children, for whatever reason, get the impression that education is a process in which they may do what they like, learn what they like, and read what they like, they will never become free citizens either of their inheritance or of their possibilities. If attention is the gateway to the moment of truth, obedience is the path towards many others, and is the necessary bridge between the individual experience of a child and the multiple experiences out of which a culture is made. By obedience I do not, of course, here mean doing what you are told, or thinking other people’s thoughts, or accepting other people’s views. Imitation and repetition come naturally to children, but the obedience I am talking about is not the obedience given to persons but the obedience demanded by what we rightly call discipline. I gave up learning the piano, not because I wished to be disobedient to my teacher but because I could not be bothered with the obedience to the black and white notes and to the squiggles on the papers. My disobedience deprived me of the possibility of a great freedom. My teacher’s only fault, as far as I can remember, was that he failed to inspire in me a sufficient sense of long-term risk.

It is, perhaps, fairly obvious that the encounter with the moment of truth implies a demand for attention, and that the process of learning which emerges from a series of such encounters implies a demand for obedience. It is less obvious that this sort of experience implies risk. The risk facing the mountaineer as he negotiates the traverse is obvious enough, but what risk (if any) is a child facing when he exposes himself to the moment of truth or to the process of learning to which it may lead? There is, after all, not much in the language of curricular reform, or in the school prospectuses, to suggest to parents that the education we are offering their children is going to place them at risk. My contention is, however, that unless the education offered by a school implies deep personal risk it is merely functional or cosmetic. Risk consists in exposure to unforeseen change. The risks facing a mountaineer have to do with the physical forces involved. The risks are inseparable from the achievement. Something similar must be true when the forces involved are intellectual or moral; otherwise...
education, research, creative and aesthetic experience are reduced to the level of the banal.

The fact is that education, when it is real, faces children with huge personal risks. They are going out into strange territory, some of it well-charted by the experience of others, some of it yet to be discovered. There are plenty of guides on the way, but the guides cannot always protect them in their encounters with the beautiful and dangerous creatures they will meet. These creatures are the fancies and ideas which inhabit human culture, and the essential encounter with them is personal and individual. It is the central purpose of education to facilitate this encounter. The risk should be obvious. It is the risk of change — spiritual, moral, intellectual, emotional change.

I am not here concerned with the historical fact that education has always been associated with deep political and social changes, although this fact reinforces my argument. I am concerned, rather, with what a real education should offer an individual child — namely, an encounter with the reality of personal changes, some of them possibly catastrophic.

The risk should be obvious. It is the risk of change — spiritual, moral, intellectual, emotional change.

In the words of Gerard Manley Hopkins:

O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of all
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap
May who ne'er hung there. Nor does long our small
Durance deal with that steep or deep ...

If children have not deeply changed after ten or more years of education, what are we here for?

Some of the risks are small risks. There is the risk of the discomfort of hours wasted in blind alleys, of boredom, or of failure. There is the most serious risk of disenchantment, leading to a deep incapacity for true listening and to a long-term rejection of what could have been a cherished inheritance. But the deeper risks are consequences of having listened, and therefore of being changed by what one has heard. The open-minded and whole-hearted pursuit of learning, in any field that truly challenges the human spirit, from poetry to quantum physics, is apt to be profoundly disconcerting, because it produces two opposite effects simultaneously. On the one hand, it produces a deep capacity for fidelity to a truth once perceived and a hunger to follow wherever it may lead; it is sometimes frightening to observe the obsessive absorption of a young human being whose mind has suddenly been gripped by ideas of experience previously closed to him but now miraculously luminous, often thanks to the inspiration of a skilled teacher. On the other hand, the very same experience, precisely because it reveals the unexplored extent of a particular field of knowledge, induces a profound sense of uncertainty — that uncomfortable and over-riding sense of scepticism which questions every conclusion and which wishes to treat every idea as an hypothesis. We are all familiar with the intelligent sixth-former who goes through a phase of intense scepticism about every received idea and every accepted value.

Fidelity and scepticism. The ability to embrace, to cherish, to complexify a truth once perceived. The simultaneous ability to question this very perception, and, if necessary, to change one’s mind. It is the very purpose of education to elicit and to nourish these two conflicting abilities, and to offer a way of holding them in balance and in tension. This way is one which older philosophers would have called the way of Prudence, and which we would be more likely to call Discernment.

Fidelity to ideas, when unchecked by scepticism, may lead to remarkable firmness of conviction, but it runs the risk of conferring also that narrowness of outlook which we nowadays call fundamentalism. A scepticism floating free of the capacity for fidelity may generate wide tolerances, but it runs the risk of inducing a deep indifference both to the ideas and to the fate of other people. Fundamentalism and indifference represent (if one may speak very broadly) the two principal scourges which threaten the future of our several cultural traditions, and they threaten it, not at the level of national economies, but at the level of the human spirit.

It is at the level of the human spirit that educational theories, and educated people, meet their sternest test. They often fail it. What are we to say of the European achievement in education? Greece and Rome, Jerusalem and Alexandria, Paris and Bologna, Oxford and Cambridge, Constantinople and Toledo, Vienna and St Petersburg. And on the other side, nationalism, slavery, anti-semitism, barbarism, and an extraordinary enthusiasm for war, all of them sustained and propagated by educated people, who had had their share of glory and been faithful to a wide range of inner visions. Auschwitz was perpetrated to the sound of Mozart. The French resistance writer Vercors can be pardoned for burning his books and his music-scores after the occupation of Paris. After all, two or three millennia of civilisation and of enlightened education seem, at times, to have left us with little more than the rape of Bosnia. Maybe we should cut our losses, and settle, after all, for market forces and free condoms, or at least for the homely and philistine tolerances which George Steiner almost praised at the end of his speech last year in Cambridge.

And yet, and yet... It is possible that true education still has something to offer at the highest levels of the human spirit. Maybe it has not really been tried often enough. There remains a missing link in everything I have so far outlined in my sketch of human growth, from the experience of glory, through the attention to the moment of truth, to the cultivation of the first paradox of obedience and freedom and then to the habitual tension between fidelity and scepticism. The educated person is one who is able to celebrate and to cherish and to communicate the complexity of perceived reality, with a passion tempered by tolerance. The fact is, however, that this ability may, and often does, remain completely dormant, because our culture dissuades us from moral imperatives and urges us to regard our intellectual and moral perceptions as private luxuries.

The crown of the educational process is one which educated people are very reluctant to grasp. It is the crown of responsibility. The child who perceives the glory of poetry or of calculus, the student who is faithful to a line of research and who goes on to discover a proper scepticism about received opinion, who
I believe that what I am suggesting is extremely difficult. It goes absolutely against the grain of several hundred years of liberal and enlightened educational tradition - or rather, practices of early, rational education which is now more than a private hobby, it may survive as a delight and an ornament, but no more than that. Have pluralism and permissiveness so sapped our spirit that we have nothing really significant to offer? Or is it just possible that our education is not about accepting unconditional responsibility for others, but that we have nothing really significant to offer? Or is it just possible that our education is not about accepting unconditional responsibility for others, but that we have nothing really significant to offer? Or is it just possible that our education is not about accepting unconditional responsibility for others, but that we have nothing really significant to offer? 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country and the Church was all so near the surface. It was amazing how often
there occurred in ordinary conversation the name of Lobengula, the chief in
Matabeleland, who welcomed the missionaries a century ago for the education
they brought, but forbade conversions and blocked the introduction of the
plough. I was driven to one appointment by a priest who had been sentenced
by the Smith regime to six months hard labour for publishing a subversive
cartoon (a slogan of Smith's 'the country is in safe hands', illustrated by the hand
of Ian Smith bloodying crushing the blacks), and heard of the agonising crisis of
conscience for white Catholics in the 1970s, when the Church stood out firmly
for racial equality at all levels. I preached to missionaries whose friends and
colleagues had been shot by terrorists on lonely mission-stations as recently as
5 years ago; one diocese alone had 15 martyrs in as many years and in ten separate
incidents. I listened to the bishop who had stood up to Mugabe until Mugabe
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But it is extraordinary how little tension and resentment seems to remain
to mark even the recent struggles after independence. Courtesy is very much the
order of the day. More open-mindedly than in the United States, colour-coding
is not felt to be abusive, but is routinely avoided. Expressions like 'expatriate'
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Europeans would regularly yield their place to local questioners. Relations
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The spirit world has far from lost its force. Some 'witch-doctors' are herbalists whose remedies are so respected that even expatriate priests are whispered to have turned to them. The chief concern of the nanga and hashukiro are the spirits of the dead ancestors, who dominate many of the relationships of their living descendants. The nanga's business is to divine whose spirit you have offended if you get ill (this is always the first question at illness, not how you have caught the disease), and the hashukiro are the intercessors to placate the spirit. I discovered all this, and related matters, at a seminar I conducted on the Old Testament Prophets. It was eagerly and articulately explained to me by a Jesuit student, seconded by a Carmelite brother. As they explained, giggles and looks exchanged indicated that the rest of the group, clerical students, catechists and sisters, felt curiously uneasy. Was it that the speakers were too articulate for their own good, or that the hearers still partly shared the beliefs?

Local vocations to the priesthood are slow. This may be partly due to the standard of education, for all religious orders and the seminary insist on five O-levels for entry. The best schools in the country are excellent, but others lag far behind. But the chief difficulty is the isolation of the priestly life: to live away from the family is bad enough — and is the lot of many townworkers in Zimbabwe, who leave their families far away in order to earn money for their children's education — but the isolation of the parish priest is hard indeed. At the retreat I led for clergy of the Bulawayo diocese, no more than one-third were children's education — but the isolation of the priestly life is hard indeed. At the retreat I led for clergy of the Bulawayo diocese, no more than one-third were children's education — but the isolation of the priestly life is hard indeed. At the retreat I led for clergy of the Bulawayo diocese, no more than one-third were children's education — but the isolation of the priestly life is hard indeed. At the retreat I led for clergy of the Bulawayo diocese, no more than one-third were children's education.

For the expatriate clergy the isolation is to some extent overcome by organisation. Each territory, mostly a diocese, is entrusted primarily to a religious order. The camaraderie among the clergy, not only the members of each order, was inspiring, as I experienced particularly among the Bulawayo clergy. They were a resilient bunch, leading a tough life. When we arrived at the mission station (40km along a dirt-track) for a five-day retreat, no one seemed the least upset to hear that the bore-hole had collapsed and there was no water. And so it remained. I must confess that I sneaked two glasses of drinking-water each evening (and sometimes in the morning) to provide myself with a sort of bird-bath. And by the end of a fortnight, wherever I was, I could have known without opening my eyes what would be on my plate for each meal. There was not much talk of clerical golf or canoe-trips down the Zambesi, but great admiration for the beauty of creation in trees, plants, animals and scenery. Whether they originated in England, Spain, Austria or India, they loved and respected the country they were bringing to Christianity.

The impression I received was of a missionary Church full of energy and fervour, serving and co-operating with a people open to human and religious values. I was told that the people of Zimbabwe are the kindest and most smiling of all the African peoples. I have no point of comparison, but I willingly believe it.
San Lorenzo began in March 1986. It is a young project, but one that has captured the attention of many people here in Santiago and also back in Britain. There are many initiatives among the poor in this country, and indeed throughout South America, but with San Lorenzo there is something special. People there talk of growth and building, but they are not just referring to the sight of construction workers to complete new classrooms before the vast and majestic backdrop of the Andes. They speak of relationships and people. They use words like “community” and “love”, the meaning of which more secular, cynical societies seem to have cheapened and, indeed, lost sight of. At San Lorenzo they are words used with a conviction and concrete sincerity confirmed by the sight of beaming children’s faces and the genuine hope and optimism of those who are involved.

The project originally sprang from the social work and catechesis that a small group of undergraduate members of Manquehue had undertaken in a parish in Conchali. They settled upon the idea of founding a school as a way of sharing and helping to solve the problems of the people. Mario Canales, now headmaster of San Lorenzo, but then an architecture student, remembers how he had been struck by the words of an old lady who accused him of being just another rich-boy coming into the shanty suburbs at weekends and never really touching the everyday lives of the poor. This kind of comment, together with the invaluable spontaneity, spurred him and other friends in Manquehue to secure money, land and the first intake of children within five months of the idea being hatched. Such determination and energy continues to characterise the way San Lorenzo is driven. For instance, when it became apparent that the project would have to move from the tiny plot of cramped wooden class-huts to a new larger site, nothing distracted Mario and others in Manquehue from their conviction that San Lorenzo had to grow in Conchali.

Their call for help to Abbot Patrick at Ampleforth initiated the link which led to the establishment of the British branch of The Friends of San Lorenzo. In the first instance, Abbot Patrick sought the help of a Dutch friend, Ton van den Boogaard. His immediate and enthusiastic response started the long process by which a large government-owned site in the centre of Conchali was acquired for San Lorenzo. He challenged Mario and others to enlarge their vision of the project. This has helped to foster their determination and sustained them through the financial uncertainties always present in such undertakings.

That first intake back in 1986 consisted of some 50 young boys and girls. Now, 6 years later, with the first-phase buildings at the new site completed, there are 400 poor children to whom San Lorenzo seeks to give a better start in life through offering a quality education that they would not find elsewhere.

The conditions these children face in their daily lives is one of real deprivation. San Lorenzo gives importance to providing two good meals a day as the diet at home is often utterly inadequate. Indeed, some children do not know whether they are going to eat at the weekend when there is no school. They come from homes chronically overcrowded, and beset by all kinds of problems in addition to low incomes and malnutrition: alcoholism and physical abuse being examples. Many mothers end up being abandoned along with their children. Conchali may not be a shanty town of the same appalling kind found in Brazil but the poor here certainly struggle. Chile itself may have a sounder economy and a more widely spread affluence than other countries in this continent, and the government programmes may have done much to improve conditions in poor areas, but there is still much to be done in the way of relief and little public money to do it with. Some foreign visitors come to San Lorenzo having heard the words “poor” and “slums” and express a somewhat perverse disappointment in the levels of poverty in Conchali, but fail to see through the neat fronted wooden homes and grey blocks of flats into the apathy and despair that frequently lie within.

Education can help to give children the hope of a better start, but there are other ways in which the project seeks to reach into the lives of the people in Conchali. From the start San Lorenzo was seen as more than a school and so clinics are held whenever the medical expertise can be found whereby not only children of San Lorenzo, but parents and others from Conchali receive much needed treatment. An extraordinary example of the way San Lorenzo can be a platform for such initiatives was the visit in March of this year by a team of nine North American eye-specialists. They financed their trip entirely themselves. In four days, working in classrooms with the latest equipment, the group tested and fitted lenses, where needed. In the meantime the social team in San Lorenzo does its very best. On its limited funds it provides basic medical assistance and operates a small professional, counselling group to help children and their families, who benefit greatly from its trained psychological and social expertise. San Lorenzo gives preference to accepting what are called “problem children” from “problem homes” and as a result this group is heavily in demand.

San Lorenzo cannot possibly and does not hope to perform the work carried out by publically funded social services in wealthier countries. The educational, medical and counselling work is excellent, but necessarily limited. San Lorenzo is ambitious and it strives to be professional, but it is a charity venture with limited resources. In any case, San Lorenzo sees its real work operating at a deeper level than meeting material need. For at heart the problems of Conchali are a question of something less tangible than academic training, income levels, housing and health. When children come from broken homes, when they come harbouring wounds of rejection and maltreatment as many do, they need more than material assistance. Parents, too, and others who become involved in San Lorenzo have their stories of hurt and emotional trauma. Money alone cannot heal all these wounds. What they need is love. And San Lorenzo seeks to be a place where people young and old can discover this.

Indeed everything that San Lorenzo does is seen as an opportunity for creating the moments of human encounter which can be turned into an opportunity for growing in love. Children in school, for example, discover a warm and generous care. This is something entirely new for many of them and when you walk through the gates of San Lorenzo you are swamped by little, busy faces smiling and shouting with enormous enthusiasm as if they are all drunk on
Providencia. It comes as a surprise also to people who come from more privileged backgrounds, from the “barrio altos” of Santiago like Las Condes and developed countries, conditioned to seeing riches in economic terms, when with charity and light. Indeed, no one at San Lorenzo is allowed to come the people of Conchali and also to those who come from more privileged Lorenzo allows them to begin to face up to.

One person brings skills another brings different gifts. Each treatment, even each moment waiting in a queue can be a moment of exchange, of small gestures filled with charity and light. Indeed, no one at San Lorenzo is allowed to come thinking that they can only either give or receive. This comes as a surprise to the people of Conchali and also to those who come from more privileged backgrounds, from the “barrio altos” of Santiago like Las Condes and Providencia. It comes as a surprise also to people who come from more developed countries, conditioned to seeing riches in economic terms, when really they may be suffering from an inner poverty that somewhere like San Lorenzo allows them to begin to face up to.

While San Lorenzo is a place that invites people to see their differences in character, class or culture less as a cause for division and more as an excuse to share, such a vision is impossible to put in practice without making room for God. For people cannot begin genuinely to share and grow together until they recognise a common dependence on Him. San Lorenzo is seeking to be a place of community, where people in Conchali and also those from other backgrounds can open to each other. But they cannot open to each other until they see their possessions, skills, looks, in short all their gifts, as coming from God, and until they see all those gifts as having one purpose which is to fulfill His command to love one another. And so, San Lorenzo seeks to fill its life with moments for God from whom there can be no hiding. First are created the moments of human encounter, the opportunities for sharing in the school, clinics and other activities and then by allowing people to bump into God continuously the hope is that in their own time people can come to see how He is there in their midst every minute of their life with a meaning and purpose of love for their existence that all the riches in the world cannot buy. Nothing is forced, but God is always around: in the casual conversations; in the communal prayer, the divine office, open to all at fixed, regular hours of the day, and now held in the headmaster’s office since even the tiny chapel has had to be used as a makeshift classroom; in the religious feastdays celebrated outdoors and the Sunday catechisis; in the retreats and open days for staff, casual helpers and parents of San Lorenzo, held to deepen their understanding of God’s will for them in the unfolding project; and through all the little prayers that precede classes and routine meetings and which serve as small windows for grace to fill even the most mundane tasks in the day. There are plans for a chapel and a pastoral centre which, if the money could be found, will give greater focus to the mission of the whole project, but even without such a place San Lorenzo has already become a rich gift to all who are long starved of spiritual food.

San Benito runs food “campaigns” for San Lorenzo: each class competes to bring the most rice, fruit or tinned food for the month which helps feed the children of their sister school. While some financial aid is offered by parents of San Benito, clothing is collected by students and distributed at San Lorenzo, especially in the winter which can get bitter. However, in addition to all this come 70 students from San Benito travel each week in groups to Conchali for 6km away, taking nothing more than their friendship and love and through it they see as their most precious possession: God’s Word and Christ Jesus who unites all living things. They prepare themes for each trip to share with the children of San Lorenzo. They organise the buses that take them across the hills separating the two schools which often seem worlds apart. The average age of these girls and boys can only be 16, yet they even arrange their own retreats in which to deepen their commitment and understanding of what God is doing with them.

And to see these boys and girls from wealthy backgrounds, from a culture of European-style houses, drawing rooms and tastes utterly different to the world of Conchali, being greeted with laughs and tugs by the children of San Lorenzo is an inspiring sight. In class or in the playground they talk about God, they play games, they begin to share worries and problems and above all they risk becoming friends. Remarkably free from crusty social prejudice and boasting a priceless simplicity, these young people are setting out on a path that has caused San Benito and San Lorenzo to be hailed as “models for national reconciliation” by the widely respected Vicar General of Santiago Monsignor Cristian Precht. “Models” because among these students, for all the distractions of their own privileged backgrounds, there is a desire to share, founded not on some begrudging conscience or vague sense of social justice, but on a free and spontaneous impulse to acknowledge life and love as a common gift of God with Christ as the only true bond among people. Here young hands are beginning to reach across the barriers of a suspicion and hostility that divide their society and as such are a small but vital example for other young men and women in their own country and beyond. They do not know where all this is taking their lives. They do not know what will happen when they and the children of San Lorenzo are older. There are obvious problems and suspicions on both sides. However, these students from San Benito know that their story is just beginning. Simply by talking to them you sense their conviction that the Holy Spirit is starting something that could not only take their lives in directions both daunting and exciting, but also the lives of many others in years to come.
Letters have again reached us urging us to convert the Diary into a Collegiate Magazine. We reiterate our opinion, given in a former editorial, that when the Diary ceases to be a Diary it can only aspire to the doubtful prestige of a second-rate periodical. We would rather, as occasion offers, add a literary supplement containing matter such as may serve to give the Diary the tone of a magazine without destroying its peculiar interest.

EXHIBITION DAY AT AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE (13 July 1892)

The day's proceedings were inaugurated at nine o'clock by solemn high mass... The mass was Gounod's Guardian Angels and was sung coram episco po (Bp Hedley)... At the conclusion of the service the whole of the school turned out for drill on the lawn in front of the monastery (that is, the Old House), and under the direction of their instructor Sergeant-Major Garnett, they were put through the most difficult and exacting evolutions of infantry military drill, in all of which they exhibited a precision and unanimity that spoke volumes for the excellence of their instruction. The guests then assembled in the Study Hall, for drill on the lawn in front of the monastery, and numerous friends from the surrounding neighbourhood... In the vocal music, the Aria from the Zaubertóte was exquisitely sung by the Very Rev Father Prior, and A. Denis Firth, who is possessed of a bass voice which many a well-known public artist might envy, brought down the house by his interpretation of the ever famous air, 'Non piu Andrai': the audience clapped and applauded to the echo.

13 October — This day was memorable for the establishment of the long talked of Liturgical Guild of which we give an account elsewhere.
shown much disinclination to share the burden of attendance about the altar, this presented themselves to do duty as torch-bearers. The office of thurifer was eagerly willing service came as an agreeable surprise to the organiser of the Guild. Since previously the boys had considered as their privilege by the Rhetoric Class. Since previously the boys had a considerable number forthwith volunteered to serve as acolytes, others pre-
the boys in the Upper School have enrolled themselves in the Guild. A proves that there was a need for such an organisation. Practically the whole of the Guild was brought to a close with the national anthem. George McLaughlin then expressed the feelings of the company by his slumber Caluwe played a charming solo on the violin which was justly appreciated. Mr Bowen, whose devotion to high-class music is proverbial at Ampleforth, contributed several ‘dark ditties’ ... Master De Caluwe played a charming solo on the violin which was justly appreciated. Mr George McLaughlin then expressed the feelings of the company by his slumber song ‘Oh dear, I am so sleepy’, and about half-past ten a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close with the national anthem.

The most interesting events of the term now rapidly drawing to a close has been the formation of a Liturgical Guild. The success of the enterprise proves that there was a need for such an organisation. Practically the whole of the boys in the Upper School have enrolled themselves in the Guild. A considerable number forthwith volunteered to serve as acolytes, others pre-
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Rule 4 – The Guild shall consist of two divisions, the senior and junior. Promotion from the junior to the senior shall be at the discretion of the Magister Cantorum.

Rule 5 – The senior members shall join in those portions of the Liturgy which are sung; the juniors only in the psalms, litanies and credo.

Rule 6 – The available stalls in the choir shall be allotted to the senior members in order of studies; the remaining members shall sit in the body of the nave as the Magister Cantorum may determine.

Rule 8 – Necessary books shall be procured from the candle and rosary funds.

Rule 10 – Only members of the Guild will be allowed to serve on the high altar.

The gas works are now a ‘fait accompli’ ... One question to the Procurator: we are grateful – most grateful – for the time and labour he has bestowed upon this important question of light. But what does it mean when on certain nights the supply of gas is even worse than under the old regime? We ask in vain! We are told that the ‘governor’ is on. Who or what is this ‘governor’? And why is he or it allowed to inconvenience the whole house? We have received numerous complaints from the inhabitants of Saint Bede’s gallery. (Senior boys’ rooms, at the back of the Old House).

The competitive plans for the new Monastery are to be handed in by 31 December.

In the Lancaster Debating Club, W Smith of Barrow, son of W Smith, MP for North Lonsdale, was listened to with attention and was at times eloquent in advocating the cause he had undertaken to champion (self government for

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A ‘Punch’ was then held in the large refectory, to which the members of the choir and band sat down. The occasion was graced by Fr Prior and several of the religious ... The evening being fairly started many other songs quickly followed. Fr Prior gave ‘The Earl King’ with great taste and feeling. Mr Bowen, whose devotion to high-class music is proverbial at Ampleforth, contributed several ‘dark ditties’ ... Master De

Rule 3 – Boys to the end of Lower Syntax may become members.

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Just a hundred years ago (15 October 1892) Fr Placid O’Brien at St Austins, Grassendale, wrote to Prior Burge at Ampleforth to state again his view that the existing Church should not be pulled down: ‘It is rumoured that Mr Pugin is unwilling to compete and that to carry out the plans that he has seen would cost £100,000. I desire to say that I am still as opposed as ever to the pulling down of the present Church, and am still of the opinion that the letter E plan is the best that has been suggested.’ His views would carry weight: his name heads the list of subscribers to the New Monastery Appeal with £1,000. Such a layout is implicit in Hansom’s sketches of 1850, but it was coined in May 1891, when Fr Placid—who led off the appeal at Exhibition 1889—wrote in response to Prior Burge’s circular: ‘As regards the site of the new Monastery, I am most strongly of the opinion that we should build in the field to the west of the Church ... The general idea in my mind is that our establishment, when complete, should take the form of the letter E, thus:

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People have been talking for years about re-ordering the present Abbey Church. We do not have to involve ourselves in liturgical discussion to perceive that the situation of the interior of the Abbey Church impinges on the Community every day, and it may be of interest to see something of the underlying causes of the present lay-out. In 1988 the Old House was replaced with a new Central Building, but few reflect that this does not represent a new plan, but the final evolution of a very long established set of conditions, for the Church is as it is now at least in part because of the way its predecessor was set out, and the overall pattern of the buildings along the front walk has roots which go back to the 1850s: indeed some might say that the shape of the hill renders it inevitable, but at least two attempts have been made to make it otherwise, and both of these reveal more ‘monastic’ thinking than our forbears are commonly given credit for.

In outline, what happened was this. After Bishop Baines removed half the community, half the boys and half the cows to Prior Park in 1830, the place nearly collapsed, but by the efforts of Prior Adrian Towers and the Procurator, Fr Jerome Hampson, the school and monastery were kept going and a slow recovery began, so that the next generation could build the Church and New College (the Study Block) between 1852 and 1862, under the architect Charles Hansom (1817-88). He was the younger brother and at the time partner of Joseph Hansom (1803-82), who saw to the interior decoration: the latter sent his son Joseph Stanislaus (1845-1931) to Ampleforth, who was a participant in the competition for the new Ampleforth of 1892. Joseph is interesting for other reasons, too: he designed St Aloysius, Oxford; the Holy Name, Manchester; Arundel Cathedral; Our Lady’s, Teignmouth; the Servite church at Fulham; and part of Fort Augustus. He was secretary of the Ampleforth Society from 1875 to 1882, and founded the Catholic Record Society in 1904.

In 1850 the need for more monastic accommodation was felt, and the chapel in the west wing of the Old House, traces of which could be seen in the masters’ work-room, the old cloister, and the Chapel dormitory in the old St Oswald’s, was not big enough for the growing school.

It is not easy to arrive at exact numbers to show the size of the school till quite late in the century, because few lists have survived, and in most cases there is record only of a boy’s arrival, not of his leaving, though this can with some trouble be estimated from his bills. It is possible to show with some hope of accuracy, or at least of trend, the numbers joining each year, and this shows a pattern not wholly in accord with tradition. The numbers grew slowly till 1814, when the Feindre-Baines combination (it is more complex than that) gave the school a considerable noise in the public eye, then they declined a bit till 1830, when they rose quite sharply, probably stimulated by the effort to surmount the Baines crisis—if it was a crisis—and remained fairly steady but growing gradually through most of the century.

So in the fifties they decided to build. We have a collection of sketch-plans, one dated 1850, and unsigned but by an architect (‘I do not know where to put the organ: no architect ever does’), and because of the similarity of some of the plans and sections to what he actually built, probably by Charles Hansom. These show the Old House with its two wings, and the school buildings in the back yard (not yet wholly replaced, though much altered for boilers and laundries), and the gravel and flagged walks in front, and a series of possible extensions and additions, church and chapter house to the west and college to the east. On both sides there was an outer limit set by the end of the land then our property, down each side of which ran an access road to the fields. There is a photograph of about 1930 which shows from the air quite clearly how the hedge-lines of the field pattern lay—the boundary trees, or their successors, are clearly seen, and indeed the same pattern can still be followed. So they could not spread east and west without running out of ground, or obscuring the house with its chapel and library wings: the community valued its view even then.

Thus most of these church and college lay-outs in the sketches are north-south, sometimes symmetrical, sometimes not: one plan even doubles the facade of the Old House (with rather impressive effect), and most of the school plans are smaller than the present Study block, which does run north-south. All the church plans append themselves to the west end of the Old House, where in fact Hansom built a sacristy whose wall, and window, still stands (inside out) on the left as you go in by the boys’ entrance to the present church: and they all stop short of the twenty-foot roadway which ran, until 1894, from outside the archway (the second hairpin bend) straight down the hill past the west side of
the ball place to become the ordinary road across the valley — in fact if you look carefully, you can see where it ran across the grass, where the old manhole is. One plan even has the two buildings as completely symmetrical: unfortunately they are in rather faint pencil and do not readily lend themselves to reproduction.

The significance of this is that the architect is struggling to find interior space without expanding the exterior: which is exactly the problem which Scott faced, both with his first design (1919) — curiously similar to Smith's and the building committee adaptations of 1948-56 to the Abbey Church, in which we now worship. Hence the domes, which are the only way to cover the needed width: hence among other things the dicey acoustic, which affects us every Sunday, if not every day: and hence the interest of this inquiry.

And the architects entering the 1892 competition faced the same issues, though by this time we did own 'the field west of the Monastery' (ie where the monastery now stands): this shows up clearly enough in the plan given in the specification, if indeed it does not also reflect memories of the 1850 debate. Monastic memories run long: after the end of the common novitiate at Belmont Fr Placid Whittle was present at the clothing of twelve novices (seven survived), having himself been clothed in the same church in 1858, before Belmont was founded. And the present writer used to serve Mass occasionally as a novice for Fr Willfrid Willson, who, when he was a lad, they said, used occasionally to serve Cardinal Newman's Mass: who was born in 1801, while Fr Bolton was undisturbed in Ampleforth Lodge.

The 1892 competition was however for a much larger plan, nothing less than a Possibility Plan for the entire Monastery, Church and College. It was not new then, for the first site survey was done in 1880: we have the surveyor's bill. In November 1880 A.E. Dempster of 19 Temple Row, Birmingham recorded sketches, notes and levels for a proposed new Monastery, and plotted plans for the existing buildings: it took him four days and cost £25 18s 8d. Curiously, the invoice was not sent till 1884. This plan was all-embracing, for it included provision for 40 monks, church, chapter-house, refectory, hospitium (entrance and guest area) which must be so arranged that there was only one way in for all who arrived, and they could easily be separated into monastic, school and accommodation for 200 pupils. (That year there were 70 boys in the school: even Fr Paul did not expand that fast). And the particulars were not sent out until a thorough discussion had been held with the Mission Fathers on the principles and how to use the site: and lo! a Committee was formed, by election (indeed the method employed has subsequently been adopted in our Constitutions for the election of Councillors). In his Outline Proposals (22 December 1892), the selected architect Bernard Smith wrote:

I have worked on the idea of keeping up the old church for the present as I believe the funds at present disposal entirely preclude the idea of building church on a grand scale and the other Monastic and Collegiate buildings all at once. The present Church ... will be amply sufficient for another generation or two, whilst the demand for more Collegiate accommodation and new Monastery buildings is crying and immediate ...
Smith estimated the cost at £135,459: of this the monastery needed £22,500.

There was a good deal of correspondence, and the mission fathers were very much involved. One has to remember that it was only in 1890 that Religious Order placed the missions under the various monasteries, so that they became the direct responsibility of the Prior: previously, missions were a congregational matter, or at least that of the North or South Provincials. Now, being attached to particular houses, the parishes became part of the family, and the mission fathers became much more conscious of loyalty to their own community — or, this change reflected that very development: and this is apparent in their letters about the building of the monastery.

There were also exchanges with the architects invited to compete: there is no list of them, nor have any of their drawings survived, except a few by the winner, Bernard Smith, but they seem to have included Charles Walker (Newcastle), who had contributed an early scheme some months before, Joseph Hansom (Bristol), Charles Keogh (Newcastle), Thomas Willson (London), Edward Pugin the younger (London), and perhaps Dunn (1870). Smith (came 1860), Walker (1870), Keogh (1864), Hansom (1862) were old boys: Willson had four nephews in the school, all of whom joined the community. The names occur in various letters, of which the fruitiest are those of Joseph Hansom the younger, who combined complaint and tactlessness in balanced proportions. ('Mr Willson and Mr Keogh were very annoyed at the publication with alteration of their letters'; 'Who are the Council?', and 'There are hole A, and hole B, and hole C (he was referring to investigative excavation on what is now the monastery lawn): it makes me feel in a D hole'. The competition was limited to 'past pupils and those who have done work for the College previously'. They seem to have found the brief vague — 'Hot baths for 150: it would have been so easy to say, 10 or 20' and, while anxious to clarify it, had a professional concern for equality among their rivals, insisting that the answers should be given to all, and concerned that one of their number was being specially favoured.

Prior Burge was anxious to secure general agreement, and circulated a letter to all the fathers on the mission asking for their views on how the problem of rebuilding Ampleforth should be tackled. The central issue seems to have been, whether to pull down the Old House and build a larger monastery or church on its site, or to start on a fresh site in the field to the west of the monastery — bearing in mind that they were speaking of the monastery and the Old House as interchangeable terms for the same thing: there were no buildings west of the Hansom church in 1890, other than the farm buildings behind what is now the Grange and the old part of the Grange itself: here Mr Perry lived, who mastered the whole construction of the actual monastery, at least until the very end of the process. He was really the farm manager, famed for his prizewinning roots.

The comments of the fathers make interesting reading, but what is perhaps more significant is the degree to which they felt involved in what happened to their monastery, and the extent to which community consciousness existed at Ampleforth — more, perhaps, than is commonly supposed. The Roman reform of 1890 had more far-reaching effect than has been the common view.

Who was the winner? Bernard Smith was one of a family of solicitors from Bungay in Suffolk, long staunch Catholics. He came to the school in 1860 and was a contemporary of Prior Anselm Burge: Burge was born in 1846, Smith in 1849. Thus when they both arrived in 1860, Smith was not quite eleven, Burge very nearly fourteen. Since both came from the south, it is possible that they felt equally out of place, but there is no evidence that they were particularly friendly at school.

He was apprenticed to the architect Frederick Marrable (d.1872), and then assistant to Thomas Verity (d.1891), architect of the Criterion restaurant. From these two he probably acquired a sense of history and a taste for decoration and drawing: the early Journals show not a few of his careful architectural drawings. He then travelled abroad in Germany and France: the west end of the monastery as it stands has a distinctly French look, and the development of the Hansom church which he proposed (and sketched) showed quite a strong affinity to the now destroyed church at Caen. None of his paper work survives (possibly in the Blitz), but there are two books, Sketches Abroad in Germany & Switzerland (1880) and Sketches Abroad in Spain (1883), and the drawings in The Builder for 18 April 1893. (This periodical was founded by Joseph Hansom the elder in 1842). He also had a volume of photographs of both buildings and details, and one in particular, of the north side Chateau d'Azay le Rideau on the Loire is strikingly similar to the west end of the monastery.

The Journal of July 1909 has an obituary, though it gives no date of death. He rather shunned the public eye. 'He was so retiring that we saw little of him except while the building was going on. He did not come to the opening ceremony: he seemed almost afraid of praise ... He was not one of those robust natures which push themselves to the front. Yet it is interesting that almost nothing is remembered now of those who made a noise then, but Smith's work lasts: his monastery is our best building, and still serves its purpose well. And although rather Victorian, his grander plan for the rebuilding of Ampleforth would have given later generations a notable experience in living in such a College, and would probably have proved efficient to run. For example, the specification called for one entrance, but separate internal routes for monastery, school and visitors, and for adequate road access to the kitchen yard: Smith's plan provided both. The specification called for a single passage uniting monastery and school: Smith provided just that, with a central hall. The church, which in his pre-competition scheme was to extend much further west than it does now, with the monastery forming a large cloister quadrangle to the south of it, had a very high spire, over twice the height of the present tower: in the modified form which appeared in the Royal Society of Arts in 1894 it has become completely symmetrical — more exactly so than Scott's church. It was intended to build the monastery first, because the space was needed, followed by the College rebuild for the same reasons, and only then to extend the Church, building the spire last: if the money ran out that could be postponed. (A similar fate left the monastery
The spire unbuilt, though the three-foot walls to support it rise now to the top of the building.

The reason why the first scheme (with a traditional cloister) was not built is not stated anywhere in the records that have survived, but can be inferred from some of the anxious questions about the kind of ground underneath the proposed site (what was then the field west of the monastery), and the difference in height across the quad, about 25 feet: one drawing shows open arches below.

And the reason why the overall plan to rebuild the College was not pursued was probably financial, for early architects' estimates were in the range of £100,000, and this is for 1892. It is also true that the community's political climate changed considerably when Prior Burge was compelled by his health to resign at the end of 1897. It is not too much to say that there was a conservative backlash against his southern and progressive ways: school staff were changed, policy was reversed (and there was a good deal of unrest among the boys), and the Council even seems to have reconsidered the value of St Benet's at Oxford. It is true that a forward policy for the school was resumed about 1903, and led to the CCF, Rugger, Monitors and building programmes which have given us the Theatre (in the year of Smith's death), the Gym, the Junior House, and (perhaps delayed by the war) the sequence of Scott buildings beginning with the Church, but money must have been short despite the success of the Appeal of 1892 (led by the mission father Placid O'Brien with £1,000), and a single donor (Mr Noblett) offering to pay for the West Wing, which was to house the Library, nine feet higher than the present Reading Room: this wing was actually started – the present writer has been in its boiler house celler – and the incomplete walls lurked in shrubbery, remembered by Fr Laurence and Fr Columba, until Scott used them for the present New Wing in 1928. There is a further link between Scott and Smith, for Scott's office in London was at 7 Grays Inn Square: Bernard Smith wrote all his letters from 8 Grays Inn Square.

So Smith's noble and well thought out scheme achieved only the present monastery. But it was a vivid instance of the E plan urged by the same Fr Placid O'Brien, and partly implied in the thinking revealed in Hansom's sketches for the College buildings of 1852, which issued in his Church (1856) and new College (1861) which still houses the Study and the Library.

Traditional monasteries – eg Byland or Westminster – had one or more linked quadrangles on a fairly level site. Hansom, Smith and Scott (followed, one might add, by Amp and Williams) could only achieve open quadrangles on the sloping site to which we were committed by Fr Bolton's gift from Lady Fairfax, 34 acres on a hillside with a quite remarkable view. In fact one could argue that the view is the most significant single human factor which has influenced the family of St Lawrence's (they spell it so) for the last 190 years: for we all soak it in from the day of our first coming, and its long and dignified vistas cannot be without effect on our thinking. What would we be like if Fr Bolton had settled on Temple Hill, or built his house on Feversham land on the valley site of Rievaulx?
ST. LAWRENCE'S, AMPLEFORTH, YORK.

SELECTED DESIGN FOR NEW MONASTERY, CHURCH,
AND OTHER BUILDINGS.


Smith Church with Spire

Smith plan layout
It is not easy to find anyone at Ampleforth who has even heard of Dr John Polidori, one of our earliest and most remarkable Old Boys. That is odd: he was not, it is true, a Peer or a Brigadier, but he was Byron's private physician, a companion of his and Shelley's in Switzerland, and the originator of the "Gothic" literary cult of vampirism which has produced so many Dracula-style novels and films and still, after nearly two centuries, shows no sign of waning. Public interest in Polidori has suddenly grown of late; there have been two recent biographies of his, three re-issues of his story "The Vampyre"; including D.L. Macdonald: "Poor Polidori" — University of Toronto Press and F.Bishop: "A life of Dr John Polidori" — The Gothic Society, several studies of literary vampirism, and a scabrous film from Ken Russell in which Polidori appears, post-positively, as a fat, bald, sexual pervert.

Polidori was half English and half Italian. His father, Gaetano, was a distinguished Tuscan man of letters who had translated Milton into Italian. He settled in London, married an Anglican wife, and raised a family of four boys and four girls. The convention of the time in mixed marriages was that sons should follow their father's religion and daughters their mother's. Accordingly, John, the eldest boy, born in 1795, came to Ampleforth Lodge, as it then called itself, in 1804, a year after it had opened as a school. (For the purposes of the 1803 prospectus of the forthcoming bicentenary it should be noted that the first boys arrived in April of that year, so £40 a year, and adds: "The young gentlemen are expected to bring with them a silver fork and table-spoon". No need, it seems, was felt to claim, as it appears, that at the time of the sesquicentenary in 1952 a train from King's Cross and a taxi fare from York would cost perhaps only a third as much.

Our only information about Polidori himself as a schoolboy comes from a collection of letters, now in the University of British Columbia, between father and son. Young Polidori in his first term opens the correspondence dramatically enough: "papa I will relate to you and accidient wch befell us on monday night we where just going to study and we heard a knock at the door. One of the boy's whent to open it and a poor old woman asked for some money. Lorang gave her a penny an i a shilling and then she asked for some bear we gave some to here and she whent and seet down on the stairs they said she was going to kill a lille child which she had in her hand and how is all I am your humble servant — John Polidori". The present-day Amplefordian may be surprised to find that beer was readily available in school to his predecessors while he himself is obliged to import it from outside. But in fact that was a normal state of affairs in boarding schools of the period. At Winchester, indeed, beer-drinking was compulsory, while tea, which William of Wykeham had failed to mention in his statutes, was banned. The reason was the doubtful safety of drinking-water, and beer continued to be offered to schoolboys until the middle of the century when better water became available.

Gaetano's reply to his son's artless but interesting letter was decidedly bleak. After calling it "foolish" he goes on: "I don't condemn you for having given a shilling (about a month's pocket-money) to the beggar woman. I will suppose you have given it for real compassion and not for ostentation, but you ought not to have made it a subject of a letter. Recollect what Jesus said: When thou dost alms etc. Matthew VI.3." He then sets out his idea of what a letter home ought to be, in the form of a series of leading questions resembling an exam paper, and as little likely to elicit candid answers from a boy of nine. "Do you behave with respect to your Masters? Are you obedient to them? Do you learn the principles of Religion which you are to follow?" and so on. Then come various stylistic rebukes. "You make many faults in your English. Never write a word without knowing first how it is spelt. You have a dictionary: make use of it. When you write to me you must not say 'Your humble servant'. 'Your affectionate son' or 'Your son alone will do'. The boy's handwriting however, a laboured but legible copperplate, escapes censure. And finally a message from mother: "Comb your hair and wash your hands and face every day. Change your linen at proper times and mind to get it from the wash." Amid all this Polonian advice the unfortunate beggar woman and her child are quite forgotten.

Polidori had been told by his father to write home once a fortnight, and there is no reason to suppose that he neglected to do so; but his next letter to survive was dated sixteen months later, in April 1806. At 10½ he was no longer writing in the babyish style of his first term. "If you please, send me a bat, a trap and a ball instead of 'les Voyages autour du Monde', 'Selectae Historiae' and all the Latin poets (presumably the 'Corpus Poetorum Latinorvm')... Send me the seeds immediately because it is now the time to sow seeds", Gardening, it appears, had not yet acquired the odium of punishment at Ampleforth. By June he has become almost precociously mature. The first half of his letter...
is in respectable French; he is learning the flute; the boys are planning to build a chapel; he asks for “le paquet de mes poètes et musique”, a copy of Dante and a history of England. Then he continues in English with a subject that he was to return to in more tragic circumstances some years after leaving Ampleforth, “I wish you would let me go into the noviciate to try whether I should be a religious or not, for I have thought for a great while, that it was my calling. (He was just over 11 years old). You must not think I was persuaded by anyone, for really I was not. It is what I think God calls me to”. We do not have Gaetano’s reply, but it appears later that the idea was not to his liking. The Prior, incidentally, who would nowadays be known as Fr Richard, is referred to in the accepted style of the time as Mr Marsh. (He and his brethren would also have worn lay clothes: Archbishop Ullathorne, who became a monk at Downside in 1825 and later taught at Ampleforth, had never seen a Benedictine habit until he went to Rome).

In the following summer we find the boy planning a visit from his father with a proposal which a modern parent would receive with consternation. Gaetano is to take the early coach from York to Easingwold, then walk to Crayke “over the fields, about a mile and a half” (more like two and a half in fact) where he will breakfast with Mr Coupe, a former Prior living there, and thence to Ampleforth “about seven miles by the foot-road”. Nor must he expect to travel light: apart from his own luggage he has a long shopping-list from his son to bring up from London. It includes half a dozen books (Racine, ancient history and so on), battledores & shuttlecocks, pocket knives and stationery, and a long catalogue of seeds and bulbs for gardening. Then there is a bulk order at the request of the other boys to be got from some kind of piety-shop near Grosvenor Square — “12 crucifixes 2 inches long, 6 crucifixes 1½ inches long with the blessed Virgin on one side and our Saviour on the other”. This last article sounds somewhat startling, both aesthetically and doctrinally; but the call of objects of piety added to the plan for building a chapel and Polidori’s own hope of becoming a monk, give an endearing picture of the old-fashioned devotion of English Catholics, properly tempered by cricket and badminton, before the Emancipation Act of 1829.

The rest of the letter is mostly affectionate family chatter, but in the midst of it all one is reminded of the convulsions that were shaking Europe when the boy asks “Have you read anything in the newspapers about peace between the French and Russians?” As for the visit, there is no knowing how it went; but at least Polidori prepares his father for disappointment. “It is true”, he writes with the naive sententiousness of a 12 year old, “that we shall have great pain at separating; but remember that all pleasure is followed by pain”. The last two letters by Polidori in the Vancouver collection are dated over Christmas and New Year 1808-9, when he was a little over 13. Both are about his future career after school. (It is an interesting light on the English posts in the years between Trafalgar and Waterloo that a letter could be sent from Ampleforth to London on 28 December and get a reply by 4 January). The first letter has an elaborately formal style and a markedly priggish tone which at once made Gaetano suspect that his son was not really the author; the second admits as much: “You were wrong when you say that that letter did not come from my heart for it really did although I did not write it. I wrote one of my own of the same meaning, but the prefect objecting to the language I got somebody older than myself to correct it for me”. Could this “somebody” have been Baines, or was he too sensible to be a party to such ineptitude? At all events one learns that a military uncle had wanted the boy to join the Indian army. Polidori strongly objects, though some of the reasons which he, or at least his “ghost-writer”, gives are made to sound implausibly moralistic. To his relief, his father objects too; but the alternative plan that he should become a doctor, does not appeal much to the boy, who thinks that he still has a religious vocation, though he is willing to admit that he is too young to decide. In the end he did what his father wanted and in 1810 left Ampleforth to read medicine at Edinburgh.

The picture that one gets from this correspondence of the earliest years at Ampleforth is unfamiliar but attractive. Remote enough now, it was vastly more remote then; and one of the letters suggests that Gaetano had chosen it for that reason, since his son had been exposed in London to unspecified “bad example and bad company”. In this far off rustic setting the pupils spent most of the year: there were only two terms, called “halves”, of great length, one of which included Christmas. But there was nothing rusticated in the education that Ampleforth Lodge had to offer, which was by no means confined to the Classics as it was in most of the great Public Schools of the day. Polidori was no doubt an uncommonly intelligent boy and his father records how even as a small child he would get out of bed early and sit impatiently by a window with a translation of Dante until it was light enough to read. All the same the breadth of his reading at school seems quite mythical today, and his literary, philosophical, political, medical and other interests during the few remaining years of his life were no less broad. His father, going through the piles of manuscript left by his dead son, observed sadly that “it seemed impossible that a young man who lived only 25 years could have thought and written so much”. All this is a striking testimony to a school of a dozen pupils in an isolated Yorkshire valley at a time when Catholic levels of education were very low. One also gets a pleasant picture of the varied out-of-school activities of the boys. Organized games were unknown in English boarding schools until much later in the century and in any case would hardly be possible with such small numbers. The bat and ball that Polidori sent home for must have been used for “Knock-ups” or French cricket (if such a phrase was allowable during the wars with Napoleon). Added to the solid curriculum and the healthy recreation was an unobtrusive piety typical of the “Old Catholic” times.

Was Polidori happy during his six years at Ampleforth? One of his later published essays has the siphonism “The schoolmaster and the tyrant are but types of each other”. But this may well be no more than a commonplace: and his letters home suggest an active, high-spirited boy, serious in his religion, a voracious reader who was none the less happy to shut his books for music, cricket, badminton, gardening and — if the trap he asked his father for is admissible
Doubtless he was struck by the young man's appearance. He is described as "a tall handsome man with a marked Italian cast of countenance", and that is borne out by Polidori's own account of doctor still not 21 years old and newly down from the Edinburgh medical school. Byron and Shelley began, but soon got bored, gave up, and went boating on the lake instead; Mary Shelley wrote "Frankenstein"; Polidori outdid them all with a long novel of incest and the supernatural entitled "Ernestus Berchtold", now completely forgotten, and a short story, "The Vampyre".

The villain of this tale, Lord Ruthven, is an obvious caricature of Byron, and the hero, his travelling companion Aubrey, is equally clearly Polidori himself. Lady Caroline Lamb, Byron's notorious former mistress, had just published her scandalous roman à clef "Glenarvon", in which Byron is lampooned by the name of Ruthven. Polidori's Ruthven is furthermore a man of fashion, a womanizer, and a traveller. In this guise, it seems, the doctor sought privately to satisfy a resentment against his employer (he had no intention of publishing the work) for the growing friction between them, and perhaps also a jealousy of his literary fame. At the same time, though unaware, he was transforming the vampire from the squalid monster of popular folklore into the well-born, well-dressed seducer that has been its literary persona ever since. "The Vampyre", absurdly melodramatic to the modern taste, is written in the overblown style typical of much "Gothic" fiction. The plot is slight enough. The evil Ruthven seduces and then murders Aubrey's lover by sucking her blood; he is killed but returns from the dead to dispatch the hero's sister by the same means. Aubrey, in true "Gothic" fashion, dies a madman. Much more remarkable is the influence of this otherwise undistinguished story, which the author himself called "a mere trifle". Polidori had abandoned the manuscript in Geneva, and was astonished three years later to find it printed in England (it is not clear how) without his permission and in Byron's name — plainly a trick of the piratical publisher to increase its sales. As a result it gained huge popularity both in England and abroad; Goethe even declared it inept to be Byron's finest work. Many editions, translations and imitations followed; plays and operas about vampirism abounded; one of them was conducted by Wagner, while another was set in Scotland because the producer had a stock of kilts and wanted to make use of them. Finally in 1897 Bram Stoker's "Dracula" gave the myth its classic form. Since then, of course, novelists and film-makers have looked back to "Dracula" for their vampire stories; but to Polidori must belong the credit for opening this inexhaustible vein of "Gothic" fantasy.

It was here, at the Villa Diodati, where Milton had once lived, that "The Vampyre" was written. Also staying by the lake were Shelley and his second wife Mary, and the four kept constant company. Polidori was a difficult member of the circle and his morbid excitability caused frequent trouble. Once when Shelley had beaten him in a yachting race he challenged the poet to a duel — a more unlikely adversary can scarcely be imagined — and only withdrew when Byron, who could shoot out a candle at twenty yards, threatened to take Shelley's place. On another occasion, fancying himself slighted by Byron and Shelley who were planning an excursion without him, he lost his temper and shut himself in his room. Byron hurried after him offering to shake hands, but found his doctor at the medicine chest, apparently about to take poison. Polidori burst into tears, leaving Byron to compose as best he could.

In this highly-strung company were born the two "Gothic" tales which have dominated horror fiction ever since — Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein" and Polidori's "The Vampyre". She had just turned 18, he was not yet 21; both of them recorded the circumstances. During a rainy June the two great poets and the two aspiring authors had been reading to each other from a book of ghost stories, and it was agreed that all four would write similar stories of their own. Byron and Shelley began, but soon got bored, gave up, and went boating on the lake instead; Mary Shelley wrote "Frankenstein"; Polidori outdid them all with a long novel of incest and the supernatural entitled "Ernestus Berchtold", now completely forgotten, and a short story, "The Vampyre".

When "old St Oswald's" was knocked down in 1988 to make way for the new central building, the last visible remains of Polidori's Ampelforth were gone. What his Gothic sensibilities would have made of the change it is hard to guess; he was not much interested in architecture, and in any case lacked today's aesthetic vocabulary of "Legoland", "Tesco" and "Terminal Four" to pass an informed judgement.

John Polidori was in his own words "ambitious for literary distinction". In the few and restless years of his adult life he published essays, poems, a play and a long novel, and, as his father found, left much more unpublished at his death. All these are now forgotten with one exception — "The Vampyre", which now has a secure place in literary history as the progenitor of the whole genre of novels and films about vampirism. The Publisher dishonestly sold it as Byron's work, to his and the real author's dismay. All the same, it would not have been written but for Byron, who engaged Polidori as his private physician for his journey (or rather his escape) to Switzerland in 1816. Byron was perhaps rash to choose a doctor still not 21 years old and newly down from the Edinburgh medical school. Doubtless he was struck by the young man's appearance. He is described as "a tall handsome man with a marked Italian cast of countenance", and that is borne out by a picture of him in the National Portrait Gallery which must over the years have caused many a young lady's heart to flutter. Byron often mentioned Polidori in his letters and journals and was apt to refer to him half affectionately and half contemptuously as "Polly-Dolly". He described him as "very young and hot headed, and more likely to incur diseases than to cure them"; but he also spoke highly of his honesty and sincerity, qualities of which he was an exacting judge. Polidori for his part kept a diary of their travels which he had high hopes of publishing: but it did not see the light until nearly a century later. In the meantime it had apparently been purged by his prudish sister Charlotte of passages which she deemed improper: one of them apparently read: "Lord B fell like a thunderbolt upon the chambermaid". From this diary one can follow the raffish progress of the pair towards Switzerland, and their summer on the shore of Lake Geneva.

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friend later, “I was sorry when we parted for I soon get attached to people”, Polidori’s account, characteristically honest, runs: “Lord B determined upon our parting, not upon any quarrel, but on account of our not suiting. The fault if any has been on my part”. He was also becoming more interested in authorship than in medicine, a career he had chosen chiefly to please his father. In any case he does not seem to have been a great success at his doctoring, and Byron in his letters home never tired of joking about it, on the lines of “Poor P is devilish ill; I do not know with what — nor does he”. His career as a writer, however, was turning out to be even less of a success; and then, in the autumn of 1817, he had a serious crash in a carriage which left him unconscious for several days with severe concussion. This accident seems to have caused lasting brain damage, resulting in a marked change in his character and even in his way of speaking. “As I was in danger of death”, he wrote later in one of his published essays, “naturally revolved many speculative subjects in my mind”. One such subject may well have been the monastic vocation which he had first mentioned in a letter to his father as a schoolboy of 11. At all events, we find him, now a man of 25, deep in disappointment and restlessness, writing to the Prior of Ampleforth to ask if he might join the noviciate.

Whether he had kept in touch with Ampleforth in the meantime we do not know; but two of his young brothers were still in the school, and he must surely have had news from them. It is certain that news of him had reached Ampleforth, where it was known that he had been remiss in his religion and had written books which were felt to be unseemly. “Ernestus Berchtold” in particular, sub-titled “The Modern Oedipus”, was not the kind of novel to be expected from an Old Amplefordian — at least not two centuries ago.

Fr Thomas Burgess, or “Mr Burgess” as he was then called, had recently become Prior, but only on a fifth ballot, and only after two of his brethren had been elected but had declined the office. He was later to make disastrous financial mistakes with community property, which he tried to cover up by “creative accountancy”, and finally became an unscrupulous fellow-conspirator with Baines in what was known as the “break-up” of 1830, having secretly plotted with him for several years to remove “the cream both of masters and boys”, as he put it, to Bath.

Prior Burgess’ reply to Polidori’s request makes on the whole distasteful reading. It is dated 13 September 1820, and Ampleforth Lodge has now become Ampleforth College. He begins decently enough with: “It gives me inexpressible pleasure and satisfaction to see you returning to the old way, fully convinced I dare say of the truth of what you have thought the better of. I have no idea of your being able to reconcile yourself now to our way of living, in which there are many things hard for flesh and blood to endure”. This was addressed to a man who, in the four years since losing his post with Byron, had lived in constant hardship, ill-health, anxiety and poverty; and it came from a Prior who had stubbornly opposed moves by his monks to abolish private property in accordance with the Rule, threatened to resign if they insisted on silence in the refectory, ordered special food to be served on the top table (an arrangement denounced by his successor as “odious”) and even demanded a “golden handshake” when he finally deserted Ampleforth with Baines.

A few weeks after this reply Polidori turned in desperation to yet another career, and started to read for the bar; ten months later he was dead. His family had no doubt that he took his own life, and despite the obscure verdict of the coroner’s inquest it seems fairly clear that it was so. He was staying at the time in the family house in Soho, then a respectable part of London. Being in between careers he was short of money, turned rashly to gambling, and fell heavily into debt. Ever since his carriage accident he had been complaining of poor health and behaving oddly; his godfather testified at the inquest that the night before his death he “appeared deranged in his mind”. A maid-servant calling him the next morning found him unconscious; a doctor was sent for, but it was too late. His father arrived home from holiday a few hours after.

The evidence before the coroner pointed to some kind of poison, but the jury returned the quaint verdict of “death by the visitation of God”. All twelve of its members were near neighbours and one had been at Ampleforth with Polidori; the family believed that the verdict was given out of consideration for their feelings and to save the dead man from being buried at a cross-roads, as the practice still was with suicides. A modern jury would probably have found that “the balance of his mind was disturbed”.

Indeed the balance of his mind had often been disturbed: one recalls the various episodes of dangerous volatility which Byron and his circle related of him, and in particular his suicidal impulse after an imagined slight at the Villa Diodati. “When he was my physician”, said Byron, “he was always talking of prussic acid, blowing into veins, suffocating by charcoal, and compounding poisons”. In fact Byron was saddened but not surprised at the news of his death. “I was convinced something very unpleasant hung over me last night” he told a friend. “I expected to hear that somebody I knew was dead. So it turns out — poor Polidori is gone”.

One might argue that if Polidori had been admitted as a novice at Ampleforth he would not have died as he did. But such reasoning would be more than a little sophistical. There is nothing to suggest that his rejection played any direct part in his tragic death. All the same it must be a matter of regret that he did not have his wish in joining the community. He might, it is true, have been an uneasy monk in choir and cloister; but he would surely have been good value in the calefactory, where we may suppose that “Mr” Baines would be more amused than “Mr” Burgess by his stories of Byron and Shelley.
I have rarely met a Catholic girl who didn’t want to become a nun at one time or another. I have also rarely come across a young man who hasn’t at some time had the horrible feeling that one day God might ask him to become a priest or a monk. I know that Fr Benjamin tells me that Vocations Sunday was the one Sunday he dreaded, because he felt he was being ‘got at’ and he was uncomfortable.

Well, let’s look at why the priesthood makes people uncomfortable. It isn’t the clothes—they are quite comfortable. It’s not saying Mass—it is Mass. If you give a book and just follow the words, and even all the actions you are supposed to do are there, written in red so you don’t read them out. The difficult thing is to serve Mass. There is no book and you have to remember lots of things. No, what’s scary about it is that you feel, and are told by people who know, that you are chosen by God for this. And being at the wrong end of Jesus’ pointing finger, as he says ‘You, yes I mean you’ is very, very uncomfortable.

Remember Peter—the first time Peter met Jesus, he simply happened to be the owner of a convenient boat. Crowd control in those days was primitive; Jesus was being pushed into the water. So he got onto the boat and asked Peter. Peter gets edgy. He says, ‘You’re a fisherman, how about helping in a general religious activity, like you are’—it’s not frightening to take the boat a little way out. Peter was quite happy to do this bit for the clergy—a miraculously large catch of fish. He looks at Jesus and he knows what’s going to be the owner of a convenient boat. Crowd control in those days was primitive; Jesus being pushed into the water. So he got onto the boat and asked Peter to take the boat a little way out. Peter was quite happy to do this bit for the clergy—here was a preacher in difficulties, wants to use his boat, fair enough. He’s at Peter. Peter gets edgy. He says, ‘You’re a fisherman, how about helping in a general religious activity, like you are’—it’s not frightening to take the boat a little way out. Peter was quite happy to do this bit for the clergy—a miraculously large catch of fish. He looks at Jesus and he knows what’s going to be the owner of a convenient boat. Crowd control in those days was primitive; Jesus being pushed into the water. So he got onto the boat and asked Peter to take the boat a little way out. Peter was quite happy to do this bit for the clergy—here was a preacher in difficulties, wants to use his boat, fair enough. He’s helping in a general religious activity, like you are—it’s not frightening.

Then the crowd disperses and instead of just getting out, Jesus starts looking at Peter. Peter gets edgy. He says, ‘You’re a fisherman, how about pushing out a bit further and lowering the nets?’ Still feeling edgy, Peter does it, and he nets a miraculously large catch of fish. He looks at Jesus and he knows what’s going to come. ‘Oh no you don’t,’ says Peter. ‘Go away, leave me alone; I’m a sinful man.’

That’s more or less what it feels like when you feel under threat of vocation: ‘Don’t single me out; it’s not right for you to single me out.’

And Peter was a sinful man—he was the one who spent most of Jesus’ night of betrayal trying to squash the rumours that he was one of the sheep of his flock. ‘Don’t know; got nothing to do with him; don’t like him; don’t follow him; he’s on his own.’ You see he was right when he told Jesus he was a sinful man. But Jesus has a way of choosing the weak and making them strong. He chooses the oddest people for this job, as you will notice when they all come round the arch behind me. They are all very different. You know them very well. You know their habits and their foibles, their catchphrases and their funny walks. But remember, the one thing they all have in common is that the Good Shepherd called them. They listened to his voice and with a certain edginess gave, in the end, a wholehearted ‘Yes’—which is why we’re all here. That’s the most impressive thing about this community—saying ‘Yes’, despite the fear.

Some people say, ‘Well, it’s hopeless; I don’t want this sort of life; I’m being called to a holiness I can’t manage; can’t do that; it won’t work; you’ve got the wrong man.’ You see, all the desires you may have for ‘get rich quick’, or ‘lots of sex’, or ‘how about a bit of spiciness of power’ are all real enough as desires, but so superficial really. It’s like the peel of an orange. Just now, in your imagination, put all that aside—we’ll accept that, that’s real enough. Now, let’s get to the soft, juicy flesh underneath. Underneath all that, what do you want? Underneath all that, can you hear the voice of Christ at all, ever, saying ‘Do you love me?’ A slightly echoey voice because the heart is slightly empty, down there.

Peter got it three times—in order to undo three denials, he was asked, ‘Peter, do you really love me at all?’ He said, ‘Yes I do’ and got quite upset about being asked three times, as if Jesus didn’t trust him. And at the end of every ‘Yes, Lord, I do’, he was told, ‘Well look after my sheep then; feed my lambs, care for the flock.’ In other words, ‘be a priest to them’.

So when you say a Mass for the first time, it’s scary. They dress you up in a chasuble and you feel as if you are wearing somebody else’s clothes, or as if you’re going to a fancy dress party. You don’t feel like a priest. On my Ordination Day, I forgot to hold my hands out at the consecration. I didn’t feel like a priest at all. But then, in the sacristy, (you can’t see this), the Bishop kneels in front of you and says, ‘Please, Father, a blessing’. Nobody has ever called you ‘Father’ before—it sounds really strange, you’ve always been called ‘Brother’ until then. And here’s the Bishop who’s saying—the whole Church knows—that you have been chosen by God. You are on the wrong end of a pointing finger, now starting acting with the power, Christ has given you.

Never mind about being unworthy, that’s all taken care of—there isn’t a single priest in the world who’s worthy. When the Pope says Mass, what do you think he says when it goes, ‘We pray for John Paul our Pope?’ He doesn’t leave it out, he says, ‘We pray for you, your unworthy servant’. Well, if that’s what the Pope thinks, then I don’t think there is anybody below him who is going to start saying, ‘Let’s pray for me, my terribly worthy candidate’.

So, if you’re weak, if you think you’ve got a very passionate desire for all sorts of things that Jesus wouldn’t approve of, you may be precisely the sort of person he’s going to pick, just to show off what he can do in his control of the human heart, by love. You may be on the danger list. What you must have is the ability to love. I don’t care whether you have any other virtue. I don’t care whether you really do love. I said ‘the ability—the capacity—to love’. So all those other things can be going on as well, in your heart, it doesn’t matter. The weeds and the wheat can grow in the same field and in the end the harvest still belongs to the Lord, and you’re caught. But when you raise the Host for the first time, and you see, as it were, that Jesus loves all these people out there, and all he’s saying to you as a new priest is ‘Just have the humility to love, just have the humility to stop talking about your unworthiness and start looking at how much I love them, and carry me to them—I’ve got no legs. Bring me to my people. Feed them with me.’ So you do. It isn’t a matter of being worthy, it’s just a matter of being obedient, and the only let-out you have for your fear and your feelings of unworthiness is one of the stage directions in the
book — after you have said 'This is my body (and it is), you are given one chance to express the unworthiness and the awe, it says, 'Here the priest genuflects in adoration'.

When I get my new hip (this one's useless), the one thing I will be able to do again properly is to genuflect in adoration. And those of you who have got good hips, genuflect properly, genuflect to the divine presence, one knee, down on the ground, long enough to say 'My Lord and my God', or 'You are the Saviour of the world'. It won't get you anywhere nearer to a vocation, or anywhere further from it, but just do that much and let God be God and pray.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: RADIO 4 — VICKY COSSTICK

Good morning. This month, together with other children from the parish and tens of thousands of Catholic children across the country, my eight year old son will celebrate his first holy communion. He's been well prepared for this and he's looking forward to the celebration in the church and the party afterwards. Meanwhile, I feel some horror at the prospect of a church jammed with spectators and clicking cameras. But I also hope that he'll remember something other than just being the centre of attention for the day.

This is hope faced with difficulty, for it seems to me that children are under enormous pressure these days. When my son opens a fizzy drinks tin, there's a tiny letter on the tab telling him whether he's won a trip to the Olympics. The inside of a crisps packet tells him whether he's won a mountain bike and every comic has a competition for a computer game. He can perform the lyrics of commercials and pop-songs like a pro. This is the culture that surrounds him. Its false gods don't invite his attention, they claim it. The central delusion of this culture is that fame and fortune are both desirable and within reach.

Being a child isn't easy, but being a parent is even less so. My son's a responsible child, but it doesn't feel safe to let him out of the front door by himself. I fear the long-term effects of violence in cartoons and television — even the news. Society's changing so fast that it's impossible for me to predict or imagine his working or personal future.

Despite all this, he seems to have a natural sense of God. He climbed into bed one morning with his alternative colouring book, and I asked him why the page inviting him to draw a picture of God remained blank. He simply shrugged and replied: 'That's easy. God's in me and you and Daddy and everyone.' When my son lies on his front at the end of a woodland pond, or on his back gazing into the trees, I like to think that he's experiencing some sense of mystery.

I don't want to ban television or the competitions any more than I want to force him to go to Church every week. If he's not invited to make responsible choices now, then he will choose for himself when he's older and can't be forced. I see my task as helping him to reflect on the world around him and not take it for granted.
Fr Austin lived a long, dedicated, and diversified life as layman, monk, priest, scholar, teacher, athlete—and as a musician, composer, conductor, choirmaster and player of several instruments. He used his many talents with vigour and an infectious enthusiasm which enriched the lives of everyone with whom he came into contact. Having had the good fortune to be nearly a contemporary of his, and to have worked with him both at Ampleforth and St Louis I would need to write a book, or even a series of books, to do justice to such a larger-than-life character.

My task has been made somewhat easier because I have just spent a few days at St Louis Abbey where Fr Austin died on 6 March. There I was able to recall with the Abbot and other founding monks from Ampleforth the prominent part he played, especially in the early years, helping to establish the Abbey and Priory School. Even more helpful has been the gift of some reminiscences which Fr Austin dictated when he became a helpless invalid condemned to life in a wheelchair. He intended it to be a light-hearted account of events of his life, but it is much more self-revealing than he realised as will be clear from the passages I shall quote. “Let me tell you a story” illustrates from his own lips the depths of his Benedictine spirituality, and his deep faith in God’s providence. These enabled him to accept the most traumatic and unexpected calls to change the whole course of his life with instant obedience because the will of his superiors was the Will of God for him, and so the way to a truly happy and satisfying life on this earth.

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Edward Rennick was born in Singapore on 6 December 1905, the son of an officer in the British Army, and baptised in the Anglican Church. When he was six months old his family moved to India and in 1913 he was sent to a boarding school in England. There he took a scholarship and went to Repton Priory School. Even more helpful has been the gift of some reminiscences which Fr Austin dictated when he became a helpless invalid condemned to life in a wheelchair. He intended it to be a light-hearted account of events of his life, but it is much more self-revealing than he realised as will be clear from the passages I shall quote. “Let me tell you a story” illustrates from his own lips the depths of his Benedictine spirituality, and his deep faith in God’s providence. These enabled him to accept the most traumatic and unexpected calls to change the whole course of his life with instant obedience because the will of his superiors was the Will of God for him, and so the way to a truly happy and satisfying life on this earth.

During his time at Oxford another area of interest had opened up. An injury prevented him from playing games and he discovered a fascination for music. He became a friend of a talented musician Ernest Frankel who played a grand piano in his rooms. He also became a member of the Oxford Music Club which meant roughly one chamber concert a week. He pondered two courses. “Would I spend my time learning an instrument, or would I concentrate on listening to as much music as I could and spend a good deal of time murdering vocal scores and piano music”. He chose the latter course and in later years did not regret his decision. His enthusiasm led to his election as President of the Oxford Music Club during his last year at Oxford. He arranged about ten concerts during the year and from all accounts the choice of some programmes included some new works which challenged the interest of the Club. He sums up this aspect of his life “So I went up to Ampleforth with no skills as a player, lots of enthusiasm, a pretty wide experience of much that can be enjoyed in the world of music. And this, as a result of joining the monastery, has been used to the full in a way that could never have happened in the world”.

As a young faculty member of Ampleforth he taught Music, English, and Classics. He coached Rugby Football, Cricket and Running. It was typical of him that he immediately studied the intricacies of Rugby, and became as knowledgeable and skilful in that code as he already was in Soccer.

He had been brought up “as a middle of the road Anglican who attended services in the church just didn’t come up. You assumed if you were English you were Anglican, born, baptised”. He became friend and room mate of Kenneth Trethowen, and for four years, through the experience of Mods and Greats, they discussed the claims of the Roman Faith and their own. “It was highly exciting”. During the fourth year Trethowen decided to become a Catholic. He subsequently became a monk of Downside Abbey as Fr Illtyd. Edward Rennick took instructions from Fr Martin D’Arcy SJ and on Holy Saturday 1929 he too was received into the Church. Next day he shared his First Communion breakfast “with the three most famous English Jesuits of the time Frs D’Arcy, Stuart and Martindale. How on earth was it I never became a Jesuit?”

We shall see that he found his true vocation as a Benedictine but he tells us “Well I had thought of the Dominicans, St Catherine of Siena being my favourite saint (a 1,000,000% person), and the Franciscans because St Francis is so attractive”. In some ways he was closely akin to St Francis. In St Louis to protect himself from the severe winter weather he acquired an army surplus duffle coat with the number 7 prominently stencilled on the back which he wore with a piece of rope tightly tied round his waist. This caused little comment on the Priory campus, but not when he wore it to attend a symphony concert in the 4 star Chase Hotel where the audience was largely composed of elegantly clad well-to-do ladies of St Louis. When the Prior gently suggested that he should wear something more appropriate for such an occasion the rather hurt reply was “Why, that is my favourite coat”. Some people felt he was somewhat eccentric, but it was entirely unselﬁsh, and such eccentricity might well have been inspired by St Francis himself.

Having no strong leaning in any career direction Edward Rennick sought a school job. So as a recent and very devout convert he accepted an invitation from Fr Paul Nevill to join the teaching staff at Ampleforth College. Before long he found a wise and helpful spiritual adviser in Fr Placid Dolan who in May 1930 asked him if he had ever thought of being a monk. He answered "No, for heavens sake". But the seed had been sown. Next day he saw the Abbot, and in September he joined the novitiate, taking Austin as his religious name. Edward Rennick took
Philosophy and other monastic subjects, and when he was 26 Abbot Matthews considered sending him to Rome to study Theology. To his relief this did not happen and he happily records “I’ve had no chance to become a theologian, thank God. I mean that I wanted to get on with what seemed clearly my job – teaching. So I expected, more or less unconsciously, that I’d teach Latin and Greek, and English on the side, and perhaps be head of the department some time. And of course do Music. In other words, a well-equipped but not expert teacher. (I’m not sure that it is a good thing to be too expert in teaching). I certainly seemed to have found my teaching vocation alongside my religious vocation. The prospects looked about average for the next twenty years”. In fact a year or so later he was appointed head of the English department by the Headmaster, and the Abbot asked him to be the monastic choirmaster. He soon became Chairman of the College Music Department and conductor of the school orchestra. In his enthusiasm he involved some of his friends in the locality in the Ampleforth music-making. In 1951 together with Fr Laurence Bevenot and Lady Read he revived the Hovingham Music Festival which became an annual event for some years afterwards. A small group also gave concerts around the countryside to stimulate interest in the festival.

So at the end of 1957 Fr Austin had settled into a secure and fulfilling way of life, sharing his literary, athletic and musical talents with highly appreciative students, and was a much loved and appreciated member of the Ampleforth community. In ordinary circumstances he might have expected a secure and rewarding life at Ampleforth, but it was not to be.

In 1955 the Ampleforth community had made a new foundation in St Louis, Missouri. The main work of the new community there was to found a College Preparatory School for the Catholic boys of St Louis. Benefactors had provided a large private house, the Stannard House, standing in its own grounds, as a site for the new monastery and school. In 1956 the four monks in residence opened the school with 30 boys. The following year I arrived to take charge of the Science Department with Fr Bede Burge to look after Mathematics, and the school doubled to 60 boys in four classes. Some ingenuity had to be used at this time to adapt the house as a monastery and school. One large room served as the school chapel with the adjoining glass conservatory as the monks’ choir, (very warm in summer, very cold in winter), another as school library. The upstairs bedrooms and dressing rooms housed the monks and the headmaster’s and procurator’s offices. The three car garage adjacent to the kitchen provided the school refectory. Teaching was done in a barn divided into four quarters by concertina partitions which could be folded back to provide a larger room when required. The Science department used the corner containing the drinking fountain! Competing with three other teachers within earshot was a considerable challenge in holding the attention of one’s own class. Conditions generally were extremely crowded. One school Mass nearly became a holocaust when a boy serving Mass caught fire from one of the altar candles!

The daily round too was a considerable challenge to a community of six – rise at 4.40 a.m. for Divine Office at 5.00 a.m. Conventual Mass each day sung. The boys arrived at 8.30 a.m. and left at 5.00 p.m. In addition to teaching, and all that entailed, there was the planning of the monastery and school buildings, familiarising ourselves with American curricula and examination requirements, and a good deal of public relations and fund-raising activity. It was perhaps only natural that the few letters we managed to write home dealt with some of the difficulties we encountered, and caused the Ampleforth community to wonder whether the new foundation would survive. In fact things were going remarkably well and during 1957-58 we were eagerly watching a new building taking shape which would provide classrooms and library on the ground floor, and the monastery on the upper floor. It was to be ready in August 1958 in time for the new school year, when it was planned there would be eight monks and 90 boys. In fact it became only seven monks as the summer heat proved too much for Fr Bede Burge who returned to England.

It was at this stage that Fr Austin became involved in the new foundation, and received the greatest shock of his life. Remember that he was well aware of the situation in St Louis and how different it was from the well-established and stable situation at Ampleforth. He describes this shattering moment in his life.

“About mid January (1958) I heard a knock on my door. I was standing at the window, looking over the valley. It was just after breakfast. The Abbot (Fr Herbert Byrne) opened the door. I turned around and he said “Austin, I’m sending you to America”. He might have said Purgatory! A long pause. We looked at one another, and I took a breath and said “When do I start?”
I think was a big moment of grace. In August I sailed for America, I was 52 years old, I could have come looking over my shoulder back to England — all my friends — but I was given the grace to say "No that's done now». And that was one very good reason I've been happy all my time here. No regrets for the past. Can anyone doubt that such immediate acceptance of a complete disruption of his life, recognising it as the will of God for him, proved the depth of his essentially Benedictine spirituality? As St Benedict says in the fifth chapter of his Rule "They carry out the superior's orders as promptly as if the command came from God himself'.

When the news of Fr Austin's appointment to St Louis reached us I wrote to him to say how pleased we were, and reassuring him that "the worst is over" as we should soon be moving into the new building. How wrong I proved to be! The building was in fact not ready until December, and we now had seven monks and 90 boys crowded into the space we had felt inadequate the year before. Further improvisation was needed. The rathskeller in the basement of the house became an extra classroom used by the Science department, and by Fr Austin for his English classes. When we passed each other he usually greeted me with a quizzical smile "So the worst is over is it". His cheerful acceptance of the situation and the great contribution he made to our monastic life and to the development of the school were among the main factors which helped us to survive this critical period in the establishment of the new Priory.

Fr Austin threw himself wholeheartedly into his new life. As soon as he was eligible he became a United States citizen. He did not avail himself of the holidays to England every fourth year which were available to the St Louis monks. His whole life was now dedicated entirely to the success of St Louis Priory and School. He was soon making his mark on all the areas in which he had previously done at Ampleforth. He became monastic choirmaster and composed music for the English antiphons, responses and hymns which are still used today. He provided music for some of Father Ralph Wright's religious poems. He was chairman of the school music department and started the St Louis Chamber Orchestra, and he was associate conductor of the Maplewood-Richmond Heights Orchestra. When long playing records became the fashion he amassed a huge collection of unwanted 78 rpm records of classical and operatic music. These enabled him to entertain his opera lovers' group at monthly sessions in which he played the music of the operas and explained the plots to his audience.

Perhaps the most obvious influence he had at the Priory was through his English teaching. The many tributes to him from former students (the alumni) usually mention the lasting effect his lessons had in helping them to appreciate for instance the plays of Shakespeare. To one he was "Western civilisation personified". For another "His love for English Literature was infectious, even to the most apathetic of us". The reason for his great success is revealed in a section of his reminiscences. He says "Had I not become a monk and a school teacher I might have taken a crack at being an actor. I think I would have liked to try it". The truth is that he was a very good actor, though unconsciously. "I find reading novels too slow, but reading dramas, especially with a class of boys rather than to oneself, extremely satisfactory. A play is something realised in the voices and actions of the people who take the parts; the parts are fleshed out by those who speak them. I believe — strongly — that what boys need is to read the stuff, ham it up if necessary with others. Plays are to be acted and heard, not simply read. The point about Shakespeare is great rhetoric and it needs to be heard. It all helps for it to be lived in the imagination of the reader. You must feel it, not pick it apart. There's so much teaching which is thought to depend on accuracy of observation and interpretation when what you really want is zest. In drama what you need is zest". That he was already instilling zest into his class in 1958 was very obvious to me as I tried to work in the Stammad House when the sounds of "Julius Caesar" were rising up the stairwell from the rathskeller where he was teaching.

When St Louis Priory was granted independence in 1973 the Ampleforth monks there were free to return home if they so chose. To Fr Austin this was not an option. He had dedicated his life to the sound establishment of the new foundation and he would continue to do this for the rest of his life. He was to live there for another nineteen years, and as in the previous fifteen, he was to have a prominent part to play, though not perhaps in the way he expected. For once again he was called upon to come to terms with an unexpected change in his life.

During the final years of his life he was afflicted with Parkinson's disease which increasingly took its toll. In his earlier years he had been a great athlete. When the Guards were near Ampleforth preparing to invade Europe they played several games of Rugby against a monastic side. Fr Austin, the converted Soccer player, played on the wing and on one occasion went over for a try at the corner carrying two burly Guardsmen with him. This invoked a bellow from the C.S.M. on the touch-line "Thank Gawd we've got a Navy". Even as a septuagenarian he would play a vigorous game of tennis on the Priory Courts. But his balance and ability to walk became affected by his illness and his voice became uncertain and reduced to a whisper. He had to sit for many hours on end with little zest for reading or music. Towards the end his concentration would noticeably lapse. Yet throughout his illness he continued to live the conventional life so far as he was able — concelebrating Mass in his wheelchair and joining the brethren in the Refectory at mealtimes. In December 1991 a fall resulted in a broken hip. There followed almost three months of pain and struggle pathetically borne, in hospital until the last two weeks. His last days were spent among his brethren in the monastery, now St Louis Abbey, which he had such a large share in founding. He had proved himself perhaps the most inspired appointment made to the St Louis community by Abbot Herbert Byrne. He had proved himself there as a great scholar, teacher, athlete and musician, but above all as the personification of all that is best in the spirit of St Benedict as lived in the English Congregation. As one of the alumni wrote "For all we learned in English, Music and around the lunch table, nothing was as meaningful as Fr Austin's revealing of his God".

FR AUSTIN RENNICK O.S.B. 51
COMMUNITY NOTES

OFFICIALS OF THE MONASTIC COMMUNITY

Abbot Patrick Barry
Fr Justin Arbery Price
Fr David Morland
Fr Felix Stephens
Fr Cyprian Smith
Fr Adrian Convery
Fr Aelred Burrows
Fr Cuthbert Madden
Fr Alexander McCabe
Br Robert Igo
Fr Anselm Cramer
Fr Columba Cary-Elwes
Abbot
Prior
Sub-prior
Procurator
Novice Master
Monastery Guest Master
Warden of the Grange
Vocations Director
Master of Ceremonies
Monastic Choirmaster
Infirmarian, Assistant Novice Master
Librarian
Oblate Master

ABBOTS OF ANCIENT MONASTERIES
AND CATHEDRAL PRIORS

The Abbot President recently appointed Fr Columba as titular Abbot of Westminster in recognition of his work as founding prior of St Louis Abbey, Missouri, USA. On hearing of the appointment, the Dean of Westminster invited him to celebrate Mass at the tomb of St Edward the Confessor in the Abbey. Bishop Ambrose held the title until his appointment as Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle.

At the same time, Fr Sigebert d'Arcy was appointed to the title of Cathedral Prior of Durham (previously held by Fr Columba) in recognition of his extensive services to the Community as Prior and parish priest.

Fr Edmund FitzSimons has been titular Cathedral Prior of Chester for some time. He has been much in demand in Chester. At the invitation of the Dean and Chapter, he, with the Abbot and Community, sang First Vespers of the Feast of St Benedict on 10 July 1992 to commemorate the 900th anniversary of the founding of the Abbey of Chester. He was also present when Prince Charles, Earl of Chester and descendant of the founding earl, visited what is now the Cathedral earlier in the year.

Former Housemasters of St Wilfrid's bid farewell to one and welcome to another:
FR PRIOR writes:

Undoubtedly the most significant event in the life of the community was the abbatial election, which took place in April 1992. Very nearly all the brethren gathered at Ampleforth for prayer, discussion and election by secret ballot. The procedure is laid down in the Constitution of the English Benedictine Congregation, but for the electors it is more an act of discernment than a democratic process. What is really going on is a prayerful attempt by the community to attune itself to the direction of the Holy Spirit and so to discover the will of God.

That is not to say that an abbatial election is a mystical process of listening for inner voices or submission to infused wisdom. The community’s decision is made after straightforward discussion of the strengths and weaknesses of the candidates, the needs of the community, its place in the church, and the challenges it faces in its various missions. In casting his vote, each monk is choosing the one whom he believes to be best suited to be, in St Benedict’s phrase, vicis Christi, the representative of Christ in the monastery and in the life of the monk. He is not looking in the first place for an efficient administrator, nor even a benign father figure, least of all for someone who will allow him to continue along his own sweet way, but for one who will function in the Community as judge, father and shepherd, and who can bear the burden of the radical sacrifice of self that this imposes. The community is looking for someone in whom it can put its faith, who can lead it to deepen it in communal and personal prayer and in service to the community and the church. The abbot’s service in his monastery is a sacred one.

But through election a community is not only choosing an abbot. As the direction of the ballot becomes clear, the community learns something of the kind of community it now is, and what it wants to be in the future. It senses once again the strength of its foundations and the solidity of the ground on which they are built, and begins to define the possibilities for conservation, renovation and even extension. In re-electing the same abbot, a community is voting not for stagnation, but for development which is both true to the past and truly aligned with the future.

This was especially so this time for the Ampleforth community. In the last six months of his first term of office Abbot Patrick had taken the unusual step, with the support of his Council and the Abbot President, of initiating a complete review of our life and works. This he felt was the only adequate response to the pressures converging on us. Changing fashions in boarding education and the economic recession have led to a fall in enrolment and demanded a rapid and effective response to keep costs and income in balance. But other factors have also been at work. The torrent of educational change crashing through the secondary curriculum and the changed expectations among boys and parents required us to restate our own priorities for the school. We have had to evaluate and affirm what makes us different as well as strengthening the core common to any good education.

This task fell principally to the Headmaster, Fr Dominic Milroy. He has set out the philosophy and priorities of Ampleforth College as a monastic school in the new prospectus and applied the same principles more broadly in many of his speeches as chairman of HMC. His address to their annual conference, held this year in Bruges (and printed elsewhere in this journal) sums up his message. While he has been engaged on a heavy schedule of HMC business, his nominated successor, Fr Leo Chamberlain, has been in charge of the school’s day-to-day business from September 1992. He takes over as Headmaster in January 1993.

The need to review and renew our work for the Church has been borne in on us from other directions also. There are many signs of the growth of new opportunities as well as pressing problems. We have become increasingly aware of a sharpening of the boys’ and society’s appetite (and urgent need) for spiritual things. The same message is conveyed through our pastoral contact with boys in the schools and their families, in meetings with old boys, in the growth of the Oblates and the Manquehue movement, and through our wider work in hospitality, retreats, and spiritual direction in the Grange, in St Bede’s York, Ince Benet and elsewhere. Impetus for change in parish structures, originating in Vatican II, reinforced by local bishops, has been given urgency by the age profile of monks serving ‘on the Mission’ (as we term our involvement away from Ampleforth). We hear the call from other countries also. We have been asked to found or assist in the setting up of new monasteries abroad.

So the demands and opportunities are increasingly there, in school, mission and abroad. Providentially, there has been a recovery in the number of men joining the monastery and making vows. They come from more varied backgrounds these days: the mix is richer in terms of education, age, background and nationality. Again, it is not simply a question of analysing the statistics and prognosticating, but of discerning the will of God through these signs and then setting out to do it in faith.

As a first stage in this discernment, the Abbot invited Mr Lee Hawes to visit us and act as his advisor on community development. He is a man experienced in business, management and the peculiar ways of monks through his long association with St Louis Abbey in the United States. Lee Hawes gave himself with great generosity to the task of getting to know us and shared with us in a written report his reflections on our ways of working with the Abbot and with each other, pointing out to us some of the problems and opportunities we are likely to face over the next ten years, and assisting us in taking the practical steps needed to meet them. The support and advice of Abbot Francis Rossiter, the Abbot President of the EBC, were integral to this process. After the abbatial election Fr Abbot re-appointed Lee Hawes as his advisor and has begun the renewal of Ampleforth’s organisational structure to make it serve more effectively our efforts to live and work in the Benedictine way.

Diversification is also on the agenda. The community remains fully committed to its school and parish work, but is ready to look for ways of developing its work and service of the church at Ampleforth and elsewhere. At the invitation of the Zimbabwean Bishops’ Conference, Fr Abbot recently visited the country with Fr Mark Butlin. Fr Mark lives at Sant’ Anselmo in
Rome, and regularly visits many parts of the world as a consultor with AIM (Aide Inter Monastere, an organisation supporting co-operation between monastic communities, particularly in the third world). It was during a conference in Zimbabwe that Fr Mark was asked by the Zimbabwean Bishops’ Conference if Ampleforth would be willing to help in the establishing of an African monastery. It would be the first one set up in that country. The conventual chapter agreed with the Abbot that the proposal should be carefully investigated over a number of years, and already two further visits have been made, by Fr Dunstan and Fr Henry. More will follow. The outcome of these investigations is far from certain, but the Zimbabweans’ need—and enthusiasm—for a monastery as a centre for prayer, liturgical worship and hospitality is undeniable. The community, much blessed, is buoyant, in numbers, in spirit, in hope for the future.

SOLEMN PROFESSIONS

Br Raphael Jones and Br Robert Igo made their solemn profession before the Abbot and community as monks of St Laurence’s in the Abbey Church on 29 August 1992.

SIMPLE PROFESSIONS AND CLOTHING OF NOVICES

Paul McBride was clothed as Br Oswald on 3 December 1991. Fr George Corrie, of the diocese of Lancaster, and Br Laurence McTaggart made their simple profession on 22 August. On the previous evening, three novices were clothed. John Ta was given the name Br Bruno, Fr Shaun Middleton of the Archdiocese of Westminster became Br Jerome, and Benedict Boulton Br Chad.

ORDINATIONS

Br James Callaghan was ordained to the priesthood by the Bishop of Middlesbrough, Rt Rev Augustine Harris, on 29 December 1991. Br Terence Richardson, Br William Wright and Br Paul Browne were ordained to the diaconate by his auxiliary, Bishop Kevin O’Brien, on 28 June 1992.

APPOINTMENTS: THE PARISHES

Abbot Ambrose Griffiths was appointed Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle in March. Fr Jonathan Cotton succeeds him as parish priest of St Mary’s Leyland. Fr Alban Croshey follows him at St Mary’s, Bamber Bridge. Fr Philip Holsworth has returned to Ampleforth from Workington, Fr Kevin Mason from Warrington, Fr Osmond Jackson from Leyland. Fr Rupert Everest has moved from Lostock Hall to be parish priest of Our Lady Star of the Sea at Workington. Fr Gordon Beattie has retired as an RAF chaplain, and becomes parish priest of Lostock Hall. Fr Francis Vidal moves from Lostock Hall to Bamber Bridge. Fr Bernard Boyan joins Fr Michael Phillips at Parbold. Fr Bonaventure Knollys leaves Ampleforth for Leyland and Br Terence Richardson moves from being housemaster of St Aidan’s to Bamber Bridge.

Fr HENRY WANSBROUGH REPORTS FROM ST BENET’S

The Hall was full to capacity this year, with six monks from Ampleforth (Brs Paul, William, Raphael, Kentigern, Oliver and Cassian) and ten other monks from Worth, Buckfast, Belmont, Ealing, Farnborough, Portsmouth, St Oth Lilien (Germany). In addition there were 13 laymen (of whom 5 were living out), including the Old Amplefordians James Cadogan, Matthew Walker and Joe Shaw. The three finalists all achieved respectable Seconds. In the course of the year Ben Hastings (H74) volunteered to organise a highly successful appeal among Old Members for the Boat Club, which has enabled us to buy a boat again; the difficulty was to find somewhere to house it, and this kept the St Benet’s crew off the river until the Michaelmas Term, for which great things are confidently expected. Various material improvements were made to the house, but the most significant was the re-classification and computerisation of the library, carried out under the guidance of Fr Anselm and with the devoted help of Patrick Hargan (B89 and Oriel). Most important of all, during the long vacation the chapel was completely refurbished, to the designs of the York architect Martin Stancliffe, who is also consultant to several cathedrals, including Christ Church and St Paul’s. In fact most of the detailed work was done by William Blackledge (E76), who works with him. The new oak choir stalls were made by John Gormley (W53) of Treske in Thirsk.

There were 38 Ampleforth students in residence in the University this year, and six senior members, including three Heads of House. There were a couple of well-attended sherry parties at St Benet’s and an informal Old Boys’ supper at The Perch, for which Fr Matthew came down; spice was added to the occasion by finding Ben Scott (E90) serving behind the bar! It was disappointing that of the finalists only Camillo Roberti managed a First, but Adrian Gannon had the distinction of being President of the Union for the Trinity Term.

Fr Henry’s own commitments do not seem to have diminished. His book on Jesus and the Oral Gospel Tradition was published in the autumn. The fruit of some of his preaching engagements appeared in the previous Journal, but he has also preached regularly in various College Chapels, when not singing Sunday Evensong in Jesus College under the baton of its organ scholar, Crispin Davy (W91). Finding administrative commitments more under control, he has begun to lecture in the university on the New Testament, as well as tutoring. Before Christmas he picked up old reins by leading the Ampleforth Singers on a short tour. He then spent a fascinating week teaching New Testament in Prague to a group preparing for a Cambridge Diploma in Theology. This group had begun studying theology three years ago in grave peril as a group of dissidents; they had all been arrested frequently under the Communist regime, and some imprisoned; they were now just coming to the end of their course. Before Easter
he guided Fr Stephen and a dozen friends on Fr Stephen's silver jubilee tour of the Holy Land, returning there again in the summer with a party from Worth Abbey School. His summer (after hosting two months of American Summer School at St. Benet's) ended with a fortnight in Zimbabwe, chronicled elsewhere in this issue.

EASTER RETREAT SUPPLEMENTARY TALKS

1. Fr Aelred: Why am I here for this triduum?
2. Fr Benjamin: Serving the Lord: A Benedictine monk today.
3. Fr Henry: The Crucifixion — what really happened?
5. Fr Matthew: Prayer.
6. Fr Richard: Do Christians need Our Lady?

REVIEWS

WORK & PRAYER: THE RULE OF ST BENEDICT FOR LAY PEOPLE
Commentary by Dom Columba Cary-Elwes with a new translation by Dame Catherine Wybourne (Burns & Oates £7.95)

Fifty years ago, at a time when the writer was seeking some discipline which might help to steady a busy postwar professional life, a little work of 160 pages was written by T F Lindsay, a lay Obole of Prinknash, entitled "The Holy Rule for Laymen". It was a revelation and lead to an attempted "conversatio morum". Since then, nothing has been written along quite the same lines until, in the last three years, three books on the adaptation of the Rule for lay people have appeared, the latest being this by Fr Columba accompanied by a splendid new translation of the Rule by Dame Catherine Wybourne of Stanbrook Abbey.

Oblates have been a feature of the Benedictine Order since the time of its founder. Originally boys were brought to St. Benedict by rich folk in the hope that they might ultimately join the monastery; now they are lay men and women who, in the words of Fr Columba "want to share in the spirit of Saint Benedict and in some way to be linked with a particular monastery of their choice". Their number is growing. As far as the writer is aware, in 1947, there was only one Benedictine Monastery in Britain which accepted lay Oblates. Including Ampleforth, it seems that now there are four in the English Province and two in the Subiaco. Their numbers are growing.

The Prologue to the Rule is known to be one of the most urgent and rousing calls to the spiritual life and Fr Columba’s advice is “Read the Prologue ... as addressed personally to you, a beginner on the way, with all the eagerness of youth, no matter how old you may be. Here is a chance to begin again. We are forever beginning again — novices for heaven.”

The commentaries follow each chapter or group of short chapters and even in respect of those which may seem not really applicable to adults in a tough, modern and distracted world, the tone is directly to the point and eminently practical. For example, "On Obedience" he extends the horizon observing that “All our life is full of obedience, to the climate, our health, deaths, ‘happenings’, calamities, everyday occurrences, friendship, enmities. All these come under the heading of ‘doing’ in these circumstances, or ‘accepting’ with love God’s will in them.” A little gentle irony creeps in now and again. The importance of listening to Christ’s voice in that of the priest and hierarchy is stressed, but “not all the words of an abbot, or bishop or even a pope are the very words of Christ himself ... bishops and parish priests and assistants — even the pope — can be awkward at times; so can the faithful. Much discernment therefore is needed, and patience, prudence, humility and good humour and love.”

Chapter 7, “On Humility” and the seven “steps” leading to it, elicits right telling and, surely, inspired pages. Opportunities for its practice in lay life are plentiful enough. How much more pleasant life would be were St Benedict’s words to be heeded. Too much must not be revealed in a review, but one cannot refrain from quoting Fr Columba’s advice to parents on children growing up. It is the voice of one who has much experience of contact with parents and their offspring: “In the world children must assert themselves, free themselves from over-protective parents. They have to have, sooner or later, a mind of their own — they think sooner, the parents think later. What can be lacking? May patience or humility (in St Benedict’s sense here) save us from extravagant demonstrations of indepenedance, like uncoth dress or manners on the one hand, or extremely rigorous reactions on the other.”

Another example of Fr Columba’s art is seen when he seizes upon material which, at first sight, may appear specifically for monks and not really pertinent to the laity — chapters 9-19 “On the Construction of the Daily Office” — to show that their stress on the importance of frequent prayer applies to all, in every walk of life. He takes this opportunity also to discuss the “brutal ... cursing and beautiful psalms”, the doctrine of the Holy Trinity and to point to the potential joy of every kind of work when it is offered to God — that “wider opus Dei”. By prescribing “prayer seven times a day, the Rule is reminding us all, lay people as well as monks, that all the day should be impregnated, perfumed with the presence of God.”

“The Craftworkers of the Monastery” (chap.57) is as relevant outside as inside the monastery, for it deals with labour and profit. The first half forbids the skilful to become conceited and the second warns against avarice. Having this in mind, St Benedict’s advice to his monks is to sell their produce below market price. Here Fr Columba is concerned to clarify the intent, as indeed seems necessary. He comments “undercutting too can cause unfair hurt to others” and that St Benedict immediately follows his counsel on pricing by giving a motive. But it is one which applies in all circumstances and is a Benedictine motto “That in all things God may be glorified.” This may appear a little evasive, but one commentator on the Rule, Delatte, makes all clear by pointing out that: “In
times when there was not commercial competition, nor, as nowadays, over production and especially when monks were employed in producing objects of the first necessity, no rivalry was possible, and the lower rate of monastic prices was sheer gain for the public.

The chapters of the Rule are divided into sections for daily reading, spread over three cycles in the year in conformity with the readings in the monastic refectory. This permits daily sharing with every Benedictine Monastery and Convent. A commentary follows each chapter or group of shorter chapters. The newcomer to the Rule would probably wish, in the first place, to read a chapter, or group of chapters, with the commentary at one sitting.

The late Fr Justin McCann, like Fr Columba, was a monk of Ampleforth. He translated the Rule in 1921 together with the commentary by Abbot Delatte of Solesme Abbey, to which reference has been made. After seven decades that weighty volume remains a classic. Thousands of Benedictine monks and nuns must have studied it. However, Dame Catherine’s translation of the Rule attracts for many reasons. Its contemporary language avoids archaisms and accepts an inclusive view of humanity. Most importantly, it flows pleasantly without turgidity and so is very easy to read. Read in the refectory it would command renewed attention from even the most jaded ear. Two brief examples from the opening of the prologue must suffice to illustrate Dame Catherine’s grasp of Saint Benedict’s urgency and sensitivity. “Listen carefully, my child” is not only inclusive but also, in the opinion of this reviewer, more arresting than Fr Justin’s “Harken, my son.” “Inclina aurumcordis tui” is for Fr Justin “Incline the ear of your heart”. Dame Catherine’s “Bend close the ear of your heart” presents a more pleasing and poetic picture.

Her prose is ever refreshing and faithful to the text and its spirit. In the foreword, she gives a good example of her approach to englissing the Latin word so that it fits the context still with a touch of modernity. For “scurrilitas” in 6.8 she uses “tattle-tattle” where McCann chooses “buffoonery”; in 43.2 “clownish behaviour” for McCann’s “levity” and in 49.7 “banter” for “jesting”. As she presents a more pleasing and poetic picture.

The long association between lettering and the monastic life is surely no coincidence: a certain austerity and anonymity are characteristic of both. In the monastery and the father of the English Pope, Adrian VI. The tombs were readily identified from a surviving fifteenth century description of the chapter house; and although all but one had been rifled, human remains were found in them all. It was decided to collect and re-inter these remains in front of the High Altar of the Cathedral, and to mark the new grave with a great slate bearing the names and titles of those who lay below. The person chosen to make and inscribe the slate was the celebrated letterer David Kindersley (a pupil of Eric Gill) together with his wife Lida Lopes Cardozo – the same carvers who were later responsible for the memorial inscription occupying the place of honour in the floor of the new Main Building at Ampleforth. This beautifully produced and illustrated book briefly tells the story of the achievements of the former Benedictine Abbey, and especially of its scriptorium.

For readers of the Journal, a special interest of the book lies in its triple association with Ampleforth: through David Kindersley and his wife as creators of both the Ampleforth and the St Albans slates; through the links with the English Benedictines of the present day which the St Albans Cathedral authorities have established in affectionate recognition of the debt they owe to their Benedictine past; and through the essay on the life and purpose of a Benedictine monastery contributed by Abbot Patrick Barry, the present Abbot of Ampleforth and himself a letterer and calligrapher of distinction.

In 1978, excavations prior to the construction of a new building at St Albans Abbey (now the Cathedral) revealed the outlines of a late mediaeval chapter house, within which were found the tombs of eleven Abbots, two senior officials of the monastery and the father of the English Pope, Adrian VI. The tombs were readily identified from a surviving fifteenth century description of the chapter house; and although all but one had been rifled, human remains were found in them all. It was decided to collect and re-inter these remains in front of the High Altar of the Cathedral, and to mark the new grave with a great slate bearing the names and titles of those who lay below. The person chosen to make and inscribe the slate was the celebrated letterer David Kindersley (a pupil of Eric Gill) together with his wife Lida Lopes Cardozo – the same carvers who were later responsible for the memorial inscription occupying the place of honour in the floor of the new Main Building at Ampleforth. This beautifully produced and illustrated book briefly tells the story of the achievements of the former Benedictine Abbey, and especially of its scriptorium.

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the way of information about mediaeval monastic life in England treats of it in archaeological terms, as though it were something as remote and irrecoverable as the court life of the Egyptian Pharaohs or the procedures of the Roman Senate. So it is refreshing to come across a book which not only does justice to the monastic community which once made St Albans one of the greatest of the English Abbeys, but at the same time explains its raison d'être in terms of the living Benedictine tradition of today, and from the perspective of someone whose own life is an expression of that tradition. Abbot Patrick's short but lapidary account of what a mediaeval Benedictine Abbey was for merges imperceptibly into an account of what a modern Abbey should be, and of the spirit which should inspire it:

"The true history, then, of a great abbey ... is largely hidden. It is concerned with the fidelity or infidelity at any time of the community and the individuals who formed it to the great spiritual ideal which they professed. Their history ... had its high moments and its low; but so long as it preserved the ideal and sought to return to it, there was hope. And where there is hope, there is life and development."

Benedictine monasticism today no longer plays the central or formative role in our society that it did in the heyday of St Albans and the other great monastic foundations of the high Middle Ages. But I do not think it is just a parochial loyalty which leads me to see it still as one of the central sources of hope and strength for the future of the Church. This little book is not only a tribute to good lettering and to the greatness of the monastic past. It is at the same time a small but elegant reminder of the continuing vitality of the Benedictine tradition, and of its potential to give renewed spiritual heart to the whole community of Christian believers in a secularised age.

David Goodall (W50)

In 596 Pope Saint Gregory sent Saint Augustine to the Angles – "non Angli sed Angeli". In 597 Augustine landed in Kent. In 1997 to commemorate the 1400th anniversary of this mission the Benedictine Yearbook will be producing a book "Not Angles". This will contain historical data on the Benedictines in Britain since the arrival of Augustine. The bulk however will be based on "Loci Ubi Deus Queritur" – produced in 1980 for the sesquicentenary of Saint Benedict's birth. "Loci Ubi Deus Queritur" was a photographic and biographical archive of all the Benedictine Houses of Monks throughout the world. Each house had an entry of two pages giving, in three languages, a biography of the house, and on the opposite page photographs of the Monastery. "Not Angles" will emulate this with entries for all the Houses of Monks and Nuns appearing in the Benedictine Yearbook. There will also be directions to the Monasteries from local airports, trains and bus stations similar to those appearing in "Atlas OSB" published in 1973.

Father Gordon has been the Editor of the Benedictine Yearbook for the past twenty-five years. Since 1968 – except for 1991 when he was "recycling" in Rome – he has carried out annual Advent visits to around sixty Monasteries and Parishes in Britain appearing in the Yearbook. Accordingly he will have no problem in producing the directions to those houses. However there are twenty-eight overseas houses also appearing in the Yearbook. He was advised by the Abbot Primate's Curia that communications with so many houses would be fraught with problems – that information required would not appear as desired. He was told that when the Monasteries sent to the Primate's Curia their directions for a new edition of "Atlas OSB" some replied in great detail under the headings of "Air", "Bus", "Train" whilst others replied "Air – yes", "Bus –yes", "Train – no"! In order to obtain the exact directions as well as the desired photographs for "Not Angles", Father Gordon, between December 1991 and April 1992, undertook to visit all the overseas Monasteries in the Yearbook.

Planning commenced six months before departure. Quotations were obtained from eight different travel agents – which varied in price by up to fifty per cent. Although the bucket shops produced the best quotations it was Thomas Cook (Perth office) who received the contract. A canny Scot wished to have world wide back-up! Having served in the Royal Air Force from 1980 until 1991 a generous handshake was received from the Ministry of Defence "for services rendered" which Abbot Patrick allowed Father Gordon to use to finance the operation. Armed with a copy of the Air ABC Father Gordon plotted his own itinerary, times and flights, before asking the travel agents to oblige.

The journey commenced in the United States where eight houses were visited – St Mary's and St Scholastica's, Petersham Massachusetts, Portsmouth Rhode Island, St Anselm's Washington DC, Tickfaw Louisiana, St Louis Abbey, Three Rivers Michigan, and Christ in the Desert in New Mexico. Christmas Day and New Year's Day were spent with the St Louis community, Abbot Luke having just returned from hospital surgery. Throughout the trip
Father Gordon found every superior in residence, with the exception of one convent, a contrast to his annual Advent visitations in Britain.

Contrasts abounded—weather, culture, plainchant but not monastic observance. The greatest contrast in plainchant was in the United States between the very slow and deliberate style of Three Rivers and the lively "Rennick" staccato of St Louis to the modern lit of Christ in the Desert. The weather provided contrasts from 16°F in Christ in the Desert to over 100°F in Western Australia and Africa. Christ in the Desert is situated thirteen miles up a New Mexican canyon along a dirt track road (four wheel drive recommended) with no phone line or electricity (a radio phone and solar electricity compensate). With the monks living in two cell pueblos the early morning journey to the ablutions block and the three hundred metre outdoor journey to the Church could be daunting. Fortunately, due to the lack of humidity the degree of cold was not felt.

The greatest experience of heat was at Sechura, the Tyburn daughter house in the north Peruvian desert—this may have been due to that period being Father Gordon's first period within the tropics. The stickiest and most humid was also at a Tyburn house, at Riverstone in Australia. This was not surprising due to New South Wales having its wettest January and February for many years. This rain, during the Australian summer, meant that the beautiful monastery of Jamberoo in equally beautiful surroundings was not seen at its best. As a result Jamberoo was the only monastery to be photographed in the rain, although Three Rivers was photographed in dark winter cloud. For most of the trip the temperature was around the upper eighties and lower nineties. Despite often having a desire for sunshine and warmth, in Britain, Father Gordon quickly decided that 75°F was his optimum.

After Christ in the Desert Father Gordon visited their daughter house La Soledad in Mexico. The only priest of the community was absent during his stay, with the result that Father Gordon said the daily conventual Mass in Castilian Spanish. Although having a smattering of French and German, Spanish is not one of Father Gordon's languages—not even one word—as no doubt La Soledad discovered. La Soledad, a hundred and ninety miles north of Mexico City, was founded by Fr Aedred Wall, a monk of Portsmouth, as his hermitage for his declining years. Due to the kind hospitality of the Martin family (Joseph H91, Tom B91 and John currently in St Hugh's) Father Gordon was accommodated en route in Mexico City, from where, courtesy of John Martin, he was able to visit the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Leaving Mexico he flew to Lima Peru, touching down in Panama and Ecuador (in the middle of the night for one hour at a time). A flight from Lima took Father Gordon to Piura in the north Peruvian desert. So bright was the sun on the sand that from the air it appeared to be snow and for a moment he thought he was high up in the Andes. At Piura Airport to greet him was Madre General from Tyburn, Mother Xavier. She escorted Father Gordon back to their Peruvian daughter house at Sechura along the cross studded roadside. Crosses sprout everywhere along the Peruvian roadside denoting scenes of carnage—where local Indians had died as a result of car crashes. Sometimes five or six crosses denoted that number of people who had died together. Judging from the number of crosses it would appear that the car rather than AIDS is the most common cause of death amongst young people in north Peru. At Sechura the local parish priest had also gone away and so once again Father Gordon ended up saying the Conventual Mass in Spanish, attended by local parishioners. He also conducted a Baptism—in Spanish—at Sechura.

Father Leo Bonsall, acting superior of the Belmont Monastery of the Incarnation at San Lorenzo, near Tambogrande, escorted Father Gordon from Sechura to San Lorenzo. Due to the threat from the Senderist terrorists as well as from robbers all travelling had to be done in daylight and in company—hence the word "escorted". The Monastery of the Incarnation is situated in an irrigated area of the desert—in the distance some of the mountains are very reminiscent of the area around the Trough of Bowland in Lancashire. From San Lorenzo one of the "aspirants" escorted Father Gordon by bus ("in flight" entertainment being provided by a fakir and a teenage travelling salesman) to the most western tip of South America—Negritos. Here Father David Bird of Belmont is running a parish for the Bishop. Having fed Father Gordon with a meal of local fish, Father David asked him to drive his Altar servers to the sea for a swim. As the presbytery was only twenty-five yards from an excellent beach adjoining the Pacific, Father Gordon asked "why not here?" The answer was that there were open sewers running into the sea at that point. Later on Father Gordon saw on television and saw on notice boards "Do not eat fish or salad due to the Cholera epidemic"! Despite drought (water for two hours every second day in Negritos-shower and toilet via a bucket), terrorists, brigands, erratic road-drivers, over one hundred mosquito bites (from Sechura) and a cholera threat, Father Gordon left Peru without any mishaps.
To get from Peru to Australia across the Pacific Ocean three routes were available – Lima to Los Angeles to Australia, Lima to Buenos Aires to New Zealand to Australia, or Lima to Santiago Chile to Easter Island, Tahiti, New Zealand and Australia. The latter of the three being the most direct, and the cheapest, this route was chosen! It also enabled Father Gordon to visit the Manquehuan Benedictine Oblates of Santiago whose oblation has been made to Ampleforth. Here there are eighteen Oblates of whom seven young men live together in community, daily reciting the Divine Office together. In Santiago Father Gordon stayed with the Monks of Las Condes, being hosted throughout by the Manquehuan Oblates. From Santiago it was across the Pacific in LAN Chile's only Boeing 707 to Easter Island and Tahiti. Unfortunately the five day stop in Tahiti (to take a “Christmas week”) was not long enough to make a Benedictine foundation despite a postcard being sent to the Abbot President of the English Benedictine Congregation saying there was now (be it temporary) an EBC presence on the Island.

The first stop in Australia, after inhospitable Brisbane airport, was Lammernour Monastery in Queensland, daughter house of Jamberoo. Beautifully situated on the Capricorn coast (Lammernoor Beach) the community received its independence this year. Sydney was used as the base for stays at Tyburn in Riverstone, twenty-five miles west of the city, and Jamberoo seventy miles south. Photographs of Father Gordon at Riverstone show him once again with Mother General of Tyburn – but they did not travel together through the South Pacific! Madre General had returned to London from Peru before coming to Australia as Mother General. Father Gordon had visited Pennant Hills monastery in the late 1970s but was not prepared for the change in geography and outlook of the community who had moved to the Mountain Pass at Jamberoo. Sister Elizabeth, the prioress, looked after Father Gordon in the absence of Mother Benedicta. The rain forest surrounding the monastery, right up to the Sanctuary windows, made Jamberoo one of the most tranquil houses visited – yet inside a very refreshing and forward looking community.

The last stop in Eastern Australia was to another Jamberoo daughter house twenty miles east of Melbourne – tucked away in pleasant suburbia. Continuing westward a stop over was made in Western Australia where Father Placid, a fellow novice of Father Gordon, was visited at New Norcia. After Australia it was on, via Singapore, to the two Grace and Compassion Houses north and south of Colombo in Sri Lanka. The Sisters took Father Gordon to visit Kandy in the centre of the island where he also visited the Sylvestrine Benedictines. The visit to Sri Lanka was a forerunner for Indian culture. Having visited Peru and Africa before the culture “shock” of those countries was not as great as the culture shock of Sri Lanka and above all India. To use the word “shock” is to denigrate – it was a wonderful experience. The lively bustling streets and roads, the screeching friendly noises, the consistent noise of animals, humans, vehicles – and their horn (lorries have labels on the rear “Please sound horn”) was something quite in contrast to the North Yorkshire Moors!

Leaving Sri Lanka, Father Gordon arrived at Madras airport in India at the same time as three Jumbo jets with only four immigration officers on duty! For an hour and a half he had been waiting patiently at the rear of the queue when he was approached by a policeman, and moved to the front of the queue. A word from the waiting Grace and Compassion Sisters to the policeman had worked the miracle! First stop in India was the Grace and Compassion Priory at Tiruvannamalai, two hundred and twenty miles from Madras. This is the largest of the Grace and Compassion overseas houses with a Hospital, Old Folks Home, Creche, Arts and Crafts School and a Farm. In addition Mother General was present – this time Mother Mary Garson. Mother Mary was in bed suffering from typhoid but well enough to resist all Father Gordon’s attempts to anoint her in case the news got misinterpreted in England! From Tiruvannamalai there was a seven and a half hour drive to Bangalore – although only one hundred and thirty-eight miles away to the Grace and Compassion Convent at Kengerri next to the Annunciation Monastery of Asirvanam. At Asirvanam Father Gordon addressed the Meeting of the Indian Benedictine Federation. One item on their agenda was how to produce a book for India similar to the Benedictine Yearbook – Father Gordon was able to provide first hand information.

Whilst near Bangalore he visited Shanti Nilayam, the Solems Congregation daughter house of Ryde Abbey. He also visited the Sylvestrine Benedictines Vanashram Monastery in Bangalore. After his stay at Kengerri there was an eight hour journey to the newly opened Grace and Compassion Convent at Makkiyad – across the paddy fields from the Sylvestrine Monastery of St Joseph. En route a visit was made to the Maharajah’s Palace in Mysore where more nuns were visible as tourists than would be seen in Hampton Court. One of the incongruities of India is that entry visas are not given to priests or nuns – they must enter as laity. Yet inside the country they are allowed to wear the habit and in many places throughout the countryside there are many large Marian and other Christian shrines.

There was an overnight stop in Bombay, after Makkiyad, and despite riots that night in Bombay a safe departure – even though a delayed one – across to Africa and over Somalia to Kenya to visit the Grace and Compassion Convent at Busia close to the Ugandan border. A simple request by the Sisters to the border guards allowed a walk into Uganda without passport – once again the power of the Grace and Compassion Sisters over bureaucracy! Police road check points abounded in Kenya – eighteen between Busia and Nairobi. Despite this five people were shot dead by brigands at a police check point near Kisumu one hour after Father Gordon had passed through it.

Riots also occurred in Nairobi but did not affect Father Gordon’s departure for a flight down East Africa (touch down in Tanzania for one hour) to Swaziland aboard the only jet of Royal Swazi Airlines flown by the only native Swazi pilot. In Swaziland Father Gordon stayed with the Salesians whilst visiting the Holy Paraclete House founded from Whitby. On to Johannesburg to visit another Holy Paraclete House in Rosettenville, which was a retreat and conference centre. Father Gordon sat in on a conference on AIDS.

In order to complete his tour Father Gordon was to visit Ghana and
Nigeria. Due to “sanctions” there were no direct flights from South Africa to either of those countries and a visit had to be made to Zimbabwe to make the connection. After a visit to Victoria Falls and a walk across the Zambezi river into Zambia (this time with passport) Father Gordon stayed with the Jesuits in Harare. There was also time to visit the surrounding countryside including the mission of Monte Cassino at Machekela. Whilst waiting to leave Zimbabwe for Ghana the plane was suddenly surrounded by soldiers with armed guns. Remembering the riots in Bombay and Nairobi and thinking there had been a “coup” it was a pleasant surprise to have President Mugabe come on board. He was bidding farewell to his mother-in-law who was returning to Ghana after her daughter’s funeral and was seated in the row in front of Father Gordon.

In Ghana Father Gordon was met by Brother Bede of Prinknash. Brother Bede drove Father Gordon to Kristo Buase Monastery, two hundred and fifty miles north of Accra. Scenically, Christ in the Desert, Jamberoo and Kristo Buase take the first three places (although not necessarily in that order) for awesome monastic settings. In Accra Brother Bede and Father Gordon had stayed with the Divine Word Fathers from where Father Gordon visited the third overseas house of the Holy Paraclete Sisters.

Having travelled for three months, completing over 45,000 miles by land and air on thirty-three different flights, the extraordinary thing was that — as far as West Africa — absolutely nothing had gone wrong! No coups, no lost luggage, no really delayed flights, no seat bumping, no crashes, no robberies or pickpocketing, no beri-beri, no malaria, no funny or runny tummy. Admittedly there had been a two hour flight delay in civilised Melbourne. Departure was delayed three times firstly due to the ground staff arranging seating according to one type of aircraft which unfortunately was not the type of aircraft flying. Secondly after eventually leaving the dock the pilot had to return to the gate due to an electrical fault. Half an hour later the aircraft left the dock — and again returned — the fault had not been rectified. The good humour and the excellent communication between crew and passengers made this delay not unpleasant! “I hope you will fly Australian Airlines again — even after your experience today!” Using his Air Force background Father Gordon flew in the cockpit of the 737 for most of that journey.

West Africa was another story … having visited West Africa before it was not surprising that something untoward should occur. Nevertheless with the support of prayers from all the Houses he had visited, the problem which emerged was overcome. Before leaving Britain all the necessary injections and inoculations had been received — and the visas for the United States, Australia and India obtained. However the High Commissioners for Ghana and Nigeria in London would not issue their visas as they were only valid for three months. To issue visas in October or November would mean that a visit to their countries in March would not be possible and post dating was unheard of. The Nigerians did suggest altering the whole itinerary to put Nigeria first on the list!

The Ghana High Commission were most sensible and arranged for their visa to be issued en route, in Harare. Based on this logic Father Gordon applied for his Nigerian visa in Accra. The Nigerians declined — they would not issue a visa to someone whose domicile was in Britain. “Go back to Britain and apply for it” was the reply after Brother Bede and Father Gordon had made three visits to the Nigerian High Commission in Accra which took up a whole day. Due to EEC regulations that immigrants to the EEC must apply for entry visas in their countries of residence the Nigerians in Ghana were applying “fit-for-tat”.

Having successfully completed 99% of his visitations it would have been disappointing that the one country that could not be visited was the last on the itinerary — especially as Father Gordon had spent some time with the Nigerian community of Ewu when they were at Eke. Having used up his Irish nationality to gain access to South Africa (Nigeria would not issue a visa to anyone who had a South African stamp in their passport) Father Gordon was not at a loss. Through the Ghana Catholic Secretariat he turned to a third nationality and contacted the Apostolic Pro-Nuncio in Accra, His Excellency Archbishop Abraham Kattumana (who had been Counsellor at Parkside Wimbledon until last year). Diplomatic manoeuvring provided him with the Nigerian visa in his British passport. The final hurdle to enter Nigeria was the flight from Ghana to Nigeria which was delayed by two and three quarter hours for technical reasons — making a total of only three delays of one hour or more in the whole journey.

Whilst the flight from Ghana to Nigeria was delayed — so was its predecessor. The result was that the first flight arrived in Lagos at the time the second flight was due, so that Father Christopher of Glenstal who was meeting Father Gordon found him not to be on board and so left Lagos airport guestless. Two and three quarter hours later Father Gordon arrived but managed to negotiate his way through the turmoil of Lagos Airport to find succour with the Vincentians at Ikeja who in their turn were able to contact Father Christopher who was staying with the Kiltegan Fathers. A two hundred and fifty mile journey east of Lagos found the Glenstal monastery of Ewu. In 1978 Father Gordon had stayed with the community when it had been at Eke — then there had only been two Nigerian monks — today there is one Nigerian priest, eight juniors, five novices and postulants who form a very young and lively community.

All the overseas houses in the Benedictine Yearbook had been visited. Photographs were taken — including a video which Father Gordon eventually hopes to show some of the houses in Britain. Exact directions to locate the houses for “Not Angles” were obtained from first hand experience. It would be invidious to single out individual houses for the wonderful hospitality which was given throughout Father Gordon’s tour. Nevertheless the clockwork arrangements by the Grace and Compassion Sisters in arranging his onward travel from house to house in the sub-continent certainly relieved him of considerable “angst” and allowed him to avoid ulcers and heartache in the face of so many awesome experiences and culture shocks. The care, assistance and hospitality he received everywhere was overwhelming and must have caused some effort to the houses concerned. Saint Benedict’s instructions for the reception of guests had been more than followed in letter and in spirit.
Ampleforth has been inclined to nurture soldiers of originality and strongly independent will, in a word 'SAS' types: the Colonels Sir David and Bill Stirling of Keir, who in 1941 combined their men with the Long Range Desert Group to compose the Special Air Service Regiment (and my mother's brother was killed returning from their first parachute operation on 17 November 1941); Hugh Dormer, who won his DSO parachuting to the Maquis, and then died in Normandy with the guards Armoured Division; Michael Lees, who did what he judged right against Tito in Yugoslavia (and another of my uncles was with him); Captain Michael Allman VC of 6th Gurkha Rifles, who tried to take a Burmese railway bridge singlehanded; Captain Bobby Nairac GC, who died in 1977 on his fourth tour in Northern Ireland attempting to bridge the culture gap on his own.

Alas, of all these only Lees went unjustly unhonoured, though indeed he was once commended for a Military Cross and twice for the DSO. (The honour-game is fickle: as the poet Walter Scott put it, he went 'unwept, unhonoured and unsung'). Major Roy Farran, another such character and Michael Lees's sometime CO, saw him as a hero: 'He was the typical British public-school boy, brought up on Kipling and Henty in the tradition of service and Empire... Built like a Viking, he was a born fighting soldier ... I have met many great and distinguished people in my life, but none greater.' His life was lived essentially in relation to his Yugoslavia experience during 1943-45: he prepared for it, lived it passionately, and for years afterwards wrote of it or lobbied the historians into perceiving and propagating the authentic record. He died vindicated, and so contented. Soldiers do have lives like that.

Michael came from a not unremarkable family. He was the grandson of a Dorsetshire baronet, Sir Elliott Lees, a one-time MP of Churchill's 1906-8 constituency (Liberal). His mother was partially a Weld (a landowning family that, with the Digbys, produces Dorset's Lords Lieutenants); and partially a Radcliffe (a family with a baronetcy and a seat near Harrogate, Rudding Park, until its tragic sale after centuries in October 1972): the new Master of the world's Dominicans, Fr Timothy Radcliffe OP, is of that family. Michael's father died prematurely on Nigerian service.

Thus Michael Lees was sent to Ampleforth during 1934-38, to St Cuthbert's House under Fr Sebastian Lambert. There he never unfolded his potential, as complex late developers are so inclined. He was almost a monitor – but rebellious of such authority, almost a sergeant in the OTC, almost a proficient scientist. He left a memory of a young man at once sensitive, yet fiercely independent, a loner possessed of self-reliance. He might have fared better at another school, though from these early days his religion came to mean much to him. Characteristically he shook off Yorkshire's dust and joined the Dorset Yeomanry, hearing again the bugles at the Menin Gate (Dorman's 1938 phrase).

Michael had a sister, 'Dodo' (Dolores Selby Bennett), whose life sheds light on what it is to be a Lees. Born a year ahead of him, she died half a year ahead (with a Times obituary). In 1939 she lent her passport to Jews in Prague, enabling them to escape the Nazi jackboot. She used her connection with the CIGS, Field Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, to get herself into the French Red Cross as an ambulance driver – Anita Leslie's wartime autobiography, A Story Half Told (1983), tells most of her story also, for example both were in the thick of the Colmar Gap battle with their ambulances and involved with the messy liberation of concentration camps. (Miss Leslie's string-pull was General Alexander). 'Dodo' was twice awarded the Croix de Guerre for rescuing wounded from minefields under fire. She was, to the end, a woman of many languages and fierce political competitiveness, even to canvassing against her husband in 1989 at the age of seventy.

From South Lytchett Minster, near where he was to die, Lieutenant Lees set forth by sea via the Cape to Egypt. He found cavalry all too slow, and so volunteered for a parachute battalion in India. Back in Egypt but not yet into action, he heard of 'the tweed-cap boys' meaning the Special Operations Executive (SOE, then merely called 'MO4'); and managed to talk his way into their Yugoslav Section, which promoted him Captain and promised him what he hoped for, viz unregimented action. On the night of 2 June 1943, leading a mission to General Dragolub Mihailovic's Chetnik guerrillas in Serbia, he dropped into their mountains clutching a Serbo-Croat grammar. On the Germans' behalf, Bulgarians occupied most of this ground; and two nights later Lees found his mission depleted by these time servers, who savagely killed four of his wounded where they lay. He had in his saddle bag about £1m in gold sovereigns, and only just managed to escape under the fire of a Bulgarian machine gun. Nevertheless he did manage then to link up with the royalists, with whom he traversed the country on horseback, surviving and blowing up Nazi munitions trains en route to their Greek war, where British forces were collapsing. He found himself getting drawn away from thwarting Nazis into a side-campaign, the inevitable rivalries of Chetniks against Tito's partisans, who were saving Allied supplies for the extinction not of Nazis but of Chetniks.

Lees liked to destroy German trains by hiding up the line a short distance from the guards. He waited and watched the border guards as they stared at the approaching train, then ran over and planted his charges: 'You only have a second or two, but that's enough.' A year of this culminated in a precipitate change of British policy, as Lees was becoming ever more convinced of the royalist case and more of an admirer of Mihailovic. In December 1943 (halfway through his year there) Lees was ordered to discontinue his SOE task and withdraw from all contact with the Mihailovic war. SOE became embarrassed...
at his presence among royalists: they switched their entire aid programme to Tito and ceased dropping needed supplies to Lees — in a word, switch off the tap to him. He became bitterly critical of that policy; and indeed in 1990 published his last book, *The Rape of Serbia*, convincingly setting out his case in sorrow. This was his version in 1943: "We were about to attack the airport at Nis when — out of the blue — I received a signal telling me to desert the royalist resistance and go over to Tito’s partisans if I could. I never linked up with the communists and it was six months before I could find a way out of Yugoslavia. I just kept blowing up trains. It was against orders. But it passed the time."

As to the last, he had been ordered to blow up the vital Nis-Salonika railway at a time when Mihailovic’s forces had been strongly advised to cease further action that might call down reprisals from the Germans against Serbian civilians; but rather to wait upon a day of national uprising. Lees of course persuaded his area commanders to ignore this and continue rail destructions. Together they derailed six supply trains.

A picture gathers of why Lees was never rewarded. He had found SOE policy unacceptable and SOE tactics unworthy of his obedience. We can begin to understand Roy Farran’s recent testimony (surely also rather autobiographical vis-à-vis himself). He said at Lees’s memorial service that Michael ‘had no time for the labyrinth of byzantine intrigues which surrounded operations in Yugoslavia ... Intensely loyal to the Serbs under General Mihailovic, he wasted little sympathy on those who waged a civil war concurrently; to him, they merely confused the battle against the German invaders, his sole target ... He believed that guerrillas should hit as often as they were able and that inactivity in hiding would destroy guerrilla morale.’

It is an irony of fate that the sharp British policy swing, coming from Churchill and the Chiefs of Staff, had been advised through the ‘Blockbuster Report’ (strongly encouraged by Josip Broz Tito the Communist) submitted by the ex-diplomat and Conservative MP Sir Fitzroy Maclean (baronet 1957), who during 1943-45 had been appointed brigadier commanding the British Military Mission to the Yugoslav Partisans (cf his 1949 account, *Eastern Approaches*). He had served in Moscow and believed in co-operating with Communists, or at least independent of the USSR. With him he had remarkable soldiers such as the late Brigadier Peter Moore (d. 23 July 1992), who had won both the MC and DSO in Desert operations, was to win ... One can see the strength of Lees’s argument when considering that Mihailovic’s forces were holding down three German and six Bulgarian divisions, even though Tito’s forces may have been holding down three times as many. The fulcrum of the argument for the switch turned precisely on the evidence of these numbers, culled initially from wireless intelligence.

A further irony is that in the 1951 General Election ‘Dodo’, who by then had joined the Labour Party, all but unseated the MP for Lancaster during 1941-59 (then Bute 1959-74), Lees’s later protagonist Fitzroy Maclean. Since November 1943 her brother and her cousin had fallen on either side of a political decision. After The Tehran Conference, where Churchill secured Stalin’s agreement in favour of Tito only; and then after January 1944 when the Chiefs of Staff (of course including Brooke) refused any more to fall between two stools, Lees’s days in Yugoslavia were numbered — as were Mihailovic’s on earth. Churchill wrongly told Parliament that Tito’s partisans were ‘the only people who are doing anything against the Germans now’. In April 1944 the USA began ‘misguidedly’ to support Mihailovic, just at the time when the UK had so ceased. Thus SOE in Cairo, who began to deny receiving Lees’s reports, was ordered to provide them with no transport — to turn off that tap too. Churchill at the time was urging King Peter to dismiss his war minister, Mihailovic; just as, mirabile dictu, he was a year later to order his Foreign Office to let Tito’s aid ‘dwindle and die’. In this climate Lees struggled on till May 1944 when he was withdrawn to Bari (S. Italy) by Dakota aircraft. He being a winner inside a losing policy, one can see why no award was forthcoming. Here we should recall that on 17 July 1946 Mihailovic was executed by firing squad on a Belgrade golf course. He had been tried for treason, with evidence from UK and USA inadmissible. Churchill and Foreign Secretary Bevin had asked for assurances of a fair trial.

At the Italian HQ of SOE Michael met a FANY signals officer, Gwen Johnson; and a couple of months later they were married in Bari Cathedral, where St Anselm of Canterbury had once defended the double procession of the Holy Spirit; they had of the marriage two daughters. After their honeymoon Michael set off on his second mission, joining the Italian partisans south of Turin. He was dropped in the wrong place, but managed to link up and do some useful terrorising of Germans around Piedmont. Eventually he was prevailed upon to escort two delegates from the Piedmontese Liberation Committee through to the Allies with an urgent report. Since any air pickup was out of the question, he led them over the Maritime Alps to Menton on the coast and across to where the Americans were conducting their Operation Anvil through southern France. En route they wiped out a German gunner observation post, picking their way around minefields. He brought his delegates out to safety and on to Italy.

Michael Lees’s third and last mission was west of Bologna, to the Italian partisans in the Appenines west of Reggio Emilia, who were to be prepared for guerrilla activity in the final phase of the war. In January 1945 Lees was again parachuted behind German lines and soon gained a reputation as ‘the wild or mountain man of Reggio’. When the ground was ready, Major Roy Farran led
the drop of some fifty SAS, including the proverbial piper (as with Brigadier Lord Lovat at Dieppe), into the area. Farran tells us: 'Mike arrived on a big brown mare. He was a huge man, with excited, urgent eyes. In all the time I knew him, he was never one to waste a minute.' Later his judgement was this: 'He was a brilliant liaison officer behind the lines with Italian partisans and was admired equally by the Communists and Christian Democrat factions. (Always factions, one notes). Again he found himself frustrated by SOE policy requiring partisans to refrain from attacks on the German rear areas until the grand offensive.' That was surely rather a wet policy? At all events, Lees brought the SAS to his hidden base at Secchio, where they were received by a select bodyguard of Goufa Nera or 'black bats'. An acceptance ceremony was helped along by grappa and partisan songs. So began their co-operation. Farran estimated Lees as 'the best partisan liaison officer in the whole of Italy'. At the time he was suffering from a recurrence of the malaria he had contracted in Yugoslavia.

This leads us to the set piece of Michael Lees's life, from which he never fully recovered, the raid on the German Army Corps Headquarters at the Albinea villa in March, in the last weeks of the war. For his conduct in this the SAS (for want of an honour from the monarch) recognised his heroism by giving him their honorary membership — and thus the tie he often so proudly wore, even in his last year of life. The raid was conceived by Lees and led by Farran, and has been described as 'one of the most ambitious and finely tuned operations carried out by resistance forces'. A centre of communications was guarded by three hundred German troops and assaulted by a mixed Anglo-Italian force of soldiers and semi-soldiers, with a hard core of twenty picked SAS: add to these some Russian deserters, some Frenchmen out of place and the odd Spaniard and Yugoslav, and one recalls Joseph's many coloured coat! So proficient was the preliminary reconnaissance of Lees and his trusted few that the success of this operation was all but guaranteed — as much as war allows.

Perhaps it would be well first to offer the official report that appears in Airborne Forces (War Office 1951). 'On 23 March 1945 Major Farran reconnoitred the positions of the German 51 Corps HQ Albinea, which was about 500 strong and attacked it at 0200 hrs 27 March. The German Chief of Staff was killed and at least 60 other German casualties were inflicted. Most of the HQ papers, files and maps were burned and the whole district was thrown into a state of alarm. Allied casualties were 17 killed of which two officers and four other ranks were SAS. Thus was an important communications centre, which controlled the whole front from Bologna to the west coast, dealt with. We are told that, despite Lees complaining beforehand, that Farran brought his piper in to play, in the fond belief that the effect on German morale on hearing a piper's skill fifty miles behind their lines would far outweigh any complication: and so it was. Lees got into the villa only to be shot by a German guard, who for his pains received a sten gun burst point blank into his stomach. Lees raced up the stairs, despite his wound, seeking out the generals. En route he was hit three more times in the leg and collapsed: 'I moved my hand down and clutched something that came away. It was a red beret drenched in blood and I pushed the dead body of its owner aside.' Brought to his senses by the sound of pipes, he crawled down to a doorway, and was pulled out by the SAS just before the villa dissolved in flames. He was dragged unceremoniously to a farm barn, where the full extent of his wounds was discovered. He lay there for several days before Italian partisans could get him back safely into guerrilla country, employing an ox-drawn manure cart with a false bottom. Michael's pain in all this was excruciating. He next endured a thirty mile drive through German checkpoints in an ambulance, while accompanied by a partisan in German uniform. After that he was lifted off, picked off a mountain terrace in a captured Fieseler Storch by a partisan pilot, to medical safety and recovery, the little spotter plane flying him to a British hospital in Naples. That proved the end of his war. He was not promoted beyond Captain. But the people of Reggio Emilia did not forget: their council made him a freeman of their city.

A series of surgical operations followed, but Michael's severed sciatic nerve was never restored. For the rest of his life (more than half of it) he suffered a steady pain and disabilities, which forced him into early retirement. He had recurrent spells in hospital, to little avail.

But Michael's will remained strong. During 1951-71 he went into business, becoming managing director in London of a firm dealing mainly in Argentina and East Africa, until his health forced retirement. He then took up cattle and fruit farming at Courtmacsherry, County Cork. He remained 'a devoted friend of Serbia', as his death announcements declared. Though his health was gradually sinking, Michael went with his wife Gwen in the autumn of 1991 to Krajina to visit the Serbian enclave, whose foreign minister had indeed translated his book The Rape of Serbia into the Serbian language, where it became a best seller. He has become much in demand as an experienced commentator on Yugoslavia, both of half a century ago and now. He has written to the press, to government ministers, to relevant officials. He has raised a pro-Serb lobby in both Westminster and Canada. He has taken his place in TV debates — four BBC programmes in 1991-92, arguing the cases for Serbia now and for historical truth over Tito's deception of Churchill, who in 1945 in Brussels was to describe his embracing of Tito as 'one of my greatest mistakes of the war'. Above all, in 1986 and 1990 he published two enormously influential books in this regard. Special Operations Executed, a play on SOE, was largely written in circa 1950 during bouts in hospital; and it was resurrected in 1982-83 when documents were released by our Government, which triggered his old passions for the truth of it all. He revised his interestingly fresh autobiography (old men should do it that way; write at once, revise in their wisdom). It was published in 1986 and generated the debate and stimulus that gave rise to Michael Lees's more substantial book, which reanimated the debate about our support of Tito and/or Mihailovic during the war. One's only sorrow is that the author is not here to comment on the stages of the Serbian/Croatian/Bosnian debacle. The Rape of Serbia counters the current pro-Tito anti-Chetnik interpretation; and for that
reason alone British publishing houses and media refused Michael Lees an entrance—in a society of free speech and free press. His book, they knew, would invalidate the received version of our history by a cold statement of informed truth, based on Public Records Office (PRO) documentation—which, as Nora Beloff put it, ‘cast doubt not only on the judgement but also on the integrity of the leading British Titoists’. Even the BBC, preparing its two Timewatch reassessments, erased part of the Lees testimony and all of the Jean Howard testimony, coming from Bletchley Park itself: so Michael was prevented from revealing that reports put before Churchill had been contradictory, not to say ‘select’ or downright prejudiced. He was filled with anger.

In 1985 Major Farran and Captain Lees were jointly honoured by the council of Albinea. In March 1992 Michael spent his last living day at his desk: his Times obituarist had this to say: ‘It is not given to many men to die happy in fighting a cause first embraced in youth.’

A memorial service was held at the Serbian Orthodox church of St Sava, Ladbroke Grove W11 on 1 April 1992. The episcopal vicar, Very Rev Milenko Zebic, officiated and spoke. Major R A Farran, DSO, MC, RE was represented by Michael’s nephew and Dodo’s son, James Selby -Bennett. Crown Prince Aleksander of Yugoslavia gave an address, the Crown Princess Katherine being present, also Princess Tomislav of Yugoslavia.

H. MICHAEL B. COLLINS (X23) : Crispian Collins (H65) writes:

“My uncle Michael Collins was born in 1907 and died on All Souls Day, 2 November 1989. On leaving school he joined the Foreign Branch of the Westminster Bank but he had an impatience and a curiosity which meant that he would never settle to an office job. He raced motorbikes at Brooklands, drove one of the first-ever armoured cars through London and was a special constable in the General Strike in 1926. He entered the RAF at 21 (on a short service commission) and subsequently served on the North-West Frontier of India. After a spell in aviation journalism (for The Aeroplane), he rejoined the RAF at the outbreak of war and was stationed in Southern Africa. He was appointed Wing Commander. He took part in the Berlin Airlift (he suffered from sciatica subsequently because of the extremely cramped conditions on the overloaded aircraft) and after the war was Station Manager for BOAC at Santa Maria in the Azores.

As you can probably judge, flying was an abiding interest and in middle age he became a flying instructor to the air forces of Iraq (he lived in Riyadh and his wife was compelled to wear a yashmak in public) and, later, Zambia, where he became a friend of President Kaunda. He died in Durban, having lived most of his later life in South Africa. An enterprising member of an enterprising generation.”

It is with regret that we have just learned of the death on 2 November 1989 of H Michael B Collins (X23).

Col James R Browne RM (retd) (X25) 1 February 1992
Alexander J Swann-Fitzgerald-Lombard (C86) March 1992
Michael Lees (C38) 23 March 1992
H G Peter Westmore (O37) 26 March 1992
Geoffrey P de Guingand (O34) 27 March 1992
Desmond L Sinnott (A45) 30 March 1992
Dennis W Moynan (D48) 15 April 1992
Jeremy F Graham (C43) 26 April 1992
Donald G Grant OBE (E46) 30 April 1992
Peter G C Stapleton (E36) 30 April 1992
Edward W Fattorina (A26) 13 May 1992
Francis V J Farrell (A26) 20 May 1992
I Gordon Watkins (B37) 3 July 1992
Timothy L Coffey (W59) 4 July 1992
Tommy G Tyrrell (O28) 26 July 1992
Ninian J Crichton-Stuart (H74) 29 July 1992

1991
19 Oct. Karen and Christopher Harris (H72) a daughter, Alexandra Margaret
4 Nov. Bonny and Ian Baharie (D78) a daughter, Jasperina Alexandra Victoria

1992
25 Feb. Amanda and Stephen Hyde (B78) a daughter, Sophie Victoria Garnet
29 Feb. Maria and Sebastian Chambers (E85) a daughter, Martha Carmen
9 Mar. Claire and Andrew Forsythe (E80) a daughter, Lily Catherine
9 Mar. Elizabeth and Anthony Leaning (H69) a son, Richard Fergus
10 Mar. Hilary and Michael Whitehall (D57) a son, Barnaby William Michael
13 Mar. Julie and Simon Lodge (J83) a son, Thomas William Edward
14 Mar. Georgina and Edward, Earl of Arundel (T74) a son, Thomas Jack
14 Mar. Anna and Nigel Cathecart (B77) a daughter, Lucy Philippa
21 Mar. Jane and Gregory Pender (J78) a son, Dominic George
21 Mar. Virginia and Sam Thomasson (W74) a son, Laurie Francis
24 Mar. Joan and Tim Macadorey (D73) a daughter, Mia Ruth
25 Mar. Manuela and Mark Kerr-Smiley (W79) a son, Frederick Hugh
26 Mar. Sue and Simon Allan (A77) a daughter, Elizabeth Emily
7 April. Clare and Mark Armour (D71) a son, John William
22 April Emma and Justin Dowley (A72) a son, Finn William Martin
23 April Karon and Jonathan Fuller (070) a son, Benedict Alexander James
29 April Christine and Peter Schicht (J66) a daughter, Amelia Mary Ann
3 May Mandy and Benedict Rambaut (D73) a son, Alexander
5 May Penny and William Dowley (A82) a son, Joseph William
16 May Drusilla and Gervase Belfield (H70) a daughter, Matilda May
22 May Jane and William Sleeman (C80) a son, John Douglas
24 May Amanda and Stephen Murray (H74) a son, Alexander Henry Jerningham
27 May Allison and Nicholas Gaynor (T77) a daughter, Rebecca Elizabeth
4 June Rachel and Simon Wright (T74) a son, Edward Matthew
13 June Della and Gregory McDonald (B80) a son, Guy Augustine
19 June Caroline and Christopher Ainscough (C73) a daughter, Harriet Anne
1 July Juliet and James Le Fanu (B67) a daughter, Allegra Frances
14 July Ann and James Rapp (A70) a daughter, Rachel Mary
15 July Sara and Simon Connolly (T77) a son, Maximillian Thomas Denmore
16 July Marina and Robert Elwes (079) a son, Maximillian Carl Valentine
18 July Georgina and Kit Hunter Gordon (C75) a daughter, Ione Mary
22 July Carlotta and Esme Lowe (H79) a daughter, Cosima Anne Julia
28 July Susie and Patrick Willis (T81) a son, Benjamin Joseph
5 Aug. Barbara and Paul Johnson-Ferguson (C84) a daughter, Cecilia Teresa Marie
14 Aug. Caroline and Bernard Bunting (E76) a daughter, Emily Anne
15 Aug. Kathryn and Harry Buscall (B81) a son, Dominic
17 Aug. Sophia and Edward Oppe (H79) a son, Alexander
19 Aug. Ursula and Stephen Codrington (W75) a son, Rory Alexander
20 Aug. Maxine and John Gutai (J82) a son, Dominic Richard
25 Aug. Dorothee and Miko Giedroyc (W76) a daughter, Anna Viva Magdalene
26 Aug. Caroline and Patrick Corkery (J78) a daughter, Katherine Isabel
28 Aug. Kate and Tim O’Kelly (C82) a daughter, Matilda Emma

ENGAGEMENTS

Justin Birkett (D84) to Nicola Gill
Alastair Campbell (T71) to Rosie Nickson
Dominic Carter (D85) to Mairike Liebert
Benedict Connolly (W85) to Joanne Petrucco
Hugh Cooper (C73) to Lynn Johansen
Mark Cuddigan (D73) to Amanda Mangles
William Dore (D82) to Pippa Waters
Damian Fraser (083) to Paloma Porraz del Amo
Patrick French (J84) to Abigail Ashton-Johnson

MARRIAGES

1991
6 April Patrick Blumer (A84) to Gigi Mason-Spanoghe
St Gregory’s, Cheltenham
6 April Paul Watters (D77) to Nicola Jane Utey (St Nicholas’, Wrea Green)
31 Aug. Andrew Hawkswell (D80) to Rosalind Hoare (St Mary’s, Scarborouhg)
7 Dec. Hadyn Cunningham (O83) to Joanna Sheehy (Farm Street)
1992
14 Mar. James Patmore (B84) to Rosanna Greenslade (St Mary’s, Eversley)
18 April Justin Sasse (T85) to Sarah Waters (St Margaret’s, Ipswich)
16 May Stephen Turville-Constable-Maxwell (C82) to Louise Crossland
(St Mary’s, Derby)
25 May John Mickelthwait (O80) to Fevronia Barnard (France)
30 May John Shipsy (T82) to Fiona Russell (St Mary’s, Shaftesbury)
30 May Jeremy Tigar (D83) to Sarah Hunt (St James’, Gerrards Cross)
20 June Alexander Fitzalan Howard (W82) to the Hon Joanna Vernon
(All Saints, Sudbury, Derbyshire)
27 June Richard Brooks (B85) to Victoria Louise Offer (St Peter’s, Prestbury)
11 July Thomas Maxwell (E85) to Alice Cotterell (Lulworth)
11 July John Price (B83) to Julia Lessey (Sacred Heart, Petworth)
1 Aug. Giles Baxter (E79) to Victoria Jones
(St Michael and All Angels, Berwick, Sussex)
22 Aug. Robert Fawcett (B84) to Clare Hornsey (Ampleforth Abbey)
24 Aug. Mark O’Kelly (C78) to Susie Lomax (St Joseph’s, Roehampton)
19 Sept. Adam Stapleton (C76) to Kathryn English (Aundel Cathedral)
25 Sept. Ivo Coulson (D81) to Claudia Cadbury (Warwick Cathedral)
26 Sept. Simon Hare (J80) to Henrietta Clayton (St Giles, Graffham)
ROBERT AMBROSE (W57) has earned a Masters Degree in Business Administration at Lebanon Valley College, Pennsylvania.

SIMON BAKER (B84) left Thorn EMI lighting after factory closure and is now working for BICC Cables in Prescot as a Manufacturing Project Engineer.

DAVID BLAIR (B86) is working in Germany as a commodity broker. He was previously a computer programmer in both Dorchester and Dusseldorf.

RICHARD CARR (W71) has been appointed Group Human Resources Director with Del Monte Foods International Ltd.

GERVASE ELWES (B73) is an artist whose work is predominantly large drawings in public art galleries. He has also had three one-man shows.

JONATHAN ELWES (T67) has established a new corporate finance office for James Capel & Co. in Frankfurt, with responsibility for Germany, Austria and Hungary.

PETER EVANS (B72) has worked for the last eleven years for Shell Exploration and Production in Aberdeen. His first seven years were spent working offshore in the North Sea on Shell's production platforms; and for the last four years he has been seconded overseas to Gabon in West Africa, where initially he worked in the middle of the rain forest setting up the materials operation. This area is now Gabon's biggest crude oil production field, producing in excess of 160,000 barrels of oil per day.

ANDREW FORSYTHE (E80) has been working for Whitbreads Brewery in Sheffield since he left school and is now the section manager running the Gold Label Barley Wine department. He continues to enjoy rugby, having played for several clubs, including Sheffield and Malton.

SIMON FRASER (W47) has developed the world's first power station run on chicken and turkey droppings, which recently opened in East Anglia. Farmers sell litter direct to the plant for burning and can buy back the resulting ash as a nutrient rich fertiliser. The power generated is sufficient for 12,500 homes in the area. A second scheme is now underway on Humberside, and additional sites in Lincolnshire and other poultry producing regions along the east coast are being investigated.

JOHN GERAGHTY (H79) is Senior Registrar in Histopathology at Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge.

MARK GRABOWSKI (B67) has completed his MA at the Institute of Education in London and has been appointed Head of History at St George's RC School in Maida Vale.

TERENCE GRADY (H81) joined Herbert Smith as a Trainee Solicitor in 1990 and was sent to Hong Kong for the final six months of his Articles, before returning to London. He had previously spent a year as a Research Assistant in the House of Commons and a year and a half in a Bank in Boston, USA.

JAMES HARDING (B84) has left RADA and is looking for a career in the film world.

THOMAS HARDING (B87) has completed his first year at London University, where he is reading European History.

LORD JUSTICE KENNEDY (E53) has been made a member of the Privy Council on his appointment as a Lord Justice of Appeal.

PHILIP LARDNER (B84) is in Uganda, programming computers for the Medical Missionaries of Mary as a volunteer.

SIMON LINTIN (A75) has been appointed Consultant Anaesthetist to the Killingbeck Hospital in Leeds.

BRIAN McGING (A69) has spent a year at the University in Heidelberg, whilst on leave from Trinity College Dublin.

MATTHEW MEACHAM (B84) completed his Short Service Limited Commission in the 15/19 King's Royal Hussars before going up to Worcester College Oxford where he graduated in Law in 1988. Subsequently he spent three years with the American management consultancy firm Bain & Co. during which he lived in USA, Australia and Hong Kong. He is currently completing the one year MBA programme at Insead in Fontainebleau.

TOMASZ MRÓCZKOWSKI (B67) is Professor of International Business at The American University, Washington DC. During the past academic year he has taught international business in France, travelled to Japan for lectures and an international conference and was also able to work on a major project contributing to economic reforms in Poland.

ANDREW OSBORNE (B84) qualified in medicine in 1991 and now has a Senior House Officer job in Casualty in the London area.

CHRISTOPHER OSBORNE (B88) is in his fourth year of veterinary medicine at the Royal London Veterinary School, with a particular interest in equine surgery.

RICHARD OSBORNE (B86) gained a BA Hons in 1990 from Sussex and now works for Owners Abroad – in Portugal in the summer and the Alps in the winter where he enjoys skiing off-piste.

JAMES PATTON (W85) qualified as a doctor from Edinburgh University in 1991, and is now working in Orthopaedic Surgery at Hammersmith Hospital. He won a University Rowing Blue in 1991 and represented Scotland in International Rowing.

JAMES RAPP (A70) is a naval Commander on the Staff at R N HQ Northwood. His last command was HMS Brazen during the Gulf War.

PHILIP RAPP (A77) has commenced a two year spell in Hong Kong working...
for Clifford Chance, having recently completed a year’s secondment at C & C Law Office in Beijing. The latter involved all types of legal work involved with foreign investment in China: advising on lending, arguing arbitrations, conducting litigation and negotiating joint ventures. Away from the office, Philip represented the local British team in cricket test matches against Sri Lanka, India and Pakistan; and before taking up his new post, he went on an expedition in Tibet, climbing Cho Oyu with a Swedish/Chinese Expedition.

JOHN REID (D42) has retired after almost thirty years as a senior executive recruiting consultant. In 1962 he became the second British headhunter and three years later started Executive Search Ltd, the first British search consultants. He successfully completed recruiting assignments in many countries, including France, Singapore and America. On his retirement his company closed, with his colleagues also retiring.

PETER REID (A41) is a Director of IT Consultants Ltd and of Development Techniques Ltd — subsidiaries of the IT Development Group Ltd (of which he is an Associate), specialising in Third World consultancies for Government Departments and UN agencies. Formerly a Director of Fairford Electronics Ltd and Lenel Manufacturing Co. Ltd, he continues to undertake Management Consultancy and is a Bedfordshire County Councillor, representing the Northill Division.

PETER RHYS-EVANS (H66), consultant ear, nose and throat surgeon at the Royal Marsden Hospital, London, has delivered a paper at the 1992 conference of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. His findings have provided evidence that mankind evolved from an aquatic ape who moved to the seas five million years ago after leaving the failing forests and savannah grasslands of Africa to exploit the rich food supply of the coasts and estuaries.

PETER RYAN (D49) has established his own International Management consultancy in London and provides services mainly on Special Economic Zones. He was the founder of WEPZA — World Export Processing Zones Organisation — in Manila in 1978.

SIR PATRICK SHEEHY (B48) has been appointed to lead a radical Home Office enquiry on the future pattern of policy pay and management.

NICK WRIGHT (T68) has been appointed a Commander to the Royal Yacht.

ORDINATION

FR RICHARD DUFFIELD (J82) of the Birmingham Oratory was ordained Priest at St Aloysius Church, Oxford, on 11 July 1992. He is now working at St Aloysius’, Oxford.

NEWS FROM ST DUNSTAN’S

SIR KENNETH BRADSHAW KCB (40) was elected a Vice-President of the Ampleforth Society as a measure of thanks for his painstaking work in bringing the Rules up to date and in line with the latest charity legislation. His main occupation now is with the Opera House at Compton Verney.

SIR JOHN JOHNSTON GVCO (41) retired from the Lord Chamberlain’s staff a few years ago, but still has a part-time job in the Royal Household, overseeing the rewiring of Windsor Castle. He expects this career to end next year, in addition to his participation in the Queen’s birthday parade.

JOHN REMERS (46) has retired from practice as a country family solicitor and also from directorship of Glyndebourne Opera, and is now President of the SVP in his diocese.

PETER HOWARD (47) is an independent public relations consultant in Geneva, having taken early retirement from Du Pont.

ALEX PAUL (49) is still concerned with inter-active training videos for Shell.

PAT SHEAHAN (49) is much involved with the L’Arche communities, which provide homes for the mentally handicapped. His particular involvement is in Poland, where a community has been established in two houses south of Krakow.

TONY FORSTER (50) has become an associate partner of the J Rothschild Partnership.

DAMIAN PAVILLARD (54) has returned to the UK, following re-organisation by his former employers, New Guinea Airlines. He has become an oblate of the Abbey.

IAN FLANAGAN (57) moved to Pembrokeshire after returning from a six months posting to the Falkland Islands.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY (57) is working with the Dubai Aluminium Company.

MICHAEL WHITEHALL (57) has formed a production company with the actor Nigel Havers and continues to run his agency, Michael Whitehall Ltd, with Amanda Fitzalan Howard.

PAUL MORRISSEY (58) works with a New York company which produces photographic journals for churches. He is still doing TV and radio interviews and debates on the moral issues, and has been supporting Pat Buchanan for President.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS (58) is a priest member of Opus Dei, working in London.

ST JOHN FLAHERTY (64) has moved from Hong Kong to Tokyo, where he works with Slaughter and May.

PETER BURNETT (73) works for MG Commodities in Hamburg.

MARK CUDDIGAN (73) is a fellow of the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors, working in Northumberland.
SEAN GEDDES (73) is a golf professional in Barbados and has recently been working in Sardinia at a club on the Costa Smeralda.

TIM MACADOIREY (73) practises as an optician in Northern Ireland.

MATTHEW BURNETT (74) is still working for Victor Tandberg & Co Ltd, importing French paper products.

MARK CAMPBELL (76) left Clyde Petroleum after seven years as an exploration geologist and is now an independent consultant.

WILF NIXON (77) is on the Faculty of the Hydraulic Institute of the University of Iowa.

PHILIP SYKES (77) practises as a Solicitor and has moved to Dun Laoghaire.

PAUL WATTERS (77) has been trading US Government debt for a Japanese Securities House in London.

IAN BAHARIE (78) has taken up a new Foreign Office posting in Abu Dhabi.

JAMES (78) and ANDREW (79) CHANCELLOR are both now working in London, James having had some years in New York.

PAUL FLETCHER (78) is doing a two year post graduate diploma in Theology at Heythrop College.

ANTHONY MARTENS (78) is presently living in Japan.

SEAN WATTERS (78) is working in a GP Practice in Hampshire.

NICHOLAS CHANNER (81) is the Adjutant of the First Royal Highland Fusiliers. His regiment formed part of the First Armoured Division during the Gulf War.

SIMON GEDDES (81) is sending home reams of paintings from all over the world. He was last heard of on his motor bike somewhere in Mexico, moving southwards.

MARK O’MALLEY (81) works in Paris in Management Consultancy and has been on a month’s intensive French course on the Cote d’Azur.

SIMON DAVY (83) has been appointed Director of his company, Mison Security, and is taking a course in Business Management at London University.

BEN ELWES (83) has moved from his advertising agency and is now in a partnership as one of two directors of a small art gallery in London, concentrating on modern art.

MICHAEL KENNEDY (83) works in Maidenhead as an agent for J Kennedy & Company, mainly concerned with the laying of underground pipes and other equipment for British Telecom.

JUSTIN BIRKETT (84) took over the management of the family shooting estate in 1985, one of the premier shooting estates in the north.

JULIAN DALY (84) teaches English at All Saints School in York.

JAMES ENGLAND (84) is working at the second largest hospital in Brisbane on ENT and is planning a career in surgery. He is also working in plastic surgery and neurosurgery, and enjoying scuba diving whilst in Australia.

DOMINIC CARTER (85) has been working at the BBC and is now a personal assistant in the new television company which has taken over the franchise for the South West.

RICHARD CHANNER (85) is teaching History, English and Rugby at Llandovery College in Wales.

JOHN ELLWOOD (85) is looking for a career in financial services, having taken a BTEC in Business Studies and an HND in Business and Finance.

PATRICK ELLWOOD (85) completed an HND and then did two years’ accountancy work for the Aylesbury Health Authority. He is now studying for a career in psychiatric care.

SIMON JOHNSON-FERGUSON (85) has taken his final medical examinations and is working in Epsom General Hospital.

PAUL KELLY (85) is working with Baring Brothers in the City and has passed his Corporate Finance Registered Representative examinations, which entitle him to become a member of the Securities and Futures Association.

ANDREW MOLLETT (85) has spent two years journeying around the world and is now back home in Portugal, working as a freelance journalist and translator.

CHARLES O’MALLEY (85) has recently spent some time in Prague.

JAMES HALL (86) is on a one year MSc course at Manchester University, having spent some time in India following the completion of his degree course.

TOM LEEPER (86) has been called to the Bar.

GRAHAM SELLERS (86) has been to India aboard HMS York and is now based in Rosyth.

AUSTIN SWEENEY (86) took a first class degree in Scottish Law at Edinburgh University and was hoping to do a post graduate two year degree in England.
WILLIAM FLINT (87) is working for Cooper & Deloitte in the Corporate Tax Department, having read Law at Bristol University. He has also spent some time in Chile with the Manquehue movement.

THOMAS O’MALLEY (87) has been working for the Conservative Party for some of the time since finishing his Oxford degree.

BRENDAN KELLY (88) has exhibited at galleries near Trafalgar Square and in Cork Street, Mayfair. In 1991 his self-portrait was accepted for the BP Portrait Award Competition and he has also won a £2000 prize as runner up in the Hunting/Observer competition.

DOMINIC WIGHTMAN (91) has been working in Berlin, where he was this year’s holder of the Deutsche Bank scholarship.

MARK CUDDIGAN (91) has been teaching sport and history in a school in Cape Town.

**ROM E DINNER**

On a warm Saturday evening on 9 May a small group of Old Amplefordians met together with their friends at the “Grappolo D’Oro” restaurant just a stone’s throw from the Piazza Navona in Rome. Among the Old Amplefordians present was His Highness, The Grand Master of The Knights of Malta: Andrew Bertie (E47).

It might be worthwhile saying here that as such occasions go we are only celebrating our 20th Dinner having started as recently as February 1983. The idea was proposed by Fr Joe Barrett (C30), who worked for several years as Chaplain to Strangeways prison Manchester, and the intention had been to follow the fine traditions of The Manchester Hot Pot and in particular that of its informality. Indeed we always send its convenor, Tony Brennan (E52), a suitable postcard signed by everyone present to maintain this link.

We meet twice a year on the second Saturday of May and November. Anyone who should be in Rome at these times is more than welcome. Contact can be made through Fr J A Barrett or Fr Mark Butlin or myself, the convenor. Our respective addresses can be found in the current list of officials and members of the Ampleforth Society.

Those Old Amplefordians present were: Fr Joe Barrett, SJ (C30); Louis Marcelin-Rice (T64) together with his wife, Kate; Fr Mark Butlin (O49); His Highness, The Grand Master of The Knights of Malta: Andrew Bertie (E47);

John Morris (D55): convenor.

In the course of his Report to the 110th AGM the Hon General Secretary said—Now that the life membership system of payment of the subscription on the last bill is under way, the Society can plan for up to 100 new life members annually. Membership now stands at 2824; 17 have died – although a total of 36 deaths this year includes Old Amplefordians who are not members of the Society.

Four Houses have produced House Newsletters; functions have taken place as usual in Manchester (2), Hong Kong (2), Edinburgh (3), Liverpool and Dublin; and there were also successful occasions in Hampshire and Hereford. I am grateful to all who have given of their time in organising such successful occasions. I am also grateful to the Hon Gen Treasurer for his meticulous book-keeping and work on our behalf and I acknowledge this all the more for not knowing how we would do without him. In particular he is anxious to continue to help the Bursary Fund and the Lourdes Sick Fund.

A letter from the Secretary to all who left in or before 1930 has yielded a wonderful response from 30 of the 46 members of the Society who were written to. Articles in the Journal this and next year will reveal an array of memories of the past and Fr Abbot has asked that all such letters received by the Secretary should go into our archives. I am sure we should continue to elicit such a response from time to time.

We should not forget that we are entering the decade which will end in Ampleforth 200 years old. It is not too early to start thinking about this and how we should celebrate and commemorate. Failure to do so now will result in this anniversary being upon us when it is too late to do anything well prepared.
### THE AMPLEFORTH SOCIETY

#### SUMMARISED INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

**FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER 1991**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1991</th>
<th>1990</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>INCOME</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Subscriptions</td>
<td>24,313</td>
<td>35,229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Investment income</td>
<td>13,581</td>
<td>13,456</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gains/(losses) on investments</td>
<td>2,076</td>
<td>-2,799</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Income</strong></td>
<td>39,970</td>
<td>45,886</td>
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#### EXPENDITURE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1991</th>
<th>1990</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Members journals</td>
<td>17,660</td>
<td>16,451</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Address book</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>2,185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bursaries</td>
<td>6,847</td>
<td>5,266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lourdes pilgrimage</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>1,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Administrative expenses</td>
<td>940</td>
<td>613</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Expenses</strong></td>
<td>26,947</td>
<td>25,515</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Surplus, before transfers**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1991</th>
<th>1990</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>13,023</td>
<td>20,371</td>
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</table>

#### TRANSFERS (TO) FROM FUNDS:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fund</th>
<th>Amount</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Address book fund</td>
<td>(500)</td>
<td>1,685</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bursary fund</td>
<td>(153)</td>
<td>(1,810)</td>
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</table>

**Net Surplus for the year added to General Fund**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1991</th>
<th>1990</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>£12,370</td>
<td>£20,246</td>
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**THE AMPLEFORTH SOCIETY**

**SUMMARISED BALANCE SHEET - 31st DECEMBER 1991**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1991</th>
<th>1990</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>INVESTMENTS</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>91,398</td>
<td>89,939</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CURRENT ASSETS</th>
<th>1991</th>
<th>1990</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Income tax recoverable 1991</td>
<td>1,966</td>
<td>2,120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash at bank</td>
<td>63,286</td>
<td>41,786</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life subscriptions owed by Procurator</td>
<td>10,800</td>
<td>20,600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Current Assets</strong></td>
<td>76,052</td>
<td>64,488</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CURRENT LIABILITIES</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Life subscriptions owed by Procurator</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Current Liabilities</strong></td>
<td>76,052</td>
<td>64,488</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**NET ASSETS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1991</th>
<th>1990</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>£167,450</td>
<td>£154,427</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**FUNDS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fund</th>
<th>Amount</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>General fund</td>
<td>145,087</td>
<td>132,717</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bursary fund</td>
<td>18,670</td>
<td>18,517</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Address book fund</td>
<td>3,693</td>
<td>3,193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total Funds</strong></td>
<td>£167,450</td>
<td>£154,427</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**E M S O’KELLY : HON TREASURER**

Dated 23 March 1992

The financial information set out is a simplified version of the Society’s full audited accounts upon which the auditors, Buzzacott & Co reported without qualification on 25 March 1992.

Copies of the full accounts are available on request to the Society’s offices at: Ampleforth College, York YO6 4ER.

**BUZZACOTT & CO.**

Chartered Accountants, 4 Wood Street, London EC2V 7JB

25 March 1992
Sr David Goodall GCMG
Former British High Commissioner, Delhi

The Preacher at the Annual Service in St Saviour’s Cathedral was His Eminence Cardinal Basil Hume OSB

Pride and Prejudice: looking at life through European eyes

Europe: The Roots of its Future

Forgotten Europe: The Legacy of the Austro-Hungarian Empire

The Academic and Social Priorities of the French Educational System

The UK and the Institutions of the European Community

One man’s Education: a Retrospective

When I was in India, I got used to addressing a range of different and sometimes surprising audiences, but none of them was composed exclusively of the Headmasters of Independent Schools — a gathering so rarified that, so far as I know, no collective noun exists to denote it. I must admit that when Fr Dominic first gave me the invitation, I remembered the old story about the class of children that was being instructed in the meaning of moral courage. You will recall that they were given as an example the case of a bishop (or could he have been a headmaster?) who, for some improbable reason which I have now forgotten, found himself in a dormitory full of soldiers; and when all the soldiers got straight into bed, the bishop (or headmaster) bravely knelt down and said his prayers, thus displaying moral courage of a high order. The children were then invited to think of examples for themselves. After deep consideration, one small boy suggested a soldier who, in a dormitory full of bishops, declined to say his prayers and got straight into bed...

Well, like the soldier in that story, I feel a bit outnumbered. Unlike almost everyone else in this room, I have absolutely no claim to be an educationist. I came before you neither as a theoretician of the system nor as a practitioner, but simply as one of its products: in fact as the product not just of one system, but of two. Firstly of the British independent school system, and of the liberal Oxbridge education which may be seen as its continuation: and at the same time of that older system of education enshrined in the Benedictine Rule, which helped to bring Europe out of the Dark Ages.

So my excuse for being let loose on you today is to offer you some personal reflections on the experience of having been educated in a blend of two separate traditions which, although distantly related, are nevertheless very different; and to do so from the perspective of a career in the British Public Service — that is to say the kind of career to which the Public School and Oxbridge education of fifty years ago was pre-eminently directed. How far these reflections have relevance for Headmasters of the Independent Schools of Britain today will be for you to judge.

Academically, the education I received at Ampleforth in the 1940s was essentially a preparation for reading Classical Mods and Greats at Oxford. In those days, a child could take the School Certificate examination before his fifteenth birthday, and from that point onwards I was taught no mathematics, science, geography or modern history: the concentration was on the classics, with some English, Literature, French and German as subsidiaries and a good deal of what might be called general culture in the interstices of these subjects — plus, of course, literature, history and the arts which come from living in a civilised and literate community with access to an excellent library. The element of what Fr Dominic in his opening Address called “delight” was certainly not lacking, though the term itself would have been frowned on as savouring of dilettantism — something regarded by our monastic preceptors as a highly undesirable trait in confronting the serious business of life.

But the powers that be at Ampleforth in those days would, I think, have
subscribed unreservedly to the assessment of the Greats education quoted in Kenneth Rose’s life of Curzon, namely that it “exercises the mind in three quite different directions. In ancient literature, it introduces the student to a world unlike his own; in ancient history, it trains him in the use of evidence and the assessment of historical fact; in abstract thinking, it requires him both to interpret the philosophy of others and to form some kind of philosophy for himself. For mental discipline, for exactness of meaning, for the expression of opinion in graduated terms, it would not be easy to devise a more searching test.” What the classical education notably did not do, of course, was to provide information about the world of momentous scientific and technological change into which we were about to be projected.

Glaring though the omissions from this education may now appear, I look back on it with more of gratitude than of reservations. What have been its legacies? To compile a complete list would be impossible; but taking the academic dimension in conjunction with the general public school environment in which it was imparted, and adding the impact of Oxford, I would offer the following list, against which you can put your own plusses and minusses. A feeling for excellence; for the meaning of richness of civilisation; for the right use of language and the exact expression of shades of meaning. A mistrust of the shoddy and the superficial; a strong sense of the fascination of the past; a respect for hard work, and for authority; an awareness of the satisfactions of responsibility and leadership; an ambition for worldly success and recognition of a particular kind, related to literature, the arts, academic or the service of the state rather than to financial rewards or industrial or commercial achievement.

What then of the second, Benedictine strain in my educational blend? How much difference did it make? I remember in the early 1950s, reading an article about the school in The Illustrated London News. “Ampleforth,” it began, “is a normal English public school, except that most of its masters are Benedictine Monks”. That struck me at the time as being rather a large exception. It was much difference did it make? When I was at the school, the General asked me where I had been at school. When told “Ampleforth”, the General asked “Ampleforth? Who runs that?” The young man proudly replied “The Black Monks of the English Benedictine Congregation, Sir.” “Black Monks?” said the General; “Black Monks? I hope they’ve got some white officers.”

It is not my intention here to detail the differences of practice and routine between a secular school and one run under the shadow, so to speak, of a Benedictine monastic community. There was, of course, a good deal of obligatory religious observance, and more participation in the liturgical life of the monks than is the case today. More important than that, however, there was the awareness of the tone of the place being set by men who, whatever their quirks and human failings – which were manifest – were living with naturalness and un-selfconscious conviction a disciplined life of relative simplicity and detachment, in which there was very little room for careerism or public recognition and which made sense only in terms of the faith which they professed and taught. It is this direct link between faith and practice as exemplified in the monastic life which gives a boarding school run by a religious community its special character, independent of the extent of the religious observance required of the children or the quality of the religious teaching (or, as some would say, indoctrination) provided.

In the case of a Benedictine community, there is, of course, also the special quality of the Benedictine tradition, with its sense of being rooted in the wider Europe, of reaching back through the Enlightenment, the Reformation and the High Middle Ages to the formative days of the Latin Church; the spirit of moderation and understanding of human frailty which pervades the Rule; the emphasis on listening to God in prayer; and the centuries of scholarship and of the cultivation of beauty in liturgy, music and architecture which are part of the Benedictine heritage.

So from the Benedictine strain in my education came a feeling for order, for tradition, for perseverance; an awareness that understanding does not come easily, but requires experience and reflection, and so a distrust of glibness; a strong sense that every human action has a moral value and an eternal importance. From the Benedictine tradition came above all an awareness of the existence of “a world behind the world”: an unseen world whose values transcend and in important respects conflict with the values inculcated by the public school and Greats tradition. A sense that the unseen world matters more than the visible one; that its values are paramount even though we do not live by them, and that this visible world is – to quote a famous prayer not in popular use today – “a very little thing in comparison with eternity”. “Quam tenue quod terrenum, quam grande quod divinum, quam breve quod temporaneum, quam dura quod aeternum.”

You will, I hope, understand that I am not here setting myself up as a preacher, still less claiming to have lived successfully or faithfully by the values and sensitivities instilled in me by either of the two educational traditions I have been looking at. I am simply trying to give you an impressionistic view of the impact of one particular education and, so to speak, of the dispositions it created.

It is perhaps high time at this point to bring the discussion down to earth by considering how this education I have been talking about works out as a preparation for a professional life and, in particular, for the only professional life of which I have direct personal experience, namely diplomacy. For although the diplomatic life has certain distinctive features, there are other careers analogous to it which require a similar mix of intellectual clearheadedness, negotiating skills and the ability to get on with people.

It has to be admitted that diplomacy as a profession does not on the whole get a good press from those outside it. In the first place it is associated with foreigners. You may remember that when Duff Cooper resigned his clerkship in the Foreign Office to stand for parliament and went canvassing at Westminster, he called at a grand house in Belgravia. He expressed to the butler who answered the door in the hope that the family would vote for himself. “I’m sorry,” said the butler, “His lordship’s family would never vote for a clerk; and certainly not one from a foreign office.”
It is the business of members of the Diplomatic Service to understand the motivation and concerns of the foreign governments with which they deal, so as to be able to advise their own Government how best to achieve British objectives. Ministers, however, are not unnaturally more interested in the last part of this remit than in the first. They tend to regard the preoccupations and motivation of foreign governments as unwelcome and unnecessary complications, and to think that those who explain them are also encouraging them. This naturally tends to make the diplomat an object of some suspicion at home.

Hand in hand with this goes the belief that diplomats are smoothies of the first order – a suspicion given characteristically lapidary expression by Macaulay: “There is no injustice in saying that diplomatists, as a class, have always been more distinguished by their address, by the art with which they win the confidence of those with whom they have to deal, and by the ease with which they catch the tone of every society into which they are admitted, than by generous enthusiasm and austere rectitude.”

Harold Nicholson, after analysing the functions of a professional diplomat with some care, offers a kinder view: “These (he says) are the qualities of my ideal diplomatist. Truth, accuracy, calm, patience, good temper, modesty and loyalty. They are also the qualities of an ideal diplomacy. But (he goes on) the reader may object: ‘you have forgotten intelligence, hospitality, charm, industry, courage and even tact.’ I have not forgotten them. I have taken them for granted.”

Bearing Nicholson’s list in mind, what does an Ambassador or senior member of the Foreign Office actually look for in deciding whether or not to welcome someone as a member of his own staff? Intelligence and honesty can indeed be taken for granted. So perhaps can good temper and tact – although I would remark in passing that tact is not a simple or superficial quality, since true tact in a diplomatist must combine a high degree of imaginative sympathy for the other person’s point of view with an ability to stick both to the truth and to the essentials of one’s own government’s position.

Modesty and loyalty are extremely important, as is patience: the task of the diplomatist, for the most part, is to work as one of a team. He has to bring all his intelligence and skill to bear on the shaping of small bricks and fitting them into buildings for which other men will take the credit; and although the determined prima donna can sometimes force his way to the top in diplomacy as in other professions, he is neither a comfortable colleague nor, in general, as successful in winning the trust and respect of the foreigners with whom he has to deal (either for himself or for his government) as he may be in forwarding his own career.

This is not to suggest that the diplomat should be without ambition: no one can succeed in an exacting and often exhausting profession, or satisfy his superiors that he has that elusive but essential quality of “grip”, without the drive which ambition supplies. But it should be an ambition which recognises the limitations of his calling: which includes (in contrast to the Home Civil Servant) enough taste for exposure to make him representationally effective as a public figure overseas, without however aspiring to the sort of continuous public ego-massage which belongs to the elected politician.

Truth and accuracy. There is a popular view that the role of the diplomat is to be secretive and evasive: master of the art of finding phrases which mean one thing to one side and something else to the other. In reality nothing could be more disastrous in negotiating an agreement than trickery of this kind, which is certain to be exposed the moment the agreement is put to the test. They key quality in a good negotiating partner: confidence in his own truthfulness and good faith, in the good faith of his government, and confidence also that he is truthfully reflecting the views and concerns of that government and not going further to meet the other side than he can subsequently deliver.

The obverse of this is that he must have the courage to state the facts honestly to his political masters and point out where they are mistaken – and the skill to do so in a way which will meet with reluctant acceptance rather than explosive rejection. And while discretion is obviously important, nothing is achieved by the diplomatist who is so afraid of being betrayed into indiscretion that his utterances are confined to banalities punctuated by the occasional sage nod. Diplomacy is more about communication than suppression.

Accuracy is a facet of truthfulness. A politician may deal in the spacious generalisation, but the official has to translate that generalisation into an intention or a commitment. Equally important, he has to set out the facts and frame the recommendation on which his political master’s judgement about what is to be said or done will be based. If he gets the facts wrong, or presents them in a slapdash or misleading way, the whole process of decision making is vitiated.

At a more mundane level, an important if unglamorous part of diplomacy’s involvement with hospitality requires the preparation of programmes and guest lists. Nothing is more frustrating than to be presented with a guest list in which names are misspelt, titles wrong and addresses missing, out of date or guessed at. A single error in one of these respects, like the thirteenth stroke of a crazy clock, shakes one’s confidence in the accuracy of the whole, and in the reliability of the unfortunate junior who has prepared it. As my first chief – a ruthlessly intelligent Wykehamist – used dourly to observe to aspiring young architects of a new world order, “The business of officials is to attend to details.”

There are, of course, many different ways of presenting the truth. We all know that a distinguished public servant, not so long ago, was pilloried for admitting that he was being “economical with the truth”. But in a slightly different sense, economy with the truth is an essential requirement for the conduct of business. No submission to a busy Minister, no reporting telegram on a complex international situation, no record of a conversation, however important, can tell the whole story, omitting (in Sherlock Holmes’s famous words) no detail, however slight. Selection is required, and usually very rigorous selection indeed. Yet the result must still present a picture which does overall justice to its subject.

Nor is this simply a matter of writing a good precis. The writer must constantly have in mind the point of view of the addressee and the preoccupations and priorities, personal and governmental, in the light of which his paper or report will be read. Unless this is done, a truthful record may be ignored or produce an impact quite different from that intended by the author.
You will see at once from this account how large a part good judgement must play in the diplomatist's work; and not only good judgement, but also the kind of imaginative sensitivity to the concerns of an interlocutor which I considered earlier under the heading of tact. Perhaps the religious word "discernment" best sums up the combination of qualities which are essential alike to the good negotiator, the good analyst and the good drafter.

I may add in parenthesis that one of the hardest crosses of becoming a Head of Mission can be to read telegrams winging their way home over your own name which contain solecisms of which you feel you could never have been guilty. At the same time nothing is more debilitating for his staff than a chief who insists on putting his own personal imprint on everything. Sir Samuel Hoare, when Ambassador in Madrid, enraged his staff by insisting on having every telegram sent in the first person singular. But they got their own back when a telegram arrived in the Foreign Office reading "From Madrid. Sir S. Hoare. I fell down the lift shaft this morning and am still unconscious."

Initiative and a capacity for original thought — not mentioned in Nicholson's list — also rate highly. So, needless to say, does a sense of humour. But perhaps even more important is an interest in, and liking for, people as people, with all their differences, quirks and absurdities. Diplomacy is a gregarious profession and no one can understand human motivation who does not enjoy the company of other human beings and feel an instinctive sympathy for them.

By the same token, a good diplomat needs to be a person of cultivated interests, aware and proud of what is good in his own civilisation and culture and eager to learn and respond to the culture and civilisation of the people among whom he is serving. For without the sympathy with which this eagerness generates, no true understanding or mutual confidence, let alone affection, will ever be established between the diplomat and the people of the country to which he is accredited.

If I have done my job properly, you will, I hope, have begun by now to see a certain correspondence between the qualities I consider desirable in a modern diplomat and those fostered by what I have called the independent school and Greats tradition in British education. Where does the Benedictine tradition come in?

It will be clear — or it is at least implicit — in what I have said that there are areas in which the two traditions, Benedictine and secular, are in conflict; and it was a nice irony that your Benedictine chairman chose to illustrate something of what a good education means from the speech of an Archbishop contemplating the sins of his youth. But it should also be clear from what I have said that although there are points at which the two traditions conflict, there are also important areas in which they reinforce one another, not least in the feeling for history, the scope for patience, modesty and loyalty, the importance of wisdom and reflection, and a mistrust of the glib, the ephemeral and the superficial. These are all factors which contribute to the final quality which one hopes to find in any close colleague, a quality which I will call "depth".

By depth I mean a richness of interests combined with wide human sympathies; firm but unobtrusive moral principles, with the ability to hold to them against the tide of popular opinion; and a drive towards achievement and excellence which is moderated not just by sensitivity to the needs and feelings of others but also by a fundamental detachment and objectivity; by a recognition that worldly success, however legitimate and even necessary as an object of ambition, is, at the end of the day, of secondary importance. And this brings me back at once to the Benedictine legacy. Of course, there is more than one route to this detachment, and I do not suggest that it is the prerogative of the Christian even of the believer. But it is, I would suggest, a dimension without which any education is critically incomplete.

If this had been a sermon, I would have begun with a text. As it is, I will put my text at the end. I leave you to guess where it comes from; but you will recognise it as a dialogue between a teacher of classics and a headmaster who has just broken the news that the number of boys wishing to read classics in the coming year has fallen below the level of viability. But its application goes wider than the classics: like all good texts, it is to be taken allegorically rather than literally.

"Parents (said the Headmaster) are not interested in producing 'the complete man' any more. They want to qualify their boys for jobs in the modern world. You can hardly blame them, can you?"

"Oh yes," said Scott-King, "I can and do ... I think it would be very wicked indeed to do anything to fit a boy for the modern world."

"It's a shortsighted view, Scott-King."

"There, Headmaster, I differ from you profoundly. I think it is the most longsighted view it is possible to take."

Mr Chairman, I would like to end on a note of thanks. First of all, to you personally for the compliment you have paid me, and the trust you have shown, in inviting me, an old friend, to speak at this occasion to which I know you attach great importance. It is not just a polite form of words when I say that it has been a privilege and pleasure for my wife and me to be here. A pleasure, because Bruges is a self-evidently beautiful place, and to spend four days here in such genuinely civilised and friendly company is enormously enjoyable. And it is a privilege — and a privilege tinged with awe — partly of course because of those echoes of authority and grandeur which clung to the notion of a Headmaster for everyone who has ever been to school; but also because of what all of you, so to speak, hold in your hands.

No doubt it is true that the Independent Schools, like all our institutions, no longer command the same deferential respect which once they did. No doubt it is true that you face difficulties, and a degree of competition, which your predecessors never dreamed of. Nevertheless, the institutions for which you have direct responsibility constitute collectively the single most significant and identifiable determinant — the media always excepted — in forming the moral and cultural attitudes of those who set the tone of our society. Despite my text, I am not naively to think that you can seek to educate children flatly against the grain of the social and cultural environment in which we live. But if you lose your moral nerve and surrender unreservedly to the pressures of the market place, God help us all.

Then we shall really be in deep trouble.
THE SCHOOL

OFFICIALS: JANUARY – JULY 1992

Head Monitor
J. Thornburn-Muirhead (O)

Monitors
T. de W. Waller, W.A.J. Rigg (O)
C.P.S. Thompson, M.J. Mullin
J.F.C. Maxwell Stuart, R.A.C. Evans
N.M. Studer, E.W. Knight
M. von Habsburg-Lothringen, H.R. van Cutsem
P.J. Murphy, N.J. Dumbell
C.D.J. Corbett, J.E.T.M. Jenkins, C.J. Layden
T.B. Reid, C.J. Grace
M.A. Luckhurst, A.B. Havelock
D.J. Robertson, C.D. Guthrie

GAMES CAPTAINS

Water Polo
T.J. Maguire (B)

Athletics
P.J. Murphy (H)

Cricket
R.M.H. Wilson (H)

Cross Country
E.J. Willcox (E)

Golf
M. von Habsburg-Lothringen (E)

Hockey
H.G. Loriman (H)

Squash
C.J. Grace (O)

Swimming
A.J.C. Clapton (A)

Tennis
A.A.L. Brennankmeyer (H)

Master of Hounds
D.R. Greenwood (T)

Librarians
M.S.P. Berry (T), J.E.O. Brennan (O), W.R. Cochrane (E), A.P. Crossley (B), L.C. Davis (T), A.B. Della-Parta (J), B.J. Felting (A), J.F. Fry (E), O.H. Irvine (O), P.G. King (T), R.G.M. McHardy (D), G.P.A. Marken (H), M.J. Mullin (B), J.R.P. Nicholas (W), H.C. Young (T).

Book Shop
O.H. Irvine (O), T.C. Wilding (D), J.M. Martino (B), D.A.T. Corley (D), C.H. Jungels (B), I.A. Fothingham (E), A.P. Crossley (B), T.J. Walwyn (W), S. H-Y Tsang (B), M.J. O’Neill (C).

Stationery Shop
T.C. Wilding (D), G. Funch (D), M.A. Rizzo (H), G.M.J. Gaskell (D).

The following boys left the School in 1992:

June
St Aidan’s

St Bede’s

St Cuthbert’s

St Dunstan’s

St Edward’s

St Hugh’s

St John’s

St Oswald’s
Junior House

The following boys joined the School in April 1992:

CONFIRMATION
The following boys received the Sacrament of Confirmation from Bishop Augustine Harris, Bishop of Middlesbrough, in the Abbey Church on Sunday 3 May 1992.
St Aidan’s
St Bede’s
St Cuthbert’s
St Dunstan’s
St Edward’s
St Hugh’s
St John’s
St Oswald’s
St Thomas’s
St Wilfrid’s
Junior House

The following boys were Catechists for those preparing for the Sacrament of Confirmation in the period from September 1991 to May 1992:
This year there is one particular theme that I would like to dwell on for a moment. Most of you parents had your first interview with the Headmaster, either Abbot Patrick or myself, some years ago. The conversation that takes place with a parent on their first visit has been for me one of the most rewarding parts of being Headmaster. It is the beginning of a negotiated contract (as it were) between you and the Headmaster, the rewarding thing is to observe keenly, from that first conversation, the attitude of the boy who is going to be the victim of the whole process, by which you allow us to borrow your sons for some of the time. You are entering into a process of collaborative parenthood in which your families mingle with ours. That is the central part of the experience of the School. As Headmaster, the rewarding thing is to observe keenly, from that first conversation, the attitude of the boy who is going to be the victim of the whole process, and then later on to follow it up (from something of a distance) and see how it develops, and, from time to time, to help pick up the bits. I have to say that being Headmaster does place a certain distance between oneself and the boys. It is a thing one notices most on becoming Headmaster after having done other jobs in the School, like running the Theatre or being a Housemaster, that the Headmaster lives at a certain remove. This imposes a certain solitude, but also has certain advantages. This year has meant for me a further distancing from the day to day life of the School, and one of the main things that I want to say to you this morning, quite simply, is how very much I regret that. I hope that my position that I have been occupying, what Ampleforth looks like in its heart, in its muscles, in the way it really functions.

One day, on my return, I was informed that there had been a disciplinary incident involving absence, lack of punctuality and so forth. It had been dealt with, and I was perfectly satisfied with that and thought no more about the matter until one evening the boy concerned came in to apologise. I, being a sensible Headmaster and being anxious to defuse matters, said, “Don’t worry about that, I understand the matter has been dealt with and is in the past.” He said “No Sir, it’s not as simple as that, it was in fact more serious than you think, because I tried several times to lie my way out of the situation, and I want to tell you about each of the lies I told,” and so he did. As he walked out of the room I reflected on a strange contradiction. In a culture which is continually trying to emphasise success at all costs, here was I feeling uplifted, regenerated and filled with new purpose because I had been allowed to share a failure, and had been allowed to forgive that failure. This kind of incident, which lies at the heart of every friendship, every family, every community, is central to what happens here, and is most certainly one of the most important bits of our secret. We are actually a community that believes, very deeply, in forgiveness. I say, to those customers or clients rather than as parents, and as friends with whom one is sharing that great and wonderful mystery of the growth of a child.

What I would like to do this morning is to describe, from the slightly outside position that I have been occupying, what Ampleforth looks like in its most important respects — in its heart, in its muscles, in the way it really functions. The other day I had one of those frustrating British Rail journeys, in which the train took a different route to the normal one, wandered about pleasant places like Ely and Cambridge, and every now and then stopped for a rest. During those stops one was able to get glimpses of life. One looks through the window of a kitchen and sees a row going on, one sees children playing in the backyard and taunting the cat. One sees rather hot and over-smart people emerging from a wedding, or frustrated people waiting at level crossings or taking their dogs for a walk. It is rather reassuring to see this hum and pattern of ordinary life going on, and to be a quiet observer of all these domestic scenes. Finally one reaches one’s destination. I hope to reach my destination after my year of Chairmanship at the end of the year, having been greatly supported, interested and at times frustrated by the glimpses that I have caught, from time to time, of the life of the School. I want just to dwell on a few of these glimpses.
parents who from time to time have the experience of that late night phone call saying that Johnny is in deep trouble and will be on the next train, that we regard each of those incidents as a process towards reconciliation. No boy who has been in any kind of trouble, no matter how private, no matter how public, ever reaches the end of the term unforgiven.

Before going on to my next glimpse, I would like in a very heartfelt way to say thank you. I would like to say thank you to you parents for the support that you have given me this year and the understanding in which you have created space for me to operate. I would like to say thank you to Fr Timothy, because he has taken on a very difficult task with a semi-absentee Headmaster, who probably interferes when he shouldn't and does not take interest when he should. It has been a difficult task. Through him I would like to thank all the other Housemasters and all the other members of staff who have shared that particular burden. I would like also, in the same breath, to thank the Head Monitor, James Thorburn-Muirhead, and not only his team of Monitors but the top year in the School. I said last year that we had had an outstanding top year and I meant it. The top year last year said to me at the end of the summer term, "Well sir, I don't know what it is going to be like next year because the fourth year coming up are not of the same quality as we were." They were wrong.

Those of you who have boys in the top year, for whom perhaps this is your last Exhibition, may feel justly proud. It is rewarding, for the Headmaster and for the rest of us here, to see these boys emerging with exactly the sort of qualities that we try to describe in our glossy brochure. It is very reassuring that it very often works.

My next glimpse has been the glimpsing of the staff—those who teach here, monks and lay. As you know this has been a difficult time, since early last year, for that staff. This is a pain which did not simply go away when we had to make some difficult decisions last year. All the boarding sector is in difficulty with regard to the future, and every single boarding school is having to plan for that future with great awareness of all the implications. What I really want to say very simply this morning, is to thank the lay staff for their honesty and clarity in wishing to bring these matters forward for discussion, for their resilience and for their wholehearted loyalty in keeping the main business of the School running, which is of course the academic and pastoral welfare of the boys. Let me reiterate what has been said several times, by Fr Abbot as well as by myself, that it must be absolutely clear to us all, that the future well-being and the professional quality of this School depends each year more on the proper, the full and the well thought out collaboration of the monastic and the lay staff. We are a very fortunate Benedictine community here. We are a strong community and the School has at its heart a long and thriving monastic tradition. We are enormously enriched with our contact with the laity, by our contact with all of you, but in particular by our day-to-day contact with the lay staff. All I would wish to do is to reaffirm that commitment and to ask all of you, staff, parents, boys, to understand that we are in real difficulty during this period of independent education. Everybody who is involved in this community can help in their own way. In particular I would like to thank those of the lay staff who are leaving us this term, because we tend to take for granted the stability of the teaching community. It is always a sadness when a teacher retires or moves on, but it is an inevitability, and it does not only apply to course of lay men. I would like to thank Tim Vessey who has been Head of Maths for some time and who is retiring. You will have seen the list of Gold Awards, and, amongst other things, he has kept the name of Ampleforth very much to the forefront in the debate about the future of mathematics teaching, and has been a vigorous proponent of imaginative innovation. I would like also to thank Eric Magee who has been very much noticed, very powerful, very influential, very dedicated and amongst other things a very good friend to the Headmaster during his time here. I would like to thank Paul Gait, who as Head of Science brought a distinction of mind to our discussion about the curriculum and much influenced our sense of priorities in that area. I would like to thank three other, as it were, front line teachers from the rank and file: Dr Jack Astin, Dr Michael Wainwright and Richard Devey, who have given some of their best years to teaching in their departments, all of whom leave us with the warmest good wishes.

There are two others that I would like to thank also for what they have done, and through them those whom they represent. Brother Terence had to stop being Housemaster of St Aidan's this term through ill health. He was very touched by the marks of affection and support that he has received from his House. He has of course the affection and deep respect of his brethren. I would like to thank him very much and through him the other Housemasters who bear the heat and burden of the day for all that they do. I would also like to thank Mrs Valerie Dawson, who has been Assistant Matron in the infirmary for a number of years. The medical staff don't appear much on the surface, and we hope that they will not be needed very much; but when they are needed, it is very important that the quality should be good. One of the things that helps me to sleep well at nights is to know and appreciate that quality. So in thanking her, I would like to thank her all the medical staff, and also all the other so-called ancillary or non-academic staff, who don't often get thanked, but whose quality of service is very evident. The domestic staff, those who cook for us, those who clean for us, those who garden for us, those who look after our grounds—there is a massive collaboration in making the total garden of the School the livable place that it is, and I know that you as parents would wish, through me, to thank all of them.

In that respect there was another little glimpse which I wish more people could have shared. The other day, down in the guestroom in the main building, the first fifteen and several members of staff were joined by all the ladies who work in the kitchen to share a sing-song provided by the touring Fiji seven-a-side rugby team. It was a very pleasant occasion, and somehow represent what one would like to think is the heart, not only of our hospitality, but of our hidden unity as a large and extended community.

The next glimpse that I would touch on concerns the curriculum. Whenever I have come back this year, I have heard sounds of distant thunder
with you, which is that in a place like this Ampleforth Abbey and College, there are two subjects that cause blood to be shed — the liturgy and the curriculum. There is an important truth, which I would like to share and a lot of passions are raised. The same is true of the curriculum, which is, after all, the secular liturgy of the life of the School. By the secular liturgy, I mean this: the curriculum is not just a list of things that boys have to learn. Our curriculum represents the way that a particular community wants to shape the education. The curriculum in a place like this goes much further than that; the curriculum is about the mental "ment" of children — in other words, the areas of knowledge and of skill to which the curriculum is not just a list of things that boys have to learn. Our curriculum is quite rightly to define what is now called the "entitlement" of children — in other words, the areas of knowledge and of skill to which all children ought to be exposed during the course of their primary and secondary education. The curriculum in a place like this goes much further than that; the curriculum represents the way that a particular community wants to shape the day, the week, the life of those who work in it, according to some very carefully contemplated priorities. The discussion of those priorities, and the discussion of the precise shape which the curriculum implies, the shape of the day in particular, leads to very much conflict. Historically, our curricular discussions in the eighties have been rooted in a very particular difficulty. We have wanted to introduce new priorities without abandoning old ones. I know many schools where the debate has focused on pushing in Technology and Health Education and pushing out Latin and Religious Studies. As you know, at Ampleforth there is very little danger of Religious Studies or Latin being marginalised. We tried to solve the problem, when we were introducing Design and Technology, Health Education, Physical Education, Information Technology, Music, by increasing the number of periods taught. We have had, through most of the eighties, a very heavy daily timetable compared with most schools. That has been to try and safeguard the foundation course that we give in the IV Form, and to try and safeguard the width of options that we offer later on. We have had, through most of the eighties, a very heavy daily timetable compared with most schools. That has been to try and safeguard the foundation course that we give in the IV Form, and to try and safeguard the width of options that we offer later on. It has been borne in on us that this heavy timetable was too ponderous, placed too many pressures on boys in the IV Form, and had too constraining an effect on the available prep-time. We have decided to enhance the available prep-time by reducing the number of periods taught in the course in the week. It is this reduction (from 45 to 40 periods) which has given those discussing the curriculum their biggest headaches. All I wish to do at this moment is to emphasise that the purpose of the IV Form, the first year in this School, is to keep as wide a foundation course as possible, whilst being realistic about certain compromises on the edges. The aim of the GCSE years (the V Form and Remove) is to offer options, in four main areas, in such a way that all boys will be enabled to keep three of those areas open for their future choices for A level, career and vocational preference.

There is another priority which I will just touch on in passing but a very important one, to which I would ask parents and boys to give more priority than we instinctively do. Ampleforth is a long way from "Europe" and there is something about this valley which does not immediately suggest that it is important to be fluent in German or Italian. I speak as a linguist, who was Head of Languages here for some time, and who none the less has always found it very difficult to sell widely a conviction about the importance of learning and dominating foreign languages. I say to parents, if you are invited to consider the possibility of your son taking up languages to a higher level than GCSE or of embarking on sometimes quite challenging exchanges or expeditions to foreign countries, please give every consideration and support to the sort of suggestions that Mr Wilding and Mr Cragg-James and others will be making.

I have been involved a good deal this year in the great debate about Education and Training. When I returned here the other day and found Ampleforth in complete silence, as if there were no boys here at all, I realised that of course it was in the middle of study time and there was (if I listened very carefully) a quiet hum about the place. You could almost hear the process of learning which was happening, and what lies at the heart of that process of learning. Are we merely inviting the boys to get better and better at the skills that they started learning when they first went to school? Is education (as is often suggested nowadays) increasingly a matter of exposing children to the right skills that are going to be relevant and useful to them, or, is something more important happening? Well, we believe here that something much more important than that is happening. Of course skills are important. There are three levels in the whole process of going to classes, reading books, researching, learning. One is of course the level of skill, and it develops from when children start learning to read and write to the sort of skills they should be acquiring when they are writing A-level essays or working in the Sunley Centre. Different degrees of skill. There is also (the second level) a body of knowledge which our civilisation and culture has considered to be ofinestimable importance. The curriculum should open the minds and hearts of all of our boys to contact with greatness — with the greatness of the human spirit which has existed in the past and with the greatness of the human spirit which it is the duty of those growing up now to provide for future generations. That process, the quiet hum in the classrooms, should have a lot to do with that, but it goes further than that as well. Education is not just about the acquisition of skills, it is not just about dominating a certain amount of knowledge. At the third level, it is about being exposed to wisdom, and learning from inside oneself how that process of becoming wise happens, especially in a VI Form class. The year's course should consist, for each boy, of a series of moments of truth, in which a particular difficulty, a particular train of thought comes to fruition. We have all watched a very small child doing one of those simple farm-yard jigsaws where you have to put each animal in its right slot. The first time the small child, unaided, gets the duck, the hen and the pig in the right holes, there is an expression of delight, because there is a perception of a truth about the jigsaw which the child has to experience. It's that perception, it's that ownership of an experienced truth which makes us call all those subjects that we study disciplines. We call them disciplines because they imply an obedience, an obedience within each discipline. Aerodynamics and Physics are quite different from the study of Greek Literature, History or English but each of them implies a careful discipline which takes a long time to master, and which requires from the person learning abilities to concentrate, to reflect, to analyse, to discern, to
make judgements between what is good and what is less good. Therefore, the whole process has a very important moral dimension, and this is what learning in its true sense really is. Learning is not just preparing to get good grades in examinations (although we hope that it will have that by-product). Learning is much deeper than that, and is concerned ultimately with a passion for truth. In a world which increasingly suggests that truth is so relative that it doesn’t really matter very much, there is an enormous threat to the whole concept of what true education is. Once that passion for truth deserts the classrooms of a school, a great deal of sloth and anarchy seeps in to the morale of that place.

My final glimpse is an important one. I have come back several times for discussions about the Children Act. You have all heard about the Children Act but probably not many of you know clause 63 and clause 87 which define the obligations of boarding schools with regard to inspection by Government. I don’t wish to be at all negative about the Children Act because, if it is enforced and studied well, it ought to have a bracing effect on the way boarding schools do their business in certain very important areas: qualities of hygiene and the rest, and qualities of particular care for certain aspects of children’s lives. However, some of the implications of the Act are questionable, such as the obligation to be inspected by Social Service Department inspectors who may (or may not) be relatively uninformed about, and sympathetic towards, our ethos. We shall fulfil our obligations under the Act, but we shall, above all, continue to go much deeper in our pastoral work than merely keeping the law.

One of the implications of the Children Act is summed up in a story that I have told before and will tell again. I don’t apologise for the repetition. It happened to me in a London bus a few years ago, when I was sitting on the top deck doing the Times crossword. Two twelve year old boys came up the stairs, swinging their football boots. I cheerfully said, “Did you have a good game?” They turned to me and one of them pointed at me and said, “Another word out of you and I’ll call the police.” I realised than that we had entered the age of child abuse, an age in which children are having to be brought up to mistrust adults. That is the main thrust of a great deal of the thinking going on in our largely pagan society, which has lost contact with the deep roots of Christian culture which derived from Jesus Christ himself, who said, “Let these children come to me”, and “Of such is the Kingdom of God”. When Jesus said those words I don’t think for a moment that he was praising the innocence of children. Those of you who have had contact with your own small children, when they were quite small, know that they are not particularly innocent. All children know much more about life than they like their parents to think. What Christ was praising in children was their humility, their willingness to learn, their openness and their trust. A place like this depends completely, not just partially, on its pervading atmosphere of complete trust, in which people can experience just the sort of things that I have just mentioned earlier on, can go through the process of failure, forgiveness, discovery, friendship, truth and the rest of it in an environment where that trust is cultivated. Our own culture is based quite clearly on our discipleship of a man who touched in order to heal, who transformed the whole perception of sexual relationships, of relationships between men and women generally, between leaders and followers, between adults and children, who transformed it because of his own strong innocence. When he encountered good and evil he recognised and praised the good and he touched the evil in order to heal. Let us be quite clear about this: we shall collaborate fully with the implications of the Children Act but at a far deeper level we shall go on doing our best to put into practice that philosophy of trust which makes the life of this community possible, and without which it would collapse within a week.

EXHIBITION: HEADMASTER’S SPEECH

INDEPENDENT PROJECTS AND ESSAYS
( Assessors in brackets)

Senior Alpha
CS Dzeglsh (J) Classical, Biblical and Modern Ethics (Br Andrew)
AD Gibson (E) Richard III – Determined to prove a villain? (Dr Marshall)
TDS Harris (O) A Brief History of Bridge Building (Fr Richard)
GCD Hoare (O) Electra – Noble or Neurotic? (Mrs Warrack)
H-GD Lorrman (H) Napoleon III & Haussmann’s Rebuilding of Paris – Prestige or Social Reform? (Mr Dammann)
SEh Marcelin-Rice (J) Futurismo, Estetica basata su un ideologia Fascista? (Dr Amanda Lillie – University of York)
ORE Mathias (C) The Causes of the Boer War (Fr Bernard)
TB Spencer (E) Clapham – Ignorance, Negligence or Arrogance? (Mr Astin)

Beta 1
EBR Anakwe (A) A Comparison of Diet in the 3rd World and in the West (Fr Cuthbert)
REAP Bedingfield (E) Ottoman Turks in the Balkans (Fr Edward)
WR Crone (E) Why Did Stalin Murder Trotsky? (Mr Dammann)
TRC Cooper (C) The Whig Party (Mr Galliver)
DS Leonard (W) Ireland: Rising, Revolution, Republic (Mr Magee)
NC Marshall (C) The Reform Act of 1832: Reaction or Reform? (Fr Bernard)
AGA Sutton (D) Was the British Empire Conquered in a “fit of absence of mind”? (Mr Galliver)
MJ Ward (T) The Mau Mau Rebellion (Br Andrew)

Beta 2
BJ Fielding (A) The French Campaign of 1798-99 (Mr Dammann)
PD Greason and (D) Booze and the Brain (Mr Hampshire)
NA Knowles (D) Why was Heydrich Assassinated? (Mr Dammann)
JA Hughes (C)

PRIZE LIST
Junior
RE Blake James (H) Czechoslovakia 1968-91 (Fr Leo)
PB Fane-Saunders (W) The Comedy of Aristophanes (Mr Roberts)
JEM Horth (J) Evolution: Darwin’s and Wallace’s Views
(Mr Motley)
ETIK O’Malley (D) Home’s Odyssey (Fr David)
RS Sreenivasan (H) Censorship in the United States (Mr Magee)
B To (A) Sectorial Analysis of the Hong Kong Stock Market
(Mr McAleenan)

Beta 1
MSP Berry (T) The Religion, Architecture and Daily Life of the
Aztecs of Mexico (Mr Dammann)
DJ Brisby (D) Shakespeare: His Life, His Work (Mr Carter)
PT Clark (J) A Look into the Future of Car Design (Mr Baben)
JM de Lacey (D) Life in Japan (Fr David)
RCL Greig (J) Chocolate (Mr Gilbert)
D Miranda (J) Exp '92 Seville Universal Exposition (Mr Dunne)
A Hosangady (D) Jazz – its History and its Artists (Mr Motley)
TEL Walsh (A) The Art of Falconry (Mr Motley)

Beta 2
A Aguirre (J) Velazquez (Mrs Dammann)
MA Brightman (A) Teilhard de Chardin: His Life and Work
(Fr Dominic)
D Herrera (J) The Discovery and Conquest of America
(Dr Marshall)
WL Morgan (J) Fox Hunting: For and Against (Mrs Fletcher)

ELWES PRIZES 1992
Upper Sixth (H) Gareth PA Marken
Middle Sixth (H) C Hamilton Grandham
(B) Hugh P Milbourn
Fourth Form (H) James RE Carty
Fourth Form (A) Michael A Hirst

SPECIAL PRIZES
Scholarship Bowl St Dunstan’s House
Phillip’s Theatre Bowl NM Studer
Theatre Production Cup NP John
Dette Music Prize PE Fiske de Gouveia
McGonigal Music Prize AK Garden
Choral Prize LA Massey
Conrad Martin Music Prize G Finch
Quirke Debating Prize CJ Grace
Inter-House Debating Cup JNWG Bagshawe

Inter-House Chess Competition St Aidan’s
Phillip’s Theatre Bowl St Aidan’s
Dette Music Prize St Aidan’s
McGonigal Music Prize St Aidan’s
Choral Prize St Aidan’s
Conrad Martin Music Prize St Aidan’s
Quirke Debating Prize St Aidan’s
Inter-House Debating Cup St Aidan’s

Bernard Sunley Centre Prizes
Tignans Trophy for Craft (T) RWG Craige
Swains Trophy for Technology (J) S Padley
Gaynor Photography Cup (W) WT Barton
Spence Photography Bowl St Aidan’s

UV1
Brunner AY (O) Art Folder Alpha
Dunlop FM (B) Art Folder Beta 1
Marsh HJ (C) Trailer Beta 1
Martelli JPA (E) Art Folder Beta 1
Mitcalf J (B) Electronic Target Alpha
Tempest PM (E) Art Folder Alpha
Thornton MC (T) Foldaway Beds Beta 1

MV1
Easterby SH (H) Photography Folio Alpha
Edmonds MTC (T) Line Marking Machine Beta 1
Knowles NA (D) Art Folder Alpha
Leonard DS (W) Plant Holders Beta 1
Op den Kamp DV (J) Art Folder Alpha

Remove
Buxton EL (W) Barbecue Alpha
de Lisle EAG (W) Art Folder Alpha
Kilner NJ (B) Art Folder Alpha
Lowther JA (O) Photography Folio Alpha
McConnell JF (T) Television Cabinet Alpha
McKenzie WEJ (H) Photography Folio Alpha
Medlicott AS (J) Chicken Coop Alpha

5th Form
Penate GPB (A) Chair Beta 1
Record RO (C) Photography Folio Beta 1
Scalan JPF (O) Art Folder Beta 1
Scarisbrick CR (O) Photography Folio Beta 1
Thomley-Walker RJ (E) Art Folder Beta 1
Umney WT (T) Gun Case Beta 1

4th Form
Brisby DJ (D) Art Folder Beta 2
Calu NPGM (B) Art Folder Beta 2
da Lacey JMW (D) Art Folder Beta 2
Fane-Saunders P (W) Art Folder Beta 2
Glynn JNHO (T) Photography Folio Beta 2
Iglesias I (C) Lamp Beta 2
d’Aldemar CJ (O) Photography Folio Beta 2
THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL
EXHIBITION CUPS 1992

Athletics
Senior Inter-House Challenge Cup
Junior Inter-House Challenge Cup

Cross Country
Senior Inter-House Challenge Cup
Junior ‘A’ Inter-House Challenge Cup
Junior ‘B’ Inter-House Challenge Cup

Golf
The Vardon Trophy

Rugby Football
Senior Inter-House Challenge Cup
Junior Inter-House Challenge Cup
The League Cup

Swimming
The Inter-House Challenge Cup

Squash Rackets
The Ginone & Unsworth Cup - Senior House Squash
The Railing Cup - Junior House Squash

Special Awards
The Headmaster’s Sports Cup

DUKE OF EDINBURGH’S AWARD: GOLD

UK SCHOOLS MATHEMATICS CHALLENGE 1992
WINNERS OF GOLD CERTIFICATE

SQUASH RACKETS
Senior Individual (Davies Cup) - D Savage
Under 16 (Sutherland Cup) - D Miranda
Senior Inter-House Cup (Ginone & Unsworth Cup) - St Dunstan’s
Junior Inter-House Cup (Railing Cup) - St Edward’s

Golf
The Vardon Trophy - M von Habsburg-Lothringen

TROPHIES FOR AUTUMN TERM 1991 & LENT TERM 1992

Athletics
Senior Inter-House Challenge Cup
Junior Inter-House Challenge Cup
Best Athlete Set 1
Best Athlete Set 2
Best Athlete Set 3
Best Athlete Set 4
Best Athlete Set 5

Cricket
Downey Cup for the best cricketer
Youngusband Cup for the best bowler
Best Cricketer Under 15 Colts
Senior Inter-House Cricket Cup
Junior Inter-House Cricket Cup
Summer Games Cup

Tennis
Doubles Cup
Single Cup
Under 15 Singles Cup - No Competition
Inter-House Tennis Cup

Swimming
Inter-House Swimming Cup
Individual All-Rounder
Senior Freestyle (100m)
Senior Freestyle (220m)
Senior Backstroke (100m)
Senior Breaststroke (100m)
Senior Breaststroke (200m)
Senior Butterfly (50m)
Junior Freestyle (100m)
Junior Backstroke (100m)
Junior Breaststroke (100m)
Junior Butterfly (50m)
100m Individual Medley
Simons Cup (Water Polo)

Summer Soccer
Inter-House Trophy - St Cuthbert’s

Hockey
The Harries Bowl for 6-a-side - St Cuthbert’s

Squash Rackets
Senior Individual (Davies Cup)
Under 16 (Sutherland Cup)
Senior Inter-House Cup (Ginone & Unsworth Cup)
Junior Inter-House Cup (Railing Cup)

Golf
Vardon Trophy - M von Habsburg-Lothringen
### Senior Division Set 1
- 100m
- 400m
- 800m
- 1500m
- Steeplechase
- Hurdles
- High Jump
- Long Jump
- Triple Jump (Daly Cup)
- Shot
- Javelin
- Discus (Burdell Trophy)

### Senior Division Set 2
- 400m (Webb Cup)
- 800m
- High Jump
- Long Jump
- Shot (Lovell Cup)
- Discus

### Junior Division Set 3
- Hurdles
- Relays
- Senior 800m Medley
- Senior 4 x 100m
- Junior 4 x 400m
- 6400m (32 x 200)
- Rugby Football
- Senior Inter-House Cup
- Junior Inter-House Cup
- The League Cup
- Senior Sevens
  - (Reichwald Cup)
- Junior Sevens
  - (Ruek Keene Cup)
- Cross Country
- Senior Inter-House Cup
- Junior “A” Inter-House Cup
- Junior “B” Inter-House Cup
- Senior Individual Cup
- Junior “A” Individual Cup
- Junior “B” Individual Cup
- Senior Hunt Point to Point
- Junior Hunt Point to Point

### Senior Inter-House Cup
- J Thornburn-Muirhead
- CC Aming
- JFJ Kennedy
- TBE Madden

### Junior Inter-House Cup
- St Wilfrid’s
- St Edward’s
- St John’s
- St Danstan’s
- St Cuthbert’s
- St Cuthbert’s
- St Oswald’s

### The League Cup
- J Thornburn-Muirhead
- TBE Madden
- JFJ Kennedy
- TBE Madden
- J Thornburn-Muirhead

### The Common Room

Jack Astin saw many of the participants at all levels through the Bronze, Silver and Gold levels of the Duke of Edinburgh’s Award; his greatest contribution was in the Expedition section, giving much of his holiday time and patience to ensure the success and achievement of many groups from the College; perhaps his most unusual were the Acid Rain Exploration in the Galloway Hills, where his wife Maureen joined him in supervising the first Ampleforth mixed Gold group through such tough conditions that the Scottish Assessor could not find them, and the South Uist Rocket Range and Bird Exploration (based on Compoon Mackenzie’s “Rockets Galore”). Other highlights of Jack’s contribution included his involvement in the projects at Bransdale Mill (National Trust Conservation) and the Residential projects for boys working with the Catholic Child Welfare Society at St William’s, Market Weighton. Another Service aspect where Jack carried a most useful load was in his work as an Instructor and Examiner for the British Red Cross First Aid Youth and Adult certificates, which involved him in regular updating of his own qualifications. Jack’s work as Master in charge of Skills was summed up in the last book he signed: Computing at one level and Chess at another. Another of his chosen fields of expertise where appreciative boys benefited was in the Collecting and Surveys Section. There are no other adults in the College who have helped boys in every section of the Award – Jack was for a time master in charge of Monday afternoon Squash. His work has been noted at the numerous County Duke of Edinburgh functions (where he represented the College at major training events on the North York Moors and in the Lake District) and he was invited to attend the London Presentation of Awards. His generosity of spirit and time was outstanding, as evidenced by his stepping in at short notice to examine yet more First Aiders at the end of this Summer term.

J.D.
RICHARD DEVEY came in 1989 with a strong recommendation from St Luke’s College, Exeter University, where he emerged as the outstanding physical education student in his year. His appointment was ostensibly to teach PE and Games but, as events happen, he has taught Physical Education and his second subject, Geography, in equal measure, both with characteristic success. He comes from a strong and impressive Yorkshire family — all ‘high’ achievers — and Richard is out of the same mould. His personal qualities shine through. Warmth and a remarkably personable nature, together with a mature integrity unusual in one so young, have enabled his promotion at the age of 25 to Head of Physical Education at Gordonstoun. His total professionalism has allowed for considerable success. Though not primarily a rugby player/coach he took to the game with a relish (did he really have any choice?), helping to create individual skills within the framework of a successful team. Taking the Athletics Team over from Fr Henry Wansbrough was a daunting prospect. In his first season the team was galvanised by his enthusiasm to a season in which they lost thrice. This year they have remained unbeaten and won the Northern HMC Athletics Championships. Above all, Richard has been a marvellous colleague who will be missed as a popular and fun-loving member of the Common Room. We extend our best wishes to Richard and his new wife Joanne on their exciting second subject, Geography, in equal measure, both with characteristic success. Though not primarily a rugby player/coach he took to the game with a relish (did he really have any choice?), helping to create individual skills within the framework of a successful team. Taking the Athletics Team over from Fr Henry Wansbrough was a daunting prospect. In his first season the team was galvanised by his enthusiasm to a season in which they lost thrice. This year they have remained unbeaten and won the Northern HMC Athletics Championships. Above all, Richard has been a marvellous colleague who will be missed as a popular and fun-loving member of the Common Room. We extend our best wishes to Richard and his new wife Joanne on their exciting challenge in Scotland.

J.A.A.

DR PAUL GAIT joined two years ago as Head of Science after a distinguished career at Oxford (a First in Chemistry, and Fellow and Tutor at St John’s College) and as Head of Science at Downside. His main task was to direct the next phase of our teaching of the Sciences. Paul’s quiet and reserved manner hides, although only for a short time, great determination to get things moving and a matching intellect to get them moving in the right direction and, even more important, the ability to persuade his colleagues to move in the same direction. New approaches to Science teaching require a greater emphasis on a project-based approach and this, in turn, means that space must be available for this different type of work. Unfortunately, current problems in the School and elsewhere have put a stop to all changes of this kind. With the increasing demands made on all staff, leaving less and less time and energy for thinking and planning, Paul has made the decision (an unfortunate decision for Ampleforth) to move on; he takes up the post of Head of Science at Queen Elizabeth’s Grammar School, Penrith. We hope that he will be very happy in his much-loved Lake District, for Paul is a serious outdoor man; we also hope that he will have time for hill-walking, for his annual ascent of the Old Man of Coniston, and even for some gardening. His colleagues will miss him for his friendship and for his leadership and for his strong voice in our meetings of last year. We express our hopes that he will be able to use his energies and abilities to their fullest extent in his new post, and we extend our best wishes to him and Bridget for continued happiness. Last, but nevertheless important, he will be greatly missed by his pupils who, under his steady guidance, appreciated the demands that he made of them; many have expressed their regret at his departure. Teachers of Paul Gait’s stature are increasingly rare; his move is a great loss to us all.

C.B.

ERIC MAGEE spent a decade of his life at Ampleforth College. He joined with many years in education already under his belt, having held a post of considerable responsibility in a comprehensive school. He also brought a certain amount of religious knowledge to this monastic community. A wry protestant sense of humour combined with a Cambridge postgraduate degree in Theology provided both refreshing comment on life both here and his native Northern Ireland.

Eric joined the school as an Historian and made a large contribution to the teaching of that department throughout his time here, but he was not here long before he took over as Head of the Economics and Politics Department.

Eric will be remembered as one of the most articulate members of staff, a characteristic which was reinforced by a Northern Ireland accent that had all the persuasiveness of a John Cole and the same ability to hold the interest of boys and colleagues. His enthusiasm for Politics was reflected by that of the boys he taught, while, on a different plane, he expanded his career as a conference lecturer, an author of texts on specialised aspects of politics such as the politics of N. Ireland and Trade Unions, and in several posts in the higher echelons of the examining boards including chief examiner posts both for Politics and for General Studies. He has also been chairman of the General Studies Association. It is not an accident that he wrote on subjects such as N. Ireland and Trade Unions. Like most from the Province, he felt the burden of ‘the troubles’ deeply, though he rarely allowed these feelings to come to the surface of an academic exterior. Indeed, being a very private person, despite his general conviviality, he did not allow private emotion to interfere with professional life when times were difficult. His personal involvement with the human side of Politics brought to life the Range classrooms on the coldest and most drab days when wrapped attention was often interspersed with gales of laughter.

His expertise led to his membership of the Schools Examination and Assessment Council. He was one of the most knowledgeable members of staff on the trends in U.K. education, a knowledge that was regularly tapped by the Headmaster and members of the Common Room.

Eric had an infectious laugh and his affectionate but incisive comment on Ampleforth life entertained many in the Common Room Bar after many a long day. In difficult circumstances Eric gave support and comfort to all who sought it and was grateful to receive it from those who were closest to him. In difficult times for the Common Room and the School he tried to support the vulnerable. His departure is a great loss to both the boys and the Common Room as well as to the academic strength of the school.

P.T.M.
TIME VESSEY: joined the staff in 1977 from Lady Manners' School, Bakewell, and quickly established himself as a valued member of the Mathematics Department. He became Head of Department in 1982 and has managed the Department through some interesting and challenging years.

Microcomputers have dramatically altered the world of mathematics education and Ampleforth has helped to pioneer the way ahead. Tim's enthusiasm in this field led to the introduction of a computer network with keyboards and large colour monitors in every mathematics room. This was part of a project set up to investigate ways in which computers could be useful in mathematics teaching. Tim had the job of encouraging and training his department to use the computers and the software and, very importantly, getting feedback on what we would like future software to be able to do. Today the computer is an integral part of our teaching and life seems very difficult when we have the occasional equipment failure.

The introduction of GCSE and coursework has been a second challenge. The selection of appropriate coursework, guidance to those teaching and the establishing of a uniform standard of marking throughout the department has involved Tim in lots of work for which we must all be most grateful.

These two developments have, in their turn, had an impact upon A-level mathematics, and it was Tim's foresight here that led to the development of "Ampleforth Mathematics", pioneering ideas for a change in A-level mathematics. Tim's commitment here led to his being invited to join the Oxford and Cambridge Board, and he is now Chief Moderator for their A-level examinations, a job he will be continuing.

Tim will also be remembered by boys for his climbing enthusiasm and trips to the Peak District, and before becoming Head of Department he gave much time to the Sea Scouts where his son, Jason, had been a valued member. MASS, the Mathematics and Science Society, was founded in 1982 under Tim's guidance. The Society, run by boys, invited guest speakers and its regular magazine will have been enjoyed by many. The boys must take most of the credit, but Tim's inspiration was very evident until he relinquished the post when all College publications were brought under single control.

Tim will be remembered for the long days he worked in Room 46; for his enthusiasm and ability in mathematics; for the care and concern he showed to colleagues and boys alike and for his gentleness and sense of humour. We wish him well with his new challenge as cabinet maker. I know he will continue to seek perfection. G.S.

MIKE WAINWRIGHT came in 1987 to teach chemistry throughout the Upper School and some physics in the Fourth and Fifth Forms. His academic ability, enthusiasm, commitment and organisational competence had already been well honed in second and tertiary education.

From the Marist College, Hull — where near contemporaries were his future Ampleforth colleagues Gerard Simpson (maths) and John Simpson (art)
The 37th Ampleforth Pilgrimage to Lourdes was from 17 to 24 July 1992. Although there have been Ampleforth groups visiting Lourdes since at least 1895, this was the 37th visit as a separate and official group in a series that began in August 1953.

The following boys were on the Pilgrimage: Adrian Arjun (O), James Bagshawe (O), Dominic Corley (D), Charles des Forges (W), Richard Fattorini (O), Patrick Greeson (D), George Hickman (D), Charles Ingram Evans (D), Guy Jackson (J), Dominic Leonard (W), Nicholas Leonard (O), Hugh-Guy Lorriman (H), James Nicholson (W), Frans Op den Kamp (J), Benedict Pridden (C), Damian Roberts (J), Austin Sutton (D), Charles Vyner-Brooks (C), Nicholas Walker (C).

Old Amplefordians on the Pilgrimage were: Bill Atkinson (C31 – who had last been in Lourdes 63 years ago in 1929, and who came now accompanying his sick wife – for many years the Ampleforth Society Treasurer, once a tea planter in Ceylon), George Bagshawe (1922 - on his 50th Pilgrimage), Edward Burnand (D87), Edward Caulfield (E75), Michael Codd (A83), Aidan Cooney (O87), Donall Cunningham (A45), Fr Jock Dalrymple (E75), David de Chazal (O66), John Dick (O77), Fr Richard Duffield (82 – he had been ordained on the Feast of St Benedict 11 July 1992, just a week before the Pilgrimage), Pat Gaynor (D43), Jaimie Gaynor (T73), Teby Gibson (O87), Dr Ken Gray (C44), Patrick Heagerty (O47), Simon John (W63), Nicholas Kenworthy Browne (E90), Jeremy Leonard (W91), Patrick Leonard (B51), Gregory Lorriman (H90), Joseph Martin (H91), William Martin (J87), Edward Martin (J90), Alan Mayer (B58 – Chef de Brancardier), Adrian Mayer (J89), Dominic Moorhouse (B79), Giles Moorhouse (B80), Mark Moorhouse (H73), Dick Murphy (C78), Peter Noble Mathews (E42), Christopher O'Loughlin (C91), Richard Plummer (W80), Kenneth Revensinge (O38 – The Treasurer of the Pilgrimage), Richard Tams (J6), David Tate (E47), Inno van den Berg (O84), Paul Williams (T69 – one of the Pilgrimage’s key planners).

Monks on the Pilgrimage were: Fr Bernard Green (The Pilgrimage Director), Fr Bernard Boyan, Fr Francis Vidal, Fr Alberic Stacpoole, Fr Francis Dobson, Fr Benjamin O’Sullivan. Other priests were Fr Paddy Bluet (Middlesbrough Diocese), Fr Jock Dalrymple (Edinburgh), Fr Richard Duffield (Oratorian – at their Oxford house), Fr Leo Gorman (USA), Fr Alexander Sherbrooke (Westminster – with nephews currently in St Edwards’ House), Fr Bernard Traynor (Hexham and Newcastle).

The Pilgrimage consists of about 250 persons, including about 50 sick persons, and others connected with Ampleforth.

On the opening morning of Autumn Term, 2 September 1992, when Fr Dominic met the whole school, he was joined by one of the visionaries of Medjugorje, Ivan Dragicevic, and by Fr Slavko Barbaric OFM, the spiritual advisor to the visionaries. This was the occasion of Fr Dominic’s Farewell Address as Headmaster to the school in Saint Alban Centre. Also present was our retiring Bishop of Middlesbrough, Bishop Augustine Harris, and Fr Prior representing The Abbot. After introductions from Fr Dominic, from Fr Prior, from Bishop Augustine, Ivan spoke of the meaning of what Our Lady is saying to him each evening. Ivan’s daily visions began on 24 June 1981, and thus the day Ivan came to us was the 4,088th day of his meetings with Our Lady. He spoke very quietly and without notes in Serbo-Croat, his words being translated by Milona von Hapsburg who had travelled with them; he wore a dark suit and a tie. He said that he feels much more relaxed speaking with Our Lady than speaking with this audience now. He said he would recommend everyone in the school to Our Lady this evening. He ended with a few final words of greeting in English. Then, after a few words from Fr Slavko, Ivan led the school in some prayers – a meeting with the school of about 20 minutes.

Later on the morning, Ivan and Fr Slavko spoke in the Abbey Church for
an hour to an audience of boys, monks, Oblates of the Abbey and other local visitors. Ivan began by describing in some detail the events of the first days of the apparitions in 1981, and then explained their meaning. Ivan said that throughout the 11 years of the apparitions Our Lady had been giving us many messages, and the most important messages Our Lady gives us could be summarised under six headings: conversion, prayer, penance, fasting, strong faith, and love. It is Our Lady's wish to show us the true path to find Peace.

"Since the beginning of the apparitions, she told us: My Son is sending me so I can help you. And she said: Peace, Peace, Peace — Peace must reign between man and God. Our Lady did not come to tell us frightening things, but she comes as a Mother to help her children. It is hard to describe the type of love that Our Lady has been giving us day by day."

Ivan talked about how Our Lady taught them to pray — "Prayer is a school, and you need to go to that school — you need to be patient." Before the apparitions Ivan said he had to pray with his parents, but always wished the prayer to go as quickly as possible so he could run. He said he had the same attitude for Mass and Confession, but Our Lady came to strengthen us in faith, and to strengthen the Church. And the Church will be strong, because "you are the living church". He said they did not know when the daily apparitions would end. "We are just instruments of Our Lady." Saying that he would recommend us all to Our Lady tonight, he said he would recommend in a special way the monks so that they can be true shepherds. Fr Aelred asked Ivan what human feelings he experienced each day when he had to come out of the presence of Our Lady and return to normal life — and Ivan spoke of each day being a new experience, something very difficult to describe — but he liked to live it in his memory. Right at the end, after Fr Prior had led us in the Angelus, Ivan reminded us that Our Lady is asking us to pray all 15 Mysteries each day.

Earlier in the morning, there was a ceremony at which Fr Abbot greeted our visitors, and presented each with a medal of St Benedict. Fr Slavko, Ivan and Milona von Hapsburg had travelled to Ampleforth the previous evening (1 September 1992) from St Dominic's Church in Newcastle, where Ivan had his daily meeting with Our Lady at 6.40pm, and Bishop Ambrose and other Ampleforth monks had concelebrated at a Mass at which Fr Slavko was principal concelebrant. After Ampleforth, on 2 September, the group went to Bedford where Ivan had his vision at 6.40pm. They joined the community at Ampleforth for conventual Mass on the morning of 2 September.

This visit to England had been organised by Bernard Ellis of the Medjugorje Network, with the help of Michael and Maureen Baldrey, who came to Ampleforth.
Pupils' voices — as raised in the publications produced for the 1992 Exhibition, were rather muted this year. Only MASS, the Journal of the Mathematics and Science Society, the Ampleforth News and Benchmark, a newcomer from Ampleforth's student historians, appeared. A fourth publication, Folio, a collection of creative writings, was promised, but did not materialize.

MASS continued to disappoint. In editorial boasted of the haste with which it had been put together and, as in previous years, it relied largely on the contributions of members of staff.

However, Benchmark was exclusively the work of boys. It was attractively produced; well-printed with a card cover showing a painting of the original school in Ampleforth. It comprised an editorial discussing the range of historical studies pursued in the School from the perspective of the boys, reports on the activities of the Historical Bench and Westminster Society (a recently revived discussion group for Sixth Formers), historical quizzes and a selection of the best pieces of historical writing, from across the age range, produced during the academic year. From the pages of Benchmark the study of History would appear to be thriving at Ampleforth.

The Ampleforth News, inside of its rather unappealing cover featuring an androgynous figure in sunglasses and Ampleforth sweatshirt, contained several pieces of fine writing. There was poetry, both serious and humorous, sports journalism, travel reporting and a thought-provoking piece on vocations from Fr Jeremy (printed elsewhere in this Journal). Less impressive was an editorial which, like that in MASS, tried to make a virtue of incompetence. There was also an unattractive striving for humour in several articles which relied on in-jokes, especially those current in Aumit House. Future editors of the News might, without losing the element of humour, do more to encourage thoughtful journalism amongst the boys and to make their publication more reflective of the entire School.

P.W.GALLIVER

The Section which follows culls some of the material from the now fortnightly Ampleforth News — different from the 'Annual' reported on above. There is a fine balance between over-serious school journalism and down-market 'popular' in-jokes of the 'incompetent' variety. The Editor of this Journal hopes that each generation will produce a 'News' which allows for a goodish amount of reproduction in this publication. He would point readers, too, to the debate between Andrew Crossley (B) and Damian Corley (D) in the pages which follow as Crossley's particularly good Review of the Year.

J.F.S.

Classic Trouble

Early this term, sixth-form classicists were given the option of taking part in a production of a Greek play. Many, like myself, took it up for the enjoyment of such work and the bonus of an 'UCCA delight' to my credit. However, following casting, the beginning of rehearsals and after a great deal of work had been put into the project by many people, it was decided to give up the plan because the play sails so close to the wind. There would have been, as Aristophanes intended, a lot of bawdy jokes, tied on phalalises, and a good deal of open reference to sex and the lack of it.

The play in question was "Lysistrata", a comedy written in the 5th century BC. It chronicles the results of a refusal of sex to their husbands which the women of all the warring factions of Greece decide on in order to persuade their men to cease fighting. The humour is faced with double entendres and it is, very funny indeed.

It also has some relevance to SHAC itself. Aristophanes wrote it to mock the male-dominated society of ancient Greece, asking men to reconsider their position, in as light-hearted a way as possible. In this happy valley, we are also a male-dominated society and this play might have achieved something towards a more balanced view of the opposite sex. The very idea that it would simply excite people is ridiculous. It is a comedy, be it funny indeed.

So, nothing to commend the production. Mark Berry's performance, however, was very funny indeed. It is a comedy, be it funny indeed.

Finally, Richard Blake-James showed that he might, without losing the element of humour, do more to encourage thoughtful journalism amongst the boys and to make their publication more reflective of the entire School.

Dom Corley (D)

The Government Inspector

Last week's production of Gogol's "The Government Inspector" turned out to be a shining success, and judging by both the reactions of the cast and director as well as the audiences, it is unlikely that anyone but a cynic will deny this. Nick John's debut as director could not have gone better. Picking an enthusiastic cast, he was able to make an admired simple plot a success. Mark Berry's superb portrayal of the civic clerk who takes advantage of a quieter but autocratic mayor (played by Malcolm O'Neill) reflected his maturity on stage. The fact that Malcolm's lines on the second night bore no resemblance to those on the first, yet were still coherent and realistic shows his undeniable talent. Dave Wootton and Dom Bridge, as village locals, put across by their gormless and humorous facial expressions, showed the real problems in Russia.

Julio Martino, Hugh-Guy Lorriman and James Carty were all shaky as first but pulled together a fine performance of officialdom. Finally, Richard Blake-James showed that he too was effective in playing 'multi-roles'.

Commendations must go to the backstage...
crew who created an effective simple set and well done to Nick and the rest. Others may disagree, but I certainly can find no real cause for complaint except that perhaps the final scene went on for too long. Even so, congratulations to Malachi on making Mr Wilcox smile.

John Flynn (H)

Comment

Seeds in a market garden?

It is difficult not to be confused about the school's attitude towards what The Times called "the decline in Catholic education" in their article "Seedlings in a monastery called "the decline in Catholic education". On the one hand, we read in the national press that "Ampleforth's problem is that it is suffering from guilt — parental, not religious", and also that "The school is wear jackets and ties, not uniforms. Good confidence throughout the establishment which is causing limp excuses in the national press and petty rules within the school. Confidence throughout Ampleforth that its unconstraining and effective Catholic education.

The school must have confidence in its own ability to provide not only sound young men indoctrinated in the Catholic faith, but also men fulfilling the more mercenary objectives of other forms of education. It is this lack of confidence throughout the establishment which is causing limp excuses in the national press and petty rules within the school. Confidence throughout Ampleforth that its form of education does not stop at character building will stop all this, and perhaps Ampleforth will go back to being a monastery rather than a market garden.

Nick John (W)

News Recognition

The News has recently been gaining in status. Many parents have shown interest in its editions so far this year. Indeed, some have said they would like to endorse The News' views, especially concerning the socials with girls issue. In a recent article about the school in The Daily Telegraph the News was quoted.

The clampdown on work which has been made necessary by the need to "market ourselves" surely has a detrimental effect on the school's being "holistic, rather than militaristic". The introduction of the kind of discipline which marks the production line of a school which has no other aims but to gain A-level grades, will take away from the school one of its real and rare qualities: its unconstraining and effective Catholic education.

The school must have confidence in its own ability to provide not only sound young men indoctrinated in the Catholic faith, but also men fulfilling the more mercenary objectives of other forms of education. It is this lack of confidence throughout the establishment which is causing limp excuses in the national press and petty rules within the school. Confidence throughout Ampleforth that its form of education does not stop at character building will stop all this, and perhaps Ampleforth will go back to being a monastery rather than a market garden.

Identity Crisis?

Andrew Crossley (B) takes a look at The Ampleforth News

A little over two years ago, the 'Old-Style' Ampleforth News was replaced by our present, bi-weekly, four-page 'newspaper'. This was an unprecedented move that benefited from early support and enthusiasm from most of the school. However, this support has all but disappeared and the enthusiasm (from those involved in publishing) seems to be fast diminishing as a result.

The main problems for the News lies in its attempts at being a newspaper. It is fighting a losing battle for a number of reasons. Articles need to be written by Monday lunchtime for the paper to arrive on Friday — ie, any news is 'stale'. This is made worse by 'forward-planning' — topics for articles being planned before the weekend. There is frequently too much news to cover four pages without articles becoming long-winded.

The comparative success of the 'Ampleforth News magazine' can be attributed to content and enthusiasm. It justifies its light-hearted content by having no claim to be a newspaper. The greater enthusiasm is probably due to the infrequency of its publication — with few regular dominants on time, more flexible deadlines and the like.

The Ampleforth Newspaper, having begun with development in mind, has hardly changed at all, and although each editor has achieved varying success edition by edition, it seems not to have fulfilled its early promise.

Having dismissed the idea of a regular newspaper, I suggest a twice-termly publication, especially concerning the socials with girls issue. In a recent article about the school in The Daily Telegraph the News was quoted.

Ampleforth News Competition

What the Future holds

The rain poured out of the sky in torrents. The inmates of Cell 3 shifted uneasily on the regulation mattresses, and occasionally the wind would nudge the windows. The door banged, making areas of paintwork flake off the stone wall.

Downstairs, the prison officer slept, undisturbed by the swirling winds or torrential rain. Here there was no regulation mattress; instead, a solid double-bed that had survived the crash of '92. Fixed to its sides were a fully-operational portable telephone and an electric toaster. All the other electrical goods had either been looted or destroyed, and the remains of numerous hi-fi systems littered the floor.

At 3 o'clock, Benedict Richards, an escaped convict from St Oswald's maximum security prison but recaptured just three weeks later, awoke. A slow dripping matched his heart beat and, straining his eyes in the black oblivion, he just managed to pin-point its source: probably just a leaking radiator. He rolled over and sat upright on the edge of his bed. His sheet had fallen off and his numb, blue toes were beginning to curl in the cold night air. He stumbled about in the dark for his sandals; painfully he undid the straps and forced his feet into them. Standing upright, dressed only in his regulation jock-strap, he waited until the dizziness wore off. Then, picking his way carefully across the beautifully-embroidered, third-hand pieces of clothing that served as the carpet, he made his exit through the hole in the wall that was the entrance to the run-down waste-disposal unit.

A dim light swung above him, its light illuminating the hole in the floor. He picked his way towards it and then squatted patiently over it, waiting, thinking.

This place had not been so bad once. He could just remember back in the 1930's when it had been a public school. First there had been the great league-crash and house-subsoiled. Things began to go wrong, teachers left, eleven...
Andrew Crossley (B) looks back over the past twelve months

“Another year at SHAC has begun, and with it the possible approach of changes.” The opening sentence of this September’s issue of the News and in the school generally.

Throughout the year there has always been the possibility of change in some aspect of life here. There have also been various debates raging through the school which are effectively about old v new – change v no change.

The history of the News has come under scrutiny. The Ampleforth newspaper has just come to the end of its third year and yet it remains essentially the same as when it first came out, namely a four-page, regular newspaper. An article in the last issue of the Lent term explored the identity of the News. It alluded to the News’s basic problems: lack of hard news, save the mundane reporting of events which people are not keen to read anywhere; the fact that the little news we have has become stale by the time it is published (through time at the printers). Other problems include a lack of humour and an over-emphasis on hard news.

The first “Old v New” debate is over the News. This year the focus was on whether an old-style magazine has been published as well as the modern newspaper. The magazine was produced, twice so far with one more due out this weekend in traditional style with last-minute scribbling, late-inspiration, nightmare-stories from printers and the like. However, it has not been as popular as expected. The fact that the little news we have has become stale by the time it is published is largely responsible. Other problems include a lack of humour and an over-emphasis on hard news.

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Another big debate this year concerned the marriage of two heads of the News. The main complaint was lack of social events for all students in Ampleforth. Little more has been heard of this “work-drive” or any radical proposals to improve it. However, block-presp has been lengthened by twenty minutes at the expense of games-time, a development which I welcome and about which no much has been heard.

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that any development is shunned; others show
enthusiasm for changes, whatever they are.

The new half-term in the Lent term is a fine
element of this. Some welcome the chance to
go home for longer than just a couple of days
and to get a proper rest; others regret the loss
of two restful holiday-week-ends to take time
out from school. The same can be said of
compulsory corps. After years of occasional
campaigning, corps was finally made optional
for the first and second years. However, on
Friday 11 October, Duncan Scott told us how
there were as many doing corps through choice
as there had been before.

Other issues that have been mentioned in
the News are: regret over the changes in the
tuck-shop; reports of skiing and classics trips;
arguments for and against the new phone
system; regret over the decision not to stage
the Greek play 'Lysistrata'.

It has been an eventful year and though the
News has done a good job in covering the
stories, this is too small a space to mention all
that has happened. We now start looking to
next year and (hopefully) the resolution of
the News's identity crisis. However, despite
these various uncertainties, it has been fun to
work on what I hope has been a worthwhile
publication.

COMMENT

I have just read in The Sunday Times an amusing
article concerning the English Literature sylla-
bus of the NEA GCSE board. As of next year,
it proposes to allow students to study and be
examined on the likes of "Neighbours", "Allo
'Allo" and "Back to the Future". This is along-
side Shakespeare, Austen and Tennyson.

It is interesting to hypothesise what such
questions might consist of. Short extracts from
the script of "Neighbours" would be accompa-
nied by structured, graded questions.
1. How does the use of the word "mate" help
in our understanding of this scene?
2. Is there any evidence in this scene to suggest
what might happen next? Refer to the text
where appropriate.

However, it becomes less amusing when you
realise that they are being quite serious. Fi-

Nick John

Marc Dumbell reviews the year
of Ampleforth Business Initiative,
a company set up by a few
enterprising boys

In the beginning there were some boys who
decided to get together. They wanted to make
a company, as well as a little cash on the side.
After a few hours of exercises and teaching of
how to run a company, they all set off hopefully
to put it into practice but often it seemed
On 6 May Philip Murphy (H) captained the Senior Athletics team to victory in the HMC North Eastern Championships. On the same day Andrew Freeland (J) took a hat-trick against Stonyhurst to gain victory for the 1st XI. Three days later Albert Brenninkmeyer (H) and James Channo (J) won the Northern Schools Tennis Championships.
the company which didn't take long; then the Director, Secretary, Accountant, Marketing, Production, Personnel and Sales directors all elected employee of the month for doing the least work: Tom Spencer boasts "Employee of the Year" by far.

So, having kicked off with rather a slow start last Autumn with everyone doing very little, we got into gear. Marketing was done through Zippos (which The Roy did not enjoy), Baseball last year's company's hooded tops, though a apology with each one. Having sold about 150 quickly got them distributed with a note of though through the fault of the supplier the decided to move on to another product. Ryan, an Oswalds old-boy, managed to obtain some drawings of Captain Pugwash especially Junior House and Gilling, we managed to sell which, slightly modified, became the print for our T-shirt. Throughout the Upper school, over 250 T-shirts. As they were so popular, we we all did. Working as a team, communication, the importance of formal meetings with an diplomacy, growth in confidence, the need for details in writing when dealing with suppliers no-one was appointed to investigate it. It was only too often a great idea would drift away as in influence, often to God, to do a job, but as He was usually busy, it didn't get done but, as the year went on, things improved greatly and our company shaped up. We are now doing extremely well and are all very glad we did it. It is no longer a comedy, business meant problem solving and hard work which they thought was non-existent in a small business enterprise.

One other aspect of the year was a competition we entered for the Young Enterprise Organisation. This took place two weeks ago on Monday. For the competition a display stand was set up which looked very impressive, showing board members, advisors, products, various drawings, graphs and explanations. This needed great effort and time on the part of many in the company.

The remaining three were required to give a ten minute speech, presenting the company to those present. This went well and was very professional — "too professional" the judges decided — and on a close decision we finally came second to Thirsk school who had admirably made toy trains out of old school desks. Though they had only produced under twenty-five, the judges made it clear that it was not quantity that matters, fair enough. Although some were disappointed, personally I had an excellent time preparing for the display stand and taking part in the competition, as I am sure we all did.

Coming to the end of the year, I feel we all learnt tremendously from the experience. As the school was in the centre of Augsburg, a do not take individuals you happen not to like as ambassadors of what Germany has to offer; go and see for yourself; see the country, meet the people — you might change your mind. I met someone there who said he was proud to be a German and could not understand why people in England laughed when he said it. He said he thought they did not understand. Whether it was the wrong word of whether it was the principles he had in mind that were laughed at I don't know. These principles have become bold and clear to me. My limitations do not, unfortunately, allow me to carry on much longer, you will probably be pleased to hear, but I would like to finish by leaving you with another thought.

The German economy is on its way up; ten gold, six silver and six bronze medals in the Winter Olympics put them streets ahead of the rest of the world; the reigning world champions in the soccer arena and the European Athletics champions, together with such stars as Becker, Stich and Graf, with Michael Schumacher keeping our own Nigel Mansell on his toes are just the sporting examples of a race with a future. Four SHAC A-level candidates for next year who include three Germans, highlights examples of a race with a future.

Ruper Collier's visit to Germany on a recent exchange leads him to challenge our prejudices

By writing this article, I am unfortunately placing myself somewhat in the firing line for cynics and critics. Every one of us knows a German, every one of us know of the Germans and every one of us has our own opinions of these people. Some of us even are German! Those, however, I am sorry to have to relate to the ignorant and uncultured majority, are blurred and twisted by history. There is no need for further explanation. What is meant is only too obvious. This is an attempt to blur and twist your blurred and twisted opinions into the correct perspectives. To start with, as most of you may know, I spent last Easter term in the company of a boarding school in the centre of Augsburg, about an hour by car from Munich. Having been there twice before, courtesy of the highly organised modern languages exchange scheme, I was, despite the inevitable cold feet, very much looking forward to the experience. I left for Germany the day Amplefordians started work and returned two weeks after the end of term, therefore having a full three months. In the time spent over there, my experience involved joining a class of 21 girls learning French and then having to virtually give a history of myself, Ampleforth, England and Scotland in a foreign language after three days in the country. Besides that cardiac-arrest inducing exercise, everything went pretty much as I had expected it to. The lessons were, initially, a little nerve-racking but, once I had got to know people, they became more inviting.

As the school was in the centre of Augsburg, social life played a large part in the boarding-school proceedings! The gates were shut at 9.30pm but you could ask for them to be opened up later if there was a reason for it. A lot of things were done almost as the whole boarding school.

The distinctions between years, as there are here, were unheard of. However, if one didn't pass the final end-of-year exam, one had to repeat that year so the school is unlikely to remain with the same year for long.

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Good News, No Crisis

A regular theme of Andrew Crossley’s articles this year has been accusing the News of having an ‘Identity Crisis’. By way of a reply, Dom Cortley argues from the other side.

Ever since the Ampleforth News changed its format, there has been criticism from all sides. Many people attack it frequently, harking back to the past golden era of the ‘Old-Style’ News and the many magazines competing for sales at Exhibition. Another to leap aboard the ‘Old-Style’ bandwagon in recent weeks has been Andrew Crossley, criticising the News for a lack of ‘news’.

They also contain feature articles, sketches, opinions and the like, often giving up whole supplements for the purposes of such articles. This publication, like The Times, The Sun and Ampleforth News can be far more varied in its approach towards articles than national newspapers, as can be seen from the stories and entertaining articles which have appeared over the year, as well as providing a sounding board for opinions and further discussion.

For all this, the magazine is still seen to be the most appealing. The mags of all those years ago send forth visions of 18-pages of non-stop humour whereas, in reality, this was never the case. The reason for the original change in format was that the magazine situation was in poor shape, filled with adverts riddled with blank spaces, leaving nothing much in the way of content. It, like many of the other magazines, had simply run out of ideas and the educational purpose which lay behind them had been overtaken by the simple quest for the assured profits of Exhibition Saturday. Quality was left to suffer.

All things considered, however, I have to admit that the Matt Ward/Dom Libbison magazines which came out this year (with a certain Andrew Crossley in charge of advertising) were not bad productions yet it must also be noted that they have contained articles which might easily have fitted in this production: for example, Tarquin Cooper’s Corps piece and J-P Pitt’s account of his visit to Poland. As for what Andrew called ‘its comparative success’, this is hard to measure considering that, when he wrote his article, the two were being sold together while this publication did very well with the Exhibition market itself.

I am not denying that this ‘bit’ of the news is without its faults, yet it is not suffering from acute under-enthusiasm. Every issue has been filled and, but for one issue, adverts have been kept to a minimum. In the issue in question, an article was removed too late to be replaced.

A flick through the magazines show white spaces, empty pages and space-fillers. The News allows people to express opinions and air views, as well as giving readers an insight into events around the school. If it seems too like a newspaper, this is its appearance and, perhaps, its name. Used properly, it provides a voice for the school — Fr Timothy can be perfectly satisfied as to the popularity of 2 hour prep periods and any other suggestions he may have while the tuck-shop can see in Liam Desmond’s recent article that all is not totally as it used to be. The Ampleforth News is your publication and is ready to be used.

Both 1st and 2nd VIIIIs had a successful season. The weather was good and we suffered less than usual from injuries and illness. The 1st VIII won all but one of its matches; it also won the Invitation and finished second, out of twenty-four schools, in the Midland & Northern Independent Schools meeting in March. The 2nd VIII also won all but one of its matches, and like the 1st VIII was to avenge that defeat later in the season. As happened last year both sides had matches cancelled at the last minute, in the case of the 2nd VIII this happened three times.

The 1st VIII, captained by E.J. Wilcox (E), was an experienced side. C.H.S. Fothringham (E), P.M. Howell (J), M. von Habsburg-Lothringen (E) and Wilcox himself had all run in the 1st VIII last year, but for injury Wilcox would have had four years in the side. J. Thornburn-Muirhead (J), who hitherto had played rugby, was a powerful addition and normally joined Wilcox and Fothringham at the front. C.C. Arning (J) was a runner who had problems with injury, and the same was true of P.A. Lane (J), A.S. Medlicott (J) and T.H.P. Bedingfeld (E), made up the regular team. The whole team packed well, indeed it was rare for more than two minutes to separate the first and the last, and it was difficult to predict the order of the middle runners.

We beat Sedbergh, our oldest rivals, in an excellent race in which the positions frequently changed. A long break, caused by the half-term and the cancellation of a fixture, came before the Stonyhurst match. Sadly both sides were below full strength, but the race was closely fought over a tough course. We were just ahead, but with less than a mile to go Bedingfeld lost a shoe and with it a couple of places, and we finished two points down. However revenge was had both in the invitation and Midland & Northern Schools meetings. The other matches were won quite easily.

Edward Wilcox started his career in the 1st VIII when we won the Midland & Northern Schools meeting at Rugby in 1988, he only just failed to repeat the performance at Worksop this year. We finished behind Radley. Our first four runners matched them man for man, but we could not quite equal their fifth and sixth counters.

Twenty Old Amplefordians came on the second weekend of the term to start the season. They took the first three places, but their next counter was eighteenth! Adrian Myers has taken over the management of the old boys from Patrick Graves who had run the side for many years.
Results:
1st VIII v Old Amplefordians Won 39-64
1 A Myers (OA), 2 T Gibson (OA), 3 R Rigby (OA), 4 Arning, 5 Thornburn-Muirhead, 6 Willcox, 7 von Habsburg, 8 Fothringham, 9 Howell, 10 Medlicott, 11 Bedingfeld, 12 Copping (OA), 13 A Pike (OA), 14 P Thomas (OA), 15 H Martin (OA).
The following OAs also ran: J Kerr-Smile, F von Habsburg-Lothringen, B Weis, C Heath, N Ryan, T Hall, E Kirwan, N Kenworthy-Browne, N Myers, W Crichton-Soart and R Rigby.

v Pocklington Won 27-60
2= Willcox & Fothringham, 3 Thornburn-Muirhead, 5 Arning, 6 von Habsburg, 7 Howell, 8 Medlicott, 10 Bedingfeld.

v Barnard Castle & Durham 1st Ampleforth 24, 2nd Durham 75
3rd Barnard Castle 96
1= Willcox & Fothringham, 3 Thornburn-Muirhead, 5 von Habsburg, 6 Howell, 7 Medlicott, 8 Bedingfeld, 9 John.

v Welbeck Won 34-46
1 Thornburn-Muirhead, 3 Willcox, 6 Arning, 7 Bedingfeld, 8 Medlicott, 9 von Habsburg, 11 Gibson, 16 Fothringham.

v Q.E.G.S. Wakefield Won 37-43
3 Fothringham, 4 Willcox, 5 Thornburn-Muirhead, 7 Arning, 8 von Habsburg, 10 Bedingfeld, 13 Medlicott, 14 Gibson.

v Sedbergh Won 36½ -45½
2 Thornburn-Muirhead, 3 Willcox, 5 Fothringham, 7 Arning, 9 von Habsburg, 10 Howell, 11 Medlicott, 12 Bedingfeld.

v Stonyhurst Lost 40-38
1 Willcox, 3 Thornburn-Muirhead, 6 Medlicott, 7 von Habsburg, 11 Bedingfeld, 12 Arning, 13 Howell, 16 Arning.

Ampleforth Invitation Meeting. Placed 1st (out of 10)
1 Willcox, 2 Fothringham, 3 Thornburn-Muirhead, 5 von Habsburg, 11 Lane, 14 Arning, 21 Howell, 26 Medlicott.

Midland & Northern Independent Schools Championship at Worksop. Placed 2nd (out of 24)
10 Willcox, 18 Thornburn-Muirhead, 22 Fothringham, 24 Lane, 40 von Habsburg, 53 Bedingfeld, 59 Howell, 95 John.

2nd VIII v Barnard Castle & Durham 1st Ampleforth 21
2nd Durham 80
3rd Barnard Castle 84
Lost 48-32
v Welbeck
v Sedbergh Won 34-44
v St Peter's 1st VIII Won 33-49
v Stonyhurst Won 26-56
Standing: T.H.P. Bedingfeld (E), A.S. Medlicott (J), C.C. Arning (J), P.A. Lane (J). Sitting: P.M. Howell (J), C.H.S. Fothringham (E), E.J. Willcox (E) (Capt), J. Thornburn-Muirhead (O), M. von Habsburg-Lothringen (E).
Inter-House Cross Country Races:

**Senior**

1. St Edward's 199
2. St John's 226
3. St Wilfrid's 378

**Junior A**

1. St Edward's
2. St Thomas's
3. St Oswald's

**Junior B**

1. St Edward's
2. St John's
3. St Aidan's

**Individual**

1. J. Thornburn-Muirhead (0)
2. E. J. Willcox (E)
3. P. A. Lane (J)

1. T. H. P. Bedingfeld (E)
2. J. S. Gibson (T)
3. C. B. Crowther (H)

1. E. H. K. O'Malley (D)
2. G. M. Milbourn (B)
3. W. M. Hobbs (J)

Junior Cross Country is divided into Under 14 and Under 15 teams, each with eight runners, six of whom count in the match. With the demands of other games, a team is likely to consist of two or three committed and talented runners and the rest, 'good chaps' who enjoy the opportunity to represent the school.

That is how I saw the situation at the beginning of the Lent Term but it was excellent to see how the 'good chaps' worked at their running to such an extent that we became a formidable opposition with an unbeaten season at both levels.

Several results were close but none more dramatic than the win at Stonyhurst, on the toughest of courses, when James Gibson was leading by a huge margin but was mistaken for a Senior and sent the wrong way. Such was the quality of his run. Thanks to James Gibson and Richard Scrope, the two captains, who literally led by example.

The team were selected from:

**U-15**

J. Gibson (T); R. Scrope (E); C. Crowther (H); A. Clanfield (E); N. Thornburn-Muirhead (O); J. Vaughan (B); J. Carry (H); J. Horth (D); E. O'Malley (D).

**U-14**

R. Scrope (E); E. O'Malley (D); H. White (E); G. Milbourn (B); G. Field (O); W. Hobbs (J); E. Carmegy (C); M. Shilton (C); P. Fane-Saunders (W); M. Potterton (J).

Results:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>U-15</th>
<th>U-14</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ampleforth</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barnard Castle</td>
<td>68</td>
<td>Durham 93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St Peter's</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>Sedbergh 40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St Wilfrid's</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>Stonyhurst 44</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

J. H.

WEST HARTLEPOOL COLTS 18 AMPLEFORTH 26

A gale blowing downfield made constructive rugby more than difficult; the XV were given first use of the wind and were staggered in the first few minutes when dreadful tackling allowed West Hartlepool to score. But their response was immediate; a switch in midfield allowed Dumbell and Hickman to put Mostyn in for a cleverly worked try. The latter did even better a few moments later when a free kick was taken and he obliged again with some powerful running. A third try followed when some good rolling and mauling produced the ball for the back to combine with the forwards and for Dumbell once again to time his pass to perfection and put Madden, his other wing, into the corner. Oxley caught the kick-off, made a half-break and a sweeping movement, the major role in which was played by Hickman, ended with Spencer scoring under the posts. Another free kick swiftly taken saw Wootton score on his own and half-time came with the School leading 26-4. Experimental changes at half-time did nothing to help the XV as they turned to face the gale and West Hartlepool, with the help of some appalling defence and some poor tactics by the School, whittled away at the School's lead.

MOUNT ST MARY'S SEVENS

The seven had a cautious start against a weakened Silcoates side and only won 8-0. They did much better against King's Macclesfield who were a good side and they carried the battle to their opponents so well that they were leading 10-4 only to be pegged back to 10-10 on the final whistle. A hard game against Widnes followed in which Lane-Nott's try the length of the field had the side leading 12-10 with possession of the ball as full time approached. An error gave that possession away and Widnes scored to snatch the game. The team played a marvellous final group game against Hymer's winning 18-0. This made them runners-up in their group and they played Mount St Mary's in a scintillating semi-final in which Thompson's tackling was an important feature. Fitzgerald, who had replaced Crossley in the centre, scored the first try with a good dummy but Mount
## SEVS

Standing: J.W. Fitzgerald (E), G.J. Hickman (D), S.H. Easterby (F), D.A. Wootton (H).
Sitting: P.C. Lane-Nott (B), R.M. Wilson (H), C.P. Thompson (B), T.J. Gayanor (D), J. Thernham-Muirhead (O).

Soon equalised and then went ahead to 8-4. But in the second half Wootton, rather in hope than expectation, kicked ahead, watched as Mount fumbled, and scored for Lane-Nott to make the important conversion. The final was against Widnes but the seven gave the game away in the first two minutes going ten points behind when two lapses in defence were severely punished. Although they struggled manfully they went down 18-8.

### Results:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Group</th>
<th>v</th>
<th>Won/Lost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Group v</td>
<td>Silcoates</td>
<td>8-0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v King's Macclesfield</td>
<td></td>
<td>10-10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Widnes Vlth Forth College</td>
<td></td>
<td>12-14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Hymer's College</td>
<td></td>
<td>18-0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Semi-final v</td>
<td>Mount St Mary's</td>
<td>10-8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Widnes Vlth Forth College</td>
<td></td>
<td>8-18</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## DURHAM SEVENS

This was a small competition in which the second seven played creditably after a poor start against a bustling Barnard Castle team. Leading 10-8 with a minute to go they refused to use the wind and paid the penalty. They then demolished a weak Yarn side and went through to the semi-final against the winners of the other group, Mount St Mary's. In this game they played well leading 4-0 and 8-4 but having kicked possession away, they conceded two tries from line-outs and went down by three tries to two.

### Results:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Group</th>
<th>v</th>
<th>Won/Lost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Group v</td>
<td>Barnard Castle</td>
<td>Lost</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Yarn</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Semi-final v</td>
<td>Mount St Mary's</td>
<td>Won</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Widnes Vlth Forth College</td>
<td></td>
<td>Lost</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The team was: D. Thompson (D), T. Mostyn (O), N. Studer (D), A. Oxley (A), F. Knight (D), A. Crossley (B), T. Madden (E). Reserves: J. Channon (O).

## AMPLEFORTH SEVENS

For the first time for years the weather was clement and it was therefore in front of a large crowd that the School played Welbeck and managed to look comfortable in winning 16-6. The match against a good Hymer's side was as fast and furious as expected; Hymer's led 6-0 but the School drew level by half-time and a splendid try in the second half sealed victory in a thrilling match. Changes at fly-half and hooker were made for the next two matches and easy victories were achieved against Ashville and York Vlth Form College. The semi-final was against Newcastle, the runners-up in Group B and the School for some curious reason, became obsessed with kicking possession away; the victory therefore was more of a struggle that the score indicates. The final against Mount St Mary's was every bit as thrilling as the semi-final of the Mount Sevens a week earlier. At half-time Mount led 12-0 but in the second half a splendid try by Fitzgerald brought the School back into the game. Another try was scored but as Lane-Nott's conversion soared over the final whistle blew.

### Results:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Group</th>
<th>v</th>
<th>Won/Lost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Group v</td>
<td>Welbeck</td>
<td>Won</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Hymer's</td>
<td></td>
<td>10-6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Ashville</td>
<td></td>
<td>30-0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v York Vlth Form College</td>
<td></td>
<td>29-0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Semi-final v</td>
<td>Newcastle</td>
<td>Won</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Mount St Mary's</td>
<td></td>
<td>18-8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Final v</td>
<td>Mount St Mary's</td>
<td>Lost</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The second seven had two victories and two defeats in their four matches. They opened with a marvellously combative victory against St Edward's, Liverpool and although Mount St Mary's and Newcastle were too much for them, they trounced Read School in their final match and came a deserved third in their group. As the first seven were using a squad of nine players, this was a very creditable effort: Studer was an inspirational and inspiring captain and it was good to see such spirit in the team.

### Results:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Group</th>
<th>v</th>
<th>Won/Lost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Group v</td>
<td>St. Edward's, Liverpool</td>
<td>Won</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Mount St Mary's</td>
<td></td>
<td>9-8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Newcastle R.G.S.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Lost</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Read School</td>
<td></td>
<td>28-0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## STONYHURST SEVENS

This was the first time the School had entered the tournament and sadly it was not destined to be a success. For whatever reason: the long journey, the early
departure, the experiments made, injuries during the competition, or just the bleak weather, the side was unrecognizable from the team that had performed so well three days before. In the first two matches, Fitzgerald was used at fly-half and although both were won, the second was a real struggle, the seven only winning in the last second, courtesy of Lane-Nott’s fine conversions. In the match against Hymer’s that followed, disaster followed disaster: Wilson had to come off in the first few minutes and from that moment the team became too weak to function in midfield. Indeed Hymer’s went on to win the group and the School had to settle for second place as they had no trouble in defeating St Edward’s Liverpool in the final group match. In the first round of the knock-out section, the School was drawn against Rossall in which match the failure to tackle and maul aggressively was a serious deficiency, Rossall winning by three tries to two.

Results:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Group</th>
<th>v</th>
<th>Results</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5th Round</td>
<td>v Rossall</td>
<td>Lost 10-12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

WELBECK SEVENS 17 March

On a gentle spring day the seven first played Nottingham High School and with rather a changed side. Hickman and Dumbell came in after injury but the captain’s knee was still sore and he was omitted as a precaution. In this first game the team could find no rhythm and won a match of poor quality only because they had more skill and more idea than Nottingham. But in the second game against Pocklington the newcomers visibly grew in confidence. A clattering tackle by Hickman gave him a try under the posts and Dumbell raced away after looping his wing to score another. This was a flying start and all the seven needed to hold a determined Pocklington who had too much possession for comfort in the second half. In the final the seven looked a different side as they went up another gear. Whatever the opposition, the quality of play was high and they played some scintillating sevens to stroll to impressive victory.

Results:

| 5th Round | v Mount St Mary’s | Lost 6-8 |

ROSSLYN PARK NATIONAL SEVENS 26–7 March

The seven started with high hopes against Queen Elizabeth, Barnet and although it took time to find form, they eventually won comfortably. A harder task followed against Coopers Co & Coborn but the team struck form and cruised to victory. Thompson suffered a minor eye injury and two changes were made for the next match: one involved resting him in order that he might recover for what promised to be the hardest group match against Bishop Gore. The other switched Fitzgerald from hooker to centre, Dumbell therefore moving to the wing; this gave Thornburn-Muirhead his first and only game against Chislehurst and Sidcup, a match which the team had no difficulty in winning. But Bishop Gore had won all their matches too and an exciting game followed with the seven first leading 6-0 and then being pegged back to 6-6. In the second half, though playing well, they missed three overlap chances and it was only a penalty and a try in the final seconds which put them through to play Mount St Mary’s once more the next morning. In this game a team of very determined boys played magnificently. Against the wind in the first half they tackled like lions and only conceded four points. With the wind behind them they took control and the lead when Dumbell went over under the posts. Other near misses followed and as time ran out Mount were defending with some desperation on their own line. A despairing and desperate kick by the Mount wing was not properly converted and victory was snatched away in the cruellest possible fashion: the team deserved a better fate as they had played the better sevens and, indeed, looked a high-class side.

Results:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Group</th>
<th>v Queen Elizabeth, Barnet</th>
<th>Won 24-4</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>v Coopers Co &amp; Coborn</td>
<td>Won 22-0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Chislehurst &amp; Sidcup</td>
<td>Won 30-6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Bishop Gore</td>
<td>Won 13-6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th Round</td>
<td>v Mount St Mary’s</td>
<td>Lost 6-8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The team: C.P.Thompson (B), S.H.Easterby (H), T.J.Gaynor (D), R.M.Wilson (H), G.J.Hickman (D), J.W.Fitzgerald (E), M.R.Dumbell (H). Reserves: P.C.Lane-Nott (B), J.Thornburn-Muirhead (D), A.P.Oxley (A). Also played: N.M.Studer (D), D.A.Wootton (H), A.P.Crossley.

The progress made was considerable and all who were associated with them were delighted with both their increasing skill and courage and with their friendly and modest but determined attitude. All wanted to make up for a poor 1st XV season and that aim was achieved. They reached three finals out of the four tournaments before the National Sevens and it would not be too much to say that they were at least the equal of every team in that tournament except the eventual champions, their cruel and unfortunate exit in the fifth round notwithstanding. C.Thompson led the side well, was man of the tournament at Mount St Mary’s, and was a marvellous ball-winner as well as a ferocious tackler. T.Gaynor had to fight hard to keep his place as the other prop but eventually he began to understand the requirements of the game and his work-rate and directness finally clinched it. S.Easterby was a revelation: blessed with shrewd anticipation and ball-handling skill of no mean capacity he was competitive and motivated and became a devastating tackler like Thompson: he was also the fittest boy in the side. R.Wilson gave some good displays at scrum-half and at the Ampleforth Sevens he was the mainspring of the attack. G.Hickman, injured for many of the tournaments, took his chance well and grew in stature at Rosslyn Park: he had two excellent days. He has gifts as a well-balanced ball player with...
vision: all he needs is more pace and more determination to win the ball, particularly off the ground. J. Fitzgerald’s speed and running off the ball became so important to the side that he spent many of the tournaments as a hooker where he performed excellently, but in the end he was moved back to centre. M. Dumbell was then given the wing position which had for so long been occupied by P. Lane-Nott who, having turned in many high-class performances, was unlucky to be omitted. But Dumbell had an explosive start and pace which was not quite there in Lane-Nott. It was a pity that injuries forced so many changes on a team which had the correct balance in only the final two matches at Rosslyn Park.

**HOCKEY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1st XI</th>
<th>P.5 W.1 L.4</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

The 1-0 victory over Bootham in the opening match proved to be a false dawn. The remaining fixtures were lost, but the XI showed that it could offer serious competition to schools with larger hockey traditions and better facilities. The team was at its best in the 1-0 defeat by Pocklington. This match, played on an artificial surface and against a team containing players with District representative honours, saw Ampleforth create several scoring opportunities and hold their opponents until succumbing to a late goal. Even the heavy defeat, on another artificial surface, against a much more experienced Barnard Castle side was not without some satisfaction. 5-0 down at half-time, the XI reorganised its formation, worked out how to defend at penalty corners and prevented any further scoring. The outstanding player was the goalkeeper J. Brady (T).

The team was selected from: H-G. Lorriman, Capt. (H); J. Brady (T); H. Erdozain (C); J. Nicholson (W); N. Walker (C); H. Grantham (B); M. Dumbell (A); A. Havelock (T); W. Barton (W); J. Fitzgerald (E); J. Tolhurst (C); C. Irven (C); J. Jenkins (J); D. Ibbotson (H); D. Melling (J); E. Buxton (W); S. McGoldrick (C); C. des Forges (W).

**2nd XI**  
P.4 W.3 L.1

The opening game saw a 4-2 win over Pocklington. The opposition was more skilful but the team showed determination and made the most of their goal scoring opportunities. The game against St Peter’s 3rd XI showed off the fitness of the team with a hat-trick by P. Murphy (H) and a goal by O. Mathias (C) in only his first week of playing hockey. Spirits were dampened by a resounding defeat by Barnard Castle 9-1 on an artificial pitch. This game demonstrated the weakness in the team’s skills, but they played hard and learnt much. They took to the field against Read School Drax determined to play skilful hockey. Although playing against a team with more experience, they proved that they had come on in leaps and bounds to produce a 4-2 victory.

The team was selected from: P. Murphy, Capt. (H); T. Harris (O); G. Marken (H); N. Walker (C); C. des Forges (W); H. Erdozain (C); J. Maxwell-Stuart (C); D. Ibbotson (H); G. Andreasis (A); J. Tolhurst (C); C. Corbett (J); D. Erdozain (C); J. Bagshawe (O); O. Mathias (C); T. Charles-Edwards (J); C. MacDermott-Roe (H); E. Buxton (W); D. Melling (J); S. McGoldrick (C); W. Barton (W); E. de W. Waller (A).

**SQUASH**

**Autumn Term**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1st V</th>
<th>1st XI v Barnard Castle (A) 4-1</th>
<th>U-15 V</th>
<th>4-1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2nd XI v St Peter’s (A) 4-1</td>
<td>Stonyhurst (H) 4-1</td>
<td>Leeds GS 5-0</td>
<td>4-1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Pocklington (A) 4-1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Leeds GS 5-0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Stonyhurst (A) 3-2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Leeds GS (H) 2-3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Barnard Castle (H) 1-4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Sedbergh (H) 4-1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Durham (A) 3-2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Lent Term**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1st V</th>
<th>1st XI v Durham (A) 3-2</th>
<th>U-15 V</th>
<th>3-2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2nd XI v Sedbergh (H) 4-1</td>
<td>Stonyhurst (A) 3-2</td>
<td>Leeds GS (H) 2-3</td>
<td>3-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Barnard Castle (H) 1-4</td>
<td>Leeds GS (H) 2-3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Stonyhurst (A) 3-2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Leeds GS (H) 2-3</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Durham (A) 3-2</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This was our most successful season for years; the successful U-15 team of three years ago grew into a considerable force. There were, however, some additions: Dominic Savage (D) joined us from Harrogate and Steven Lawani (T) progressed rapidly to gain promotion to the team in only his second year of playing squash. The results were pleasing in themselves as all the team played to the best of their ability. Greg Finch (D) completed his second season in the 1st V with an excellent record; his attitude and determination were a good example to younger players. Playing at No.1 for most of the season Dominic Savage occasionally felt the pressure but emerged with a good record. Matthew Luckhurst (T) performed well after the disappointment of his injury last season; Phillip German-Ribon (C) represented the team in the later matches with distinction. At U-15 level the leadership of Diego Miranda (J) ensured good results; his natural ability combines well with his exemplary attitude to frighten many opponents. He was ably supported by a trio of St Edward’s boys – Damian Bell, Harry Lucas and Mungo Chambers – and by Chris Killourhy (H).

In the Senior House competition St Dunstan’s defeated St Thomas’s in a well-contested final; the Junior competition was won by St Edward’s, beating St Dunstan’s 3-1 in the final. The Open competition was won by Dominic Savage (D); he defeated Greg Finch (D) in the final, the latter also having appeared in last year’s final. Diego Miranda (J) won the Junior Open by defeating Damian Bell (E) in the final.

Charles Grace was a popular captain of Squash and it is fitting to record here the gratitude of the set for his hard work and unfailing support. He led by example both on and off the court and won vital games to secure more than one victory.

The following boys represented the 1st V: C. Grace (Capt) (O); G. Finch (D); M. Luckhurst (T); P. German-Ribon (C); S. Lawani (T); D. Savage (D) and G. Jackson (J).

The following boys represented the U-15 V: D. Miranda (Capt) (J); D. Bell (E); H. Lucas (E); M. Chambers (E); C. Killourhy (H); D. Gallagher (B); M. Shilton (C) and A. Lacave (A).

K. D.
CRICKET

The School XI enjoyed their cricket. This opening sentence epitomises the season in that throughout all the highs and lows of the season all the boys involved in the XI appeared to be enthusiastic about the game. As a team they were keen to practice and learn. At the outset it was felt that the side would be short of one batsman and on occasions this was to prove to be the case, particularly in the disappointing batting displays against OACC, Sedbergh and Canford. However this should not detract from first class performances by some with the bat.

The captain, R.M. Wilson, had a traumatic season with the bat. In the early season he showed some form and yet never managed to dominate with a big score. So much so that in the middle of June all confidence appeared to have deserted him. His courageous 34 at Pocklington was a turning point from where he went on to score a superb undefeated 100 against Yorkshire Gents. Mathias had a very good season. He was dependable and appeared always to be in control; good concentration and temperament and much maturity. It was no surprise that he helped other players score 100s sharing in long stands as well as scoring a fine century himself against NYSCC. On entering the side against OACC, J.Freeland began to establish himself as a confident and stylish opening bat. He must try to be more positive in defence; he could become an elegant and accomplished player. Finch, as was hoped, blossomed as a batsman, and excited us all on several occasions with immaculate timing and flourishing stroke play. His natural ability on occasions allowed him to dominate, and his absence on tour was difficult to cover. Hobbs worked hard and has added a solid defence to attacking flair. His innings against Pocklington was one of the best, and from that point on he tackled each game with added maturity culminating with a spectacular 87 against Uppingham. The middle and late order batsmen all contributed on occasions. A.Richter's fine temperament and courage saw him achieve deserved success on tour. A.Freeland never quite established himself as a front-line batsman but he helped the side to victory on two occasions. C.Williams and D.Thompson's dashing stroke play also proved invaluable. G.Gaskell's refreshing approach saw him score freely at vital moments. No situation appeared to be too tense for him and he rescued the team on several occasions.

The seam bowling was done in the main by Thompson and M.Crowther. On his day Thompson bowled with pace and penetration and was a genuine threat, but he needs to achieve consistency in line and length. Crowther showed immense promise. He is capable of bowling unplayable deliveries. He was probably bowled too much and suffered as a result. When called up, Finch bowled straight and with a good rhythm and offered support to the seam.

It was the spin bowlers who excelled. It was a delight to have C.Williams (B) and A.Freeland (J) bowling in tandem. After an uncertain opening to the season for Freeland's slow left arm bowling, he mastered his flight and length and
mesmerised schools batting, thoroughly deserving his 38 wickets, and put the XI in many winning positions. His partner Williams was almost as effective. His brand of attacking off-spin also troubled batsmen, and his intelligent use of changes of pace resulted in batsmen making mistakes.

The leadership of Wilson was positive. He led firmly and allowed players to develop their talents; he learnt how to manipulate his attack and field to obtain the best results; on occasions he persisted with a seam attack rather too long, but was always willing to experiment in order to create a breakthrough. His real strength was in producing a happy and positive team spirit which saw the entire squad enjoy their cricket.

His job in the field was made easier by the high standards of fielding that the XI achieved. This effort was spearheaded by Finch whose speed to the ball and precise throwing claimed him 7 run-outs. His lead encouraged the rest to raise their standards, and Freeland's catching at gully, and Williams's ability in the field were also a delight to see.

Gaskell excelled; he immediately took to wicket-keeping and early technical problems were soon countered, culminating in a highly polished performance. His effervescent character was a driving force for good.

The XI statistically had an ordinary year, but in terms of quality of performance and attitude towards the game they were a credit to the school, both on and off the field.

G.D.T.

AMPLEFORTH beat WORKSOP by 1 wicket 25 April
The late start meant that the School started against Worksop. Wilson immediately inserted his guests. Crowther bowled economically as Worksop found him difficult to score off. Williams too had the batsmen guessing and his fine spell of 20.3 overs earned him figures of 6-54. The effort of these two bowlers together with two fine run-outs saw the School dismiss Worksop for 150. The early loss of Knight was followed by a solid stand between Mathias and Wilson as the School built a positive reply, and at 60-2 they were looking comfortably on top. Worksop bowled with heart and claimed 6 further wickets for the next 62 runs scored. The game was finally balanced as Gaskell and Freeland came together. The two showed great character as they put on a crucial stand of 25, and left the final wicket pair of Crowther and Freeland just two runs to score for victory.

Worksop 150 (Fox-Andrew 39, Williams 6-54)
Ampleforth 152-9 (Finch 39, Hunter 6-47)

AMPLEFORTH drew with EMERITI CC 29 April
On a typically slow April wicket the Emeriti found it hard to score against two tidy spells by Thompson (5-55) and Crowther. In fact all the bowlers kept the batsmen quiet until Lucas launched a late and spectacular attack hitting 10 boundaries including 3 sixes. This attack, however, appeared to have come a little late as the Emeriti declared at 237-8 from 57 overs. The School started well and after 50 minutes batting had scored 55-1 but this was not quick enough as the target proved too much and they finished 90 runs short of their target in a rather tame and disappointing draw.

Emerit 237-8 (Lucas 55*, Lauder 68, Thompson 5-55)
Ampleforth 144-5 (Finch 32*)

AMPLEFORTH drew with DURHAM 2 May
From the moment Durham started to bat, the School were shown a superb display of quality batting by young Robin Weston. His concentration was precise, as was his technique, as he treated each ball on its merits. The most impressive aspect of his innings was the placement of his shots, nearly always being able to pierce the field. All the bowlers bowled accurately but they had no answer to the Durham openers. Clarke partnered Weston and grew in confidence as the stand developed. They put on 186 for the first wicket with Weston undefeated on 117 and made a very good declaration. The School's reply could not dominate Durham enough to launch an attack on the required total. In fact they became almost mesmerised by the opposition bowlers and only managed to score 74-3. It was a shame as the Durham declaration had opened the game up for all possible results.

Durham 186-1 (Weston 117*, Clarke 64)
Ampleforth 74-3

STONYHURST lost to AMPLEFORTH by 56 runs 6 May
The journey across the Pennines saw the weather draw in and as the game started a steady drizzle began that was to develop into almost driving rain on occasions. On a wet, slow wicket the School made predictably slow progress and a score of 60-3 at lunch suggested that the two teams had shared the honours. The loss of the steady Mathias (38) shortly after lunch placed Stonyhurst in the driving seat, but Hobbs, with a responsible 53, once again swung the balance of the game back the School's way, and Wilson was able to declare at 159-9. Stonyhurst immediately seized the initiative and punished a loose opening spell from Thompson and Crowther. The School fought back as both bowlers took two wickets each to stem the Stonyhurst run flow. The game was evenly balanced at tea, with Stonyhurst standing 50-3. The real drama was to follow the interval. The School's hosts continued their progress towards the target well into the last 20 overs when Wilson made the brave and inspired decision to bring on Freeland to bowl with a ball that was like wet soap. His first over cost 8 runs and it appeared that he would be unable to grip the ball properly. However his next 2.3 overs were remarkable, costing 4 runs and claiming 5 wickets including a hat-trick to win the game! It had been an astonishing game played in appalling conditions and was a credit to both sides.

Ampleforth 159-9 (Hobbs 53, Mathias 38)
Stonyhurst 103 (Freeland 5-12)
AMPLEFORTH lost to SAINTS C.C. by 13 runs 10 May

This was to be a day when experience was to prove invaluable. The Saints batted first and after early success for Crowther, thanks to a fine spell of bowling, the visitors scored steadily despite the accurate bowling of the School. It was in the School’s innings that the XI were to learn the hard lesson of how to combat slow and seemingly innocuous bowling. Six wickets were surrendered to a part time bowler, who outwitted the team by simply throwing the ball up and daring them to hit him. Gaskell and Thompson, however, appeared to have the measure of this brand of attack and their 9th wicket stand of 27 placed the School in a winning position once more, only to see the game lost with three deliveries remaining. The eleven were simply out-thought by the opposition and had learnt an important cricket lesson.

Saints 174-5 (Bartlet 42, Crowther 3-38)
Ampleforth 161 (Wilson 42, Hutchinson 4-61)

AMPLEFORTH lost to SEDBERGH by 28 runs 16 May

Conditions were perfect for batting: the weather was hot, the pitch was hard and true, and at 46-2 Sedbergh looked as though they were going to build a large total. However, fine spells by Thompson (3-38), Williams and Freeland, backed up by brilliant fielding, notably by Finch, reduced the visitors to the rather small total of 128. This target appeared to be well within the grasp of the School, although it would not be easy, especially as the Sedbergh seam attack led by captain Lite was in such good form. The School were never able to come to terms with this attack and rather tamely surrendered. Only Finch and Thompson showed any resistance and for the second year running Sedbergh capitalised on the School’s shortcomings on the day.

Sedbergh 128 (Thompson 3-38, Freeland 4-37)
Ampleforth 100 (Theakston 4-18, Lite 3-29)

AMPLEFORTH beat MCC by 5 wickets 20 May

There has been some startling cricket on MCC days over the last 5 years and this game was to live up to all expectations. Freeland and Williams bowled beautifully in tandem, but despite this fine effort MCC batted freely and enabled their captain Farrell to set an excellent declaration opening the game to all three possible results. The School made the worst possible start in reply as they lost two early wickets before tea. The partnership that followed was a delight to watch. At one end Mathias was demonstrating his strong concentration as he acted as the perfect foil for the natural talent and flair of Finch, as he punished the bowling with exciting shots all round the wicket. His timing was tremendous and the visitors did not have an answer to it. Together they put on 125 for the 3rd wicket, but the stand that followed was equally impressive. Hobbs’s authoritative batting released a lot of pressure from Finch as he approached his century. This wonderful innings capped an impressive batting display and earned the School a 7 wicket victory.

MCC 187-5 (Chadwick 50, Cowell 55, Freeland 3-35)
Ampleforth 188-3 (Mathias 49, Finch 105*, Hobbs 32*)
manage to score quickly enough. As a result the declaration when it was made appeared to be too late. This problem was compounded by Thompson’s fiery opening spell of 7 overs, 5 maidens and 3-2 placing St Peter’s in a position where a win couldn’t be achieved. A tame draw was the result and once again lessons had been learnt by both captain and team.

Ampleforth 207-8 (Mathias 73, McBridge 3-34)
St Peter’s 114-5 (Davies 51, Neory 63*, Thompson 3-37)

POCKLINGTON lost to AMPLEFORTH by 3 wickets 13 June
This was the hottest day of the season. The brilliance of the weather was to match the excitement of the game. Pocklington batted first, and immediately it seemed that the unpredictability of the wicket was to play a major role in the game as Crowther claimed 2 early wickets. However, Wood and Atkinson launched an attack taking the score from 9-2 to 70-2 in 13 overs. Wilson then made an inspired decision and brought on Finch to bowl, with immediate results. He bowled very straight and with deceptive pace and as a result he thoroughly deserved his 4-26, and in tandem with the guile of A.Freeland took the last 8 wickets for 71 (Freeland 4-52). This left the School in a quandary – do they attack the bowling at the risk of losing wickets or try to grind out the runs? Their decision was to win them the match. Mathias immediately punished the first 3 loose deliveries and Wilson too, in an almost cavalier style, drove hard at any full length deliveries. Pocklington, however, managed to take wickets and it needed each batsman at the crease to maintain the momentum. Hobbs, in particular, showed good form in his 29 and Williams and Thompson saw the School home with 3 wickets to spare.

Pocklington 145 (Wood 44, Atkinson 41, Freeland 4-52, Finch 4-26)
Ampleforth 148-7 (Wilson 32, Ellse 3-33)

AMPLEFORTH drew with YORKSHIRE GENTLEMEN 20 June
Much to the surprise of their opposition the XI won the toss and elected to bat. Immediately they began to dominate the bowling. Wilson, refreshed after his innings at Pocklington, batted with maturity and flair as he went to a high class hundred. He was helped on his way by J.Freeland and Mathias who shared in stands of 54 and 159 respectively. A late flurry of shots by Finch enabled the XI to declare at 252-2. Although this was a large target, the wicket was fast and true. Against the School’s seam attack, Yorkshire Gents. began to build a strong reply as the batsmen became increasingly frustrated. The game remained in the balance to the last as the guile of the two spinners continued to challenge their hosts. A draw was the right result and both sides contributed to an absorbing game, but the game had gripped all those involved in playing in it and certainly those lucky enough to watch it.

Ampleforth 252-2 (Wilson 134*, Mathias 49)
Yorks. Gents 168-9 (O’Kelly 75, Williams 4-42)

AMPLEFORTH lost to N.YORKSHIRE SCHOOLS by 4 wickets 25 June
This was a special day. The School was honoured to have Tom Graveney as their guest. His presence appeared to inspire both teams as they provided high quality cricket. Mathias led the School’s batting as he scored a superb undefeated 105. He was assisted for most of the innings by Hobbs and Richter. A good declaration by Wilson set the game up for an exciting result. With 20 overs to go, after some excellent batting by Pearcy and Darcy, North Yorkshire still required 111 runs to win. They maintained their momentum and despite some brilliant fielding by the School, they achieved their goal. One of the highlights of the game was the superb 45 from Tom Graveney.
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C. Williams, in particular, almost bowled the XI into a winning position. The game was finely balanced with 10 overs to go. Ironically when Patidor's wicket was taken with 7 overs remaining, the XI lost their opportunity for victory as Blundells settled for the draw.

Ampleforth 201 (Wilson 42, Thompson 45, Stormouth 3-47, Hooper 3-30)
Blundells 156-8 (Patidor 93, Williams 5-38)

AMPLEFORTH drew with UPPINGHAM 1 July

The somewhat unfortunate tradition of the Festivals of the last years has been for rain to arrive on the final day. Rain delayed the start by 1½ hours. The game was severely threatened, and it was a credit to both teams that we managed to play any cricket at all. The school were inserted and made good progress but with the late start fast runs were required to bring the game alive. Hobbs duly obliged with a thrilling 87 and Williams continued confidently with the bat and hit a flamboyant 23*. The target set of 179 appeared to be a good one, as Uppingham took on the challenge. However, the efforts of both sides were to no avail as the rain curtailed the game with 10 overs to bowl.

Ampleforth 178-5 (Hobbs 87, Greig 3-58)
Uppingham 114-3 (Hamilton 42*)

JFS comments from the boundary edge: each year a coach sees glimpses of talent, fleetingly, tantalisingly displayed. Occasionally it is fulfilled but such is the nature of cricket that it is rare for success to be sustained and, if and when it is, there can be a sense of sameness, even boredom. Batsmen who score too freely too often, bowlers who avoid risk with run-saving accuracy but rarely taking wickets, fielders who are safe but do not excite, matches easily won (or lost) and always matches that are drawn and always likely to be drawn because of a safety first approach. 1992 had some differences from a normal year as can be seen from the preceding account and a few may be highlighted. -

Pride of place goes to the opposition: Robin Weston of Durham, younger brother of the England under 19 captain and Worcestershire player Philip Weston. His 100 was effortlessly easy, built upon sound technique and above all the ability to see the ball early and play late. There was scarcely a memorable stroke for his success is founded on painstaking effectiveness rather than flair but his relative slightness of build, compactness at the crease and economy of movement was a model. Oliver Mathias comes closest to the Weston style: more tall, upright, equally patient, Gooch-like in his effort to play straight through the V, less prone now to pick up the bat an age before the ball is bowled, more attractive in the cover drive unleashed with full swing of the bat and low body over the ball vulnerable outside both stumps, rarely so to the ball on the stumps except for a fast Yorker. In terms of timing with the full face of the bat none has been better for some years than Richard Wilson and I echo the strangeness which failed to see him convert young school talent into formidable scoring authority. At his best - in batting, fielding, in captaincy on the field - he was clear, decisive, correct, compelling.
most moments of frustration for the committed watcher of '92. Happily talented throughout a range of academic, musical and sporting activities, unself-conscious as to his talent, with a nervy determination such as to choose his shot well before the ball was bowled in the early moments of an innings, he gave wonderful displays. I recall one match — alas I write without my notes to hand — in which he splayed each area of the field with a boundary: he hooked to fine-leg almost for 6; he swept more like Compton than the text book but with an element of Comptonesque idiosyncracy (but, unlike Compton, rather too often); he drove through midwicket (an especially difficult stroke), he played through the off-side, and above all he could cut and was especially quick to get into position to pull. When we most needed him at the end of term, he was singing to the Pope in the Vatican with the Schola Cantorum. His modesty and unassuming nature nurtures such a rich talent as to make several of us feel jealous. We can only hope he will discover his talent and bring a bit of Weston/Mathias grit to his batting (and bowling). As for his fielding, Mr Thurman makes reference to his seven run-outs. Seven! It is astonishing. The usual scenario was a well worked run to midwicket, a swift three to five paces, a swoop, pick up and throw to hit the wicket. In my 24 years no one has excelled Finch's fielding performance. However one boy came near to it — in an early match of the season David Thompson (who struggled much with his bowling but had his moments of success, as he did with the bat against Blundells when his tall frame reached out to drive forcefully to score 45) was at backward square leg, not terribly active. Finch had already scored one direct hit. Suddenly, the ball was played finer, the batsmen ran, Thompson, not Finch, hit the stumps direct. The slowest mover had almost gazumped the fastest.

Such moments and skills as revealed here should have made the XI as good as any. But these are highlights only. Quality in teamwork is made up of very many moments of doing ordinary things well and it was here that perhaps this XI failed the test. But I confirm what their coach has said: they enjoyed their cricket. They also gave much pleasure — as well as frustration — to their mentors.

**AVERAGES**

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SPORT

The 2nd XI was able to field a consistently strong side, and avoided defeat until its last match when it narrowly failed to overhaul a strong Easingwold School 1st XI in a limited overs game. The season started with a facile win over Worksop, the 60 runs required for victory being scored in ten overs. Other successes against schools were all achieved away from home, where wickets less true than those at Ampleforth gave the seam of C.Harding (J) and the spin of J.Lovegrove (E) the opportunity to bowl out the opposition. At home it proved impossible to dislodge batsmen determined on straight-batted defence. This was well illustrated by the frustrated draws against Stonyhurst, who were able to survive at 60-8 facing 151-4, and against Pocklington's 90-8 in reply to 184-3.

The team lacked a dominant batsman and no century was scored. However, runs were not lacking as valuable contributions came throughout the order in a variety of styles. H.Hickman (O) usually gave a sound start to the innings, with S.Scrope (E) stepping in to steady things in the event of an early loss of a wicket. These two created the platform for the more attacking approach favoured by A.Daly (A), T.Codrington (J), T.Spencer (E), E.Knight (D) and M.Lyle (A). The 2nd XI's batting was seen at its best in a ruthless exploitation of a mediocre attack fielded by Bootham School 1st XI. The declaration was made after two hours at 205-2 with the first three batsmen making half-centuries. This consistency of the top half of the order denied chances to several talented players. The only time the eleven was bowled out was on a rain-affected wicket at Sedbergh for 148, when its response was to win by 88 runs.

All of the boys given the opportunity to bat played well at some stage, but two deserve special mention. M.Lyle after coming down from the 1st XI overcame his disappointment and played a series of whole-hearted innings, scoring rapid fifties whenever he came to the wicket in the last third of the season. The progress of S.Scrope with the bat, to complement his accurate and miserly, if not particularly penetrative, seam bowling, was also impressive. By the time of the Easingwold match he had improved his defensive footwork, and decided to go for his shots. His hard-hitting fifties against Pocklington and Easingwold, the latter against high quality bowling, were a delight to watch.

The bowling, notwithstanding the length of C.Harding's run-up, lacked pace. Only J.Kennedy, a Remove boy, who emerged towards the season's end, showed the potential to become a quick bowler. However, the seamers, notably S.Easterby (H), were usually accurate. This could not be said of Lovegrove's off-spin, but his extravagant flight and turn brought a hatful of wickets. The left arm spin of N.Marshall (C) was more economical but, lacking luck, he seldom returned the figures warranted by his ability.

Behind the wicket, T.Codrington made some spectacular stops but, while he is clearly a keeper of promise, lacked consistency. Much of the ground fielding and catching was outstanding. D.Spencer's (H) boundary fielding became increasingly effective. J.Kennedy seemingly thought nothing of taking steepling chances in the deep. A.Daly pulled off exceptional catches in the covers, and, unusually for 2nd XIs of recent years, chances were taken at slip,
mostly by T. Spencer. However, the most noteworthy feature of the 2nd XI’s cricket was the spirit in which it was played. The captains, Scrope then Easterby, invariably encouraged their teams to enjoy their game, adopt a friendly approach to the opposition and yet to strive for the win.

The team was selected from S. Easterby (H), S. Scrope (E), E. Knight (D), M. Lyle (A), T. Codrington (J), N. Marshall (C), J. Harding (J), A. Daly (A), T. Spencer (E), D. Spencer (H).

Judging by results, it would appear that the side could be considered to have been an average one. The early season batting lacked any consistency, with only T. Walsh showing form. The bowling was at times embarrassing, being wayward and lacking line and length. Much depended on the experience of T. Walsh and H. Lucas with the bat, and the stamina of T. Howard and J. Stockley with the ball. All four tried hard, and on occasions proved effective, but time and again during the early part of the season, they were not ably supported by those of less experience. Only R. Greenwood, and at times P. Wilkie, showed developing promise as the side stuttered through the first half of the season. Eventually, as so often happens after a poor start, the team hit form and finished the term with convincing wins against two previously unbeaten sides, St Peter’s and Hymers. These two sides were much stronger than teams who had beaten the team earlier in the season.

Results:

- v Worksop
  - Lost
  - Ampleforth 102 (Walsh 63, Howard 21)
  - Worksop 104-4

- v Durham
  - Lost
  - Ampleforth 103 (Greenwood 30)
  - Durham 104-8 (Stockley 5-25)

- v Stonyhurst
  - Drew
  - Stonyhurst 157-4
  - Ampleforth 100-5 (Thorburn-Muirhead 51)

- v Scarborough College
  - Won
  - Scarborough 66 (Greenwood 7-16)
  - Ampleforth 68-2 (Lucas 40*)

- v Sedbergh
  - Lost
  - Ampleforth 81
  - Sedbergh 82-8 (Stockley 6-27)

- v Newcastle RGS
  - Lost
  - Ampleforth 129-5 (Walsh 42, Greenwood 30)
  - Newcastle 131-2 (de Guingand 5-30, Greenwood 4-21)

- v St Peter’s
  - Won
  - St Peter’s 123 (de Guingand 5-30, Greenwood 4-21)
  - Ampleforth 124-4 (Lucas 48)

- v Pocklington
  - Won
  - Pocklington 89 (Wilkie 4-28)
  - Ampleforth 90-2 (Wilkie 30, Lucas 48)

- v Hymers College
  - Won
  - Hymers 159 (Roberts 3-37)
  - Ampleforth 161-5 (Lucas 62)

The following represented the side: N. Thorburn-Muirhead (O), M. Chambers (E), H. Lucas (E), T. Walsh (A), P. Wilkie (C), W. Howard (W), P. Squire (T), D. Johnson-Stewart (D), R. Greenwood (T), D. Roberts (O), C. Strickland (C).

P. W. G.
The early signs were that this would be a season which produced little in the way of success. Training was approached with a lethargy which suggested that we may well have been heading for defeat in every match. However, after some stern words at the end of the first week the transformation was quite miraculous. From that point on, training was approached with vigour, and the talent we possessed began to shine through. We convincingly beat Durham 89-49 to get our season off to a good start. T.B. Madden (E) was getting back to his best with a time of 11.24s in the 100m, and C.P. Thompson (B) began an unbeaten season by winning both shot and discus with throws of 11.91m and 31.67m respectively. We then travelled to Gateshead for the Northern Independent Schools Championships. We had never done better than second before; however on this occasion we came home with the Senior Trophy. Particular performances to note came from C.P. Thompson: first in both shot and discus; and from the Relay team: first in 45.69s. Injury to J. Thornburn-Muirhead (O) meant that a new star was sought in the middle distance races. C.C. Arning (J) fitted into the slot well and grew in confidence. P.A. Lane (J) took a long time to become motivated, but in the end produced some quality runs. He is a very able athlete and would do well if he could devote sufficient time to training. P.J. Murphy (H) proved to be an excellent captain and was largely responsible for the change in attitude early in the season. The team was characterised by determination when matches got close. In particular against Pocklington, when we were 2 points down before the Relay and produced a new School record of 44.53s when we needed it most to win the match by 2 points.

GOLF

Early in the term the competition for the Baillieu Trophy was played and won by St Thomas’s (A. Havelock and H. Jackson) with 86; St Aidan’s (W. A. Rigg and J. Urrutia) were second with 88, and St John’s (W. Gordon and A. Codrington) were third with 89. Matches were rather disappointing. The pressure of exams meant that several leading players were only occasionally available, and could not play enough to be on their best form. The team was victorious against Sedbergh (2 1/2 - 3 1/2), Durham (4-0), and the local members of the Ampleforth College GC (3-1). They lost against Stonyhurst (4 1/2 - 2 1/2), Scarborough College (2-1), Scarborough South Cliffe GC (3 1/2 - 2), Barnard Castle (2-1), and a triangular match against Giggleswick and Rossall. There was no-one with a handicap better than 12, but the side was difficult to beat on the Gilling course (3 of the 4 home matches were won) and the one against Barnard Castle was only lost 2-1 on the final green. On the whole, they did not play to their handicaps away from home.

The following played: M. von Habsburg (E), J. P. C. Robertson (E), W. W. Gordon (J), O. R. E. Mathias (C), N. C. Marshall (C), Hon R. E. A. S. Foljambe (O), A. B. Havelock (T), S. P. McGoldrick (C),
SWIMMING

With an overall match record of Won 9—Lost 2, the swimming team were back on track this year. Defeats to RGS Newcastle as expected and Durham School by only one point in 200 were outweighed by some fine swimming in gaining nine victories. The U-16 swimming team had their first ever unbeaten season (Won 11—Lost 0), and there were 11 individual School records broken in the course of the year.

Archie Clapton (A) captained the team with panache. He was the best swimmer in the club and a guaranteed first place in the 50m Fly. He took his responsibility seriously enough to ask for early morning swims and drove himself and the rest of the squad hard in the training pool. The return to winning ways is due in no small way to his commitment. Tom Wilding (D) and Ben McFarland (E) were a dependable double act on Breaststroke until Ben broke his arm playing rugby. Then Andy Rigg (A) was the number one Backstroker throughout the season and did well, though this stroke continues to be the weakest in the club for some inexplicable reason. Tim Maguire (B) failed to materialise. Constant injuries plagued him until he gave up midway through the Lent term and that was that! Duncan Scott (D), Phil O’Mahony (D) and James Hoyle (H) return next year and will share the swimming club offices between them.

The Intermediate (U-16) team was built around a nucleus of good swimmers. Jack McConnel (T) is fast and talented, though raw, but he digs deep into energy reserves when it matters and nearly always comes out in front. Peter Miller (C), Nick O’Loughlin (C), Ben To (A), Alex Andreidis (A) and Kieran Zaman (H) were the 15-plus swimmers in the group who were assisted ably by Simon Hulme (D), Will Umney (T), Andrew Cane (C), Luke Massey (D), Nick Lemis (J), Michael Grey (0), Martin Hickie (J), and Dominic Savage (D). The fact that they remained unbeaten bodes well for next year when many of these boys will step up to represent the Seniors.

As usual, the Juniors (U-14) were largely untried, though John Parnell (D), John Wade (A), Alex Hughes (C), Les McNeill (T), Tom Shepherd (H) and Richard Simpson (C) all came from Junior House, which is bringing more and more younger swimmers through into the College swimming team. Richard Jackson (T) and Morcar McConnell (T) were promising talents for the future and James de Lacey (C) and Raul Seenivasan (H) both showed potential. Dominic West (H) and John Lomax (O), though not yet gaining representative honours should persevere as they show good stroke mechanics and will go faster the moment they grow.

A real bonus for the Club has been gaining the services of Paddy Garratt. To swimming officianados this name means something special! He was for 23 years the swimming coach at Millfield School where he produced several Olympians, including Duncan Goodhew. In 1988 he was the Olympic Swim Coach at the Seoul Olympics. Fortunately for us he now lives in York and we are thrilled that he is able to coach us and trust that the association will continue next year. His technical input is invaluable to us as we strive to improve.

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an Ampleforth pair had won this tournament. They had started play at 10am and finished at 8pm, having played over 90 games.

The Old Boys arrived the next day with a team consisting of recent leavers who had all played in at least one unbeaten 1st VI season. It was wonderful to welcome them back. The match was of a high standard and was played in the true spirit of the game. It was fitting that the match should be drawn.

The 1st VI was completed by S. Lawani (T) who throughout the season developed a steady serve and volley game, and D. Miranda (J) who, as a 5th Form pupil, has all the attributes of a good player. If he works on his speed and fitness he will form a formidable partnership with Channo next year.

The team was too strong for all the remaining opponents, only Pocklington who caught them on an off day managed to make a contest of the match.

Results:

| v       | QEGS (Wakefield) | W 6-5-2.5 |
| v       | Stonyhurst       | L 4-5    |
| v       | Old Boys         | D 4-5-4.5 |
| v       | Sedbergh         | W 7-2    |
| v       | Newcastle        | W 7-2    |
| v       | St Peter’s       | W 7-2    |
| v       | Hymer’s          | W 6-3    |
| v       | Pocklington      | D 4-5-4.5 |
| v       | Bolton           | W 7-5-1.5 |

The Public Schools Tennis Championships were held at the end of June. Brenninkmeyer, Channo, Jenkins and Burgun made the trip to Eton. In the 1st round they beat Lancing (2-0) with both pairs winning well. In the next round, we met Cranleigh. Our 1st pair lost (3-6, 2-6). However, the 2nd pair won (6-2, 6-4). A deciding singles was played, Channo winning (6-4, 6-4). We played Whitgift in the last sixteen. In a close match Ampleforth lost (0-2) with both pairs going to three sets. It was a good experience for all the boys concerned.

The results in the major tournaments show this to have been an outstanding side. The players should feel rightly proud of their efforts. They were an excellent group to work with. In Albert Brenninkmeyer the team had a first rate captain.

The 2nd VI consisted mostly of Middle Sixth boys. They all showed a committed and enthusiastic approach. It was unfortunate that they were so much superior to most of their opponents. In the first match they trounced Scarborough’s 1st VI (9-0). They followed this with a comprehensive win of 7-2 against Durham’s 1st VI. On a wet and windy day they drew at Stonyhurst. They were quickly back to their best, beating Sedbergh, New Castle RGS and St Peter’s. The hardest match of the season was against Bootham’s 1st VI. Although they gave of their best they were unable to match this good side. They eventually lost (2-7). They bounced back quickly to end the season on a good note. They beat Pocklington (7-2) and then thrashed Bolton (9-0).

The following players were the mainstays of the team: G. Andrews (A), A. Andrews (F), J. Op-den Kamp (J), G. Hickman (D), A. Kas (D), M. Ward (T), R. Ward (T), J. Granstrom (B) and L. Poloniecki (H).

Results:

| v Scarborough 1st VI | W 9-0 |
| v Durham 1st VI     | W 7-2 |
| v Stonyhurst        | D 4-5-4.5 |
| v Sedbergh          | W 7-5-1.5 |
| v New Castle RGS    | W 7-5-1.5 |
| v St Peter’s        | W     |
| v Bootham 1st VI    | L 2-7 |
| v Pocklington      | W 7-2 |
| v Bolton            | W 9-0 |

Under 15

When at full strength, the U-15 team was very good. The loss of C. Killoury from the 2nd pair relatively early upset the balance of the side considerably. Up to that point he was the most improved player whose ground strokes were proving devastating to the opposition. His partner P. Badenoch (O) had a rather erratic season. At his best he is a skirmishing, aggressive and determined doubles player, but too often he appeared to lose confidence and concentration. B. Godfrey (O) brought an attitude that was both enthusiastic and generous in spirit to the captaincy of the side. He and D. Bell (E) were a confident and reliable 1st pair showing both style and leadership for most of the season though they appeared to tire a little at the end. Damian was keen to improve and will do so providing he can be lighter on his feet. Size can be an advantage in serving but a disadvantage in agility. P. Barton (W) and R. Thornley Walker (E) both got steadly stronger as the season progressed. The only loss was against Bradford who were probably too strong for us even if we had been at full strength. Our best performance was at Sedbergh who gave us better opposition than the score line suggests.
Results:

- v Pocklington
- v Leeds
- v Scarborough
- v St Peter’s
- v QEGS Wakefield
- v Sedbergh
- v Hymer’s
- v Bolton
- v Bradford

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Team: B. Godfrey (O), D. Bell (E), C. Killhoury (H), P. Badenoch (O), P. Barton

Under 14 P.4 W.4

The set was strong this year; outside the team there were at least two pairs who could have played in the team and the results would have been the same. Only in one match did the opposition manage to win any matches. This was against a good 1st pair at Bootham. J. Wong (J) and R. Brenninkmeyer (H) remained unbeaten at No. 1 pair; nor did they ever look like being beaten.

The 2nd pair also made the position their own by some stirring performances: C. Rogers (D) and C. Blackwell (D) worked well together and developed a good understanding through supporting each other at all times. The remaining position in the team was taken by, in different matches, J. Camilleri (O), W. Evers (O), A. Acloque (E) and C. Acton (E). They all worked hard and deserved their success.

The following boys represented the U-14 VI: J. Wong (J), R. Brenninkmeyer (H), C. Rogers (D), C. Blackwell (D), W. Evers (O), J. Camilleri (O), A. Acloque (E), C. Acton (E).

As our two small minibuses wound their way over the last few miles of gravel road, there must have been a bewildering variety of emotion. After three days of driving through the rolling hills of Sweden with a constant succession of trees and lakes, then over the barren plateau of Lapland, here we were, suddenly surrounded by the most dramatic mountain scenery. The mountains — bare rock and snow, precipitous and jagged — looked most inhospitable. Challenging enough in good weather, we now saw them shrouded in angry cloud which gave us tantalising glimpses of what looked like impossible peaks. The wind was from the north and much colder than we had anticipated. There was rain in the air. The fjords looked angry with their white horses.

There was happiness that after over 1500 miles cooped in a minibus we would now be free; there was an anxious silence about the mountains. The boys talked of their last night at a civilised camp site and there was talk of hot water and laundry. My first concern was to find the boatman who had promised, over the phone to England, that he could take us the three miles across Jökelfjord to Skalsa Bay the following morning. After two short wrong turns on the fjordside, we found Bjarne waiting for us: he was well protected against the weather, but cheerful and welcoming. It was quickly confirmed that he was happy to take us over to Skalsa. The bombshell was that he wanted to take us that evening as the weather was likely to worsen. He surveyed our minibus full of people and equipment, saw that his own small boats would not manage, and promptly arranged a small fishing boat for the purpose. The boys gasped as they discovered they had 45 minutes to organise themselves for two weeks of isolation; dreams of hot showers faded. The rucksacks filled the hold, the kitbags of food and fragile fieldwork gear filled the small cabin, and we crowded the small area of deckspace where rain and seaspray merged in the cold wind.

Skalsa Bay was sheltered and we were efficiently ferried ashore in Bjarne’s flat bottomed boat. Suddenly we found ourselves alone, the two boats specks in the distance, and our only link across the fjord a small wooden rowing boat that we all knew we would rather not use. There were several places we had considered pitching base camp, but with advice from Bjarne and considering the weather, we opted for one of the closest locations. About 15 minutes along a rough path led us up past a waterfall to the mouth of a lake, Skalsavatnet. By the river flowing out there was a flat, well drained area and this became home. It needed considerable effort to transfer the pile of bags and boxes on the shore up to base camp. It was after tea at night, but all toiled up and down willingly until the job was done. The experience gained by the boys on their training weekends was obvious as they confidently pitched their tents in the wind. Once in the tent, a hot meal was soon on the go and a well earned sleep followed at about two in the morning! Twentyfour hours daylight was a distinct advantage.

We woke up to a different sort of day (at about noon). The cold north wind...
spray, but the sun was shining and our surroundings were almost free of cloud. We decided to explore. Gambukfjellet (509m) was a tempting peak on the other side of the river, suitable for an easy first day. The most testing part was roping across the river: the deepest part was not wide but was fast and thigh deep. Some got more wet than others. From the summit there were views to Svartfjellet (932m) to the west; Skalsatind (1010m), a challenging peak to the north of base camp; the main ice caps which had attracted us to the area were hidden in the clouds, but to the south east there were distant views to the high mainland plateau. A descent to the south east took us down towards the fjord and we made out the white dots of our transport on the other side. Soon we were wading the icy waters again back to camp. The following day was one of the best days weatherwise. It was Sunday and Fr Richard celebrated Mass for us in a small amphitheatre just above camp with a large boulder for the altar. Then we all set off towards Isvatnet (an ice covered lake) just below a tongue of the Okafjordjökull where we hoped we would eventually gain access to the ice cap. We arrived at the lake without much trouble, but progress along our side was made impossible by steep cliffs. The only alternative was another river crossing. Again we roped everyone across for safety. Most got across with nothing more than wet feet in a boulder hopping exercise; one or two were less fortunate. A scramble around the west side of the lake led us to a long, concave snow field where there was a splendid opportunity to practise ice axe braking: sliding head first; feet first; on stomachs and on backs; finally, following a somersault. With a perfectly blue sky and hot sun, all this was quite exhilarating. Time was now getting on and instead of venturing nearer the steep and crevassed ice tongue, we decided to save our energy for the retreat. Monday was damp and grey. Most were content to potter along the beach and some fished. Mr Barras and Mr Adair took Rye AGH (J), Davis EA (O) and Lecoeur J-B (O,91) to investigate the route up Skalsatind. Curiosity took them further and further. It was after midnight when they returned, tired but successful. Near the summit, the drizzle had turned to snow and then abseiled back off again.

We split into four groups to undertake A level fieldwork projects. O'Loughlin NP (C) kept a meteorological record both at base camp and, with the aid of an automatic recorder, up on the glacier. Those in his group will long remember arriving on the glacier after an arduous day to discover that one important piece of equipment had been left at base camp. It was two days before they had the energy to return to the glacier. On this occasion they also climbed an unnamed peak, (985m), to the north east of Skalsatind and named it Mount Milroy (after a famous Headmaster about to retire). Ibbotson DR (H) undertook a soil survey between Isvatnet and the fjord, and with his group dug twelve soil pits, one metre square and up to 1 metre deep, always hoping that the base rock would be found much sooner. Gibson SD (C) and his group worked 8 hour shifts for four days to take readings in a glacial river. Rye AGH (J), the only biologist, made a study of river life at different altitudes and temperatures. Their results will be written up for their A levels but will also appear in the full expedition report.

The intention had been to spend the last four days completing expeditions in small groups but the unsettled weather, and the severity of the terrain, forced us to reconsider. There were three more major day expeditions. Two more groups ascended Skalsatind; two parties completed a round trip taking in Storfjellet, Svartfjellet and Gambukfjellet; and on the penultimate day at base camp, the entire expedition reached the summit of Langjordjökullen (the second largest ice cap) and, at 1062m, the greatest height reached on the expedition.

The morning of departure from base camp was again wet and grey, but at the appointed hour of eight we were all assembled on the shore to see a small flotilla of boats approaching to rescue us. The rain no longer seemed to matter.

Expedition members were: MacDermott-Roe CA (H,92); Corbett MPS (J,92); Craigie RWG (T,92); Ogden BJ (T,92); Gibson SD (C); O'Loughlin NP (C); Ibbotson DR (H); Rye AGH (J); Leonard MJ (W); Davis EA (O); Lecoeur J-B (O,91); Fr Richard fied; Mr & Mrs Barras; Mr Adair and Mr G Simpson.

The expedition wishes to thank all those who helped in any way, but particularly Bernard Sunley & Sons plc for its most generous support. Other major sponsors were: The Ministry of Defence (Army); H. Pickup Mechanical and Electrical Services, Scarborough; Brandsby Agricultural Trading Association Limited.

SCHOLA : ROME 1992

WE started one member short, with James Arthur going home at the sad news of his grandfather's death.

In true Ampleforth style we left late, largely due to Greg Finch who was still taking down his room after we were supposed to have been on our way. (This was all inspite of Mr Little's proviso ‘10.00 for 10.30 departure outside Junior House’). We arrived at Manchester airport at 1.15 and ate our lunch packets (courtesy of the various Ampleforth kitchens) in the shadow of the concrete pile called the terminus building. Kester Dann (U6) appointed himself personal courier to the least tall member of the Schola Dominic Halliday (JH 1st year), which was more than a satisfactory arrangement as far as Dominic was concerned. Unfortunately, Ibowake had to be sent to his parents in London whilst the necessary arrangements were made to get him a visa for his Nigerian passport. However, the situation was not without hope, and it was hoped that he would only miss the first day of the tour. We boarded the plane four minutes before take off. Making the most of the inflight service Fr Hugh, Oliver Irvine and Kester Dann cornered a few gin and tonics, whilst Kester Dann, Alex Guest, Greg Finch and Charlie Grace all scrounged additional meals from the stewardesses. From Rome airport to our ‘Convent’ we travelled under thundery skies and through bouts of torrential rain – weather that intermittently was a feature of the Tour.

Supper had been laid on for us by the French nuns of St Trinita, and afterwards an immediate survey of the local beer houses was called for. Much
to the consternation of the Junior boys in the Schola, they were confined to the grounds of the Convent. Our first experience of Italian buskers was to be had on the Spanish Steps below the Convent—Beatles’ songs rendered with strong American accents. To our amazement, this was something which the assembled Italian youth obviously appreciated and enjoyed.

27 June: Breakfast was at 8.00, considered shockingly early, but we had no choice in either its time or what we ate. It was the typical continental breakfast with coffee, rolls and jam. There were some of us who missed a good hearty English breakfast. Saturday morning had been allocated as ‘free time’, although we all assembled at 9.00 to be led by Fr Hugh to the Vatican Museum and the Sistine Chapel. However, we left late because of Fr Hugh’s last minute decision to put his sandals on. We took the tube to the Vatican Museum. Inside the imposing 1930’s reworking of the old facade by Mussolini, was a double-spiral staircase which led up to where the ‘Sistine route’ started. As expected the Sistine Chapel was packed, with the Italian curators hardly able to maintain silence.

The Schola dispersed at 11.30. Some went to St Peter’s with Fr Benjamin, who, skillfully dodging bishops and archbishops managed to introduce himself to the new Canadian Cardinal, and also to Cardinal Ratzinger. Fr Benjamin then indulged in the personal salute and stand to attention afforded by the Swiss guard to any cleric of Rome entering to the Vatican. Meanwhile, the more conscientious in the group sought out the Vatican post office (albeit closed) and hence the source of stamps for their postcards. At the same time, a busking ‘quintet’ had gone off in search of lira, and had discovered the American tourist.

From the Vatican we took the tube to our first venue—the fifth century basilica of St Maria Maggiore, where we were to sing at the evening mass the Little Organ Mass by Haydn. We arrived late here, having learnt a lesson on keeping together as a group whilst on the move. The basilica was heaving with people attending an earlier mass which had become protracted through the celebrating bishop’s keenness on the Virgin Mary. As we processed in for our mass there were cries of Viva Maria with much cheering and clapping, although it was intended for us. The English Monsignor who said the mass at which we sang severely admonished the congregation for their blatant worship of the Virgin Mary and general lack of prayfulness. The second reading was read in English by Oliver Irvine. Jack Brockbank retired from the scene feeling faint, and although the organ had recently been refurbished it was not problem free. Altogether the whole experience was entirely new and utterly different from that we knew of at Ampleforth.

Back to the Convent by the Metro, Jonnie Won, Alex Guest and Kester Dann foiled a pick-pocket attempt, with Alex and Kester claiming that they had left the would-be assailant in a state of serious nervous shock. The day ended (for those eligible) with a round up of days events on the balcony outside Fr Benjamin’s room. We were briefly joined by Fr Hugh and Mr Little before they went to the airport to collect Ibowake.
28 June: Breakfast was the same time as Saturday, but this time was followed by a rehearsal at the Convent. On arrival at St Maria Maggiore where we were to sing mass again, we had our photograph taken outside the west door of the church. The mass this morning was not quite as fraught and hectic as it had been on Saturday night. After the mass, and after more photographs, this with Monsignor Lewis as well, we met Hugh Marcellin-Rice, whose family had been instrumental in making the Tour viable. Ice-creams were consumed, and we took a scenic route back to St Trinita, led by Mr Little, via Nero’s Domus Aurea, the Colosseum, the Roman Forum, Trajan's market and Column, the Piazza Novona, and finally the Spanish Steps.

Lunch was at 1.30. There was a rehearsal at 5.00, and we left at 5.30 for the Anglican church of All Saints’. This was a Vespers service. Fr Benjamin sang the collect and Oliver Irvine did the reading. Copious quantities of after-service drinks and nuts, crisps and other nibbles were provided in the little church garden. Unfortunately however some of us had changed into our cassocks in the garden with little else on underneath, and hence changing after the service was a little awkward for those concerned.

After supper, Alex Guest, Kester Dann, Greg Finch, and Mr Young took to busking on the Spanish Steps. It was not terribly well received despite the very convincing performance of many well known barber shop songs. Everyone was in by 10.00. Mr Young and Fr Benjamin accepted the invitation of the El Juncli’s for a drink, and were not seen again until midnight. Meanwhile the ‘balcony party’ passed the time away on Fr Hugh’s balcony (Verandah).

29 June: A free day. It did however start with a short rehearsal in the French church. Not only did the church boast marvellous acoustics, but also two Caravaggio paintings. After the rehearsal the party split up. Mrs Walwyn took the first year to the Piazza Novona for ice-creams and pizzas. Fr Benjamin took Tom Davis with him to a Papal Mass, and by pure coincidence the investiture of new Cardinals with the pallium. Greg Finch, Charlie Grace, Larry Doimi de Frankopan, Patrick Quirke, Jonnie Won, Michael Hurst all went to the Pantheon. Another group was formed by Mr Little, Mr Young and the third year Junior House boys. Oliver Irvine took Luke Massey, Simon Detre and Abijit Hosengady on a tour of central Ancient Rome, whilst Fr Hugh, Alex Guest and Kester Dann surreptitiously disappeared into the Jewish quarters. All met back for lunch at 1.30, and preparations were made for our 4.30 performance.

The Sixth form decided that a siesta was called for, only to be woken up when Frank Mole managed to pull a curtain down. The rest of the Schola indulged themselves in a water fight. Mrs Walwyn, accompanied by Fr Hugh and Oliver Irvine attempted to look for Bramante’s Tempietto a San Pietro in Montorio, but were foiled by the laid back Italian bus system. The 4.30 concert for the nuns of St Trinita was a disaster, but it gave us enough of a shake up to really pull all the stops out for the rest of the week.

Supper was earlier at 7.00, and afterwards we made our way by some devious route to the French church. Much to our surprise the church was locked.

30 June: Breakfast as usual. At ten to nine we left for Vatican Radio, where we recorded English polyphony till 12.45. The recording studio was refreshingly air-conditioned, a genuine relief from the humidity of the bright sunshine outside. Towards the end of the recording session, a photographer was let loose in the studio, wielding his camera at every different pose, both relaxed and formal.

At 3.15 we had a rehearsal in St Peter’s of the Mass VIII that we were to sing at 5.30. Fr Mark Butlin concelebrated. The organist left more than a little to be desired, although the whole ‘performance’ had a rather alarming unarranged feeling to it. We gave a short impromptu recital on the steps in front of the apse to what there was of an audience in this basilica. This was followed by a leisurely wander around. We left St Peter’s at 7.30 for supper at 8.00 at St Trinita. The staff, not including Fr Hugh, dined in town with the Marcellin-Rices as guests by way of thanks for all they had done.

1 July: Breakfast was at the usual time. This morning brought the papal audience, and what was to be our largest ever live audience. We joined the long queue which led from the Piazza San Pietro to the Pius VI auditorium. By some miracle of Fr Benjamin’s we had seats right at the front of the hall, just at the bottom of the steps where the Pope gave his blessing. While waiting for the Pope to appear we were interviewed by an American journalist about the significance of apostles and Rome. There was a general reluctance to answer until it was suggested that a Downside group elsewhere in the hall would have answered with more speed.

We missed our first opportunity to sing for the Pope, but seizing on the second time we were mentioned we performed more than our share of music.
Sadly, the Pope looked tired and worn out, but we did manage to get a photograph of ourselves with him in a cheerful expression.

(Owing to memory loss on the part of the diarist the events that took place on the afternoon of 1 July are supplied by the choirmaster).

A relaxing lunch back at the Trinita helped to restore the party after the excitement of the morning. Thoughts turned to the evening concert which would be our final opportunity to sing for the people of Rome, and to the return journey to England. The moment for action arrived. The choir were dispatched on the relatively short journey to Santa Maria sopra Minerva whilst Fr Hugh, Mr Young, the writer and Kester Dann headed for the nearest bank to cash in the remaining travellers cheques (all previous efforts to gain entry to banks had been foiled by the eccentric Roman opening times). A lengthy wait at the counter revealed two problems: not only had we not all brought our passports but the bank was not able to supply all the money (in fact by the regulations governing Roman banks we would have needed to visit six or seven within the hour remaining to us to gather all the necessary money). Whilst others ran back to base to collect the passports which had been locked away for safe keeping in Trinita’s office, Fr Hugh set off for a distant square to track down Thomas Cook – our last hope before the end of the day’s trading. We were in luck. After 20 minutes of exhaustive enquiries (conducted in Italian) to ensure that the cheques had not been stolen the cashier not only changed the cheques but also changed languages, conversing fluently in English (albeit in London East End accent) and confessed to having been schooled in England. He congratulated Fr Hugh on his excellent Italian and commented that many tourists like to practice their Italian and Fr Hugh seemed to be doing just fine.

Already late for rehearsal and sadly unable to witness the previous incident, the choirmaster ran off to Santa Maria. There the only contact was an aged rotund caretaker. His initial two-minute greeting directed at Oliver Irvine was returned by a hesitant resonant “Hello”. Both parties were left somewhat confused and frustrated. The acoustics, and public that came to the concert that night, were rather more welcoming and the choir sang well.

Late night ice-creams for boys and beer for adults outside the Pantheon were enjoyed. The Junior House contingent initiated a busking session from the Pantheon steps and the senior went off to the Spanish Steps to have their hair restyled before all turned in and were lulled to sleep for the last time by the pop concert music which wafted all too effortlessly on the night air from the Villa Medici.

2 July: The return home. A quieter homeward Schola was on the bus for the airport by 10.00. In some ways the flight was a repeat version of the outward journey with the top year and Fr Hugh making the most of the inflight service provided. When the plane landed, Kester Dunn, Alex Guest, Greg Finch, and Charles Grace sang the first four bars of the barber shop song “der’s Animals” much to the entertainment of the rest of the Schola.

Oliver Irvine (O)

ACTIVITIES

CHES

The school’s chess season got off to an excellent start, when we played Bootham in September. Bootham have always been good opponents, and they continued to be so this year. Ampleforth slipped to being 2-1 down, but a comeback launched by Ben To and Mike Hirst enabled the school to take a 3-2 lead. Paul Squire won his game despite being put off continually by his opponent’s mumbles. Our next match was against Pocklington A’s. We looked set to win the match comfortably, but mistakes on the part of myself and Chris Dawson who drew when we should have won, and by Peter King who lost having been two queen’s up lost us the upperhand, and it was left to Paul Squire to defend the school’s unbeaten record. All Saints was our first away match, and we won through 4-2. It looked to be an easy victory after our bottom three boards won their games in the first quarter of an hour.

Our season continued in the Lent term, playing three matches. Our first two were on the same night, at York Juniors. We won the first match 6-0, and the second 4-2. Peter King was checkmated by his opponent, but managed to find a way out, and went on to win his game. With two weeks left in the term, Mr. Astin was told that all games had to be played by 1 April. With end of term exams in sight, we had to settle with a draw against Pocklington B’s, though we probably have won if we had played them. Our final game was against Woldgate, requiring just three games to win the league. We looked set to win the match 4-2, but some mistakes on the part of Ben To and Paul Squire cost us two games. Paul Squire thought that he had forced a draw through repetition in his match, but it was disallowed. As a result, he lost his concentration, and made some elementary mistakes.

In Nick Klein and Paul Squire, the school has two excellent players. If they play their best, the school has two certain boards. I would like to thank Mr. Astin for all the hard work that he has done this year, and to wish him well for the future.

Results:

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<th>Bootham</th>
<th>York Juniors</th>
<th>Pocklington A</th>
<th>Pocklington B</th>
<th>All Saints</th>
<th>Woldgate</th>
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<td>Match</td>
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<td>W 4-2</td>
<td>L 2-4</td>
<td>W 6-0</td>
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The following played for the school: B. Feilding (capt), N. Klein, P. Squire, B. To, P. King, C. Dawson, W. Marsh, M. Hirst.

The final of the interhouse chess competition was won by St Aidan’s. For the second year Thomas’ were the runners up.

Basil Feilding (A)

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

In the Lent term the Society was delighted to welcome back the former head of Classics at Ampleforth, Philip Smiley, who gave a fascinating lecture on
Martin Bernal’s book *Black Athena*. It is now a commonplace of University Classics teaching that the Greeks were heavily indebted to Egyptian and oriental cultures for many of the features that came together to form their own distinctive civilisation. (Recently Roger Brook of Leeds spoke to the Society on the relationship between the Greeks and Phoenicians). Mr. Smiley explained how Bernal’s book explored the distinction between this very modern conception of the Greeks and an older view, prevalent over the last two hundred years, which acclaimed the Greeks as the cultural ancestors of western European civilisation, in distinction to the radically different cultures of the Orient. This older view is exploded as an ideological construct, part of an attempt to affirm the cultural superiority of the West at the expense of supposedly degenerate and primitive cultures of the East and South. Some of the uglier features of this tendency have appeared in the anti-semitism of German scholarship, and have survived even in the revised editions of Bury and Meiggs’ History of Greece. It cannot be repeated too often that in the eastern Mediterranean region the distinction between European and Asian has always been artificial, and downright pernicious when made part of a theory of cultural superiority.

In the summer Dr Dominic Berry of Leeds University spoke to the Society on ‘Cicero’s Successful Pro Milone’. The speech was originally delivered in 52BC in defence of Milo, a political gangster implicated in the murder of the equally unsavoury Clodius during the death throes of the Roman Republic. Milo was convicted, and exiled to Massilia (Marseilles). In what way, then, was Cicero’s defence speech successful? Milo wrote to thank Cicero for having enabled him to enjoy the excellent red mullet to be found in his place of exile, but Dr Berry argued forcefully that our text of the speech was not the one delivered at the trial, but a much more successfully put together version published early in the following year. The earlier version, which failed to move the jury, was presumably inferior, and certainly feebly delivered, as we know that Cicero was intimidated by the presence in the court of soldiers hostile to Milo.

In March the Society organised a trip to Newcastle to see the RSC production of *The Thebans*, an adaptation by Timberlake Wertenbaker of Sophocles’ *Oedipus* trilogy, and in the summer there was a Greek lunch, fortunately involving modern Greek food rather than the crude cuisine of ancient Greece. All thanks once again to G.P.A. Marken (H) for his excellent guidance of the Society.

**COMBINED CADET FORCE**

The Lent term training was directed towards the Field Day. The 1st year cadets had a comprehensive competition which included Orienteering (won by Cdt. TCR Dixon and CRL Berry), Fieldcraft (won by Cdt. J Urrutia Ybarra), and Shooting (won by Cdt. MPP Stewart). The 2nd year did a map and compass march to Strensall where they camped and did a Tactical exercise on the following day. The NCOs’ Cadre went to Catterick, where the Signals Platoon of 1 Green Howards looked after them, culminating in radio and map exercise on the moors. They had previously visited Topcliffe where they were tested on the Assault Course. Less energetic were two presentations during the term: the Royal Armoured Corps and the Welsh Guards “Roof of Africa” Expedition.

In May we were honoured to be inspected by the Chief of the General Staff, General Sir Peter Inge. He arrived by helicopter with two old boys: Lt Col Sebastian Roberts and Air Commodore John Lumsden. The Guards of Honour, commanded by UO Tom Gaynor with WO Tristram Chaner as Right Guide, was supported by the Band of the Green Howards; a very good standard of drill was achieved. In the afternoon General Inge inspected the training which included: Abseiling, Assault Course and Shooting (1st year), Tactical Training (2nd year); Section Battle Drills and 1st Aid (NCOs’ Cadre). The RAF Section had a lecture on Stealth Aircraft by UO J Robson, Command Tasks, and Radio Controlled Model Glider.

At the Prize Giving UO Chris Layden received the Nulli Secundus Cup for a record third time. Fr Simon had a special prize for him and the winner of the Royal Irish Fusiliers’ Cup, UO Tom Gaynor. Both these cadets have contributed in an exceptional way to the CCF and have won National Awards. He also gave General Inge a water colour by Sir David Goodall as a memento of his visit. In his address the CGS was most generous in his praise, and it was clear that he and the two Old Amplefordian officers with him were impressed by the cadets and the training.

Although that was the end of CCF parades for the term, there was a camp the following day for the 1st year cadets and their instructors. It was to give them some experience before they learn more serious campcraft next year. They enjoyed it, but were well tested by a violent storm during the night.

**RAF SECTION**

The section enjoyed a good days flying at RAF Leeming earlier in the term. Some of the cadets were making their first trip in the Chipmunk trainer aircraft whilst the senior cadets UO’s Layden and Robson, with 7 or more hours, were operating the aircraft entirely except for the final stages of landing.

Much of the term’s training programme was given over to preparation for the annual inspection and as usual we were determined to lay on a wide range of activities for the inspecting team; these ranged from radio controlled model flying and initiative tests to a lecture on radar evasion.

At the end of term having completed their studies here at Ampleforth we say goodbye to our two Under Officers – CJ Layden (J) and JR Robson (A). Both are extremely talented young men who have made outstanding contributions to the CCF as a whole, whilst remaining dedicated to the cadets in the RAF section in their charge. CJ Layden, after being awarded one of the few university cadetships this year, will continue his flying whilst at Oxford. I wish them both every success for the future.

P.M.J.B.
Battle PT before breakfast on the first day of the attachment to 14th/20th King's Hussars in Münster was a shock for the 28 cadets. Orienteering in the dust and heat of the Dorbaum Training Area came later in the day, and the same area was used for Section Tactics, Ambushes, Patrolling and camping out a day later. Tank driving was less arduous, but the inter-Section competition involving First Aid, Weapon Training, Command Tasks, and Section Attacks was not. The return to camp on the Monday evening was a welcome chance to get clean and to sleep. After this hectic start, the requirements were less physically demanding. A day on the ranges ended with flights in a helicopter. There was a day canoeing and another using electronic gunnery training aids, seeing the officers' and sergeants' messes, and visiting the town of Münster.

There was a barbeque at which prizes were given to the winning section and to Csgt J-P Pitt, Cdt RW Scrope and RO Record who were adjudged to have done particularly well. Cpl JE Evans-Freke won the shooting prize. Fr Simon presented Lt Col David Wood with a present from Ampleforth to the Regiment: a miniature of their proudest possession, the silver chamber pot of King Joseph Bonaparte captured at Vittoria in 1813. The evening was enlivened by Cdt EPA Wyvill, who mimicked Cpl 'Gaz' Warne, the 19 stone instructor who had been in charge of the cadets. To him, Lt Andrew Harman and SSgt Webb, and all who helped, we are most grateful.

**SHOOTING**

Fifty eight schools took part in the Green Howards Country Life Small Bore Rifle Competition, the 1st team were placed 7th and the 2nd team 29th, special mention should be made of MK Pugh (T) who came into the 1st team the morning of the competition and achieved a possible in the Rapid, and only dropped one point in the whole competition. In the Eastern District Target Rifle Meeting we were winners and runners up Class _A_ and retained the Champion Contingent Cup. DAJ Caley (C) had a share of the Pool Bull and the Best Individual Shot was won by JTE Hoyle (H).

The schools meeting at Bidsley took place three weeks into the Summer holidays and the results produced were the best that the school has seen for many a year. I would like to take this opportunity to thank the boys who took part and their parents for their continued support. The results are as follows:

- The Ashburton Shield: 17th Entries 62
- The Marling: 3rd Entries 24
- The Schools Aggregate: 6th Entries 16
- The Marlborough Cup: CJ Layden(J) 9th Entries 516
- The Wellington Cup (Silver Spoon): DAJ Caley(C) 94th Entries 2007
- The Ivecagh Cup: DGS Bell(E) 12th Entries 148
- The Public Schools Snapshooting: NR McDermott(D) 12th Entries 21

The Inter House Competition was won by St John's followed by St Hugh's and St Aidan's. The Anderson Cup for the Highest Individual Score was won by CDJ Corbett (J) after a shoot off. The Cadet General Purpose Rifle (5.56mm) was used for the first time.

**ACTIVITIES**

Early in the Lent Term a new group of Gold instructors in the Middle 6th became available through the Red Cross Adult First Aid Certificate and the Army Section of the CCF. Bronze Expeditions and Gold Expedition training were held on a camping weekend at Park House Outdoor Centre near Osmotherley, with Mr Carter in charge of the Bronze groups, and Dr Billett leading his usual demanding walks on the North West corner of the North York Moors for the Golds. The 6th Formers instructed by Mrs Dean in the Red Cross 6th Form group were examined under the direction of Dr Gold and immediately began to supervise younger participants in the Youth First Aid certificate, under the overall direction of the Matron, Nevill House. For their practical service these candidates were given the opportunity by Mr Barras to assist members of the North East Search and Rescue Teams in their combined exercise near Carlton in Cleveland, acting as casualties for the teams to locate and rescue. One of our participants claimed he was never found.

In the Summer Term a group under Mr Astin worked again for National Trust at Bransdale, clearing wood and debris in the dale, and staying overnight in Bransdale Mill—a location which has changed much in every way since earlier members of the College visited the area for Geography Fieldwork or Duke of Edinburgh Service. A Silver Expedition in the Farndale and East Moors area passed through the Mill complex on the same weekend—supervised by Mrs Melling and assessed by Mr Culley of the North York Moors Expedition Panel. The group were all Sixth Formers, as the current trend is for the Silver Expedition to be taken either early in the GCSE year or in the Sixth Form, to avoid putting undue pressure on boys in a heavy work year.

As part of the summer preparations for the CCF Annual Inspection a group of six members of the NCO Cadre, Direct Golds, prepared an Expedition First Aid demonstration under Mrs Dean. The Summer Term also included combined Bronze and Gold exercises, with a successful joint campsite at Woolhouse Croft in Bilsdale. The Gold candidates made a successful expedition to Swaledale. Charles Goghlan (T), Marc Dumbell (H), Basil Fielding (A), Nick Furze (O) and Hamilton Grandham (H) were assessed by Mr Reg Greear, the secretary of the North Yorkshire Pennines Panel, with Mr Dean as supervisor. John Flynn (H), did his expedition on an Open Gold event in the Brecon Beacons, which lived up to their reputation as a training ground for elite units of the British Army.

The following have carried out Residential Projects, all outside the school and with a minority of normal companions: John Flynn (H) (helping with a
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holiday for children); Marc Dumbell (H), (Sailing Course), Hamilton Grantham (H) (Lourdes-Stage); Charles Coghlan (T), Andrew Guthrie (E) (Potential Officers' Course-Welsh Guards). We are grateful to the Golds who remain on after their Awards are finished so that others can benefit from their experience, assisting with Expeditions, spreading the word about projects such as the Cheshire Homes, and to the many adult instructors who help our boys in so many ways. In particular, the contribution of Mr Astin to the Award Scheme in the School and in North Yorkshire must be noted with gratitude. A fuller tribute occurs in the Common Room Notes.

The following have reached Award Standard:

**Gold:** John Flynn (H), Charles Fotheringham (E92), Alistair Graham (C91), Hamilton Grantham (H), John Mitcalf (B92)

**Silver:** Charles Coghlan (T), Marc Dumbell (H), Dan Gibson (E), James Hoyle (H)

**Bronze:** Christopher Dawson (W92), Ian Fotheringham (E), Oliver Hodgkinson (A), Nick Ramage (A), Jamie Savile (E), Richard Scrope (E), Richard Telford (A)

Red Cross results:


*Youth First Aid Certificate:* R. E. Blake-James (H), A. R. G. Clanfield (E), J. P. C. Davies (H), D. J. Gallagher (B), A. Hosington (D), J. B. W. S. Noble (H), R. W. Scrope (E), M. S. Shilton (C).

J. J. F. D. / H. M. D.

AMPLEFORTH FILM SOCIETY

The Lent and Summer season proved to be a successful conclusion to the year. The Society thrives on a bit of everything; excitement, adventure, drama and romance and there was plenty of everything this season.

*THE GRIFTERS* was an adventure in the US underworld, full of the greed and jealousies of society. *THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS* stunned the society with its brilliant acting, tight and compulsive story and well orchestrated finale. Many found ourselves sickened by the grotesque theme, but did not feel that this was over the bounds of decency. *CYRANO DE BERGERAC* was a tour de force for many, with Rappeneau's faultless production of the famous French romance. Gerard Depardieu's acting won over even the more sceptic of the society. *THELMA AND LOUISE* was hailed as a feminist gangster movie, but its final depressing ending rather suggested that the ladies should leave the genre well alone. The Committee was grateful to Fr Stephen for his help and advice, to the Cinema Box for its dedication and skill, to the House representatives for their persistence in recruiting members, for without them all, the Committee, Fr. Tempest, Phil Fiske de Gouveia and Tom Waller would have been out of a job.

Alexander Brunner (O92)

HERALDRY SOCIETY

Founded by R McHardy (D92), the Society finished its programme for the school year 1991-2 at the end of the Lent term. The first meeting of the Autumn term was a trip to Gilling Castle, under the direction of Fr. Adrian. The next meeting was a look at the monuments in Coxxwood parish church, explained by R McHardy. The Lent term began with a talk on the arms of Ampleforth and Dieulouard in relation to a cope. Then Fr Simon gave an interesting talk and demonstration on heraldry and gold leaf. The last lecture of the year was an illustrated talk by R McHardy, "Heraldry: Art and Artefact". It is hoped the Society will continue to flourish in the new year under the joint secretariats of T Spencer (E) and R Bedingfeld (E). As this is my last article I would like to thank all those who have helped me. In particular Mrs Channer and Br Gabriel for acting as 'chauffeurs', Fr Cuthbert for making the cope available, and Fr Bernard for his encouragement as president.

R. McHardy (D92)

THE HISTORICAL BENCH

The Bench continued to be fortunate in its ability to find able and energetic boys to direct its activities. Under the leadership of E Knight (D) a series of distinguished speakers was attracted to Ampleforth. The lectures were well-publicised, especially thanks to the striking posters produced by J de Lacy (D), and attended by large audiences.

The lectures covered a wide range of periods. Modern topics held a narrow majority, Dr Edward Royle of the University of York spoke on Chartism, Dr John Derry of Newcastle discussed the career of Viscount Castlereagh and Dr Patrick Condren of Eltham College analysed the genesis of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. However, the Bench was also privileged to hear Mr James Campbell of Worcester College, Oxford, on the medieval origins of the distinctive approaches to government of England and France, and Dr Susan Wormell of Lincoln College, Oxford, on the political aspects of the poetry of the Earl of Surrey.

P. W. G.
This year has seen the International Society hold further entertaining and instructive events. The aim is to mix business with pleasure — so, in addition to the foreign films shown, the Society organises social evenings and lectures to give its members as much variety as possible. As well as running French films by well-known cinema figures such as Marcel Chabrol, the Society celebrated Candlemas (La Chandeleur) in true Breton style (cider and crêpes)! There have also been lecture evenings, such as that given by our guests from France and Poland (Messrs Latour and Tarnozek), on the differences between the English education system and their own, or that given by Mr Wilding on the Existentialist movement in 20th century French literature. A very informative talk on courses and professions open to modern linguists was given to the Society by Mrs Clare Souter, a member of Leeds University Careers Department. Accompanied by the Director of the University Careers Service, Dr Richard Siddall, a regular visitor to the College, Mrs Souter gave the predominantly VI Form audience a most interesting insight into the sometimes unexpected avenues that linguists can follow at University or later in life.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

This year has witnessed some memorably entertaining evenings of lively debate by the Society. Whilst always tending towards serious topical issues of interest and relevance for its members, the atmosphere is forever one of good humour. Since September the Society has met regularly to debate such matters as: whether the Armed Forces should be reduced as the threat of World War 3 is negligible (motion rejected); whether Capital Punishment should be reinstated (motion carried); whether Great Britain should enter into full economic and monetary union with the rest of Europe (motion rejected). On a more light-hearted level, a mid-year Balloon Debate was held, at which many amusing and convincing arguments were put by the speakers representing Messrs Noah, Hitler, Shakespeare and Dr Johnson. Much fun was had before Mr Shakespeare was finally chosen to stay in the balloon! The Society is made up of members of the IV and V Form, so one year's new members rapidly find themselves the “old campaigners!” Many impressive speeches and heated arguments have taken place, either among the four principal speakers at a particular debate, or when the members of the floor have their say, and it is encouraging that new members of the IV Form have courageously taken a very active part in the life of the Society with entertaining maiden speeches on a variety of matters under debate.

MUSIC

Sunday 17 May: Saint Alban Hall
Durham Sinfonia - John Wallace (Trumpet)

Once again the College has benefitted from one of Simon Wright's professional associations. On this occasion his co-performers were the Durham Sinfonia, an orchestra of about 70 mainly amateur musicians, yet the quality of their playing belied their amateur status. The programme, also given the previous evening in Durham Cathedral, consisted of orchestral works by Dvorak (Czech Suite) and Sibelius (Symphony No.5) and three pieces featuring solo trumpet with orchestra. John Wallace, principal trumpet of the Philharmonia had appeared in one of last season's concerts and was a welcome return guest. Of the three pieces featuring the trumpet, it was the Arutjunjan concerto that best displayed his versatility and musicianship. This work by a little-known contemporary Armenian composer proved a winner particularly with the boys of Junior House who responded to its catchy rhythmic vitality. Again it was a rare treat to experience the performance of a Sibelius symphony at Ampleforth and an especial disappointment that so few boys and so few members of the public considered the prospect of the concert sufficiently attractive to attend. They were unquestionably the losers.

As always the Exhibition concert is the showpiece of the year's music-making. It has become a tradition to devote the concert to performances given by the larger College orchestral groups and to soloists in their final year. The programme and list of performers appears below:

College Orchestra
Symphony No.100 in G. The “Military”…… J Haydn

Pro Musica
Divertimento in B flat K.137…… W A Mozart
Concerto in D op.7 No.6…… Albinoni
Charles Grace (oboe)
College Orchestra
Andante Spinato and Grand Polonaise…… F Chopin
Gregory Finch (piano)
Combined membership of
Pro Musica, Wind Orchestra, Training Orchestra
Pomp and Circumstance March No.1 in D…… Edward Elgar

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Violins
Simon Ward (leader)
Kester Dann
Peter Monthien
Rupert Collier
Christopher Carnegie
James Horth
Simon McGee
Nicholas Wright
Gent Koco

Violas
Charles Carnegie
Alvaro Aguirre
Edmund Davis
James Nicholson
Simon Desre
Simon Tsang
William McKenzie

Cellos
Nicholas Inman
Richard Greenwood
Douglas Thomson
Cellos
Richard Greenwood
Charles Dalglish
Alex Garden

Baritans
Thomas Wilding

Tenors
Luke Massey

Basses

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ACTIVITIES

14 June SCHOLA CONCERT Abbey Church

On Sunday 14 June the Schola sang a selection of music from the 16th Century to 20th Century. The concert consisted of the music that the Schola would be singing during their Rome tour. The programme was repeated exactly at Saint Louis de Francais on Monday 29 June and at Santa Maria sopra Minerva on Wednesday 1 July.

We started off with Maurice Durufle’s Tu es Petrus. After an organ piece by Bach played by Charles Cole (T), Haec Dies by John Shephard was sung and, although it went well, the absence of Gregory Finch was felt in the alto line. Then two pieces by Victoria – Gaudent in Coelis and Ecce Sacerdos followed by the Byrd Mass for Five Voices with the Kyrie, Gloria, Benedictus and Agnus Dei. The soloists were Richard Chaminier (H), James Arthur (JH), Owen Byrne (JH), Gregory Finch (D), Charles Grace (O), Kester Dann (H), Mr Paul Young and Fr Hugh Lewis Vivas. The three Stanford motets – Beati Quorum Via, Justorum Animae, Caelos Ascendit Ho had been practised thoroughly during the term and were performed well.

After another organ piece – Erschienen ist der herrliche tag by J S Bach, the concert finished with Blitheman’s In Pace which brought calm over the Abbey to make the perfect finish to a good concert. A Hosangady (D)

The New Theologian

Ampleforth must be unique among schools for the strong place given to Theology at A level. Boys follow a syllabus devised by the Christian Theology Trust and accepted by the Cambridge Local Board, and over which Fr Timothy Wright is a guiding spirit. The syllabus was first offered for examination in the summer of 1990. This date also saw the first issue of The New Theologian, a biannual periodical designed to explore some of the issues covered in the syllabus, and to stimulate interest and understanding both for Theology candidates and for the general public.

The New Theologian is edited from Ampleforth by Mr Roberts with the help of interested boys, and circulation is already approaching a thousand, including schools, colleges and individuals. From the beginning it was a pleasant surprise to discover that established and eminent theologians were usually only too happy to write articles for a new and little known magazine from which they were to receive little or no remuneration. Our past contributors include Fr Henry Wansbrough, A T Hanson, Michael Dummett, Alister McGrath, John Rogerson, Francis Watson and Andrew Louth. The next issue comes out at Christmas, and will include articles by David Brown, Mary Midgley and Gareth Moore. Apart from the help we have received from the Christian Theology Trust, we are particularly grateful to the Theology Department of Durham University, which has taken a special interest in our progress.

Back numbers and subscriptions (£3 per year) are available from: The Christian Theology Trust, Our Lady of Lourdes School, Grantham Road, Birkdale, Southport PR8 4LT.
The assistance of Mr R Carter allowed sailing to return as a regular activity at Scaling Reservoir. RWG Craigie (T) designed and built a double boat trailer for the group as an A-level CDT project to simplify the transport of the Wanderer dinghies. A Sailing and Windsurfing camp at Kielder Reservoir was popular with the fifth form and provided reasonable winds with N Prescott (O) showing particular perseverance at windsurfing. The canoeists had two good river trips in February and March and many boys continue to practice their paddle skills in lunchtime training sessions in the pool.

Caving continues to appeal to a select few though cold water in Smeltmill Beck Cave on Stainmoor in February dampened the enthusiasm of some members. Goyden Pot in Upper Nidderdale is still providing us with new ground despite frequent use. A very strong group in June allowed us to penetrate quite deeply into the system with AFO Ramage (C) finding himself in new passages on his third visit though the complexity of the system is shown by the fact that Mr Adair was also on new ground after more than 30 descents of this cave. Such extended underground trips are made possible because of the support and expertise given by Mrs Ballard.

Climbing expertise has continued to improve particularly in St Thomas’s with CPH Coghlan, MTC Edmonds and JM Robertson climbing regularly to a high standard at Peak Scar and Brimham Rocks. The mountain bike trips undertaken by the group have been exceptional only in the lack of mechanical problems on the bikes though the majority of the group are now equipped with the best maintenance work by DAJ Caley (C) and EL Buxton (W). M.A.B.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

An exhibition of Landscape Photographs by James Smith LRPS was the Society’s opening gambit in October. “Island on the edge of the World” won acclaim from the public, staff, pupils and press alike. Few can forget the tranquility of his seascapes, the solitude conveyed by the purity of his landscape, nor the impressionism of his seascapes. The eye was skillfully persuaded to wander from one print to the next as the history of St Kilda unfolded visually.

In contrast Bill and Joan Spence’s slide-tape to Bomber Command, “Memorial”, was pure drama on celluloid. Thought provoking, dynamic transparencies were further enhanced by the haunting sounds of “Heaven and Hell”. The show left the bitter-sweet taste of victory on a captivated audience’s mind. “Romantic Ryedale” and “Swiss Impressions” were equally well received and their unique compositional style obviously influenced some of the more discerning photographers in the school.

The Spence Trophy was awarded to St Aidan’s for their response to the theme of “Games”. Whilst not all were of technical excellence they had interpreted the subject in its broadest sense thus eliminating much cliched sporting scenes.

Particularly rewarding was the consistently high standard of photographs submitted for Exhibition 1992 but after much deliberation The Gaynor Trophy was presented to W T Barton (W) for his reportage and landscape work in particular, but also his ability to transform photography into an art form.

The Society has enjoyed a productive year and its membership is flourishing especially in the lower school. However the year’s achievements would not have been made possible without the stalwart work of the committee members in the smooth running of the darkrooms and studio.

ROVERS AND CHESHIRE HOMES DAY

This year “Rovers” has once again been visiting the Leonard Cheshire Home at Alice. Every Thursday afternoon a group of VI formers gave up their free time between lunch and afternoon lessons to travel to the Home and spend an hour or so chatting and playing games with the residents. Our hosts look forward to the visits but the Amplefordians who take part would say it is they themselves who get the most out of the afternoons...

The College has hosted two Cheshire Homes Days this academic year—one in October, the second in May. The first was the bigger event with approximately 150 residents accompanied by staff visiting us from a large number of Homes. The second took place the week before Exhibition—on this occasion local Homes were invited and 60-70 residents accompanied by staff joined us for the event.

On each of the two afternoons Songs of Praise is held in the Abbey Church where our guests are formally welcomed in a lovely service of prayers, readings and sacred music sung by the Schola. The guests are shown round or watch a video of the College if they so wish before tea is put on in the Main Hall for everyone, visitors and boys.

Many visitors say Cheshire Homes Day at Ampleforth is the highlight of the year—many of those at Ampleforth who generously give of their time and energy would wholeheartedly share that view.

ST ALBAN CENTRE

The opening of St Alban Centre in 1975 added a new dimension to Activities and Sport at Ampleforth. Apart from the sports facilities—including a 25 metre swimming pool, a sports hall, squash courts and a fitness room—the design of the building also allows for the enjoyment of sport from the spectator and supporter point of view. The spacious balconies and wide galleries offer extra room for minor sports such as karate, table tennis, fencing etc.

Away from the rigorous games schedule of team sets, during activity periods, boys are able to pursue a sport of their choice under less pressurised surroundings. It also allows boys who are not budding athletes, to ‘have a go’ alongside the school’s best in a relaxed environment, where winning is not the be all and end all. This encourages a camaraderie in the appreciation and pleasure of joint activities.
The swimming pool is well used outside PE whether it be for a relaxing free swim or involvement in the highly energetic Polo Club (not for the faint hearted). Basketball, badminton, squash and weight training widen the scope and help to satisfy most interests, along with improving individual and team skills. Cricket can be enjoyed in the Lent term. This not only provides invaluable practice to the potential team members but welcomes anyone willing to turn their arm over or don the pads. In this atmosphere passions for all sports can be realised whether they lead to representing the school or satisfaction of fulfilling ones objective of merely having a good time.

It is encouraging to see so many boys choosing to use the Sports Centre in their own time. Not only does it promote good physical health and self-discipline, but it also helps release any tension and frustrations built up in the classroom.

M.J.R.

THEATRE

Downstairs Theatre: January 1992
THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR by Nikolai Gogol

The Government Inspector is one of the great Russian dramatic masterpieces. Written in 1836, Gogol's most famous theatrical work achieves a display of the repression and national hum of bitterness in the Russia of the 1830s, amplified by the illiberal censorship under which the play was written, and compressed into the form of an extremely funny satire. And having considered this ingenious dramatic marriage, one realizes the scale of ambition in the project of eleven actors and a young director to forge a production of The Government Inspector in only four weeks.

Yet it was in many ways a successful production of a difficult play. Hlestakov, the sham inspector-general and leading role, was in safe hands. Mark Berry, perfectly cast, calmly held the play with charm, wit and deviousness, and, in line with Gogol's paradoxical intentions, the audience both loved and loathed him. Malachy O'Neill, as the Mayor, was somewhat less at ease. While he was impressive as the worried and crawling man in the first half of the play, his eventual pride and then fall were unsteady and overplayed. However, the best performance in the play was given by David Wootton as Josif, Hlestakov's servant. He was cautious but relaxed, had prudently judged moments of pensiveness, and a finely measured wit. He was equally impressive as the Postmaster, delivering the play's shock denouement.

The direction of the play was excellent, and evidently fulfilled its intentions, but it lacked some bite. The director chose to make his production a comedy, which of course The Government Inspector is. But what he missed was the overriding bitterness in the words. Hence, as the Mayor tries to delegate the blame after his exposure of the corruption in the town, and two serfs appear, to be flogged by him, we felt this was played for the amusement of the audience and not as a revelation of the sobering cruelty in Gogol's Russia. In the words of Gogol himself: 'through the laughter that I have never laughed more loudly, the spectator feels my bitterness and sorrow'. Yet somehow we did not.

Because of this a crucial sense of power was lost. But, aside, the direction, acting, and entire production were careful and inspiring, and even if the cynicism and sadness were unable to shine through the terribly funny exchanges, the audience that the director was looking to please was captivated. This was a well-paced presentation, of a calibre rarely witnessed in a boys' production, and justice was done to the ambition of the project.

Christopher Warrack (W92)

Cast: Hlestakov: M.S.P.Berry (T); Mayor: M.J.O'Neill (C); Anna: J.Lentaigne (H); Marya: H.P.B.Brady (W); Charity Commissioner: J.M.Martino (B); Judge: H.G.D.A. Lorrman (H), School Superintendent: J.R.E.Carly (H); Josif and Postmaster: D.A. Wootton (H); Bobchinsky: T.J.Walwyn (W); Dobchinsky: D.J.Brisby (D); Constable and Waiter: R.E.Blake James (H). Theatre Staff: Stage Manager: G.C.D.Hoare (O); Lighting: R.E.King-Evans (T); Sound: R.Bernado (O). W.T.Umney (T); Properties: P.G.King (T); Costumes: T.deC.Armstrong (B), D.R.Telford (A). ASM's: O.Dale (D), T.A.O'Connell (O), J.N.T.Newman (C). The play was directed by N.P.John (W).

ENDGAME by Samuel Beckett

Beckett's Endgame is a very dark play, so dark that it is virtually impenetrable, unless a clue can be found to illuminate its meaning. Such a clue is given at the outset in the name of its protagonist, Ham(m), the son of Noah. If this identification is granted, the two dustbin occupants will be Mr and Mrs Noah and the dramatic situation post-diluvian - with a difference. After the Flood, certainly - but which Flood? Not Noah's, but its contemporary equivalent, the post-nuclear Flood, the Day of the Black Rain.

After Noah's Flood, God entered into a covenant with mankind, promising not to destroy the earth again. But a covenant is a pact between two parties, and one of the parties, mankind, is bent on destroying the world. The radio-active planet Earth is, therefore, the scene of the endgame which is being played out between master and slave, Hamm and his putative son, Cloy. Hamm embodies the will to dominate - his world, his parents, and his progeny - and though each depends on the other, Cloy on Hamm because he has the combination to the larder-lock, yet each wants to destroy the other.

Endgame is a grim parable of the human condition as it is when mankind is left to his own self-destructive devices. God is known only as an absentee: "The Bastard! He doesn's exist", exclaims Hamm. "Do you believe in the life to come?" asks Clov. "Mine was always that," replies Hamm with sardonic finality.
Meanwhile the Ark floats on an inert and tideless sea, full of dead fish and drowned bodies. “Outside of here,” says Hamm, “it’s death.” “All is Zero,” announces Clov. “All is corpsed.” Indeed, “the earth is extinguished,” Clov.

Meanwhile the Ark floats on an inert and tideless sea, full of dead fish and drowned bodies. “Outside of here,” says Hamm, “it’s death.” “All is Zero,” announces Clov. “All is corpsed.” Indeed, “the earth is extinguished,” Clov.

If there is too much exposition in this brief review, and not enough response, it is because my response is quite simply to commend, almost unreservedly, the excellence of the acting and the production. Nagg and Nell were superb. I have seen quite a few Endgames but no Nags and Nells better than George Fitzherbert’s and Charles Corbett’s. Nagg’s Irish accent was particularly effective, and Nell’s elegiac touches were instantly hilarious. James Martelli and Christopher Warrack sustained their dual roles magnificently, and only once did the mask of misery slip when Martelli allowed himself an indulgent chortle, in response to Nagg, instead of a maniacal laugh. The remarkable achievement of both actors was slightly dented, however, by occasional overemphasis, when shouting took over from speaking, as though Beckett, of all people, needed a loudspeaker to make his meaning plain. I think, too, that the element of ironic contrast was lost in the dimmed, instead of spot-lit, final appearance of Clov, “dressed for the road”. He should surely appear all spruced-up and jaunty, as Beckett’s stage-direction stipulates.

In this dialogue of ultimate despair, with the “reckoning closed and story ended”, the final appalling image is a return to the beginning as Hamm covers his face with his “Old Stauncher”, a bloodied napkin. As the dramatic equivalent of Lenten fare, Endgame was so appropriate a choice for the penitential season that one is not encouraged to ask for more. Ian Davie


EDWARD IV

March 1992

After seven fat years of great plays from the canon, this year’s ACT productions have been introducing us to some of the lesser known Bard. It has been an interesting experience, though I have found myself wishing that all the marvellous effort and talent of actors, stage crew, musicians, directors and the rest, had been placed at the service of better drama. At just over one hour, Edward IV was a more coherent piece than its predecessor, so that keeping track of who was where in the dynastic mêlée (so brilliantly parodied in the ‘Beyond the Fringe’ sketch: “Oh, saucy Worcester!”) was a little easier; and Shakespeare visibly improves in this part of the sequence as he discovers his first great character. The evil Richard, who takes such energetic delight in setting the murderous machiavel to school, gives a dramatic focus to the play absent from the earlier parts. There are moments also of the starting poetry that marks the best of early Shakespeare, which made one sit up and really listen, like Warwick’s wild conceit on his own violent death: ‘The wrinkles in my brows, now fill’d with blood/Were liken’d oft to kingly sepulchres;/ For who liv’d king, but I could dig his grave!’ But on the whole, the verse is lacklustre, undistinguished iambics; exchanges like: ‘Come Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call./Stay Clarence, stay; thou wilt it Edward call,’ etc. etc. did little to help the already struggling actors bring their characters alive, or shape them in the ‘imaginary forces’ of the audience.

Nonetheless, there were things in the production that gave excitement to the occasion. We were confronted again by the brooding grey of the remarkable Elizabethan set, there was a strongly effective collage of music from Monteverdi to savage trumpets, with cries of battle, horses and swords, and dramatic lighting that made the battle scenes especially effective. I enjoyed Jack Cade and his rebel crew at the beginning, reminded of how much Shakespeare and his contemporaries feared the mob, ‘the blunt monster with uncounted heads’ he called it later in the plays about Henry IV. Queen Margaret, who provokes the play’s most famous line (“O tiger’s heart wrapp’d in a woman’s hide”) was a small, deadly figure, freezing and remorseless; Henry VI, who appeared permanently to be dressed in night clothes, drifted feyly about the stage, quietly irresolute, and drawing all the audience’s sympathy. The scenes were short and skilfully directed forward, the story moving rapidly and violently through war, betrayal, murder and even a rough kind of courtship. Edward’s crude wooing of the widow, Lady Grey, was a forceful as well as comic scene. Other roles that made an impact in this odd crucible of history and melodrama were Buckingham and Warwick, a couple of schemers played with real vigour, though both guilty of the general fault of swallowing words at the end of lines. Richard has the best poetry in the play and it was carried successfully on the whole, in a clear, clipped delivery, especially chilling in the account of his fateful birth, legs forward and already teething! The murder of young Edward illustrated just how dangerously he could snarl and bite and play the dog.

John Barton’s arrangement of the Henry VI plays ends with the cynical murder of the saintly king (‘See how my sword weeps for the poor king’s death!’) and with a preview of Richard’s ‘winter of discontent’ soliloquy, with which the final play in the sequence opens. It successfully leaves us with a sense of restless evil at loose in the world, already plotting its next move in the inexorable progress to power. At the beginning of the play, Clarence told his brother Edward (now king) to think ‘how sweet it is to wear a crown/Within whose circuit is Elysium’. Shakespeare knew what a terrible delusion that is. His mature plays about Henry IV and, supremely, the tragedy of Macbeth, demonstrate just the opposite; but the road that takes us into the darkness at the heart of power begins in Richard III.

A.C.
The Exhibition Play 

**RICHARD III**

by William Shakespeare

*RICHARD III*, the third and final play in *The War of the Roses* sequence undertaken by ACT throughout this year, is the best play of the three, and the closest to Shakespeare's original. But it is also in some ways the most difficult to present convincingly. Richard himself, victim, in Shakespeare's hands, of the virulent pro-Tudor propaganda still rife a century after Bosworth Field is a villainous cripple with a serpentine charm that vanquishes the Lady Anne, and he dominates the whole play. This is a very tough role for a schoolboy to attempt and probably needs the talent and experience of an Olivier or an Anthony Sher wholly to convince an audience. But David Greenwood had a brave, accurate and thoroughly commendable shot at it, and the forlornness of the King's end, guilt-haunted and doomed, was conveyed powerfully to the audience.

The large company, doubling many roles, the stage crew and their stage manager Oliver Dale, and the Director of *The War of the Roses*, Ossie Heppell, deserve warm congratulations for achieving such a competent and smooth running production of this complicated play with only five weeks rehearsal. Richard, wheeling and dealing and murdering his way through the last throes of Yorkist ascendancy before the spick and span arrival of the Tudor Earl of Richmond to clean up poor mistreated England as Henry VII, does not leave much space for competing characters, in either historical or dramatic terms. But several of the lesser roles were very well taken, particularly 'false, fleeting, perjured Clarence' (Tom Hull), whose great nightmare speech was ringingly delivered, and cameos of the other two kings (Edward IV and Richmond himself) well differentiated by Roger Evers. Liam Desmond as Catesby and the ghost of poor Henry VI, whom he had played earlier in the cycle, Dominic Brisby sustaining the terrifying Queen Margaret, and Nicholas John and Julio Martino as nobles too close to the King for comfort, all delivered fine performances.

The dark, powerful set was as strong, impressive and flexibly used as it had been in the other plays, and the music, as before, was expertly fitted to the action, arresting and often beautiful. The best moment in the production was the skilfully directed and appropriately eerie apparition of the ghosts of Richard's conscience on the eve of Bosworth. The lighting for this scene, and of the whole play, was well designed and hitchless in execution.

Shakespeare himself probably called *Richard III* a tragedy, but the problem at the heart of the text is that it is not one. Nobody leaves Lear or Othello or even Macbeth, let alone *Hamlet*, thinking 'serves him right'. It is almost impossible not to feel this (which was of course what the Tudor audience was intended to feel) at the end of *Richard III*, and it is a tribute to this production that many moments and exchanges stay in the memory alongside the death of the malignant king.

L.W.

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**ACTIVITIES**

The Westminster Society has continued to excite interest among those studying history in the Sixth Form, and has seen several of its members gain places to read history at Oxford. In the early part of the year the chairman, Philip Carney (D), presented a paper on some aspects of medieval monarchy and the dynamics of the relationship between king and nobility in medieval society. A guest speaker, Mr Adam Tamozek, used his considerable erudition to outline for the Society the recent history of the Baltic States, and was rewarded with pertinent and incisive questions in the ensuing discussion. In the Summer, the pressures of exam preparation in the Upper Sixth dictated the re-formation of the Society with a membership drawn from the then Middle Sixth. Dan Gibson (E) was elected as the new chairman and Dominic Erdozain (C) as secretary, and the decision was taken to meet regularly on a fortnightly basis. The chairman delivered the final paper of the year, on the perenially fascinating topic of the character of Richard III. Students of medieval history found new light shed on a familiar topic, and the 'modernists' were able to draw parallels from their own field to help illuminate the nature of the exercise of political power.

P.M.
During the Christmas holidays we lost our two Australian student masters, Adam Libbis and Damien Eley, and gained two more from the same Canberra school: Andrew Reed and Martin O'Donnell.

**NEWS**

Seven priests concelebrated on the feast of St Alban Roe in one of the most impressive liturgies ever seen in Junior House. During the Punch supper afterwards, Hamish Badenoch, as Head of House, gave a speech remarked upon by many guests for its eloquence, humour and generosity.

In February, our top sets in Mathematics were entered for the United Kingdom Mathematics Challenge, although it is intended as a competitive test for 14 year olds. On average, 6% of candidates are given gold awards, 12% silver, and a further 18% bronze. Our boys, young though they were, won 9 bronze awards, 3 silver and 4 gold, two of the gold awards going to 12 year olds.

We had what is probably going to be the last ‘Field Day’ trip to Crowtree Leisure Centre in Sunderland. The shape of the upper school events on that day no longer involve all the teaching staff so lessons can continue as normal in future. But the boys took full advantage of their ‘final fling’ to swim and ice-skate.

In the spring term, we were pleased to be able to entertain two headmistresses of schools where children are accustomed to finish at 11 in order to enter schools such as Junior House. They were Mrs Sutchiffe of Brackenfield, near Harrogate and Miss Banks from St Pius X School, near Preston.

In May we launched our first ‘Newcomers’ Day’, which replaces the JH entrance examinations. The boys arrived with their parents mid-morning on a Saturday, and while the boys were subjected to some simple but revealing assessment tests, the parents were shown round by monitors. At lunchtime the newcomers were given ‘guardian angels’ to make them welcome, and they joined in with cricket and tennis and were shown something of the upper school facilities which we use. The parents returned for tea and took the children away to hear what they had to say about the House, and to await a report from us on how we see the boy’s learning profile, and how well he is likely to settle socially. The obvious success of this pattern of events will be repeated next year.

The following Sunday, 15 of the third form were confirmed in the Abbey Church by Bishop Augustine Harris. All the visitors were invited to coffee and a piece of celebration cake in the sunshine in front of the house immediately afterwards. In preparation for the sacrament the boys followed a planned course which was outlined to the parents in a letter so that they too could follow and get involved.

At Easter we welcomed no fewer than five new boys. Many parents felt that having the pleasant summer term as a ‘lead-in’ to the formal start in September, was a good thing. Two of them were Spaniards who used the extra time to perfect their English. Three of them were young for Junior House but remained in the first form in the September following. This seems to have given them both a social and academic advantage.

Towards the end of the summer we hosted a small group of young musicians from Rossall, both boys and girls. Our musicians and their’s treated each other to a concert. The event was characterised by good humour and good standards of performance.

We attended the North East Prep Schools Athletics Meeting at Whitley Bay, and did surprisingly well in several events, G. Massey, C. Astley and M. Hassett distinguishing themselves.

In the final week the House celebrated Corpus Christi. J. Brockbank and J. Edwards were received, during the mass, into full communion with the Roman Catholic Church and made their first holy communion. Many boys in the House gave them pious tokens and the House as a whole gave each of them a Sunday Missal. The two boys presented their mothers with bouquets of flowers as a mark of gratitude for bringing them up as Christians.

House improvements went on, with curtains appearing in several rooms, and a moveable trolley, paid for by the generosity of third year parents,
means that our new TV and video machine can be used in all the first floor classrooms, not just in the TV room.

The third form remove results were satisfactory. In fact, in some areas the results were outstanding. In Science, exactly half the year passed with high grades (grades 1-3), and in Geography 40% passed with high grades.

J.A.S.

**RUGBY SEVENS**

The Under-13s season began with a tournament at Rossell, where we shared the Plate Final after ending 0-0 at the end of extra time. After that things got worse. We put up a weak defence of the Durham Sevens Trophy and lost our opening matches at Mowden Hall. However, at Under-12 level, we were at last successful in our own tournament, the Cardinal Hume Trophy. We were unbeaten throughout the afternoon and came back from behind to defeat Hymers 6-4 in the final.

The following boys represented the School at Under-13 level: L.A.M. Kennedy, R.U. de la Sota, J.D. Melling, E.D.J. Porter, J.C.N. Dumbell, G.D. Camacho, O.P. Hurley, M.J. Hassett. The Under-12s team was: O.P. Hurley, J. Melling, P.M. McKeogh, B. Herrera, U. G. Igoaka, J.C.N. Dumbell, M.J. Hassett, J.C. Mullin. All of this team were given half colours.

**CRICKET**

The results were disappointing but there were, nevertheless, some good individual performances. The problem, in fact, for the Under-13s team was the frustrating lack of consistency from game to game. However, in fairness, the boys played with good humour and greatly enjoyed the term, even if their one victory was against a Parents XI. This season saw some strong batting performances from the captain, Loughlin Kennedy, Gavin Camacho, James Melling and Jonathan Mullin. However, once these had gone there was often a dismal batting collapse, most notably against Hymers where, chasing 179 for victory, we were at 143-1 only to collapse to 172 all out! The bowling, on the whole, tended to lack penetration. On a positive note, however, Matthew Camacho did show that he has the potential to be a match winner with his accuracy, and with greater application Jonathan Mullin will also provide difficulties for opposing batsmen next year. James Dumbell proved to be an able wicket-keeper, improving as the season went on. He too, will return next year. It is somewhat surprising to report, therefore, that the Under-12s lost both of their games decisively.


**SWIMMING**

Regular training sessions have made a great improvement both in boys' technique and subsequently in their race times. While competing against some larger schools at the lower end of the Upper School team, we suffered several defeats, but against other schools of similar size and background we were dominant, most notably in the Junior House Invitational Gala held in May. Here we defeated Terrington, Bramcote, Gilling, Cundall Manor and Woodleigh to retain the trophy.


**MUSIC : LENT TERM**

Year Concerts were held in the first week of March. All instrumentalists showed some improvement upon the previous term, but notably good performances came from the boys as follows: 1st Year: N. Wright (violin), D. Halliday (piano). 2nd Year: J. Arthur (viola), R. Chamier (piano), M. Squire (cornet), U. Igoaka (piano), O. Hurley (trumpet), J. Dean (trumpet). 3rd Year: M. Joynt (piano), E. Porter (flute), P. Kerrigan (flute), D. Massey (trumpet).

Associated Board Examination Results:


The following boys passed examinations of the Trinity College of Music:
A. Osborne (piano II), G. Walwyn (cello III), P. Cane (flute II), J. Edwards (trombone III), O. Hurley (trumpet III), H. Badenoch (tuba III).

M. Joynt, amongst other achievements, was awarded a minor music scholarship into the upper school.

SUMMER TERM

As usual music played a major role in the Junior House Exhibition weekend. Members of the Schola were singing for the Friday mass. The play ‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ included many boys singing both chorus and solo parts of music set by Mr Young, culminating in a four-part round and Puck’s gentle unaccompanied song. All boys excelled themselves in effort and enthusiasm to produce an enjoyable entertainment, but special mention must be made of the principal soloists who sang with conviction and understanding: Puck (J. Arthur), Oberon (A. Osborne), Titania (R. Chamier). The accompaniment was provided by members of music department staff and boys in the upper school in the form of two quartets of string and brass.

Sunday morning brought greater flexibility to the Junior House than was intended. The Schola boys sang in the Abbey Church as usual, but due to inclement weather the traditional outdoor mass was moved indoors on two levels to cope with the larger than chapel size number. So it was that the Junior House brass ensemble were left to direct themselves for Fr Jeremy and one half of the school in the reading room, whilst Mr Young played the organ for the other half in the chapel.

Prize giving included a longer programme of incidental music than before on account of the wealth of performers and groups keen to play in front of parents. Soloists especially played well, but all players deserve recognition for their playing. The programme was as follows: Before the prizegiving: 6 Trumpets: Creation’s Hymn (Beethoven). Gent Koco (violin): Allegretto from Concert (Sézè). String Orchestra: Gavotte-Air-Suite No. 3 in D Major (J. S. Bach). Before the speeches: Myles Joynt (piano): Fantasy in D Minor (Mozart). String Quartet: Trittanceri (Schumann). Edward Porter (flute): Sicilienne (Faure). Wind Band: Turkish March (Beethoven); Inspector Clouseau (Mancini). After the speeches: Brass Ensemble: Tango Takeaway (Fraser). Nick Wright (violin): Romance (Beethoven). Orchestra: Minuet in G Minor (J. S. Bach); March in G Major (Gzezny).

Year Concerts:— Once again an improvement was made generally in the standard of performance as compared to last term. The following boys produced the best overall musical performance: 1st Year: G. Koco (violin), N. Wright (violin), D. Halliday (piano). 2nd Year: J. Arthur (violin), M. Squire (cornet), O. Byrne (violin). 3rd Year: D. Massey (violin and trumpet), M. Joynt (piano), G. Massey (violin), A. Stephenson (trumpet).

Rossell Concert:— On Saturday 6 June our friends from Rossall School joined us once again for a joint concert. A wide variety of music was played by many different ensembles, both vocal and instrumental. The newly formed Junior House brass ensemble and string quartet showed particular promise and the vocal numbers from Rossall were sensitively sung. The programme was as follows: JH Wind Band: Promenading (Tchaikowsky). R. Murray Leslie (viols): Allegro (Handel). JH Brass Ensemble: God Calypso (Fraser). Rossall Wind Trio: Cutie Flossie (Power). JH Strings: Air (J. S. Bach). Rossall Vocal Duet: Evening Prayer (Humperdink). Rossall Mixed Ensemble: Bare Necessities (Gliskyson). JH String Quartet: Ländler (Schubert). Rossall Flute Duet: Canique de Jean Raine (Faure). Rossall Vocal Group: The Blind Man (Spiritual). JH Orchestra: Kindermarsch (Schubert).

Associated Board Examination Results:
Practical: Merit: D. Massey (trumpet V), R. Chamier (piano IV), E. Richardson (oboe I), R. de la Sota (flute I), M. Richardson (flute I), J. Hughes (flute I). Pass: L. Kennedy (trumpet V), A. Stephenson (trumpet V), J. Dean (trumpet IV), M. Squire (cornet IV), L. Charles-Edwards (clarinet III), J. Mullin (violin II). Theoretical: N. Wright (II)*, J. Gaynor (II)*, C. Banna (I), A. McAusland (I), J. Beckett (I), J. Dean (I), H. Fletcher (I), H. Lukas (I), P. Driver (I), I. de la Sota (I)* with distinction.

EXHIBITION PLAY

Extracts from ‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’: Main Hall 23 May

I was lured to this performance by having seen and heard parts of it in rehearsal; something told me that it would be well worth seeing and hearing the whole production. I was not disappointed.

The highlights produced by Mrs Dammann, with music composed and directed by Mr Young, turned into one of the best school productions I have seen. Mr Young’s settings of the fairies’ songs were beautifully suited to Shakespeare’s poetry, and admirably sung. Of course, the fact that the lead singers were all professionally trained members of the Schola was a great help to them and to the audience. Not only did the fairies sing beautifully, but also their leaders spoke and acted well. Anthony Osborne’s Oberon had a natural command of the stage, as did Richard Chamier’s Titania; their quarrel over the changeling child was most convincing. Richard coped equally well with the absurd love scenes with the ass-headed Bottom, forcefully played by Edward Porter. He was one of a superb troupe of Rude Mechanics. What particularly impressed me was that they took their rehearsals for, and performance of, the ridiculous ‘tragedy’ of ‘Pyramus and Thisbe’ absolutely seriously and as a result brought out the full comic absurdity. Had they played the scenes for laughs, as I have seen many schoolboys do, they would have fallen flat. Hamish Badenoch’s Quince, the ‘producer’ was utterly convincing: he is an actor to look out for when he transfers to SHAC. The other Mechanics supported him most assuredly. The attendant fairies and moving trees were excellently choreo-
graphed, none getting in each other's way, very difficult to manage in so confined a space.

The production's only drawback was the poor view most of the audience had of the stage; perhaps in future an easily dismantled low stage could be built. However, this is a minor criticism of a most enjoyable performance.

F.M.G.W.


SCOUTS

Twelve boys were enrolled into the troop early in the term. Five nationalities were represented at the ceremony. The non-native speakers translated the Law and Promise into their own language as follows: Rodrigo Cardenal, Lorenzo de la Mora, Diego Herrera, Gonzalo Saavedra (Spanish); Antonio Tasso (Italian); Philippe Bemberg (French); Justin Barnes, Patrick McKeogh, James Dean, Lawrence Fisher, Jeffrey Hughes (English).

Several of the new recruits took part in the St George's Day parade at Rillington with other Scouts of the local area. The troop took part in the District Swimming Competition at Ryedale Pool, Pickering, winning the District Shield in competition with seven other troops. The Under-12s team consisted of Jeffrey Hughes, Pelayo Munoz, Mark Hassett and Justin Barnes. The 12-14 year age group team included Guy Massey, Damien Massey, James Edwards, Antonio Tasso and Cesar de la Mora. The District Orienteering Competition took place in Hovingham Woods. Five pairs competed on the yellow course.

James Melling and Chris Williams did particularly well, coming home with a first time and winning the pairs competition. The scores of the first three pairs to complete contributed to the first place in the group event. A highlight of the term was the District Camp at Duncombe Park. 24 boys were able to take part, taking the opportunity to try their hands at canoeing on the Rye, rock climbing, archery, pioneering and orienteering. A small group of Scouts gave practical assistance with a North Yorkshire County Council project helping to clear a green lane in Pickering. Several enjoyable weekends were spent at the College Lakes, where boys enjoyed practical bivouacing, camping and camp cooking. The First Year Acquaint weekend was particularly successful. A memorable supper of freshly caught trout was enjoyed by all apart from James Gaynor.

H.M.D.

Head Monitor

House Captains

STAFF DEPARTURES

FATHER CHRISTOPHER GORST, O.S.B.: After ten immensely fruitful years at Gilling Fr Christopher has left us to take up his appointment as Housemaster of St Oswald's. He came to us as Brother Christopher in September 1982 and from the very first was one of the key figures on the Gilling staff. Himself an Old Boy of Gilling (just as, by coinidence, he is an Old Boy of St Oswald's) he will be impossible to replace, not least because of his remarkable versatility. As a Form Master he immediately showed his exceptional gift for getting on with and understanding people, managing to combine great warmth and sympathy for boys' problems and difficulties with firmness in sorting themselves out, and he quickly won their complete confidence. On the academic front he began life as Head of Geography and was notably successful during the five years that he ran that department. Later he also took over the reorganisation of the RE with equal success, introducing the Veritas scheme to the school (although without ever being enslaved to it). In fact in whatever he undertook he managed to stimulate and fire people with his own quiet enthusiasm, and he always radiated a sort of infectious enjoyment and fun in what he was doing which made it difficult to resist. He started the boys gardening as an afternoon activity and that too quickly became an immense success, with boys growing and eating their own vegetables, and before long selling their produce. In time this grew into a small industry. Cuttings grew along the windowsills of the Laboratory, then his Form Room, and finally along the windows of the Chapel. From the sale of these he bought a greenhouse for the school and branched out into yet more exotic plants. He also helped to develop a good video library and acquired new skills in recovering pool tables with green baize. He worked indefatigably for charity and soon made people aware of those less fortunate than themselves. He started the Sponsored Walk in aid of the Save the Children Fund which has remained one of the highlights of each year and resulted in raising vast sums of money. Most recently for the Orphans of Liberia
in 1991 and the Colombian Sewer Children in 1992. In some ways most memorable of all were his homilies at Mass, for he had an exceptional gift for bringing the readings alive and, in a simple and quite un gimmicky way, making everyone both listen and think. The mere mention of some abstract Anglo-Saxon name, like Ceolfrith or Ethelwyn, was enough to signal to the boys that a good story was coming. He was valued as a confessor and many a boy upset or in trouble has gone to him nervously or in tears and emerged with a brave smile able to face the world. He has been shrewd in his assessment of people, tough on miscreants, gentle on the penitent, yet in no way fooled by insincerity.

It was a day of very special delight when on 25 June 1987 he was ordained priest. Gang's loss is indeed St Oswald's gain.

MISS J. BURNS (1989-92): Miss Burns was selected for her special artistic background, and from the moment of her arrival took the senior boys into some very exciting artistic exercises. There have been memorable projects like the paper mosaic of the frontage of the Castle by members of the 4th Form, the planets in the Long Gallery, as well as entries for art competitions of which perhaps the most notable was the Portman Art Competition in which William Sinclair and Daniel Kirkpatrick won first and third prizes in the North East Regional competition. With Mrs Elliot she helped organise easter egg and fun hat competitions, which have helped to liven many an end of term. We wish her success in her new appointment at Queen Margaret's School, Escrick.

MRS R.E. WILDING: Mrs Wilding joined Gilling in 1983 and has taught French throughout the school. She set high standards as Head of French and has achieved considerable academic success in the Ampleforth Scholarship and Entrance Examinations. Appointed Director of Studies she sought to enhance the academic standing of the school and insist on developing different ways of running the academic life of the school so that academic rigour was expected of the boys. Her championing of the Prize Essay system and her organisation of the prizes for Prize Giving has given many a boy a treasure for a lifetime. The School Bookshop was another of her enterprises to encourage wider reading among the boys and more recently her Book Fairs have extended this process further with great success. In activities she was to be found playing boules or croquet, and in winter running the Stamp Club. Perhaps her least public, but very important service to the school, was her sharp eye for detail which would quickly spot anything wrong either in the organisation of events or in the day to day running of the school. Recently she sought and was appointed to a post at Ampleforth teaching Italian alongside English as a Foreign Language. We wish her success in this new enterprise and thank her for all she has done for us.

MISS J. BOWMAN: Mrs Bowman joined Gilling in 1972 and has served the school as Director of Music for a time and as String teacher to generations of Gilling boys. A demanding teacher, she set high standards and produced several talented string players. Throughout much of this period she also trained and developed a group devoted to chamber music, who competed externally and enjoyed the achievement of playing at a high level. More recently she has divided her teaching between Gilling and Ampleforth College and has now decided to concentrate her teaching at Ampleforth where we know she will continue to develop talented string players. We wish her every success and thank her for all she has done for Gilling.

DIARY

Lent saw some wild weather and we even had a fortnight's freeze. On 2 February a group of intrepid Judo enthusiasts who train each week with Mr Thomas were taken for training to the Ryedale Stadium in York. Neil Adams, an Englishman who was once World Champion and five times European Champion, ran the session and better behaved boys and girls have yet to be seen! On 20 March gradings took place at Doncaster with everyone showing improvement, but particularly Tommy Todd who gained our first Green Belt. Judo is proving popular with fifteen boys training. The following obtained Yellow Belts or improved their gradings: J.D.H.Newbound, J.E.Egerton, A.G.E.Hulme, J.J.Rotherham, R.Worthington.

The Sports Hall has been in demand not only for PE lessons and indoor sports training, but also for impromptu soccer matches in the evenings or at weekends. We are also pleased that S.M.O'Sullivan, G.R.F.Murphy, D.S.B.McCann and O.C.Fattorini gained their Amateur Fencing Association Grade I.

In January, the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Forms went to see the panto - time Mother Goose at York. The 5th Form Retreat took place in February and the spiritual leaders were Fr Peter Kinsella and Sister Madeleine Cuddy FCJ to whom we are grateful, whilst Fr Christopher and Mrs Sturges catered for the party. Outings took place for the 1st and 2nd years to Bradford and Saltaire on 19 February where the space film The Blue Planet was seen followed by a visit to the National Museum of Photography. Later the boys studied Bradford and its geographical Museum of Photography. On 24 February the two forms were lucky to visit Hull Docks with Captain Diston as part of their ships and ports
order, seeing different types of commercial vessels loading and unloading and also visiting the Town Docks Museum. Two further visits on 5 March were the 1st form to the ancient church at Goodmanham as part of their project on places of worship when we were grateful for the kindness of Dr and Mrs Blake James and Mr and Mrs Rotherham; whereas the 5th and 4th years visited the Museum of Science and Engineering in Manchester, particularly enjoying the Hands on Experiment Hall and the Power Hall.

A further visit was made in February, organised by Mrs Sturges, when the 3rd form and the falconry group visited Skipton Castle and the Falconry Centre at Giggleswick respectively. We are grateful for Mr and Mrs Fattorini's kindness at Skipton and we then had a rewarding geographical visit to Stump Cross Caverns, near Pately Bridge, to learn about carboniferous limestone country.

On 7 March C.A.Monthien and G.E.B.Bunting did well at the Harrogate Music Festival in their respective age sections winning a certificate with credit and a certificate of merit and second place respectively. An informal concert was given by the junior boys on 2 March which included C.T.Hollins and his didgeridoo, whilst our candidates for Trinity Music Grades all passed with Merit: E.D.C.Brennan (Grade 1 piano), N.P.McAleenan (Grade 3 french horn), T.P.Telford (Grade 4 clarinet), and P.G.Thornton (Grade 1 clarinet).

A glorious summer has seen the all weather nets in constant use. Although cricket has been the main sport, tennis, golf and rounders have also been enjoyed. However, we unfortunately experienced a problem with our water supply which caused inconvenience to all but which has now been solved.

We congratulate Tom Telford on winning an academic scholarship to Ampleforth College and also Antony Clavel who entered a Maths Competition at Leeds University and was a joint runner up out of a very large field of school children. At the summer Trinity Music Exam gradings twelve boys did well to pass their grades and we further congratulate Etton House for winning the year's House competition. The music grades gained were:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Instrument</th>
<th>Grade</th>
<th>Result</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>W.S.Sinclair</td>
<td>Piano</td>
<td>Initial</td>
<td>Honours</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E.N.Gilhey</td>
<td>Piano</td>
<td>Initial</td>
<td>Pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M.T.Rotherham</td>
<td>Piano</td>
<td>Initial</td>
<td>Merit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L.M.S.Mukasa</td>
<td>Piano</td>
<td>Initial</td>
<td>Merit</td>
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<tr>
<td>F.W.J.Mallory</td>
<td>Piano</td>
<td>Initial</td>
<td>Honours</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L.O.Leane</td>
<td>Clarinet</td>
<td>Grade I</td>
<td>Merit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J.E.Borrett</td>
<td>Cornet</td>
<td>Grade I</td>
<td>Pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R.M.Edwards</td>
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<td>Grade I</td>
<td>Merit</td>
</tr>
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<td>Piano</td>
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<td>Merit</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Pass</td>
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<tr>
<td>W.A.Leslie</td>
<td>Clarinet</td>
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<td>Merit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S.J.Langstaff</td>
<td>Flute</td>
<td>Grade I</td>
<td>Honours</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A 3rd form visit to Hadrian's Wall as part of their Roman studies took place on 9/10 May with Messrs Sketchley and Sayers. Visits were made to Newcastle Caverns, near Pately Bridge, to learn about carboniferous limestone country.

On 7 May, Miss M. Halsall-Williams, the E.S.B. examiner, and an audience of staff and boys heard the 4th form attempting the Senior Introductory Grade. Each boy had been working hard to prepare for the twelve minutes that he was in the spotlight; for this included presenting a personal project (backed up by visual aids), reciting a favourite piece of poetry, prose or drama, reading from Museum of Antiquities, Corbridge Roman Site, Chesters Fort and Housesteads Fort. They stayed at a small Youth Hostel at Bellingham where we are grateful to Mrs Sayers for her catering, whilst the walk from Housesteads to Steel Rigg rounded off a memorable visit when the weather only once had us scampering for cover.

Three events were held as usual which give us the pleasure of welcoming so many parents and friends. Prize Giving on 22 May found us using the Sports Hall for the first time and greeting Fr Leo who made the speech and Fr Prior who presented the prizes. The fine day made tea on the East Lawn a very special occasion. The Gilling Cricket Festival on 7 June saw eight schools including Greshams from Norfolk, competing for the Worsley Cup. It was a memorable day's cricket when the surroundings, atmosphere, standard of play and the weather all complimented each other. Don Wilson kindly presented the prizes with St Olave's winning an exciting final against Junior House.

The Gryphons Weekend was 13-14 June and Sports Day was splendid for spectators sitting on the bank but it was warm for the boys racing round Barnes pitch below. The winning House was Etton captained by T.P. Telford. This was followed by a splendid buffet supper in the Great Chamber and the play "The Horn of Ulfi" which was the creation of Mr C.A.Sketchley, who also composed the four songs and accompanied the cast on the piano; whilst Mr J. Duffy was producer/director. Somehow we all squeezed into the Hall and saw Gregory Rochford who was undoubtedly the star of the evening and who was on stage for the whole performance. He was witty, urbane and self-assured - but then he usually is! The cast, drawn mainly from the 3rd and 4th forms consisted of thirty boys, which involved a tremendous amount of work for Mrs Sturges, who with the help of Mesdame Catterall, Lyle and Worthington, designed and produced the splendid costumes. How Hugh Murphy didn't collapse with heatstroke under his magnificent astrakan hat, fur coat and Karl Marx beard, we will never know; whilst Peter Rafferty was a perfect reincarnation of Elvis the Pelvis, not only looking like the legend but singing like him too! Nick McAleenan and Tom Chappell were superb as a couple of harridans whilst we all waited with baited breath for the arrival of William the Conqueror, William Sinclair, carrying the royal sceptre - kindly lent by Mr and Mrs Brennan. Sunday saw the First Holy Communion of James and Stephen Egerton and Pierce Cook-Anderson when Fr Jeremy Sierla, House Master of Junior House, kindly said Mass and gave a memorable sermon on approaching Holy Communion with faith, love and reverence. The cricket match against the fathers brought a delightful weekend to a close.
a chosen book and answering questions. Candidates were judged on their ability to speak articulately, knowledgeably and enthusiastically about a project which interested them and which they had researched; whilst recitation and reading had to show sincerity, clarity and feeling — using pauses effectively as well as variations of pitch, pace and tone. In short, the boys had to be real face to face communicators able to maintain interest — a useful skill in any walk of life! To say that some boys found this task easier than others would be an understatement! Yet all rose to the challenge, helped by various members of staff under the direction of Mrs Sturges. The initial presentations were fascinating, with topics ranging from Dracula to Dinosaurs, Crocodiles to Green Chartreuse, and from Rifles to Model Railways. Results were pleasing with everyone achieving one of the first three (out of a possible six) grades. There were seven distinctions, seven credits and eight very good passes which augurs well for the future when a higher grade may well be attempted.

J.D.M.S.

THE HORN OF ULFR

(Mr Sketchley, the author and director of the play discusses how he came to write it).

After the modest success of Marcus Platypus at the Gryphons Weekend 1991, there was a feeling at the beginning of 1992 that there should be another dramatic production for the same occasion this summer. It was agreed that Mr Duffy and myself would collaborate on this project, and that I would produce a suitable script. At first I had intended to find a script amongst the works of 16th and 17th century dramatists. However, nothing would quite fit the bill: the few suitable Shakespeare plays we had done a few years back, Marlowe was too diffuse, the Jacobean too immoral as often as not, and my main hope, Peele’s ‘Old Wife’s Tale’, proved on re-reading to be good only in patches. I had had the germ of an idea “Boy from Gilling saves the village from the Harrying of the North”, and I had offprints of those parts of Domesday relating to York, Gilling and Ampleforth, and giving background information on Yorkshire landholders before and after the Conquest.

The idea then came to me that Urm and Ulfr — the landholders at Gilling and Ampleforth — could be among those who lost land in York when the castle(s) were built. With the invention of their wives, I had the comic subplot, with the historic events of 1069 as the main storyline. Without further ado I opened the typewriter and set to work. Only when two scenes were written did I come across a book on Viking and Norman York that outlines what is known about the Horn of Ulfr, that can still be seen at the Minster, and is supposed to have symbolised the grant of Ulfr’s lands to the Minster. It was now obvious that this provided a focus on which to end the play, and suggested the means by which to have Gilling and Ampleforth saved from the Harrying of the North as had been intended from the first. The text of the play as performed hardly differs from that first draft, apart from the deletion of certain characters to bring the cast down to under thirty. The songs, which had been intended from the start, were only written after the play was well into rehearsal, to ensure that the actor in question could cope with his own song.

C.A.S.

GILLING CASTLE

FUNDRAISING

Our fundraising effort this year was the brainstorm of Mrs M.T. Sturrock, the 2nd form tutor, who saw a film on television called “The Lost Children” about the sewer children of Colombia who are abandoned and live on and under the streets of many cities. She invited Fr Peter Walters, an Anglican priest based at Walsingham, who helps raise funds in his spare time for the children, to visit Gilling. Thus each class heard at first hand just what conditions are like for children and saw photographs of them and of the school run by the Salesian Fathers founded by St John Bosco, who try to help them start a new life.

Children, parents and staff rallied round and inspired by the Sponsored Spell organised by Mrs Hunt, soon a Sponsored Slim was underway. On a beautiful, fine Sunday on 17 May the whole school set off after mass to go by coach to Osmotherley and then walk the ten miles along the Old Drovers’ Road which crosses the Hambleton Hills to Sutton Bank. Accompanied by some intrepid parents the sponsored walk raised over £1500. The climax to the fundraising was the Bring & Buy Sale which was held at St Benedict’s Hall in Ampleforth thanks to the kindness of the parish priest Fr Kieran Corcoran. In all over £4000 has been sent to Fr Walters to take out to Colombia on his next visit and we are grateful to all those who have made this possible.

J.D.M.S.

RUGBY

1st XV

Although this was a disappointing season in terms of results, the team’s morale remained high after Christmas and considerable determination to succeed was seen during training and in the matches themselves. Regrettably a win eluded us but the margin of defeat narrowed and the team can be proud of having tried their hardest. Five matches were played and there were close encounters with Bramcote, Terrington and Woodleigh where a little more self-confidence might possibly have tipped the balance. Several individuals developed their personal skills and performances. Peter Rafferty as full back was safe under the high ball, kicking and entering the line effectively. James Jeffrey and John Strick van Linschoten, number 8 and second row respectively, worked hard and covered well whilst Tom Telford at open side flank and Nicholas McAleenan at inside centre inspired the others with their tackling and running. Colours were awarded to Rafferty, Strick van Linschoten and Jeffrey, with Telford nominated the Player of the season.

U-11 and U-10 XV

The teams were hampered by sickness and furthermore, only five matches were played because of weather cancellations. There was 1 win, 1 draw and 3 defeats (including 2 close games). An unusual 12-a-side match was played against a plucky Junior House team who won 6-4, making it a worthwhile experiment. Half colours were awarded to Sinclair, Cooper, Cruz-Conde (a newcomer to the game) and Evans-Freke. The outstanding player in the back row, Mallory,
was nominated Player of the Season with Edwards the most improved player and the players’ player awarded to Evans-Freke for his courageous tackling. Mention should also be made of Martin Catterall, a young boy who has played consistently well and shown considerable potential.

2nd XV and VIIs

The 2nd XV lost both their matches before moving on to Hockey. Meanwhile two Sevens tournaments were entered with the 1st VII almost reaching the semi finals at Howsham and coming fourth in the larger Red House School event. Once again Telford and McAleenan shone as much for solid defence and strong running as for flair and try scoring. The U-12 VII which included four of the 1st VII, entered for the Cardinal Hume tournament with high hopes. Yet they did not play to their potential and were thus disappointed to lose their matches, only starting to show form in the last game. Gilling entered two U-11s teams in the HMC Junior School event held at St Olave’s School. The 1st VII failed to progress against big and powerful opposition but the 2nd team fared better, eventually losing in the plate final.

It is also worth noting that we played three friendly soccer matches, against Junior House and St Benedict’s School with a win, a draw and a defeat.

K.H.E.

**HOCKEY**

In a short period the boys have quickly and enthusiastically learnt the basics of the game, with several showing promise. Jeremy Lyle realised just how hard he could hit the ball whilst William Riley was eager to chase any loose ball. Many showed that they had control and were solid in defence and Mark Sheridan-Johnson, Brendan Stanwell, Robert McLane and Chima Campbell were always ready to challenge and, if necessary, to start an attack. Showing promise in midfield positions were Trevor Catterall, Martin Zwaans and Harold Thompson. All the boys worked hard in practice sessions and showed determination in their two matches against Junior House, in which one was drawn 2-2 and one lost 3-2. The following boys played in the team: J.E.Borrett, C.C.Campbell, T.J.Catterall, J.C.Lyle, R.I.McLane, I.Novela, W.D.Riley, F.M.Sheridan-Johnson, B.J.Stanwell, H.P.S.Thompson, H.M.C.Zwaans, with goal keepers G.A.A.Rochford and J.J.Rotherham.

S.N.

**CROSS COUNTRY**

Teams were entered for two meetings in March, although we were mainly interested in individual performances. At Woodleigh the U-13s VIII came last out of eight teams with Seymour Pattisson and Mark Sheridan-Johnson coming 22nd and 39th respectively. The U-11 team came 6th out of nine teams with Benedict Nicholson and Charlie Evans-Freke showing promise and coming 3rd and 13th respectively. Three days later at Terrington U-13s event, our two teams who largely consisted of U-11s, came 7th and 10th out of ten teams, with

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**SOCCER (friendlies)**

- v Junior House
- v Terrington
- v Woodleigh
- v Bramcote
- v Aysgarth
- v St Olave’s
- v Malsis
- v St Benedict’s
- v Terrington
- v Woodleigh

**RUGBY**

Results:
- 1st XV
  - v Aysgarth Lost 6-0
  - v Junior House Lost 0-4
  - v St Olave’s Lost 8-0
- 2nd XV
  - v Aysgarth Lost 10-4
  - v Junior House Lost 16-6
  - v St Olave’s Lost 22-8
- U-11
  - v Aysgarth Lost 10-0
  - v Junior House Drew 4-4
  - v St Olave’s Won 14-4
- U-10
  - v Aysgarth Lost 10-4
  - v Junior House D 3-2

**GILLING CASTLE**

Results:

- U-13
  - v Aysgarth Won 5-1
  - v St Benedict’s Drew 2-2
  - v Malsis Drew 3-2

**CRICKET**

1st XI

This was a learning season with over half the team eligible to play next year. Inexperience resulted in four matches lost and four drawn, with one game abandoned due to rain. However the team remained keen with a sense of spirit despite two batting collapses for under 30 runs against Aysgarth and Malsis. Had the concentration and competitiveness shown in many of the bowling performances been also applied to the batting, I am sure that there would have been a few victories. All too often, games were thrown away through inexperience and recklessness, when sensible batting and running between the wickets would have brought success. This was particularly evident against Malsis, Woodleigh and Howsham who all won, despite having been bowled out for moderate totals. There were a few noteworthy performances with the bat, yet G.E.B.Blackwell’s 55 against Bramcote and T.R.H.deHerelisle’s 35 against Woodleigh showed that runs were possible with patience and sound technique. Furthermore, N.L.W.Adamson could be relied upon to score runs in a hurry when needed. The bowling was much better with the captain, P.A.Rafferty, bowling with penetration and causing almost all the opposition some discomfort. Indeed his 6-30 against Woodleigh included a splendid hat trick. G.E.B.Blackwell’s leg spins and H.J.B.Murphy’s offspins both showed promise as did the U-11s seamers, Mark Wilkie and Edward Brennan, who performed creditably and were awarded their half colours. The fielders were always keen with S.M.Jakubowski proving to be talented and agile behind the stumps with 4 catches and 7 stumpings. T.N.Todd and N.L.W.Adamson exhibited some fine catching and ground fielding whilst G.E.B.Blackwell and T.P.Telford took some excellent catches close to the wickets. Colours were awarded to P.A.Rafferty for bowling and G.E.B.Blackwell for batting and bowling. Provided the boys practise hard in the Spring Term, the team should do well next year – benefiting from the experience already gained and strengthened by some talented boys from the Colts XI.

K.H.E.
U-11s
The fine weather allowed a fixture to be played against Aysgarth one week after we reassembled. Mark Wilkie captained a good fielding side with some excellent bowling from the captain, Edward Brennan and Stephen Langstaff. Although the batting could have been stronger, several boys found form against St Martin’s and Junior House. The team should be congratulated for their fielding with particular mention made of Natcho Gironella, a novice to the game. Altogether eight matches were played with three wins, three defeats, one tie and one match abandoned due to the weather.

S.N.

2nd XI
It was a mixed season of personal triumphs and team disasters. After the victory over old rivals Junior House, harsh beatings were received from Malsis and Bramcote although the team continued to put up a brave front. Despite lack of team success, many boys can feel proud of their personal achievements. A.C.Clavel could take up to five wickets per game using accuracy more than pace, as well as batting creditably. S.S.L.Butler, the main pace bowler, sadly lacked much needed support from fielders but he batted well – as did R.A.S.Pattisson who was often the backbone of the batting order. J.R.P. Jeffrey made a fine contribution as captain, batsman and wicket keeper, continually encouraging and inspiring his team with leadership and determination.

There is certainly potential here with A.E.Clavel and J.C.Lyle, both big hitters when luck was with them, and R.Worthington and A.N.R.Norman providing valuable support wherever it was needed. Practice and experience will add technique and style to these enthusiastic cricketers who have all benefited from some hard fought matches.

Results:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1st XI</th>
<th>2nd XI</th>
<th>U-11 XI</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>v Aysgarth</td>
<td>Lost by 5 wickets</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>Lost by 5 wickets</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Junior House</td>
<td>Draw</td>
<td>Won by 4 wickets</td>
<td>Draw</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v St Martin’s</td>
<td>Draw</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>Won by 30 runs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Malsis</td>
<td>Lost by 80 runs</td>
<td>Lost by 6 wickets</td>
<td>Lost by 6 runs</td>
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<td>v Howsham</td>
<td>Lost by 14 runs</td>
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<td>Won by 4 wickets</td>
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<tr>
<td>v St Olave’s</td>
<td>Draw</td>
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<td>Lost by 7 wickets</td>
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<td>v Bramcote</td>
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<tr>
<td>v Terrington</td>
<td>Abandoned</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>Won by 7 wickets</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Woodleigh</td>
<td>Lost by 34 runs</td>
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