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Editor:
Rev J. FELIX STEPHENS OSB

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Literary communications should be sent to the Editor, Rev J. Felix Stephens OSB (H61), St Mary’s Priory, Warrington, Cheshire WA1 2NS. Tel: 01925 635664. Fax: 01925 411830.

Business communications should be sent to Graham Sasse, Development Office, Ampleforth College, York YO62 4EY.

Old Amplefordian News should be sent to the Secretary of the Ampleforth Society, Rev Francis Dobson OSB, Ampleforth Abbey, York YO62 4EN.

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OUR THREE FOUNDATIONS
1994 – OSMOTHERLEY MINI MONASTERY – 1999

Fr Terence writes:
After five years in Osmotherley the monastery has a lot to be proud of and it can move into the future with some confidence. We were established here in 1994; the first two monks arriving on New Year's Day. Fr Terence and Fr Barnabas began to live the monastic life straight away, looking forward to Easter when Fr Aidan and Fr Ian would arrive from St Bede’s in York to increase the community to four monks. Through the involvement of these two, there was some continuity with aspects of the work of the community at St Bede’s. An example of this is the string of the North Yorkshire Ecumenical Library here. This library was established to support courses in Ecumenical Theology and Spirituality which have been run for many years both at St Bede’s and in the northern area of the Diocese. The library is now housed in the monastery at Osmotherley, where it forms a valuable addition to our own collection of books, as well as attracting people to come and share part of our life here.

Over the years individual monks have come and gone. Fr Ian died, Fr Peter returned to the Abbey to be part of the hospitality team, Fr Barnabas was appointed to the new monastery in Zimbabwe, Fr Aidan again took up his calling to live as a hermit, Fr Bernard went on to study for a Doctorate at Oxford, and Fr David moved to join the team at St Austin's, Grassendale. The resident community is now three and a half monks: Fr Terence, Fr Piers and Fr Xavier are full-time, and Fr Alberic joins us for weekends and on Tuesdays or Wednesdays during the week, to help us out and keep us all in touch with what is happening in other worlds. Various other monks have joined us for shorter periods, or even for retreats. Despite all these changes of personnel, the monastic life has continued. The Divine office has been prayed with dignity every day, the monks singing as we can manage. Soon the Office will be improved when we install a small set of choirstalls, which were brought from Fort Augustus Abbey together with statues of St Benedict and St Scholastica. Together they remind us of the wider Benedictine world.

The routine here is quite simple, and is structured round the five-fold office, lectio and Mass. All the Office is prayed in the simple parish Church located under the roof of the house, where it has been for nearly three hundred and fifty years. As far as possible we look after ourselves, taking turns with the cooking, washing-up, laundry and cleaning. This seems to work well and the brethren show no sign of malnourishment. In fact it is a valuable part of all monastic life to find opportunities to serve the brethren. Guests and short-term residents can be made to feel more at home if they can join in, and help in the community life. Through the hard work of Fr Aidan and others, we have a beautiful garden, with fruit and vegetables as well as hens and bee hives.

Shortly after his election, Fr Abbot came to stay for a few days. It was as a result of this visit that we all began to realise that the buildings were too physically cramped. The search was on for a better building or for a way to
extend the present house. After an extensive investigation, the best option seemed to be to buy the old Vicarage, sixty yards up the street. Unfortunately we were beaten in our bid for this building, but fortunately two houses came on the market which are adjacent to the garden of the present house. Ampleforth bought both of these, and now the challenge is to re-plan the whole site to link all the buildings together and produce a good environment for the monks and at the same time be welcoming to all the people who come to join in our life. We hope that shortly we will be able to start work on these modifications. Even as I write, we are making use of the first, and better, of the two houses.

There are many elements to our pastoral work. Firstly, in succession to Francis, who was here for over three centuries, and welcomed John Wesley as a guest into their house, we look after the local parish, an area of some twelve villages, with another Church at Crathorne at its northern reach. Here the villages have become the commuter belt of Middlesbrough, so we are brought into contact with ICI, Zeneca, Unilever, Tioxide, Enron and many other companies in the chemical industry. Indeed, part of the official boundary of the parish follows the line of the Ethylene pipeline. The parish has a wonderful spirit and a long tradition of lay involvement, especially in the parish council. There is no Catholic school so the children of the parish attend local village schools, of which there are six in the parish, but they come together for sacramental preparation. Fr Xavier is the key figure in this programme; he visits the families and gets to know them at home.

Crathorne village is the headquarters of Richard Branson’s Virgin Hotels, and also the residence of Lord Crathorne, the new Lord Lieutenant of North Yorkshire. Our Church in the village is a beautiful example of Strawberry Hill Gothic architecture, and this summer we will celebrate 200 years when the preacher at this event will be Rev Kathleen Richardson, the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council.

The local doctor comes from Northallerton every week to hold a surgery in our house for patients in the village. When all work is complete on the extension of our buildings, we hope to be able to welcome more guests to stay, especially priests and religious for a quiet week. It may also be possible for lay people to join our community on a temporary but long-term basis, perhaps as resident choir oblates. This would support our community life and prayer as well as helping with our work.

The ecumenical situation in many of the local villages is very encouraging. In Hutton Rudby the Churches have joined together for several years in a prayer-visiting scheme. People in pairs, representing two churches, knock at each door in a street to ask if there is anything they would like the Churches to pray for. The next Sunday these intentions are taken to the Anglican and Methodist Churches in Hutton Rudby and to our Church at Crathorne for everyone to pray for. We thus unite our prayer with the needs of the community, and with our desire for Christian Unity. We are investigating a Local Ecumenical Partnership.

In Osmotherley we have an LEP which continues to inspire our work together with the Anglicans and Methodists. Regular events include Christmas crib blessing, the Shrove tide pancake party, the LEP anniversary agape, Remembrance Sunday, and various Advent and Lent study groups. As a new venture, we are together running an Emmaus course for those on the margins of the Church. This course was originally designed in the Anglican diocese of Wakefield, when David Hope was Bishop there (he is now York’s Archbishop), but we are using it ecumenically, under the joint leadership of Rev Alan Dodd, the Vicar, Rev Sue Wilkins, the Methodist Minister, and Fr Terence. Another new project is the after-school club, run by various villagers with Fr Xavier and...
other clergy. This was started by a team from the Church Army, but it continues with local involvement. By working together in the small village communities the Churches can have a larger voice and better impact on individuals.

From the monastery we go out beyond the parish to a whole variety of pastoral needs. Every month one of us goes to give a talk to the Poor Clare nuns at Darlington and to hear their confessions. Fr Alberic led Eucharistic ministers from six parishes just south of Durham gathered together for a spiritual day. Fr Piers is involved with the ministry of healing. We take it in turns to go every month to the Poor Clare nuns at York also to hear confessions. From Osmotherley we go out to primary and secondary schools across North Yorkshire and south Durham to prepare them for visits to the Lady Chapel; parish groups too are often visited in advance. By no means are all of these schools Catholic. We have very friendly relations with the English Heritage staff at Mount Grace Priory, so we are often asked to welcome and speak to county schools and all groups that wish to come and hear about the monastic life as it is lived today.

A completely new area of pastoral work is the link with the University. The Chaplaincy is run ecumenically and has only in February 1999 taken possession of a house on the campus for chaplaincy use. This is the base for activities and meetings. Fr Terence is the new Catholic Chaplain. The hope is that eventually it will be possible to bring groups of students out to Osmotherley both to the Lady Chapel and to the monastery on a regular basis.

The future of the monastery at Osmotherley is bright. There is a good community of monks, praying together and serving each other in a variety of ways. The buildings are presently inadequate, but we are now beginning to improve them helped by the experience we have gained since 1994. Our pastoral work is rooted in our monastic life, and grows year by year. We minister to people of all ages, and have links with the Inner-City as well as a delightful situation in the country. Both 1999 and 2000 will be years of increase in the numbers of pilgrims to the Lady Chapel as we all celebrate the second millennium of the Lord’s Incarnation. We all pray that it will be a period of blessing on all our works and on all our visitors.

White Swan, Ampleforth
(01439) 788239

A pleasant walk from the Monastery and College, this re-styled village inn with its top chef offers the highest standards of traditional comfort and fare. Every night, the restaurant presents the finest cuisine and the bar is open daily for meals.
majority rule. The President is a practising Catholic and praises the Church’s work in health and education. He asks the Church to give a lead in moral matters but his reaction to any prophetic voice shows that he believes this should be restricted to personal morality.

This negative picture is one that the tourists perhaps who come to see the wild life, the ruins of Great Zimbabwe and the Victoria Falls do not see. Most are astonished how cheap everything is given the highly favourable exchange rate for their dollars and pounds. But then they are often unaware how low wages are.

Of course, this is not the whole picture. Set against this must be seen a warm and friendly people, courteous tolerant and hospitable.

Africa is full of surprises. Here the weather, the subject in UK used as a means of avoiding serious social intercourse, can be a matter of life and death. Weather patterns are more variable than some might think. It is not all sunshine and torrid heat. For the most part the climate here is temperate – we are 5000 feet above sea level. Last year the threat of El Nino receded and we finished up with average rain fall. This year the rains have been exceptionally heavy (almost double the average) and we have been cut off a number of times when the Macheke River became a raging torrent and overflowed the low bridge which is the only way out of the Monte Cassino Mission.

There is a need for enhanced awareness on the part of both Europeans and Africans as is illustrated by a film that was made very near here not so long ago. It shows mange-tout peas being grown for sale in Tesco stores. (The fields are floodlit at night to give a longer growing period each day and also incidentally giving the impression from the monastery that there might be a large town nearby.) The film revealed that some of the Tesco shoppers were fairly vague on the location of Zimbabwe; equally one poor worker in the fields said that he thought Tesco was a country that he hoped one day to visit. There is a need for education and understanding on both sides.

Africa is a fast changing continent due to western and American influence through TV etc (unfortunately only the trashiest movies can be afforded by the TV companies here) especially in the urban areas which attract the young. One should not however underestimate African distinctiveness.

In Zimbabwe virtually everyone has a religious faith of some kind. The Church is little more than a hundred years old. In contrast with Europe where professing Christian faith might seem old-fashioned, at least to some, here it is seen as progressive and a mark of being educated. All the mainline churches face the challenges posed by indigenous syncretic sects who combine elements of Christianity with traditional culture (e.g. polygamy). Others which are fundamentalist in outlook have an appeal to many too.

The pace of life is slower as is illustrated by the following reflection of a Zimbabwean to a Swiss Bethlehem missionary who had lived in the country for many years: you Swiss are famous for making watches but you have no time (you are too busy), in Africa many of us do not have watches but we have plenty of time (it would take a brave European to admit this, perhaps).

Since there is plenty of time in Africa, everyone told us and still tells us that we should proceed slowly – fustina leste might be a good motto for us. Looking back over the two and a half years we have been here we can see that much has been achieved and learned but there is much to do and learn as well. Monastic life has been established in Zimbabwe and is much appreciated.

There is an awareness that we contribute a spiritual dimension that was lacking in the life and witness of the Church. There is a great hunger for spiritual input on the part of many – priests, religious and lay people – and a refreshing desire to learn. There may be many problems in Africa but a world-weary western cynicism is not one of them.

At present we are adjusting from being a community of three to a community of six. We appreciate the generosity of the Ampleforth community in sending three more brethren, one of whom, formerly a valued housemaster in the school, is now our Prior. This frees Fr Robert for his retreat and counselling ministry. Fr Alban is still on his ten-week Shona course at the time of writing and looks already set to be our Shona expert. Fr Barnabas continues to transform the compound into an oasis of beauty and peace. He also produces most of our vegetables and now has chickens, ducks, rabbits, and guinea-fowl. He continues in his efforts to persuade the brethren that virtually any animal or anything that grows is edible. Br Bruno is continuing his studies and putting his carpentry skills to good use.

Many come to us for retreats, both preached and individually guided. The Precious Blood Sisters who run the Mission where the monastery is situated are supportive in many practical ways and value our presence. We are making our presence felt through retreats and workshops conducted away from the monastery too and through one of our brethren teaching at the Regional Major Seminary.

Africa is not perhaps for the fainthearted. One wonders how some of the Ampleforth brethren might react if they found a snake neatly curled up on their office books as they bent down to fish out the Breviary for Matins. (In fact it was a quite harmless brown house snake). Other reptiles encountered in the compound have been more dangerous including the famous black mamba that was shot for us by one of the mission workers.

Benedictines usually like to build. Did not Ampleforth begin with a single house on a hillside? Although the plan is eventually to have a purpose-built monastery, for the time being we shall be on the present site. Since our arrival a guesthouse for four has been built and this has been followed up more recently by the building of two more guest rooms, two more monastic cells (the house we are in only has five rooms for monks) and a Chapel. Building presents different problems from construction work in Europe. Planning permission is not needed where we are from any local authority but there are often shortages of materials (e.g. when all the cement is being exported to boost foreign currency reserves) and constant vigilance is needed as the work is done. Persuading the local builders to build in straight lines seems at times to be a battle that cannot be won. We are hoping to be using the
supply in Africa (the Regional Major Seminary has more than 250 seminarians). This is due to a number of human factors: eg poverty and religious orders experience a drop-out rate of 40% or more and all find that a long period of formation is necessary before final vows. We plan to have a series of Benedictine workshops to introduce the life to any who may be interested.

We hear a lot nowadays about the revolution in communications technology. This has only reached us in part. We are on e-mail but because of antiquated telephone lines to Harare it is a major achievement to get through. The fax works when not struck by lightning — a major hazard in the wet season. It's surprising how easy it is to forget to pull the plug out at the first rumble of thunder — the penalty for this is two or three weeks without the facility while the machine is being repaired. (More people are killed by lightning in Zimbabwe than any other country in the world.) A letter takes little more than a week to reach us but those into more modern methods have long since eschewed this as a means of communication.

We often get asked when we are going to start taking aspirants. Already we have had a number of young men expressing interest but as monastic life is new to Zimbabwe (at least in living memory) few have a clear idea of what is involved. Vocations to the priesthood and the religious life are not in short supply in Africa (the Regional Major Seminary has more than 250 seminarians). This is due to a number of human factors: eg poverty and unemployment as well as a divine call; and discernment is necessary. Many come for the wrong reasons and hopefully stay for the right ones. Other weekends. I will pick out just a few episodes from the events of the past seven weeks.

Fr Robert and I had a very unpleasant experience at the end of my first week: He was driving me back to the Monastery from Harare when we were tricked by some men into stopping and getting out of our vehicle to look at something supposedly wrong with it. We soon realised that it was a trick — probably an attempt to steal our vehicle — and we got back in quickly and drove off, but not before they managed to snatch my shoulder bag, containing both our passports, Fr Robert's visa for Zambia, where he was supposed to be going on holiday the next day, my Shona books and notes, my breviary, my waterproof clothing, my pocket computer and numerous lesser items. The passports eventually turned up at the British High Commission, but after Fr Robert had got a new one and a new visa to go off later than planned to Zambia. I have given up hope of retrieving anything else. Three weeks later, another attempt was made on our vehicle. Fr Robert was driving Br Bruno and myself and we parked outside a travel agent's into which Fr Robert went to buy a ticket. A car which had been following us and had already aroused Br Bruno's suspicions stopped behind us and after a while a man from it came and said we were wanted in the travel agent's. We didn't rise to the bait. It is sad that this criminal element makes one have to be suspicious all the time, when most people are good, honest and friendly.

Last weekend, instead of returning to the monastery, I drove with one of my fellow Shona students, a religious sister, to the township of Dengamvura, near Mutare, on the Mozambican border, where she works as a parish sister and runs a project to help women earn their living by sewing. Apart from the two Irish Kitegan priests and the two sisters, there is only one other white person in the township and he is married to an African. I stayed with the priests, who made me most welcome. The parish was most impressive. They have the parish divided into neighbourhood sections, each with its own elected executive. It was their election weekend and they were going about it with enthusiasm. The Sunday liturgy, entirely in Shona, was lively and well done. The 7am Mass, at which I concelebrated and read the Gospel and part of the
Eucharistic Prayer, seemed to be the principal Mass; it lasted nearly two hours and it didn’t seem a minute too long for anybody. Another Mass at 9.15 was full of young people and after that the priests went out to say Mass at two of their eight rural out-stations, each of which gets Mass once every four weeks. I was not able to go with them as I had to return to Harare. The church and parish buildings were a hive of various sorts of activity all the time I was there. On Saturday morning I sat in on and even took a small part in a catechism examination for the children preparing for first Holy Communion. After that I went with one of the priests to a house in the township for a memorial Mass for a lady who had died some time before; this is a christianisation of a pagan practice which was designed to placate the spirit of the deceased. Mass was in the garden among their growing maize and vegetables and we were afterwards given a meal of rice or sadza (a stiff maize porridge) – the local staple food – and meat. I thoroughly enjoyed the weekend and it taught me a lot and filled me with hope for the Church in Africa. Perhaps we Europeans could learn something about collaborative ministry from it.

I have been lucky about getting lifts for most of my weekend journeys between Harare and the monastery but I have twice resorted to the bus service that plies with amazing frequency – a bus about every ten minutes – the 160 mile route between Harare and Mutare, well filled with passengers on the inside and often with large luggage – anything from crates of live chickens to wardrobes or suites of furniture – on the roof rack. On the first occasion, after a community meeting with Fr Abbot, my start was delayed by two hours: one hour waiting for the Macheke river to become crossable after heavy rain; another hour watching seven full buses go past – the Africans at the bus stop at Macheke didn’t seem to mind waiting, so I thought perhaps I shouldn’t either. Eventually I got a place on an old boneshaker and duly arrived in Harare; the fare was Z$46 (= 75p) for the 65 mile journey! – but that is a lot of money for a Zimbabwean worker. Yesterday I came from Harare by bus: one of the Dominican sisters, with whom I stay in Harare, kindly drove me to the main bus station at Mbare, a notorious high-density suburb consisting of a mixture of large rectangular apartment blocks and crowded shacks – the nearest I have been to the common western image of a third world shantytown. As well as the bus station it boasts a well-known market, which seemed full of life. I asked at the inquiry office where to get the Mutare bus, which was right over at the other side of the bus station and one of the officials insisted on taking me right to the bus; he said I would be safer with him. There was not another white person in sight anywhere. That doesn’t mean that any danger to me would have been racially motivated – I would simply have been assumed to have money; much of the petty crime is motivated by poverty. This time the bus was a modern Volvo, complete with video and comfortable coach seats (but not enough knee room for me)!. While it was filling up, numerous vendors came through it with sweets, fruit and soft drinks. Several beggars came through it too with their begging bowls, one a blind man, another a deaf and dumb boy. Eventually we set off and sped along the good main road. When we reached

Monastery of St Benedict, Bamber Bridge

Fr Bonaventure writes:

When James II was driven into exile in 1688, it must have seemed to most of England that the Reformation was beyond any doubt a fait accompli. Hopes of a Catholic monarch were snuffed out and those fashionable followers of the old religion, including many monks who flaunted their Benedictine habits in the London streets, either fled to the continent or retired to the obscurity of their provincial homes. But there was one area of England where Catholics scarcely bothered to hide their allegiance to Rome. Between the more rugged slopes of the Pennines and the water-logged moss that formed the south bank of the Ribble was a series of Catholic communities, centred round the seats of local landowners. It was not only from these families that recruits came to the English monasteries sheltering on the continent, but it was to this familiar countryside that many returned to fulfill their vow to labour on the English Mission.

Long after the French Revolution, when the English monasteries were re-established on their native soil, it seemed to many of these old missioners that these parishes were the heartland of the English Benedictine Congregation. The monasteries were but training houses financed by schools, but the mission was where they were called by the Lord. Gradually the country seats ceased to be the locations of the chapels which transferred to the growing industrial towns of Lancashire. Many of these parishes have now been entrusted to the diocesan clergy, but a small nucleus remains straddling the diocesan boundary between Liverpool and Salford. The country parish of Brindle was soon eclipsed by its daughter-house at the mill town of Bamber Bridge, from where in their turn monks went out to found the parishes of Lostock Hall and Leyland, which under the stimulus of Leyland Motors has become the largest parish in the area.

It is no coincidence that, one hundred years ago, when the monasteries were elevated to the status of abbeys and the parishes were no longer held in common by the whole Congregation, but assigned to individual monasteries, these four parishes could claim a special place in witnessing to a vital element in our history. The suspicion felt by those missioners of the monastic routine,
demanded by Rome but felt as incompatible with dedication to the needs of
the parishioners, has in large measure abated. The Divine Office is today
celebrated in all these parishes by monks and parishioners alike. But a more
radical change is now going to affect these missions.

Are there really moments of crisis in history? Can we say of the year 2000
that we are standing at a crossroads where vital decisions have to be made? I
suspect that every moment is one of crisis; the decision has to be made whether
to go forward or to mark time, for a return to the past is impossible. But we
must read the signs of the times. Where shall we stand in twenty years' time? If
we insist on keeping the old ways, how shall we cope with the tasks of the
Church in 2020?

Abbot Timothy has been looking into the future, not with the aid of a
crystal ball, but by studying the present trends. What he has seen is a wide
range of parishes for whom it will soon be impossible to provide priests, either
diocesan or religious. What is more, we can already discern the decline in the
number of Catholics who attend Church regularly and give the parishes the
necessary support. What he also saw was that a growing number of monks will
no longer fit the pattern that has for some time been familiar: ten years
formation, twenty or so years teaching in the school and then a fulfilling period
on one of our parishes for the last twenty or more years. The increased
professionalism of teaching does not suit all who join the monastery, and yet it
was the expectation of community life that drew them to become monks.

The call to change, then, seems to be two-fold: firstly, to develop a new
strategy for running parishes which will not necessarily entail a priest in every
parish; the growing awareness of an educated laity, ready to play a full part
in the management of parishes, and in the development of a pastoral role to
complement that of the priest, will enable the latter to dedicate some of the
tasks which occupy so many hours of his life. Perhaps 'delegate' is the wrong
word; we can see a time where the parish is made up of the parishioners,
providing the necessary web of relationships that make up a community, while
in the management of parishes, and in the development of a pastoral role to

the priests of that particular parish and will change according to times and seasons: the Bishop is
coming for Confirmations, and Vespers as a common celebration may well be
squeezed out. It is important that monks who may not be attached to one
single parish, can live a community life which is not determined by the needs
of any one parish. Moreover, if several parishes are served from the one
monastery, it must not be associated overmuch with a particular parish. It
should have a certain apartness and quiet so that it may draw people because it
is a monastery and not just a parish house.

So what will it be like, this monastery? It has been given St Benedict as its
patron for reasons that are both obvious and complex. Imagine a red-brick
Victorian house, of irregular shape, set in a large garden that is partly given over
to cultivation and partly mossy lawns edged by straggling evergreens. Over a
brick wall we can see the long ridge of the roof of Brownedge church. At the
end of a fifty yard drive is a residential road and yet within half a mile are three
motorways that give ready access to most of northern England. The house will,
as it stands, provide accommodation for seven. The immediate plan is to have
nine living there when we get going. This will necessitate the building of an
annexe to house two, as well as the refurbishment of the existing house. Our
community will then consist of three parish priests, of Brindle, Brownedge and
Lostock Hall; two assistant priests; two semi-retired auxiliaries, possibly one
younger monk from the Abbey, and the Prior.

'And so you have members of the community serving on four parishes.
How can they possibly come together as a community at regular hours?' This is
what one hears from one quarter. 'And so our priests will be living in a
monastery. How can they possibly be available to the people?' That is what one
hears from the other side. What possible model can one provide to satisfy those
two questions?

Firstly, as anyone can testify who has lived in a large monastery, there are
an old convent on the property of Brownedge parish, but yet at a discreet
distance from the parish house. Herein lies a point of considerable importance.
Why could the monastery not be situated in one of our parish houses, or
'priories', as they have been called for the last 100 years? One reason is that the
proper character of a parish house is one where the priests are close and
available to the people; the life of the priests is responsive to the needs of that
particular parish and will change according to times and seasons: the Bishop is
coming for Confirmations, and Vespers as a common celebration may well be
squeezed out. It is important that monks who may not be attached to one
single parish, can live a community life which is not determined by the needs
of any one parish. Moreover, if several parishes are served from the one
monastery, it must not be associated overmuch with a particular parish. It
should have a certain apartness and quiet so that it may draw people because it
is a monastery and not just a parish house.

So what will it be like, this monastery? It has been given St Benedict as its
patron for reasons that are both obvious and complex. Imagine a red-brick
Victorian house, of irregular shape, set in a large garden that is partly given over
to cultivation and partly mossy lawns edged by straggling evergreens. Over a
brick wall we can see the long ridge of the roof of Brownedge church. At the
end of a fifty yard drive is a residential road and yet within half a mile are three
motorways that give ready access to most of northern England. The house will,
as it stands, provide accommodation for seven. The immediate plan is to have
nine living there when we get going. This will necessitate the building of an
annexe to house two, as well as the refurbishment of the existing house. Our
community will then consist of three parish priests, of Brindle, Brownedge and
Lostock Hall; two assistant priests; two semi-retired auxiliaries, possibly one
younger monk from the Abbey, and the Prior.

'And so you have members of the community serving on four parishes.
How can they possibly come together as a community at regular hours?' This is
what one hears from one quarter. 'And so our priests will be living in a
monastery. How can they possibly be available to the people?' That is what one
hears from the other side. What possible model can one provide to satisfy those
two questions?

Firstly, as anyone can testify who has lived in a large monastery, there are
any number of reasons why a monk cannot attend choir, or meals! The loo has
flooded and needs attending to; a child has cut his knee and needs looking
after; an important guest has just arrived. I can think of reasons just as cogent
for parish clergy to miss office or a common meal. I can only say that for a

community to survive there must be a sufficient awareness of the importance of
the common life. It is true that ten or fifteen minutes must be allowed for to
trade from parish to the monastery. The monk will join those millions for

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times when he must necessarily be absent to attend to some matter of greater urgency, being always mindful of St Benedict’s words, ‘Let nothing be put before the work of God’.

How though can we reassure those parishioners who fear that they will in future see too little of their parish clergy? It is a fact of life that monks tend to expend most of their energies on whatever work they are given to do. It is equally a fact that most clergy have calls on their time which will take them away from their parishes: diocesan meetings, visits to hospitals, and a host of other calls that mean that no priest is constantly available in the presbytery. All that can be hoped for is that with persistence he can be contacted and that in emergency a priest is always available. Perhaps it is fair to say that the majority of parishioners who come to the church once a week will find their priest there as usual, and that those who wish to call on their priest will find him in the parish house several hours each day. In necessity they will have the consolation of knowing that an additional reserve of priests is available within a couple of miles.

I must apologise for the hypothetical, if not polemical tone, in which this article is couched. It is impossible to foresee exactly what circumstances will prevail once we have come together to pray, eat and sleep. To be a success the community will have to develop a life of its own, just as any family has a more essential function than of providing a space where children can be fed and sheltered. Already we are meeting with expectations, often expressed by people outside the parish, including Christians from other Churches: ‘When can we come and share your prayer?’ ‘Will you have room for guests? for courses on the spiritual life? for young people?’ Yes, we shall have a chapel, where all will be welcome to join in our prayer, though in the first instance this will be a small one. Yes, a large room will be dedicated to receiving groups, giving talks, and so on. Yes, we hope to have access to a neighbouring house where guests may stay. We hope that parishioners will see St Benedict’s as the home of their priests and will consider themselves an extension of the family that lives there, just as many look on Ampleforth at the moment. One hopes that the three or four monks who are not constantly engaged in caring for parishes, will be there to welcome and encourage all who come to visit.

What more can one describe at the present moment? We hope that the necessary alterations will enable us to move in by mid-summer. We hope to have warm relations with both local diocesan parishes and Christians from other Churches. Will we be a haven of peace or a centre of energy to support the ministry of others? God only knows, and we pray that if we are open to his Spirit, he may dwell with us and guide us.
The reflections contained in this paper, for that is what this paper really is – simply reflections, have been occasioned by some quite fundamental structural changes which the Church of England has recently undertaken and which came into operation on 1 January this year – through a Parliamentary Measure known as the National Institutions Measure.

The genesis of these arrangements was a report entitled Working as One Body chaired by the Bishop of Durham, and published in September 1995. The recommendations of that Archbishops’ Commission on the organisation of the Church of England have been considerably modified over the three years of discussion and debate though now formally agreed in the General Synod of our Church and, as I say, issuing in the National Institutions Measure.

Throughout this process I have continually pleaded that it really was not possible to discuss structures let alone organising the Church of England without some more careful preliminary reflection on our understanding of the being and nature of the Church – in other words some theological and ecclesiological thinking.

Once the process of change was under way and because of mine and others’ insistence I was given the responsibility of chairing a small group of bishops with one or two others which ultimately produced a discussion document – Working as One Body – Theological Reflections GS(Misc)491. This is the background, briefly, to this paper, and which has prompted these reflections on the being and nature of the Church.

At the conclusion of his New History of Christianity, Vivian Green formerly Fellow and Rector of Lincoln College Oxford, poses this question ‘Where is the Christian Church likely to stand at the start of the 21st Century?’ He reminds us that Christianity has been ‘the inspiration of some of the greatest art and music, literature and sculpture that the world has known; its churches, chapels and cathedrals have been an endless testimony to the faith and skill of those who designed and built them. The churches have cared for the sick and the homeless, the widow and the orphan. They have brought consolation to the dying and compassion to the living. They have founded and sustained schools and universities. They have helped to create communities which have in practice been threaded, however imperfectly, by the ethic of Christian love. The churches, whatever their shortcomings, have provided examples of self-sacrificing and loving lives .... the church as a society still continues to be at the heart of the healing process ....’ and so he goes on until the final sentence of his magisterial study and survey – ‘whether Christianity has its roots in a supernatural world or is simply a manifestation of the highest form of the human spirit, it is likely to survive until man destroys creation or the world.'
so much more than this — where relationship and mutuality is concerned, takes koinonia has become very much a part of the contemporary currency of

and structures of the Church.

technical term qahal Yahweh — the congregation of the Lord. It was a word which primarily described a gathering of people — a people called out and called forth — a people with a vocation — a people gathered before God to listen to Him, to respond to Him, a people charged with a special responsibility before Him for others.

Indeed it might be argued that this is precisely the concept of church which is envisaged in Article 19 of the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion of the Church of England — ‘The visible Church of Christ is the congregation of faithful men, in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly ministered according to Christ’s ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same’.

It is interesting to note that this image and metaphor of the church as koinonia has become very much a part of the contemporary currency of ecumenical discourse, where the starting-point with regard to any discussions about church, whether it be within a church or denomination, or between churches, is that which is perceived both as gift and promise — the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit — the Trinitarian ground and being of the Church and the churches.

The basic verbal form from which the noun koinonia derives means ‘to share’, ‘to participate’, ‘to have part in’, ‘to have something in common’ or ‘to act together’. Through identification with the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, by the power of the Holy Spirit, Christians enter into fellowship with God and with one another in the life and love of God. ‘We proclaim to you what we have seen and heard so that you may have fellowship with us. And our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ’ (1 Jn 1:3). This fellowship is the mystery of the Church.

I am aware however that as I speak of this concept, image of the Church as koinonia as being fundamental, nevertheless to concentrate on this particular image of the Church to the exclusion of all others would be a grave mistake. For in the past I suspect that difficulties have arisen, differences occurred, divisions caused, by seizing upon one model alone and to the exclusion of all others. After all, as one New Testament scholar has illustrated there are myriad images of the Church in the New Testament — as the way, as herald, Bride of Christ, body of Christ, the vine, servant, people of God and so on.

Indeed one of the major criticisms of the report — Working as One Body — a report which contained some very radical proposals for change in the structures of the Church, substantially now modified in what is known as the National Institutions Measure — this report is based very substantially on the well-known and certainly important Pauline image of the Church as the Body of Christ. However, in so concentrating on this one image, though the Trinitarian image of koinonia did receive at least one passing mention, there were those who criticised the whole thrust of the report with its suggestion that a fairly powerful Archbishops’ Council be formed to bring together finance and policy and to begin to get some handle on the shaping of future priorities. This was seen as pushing the Body of Christ image too far — a top down approach — altogether too hierarchical — ‘Carey’s curia’ was one of the phrases used at one stage — an approach which was and is alien to an Anglican understanding both of the Church and of its structures and authority.

On the other hand, you could argue that Paul’s use of kephale ought not to be understood in a strictly ‘headship’ fashion, primarily therefore about rule with its implied authoritarianism; but rather kephale as a translation of the Hebrew reshith which is to be understood more fundamentally as beginning — source — the fount from out of which things flowed; in other words quite the opposite of ‘top down’ but rather ‘bottom up’.

However this particular illustration makes my point very well, and that is that if we seize upon one image and one image only and exclusively of the Church then we are bound to get it wrong. Others of the New Testament images are required if we are to ensure proper checks and balances.
Certainly, since the body model is so predominant in the Pauline understanding and theology, we do need to retain it, just as we do our understanding of the Church as communion. Both focus our attention properly on Christ and on the salvific work of God in Christ. Both of these images rightly and vitally express and enhance the Church’s relational and dynamic nature. We certainly need to hold on to these as we look towards the 21st Century.

There are as well other dynamic images which I believe we need to recover for our understanding of the Church – a Church which has for too long and too much been wedded to the more static institutional model.

Much of the New Testament, and certainly the Acts of the Apostles, speaks about Christians as a people on the way – the Church as a pilgrim people. Here again is an emphasis on movement and progression and travelling ‘light’ a much needed contrast and counterpoint to the Church as a static and fixed institution.

Further, to conceive of the Church as a pilgrim people must raise questions for us about the nature of our structures. Of course for any group or organisation, institutional arrangements are inevitable and necessary. The difficulty and the danger arises when these very institutional arrangements become ends in themselves – when they themselves dictate the nature, shape and function of the Church. It is a warning that structures need to be kept to a minimum and that we must constantly be asking questions about what we need at the centre – to which the response can only be – as little as possible – and only that which manifestly and absolutely cannot be done and effected more locally. In any case it might be worth asking where is the centre? A question to which I intend to return later in this lecture.

A further model which I believe is helpful to us and which must surely constantly inform our understanding of the Church is that of herald – a Church charged with the responsibility of proclaiming the good news, of following the example of its Lord in preaching good news to the poor (Luke 4:18ff). As Avery Dulles put it in his Models of the Church, ‘The mission of the Church is to proclaim that which it has heard, believed and been.

This at once draws our attention both to the content of the proclamation and the ways and means of proclamation. The teaching function of the Church, catechesis, nurture, instruction, learning – is a vital enterprise for the Church today, not least among our young people. There are a variety of ways and means in which we need to engage with the world beyond the Church – and in which we need to learn from one another.

Included in this image, the Church as herald, must surely be the prophetic calling of the Church – to act as salt and light and leaven. The Church as herald – as prophet – is charged with that outward looking engagement with the world; it begins to move us away from an emphasis on relationality – towards faith, proclamation, witness and service; that with which the faith community is entrusted; the method and means of its communication – on the part of all its members.

Clearly, there is implied here the currently much used image of the Church as servant – just as Christ came into the world to be served and not to serve; so the Church, mirroring the mission of the Saviour, seeks to serve the world by looking and going out beyond itself to celebrate the presence of God already in the world. Bonhoeffer in his Letters and Papers from Prison makes the point very clearly when he writes – ‘The Church is the Church only when it exists for others ... the Church must share in the secular problems of ordinary human life, not dominating, but helping and serving’. Again, I remember reading Harvey Cox, some long time ago now and in his The Secular City he writes – ‘The Church’s task ... is to be the diakonos of the city, the servant who bends himself to struggle for its wholeness and health’. Or again, John Robinson in his New Reformation characterises something of the more radical nature of such imagery – ‘The house of God is not the Church but the world. The Church is the servant, and the first characteristic of a servant is that he lives in someone else’s house, not his own’.

Here in this servant theology and ecclesiology is a very necessary corrective to an ecclesiology arising out of a sharply stated view of the Church as the Body of Christ in which ‘head’ is interpreted in a hierarchical way and where the Church both proclaims and delivers salvation to the world; as opposed to the Church in its ministry and service in the world discovering and celebrating the presence and the activity of God already in it.

I have thus far spoken about a number of images of the Church and reflected briefly on some of the ways in which these may be used in order to shape a particular ecclesiology and even to shape it exclusively in the mould of the particular image or model.

I started out however with Zizioulas’ quotation about the relationship between ecclesiology and theology and consequently with some reference to the being and nature of God the Holy Trinity. For here is both unity and diversity. And I should like for just a moment to dwell on this ‘both/and’. For it is not either/or, or but both – and. For if we are serious about any reflection on the nature and being of God we shall surely recognise and celebrate not only the fullness of unity, but also the profut of diversity.

Diversity is as much an attribute of God as is unity. It is moreover one of those words which is often used as a particular characteristic of the Anglican tradition and rightly so. Perhaps though we need to add a note of serious and theological caution about the limits and limitations of diversity. At what point does diversity become chaos? And the very diversity about which we boast become our very undoing?

For diversity, rightly and properly understood and expressed as a reflection of the divine life in our Church, will not detract from but seek to serve, fill out and build up the coherence and cohesiveness of the whole. It is a diversity which Hooker describes as a ‘harmonious dissimilitude’. The problem arises when we allow too much of a separation between the two – unity and diversity. In fact, it turns out to be neither either/or or both/and, what we
yesterday and today'.

There have been the fanatical proponents of both views. And the tension is not
resolved today, nor will it ever be; for the Church lives in the world, it is a
part of the culture itself, try as we may we cannot escape it.

In the context of culture, the word 'paradox' is especially appropriate. For
from the very beginning there has been a tension in the Church so far as our
culture and the world is concerned — do we embrace it or do we escape it.
There have been the fanatical proponents of both views. And the tension is not
unresolved today, nor will it ever be; for the Church lives in the world, it is a
part of the culture itself, try as we may we cannot escape it.

At the same time the New Testament speaks of being in the world but not
of it; it speaks to us of salt and light and of leaven, of being transformed rather

A little earlier I referred to that phrase of Hooker — 'harmonious
dissimilitude' — which I believe has been and continues to be characteristic of the Anglican tradition. It is I would ... as much in the unknowing as in the knowing.

Now in speaking of models of the Church I well recognise that by their
very nature models are limited, in that, being illustrative, they can help to shape
an understanding of that which they portray; they cannot replicate it.

I have urged strongly against the use of one model only and exclusively,
but rather have encouraged openness to that variety and diversity of models
given us in the New Testament. Furthermore we should not seek to
'harmonise' the models, reducing them to the lowest common denominator,
seeking to elicit a consensus; but rather allow the models to stand and to
interact and to challenge — the one over against the other, recognising that their
differences are a diversity of complementarity rather than a diversity of contradiction.

Even then, given the inexhaustible riches of the divine, there must be a
'provisionality' about our conclusions — and a recognition as much of our
'unknowing' as of our 'knowing'.

Furthermore, if we are to take seriously the eschatological dimension of the
Church as surely we must, then all of us must recognise such a
'provisionality' and an openness still to further movement and change.

Perhaps I can leave Avery Dulles to have the last word — for his Models of
the Church — Future forms of the Church are beyond our power to foresee,
except that we may be sure that they will be different from the forms of
yesterday and today'.

A little earlier I referred to that phrase of Hooker — 'harmonious
dissimilitude' — which I believe has been and continues to be characteristic of the Anglican tradition. It is I would suggest a phrase which is still useful to us.

But if we are to recover a more confident 'harmonious dissimilitude', then perhaps we need to embrace again those four great 'marks' of the Church — one, holy, catholic, apostolic — and in particular the word 'catholic'. We need to be re-educated in its use, its implications and its opportunities. For it speaks to us of that family 'likeness' which is at once recognisable in the one local place as in every place. It has clear implications for us Anglicans in particular — in our liturgy, in our understanding and expression of the Ordained Ministry, in our teaching and learning and for our manner of life and morals.

One of my great predecessors Archbishop Michael Ramsey, reflecting on
a quotation from one of the catechetical lectures of Cyril of Jerusalem (written
in a language which he observes and describes as morose and glorious) sets it
before us far better than I. He poses the question — 'What does it mean when

you dare to call yourself a catholic Christian?' — and he responds — 'I belong to
a church that reaches throughout the whole world; a church that teaches the
whole of the truth about earth and about heaven; a church that addresses the
same message to all alike, to the top people and the bottom people, the
educated people and the uneducated people; a church that attempts to deal
with the healing of all infirmities, body and soul; a church that possesses all the
virtues, all the fruits of the spirit on which we can draw. As a catholic
Christian, I am pledged to all that. It is a marvellous, deep and comprehensive
picture'.

For today the fact is that whilst there are those who will cynically dismiss
Anglican belonging as a belonging to a chimera — there is nevertheless a
fundamental core of belief to which all members of the Church of England are
committed. The Declaration of Assent states the position very clearly indeed —
'the Church of England is part of the one Holy, Catholic and Apostolic
Church worshipping the one true God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit. It
professes the faith uniquely revealed in the Holy Scriptures and set forth in the
Catholic Creeds, which faith the Church is called upon to proclaim afresh in
each generation. Led by the Holy Spirit it has borne witness to Christian truth
in its historic formulae, the Thirty nine Articles of Religion, the Book of
Common Prayer and the Ordering of Bishops, Priests and Deacons ...'

It is the Church then — as once both catholic and reformed — which we
profess as one and which is called to exercise its priestly, pastoral and prophetic
ministry in today's world, and more locally in the cultural context in which we
presently find ourselves. It is a world which is undergoing quite dramatic
change — our own country, like many others in the Western world, passing
through a period of considerable cultural and social mobility. There is an
increasingly critical voice raised against the centralised, established and historic
institutions of our society; and in particular questioning their capacity to meet
the diverse and plural needs of the contemporary world. Charles Handy
highlights the word 'paradox' as characteristic of our times. He writes —
'Paradox I now see to be inevitable, endemic and perpetual. The more
turbulent the times, more complex the world, the more the paradoxes ... life
will never be easy, nor perfectly, nor completely predictable. It will be best
understood backwards, but we have to live it forwards. To make it livable at all
levels we have to learn to use the paradoxes, to balance the contradictions and
the inconsistencies and to use them as an invitation to find a better way'. There
is surely some very profound theology here for us all.

In the context of culture, the word 'paradox' is especially appropriate. For
from the very beginning there has been a tension in the Church so far as our
culture and the world is concerned — do we embrace it or do we escape it.
There have been the fanatical proponents of both views. And the tension is not
unresolved today, nor will it ever be; for the Church lives in the world, it is a
part of the culture itself, try as we may we cannot escape it.

At the same time the New Testament speaks of being in the world but not
of it; it speaks to us of salt and light and of leaven, of being transformed rather

really need is a word which holds both of these together in one. Thus there is
likely to be a constant and continuing interplay between unity — diversity;
between the head and other parts of the body; between the centre and the rest;
a mutuality and reciprocity — the one certainly in touch constantly with the
other — a dynamic in which synergies are created where the one does not
become mutually contradictory and therefore destructive of the whole, but
rather where the limitless possibilities of the mystery of God's creative and
redeeming love are explored and received — as much in the unknowing as in
the knowing.
and which enables us to reopen the sources that have been polluted or blocked by technological barbarism. Our time is in desperate need of this kind of simplicity. It needs to recapture something of the 'contemplative dimension' so requisite and necessary if we really are to provide that counter-cultural prophetic voice.

Very practical and unassuming wisdom that is at once primitive and timeless, which I suggest we need ourselves to recover in our own quest for holiness — that the Church might be holy.

Thomas Merton writes — '... these desert fathers distilled for themselves a spirituality and style of life of the desert fathers and mothers have much for us today — not altogether dissimilar from the Celtic form so much in vogue at the present time. At heart there was among them a deep passion for God — a passion which I suggest we need ourselves to recover in our own quest for holiness — that the Church might be holy.

It was precisely by way of protest that the great monastic movement of the 4th century flourished. The deserts of Egypt, Palestine, Arabia and Persia were thronged with such people — the desert fathers yes and the desert mothers. The desert is not though so much these days in the desert places themselves, but in the towns and villages of our land, in our hearts and minds and lives. The spirituality and style of life of the desert fathers and mothers have much for us today — not altogether dissimilar from the Celtic form so much in vogue at the present time. At heart there was among them a deep passion for God — a passion which I suggest we need ourselves to recover in our own quest for holiness — that the Church might be holy.

I have attempted to share with you some theological and ecclesiological reflections based on models and marks of the Church — models from the New Testament, marks from the Nicene Creed. I have attempted further to give some more practical hints about the implications of our theological and ecclesiological reflections; for the holding of both aspects of 'church' together is vital, especially in any discussion about the nature of the institution, its arrangements, organisation and structure, reform and renewal. For we do well always to remember that 'church' is a living organism — 'ecclesia non reformanda sed semper reformanda' — and to that end we need constantly to be ensuring that theological reflection informs the way the Church in every place — parish — congregation — diocese — province — world-wide — lives and works, the way it organises itself, the way in which it seeks to respond to God and serve the world and its people. Without this keen and continuing interaction between theology/ecclesiology and the organisation and institution, the Church will be judged by the very Lord it seeks to serve and proclaim.

I have argued that as we come not only to the turn of the century but also to the turn of the Millennium we need to revisit those images which are primarily relational and dynamic; those images which speak of participation and movement, of liberation and life, and which must therefore challenge those structures which in any institution can become so safely settled that they no longer serve the present or bring expectation, hope and promise for the future.

It is in this context that earlier in this lecture I raised a question about the 'centre' — where is the centre? — an interesting question. For I would argue that in fact the centre properly understood is multipolar — that it is at once the Church Universal — for there could be no meaning whatever to such terms without the communities, the 'centres' which they comprise.

Again I was very struck by a passage in Charles Handy's book The Empty Raincoat: Making Sense of the Future — when in the chapter on subsidiarity he writes of 'the new centre' which he describes in terms of small and dispersed; but strong and well-informed. Of course, there is a need in any organisation, any structure, any institution for a central function, but the whole raft of committees, boards, councils, departments, desks etc. which many of our
than conformed. So the real question to my mind is how does the Church engage with the culture as a sign of contradiction; itself as a protest, as a counter-cultural force — for the sake of and on behalf of the world and its peoples? There is another paradox here to which I would like to draw your attention for it concerns another of those ‘marks’ of the Church — the vocation to be holy, and where at once the charge of sinfulness and hypocrisy is so easily levelled yet, and yet where the call to holiness must be a priority for us all.

It was precisely by way of protest that the great monastic movement of the 4th century flourished. The deserts of Egypt, Palestine, Arabia and Persia were thronged with such people — the desert fathers yes and the desert mothers. The desert is not though so much these days in the desert places themselves, but in the towns and villages of our land, in our hearts and minds and lives. The spirituality and style of life of the desert fathers and mothers have much for us today — not altogether dissimilar from the Celtic form so much in vogue at the present time. At heart there was among them a deep passion for God — a passion which I suggest we need ourselves to recover in our own quest for spirituality and style of life of the desert fathers and mothers have much for us today. At heart there was among them a deep passion for God — a passion which I suggest we need ourselves to recover in our own quest for holiness — that the Church might be holy.

Thomas Merton writes — ‘...these desert fathers distilled for themselves a very practical and unassuming wisdom that is at once primitive and timeless, and which enables us to reopen the sources that have been polluted or blocked up altogether by the accumulated mental and spiritual refuse of our technological barbarism. Our time is in desperate need of this kind of simplicity. It needs to recapture something of the experience reflected in their lives’. And he concludes very appropriately — ‘We need to learn from these people of the 4th century how to ignore prejudice, defy compulsion and strike out fearlessly into the unknown’ — here is the ultimate call to holiness today. So the question is — amidst our wordiness and our frenzied activity and the busyness of so many of our churches how can we recover the ‘contemplative dimension’ so requisite and necessary if we really are to provide that counter-cultural prophetic voice.

I have not thus far spoken of or about things ecumenical. Whilst many commentators might suggest that our contemporary times reflect a somewhat cooler ecumenical climate, I would hope that we would not be over-despondent both about the progress thus far as well as possibilities and promise for the future. Moreover, I believe that it may well be that we are currently being led to consolidate more profoundly and locally what already has been achieved nationally and internationally. The basic ecumenical principle still means that we should as Christians together be committed always and everywhere to doing all that we possibly can except where conscience or respect for our respective churches’ teachings forbids. The fact of such division must remain both painful and scandalous both to ourselves and to the world, the way we conduct ourselves, even given differences and divisions might just however be a sign of hope and promise for the world.

The prayer of Christ and the vocation of the Church to be one must mean a priority for us all in our being and belonging with and alongside each other in service and mission; in our prayer for each other in the one Saviour; in the apostolic witness and the preparedness together to engage with the poor, the needy and the diminished peoples of the world. And even where new and hitherto unthought of obstacles arise in our relationships — continuing in dialogue with each is essential. For only so shall we escape the pitfalls of defining ourselves over against each other and thus demonising and unchurching one another altogether.

As I begin now to conclude this lecture I return to that basic question with which I started out, posed by Vivian Green at the conclusion of his New History of the Christian Church — ‘Where is the Christian Church likely to stand at the start of the 21st century?’.

I have attempted to share with you some theological and ecclesiological reflections based on models and marks of the Church — models from the New Testament, marks from the Nicene Creed. I have attempted further to give some more practical hints about the implications of our theological and ecclesiological reflections; for the holding of both aspects of ‘church’ together is vital, especially in any discussion about the nature of the institution, its arrangements, organisation and structure, reform and renewal. For we do well always to remember that ‘church’ is a living organism — ecclesia non reformanda sed semper reformanda — and to that end we need constantly to be ensuring that theological reflection informs the way the Church in every place — parish — congregation — diocese — province — world-wide — lives and works, the way it organises itself, the way in which it seeks to respond to God and serve the world and its people. Without this keen and continuing interaction between theology/ecclesiology and the organisation and institution, the Church will be judged by the very Lord it seeks to serve and proclaim.

I have argued that as we come not only to the turn of the century but also to the turn of the Millennium we need to revisit those images which are primarily relational and dynamic; those images which speak of participation and movement, of liberation and life, and which must therefore challenge those structures which in any institution can become so safely settled that they no longer serve the present or bring expectation, hope and promise for the future. It is in this context that earlier in this lecture I raised a question about the ‘centre’ — where is the centre? — an interesting question. For I would argue that in fact the centre properly understood is multipolar — that it is at once the myriad manifestations of the one Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church in every place as much as it is the Diocese, the Province, the Church Universal — for there could be no meaning whatever to such terms without the communities, the ‘centres’ which they comprise.

Again I was very struck by a passage in Charles Handy’s book The Empty Raincoat : Making Sense of the Future — when in the chapter on subsidiarity he writes of ‘the new centre’ which he describes in terms of small and dispersed; but strong and well-informed. Of course, there is a need in any organisation, any structure, any institution for a central function, but the whole raft of committees, boards, councils, departments, desks etc. which many of our
churches have created for themselves at their ‘head’ offices must surely be
challenged by the theological and ecclesiological models I have been setting
before you this afternoon. Yes, as Handy argues, ‘only those in the centre can
have a view of the whole. They cannot run it, and should be too few in
number to be tempted, but they can nudge, influence and, if they have to,
interfere. The centre’s principal task is to be the trustee of the future, but it
needs to be sure that the present does not run out before the future arrives’.

There are further questions here about the nature of leadership and
authority in the Church — questions which have been of concern to Anglicans
since the calling of the very first Lambeth Conference in 1867 which then
comprised 144 Bishops but with the two major items on the agenda —
Intercommunion between the Churches of the Anglican Communion. Co-
operation in Missionary Action. And even in 1878 one of the major agenda
items concerned ‘best mode of maintaining union among the various churches
of the Anglican Communion’.

Paradox and contradiction are bound to arise where truly theology is
engaged with praxis. This is of the being, nature and identity of our Anglican
tradition. This interactive process is essential for our Church at the present
time, through which we shall be seeking to achieve that suppleness and
elasticity — the checks and balances which characterise our understanding of
authority and decision-making, dispersed and distributed. We shall need as
well, and all the more, to ensure the cohesiveness and coherence which reflect
the unity of God and His people.

I have throughout this lecture made reference to those ‘marks’ of the
Church which are enshrined in the Creed, in the Nicene Creed — the
profession of our faith which is in common with Christian people throughout
the world and down the ages which today we profess. The Church is one,
Holy, Catholic and Apostolic. And it is with this last that I must now conclude
— apostolic in its teaching, apostolic in its ministry, apostolic in its mission. It is
surely this which is the point of our being here at all — the mission entrusted by
God to the Church which Paul in his second letter to the Corinthians puts so
well — ‘we are ambassadors for Christ, God making his appeal through us’. And
the message with which we are entrusted today as then is a message of
reconciliation — the reconciliation already accomplished by God who through
Christ has reconciled the world to himself; reconciliation in the Church, in our
society, throughout the world.
This article was first published in The Tablet in October 1998. It is a reflection on the importance of Catholic education and the mission of Catholic schools, in particular Catholic independent schools, in providing the essential means of Catholic education. The article is not about Ampleforth in itself, but in this context it should be recorded that Ampleforth's position is strong academic performance and the demand for places here is buoyant. The article was originally published just after Ampleforth had had the largest entry for at least ten years, totalling 140, with over 100 in the fourth form.

Cheerful news sometimes isn't noticed among tides of gloom. When you read that numbers attending Mass on Sunday have dropped by some 50% in the last fifteen years or so, and when you hear the grim statistics of the decline in vocations to the priesthood and religious life, you may not notice that the news from Catholic schools is remarkably bright.

The attractions of Catholic education in both maintained and independent schools are not limited to Catholic parents; reports show that growing numbers of non-Catholics are recognising the special qualities of Catholic schools. In an increasingly utilitarian society there does seem to be a new recognition that the education of the child is about more than the preparation for examinations. It has long been a fundamental of Catholic education that it addresses the whole child: mind, body and soul.

In response to a recent questionnaire to Catholic independent school heads, some 83% reported their numbers to be steady or growing. In most of our schools more than four fifths of pupils continue to higher education, and the ablest continue to get high A level grades: in 70% of our schools, between 20% and 40% of our pupils achieve A grades. Most Catholic schools have a mixed academic intake, and their examination results are usually more than respectable when compared with the natural abilities of their pupils. In the higher reaches of the league tables, Catholic schools, again usually with a mixed intake, can fairly claim to do everything and more for the able that non-Catholic schools do.

The English Catholic Church has always taken education seriously. When the newly established Catholic hierarchy wrote a joint pastoral letter in 1850, they put the building of Catholic schools at the head of their list of practical tasks, ahead of Church building. At the time the Catholic population of England was growing, and grew faster over the next 100 years as Irish immigrants arrived. Jesuits, Benedictines, the IBVM and other Orders and Congregations were committed to education, both at parish level and nationally. None of this was welcome to English (or Scots or Welsh) society: it was not uncommon for priests to be abused in the streets, and there were even cases of boys converted to the Catholic faith being expelled from just those famous Anglican establishments now so eager to recruit Catholics. When the
independent Catholic day schools, but they are not within easy reach of all Catholic families. The Catholic minority is therefore looking to day schools, or else to weekly boarding, where once boarding would have been their natural expectation. There are good and idealistic young Christians coming from these schools. Commonly, at GCSE level, religious teaching is squeezed out altogether. Moral education is dealt with in the context of a personal and social education programme, and the clear witness of traditional Christian morality is lost in a world where tolerance may come to seem the supreme social value.

But nor are they the norm. Ironically, at the very time that religious ideals are vanishing from these schools, Catholics are joining them. Parents also want to retain close contact with their children, and are often therefore looking to day schools, or else to weekly boarding, where once boarding would have been their natural expectation. There are good independent Catholic day schools, but they are not within easy reach of all Catholic families. The Catholic minority is scattered, and relatively few families are within easy reach of a Catholic independent day school such as St Benet’s, Ealing, St Bede’s, Manchester or St Aloysius, Glasgow. Even in the Catholic maintained sector, such form education is not always easily within reach. Equally, for boarding, the Catholic family may well have to travel further than otherwise they might if they want a Catholic school. Less publicised points are equally significant: boarding schools are expensive, even if they are excellent value for money, and that has been a consideration, especially in times of financial uncertainty and job insecurity. These are difficulties which have been faced by all sorts of boarding schools, non-Catholic as much as Catholic.

There is the possibility that in a gender social climate, and a more confused religious one, the Catholic minority is less clear about its religious priorities. Among some liberal-minded Catholics, there has been a readiness for intercommunion with other Churches (in breach of Catholic discipline) which would have been unthinkable not long ago, and which some Anglicans have been only too eager to encourage. At one Anglican school, Catholics are obliged to attend chapel. They cannot justifiably complain that the school maintains this strong tradition of corporate worship. But some at least also receive communion.

Taken together, it may be suggested that these developments do not reflect the considered and principled ecumenism of the Vatican Council and the Anglican-Roman Catholic International Commission, but a shallow and sentimental approach to the Church, and the impact of the secularising forces of our society. Minorities unsure of their identity tend to conform to the norms of the majority. It is uncomfortable and certainly inconvenient to do otherwise, and possibly socially advantageous to conform as it always has been. One southern Catholic Head was heard to murmur, when distance and difficulty of access to Catholic schools was adumbrated as a reason for choice of a non-Catholic alternative, that for some parents one hundred yards represented an access problem. Yet if Catholicism has been adversely affected by current trends, in spite of the marked respect of secular Britain for the Cardinal, so even more so has Anglicanism.

In some schools of Anglican foundation, faithful Anglicans and other Christian school teachers may find themselves almost isolated, with at best most parents reckoning no more than that some regular exposure to worship will do no harm, not that they themselves would frequently darken Church doors. This situation is especially pointed in boarding schools, which profess more than others to offer a coherent society. But in many non-Catholic schools, day or boarding, religion is a marginal event. Rare is the Anglican school which has all its pupils in chapel on a Sunday. Let us be clear what that means. Even where there is a chaplain, little is done to teach theology, except to a few volunteers, and that applies also to Catholic children in these schools. Commonly, at GCSE level, religious teaching is squeezed out altogether. Moral education is dealt with in the context of a personal and social education programme, and the clear witness of traditional Christian morality is lost in a world where tolerance may come to seem the supreme social value, and the right to choose the prime personal measure of the moral. Of course there are teachers who hold to traditional standards, but they are not the norm. And there are good and idealistic young Christians coming from these schools. But nor are they the norm. Ironically, at the very time that religious ideals are vanishing from these schools, Catholics are joining them.

Even so, success for Catholic schools is possible. There is a future. Like all futures, it is conditional. Long term planning in business looks three years ahead. We cannot look much further. But we can see some things clearly about our society and our schools to-day. First, the want of the spiritual is palpable. Our parents are more serious about it than ever before, and it is the first and foundation reason for the choice of a Catholic school. The condition attached is that we who live and work in Catholic schools, monks, religious, sisters, laity, ever renew our own spiritual lives. Knowing ourselves as we do, with our frailties and failings, that is a continuing task. Then the Catholic see, the Catholic thing, with its clear vision of fullness and wholeness of life will itself
exercise its attractive power. The statistics about present secularisation tell us what is currently fashionable, not what is true. Secondly, we can and do compete successfully on the academic and extra-curricular front. The condition for the future is that we must invest in expertise and facilities, and ensure that our management is professional and determined. Thirdly, a Catholic school must provide levels of theological and moral teaching appropriate to the abilities of its pupils. The condition attached is obvious: we must ourselves take theology seriously, and we must provide within the curriculum space for it, and we must train teachers to teach it.

Our future therefore lies first in the building up of each Catholic independent school, to achieve excellence in its field. Some 50,000 children depend on us now for that. But we can look a little further. There is a place for the Catholic Independent Schools Conference to provide mutual encouragement and practical support. It will not replace the professional conferences, but it will provide a focus for Catholic concerns, and a source for information about Catholic independent education. Even more important should be the mutual support between Catholic schools. That is quite difficult, because good Heads and good teachers are extremely busy within their own schools. There are two areas in which Catholic independent and maintained schools can most obviously cooperate. First, the government’s new partnership scheme should be exploited and developed. There are some possibilities here, though it does not begin to outweigh the damage done by the destruction of the Assisted Places Scheme. Secondly, we should cooperate in the education of Catholic teachers. We must have enough highly qualified Catholic teachers, and enough Catholic teachers in senior posts. The school-centred initial teacher training scheme at Douay Martyrs School in the Westminster diocese is an encouraging model.

These are small steps, but worthwhile. There is a further, fundamental, message, which applies equally to Catholic independent and maintained schools. It is that their future is bound up inextricably with the future of the Church in England. Anyone with a slight knowledge of Church History knows that there are whole Churches in the past which have failed and disappeared. There are other Churches which remain tiny minorities in a hostile or alien society. What will be our future depends at least somewhat on society’s development as well as on our own renewal of spirituality: it is possible that our schools will diminish with the numbers of Catholic Christians. But it is also possible that they will be among the agents for a continued social presence of the Church, as something more than a shrunken minority. All over Central and Eastern Europe, there is now an intense effort to found Christian schools in these newly free societies. Some of those schools are independent of the state, and in places where the state’s claim to omniscience was so disastrously corrupting, it may be easier to see the value of fully independent institutions in the formation of a renewed civil society, and in contributing to the future of the Church.
Genetic engineering carries with it a myth of omnipotence. It is talked about in wild language. The appearance a few years ago of Dolly the cloned sheep set people looking at friends and relations in a new light. We are told that a cloned human being is only a year away; start planning now. It is not surprising that media presentation of the issues has rarely risen above such silly jokes. For genetic engineering (also called genetic manipulation, or, for real cognoscenti, recombinant DNA technology) is very clever and very complex. It lies beyond the understanding of all but a few highly trained individuals. Many of us are now accustomed to computer technology even if the physics and maths behind it remains mercifully obscure. Genetic engineering is not so domesticated, and never will be.

This makes it very dangerous, because we tend to believe what we are told. You may recall the chaos in British agriculture caused by Mrs Currie’s announcement that most eggs produced were now full of salmonella. Exasperated by the muddle of BSE, we defy bans on beef on the bone, but because we like beef, not because we have an informed scientific dissent from any or all of the contradictory official scientific advice. The consumer has become cynical about statements that ‘there is no evidence of any risk.’ We are disinclined to become such evidence ourselves, but on the other hand, there is nothing else to eat. Good news tastes better than bad, and is swallowed so much more easily.

In the same way, most people are confused about genetic engineering. It sounds so good, that it might be too good. We have the technology; what are we to do with it? What benefits are held out? The sky is the limit. Genes are, after all, something to do with the basic code of life. You have your mother’s eyes, your father’s ears, and your own way of doing things. Jessica Rabbit, Roger’s girlfriend in the hit cartoon film says at one point; ‘I can’t help being bad. I’m just drawn that way.’ It is easy to find sensational stories. Identical twins, separated ever since birth, have been known to come to a researcher’s interview where they meet for the first time wearing identical shirts. Coincidence? Probably, except that their own children had first names in common. Genes are power, of life and death, binding and loosing.
The Catch?

Sheep genetically altered to produce the protein alpha-1 antitrypsin in their soya bean, tobacco (maybe not so good) and, of course, tomatoes. Benefits go far beyond more, cheaper or better-looking food. Agricultural products are of use in industry and elsewhere. For about $1 million you can make a flock of sheep genetically altered to produce the protein alpha-1 antitrypsin in their milk, to treat emphysema. Amgen, a Canadian company, can now design and make chickens that will lay eggs containing otherwise expensive drugs instead of the usual proteins. And silkworm caterpillars can be made that produce human insulin. Against this, producing cattle breeds that grow faster and produce more milk, or more woolly sheep seems child's play.

In agriculture, there has been much noise recently about genetically modified tomatoes. Instead of the small taste-free tomatoes which grace British supermarkets, American citizens have access to genetically produced large taste-free tomatoes. If the company producing them reads that, I will be sued. Why? Because genetically modified organisms (GMO's) are big business; the right patent is a licence to print money. The US market for enzymes, essential catalysts for most of the processes within living things, was estimated in 1985 at $500 million. We can make plants that are tolerant of herbicides; which means you can blitz the field with chemicals that kill anything else. To deal with insects and other pests, we can make the plants indigestible to them. Or, going one better, we can make plants that grow their own insecticide, Bacillus thuringensis. The necessary gene has been successfully put into corn, cotton, soya bean, tobacco (maybe not so good) and, of course, tomatoes. Benefits go far beyond more, cheaper or better-looking food. Agricultural products are of use in industry and elsewhere. For about $1 million you can make a flock of sheep genetically altered to produce the protein alpha-1 antitrypsin in their milk, to treat emphysema. Amgen, a Canadian company, can now design and make chickens that will lay eggs containing otherwise expensive drugs instead of the usual proteins. And silkworm caterpillars can be made that produce human insulin. Against this, producing cattle breeds that grow faster and produce more milk, or more woolly sheep seems child's play.

The Stakes

Maybe that is going too far. But it is impossible not to go too far. Disregarding the popular desire to engineer a consistently successful national cricket team, the positive results already achieved are immense, and more widespread than you might think. Pharmacotherapy is being revolutionised. For some years, micro-organisms have been used to produce antibiotics. But now, we can 'program' the bugs to produce other useful chemicals. Inserting mammalian genes into bacteria can cause them to produce insulin, so vital for diabetics, growth hormones, and blood-clotting proteins needed by haemophiliacs. Research using the same techniques has produced a hitherto impossible Hepatitis B vaccine, and is finding many clues to vaccines for malaria and AIDS. The point is the micro-organisms can produce drugs and so on at a rate and cost that makes them realistically available to many more people.

In agriculture, there has been much noise recently about genetically modified tomatoes. Instead of the small taste-free tomatoes which grace British supermarkets, American citizens have access to genetically produced large taste-free tomatoes. If the company producing them reads that, I will be sued. Why? Because genetically modified organisms (GMO's) are big business; the right patent is a licence to print money. The US market for enzymes, essential catalysts for most of the processes within living things, was estimated in 1985 at $500 million. We can make plants that are tolerant of herbicides; which means you can blitz the field with chemicals that kill anything else. To deal with insects and other pests, we can make the plants indigestible to them. Or, going one better, we can make plants that grow their own insecticide, Bacillus thuringensis. The necessary gene has been successfully put into corn, cotton, soya bean, tobacco (maybe not so good) and, of course, tomatoes. Benefits go far beyond more, cheaper or better-looking food. Agricultural products are of use in industry and elsewhere. For about $1 million you can make a flock of sheep genetically altered to produce the protein alpha-1 antitrypsin in their milk, to treat emphysema. Amgen, a Canadian company, can now design and make chickens that will lay eggs containing otherwise expensive drugs instead of the usual proteins. And silkworm caterpillars can be made that produce human insulin. Against this, producing cattle breeds that grow faster and produce more milk, or more woolly sheep seems child's play.

The Catch?

Hold on a minute. Surely our delight at the new world being made around us should be tempered with apprehension. Leaving aside scientific risks of the world being taken over by giant taste-free tomatoes after humans have succumbed to unforeseen consequences of eating insecticide bearing soya beans, there are other issues at stake. In particular, a Christian might pause at the repeated use of the phrase 'we can make'. Are we inviting our own nemesis, as we try to play God, to eat once more of the forbidden tree? Here, the ground becomes uneven, and the way ahead very hard to see. We can be cushioned with by absurdities for a while, but the power now in our hands forces some very uncomfortable questions about who and what we are. The Italian psychologist Luigi Zoja has identified a discomfort at the heart of Western technological civilization:

Progress today is so swift that we constantly exploit its recent innovations without having been able to establish any profound connection with the culture from which it derives . . . Technological civilization forswears the celebration of its triumph not only because of its loss of access to the elevated planes of mythic language, but also because it harbours doubts and feelings of guilt about the meaning of its achievements. The achievements of Western mankind are even more experienced as a victory over the men of other civilizations; they seem instead to represent the general defeat of men by things. (Growth and Guilt, p 5).

There are two distinct points here. First is the rate of growth of scientific possibilities. This has to some extent outstripped our ability to describe, interpret and evaluate. For example, is it correct to say, as the law does at present, that Kathy and Bill have parental rights over Sam, despite the fact that Sam grew from donated sperm and a donated ovum in a surrogate womb? We have little in the way of concepts and vocabulary that can decide this issue on the level of ethics. But it is real; it certainly matters to all the people involved. We are in important senses not yet old enough to play with our toys. Yet there they are. These techniques and their possible extensions go far beyond what is 'natural'. Or do they? What is natural? Here, the first point merges with the second. Do we have the right to do these things? The Catholic Church is quite clear on in vitro fertilization; we don't. But that is a minority view. What is so un-natural that we cannot do it? Is not paracetamol un-natural in some sense? Invasive operations such as tonsillectomies are strange violent actions, from one point of view. How can we find a difference between drinking tea and manufacturing whole new species; or how do we find that there is no difference?

Maybe you know the answer to these questions. But I certainly do not. Perhaps we cannot know; 'some claim that our scientific understanding has already outstripped our powers of moral comparison' (Reiss and Straughen, Improving Nature, p 7). The aim of this article is simply to sketch out some of the ethical issues raised by genetic engineering. Excluded from consideration is human genetics. Once one talks about manipulating human genes, the problems become yet more complex and more emotive. We have to start talking about genetic counselling and therapeutic abortions. Most people accept quite a high degree of exploitation of animals and plants, much of it far from benign. We shall take that as granted, and look just at the specific GMO issues. Having shown briefly what is at stake, I will describe some of the science, both because it is interesting and (in the important sense) beautiful in itself, and also as an aid to evaluating it. Much of it is condensed from the excellent treatment by Reiss and Straughen just cited. Professionals are asked to bear this in mind and take pity on simplifications. The story of the growth of genetic science is expertly told by Susan Aldridge in her The Thread of Life.
What Is It?

In the late eighteenth to early nineteenth centuries there was some highly principled opposition to steam trains. This did not come from people who foresaw the evolutionary disadvantages of encouraging train-spotters, but from popular science. It was thought by some, and the stage coach companies did nothing to challenge the view, that travel above a certain speed was harmful to human life. Perhaps in a hundred years or so, they will look back on the early days of recombinant DNA technology and wonder what all the fuss was about. Perhaps not. But a little genuine science cannot do much harm. I will use human examples to make things more clear.

The basic building block of life is the cell. All plants and animals are made of many of these, in many different types. There are many living things that are single cell. They are so called because they reminded their discoverer, Robert Hooke (1635–1703) of monastic cells; they were self-contained little structures, with fixed boundaries, and a few simple internal features that supply all the cell’s needs. Be that as it may, a typical adult human being is a co-operative enterprise between about ten thousand thousand million (that’s 10,000,000,000,000) cells. As observed, in addition to a membrane and wall, the cell has an internal structure. This varies slightly between life forms, but essentially consists of a nucleus containing long structures called chromosomes (because they show up nicely in colours when dyed). Human cell nuclei mostly contain 46 chromosomes.

For as many years as there have been extra-marital relations, humans have been aware that traits are passed on to children by their parents. This can promote lively discussion in any family as to who the child takes after (usually mother if good, father if naughty). Early this century, it was suggested that the chromosomes might somehow encode this information, and in 1944 Oswald Avery demonstrated it is carried by the nucleic acids of the chromosomes. The second, and more famous, breakthrough came with Crick and Watson’s description of the structure of one of these, deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) in 1953. DNA, once pinned down, was found to have quite a simple composition, based on different configurations of blocks consisting of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen atoms. There are four configurations, arranged into groups of three. It is rather like the alphabet, which enables you to decode this page. DNA is written in an alphabet of four letters, with words three letters long. From that information, the sperm and ovum combine to build the 10,000,000 million cell masterpiece that is you or me. The characteristics of the child arise from the combination of all these genes. Some are dominant, and some are recessive. Which one wins if, for example, the father is tall and the mother is short, depends on this interrelation and other factors.

So what does the DNA do to work this miracle? Essentially, it controls the cell’s manufacture of other chemicals, mainly proteins. The type of protein produced, how much, and when, is controlled by the DNA chain (actually a double helix); since the chemicals produced take their structure off different parts of the chain, a bit like moulds shaping clay, or icing or jelly. Important products are the enzymes, already mentioned, that stimulate and control the chemical reactions that add up to processes as distinct, though perhaps connected, as digesting lunch, reading the Journal, and falling asleep. Two other proteins, of thousands, are haemoglobin, which carries oxygen around in the blood, and various antibodies that protect us from invading micro-organisms which make us ill.

Although so well-ordered, none of this is set in stone. The organism can change, as the DNA structure mutates. This can happen in a number of ways. It can be advantageous, in that one ends up with a more viable cell or organism, or it can be disadvantageous or even disastrous. Little creatures in the ancient ocean grew, became more complex, started to live on land, and eventually became Benedictine monks. In evolutionary terms, most mutations are discarded by natural processes of selection. But the successful ones, over a long period of time, become the norm. Thus homo sapiens sapiens won out over homo sapiens neanderthalis; dinosaurs died out or became birds. The genetic changes are very small, but have huge effect. Human DNA has about three thousand million ‘words’ in the instructions for each cell. But the replacement of just one causes sickle cell anaemia, which is a serious, and often fatal, condition. When the mutation occurs on the chromosome level, with the sperm or ovum cells having the wrong number of chromosomes, the result tends to be a natural miscarriage, because a living human cannot be built out of the information available. There is one well-known case, however, where life is possible, since an extra copy of chromosome 21 results in Down’s syndrome.

Genetic engineering is simply causing a predicted mutation to bring about a desired result. We change the DNA of a cell, to make it produce a slightly different set of proteins. Various instances have already been mentioned. Two typical aims are, to persuade a bacterium to produce human insulin, and to enable a crop plant usually hostile to salty conditions to acquire the ability of a different plant to produce the proteins necessary to growth near to the sea. There are two techniques, one involving the use of a ‘vector’, and the other more direct. Each involve crossing the well-defended boundary of the target cell. The simplest, vector-less method is to fire desired sections of DNA at a cell, mixed up with tiny fragments of tungsten. The latter break through the cell wall, and allow the substituted strand into the nucleus. Primitive and not always very effective. More sophisticated is electroporation by which a suitable electric field affects the cell membranes so that the new DNA can penetrate. A vector method, on the other hand, works by a process of infection, using bacteria or viruses as carriers of DNA. The desired genetic material is extracted from the donor species, placed into the vector species, which then infects the species to be engineered so that the required material is passed on. This obviously involves chemical aspects of infection that we must take for granted here.
Is It Safe?

Genetically modified organisms have entered the field of public ethics because it is now suggested that we should eat them. This causes an understandable, and justified, degree of apprehension. Hopefully, an understanding of the processes involved can lighten this a little. But that leaves the impression that we are dealing with highly sophisticated technology, not entirely founded in scientific knowledge. It might seem that there are too many ‘dunno’ statements in the governmental and corporate assurances. The public well remembers how safe thalidomide was thought to be, and how safe it actually was.

Genetic engineering, however, is on a larger scale by far. It is held out as the solution to Third World starvation, as high-yielding crops that grow in the most surprising places can be produced and propagated. Medicines and vaccines can banish intractable illnesses into the land of memory, where they will join smallpox and others. Or does this hide for us those deep and nasty questions about life and death. Why do we want so much to banish disease? Why resort to technology when we already can produce enough food for everyone, but do not distribute it? Does not biotechnology simply continue the trend of reducing the earth’s diversity into a few useful plant species? How much risk should we accept in the eternal quest for tomatoes with taste?

If the distinction made earlier is accepted, then one may say that we are simply not able to answer these questions. It has all happened so fast that it will be some time before we have grown alongside our possibilities. This has happened before. We have now the irony of the inhabitants of Europe, who have destroyed most of their natural forest, attempting to stop those of South America from destroying theirs. The discovery that commercial exploitation will eventually result in not enough for anyone has begun to take hold. But there is a long way to go.

Exactly the same can be said with regard to the issue of safety. This is why the BSE issue has been such a muddle. We now spend a fortune trying to reduce to zero a risk smaller than those we blithely ignore, such as crossing the road. Sympathy for those who suffer quite rightly drives an attempt to understand and eradicate the condition, but our culture makes the question of relative value un-decidable. We might say that no food, GMO or otherwise, should be on the shelf unless it is 100% safe. But we would get very thin.

In conclusion, we can say that the matter comes to a head over the question of what is ‘natural’. A genetic engineer might claim that all he or she is doing is accelerating a natural process. Humans have been practicing a crude form of genetic engineering since the first dogs were domesticated around 10,000 BC. We have developed strains of cattle, sheep, wheat, and even of each other as we have assessed possible mates. It can take several years to develop a new crop strain by sexual reproduction. Genetic engineering merely bypasses the intermediate stages. As such, it is no different, and no more or less dangerous, than what we have done or mis-done for years. To cry stop is simply to refuse to progress further along an obvious line of development. Such a view is widespread and disingenuous. By and large, the interesting GMO’s come from putting the genes of one species into another. We put human genes into pigs, and bacterial genes into plants. This cannot happen in nature. Sexual reproduction cannot occur between distinct species (since that is the definition of a species), and so the required DNA complexes are not natural. Genetic change has come about by human selection and breeding, but it has taken centuries within which the plant or animal adapts to the environment and vice versa. We have also done it only with easy and obvious organisms, which means very few. But as Reiss and Straughan comment:

Genetic engineering is far more ambitious. It seeks to change not only the species that provide us with food and drink, but also those involved in sewage disposal, pollution control and drug production. It also seeks to create microorganisms, plants and animals that can make human products, such as insulin, and even, possibly, to change the genetic make-up of humans.

But that is another story, to be pursued at another time.

The title quotation is by Bernard HOOSE, writing in The Way, vol 35.
COMMUNITY NOTES

We ask prayers for the members of the Community who have died recently: Fr Gregory O'Brien (10 November 1998), Fr Philip Holdsworth (31 December) and Fr Leonard Jackson (23 February 1999).

FR GREGORY O'BRIEN

Gregory was twenty-three when he first arrived in the valley at Ampleforth. His first view was from the other side, looking across to the Abbey from Gilling Castle, where he came to fill a teaching post in the old Prep School. As a Preparatory School, Gilling in those days was an oddity, having no top forms; they were separate in the old Junior House; so it was very little boys below the age of eleven that he came to teach as assistant to the monks who were working there. It wasn't exactly his vocation; he hadn't been trained for it, but it seemed to suit him; he stayed for five years and was becoming an institution there; when one day he had a conversation over in the Abbey with one of the monks, Fr Luke Rigby, who was later to be the first Procurator of St Louis Abbey and later Abbot. It was a light-hearted conversation at first, but the mere fact that it happened on the other side of the valley is an indication that something was stirring inside Gregory (or Paul as he was called then by his Christian name). Lay-teachers at Gilling did not normally come to know the community well; but Paul O'Brien did and had got on well enough with Fr Luke to fall into a chance conversation in which he tossed off the light-hearted comment that the monks at Ampleforth seemed to him to have quite a 'cushy' life. Paul came from Lancashire, where they say what they think, and so he was well able to understand the brief and direct reply he received: 'Well, if you think the life is so easy, why don't you try it and find out?' Unexpectedly to both it then, as so often, a catalyst was needed to reveal his monastic vocation, even to himself.

Lay-teachers at Gilling did not normally come to know the community well; but Paul O'Brien did and had got on well enough with Fr Luke to fall into a chance conversation in which he tossed off the light-hearted comment that the monks at Ampleforth seemed to him to have quite a 'cushy' life. Paul came from Lancashire, where they say what they think, and so he was well able to understand the brief and direct reply he received: 'Well, if you think the life is so easy, why don't you try it and find out?' Unexpectedly to both it then, as so often, a catalyst was needed to reveal his monastic vocation, even to himself.

Vocation — the call of Christ, the imperative from within, where the Spirit dwells in the hearts of the baptised, which counters and, when listened to, shatters our comfortable fantasy that we belong to ourselves. At the moment of that little exchange with Fr Luke, Gregory was no stranger to the gospel idea of vocation. He grew up in Liverpool in a strongly united Catholic family. His parents took in their stride the idea that he had a vocation to the priesthood when he was a schoolboy of fifteen at St Francis Xavier's College. They readily agreed to his transfer to Upholland, where his sixth form work and the ambience of prayer and dedication would be itself a preparation for the seminary. In 1938 he was received into the seminary where he completed two years of study in Philosophy and two further years in Theology on his way to the priesthood. He even (as was common at this stage in war-time) received the tonsure, which made him a 'cleric' in canon law and seemed to confirm his personal dedication to the ministry of the priesthood. His seven years in Upholland in school and seminary against the background of the confident Catholicism of Liverpool of the time left a deep mark of positive formation which Gregory never lost. His life seemed set for the pastoral ministry as a diocesan priest which he loved. Then the dream came to an end with the shock of separation. He was advised, for reasons which remained obscure to him, not to seek perseverence to the major orders. His response was sadness at a mysterious decision; he accepted both the decision and the sadness without taking refuge in bitterness or rebellion, and sought a new way of approaching life. In the due course it took him to Gilling Castle; it began to look as though he must find through teaching, as many others do, the God he sought to serve.

However that early vision of dedicating his life to God as a priest had not entirely evaporated. What Fr Luke's challenge discovered deep inside him was that the hope he thought dead was still living; disappointment had overlaid but had not extinguished it. Here, after all, might be another way — the one God really intended — of finding the path for him to the priesthood he loved so much. If the demanding responsibility which rests on the diocesan clergy was not for him, then perhaps in the strength of Benedictine community life he might yet find a role to fulfil. He went to talk about it to Abbot Herbert Byrne, who understood, Abbot Herbert's time as a parish priest in Liverpool, which had meant so much to him before he became Abbot, enabled him to empathise with the young laymaster from Gilling. He not only understood but encouraged Paul to seek God and give himself also to the priesthood as a Benedictine. And so in 1950 he received the habit and the name of Gregory at the hands of Abbot Herbert. This second attempt to find the outer expression of his inner conviction was blessed. He made his profession and after further study was ordained priest in 1957.

After that it must have been interesting when the Abbot sent him back to Gilling to pick up as a monk the teaching he had begun as a layman. He had another four years there teaching the little boys but there was a welcome new outlet for his deep pastoral instincts when he was given charge of the mass centre in the chapel in Gilling village. There was one dramatic, unforgettable occasion during his time of teaching at Gilling when he went swimming one day in the lake and sank to the bottom. He lay there unconscious and apparently drowned, until Fr Piers single-handedly found him and brought him to the surface. It was an experience mysterious and awe-inspiring in itself which, in a more pious age, would have needed only a slight touch of myth-
making imagination to emerge as a miracle. Fr Gregory recovered quickly and began to wonder—or rather to say that he wondered—whether Fr Piers' intervention had really been worth it, but that was only his way of expressing the self-doubt that so often hung over him.

A more positive and God-centred answer began to unfold when he was sent to Leyland as assistant in 1964. There he could at last really give himself to pastoral work (he never did abandon entirely the vision which took him originally to Upholland) while he lived in a close and small community which included Abbot Herbert in his old age. One of Fr Gregory's gifts was that he was a really good mimic. Abbot Herbert was a good subject and after a time there was little he had said, or might have said, that was not safely preserved in Fr Gregory's cherished and ever-growing repertoire. The presage of gloom that haunted Abbot Herbert's more memorable remarks and the humour that lightened them and made them tolerable appealed to Fr Gregory. As time went on, imitating Abbot Herbert became second nature to him and in the end he was often giving an 'Abbot Herbert' performance even without realising it. His preaching tended to be an HKB performance mutated by his own personality and delivered with a touch of self-mocking humour. It was quite genuine and sincere, and he had learnt the self-mocking also from Abbot Herbert. That is significant; it was his great escape from the self-doubt and self-distrust, which haunted him. Gregory had a titanic struggle with his temperament; it made for difficulties with his brethren—creative difficulties, as St Benedict with insight that transcended the centuries would have called them in line with RB ch 73. Abbot Herbert understood his struggle, even when perplexed by it, and helped him, more by being himself than anything else, when no-one else could. Fr Gregory's mimicry was not satire; it was an act of relief and gratitude. It was more than that; it was a way into a new confidence tinged—ever more strongly—with the holiness of his model. No-one was ever so enriched by an alter ego.

Fr Gregory seemed to carry his whole life with him into old age, just as his room became a museum of everything he had acquired on the way. And so it was that more and more on our parishes he found fulfilment of his early desire for pastoral work and responsibility. His devotion to Our Lady at Lourdes was a sign and inspiration; it was with parishioners and fellow pilgrims that he loved to go there often to pray. He really did love to make himself available to the faithful and to share their problems and pray for them.

Fr Gregory's contribution to ecumenical work on our parishes was undramatic but deep and strong in understanding. While he was at Workington a really deep friendship grew between him and Keith Hutchinson who was Rector of Workington. They came to understand each other in a way which made many other ecumenical initiatives look pale. This friendship was deeply valued by Gregory. It continued and grew when Fr Gregory moved to Warrington and then back to the Abbey. It was a special joy to both, when Keith became a Catholic and was accepted for the diocese of Middlesbrough and appointed as parish priest to Pickering. Fr Gregory himself would have liked to be in charge of a parish and had one important experience during a period as acting PP in Cardiff. He himself saw this experience as a watershed in which he took delight in responding to the people and they to him. When it was over and he had manifestly done a difficult job well, he was encouraged, fulfilled and calm in facing the prospect of retirement to the Abbey because of his health. Still from the Abbey he was able to do some pastoral work, notably at Easingwold and as acting chaplain to RAF Leeming and there was a new and valued dimension through getting to know some of the younger monks, which he greatly valued.

The beauty of Fr Gregory's old age (and it was a beautiful transformation for those who knew him well in earlier days) arose from the gradual reconciliation, which is always exclusively the work of grace, in the struggles he faced successfully in his own temperament and in the sometimes apparently discordant ideals to which he had dedicated his life—his zeal for pastoral involvement and his no less genuine instinct for quiet and stability, monastic fuga mundi, contemplation. He found a new interest in photography—at least it was new in its inspiration during his last years. He had much latent artistic ability, which from Gilling days had found expression in handwriting and lettering. Now he began to pour his devotion to people and places and to Ampleforth into his carefully chosen photographs. The one, for instance, of the Abbey Church, which was made into a postcard, says as much about Fr Gregory in the light of his own life as it does about the Abbey Church.

In his last few years he was back in the heart of community life gradually, as illness encroached, receding into the monastic infirmary. It had been good to choose the strength of community. He enjoyed the contact with younger monks and owed much to them as well as to Mary and Heather, who nursed him. His illness was not disabling but it was prolonged and often tested his confidence. His strong faith which had in fact shaped his life was equal to the test as in the end the summons came unexpectedly. May his faith be fulfilled in peace.
David Holdsworth was born in Feltham, Middlesex in 1921. The earliest information we can find of him is his painting his little sister with lead paint so as to make her a more convincing Red Indian. She survived. He was sent to school at Ampleforth at the age of fourteen, and came to St Cuthbert's House. A scholar rather than a sportsman, he nevertheless followed the Ampleforth Beagles for the next thirty years. There is no reason to suppose that Fr Sebastian appointed House sacristans because of their piety, but he performed this office before applying to enter the monastery on leaving school in July 1939.

By the time he received the habit as Br Philip two months later, war had begun. We need not suppose he had already acquired the suspicion of armed conflict that characterised his mature years. Perhaps for a pious young man a life of prayer was a reasonable response to what must have seemed a struggle between good and evil. Within three years he was at Oxford studying classics and philosophy, followed by a theology course with the Dominicans at Blackfriars. He was ordained priest in 1949 and the following year returned to Ampleforth. After eight years away studying he may have felt that a gulf had grown up between himself and some of his contemporaries. They were well established in their teaching — the real world — while he brought with him a variety of unshared thoughts and ideals.

At once Philip was asked to edit the Ampleforth Journal which he did for the next twelve years, from 1950 until he moved to Warrington in 1962. The issues of that period show a characteristic balance, with an avoidance of any strong or disturbing statements, but with a wide variety of often deeply considered articles. He was not infrequently short of an item: he would then take the chance to introduce a new element into the two or three articles which then were the customary fare. He wrote only one Editorial, on the occasion of the proclamation of the dogma of Our Lady's Assumption, but it was typically even-handed, yet penetrating the issues and bringing out theological elements which do not look out of place nearly half a century (and one whole council) later. It reinforces the impression that his was a quiet but extremely able mind, engendered no doubt at Blackfriars. Monastic renewal, Liturgical renewal, the Peace Movement: all engaged his interest and loyalty. His love of truth was not cold and academic, but demanded engagement in the pursuit of justice. 'God is revealed wherever there is love', he once wrote, 'but injustice in all its forms excludes love and in that case God is not revealed.' His stand on principal could be on minor points, as when he refused to celebrate the Easter Vigil at a convent until the Reverend Mother had rustled up the required number of altar servers. It could be the action of a gad-fly: when a parent complained that Philip was wearing a 'Ban-the-Bomb' badge at Exhibition, the Headmaster was driven to say, 'Madam, you can't believe all you see'. But there was no doubt in his own mind that such awkward questioning about matters of justice, witnessed to by his participation in the Aldermaston Marches, contributed to his being asked to move to Warrington in 1962.

He had already looked after the parish of Helmsley in the mid-fifties, but this transplanting to an industrial town must have changed Philip's view of things. Perhaps he was never fully immersed in the everyday concerns of parish life, but he became deeply engaged with schools and with the young. His warmth and personal interest, and his idealistic questioning must have struck sparks in young minds especially during the sixties. When he came to be a parish priest in 1974, the parish house became a meeting place for the young. But individuals of all ages recognised in him someone whose practical concern transcended the petty legalism in which they had so often been brought up. His widespread contact with the female sex encouraged him to develop the affectionate side of his nature, which had always been present, and multiplied his circle of friends. But his concern for justice never waned — he took an active interest in the movement for the ordination of women — it was others that explanation and discussion of the ideas involved in considering Mary as what is called Co-redemptrix. In this Philip kept clearly in view both accurate Catholic theology, and the importance of keeping in touch with the thinking of the Church, and an awareness of the wider implications and insights into our Lady's role which have remained at the front of theology to our own day. Characteristically, Philip cautions against excess, but equally makes us attend to the validity implied even in some apparently overstated views. And perhaps lurking behind this — for two of his three statements concern Mary — lies that sympathy for woman, and devotion to the mother of God, whose roots perhaps lie deep in a family past.

At the same time he taught classics in the school and soon was teaching theology and then philosophy to the student monks. He may not have been a brilliant teacher, though anyone with the desire to learn would find in him a sharp mind and a willingness to exchange and explore ideas. What came across to all was his concern for his students as people. He was never condescending to the less clever and the little group of boys he gathered in the Lady Chapel to say the rosary during May were drawn by his talent for friendship which communicated his devotion to Mary.

All through the fifties Philip continued to develop that independence of mind engendered no doubt at Blackfriars. Monastic renewal, Liturgical renewal, the Peace Movement: all engaged his interest and loyalty. His love of truth was not cold and academic, but demanded engagement in the pursuit of justice. 'God is revealed wherever there is love', he once wrote, 'but injustice in all its forms excludes love and in that case God is not revealed.' His stand on principal could be on minor points, as when he refused to celebrate the Easter Vigil at a convent until the Reverend Mother had rustled up the required number of altar servers. It could be the action of a gad-fly: when a parent complained that Philip was wearing a 'Ban-the-Bomb' badge at Exhibition, the Headmaster was driven to say, 'Madam, you can't believe all you see'. But there was no doubt in his own mind that such awkward questioning about matters of justice, witnessed to by his participation in the Aldermaston Marches, contributed to his being asked to move to Warrington in 1962.

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came round to his way of seeing things. By 1972 he was a member of the Bishops' Commission for International Justice and Peace. In 1979 he became one of the Abbot's Counsellors. In 1980 on the death of Fr James Forbes, he was made Master of St Benet's Hall.

The seventies had seen a marked decline in vocations to monastic houses in Britain, so that Philip took charge of a Hall with no monk undergraduates. A small group of priests maintained the monastic character of the house. Over the next eight years he gradually filled St Benet's with monks or other religious. This was not just a question of filling beds, or choir-stalls, but of ensuring that a disparate group of young monks lived together as a community. A combination of gentle concern, a readiness not to impose unduly on other people, and a complete faithfulness to the monastic way of life went a long way to bringing this about. As one of his students said, we knew that he would be in church without fail and we were expected to do the same. He avoided the flashier side of Oxford life yet he exerted considerable quiet influence. Many came to see and consult him. He also played a significant part in developing the Oxford Diploma in Theology, a course given by the University for non-degree students and which had a wide ecumenical input.

And then he fell ill. It was as if his task was complete. St Benet's was a monastic house again. Even the nuclear bombers down the road at Greenham Common, where he had given the women's camps so much support, were being withdrawn. For three years Philip was parish priest at Workington where he presided over the parish at the same time as delegating much to his assistants. It has been said of him that he could always be relied on to give sound advice in matters spiritual or practical.

Finally his strength gave out and he returned to the Abbey. These last six years show Philip as the monk he had always been. Faithful to prayer, private and in choir, he struggled against avarice and self-indulgence. He had always been a man of obedience: even when he had defended himself to a ruling the abbot made. Now he accepted his illness without complaint as the will of God.

In his stronger moments he continued to show interest in things of the mind, as well as in what he saw as the struggle to keep the Church faithful to the Reforms of Vatican II. He drew much comfort from the support of his sister Mary, to whom he remained as always the one he loved most. The Abbey was a place of great peace for him. It was nearly thirty years since he had returned from the desert and now that he was approached by death, he meditated on the Master's words: 'I am the resurrection and the life; he who believes in me will live, even if he dies; and whoever lives and believes in me will never die.'

His body was buried in the vault outside the Abbey Church. What better place for a monk awaiting the renewal of the resurrection?

Everyone had to come to terms with two things about Fr Leonard Jackson: his skeletal constitution and his unwavering Lancastrian realism. 'Who is that monk', a visitor once asked me, 'looking as though he has just emerged from the desert?' As a boy and into old age he was always like that. In Lancashire-speak he was 'skin and bones'; people used to worry about it but only one attempt was made to change it. That was at the end of Hitler's war when everyone knew the Abbey church was run down; but only three were thought to look fragile enough to be sent for investigation to eminent doctors, who in those days were known as 'specialists'. Two of them went to London and returned with doctor's orders for a complete rest and change. Fr Leonard went to an eminent physician in Liverpool and got from him nothing better than a reassurance that his health was fine and he could return to work, even though he did have a 'spare constitution'.

He was born in the heart of Lancashire at Newburgh in the parish of Parbold on 26 July 1918, and they baptised him 'Thomas'. Until shortly before his birth the family had lived at Lake House at Wrightington where his father, Robert Jackson, had been steward of the estate. Earlier at Wrightington the family had included, when they were boys, Leonard's uncle Cuthbert Jackson and also Edmund Matthews, after his parents had died. All three boys had been to school at Ampleforth, Cuthbert Jackson (later well known as the blind monk-priest of St Anne's Liverpool) and Edmund Matthews (later the second Abbot of Ampleforth) joined the monastery. As Leonard grew up both were familiar visitors to his home and Abbot Edmund frequently welcomed his father Robert to Ampleforth. When Gilling Castle came up for sale in 1929/30 it was Robert Jackson, as property surveyor, who assessed it for the family. They bought together with Edmund and with others, except for the very high price of the old Mass staircase — to the garden. The family preserved the story that when he returned from this exercise Leonard tried to find another bargain but was not allowed to.

He was a keen student and had already started his schooling in the Junior House. In the Upper School he had four years in St Wilfrid's under Fr Clement Hesketh until he left in 1936. They were happy years when he was always in the solid centre of loyalty and commitment without ambitions for great athletic or academic achievements. Then his great decision came. 'At the start of the summer term of 1936 I had a quite casual meeting with my uncle, Fr Cuthbert (who was at Ampleforth for the Parish Fathers' retreat) on a bench in front of the Church.' As a result he asked Abbot Edmund to accept him into
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Finally his strength gave out and he returned to the Abbey. These last six years show Philip as the monk he had always been. Faithful to prayer, private and in choir, he struggled against solitude of body and mind. He had always been a man of obedience: even when he had defended himself to a disapproving abbot in the early days of nuclear disarmament, he had made it plain that while his conscience was clear, he was ready to submit to whatever ruling the abbot made. Now he accepted his illness without complaint as the will of God.

In his stronger moments he continued to show interest in things of the mind, as well as in what he saw as the struggle to keep the Church faithful to the Reforms of Vatican II. He drew much comfort from the support of his sister Mary, to whom he remained as always the most loved, but slightly teasing elder brother. He died quietly on New Year's Eve, his rosary in his hand. Philip's ideal in life had been openness to the new, in both church and politics, without ever imposing his ideas harshly on others. He is buried in the vault outside the Abbey Church. What better place for a monk awaiting the renewal of the resurrection?

'Editorial on the Assumption' Ampleforth Journal 56 (1951) 1-3
'Monastic Mission' ibid. 63 (1958) 84-90
'Our Lady and Redemption' ibid. 64 (1959) 93-102

JBK

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Fr Leonard's father died suddenly in 1931 leaving him and his sister orphans. Of course Abbot Edmund came to the rescue and made sure that he stayed on at Ampel forth, where he had already started his schooling in the Junior House. In the Upper School he had four years in St Wilfrid's under Fr Clement Hesketh until he left in 1936. They were happy years when he was always in the solid centre of loyalty and commitment without ambitions for great athletic or academic achievements. Then his great decision came. 'At the start of the summer term of 1936 I had a quite casual meeting with my uncle, Fr Cuthbert (who was at Ampleforth for the Parish Fathers' retreat) on a bench in front of the Church.' As a result he asked Abbot Edmund to accept him into...
the novitiate and he was clothed in September 1936. There were three at the beginning of that novitiate and three at the end of it; and there were three through the years as Juniors to ordination: Damian Webb, Leonard Jackson and Kevin Mason. They were in truth very different from each other but somehow they were bonded together, as it seemed, indissolubly. They seemed to live with a high profile and senior monks were known to refer to them as 'the unholy trinity' - not for any dark reasons but simply because they were irrepressible: no-one could be with them for long without smiling or laughing and feeling better for it.

For Leonard things went smoothly until 1939. Then, when scarcely half way through his three years of simple vows, he had something quite new to face; it was not intended as a way of testing his vocation, but that is how it turned out. After the capitulation of Munich in 1938 the certainty that Hitler would plunge all Europe into war grew daily. The Government decided on a strange measure of conscription - perhaps as a warning, perhaps as an experiment. They suddenly called up to the armed forces everyone who was twenty-one; and in the monastery Leonard alone fell into that category. From the quiet of the monastery he was taken off to an army camp to be bawled at by NCO's. The thing had been pushed through Parliament too quickly for consideration of exemptions; so the army suddenly found itself with a lot of unprepared. They reacted with characteristic efficiency and drafted all these young men into a single unit somewhere in the Midlands for non-combatant duties. Inevitably the unit came to be known to the profane rank and file as 'the bloody bishops'. There were plenty of jokes about it, but for Leonard it was no joke at all. He managed to keep cheerful on the surface, but deep down it was an experience of spiritual desolation, anxiety and re-assessment of his life in which all previous certainties seemed to be falling one by one into the melting pot. When full conscription came with the outbreak of war in September 1939 there was exemption for clerics and reserved occupations and then negotiations began for the release of those who had been trapped by the Twenty-first Birthday bill. Negotiations were prolonged. Promises were made and not fulfilled. Leonard waited in his Private's khaki uniform on a forgotten camp site in which he was not only non-combatant but also not wanted and not occupied. It was his life that was at stake, and so one day he went to a telephone box, rang the War Office, introduced himself as the Abbot of Ampleforth, denounced the inefficiency of the whole apparatus and demanded the immediate discharge of his young monk, Leonard Jackson. It worked. He was very soon back at Ampleforth thinking seriously about his vocation and finding that it had taken on a number of new perspectives.

There was plenty to stimulate his reflection in the unfolding scene all over Europe. By 1940 Britain was facing the evil of Nazism alone. Any purely rational assessment of an English monk's prospects at the time would have foreseen as a probable option for him a Nazi concentration camp - more hideous now than the original model created by Cecil for Feckenham and his fellow Catholic monks and priests at Wisbech in the fens. Already, while in the army, Leonard had been able to look into that abyss and into others as well. The war and conscription were not the only changes for him. His blind uncle and monastic model, Fr Cuthbert Jackson, had died in 1937. His Abbot, father figure, family friend Abbot Edmund, died on Good Friday in 1939. Abbot Herbert Byrne was elected. Coming from a parish he approached questions of formation and profession with typical caution and prescribed an extra year of probation for the three who were asking for solemn profession. None of them wavered. Leonard came to see the extra year as a godsend through which everything became crystal clear; it was with joy that in the end he made his Solemn Profession in September 1941.

When he got out of the army Leonard joined the others at Oxford. All three did a lot to enliven St Benet's Hall under the shadow of war. Leonard himself was active in the Geography Department of the University. His standing was shown when they elected him Secretary of the Geographical Society. After Oxford he returned in 1942 to Ampleforth and Theology under Fr Aelred Graham and Fr Dunstan Pozzi. It was wartime and he had to take on teaching and other work in the school as well. With the ending of Hitler's war he was ordained priest in July 1945.

During the next fifteen years of teaching in the school he acquired substantial new responsibilities, while among the boys he became a much-loved figure of wide and valued influence especially in the encouragement he gave to those who lacked confidence. He was in charge of Geography as Senior Master. He presided over a group of cinema operators, chosen often to give them an aim and opportunity, who provided weekly entertainment for the boys in those days before television. He was a valued chaplain to the whole domestic staff. He went to great lengths for them - even to the point of taking them in a bus over the Pennines to see the Lights of Blackpool in the season. To them and to the boys he was counsellor and friend. In the late fifties he followed Fr Robert Coverdale as assistant to Fr Denis Waddilove in St Thomas's as nightly warden of the sixth form in Romances.

Then came a sudden and unexpected change in 1960. Our foundation in St Louis had been established for five years. The first graduation from the school took place in 1960. As Headmaster, Fr Timothy Horner had acquired an impressive grasp on the complexities of American education and had made useful contacts with important Colleges throughout the States. He was well on the way to establishing the high reputation which the school would soon enjoy. Fr Thomas Loughlin was established in the new science wing and was also on the way to the acclaim he would achieve as teacher of the sciences. But they, and all the small community at St Louis were hard pressed and living intensely at a stretch. Fr Leonard was sent out to help in the school as Second Master. He was called on to deal with the discipline of the youth of the sixties in the Middle West and surprised them often by his quickness of thought and sense of humour. His new work included theatre productions and among his early pupils was Kevin Kline, who remembers Leonard's teaching and recognises that
this monk had set him on the road to Broadway and Hollywood. Understandably it was an association of which Leonard was proud. His unpretentious common touch, his sense of humour, his inner Lancastrian toughness saw him through and won the respect of boys and parents. It was a surprise to many boys that one who looked so frail could not easily be pushed over.

His work there went beyond the school. There was a diocesan priest, Mgr Slattery, as pastor of the parish at the time with the Abbey Church, once it was built in 1964, as his parish Church. Fr Leonard was made associate pastor of what was already becoming a really large parish. Many of the parishioners still remember him with affection and appreciation for his homilies and pastoral understanding. In St Louis he learnt something from the charismatic movement, through which he reinforced and renewed what was already there. Fr Leonard’s years at St Louis were certainly important for him and rewarding, but they were physically and spiritually demanding. When the time came for a change in 1971 he was fifty-three and ready for a move away from school life into fuller involvement in a Benedictine parish in Lancashire. As he moved across the Atlantic he had the memory of his blind uncle, Fr Cuthbert, at St Anne’s Liverpool ever in mind. That example had initially drawn him to the monastery. Now after thirty-five years he was coming back to where his life had started.

The rest of Fr Leonard’s life was devoted to following in his own way in the footsteps of his uncle among his own people whom he instinctively understood. He had five years as assistant at Lostock Hall, then ten years as parish priest at St Mary’s Browndene. It is difficult to do justice to his pastoral style. It was based not on high theology but on his gift of going right to the heart of parishioners’ interests and anxieties so as to share them with understanding – an understanding from which humour was never far distant.

Here in Lancashire, as at St Louis, he developed a life-long interest in trains – real and model. Getting cheap tickets and exploring every mile of British Rail was his idea of creative relaxation. Even as old age advanced he kept touch with his eternal boyhood through his own model railway. He found time and space for his trains even at St Louis, and wherever he went there was some cellar or unwanted space where he could set them up and delight in them. Fr Leonard was a model of alacrity with which he replied ‘Yes, of course’ when he was asked to make the move. Once settled in, however, he was again very happy and Parbold proved – among other things – the ideal site for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. This was a great event in 1995 impeccably organised by Fr Michael Phillips. It was a lovely day and the crowds came not only from Parbold but from Lostock Hall, Browndene and Grassendale also and there were boys he had taught in the school at Ampleforth. Only a St Louis contingent was missing and of course Damian and Kevin (died 1990, 1993), but Leonard was conscious of their presence. All that were there came because they loved him. They loved him because of the way he had brought Christ more vividly into their lives, because uniquely he could talk of God and prayer in ways they could understand, because he genuinely shared their concerns and entusiasms and met them on their own level, because he understood them.

The Church was packed. There was a marquee on the lawn in case it rained. But it didn’t rain as they came from all directions in buses, cars and vans. The spirits of Fr Cuthbert Jackson and Abbot Edmund Matthews were not far away; this was their home territory and it was the celebration of a life given to God in quiet, unwavering generosity in the monastery and school at Ampleforth, among the people and boys of St Louis and in their own old Benedictine parishes of Lancashire. It was a day of great joy and thanksgiving.

Christ came to him in death, kindly and in three stages, when at last his frail body, which against all expectations had endured for so long, succumbed to the demands still made on it. He fell ill with an aortic aneurism on 23 February in his eighty-first year. Then quite calmly (he had been waiting for this) he received the sacraments and commended himself into the hands of the Lord. Then came the final surrender as the hospital found they could do nothing more. Requiescat in Pace.

COMMUNITY NEWS

In September Fr Abbot preached at the annual Byland ecumenical service, and then left for a short holiday and business trip in St Louis and New York. He also preached when Martin Fitzalan Howard (041) and his wife celebrated their golden wedding in the Abbey, assisted by the Bishop and choir of Selby Abbey. We also had a brief visit from Archbishop Chakaipa of Harare. Our Zimbabwe foundation is in his archdiocese. In November Fr Abbot went to
Doui for the blessing of Abbot Geoffrey Scott, a former member of St Benet's. More recently Fr Abbot gave the Community retreat at Curzon Park, our convent in Chester (formerly at Talacre).

During September Fr Martin Haigh held an exhibition of pictures in Liverpool Anglican Cathedral, the second such exhibition in the last decade. There were over three thousand visitors to see the thirty-nine paintings (more exactly, oil pastels). Half were sold for a respectable sum, and the number would have been greater except that seventeen are being retained by the Abbey. One in three of the visitors accepted a copy of The Community and its Aims, so it acted as Abbey public relations very effectively. The exhibition was staffed by parishioners of Grassendale (fifty-six in all) who took turns to be present in pairs.

Br Julian Baker is in Passau (SE Germany) for the whole year, where he is pursuing the German section of his University course. He lives in the seminary, right in the centre of the city. Br Samuel Fallowfield having been ill with a virus of ill-defined sort for some weeks has postponed his novitiate. Fr Anthony Marett-Crosby has been organising the MA in Theology course offered by us as part of the University College of Ripon & York St John. Also teaching the course over the next two years are Fr Andrew McCaffrey and Mrs Warrack: Br Oswald McBride, at present still working on his Licentiate at Sant'Anselmo in Rome, is to join them next year. There are two hours of lectures each Saturday morning (using the Postgate Room), after which the dozen or so students can have access to the monastery library during the afternoon. Fr John Fairhurst and Br Sebastian Dobbins are taking advantage of this arrangement to do the same course. In late November Fr Anthony went to Arles to give a lecture to the European Bishops meeting on St Gregory the Great, at the invitation of the Cardinal, and an address to the seminarians (in French). He has also been trying to finish his thesis on St Thomas for a PhD at Oxford.

In mid-October the Community had a twenty-four-hour crash course in developmental economics, described in the previous Journal (103 [1998] 22). Shortly afterwards the school retreat occupied most of the brethren (and many others). Cardinal Basil was with us for a few days. Later seven boys from the school spent twenty-four hours on a monastery retreat under the direction of Fr Chad Boulton. They slept in the Grange, but came to choir and the refectory and worked with the novices.

Since his visit to hospital in October, when he had a touch of pleurisy, Fr Gregory O'Brien was remarkably calm and peaceful, and joined us (in a wheelchair) for meals and recreation. In early November he went to hospital for a blood transfusion. On the day he was to be discharged, it was reported that he was not at all well, and he died about noon, before Fr Abbot could reach him. For his funeral we had a very bright sunny day, and not a few brethren, clergy and parishioners from Workington and Warrington were present. Bishop Ambrose did the Absolutions; five of Fr Gregory's contemporaries concelebrated. Among others concelebrating were the two brothers Walker, who were contemporaries of Fr Gregory in his time at Upholland seminary.

About a year ago when Fr Bede Leach was in Zimbabwe, he bought for the monastery some Zimbabwean chairs, but they only reached us in November, and have been placed in the calefactory, which is now considerably more colourful.

On 22 November Fr Abbot led the Ampleforth Sunday. With him were Fr Cassian Dickie, who is now priest-in-charge at Kirbymoorside, and Br Boniface Huddleston, from St Benet's. A correspondent points out that this occasion has now run for forty years:

In autumn 1958 Abbot Herbert went to North London to give a Sunday treat for some sixty Old Boys. Silence was observed. The next year came the Headmaster Fr William, crisp and articulate as always. He was followed by Fr Basil then in Housemaster mode: 'I tell the boys to link morning and night prayers with pyjamas'. Then came Fr Patrick, and Fr Alban Rimmer. Fr Basil was elected Abbot and the format changed. We moved to Poplar, to a club in which Ampleforth had an interest. Silence was lifted, non-Old Boys invited and participation encouraged. We moved again to an Opus Dei hostel in North London. I recall the comfortable lecture hall and Frank Mair as Question Master introducing himself proudly, 'I am one of the most important people here. I am a fee paying parent'. At the invitation of Sister Dorothy Bell we then moved to Digby Stuart College where we have remained. Abbot Ambrose and Abbot Patrick came frequently often accompanied by other members of the Community. In 1997 we welcomed Abbot Timothy who modified the programme again. Smaller groups were introduced guided at some points by younger monks.

Forty years the Ampleforth Sunday as it is now known has prospered each November, thanks to five abbots, a wide cross section of the Ampleforth community, and to skillful but unobtrusive organisers. Ad multos annos.

On 4 December was signed the Ampleforth Covenant. This is the brainchild of Stuart Burgess, Methodist President-elect, and of the Archbishop of York, and we were used as (so to speak) neutral ground. Among those present and signing (touched, and in the sanctuary) were eight Anglian bishops, three Methodist Presidents, United Reformed Moderators, Baptist Supervisors, two Majors of the Salvation Army, the leader of the Independent Church, and the Bishops of Leeds, Middlesbrough and Newcastle, with the Abbot of Ampleforth. The intention was to make a common statement by the widest range of Christians but within an easily identifiable region.

We believe that we are being led Holy Spirit; and that God the Father through our Lord Jesus Christ is calling us to a greater sharing in His mission to the world. We recognise that we have in common many similar responsibilities, joys, problems and hopes, and that we have much to offer and receive from each other in the rich diversity of our traditions. We rejoice in the growing partnership between our Churches at national, regional, and local levels. As Church leaders in the North East we commit ourselves:
to meet annually for prayer and reflection to proclaim and preach the faith, to be a sign of hope and encouragement to all to bear each other's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ. It is hoped that, through our friendship and commitment, we will bring vision to our Churches and, where possible, encourage through appropriate intermediate bodies, local covenants and partnerships the sharing of our resources and decision making, especially in rural areas, inner cities and on new estates the use of our buildings creatively together the sharing of resources in training for laity and ordained. We will review regularly the purposes and objectives of the Covenant. We invite our congregations to support us in this Covenant to which we now commit ourselves in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

The event was followed by suitable entertainment in the Main Hall.

Just before Christmas Fr. Philip Holdsworth had what was probably another small stroke, but he seemed to recover, if a little less actively. But after Christmas he was in and out of coma for some days, and he died on the last day of the year, during Lauds. An large number came to the funeral on 5 January from his various parishes. Subsequently a good Obituary appeared in The Times (14 January). Complexity was added by the need for us to survive the day on a generator, while the main electricity supply cable was replaced. In Oxford a memorial Mass was celebrated at St. Benet's on 13 February.

As last year, Christmas was preceded by two days of recollection, effectively a small retreat. Having learnt by our experience of the storm last year, the Christmas timetable was modified, mainly by going back to an evening dinner, which gives the cooks more time to prepare. Since about 1970, we have had no staff at all over Christmas, and the Community does all domestic work. This gives the staff a good Christmas, and it helps us to appreciate why we have them during the rest of the year.

As soon as Christmas was over, we had two days of Community discussions and Chapter, considering various possible developments. Frs. Dominic Maroy, Anselm Craner and Richard field, however, were asked by Fr Abbot to represent him and the Community at the final Mass of Thanksgiving celebrated at Fort Augustus to mark the sad...
moment in our history when he is followed as Procurator by Peter Bryan, who has been with us for about eight years as Financial Controller. It is planned to engage a new Estate Manager, but the appointment is still in process at the time of writing: this office has been vacant since Mr Tom Baker left in January last. On the Farm, John Dawson has retired, and his place has been taken by Ian Bell, with the support of a farm management company.

The centenary approaches of the beginning of Ampleforth. Last year Fr Abbot asked Fr Anselm Cramer to consider ideas for information exhibition material, Fr Francis Dobson to look at celebratory events and Fr Anthony Maretto-Crosby to prepare plans for a centenary book. Progress is being made. Because the first Prior (Fr Anselm Appleton) started to visit `Ampleforth Lodge' from Knaresborough in the late summer of 1802, the first boys arrived at the school in April 1803, and the first novices were clothed at the end of May 1803, it has been suggested that there is every reason for celebrating for the entire academic year 2002-03.

We ask for prayers for Abbot Patrick's brother, Thomas Barry, and Fr Mark's step-father John Stewart, who have died.

SAINT BENET'S HALL

In the summer vacation an internal building programme started, sparked off by the need for electrical re-wiring. The combination of stricter fire regulations and status as a listed building developed a small operation into a massive re-fit of the whole house, which will be spread over some years and include a considerable improvement in standards of accommodation, which should prove attractive not only to the residents but also to outside conferences.

The start of the academic year signalled a notable increase in the number of Amplefordians at St Benet's, both monastic and lay. Fr Hugh joined as Domestic Bursar, Fr Bernard began a doctorate in theology and Br Boniflee came to read first Maths and Computing, later changing to Theology. Fr Anthony, now back at Ampleforth, continued to ... fifty years, and Fr Alberi recalled the sporting and debating distinctions of Fr Philip's period as Master of St Benet's.

SHAKESPEARE

LUCY BECKETT

From September 1997 to January 1999 Lucy Beckett (Mrs Warrack), who taught in the College and Junior School from 1980 to 1996, gave a series of fifteen lectures to the monastic community at Ampleforth. The theme of the lectures, each on a single subject or period, was the theological aesthetics of Hans Urs von Balthasar's The Glory of the Lord. This book makes a compelling case for the reunification of the beauty of God's self-disclosure to its goodness and truth after four centuries of divisions in theology and the increasing secularisation of all thought. What follows is a slightly shortened version of the eleventh lecture.

At the end of his career, Shakespeare wrote two great scenes for Henry VIII, someone else's conventional and quite bad play, produced at court in 1612 for the wedding of James I's daughter Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine, a thoroughly Protestant occasion. To Catherine of Aragon's forlorn departure from Henry VIII's court I will return. The other scene, following the disgraced Wolsey's 'long farewell to all his greatness', presents his responses (warmed and cool respectively) to the appointments of Thomas More as Lord Chancellor and Cranmer as Archbishop of Canterbury. His words are full of sharp historical ironies that would not have been lost on the play's first audience or blunted by its bland ending. 'May he continue', Wolsey says about More,

'Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans tears wept on them.'

Everyone knew what had happened to More, executed by the king on a trumped-up charge, for being in his own words 'the king's good servant but God's first', for holding fast to the unity of the Catholic church as proclaimed in 'all the councils of Christendom made these thousand years', for, precisely, doing justice for truth's sake and his conscience. In the play Wolsey then gives Cromwell, the rising man who in real life was to engineer More's death for the king and to be executed himself five years later, some advice everyone knew he failed in every particular to heed:

'Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last . . . then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr . . . O Cromwell, Cromwell,'
The whole scene is haunted by the ghost of More, then, in the jittery years
following the Gunpowder Plot, and for decades before and after, the
inspiration of the persecuted Catholics of England.

Much has been written, much denied (and more simply ignored), about
Shakespeare's connexions with the hidden Catholic world of his lifetime. The
evidence for these connexions, though scrappy, is very strong, and is only
reinforced by Shakespeare's famous invisibility behind the opaque screen of all
his plays, all his characters, even the impenetrable mix of feeling and
convention in his sonnets. The thing one would expect, of a late
Elizabethan and early Jacobean Catholic in the public world of the London
theatre, is that he would be good at concealment.

But the scene from Henry VIII is the tip of a huge iceberg in more ways
than this.

Wolsey is the last in a long line of kings and other powerful men, and
women too, who, usually by their own fault, their own hubristic over-reaching
of themselves and of the limits set by God, have been reduced to a common
humanity in which they learn at last some truth. The charitable courtier who
describes Wolsey's repentant death to Catherine of Aragon says this of him:

'His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little.'

All the way from the doomed playboy king Richard II to Lear and Cleopatra,
to Leonato in The Winter's Tale and Prospero in The Tempest, Shakespeare's
central characters — those, we might say, who are capable of receiving grace
once they are stripped of pride — have to learn this lesson. As we are taken
through Lear's dereliction and madness we watch him discover truths about
'unaccommodated man' that his careless use and abuse of authority have always
shielded him from. 'My desolation' says even Cleopatra, whose irresistible
power over Antony has wrecked his world and finally caused his death, 'does
begin to make a better life'. In Balthasar's words on tragedy: 'The agent, driven
by innumerable, second-order motives, is finally surrounded by a hunted
deer; he becomes the focus of an absolute light and, for the first time, becomes
aware of it. He turns and (as if for the first time) is pierced by its radiance.'

In comedy the havoc created by ambition dissolves in reconciliation —
with lessons often learnt in the natural world, 'more free from peril than the
envious court', as the banished duke in As You Like It says. In Measure for
Measure, a comedy only in that all ends happily for everyone, with weddings,
and truths learnt by all without bloodshed, the heroine, Isabella, has this to say
to the lofty, hypocritical judge:

'Man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured —
His glassy essence — like an angry ape
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.'

'His glassy essence' is that in us which should reflect God, which we should
learn to know, which is most precious and most fragile, in Wolsey's words 'the
soul of man, the image of his Maker'.

The temptation of power, its seductive glamour and its mortal threat to
the soul, obsessed Shakespeare all through his creative life. His English kings in
the history plays legitimately inherit it and then misuse it, or grab it and suffer
the guilt of wrongly holding it. Even the single exception, Henry V, both
legitimately king and a good king, suffers, in the sleepless night before the
battle of Agincourt, the lonely weight of his answerableness to God, while his
humblest subjects 'sleep in Elysium'.

'The innocent sleep'. It is the temptation of power, yielded to, which pulls
Macbeth's soul into damnation. Trapped by the apparent prescience of the
witches, seduced by his wife's ambition for him and her intimate knowledge of
his weaknesses, he murders the legitimate king, who is also his kinsman, his
guest, and a defenceless old man asleep. 'I thought I heard a voice cry "Sleep
no more! Macbeth does murder sleep." The innocent sleep: What is uniquely
terrifying about this play is that, unlike Wolsey, or the guilty English kings,
even the devilish Richard III, unlike Lear, or Othello, or both Antony and
Cleopatra, Macbeth has no redeeming moment of recognition, no discovery of
the truth about himself, no turn towards the light even on the brink of death,
because he knows all along exactly what he is doing. So clearly is temptation
temptation, and sin sin, to Macbeth that he himself, deciding not to kill
Duncan, describes the moral catastrophe of the murder more vividly than
anyone else in the play. Duncan's virtues, he says:

'Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's Cherubins, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.'

Then he kills Duncan. Then he has Banquo, his friend, murdered. Then
Macduff's family. Then, wholesale, his enemies, real or imagined, throughout
Scotland. Then he is in the living hell of meaninglessness until even the
promises of the devil let him down, and his death is far less terrible than his
continued existence.

The evil that Macbeth does, like the evil everywhere in Shakespeare's
plays, destroys the right order of things. It destroys, with treachery and guile,
the loyalty and trust that glue the human world together, loyalty and trust between king and subject, between members of a family, between friends, between master and servant. Over and over again in Shakespeare it is the breaking of these bonds, by one man, an individual out for his own ends, his own power, for himself alone, which initiates and sustains evil — and it is the mending of the bonds which restores goodness. It is very striking that Shakespeare regards these bonds as the natural connections between people, and their breaking as the most profound offence against nature, by which he means human nature. Macbeth himself calls Duncan's fatal wound 'a breach in nature for ruin's wasteful entrance', and this line describes perfectly the original sin, as it were, in each of the tragedies, and in many other plays as well.

In Hamlet, for example, the original sin is Claudius's murder of his brother the king, so that he can become king himself. At the moment of remorse which he is unable to take as far as repentance he says:

'0 my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon it,  
A brother's murder.'

From the poison poured into his brother's ear, corruption spreads through the family and the kingdom, destroying the young — Laertes says to his doomed sister Ophelia: 'The canker galls the infants of the spring' — among them above all Hamlet. No wonder Hamlet hysterically tells Ophelia to be a nun: 'Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners?' Hamlet's tragedy is his implication in the murderous evil that infects Denmark from his uncle's ill-gotten power, including his sexual power over Hamlet's mother. Part of the reason for the universal appeal of Hamlet himself to any audience anywhere at any time is that he represents all of us in our implication in human sinfulness — the sinfulness that spoilt the natural innocence mankind once had — and that, we hope, in the calm acceptance of God's will and God's forgiveness, we may eventually return to:

'There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.'

Macbeth is the interior portrait of a good man, with an alert, informed conscience and a clear sense of truth, who chooses evil and persists in it to the loss of his soul. Claudius is a less intense portrait of a bad man with raving, no more, of a properly Christian conscience. He knows, though still he cannot repent, the difference between the manipulation of justice by the powerful 'in the corrupted currents of this world' and the truth of God:

'But 'tis not so above:  
There is no shutting, there the action lies  
In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults  
To give in evidence.'

Macbeth and Claudius both choose the self to the destruction of the natural bonds that hold families, and society, together. This is perhaps always a political as well as a moral issue. In Shakespeare's time, as England turned from the old world of Christian priorities and coherence, however often men had failed in their pursuit, to the new world of money, competition, adventure, as the old lands of the church were gobbled up for gain, as Christendom became the Europe of nation states, the collision of two sets of values was keenly felt by all intelligent observers. Machiavelli was the symbol of the new, and to Shakespeare appealing, set of values and Thomas Cromwell, The Prince in his pocket, the type, for Shakespeare's England, of the new man. (This adds to the irony of Wolsey's ignored advice in that scene from Henry VIII.) Many in England knew, in Elizabeth's reign, that the last hope for the restoration of the old faith, the old set of values, in England was that the Catholic Mary, Queen of Scots, the legitimate heir to the throne, should succeed Elizabeth. Mary, after nineteen years in prison, was executed in 1587. Shakespeare five or six years later wrote, in his early history play, King John, these lines on Prince Arthur, the murdered heir to King John's throne:

'From forth this noose of dead royalty,  
The life, the right and truth of all this realm  
Is fled to heaven.'

John Leslie, a passionate supporter of Mary Queen of Scots, wrote in 1572 of England as, now, a Machiavellian state: 'And that is it, that I call a Machiavellian state and regiment: where religion is put behind in the second and last place; where the civil policy, I mean, is preferred before it, and not limited by any rules of religion, but the religion framed to serve the time and policy.' Marlowe's play The Jew of Malta, written in 1592, has Machiavelli himself as Prologue, saying:

'I count religion but a childish toy,  
And hold there is no sin but ignorance.'

Shakespeare's villains are all clever, know-alls we might say, and for all of them 'serving the time and policy', always a black word in his plays, is the priority. Richard III, Henry IV, in Ronee Cassius and then Octavius Caesar, are all Machiavellian one way or another. In the great tragedies we have seen the Machiavel triumph, to their souls' perdition, in Macbeth and Claudius. But the two most complete and frightening examples of the new man are in King Lear and Othello. Edmund in Lear, clever, treacherous and cruel, however charming, interestingly propounds, to justify his fierce ambition, a new, Machiavellian, view of nature. Nature for him is a competitive jungle of self-interest — every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost — a sinister premonition of the destruction of the line between mankind and the rest of nature which Darwin to so many seemed centuries later to confirm. Edmund and his even more horrible companions in evil, Goneril and Regan, jealous and murderous like rats in a sack, gnaw through the bonds that should connect them to their fathers and their siblings, and Goneril to her gentle husband Albany — the image is Shakespeare's. 'Such smiling rogues as these', says Kent in the play:
Edmund does have the excuse, in his eyes the justification, for his wickedness of his unfair treatment as his father's illegitimate son, as Richard III, another brother-killer, long ago in Shakespeare's career, had his deformity as his.

'I have no brother, I am like no brother', he says at the end of Henry VI Part III,

'And this word 'love', which greybeards cal divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.'

(Already the new man, one notices, is saying that only the old still call love divine.)

Iago, the destroyer of Othello and his marriage, driven by the purest, cynical, self-interest of the solitary individual on the make, has nothing to excuse his evil. Much in the language of the play suggests to the audience that Othello's stealing of Desdemona from her father, her world, the gleaming marble city of Venice that employs him as, only, a glamorous outsider, is the original sin of this tragedy. But marriage in Shakespeare is always marriage, the cords of its natural bond holy indeed - all those weddings at the ends of the comedies are a good deal more than resolutions of the plot - and Iago's wrecking of this one is the clearest example of Machiavellian evil in all the comedies are a good deal more than resolutions of the plot - and Iago's wrecking of this one is the clearest example of Machiavellian evil in all the plays, even though the tragic scale here is private. Iago is a brilliant opportunist, a 'scurvy politician' in Lear's phrase, seizing on one overheard remark, made by Desdemona's father to Othello early in the play: 'She has deceived her father and may thee', as the psychological basis for his horrible tissue of lies, which rapidly debase Othello's love to the rage of jealous lust. No audience can fail to notice his Iago exactly.) Later, Orlando risks his own life among what he takes to be the wild men of the forest to find old Adam food.

In Antony and Cleopatra there is a dense counterpoint of master and servant relationships and encounters. Enobarbus, Antony's soldier-servant, who has loved his master for years and gives him good, stringent, advice, after a struggle with his conscience deserts him for the rising man, Octavius Caesar, and then, when Antony generously sends his forgiveness and his treasure after him, dies of a broken heart at his own dishonour. Octavius, meanwhile, cruelly puts those who have deserted Antony at the front of his battle-line 'That Antony may seem to spend his fury on himself.' One of the ways in which the audience is persuaded to sympathise more with Antony than with Cleopatra is the contrast between little scenes in which messengers bring each of them bad news. Cleopatra loses her temper and goes for the messenger with a knife. Antony takes his bad news with courtesy and consideration for its nameless bringer. When he catches Cleopatra flirting with an ambassador from Octavius, his furious order to have the ambassador flogged is a powerful signal to the audience that he is falling to pieces; the noble Antony we have seen earlier would never have done such a thing.

But King Lear is the play which intertwines these ties of loyal service and its grateful or graceless reception most closely with the ties of blood relationships. The faithful Kent, banished by Lear in the play's first scene for trying to stop his raging master cutting the bond with Cordelia, comes back in disguise to look after the old king right to the bitter end - just as Edgar, with a price on his head, disguised as a crazy beggar, looks after his old, blinded father Gloucester, tricked by Edmund into hating and rejecting him. Gloucester loses his eyes because his own loyalty to Lear takes him out into the storm to help him: 'I like not this unnatural dealing... If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king, my old master, must be relieved.' Cornwall's nameless faithful servant, in his turn, is killed by Cornwall as he tries to stop his master putting out Gloucester's eyes.

King Lear was probably written in 1604. Many in Shakespeare's audience would have recognised in Kent and Edgar, disguised and in peril of their lives as they return from exile to look after, one his enemy king, the other his enemy father, the priests coming home from France in the cruel 1590s, in disguise and on the run. And from France Cordelia returns to be reconciled with her old father in the most touching scene in all Shakespeare. Cordelia's forgiveness of Lear, like Edgar's of his father and Kent's of his old master, is complete, unconditional, and long precedes any sign of penitence or self-knowledge in Lear and Gloucester. This absolute love restores the bonds of nature, one-sidedly broken early in the play, and, for all the pagan, pre-historic atmosphere more or less sustained by Shakespeare in King Lear, its Christian force is incontrovertible. The deaths of these two old men, reconciled to their faithful children, and even the scaring death of Cordelia, whose body is carried on to the stage by her broken-hearted old father, are thus given a context which draws their ordinary human sting.
Shakespeare's last group of plays is impossible to classify. They deal with the issues of tragedy, the breaking of natural bonds, murderous betrayal of brother by brother, murderous jealousy, the supplanting of kings, the old Tudor anxiety about succession and legitimate heirs. But they arrive at the reconciliation, the promise for the future, the love and marriage of the young of all Shakespeare's comedies. The shattered old father healed, like Lear, in the finding of his lost daughter reappears in Pericles's finding of Marina, in Leontes's finding of Perdita in The Winter's Tale. Leontes at the end of this play almost miraculously finds his unjustly rejected wife — it is irresistible to suggest that this fairy-story reconciliation reflects the wistful hope of so many at the time for the repentance, the turn towards truth and the values of the past, that never took place in Henry VIII.

In the play Henry VIII, and in what was probably the very last scene Shakespeare wrote, Catherine of Aragon, like Leontes's Hermione the abandoned virtuous wife of a king who has taken leave of both justice and truth, is about to die. She sends a letter to the king:

"In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
... and a little
To love her for her mother's sake that loved him
Heaven knows how dearly."

The audience in James I's court knew how poor Mary Tudor was in fact treated during the rest of her father's reign.

In The Tempest, Shakespeare's last complete play and his farewell to 'the great Globe itself', father and daughter, Prospero and Miranda, are as one, and Miranda falls in love with and will marry, reconciling old enemies according to Prospero's plan, the son of the King of Naples who helped Prospero's Machiavellian brother to oust him from Milan long ago. On Prospero's magic island the truth is told to those who in Prospero's words 'entertained ambition, expelled remorse and nature'. The King of Naples recognises the truth and repents; neither his own treacherous brother nor Prospero's does either. All, however, are forgiven because, Prospero says, 'the rarer action is/ In virtue than in vengeance'. "The real dramatist of forgiveness is and remains Shakespeare." Baldhassar writes. 'The transition from equalising justice to mercy is one of the innermost motive forces of his art... He knows the dimensions of the realm of evil. For he has an infallible grasp of what constitutes right action. It can be 'ethical', or can translate the ethical into a sphere where, behind the moral squalor, the good heart shines through.'

But Prospero is more than the benign, forgiving presider over reconciliation and a blessed future. He lost his dukedom to his brother because he spent too much time in his library, believing then, perhaps, that 'there is no sin but ignorance'. So Prospero is also, most fascinatingly, partly a representative of the new set of values. His learning, his knowledge, have brought him power over nature, the power, exercised through Ariel, his captive spirit of the elements, to cause the happy shipwreck that landed his enemies on his island, and then to teach them the truth about themselves. At the end of the play he renounces this power, which he calls 'rough magic', returns Ariel to the freedom of the elements, nature unexploited by the cleverness of man, and heads home for Milan, where every third thought will be his grave. Six years before The Tempest was written, Francis Bacon, among other things the first modern English scientist, had published his Proficiency and Advancement of Learning, in which he confidently declared that man's power over nature could be vastly increased by the scientific application of learning and empirical method. If we take the 'weak masters' of Prospero's renunciation speech to be the destructive possibilities of magnetism, electricity, even the atom, properly understood, we have an almost uncanny sense of Shakespeare's prescience early in the century that was also to be Newton's.

It was already Hobbes's. For the new set of values was to prevail over 'the constant service of the antique world'. Hobbes was born when Shakespeare was twenty-two years old. In 1651 in Leviathan, the master psychologist and political theorist would justify the absolutism of the nation state on a bleak, atheistic view of human life as part of an unredeemable natural world of ruthless competition, and therefore 'solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short.' The struggle for power was the only truth, and in science the only hope. The way was open for Nietzsche and for all the consequences of the individual's will to power with which we are familiar.

'How with this rage can beauty hold a plea
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?'

It is Shakespeare's question, in a sonnet. It is possible only to suggest, in this inadequate sketch, that his answer to the question is to be found not only in beauty, not only, that is to say, in the sheer, breathtaking quality of his writing, of his imagined characters, scenes, whole plays, but also, and inextricably, in the goodness and truth constantly acknowledged in his work, the rootedness in the Christian belief in a world that in one sense was passing even as he observed it, and, in another sense is with us and for us always.
Fr Martin was for 15 years Games Master and then Housemaster of St Bede’s. He also taught art in the school from 1947 to 1982. He then went to Liverpool on our parish of St Austin’s and there had two exhibitions in the Anglican Cathedral in 1994 and 1998. He writes: ‘To describe the series of events which eventually resulted in my losing everything and thereby gaining more than I could ever have hoped, I decided to touch lightly on some artists and art in general, drawing on nearly 40 years of experience of teaching art.’

There are two painters who have greatly influenced me: Cezanne and Van Gogh. Not that I want to copy their paintings or their style, but by reading what they said one can see more clearly what they were trying to do and appreciate more easily that knitting together of form and colour into a co-ordinated harmony which is the essential of all great art.

Cezanne selects, suppresses, modifies and organises. He begins to construct on the basis of nature an ordered composition rather than one based simply on visual truth. He decided to build something more permanent than impressionism with the air of solidity possessed by the great classical pictures, ‘Faire de l’Impressionism l’art des musées’ was how he expressed it, to concentrate on the essential rather than the transitory. What he saw and what he felt, together with his sense of design were to be fused so as to present ‘a harmony parallel with nature’.

‘The function of the painter’, he wrote ‘is to obey, to translate unconsciously two parallel things – nature felt as a living force and visible before him (he indicated the plain before him and Mont St Victoire) and that which is here (he struck his forehead so that the two may fuse in order to endure’. This was the nearest he got to describing what he called his ‘petite sensation devant la nature’, an attitude to nature which he guarded carefully and was infuriated when he saw that Gauguin had understood and was stealing his secret.

As he grew older of course the harmony ‘parallel to nature’ moved further and further away from what the eye sees. His portraits tell us nothing about the character of his model, whether it is his wife or his gardener, but they tell us a lot about roundness, hollowness, and simplicity of form. Inevitably he would become the father of cubism and abstraction and once that avenue had been opened up, then it would be followed to the end. It was of course a cul-de-sac.

During my last two summer holidays I stayed in a gîte close to Mont St Victoire and there painted five pictures which were exhibited in the exhibition. Living in a gîte means doing the cooking and I survived effectively on a diet of cornflakes, ham, paté and egg, and back to cornflakes, washed down with red wine. If I really needed to be extravagant I could go to a nearby auberge and get a magnificent meal of mussels, bread and butter for just over £3. I was delighted when I was joined by my companions and someone else took over the cooking.
Lighthouse at Hale on the Mersey - Sunset
The other painter who had a profound effect on me was Van Gogh. I can remember just after the war visiting Paris and seeing an exhibition of great pictures which had been stolen by the Germans and had been recovered. I went in intending to see quickly what was there and to return later to see a few of them. I was captured by a painting by Van Gogh of the drawbridge at Arles. Having spent half an hour in front of it, more or less alone, I suddenly realised I was praying. Van Gogh, like Cézanne, distorted but for different reasons, 'I would be desperate', he wrote 'if my figures were correct. I adore the figures of Michaelangelo though the legs are undoubtedly too long, the hips and backsides too large. My great longing is to learn to make those very incorrections, those deviations, remodellings, changes of reality; they may become, yes, untruth - if you like - but more true than the literal truth.'

Van Gogh distorted and exaggerated both in colour and form as an expressionist: what he had to say was said so loudly that his message is more easily heard than that of most artists. His immense sincerity and his power to express himself not only in painting but also in words is exceptional. Throughout his life as an artist we have a steady flow of letters from him to his brother Theo, thanking him for the money he has sent him, telling him of his latest painting and, as a PS, asking him for some more money quick to buy more paints and a little food. A deeply religious man, here is his description of the Potato Eaters, the representative painting of his Dutch period.

'Whether in figure or in landscape I wish to express not something sentimentally sad but serious sorrow. In a word, I wish to carry my work to disagreeable person - one who has no social status nor ever will have - in a word lower than the lowest. Well granted all this to be perfectly true, I would just like to show by my work what is in ... In the poorest hut, in the foulest corner I see a painting and pictures. My mind is irresistibly drawn in that direction: man feels sensitively'. What am I in the eyes of the majority, an eccentric or a latest painting and, as a PS, asking him for some more money quick to buy the Potato Eaters, the representative painting of his Dutch period.

There are few great artists who would score absolutely full marks both for colour and for drawing; their greatest strength will be either with the pencil or in colour. He joins hands with Raphael in the perfection of his drawing, and with Picasso in his ability to portray form with a single bounding line and yet suggest the form within it. Monet, on the other hand, who started life as a draughtsman, is all colour, and in the end even the water lilies disappear while colour reigns supreme.

What a pity he had no paints with him!
ten years concentrating on drawing before he decided the time had come to paint. Picasso’s astounding achievement in every field of art is based on the fact that at the age of twelve he could draw as well as Raphael and then, as he said, it took him ‘six years to learn not to do so’. In other words in art as in cricket, no-one can break the rules with impunity without knowing how to keep the rules first.

‘Shall I bring my paints?’ I said eagerly to Albert Rutherston, the Principal of the Ruskin School of Art at Oxford, when he told me he would accept me. He looked at me as if I had said something very rude. ‘Paints! . . . One pencil and as many sheets of paper as you like, and you can draw for two years, at the end of which you will be able to paint;’ I know now the wisdom behind those words.

Today that’s seldom the case. The student is not taught to draw; the exceptional one may succeed if he has a natural gift, but the majority are left with no basis to build upon, and the cry echoing in their ears, ‘You must be original’. How can they be original? Hence the rubbish which increasingly passes as art; the desperate attempt to do something nobody else has done.

So I returned from Oxford full of high hopes and enthusiasm and taught art for forty years, only to discover that when you teach art you cannot practise it. All your energy, your creativity, is poured into the pupils.

When therefore, at the age of sixty in 1982, I was sent to our parish in Liverpool of St Austin’s, with a free day each week I had my first great opportunity to paint seriously. After eight years I had enough paintings to think of an exhibition: twenty oil pastels, the best of the past ten years, were waiting in the hall, framed and ready to go, looking very smart. During the four o’clock Mass they were all stolen. How often kind people in the days that followed said to me, ‘You must be pleased that people thought your paintings worth stealing’. I couldn’t see the logic in that: would they be flattered because their dog had been stolen? The only logic I could see was that it might give my paintings a rarity value. This seemed to me a disaster and for some months I couldn’t paint. Then largely, I think, because of the robbery and also the kindness of many people, I was invited to have an exhibition in the Anglican Cathedral four years later in 1994. There would be forty-three paintings, all oil pastels.

It would be difficult to imagine an exhibition in more magnificent surroundings, just inside the main entrance so that everyone entering the Cathedral was aware of it. More generous still, in 1998, when I was to return to Ampleforth after sixteen years, the invitation was repeated. To complete their kindness the Dean gave me permission to say Mass on the last night, on the table in the middle of the exhibition surrounded by 90 parishioners who had helped in one way or another. So the first Mass said by a Catholic priest brought to an end an episode which moved from disaster to fulfilment. To the Dean and Chapter I can only express my deep gratitude for their extraordinary kindness, generosity and courtesy.
The Dee near Llangollen
THE NORMANDY LANDINGS

BENEDICT WEBB OSB

‘People of Western Europe. A landing was made this morning on the coast of France’. With these simple — yet memorable — words, General Eisenhower, the Supreme Commander, Allied Expeditionary Force, announced to the world on June 6 1944 that the Allies had begun Operation ‘Overlord’ to liberate Europe.

My task, as I see it, is to attempt a full history of this phase of the war but to tell you of my own experiences when my ship, HMS Hart, a sloop just back from the Battle of the Atlantic, was sent to ‘Omaha’ beach on D+1.

Let me begin, however, by telling you of some of the activities, both German as well as British forces, going on during the six months before D-Day. In the Royal Navy we had a small amount of information that something ‘big’ was afoot but no-one knew when; so we assumed that it would start in high summer — July or August. When our ship was suddenly diverted away from Atlantic convoys in late May 1944 we knew that the invasion must be near, but security was so tight that not even the Captain of our ship knew any details. These came as ‘Top Secret’ orders from the Admiralty in a sealed package with the date and time clearly stated on the outside as to when it may be opened. As the Cypher Officer on board, I would normally receive such information before the rest of the Wardroom but the Captain’s instructions were he should announce the orders affecting the officers (Navigation, Engineer Gunner, Radio Communications Officers etc) first and immediately after, the whole ship’s company. That done, we prepared to go to sea and set off within an hour.

Our orders were to escort a fleet of very old ships from the waters off Glasgow to the Channel, and then to lead them from just off Portsmouth straight across the Channel to the Normandy coast. These ships were destined to become a ‘Mulberry’ harbour off Omaha beach. A mulberry harbour was a huge success in enabling large quantities of tanks, armoured cars, lorries and other traffic (including ambulances) to come ashore straight from deep water so that naval vessels could come alongside well away from the beaches.

What preparations had the Germans made? To start with, they were expecting a landing of Allied forces from the sea but they did not know, right up to D-Day, exactly where that landing would be made. The whole coast from Holland along the Channel, the Bay of Biscay to the Pyrenees and then along the Mediterranean to Toulon needed German forces to be on or close to the coast. So vast numbers of their troops were stretched out in a great bow; their air force was kept busy keeping the coast under surveillance. In addition, army, naval and air force troops who were ‘locked up’ in fortresses which included exposed islands like the Channel Islands, and fortified bases. The garrison in the Channel Islands alone numbered 30-40,000 men. The demands of the Eastern front in the war against Russia were far greater than they had expected and so most of the troops spread out along the French coast were greatly depleted, even as much as by 75% in some regiments. Instead of defeating the Russians by 1943, as they expected the tide of war by the end of 1943 was beginning to change in favour of the Russians and the German General in the west, Field-Marshall Romstedt was desperate for more troops to reinforce his defence of the Channel beaches which, he guessed, were soon to be invaded.

The British, meanwhile, were planting misinformation into German intelligence so that false attacks along the coast caused Romstedt to keep his troops continuously moving and, strangely, for so great a General, the Normandy beaches east of Cherbourg had a low priority in his estimation. Another important event occurred just before D-Day when the weather turned wet and windy at the beginning of June 1944 causing General Eisenhower to postpone D-Day by one day to 6 June. The poor weather reports received by General Rommel who had been brought back from the North African front to be responsible for all the coastal German forces persuaded him on 3 June that it would be safe for him to leave his HQ at Fontainebleu for a short break. He travelled by road on 4 June to Germany to celebrate his wife’s birthday, confident that no assault would be launched while the atrocious weather lasted. He was contacted by telephone as late as 9 a.m. on 6 June and he returned immediately by car arriving back at his HQ at 9.30 p.m. He had worked extremely hard to prepare his defences but all the promises made by Hitler to strengthen his defences had been ones which he never fulfilled. Many of his support troops behind the front line consisted of recruits and untrained conscripts as well as, believe it or not, large numbers of Russian conscripts who had been captured and sent west to fight for the Germans. One could hardly imagine how these men would want to fight against highly-trained Allied forces as unwilling conscripts made to fight against their own allies. That was an important factor in the success of the Allied glider landings well behind the German front on the coast of Normandy.

Rommel had spent all the time between January and D-Day preparing defences along the beaches, mainly further east from the actual British and
American landing sites, and it was only in April 1944 that he began to realise how likely these beaches east of the Cherbourg peninsula would become the chosen site. He and his engineers, during that time, devised the beach defences of huge wooden and metal obstacles to boats trying to land plus booby traps on them consisting of mines and grenades that exploded on contact. It is these beach obstacles which feature so prominently in the shots of beach landings on Omaha in the film Saving Private Ryan. With dreadful reality, the carnage of those explosions as the US troops tried to swim up the beaches and reach the cliffs behind the beaches is shown, with arms, legs and even heads being blown off and blood colouring the sea for 100 metres out into the Channel.

On D-Day, there were only three depleted German Divisions of ground troops in the vicinity of the Cherbourg Peninsula. What about their air cover? The continuous air attacks, by day and night, of the Allied air forces from Britain had rendered the Luftwaffe (German Air Force) almost impotent and air bases had been so badly damaged that they had had to be moved back to the Paris area. There were by then only about 76 aircraft available to take on the massed air forces of the Allies with our advantage of vast numbers of aircraft and their well-trained pilots and crews. The cream of the Luftwaffe was on the Eastern front fighting Russia or on the Italian front where Rome was about to be re-taken by the Allies and a landing at Anzio on the west coast of Italy had been started in January precisely to tie-up as many German forces as possible before the Normandy invasion.

Also the German Naval forces available in the Channel were virtually non-existent. The Channel is too shallow for most submarines to operate and the best that Admiral Donetz could do was to provide a small number of E boats (fast small craft which could lay mines and with small guns mounted on their decks). It was these E boats which had had some success in coastal waters east of the Cherbourg peninsular with their well-trained pilots and crews. The cream of the Luftwaffe was on the Eastern front fighting Russia or on the Italian front where Rome was about to be re-taken by the Allies and a landing at Anzio on the west coast of Italy had been started in January precisely to tie-up as many German forces as possible before the Normandy invasion.

So, during the early hours of 6 June, the massed fleets of Britain and America moved quietly across the Channel in time for the offensive to begin at 6.30 am when it was early dawn. There was strong cover by battleships, cruisers, destroyers and sloops protecting the hundreds of landing craft and other assault ships. Of all the five landing areas, Omaha beach was the most difficult because of cliffs behind the beaches. This sector turned out to witness the most savage fighting of all, with US troops caught on the beach and prey to some machine gun positions built on the top of the cliffs. The casualties were far heavier on this sector than on any other beach and a large number of light and heavy armaments and equipment was lost in the sea from ships sunk before reaching the beaches. As LCI's approached the beach, they had to lower their ramp in the bow to allow the troops out. But so heavily covered by machine gun posts was the sector that each LCI came under heavy fire straight into the main part of the LCI, killing most of the men before they could disembark. A great many of the men that made the beaches were picked off by German guns and only a few reached the foot of the cliff. Here, too, exhausted to continue, many men collapsed from wounds, back-packs sodden with water and too heavy to go on, or from deep shock. Those who collapsed below the high-tide mark were often drowned because they were too weak to escape the advancing tide which was flowing in. The sea was very rough as a result of the past week's gales and rain so that many more drowned trying to reach the beaches. As a result, only about one sixth of men and equipment managed to be landed and survive.

Another important factor on this first day of landings was the absence of air cover by both British and American Air Forces due to the very low cloud and poor visibility, making any possibility of support from the air impossible. When we arrived the next day air cover was possible and the German machine gun positions and gun sites were soon picked off.

On D-Day itself, it was impossible to count the dead or record how they had died but it is officially estimated that more men were lost by drowning than were killed by enemy fire.

One particular incident occurred that evening of which I have vivid memories. As we anchored, port beam to the shore, I fetched a powerful pair of binoculars and sat (in a deck chair!) on the quarter deck watching the battle raging — only about 200 metres away. Our guns had been ordered to keep up a bombardment on certain targets ashore where German troops were holding on and one of these was a church, with an elegant steeple, in Grandcamp-Les-Bains in the village just behind the cliffs. We were not the only ship firing at these targets. HMS Warspite (Battleship) anchored two miles out in the Channel was firing her 15" howitzers continuously. I could see each shell leaving the barrel, following an arc right over me and then watch it land! Imagine my surprise when one shell went clean through the church steeple leaving a great gaping hole in it and then the German soldiers getting out of the church and trying to escape. But the next shell landed in the road beside the church and presumably they were all killed. Certainly I saw some bodies, or parts of bodies going high up into the sky. At one moment I moved to a better position to see but I was too close to one pair of our guns and the next shells that we fired damaged both my ear drums so that I was almost totally deaf for a fortnight, and this was, I am sure, responsible for the onset of my deafness from which I now suffer.

From D+1 the cloud base began to clear, and dog-fights in the air were fought continuously for the next three days straight above our ship. Numerous planes were shot down, mostly German but, sad to relate, the Americans shot down some of their own planes. Each plane screaming straight downwards to earth is a sickening sight; watching the crew parachuting to earth (or into the sea) left me very frightened especially when German and Allied machine guns opened up trying to kill the pilot attached to the parachute. I remember watching one man descend whose parachute failed to open and he hit the sea feet first quite near us at high speed. His two femur bones had come out through his shoulders when I got to him.
As we patrolled the sea off the coast for the next week, one of our tasks was to spot corpses floating on the surface, bring them aboard and then read their identity disc, record his name, number and any other information and send the information to the HQ ship. About four days after our arrival we spotted a very bloated and rather black corpse just under the surface of the sea. It was a hot afternoon and very sunny and many of our crew were taking a breather up on deck as we came alongside the corpse and we started to try and recover it with grappling hooks. As we did so, one of its arms came off! Four young seamen just near me who were watching, horrified, just passed clean out on the deck. My sick-bench 'tiffy' dealt with them as we got on with the job. As we hauled in the 'corpse' aboard we discovered that it was a complete diving suit filled with air. 'C'est la vie'. Each genuine corpse that we picked up was given a proper 'burial at sea' with the appropriate service. I used to say the prayers for each RC that we found.

On another occasion during that first week after D-Day we had anchored for the night away from the beaches and those who were not on watch had retired to their hammocks or bunks. We were one of a line of ships each anchored about 50m apart and in the small hours there was an almighty explosion, the whole ship shuddered and keeled over about 20°. I found myself on the deck of my cabin and I could hear all hell let loose outside. A German bomber had flown over low and dropped a large bomb on the ship next door to us. The ship had totally disappeared from the surface of the sea and the few survivors were struggling in the water. As we brought them aboard our own ship I found that I had a busy time ahead for the rest of the night dealing with their injuries, most of which were fractures.

As that first week was ending, there was no fighting on the beaches but in some areas the Germans were holding out about half a mile inland. These positions were the subject of continuous bombardment from air and sea as well as from local units of the army. The areas round the dropping point of the glider armada were soon mopped up and this helped to cut off the Cherbourg survivors were struggling in the water. As we brought them aboard our own ship I found that I had a busy time ahead for the rest of the night dealing with their injuries, most of which were fractures.

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One of the largest cities along the coast, east of Cherbourg was Le Havre which contained a large contingent of Germans. The Allies needed the port and they needed to eliminate the German positions which were holding up the Allied advance near Caen. Our ship was despatched to that part of the Channel to support the huge amount of shipping in the Channel. It was a fine day. In the afternoon we heard a distant drone of aircraft and within a few minutes hundreds and hundreds of Thunderbolt bombers (with two parallel bodies behind the wings) literally blackened the sky as they headed for Le Havre where each unloaded its cargo of bombs. I had heard of air raids of 'mass destruction' and of 'scorched earth', but never expected to see it actually in progress. On that day I did. As I chatted with the Captain and other officers on the bridge, all of us watching this extraordinary sight, I remember Captain Martin Sherwood saying to me, 'Have a good look at that, Doc. You will never see a sight like that again in your life.' But my thoughts went to the tens of thousands of civilians and troops who were being killed and badly maimed as our air attack flattened every building in that city in the space of about twenty minutes. I hope that I will never see such a sight again.

Our ship was not without its problems. Every other day from the middle of June until August we had to take VIPs and officials across the Channel to Portsmouth and bring others out to the Normandy coast. On one particular day, a Commander RN was on our list and the Captain did not recognise the name. When the officer arrived on the gangway it turned out to be a WRNS officer, causing panic stations as to where she was going to spend the night. Eventually she was accommodated in the Captain's cabin and he used his emergency bed on the bridge. We all believed that she was the first woman Naval Officer to sail in an HMS ship.

During July, we were sailing with three other sloops to a rendezvous off the French coast and as we left Portsmouth harbour we ran into a thick, thick fog. Visibility was down to about ten metres! In the course of manœuvring we rammed HMS Rochester amidships with our bow, badly damaged, firmly stuck into the other ship. I could hear the screams of pain from the injured members of Rochester's crew and I grabbed my emergency bag from Hart's sick bay and clambered over her bows and jumped down onto Rochester's fo'castle. Rochester's steel plates had been forcibly severed and bent inwards enclosing and crushing some of their crew as they slept in shipside bunks. Two were particularly badly injured — fractured legs, pelvis and ribs — and I had a difficult time in giving first aid through a two-inch gap, injecting morphine into a hand, the only part I could reach. It took over an hour to pull the two ships apart, all the time trying to minimise the pain caused to those trapped; it was necessary to ease Hart astern and prevent the bent plates from 'springing' on to the injured men. The accident should never have happened — both ships were at fault in navigation. The injured were taken back to hospital in Portsmouth and eventually, I later discovered, all had survived despite their dreadful injuries.

We continued to operate as a fighting unit despite our damaged and twisted bow until 6 July when we were sent to Portsmouth dockyard for repairs until early September. A moderately successful 'patch-up' job was done and during that time I was drafted temporarily to the sick bay in the harbour to give help to the few medical officers there who were over-stretched in duties. I remember being sent to a huge assembly building to undertake 'short-arm' inspections of crews joining new ships on commission, mainly to ensure that no man had either scabies or body-lice infestation. I sat in a wooden 'hut' the size and shape of a sentry-box armed only with a torch. Day after day hundreds of stark naked men queued up to have their armpits and private parts
examined. One such batch of men from a newly commissioned cruiser numbered 900 and they had already had one inspection but the young doctor who had inspected them on their first visit had never seen either scabies or lice, and he had let a large number of men through who were infested. I was told in no uncertain terms by the Surgeon Commander that there must not be any repetition of such mistakes so that it took me an entire day to get through the whole crew!

On some days I was able to remain in Hart but I was thankful to leave Portsmouth after those six weeks of emergency repairs to the Hart’s bow. We sailed for Devonport and the ship underwent a short refit in order to prepare her for service in the tropics and I had to go on a course in London in the School of Tropical Medicine to refresh my memory of what I had learnt as a student; I also had to prepare plans for instructing the whole ships company in avoiding the dangers of tropical infections (particularly malaria) and of drinking sufficient fluids each day to avoid such dangers as heat exhaustion and sun stroke. Eventually, I went on leave and took my father from our home in Sussex to Downside where he needed to have a consultation about some stained glass windows he was painting for their Abbey Church and re-designing a couple of altars. When we arrived in my little jalopy (cost £50 – the one with the incendiary bomb still in the dickie), I discovered that their MO had gone to another job and they had no doctor. So I stayed as long as I could until the new MO arrived and I looked after both the community and school each day. There was a lot of illness because of the shortages of food and medicines and my short stint of civilian life compared poorly with the way we lived on board!

We were ready to sail early in December and we joined the 22nd Escort Group based in Liverpool – a greatly welcomed assignment because our crew was largely Liverpool. But we only touched port for brief boiler-cleanings and we were at sea hunting submarines with HMS Amethyst, our sister ship, until May 1945.

On 16 January 1945, there were still German submarines operating in the Irish Sea and out into the Atlantic and we were escorting convoys in the Irish Sea. On that day we were west of the Mull of Kintyre, south of Islay, when we suddenly received a ‘ping’ on our ASDICS, indicating that there was a German submarine lying on the sea bed. Our ship was commanded by Captain Martin Sherwood, a veteran submarine hunter and killer and we made the first run over the submarine firing our hedgehog bombs. We got a hit and most of the bombs then exploded and the usual debris rose to the surface. There was nothing bigger than matchbox size, such is the force of hedgehog bombs and we later heard that we had sunk U482 off Machrihanish. That was the last of the five submarines in whose sinking we had been involved.

In May 1945 we returned to Devonport for some minor repairs in the engine room and then we prepared to sail to join the Far East fleet.
AMPLEFORTH SUNDAY

The annual Ampleforth Sunday one-day retreat given in London by Fr Abbot will this year be held on.

SUNDAY 21st November 10.30am to 5.30pm at Digby Stuart College, Roehampton Lane, London SW15

All are welcome.

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If you would like to come, please write confirming your booking with a cheque (payable to The Ampleforth Society) to

Peter Griffiths, 36 White House, Vicarage Crescent, London SW11 3LJ (Tel 0171-642 5484)

A free creche service is available – please book places in advance giving children’s ages.

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OLD AMPLEFORDIAN NEWS

OBITUARIES

DIARMID CARVILL OBE

Diarmid Joseph Meade Carvill: born 19 May 1921; Ampleforth Prep School; St Oswald’s House September 1933-July 1939; Trinity College, Dublin; RAF; civil engineer – in Malaya, Hong Kong and Australia; married Marie Eileen Cayzer 1954; died 13 April 1989, Australia

Diarmid was one of four brothers at Ampleforth – details are noted below in the obituary of his brother Louis. He read Art and Engineering at Trinity College, Dublin. He served with the RAF in the war. At the end of the war, when his troop-ship called in Malaya en route to Japan, he decided to join the civil service in Malaya as a civil engineer and he worked there for the Public Works Department. He married Marie Cayzer in 1954. On retirement in 1964, Marie and Diarmid returned to Sussex for 18 months, then from 1966 to 1968 he worked on the tunnel in Hong Kong harbour, and after another period in Sussex, they went to Australia in 1969. From 1969 until 1986 he was a civil engineer with the National Capital Development Commission in Canberra. After retirement in 1986 his health deteriorated and he died in 1989. His wife Marie has spoken to us of his affection for Ampleforth, and of his visits to Ampleforth in the 1950s and the 1960s.

GUY CURTIS


Guy Curtis was the elder of two brothers at Ampleforth – his younger brother is Robert Curtis (E71). He was brought up in Scarborough where his father Philip Curtis was a solicitor, then Halifax and Chester where his father practised at the bar in Manchester. Guy suffered from muscular dystrophy for at least the last 40 years. In 1956 he left Ampleforth a year earlier than his contemporaries as he was finding the journey to St Edward’s too far. He was never able to work. He was an avid reader and collector of books. He painted, perhaps with a surrealist element, and sold his paintings in the north west of England and in the West End in London. He was a collector of antique silver and had much knowledge of seventeenth century silver. In later years he became confined to a wheelchair. He married Sarah Todd in 1966. As his illness became worse, he was much affected by the death of his father on 9 May 1998, and he died less than two months later; his wife died shortly afterwards in September 1998.
Paddy Hartigan was in St Wilfrid’s at the time of Fr Columba. He was Captain of Boxing. Probably more of an arts side academic, he was rather pushed for family reasons down the Mathematics and Engineering route. He went to Clare College, Cambridge, but did not stay the full course at Cambridge. He was well read and his general knowledge was phenomenal, and he would certainly have made an historian and written a book or two. After Cambridge, Patrick served his apprenticeship with Laings while they were building the M1 and M6, and then went to work for the family firm at Newport Pagnell, running the contracts side. His interests were more in the arts and eventually he retired to run a small antiques business in the market square at Olney, specialising in glass and becoming an acknowledged expert in eighteenth century glass.

He was a man of many interests, especially country sports. He hunted with the Oakley Hounds from childhood and was later Joint-Master for six years; he was Master of the Trinity Foot Beagles. When young, he rode in point-to-points. He was half owner of Martha’s Son, which won the Queen Mother Champion Steeplechase at Cheltenham, one of the four great prizes of the National Hunt world — receiving the Cup from Queen Elizabeth. He was a first class shot, a dedicated and successful fisherman, a keen skier, a lethal card and backgammon player. He lived all his life at Lavenden Grange, the family house which became a haven for like-minded people, and his hospitality was memorable. Paddy became ‘the lynch-pin round which the Hartigan family turned’.

At his Requiem Mass, Lord Denham spoke — here are some edited extracts: As for his wider family, that of the Catholic Faith, he worshipped here in the church of Our Lady and St Lawrence in Olney, since his birth — and it was plain what an essential part it played in his life. The...
Judges have never had that indefinable quality of 'manner'. His standards were

... 

supporter of the OACC, and played regularly for his village at Send.

After retiring to Honiton in Devon in 1983, he found new work — he
helped the Spanish Order, Augustinian Recollects, based in Honiton, teaching
children who came from Spain each year for a Summer School, and also giving
confirmation classes. In the parish in Honiton, Andrew was a Eucharistic
Minister.

A friend writes: I count myself lucky to have known Andrew Knowles — the
most remarkable man I have known in over 70 years. Generals, Governors,
Judges have never had that indefinable quality of 'manner'. His standards were
sometimes at the army's expense. As a soldier he was alert, well organised and
absolute and carved in stone. Proud of his army background — his father
'monty's' Chief Signals Officer at Alamein, GOC Vienna in 1945 and CBE,
uncle a Gurka DSO — but as a Rifleman Andrew's impish humour was
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sometimes at the army's expense. As a soldier he was alert, well organised and

For Hampstead Cricket Club, became a strong

JOHN DICK

John Dick, born 23 February 1931 Leeds, Gilling Castle 1940-43, Junior House
1943-45, St Oswald's House September 1945-July 1949, St Mary's Medical School
in London 1949-50; stockbroker, married Judy Le Quesne Herbert March 1958 (died
April 1984) 4 sons; died 3 September 1998

John Dick was one of three brothers at Ampleforth: John, Michael (050 — later an Ampleforth monk as Br Stephen for four years, killed in a car accident in South Africa in 1960) and Donald (053). Their father, also John, was Superintendent of Jimmy's — St James Hospital, Leeds. John Dick's father's mother's sister, his Great Aunt Stella, was the matron at Ampleforth in the 1940s and 1950s.

John was an outstanding sportsman. At Ampleforth he was, as a right hand batsman, for three years in the 1st XI and he played some games for the 1st XV. In the 1950s he played much cricket for Hampstead Cricket Club, became a strong

supporter of the OACC, and played regularly for his village at Send.

He worked for most of his life in stockbroking and as a merchant banker.

After Ampleforth, where he was Head of St Oswald's House, John attempted
in 1949 to study medicine at St Mary's Medical School in London, but he left
in 1950 after a year, stopping after some problems with his heart and a loss of
interest. Briefly he was working in Leeds, but by 1951 he started as a
bluebutton on the stock exchange with Laiing and Crucifixshank then with
Guinness Mahon. In 1959 he went into a stockbroker/merchant banking
partnership with Tom Harrison as TG Harrison and Co — in about 1968 this
was merged with Arbuthnott Latham and Co Ltd, and he became a Senior
Director. In 1974 he went to live in Singapore as Managing Director of
Chartered Merchant Bank Ltd, a joint venture between Arbuthnott's and
Chartered Merchant Bank. Still in Singapore, in 1978 he became Chief
Executive of Arbuthnott Asia Ltd. In 1979 he returned to Britain, continuing
with Arbuthnotts until 1981. In 1983 he started his own firm, but after the
stock exchange crash of October 1987 the company eventually closed. He
retired to Newark in 1990.

He married Judy Le Quesne Herbert in March 1958. From about 1962
John and Judy lived at Pinewood House near Woking — although away in
Singapore between 1974 and 1979. Pinewood at Send was for many years the
home for a OACC weekend each summer, known as Send Weekend, with Judy and John acting as generous and notable hosts. John always played a
generous part in the life of the OACC, being Chairman and then President of
the Club. With what might be described as a droll sense of humour, John was
cordial and welcoming. In May 1983, at OACC weekend at Ampleforth, Judy and John celebrated 25 years of their marriage in the choir of the Abbey
Church. Less than a year later, in April 1984, Judy died, and in 1979 John
retired to Newark in Nottinghamshire. John and Judy had four children: John
(O77 — his wife Fiona has been Chief Handmaid of the Lourdes Pilgrimage),
Simon (O78), Alexandra (married to Paul Ainscough [C80]) and Michael
(O83) — and by the time of his death, four grandchildren (and now five
grandchildren). His nephews include Hugh (D80) and Alexander (D81), the
sons of Donald.

PATRICK HICKEY

Patrick William Connall Hickey, born 27 April 1927 Pakistan; St Dunstan's House
September 1939- April 1945; University College, Dublin until 1954; Urbino, Italy
1957-58; painter, printmaker, architect and teacher; founder of the Graphic Studio;
teacher at UCD; Head of Painting in the Fine Arts Faculty, National College of Art
and Design 1986-90; married; died 16 October 1998 Dublin

After Ampleforth, he studied architecture at University College, Dublin,
qualifying in 1954. In 1956 he went to work for Michael Scott. In 1957 won
an Italian government scholarship to study etching and lithography at the
Scuola del Libro in Urbino — The Irish Times obituary noted that 'the year spent
there not only changed his own life but opened up a whole new discipline for

Tim Odone spent almost all his working life with BP, working with them in Iran for about 20 years from the early 1950s until 1973, then for about 10 years in London, then from 1980 until retirement in 1987 at Caracas in Venezuela. Earlier, on leaving Ampleforth in 1944, he joined the Irish Guards and was in India. He did an accelerated post war two year degree at Jesus College, Cambridge, and then studied for the bar, being called to the Middle Temple. He married Anne Currie and they had four children: Toby (B75 - now in Maryland), Sebastian (B78), Annabel and Benedict (B82). His first cousin is Mark Everard (B68).
The return to this country meant he could enjoy his gardening and such was his passion he had two allotments as well as a good-sized garden. Many family summer holidays were spent restoring an old dairy into a summer house on an island in the Baltic on Sweden's east coast. The agrochemicals divisions of Fisons and Boots then merged to become FBC and Christopher moved to become Head of Product Development world-wide. Taken over by Schering a few years later, the company transferred the development function to Berlin and Christopher's remaining years before retirement were spent 'commuting' there and back.

On retirement, Christopher was in good health and as energetic as ever and completed many projects, including a conservatory/summer house in the garden in Cambridge. He and Anne also took the opportunity to take holidays to the Canaries and Greece, where he continued another lifelong hobby of photography with particular interest in the flora there.

He was diagnosed with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma brain cancer in late 1997—he approached it with characteristic practicality and stayed fit throughout the treatment by walking, gardening and cycling. The prognosis was looking fine when the cancer suddenly returned and nothing more could be done to treat it. The family were fortunate that he could be cared for at home by a local nursing service and that his two sons could be with him at the end. One of the nurses caring for him in his last days said that a person's true personality often comes through in death. Christopher died peacefully, with courage and dignity.

**JAMES FANE-GLADWIN**

James Ralph Fane-Gladwin born 24 December 1912; St Bede's House September 1925–December 1930; engineering industry; married Mary Warrand 1941 (died 1967) (six children); married Denise Barrand 1969; died 28 October 1998

James Fane-Gladwin worked all his life in engineering, specialising in gas distribution and retiring as the North Sea gas field came on stream. He married Mary Warrand in 1941, and they had six children: Richard (Gilling and Junior House 53), Peter (Gilling arrived 52), John, James (C69), Joe and Mary. Mary died in 1967. In 1969 he married Denise Barrand. He had lived at Ascot, and he retired to Sussex. His younger brother is Peter (B32) and his step-brother was Archie Fletcher (died 1996). A letter from James Fane-Gladwin about his father written to the Parish Priest, Fr John Pearson in Billingshurst, was read at the funeral—and extracts are printed here: 'If you had a chance to know him, I believe you would have been struck by his humanity, his sense of humour, his breadth of knowledge, his gentleness, and his tolerance. His humanity, because over a long life he had had real suffering: his eldest son dying tragically in a flying accident, and his first wife within the following year. But he never became embittered, or self-pitying. He was a kind man, understanding of people's foibles and failings. He was someone whom others could talk to. He had dignity. He had a great sense of humour, and the ridiculous. He was a gifted draughtsman and caricaturist, but his cartoons were observant, and very funny, without ever being malicious. He was widely read, but carried a breadth of interest lightly. He enjoyed knowing how things worked—he spent hours in his workshop making inspired models of paddle steamers remembered from his boyhood in Argyll, or working windmills, or renovating small scale steam engines. He was a gentle man—he was very good with children, and there are photographs at christenings of grandchildren dangled within one hand, or wry amusement at their antics at birthdays, or Christmas. He had been an accomplished horseman, and had wanted to be a vet—he had an instinctive way with animals. He was tolerant, and patient. Particularly towards the end of his life, when he was in his nursing home, he bore his increasing frailty with a lightness of being that bore patiently the indignities of increasing age. Being of his generation, he was not a religiously expressive person, but his Benedictine education at Ampleforth was always an influence that sustained him in moments of grief, but allowed him to enquire and think about life, its vicissitudes, and how to live.'

**MICHAEL H GASTRELL**

Michael Hardwyn Gastrell: born 20 January 1920 Royal Tunbridge Wells; Eversleigh House, Tunbridge Wells; St Wilfrid's House September 1933–July 1938; University College, Oxford 1939–41, 1945–48; Royal Artillery Regiment and Indian Army 1941–43; industry 1948 onwards, married Vivienne 1942 (dissolved 1963); died 16 November 1998

At Ampleforth, at his father's suggestion, he studied Spanish and French in the sixth form, but suffered a setback when his father died suddenly when he was aged 17. He was an active member of the Beagles and later was whipper-in for Bolebroke Beagles and Bleasdale Beagles. He achieved academic success by 'sheer hard work and not genius'—he had a lively interest in rugby, tennis and hockey but did not excel at these. He studied French and Spanish at University College, Oxford—this was interrupted by the start of the war, his course being cut to two years. Joining the Royal Artillery Regiment, he was posted to Devon and then the Scapa Flow defences, where he worked on gun and searchlight emplacements. In late 1944 he was drafted to India and seconded to the Indian Army. After being demobbed in
1945, he returned to Oxford to take a shortened Politics, Philosophy and Economics degree.

From 1948 onwards, for all his working life, he worked with Mitchells, Ashworth Stansfield and Co, a Rossendale-based manufacturer of industrial felts, later becoming Bury Masco and latterly Scapa Group plc. Posted at first to their London office in the Export Sales Department, he rose to Export Sales Manager. In 1959 he moved to Lancashire, at Chatburn and later Whalley. Always a hard worker, working long hours, he was a person of much integrity. Never a leader, he might be described as the first mate: always there to ensure that the engine keeps running. His job took him overseas for up to four months a year, travelling extensively and making friends in many countries.

He had married Vivienne in 1942, and they had two sons: Nick (W66 – lived in New Zealand for the last 25 years) and Paddy (W69 – lives in Yorkshire). He read voraciously, a talent he had acquired at university. After his marriage ended in 1963, he lived alone in Whalley. Gardening was always a passionate interest. He threw himself totally into local affairs, becoming in later years a local Councillor serving on the Ribble Valley District Council. He mounted what was almost a single handed campaign to preserve the Queen Elizabeth Playing Fields in Whalley. He was an early and possibly a founder member of the Pendle Ski Club, and served as Secretary for many years. He qualified late in life as a Club Ski Instructor, teaching until late 1997 — he was especially dedicated to special lessons for disabled skiers.

JOHN LENNON

John Francis Lennon: born 27 June 1959; Gilling Castle; Junior House 1971-73; St Dunstan's House September 1973-July 1978; family business; married Sarah Snowling 1985 (three children – Lucy, Lawrence, Hugo); died 13 December 1998

John’s father, also John Lennon, was at Ampleforth briefly. John himself, on leaving Ampleforth in 1978, joined the family business, Lennons, running supermarkets and wines and spirits. When the firm went bankrupt, John kept the wine and spirit part of the firm in Chester, renaming it Classic Wines. He was a keen sailor at Ampleforth and afterwards. Two of John’s three sisters, Judith Menier and Jane Stein, have sons currently at Ampleforth, nephews of John: Tom Menier (T), Johnny Stein (B) and Harry Stein (at the junior school at Gilling).

NIGEL HARRIS

Nigel Peter Harris: born 22 April 1945 Lisbon; St Hugh’s House September 1958-July 1963; army 1963-93; married Lorraine Waller 1970 (two children); died 4 December 1998

Nigel was the third of six children, four boys and two sisters – his three brothers were all at Ampleforth: Michael (H60), Adrian (H70) and Julian (O76). As his father was a diplomat, the family lived in many places, including Lisbon, Uruguay and Vienna. After Ampleforth, he was at Sandhurst from 1963 to 1965, and then served from 1965 to 1993 with the Queen’s Regiment – being in Northern Ireland, Bahrain, Cyprus, Germany, Gibraltar, Staff College at Camberley and perhaps other places – at one point moving 17 times in 20 years. He married Lorraine Waller in 1970, and they had two children: Piers (born 1974) and Samira (born 1977). He had a notable sense of humour and was described at his funeral as a "larger than life character" who was always available to help others.

JAMIE KENNARD

James Adrian Coleridge Kennard: born 26 January 1922; St Aidan’s House May 1936-December 1939; East Surrey Regiment 1940-42; Indian Army 1942-46; pharmaceutical salesman; married (one daughter); died 10 December 1998

Jamie Kennard followed his brother Humphrey Kennard (H41) to Ampleforth. Leaving Ampleforth three months after the war began, Jamie served in the war first in the East Sussex Regiment and was at Dunkirk in May 1940 in a DUCK amphibious landing craft, being shot in the back and spending some time recovering from his wounds. In 1942 he was given an Emergency Commission aged 20 in the Indian Army. He was involved in the Burma Campaign where his patrol was ambushed and many killed, and himself seriously wounded and invalided out of the army. He worked for a time in the Intelligence Corps in India. In the late 1940s Jamie came to live at Ampleforth for a time at the invitation of Abbot Herbert Byrne; it was a moment when he was shattered — his health was poor after his injuries in Burma and at Dunkirk, and he had been much affected by the death of his brother Humphrey, shot down and killed. As he regained his strength, he began to drive a local taxi.
He had married in perhaps the 1950s, but his wife left him, taking their daughter Melissa with her — after this marriage was dissolved, he married Nancy, but this marriage also did not last. He moved to Manchester and then Oxford, working as a Medical Representative for John Wyeth Pharmaceuticals Ltd, travelling the country visiting doctors and hospitals. Jamie then moved to Sherborne, running a china shop with much success — he had learnt much about china from his mother. In the 1960s he was a motor racer, suffering some horrific crashes — he was thrown from his car and lost all his teeth. He always carried in his wallet an RAC Racers Licence. He went to live in Somerset, always very generous with others and with much faith. He would write for the local newspaper The Bugle and was a well known character in the local pub, where a cartoon of him hangs. In later years he became destitute, and over the last years lived in a home in Somerset. When he considered applying for a war pension, he rejected the idea, noting how many died in the war, and not feeling wishing to benefit when others had died.

**GERARD PASCAL DE PFYFFER LEEMING**

Gerard Pascal de Pfyffer Leeming; born 7 April 1912 Lancaster; Gilling Castle; St Aidan's House September 1926-July 1930; novitiate Ampleforth 1931-1932 (Br Charles); studied for secular priesthood Fribourg 1932-33; stockbroker London 1933-39; Royal Army Pay Corps 1939-45; politics 1945-70; married Joan Trappes-Lomax 1935 (died 1954), married Barbara Cockrill 1970 (died 1998); died 15 December 1998 Norwich

Gerard Pascal de Pfyffer Leeming had been born in Lancaster on 7 April 1912, one of twin brothers, into a family which, although it had probably originated in the middle ages from the village of Leeming in Yorkshire, with a stage in Pickering, had by then for many generations been settled as yeoman farmers in that predominantly Catholic part of Lancashire which lies between Preston and Lancaster. The family remained recusant Catholics through all the long years of exclusion and persecution, and are to be found throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in those volumes of the Catholic Record Society which include the records of the Hill Chapel at Goosnargh and St Peter's Lancaster. The motto on their coat of arms is simply 'Garde bien le Foy'. His great grandfather, William Leeming, married Margaret Whiteside, from a family of Lancaster bankers and merchants, also Catholic (including an Archbishop of Liverpool) from whom the family derived considerable wealth, inherited by their son Richard. Richard, by his marriage with Eliza Brettargh from another old Lancashire Catholic family, fathered several children (from whom derive other branches of the Leeming family, many of them educated at Downside) among them also Gerard's father, James Whiteside Leeming.

James Leeming himself married into an ancient and noble Swiss Catholic family, the de Pfyffers von Altishofen, from Lucerne, among whose ancestors there had been a plentiful supply of warriors, including the 16th century Ludwig de Pfyffer 'King of the Swiss' who, in concert with St Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, fought in the Catholic League. This family provided twelve Colonels of the Swiss Guard at the Vatican, and also served in and commanded the Swiss Guard for the French Kings, culminating in its massacre at the Tullieres at the time of the French Revolution. Gerard was named at his baptism by his parents after St Gerard Majella. His second name Pascal was because he was born on Easter Sunday. And his third name, de Pfyffer, was adopting his mother Therese's Swiss family name.

James Leeming was peripatetic, and fond of shooting. He first moved his new family, before the First World War, away from Lancashire to Ballechin, a large house (and moors) in Perthshire. He himself had been educated at Ushaw (which still retains the Leeming family chalice, when not in use by a priest in the family) but, from here, he sent his twin sons, Gerard and Richard (C31 — died after a car accident 1976), to Ampleforth, a two day rail journey at the time, culminating in a carriage ride from Gilling station to the Abbey, towed by a carthorse. Later, in the 1920s, after looking at various other houses, James moved his family to Skirsgill Park, just outside Penrith in Cumbria, now owned by Richard's eldest son Antony Leeming (H69). [Antony had two younger brothers at Ampleforth — James (C70) and Nicholas (C72).]

At school Gerard was a founding member of St Aidan's House, at a time when houses were first introduced in 1926. His children have no record of his scholastic achievements, but (in those days of corporal punishment) records of his (and his son's) chastisements were maintained behind pictures, which may or may not still exist. After school, Gerard entered the novitiate at Ampleforth in September 1931, being given the monastic name Charles — and leaving in February 1932, then he studied for the secular priesthood at Fribourg in Switzerland. In 1935 aged 23 he married Joan Trappes-Lomax, from another old Lancashire (and formerly Yorkshire) Catholic family. They had three children, Charles (A53), Mary and Josephine (the latter both married and living respectively near Oxford and near Perugia, in Italy).

During the second World War Gerard served as a Captain in the Royal Army Pay Corps. He enjoyed reporting, when required to report any connections behind enemy lines, that his uncle was Colonel of the Swiss Guard in the Vatican. Before the War he had practised as a stockbroker in London, but afterwards he took to politics. In this field he covered all the main political parties, successively as a Liberal candidate in north Lancashire in the General Election of 1951, as agent for the Labour Party in south Oxfordshire during the 1950s and in Norfolk in the 1960s, as chairman of the local Conservative Party. He was always gregarious, and enjoyed meeting (and helping, and campaigning for) people without any regard to their social background, which to him was simply irrelevant.
He was hurt dreadfully by the illnesses and death of his first wife, Joan, in Oxfordshire at the tender age of 42. Later, after moving to Norfolk in 1967, he found a stalwart source of comfort, love and support (not to mention organisation) in his second wife, Barbara Cockrill, to whom he was married for nearly 30 years. She had been secretary of the local Conservative Party to his chairman. She was not initially a Catholic, but it did not take her long to become one. Gerard would delight in saying that she was his only convert, but would then promptly let the side down (particularly when addressing the clergy) by adding that he had advised her against touching Holy Mother Church with a barge-pole.

Barbara died in January 1998, leaving Gerard bereft and in failing health. He survived her to the end of the year, but followed her in December, aged 86 — survived by his three children, five grand-children and seven great-grand-children. He is buried, with his first wife Joan, in the churchyard of St Birinus Catholic Church at Dorchester-on-Thames in Oxfordshire.

MICHAEL COYLE


Michael Coyle did National Service in the RAF after leaving Ampleforth, serving in Christmas Island and then at the MOD. Since leaving the RAF in 1957, he had a series of different jobs. In those years he looked after his parents in Wanstead, and since his mother died in about 1990, he lived there alone. He was a keen motor racing fan, travelling sometimes to Le Mans; and also a keen fisherman. His elder brother is Dr Peter Coyle (D54).

OLD AMPLEFORDIAN NEWS

BERNARD MOORE


Bernard Moore spent his life in the ceramic industry. His family has at least five generations in the industry — his great grandfather, his grandfather and his father — and now his son Christopher. Absorbed completely in the ceramic industry, he worked and lived in Romania, Paris, Brussels and Britain.

At Ampleforth he was a member of the second generation of St Dunstan’s House under Fr Oswald Vianheems — and won a boxing cup. He won a scholarship to New College and then studied ceramics in Stoke-on-Trent and with English Electric. After appointments in ceramics at Aldermaston Atomic Weapons Research Establishment as Production Manager (1958-60) and at Royal Worcester as Projects Manager (1960-61), he was with the ceramic consultancy firm AG Hayek as Senior Partner on Overseas Projects (1964-66) — this included three years spent in Romania on the Turnkey project for mechanized vitreous china plant, as well as other work in Norway, Portugal and Britain.

For twenty years, from 1966 to 1985, he was with Ideal Standard, first as Senior Co-ordinator of chinaware production at its European HQ — in Paris (1966-68) and in Brussels (after 1968). Still in Brussels, in 1977 he became Technical Director of the operations of ten chinaware plants in six countries in Europe, and was involved in joint development with the US Group in engineering and ceramic technology. He was awarded American StandardMajor Contribution Presidential Medal for work in the field of casting system in 1981 and in 1982 the Energy Co-ordinator medal for American Standard $3m pa savings in Europe over five years.

Retiring from Ideal Standard in 1985, he came to England for perhaps the most exciting period of his life, developing new technology in ceramic casting with a company in Kings Lynn called Pouvair. Working with his eldest son Christopher, he was delighted to have fifth generation of the family in the pottery industry. He retired from this in 1997.

He married Jean Russell in 1956 and they had four children: Christopher (J75), Paul (J77) and two daughters. Bernard’s father had been at Stonyhurst,
but he came to Ampleforth perhaps because two uncles were Ampleforth monks – Fr Stephen Dawes (Walter Dawes OA1886, died 1958) and Fr Hilderbrand Dawes (Vincent Dawes OA1895, died 1946) – these were amongst seven Dawes from Longton near Preston at Ampleforth, arriving between 1877 and 1888. Another cousin was Fr Edward Croft (died 1973). Bernard was always a loyal Catholic.

TOM STJONH BARRY

Tom St John Barry: born 24 July 1915; St Cuthbert’s House September 1927-July 1932; Liverpool University; Liverpool Rep; BBC Repertory Company; ITN 1955-76, member of the 55 Club; Confessor of Ampleforth Abbey; died 21 December 1999

Tom was born in 1915 on 24 July, the eldest of five children – with three younger sisters and a brother (who became a monk at Ampleforth). His parents were Dr Thomas St John Barry from Kildorrery, Co Cork and Helen Agnes Walsh from Midleton, Co Cork. After their marriage in 1914 they settled in Wallasey, where for some years already he had been well established as doctor in the old style, practising as both general practitioner in a private practice and surgeon on the staff of the local hospital. Tom was for a short time at school as a day boy at St Francis Xavier’s in Liverpool before coming to Ampleforth in 1927 as one of the earliest to join St Cuthbert’s.

Of the four Houses at the time, in what was still a small school of around 200 boys, it was simply known as ‘the New House’. He was gifted but selective of his interests and something of a maverick in his commitments, but he was always a wide-ranging and avid reader on his own. The Theatre attracted him at once and the Art Room where he found in Fr Sylvester Fryer a kindred spirit to whom he was always grateful, remembering him even on his death bed. Fr Dunstan Pozzi used to teach German as an extra language in the sixth form. Tom, who showed little interest in other academic study, mysteriously took to German and astonished everyone; not least Fr Dunstan, by his swift and brilliant progress. After a visit to Germany he became a fluent German speaker. Languages came easily to him and he became fluent also in French with a smattering of other languages.

After school he made a half-hearted attempt to become a medical student in Liverpool but soon gravitated to the Playhouse Theatre’s distinguished Repertory Company in which many stars of the future were nurtured; from there his career as an actor was launched. Later in Dublin he acted with Lord Longford’s Company at the Gate Theatre and with MacLiamor and Hilton at the Abbey Theatre. He returned in due course to the Liverpool Rep and went on to the BBC Repertory Company of the time. He took part in countless radio plays and had other contracts also with the BBC, for instance for reading scriptwriter and newsreader in the early days. ‘He went on to become a reporter in the field and then Crime Correspondent, a role he held until his retirement in 1976. A trained actor, he brought an inimitable style and flair to his reporting. He was particularly remembered for his coverage of the notorious gangland crime stories of the sixties, such as the Kray brothers and the murder of Jack ‘the Hat’ McVicre. He widened his experience by work abroad for ITN’s Driving Report, which took him to dangerous places like Algiers and Cuba after the Bay of Pigs; he reported also from India, the USA and other countries. Reminiscing recently he said that he had found journalism more stimulating than acting; he had been twice threatened by guns while reporting, but theatre audiences were never really quite as bad as that. Sir Geoffrey Cox, under whom he worked at ITN, remembers him as a ‘witty, companionable and yet thoughtful’ man. He played a significant role in shaping the distinctive personality of ITN news – a personality which persists today. He is still remembered as being gifted with ‘one of the most wonderful broadcasting voices of his era’. He was even once singled out for compliment on his voice and diction by Bernard Levin in one of his pieces in The Times, in which he was not so flattering to other television personalities of the time. It was a notable tribute to Tom’s professional gifts.

After Tom’s retirement from ITN in 1976 he went to live with his wife Noreen in Wicklow, from which they moved recently to Glanmire in Cork. His health gradually deteriorated and he became more and more immobilised with arthritis. He made a joke of this, as of most things, saying that the only reason he had only two sticks was that he didn’t have a third hand to hold another. In these years of increasing ill health he recognised with gratitude his great debt to Noreen, a gifted school teacher who managed to combine her care of young children with her fidelity to and care for Tom. In Wicklow he got to know Michael Ryan (A63) and a deep friendship, which helped Tom and which he greatly valued, grew up between them. When Tom was disabled Michael became a regular visitor and kept him in touch with other Old Boys and with news from Ampleforth. Tom was able to keep up also with his old colleagues in ITN through the 55 Club of which he was a member. He valued
that contact and was delighted when Frank Miles and others from the 55 Club visited him in Wicklow.

In mind he remained alert to the end and was never at a loss for a witty comment on whatever was going on. Even as a boy his sense of humour and sometimes mordant wit were always alight and he could at will convulse a whole company with laughter. The facets of his character were many and varied, ranging with Irish ease and humour between the sacred and the profane; he could hold his own in almost any company. In all the vicissitudes of his colourful life, through the swirl and paradox and contradiction of the many counter currents that ran through the world in which he lived and worked, he held to the Faith in a typically Irish way. It lay close to his attachment to Ampleforth — an attachment which, like everything else about him was idiosyncratic but real. The personalities he had known at school — Abbot Edmund Matthews, Fr Paul Nevill, Fr Sylvester Fryer, Frs Stephen Marwood and John Maddox in the Theatre, Fr Dunstan Pozzi, Fr Sebastian Lambert, Fr Felix Hardy and Fr Herbert Byrne (whom he had known also at Seel Street in Liverpool) ever peopled his memories of the valley. For him, as for some other Old Boys, subsequent generations in the valley were as unreal and insubstantial as invading wraiths. Anything he heard of, including what his brother might do as Headmaster or Abbot, tended to be assessed by what he thought those old monks would think of it. He was an excellent mimic and preserved into old age memories and performances of what this or that monk had said long ago; the stories not infrequently improved as time went on.

During his last declining years memories of Ampleforth with the monks he had known there and the Catholic faith he had learnt there were renewed and strengthened; they helped him to prepare consciously and openly for the end. As new and gentler facets in his character made their way to the surface his keen sense of humour remained unchanged. His memories of Ampleforth, as often happened with that generation, were not of the school but of the monks he had known and of the monastery and Abbey Church. He was grateful to Abbot Herbert for making him a Confrater of the Abbey at the time when he had gone with his brother and two other monks on pilgrimage to Rome for the first Holy Year after the War in 1950. There were rough passages and spiritual problems to be faced after that, but in the end prayer and the diapason of faith that echoed through his life, sometimes forgotten, sometimes recalled again, brought him through in the end to calmer waters. Such a pilgrimage is not uncommon in our disordered times; for Tom it ended in a way to be remembered with gratitude. He was taken to hospital in early December with heart failure and inoperable cancer of the liver. He died in a moment of sleep; his wife Noreen was by his side, as ever, in support and sympathy and prayer. May he rest in peace.

Patrick Barry OSB

OLD AMPLEFORDIAN NEWS

LANCE ALLGOOD

Lancelot Guy Allgood: born 1 February 1944 Nunwick Hall; St Cuthbert's House left 1962; Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester; ran Northumberland estate 1970 (following the death of his father) to 1998; High Sheriff Northumberland 1984; Chairman of Tyne Riparian Owners and Occupiers Association 1988-96; Member of Hexham Rural District Council (representing Simondburn); Chairman of Simondburn Parish Council; supporter North Tyne Foxhounds; married Veronica Pinn 1972 (three daughters — Jane, Alice and Fiona); died 24 December 1998.

Andrew Festing (C59) writes: Lance Allgood died on Christmas Eve 1998, depriving the North Tyne Valley in Northumberland of a much loved and respected local landowner. Lance's mother, Jane Noel, died when he was eight and Lance and his younger brother, Charles (C63), were brought up by their much older father, a delightful and charming man who doted upon and therefore rather indulged his two boys. Their exploits at Nunwick, a marvellous eighteenth century house, were legendary. Lance's four years at St Cuthbert's continued in the same vein. Educational achievement took second place to a cat-and-mouse game with authority, and a healthy disregard for every known school rule. Father Walter's benign and shrewd housemastership was sometimes tested to the limit. Years later when painting his portrait for St Cuthbert's, the artist wanted the sitter to smile, he only needed to say 'Lance Allgood'.

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After school Lance spent two years at the Royal Agricultural College Cirencester learning the skills that he needed to run his Nunwick and Reaveley estates, which had been in the Allgood family since the seventeenth century. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, inheriting what, in many ways, was a perfect country estate in a beautiful part of the north of England, and perhaps his most enduring passion was his love of Nunwick and his wish to share all that it had to offer with a very wide circle of friends. Every year he held his 'Ampleforth Shoot' when one or two of his old friends in Cuthbert's were invited up from the south along with five or six locals, that part of Northumberland being well populated with Cuthbert's old boys.

Behind his somewhat rotund, bucolic and irreverent exterior there lay a shrewd and enquiring mind. In some ways his was a wasted brain, he could have achieved much in a more demanding environment, but the Nunwick estate and the Tynedale area of Northumberland benefited enormously from his stewardship. In 1972 he married Veronica Pitman and they had three daughters. Veronica shared with Lance his great knowledge of gardening and between them, they created one of the most impressive gardens in the north east.

Lance’s tragic early death has deprived us of a type all too rare in Mr Blair’s new Britain. A traditional country squire and a benevolent employer, he provided cohesion in a rural area and he and his forbears before him understood only too well the great Benedictine vow of stability. He seldom strayed far from Nunwick, bar a twice or thrice yearly visit to Boodle’s in London. Lance served Mass at Swinburne Church every Sunday for the last twenty years, taking over this duty from John Riddell (C28) who had served for the previous forty years. One of his most eccentric theories was that no gentleman should ever be seen not wearing a vest. At Mass, during the offer of the sign of peace, Lance would stand at the altar, pull a piece of his vest out from between his shirt buttons and beam at his various friends in the congregation. He combined a wonderful sense of humour with a deep and unswerving Catholic faith. May he rest in peace.

OA Editor notes: Lance Allgood’s mother, Jane, was a Noel, and through her, Lance was a second cousin of Anthony Viscount Campden (C67), Gerard Noel (C71), Edward Noel (O78) [all sons of the Earl of Gainsborough], Philip Noel (T77) and Robert Noel (E80) [sons of Gerard Noel]; and a second cousin — once removed of Harry Noel (E95) [son of Viscount Campden], Luke Viscount Hawkesbury (O91), Ralph Foljambe (O93) [sons of the Earl of Liverpool] and Ben Pridden (C92).

Reprinted with permission from The Times 18 March 1999.

Peregrine Edward Laurence Fellowes: born 8 July 1912; St Aidan’s House left 1930; University College London; civil engineer; oil executive; diplomat late 1940s-early 1950s – in Cairo and London; Shell Oil from mid 1950s – Head of Shell in Nigeria 1960s and Controller in Shell London of ‘Government and Trade Relations’; Ford Foundation and Chatham House; married Olwen Stuart-Jones 1935 (died 1980) (four sons); married Lady Maureen 1982; died 15 February 1999 Chipping Campden

Peregrine Fellowes grew up with the sense of duty of an Englishman abroad. One of his great uncles, Lord Sydenham, was Governor of Bombay, another, Sir Thomas Wrightson, Bt, supplied rail equipment to the whole of the Indian subcontinent, while his father’s brother, Air Commodore Peregrine Fellowes, led the Houston Everest Flight of 1933. His father had decided to try his hand at ranching, but when he and his pregnant wife arrived at their holding near Calgary in Canada they made the unwelcome discovery that their agent had absconded with the money intended for a new house. As a result, Peregrine was born in a stable, for which, as he would often observe, there was an excellent precedent. After his father’s death in the First World War, his mother’s next marriage, in 1923, brought Catholicism in its wake. Although his conversion was denounced by his father’s family, his education at Ampleforth (where his step-uncle Father Herbert Byrne would be Abbot) and his new faith proved a mainstay throughout his life.

Having graduated as a civil engineer from University College London, Fellowes was asked to supervise bridge construction in the Sudan. Believing the job to depend on the assumption that he was a bachelor, he concealed the existence of his wife for the first few months, until he discovered that her presence would merely secure him a larger bungalow. She quickly joined him, and merriment ensued in the prewar playgrounds of the Sudan, South Africa and Kenya. When hostilities broke out in 1939, his knowledge of Africa led to his inclusion in a small group with a secret mission to regain the Ethiopian throne for Emperor Haile Selassie. Fellowes had some odd jobs. He was responsible for the Mobile Propaganda Unit, a printing press borne by two camels. This was used to print appeals to the Italians, which were pushed over the barbed wire on bivonets, and, according to legend, frequently resulted in surrender. Various peculiar orders were received, of which Fellowes’s own favourite was the instruction to accord the Emperor every formal mark of deference but only to address him as Mr Smith. The whole (successful)

At the end of the war, Fellowes became a diplomat, and a friend and colleague of Kim Philby. During the late 1940s he was also posted to Cairo with Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean. One of his duties was to work with Burgess, decoding sensitive information, all of which was presumably relayed to Moscow. Although horrified by his friend's treason, Fellowes was never quite able to suppress his affection for Burgess, one of the finest men he ever knew. Having worked with all three spies, he could only assume that he had been investigated as a possible 'fourth man'. If he was, nothing but old fashioned patriotism would have been discovered. His diplomatic career was halted, however, when a wartime attack of tuberculosis flared up in the 1950s, bringing a medical verdict that he could not expect to live beyond 1960. Reluctantly the Foreign Office declined to train him for an ambassadorial role – a disappointment only slightly assuaged, over the years, by his outliving most of his diplomatic contemporaries.

Deeply distressed, he was persuaded by his wife to accompany her to a fortune-teller who, perhaps by previous arrangement, declared that he would live until the age of 72, which still sold him short, but was at least more accurate and encouraging than medical science. Armed with this news, he declined the offer of a consular career and instead joined Shell. He returned to Africa in 1960 and was appointed head of Shell in Nigeria in the heady, optimistic days after that unhappy country's independence. It was a period of great personal and professional satisfaction, but the subsequent civil war and the deaths of many African friends were a source of lasting sorrow to Fellowes and his wife. Back in London, he was appointed controller of government and trade relations for Shell International, which saw him travelling extensively in the Middle East. After leaving Shell, he continued to work for Middle Eastern cooperation, through the Ford Foundation and his work for Chatham House, and by producing *The New Middle East*, a magazine designed to promote understanding between Arabs and Israelis.

Fellowes had many interests, ranging from comparative religion and philosophy to the works of Eric Gill and Arthur Koestler, but above all his heart was political. An early bohemian, traces of which could be found in his choice of country wear, and a postwar flirtation with socialism had long since given way to a deeply felt traditional Conservatism. William Hague's abandonment of the hereditary peerage dismayed him, and he was engaged in a campaign to promote Lord Cranborne's compromise as a permanent solution to the House of Lords question at the time of his death. He was a Knight of Malta.

**HARRY DAGNALL**

Jonathan Hugh 'Harry' Dagnall: born 19 February 1953; St Bede's, Bishton Hall; St Thomas's House September 1966-December 1974; Kent University 1971-74; kibbutz 1974-75; articled to solicitors and other work 1975-84; theatre management 1984-99; died 16 February 1999

Called Harry (Daggers) at St Bede's, Bishton Hall, the name stuck at Ampleforth, with friends and in business. He was for a few years in the early 1970s a regular pilgrim and brancadier in Lourdes with Ampleforth, a family pioneer bringing subsequently most of his family to Lourdes. He went to Kent University in 1971 and took a low level degree at the end of three years. After working for about a year on a kibbutz in Israel, he was articled to the solicitors Allen and Overy, but he never succeeded in passing law society exams. At this time he did a variety of jobs including a stint as a porter and then with the auctioneers Bonhams. In 1984 he joined the Society of West End Theatres, an administrative and advisory arm of theatre management conducting, amongst other things, negotiations with Equity and other unions involved in the theatre industry, and with government departments. In 1989 he joined the Theatre Division (production division) of the Really Useful Group (RUG), but resigned with most of its other members in sympathy with the head of the division. In 1993 he rejoined RUG in the Theatre Management Division (managing the running of theatres), subsequently becoming a director of each of the West End theatres managed by RUG – The Palace, the Adelphi and the New London. Thus he became a well-known figure in the theatrical world, including Broadway. Whilst he was intrigued by this world and enjoyed its excitement, he was nevertheless fully aware of the need for a cool head and diplomatic approach. He was much loved by family, friends and godchildren. His brothers grounds of their extreme youth, and they were happy together for 45 years until her death from cancer in 1980. Two years later Fellowes married Lady Maureen, daughter of the 4th Earl of Gainsborough and widow of the 15th Lord Dormer. It was, as he said, 'an unlooked for, joyous epilogue' to a varied life. She survives him, along with the four sons of his first marriage.
are Peter (T67) and Andrew (T73), and his sister Winkie is married to Mark Pickthall (B76).

CAPTAIN JEREMY ELWES

Jeremy Gervase Geoffrey Philip Elwes: born 1 September 1923; St Aidan’s House September 1935–December 1939; Commission to the KRRC May 1941; volunteered Special Air Services December 1942; volunteered Yugoslav Service May 1943; farmer and landowner; High Sheriff of Lincolnshire 1969; a founder and Chairman of the Shrievalty Association; married Claire Beveridge 1952 (four sons); died 22 February 1999

Reprinted with permission from The Daily Telegraph, 17 March 1999:

Captain Jeremy Elwes, who has died aged 77, was an entrepreneurial Lincolnshire landowner and a champion of the ancient office of High Sheriff, which he helped to preserve from extinction.

The shrievalty of England and Wales traces its origins to the reign of Ethelred the Unready, and is the oldest secular office under the Crown. In medieval times, Sheriffs were the sovereign’s principal representatives in the shires – though Lords Lieutenants gradually assumed prominence as the raising of regiments became more important than the maintenance of law and order. After the Beeching review of the judicial system in 1971, which recommended the abolition of Assizes and Quarter Sessions and the creation of Crown Courts, the 73 Sheriffs faced redundancy. Their chief responsibilities – to provide lodgings and security for judges, and to arrange the summoning of jurors – were to be taken over by a new breed of professional ‘circuit administrators’. Elwes, who had been High Sheriff of Lincolnshire in 1969, felt it wrong that such an historic office should disappear by default. With a group of like-minded colleagues he founded the Shrievalty Association, of which he became chairman. Their efforts were successful, and subsequent local government legislation enshrined the role of High Sheriffs as County Court judges’ ceremonial attendants. The Association acquired almost 1,000 members, established contact with sheriffs throughout the English-speaking world, and celebrated the millennium of the office in 1992, when Elwes stood down as chairman and became president.

Jeremy Gervase Geoffrey Philip Elwes was born on 1 September 1921. His father, Lieutenant-Colonel Rudolph (‘Rolf’) Elwes, MC, served with the Coldstream Guards in both world wars and was later ordained a Catholic priest; he returned from Rome to officiate at Jeremy’s wedding in the family chapel at Elsham Hall, near Brigg in Lincolnshire. The Elwes family descend from Robert Elwes of Askham, Nottinghamshire, who died in 1526. Later members of the family include Sir Gervase Elwes, Lieutenant of the Tower of London, who was executed on Tower Hill in 1615; Sir Hervey Elwes, an eighteenth century MP for Sudbury described in Burke’s Landed Gentry as ‘a great miser’, and, in modern times, the society portrait painter Dominic Elwes, who committed suicide in the aftermath of the disappearance of Lord Lucan. Over the years the family acquired estates at Roxby in Lincolnshire and Great Billing in Northamptonshire, though Elsham Hall was bought only in 1932, by Jeremy’s uncle, when Great Billing was sold.

Young Jeremy went to Ampleforth, and was commissioned in the KRRC in 1940. He served as an intelligence officer with the 8th Army at El Alamein before volunteering for the Special Air Service. He was attached at various times to the Greek Sacred Brigade, to the Political Warfare Executive in the Balkans and the Middle East, and to the Royal Yugoslav Guards – until they mutinied in favour of Tito. In October 1944 he was mentioned in despatches while commanding an intelligence unit working with partisans and Commandos in southern Albania. At the end of the war, Elwes became an information officer attached to the British Embassy in Athens, organising exhibitions and information centres throughout Greece. In due course, he was offered a similar post in Shanghai, but he decided to return to run the family estates – which extended to 6,000 acres, including forestry, iron mining and open-cast coal.

In later years, Elwes successfully developed part of the Elsham estate as a tourist attraction. The Elsham Hall Country and Wildlife Park, which featured collections of animals and birds, a butterfly garden, an arboretum, working blacksmiths and potters, a restaurant, a shop and the Barn Theatre, was advertised as ‘North Lincolnshire’s home of interactive flexible entertainment’. Medieval Banquets, Viking Feasts and English Country Barn Dances were all available. The venture won several awards both for tourism and for its sensitive conversion of traditional estate buildings, and welcomed more than 50,000 visitors a year. Elwes involved himself in a number of other business ventures, including a trading and air freight company dealing chiefly with Latin America. He was also active as a county councillor, founder-chairman of the Lincolnshire and Humberside Arts and Heritage Association, chairman of the Lincolnshire Council for the Preservation of Rural England and vice-chairman of BBC Radio Humberside.

He was appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for Lincolnshire in 1970, and for Humberside in 1975. He was Vice Lord-Lieutenant of Humberside from 1983 to 1996.

Jeremy Elwes was a gentle eccentric, who radiated energy and goodwill and had a gift for getting on with everyone he met. In 1980 he tried to promote an International Courtesy Year, but – with competition from the
International Year of the Child — he failed to win the support of the UN. Among a long roll of appointments, he proudly listed the fact that he was a steward of the Lincolnshire agricultural show's small animals and children's section. He married, in 1965, Clare Beveridge, daughter of Major-General Arthur Beveridge, MC, an honorary physician to the Queen. They had four sons.

**PETER DE NORMANVILLE**

Peter Bernard Augustine de Normanville: born 29 June 1922 London; St Cuthbert's House 1940; RAF 1940–about 1942; Royal Navy (navigator in Motor Gun Boats) 1943–53; Shell Film Unit 1946–61; freelance documentary film-making 1961– onwards; antique dealer 1980s–99; married Sarah Erulkar 1950 (two daughters); died 7 March 1999 London

Reprinted by permission from *The Independent, Obituaries*, 18 March 1999:

Peter de Normanville began his career as a documentary film-maker after the Second World War with the Shell Film Unit. The unit had been formed by Edgar Anstey in the 1930s; with John Grierson's GPO Film Unit, it became a distinguished part of the British documentary movement. Although Shell used the film unit as a promotional tool, the accepted philosophy taught to all its young directors was not to make a film about its products, but about the scientific mind and interpretive skills to other industries. Morgan Crucible made crucibles out of jet black carbon to hold molten metals. A less promising film image would be hard to imagine. So de Normanville made a film about carbon itself (Carbon, 1966): the atom of life, the atom of the diamond, the atom of graphite. For IBM he made Man and Computer: a perspective (1967) — a film on computing that didn't show a single computer. He told his client that computers were 'boring boxes', and with the help of animation and visual analogy explained what went on inside them. The technique paid off: The film's life lasted several years since there was no product in it to date it. His wife meantime had been pursuing a successful career of her own, and they shared the direction of a number of films, notably Living City (1975), a portrait of Calcutta, and a series of films on leprosy.

De Normanville's work ranged over many countries and many subjects; he made films on oil pipelines in Alaska and India; on world economic problems for the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development; on developments in microbiology interpreted by six Nobel prizewinners; on the railway works at Swindon; on the nature of light for Lucas Industries. He explained the Critical Path management technique developed for the American Polaris submarine programme by showing how it could be applied to the building of a filling station. He was the first to admit that none of his ideas would ever have reached the screen without the ingenuity, patience and applied imagination of some of the forest cameramen in the business, among them Sidney Beadle, Ronnie Whitehouse, Wolfgang Suschitzky and Arthur Wooster. His final film was for Rolls-Royce to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the first flight of Sir Frank Whittle's jet engine. By that time, however, the short-term, impatient age of the video cassette had arrived, and the good times of documentary film were over. He and his wife both retired from films, and turned their talents to buying and selling antiques. But to the end Peter de Normanville retained his enthusiasm for the world of science, and his puckish sense of humour.

Adapted from an address at the Requiem Mass in Ealing Abbey 6 April 1999. Peter Corrigan was the eldest son of parents who were both general practitioners, and is remembered by his brother Paul (567, now a general practitioner in Western Australia) and sister Denise as being ‘insatiably curious about all things mechanical, electrical and technological’ – he built model planes and electric train layouts, and designed a trap into which his father fell. At Ampleforth he was involved in Fr Aidan Gilman’s ‘peat project’, a scientific study of peat on the Yorkshire moors involving radioactive isotopes, and it was to this that he attributed his success in gaining an Exhibitioner place at Lincoln College, Oxford. Studying Economics and Engineering at Oxford, he spent most time with Oxford University Drama Society, loving stage-management, especially lighting design and the business side of theatre – and toured Italy as an ‘impresario’. His group of Oxford friends noted how his Catholic faith was always central to everything he did.

Already at Oxford on an Engineering Apprenticeship with AEI (later taken over by GEC) (1965-69), he then worked as a graduate trainee with GEC Telecommunications Ltd (1968-70) and as a Software Manager with BOC Computer Centres Ltd (later Datasolve), being part of the management team (1970-74) – among many successful projects at this time was perhaps the implementation of leading edge computer systems for Datasolve, and the IBM man involved in this project writes: ‘His technical understanding and speed of thought were breathtaking’. From 1974 onwards he was with Arthur Young, now Ernst and Young, becoming their youngest ever partner in 1984 and Director of Computer Sciences Corporation between 1990 and 1994. A fellow partner writes of Peter ‘one of the most talented people’ with whom he had ever worked, and how ‘he had an intuitive feel for how to handle people at meetings’. When Ernst and Whinney took over from Arthur Young, Peter became a Director of Inform. Peter’s enthusiasm for leading-edge technology never left him, even in illness.

Peter’s character and roots were deeply Celtic, along with a strong stoicism of the Durham mining family from which his mother came. This stoicism was apparent throughout his long illness. He was blessed with great intelligence, a quick and logical mind, and a flair for scientific thought. He had a notable sense of humour and a flair for the absurd. He rebuilt and sailed a 102 year Dutch barge Willemien.

He married Mary Gradwell in 1971 – they shared many interests, especially music and sailing, and he was always an inspiration to Mary’s work as freelance child care consultant. They had four children: Alice (aged 22), Joseph (20), Nicholas (18) and Andrew (16). They moved to live in the parish of Ealing Abbey. After 1994, he was ill for six years with much physical weakness.


Mark’s short life can only be appreciated in hindsight. In a curious way that is how he wanted it to be for he distrusted the glamour of success. It was easy to pass him over. But his close circle of friends formed during his days at school saw something more, they penetrated below the surface. His fine qualities emerged in the way he coped with his illness. Acceptance combined with determination made him a wonderful patient and a grateful friend. In this he was much helped by the loving care of his parents, Richard and Justina and the support of his younger brother, Edward, still in the sixth form. As he lay dying, his friends came from the south to his home in remote North Yorkshire to help his parents keep vigil day and night. At his funeral, we were sad but privileged to have known him, privileged to have seen his courage and humour cope with the increasing difficulties of paralysis; he never complained. As he approached, he realised that life was draining away and the cancer had revived, he showed God’s love working within him, a work that had been going on longer than he realised. At his funeral amidst our sadness and grief, we were truly able to say thank you to him and to the God that made it possible.

By his commitment to his family and friends, by his sensitivity to the presence of God, alongside a freedom of spirit which struggled with the idea of God, by his determination to fight the illness and his quiet acceptance when he knew he had failed, he showed God’s love working within him, a work that had been going on longer than he realised. At his funeral amidst our sadness and grief, we were truly able to say thank you to him and to the God that made it possible.

Mark Sexton spent his early life in Somerset, and after going to Buckfast Abbey Prep School came to Ampleforth and St John’s in 1984. Here he, together with a few others, formed a small group of friends, most of whom remained with him till his dying day. He did not excel in traditional ways, though in his early years the Sunley Centre provided some interest and in the
sixth form he was one of Mrs Judd's team in the Bookshop. He worked hard enough to pass his A levels, but this achievement did not match his potential, a fact that did not cause him too much concern. After a year out he went to the South Bank University and graduated in 1994 with an Honours Degree in Social Science. By then he had linked up with a management training firm, Breakthrough, who recognised his potential and provided the environment in which his skills would develop. They offered him a permanent job after graduation which he held until he was struck down by illness in 1996.

The first diagnosis was epilepsy but the treatment failed and it was early 1997 that the brain tumour was discovered. It was inoperable. The battle started, one which the medical experts predicted would last months, but went on for two years. The early treatment raised hopes of remission so he kept his London flat, and Breakthrough kept his position. But after a second operation in June 1998, he contracted meningitis and nearly died. From then on he was incapacitated, being paralysed on his left side. With reduced movement he needed more constant care and he returned home to Clapham, North Yorkshire. Things stabilised enough for him to enjoy a 28th birthday party with his friends on 28 February 1999. But in March his health deteriorated again; this time God was calling him.

A large crowd overflowed the church at High Bentham for his funeral Mass and he was buried in the village cemetery at Clapham. Several of the community, the Abbot (his housemaster), Fr Cuthbert, Fr Raphael and Fr Chad with the current parish priest and two of his predecessors concelebrated the Mass. Sandy Dalglish (currently J), a contemporary of his brother Edward in St John's, played the violin and he was laid to rest supported by the prayers of his family, the parish and many friends — including Nicholas Giordano (J89), Austin Gilman (W89), Simon Gillespie (D89), Matthew Jones (T89), Adrian Mayer (J89), Michael Spalding (W89), James Wayman (E89).

Dr Bart Sayle, Founder and President of Breakthrough International Group, writes:

Mark Sexton put a note through our door looking for a summer job — apparently he had done this with every business on Kensington High Street. We asked him in for an interview and I remember he interviewed us. He looked good, sounded good and asked a lot of intelligent business questions. Even though we didn't have a position, we created one because he impressed us from the start with his energy, creativity and intellect. As the business grew from small beginnings to what is now an international company, Mark grew into a mature young man with a strong presence and integrity. He became the anchor man in London as we started to work overseas. Whilst away in USA I had complete trust in his talents — able to manage our clients and the complex logistics that go into planning our programmes. Our clients liked him and every member of our team loved him. Mark had a particular sense of balance between his dedication to get the job done with a laid back attitude and a sense of humour. This created a wonderful atmosphere in the office and on our programmes. Just before he became ill, he had successfully accomplished his biggest challenge to date with Breakthrough - and he did it with style. On one of our largest programmes in the USA with tough New York businessmen, Mark charmed them and grew in authority and brought tremendous levels of energy and creativity to make it a phenomenal success. When he died, Mark was the longest serving member of Breakthrough apart from its two founders.

DEATHS

- Thomas A Day
- D Guy Curtis
- Louis HM Carvill
- Andrew PG Knowles
- Patrick WC Hickey
- Michael H Gatrell
- John F Lennon
- Nigel P Harris
- Jamie AC Kemnard
- Gerard PdeP Leeming
- Michael J Caule
- Bernard C Moore
- Thomas StJ Barry
- Lancelot G Allgood
- Rev Philip D Holdsworth OSB
- Peregrine EL Fellowes
- JHP 'Harry' Dagnall
- Rev T Leonard Jackson OSB
- Peter BA de Normanville
- Peter J Corrigan
- Mark E Sexton

Non OA but members of the Ampleforth Society:
- PB Unwin
- Rev Gregory O'Brien OSB

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BIRTHS

1998
19 Feb Fiona and Philip Plummer (T78) a daughter, Chloë
11 Mar Lucy and Paul Irven (B80) twins, Phoebe Anna Henrietta and Edward Patrick Hill
19 Mar Kate and Tim Murphy (A84) a daughter, Emily Magdalen Gabrielle
24 Mar Tracey and Nick Davenport (D71) a daughter, Isabelle Grace
24 Mar Amanda and Stephen Murray (H74) a daughter, Laura Rose
30 June Toby and Sara Allerton (née Willcox) (O87) a daughter, Katharine Maisie
27 July Nicola and James Massey (T82) a daughter, Rosie
25 Aug Karen and Henry Swarbrick (T75) twins, Robert Connor and Isobel May
9 Sept Anne-Lucie and Duncan Cunynghame-Robertson (E68) twins, Donnachaidh George Jean and Drusilla Nelly Helen
1 Oct Caroline and Philip Aldridge (D78) a son, John Dominic
14 Oct Victoria and James Aldous-Ball (C83) a daughter, Josephine Beatrice
9 Nov Lisa and Connor Magill (D69) a son, Luke Edward James
16 Nov Danielle and Paddy Young (B82) a daughter, Georgina
27 Nov Elizabeth and William Bostock (H80) a daughter, Marianne Claire
5 Dec Wendy and Simon Davy (D83) a son, Patrick Joseph Bernard
5 Dec Philippa and Nicholas Williamson (T82) a son, Patrick Hector
8 Dec Caroline and Jamie Muir (D70) a daughter, Anna Beatrice
15 Dec Christine and Thomas Judd (W77) a daughter, Elizabeth Thea
17 Dec Nelly and Hugh Elwes (O81) a son, Frederick Robert Christian
18 Dec Lucy and Benjamin Fraser (O79) a daughter, Phoebe Montagu
24 Dec Charlotte and Philip Gilbey (D85) a son, Timothy John Anthony

1999
5 Jan Susan and Hugh Sturges (O75) a daughter, Katharine Freya
6 Jan Charlotte and Thomas Gasford (C90) a son, Harry Denis de Vitre
7 Jan Maura and John Rylands (A73) a daughter, Mary Katherine
10 Jan Charlotte and Jonathan Holmes (A86) a son, Oscar Hugo Peter
14 Jan Rosie and Alastair Campbell (T71) a son, James Alastair
15 Jan Clare and Bob Kerry (T81) a son, Thomas Michael
18 Jan Juliet and Charles Macdonald (O82) a son, Geordie Charles
23 Jan Anna and William O’Kelly (C77) a son, Michael Christian
24 Jan Lucy and David Wootton (H69) a son, Robert Arthur Ernest

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

27 Jan Fiona and Anthony Fraser (W77) a daughter, Marina Hesper Madeleine
29 Jan Damian and Amanda Hampshire (née Willcox) (O83) twins, Peter Augustine Edmund and Alexander Damian Joseph
1 Feb Tricia and Paul Arkwright (D79) a daughter, Katherine Elisabeth
4 Feb Margaret and Edward Young (T73) a daughter, Lucy Clementine
7 Feb Emma and Nicholas Leeming (C72) a daughter, Amelia Anne
11 Feb Louise and Nicholas Channer (D81) a son, Thomas Francis
11 Feb Jane and Simon Hampshire (H79) twins, Lucy and Alexander
13 Feb Marianna and Daniel Wiener (E82) a daughter, Agatha
14 Feb Siân and Andrew Allan (A79) a son, Thomas William
17 Feb Fervonia and John Micklethwait (O80) twins, Guy William and Edward Hugh
18 Feb Sara and Nicholas Cox (C81) a daughter, Georgina Elizabeth
24 Feb Amanda and Dominic Val (C81) a son, William Luke
27 Feb Claudia and Ivo Coulson (D81) a daughter, Jasmine Natasha Cadbury
3 Mar Caroline and Dominic Harrison (H81) a daughter, Olivia Lucy
6 Mar Victoria and Simon Lovegrove (E85) a son, Tom Cloudesley
11 Mar Camilla and Andrew Chancellor (D79) a daughter, Poppy Esma
11 Mar Anna and Peter Krasinski (C80) a son, Adam Tadeusz Anthony
12 Mar Kate and Peter Hugh Smith (E87) a daughter, Rosie Tamson
16 Mar Caroline and James Farrell (D84) a daughter, Camilla Beatrice
21 Mar Sarah and Matthew Pike (E83) a son, Harry Anthony James

to Franco Macnamara
to Claire Anderson
to Rebecca de Rafael
to Karen Pease
to Denise Elizabeth Wragg
to Joanna Turnbull
to Annabel Simmons
to Emma Chapman
to Camilla Tarling
to Krisztina Maria Horváth
to Tanith Carey

Mark Byrne (A89)
Jonathan Cornwell (H96)
Tanguy Cotton (E88)
Jason Cozens (B88)
Piers Dickinson (C86)
Marc Dumbell (H93)
James Elliot (E88)
William Flint (D87)
Eamonn Hamilton (A90)
Tim Harris (O93)
Anthony Harwood (C83)
Robert Hornoyd-Strickland (C72)
Sam Houston (C85)
James Auldjo Jamieson (W78)

to Chloë Anderson
to Rebeca de Rafael
to Karen Pease
to Denise Elizabeth Wragg
to Joanna Turnbull
to Annabel Simmons
Field

to Camilla Tarling
Field

to Krisztina Maria Horváth
Field

to Tanith Carey
Field

to Jill Bausch Brook
Field

to Emma Laywood
Field

to Serena Pym
Field
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Marriages

1998
11 Mar Geoffrey Greatrex (086) to Marina Wilks (Cardiff)
12 June Mark Jackson (C89) to Caroline Overfield (Pickering, North Yorkshire)
7 July Hugh Blair James (H90) to Isabelle Lauzeral (St Mary's, Hampstead)
15 Aug Benedict Lawson (E89) to Iona McInnes (St Salvator's, St Andrews, Fife)
22 Aug David Lowe (H91) to Claire Jane Todd (All Saints, Manfield, Co Durham)
2 Oct William McIntosh (A87) to Jenny Yates (St Durhac's, Dornie)
10 Oct Ian Buchanan (J79) to Caroline Mullet (Royal Memorial Chapel, Sandhurst)
10 Oct Charles Haynes (T86) to Natalie Gunn (Christ Church, Victoria Road, London W8)
7 Nov Christopher Bailey (W84) to Pamela Fung (Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Hong Kong)
4 Dec Edmund Vickers (B82) to Laura Polk (Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, London)
19 Dec Mark Wade (B87) to Juliette Fairclough (St Mary Magdalen's, Marlborough, Norwick)

1999
19 Feb Anthony Rochford (C80) to Penny Chronander (St Joan of Ark, Farnham, Surrey)
3 Apr Thomas Thomason (C88) to Judith Spracklen (Didcot Baptist Church)

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OA Diary

16 to 18 October 1998: An Old Amplefordian weekend at Ampleforth, coinciding with the Sedbergh match and the AGM of the Ampleforth Society.

In 1997 it was decided to have an OA weekend at Ampleforth, in addition to Easter, which would include the AGM of the Society. This was the second such weekend. The AGM was on Saturday morning, 17 October. There was an informal lunch before the Sedbergh match, this being played in extremely cold and wet conditions. In the evening there was a dinner at which Fr Leo and Euan Blackledge spoke.

Those present at some stage of the weekend included: 1937: Euan Blackledge (O); 1940: Sir Kenneth Bradshaw KCB (D); 1941: Peter Reid (A); 1942: Peter Noble Matthews (E); 1943: Donal Cunningham (A); 1945: Captain Michael O'Kelly (C); 1952: David Blackledge (O), James Dunn (W); 1953: John Gormley (W); 1954: Geoffrey Mann (B), Damian Pavillard (D); 1955: John Marshall (D), John Morton (C); 1957: Major Ivan Scott Lewis (D); 1958: Peter Kassapan (T), Francis Radcliffe (E), Mark Sayers (C); 1961: Robin Andrews (O); 1966: David Craig (H); 1971: Mark Armour (D) and Claire; 1973: Charles Watters (H); 1979: Peter Griffiths (B); 1995: Dom Savage (D); 1996: David Freeland (J); 1997: Ramon de la Sota (H), Richard Hobbs (D), Domingo Hoya (C), Alexander Macdonald (B), Barclay Macfarlane (W), Edward Porter (H), Henry Rowan Robinson (T), David Tigg (J), Nick Zlotowski (H); 1998: Patrick McKeogh (W), Nicholas Zlotowski (H).

11 November 1998: 5th Edinburgh Supper Party

Mass was celebrated in the Porch of St Mary's Cathedral in Edinburgh, and then there was a gathering at a French restaurant in Frederick Street, Chez Jules. The evening had been organised by James O'Connell, Nick von Westenholtz and Jonjo Hobbs. Fr Leo thanked the organisers and spoke of the aspirations of Ampleforth, and Andrew Robinson replied.

Those present were: 1950: Michael Maxwell Stuart (B); 1957: Fr Francis Dobson (D), Simon Scott (T); 1958: Fr Leo Chamberlain (A); 1965: Michael Lukas (E) and Fiona with Elizabeth Lukas (Michael's mother); 1969: David Ogilvie (A); 1971: Alistair Campbell (T), Timothy Myles (B); 1992: James O'Connell (O); 1993: Raymond Anakwe (A); 1994: Edmund Digier (O), Jonjo Hobbs (D), Andrew Robinson (D), Nick von Westenholtz (E); 1995: Ben Crowther (H), Peter Field (O), Alexander Foshay (W), Robert Pitt (T), Howard Russell (D), John Vaughan (B); 1996: Alexander Acloue (E), Christopher Acton (E), Roderick Brenneke (H), David Freeland (J), Giles Furze (O), Jonathan Lomax (O), Tom Pentecost (C), Marcus Stewart (J); 1997: Ramon de la Sota (H), Richard Hobbs (D), Loughlin Kennedy (D), Henry Rowan Robinson (T), Richard Shilling (E) Tom Telford (A), Nicholas Zlotowski (H).
14 November 1998: 33rd Rome Pasta Party

John Morris writes: ‘The celebration was in the now customary manner with Mass followed by dinner. Although the numbers held up, several regulars were out of Rome. One such absentee was Fr Joe Barrett SJ (C80) who was in the UK – this meant that we were unable to use the Sodality Chapel of the Jesuit Church – the Gesù. Your convener had to search for an alternative venue: our meetings are worth a Mass. Most generously his dear friend, Mgr Adrian Toffolo, the Rector of the Venerable English College, allowed us to celebrate Mass in the main chapel there. I would have liked Mgr Adrian to have said the Mass, but all the staff were absent for a working weekend in the Alban Hills. Accordingly, our almost regular participator, Mgr Charles Burns OBE kindly celebrated Mass, and Br Oswald was deacon.

‘To be in the English College for Mass was a privileged occasion. This property has been in English hands for over 600 years. Here there has been a major diocesan seminary – primarily for England and Wales – for over 400 years. In the main chapel is the “Martyr’s Picture” – in front of which the students of the Counter Reformation times would sing Te Deum when news reached the College of another martyr. Under the High Altar of the English College is a casket containing the relics of such saints as Ralph Sherwin (the College’s first martyr), Edmund Campion, St Thomas of Canterbury and St Edmund, king and martyr. And our own Cardinal has his own suite in the College when in Rome.’

OAs present were: the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, Fra Andrew Bertie (E47), David Maunsell (O46), Fr Mark Butlin (O49), Henry Morrogh (A49), John Morris (D55) and Peter Langdale (T74). Others present included Br Oswald McBride, Mgr Charles Burns OBE, Mgr Paul Gallagher (ex Grassendale parish in Liverpool), Catherine Langdale, Kate Marcelin-Rice and Patricia McCormack.

14 November 1998: St Edward’s 1988 Leavers’ 10th anniversary weekend

All those who left St Edward’s in 1988 met in a cottage near Ampleforth and then a dinner was held at Zia Teresa near Harrods. The evening had been arranged by Philip Noel (T77) and Andrew O’Flaherty (E81).

Those present were: 1940: Sir Kenneth Bradshaw KCB (D); 1947: David Tate (E); 1956: John Horsley (W); 1957: Fr Francis Dobson (D); 1960: Abbot Timothy Wight (T); 1962: Petre Detre (J), Peter Hickman (A) and Patsy Toffolo, the Rector of the Venerable English College, allowed us to celebrate Mass in the main chapel there. I would have liked Mgr Adrian to have said the Mass, but all the staff were absent for a working weekend in the Alban Hills. Accordingly, our almost regular participator, Mgr Charles Burns OBE kindly celebrated Mass, and Br Oswald was deacon.

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24 February 1999: Newcastle party of university students
A group of Amplefordians at university gathered for Mass at Newcastle Cathedral celebrated by Bishop Ambrose, followed by a party at an Italian pizza restaurant near the river. Fr Leo was present. Those attending the party were:
Alex Acloque (E96), Oliver Adderley (B95), Richard Blake James (H95),
Matthew Bowen Wright (H95), Tom Byrne (O98), Joe Cook (E96), Martin Davison (O98),
Ramon de la Sota (H97), Edward de Lisle (W),
David Freeland (J96), Lawrence Hall (W94), Richard Hobbs (D97),
John Holmes (A95), Simon Hulme (D95), Michael Leonard (W94), Nicholas Lyon Dean (D97),
Luke Morgan (J96), J-B Noble (H95), Charlie Robertson (E97),
Dominic Savage (D95), Chris Shillington (E97),
Marcus Stewart (J96), Charles Strickland (C95),
David Tigg (J97), Hugh White (E96),
Bishop Ambrose (A46), Fr Leo (A58) and Fr Francis (D57).
These students are at the two universities in Newcastle – Newcastle and Northumbria – and J-B Noble (who came from Harrogate) and Martin Davison (visiting Newcastle).
Dominic Madden (E91) and Alex Rhys-Evans (H61) attended Mass.

Future events
5-7 November 1999: Ampleforth Society AGM, Storyhurst match and Old Amplefordian dinner at Ampleforth. Fr Francis 01439 766797;
<francis@ampleforth.org.uk>.
13 November 1999: Rome Pasta Pot. John Morris, Casella Postale N27, Ufficio Postale Centrale, 04100 Latuna, Italy; 00 39 0773 697757.
Amplefordians in South Africa and Lesotho

HUGH ELWES (O81) Senior Associate Director, Corporate Finance at Deutsche Bank AG. He has been seconded in Johannesburg, South Africa, working for Deutsche Morgan Grenfell, part of Deutsche Bank [May 1996 to Summer 1999] – he has been involved in most South African high profile transactions including privatisation of local telephone and airport companies. He writes [e-mail 19 February 1999] ‘The business world has been very hectic here, with a considerable amount of restructuring of both mining, financial and industrial companies, following the successful transition from apartheid to democracy. I keep in touch with Old Amplefordians, seeing BEN HALL (E85) who runs a successful bond business for the Royal Bank of Canada, MOHATO SEESO (W80) (now King Leisi III of Lesotho) and PEREGRINE SOLLY (T70) who runs Mitchell Brewery for Scottish and Newcastle in Cape Town.’

Managing Director, Global Financial Networks Ltd [April 1998]; RONAN LAVELLE (T89) UK Business Development Manager, Corechange (a US/Swedish technology company based in Boston). He lives in Camden Town; JULIAN MASH (H79) founder and chief executive, Vision Capital Group Ltd [1997]; DAMIAN MWER (J87) International Computers Ltd [March 1998] – Damian left the Army in March 1998; CHRISTIAN MINCHELLA (H94) accounts manager in family printing firm; BEN MOODY (H78) Managing Director, Ihero American Media Partners [June 1998]; DOMINIC MOORHEAD (A81) Head of Pharma Finance Manufacturing, F Hoffman-La Roche AG, Switzerland [January 1997]; DAVID PEAKE (C53) Chairman, Banque Nationale de Paris [UK]; JUSTIN READ (T79) Group Treasurer, Hanson plc [July 1998]; NICK READ (B84) Deloitte and Touche Group [November 1998]; ANDREW RIGG (A92) Offshore Safety Engineer, BP Forties Operations Engineering, Halliburton (UK) Ltd [April 1998]; CAMILLO ROBERTI (J88) changed from corporate law to management consultancy [February 1998]; JULIAN ROBERTSON (E93) Trainee Investment Manager, Greg Middleton and Co (stockbrokers) [July 1998]; JOHN SCHLESINGER (E73) Architectural Vice President, Dunn and Bradstreet – responsible for reorganisation of the firm’s communications system; STEFAN SHILLINGTON (C61) was elected a Fellow of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers; DAVID SIMPSON (A70) UK Representative, Jouve SA – he is responsible for marketing and technical support for Jouve’s products and services in the UK; PAUL SPENCER, (H67) Chief Executive (UK), Royal and Sun Alliance – reporting directly to the Chief Executive for the whole firm; HENRY SWABRUCK (T75) independent financial adviser – Town and City Financial Services Ltd [July 1998]; DAVID TABOR (D76) Engineering Manager, Ocean Technical Systems Ltd [April 1998]; TOM TURNER (T88) Senior Product Marketing Manager, Brain Tree Security Software in Boston, MA. He plays rugby and ski in USA; STEPHEN VIS (H81) Financial Controller, BT Payphones [November 1997]; THOMAS WILLIAMS (W81) within MOD – posted to Bath (Ensleigh) [May 1998] JAMES WILLES (T77) manager Softs Dept, Rudolf Wolff and Co Ltd (commodity traders) [April 1998].

Kosovo – NATO force in Macedonia

COLIN DAVIES (C78), ED MELOTTE (O84), JAMES ORRELL (J90), CASSIAN ROBERTS (J90) and LUCIAN ROBERTS (J90) are in the NATO force assembled in Macedonia to implement a settlement in Kosovo.

European Commission

PETER VIS (H78) works in the Department of the Environment of the European Commission in Brussels – he currently works on economic instruments to provide a cleaner world and to combat global warming.

Court and Diplomatic Service

PAUL ARKWRIGHT (D79) spent a year’s attachment to the Quai d’Orsay [to June 1998]; First Secretary, British Embassy, Paris [June/July 1998]. Previously four years at the UK Mission to the UN in New York; Major SP SHANE BEEWITT (A53) an Extra Ecuaderry to the Queen [on retirement in 1996 – as Keeper of the Privy Purse, and Treasurer to the Queen, and Receiver General of the Duchy of Lancaster]; NICHOLAS COGHLAN (A73) First Secretary, Canadian Embassy, Bogota, Columbia; CHARLES NOEL (C66) Head of Finance and Administration, Duchy of Lancaster.

Diocese of Salford and Dominican Friars

JOHN FLYNN (H93) is on a pre-propaedeutic course at the English College in Valladolid for one year [from October 1998]. This is a new course set up by the Bishops of England and Wales on the basis of a directive from the Vatican some years ago, to have a course of preparation before entering a seminary. John is a student for the Diocese of Salford, one of seven students from England and Wales on this course; CHARLES HOARE (A84) heads a group of 100 British pilgrims in a pilgrimage of 15,000 members from Paris to Chartres. He is a Dominican Friar, one of eight Friars in a Fraternity. He writes ‘Our new cloister was finished this year [1998], providing 10 new cells, refectory, kitchen. I’m the only lay brother: cook, organist, choir master and odd jobs brother’. He made his Perpetual Profession in 1996.

Funding Aid and Programmes

PETER CONSTABLE MAXWELL (B61) is working in the no-fly zone of Northern Iraq, setting up camps for Kurdish refugees and other such projects [starting March 1999]; STEPHEN KING (A63) is Head of Asia/Pacific at CAFOD; PETER ROSEVENGE (O75) Director of Fundraising, the Field Lane Foundation; SIMON SCOTT (T57) Director of Fundraising, Scottish European Aid. In April 1999 he launched an appeal to assist the refugees fleeing from Kosovo – in particular proposing a Family Food Pack consisting of flour, rice, oil, dried peppers and other things, enough to feed a family of six for 28 days at the cost of £22.
Art Exhibition — India and Yorkshire

As a follow-up to his book Remembering India, which is on sale in aid of the Leonard Cheshire Foundation, Sir David Goodall (W50) had an exhibition of 80 of his watercolour drawings of India and Yorkshire at the Old Meeting House in Helmsley in November 1998. The publicity for the exhibition recalled his debt to Fr Raphael Williams, who introduced him to watercolour painting at Ampleforth in the 1940s.

The Oxford Union 175th anniversary dinner

Adrian Gannon (O89) was present at a dinner to celebrate the 175th anniversary of the Oxford Union on 17 April 1998, with speeches from Sir Edward Heath, Michael Heseltine, Lord Jenkins and William Hague. In reporting the dinner, The Times [18 April 1998] noted that of 90 former presidents at the dinner, only five are now in the House of Commons, and then referred to Adrian: 'Adrian Gannon, a 27 year old merchant banker who presided over the Union in 1992, said he had stood for political office not because of political ambition but because he enjoyed the atmosphere of the debating chamber: “I don’t think it has lost its potency, but people now want to do different things. There have been few political candidates among the union officers in recent years.”'

Farming

Richard Harris (U66) is an organic dairy farmer near Cardigan in Wales. He is Leader of the 3rd Cardigan Sea Scouts; Rocky Newton (H73) has his own farm [since 1993] — between 1978 and 1993, he was professional musician.

Music Adviser to the Government


Legal

Michael Spencer QC (H65) was appointed a Bencher of the Inner Temple; Martin Spencer (W73) has an extensive junior barrister practice specialising in personal injury.

Medical appointments

Martin Holt (D74) Consultant Orthopaedic Surgeon, South Manchester — he is a shoulder specialist described by a friend as of ‘international repute’; Mark Stoker (H84) Specialist Registrar of Anaesthetics, Peterborough District Hospital [August 1998]; Peter Watkins (B84) Editor Journal of the Royal College of Physicians, London [1998]. He has written publications on diabetics and is a consultant physician.

Education

Felix Beadmore-Gray (T76) Deputy Headmaster, Horris Hill, Berkshire [January 1998]; Paul Barnes (W51) Chairman of Governors, St Antony’s-Leweston School [1998]; Jerry Giles (T84) Head of Science, Matravers Senior School, Wensbury, Wiltshire; Dominic Goodall (E85) has a Junior Research Fellowship in Indology at Wolfson College, Oxford. He is also working with the École Française d’Extreme Orient at Pondicherry in South India and has just published his second book, a critical edition and English translation of a 10th century Kashmiri manuscript about Saivism entitled Bhatta Ramakantha’s Commentary on the Kiantantry. The book has been described by The Hindu [9 February 1999] as ‘a vivid exposition of the Saivite concept of the soul’ with its ‘exhaustive commentary and annotated text’. The book is ‘one of the most valuable recoveries of a lore almost forgotten’; Peter Langdale (T74) Head of Languages, St George’s English School, Rome [September 1998]; Nick Robinson (O64) Bursar, Farleigh School [January 1999] — he retired from the Army in June 1998.

Hotels and tourism

Henry Hare (J84) has just taken over St Mawes Hotel in Cornwall [opening May 1999]; Barney Haughton (B69) is a chef in a restaurant in Bristol. He is planning to build a cookery school on the harbour side in Bristol, to open in 2000; Declan Pratt (D88) is a freelance travel tour leader, leading tours over the last five years in 30 countries across Africa, Asia and Europe. Always a lover of travel, he has visited 50 countries. He is planning a millennium cycle journey, cycling through Belgium, Germany, Turkey, Syria, the Lebannon, Jordan and finally to Israel in mid-December 1999 [07957 157284, <declan_pratt@hotmail.com>]. He is an occasional travel writer, having written for The Independent and being featured on BBC2’s The Travel Show; Martin von Schaesberg (E92) Hotel Manager, Cadogan Gardens, Sloane Square.

Journalism


Books published and writing

David Crackanthorpe (A47) Stolen Marches [1999]. In this novel, an Englishman working as a photographer for the resistance in Nimes photographs the Vichy official supervising the departure of a train to the death camps, and later he finds the same official turning up as a minister in the...
postwar government. Set in what The Times [27 February 1999] reviewer describes as 'the dark, climatic period that tortured France in the aftermath of the Second World War', the reviewer concluded that the author 'has written a thoughtful, ambigious and unshowy reprise about the way humans behave after a great watershed in history'; william darlymple (E83) The Age of Kai - India Travels and Encounters [1998]. This is a collection of peripatetic essays, a distillation of ten years' travel around the Indian subcontinent. William writes: 'For six of these ten years, I was based in Delhi working on my second book, City of Djinns. The other four years I wandered the region, on a more nomadic basis, for a few months each year'. The title of the book refers to the concept in ancient Hindu cosmology that time is divided into four great epochs, each age (or yug) is named after one of the four throws, from best to worst, in a traditional Indian game of dice. Other books written by William Darlymple are In Xanadu - a Year in Delhi and From the Holy Mountains - a Journey in the Shadow of Byzantium; DOMINIC GOODALL (E85) see note above; CHRISTOPHER GRAVES MBE (C43) History of Galloway Cattle Society 1877-1990 [October 1998]; GEOFFREY GREATEX (O86) Rome and Persia at War [1998] - an account of the Roman-Persian wars of 502-6 BC and 526-532 BC. One reviewer refers to his 'command both of the sources and of the modern literature' as 'impressive' - often footnotes cover one third to half a page; STUART HARFORTH (B58) - his poem, The Common, is included in The International Library of Poetry [1997]; PROFESSOR RANDAL MARLIN (T55) The David Levine Affair - Separatist Betrayal or McCarthyism North [Fenwood 1998], Randal Marlin sends us a copy of his book on a recent visit to England from Ottawa. The book describes an event that took place in Ottawa between 1 May 1998 and 19 May 1998 and beyond, in which David Levine's appointment as CEO of the Ottawa Hospital led to national uproar - Randal Marlin compares the uproar 'to the uproar in Paris almost exactly a hundred years ago when French opinion was divided over Captain Alfred Dreyfus'. In both cases a form of nationalist or patriotic pride was at the centre of the issue. In 1998 Levine became targeted as a symbol of separatism. The pinnacle of the Levine affair, as a media event, was the 19 May meeting, described by Randal Marlin as the 19 May meeting, described by Randal Marlin as a 'scene revolting to many who value civilised discourse'; SIMON MARSDEN (O64) The Haunted Realm - Echoes from Beyond the Tomb [1998]. This is a collection of photographs of some eerie places in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland - crumbling castles, gothic ruins and moonlit abbeys. The Daily Telegraph [23 January 1999] featured his photographs across two pages; SIMON REYNOLDS (C57) biographies of the artists Simeon Solomon and Sir William Blake Richmond, and a book of poetry on German romantic novels. He is an art dealer and writer; ANTHONY RYAN (A51) is making contributions to OUP's New Dictionary of National Biography. He is a consultant solicitor; NEVILLE SYMINGTON (B55) The Making of a Psychotherapist; HUGO YOUNG (B57) This Blessed Plot - Britain and Europe from Churchill to Blair [Macmillan 1998]. Hugo Young writes at the beginning of this book that this is the story of 50 years when Britain struggled to reconcile the past she could not forget with the future she could not avoid. It is the story of an attitude to history itself. It is a record not of triumph, but rather of bewilderment concerning a question which lay in wait, throughout the period, to trouble successive leaders of the nation, and which latterly tested some of them to destruction.' Reviewing the book in The Times [14 December 1998], Michael Cove wrote: 'Hugo Young can write like an angel, but throughout most of this book, he sounds like a Jesuit Cardinal, despairing of the sins which politicians are heirs to.'

Book Disciples - collecting books for India

JOHN REID (D42) has, since 1992, collected about 13,000 books and shipped them to a seminary and other religious institutions in India - and two others, acting an independent 'sub-agents', have recently started to do the same in north-east and north-west England. John Reid is seeking someone to take over the project from him in the south and perhaps in the Midlands. He writes: 'The books have to be solicited, collected, packed in grocery cartons, stored at home until there are 30 to 40 cartons, and then taken to a depot for shipment. Assembling a consignment will require, say, 100 hours every four to six months. It is rewarding work and much needed; it must be continued.' Contact John Reid fax 0171 736 8178 or <jmreid@clara.net> with a few personal details. John Reid last visited there in April 1998, going to a convent school in Coorg to which some of the books had been sent [he served as an officer in a Coorg regiment in the war].

Music and development of old buildings

ROGER TEMPEST (C81) is rhythm guitarist in The Broughton Blues Group. But his main activity is running a business called Rural Solutions, concerned with 'rural non-agricultural enterprises', or the re-using of old buildings for new purposes - he has arranged such development all over the country, stretching from The Duchy of Cornwall to the Earl of Ronaldshay's estate at Aske. In addition he runs the Broughton Estate in Yorkshire.

Painting

JAMES HART DYKE (C85) was official artist on the Prince of Wales's tour of Sri Lanka, Nepal and Bhutan in 1998. He was featured in The Telegraph Magazine [7 November 1998] in A Royal on the Road.

Television, Theatre and Films

RUPERT EVERETT (W75) was in the cast of Shakespeare in Love. The Daily Telegraph noted [16 January 1999] that this British film 'has taken America by storm' and carried off three Golden Globe Awards - and was named the best musical or comedy film of the year. Later it won seven Oscars, including Best Picture, at the awards in Los Angeles on 21 March 1999; JAMES HONEYBORNE (B88) was the Producer of Hidden Forces [BBC1 13 April 1999], part of the series Supernatural on 'the unseen power of animals' from the BBC Natural History Unit. Publicity for Hidden Forces states: 'Animals live in a parallel world
alive with electricity, magnetism and other hidden forces’ and in the film ‘ladybirds foretell the winter, birds see the earth’s magnetic field and sharks seek out and attack submarines, animals predict earthquakes’: JONATHAN RYLAND (B92) left Webber Douglas Academy of Dramatic Art [July 1998]. Since then he has toured Japan with a production of The Taming of the Shrew, and then went on to Two Gentlemen in Verona at The National Theatre; MICHAEL WHITEHALL (D57) Noah’s Ark II – six 52 minute drama series with Carlton Television [1998], How the Other Half Loves – 12 week national tour, Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford.

Terminal Five Inquiry at Heathrow

EDWARD SPENCER (E91) is appointed to the solicitors Cameron McKenna for the two years from September 1997 to September 1999. He is currently seconded to BAA plc, and is involved in the Terminal 5 Public Inquiry, investigating the proposed new terminal at Heathrow. He tells us that Terminal 5 would increase the capacity of Heathrow from 60 million a year to 100 million a year. Edward studied History at Newcastle [1991-94], was at the College of Law in York [1994-96], and then travelled in Mexico, Fiji, Australia, New Zealand, Bali and Thailand [1996-97].

University News

DOMINIC BRISBY (D96) is at St Benet’s Hall, Oxford. He writes in an e-mail [4 December 1998]: ‘I recently spent six weeks working for Goldman Sachs International dealing with equity options in their London office. However, rather than going into investment banking, I have decided to work for Imperial Tobacco Group Plc. After three days of interviews with every director and office — these include acquisitions as well as continuing their expansion into emerging markets. I am the only new graduate they have ever taken on for this role’, HUGUES DE PHILEY (H90) is a pupil at the Ecole Nationale de la Magistrature; AUGUSTUS DELLA-PORTA (J93) University of Damascus – studying Arabic [1999]; TIM MCALINDON (D77) Assistant Professor, Boston (Mass) University Medical School, researching into arthritis; FABRIZIO NEVOLA (D98) awarded PhD from Courtauld Institute of Art, University of London [November 1998]. Since September 1998, he has been at the University of Syracuse, lecturing on architectural history; EDWARD O’MALLEY (D96) awarded a Scholarship, New College, Oxford [Dec 1998]; WILL WORSLEY (E95) provided music for various Edinburgh plays and productions.

1997 Leavers – Gap Year 1997-98

CHARLIE ROBERTSON (E97) taught in West Bengal in a Catholic public school; ROBERT KING (T97) taught in India or Bhutan. PETER SIDGICK (C97) assisted in an orphanage in Romania and taught in Cape Town and Harare. HAMISH BADENOCH (O97) taught in Malawi. HENRY ROWAN-ROBERTSON (T97) taught in a London prep school and in a remote village in Zimbabwe. JOHN STRICK VAN LINSCHOTEN (O97) was for 12 months with Jesuit European Volunteers, who live in a small community of about five – John was in Nuremburg assisting with homeless people. MATTHEW ROSKILL (H97), after working on a building site, was in a L’Arche Community in France, and then Matthew and ANDREW RIDDLE-CARRE (E97) were with the Manquehue Movement in Chile. ED BARLOW (O97) was in Bolivia and taught English in Peru. GUY MASSEY (D97) helped with refugees in Croatia. RICHARD SARLE (T97) was in Turkey and worked in a hotel in Austria. TJ SHERBROOKE (E97), CHARLIE ELLIS (E97) and RUPERT PINCH (W97) taught in a blind school in Tanzania. CHRIS HILLINGTON (E97) and LOUGHLINN KENNEDY (D97) taught at St Joseph’s College, Sydney. MATTHEW FENTON (O97) was in Argentina, HAROLD THOMPSON (O97) was with a consultancy firm in Belgium. KIEREN EYLES (O97) taught in Hungary and then went to Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii and California with JAMES THACKRAY (O97), CHARLIE HERBERT (T97) and TOM ROSE (T97) were in India teaching English through AIM – JOHN MARTIN (H97 and EDWARD PORTER (H97) did the same in the Philippines. MARTIN TOMASZEWSKI (T97) taught in South India.

1998 Leavers – Gap Year 1998-99 (as noted on 7 April 1999)

JEREMY AGNEW (J98), BEN COLLINS (O98) and HUGO VARLEY (H98) helped in Thabon, a village in Northern Thailand – a joint project with St John’s College, the Catholic secondary school in Bangkok. Earlier in London, Jeremy Agnew worked in a department store, as a waiter and in a temporary agency in the City. PETER WALKER (O98) helped in a Catholic school in the Czech Republic. ALEXANDER BRENNAN (H98), EDWARD FITZALAN HOWARD (J98), TOM STEUART-FIELDING (A98) and ROBERT WORTHINGTON (E98) helped in a blind school in Tanzania. Before going to Tanzania, Alexander Brennan did a mini-pupillage in the law courts, shadowed Bridget Prentice, Labour MP for Lewisham and worked in Brussels with the European Commission and with the European Parliament. EDWARD FITZALAN HOWARD worked at Christianity, Tom Chappell (J98) and Chris Potetz (O98) are teaching with the Manquehue Movement and their schools in Santiago, Chile. Before going to Chile, Tom Chappell worked in Paris and Chris Potez in the catering industry in London. JAVIER CALVO (T98) works in marketing in a drinks firm. SIMON EVERS (O98) is teaching in Argentina. CHARLIE PROGGATT (E98) works in a polo ranch in Argentina. RICHARD HAYWOOD FARMER (C98), EDWARD MOLONY (J98) and HUGH MURPHY (J98) taught English in Mexico – earlier Edward Molony worked in a pizza café in Farnham, Surrey. EDWARD JOHNSTON STEWART (D98) is an Assistant, The Ridge School, Johannesburg, in South Africa. GEORGE BLACKWELL (E98) and WENTY BEAUMONT (T97) have been in Australia and South Africa. George Blackwell worked at Freshfields and Wenty at Conservative Central Office. SIMON HARLE (C98) and RICHARD FARR (T98) are teaching at St Joseph’s College in Sydney, and TOM DETRE (A98) was an assistant in Australia. EDWARD RICHARDSON (C98) works at
Defence Evaluation Research Agency [DERA], Farnborough, developing new materials for aircraft engines, in a year before going to Cambridge in October 1999. DOM GROWTH (D98) is in Administration Department, Lawn Tennis Association. CHRIS HENEAGE (E98) and RUPERT TUSAUD (E98) worked at Fortnum and Masons. HUGO PACE (T98) is PA, Rugby Football Union Autumn 1998. RAOUl FRASER (B98) has worked in New York and then London in modelling, and in tele-sales, as a doorman and other work. He made four column headlines in The Daily Telegraph [17 September 1998] with his plans 'Ampleforth boy leaves to become model pupil', and was photographed for Vogue magazine [December 1998 edition]. JIMMY RUECKEL (W98) works at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Atlanta. JACOB ILLTZ (B98) is in Hong Kong. ALEXANDER DEENEY (H98) is spending five months in a L'Arche Community in Northern France, where Fr David Wilson (T56) has lived since 1988. Earlier he had been in South America, working in insurance for Royal Sun Alliance in Ecuador and in translating work in San Paulo, Brazil. TOM PEMBROKE (E98), after working in a pub in Sevenoaks, was at Sandhurst for three weeks, becoming a 2nd Lieutenant, then to Germany with the Kings Royal Hussars at Munster for one year. MICHAEL PEPPER (D98) was awarded an Army Cadetship—after two weeks at Sandhurst, he went to St Benet's Hall, Oxford. BENJAMIN ROHRMANN (C98) is doing his German military service. Three have Choral Scholarships: JAMES ARTHUR (D98) Guildford Cathedral, PAUL FRENCH Tewkesbury Cathedral and LUKE RAMSDEN (A98) Litchfield Cathedral—Paul French and Luke Ramsden both teach at the prep school attached to their respective choir schools. JAMES TATE (T98) is working in racing in Cheltenham with David Nicholson, champion NH racehorse trainer, in Cork, with cattle, sheep and pigs, as an amateur jockey, at the Rathbarry Stud in Ireland and for a racetrack trainer, Michael Dickinson, in California. CHRISTOPHER WILLIAMS (W98) has been on a six months Thames Young Mariners Course in Richmond, in sailing, kayaking, canoeing, power-boating, first-aid, windsurfing and rock climbing.

**Cricket**

ANTHONY WELD (042) has been appointed official scorer for the New Zealand World Cup team in May-June 1999, and then for the four match Test series. By the beginning of 1999, he had been scorer in 67 Test and one day internationals.

**The Ampleforth Tennis and Racquets Club**

This was formed in February 1999, at a meeting of MICHAEL HATRELL (B52), MARK RAILING (075) and CHARLES WRIGHT (E78). Since 1995 an Old Amplefordian team has entered in the Henry Leaf Cup (a Real Tennis competition for old boys of public schools) — with JOHN TRAPP (T64) and Mark Railing forming a doubles pairing. Of 22 courts in Britain, 18 are in the south, two in Scotland and only two in the north of England. The Club is holding a series of open days for Amplefordians, at Holyport near Maidenhead.
THE SCHOOL

SCHOOL STAFF 1998

Headmaster
Fr Leo Chamberlain MA History
Mr JF Hampshire BEd Biology
Fr Richard field BSc, ACGI, AMIMechE Physics

Second Master
Mr IF Lovat BSc, MIInstP
Mr CJN Wilding BA
Mr HC Cordrington BEd History

Third Master
Mr PW Galliver MA, MPhil
Fr Adrian Convery MA
Fr Francis Dobson FCA, SDSS Politics

Director of Studies & Head of Physics
Mr GJF Hampshire BEd Biology
Fr Richard ff ield BSc, ACGI, AMIMechE Physics

Director of Arts & Head of Sixth Form
Mr IF Lovat BSc, MIInstP
Mr CJN Wilding BA
Mr HC Cordrington BEd History

Director of Admissions & PR

Director of Professional Development & Head of History
Mr PW Galliver MA, MPhil
Fr Adrian Convery MA
Fr Francis Dobson FCA, SDSS Politics

School Guestmaster
Fr Leo Chamberlain MA History
Mr JF Hampshire BEd Biology
Fr Richard field BSc, ACGI, AMIMechE Physics

Second Guestmaster
Mr IF Lovat BSc, MIInstP
Mr CJN Wilding BA
Mr HC Cordrington BEd History

HOUSEMASTERS

St Aidan’s
Fr WF Lofthouse MA Head of Classics

St Bede’s
Fr William Wright BSc Mathematics

St Cuthbert’s
Mr PT McAleenan BA, ACEd Head of Business Studies, Economics and Politics

St Dunstan’s
Mr GWG Guthrie MA Business Studies, Economics

St Edwards
Fr Edward Corbould MA History

St Hugh’s
Fr Christian Shore BSc, AKC, DPTh Head of Biology

St John’s
Fr Cuthbert Madden MB, BS, MRCP Religious Studies, Biology

St Oswald’s
Fr Gabriel Everitt MA, DPhil Head of Religious Studies

St Thomas’s
Fr Richard field BSc, ACGI, AMIMechE Physics, Religious Studies

St Wilfrid’s
Fr James Callaghan MA Modern Languages, Religious Studies

MONASTIC COMMUNITY

Fr Bede Leach ARICS, MCIOB, MCIARB Procurator
Fr Simon Trafford MA Classics
Fr Chad Boulton BA Religious Studies
Fr Luke Beckett MA, MPhil Assistant Head of Religious Studies
Br Kieran Monahan BTh Religious Studies
Fr Raphael Jones STB Religious Studies
Fr Alexander McCabe MA Religious Studies

LAY STAFF

KR Elliot BSc Physics

DS Bowman MusB, FRCO, ARCMCM Music

SR Wright FRCO, ARCMCM Music

G Simpson BSc Mathematics

CGH Belsom BA, MPhil, CMath, FLMA Head of Mathematics

JD Cragg-James BA, DGenLing Modern Languages

A Carter MA Head of English

PMJ Brennan BSc, FRMetSoc Head of Geography

DF Billett MSc, PhD, CChem, FRSC Chemistry

W Leary Music

MJI McPartlan BA Modern Languages, Religious Studies

WM Motley BSc Biology, Theatre Manager

B Bird BA, ATC, DipAD Head of Art

GD Thurman BEd Games Master, Physical Education, History

KJ Dunne BA Modern Languages

PS Adair BA, DLC Design and Technology

MA Barras BSc Physics, Head of ICT

ID Little MA, MusB, FRCO, ARCM, LRAM Director of Music

DR Lloyd MA, BSc, DipSPLD Head of Fourth Form and Special Needs, English

Mrs PJ Melling BSc, BA Head of Activities, Mathematics

D Willis BEd, MED Mathematics

Mrs RMA Fletcher MA Head of General Studies, English

A Doe BA Deputy Head of Sixth Form, Classics

R Warren BSc, PhD Mathematics

*Mrs RE Wilding BA, DipTEFL Head of EFL, Modern Languages

DL Allen MA, DPhii, CChem, MRSC Chemistry, Physics

JG Allistone BA Film/TV, English, TEFL, School Counsellor

AS Thorpe BSc, CChem, MRSC Director of Science and Technology, Head of Chemistry

WJ Dore MA, FRCO Assistant Director of Music

PJ Connor BA, MA Careers Master, History

BW Gillespie BEd Head of Design and Technology

SJ Smith BSc Assistant Head of Biology

*Ms J Zeng MA, PhD, MLitt Chinese

MAS Weare MA, GRSM, ARCM, LRAM Music

SJ Howard BSc Chemistry

Miss C Houlihane BA Classics

RM Stewart BA Religious Studies

M Torrens-Burton MA EFL

RD Eagles MA, DPhil History

MH Cooke BA, LRAM Music

*TC Wilding BA Modern Languages

*T Morrison MA Art
L Quigley MA, ATC Art
JP Ridge BA, Head of Modern Languages
Miss AM Beary MA, MPhil English
Miss KAJ Mannings BA English
*Mrs NM Thorpe BSc Geography
Mr R Sugden BA Geography
Mr J Yates BA Business Studies, Economics and Politics
L Burgueno Spanish Assistant
V Trocherie French Assistant

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

Head Monitor: RC Hollas (A)
Deputy Head Monitor: LF Poloniecki (A)

MONITORS
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

GAMES CAPTAINS
Rugby
GJ West (H)
Golf
FM Sheridan-Johnson (W)
Shooting
AG McMahon (J)
Squash
PM Prichard (D)

Librarians
K Sinnott (J), WC Hui (W), GFR Murphy (D), AH Farquharson (T), MT Scott (J), ML Delany (W), PCK Duncombe (O), HTG Brady (W), K Lam (C).

Bookshop
JWJ Townsend (O), MNB Detre (J), PM Ogilvie (E), TJ Menier (T), JM Osborne (J), PCK Duncombe (O), ML Delany (W), HTG Brady (W), K Lam (C), WA Strick van Linschoten (O).

Stationery Shop
EDC Brennan (E), CN Gilbey (T).

The following boys joined the School in September 1998:
HP Al-Ghaoui (J), ZP Al-Ghaoui (A), J Andrikonis (D), HSJ Armour (O), D Bartosik (H), JB Bilalite-Maurette (C), EMD Bill (C), IEN Brennan (E), J Caceres (H), HAA Chetwyn-Talbot (B), J Clacy (C), JP Colacichitli (W), WJP Collins (A), RKS Cooper (C), TPMP Cornet d'Elzius (J), PR Corrign (H), J Cuart Guitart (D), FMM de Cumon (T), F del Deles des Sarrières (T), AN de Jonaire Narten (W), MC de Jonaire Narten (D), C-AGB de Merode (B), AC Dil (A), CLS Dixon (H), HRU Eagle (E), TF FitzHerbert (J), RSJ Tor (B), WR Freeand (E), NHK Freeman (J), CW) Gair (B), ER Graham (T), JPV Guthereit (W), RJ Heathcote (J), GA Hill (B), PHK Ho (J), OJC Holcroft (E), PB Hollas (T), AJ Hormn (E), RT Horsley (W), T Houdart (B), JCL Hulbert-Powell (O), G Igboewgu (O), JHG Ingelheim (T), JJ Iremonger (C), MR Jackson (C), DJ Jennings (E), MJonas (D), G Kajan (O), DJ Keogh (W), JM Keogh (W), MH Kim (A), ELK Kirby (B), LMF Laffitte (A), KA Langston (B), AS-H Lau (D), DJ Leigh (D), JRG Lenski (J), ACM Li (D), IT Little (O), JRC Macfarlane (W), ECO Madden (E), PE Marr (J), AL Marzal (J), CG Mathias (D), AG Meredith (E), AWA Mollinger (C), EB Nihill (J), JGI Norton JGI (O), FHU O'Sullivan (B), OA Outhwaite (B), M Polatou (W), CD Pembroke (E), BH Peus (B), JLPJ Percott (J), GLTHP Roetter (O), HH Rich (C), MJM Rizzo (H), L Robles Santamaria (W), MLJ Rumold (H), GR Sandys (H), TFP Seilern-Aspang (O), F Seybold (O), CPF Shepherd (T), AR Simenas (O), JRM Smith (W), CEP Sparrow (E), GHR Stagg (W), R Suarez (C), SFM Swann (J), BJ Sweeney (D), SE Tate (A), AJN Trapp (W), M-KE Tse (H), WJL Tuckoh (E), RG Tyrell (D), PEF Valori (B), N von Moly (J), CAF Woodhead (O), Z Xu (D), M Yamada (W), RB Zigler (J).

From the Junior School:
F Andrada-Vanderwilde (W), DE Berner (J), PJ Canning (W), AT Chamberlain (T), TR Collins (D), D Cunliffe (T), GIA Dalziel (B), N de Jasy (B), CFD Dewe Mathews (O), Cj Dobson (C), Tsg Flaherty (H), TB Gay (O), BMG Haddleton (D), JR Halliwell (O), NHE Jeffrey (D), JEP Larkin (O), SC Lewis (C), JLPJ Lovat (H), EAD Maddicott (H), BP McAndrew (W), JS Melling (H), J Moretti (T), RT Mulchton (T), J-P Multihiil (O), JA Murphy (T), TF O'Brien (H), CPM Phillips (D), MG Phillips (O), JWO Ramage (D), PR Scully (W), B Sinnott (J), PJ Spencer (E), JP Stein (B), MKG Sugrue (C), FF Townsend (D), JRA Tucker (T), SV Wujek (D), R Yamada (W), SPP Zwaans (W).
The following boys left the School in December 1998:
St Aidan's  JRC Barrett, WJP Collins
St Bede's    HWD Chiu, C-A de Merode, EL Kirby, T Houdart
St Cuthbert's RJ Macloughlin, JB Bilalte-Maurette
St Dunstan's CG Mathias
St John's    SP Burdzy
St Oswald's  A Grabarczyk, G Kajan
St Thomas'   F de Delas de Sarriera
St Wilfrid's MM Domagala, JP Gutterlet, M Palotai, NS Ward
Fincham

MAJOR SCHOLARSHIPS

J Lovat      Ampleforth College Junior School
A Marzal (5th Form entry) St John's Beaumont
D Leigh      The Minster School
T Fitzherbert Moor Park

MINOR SCHOLARSHIPS

J Stein      Ampleforth College Junior School
P Scully     Ampleforth College Junior School
C Sparrow    Milbourne Lodge
E Graham     Bramcote
F Townsend   Ampleforth College Junior School
C Macfarlane Rokey

SIXTH FORM MAJOR MUSIC SCHOLARSHIP

K Lam        Ampleforth College

SIXTH FORM HONORARY MUSIC SCHOLARSHIP

I Kim        Ampleforth College

MUSIC SCHOLARSHIP MAJOR AWARD

IT Little    The Minster School

MUSIC SCHOLARSHIP MINOR AWARDS

R Mulchrone Ampleforth College Junior School
CWJ Gair     The Minster School

1996 LEAVERS
Brenninkmeyer RAL (H)
Fane-Saunders PB (W)

1997 LEAVERS
Baddenoch HA (O)
Barlow EF (O)
Biller AS (A)
Bodnick-Ward OWJ (A)
Campbell-Davies IE (T)
Carwright-Taylor PED (W)
Coaleson TJE (D)
Dale SM (O)
Davis TJ (H)
Dell GH (E)
Eyles KP (O)
Fenton MRF (E)
Finch CRH (W)
Fisher LS (O)
Fletcher EC (O)
Hettor GML (T)
Jaffar KF (A)
Joynt MC (O)
Kennedy LAM (D)
King RS (I)
Lyle JC (B)
Lyons Dean NW (D)
Managan LL (T)
Martin JX (H)
Massey GI (D)
Mollet MJR (B)
Orton EHR (B)
Parison RS (D)
Porter EDJ (H)
Roberson CDF (E)
Rose TW (T)
Rokski MW (H)
Bawman-Robinson HJ (T)
Sarli RCG (T)
Sherburne TJ (E)
Shillington CG (E)
Sideywick PT (C)
Spayle C (H)
Strange TRW (B)
Strick van Linschoten JH (O)
Telford TP (A)
Thackray JK (O)
Thompson HPS (O)
Ting DP (J)
Todd TN (H)
Tomaszewski M (T)
Vo Marn BKHJ (W)
Wahl SJL (A)

Edinburgh    Business Commerce & Economics
Oxford (St Hugh's) Classics

Cambridge (Trinity) English Literature
Oxford (New) English
Imperial English
Bristol English
LSE English
Nottingham Trent English
RAC Cirencester English
Liverpool English
Reading Typography & Graphic Communication
Taylor Mathematics
Ampleforth Sociology with Law
Holmes Biochemistry
Ampleforth History

Ampleforth Business Management
Ampleforth History & Ancient History
Ampleforth Genetics
Ampleforth Mechanical Engineering
Ampleforth Economic & Social History
Ampleforth Zoology
Ampleforth Dentistry
Ampleforth Ancient History & Archaeology
Ampleforth Law

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Ampleforth Modern Languages
Ampleforth Politics & Sociology
Ampleforth Financial Studies
Ampleforth Geography
Ampleforth Business & Law
Ampleforth Classics
Ampleforth Turkish & Arabic
Ampleforth English
Ampleforth Design & Technology
Ampleforth Economics
Ampleforth Architecture
Ampleforth Population Studies
Ampleforth History & Economics
Ampleforth Business & Publishing
Ampleforth Estate Management
1998 LEAVERS

Anakwe KO (A)
Bacon ND (W)
Ballestron J (f)
Barnes JJ (B)
Bennett HM (H)
Borrett JE (I)
Byrne TVL (O)
Byrne OD (H)
Cahill DM (W)
Calvo J (T)
Camacho MP (C)
Christie AT (B)
Clavel AC (O)
Crenwell CJ (T)
Cruchshank PM (W)
de Lisle TRH (O)
Dean JCS (A)
Evers SM (O)
García de Leaniz A (D)
Graham SR (T)
Gillum SJ (O)
Heating GE (W)
Herrera S de Vicuna B (J)
Hudson KLM (O)
Ibatoaka UK (A)
Kerrison MBE (W)
Kingston MA (I)
Kynoch WSF (I)
Kurland MBE (H)
Lightay J (T)
Lloyd J (E)
Lynch A (T)
Madden DJW (E)
Maclellan MA (H)
McDonnell M (I)
Meakin J (T)
Morgan R (O)
O'Mahony AD (A)
O'Sullivan MA (H)
Phillips JA (O)
Pilkington SB (E)
Pepper ME (D)
Perrett PA (H)
Pilkington SB (E)
Raftery PA (H)
Road TB (T)
Robertson TJ (O)
Rundle JJ (W)
Shepherd GM (A)
Squire MJ (T)
Stanley-Cary EP (W)
Villalobos MJ (C)
Von Salms-Hoegstraaten KL (C)
Wade CJ (A)
Winstead KLC (H)
Wethereall JP (T)
Zwaans HMC (W)

1998 THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

THE SCHOOL

DEGREE RESULTS OF OLD AMPLEFORDIANS
(Notified since February 1996)

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Boyle ADB (H)
Carichi PA (H)
Eccleston PEDES (T)
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Jennings E (B)
Jones MA (T)
Whittaker J (I)

1990 LEAVERS

Boyle AKJ (H)
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Heath OJW (E)
McKenzie J (I)
Parker T (C)

1991 LEAVERS

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Davies MJR (B)
Dumleavy PJH (T)

1992 LEAVERS

Birchall RAJ (B)
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Carney KB (B)
Dickinson MA (B)
Dunleavy RP (A)
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Fox-Tucker M (T)
Gallway DS (C)
Gorter FP (I)
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Hartigan JA (W)
Irvin NCPD (C)
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Pilkington SB (E)
Snelson EJ (O)
Stewart Fotheringham PD (E)
Towner PBA (T)
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We again welcomed a healthy intake of new colleagues in September and hope that they, and their families, will be happy here. John Ridge is our new Head of Modern Languages. After Cambridge, John held a short-service commission in the Education Wing of the RAF; he joins us after eleven years at RGS Worcester, where he also ran the CCF. This year we have three language assistants: Luis Burgueño (Spanish), a graduate in English and qualified teacher, is developing his career. Filippo Gori (Italian and Headmaster's Department) is taking a gap year from Bocconi University, Milan, where he is studying Economics. Vincent Trocherie (French), like several of his immediate predecessors, is from the Catholic University of Angers where he is completing his studies in English and Portuguese. The English Department has two new members: Toni Beary has taught at the Leys School, Cambridge for the past two years. At the University she read English, then took Catholic education as her thesis topic for a higher degree; throughout her time there she distinguished herself in rowing. Katherine Mannings has had experience in several schools since completing her PGCE in Cambridge. Bob Sugden joins the Geography Department. A keen rugby player, Bob distinguished himself in the sport at Cambridge, and as a former pupil at Bradford GS he is no stranger to our valley. Before completing his PGCE he taught briefly at Sedbergh, then in Nairobi whilst travelling round the world. John Yates is teaching Economics and Business Studies. After graduating in Economics, John qualified as an accountant and practised for several years in industry before taking a PGCE. He has taught in England and Kenya and is an experienced coach of tennis, athletics and cross-country. Our congratulations go to John on his marriage to Sonia Kolesow during the Christmas holidays.

DFB

HEADMASTER’S LECTURES
18th Season: 1998–99

Friday 2 October 1998: The Knights of Malta – a presentation
Fra Matthew Festing TD DL (C56), Mr Desmond Seward (E54), Mr Peter Drummond- Murray and Dr Stuart Carney (A91) made a presentation of the history, spirituality, organisation and contemporary service of the Knights of Malta. Fra Matthew Festing presented an overall view of the Order, and then Desmond Seward spoke of the origins and history of the Order. Peter Drummond-Murray spoke of the organisation and work of the Order on a worldwide scale, such as serving in soup kitchens in Edinburgh, the aid work in Bosnia-Herzegovina (of which Fra Matthew had been much involved, especially in Bihac), the Knights Pilgrimage to Lourdes. Dr Stuart Carney described working with the Order as a doctor in the West Bank; he described being prevented from bringing a child for treatment across the border into Israel and its fatal consequences.

Friday 6 November 1998: General Sir Michael Rose KCB CBE DSO QCM ‘The Challenges of Global Peacemaking’
General Sir Michael Rose spoke of the challenges of global peacemaking following the end of the Cold War, and illustrated this theme with his experience as Commander of the UN Protection Force in Bosnia and Herzegovina for a year between 1984 and 1985. He spoke in the context of his experiences in peacemaking in Bosnia-Herzegovina, a central theme of his lecture. He noted that Palmerston had said that ‘no sane man would ever get involved in the Balkans’.

Looking at peacekeeping as a global issue, General Rose noted that there were 36 million refugees in the world today, and that Africa had seen the greatest mass movement of population in world history over the last four years. Twenty-two million people had been killed in wars since 1945. The population of the world was now 4.5 billion and would be 10 billion by the time his audience of the Upper VI was the same age as he was now. In Bosnia, Europe had seen the greatest slaughter for 500 years since the 100 Years War; in 1992 alone, 360,000 people had been killed in wars in Bosnia.

The mission in Bosnia-Herzegovina had different elements: there was the need to provide the possibility of sustaining people, of creating the possibility of peace and of preventing the war from spreading. Before the UN came, in 1992,
there were around 130,000 civilians killed in the conflict; after the UN came 33,000 were killed. The UN stopped genocide and implemented the Washington Accord (the peace between the Muslims and the Croats) — this was 'an extraordinary achievement'. And this in turn made possible, in fact created the necessary conditions for, the Dayton Peace Agreement that brought an end to war. In itself, a peacekeeping force can never deliver a political solution (that is the job of politicians), but it created the conditions for peace.

Sir Michael Rose spoke of the role of the media, and how in Bosnia-Herzegovina journalists became part of the propaganda war, in which the different sides deliberately tried to distort the facts.

**Sir Michael Rose was Commander of UN Protection Force in Bosnia-Herzegovina between 23 January 1994 and 23 January 1995 — 'one of the toughest military missions in the world'. Civil war began in the former Yugoslavia in June 1991, first in Slovenia and Croatia, and later in 1992 in Bosnia-Herzegovina — each of these states eventually emerging as independent states. Estimated deaths in the war totalled perhaps 250,000 [NBC News 1995]. Within days of Rose's arrival in Bosnia, one of the worst incidents of the war took place when 68 people were killed in the market place by what was assumed to be a Serb shell, and this was the stimulus to UN further intervention, using NATO planes. On the night of the completion of his mission, John Simpson reported for Panorama [BBC1 23 January 1995] in a programme called Rose's War: 'When General Rose arrived in Sarajevo, 1200 shells each day were falling on the city — the people here were the victims of medieval siege warfare fought with modern weapons. But today [January 1995] it is peaceful and that is largely due to him.' John Simpson went to an area where 'three weeks ago we could not possibly have stood on the city — the people here were the victims of medieval siege warfare fought with modern weapons'. But today [January 1995] it is peaceful and that is largely due to him.' John Simpson described Sir Michael Rose: 'Rose, the only British general of his rank with fluent French is both a man of action as former head of the SAS and one of the army's intellectuals.' General Sir Michael Rose had commanded the SAS in the Falklands War in 1982 and in 1979 had directed the rescue at the Iranian Embassy siege in London. After leaving Bosnia-Herzegovina in 1995, he was Deputy C-in-C Land Command, and then, between 1995 to 1997, he was Adjutant General (second senior appointment in the army). In the week of his visit to Ampleforth his book Fighting for Peace on the war was published. Sir Michael Rose has been a regular visitor to the CCF at Ampleforth since the 1970s.


Mr Roger Wright spoke of the challenges facing the music industry and communications in general with the new technology. He compared and illustrated the difference between live music and the techniques of modern recording. He illustrated how different aspects of the same music can be recorded at different times, often years apart. He illustrated what he saw as the greater quality of the live event, whether recorded or actually live. He went on to talk about the future development of music and communications, of digital and internet developments.

In September 1998 Mr Wright was appointed Controller of BBC Radio 3. Previously he had been Head of Classical Music, BBC (1997-98) and Senior Producer, BBC Sympony Orchestra (1986-89). He spent a number of years in Germany and the USA — as Vice President of Deutsche Grammophon (1992-97) and Artistic Administrator, Cleveland Orchestra, Ohio (1989-92). He has written three books on new music for Oxford University Press. He has presented and produced programmes for radio and television. He is a member of Arts Council panels. In his introduction to the lecture, Luke Poloniecki recalled that Roger Wright had taken the part of a Singing Monk in an opera at Ampleforth in the 1970s.

**Friday 13 November 1998: Mr Nicholas Ross ‘Love and Marriage in the Renaissance’**

Mr Nicholas Ross engaged his audience in the iconography of renaissance painting. He considered two fifteenth-century paintings: Botticelli's *Mars and Venus* and Jan Van Eyck’s *Arnolfini Marriage Group*, both of which are in the National Gallery. Nicholas Ross considered the contemporary Northern and Italian Renaissance views of love and marriage. In *Mars and Venus*, Botticelli shows the celebration of the marriage contract between a member of the Medici family and a member of the Vespucci family; in *The Arnolfini Marriage Group*, Jan Van Eyck depicts a pregnant woman. Nicholas Ross speculated with a series of questions to the audience as to the iconography of this pregnancy, concluding that in reality the woman was not pregnant, that she never in fact did give birth to a child, and that this painting represented the group before marriage. What Jan Van Eyck does is to represent the Catholic theology of marriage, the marriage only being sealed and completed when it is consummated — thus the symbolism of pregnancy represents the true nature and theology of the contract, not an actual pregnancy at all. In his method of lecturing, Nicholas Ross asks his audience to see a painting not just as an aesthetic object, but he invites his audience to read the painting and to unveil its iconography, seeing its symbolism, and to view it in its social, cultural, legal, political and spiritual context. Nicholas Ross is a conjurer, revealing an understanding of a painting with the help of his audience, leading them and even being lead by them to new understandings and speculations.

Nicholas Ross is an art historian. He has recently written a study of Miro, the Spanish surrealist. He has written books on Canaletto and Florence. He is the Director of Art History Abroad, which runs gap-year art courses. Nicholas Ross has lectured several times at Ampleforth.
ACTIVITIES

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

After having had to scale down its membership status on account of rising costs, the Ampleforth group had a very successful time fund-raising at Exhibition: as well as the traditional tea on Saturday afternoon, which we moved into the Main Hall, attracting many more passers-by, the group raised money by running a second-hand book stall. For this we must thank the Bookshop, who organised it and provided some of the books, as well as the generosity of the parents who support us. This is a venture we hope to repeat. Much of our focus last term was on the celebrations for the fiftieth anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. The group produced copies of the Declaration that were sent to all the Houses, and in the fortnight leading up to 10 December, specific articles were selected and displayed on large posters around the school, a new one each day. On the day itself, large numbers of boys and staff in the College signed a statement of support for the Declaration to be sent to the Secretary of the United Nations. The local Kirkbymoorside Amnesty group is imaginatively raising the profile of Amnesty International in schools by donating trees: they have given us a young oak, which will grow splendidly, like Ampleforth, through the next millennium and be known perhaps as the ‘Amnestree.’

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

At the beginning of the Autumn term the Classical Society was honoured to welcome Dr Christopher Pelling, of University College Oxford. He gave an interesting lecture on the subject of Ancient Medicine. His talk ranged from the beginnings of medicine and its ethics as found in Hippocrates to various symptoms of the plague in Athens during the Peloponnesian War. The talk itself was backed up by interesting slides on ancient enemas.

Towards the end of last term an enjoyable trip was made to Leeds Playhouse to see a new interpretation of Trackers of Oxyrinchus by Tony Harrison. It included excellent acting, well-choreographed scenes, a rhythmic chorus, and the costumes of the Satyrs, which did not fail to amuse. Tony Harrison’s personal message also provided a valuable subtext to the play. Other outings such as a trip down to London and to Newcastle have characterised an active two terms.

Christopher Larner (D)

ACTIVITIES

COMBINED CADET FORCE

Self Reliance Exercise, North York Moors

Congratulations go to Flight Sergeant David Ansell who gave up part of his half term to compete in his first triathlon in Lanzarote. He raised £1,500 for the Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen’s Families Association (SSAPA). He has also been selected as one of nine (RAF) cadets to take part in the International Air Cadet Exchange 1999 in Sweden.

The officers are Major VF McLean (Commanding Officer), Major ME Corbould (Fr Edward) (2IC and OC 1st Year), Lieutenant R. Stewart (OC 2nd Year), Flight Lieutenant PM Brennan (OC RAF Section), Flight Lieutenant JP Ridge, RSM RL Morrow (School Staff Instructor). The army section remains well supported with 138 cadets (distributed across the years as follows 1st 56; 2nd 32; 3rd 23; 4th 13; 5th 14). The 1st year under Underofficers Robert Hollas (T), Richard Scoope (E), Mark Leach (D), Christopher Larner (D), Richard Edwards (C), John Shields (J), (assisted by Sgts Gill RDG and Colley RMP 9 CTT, RSM Morrow and commanded by Fr Edward) did their basic training of drill, weapon training, map reading and fieldcraft. They also shot the No 8 (.22) rifle. The 2nd year under Underofficers Edward Hodges (W), Adrian Havelock (T), Colour Sergeants Mark Horrocks (C), Julian Roberts (J), Paul Prichard (D), Corporal Patrick Kennedy (D), and commanded by Lt Stewart, trained for the Irish Guards Cup. Nos 1 and 2 sections spent much of the term learning section battle drills and patrolling skills, culminating in a Recce and Fighting Patrol exercise. Nos 3 and 4 sections learnt first aid and self-reliance, culminating in a 24 hour exercise on the North York Moors on the coldest night of the year. We are grateful to the School Matron, Miss Alison Lee, who tested the boys on first aid on the moors. The 3rd year were in a...
The cadre course run by Lt Hall of the Royal Irish Regiment. The 4th year not acting as instructors to the junior cadets carried out advanced tactical training and acted as enemy for the night patrol exercises. They also used the Assault Course at Topcliffe, the home of 40th Regiment Royal Artillery. We are grateful to Squadron Leader Simon Mead, leader of the Red Arrows, for his presentation and to Captain Rob Olney, Army Air Corps, from Middle Wallop who flew 25 1st year cadets in a Gazelle helicopter.

VF McL

SHOOTING

At the start of the term Andrew McMahon (J) was appointed Captain of Shooting. A team of twelve boys represented the school at the 15 (NE) Bde Skill at Arms Meeting which took place on Sunday 28 September 1998 at Strensall Ranges near York. The team consisting of AG McMahon (Capt), JCCB Black (H), OCA Lamb (T), DWC zu Liwenstein (C), JA Stonehouse (W), RJK Heathcote (J), JR Bradley (H), AB Bulger (W) and TPA Ramsden (D) came third in Match 1 with RJK Heathcote (J) and JA Stonehouse (W) coming first and second in Class B. Ampleforth won Match 2, the section match by seven points from St Peter's School and Oliver Lamb (T) and Ed Hodges (W) won Match 3, the Light Support Weapon Match. We were denied any prizes in the Pool Bull but in the Falling Plates competition the A and B teams met in the third round. Ampleforth B eventually went on to win the shield, defeating Yarm A in the final.

On 4 October 1998 a team of seven cadets, commanded by Ed Hodges (W) with Andrew McMahon (J), Jonathan Black (H), David Ansell (O), Henry McHale (W), Adrian Havelock (T) and Dominik zu Löwenstein (C) competed in the annual 15 (NE) Bde March and Shoot Competition, Exercise Colts Canter. The team trained hard for the competition which involved an Inspection, General Knowledge Test (map reading, weapon handling and first aid), Command Task and five mile Forced March over the Catterick Moors, which the team won, coming in under the bogie time of 73 minutes. This was followed immediately by a Section Shoot. Fourteen schools took part and we were placed third overall. The 1st VIII were placed 22nd in the Staniforth .22 Competition out of 45 teams entered. St Wilfrid's House won the Inter House Small Bore competition with 234 points. St Cuthbert's were 2nd with 232 and St John's were 3rd with 229. Oliver Lamb (T) won the best shot with a score of 74 (the highest possible was 75). All the first year cadets shot the .22 rifle over three evenings in December and GA Hill (B) achieved the highest score after a re-shoot with JO Norton (O). The 7.62mm Target Rifle is still on schedule for 1999.

RLM

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

The Society started the year with two intelligent and entertaining debates on the role of ethics on foreign policy and on vegetarianism which, despite well-informed and persuasive speeches advocating a vegetarian diet, was narrowly rejected. The Society also entertained the ladies of Queen Mary's School, Baldersby, who came to debate whether those who wore designer clothes had personalities. It was thought that they had. The Society is grateful to Dominic McCann (O), Ben McAliean (H), Alex Strick (O), Jonathan Halliwell (O), Tom Gay (O), James Norton (O), John Townsend (O) and John Heaton-Armstrong (E) for speaking.

ELB
SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

The season opened with a well-attended meeting to debate the motion *This house believes that Cool Britannia should chill out*. The case for the proposition was defined by Julian Roberts (J), who spoke well against the inconvenience of a French Television crew (in Ampleforth filming a documentary on the House of Lords) a foot from his face. He was met confidently by Luke Sumner (J), and Chris Larner (D) on the opposition benches, with Richard Edwards (C) speaking last for the proposition. The floor debate also proved lively, with Christian Banna (H) and Will Thomson (H) making graphic points.

The first Middle Sixth debate was also the début for all four bench speakers, the motion being *This house believes that Britain should not interfere in the domestic affairs of other nations* and topical came in the wake of Senator Pinochet’s arrest in London. Robin Davies (D) and Oliver Odner (B) proposed against Felix MacDonogh (T) and Danny Walsh (B). Whilst the speeches at times lacked a little tact, the floor debate was again good, with Upper Sixth speakers such as Julian Roberts (J), Luke Sumner (J) and Robert Hollas (T/A) adding gravitas to the proceedings. It was (as ever) apparent that a good debate is made by the contribution from the Floor, and an improved attendance is one of the Society’s aims in the second half of the school year.

The final debate of 1998 was the Christmas meeting, *This House believes that when a Man’s tired of London he’s tired of Life*. Johnson’s frequently quoted phrase was proposed by John Lambe (O) and Richard Edwards (C), and opposed by the Head of School, Rob Hollas (T/A) and Humphrey Fletcher (O). Speeches were of a high standard but, in contrast to the previous meeting, the floor debate lacked passion, with only Ed Kirby (B) and Patrick Duncombe (O) making good points.

Arguably the best meeting of the season was with the Mount School, York. Revealed only half an hour before the debate commenced, the motion *This House believes that religion is the opiate of the masses* proved to be highly controversial, with Christian Banna (H), in a beautiful blue velvet suit, proposing against Patrick Tolhurst (C). Partisanship was cut to a minimum, as the two Ampleforth speakers were paired off with two Mount girls. Attendance was excellent, and the floor debate was both interesting and well ordered, with the motion carried 34 votes to 32, and 13 abstentions. In addition to the bench speakers, Will Thomson (H) made some good points from the floor, as did Mark Leach (D), Felix MacDonogh (T) and many of the girls from the Mount School.

Thanks this term must go to the Refectory staff, who have been very generous in providing refreshments after meetings, and especially to Robert Hollas (T/A), who began the year as Secretary until the workload of Oxbridge entrance called him in another direction. Fortunately he will still be able to contribute as well from the floor as he did from the benches.

Hamish Farquharson (T)
as the Group Marshal for all of the 30 recipients from North Yorkshire. Having first introduced the Group to HRH The Duke of Edinburgh, who chatted to them individually and collectively about their achievements, the Marshal presented them to the specially invited celebrity to receive their certificates. Footballer John Barnes was unfortunately indisposed but his place was admirably taken at short notice by Mr Brian Adam, Managing Director of MCL Automotive Division Limited. Joanna Lumley was also present, next to whom Michael Pepper successfully managed to have himself photographed in the Palace after the Ceremony.

At St James's Palace: F Ho, A Biller, U Igboaka, M Pepper and R Russell Smith

The Expedition Section has been busy with Bronze training and assessment before the season closed at the end of October. Three Bronze groups completed their assessments successfully with Mr Carter on the NY Moors. The organisation and training by Dr Warren and Dr Billett of the large cohort of Gold and Silver participants for prospective assessments at Easter and in the Summer also began after half term.

The full range of Community Service opportunities, generally supervised by Dr Allen, resumed at all levels of Award in September. Our six year conservation project with the Forestry Commission, to re-establish a colony of rare fly orchids at Pry Rigg Wood, was concluded. The improvement to the ecology of the local environment was recognised by the Unit's being nominated runners up in their section of the Golden Sheaf Awards for Environmental Action, sponsored by Ryedale District Council and The Ryedale Mercury. We have started a new conservation project with the Forestry Commission in Yearsley Woods on an earthwork of historic importance. Both the Army and RAF sections of the CCF are providing a valuable Service route for some Silver and Gold participants.

The range of Skills and Physical Recreations undertaken remains wide. Mr Carter has been running physical achievement tests for those whose participation in games has not been at the appropriate level or duration. Demonstration of a commitment to a Skill (which at Gold level must be sustained for a minimum of 18 months) is a prerequisite for acceptance in the Scheme. It is a disappointment to all concerned when boys fail to gain Awards through not satisfying the Skills requirement. At Gold level the Residential Project is also often the reason for non-completion: this project lasts for a minimum of five days so needs forward planning by the individual in order to be completed during a School holiday away from his home.

The Award Unit is indebted to all the adults, both within the School and outside, whose help in so many different ways enables the boys to participate in the Scheme.

DFB

THE ENGLISH SOCIETY

The English Society celebrated National Poetry Day in October in what has become traditional style, with tea, cakes and readings in the Main Hall, around a table of discounted verse from the Bookshop. The theme this year was comic poetry, and there was a wide variety on offer from Shakespeare to Wendy Cope. Readers came, mostly voluntarily, from among the boys and the staff. Not long afterwards came the sad news of Ted Hughes' death, but nothing daunted (all poets die, their poetry lives on), the Society held an impromptu Ted Hughes Tea at which favourite Hughes poems were read, including some from Birthday Letters, the last collection. On this occasion, the Society discussed whom they would like to see as the next Poet Laureate, and samples of potential candidates' work were passed around with the crumpets; no very serious conclusion was reached.

AC

FACE-FAW

In Autumn 1998, FACE-FAW continued to support projects in Eastern Europe, Africa, South America and here at home.

In South America, funds were sent to assist street children in Columbia through Let the Children Live. In Eastern Europe, refugee children in Croatia were supported through the Croatian Church Trust in London. In response to the invitation of the Hon Simon Scott (T57), Chief Fundraiser for Scottish European Aid, refugees in Kosovo were supported. In particular, funds were raised in a snap three day appeal by a guessing game linked to the 14 Sedbergh matches on 17 October 1998, and through a fast day in December 1998. In Africa, two students were sponsored in East Africa and support given to the
people of Sudan. In the Nubia mountains in Central Sudan, the people of the Diocese of El Obeid were supported by several events, notably the marketing of White Stuff shirts by John Heaton-Armstrong, Edward Brennan and James Madden, this raising over £2,000 for FACE-FAW. Our link here is Ferdinand von Habsburg (E87), who works as chief assistant to the Bishop in their Nairobi offices and in Sudan in the midst of a civil war in which villages are been bombed and burnt. Between September 1998 and February 1999 Igor de la Sota, Thomas Leeming and Louis Robertson sold 28 numbered prints of Ampleforth to raise funds. In September 1998 funds were sent to the Ampleforth Lourdes Sick Fund to assist sick persons to go on pilgrimage to Lourdes - these were the proceeds of the 1998 Rock Concert. Edward Cameron and Ben Fitzherbert organised a 5-a-side football competition. A number of fund raising projects took place within houses.

The Co-Ordinating Group (COG) of FACE-FAW is composed of William Thomson and Patrick Tolhurst (Joint Chairmen), Christian Banna, Edward Hall, Robert Hollas, Luke Poloniecki and John Tigg and are supported by 52 in the House Aid Team (HAT) representing 47 year groups in 10 houses - these HATs provide a key link for the whole FACE-FAW system. The Hedgehog and the Fox was edited by Henry Foster and Dominic Mullen, with Luke Poloniecki as Editor-in-Chief.

William Thomson (H) and Patrick Tolhurst (C)

OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES GROUP

This has been another term with a full range of activities covering most weekends. It began with 'Come and Try It' events in canoeing, climbing and caving to encourage new boys to the school to take part and become members. These were well supported.

Canoeing has been very active on three fronts. Regular Thursday evening training sessions have been well supported by those wishing to begin the sport or wanting to improve their skills and learn to Eskimo Roll. This was ably assisted by Charlie Ellis (O) who has recently passed his British Canoe Union Four Star Award. Two canoe polo sessions were held, trying to put skills into action, although some seemed to spend more time in the water than on it. For the improving canoeists a trip on the River Ure was organised, starting over a five foot sloping weir followed by three and a half miles of grade 1 to grade 3 rapids to keep members on their toes. Only a couple of boys tried hard enough to capsize.

Climbing has not been as popular this term, with smaller groups attending the sessions. However, the climbing wall in the Old Gym is nearing completion with the addition of a double overhang, chimney and side wall section to add to the existing challenges.

The caving expedition to Goyden Pot and Manchester Hole in Upper Nidderdale was very well attended and a good day was had by all, ranging from walking in eighty feet high caverns to squeezing and squirming through low muddy and wet crawls. The caving weekend in the Yorkshire Dales had to be

cancelled due to continuous wet weather before the weekend, coupled with a poor forecast, leaving water levels in the cave systems unacceptably high and unsafe. Despite a poor weather forecast we decided to run the mountaineering weekend in the Lake District, but stayed in the Youth Hostel at Helvellyn rather than camp, which proved to be the correct decision. We awoke in the hostel on Saturday morning to a wet, windy and grey day with low cloud on the Fells. Rather than venture too high we divided into two groups, one group tackling Place Fell and the other The Knott. Both groups successfully completed their objectives despite the conditions and were pleased to see the dry and warmth of the Hostel. Sunday proved to be a superb day with sun and blue skies, although there had been snow overnight covering the top 500 feet of Helvellyn. Again we divided into two groups, one tackling Helvellyn and the other Raise, returning to the minibus via Greenside Mine.

Despite a full term of activities there has been a definite tailing off of interest when the temperature drops by a few degrees. A few have admitted that they do not sign up because it is too cold. Are Ampleforth boys becoming more wimpish and soft or is College central heating too warm and cosy? PSA

THE PANASONIC ROOM

Work on Stalky and Co has continued in earnest and the two major filming weekends have enabled us to reach the three-quarter mark. The scale of such a task should not be underestimated but there is some confidence that the film will be ready for distribution at Exhibition. A project such as this gives everyone something to work on - in a cast and film crew of at least fifty boys even the smallest error can set us back hours. Filming is very hard work and it can be difficult to keep sight of the final product when you are shooting tiny sequences in an odd order and no one is sure that it will all fit together. Despite such inevitabilities, however, such a large endeavour brings out the best in the Panasonic Room. About twelve minutes have been assembled for a rough edit on our digital Media 100 system, which looks promising and is encouraging all to keep going (including the director!). We now face the filming of the final scene, complete with a twenty-two metre crane on the theatre square, over the last weekend of January.

JCJA

THE 7TH AMPLEFORTH PILGRIMAGE TO THE PARISH OF ST JAMES, MEDJUGORJE

29 December 1998 to 4 January 1999

This was the seventh visit by an Ampleforth group to Medjugorje in 11 years. In all, 158 persons have come on these seven pilgrimages, some several times or every time - they included 35 boys in the school, 43 Old Amplefordians, eight...
monks and 72 others. It should be added that nearly 30 Ampleforth monks have in this and in other ways visited Medjugorje.

Although the apparitions that have continued for almost 18 years remain at the heart of the mystery of this group of hamlets in Bosnia-Herzegovina, the reality of a visit to Medjugorje is as a pilgrimage to the parish, this parish of St James. Sharing in the life of the parish has become a central factor, and especially in the Croatian Mass and all the prayer that surrounds it in the evening and for us also, the English Mass in the morning.

If the apparitions are authentic, they and the messages that come from them, must be significant. Our Lady comes with a message of Peace, and the means to that Peace being the Sacrament of Reconciliation, fasting, the saying of the rosary, the reading of the Scriptures, and the celebration of Mass. To assist us to live the messages, Our Lady gives the visionaries a message on the 25th of each month to the parish and to all pilgrims.

Our group numbered 24: Donall Cunningham (A45), David Tate (E47), Fr Alberic Stacpoolle (C49), Fr Edward Corbould (E51), Dr Robert Blake-James (D57), Fr Francis Dobson (D57), Simon Tate (W81), Inigo Patermina Sunley (W87), Charlie des Forges (W92), Tom Bowen-Wright (H97), Domingo Hormaeche (I97), Euan O'Sullivan (B97), Matthew Roskill (H97), John Strick van Linschoten (O97), Thierry Cornet d'Elzius (I), Fabrice Busson, Fiona Goodhart (mother of James Goodhart (E88) and sister of David Bowes-Lyon (E65)), Tony Hickey (editor of a Manchester-based Medjugorje monthly publication), Maureen McBain (mother of Niall McBain (B83)), Elizabeth Rylands (sister of John (A73), Peter (A74), Justin (A82)), Deborah Sharp, Emma Sharp and Phillip von Habsburg-Lothringen (brother of Konrad (D90)). Ten of these had visited Medjugorje before, and Philip von Habsburg-Lothringen, Robert Blake-James, David Tate and Donall Cunningham at a very early stage of the apparitions, around 1983 or 1984. Thus 13 of us were new to Medjugorje.

The official position of Medjugorje remains that the apparitions have not been recognised by the Church, any more than the apparitions at Lourdes in 1858 or Fatima in 1917 were recognised before the actual apparitions finished. The opposition of the present and previous bishops of Mostar, the diocese of Medjugorje, are well known — as has been the support of the former Archbishop of Split, Monsignor Franic. As for the Bishop of Mostar, the late Hans Urs von Balthasar (said to be Pope John Paul's favourite theologian) once wrote to him: 'I have been deeply pained to see the episcopal office degraded . . . you thunder and hurl thunderbolts like Jupiter'. In fact, the Church is happy that pilgrims can go to Medjugorje, but says that until there is a clear ruling, there should not be official pilgrimages, that is pilgrimages on the diocesan level, led by a bishop. Many bishops visit Medjugorje, but not as leaders of an official pilgrimage from their dioceses.

A key moment of the Ampleforth pilgrimage was the celebration of Mass on New Year's Eve, the beginning of the Feast of Mary, Mother of God. Following a period of prayer starting at 10pm, the Mass began at 11.15pm, with the Consecration at midnight, followed by a time of silence and then fairly wild singing before the Eucharistic Prayer continued. As one pilgrim writes: 'This was a wild, strong moment, exciting, profound, really quite extraordinary. The Church was so full, no room to move, many coming several hours beforehand, and yet the crowd moved with the music, the singing. Many were young, and coming from many countries. Fr Slavko prayed and spoke with them in many languages and they sang in many languages — Croatian, German, English, French, Italian, Spanish, Latin and perhaps others. The sense of prayer was strong, the silences, the expressions of the young, sense of community. At Communion we did not move but the priests moved through the packed crowd to distribute the hosts — hands were raised to indicate the wish to receive the Body of Christ.' This Mass was for many the most memorable moment of our visit.

As a kind of diversion, perhaps as a prayer in this land of slaughter and massacre, some of the group did a brief two-hour visit to Mostar on 3 January 1999. Our guide took us to the Franciscan church and monastery, both being restored from virtual destruction. There were two wars that took place in Mostar: for two months, between April and June 1992, Serbian heavy guns held a commanding position on the hills surrounding Mostar and were opposed by the combined forces of poorly armed Croats and Muslims inside Mostar. For almost 12 months in 1993 and 1994, Muslims and Croats fought a fierce, bloody war inside Mostar. Our guide, Ivica Brkic, said we could advance further with safety, but it would not be safe for him to come with us — he had been on the Croat front line, firing just a few yards from where we stood. So we did proceed, crossing a main road which had been the front line. Several years after the Washington Agreement and later Dayton Agreement, every house here still lay in ruins, roofs and walls missing, debris lying on the ground. At the river, there was a good number of French SFOR troops who showed us the way to cross by a new temporary bridge. Later we drove for about a mile along a road with almost every house in ruins, and then the new EU office building. Although we could not claim to share in the experience of the citizens of this city, we were able just to touch something of their experience of suffering.

TFD
Music

The Autumn term saw many successes and it is with pleasure that we begin by recording some pupils' achievements. Paul French (J) has gained a choral scholarship to read music at New College, Oxford and Luke Ramsden (A) a choral scholarship to read history at University College, Oxford. Nicholas Wright (J) has gained an entrance Exhibition to study the violin at The Royal College of Music, London.

Schola Cantorum

With the departure of twelve tenors and bases at the end of the summer term, and a larger number of treble voices changing earlier than anticipated, it was with some anxiety that the music list for the term was drawn up. It is a measure of the boys' confidence that within the space of five or six weeks they were able to turn themselves from a somewhat hesitant ensemble into a convincingly musical, if young sounding, choir by half term. From necessity the choir relied on tested repertoire and the time in rehearsal was put to good use consolidating technical matters.

During the Autumn half term the trebles and altos of the Schola reconvened to take part in a special event. This was a performance of Mahler's Third Symphony at Leeds Town Hall on Saturday 24 October in which the boys sang alongside the choir of Leeds Roman Catholic Cathedral to form the children's chorus. Kent Negano conducted the combined forces which also included the Halle Orchestra and the ladies of Leeds Festival Chorus (trained by Simon Wright). The performance received an enthusiastic response from the full house.

The first test of the present choir was the traditional performance of a requiem for All Souls. Following the successful joint performance of Durufle's Requiem with the choir of York Minster last year, the choir reverted to the setting by Fauré for the meditation which took place on Sunday 8 November in the Abbey. For a large number of younger boys this was a work new to them and many of those singing the lower parts had only performed the work in the past as trebles. The meditation drew a large audience. Christopher Borrett (ACJS) sang the Pie Jesu solo and James Arthur (J), who left the school last June, returned to sing the baritone solos. The organist was Simon Wright and the concluding prayers were read by Fr Abbot.

Within a few days of this performance illness hit the Junior School. At least three weeks' work was lost as boys succumbed to the tenacious bug which left them voiceless and the programme for the Christmas concert on 13 December had to be taught to the boys at the eleventh hour. Once again the choir rose to the occasion and delivered convincing performances of a number of carols that feature on new CD, as well as three Christmas pieces written especially for the Schola in recent years.

The disc mentioned above, Carols from Ampleforth, featuring traditional carols along with a few 20th century arrangements and original pieces, was released in time for the Christmas market. Tracks were played frequently on local and national radio and the recording reached number eighteen in the official classical music charts during the run-up to Christmas. Two reviews appear below:

'[Carols from Ampleforth] has to be my star recording . . . It is enough to say that it leaves all other such compilations known to me far behind. It has all the well loved hymns and carols, they are as well sung as you will find, and above all it is not simply a tapping in to Christmas nostalgia but conveys strongly the feeling of an authentic worshipping community. Early, perhaps, this has to do with the way it captures the sonorous acoustic of the great Abbey Church. Close your eyes and you could be there. Irresistible.' William Oddie, Catholic Herald 18 December 1998

'Here is a programme of carols as traditional as turkey and plum pudding, and as wholesome. You don't have to groan at the approach of Have yourself a merry little Christmas or any other feeble compromise with the changing times; there's not even a bleat from John Tavener and William Blake's unprofitably questioned little lamb. Musically, the programme is in the first place a triumph for Anon, and then for Sir David Willcocks whose arrangements are rich in reasonable splendour and knowledge of how to get the best out of choir and organ. Other arrangers have done good work too, including the choir's director, Ian Little, who provides inspired embellishments in the last verse of It came upon a midnight clear but may just possibly have gone a little over the top towards the end of Silent Night. He has also trained a splendid choir. Forthright tone from the trebles, ample tone from the men, combine to live up to the name of their foundation. The organist, Simon Wright, does an excellent job, varying the might of his invincible reeds and implacable pedals with a scattering of two-foot spangle-dust, light and bright as a Christmas tree fairy. The building itself is orally spacious, the harmonies of Ding dong! Merrily on high engaging in merry argument with their echo. There will be homes, I dare say, in which a playing of this disc will constitute the Christmas Day reveille, and if the rest of the day goes as well they can count themselves lucky.' JSB, Gramophone December 1998

On the strength of the CD the Schola was invited to record some carols in the Abbey Church for Yorkshire Television which were televised in two programmes, Yorkshire Christmas and a special edition of Calendar on Christmas Eve.

Instrumental Music

If we had feared that group instrumental music-making would have been threatened by the numbers leaving, we had not taken into account either the determination of the boys nor the opportunity for imaginative programme planning. This was seen most clearly in the Pro Musica's contribution to the St
Cecilia Concert on 22 November in St Alban Hall in which some of the most accomplished players were offered concerto opportunities. Edward Walton (O) played the Bach Violin Concerto in A minor and Robert Furze (O) the Concerto in G by Telemann. Nicholas Wright (J) and Sandy Dalglish (J) were the soloists in Vivaldi’s Concerto Grosso in A minor. The English composer Boyce does not often feature on concert programmes but this short and attractive work was an ideal curtain raiser and the dance-like movements were executed with due aplomb by the players.

The Concert Band, which specialises in music of a lighter vein, played I heard it through the grapevine by Whitfield and Strong and the College Orchestra provided contrasting works: Letter from Home by Copeland and Le roi s’amuse by Delibes. It is not often that a small ensemble is heard in St Alban Hall because of the acoustic; sitting the players facing the audience in the centre of the hall gave the Brass Quintet the opportunity to play two pieces, March from The Pirates of Penzance by Sullivan and Largo from Xerxes by Handel.

AMPLEFORTH MUSIC SOCIETY

The AMS continued to flourish under the leadership of Nicholas Wright and Dominic Halliday. There was the once a term visit to York to support the City of York Guildhall Orchestra under Simon Wright’s baton. The programme commenced with a commissioned work by Peter Clarke. Mozart’s Clarinet Concerto followed, played with sensitivity and technical security by our head of wind and brass, Michael Weare. The second half consisted of Mahler’s First Symphony Titan. The orchestra as usual played to a high standard and will, over the next few years, perform all of Mahler’s symphonies. The Sunday morning Schola Room concerts continued to be well supported by participants and audiences from outside the school, if not always by the boys. The major outside concert was given at Middleham Parish Church at short notice on Advent Sunday as a result of the cancellation of the Ampleforth Singers concert, due to illness. A number of music scholars performed with aplomb and were well received by a capacity audience. The final event was the Christmas party for members and guests in which the Society maintained the ever important social aspect of its termly calendar.

THEATRE

Lord Arthur Savile’s Crime
Downstairs Theatre
by Oscar Wilde
dramatised by Constance Cox

As Groucho Marx said, ‘I wouldn’t want to join any club which would have someone like me for a member’, and I suspect that this is pretty much the way Lord Arthur Savile feels for the duration of this play based around a short story by Oscar Wilde. A sort of cross between Bertie Wooster, and Louis d’Ascoigne-Mazzisi, Lord Arthur is a languorous individual condemned to live the dull life of one intended for service in the House of Lords, marriage to a sweet young thing with a dragon for a mother, and to commit a murder before he is free to bid his stifling world goodnight. It all makes sense for an amusing cocktail, the majority of which is reserved for the private consumption of Lord Arthur’s uncle, the Dean of Paddington, which the actors and Green Room of this Junior Play clearly enjoyed putting together, shaking vigorously, and sloshing down with a generous handful of olives.

It is encouraging to see that the Junior Play continues to go from strength to strength, and that a substantial number of boys from the first two years are prepared to make the effort to stage a piece according to a very tight schedule, and still do it the justice of a thoroughly polished and professional performance. In achieving this they were most definitely aided by an impressive setting provided by the Green Room, which recreated a room fashionably exhibiting the influences of the Pre-Raphaelites at their best. Furniture by Morris and decorated by Rossetti and Burne-Jones, a Webb fireplace, and Burne-Jones on the walls all added to an atmosphere of opulence, and slavery to the mode, which so well complemented the forces pulling at Lord Arthur to do his worst.

A topical sprinkling of Aubrey Beardsley on the programme gave the whole its finishing touch, and provided the cast with a firm foundation on which to build their performances.

The majority of the cast delivered their lines with verve and intelligence, and managed to live up to their surroundings with impressive ease. Lord Arthur’s horrendous gaggle of aunts, again reminiscent of Wodehouse (Aunts Aren’t Gentlemen) supplemented by his equally hideous mother-in-law and his dipsomaniac uncle, were worryingly believable in their roles. Jack Rutherford as Lady Julia managed to maintain a bewildering variety of facial contortions that left one wondering whether he was quite real, but proved that his ability to portray battle-axe females has not in the least diminished since his success in the Exhibition play. James Larkin as Lady Windermere produced an assured performance, managing to exhibit just that hint of femininity that propelled him beyond the merely caricature. To round off the triumvirate, Tom Gay as Lady Clementina had presence, though his performance was occasionally spoiled by his attempting to exploit this too much. His final, operatic, exit had more of an Emma Hamilton attitude about it than a Wildean female lead (Hamilton in later life, that is). As the Dean of Paddington Tom
O'Brien, while lacking the necessary round tones of an Anglican cleric (though this will, one hopes, develop over the years) seemed curiously at ease with gin bottle in hand.

The lunatic parts of Herr Winkelkopf, the anarchist, and Mr Podgers, the cheiromantist, were well handled by Ben Phillips and Jonathan Lovat. Winkelkopf in particular had an 'Allo Allo' awfulness about him which fitted in well with the idiocy of the project entrusted to him by Lord Arthur, and left one cringing with panic that he may offer to say something 'only once', while Podgers oozed a slightly unpleasantness that made any thought of his examining one's hand quite off-putting, and clearly deserved everything that was coming to him. As the new maid, Nellie, Barclay Nihill managed to bring humour to this role, and seems genuinely enamoured of her beau, Baines.

The main parts of Lord Arthur, himself, Sybil, and Baines, the butler, were of especial importance, as they held the play together, and it was encouraging to see three young actors achieve this so well. Andrew Chamberlain as Sybil had a Joan Greenwood quality about him that contrasted well with his firebreathing mother. Barra Sinnott as Baines managed to give all this mayhem a sense of decorum, though he was occasionally a little too active (Jeeves would not have approved of his wanton display of emotion) and gave life to the part by some intelligent ad-libbing, not to mention a couple of scene-saving improvisations. At the centre of it all, and on stage for the majority of the play, though, was Cranley Macfarlane as Lord Arthur, who brought maturity and assurance to the part that bodes very well for the future.

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Holding the strings, so to speak, were the usual unholy duo of Middle Sixth directors, Patrick Duncombe and Louis Watt, trying the fold-up chairs for size, and demonstrably finding them accommodating. This was an enjoyable Junior Play, which holds much promise for the future of the theatre at Ampleforth, if little for the survival of the House of Lords.

The character of Whippet is the most interesting - he runs by his intuition so successfully that he manages to convince everyone without any guile on his part - throughout the text makes it clear that it is the townspeople who fool themselves - and Whippet goes along with it all, first out of fear at being locked...
up as he cannot pay his hotel bill and later to take the money which they all happily offer him. He might easily have been educated at a school we all know! Hugo Brady nonetheless found this part demanding and played the humour and the pathos with energy but at times he was in need of greater variety of tone and expression. He was ably supported by Ed Forsythe as his servant - obedient yet a substitute father figure for Whippet and clearly the real brains behind the pair. The play has only two women's parts and these were played by the only two girls in the school - so it was fortunate that both could act. Anna Delany was convincing as the spoilt and rather silly daughter who was being set up to marry the Inspector and Sarah Tate played the Prefect's wife - an altogether more complicated character who has to boss her husband one moment and then imagine that she might actually be the object of Whippet's affections the next. She is a fine actress and her work was funny and confident throughout - I look forward to seeing her do more on the ACT stage. Finally Ed Davis took on the role of the prefect. He has enthralled with many good roles on this stage but though he was always commanding and intelligent throughout this it was not his best work to date. It is a virtuoso role demanding swift changes from panic to threat to craven persuasion to bullying with all the vocal variety and comic timing that an actor can muster - it is a real actor's treat. He seemed not to be fully engaged with the character or the play - let us hope that this promising young actor will continue to develop with a broader range of roles in the future.

The production looked splendid - as we have come to expect from the Green Room. The set was an exploded version of dilapidated municipal architecture thrown together in gravity defying fashion, complementing the play's message of corruption and social disconnection. Characters could be seen scurrying behind it in the gaps and cracks and hilariously came to life in a young actor will continue to develop with a broader range of roles in the future.

The pack, lacking real timber, made up for this by their ferocity and speed, stamina and skill. The front row was changed too many times in the 11 games, the best three being D Ikwueke, W Mallory and D Higgins. But for one reason or another, M Benson, T Catterall and A Cooper all played as props at various times. Ikwueke at loose-head enjoyed a wonderful season: formidable in the tight and fast to the loose ball, he had hands like shovels and his strength in the tight-loose was invaluable. His lifting and sweeping in the line-out were first-class and it was unsurprising that his absence cost the team so much when he was unable to play. For some time Mallory and Burton disputed the hooking position. Both were good players, Burton being faster round the field but Mallory's superior technique in throwing and hooking finally won him the position. In spite of a lack of speed, he had an acute sense of position and good timing with the ball in his hands. Higgins at tight-head made the most of his good fortune when first P Barrett and then Benson were both injured for some weeks. At the end of that time he had made the position his own; his timing and lifting in the line-out were good and he was strong in the scrum as well as in the tight-loose: and he worked hard at his game for improvement. S McAleenan had a wretched time with his ankle injury. He was the only colour left from the previous year and only played in five full games. Into the breach stepped C Banna who had therefore to relinquish his 2nd XV captaincy; it was unsurprising that he raised the level of his game as it is a
 hugely determined boy. He passed his own confidence on to those around him and if he lacked the explosion of McAleenan, he never let anybody down and was never far from the ball. But the one who made the most improvement of all was J Costelloe. At the beginning of the term it was thought that his skills were so lacking that he could not be considered. But after two heavy defeats he was given his chance and his all-action enthusiasm made an immense difference to the pack. That same quality of enthusiasm rapidly brought about significant improvements in his own game. His hands and passing became good and his tackling deadly without diminishing his contribution in the tight phases. The back row was also good. L O'Sullivan on the blind-side is a player of high class and will go far. He has good hands, an inbuilt positional sense and is an aggressive player. Just occasionally he would go too far and lose the ball in the tackle but he was good enough to play in the centre against Durham when de la Sota went off. He made a good job of it too! E Hodges at open-side had a rather inconsistent season. He was not always reliable in the tackle and was inclined to give too many penalties away in sheer thoughtlessness. But he was so quick to the breakdown and so effective when he got there that he was responsible for winning much of the opposition ball. He was a player of moods and if he was on song he was a good link between forwards and backs. P Tolhurst at No 8 is another who will be a formidable player as he grows to manhood: his reading of the game, his anticipation and his confidence made him an ideal pack leader while his skilful hands, timing and judgment made up for a certain lack of explosive pace. He had a good season.

The captain, G West, also made great strides. His passing at scrum-half, long, quick and accurate, improved beyond all recognition and his link with his fly-half was always dependable. His kicking with either foot needs more work on it yet but much of it was exceptional. Occasional hesitancy about a break or a kick revealed his inexperience but he soon became a real threat to the opposition. Only his innate modesty might delay his march towards becoming a very good player indeed. At fly-half, M Wilkie was a confidence player: it took him some time to reach his standard of last year and only towards half-term did he feel confident enough to make his own breaks. Lacking real pace himself, he relied a lot on his astute passing, long and short, to bring the best out of a threequarter line which had real pace. Both de la Sota and Messenger were quick by any standards. The former would probably have played in the centre but injuries prevented him from playing in all but three full matches, in one of which against Stonyhurst he played on the wing. The centre position did cause difficulties, T Foster, M Hassett, M Emerson and W Heneage all being given their opportunities but all showed frailty in defence; the eventual choice used Hassett's bludgeoning power with Foster's skill. The former's hands improved rapidly so much so that at times he forgot to use his power and ceased to be a threat but he did well to keep his place and earn his colours. Foster remained an enigma: there is no doubt that he has skilful hands and feet and knows the game backwards. But there were moments when he did himself less than justice in the options he chose or in his defensive play. R Messenger
Back row: XI de la Sota (H), RR Messenger (C), DR Ansell (O), CA Banna (H), JP Costello (D), LJR O’Sullivan (B), DAG Higgins (C), DK Ikwueke (C), HMO Lukas (O), EDL Hodges (W)

Front row: FWJ Mallory (C), ST McAleenan (H), PJD Tolhurst (C), GJ West (H), M Wilkie (C), TB Foster (H), MJ Hassett (J)
on the wing, relatively new though he was to the game, had a wonderful season. For some weeks he saw little of the ball but when he did, he was a real handful. Fast, strong, with good hands, he scored many scintillating tries, none better than those against Stonyhurst and his first against Pocklington. He scored sixteen tries in eleven matches. The left wing position caused problems. L Robertson was by his standards disappointing until the final match when he made the most of his last chance; H Lukas appeared to have made the position his but injuries to both his ribs and shins gave W Heneage an opportunity; only de la Sota had real speed but Lukas was clever at keeping the ball alive and had an eye for a gap. He also defended well. D Ansell was an outstanding full-back and has the potential to be the best the school has produced. Very quick, his incursions into the line and ultimately the timing of his pass made some of Messenger's tries easy. His positional play improved quickly and his safe hands and thunderous tackling made him an admirable defender. Only in his kicking is there something of a weakness.

More needs to be said about G West. With no experience as a captain, he was a little diffident to start with but by the end he exuded quiet authority. Off the field he never missed a trick; courteous and helpful to those around him, he was respected by his team. Occasional tactical errors did not diminsh his stature one jot and he should not be disappointed in the relatively modest record of his team. He brought them a long way individually and collectively. He saw to it that they were always happy in what they were doing: that is the measure of his success.

The team was: *DR Ansell (O), *RR Messenger (C), *MJ Hassett (J), *TB Foster (H), *XI de la Sota (H), *M Wilkie (C), *GJ West (H), *DK Ikwueke (C), *FW Mallory (C), *DA Higgins (D), *JP Costelloe (D), *ST McAleenan (H), *LI O'Sullivan (B), *ED Hodges (W), *PJ Tolhurst (C).

Also played: MD Benson (B), AJ Cooper (B), TJ Catterall (B), AC Burton (C), CP Naughten (E), EH Chapman Pincher (E), CA Banna (H), MJ Emerson (W), WJ Heneage (E), HM Lukas (O), LD Robertson (C). * = colours

HARROGATE COLTS 22 AMPLEFORTH 7
The XV opened brightly against the breeze and drizzle with Hodges nearly scoring from an interception in his own 22 but Harrogate's competitive pack hit the rucks harder and their backs tackled with such offensive venom that the XV were shaken and forced into errors. It is to their credit that their defence was not broken until seconds before half-time. Harrogate were given the gift of a try in the first few minutes of the second half after a series of senseless errors and moved out to a 15-0 lead. With a quarter of an hour to go the school showed something of what was expected, Ansell and Messenger combining for the latter to score in most determined fashion. Again, however, Harrogate heeled off the head, the defence was nowhere to be seen and Harrogate's lead was restored.

BRADFORD GS 38 AMPLEFORTH 0
This was disheartening. The XV had not learned their lesson from Harrogate Colts, the same thoughtless errors were seen again and punished with an efficiency which characterises a good side. And that Bradford certainly were, with their fly-half controlling the game beautifully. He was supported by hard tackling backs and big forwards who were quick to expose the hesitancy among the smaller school pack. The two tries scored by Bradford in the first half were more the result of Ampleforth mistakes and it was clear that this was not going to be a happy day when de la Sota limped off injured, Emerson taking his place. The second half opened with yet another crass error when the ball was kicked directly into touch, giving Bradford a mid-field scrum and thence the position from which they scored. There was plenty of brave tackling but the handling and distribution of the Ampleforth XV remained poor. Messenger, receiving his one pass at the end of the game, showed what might have been.

MIDDLESBROUGH COLTS 14 AMPLEFORTH 8
This was a more heartening performance. They elected to play against the strong wind and, outweighted as they were by a powerful Middlesbrough pack, they spent much of the first half defending their line. Relief often came because Middlesbrough's indiscipline both with the ball and the referee cost them dear, but the XV deserved credit for their tackling which only faltered once to let Middlesbrough in for a 7-0 lead at half time. When the school turned to play with the wind they showed some class and kept Middlesbrough in their own 22 for long periods But the score would not come until Ansell caught a defender's kick for touch and he and Lukas switched the attack to the right. When it came back again from Messenger's wing, the same pair were on hand to pass to Hodges for a splendid try. When Foster shortly afterwards added a penalty, the school were in the lead. As rain started, the ball became more difficult to handle and it was sad that on the one occasion when Middlesbrough threatened the Ampleforth line they heeled off the head and the subsequent kick gave them the try they needed to go back into the lead. The match ended with a Wilkie break almost bringing its reward.

MOUNT ST MARY'S 32 AMPLEFORTH 0
From the moment that the ball was not kicked off ten metres, the XV were on the back foot. Mount made the most of that scrum and spent the entire first half softening up the school pack; not once did the XV reach the opposing 22 and only rarely was the half-way line crossed. There was little determination and less communication and it was a wonder that Mount only led by a penalty at half-time. Another simple mistake at the start of the second half opened the floodgates and Mount regularly scored, fed by the XV's many awful handling errors and, sad to say, their appallingly half-hearted tackling.
The two schools had a similar record. Both had been beaten heavily twice and both had good players missing through injury. The XV were still without de la Sota and both Benson and Burton were injured in midweek. The bigger Newcastle pack dominated proceedings for some time and the XV indulged in some fancy passing in their own territory, which was hardly aided by a slippery ball. So it was almost a surprise when a line-out peel was driven on by Costelloe and Ikweeke and when the ruck formed Wilkie made the break, timed his pass and sent Hassett skating over for a splendid try. Foster converted the first of his six successful kicks with utter confidence. Shortly afterwards, West, breaking blind, put in an attacking kick which bounced awkwardly for the full-back and gently for Messenger who pounced to score under the posts; the half ended with an exchange of penalties, leaving Ampleforth with a 14 point advantage. The school now began to play with confidence and it was not long before Messenger, switching wings, ran away to score his second try, beautifully converted by Foster from wide out. Ansell and Tolhurst added further tries, in both cases starting in their own 22 and involving a number of players whose handling and support was quick and positive. Messenger ended the proceedings with a try caused by swift rucking and well-timed passing.

West won the toss and elected to play up the slope and against the slight breeze. For some time it seemed that the slope was a mountain and the breeze was a force 10 gale. The XV could not get out of their 22 and created pressure on themselves by sliced or ill-directed kicking, even drop-outs failing to cross the line. It was only a matter of time before St Peter's scored from all this pressure and they were soon 7-0 up. But it had also become apparent that the Ampleforth backs were quicker and more skilful: three overlaps had already been spurned when Messenger put Ansell in on the wing and he himself was later grounded six inches short. For some fifteen minutes of the second half the Ampleforth backs were quicker and more skilful: three overlaps had already been spurned when Messenger put Ansell in on the wing and he himself was later grounded six inches short. For some fifteen minutes of the second half the Ampleforth backs were quicker and more skilful: three overlaps had already been spurned when Messenger put Ansell in on the wing and he himself was later grounded six inches short. For some fifteen minutes of the second half the Ampleforth backs were quicker and more skilful: three overlaps had already been spurned when Messenger put Ansell in on the wing and he himself was later grounded six inches short. For some fifteen minutes of the second half the Ampleforth backs were quicker and more skilful: three overlaps had already been spurned when Messenger put Ansell in on the wing and he himself was later grounded six inches short. For some fifteen minutes of the second half the Ampleforth backs were quicker and more skilful: three overlaps had already been spurned when Messenger put Ansell in on the wing and he himself was later grounded six inches short. For some fifteen minutes of the second half the Ampleforth backs were quicker and more skilful: three overlaps had already been spurned when Messenger put Ansell in on the wing and he himself was later grounded six inches short. For some fifteen minutes of the second half the Ampleforth backs were quicker and more skilful: three overlaps had already been spurned when Messenger put Ansell in on the wing and he himself was later grounded six inches short. For some fifteen minutes of the second half the Ampleforth backs were quicker and more skilful: three overlaps had already been spurned when Messenger put Ansell in on the wing and he himself was later grounded six inches short. For some fifteen minutes of the second half the Ampleforth backs were quicker and more skilful: three overlaps had already been spurned when Messenger put Ansell in on the wing and he himself was later grounded six inches short. For some fifteen minutes of the second half the Ampleforth backs were quicker and more skilful: three overlaps had already been spurned when Messenger put Ansell in on the wing and he himself was later grounded six inches short. For some fifteen minutes of the second half the Ampleforth backs were quicker and more skilful: three overlaps had already been spurned when Messenger put Ansell in on the wing and he himself was later grounded six inches short. For some fifteen minutes of the second half the Ampleforth backs were quicker and more skilful: three overlaps had already been spurned when Messenger put Ansell in on the wing and he himself was later grounded six inches short. For some fifteen minutes of the second half the Ampleforth backs were quicker and more skilful: three overlaps had already been spurned when Messenger put Ansell in on the wing and he himself was later grounded six inches short.

With the rain pouring down as it had all morning and a gale from the North forecast, it was clear that good rugby would not be possible. The XV adapted to the conditions rather better than their opponents and although Sedbergh took the lead with an easy penalty, the XV, using the increasing wind to their advantage, pinned Sedbergh back with some excellent kicking by West and Wilkie. The latter indeed caused the first try when his inch-perfect up and under forced panic and then a scrum under the Sedbergh posts. But 5-3 was not a winning score at half-time as the wind drove the rain violently downfield. The half started exactly as the XV would not have wished: two unnecessary mistakes in succession, giving Sedbergh a penalty under the posts and the lead again. From that moment the match was lost. The wind continued to increase in strength and the bigger Sedbergh forwards were able to take an iron grip on the match, scoring four tries, two of which were converted. The XV never surrendered, the tackling was never less than excellent, and they scored a splendid try through de la Sota to bring the score briefly to 10-18 before Sedbergh and the weather had the last word in an exhilarating match.
HYMERS COLLEGE 14 AMPLEFORTH 17

Losing the toss, the XV were made to play with the strong wind in the first half. Wilkie's reaction was to pump the ball in the air, the Hymers' full-back dropped it and de la Sota was nearly in at the corner. McAleenan put the ball on the front of the ensuing line-out and the XV were 5-0 up, adding to this as Wilkie kicked a penalty. But still without Ikwueke, they could not guarantee their own ball in the set scrums, and it was from a heel off the head that Hymers scored and from another that they kicked a penalty. A further exchange of penalties followed but it could only have been encouraging to Hymers that the score was 11-11 at half-time. The school, now facing the wind, had to endure 35 minutes of pressure and when McAleenan went off injured the chances of the school either winning or drawing looked slim indeed. But they all but achieved the second of these aims, some of the tackling and rucking being an object lesson in speed and determination. But sadly, three minutes from the end, over-zealous defenders were off-side in front of their own posts and Hymers kicked the deciding penalty.

DURHAM 17 AMPLEFORTH 17

This was a thriller! 12-0 down at half-time, despair turned to elation as the XV, much in control in the second half, came back to 12-12 with five minutes to go. Despair again as Durham, scoring a fine try, moved away to 17-12. With the last play of the match the XV received some luck, a hack for touch by a Durham player merely reaching a grateful Messenger who beat his man and, when tackled, slipped the ball to the galloping Costelloe. Wilkie found himself kicking for victory. The XV deserved their bit of fortune for the fates had been against them yet again. Within ten minutes they had lost de la Sota with a broken collar-bone, O'Sullivan having to take his place in the centre. Catterall came on as prop, Higgins and Costelloe moving backwards to second row and flankers respectively. Even with this huge handicap the XV, having survived a torrid opening five minutes, continued to press and three fairly simple penalties were missed. The Durham backs had looked dangerous however whenever they got the ball and it was not expected that they should crack the school's defences precisely around the point vacated by de la Sota. With the points on the board, there were signs that Durham's style might overwhelm the XV in the second half. Not a bit of it! Playing with the slight breeze at their backs, the XV tackled ferociously, creating a momentum which Durham found increasingly difficult to counter. The XV besieged the Durham line and it was incredible that two more penalties, this time virtually under the posts, were missed. If that depressed certain partisan spectators, it did not seem to affect the XV who continued to attack until Ansell put Lukas over in the corner. Ten minutes from the end, an attack sparked by Wilkie's grubber kick to the posts saw Tolhurst, West and Ansell move Messenger into the other corner and Wilkie's ironically fine kick at goal levelled the scores. Still attacking, they made one fatal mistake, losing the ball to the Durham forwards who won three rucks in succession, scoring to reach the safety of 17-12. The thrilling climax ensued.

AMPLEFORTH 50 POCKLINGTON 13

Torrential rain throughout the morning had left the pitch resembling a paddy field, just what the XV did not want in their penultimate home match. West won the toss and elected to play towards the school and it was not long before some concerted attacks ended with a clever scissor pass from West to Hassett who scored near the posts. At that success a curious lethargy attacked the side to a man. Pocklington, giving the lie to their poor season, gained encouragement from unlimited possession, often given to them by the over-kicking, ill-directed at that, of the Ampleforth team. It was all the XV could do to keep out their close-quarter attacks and the tackling around the fringes of ruck and maul had to be never less than good. During this lengthy period, Pocklington kicked two penalties and the score of 7-6 at half-time hardly did them justice. But after half-time ponderousness was changed into agility, clumsiness into skill, hesitancy into vibrancy, dullness into magic. Some of the seven tries scored — three by Messenger, two by Ansell, one by O'Sullivan and one by Hassett to add to his success of the first half — were models of skill and speed.

AMPLEFORTH 62 LEEDS GS 0

The parent of one of the replacements who travelled all the way from south of London to watch this game would not have thought his journey wasted. Nor would the boys have thought their journey through the term wasted: they put on a display worth going a long way to see, a reward for all the hard work and unfailing enthusiasm they have shown throughout. The game was played on Ram 4, the match ground being too wet. During the first half, they had tried to play at a million miles an hour and in their intensity of purpose they made too many mistakes, attempting extravagant passes when a more simple approach would have sufficed. Calmer thoughts prevailed after half-time, two tries were quickly scored and Leeds were blown away by the speed, skill and timing of the three-quarters who scored eight of the nine tries, Messenger bagging four.

WHITGIFT 14 AMPLEFORTH 26

West was fortunate to win the toss and to play up the slope in the first half against a team with a record similar to their own. In their last game together they were anxious to play as well as against Leeds, and Whitgift were soon engaged in frantic defence. Their, tackling was strong and resolute as it had to be, but it must be said that the XV helped the cause of their opponents as over-confidence made various boys carry the ball that shade too far. As it was, Whitgift scored a try in a rare attack on the stroke of half-time and the admirable conversion made it 7-0. Within a few minutes of the restart the school were level, Wilkie's dummy scissor and long pass being taken at speed by Messenger in from the wrong wing. The angle and speed of his powerful run did the rest and he scored under the posts. The presence in the line of Ansell and his beautifully timed swift pass enabled him to score his second a few
minutes later in the right hand corner, a try superbly converted from touch by Foster. Whitgift's kick-off was not dealt with efficiently and the XV were subjected to some embarrassing moments, but a third try from Messenger near the posts set up by Tolhurst and West carried the XV to a lead of 21-7. But again the XV dealt less than effectively with the Whitgift kick-off, who reaped their reward for persistency by scoring near the posts and the match again hung in the balance. Ansell it was who had the last word; driving into the heart of the Whitgift defence, he set up a speedy rush near the posts and the backs timed their passes to the fraction of a second for Foster to score with Messenger unnecessary outside him. For the third time the kick-off was poorly taken but the referee ended the match before the XV could be punished for their lack of concentration.

The 2nd XV had a good season. It can be said of this team that they all developed as both individual and team players. In all positions we had players capable of influencing the outcome of a game. It was clear that in Christian Banna we had a first rate second row who was going to captain his side by example and at his side was a most able deputy in Edward Brennan. In Seb Phillips we had both an accomplished fly-half to direct the side and also a prolific goalkicker.

The season started with a home match against Bradford GS. The players displayed a high level of commitment and skill. Bradford did not really pressurise the Ampleforth XV and allowed them to play as they wished. The final score of 59-0 was a fair reflection of a one-sided game.

At Mount St Mary's we started well and created two excellent scoring opportunities with Emerson in both cases having to perform a basic 'two on one', however, in both cases we failed to score. Newcastle responded to being outplayed in their backs by running everything back towards their talented back row. This paid dividends quickly with two scores from their aggressive forwards. We tightened our defence around the fringes and forced them to move the ball wide. Good anticipation from Heneage and then Robertson secured us two tries, each from interceptions. Phillips continually drove them back towards their own line and forced them to play out of defence. We thus prevented them from scoring and we capitalised on their mistakes to run out comfortable winners 28-15.

We travelled to Sedbergh to play in atrocious conditions. Sedbergh, we knew, were a talented and committed outfit. From the kick-off, instead of looking for field position, we attempted to run the ball from underneath our posts. In the first ruck we were penalised and promptly found ourselves down 0-3. We then settled down and were starting to compete when a kick ahead from Sedbergh was chased by the Sedbergh wing and Robertson. The Sedbergh wing was awarded the subsequent touch-down. This try seemed to sap our resolve. Sedbergh were outstanding. Their fly-half commanded the game: his decision making in difficult circumstances was exemplary and he had the skills to carry out his plans. Sedbergh took a stranglehold on the game. When they had the ball they always threatened to score, whilst when Ampleforth had the ball they nullified all that we attempted. Sedbergh were clearly the better side and richly deserved their 32-0 win.

The next week we travelled to St Peter's determined to show that we could play this game well. The pitch was dry and it was sunny with little to no wind. From a line-out Foster tapped down for Naughten to peel around the back of the line-out. He took out the fly-half and released the ball to the backs who handled fluently to put Mullen into the corner to score. Catterall scored from close range and then Chapman Pincher, showing an uncanny burst of speed, rounded the wing to score. However, the try of the match was breathtaking. Catterall caught a kick-off from just off his toes and charged forward taking out two players, Cooper took it on to knock out the next two players, Brennan sped the ball into Phillips' hands and he in turn released Heneage who showed the ball before timing a beautiful pass to release Robertson to score in the corner.

Stonyhurst came to Ampleforth to play a side that, despite the half-term break, was still on a high from the St Peter's match. We started well with the forwards securing quick ruck ball and the backs attacking their opponents at pace. We scored three tries through Mullen and a brace for Lucas to lead 19-0 and looked to have the game won. Stonyhurst, to their credit, started to attack through their forwards, and they scored two tries but failed to convert them. Ampleforth led 19-10 at half-time. In the second half Phillips showed his value by kicking three good penalties. Ampleforth were pleased to finish the game ahead with a 26-15 win.

In the remaining matches against Hymers (55-10), Durham (47-10) and Pocklington (57-7) the team showed that they had become a most accomplished side. They were capable of defending against sustained pressure but were at their best with ball in hand.
The 3rd XV had a successful campaign and narrowly failed to go through the season unbeaten. A somewhat limited squad, in comparison with previous years, played to their potential with a defensive discipline that restricted their opponents to only six tries in five matches. Never was this more vividly demonstrated than at Fyling Hall. Despite being starved of possession for long periods of the second half, the opposing attacks were repeatedly repulsed by the fervour and speed of the Ampleforth tackling. The scrambling defence of Dickinson, Sheridan-Johnson and Young, in particular, was a crucial factor in the narrow victory.

The threequarter line was the undoubted strength of the team. They had an excellent understanding, both in attack and defence. The highly organised, compacted defence played a significant role in countering opposing set plays, whilst against St Peter's they went through their full repertoire of planned moves with their lines of running demoralising a hapless, opposing defence.

A Hulme (D) played well at full back. Defensively strong, he timed his runs into the line well and scored a superb, long-range try at Stonyhurst to seal victory. M Sheridan-Johnson (W), a regular member of the 3rd XV over the past three years, had a deceptive style of running and the ability to step off either foot. Twice his change of pace caught out the Fyling Hall defence when he appeared covered. The other wing berth was filled by C Evans-Freke (E), O Python (A) and N Young (W). All played with credit and Young, at last, began to show the potential he undoubtedly has. M Dickinson (W) played superbly well in the centre. Defensively he was the backbone of the threequarters and he was always quick to pounce on opponents' mistakes, notably when intercepting from half-way at Fyling Hall. He fully deserved his colours. T Joyce (A), added to the team offensively when he came down from LX1, although his defensive limitations were somewhat exposed at Sedbergh. The fly-half position was unsettled with both Joyce and P Edwards (E) playing the pivotal role without fully making it their own. In fairness, the latter's season was blighted by injuries. J Entwistle (T) organised the team well from scrum-half, supplying good ball for his backs and directing the forwards. It was necessary, due to injuries, to move him to fly-half against Sedbergh. Again he did not disappoint, causing Sedbergh major problems and fully deserving his colours.

In the forwards, J Brincat (H), R Edwards (C), P de Guingand (D) and P Kennedy (D) all played key roles in the front row. C Rigg (T) made up for his limitations in the loose by supplying good line-out ball, whilst A Morenes Bertran (O) scored crucial tries. His goal kicking, however, was somewhat erratic. In the back row, W Sinclair (H), as captain, led from the front and motivated the team well, whilst J Tigg (J) used his pace effectively. E Gilbey (T) was perhaps the most improved player, switching from scrum-half to the back row. His tackling was full bodied and he deserved the fine, individual try he scored in the victory over Sedbergh.

Of the successes, resolute defence was the key at Fyling Hall and at Stonyhurst. The home victory over Sedbergh would have been more emphatic but for the atrocious conditions and poor place kicking. St Peter's were systematically taken apart with Ampleforth scoring almost at will. At Sedbergh, against a much changed team, the first half performance was poor but a stirring second half comeback almost turned on the game. Critically, twice the referee was unable to see if Ampleforth had succeeded in grounding the ball after crossing their opponents' line. During a period of sustained dominance, had Ampleforth scored, the outcome of the match could have been different. However, this should not detract from a fine season in which the team maintained the 3rd XV's reputation for playing expansive rugby but also added a defensive steel often lacking in the past.

Results v Fyling Hall W 15-13
v St Peter's W 50-0
v Sedbergh (H) W 18-5
v Stonyhurst W 13-5
v Sedbergh (A) L 0-10

Team: A Hulme (D), O Python (A), C Young (W), M Dickinson (W), F Sheridan-Johnson (W), T Joyce (A), J Entwistle (T), P de Guingand (D), R Edwards (C), J Brincat (H), C Rigg (T), A Morenes Bertran (O), E Gilbey (T), W Sinclair (H), J Tigg (J).

Also played: M Nesbit (H).
Our first game was again against Louth Corinthians, a physically larger side who had the benefit of training together over the summer months, ensuring that the 4th XV, lacking practice and fitness, were no match for them. Our next game was on paper a tough home fixture against Mount St Mary's and for much of the first half this proved true. However once Ampleforth took the lead there was no looking back and they finished convincing winners, scoring seven tries to one. Against Read school Ampleforth, playing some quite exhilarating open running rugby, ran riot, scoring 70 points without reply.

Then came the biggest games of the season against the ‘Old Enemy’ our friends from Sedbergh. In absolutely atrocious conditions for open rugby the XV nevertheless equipped themselves well and made far more of the conditions than the determined opposition. On a day when it would have been safer to play as 15 forwards just to keep warm and moderately dry, the XV choose to adopt their open style of play. This proved the deciding factor, with Ampleforth producing some excellent third and fourth phase ball to run out convincing winners and establish the possibility of the double in the return fixture for the second year running.

The Hymers fixture again enabled the XV to show their strength by playing against a higher team. Once again the XV were too strong in all departments for the Hymers XV who only arrived with 13 men. However in an act of sportsmanship by Ampleforth, particularly from Shields (J) and Whittaker (J) who agreed to play for the opposition and showed zeal when tackling their college friends, a 15 a side game was ensured. This however was nearly the end of the hospitality with Ampleforth again dominant, scoring six tries without reply despite the poor playing conditions.

A cold, sometimes sunny day saw the XV emerge onto the playing fields of Sedbergh for the final game with only three players from the early fixture remaining due to injuries and call ups to higher teams. This unfamiliarity, linked to the pace of the opposition’s back line, was to lead to Ampleforth's downfall. However once Ampleforth took the lead there was no looking back and they finished convincing winners, scoring seven tries to one. Against Read school Ampleforth, playing some quite exhilarating open running rugby, ran riot, scoring 70 points without reply.

The season started well: Bradford away were weak and comfortably beaten, scoring seven tries to one. Against Read school Ampleforth, playing some quite exhilarating open running rugby, ran riot, scoring 70 points without reply.

The rest of the pack were all solid but not dominant. Harle worked hard and improved immensely. Catterall responded well to criticism. McAllister-Jones developed into a canny jumper at 2. Gilbert loved the ‘hard yards’. Dobson was, by his own high standards, disappointing but will undoubtedly come good. Black battled away well and Pacifici forced his way into the side. Mosey’s shins and ribs limited his appearances.

Despite the loss of two games, opposition teams often found it difficult to breach the Ampleforth defence, being surprised by the speed and work-rate of the Ampleforth team. This, coupled to good decision making, ensured that the XV nearly always had the edge over their opponents.

Results

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>L 7-40</th>
<th>W 43-5</th>
<th>W 70-0</th>
<th>W 29-5</th>
<th>W 34-0</th>
<th>L 7-17</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>v Louth Corinthians</td>
<td>v Mount St Mary’s</td>
<td>v Read School</td>
<td>v Sedbergh (H)</td>
<td>v Hymers</td>
<td>v Sedbergh (A)</td>
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Newcastle would have produced a victory but for a last minute penalty. Then came the four away defeats, interspersed only by an easy win against Yarm. St Peter’s were bravely held to 6-3 in the first half, but Swann’s departure and a couple of unfortunate decisions helped in a crushing second half. We faced Sedbergh in horizontal freezing rain and never really started. Stonyhurst produced some more consistently unfortunate decisions, but again we failed to channel our efforts (and again we lost our captain to concussion). We were holding Hymers at half-time, after a brilliant opportunistic try in the first minute, but successfully convinced ourselves that we would lose. Durham away and Pocklington at home allowed us to regain confidence, so that our final effort at home against Leeds secured a much more determined and impressive victory with which to balance the statistics.

Results:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Score</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>v Bradford GS</td>
<td>W 19-0</td>
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<tr>
<td>v Newcastle RGS</td>
<td>L 10-11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v St Peter’s</td>
<td>L 3-51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Sedbergh</td>
<td>L 0-43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Stonyhurst</td>
<td>L 5-24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Yarm</td>
<td>W 41-5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Hymers</td>
<td>L 13-30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Durham</td>
<td>W 12-0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Pocklington</td>
<td>W 29-0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Leeds GS</td>
<td>W 13-3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Played: *Swann (J), *Hollins (B), *Madden (E), *Harle (C), *Catterall (T), *Gilbert (J), *McAllister-Jones (E), Leslie (E), John (W), Wightman (D), Thompson (B), Chidley (B), Stanley (W), Hall (W), Dobson (C), Pacitti (W), Black (H).

Also played: Mosey (H), Rotherham (T), Kavanagh (T), Zu Lowenstein (C), Devlin (J).

P 10 W 3 D 1 L 6 U15 COLTS

This year’s U15 Colts season was one which required a lot of patience and hard work. Throughout the term there were many injuries which found some boys having to try new positions and taking on extra responsibilities, which at this age is not an easy task. With the late arrival of fly-half Alastair Meredith (E) the team looked to be more settled. However the XV were then faced with the long-term injuries to Ben Fitzherbert (E) and James Hewitt (H) and from this early stage it was clear that they would have many hurdles to overcome to achieve success in 1998. To the team’s credit at no stage did their heads drop during the many hard matches against bigger, faster and stronger opposition.

The forwards who were less affected by the team’s injuries soon blended together to become an effective pack, able to compete against even the strongest sides. A special mention must be given to all the forwards for their work and particularly to A Bulger (W), E Chambers (O) and T Ramsden (D) for some outstanding work.

The team matured a lot as they had to cope with not only the injuries but the dramatic step up from the U14 level. They faced tough opposition from the beginning, with the first fixture against Bradford GS teaching them the hard lesson that life was going to be tough in the coming months. By sheer hard work on the training field they improved their level of fitness and skills as the season progressed. The team proved to themselves that they could play at the level of the top teams in this particular age group.

The captain N Arthachinda (J) must be congratulated for the manner in which he led the side. His quiet but enthusiastic approach had a positive effect on the rest of the team. The team all enjoy their rugby and, keeping free from injuries, there is no doubt that this team will do well in the future and will achieve the success they so richly deserve.

Results:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Score</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>v Bradford GS</td>
<td>L 7-25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Mount St Mary’s</td>
<td>L 3-43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Newcastle RGS</td>
<td>L 3-32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Sedbergh</td>
<td>L 10-31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v St Peter’s</td>
<td>W 14-12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Stonyhurst</td>
<td>D 12-12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Durham</td>
<td>W 20-17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Yarm</td>
<td>W 22-12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Hymers</td>
<td>L 7-38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Pocklington</td>
<td>L 5-47</td>
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Also played: W Freeland (E) B Dixon (H) O Williams (C) B McAleenan (H) J Chinapah (O) H Lesinski (J).

P 10 W 4 D 2 L 4 U14 COLTS

This was a season in which the results could so easily have been even better: there were three close games which could have favoured Ampleforth but which instead went to the opposition or were draws. Newcastle won by the odd try, Stonyhurst would have been beaten if simple goals had been kicked and the Hymers match could have gone either way. Durham would have been beaten but for a try-saving tackle at the last whistle. There were excellent performances against Bradford, St Peter’s, Yarm and Pocklington. The only disaster was against Sedbergh – a match played in the most atrocious conditions where the threat of exposure hampered constructive rugby.
Stagg (W) and Yamada (W) were most effective props in the tight and the latter in particular proved himself time and again in loose play. Brennan adapted well to hooking and always gave his best. Clacy (C) improved his fitness and technique in the second row although he still has some way to go before he plays to his size and ability. The other second row place was filled variously by Rumbold (H), Collinson (D) and Scully (W), all of whom gave of their best. Iremonger (C) has all the makings of a good blind-side forward although his work rate and tackling both need to be more ambitious. Maddicott (H) became a mainstay at No 8 and what he lacked in pace he made up for with determination and a keen sense of the location of the ball. Hill (B) captained the side from open-side flanker and was an uncompromising competitor who always led by example on the field.

Freeman showed some excellent touches at scrum-half and his game expanded as the season progressed. At fly-half Fitzherbert's (J) tactical awareness improved but he needs to work on his defence if he is to make his mark in future. Outhwaite (B) also had a couple of games in this position and his subtle handling and kicking skills showed he is a player of some promise. Smith (W) always proved a threat in both attack and defence and his serious injury against Stonyhurst was a severe blow to the team. When he returns he should work on using his talent to bring out the best in the players around him rather than feel all the responsibility is his alone. If he learns this trick he could become a fine player. Melling (I) made considerable progress both as an individual player and as a team member. He was our most threatening force together with Madden (E) whose pace on the right wing time and again gave us the edge, and his performance against St Peter's was particularly memorable. Lesinski (J) on the left wing was often illusive although tended to cut inside too often. Macfarlane (W) had some good moments at full-back and then had the envious job of standing in for Smith at centre which he did with customary enthusiasm. Dalziel (B) came into the side at full-back and was courageous and wholehearted throughout.

The team practised hard and evidently enjoyed their rugby. If collectively they can develop a slightly more competitive edge and if the forwards in particular can learn to dominate the opposition then there is enough potential in the back line to beat the best of opposition.

Results:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>v Bradford GS</td>
<td>D 14-14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Mount St Mary's</td>
<td>W 47-5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Newcastle RGS</td>
<td>L 5-14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Sedbergh</td>
<td>L 5-47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v St Peter's</td>
<td>W 32-12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Stonyhurst</td>
<td>D 10-10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Durham</td>
<td>L 25-29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Yarm School</td>
<td>W 33-5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v Hymers College</td>
<td>L 7-10</td>
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<tr>
<td>v Pocklington</td>
<td>W 44-0</td>
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**AMENDMENT**

There were two errors in the last Journal in the House sport: the winner of the Inter-House Athletics set 3 100m should read James AG Madden (E); the winner of the Junior Inter-House Rugby Cup was St Edward's.
AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE JUNIOR SCHOOL

The Academic Staff
Fr Jeremy Sierla MA
Mr P Mulvihill Cert Ed MA
Mrs MP Sturges BA Cert Ed
Mrs H M Dean BEd BDA Dip
Mr A T Hollins Cert Ed
Miss SEL Nicholson Cert Ed
Mr N Howe, BEd
Mr S Neal BEd
Fr Kentigern
Mr E Bowden BEd
Mr T Brooks BA
Mrs A Scott BEd

Part time staff
Fr Edgar Miller
Mrs L Van Lopik Bsc Cert Ed
ALCM LLCM(TD)
Mrs F Wragge BA DipEdNZ
CertEdNZ
Mrs C Perry, BA(QTS) CTEFL
Mrs K Codrington BA

Headmaster, English, RE
Second Master, Science
English, Remedial
English, History, Special Needs
Games Master, Maths and IT
Maths and IT, Geography
Classics, History
PE, Geography
Head of Foundation
History, RE
French, PE
Head of Music
English

Carpentry
Science, Piano
Art
TEFL and French
Special Needs

Ampleforth College Staff involved with Junior School teaching
Mr ID Little, Mr W Leary,
Mr SR Wright et al

Music

Students
Mr J Grant, Mr L Quinlivan, Mr O Mannix

Administration
Mrs G Skehan
Mrs V Harrison
Mrs J Thompson

School Secretary
Assistant Secretary
Housekeeper

Matron's Staff
Mrs S Heaton RGN SCM
Mrs D Wilson
Miss E Holroyd
Mrs F Wragge
Mrs R Warden

Matron
Assistant Matron
Assistant Matron
Linen Room
Linen Room

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE JUNIOR SCHOOL

Staff departures and arrivals
Four new full time teachers joined us from September, Angela Scott (English, RE and History), Simon Neal (Foundation), Tim Brooks (Music) and Ed Bowden (French & RE).

The three `Aussies' left us in December. They were: Brendan Fehon, Kieran Fordham and Grant Carston. They are replaced in January by three more: Ollie Mannix (from St Patrick's, Silverstream NZ) and Luke Quinlivan and Josh Grant (from Daramalan College, Canberra). Josh Grant's elder brother, Matt, was here in 1995.

OFFICIALS AND NEWCOMERS

Head Monitor
Monitors

Day Dean
Deans

Assistant Deans

Captain of Rugby

We welcomed the following boys to school in September 1998:
TJA Adamson, RJ Ansell, R Canedo Villalobos, RLT Chow, DC Cuccio,
JS Dexter, JB Donnelly, HG Doyle, TA Fitzherbert Brockholes, AG Garcia
Riestra, JA Haworth, MI Ibanez Gabiandio, JH Keogh, JLA Meinandi,
B Melling, JHK O'Gorman, MSJH O'Gorman, TMP O'Neill, MD Pacetti,
JE Raynar, T Riveroll, LRG Rodrigues Vina, JR Roger Chalmeta, R Saavedra,
WEG Shepherd, FJJ Simpson, R Simpson, PL Solomon, BFD Thompson,
PGQ Williams, IAFFHM Wright.

The following boy left the school in the Autumn Term: EM Collinson.

ACTIVITIES

Since the last edition of the Journal, our activities have been as wide and varied
as ever with a range of orchestras, sporting competitions and quiz nights fitting
into three regular slots between Monday and Friday each week. The wind,
string and brass groups were among the musical teams who offered superb
performances for us. We have also had the chance to enjoy football, hockey,
cricket, swimming and even Aussie Rules Football! We decided to run the
weekend activities on an inter-house basis. There were weekly football and
tug-of-war competitions, which were won by Rievaulx house and Jervaulx
house respectively. The much-covered Golden Boot, given to the leading goal
scorer, was tied between Rodrigues and Goodall-Copestake with the Base-
Building prize looking promising for R Khoaz and D Phillips. Other options
enjoyed by pupils in the past months have included a diverse range of both educational and recreational subjects, for example, stamp collecting, pottery, horse riding and public speaking.

Three major evening performances have been organised so far. Our quiz night was won by Jervaulx house. We also held an advert night, a keenly contested competition with varying objects being marketed, the most memorable of which were ‘An Umbrella with a Hole in it’ and ‘The Fr Jeremy Hair Salon’! Nick Entwistle, Josh Haycraft and Chris Halliwell won the competition by advertising the e-mail addresses of the rich and famous. Top of the Pops was another of our themed competition nights with a winning performance from ‘The Spice Boys’ performed by Dan Brennan (French Farmer Spice), Toby Ikwueke (Caribbean Spice) and Zach Tucker (Tiny Spice).

YEAR 1 OUTING DAYS

The first year enjoyed two different outings this term. Day one was based on geography skills using the local environment. The morning was spent at Hutton-le-Hole where they visited the Heritage museum, which displayed how people lived in the past. The boys saw a Viking house, a blacksmith’s, an old photo shop and a witches’ home!

After lunch, at Sutton Bank, they were given an excellent talk on National Parks and discovered that we live on the edge of some of the most spectacular countryside in the UK. There was also the chance to see much of the local wildlife – courtesy of a taxidermist! Our day ended with a tour of Duncombe Park packed with information and ghost stories which the boys enjoyed.

In contrast, they spent day two at the Outdoor Pursuit Centre near Helmsley where they abseiled and rock-climbed. Mr Howe was asked to abseil first by the instructor so that he could help the boys out of their harnesses at the bottom. Not being too keen on heights, he was apprehensive at first but as he abseiled down, this turned to shock as he realised, at 10 feet down from the top of the viaduct, that the brickwork stopped and was left suspended in mid-air! No-one had warned him that it was free fall abseiling! The boys had the opportunity to have 15 goes each, growing with confidence at each turn.

THEATRE

The top year visited Stratford-on-Avon for a couple of days. One boy was puzzled to hear we intended to visit the bard’s house: ‘But he is dead!’ he protested, the whole aim of our trip was to bring him to life!

We had a packed lunch at Mary Arden’s house and then a two-hour workshop on Hamlet with the Movement Director of the Royal Shakespeare Company. We took part in activities and games which identified the characters and their relative and changing status, we then put together a ten-minute version of the play to see the plot as a whole, and practised voice projection.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF CUTHBERT

The second year outing to Northumbria in October was plagued with bad luck. We set off on a damp day in high spirits but after a short stop in windy Jarrow for a drink and an introduction to St Bede things began to go wrong. At Seahouses the weather was so rough that it was impossible for our boat trip around the Farne Islands to go ahead, which meant some emergency planning to rescue the rest of the day. Mrs Wragge suggested a walk to find some ancient hill-fort sites and stones with cup and ring markings. However, we continued to be unlucky as the route was not well signed and a long tramp over some quite breath-taking scenery went unfortunately unrewarded.

There was more success on the second day after a rushed start in order to reach Holy Island on time. The group spent a couple of hours in the museum and ruins of the Norman Monastery finding out about St Aidan and Cuthbert. We celebrated Mass on the beach before leaving again. Unfortunately, as the tide was much slower than usual, we had to leave for Durham before it had approached.

Durham was perhaps the high point of the outing, the Norman Cathedral was awe-inspiring and the boys’ devotion as they prayed at St Cuthbert’s tomb was exemplary. There was even a musical treat as rehearsals for a concert were going on, allowing Mr Brooks to show the musicians in the party just what they could achieve with devoted practice. We returned to school tired and somewhat disappointed but with a better idea of the places involved in the story of Northern England’s coming to Christianity.

MUSIC

The music department has certainly played its tune to the full this term. In addition to continuing with the String Orchestra and Percussion Ensemble, we now have a 14 piece wind/brass band, directed by Caroline Vaughan, which made its successful debut at the ACJS Advent Carol Service.
The Extravaganza play production of *Scrooge* also saw unprecedented musical support from Chris Borrett (trumpet), Bruno Thompson (cello/oboe), Daniel Cuccio (flute, piccolo) and Tim Browne (percussion). Not only did their high quality of playing impress, but their professional commitment was also noted and, teamed with fine performances from the actors and singers, gave a clear message of involvement and enjoyment to everyone present.

There have been several informal concerts this term, giving an opportunity for performance to a wider age and ability range. We also organised three trips to professional concerts which benefited the boys who found it both enlightening and inspiring.

Finally, we offer congratulations to Richard Flynn, Tom Spanner and Chris Borrett who have all earned places on the IAPS Summer Orchestra Course, 1999.

We are planning to introduce nine new keyboards into classroom music, as well as a wider selection of quality percussion instruments. The Rock Band project and a course in Music Technology are also planned. By the end of the Lent Term we will be able to print our own music too.

**SCROOGE**

Two new members of staff bravely undertook this Extravaganza presentation of the musical version of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. Angela Scott directed the actors and Tim Brooks took on the musical direction. The production was enhanced by Fiona Wragge's magnificent costumes which were good enough for a West End show!

Richard Johnston, playing the title role, accomplished a convincing transformation from a miserable and miserly person to a warm-hearted and generous character at the end. He was ably assisted in this by the ghost of Jacob Marley, who bore a strong resemblance to Fr Jeremy (in looks only!) and the three spirits: Harry Donoghue as Christmas Past, Fr Kentigern as the Calypso-singing Christmas Present, and Nick Ainscough as the dead spirit of Christmas Yet to Come.

Amongst the minor parts there was cheeky disobedience and irrepressible fun from the three stooges: Ryan Mulchrone, Jared Collins and Harry Stein. Freddie Wright was an impressive 35 year old version of himself as Cratchit and Chris McAleenan, playing his wife, was a wonderful caricature of a Yorkshire housewife. The feminine posturings of the charity ladies, Vaughan Phillips and Harry Donoghue, brought the house down! The songs were accompanied by a most professional group of musicians – Chris Borrett, Tim Browne, Daniel Cuccio and Bruno Thompson.

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Since September everyone has been able to send and receive e-mail. The traffic began as a trickle, with a few brave souls sending inane messages to the person on the other side of the room to see if the system worked. This extended first to much-missed Aussies at university down-under and then to parents and upper school brothers.

The Postmaster received some wonderful misdirected mail, mostly because of addresses with the wrong number of dots, or gaps, or simply misspelt names, but typing in the nickname used by the address book, or putting the subject in the address line is also a common error. One of the favourites was the boy who asked the Postmaster to sort out why his parents were not getting his messages and it was discovered that the address was ‘22 Acacia Avenue . . . LOL (if you don’t know what that means you should ask a netwise friend).

Getting the boys on the internet has proved more difficult. However, our guru Mr Hawkes is convinced he can solve the problem – not until next term though.

In the meantime, you might like to have a look at our website on acjs.org.uk (no need for ‘www’), it’s pretty to look at and contains a chat program for safe chatting between kids and families, a treasure hunt, useful study links and a gallery where every boy can post his own text and graphics on his own page. News and dates are also available on our site.

It has been noticed that e-mails from parents and upper school boys are friendly and informal which is a good sign and improves their means of communication, a benefit to all those concerned.

**RUGBY**

1st XV

The record of this year's side is the worst we have ever had, yet the standard of rugby, and tackling in particular, has been high. We have come across some very good sides though. Malsis had their best side for five years, Bow had the best ever seen, Brandesdon have won all but one match this year and St John's have won their last 10 games in a row.

We were competitive and only lost by small margins in each of these games. Our main problems have been control at fly half and of size. When the opposition are bigger than members of staff, you have problems gaining possession and there is only so much pressure that can be soaked up – no matter how brave and tenacious the team is.

With a small and very fit set of forwards and quick backs we needed good weather to prosper. This was the case at the Sedbergh festival and we made it to the semi-final, only losing in sudden death in extra time. Since then, the weather has been poor and our chances of success diminished. As the years go by, and things even out, you can see this year's side going on to do very well as
they are obviously talented. Swann and Warrender are both elusive runners and amazing tacklers. Thornton, another great tackler, is uncanny with his positioning at full back. Collins is a good scrumager and is very effective at close quarters while Wojcik, Brennan and Borrett have all shown promise but not had a regular supply of possession. Williams and Fitzherbert Brockholes have both had their moments of glory. Khoaz has done extraordinarily well as open side and, for his size, is outstanding. We hope he will be a major force next year.

2nd XV

This season the 2nd XV have proved themselves to be quite a force. They have had big wins against other 2nd XV teams and a notable win over a 1st XV. The 1st and 2nd team squad have been strengthened by the emergence of talent from the 3rd XV: Wojcik, Miller, Riveroll, Canedo and McAleenan. This has produced a healthy competitive atmosphere to which the boys have responded in a positive manner. The 2nd XV now contains a few players who were interchanging with the 1st XV, this has proven to be an important factor in the confidence of the side and provided a lead for the rest, Hallinan and Jones being fine examples of such players. Initially, the boys found it hard to put training routines into practice in matches, the introduction of a ‘rucking sled’ proved to be a turning point. The dramatic improvement in the rucking resulted in the domination of the opposition forwards and allowed a more expansive and hard running game to emerge from the backs, Ikwueke leading the charge. The defence have been a real strong point, try-saving tackles by Williams at Kings and Vickers at Malsis have been typical of how the 2nd team have rallied together to produce an outstanding season thus far.

3rd XV

The 3rd XV have had an exceptional rugby season so far, with some expansive and attractive play. The team's attitude to training was nothing short of outstanding, making the coach's job more of a pleasure! He was particularly pleased with the more experienced players who, through a bit of patience and effort, helped introduce the techniques of the game to the new boys, most of whom had never played rugby before.

U11s

We started the autumn season with a number of players who had been successful in rugby last year, and at this young age, experience counts. However, with fewer than 25 boys in the under 11 age group, there was always the chance of being overwhelmed by larger schools. The boys' attitude to training was commendable right from the start, with a teacher from another school even noting the way in which they conducted themselves off the pitch. Also to our advantage was the number of 'large' boys in our team, allowing the forwards consistently to maintain the upper-hand over their opponents. Despite this, we had no natural ball handlers in the backs with enough class and

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