

the bouquet  
millennium edition





## The Bournemouthian Millennium Edition

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### Credits

This *Bournemouthian* would not have been possible had it not been for hard work of the following all round good eggs:

Mr Matthew Rixon, the 'people's editor,' in place of Mr John Hubbard, from whom he inherited the job. Mr Rixon was chair of innumerable editors' meetings and the driving force behind this issue.

John Rowland, who by (mis)managing lesson time and study periods so effectively, was able to design this magazine. He never was any good at arty stuff.

Ross Parker, who designed the almost zen trip into minimalism that is the front cover and spent a hectic day badgering guests in order to report the opening of the Sports Hall as well as trawling the hard shoulder of the Infobahn for relevant images.

Kristian Palmer, whose contribution was essential even if his fascination with military regimes was somewhat worrying.

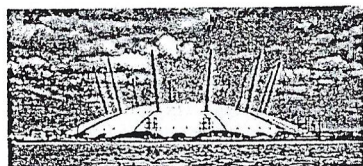
Thanks also to contributors Alam Nathoo, Tom "scrap the monarchy" Gravaard, Colin Clark, Tom Murphy, Joel Giblett, Andrew Legg and various members of staff who responded to the pestering.

A couple of the sports hall images were taken thanks to Mr Pyke's gracious submission to our rather pleading demands for the school's digital camera, so many thanks for that. We also appreciate the efforts of Richard in the reprographics department and finally the IT technician, Mr Kirby, who put up with the deluge of nasty floppy disks!

*the Bournemouthian*



# Bournemouthian: The Millennium Edition:



The Millennium Dome: not nearly as impressive as the new Sports Hall.

It is with a little sadness that we part company with the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, although it will surely be remembered more for its human catastrophes than for the outstanding achievements of this school magazine.

Despite a lack of recognition in the annals of history the *Bournemouthian* has opted to press on and do two full publications this academic year, primarily because of the volume of material to be chronicled. Oh, and there is this deeply uninspiring calendar change that heralds the change from the 90s to the 00s.

Should your grandchildren one day ask "what was it like to be there during the Millennium?" simply retrieve this magazine and watch their jaws drop at our unashamed cynicism about the whole affair. And then tell them what you *really* did that night. I am sure their innocent idealism will evaporate.

In any case, this magazine transcends the drudgery of Millennium hype and is jammed full of breathtakingly good material despite the fact a gagging order had to be placed on Tom Gravgaard; his unprintable article on the monarchy could have led to a lengthy libel case. Still, at least Mohammed Al Fayed would have enjoyed it.

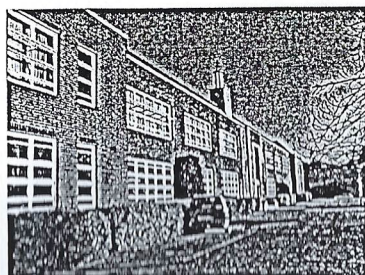
In addition, be sure to read the Creative Writing section; it is particularly good this issue, with some poignant contributions reminding us that we have not even nearly achieved a 21<sup>st</sup> Century utopia.

Finally and most importantly, in case we somehow, by act of divine intervention, or less probably, by means of hard work, manage to get this issue out before the holidays may the whole team here wish you a very merry Christmas indeed, best wishes for the New

Year and the best of luck in coping with the hype-fest that we call the Millennium.

the Editors

## Charminster Hill



Life guards do it to save lives!

This academic year has been an eventful one to say the least. Since we last published this magazine the school has continued to be upgraded and re-decorated.

Wheelchair access has been provided with a ramp leading up to the new main doors. A toilet for the disabled has also been installed, enabling the school to open its music, modern languages and computer rooms for use outside normal school hours. The fire doors in the foyer have been replaced and re-sized to improve our fire escape provision. Finally, who could miss the impressive new sports hall on the field?

The site offers the school first-class facilities including two indoor 5-a-side football courts, a multi-purpose weights room, a floodlit areas for tennis and netball (tarmac courts), as well as astro-turf pitches for football and hockey. With the use of this sports hall the school's sporting facilities are now second to none. It is open to students and non-school members alike. The teachers have also been making use of the equipment, with Mr Ramsey being badly injured whilst playing basketball. On a happier note, he and other members of staff have been helping to maintain the running of the P.E department after the departure of Mr Shepherd.

Mr Shepherd is not the only member of staff to have left us this year. Other departures include Mr Reynolds, Mr Cullen, Mr Hand, Mr Turner and Mrs Bagley; Dr

Fraser and Mr Deedman are now in the enviable position of working part time. Replacing Mr Shepherd is Mr Andrew Parry, and Mr Michael Taylor rejoins the school to take over from Mr Turner in the Economics department. Another fresh face in the staff room is the new Head of Biology, Mr Jason Holbrook. We have also been joined by this year's language assistants: Miss Gwenaelle Etienne (French), Miss Anja Sonntag (German), and Miss Inmaculada Rueda Mira (Spanish). We trust that all new members of teaching staff are settling in well.

Improvements to the school and the opening of the new sports hall were not the only achievements this year. The school also commemorated its first sixty years on this site, celebrated with the return of some old boys joining the Mayor in planting new cherry trees in front of the school. Gordon Prosser, one of the old boys, was also a guest speaker at speech day, which was held a little earlier than usual this year to coincide with the anniversary of the school's move to East Way.

Another notable achievement was Mr Hill obtaining his PhD, now granting him the title of Dr. Hill after years of study. The thesis is currently being reviewed by specialists at Yale with a view to publication. However, it seems that Dr Hill's academic achievements do not stop there. This year he has given lectures in the universities of London and Oxford and the next will see the publication of other articles relating to his specialist field. Heady stuff!

A further movement in the music of time can be seen in the emergence of the Yamaha Music School which is providing students with access to top of the range keyboards. This is in exchange for the use of one of the soundproof music studios where Nikki Budd teaches the Yamaha keyboard classes to members of the public and keen musicians within the school.

Another happening within the performing arts scene was the successful production of *Hobson's Choice*, which showed the hard work and dedication of all concerned. Bravo to all involved.

This year has also been host to the rare occurrence of an entire school photo which took a lot of co-operation from everyone in the school, not to mention stupendous patience from the photographers. The result is quite impressive and rather large too!

The school held an informative careers convention for G.C.S.E students this year, with several university representatives and experts giving talks on what each

profession has to offer in the future. We also remembered the past, participating in the Remembrance Day services in assembly the day after Remembrance Day.

On the academic front, the upper sixth have been hard at work, taking their modular examinations whilst Year 11 have been revising religiously for their G.C.S.E mock examinations and shall no doubt sow as they have reaped. The school also participated in the UK Maths competition, with fine performances all round.

## Too Numerous to mention...

In the last week of the Summer Term a junior concert programme was combined with the drama presentations from the Lower School Clubs with one very happy result - a good-sized audience!

Relaxed and informal, the occasion allowed about seventy pupils to present pieces of varying length and seriousness, some appeared in both musical and dramatic items, as ensemble players and solo artists.

The Junior Wind Band, a Clarinet Quintet, a Drum Trio and an Ensemble demonstrated some polished group work, sending us away with a cheery Muppet Theme, while solos on the Clarinet, Horn, Piano, Cello and Saxophone by Patrick Swayne, Michael Whiteside, Peter Newbold, Brenden Guy and Paul Riley brought moments of quiet concentration to a busy evening.

Year Nine Drama club boldly dealt with a section from *A Man for All Seasons*, Sam Manly turning in a very mature performance as the weary Moore. We had some intergalactic offerings in shape of 'pelurian Invasion', a home grown piece of convincing patische and a 'Star Wars' drama staged entirely in the movement and mime, while Year Seven roared through the first act of a mystery - farce *Teeth Trouble* with real aplomb. Lines were delivered soundly in character with considerable confidence, and they all looked as if they were enjoying themselves.

The hall was used flexibly to stage these offerings, and work from the clubs' supporters with costume and lighting gave our young actors real sense of performance. We very much hope to repeat this experience next year to even more viewers.

John Hubbard



# Staff Changes...



Chris Reynolds: bathed in celestial light.

Chris Reynolds joined the school in 1978 from Abingdon as Head of Mathematics. He immediately set his mark on the Department by concentrating on Further Mathematics, as a hallmark of successful grammar school performance, and by emphasising statistical analysis with appropriate illumination by ornithological example. Old boys of '85 5<sup>th</sup> Year still reminisce, with suitable embellishment, of Chris's total demolition of their version of the Monty Python "Dead Parrot" sketch, painstakingly contrived for their very last maths lesson.

Chris was, and is, a perpetual enthusiast and ideas burst from him in continuous profusion, often leaving his mathematical colleagues more than a little wide eyed. He believed in teaching by challenge, unconcerned by the mundanities of schemes of work, but owing everything to inspiration and stimulation. Generations of pupils look back on his tutelage with a nostalgic appreciation of the extension of their knowledge of the feathered world, and more importantly, of the questioning approach and independence of thought which he inculcated.

In the second half of his career at Bournemouth, Chris moved to the post of Timetable Manager and proceeded to dazzle we lesser mortals by constructing an incredibly versatile timetable as a trivial mental exercise. It underpinned the fact that Chris is a mathematician and logician of rare quality, the like of whom we are, sadly, far less likely to encounter in today's profession.

Chris was ever ready to give assistance to colleagues and pupils, although the explanation of a seemingly intractable mathematical problem in three words could be slightly disconcerting to we of more pedestrian persuasion. We must not forget Lieutenant Reynolds' stalwart and enthusiastic

contribution to the CCF throughout his time with us. Field Days with him were literally an education and every member of the corps who enjoyed his company on these occasions finished the day with his knowledge of the natural world greatly enhanced.

With Chris's retirement, we have lost yet another of the really diverse personalities who used to make schoolmasters such splendidly memorable characters. All of us who remain at Bournemouth School, be we the high flyers, the waders, or those with a passing acquaintance with guano, will retain affectionate memories of Chris and respect for his many talents. We wish him and Julia every happiness and satisfaction with their continuing interests in conservation and the Alpha Course, and of course with their newer duties as grandparents.

Mike Skipsey

Easter '99 saw the semi-retirement of David Fraser after 10 years of conscientious teaching at Bournemouth School.

After an education in Pembroke, Wales and first and further degrees also in that country specialising in "physics of the upper atmosphere" and "space science", David joined the Royal Navy. During this time, he served as an officer, was promoted to Lieutenant Commander, took responsibility for oceanography and took on teaching roles in the R.N. School of Meteorology and Oceanography. He was involved in supplying sonar-ranging data during the Falklands Campaign. At one stage he was seconded to the Royal Australian Navy – a time for which he has fond and "hazy" memories and in which he developed a way of life typical of that antipodean country. This is not surprising when you realise David is very much an outdoor person enjoying all the sun can shine on, from the ubiquitous 'barbie' to playing and spectating a wide variety of sports. At school David contributed much to rugby, tennis and badminton. A few years ago he joined his local Golf Club and it was no surprise to see his handicap diving towards single figures in a very short time.

After the Navy, David, in partnership with his wife Carolyn, ran a sub post office and general stores. It was during this time that he decided to move into mainstream school teaching. His first post was at a comprehensive in Hampshire. David has very definite views on education and teaching and thus, against the advice of his head teacher, accepted a post in Bournemouth School. Within a very short time his administrative and

leadership abilities were recognised and he was promoted to Head of Physics.

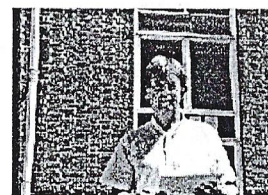
David has discharged his responsibility with care and consideration, not resisting the new and innovative, whilst maintaining those traditions that should transcend time. He has always been prepared to stand his ground and make his feeling known in a quiet but forceful manner. An organised and good administrator as well as a proficient and well thought of teacher, he has worked long hours to the benefit of many grateful students.

Perhaps only obvious to his closer colleagues, David was ever the witty joker and the number of times we fell prey to his wind-ups is lost in the count. Many a smile comes to my face in recollection.

As well as sport, David enjoys gardening and matters constructive, building onto his house in an extensive way. This has included all the trials and tribulations that come with the activity.

David was actually born in Ceylon, now known as Sri Lanka, and perhaps this in part contributes to his interest in travel. In recent years he has returned to his nascent country as well as going upside down and also visiting Kenya. The latter, apparently, was a salutary experience. Although not sharing my interest in hill walking and scrambling I know he has an ambition to scale the dizzy height of Mount Kilimanjaro. Perhaps, now, given more time, he will do just that. In the meantime good red wine and food will eat into his expanding leisure hours.

Alan Gibbons



Mr Sheppard: Did he tell you about the time when...

When I was asked to write an "obituary" for John I felt a distinct sinking feeling. How do you sum up such a complex character? How do you write about him knowing that every word will be analysed and on our next meeting cryptic remarks and "one liners" will be delivered. So that I am not the only one to receive the sarcastic remarks I asked some of the staff for

thoughts on the man, and I have included those that are not libellous - see the box opposite!

Mrs. Towler accompanied him on a 6<sup>th</sup> Form trip to Italy. She remembers his hobby of making Tiffany lamps and his passion for ancient ruins, especially Roman. She also recalls his story of missing the goal for England Students that meant the team didn't go to Argentina for the final.

My own recollections are of his golfing stories, his use of the School Phone, his ability to drive between golf shots on the School field, his car full of sleeping boys, on Year 9 camps, and his getting stopped for speeding on the way home from my party. I also recall the look on his face when, during a staff term golf competition, we missed out on a trip to Portugal by 1 point when I played badly and he had played well. Alan Petrie, our other team member, didn't look too happy either.

On a serious note I have to say John is one of those characters that people remember, often for the funny or different things that he did, but I must pay tribute to the amount of time and effort that he gave to the boys during his long career at Bournemouth School. He ran the 1<sup>st</sup> XI football team and, whilst over recent years the success has not been so great, for a long period of time Bournemouth School was the standard that others strived to reach in the Hampshire League.

John also gave up hours of time to take lower School football teams and town football teams and was a driving force behind Bournemouth School's Football Association. He was also County Golf Captain and organised the county youth golf, along with arranging School golf competitions.

I wish John a long and happy 'semi-retirement' and look forward to seeing him, as usual on Wednesday afternoons, at 6<sup>th</sup> form parents evenings and, of course, at speech day.

Alan Heyes

## Memories of Mr Sheppard:

① Mr Scanlan: "My long standing memory was the England v Brazil International Football match at Wembley. It was a Sunday fixture and the coach was to pick me up at Ringwood. Mr. Shepherd had obviously had a late night out on the Saturday and fell asleep between Bournemouth and Ringwood. Yours truly was left sitting on the verge-side and waved to some of the boys as the coach sped past - with Shep asleep. I missed the match of the century but at least Shep caught up on some well-earned rest."



② **Mr Hughes:** "Shep and I were on a cross-country run with the kids and coming back through Strouden Woods. We'd sent them ahead and we were running up a road when the Police blocked both ends of the road. A burglar alarm had been set off in one of the houses. A Policeman approached us and asked us what we were doing. Shep replied "We've just burgled that house"! The Policeman accompanied us to School to confirm what we were really doing."



*Millennium Doug?*

**D**oug was Head of Physics at Winton School for fifteen years before joining Bournemouth School in 1988, during which time he was also Director of Mandarin Micro Systems. Here he designed single board controllers and associated hardware with appropriate assembly language.

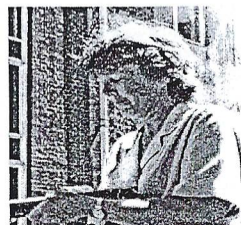
Since joining us Doug has spent a great deal of his time keeping up to date with the changes in technology. He is a highly literate and numerate professional and he has a thorough computing knowledge both in hardware, networking and system support. During the last ten years he has completed the following post graduate courses in Computer Architecture and Operating Systems; Relational Database Systems; Object Orientated Software Technology; Software Development for Networked Applications using Java, and is a full Member of the Institute of IT Training. This dedication to his subject has helped him to work with the students in their 'A' Level Computing using Modul-2 for software development and one gained a national subject prize. As part of this continuous course evolution, he pioneered in schools the use of object-orientated design and programming for software development. This was initially Java, then Visual Effect. The last three years Doug has concentrated on the hardware and gained certificates in Advanced Access, Network 3.1x Advanced Administration and is a Certified Novell Administrator in NetWare 3.1x.

I have worked closely with Doug during the last eleven years and often fail to understand the technical language he uses.

However, his students thrive and many have since gained 1<sup>st</sup> Class Honours Degrees at University in Computing and often pop into school to see Doug and thank him for giving them an insatiable appetite for obscure programming language and the ability to solve complex networking problems.

In his spare time Doug and his wife Jill love to go mountain walking and backpacking particularly in Snowdonia and Scotland. Locally they enjoy discovering quintessential Dorset pubs. I wish them both a long and happy retirement.

*Christine Druce*



*Mrs. Bagley is keen to escape the pondlife. In a manner of speaking.*

**J**ane Bagley officially retired in March this year, although she continued to teach her classes through to the end of the academic year. Jane studied for her degree at Southampton while raising a family and taught for many years at Highcliffe Comprehensive. She joined us in 1990, bringing with her a background in both Biology and Chemistry with a particular interest in personal, social, and health education.

She had established Human Biology and Parent Craft at Highcliffe Comprehensive and had undertaken further professional development, during a secondment, in Counselling. At Bournemouth School she took a particular interest in developing the 'A' Level course in Human and Social Biology but also contributed to the development of the lower school biology units, where her emphasis on health education are clear.

She was involved in the establishment of the school pond and, through this important resource, her efforts continue to help students' understanding of many aspects of Biology.

Jane was Acting Head of Biology on two occasions during the maternity leaves of Sandy Hussey, and in 1996 became Head of Biology. Both in her role as Head of Biology and as a member of the Science Department her skills in being able to involve, motivate (and organise!) colleagues were apparent. She

is a very dedicated teacher. Her interest in the welfare of her students and belief in the importance of establishing good working relationships with both students and colleagues were, and continue to be, always to the fore.

In other areas of school life, Jane was involved in supporting the Bournemouth School Recycling group, supported the drama productions through her involvement in make-up, supported the CCF as the female member of staff on the Clyde Fleet Tender, but is particularly remembered for her singing.

She sang as a soloist in several concerts including the Grieg Centenary celebrations, Vivaldi's Gloria, a Mozart mass and, one which particularly moved colleagues, the recitatives preceding the "Glory to God" chorus from Handel's Messiah, at St. Peter's Church. In recent years she has continued to support the choir in the Christmas Carol Concerts.

Since 'retiring' Jane is once again enjoying singing with the Bournemouth Symphony Chorus and only recently toured in Italy. She is also pursuing her interest in amateur dramatics and has been given the part of 'Anna' in 'The King and I' to be performed next year in Christchurch. She has continued to be a familiar face around the school, covering John Hawkins' classes during his absence and we are pleased that Jane will be working with us again in January as she will be rejoining us, part-time, to teach 'A' Level Biology.

*the Biology Department*

**N**igel Turner arrived at Bournemouth School in September 1996 as a newly qualified teacher with an extremely varied background. He served in the Royal Navy during the Falklands conflict, worked as a farm hand in Australia, was a personnel manager for the Rank Organisation and ran his own Landscape Gardening business before deciding to enter the teaching profession.

During his relatively short time here, Nigel developed a niche as an economist and was able to bring a practical approach to what can be a very dry subject. He was always keen to encourage students to develop their own analytical abilities and made a valuable contribution to the GNVQ course.

Nigel is an accomplished rugby player and coach and brought this experience to bear when working with Year 9 teams and helping out with Sixth Form Games. He also oversaw the running of the school's Young Enterprise and Midbank groups during his time here.

Nigel got married at the start of his last year with us and the arrival of his and Julie's first child in August 1999 prompted his decision to seek employment nearer to his home in Devon. He is now Head of Economics at Sidmouth College and we wish him every success in this appointment.

**P**aul Hand arrived at Bournemouth School in September 1992 although his connection with the Business Studies department went back even further as his wife (then Belinda Hendy) taught here in 1990/91.

He joined the Business Studies department at a time of expansion and brought with him the experience of a commercial background as well as a period spent living and working in the United States.

Always a disciplinarian, Paul brought order into the classroom but was a popular member of staff. His influence will be felt for many years to come - if only in the memories of those who forgot to hand in their homework.

Paul was also an asset to the PE department where he was a highly successful rugby coach, helping to lead several teams to success in national competitions. He enthusiastically helped out with other sports though one or two of his cricket umpiring decisions have been described as "eccentric". He also participated in the Ski Trip throughout his time here.

Paul was very interested in Pastoral Care and was Assistant Head of Darwin House for a number of years. His caring attitude was particularly evident in his tireless efforts to encourage the House to raise funds for charity.

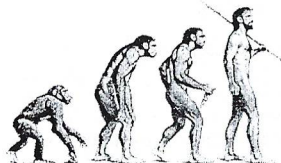
Paul has moved back to the commercial world to work in the marketing industry and we wish him every success in his new career.

*Gerard O'Neill*



## Darwin:

House Champions 1998-9



Darwin House: vaguely Homo sapiens.

Congratulations to all members of Darwin House for your success in winning the championship for the second year in succession. Head of House, Dr. Waite would like to thank everybody for all their efforts, not only those outstanding achievers, the "superstars", but also to those who participated in events in order to make up the numbers, they fought hard and gained extra points. It was the accumulation of these points that made the difference for Darwin, and continued our success of the previous academic year.

During the '98-99 year, several changes took place in the House's structure. The most significant of these is the post of Deputy Head of House. We bid farewell to Mr. Hand in late November '98, with thanks for the hard work and effort he put in to the House's organisation. We would like to thank Mr. Worden for accepting the responsibility of this role for the remainder of the year. At the start of this year the House is proud to welcome Mr. Stokes to fulfil this role on a more permanent basis, and looks forward to his input. Another inevitable change is the prefects. Congratulations to you on your appointment and especially Jaideep Dhariwal as House captain.

As well as competitive successes, Darwin also achieved much for our charity, Leukaemia Busters. We ran numerous successful events including the 'Tuck-Shop', the prestigious, nay, notorious 'Toastathon' and the fantastic 'Junior Disco'. In total just over £800 was raised, a figure which we can all be proud of.

Although Darwin can be pleased with its charity and competition achievements, this does not provide any room for complacency. We must continue to put in our time and efforts, in order to continue our successes. When charity events and house competitions arise, participate and share your efforts and skills. Darwin House strives to work as a team,

and as long as we continue to do this and put in effort we can look forward to continued success as we cross into the millennium. Happy Christmas!

Andy Legg

## Elgar House:

The Beardshaw  
Interview



Elgar House has found a profitable sideline printing £20 notes. Is that how they raised so much cash for charity?

Elgar House brings you this insight into the life of the Head House - the illustrious Paul Beardshaw.

Bournemouthian: What is the current position of the house?

Paul Beardshaw: Well funnily enough there haven't actually been any events this year, but I do believe we have gained a lead in the first round of the Inter-House Chess Competition, which is naturally encouraging.

BM: What are your predictions for this academic year [1999-2000]?

PB: I am always optimistic at the beginning of a year.

BM: Why do you think the House seems unable to win the Inter-House Competition?

PB: A brave question! Often, the house is let down by people not turning up to competitions that they have committed themselves to. Also, there seems to be a general lack of interest in some of the smaller competitions, such as public speaking, and houses like Darwin appear to get the edge here.

BM: Who are your role models in contemporary society and where do you get your inspiration for leading the house from?

PB: I used to want to be like such idols as James Bond, but I have grown out of all that nonsense and now I just want to be me.

BM: What do you like to do to relax and wind down?

PB: Most of the time, I enjoy listening to music.

BM: What sort of music do you like to listen to?

PB: I most enjoy classical music; Bach, Beethoven and Mozart are my personal favourites, with Elgar close behind. I think that Beethoven is the best. I can put up with pop music although I don't really like it.

BM: Which football team do you support?

PB: Well, I used to support Birmingham City, mainly because I used to live there but I stopped due to fights at the football ground. However, I DO support England!!

BM: What, for you, is a typical Friday night?

PB: A typical Friday night for me is firstly to go shopping, then eat dinner, wash up, naturally, and then attempt to do the mountains of homework that the pupils have blessed me with! I like to get the marking out of the way early in the weekend, so that I have Sunday night free but it doesn't normally end up that way. I am aware that pupils experience the same problems!

BM: What is your idea of a perfect Friday night?

PB: I'd like a nice three-course meal with 7 or 8 good friends. So basically, good food, good wine, good music and good company!

BM: Thank you for your time, sir.

PB: My pleasure, gentleman!

Joel Giblett

## The Samaritans

Elgar House Charity 1999-2000

Founded in 1970 by Dr Bob Pierce and now led by Franklin Graham, the Samaritans is "a link between concerned believers and needy people around the world, for the glory of Jesus Christ." It is also, for this academic year at least, Elgar's designated house charity, and it is important that everyone should try and produce ideas for raising money for the organisation; anything from cake stalls to stand-up comedy shows, as long as it makes money for the charity.

## Newton House



Sir Isaac, the man himself.

It has been a brilliant start to the year for Newton House, who, armed with new House Captain Simon Clarke and Vice Captain Ian Glass, took an early lead in the House Championships with a decisive victory in the lower school Hobbies Exhibition. This is an event that has traditionally been a Newton favourite; the house's high turnout on the night is always remarkable and is probably upheld thanks to Mrs Fisher's constant reassertions that "every Newton boy that shows gets us a point."

Perhaps encouraged by this inspiring early lead, the House cricket and tennis teams didn't disappoint, with the annual tournaments in both sports being very well contested at all levels by Newton teams. Newton managed an impressive show overall, with total points bringing them to the top places in both sports, managing to surpass even Mr Saunders' expectations.

Another area in which the House teams are exceeding expectations is in the House Chess Tournament. At the time of going to press, only the first round of this challenging competition has been played, yet Newton managed a confident victory overall, owing, no doubt, to the encouraging leadership of the House's chess captain David Rothnie, of the Lower Sixth. David, however, was unfortunately unable to exercise his own skill at the game as his tie was won by virtue of the fact that his challenger didn't turn up to the match; no doubt David's fearsome reputation as a chess demon goes before him.

The House would like to draw attention and praise to an enthusiastic team of their Year 9 boys, who, under the leadership of Mark Loakes, managed to put their entrepreneurial skill into practice by raising funds for the Newton House charity. The boys started a tuck shop that ran for a short period of time at school in break and lunch times and managed to raise a total of £35. All the profits



from their enterprise went to research into both Leukaemia and Alzheimer's research; both very good causes.

One of the most innovative Newton initiatives so far this year has been from Mr Heyes' Year 9 class who, in contrast to the normal House Assembly structure, had the whole House grouping into form groups in the old gymnasium and proceeded to take photographs of us all. This seemingly gratuitous posing did all have a purpose however: the class wanted to take the opportunity of their assembly slot to launch their Millennium Initiative. The idea was that their class should collate as much information as possible from the current members of Newton House in the form of photographs, short written profiles, proposals for the future and personal and social retrospectives. All that information was then left to the charge of one of their form members who would aim to keep the gathered cross-section of Newton House life as a kind of time capsule into the next millennium. Hopefully, if all goes to plan, current Newtonians will be able to converge on the school in 2050 to see the archive displayed as an interesting and informative look at what the House was like in the 'old days' of the twentieth century.

Finally, Newton House would like to wish the very best of luck to all of last year's Newtonian Upper Sixth, including former House Captain Adam Edwards, who should now be finishing his first term at Oxford.

Ross Parker

## Scott House: is it living up to its name?



Scott: a fitting role model.

Scott House was named after a great discoverer called Robert Falcon Scott. The time has come to answer the question that has been on everyone's lips for as

long as I can remember: how similar is Scott House to this great man? With the likes of our own great leaders Mr Hughes and Mr Scanlan, I do not think we are that different, but let us explore this matter further...

Robert Scott was a man of great courage and integrity, qualities which I think we have in our own Mr Hughes. Scott's great courage was shown when he trekked to the Antarctic: Mr Hughes shows similar fortitude when he protects his house members from the great dangers of Mrs Fisher and Mr Bobal. Through the great expeditions across the Antarctic, Scott was armed with his Ice Pick to help him across the great mounds of ice. Mr Hughes is armed with his sight, smell and formidable presence to track down those miscreants who have not handed in their homework. Oh what a man, what an extraordinary man!

When Robert Scott was on his expeditions across the Antarctic, and especially on his 2964-km trek to the South Pole, he needed to keep his colleagues' spirits up. He did this with his comical character and talent for making people laugh. I feel that we have our very own comical character in Scott House, which, I am sure we will all agree, is Mr Scanlan. What would we all do without his witty comments and original jokes, which must be created in a moment of inspiration unattainable by our normal human being? He keeps all of the members of Scott, including the staff, going from one day to the next and I think we need to thank Mr Scanlan just as Scott's men thanked Scott.

Scott was a very fit and healthy man, being able to go to the South Pole and nearly making it back, setting the record in 1910 for the longest continuous sledge journey ever made in the polar regions. In this wonderful team, I think we also have our very own health-conscious man, Mr Scanlan. Without his regular team talks to his pupils about how they should keep themselves healthy how would we be able to win all of the House competitions, as we do every year? We should all thank him for being such a great example to follow.

Scott had the best equipment available to him in his time, though it was little more than a pair of woollies and a hand made wooden sledge. The latter was his main mode of transport in the deep Antarctic, and he used it for everything: travelling, storing important scientific data and would sometimes sleep in it at night for extra warmth. We have our very own sledge in Scott House as well and his name is Oliver Wilkinson. He is used for everything: after being made one of the top

Scott House staff, he undertook the duty of reading Scott House notices, organising Scott House events and Scott House charities, being a vital team member and representing Scott House in the School Council. I do not feel his peers and superiors appreciate this great man enough. His contributions to the House are more than anyone else could manage, so that is why I have mentioned him in this article and given him the title of the 'Sledge'. You should be proud Oliver Wilkinson, very proud.

Colin Clark

## Turner House: Clench's Moustache Must Go.



It is suspected that Nintendo modelled Mario's moustache on Mr Clench's.

As another millennium draws to its close everyone is looking forward to a fruitful Christmas break. Good old Turner House has done us proud this century so we decided to use this last Bournemouthian of 1999 to ask Mr.Clench those questions which have been on our minds throughout history (as we know it):

Bournemouthian: What improvements do you think could be made to Turner House, if any?  
Mike Clench: House could do with sharpening up on the use of homework diaries, and perhaps communication between teachers and pupils could be assessed.

BM: Do you find being a Housemaster and school teacher challenging?

MC: Yes, you have to be superman nowadays: hard working, able to organise your day well, and handle four times as much work.

BM: Is it true you lay all the boring, tedious tasks on Mr Pritchard?

MC: No! (Of course we know better)

The most important point we would like to put to you is: 'This house believes you should loose the tash.' Argue your case.

(This is when Mr.Clench's eyes widened and his nose began to twitch nervously). Then Laughs: (We were not joking Mr.Clench)

MC: No way! I have had this tash since I was 19 years of age. If you think I am getting rid of this then ....tough.

(We will see about that)

BM: Does the House have any special plans for the Millennium?

MC: Not yet (disappointing for an Artist)

BM: What are your strengths as a Housemaster? (Not that they aren't manifestly obvious, of course.)

MC: I am good with people and I like interacting.

BM: How does it feel to know that you taught my uncles who are now getting on and now me, their nephew: Does that make you feel ancient?

MC: Ahh, yes, well.... Let's say that I had a father come to see me a few weeks ago to enrol his child at Bournemouth School. I taught him and now it is most likely I am going to teach his children. So you could say so, yes.... I feel ancient.

BM: What are your weaknesses? (We had to look long and hard in the end we had to ask him.)

MC: Overweight and slowing down.

And now for the truly important question:

BM: Why do you wear those waistcoats?

a- fashion

b-control the middle age spread

c-some kid told you it looked cool

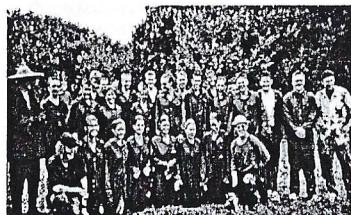
d-another reason

MC: a+b and for warmth. (Leave out A and then perhaps he is being honest.)

Kristian Palmer



## Combined Cadet Force



BS CCF and Canadian cadets after the "Jungle Run"

The CCF had a progressive 1999 and looks forward to a new millennium. The most notable date in the CCF calendar is always the Inspection Day which went extremely well this year and as usual got an excellent report from the visiting RAF Group Captain. Added to this was the immaculate turn out at Remembrance Day, the most sombre day in the CCF's calendar.

On a lighter note the Army Camp was held at Penhale this year. It went without complications and we were asked to 'look after' a number of Canadian cadets who were here to see how the British do things. In true Bournemouth School style we gave them a hearty welcome by challenging them to a game of Rugby. We accompanied them on the notorious "Jungle Run" at Penhale camp, part of which entailed negotiating a freezing river and obstacle course. The Army Section continued to hold its own against public schools Canford and Claysmore, beating them in the obstacle course and run.

The RAF section continued to form under the leadership of F/Sgt Andy Hunt and achieved third place in the regional Ground Training Competition at RAF Innsworth. For the first time it also won the south west region Aircraft Recognition Trophy. Several cadets completed Glider Scholarships in the summer and are now wearing their wings. Peter Dickinson completed the leadership course at Frimley Park and is also proudly wearing his badge.

The Navy section has also had a successful 1999, assisted by both Commander Sanders and Lt.Exley. They have attended both Annual and Clyde Fleet Tender camps and have been a prominent feature in all parades and Inspection days.

Kristian Palmer

## Blokes in Skirts, Girls in Strips; All in the name of Charity!



Some of the guys went to extraordinary lengths to look the part...

If a casual passer-by was to amble down East Way, and in doing so catch sight of a group of young men in skirts and a group in football-kit with their hands fastened behind their backs, I'm sure they could be forgiven for thinking that Bournemouth School pupils had lost all self-respect.

Maybe they would be right. However, there is a simple explanation for these bizarre sights. They were performed in the name of charity. These perfectly sane people dressed up to compete against the girls in charity netball and football matches.

First came the charity netball match from the Upper Sixth, early in the term before it got too cold (they knew that there's a lot of standing around in netball!). The event was well advertised by a series of innuendo-filled assembly announcements. On the day the lads certainly got into the spirit of it, they wore skirts, or tried to (Rob Harding) and they really looked the part. Jon Beswick perhaps got a little bit too excited, arriving with less hair on his newly shaved legs than the girls! However, looking the part is all very well, but the netball is what really mattered.

Right from the start, our team obviously had control of the game, scoring within a matter of minutes. The girls battled furiously, starting a number of fights, which the ref. blamed on us, but the baskets only saw goals from the guys. Soon, having scored more than I could keep count of, the sun shined down on our team and we knew the victory was ours. It was at this point that the goal celebrations began to get a bit more exciting - Kewley and Harding's stirring 'performances' egged on support from the crowd. Just before

the whistle blew, the girls saved themselves from total humiliation, by scoring one solitary hoop. A convincing victory for us.

Several weeks later, from the Lower Sixth, came a charity football match. On the astro-turf of the new Sports Hall, arrived the team in blue-white stripes, the girls in Premiership strips. The team recognised their masculine sovereignty at football and kindly tied their hands behind their backs (basically the means for an excuse if they were slaughtered). At the beginning of the match the boys were doing well. Walking to the ball and passing with accuracy they managed to get the ball into the girls' half without much trouble. Liam Davy had a real passion to score (!). He ran at them hard and sent a couple of thundering shots at the girls, resulting in a goal for the guys.

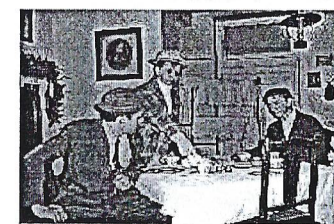
The girls however, fought back with surprising fervour and valiantly scored a goal past the 'kind' hands of P. Roberts. In the second half, Worthy accidentally took out a member of the girls' squad, much to everyone's distress, and cries of 'woman-beater' ensued. Sean Boyle encouraged Davy's vicious strikes, but he was also trying to stop him woman-marking a certain blonde. Sanders stood there hopeless, looking at the girls but afraid to tackle. In the second half Jon Knight saved the day for the girls, what a ladies-man! He intervened from the sidelines, to finish off a few of the girls' goals. However, several goals later the match ended with penalties. Keepers Paul and Romy had to face the dreaded pressure. Paul (under the influence of the crowds, his team and JK) succumbed and our team played their penalties half-heartedly, and in Josh's case with a blindfold. Unsurprisingly, therefore, when the girls won, the boys accepted the result with stoic reserve. Plus Liam got himself a few hugs here and there!

All of the teams from both schools can be proud of their efforts, both for entertainment value and for raising money for charity. The L6th football match raised approx. £40 and the U6th netball match raised a staggering £124. However, we should question the difference in amounts raised. Perhaps the difference lay in advertisement. The netball match was advertised using a series of provocative assembly announcements, guaranteeing entertainment. The football match was announced with somewhat more conservative messages such as "come and watch the likes of Bogger and Brown play the girls at footy". However, perhaps the huge attendance at the netball match was because it was a sunnier, warmer day and people were

willing to put in the effort as a consequence. Or, perhaps it is something deep within us, present in all our psyches, something that demands a response. Perhaps we would all rather see blokes prancing about in skirts than watch girls strut their stuff in a football kit. In which case, you've got to ask questions.

Andrew Legg

## A Choice Performance by Hobson and Co.



Not ferret pie again? Pass the Hovis.

The School put on a production of Hobson's Choice in November this year. The five weeks leading up to the performances was a period of intense activity...

The last major production the school embarked on was Fiddler on the Roof, acted by a cast of more than fifty and prepared for in one and a half terms, as opposed to our half a term.

Further difficulties arose from the fact that we had a cast of a dozen and the same length of play to learn, without any songs to break up the flow. Despite this the cast managed a convincing portrayal, under the direction of Mrs. Sandra Rutt.

Hobson's Choice is a tale of strong women and feeble men set in turn-of-the-century northern England. The play gave many opportunities for feisty performances: Hobson's daughters were convincingly and assertively portrayed by Kerry Laws, Victoria Yeates and Anna Hodgson and Tim Nolan who played the innocent, but talented, bootmaker gave an engaging performance of bright eyed insecurity.

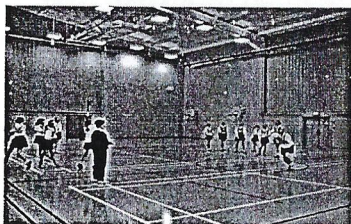
Dan Cowdrill's Hobson moved stern ineffectiveness to drink-weakened despair and isolation in the second play and his decline was well conveyed by physical posture.



The rapid rehearsal period did cause one or two uncertainties, but the cast managed to conceal such difficulties with some intelligent improvisation, which was scarcely noticed by the audience.

Unfamiliar accents were well sustained by the cast, who seemed to be enjoying themselves. Well done!

## The P.E Department Gets Its Millennium Home (Finally)



The new facility is put to use by the Netball Association.

**T**he Bournemouth School Sports Hall project was, until recently, a "bit of a saga." Why has it been so long coming? John Rowland and Ross Parker go out looking for answers.

How do you make Mr Gibson smile like a little boy? According to our headmaster all you have to do is build a purpose built sports hall, with eight courts and air-conditioned CV rooms at a cost of over £2 million. Yet it isn't just the Head of P.E who is impressed. From the look of most pupils' faces when they first saw the inside of the new hall they too felt that it has been worth the wait. A very long wait. Those in the current Sixth Form will remember the jokes about the apparent snail-like progress of the project. The then Headmaster, Mr Allan Petrie, announced on more than one occasion "that we are within striking distance of building the hall." Each time there would be another excruciating setback, a list of which would easily fill a book - and make a tragedy of Shakespearean proportions. In turn each setback would become the victim of the infamous Bournemouth School wit.

We set out to talk to those in the know, to find out exactly why it has taken so long. When researching the article your reporters were rapidly pointed in the direction

of Mr Petrie, who has managed the project full time since his retirement in 1996. As we sit down at the beginning of the interview he greets us warmly and smiles radiantly. It isn't long until we realise that the smile is one of relief, because seven years of hard work have finally become manifest in the Sir David English Sports Hall, against all the odds.

In fact, few pupils realise the scale of the problems that had to be surmounted. From the project's inception in 1992 Mr Petrie tells us of a catalogue of difficulties that hampered. From day one the Department for Education made it clear that it was against their regulations to provide a sports hall for an existing school. This was a problem, as the school's existing facilities were in Mr Petrie's view a "disgrace" and the authorities weren't going to offer any help. It was obvious that the school was going to have to raise the funds itself and this is why in 1993 Mr Petrie approached Sir David English to chair an appeals committee, which was at the point of being set up. It became apparent that the school would have to seek a grant - from the Sports Council, or later the Lottery - in order to pay the majority of the cost of the hall. This presented further problems because of the immense difficulty in getting any application for a grant accepted.

Aside from fundraising, the project was hindered by planning difficulties. The hall was originally to be built on the old tennis courts on the school's land. This was rejected and the current site on East Way was proposed. However, this was Borough owned land and the Land and Property Committee would only offer a fifteen year lease, which needless to say was unacceptably short for a sports hall. Eventually an application for a longer lease was accepted, despite being initially rejected because of a newly incumbent Liberal Democrat council, which was distinctly grant maintained grammar school unfriendly. This was frustrating to Mr Petrie as he is convinced that the decision to reject the application was made on purely political grounds. In the end an appeal was submitted to the Secretary of State for the Environment and some fifteen months later the appeal was finally awarded in the school's favour; the school would be allowed to go ahead on the East Way site.

On a more personal note the ex-army colonel recalls the hardest times of all, just before Sir David English died in 1998. He is frank and tells of how, in his words, "a lot of people lost their nerve" primarily because they didn't think the Lottery application would succeed. He says that at that point he didn't

know whether it was worth carrying on. It was only the insistence of Sir David shortly before his death that stopped Mr Petrie from throwing the towel in. From the way he talks about Sir David it is clear that Mr Petrie feels that the hall owes its existence to him, insofar as it was his support at all stages that pushed the project on. "It is tragic and a matter of great sadness that he died before the project came to fruition" Mr Petrie tells us. In spite of this, he remains upbeat and tells us that the completed hall exceeds his expectations, although he qualifies this by saying that once the Lottery got involved "the whole scope of the project changed."

Indeed the Lottery has provided an enormous amount of cash but there was a point when things were less hopeful. The first application to the Lottery for funding was rejected on technical grounds and just as the second one was being processed in August 1998 a change in VAT regulations coupled to a change in the Lottery specifications for the hall escalated the cost by £100 000. At almost exactly the same time Sir David died. Having exhausted all other possible sources of finance to no avail Mr Petrie was left with just 72 hours to raise the shortfall. During the memorial service reception at St Martin's in the Field, Mr Petrie approached Viscount Rothermere to ask for the missing £100 000 in commemoration of Sir David. Viscount Rothermere said that he was going to Korea for three weeks that very evening and would give an answer upon his return. This was clearly not soon enough and so Mr Petrie attempted a little arm twisting, although by this time he knew he was pushing his luck. To his delight and amazement, however, there was a message on the office answer phone the next morning to the effect that Viscount Rothermere had agreed in principle to pay the missing figure towards the sports centre. It was at this point that the appeals committee decided that it would be fitting to call the hall the "Sir David English Sports Centre" in his honour although Sir David himself had been resolute that the hall should be named after Allan Petrie.

So, although the Lottery has caused last-minute fundraising nightmares, it appears to the *Bournemouthian* that the school will reap the benefits of the Lottery's dogmatic pursuit of high standards.

Mr Petrie laughs when we ask if there have been any amusing moments during the course of the project. He pauses for a moment and admits that: "sadly I can't think of any amusing moments during the project." Our former bursar, Mrs Houghton, who has also

given up her retirement to assist Mr Petrie, agrees. "We were just faced with so many problems" Mr Petrie continues. It is little wonder that he dubs the project as a "massive victory for tenacity over bureaucracy," and the *Bournemouthian* is inclined to agree.

So, despite setback after setback it appears that Bournemouth School has a facility that is absolutely first rate and fitting of its title of "The Sir David English Sports Centre." Yes it has been a long time coming, but that is not surprising given the complexity of the project. Thanks to the persistence and dedication of Mr Allan Petrie, the late Sir David English and Mrs Marjorie Houghton we now have a sports hall of aircraft hangar proportions!

## Petrie's Party



Mr Petrie receives a cheque for £1.4 million from Sport England.

**T**he Grand Opening had always been set to be the social occasion of the year, darling. However, the opening would provide not only an opportunity to show off our new sports centre but also a good reason for two *Bournemouthian* reporters, John Rowland and Ross Parker, to wangle a day out of the classroom.

Arriving before the main throng of guests, your reporters wandered around the Centre looking for scandal and juicy sleaze. Unsurprisingly, there was none forthcoming. Despite some guests arriving rather earlier than expected, indeed even before the car park attendants had, Mr Granger expressed his utmost optimism that the occasion would be a success: "We'll get there - we always do. Bournemouth School always pulls it out." (sic)

Being in honour of the late Sir David English, it was not long before the number of journalists at the event was greater than that of the other guests. In fact, in trying to make inquiries of our own, we were side-tracked by



Deborah Colcutt, a journalist from the Daily Mail. It was not long in to our interview that we realized that we were supposed to be interviewing, not being interviewed. Nevertheless, the *Bournemouthian* accompanied Ms Colcutt on an all-inclusive tour of the Centre, after which your newshounds realized that there was real work to be done. We set about questioning some of the sixth formers who had been enlisted as waiters for the day.

We asked that eminent paradigm of hospitality, Joel Gible, as to what was planned for the event. He replied nonchalantly: "They're going to make some speeches and have something to eat." This masterfully succinct account of events made us wonder how on earth they were going to fill two columns with this story. At this point the Mayor of Bournemouth arrived. Brandishing a digital camera we felt it fitting to exploit our position as honorary journalists by taking some Paparazzi style shots of the Mayor. Upon returning to the main hall we witnessed the day's first major catastrophe. An immaculately laid table of Buck's Fizz had been placed in entirely the wrong place. Your reporters were amused by the ensuing chaos: the scene was reminiscent of one that you would expect in a hotel on a BBC docu-soap.

It was not long after this problem had been resolved that the VIPs arrived. Nikki English - daughter of the late Sir David - and Paul Dacre, Editor-in-Chief of Associated Newspapers arrived. However, the Guest of Honour, Viscount Rothermere, was conspicuous by his absence. Apparently his flight from Australia had been delayed resulting in him not being able to attend. It was clear that a contingency plan had been put into action in his absence and so after the presentation of a cheque for £1.44 million by Sport England, Allan Petrie made a speech. Not shying away from the opportunity to get up on the metaphorical soapbox, he made it quite clear who he felt had given him hassle along the way. The Borough Planning Committee, amongst others, were subjected to his criticism, albeit in a slightly jocular way.

Similarly, Paul Dacre used his speech as an opportunity to slap the government for its anti-grammar school policies (hooray) and also used the occasion to poke fun at an unnamed "drippingly wet liberal paper that continually mocks the very values that the Daily Mail holds so dear." This said, he was unsparing with his praise for the school, speaking of its "uncompromising quest for excellence." Shortly after the speeches, the plaque was

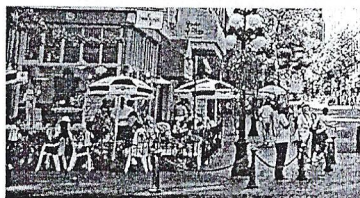
officially unveiled by Nikki English, in place of the absent Viscount Rothermere.

The guests proceeded to the "fork buffet" at which point a reporter commented to us about the "enormous size of that animal." We were slightly thrown at first, wondering if this was obscure journo speak. It was some seconds before it was realized that she was in fact referring to the hog roast, provided by Porkies of Poole, taking place at the far end of the hall. It was true; an impressive spread was provided, thanks to the industrious efforts of helpers such as Colin Clarke and Chris Brookes working under the watchful eye of the professionals.

The comments from the guests about the new facility were overwhelmingly positive. "It is excellent; we're very impressed," said Mr and Mrs Arnold from Wimborne, although along with Mr Gibbons from Verwood, they did question the boldness of the pink and green colour scheme. A discussion involving Changing Rooms ensued. "It's not often you get away with pink in a boy's school," an astute observer commented.

Overall, the event was a resounding success; a great launch to a brilliant new facility, a fitting memorial to Sir David English and a perfect send off for both Colonel Allan Petrie and Marjorie Houghton who have striven for this 'triumph over bureaucracy' for the past seven years.

## More Tea Vicar?



Ah oui, monsieur. Je voudrais une biere avec un côté de boeuf roti (anglais bien sûr!).

**T**om Murphy reaches out into Bournemouth's fashionable world of the Bistro to discover where to enjoy a cold afternoon.

On a chilly Saturday afternoon in mid November I ventured into Bournemouth to fulfil what I considered my duty to the English public, and provide the strangely warming knowledge that Britain hasn't gone completely American, yet...

Although the age of the coffee bar is well and truly upon us, I discovered that the Great British institution, the cup of tea, has not completely been forgotten.

My first destination was the popular evening destination, The Brasshouse. This turned out to be an enlightening and rewarding visit to a place that can only be described as cool. Although it is expensive, the drinks are very nice, the hot chocolate chocolatey, the tea tasteful and the coffee has that bitter taste that so many, myself included, love to hate. The food is again very expensive but absolutely divine, the chocolate cake and the doughnuts reflect the rest of the confectionery with their sweet unforgiving taste that has been rendered to heavenly perfection. The surroundings are pleasant and rustic, however the atmosphere is flat and droll and, as a result, The Brasshouse remains a place for the evening when the fun is running freely and the drinks even more freely!

After the upper class decadence of The Brasshouse my legs took me just up the road to the ice cream heaven that is Haagen Daas. Again a destination that bites into the pocket, but it seems that here also quantity buys quality. All the drinks really are good and the milkshakes sheer perfection, but it's the ice cream that makes this café as good as it is. The elegance of the ice cream stretches so far as to make the consumer feel ever so special just queuing up to buy it, and the taste drives the rival Ben & Jerry's cheeky childish gorgeoussness into the ground with an air of refined arrogance. However the surroundings, although not very bad, do not reflect the quality of the produce they enclose.

Carrying on up the road towards the Royal Bath I arrived at Manhattan. A brilliant café. To my mind it has everything: the prices are good and the drinks equally so; the decoration is very nice, very modern and very clean, (a common factor in all the places that I visited), and the food maintains the high standards one's first impressions provide.

Next on my list was the ultra-modern Slam. It has the advantage of a very large television screen, which, when the football is on, does wonders for its credibility. Moderately expensive Slam is a nice place with a good range of drinks and food that carry a seal of approval for their taste and texture.

The cheap and cheerful Del Marco came next as I wandered through its unsuspecting doors. The food is of reasonable quality and the drinks are nice enough. The clean and shiny metallic tables make it a noisy eating experience, although this goes unnoticed through a friendly chat.

Strolling round the corner took me to Bar Med, another very popular night-spot. Again quite expensive but also very nice, boasting a brilliant interior complete with large screen TV and private booths for a group experience. Gustatively speaking, *bein sur*.

Walking down to the square I came into Beales. Arriving at the top floor I came to more of a self-service restaurant, but no complaints as the food was more than adequate and the drinks fine. As a bonus the place is quite cheap.

The new café in the square was next up. Not as expensive as Bar Med or The Brasshouse, it still took quite a few pennies away and my pocket was feeling increasingly light. The food and drink was, disappointingly, only average, but this place is both easy to find and very convenient.

Across to Debenhams and it was another trek to the top floor as I came into another self-service restaurant. Again pleasing all round as quality items were provided at a price that left my pocket reassuringly similar to its previous state.

Finally I walked up towards the triangle and headed straight for the new French crêperie, which has an inviting décor. The prices are reasonable, the drinks are French and as a result the tea tasted little better than *eau de chaussettes*. Weak. However, the crêpes are delicious, the chocolate in particular.

Having completed my Herculean (or should I say Epicurean?) labours, I was left to reflect on the relative virtues of the cafés. With considerable deliberation and imminent indigestion, I came to the following conclusion: The Brasshouse is the best for taste and drinks; the Department stores win on value for money; the Camera Obscura for most convenient toilets and Haagen Daas comes up trumps for its wonderful ice cream.

Feeling like an English version of Jean-Paul Sartre, I gathered my notes and set off for the illustrious offices of the *Bournemouthian*, my tea-lined breath warming the winter air.

Tom Murphy



## Education, Education, Education.



Blair gives the thumbs up to student poverty.

**T**he current government - and the last, as it happens - are keen to stress that they are committed to education, and want more people to go to university. Yet by phasing out university maintenance grants and introducing tuition fees many potential students are being deterred from applying, argues Tom Gravaard.

Those who do go on to higher education find themselves in an ever-increasing amount of debt as this years complete abolition of grants means they now receive less state finance than in the sixties when student support was introduced.

Contrary to widely held beliefs the majority of students do not sleep for most of the day, waking in time to catch the end of children's television before blowing honest tax payer's money on cigarettes and alcohol in their local seedy public house. These days the average student, when not slaving over mountains of text books, is most likely on the other side of the bar earning, quite literally, a few extra pounds to pay their rent. This type of situation damages the quality of education a student receives, as found recently by a special committee set-up to investigate the situation.

The average debt of UK graduates is between ten and fifteen thousand pounds. And to make matters worse this is paid back in the early years of a graduate's career, in which they are paid the least and must also find the money to start families and secure mortgages. Surely the system of ten years ago whereby the cost of the maintenance grant was effectively paid back from their lifetime of taxes was much more sensible?

This government has claimed again and again that it wishes to "broaden access" and "reach out to those traditionally under-represented in higher education". But by removing financial support and introducing tuition fees, which, by the government's own

admissions it expects parents to pay, I find it hard to interpret these measures as a method of granting access to tertiary education to the lower classes. I am wary of the abolition of the student grant. By adding fees for education, which most people consider a fundamental right, the government is taking steps to mimic the American system whereby the choice of university, if any, is limited by the wealth of the parents and can financially cripple poorer families. Under this system the success of an individual is to a large extent determined by the wealth of an individual's background. I'm not quite sure how compatible this is with the "classless society" Blair said he was striving for a few months ago in the BIC.

I feel the cuts to student funding are a monumental error, and hopefully, if the Scottish parliament votes against these cuts the feeling will seep back to Westminster. Because, at the present time, rather than helping to create a utopian, classless society, divisions more likened to those in the nineteenth century are resurfacing.

Tom Gravaard

## The Argument Club

**I**t has been a good year for the debating society thus far, with good turn outs and a high standard of debate.

The joint debates with BSG were particularly eventful, with the motion "This House Believes That All Drugs Should Be Legalised," proposed by the girls' school, being comprehensively defeated.

There have been some impassioned speeches, although the differences in the cultures of the two schools became manifest on several occasions when the girls failed to see the funny side of the Bournemouth School wit.

This was particularly obvious when BSG put forward the motion that the future was female. The heckling from the audience added to the fun of the occasion - although some of the more personal references were a little extreme. Following what promised to be a triumph for the feminists was an upset: many of the BSG contingent felt that the future was *equality* not female superiority. For this reason the motion was defeated, after some heated exchanges.

All in all an enjoyable and stimulating run of debates. Come along; you might enjoy it.

John Rowland

## Poet's Corner

### Brussels Sprouts

1. In our house Brussels Sprouts  
Are the thing we all hate,  
But Mum persists, each Christmas  
time  
To put one on our plate.
2. We sit around the table  
And eye this ghastly thing,  
Lurking 'tween the meat and spuds,  
A sordid shade of green.
3. Who will take the first bite?  
Mum or Dad or Me?  
Mum spears her fork into hers  
And slowly counts to three.
4. She parts her lips and pops it in  
And tears fill up her eyes  
I look down at my fiendish sprout  
I swear it's grown in size.
5. And now Dad's turn, he takes a bite,  
And chews at it quite slow,  
And as he sweats I realise  
There's still my turn to go.
6. They look at me, I start to shake  
As I prod it around my plate,  
A wicked smile breaks on their lips  
As I face this awful fate.
7. I place the sprout into my mouth  
And slowly start to chew,  
Its bitterness attacks my tongue  
And its flavour starts to ooze.
8. It seems to last forever,  
I can hardly swallow it  
Then down my throat it slips and  
slides,  
This is the nasty bit.
9. We all grab for a glass each  
To swig Dad's home-made beer  
Expressing thanks that Christmas  
comes  
Just ONE DAY every year.

Adam Grundy

### Meaningful Silence

I have crossed many oceans  
Met meaningful silence  
Words Have No Place

I have broken the surface  
Met the underbelly  
They do not breathe

Richard Mason

### Who Am I?

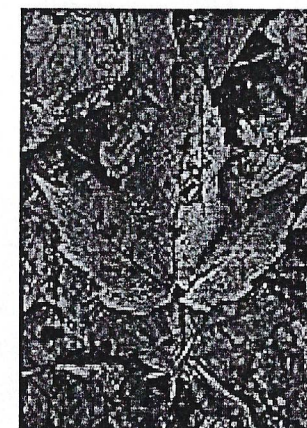
Who am I?  
Am I the painter, who paints the skies,  
With streaking clouds and sunset dyes?

Who am I?  
Am I the gardener, who fees the trees,  
Until they die with jasper leaves?

Who am I?  
Am I the architect, who sculpts the leaves,  
And the complex branches at utmost ease?

I am autumn's nature,  
I coat the sky with scarlet and saffron  
And nurture the oak with leaves of brown,  
I fill the lake with jewelled water,  
Yet I do not rest 'till autumn is down.

William Chan





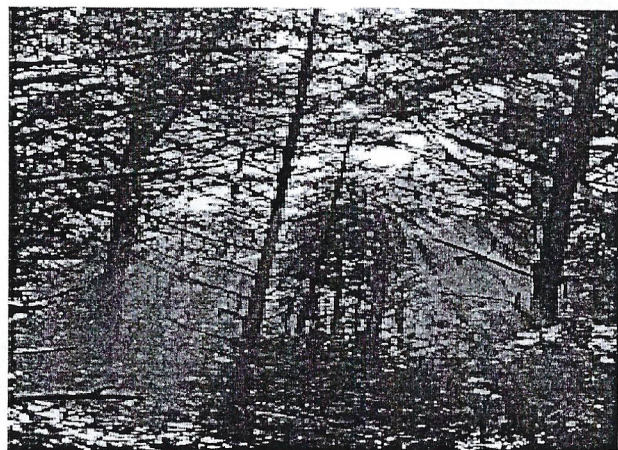
### Summer-Autumn Poem

Hedges bare leaving only a skeleton of protection.  
Dark nights come early pushing out light.  
The last buzz of an old plump bee,  
Indoor activities force their dominance once more.  
Cold hands, numb and draped loose.  
Showers of crisp leaves.

Warm greens to old gold,  
Many colours many shades,  
Spears of green through a patchwork of leaves.  
Shields of tan protecting from the cold.  
A splash of colour, exploding fireworks.

A river mirror like stairs of gold leading to  
A sky of ruby red on a polished copper lake.  
Warmth to cold,  
New birth to a new old age.

Stephen Griffin



### The twentieth century came too soon

The twentieth century came too soon for me,  
And swallowed by heroin chic and daytime TV,  
We live in a world where nothing is free:  
Where faith and hope have been redefined  
And love is a concept in corporate minds.  
Emotion's become an impersonal thing  
Delivered with flowers by people who sing.  
Christmas moves up the calendar year,  
Sponsored by firms selling trademarked cheer  
And boosting the sales of novelty beer.  
Writing a letter is a thing of the past,  
As speaking in binary is set to last  
Now that computers can voice our bombast.  
The church is obsolete, priests are on the net  
Selling part six the bible, the last one in the set.  
We're proud of our era, we've bettered ourselves!  
There is no need for books, so there's no need for shelves!  
But what have we to show for our greatness?  
No Grecian urn will ever chart our progress  
While there's still war, still pestilence, still famine, still death  
Was the twentieth century one to forget?

Richard Banks

### Two Short Stories

#### Torment

Sheer mindlessness had led the boy in his decision. It seemed the correct move, for there was nothing left for him here. For two years he had battled with his struggle. Two years too long. Now he thought he had the only answer to solve all his problems.

It had all begun when the young, diligent Tristan had started to attend a secondary school in Manchester. The building itself was grey and bland, with a dirty, grubby board giving the name of the school 'Holden School'. There was no grass, just a concrete playground and it backed onto one of the major high streets of the city. Tristan was looking forward to seeing new faces and a new regime, for he had grown tired of the drab and sleepy village where he had grown as a little boy. A fresh beginning dawned.

As he closed the old, rusty gate to his terraced house in a backstreet of the vibrant city, he felt quietly confident that the next few years would be some of the best years of his life. His journey was only just beginning. The hills of Scotland were gone, but now what was present was a city abundant with life where Tristan felt he could fulfil his education. With assertion and pride, he boldly strode to the brown, wooden doors of Holden School and with one step, had gone from one era to another.

The start at Tristan's new school was now very blurred in his memory. A lot had happened since that time. It was crystal clear from the first day. Tristan was a Scot in an English city and in an English school and nothing could be done to change this. Tristan had never felt an outsider before, but the bullies were going to do anything in their power to prevent him from settling in. Tristan was fairly prepared for abuse about his nationality and accent, but obviously not nearly enough. 'Oi, Scottie! What d'yer wear under yer kilt?' was only the start of it.

The leading figure in the second year of secondary school was called 'Marco'. He had little intelligence but a talent for convincing and manipulating others in his environment. He wasted little time. Tristan was a new and interesting target. Tristan was a boy who loved soccer and supported Dunfermline Football Club. He was exceedingly bright and had an extraordinary benevolent streak about him. These surely were not attributes to be despised? Well, they were to Marco and his mob, waiting like vultures to finish off their prey.

Day after day, Tristan had to cope with a barrage of abuse about his homeland and remarks about his looks. This, he could just bear but nobody seemed to know or care that he also was being physically bullied. In the seething mass of boys in a corridor, the hurly burly of the classroom and the chaos of the changing room, Marco's aggression went unnoticed. Tristan was never one to cry, but the situation had got out of hand. Each morning when he walked to school, each day as he walked home, he was petrified that lurking round each corner would be Marco and his allies ready to pounce.

One dreary, dark November evening Tristan sensed someone was following him. Someone who resented him and wanted to cause harm. He could hear footsteps echoing down the backstreet. 'Is it me or is there somebody following?' He quickened his pace. The footsteps behind were getting closer. Too scared to run, too scared to look over his shoulder – whatever he did they would get him anyway. 'Don't panic! Don't panic!' The words screamed through his head with the same intensity as the pounding of his heart. Reaching the sanctuary of his garden gate he allowed himself one fearful backward glance. The fact that the predators were nowhere to be seen gave little reassurance. His imagination had done its worst. Closing the front door firmly behind him he threw his bag on the hall-way floor and retreated to the security of his bedroom. As he flung himself on the bed with the jibes and taunts of the day echoing in his head, tears began to well in his eyes. He wished tomorrow would never come.

Sluggishly Tristan rose from the bed and stared dejectedly into the mirror hooked to the wall. All he could see was an idiotic little boy, with no friends, who had hundreds of spots and a body that was peculiar and unattractive. Is this what Marco saw too? Carried away with these miserable opinions of himself, he failed to realize that his mother was quietly standing in the doorway. Embarrassment overwhelmed him. When he eventually found the words to explain the situation, his mother kindly and simply said 'Come on, love, big boys don't cry.' If Tristan had told her the full story, perhaps she would have approached him rather differently.

However, this message stuck firmly in his thoughts. From this day on whenever the bullies were tormenting him, the statement 'Big boys don't cry, Big boys don't cry, Big boys don't cry' kept swirling round his head like a tornado.

It was continuous little incidents that made his troubles a lot worse. Like the day he was waiting for a maths lesson. Marco swaggered across to Tristan's place and poured orange juice over his new Reebok bag. 'Fancy a drink Scottie?' he sneered. Tristan's natural instinct was to lash out.



Predictably this action was the only part of the incident the teacher saw as he entered the classroom. His fury was directed at Tristan, not Marco. Tristan's misery plummeted to new depths.

Having returned home once again, Tristan was distraught, 'What is wrong with me to make everyone hate me?' For the first time ever, he felt extremely depressed and lonely. His mother did not understand his predicament, he had no friends with whom to discuss his problems and even the teachers seemed to be unaware of a growing problem in the school. With tears pricking his eyes, he tried desperately to remain calm and collected. 'Big boys don't cry' kept drumming through his head. His best option was to go to bed early, where he could dream of more peaceful, pleasant things. Dreams had to be better than reality. Even dreams though, were filled with the faces of his tormentors. Reluctant to emerge from the protective cocoon of his bed, Tristan arrived at school later than usual. The wall of silence that greeted him as he entered the classroom was unnerving.

Averting his eyes from Marco he tried to walk casually to his seat but he was painfully aware of hostile eyes following his every move. The silence was broken by a snigger from one of Marco's friends, 'Hey, Braveheart, what made ya so late? Waiting for yer porridge to cool down, were ya?' The classroom erupted with derisory laughter. Revelling in the power of the moment, Marco took up the onslaught. Banging his fists on the desk he began a slow chant 'Death to the Celts! Death to the Celts! Death to the Celts!' As others joined in, the chant gathered momentum. Thirty pairs of fists banged out the rhythm until the war chant reached a deafening crescendo. Tristan's nerves could stand it no longer. With the chant ringing in his ears he fled blindly from the battlefield. There was no turning back. Standing on the windswept bridge he shivered violently and felt a moment of fear. He thought of his mother and the pain he would cause her. He looked down and knew there was no alternative.

The train was snaking its way into the platform. Tristan hurried down the steps, his mind made up. He was going home to Scotland. The decision brought absent images flooding into his mind - brooding hills, misty glens and tumbling waterfalls. Friendly faces and familiar accents. The relief Tristan felt was so intense it was overwhelming. For the first time in a long, long while, tears pour down the boy's face. Big boys do cry. Sometimes.

Sam Edwards

#### Millennium

God got off the London bus with a look of bewilderment on his face. He may have made the sun, moon and stars but by heaven, he absolutely refused to take any creative responsibility for that sorry bunch of passengers. It was bad enough having to stand at his age but everyone on the bus had been so rude in not sacrificing their seat for him. A sweet, harmless looking woman had implored him to 'get his ass out of her face' and some youngsters at the back made some unprintable remarks about his son.

It had seemed a good idea at the time, coming back to look over the place he had created and see how things were going. All the so-called Christians had expected Jesus to return but the opportunity had seemed just too good to miss. Besides, they all liked to argue how the trinity was one God in three parts, so therefore it shouldn't be an issue for them.

If a thousand years were as one day, then he was having a hell of a morning. In the old days it had been relatively easy - produce a few miracles, say a few well chosen words and delegate to an inspiring leader but now it was different. It was not as though the needs had gone; the sick still died slowly, the beggars still pleaded for coins and the hatred and violence was still as intensely practised as it had always been. Now people just blindly accepted it, without stopping to think that perhaps things could be different or perhaps that things should be different. The leaders were still corrupt - that would never change - but incredibly it didn't appear to matter anymore. Now politicians of principle and virtue were being denounced as unrealistic and out of touch. Offering hope was no longer enough, something materialistically valuable had to be involved just to start a conversation.

The irony of the situation was almost impressive, here was the most powerful being in the universe and no one would listen to a word he said unless they were drunk or insane. He had come to this part of the world because of the abundance of religiosity. After all, the majority of the people in London claimed to believe in God but what he found was a kind of modern Babylon so lost within its own so-called successes that the basis of society and the people it protected had become a patronised irrelevance.

As he walked past the shops he felt a touch of anger. Here, as much as anywhere else in this sorry world, everything was for sale. Girls offered to share the most intimate delicacies of their bodies - for a price. Water, sold by the bottle. Food, animals, plants all had a price on their heads. The fact

that he had provided all these things freely in the first place was immaterial when there was a profit to be made. Even the Bible, a legacy of a kind that he was happy to provide, was offered for sale in every kind of colour and print imaginable, as if the words of salvation could be empowered by a zebra skin cover and pictures from some cultural magazine.

He noticed a small coloured child walking along the street. It always made him smile to think of the multi-race population that had been developed in London, particularly the African-English population. While he himself was raceless, God saw the Africans almost as modern Israelites, undervalued, persecuted and misunderstood. Yet of course they were subject to the same melancholy which infected the rest of society. What kind of world would this child grow up into? As he watched, the child joined a group of friends who were lounging on a street corner, smoking cigarettes. Many of these young people died violent deaths. Poverty and drugs were the other killers. In a world without morals children were no longer born innocent. The fight for survival began with the first breath they took.

He was by the side of the Thames now which improved his mood momentarily. The water was calm and tranquil but as dirty and polluted as it could possibly be. Every day species were becoming extinct, forests stripped and the air ripped by chemicals. Everything was being tarnished and destroyed and too few people cared enough to stop it. He had started over once before but he had promised never to do it again and had no intention of doing so, but that didn't change the escalating desire for just one more chance.

God walked on for a while, past numerous decaying bridges, cranes and the docks when he came to a bench that overlooked a large part of the city. On the bench sat an old man, dressed in a shabby, torn suit and wearing a battered woollen hat. In one wrinkled, dirty hand he held a few breadcrumbs, enticing birds to share in his good fortune.

He motioned with the other hand and so the maker of the universe sat down for a moment with one of its lowliest occupants. 'Have some bread'. The piece was hardly larger than the birds offering but God accepted with good grace. It was hard and stale but God had no intention of forming a loaf from a few nearby stones. The old man would find one in his plastic bag when his divine guest had moved on. The old man chuckled. 'Good huh?', and how about something to wash it down with? He magically produced the tail end of a bottle of whisky. God dutifully took a mouthful which was probably half the contents. It was a strange communion, the man who had nothing sharing with the man who had made everything. The old man fell silent and looked out over the water for a while. An aeroplane rumbled overhead and in the distance a blaring horn signalled a boat approaching along the water. And then, for a moment everything was still except the rustle in the trees and distant sounds from the city traffic.

'Tell me something', said the old man. 'Do you believe in God?'

God thought for a long time. Almost an eternity. You might say his reply, when it came, was in the tone of recognition that comes from seeing a world slip through your fingers.

'Oh, I used to. But now I'm not so sure.'

Chris Williams



