



## MUN: Ten awards from Edinburgh MUN

Sunday 1 April 2012

From 23rd to 25th March, HRWP and JMMB took a group of Salopians to the Edinburgh MUN, which was brilliantly organised by George Watson's College.

This year the Shrewsbury A team were representing that well-known colossus of international relations, Togo, and our B team shared a delegation with George Watson's College, representing North Korea.

As always there was a very high level of debate with strong delegations from a multitude of good schools from all over the world (see below).

HRWP was delighted with the performance of the team, and North Korean leader, Kim Jong 'UN' wrote a personal letter to the North Korean Delegation to express his gratitude for their strong defence of his peace-loving nation's policies.

Please also see Ellie Moodey's insider's view of the MUN conference, which has also been included in the first eNewsletter of the Summer Term.

These were the 10 awards that our team brought back to Shrewsbury:

### BEST DELEGATES

Xavier Greenwood (Togo)

Ben Gould (Togo)

### HIGHLY COMMENDED DELEGATES

Jack Flowers (Togo)

Will Shindell (Togo)

Kiran Morjaria (Togo)

Alex Montgomery (Togo)

Sam Ansloos (Togo)

James Halliday (Togo)

### COMMENDED DELEGATES

Cecily Higham (Togo)

George Mallett (Togo)

And these were the teams:

### NORTH KOREA

Ellie Moodey (Ambassador) POL 2

Alfonso Rius ECONOMIC 2

Michael Adeyefa MEDIA 2

Toby Harvey-Scholes HUMAN RIGHTS 2

Seren Kell ENVIRONMENT 2

Eli Rhys-Davies HEALTH 2

### TOGO

Jack Flowers (Ambassador) HUMAN RIGHTS 1

Emerald Storey SECURITY COUNCIL



Kiran Morjaria POLITICAL 1  
Will Shindell ENVIRONMENT 1  
Xavier Greenwood ECONOMIC 1  
Alex Montgomery HEALTH 1  
Guy Leslie MEDIA 1  
Angus Thompson ENVIRONMENT 2  
Cecily Higham HUMAN RIGHTS 2  
Ben Gould ECONOMIC 2  
Sam Ansloos POLITICAL 2  
James Halliday HEALTH 2  
George Mallett MEDIA 2  
Afghanistan The Leys School, Cambridge  
Algeria Escola Secundaria de Ferreira Dias, Lisbon  
Australia Waid Academy, Anstruther/Madras College, St Andrews, Fife  
Azerbaijan Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen  
Bangladesh Friends' School, Lisburn  
Brazil Hutchesons' Grammar School, Glasgow  
Canada High School of Dundee  
Chad King's School, Chester  
China George Watson's College  
Colombia Malvern St James  
Cuba Belfast Royal Academy  
D P R Korea GWC/**Shrewsbury School**  
D R Congo Dalkeith High School  
Egypt Gymnasium Paulinum, Münster  
France George Heriot's School, Edinburgh  
Guatemala London Oratory  
Germany St George's School for Girls, Edinburgh  
India Stewart's Melville College, Edinburgh  
Indonesia Manchester Grammar School  
Iran George Watson's College  
Ireland George Heriot's School, Edinburgh  
Israel Earlston High School, Berwickshire  
Italy Leonteio Lykeio Patission, Athens  
Japan Strothoff International School, Dreieich/Lathallan School Johnshaven, Angus  
Libya John of Gaunt, Trowbridge, Wiltshire/Lycée St Michel, Istanbul  
Mexico Penicuik High School, Midlothian  
Morocco Hampstead School, London  
Myanmar Hampstead School, London  
New Zealand Inveralmond Community High School, West Lothian  
Norway Balerno CHS/Narmer American College, Cairo  
Pakistan Edinburgh Academy  
Palestine Wesley College, Dublin  
Portugal Penicuik High School, Midlothian  
Republic of Korea Manchester Grammar School  
Russian Federation Hutchesons' Grammar School, Glasgow  
Rwanda James Gillespie's High School, Edinburgh  
Saudi Arabia Latymer Upper School, London

# Shrewsbury

CO-EDUCATIONAL BOARDING & DAY SCHOOL



South Africa	St Margaret's School, Aberdeen
Spain	St George's/Hill House, Doncaster
Sri Lanka	London Oratory/Latymer Upper School, London
Sudan	Edinburgh Academy
Sweden	Armada Academy, West Lothian / Eötvös József Secondary School, Budapest
Syria	Lycée St Michel, Istanbul
Togo	<b>Shrewsbury School</b>
Turkey	Malvern St James, Worcestershire
Uganda	Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen
Ukraine	Bo'ness Academy, West Lothian
United Kingdom	Balerno CHS, Edinburgh
USA	Wesley College, Dublin
Zimbabwe	St George's School for Girls, Edinburgh



## CCF Easter Talargerwyn Camp 2012

Thursday 5 April 2012

Fourteen 4th form CCF cadets took part in our annual Outward Bound Camp at Talargerwyn during the first few days of the Easter holidays. We were blessed with amazing weather and this helped make the trip a great success. The aim of the camp is to introduce cadets to the joys of adventure training using the landscape and beauty of Snowdonia as the venue. What follows are some key quotes from the pupils that took part this year:

*Lt Col NP David*



**Gorge walking** – the instructors gave us wetsuits and other kit – and we started our ascent up the river gorge. It was good fun and didn't feel cold due to the wetsuits. At the end we had a jumping competition followed by the bit everyone regrets – taking off the wetsuits

*Archie David and Freddie Perkins*

**Mine exploration** – in the evening we piled into a minibus and made our way to the Wrysgan Slate Mine. After a moonlit climb to the mine entrance and stepped into a dark abyss with only our head torches illuminating the 60ft high chamber. In the next hours we learned a lot about mining and geology and emerged having been oblivious to this hidden world.

*Toby Thomas and Henry Carter*

**High Ropes** – on Monday we visited the high ropes centre which includes a practice ropes course, some team building and a 50ft fan jump. George Patterson and Brendan Parsons 'beasted' the ladder getting to Level 7 in 2 mins 50 seconds. After an exhausting afternoon we finished with a huge bowl of chips – the perfect end to a perfect day.

*Charles Joynson and Jon Cheng*



Jack Burberry Casey - the fastest lad - on a go kart!

**Mountain biking** – as we got news that Charlie Gillow had broken his arm after a bike fall John Dempsey was on edge now he had the ‘jinxed’ bike. We had a great day on the Penmachno trail and I loved it so much I want to carry on with the sport.

*Jack Burberry Casey*

**Climbing** – the weather was incredible and almost too hot. After a brilliant day of climbing and bouldering we had all had a great time but it wouldn’t have been the same without our fab instructor Dave

(thanks Dave Lees!) *Brendan Parsons and George Patterson*

**Canoeing** – on a marvellous afternoon we ventured out into the deep of Llyn Padarn the lake where Henry lost his beloved Superdry shoe – which sank slowly to the bottom. We took a dip and learned some new strokes (too many to remember by name) but we also learned teamwork, communication and the fun of canoeing.

*Jack Kinnaird and Henry Binns*

**Mountain Expedition** – these two final days were very good and this was a brilliant expedition. We traversed the Nantle Ridge just South West of the Snowdon range. After a tough start and brilliant team effort we conquered the first peak of Garnedd Coch. We then had wonderful views as we walked the ridge itself with more ‘undulating’ (to quote our instructor Dave) hills ahead. On the first day we managed five peaks and had a well earned break (and cold swim) at our wild camp. Day two dawned with a glorious morning and with the sun slanting off the other side of the valley we bagged Moel Hebog and before long we were into a beautiful forest then onto the end! Within minutes we were on the minibus with Capt Lucas’s ridiculously annoying prog rock song ‘turn it up turn it down’ ringing in our ears. What an end to a fantastic expedition. Individually a mammoth task but as a team a great experience and great laugh.

*John Dempsey*



## Galin wins Shropshire Young Musician of the Year competition

Thursday 5 April 2012

Salopian pupils took two of the four places in the finals of the 2012 Shropshire Young Musician of the Year competition: Dorit Hasselberg (EDH LVI) and Galin Ganchev (M IV).

Performing in front of a sell-out audience at Theatre Severn's Walker Theatre in the first week of the school holidays, the finalists were accompanied by the Shropshire Sinfonia conducted by Robert Wysome.

Dorit was the first of the finalists to perform, playing Weber's Clarinet Concerto, and played superbly (as can be heard on the link below). However, Galin's performance of Grieg's Piano Concerto in A Minor was judged by Chris Hoyle to be the best.

Highlights from the concert were broadcast on Radio Shropshire on 4th April, which can be heard on BBC

iPlayer: [http://www.bbc.co.uk/iplayer/episode/p00qhr16/Shropshire Concerto Competition 04 04 2012/](http://www.bbc.co.uk/iplayer/episode/p00qhr16/Shropshire_Concerto_Competition_04_04_2012/)



17-year-old Galin Ganchev carries off the Young Musician of the Year trophy

The Shropshire Star's photo of Galin with his trophy



## Challenging Boat Race for OS Sabrina Umpire, John Garrett

Wednesday 11 April 2012

The 2012 Boat Race will go down in history as one of the more difficult meetings to umpire. **John Garrett (Rt 1976-81)**, pictured L, umpiring the race for the 3rd time, is unlikely to forget this particular race. With the aid of the eagle eyes of Sir Matthew Pinsent John was forced to call a halt when a protestor was spotted in the water close to the Oxford boat.

The race was eventually restarted at the halfway point and more controversy ensued following a clash of oars between the two crews, leaving Oxford with a broken oar. Cambridge went on to win the race comfortably. Afterwards John told the BBC *"There was something in the water. We thought it was debris, then we realised it was a swimmer. It was clear he was waiting for the boats, so I had to stop the race."*



Another Old Salopian involved in this year's race was **Jonathan Legard (O 1974-79)**, a sports reporter, who shared the coverage with the BBC's Dan Topolski (a former Oxford rowing coach).

## Alex Wilson Foundation Event – 8 April 2012

Thursday 12 April 2012

On a squally Easter Sunday afternoon Barcelona took on Real Madrid on the Astroturf pitch at the Schools. The class of 2008 in Barcelona colours played the mighty class of 2009 disguised as Real Madrid. The latter side ran out 2-1 winners in an entertaining game.

The event was organised through Hugo Tapp (PH 2003-08), James Trelawny (G 2004-09) and Henry Wilson (brother of Alex Wilson), to raise funds for the Alex Wilson Foundation. Approximately 150 spectators showed up for the occasion and a whopping £1500 was raised through gate sales, a raffle and a donation from the Butter Market nightclub, via Jimmy Wallace (PH 2003-08).



There are a wide variety of fund raising activities for the Alex Wilson Foundation taking place later this year including:

21st July – John O Groats to Lands End cycle ride

Sept – Cycle ride to and marathon in Munich

23rd Sept – Annual Alex Wilson memorial football match at the Schools.

More details will be published when available.





## Cricket: Midlands Young Cricketer of the Year 2012

Saturday 14 April 2012

The much-coveted Alec Hastilow Trophy was recently jointly awarded to a Salopian and a prospective Salopian at the Midlands Cricket Club Conference Dinner held in Edgbaston, Birmingham.

The trophy is for the most promising young cricketer (or cricketers, in this case) under the age of 16, and was won by Edward Pollock (I LVI) and Edward Barnard.

Both Edwards have older Salopian brothers, now in the Upper Sixth, who were in our highly successful 1st XI in 2011, and Edward Barnard's eldest brother was in our 1st XI in 2006 when we won the Silk Trophy.

A previous winner of the Alec Hastilow Trophy was OS Jimmy Taylor (R 2003-2008), who is now the England A Captain.

## CCF: Heroes of Telemark Expedition 2012, in the words of the boys

Saturday 14 April 2012



Early in the morning of Saturday the 24th March four cadets and an officer from Shrewsbury School CCF set out on an expedition to Norway. Will Heys, Ed Chapman, Henry Young and Ollie Pattison-Appleton were lead by Col. Paul Rothwell (Wycliffe College) and Lt. Simper on the weeklong Nordic ski-touring trip to the Hardangervidd, which is the largest mountain plateau in Europe.

We were based in the small village of Finse and stayed in a large hostel called Fynsehyta. Over the next four days we spent all of our time learning the Nordic skiing techniques that we would need to employ on the four-day expedition that we were working towards. All members of the group made excellent progress and picked up techniques such as herringbone and parallel gait very quickly.

On day three the weather had changed and gale force winds made the visibility and skiing very difficult. By Thursday when we were due to set off on the first and longest day of the expedition the weather had not improved and we were forced to change our plans. The start of the expedition was put back a day and an alternative route was chosen.

Thankfully there was a slight improvement in the weather on Friday so we set off on a 16km ski to Geiterygghyta situated to the north of Finse. The wind was still very strong and much colder conditions meant that much of the skiing was over hard frozen snow and sheet ice. This meant progress was very slow but after six hours' hard work we arrived at the hut.

The next morning the weather was stunning and we made excellent progress. After having skied 15km back in the direction of Finse following a different route we found a huge snowdrift and set about digging a large snow hole in which the seven of us could spend the night (Jerry Edmonds had joined the group on Tuesday). With the boys' JCB-like digging skills the hole was finished after just two and a half hours so we settled into our bivi-bags, cooked our rations and tried to get some sleep. We woke up in the morning to find that the sides of the snow hole had started to collapse! Rather than cooking breakfast we packed our rucksacks and left the hole as quickly and calmly as possible. On digging out of the snow hole we found that the weather had deteriorated dramatically, heavy snow and strong winds were creating very nasty whiteout conditions. As we could not shelter in the collapsing snow hole we had to ski the remaining five kilometers back to Finse.

All agreed that we had had a tremendous experience. The boys said that it was the best CCF trip that they had ever been on and would all be very keen to return.



## Fives: Salopians nominated for all categories of EFA Awards

Saturday 14 April 2012

We are delighted that Salopians feature in every category for the 2012 EFA Awards, which will be presented in London on 12th May.

On that day, the announcements will be made by OS Peter Worth - Chairman of the EFA and currently President of the Salopian Club - and presented to the winners by OS Richard Barber - President of the EFA. Not, of course, that we will be expecting this to have any bearing on the results!

### **Player of the Year**

Seb Cooley, our Fives coach and physics/maths master, is one of 5 nominees for this award.

### **Young Player of the Year (Under 21)**

Both Henry Lewis Jack Hudson-Williams, our first pair, are among the 6 nominees for this category.

### **Team of the Year**

Five teams have been put forward for this category. The entry for Shrewsbury reads *"Shrewsbury School Fives has been on the up for a number of seasons but this year was full of success even by their standards. Over 90 Shrewsbury pairs took part in the National Schools' Championships across the age groups and they were rewarded by having two pairs in the final of the Open, a rare feat and the first time it has been achieved by Shrewsbury. Shrewsbury pairs also won the boys Under 14 and girls Under 17 beginners competitions to prove that the conveyor belt of new talent is running smoothly."*

The Oxford University Ladies team is also in the Team of the Year category, having been "well led" by OS Alice Walker (MSH 2008-2010).

### **Coach of the Year**

Seb Cooley and Grant Williams are jointly nominated for the EFTA Coach of the Year, as is OS George Thomason (G 2006-2011) who has helped Rydal Penrhos School in Colwyn Bay to make their mark in the Fives world this season.

### **Special Contribution to Fives**

*"The rise and rise of Shrewsbury School Fives in recent years has been masterminded by Master-in-Charge Andy Barnard, whose enthusiasm, drive and organisational genius have underpinned the school's on court success. As he passes on the M-i-C baton next season, this nomination is a fitting reward for his contribution."* The EFA says it all.

All the nominees are listed on the EFA website [www.fivesonline.net/etonfives/506-2012-efa-awards-vote-now.html](http://www.fivesonline.net/etonfives/506-2012-efa-awards-vote-now.html), and voting closes on 5th May 2012. Please go to their [Contact Us](#) page to cast your vote/s.



## Harry Al-Adwani (SH IV) gets into the National Youth Theatre and Youth Music Theatre-UK

Saturday 14 April 2012

Following auditions in January and February, Harry Al-Adwani (SH IV) has been offered a place both at the [National Youth Theatre](#) and [Youth Music Theatre-UK](#).

The National Youth Theatre boasts many famous alumni including such names as Judi Dench, Daniel Craig and Sir Ben Kingsley to name but a few and the audition process is particularly difficult. Harry is one of only 500 young people aged 14 to 21 in the country to be offered a place this year and he will now remain a member of NYT until he is 21.

Harry played the part of Nigel in the School House adaptation of *Adrian Mole* last term; he also played a lead role in last year's Junior School Play *The Mignonette*, and was in the Senior School Play *Henry V* last Michaelmas Term.

Harry has a very busy summer ahead. He will be performing in 2 musical shows for Youth Music Theatre-UK - one at Riverside Studios in Hammersmith, and the other in Edinburgh - and he is also doing a two week course at the National Youth Theatre.



## Salopian to play for the Queen in the Diamond Jubilee celebrations

Saturday 14 April 2012

Henry Thomas (Ch 3) was thrilled to hear that he will be playing his trumpet for The Queen as part of the Diamond Jubilee celebrations.

The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh will be attending a Diamond Jubilee lunch at Westminster Hall on Tuesday 5th June, where they will be joined by The Prince of Wales and Duchess of Cornwall, The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and Prince

Harry. The National Children's Orchestra of Great Britain will perform a programme of music at the lunch. Henry is one of only six trumpeters in The National Children's Orchestra, and he is one of our 8 pupils who have recently got their Grade 8 exams with Distinction, and he scored an impressive 134/150.

Please see [www.thediamondjubilee.org/5-june-events-announced](http://www.thediamondjubilee.org/5-june-events-announced) for more information about the celebrations on 5th June, which finish in a 60-gun salute from The King's Troop during the carriage procession from Westminster Hall to Buckingham Palace, where there will be a balcony appearance and an RAF Flypast.



## RSSBC: Progress update on the new boathouse over the holidays

Sunday 15 April 2012



The above two photos show the progress that has been made on the new boathouse - on 28th March, the brickwork for the ground floor was almost complete, and the first floor was beginning to go up quickly; by 14th April, the first floor was almost complete, and the roof was starting to go on.



## DofE: Gold walking expedition by Luke Koch de Gooreynd (O LVI)

Monday 16 April 2012



*L-R: Rough climb; the Famous Five with Snowdon in the background; Day 3: exhausted after 20km at probably the loveliest campsite in the World, ever.*



The Famous Five set off on a daring adventure into the high peaks of Snowdonia. The date was the 25th when the boys were rustled out of their beds, wearily putting on their dusty walking boots. For a day of navigation skills with their trusty Scottish instructor Colin, who unfortunately did not look like Braveheart - no kilt or long locks, instead high tech kit that seemed to appear from every pocket and place known to man. The sun beamed down onto our backs at a beautiful 23 as we made it to our first rest spot of the day. A stream that dashed down the

mountain sprayed a refreshing mist for us to soak up. We continued with the day's walk, making a few wrong turns, but our instructor was happy for us to go on alone.

The next day we set out alone to conquer the peak, slowly heading south down Wales. The sun still high in the sky, bombarding us with its rays while we navigated our way through the rough terrain of the marshes and high peaks that jutted out of the bracken like gravestones in a church cemetery. As we got to the top of each peak we saw a view that left you in pure awe. We arrived at our wild campsite around 6pm. It was beside a lake, 300m up a mountain. We hurried to set up camp before dark came upon us while I was assigned as head chef, cooking a complex meal of bolognaise (from a packet). We watched the sun set and the stars appear over the lake while three of the lads told us the names of all the stars.



Morning came quickly as everyone hurried to decamp and get breakfast down them. A walk of about 20 km was waiting for us that day and a rough climb of 900m stood before us. The first signs of wear crept in, Rob's knee played up, Martin's stomach was suffering (could that have been my cooking - I hoped not), the boys were getting tired by the time lunch came that day. It was at the top of a peak overlooking the hills, where fires were burning down the bracken on the slopes - we counted 10 fires in just the one valley. Our next campsite was

beautiful, overlooking the sea in the middle of nowhere, everyone was out like a light that night. A 16km walk to the finish, which took 4 hours to do. We arrived at the bus shattered, and slept the whole way back.

The walk reminded me of how hard the award is to get, but once you have done the award you will never forget such an adventure into the unknown.

*Luke Koch de Gooreynd*







## Geography trip to Iceland: An insider's view by Christopher Papaioannou (PH V)

Tuesday 17 April 2012

*23rd March 2012*

We left from school at 6:00 in the morning, barely awake but still braced for the 4 ½ hour snail ride to Heathrow in a coach. After spending nearly two hours in various baggage areas and departure lounges, wondering if such a prompt start had indeed been necessary, we eventually found ourselves boarding the plane. The interior of the plane looked like a Soviet era relic, but we were relieved to find that small screens had been inserted into the back of the seats, with a reasonable selection of films to watch. After having experienced firsthand from the air steward the awful Icelandic sense of humour, I decided to recover by watching a film.

1½ films later, we arrived at Keflavik airport. The outlook was bleak; the land flat and desolate. We headed straight for the Blue Lagoon. Before the lake came into sight, the smell of sulphur hit us. However, by the time we left the coach our noses had become impervious to the smell. After spending about an hour in the warm water, which really is almost as blue as it looks in the photos, we left to go to our unpronounceable place of residence, the hotel Hafnarfjörður. The hotel is, in essence, a red cube. It is easy to see how Lego was invented in Scandinavia, if Danish architecture bears any resemblance to its Icelandic counterpart.



*The Blue Lagoon, quiet after closing time*



*24th March 2012*

After a continental breakfast we headed on a long drive to the south of Iceland. The scenery here changes from completely flat plains to mountainous regions, with no in-between, making mountains and ridges look all the more impressive. We eventually reached the now extinct volcano of Stóra-Dímon. The volcano is little more than a mound when compared to the mountains on the horizon, most notably Eyjafjallajökull, but still looks imposing due to the way it sticks up from a flat plain. Not at all put off by the steep sides of this mound, Tom Rowe boasted that it would take him two minutes to reach the top. Twenty minutes later, we arrived at the summit, completely out of breath, and feeling cheated by the mound's deceptive double peak. Then again, we should have guessed that the steep ascent would not be easy, due to the fact that Mr. Morris decided it were best he stay with the bus.



*Eyjafjallajökull and ash-filled glacial river, Krossá, as viewed from summit of Stóra-Dímon*

After half running, half sliding to the bottom of the hill, we set off again to see Seljalandsfoss, a waterfall. You can walk all the way behind the waterfall, although it is very muddy. The bus driver told us to take off our boots when we got back on the coach, although most of us managed to evade him. Charlie Bibby however, was forced to remove his trousers too, as he was covered in mud up to his waist. We then drove on to Eyjafjallajökull, the volcano that caused the troubles with flights a few years ago. We watched a short documentary about the volcano before stuffing our pockets with ash to take home as a souvenir.

We next visited another waterfall, named Skógafoss, where you can climb to a viewing platform above the waterfall. This was followed by a visit to a bridge that was swept away by the floods that followed the eruption a few years ago. Naturally, our attention was not on the bridge but on a small patch of un-melted snow that lay nearby. Soon snowballs were being hurled through the air, despite Mr. Morris' empty threats of grievous repercussions. Finally we stopped at a black beach before going to our new hotel, Hotel Dyrhólaey, where we participated in a pub quiz. The questions, being the product of Mr. Morris' great general knowledge and Dr. Oakley's cryptic genius, were bordering on impossible.

*25th March 2012*

The beach at Reynishverfi was our first stop. There are basalt columns much like the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, although on a much smaller scale. After seeing other coastal features such as arches, stacks and stumps, we returned to the coach. We then prepared to go walking on a glacier, Sólheimajökull, and were given crampons and an ice-axe. Naturally, the first thing to do with an ice-axe is either to swing it around your head or stick it in the ground. Our supervisors told us to do neither, so we promptly did both. They showed us the correct way to hold our equipment, but before long everybody seemed to be hacking out a chunk of perfectly see-through, super-compressed ice for themselves. Once on the bus, we discovered how to turn the tour guide's microphone off. Word of our discovery soon spread and before long the bus



became silent. Thus, I was able to catch some well deserved sleep before we arrived back at Hafnarfjordur, rejoicing as we picked up phone signals again. That night we ate fish at a restaurant called Tilveran, which was very good.

*26th March 2012*



*Gullfoss, Iceland's most famous waterfall*

Our destination that morning was Hellisheiði Geothermal Power Station, the 2nd largest in the world, to find out how Iceland generates its power and obtains its hot water. We went to a building that had been built on top of a fissure. The floor was made of glass so you could look down into it. Afterwards we moved on to see yet another waterfall, Gullfoss. The waterfall is two tiered and impressively wide. Later we visited the geyser Strokkur, which erupts every four to eight minutes. The coach then took us to Þingvellir, the old location of the Icelandic Parliament, situated on the plate boundary between Europe and North America. That night we went to the Viking-themed Fjörukráin restaurant, where we ate the traditional Viking dish known in the west as burger and chips.



*Strokkur, half way through erupting*

*27th March 2012*

On the last day we toured Reykjavik by bus. We saw the Chinese embassy and the Icelandic Houses of Parliament, where there was a to-scale 3D map of Iceland. We were left only twenty minutes to look around the city by ourselves. We had one goal: we were starving and had to find a Subway. Fifteen minutes later, when hope was nearly lost and with only five minutes to return to the bus, we chanced upon a place called Hlöllla bátar. And I am glad that we found it, for it was just like Subway, only about ten times better. We then hurried to our final port of call, Perlan, the building where most of the hot water intended for use in Reykjavik is stored. Next we had to make our way to the airport, taking a detour en route to see the Bridge between the Continents. Thus, we left Iceland, inspired by the spectacular sights we had seen and reassessing the definition of a truly wild landscape, for the most part untouched by civilisation.

*Christopher Papaioannou*



# DofE: Gold kayaking trip by James Halliday (G LVI)

Wednesday 18 April 2012



## Monday

Having arrived on Sunday evening, having been in Edinburgh for MUN, we were woken by the combination of the youth hostel's dog, alarms and Major Billington at 7am. After a lovely cooked breakfast we prepared lunch, packed our kit and were on the road by 9. The day was designed to be a training day for us to practice longer paddling on the sea and perfecting strokes and map reading. Our day started by

heading to Innis Dolas (apologies for the spelling), a small rocky outcrop about 1.5 miles off the coast of north Anglesey. The island is home to a small group of seals and a lot of birds. Our instructor, Pat, said the seals were quite inquisitive and we should keep quiet. So as a silent group of 9 sea kayakers approached the island we began to see heads bobbing up and down in the waves, and then a tail. The seals became more and more inquisitive but then they all suddenly didn't like any of us. As we stopped for a break next to the island Pat was lucky enough to have a close encounter with a seal, nearly tipping him out of the boat but our hopes were not to come to fruition. We continued to paddle on our route, a quick stop for lunch at 12 and then back on the water to catch the tide. Towards the end of the day Sam Ansloos and I were becoming more and more anxious. We had been warned that we needed to go in to prove we were able to survive, so as 4 o'clock came around the tension was clear on Sam's and my faces. If you have ever been to a beach in Wales you will know that the water is cold, bitterly cold, even in the unusually hot sun that Anglesey experienced in late March. After a dry down and a kit packed up we headed back. We finished the day with route planning for the following day.



## Tuesday

Tuesday began much like Monday - alarms, dogs and Major B. Today we would be paddling expedition-style. Our route started about 10 miles from the youth hostel which would also be our campsite for the night, so overall the group was optimistic about the day ahead. After cramming the hatches of the boats with sleeping bags, cookers and a lot of food, we set off. Our route traces the north coast of the island, with a long stretch hand railing the RAF base,



RAF valley. The day was a tropical 16°C, the sea was still bitterly cold and planes were screeching past every 2 minutes with everything from rescue helicopters to Hawk T1As, the planes used by the Red Arrows. The actual trip finished in a rather idyllic bay surrounded by small cottages and dinghies resting in the bay. We spent the afternoon practising emergency scenarios, until we were hit by our own emergency - a nose bleed a sea. After the near-death experience we hauled all of our kit, including the kayaks(!), up the 800m path to the camp site. The weather was glorious, to the extent that the majority of the group were wearing shorts into the early evening! After a tiring day we hit the hay for a night out under canvas.

## Wednesday

Wednesday brought the expectation of another day of travel, but the reality turned out that we would not be kayaking during the day but would instead be visiting the coast guard centre for Anglesey. The talk, given by the second in command at the centre, explained what happens in various events. The scenarios ranged from a child being lost on the beach to how to calculate the drift pattern of someone who is wearing a life jacket but is clinging to a bit of wood and how a search would proceed. The talk reassured us that if anything bad did happen to us, the coast guard would be on hand to help us out. The day finished with the group planning our final expedition to the Caledonian canal in Scotland, due to talk place in half term.

*James Halliday*





# MUN: An insider's view of the Edinburgh conference from Ellie Moody (MSH UVI)

Wednesday 18 April 2012

This was my first ever MUN conference, and since I was the ambassador for North Korea, it was certainly going to be a baptism of fire. So it was with excitement, enthusiasm and a healthy dash of trepidation that I boarded the train on Friday morning along with 18 other Salopians. The journey provided a much-needed opportunity to do some last-minute preparation and write our resolutions, and four and a half hours flew by before we were in Edinburgh. The conference began with a lobbying session in our committees, where we had to try and gain support for our resolutions. Then it was back to the hotel for an early night in preparation for the long day ahead.

On Saturday we were back in our committees again, now debating the resolutions that had been successfully lobbied the evening before. I was in the Political committee, where the debates covered issues such as internet security and corruption – difficult subjects when you're representing the world's most repressive and corrupt regime! It was a challenging experience but very rewarding, as it forced me to take on a completely different viewpoint and to consider global issues from a new perspective. After a quick trip back to the hotel we returned in the evening for the Ceilidh, which involved some very energetic Scottish dancing. The Salopian contingent was as enthusiastic as ever and it was with tired bodies and sore feet that we fell into bed that night.

Sunday began with a few more hours in our committees before I joined the rest of my delegation in the General Assembly. North Korea was a half-delegation, which meant that six delegates were from Shrewsbury and six were from another school, so it was good for us to work with and learn from some more experienced MUNers. Then after lunch we debated a simulated world emergency which involved the unsuccessful launching of a satellite by – fortunately for us – North Korea. We managed to spin the situation in a way that would have made Kim Jong-Un proud, arguing that it was a Western conspiracy against the peace-loving Korean people, but with 50 delegations all vying for a say it was difficult to get our voice heard. Finally we had a chance to put forward our views, and as ambassador I was responsible for speaking – in front of 600 people. It was nerve-wracking but strangely fun, and I was surprised to find that I actually enjoyed myself. Then, before we knew it, it was over; the awards were handed out, we said our goodbyes and I was back on the train for a long-coveted sleep. The weekend was exhausting but exhilarating and we all really enjoyed the conference - we upper sixth only wish it hadn't been our last!

*Ellie Moody*

*Please also see Huw Peach's report on the Edinburgh conference, and details of the 10 awards that our team members came away with: [Ten awards at MUN Edinburgh](#)*



## German study visit to Bavaria: An insider's view from Jacob Owen (Ch V)

Thursday 19 April 2012

A man, dressed innocuously in overcoat and bowler hat glanced at his stopwatch, then, upon sighting his three comrades gave a respectful nod and ushered them onto the minibus. “Got your cases? And your documents? Good. Time is short. We haven’t a minute to spare” he muttered.

Not, as it might seem the opening to a Sherlock Holmes detective thriller, but the first words spoken at 6:29am on Friday 23rd April as Dr. Minns exclaimed at the punctuality of three-quarters of the quartet to make up the German Study Visit to Bavaria. Yes- with a record number of participants, getting everyone up was a minor challenge (four including our teacher), but I think after all the wondering whether the trip would go ahead or not with such a small group, that five days later each one of Harry Sargeant, James Ross, Ben Archer, ‘The Doc’ and myself would agree that it was more than worthwhile. Not that much more than a few grunts were exchanged in the first few hours of the bus journey to London Gatwick as we enjoyed our row of seats each for a bit of kip along to the jingling of Beacon Radio.

We arrived in London at around 11:00 and checked in seamlessly. Luckily there was no weight limit on the luggage, as I had been a bit of a woman and packed *far* more clothes than were necessary. And about five pairs of shoes to top it off. Then the classic thumb-twiddling-buster of the wait before boarding. I rang my parents, played Doodle Jump on my iPhone, took off my jumper, tested the Doc with a difficult grammar question (for those interested he passed with flying colours) put it back on again, dithered a bit deciding whether or not to wear it, then we were off! What I always like best about flying to different countries is seeing all the native people on the plane and their friends etc. Unfortunately that wretched Harry Sargeant ended up with all the Germans, then adding insult to injury stole my joke about *pysgod wibbly wobbly* (Welsh for jellyfish: pysgod means fish). Our rivalry just got more intense.

Munich is a large metropolitan city and the airport was hosting arrivals from across the Welt. We then made our way to the station and an hour’s journey to Augsburg, where we stayed with host families in pairs. I was pairing with Harry- fiercely competitive throughout - with Erna Fehrer, a 71 year old widow who lived in a group of houses on Gunzesrieder Weg.







One thing that we weren't so excited about was the Teutonic tendency of getting up a good while earlier than across the channel and the lazy Brits. Say what you like about Carpe Diem but when we woke the next morning to a loud rapping on the door and "Schnell schnell, aufstehen!" it took a great deal of willpower to drag myself out of bed and crawl into the shower. Then after breakfast a genuinely intimidating obstacle stood in our way - taking a series of trams to the station for 9 o'clock to meet the others, as Frau Fehrer couldn't drive. Despite this Harry and I only missed one, the first- we were trawling through the local supermarket when we saw it drive past and despite the driver clearly seeing us, he must've enjoyed leaving us sprinting to the stop and then driving off. This meant we ended up cutting it a little fine, having to ask for directions (we were walking the wrong way) however one big plus of the German realms is that you will never end up waiting more than five or so minutes for a bus. Forget puny, silly British clichés about 'two then coming at the same time', in Germany buses come every five minutes and don't wait for stragglers. Good on them.

On the first day we took the train to Nürnberg to spend the day there. The place had a



continental-Mediterranean sort of feel to it, similar to France, with a band playing on accordion, bass and fiddle. We saw the Albrecht Dürer museum, a painter, and my favourite, wandering around the market, and a good Currywurst. Not for the faint hearted, this German snack consists of Wurst and as much curry sauce (as the name logically implies) as a man can eat without his insides being singed. Tasty.



Sunday was a day of rest (even Germans take it easy on the weekend) lying around, going for a walk watching TV. However the highlight was without a doubt the arrival of the delightful Italian girls, who were also staying with us. Pictured left is Harry Sargeant punching well above his weight with Ilaria Nasca.



By Monday we were grizzled veterans of the unforgiving German public transport system and in no time at all we were off to Munich, the capital of Bavaria and South Germany on the whole. Sights included the cathedral, the town hall and of course, the imposing Allianz Arena, stadium of Bayern Munich. We had a guided tour, and were surprised to find out that the outside is in fact flimsy plastic.

Then, famously cultured World Cup-winning German centreback Franz Beckenbauer doing an advert on the pitch put the icing on the cake.

We spent our final day, Tuesday, seeing the most beautifully unspoilt part of the country- the South, not far from the Austrian border. We saw the castles, most famous of which, Neuschwanstein was built by mad King of Bavaria, Ludwig II. At the time he enraged locals by spending their taxes on building huge castles reserved just for himself, then upon his death a metaphorical cheer went up from the easy-going natives who vowed to regain the money through tourism of the majestic buildings. The definition of irony. It's no exaggeration to say it is one of the most mesmerising parts of Europe, and the photos are a fraction of the amount actually taken as I got busy with my trusty camera.



We then spent the rest of the day not really wanting to leave, we had experienced so much in just five days. The Italians didn't want us to go either- emotional goodbyes were said, with promises to write and visit ("you can't stay a een my 'ouse") as we were to get up early again.. urgh. Being an opportunist I even got a quick smooch on my cheek.. result. It's one of those nice gestures Europeans think nothing of and Brits get excited over.

All that was left then was getting home without the urge to sell everything we owned and start a new life in Bavaria. However we caught the train (which left the second the minute hand ticked onto 6:09am) and then before we knew it, McDonalds in a Warwickshire service station. All that remains is to thank Dr. Minns for taking us, and to think of the good times we had, which unfortunately would overflow if I tried to list them all here. Even with four people, the trip was great and well worth it. I could murder a pretzel right now...

*Jacob Owen*

## GCSE History Trip to Berlin: an insider's view by Theo Simmons (Ch IV)

Thursday 19 April 2012



In the words of the eloquent Old Salopian and eager traveller Michael Palin, Berlin is a city that having represented a divided Europe in the past, now represents a Europe that is healing. It is quite different from many of the other major cities of Europe, in that unlike in London for example, there are still huge stretches of wasteland. The skyline is jumbled with the cranes carrying out their healing process, which rise above the squat multi-coloured ex-communist concrete blocks of the east and the more ordered stone streets of the west. Reminding one constantly, and perhaps equally acutely as the more tourist-friendly markers, of the city's turbulent history.

However as a group of Boys shuffled baggage-laden through the semi-darkness of an early Thursday morning, towards the coach bound for Heathrow and subsequently the plane that would whisk them from their comfortable Easter egg snacking and deliver them into the hands of history, the German capital, and of course Miss Whittle, Mr Howarth and Mr Cook, I imagine the impending trip did not feature too heavily on the mind. What dominated mine in fact was: sleep. Breakfast. More sleep. Once doors of the bright, clinical, and surprisingly quiet Terminal Five beckoned though, we were all very much awake with the first stirrings of excitement for the days ahead. Slowly, tentatively we pecked our tortoise heads from the shells of home and holiday and changed into school gear. By lunchtime the old banter was once again in full flow.

Upon landing at Berlin in good time, a brief coach ride took us through the city to our hostel, on the eastern side. The area was not the prettiest part of Berlin, those areas we were to explore over the next few days. But the hotel proved to be perfect for our needs, practical and



welcoming with good rooms. Tired but buoyed up by our fresh surroundings we hit the streets to walk the half hour into town and were met by our guide to the city, a young historian, a Londoner, but deep in his knowledge of the city and engaging in his delivery.



Over about two hours we were given a whistle-stop tour of many of the most important historical landmarks – the Reichstag, the crumbled wall, the Holocaust memorial, the Ministry of Finance (ex-Nazi base and fine example of grey, clinical but attractively symmetrical Nazi architecture) and the car park below which Hitler, deep in his concrete rat run, killed himself in 1945 – were among the stops. We returned to the hostel tired but already having seen good deal of the city, and ready for our supper and a solid night's sleep.

The next day brought a morning visit to one of my favourite museums of the trip, The Jewish Museum. A museum architecturally built to hold some significance, with the inside corridors of the exhibition constructed with disorientating angles, to symbolise the pure chaos and fear of living in the Nazi regime. The main corridor lead to an exit which in turn opened onto perhaps the strangest garden I have been in. Much like the Holocaust memorial we saw the previous day, huge concrete blocks towered over you as you weaved in between them. The concrete walls of the garden stretched up to street level where the garden hedge was planted, giving a feeling of alienation and lack of security that those fleeing Germany in those times must have felt upon arriving on foreign shores.

A brief walk later and lunch on the go, we arrived at the Topography of Terror museum for our tour. As the name suggests, the museum was hard hitting, with the aim often being – as our German guide said – not just to concentrate on the victims, but to expose the men behind the terror and make sure they were clearly 'shown to be responsible'.

Skipping forward in time somewhat, we visited Checkpoint Charlie, which was a bustling place. Very different from its past life. With a McDonalds on the street, it seems very clear – as Miss Whittle said perceptively – who 'won'!

Our next stop felt as if it was in a day unto its own – a guided tour of the Reichstag at five. After going through security and being carefully eyed up by police and staff alike, once through the airlock into the very impressive building that is the German parliament, everyone was very welcoming, having established we were not a potential threat! Our guide was once again knowledgeable and obviously passionate about his subject, urging us to take an interest in politics in our own lives. The building itself proved to be amazing and steeped in history. It was certainly a highlight of the trip, and to literally 'top it off' (excuse the pun) the rooftop visit to the impressive Dome was equally as captivating with fantastic views of the city. After capturing a couple of fantastic 'helicopter' shots of Berlin in the bright late afternoon sun, we once again returned to the hostel with aching legs, but this time with the much welcomed aid of the efficient public transport.

There is nothing quite like standing on the spot of ritual torment for thousands of people, or where men were coldly and systematically killed. All in all Sachsenhausen concentration camp proved emotionally repressing for all of us. However once again we had an excellent guide,



which enriched the experience, and increased our factual knowledge of the running of such camps. The guide was very good at knowing when to be objective as a historian and when the horror could not be dealt with in such a way. An interesting balance we all will have to learn to find and decide upon ourselves, as budding historians.

After the camp the story of Berlin museum seemed a little lighter, with interactive exhibits and modern design it helped lighten the mood a little. Before long, it was time to descend into darkness once again - to the huge nuclear bunker built by the Russians for the Cold War. A rather expensive and pointless failure for them, but very interesting.

The Wannsee Villa then tailed off what had been a heavy, but eye opening day. We walked its wooden floors, reading and listening to the personal accounts of some of the survivors whose families were affected and destroyed by the 'Final Solution', and we sat in the villa's serene and beautiful gardens, next to the lake. The whole place looked, lit as it was by a soft, golden evening sun, too beautiful ever to have hosted such evil.

Sunday 15th meant the last day of the trip, and we were up earlier than usual to pack, and walk in to town again to really get the most of the day. A supplementary breakfast in a Berlin cafe followed for me, as well as the purchasing of a few postcards (the old habits of tourism die hard!). We explored the area around two huge churches for a while before beginning the half hour walk out of town, back to the hostel, and the coach that was waiting to transport us to the airport.

The trip had been one huge sheep dip in a city that over the days that we stayed there, steadily grew on me, and I think on all of us. Berlin is a city of contrast, culture and construction. All of which lend to it a sense of city in its formative stages. I am sure that in my lifetime it will steadily catch up with many of its peers in terms of development, and become an even more exciting place to be than it currently is. I would like to thank all the staff on the trip for planning it so we could really make the most of our time there! But when I look in my history textbook now, many of the places really do flicker into life in my memory.

*Theo Simmons*

## Moser's House Dance 2012

Saturday 21 April 2012



A busy Easter holiday revising and an intensive week of trial exams for the 6th form... so an excellent chance to let their hair down at the House Dance on Saturday night. Planned by the U6th form before Easter, and set up on Saturday afternoon once the exams were over, more than 90 'friends of Moser's Hall' celebrated the end of exam week in style.

Galin was also busy over the holidays, and managed to add to his collection of awards by winning Shropshire's Young Musician of the Year competition with his performance of Grieg's Piano Concerto in A Minor at Theatre Severn - please see [Young Musician of the Year](#) for more information.

The final push to the summer exams begins on Monday morning (Sunday evening for some). Good luck everyone!

*PP*

# Cricket: Pre-Season Festival - Won 2, Lost 1

Monday 23 April 2012

The 1st XI enjoyed a profitable pre-season festival with two wins and a loss, against Worksop College, Worcestershire CCC Academy and Millfield School respectively.

Stephen Leach scored a century in the first game of the festival – congratulations to him!

Please see the full details in the following pdf files:

- [v Worksop - 11th April 2012](#)
- [v Worcestershire CCC Academy - 12th April 2012](#)
- [v Millfield 13th April 2012](#)

## Rigg's: Photos from inter-house sport during the Lent Term

Monday 23 April 2012



*Joe Mason (L6th) skillfully weaves his way towards the goal in the House Hockey semi-final*



*The pursuing quartet of Oldbamites cannot keep pace with Rigg's captain Paddy Lynch-Staunton in the House Rugby*



*The Rigg's Hall Steeplechase team (l-r Tom Fitzpatrick (U6th); George Patterson (4th); Oscar Dickins (3rd); Rob Morgan (U6th); Jack Francklin (5th))*





## David Gee [DHG] - 150 Not Out

Monday 23 April 2012

*At his end of term assembly on Friday 23 March, the Headmaster paid tribute to Dr David Gee on the completion of 150 terms of teaching at Shrewsbury. Over five decades, David has been an inspirational teacher to quite literally thousands of Salopians, and has made a very valuable contribution in roles as varied as Housemaster, Head of Faculty and even Chaplain.*



*We are delighted that, although he will be relinquishing some of his teaching responsibilities next year, David will be putting his considerable expertise as a wordsmith and using his myriad of different contacts to bring the official school history up to date. We hope very much that a new and complete History of Shrewsbury School will be available from 2014.*

*It is intended that an interview with a group of his pupils in the Upper Sixth, containing some of his reflections on his time at the school, should be included in the summer edition of 'The Salopian'. In the meantime, the account below gives an insight into the extraordinary number and diversity of roles that David has held at*

*Shrewsbury.*

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David Gee first joined the staff, as a student, over 54 years ago, but there were two terms in 1959 when he was given leave of absence to do research for his doctorate, a further sabbatical term in 1984, which he spent as a visiting professor at Rollins College, Florida, and he was not teaching between 2004 and 2007.

David's arrival in Lent Term 1958 was part of his preparation, in his fourth year at Oxford, for his Diploma in Education (now called a PGCE) but since a member of the History staff was ill for the whole term, David was presented with a full teaching time-table. At the end of the term he was offered a position on the permanent staff, which he took up in September 1958. He became Head of the History Faculty in 1962 and had two separate periods in office. Later, between 1984 and 1998, he was Head of the Religious Studies Faculty. He was House Tutor of Churchill's for ten years (1958-68) and Housemaster of Day Boys for twelve (Jan 1972 - Dec 1983). On return from his sabbatical in 1984, David was appointed Senior Tutor and was licensed as a Lay Reader, to assist in Chapel; he also joined the team in Oldham's, as House Tutor, for six years. In 1990, he was appointed Housemaster of Severn Hill, where he remained until 1997. He 'retired' from the full-time staff in July 1998.

Since then he has contributed part-time, teaching in the History, Religious Studies and German faculties. In the Michaelmas Term 2002, during an interregnum in Chapel, David served as Acting Chaplain. He was editor of the Salopian Magazine, now called *The Salopian*, for thirteen years between 1985 and 1999 and he coached school and house crews on the river throughout the first half of his Salopian career.



## MUN Stockport: an insider's view by Ed Elcock (Rb LVI)

Monday 23 April 2012

*Ed was asked to write an account of his time at the MUN conference at Stockport, which took place over the Easter holidays. His piece gives a real flavour not only of the Stockport Conference, but also of MUN conferences in general, and is well worth reading by anyone who might be considering taking part in the MUN in the future.*



While everyone else was disappearing home for the holidays or jetting off to distant Caribbean islands the names of which I can't pronounce, a group of nine pupils (and one rather selfless member of staff) rose sleepily the day after term ended and slowly drifted into KH for breakfast. None of us were feeling particularly eloquent as we loaded up on bacon, cereal, and above all caffeine – but as this was a Model United Nations conference we were preparing for, we were going to have to wake up and find some eloquence in the hours that followed.

For those of you who have never experienced MUN, the format is this. Within a committee (which is focused on set topics, such as Disarmament or Politics) resolutions are proposed. These are then debated, modified, debated further, and finally voted on. There are no winners or losers as such – the aim is to be as persuasive and influential as possible, to get your resolutions passed, and to accurately represent your country's policies. Normally that last part is the least exciting: but on this conference, we were representing the People's Republic of China. Thus attacks on capitalism and "western imperialism" were not only acceptable, but rather expected. Shrewsbury aimed to please.

Upon arrival, our first port of call was to find toilet facilities: it had been a long and nervous journey. This we did without too much trouble, putting us in an optimistic mood for the rest of the conference. A small victory. We then settled into the main hall for the opening ceremony and speeches. The main speaker impressed upon us the point that MUN is real preparation for politics and a chance to change the world. Whilst we were of course highly attentive and listened in rapture to his every word, really what we wanted to do was start debating, like every other school there.



It was then that we finally got involved in our committees. One of our core tactics was to immediately make as big an impression as possible – not only were we the only Shrewsbury team there, but we were representing China of all countries.

Fortunately this was not too difficult, as many of the delegates there were fairly new to MUN, meaning China managed to seize many opportunities to speak over the more apprehensive newcomers. Even in Security Council, where the standard Salopian mixture

of bluff and bravado would no longer cut it, Shrewsbury had a powerful presence in the form of



Anna Olerinyova. In the other, more playful committees, we found other ways to stand out. Our notepaper, done in the style of a Chinese menu at the suggestion of James Humpish, was very popular with other delegations and the chairs of each committee, helping make the Shrewsbury team stand out in a conference dominated mostly by local schools.

Committees finished at five, and we returned to our hotel. In the evening we went out for a curry at the local Spice Lounge. Here I learned my most important lesson of the conference: do not order the hottest curry you see if you're planning to do public speaking the next day. Burned throats are not the best for making speeches.

Our second speaker of the conference was the 'global head of technology' from Price Waterhouse Coopers. While we were all sure afterwards that he had delivered a memorable and eloquent presentation, nobody could quite remember what it was he had said. This was because everyone was more concerned with how he believed the world was home to seven trillion people. Nor was this just a typo, as it was repeated twice. One would expect a man in such a position to know such things rather than being out by a factor of a thousand. At least it meant everyone remembered his speech, if for the wrong reasons.

We then learned of the crisis we would be facing in General Assembly the next day. A terrorist group called the Free Earth Militia were claiming responsibility for power outages in several countries, threatening further disruption unless all activities harmful to the environment were stopped. China responded to this with a typically Salopian sense of priority by trying to come up with an amusing acronym for their resolution. Eventually having settled on UNBOOMBOOMBOOM, we tried to piece together an actual resolution in which to put it. Thanks to the intervention of Theo Simmons, tightening up the team's production line and actually getting the resolution finally typed up, we submitted it to the chairs in the nick of time.

Unfortunately it was not chosen for debate. Nevertheless the team made efforts to speak as often as possible in General Assembly, asking several points of information and also being recognised to address the assembly. This was thanks to some hasty but successful alliance-making by Daniel Edwards and Henry Nead, with Mark Huang's established committee alliances coming into play. Ralph Wade in particular made excellent use of the stage, delivering a persuasive speech and fielding questions with typical flair.

In total Shrewsbury won eight awards – most notably, Rory Fraser winning Outstanding Delegate in his committee, and the team as a whole winning Best Delegation in General Assembly. Of course, far more important were the unofficial awards voted on by committees, with China dominating thanks to our significant presence in every committee. Among those won were "Most likely to become a communist dictator" and "Most creative acronym" (UNCHINESEFOOD, by the way).

In conclusion, this was a very successful conference: Shrewsbury secured a disproportionately large number of awards despite fielding only a single team where others had fielded up to five. Most importantly, however, we all enjoyed getting involved and speaking – and the awards were a good conclusion to a great conference.

*Ed Elcock*

# Shrewsbury

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## DofE Silver walking expedition, by Rob Homden (Rb V)

Monday 23 April 2012

**54 kilometers, 3 days of walking, 2 sore feet.**

Setting off from behind Kingsland Hall in thick fog with a rucksack full of clothes, food and some more food; and the promise of good weather ahead made a light mood from apprehension. The mist cleared as we entered Wales, and all seemed to go going well. That was until we started walking...

Barely 500 meters into the first 18-kilometer leg, our first turning proved elusive. Perhaps it was there, but hidden by plants, or maybe it was disused and totally overgrown; either way we went straight past it. We soon found ourselves making a plan to get to the first checkpoint based on the fact we were heading south and not north. A route of roughly the same length was jumbled together, and with a splash of luck and a few well-noticed wrong turns, we made it through our first 5k. "No more deviations from the route" came the warning, and so with double and triple checks of the map we set out across the first of many fields of cows.

Day 1 went on and the distance left slowly fell until finally just one huge hill stood in our way. Five minutes pass as a blur of pain from my legs, and then we are there in the campsite, tent half built, stove cooking, eating, chatting, and then asleep.

An early morning accompanied with the freezing cold greeted us at sunrise. Eating through half our supply of bacon, we packed everything away and set off. 200 metres later we stopped, continuing our theme of getting lost early on. This time we recovered our error without any extra walking, and were quickly on route for a 3k walk up, and then around, a hill. We dropped down into the valley, over the bridge along a road, and then began the main ascent for the day. It was 180 meters of elevation and a 15% gradient and higher. Pushing on up hill we found a rhythm and were soon at our lunch stop, tired, but pleased. From there the day followed a seemingly endless road for eight or more kilometres, before we disappeared off down a path, which swung around into the next campsite. The final three kilometers found us having almost an hour of breaks, and sore backs and blistered feet slowed progress. The campsite provided some much-desired relaxation; and a chance to get some food on board.

We woke the next morning to find ice on the outside of the tent – or at least one of us did, the other 5 (myself included) decided to wait in our sleeping bags until things warmed up. The mood was light and positive with our final 18k underway, every step now nearing the last checkpoint. We were set to follow a single trail much of the way, but despite this, within 500 metres we had pulled our usual trick of missing a turning, and so with a backtrack, and a test for the light mood, we were back under way. The rucksacks sat heavy with damp tents and the weight of exhaustion, but after a 2000-meter detour around a hill we were relieved to be heading towards our last big climb. We saw it as we crossed the bridge – a huge hill, and a winding path disappearing around a corner.

We pressed on, thoughts of lunch driving us forwards up and up, step after step. A brief down hill, and then up yet again. Lunch. Rucksacks hit the floor as six tired hikers rested weary calf muscles for a euphoric moment. The end was finally in sight, just 8 kilometres away, relief. From lunch all went as planned, the mini-bus proving a welcome sight to end our expedition. We were

# Shrewsbury

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glad to stop walking, but had it been so bad? It had hurt at times, tempers had risen at times – but that was what DofE was about, surely? Working together, overcoming problems, and pressing on. But most importantly: being more than a group of people, and becoming a group of friends. It was a road worth walking for sure, and a memory to keep forever.

*Rob Homden*



## Alan Richardson, our cricket and football coach, named as one of the five Wisden Cricketers of 2011

Monday 23 April 2012

Alan Richardson has been honoured as one of the five Wisden Cricketers of 2011, alongside Alastair Cook, Kumar Sangakkara, Tim Bresnan and Glen Chapple.



Alan has coached for us over the last two years with the 3rd XI football team, but particularly alongside cricket professional Paul Pridgeon with our senior cricketers. The boys are very fortunate to pick the brains of this internationally renowned seam bowler. Only this week, Alan has continued to dominate in the County Championship Division One, with another five wicket haul, this time against Surrey at the Oval.

Alan's own words were: *"Over the last two winters I have been lucky enough to be involved at Shrewsbury School, the boys have been a pleasure to work with. I was always impressed with not only their skill levels but their commitment, behaviour and the way they represented the School at all times. I was hoping they could learn something from me, I am now thinking I might have learnt something from them!"*

Shrewsbury wishes Alan further success in the Championship with Worcestershire this season.

Please see the BBC Sport website for more

information:

[www.bbc.co.uk/sport/0/cricket/17678154](http://www.bbc.co.uk/sport/0/cricket/17678154)

## French study visit to Montpellier: In the words of the boys (en français)

Tuesday 24 April 2012



*21 boys from the 3rd, 4th and 5th forms spent just under a week in Montpellier at the start of the Easter holidays, the aims being to improve their French, to immerse them in the French way of life, and to have some fun. The party left early on Saturday 24th March and returned on Thursday 29th March. They were accompanied by Mr Warburg (TDJW) and Dr Brydon (JAB). Blessed with beautiful sunny weather throughout the stay, the boys spent their mornings in intensive French lessons with native speaker teachers at a local language school and their afternoons on excursions, including a trip to Nîmes to see the Roman amphitheatre, an enthralling French football encounter - a Premiership top of the table battle between Montpellier and St Etienne, (1-0 to Montpellier, goal scored 2 minutes from the end), some High Wire thrills and some relaxation on the beach. Evenings were spent with their host families, where delicious food was eaten and plenty of conversation took place – the boys were billeted there in pairs. All seem to have had a rich and varied time and gained an appreciation of why Montpellier is France's fastest growing city. Here is a selection of their diary entries.*

### **Samedi**

Pendant les vacances de Pâques, nous sommes allés à Montpellier, qui est une grande ville dans le sud de la France. Nous y sommes restés six jours.

Le samedi matin, nous étions obligés de nous lever très tôt pour arriver à l'aéroport de Gatwick à 10h. Après un long voyage, nous sommes arrivés à l'aéroport, d'où l'avion est parti pour Montpellier. C'était un vol de deux heures et finalement nous sommes arrivés et nous avons rencontré notre famille d'accueil. Joseph Lafferty, Arthur Cheng et moi sommes restés chez une famille très sympathique : Madame et Monsieur Verguet, et leurs deux filles: Elisabeth et Alexandrine. Nous avons déballé nos affaires et Madame Verguet nous a préparé beaucoup de crêpes pour une collation avant d'aller regarder un match de foot. C'était délicieux! Après un repas copieux nous sommes partis pour le match de football au stade de Montpellier. C'était Montpellier contre St Etienne et Montpellier a gagné un but à zéro après avoir marqué en toute fin de match. C'était un match fantastique !

*Rishi Trivedi (Rb, 4th form)*





## Dimanche

Après avoir regardé le match la veille nous étions vraiment fatigués. Donc, nous avons fait la grasse matinée et nous avons passé le matin avec nos familles d'accueil françaises. Et puis vers 13h15 après le déjeuner, on a retrouvé les autres à La Place de la Comédie, pas loin de LSF, l'école où on a eu les cours. Nous avons pris un car de la Gare Routière aux Rochers de Maguelone pour faire de l'accrobranche et c'était vraiment haut ! Il y avait des niveaux, un peu comme le ski, avec le plus facile, vert, et le plus difficile, noir. Il y avait des moments difficiles mais c'était très amusant et à la fin il y avait une tyrolienne géante, c'était passionnant. Et puis nous avons pris le car à la plage pour une heure de détente tranquille. Certains ont essayé de nager dans la mer, avant de décider que l'eau était trop froide ! Nous avons joué un grand match de foot entre le « Fifth Form » et les «

Third and Fourth Form ». Je ne dirai pas le résultat! Nous sommes rentrés vers 18h30 et puis on a dîné avec notre famille française. Moi j'ai pris un steak saignant délicieux.

*James Warburg (PH, 5th form)*

## Lundi

C'était la première journée de cours, donc j'étais un peu anxieux quand je me suis réveillé. Mais j'ai changé d'avis quand je suis arrivé à l'école.

J'étais ravi d'apprendre tant de français! À l'école, les classes n'étaient pas comme en Angleterre : les élèves étaient assis autour d'une grande table. Les cours étaient de neuf heures jusqu'à 12h45 tous les jours. Après les cours, nous avons pu aller faire du shopping pour les cadeaux en ville. Après ça, nous avons fait une visite guidée de Montpellier où nous avons vu de vieux bâtiments, par exemple l'aqueduc romain. Le soir, nous avons fait du bowling. C'était très amusant, même si ce n'est pas mon fort !

*Luca Mattinson (Rb, 3rd form)*



## Mardi

Le quatrième jour du voyage, après une matinée agréable à l'école, nous sommes partis pour Nîmes. Nous avons visité d'abord les arènes puis la Maison Carrée, un grand bâtiment en marbre qui date de l'époque romaine. Après un après-midi intéressant, nous avons passé un peu de temps à Nîmes à faire les magasins. Le soir, nous sommes allés au restaurant et nous avons mangé un repas incroyable !

*Louie Stewart (PH, 3rd form)*



## Mercredi / jeudi

Mercredi était notre dernière journée. Comme d'habitude, nous nous sommes levés à huit heures, et puis nous nous sommes préparés pour l'école.



A l'école, nous avons fait beaucoup de choses amusantes, par exemple, nous avons dû faire un sondage, avec des questions sur les vacances. Moi, j'ai posé 7 questions à chaque personne et j'ai parlé beaucoup de français. Cet après-midi-là nous avons fait une activité qui s'appelle « Photomania ». Nous avons dû nous promener à travers la ville et photographier plusieurs choses : des monuments et parfois aussi des gens (des policiers, des femmes enceintes), ce qui a nécessité pas mal d'explications en français !

Ensuite, nous sommes allés à la plage. Moi, je suis allé au restaurant et j'ai mangé des crêpes tandis que les autres ont joué au foot ou au rugby sur la

plage.

Le soir, nous étions chez notre famille pour la dernière fois et, jeudi matin, après les cours, nous sommes allés à l'aéroport. J'étais vraiment triste quand c'était le moment de partir parce que je m'étais tellement amusé à Montpellier.

*Ed Carroll (Cb, 4th form)*



# A Week in the Life of Henry Thomas (Ch 3)

Tuesday 24 April 2012

## Monday 16th April

I can't believe how quickly the Easter holidays have flown by, probably not helped by the fact that I have only just got back from 8 days with the National Children's Orchestra in Dorset. I arrived back at school at about 4pm, having already texted my housemaster for this term's Churchill's door code, to find I was in a dorm quite close to Matron this time....sigh! Closer to the showers, though, and my new room-mates are a good group, like ALL CHURCHILL'S 3rd FORMERS OF COURSE!. I had third choice of bed, so a bunk-bed this time, but once I got organised, not bad. Poster up on my pin-board, sorted! My parents then took me out for tea before dashing back to school in time for them to go to the parents' talk on internet safety. We third formers had our talk an hour later, while they went to the 3rd form Parents' Evening (gulp!). The talk mostly confirmed all my father's misgivings about "the evils of the internet"; what a shame we have to live with it in these modern times ha ha! No idea how the Parents' Evening went, but I expect I will find out soon enough. So quite a busy first few hours, but very relaxed compared to what was to follow.....



## Tuesday 17th April

My alarm woke me at 6.30am and I fell out of bed and into the shower as if I had never been away from school. I was queuing outside KH by 7:10am, and was back in Churchill's by 7:35am. Whole school assembly included an announcement of all the music exam results with distinctions from last term. This meant I heard my grade 8 trumpet exam result read out, which was both great, but quite embarrassing. Lessons then came thick and fast, but all I could think about was...ROWING at 4pm! I had missed not being able to row for 3 whole weeks, and couldn't wait to get back out on the river. I had missed the rowing camp in the Easter holidays, which meant I had not learnt "racing starts", but I soon got the hang of things. After tea I went to the Maidment Building and squeezed in a trumpet practice, and then sat there wondering why no-one turned up for Wind Band practice! On returning to my House, I discovered it had been cancelled, but at least it meant I could try and keep up with my Top schools workload, which was an unexpected bonus!

## Wednesday 18th April

Up at 6.30 again, and rang mum after breakfast to say happy birthday (always good to remember these things, guys!!!) Remembered at the last minute it was CHAPEL TODAY NOT FRIDAY! Aahh I thought, that's in five minutes. I quickly packed my bag, threw my jacket on and walked quickly to chapel, turning up just in time, PHEW! Lessons went past, as they do, my mind collecting random bits of information on the way. By Lunch time my stomach was screaming for FOOD, so I rushed down to KH for lunch. 20 minutes later and I'm getting changed for rowing



when I realise I don't have a water bottle. I dash to the grot shop, purchase a "Shrewsbury School" water bottle for a very reasonable price (!) and rush to fill it up before racing down to the river. My evening was spent rehearsing for the "Magic Flute" concerts with the Orchestra, followed of course by more Top schools, and then bed.

## Thursday 19th April

Third form assembly this morning, which included a talk by Mr Hudson on "Shrewsbury slang". After lunch the third form had a Duke of Edinburgh meeting, telling us what equipment we would need for our imminent practice Bronze D of E expeditions. I have been put into a group of seven boys, and my particular role is going to be the "team cook". RESULT! Squeezed in a piano lesson at 4pm, then trumpet lesson after tea, followed by Trumpet Quartet and Big Band rehearsals. My bike lock broke in the midst of all this chaos, so I had to take the wheel off to secure it. Finally got back to my dorm to catch up with Top schools. The end of another average Shrewsbury day!

## Friday 20th April

I started the day with a piano practice, which always makes me feel very saintly. I never have enough time to practise, but there's no point getting stressed about it. Every once in a while I get a break and can really get my teeth into a piece, and the rest of the time I just do my best.

Lessons flew by in a blur, then a rehearsal with my accompanist for Sunday's Senior Brass Competition. Rowing was good although chilly and wet, and after tea it was the usual list of music rehearsals; this time Junior and Senior brass. Is it Friday already?

## Saturday 21st April

Churchill's House seems to be undergoing some sort of weird transformation today. I went downstairs to do an early morning piano practice to find that the pianos had both disappeared! Black bin bags seemed to be covering all the walls, and all the sixth formers were trying hard to appear rather bored and not at all excited! Then I remembered.....the House Dance tonight! Mr Hudson had been trying to persuade us younger boys all week to have an "extra Coach weekend", and it occurred to me that this could possibly be the reason why. I always love Saturday mornings, and today was no exception. Despite the forecast, the day had dawned bright and sunny, without a cloud in sight, and I began to grin from ear to ear at the thought of rowing after lunch in such perfect conditions. (Big mistake!) First lesson of the day was Design. Max Walley and I are designing a catapult, and it hardly seems like work by comparison to most lessons... quite relaxing in fact. The rest of the morning flew by, and before I knew it I was wandering down to rowing and wondering with Guy Cabral whether that huge black cloud was going to pass overhead without drenching us. It did not! Still a good training session though, despite having to dodge the "Sabrina" boat in between training drills

After rowing I met up with my parents and went home for the night, as per my Housemaster's wishes of course, and nothing to do with the fact that we were going out for a Thai meal to celebrate my mum's recent birthday. Many cloves of garlic later, I fell into bed at home near Worcester, and far too soon it was Sunday morning....

## Sunday 22nd April

Unfortunately my extra "Coach weekend" had to be shorter than most as I had to be back at School in time for the Senior Brass Prize at 11.30am. This took the form of a master class given by Paul Archibald. We were all around grade 8 standard, and I was pleased with how it went overall. I was given some useful tips on how to improve the Haydn piece I played (wish it had



been before my exam, though!). The results are to be announced during tonight's concert, so they are dragging out the pain, but at least I could now relax. Off to the Albright Hussey Hotel for lunch with parents (not a bad haul of meals out this weekend, methinks!), before getting back to the Maidment in time for a pre-concert rehearsal at 5pm. I am performing with the Junior Brass, Senior Brass and Brass Quartet, so a busy evening. Not sure when I will have time to finish writing up my week for the School newsletter! Maybe tomorrow!

The concert went well, with a varied selection of pieces played. Mr Archibald helped out, as did a number of Old Salopians, and he performed some impressive solos, my favourite being when Mr Moore accompanied him on piano and he performed his own arrangement of the "Overture to Carmen". The Brass prizes were announced, and I was both surprised and pleased to win joint first place with my fellow Churchillian Laurence Jeffcoate in the Senior competition. Not as pleased as Mr Hudson, though, who was heard to say afterwards that he was especially glad that we were both wearing our House ties!

I was kept busy all evening, performing with various ensembles in the concert, but my favourite pieces to play were probably "The Battle of Jericho" with the Junior Brass, and also Bohemian Rhapsody with the Trumpet Quartet.

By this stage in the evening, however, my lip and cheeks had gone numb, and I couldn't get the top notes any longer. So I just went down an octave and hoped the Headmaster didn't notice! Mr Moore hijacked proceedings after the interval to announce that Mr Gibbon had been teaching at the school for 25 years, and he presented him with a thank you present, of the liquid variety of course.

As I wandered back to Churchill's in an exhausted daze after the concert, I slowly realised there was something I had not yet done.....note to self; I must remember to learn my German vocabulary tonight, sometime in between changing my duvet cover and brushing my teeth! Humph!!



I know I have barely been back at School a week, but a Shrewsbury week is more like a month anywhere else! The start of another week looms, but the days are longer and lighter, and they may eventually start to get warmer. I have the Birmingham Regatta to look forward to next Saturday, as well as next weekend's performances of "The Magic Flute". I dread to think how many extra Orchestra rehearsals that will mean.....oh well,

at least I won't have time to get bored.....

The End



# The Miles Clark Travel Scholarship Fund: 2012 Awards

Tuesday 24 April 2012

Each year, a number of scholarships are awarded under the Miles Clark Travel Scholarship to Salopians who wish to attempt a challenging project in their Gap Year. The fund was established in memory of [Miles Clark](#) (Severn Hill 1974-78), who was a distinguished scientific explorer, writer and photographer, and its aim is to enable pupils "*leaving the Sixth Form of Shrewsbury School to undertake an expedition abroad involving adventure, personal challenge and research.*"

Awards made so far this year have been to:

a pupil who plans to spend 5 weeks backpacking through 5 countries, and then spend 6 months teaching English at a school in Argentina;

a pupil who will be spending 4-5 months in The Gambia, teaching in a number of different schools and helping to run Christian meetings and holiday clubs;

two pupils who will be cycling from Bedfordshire to Bergen, raising money for The Royal Marines and The Blue Chair Leukaemia Charity.

In the Michaelmas Term following their trip, pupils are invited back to the school and asked to give a presentation to our Sixth Formers about their experiences.

Please see [The Miles Clark Travel Scholarship page](#) for more information.

## RSSBC: USA Trip over the Easter holidays for 1st and 2nd VIII

Wednesday 25 April 2012

*Two eights of RSSBC rowers and three coaches took part in the biennial trip to the USA, which has been written up by the Churchill's Lower Sixth trio of James 'Kenny' Kynaston, Peter 'Popeye' Gadsden and Aue-Aut 'Arty' Angpanitcharoen, who comprise nearly a majority of the seats in the 2nd VIII.*

After a brief stint at home, away from the coaches' uncompromising routines, the 'rascals' (as Todd so frequently calls us) returned to Shrewsbury to their 'real' home, the boathouse, for a quick glass of milk and two hour paddle with Todd. One of our companions, Aut, had a marginally longer journey back from Bangkok.



The next day, we travelled to Heathrow's T5, and several long hours later found ourselves in Washington Dulles airport with a few more hours' travelling awaiting us! We waited outside the airport, amazed by the clear skies and lack of rain, to be greeted by Larry (one of Todd's many associates and friends in the USA) and a convoy of typically American sized minibuses. Todd navigated through the 'wilderness' with great enthusiasm and experience, showing us unneeded parts of the Suburban capital only twice in our quest to reach the legendary boathouse of Thomas Jefferson School which overlooked the beautiful Occoquan. The boathouse was situated perfectly on the river which overlooked an awe-inspiring forest with all types of creatures, even bears (rowing joke – please ask), roaming around.

After a brief paddle on the Occoquan, we were greeted by our host families. A quick power nap in the car followed. My roommate, Trevor, and I awoke from our slumber to the magnificent view of impressive houses and yes, we were to be staying in them! Having not eaten lunch earlier, we decided to opt for the meal option opposed to sleep which proved a very good decision. The food was absolutely divine and plentiful, and after a long meal in which we got to know our host and his family, we retired for the night.

The wafting smell of bacon and eggs sneaked through our bedroom door at the magical time of 6 o'clock which was enough to get us Brits out of bed in a flash. We sprinted upstairs and



engaged in the loving breakfast of bacon, eggs and croissants, and left the house promptly to go for morning practice.



After a morning row, Mr Manser drove us to the fast-food chain, 'Five Guys.' The food was typically American with fries and burgers, and each portion could have fed five guys. After a spot of revision, our afternoon practice saw the crews take on the Thomas Jefferson crews. Both Shrewsbury crews performed exceptionally well, winning the majority of longer type pieces with the 1st VIII posting some very quick times. Racing was followed by the drive home and the traditional snooze. Our evening events with the T.J boys included a sunset drive of the DC monuments, a shopping spree at Tyson's mall (spending the parents' money!) and food galore. We tried every ice-cream and salt-shake flavour America had to offer!

On our last day with T.J we raced over 500 metres. The 1st VIII once again posted quick times, beating T.J in the process whilst the 2nd VIII struggled to find winning form narrowly missing out on victory. The Thomas Jefferson families were undisputedly some of the kindest and hospitable people we have ever met. A huge thank you was in order before...

*Peter Gadsden*

...we left the state of Virginia soon after last good byes with our TJ families in the legendary Five Guys and headed west for Cincinnati. The first hour of my bus ride featured the interrogation of our very own ex-London detective/ ex-rowing coach/ ex-football coach/ boatman, Keith Brown. Who happened to be our chauffer and DJ for the journey. After a coffee break, a brief 'gas' stop and a few wrong turns, we eventually arrived at the motel where we would spend our night, having made great use of their recreational facilities - a pool and a hot tub.

Breakfast was at 9:00 as we were in no rush. That morning Keith was disguised as Gordon Ramsey, cooking us delicious waffles which melted in our mouths. Three hours' sleep in the bus later, we arrived in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio. We had lunch at Big Boy, there we made Todd proud, as one of the waitress told Todd what a polite bunch we were. He couldn't stop smiling for the rest of the day.



As soon as we got to the Cincinnati Junior Rowing Club (CJRC) boathouse, we were introduced to another of Todd's many associates and friends, Greg, whom Todd used to coach. I believe he was part of CJRC's first ever crew, as Todd had founded the boat club. This became even more evident when we met the Cincinnati boys - their routine from weekly outings to the way a stroke



is taken, is exactly the same as ours. So to conclude, Todd and Greg then, are in fact one of the same.

My first night at Cincinnati was long. After dinner at Skyline Chilli (which is unique to the city), my host John took me to his friend's house who was hosting Will Dodson-Wells, where we were joined by Harry Lonergan and his host. We then went to White Castle, a fast food drive-through which Harry enjoyed massively. While we were there we saw some midnight snackers - these creatures were the size of two to three grown men!

Next morning we settled into a routine of light breakfast, rowing practice then lunch, followed by revision in the library. After a good session of hard work and several naps here and there, we went back to the boathouse for our last outing before the regatta on the following day.

The next day was a great day for the race, the wind was calm and the race course was wonderful. The results were mixed as the day went on. Our first eight came second by just a canvas to the Cincinnati V1 (Varsity 1). Both crews were practically 500 metres ahead of Upper Arlington V1 containing 'The Incredible Hulk' weighing at 19 stone! Our second eight came second to Cincinnati V2. The first four had beaten all girls eights of that day with open water, a great achievement considering how fast these super girls really were.



Easter Sunday morning, after a much-needed lie-in, Todd and Larry took us to a baseball match, where in all the excitement I might have been too comfortable in the American size chair. It was a good game, with a few homeruns. The following day we met up with Todd at the Cincinnati Rowing and Leisure centre which is on the other side of the river to the CJRC boathouse. Here we party Todd style; three times 6 kilometres A1s. This basically means an hour and a quarter of rowing on the ergometer with two decent sizes rests in between. After a shower we jumped on the mini buses and headed back east towards the state of Virginia.

### *Aue-Aut Angpanitcharoen*

After saying our farewells to the Cincinnati kids, we embarked on our long journey back to Washington DC; stopping at the same familiar motel half way between Cincinnati and DC. The motel was blessed with a pool that the rowers took to like ducks, and a divine hot tub.

On arrival at the river we were all very impressed by Gonzaga's temporary boathouse, as the old one was having a bridge built on top of it. After adjusting to new boats once again, we came in and met our hosts from the school - Pete and I were billeted with Trey, a second 8 rower who was in the L6. We got to know him well on the car journey to his house, where we met his family. They were delightful people and made us feel at home like all the hosts did along our quest. In the evening I witnessed an epic soccer game between England and USA with Pete and

Trey playing accordingly; to this day I am still uncertain of the true victor. The next few days were spent in Gonzaga's school library working hard or out sightseeing the huge city, or doing that funny backward sport that I can't quite remember the name of.

And on that note, it was time to return back home...

*James Kynaston*



At Gonzaga High School, with Paul Hamm, our 2007 Harvard Fellow, in the centre.



## Junior House Debating Final Ch v S: An exceptional evening of debate

Thursday 26 April 2012

The Junior House Debate final took place this Monday and the observers agreed that the competitors demonstrated an exceptional standard of debating.

Churchill's 'A' team battled it out against Severn Hill over the motion of whether those who have led an unhealthy lifestyle should have to pay for their medical treatment. Churchill's perhaps had the harder task of convincing the judging panel that free medical treatment should not be available to all, but they acquitted themselves admirably. Severn Hill were also impressive in both their knowledge of the topic and their delivery. The judges, chaired by the Headmaster, gave the victory to Severn Hill, with James Plaut (S 4) given special mention for his speech.

All in all the evening was a great success and bodes well for the coming years of debating at Shrewsbury.

*LJW*



## Churchill's boys sweep the boards

Friday 27 April 2012

Churchillians seem to be very much in the news at school this term. Henry Thomas (3) and Laurence Jeffcoate (5) were jointly awarded the Senior Brass Prize by the distinguished trumpeter Paul Archibald (ex Philip Jones Brass Ensemble), who had spent the day giving master classes to school brass musicians.

Yesterday, we had two more wins to celebrate. George Panayi (3) won the Junior Wind Prize, proving that captaining the U14A cricket team is not distracting him from his music, and Aue Angpanitcharoen (4) won the David Harrison Maths Prize with his talk on 'round triangles'.

Many congratulations to them all!



## Brass Prize results

Friday 27 April 2012

The brass prize competitions took place on Sunday 22nd April, and we were very lucky to have the esteemed trumpet player Paul Archibald (ex Philip Jones Brass Ensemble) to spend the day with our brass players. The brass prizes took the form of 3 master classes. Each player received a short lesson from Paul on their selected pieces, and he gave very direct and positive advice to everyone.

The culmination of the day was a concert in the main auditorium, which involved the senior brass band and also featured several smaller ensembles. Paul Archibald played in the band for the whole concert but also gave us 2 solos, one with the band and one with JFM on piano.

The prizes were awarded during the concert and went to :

### **Senior Brass Prize**

1st :- Henry Thomas (Ch 3) and Laurence Jeffcoate (Ch 5)

Highly Commended:- Matt Davies (M LVI) and Harry Sargeant (M 5)

### **Intermediate**

1st :- George Birt (PH 4)

2nd :- Joe Bell (I 4)

### **Junior**

1st :- Angus Hay (Rb 3)

2nd :- Tom Breese (PH 3)

3rd :- Alfred Mitchell (SH 3)



## Chemistry Olympiad 2012: Three Silver and Two Bronze Medals

Friday 27 April 2012

Eleven students took part in Round 1 of the International Chemistry Olympiad in February. This year, there were six students from Lower Sixth and five students from the Upper Sixth.

The paper itself is based on the core of the chemistry A-level specifications, so that students taking any of the different exam board A-levels can compete fairly. The exam lasts two hours and is composed of a series of structured questions designed to stretch able students by making them apply the principles they have learnt to new and often more complex situations than they would meet in their A-level course. Thus, in order to score marks, it is essential to have a very sound base of knowledge and understanding, but also have the ability to think and reason - often "outside the box" - at a high level.

The students concerned had worked at this with a weekly session going back to the previous June. Initially taking the on-line LVI Chemistry Olympiad, and then beginning intensive preparation for the more demanding Olympiad itself. The results were pleasing: Three Silver Medals and Two Bronze Medals were awarded and the students can be very proud of their efforts and achievements, especially the Lower Sixth students.

**Silver Medals** were awarded to:

Lower Sixth: Anna Olerinyova (MSH) [one mark away from a Gold Medal!]

Upper Sixth: Stephen Li (Rt), Oliver Antcliff (M)

**Bronze Medals** were awarded to:

Lower Sixth: Ratanon Suemanothorn (G), Alex Norman (R)

*Andrew Briggs*



## Aue Angpanitcharoen (Ch 4) wins the David Harrison Prize for Mathematics

Friday 27 April 2012

The 2012 David Harrison Prize for Mathematics was won by Aue Angpanitcharoen (Ch IV) this year, with a splendid and original presentation on "Round Triangles".



Last year's winner, Ed Elcock (Rb LVI), was a close runner-up with an entertaining talk on the paradox of "The Two Envelope Problem".

This annual competition is open to all year groups, and takes the form of a presentation on any mathematical topic. It is in memory of David Harrison, who was Head of Mathematics at Shrewsbury in the academic year 1995-96.



# Chemistry: Runners-Up in the RSC Schools' Analyst Competition

Saturday 28 April 2012

Shrewsbury finished a strong 2nd in the Midlands heat of the RSC Schools' Analyst Competition held at Keele University on Friday 27 April.

The team of three L6 chemists, Harry Cox (Rb) and Ed Mallett (S) and Alex Norman (R), missed out qualifying for the National Final (to be held at Bristol University) of this competition by a whisker. Well Done!!

The competition involved pupils conducting team based research using sophisticated analytical techniques used by university research scientists. This year saw students analysing a 'contaminated' pharmaceutical tablet. Pupils measured:

- the amount of caffeine in the tablet by HPLC (high performance liquid chromatography),
- the quantity of aspirin in the tablet by a pH titration, and
- the quantity of the dye, sunset yellow, in the tablet by UV-vis spectrophotometry.

*Andrew Briggs*



## RSSBC: Shrewsbury invited to the 'BASHER' Regatta for the first time

Monday 30 April 2012

For the first time in its nine year history, a Shrewsbury crew was invited to race in this year's BASHER Regatta on the Olympic rowing lake at Dorney.

This great invitation event was established as BASHER (Bedford, Abingdon, St Paul's, Hampton, Eton and Radley) to enable close multi-lane racing early in the regatta season.

Due to four of our boys being involved in GB Trials on Sunday (details to follow), it was decided that our 2nd 8 would travel to this event on Saturday 28th April.

After the initial 1900 metre time trial, our boat was put - as expected - into the top group of 12 crews, comprising some 1st 8's, some 2nd and the country's top J16 crews.

The first of the 2 K races was a disappointment, not helped by a cox box failure. However this was indeed the point of this trip to Dorney, and with a young crew the chance to compete in close six lane racing was the objective.

The last race was rowed in a much more mature manner and established our crew as medal contenders at NSR on 2nd June.



*Crew: C Clarke, C Lane-Fox, M Pattison-Appleton, D Beeston, R Homden, W Angell-James, J Kynaston, A Angpanitcharoen, cox J Eardley*

*P Manser*

# MSH House Dance 2012: 'Hotter than Potter'

Monday 30 April 2012





## J14s win Gold and Silver medals at Birmingham Regatta

Monday 30 April 2012

Birmingham Regatta always proves a great season opener for the new J14 rowers, plenty of racing in round robins, strong opposition from Hampton, Teddies and Pangbourne, and a friendly atmosphere.

The J14s were entered in A quads, B octos and C quads in the morning; and then A octos, B quads and C octos in the afternoon. Unfortunately the weather conditions and more than one or two very cold boys meant that we withdrew from the later races, but not before our A quad won a fantastic gold medal, and our B octo brought home a silver, mere feet away from gold - even more impressive given they had a slightly heavier cox than their opposition, last minute sub, Tim the Gapper!

A great day of racing which should have whetted the appetite for more racing later in the term - next up Shrewsbury Regatta in 2 weeks.

*RMW*