

St. Hugh's College  
Yearbook

Classes of  
1994 & 1995



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## Editors' Foreword

Old fashioned though it might seem, it's always best to start at the beginning. There are plenty of tales concerning how this Yearbook was put together and many people to thank for their ideas, photographic and textual input, and words of encouragement. Before any individuals, however, it is only right to thank everyone who has made up St. Hugh's during the time that the students of the Classes of 1994 and 1995 have "studied" there - it is, after all, those inspired (or confused) souls who have created the memories which merit immortalisation in the form of this book. From those who only spent weeks here, to those who managed to complete their degree, they've all played a part in playing out the dramas and comedies. However, this is not the place to mention stories, for everyone has the chance to recount their own tales in the pages that follow.

**Concerning the Photographs:** Daniel and Rachel took it upon themselves to take a picture of everyone still at College by chasing around with the dreaded Yearbook Camcorder (thank you James "I had a camcorder once" Golding and Mike "I thought I lent that" Rallings") and capturing their smiles for perpetuity. In this regard, mentions are due to: Guy "Don't knock, I'm never in" Ladenburg, Oliver "Camera Shy" Rochman, Audrey "Give me 30 mins for my lipstick" Healy, Simon "I'd run if I wasn't unconcious" Dadson, and Andy "I can't do 'normal'" Collins for making the chase all the more interesting! Apologies to all those drunken people we caught after Hilary Dinner, especially the rather mature looking first years who enjoyed performing for the camera so much (tongues, cleavage and karate sum that up). For the few who actually made it to the "photo-studio" to have their pictures taken, many thanks - I hope smiling at other peoples' pictures was reward enough. Watching people prepare for their photos being taken was an experience in itself: Alex "I PANIC!" Gooden, Becci "Use any picture" Foster, Ian "I still need to comb *this* hair" Willets, and A. "Are you sure you're not filming?" Non. All those beauties complaining that they looked terrible should try modesty sometime! For the troublesome few who evaded us the longest, we'll fondly remember the few who: were surprised when we stormed the Computer Room to capture them unawares (hint: f |grep shug); thought they were safe at the Porters' Lodge; didn't expect a camera in the pub; and everyone betrayed by their friends. There were a few odd speeches recited whilst people's pictures were taken with Paul "I love St. Hugh's" Wilson certainly winning the prize for passion. The camera crew weren't totally innocent as was encapsulated by Daniel's admission, "There's nothing worse than a drunkard with a camera".

**Concerning the Text Entries:** No doubt many of you grew tired of the endless pleas from Anna et al. to hand in your text. Though the deadlines came and went 'tomorrow' (as in "I'll write it tomorrow") finally came for many people. With no previous yearbook to reflect on many of you seemed perplexed as to what to write. Thus, while the entries might be cryptic, humorous, brief or downright peculiar, we hope they do their authors justice, and forever shine on (you crazy diamonds).

**Concerning the Layout:** Unfortunately there were a fair few students who for whatever reason didn't hand in any text. This necessitated separating students from each year into two sections. Those who did submit something appear at the start of a section and to prevent endless blank spaces, those for whom we only had a picture feature in a subsequent section. People in both sections are, of course, listed alphabetically, and we hope that it won't be too great a challenge for anyone to find students in one of the two sections!

**Concerning the Class of 1994:** All those fourth years who refused to leave after their three year stint were matriculated in 1994 (their memories might not go back that far). The hope was to place them among their friends & acquaintances who had already left St. Hugh's and gotten to grips with the real world (or tried to). The faces you see in this section will no doubt be familiar, as they were stars of the show for their own era (and some still haunt college) and although it was a challenge, we've tried to collect photos and text from as many as possible, because they, alas, didn't have a Yearbook of their own. Everyone mixed in different circles at College and no doubt there will be third years who cherish the images of their "more mature friends" as much as those of their own year.

Your Yearbook Editors: Rachel Blackie, Daniel Schütze, Anna Wright

**Rachel Blackie:** Seeing as anyone with any sense will just skip this page to get to the interesting bits, I may as well just get on with my thanks. So, huge amounts of gratitude to: Daniel for dragging me (kicking and screaming) into this in the first place, putting up with my ridiculous pedantry over every single comma, and devoting his entire life to ensuring that this Yearbook was actually produced; Anna for making sure there was text to go with the photos and hours spent pleading, planning and proof-reading; Debbie & Sara for all their work behind the scenes; James for trusting us (well, Daniel) with his camcorder - especially in the aftermath of Hilary Dinner; Sacha the fresher for the petition and bags of enthusiasm; Anton for putting up with a lot of abuse - sorry!; and of course, Sandra without whom there simply wouldn't be a Yearbook...

**Daniel Schütze:** Now that this Yearbook is before you (and you've ripped out this page for use as a bookmark), I'll refrain from attempting to describe the blood and tears that went into it, other than saying, "What spare time? What Easter Holiday? What light at the end of the tunnel?". It's my hope that it's all been worth the effort and that many of you will be in possession of something you will treasure.

So, what was the advice which was offered as the book was produced? They told me it couldn't be done (well more exactly they said, "You're mad for trying"); they told me they were just about to come over to have their photo taken and what an amazing coincidence it was that I was there knocking at their doors (well, I can't tell you exactly what people such as A. Taylor said when we asked to take their picture); they even told me their life story (in an effort to avoid the camera?); they even told me that they weren't in their rooms whilst I spoke to them (whoops); Yes they told me enough, but who actually *did* something?

That strange nagging feeling makes me want to thank all those people who played a little role in the production of the book (be it from actually standing still as I took their picture, to handing in their required contributions early, to having legible writing or e-mailing their entries, to *shock horror* offering encouragement) because the summation of their individual help made all the difference. No list of 'names' could be complete - but thanks to: the Lady of the Grim North for getting me to stop *talking* and *planning* and instead start *doing* the Yearbook, and to those and countless others, such as the "Washing-up Fairy", who ensured the Yearbook Machine was fit for work.

**Anna Wright:** Firstly, I must apologise unreservedly to everyone for the fact that I seem to appear on almost every page of this book. This was not done deliberately as a way of pandering my egomaniacal tendencies, but was due to a lack of alternative photographs - honest! Secondly, I must thank my long-suffering housemates for putting up with my constant moans and entreaties (not that they worked Plum, Lucy, Ben!). Thirdly, I wish, as ever, to express my heartfelt gratitude to Sara, for believing in the whole enterprise right from the start (way back in Michaelmas '96), and for sharing the enmity incurred from those we nagged. "Cheers" too, to Debbie, who stopped torturing people in the labs for long enough to be a fab business manager! I would also like to say thanks to all those who submitted texts for my failed attempt last year - even Jon and Jonny, whose entries sadly remain unprintable. Sorry, whilst I'm on the subject, to the three whom I forced to write memoirs under the influence of substantial amounts of alcohol (John, Nobby, Will - forgive me!). Finally, thanks to rich for being a fantastic hotelier whilst I was working on the book in London, and for supporting me despite the whinging, the evenings spent photocopying and the general stress. It's all over now - just finalists to go!



# Principal's Foreword

The compilers of this Yearbook have earned the thanks of their contemporaries in putting together a memorable and lasting record of their time at St. Hugh's. It is an entirely new project for the College and deserves a long life.

Time quickly closes the door on memory, even of people and experiences encountered during as rich and challenging a time as one's study in Oxford. This book should be assiduously acquired and carefully kept by everyone who appears in it. It will always be a constant source of nostalgia, amusement, amazement and not over-serious reflection.

Derek Wood  
Principal



# Class of 1994

**Nick Aubury, Classics**



What is there to say  
So many things,  
That,  
I just can't be arsed.

Thank yous:  
Reece  
Clark  
Pounder  
Emma (particularly)  
Etc

Good luck to you all.

**Kim Bell (Married name Williams), PPE**



Thanks to all those who helped to start my time at Oxford with the best party ever - I'll never forget breaking into the University Parks in the middle of the night and then jogging to McDonalds at 7 a.m. for breakfast.

Thanks to Daniel for making sure I didn't kill myself while we crossed the derelict bridge at Port Meadow - it was all worth it for the pint at the Perch.

Thanks to Kate, Fletch, Dave, Gareth and all the PPEists for being good friends and special thanks to Justin for videoing Captain Caveman!

Most of all, thanks to Anthony for making my time at Oxford so special, and getting me through the tough times. And in case anyone didn't know, we're getting married this summer [Kim has been happily married for a year now].

Despite dodgy showers, even dodgier Scouts, spending too much money and having far too many late nights, I've really enjoyed the St. Hugh's experience.

**Rachel Blackie, Modern Languages**



After four years at one of the world's foremost centres of academic excellence, what have I accomplished? A masterful command of the French language? An extensive knowledge of France's literary greats? The vague possibility of a decent degree? Sadly, none of the above. Instead, I have perfected my wrist action (through hours of table footie), developed a seemingly insatiable thirst for alcohol and notched up a *tottytastic* 52 points. Marvellous.

Big thanks to: Fletch, Bondy, Doz and Sabine (the Wolfson Staircase 6 "Posse"); Maurice, Jack, Charlie, Big Steve and Oli for making first year so entertaining and getting kicked out in the process; Dave T for being Dai and wasting a tenner; Gazza for being so lovely and fluffy; Daniel and Sandra for Puzzle Bobble, Scrabble and Schnapps and enabling me to become the Kniffel Goddess; and of course, Adrian (without whom I would have far more than 52 points). You're all fab!

**Adrian Blair, PPE**

If I'd known how hard Finals were going to be, I might've done some work. If I had, I wouldn't have learned anything like as much.

Like how to stay asleep till you can't get breakfast cos all the shops have shut; how to avoid a hangover by not stopping drinking; how to revise the entire Philosophy Prelims course whilst walking to the exam; and - most importantly of all - how to master the sublime art of table footie.

I also wouldn't have as much to remember - a mass St. Hugh's invasion of Ch. Ch. fountain; "Maurice" climbing through my window at 2 a.m. to discuss Watergate; Dave Thorne's waistline (overtaking Chris Lewis); Bondy's charisma; Fletch, Luton Town and Bedford Trucks - an "unbeatable partnership"; Saturday afternoon at the Manor (F\*\*\* off Swindon); and of course, November 17th 1994.

We may all get massively depressed about leaving St. Hugh's but St. Hugh's will never leave us.



**Simon Bond, Mathematics**

With very little reflection, I can say that I enjoyed my years at St Hugh's. Overwhelmingly it was the friends I made that made it special. There was Adrian 'Corrupt Tory' Blair, but perfectly charming in being so. Dac, never before or again will one mouth utter 'Fancy a pint?' so seductively. Fletch the serial monogamist - almost - who had a bizarre fascination with Luton Town FC - shame you did more work than me. Daniel 'Excessive hair' Schütze - did anyone work out what he really got up to with the Wychwood Warriors? And of course countless others including Rachel, Gareth, Doz, Kim, Sandra, Gagg, Justin.....

In short, I was the meanest, I did suck that equine penis, Simon 'horse's arse' Bond.



**Andrew Bonello, Engineering**

The knowledge that I'd managed to seize a place at an Oxford college left me with more than a small lump in my throat back in 1993. A heady ambition that I had set myself had finally been achieved.

What a relief it was, then, to discover, upon finally arriving at St. Hugh's, that studying was not the be-all and end-all of student life. Not that there wasn't any work to do - on the contrary! - but perhaps the best lesson that St. Hugh's has taught me is that to relax about studying and "smell the flowers" as it were, is perhaps the best way to a more pleasant and rewarding time at Oxford.

I'll take away many fond memories of St. Hugh's - some nights of carnage in the Bar and the many Bops, and one or two unfeasibly long nights in the library. But most of all, the community spirit that Hugh's has always had will, for me, remain the most pleasant memory of all.



**Ellie Davey, Modern Languages**



Alias Rice/Rainbow Woman.

Well Ellie - who is she? You know she's the gorgeous one but, sorry guys, she's engaged. However, this wasn't always the case: I remember... Charles: the innocent, handsome computer whizz; Bob: the dark, sexy popper; and Clark: the squat rugby-type waiter (I don't mention the one who used to wear her clothes). Here's a tip for you blokes: her ideal man is a mixed Gaston (P.O.E) and Aladdin (boyishly fit).

I know the real person behind the gorgeous beauty: for instance Ellie has numerous faces including: the early morning, mascara by cheekbones face; the "I've just downed tequila" face; the "I'm about to take the knock" face and of course, my personal favourite - the "gypsy" face.

Ellie and I have shared a lifetime's worth of experiences - I even know what end of the bath she sits at! Babe - I wish you permanent "good hair and clothes" days, love you always. Kidda - it's just a

**Oli Dew, Engineering**



**“WOOF WOOF”**

**Haunted the corridors of MB 1994-95**

**Claire Drummie, Biochemistry**



So, after 4 years at St. Hugh's, what have I learnt?

- 1) Biochemistry is a difficult subject which I will never understand.
- 2) A large gin and tonic eases the pain of almost any situation.
- 3) Failing the above, spend an afternoon in G&D's with your best friend.
- 4) Events organised by the Christian Union are more successful when free food is offered.
- 5) Rowing is a perfectly reasonable excuse for getting up at 5am.
- 6) No matter where you cycle in Oxford, the wind is always in your face.
- 7) The best special offers in Sainsbury's are always unfeasible to carry back to College.
- 8) Having a friend with a car solves the problem of the above.
- 9) It is possible to steam up the mirror in the gym. (Simply take 8 rowers, some loud music and a tyrannical Vice-Captain with a stop-watch).
- 10) The number of times you check your e-mail during the day is directly proportional to the amount of work you have to do.

Love to you all - especially anyone whose shoulder I have cried on, food I have eaten, or degree I have ruined.

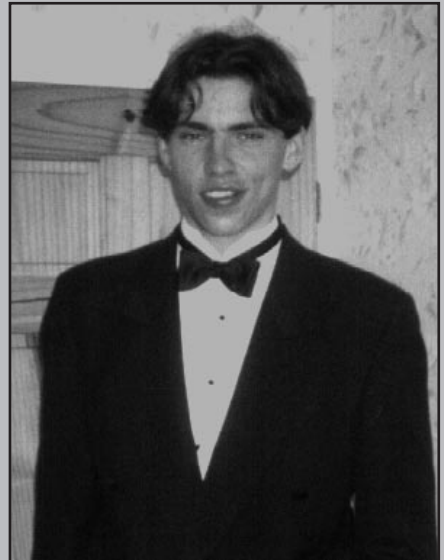
**Simon Fletcher, *Mathematics***

My first year at St. Hugh's is very blurred and hazy, perhaps something to do with cocktail parties, cheap Bailey's and the Principal's sherry? However, I will never forget all-evening cooking, water fights, a couple (okay, hundreds) of goal-keeping howlers, sumo-wrestling with Chris Lewis, Bondy and the traffic cone, and post-Mods celebrations.

The highlight of the second year was the St. Hugh's Ball - I have never seen so many drunk people in one place at any time. It's just a shame that I was sober! My greatest achievement at college must be my transition into a demon table footie player (Blair, I'm much better than you!)

As for my final year, what can I say? It's been "Hilarious and Sometimes Scary!"

I have to thank Katie Holland for making my time at St. Hugh's the best of my life and to everyone else I've known, I am going to miss you.



**Paul Groden, *History***

St. Hugh's - three years of essay crises, hard work and Hall food. Memories include cycling to the Perch just before the joy of Mods; the College Ball and Michael's 20th at Magdalen. I was involved with the Guild for four terms. Once, I spent two days organising a presentation and sent 500 mailers. Six people turned up and half way through, a power cut hit the building. As President of the History Society with Delilah, I did organise a good year of events including a talk by one of George's eccentric friends.

Thanks to: Roger, for his fanatical liberalism, woolly jumpers and 10,000 maniacs. Mon, for his Wagnerian right-wing zeal and love of potatoes. David Gallagher for his madness and obsession with Popes. Toby, who never woke up till 2 p.m. Ben, for his addiction to Star Wars and that Pulp concert we attended.

So there you have it. Oh yes, and I did the Firestarter in a manic way at all those wonderful College Bops. I'm a twisted animator...



**Jane Healy, *Geography***

After three years studying Geography at St. Hugh's most of my thanks and apologies must go to the other Geographers and all the Musicians, particularly: the men in 'Dido and Aeneas' I made dance, wear a dress and smile; Chris for his endless orchestra rehearsals; the other clarinetists for their support in Chris's endless rehearsals, the Climatologists from the Tenerife field trip, the Geographers from the Crete field trip - particularly Simon for leaving the equipment on top of the hill.

Fond memories include the 1996 May Ball, playing in 'Ghetto' at the Playhouse and in 'Patience', dissertation research in Germany, the Doreton Society, nights around the piano in The Rose and Crown and Music Society concerts and post-concert parties.

All my love to Edward, Jenny and Richard - I missed you in my final year, and to James for being there and being you.



**Sabine Heine, Biological Sciences**



Thanks to everybody who made my time here so excellent: there have to be random strangers, "delights" of English cooking, weird bearded blokes who turn out to be friends, and other people with similar hair, hippos, smoke on the roof, "angles and directions into which they are pointing", "schlop" and stressful cooking, lentil soup and other bodily fluids, a brief period of rowing and being even more knackered than usual, football, volleyball and above all diving, hating the small college beds, international affairs, forever trying to save the world whilst getting all the work done (and not really succeeding), utter madness and brilliant mates, curries, chips and Ali's kebabs, flying lots and flooding it once, hopefully getting a degree at the end. All dedicated to Ben my goldfish who has survived all through the three years.

**Janne Heron, Law**



Janne, affectionately known as Yanah, has terrorized St. Hugh's for four years now, remaining loyally in the Bar despite allegedly attending Law School. That red hair, that cleavage, that ear-piercing laugh, all those *viva Liverpool* slogans - you're not friggin' kiddin' kidder - never forget where you're coming from mate. All those bottles of Hooch, all those wimpy white wine and lemonades, silk cut and cellophane, ahh.

But falling over in the street, finding lamp-posts in the gardens and behind parked cars, even kettles sometimes, barbequing on balconies, laughing till it's painful and crying on each other's shoulders when it all got too much. That's what I'll remember of her, the closest friend I've ever had and the maker of the best damned jam toasties this side of the River Jordan.

I wish her well from the bottom of my heart. Born sloppy forever babe.

**Chris Holt, Music**



These are a few recollections about people whom I would never have met were it not for St. Hugh's. From the distant past one person especially: Richard "Hands off, its my four pack" Lawrence and his harem of adoring girls, all legal I might add (how much did you bribe Roger?). Also Ed O'Loughlin for occasional impersonations of a human - perhaps France might be a better hunting ground.

Of all my long suffering tute partners, deepest sympathy to James McCullagh (BA Hons (2.2)) - it could have been longer! Of my adopted group, Helen Jeffries - thanks for rarely saying what you really thought - and also Lucie Middlemiss and Dave Lindup for proving tutorials can be fun!

Congratulations to Debbie Quare, writer of no mean an epistle, on becoming President of the College Music Society- maybe you could restart it? Other College memories? Stained carpets, flute duets, Verdi's Apostle, Perahia, drunkards in general... and finally, three and a half years on, I would like to make Pete, night porter, an honorary Music Society member - No you're not a "c\*\*t".



**Alice Hunter, *Modern Languages***

My time at St. Hugh's has been fab and this year as a "random 4th year" has been the best. I think I'll always be remembered as a familiar face in the upstairs library and College dining room. Best memories:- first year "Main Building" antics of Oli Dew and "Maurice" (who didn't make it to the second year but must remain immortal in writing with their squirrel-catching man traps, "Camberwell Carrots" CO<sub>2</sub> extinguisher games and stair-surfing escapades).

Initiation into student life:- learning the difference between Techno and Jungle, living above DJ Jon, that "Animal Farm" is not just a novel.

Participation in College life: Food Rep on Marie-Hélène Quaradeghini's May 1996 Ball Committee (MHQ now Dean, Jnr of course) which was the best event in St. Hugh's ever! Modern Languages Society Secretary in second year responsible for Bier Fest + soirée, Chapel choir, Mozart's Vespers. Most embarrassing moment:- my costume in "Dido and Aeneas" Dec 1995. Netball (twice) and girls' cricket. Incriminating gossip for posterity:- yet to happen!



**Iain James, *Geology***

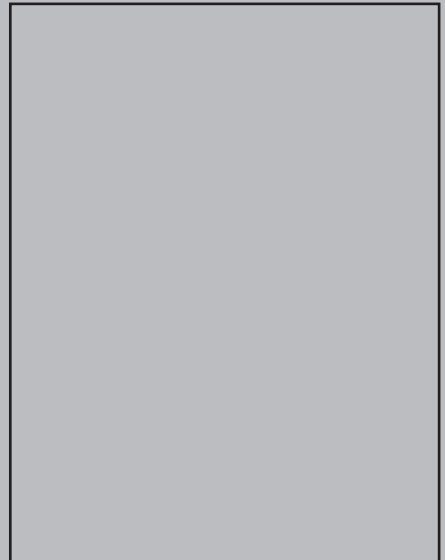
A.k.a Ginger

I was always able to say that every term was better than the one before, and the first was brilliant. By far the biggest laughs I've had have been with the Cricket and Rugby Clubs. St. Hugh's R.F.C was probably a far better drinking society than rugby team but tales of rugby dinners will be told to my grandchildren - yellow helmets and dustbins.

A special mention to my flatmate - a true gent (no, honest!), a very good friend and a tolerant neighbour. Andy Robbens - kill your television! Another mention to my Valentine whom I shall always hold dear. Working in the bar was often fun and the staff were great. Insanity gets you in the end (ask Cliff Veighy).

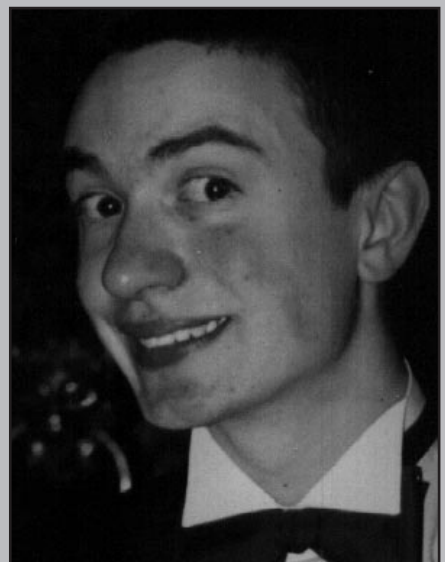
My favourite memories? Cryptic nicknames, our Cuppers run in cricket, the crack of leather on rib, red roses and tractors, Jamal's, end of term bops, the rugby team, nudity (see Jamal's), red pillars and yellow hats, the corridor in my second year (sorry tutors), 3 foot beer glasses, Fargo, Wednesday 99p specials (not really), 12 Canterbury Road, DTMs, Geology field trips and my friends.

With thanks and a lump in the throat (still recovering from rugby dinner).



**Pete Knight, *Law***

To the bastards out there - I hope I never see you again, but thanks and good luck to everyone else who made the last three years of ups and downs so special by helping me through all the work crises, getting wasted, random sleep patterns, and shed loads of wibbling. You all know who you are, but thanks especially to staircase 3 and 13 Canterbury Road and to St. Hugh for having a blatantly silly name.



**John Layburn, Mathematics**



To say I left St. Hugh's in a better way than I found it would be an absolute lie. Fortunately having the benefit of associating with such characters as D.P. Mather and a dozen others describing themselves as D.P. Mather, Medic St. Hugh's, I had as fair a chance of making a fool of myself as others. Any comments about Germans won't be appreciated. 1 digit!!!

I have the honour and joy of leaving St. Hugh's with the possibility of students such as Fox rejoining the world of academia. The future of Law could not be in safer hands - get in the mind of the criminal.

To anyone left - you poor bastards.

See you.

**Sandra Lewis, Mathematics**



I have never been a girl of many words and so I would just like to thank:

Paula and Aneirin for letting me copy their work for the past four years; Fletch and Gareth for always dragging me down the bar when I was trying to work; Sabine and Nobby for making sure I always got back in one piece even if my bike didn't; Daniel and Rachel for always losing at computer games and for producing "*my*" Yearbook.

Life is short but sweet; I managed the short.

**Dave McGuire, English**



Thanks to all of you. Thanks to the three footie teams, the CU and my (long suffering) next door neighbours. Thanks to the Ball Committee and everyone who sang "You are my St. Hugh's" during the survivors photo - it made my night. Thanks to the gang (you know who you are by now!) for many laughs, and much table-footie - thanks too for being there even though I missed so much through being out of College for various reasons and doing my own stuff. Still, I'll always remember watching the 4-1 (and DTMs afterwards!). Thanks to the stoic women who so kindly put up with my flirting, or worse still endured my romantic side. Thanks to Vas, and to Steve the Scout, for his multi-faceted footie wisdom. Thanks to Ali for special burgers. Thanks again to Gareth and also to Rebs, Jane and MHQ for too much stuff to list here. Thanks to all of you who didn't mind cleaning whipped cream from suits, hats, hair etc. Most of all, thanks to the St. Benet's goalie for letting in that blinding goal in the first year.

**Nathaniel Mumford, Classics**

A.k.a. Nobby.

"I went down. Down to Jericho for a year, down the middle of the park for St Hugh's FC, but mainly down caves. At least, that's what people seem to think, and it would be a shame to spoil a good story. "Been down any caves recently?" "Oh bugger off". Many Monday nights at the Coven; many top people in our year, sadly missed; seven great people in 11; six St Hugh's orchestra concerts. also sadly missed; five footie captains(JJ, Andy, Reece, Kimbo, Dan); four very talented Classicists; three hounous sandwiches Nick; two player of the year awards; only one Cosmic Jon - 'How good's that?' Going down..."



**Edward O'Loughlin, Modern Languages**

St. Hugh's is full of personalities: from Steve the Scout who gave me a wood pigeon because he thought I didn't eat properly, to Debbie "Brunhilde" Quare and "Deputy Brunhilde", both of whom I shall always remember for their kindness and sharp tongue; from the sobering influence of James McCullagh, who always insisted that "trough" should be pronounced "troch", to Christopher the Neanderthal, who will never know what was in that stew, from Aley, Kirsty and Ben who were always there, to the female Triumvirate of second year Linguists - you're all great; to all those who had to tolerate my so-called singing and chicken impressions, all I can say is "Je crie à toutes gens mercis".



**Nathan Phillips, Computation**

I started my time at College in 82 Woodstock Road room nine - this is a converted guest room and arguably the smallest abode in College. Some say that it was in an attempt to elevate myself from this pit that I had Sally come round - I think not.

Times that I have nearly died stand out as particularly memorable - many of these have been due to my tendency to bike everywhere at high speed (I now have substantially reduced feeling in my left hip) though I do remember one such experience half way across the Thames after Christ Church Regatta. I also stand out in that I quite enjoyed Hall food, though perhaps College's building exploits were less successful. Maybe I should be thankful that the internet wasn't connected to rooms for so long, delaying the time when I officially (<http://www.geocities.com/siliconvalley/lakes/6776>) its true! became a computer pod. I have met some really cool people in my time here - I hope at least some of you will stay in contact. Finally this memorial wouldn't be complete without a quick note of thanks to the Almighty, I wouldn't have made it without Him.



**Debbie Richards, English**



My three years at St. Hugh's wouldn't have been the same without:

The residents of 82 Woodstock Road, staircase 3 and 13 Canterbury Road who supported me throughout microscopic amounts of academic work - you've all been stars - wibble.

Everyone who ever helped me with anything thespsy - you were fabulous darling!

The JCR committee who generously never spent any money.

All the English students - I couldn't have done the translations without you.

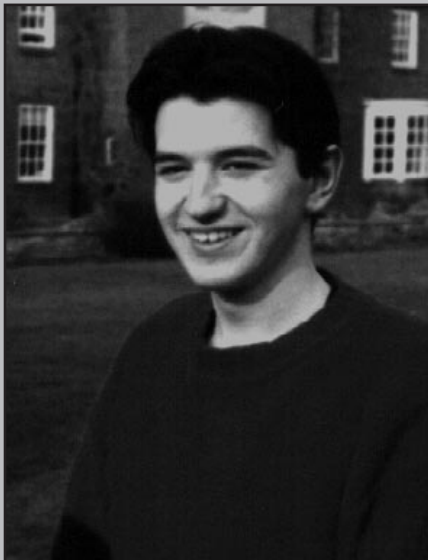
The Scouts' table - it was a great support.

The JCR Committee office - likewise.

Everyone in the Buttery who saved me from Jack and Maurice after those immortal words, "I don't want food, I just want sex."

The Bar - enough said.

**Ben Riley, Medicine**



St. Hugh's is an exhilarating, exhausting, and highly enjoyable experience. I realised early on that the College is full of loonies, so I soon felt right at home - only, at home I never go punting, cycle at night across fields to visit pubs or discuss the nature of consciousness over a bag of chips. I am grateful for those adventures, especially to Roger, for making too much tea, watching 'Evita' with me 3 times, and putting up with my ranting day and night (the mark of a true friend!); Mon, for eating a lot, always disagreeing with me on everything, and introducing me to Wagner and Kylie (I hate Wagner); David, for his mindless obsession with 18th Century ceramics, popes and theology (and for never actually smoking that pipe); Toby, for Abba, his TV and teaching me to count to 10 in Bulgarian; Paul, for his Thatcherism, unique mind (and style of dress), and for reminding me why I hate living in Surrey.

N.B. If anyone was wondering who kept stuffing those Lib. Dem. leaflets into the pigeon-holes, it was me.

**Gareth Sarjeant, Geography**



I've enjoyed my 3 years at St. Hugh's and will be sorry to leave. This has probably been helped by the fact that I actually found my subject quite interesting, particularly the Welsh aspects of the tutes, megis. During my time here I've also played football and rowed for the College - although not with the greatest of success (I still blame Wibblets' coxing!). My table football skills, on the other hand, have increased immeasurably during my time at Hugh's (yes, I am better than you Blair). The main reason why I've enjoyed my time here, however, is because I've been surrounded by some terrific people - you should know who you are! Is there anything else?

Yes, there is one thing left to say... Unga Munga.

**Daniel Schütze, Biochemistry**

If we're all actors on the stage that is Oxford, do you remember my roles?

The: accountant (498, 499, hmm), adventurer (broken bridge, nocturnal blankets/bikes, thrill of the chase), blood-donor (ouch - that's my tendon!), brewer (flavour? Alcohol), chef (one more course, Lady; 2 hours more), counsellor (try this shoulder), debater (sultanas *don't* expand), fashion stylist (my chin's cold), film critic (they got it all wrong), fireman (extinguished "dope bushfires"), gambler (Kniffel!), imbiber (→lentil soup), **INTER**mission producer (no Oscar?), mad scientist (potatoes can't scream), medic (alcohol-anaesthetised surgery on porcelain shrapnel wounds), musician (at heart; rattling chains), philosopher & poet (...of tormented souls), prophet (time exonerates), psychologist (even whilst we're locked in a bathroom), researcher (end the "everyone syndrome"), romantic (ideals & dreams), sailor (the punt's gone!), shadow (the side people "know"), steeple-jack/Samaritan (St. Hugh was cold), warrior (no, the sword is real).

Motives? All I wanted from College was the missing second digit on any of my doors. All I wanted from you was *you*. All I wanted for myself were stories for the grandchildren.

Remember what you will, never deny, and finally: burn the script.



**Justin Sherwood, History**

A life that began in a converted broom-cupboard in the middle of nowhere could only get better and it did. Three years after this inauspicious start I feel that I have enjoyed St. Hugh's more and more and - double zowie! - it is now almost time to leave and join the wacky world of the Chartered Accountants. Before I go, however, I just want to say 'Cheers' to those people who have made College an amusing place to be.



**Dave Thorne, Computation**

What is there to say?

Many, many thanks to everyone who made St. Hugh's such an interesting experience, especially those who made sure I got up in the morning by temporarily disabling the printer.

Some of those who deserve a particular mention are Doz (for the long conversations), Daniel (for the cooking, and the endless computer babble), Bondy (for the innumerable nights in the bars of Oxford) and the rest of the Maths/Comp lot who ensured in various ways that I got a degree at the end of it.

Dave is currently recuperating from his University years on an over-land world tour.

The editor caught up with me whilst I was stranded by floods in northern pERU.



**Monuhar Ullah, Law**



St. Hugh's has exposed me to people, thoughts and dreams that have changed me. Friends have made me think and ask 'Why?' The tutors are free thinkers. Josh Getzler, Edward Burn and the Principal have all inspired my legal ambition - to become a Law Lord! I must also mention Sir Geoffrey Boycott.

The substance of this patchwork is friends. All of them stand out: Roger "Reggie" Crouch for his fluffy liberalism - I'm sure you'll enjoy your Professorship at the UCE; David 'Mary' Gallagher for his fondness of Papal Decrees and the Spice Girls; Paul D. "Horatio" Groden for his Thatcherite money obsession and being Gekko; Ben "Jupiter" Riley for dreaming (bring the medical negligence suits to me!) to the tune of Star Wars; Toby Smyth for sleeping 25 hours a day; Richard "Trickster" Cole for laddishness - see you in Court! Now the show must go on - with a larger cast.

**Ian Willets, Geography**



Thank goodness I chose St. Hugh's! The tranquil solace of North Oxford, a collection of (relatively) normal people and many excellent drunken evenings. I certainly hope I never drink as much as I did during my year as JCR President and never encounter as much hassle as from some particularly difficult 'gits' in the College hierarchy. However, it was worth all of the hard work (I've got a good bath) and one day the Northern Alliance may place Oxford colleges under siege. Finally, thanks to all the great people I've met and those who've supported me through the good (and bad) times and of course, the College Administration and the Dean.



**Charles Auty**, *Modern Languages*



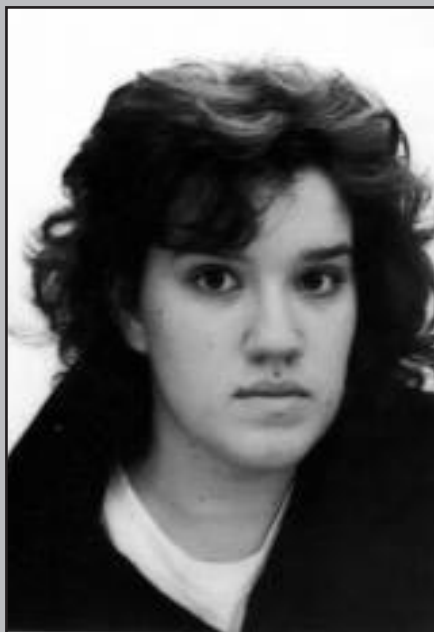
**Elizabeth Barker**, *Modern Languages*



**Dorothy Barton**, *Mathematics*



**Umeeda Bhaloo**, *Modern Languages*



**Charlie Brown**, *History*



**Mark Bushell**, *Chemistry*



**Tom Casdagli**, *Biochemistry*



**John Clark**, *Oriental Studies*



**Juliet Clarke**, *Modern Languages*



**Mark Colman, *Mathematics***



**Rachel Crosbie, *Geography***



**Roger Crouch, *History***



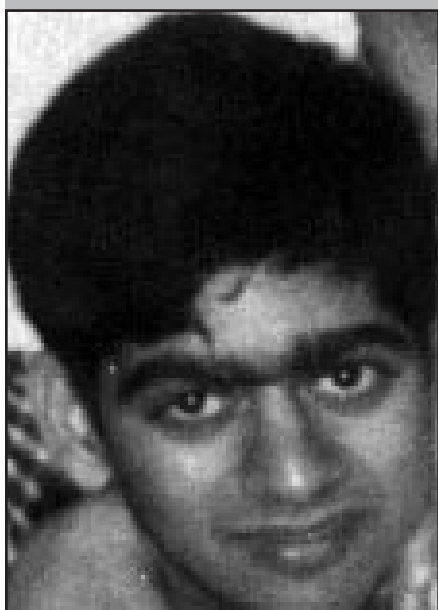
**Jon Cullen, *English***



**Pete Cullen, *Arch. & Anth.***



**Paula Curnow, *Mathematics***



**Deeps Dagur, *PPE***

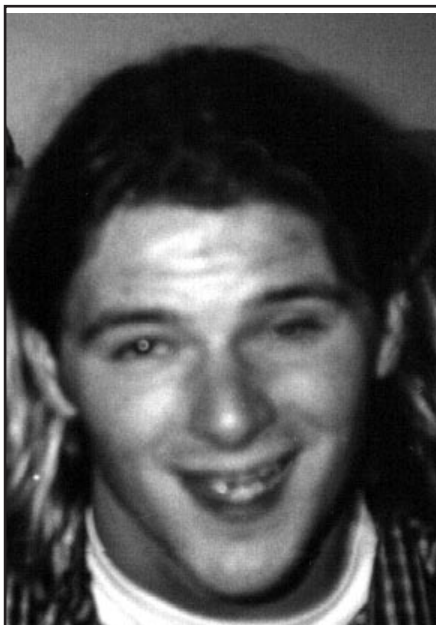


**Barry Dean, *Mathematics***



**Aneirin Glyn, *Mathematics***





**Eddie Gray, *PPE***



**Anastasia Harrison, *Geography***



**Helen Jenkinson, *History***



**Nick Jones, *Chemistry***



**Susan Harrop, *Classics***



**Jenny Heak, *Modern Languages***



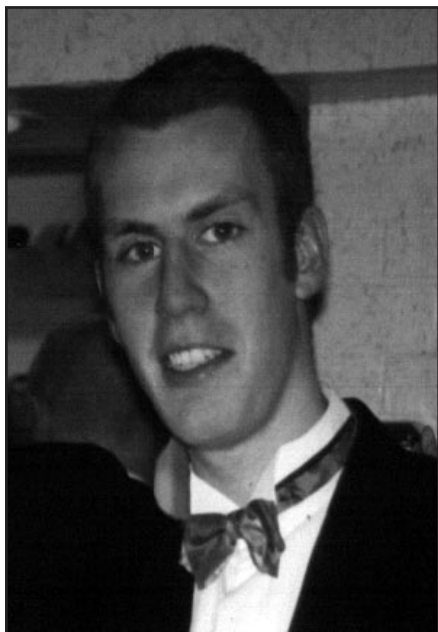
**Andy Hobley, *Chemistry***



**Katie Holland, *History***



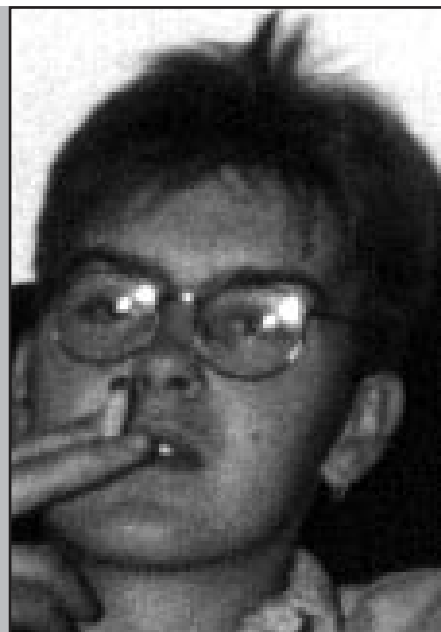
**Nick Hughes, *Engineering***



**Simon Kimberly**, *Geography*



**Dave Mather**, *Medicine*



**Jack Martin**, *Engineering*



**James McCullagh**, *Music*



**Barry McElwaine**, *History & English*



**"Big" Steve Mercer**, *History*



**Samantha Monk**, *Physics*



**Emily O'Brien**, *History*



**George Pounder**, *Classics*



Marie-Hélène Quaradeghini, *History*



Henry Reece, *Classics*



Andy Robbins, *Chemistry*



Marianne Rustad, *English*



Ben Sareen, *Mod. Langs. & Philos.*



Piotr Schielmann, *Physics*



"DJ" Jonny Simon, *Law*



Toby Smith, *Modern Languages*



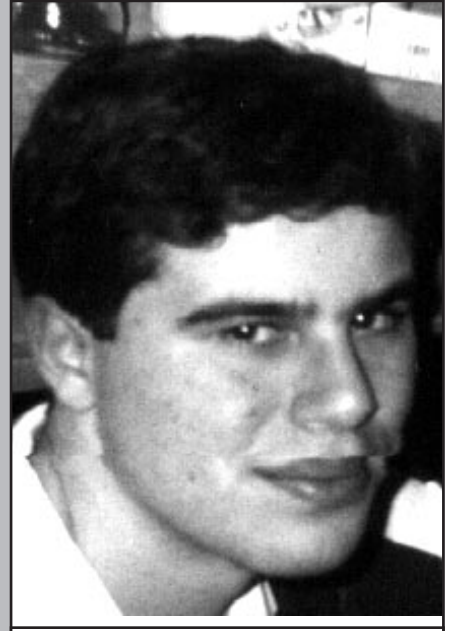
Christopher "Maurice" Noel  
Walsh-Atkins, *Physics*



**Ben Williams, *Mathematics***



**Paul Wilson, *Classics & Mod. Langs.***



**Steve "The American" Zivin, *History***

## Further Members of the Class of 1994

- Ishbel Addyman**, *English*  
**Ben Allen**, *English*  
**Becky Amos**, *Medicine*  
**David Armitage**, *History*  
**Tamsin Bond**, *Modern Languages*  
**Amy Brown**, *PPE*  
**Richard Cole**, *Law*  
**Cecily Crampin**, *Mathematics*  
**Kathryn Davies**, *Archaeology & Anthropology*  
**Rupert Denham**, *History*  
**Sarah Fendt**, *English*  
**David Gallagher**, *Medicine*  
**Ann Grewar**, *Law*  
**Nick Hardy**, *English*  
**Nicki Jacobsen**, *Medicine*  
**Mona Jain**, *PPE*  
**K Jamaluddin**, *PPE*  
**S Jayakumar**, *History & English*  
**Rupert Jones**, *Psychology*  
**Gemma Kingsley**, *Biological Sciences*  
**Clement Kjersgaard**, *PPE*  
**Martin Land**, *History*  
**Bodo Maas**, *PPP*  
**J Mackay**, *Biological Sciences*  
**Kathy McDonald**, *Archaeology & Anthropology*  
**S McNeilly**, *Archaeology & Anthropology*  
**Sarah Miles**, *English*  
**Mary Minihan**, *English*  
**Sarah Moss**, *English*  
**Ivo Paroushev**, *PPE*  
**Ashley Paver**, *Philosophy & Theology*  
**M Paylor**, *English*  
**M Peter**, *Fine Art*  
**Jackie Preston**, *Psychology*  
**J Ross**, *Archaeology & Anthropology*  
**Delilah Seale**, *History*  
**Cleona Wallace**, *Biological Sciences*  
**Emma Williamson**, *Law*  
**Vicky Willson**, *English*



# Class of 1995

**Anish Aggarwal, PPE**



I guess I'm more famous for my 'designer stubble', contingency plans, and my 'rolling revision plan' than my academic excellence.

It's been a good three years, full of fun, incident and controversy. I can think of a number of book titles I should now go and publish: '101 Ways to Irritate a Tutor', 'Visualisation Works' and 'Do You Want to do Lunch?'.

There have been many memorable moments, like getting thrown out of an Indian restaurant because it catered 'for a Western palate', accusing my tutor of stealing a textbook, and a fine day spent in the library (yet to happen).

I owe a lot of my good times to the people I've met - especially the 3 Musketeers: Dave 'Variable Hair' Menezes, Kev 'The Hardest Man in Oxford' Donnelly and Martin 'The Hardest Man North of Oxford' Coulson. Oh, and of course, St. John.

I wish everybody reading this the best of luck in whatever they end up doing, but remember, enjoyment is the way forward.

**Mark Bamber, Physics**



Three down, one to go (hopefully). Years, that is. Having spent the second year finding things to do that are more exciting than my degree, and half of this year going insane in the library, who knows what I'll be like when it's finally all over? Who cares? I don't.

I have to mention James for making the first year entertaining, always willing to short the electrics when making tea. John, with his astounding lack of ability to use superglue on anything except his body. Oh and thanks to everyone for setting the fire alarm off in 82 Woodstock.

Cheers, Simon, for locking me in our boathouse; I needed the practice of climbing through the windows in the women's changing rooms. Profound apologies to Claire for prolonging summer Eights.

Greetings to anyone I looked after in a First Aid room.

Merci, my friends - you know who you are.

**Stuart Chevalier, English**



Remember me? Eye'm the one who had your baby. And sometimes I change my head because I get bored of this one. My lawyer advised me that this confession might be taken down and used in evidence against me so I shall refrain from exposing the litany of things gone by or thanking partners in crime. Having pulled a first out of the bag I shall be ruling countries near you soon so you might as well all leave now. Hugh's has been a good whore to me. I shall always dream of the hazy days when some of you took me up on the generous offer I made to you... taste my flesh, drink my blood.

For the ladies: goodnight sweet ladies, goodnight. And enjoy life people. Remember: Shotgun is best as pain is made. I leave you with my loved one. Andy, you smell of poo.



**Andy Collins, Mathematics**

I thought that I'd better let you know that following the success of Entz '97, I will be producing Welf. '97. Stuart, please get a proper surname and have you told Trish what you did to her chickens yet? John and Clare, can I borrow your notes please? Thanks to anyone who's been around when I've wobbled out, then seen my legendary ability to come up with the most stupid solutions. Thanks to Howard for giving me a job. The night of the Storm, Mr Golding. Thanks to everyone for the good memories I'll have (but not pictures, Mr Kirk). Of course, I could not go without saying, "Cheers" to two friends who have seen me through the hard stress of university: thanks Beer & Fags (you'll be with me always). Shotgun is best, gr...



**Martin Cooling, Physics**

We've certainly found that at St. Hugh's, you'll never walk alone. First there was much monkeying by day in the quad and the unforgettable all night discussion group. I was introduced to the true art of cake-making and even a power cut to the kitchens didn't dampen spirits.

Then things became strangely manic and at last, I found a reliable alarm for the mornings. Balconies were found to be designed as cable supports and the College's provision of music practice rooms was brought into question. Of course there was also the triumph of quantity over quality; men's DII champions!

Finally, careful planning and additional training saw the creation of St. Hugh's trauma centre. Dining conversation became far more random and the true worth of the ten pence piece was established.

Yes, I can definitely say I chose life; I chose St. Hugh's.



**Martin Coulson, PPE**

Well what have I learnt after 3 years at Oxford? Certainly not enough PPE, definitely how to hold my drink and possibly the art of bull\*\*\*\* in tutorials. The people that I have met are all great; Kevin has done his best to introduce me to some culture, and has certainly provided me with some entertaining arguments, usually over a few pints; Anish has expanded my vocabulary to include "Let's do lunch" and "Take five" but he's also been a good friend over the last couple of years; Dave has helped to consume too much vodka, shared in some funny jokes, and generally told me when I'm being stupid - thanks man. Any of the 2nd years I know who see this - thanks for keeping me sane in my final 2 terms.



**Simon Dadson, *Geography***



Three years spent trying to be a Geographer have happily been interrupted by: Claire, whose videos made me fall asleep; Oli's whisky and feathers; Emma's cake and tea; Steve's attempt to hibernate through his degree. Chris and Dan have kept me laughing with manic dancing and lots of tea, while Dom and Claire tried to save me from the clutches of the Boat Club. Along with Becci, who dreamed of elephants, and Ronnie, who woke me up at 6 a.m. to go rowing far too often; we should have got blades! Good luck everybody; and to Oli, Dan, and Mandesa: see you at the carnival!

**Kevin Donnelly, *English***



A first year of perpetual combat almost took me down before the second had started - and advantages of staying here? A little profitable work (perhaps), and evenings of informed political discourse (naturally), and far too many surreal and stupid conversations (from symposia to bo-dub-a-dub-a). A little culture, a lot of crassness and, due to my admirably abstemious character, but a couple of debauched evenings (of course). Thanks in all these must go to Martin (rock-steady Geordie), Anish (by far the most studious person known to me) and Dave (the multi-talented) and finally in absenten - for whom the bell tolls. The moment has been prepared for -

- Here comes the quiet life.

**Alice Dryden, *Classics***



As I'm not a proper finalist and still have a year to do (mutter about doing 4 years of skull-popping work for a mere BA), I'm not yet able to get all nostalgic about the joys of institutional food, soporific tutorials, Dean-sanctioned bans on everything but breathing, hellish Bops and people vomiting outside my door in the wee small hours. No doubt in a couple of decades I shall think it was all hilarious.

By the way, I'm the short, strange person with the cute-furry-animal fixation and the small motorbike.

**Julia Fea, History**

Thanks to: Ming-mong, simply the best; the Witch and the Wardrobe, may the Yellow Submarine always throb to the sounds of "La Bamba" and Wendy's vigorous scrubbing; Maurice, Jack and Steve for initiation; Auds, Jon, James and Uncle Matty; Acland for music and not wearing the same shoes everyday; Staircase 2; Peter and Alex for wine and Blind Date; novice mens's crew for breaking that boat; the Historians; Al and Magdalen; Number 11 for sheltering their token bird.

Thanks for: Giant loo rolls; Vincent and Mwithin; hold-ups; the Boat Race 1996; FQAW; cheesy biscuits, no more pentathlon but lots of OUFC; Oxygen; fruit teas which taste different, honest; a superb JCR Pres, 1996-7; Pulp Fiction for GG in the bar; fake faeces; Will's 21st; doing the Macarena on my balcony; Prince; St. Hugh's Night 1997; Baby Boo; Hall's veggie "option"; Port Meadow at sunset; Hugh's for tolerating this 23 year old.

Thanks be to ... "God"



**James Conrad St. John Foreman, Maths & Philosophy**

Naked into this world I came and I'll be leaving wearing the same pair of corduroys that I got in the first year. So much for personal development. As I've always said, you can take the boy out of the suburbs but you'll need penicillin to get the suburbs out of the boy again.

I wish I could remember my first year, but looking back it was an eternity of waking up with the lights on, tucked up in a cell half way up Kenyon. How I vowed to escape that "interesting" piece of architecture, and how strange it seems that I've stayed there ever since. Thank you to Terry for never oiling the hinges of KB 3B - the continual squeaking was a boon to me in times of essay crisis. Thank you to the boiler for whirring and humming as I tried to sleep. And thank you to my fellow in mates in the second year, not least that most cheerful of men, Hugh Roberts.

And so here I am in the third year, better at Tekken 3 and martial arts than I ever expected, and astonished by how little work we've all got away with over our time here. A toast to all the money wasted and all the wasters too. To the Queen and all who sail in her...

(Magic to some, Mad to others, and the rest will require too much explanation.)



**Becci Foster, Biological Sciences**

Bloody hell - it seems that even after three years of essay writing I am still incapable of expressing my thoughts on paper (although usually this is probably a consequence of lack of thoughts rather than inability to create prose). Anyways, with regard to St. Hugh's, and more importantly the people of St. Hugh's, I have a million and one thoughts and yummy memories that could fill Lenny's pants several times over and will doubtless last a lifetime. I certainly hope that they do. It's been fantastic.

My friends are the best thing that has happened to me - love you and will miss you to bits.

Take care.

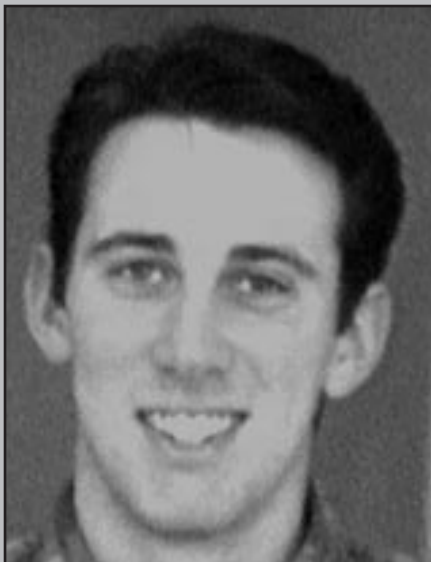


**Daniel French, Law**



Despite studying Law, three years at St. Hugh's has passed far too quickly. Thanks for this go to: The Boy Warner for his comedy dancing, serious drinking and taking the odd risk with women, Si for never being PC but always making sweet tea, Dom for days by the river, Nina for Nina, Srji for making my tennis look good, Clive for harassing Herring, Frim for Sarah Lee, Kimbo for being such a diamond Geezer, Teddy for providing my only source of inspiration, Morten and Reecie for showing me how I should play football, Mandesa for putting up with me and Oli for being such a crazed and feathery honky. Finals and Freshfields await, wish me luck my friends, goodbye.

**James Gagg, Medicine**



"Work is the curse of the drinking classes" - Oscar Wilde sums up the last three years. They included some good times. For instance, take a quiet retiring Geologist, Ed, the Lamb and Flag, eight pints of Old Peculiar, and hey presto, you are the proud owner of a log from the fireplace. On a similar theme, how's the darts these days Matt?

How do we get in such states - by drinking. What do we drink - anything, well almost anything, unless you are Jon T and desire the masculine option, cider.

Bad times - I think now is a time to apologise to Debbie for regurgitating cocktails in her direction - it could have happened to anyone!

All the time - it wasn't all drunkenness though. Thanks Steve for the hours of FIFA 98, Ami, Emma, Claire, for bottomless reserves of coffee, Simon for your bike, Jens for queue jumping at Fifth Ave... the list goes on and on.

Well, there are too many people and not enough words, so thanks for a great time and stay well away from the John Radcliffe for the next three years.

**James Golding, Engineering**



A quick series of highlights is the fairest way to do this. From early abseiling adventures on Carfax, to an abortive hitchhike to Paris with Andy C. The adventurous spirit trying to glide and scuba. Halcyon days with Johnny Moped and the Sidecars, and the famous week-long Jam Society recording session with Sharx at my old school! Then there was the undercover work of "The Trinity Project" with the dastardly Prof. Moriarty... Having spent too much of my 2nd year with a now-deceased Unqle, I must thank John and Ads for introducing me to gigs - the back pain post-Dustball is still with me. Big grins to Solomon & Su-san for letting us invade, Mark for making my room not seem that small after all, Damien for having cool stuff, Jef for telling the truth, Daniel for the big sword, Alison, Clare and Lois for cooking. And Silver Sun. Oh and that dodgy Russian Anton for being my dark side... I look forward to a future of many interesting INTERmissions! REALLY sorry if I forgot anyone...!!

**Lois Goldstone, Chemistry**

My initiation into St. Hugh's was speedy, meeting on arrival Tricky, his amp and his electric guitar, my new neighbours and a cause of lack of sleep for 2 terms. Main Building life was never quiet, living below George and his opera singing too. I have many memories of that year especially the summer, of croquet, random punting outings and of one evening when, during a huge storm, I looked after someone's (guess whose) shoes whilst they streaked through the gardens! In the 2nd year the gardens were home to a crazy game of end of term midnight football - without lighting.

I think that my friends would remember me for, throughout the 3 years, having a mad grin, producing (and feeding them) cakes and biscuits and maybe playing the cello and rushing off to Christian Union.



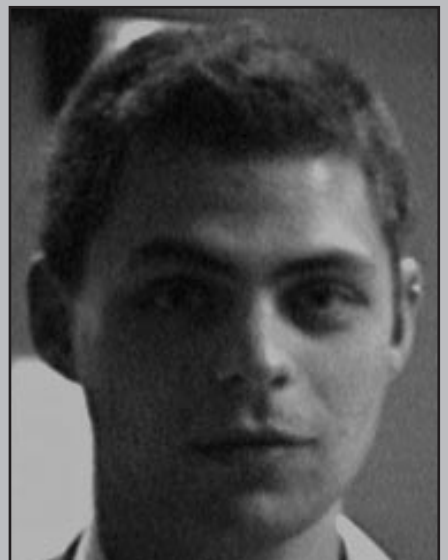
**Philippa Green, English**

Pink-cheeked and sparkly eyed, Philippa is the quintessential English student, sensitive and thoughtful, wearing pretty floaty scaves, glitter and little plaits. It is a little known fact that Philippa owns the squeakiest bike in Oxford. Less unpleasant to the ear, however, is her champion cello playing. Despite all her sweetness and light, Philippa's painted blue fingernails, Guinness-swilling ability, Spice Girls' impressions on the karaoke machine and painful pursuit of fitness with the University Aerobics Society point to her wickedly rebellious side. But when asked to describe her, these are hardly the images that spring to mind. For she is one of the most caring, warm-hearted, genuine and entirely gorgeous people around, to the extent that she alone can turn the biting witty Mr. Burbidge into a little fluffy bunny.



**Jonathan Greenwold, History**

Tom, Shifa, Charlotte, Big James, Tin Tin, Rob, Jules and George: I'm so glad I met you here. And I've had such wicked times - dribbling in a corner with Tom at free parties, and listening to him DJ at Abstract Science and Po Na Na's; cooking and drumming with Jules (and getting... erm... lost in Southampton...); talking so much bollocks with George and watching QPR; dancing on the bus shelter at Reclaim the Streets; dying my hair with Charlotte; rediscovering Metal with Big James; chatting for hours with Shifa over tea; getting cold at Newbury... ill in India; our big party in the basement of Bagicha's, lazing in the parks in the summer, rolling in the grass on May Eve... Whenever I'm with all you lot, I know that's where it's at and there's nowhere else I'd rather be. I'm very fond of you all. Take care of yourselves.



**Robert Haroutiunian, *Engineering***



I started St. Hugh's in 1995 and have realised that I am doing one of the hardest courses in Oxford. How could I be so STUPID?

Ah well, I have met some pretty cool people I have been hanging out with for three years - you know who you are. It's been a lot of fun.

Being here I have learnt how to live away from home, how to cook, how to love, how to play table football, how to use the internet, how to backflip, how not to get up for nine o'clock lectures. I have realised that we mustn't just rush through life, we must stop and look around every once in a while. Never stop living for the moment and don't forget about your ultimate goals in life.

Peace and one love.

**Audrey Healy, *PPE***



As I make plans to pitch my tent and sleeping bag in the PPE Reading Room, at least I'll have fond memories to bring with me. Rumblings and debauched embarrassment in Main Building, carnage and sado-masochism in staircase 6 (not forgetting the chickens and token pyromaniac) to the surreal chaos of 10 Canterbury Road. From the melodrama of writing essays whilst pitifully hungover, to the euphoria of post-Collection drinking sessions at the Gardener's. Respect to the irreplaceable Rhymes Duo who have made us all feel so welcome. And Ali for supplying the after-hours munchies. Kisses and hugs to my friends who have kept me sane and well away from the straight and narrow. Oxygen FM, inter-railing, hypnotism, Café Del Mar, veggie sausages - cheers St. Hugh's. Here's to securing that 2:1 in the art of blagging. And last but not least, love to the happy hippy in my life whom I wouldn't have met had I not been here.

And although the over-riding theme of my 3 years has been that of making a complete tit out of myself - je ne regrette rien, mes amis.

**Clare Hebden, *Mathematics***



I am a Physical Applied Mathematician, famous university-wide for my lecture notes. From those who think 7am is a lie in: "Clare is completely random, but everyone loves her for it". (Thanks - I think!). I have been heavily involved in the Boat Club in the 1st VIII, as occasional cox (sorry!), coach of a fantastic Christ Church team, Treasurer, Cherwell Regatta organiser and women's Captain.

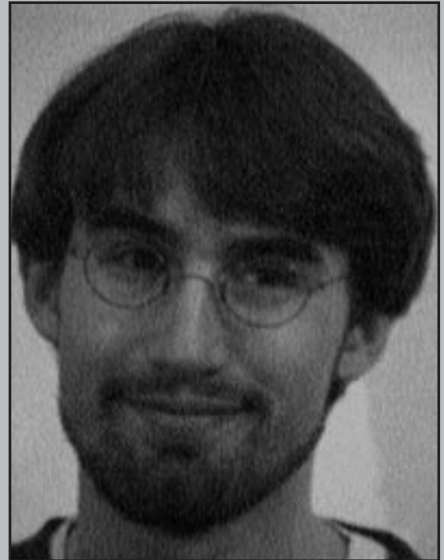
Spotted at events in a fetching green and yellow coat. As a member of OUFAU, "mending" people is known to be the "most fun you can have with your clothes on"!

None of this would have been any fun without all of my friends. Balls, Bops, pool cake, murder mysteries, BC curries, talks by "our mate Roger", snowball/water fights, early morning outings, wins, disappointments would have meant nothing without them. You are all wonderful and I love you all! From a random baby (little) spice, the most annoying person in the whole world.

**Joshua Hertz, PPP**

A.k.a. "Procrastination-Boy" a.k.a. "David" a.k.a. "Garfield Brown" Not a believer in wasting time, Procrastination-Boy often saves hours wandering around record stores and supermarkets, phoning Cathy, and decorating the basement's already heaving walls... Speaking of which, Josh's capacity to drink like a fish (i.e. a very small guppy) is remembered fondly; alcohol has regularly proved lethal to his rigorous work schedule... The basement's music maestro, Josh plays tunes on the phone as well as his guitar. He is undeniably College's biggest, and possibly only, Elvis (Costello) and Paul McCartney fan/authority. (Indeed "Q" magazine and the Evening Standard turn to him first...)

Quotes: "Happy Almost-Pancake Day - how may we help you?", "Graeme, where's our rug?", "Hi, how's your work going?" "Oh, like I'm gonna learn about this and then write an essay? Give me a break." Internal Clock: Messed up. Future Prospects: Sharing a park-bench with Nick/Simon; Kermit-impersonator (ask Virgin Radio!); Chef du Crumble (Chez David et Simon); Combined-Hugs-and-Hair-Brushing-Service. Songs: "A Hard Day's Night", "Feelin' Groovy", "The Angels wanna wear my Red Shoes", "Love to be Loved." Motto: A day can really slip by when you're deliberately avoiding what you're supposed to do.



**Dominic Higgins, Biochemistry**

The thing I'll remember most about my first year is my bed, its miniature size and the disproportionate amount of time I spent there. Also the shows - Coppers, 'Dido', 'Stags 'n' Hens' - & the Americans (hope they read this).

My second year bed was bigger, but out of college. I'll always remember carrying Chris home, the view from his window, death-defying leaps from window ledges and Quincy, Eric the mad Russian and his cooking, Alpha and her pipe, Dave, Jason and Nick and those lists (see you on University Challenge) and of course the Jowett.

Through it all, making it great: Chris 'The Boy' Warner, Graham and his cakes, Ronnie and her pants fixation, Becci and her elephants, Dan (ring your mum), Simon 'Moley' Dadson. The football teams I've hindered, the crews I've coxed and all those others - home, Liverpool, here. Cheers mates.

Oh Mole? Make tea...



**Nazia Hirjee, Geography**

Well, that was one way of spending three years and several thousand pounds... But who'd have it any other way?

Thanks to St. Hugh's for Ming Mong - Narnia and the Yellow Submarine will be with me forever; Bunny - the missile that stayed in bed till three... or was that eight?; Pidge - I'm sure The Tutor will miss your Quality Streets, but hey, "It's gotta be done!". But the mistakes stopped being made - did it ever happen, Jon T?! -and from tinned beef burgers, Stallone and Pastrami- "you got the goods, I got the cash" (and I never did find those shoes), to...

The hallowed days of the smoke-filled rooms, DJ Dez at the round table, that forever unobtainable essential point about the Constitution, "F\*\*K it, they'll never know" (well, they do now, eh, Ans, Sar, Petie-pie, Random?!), the darling Dean (don't start any fires in the future, Rich!), and the perpetual refrain of "Shut the f\*\*k up, its a total pile of w\*\*k", to ...

Good "13 Canterbury Road" Lads! Here's to Loon, St. Rebs, Steve Hagger, Julietta, Meedie-Moo, Gay Ludenborg, Clarkey, and the unforgettable Gucci Pounder - "Sorry!" A parting message - "Never perspire, always glow" (as we used to say in the barracks...)



**Debbie Home, *Medicine***



Never having snogged Clive Smith or been otherwise involved in College gossip, some of you may not know me. But to all of you who put up with my cello playing or were there for the balls, punting, frisbee, and ice-creams on the lawns, and cycling to Blenheim - for contributing to many happy days at St. Hugh's.

In particular, "cheers" to James and Matt for some memorable and amusing tutorials and for looking after me in second year. Lots of love to my superb house mates: Lucy and Ben - thanks for your sensitivity; Stu - ta for the lung cancer; Andy - NEVER trust a Medic, especially on the subject of hair loss! To Sara and Anna, my faithful suppliers of chocolate, vodka, moussaka, insults and insanity - keep walking on sunshine and don't forget the pygmy lawns...

**Philip James, *Chemistry***



Philistine, Philosopher, Philanderer: Phil has been many things throughout his time at St. Hugh's; those of you he philandered might only remember him as one, those who tried to understand his theory that "Life is like a box" (he passed out before Forrest Gump said "of chocolates") might remember him as another, but to me he was all of these and much more.

Until the third year (when he became the library hermit) he was Phun, Phun, Phun, with most of it being too incriminating to mention here. Some can slip through censorship; redecorating the floors of MB; turning the college roof into a practice climbing slope; his pizzas with the added 'extras'. Since I have known him, Phil has been through many phases (some only lasting a matter of hours!), but through all of them he has always been my best mate. Thanx for all the good times and support.

**Helen Jeffries, *Music***



My time at St Hugh's has been an education in every sense of the word. Like many others I shall never forget the 1995 production of 'Dido & Aeneas' and other associated musical enterprises. In the last year I have had the joy of being organ scholar and there's no way I can summarise that in 100 words. The chapel choir will, however, be mentioned in my forthcoming memoirs when I shall be delighted to give them the address of my solicitor. The only vital life skill I have failed to learn at St Hugh's and which it should have taught me is the art of using alcohol as an alternative to sleep. Life, however, goes on and is a continued learning process...



**Tom Johnson, English**

I'm sure you'll all remember him, although more for his safari shirts and quiffs than for any particular academic ability. Unfortunately his quiff doesn't quite reach the dancefloor yet. He's somewhat changed since I first met him - alas the days of childish innocence have long passed. His crazy escapades are far too numerous to mention, so I won't even try. Okay, well maybe just one: filling our staircase paddling pool with alcohol and sipping it through long straws in the sun is hard to forget.

Friend to some, weird bloke to others, Shop Rep to the rest of you - Ladies and Gentlemen may I present Tom Johnson.

Oh and can I just apologise to Tom for substituting his incense sticks for sparklers, and practically causing him to reduce MB to a pile of ashes when he tried to light one, and also to the rest of you poor sods for being woken up at three a.m. by the resulting fire alarm.



**Helena Keers, History**

Alcohol and sleep are the mainstays of student living. Stereotype, gross injustice!... Unless you get into the real spirit of the whole affair. After all students have to work! (So it's alcohol and no sleep then? Well it depends if you can get "ten in the bed", doesn't it?..)

Ode to St. Hugh's College... blessed are those revered days of the bog sheet, the famous symmetry, the failed Trinity Bop, the Cranberries vs. Iron Maiden and horseying around with pillows in the land of Narnia and the Yellow Submarine!

... blessed are those people who stood in the rain on May Day 1996, traumaed in the rain outside Kenyon, and cycled through the rain to Wolvercote.

... blessed are the pig farmers, JCR presidents and hansom men wearing DJs - if not lending them to cold girls in ball dresses.

... bless number 13 D-days, tequila and eternal tea drinking and everyone; from "hairy cheeks" and bearded men, to Beryl and Peepy. From butterflies to little nervous and sexy chicas!

... bless the long summers of whisky on the lawns, and smoking with the Scouser, serving behind the bar to rugby folk, dancing to the Beach Boys and playing hopscotch.

... bless you all and especially the Gardener's!



**John Kirk, Computation**

St Hugh's College Oxford, well I never. Who would have thought that little old me would ever have ended up gracing the hallowed halls of such a place? Well, after all, a drunken uncultured Northerner has no place in a fine educational establishment - he just wouldn't be able to mix with the academic and social elite of the country's finest schools and colleges. Just as well, then, that St. Hugh's has about as much culture as a Newcastle pub brawl so I fitted in just fine. Three years of living with the strangest bunch of people has been interesting. There are far too many incidents and people to mention - you know who you are.

It's been a good laugh, I've got some blurred memories to treasure and had a few shandies along the way.

Good Luck.



**Denise Kong, *Mathematics***



You'll notice that my picture here doesn't quite match up to the one used as the week's "Hardest Woman in Oxford", although better than the one Jef offered to clip out of the Matriculation photo i.e. nothing.

Could I fail to say "thank you" to Pearl for pointing out all my programming mistakes and accompanying me into the wash of testosterone that is the Computing department? On which subject, also all those who sorted out my general computing problems, John, James, Richard and Kannan. Jef for biscuits (even if supply and demand failed to coincide on many an occasion) and general good taste. Clare and Donna for always having lecture notes and being generally lovely people. Jo for having a room even messier than mine. Vanessa, I hope you get your very own chicken one day.

**Guy Ladenburg, *English***



I have no doubt that my abiding memories of St. Hugh's will concur closely with everyone else's; the serenity and luxuriance of first year accomodation, the convenient geographical location, the long history and ancient traditions of the College, the fluency and syntactical assurance of the Scouts' discourses, the mood of scholastic rigour and divine meditation, the gastronomic splendour of Hall and the wide range of fine ales and wines at the Bar, the poise and social grace of the undergraduates, the privileges and respect afforded to the students by the SCR and the deep, humane philanthropy of the new Dean...

**Doyel Maitra, *English***



"Personally I am in favour of education, but a university is not the place for it."

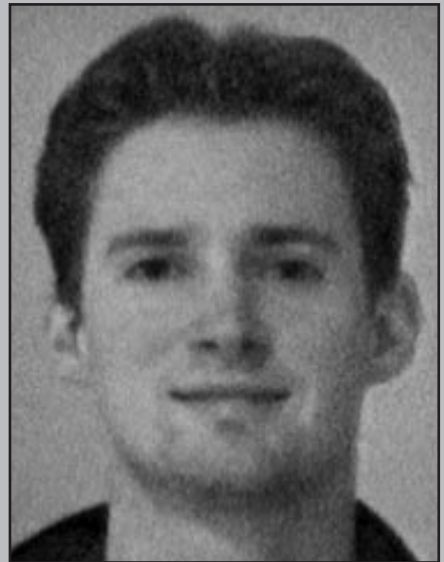
Tom Stoppard.

**Will Malcolm, *Biological Sciences***

Bye!

SP5 2LJ

[He says that if you put this on an envelope it will get to him. The post code, not "bye" that is]



**Aley Marchant, *History***

A.k.a. "Al" a.k.a. "Woodstock Strokes" a.k.a. "The Kinetic Wardrobe"

During her first year, Aley spent many a Tuesday night dragging her inebriated body up the stairs of MB, throwing herself at innocent doors (often disturbing Focused-Attention-Span-Man in the process), before passing out in a bathroom.

Aley's daily routine is currently taken up with "sexercises" in anticipation of Captain Duvet's return. This has also brought out Aley's poetic nature, as any of those fortunate enough to have heard "The Jon Batty Song" will attest to. Hopefully, Jon will put an end to her habit of dancing with pillows stuffed up her jumper and a Christmas tree on her head. But we wouldn't count on it...

Quotes: "F\*\*k-a-doodle-doo", "P\*\*s-bum-b\*\*\*\*\*s-poo." Secret Passions: Elderly monks, vets and anything weasel-featured. Future Prospects: A barrister (problematic if the Principal uncovers her plan to kidnap his cat); a threesome with the Hollioakes (headed towards domestic bliss as the wife of a professional Surrey cricketer). Song: "Brimful of Asha (Everybody needs a bosom for a pillow)"



**Emma McKenzie, *Classics***

I came. I saw. I watched cheesy TV and films and drank tea with Claire, fairey godmother extraordinaire. I drank far too much diet coke and bought hundreds of cherry bakewells (I wonder why?). I was amazed at Si's endless capacity to make me smile and his secret passion for lycra. I was dazzled by Steve's fantastic facts and sleep patterns. I was ably assisted through the thorny bits by Anna. I was poisoned by cocktails from Oli's teapot. I tried to drink myself to oblivion at Gabbadan's (sorry Claire). I rowed in the women's first Torpid. We almost got blades. I had numerous amusing encounters some of which were patent (Hallowe'ens), others more clandestine. I lived in Park Town. I collected cows. I found a few priceless friends who I'll never forget. Bye!!!



**Dave Menezes, *Physics***



Having lived in MGA next to the old JCR during his first year Dave quickly learnt the value of forgetting how nice sleep felt and the importance of loud music to drown out the racket the rest of us made. Equipped with such knowlege, where should he go for his second year? Why, MB of course, where the great music could convert a great many more (myself included - and I lived in 82!) It was there that the great chef's talents were discovered and his culinary delights craved ever after. There a great many friendships were forged - with people from all around the world. Of course, the same stresses and strains suffered. However, stress release comes with his fantastic piano playing and rumour has it, one or two, very drunken nights (put it this way, Freuds, the Gardener's, the Royal Oak and the Radcliffe Arms have more of his pounds than he does!) Now in the respectable and quieter RTB he has distinguished himself by chopping all his hair off - it's ok though, still easy to spot with that hat!

**Lucie Middlemiss, *Music***



My name is Lucie Middlemiss. I am 20 years old and I am a student. I work and live at St. Hugh's College, Oxford University and study music. This year I am doing my finals. Although I have enjoyed most of my time at Oxford I will be glad to get away from the place, especially since I am sick of the attitude problem displayed by so many students here (fortunately this situation is not too dire at St. Hugh's).

My best moment here was the second year which was great.

**John Moriarty, *Mathematics***



I'd better write something, or Anton has threatened to write it for me... You'll probably/hopefully remember me as a friendly, harmless, short, blond Scouse bloke who finally emerged from his room sometime in second year. I was privileged to serve you all as a porter at weekends and achieved slightly more notoriety by being a close friend of Andy Collins; appearing in "Dido and Aeneas"; playing bass during a hust; helping ban smoking from JCR meetings; and playing saxophone for the University Jazz Orchestra.

Oh yes... and Claudia Rossi, Miranda Atkins, Jessica Imhoff, Graham Vernon, Becky Jolly, Kate Ludgate, Debbie Home, MHQ, Rebecca Smith, Claire Wallace, Rebecca Raven, Sharon Curtis... Sorry, this doesn't usually happen. Pass the lime juice.

**Stephen Murphy, *Geology***

Definitely a fish. Secretary of the Star Trek Society for two terms (and that was long enough) and editor of the Scientific Society magazine. Famous among my friends for my miniature bike collection and keeping everyone else's bike working. A member of the College Badminton team for three years - and still can't play properly.

Still recovering from my mapping project after farcical bike failures, broken-down trains and station evacuations. My speciality is bad jokes, usually with a side portion of Hall chips. Laurel-and-Hardy-style tutorials will also be a long-lasting memory (how could I forget...?). Pointless practicals (let's plot another graph...) and useless lectures, I will miss them all (well, probably not). So long and thanks for all the cups of tea. Stephen 'Evil Plan to take over the World' Murphy (Waa haa haa haa haa haa haa etc.)



**Maya Naidoo, *History***

I am Maya Naidoo. I did History. I used to have chop sticks in my hair. But that's all over for three years plump and pungent mangos have waited for summer. Every May flesh bursts through skin and drips sweetly. This will continue. Eat them in the grass doused in sunshine. There is a house on Kingston Road where chick-coloured roses smell of Barfi.

In particular, Faisal put a Kit Kat through my window. Astrid and I tried to look pregnant. Hugh delivered cheese and Leibniz to order. Lucie and I drank wine by the tree tops. We were cool.

Good night. I love you all.



**Ben Parker, *Law***

After three years here life will never be the same. From the dark mists of the first year (when I danced graciously in a bright yellow toga in the Mordan Hall) to the consummation of three years of... hedonism, the effervescence of St. Hugh's has known no bounds.

Most important of all have been my friends. Many thanks to all those who have been there for me: whether for a chat, for putting the world to rights, or for helping me see things in perspective. The following deserve special mention: Ed, for his notorious falsetto singing (and extensive culinary abilities); many musicians, for playing infinitely better than I ever could and making concerts so memorable; and the eight rowers whom I coxed in last year's Christ Church Regatta. I apologise for my tendency to oversleep on a Monday morning, but I feel sure that I made up for this with my uncanny ability to steer down the river with no hands!

Finally, to all aspiring solicitors and criminals: please save me from destitution by coming to see me when you need legal advice (special discount for ex-Hugonians).



**Deep Patel, Geography**



**D** is for me, Deep Patel - hard working Geographer (as we have to be!) with a friendly face.

**E** is for Exquisite Chef - from burning toast in my room to cooking gourmet meals (I apologise for the mess - to all Scouts).

**E** is also for Elite Sportsman - prolific goal scorer with record number of goals in the 1996-97 season and pacey bowler.

**P** is for Pleased to be here with you all and looking forward to a reunion at next year's Ball!

**Nick Percy, PPE**



A.k.a. "Focused-Attention-Span-Man" a.k.a. "Cindy Drake" a.k.a. "Marcel Dupont" a.k.a. "Simon" The basement's resident Man Behaving (Slightly) Badly, Nick has been accused of having no inter-personal skills and not listening (Kirsten Smith). His solution to conflict is to remain unaware of it. He compensates by shaking hands a lot and continually inflicting his vast knowledge of YMCA call-and-response songs on others. (Kate: "Nick, whenever you start talking, I automatically tune out.")

Despite Procrastination Boy's continued efforts to lead him astray, Focused-Attention-Span-Man has rarely faltered, and continues to amaze by combining 16-page essays with a full hockey-schedule, and somehow still getting more sleep than anyone else. Perhaps he saves time by not doing his washing... (Anyone who has smelt Nick's room will know what we mean. Anyone who hasn't doesn't want to.)

Quotes: "Right, guys. Time for work;" "Happy to assist in an observatory capacity;" "C'mon England!" Future Prospects: Sharing a park-bench with Josh/David; "something involving ropes and bits of aluminium;" The Mayor of Bayswater. Songs: Anything by Meat Loaf, Gary Barlow, Europe, Celine Dion, Garth Brooks... (Really.) Motto: "Like that a lot - gotta be pleased with that."

**Howard Piper, Mathematics & Computation**



I will remember friends I learnt to trust, friends I learnt not to, and friends I learnt to love.

I will remember Entz and trying to improve College even if somewhat to extol my own ego.

I learnt arrogance and success. I learnt not to learn till the last minute.

I did more things than I needed to and more things than I should have done, and had a laugh from beginning to end.

I will remember a video I made that even if no one else does, I will love till I die.

Wishing everybody every success in the future and my warmest memories.

**Rebecca Raven, Law**

A.k.a. "Beccs" a.k.a. "Tigger Broderick"

Becca is everyone's mum - always there with a cuppa and a kind word. Whilst playing nanny to young relatives, Becca's artistic streak got the better of her, and she decided (why not?) to paint a sheet - Graeme will be mopping the bathroom wall for years to come. Incidentally, Becca and her duvet spent several nights in the bathroom, during her infamous "10 consecutive nights of drunken debauchery".

An accomplished chef, Becca has created many culinary delights for the basement and masterminded two magnificent Christmas feasts in less than ideal conditions. (Speaking of meals, Becca has mastered the fine art of getting males to take her out to dinner before deciding she doesn't like them.)

Future Prospects: Chef, mural painter, porcelain-bus-driver, and finally a successful City lawyer. (We had to add the last one or she'd sue us!)  
Songs: "The Female of the Species (is more deadly than the male)", "I will survive" Motto: "Cuppa?"



**Veronica Roberts, Biological Sciences**

Why does it come as no surprise to me... to find that I can't believe 3 years have gone by? In the first year, Kenyon, Monkees, the shopping trolley, and who can forget Lift Man, Log Man and the Phantom S\*\*\*\*ter. After Ireland and the defection of a few back to the USA we settled into staircase life, so much so that Little Graham and I became Official Sainsbury's Reward Card Cohabitees. The Gold (ginger?) Star Award proved popular, with some (Moley) going to almost any lengths to win. And the third year is far from over yet. Other than that, the majority of my time has been spent rowing, and a bit on University riding (OK, it was so I could wander round College in knee length leather boots and a whip). Well, I might be leaving Oxford but not the memories or the friends.



**April Robson, Physics**

I remember well those early days at St. Hugh's, on the second floor of Kenyon; the days of all night conversation, shopping trolleys and moving all the furniture out of people's rooms when they weren't in. But of course, we've all grown up a bit since then, going from the shameless debauchery of the second year and on to ... er ... the shameless debauchery of the third year... hmmm. I wonder why I'm coming back for the fourth year?

There are so many people I should mention that I couldn't possibly list them by name, I'd only forget someone. So I'll just say "thank you" to everyone who cooked, carried me home, made me laugh, or whose shoulder I cried on and special thanks to everyone for putting up with the singing. You know who you are. I love you all.



**Oliver Rochman, History**



**Thanks to Celeste Biever!**

*[GOTCHA - from Rachel & Daniel]*

**Amber Rogerson, English**



One of my earliest memories of Amber is from the JCR Committee hustings, Michaelmas 1995, when she, Jonny Simon and Phil James stood for joint positions as Entz Reps. Jonny (perhaps not untypically) was dominating the proceedings, but was interrupted by someone who asked Amber what she was there for; Amber's reply was "to charm the Dean".

This comment was no doubt meant with a mixture of gentle wit and sincerity for these qualities (especially the charm) seem to characterise Amber. She has always been part of the core of the year, perhaps illustrated by the central position of "Amber's Happy Home" in MB and "Amber's Happy Home 2" on staircase 5, and despite her tireless diligence has always found time for girlie fun; the "nice birthday party" on the ice rink was very memorable, as was her rendition of Marty in "Grease". Unfortunately for many Oxford men, however, the only song that Amber sings before bedtime is "Sean my love...", and it has only ever been Chaucer (whose portrait she keeps by her bed!) who has been a rival for him as the recipient of her attention with all its charms and late night mugs of hot chocolate.

**Alison Rothery, Chemistry**



Known to many in lectures as one of those two girl Chemists from St. Hugh's, the last three years have been a whirl of late nights, hard work, and ice cream at G&D's on Sunday afternoon! Social Secretary in the newly reformed University Chem. Soc. also produced several memorable events and much amusement for others.

True insight into College life has been provided by the harrowing MB experience of the first year followed by occupying a Wolfson goldfish bowl and now, ultimately, to the stressed finalists atmosphere of RTB.

My time here would not, of course, have been half as much fun without the many people I have come to know and love. So thank you for all the cups of tea, kitchen entertainment and help and support which you have given me during our time here together. I have enjoyed it so much that I shall be back for a fourth year!





**Halima Sarwar, History**

For three years of decadence, growing up... and some work, thanks go to: ... (retrospectively) Blondie (for their music), Audrey Hepburn - the ultimate in style and taste - and the 1960s for hedonistic St. Hugh's inspiration. The Tudors, the Hapsburgs and the Ottomans for causing such havoc in Early Modern Europe - a fascinating period to study.

To those who make it all worthwhile (and amusing)... Tania, my partner in crime, dear friend and confidante. We'll revive Trinity '96 someday! Peter, for his dry wit, suaveness... and being a great bloke. Thanx. Caroline (Hugh's Wanabee). Alex and Sophie. Martin C, for long discussions on the appreciation of opera, life etc. The History Tutors - a highly motivated team for their attempts to instil some sense into me... hopefully you succeeded! My fellow Historians for putting up with me and making Historiography classes much more useful.

The "KA Crew" for many a laugh. The Cellar Bar and DTM's for being dens of appropriate vice and debauchery. The Cock & Camel, a suitable venue for pseudo-poseurs. Lastly but not least, to everyone at Hugh's for making it the mad, interesting place it will always remain. Comrades, you'll never walk alone...



**Vanessa Smart, Physics**

When I first met Ness it was in interview week and I said to myself then: "I hope I get in" (rather explicit). Nessa had a great pair of lips which she put to dextrous use playing the flute. Blow baby. Some may recall that Ness enjoyed the odd drink (and the even ones). But anyone who can down Vodka and Archers forgetting the orange is fine by me.

Ness spent a lot of time out of College but with friends like us, who can blame her? An apology is owed. Andy meant to leave the door on the latch when he passed out in her room after the Ball. I remember that night... but that would be a lie because we were all too pissed to remember. Nessa will be remembered for: being a blonde bit of stuff, Archers, blowing technique, Archers, coitus interruptus of Andy's jokes and her s\*\*t fridge.



**Clive Smith, Law**

To whom it may/may not concern, I should like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have made my time at Summertown Polytechnic so memorable. To the rugby team:- a big 'Thank You' for some of the best laughs I've had here, and for dropping coins in so many of my beers that I passed out, allowing someone to shave my eyebrows off.

To all the 1997-8 residents of Canterbury Road, I couldn't have hoped for better housemates and neighbours. To the JCR Committee I give thanks for letting me tag along as Games Machine Rep. To anyone I offended in my Hilary Dinner speech, I unreservedly apologise. To those who spent countless afternoons watching American programmes from the 1970s with me, I'll never forget it (long live Quincy and Petrocelli!) And to those whom I now consider to be among my greatest friends (I won't make a list!) please stay in touch and take care.



**Damien Smith, *Engineering***



My introduction to St Hugh's was a fairly typical one - for a whole year I enjoyed the peace and tranquility of an MGA ground floor room. I can only think that it must have been the tasteful decor and exclusive facilities which lured me back for a second year. It was with a tutorial partner, enthusiastic for everything not work related, that I found myself in the West Country one Easter, where I was privileged to record a group of young Sharx - an experience I shall never forget. Especially that incident with the cars... I still wonder how the same person managed to get a box of crisps stuck on his head some time later that year. The summers here have often been memorable. The many college balls, mostly free, thanks to OUJO putting up with me as their 'Sound Engineer' and the frequent weekends spent at Bisley ranges. Some day that elusive Half Blue may even come my way.

**Julie Smith, *History***



I have thoroughly enjoyed my time at St. Hugh's. After many happy (!) hours spent in the Bodleian and around sixty History essays, I would hope that my time at university has taught me much intellectually. But beyond that it has been a mind-broadening experience and I have made many good friends who I hope to keep in touch with. Being a faithful consumer of Hall food, I will always remember those familiar cries of "cheese omelette" and "gammon" which ring out each lunch time. Nor will I forget the taste of College's unique variety of potato chip.

**Morten Spenner, *PPE***



One could fill page after page with sophisticated quotes and lines of wisdom... however, a simple "thank you" to all appears more genuine and appropriate. Thanks for extending my vocab (now includes Bangers and Mash, footie, "alri", "alri", Bop, etc) introducing me to British Cuisine (curry, kebab...) allowing me to be on the footie team (why, even Centaurs) despite being a "bloody foreigner", organising IF, helping me get a bit of work done, passing room keys, keeping up the LPC spirit and more, teaching me Singlish (ha!), being around when needed ("Xiao Tong"/Little worm/horse and "Go Away")... and all the other great gestures... but most of all for being who you are. It was a pleasure being here... cheers.

**Steve Stych, Geography**

**Natural Habitat:** The North.  
**Marital Status:** Handcuffed.  
**Elegibility Status:** 8 inches.  
**Fav. place to spend Saturday night:** Beirut.  
**Fav. place to spend Monday morning:** Bed.  
**Fav. pub:** Gardener's/ Radcliffe/ Turf....  
**Fav. Club:** Sheffield Wednesday.  
**Fav. Restaurant:** Savoy.  
**Fav. Drink:** Beer or coffee.  
**Fav. Entz Event at Hugh's:** Filling in this form/May Ball.  
**Funniest Moment:** Breaking collarbone playing footie for College.  
**I wish I had...** Thought of something more profound to write on this form.  
**I wish I had never...** Eaten in hall.  
**Most embarrassing moment:** Being mistaken for a student.  
**Thanks to...** All of my lovely friends and tutors especially Claire Wallace, Oli Rochman, Si Dadson, Emma McKenzie, Dr. Kennedy, James Gagg.  
**Advice to Freshers:** Don't aggravate tigers.  
**Three words to describe the last 3/4 years:** 1996, 1997, 1998.



**Matthew Tam, Medicine**

My Oxford story? One of culture and breeding? A few drinks always perked me up: a life of amnesia, narcolepsy, exams and lethargy. Med Soc. The Randolph. Encounters of a Close Kind. Damage. I wasn't a survivor, did you wear my jacket?

Outside of St. Hugh's? A motorbike accident in Thailand. Pigeons in Amsterdam. Doing a runner in Prague. Jon, Paris and blood. Who won? Inter-Rail: friends do pull rank. A cuddle, pre-dawn London. Gin and the Ducci Swap chez Hon AT. (Doyel, how's the "N" habit?) Charlie Kilo to Norbert, over!

And the good old days? Regards to the original sultry brunette. Untold crimes against the Welshman. Stevo wake up! Bears? I was a lion (cub). Sheep, Bunny and Tarka. To big daises, sadly lost, though recently returned. And the rain? I'm in better shape these days.

Enjoy your City jobs. I'll look after Oxford while you're away. Keep in touch, we'll meet in The Gardener's sometime.



**Anthony Taylor, Law**

Let me return to the dim mists of first year, to the day when Anthony was known as the jammy bloke with the largest room in MB... I remember Captain Carrot and a novice boat which spent more time on land than on the river, I remember huge slabs of cow fried for consolation, I remember tales of spin-the-bottle at LMH, I remember a night in the bar with his head in a black bin... and then came second year, bringing with it the dramatic entrance of Claire Watson. Suddenly a changed Anthony! Gone (or at least tamed) were the sarcasm and biting wit which cut even Ellie Truitt down to size. I remember a Wolfson Bop, spent desperately trying to keep his shirt ON... and finally the third year, hidden away in the recesses of RTB, emerging only to swear at passing Yearbook photographers. Maybe he's working...

Look out for him in years to come on one side of a law court or the other. I just hope he provides a solid defence for any young offender caught stealing workmen's flashing lights...



**Jon Townsend, Mathematics**



St. Hugh's? Where else! The community spirit! (ask the Dean). People, from Loons to Berts! For your sanity there's The Gardener's, home from home, where many a BLT has been eaten with the usual poured unprompted, a tonic as good as any with gin. Then there's the clubs; jacket from the Union; the balls that Oxford lives by; women that all would die for - imagine my surprise when I found I was a father to three of the most beautiful girls you could ever imagine "having"; friends past hopefully still present; sports, a twice weekly activity; even the Defiant finally disbanded; work, always left to the last minute.

What's left? Only to leave taking many a happy, heh Naz, memory, with the countless photos acquired. Exams to pass. Goodbyes to make and a new direction still to find.

To end; My tutor's reference? "Should have done better. At least he enjoyed himself."

**Claire Unstead, Biochemistry**



The ninth edition of the Concise English Dictionary defines the term 'drunk' as the following: *adj.* rendered incapable by alcohol. Drawing from the definition would then mean that during the whole of my three years at St. Hugh's the large majority of people featured in this Yearbook have been rendered incapable 90% of the time! Some may claim, Narnia & J.T., if only they had been. Alcohol seems to affect people in a wide variety of ways. Some perform death-defying leaps in order to break and enter to aid a damsel in distress whilst others dance on windowsills claiming "Girls just want to have fun" although Babs didn't quite see it that way! A few gain extra strength channelling their energy to carry heavy wooden signs leading to the naming of The Boy Warner while fewer still eat their way through a cupboard of tinned hotdogs or visit Ali's in PJs. But then there's always the alcohol associated syndromes, such as the Head-Down-The-Loo-At-Park End Syndrome, not to be confused with the Head-Down-The-Loo-In-Kenyon-Bathroom Syndrome and the Busy-Students-Just-Chuck Up-In-The-Bin Syndrome, none more affected than Sheepy who retains the title of Vodka and Red Wine Queen! Aslan clings onto the title of Symmetry Queen whilst Narnia will never make Firemarshall status after her plastic candle holder episode, and Queen Beardy will always be so. So farewell and good luck to the finalists of '98 - anyone fancy a quick pint at The Gardener's before we go?!

**Claire Wallace, Archaeology & Anthropology**



**Natural Habitat:** Bed (I wish).  
**Marital Status:** Married with 13 children.  
**Elegibility Status:** Below the poverty line.  
**Fav. place to spend Saturday night:** Watching TV.  
**Fav. place to spend Monday morning:** Still watching TV.  
**Fav. pub:** Turf.  
**Fav. Restaurant:** Brown's (in Covered Market).  
**Fav. Drink:** Oli's green cocktails.  
**Fav. Entz Event at Hugh's:** College Ball.  
**Funniest Moment:** I can't remember exactly what it was, but it was so funny that I cried and it was something that Steve did in my room!  
**Most embarrassing moment:** Going to Hall dressed as a fairy.  
**Thanks to...** Emma for all those cups of tea, Si for never making me tea, Oli for saving me from doing any work by forcing me to watch TV and videos, the C-men and all my other rowing friends, especially Claire Drummie and John Layburn. Final thanks to Steve.  
**Catchphrase Unintelligible except to a few:** I am a pygmy goat you country booby squire.

**Chris Warner, Biochemistry**

St. Hugh's Biochemistry. Three Years. What a combination. What memories. Thank you. Living with Tossmecanonoff, and magic goose, lists, silky and Barnacle was an experience, while living in College was just as interesting - Americans, Fester's big chest, Monkees, Gimbles' cakes. May the state reform soon; this time with a flag though Mole. Dan continue risk. Football brought Kimbo's "Red and Black army", promotion, own goals, late challenges, dinners and vodka. Biochemistry, barcrawls, 9 o'clocks, coffee and pracs - Claire listen to me! No dickweeding though, but still great fun. Tony kept us interested with food and wine, but we will escape - French, Vernon, the firm could happen. Feathers, Crazy Honkees - see you there. Beers, pub crawls, memory loss and getting lost. May it continue. Always.



**Sara Wikner, English**

Dreams, a myriad of photos and an Entz video, reflect the best years of my life - so far. Thanks from the beginning to those when we were "MB" friends - for "personal hotel rooms", tied shoelaces, first year pancake carnage, and punting times returning wetter than the river.

Thanks to Anna "of course" my fellow "Creature of the Bop" for sharing my identity for the lazy days of second year, through worms, foxes dancing nymphs and Nazia's party. Love to Jon for keeping my horrendously embarrassing secret from second year. For the fantabulous Committee days (and the dinner) - being responsible (?) for £20,000 and party to the obscene amounts of money Howard spent on Entz.

To Naz, Pete and my manic inmates of 12CR - especially Debs, Andy and Stu for being as insane as I am... and a final salutation to all the people out there... I still love you all.



**Peter Wilson, History**

To the women of my life - Thanks for the mammaries: to Tania, Halima, and Carishma, for a first year spent almost entirely at the Union and Brown's; Nazia for the year on the Committee - I'll do it all again; Julia for St. Peter's; Lena for Keble; Audrey and Sophie for sanity; and of course, Alex my partner in crime.

Thanks and all the best to the rest of the Old Guard JCR Exec. - Anna, Sara, Andy; my co-finalist Historians; George Garnett, for the second interview and History through the bottom of a glass, John Robertson, Andrzej Olechnowicz, and John Copper; and to all the people who keep the place going and (mostly) in one piece.

Fond farewells to the gardens, North Parade, and late-night conferences. Not so fond farewells to Thames Transit and City Line Buses, tourists, Summertown, and to whoever stole that corkscrew - may you burn in hell.



**Anna Wright, English**



These have certainly been - in the words of the Master of Extravagant Entz himself - the best days of our lives. It remains to thank all those who have shared the good times - and especially the saintly few upon whom I forced the bad (Sara, Andy, Stu - I'm sorry!) I would like to dedicate my three years at St. Hugh's to...

... all those in the year above whom I never really knew until they'd been and gone... and all those whom I knew only too well.

... my fellow bed-makers and curry-eaters of the summer - Mark, Tom, Clive and, of course, Rich.

And above all, to those among my friends to whom the following mean anything:

Strip-Play-Your-Cards-Right; Boathouse Antics; Wheelchair Access; Univ friends (share and share alike); Easy Whores; MCR/JCR relations; The Fox - urban pest; "I can't laugh"; Incestuous Committees (what's an \_ \_ among friends?); "Of course"; YTS Schemes and waggery; "Food Poisoning"; Nazia's party; & Hogmanay.

And finally, to the other Creature of the Bop: Always wear green and avoid treading on worms. Let's play Twister!

**Kerryn Young, Geography**



A.k.a. "Kelvin" a.k.a. "Amber Lee"

Kerryn is living proof that first impressions can be misleading. Do not be fooled by her quiet and innocent appearance: for such a small person, Kerryn harbours enormous quantities of mental filth. Unable to lead by example, her attempts at promoting a moral tirade in the basement were as unsuccessful as they were short-lived (23 minutes to be exact).

A keen ballet dancer, Kerryn is well known for her knack at intentionally falling head-first down the stairs in an effort to amuse those present. Trust us, it's amusing.

Quotes: "Sorry", "You don't look emancipated to me" (in response to Aley worrying about losing weight). Future Prospects: Assistant to the Man from Del Monte (Speciality - Mango.); modelling job for a Swedish photographer; brothel madam. Songs: "I Can't Stand Up (For Falling Down)", "13 Steps Lead Down", "Fall at Your Feet", "Smut", "The End of the Innocence." Motto: Familiarity breeds crudeness.



**Naeem Alam, *PPE***



**Franziska Bockenheimer, *Geography***



**James Burbidge, *Classics***



**Suzanne Chadwick, *Physics***



**Yui Chow, *Biochemistry***



**James Clements, *Classics***



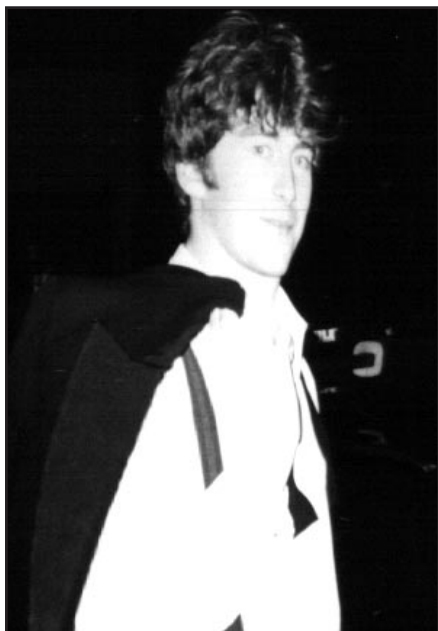
**Luiz Costa, *Arch. & Anth.***



**Patricia Davis, *Biological Sciences***



**Sunil D'Monte, *Engineering***



**Richard Edwards, *Classics***



**Richard Germuska, *Engineering***



**Alex Gooden, *History***



**Acland Hart, *History***



**Nico Heyng, *Oriental Studies***



**Tung Lau, *Math. & Computation***



**Edward Lewis, *Geology***



**Kh Li, *Engineering***



**Yin Li, *Chemistry***

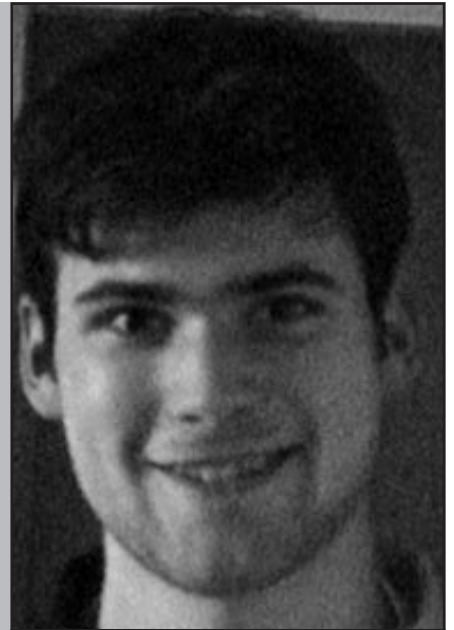




**David Lindup, *Music***



**Sophie Lunn-Rockliffe, *History***



**Tim Macmillan, *Biological Sciences***



**Faisal Naru, *Mathematics***



**Louise Nicholson, *Law***



**James O'Shaughnessy, *PPE***



**Jonathan Parker, *Law***



**Hilary Powell, *Fine Art***



**Shifa Rahman, *English***



**Tom Roebuck, *Geography***



**Charlotte Sanders, *Geography***



**Lucy Sheppard, *PPE***



**Jess Snell, *PPP***



**Plum Stevens, *PPE***



**Adam Taylor, *Mathematics***



**Donna To, *Mathematics***



**Tik Yeung, *Chemistry***

# General Articles



## Life In Oxford

After the first couple of terms at Oxford, when the sense of amazement at getting in has worn off, you've been round Magdalen Deer Park and Christ Church Cathedral with your parents, and you've realised that only those with a degree in Orienteering can find their section of the Bod, you start to forget that you're living in the Land of Dreaming Spires. Instead, you inhabit a smaller, more homely world, the external boundaries of which are marked by such lesser-known but important landmarks as 9-to-9 and The Gardener's to the South, and the Porter's Lodge to the North. Occasionally, foraging parties venture further afield, sometimes reaching Ali's, G&D's or Port Meadow.



You know there are eminent professors lurking at the top of staircases around the University, but the most (in)famous faces you regularly encounter belong to the likes of Martin, Vas and Little Pete. Similarly, interested relatives are always asking about lectures and the Bodleian, but the Faculty's such a long way away, and the College Library is the only one still open by the time you get round to actually starting that essay.

Occasionally, late night discussions do become the kind of intellectual debates on religion, politics and the meaning of life which make you feel like a true student, but normally you're far too busy trying to work out whether your best friend's lying about the random blonde/rugby lad you allegedly pulled in DTMs the night before.





Teletubbies may have replaced Inspector Morse, but that's not to say that St. Hugh's students have turned their backs on tradition altogether. Punting is still a popular summer pastime, although involuntary swimming is admittedly becoming an increasingly frequent activity. Few people would be willing to miss May Morning on Magdalen Bridge (indeed, rumour has it that the young gentleman who jumped twice last year with a selection of inflatable toys was none other than a finalist from Hugh's). No doubt, come May, several daring characters will even be willing to risk the wrath of the Proctors in order to uphold the time-honoured tradition of 'decorating' their cohorts in egg, flour and champagne...

You may leave with a gown and mortar board, and with Oxford University written on your degree certificate, but the most vivid memories will probably come from days spent lying in the College gardens, Tuesday nights in Formal Hall, drunken evenings in the Bar and on balconies, head-splitting morning afters, hours wasted on coffee breaks, more time spent composing excuse notes than essays... Long live washing machines which are never empty, ridiculously over-priced loaves of Fine Lady bread, 'borrowing' milk from the communal fridges and cashing cheques in the bar! Long live sunny days in the gardens, only moving to buy cans or ice-cream, and half-hearted arguments as to who's done less work! Long live empty pigeon-holes and the cheapest bottles of white wine that money can buy! Everybody say "Eh-oh!"

Anna Wright



## Sport at St. Hugh's

1995 saw an influx of highly tuned, committed and talented athletes enter St. Hugh's. Or did it? An influx of sportsmen, yes, but, thankfully, much of the commitment and talent has been seen in arenas far removed from the sportsfield. Despite this, victories on the field have not been unknown: an impressive array of sporting activity has been undertaken, and undertaken with at least a modicum of success. As always, there are both teams and individuals who are worthy of a more in-depth mention than they will find below, and sadly, there may be regions of sporting endeavour as yet untouched by my research (as if). If this applies to you, I send my apologies.

The hockey club received something of a fillip in 1995. A number of freshers still a bit wet behind the ears in many cases found their way into the three sides which St. Hugh's maintains. The most successful of the three was a strong mixed side which made it to the 1996 final of Cuppers only to be defeated (somewhat dubiously, but then I would say that) by a goal (struck outside the D?) from Teddy Hall in the last minute of extra time. The runners up side included several of the class of '95, such as James Burbidge, Aley Marchant and Nick Percy. Sadly, since those heady days the mixed side has found itself languishing at around the quarter final mark. The men's and women's teams have, however, held their own, the men with help particularly from skipper Howard Piper, Chris Warner, Tim Macmillan, keeper Tom, Jon Townsend, Matt Tam, John Clarke, Henry Reece and Acland Hart.

The cricket club, too, reached the peak of its performances (and flair) in the 1996 season. A Cuppers semi final against Exeter saw a talented St. Hugh's side defeated, mainly due to the shameful disintegration of a "Weetabix of a pitch", as Geoffrey must surely have commented (a bit *unlike* the Murphy's? Me?). Guy Ladenburg was a particular inspiration to that side, and helped to maintain considerable flair in the following seasons. Nick Percy ended up as captain in 1997 (and 1998 so far - HELP!) - a decision almost as puzzling as the field settings generated. A few contributions with the bat helped to partially offset these downsides. John and Henry enjoyed flashes of (drunkenness and) brilliance with the ball and bat respectively. Jon proved a key link, with bat and ball, as did Will Malcolm, taking on gloves and opening the batting, and Tim with some threatening fast bowling. James O'Shaughnessy provided runs and wickets. Added to the list should be Matt and James Gagg, who inexplicably allowed themselves to be weaned away from their true love, tiddlywinks. Indeed, the never-say-die spirit found in this pair's appearance in the 1996 Tiddlywinks Varsity Match was readily exploited by a Cricket Club looking for new recruits. In terms of fixtures, the most memorable must surely be the away days to Cirencester and the RAC. And just to prove the taste for invention, innovation and flair found in the year's sporting circles, 1997 saw the appearance of Miss Laura Kenny for the men's cricket team. Such enthusiasm and open-mindedness is clearly the way forward.

St. Hugh's tennis has been helped along by the class of 1995, the men's star-studded line-up including Clive Smith and Guy Ladenburg. The women were victorious in Cuppers in 1997. Vital to that team were Alex Chalton, Plum Stevens, and Danielle Poulain. On the racquet front too, St. Hugh's won men's Squash Cuppers in 1998, and won the Badminton League in 1997.

In terms of University sport, St. Hugh's year of 1995 has seen representation and success in fencing, with Jules Fea, who won her fencing Half-Blue. 'Wookie' Gartside and Jon Parker made names for themselves in rugby league. Nick Percy played for the University 2nds hockey team. Morten Spenner appeared for the football 2nd team.

On a different note, Jamal's, La Luna Caprese, and even Ma Belle's were deceived into hosting sporty socialising, often with devastating effects. As is clearly accepted by all at St. Hugh's, sport is only successful if it involves drinking, though this is best done after the game, rather than during (though this is not unknown). As the beers cut loose in the centre of the park, often with spirits fed out to the wings, sporty finalists have many fine, but also many missing, memories. Long may that continue.

Nick Percy

## St. Hugh's Football Clubs

St. Hugh's football galaxy has lost many of its brightest stars this year. The stellar talent of Henry Reece and Morten Spenner will be most sorely missed. Reecie has been a footballing titan at St. Hugh's. His colossal performances at the back and affable after-dinner speeches have ensured his enduring reputation. Morten, having benn top scorer in his first season, in which his beloved Hughsies won promotion as champions of the 2nd Division, then exercised a term in his contract to play for the Centaurs in his 2nd Year. Unlike Klinnsman, St. Hugh's peroxide hero returned in style, helping Hugh's to recover their scoring touch in his final season. In the 2nd XI hard tackling Adam Taylor persevered in front of the enigmatic "Flapper" Townsend. Among the other stalwarts of the 1st XI "Blue and Black Army" James "Shag" O'Shaugnessy was the team's defensive hard man, Nobby continued to play his own brand of football (despite his dodgy groin), Jonny Sharples was as energetic as ever, the boy French led elegantly from the back, Aneirin was truly gigantic and Jon Rohrer showed great pace and flair (for a Tab). In short, they loved you St. Hugh's they did, they loved you St. Hugh's they did, they loved you St. Hugh's they did and St. Hugh's so should you (love them).

Daniel French

## St. Hugh's Boat Club



You may think that 6 a.m. is no time to be sitting in a boat on the river Thames - you're probably right. However, many of us spurned convention several times a week to do just that, and had a great time in the process.

St Hugh's hasn't been noted for its rowing in recent times, but in the last three years the Boat Club has been transformed. This fact is reflected in our Torpids and Eights results, going from mid-table anonymity to just mid-table. In both competitions we've entered several crews and seen great progress, culminating this year in both the women's 1st and 2nd torpids

bumping on every day of racing.



We won't miss those early mornings, the races, the victories, defeats or the bumps. Or the calls of "hold it hard!", "bow, touch it" or "sit up and squeeze". Neither shall we miss the ergs, the blisters, the cold and wet, the rain, hail and fog or the lycra. Why? Because we'll all be doing the same thing elsewhere. Let's just hope the cocktails are better...



Thanks to all the many finalists who have rowed, coxed and coached for the Boat Club, those who came to support, and the 1st and 2nd years who rowed with us. Special thanks to those finalists who foolishly allowed themselves to be coerced into taking up positions of 'responsibility':

May your finishes always be long...

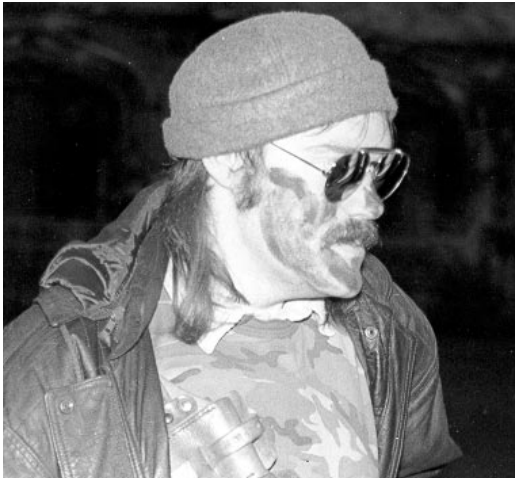
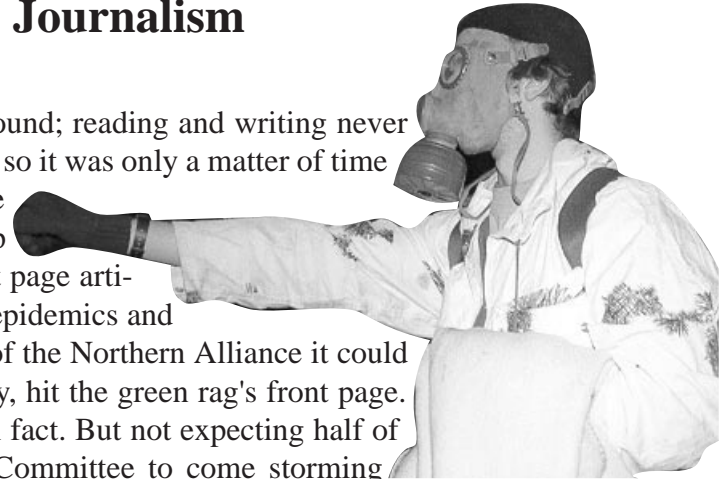


Dominic Higgins



## St Hugh's Journalism

St. Hugh's journos have always been thin on the ground; reading and writing never having been our strong points. Drinking is, however, so it was only a matter of time until an alcohol sodden hack should stagger into the Oxford Student offices and change the political map of Oxford. St Hugh's can now boast a range of front page articles devoted to such topics as mass food poisoning epidemics and fires gutting vast areas of College. With the advent of the Northern Alliance it could only be a matter of time before WAR, in all its glory, hit the green rag's front page. I even did my bit for the war effort - organising it in fact. But not expecting half of



Wibblett's Committee to come storming into Magdalen College and handcuff the JCR President to the railings in the Tutors' Quad (compliments to Andrew Collins for looking like a psycho in a gas mask). Some of you may recall the poetry that was Eyecatcher, and maybe even the sleep deprivation experiment that wrote it. Yes, that's right, it was me. If you'd like to know what happened to this sad old journo hack: he was last seen shambling off in the direction of OUSU once again to set more pages and edit some articles, for a change. Some Union hacks and the like may also remember another paper which was red. But that was s\*\*t and besides, the whore is dead (c.f. Webster the dramatist). Hugh's did hit the front page once with the beer tax we claimed to be intending to levy on the incoming freshers.

Stuart Chevalier

## Drama at St. Hugh's

College drama has really come together thanks to the Class of 1996 with the revitalisation of the St. Hugh's Players, who have so far produced 'Twelfth Night' and 'A Doll's House'. That is not to say, however, that previous years have spent their time hiding in the wings. 'Stags 'n' Hens' at the Old Fire Station saw Claire McKenna in the leading role with Dominic Higgins and Astrid Wynne co-starring, whilst Dom played a major part in T.S. Eliot's 'The Cocktail Party'. Astrid was involved in 'Two' and Guy Ladenburg made a convincing world-weary professor in 'Educating Rita'.

Claire McKenna topped a distinguished career in Oxford theatre when she donned a long white nightdress and black leather in turn to play Sandy in the RAG production of 'Grease', performed in St. Hugh's own Mordan Hall. Amber Rogerson appeared alongside her as Marty, and Jonny Simon was a natural as Kenickie. Also taking on a role he could have been born to play was Andy Collins as the dirty mac-wearing policeman in RAG's 1998 offering, 'Guys & Dolls'. The Mordan Hall was also the location of that dazzling performance, 'Dido and Aeneas', back in December 1995 which starred a variety of our homegrown talent. Slightly less well known in St. Hugh's, perhaps, is the internet based TV show **INTER**mission which matured from a radio show to TV in Hilary 1998, and involved an enthusiastic mix of DJs, actors, editors, a fantastic camera girl and musicians (but sadly no script writers) broadcasting from a rather overcrowded student room.

Behind the scenes of Oxford theatre, Debbie Richards made a name for herself as a publicist and, having marketed 'Macbeth' over the summer, is now working for a travelling theatre company, along with many household names. Most of St. Hugh's thespians, over the past few years have just been having fun or trying something new whilst they have had the opportunity, but do look out for Claire, at least, on your screens.



## St. Hugh's JCR Committee 1996-1997

It should have been an easy year for the JCR Committee. No Dean (hence no Entz ban), no real prospect of a rent strike, a new shop... Life was looking good. A few months later though, trapped between new building proposals, tuition fees and Mr Smith from Smith's Amusements, things didn't seem quite so great. Nazia Hirjee and Peter Wilson pay tribute (!) to those who survived (and, if we're honest, had a fantastic time and a lot of laughs along the way):



**Nazia Hirjee (President)** - She certainly gave democracy the respect it deserved: it was one man, one vote. She was the man. She had the vote.

**Anna Wright (Vice-President)** - One election was never enough... but like Yearbooks, if at first you don't succeed, try, try again... until at last you get through that Valencia.

**Sara Wikner (Treasurer)** - Why did we have to elect someone whose role-model was Nick Leeson? You may think that you got away with it, but we'll see what St. Peter has to say once you get to the Pearly Gates.



**Peter Wilson (Secretary)** - We said "secretary" not "spin-doctor" and no, we haven't forgotten OUCA - the blazer kind of gave it away.



**Andy Collins (Welfare Officer)** - Cos like, I was thinking, yeah, right... One day, he'll get to the point! Those condom blitzes never quite worked, did they mate?

**Howard Piper (Entz Rep)** - They say you can tell a man by his Entz - well, I'm thinking of the Twisted Bop, the St. Hugh's Outdoor Bonking Bonanza, the "Freshers in Bedsheets" Event... and we knew what that video camera was really about.



**Tom Johnson & Louise Nicholson (Shop Reps)** - It was shop-shop-shop till you not so much dropped as passed out... They say that if you look after the pennies, the pounds will look after themselves - maybe they just didn't look after the pennies.

**Patricia Davis & Jonathan Greenwold (Green Reps)** - She kept rats and chickens in her room, he played the bongos. Yep, that's environmentalism for you.



**Nick Percy (Sports Rep)** - Say something malicious about Nick? Now that just wouldn't be cricket...

Those who mysteriously emerged for the dinners... **Clive Smith (Games Machine Rep)** - Yeah, right. He was always ready to stick his readies into any box with a slot. **Jon Townsend (Photographer)** He took the photos. They were graphic. Guess that makes him a photographer.

And then those irrelevant second years... Nick "Who he?" Hackworth (First Year Rep), Jo "I'm not a feminist" Raybould (Women's Officer), Dave "Ask Howard" Hancock (Entz Rep), John "When I was at Trinity Hall..." Rohrer (Rag Rep), Laura "Good Sport" Kenny (Sports Rep).

They started locked, cocked and ready to rock. They left mocked, knocked, and not giving a fock.

# St. Hugh's Entz

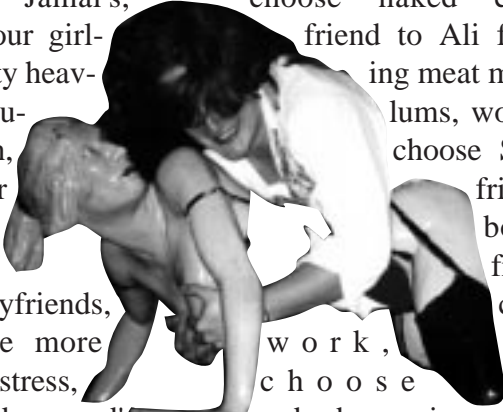
Choose  
off,  
never  
every-



drink, choose drugs, choose vomiting in corners while laughing your head  
choose sex, choose more sex, choose sex with people you've  
met before and don't know the name of, choose forgetting  
thing you have ever known, choose the bar, choose avoiding  
Clive's hugs in the bar, choose lying on the lawns in the mid-  
dle of the night really trying to remember your name,  
choose running to the hotel on Banbury Rd at 4am trying  
to buy some fags, choose small Greek barmen, choose trying  
to figure out if your Scout is demented, foreign or both,  
choose Jamal's, choose naked curries in



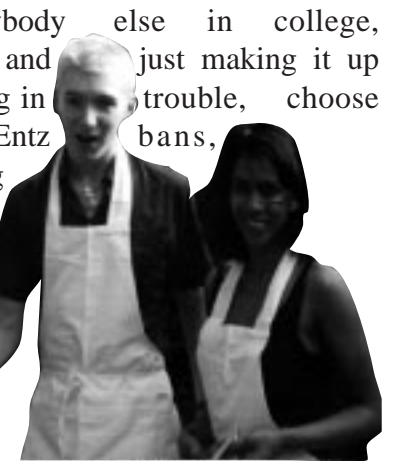
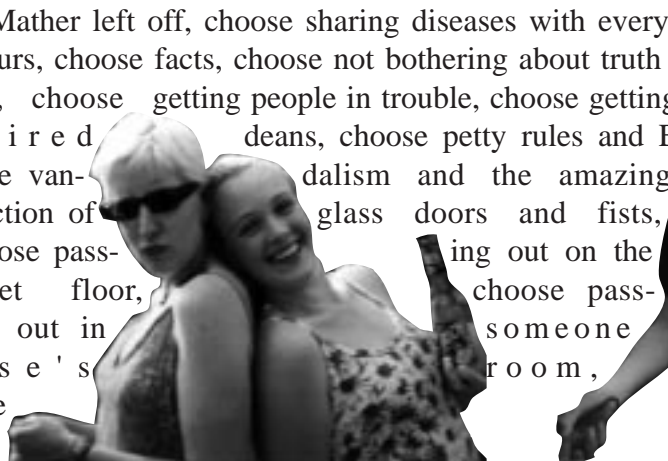
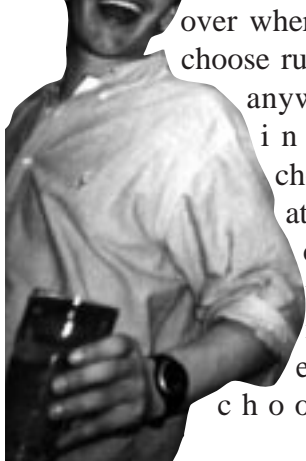
Jamal's, choose trying to sell your girl- friend to Ali for extra chilli on your midnight  
kebab, choose Bops, choose sweaty heav- ing meat markets, choose trying to talk like a  
Mexican, choose shlikums, speu- lums, woppies and pop-it-ins, choose nugs  
and horns, choose the raging horn, choose Sega Rally, Daytona and Shooty  
Shooty, choose changing your friends every five minutes, choose  
friends you would die for, choose girlfriends, choose girlfriends,  
choose 'Let's just be friends' friends, choose other people's girl-  
friends, choose other people's boyfriends, choose crying your eyes out over  
someone, choose work, choose more work, choose leaving all that more  
work to the last minute, choose stress, choose panic, choose



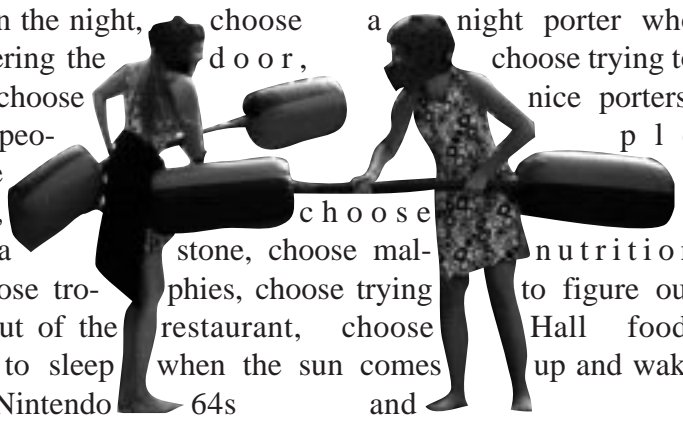
'Suddenly can't be arsed' and bugging off down the pub,  
choose The Gardener's, choose trying to figure out what the hell Louise is  
saying down The Gardener's, choose buxom barmaids and Brunhilde  
landladies, choose sandwiches with bread thicker than your arm,  
choose tutorials, choose lying, choose cheating, choose the 'I real-  
ly do understand what you're saying' head-bob, choose one-on-one's,  
choose your tute partner copping out at the last minute and leaving you with  
a one on one, choose one tute a week, choose seven hundred tutes a  
week, choose dissertations and extended essays, choose not knowing  
where your Faculty is, choose wandering round town all day,  
choose one-way systems and roadworks, choose

pubs in town, don't choose pubs in town, choose The  
Gardener's, choose DTM's choose Park End,  
choose Crunchy and easy lis- tening, choose really  
wishing you were at Brooke's, choose Brooke's  
men, choose Brooke's women, choose rushing back to  
Hugh's for last orders, choose £1.50 a pint,  
choose the walk of shame, choose  
sleaze, choose smarm, choose Clive taking

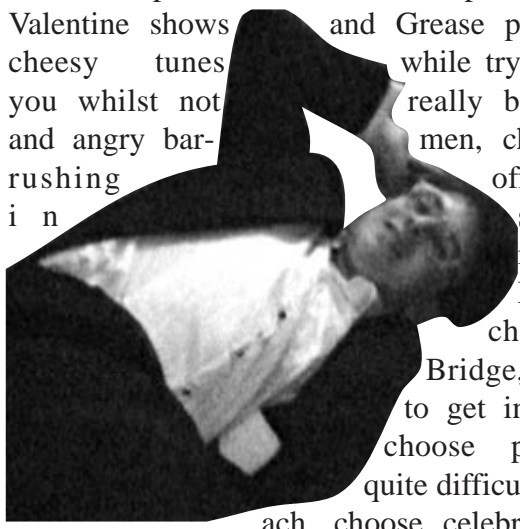
over where Mather left off, choose sharing diseases with everybody else in college,  
choose rumours, choose facts, choose not bothering about truth and just making it up  
anyway, choose getting people in trouble, choose getting in trouble, choose  
inspired deans, choose petty rules and Entz bans,  
choose van- dalism and the amazing  
attraction of glass doors and fists,  
choose pass- ing out on the  
toilet floor, choose pass-  
ing out in someone  
else's room,  
choose



rugby lads, choose avoiding rugby lads, choose wearing the same clothes for five days running, choose piling clothes up in the corner of your room, choose turning over the pile and having 'clean' clothing, choose losing your keys, choose losing your keys in the night, choose a night porter who spends all his time watching TV and not answering the door, choose trying to draft a letter in your head to get him fired, choose nice porters, choose Bob and Martin, choose people being fags, choose Roots, choose night sorties to Cowley Rd, choose stone, choose malnutrition seven days without sleep and losing a stone, choose malnutrition a McDonald's as staple diet, choose trophies, choose trying to figure out how to get the three foot peppermill out of the restaurant, choose Hall food, don't choose hall food, choose going to sleep when the sun comes up and waking up when the sun goes down, choose Nintendo 64s and Playstations, choose losing the art of conversation, choose trying to chat up the domestic staff, choose staircase parties, choose house parties, choose parties where any excuse is given to get people's clothes off, choose Saturday Night Fever Bops, choose twister bops, choose seeing Jen be the only one to take her top off at the Twister Bop, choose Toga Bops and Casino Bops, choose Garden Parties, Valentine shows and Grease productions, choose Traffic Light Bops, choose listening to cheesy tunes while trying to pull the 'gorgeous' girl/boy opposite you whilst not really being able to stand Bops, choose Junior Deans and angry bar-rushing men, choose down-ing a bottle of wine and rushing off to DTM's, choose lying in the parks in summer, choose lying paralytic in the parks in summer, choose May Day celebrations, choose jump-ing off Magdalen Bridge, choose balls, choose trying to get into balls without paying, choose punting, choose realising it's quite difficult to punt



ach, choose celebrations after exams, choose the Turf, choose walking for twenty minutes to get into town, choose other people deriding your College as being in the countryside, choose room ballots, choose losing friends, choose college sport, choose teams of four against eleven, choose being called before the Dean, choose conversations in the library, choose wasting time, choose wasting time by complaining about wasting time, choose wishing wasting time was a degree school, choose spending more time counting the days till finals than actually working, choose tea and fag breaks and shoulders to cry on, choose hangovers, choose lying in bed all day, choose pool and video games, choose anything but work, choose walking down the street arm in arm at 2am singing Jerusalem, choose stealing road-signs, choose not remembering where you were last night, choose that hollow gut feeling when people tell you where you were last night, choose the desire to curl into a ball and die, choose embarrassment,



choose everyone knowing before you, choose a sense of apathy hitherto unrivalled, choose a college where everybody knows everybody, choose a college where you can walk on the grass, choose stunning architecture, choose silver service, choose home, choose Hugh's I chose not to choose Hughs. I chose Worcester. How ar d Piper

