

THE PEACOCK



19

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Head of School

D. R. Gardner

Heads of Houses

<i>Harcourt House</i>	N. P. Gardner
<i>Queen Anne House</i>	D. R. Gardner
<i>Swift House</i>	R. W. Grey

Sub-Prefects

<i>Harcourt House</i>	D. Watson, R. Hall-Jones
<i>Queen Anne House</i>	A. Trotman, T. W. Key
<i>Swift House</i>	C. J. Gower, J. S. Locke

School Officers

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<i>Captain of Boats</i>	N. P. Gardner
<i>Secretary of Boats</i>	C. J. Gower
<i>Captain of Cricket</i>	R. W. Grey
<i>Secretary of Cricket</i>	J. E. Buchner
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<i>Captain of Sailing</i>	J. S. Locke
<i>Secretary of Sailing</i>	V. J. Williams

EDITORIAL

THIS IS THE SECOND NUMBER of *The Peacock*. In its pages will be found reports on activities which range from swimming to debating, from academic work to music. Taken separately, some of these articles may not seem to deal with matters of great importance, but taken as a whole they are an expression of the life of the school and of the kind of education that it provides.

The year, despite its difficulties, has been in many ways a pleasing one.

The successes at 'A' level of our first sixth former, and the place he has gained in a university, mark an important stage forward in the development of the school.

The production of 'Twelfth Night', in a quite different way, brought satisfaction to many, not least to the players themselves.

The Cokethorpe Society, formed last year, has been successfully launched. Two dinners and a rugger match have provided opportunities for many old boys to meet again and renew some of the friendships formed at Cokethorpe.

As was the case last year, a large number of contributions to *The Peacock* was submitted. The task of reading, selecting, rejecting and reshaping this raw material has not been a light one. We can only hope that too much of this rawness does not remain.



LETTER FROM FRANCE

IT IS SOME THREE MONTHS now since that February afternoon when the sleek Caravelle rose into the sky leaving behind an England cold and wet under her blanket of snow and ice. At last, preparations completed, I was on my way, bound for Grenoble in south-east France where I was to spend six months studying French.

Since that day, three months ago, the city and its surroundings have become very familiar to me. Grenoble is fortunate in being

situated in the most magnificent position at the confluence of three valleys. It is thus surrounded by mountains—the Alps on one hand and the Chartreuse range on the other. The northern part of the city in fact encircles a sheer granite cliff which rises for nearly a thousand feet and from the summit, reached by a funicular, one gets a fine view of the city itself with the river Isere running through the middle. As a city it is a queer mixture of old and new. The centre is the old part and is a maze of narrow, twisty streets linked by broad boulevards and tree-lined squares. Here one finds the house where Napoleon stayed on his way back to Paris from Elba and the fifteenth-century law-courts. Beyond this inner core grows the new Grenoble with its towering blocks of flats which rise mushroomlike almost before one realizes the foundations have been laid. The population now at 160,000 is expected to have reached 200,000 by 1970.

The university which dates from the eighteenth century has about ten thousand students of whom just under one-tenth are foreign students learning French. The most noticeable difference from English universities is the complete absence of any collegiate system. For the French students there are four or five blocks of study-bedrooms which can be rented on a monthly basis, though not by foreign students as there is a shortage. The social life of the university thus focuses upon the six university restaurants, the university club which holds debates and organizes dances, and the numerous cafes in the town with their brightly coloured chairs and tables on the pavements. The university restaurants are open to all the students and give excellent value; for the equivalent of two shillings one gets three courses of quite appetising food and unlimited extra helpings if one is still hungry.

As regards work the university does not specialize particularly, there being Faculties of Letters, Science, Law and Medicine. The foreign students learning French are attached to the Faculty of Letters which organizes the special courses. Though the French have to have the equivalent of two 'A' levels to get a place, 'O' levels or their equivalent will suffice for foreign students. The special courses for us foreigners are divided into two parts. One of these consists of two hours a day working in small permanent groups studying grammar and some literature and doing exercises. The other part consists of attending lectures on literature and art and also one translation a week corresponding to one's

native language. There are also supplementary courses of pronunciation to improve one's accent. Thus taken as a whole the courses are very comprehensive though one needs to lodge with a family to get the essential practical conversation. As a group the foreign students represent many nationalities, though the majority come from Western Europe and North America. As an example of the wide range of nationalities I will mention my own class which among several Americans, several English, some Germans, a Dutchman, a Swede and an Italian, also contains a Japanese, a Turk, a Bulgarian and a Venezuelan. Sharing the common language of French these different races seem to mix very well together linked by the bond of studentship. Of all the nationalities the English seem one of the most reserved and one of the most conservative as regards dress. In fact there is one Scotsman who persists in wearing a kilt which is greatly ridiculed by the Frenchmen though the girls give him a much friendlier reception!

Culturally Grenoble has much to offer the students. For those who like good music there are concerts at least every fortnight. The two theatres, one of which is run by the university, put on plays every week. These vary from classical works by Molière to the most modern plays such as Beckett's 'Waiting for Godot'. For lighter entertainment there are ten cinemas which vary in their films though these are always a help in improving one's understanding of French as the words are accompanied by action. This is also true to a certain degree of the French television though I find the programmes are not nearly as good as on English television.

Of all the impressions which I have gained since I have been out here I think there are two which stand out most strongly in my mind. One is the much gayer way the people live. This is reflected by the brightly decorated shops, the cafés with their street tables, the music playing in the large stores and the brightly coloured chalets outside the city itself. The other impression is of the growing new France replacing the old and traditional. Everywhere and especially among the younger generations there seems a great desire to make progress. This seems to me to be the challenge of the Common Market which is also a great challenge to us in Britain.

Looking back then on my time out here, I feel it has been

most valuable. Besides having had the opportunity to improve my French I have also been able to learn something of the French way of life and their outlook. All in all I feel it has proved a most useful experience and if anyone else from Cokethorpe thinks of coming out I am sure he will find it very worthwhile.

N. J. E. SAMUELSON
(1957-1962)

LIFE IN A BOTTLING FACTORY

LACK OF FUNDS! This problem confronts many of us during the long summer vacation, and it was this, combined with a curiosity for an insight into factory life, that led to my sitting here in a trance-like pose, gazing vacantly at an unbroken line of clean lemonade bottles. 'Sighting' is the name they give to this job. Theoretically, one picks out dirty bottles, including those that are cracked. If watched correctly, 'foreign' bottles should never pass through into the filler. However, in practice, it is all very different. One thinks of their similarity to targets in a circus side-show, as they pass under the light. These bottles have a strangely hypnotic effect, and an unfailing ability to make the mind wander. One leaves behind, for a time, the bustle and rhythmical efficiency of the machines, only to be brought back to the present by the sharp crack of an exploding bottle, or to have the occasional full bottle with a hairpin or something like that in it, thrust under one's nose by a disgruntled foreman, who states in no uncertain terms where people such as I should be. A moment of rebellion follows, only to be succeeded by a patient humiliation and renewed concentration, as common-sense and the magnetic attraction of a thick pay-pocket prevail.

But, thank Heaven, this is not a permanent job. Every half hour with monotonous regularity, the change-over comes. The respite from tedium is, however, always short-lived in spite of the many ingenious plans to take 'time off for a fag'. One goes from the washer to the sighter, the filler to the crating turntable, and once more back to the washer, but the boredom invariably returns, motions become mechanised; one changes from a human being to an automaton, merging with the machines themselves. With involuntary dreaming come mistakes, which are in turn

succeeded by a sarcastic, 'You'll have yer cards next time, mate'. As days pass into weeks, even the mind seems affected by the regularity of the time-table, and it sinks into lassitude.

Surely the real challenge of factory life is that of boredom, and its subsequent frustrations. And yet this very fact helps to make life bearable, for it is the small incidents often brought on by mistakes that provide interest. The feeling of evil joy that arises with a temporary breakdown and the returning feeling of despondency when the machines once again begin to turn, will not easily be forgotten. The mounting anticipation on Friday night, the climax when the brown paper envelope is put in our hands, (it is surprising how quickly we learn to judge the amount by the thickness of the packet), the monthly bonus, all too rare lapses from routine to try one's hand with a paint-brush, these are the things that make life endurable. And, one more thing, the next time you drink a bottle of 'pop', do not, if you please, fill the empty bottle with pieces of paper or anything else, because you may cost me my job!

R. GREY,
Form 6

HOLIDAY JOBS

I OBTAINED MY FIRST JOB a year ago last Christmas; I worked for Lyons Maid Ltd., selling ice cream in the Schoolboys' Own Exhibition. I worked from 9.0 in the morning till 7.0 at night for six days a week, during the fortnight the exhibition was on. But the long hours were nothing compared to the nervous strain of selling ice cream to a horde of impatient small boys, all yelling at me at the same time. One of the most exasperating experiences was to be asked for a non-existent type of ice cream, such as the many variations of the word 'neapolitan'. From time to time requests for 'metropolitan', 'Napolean' and 'nealopitan' would be shouted at me across the refrigerator. At the end of two weeks I never wanted to see another ice cream again.

In the long summer vacation I planned a camping holiday, but finding myself short of funds I once again began to look for employment. This time I found it near my home, in the local off-licence. The job consisted of taking boxes of bottles to customers' houses in the carrier of a large orange carrier-bicycle. The district is very hilly and I must have lost pounds cycling up

hills and carrying boxes of 'Brown' and 'Guinness' upstairs from the cellar. The only catastrophe that occurred during the fortnight that I worked there was when the cycle tipped over and a dozen bottles of pale ale tumbled into the gutter and smashed.

At the same time as I was toiling at the off-licence in the evening, I worked during the day in a small printing works. Unfortunately this job was ill-fated from the moment that I first entered the place of work, when I bestowed a cheerful wink upon my employer's secretary ('vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas'). The work was, to say the least, uninspiring. Eight of us sat at a long table in a museless room, in which the shelves were cluttered with brown boxes. We had to clean the ink off small metal printing plates. We worked in pairs, one cleaning the ink off the plates with a used tooth-brush and paraffin and the other drying the plates and returning them to their boxes. But, as I said, the job was ill-fated. At the end of the day I told the secretary that I was going to watch the Test Match on the morrow and that I would be somewhat late on the following day, but I added casually that I would probably 'pop in' sometime in the following week. This last nonchalant statement proved to be too much for the secretary, who dismissed me without more ado, so my third job came quickly to an end.

Last Christmas, in the period of deep snow, I once again found myself in need of more cash, but this time the job was obvious—snow clearance. So I applied to the borough council and was told to report to the council foreman early on the following morning. This entailed arriving at 'the yard', where the corporation dust-carts are kept, at 7.30 each morning to be allocated to a particular 'gang' for the day. Most of the time I was on a large gang consisting of three Irish labourers—casuals like myself—two Nigerians and another permanent dustman, and a temporary driver who was alleged to have passed his driving test only two weeks before in a Mini-minor, and who was now driving, very dangerously, our large truck. Our job was to stand on the back of the lorry as it drove slowly up the street, and to throw salted grit onto the icy pavements and road; in actual fact we threw it over dogs, parked cars, and the occasional pedestrian, anything that was within range. I came to know everybody in our gang quite well, for we used to take our tea breaks together in 'nice clean cafés', most of whose tables were covered with a veneer of 'Daddy's

Favourite Sauce'. One of the Irishmen had no gloves so he improvised by wearing a pair of old socks on his hands—a practice common among council workmen. Most of the work we did was rendered unnecessary by another gang which duplicated our work, but when one works for the council it is unfashionable to use one's initiative, so we just worked on regardless of our uselessness. I saw several friends while I was working with the dustmen, and most of them seemed surprised to see me doing this job. (Possibly they were surprised to see me working at all!) The only acquaintance who showed no signs of amazement whatsoever was a master from my prep school. For him, I think, it was a case of 'just as the Headmaster predicted'.

I have no doubt that I shall be short of money again soon so possibly I shall become a navvy, or sell soap for the blind, or collect empty glasses at a jazz club, but, whatever the job, I hope that it will give me more valuable experience of life and of my fellow beings.

A. F. TROTMAN
Form 6



OLD ENGLAND

MANY ANTIQUE SHOPS hold me in a spell and attract me like a magnet. As you may know the shops where you are likely to get bargains are those fusty, ill-lit junk shops, for which England is so famous. One little shop I know has recently been altered, but it used to have ancient beams spanning the low ceiling and these were in fact so low that one could easily crack one's skull. For the whole of its length there were many little glass-topped tables containing anything from old pins to Victorian chocolate boxes. Around its mouldering walls, firmly hung onto the panelling was an assortment of pistols, swords and old shawls.

One bookshop that caters for curios as well as books is equally English. Shelves of irregular height, crammed to capacity with rows of ancient leather-backed books, adorn the walls from top to bottom. Heaps of old newspapers lie in dusty heaps upon the floor and with them lie boxes of assorted oddities from many far-away countries. I recently bought from there three ancient

Egyptian necklaces that, I believe, hung round the neck of a pharaoh and a prince. This is shown by the five beads on one and one bead on each of the others. Five, in those days, was a mystic number and only the king, being to his people a god, could have five. One bead was the number allotted to members of the royal family. Another item from that shop was a little pair of half-moon spectacles originally designed to hook into one's wig. This was a remainder from the days of the late 18th century.

Antique books are often very interesting but they are sometimes rather difficult and expensive to come by. At the moment my oldest is a rare first edition of the Bible dated 1613. The first edition was first printed in 1611. My next oldest edition is a history of the first few years of the Civil War dated about 1647. During the seventeenth century many books were printed with very elaborate frontispieces and often the picture of the author with a copy of his signature would be inserted. This is so in one enormous volume I have dated 1665 and written in later. Another book of 1669 is of a type made to carry around. In the late seventeenth century the fashion in clothes enabled people to have a small pocket and in this the precious book was kept. The eighteenth century was a century when writing and printing was much more common and of all the thousands of books published only a small few are worth anything much now. One book I own is 'Walker's Gazetteer' of 1795 and it is most amusing to look up what it says of some of the now enormous towns. Surbiton is described as 'a pleasant village, set about with trees and woods and many excellent springs'. A photograph album I have was given to Bishop G. R. Theobald in 1895 by Prince Leopold of Battenburg, child of Princess Beatrice, the favourite daughter of Queen Victoria and Prince Henry. The name Mountbatten is the English version of Battenberg.

Diaries and letters can be, and usually are, quite fascinating. I have a diary of 1857 which describes five months in Germany, and it contains an amusing episode about the boat journey from London to Rotterdam. The boat passes the yet unlaunched *Great Eastern* in the Thames and 'the men looked like flies upon its decks'. In the channel it becomes rather rough and 'the sea burst open our cabin window and wet us all to the skin'.

An old pile of letters I recently bought contained many written by seventeenth and eighteenth century bishops. Among them

were two written by the Archbishops of Canterbury in 1788 and 1879 and another written by the Earl of Hyndford to Robert Adam, the famous architect and designer, in 1791. The Earl wanted a house, 'not a palace', built for him. According to the letter he had received a note, containing the plans for a spacious mansion, from John Hamilton, another architect. He thought that Adam's design might be a little more reasonable. Another letter of 1805 complains of a certain portrait being sent by coach and being 'very much battered'.

This is a hobby one can truly be interested in and in fact if one is not really interested one cannot even begin at all. Collectors in the real sense will pay anything to get what they want and will sometimes spend years looking for it. People seem to think that looking back into the past is ridiculous, but I can assure them that handling something used generations ago by our ancestors is something to be marvelled at and something which can give the keenest delight.

J. B. CARTLAND
Remove Form

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AMBITIOUS JOURNEY

A LONG NIGHT lay ahead of me and I would obviously get very little sleep. My mind sluggishly and unwillingly ran through the events of the last forty-eight hours. It seemed incredible that this should be happening to me and somehow I felt detached from myself—as if I was an impartial spectator.

I had left England by train for Portugal where I was to meet my parents who were returning from Malaya with the car. We were then going to motor home through Spain, over the Pyrenees into France and then to England. It was pouring with rain and it followed me across the Channel and well into France. However, as I sped towards the Spanish border in the supremely comfortable French train, the occasional ray of sunshine punctured the heavy layer of cloud which still covered the sky, throwing everything into relief against the dark background.

That night I got a few hours' sleep in the couchette which I had reserved in anticipation of the following sleepless hours. I noticed that the scenery here was very like that of England, but with fewer towns and very green fields. Soon we reached the

Spanish border at San Sebastian where I alighted to pass the Customs and to change trains. I eventually found the Customs hall after much mental and physical exercise, for the only means of communication was by gesture and the odd half-English, half-‘foreign’ word. I eventually reached the barrier and the guard evidently found this a suitable opportunity to air his powers of English of which he clearly regarded himself a master. ‘Eengleesh?’, he inquired triumphantly, and when I nodded he burst into a torrent of speech, waving his rifle in a terrifying manner. I was pleased to escape for I had not understood a word although my occasional nod had seemed to satisfy him.

I eventually found my way to the train which was to carry me on the next stage of my journey to Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. And what a train it was! There was a small engine in front which bore a distinct resemblance to one of Stephenson’s original efforts. Anyone who finds cause to complain of British Railways has evidently never travelled in a Spanish train. The second-class carriage consisted of a long unbroken carriage with as many seats fitted in it as possible. The seats were hard and the neck rest was placed at least nine inches in front of the back rest which was so uncomfortable that sleep, or even rest was impossible. This was, of course, second-class travel.

My fellow travellers were no more attractive for they all smelt strongly of garlic, and smoke from their cheap cigarettes soon filled the carriage with an acid nauseating smell. I found an empty seat out of the now fierce sun and looked out of the window. As the countryside was still mountainous there were many tunnels and there was plenty to interest the eye. Arguments were frequent in the carriage and I noticed that everyone joined in everyone else’s affairs noisily. Then silence fell as the ‘siesta’ hour approached and anyone making a noise was glared at disapprovingly by all. As we travelled towards the centre of Spain all greenery was left behind and its place was taken by flat, uninteresting, and unending plains of a sandy colour while the sun beat down mercilessly on this scene which was broken only by the occasional olive tree. Sometimes we passed a Spanish village or an odd donkey, the Spaniard’s most common form of transport for man and goods alike.

Early next morning after several more uncomfortable and sleepless hours we reached the Portugese border and we had to

pass the Customs once more. After a little refreshment on the station I joined a frighteningly long queue. There was less than half an hour before my next train was meant to leave. A little bald man was arguing noisily, from a small box protected by a glass window, with everyone who passed. I found the slowness of these 'foreigners' infuriating and as I glanced anxiously at my watch I wondered whether the train would leave at the correct time or at the station time, which was fifteen minutes slow. But as I approached the box thirty minutes later, I wondered if it would go at all. I passed the barrier with no difficulty, perhaps because the man knew that an argument with me would be profitless and possibly not even enjoyable.

At last the train left. It was little better than the last one but I was not worried for I knew it was the last stage of this long journey and then I would be in Lisbon. After several more uncomfortable hours I came to the end of my long train journey and as I dismounted stiffly, I realised thankfully that I had arrived, safe, although not entirely sound.

D. WATSON
Form 6

THE ESCAPE

DAWN WAS BREAKING when I first stepped onto the dewy grass outside my 'earth'. Once again the need for food was urgent. The fresh, sweet air seemed to urge me out. Cautiously I sniffed the air. Only the smell of English woodland hung mournfully over everything mingled with the always interesting scent of rabbit! I decided to go towards the rough pastures where the rabbits themselves would be looking for food. The bare branches brushed against my russet coat, and this made me stop and I cautiously sniffed the damp air for any sign of danger.

By this time it was day and the sun was rising urgently behind the great oaks, but still I had no food. The rabbits had scuttled away at the approach of a hawk which hovered menacingly overhead. I trotted on along the leaf covered ride until I came to the ditch, which ran parallel to the road. I decided to follow it along, and this I did with my brush low and my mask up. All at once pigeons began to whirr above me. Blackbirds screeched, and hares and rabbits bounded over the ditch where I was now

lying. Fear suddenly seized me. I knew this warning. I had seen it last year. The hounds were coming!

I lay motionless, my fur tucked tightly against my skin so as to give off only the minimum amount of scent. My mind suddenly flashed back to the year before when I had panicked and raced off through the wood with a great black and tan hound only yards behind. I remembered the barbed wire which had torn my ear, and how, together with pain and panic, I had fled through a field of cows, which were then unknown to me, but which were to be my saviours.

Then I remembered I was still in the ditch. My mind seemed blank with fright until I twitched my ear and felt a little prick of pain. The hares were still bounding away, and now I could hear the master's horn, and I heard a whipper-in shout 'Git on to 'im, Merrymaker!' All these sounds echoed through the wood a hundred and one times. With that sound still ringing in my ears, I made a mistake that nearly ended my six years. Before one could say 'Reynard', I was away over the ditch, through the fence and into some stubble where, in front of me, stood erect and alert a man on his hunter. I turned and doubled back along the ditch, over the hedge and across the field. I was terrified. My fur that in the morning had been shiny and trim was now damp and bedraggled. My feet were clogged with mud but the hounds were still pressing me. I was panting. Saliva dribbled from the corners of my mouth, and with the thought that I could not go much farther, I made an attempt to reach an old earth which I knew to be in the wood that lay at the top of Six-acre Field. My hopes rose. Out of the corner of my eye I could make out baying hounds two fields away. Could one of them be 'Merrymaker'? Five minutes later I sniffed around where the earth should have been. A strong smell of man floated towards me. How could they be so cruel, not even leaving an earth open? I felt like giving up. All my hopes had faded. Even the jays screeching high in the tree tops seemed to be mocking me.

I trotted on with thoughts of men in scarlet coats standing around my mauled carcase, men laughing, men talking about the stupid fox that came blundering out of the wood into the stubble. At this point my blood boiled. 'Stupid fox am I? I will show them.' With new determination I made for my destination, the river.

Twenty minutes later I was home. I had swum the river into the centre, and then swum down it for thirty yards, thereby causing the hounds to lose all scent. I was home, but I was hungry!

CHRISTOPHER MARSDEN
Form 3



'TWELFTH NIGHT' (1)

THE SCHOOL PLAY was staged at The Corn Exchange, Witney on the 29th and 30th of March. Some day we shall have a school hall of our own, but until then the Corn Exchange at Witney will have to suffice for the staging of school productions.

As the curtain was raised we were transported from the rather dingy hall in Witney to the land of Illyria. The play commenced with the appearance of V. J. Williams as the Duke Orsino. Williams was well suited to the part and managed skilfully to interpret the character of the shallow, fickle, and rather theatrical Duke.

Ward as Maria was easily the most entertaining female character of the play, and one could not help laughing at this malicious, intelligent, witty young girl.

Whatever failings Livesley had, he had the outstanding virtue that he never allowed Viola to become too masculine, or the audience to forget she was a woman.

D. G. Simon as the clown had the most difficult and unenviable part in the whole play. Over the centuries since the play was written, much of the clown's witty, verbal humour has lost its appeal, and the clown is now faced with the unpleasant fact that his part is not as funny as those of Sir Andrew and Sir Toby with their more 'robust' humour.

C. Willsdon was hilarious as that gullible idiot, Sir Andrew Aguecheek. The slapstick humour and interplay between him and C. Newns as Sir Toby was quite professional in standard.

Brooker as the puritanical, humourless, unconsciously funny Malvolio was extremely amusing if slightly repetitive, and succeeded in making the pompous steward very ridiculous.

Hartford was perhaps a little halting, and not feminine enough

in his actions to be easily credible as the Lady Olivia, but he managed to give a convincing impression of haughtiness.

J. Clarke as Sebastian, the forceful adventurous twin brother of Viola, gave one of the most praiseworthy performances in the whole production.

The backcloth was well painted and appropriate, and the costumes colourful. The makeup, especially that of some of the female characters, was very good. This was easily the best school production I have ever seen, and it will, I hope, be the forerunner of many more.

P. H. RIPLEY
Form 5

'TWELFTH NIGHT' (2)

THE REVIVAL OF the Cokethorpe Dramatic Society after a year's interval was one of the main events of the earlier part of this school year. The play chosen was 'Twelfth Night'.

The first thing to be done was to pick people for the parts, and I was chosen for an audition. Of course like everyone else I fancied that I was just the one to play the hero, a young Elizabethan buck, or something like that. When the announcement was made that I was to play Sir Toby Belch, everyone laughed his approval. I did not.

At the beginning of the Easter term, rehearsals began and I began to live and think Sir Toby Belch.

Time flew, and really before any of us realised it there were only eight days before the dress rehearsal; now whenever I thought of the performance the bottom of my stomach would disappear and fall for endless miles and my throat would tighten. At these times I could see, in my mind's eye, myself as Sir Toby standing on the stage struck dumb and unable to stutter my forgotten words.

Four days before the dress rehearsal our costumes arrived and, elated, we rushed upstairs to change into them. It was really marvellous to get our costumes at last; delight was universal. I remember having 'practice' sword fights with everybody wearing iron. Antonio in his eagerness to give me the 'stuck in' smashed a glass lampshade, which we quickly hid. On the Tuesday before the dress rehearsal we had the costume rehearsal, to make sure that no one tripped over his sword and to smooth out all costume

troubles. This was a taste of what was to come and it was the rehearsal we especially enjoyed.

On Wednesday evening we had the dress rehearsal. We were made up, a process which delighted nearly everybody except me as I had to stick on my moustache and eyebrows with the most revolting glue. The dress rehearsal took place and I and my good friend Sir Andrew Aguecheek were amazed because everybody thought we were funny.

The next day, Thursday, passed slowly, agonisingly slowly. Somehow, day turned to night and night to morning. The morning of the big day of the first performance arrived. Sir Andrew and I sat together for most of the day trembling and trying to persuade ourselves that this was because we were cold. At last the coach came and took us into Witney in an unusual silence.

After arriving at the Corn Exchange we were made up. Then we waited, tense but trying to joke and pretending that we were feeling bright and sprightly.

The music started, the curtains parted and the first words of the play were spoken. At last we had begun. Soon it was my turn. I stood in the wings—shaking with nerves and apprehension. My cue came, and as I walked on the stage I was past caring if I did go wrong. I felt drugged and lightheaded, so much so that, in fact, I enjoyed myself. Of course there were mistakes, though how many the audience saw I do not know.

I looked forward to the second night and prepared to go on and enjoy myself. The evening came and on I went. I did thoroughly enjoy myself and was disappointed when the curtain had closed for the last time.

C. M. NEWS
Form 5

IGLOO COMPETITION

ONE SUNDAY MORNING when the snow was lying thickly on the ground, a notice appeared stating that there would be an igloo-building competition.

We started cutting blocks which were placed in some sort of order in the depths of the 'ha-ha'. But the structural and architectural details were unsound and the roof, which at first appeared so easy to put on, fell in.

Another igloo was being built very fast on the lawn in front of the form-room clock. Seeing this we immediately set to work to make another.

On the rise just above the 'ha-ha' we cleared away the snow, and the blocks from the igloo in the 'ha-ha' were close at hand and could be used again. The first layer was started after lunch on the Monday and by supper time there were only about four layers to be put on before the final block. Mr. Powell came to see our progress and advised us to bevel the last few layers so that they would fit tight and be rigid.

The next day the igloo was finished, just in time before the close of the competition. Mr. Powell judged the entries and our igloo drew in first place with the one on the lawn by the form rooms. Mr. Powell stated that ours would have won first place if it had had the porch on, for it was well-scaled and finished.

The prize was a supper held inside our igloo. Miss Fish cooked the sausages on a gas primus, and these were placed in rolls, and very tasty they were, too. We all thought that the work was well worth it. In fact our igloo stayed up weeks after this incident; and the photograph shows it as it was two weeks after it was built.

R. A. COLEBROOK
Remove Form

COOKS' TOUR

I MUST SAY I did rather wonder why we were going to Switzerland. As I waded after my husband through feet of snow to get to a bus for the station the thought crossed my mind that the ski-ing conditions in England were quite good at that time. But, of course, it would never last, and where was the glorious sunshine? . . .

The Swiss were asking the same question, although they were in no doubt as to the durability of their snow; their only concern was whether there would be a *Summer* season. 'Worst winter for ten years', said the bus driver. However, when the sun did shine it was wonderful to sit outside without a coat. During our second week the temperature stayed well below freezing and we experienced a new sensation—icicles in our noses!

Flims is set in a bowl of the mountains; on one side vast ski-ing

pistes and on the other beautiful pine forests. The village is built in a horseshoe with the old farms and chalets on the ski-ing end and the hotels on the forest end. Our hotel was an old chalet which had been enlarged and modernized. We had the top floor almost to ourselves, which was all to the good as boys are incapable of walking quietly. The food was excellent and plentiful, with the highlight a dish of 'flaming bananas'. My waistband got progressively tighter; a good thing we were only staying a fortnight!

Every morning we managed to bundle the boys into the requisite number of socks and pullovers in time for lessons on the nearby nursery slopes. Most of the beginners made rapid progress, although two showed a preference for other forms of exercise after Biggar had broken his leg on the first day of ski-ing. We were all impressed by the ski-stretcher and by the X-ray and plaster unit of the local doctor (conveniently situated opposite the slopes!). After several days most of the people in the hotel had signed Biggar's leg. As he had to be kept flat, arrangements were made by the agency to fly him home to Scotland. Thank heavens for insurance, and for the kindness of the hotel.

The rival attraction to ski-ing was the two-mile-long toboggan run (free). Up the mountain on the chair lift, five francs deposit for the toboggan, and back down to the village round hairpin bends and between high walls of snow to claim the five francs. I tried it once, but decided it was somewhat undignified—not to mention unsafe—to come down backwards!

Vast sums must have been spent on the various mechanical lifts on the ski slopes. The beginners were soon using the nursery hoist while the 'advanced' class were taken by their instructors on a longer hoist or on the chairlift. Usually the instructors brought them down easy routes, keeping off the fast pistes, but on one occasion Baker, dutifully following his class, found himself being whisked up to the second station of the chair-lift, leaving the class below him. He accomplished the descent from 5,500 feet safely, but not, I imagine, in an orthodox style.

The skating rink (free again!) attracted quite a few of the boys, but Dufton in particular found that English ice was easier: 'I can do it all right at home', he protested, gripping the side.

We were amazed by the variety of snow ploughs. There was a gigantic one which could, and did, take cars (and nearly me,

once!) in its stride. This and smaller versions kept the roads clear. The most fascinating, however, were the 'blowers' which vacuumed snow from the roadsides and squirted it over walls. Miniatures, like lawnmowers, kept open miles of woodland walks, which were frequented by the more staid members of our party—much to the puzzlement of the boys. The beauty of snow on trees has not quite the same appeal to the young masculine mind.

We liked Flims so much that we nearly missed the bus to the station on the last day. I must say I did wonder, as I panted after my husband, why we were going home; Swiss pipes don't burst!

J. M. COOK

DARTMOOR

THE PRIMARY OBJECT of our unofficial Arduous Training trek on Dartmoor was to enjoy ourselves in the least civilized part of England. Despite the limitations of the weather, which was in itself an unforgettable experience, the object was achieved. The first night out was spent in the beautiful country surrounding Ivybridge, after a slow but somewhat hazardous 'hitch' down south. Our first taste of a 'Snake Bite' (cider and ginger wine), the Boat Race on T.V. in the tavern parlour, the local grave-digger, the awful moment of truth when boots were removed, the frustration of the broken wireless, the staple diet of porridge and beans, the mud in the coffee, the broken tentpole and subsequent discomfort, the icy Dartmoor wind, the Australian postman, our first hot meal for 36 hours, its price, a night on the attic floor at the Vicarage, Princetown, after our determined effort to enter the prison had been barred, utter but inevitable rejection by society at a local five shilling dance, these and a clear conscience that we had done some really strenuous hiking, contributed towards a thoroughly enjoyable time.

R. GREY, Form 6

VISIT TO EDALE

ON THE THIRD DAY of our unforgettable visit to Edale each one of us came up against the difficulties of the elements. Mr. Wood took a party of boys out. I do not quite know where they all got to; nor, I think, do they. However, they arrived back

at the house thoroughly drenched, the rain having got through the most waterproof of anaraks.

That afternoon it was the turn of myself, about five others and Mr. Horn to venture out to the unexpected. We were lucky in that it was no more than occasionally drizzling. We began by ascending an extremely steep 'pathway' called Jacob's Ladder. As we climbed mist became more and more apparent. Walking along an almost dry river bed we found our position by way of map and compass, and decided to begin trekking across the beginning of the Kinder Scout plateau. Kinder Scout is a vast peat moor. Walking across it is made difficult by cloughs, deep gullies cut through the peat by streams.

As the time went on the mist became thicker and thicker and instead of being able to find our way by landmarks which we recognized from the map we had to find a bearing on our compasses and use them to get to Kinder Downfall. This is a very deep gorge with a downfall, incidentally, of more than two hundred and fifty feet in parts. By this time drops of water were forming on our foreheads and in our hair owing to the mist. Peat had somehow, irritatingly, got into almost everyone's boots.

Our next objective was Crowden Towers, south-east from Kinder Downfall. This was the most difficult part of our trek. Visibility was no more than ten yards and it was beginning to rain. We took it in turns to lead with the compasses. Crowden Towers is a sheer-faced cliff about a hundred feet high from the nearest point to the top. We came across it so suddenly that three of us stopped at the front about two yards from the edge—too close for comfort. Crowden Towers marked the edge of Kinder Scout and from there we began to descend a river valley. We walked on the large stones in the river itself, the banks of the river and the sides of the valley being too steep to walk on without the danger of slipping and perhaps spraining an ankle.

Eventually we reached the rugged pathway leading to the house and left the river and many carcasses of sheep that we found, behind.

We arrived back at the house to be greeted by a hot meal awaiting us.

It was hard going—the trek, not the meal—but I think we would all do it again.

T. MAY, Remove Form

THE RIVER WYE TRIP

MR. HORN'S FAMILIAR GREEN VAN crawled down the narrow farm track, sending a cloud of dust up behind it. When it had come to a standstill we were told there was an alteration to the previous arrangements and that we were moving down-stream to another camp situated at Bredwardine. So we all crowded into the few remaining cars and we moved off. On arrival at Bredwardine we obtained our kit from the stores, and erected all the tents. After a meal we were able to relax in them, and gradually we retired one by one to our sleeping bags.

Next morning we woke up to find it was a gloriously sunny day. After we had enjoyed a sustaining breakfast in the sun we were told that we were going up-stream by Land-Rover to Hay-on-Wye to collect our canoes and then to paddle down again. On tackling the first rapid, three canoes met with an accident. One canoe made a hole in another, so we made an unofficial stop in order that the hole could be mended temporarily. We arrived back at Bredwardine at four o'clock after an eight-mile journey from Whitney where we had lunch.

But the next day was very different. It poured from the time we set off until almost midnight. When it started we thought it only a shower, so we sheltered, but eventually we had to press on, rain or no rain. We struggled on, the wind and rain stinging our faces, and the water running down our anaraks and forming pools of water in the bottom of the canoe. Still we struggled on. After attempting the best rapid on the trip we stopped for lunch, and were able to empty our canoes.

The next day it was sunny again, and we were able to dry out our saturated clothes. That day we moved on to Mordiford, stopping at Hereford for lunch. That evening it was beautifully fine, and most of us ventured out for a walk along the river bank, before turning in at our orchard camp site.

On Wednesday we were free to do as we wished, so accordingly most of the party made an excursion by bus to Hereford, where the day was spent watching the film 'The Magnificent Seven', and window-shopping.

One morning I was awakened at five o'clock, and I was amazed to find there was a herd of noisy cows surrounding our camp. Only after they had had spoons, plates, and mugs lobbed

at them did they move about a hundred yards away. That day was our last, and we were to canoe down to Symonds Yat. It was very pleasant paddling along basking in the sun. When we arrived at Symonds Yat we unloaded our freight canoes, and then we took them down below the Yat rapid where we left them. That night a howling gale blew up and twice our tent nearly blew away.

I can confidently say that all those who went on the trip had a wonderful holiday, and it will always remain vividly in my memory.

A. W. BAKER (Form 5)

W. R. S. WEBB (Remove Form)

CAMPING IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

DURING THE EASTER HOLIDAYS of 1962, a party of fifteen boys went camping in Borrowdale valley which has the highest annual rainfall in England. Quite naturally, it scarcely ever stopped raining. Everything and everybody came to be covered in mud which found its way into tents and onto clothes.

One of my most vivid memories is the sight of Mackinnon cooking his breakfast. Something went wrong with his primus. At one moment it was quietly hissing and the next it was a red ball of frightening fire. How dejected he looked sitting there with his pan in his hand as he gazed at his unruly primus with mournful eyes!

Our first climb was not a success. We had decided to go by the hardest route, but confidently we set out. When we came to the snow the going became both wet and hard. Soon we were traversing a ridge in a howling wind with snow battering at our faces. On either side was a drop of three hundred feet, one onto solid rock and the other into an ice-bound tarn. Being perched on a high ridge in a blizzard with no toe holds is no joke.

A day that we all enjoyed was the one when we climbed Glaramara. We had to negotiate several steep snowfields and it was great fun kicking footsteps in the snow as we slowly ascended. After we had reached the top we began our descent. Someone found it was easier to slide down and soon most of us sat down, pushed off and slid down the slope as far as we could.

Of course, we went on other climbs, but the two which I have described, have remained most vividly in my memory.

C. M. NEWNS
Form 5



HARCOURT HOUSE REPORT 1962

ON THE WHOLE 1962 has been another successful year for Harcourt House. Although faced by increased competition from other Houses we once again managed to win about half of the trophies.

We ended last year's Spring term better than we had started—or expected, by winning three out of the four trophies awarded that term. New House colours were deservedly awarded to R. Hall-Jones, I. W. Mackenzie, and T. J. Baylis. The Summer term, however, was not very successful for we failed to win the Athletics Competition and the inter-house Cricket Cup. New House colours were awarded to R. Woods for his performance in the Cricket team. The only cup we did in fact win during this term was the inter-house standards cup and of this we are justifiably proud, for this satisfactory result was only achieved by the dutiful support of every member in the house, under the encouragement of N. A. Danvers and C. N. Newns, joint-captains of athletics. This was, of course, a sad term for the House because, after the G.C.E. exams, we lost many of our most senior and enthusiastic members—in fact the cream of the House.

Under the able leadership of C. N. Newns, the house rugby team was moulded into an efficient body. The probable result of the inter-house rugby matches this year caused lively speculation and Harcourt was by no means the favourite. We won our first match, against Swift House, decisively and we went into our second match, against Queen Anne, with confidence, but realizing that we were up against some formidable opposition. After a hard-fought match we emerged the winners and our retention of this trophy was assured. For this, house colours were awarded to A. W. Baker, H. C. Bucknell, R. M. Brocklebank, and C. L. Poe. On Speech Day we also collected the Shooting

Cup. At the end of this term we suffered the great loss of our house captain, W. Cuff, whose unfailing leadership was acknowledged by all the house, and we think this a suitable occasion to wish him the best of luck in the future. He was replaced by N. P. Gardner as captain of the house, assisted by D. A. H. Watson.

The Spring term was, as everyone knows, bedevilled by the weather and by illness. Rugger was out of the question and consequently the usual inter-house seven-a-side rugger matches were not played. The only possible exercise was running, and this was taken up by all as a form of training for the inter-house cross-country. However once again fate intervened in the last few weeks of term in the form of influenza, which caused the cross-country to be cancelled. Another activity usually undertaken this term is the inter-house rowing. The house crew viewed with dismay the unusually long winter weather and this changed to despair as they saw the river rapidly rising with the thaw, which ended all hope of a race. Thus ended, from the sporting point of view, an extremely disappointing term.

On reflection we can see that 1962 has been a year of moderate success and of a consolidation within the house. Although our stranglehold on the trophies may not be assured, our tradition and house spirit are undying and this should be an incentive to the junior members of Harcourt House.

QUEEN ANNE HOUSE REPORT

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1962 we managed—against fierce opposition from Harcourt—to win the Cricket and House Athletics; the rowing was unavoidably cancelled. The success in cricket was mostly, if not entirely due to the captain, W. P. C. Cotter, who took seven wickets during the Queen Anne v. Harcourt match.

The winning of the House Athletics trophy was a feat of team work and unconquerable enthusiasm. The Queen Anne team won the medley relay, a total of $176\frac{1}{2}$ points being attained.

The House Shield was not awarded last year, since a suitable candidate could not be found. We collected the Archery Cup last Speech Day, for the second year running, but during the Michaelmas term we lost the rugger to Harcourt, and in the Lent term, the road relay to Swift by a narrow margin.



THE IGLOO COMPETITION



“TWELFTH NIGHT”—THE CAST



'TWELFTH NIGHT'

Sir Toby Belch (C. Newns) and Maria (J. Ward)



RUGGER AT COKETHORPE

At the end of the Michaelmas term we lost our head of house, Samuelson, to Bristol University where he will be studying law. We wish him the best of luck and thank him for all that he has done for the house.

The house morale, or rather self-esteem, is perhaps too high and verging on over-confidence. Indeed this is what lost the rugger to Harcourt. All were out for individual glory rather than concentrating on working as a team.

Near the end of Lent term we made Key I a house prefect and have every confidence that he will do his job efficiently and well, taking his place with the other house prefects, in the running of the school.

A number of full School Colours were awarded, and a fair number reawarded, to boys in our house. They are as follows:— for rowing, Key I and Hague, for cricket Hunter (Burr got his half colours), for athletics, Trimble, Baxter and Cotter, and for rugger, Hope and Buchner.

Weather, and other commitments have prevented a repetition of our cycle rally, but it is hoped that next summer will afford the opportunity for another.

Casting our eyes towards the future, we feel that the prospects are hopeful. There is a promising batch of juniors rising, who will (we think) take prominent positions in the house.

SWIFT HOUSE REPORT 1961-2

THIS HAS BEEN A YEAR of mixed fortunes for Swift. The Summer and Christmas terms proved disappointing as far as the subject of Cups was concerned. We failed to retain the Athletics Cup and also lost the Cricket Cup, although one feels that the difficulty in raising even half a team must be mainly responsible for the latter failure. The junior team, however, gave a good account of themselves in their winning of the Junior House matches.

Despite a lack of material of any marked ability, we were able, under the captaincy of Marrett, to consolidate a team for the Rugger house matches. Notwithstanding the lack of experience

of many, we managed to produce a quite creditable display in both matches. As the record shows, we lost, but if the spirited counter-attacks lacked rugby skill sometimes and failed to produce the required result, they did reveal the keen and often aggressive spirit that prevails in the House. Consequently, House Rugger colours were deservedly awarded to Tull, Hayward and Mackinnon, and others were re-awarded. Mention should be made also of the members of the House who succeeded on the rugger field in the 1st XV.

During the Spring term, owing to the limitations imposed by the weather, outdoor sport suffered, and accordingly there were few House activities on the games field. The Rugger Sevens and House Cross-Country were cancelled, and also the Inter-house Rowing, which is normally held at this time. The Road-relay, however, was run after much postponement. The result was a pleasing win for Swift, who, after restoring a 300 yard lead gained by Queen Anne in the first six miles, ran home by a comfortable margin. We must not forget, also, the Swift 'B' team, who gained first place in their group. As to other sporting activities, we should mention Noon, who ran in the 100 yards and competed in the long jump at the Mid-Oxfordshire Sports at Eynsham, and was presented with a Cup for the best all-round performance. He later entered for both these events at the Iffley Road track. Locke, also, achieved success in his own field, when, on the last week-end of the Summer term, he won a sailing challenge cup at Emsworth.

At the end of the Summer term, we lost Barratt-Terry, Prefect and Captain of House Rowing, and several other senior members of Swift, on whom the House had largely depended. At the close of the Christmas term, our Head of House, R. A. Marrett, left us, and it was with no hesitation that we presented to him the 'Tankard', for much of the past success of Swift has been due to his efforts. We take this opportunity to wish him all success in the future. His position as Head of House was taken by Grey, with Locke as the new House prefect.

It is then, with lively anticipation that we look to the future. We have a promising selection of Juniors, who have already shown something of their skill and ability on the games field. It is on these that the future of Swift will depend, and we feel certain they will continue in the best traditions of the House.

G.C.E. RESULTS

SUMMER 1962

A level

Samuelson History, English

O level

Allardyce	Maths.
Allen	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Maths., Art
Baker-Beall	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Geog., Maths., Chemistry with Physics
Baxter	Eng. Lang., History, Geog.
Brittan	Eng. Lang., Art
Chadwick	Eng. Lang.
Chalmers	Eng. Lang., History
Cotter	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., History, Chemistry with Physics
Cranford	Art
Cuff	Eng. Lit., History
Danvers	Eng. Lang., History, Geography
Darbyshire	Geography
Denton-Rowe	Eng. Lang.
Ealand	Eng. Lang., History, Geography, Chemistry with Physics
Edwards	History
Evans	Art
Fraser	Geography
Furnival-Jones	History
Gardner II	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit.
Hague	History, Geography
Hall-Jones	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., French, History, Maths., Chemistry with Physics
Hayward	History
Henderson I	Eng. Lang.
Hope	Eng. Lang., History, Geography
Hunter	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., History
Jarrett	History, Geography, Maths., Chemistry with Physics
Kirk	Eng. Lang.
LeVack	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., French, History
Locke	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., French, Chemistry with Physics
Mobsby	Eng. Lang.
News I	Eng. Lang., History, Geography
Noon	Eng. Lang.
Peters	Eng. Lang.
Plimmer	Eng. Lang.
Reid	Art
Richards	Geography, Maths., Chemistry with Physics
Ripley	Eng. Lang., History
Rose	Geography

Sampson	Eng. Lang., French
Searle	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., History, Maths., Chemistry with Physics
Selmes	History, Geography
Shaw	Eng. Lang., History
Slee	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., French, History, Geography, Maths., Chemistry with Physics
Simon	Eng. Lang., History
Tabor	Eng. Lang., History
Trimble	History, Geography
Tull	Eng. Lang., Geography
Van Enst	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., French, Geography, Biology, Chemistry with Physics
Vaughan-Bendy	Art
Webb I	French
Willsdon	Eng. Lang.
Williams	Eng. Lang., Geography
Woods	Eng. Lang., Chemistry with Physics
Zair	Geography
Trotman	History
Watson	Maths.
Marrett	Eng. Lang., Maths.
Gower	Additional Maths.
Baylis II	Art
Brocklebank	Art
Brown III	Art
Browne IV	Art
Maxwell	Art
Newns II	Art
Ransom	Art
Sparksman	Art
Stanley	Art
Vernon-Smith	Art

NOVEMBER 1962

O level

Allardyce	Eng. Lang., History, Chemistry with Physics
Allen	Geography
Burr	Geography
Cuff	Eng. Lang., Chemistry with Physics
Darbyshire	History, Art
Ealand	Maths.
Emmerson	Eng. Lang.
Gardner I	Additional Maths.
Gardner II	History, Chemistry with Physics

Key I	Geography, Maths.
MacGeagh	History
Marrett	Chemistry with Physics
Newns I	French
Plimmer	Geography
Rose	History, Art
Trotman	Maths.
Tull	French
Willsdon	Geography
Woods	French, Maths.
Sainsbury	Art
Elgie	Art
Peters	French, Maths.

It should be remembered that, in some cases, boys gained a number of additional passes last year; other boys, particularly those who have passed in Art, will not sit for the rest of their examinations until next year.

RUGBY FOOTBALL 1962-63

WITH THE INCREASING SKILL of the teams, the fixture list continues to grow. The very young players—in their first term of the game—have had a few matches. In order to separate the different age groups the rugger playing portion of the school has been divided into four games: Game 1, consisting of the most capable forty; game 2, of the senior boys who have proved not so capable over the years; game 3, the junior boys in their second year and game 4, the new boys who are in their first season at this school.

Many boys in the first game found themselves playing in the 1st XV, the Under-Sixteen XV, and the 'A' XV. This made it difficult for any teams to play together before a match, as the Under-Sixteen team often played on the same day as the 1st XV.

The 1st XV still playing in white shirts, white shorts, and scarlet socks, are a young team with a few veterans scattered about. The scrum played excellently all the season, but the fast inexperienced backs could not get the ball down the line to the

wings, who nevertheless proved invaluable when it did reach them. The team played nine matches, of which they won six and lost three, compared to winning four and losing three the previous season.

The newcomers to the team have developed very well especially Buchner, Hope, Mackenzie and Selmes who gained their full-colours in their first season. R. A. Marrett captained the team extremely well, but left the school at Christmas; and was succeeded by J. Locke, who in fact did not get an opportunity to captain the team because of the bad weather. The converters in the team, R. Marrett, J. Buchner and R. Brocklebank have done extremely well to keep the excellent record C. Wilson set up in 1962, well within sight.

During one of the tougher matches J. Locke received a hard kick on the chin and shattered his jaw. This, of course, put him off games for the rest of the season.

The few boys in the team who are not leaving, are looking forward anxiously to the next season, when they will be joined by several boys from the Under-Sixteen team who have been playing well all this season.

The Under-Sixteen team who did not have as much success as they should have done, was well captained by Brocklebank, who is also in the 1st XV. That they did not play as a team was their main fault. Individually all the players are very good—and prefer to stay that way.

The Junior Colts or Under-Fifteen XV have not improved on the previous season. They won two and lost four this year, as opposed to winning four and losing two in 1962. This team should, with more practice develop into a useful First Fifteen. It was well captained by Gillman.

The Under-Fourteen team which is composed entirely of new boys, many of whom had never touched a rugby ball before, did very well against much more experienced teams. The scores do not look very exciting but by the end of the season these boys were getting a firmer grasp of the game.

The sincere thanks of the Rugby Committee go to Mr. George Balmer for his hard and precise work on the pitches and to Miss Parker and her staff for arranging match-teas at odd times of the day, and to all who have in any way helped to make this season one of our most enjoyable.

RUGBY FOOTBALL SUMMARY

1962-63

FIRST XV

<i>Date</i>	<i>Opponents</i>	<i>Ground</i>	<i>Result</i>
OCTOBER			
Sat. 13	Old Boys	Home	Won 14- 3
Sat. 20	Bicester G.S.	Home	Won 28- 3
NOVEMBER			
Sat. 3	Kingham Hill 'A'	Home	Lost 12- 3
Sat. 10	Magdalen College 3rd XV ..	Away	Won 11- 3
Sat. 17	Rendcomb College 2nd XV ..	Away	Won 15- 9
Wed. 21	Abingdon School 3rd XV ..	Home	Lost 11- 6
Sat. 24	Oratory School 3rd XV	Home	Won 21- 0
Wed. 28	Burford G.S.	Away	Lost 24- 0
DECEMBER			
Sat. 1	Shiplake Court	Home	Won 14- 0

COLTS (UNDER 16) XV

<i>Date</i>	<i>Opponents</i>	<i>Ground</i>	<i>Result</i>
OCTOBER			
Sat. 6	Burford G.S.	Home	Lost 9- 5
Wed. 24	Abingdon School	Away	Lost 28- 3
NOVEMBER			
Wed. 14	Kingham Hill	Home	Cancelled

JUNIOR COLTS (UNDER 15) XV

<i>Date</i>	<i>Opponents</i>	<i>Ground</i>	<i>Result</i>
OCTOBER			
Wed. 10	Bicester G.S.	Away	Lost 33- 3
Wed. 31	Abingdon School 'A' XV ..	Away	Lost 35- 0
NOVEMBER			
Sat. 3	Kingham Hill	Home	Won 25- 6
Sat. 10	Magdalen College	Home	Lost 19- 3
Sat. 17	Rendcomb College	Away	Won 37- 0
Sat. 28	Burford G.S.	Away	Lost 23- 3

JUNIOR (UNDER 14) XV

<i>Date</i>	<i>Opponents</i>	<i>Ground</i>	<i>Result</i>
NOVEMBER			
Wed. 7	Abingdon School	Home	Lost 51- 0
Wed. 14	Kingham Hill	Home	Lost 25- 3

1st XV

Played 9; 1 cancelled; won 6; lost 3; points for 112; points against 60

COLTS (UNDER 16) XV

Played 2; 1 cancelled; won 0; lost 2; points for 8; points against 37.

JUNIOR COLTS (UNDER 15)

Played 6; 1 cancelled; won 2; lost 4; points for 71; points against 116.

JUNIOR XV (UNDER 14)

Played 2; won 0; lost 2; points for 3; points against 76.

SCHOOL

Played 19; 3 cancelled; won 8; lost 11; points for 194; points against 289.

COLOURS

1st XV

R. A. Marrett	1960-61-62-63
J. S. Locke	1961-62-63
C. Newns	1961-62-63
D. Gardner	1961-62-63
S. Hague	1961-62-63
N. Selmes	1963
R. Grey	1963
J. Buchner	1963
A. Hope	1963
I. Mackenzie	1963

CRICKET REPORT 1962

FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF the first team, this season was initially handicapped by the failure of the new cricket square to measure up to earlier expectations. As a result of its poor condition, and the difficulty in finding suitable ground for nets, it was often noticeable that there was a lack of real practice by means of which a team could be consolidated. But despite setbacks, an eleven emerged, which remained unbeaten until the later stages of the season.

The first match of the season against Lord Williams's was drawn, although with another few minutes a victory would probably have been ours. We defeated Kingham Hill after a disastrous innings had been offset by an aggressive attack in the field. This was followed by an easy victory over Magdalen College. A Cokethorpe 'A' team defeated heavily Lord Williams's 2nd XI. Our final school match against Carmel College proved to be the most disastrous. Having declared at a score which appeared to be well within striking distance, Carmel put us in to bat. There followed an abysmal innings in which only four members of the team scored.

Amongst the most enjoyable matches of the season were those which were played against local teams and those against Mr.

SUMMARY OF SEASON 1962

<i>Date</i>	<i>Opponents</i>	<i>Ground</i>	<i>Result</i>
26 May	Lord Williams's	Away	Drawn. Cokethorpe, 84, 7 declared. L. Williams's 51, 8 wickets.
30 May	Kingham Hill	Away	Won. Cokethorpe, 57. Kingham, 41.
6 June	Magdalen College	Home	Won. Magdalen, 52. Cokethorpe, 53, 7 wickets.
9 June	Mr. Goddard's XI	Home	1st inn. Cokethorpe 89, 7 dec. Mr. Goddard's XI, 69. 2nd inn. „ 75, 9 dec. „ 99, 4 wickets.
16 June	Lord Williams's 2nd XI	Home	Won. Lord Williams's 44. Cokethorpe (A) 80, 8 dec.
21 June	Mr. Goddard's XI	Home	Lost. Mr. Goddard's 135, 9 dec. Cokethorpe, 43.
23 June	Abingdon Under 16	Home	Lost. Cokethorpe (Under 16) 26. Abingdon, 107, 5 wickets.
29 June	Burford Grammar School	Home	Won. Cokethorpe, 112, 7 wickets. Burford, 111.
18 July	Carmel College	Away	Lost. Carmel, 136, 7 dec. Cokethorpe, 18.
21 July	Ducklington XI	Home	Won. Cokethorpe, 115, 4 dec. Ducklington, 68.
29 July	Burford Grammar School	Away	Lost. Cokethorpe, 78. Burford, 81, 3 wickets.

House Matches 1962

Seniors

1st Queen Anne
2nd Harcourt
3rd Swift

Juniors

1st Swift
2nd Queen Anne
3rd Harcourt

1st Eleven Played 9 matches. Drawn 1. Won 5. Lost 3.
Under 15 Played 2 matches. Drawn 0. Won 0. Lost 2.
Under 14 Played 4 matches. Drawn 0. Won 0. Lost 4.

Colours for season 1962.

R. W. Grey, W. P. C. E. Cotter, J. E. Buchner, C. W. Edwards, M. Hunter, S. A. Chalmers, R. A. Marrett.

Half Colours—Burr, Locke.

Goddard's team from St. Edmund Hall. We were unable to organize a fixture against Hardwicke and Sutton, but the light-hearted game against Ducklington pleasantly closed the season.

On paper, we had a strong batting side, but as the season progressed it became painfully obvious that our results were achieved rather by individual efforts than through consistent efforts by the whole team. Grey, Buchner, Cotter, Edwards, Hunter, Chalmers and Locke, all batted well on occasion, and there was a regular flow of runs coming from Marrett at the tail. Burr has proved a safe and steady opening bat, and should prove useful in years to come. The bowling of Cotter attained a high standard this season and often he proved to be our mainstay. Several times, the quick dismissal of the opposition was largely due to his aggression and accuracy. Buchner would be well advised to concentrate on his leg-spin attack rather than his often wild pace bowling. Nevertheless, he provided a useful attack, ably backed up by Chalmers. The fielding was, on the whole, keen and showed an air of purpose. Mention must be made of Edwards, who took up suicidal positions near the bat, and often took catches of some distinction. As a result, he was awarded the Golby Fielding Cup. There was little question as to whom the Golsorkhi Cup should go and Cotter's all-round competence was deservedly rewarded.

The Under 15 and 14 teams were unfortunate in losing their matches, although their performance is by no means as bad as the record suggests. Indeed many of the Juniors show much promise and talent. It is on these that the future of cricket in this school will depend, and we look forward to a flourishing season next year. Finally, the report would not be complete without mention of George Balmer, and our thanks go to him for his hard work.

BOAT CLUB

THOUGH ONCE AGAIN SHORT OF BOATS and hours in the day, the club was not short of members. During the Summer over eighty boys rowed at least twice a week, most of them three times a week, by dint of adhering to a complicated, split-second timetable. This is all very well until somebody has a puncture on the way to the boathouse, or until bits fall off the old boats

and time has to be spent on Heath-Robinson repairs. Then timetables are apt to go awry and some crews miss an outing.

Inevitably, top priority has to be given to the school crews, entered for regattas, and this year we had three. The 1st IV (N. P. Gardner—Captain of Boats—, P. Barratt-Terry, S. Hague, T. W. Key and D. Ealand), coached by Mr. Fretwell, entered eight regattas.

At Reading Clinker Regatta and at Marlow they put up a strong performance, but, particularly at Marlow, were outclassed. At Saltford they reached the Semi-finals. At Stratford-upon-Avon they fought through to the final, to be narrowly beaten by Derby School. At Monmouth they again reached the finals only to see Whitecross School draw slowly ahead. The crew still think the current is slower on one side than the other. At Hereford Schools Regatta they met Becket School in the final and lost by two lengths.

However (and we have saved this till last), at Oxford City the 1st IV beat Falcon Rowing Club—who had trained on the regatta course—and got to the final, where they met Hannington. This was a closely-fought and exciting race, and as we roared up the towpath in pursuit we dared not trust our own eyes. Cokethorpe had won! The 'pots' were presented by The Mayor of Oxford, and the *Oxford Times* took due note of this historic moment.

As it happened, on the same day the 2nd IV (A. Trotman, A. Hope, W. Sampson, D. Le Vack and A. Dawson) were making history at Wallingford. Entered for the Schoolboy Fours, they set up a course record in the first round and forged through to the semi-finals, to the delight of their coach, Mr. Cook. In a very close race they pushed Becket School all the way and lost by half a length. They accompanied the 1st IV to Stratford and also reached the final in their class, where they were beaten by King's School, Chester. At the Upper Thames League Regatta they and the 1st IV both won preliminary rounds but were knocked out before the semi-finals.

The Colts crew (P. Osborne, D. Slack, M. Jarrett, D. H. Elgie and E. Petty), coached by Mr. Lyle, went to Hereford Schools and Wallingford Regattas where they put up a good show and gained valuable regatta experience.

On the domestic front, the other sixty or so boys trained

regularly and many show promise of being useful in a year or two. It was decided to postpone the inter-house fours until the beginning of the 1963 season and use them as regatta crew trials, so instead we held a 'rag' regatta in tubs. Strange crews, with even stranger names, trained earnestly for a week and with practically the whole Boat Club competing the regatta provided a most entertaining afternoon's racing. Winners were The Satanists, Alcoholics Anonymous, The Aristocrats, The Pot-hunters, Les Célibataires, The Yarnton Yokels and The Flamboys.

Towards the end of term, Feldon School, whom the 1st IV had beaten at Stratford and whom we had met elsewhere during the season, visited us for a private race, and the Cokethorpe crew again won. We hope to build up several of these individual fixtures over the years.

We now have two best boats; Isabella has been joined by Bertie, but Tom and Jerry have become just a source of spare parts. Last summer concrete steps were laid to the landing-stage. So there is an overall improvement in facilities and in the standard of rowing which augurs well for the future.

CROSS-COUNTRY 1963

ALTHOUGH THIS WAS the only outdoor sport functioning last term, the weather inevitably affected this group also and caused the cancellation of several fixtures. Despite the fact that the statistics point to a rather disappointing season, the club has produced runners of promise in both seniors and juniors alike. With the difficulties of the abnormal weather conditions, and the added hazard of the 'flu epidemic, we were nevertheless able to produce two able and fit teams for the Oxfordshire Cross-Country at Banbury. The early training during the worst of the weather proved its worth, as it produced the necessary stamina to compete against teams which were often much older and stronger. Indeed, considering the young overall age of the senior team, one would not hesitate to say that they acquitted themselves well. The experience gained this season will prove useful in the future, especially to our juniors, many of whom show promise, for it is on these that the future success of the Club will depend.

Illness was not escaped by the group, and consequently Hope and Hall-Jones had little chance to show their usual ability. Grey

had a good season, and Evans and Mackenzie I have proved welcome additions to the Club. Elgie, Clarke I, and Lewis all ran well on occasion, as did Bulmer, Ballantine, Marsden, Henderson, Bally, Ward and Rollin for the juniors. It must be said, however, that later results were due largely to lack of hard training, although this was often unavoidable. It is encouraging to see the Club growing in size and ability, in only its second season, and we look forward to a flourishing season next year.

9TH FEBRUARY. OXFORDSHIRE INTER-SCHOOLS CROSS-COUNTRY AT BANBURY

Under 17. 6 teams entered Juniors. 20 teams entered (approx.)

Hall-Jones—9th	Bulmer
Elgie—11th	Bally
Hope—13th	Henderson
Evans	Ballantine
Lewis	Gillman
Hague	Ward

COKETHORPE—2nd

COKETHORPE—5th

The course, approximately $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles for the seniors, and 4 miles for the juniors, was hard going, varying between slush and deep snow, and both teams did very well to finish in their respective positions. Hall-Jones particularly deserves mention, for his selection to represent Oxfordshire in the Inter-Counties Schools Cross-Country, at Coventry. We regret that he was unable to run because of illness.

16 FEBRUARY. INTER-HOUSE ROAD-RELAY

1st—Swift	108.12 minutes
2nd—Queen Anne	109.22 minutes
3rd—Harcourt	111.07 minutes
4th—Swift (B)	117.51 minutes
5th—Harcourt (B)	120.38 minutes
6th—Queen Anne (B)	131.09 minutes

20 FEBRUARY. KING ALFRED'S, WANTAGE. 1st VIII at Wantage

1st—Montgomery (King Alfred's).	39.11 minutes
2nd—Grey (Cokethorpe)	39.22 minutes
5th—Hope („)	40.27 minutes

Result: Cokethorpe lost 43-45

2nd MARCH. MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD. 1st VIII at Cokethorpe

1st—Grey	(Cokethorpe)
5th—Mackenzie I	(„)
6th—Evans	(„)

Result: Cokethorpe lost $44\frac{1}{2}$ - $34\frac{1}{2}$

6 MARCH. ABINGDON SCHOOL. 1st VIII at Abingdon

1st—Grey	(Cokethorpe)
10th—Evans	{ „ }
11th—Mackenzie I	{ „ }

Result: Cokethorpe lost 61-27

CROSS-COUNTRY COLOURS 1963

Already with colours: A. Hope.

Full colours have been awarded to the following: R. Grey (Capt.), R. Hall-Jones (Hon. Sec.), Clarke I, Elgie, Evans, Lewis.

Half colours have been awarded to: Mackenzie I.

Junior colours have been awarded to the following: Bulmer (Capt.), Henderson.

ATHLETICS

A SUNNY SEASON gave some pleasant competition but we were not very successful in that we did not win much. Two school athletes, R. Noon and N. A. Danvers brightened this scene. Noon was awarded the County Co-operative Cup for the best boy's performance when he won the Under-fifteen 100 yards event at Eynsham in the Mid-Oxfordshire sports in a time of 10.7 secs. which, incidentally, was the time of the All-England winner. Unfortunately he was beaten into third place at the Oxford County Sports on the Iffley Road track, so he did not qualify for the All-England meeting. He had also qualified for the long-jump in the county sports, but was too erratic at the county meeting. We were very pleased to have Danvers selected to represent Oxford at the All-England Schools Athletics Meeting at Hull in July last year. He had been jumping well over 20 feet in training, but only managed 17 ft. 9½ ins. in Hull.

FULL COLOURS were awarded to: N. A. Danvers, C. M. Newns. R. Noon, J. Baxter

HALF COLOURS went to: Trimble, Locke, Buchner, Hall-Jones.

Baxter and Hall-Jones had a very promising season. Ridley found his distance rather shorter than anticipated. In the field events, there is evidence of some potential, but hard practice will be needed next season.

SCHOOL V. BURFORD G.S. 24 MAY

AWAY

Result: Lost. School 97½ pts. Burford 117½ pts.

SCHOOL V. MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL 13 JUNE

Result: Lost. School 86 pts. M.C.S. 139 pts.

SCHOOL V. ABINGDON SCHOOL 27 JUNE

Result: Lost. School 45 pts. Abingdon 91 pts.

SPORTS DAY

JULY 4TH 1962

AN ENJOYABLE AFTERNOON with friendly competition was spoiled by some heavy showers during the tea interval. This spoiled some of the field events which followed.

STANDARDS

The result of the Inter-house Standards Competition:

1st Harcourt	348 pts.
2nd Queen Anne	320 pts.
3rd Swift	192 pts.

SPORTS DAY RESULTS

1a	100 yards Senior	10.7 secs.	
	1. Newns I (H)	2. Trimble (QA)	3. MacGeagh (QA)
1b	100 yards Junior	10.9 secs.	
	1. Noon (S)	2. Buchan (S)	3. Webb (QA)
2a	High Jump Senior	5' 4"	
	1. Cotter (QA)	2. Williams (QA)	3. Mackenzie I (H)
2b	Javelin Junior	97' 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ " (R)	
	1. Brown III (QA)	2. May (S)	3. Bezer (H)
2c	Shot Put Junior	29' 3"	
	1. May (S)	2. Gillman (QA)	3. Colebrook (H)
3a	80 yards Hurdles Junior	13.3 secs.	
	1. Newns II (H)	2. Coombs (S)	3. Croxford (QA)
3b	880 yards Senior	2 mins. 12.8 secs. (R)	
	1. Danvers (H)	2. Hope (QA)	3. Grey (S)
3c	880 yards Junior	2 mins. 36.9 secs.	
	1. Henderson (QA)	2. Ward (H)	3. Ballantine (S)
4a	Long Jump Senior	17' 5"	
	1. Kirk (S)	2. Edwards (H)	3. Hunter (QA)
4b	High Jump Junior	4' 8"	
	1. Noon (S)	2. Newns II (H)	3. Mackenzie II (H)
4c	Discus Junior	94' 5"	
	1. Croxford (QA)	2. Bomford (S)	3. Davis (H)
5a	120 yards Hurdles Senior	18.0 secs.	
	1. Newns I (H)	2. Locke (S)	3. Key I (QA)
5b	440 yards Senior	60.5 secs.	
	1. Baxter (QA)	2. Edwards (H)	3. Hayward (S)
5c	440 yards Junior	70.2 secs.	
	1. Henderson (QA)	2. Bezer (H)	3. Ballantine (S)

5d	1 mile (open)	5 mins. 10.9 secs.	
	1. Ridley (S)	2. Hope (QA)	3. Grey (S)
6a	Javelin Senior	107' 11"	
	1. Reid (QA)	2. Cotter (QA)	3. Brocklebank (H)
6b	Long Jump Junior	16' 8"	
	1. Noon (S)	2. Buchan (S)	2. Brown III (QA)
6c	Shot Put Senior	34' 8"	
	1. Buchner (QA)	2. Hunter (QA)	3. Chalmers (H)
7a	220 yards Senior	24.9 secs. (R)	
	1. Baxter (QA)	2. Trimble (QA)	3. Newns I (H)
7b	220 yards Junior	27.8 secs.	
	1. Bulmer (QA)	2. Buchan (S)	3. Gillman (QA) Webb (H)
8	Discus Senior	90' 3"	
	1. Locke (S)	2. Trimble (QA)	3. Brocklebank (H)
9a	Medley Relay	4 mins. 15.2 secs.	
	1. Queen Anne	2. Dean Swift	3. Lord Harcourt
9b	4×110 yards Relay Junior	53.9 secs.	
	1. Dean Swift	2. Queen Anne	3. Lord Harcourt
9c	4×110 yards Relay Senior	51.8 secs.	
	1. Lord Harcourt	2. Dean Swift	3. Queen Anne
9d	Masters v. Boys 4×110 yards	52.4 secs.	
	1. Masters	2. Boys	

Result:	1. Queen Anne	179½ points
	2. Swift	155 points
	3. Harcourt	134½ points

ATHLETICS RECORDS

<i>Event</i>				
100 yards	S.	Newns I	10.6 secs.	1961
	J.	Noon	10.7 secs.	1962
220 yards	S.	Baxter	24.9 secs.	1962
	J.	Noon	25.6 secs.	1962
440 yards	S.	Baxter	55.5 secs.	1962
	J.	MacGeagh	59.4 secs.	1961
880 yards	S.	Danvers	2 mins. 12.8 secs.	1962
	J.	Noon	2 mins. 25.0 secs.	1961
1 mile	open	Hope	4 mins. 59.0 secs.	1962
High Jump	S.	Wilson	5' 5"	1961
	J.	Noon	5' 2½"	1962
Long Jump	S.	Danvers	19' 9½"	1962
	J.	Noon	17' 9½"	1962
Shot Put	S.	Buchner	37' 2"	1962
	J.	Baylis	29' 6"	1962
Discus	S.	Trimble	112' 6"	1962
	J.	Croxford	108' 4"	1962
Javelin	S.	Cotter	126' 11"	1962
	J.	Brown III	97' 10½"	1962

COKETHORPE BASKETBALL CLUB

THE BASKETBALL CLUB, in its second year, has not done as well as might have been expected. We played three out of five matches, the last two being cancelled because of the epidemic of 'flu in the school. The first team comprising T. W. Key (Capt), C. M. Newns, R. H. K. Woods, C. T. Willsdon, and S. Hague, unfortunately lost all their games. The second team, on the other hand, comprising V. Williams (Capt.), A. W. Baker, S. Burr, D. Trimble, and A. E. Sykes, won all their games.

27 FEBRUARY

First team *v.* Eynsham (home).

Result: lost 16-30.

Second team *v.* Eynsham (home).

Result: won 19-9.

13 MARCH

First team *v.* Burford (away).

Result: lost 27-48.

Second team *v.* Burford (away).

Result: won 52-18.

21 MARCH

First team *v.* Eynsham (away).

Result: lost 31-54.

Second team *v.* Eynsham (away).

Result: won 34-19.

The inter-house Basketball was played at the end of the Easter term. All the teams played very well and produced three exciting games. Queen Anne won.

Swift <i>v.</i> Harcourt.	:	58-26.	Harcourt won.
Harcourt <i>v.</i> Queen Anne.	:	28-40.	Queen Anne won.
Queen Anne <i>v.</i> Swift.	:	52-23.	Queen Anne won.

COLOURS

At the end of the season colours were re-awarded to T. W. Key and C. M. Newns. Colours were then awarded to: S. Hague, C. T. Willsdon, R. H. K. Woods, D. Trimble.

HALF COLOURS

Half colours awarded to: V. Williams, A. W. Baker, A. E. Sykes.

SWIMMING

ONLY THE RATHER MORBID PLEASURE of seeing the white and shivering boy dithering before his first plunge, being helped in by the firm push of an erstwhile friend, relieves the monotony of supervising swimming on the long, chill afternoons of a sunless summer such as last year's. Little can be achieved under such conditions and I fear little was achieved. There are a few more non-swimmers now striking confidently for the opposite bank and a few more boys trained for a life-saving exam. which had to be postponed until this year because of the number of other activities at the end of the term.

COKETHORPE RIFLE CLUB

THE CLUB has come on very promisingly in the past year in spite of adverse weather conditions, which have made shooting difficult in the Winter and Lent terms. In fact, conditions were so bad in the Lent term that shooting was abandoned altogether after several futile attempts.

However, in spite of the weather, the Club has entered successfully a few matches. In the N.S.R.A. Winter Competition we entered three teams, two senior and one under-fifteen and all did very well. Unfortunately we have been unable to enter the Spring Competition owing to the weather but will enter again in the summer. Only two matches have been shot against other Clubs. We had a decisive win (773-768) over Ardingly College against whom we lost last year. We were particularly pleased about this win as Ardingly had won the Ashburton Shield the previous term. Unfortunately we lost to Eastbourne College by three points (578-581).

Some of the Club's best members have left during the past year, but their places have been quickly taken by promising newcomers, and the Club's future is ensured by the enthusiasm of several promising junior members.

We therefore look forward to another successful season and we must congratulate the Captain of Shooting M. Reid for his leadership of the shooting eight, our Secretary R. Hall-Jones, whose work makes the matches possible and also all the members of the shooting eight who devote much spare time to practice for the matches.

THE ARCHERY CLUB

BECAUSE OF THE WEATHER, the Club has been far from active. Perhaps this summer will afford better conditions.

Last year's Inter-House Archery Trophy was won, easily, by Queen Anne, and the Individual Archer Tankard went to Davis of Harcourt.

THE SAILING CLUB

THE 1962 SEASON saw the inauguration of the Cokethorpe Sailing Club under the burgee of the West Oxfordshire Sailing Club, which has recently been formed in the Witney district.

On the last week-end of the 1962 summer term, two crews were selected and sent down to a regatta at Emsworth, Hampshire, to race for the Inskip Cup and the Wayfarer Trophy. On the day of the regatta the wind was blowing force seven, or a moderate gale. In spite of this both crews, John Locke helming his own Gall and crewed by Richard Woods, with Vivian Williams helming his own Wayfarer, crewed by Carey Mackinnon and William MacGeagh, managed to win their cups.

During the Christmas term four members of the team, J. Locke, V. Williams, R. Woods, and D. S. Baker-Beall, who was unable to sail at Emsworth, trained on a local gravel pit with the West Oxfordshire Sailing Club. This practice was only stopped when the gravel pit froze, and sailing became impossible.

It should be added at this point that John Locke then took up the sport of ice-sailing, and a film of him helming a Signet on skis at forty-six miles per hour was later shown on television.

The Annual General Meetings for the W.O.S.C. and Cokethorpe S.C. were held at the beginning of the spring term, and the officers for the C.S.C. were duly elected, and at the W.O.S.C. meeting the secretary of the Cokethorpe Club was asked to sit on the committee. Unfortunately there could be no sailing for that term, and the club spent its time preparing the boats for the summer season.

It is hoped this season to enter Baker-Beall's Wineglass for the Wineglass National Championships in early May, and the Wayfarer for the Richard Notley Challenge Cup later that

month. As we go to press we hear that Baker-Beall and Woods won the Novices' Cup for the Wineglass class Championship at Pevensey Bay on May 12th. The team has been joined by Charles Keen with his Scow, and we hope later to be able to enter this, with the Wayfarer, and Locke's new Firefly for a number of events in the Chichester Harbour district.

GOLF

Gratefully we thank H. Rose, Esq. for a Golf Cup given to the school.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

THIS HAS BEEN A YEAR OF quiet expansion and progress. As our officers are elected for life, we do not suffer election fever. No one troubles over manifestos and the like. Our most ambitious project, the Radio telescope, has yet to be completed. Energetic efforts were made to have 'something to show' for speech-day last year. As is always the case when scientific development is hustled for political ends, no good came of it. Not being founded on a solid column of scientific fact, the aerial was upset by meteorological phenomena. However, our electrical section have been busy with solder and valves and things, and it is hoped that the electronic marvel they are painstakingly preparing will enable them to listen to, but not see, Venus in the near future. Those philistines of the Arts side who would prefer it the other way about will have to go unsatisfied.

Various other projects have been attempted. Laughton built a hovercraft. It hovered. Brown constructed what he called a 'Harmonograph' and there has been much activity in what used to be the wine cellar. Mackinnon and others have dismantled various engines—and even made them go again afterwards. Finally, we have been falling back upon more passive pastimes—moving pictures. We have enjoyed many a jolly afternoon watching various exciting stages of chemical and mechanical engineering and tense battles in the insect war. We look forward to more exciting schemes next autumn.

MUSIC

WE HAVE COME A LONG WAY since this time last year. New boys now, as a matter of course, take up an instrument for class tuition; something easy like the recorder family or the harmonica. These in turn have provided more recruits for the woodwind and brass classes, and if only we could find a local teacher we could have string classes too. More unorthodox instruments are self-taught in the cellar, and the number of pianists does not seem to dwindle.

Such is the talent that in the autumn we launched the first inter-House Music Competition. The standard, for the most part, was not high, but the competitors, driven on by enthusiastic house music organizers, were numerous. There were three sections; piano, instrumental and choral. The pianists were divided into soloists and duettists, the blowers, scrapers and bangers into soloists and ensembles, and the singers into two-part treble choirs, three-part 'male voice' choirs and four-part 'mixed' choirs.

Some of the singing (and conducting!) was very good, and the instrumentalists, too, showed talent—but, oh! how we tired of 'Z cars' and 'The First Nowell'. One recorder player startled the audience by announcing that he was going to play all through the night. The pianists, with some exceptions, were poor, but we hope for an improvement next year.

We are very grateful to Mr. Farbrother, who adjudicated very fairly and patiently. The overall result was a win for Queen Anne, though Harcourt were close behind, having won the piano section, and the Swift choirs, particularly the trebles, pressed Queen Anne very hard.

Later the same term we were able to put instrumentalists in the Carol Service, and though there were some noises that did not appear on my music-score, it was a successful experiment. A very Elizabethan band provided incidental music for 'Twelfth Night' last term.

The Sunday services in Ducklington have been enlivened by a 'modern' setting of the Communion. Regarded by a few at first as irreligious (Rocking, in church?), it is now sung with gusto.

On the academic side, there are three strong candidates for this year's 'O' level, and another batch halfway through the

course for 1964. The lower forms, as well as 'tootling', have lessons in theory and appreciation, and the sixth form have a weekly session at which we try to bring some culture to the scientists.

Taken all round, it is an encouraging scene. Music is becoming an integral part of school life and its activities. If anybody has any old instruments cluttering up the attic, we should be grateful recipients.

LIBRARY NOTES

THE LIBRARY HAS CONTINUED TO INCREASE and we have added about three hundred books during the year. The Geography and Geology sections have, perhaps, benefited more than any other and a good many additions, expensive and resplendent, have reached their shelves.

We continue to borrow each term a batch of about two hundred books from the Oxfordshire County Library whose mobile van brings us a wide range of books from which to choose. We tend to borrow junior fiction more than anything else, so that our own resources can be used to buy more substantial fare.

A number of people, too many to mention, have given books to the library, and we are grateful. Perhaps our most pleasing gifts were the two volumes which make up the Oxford Shorter English Dictionary. They were given, as a farewell present, by Nigel Samuelson.

The library is of value, both as a place from which to borrow books and as a peaceful haven in which to work. It is able to play its part in the life of the School only because of the willing work put in by its librarians—Wans, Stevenson, May and Gourley. Various typists and bookbinders, too, have earned our thanks.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

FOUR TIMES THE DEBATING SOCIETY has met in the Corinthian Room which provides so ideal an atmosphere for debating. At these meetings the standard of speaking has steadily improved. An extraordinary thing is that every motion has been defeated. One begins to think that those on the floor regard it as a matter of principle.

'... that this house regrets the discovery of America' was the motion of the first debate. It was a motion which was defeated by 57 votes to 12.

The second debate revealed a great variety of opinions as it was a subject about which a good many bigoted views are held. The motion, which was lost, was that 'the Englishman takes his sport too seriously'.

At the next meeting, one speaker maintained that our Government is absolutely splendid. Others were not so enthusiastic but the motion '... that this house has no confidence in Her Majesty's Government' was decisively rejected.

In end-of-term spirit, the Society met to discuss whether it was eager to 'get with it'. It decided, amid some hilarity, that it was not.

THE CHESS CLUB

THE CHESS CLUB, after a shaky start, is now under way. We must thank Mr. Wood and Mr. Leeds Harrison for their patient guidance which has made possible this venture.

Although we have been unsuccessful in our earlier matches, our inexperience in tournament is probably largely to blame. We have several promising junior members and I like to think that there is a great future in store for our teams, and that soon we shall win many a victory on the chequered battlefield.

THE COKETHORPE SOCIETY

THE FIRST YEAR in the life of this society has been very encouraging. The inaugural meeting was held at the school on October 13th 1962 and thirty-four members were present. With Dr. Brown presiding, the constitution was adopted, officers were elected and future activities were planned.

Earlier the same day a vigorous rugby match had taken place between the Old Boys, ably captained by Hugh Forman, and the school 1st XV. Unfortunately, lack of training, and perhaps the unorthodox garb of some members, took their toll, and the Society were beaten 14-3, their only try being scored by Tony Michell.

In the evening we reassembled in the Corinthian Room for a really first-class dinner provided by the school caterer and her

staff. The toast of the school and the Society was proposed by Roger Marrett, the Head Boy, and Dr. Brown replied.

In the Spring Term there was another dinner! It was considered that the first had been a 'trial run' and now the 'real thing' was held at the Comedy Restaurant, Piccadilly, on March 16th, with an attendance of thirty-two. David Gardner, as Head Boy, was able to give the Old Boys the latest news from the school. No doubt they were gratified to know that it had improved greatly since they had left! He then proposed 'the school and the Society'. Mr. Allen, in the absence of Dr. Brown, presided and replied to the toast.

There will be a cricket match on 13 July 1963, and with the rugger match and the dinner we shall have a 'fixture' every term. We shall also be pleased to see Old Boys on Speech Day, 29 June 1963.

We are pleased to have news of the following: Nigel Samuelson ('Sammy' to all who know him) left last Christmas and has been accepted for Bristol University where he will read law; David Taylor, who showed considerable artistic talent at school, has decided to make art his career and is at Salisbury Art College.

Robert Hodgkinson is with B.O.A.C. and has taken up Judo. He tells us that he is a Yellow Belt, which sounds formidable. Barry Alexander does a lot of sailing, but finds some time for continuing his training for the tailoring trade, and will eventually join his father's firm. Peter Burrows hunts with the Old Berks and composites for the Holywell Press. Any mistakes in this magazine can be safely blamed on him.

Our London representatives of trade and commerce seem to meet fairly frequently; Peter Palmer, Hugh Foreman, Dave Clark, Roger Sparks, Michael Franks, David Lumb, Michael Lea and Peter Lynn.

The farming community is thriving: Edward Box and Anthony Forsyth attended a ploughing match in Paris (at least, that is their story). Edward Halsall has his own private herd of beef cattle and is soon to go into partnership with his father, and Robert Corp, John Seeley, John Young, John Cook, 'Reg' Baylis, Robert Mowbray, and Uncle Tom Cobbleigh are all ploughing on.

We look forward to a steady increase in membership and to seeing many more at our various functions.

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