

# THE PEACOCK



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# THE PEACOCK

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No. 3

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## *Head of School*

A. W. Baker

## *Heads of Houses*

<i>Harcourt House</i>	A. W. Baker
<i>Queen Anne House</i>	P. F. Osborne
<i>Dean Swift House</i>	J. Tull

## *Sub-Prefects*

S. Hague, R. Hall-Jones, D. P. O. Trimble, V. J. Williams,  
C. T. Willsdon, R. H. K. Woods

## *School Officers*

<i>Captain of Rugby Football</i>	S. Hague
<i>Secretary of Rugby Football</i>	J. Tull
<i>Captain of Boats</i>	S. Hague
<i>Secretary of Boats</i>	A. G. Dawson
<i>Captain of Cricket</i>	S. H. Burr
<i>Secretary of Cricket</i>	P. F. Bulmer
<i>Captain of Cross-Country</i>	R. Hall-Jones
<i>Captain of Athletics</i>	D. P. O. Trimble
<i>Captain of Shooting</i>	R. Hall-Jones
<i>Secretary of Shooting</i>	W. H. Goehring
<i>President and Captain of Basketball</i>	A. W. Baker
<i>Secretary of Basketball</i>	S. Hague
<i>Captain of Tennis</i>	A. W. Baker
<i>Captain of Sailing</i>	V. J. Williams
<i>Secretary of Sailing</i>	D. S. Baker-Beall
<i>Captain of Swimming</i>	A. W. Baker
<i>Captain of Chess</i>	A. F. Biggar

(Cover design by D. R. Gardner)



SINCE THE LAST EDITION of *The Peacock* was published an important change has taken place in the government of the School. The School was formerly owned by the Yarnton Manor Schools Company, of which Dr. Brown was Chairman. Control of the School has now passed into the hands of a new non-profit-making Charitable Trust, called the Cokethorpe Educational Trust, which has no connection with the previous owners. The Trust is administered by a Board of Governors. Mr. T. V. Emmerson is the Chairman, and the other members of the Board are:

Mr. J. L. Roughton (Vice-Chairman)  
Alderman Mrs. P. M. Hayward  
The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Dorchester  
Mr. P. D. Bally  
Alderman A. B. Brown  
Mr. D. F. S. Clogg  
Mr. M. W. Hartford  
Mr. R. T. Jarrett  
Dr. E. V. Lambert  
Mr. R. S. Thompson  
Mr. M. J. W. Tod  
The Right Honourable The Earl of Longford  
The Right Reverend W. Gordon Wheeler, Co-adjutor  
Bishop of Middlesbrough

The Bishop of Lincoln continues as Visitor of the School.

P. M. S. ALLEN



#### 1086—AND ALL THAT

ALTHOUGH THE GREAT DAYS of the feudal lord, the titled landowner, the wealthy country-gentleman and the typical English squire are mostly past, at Cokethorpe one can still admire the beauty they created.

Often in Saxon days the rector of a village would be a considerable landowner and might easily be lord of the manor. This

may have been the case for the village of East Lea, otherwise Cokethorpe, a tiny hamlet surrounded by a common. But probably it was included in the ownership of Dockcleringatune, and, at the time of Alfred the Great, was owned by Offerta, his kinsman. In 958 Edgar the Peaceable gave certain lands to Eanulf, his faithful minister, who became rector of Duclinton. In this charter the chapel was mentioned as 'the old church at East Lea' and this was probably taken over by Eanulf.

At the time of the Domesday Book, 1086, Dockclintone was in the possession of the important Boland d'Oily—the builder of Osney Abbey and the now vanished, Castle of Oxford. Probably in about 1200 the original cottage and the roundhouse in the inner courtyard were built by the Lord. Proof of a once sizeable village is found in the taxation of Nicholas, the Pope in 1291, which amounted to £2. In about 1300 Richard de Carbroe married the widow of John de Dyve, lord of the manor of Docklyntar and Cockthrop. De Carbroe owned an enclosed park (the old manor house) in Docklyntar and probably either sold or rented out Cockthrop to the Sydenham family, whose arms may be seen above the font in Cokethorpe church. The old tower of the Fish House at the end of the drive was built in about the 15th century, and the unidentified coat-of-arms of the builder and probable owner of Cockthrop is affixed over its original front door, now blocked up. In 1584, the rector, Lewis Evans, was sued for neglect of duty, and the chapel chancel was said to be in great decay 'and hath been ever since the suppression of the abbeyes . . .'. This possibly shows that the village was either gone or seriously diminished in size.

In 1611 Sir David Williams, Sergeant-at-law and Judge of the Common Pleas, bought Cockthropp from Edward Est Esq. and lands in Doglinton and Stanlake. Est had in turn bought the manors of Shelford and Shifford and the others from Joseph Mayne Esq. of Croslowe, Bucks. The estate was settled by two indentures, in one of which 'the Close wherein the house now standeth, and is to be builded in Cockthropp with the woods adjoining and a lease of the desmesnes of Cockthropp to me, Thomas Saunders.' This shows that Sir David bought the property with the purpose of leasing it. If a house was built all trace has disappeared but for the North lodge, a typical gatehouse of this period (1640). From a list of Oxfordshire gentry made in 1673



Nicholas Bowall and William Stonehouse were the inhabitants, so there must have been a sizeable house.

However in 1700 Sir Simon Harcourt, Lord Chancellor and Lord Privy Seal, purchased the estate. By 1713 he had built the present mansion, and the ancient manor house of Stanton Harcourt was left, having been in the same family since Richard de Harcourt and Millicent de Camville had received it from her relation—Adeleide (dau. of Godfrey, Count of Louvain) wife of Henry I (1100–1135). During the building of Cokethorpe House, Sir Simon was raised to the peerage as Lord Harcourt of Stanton Harcourt, and in 1713 Queen Anne stayed at Cokethorpe, probably sleeping near the front of the house in the largest wing. In gratitude for Lord Harcourt's services she presented him with the panelling in the Corinthian Room (now only a copy), and laid out a rose garden and pond near the orchard. On the death of Queen Anne it was at Lord Harcourt's London house that the most prominent Tory leaders met to discuss the accession. George I deprived Lord Harcourt of office and he retired to Cokethorpe, becoming a patron of the arts. In 1721 he was created a viscount and was returned to the Privy Council remaining there till his death at Harcourt House in London in 1727. The floors of the roundhouse and chapel were both paved at this peer's expense shortly before his death.

The ownership of the house continued through the Harcourts until in 1760 it was sold by Major General Sir Geoffrey Simon Harcourt, 1st Earl Harcourt, Viscount Harcourt, Baron Harcourt (Lord Lieut. of Ireland 1772–1776) to Maximilian Western Esq., a director of the East India Co. It continued in the same line until 1908 when it was sold by Mr. and Mrs. Cottrell Dormer to Major Feilden, who greatly modernised the house. His son, Major General Sir Randle Feilden allowed it to be turned into a school in 1957.

## MAAFI MOYA

IF YOU CAN IMAGINE ENGLAND on a hot summer's day, then make it 30° hotter; so hot that you can't sit in a car without a wet towel to sit on because the car gets so oven-like that you can fry an egg on it in under 15 minutes; then you have Khartoum. Hot, dry and humid; the leaves rustle lazily in the wind. Dust

everywhere, and the smell of hot dry earth hanging in the air. A Sudanese casually stirs a pot of beans in his mud hut and lazily slumps back in his seat. Time doesn't matter. Who cares about tomorrow? No one. 'Iwa inshala,' (yes soon,) they say if one asks them when something will be done.

To understand the circumstances, I must first describe where I live and what it is like. The flats we live in were built just two years ago on the American Aid System. They are modern, American-styled and have their own large water tank at the top of each block of flats. Recently and quite suddenly water stopped flowing into their tanks for eighty long hours. Wouda, our servant (we call him Abdul for short) did not tell us that the water had stopped until well after breakfast. 'Maafi Moya' (No Water) he murmured, as if it happened everyday. This may seem fine in England but the outside temperature reached 112° one day and the diurnal mean was never much less than 95°. We were told by various friends that this was due to lack of pressure because of an outbreak of cerebral meningitis in Ondourman. Everyone had been spraying the streets with water and consequently demand exceeded output in the pumping stations. We had a meeting the same morning in a friend's flat. In the heat our dear fat neighbourly friend wheezed the more and dabbed his beaded forehead with a brightly coloured handkerchief. The fan whirred away above our heads wafting warm tepid air around the room. 'I've done all I can,' he said. The glass in my hand grew hot, and the lukewarm beer slid down my throat. 'I've rung up the Ministry of Interior, who said it was none of their business and told me to ring up P.W.D. P.W.D. said it was the Ministry of the Interior's affair and rang off.' Our fat friend dabbed his forehead once again. 'In desperation I rang our Embassy telling them we'll be having an outbreak of typhoid if something isn't done.' We murmured our agreement. This was a bit too much. Some fat blue-bottles hummed and buzzed above our heads; my shirt stuck to the back of the chair. How we longed for the cool of the evening.

Well, on with the job. Only part of the ground floor had any water and any we needed had to be carried by bucket the 100 odd feet to our own flat. When you think that a desert cooler uses up 4 gallons every half hour and a bucket holds just over a gallon, that is about 192 trips just for the cooler alone. In our



case we were lucky in having air conditioners but the majority had desert coolers and what with washing and flush lavatories the job becomes impossible so up goes the temperature to 100°. So for three days we sweltered having baths and showers in other people's houses and boiling our drinking water.

Never have I longed for the sound of running water so much. Finally it arrived—first a brownish trickle—a drip—then the cool gush of fresh crystal clear water.

D. P. O. TRIMBLE, 6th Arts

### BY MINI-BUS TO WALES

A WAGON-TRAIN APPEARANCE was taken on by the inner courtyard on Saturday 25 April as a hired mini-bus was loaded with enough supplies to last six boys and Mr. Powell five days. After all our food was packed in we managed to slide in, too, and from my vantage point between tins of Ritz crackers and boxes of eggs I detected movement. Our trek to Snowdonia had at last begun.

We travelled to a transport cafe and had breakfast—again. About two hundred yards further up the road where it cut through a hill an excellent example of New Red Sandstone was to be found. So standing by the road braving large buses, even larger lorries and ton-up boys, we discussed our sample of rock. Soon, but not before Mobsby had been scrambled with half a dozen of our precious eggs, we reached our destination, the Oxford Mountaineering Club's house. That night we wrote an essay and retired to our sleeping bags.

The morning of Sunday found us ready to climb Snowdon. Mrs. Powell who had been our excellent cook left us that day to return to Oxford. The drive to Snowdon was pleasant and soon we were striding purposefully towards the actual mountain fabled in so many Welsh stories. The ascent was pleasant till half way, where we took a more difficult detour to pass some people who were stuck on the comparatively easy way up. The ledge two and a half inches wide proved the hardest part but soon we were on the arête or razor-edged ridge where we stopped for lunch. Mr. Powell suggested that we keep some of our chocolate for later. It was here that we doubted our chances

of returning unharmed to what now seemed our haven, the farm house. Trudging along the ridge proved very troublesome for the wind was blowing across and seemed to have a personal grudge against each one of us. However, without accident we reached the summit—and ate our boiled eggs! The cloud had descended so our view was limited—to what seemed about three inches in front of us. Mr. Powell said we could go down the easy way following the railway line to Llanberis while he went down the hardest way and collected the mini-bus and met us. The ‘easy’ way proved to be eight miles of continuous bog, sheep, and downhill grind. Never has Llanberis looked so fine! Our rest that night was sound and complete.

The Monday was the day for our move to Tal-y-Llyn. On the way a disused gold mine was visited. We retired for the night under canvas after a fairly ordinary climb up Cader Idris.

On Tuesday it rained and washing up proved difficult. Those whose duty this was, took up a precarious position on a stone in midstream, a large umbrella was held tightly between our knees and hands went furiously to work washing greasy pots and pans, the most dangerous operation of the entire trip. About ten o’clock we set off for Aberystwyth, passing through such never-to-be-forgotten places as Upper Corrin, Machynlleth and numerous slate villages with slate-coloured inhabitants. The tide was in at Aberystwyth so we drove to a point about six miles up the coast and left the mini-bus and walked back by the foot of the cliff to see some very fine examples of coast erosion and wave-cut platforms. After reaching Aberystwyth we climbed ‘Cormorant Rock’ a well known bird sanctuary. We went back to our mini-bus over the top of the cliffs, not however before Mr. Powell had demonstrated to us how to climb Aberystwyth promenade and sea-wall. Once back at the mini-bus we headed for Borth, a village built on a sand and shingle spit across the mouth of the Dovey river. Rather tired but elated we drove back to camp.

Our rest that night was very welcome, and a hard floor of river terrace has never felt softer nor an anorak provided so soft a pillow. The next morning we were rather dejected at the thought of leaving what had become our home. All our kit was packed into a mini-bus that was now much dirtier for all our cooking had been done in it. Also a tin of soup had been



applied to the rear doors by our chef Mobsby. Although we had eaten almost all the food there seemed more kit to pack than when we had left Cokethorpe. With many happy memories we took our leave. Our return journey was without excitement and all the way back we were spurred on by the vision of a hot bath.

None of us will forget our trip. There were moments of happiness and excitement—the essential ingredients of a successful holiday. A soft bed and clean sheets were a fitting end to such an enjoyable and instructive five days.

C. T. WILLSDON

6th Arts



## DUCK SHOOTING

THE COLD WINDSWEPT VALLEY and the lofty snowclad mountains with their rocky peaks shrouded in grey cloud look bleak and uninviting when surveyed from the warmth of a centrally-heated house in the dawn of a frosty winter morning. This, however, is the scene before the duck hunter as he prepares for his lonely vigil in the mountains of Central Wales with only his gun to keep him company.

With this inviting prospect it is only natural to be as well clad as possible while paying the closest attention to its blending in with the dull, wintry green and brown of the valley. Therefore donning a green suede jacket and grey trousers well tucked into a pair of heavy wellingtons with the added luxury of a fur-lined leather glove for the left hand, the right having to suffer the cold for safety sake, then stocking up with chocolate and ammunition whilst checking the trusty weapon, a 16 bore with 38 seasons behind it, the hunter is ready to depart. The preparations having been completed, you quietly slip out of the back door and stand in the yard for a few seconds drawing a few deep breaths and growing accustomed to the sharp cold. Taking a quick sniff to make sure that it won't rain in the near future and sliding a couple of rounds into the breech you make your way through the gate and down towards the river.

The river lies about half a mile from the house but the ducks are choosy about where they rest and they seem to favour three salmon holes although these are indistinguishable to the inexperienced eye. The first or upper hole lies midway up a straight stretch of about a mile's length; above this hole the river shelves to about three feet thereby creating the ripple by which the hole can be distinguished from a distance. The second is on a sharp corner which has a deep pool at one side in which the current backlashes and flows upstream. There is a mud bank on the edge of this pool which is their favourite. The third pool is below a peninsula which juts out three-quarters of the way across, and a stream runs into it; it is very hard to approach as there is a flat field at that point.

Creeping along under the cover of some broken trees with the noise of the stream muffling your footsteps you gradually approach the pool. A twig snaps under-foot echoing like a rifle shot down the valley, and you freeze petrified, fearing that the ducks will make off before you get into range; then hardly daring to breath you again move forward. A blackbird, nature's own early warning system, scared whilst having a meal of berries goes screeching into some low scrub and a crow takes off and goes crying across the sky. By some miracle the ducks still haven't taken off so again you proceed. At last you see the river, a silver serpent winding its way down the valley, the ice sheets piling up against the bank or grinding on the rocks on their way down stream.

The river is less than forty yards off now and you can see the ducks swimming quite unperturbed as they dive and flap in the icy water. First crouching, then on hands and knees, you edge your way towards the bank with the gun at the ready. Sometimes an unwary pheasant may scramble out of the bracken as you make your way through it. If so you pot it and let the ducks go. Often the ducks sense your presence and you have the choice between firing as they take off, with the strong possibility of only wounding one (for they are heavily 'armoured' with a thick layer of feathers) or letting them go with your blessing.

If neither of these unfortunate possibilities should occur, you lie flat on the ground and wriggle until you are within ten yards of the bank; then, finding as comfortable a position as possible, you wait for perhaps half an hour until a nice male mallard



swims within a few yards with another duck within ten yards of it. Then you kill the mallard outright with the scattershot, killing the other, as it takes off, with the full choke. As you fire your shots pandemonium breaks loose among the ducks, and they desperately scramble to get airborne often colliding in the effort. Not only are the ducks in the middle pool airborne but also the ducks on the upper pool and they circle for perhaps a minute before heading downstream. So, immediately after firing the second round you quickly eject the used cartridges and reload.

The next problem which arises is how to retrieve the ducks which have been shot down into the river. This is fairly successfully overcome by the use of a casting rod with a  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. weight and a triple drag hook on the end. So proceeding down stream to where this equipment is kept you then return to where the duck floats and after a number of casts you succeed in bringing it to land. The only snag with this method is that if the duck gets caught in the current there is a long chase downstream until the duck is swept into some calm water or swept up on the other bank. If it is the evening the chase sometimes has to be given up when the light gets too bad for you to be able to see the duck in the water.

Now you await the ducks' return. This wait is perhaps of several hours duration, but there is a most comfortable branch with a commanding view over a long straight stretch of the river including the upper pool. On this branch with the gun across your knees you sit contemplating the forbidding black mountains with their snow-capped peaks contrasting with their gaunt black rock-faces which are too steep for the snow to settle on. You imagine what it must be like up there at the lake that nestles in between their peaks; the lake on which you spend many a happy summer's day pike fishing. Then when a shoal of chub or an odd pike swims under the branch you watch them fascinated at how small they seem when viewed from such an angle.

At last you see some ducks circling the pool. After thorough investigation they decide to come in to land. As they come in you take careful aim at the leader and let him have full-choke just as he is about to set down. You watch him cartwheel nicely to a dead stop. The others fly off at more than a rapid pace. While you hastily secure him to land and attach him with the others on the belt you prepare to return home. The home journey is

somewhat different from the outward one in both route and objective, the main aim being to obtain a pheasant. Therefore you return along the edges of the bracken throwing occasional stones into it in the hope of putting up a pheasant that is too nervy to sit tight. It is merely a matter of luck as to whether you manage to place a stone near enough to a pheasant to put it up, and most of the time your efforts are in vain.

At last arriving at the base of the hill on which the house stands, you begin the steep climb upwards feeling satisfied, if somewhat cold, after the morning's activities. You have the prospect of a good lunch before you and an interesting afternoon's work plucking those ducks which you keep and delivering any that you give away.

W. H. GOEHRING

6th Arts

## MEMORIES OF CYPRUS

I CAN REMEMBER CYPRUS before the island was in the throes of civil war, in the days before Independence. Although the EOKA was in existence, there was a lull in the bitterness that eventually grew to its present pitch. But the bitterness was there for those who had eyes to see it; the glint of a rifle barrel in the olive trees, the tension and suspicion which have become infamously well known in recent months.

Occasionally it was regretted publicly in the *Cyprus Times* that a British soldier had been found dead in a ditch with his hands behind his back, shot through the head while on his way back to Larnaca to visit his wife and children. Usually pro-Greek newspapers reported it as an act of 'Turkish aggression', and the pro-Turk as 'Greek antagonism'. The signs were there all right, but at the time I was blissfully unaware of the political cauldron that boiled and seethed under an apparently calm surface. In my youthful ignorance I did not know fully the meaning of the word 'Enosis' painted on the walls, and the shouts of 'Eoka'. I was young, and only the enjoyable things of life endure in a young boy's mind.

How well I remember the drive from Nicosia to the Kyrenia Mountains past St. Hilarion Castle, and on to our favourite glade



where we barbecued steaks over a charcoal fire. The Castle towered majestically above us, to our left the Mediterranean sparkled in the bright sunlight, and far behind the mysterious mountains of Turkey lay shrouded in mist.

Also prominent in my mind is the memory of the summer we spent in the Troödos Mountains, where the refreshing smell of mingled pine and charcoal pervaded everywhere. Here in the mountain coolness my brother and I would wander up and down the wooded hills, searching for the almost mythical mouflon, half-sheep and half-goat, but needless to say we never succeeded in this Herculean task. All our days, however, were not spent in this idyllic way; schooling was necessary. We went to the Nicosia Junior School, and we would play marbles in the hot, dusty playing fields, or eat kebab in the long lunch-hour that succeeded a tedious morning's work. Then after being picked up by my father from afternoon school, I would enjoy a cool dip with my school friends at the Nicosia Club swimming pool, while my father had a round of golf or a drink in the Club Bar.

The greatest treat was a trip to Kyrenia, where we would spend the day on the sandy beach, looking enviously at the superlative yachts and ketches lying gracefully at anchor in the calm water of the harbour and at the end of the day watching the sun in its final blaze of glory.

All this must remain a memory, now that the British 'oppressors' have finally withdrawn. The Greeks are now settling down to their traditional occupation—unceasing persecution of the Turkish minority, who in their turn retaliate in no tame manner. The rest is common knowledge to those who keep in touch with world news.

War between two N.T.A.O. countries has several times been narrowly averted, but events have probably gone beyond the point of no return. The struggle still goes on, for in this generation at least Cyprus can never be the same. Gone is the hospitality, the welcome, and instead bitterness and mistrust have sown unwelcome seeds which have already borne terrible fruit. Will the Cyprus that I knew ever be revived, or has it gone forever? Perhaps the happier times belong to a bygone age, and have no place in the present world.

R. J. C. CULLEN

4A

## COWES WEEK

THE LARGE NUMBER of trophies collected by the sailing fraternity of the school, more than that of the oarsmen last season, can largely be attributed to their devotion to the sport. Of the events we entered, perhaps the one we shall remember most was Cowes Week.

We, Vivian Williams and myself, arrived at the Isle of Wight in a somewhat ignominious fashion, aboard the Portsmouth—Fishbourne car ferry, with Vivian's Wayfarer class dinghy on her trailer surrounded by cars full of holidaymakers. The latter were useful to pull our boat off the ferry, as the slip at Fishbourne is long and steep. Having rigged 'Tigress' and put her back in her natural element, leaving the trailer at the neighbouring Royal Victoria Sailing Club, where we were made honorary members for the week, we set sail for Cowes.

The trip was wetter than I had expected, the short steep waves of the 'menthol fresh' Solent slopping down my back as we tacked along to Cowes. The sun was setting as we planed into Cowes, and at first sight it looked to me to be very small, but after sailing past all the trots up the river Medina, I wondered if there was anyone who sailed a yacht who wasn't present.

We parked 'Tigress' under the tailplane of the Princess flying-boat, and made off for the Island Sailing Club. Their clubhouse is the best I have seen, and we were made honorary members for the week. There were many focal points to life in this clubhouse; the bar, predominantly English, with other nationalities as guests; the balcony for Americans and Mediterranean English; the entrance hall, which contains the telephones, for the French, who seemed to live there complete with all their baggage which constantly blocked the way, causing much congestion; and last of all the changing room for those who had nowhere else. After making friends with the security guard in the changing room, who had several thousand pounds worth of clothing and sails to watch, we left for somewhere cheaper to eat.

Our favourite eating place in Cowes was a cafe whose speciality was mashed pea. It was cheap and the tin tables flexible. We then returned to Fishbourne, where we were staying, via the floating bridge and the bus.



The floating bridge is worthy of mention, as it is the one link between East and West Cowes. Those who use it a lot cross it like the Berlin wall. The method is to lurk in the dark at the top of the ramp, and do a running jump on to it as it leaves, then push to the front and jump off on contact with the other shore. This way any chance of paying is obviated, and the fare collectors are pleased to be saved the bother of collecting it.

The following morning, and every morning during our stay, we had breakfast at the club. Once again we learnt a local custom quickly. This was to cover one's food with the latest edition of *Yachting World*, or *Rudder* if one was American, and put the saucer over the coffee cup, whenever a cannon was fired, as one was every five minutes from 8.50 a.m. onwards. The cannons were mounted above and slightly behind, on the roof, and a large amount of carbon and other dirt fell from above whenever a cannon was fired. However, the view directly along the starting line was superb.

We so liked this easy life with everyone around so utterly obsessed by sailing, that we only took part in one race. This was a fairly leisurely affair. We crossed the starting line as the cannon was fired, but could not see many others doing likewise. We had a little trouble when we were caught up between 'Outlaw' and 'Stormvogel', two of the most powerful R.O.R.C. yachts afloat, and when the extra crew hand we had was lost for a while beneath a wave. Otherwise we had none of the usual excitement of close sailing and racing tactics. Others seemed to be going in the same general direction as us, and when we finished a cannon was fired. The result sheets announced that we had come second out of three finishers. Our monetary reward arrived in October.

On the Friday we cruised across the Solent in a fresh breeze. As it was my birthday, Vivian generously allowed me to helm, and as we belted along towards the mouth of the River Beaulieu, I had doubts as to whether we would manage to get about in the increasingly broken water. We did, and scorched back towards Cowes. It was hard to concentrate on the job in hand, but the sight of the R.O.R.C. class yachts with their spinnakers filled was truly magnificent; the Solent seemed to be festooned with them, every one a different combination of colours and design. When it came to running by the lee over the squadron finishing line, as the Dragons were beating up to it to finish,

concentration was really needed, and we were lucky not to savour the ignominy of rolling over in front of the Squadron's famous row of cannons.

We dined that night, Firework Night, at the Island, bought our own bottle of wine, and borrowed glasses and corkscrew. Someone remarked that it was the only representative of Yugoslavia present. Looking round I could tell that most other nations were represented, and that such events as this where people meet those of other countries who share the same interest, must do much to restore friendlier feelings between nations. Afterwards we watched the magnificent fireworks, which I found a little tedious, but it was very enjoyable to watch the crowd, who had the same earnest expressions to be found at a tennis match.

So ended Cowes Week for us. The following day we made our separate ways home, leaving behind a fantasy of yachting I want to return to every year.

D. S. BAKER-BEALL

6th Science



## FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS

ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T NEED MUCH ENCOURAGING to go off to stay with a strange French family, everyone was saying how thrilling it was to go and that it was the only way to learn to speak French properly. So, after some complex arrangements, I met my exchange, Hervé by name, who had been staying with my aunt in Anglesey, and after two sight-seeing days in London, we left for Newhaven, where we caught a boat to Dieppe. It seems that I never fully realise that I am going somewhere exciting till I am almost there, and this was the case then. The sea was very rough for a Channel crossing in the summer, but fortunately I was feeling fine. Or at least I was until Hervé reminded me of our agreement that I should start talking French half-way across the Channel. Suddenly the thought of being completely cut off from civilisation, with not even my friends' poor English to help me out of the enevitable jams I would get myself into, was almost too much to bear!



When we eventually arrived in Dieppe I met the whole family; mother, father, elder brother, younger sister, and little brother. As I went along the line being vigorously shaken by the hand at each stop, I was bombarded with the questions one usually asks of a strange visitor when he has just arrived. 'Avez-vous eu un bon voyage?', 'J'espère que la mer n'était pas trop grosse?', and, upon a look from Hervé, 'Vous aviez mal de mer? Ah, je suis désolé'. These questions at the time stupified me, but I made no complaints because there was one question that I did understand, and answered with an emphatic 'Oui', and that was 'Avez-vous faim?' At this I was ushered into a very smart-looking restaurant, and presented with a large menu. Once again I had that feeling of being utterly stranded, for what is the use of a menu when you are really famished, if you can neither understand what dish is what, nor order the name that takes your fancy? Somehow in a fit of desperation I pointed violently at a steak and chips on a neighbouring table, and uttered with a great sense of achievement the words, 's'il vous plait'. This, much to the delight of the inquisitive smiling children, was my first phrase, and after trying to imitate my intolerable accent, they jumped at the long awaited opportunity to air their school English. Even Monsieur managed 'Would—you—like—wine?' This, although I was used to the fact that the French drink wine in large quantities at lunch, took me rather by surprise, but I agreed, and he ordered my wine with other mysterious sounding dishes, one of which sounded like 'cravats'!! At the end of this fabulous meal an hour and a quarter later, Monsieur paid the obviously very large bill, and we left for Deauville.

It took me at least a week to understand even snatches of the table talk, and another to avoid having to use sign-language myself. By the third week I was understanding a fair amount of French and speaking some, too. In this way I got to know Hervé very well. We spent a great deal of time together, sailing, bathing, playing golf, riding along the beach at low tide, and the most exciting moment of all was when Monsieur took us up in one of his flying club four-seater planes. All this we did, besides five days of touring Normandy and the places connected with D-day, in three weeks three days, and on the return journey, when we stopped at the same restaurant, I was able to choose by myself a dish that was a little more typical of the French cuisine.

As I stepped off the boat in Newhaven, my heart sank to think that I was back. Not only had I had a tremendously enjoyable holiday (merely for the price of having a very good friend to stay with me the next summer), but I also had acquired some command of the French language.

C. LAUGHTON

5C

## PEACOCK ON SKIS

THE YELLOW POST-BUS trumpeted round the corner and we saw the village in front of us. The journey had been remarkable for the brilliant sunshine which had given us unforgettable views of Lake Zürich and Lake Wallen, and then of the snow-capped mountains as we chugged up the Prätigau valley on the mountain train. When, at Küblis, we changed to the post-bus we still had 2,000 feet to go, and it was a noisy climb as the three-tone horn sounded at every corner of a road that was not straight for more than a hundred yards at a time.

In St. Antönien we were met by Herr Flütsch, the proprietor of our pension, and a horse-drawn sledge for the luggage. The final stage of the journey was on foot for twenty minutes up a snowy path with no hotel in sight until we staggered over the last ridge.

Having deposited our wet shoes in the drying-room, we trooped upstairs and had our first sight of what were to become known as the 'double-double-double beds'. We had expected double-tier bunks, but it was rather a surprise to find each bunk was six boys wide!

Down in the day-room the juke-box was inspected and the first coins put in to sample its contents. How well we came to know 'Autobahn Baby', 'Papa Tell', 'Mamma', 'Devil in Disguise' and others.

Next morning, boots and skis were fastened to feet over which all control was suddenly lost. The 'experts' went off down the steep slopes outside the hotel and the beginners shuffled to more gentle inclines before launching themselves. The smooth hillside developed a pock-marked appearance as one boy after another sat down. Having got to the bottom of the hill some found that the quickest way back was on foot, even though it was nearly



waist-deep. Ski lessons began at 10 a.m. with Andreas and Peter on the nursery slopes in the village. Photographic evidence shows some very unorthodox positions, but Willsdon I protested that his antics were really a religious rite to request more snow. And it doesn't help if you are sitting in the snow and Sainsbury comes and sits on top of you!

Whether Willsdon was responsible or not, the sunshine of the first two days changed to snow and for three days we lived in the clouds, rarely seeing the opposite side of the valley. About two feet of snow fell, making conditions ideal for skiers and photographers alike.

Hartford will doubtless remember Easter Saturday for some time. During the afternoon the message came, 'Hartford has done something to his leg'. Down in the village we found him on a sledge, in the care of the instructors, who had splinted both legs together: one was indeed broken. A taxi arrived to take us down to the doctor in Küblis. Herr Doktor was out, but the exceedingly competent Frau Doktor had everything organised—the leg, the frequent telephone calls, her family of six. When the doctor returned he X-rayed the leg and conducted conversations in German dialect and broken English. The phone rang again and he was off 'to attend a human who is bleeding'. During his absence we were plied with hot chocolate and cream cakes. Finally the leg was set and plastered and we drove back, up through the cloud to the village. Hartford finished the journey on the horse-sledge.

The standard of ski-ing rapidly improved and soon the beginners were using the ski-lift. It was not the beginners, however, who were responsible for halving the seating capacity of one of the hooks. (To view the other half—duly autographed—apply Browne!) And one of the lift operators had the misfortune to be ski-ed over by Gourley.

The seniors shared our amusement over breakfast on 1 April when about a dozen junior Fools were seen ski-ing about outside in the mistaken belief that they had a lesson before breakfast.

The ski-ing highlight for most was a trek up into the mountains. This consisted of a walk of about three hours up the valley, gradually climbing towards the foot of the Scheienfluh which stood massively at the end and blocked the way to Austria. At midday we halted at the remote Partnun hotel to eat packed

lunches and to purchase drinks. We saw two of the alpine border patrol, complete with alsatian dog, hurtle down the mountainside. Then we put on skis and for a further half-hour climbed in glittering sun and a strong wind towards the Partnun Lake. On arrival some boys were surprised to see nothing but a large depression in the rocks and snow. Whether they expected to see clear blue water at a temperature below freezing point, I don't know, but whatever disappointment they may have experienced was quickly dispelled by the exhilaration of the return run. In the descent of about 1,000 feet there was an interesting mixture of traverses, corners, difficult slopes and the straightforward drops which give that marvellous feeling of 'taking off'.

On our last afternoon we had our annual slalom races, in two classes again: Novices and Open. A lot of work had been put in on the making of the course, particularly by Browne, Gourley and Lumby, and though the conditions were 'sticky' a fair turn of speed was attained by quite a few competitors. Most people finished the course, but some dug such enormous craters that it took several minutes to get them out. The winner in the Novice class was Evans (22 secs.) with Lynch-Staunton (28 secs.) second and Willsdon I and Diamond equal third (30 secs.). In the Open class, on a much longer and steeper course, the winner was Davis I. (53 secs.). His brother 'Two' appropriately came second (66 secs.) and Livesley (72 secs.) third.

The return journey went smoothly and we became quite expert at handling Hartford in and out of trains. At Folkestone this task was undertaken by two sailors from 'The Maid of Orleans' who proceeded in stately procession up the platform, one wheeling the bath-chair, the other carrying The Leg.

At Victoria our responsibility ended and the boys rapidly dispersed. Each year we say that we probably won't go again, but each year those very attractive brochures come through the letter-box. We probably shall.

J.M.C. D.F.C.

## THE HOUSE PLAYS

THREE PLAYS, one by each house, were presented on the last Friday of the Lent Term. They were a pleasing addition to the usual end-of-term procedure. Swift House presented the trial



scene from 'The Merchant of Venice', Harcourt 'The Dear Departed', a Lancashire comedy by Harold Brighouse, and Queen Anne 'Pyramus and Thisbe', the rustic scenes from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. The plays were acted in that order and in the first interval we were treated to a dose of 'The Five Saracens' who, it seems, saw themselves as the 'Beatles' of the distant future. Clearly the audience liked their sound. Croxford, Elworthy, Colebrooke, Brooker I and Rollin should be congratulated on providing such popular entertainment.

All three plays were very striking in their own field. Swift gave us a very successful performance of a serious scene, Harcourt provided a play with plenty of rich dialect humour, and Queen Anne completed the programme with a knockabout comedy.

The trial scene from 'The Merchant of Venice' was very impressive. Swift's production was enhanced by its hired costumes. The major flaw was the bad positioning of certain actors. One could not be seen on the left of the stage. As well as the costumes being sumptuous, the props. were excellent and captured the atmosphere very well. Lambert as the Duke gave a polished performance as did Armson as Gratiano. Antonio and Portia, played by Earp and Janson-Smith, were a trifle lifeless, but Shylock, played by Hartford, managed to show a sharp contrast between triumph and defeat. His knife provided a deadly centre of attraction. People were very amused by Earp's hairy chest—a remarkable feat of making up. A pair of wooden scales rocked back and forth to add grotesqueness to the situation. All in all it was an exciting performance.

Harcourt's 'The Dear Departed' proved a very pleasing one-act play. It is a comedy with macabre undertones and as such gave great pleasure to the audience. The cast expressed themselves in a rich Lancashire dialect which only faltered two or three times. Ingerslev as Victoria Slater proved very comely, and Ward as Mrs. Slater presented a perfect picture of a shrewish wife. Most popular of the cast was Hall-Jones as the lugubrious Mr. Slater. All the words were clearly spoken and the performance was completed by the Victorian props. and such extras as the fire-place which nearly collapsed.

The third production was 'Pyramus and Thisbe'. This performance was uproariously funny and provided just the right note on which to end the evening. The costumes, as well as the

antics of the rustics, were original. Lucy, the Headmaster's St. Bernard appeared as Starveling's dog and her presence on the stage almost stole the scene. Unfortunately some of the actors were not easily heard but on the whole despite the lifeless appearance of the courtiers the performance was successful. MacGeagh (Starveling) acted perfectly as a rustic and for Hague (Snout and Wall) it was a revival of his much earlier performance at Yarnnton. Bottom (Brooker) and Flute (Willsdon I) as Pyramus and Thisbe were two more impressive actors and their efforts saved the play from the traumatic impression given by the courtiers.

However without the efforts of certain people who worked on the stage the performances could not have taken place at all. Mr. Webb was very generous in providing the steel structure of the stage which his son erected with the help of the Brown brothers. Browne III with the help of Hughes did a very impressive job on the lighting and sound.

Many boys made their stage debut, and those whose talents were promising will no doubt appear in the school play to be presented next year.

R. L. CHADWICK

6th Arts

### EDALE MEMORIES 1963

AS WE TRUDGED through the gathering gloom of twilight, it was a vast relief to see the centre perched on a slight rise in the ground. It meant comfort of sorts and rest, rest for our aching feet.

We had arrived earlier that day, and met the first group. They were just leaving for home and gave us horrible descriptions of the long walks and privations ahead. At this we all felt rather uneasy. This increased when we saw the camp beds with nothing but canvas between us and the hard floor, but we joked about certain members of our party being over-weight and felt more 'at home'. Then Mr. Powell said we would be going for a 'short' walk around the area. This 'short' walk turned out to be a trek that seemed never-ending to me. Always I was just seeing the others disappearing over the skyline and having to hurry on



to catch up with them. I had visions of being stranded upon some desolate mountain with the mist creeping up all around . . . . However, nothing like that occurred and soon we were descending a hill and upon the other side was the centre. Oh, what a relief we all felt! It would have been short-lived if we could have foreseen the longer and longer walks that lay ahead of us, but the future was mercifully hidden at that time. Still, it helped to condition us to stiffer tasks to come.

The days passed, and the walks grew longer and longer and longer. We would leave in the morning and return about late afternoon or early evening. One we went on was round Kinder Scout, which is mainly made up of peat bogs. One after another, they stretch away in a seemingly endless vista. We would crawl out of one, only to be confronted by another, and another and another. On and on we went hour after hour until our feet seemed like lead, and yet we were the 'short group'. We tried to remain cheerful and succeeded but, by the time we got back, our feet ached and we were tired. However we were rewarded by the views from the top of Kinder Scout. They really were breathtaking.

Towards the end of our stay we were allowed out in our groups on our own, being given a set course to follow on our maps. We had to find our way using only the maps and compass. This occupied the best part of the day, and we were one of the last groups to come in, Mr. Horn being on tenterhooks lest one of us should have lost himself. However all was well and everybody was accounted for.

Two days before we left it was the turn of our group to go camping and after supper we duly set off. Our object was to secure a spot where we would not have to pay to camp in some farmer's field. Such a site we found in a small hollow and the first of the two tents was erected. However by the time my turn came to put my tent up a strong wind had sprung up from nowhere, and my tent suddenly ballooned out, pulled away the carefully embedded tent pegs and flapped maddeningly round the field with myself and my partner in pursuit. We at length captured it and with the assistance of the others we pitched it and crawled in.

We spent a happy day trying to climb towering cliffs. For my part after hauling myself up one of those easier chimneys, after

a fashion, I decided that rock-climbing was not designed for me and so I spent the rest of the day photographing others tightly wedged in chimneys or flailing the air wildly, in their attempts to reach the summit. The evening came, with, surprisingly, no casualties. Looking back over nearly a year now, I can view Edale with a detachment that was impossible at the time. The trials and privations have gone leaving only the memory of those glorious summer days. All of us are now far more able to understand the maze of complicated lines on maps, and physically we benefited greatly from our contortions while scaling mountains and from our 'lovely' walks. Whether we benefited mentally is another question but given the chance we would, I am sure, go again.

J. BLANDFORD

4A

### SAYINGS OF THE TERM

The miners were hauled to the surface by a powerful wench.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Duke of Newcastle was blamed but he put the blame on Admiral Byng whom he used as a sheep-cote.

★ ★ ★ ★

With an ear-splitting roar, one side of the dame collapsed (A dam disaster).

### HARCOURT HOUSE REPORT

DURING NINETEEN-SIXTY-THREE Harcourt House has again been able to secure about half the trophies, in spite of increased competition and the departure of many of the senior boys, including Norman Gardner the Head of House. The House also lost Mr. B. Horn, to whom we owe a great deal.

Last summer we had some successes; firstly we won the Cricket



Cup, contrary to all expectations. Our team headed by I. W. Mackenzie won the match against Swift and then took the field against Queen Anne. They won the match owing to careful fielding and the opening stand by R. Woods and A. C. Mackenzie. Later in the term we lost the Rowing and Athletics Standards Cup, but we managed to retain the Shooting Cup. We won the Tennis Competition for which there was no trophy.

The Christmas term did not prove very successful for the House. In rugby the Harcourt team captained by A. W. Baker won the match against Swift, but lost against Queen Anne owing to unco-ordinated play and a lack of seniors. Harcourt House colours were awarded to A. C. Mackenzie, D. Bezer, R. Newns, L. Bowen-Jones, R. A. Colebrook and B. Lovegrove. All previous colours were re-awarded.

In the Spring term the House won all the trophies except one,—the Inter-House seven-a-side Competition. We won against Swift but lost to Queen Anne. We won all the long distance running events—the Road Relay and the Cross-Country. In the Road Relay our first team won the Competition and our second team just lost to Queen Anne's second team.

As in previous years the House succeeded in winning the Cross-Country. We are justly proud of this, as every member of the House takes part. For running events House colours were awarded to D. S. Baker-Beall, R. H. K. Woods and J. Clarke; half-colours were awarded to A. P. Lumby. As in previous years we gained the Kicking Cup, Swift and Queen Anne coming second equal. Our team consisting of four seniors and two juniors gained fifty-six points, over ten of which were scored by Davies I, who had the highest score out of all the three teams.

In non-sporting events the House has also done well. In the Music Competition, under the experienced and able leadership of D. S. Bezer, Harcourt won mainly because of the good performance of the instrumental section.

Also, at the end of the Easter term, 'The Dear Departed' was produced, and the whole school enjoyed a very spirited performance.

Although the House has lost some trophies and gained others, it has had an enterprising year and it can be said that the spirit of the boys has risen. Each boy can say that he helped in the making of a better and more united House.



CRICKET. FIRST XI 1963

Standing: Croxford, Ransom, Mackenzie i, Trimble, Ross, Mackenzie ii, Locke

Sitting: Woods, Buchner, Grey, Burr, Clarke i





### RUGBY. FIRST XV

Standing (left to right): Burr, MacGeagh, Bowen-Jones, Bezer, Trimble, Bulmer, Poč,  
Elgie, Colebrook, A. Wood, Esq.

Sitting (left to right): Mackenzie ii, Baker, Brocklebank, Hague, Osborne, Tull, Newns ii



HOUSE MATCH. Swift v. Harcourt





'A' CREW 1963

Dawson (cox), Key i, Hague, Sampson, Gardner ii

## QUEEN ANNE HOUSE REPORT

A FAIRLY GOOD YEAR for Queen Anne started during the Summer term of 1963 with the gaining of the Standards Cup, when we had a lead of 70 points over the runners up, Harcourt. Also, after a hard fight we retained the Athletics Trophy. Last summer was the first time that we had an inter-house 'Tub' regatta, and in this we finished second. However, the senior Clinker regatta crew, stroked by Trevor Key led both Swift and Harcourt easily to win the Nathaniel Brown Cup.

Our only major summer defeat was in the House cricket, which we had won the two previous years, but one must give the other Houses a chance sometimes.

At the end of that term, David Gardner left us—a great loss to both House and School. In the Christmas term P. Osborne was appointed Head of House and a School Prefect, and six sub-prefects were made, of which, it is interesting to note, four were from this House: S. Hague, D. Trimble, V. Williams and C. Willsdon.

We were soundly beaten in the Cross-Country and Road Relay events, but the Rugger told a different story and we won all our matches, in most cases quite decisively. The same was true of the inter-house Seven-a-Side Competition, both teams winning all matches. This was a very successful end to the winter season.

For the Easter term House Plays, Queen Anne put on a most amusing act from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. It was very well received and caused a great deal of laughter.

We feel that in the last year the Queen Anne morale has maintained its old high level, and we have hopes for the future as there is a batch of enthusiastic juniors rising in the school.

## SWIFT HOUSE REPORT

THIS HAS NOT BEEN a successful year for Swift. In the Summer term we managed to prove our mettle by winning the Tub regatta and the junior house cricket. We were able to enter a large number of crews for the Tub regatta, and House Rowing colours were awarded to Sparksman, Crawford, Ripley and Tull.



At the end of the Summer term we lost a large part of the senior half of the House. Amongst the others we said farewell to R. Grey who was awarded the traditional tankard for his very real contribution to the organisation of House activities. Unfortunately it seemed that we did not have enough replacements and we were left with only six seniors in the House. It was mainly due to this that we lost the House Rugger matches by such large scores. Despite this we were not lacking in spirit and put up a good fight. As a result of this fine effort House Rugger colours were awarded to Bomford, May and Rollin.

During the Christmas term the House Music Competition took place. We did very well with our clarinet trio, choir and recorders. Only our inability to enter candidates in all classes led to our narrow defeat. Rollin's splendid work did much to improve the standard of the House's effort.

Unlike last year the weather permitted the playing of the seven-a-sides and also the Kicking Competition in the Spring term. Again we lost the rugger but managed to draw for second place with Queen Anne in the Kicking Competition. In both the Cross-Country and the Road Relay we made a good effort by coming second to Harcourt. In fact in the Cross-Country there was only a very narrow margin between Harcourt and ourselves. The first three in the House, Tull, Marsden and Rollin, were awarded their House Cross-Country colours.

At the end of the Spring term each House produced a play. Swift did the trial scene from 'The Merchant of Venice'. A review of the House play appears elsewhere.

Perhaps next year our efforts will yield more tangible results for we shall not be at such a disadvantage at the senior end of school. If this year's keenness can be repeated, the prospect is good.



## CRICKET 1963

FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF the first team this was a season of great success, considering the handicap of not having a really experienced coach and remembering the weather which was very disappointing. But the keenness displayed by so many is the

main reason for the successful season which both teams enjoyed.

The first match of the season against Mr. Goddard's XI was rained off soon after our opponents had been bowled out for 108. We then just held Lord Williams's G.S. to a draw. We followed this by two victories over Bicester and Rendcomb College by four wickets. T. Buchner captured 12 wickets in these two matches for only 32 runs. Kingham Hill beat us quite easily, with much credit going to their vice-captain for a fine half century and six wickets as well. Cokethorpe played their first Sunday match against Bampton, whom they soundly defeated, with a fine 60 by our captain, R. Grey and a hat-trick from S. H. Burr. This was followed by two easy victories over Magdalen College School and Bicester again. J. Buchner took seven wickets for the second time in the term. We then lost heavily to both Mr. Goddard's XI and St. Edward's, and followed this up with an easy win over Ducklington, J. Buchner getting his fiftieth wicket of the season. He was presented with a tankard for so doing. After this we had the first Old Boys' match ever to be held. The Old Boys lost rather heavily. Cokethorpe played their third Sunday match against the Witney Police and would probably easily have won had the rain not stopped the game. The last match of the season was by far the best. Carmel College playing here thought that they had the game 'in the bag', when we were all out for 85, but J. Buchner and B. Lovegrove struck fast and hard and Buchner got their last batsman out in the last over, with their score at 46.

The School played more matches this season than ever before, and, all things considered, they came out well. R. Grey captained for the second consecutive year and led the team extremely well. The team sadly lacked batting strength to start with, but this did not seem to matter as the bowling was so powerful. J. Buchner was the mainstay with S. H. Burr in support. Between them they took 96 wickets out of 113 taken all told. J. Buchner did extremely well, getting 64 in only 14 matches. When these two failed someone else succeeded, leaving generally very low scores at which to aim. Moreover nearer the end of the season the batting became quite reliable. Woods and Burr turned into a very steady opening pair with Mackenzie 1 and 2, R. Grey and J. Locke in support. The fielding was quite polished but once again there was a lack of reliable slip fielders. The Golby Fielding



# SUMMARY OF SEASON 1963

<i>Date</i>	<i>Opponents</i>	<i>Ground</i>	<i>Result</i>
8 May	Mr. Goddard's XI .. ..	Home	Drawn. Mr. Goddard's XI 108. Cokethorpe 4-0 wickets. Rain.
25 May	Lord William's, Thame .. ..	Away	Drawn. Lord William's 103. Cokethorpe 60-9 wickets.
28 May	Bicester G.S. .. ..	Away	Won. Bicester 58. Cokethorpe 59-4 wickets.
1 June	Rendcomb College 2nd XI .. ..	Away	Won. Rendcomb 55. Cokethorpe 58-4 wickets.
5 June	Kingham Hill .. ..	Home	Lost. Kingham Hill 128-5 dec. Cokethorpe 92.
12 June	Bampton C.C. .. ..	Away	Won. Cokethorpe 156. Bampton 68.
15 June	Magdalen College 3rd XI .. ..	Away	Won. Magdalen College 45. Cokethorpe 47-4 wickets.
16 June	Bicester G.S. .. ..	Home	Won. Bicester 38. Cokethorpe 40-9 wickets.
19 June	Mr. Goddard's XI .. ..	Home	Lost. Cokethorpe 68. Mr. Goddard's XI 119.
7 July	St. Edward's, Oxford .. ..	Away	Lost. St. Edward's 182-7 dec. Cokethorpe 71.
13 July	Ducklington XI .. ..	Home	Won. Ducklington 42. Cokethorpe 45-5 wickets.
14 July	Old Boy's XI .. ..	Home	Won. Cokethorpe 160-5 dec. Old Boy's 75.
17 July	Witney Police XI .. ..	Home	Drawn. Cokethorpe 111-7 dec. Witney Police 47-7. Rain.
20 July	Carmel College .. ..	Home	Won. Cokethorpe 85. Carmel College 46.

## House Matches 1963

### Seniors

1. Harcourt
2. Queen Anne
3. Swift

### Juniors

1. Swift
2. Harcourt
3. Queen Anne

Colours for season 1963: R. W. Grey, J. E. Buchner, S. H. Burr, J. Locke, R. Woods, J. J. Clarke.

Half Colours: Mackenzie I & II, Croxford, Lovegrove, Ballantine, Ranson, Trimble, Vaughan-Bendy.

### 1st Eleven

Played 14 matches. Drawn 3. Won 8. Lost 3.

### Under 15

Played 10 matches. Drawn 0. Won 8. Lost 2.

Cup went to Buchner for his outstanding bowling performance and the Golsorkhi Cup went to Burr who was also named as captain for next year.

The under-15 team had a very successful season and showed tremendous enthusiasm. Lovegrove was capped twice for the junior Oxfordshire Colts and several juniors had a trial or two. Great promise was shown by Ballantine, Bulmer and Davis I. In this junior team lie many of our hopes for next season. Once again this report would not be complete without a word of sincere thanks to George Balmer for his hard work throughout the season.

## BOAT CLUB

THE NINETEEN-SIXTY-THREE ROWING SEASON was the most successful to date, although the Boat Club was numerically a little smaller than last year. This was perhaps fortunate as we had not been able to increase our fleet of hired tubs, or more important, best clinker boats.

The first crew was lucky, for only two of the previous year's crew had left so there was a very strong nucleus of talent. N. P. Gardner (Captain of Boats, and bow), W. R. W. Sampson, S. Hague, T. W. Key (stroke) and A. G. Dawson (cox) entered six regattas. At Wallingford, a regatta which attracts crews from all over the South East, there were sixteen entries in the Maiden Fours, so nobody rated our crew's chances very highly, but to everyone's surprise and delight they won their four races and the first 'pot' of the season.

Reading Clinker Regatta followed, and they were beaten by Prince Henry's G.S. in the School Fours class. At Oxford they entered the Junior event, having raised their 'status' by their Wallingford win, and lost to the eventual winners, Windsor G.S.

They were luckier at Hereford Schools' Regatta, where they met only two opponents in the senior four-oar event; two halves of the Hereford Cathedral School's second VIII. They beat both halves, the final being especially exciting.

Fresh from this, they entered the School Fours at Stratford, three days later. The previous year the second IV had entered this event, and nearly won it, being beaten by Derby School who again reached the final. The first crew entered the final,



having beaten Belmont Abbey, and the subsequent race was extremely close near the finish when Derby put on a spurt. However, Cokethorpe managed to hold on to their lead and win.

The final regatta was at Marlow where they improved on the previous year's performance, but still did not get beyond the first heat.

The second IV was made up from the previous season's second and colts crews: A. F. Trotman (bow), G. F. Sparksman, P. F. Osborne, D. Slack (stroke) and G. R. Brown (cox). They entered five regattas, but at Oxford (where they rammed a sculler while defending their cup), Stratford and Reading they lost the first heats of their Novice events. However, at Wallingford and Hereford Schools they reached the second round of their heats. They never seemed to settle as a crew, though individually they showed promise.

The Colts, R. J. Newns (bow), W. R. S. Webb, T. J. Baylis, W. E. V. Cranford (stroke) and C. A. Stanley (cox), proved to be a very good little crew. At Wallingford and Reading where they entered the School events they were outclassed, but gave a good chase to the winners of their heat. At Hereford they excelled themselves by winning the Visitors' Cup, one of the more senior events of the regatta, with some very tough opposition. Hereford could never have known such cheering, as the Colts led down the last 100 yards. It even earned a mention in the A.R.A. Rowing Almanack.

Three other crews also trained for and entered Hereford Schools' and gave a good account of themselves. It is all valuable experience for the younger boys, and we hope to take several crews again this year.

Throughout the season we were greatly encouraged by the number of parents, Old Boys and well-wishers who turned up at our regattas, sometimes making very long journeys to support us.

At the end of the summer term the emphasis shifted from school rowing to the House events, the Nathaniel Brown Cup for House Fours and the Colonel Key Cup for the winners of the House Tub Regatta. The Fours Cup was won by Queen Anne in some exciting racing which provided lively entertainment for the spectators. The Tub Regatta was won by Swift, and this also was enormous fun for competitors and spectators alike.

Racing was not limited to rowers; coxes also had a go and they received a lesson in obeying orders instead of giving them!

The rowing at Cokethorpe reached a high standard last year, owing mainly to the coaching of Messrs. Fretwell, Cook and Lyle, who spent many desperate hours trying to get crews into shape before regattas, as well as looking after the rest of the oarsmen. We are very unfortunate in losing Mr. Fretwell, who coached the first IV and was one of the founder members of the Boat Club. Much of the credit for its present state must go to him.

After this season of success, what will happen this year? The prospects are bright, with plenty of talent throughout the school. It is interesting to note that several of our Old Boys are rowing in adult clubs and doing rather well, so the 'Rose Revived' might yet become the first home club of some international oarsmen.

## RUGGER REPORT

APART FROM ONE UNDER SIXTEEN and one 2nd XV match which crept into the fixture card on the sly, the school's rugger matches have been waged only at 1st XV and Under 15 XV levels. The Under 15 have had a disappointing season mainly because of the small intake in September, but although it was generally a very weak team there are one or two extremely promising individual players.

The 1st XV, however, has had a satisfactory season in which it has improved noticeably. It started the season with only one old colour, S. Hague, but under his capable and enthusiastic leadership a really promising scrum has developed. Apart from old hands like Osborne and Baker the scrum is very young and at least five of its members should be here next year and possibly the year after that as well. Brocklebank played extremely well at number 8 until Christmas, when he left together with Elgie from prop. Despite these losses, when May and Croxford joined the pack in February, it played robustly and as a unit in some really hard-fought matches. Although it is a little invidious to mention individuals out of any such unit P. Bulmer must be congratulated on his excellent play first at blind and then at open-side wing forward.



There was considerable competition for the position of scrum-half since the departure of Bill Mackenzie left a real void here, but first Bezer, until his departure at Christmas, and then Rollin did their best to fill the gap. However, in the seven-a-side tournament in Oxford J. Clarke played a lively and intelligent game in that position. Despite these changes R. Newns has been able to adapt himself to each in turn and gave the three-quarter line the aggressiveness it needed. Mackenzie and MacGeagh in the centre and Trimble and Tull on the wings provided speed and some good tackling but handling was again a real weakness. First Poe and later Burr played at full-back and provided some long and accurate kicking which was a pleasure to watch.

Although the bare facts, as far as victories and defeats go, appear below, one or two comments can be made. At Kingham Hill the School played badly for the first ten minutes and gave away no less than three penalties right under their own posts. However they rallied and scored the only try of the match in the second half. Although the team lost to Bicester G.S. in October, they held them to a draw in February, and having held Burford G.S. to a draw at home in November they then defeated them on their own pitch the following term.

Altogether it has been a pleasant season's rugger, with good team spirit, clean, hard-fought games, no serious injuries and, of course, good weather. With over half the team staying on and keen competition for the vacant places, there is good hope for the coming season.

## FIRST XV

### WINTER TERM

<i>Opponents</i>					<i>Ground</i>	<i>Result</i>	
Old Boy's	..	..	..	..	Home	Won	20- 0
Lord William's, Thame	..	..	..	..	Away	Lost	17- 3
Bicester G.S.	..	..	..	..	Away	Lost	13- 5
Rendcomb (2nd XV)	..	..	..	..	Away	Won	32- 0
Rycotewood College	..	..	..	..	Away	Won	14- 3
Abingdon (3rd XV)	..	..	..	..	Away	Lost	12- 6
Burford G.S.	..	..	..	..	Home	Drawn	0- 0
Merton College, Oxford (2nd XV)	..	..	..	..	Away	Lost	8- 3
Kingham Hill School	..	..	..	..	Away	Lost	9- 3
Magdalen College School (3rd XV)	..	..	..	..	Home	Won	20- 0

# SPRING TERM

Bicester G.S. . . . .	Home	Drawn	6- 6
Lord William's School, Thame . . . .	Home	Lost	25- 0
Rycotewood College . . . . .	Home	Won	6- 0
Burford G.S. . . . .	Away	Won	6- 0

## 2nd XV

Played 1; won 1

## UNDER 16 XV

Played 1; lost 1

## UNDER 15 XV

Played 11; won 2; lost 8; drawn 1

# ATHLETICS

AS THE THIRD SUMMER SPORT, athletics suffers by losing boys to cricket and rowing whenever there is the inevitable clash of fixtures. This led to the cancelling of a match against Magdalen College School. But with the team at full strength we managed to defeat our old rivals Burford G.S. by one point, after a very close and exciting contest. Against Abingdon there were some good individual performances, but they were not good enough against a much stronger team.

The general increase in the standard of performance is perhaps best shown by the fact that new records were established in all of the field events. Mr. Horn's coaching no doubt explains this better than the presence of new 'superboys'. Of the seniors Trimble, who equalled the 100 yards record and set new records for the 220 yards and the discus, was undoubtedly the outstanding athlete. The best junior was Buchan, but there are also several very promising new third formers.

## SPORTS DAY RESULTS 1963

100 yards Senior	10.6 secs.	
1. Trimble (QA)	2. Newns (H)	3. Fraser (S)
100 yards Junior	11.7 secs.	
1. Buchan (S)	2. Keates (S)	3. Gillman (QA)
220 yards Senior	24.8 secs.	
1. Trimble (QA)	2. Fraser (S)	3. Tull (S)
220 yards Junior	26.8 secs.	
1. Bulmer (QA)	2. Keates (S)	3. Chater (S)
440 yards Senior	58.2 secs.	
1. Tull (S)	2. Maughan (QA)	3. MacGeagh (QA)



440 yards Junior	60.0 secs.	
1. Bulmer (QA)	2. Chater (S)	3. Henderson (QA)
880 yards Senior	2 mins. 13.5 secs.	
1. Grey (S)	2. Hope (QA)	3. Hall-Jones (H)
880 yards Junior	2 mins. 23.6 secs. Record	
1. Henderson (QA)	2. Ward (H)	3. Coombs (S)
1 mile Senior	5 mins. 19 secs.	
1. Hope (QA)	2. Grey (S)	3. Hall-Jones (H)
120 yards Hurdles Senior	19.0 secs.	
1. Key I (QA)	2. Locke (S)	3. Newns I (H)
80 yards Hurdles Junior	13.2 secs.	
1. Coombs (S)	2. Davis (H)	3. Brooker (QA)
Shot Put Senior	40 ft. 5½ ins. Record	
1. Buchner (QA)	2. Locke (S)	3. Reid (QA)
Shot Put Junior	34 ft. 5 ins. Record	
1. Gillman (QA)	2. Buchan (S)	3. Bulmer (QA)
Discus Senior	100 ft. 8 ins.	
1. Trimble (QA)	2. Locke (S)	3. Croxford (QA)
Discus Junior	116 ft. 6 ins. Record	
1. Kaile (S)	2. Scase (S)	3. Coy (QA)
Javelin Senior	136 ft. 6 ins. Record	
1. Brocklebank (H)	2. Reid (QA)	3. Croxford (QA)
Javelin Junior	104 ft. 11 ins. Record	
1. Bomford II (QA)	2. Davis (H)	3. Jeffes (H)
Long Jump Senior	17 ft. 4 ins.	
1. Osborne (QA)	2. Sparksman (S)	3. Newns II (H) Emmerson (QA)
Long Jump Junior	17 ft. 11 ins. Record	
1. Buchan (QA)	2. Brookes I (QA)	3. Rollin(S)
High Jump Senior	5 ft. 0 ins.	
1. Williams (QA)	2. Noon (S)	3. Cranford (S)
High Jump Junior	4 ft. 6 ins.	
1. Gillman (QA)	2. Brooker (QA)	3. Coombs (S)
Medley Relay	4 mins. 13.6 secs.	
1. Queen Anne	2. Swift	3. Harcourt
4X110 yards Relay Junior	53 secs. Record	
1. Queen Anne	2. Swift	3. Harcourt
4X110 yards Relay Senior	50.8 secs. Record	
1. Swift	2. Queen Anne	3. Harcourt
Result:	1. Queen Anne	215½ points
	2. Swift	179½ points
	3. Harcourt	109 points

#### STANDARDS

The result of the Inter-House Standards Competition:

1st Queen Anne	413 points
2nd Swift	343 points
3rd Harcourt	312 points

## NEW SCHOOL RECORDS IN 1963

100 yards	Senior	10.6 secs.	Trimble
220 yards	Senior	24.6 secs.	Trimble
880 yards	Junior	2 mins. 23.6 secs.	Henderson
1 mile	Open	5 mins. 3.3 secs.	Grey
Long Jump	Junior	17 ft. 11 ins.	Buchan
Discus	Senior	113 ft. 7 ins.	Trimble
Discus	Junior	116 ft. 6 ins.	Kaile
Shot Put	Senior	40 ft. 5 ins.	Buchner
Shot Put	Junior	34 ft. 5 ins.	Gillman
Javelin	Senior	136 ft. 6 ins.	Brocklebank
Javelin	Junior	104 ft. 11 ins.	Bomford II

## ATHLETICS COLOURS

Already with colours:	Newns I (capt.), Hope, Grey.
Awarded Full colours	Trimble, Buchan, Fraser.
Awarded half colours:	Brocklebank, Reid, MacGeagh, Williams, Locke.
Awarded U. 15 colours:	Buchan, Henderson, Gillman, Kaile.

## BASKETBALL

BASKETBALL IS A SPORT that was considered, at one time, to be a purely American domain. Its rapidly increasing popularity on this side of the Atlantic has been shared by Cokethorpe for the past two years. Many new and enthusiastic members were admitted to the Club this year. Their eagerness to learn and to compete has raised the sport to an important position in the School.

At the beginning of the session a Committee was formed with A. W. Baker as President, V. J. Williams as Vice-President, S. Hague as Secretary and R. H. N. Woods as Treasurer. Two senior teams were picked and competition between them, as well as the juniors, was keen and exciting.

The first fixture was played against Burford G.S.—the same team which humbled Cokethorpe the previous year. This time the Cokethorpe side rose to the occasion. A last-second winning goal was declared void by the referee so the game ended in a draw. A return match in the Spring term vindicated the Cokethorpians however. They won easily, giving a fine display of team work and ball control.

Other fixtures were arranged but had to be cancelled owing to mumps.



The sound foundation laid by Mr. B. Horn, who left at the end of the Summer term, and the subsequent hard work by all members of the Club yielded dividends in fitness, team spirit, quality of play and, probably most important, the desire to play the game.

## CROSS-COUNTRY CLUB

AS FAIR WEATHER permitted a full programme of rugby football and rowing during the winter terms, Cross-Country was merely a minor sport. However, three matches were arranged against Magdalen College School, Pangbourne Nautical College and Abingdon School. Unfortunately, the first of these we lost and the latter two were cancelled as mumps invaded the School.

Looking forward to next season we can expect growing support from up-and-coming Juniors who show great promise.

The results of the House Cross-Country and Road-Relay as are follows:

### INTER-HOUSE ROAD-RELAY

Wednesday 19 February

1st	Harcourt	'A' team
2nd	Swift	'A' team
3rd	Queen Anne	'A' team
4th	Queen Anne	'B' team
5th	Harcourt	'B' team
6th	Swift	'B' team

### INTER-HOUSE CROSS-COUNTRY

Saturday 7 March

1st	Harcourt
2nd	Swift
3rd	Queen Anne

## TENNIS

DURING THE NINETEEN-SIXTY-THREE SEASON tennis was taken a little more seriously than in previous years. The result of the enthusiasm put into the organisation by Mr. Leeds Harrison and Mr. Williams, and into the playing by the boys headed by Buchner, Baker and Watson, was a match against Carmel College

at the end of the Summer term. We had a very enjoyable match, and after some good tennis, our three pairs managed to win with the score at 5-1.

The House matches, won by Harcourt, were all played with gusto. There were some spirited contests.

So far this year, with Baker as captain, we have had one match against Merton College, Oxford. Although we were beaten, the first team (Baker and I. C. Mackenzie) won two of their three games.

The home courts, after some fine work by the groundsmen, are greatly improved.

### RIFLE CLUB REPORT 1963-64

NINETEEN-SIXTY-THREE was yet another successful year for the Rifle Club. We entered three major competitions with very pleasing results. The Club's membership increased to forty and there is a considerable waiting-list. A graded system of shooting was started by which the shooter moves on to a progressively harder target as his shooting improves.

The main event of the year, the Junior Winter Competition, went particularly well, the first team coming fifteenth out of nearly eighty entries. For their performances in this and other matches colours were re-awarded to R. H. Hall-Jones for a 96, 95, W. H. Goehring for a 97, 97 and awarded to D. M. Chater for a remarkable 98, 98. All these scores were on British Indoor targets.

The fifteen section has also been improving steadily with scores like 93, 96 on the British Indoor targets from Gold in a match in which they came eighth out of twenty-eight entries. A recent 'possible' was achieved by Gibbons on the decimal targets so that the First Eight's future is assured.

The House Shooting Cup was again won by Harcourt after a narrow victory over Queen Anne. Harcourt have held the Cup ever since it was presented. This summer we are entering some shots for the Marksman competition in anticipation of several successful passes of at least class 'A'.

We hope to improve these results in the coming year and from the enthusiasm shown by all the members, the Club should have



a very promising future. Particular thanks should be given to R. H. Hall-Jones, the captain, and to W. H. Goehring, the secretary, for the time and trouble they have put into organising the Club's functions and training its members.

### COKETHORPE SAILING TEAM

THIS SCHOOL ACTIVITY, despite its small following, maintains a high standard. Members sail during term time on Hardwick gravel pits at the West Oxfordshire Sailing Club, and our representative on that club's committee was duly re-elected to office at this year's A.G.M. Some good sailing is had in other members' boats, especially during the Christmas term when hazards include violent gusts of wind and floating ice.

However, most of the serious racing is carried out on the south coast, on the home waters of the members. Last May, D. S. Baker-Beall, with R. H. K. Woods as crew, entered the Wineglass Class National Championship for the first time, at Pevensey Bay Sailing Club.

Conditions were rough. Racing was impossible on the first day, so three races had to be sailed on the second. We had to retire from the first after a port and starboard incident, but made up for this misdemeanour in the third when, after a well-executed port tack start, we finished seventh. This brought us up to twelfth place overall, and for this we won the Novice Cup.

Half way through the summer term, V. J. Williams, crewed by J. W. Locke and C. L. Mackinnon, entered a national event for Wayfarers to race for the Richard Notley Cup, and were placed third overall, after losing a close race for first and second places. The national champion took first place.

During the summer holidays, Williams and Baker-Beall entered the Wayfarer in Cowes Week, and with the assistance of a female bystander as third hand and distraction, obtained a second place. Two weeks later the Wayfarer was entered for the Strickland Cup, again helmed by Williams, but this time crewed by R. Slee. At a strategic point, helmsman and crew burst into song. The boat in front was so startled that its crew sailed onto the mud, thus leaving us to win the cup. We then went on to win the Wayfarer Trophy at Emsworth Regatta, the Ryhers Cup at Bosham, and the Silver Tankard at the Slipper Club Regatta.

Apart from entering for races, most members sail every weekend at their home clubs during the holidays.

This season we hope to hear of great achievements from Vivian Williams who has recently purchased an International 505. We also wish Dudley Baker-Beall and Richard Woods luck in the 30 mile Martello Trophy race at Whitsun, at Pevensy Bay Sailing Club.

## SWIMMING

THE OCCASIONAL 'flip' and 'plop' of begoggled and flipper-footed jokers sporting in near-freezing water beneath lowering skies with a chill wind blowing—such was the all-too-frequent impression of school swimming during that dull, cold spell in June and July last year. However despite really grim conditions on the day, which forced two or three candidates to give up, several boys passed their bronze medallion R.L.S.S. examination and T. Key gained the Award of Merit, the first boy to do so at Cokethorpe. Apart from this we had a friendly swimming match at Kingham Hill School which, although it was, not surprisingly, lost, we enjoyed very much.

## MUSIC

THE NOISE INCREASES. The various instrumentalists have coalesced into an orchestra which performed at the Carol Service and regularly provides the music for Sunday services. It also practises, in private, some lighter classics, such as The Skaters' Waltz which may one day get a public airing. We have a visiting staff of five specialists for the instrumental tuition.

Two trumpeters are now so proficient that they perform with the Witney Town Band.

There was a distinct rise in the standard of performance in the Inter-House Competition, which was won this year by Harcourt. We are very grateful to Messrs. K. Cook and C. Worley for adjudicating. The Swift choirs were again by far the best, but probably the most spectacular performance was a drum solo in the middle of a Queen Anne trio rendering of 'Sukiyaki'. This drummer is a leading member of The Saracens, Cokethorpe's contenders for the Top Ten.



The three 'O' level entrants passed successfully, one with very high marks. This summer sees four more lambs to the slaughter, and an 'A' level candidate halfway through his course.

We thank Mrs. Cartland for the gift of a violin, and Mrs. Cook for the 'permanent loan' of a 'cello. If there are any other unwanted instruments (or music stands), we would willingly accept them.

## SCIENCE SOCIETY

UNFORTUNATELY ALL OUR ELECTRONICS EXPERTS are actively engaged on 'O' or 'A' levels and so not a bleep has been heard from the radio telescope since last summer.

In spite of a current rumour, we do not intend starting a zoo with the albino pachyderm mentioned above; at present an aquarium is enough. The main interest here is whether the gold fish will die of a fungal infection or be eaten by the perch.

Stevenson and Rowe have been working busily to prepare a display for Speech Day on the minerals of Canada.

The weird noises and flickering lights seen recently in the round house in the late evening were not caused by black magical rites but by Baker-Beall and Woods working away on a ripple tank which will help and amuse many of us in terms to come. The rest of the senior society have shown little interest in projects of any sort and, to end where we started, we hope that some of next year's sixth form will show more interest and take on the radio-telescope as a serious project.

## THE DEBATING SOCIETY

THE DEBATING SOCIETY met five times during the winter months. The debates were both controversial and amusing with masters and boys battling against each other on the floor. The House approved one of the motions and rejected the rest.

The first clash took the form of a 'Balloon' debate, the characters taking part being Mr. Macmillan, Elizabeth Taylor, Col. Glenn, Ian Fleming. Mr. Macmillan won easily, though a number thought that all should perish.

The next debate, 'Marples must go', was defeated. Though the debate wandered off the subject, some sensible views were put forward.

The next meeting was the best attended, and the most popular, with masters also taking the floor. The motion which was lost was that this house would 'rather be Red than dead'. This showed the patriotic if sometimes bigoted feelings of the house.

In an end-of-term spirit, the society met to discuss whether 'Ignorance is bliss'. The majority agreed with the motion and went blissfully away.

In the Easter term the Society met to argue whether 'History is Bunk'. The motion was defeated easily, though there was a diversity of opinions, and a number of abstentions.

This is the second year of the Debating Society and many claim to notice an improvement in the standard of speaking. Whether or not this is so, we do not know, but certainly many people have enjoyed themselves.

### CHAPLAIN'S NOTES

SERVICES THIS TERM have been held in the gymnasium. The Altar has been set up at the far end, and is under the able care of the sacristan, Christopher Laughton. The hymns are accompanied by the School band under the direction of the Music Master. On Ascension Day Holy Communion was celebrated by the chaplain, assisted by the Rev. P. Walker and there were ninety-five communicants. Normally members of the school have attended Holy Communion at either Duckington or Cokethorpe Church under the parish priest, the Vicar of Duckington. There is a confirmation class preparing for the service to be held at Duckington Church on 4 July, when the Bishop of Dorchester, a Governor of the School, will confirm the candidates, and our prayers and good wishes will be with the candidates on that day.

### MODEL CLUB

THE COKETHORPE MODEL CLUB has been running for some years now. Its members are able to use their creative skills in building models without being hampered and pestered by people giving advice and orders. Amidst rubbing and scraping and workshop noises many fine models are produced ranging from electric boats, to diesel-engined aeroplanes. There is usually an



all-pervading odour of dope and glue that fills the air, and muttered curses mingle with the other sounds that are heard while the members build their models in the small, rather cramped model room. Most of the models constructed here are quite successful but once in a while something goes wrong and a model comes to a rather spectacular end. However this does not dampen the enthusiasm of a patient modeller.

In the Model Club more aeroplanes than boats are built perhaps because the nearest open stretch of water is more than a mile away whereas planes can be flown in the park that surrounds the school. Even so a couple of radio-controlled boats were constructed last year by modellers who have now left the school.

## CHESS

CHESS AT COKETHORPE, even at its peak, has never produced the same desperate tenseness, the demands for silence, the venom-filled glares across the board, or the steady ticking of the match clocks which create the electric atmosphere of so many matches. This year even our normal rather meagre dedication to the game has dwindled and mainly because of many loyal members of the Chess Club who have left us, the Club has been hard pressed to find two worthy teams. We had one senior team, and a junior team all under fifteen years old. Our first match was against Bicester G.S. in the 'Sunday Times Tournament'. The result was a crushing defeat  $5\frac{1}{2}-1\frac{1}{2}$ , Trimble our captain just managing to hold on to a draw.

Our next few matches were equally disastrous. We lost against the Salesian College  $4\frac{1}{2}-1\frac{1}{2}$ . Trimble had a well deserved win and Biggar just scraped through to draw.

The City of Oxford School also defeated us. Biggar drew once again, and Trimble won, making the score  $4\frac{1}{2}-1\frac{1}{2}$ .

The Easter term was a better one for us, for although being defeated by Southfield G.S. at Cokethorpe  $5\frac{1}{2}-\frac{1}{2}$ , we managed to beat Chipping Norton G.S.  $4\frac{1}{2}-1\frac{1}{2}$  in the senior and 4-2 in the juniors. Biggar, Bush and Trimble all shared this victory by winning, while Sewell drew. In the Juniors, Lambert, Keates, Wild and Galitzine won.

The Corinthian Room, which had been the scene of many a defeat has looked a better and a brighter place ever since!

## LIBRARY NOTES

THE LIBRARY CONTINUES TO EXPAND, at the same time improving on the quality of what it has to offer.

In particular, our shelves have received a good many more reference books for the use of those sixth formers who are studying Biology, Geography or British Constitution. All three of these sections are beginning to grow most satisfyingly.

The Oxfordshire County Library still caters generously for the needs of the Lower School, bringing a fresh selection at the beginning of each term.

The Library could not achieve anything without the willing and conscientious help of its librarians—Cartland, Janson-Smith and Stevenson. Blandford, Lynch-Staunton and Wallace, too, have all helped in their various ways.

We are, moreover, grateful to M. Hudson, Esq., G. Stead, Esq. and Mrs. O. Wans who have presented us with books.

## ART 1963-4

OWING TO MR. SLEE'S LEAVING LAST TERM the future of art at Cokethorpe was, for a time, uncertain. However, the school was fortunate to obtain Miss Stirling at short notice, to come and take over Mr. Slee's job of preparing those about to take 'O' level this summer. Certainly this was not an easy job but now all is well.

Last year several boys passed G.C.E. at 'O' level, and this year ten boys will sit the examination with good prospects of passing and some may even sit for an 'A' level next year or the next.

As well as the 'O' level class there is a second group consisting, in the main, of boys taking the examination next year. Wallace, who has passed and may go on to an 'A' level, works with them.

This group have been doing some interesting work in other fields of art, unlike the examination candidates who have had to stick to the syllabus of plant drawing, picture composition, and object drawing, although let it be hastily added that these are by no means uninteresting; indeed one never knows what one may be called on to draw—anything from an umbrella to a knife.



However this other group has attempted oil painting which, is a new departure. There have been some creditable results including a very good one of a waterfall scene. They have also attempted abstracts which vary from light gay patterns of unfathomable shapes to dull heavy masses which evoke a feeling of depression—possibly the result of a long and complicated Latin or French prose.

The thing that raises art above other more academic subjects is the feeling of freedom that is attached to it; after long hours of French irregular verbs and history dates it is a happy release to be able to interpret subjects the way one wants to and not to be governed by Mathematics or other equally exacting subjects.

Now that G.C.E. time tables have been distributed, a reminder of the shadow of the looming examination, a feeling of confidence replaces the previous one of uncertainty and as a result we hope to see good results. Perhaps one of us may even follow the example of Brocklebank who obtained a grade 'I' in the 'O' level examination last year.

J. BLANDFORD

### THE COKETHORPE SOCIETY

THE COKETHORPE SOCIETY is a year older than when I last wrote and the membership has jumped to nearly one hundred. Since then, too, we have had our three termly 'fixtures'; the cricket match provided some entertaining play, though Roger Sparks broke a finger attempting a spectacular boundary catch. The result was a draw. The rugger match was played doggedly in blinding rain and nobody is quite sure of the score, though all agree that the Old Boys were trounced. In March the annual dinner in London was attended by some fifty members and half a dozen masters—a convivial occasion, much enjoyed by all.

Our members are spread widely over the country and their present occupations and diversions show an equally wide range. Peter Barratt-Terry, in a long and interesting letter from Cornwall, describes his potholing in old tin mines, where all sorts of minerals are found, including silver and radio-active rock. However he has found Cornish rugger too much like all-in wrestling for his liking. After exams. this summer he goes to sea

for eighteen months in Shell tankers to qualify for Ministry of Transport exams., after which he works his way up the Shell organisation.

Robert Corp took a holiday in Denmark last year and spent it working on farms. Bill Mackenzie was in that country, too, but I don't suppose he did any work. David Ealand, who recently took his Part I Law Society exams., hitch-hiked with Selmes round most of Europe, and Charles Tabor cruised to the Canaries. William Sampson is a Metropolitan Police Cadet at Hendon and aims to be a Sergeant by 1969. He does practically every sport except rowing, and also in his spare time flies Austers around the country. On one occasion he took Andrew Webb who, though feeling distinctly odd, declared that he enjoyed it. David Evans who is going in for professional photography, recently joined the school ski party in Switzerland; his movie is most entertaining. Michael Lea takes time off from insurance this summer to go climbing mountains in Czechoslovakia. He also plays in the Temple Bar third cricket XI. Michael Reid is in T.V. advertising but is not actually responsible for any of those jingles.

David Bezer combines stockbroking with rugger, and other sportsmen include Richard Brocklebank, Hugh Foreman (East Grinstead), Rodney Noon (his college XV), and John Locke, who plays in the Havant Third XV with Mackenzie. (Mac broke a leg, but never lost a match!)

Of the rowing men, John Young is in the VIII at Cirencester Royal Agricultural College, Anthony Trotman sculls for London Rowing Club, and Peter Lynn is in the Molesey Thames Cup VIII. Trevor Key stroked Startford's Junior IV at Nottingham, Evesham and Abingdon Head of the River races and has seventeen regattas lined up this season. He also works (in the same insurance office as Clive Vaughan-Bendy). Barry Alexander belongs to numerous Yacht Clubs and took part in last year's Fastnet Race. Graham Golby races, too, but in Sprites and Mini-Coopers; he is with B.M.C. at Coventry.

We occasionally hear from Freddy Bowden in the Argentine. He hopes to enter an American university this year, but seems to spend most of his time lazing about in swimming pools or galloping through the pampas! Our other university correspondent, Nigel Samuelson, is just completing his first year at Bristol.



Possibly the first Cokethorpean to have his name in lights will be David Taylor. He has just finished a season stage managing and designing with the Salisbury Arts Theatre and is moving on to the Old Vic Theatre School at Bristol.

We have our usual three events this coming year, and we look for a rise in membership again this Autumn. Meanwhile, we are always glad of news and additional recruits.

D. F. COOK

## G.C.E. RESULTS

SUMMER 1963

Scholarship level

Gower                      Physics

A level

Gardner I	Physics, Chemistry
Gower	Pure Maths., Physics
Grey	Eng. Lit., Economic History
Trotman	Eng. Lit., Economic History
Watson	Eng. Lit., Economic History

O level

Armstrong	Eng. Lang.
Baker	History (Brit.), Geog.
Baker-Beall	Geology
Baylis	Eng. Lang., History (Brit.), Geog., Biology
Bezer	Eng. Lang., History (Brit.), Music
Brittan	Eng. Lit., French, Geog.
Brocklebank	Eng. Lang., History (Brit.)
Brown, M. S.	Eng. Lang., Art
Brown, G. R.	Eng. Lang., History (Brit.)
Browne	Eng. Lang.
Bruce	Eng. Lang.
Bucknell	History (Brit.)
Buchner	Eng. Lang., French
Burr	Eng. Lang., History (Brit.)
Cartland	Eng. Lang.
Chadwick	Eng. Lit., History (Social and Economic), Geog., Maths.
Clarke	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., French, Geog.
Cranford	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Chem. with Physics
Darbyshire	Eng. Lang.
Dawson	Religious Knowledge, Art
Elgie	History (Brit.), Religious Knowledge

Emmerson	History (Brit.), Geog.
Evans	History (Brit.), Geog.
Fraser	Eng. Lang., Art
Furnival-Jones	Geog.
Gardner	Applied Maths.
Goehring	Eng. Lang., History (Brit.), Religious Knowledge, Geog.
Goodall	Eng. Lang., Religious Knowledge
Gower	Applied Maths.
Grey	Geology
Gunn	History (Brit.)
Hague	Eng. Lang., Geology
Hall-Jones	Art
Harrison	Eng. Lang., History (Social and Economic), Geog., Chem. with Physics
Hayward	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Geog.
Henderson	Eng. Lang.
Hope	Eng. Lit., Chem. with Physics
Hughes	Eng. Lang., Religious Knowledge
Jarrett	Eng. Lang., Geology
Key, T. W.	Eng. Lang., History (Brit.)
Lang	Eng. Lang., History (Brit.)
Laughton	Eng. Lang., French, Art
Lewis	History (Brit.)
Locke	Maths.
Lucas, S. G. B.	Eng. Lang.
Macdonald	Eng. Lang., History (Brit.), Geog.
MacGeagh	Geog.
Mackenzie, I. W.	History (Brit.)
Mackenzie, A. C.	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Geog.
Mackinnon	Eng. Lang., Chem. with Physics
May	Eng. Lang., Geog.
Mobsby	Eng. Lit., History (Social and Economic), Geog.
Newns, C. M.	Eng. Lit.
Newns, R. J.	Eng. Lang.
Noon	Eng. Lit.
Plimmer	Eng. Lit., Maths., Chem. with Physics
Poe	Eng. Lang., French
Price	Art
Ransom	Religious Knowledge
Rashbrooke	Eng. Lit., History (Social and Economic), Chem. with Physics
Reid	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., French, History (Brit.), Geog.
Ripley	Eng. Lit., Geog.
Rollin	Eng. Lang.
Rose	Eng. Lang.
Ross	Eng. Lang., Art
Rowe	Eng. Lang.
Sampson	Eng. Lit.



Slack	Maths.
Slee	Additional Maths.
Sparksman	History (Brit.)
Stevenson	History (Brit.), Geog.
Sutton	Art
Tabor	French, Music
Thompson	Eng. Lang., Religious Knowledge
Trimble	Eng. Lang., Geology
Tull	Eng. Lit., Maths, Chem. with Physics
Vaughan-Bendy	History (Brit.)
Wallace	Art
Ward	Eng. Lang., Art
Webb	History (Brit.)
White	Eng. Lang.
Williams	Eng. Lit., History (Social and Economic), Music, Maths.
Willsdon	Eng. Lit.
Zair	Eng. Lang., History (Brit.), Chem. with Physics

#### AUTUMN 1963

#### O level

Baker-Beall	Additional Maths.
Bezer	French, Geog.
Bomford	Eng. Lang., Religious Knowledge
Brocklebank	Eng. Lang., History (Brit.), Geog., Art
Brown, M. S.	History (Social and Economic)
Coombs	Eng. Lang.
Davis	Eng. Lang.
Earp	Eng. Lang.
Elgie	Eng. Lang.
Evans	Eng. Lang., Religious Knowledge
Gillman	Eng. Lang.
Gunn	Eng. Lang.
Hague	Eng. Lit.
Macdonald	Maths.
Mackenzie, I. W.	Eng. Lang., Geog.
MacGeagh	Eng. Lang., Chem. with Physics
Newns, R. J.	Maths.
Osborne	Eng. Lit.
Poe	History (Brit.)
Sainsbury	Eng. Lang.
Simon	Eng. Lit., Geog., Maths.
Sparksman	Geog., Maths.
Tabor	Eng. Lit., Geog.
Willsdon	French

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