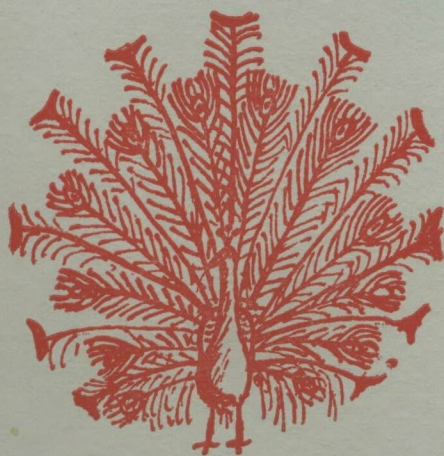


# THE PEACOCK



1967

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No. 6

SUMMER 1967

## *Head of the School*

P. F. Bulmer

## *School Prefects*

J. N. Ward

L. Bowen-Jones

## *Heads of Houses*

Harcourt House L. Bowen-Jones

Queen Anne House P. F. Bulmer

Swift House P. Janson-Smith

## *Sub-Prefects*

R. J. Cullen C. M. Keen P. Janson-Smith

## *School Officers*

<i>Captain of Rugby Football</i>	P. F. Bulmer
<i>Secretary of Rugby Football</i>	D. A. P. Addison
<i>Captain of Boats</i>	M. J. Davis
<i>Secretary of Boats</i>	S. M. Dobbs
<i>Captain of Cricket</i>	N. Sewell
<i>Captain of Cross-Country</i>	L. Lang
<i>Captain of Athletics</i>	J. N. Ward
<i>Captain of Shooting</i>	L. Lang
<i>Captain of Tennis</i>	C. M. Keen
<i>Captain of Golf</i>	M. Scase
<i>Captain of Badminton</i>	P. Janson-Smith
<i>Captain of Basketball</i>	L. Bowen-Jones
<i>Captain of Judo</i>	P. Ingerslev
<i>Head Librarian</i>	J. Blandford

Cover Design by A. Pearson      Linocut by J. Lilburn



WE ARE LOSING THREE very well-known members of the Staff this term. Mr. Leeds-Harrison is retiring after nine years in charge of Mathematics and as Housemaster of Harcourt. He will be greatly missed—kind, shrewd and very experienced, a pillar of the Cokethorpe Establishment. He and I joined the School on the same day, and I have had many reasons ever since for being grateful to him. His name is associated in particular with Cokethorpe Shooting, which he has done so much to build up; but his characteristic presence has been felt in every part of the School's life, and everyone's good wishes will accompany him into retirement.

Mr. Cook has an even longer record of service here than Mr. Leeds-Harrison, being indeed a founder-member of the Staff. In many unobtrusive ways, as well as in his more obvious roles as House Tutor of Queen Anne and master in charge of Music and Rowing, Mr. Cook has loyally contributed to the development of the School from its infancy into what may now be fairly called (after ten years of life) its adolescence. Many an old boy will remember with affection the 'Cook's Tours' to Austria or Switzerland: adventures on Regatta days: visits to the New Theatre: hectic moments behind the scenes at the School Play—to name only a few of the activities associated with the name of Mr.—and Mrs.—Cook. Cokethorpe will seem strange without them.

The third member of the trio of leaving masters is Mr. Colin Williams, whose energy and enthusiasm have transformed the Science department since his arrival six years ago. His old pupils will greatly acknowledge what they owe to the stimulus of his teaching, and to his characteristically whole-hearted zeal for the truth. This is the quality, expressed in many a genially-provocative sally and animated argument, for which we shall all remember him. The 'flavour' or atmosphere of the School owes much to Mr. Williams.

To all three—grateful thanks, and good luck for the future !

P.M.S.A.



## BLACK

BLACK IS HARSH. You can hear it grating on your breath like chalk on a blackboard. Black is clever; it is subtle, for it merges and changes honest colours to deceitful shades of their former selves. Black is not merely an absence of light, as you would wish, but has a vibrant life of its own. It is simple and complex, North and South, all the opposites of the spectrum which, being so far apart, merge at the darkened horizon into each other, a flickering, ever-changing conglomeration of soft and harsh, wet and dry, ignorance and knowledge, freedom and slavery with all the innumerable shades in between, distorting and confusing man's image.

Black is soft and velvety, smooth and soothing, the colour of my true love's hair, as when I sat with my legs dangling over the harbour wall, the dark water murmuring and gurgling below, reflecting slivers and blades of light from its black surface. The night was wrapped around me like a black, warm blanket while behind me the bare white lightbulbs which had punched little holes in the blanket dangled and swung in the slight breeze that ruffled my hair. The band was playing a barely audible dark tango.

Black is the colour of a Sunday afternoon in winter. Even when there is still light, though the wintry sun is barely visible and its weak light merely serves garishly to outline, in grotesque shapes, the hedge, an obscene caricature of life, I know in my soul that all is black. As I tramp heavily through the mud-clogged fields, stumbling blindly over a frozen, stony furrow, breathing hard, and panting clouds of steaming breath, the cold bites deeply into my bones and the raucous scream of a blackbird deepens misery into harsh and black despair. Life itself is a black void, a senseless, feelingless, futile void in which the souls of men resemble the sooty blackness of the endlessly churning pit-head, which typifies my black despair.

R. J. C. CULLEN

★ ★ ★

A saying of the term.

When the trawlers arrive at Grimsby they can be sorted out on the quayside or frozen and put into tins and imported further into the country by train—whichever is the cheapest.



## A MODERN PHAETHON

CREEPING RESOLUTELY TOWARDS MY ORDEAL I knew what Phaethon, of Greek fable, felt like, and he had my sympathy. Here was I, a modern Phaethon, ready to embark upon a test no less hazardous, for I was to control the metaphorical reins, not of Apollo's sun chariot, but of a 1965 Vauxhall Viva.

I heaved open the door, with rather more force than was perhaps necessary, almost wrenching it off its hinges, slid in, and banged it shut so hard the car shook. I beamed at my instructress.

'Strong', she asserted tolerantly.

'Nerves', I replied and grinned in desperation.

'Ignition', she said.

'Ig—what?'

'Here'.

She turned a key. From somewhere within its metallic guts, the beast roared.

'Clutch, gear, handbrake and off', she said.

In the terror that now wrapped itself about me in sticky tendrils, my brain seized up, as the car was shortly to do, and my foot stamped down upon the first pedal I saw. It turned out to be the accelerator. The brute bellowed, apparently in agony. My foot, or feet (for by now I had become hazy as to the exact whereabouts of either foot, or which was right and which was left), leapt off something called the clutch, and the car in a very good imitation of a mechanical epileptic fit, lurched forward. We were moving! In my exultation of the moment, existentialist in its intensity, I took both feet off the pedals, and beamed in triumph at my instructress. We had covered, at the very least and most conservative estimate a good dozen yards, before in a last mechanical spasm and shudder, the car stalled, by the gate.

I tried again and we bounded forward in a great leap, as if the engine were trying to free itself from the trammels of its body.

There comes a time in every learner's life, when he is called upon to perform the highly complex and bewildering series of operations, called 'changing gear'. To execute this, necessitates, steering with one hand, engaging the clutch—and, without looking, locating a small lever and using it to find any one of four gears, not counting reverse. All this must be done at one and the same moment.

This was the problem that confronted me, at a time when I

could not have sworn which hand or foot was upon what control or lever. Upon the order to change, I groped wildly for a lever, any lever, on my left side, found one and pulled, pushed and wrenched with all my might. The result was spectacular. The car, with a seeming determination to thrust its nose into the drive, stopped. I had hauled on the handbreak.

Upon starting once more we lurched and see-sawed down to the gate, where I managed to stop, by stepping, pulling and hauling on every control in sight. I had apparently executed a beautiful 'kangaroo' movement, no mean feat for a learner to do in copy book style. My demonstration of this fault was superb. This movement was due to my little tap dance of irresolution upon the clutch. Learner, thy name is Irresolution.

Once upon the road the machine seemed to have a quite irrational propensity for the right-hand side of the road. Occasionally it drifted gently from one side to the other, as if trying to determine which it preferred. This tendency was not helped by my grasping the wheel in a grip approaching that of rigor mortis, and by my fixed determination not to move the wheel unless compelled by imminent danger, a fact calculated to raise difficulties when one is driving around the Oxfordshire lanes and bends.

My progress in mastering the controls might be compared to painting the Forth bridge. By the time I had mastered what to do for one particular operation I had forgotten the previous set of operations. Hence I adopted a pragmatic approach and concerned myself only with the requirements of the immediate moment.

Throughout my tenancy of the 'hot' seat, I stuck with remarkable tenacity to the Biblical injunction of not letting my left hand know what my right was doing, and even more than this, not letting my left foot know what my right foot was doing.

After an hour's hard and uphill struggle against the infernal combustion engine we returned to school, the car the whole time emitting sudden pants, gasps and other weird mechanical symphonic noises.

After a teeth-rattling stop, which nearly precipitated my unfortunate instructress through the windshield, I could relax at last, but I still sat, the wheel grasped between my hands, staring at space, with a glazed hypnotic look. My instructress let out a near-hysterical giggle, prised my fingers from the wheel and asked



when the next lesson would be convenient. In an advanced traumatic state I muttered some time and date or other and stepped out, legs weak and shaking.

Only as she drove away, did I realise, how much I had enjoyed my first driving lesson.

J. BLANDFORD

## ITHACA: THE HOMECOMING OF A YANKEE SENSIBILITY

OUR HOPES ON LEAVING LONDON had been in vain. The aluminium dart, after a six-hour chase, had failed to catch the Titan; in spite of our rational arrogance, our knowledge of his chemical composition, and our mechanical explanation of his eclipses, the god of Akanathon and Hammurabi was still able to leer at human vanity as he sank into the oil of the Charles River. The artificial stimulants supplied by Pan Am. fought an almost convincing battle against fatigue; bed must be postponed for a further six hours.

Relaxed music oozed from unseen loudspeakers, dripped down the clinical shine of the walls, and hung like invisible molasses to the artificial lighting. Everything was on a friendly basis; democratic America opened her portals to welcome her visitors from the land of the Nato bases. Supermarket sweetness and stewardess-smiles offered hopes for a pleasant visit.

'O.K., bud, let's see how honest you are.' The vowels whined through the nose, and the tongue made a fruitless attempt at catching the final 'r'—but it did at least succeed in curling it.

'With smell of steaks in passage ways'—this is the land of hormone-fed heifers and large T-bones. The inability to escape the smell of burning kine brought an appreciation of Hindoo vegetarian purity—'I'm a great eater of beef . . .'

The grass is dying on the Boston Common—the ulmi are inhibited by tin labels.

In the chill the cancerous cloaca chain-smokes at street corners.

To preserve Sabbath calms, church-bells are unused in Boston—but a self-assured tape-recording 'chimes' the quarter-hours from the granite solidity of the New England Life Insurance Building.

Ladies wear perfume to mattins in Copley Square Church. In centrally heated warmth, on wall-to-wall carpeting, the flock waits to hear the latest exposition of the Sermon on the Mount. The lights dim; a spot-light hits the pulpit; loudspeakers crackle softly—'It is easier for the camel . . .'

When one is driving on the 'freeways' the soul is worried by an almost physical sensation of concrete cracking the teeth.

If the correct turning from the Mass. Turnpike is missed, escape may be delayed for hours.

The least expensive doll-house in F.O.A. Schwartz ('America's Biggest Toy Shop') sells for \$150.00.

Soot settles on window-sills and cardboard cartons of homogenized milk.

Only the Baptist church has gargoyles.

Door-chains everywhere check the Strangler.

Sirens shoot through the atmosphere as if intending, by a process like electrolysis, to precipitate the damp soot.

Tension, ambiguity, frustration.

Decay.

Bolt the door, Philoctetus.

W. HOWBERT

### A REGION OF MY COUNTRY

WRITING ABOUT ONE'S OWN COUNTRY impartially is difficult, especially since living away from it one learns to appreciate everything it is, and what it stands for. One learns to cherish every moment of one's too infrequent holidays back home.

Northern Nigeria is what westerners would still refer to as largely tribalised. I am a city-dwelling Fulani and therefore have never been able to speak the language, being brought up like a Hausa. Before the Europeans came the Fulani Empire stretched across a large extent of the West African savannah and was undoubtedly one of the greatest native empires. I must at this point proudly add that Lord Lugard (the British General who conquered Northern Nigeria), said that our cavalry was one of the finest he had ever encountered.

Many Europeans still think that before they came to Africa all its inhabitants walked around naked, worshipped the sun and evil spirits and ate any white man unfortunate enough to fall into their hands.



Although to a large extent they might be right, this certainly does not apply to Northern Nigeria. We were civilised and traded with the Arabs across the Sahara Desert. We were devout Muslims, could read and write (the Arabic way), and, like the British, we are still very tradition-bound.

An integral part of the Northern Nigerian scene, and one which goes back many centuries, is market day.

Market day in Northern Nigeria varies from area to area but most of the major villages have theirs on Friday which is the Muslim sabbath. On market day men and women come streaming in from all directions; they come from neighbouring villages and hamlets, from towns and cities and even the wandering Fulani herdsmen are not outdone. They come on foot, on donkeys and horses, on bicycles, in cars and lorries. They come clad in their finery. The men wear long robes with long and very wide sleeves and colourful hats, those of the richer ones having patterns embroidered in gold thread. The women wear colourful blouses and long wide stripes of multi-coloured cotton materials which are wound round the waist and tucked in. (They look like long tight skirts.) As the Muslim custom stipulates, they carry another piece of cloth which they use to cover their faces.

Fully to describe the scene created by this multitude of humanity would require volumes. If the reader can visualise a crowded oriental market scene, substitute black for yellow skin; and remove most of the tables, and place the wares neatly on the ground in front of the tradesman, he will have a fairly accurate picture.

M. M. WADA

### IT WAS ANOTHER DAY IN ISTANBUL

THE DOLMABACE FERRY hooted twice and, regardless of the last passengers still clambering aboard, slipped its moorings and left Europe, its powerful engines churning the blue Bosphorus into boiling white foam. A Russian oil tanker half a mile further up hooted mournfully, its greeny-grey hull only half visible in the early morning mist which shrouded the opposite Uskudar shore in its silent wreath. Standing in the blunt stern of the boat I could just see the minarets of Aya Sofia, far over on the European shore past the Golden Horn, pointing upwards like accusing fingers out of the mist. It was cold. The breeze, which was so pleasantly cooling when the sun was at its zenith, froze to the

bone in the early morning. I shivered and went inside the ferry's tiny saloon. The piercing eyes of Kemel Ataturk stared down at me imperiously from the massive portrait which swung with the motion of the boat from the dirty brown wall. The paper was peeling in one corner. It was the start of another day in Istanbul.

From the counter I ordered Cay—a tiny glass of milkless red tea which costs about twopence and scalds the throat, making tears start to the eyes if you try to drink it too fast. Like everything in Turkey you have to take it slowly. Asia loomed large on the right and with a grinding and scraping the boat drew in and the more daring jumped ashore, hoping to catch the first of the dolmus, ancient communal taxis which sway precariously and carry about eight Turks crammed inside. Opposite the landing stage squatted four poorly-dressed men who silently passed around a single cigarette between them. They didn't talk, or laugh or even look at the disembarking passengers. For them, too, it was just another day in Istanbul. They squatted and smoked, seemingly suspended from life with a vacant expression on each of their faces. Unemployment is nearly ten per cent in Turkey. These men were lucky; they were navvies who worked one day, were unemployed two days, then worked again the fourth—for about fifty shillings a week. Two Americans dressed in cameras quietly took pictures of each other with a decrepit mosque as a backcloth.

A shout of 'Haydardasa! Haydardasa!' brought me to my senses. I rushed over to the big old Chevrolet which was cruising slowly along, the driver half in and half out as he shouted the destination of his dolmus. I drew alongside and swung myself aboard, narrowly beating an itinerant beggar to the last seat. Forcing a place for myself amongst the four passengers who were already in the back, I sank back into my niche and we began to pick up speed, the driver back in the driving seat once more. We swayed a little on the corners and, loaded down to the springs as we were, we occasionally scraped the cobbles. The radio blared out a plaintive Turkish song, its wailing crescendos and climaxes too monotonous for most western ears, but I found it compelling and strangely beautiful. The driver was a fierce Macedonian whose two-day beard and vigorous wrestling match with the steering wheel gave weight to his resemblance to a swarthy bandit. In the front seat two bulky peasant women chattered in a thick unintelligible Anatolian accent difficult for



even Istanbul Turks to understand. Their garish dresses made of a cheap cotton contrasted with their animated brown faces which shone with sweat in the front mirror. We slowed up to let an army truck full of soldiers pull out of Scutari barracks. They grinned, whistled and shouted jocular obscenities to our peasants, who giggled and tried to look coy. The truck accelerated and a haze of dust swept along the road leaving only the olive green uniforms of the soldiers visible. As we neared the Taurus Express railway station I told the driver to slow up and after paying up my fifty kurus (about fourpence) I got out. This was Uskudar South, a poor suburb of Istanbul, but its interest lay, a few yards to the left of where I was standing, in the British Crimean Cemetery, half hidden by a crumbling wall. Under the tall green cypress trees the neat head stones could have been in a Victorian village churchyard.

'Jack Sweet, Midshipman . . . H.M.S. Resolute . . . departed this life, July 1854 aged 19 years . . . Cholera . . . in the arms of Jesus', 'Colour-Sergeant Soames, Queen's Own Hussars . . . of his wounds . . . Sevastopol', 'Nurse Williams . . . September 1854 . . . selfless devotion . . . of the plague'.

The words were faint and indistinct but the message shone through. Far above a kite wheeled and turned, its shrill cries disturbing my train of thought. To the left I saw the deep blue of the Bosphorus and minarets of the Sultan Ahmet Mosque, to the right the sombre greens and browns of the graveyard. Further on was a Gallipoli memorial—and graves.

'A sepoy of the Great War', 'Lance-naik Abdul bin Aziz, 3rd Skinner's Horse', 'An Australian soldier of the Great War', 'Jemadar Singh Nhamat 11th Rajput Regiment'.

The cold white stones, all exactly the same, lay in neat symmetry; the soldiers were regimented in death even as they had been in life. A huge memorial in marble recorded their passing with the pompous eloquence which regimental colonels so love. How proud those men's mothers, wives and sweethearts must have felt to know of that fine and expensive memorial! But to me it recorded not moments of courage, greatness and heroism but the degrading plight of men enacting a squalid and purposeless exercise in a comic opera, suddenly turned tragic. The words didn't actually say that, but I've never been able to read war memorials straight anyway.

Past the Taurus Express railway station I walked on towards

the Sikerçi ferry station. I reached the landing stage early for I had hurried and as the sun was by now quite hot I was glad to dive into a cool and shady café to drink an iced beer. I waited there for the ferry, listening to the radio blaring forth a hybrid Turco-American song. The only other occupant of the bar was an old man, nearly bald, who just sat dreaming, occasionally sipping at a glass of raki. From his hand, wrinkled and brown with age, dangled his worry beads which went click . . . click . . . click very slowly. The radio crackled and spluttered and I caught the words: 'Greek Revolution . . . rightist pro-monarchist officers . . . midnight putsch . . . 8,500 arrested' from the excited torrent of words which poured forth from the young commentator.

The ferry hooted twice and I drained my glass. As I went out I glanced back at the old man; he was motionless, in exactly the same position, his beads never having missed a beat. How many revolutions had he seen just sitting there drinking his raki, all through his long life? Enough to make Democracy a dirty joke to be sniggered at cynically in the Middle East. The ferry was about to leave and almost as I jumped aboard the engines throbbed into life and we slipped away. I watched the old man, the café and the jetty until at last they all merged and grew blurred in the distance. We skirted the European shore and I could clearly see the distinct shape of the Sultan Ahmet mosque now, in the courtyard of which Menderes was hanged in '62 and where criminals are still publicly executed. Nearer and nearer the boat drew right into the Golden Horn, and at last I could see quite clearly the crowds meandering to and fro on Galata Bridge. It was half past eleven. It was another day in Istanbul.

R. J. C. CULLEN

## MOONSHINE

The rearing of boys in Britain has always been based on the notion that a good deal of discomfort is somehow beneficial to one's health. This theory cannot be entirely ill-founded because the system has produced some of the toughest explorers, yachtsmen and mountaineers the world has ever seen.

Nevertheless to walk for the best part of a night across the sodden fields of Oxfordshire negotiating barbed wire fences in inky darkness and to round off these joys by eating breakfast



(or call it what you will at 1 a.m.) in a telephone box might suggest that one needed one's head looking at.

Whatever the reason for wanting to undertake this strange expedition, whether it was just the novel idea or a determination to show it could be done, during two separate Saturday nights about twelve boys 'proved themselves' under the able guidance of Mr. Head.

On the second of these two occasions a party of six assembled on a cold March night to be taken to the rendezvous near Faringdon about twelve miles away. From there we were to get back to school with the aid of a map, preferably before lunch the next day!

We must have looked a very odd selection of tramps if anyone had had the misfortune to pass us in a car or see us scrambling across fields. One member had prepared his head-gear beforehand. With an old school boater with a piece of string as a chin-strap and a handkerchief pinned on the back to cover his neck, he was apparently prepared for moon-stroke, though in fact the moon never showed itself once throughout the night!

From the start we had difficulties in keeping to our route. First extensive floods necessitated a diversion. Moreover someone had apparently eliminated footpaths which were marked on the map, but which did not appear to be where they should have been. This may of course have been wishful thinking on our part to conceal the fact that we were unable to read a map properly, but on the other hand farmers do have an annoying habit of ploughing across public rights of way.

At one point we lost our course and found ourselves tramping across some unsuspecting country squire's lawn, and even when we reached the drive leading to his house we went in the wrong direction, only to find ourselves at his front door.

Our comedian once again provided some amusing entertainment even though it was probably not in the least amusing to him at the time. After having trouble extricating himself from a barbed wire fence he inevitably fell behind, so Mr. Head stopped and shone the torch in his direction so that he could catch up. He, perhaps a little dazzled by the light managed to run head-long into yet another fence, but with unpleasant consequences. He fell with precisely the appearance of a prisoner-of-war being machine-gunned while trying to escape at the boundary wire!

Breakfast, as has been said, was served in a telephone-box in a

small town fairly near the school. This meal consisted of but two sandwiches and a mouthful of water. Actually the phone box formed a refuge for only two people. The rest were only too pleased to lie out flat in the middle of the road for a rest!

Although some of us were foot-sore the walk passed quite quickly. Unfortunately we spent rather more time than intended walking on the road because of diversions and the vanishing foot-paths. I, for one, found this a little tedious, so I amused myself by trying to identify various star-formations.

I am sure most of us found it a relief to get back to our beds, but nevertheless we felt we had achieved something, even if our enterprise was not quite in the same category as one of Sir Francis Chichester's voyages. Exactly what we did achieve we shall never know, but I do feel that at some future date, with Cokethorpe behind us, we shall look back upon this singular expedition with amusement, and probably amazement that we ever undertook it at all.

N. J. SARGEANTSON

### HOW I WON THE 3.5 AT TOWCESTER

I won the 3.5, the Caldecote Handicap Hurdle, a £500 race, on Indamelia, one of my father's horses, on Easter Monday at Towcester. When I arrived I walked the course on foot with a friend of my father's who told me how to ride most of the race. To my annoyance I was not allowed any lunch as it is thought not good to ride on a full stomach, but I do not think I could have eaten very much anyway. Just before the second race I went to the weighing-room and changed. Here there were hundreds of people pushing and shouting at one another. My racing colours were rifle green and silver with striped sleeves and a quartered cap. My weight when I got on the scales with my saddle was nine stone, eleven pounds, so I was two pounds over weight. I could have had a smaller saddle but it was thought, as it was only my second ride, that I should have a comfortable one and so I went to the tapes two pounds over weight. In a very close finish the extra difference could have lost me the race. Soon my saddle was taken from the weighing-room to be put on Indamelia. It seemed ages until, at three o'clock, the bell rang in the changing-room for our race and all the jockeys slowly paraded



out into the paddock where the horses were walking round. I was about the last one to be mounted because I took a long time to straighten my goggle-type glasses. Here I was nervous for the first time and I could feel my heart beat. It seemed only a matter of seconds before I was galloping down to the start past the stands. I showed Indamelia the first hurdle and then trotted back to the start. My girth was too long to be tightened any more but I hoped it was not too loose.

Soon we were under starter's orders and David Nicholson a friend and a top-class professional jockey helped me to get a good place on the outside. In these races places are not drawn for. The start is one of the most important and hardest things in a race to do well and here everybody was asking who was going to take the lead and like everyone else I said I hoped it would not be me. Suddenly the starter inquired, 'Are you ready?', and out came the anxious cry of 'No, sir', 'No, sir', 'No, sir', and before the 'No, sirs' had stopped the tapes were up and we were off on the Caldecote Handicap Hurdle.

We were quickly over the first two hurdles and around the first bend. All the way down the hill from the start it was as much as I could do to hold Indamelia but somehow I managed not to dash into the front. I took the outside throughout the whole three miles in order not to get mixed up with the professionals. The hurdles along the bottom soon left us behind and we started to climb the hill on the far side of the race-course. I was told to 'sit and suffer' up the hill, which meant not to let Indamelia use her speed and if necessary to let several pass and so I dropped from third to sixth. We passed the stands with Indamelia jumping very well. Then suddenly we turned the corner which was very sharp and here the professionals played a typical trick. They hugged the rails and then suddenly went much faster down the hill leaving me on the outside, last. The crowd must have wondered what I was doing so far away from the inside. I must have lost at least three precious lengths. This is one of the many lessons to be learnt by experience. I was very surprised by this move but was determined to be in a better position by the time I reached the bottom of the hill. Along the bottom for the last time there seemed a long way still to go but Indamelia continued to jump superbly. Up the hill I again 'sat and suffered'.

At last the corner loomed ahead and I let her go. Indamelia and I were second at the penultimate hurdle. Chinky Chinaman

was just in front but I felt that Indamelia would go. She did not jump the last hurdle but flew it. We were in front. Just behind I could hear the thud of hooves from about ten horses. Not far ahead were the two tall white posts. Here I sweated and sweated not just through unfitness but also through tremendous excitement. I did not look behind but passed the post first by half a length. Slowly I pulled up and I was greeted by a good many people. The jockeys, too, seemed very sporting about it. We were led through the crowd to the winning enclosure where I could hardly unsaddle her because of the number of people. The bookies and the tote must have made plenty of money as Indamelia was an 8—1 winner and by no means the favourite.

N. THORNE

### DELUSION

Happiness can be lumped like clay  
It's unreasonable, even complacent

But it exists—somewhere.

Happiness is irrational and ephemeral  
It's a state of mind, so therefore . . . ? ?

But it exists—somewhere.

Happiness is an unattainable goal,  
A glittering nirvana to tempt escapists

But it exists—like Hell it does!

Happiness is a cheat, a lie, a cheap trick  
Which like the philosopher's stone goads you on

—to wasting your life.

It's a fraud and a fallacy,  
A shoddy imitation of man's destiny

—a true child of Satan.

Beware of him who seeks it,  
A man blinded by unreality,  
And, armed with the righteousness of fools,  
Is no companion for the sad journey of life.

R. J. C. CULLEN



### THE FOOD AGE FED FROM

Bear youth away to some obscure café  
The coffee drugged to keep next day away  
Each sip to sleep away the days  
To live, just like a linnet in a cage  
Bury his reason in twittering noises  
Study ridiculous poses. Then all the rage  
Ban the bomb, jump on the stage.  
It is the fashion for youth to stamp and storm  
Yet, for reform, they take the truth of years.  
And in its place empty space and childish tears  
It's all been done before, giving to the poor,  
And yet they run, when age comes knocking at the door  
Reluctant always t'assume the cloak of wisdom  
And ready still to mock the food age fed from.

P. BULMER

### AN ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE . . .

Tea-leaves and synthetic cream,  
T.V. and my washing-machine,  
Fancy cakes in the front room:  
A suburban afternoon.  
  
Mrs. Fotherington-Topes for tea—  
My humble char, Mrs. V—  
Plastic gnomes on a plastic lawn,  
Empties outside in a milk-bottle dawn.  
  
My bungalow, my car, my caravan,  
My son, my married daughter Pam,  
My hubby, my pussy and next door neighbour  
Chatting in the street to the man from Labour.  
  
Vesta packets and baked-bean tins,  
The *Daily Mirror* and blue dustbins,  
Bingo halls and the Kinema,  
Len in the garden in his panama.  
  
Sipping stout at the 'Fox and Hounds'  
Eating snacks and gaining pounds,  
Oh what fun life is for me . . .  
Suburban bliss on the damned H.P.

P. JANSON-SMITH

## PRIZES

(presented by Mr. John Thompson, Lord-Lieutenant of  
Oxfordshire on June 11th, 1966)

The Headmaster's Prize		Webb
A level	English	Mackenzie
A level	Geography	Willson I
A level	British Constitution	Mobsby
Sixth Form	Physics	Wong I
Sixth Form	Chemistry	Scase
Sixth Form	Zoology	Scase
O Level	English Language	Howbert
"	English Literature	Blandford
"	French	Janson-Smith
"	History	Cullen
"	Geography	Biggar
"	Mathematics	Wong I
"	Physics, Chemistry	Wong I
"	Biology	Sewell
Fifth Form	English Language	Sergeantson
" "	French	Dobbs
" "	History	Troup
" "	Maths	Wong II
" "	Geography	Addison
" "	Biology	Troup
" "	Physics, Chemistry	Wong II
Fourth 4A	Form Prize	Nicolson II
4B	" "	Hitchcock
3A	" "	Hilder II
3B	" "	Harris
Junior Verse Speaking Prize		Morrison

★   ★   ★

A saying of the term.  
une manière de marcher—a mania for buying.



## HARCOURT HOUSE

(Head of House—L. Bowen-Jones)

THIS HAS BEEN A SUCCESSFUL YEAR. We have won five cups—for athletics, athletic standards, tennis, seven-a-side rugby and music. In addition J. N. H. Ward won the individual cup for coming first in the cross-country and only a faulty change-over prevented our winning the Road Relay, although we were some three minutes ahead of the other houses. Inter-house soccer we won on a goal average and in the judo competition—the first of its kind—we were also victorious.

Last summer we lost seven senior members of our house. These included W. R. S. Webb, our house captain and head of school, R. A. Colebrook who excelled at rugger and athletics and left with eight 'O' levels and one 'A' level to his credit, N. Wyatt who once took eight wickets in twenty-eight overs, thus helping the school to win its first victory over Thame, and C. C. Davis who achieved nine 'O' levels and one 'A' level. At the end of the Christmas term we were sorry to see A. P. Lunby leave. He will be remembered for his untiring play on the rugger field.

House colours were re-awarded this year to J. N. H. Ward, P. Ingerslev and A. Frost for cross-country running and to C. M. Keen, and N. Sewell for rugby. They were awarded to N. Wise and S. Dobbs for rugby. Special mention must be given to P. Siu who was awarded his junior house colours.

However, the house at the moment is rather top-heavy. We have a preponderance of seniors and have thus during the past year suffered in junior events. We must see what reinforcements reach us in September.

## SWIFT HOUSE REPORT

(Head of the House—P. Janson-Smith)

THIS YEAR, although not quite so successful as the previous one, has yielded pleasing results. We won both the Tub and Clinker regattas, the coveted Rugby cup and the Cross-Country and Road Relay competition. Hilder I was given his house rugger colours, Lang and Addison having theirs re-awarded. Bally won his house cricket colours while May, Keates, and Biggar gained theirs for a second season.





Mr. P. E. Mathias-Williams, Kitchin, Ingerslev, Forbes, Dobbs, Keen, Wise, Lang  
 Ward, Sewell I, Addison, Bulmer, Bowen-Jones, Donnelly  
 Hilder I Wada I





'Study in Shadows'

[*Photograph by R. Webb*]

Some of our successes were achieved despite the loss of thirteen valuable seniors in the summer. We said goodbye to Tim May who as our captain had been an example to us all, for his spirited leadership led us to many a victory on the games field. Mention should be made, too, of Antony Wong who sparkled academically. He gained good grades in three 'A' level examinations as well as six 'O' level passes, all in one year. Browne, Keates, Key, Nicholson I and Wallace all left us with seven or more 'O' level passes.

At Christmas we lost Hartford, one of the House 'characters'. He had several important roles in School and House plays, and also appeared regularly on the wing for the School XV.

We should like to close, on quite a different note, with a word of warm congratulation to our House Tutor, Mr. Mathias-Williams, on his marriage to Miss Clare Scott.

## QUEEN ANNE HOUSE REPORT

(Head of House—P. Bulmer)

This year has been a considerable improvement over last year, when we gained no cups at all. This year we have won the Cricket, Shooting and Kicking cups. Mention must be made of Tainsh, our cross-country captain, and of Forbes for help in organising house activities. Full house colours have been awarded to Forbes and Donnelly for rugger, and for cricket to Timothy and Figgis.

Last summer we lost Henderson and Goehring, our House sub-prefects. Goehring, in fact, left with three 'A' level passes to his credit, and he is now at Birmingham University. Stevens, another leaver, got two 'A' level and eight 'O' level passes. He is now articled to a solicitor. From the games point of view, Bomford and Currie I have already been greatly missed. To these boys and all others who have left the House in the past year we send our warm good wishes.

We hope that soon, when the potential of our younger members is felt, once again Queen Anne will come into its own on and off the games field.

★ ★ ★

A saying of the term.

Pete and Heather are found on the moorland.



## RUGBY FOOTBALL REPORT 1966-67

### INTER-HOUSE RUGBY CHAMPIONS

Swift

### INTER-HOUSE 'SEVENS' CHAMPIONS (SENIOR)

Harcourt

### INTER-HOUSE 'SEVENS' CHAMPIONS (JUNIOR)

Queen Anne

### WINNERS OF THE KICKING COMPETITION

Queen Anne

## 1st XV REPORT

ALTHOUGH DEPRIVED of the services of many stalwarts, the School 1st XV has again enjoyed a successful season. It was at first feared that the departure of ten of last year's team would result in only mediocre success being achieved by the Senior team, but the many juniors who were rapidly promoted, rose to the occasion admirably. Fortunately the presence of such seasoned players as Bulmer, Bowen-Jones, Keen, Lumby and Lang helped considerably in the rebuilding of the team.

Newcomers like Hilder, Kitchin, Wise, Donnelly, Forbes and Dobbs adapted themselves well to the higher standard of rugby and their willingness and enthusiasm contributed greatly to the team's success.

In contrast to previous seasons the 1st XV's strength undoubtedly lay in the three-quarter line where Bulmer, Hartford and Currie were a particularly dangerous trio when given 'good ball'. They were well supported by the adventurous sorties of Kitchin at full back! Hilder was a brave scrum half who developed an accurate service as the season progressed.

Bowen-Jones once again excelled as a forward of all-round ability. He was not always given the physical support one would have liked (the absence of Addison through injury was a great loss), but his energy and drive never flagged.

If potential members of next season's 1st XV attempt to emulate the example set by such players as Bowen-Jones and Bulmer, then there is no reason why the present standard of rugby at Cokethorpe should not be maintained.

## PORTRAITS OF THE 1st XV

**P. F. Bulmer** (centre). *Captain*. He has developed into an elusive, attacking three-quarter. He represented Oxfordshire during the Christmas vacation for the second successive season, when his play reached a very high standard.

**L. Bowen-Jones** (lock). *Vice-Captain*. He has completed his third season in the 1st XV and, as always, he has dominated the forward scene. His leadership and example will be sorely missed next season.

**A. Addison** (No. 8). *Secretary*. Unfortunately he sustained a fractured arm in the pre-season trials and was therefore ruled out for the majority of the matches. When he regained fitness he showed that he had lost none of his old flare for the game.

**M. Kitchin** (full back). Though eligible for the Junior XV he deservedly played in all the 1st XV matches. His strong physique and instinct for the game more than compensated for his somewhat unorthodox full back play. He has a promising future as a centre, for which he is being groomed.

**R. Hartford** (wing). A fast, straight-running wing who collected several exciting tries. His defensive play was not of the same high standard, but he was beginning to develop into a fine player when he left school at Christmas.

**M. Currie** (centre). A good, all-round player with the ability to kick well in defence. At times he played very determinedly but he seemed to lack 'big match' temperament.

**J. Ward** (wing). A fit, enthusiastic runner who, though lacking in football ability, nevertheless played several useful games on the wing.

**N. Sewell** (fly half). He played some good games as a 'link' man, but on the whole he did not fulfil the promise of last season. He lacked the ability to stamp his character on a game as a good fly half should, and too often he allowed himself to be intimidated by opposition wing forwards.

**M. Hilder** (scrum half). His game developed in leaps and bounds. He proved to be a courageous player, who never shirked falling on the ball. His defensive game reached a high standard and his service from the base of the scrum was more than adequate.

**L. Lang** (prop). Strong and robust, without the mobility of last season. He should have concentrated much more on developing his tight forward play.

**R. Donnelly** (hooker). An ideal build for hooker. His hooking technique was sound and his loose forward play reached a high standard. He proved to be a valuable member of the pack and has a promising future in the front row.

**A. Lumby** (prop). Another outstanding season. His mobility and tenacity in the loose made him a dangerous player.

**A. Forbes** (lock). Though lacking mobility he became a useful member of the 'power-house', where his weight helped greatly in the rucks.

**P. Ingerslev** (lock). A much improved player. Though still a little raw he has developed into a strong tackler.



**N. Wise** (wing forward). An accomplished footballer who, later in the season, played some sound games at centre threequarter. He has developed into a fine place-kicker.

**C. Keen** (wing forward). A strong forward with a destructive tackle. He would have been even more successful as a marauding wing forward, had he given of himself 100 per cent for the whole of the playing time.

**S. Dobbs** (No. 8). He improved as a back row forward as the season progressed. He scored some important tries through strong running.

FIRST XV						
<i>Opponents</i>				<i>Ground</i>	<i>Result</i>	
Lord Williams's, Thame	..	..	..	Home	Lost	3—13
Littlemore G.S.	..	..	..	Home	Won	14—6
Oratory 1st/2nd XV	..	..	..	Away	Lost	0—55
Worcester College, Oxford, 2nd XV	..	..	..	Away	Won	13—8
Old Boys	..	..	..	Home	Won	11—0
Rendcomb College	..	..	..	Home	Won	11—8
Burford G.S.	..	..	..	Home	Won	18—10
Magdalen College School 2nd XV	..	..	..	Away	Won	10—8
Oxford School 2nd XV	..	..	..	Home	Won	36—0
Abingdon School 3rd XV	..	..	..	Home	Won	11—6
Redrice School	..	..	..	Away	Lost	3—13
Littlemore G.S.	..	..	..	Away	Lost	5—8

Played 12, won 8, lost 4: Points for 135, points against 135.

**Scorers:**—R. Hartford 24 pts. (8 tries), N. Sewell 19 pts. (8 cons., 1 pen.), P. Bulmer 18 pts. (6 tries), S. Dobbs 18 pts. (6 tries), J. Ward 18 pts. (6 tries), C. Keen 12 pts. (4 tries), N. Wise 8 pts. (4 cons.), M. Currie 6 pts. (2 tries), L. Bowen-Jones 3 pts. (1 try), A. Lumby 3 pts. (1 try), D. Mitchell 3 pts. (1 try), P. Ingerslev 3 pts. (1 try).

100 per cent appearance for 1st XV:—Bowen-Jones, Bulmer, Keen, Sewell, Hilder, Wise, Lang, Kitchin, Forbes.

### Colours

*Full Colours re-awarded to:* P. Bulmer, L. Bowen-Jones, C. Keen.

*Full Colours awarded to:* A. Lumby, M. Currie, L. Lang.

*Half Colours awarded to:* N. Sewell, R. Hartford, S. Dobbs, M. Hilder, R. Donnelly, N. Wise, A. Forbes.

SECOND XV						
<i>Opponents</i>				<i>Ground</i>	<i>Result</i>	
Burford G.S. 2nd XV	..	..	..	Home	Lost	11—3
Burford G.S. Boarding House	..	..	..	Away	Won	5—3

## UNDER-FIFTEEN XV (1966-67)

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
6	2	0	4	46	133

Only six matches were played; the others were all unfortunately cancelled for various reasons. The results were also disappointing as the team lost heavily in four games and the points tally appears woefully unbalanced despite the worthy victories gained in the other two matches. This is because we failed to register a score in the games which we lost.

However, in all else it was another encouraging season for the school rugby played at this level. The boys played with great enthusiasm, and although giving away stones and inches in weight and height to the opposing teams from larger schools they contrived to play some attractive open rugby. Two basic faults were noticeable in their play—firstly, the lack of backing up in many promising moves, for the slipping and passing of the ball was too hesitant and slow—secondly, the lack of covering and sound tackling by the team as a unit when the opposition was on the offensive. These weaknesses were due to the inability to ‘read’ the game quickly, and the lack of confidence on the part of some to tackle properly. It is hoped that this will be improved by further practice and by match experience.

The top scorer was Kitchin, with seven tries, all recorded in the opening match of the season against Witney Grammar School, which we won 35-3. This was his only game for the Under-15 XV, as his services were then needed by the 1st XV. His try-scoring potential and all-round ability were sorely missed. Another promising young player, Mitchell, also played once for the 1st XV.

The team must be praised for their enthusiasm and honest endeavour. It is hoped that the boys who remain in this team next year will form the basis for another season of good open junior rugby and that they, with luck, will finish with a better-looking record.



A saying of the term.  
‘Keep your temper, man. This is rugby.’



## COKETHORPE CRICKET CLUB REPORT 1966

*Captain:* P. Bulmer    *Vice-Captain:* J. Bomford

*Secretary:* N. Sewell

CHARLES KINGSLEY, that eminent poet and mirror of Victorian imperialism, sententiously wrote in his 'Ode to the North Wind'

'Tis the hard weather  
Breeds hard Englishmen.'

If this is still the case, last summer must have fostered the development of at least eleven potential 'iron men' at Cokethorpe. One can only hope that it was good for their souls.

At the start of the season it was obvious that several gaps or vacancies had to be filled. Mackenzie, who had batted so soundly for the XI in 1965, Willsdon the opening bowler and Lovegrove, who had taken the lion's share of the wickets, had all left and so the side lacked experienced players in the major roles. Bulmer, Wyatt, Bomford, Sewell, Keates, May and C. Davis still remained, however, and these players, well supported by two Juniors, Kitchin and Timothy, developed into an adequate team.

Some of the matches are worthy of brief mention. Thame were defeated for the first time at 1st XI level on a spiteful wicket, Bradfield 3rd XI were again beaten fairly easily and Abingdon Colts were defeated after a very good position had almost been thrown away by careless batting. On the other hand the XI failed rather miserably at Redrice after bowling the opposition out for only 38, and very nearly came to grief at Oratory. Perhaps the team can be excused for its poor showing in these early matches, however, for no net practice had been possible up to this time because of rain.

During the season several players distinguished themselves in one way or another. Bulmer batted quite well in patches, but was not as fluent or consistent as in 1965. Unfortunately his captaincy did not develop during the season and he was often in dire straits. Bomford on the other hand came on tremendously. He played well, within his limitations, and showed a far more mature approach to difficult situations, handling the side quite well in the field. Sewell assumed something of the mantle of Mackenzie but tended to relapse into strokelessness for long periods—however, he stuck. Kitchin was the batting find of the

season, and when he can be taught some basic defensive strokes he should prove to be very useful. Wyatt stood out amongst the bowlers and worked hard for his wickets. At first his opening partner was Bally, but late in the season Timothy proved to be a more reliable and dangerous partner. On the whole the side fielded well with Keates once more outstanding at cover-point.

Prospects for season 1967 are difficult to calculate at the moment and much must depend upon Sewell, Kitchin and Timothy now that Bulmer has withdrawn his services. There are several useful players from last year's Under-15 XI to draw upon as well as members of last year's senior team who could not command a 1st XI place last season. The outlook therefore is far from being bleak and the club can look forward to successes in the future if a sound foundation to a new team can be developed in the early part of the season.

Finally a word of thanks must be said to the Bursar who was often to be seen cutting wickets and looking after the health of the two squares and net area. Without his help Cokethorpe cricketers would have been strictly limited in their operations and standards would have declined.

#### GENERAL SUMMARY OF MATCHES PLAYED

XI. Played 12 Won 5 Drawn 3 Lost 4

Sat. May 14 v Redrice 1st XI (away). Redrice 38 (Bally 6-10). XI. 22.

Sun. May 15 v P. J. Green's XI (home). XI. 81 (Kitchin 20). P. J. Green's XI 69 (Wyatt 5-20).

Sat. May 21 v Oratory Colts (away). Oratory 81-7 dec. (Bomford 3-39). XI. 32-9.

Thurs. May 26 v Shiplake 1st XI (home). XI. 99-8 dec. (Kitchin 21). Shiplake 100-3.

Wed. June 1 v Magdalen College School XXII (away). XI 112 (Kitchin 27, Bally 20). M.C.S. 104-9 (May 5-59).

Sat. June 4 v Lord William's G.S. Thame 1st XI (away). Thame 61 (Wyatt 8-28). XI. 63-6.

Sat. June 18 v St. Edward's 3rd XI (away). XI. 80 (Bomford 36\*). St. Edward's 84-4.

Sat. July 2 v Bradfield 3rd XI (away). XI. 75 (Bulmer 28). Bradfield 33 (Davis 3-3, Wyatt 3-12, Timothy 3-13).

Wed. July 6 v Carmel 1st XI (home). Carmel 142-9 dec. (Wyatt 4-44, Dav 3-17). XI. 23-1.



Sat. July 9 v Abingdon Colts (home). Abingdon 109 (Timothy 4-31). XI. 113-7 (Keates 31, Kitchin 24\*).

Sun. July 10 v Old Boys (home). Old Boys 84 (May 4-38, Davis 3-8, Timothy 3-14). XI. 88-2 (Bulmer 58\*).

Wed. July 13 v Bicester G.S. 1st XI (home). XI. 61. Bicester 65-6 (Timothy 3-20).

## XI. AVERAGES

### Batting. (Qualification 5 innings)

	Inns.	N.O.	H.S.	Runs	Av.
Bulmer	11	1	58*	159	15.90
Kitchin	9	1	27	110	13.75
Bomford	12	2	36*	113	11.30
May	9	6	9	30	10.00
Sewell	12	2	18	84	8.40
Bally	9	0	20	65	7.22
Keates	12	0	31	68	5.67

### Bowling. (Qualification 5 wickets)

	Overs	Maidens	Wkts.	Runs	Av.
Bally	40	18	10	63	6.30
Davis	36	9	12	105	8.75
Wyatt	118	37	31	283	9.13
Timothy	46.3	17	13	124	9.54
May	41.4	10	16	154	9.62
Bomford	32	6	5	133	26.60

## COLOURS

XI	XXII
P. F. Bulmer	C. C. Davis
N. T. J. Wyatt	M. A. D. Kitchin
J. M. Bomford	J. D. Bally
N. E. H. Sewell	A. S. Timothy
D. J. W. Keates	S. D. Henderson
T. S. May	

## CRICKET CUPS

All-rounders Cup	P. Bulmer and J. Bomford
Fielding Cup	D. Keates
Inter-house Cricket Cup	Queen Anne

## HOUSEMATCHES

Owing to lack of time at the end of term only two house matches were played, but as Queen Anne beat both Harcourt and Swift fairly easily they won the House Cricket Cup. The 'laws' governing House Matches were basically those used in the Gillette K.O. Cup system, but last season bowlers were restricted to a maximum of fifteen overs each in a fifty over innings. This change in the rules worked very well and is to be retained as it stands next season.

Queen Anne beat Harcourt by 156 runs in the first match, Bulmer scoring 158 in two hours out of 178 while he was at the wicket. The combination of Timothy and Bomford then proved to be too much for the Harcourt batsmen.

The match between Queen Anne and Swift was more evenly contested but a fluent innings of 52 by Bomford, dropped catches by Swift, and steady bowling from Figgis (4-13) and Timothy (4-36) won the match for Queen Anne by 28 runs.

### SCORES:

1st Match: Queen Anne 217-8 (innings closed) Bulmer 158, Bomford 29, C. Davis 4-37.

Harcourt 61 all out (Bomford 5-17, Timothy 4-18).

2nd Match: Queen Anne 107 (Bomford 52, Timothy 25, T. May 4-40, Gold 3-10, Biggar 3-30).

Swift 79 (Bally 38, Figgis 4-13, Timothy 4-36).

## GENERAL SUMMARY OF JUNIOR MATCHES

The Under-15 team had a very successful season. Eight matches were played, three won, three drawn, one tied and only one, the last, was lost. The side was well captained by G. N. Wise and he was supported by some fine bowling from Timothy and Donnelly and sound batting from P. Davis and Forbes. White improved as a spin bowler during the season, and Hancocks played well on several occasions.

U-15 Played 8 Won 3 Drawn 3 Tied 1 Lost 1

Wed. May 18 v Magdalen U-15 (home). Magdalen 75 (Figgis 3-21, Donnelly 6-30). U-15 77-9 (Davis 26, Kitchin 25).

Thurs. May 26 v Shiplake U-15 (home). Shiplake 106-8 dec. (Donnelly 3-21). U-15 49-9.

Sat. June 5 v Thame U-15 (home). Thame 51 (Davis 7-16). U-15 52-8.

Wed. June 22 v Abingdon U-14 (away). U-15 84. Abingdon 71-6 (Donnelly 3-17, Timothy 3-25).

Sat. June 25 v Burford U-15 (home). U-15 82 (Wise 22\*). Burford 73 (Timothy 4-16, Donnelly 3-26).

Wed. June 29 v Rendcomb U-15 (home). Rendcomb 96 (Timothy 5-23). U-15 96 (Forbes 34).

Wed. July 6 v Carmel U-15 (away). Carmel 111 (Figgis 6-44). U-15 12-0.

Wed. July 13 v Bicester U-15 (home). Bicester 83 (Figgis 6-40, Donnelly 4-33). U-15 28.



## AVERAGES

### Batting

	Inns.	N.O.	H.S.	Runs	Av.
P. Davis	8	0	26	94	11.75
Forbes	7	0	34	66	9.43
Wise	8	1	22*	64	9.14
Hancocks	8	3	12*	42	8.40

### Bowling

	Overs	Maidens	Wkts.	Runs	Av.
Timothy	58.2	24	14	101	7.21
Donnelly	96.5	29	26	212	8.15
Figgis	50.4	11	17	142	8.35
P. Davis	35	9	11	102	9.28

## ATHLETICS 1966

THE SEASON'S TRAINING and athletic activities were greatly impeded by our failure to maintain permanent track markings because of adverse weather conditions and other extenuating circumstances. The efforts of some of the boys, especially Lumby and Church, in helping with the constant organisation of the track were much appreciated.

There were two inter-school fixtures. Early in the season we met Bicester G.S. and Lord Williams's, Thame, in a triangular match. We failed to record a first in any event despite some creditable performances. Later in the term we lost a closely contested match at Burford G.S. The School achieved many good results but they could not be accepted as records because of the high degree of slope in the ground.

The School had a disappointing time at the Mid-Oxon Area Sports. The lack of full-scale training because of the existing conditions was here apparent. Harris was the only School competitor to come first, with a throw of 98 ft. 8 inches, in the Under-15 discus event. He went forward to the County Sports, but here he threw well below his best standard and finished in sixth place. He was presented with a certificate for his achievement by the Mid-Oxon Athletics Association. Dobbs and Kitchin were also requested to attend the County Sports but were unable to do so because of other commitments.

The Inter-House Sports-day was held at the end of the summer term. Harcourt retained their hold on the Athletics Trophy, despite the efforts of Swift and Queen Anne. The only new records of the season were put up here. In the Junior  $4 \times 110$  yards Relay the Harcourt squad (Wise, King, Davis III, and Wynter) beat the old House record held by Queen Anne by 0.9 seconds. although being well outside the school record of 49.2 seconds. Wise beat his own previous record by  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches in the Junior Long Jump.

The winners of the events at this Inter House Sports were:—

#### INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS 1966—WINNERS

100 yards Senior	Keates (S)	10.9 secs.
100 yards Junior	King (H)	11.0 secs.
220 yards Senior	Keates (S)	25.0 secs.
220 yards Junior	King (H)	25.9 secs.
440 yards Senior	Currie I (QA)	57.6 secs.
440 yards Junior	Wise (H)	63.1 secs.
880 yards Senior	Bulmer (QA)	2 mins. 15.0 secs.
880 yards Junior	Hilder I (S)	2 mins. 30.0 secs.
One Mile Open	Bally (S)	5 mins. 9.0 secs.
Medley Relay	Queen Anne House	4 mins. 11.1 secs.
$4 \times 110$ yards Relay Senior	Swift House	50.0 secs.
$4 \times 110$ yards Relay Junior	Harcourt House	52.1 secs. (NHR)
High Jump Senior	Ward (H)	4' 11"
High Jump Junior	Davis III (H)	4' 9"
Long Jump Senior	Dobbs (H)	18' 6"
Long Jump Junior	Wise (H)	18' $7\frac{1}{4}$ " (NSR)
Discus Senior	Colebrook (H)	106' $2\frac{1}{2}$ "
Discus Junior	Davis III (H)	107' 4"
Javelin Senior	May I (S)	107' 0"
Javelin Junior	Fuller (QA)	114' 3"
Weight Senior	May I (S)	35' 3"
Weight Junior	Fuller (QA)	33' 1"

New School Record (NSR)      New House Record (NHR)

All the competitors are to be congratulated on their fine efforts.

The Athletics Standards cup was also won by Harcourt with an average of 11.7 points per boy. This is a very good figure to



end with, but it must be said that Swift and Queen Anne also finished with high averages (11.2 and 10.3 respectively).

The highest individual score was recorded by Strologo (Harcourt) with a total of 26 points from a possible 30 maximum. There were many fine individual performances but it must be remembered that it is the effort of all house members that is important.

### CROSS-COUNTRY CLUB (1966-67)

IN THE ONLY INTER-SCHOOL FIXTURE of the season the School team easily defeated the Witney Grammar School team, on Wednesday, November 2nd, 1966, by the wide margin of 24 points. The first three places were all filled by Cokethorpe boys; Lang, Ward and Lilburn. All the team members are to be commended upon their fine performance in their sole outing. The other members of the team were Lumby, Frost, Currie I, Siu, Sargeantson I, Hilder I and Hitchcock. It was unfortunate that the other fixtures had to be cancelled after such a good start had been made to the season. However, the services of the coach, Mr. Keith Davies, were unavailable for the rest of the season. It is to be hoped that the club will again develop its strong following and keen enthusiasm for extensive training next season. From the inter-house activities it is obvious that there are other cross-country runners of merit in the school who should come to the fore in the club next season.

For the second year running Swift House won both the School Cross-Country and the Inter-House Road Relay Race.

The School Cross-Country, held on February 1st, 1967, was won by Swift by the narrow margin of 10 points from Harcourt, with Queen Anne rather a long way behind. After a sterling run Ward (Harcourt), who led almost all the way, won the individual race. He was followed home by Bulmer (Queen Anne), Lilburn (Swift) and Hilder I (Swift). The first juniors home were Smith and Hilder II, both Swift boys, in places 9 and 10. These were two fine performances. The race had a relatively small turn-out because there were so many boys off-games, but this in no way detracts from the commendable effort of all who participated. Although Harcourt had the first runner home some close packing in the middle of the field ensured the Swift victory. Thus it

must be stressed that it is the personal endeavour of each and every house member that counts.

In the Inter-House Road Relay Race the disqualification of Harcourt House for exchanging the baton outside the first change-over point made it a two team race. Swift won easily by over 16 minutes despite the valiant efforts of the Queen Anne team. Over the whole course Harcourt recorded the good time of 110 minutes 4 seconds and but for the worry of the impending disqualification they might have done even better. However, the record time of 106 minutes 34 seconds still stands. The members of all three teams are to be congratulated on their inspired running.

### BOAT CLUB

WE ENTERED ONLY TWO REGATTAS last season and failed to reach the final of either. The First IV (G. Nicholson, *bow*, J. Troup, C. Keen, M. Currie, *stroke*, and I. Walker, *cox*) and the Colts IV (T. Bowler, *bow*, S. Dobbs, A. Addison, M. Davis, *stroke*, and S. Dower, *cox*) went to Stratford, and the most memorable part of that day was being lavishly entertained to supper at the home of Brigadier and Mrs. Key. Both their sons having been prominent in the Boat Club (and now rowing with Stratford B.C.) they have always been among our most encouraging supporters, and we appreciated this generous hospitality. Most of the Boat Club went to Henley Royal Regatta (as spectators!) to cheer on Trevor Key in the pairs.

The Colts entered Oxford Regatta (with A. Lynch-Staunton replacing Dower) but again some considered that the most enjoyable part was one quite unconnected with the regatta itself. A couple of days before, the crew, coxed by Mr. Cook, rowed the boat down to Oxford from Newbridge, a distance of some twenty miles. Half a dozen locks were negotiated, much food and drink was consumed, a swim was taken off Port Meadow, and a certain amount of skin reddened and later peeled. The boat was 'parked' at Worcester College boathouse, and we are grateful to the boatman, Mr. Wakefield, for his co-operation.

During the year the late Mr. Jackson built a 'bank-tub' which will help enormously in the coming seasons to sort out individual faults and to train new oarsmen. It is a beautiful piece of work and we are only sorry that he did not live to see it in action.



The House Fours this year were rowed as time trials over a measured course above the bridge. For the second year running Swift were the winners, but the other two times were very close. The Tub Regatta, in spite of fallen trees and various debris on the course, provided some spirited rowing as well as some dismal coxing. Swift won again on the overall points, though the result was in the balance right up to the final race of the day.

### THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME

THE SCHEME IS INTENDED as an encouragement to participation by young people in enjoyable and purposeful leisure-time activities. It is not a competition, but rather it is aimed at fostering a sense of co-operation. It is arranged to suit people of differing interests and abilities while at the same time it does give a sense of achievement. It is split into four divisions, namely, Service, Expedition, Pursuit or Interest, and Physical Fitness. To obtain an award a certain standard has to be achieved in each of these.

This scheme has been introduced in the School over the last year. It has had a slow but successful start at the Bronze and Silver Award levels. All participants have successfully concluded the Service section of the scheme which they gained by pursuing a course of First Aid, and passing the appropriate Red Cross examinations.

All the boys are now actively engaged in their pursuit or interest, while they are also trying to complete the physical fitness section. Expeditions have yet to be arranged in greater detail to fit into the scheme with other school activities in which the boys' participation is essential.

### THE NATIVITY

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY could not have chosen anything more different from their previous production ("The Happiest Days of your Life"). It was decided to combine the usual Carol Service and School Play into one event and perform the Nativity scenes from the Chester Mystery Plays with audience participation in several carols at appropriate moments in the action.

The language of these plays is simple, sometimes even doggerel, but this very homeliness and innocence made a powerful effect,

particularly in the scene of the shepherds' offerings at the stable. The wrath of Herod was impressive, and the Three Kings, though somewhat stilted and stylised, looked their parts and spoke up well. Gabriel, a most difficult part to carry off well, had the right presence and managed his enormous and effective wings very skilfully. With the Holy Family, and Elizabeth, his scenes provided a tranquil and reverent contrast to the more rumbustious moments of the shepherds.

The set, two arches and a rose window filling the chancel of Ducklington church, was lit imaginatively from behind, while the characters were picked out by spotlights. The costumes, copies of authentic fourteenth century dress, helped enormously to create the right atmosphere, as did the music.

Those taking part were Miss Sarah Allen, Charles Blagden, John Blandford, Peter Bulmer, Robert Cullen, Richard Diamond, Mrs. P. J. Green, Robert Hartford, Patrick Janson-Smith, Andrew Pearson, Spyro Sorotos, Mutari Wada, Jonathan Ward and Adam White. Lighting was by Mr. C. Williams, assisted by James Lilburn, Antony Lynch-Staunton and Nicholas Sargeantson. The music was composed and arranged by Mr. D. F. Cook and played by James Armson, Charles Blagden, Michael Davis, Mark Hancocks, Tony Milvain, Roderick Morrison and Justin Sayer. The costumes were designed and made by Mrs. Cook, assisted by Mrs. Lyle and Mrs. Stead, and the set and Gabriel's wings were made by Mrs. Jones and the Art Department.

Mr. R. V. Lyle was the producer.

## THE COKETHORPE NATIVITY PLAY

THE SAINTS AND GARGOYLES looked down at the comings and goings of Cokethorpe horror-stricken and listened as the church echoed with the sounds of the stage-builders and electricians constructing the set. Our production of the second play of the Chester Mysteries, 'The Nativity', was at last under way.

This was the first time that the C.A.D.S. had produced this kind of play and there was much scepticism amongst the cast about how the result of our work would turn out. Fortunately all went well.

The stage and lighting had to be put up in less than a week so as not to interfere too much with the normal functioning of the



church and so stage rehearsals could not start until a couple of days before the dress-rehearsal. This gave the electricians only a short time to arrange the positioning of the lights, which were extremely good on the night.

The costumes and scenery were all 'locally made'. The colours of the costumes had to be restricted to the colours of the fourteenth century and the scenery had to be such that it could be used for all scenes.

The greatest worry of the cast was, as always, not knowing the lines by the time of the dress rehearsal and up to the last minute players could be seen in all parts of the school trying to learn their parts. Even on the night the angel Gabriel could be found behind the scenes with a note-book learning and muttering in a far from angelic manner.

However, with the producer concealed in the pulpit, the cast took the stage with confidence. The audience seemed well pleased, and there were those that claimed that the saints and gargoyles nodded approvingly.

R. DIAMOND

★ ★ ★

A saying of the term.

At the bottom of Lake Michigan is Chicago, a big town.

### EDALE

WIDESPREAD RUMOURS AND TALES associated with Edale are passed on to the third form pupils. The Edale Centre is visited by two parties of third formers each summer term. It is situated in the Peak District, at the southern end of the Pennine Chain. Each party has a four-day period of intensive outdoor activities, both intellectual and physical and many things learnt in the class-room are put into practice in the open countryside. The activities include local geology, geography, history, map-reading and other studies as well as extensive walking to visit features such as limestone caverns. The evenings are used as lecture and discussion periods. Each party is divided into groups, and each group makes an expedition on its own, spending one night out under canvas and cooking its own meals.

The scheme is not primarily a holiday, but a strenuous project. It is, however, immensely enjoyed by all the boys, as can be seen on the opposite page.

SCENES FROM THE SCHOOL PLAY







'Most of us fell in'



'... leaping from boulder to boulder'



'... back to the barn'



### 3B AT LARGE

(extracts from six personal logs proving that when an army isn't resting, it is marching on its stomach)

#### *Friday*

FIRST THING I DID was to get some food from the kitchen and put it in the coach. . . . We drove steadily for three hours till we came to a restaurant where we stopped for half an hour. . . . I went in and bought some sweets, then I went back to the coach and had my packed lunch and some orange juice. . . .

We went by the most roundabout route that I've ever heard of. . . . I noticed the change of scenery and the steepness around us. The houses were not modern and personally I thought they were rather dull. . . . It wasn't long before the bus was crawling up the side of Mam Tor. . . . We had a beautiful and contrasting view of Edale and Upper Booth with Kinder Scout in the background.

The happy faces of 3A were waiting to warn us. . . . They told us all about the walking. . . . We went with the return party to see the Blue John Mines where a guide took us down about 350 feet and we saw stalactites . . . we saw the early tools the first miners used. . . . We went down about 300 feet which was not tiring, but coming up, it was murder. . . . It was rather disappointing because I didn't get any Blue John.

We walked over the Lord's Seat. . . . Coming down, Harris and I stopped for a long rest. Mr. Davies went on without us and then turned back to get us. He was not pleased . . . and back to the barn where we had supper. . . . Soup, bread, corned beef, fried spam, potatoes, peas and pineapple. I was in Group C, and we had to serve, clear away and wash up. . . .

#### *Saturday*

Woke up at 6.0 after a restless night . . . we went for a walk down by the river. There we washed, and came back and wrote our diaries. Then Webb came and sent us on a run. We came back and had breakfast. . . . Bacon, eggs, toast, marmalade and tea and before this we had cornflakes. We had great fun climbing the rocks. We carried on to Kinder Downfall to have our lunch which consisted of one and a half sandwiches and stream water. . . . We walked and walked in these peat bogs, jumping the high ditches. I thought this was fun for a while, but then I got tired of it. . . . We waited at the head of a ravine with a river running



through it. There we had tea. . . . We started off, leaping from boulder to boulder for three-quarters of a mile down the river. . . . We joined the path to Edale village, where we went to the shop and bought food and drink. . . . For supper we had some tomato and beef soup, followed by welsh rarebit, potatoes and peas. . . . After supper we wrote our log and slept out in a tent. . . . The midges were terrible.

### *Sunday*

Carrington and I woke up at half-past five and went to ask Willsdon what time it was and then went back to bed. . . . None of the prefects or masters got up until 8.30. . . . At a quarter to ten we had breakfast: cornflakes, bacon, eggs, beans and toast. . . . It rained all morning. . . . We had lunch which was a few bits of cake. . . . After lunch we started our long walk.

We went to Edale and from there we went up to Hollins Cross. There the prefects and masters rested and sent us on to climb Black Tor (1331 ft.). . . . We then climbed up Mam Tor which took 15 mins. We had a long rest up there. . . . While going up my foot began to really hurt. . . . We came home and washed and had supper. . . . Soup, followed by corned beef, beans, parsnips and potatoes and then tea and milk and pineapple and apple. We wrote our logs. . . . Group B is going camping tonight and they are borrowing Willsdon's tent.

### *Monday*

Got up early in the morning again with Morrison to go and see Harris who was camping. It was our group's turn to wash up and serve at table. After breakfast (usual) each group set out on its journey to the Speedwell Caverns. . . . We went to the shop and bought some food and drink. . . . Up Hollins Cross and up Mam Tor and there we stopped for lunch. After lunch we went down the face of Mam Tor, down Winnats Pass and to the Speedwell Cavern. In my opinion the mine was pretty awful because all we did was to go along in a boat and the man kept on talking about Yogi Bear and things and it was rather a waste of money. . . . We walked down a hundred and fifty steps to the water. We all bundled in until we were crammed together like sardines in a tin. We were down the cavern for about twenty-five minutes. . . . I didn't think I got my 1/3d. worth.

On the way back we had to change routes. . . . Ours was almost the same except for a few alterations. . . . We had curry for supper and the left-overs were given to the duck who kept running to a puddle.

### *Tuesday*

Got up at 8.45 . . . we went for a run and on the way back I met a bull and a cow and two very small calves. . . . After breakfast, cornflakes, bacon, scrambled egg and toast, we had to clean the whole house and pack our belongings. . . . After that we went for a walk up Crowden Brook. . . . Most of us fell in. . . . We walked for about three-quarters of a mile. Then we turned back because we were short of time. . . . I went to sleep on the journey. When we got back we had supper, then a shower, and went to bed.

## COKETHORPE RIFLE CLUB

THE END OF 1966 saw a loss of many good rifle shots, but the club has managed to survive, and has done quite well.

In July 1966 the Davis cup competition was deservedly won by Goehring, with Browne and Currie II coming second and third. In the Inter-Schools competition, Winter 1966, the 1st team were placed 12th and we were happy to see that we had beaten All Hallows School (winners of the Ashburton Shield), and several other well-known teams. The 'B' team did not fare so well and the Juniors also made a rather poor showing. The Lent term 1967 results were more encouraging with the 'B' team 50 points up and the Juniors 82 points up on their previous scores. For the Juniors Hucklesby shot very well, as also did Ackland and Walker II.

As for the Seniors the following boys have shot with some success:

Notley	Addison	Sorotos	Donnelly
Gibbons	Lilburn	Hartford	Armson
Currie I	Currie II	Sargeantson I	MacMillan-
			Scott

The House shooting competition was a good contest with Queen Anne the winners, four points better than Harcourt.



Once again the club had a pleasant day at Bisley. Ward and Gibbons shot well in their first attempt on the 900 yard range; others tried their hand at the 200 yard range, and at pistol shooting which was very popular, and there was some excellent Clay Pigeon shooting, especially by Gold.

The present Officers of the Range are Lockwood Lang, Captain, G. L. Gibbons, Secretary, and Hucklesby and Ackland, Range Wardens.

## BASKETBALL

THE CLUB HAS GROWN IN SIZE and keen enthusiasm has been shown, particularly by the Juniors. L. Bowen-Jones and W. I. Howbert are our joint presidents and N. Willsdon is the secretary.

Because of the claims of other games and also because illness caused cancellations, only one fixture was played. This was against Littlemore G.S. It was a well-fought battle in which we were defeated by only a point. Our team on that occasion was made up of L. Bowen-Jones, W. I. Howbert, N. Sewell, M. Currie, N. Willsdon, C. Keen, A. Wong, J. Chang and A. Leung.

We have a promise of a fixture with R.A.F. Brize Norton, to be played when their new gymnasium is completed.

We hope, too, to organise one or two trips to watch professional matches in Oxford or London.

## BADMINTON

AT LAST THE BADMINTON CLUB has come to the fore. This is mainly due to the persistence of P. Janson-Smith, our non-playing captain.

We have played three matches and have, unfortunately, lost them all. One was played against Burford G.S. and the other two against Bicester G.S.

At the moment the Club is still very small, but there is no doubt that our standard of play has improved. All the members of the team are keen and most of them practice regularly on Sunday afternoons. Hence, on nearly every Monday morning we are reproved for leaving racquets and nets lying about in the gym. However, practice makes perfect (although we are by no means perfect . . . yet).

## JUDO

DESPITE THE NOTORIETY which the Japanese martial arts have attracted, Cokethorpe now has a flourishing judo club and our judokas have attained a high standard of proficiency. Under the guidance of Mr. Chambers, the official instructor and grading officer for Oxfordshire and Berkshire and a second Dan black belt, we have prospered.

Every Thursday Cokethorpe hears strange noises echoing across the School. They come from the gym., where mat-slapping, grunts, dull thuds of falling bodies and even occasional tortured groans fill the air. These noises simply mean that boys are practising O-goshis, Harai-goshis, De-ashi-harais, Ko-uchi-garis and so on (not forgetting Tai-otoshis).

The summer term of 1966 saw the first grading which was conducted with due regard to the traditional bowing and kneeling salutations. The results were good and there was a general pleasure in obtaining something tangible in return for our hard labour. In the autumn term we played our first match, away at Faringdon. We did not win but we enjoyed ourselves and profited by our experiences.

Another grading took place during this term and, among the seniors, yellow belts were awarded to Blandford, Ingerslev, Ward and Whatley. Of the Juniors Sewell II was given a green belt, Fuller an orange belt and Morley-John a yellow belt (2nd grade).

Last term brought the climax of the year, a match on home ground with the boys and girls of Witney G.S. This match, before an unexpectedly large audience, we won outright, because our judokas were, for the most part, of superior grades.

The term ended with House judo matches. The competition was won by Harcourt by the wide margin of six points.

To some, judo is but a meaningless display of tangled arms and sprawling bodies, but slowly an increasing number of people is beginning to appreciate at least some of the finer points of judo.

## AUDIO-VISUAL I.

ANYONE BELONGING to the 'genus paedagogianus' (especially of the modern language variety) of fifty or even twenty years ago would raise his hands in horror and amazement at the sight today of the French staff armed with tape recorders, loudspeakers, film



strip projectors and literally yards of wire, on their way to conduct a French lesson. The French staff themselves, after a certain amount of initial bewilderment, are now beginning to feel more at home among the electronic 'whatnots' of this technological age, although there are times when they sympathise to the full with the wishful sighings of the Science department for a laboratory assistant!

The introduction at the beginning of the school year of the audio-visual course, 'Voix et Images de France' produced by the 'Centre de recherche et d'études pour la diffusion de français', has proved an exciting and worthwhile venture. Although we are still experimenting and although occasionally we make mistakes in the handling of the equipment—a wrongly set speed lever, for example, resulting in a French version of the 'Chipmunks'—the adventures of Monsieur Thibaut and his friends (some of whom bear a remarkable resemblance to certain characters nearer home!) have made a welcome change from 'trad' French. Not that the more traditional methods of teaching and learning a language are to be despised, for verbs still have to be manipulated and vocabulary still has to be acquired, but there is no doubt that the constant *use* of the spoken word which 'A-V' involves helps to foster a better understanding and a greater self-confidence in actually speaking French.

## AUDIO-VISUAL II.

WHEN WE WERE TOLD, as new boys, that we would be learning French by the new 'audio-visual' method we were all pleased. It would make a welcome change from the same dreary verbs, adjectives, adverbs and so on, and so on. Yet we were rather disappointed when we had our first lesson.

We had expected a sort of movie film, or at least photos. But when the projector was turned on and rather poorly painted drawings appeared on the screen our hearts sank. Then the tape-recorder was switched on and our hearts sank further if that was possible, for a man said one French word about once a minute ten times over.

'Gosh', I thought to myself, 'this really is codswallop.' I am sure we all felt the same that first period.

However, things soon started to buck up. The French quickly became harder and faster, though the drawings stayed the same.

Still, as someone pointed out, the drawings did not interfere with the speaking, which was what we were there to learn.

It has only been during this last term that most of us have realised just how good the audio-visual method is. The majority of us can now understand fairly simple sentences spoken at the normal speed, as in France. Most important of all many of us can now pick up and carry out conversations in ordinary everyday French. Some of us have a French accent, or almost!

P. SMITH

### A VISIT BY A POET

COKETHORPE HAS BEEN BOTH OWNED AND VISITED by a number of literary figures. They form an impressive chain from Thomas More, through Swift, down to the present. On October 27, 1966 we were favoured with the most recent visit of a bard to Cokethorpe.

Miss Katherine Watson, a Burford poet and creator of 'The Source and other Poems', gave an informal and highly interesting account of her art to a group of 6th form English students. We were presented with the extremely sensitive and vital mind of a working poet (the word 'poetess' was disclaimed as being amateurish). After a short talk and a reading of some of her poems, Miss Watson opened a discussion on the artistic process. Among the most interesting points raised was Miss Watson's account of the intensity-within-passivity which she felt to be a fundamental of the poet's life.

Quite apart from the details of creation and technique, and quite apart from her manifest ability as a poet, Miss Watson revealed to us a vigorous and intense personality which to see was an enriching experience in itself.

W. HOWBERT

### THEATRE REPORT

'This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in . . .' (As You Like It)

COKETHORPE, being only forty miles from Stratford and ten miles from Oxford, gives its sixth-formers, each year, the opportunity of visiting three of England's best known provincial theatres—The Playhouse and The New at Oxford and the Royal



Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon. This opportunity is readily seized upon and available tickets disappear shortly after their sale is announced. As a consequence no less than thirteen plays were seen between the summer of 1966 and the spring of 1967.

William Shakespeare's plays as presented at Stratford shatter the illusion that they are dated and boring. Shakespeare was a master of his craft and his plays, well-acted, well-produced and colourful prove that he is still supreme. Five of his plays were seen and each one had its merits. 'Much Ado About Nothing' as produced by Franco Zeffereilli was transformed into a Victorian fairy tale with beautiful performances from Maggy Smith and Robert Stephens. 'Twelfth Night', Shakespeare's most musical comedy, was given Diana Rigg's talented beauty and Ian Holm's 'sergeant-major' Malvolio. 'Henry V' had Ian Holm in the title role. 'Hamlet' was a twentieth-century triumph with David Warner as the beatnik prince holding the stage with a lazy elegance that was quite superb. 'Love's Labours Lost' at Oxford was a refreshing undergraduate performance in which Bruce Alexander sparkled as the witty Dumaine.

Eight other plays were seen and seven of these emerged triumphant. The odd-man-out was an O.U.D.S. interpretation of Vanbrugh's 'The Provok'd Wife'. The two Oscar Wilde plays seen at the New Theatre were bright and professional. 'Lady Windermere's Fan' with direction by Anthony Quayle and costumes by Cecil Beaton, was a lavish and entertaining performance, aided by Wilfred Hyde White, Coral Browne, Isabel Jeans, Ronald Lewis and Juliet Mills. However, 'An Ideal Husband' was far better. Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd, Roger Livesey, Ursula Jeans and a newcomer, Perlita Neilson, were among the elegant performers. 'Volpone' at the Playhouse was magnificent. Leo McKern as Volpone was a startling success as was Alan Dobie as his parasite, Mosca. Much of the play's success lay in the efficiency of the production by Frank Hauser. 'Amphitryon 38' by Giradoux was a light-hearted enjoyable farce. Harold Pinter's 'Homecoming' with James Groux as Max was well-acted and wonderful theatre without meaning! Trevor Nunn's production of Tourneur's 'Revenger's Tragedy' at Stratford was the first major revival of this play for over three hundred years. However it seemed oddly in place in this age of Bond and Batman. It was a play full of tortures, decapitations, murders and other

malpractices. Ian Richardson produced a torrent of sustained disgust as Vendice with Brenda Bruce, Norman Rodway and Alan Howard flitting through the play like evil moths in their black and silver cloaks, the brain children of Christopher Morley. 'The Royal Hunt of the Sun' was the biggest surprise of the year. Peter Shaffer's interpretation of the conquest of the Incas was a truly fantastic piece of theatre with symbolism woven deep into the action. Robert Stephens as Atahualpa, the Inca chief, gave an impressive performance. Apart from his fine acting, he achieved physical and vocal perfection as he tossed and twisted his way through a strenuous yet moving role. 'The Royal Hunt of the Sun' was, perhaps, the best of them all.

P. JANSON-SMITH

### SCIENCE NOTES

UNDER MR. HEAD'S STIMULUS there has been an explosion of interest in Chemistry in the Lower School and the lab. has been used as never before.

We have had our usual science films with the addition of some new ones from I.C.I. and Phillips which have been illuminating.

Getting used to the new 'O' level syllabus is rather difficult. It is a little disquieting to contemplate the third-formers, having been restrained from delving too deeply into rocketry, learning all about atomic physics in eighteen months' time.

The use of slide rules and study of statistics in the new S.M.P. maths. course should provide for greater facility in and a deeper understanding of the sciences.

A new departure this year has been our visits to external lectures. We enjoyed those in Oxford by Professor Tindbergen on 'Animal Camouflage' and Dr. Kurti on 'Low Temperature Research'.

In April a trip was arranged to a symposium on Technology at the High Wycombe Technical College where there were three excellent lectures and a display of apparatus, projects and computer programming.

Next year we hope to arrange weekly visits to West Ox. Technical College, Witney, for 'Engineering Appreciation' for fourth-formers and for 'Industry and its Organisation' and 'The design, development and production of a project', for sixth-formers.



We now need some courses to enable the staff to keep up with the boys!

We are all viewing the teaching machines on loan with interest—some view them with pleasure, anticipating easier times ahead—but for others there is merely a Luddite mistrust. The machines may well help to fit new boys, who come late or from unusual prep. schools, into the lower school courses. They also appear to help in exam. revision of factual work.

### GEOGRAPHY SOCIETY

OUTINGS HAVE TAKEN PLACE AS USUAL, in spite of a number of difficulties. In some cases, factories are booked up for years ahead and it is impossible to plan visits at reasonably short notice. The 'Freeze' has also had its effect on several firms who are more reluctant than usual to receive school parties.

The major outing last summer was a visit to Bristol and Avonmouth Docks. The journey to Bristol was by way of the site of the New Severn Bridge, due to be opened about a month later. On our arrival, the Port Guide joined the coach in the centre of the city near the old docks. He took the coach along the Avon Gorge, pointing out the difficulties of navigation along the twisting tidal river. Avonmouth itself is much more accessible to shipping than Bristol, and the party was shown a wide variety of ships and cargo. A particular point of interest was the view of the Severn Estuary with the Welsh Coast and mountains beyond.

In the autumn, a second visit to the Royal Worcester Porcelain Factory was planned. On the way the coach driver took a wrong turning on to a motorway and it was impossible to turn back before the beginning of the Ross Spur—in some ways an inauspicious start. However, the party arrived only twenty minutes late and no attempt was made to hustle it through the various departments. Afterwards several groups made a pilgrimage to the Cathedral where a few more adventurous souls climbed the tower to see both the view and the belfry.

During the Easter Term, a party visited Pressed Steel, Fisher, at Cowley, which seemed to be in rather a depressed condition because of the economic situation. Even so, it was possible to see somewhat old-fashioned methods of assembly line production partially in operation.

The most recent expedition was to the Oxford Trunk Telephone Exchange. The workings of electro-mechanical and S.T.D. equipment were demonstrated and it is possible that some of the more scientifically minded understood the complexities of the system. Others may have found it more akin to a mechanical aviary because of the continuous buzzing and clicking noises produced by numberless unseen diallers. It is probable that the greatest interest was shown in the manual exchange, labelled by the G.P.O. in its wisdom—'The Witch Room', where the human element is still very much in evidence.

## MUSIC

LET US RESTORE THE BALANCE OF LAST YEAR and state right away that all G.C.E. candidates last summer, at both 'O' and 'A' levels, passed with quite respectable grades. And while we are still in the classroom, it might amuse the older generations to know that two more forms of new boys are grappling with the simplicities of the recorder. In spite of the groans and professions of inability, this policy of compulsory tootling does pay off; in one of this year's fourth forms, only three boys do not play an instrument, piano or orchestral.

In consequence, the orchestra, having dwindled throughout a lean year to an alarming degree, is slowly building up again. I would like to record the departure of Notley and Milvain after several years of loyal and dependable blowing; they were acutely missed for some time. The now traditional group played spiritedly on Speech Day, and a few weeks later ran through the same repertoire at Langford Parish fête—our first outside engagement! Then, since the Carol Service was merged with the School Play to become a Miracle Play, the orchestra provided atmospheric music and carol accompaniments for that.

First year boys sampled their first full-scale ballet, 'The Nutcracker' by the Festival Ballet, and were quite surprised that they enjoyed it. The annual visit to Boosey & Hawkes instrument factory was followed again by Mr. McGavin and his museum of instruments. The school again took out a block membership with the Witney Music Society and as a result boys have attended several concerts there; the one that made the greatest impression



was not, strictly, a concert, but Antony Hopkins 'Talking about Music'.

The Music Competition this year, won by Harcourt, produced a wide variety of pieces, instruments and talent. As always it was an entertaining and very worth-while evening.

### CHAPLAIN'S NOTES

CHURCH LIFE HAS GONE ON quietly but steadily since these last notes. Last term we welcomed the visit of Fr. Hadrian Whyte, C.R., who spent a week with us, and was available at all times for informal help and conversations; opportunities which were made very full use of, and his stay was very much appreciated.

The Church has been kept clean and tidy with the help of the boys, and we are very grateful indeed to Mrs. Cook, Mrs. De la Haye, Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Knipe for so kindly arranging flowers. Thanks are due to Whatley, Selman, Tonkin and Morley-John for help in connection with the services, and we are grateful to the School Orchestra under Mr. Cook for their accompaniment.

We must express our appreciation of the Reverend H. P. Hudson for Communion services, and of the Reverend T. G. O. Jenkins for his very ready occasional help.

The Catholics have been sad to lose the help of Father Paul Connors, S.J., but are very happy to have the help and spiritual ministrations of his successor, Father G. Hughes, S.J.

### DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT

THE HIGHLIGHT OF THIS YEAR'S ACTIVITY was the excursion into inter-school debates with the John Mason High School at Abingdon, where our first debate was held. Bulmer and Ward spoke for the motion that 'Education is a conspiracy to keep us ignorant'. This motion was defeated by a 'packed' majority. We sent along nine supporters, amongst whom were Hartford and Cullen who rendered yeoman service in spirited contributions and verbal battles with the opposition from the floor.

Our second debate with John Mason took place in the following term. This was a home debate held in the Corinthian room. To

avoid pitting school against school and creating a conflict of loyalties, each school provided a speaker to support each side of the motion; so that, for the motion, were Cullen and Miss Draper, and opposing the motion were Bulmer and Mr. Brabben from John Mason. The motion, that 'The Arrogance of Age must submit to be taught by Youth' was carried, 33-19. These debates have proved stimulating and convivial occasions and we look forward to many more future meetings.

There were, apart from these, three school debates, the first of the Autumn term being upon the subject of the treatment of criminals. Blandford and Ward spoke in favour of more enlightened measures for offenders, whilst Bulmer and Forbes opposed this. It would seem by the result that the school were to a large extent Tory and reactionary for they showed themselves, by 36-7, to sympathise with the opposition.

A 'trendy' debate was held at the end of the Autumn term upon the subject of 'Pop' pirate radio stations and their removal. Janson-Smith proposing their retention, relied mainly upon his- trionics and emotional appeals, while Cullen delivered a very sound and reasoned case for their abolition and replacement by legal 'Pop' programmes. Cullen's oratory was so persuasive that the motion was rejected by 33-13. During this year Cullen has repeatedly demonstrated his ability both from the floor and the platform, and is undoubtedly our best speaker.

Towards the end of the spring term the relative merits of Mr. James Saville as prime minister were argued with the house coming down decisively, 45-9, on the side of Blagden and Macmillan-Scott, who had opposed his candidature, in spite of the efforts of Sargeantson and Willsdon to put forward cogent arguments in his favour.

This season has seen new members introduced to the society, and the zeal and enthusiasm with which the speakers have approached their task, has more than compensated for any defects in their powers of oratory.

### LIBRARY NOTES

THERE ARE NOW SOME 3,200 BOOKS in the Library and the quality of what we can offer is improving. Our own purchases have strengthened a number of sections, particularly the Music, Chemistry and Geography shelves, and once more we are grateful





to a number of people who have given books to the Library. We should like especially to mention the gifts of Mrs. G. Murray, Miss K. Watson, Major J. T. B. Notley, P. Janson-Smith Esq., G. Dennis Esq., and J. C. A. Blandford. The practice of leavers' (or parents') presenting books as a farewell gesture of goodwill is beginning to take root and is certainly one whose growth we should wish to encourage.

The Oxfordshire County Library is still bringing us termly selections and is, in every way, a help to us.

Blandford has proved an effective Library Prefect, aided by his assistants—Behn, Pearson, Tonkin, and Maybank.

### ART NOTES

MRS. JONES had last year quite a varied collection of students, of whom about half-a-dozen did the 'O' level course. The third and fourth forms seem to have forgotten about blood-thirsty battle scenes and turned their attention to horrific-looking new worlds in outer space and also some forceful patterns made from coloured cellophane.

In the winter the last spare section of wall was claimed by R. Cullen whose idea was to make an Arabian scene, but 'A' level work in other subjects must have overtaken him, and now only a solitary camel, about six inches high, plods wearily across a vast expanse of desert.

We are sorry to say that last year most of the art students of bygone days, having got over the 'O' level hurdle, left and we had no inspiring metallic or clay structures on which to feast our eyes, although a pictorial outline of 'Pilgrims Progress', one of this year's 'O' level English Literature set books, has been drawn by Nicholson. This is hanging in the library and should prove a useful visual aid for the Literature students.

This year an example of the work that is being done is appearing in the magazine and we hope, in the future, to have more.

### THE COKETHORPE SOCIETY

THERE HAS BEEN A NOTABLE INCREASE in the number of members attending the various events of this society, and I am sure this is a healthy sign. On the interest and lively support of all must depend the scope and usefulness of an organisation such as this.



Last July, the cricket match got off to a delayed start, and the eleven, captained by Colin Mackenzie batted first. Only a dozen or so runs were on the board by lunchtime, with the loss of one wicket. After lunch Roger Grey scored 31, with Robert Peters and Michael Lea also making a respectable contribution, but the side succumbed for 85. May took 4 for 38, and Timothy 3 for 14. The School lost two wickets for 15, thanks to Clive Vaughan-Bendy, but with the arrival of Bulmer to join Sewell, the score rose to 88.

The rugger match was held on the ominous date of November 5th, but unfortunately it was the School side which provided the fireworks. The Old Boys, ably captained by John Key, looked large and formidable, but for once the School were not overawed and played a magnificent team game, scoring 11 points. The Old Boys, though several times within reach of the line, never succeeded in scoring.

The annual dinner was held last February at the Shaftesbury Hotel in London. Thirty-five members were present. Peter Bulmer proposed the toast of the Society, to which the newly-elected secretary, Vivian Williams, replied in a speech notable for its brevity, proposing in his turn the toast of the School. The Headmaster, presiding, declined to give a pseudo-Speech Day review of the year, and spoke instead about the role of the Society.

As a result of persistent enquiries I am able to pass on the following news of members:

Nicholas Emmerson can be added to the Cokethorpe contingent at the Stock Exchange, and we are also particularly strong on Law. Nigel Samuelson, having finished at Bristol as a Bachelor of Laws, has put in a hectic six months at the College of Law and now begins his articles with a London firm. Robert Stevens is an articulated solicitor's clerk in his father's firm, and David Ealand has just started a stint at the College of Law, preparatory to his Finals in August. As always, he had an interesting and unusual summer holiday; he worked his way round Portugal, painting houses, serving in bars, and was even invited to 'take the bull' in a bullring. Thrown and bruised almost beyond repair, he has decided to stick to Law.

Simon Henderson is at the Westminster Hotel School, studying for the National Diploma in Hotel Management and Catering. He plays for the college 1st XV and also Horsham R.F.C. Simon

Brittan has gained his National Diploma from the same college. For a while he was under-manager at the 'Old Swan' at Minster Lovell, and is now assistant manager of an outside catering company.

In a more technical vein, Tony Chalmers, who is a systems analyst, is studying for an external degree in Economics at Birkbeck College, London. He has successfully passed the first year exams. John Hughes, having obtained a first-class pass in the City and Guilds Telecommunications exams., is now working in the television studios of Strathclyde University. Our roving cameraman David Evans, having passed another set of City and Guild exams., is hoping to make a film about the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, if he can get the necessary college grant.

After the 'brain drain' of Derek Trimble to California, there is now a 'land drain' (if that's what I mean). Robert Corp is going to the U.S.A. with the Young Farmers to study transatlantic farming methods, and Jeremy ('Judge') Jefferiss, having passed various agricultural exams., is now taking a course in commercial fruit-growing at Hadlow College, Kent, preparatory to leaving for New Zealand, where he will work for a couple of years. David Slack recently attended a course at the Forest Products Research Laboratory at Princes Risborough as part of his work as a timber importer. Peter Palmer, still with B.E.A., has been promoted to a First Class Steward, and is very blasé about pottering round the world and getting paid for it.

Jeremy Clarke spent last summer's leave from Sandhurst attached to a unit in Aden. He enjoyed the patrols through the lunar landscape of the interior, but found the political and military situation tense and rather brutal.

Bruce Lovegrove was snowed up in his ship over Christmas and had never been so cold in all his life. The parties helped to warm things up a bit, though, and he is now back in the Far East, this time in M.V. *Leverbank*. He had ten days as acting Third Mate, but with no extra pay! Peter Barratt-Terry is also back at sea, having passed the O.N.D. endorsements, exempting him from three-quarters of the First and Second Class Board of Trade exams. He has now recovered from the serious burns received while carrying out maintenance work in his previous ship. He spent several very painful weeks in a Swedish hospital, but he came to the rugger match in November and appeared in good spirits. Gerald Gold, having spent several months in South



Africa, Rhodesia and Kenya, will be joining the Mons Military Cadet course in May.

Pilot Officer Clive Willsdon passed out (technical term!) with his wings from R.A.F. Acklington recently. He got them before anyone else on his course. While there, he captained the basketball team. Trevor Key won three coxless pairs events before Henley, but did not do as well as he hoped at the Royal Regatta. His brother, John, was the Nonce Sculls winner at Stourport, and winner of the President's Cup for sculls at Stratford. Tony Baker plays for the 1st XV of the Fullerians R.F.C., which runs six teams. He alleges that one can follow his achievements in the *Sunday Times*. He is also on the Club committee, and will gratefully accept donations towards a new clubhouse.

Graham Golby went with the Sprites team to the Nurburgring and to Spa (Belgium), but has now left the team for financial reasons—he has become engaged to Miss Gillian Osborne. However, even this will not keep him away from racing altogether: he hopes to become an R.A.C. timekeeper and to travel at home and abroad with larger teams. Moby Alexander has also become engaged. His fiancée, Miss Ann Palmer, works for Air India, and because of this they intend to honeymoon in Hawaii.

Jimmy Millar, our gliding enthusiast, is rebuilding a 1934 Rixonsperber, the only one in the country (and probably anywhere). He did not say whether he intends to fly the thing. Another enthusiast, who likes to make things go faster, is Clive Rashbrook. He is looking for a crazed mechanic who will help him 'hot up' a Land Rover.

Speech Day this year is on June 10th, the Cokethorpe Fête on July 8th, and the cricket match on July 2nd. We hope to see large numbers of Old Boys at all these functions.

D. F. Cook, Hon. Secretary



A saying of the term.

Coal-mining is found near industrial sites because it provides labour.

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# COKETHORPE SHOW

SKY DIVING

SATURDAY  
8th JULY

PARADE OF OLD BERKS HOUNDS



GYMKHANA



JUDO DISPLAY

DOG SHOW



PRODUCE STALL

SIDESHOWS

VINTAGE CARS — TRACTION ENGINE — GO-KARTS

FORMULA SIX RACING CARS

Schedules for Gymkhana and Dog Show from the School

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N.B. Counterfoils, money and unsold tickets for the Grand  
Prize Draw must be returned by 1st July.

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