

THE PEACOCK



1969

THE PEACOCK

No. 8

SUMMER 1969

Head of the School

C. G. Farah

School Prefects

J. R. A. MacMillan-Scott

M. L. Bean

Heads of Houses

Queen Anne

C. G. Farah

Harcourt

J. R. A. MacMillan-Scott

Swift

M. A. D. Kitchin

Sub-Prefects

J. J. A. Hitchcock M. A. D. Kitchin N. R. Hilder

School Officers

Capt. of Rugby Football

M. A. D. Kitchin

Sec. of Rugby Football

S. T. Scully

Capt. of Boats

R. J. Carrington

Sec. of Boats

D. Sawyer

Capt. of Cricket

R. J. O. Harris

Capt. of Cross-Country

J. J. A. Hitchcock

Capt. of Athletics

C. M. K. Kyaruzi

Capt. of Shooting

J. C. Hucklesby

Capt. of Basketball

J. Adeniyi-Jones

Capt. of Judo

D. Sewell

Capt. of Archery

M. Kelsey

Head Librarian

A. Pearson

Sec. of Debating Society

M. Tonkin

Sec. of Natural History Club

S. Sawyer

Sec. of Photographic Society

S. R. Thomson

Sec. of the Chess Society

P. Lewis

Cover design

A. Pearson

IN AN OTHERWISE CALM and uneventful year, there were some sound academic performances at 'A' level and in University Entrance.

1968 was the first year in which Cokethorpe candidates secured places at Oxford and Cambridge—William Howbert at Emmanuel, Cambridge, to read English, and John Blandford at Jesus, Oxford, to read Law. Moreover, places were won at Durham by Robert Cullen (History and Sociology) and at King's College, London, by Nicholas Sewell (Chemistry) and Anthony Wong (Physics).

The 'A' level results last June were also very satisfactory. We had nine candidates, who between them scored seven Grade 'A's, and three Distinctions in the 'S' paper, doing (I think one may fairly claim) considerable credit both to themselves and to the masters who taught them.

P.M.S.A.



NIGEL THORNE

NIGEL THORNE'S SUDDEN DEATH, in a road accident in December, 1968, when he was just 18, was a severe shock to us all, for he had made his mark amongst us, most obviously by his fame as a rider, but even more deeply by his character and personality.

Nigel scored his first victory on Indamelia when he was still 16, and he rode in the Grand National only four months after his seventeenth birthday. This precocious success would have gone to the head of most boys, but Nigel impressed everyone by his remarkable modesty. He would scarcely speak of his racing experiences, let alone 'talk big' about them, and details had to be extracted from him under pressure. He would leave school for Stratford or Warwick or Towcester at the last possible moment, slipping away unobtrusively in his school clothes, ride a winner more often than not in that wonderful first season of his, and return immediately afterwards in time to go into prep. with no more fuss than if he had been out to tea with his parents.

Although he looked younger than his years, his matter-of-fact, seasoned attitude to his riding, and his strong dislike of ostentation about it was extraordinarily mature; and so was his attitude to his school-work, which he never allowed to be neglected, often staying up late in the evening to catch up some piece of work missed while riding during the day. Determination and gentleness, toughness and modesty, maturity and youth were blended in Nigel Thorne into a mixture of exceptional charm and sweetness, and his memory will be cherished by a very wide circle of friends.

P.M.S.A.

'THE GAME'S AFOOT'

IT WAS DARK AND bleak, and also very cold. The grass was crisp with frost. The wind stirred the sleeping trees to awaken them for the coming of dawn. Silence was still dominant in the darkness of early morning; animals were only just beginning to stir.

At last small chinks of light appeared as though escaping through cupped hands that guarded the dim light of a faltering candle. This light was a pale mellow orange at first. Then, as if the sky had split, the very first light of dawn

flooded the landscape. The sun, not bright and dazzling, but a watery red, began to climb above the horizon. Its thin rays fell on the hoar frost, making it glisten like a thousand jewels. The last dark streaks of night had long been cleansed by the light of day.

Then almost without realising day had come, animals watched their cold breath part in front of their nostrils. Birds sang and listened to the shrill cry of their mates. But above them all came the authoritative voice of the cock pheasant. He was beautifully marked, and trailed a proud tail through the glistening grass. He held his head high and looked knowingly at the awakening land.

But he was only one year old like most of his kind on the estate. He was not familiar with panting dogs, and the reek of old leather, nor with guns and the sharp smell of cordite. Unknown to him were the eager farm-hands, with beaming faces and cigarettes drooping from their lips, as also was the thrashing of undergrowth with sticks held in calloused hands. But when he was presented with all the atmosphere of a shoot he knew instinctively it was for him that the men with sticks had come.

The pheasants were wary, and scared, and their hearts pounded within them. The sound of tapping sticks and of voices came nearer. Men stumbled and cursed but still they advanced. Rotten sticks cracked, nettles bled and fell as they were slashed down. The fresh crisp smell of newly trampled undergrowth drifted to the now panicking pheasant.

He ran, head out straight and his neck extended. His fellow-pheasants were all doing the same. Then came the open pieces of ground. They took flight with a whirr of wings against the trees and soared into the air. Then to increase their fear long lines of faces, white and gaping, stared up at them. There came the crash of gunshot and the thinning of smoke, and pheasants, as if they had simply decided to stop flying, came crashing down into the undergrowth. Excited, sweaty dogs picked them up in their jaws and returned to their masters with wagging tails.

The ritual was repeated all day and many were the pheasants that were sacrificed. Many more escaped and lived to become a good deal wiser. But the less fortunate hung in hundreds with strained necks and bedraggled tails. All their previous majestic lustre seemed to have drained

out of them. Wings that had exerted so much power in the last desperate effort of flight now hung limp and pathetic. The ruffled broken bodies could never again possess their original grace.

C. HAINES

GOODRICH CASTLE

GOODRICH CASTLE IS SITUATED on a spur in a bend of the River Wye about seven miles from Ross. What remains of the castle as it stands today was built in the thirteenth century but there was already a castle there at the beginning of the twelfth century. It was called Goodric's Castle, and it is from this that the present name is derived. The castle changed hands many times owing to the fact that it passed into the female line. At one time it was the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury. During the Civil War it was held by the Royalists until King Charles surrendered and then as a punishment for opposing Parliament the roof was taken off and the castle fell into ruins.

My first visit to Goodrich was when I was five. All I learned then was that knights once lived there. On a later visit, with my school, I discovered more about this castle. I kept wondering what Goodrich must originally have looked like with its keep, its surrounding towers, its castellations, pennants and flags. In my mind's eye I could see people scurrying by below the sandstone walls. I could just imagine the smoke rising from the kitchen and the glint of the sentries' helmets, the call of the hunting horn and the hustle and bustle of people going about on horse and foot.

Although this castle was small it was in a very important position on the marches, its garrison constantly on the watch for marauding Welshmen who ravaged the surrounding villages, destroying and killing all in their path, and for wandering prophets and other trouble-makers who might incite rebellion.

Despite all this life must have been easy-going for those who lived under this castle's protection. They would have few cares for everyone must have felt secure. But there was the less pleasant side of life. Sanitary conditions were bad and so too, very often, was the food since storage in winter was difficult. There were cramped quarters, many draughts and much sickness, but altogether I think that life was

better in those traditional days of Old England. With his serfs working his fields the noble led an easy life. Central government was limited in its power, especially on the marches.

Now however all that can be seen of that kind of life are the ruins. The castle has lost all its former splendour.

J. DUGGAN

OA284 HAS A NARROW ESCAPE

AS I WALKED DOWN the departure ramp at London Airport the bleak December night air met me, cold and damp. I was now on the last leg of my journey to Cyprus to spend Christmas with my parents. On our way in the bus out to our waiting plane we passed a row of aircraft with their green and red lights flashing in their little glass bubbles. On our left a B.E.A. Viscount was starting up, the batsman's torches seeming to leave lines of light in the air as he signalled the pilot to move off.

A few minutes later I was looking at 'my' Comet, its white roof clean except for the words OLYMPIC AIRWAYS and a Greek flag. The dark blue cheat line was sandwiched between the white and mottled grey under-surface colour. I climbed up the lighted stairway looking down at the engine exhausts glinting in the lights of the trucks and the torches of the men who were checking them. At the top of the stairs a Greek crew member greeted me in his few words of English. The warm air of the cabin and the dim lighting made it feel cosy. The passengers, some already in their light-weight suits and dresses, were putting their hand baggage under the seats. The muffled sound of the doors being slammed into place told me that we were nearly ready to start moving.

The lights flickered as the Rolls Royce Avon turbo-jets started up. The noise grew as all four began to build up power. Through the oval window I saw the batsman give the pilot his final moving-off signals. The landing lights came on and we began to taxi slowly out of the parking pan and along the taxi track which was edged with blue and green lights. I noticed an East African Airways V.C.10, parked, with great arc lights showing up little figures in oil-stained overalls working on the wings. At length we turned

onto an empty runway with white lights showing its path in the darkness. My watch said it was 11.34 p.m.

The sound of the engines straining at full power was the sign that we were about to go. The brakes were released and, with a sudden surge of power and the noise of rubber tyres gripping the tarmac, we sped down the runway. The nose lifted, we were about to become airborne but . . . there was a sudden crack. A woman screamed. What was it? Confused thoughts flew around in my head. All of a sudden the mighty roar of reverse thrust made the cabin vibrate as the nose wheel fell back to the ground. The cabin curtains were blowing about and I wondered where the wind was coming from.

The captain came down to see us. He explained that a window had cracked and blown in. He had a small graze below his left eye. He returned coolly and calmly to his cockpit. The Comet now turned off the runway and a hostess explained that we should have to change planes. She told us not to worry. I looked round at the rest of the passengers. Some were calm; others were as white as a sheet.

The captain now returned to tell us, as we taxied back, that the window had cracked because it had been heated too quickly after the 'plane had come in from Athens an hour or so before. The cold air made a crack in the glass when the aircraft was being serviced and then it had widened when the window was heated prior to its next flight—our flight. He said that if this had happened when we were at a great height we should have been killed or, at the very least, our eardrums would have burst.

I looked at my watch. 11.43 p.m. The space of nine minutes had seemed like hours.

S. R. THOMSON

COKETHORPE PARK MENAGERIE

IT STARTED IN THE Easter term of 1968 when Alan Greenhalgh captured a wild leveret in the grounds of Cokethorpe. He began looking for a home for it, as it was too young to fend for itself. First it went into a canvas bag in the cupboard of dormitory 3, and was fed on bread and milk kindly donated by the kitchen staff. His health improved slowly, and soon a new home was necessary. Simon Lane, Timothy Greg, Charles Allen and Nicholas Cooper had

the idea of converting the old greenhouse in the market garden into a private zoo. The young hare now had a home and the idea of having animals at Cokethorpe had been sparked off.

The conversion was a hard and strenuous job. It took over a week to complete and included knocking down walls and shifting earth, as well as patching the roof and making the place waterproof; but at last the greenhouse was ready for the upkeep and care of animal life.

So in the summer term of 1968 we all brought back guinea pigs as we had decided that they were easy to keep and were the best animals to start off with. Later on in the term we bought some rabbits but unfortunately they all died of myxomatosis, which is a fatal disease to all rabbits, except cotton-tails, tame or wild; however, this gave us experience with rabbits and we have learnt by our mistakes.

In the Christmas term, we took over a second old greenhouse, for Timothy Greg had brought back some rock doves, which soon settled down and are now a familiar sight around the park.

During the next term we had a couple of newcomers, two hens. Improvisation started yet again and a pen was built in an old cold-frame after we had removed the rubbish and nettles and had knocked in posts to support wire netting. The hens were soon living in their new home and succeeded in laying their first eggs three weeks later. Egg production had been steadily increasing when we decided on purchasing a new breed of fowl, a pair of Bantams, a cockerel and a hen. The cockerel unfortunately died a week later after a desperate fight with a cock pheasant and we had to buy another one.

Throughout our occupation of the market garden we have had surprisingly little interference from the school authorities; indeed there are usually nods of approval when the Headmaster comes on his tour of inspection. Although we now experiment with keeping many other animals, guinea pigs (or cavies, as they should be called) are still our most common pets. They are sturdy little creatures and they even faced up bravely to a rat who managed to invade their homes. Most of them also survived a disease, which before being brought under control, nevertheless claimed many victims. But our interests are not confined solely to

SCHOOL XV AND RESERVES



Hancocks, Longinotto, Adeniyi-Jones I, Lauder, Kaye, O'Reilly, Harris, Siu, Kitchie
Mitchell, MacMillan-Scott, Kitchin, Hilder, Scully, Carrington
Carragher, Kyaruzi, S. Sawyer, Tonkin



Colts' Rugby



Pets' Corner

the tame pets that we keep. We are all keenly interested in Cokethorpe wild life which can be studied so easily in the surrounding area.

C. R. ALLEN
A. GREENHALGH

A NIGHT ON THE TOWN

HALF WAY THROUGH THE autumn term six of the probable first eleven for the coming cricket season were invited to see some films of the last Australian and West Indian Tours shown by Witney Town Cricket Club.

The weather that evening proved to be a great contrast to what we hoped the summer would bring. The words 'we hoped' I use with some feeling when I think of the 'Cokethorpe shivers'. Indeed, at the time of the show some three or four inches of snow lay on the ground and the building in which they were to be shown lay in complete darkness—the lights had fused. We waited in the entrance for a short while and finally Mr. Green said we could go for a stroll and come back in about twenty minutes' time. The problem was where to go—all six of us had an excellent idea—but the repercussions of being caught in the 'Rowing Machine' or a similar establishment made us hesitate. The obvious happened; we stood there and argued till it was time to go, and ended up with cold wet feet.

We returned to the hall to find that the fused lights had been mended and that the films would soon be under way. They were good, I thought. The majestic powers of Sobers and other stars were well shown and the West Indian crowd invariably became excited—with smiles from ear to ear, and numerous demonstrations of their appreciation could be seen. I could not help thinking how very different Cokethorpe cricket was from this. Perhaps the XI might do more to pull the crowds in. We could well do with hearing 'Well clubbed, Dot' more frequently.

In the interval between the two films coffee was served and as Rothmans helped to sponsor the show one of their representatives offered cigarettes all round. Despite protests and curses under our breath all six of us politely refused—the Cokethorpe image was kept up, we hope! A raffle was also to be held and all of us bought some tickets for the draw which would be made after the last film.

This second film was similar to the first but it dealt with

other cricket highlights of last summer. John Arlott was the commentator with that rustic country voice of his. He described the Australian tour with its successes and failures and, as one always expects of John Arlott, a type of sentimental atmosphere came with the film. There were scenes of Lords in winter with the wind blowing odd pieces of paper around—I suppose this appeals to some, however. The films were enjoyable and it was unfortunate that the one about the Gillette Cup could not be shown.

The proceedings were brought to an end when the draw for the raffle took place. It seemed at first as though we were all going to be unlucky, but suddenly our luck changed. Peter Scully won a bottle of wine and I won some cups—a good combination as no one can deny! Mention must also be made of Mr. Green's success of winning a saucepan!

Mr. de Weymarn very kindly offered to take the prizes back to school, but strangely enough only the cups found their way to his car! Finally after a slightly circuitous journey to the Globe Taxi Office we were soon speeding back to school.

By now, however, winter with its snow has gone. We have only to fear the rain. The nets are up, the square is cut and the new cricket season will soon be well under way.

M. HANCOCKS

TRUMPETS OF JUDGEMENT

Under the elms, across the park,
And down the path, Catrina walks;
Remembering the goldfish light
Which fled between the lily stalks.
And where the beeches tender shade,
Catrina, pausing, marks the creak
Of proud perambulators on
The smoothness of the gravel's cheek.
Candid throned on bobbing barge,
Remembered monarch of the leas,
Nymphaea Alba, cupped in sleep,
Extending silence on the breeze.
Politely pick, politely pock.
Crinkled sun on cricket white.
In shade with beer, spectators sprawl.
Pock polite, and pick polite.

Amaryllis Belladonna,
Lady lately lightly by
The water loved, remembered, waits;
Her naked neck against the sky.

Slightly smiles the pastor tanned.
On bench, head back, newspaper furled,
Eyes shut, sun-rapt; his fancies limn
The ways of flesh within the world.

Catrina watches from a bank
Seagulls resting on the Thames.
And moves through corridors of pearl,
Past ocean ladies' diadems—

Now shelved upon the beaten sand—
To caverns, spined with crystallized rock,
And waiting there, attends the step
Of herders driving ocean flock.

Two o'clock. Up the path
She hastens, past the tulip tree,
Her thoughts towards the evening light,
And lemon for the Lapsang tea.

W. I. HOWBERT

PLASTIC POEM I

[Readers of last year's *Peacock* will remember Concrete Poem. We print overleaf a more light-hearted creation.

Plastic poetry, like concrete poetry, appeals to the eye, but this is where the similarity ends. This form of poetry is written to be read, digested, then disposed of. The content may be regurgitated by the memory, or only one particle may stick.

The name 'plastic' stems from two ideas; firstly the word is of the modern idiom, as is the poetry. Secondly, as may be noticed, the four sides of the square, in this case, bear little relation to one another (admittedly the vertical sections are opposite geometrically and in meaning) and this is where the structure comes in. The poetry molecule is held together by one bond, namely, 'plastic' or the modern society. The central polyvinyl chloride design just enhances this bonding property and is not usually part of the poem.]

All pleasure, then, tends ultimately to the reproduction of pleasure. H is the minimum quantity of potential pleasure needed to perpetuate mammal life. But the amount of potential pleasure offered to mammal life (and above all to human life) exceeds quantity H. This margin of pleasure which is not necessary for the cyclical continuation of life is a kind of gratuity of the cosmos. We may therefore distinguish between pleasure of the Hedonisphere (which is required to make up quantity H), and pleasure of the Hyperhedonisphere (which surpasses quantity H).

Considering living matter as a whole, we can discern two different processes. The purpose of the first is to perpetuate life; and that of the second is to develop it. The first is cyclical, the second linear. The first purpose displays the uncompromising singlemindedness of living matter bent on self-continuation. The second accommodates nature's experiments, freaks, prodigies, and sports: time's artifice.

I would suggest that these two purposes of nature are analogous to the two realms of hedonic activity (the Hedonisphere and the Hyperhedonisphere). One is parsimonious, the other extravagant. The first insures biological stasis; while the second, not as closely bound to necessity, gives scope for the creation of possibilities.

In short, the linear evolution of life is the result of a realm of energy which we may denominate The Uncalled For.

And cream, ladies and gentlemen, is pre-eminently uncalled for.

Queenly cream. Monarch of milk.

Gradually, throughout the day, clouds piled high, in the thin air above Loveland, mountain pass through the Rockies. In the evening, covering up their silent massy grey with other darker vaster greys, they foreclosed the day in blackness. Crack! above the granite, and down it came in fury. Sheetlightning lit the cañon walls; and southwards along the Rockies moved the storm. Down gullies flash-floods rushed, routing the dusty tumbleweed.

The rain came. Beaver crouched within his hut of twigs. Breath drawn in, wide-eyed, the bobcat pressed its skin against the mountain's flank. Chipmunk whimpered underneath the straw, disconsolate, unheard. The rain came: hurling the scrub-oak trees into sudden panic; whipping through the needles of the pine; gutting the kingdom of the

cactus. The drought was ended, drowned in riot of the rain.

The next morning was calm and hot, the Monument River swollen. Now the meads of goodman Sinton bordered on this tumid watercourse. Along osmotic corridors her liquid majesty was quietly conducted; decorously she took her seat in an ample pavilion of grass haulms. The adipose kine of Sinton bore her highness up, bore her highness in, carried her highness down. Enpapped, she sat, waiting. Then down, splashed. And, after, slowly, with dignity of pomp and process, she mounted to her throne above the milk. Thence was borne by early carriers to doorsteps of the town.

And so it was that Sallyblonde Crumpacker, lovely spinster of El Paso, holding an oval spoon of fine old London silver in her hand, now, on this sunny Saturday morning, offered to the cherished cat perched upon her shoulder, thick Sinton cream, queen of milk.

Old is Roland. Morning man, marl turner Roland is. Grower of strawberries for aged employers.

Weekly wages from Mr. and Mrs. Crumpacker feed Roland food other than strawberries. But certain—not required by the household pantry—are Roland's tacit perquisite as fruit artist of kitchen garden Crumpacker. He takes the surplus home in summer, to: Daniel is his son, his spouse is Posey.

Than Roland's never kerned finer form of berry flesh. Early mulched in months of thinness, then drawn up from the dust by means of water. These were the fruits of Roland: in bigness like the lips of Shulamite reflected in jars of marriage wine, in body-curve and softness like the cheeks of open beech husks.

'Taint strictly a barry. See, boy, those ain't fruits—I mean in the same way that a napple fur rexample is a fruit. See, it's a sorda Growing Out of the stem;—a kindalika Fattenin' of the stem. And the seeds're bare—open, not tucked away. And, so, boy, 'fyou compare the seed-size of a strawberry withanyotherkinda fruit, you'll see that the strawberry is a giant 'mong the fruits. 'Cause those ain't strictly seeds in the strawberry:—I mean, they're called Achenes, boy. See, and each one of them has tiny little seeds 'bout the size of dust-specks b'tween your toes there, sonny.'

So spake husband Roland concerning moteseeds. Master Crumpacker, heir of that house, and brother of blonde Sally of the same, stood still, attending to wise explainings, how this prodigious fruit subtly seeds.

By the berry patch curved the stream of Monument, fat now with cloudbreaking. Northwards of the cream pasture, berries drink. Water, also, moulded, forms the berries.

'And down we came again, continuing; down again in evening over Loveland.'

—'I from further east had joined your massing, born of heat wave on the Platte, swept up over the Divide.'

'From the prairies—providers of expanses, builders of the seed-wind, realm of rodent—I, amongst the whirlwind, and the rough-stalked grasses, had quickly come.'

—'I had up from the—then curved down splashed. I had come from Manitou, provider of mineral water, erst abode of hunting gods, place of watching.'

From the turbulence above the Pass of Loveland, the cloudburst had tended slowly southwards above the high heaps of mountain granite (once a virile stone, now ancient and decomposing), seizing the sun with black hands of water, flinging rainfall to untie the knots of drought, and, as it swept above the dustgripped pathways and bitter asphalt, it had spent itself in frenzy, leading floods down from Kenosha, leaving water in Breckenridge, Fairplay, Leadville, Hartsel, Elbert Mount, Mount Harvard, Buena Vista, Cripple Creek, Pike's Peak, Pueblo, Walsenburg, and the Sangre de Cristo chain. Then, passing on, it had dissipated itself in the dryness of New Mexico.

'But we downward to, we hard against, we downward flung on crags of Cheyenne, rushed across, down towards, emptying in Monument.'

And the river kept its customary course, bound by flood-walls. And the river gave its water to the berry patch; and plumped the creatures wooed by Roland's earth-art.

Daniel, son of Roland, likes jalopies; has recently constructed one: polished car of chrome and green. Sally, brother of Master Crumpacker, loves Daniel. Daniel drives Sally in jalopy, especially to the mountains on Sundays. And there they picnic, eating cream with strawberries when in season.

Cripple Creek, a town thrown onto the map by the Gold

Rush, is now surrounded by abandoned mine shafts, heads of oreless, broken rock, and thin aspen trees. In the mountains, high above and beyond El Paso, it has known the spasm of settlement, and has now returned again to silence and leaf-clatter.

Cream: the way water flows through a cow. Strawberry: the way water flows through genus *Fragaria*. Cream and Strawberries: the way time flows through desire in summer by the gold mines among the aspen trees.

When evening moves across the Rockies, a jalopy winds, zig-zagging, eastwards, downwards, towards El Paso.

W. I. HOWBERT

PRIZES

(presented by the Chaplain-General to the Forces,
Archdeacon J. R. Youens)

The Headmaster's Prize		Cullen
A Level	English	Blandford
"	History	Howbert
"	Geography	Bowen-Jones
"	Biology	Frost
"	Chemistry	Biggar
"	Zoology	Scase
"	Physics	Scase
Sixth Form	English	Cullen
" "	Maths	Hung
" "	Chemistry	Sewell
" "	Physics	Wong
" "	Biology	Davis, M.
" "	History	Cullen
" "	Geography	Sargeantson
" "	French	Dobbs
O Level	English Language	Hitchcock
"	English Literature	Blagden
"	French	Behn
"	History	Wada, M.
"	British Constitution	Dower
"	Geography	Goss
"	Mathematics	Leung
"	Science	Leung
"	Art	MacMillan-Scott

Fifth Form	English Language	Pearson
" "	English Literature	Hancocks
" "	History	Carrington
" "	Geography	Hucklesby
" "	British Constitution	Kitchin
" "	French	Pearson
" "	Physics	Kyaruzi
" "	Chemistry	Hucklesby
" "	Biology	Kyaruzi
" "	Mathematics	Sawyer, D.
4A Form	Form Prize	Tonkin
4B "	" "	Harris, R. J. O.
3A "	" "	Fagg
3B "	" "	Camilleri

RUGBY FOOTBALL 1968—1969

INTER-HOUSE RUGBY CHAMPIONS

Swift

Swift *v.* Queen Anne

Harcourt *v.* Queen Anne

Swift *v.* Harcourt

KICKING COMPETITION WINNERS

Swift

INTER-HOUSE SEVENS COMPETITION

not held owing to 'flu epidemic

FIRST XV REPORT

THE FULL OPERATION OF the kicking law made the game appreciably faster, and it was soon realised that positive rugby was essential. The prime object is to score more points than the opposition. This clearly indicated that the emphasis upon the basics was even more pronounced. The team tried to live up to these requirements, and acquitted itself honourably, even if the reading of the summary does not appear so bright.

The School XV started the season under the captaincy of the sole returning colour, M. A. D. Kitchin. It was a very young XV with many members lacking in experience; some graduating upwards from the Colts XV, and Adeniyi-Jones I

being thrust immediately into his first season of English Schools rugby. Morale did at times wax and wane, as there were insufficient 'old heads' to control the situation. However team spirit was engendered as the season progressed and enthusiasm was maintained throughout despite the disruptions caused by injury.

The biggest problem lay at full-back, who, in the modern game, must adopt an attacking role as well as being the last line of defence. Various players bravely tried to fill the position, although no one took to it naturally. In the Spring Term the displays of O'Reilly, introduced from the Colts XV, were promising, and it is hoped that this augurs well for future seasons. The half-back positions also gave some cause for concern because of injuries, and a number of partnerships were tried. Mitchell, at scrum-half, put in considerable effort and he was notably prominent in defence. The strength of the side was undoubtedly in the pace of the three-quarter line, and this was amply illustrated by the 13 tries touched-down by Kyaruzi. He generally finished off the movements, and the other backs involved included Wynter, Carraher, and Siu. The pack tried hard, and the industrious front five gradually developed into a unit, and often held their own against bigger opponents. The back-row was particularly active, and continually harassed, even though they were somewhat lightweight. Players who represented the XV in the pack included Carrington, Hilderley, Kaye, Longinotto, Adeniyi-Jones I, Hancocks, Lauder, Hilder, Harris and MacMillan-Scott. There were also competent displays from Tonkin and later Sawyer II in the middle of the front row.

Many individual and team weaknesses were evident during the season, arising from a failure with fundamentals, and insufficient flexibility in the game against opponents. The three-quarters had speed but displayed uncertainty, as stray passes and handling errors broke down many opportunities. Also there was a failure to read and capitalise on the half-break, and thus penetration was incomplete. This inability to 'think rugby' quickly and naturally gave the opposing defence time to cover. This was also evident in the backing-up of the ball, which was orthodox and slow, with the result that the forward momentum was checked, and possession of 'good ball' was not obtained. The pack, often lacking in 'inches and pounds', did not have sufficient

robustness and 'devil' and did not show enough purpose and cohesive action when supposed to look for the ball in the mauls and rucks. General covering, and especially tackling, was weak and hesitant, letting in many tries, to the detriment of the score-line, and sometimes at the cost of the match.

There was an inability to raise the game against opponents, although some teams always seem to bring the best out of the School XV. This fault, at least in part, is due to the small numbers of the squad and the lack of sufficient match practice at school by the team against strong opposition. The loss of players such as Ritchie and MacMillan-Scott through illness further complicated the situation. The newcomers played commendably but the necessary adjustments in position took time to settle and unity of purpose suffered because of the unbalance thus created. In this light it must be noted that Kitchin moved from the three-quarters into the back-row to add power to the loose play of the pack; and Scully moved to become a more permanent fly-half.

The highlights of the season included the try by Adeniyi-Jones on his debut, the try by Mitchell after his charging down of a kick, and the cross-kick by Carraher which led to Kyaruzi's try that gave the School victory over the Old Boys. Many individuals improved over the season, and of these Carrington emerged as a competent place-kicker. Also Kitchin, Mitchell and Hilderley appeared at the Oxfordshire Under 19 Group Trials, which Kyaruzi missed through injury.

The 'Sevens' were badly hit by the 'flu epidemic, which as well as cancelling the internal Sevens also caused the withdrawal of both School teams from the Oxfordshire Sevens. The cancellation of the Peers School, Littlemore, Sevens meant that the School was restricted to the one competition held earlier at Burford. At this competition the Under 19 group was represented by Kitchin, Mitchell, Longinotto, Adeniyi-Jones I, Hilder, Siu, and Kyaruzi. Heavy weather was made at the start, but eventually the team ran out clear winners over Burford 'B' team, but then lost in the semi-final to a more organised and disciplined Thame VII. The Under 16 side had no opportunity to show its potential. It is to be hoped that the teams will be more fortunate next season.

BURFORD SEVENS

v. Burford B. Won 14—0

v. Thame. Lost 0—16

Scorers: Kyaruzi (2 tries), Longinotto (1 try), Adeniyi-Jones (1 try), Kitchin (1 con.).

The First XV obtained enjoyment from their game this season, but in preparation for next season, when it is hoped that a number of the established members will return to form a hard core, the old adage must be adhered to from the beginning:

'If a game is worth playing it is worth playing well, and if it is worth playing well, it is worth playing better.'

FIRST XV SUMMARY

Played 13. Won 4. Lost 9. Points: For 101, Against 263

<i>Opponents</i>		<i>Ground</i>		<i>Result</i>
Lord Williams's G.S., Thame	...	Home	Lost	6—42
Peers School, Littlemore	...	Home	Lost	3—8
Rendcomb College	...	Home	Won	13—6
Oratory School 3rd XV	...	Away	Lost	14—17
Abingdon School 3rd XV	...	Home	Won	12—0
Old Boys	...	Home	Won	3—0
Worcester College 2nd XV	...	Away	Lost	10—46
Burford G.S.	...	Home	Lost	13—38
Bicester School	...	Away	Lost	0—21
Redrice School	...	Away	Lost	5—33
Magdalen College School 3rd XV	...	Away	Won	19—9
Lord Williams's G.S., Thame	...	Away	Lost	3—22
Redrice School	...	Home	Lost	0—12

Scorers: Kyaruzi 39 points (13 tries), Kitchin 34 points (8 tries, 5 cons.), Carrington 10 points (5 cons.), Adeniyi-Jones I 6 points (2 tries), Harris 3 points (1 try), Mitchell 3 points (1 try), Hilder 3 points (1 try), Wynter 3 points (1 try).

100 per cent appearance: Adeniyi-Jones I, Carrington, Hilder, Kyaruzi, Longinotto, Scully, Siu.

Colours

Full Colours re-awarded to: Kitchin.

Full Colours awarded to: Adeniyi-Jones I, Hilderley, Hilder, Kyaruzi, Mitchell, Wynter.

Half Colours awarded to: Carragher, Carrington, Harris, Longinotto, MacMillan-Scott, Scully and Siu.

COLTS XV 1968-69

Record:

Played 9, Won 3, Drawn 1, Lost 5; Points: For 108, Against 117

ALTHOUGH, AS AN ENGLISHMAN, I find it difficult to say, I feel that few would disagree that Wales had virtually won the International Championship before even taking the field at Cardiff on 12 April. The method by which they ripped the English apart must surely be a lesson to any schoolboy side, of the value of hard, dedicated pre-match team practice. It is in this respect, to acquire a willingness to better themselves as a unit rather than as a set of individuals, that the Colts XV has to improve if it wishes to win more matches. Time and again, points were thrown away for reasons (such as simple passing and covering) which should have been learnt and overcome in practice, and at least three matches could have been won if this had been accomplished.

Nevertheless, this cannot detract from the vast improvement that the whole team made as the season progressed. Despite handicaps through injuries and the First XV requirements (we never had our strongest team out; only 5 boys played in all 9 matches and we had 4 different stand-off halves), we managed to score many more points than last year and to win one more match. The 2 matches of the Easter term revealed the team's true potential. Much praise must go to all the forwards who became more and more a force to be reckoned with, often defeating convincingly packs far heavier than themselves and generally dictating the terms of play in this department. Berry's fire, if a little over zealous at times, had much to do with this, but it would be unfair to single out other individuals, as the whole group including reserves put everything they had into matches. We did however regret the much deserved promotion of Kaye and Sawyer to the First XV.

The backs really suffered from too many enforced changes which prevented any real understanding developing, but apart from Partlett on the wing who scored 7 tries and improved enormously as time went on, they lacked the speed and incisiveness to score tries and in the early matches weak tackling and falling cost us many points. Nevertheless Edwards, Murray, Loraine-Smith and Butcher all improved and with more practice, dedication and experience could do quite well in the future.

The team was ably led by Kelsey despite difficult personal injury problems, and in general enjoyed its rugby even in defeat. With many of the present XV possibly being available, perhaps next year we can capitalise on the experiences of this season, and with added confidence, really show other schools, often larger than ourselves, that we do mean business.

v. Lord Williams's, Thame	Home	Lost	0—24
v. Peers School, Littlemore	...	Home	Lost	3—33
v. Rendcombe	Home	Won	14— 6
v. Abingdon	Home	Lost	6— 9
v. Burford	Home	Lost	3—17
v. Magdalen College School	...	Home	Draw	6— 6
v. Redrice	Away	Won	3—34
v. Lord Williams's, Thame	...	Away	Lost	19— 5
v. Redrice	Home	Won	37— 0

Those who played: Kelsey, Berry, Stoma, Partlett, Edwards, Parsons, Adeniyi-Jones II, O'Reilly, Morley-John, Sawyer II, Kaye, Loraine-Smith I, Gregory, Fagg, Butcher, Murray, de Pass, Wada, Duggan, Tonkin, Lawrence, Lewis, Haydon.

UNDER 15 SEVENS AT BURFORD

Record: Played 3, Won 1, Lost 2; Points: For 22, Against 23

UNDER THE SPIRITED LEADERSHIP of Sawyer II, the Seven really practised hard to achieve results and in the three matches played, did really well and were desperately unlucky not to win more. In the face of larger opposition, two fatal mistakes, largely through inexperience, cost us the first match, and a dropped pass stopped an equalising try in the last. Nevertheless, the team played with great credit, and in the second match achieved their just reward.

The Seven Squad: Sawyer II, O'Reilly, Partlett, Loraine-Smith, Gregory, Fagg, Dugan; plus Butcher and Stoma as reserves.

RESULTS

v. Burford II	Lost	5—10
v. Burford III	...	Won	12— 0
v. Cirencester	...	Lost	5—13

COKETHORPE CRICKET CLUB REPORT 1968

Captain: N. Sewell *Vice-Captain and Secretary:* A. Forbes

IN PREVIOUS YEARS this report has often opened with a paragraph devoted to the prevailing damp conditions at the beginning of the Summer Term. 'Grey weeping skies' greeted us in 1965; tribute was paid to the 'iron men of Cokethorpe' in 1966 and a barbaric misquotation 'pendant mai le déluge' launched the 1967 report. However, in 1968 it was made abundantly clear to us why May Day is the international rescue call usually associated in the popular press with death by drowning. Never has so much fallen on so many for so long.

It was especially unfortunate for the XI that so much time was spent watching the rain at the start of the season. Net practice is vital even for an experienced team if success is to be achieved on the field and with an average age of barely sixteen, last year's XI needed as much preparation as possible before encountering much older opposition. Unlike season 1967, however, most of the older players were batsmen and our chief problem lay not so much in making runs as in taking wickets. This problem was in no way eased when Lauder, an opening bowler, broke an ankle early in the season. Although others tried to fill the gap it was not until late in the season when Morrison and Hilderley came into their own that the XI had anything approaching an effective attack.

Both of the XI's matches in May were lost. The first game against Shiplake began well with the capture of two early wickets, but the 'break-through' proved to be illusory, and for the next two hours the XI chased with no reward. Harris batted quite well at the start of the XI's innings and after his dismissal Kitchin and Forbes took the score to 80 before Kitchin was out going for a big hit; when Forbes was out a few minutes later the tail capitulated. Against Magdalen College School XXII, our score had reached 52 for 2 before a sudden collapse accounted for the next 7 wickets while only 4 runs were scored. This left the XI all out 62, despite a sound and patient innings from Wise, and Magdalen scored the runs for the loss of only five wickets. In this innings, Kitchin bowled really well for the first and unfortunately last time during the season taking 4 for 17 in a really hostile spell of opening bowling, and Ritchie in the

gully took the best catch that I can remember seeing at Cokethorpe.

With the advent of June both the weather and the cricket improved. The game against Abingdon proved to be one of the most exciting contests seen at Cokethorpe for many seasons. For the XI Morrison bowled well and his final figures of 20-5-5-50 could have been more dramatic if the close fielding had been sharper. Set 145 to win, the XI made a frightful start, losing Harris, Hancocks and Sewell for only 3 runs. Forbes was then joined by Kitchin and these two, by stout and resolute blows, took the score to 60 before Forbes was trapped in mid-air, but plumb in front. Dobbs, who had come ashore for the afternoon, manfully struggled to fill the void left by the Vice-Captain, and Kitchin continued to thrash the bowling gleefully. These two put on 32 in 18 minutes before Dobbs was bowled and replaced by Lauder, who in turn shared in a stand of 39 with Kitchin. It was of course too good to last, and after batting for 68 minutes, Kitchin was finally out for 74, leaving the field looking like the mirror image of the setting sun. To cries of 'well clubbed, Dot' the match was finally won when Ritchie, entering into the spirit of things, swung a straight ball over square-leg into the trees by the drive.

After a break for 'O' and 'A' levels, the XI continued to play entertaining cricket. Against Burford the XI collapsed from 50 for 2 (Harris 32) to 78 all out. Penetrative bowling by Hidderley (4-27) and Morrison (3-4) had Burford struggling at 71-9, when stumps were drawn. The XI were beaten by P. J. Green's XI by 30 runs, after removing the visitors for 89 and at one time being on 47 with only 3 wickets down in reply. Against Bicester, however, the batsmen prospered with Harris scoring 75 not out, Forbes 24 and Wise 22, in a total of 152-3 declared. In this innings Harris played really well after a lucky escape when he was badly dropped while still in single figures, and Hidderley (7-47) and Morrison (3-47) finished off the job after the declaration. The season ended with the XI beating the Old Boys by 7 wickets thanks to steady bowling by Morrison (5-32) and Hidderley (4-31), sound batting by Forbes (20) and Wise (31 not out) and the sportsmanship of the Old Boys, who fielded for most of the last hour in steady rain.

Throughout the season the XI played positive cricket. Generally the early order batsmen, Harris, Wise, Kitchin

and Forbes, laid a firm foundation upon which a string of big scores could have been built by more experienced middle-order batsmen. The bowling of Morrison and Hidderley was steady and nagging and Kitchin delivered his own brand of thunderbolts from time to time. Ritchie looked impressive and could take wickets in 1969. Above all, the standard of fielding was high compared to previous years and great praise should go to Forbes, who lead the team for most of the season and radiated enthusiasm and determination, both on the field and off.

Finally our thanks must go to the Bursar for all his hard work on the grounds, much of which is taken for granted by too many cricketers, but without which our enjoyment of the game would be considerably reduced.

GENERAL SUMMARY OF MATCHES PLAYED

XI. Won 3, Drawn 1, Lost 4, Cancelled 2

Thurs. 9th May *v.* Shiplake 1st XI (away). Shiplake 146-2 dec. XI 90 (Harris 23, Forbes 23, Kitchin 20).

Wed. 22nd May *v.* Magdalen C.S. XXII (away). XI 62 (Wise 23). Magdalen 64-5 (Kitchin 4-17).

Sat. 25th May *v.* Lord Williams's G.S., Thame (away). Cancelled owing to rain.

Wed. 5th June *v.* Abingdon Colts (home). Abingdon 144-9 dec. (Morrison 5-50). XI 148-8 (Kitchin 74).

Sat. 22nd June *v.* Oratory 'A' XI (home). Cancelled owing to rain.

Sat. 29th June *v.* Burford 1st XI (away). XI 78 (Harris 32). Burford 71-9 (Hidderley 4-27, Morrison 3-4).

Sun. 30th June *v.* P. J. Green's XI (home). P.J.G.'s XI 89 (Hidderley 4-29, Morrison 3-7). XI 59.

Wed. 3rd July *v.* Bicester 1st XI (home). XI 152-3 dec. (Harris 75,* Forbes 24, Wise 22). Bicester 135 (Hidderley 7-47, Morrison 3-47).

Sat. 6th July *v.* St. Edward's 3rd XI (home). XI 77. St. Edward's 79-4.

Sun. 7th July *v.* Old Boys (home). Old Boys 69 (Morrison 5-32, Hidderley 4-31). XI 71-3 (Wise 31,* Forbes 20).

XI AVERAGES

Batting (Qualifications 5 innings)

	<i>Inns.</i>	<i>N.O.</i>	<i>H.S.</i>	<i>Runs</i>	<i>Av.</i>
Harris ...	8	1	75*	145	20.71
Kitchin ...	8	2	74	118	19.67
Wise ...	6	1	31*	97	19.40
Forbes ...	8	0	24	102	12.75

Bowling (Qualification 5 wickets)

	Overs	Maidens	Wkts.	Runs	Av.
Hidderley ...	61.1	16	21	168	8.00
Morrison ...	72.4	25	21	199	9.48
Kitchin ...	36	9	8	121	15.12

COLOURS

XI	XXII
N. E. H. Sewell	N. D. T. Lauder
A. I. C. Forbes	A. H. May
M. A. D. Kitchin	
G. N. Wise	
R. J. O. Harris	
R. D. Morrison	
R. F. Hidderley	

CRICKET CUPS

All-rounders' Cup	A. I. C. Forbes
Fielding Cup	M. A. D. Kitchin
Inter-House Cricket Cup	Queen Anne

HOUSE MATCHES

The House Cricket Competition was easily won by Queen Anne, who had seven members of the XI, with Harcourt second and Swift third. Several boys played well at one time or another, but the best innings was probably played by Dobbs, a full-time rower. However Queen Anne had a monopoly of front-line bowlers and this helped to bring about their success.

SCORES:

1st Match: Harcourt 114 (Dobbs 63, Kitchin 6-25, Lane 3-36). Swift 23 (Sewell 4-8).

2nd Match: Swift 36 (Harris 3-0, Forbes 3-2, Morrison 3-11). Queen Anne 37-3 (Hidderley 20*).

3rd Match: Queen Anne 100 (Forbes 39, Lauder 24, Haines 3-6). Harcourt 39 (Hidderley 5-5, Morrison 3-17).

GENERAL SUMMARY OF UNDER 15 MATCHES

Thurs. 9 May *v.* Shiplake (away). Cancelled.

Sat. 11th May *v.* Burford (away). Cancelled.

Wed. 22nd May *v.* Magdalen (home). Magdalen 170-3 dec. U 15 18.

Sat. 25th May *v.* Lord Williams's G.S. (home). Cancelled.

Wed. 19th June *v.* Abingdon U 14 (away). Abingdon 147-9 dec. (Haines 6-44). U 14 106 (Wada 21).

Sat. 22nd June *v.* Oratory (home). Cancelled.

Wed. 3rd July *v.* Bicester (home). U 15 61 (Sayer 25). Bicester 63-5.

The Under 15 team had a very disappointing season with the weather once again proving to be the chief culprit. Four out of seven matches had to be cancelled because of rain or waterlogged grounds. Haines improved as a bowler and Wada and Sayer both played well on occasion. The team was quite well led by Wilsdon who matured considerably as a cricketer.

BOAT CLUB

'A' LEVELS KEPT THE four experienced oarsmen off the river and the Club had to build crews from scratch and eventually the following regatta crews emerged :

	'B'	'C'	'E' (Junior Colts)
Bow	Harris	Sawyer I	Sargeantson III
1	Longinotto	Maybank	Scotchmer
3	Carrington	Wilson	Stuart
Str.	Lewis	Morley-John	Fagg
Cox.	Parsons	MacGinty	Cooper

Behn and Sewell also rowed as replacements and 'B' Crew cox, Parsons frequently 'doubled' as 2 in 'C' Crew.

Regattas at Worcester, Hereford and Reading provided good experience on which to build in 1969.

The end of Summer Term 1968 floods caused considerable damage to Boat Club property and particularly to the landing stage, and the epidemic at the end of Easter Term 1969 put paid to any pretensions the Club may have had to extend the season.

ATHLETICS 1968

THE SEASON'S ACTIVITIES were severely limited, as all inter-school events were cancelled for various reasons, not least by the inclement nature of the weather. The depth of talent in the School was therefore never fully tapped and tested, and few boys were really given the opportunity to display their prowess in track and field events. However, in spite of these restrictions a number of very old School records (1961 for instance) were broken, and the School had one representative, namely Kyaruzi, at the All England Schools Athletics Championships, held at Portsmouth.

Seven competitors were entered for a number of events at the Oxfordshire A.A.A. Championships and acquitted themselves very well—Kyaruzi, Dobbs, Wise, Carraher, Siu, Harris W., and Frith. Pride of place must undoubtedly go to Kyaruzi and Dobbs, who were respectively first and

second in the 220 yards final for Junior Men. Later, both represented Oxford City A.C. in two matches against Leiden, a visiting Dutch club.

At the Mid-Oxon Area Sports the School obtained a measure of success in the victories of the following:

100 Yards Senior	Kyaruzi
220 Yards Senior	Dobbs
Long Jump Senior	Dobbs
100 Yards Intermediate	Kitchin

In the Senior 220 yards final Dobbs reversed his previous position with Kyaruzi and broke the relatively new School record by .4 sec., with a time of 23.3 sec. There were other good performances, notably that of Siu who was third in the Intermediate 880 yards in 2 min. 16.4 sec. (a personal best). As a result of their achievements Kitchin and Hiddleley represented the Area at the Schools County Championships, while Siu, and Loraine-Smith I attended as reserves.

At Portsmouth, Kyazuri came through the heats in the same heat as Cheetham, the eventual winner, but was eliminated in the semi-finals, finding a pulled hamstring too great a burden.

Sports Day on the last day of term saw Harcourt retain the Athletics Cup. But it is felt that the efforts of Queen Anne Juniors deserve equal credit. Kyaruzi kept up his run of assaults on the Senior 100 yards record which he had progressively improved over the season, to set up a School record of 10.2 sec. The other record to be made that day was the Junior 440 yards by Lewis (QA) in 58.4 sec. to break the long established 1961 record of McGeagh.

The new records of the season are:

100 Yards Senior	Kyaruzi	10.2 sec.
220 Yards Senior	Dobbs	23.3 sec.
Long Jump Senior	Dobbs	20 ft. 4 in.
440 Yards Junior	Lewis	58.4 sec.

Here is the list of winners for School Sports Day:

100 Yards Senior	Kyaruzi (H)	10.2 sec. (S.R.)
100 Yards Junior	Carraher (QA)	10.9 sec.
220 Yards Senior	Dobbs (H)	25.5 sec.
220 Yards Junior	Carraher (QA)	26 sec.
440 Yards Senior	Dobbs (H)	55.8 sec.
440 Yards Junior	Lewis (QA)	58.4 sec. (S.R.)
880 Yards Senior	Siu (H)	2 min. 22 sec.
880 Yards Junior	Kaye (H)	2 min. 28.7 sec.

Mile (Open)	Siu (H)	5 min. 26.1 sec.
Medley Relay	Harcourt House	4 min. 8.5 sec.
Senior 4 × 110 Yards Relay	Harcourt House	50 sec.
Junior 4 × 110 Yards Relay	Queen Anne House	56.6 sec.
Discus Senior	Addison (S)	107 ft. 4 in.
Discus Junior	Brooks II (QA)	79 ft. 1 in.
Javelin Senior	Harris I (QA)	118 ft. 2 in.
Javelin Junior	Ritchie (H)	102 ft. 1 in.
Weight Senior	Addison (S)	34 ft. 11½ in.
Weight Junior	Ackland (QA)	25 ft. 3 in.
High Jump Senior	Hilder (S)	4 ft. 10 in.
High Jump Junior	Ackland (QA)	4 ft. 3 in.
Long Jump Senior	Dobbs (H)	19 ft. 11¼ in.
Long Jump Junior	Lewis (QA)	16 ft. 2 in.

Full School Colours in Athletics were awarded to Dobbs and Kyaruzi.

Harcourt again won the Standards, but generally the average fell from that of previous years. It is hoped that conditions in the future will be more favourable for a greater number of boys to represent the School.

CROSS-COUNTRY REPORT

THE SPRING TERM SAW the Cross-Country Club reinstated as a major force in Cokethorpe's games. The response by its members was commendable to say the least. We had two Senior Eight-a-side races and one Junior one. Although we lost them all fairly convincingly we went down very bravely indeed. The first Senior and Junior matches were three-cornered affairs against Kingham Hill and Oxford City. We were very unfit compared with the other teams but Hilder (4th) and Smith (10th) in the Seniors and Murray (13th) and Mellaart (15th) put up fine, gallant performances, Hilder's in particular being a gem. Tonkin, Kaye, Williams, Morley-John, Sargeantson I and Hitchcock were the other Senior representatives, while the other Juniors were Loraine-Smith I, Partlet, Brooks, Savage, Sargeantson II and Yates. The next Senior match against Magdalen at home was rudely interfered with by the claims of other games but we put up a creditable performance and Smith (3rd) and Hitchcock (4th) in particular considerably dented Magdalen's pride by their most praiseworthy efforts. The other

representatives were Kaye, Tonkin, Murray, Williams, Morley-John and Sargeantson I. The next feature was the School Cross-Country, which was for the umpteenth time in succession won by Swift, who had eight of their runners in the first fifteen. Unfortunately a very untimely 'bug' cut down the number of competitors to a bare 50, but the best runners, except in one or two sad cases, were not seriously affected. Smith (Swift) won it for the second year in the time of 28 min. 13.5 sec., but not until he had shaken off the brave efforts of Carrington (Swift). The first Harcourt and Queen Anne boys home were Siu (3rd) and Hitchcock (4th). Tonkin (Swift, 5th) and Kaye (Harcourt, 6th) also ran very creditably. One pleasing note was that 9 Juniors (i.e. 3rd or 4th Formers) were in the top 20, a sign, no doubt, of things to come.

I SHALL NEVER FORGET THAT RUN . . .

I BELIEVE IT WAS on the preceding Tuesday that I discovered the date of the School Cross-Country. It was ten past nine and, as usual, Mr. Davies strode in for another geography lesson.

'Please, sir', enquired some hopeful (!) person, 'when's the School Cross-Country?'

'Friday.'

The reply was accompanied by the characteristic broad grin.

'Friday?'

The hysterical cry was bellowed out, and that person buried himself in his geography books.

That Friday, most of us were in a state of desperation and feverish excitement. At one forty-five the Harcourt House runners assembled in Room One to be briefed by our House Captain. After a few words of advice and encouragement we left the classroom and dispersed.

At two-forty I was sitting, changed, on the wall next to the back gate when I was called up, with the other fifty-odd runners, to the starting line. My eyes shifted from Kitchin's running vest to the solid wall of runners now in front of me. We were to run once around the cricket square to start the race off.

'On your marks—set—'

The whistle trilled once, sharply and clearly, and a struggling crowd of boys moved forward. Seconds from the start, Savage, having been accidentally tripped, fell and injured both of his knees, an incident which may have adversely affected his position in the race.

About two hundred yards ahead of me, round the first bend, I noticed Jones, of Harcourt, storming into the lead. But Jones, who is really a sprinter, faded after completing his circuit of the cricket square.

I turned up the path leading from the right of the starting point and, as I did so, I felt a sharp pain below my ribs on the left hand side. Oh no! not a stitch already! I thought, That's not the way to begin a race! I don't remember when the pain left me, but it did, sometime. I do remember overtaking some Swift House runners as I ran along the first tarmac road, and then the pain returned. It must have left me but I remember how I noticed that my side ached along Piggeries Lane. I pressed on and entered the School grounds just ahead of some Queen Anne runner who was beginning to get on my nerves. He had followed me incessantly for half a mile and I was tired of him. He had kept just behind me all along Piggeries Lane and across the treacherous 'bog-field' and I had been unable to shake him off. I cannot remember when he overtook me, but when he did, I promptly forgot about his existence.

All consciousness seemed to have left me as I started across a ploughed field. My constant footfalls seemed to shake everything I was thinking out of me. I just ran, and ran, and kept running. I have vague memories of vaulting over a pair of stiles, but otherwise all I remember—indeed, all that there was to remember—is a constant slog across vast, never-ending fields, fields with dried mud at each footfall, with small, hardly perceptible bumps in the ground, ready to betray me and trip me over.

I recall how my heart seemed to fail me as I crossed the fences leading from one field to another. At each hedge or barbed wire fence I expected these barren wastelands to lead off onto the main road. But alas, it was not so; after three fields I had almost begun to despair. Was I on the right way? If not, where on earth was I going? Was this confounded run getting me anywhere? The pain in my side plagued me all across these meadows, and I felt unable to run another foot when I reached the Ford.

I had heard a good deal about this ford over the River Windrush—in fact, I had actually seen it, although I had not recognised it. It was about ten feet across and did not seem very deep, although the mud at the bottom looked menacing. I waded across in an orthodox manner and scrambled up the other side. The ford itself had been most refreshing on this very warm afternoon, but, as I stumbled along the main road, my legs seemed to have turned to lead.

Ahead of me, I noticed Lawrence, of Swift, moving off into the School through the front gate. He was past the drive by the time I reached the entrance. About forty yards up the drive I turned round to see Duggan, a Harcourt fourth-former racing up behind me.

I tried, heaven knows I tried, but I just could not flog my muscles any more. Mile upon mile of continuous running in the same monotonous fashion had prevented them from producing that final spurt. I felt a sharp pang of disappointment as Duggan rushed past me, just fifty yards from the end. There was no need to hurry now.

I crossed the finishing line amid handclaps and congratulations. With a feeling of heaviness, I slumped forward and collapsed. I lay still and recovered my breath and fed air into my tortured lungs.

I was still there when Lam failed to catch Sawyer, of Swift, at the end and when poor old Yates failed to hold off a Queen Anne runner's last attack. I clapped in consolation as a dormitory mate crossed the line last of all. He beamed cheerfully, and sat down, quite contented.

I got up and made my way back to the changing rooms. Suddenly, I felt quite ill, but happy. Twenty-fifth had been a good enough position for me and I felt a sudden sense of elation.

I shall never forget that run. . . .

C. FREDDI

COKETHORPE PARK RIFLE CLUB

AT THE END OF last summer we were sorry to lose Mr. Stead and Mr. Heron who had helped us so much. Their places have been taken by Mr. Thomson whom we welcome.

This year has been a mixed one for the Club. Both the Junior and Senior teams have not done as well as in the previous year. However, there have been some particularly good performances by the Captain, J. C. Hucklesby, and by

T. H. Ward and M. C. Steel. Others who have represented the Club include: Ackland, Kelsey, Sawyer I, Adeniyi-Jones II, Lauder, Tonkin, Hancocks, Morley-John, and Wells.

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the Buckland Rifle Club, even though in a match against their Juniors, we lost by a wide margin. The return match on our own range was more successful and we only lost by a small amount. T. H. Ward was our top scorer with a 98.

The under 15s had a postal competition against our old rivals, Allhallows, and only narrowly lost.

The range, once drab and gloomy, has blossomed forth this year, and now boasts most colours of the rainbow.

This summer we have been fortunate in having Mr. Garner, Secretary of the Witney Rifle Club, to come once a week to help in coaching boys.

On 1st October this year, the Club will celebrate its tenth birthday.

JUDO

1968 WAS A VERY good year and the Club was represented in the British School Judo Championship at Crystal Palace by Sewell (Under 18), Morley-John and Steel (Under 16) and Hazeldine (Under 14). In the Oxon-Beds County Individual Championships, Morley-John came second in the Under 16 section and Carraher was selected as a team member in the Under 16 County Team Trial.

The Club won all matches against Witney Grammar School (2) and Burford School (1).

1969 has seen a small increase in Club members and already Carraher has been selected as a member of the County Team for the British Schools Judo Championships at Crystal Palace and Williams has been selected as reserve.

The results of the House Judo Competition 1969 were:

Queen Anne	...	7
Swift	5
Harcourt	...	1

Mr. Chambers is still coming to teach his vigorous and enthusiastic technique and he has taken a party to Faringdon to see Mr. Otarnhi, Black Belt, 7th dan.

The epidemic at the end of the Easter Term seriously interfered with the Club's plans and lost valuable time.

BASKETBALL

ONE MATCH WAS PLAYED this season, away to Kingham Hill School. Our hosts won 56—10, but the result is not the all-important factor. The Club is making a revival, and it is hoped that with leadership from the senior boys—notably Adeniyi-Jones I and Siu, the enthusiasm of the juniors will be integrated into an efficient squad. It is hoped that more fixtures can be arranged next year to give the Club the desired incentive.

HARCOURT HOUSE REPORT

(Head of House—J. R. A. MacMillan-Scott)

AGAIN THE HOUSE HAS lost a very popular Housemaster, Mr. Stead, who left last summer, but Mr. Clayton has most ably taken over the reins and has enthusiastically encouraged us in all our activities—academic and athletic. Mr. Davies, as House-tutor is invaluable, especially so far as games are concerned.

Unfortunately the House has not been quite as successful as last year on the sports field although we did win the House Athletics Cup, a triumph for us and one hard fought for. Many people deserve credit for their outstanding performances. Leading the list is Dobbs. He won the Individual Standards award.

Again, as last year, many of the bastions of the rugby team had left, but we have had one or two very useful new arrivals, most notably the Adeniyi-Jones brothers who have ardently fought for the House. This year House Rugby Colours went to Kaye and Adeniyi-Jones I.

Running Colours were re-awarded to Siu and Kaye for their gallant efforts in the cross-country.

Now we will come to the more scholarly aspect of our activities. The 'A' level results were exceptionally good, Cullen passing English and History with 'A' grades and a Grade I in Scholarship History. Sewell now has three 'A' levels to his credit, including a Grade A in Chemistry. Both he and Cullen have gone on to their university—Sewell to London and Cullen to Durham. Sargeantson I got two 'A' levels, one of them a Grade A in English. Davis also got an 'A' level. We hear with pleasure that Blandford who left us in 1967 will begin to read Law at Jesus College, Oxford,

later this year. The 'O' level results were rather mixed. Hucklesby and Hancocks have done particularly well, each now having passed in eight subjects, while Kyaruzi has seven. Of the leavers Horsfield passed seven 'O' levels and Crombie six.

QUEEN ANNE HOUSE REPORT

(Head of House—C. Farah)

ALTHOUGH WE WON ONLY two events, Cricket and Judo, we did considerably better than last year. The old fire and spirit seems to be coming back and in about two years we could easily be the most powerful House on the games field. We easily won the Cricket Trophy and House Colours were re-awarded to Forbes and awarded to Harris, Morrison I, Hidderley and Lauder for their valiant efforts. We did far better in rugby this year and were very unlucky to lose both our matches by narrow margins. However, Lauder and Hidderley had their House Colours re-awarded and Scully, Hitchcock, Hazeldene, Carraher and Harris had theirs awarded. Last year we had no members of the House in the first ten of the School Cross-country. This year we had three. The Judo team kept the Queen Anne flag flying by winning the Trophy with plenty to spare. Carraher, Ackland and Lewis received their House Colours for their gallant efforts in athletics.

On the academic side we heartily congratulate Howbert for obtaining a Grade A and a Scholarship Grade I in Scripture 'A' level to add to his tremendous successes of last year. He has now obtained a place at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, the first Cokethorpe boy to reach that ancient seat of learning. We also congratulate Willsdon, last year's Head of House, for his 'A' level pass in Geography. We were sorry to see him go as we were Harris I, who left with six 'O' levels, Forbes, Dunsterville, both of whom left with five, Hidderley, Pudney and Morrison I. On the sporting side Forbes, Hidderley and Morrison I will be especially missed and the once-familiar sight of the rotund Forbes dominating cricket and rugby pitches will, sadly, be absent. His departure has in more ways than one caused a large hole in Queen Anne. We wish the leavers the best of luck in their future lives.

DEAN SWIFT HOUSE REPORT

(Head of House—M. Kitchin)

ONCE AGAIN SWIFT has had a successful year both on the games field and at the desk. During the Christmas Term we won the Rugby Competition for the fourth year in succession. Both our matches were played extremely hard. Although tempers came near to fraying sometimes, the team combined well with the determination to succeed. Colours were re-awarded to Kitchin, Hilder and Mitchell, and awarded to Carrington, Longinotto and Berry.

We also managed to win the Inter-House Kicking Competition. Another event which we won was the Cross-Country race. Here eight of our members were placed in the first fifteen to arrive. Special mention must be made of Smith who came in first (as he did last year) and of Carrington who was next in, only five seconds behind. They were re-awarded their Colours.

The House has had pleasing academic successes, too. Among the leavers Addison passed two 'A' levels. Wong left with four 'A' levels, two of which were at Grade A, together with a Grade I in Scholarship Chemistry. He secured a place at London University. Hung now has a place at the University of Wisconsin, U.S.A. 'O' level results were perhaps less rewarding than in previous years. However, among the leavers Goss gained five 'O' levels, and May, McGill and Thorne got four each.

In the last *Peacock* we mentioned how sorry we were that Mr. Mathias Williams had left us. It should now be said how glad we are to welcome, as our new House-tutor, Mr. Green who will be a great asset to the House, not least perhaps during the cricket season.

There is comment elsewhere in *The Peacock* about the news of the death of Nigel Thorne. He was a loyal member of the House and we would like to add our own word to say how saddened we were to hear of what had happened.

CHAPLAIN'S NOTES

AT THE TIME OF writing these notes we are looking forward to a Confirmation by the Bishop of Dorchester on Saturday, 7th June. Last Summer Term the School attended Evensong at Langford, when the preacher was the Very Reverend R. L. P. Milburn, Dean of Worcester. Fr. Whistler, C.R.,

stayed for some days during the Lent Term and was available to everyone, and Fr. Murphy has paid similar visits for the benefit of the Catholic boys. We wish to thank the Vicar of Ducklington for help with the services, and we must also thank Captain Davis and Miss Hailey for their accompaniment to the singing, as well as Tonkin, Morley-John and Kaye for looking after the church, and for preparing the Corinthian Room for services.

THEATRE REPORT

THE FIRST PLAY we saw this year was the Oxford Playhouse's production of 'The Tempest'. We were pitched into another world, one of dreams and timelessness. 'The Tempest' can only be showered with compliments. Heaven was only once destroyed by the appearance of Norman Vaughan as Trinculo in a multi-coloured placky suit (American influence again?). One remembers Prospero beautifully mature, Miranda saintly and fresh, but Caliban—ugh! Ariel's very texture was enchanting: mysterious, musical, and unearthly.

'The Merry Wives of Windsor' exploded onto the Stratford stage in all comedy's splendour. Plump Brewster Mason as Falstaff would have made Shakespeare laugh. The R.S.C. disproved the heresy that Shakespeare's comedies are dated.

Orthodox and extremely ordinary was the production of 'Julius Caesar' at Stratford. It was unimaginative, even tedious, but just right for the hordes of ordinary level students. Later on in the year a second batch of our own candidates was packed off to London to see the same production at the Aldwych.

Dorset in June is a fair sight, but the Thomas Hardy Festival's production of 'The Return of the Native' (a stage version of his first tragic novel) was a sloppy affair and ill-acted. Scenes changed literally by the minute and all I can truly remember is a selection of Hardy's rustics in the audience saying 'Ow loffy; ain't she pretty? What a noice play!': if 'The Wind in the Willows' had been put on instead of this shamefully badly dramatised version of the novel, most of the audience from surrounding Dorset would not have known, yet would have still loved it. 'The Return of the Native' was just not written to be staged, and the Festival very effectively proved this.

With 'Much Ado about Nothing' the R.S.C. strove for and reached perfection. I can remember no fault: Janet Suzman's hoarse poetic voice hypnotised us even with Shakespeare's difficult line 'Kill Claudio!' The Company again showed the sceptics that Shakespeare's comedy is as effective as it was four centuries ago.

Jonson's 'Silent Woman' quivered with a twentieth-century freedom. I imagine readers of the *Sunday Telegraph* would not have been amused, but the play threw aside all middle-class inhibitions. The Oxford Playhouse chose this play for one of its periodical one-day courses for theatre-goers. The lectures and the play itself were interesting, yet of no unusual worth.

'Faustus', probably Stratford's most publicised production this year (unfortunately, for the wrong reasons), did not come up to our expectations. Eric Porter's Faustus and Terrence Hardiman's Mephistopheles were joint suns in a dull galaxy which twinkled only intermittently with clever costumery (or lack of it, in the case of the notorious naked Helen).

'King Lear' was the more successful of the two tragedies presented by the R.S.C. This horrific play is one that can hardly be faced without the feeling that man is in a state of complete decay: Shakespeare's overall view of human life has a toughness and actuality that makes pessimism look like sentimentality. Eric Porter did his best to portray a man who has lost his reason (which alone distinguishes man from base beasts). He made us feel that Lear was doomed from the very first scene when Cordelia has nothing to say to his question 'Which of you shall we say doth love me most?'

The joint Oxbridge production of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' was one of the most praiseworthy productions of the last year. The students, guided by a professional director, displayed their talents unrestrainedly. Diana Quick's interpretation of 'Helena in love with Demetrius' as a dumb blonde was superb.

'Troilus and Cressida' was magnificently staged as all Stratford productions are. It was distinctly modern in tone and none could miss the note of cynical disillusion in this play which showed all heroes to be knaves and all women to be false.

The Sixth Form saw a production of 'The Winter's Tale'

at the Cheltenham Playhouse which was over-orthodox and 'nice'.

Finally, Stratford's first production of their '69 season 'Pericles', a play of Shakespeare's final phase, explores the field of Romance. The production, by Terry Hands, showed us that Shakespeare's romances enshrine some of his finest work. 'Pericles', despite the weakness of its plot, was a brilliant success; the use of music to create violent beauty was fully explored, and I only hope their next production ('The Winter's Tale') will reach such universal heights of perfection. We shall be there to see.

CHRISTOPHER FARAH

CAMERA CLUB

THE CAMERA CLUB has continued to flourish since the last report, present membership numbering 24. Attendance at lectures and demonstrations has been excellent and interest keen.

By now practically the whole of theory has been covered, including colour processing. Only the lack of apparatus (on the score of expense) prevents actual colour printing being done. The dark room is in continual use, but, being a bit flimsy in construction, is always in a certain amount of trouble with light leaks. It must be the mice!

There is now a School Photo Album, available to all who wish to have a look—or who will contribute pictures suitable for insertion. This term Mrs. Butcher kindly gave us a nice set of colour pictures of School scenes.

For next term we are promised a tour of the colour printing works of S. H. Shayler, Ltd., of Carterton, and, as 'photo' weather arrives, we hope to arrange many other expeditions. We would like to see more of our members acquire cameras—the better the camera the better we shall be pleased. Black and white film and print processing is readily available to all members now.

MUSIC

SINCE OUR LAST REPORT Music at the School has undergone quite a noticeable change. The most noteworthy development has been the emergence of a School Band. This is a wind band as, unfortunately, string players are not

available. But all of a sudden this Wind Band has really 'got off the ground'—with some loud (and not unpleasant) noises. At the moment it has no less than 15 members who are keen, to a man, in attending the twice-weekly practices. A public concert is not yet on the agenda—but it is not far off.

Another welcome development is that the majority of boys in the School have suddenly discovered that singing can be fun—the Tuesday evening session is very well attended, and interest and enthusiasm is marked. The way it works at the moment is that Form 3 are the trebles, Form 4 the altos, Form 5 the tenors, and the seniors are mainly basses with a 'please yourself' sort of arrangement. But true part-singing is in sight. Anyway, for these Tuesday after-supper sessions great credit is due to all boys, as it is also to Miss Gillian Haley, our accompanist.

Musical Theory is proving difficult to get really founded. It is in existence and proceeding—but somewhat slowly. The ultimate aim is a good 'O' level class, but it will be some time yet before one can be formed.

The dozen piano pupils under Mrs. Dorothy White are making good progress. It is unfortunate that she has to leave us, and we wish her all success and happiness. At the same time we welcome Mr. George Worley, F.R.C.O., as our visiting Pianoforte Tutor.

COKETHORPE SCHOOL AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY

THE LATEST PLAY CHOSEN by the Cokethorpe School Amateur Dramatic Society was Ian Hay's 'The Sport of Kings'.

As an amateur in the theatrical world myself, I always think it is very brave of companies to perform a comedy as, odd as it may seem, it is much easier for amateurs to perform a 'drama'.

Therefore, I give full marks to the Cokethorpe Company for their splendid rendering of 'The Sport of Kings'. No doubt the subject matter must have given incentive to two of the chief actors, Algeron Spriggs (J. MacMillan-Scott) and Sir Reginald Toothill, Bart. (M. Bean), as probably this is the sort of life they would like to lead anyway, but nevertheless this does not detract from their performance!



Judo



J. Hitchcock comes 4th in the Cross-Country



'Racing Car'—M. H. Stoma

Special praise must go to Amos Purdie, J.P. (M. Kitchin) for his acting and also for managing to look so very middle-aged and portly, and of course to Bates (M. Tonkin), very subtle and rather nasty as he was meant to be. My special appreciation, however, goes to those performers who took the female parts. In a girls' school, I am sure, everyone must be clamouring to play the male parts, but the reverse is probably true in a school for young men. I much enjoyed the acting of D. Brooks, who took two female parts most adequately, and the entire kitchen staff were excellent, really alarming and most belligerent at the end. C. Webb as Katie Purdie was very convincing too, while S. Sawyer, S. Griffiths, A. Pearson and P. Smith gave lively interpretations of their respective roles.

Miss Carol Warren, the Headmaster's Secretary, rose nobly to the occasion to replace, at twenty-four hours' notice, J. Sayer, who had the great bad luck to be laid low with 'flu at the crucial moment.

But I reserve my final and highest praise for Mrs. Purdie (J. Duggan). Poor downtrodden Mrs. Purdie—how well he performed this difficult part—always a mere cypher and terrified of her 'Lord and Master', yet continually trying to do the 'right thing' for him—a quite excellent portrayal.

The producer must have worked extremely hard in training such an excellent cast. My congratulations to him and to all who worked 'behind the scenes'—unsung and not always much rewarded—but without whom the play would literally never go on.

CHARACTERS

(in order of their appearance)

Algernon Sprigge	J. MacMillan-Scott
Sir Reginald Toothill, Bart.	M. Bean
A Barmaid	D. Brooks
A Newsboy	S. Griffiths
Dulcie Primrose	J. Sayer
Mrs. Purdie	J. Duggan
Amos Purdie, J.P.	M. Kitchin
Bates	M. Tonkin
Joe Purdie	S. Sawyer
Katie Purdie	C. Webb
Lizzie	M. Kelsey
Jane	N. Butcher

Cook	D. Brooks
Albert	S. Griffiths
Panama Peter	A. Pearson
Police Sergeant	P. Smith

The Play produced by R. V. Lyle

DOREEN HIPKIN

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

THIS IS THE SECOND year of the Society's existence and it has greatly strengthened itself by attracting thirty-three members. Study groups have been formed of three or four members to make small group studies of various problems and techniques such as dissections, local bird distribution, microscopy and Bonsai miniaturing of trees, etc.

The Society has become affiliated to the National Association of Schools Natural History Societies and a party of eighteen will visit Leeds at the end of term to take part in a study of the area organised by the National Association. This will include visits to Leeds University, nature reserves, the local zoos, the Dales, etc., and the party will stay two nights in a hostel, seeing several rare films and meeting school-children with similar interests from all over the country.

The Society made successful visits to Whipsnade and Bristol Zoos and survived in spite of one fairly large member's bite from a tiny duck and another's lubrication by a spitting panther.

FILMS 1968-69

WE HAD A VERY varied programme this season. The films were screened every other Sunday evening of the Autumn and Spring Terms, and the atmosphere generated in the dining-room was vastly different from that normally experienced at meal-times.

It began with a bang, for which we patiently waited throughout the performance of 'Dr. Strangelove, or, How I learned to stop worrying and love the bomb'. Peter Sellers jumped in and out of numerous roles and eventually landed on the bomb at the end of the film!

There were a number of highly adventurous 'Silver Screen' productions for our entertainment, many with notable actors and actresses. They varied greatly in content,

from 'One Million Years B.C.' which speaks for itself, through 'Lord Jim', 'The Guns of Navarone', 'She', and 'The Professionals', to the too-good-to-be-true life of the criminal in the farce called 'Dead Heat on a Merry-go-round'.

One moment that stands out vividly is the leading out in mid-performance of one hapless boy when the sight of Miss Raquel Welch proved too much for him in 'One Million Years B.C.' He blamed it all on a sudden attack of asthma.

Some of the films were more sophisticated in subject matter, such as the counter-espionage in 'The Spy Who Came in from the Cold', the study of the penal system of the Deep South of the U.S.A. in 'Cool Hand Luke', and intrigue in the Pentagon in 'Seven Days in May'. These may have been too highbrow for some.

There were also two complete comedies, one 'The Wrong Box', related to the last survivors in a 'Tontine', and the other 'Walk, Don't Run', using the Tokyo Olympics as its back-cloth.

The trials and tribulations of the projectionists are many especially with an old and temperamental projector. However difficulties were overcome as they arose, and worry was minimised by the entertainment provided. It is difficult to please all tastes and interests but this programme went a long way in an attempt to do so.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

THIS YEAR HAS PROVED for the Debating Society to have been one of much success. We feel sure that the new, and much appreciated gift of the Cullen prize, has brought with it new interest to the Society. This prize has been presented to the School by Mr. Cullen, father of last year's head boy, who himself was a debator of some distinction. The prize is for books of the winner's own choice, to the value of three guineas.

It was encouraging to see this year that not only did the attendance at debates rise, but also that the number of speakers from the floor has increased. Cokethorpe has seen five debates this year, the first of which was held in October. The motion before the House was '. . . that the first duty of a student is to study'. Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. Tonkin spoke for the motion while Mr. McMillan-Scott and Mr. Bean proved to be most capable opposers. It is comforting

to record that the proposers won the support of the hard-working students of Cokethorpe by 18 votes to 8.

'Power is Freedom!' So claimed Mr. Kyaruzi and Mr. Wada in our second debate of the year. Mr. Tonkin and Mr. Hancocks disagreed. After a very closely fought debate the motion was lost by 19 votes to 14. Towards the end of the Christmas Term the controversial matter of whether 'U.F.O.s prove the presence of life on other planets' filled the hushed Corinthian Room. Mr. Kyaruzi and Mr. Acton spoke for the motion while Mr. Hancocks and Mr. Harris opposed it. To the proposer's relief the motion was carried by 18 votes to 14. Probably one of the best debates of the year took place in February when Mr. Hancocks and Mr. Duggan attempted to show that 'Britain is going to the dogs', while Mr. Tonkin and Mr. Hickcock, the opposers, laid the Union Jack on their table in open defiance. Mr. Duggan, a new and welcome member to the House, spoke eloquently and persuasively for the motion. But even this was not enough to haul down the Union Jack. Mr. Tonkin and Mr. Hitchcock gave patriotic speeches, so that Britain, after heavy criticism, came out victorious by 13 votes to 3.

Owing to illness last term the last debate of the year, a balloon debate, did not take place until the Summer Term. It did so in the face of unusual competition. We are not used to glimpsing white-clad figures playing tennis just outside the window. It was on the performance of the speakers at this debate that the Cullen Prize was to be awarded. Of the original six speakers Mr. Wada and Mr. Duggan unfortunately had to withdraw because of illness. The four who did speak were Mr. Hancocks who represented Mr. John Ono Lennon, M.B.E., Mr. Kitchin who spoke on behalf of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, Mr. Tonkin who spoke on behalf of President Nixon and Mr. MacMillan-Scott who spoke for himself. Mr. Lennon had little to offer and was soon clinging on for dear life after a severe buffeting from his critics. Mr. Kitchin gave a most patriotic speech, but failed to convince the House of the over-riding necessity of the Queen. Mr. Tonkin tried his utmost to drive his points home, even if the floor disliked Americans. Mr. MacMillan-Scott spoke very well and tried hard to make bricks without straw. The voting showed how convincing a case he presented for he topped the poll, as far as the audience was concerned, by six clear votes.

It was now for the judge, Mr. Gordon Dennis, to announce the name of the winner of the Cullen Prize. He paid tribute to the elegance and charm of Mr. MacMillan-Scott's speech, but declared Mr. Tonkin the winner largely on account of the thoughtful way in which his rather weightier material was handled.

So Mr. Tonkin is the first recipient of the Cullen Prize and the first of what we hope will be a long line of equally worthy debaters.

LIBRARY NOTES

AS USUAL WE CAN report that a pleasing number of new books has been added to the Library this year, a few more shelves having been squeezed in to house them.

There is undoubtedly more reading being done. Our turnover is increasing and this is good news, although how thorough is the attention which is being given to these books cannot be judged. We can comfort ourselves with the reminder that Bacon wrote that some books 'are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested'. Certainly we can provide books that fall into each of these categories.

We are grateful to a number of kind people for their gifts to the Library; we should especially like to thank Dr. Goss for some most handsome books as well as Captain Davis for a particularly fine Encyclopaedia of Photography, in two volumes.

Farah, after sterling service, has now been succeeded as Library Prefect by Pearson, who with his team of assistants (Scotchmer, Duggan, Cooper, Camilleri, Raynes and Yates) has done notable service. They deserve the thanks of us all.

ART NOTES

UNDER MR. AUDSLEY'S TUITION, there have been five 'O' level passes in Art over the past year. Since the moving of the Art Room from Room 8 to Room 7 to make way for a new Geography Room, there has been more space to put up pictures at the back, and the windows are often decorated with sheets of lino-prints, some of which look slightly mysterious in their subjects. There has been quite a selection of pictures on display; there were some depicting futuristic spacecraft, pop-groups and dancing, which seems to be the accepted mode these days, and of course, battles,

an inevitable subject in the junior forms. This year, these were mostly between Roman and Greek soldiers; one of these was done in coloured ink markers and was effective and detailed. The use of colour is quite notable in most of the work; sometimes it is quite loud. There has also been an increase in the amount of still life drawing, and this may well have improved 'O' level performances. The senior artists have been producing good work, and indeed several of last year's 'O' level candidates have stayed on to come each week, while some other seniors also have joined up recently.

Let us hope that this coming summer will be as successful as the last.

CHESS CLUB

THE CHESS CLUB started up again this year, meeting on a Thursday afternoon. Membership rose in the spring to 25, but naturally dropped slightly in the summer with outdoor clubs being so much more attractive. A chess ladder was started and P. Lewis went straight to the top and has remained there against all opposition. C. Freddi, a new member in the Spring Term, rose to second place by the end of the same term. Quite a number of new younger players have joined our ranks and shown some keenness for the game. Different in conception, but equally demanding in skills, is the ancient Eastern game of 'Go', which has been popular among some of the players.

THE COKETHORPE SOCIETY

IN THE LAST YEAR or so, there has been a definite increase in the interest shown in 'The Cokethorpe Society', so much so, that the Annual General Meeting this year was, in effect, held in two parts with a break in the middle for dinner. Numbers are increasing, but not nearly fast enough, and we now have a really good nucleus of hard core Old Cokethorpians who are quite keen to get things moving. A committee was formed, consisting of a good cross-section of members, to meet and organise the various functions, but, as usual, getting such a committee to meet is not at all easy. However, a short meeting will be held at the cricket match to get the thing on its feet.

Several ideas were suggested at the Annual General Meeting such as optional dress and printed invitation cards

for the Annual Dinner, but these were shelved for the present as it was the general feeling of the meeting that such things should be left for a few more years.

It is fairly obvious, even to me, that there is a great need for, say, a twice-yearly news-letter and a yearly circulation of current addresses, and come what may, this should be implemented in the next few months. Two things hamper this: firstly, your secretary, as you have probably noticed, finds it difficult enough to cover the bare essentials of organising three main events and writing one report, owing to an increasing pressure of trying to run a business, and secondly when people move they just don't bother to let me know, and letters get returned from the Post Office, and I lose touch with people altogether.

Tony Baker is doing a grand job as Treasurer. As many of you already know he is getting married this summer, and I am sure we all join in wishing him and Mandy every happiness for the future.

The sporting image of the Old Boys took something of a hammering last year, as we were beaten at both rugger and cricket by the School. The rugger match was a very close run thing, finally ending in a 3—0 win to the School. The cricket, however, was a little more one-sided and the School beat us fairly and squarely by seven wickets. I hasten to add that these results in no way reflect on our captains, who in fact did very good jobs under quite difficult circumstances.

The news I have received this year about the Old Boys in general has not been as extensive as usual, but that which I have I now pass on.

Andrew Webb, who got married last year is now in Zambia working as a plant manager to a firm of manufacturers' representatives.

Clive Willsdon is at the moment in Germany with the R.A.F. and Nigel Willsdon is now in London.

Anthony Bigger is still at University of Guelph, Ontario, Canada.

Tony Vernon-Smith continues to enjoy life in Ireland, working for Blackwood Hodger.

Bruce Lovegrove has now left the Merchant Navy and is in the middle of a college course.

Peter Barrett-Terry is again back in the U.K. after his stay in the U.S.A. but I have heard nothing from him since his return.

Gerald Gold, having been working on the South African stock exchange for a year, is now in Western Australia.

Edward Edgell is farming in earnest.

Martin Edwards was married last year and Dale LeVack was his best man. Dale was married in 1967 with Martin as best man and now has a daughter.

Simon Henderson is still studying at Newcastle University.

John Locke is progressing with an estate agent.

Please, please keep sending me these bits of information, for without them we cannot keep our records up to date.

I shall look forward to seeing you all at the various meetings in the coming year, and let's hope it will be the best year we have ever had.

It is, again, with deep regret that I have to tell you all that both Martin Brown and Nigel Thorne were killed in motor car accidents in the last year.

V. J. WILLIAMS

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