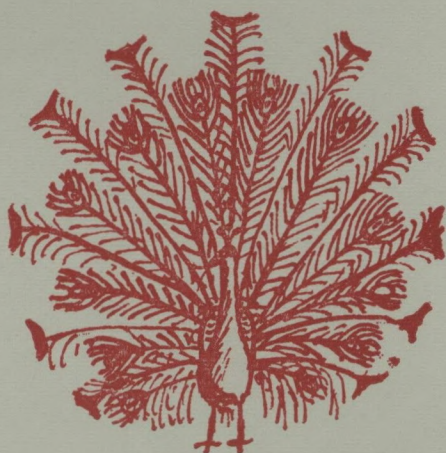


THE PEACOCK



1976

P.M.S.A. HEADMASTER
1960-1976

SOUVENIR NUMBER



THE HEADMASTER

THE PEACOCK

No. 15

Summer 1976

Head of School

G. A. Manley

School Prefects

D. L. de Souza

P. G. Vaughan-Fowler

M. B. Gleeson

S. C. Phillipson

Heads of Houses

Harcourt G. A. Manley

Queen Anne D. L. de Souza

Dean Swift J. H. M. Pool

School Officers

Captain of Rugby Football G. A. Manley

Vice-Captain of Rugby Football P. G. Vaughan-Fowler

Secretary of Rugby Football M. I. Scott

Captain of Boats P. G. Vaughan-Fowler

Vice-Captain and Secretary of Boats P. J. Crewe

Captain of Cricket M. B. Gleeson

Secretary of Cricket R. J. McKenzie

Captain of Football G. A. Manley

Vice-Captain of Football R. J. McKenzie

Master of Canoes D. L. de Souza

Captain of Judo P. C. Dawe

Head Librarian P. C. Moores

Captain of Athletics J. Vaughan-Fowler

THESE FEW LINES give me an opportunity—my only public opportunity apart from Speech Day—of expressing my deep gratitude to those who have borne with me during my years at Cokethorpe. First, to the masters, and amongst these most of all to Ronald Lyle, the Second Master, who joined only two terms after I did. To him and all the masters I owe more than I can say. To the Bursar, too, whose support has been invaluable; to Matrons, Sister, Caterer and indeed to all the Staff, each of whom contributes, in his or her characteristic way, to the happiness and well-being of us all. And I owe a special debt to Mrs. Webb, Queen of Secretaries, for all her untiring work for me and the School, especially in this my final year.

In this last year there has been an outstanding Head of the School in Gerard Manley, leader of an unusually competent and mature body of prefects. To him, to them and all the boys I offer my heartfelt thanks for their loyalty, good-humour and forbearance.

Throughout these 17 years there have been parents who have also become friends, some of them close friends. A visitor, viewing the assembled company at a recent Speech Day, exclaimed, 'What a nice-looking set of people!' Not only nice-looking, but deeply nice. I salute all you parents, past and present, in grateful and warm remembrance.

A crowning happiness at the moment of retirement (by no means given to everyone) is to be entirely confident in the qualities of one's successor. John Trevis has already attracted the affection and respect of those who have met him, and I have no doubt whatever that the School will prosper and flourish under his care.

P.M.S.A.

From P.M.S.A.'s Son

It was a marvellous home and a great retreat for many more years than we actually lived there. I am very conscious that it had much to do with the sort of person I appear to be turning out to be. The beauty and isolation, the long hours outside—the wide lawns, The Druces, George and James—those were formative influences of a wonderful strength, and though I scarcely live up to them, great privileges; a taste for peace, not as a commonly desired thing but as a true and vibrant experience, is one of the gifts which 'Cokers' made me.

M.J.S.A.,
Now in the Foreign and
Commonwealth Office.

From SARAH, his daughter

I bought some daffodils the other day. The smell immediately took me back to Cokethorpe. They grew thickly in the orchard in those days and my brother and I would be frequently despatched up there to pick enormous bunches for visitors and parents. That daffodil-smelling orchard was

also a good place for 'lying up' with books. On the last day of the holidays Mark and I had a never-changing ritual. We got up at dawn and made a tour of the policies, starting with the kitchen garden, on through the old sunken forgotten garden to the orchard, up past Mr. James' hut where there would be the tails of rats and weasels nailed to the wall; through Boys' wood, across Mr. Smart's field and into the park again, where we would sign our names in the Church Visitors' Book for the millionth time—either as Allens or film stars, and back home across P. Green's cricket pitch for breakfast.

The ritual on the first day of the holidays was slightly different. This entailed making a thorough search of each boy's desk for forgotten sweets. We did this regularly after the boys had gone, for I had once found half a bar of Cadbury's milk chocolate. Unfortunately, we never again had any luck save for a boring boiled sweet or two.

We had acres to play in. George Balmer, Mr. James, Cyril, Mr. Hill, Wally Jackson, Ena, Jenny and Sheila, Mrs. Cypher, Mildred and Margaret—an endless succession of names to annoy and to talk to by the hour; generations of boys to giggle with; make illicit visits to the forbidden off-licence in Hardwick with; and write letters to from school—several remaining firm friends to this day. I think now of my own children leading such different lives as town children—what a lot they miss, and they will never know the rain forest, that daffodil orchard, nor sign their names in that Church Visitors' Book.

S.J.S.G.,
Now married and living in
Strasbourg.

Memories of individual boys' faces are incredibly clear when one sits down to think about them all, after 17 years; especially for me, the 'old boys' who were donkey fags—dog fags—rabbit fags in the early days when we lived in what is now the San. Matron said to me the other day, 'You came here as a young Mum and you are leaving as a Granny—how the time has gone by.' Indeed it has—wonderful years watching Peter build up a truly splendid School. As a family we all have a deep love for 'Cokers' and for all the many friends we have made there. But for me the heart of Cokethorpe has always been Matron's Room which she shares with her sister Sheila, her assistant—it has always been like a nursery in a well-run house where one can go for comfort or amusement. If Peter has ever felt 'down' he has always gone up there and they have never failed to send him back to his study in peals of laughter—he has often said that if they were to leave the whole School would crumble!

They have been there longer than we have, so they knew our children when they were small. The children, like the boys (and the Headmaster!), have been comforted, scolded, advised and loved in that room. They are

the two I can go and talk to about our children, and now there are the Grandchildren to be compared with their Mother or with their Uncle. Yes, they have been years of happiness. The Dean has said that Coke-thorpe will go on and that Peter will go on too. For me my sadness in leaving 'Cokers' is bound to find comfort and happiness in the thought of 'P.M.S.A.' being at home all the time—we do so hope that you will come and see us when you can.

H.A.A.,
Washbourne's Place,
Lower Slaughter,
Gloucester.

'P.M.S.A.'

THIS IS NOT an Obituary! but I realise with something of a shock that Peter Muir Spurgeon Allen came to the Scholae Cancellarii at Lincoln in July 1938. Thus I have known Peter for 38 years.

Changes there must be over such a span of years, and some may be painful. But I can say without hesitation that to me Peter seems 'just the same' as in 1938, and there has been no 'parting of friends'.

When I had the great privilege of coming to Cokethorpe, to share with the Abbot of Downside in laying the Foundation Stone for the future building, the Headmaster's integrity and devotion to duty seemed to me quite unchanged, and yet 38 years had passed since he became a theological student at Lincoln.

The Lincoln days are a very vivid memory for me, and, I think, for Peter Allen also. The Scholae Cancellarii, being translated, is the Chancellor's School, and it is an Anglican Theological College. Its students were a mixture of graduates (who were the majority) and non-graduates. Peter Allen had come to Lincoln from Worcester College, Oxford.

A theological college, if it does its work well, sets forward, in such a manner that its essentials are never forgotten, the spiritual, intellectual, moral and pastoral 'formation' of its students. In this regard Peter Allen was outstanding. 'First that which is natural, then that which is spiritual', writes St. Paul, thus most concisely expressing the true sacramental principle. By nature, Peter seemed to have already an intellectual and moral 'formation' which made him notable among his contemporaries. His personal integrity was there for all to see, and it was matched by his serious intellectual purpose. He was upright in every sense and it was clear that he was determined to be a scholar, a reader, a thinker. And when the spiritual and pastoral formation was added, there were the makings of a great priest and pastor, who would regard as 'monstrous' (one of his favourite adjectives at that time) any lowering of standards, in any department of a student's life. At this time, also, Peter Allen had a certain

endearing quality of character which I will venture to call 'old-fashioned', and along with this went his unfailing courtesy and good manners. I only remember him being angry when his sense of integrity had been in some way offended.

We tried at Lincoln, not without some success, to bind together the worship in Chapel, the intellectual demands of the Lecture-Room, and the Common Life in the Dining-Hall and in the College life generally. The spirit of this would-be unification of all the College activities, with the Chapel in a pre-eminent place, Peter Allen imbibed very deeply. To this day, I know that his mind goes back to Holy Week at Lincoln, and I do not doubt that the spiritual discipline which has ruled his life at Cokethorpe was rooted in him many years ago. Thus, it does not surprise me to hear of the Headmaster's early rising for the discipline and exercise of the spirit, even until this his closing term at Cokethorpe.

It was in the year 1956 that Peter Allen became a Catholic of the Roman obedience. I cannot doubt that this step, costly though it was, meant for him a further exercise in whole-hearted obedience. But the important thing for the School has been this, that though the Anglican Priesthood ceased for him, the Pastor in him remained, and it is arguable that Cokethorpe has given him a wider and deeper pastoral scope than he could have had elsewhere. It has been said that Peter Allen has been like a father to each boy, and this (always combined with that same integrity to which I have referred before) has certainly been his intention. In him the School has had a Headmaster who, along with the highest intellectual, moral and spiritual standards, has been known for his unfailing accessibility, patience, and courtesy to boys, parents, staff, to all of whom he has shown a deep human understanding. And if you don't believe me, or think I am exaggerating, ask Matron!

I said at the beginning of this appreciation of an old friend, that it is not an Obituary. But, 'partir, c'est mourir un peu'; and it is never easy to leave a place which one loves. But I think that Peter Allen would agree with John Wesley's words, that 'GOD buries his workmen, but continues his work'. Cokethorpe will go on; and Peter Allen will go on, running a coaching establishment at Lower Slaughter for boys taking Common Entrance. So Peter and Heather (let us not forget her) will still have boys with them, and he ('Meakon'!) will still be the great pastor and teacher whom Cokethorpe has known, and under whom it has become an ecumenical society of truth and love.

ERIC ABBOTT,
The Very Reverend Dr. E. S. Abbott, K.C.V.O.,
Formerly Dean of Westminster.

SLAVES

A COLD, foggy November morning. Opaque tatters swirled around the forlorn buildings of Didcot Station, crouching above and around the shining ringing rails, quiet now, but this morning, as they had every morning for the past twenty-seven years (except weekends and bank holidays) they were bringing the seven-thirty for London, Paddington (stopping at Reading Central and Ealing Broadway) for its usual rendezvous with Arthur Frampton, who, dressed in his usual blue serge suit, armed with neatly rolled umbrella and black and silver briefcase, and topped by an immaculate bowler, stood like an expectant lover on the edge of the platform. Serried ranks of further blue serge-clad commuters crowded round him, faces forward, umbrellas presented, ready for the usual day's fray.

But not everything was the same on this murky morning: for Arthur Frampton was actually thinking. And it wasn't about stocks and shares and electricity bills either. On a sudden, a novel thought had struck him, spawned from twenty-seven years of repetitious action, the countless days spent on the self-same platform that supported him now.

He was a slave.

Moreover, so was every other tailor's dummy standing so, trapped on this platform: enslaved to income tax forms, and the cruel necessities of maintenance. They stood there, chained with umbrellas and briefcases, clad in the blue serge brands of their thralldom.

'And I'm one of them,' thought Arthur. 'Slaves to the office. Slaves to society. And slaves to time: look, we're all going to look at the clock,' thought Arthur. And five-score heads, including his own, turned to view the clock as it remorselessly ticked their lives away to seven thirty-five.

'Train's late,' thought Arthur. 'As usual. We're enslaved to it as well.'

The train pulled in. The quiescent commuters, lashed into life by the public announcer's voice, crammed themselves into the carriages. Arthur rushed to a window seat, and settled himself. But his morning paper remained untouched in his case. 'Time. Work. This train,' thought he. 'How many more masters do I have?'

Arthur soon found himself deposited on Paddington Station. He made his usual bee-line for the Underground, hurried along, like all the others, by another announcer's whiplash and the ticking, whirring, unceasing song of countless thousands of wrist watches. 'Vicious little taskmasters,' thought Arthur. Their big brother tocked formally above the station concourse. Arthur hurried with ten thousand others towards the awaiting maw of the Circle line, swept along by necessity. Jostling through ticket barriers, and down echoing flights of steps, he finally found himself descending in a stately fashion on an escalator, past the garish advertisements for lingerie and far-away places which usually entertained him so pleasantly. But not this morning. This one was different. He was cringing, dismayed by his total lack of control over his own destiny, a helplessness

underlined by the remorseless, steady descent of the escalator. He ignored the posters. He ignored his fellows. He concentrated utterly on his dilemma, his slavery, desperately seeking a way out which didn't exist. He had too many responsibilities, too many masters: his work, his family, and . . .

Time.

He looked at his watch again, stared in helpless horror as his life was whittled away by a small sliver of steel from Switzerland. He automatically slipped into an Underground train. It howled off into the darkness, and soon left Arthur, confused and hesitant, on Warren Street station. Wearily he sought out the exit and climbed up to the light of day.

The wintry sunshine, insipid, dribbling from a pale sun just breaking through the obscuring fog, did nothing to dispel Arthur's gloom as he clicked along the pavement to the office, obeying mechanically the call of his task-masters. The great glass doors of the Imperial Assurance Company's office block hissed open in front of him. He climbed a flight of steps, entered an elevator, ascended to the eleventh floor and entered his office according to ritual, settling his bowler and umbrella exactly on his hatstand and placing his briefcase precisely in the centre of his desk. He positioned himself in his accustomed way behind his desk: but he did not bother to start work. His briefcase remained untouched before him. He stared at it, concentrated on it, thought of it as the ultimate expression of his slavery. What did he care about other people's policies? Nothing. They were nothing to him. Yet he was held down by them, tied into a system he suddenly rejected because it enslaved him.

'I've always been a slave.'

The revelation stunned Arthur. He spun his chair away from the desk, and sat facing his office window, staring out over the city. London brooded all around, seemingly waiting for something indefinable. The sun shone more brightly, turning the Thames into a glittering, winding ribbon, along which brooded countless dark buildings, all . . .

Waiting. But time, impatient as ever, still ticked on.

Then, the waiting was suddenly over. Arthur stood up and crossed to the window. Opening it he stood and breathed the cool, damp air which rushed in, savouring it, wondering at its freedom. Across the street, he saw a little, dingy sparrow take wing and fly blithely over the rooftops. 'It can't be right,' thought Arthur, 'that a simple little sparrow can enjoy more freedom than I.' A sudden passion gripped him. The world sighed as Arthur climbed out of the window on to a ledge. A craving, an exhilaration left his spirit soaring above the buildings around him. The wind plucked at his jacket with seemingly impatient hands. He looked down. The street seemed miles away. It was, in fact, one hundred and thirty feet below.

Arthur looked around him. If a sparrow could be free, why not he? The

sparrow had no masters, no family, no work, no watch to remind him of time's presence; nothing to keep him in bondage. He could fly, though: and this set him free. Arthur determined to join him. He stepped out, leaving family, work, time and his other masters behind him.

Or so he thought. Time wasn't so easily thrown, however, and gave Arthur those seconds he hated to reconsider his position as the ground rushed up to kiss him. In those seconds he was able to reflect, bitterly, that all things of this world are slaves—slaves to gravity. Including sparrows.

R. BARTHOLOMEW (Upper 6)

A VISIT TO THE *DAILY MAIL*

THORPE OUT, COKETHORPE IN—the *Daily Mail* might have led with on Tuesday, 11th May: being, in some views anyway, as responsible for the first as the second. The Sixth Form party invited by Mr. McKenzie to see an issue being produced had an evening and early morning of delight, amazement and instruction. Delight, at the dinner which preceded the tour and the so-called light snack which, shortly after midnight, ended it. Amazement, at the portrait in the front hall apparently of Mr. Trevis, our forthcoming headmaster (but actually of Lord Northcliffe), at the ability of compositors to read 'backwards', and at the existence of important stuff actually called flong. Instruction, in the putting-together of a newspaper: from first stutter of editorial typewriter to final bundling into vans, bound for railway stations and distant points-of-sale.

Random impressions from the party: waiting for the rowers, last as usual; wearing a borrowed shirt, to look sufficiently smart; not knowing which knife and fork to use in the restaurant, and not really believing the Brut 33 in the toilet there; being stunned by the range of the paper's library, the England goals coming over the tapes, and the heat and noise of the presses.

The 40-page issue being printed whilst we watched used enough paper to obliterate the British Isles from north to south; enough to frighten both conservationist and devolutionist. We, though, registered simple gratitude for the efficiency and kindness of our hosts; we hope that our sustained interest repaid them somewhat. Anyway, in the future, we shall read the *Mail*—and possibly (some of us) other papers—with greater insight.

THE SUMMER STORM

SMALL DROPLETS of rain sent ripples gliding across the pond, as the black frightening clouds rumbled overhead. The rain became harder and the pond appeared to be boiling. The iron corrugated roof overhead rang with

a terrifying sound as cascades of water hit the roof and poured down the gutter to the drain, that produced odd noises like a basin.

A rumble of thunder made Heaven and earth tremble, echoing around overhead. A streak of forked lightning struck a tree, splitting it in half in a flash of bright light. A car appeared round the corner, lights and wind-screen wipers on, water being sprayed up by the wheels and settling again to join the torrent of water in the race to the drains.

The fields in the distance, ready to be harvested, seemed to sway from side to side as the wind raged across them.

As suddenly as the storm had come it passed. The wind dropped and the birds started to sing, as the sun began to absorb the moisture. A blade of grass heavy with rain suddenly sprang up as the water rolled off. A lily feeling the heat began to open its petals to absorb the warmth of the sun. The pond sprang to life as a dragon-fly fluttered from leaf to leaf. A butterfly, flying in its mysterious way, passed by. The swallows began to catch the insects by diving gracefully from the sky.

G. JENKINSON (4A)

LEARNING HOW TO HANDLE MY GRASS SNAKE

A FEW DAYS after I first arrived at Cokethorpe I was told that my mother was here. When I at last found her, she produced a cage with one long-coveted grass snake in it. Well, I was really happy, but there was one problem. I had never picked up or even touched a snake before.

The next morning I went into the Lower Lab, opened up the cage and ventured to touch it. Nearer and nearer came my finger. The snake watched my finger intently. At last I touched its scaly body. Phew! That was all right. I then decided I should let it out, but how? This snake could not get out on its own, and I had not the courage yet to pick it up. After many a half-hearted try, another boy came in and got it out for me. Seeing that he had come out of that (as I thought) ordeal unscathed I was determined to pick it up the next time. The snake 'walked' around for a little while and then curled itself up in a corner. Time for it to go back in. I walked up to it and rather gingerly put my hand out to grasp it. I touched it. Like greased lightning I withdrew my hand, for I was not expecting it to hiss, which it did very loudly. It did not like being disturbed. I was determined to defeat this snake, so, finding a long stick, I prodded and prodded it from the other side of the lab, until an unwilling, coiled-up serpent was being pushed towards its cage, hissing all the way. Another boy put it in. I closed the cage and looked at it. It was re-arranging its coils and it looked at me unblinkingly (it has no eyelids), grinning all over its face. The next time I ventured to touch it I managed to pick up part of its body and put it down again. Well, it was a start. Next morning I came to look at it, and by the cage, also looking at it, was a sixth

former. He said he liked snakes, so I told him that he could pick that one up. He did so readily and let it go round the back of his neck. I gulped, and kicked myself for being such a coward. I then asked him if he could teach me to pick it up. He did so, saying that I must not put pressure on it; otherwise it would hiss. When I told him of my previous experiences (Well, I hadn't exactly had a chance before), he showed me how to handle it. When the snake slid out of his hand, he put his other hand underneath its head and let it slide out of that hand. Then he put his other hand underneath the snake again, and so on. It reminded me of a conveyor belt, only I have never seen such an aggressive conveyor belt. After many attempts I succeeded in doing this, and felt very much better for it.

For the rest of the week I was building my courage up, and by the end of the week I thought I deserved a medal, for I could pick it up from the cage by sliding my hand underneath it, and could do what I called the 'conveyor belt action'. There was just one thing I could not do, and that was getting it out of corners without withdrawing my hand fairly rapidly when it hissed at me. The sixth former did brilliantly. He just put his hand up, not too fast, not too slow, and grabbed it. Then it just stopped hissing. But, I have never yet managed to do this, and so have to resort to pushing it out of the corner with a stick, and putting a budgerigar cage floor in front of it, so that when it slides on to this, I can tip it into its cage. I hope I can soon pick it up, as the method I have mentioned is not very satisfactory; for one thing the stick has snapped, and secondly, the snake enjoys a morning crawl, and it is often a long time before it will let itself be trapped and put into its cage.

J. KEENLYSIDE (3A)

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

'for friends in high places'

I am thankful to be free from smoking,
Free from coughs, spasmodic choking.
Why on earth should I regret,
Departing from the cigarette?

Free from ulcers, free from bile . . .
. . . Fat?

Why yes, but only for a while
Proud I am!

This is my noblest resolution—
While drawing harder . . . much harder
On the source of my pollution.

C. BURCHETT (UPPER 6)

APOLOGUE

OUR HOUSE is on the fringe of Hampstead Heath. The oak trees lap their lazy over-burdened branches upon the garden, depositing their residue of dead leaves. Nature exquisitely explodes with joy in this London. Here, no concrete monsters line litter-strewn roads; our roads are graced by famous simple pubs. This is the playground for the Londoner. Peace and tranquillity are its gifts, away from the bustling regimented city life.

It is one of those days when it is bleak and damp outside with the sun just poking its head through the dark grey clouds. There are no lights on in the big living-room with the cream-coloured sofas and the blue upholstered chairs. But the massive span of window to the west lets what little light there is into the room. There is no noise save the whirring of the mixer in the kitchen and the occasional thumps of my younger brother's toys hitting the floor downstairs.

Grandfather sits upright with his battle-scarred face pointed towards the daily newspaper. But there is no sign of movement behind that paper mask and I know full well he is sleeping. Bored and restless I sit, not wanting to go outside or to play with my numerous toys.

'Grandpa, wake up!' I shout. There is an immediate stir and his sleepy reply slips from his mouth. 'What do you want, Daniel?' I am not one of those soppy boys who is polite. I am blunt, obstinate, stubborn, obnoxious, disliked, odious, rude, insolent, and above all—treacherous. Only one factor mars my reputation for uncontrollable rudeness, and that is my love for stories. 'A story!' I reply bluntly.

Grandpa is accustomed to my ways and gives way knowing I am too stubborn.

Grandpa begins. 'It is Autumn and all the leaves are falling haphazardly from the trees, making a carpet so thick that all the animals in the wood are producing brooms to sweep the leaves away from their burrows. . . .'

I said I loved stories, but this all-embracing term can be cut to those containing bloodcurdling cozes; and other such things any right-minded ten-year-old boy would be interested in. My views I keep no secret.

'Grandpa, stop!'

'What is it?'

'Tell me a story about witchcraft, people's heads being cut off, wicked old men, warlocks, blood, ghosts, sorcerers, monsters, vampi. . . .'

'All right, but stop that nonsense.'

I resume my original seat, prick ears and wait.

'War has come with all its horrors,' my Grandfather begins.

A young soldier sits amidst the dead and dying, a silent army of discarded beings. This army moves nowhere, left in desperation to the mercy of the enemy. Stripped of their differences they sit, some crying, some praying, none happy, save the young soldier whose mind is far removed

from the miseries of his fellows. He does not see them for his mind is closed. No blood sullies his dirt-grey uniform, but he is their executioner.

This soldier, a born killer, no better than a rat, has no compassion for the helpless. He stands alone knowing he needs no support. He is invincible. He is loathed.

War—the conception of madmen lusting for power; not caring, not wanting to care. War—whose victims surge to the eternal grave. Humanity is no obstacle, no barrier to these madmen. Their insane illusions thrust through with increasing velocity, their end suddenly leaving the scarred and maimed as their only witness. What is it worth? Nothing.

But war is only a game to this young soldier. His ability to survive is the requirement of the game, whose only rule is survival itself. They are too weak to move an inch in defiance towards him. This traitor sold them for ‘thirty pieces of silver’, sent them to their grave. In the distance dust swirls into the air forming a grey cloud which masks its creator. Nearer comes this cloud, growing monotonously in size. It is the judge of the dying, the soldier’s paymasters.

One vehicle stops, deposits its robot soldiers. They come to an open space and are confronted by the young soldier, meeting his new-found allies for the first time. Both parties stand, staring face to face, neither moving. The panorama is filled with the dying, watching, waiting for their sentence to be prescribed. The grey sky thunders up in almighty bursts, but no drop of rain falls on this desert ground. The dying still lie with parched lips gaping, eyes swimming in a world half divorced from the present. One of the automatons draws his gun. No glimmer of life is reflected by the grey gleaming steel. Thud. . . . A single bullet bursts forth from the barrel, speeding towards the young soldier, into whom it sinks like a finger into putty. The bullet smashes into his belly. His waving black hair flicks back, his eyes dilate. The force of the blast flicks him into the air and slams him face down on the ground. Silence follows; the invincible has fallen.

From all around laughter springs forth, great spasms of laughter. It comes from the dying, that army of discarded beings. They held no love for their betrayer.’

I sit in melancholy mood before my Grandfather. Filled with self-loathing. I knew myself for another Iscariot. Then I spring to my feet, grasp him lovingly, wrap my tiny arms around him and thank God. I have repented.

D. WEBSTER (5B)

A RAINY DAY BY THE SEA

THE RAIN POURED DOWN in torrents. So heavy was it that I thought the sea would fill up and overflow. I put on my coat and boots and leaped out into the great torrents of grey water. As I left the house a chill went through my whole body as I was drenched from head to foot.

Everywhere was grey. The sea was grey. The cars were grey. The houses were grey and even the rain was grey. A few figures walked by, faceless figures just passing like ships in the night, all intent on reaching their destination.

I crossed the street and walked towards the pier. As I looked down on to the sand on the other side of the iron railings I could see the raindrops make hundreds upon hundreds of tiny holes in the sand like tiny bomb craters on a giant battlefield.

I reached the grey pier and started to walk past the grey beaches and the grey amusement stands. The whole place looked dead, even the odd seagull sitting on the rail, letting a drop of water run down his face and hang on the end of his beak. All seemed lifeless, except for one hot-dog stand which billowed out clouds of white steam from its open shutter.

Further along I noticed the grey figure of a town fisherman waiting micawberishly for a fish to turn up to take the line. Past the grey silhouette of the fisherman and far out in the grey sea I saw a black silhouette of a ship steaming slowly through the swell with a tiny shoestring of black smoke trailing behind. I turned and walked back towards the beach. From the pavement I jumped down on to the sodden sand which absorbed my impact with a loud thud. I then walked along just watching the large grey waves, with their white crests crowning them, pound up against the rusty brown pillars which held up the pier. Seaweed was dotted all over the beach with bits of driftwood which were left on the beach at high tide. The tide was out now and I could see out across a large expanse of sand which would soon be many feet under water. The heaving sea was waiting nearby and the whole surface seemed as if thousands of pebbles were being thrown on it as the rain struck its surface with a roar.

M. VLITOS (3A)

THE TRAMP

THE WOODS WERE ALIVE with excited, playful squirrels, and the fluttering and calling of innumerable birds in the rusty treetops. My footsteps crackled and crunched on the golden carpet of autumn leaves and sapless twigs. A curious musty odour drifted over from a small dip between three oak trees. I decided to investigate this unnatural smell. I crept up and peered over an inert scarred branch. A tramp was sitting motionless, as if he was made of stone, and beside him smouldered a sparse, lifeless fire littered with muddy tin lids, apparently used for cooking upon. His shrivelled face, weatherbeaten and lined with age, bore an expression of

emptiness. His unshaven face was cast in shadow. His neglected beard was freckled with flakes of mud and decaying leaves, hanging like ornaments on a Christmas tree, and it drooped downwards like a withered fox tail. His small nose, wrinkled and forlorn, perched above cracked and drooping lips. His pale cheeks were sunken and I could make out the forms of broken teeth beneath the frail skin. His body was enclosed in a tattered blanket with poorly stitched canvas patches covering ripped seams.

The tramp was in a world of his own. He did not notice me—he did not stir. I felt an imposter, a stranger trespassing into a world that was not my own. Quietly, I regained the path through the woods, and left the ‘hermit’ in peace.

P. MURPHY (4A)

CHAPEL NOTES

SERVICES HAVE BEEN HELD regularly on Sundays in the Corinthian Room. The church in the grounds suffered quite severe damage in the stormy weather early in January. Visits have been received from Fr. Luke-Smith, C.R., as well as from Bro. Terry and Bro. Raphael, both of the Anglican Order of St. Francis, and their help has been very much appreciated.

The Catholics are deeply indebted to Fr. Gill for coming out from Campion Hall on Sundays to say Mass, and to Mrs. Vaughan-Fowler for transport: also to Fr. Hughes, S.J., and to Fr. Maddocks, for coming in the week to give instruction.

PRIZES

(presented by His Honour Judge Mynett, Q.C., on 6th July, 1975)

The Headmaster's Prize

6th Form Chemistry

6th Form Biology

6th Form Mathematics

5th Form English Language

5th Form English Literature

5th Form French

5th Form History

5th Form Geography

5th Form Chemistry

5th Form Biology

4A Form Prize

4B Form Prize

3A Form Prize

3B Form Prize

Art Prize

Martin Browne Memorial Prize

Cullen Debating Prize

Tomlinson

Ching, K.

Ching, K.

Ling

MacKenzie

W. Manley

MacLeod

W. Manley

Girling

Kennaway

Ford

Tolley

Drew

Murphy

McHugh

Ching, S.

Brennan

Lambert

DEAN SWIFT HOUSE REPORT

THIS YEAR we sadly have to say goodbye to Mr. Ellis. He has been House Master of Dean Swift for thirteen years, and we would like to thank him for all he has done during this period, and wish him and his wife the very best in the future. At the same time we welcome Mr. Lewis, who is now House Tutor, and Mr. Green, who has taken over from Mr. Ellis as House Master.

The end of the Summer term saw the departure of some of Swift's most loyal servants: N. Middleton (7 'O' levels, 1 'A' level), M. de Pass, J. Crellin, P. Warren and G. Ford (7 'O's). We were sorry to see Middleton leave for he had shown himself to be an excellent House Captain, leading quietly by example even when the going was tough. At Christmas A. Shutt and P. Mullen left; a double blow to the house for Shutt was coming into his own as one of the leading games players in the School, while Mullen was a crack shot.

Last summer Swift began badly by losing to Harcourt in the Cricket Cup, but we managed to redeem ourselves by winning the Rowing Cup, by a very narrow margin, and carrying off the Canoeing Cup at the first attempt.

For the second year running, we won the School Cross-Country by a wide margin, and once again every boy in the house ran well and contributed to the overall victory. We also managed to win the Road Relay in a new School record time (104 min. 28 sec.). As a result of this victory, seven boys were awarded their running colours: M. White, Murphy, Trotter, Russell, Bird, M. C. Scott and Cook. Aires, who was absent for the road-relay, was also awarded his house running colours for his efforts in the School Cross-Country.

Captained by Crewe, we won the Shooting Cup; colours were awarded to Mullen, who scored 99, Murphy (98) and P. Crewe (96).

Although Swift has been hit by injuries this year, we all hope that H. C. Scott has now had his fair share of battering and that he will be ever-present next year. We also hope that Baxter will not fall off his motor-bike quite so often.

I would like to thank everybody in Swift who took part in the Inter-House Athletics Competition at the end of the Easter term, to congratulate our winners and commiserate with the losers.

All that is left to say is that a firm base has been laid this year and we hope that the House will go from strength to strength in the future.

J. POOL (Upper 5)

HARCOURT HOUSE REPORT

TO BE TOP for one year is difficult enough, but Harcourt has remained so throughout the 70's and, furthermore, success still follows success.

We ended last year by a surprise victory in the Cricket Cup. Following a hard-fought victory over Queen Anne, we annihilated Swift by dismissing them for 22 runs, a score beaten by Harcourt's opening batsmen. House colours were awarded to the team of which B. Jones (Captain), M. Gleeson, M. Pearce and P. Vaughan-Fowler, an oarsman who took 5 wickets for 11 runs in the second match, must be especially mentioned.

We failed to retain the Rowing Cup by 1 second, although the House first crew did the fastest time.

The House Kicking Cup was retained effectively by consistent kicking on the part of R. McKenzie (17 points) and A. White (19 points).

Despite M. Pearce coming first in the cross-country, the House failed to record another success. Unfortunately, we had to field a weakened team for the House Road Relay and only achieved second position.

Our pre-match training reached a climax in the Inter-House VII's Cup when the seniors did as expected, scoring 30 points, conceding none. We relied upon our inexperienced juniors to gain the valuable draw needed for victory which they did in determined style. Both teams were deservedly awarded House colours.

The Football Cup was conclusively won by the XI defeating Queen Anne 3-0 and Swift 4-0.

It was 'the inevitable Harcourt that won the House Athletics Cup' (P. M. S. Allen). His praise was fully justified as the entire House practised their events with great enthusiasm and dedication. We dominated the competition and finished with a clear winning margin of 53 points, a margin only beaten by the Harcourt side on two previous occasions. This means that the House has lost the cup only once in the last 12 years. Special mention must be given to J. Vaughan-Fowler who organised the House Athletics and set a new school record in the triple jump. M. Pearce also set up a new school record in the 1500 m.; both these boys contributed 21 points each.

The trump card in the pack of honours was our performance in the Inter-House Rugby XV's which we retained for the sixth year in succession. With ten of the 1st XV representing Harcourt we were expected to win the Rugby XV's, but the way in which we achieved these victories was not expected. The combination of enthusiastic training and a determined desire to do well along with the stable background of an experienced side led to the House's setting up a new school record. The House scored an astonishing 110 points, 62 against Swift and 48 against Queen Anne (where wet conditions allowed only an hour's play). Being constantly encamped upon our opponents' lines the team did not concede a point, and at no time looked endangered.

Our domination was not confined to the sports field alone; we achieved the best results in both 'A' and 'O' levels. Of the leavers K. Ching (3 'A' levels and 8 'O' levels) must be thanked for being an invaluable House deputy. J. Bodenham (1 'A' level and 7 'O' levels), also a House prefect, represented the House successfully in various sports. B. Jones, N. Lambert, T. Richards and R. Taylor have also been missed, having given valuable service in all House affairs.

I would like to thank P. G. Vaughan-Fowler, the present House deputy, M. B. Gleeson, a House prefect and all the House for their co-operation, determined efforts and enthusiasm.

G. A. MANLEY (Upper 6)

QUEEN ANNE HOUSE REPORT

DESPITE OUR REPUTATION as the casual House, this year our sterling efforts, produced by loyal participation of a voluntary nature, put us on a level with the more Spartan houses. Queen Anne's flair for actually sitting down and thinking, recaptured the Bridge Cup; however, we did not come up trumps on the playing fields, although our sting was certainly felt by the 'giants'. We managed to produce a fighting elite for the House Fifteens, led by D. L. de Souza, and aided and abetted by such stalwart personages as A. M. Hanby, who dropped his birds for the occasion, and other colours such as S. Ching, C. Marshall, P. Dawe and S. Joyce. The team managed to shock Swift, surprise Harcourt and kick M. Girling. D. Webster kicked his way with twenty-five points to achieve his House colours in the House Kicking Competition. Our finest hour came in the House Seven-a-Side Competition, when all the other Houses' teams (except Harcourt Seniors) met their Waterloo, making it a very close and exciting competition. Swift were swept aside, making them green with envy. Alas, Harcourt managed to salvage victory on points, although not in play. We felt fully justified in presenting the entire squad with their House colours. Those boys of particular note were N. Holland and A. Randoll, who showed the damage that could be caused by two determined third formers. Swift House, living up to their name, took the cross-country and road relay cups, as we lumbered behind like owls, with the exception of F. Bodenham, who on the whole was swifter than Swift. Queen Anne in good humour and good spirits came last in the House Soccer Competition, S. MacLeod and D. Smit put their best foot forward, while R. Bartholomew fell over his. In the athletics Queen Anne individualism showed through in the form of G. Cartwright and S. MacLeod.

Our sincere regrets are felt at the loss of J. Tomlinson, C. Marshall, K. Miller, P. Brennan, A. Howard, N. Taylor, D. Wallace, R. Camilleri and J. Ling, who surpassed himself in the academic field with eight 'O' levels

and three 'A' levels of excellent grades. A portion of Queen Anne's humour and character was lost with their dispersal.

Words cannot express our grief at the departure of our most distinguished old boy, P. M. S. Allen, Esq., House Master and Head Master Extraordinaire; his tremendous and unique character will always be remembered, not only by those members of Queen Anne past and present, but by the whole school, boys and parents alike, and we wish him the greatest success in his new venture. At the same time we welcome our new House Tutor, Mr. N. White, whose interest in rowing may well lead to our winning the Inter-House Rowing Competition, after gaining only third position last year. This year will see the first Canoe Slalom between houses, an event which we hope to win.

I must thank all of Queen Anne House for the wonderful way in which each individual entered into the team spirit with a joke to spare, even when the odds were heavily against us.

D. DE SOUZA (Upper 6)

VERNON SCANNELL AT COKETHORPE

PRIOR TO Mr. Scannell's visit, poetry had in many quarters been regarded with a certain amount of scepticism. It was obvious, however, from the start of his poetry reading and talk, kindly arranged by Mr. Dennis, that he had no difficulty in appealing to the assembly of fifth and sixth formers. We all appreciated his wit and humour and the reading of some excellent poetry by him.

Mr. Scannell read a wide range of poetry from poems about the killing of a cat, a war experience, a dusk journey ('A disc jockey not so keen to ingratiate himself'), not to mention the hilariously received 'Six Reasons for Drinking' which he finished with! Mr. Scannell also stressed the importance of an individual's own interpretation of a poem, and said it was virtually impossible to misinterpret a poem. He remained behind after the talk to answer questions from the boys.

Mr. Dennis taped the talk, and copies were made available to any boys who wanted them. We are grateful not only to him, but also to the Westminster College Educational Department and, of course, to Mr. Scannell himself. Needless to say we await with interest further guest appearances by poets.

R. MACKENZIE (Lower 6)



BOAT CLUB

Rowing

THE SEASON STARTED very well with a photo-finish between our First Four and University College, Oxford, at Wallingford Regatta. We lost by 3 feet, but were all very encouraged by such a powerful effort at the beginning of the season. Both our crews reached the semi-finals of the Ball Cup Races at Evesham and two crews won heats at the Hereford Schools Regatta.

The School Crews were as follows:

Miller	Hanby	Crewe	Russell
Middleton	De Pass	East	Andrews
Bodenham 1	Manley 1	Bodenham 2	Wilson
Vaughan-Fowler 1	Warren	Buchanan-Brown	Baker
Betts	Taylor 2	Newton	Tamlyn
	Wyatt		Murphy
	Drew		Lesley
	Dawe		Flint
	Short		Baxter
	Smith 1		King

Many of the Regatta Committees stopped providing boats for visiting crews (a trend which has continued since), and we had to reduce our entries because of this. The Boat Club cannot afford to transport its own boats to regattas and, in any case, we have not the correct class of boat for many of the races.

Middleton's Captaincy was very successful, especially because he was such an excellent handy-man, and repaired many of the boats without outside assistance. He was ably supported in this by the Vice-Captain Bodenham 1 and Warren. Vaughan-Fowler 1 and Miller were particularly helpful and successful in coaching the juniors, when the regatta season was over.

The House Regatta was won by Swift by 1 sec. from Harcourt, and this change in rowing leadership among the Houses was a welcome stimulus to future House efforts.

Full School Colours were awarded to Middleton, Bodenham 1, Miller, Vaughan-Fowler 1 and Betts. Taylor 2 was awarded Half School Colours.

Until this year, all members of the Boat Club had thought that it was impossible to capsize a four when it had all its oars in place. Purely as a lesson in superior boatcraft, the Master in charge of rowing demonstrated how this impossible feat could be carried out, right in front of a lawn full of visitors at the Rose Revived. Happily, boat, crew and cox survived the demonstration.

Canoeing

The Canoe Club has had a most successful year with a number of the younger boys passing their elementary exams. R. Newton, P. Murphy, P. Davenport, M. Caines, J. Hodgson, P. King, M. Aires and C. Lesley all passed their proficiency exams. The Inter-House Competition was taken by Swift, who look like pulling off the double this year. Amongst the camping weekends and life-saving courses our hour of glory was the staging of two slaloms. We challenged two schools to a match. Alas, the first school, John Mason, beat us by a narrow margin despite J. Russell's efforts, which won us the fastest time. We took our revenge on the second school, Henry Box, beating them hands down. The club went on to enter two teams in an open slalom competition held at Abingdon, but the competitors were too experienced for us and the judges, who were not used to large calculations, had difficulty in adding up our penalties. The surfing weekend should end the canoeists' year in a blaze of glory when eleven boys head off for North Devon to command the surf.

RUGBY

School matches

Played 15, Won 10, Drawn 0, Lost 5, Points for 340, Points Against 163

All Matches

Played 17, Won 10, Drawn 0, Lost 7, Points for 364, Points Against 212

Unlike those of previous years, this year's 1st XV may be judged on its results. The 1975 team equalled the previous record number of wins of the 1965-6 team but easily surpassed their record point score even though the value of a try is worth more than in their day.

The team, under new management but with G. Manley in his second year of captaincy, began with great enthusiasm after training hard, but the lack of strong opposition in practice led to early defeats against a very strong Invitation team and a Radley 2nd team. The young side learned their lessons well, and using the unchanged backline from the previous season and the policy of winning and using good ball to the utmost, began to score the astonishing number of 75 tries!

The reason for their success is as old as the hills. They achieved complete and utter mastery up front. They supplied good clean, fast ball in all phases, allowing the backs to run at the opposition, which they did to good effect. (Shiplake 68-0; Abingdon 50-9; Magdalen 44-4; Whitefriars 32-9). When conditions called for graft (as at Oratory against the slope and hail), the side showed their determination and desire to work for each other to achieve success.

After losing its opening two matches the team began a run of 9 wins in 11 matches. Against Shiplake forward domination led to the backs scoring 15 times, many of which came after thrilling runs and interpassing between both backs and forwards. Against John Mason 100% effort from all players enabled victory to be achieved against a tall pack containing no less than two international and two other county basketball players. Henry Box saw the first tries by forwards (G. Manley and W. Manley) and this emphasised how well the backs took their chances. Against strong opposition in Stowe and Bloxham the team produced some of its best rugby to the delight of the enthusiastic touchline support. Success came to an abrupt halt at Redrice, where the opposition scored six tries from their own half and two of these from their own line. A game to forget.

The Old Boys were met after the half-term break, but the strength and experience of the opposition told until the later stages when the fitter school side showed that they could play. Peers were beaten in a game that the school dominated but in which they failed to show their ability to turn pressure into points. However, all came good against Abingdon. At Oratory two great early tries, largely the work of de Souza, gave the team the desire to win against the wind, hail, slope and home crowd as well as a powerful Oratory side. Magdalen were well beaten in another power display.

With the record number of wins in sight, Lady Luck took a turn for the worse. A late cancellation by Woodgreen meant no game for two weeks, and this was followed by a defeat in the dying seconds by our rivals Burford after Chris Marshall had had a fair catch (mark) disallowed and Burford had scored from the ensuing scrum. A great second half fight back against Witney Colts was met by flying fists and boots, and the whistle went with the school encamped on the opposition's line.

This left the school needing to win their two remaining matches to beat the record. The game against Whitefriars was won without too much trouble but Lord Williams', Thame, proved too much after four fixtures and House matches within two weeks. It was a very disappointing game.

RESULTS

v. Invitation XV	Lost	14—23
v. Radley	Lost	3—38
v. Shiplake	Won	68—0
v. John Mason	Won	16—0
v. Henry Box	Won	28—7
v. Stowe	Won	24—7
v. Bloxham	Won	24—0
v. Redrice	Lost	4—42
v. Old Boys XV	Lost	10—26
v. Peers, Littlemore	Won	12—0
v. Abingdon	Won	50—9
v. Oratory	Won	10—4
v. Magdalen College School	Won	44—4
v. Burford	Lost	12—14
v. Witney Colts	Lost	6—10
v. Whitefriars	Won	32—9
v. Lord Williams, Thame	Lost	7—19

Points 340, 75 tries, 23 conversions, 5 penalty goals, 1 drop goal.

Scorers

J. B. Vaughan-Fowler 90 pts. (17 T., 8 conv., 1 P.G., 1 D.G.); D. L. de Souza 64 pts. (16 T.); H. C. Scott 59 pts. (9 T., 7 conv., 3 P.G.); P. G. Vaughan-Fowler 50 pts. (12 T., 1 conv.); J. H. M. Pool 40 pts. (10 T.); M. Gleeson 29 pts. (3 T., 7 conv., 1 P.G.); G. A. Manley 24 pts. (6 T.); W. J. Manley 8 pts. (2 T.).

Colours: G. A. Manley, P. G. Vaughan-Fowler, M. I. Scott, J. H. M. Pool.

Half Colours: C. A. H. Marshall, D. L. de Souza, H. C. Scott, J. B. Vaughan-Fowler, M. Gleeson, S. McHugh, A. M. Shutt, M. C. Girling, J. C. Buchanan-Brown, E. M. Pearce, W. J. Manley.

OTHER MATCHES

'A' XV v. St. Catherine's College	Won	18—11
'B' XV v. Burford Boarding House	Lost	9—13

HOUSE COMPETITIONS

Kicking Competition: Won by HARCOURT. Individual winner: D. L. Webster (Queen Anne), 25 points.

House XV Rugby Competition: Won by HARCOURT.

House VII's Rugby Competition: Won by HARCOURT because their senior side scored more points than QUEEN ANNE with whom they were tied.

COLTS RUGBY REPORT 1975/76

Played 11, Won 7, Drawn 2, Lost 2, Points for 308, Points against 96.

THIS HAS BEEN the most successful rugby season at Cokethorpe for many years with the 1st XV equalling the record and the Colts winning more matches than ever before.

The key to this slightly surprising number of victories can be put down to the same thing in each case—experience. This was particularly true in the case of the Colts, who fielded practically the same team as last year, though room was made for two or three junior colts, notably Barrett, Johnson, Vlitos and McHugh II, all

of whom showed great promise for future years, and again excellent experience has been gained.

Throughout the season, the team played with spirit and consistency and it was a joy to watch the manner in which each member of the team fought wholeheartedly for the rest of his side. The disappointment of the season was undoubtedly that the team was not given the chance to settle down owing to many injuries (Only two players played every game). However, by the end of the season it was very enjoyable to watch the speed, sadly lacking in the past, with which the ball was passed from one man to the next (no doubt due to the influence of our Welsh coach, Mr. James). The team must be especially thankful to their pair of fast-moving centres (Carraher and Cartwright), who scored well over 100 points between them, and also to some fine conversion kicking by MacLeod and, later in the season, MacKenzie.

The season was definitely one of the most successful on record, but more important the team itself enjoyed playing, and were all very fit after three or four of Mr. James's 'light' training sessions (It certainly made us lighter by stones!) Looking down the team, Barrett, at full-back, was an excellent tackler, often putting an end to potentially very dangerous situations. The wings used their pace well, and the scrum-half and fly-half combined very well together, but there were numerous changes in this division owing to the first choice scrum-half breaking an arm (MacLeod). Every good back division depends on 'good ball' and this one got better than most from an excellent pack who were very rarely troubled all season. The Back Row of the scrum went from strength to strength, as did the Second Row, and the Front Row got their heads down well and did not give any silly penalties away. We could not end this report without thanking, last and by no means least, our very fine coach, Mr. R. James.

Try Scorers: 18 Cartwright, 10 Carraher, 8 Cook I, 6 MacLeod, 3 Cottrell, Joyce, Murphy, 2 Nathan, Cooke II, White, 1 MacKenzie.

Conversions: MacLeod 27, MacKenzie 5, Webster 1.

Penalties: 1 MacLeod, MacKenzie.

The following also played: Barrett, Dawe, Smit, Johnson, Vlitos, McHugh II, Tolley, Winstone-Partridge, Crisp, Clarke, Simpson, Alford, Hanby, Girling, Ching, Drew, Ashby, White II, Trotter, Davenport.

Results

Shiplake	(Home)	Won	72—0
Henry Box	(Home)	Won	35—14
Woodgreen	(Home)	Won	22—0
Stowe	(Home)	Won	32—0
Bloxham	(Home)	Lost	0—30
Redrice	(Away)	Won	70—0
Abingdon	(Home)	Drew	8—8
Oratory	(Away)	Lost	9—30
Magdalen	(Home)	Won	10—6
Burford	(Home)	Drew	8—8
Thame	(Away)	Won	42—0

JUNIOR COLTS RUGBY

The Junior Colts enjoyed a good season, and it was very pleasing to find some very promising players in the third form. The captaincy of the team was shared between M. Caines and A. White.

The two most exciting matches of the season were the 'local Derby' games against Burford, both of which Cokethorpe won by a narrow margin. The game against

Abingdon showed the determined character of the team and, although Cokethorpe lost by 10-12, the result was in the balance until the last kick of the match.

One Junior Colts 'B' XV match took place against Josca's which resulted in a comfortable win for Cokethorpe.

The full record for the 1975-76 season was:

P	W	D	L	Points	
				For	Against
7	4	0	3	78	73

Try scorers were: Ashby (3), McHugh II (3), Murphy (2), Barrett, Clarabut, Clarke, Trotter and White II.

Other scorers were: White II (2 conversions), Holland (1 conversion).

COKETHORPE CRICKET CLUB REPORT 1975

Captain: J. Tomlinson; Vice-Captain: B. Jones; Secretary: A. Shutt.

THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT but that 1975 will be known for decades to come as the Year of the Long Hot Summer. It will become a golden age in the memories of English cricket lovers, for after all did it not contain hours of magical Caribbean-flavoured excitement generated by cricket's own World Cup partnered by a Test series against an Australian side armed with that deadliest of cricketing weapons—a pair of genuinely fast-bowlers? And what of England's answer to these twin furies? A grey-haired, bespectacled, thirty-three-year-old newcomer to Test cricket, squaring his shoulders, with his cap at a ridiculous angle, truculently scoring fifty upon fifty in best bulldog fashion. Such a tale would have been rejected out of hand by the Editor of *Boys' Own Paper* on the grounds that he wanted fiction from his staff, not the impossible—yet happen it did.

Against this semi-mythical background, sorting out the realities of Cokethorpe's domestic season is something of a problem, and problems we had in plenty. A very wet spring meant that the pitches were virtually waterlogged at the start even though the sun was shining. The absence of the gangmowers (waiting for a part) made life interesting but fours hard to come by, while the combination of a damp surface, damaged boots and the failure to ask for sawdust resulted inevitably in a serious fall for Tomlinson at a critical moment in the first match of the season and his consequent absence for the next three matches and inability to bowl in a further two. Generally, May was colder than usual, with winds sweeping south from the Arctic, and it should not be forgotten that on 2nd June a County Match was called off at Derby through snow—our heatwave arrived four days later, naturally coinciding with 'O' and A' Level Examinations! At least this year we were spared the damage done by the Headmaster's daughter walking over the square in her high heels!

The season opened disastrously with a four-wicket defeat by Kingham Hill and the injury to Tomlinson referred to above. The XI were put in and threw their wickets away to some very poor bowling indeed. Only Marshall played with any degree of certainty but the XI were dismissed for 28 in an hour and a quarter. The quality of the opposition can be gauged from the fact that after three overs and one ball Kingham had lost five wickets for just two runs! Then came that fatal slip, and the XI were defeated. A draw against St. Edward's lifted the spirits slightly, but Thame inflicted a six-wicket defeat in spite of stout resistance from the two Scotts and Kennaway.

With more favourable climatic conditions our fortunes improved in the four matches up to 'O' and 'A' Levels. Dean Close were reduced to 22-5 before recovering to 100, and the XI closed with 86-8. In this match Jones took three catches and four wickets and so led by example, while Shutt, acting as his faithful squire, picked up two catches and scored 46 out of the first 63 runs, giving an indication of good things to come. At Oratory the return of Tomlinson added solidarity to the batting, but Jones stole the show with a violent innings of 61*. Several times the ball was sent crashing into the fence—buzzing like a shell passing overhead, and the XI were able to declare at 130-4 off 39 overs. Oratory batted for 38 overs but could only manage 66-5—rather a dull draw considering that half the overs were sent down by slow spinners. The first win of the season was recorded against Shiplake, and here the opening pair, Tomlinson and Shutt, put on 88 for the first wicket, breaking the 1969 record. After the declaration, lapses in the field led to frustration creeping in before Pool took a catch which gave confidence to the other fielders and bowlers. Indeed, one batsman in particular found Jones rather a painful proposition and seemed glad to depart. With ten balls left the last wicket fell and the XI had won by 55 runs. Magdalen were unlucky in that they were the first school side to find Tomlinson able to bowl once more, and after the XI's declaration at 106-9, the Captain put seven, later nine, players round the bat and let fly. After 17 overs Magdalen had been reduced to 32-8 and 12 of the last 20 overs still remained to be bowled. However, Pool's legbreaks were not employed and Magdalen escaped with a draw with one wicket standing.

With exams. receding, the second half of the fixtures began with a conclusive victory over Abingdon. The XI batted first and after three overs had scored 37-0 (10 overs 68-0). Our 'gnome', Shutt, was first out for 41 with the score at 98, and the three-week-old record had been broken again! Tomlinson went on to score 76 in 77 minutes, and after less than ninety minutes' batting the XI declared, leaving Abingdon twice the time in which to get the runs. To say the least, this was generous! However, all went well. Pool proved to be lethal, taking 6-14 with his legbreaks, and the match was won with over an hour to spare. The match against P.J.G.'s XI ended fittingly in a draw with good performances from Pool (41), M. Gleeson (36*), and last year's captain, Sandy Urquhart, now on the side of the angels (75). Nick Luxmoore also showed his class (64) before we all potted off to the library for festival food and drink. Down at Redrice the XI were victorious, doing well to score 115-6 declared on a dry, crumbling wicket, and when Tomlinson began his speed attack destruction stalked the batsmen. In fact, Pool (legbreaks) again turned out to be the executioner with 7-15.

The Malvern match produced a very tight finish—Malvern winning, with one wicket standing, off the penultimate ball. The day was beautiful with an unbroken blue sky, and the hills themselves looked superb, almost Iberian, as they towered up behind the College. Tomlinson scored another classy fifty, Shutt and H. Scott batted with aggression, but although Pool bowled bravely, considering the state of his raw fingers, beating and bowling the opening bat, an XI Colour, with a beauty, our ground fielding let us down and several runs slipped through at crucial moments. Nevertheless a marvellous match. To conclude the season the XI had the better of a draw with Pangbourne. Tomlinson again batted very well, and with this innings of 84 took his season's total to 400 and his XI career total to 1,147. H. Scott, promoted to Number 4 because of a sad injury to Jones, struck very well for his 27 and looked a good player in the making. Unhappily the XI could not force a win when they fielded, however hard the bowlers and fielders tried. Finally, our sincere thanks must again go to the Bursar and his splendid ground staff, nobly led by Paul, whose camouflage hat is to be seen stalking the grounds in all weathers; to

* Not out

Sister, who does not fully trust this 'English' game but nevertheless bears with us; to the Matrons for turning out teams which nearly always look clean, and last, but by no means least, to the cheerful ladies of the kitchen for all those early lunches, late teas and even later suppers.

SUMMARY OF MATCHES PLAYED

XI: Won 3, Drawn 6, Lost 3

Wed. 7th May v. Kingham Hill (Home). XI 28, Kingham Hill 29-6 (Jones 3-11, Tomlinson 3-16).

Sat. 10th May v. St. Edward's 3rd XI (Away). St. Edward's 83-8 dec. (Kennaway 6-38), XI 38-2.

Wed. 14th May v. Lord Williams', Thame (Home). XI 70, Thame 71-4 (Jones 4-28).

Thur. 15th May v. Dean Close 2nd XI (Away). Dean Close 100 (Marshall 4-25, Jones 4-32), XI 86-8 (Shutt 46).

Wed. 21st May v. Oratory Senior Colts (Away). XI 130-4 dec. (Jones 61*, Tomlinson 53), Oratory 66-5.

Thur. 22nd May v. Shiplake (Away). XI 130-8 dec. (Tomlinson 45, Shutt 44), Shiplake 75 (Jones 6-24, Kennaway 4-35).

Wed. 28th May v. Magdalen 2nd XI (Home). XI 106-9 dec. (Gleeson 25*), Magdalen 47-9 (Tomlinson 7-16).

Sat. 14th June v. Abingdon 3rd XI (Home). XI 158-4 dec. (Tomlinson 76, Shutt 41, Jones 29), Abingdon 43 (Pool 6-14).

Sat. 21st June v. P.J.G.'s XI (Home). P.J.G.'s XI 179-6 dec., XI 155-8 (Pool 41, Gleeson 36*, Shutt 22).

Wed. 25th June v. Redrice (Away). XI 115-6 dec. (Tomlinson 58), Redrice 80 (Pool 7-15, Tomlinson 3-34).

Thur. 26th June v. Malvern 'A' XI (Away), XI 152-7 dec. (Tomlinson 59, Shutt 23, H. Scott 22*), Malvern 154-9 (Pool 4-69, Tomlinson 3-47).

Wed. 2nd July v. Pangbourne 'A' XI (Away). XI 158-9 dec. (Tomlinson 84, H. Scott 27), Pangbourne 105-7 (Pool 3-30).

NOMADS 'TERM' MATCHES

Sun. 25th May v. 'F' Division, West Midlands Police (Birmingham City) (Home) 'F' Division 102-9 dec. (Tomlinson 5-21, Urquhart 3-37), Nomads 71 (Shutt 26).

Sun. 22nd June v. Milton C.C. (Away). Nomads 170-7 dec. (Green 62*, Scully 61), Milton 146-5.

XI AVERAGES

BATTING (Qualification 5 innings)

	I	N.O.	H.S.	R	A
Tomlinson	9	0	84	40	44.44
Gleeson	8	4	36*	112	28.00
Shutt	12	0	46	225	18.75
H. Scott	9	2	27	98	14.00
Jones	10	1	61*	112	12.44

* Not out

BOWLING (Qualification 6 wickets)

	O	M	W	R	A
Jones	67.3	24	20	150	7.50
Pool	52.3	12	22	185	8.41
Tomlinson	83	30	21	183	8.71
Kennaway	90.5	30	17	198	11.65

COLOURS

XI	XXII
J. Tomlinson	P. Brennan
B. Jones	C. Marshall
M. Gleeson	D. Kennaway
A. Shutt	H. Scott
J. Pool	M. Scott
	M. Pearce

CRICKET CUPS

All-rounders Cup	J. Tomlinson and B. Jones
Fielding Cup	J. Pool and A. Shutt
Batting Cup	J. Tomlinson
House Cricket Cup	Harcourt

HOUSE MATCHES

1st Match: Queen Anne 80 (Tomlinson 33, Pearce 4-15), Harcourt 81-8 (Marshall 3-22).

2nd Match: Swift 22 (P. Vaughan-Fowler 5-11, Kennaway 4-8), Harcourt 23-0.

NOMADS TOUR 1975

ON THE MORNING after the end of term, with *The Sun* inciting all its readers to 'follow the bear' (Nicklaus in this case), the Nomads eventually set out on their fourth invasion of that innocent and totally unsuspecting Jewel of the Industrial Midlands.

The touring party consisted of Messrs. Green, Luxmoore, Williams, Scully and Pohl, with M. Gleeson, Kennaway, Marshall, Pearce, Pool, Shutt and Tomlinson. M. de Weymarn played against the Police and P. T. Ellis scored at Harborne. Dick Smith brought his 'pond' with him.

'Eventually' was the operative word for we had a transport problem, and it was only through the kindness of Mr. Reid, who lent Tomlinson his van to carry the kit, that we got underway at all. After a road test with the rest of the 'cast' standing around waiting in the wings, the main body finally set out with an audience of masters, who left their reports simmering in the Common Room, to send us off—it was rather like the departure of the policemen in the *Pirates of Penzance*—'At last they go!'

Most of us lunched at the White Lion, Tredington, except 'Didcot and Catweazel' who thundered on to Henley-in-Arden. The young bloods quickly got into the spirit of things and it was only a few moments before Marshall and Pool were rolling about on the floor with Gemima Jane. After lunch we drove on to the Norfolk Hotel, found Conference Room. One advertising 'Gay Design' which made us wonder, had a brief team talk in The Duck in the evening, and then split up to

make our own amusements. Peter Scully arrived at 10.30 p.m., having scored 132 not out for Lloyds v. British Columbia at Dulwich on the same day, so here at least was a batsman in form. Captain's round in the evening found all the party safely tucked up—especially Kennaway, who for some reason was rolled up in toilet paper.

On Tuesday, thunderstorms at 5 a.m. produced the first rain that had fallen in Birmingham since 3rd June, but by lunch-time the weather had cleared up and we set out philosophically to meet the Police on the interesting, undulating ground of Alcan Booth. We were put in and Shutt was bowled in the second over. 1-0 (standard start v. Police). Tomlinson, distinctly worried by pace, was second out at 48 and Luxmoore was given run out in a photo-finish, 3-67. Scully and Green now put on 102 presidential runs in 63 minutes, by which time the Captain (having run a four) was exhausted! Scully left shortly afterwards but Pohl and de Weymarn carried the score forward, and we declared at 195-7. After a long tea, Luxmoore took 4-36, but Tomlinson lacked his usual degree of penetration. Pool bowled the best Police batsman third bounce but a stumping and four catches went begging from the Captain's four overs—to make matters worse, de Weymarn at deep square leg spent most of the time kicking the ball over the boundary—Silly Billy!

Thunder and lightning ended the game early with the Police struggling at 141-7 and we were all glad to get back to Police H.Q. at Tally Ho! Scully proved the value of a Cokethorpe education by winning the snooker championship before we all lurched exhausted back to the hotel.

On Wednesday morning some of the team went to watch the Australian Tourists in the nets at Edgbaston prior to the First Test and were dismayed at the sight of Lillee bowling fast googlies off four paces. (In the First Test we were all dismayed, Lillee 15-8-15-5.)

In the afternoon we played Harborne, and after winning the toss fielded first in a heavy atmosphere and on a damp but hard wicket. Luxmoore bowled swing from the Palace, but Williams started his Nomads bowling career by being carted for 27 in his first two overs. When we batted, Scully was out in the second over and Tomlinson in the fifth with our total at 4. Williams scored 4 out of 35 with Luxmoore before being run out—3-39. Green joined Luxmoore and stumps were drawn after another 75 minutes with our score at 162-3, Luxmoore 102 not out—the first Nomadic centurian, and we toasted him in the Clubhouse afterwards.

On Thursday everyone was down to breakfast on time, and this was followed by putting on the hotel lawn. Chris Marshall in particular struck the ball fiercely. The Hotel Manager, Mr. Skinner, chose this moment to leave and set up in business elsewhere—we hope we did not influence his decision. Lunch was taken in The Duck, where everyone seemed to beat Pool at TV Tennis, and then we moved on to play in a dreadful game against Moseley Ashfield. They won the toss and batted; we fielded badly and for a very long time! Pearce showed an alert cricketing brain by taking the bails off for a run out after a Kennaway blunder, and Marshall bowled well—there was also a 'demon' catch taken at first slip about which everyone was very rude. We batted out time after a break for rain, which left us with no chance of winning, and left the ground quickly. Gleeson, Tomlinson and Pohl went to the Opposite Lock, the older men went to bed, while the youngsters went to The Duck.

On Friday the effort to get down to breakfast was becoming greater and the usual confusion occurred when we paid our bills. It was raining as we drove down the M5 but it was fine when we arrived at Norton and the Signals decided to bat. Tomlinson and Luxmoore bowled them out for a meagre 54, aided by good work behind the stumps from Gleeson, who kept wicket well throughout the tour, and Shutt, who took a fine catch. In our innings Scully was run out, Pohl was bowled, but Luxmoore scored 29 before being given out l.b.w. Tomlinson and Green were together at the end and the Nomads were victorious by 7 wickets. In spite of rain the match finished

early; the Old Bear and his cubs were back in their various dens by 10 p.m. that night and another tour was over.

v. 'F' Division, West Midlands Police: Nomads 195-7 dec. (Scully 52, Green 48, Luxmoore 26, Tomlinson 22), Police 141-7 (Luxmoore 4-36).

v. Harborne C.C.: Harborne 186-7 dec. (Williams 3-67), Nomads 162-3 (Luxmoore 102*, Green 42*).

v. Moseley Ashfield C.C.: Ashfield 175-6 dec. (Luxmoore 3-47), Nomads 70-4 (Tomlinson 34*).

v. 14th Signals Regiment, Worcester: Signals 54 (Luxmoore 6-25, Tomlinson 4-24), Nomads 55-3 (Luxmoore 29).

* Not out

COLTS CRICKET 1975

Played 7, Drawn 1, Lost 6

THE 1975 'DEMON' COLTS turned out to be a little less than demon. The team suffered from a basic lack of experience in all departments and, with the best will in the world, this counts enormously at Junior level. Macleod captained the side calmly and patiently, batted well and bowled flat off-breaks. McKenzie lent him yeoman service as batsman-wicketkeeper and struck the ball fiercely. Vaughan-Fowler and M. White bowled quickly (especially against Stowe), but their line and length lacked consistency, and Carraher, Crisp, Smit, Nathan, Webster, Barrett and Cooke showed promise for the future. Sonny Ching played in every match, and his sweep (all the way round to third-man) and Cooke's grin will remain as happy memories. Last but not least, credit must be given to Saunders who toiled manfully at 'the book' throughout the season—certainly a 'Demon' scorer.

RESULTS

v. Stowe (Home). Colts 105 (Macleod 40*), Stowe 59-5 (V.-Fowler 4-10).

v. Oratory (Away). Oratory 163-5 dec. (White 3-54), Colts 59.

v. Shiplake (Away). Shiplake 148-8 dec. (Macleod 3-41), Colts 71 (Macleod 29).

v. Kingham (Away). Kingham 80 (Webster 4-23, V.-Fowler 4-24), Colts 76 (McKenzie 30).

v. Magdalen (Home). Magdalen 124-2 dec., Colts 39.

v. Abingdon (Home). Colts 89 (McKenzie 33), Abingdon 90-1.

v. Redrice (Away). Colts 63 (McKenzie 22), Redrice 67-7 (White 5-26).

* Not out

CROSS-COUNTRY REPORT

THIS SEASON'S CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING programme got off to its standard rainbow start in January—red merged into blue, became green and finally the real thing was upon us, and one hundred and fifteen boys set out to tackle the full School Cross-Country Route. Pearce was first home, as expected, in 26 min. 33 sec., followed by S. Cook, Bodenham, Russell, A. Cooke, H. Scott, D. de Souza and D. Webster. Swift, collectively, won the House Event with 1,705 points, Queen Anne with 2,212 points came second, and Harcourt with 2,317 points was third. One sad note, however, was the lowly position (56th) of the first Under-14 runner home—in 1975 no fewer than nine juniors arrived in the first 55.

Twenty-two boys ran in the North Oxon area Championships held this year at Woodgreen School. In the Under-20 group, S. Cook finished 3rd, A. Cooke 4th and Bodenham 6th, all three being selected to run for North Oxon in the County Championships two weeks later. In the Under-17 Group, Russell 6th, and Aires 8th, were also chosen to represent North Oxon, and our Under-17 team as a whole came

second to Warriner School, beating Woodgreen, Bloxham, Burford and Blessed George Napier in the process. In the Under-15 group our first man home was 50th and the team finished 7th out of 7!

In the misty and muddy Oxfordshire Championships at Horspath on 7th February. A. Cooke finished 15th in the Under-20 age group and was chosen as a reserve for the County team but S. Cook broke down when going strongly. Our two Under-17's, Russell and Aires, were unable to finish in the top 20, although they both tried hard and were by no means disgraced.

The Inter-House Road Relay

Once again this Cup returns to Swift House. The victorious team consisted (in running order) of M. White, Murphy, Trotter, H. Scott, Russell, Bird and S. Cook, and it is worth mentioning all their names, for they now hold the record for this event which the Swift team of 1965 had established at 106.34 min. and which Harcourt 'stole' in 1975 with 106.03 min. Pearce (Harcourt) clocked, nevertheless, the fastest outward lap of the day with 16 min. .01 sec. All the runners should be congratulated on their determined efforts.

<i>Lap</i>	<i>Swift</i>	<i>Harcourt</i>	<i>Queen Anne</i>
One	35 min. 50 sec.	37 min. 05 sec.	36 min. 15 sec.
Two	34 min. 13 sec.	36 min. 29 sec.	34 min. 30 sec.
Three	35 min. 45 sec.	34 min. 01 sec.	37 min. 19 sec.
Totals	105 min. 48 ses.	107 min. 35 sec.	108 min. 04 sec.

ATHLETICS 1976

WITH THE MONSOON CONDITIONS of Easter Term 1975 still agonisingly fresh in our minds, it was with a distinct sense of foreboding that we took to the track once again in March. Luckily our worst fears proved groundless; the weather was relatively dry, if not always warm, and several boys were able to display their prowess in track and field events. The Standards Competition was not held this year to allow the rowers the freedom of the river after half-term, but the Inter-House Athletics Competition reached its climax on the last day of term, 2nd April, and two school records were broken. Pearce lopped over 20 seconds off the old Open 1500m. record (In 1974 he did exactly the same to the Junior 1500m. record) and J. Vaughan-Fowler improved the Senior Triple Jump record to 12.44 metres. Harcourt seniors dominated the whole show, and the two Vaughan-Fowler brothers won no less than five events between them—that in itself is probably a record too—but it is interesting to note that Harcourt took only one of the eleven junior finals; perhaps there is a 'wind of change' beginning to blow. . . . A detailed list of winners follow:

INTER-HOUSE INDIVIDUAL WINNERS 1976

	<i>Senior</i>		<i>Junior</i>	
100m.	J. Vaughan-Fowler (H)	11.4 sec.†	Davenport (S)	12.8 sec.
200m.	J. Vaughan-Fowler (H)	24.0 sec.	Cartwright (Q.A.)	26.5 sec.
400m.	Cottrell (H)	58.4 sec.†	Cartwright (Q.A.)	61.9 sec.
800m.	Pearce (H)	2 min. 17.4 sec.	Nathan (S)	2 min. 37.7 sec.
Long Jump	Pool (S)	5.61m.	Ashby (S)	4.95m.
Triple Jump	J. Vaughan-Fowler (H)	12.44m.*	Ashby (S)	10.48m.
High Jump	Macleod (Q.A.)	1.50m.	Jenkinson (H)	1.17m.
Discus	P. Vaughan-Fowler (H)	29.52m.	Murphy (S)	24.50m.
Javelin	Pool (S)	35.73m.	Holland (Q.A.)	31.22m.
Shot	P. Vaughan-Fowler (H)	9.16m.	Murphy (S)	9.07m.
4 x 100m.	Queen Anne House	55.0 sec.	Queen Anne House	56.1 sec.
1500m. (open)	Pearce (H)	4 min. 14.6 sec.*		
4 x 400m. (open)	Harcourt House	4 min. 8.7 sec.		

* Indicates new School record

† National Qualifying Standard

FINAL HOUSE RESULTS

1. Harcourt	217 points
2. Swift	163 points
3. Queen Anne	155 points

NORTH OXFORDSHIRE TRIALS

Nine boys were chosen to represent Cokethorpe at the North Oxfordshire Trial at Horspath Track, Oxford. There were several outstanding performances on the day. G. Cartwright broke the junior 400m. record, while S. Macleod equalled his personal best in the High Jump. I. Cottrell similarly achieved a personal best in the senior 400m. J. Vaughan-Fowler won the intermediate Triple Jump and came second in the intermediate 200m. Final.

FOOTBALL REPORT 1975/6

ONCE AGAIN THE SOCCER CLUB enjoyed a very successful season, and in the three matches played they remained undefeated. Against Woodgreen the XI fell behind to an early goal, but through the efforts of the two Manleys they took the lead shortly after half-time. G. Manley left the field injured a quarter of an hour before time, and Woodgreen's subsequent pressure brought them an equalizer.

Injury problems hampered the team before the second match, which was against Henry Box. The captain, G. Manley, was still unfit, and McKenzie became captain. An early goal was conceded on an icy pitch with little grip, but by the end of the first half W. Manley had equalized. Late pressure and bad finishing failed to bring another goal, however. Girling went off at half-time with a gashed leg which put him out of the rest of the match.

With G. Manley returning for the third match v. Burford, our side was strengthened. After trailing 1-3 we produced some of our best football of the season and as a result of sustained pressure and determination the XI equalized with a fine goal from J. Vaughan-Fowler. In the end we were unlucky not to win.

Special mention must go to Mr. Williams for his help with coaching and tactics, and to those masters and parents who provided transport.

With at least eight of this year's XI returning, we hope that an extended fixture list in 1976-77 will yield more good results.

The Junior soccer team played two matches but lost heavily to the more experienced Junior XI's of Woodgreen and Burford. Some junior talent was strongly in evidence in the House Matches and this gives encouragement for next season.

SUMMARY OF XI MATCHES AND APPEARANCES

- v. Woodgreen (Away) Drew 2-2 (Manley, G., Manley, W.).
- v. Henry Box (Away) Drew 1-1 (Manley, W.).
- v. Burford (Away) Drew 3-3 (Manley, G., Vaughan-Fowler, J., 2).

APPEARANCES

3 Matches: Ashby, Gleeson, W. Manley, McKenzie (Vice-Captain), Pearce, Pool, Scott, H., Smith, J. Vaughan-Fowler.

2 Matches: G. Manley (Captain), Girling, Macleod, Clarke (2 substitute appearances).

HOUSE MATCHES

THE INTER-HOUSE Soccer Competition was won by Harcourt with victories against Queen Anne by 3-0, and Swift by 4-0. The match between Queen Anne and Swift ended in a 5-2 victory for Swift. The House Cup was presented to the School by G. A. Manley, to whom we are all grateful.

R. MCKENZIE (Lower 6)

COKETHORPE PARK RIFLE CLUB

SWIFT WON THE HOUSE SHOOTING competition this year, breaking Queen Anne's stranglehold on this sport. Queen Anne had, in fact, won it every year since 1970. The winning team comprised Mullen (99 out of 100), Murphy (98 out of 100), Crewe (96 out of 100) and Ashby (91 out of 100). Thus Swift obtained 384 points. Queen Anne were second with 377 points and their best scorer was de Souza with 98 out of 100. Harcourt, unfortunately, didn't succeed in getting four boys to shoot.

'SEVEN NO TRUMPS.'

BRIDGE

'Doubled.'

The occasion was the House Bridge Competition in the Autumn Term. The hush was unusual. Declarer, the vulnerable A. Shutt, played confidently to make his Grand Slam and harvest all the points in spite of reaching his contract by unconventional means. This made the competition memorable. It was the Queen Anne team which eventually came up trumps and won the cup by a narrow margin of points over Harcourt after a long series of keenly played hands.

Not all the bidding at the regular Thursday afternoon Bridge sessions in the Corinthian Room is quite so daring. There are, however, enough who have now mastered the rudiments of the game to make up several tables.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY 1975-76

OWING TO THE ENTHUSIASM of our Captain, A. Hanby, there has been a number of interesting excursions during the year. The first was to Selsey Bill and Pagenham Harbour in September. At the latter place, we saw, most of us for the first time, sandwich terns, black-tailed godwits, and grey plovers. Thus the long journey was most worthwhile.

Other places visited have been Ecton Sewage Farm, Pitsford Reservoir, Theale gravel pits, Farmoor reservoir, the Berkshire Downs and the R.S.P.B. headquarters at Sandy.

As in other years we have continued to attend meetings of the Ashmolean Natural History Society of Oxfordshire, and have enjoyed very interesting meetings on British deer, falconry, the wildlife of Aldabra and so on. Also we have attended meetings of the Oxford Ornithological Society. One meeting especially which comes to mind was the one about the Dartford warbler, a lovely bird which unfortunately is declining in numbers as our lowland heaths disappear.

Twenty-six boys joined our visit to Slimbridge and we were again able to see the white-fronted geese on the estuary and also seventeen Bewick swans.

Then not to forget our own school grounds there have been some very interesting observations during the year. What was possibly the most exciting was a pair of goshawks which were seen circling over Home Wood one day in October. Then, to come to animals, foxes have been very much in evidence this year, even during the day. One appeared to be quite tame and would regularly trot across the field in front of the form room block, not making the task of teaching such subjects as mathematics any easier.

A welcome addition to our list of reptiles is a grass snake which lives near the pond and presumably lives on the newts with which the pond ordinarily abounds, also on frogs which have only recently begun to make an appearance.

An activity undertaken by third formers this year was the gathering and planting of acorns. We trust that some were planted in good ground and will grow into mighty oaks further to adorn this beautiful park in which we live.

THE POND 1975-76

THE POND ITSELF has not seen much structural change this year but has been left for the wild to take over. This does not mean it has reverted to a mud-filled pit—rather the opposite. Nature has turned it into a living jewel.

Though small it attracted a wide variety of interesting life. After the summer term of '75, Drew came face to face with a snake—nothing to give Edgar Rice Burrough something to write about. It was a grass snake of quite large dimensions, though it was by no means a record. It had obviously come to the pond to find refuge from the summer heat. It was seen again this spring.

An early morning regular visitor to the pond has been a moorhen and good views of this bird were obtained. Not so, however, in the case of the Pond's most distinguished visitor—a green sandpiper which was seen a number of times during the autumn. This shy bird made a noisy exit at the sound of any approach. A kingfisher made several lightning attacks on the pond, but didn't severely reduce the numbers of fish and we, at any rate, appreciated its presence.

Early this year a number of strange fish deaths brought a flutter to the heart of their donor, Mr. Thomson. However, by the spring they had rallied and were supplemented by some Golden Orfe. Thanks to certain boys, there are also some mysterious fish in the pond—not a case of 'Jaws', however. The most spectacular is a seven-inch-long chub—or should I say an eighteen-centimetre job?

The drought has had little effect on the depth of the pond and this has resulted in profuse plant life in the margins and depths. A short stay by Horace, the school goose (yes, goose!), did not stunt off the rushes.

A. HANBY (Upper 6)

THEATRE REPORT

LAST YEAR'S THEATRE PROGRAMME covered a remarkable range of different plays, and the same is even more true of this season's programme, which has stretched over a spectrum of 'infinite variety' unequalled by any previous outings. Having watched performances of works covering the whole range of Shakespeare through Sheridan to Pinter, we know that we have enjoyed one of the best theatre seasons for quite some time.

Stratford this year evoked memories of last season's enjoyable and excellent productions in the high standard still maintained. The use of a new stage which permits a view from all points of the compass, including a rear view of scene and actors, added an extra dimension to the pleasure afforded by a very gripping 'Romeo and Juliet' ably performed by Ian McKellen and Francesca Annis in the title roles, and an excellent 'Much Ado About Nothing', which proved even more popular, despite Judi Dench's rather portly Beatrice, who nonetheless provided considerable entertainment.

Shakespeare also received attention at Marlborough College with a creditable 'Love's Labour's Lost'. The highlight of the season at Marlborough College came with our visit to yet another Penny Reading (the 181st!); for although the usual brass band struggled, having been decimated by the 'flu, the evening was brightened

by an effervescent performance of Sheridan's 'A Trip to Scarborough', which considerably cheered our band of theatregoers.

We also took to the open air last summer to see a performance of 'Macbeth' in the gardens of New College, Oxford. This performance remains particularly memorable because of the magnificent weather and the stirring sight of a wailing witch perched reverberatingly on top of the bell tower; all in all this trip provided us with an evening to remember from a summer which remains memorable in itself.

More modern playwrights also received our attention. We visited London's Greenwich Theatre to see Noël Coward's 'The Vortex' which provided a certain amount of insight into the lives of the 'Bright Young Things' of the roaring 'twenties'; and then we turned our sights on Westminster College, Oxford, to see Oscar Wilde's memorable play, 'The Importance of Being Earnest'; as an amateur production it was skilfully produced and immensely entertaining.

Thus we have had a thoroughly enjoyable season of theatregoing, one which, moreover, has also been of considerable worth in its own right. We gained a great deal more than mere entertainment, in one way or another; and with the prospect of two further trips ahead, to see 'The Winter's Tale' and 'The Duchess of Malfi', we will end our report on an optimistic note of anticipation for next year.

R. BARTHOLOMEW (Upper 6)

ART

THE ART CLASS takes place in the afternoon devoted to recreation. Though linguistically apt, this does give some the impression of what is known, in the adult education world, as a leisure class. But by discouraging those who used to attend the Art class for purely social reasons, the decibels have mercifully, with the numbers, decreased and the quality of the work greatly improved.

Among the nucleus that remains, two boys have brought their own oil paints and have been able, starting on a small scale, to gain some experience of this medium. Another visitor has arrived, as it seems they all do from the Orient, his talent fully fledged. It is also satisfactory to see a number of different styles being used and investigated. With the popularity of the 1930s there is an interest in the late flowering of English surrealism and the excellently traditional Nash-like water colours. Some boys have been trying out, with the aid of an acrylic medium, a heavy impasto, and in contrast others have attempted the restraint of drawing. In spite of the exigencies of a relentless sports programme, a certain amount of work has been done, though whether enough to satisfy the 'O' level examiners is not certain, and this will be interesting to see.

WOODWORK

A CHEERFUL COLLECTION of carpenters has congregated each Thursday. Unfortunately and erroneously, most believe that the bigger the better. In fact, quite the reverse is true—it is much more difficult to complete a large item in one term and the ever-increasing cost of wood makes it very expensive.

The articles attempted or achieved include bedside lockers, coffee and card tables and various boxes and cabinets.

LIBRARY NOTES

THE NEW SHELVES have arrived, matching all the others perfectly and looking fully as handsome as we had hoped they would. These adjustable shelves are a boon, and there is no need any longer for 'coffee-table books' to be edged in sideways. For a year or so now we should be able to house our additions comfortably without the need first for harsh pruning.

As usual some of our new books have been given to us. Particularly we must thank three donors—a former parent, Dr. Goss, an Old Boy, Peter Lynn, and a present member of staff, Gordon Dennis. The poet Vernon Scannell, when he came to talk to us, presented us with a signed copy of 'The Loving Game', his latest 'slim volume'.

Bartholomew, by now an elder statesman, has continued to watch over Library affairs, but the day-to-day running, on the smoothness of which so much depends, has been done with admirable reliability and attention to detail by Moores. He has had, as his assistants, Barton, Berg, Bourke and Murphy. Craig's skills as a typist have been much in demand, and we are grateful for his willing help.

DEBATING

THE WINTER TERM saw no formal debate, but eloquence, wit, spontaneity and even powers of oratory were displayed to a crowded and noisy audience when a panel of six (Bartholomew, Bourke, Burchett, Girling, MacKenzie and Moores) undertook to speak for 'Just One Minute'. Subjects ranging from photosynthesis to King Arthur, and from Shakespeare to Miss World were handled with varying degrees of knowledge and conciseness. Mr. White was the judge (a task demanding a bewildering succession of instant decisions) and Burchett was the worthy winner.

More serious matters held the floor in the Spring Term. Junior debators discussed whether or not 'Iceland has the better case in the Cod War'. Patriotism, expressed somewhat histrionically by Jenkins and D. McHugh, was enough and the motion was lost by the margin of one vote: clearly the calmer, more reasoned approach of the proposers (Barton and Tamlyn) had evoked a good deal of support.

The seniors dealt with the emotive subject of euthanasia later in that term. Making carefully considered qualifications, Baker and Stewart spoke persuasively in favour of it and, although the feeling of the audience was clearly hostile to them initially, they finally overcame the opposers (Bourke and Moores) by a crushing 23 to 9 (with 14 abstentions).

At the beginning of the Summer Term the competition for the Cullen Debating Prize took place in the form of a 'balloon' debate. A mixture of coyness and sickness reduced the number of speakers to three, Tamlyn (Christian Barnard), MacKenzie (Racquel Welch) and Stewart (Adolf Hitler). Each spoke eloquently in favour of his client, but neither Tamlyn's quiet logic and dry understatement, nor Stewart's depth of research and visual effects, were enough to capture the prize. That went to MacKenzie, who delicately avoided the all-too-easy indelicacies he might have uttered in praise of Miss Welch's nubile charms. His ease of manner and deft handling of his audience persuaded the judge (Mr. Dennis) that he indeed was the best speaker. One more name can be added to the list of silver-tongued winners of this now traditional competition.

CAMERA CLUB

MUFFLED MUTTERINGS from the dim depths of what appears to be a large cupboard of indifferent construction in the corner of the second floor bathroom are no longer a source of surprise. They were, however, a source of annoyance to some of the seniors earnestly revising for Mocks early in the Spring Term. As a result further development was temporarily suspended during that period.

The revived Camera Club rose from beneath the mattresses and trunks which enthusiastic new members found packed into the 'Dark Room' last September. After the removal operation, during which a number of useful pieces of equipment came to the surface, a brief battle was fought against white light with green tape. We

surrendered and have turned our backs on it ever since. Facilities have been improved with a new easel and developing tank, whilst operational efficiency has been increased by a rearrangement of the furniture. Now the room is in frequent use.

During our one excursion this year to the Cotswold Wildlife Park at Burford in early February, a bitterly cold north-east wind all but froze fingers to the shutter releases. Any further excursions will take place at a time of the year when the weather can be expected to be kinder.

There is no lack of films to develop or negatives to print and there have been enough successes to warrant an exhibition of photographs at the close of the Summer Term.

MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

EVERY DAY OF A WINTER TERM a score of boys run swiftly to the old music room. In here, amongst piles of papier mâché, boys are building bridges, mending pre-1940 London class steam engines and arguing about the scale speeds of their own Hornby or other make of model train.

This little company is led by Jenkinson, King or Jewson. The latter has supplied us with a whole model of Paddington Station.

In a corner is the workshop. Here overhauls take place and such major operations as engine replacements. The hot smell of solder is the main constituent of the air, combining with that of the papier mâché.

There are many pounds worth of engines and carriages locked away in the cupboard; many of these have been handed down from father to son.

If you enter the room on a winter's day you will immediately be asked if you are a member. If not, you will be obliged to leave quickly or simply be 'kicked out' (via the window). The key to the tightly guarded cupboard is hidden in the old piano but, of course, this will now be changed! Now in the summer months the room is empty but, when winter comes, the Cokethorpe railway system will roll again.

D. McHUGH (4B)

TREASURE HUNTING

SEVERAL BOYS HAVE BEEN ON metal-detecting expeditions to the Roman town of Alchester and the Romano-British settlement at Asthall. Several coins have been unearthed, mostly from the third and early fourth centuries A.D. Amongst the more interesting finds have been a nice copper coin of the Emperor Posthumus, who was a usurper in Gaul and Britain in the late third century, found by Jenkinson, 4A; and an interesting coin of the Emperor Caracalla struck in Ephesus in Turkey, and eventually unearthed at Asthall.

All those concerned would like to thank Mr. A. Walker of Asthall, and all the other landowners who have kindly given us permission to search on their land.

SCHOOL TELESCOPE

THE SCHOOL has recently acquired a refracting telescope with magnifications of up to 240x.

Many pupils have seen the moon's surface in detail, and from a makeshift observatory on the Sixth Form balcony several more interesting observations have been made. These include regular sightings of the four moons orbiting Jupiter; the rings of Saturn, together with its largest moon, Titan; the great Nebula in Orion, and several binary stars.

THE COKETHORPE SOCIETY

THE FIRST EVENT I have to report is that at the last Annual General Meeting Trevor Key decided that, owing to his many other commitments, he could no longer continue as Secretary of the Society. However, after a little persuasion we made him agree to retain the position, in conjunction with myself, for one year so that I could take the task on gradually. I am sure you would all wish to thank him very warmly for the work he has done for the Society as Secretary and for so willingly giving up his valuable time.

The Annual General Meeting, held in February at the Westminster Arms, was reasonably well attended even though some members were only present for ten minutes (until their beer ran out!). It was generally agreed at the meeting that it would be nice if we could see a little more activity from some of the members. Hopefully in the near future there will be more happening in the way of small get-togethers of people from the same years. Representatives have been elected and if you have any ideas for meeting your old contemporaries you should get in touch with them. They are:

1960-61 David Lumb; 1961-62 Peter Lynn; 1963-64 David Gilman; 1965-68 Mike Davies; 1969-71 Peter Siu; 1972-74 Russell Massey.

We had a very successful rugger match against the School, whom we managed to beat 26-10, but we did find them a strong side; I think perhaps that they were much fitter than many of us! (I played!)

Trevor Key has passed on news of Old Boys to me received over the past year, and I am sure you will find it interesting reading.

Miles Hutton is working for Gallahers Ltd. as a Sales Representative on their International Tobacco Sales force, based mainly in the Midlands. He is also a member of a small Group—musical—although some would say otherwise! (His words.)

A. E. Carraher was married in May 1975 and is still working for his family selling toilet tissues.

A. Trotman after leaving Cokethorpe spent six months travelling in the Middle East and then completed an Honours Degree in Philosophy at Hull University. He is now part-owner and Managing Director of two publishing firms: Graham & Trotman Ltd. (Management and Business Publishing) and Careers Consultants Ltd. (Educational Publishing). On top of all this he is also married with two sons and a daughter.

Alan Mellaart at the moment is attending Istanbul University, having taken a year off from Durham University before going back next year (1976) for his final year. As he puts it, 'it is proving to be very interesting, varied and beneficial but a little dangerous at times!'

Nigel Sherry is now an Accountant working in his father's company, an agricultural and horticultural machinery dealership, having spent two years training in Canada. An active member of the Young Conservatives for many years, he became Chairman of his local City Branch three years ago and, following that, took on the Area Divisional Chairmanship.

Michael Kaile was recently married and is successfully employed in Hotel Management.

Crispin de Pass last year was in New Zealand working on farms and stations getting practical experience before going to the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, in September 1976 to read Rural Estate Management. This year he goes to Australia, spending three-four months there before returning to England.

John Key is at present on a two-year contract with the Costain, Taylor Woodrow Joint Venture, in Dubai, Persian Gulf, on the construction of the second phase of the port extensions (dry docks). He is due to return in Spring 1978.

N. Sargeantson leaves for Los Angeles in May 1976 to develop business in spices. There is a possibility of his staying three years in California.

Patrick Spencer, who is with the National Westminster Bank in London, has recently gained promotion.

Russell Massey is at present in Germany doing his six months practical training in Hotel Management; he returns to Bournemouth College in September.

James Wells, I am told, is now able to fly helicopters.

James Tomlinson is enjoying himself working in the Lord Chamberlain's Office. He tells me that he lunches at Buckingham Palace when the Queen is in residence.

Matthew Bartosik is doing a management training course with the John Lewis Group in London.

I am sure you are all as sorry as I am to hear that Peter Allen has decided to retire at the end of July. We wish him and his wife every success with their new venture of running a coaching establishment at Lower Slaughter. Perhaps in the future some of you may be glad to use their services for your sons.

I should like to welcome his successor, John Trevis, on behalf of the Cokethorpe Society and offer him any support that he may wish for from the Old Boys of the School.

Do please send me news of yourselves, for without it I shall be unable to keep the records up to date. As I am continually moving around please write c/o my parents at 'Windermere', 121 Burford Road, Witney, Oxon OX8 5ED (Tel. Witney 2406); they are always willing to pass on any messages.

CHRISTOPHER J. WEBB

RETROSPECTION

(extracts from letters sent from Old Boys on receiving the news of the Headmaster's impending retirement)

'AFTER MY FATHER'S BRIEF CHAT, this strange but already likeable man asked me if I would accompany him for a short stroll down the visitors' drive. It was during this walk that I was put totally at ease. For the first time ever I found myself not afraid, and able to talk freely. I realised I was holding a conversation with a man who cared and, above all, understood my situation. I had found the right headmaster, the right school, and it is to this same man today that I truly owe so much.'

'I can remember Mr. Allen as a fair man who actually possessed a warm sense of humour. I can equally remember earning his displeasure on various occasions (for I was not an ideal pupil) and remember most vividly the dire consequences which inevitably followed. He always had a way of dishing out punishments which made the offender realise how wrong he had been. Mr. Allen never bore a grudge.'

'Once inside this innermost sanctum of the school you were quickly made to feel at ease. On a winter evening you might even be invited to sit before a cheerful log-fire, there to chat while wood smoke, not all of which found its way up the chimney, gave the atmosphere a resinous scent. The room always seemed peaceful; the panelled walls imparted a feeling of security and of insulation from the world outside. Here, within, you could relax (provided, of course, that you had not been summoned to receive sentence) with a man who was at once kindly and understanding.'

'"Simply splendid, boy, splendid." Your thoughts revert to the discussion in hand. You were often "boy", but no matter; you knew it was meant kindly and that your first name was momentarily forgotten.'

'I have found many headmasters are rather like the image of the Victorian father, who is only seen on special occasions, or more likely when wrong-doing had to be righted, often bottom-side-up. Mr. Allen would almost always be present, not only in his role as headmaster, but also giving us all his own personal support.'

'I remember after nearly all the cross-country runs in which I took part the first words I heard as I crossed the finishing line were: "Well done, boy." Mr. Allen was there to greet each runner and to offer his own congratulations. It was something that led me through all my years at Cokethorpe to have an ever-growing respect for Mr. Allen, a respect which today is just as strong and will remain so long after Cokethorpe has suffered the loss of a very special kind of man, and headmaster.'

'I invented bottle-hanging. Don't let anyone tell you differently. I did it at school when my tennis racquet broke itself. I wrapped the gut around the neck of a quarter-Haig and hung it out of the prefects' common room window. Then flung it casual, intimidating passers-by. Before it reached them, of course, it jerked itself back and swung up under the arch. You have to use an arch if you only have one Haig . . .

'The fifth form slept below. Big dorm. Half-intrepid, I slipped out the window into the gutter at the end of the moss-moss roof, hanging on to the shaky stonework on the other side. Hanging on to the trusty Haig, too. Goes without saying. Lowered the thing to rap the fifth's window. Cheap laughs, why not? Lower it slowly . . .

'"Who's that?"

'Well, it was me, of course. The caller was the Man himself, no less. Out for a midnight stroll, no less. Fair cop, no less. Thought I to lie 'n fight another day. Back I went to the window drag-dragging the trusty (and noisy) Haig. Amid further inquiries from the gravel below.

'The Man himself stormed, majesty itself, into the dormitory. I'd taken the precaution of nipping in through a friendly (different) window, but the Man himself's nose was as sharp as I had anticipated. I didn't lie when he finally popped the question.

'"Yessir, it was me out there in the gutter."

'Fumed he, incredulous, friendly: "You could have fallen and killed yourself."

'"Yessir."

'"And that bottle, boy?"

'"Bottle-boy, sir?"

'"I suppose you stumbled upon one. You could have cut your foot, boy."

'"Oh, yessir . . ."

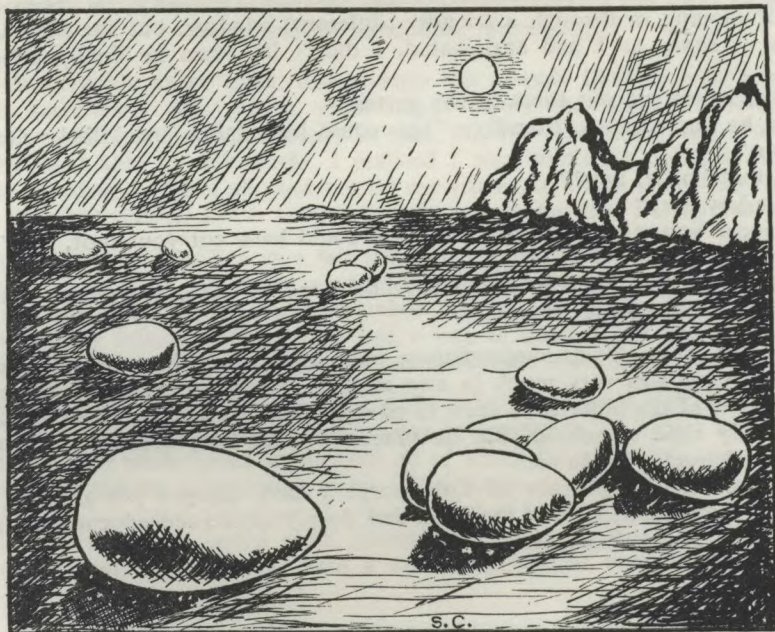
'That was the Man himself. Could have bent me for six-of-the-worst. Instead he laughs and invents excuses for me.'

'Peter Allen was a kind, compassionate man, and proved in my day a fine headmaster. Everyone was very much in awe of him, including, I suspect, some of the masters. A few of the older boys grew to be occasionally critical of his old-fashioned and extremely rigid standards. But he practised what he preached, possessing the strength of character to do so.

'Since becoming a Governor of Cokethorpe I have enjoyed yet another side of Peter Allen's character, that of the keen and deeply concerned educationalist. He is a truly professional headmaster.'



WELSH LANDSCAPE — By I. Cottrell (5A)



HURRAH FOR HORACE! — By S. Cook (5A)



THE SCHOOL XV

A. Shutt, M. Girling, J. Buchanan-Brown, S. McHugh, H. Scott, W. Manley, C. Marshall,
H. Pearce, D. de Souza, J. Pool, P. Vaughan-Fowler, G. Manley, M. Scott, M. Gleeson,
J. Vaughan-Fowler
I. Cottrell D. Webster



THE SCHOOL XI

J. Pool, W. Manley, H. Scott, M. Girling, J. Vaughan-Fowler, M. Gleeson, S. Ashby,
R. Clarke, S. MacLeod, R. McKenzie, G. Manley, M. Pearce, D. Smit



CRAWLEY — By R. Cooke of the Camera Club



CANOE SLALOM — J. Russell in action

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