

The Peacock



1983

The Magazine of Cokethorpe School

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EDITORS

P. J. C. & P. J. R. R.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE HEADMASTER

“I don’t like a lot of tradition, but I am old-fashioned in some ways and I do like a sort of unashamed spirit and enthusiasm”



T.A.: *Sir, when you first came here four years ago you must have had lots of plans and ideas: would you like to outline some of them?*

H.M.: When I first came to Cokethorpe the thing which struck me most of all was the lack of facilities, particularly living accommodation and Common Rooms. I made it my ambition to try to produce decent Common Rooms within two years, although in fact it took three. The second thing I noticed was the lack of practical and artistic crafts. I realised that compared to Radley, where I had taught for 29 years, the general academic standard was not going to be so high, and that therefore boys might not do as much reading and intellectual pursuits as I had been used to — but I was absolutely appalled by the lack of the sort of facilities that I would have thought the Cokethorpe boys would have really benefitted greatly from. There was a tiny little carpentry shop which used to function on Thursday afternoons, no pottery, no woodturning, an art room which was converted once a week from one of the geography rooms, no music to speak of, and no music teacher apart from one or two peripatetic people who turned up once or twice a week. I found that very difficult to bear, but I determined to try and put this right, too.

R.B.: *How far do you feel that we have progressed in the things you set out to do?*

H.M.: Well, if you take the Common Rooms, I have certainly made a start there — but you must remember that the Common Room block which you live in at the moment is less than one-third of the projected whole. What I hope to do is to provide more, smaller Common Rooms, perhaps for sixth formers. You may know that in Swift House the open plan at the top was designed so that eventually it could be turned into cubicles to make study bedrooms for senior boys. Of course I want to have Harcourt entirely in the new block. They do suffer from being separated. There is more scope for Common Room accommodation and perhaps dormitory accommodation up there, too — and also, I hope, room for one or two bachelor masters’ accommodation. Incidentally, I thought that the Lab accommodation was frightful. The old chemistry lab was a terribly dark, dingy place, and that old biology lab — which is now the art room — was much too small. We’ve got a five-year lease on the new biology and chemistry labs, and two more are coming this summer holiday — a new physics lab, and one that will be a computer centre. Oh, and I’ve forgotten the changing room. That was a frightful eyesore, wasn’t it? — one tiny changing room suitable for about twenty boys, theoretically housing 140! The new changing room, divided into three large areas, is surely a great improvement there.

T.A.: *Headmaster, I think it was either in the Oxford Times or Evening Standard interview which you did, you said you'd like to make Cokethorpe the best small school of its kind in the country. I wonder how far you feel we have progressed along that road?*

H.M.: I hope we have progressed, but I doubt whether we are yet the best small school in the country. One of the things I set out to do was to join SHMIS — the Society of Headmasters of Independent Schools, a sort of junior branch of the Headmasters' Conference. As you probably know I had a go at joining it two-and-a-half years ago and we were turned down for various reasons. Thanks to the extremely helpful comments and advice I got from two Headmasters who came and inspected us, we have managed to put a tremendous amount of that right and we were of course accepted at our second inspection two terms ago.

01R.B.: *Did you find the change from your last school a difficult one, and if so is there anything you specifically miss?*

H.M.: I think boys' boarding schools are very much alike, you know — the atmosphere at Radley and Cokethorpe. I don't think it is very different, really. You have got to remember that Radley is five times as large as Cokethorpe, and it's been going for 140 years. It certainly attracts — I'm not being rude to any Cokethorpe boy here — but it certainly attracts boys who are better endowed with brains. The intellectual standard is higher, and obviously that affects the atmosphere — but apart from that I wouldn't say there is any tremendous difference. What differences there are are not necessarily in Radley's favour, in any case. Is there anything that I have missed? Yes, I missed quite a lot of the maths teaching that I did. I taught maths throughout the school at Radley — A level, Oxbridge Entrance, and so on. I haven't taught any A level maths here myself. One of the things that I miss very much is taking games regularly. I Coached the U14 and U15 cricket teams in my first summer term here, but I have found it very difficult to do since then because I just cannot guarantee to be free in the afternoons when I'm bound to be interviewing prospective parents, etc. So I have had to give that up.

T.A.: *Sir, is there a type of boy here whom you have come to think of as perhaps a recognisably Cokethorpe type of boy?*

H.M.: No, I don't think so. (Pause) There are many boys here who have gained a tremendous amount by coming to this school — or who might have gained equally if they had been to a similar small school. Instead of being at the bottom of the form, they have been at or near the top of one of our smaller forms, and through their being able to excel at some particular thing they have gained confidence. I do find that one of the most rewarding and encouraging things here, so perhaps you could call that a Cokethorpe type. I suppose another Cokethorpe type is a boy who doesn't succeed as well — but you will get that at any school. Beyond that, I think it's rather difficult to say.

R.B.: *Sir, you said that you enjoyed teaching very much at Radley, and obviously there you taught brainy boys — do you find it can be as enjoyable teaching boys who aren't of such a high standard in as much as it is a challenge to get them through an examination that they might not otherwise pass?*

H.M.: Yes, let me say at once that I didn't teach just brainy boys at Radley. We used to swop around a great deal, and if you had a top set one year, you might have the third set the next year. The same applied in all the other forms. Quite a few boys in the bottom sets at Radley would fail O or A level, so I don't want to over-exaggerate this intellectual difference. I took the top set here last year. This year I have had the second set. I have found that a challenge. Some of the boys have not made the grade to O level and dropped out after C.S.E., but I have had a nucleus of boys who may have been quite a rewarding challenge. I wouldn't say that boys who are not going to pass O level are not always rewarding, that is quite untrue. It can get more frustrating at times. There are some boys here who are unmotivated and it is difficult to get through to them.

T.A.: *Do you feel, though, that Cokethorpe has something to offer that Radley doesn't?*

H.M.: It's got a tremendous amount to offer to the sort of boy who thrives in a small school — and that is the main reason for its existence, isn't it? It compared very unfavourably with Radley when the living conditions and lack of facilities were so poor. Now that we can, in proportion at any rate, equal Radley in our facilities and living conditions, we have got that much more to offer.

R.B.: *Sir, given that we have a wide range of ability, and that we don't really profess to be an academic school, how would you define a Cokethorpe success for the majority of boys here?*

H.M.: There are boys who have taken off here. They may be late developers, but they have gained in confidence, and have at last begun to realise the potential they probably had. These boys have done well in their O levels and gone on to do well with A level, and for the type of boy we have in the sixth form we have had some jolly good results in universities actually over the time the school has been in existence. In proportion to the number of sixth formers we have anyway, I wouldn't be ashamed of our record of success. But there are some boys here who don't progress much further than O level. They leave perhaps with four O levels and get into whatever technical or training college they are interested in, and I think those boys can be regarded as successes, too. Remember that success is a relative term. You mentioned in your question that there is a wide range of ability here, so you would expect a wide range of criteria for success.

T.A.: *What do you think is the place of sport in education, Sir?*

H.M.: Well, I have got a fairly rightwing approach to sport. I am a great believer in compulsory sport as part of education. On the whole the games at Cokethorpe are quite well run, I think. Our rugger, and our cricket in particular, are very good; and I hope that the rowing will come up again now after a few rather fallow years. I don't think we have run our games as well as Radley by a long slate: perhaps being a smaller school with a much smaller bundle of masters, the actual organisation may be more difficult. But our results in the teams — particularly the 1st team — are very good and do credit to the coaching that we have. *(Pause)* Going back to your question in general terms, though — I think that compulsory games of some sort are very important for various reasons. One is the obvious health reason. Secondly, I think for a boy to forget about himself and think of other people is terribly important. These days, in particular, the accent has shifted from the sense of being in the community to oneself a bit. One is more conscious now of having to work for oneself — the rat race, self, self, self. I think the sort of team game where you should sink yourself in the effort of your team has important lessons.

T.A.: *Do you believe in a 'pyramid' system of privilege in Public Schools?*

H.M.: What do you mean by pyramid?

T.A.: *Well, where as you go up the school, your privileges increase.*

H.M.: I think that privileges have got to be earned. This is one of the things I found when I came here — the place was rife with privilege which bordered on downright bullying. You weren't allowed to sit down on a chair and watch television if a boy who happened to be in one form above you came along. He'd push you away. I was absolutely horrified by this. This was largely due, I think, to the layer system we had here. The House was not considered a very important unit when I came. You lived in your form rooms and that automatically developed a sense of hierarchy based on age, and that is a bad thing. You know, if you were in 4A your rival was likely to be people in 3A who were younger than you were, and you automatically got privileges over them. They weren't ones given to you — they were ones you gradually took over in the course of time and became ingrained in the system. In the House system where you have a vertical division between people, the boys are all the same ages. You've got the same sort of spread, so your rivalry is a fair one. I am not against privileges and I am not against what you might call silly ones. I mean I don't mind boys of a certain age being able to wear a pullover of a particular colour, or boys being able to walk one side of a particular building. Those are rather senseless privileges, but they don't really do anyone any harm at all. The harmful ones are where boys, just because they happen to be older, assert their authority — a sort of mock superiority — in a way which is quite out of date nowadays.

R.B.: *This is our final question, Sir. How would you sum up the general health of the school at the moment? Would you like to mention some of the encouraging, and for that matter the discouraging, things?*

H.M.: I think, with no disrespect to you, that the general standard of the sixth form was a little higher when I first came than it is now. There were more members of the sixth — more people doing A levels. I would have thought perhaps the general standard of debating may have deteriorated, especially the speaking from the floor. One of the things that impressed me when I came here was the way Cokethorpe boys seemed to be able to speak well, as opposed to write. It was when you got them to write anything that they weren't so good. I don't quite know how much the intellectual quality of Cokethorpe boys has changed in the lower part of the school. I don't think it has increased. Let me mention something else — the General Studies. We've had a marvellous series of General Studies lectures, with a most fascinating range of speakers. The standard of questions afterwards has I think deteriorated since I came here. *(Pause)* I'm putting in the bad things first! To be honest, I'm not quite sure about manners. When I first came to Cokethorpe everybody automatically stood up and had their hands out of their pockets when a master or a lady came. Nowadays you have to pull people up a bit more. I'm not quite sure about the way boys treat each other. This is something which I am glad to have the opportunity of saying, actually. It is extraordinary the amount of petty thieving that goes on between one boy and another. I was shattered when a little boy came to see me who had spent two days in the San one weekend, and he presented me with a letter in which he listed a number of things that had been done to his desk, his tuck box, the posters above his bed, in just twenty-four hours while he happened to be in the San. I thought that was absolutely disgusting. I get disgusted enough by the lack of care to school property, but I think that to actually steal and damage wilfully your friends' and contemporaries' property is far worse than that, and I shall never rest content until I have stamped this out.

I seem to have got on to things which have disappointed me. I may be in that sort of mood today, but there *are* certain things that I would like recorded in this respect. I will tell you another thing that I notice, and this hasn't changed very much either. I remember my 1st XV match, against Shiplake. I had been here about a fortnight, and when I went down to watch I was amazed to find hardly any boys there, and those that were sloped off at half-time. At Radley the whole school was out there, and they were actually shouting. No Cokethorpe boy seems to shout at matches — they seem to be embarrassed. Why? What's wrong with a bit of healthy enthusiasm? Another thing I noticed my first week here was the lack of singing. The hymn was just an unaccompanied piano solo. That I think I have tried to

improve, and the House spirit has been used to boost up the singing. I would like to see more school spirit than there is. You may think there is a little more school spirit than when you came — you may think less — but it certainly doesn't satisfy me. I don't like a lot of tradition, but I am old-fashioned in some ways and I do like a sort of unashamed spirit and enthusiasm.

R.B.: *What about the encouraging things?*

H.M.: If I had to give encouraging things, it is in a sense the material things of life which have improved... There *are* so many things which have obviously improved. Music, art, the culture of the school, the number of opportunities there are to do things — the Army Cadet Corps, Outward Bound, boys going on camp. There seems to be more of that than there was. We now have skiing trips every year. Those things are humming a bit more. Probably not every boy will take advantage of these opportunities — they didn't at Radley, either — but I try to put these opportunities in front of the boys, and if they do take advantage of them then I count that a success.

Interview conducted by Timothy Anderson &
Richard Banham.



Easter Anthem S. J. Boggon

OBITUARIES

JOHN D. EGGAR

WE HEARD with great sorrow at the beginning of May of the sudden death of John Eggar while playing tennis at his home in Somerset. During the two short years he had been a Governor of Cokethorpe he had thrown himself enthusiastically into so many aspects of school life. He was a great strength at Governors Meetings where his wise and experienced advice was much sought, and he was a staunch advocate of the ambitious building programme which has been of such benefit to the school during the last eighteen months.

A fine cricketer, who played and established many batting records for Derbyshire, John Eggar taught at Repton until he became Headmaster of Shiplake College from which school he retired in 1978. During his long Headmastership at Shiplake that school expanded considerably both in numbers and in prestige, and it is a great tragedy for Cokethorpe that we have not been able to enjoy and benefit likewise from a longer association. We shall all miss him tremendously and we send our deepest sympathy to his widow and family.

J. W. M. HIPKIN

IT WAS WITH great sadness that we heard of the death of Lt. Col. J. W. M. Hipkin on 14th July this year. Col. Hipkin retired from Cokethorpe in 1977, having been Bursar since 1965. During that time there was hardly a single school activity in which he was not in some way involved, and in the six years after his retirement he and his wife, Doreen, continued to support school functions of all kinds, be they concerts, plays or carol services, or simply the 'bottle stall' at a summer fête. Both as a Bursar — and even more as a man — Jack Hipkin was a most even-tempered personality, with a marvellous sense of humour. In November 1979 he was persuaded to give a talk to the General Studies group about his experiences as a prisoner of war in Malaya during the last war; and, in spite of the hardships he and his fellow captives had to endure, he had some very amusing anecdotes to tell about his time in Changi and on the Burma railway. It should be added that, in the experience of most of us, Jack was the only man we had ever known who bore the Japanese no grudge at all.

A Memorial Service was held in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin at Cokethorpe on Sunday 18th September. To Doreen, and to his son, Major Guy Hipkin, we send our deepest sympathy and affection.

*

In his Address at the Memorial Service for Lt. Col. Hipkin, the Headmaster spoke these words by Canon Henry Scott Holland (1847-1918):

Death is nothing at all . . . I have only slipped away into the next room . . . I am I and you are you . . . whatever we were to each other, that we are still. Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me in the easy way which you always used. Put no difference into your tone; wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow. Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes we enjoyed together. Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my name be ever the household word that it always was. Let it be spoken without effect, without the ghost of a shadow on it. Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same as it ever was; there is absolutely unbroken continuity. What is this death but a negligible accident? Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight? I am but waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near just around the corner . . . all is well.

SCHOOL RECORD

Head of School
A. E. Wigglesworth

Deputy Head of School
R. J. Andrews

School Prefects
R. V. Banham
F. Irvanipour
R. J. Porter
R. F. Ramsbotham
R. A. Sanderson
A. D. B. Storrie

Heads of Houses

Swift R. A. Sanderson
Harcourt A. D. B. Storrie
Queen Anne R. F. Ramsbotham

School Officers

Captain of Boats R. J. Porter
Vice-Captains D. J. Fenton &
I. Bayarri
Captain of Cricket R. J. Andrews
Vice-Captain J. O. R. Shelley
Captain of Rugby
Football R. J. Porter
Vice-Captain R. A. Sanderson
Captain of Soccer F. Irvanipour
Vice-Captain R. A. Sanderson

House Prefects

Swift J. G. A. Jowett
G. W. Rowley
M. S. V. Genders
T. M. Anderson
B. B. Akande
Harcourt T. A. Sutton
S. Yui
D. D. Patel
J. W. Abbott
Queen Anne J. O. R. Shelley
A. Medina
S. I. Bayarri
C. N. Walker

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL

THIS HAS BEEN an eventful year and thanks are particularly due to Fr. Raedts for coming so frequently from Campion Hall on Sundays and to Group Captain Vaughan-Fowler for bringing him. When it has not been possible to have a Mass at School, Fr. Taylor has made us most welcome at Our Lady and St. Hugh in Witney and Fr. Taylor has also given instruction on Mondays throughout the year. He also prepared Paul Brooker, Duncan Fergusson, George Haworth, Tristan Walker and Paul Wolff for Confirmation on Sunday, July 10th.

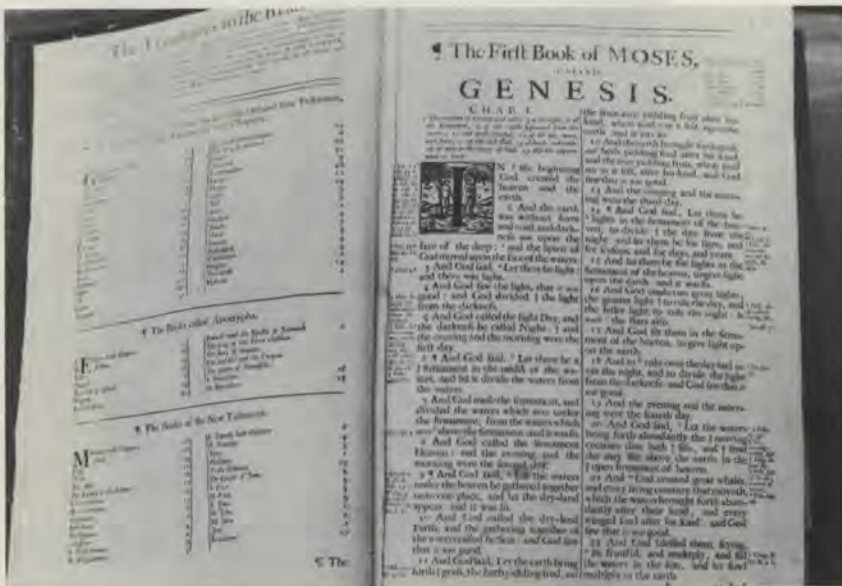
We are also most grateful to Fr. Taylor for giving us a set of Stations of the Cross for the Chapel. The piano has also been replaced by a small electronic organ and, when the Head-Master has kindly been available to play it, this sounds very good. Vestments are no longer stored in a small chest of drawers but in an oak vestment press and a new set of rose vestments arrived slightly too late for Lent IV (but in very good time for Advent III!)

The availability of a Chapel very close to the main buildings, where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved, and which is available for private prayer as well as Masses adds greatly to the life of Roman Catholics in the School.

P. J.



The Roman Catholic Chapel, with some of the new Stations of the Cross.



THE COKETHORPE BIBLE

Inside the cover is an inscription by the Rev. W. D. Macray, Rector of Ducklington and Hardwicke in 1877, to the effect that: 'This fine Bible belonged to Cokethorpe Church, but being incorrectly printed in various places, and having in several words obsolete forms of spelling, was found sometimes to embarrass unaccustomed readers and cause mistakes . . . ' Rev. Macray removed the Bible to the Rectory for preservation. It is now in the library of Cokethorpe School.

THE ANGLICAN CHAPEL

WE ARE GRATEFUL to the Rev. David Lane and the Rev. Martin Loveless for coming here every Sunday to celebrate at our weekly Sung Communion Services — either morning or evening. During the course of the year two other priests have taken services for us — Brother Christian who is a member of the Society of St. Francis and the Rev. David Coulton who is assistant Chaplain of Radley College.

On Sunday, March 6th, a Silver Chalice and Paten were dedicated in memory of Hugo Mackay who was so tragically killed in a road accident in Holland two and a half years ago. His parents attended the Service as did a number of old boys and friends. The Chalice is now in weekly use and we are very grateful to all (especially to Mr. & Mrs. Mackay) who contributed to its purchase.

The Confirmation was conducted by Bishop Bulley on June 5th at which 13 boys were confirmed. This was Bishop Bulley's third visit and as usual he impressed everyone with his warmth and vigour both inside the Church and at tea afterwards.

D. F. G.



SALVETE

Mr. P. J. R. Jowitt, who joined the staff as Second Master in September 1982, was educated at Bryanston School and Nottingham University. He taught for three years at Cheltenham College, where he also ran the Rowing, but prior to this he pursued a business career as a director in industry and an Underwriter of Lloyds. He is a Junior International Rowing Coach, a member of the Leander Club, and Assistant to the Chairman at Henley Royal Regatta. Mr. Jowitt teaches French and German.

Mr. W. H. C. Daniels joined the staff in September 1982 to teach Biology. He was educated at Guildford Royal Grammar School and took his degree at Oxford Polytechnic. He worked for a year for an insurance company before taking his PGCE at Bristol University.

Mr. M. Carter joined the staff in May 1983 to teach Religious Knowledge and Mathematics. After leaving school he worked as a design draughtsman for two years prior to studying Naval Architecture at the University of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He took his PGCE at Hull University. He comes to us from Falmouth Comprehensive in Cornwall where he taught for nine years.

Mr. J. Adderley joined the staff this term to teach Mathematics and Physics. He took a degree in Mechanical Engineering and was previously employed in industry with Rolls Royce and Metal Box. He has just obtained his PGCE.

Mrs. S. Elliott joined the school as Sanatorium Sister this term. She comes to us from Stowe School, where she had been for three years.

Mrs. H. Sammons became the new Catering Manageress this term. Her employers are Grandmet Catering Services Ltd., of Birmingham. She was previously employed at Bloxham School.

VALETE

MRS. A. P. LOWDE

PENNY LOWDE, a graduate of Somerville College, Oxford, joined the staff of Cokethorpe in 1973 and for ten years combined the duties of wife, mother and schoolteacher with great vitality. She worked hard and unremittingly for the good of the boys she taught, and many former pupils will long remember A.P.L. with gratitude for helping them overcome their worst mathematical nightmares. Neither did she confine her activities purely to the Maths Room. For the last three years she organised all public examinations, ran an "American" 4th of July Fete in aid of the School Appeal in 1981, and took numerous expeditions to unlikely places on Sundays — indeed, "Penny's Trips" generated great interest, helping to break the routine of boarding school life. Certainly fewer boys would have sampled the delights of the Royal Show had A.P.L. not organised special excursions.

We most heartily wish her well in her new appointment as Housemistress and Maths Teacher at Frensham Heights Co-educational School, Surrey.

P. J. G.



SISTER ELIZABETH CRANHAM

THIS IS THE first chance The Peacock has had to offer warmest congratulations to Elizabeth and Peter Cranham on the occasion of their marriage last December. The sad consequence of such a happy event, for us, is that Mrs. Cranham ceases to be Sister: the consolation is that having abandoned the sisterhood she becomes a relative by marriage. To put it simply — we know that we shall see her again.

Maybe the duties of a school sister are easily defined. The role of Elizabeth Cranham at Cokethorpe was not. The sick and injured were assured, certainly, of expert professional treatment or advice, of responsible care and understanding; but anxiety and distress are common complaints too with which she regularly dealt in a kindly and compassionate fashion. Then there were the innumerable fetchings, carryings, standing-ins and standing-bys; and the telephone calls requiring the skills of both receptionist and diplomat.

Above all we shall remember the manner in which these things were undertaken; and we shall miss Elizabeth's essential gaiety of spirit, great good humour and generosity (which even a period of serious illness could not extinguish). She goes, insofar as she goes, with our heartfelt thanks and very best wishes; but we hope to hear again soon the laughter which no Cokethorpean of recent vintage is likely to confuse with any other, nor recall without affection.

C. J. N.



'CLIFF & MOYRA'

CLIFF AND MOYRA Atkinson left at the end of the Summer Term to take up a new post at Oakdene School, Beaconsfield. Cliff joined the School as Catering Manager in 1978, and he quickly transformed the catering to good home-cooking which is the requirement of all healthy boys. Later he was joined by his wife Moyra, who eventually became Catering Manageress, and between them they have provided the most outstanding service for institutional catering. They quite obviously specialise in buffets, and their displays at many school functions have been difficult to disturb! Our good wishes go with them, and also with their young daughter Jane who has to experience yet another change of school and the loss of a number of friends.

R. E. J.

Mr. A. Dowding taught History, Geography and English during an emergency in the first half of the Michaelmas Term 1982. He had just taken his A levels at Radley the previous summer, and it was some time before the boys he was teaching realised that he was not much older than they were! He then went on to teach for two terms at Stanbridge Earls School, near Romsey. We wish him well in his studies at Bristol University.

Mr. C. Whittaker popped up like the White Rabbit for a month last Summer Term to teach History and Geography as part of his PGCE for Trinity College, Oxford. We wish him well for the future.

SWIFT HOUSE REPORT

SWIFT ENDED Summer Term 1982 with fine victories in the Standards and Inter-House Athletics competitions. However, several "superstars" left in July and this exposed the shortcomings of the middle part of the House which was less blessed with all round athletic prowess than in former years. 1982/3 was therefore bound to be a year of building for the future and here we appear to have been fortunate with our new recruits.

In the Christmas term we lost to Harcourt in the House Rugby, although as expected we beat Queen Anne fairly easily to take second place. Colours were awarded to Sanderson, George, Porter, B. Akande and Genders. This was the only "sporting" competition, although Swift won "Top of the Form", the only intellectual event of the term, under the captaincy of Rowley, going on to beat the Headmaster and his notable team of Masters. We ended the term well by winning the Recommendations Cup and producing the outstanding House Play "Dingly Dell meets The Soho Boppers", which was written, directed, produced and acted by the boys. Congratulations go to the whole cast but special thanks are due to Banham who has contributed so much to Swift's drama. We also said goodbye to Mr. Gentry our House Tutor for the last seven terms (Swiftly trained to run Queen Anne) and welcomed Mr. Randall in his place, wishing them both the best of luck in their new appointments.

The Easter term began with a terrible defeat in the School Cross-Country. In fact, our first runner home was a third former, Mercer, who finished 16th — the usual Swift spirit was having a day off! Without any star runners we realised that the Road Relay would be a painful experience but the youthful team ran courageously and running Colours were awarded to Mercer, Samkin, Rowley and Donald. We had

hoped to do rather better in the House football but this was not to be. In the XI-a-side matches we lost 2-3 to Queen Anne and 2-7 to Harcourt; several spectacular goals were scored, one from Dumont going past our own goalkeeper like a bullet! House Colours were awarded to I. Badawi, R. Badawi and G. Harris for stout play in defence. In the VI-a-Sides we fared rather better, our juniors won both their matches without conceding a goal, but the seniors lost narrowly to Queen Anne before being trounced by Harcourt. Colours were awarded to Porter, Spicer, Barns and O. Akande. The juniors put up another fine show in the Rugby VII's winning both their matches handsomely but although the seniors beat Queen Anne 18-0, they lost to Harcourt 4-16, so under this year's rules, Swift finished second. Colours went to Porter, Sanderson, B. Akande, I. Badawi, Mercer, Erlstedt, Barns, Spicer, O. Akande and Purdue.

The Declamations Competition, although not a House event, was dominated by Swift. Banham won the VIth Form prize, Glynn won the Vth form prize and in all, we provided 7 out of the 16 finalists. The House Debating was also enjoyable (mainly because we won it), and several newcomers were thrust into the limelight. Our two teams were Harris and Glynn, on the merits of emigration, while Genders and B. Akande defended public schools equally successfully. Some shrewd moves also landed the Chess cup for Swift, House Colours being awarded to R. Badawi and Rowley, but the Music Competition (enlarged from the previous hymn singing to incorporate instrumental pieces) proved to be just out of reach, in spite of good performances from Howe (clarinet), Wright (piano), N. Boggon and Donald (trumpet), and the House Prefects who rendered The Gendarmes Song by Offenbach. The House choir won the hymn section with "Lift up your heads ye gates of brass" — lustily!

The summer term saw Swift getting into something like top gear again. The Inter-House Rowing was won, thanks to some fine sculling by Fenton, and a superb effort by the House junior crew to beat the hot favourites Harcourt. Colours were awarded to Fenton, Porter, Fergusson, Samkin, Goslin, Goad and Hues. Our very young cricketers put up a splendid fight against Harcourt and had it not been for two dropped catches the cup might have been ours. Colours went to B. Akande, Youdan and Spicer. The Standards cup was retained comfortably, as was the Recommendations cup while on Sports Day Swift won the Inter-House Athletics after a thrilling tussle with Harcourt.

I would like to thank this year's leavers for their help and wish them the best of luck with their careers, and the House great success in the future. Despite our relative shortage of cups, this has been an enjoyable year, as it always is in Swift.

R. A. Sanderson



The Housemasters and Heads of Houses, Summer 1983.

HARCOURT HOUSE REPORT

THE HOUSE HAS enjoyed greater success this year than it has done for many a year. The winning streak started off towards the end of the Summer term, 1982, when we won the Cricket Cup with a comparatively young team, led by Richard Andrews.

In the Autumn term we welcomed into the House a number of promising, new members, some of whom have already made their mark. However, our real strength has been the senior contingent. It was their determination and skill which enabled us to win the first cup of the new school year, the Rugby XV's, with the help of a great deal of enthusiastic support from the touch-line. At the end of the term our House play was much improved over that of last year.

Our greatest achievements came in the Spring term when we won the Cross Country, an event in which we have rarely been successful. Credit must be given to everyone who competed. This made us strong contenders once again for the Road Relay, which we duly won by several minutes. Davie, Irvani, Joseph 1, Picton-Warlow, Storrie, Sutton and Wankling were all awarded their House colours for the part they played in these events. Later in the term came the Rugby Seven-a-side, contested by only the seniors. The whole team were awarded their House Colours for the tremendous effort they put into winning their games. Our Football team was stronger than last year with everyone working

particularly well together, so we were able to carry off that cup. The Football Six-a-side Cup also became Harcourt's after a series of exciting games.

Whilst we had anticipated success in the sporting competitions, we were considered the underdogs when it came to the Music Competition. To the surprise and delight of all and as a result of considerable effort, not least on the part of Lake, who gained 28 points by entering almost every section of the competition, Harcourt was victorious here too. The House was well represented in Declamations, but we were not so successful as last year.

On the last evening of the Summer term the House Rowing took place. The Senior IV won their cup by beating both their opponents decisively. The juniors, who dominated the School J15 and J16 crews, lost their final versus Swift narrowly when three, unfortunately, came off his seat just as they were taking the lead. The scullers put up a good showing, especially Bayarri 11 and Harbour, who won their races.

Finally, I should like to thank the House prefects for all the work they have done during the year and wish the best of luck to those boys who are leaving. I hope that next year will be an even more successful one than this.

A. D. B. Storrie

QUEEN ANNE HOUSE REPORT

I MUST BEGIN by extending a warm welcome to Mr. Gentry in his new office as Housemaster of Queen Anne House. He has been Housemaster for the past two terms and has brought new life to the House. The House as a whole has become keener both in sport and academic work. This was reflected last term when the House won the Recommendation cup, probably the most important of all.

Looking back to the Michaelmas term, there was one major sporting event, The Inter-House Rugby Union Competition. We started as the underdogs but a fine spirit was evident in both our Matches and we gave it all we had. Although we lost, we were well represented by Edward Porter, Richard Ramsbotham and Allan Wigglesworth at the Senior end and Ian Cottrell and Richard Freeman were outstanding among the younger players. This term also saw the sad departure of Edward Porter, the then Head of House. He was respected and admired by all the House and shall be greatly missed.

The Spring term was most frustrating, as we seemed to come second in almost everything! Despite sterling efforts behind the scenes, we managed to come second in Cross-country, road relay, music, chess and soccer competitions. The cross country saw the whole House doing their best, but in particular Mark Garside, Alex Yendle, Michael Markham and Julian Russ are to be congratulated. The Chess competition saw Queen Anne, this time as favourite, pipped at the post in a very close fight with Swift House. Patrick Wood captained the House Chess team and brought much enthusiasm to the task. The Music competition was most enjoyable and much time and preparation were needed and given by all who took part. Of the many contributions, Tristan Walker and Andrew Venman gave a fine trumpet recital and Mark O'Sullivan's rendering of the 'Moonlight Sonata' was the highlight of the evening. Other notable contributions were made by Patrick Wood in solo singing, Simon Dore in clarinet solo and Michael Hsia, a beginner on the piano.

In the Soccer competition we beat Swift but lost to Harcourt and were again runners-up. Tim Smith scored 2 goals against Swift and other outstanding performances were given by Russell Curtis and Simon Harrison. In the school Declamations Alex Yendle and Daniel Woodley gave fine performances and Woodley won the third year prize for this, congratulations to him. In the House debating competition Queen Anne were well represented by Richard Ramsbotham, Alex Yendle and W. Georgiades and should have come higher than third place.

In the Summer term we have striven to do well in all sports throughout the term and we have had more success as a result. We have won the Clay Pigeon shooting competition; C. Walker, N. Smith and B. Fletcher representing the House. The .22 rifle shooting was also won by the House and here G.

Dunn captained the team very well. T. Walker shot a good score of 95/100. Our tennis team of J. Shelley, A. Yendle (Seniors) and B. Fletcher, P. Longbotham (Juniors) played very well and won the competition very comfortably. Although we did not win the House Cricket, we tried hard and were well captained by J. Shelley. The Athletics standards points were built up throughout the term thanks to a concerted effort by everyone in the House.

On the academic side, we have had some exceptional boys this year and they have won many of the subject and form prizes. J. M. Reeve won the 3A form prize and he collected several recommendations over the year. Other prizes were as follows: in the 5th Form: W. Georgiades for English Language; P. Wood for both French and Mathematics; I. Lyman shared Biology prize. In the 6th Form M. O'Sullivan won English and shared History; A. J. Harris for Geography and finally A. E. Wigglesworth for Mathematics.

On the whole we have had a rewarding year, if just a little frustrating. Plenty of effort has been put in by all members of the House in some field or other. We have contested well all competitions and acquitted ourselves honourably even if we have not always won.

R. F. Ramsbotham



Kingfisher in flight.
Scraperboard by T. A. Sutton, Remove.

CUPS

(Presented by the Headmaster)

Michaelmas Term 1982

Rugger: Harcourt

Top of the Form: Swift

Lent 1983

Music: Harcourt

Inter-House Debating: Swift

Chess: Swift

Rugby Sevens: Harcourt

Cross Country: Harcourt

Road Relay: Harcourt

Individual Cross Country: J. Davie

Soccer: Harcourt

Soccer Sixes: Harcourt

Summer 1983

Reccomendations: Swift

Cricket: Harcourt

Batting: R. J. Andrews

All Rounders: J. O. R. Shelley & B. B. Akande

Bowling: J. O. R. Shelley & B. B. Akande & J. B.

Wankling

Fielding: F. Irvanipour & J. W. Abbott

Tennis: Queen Anne

Tennis (Individual): Senior: J. O. R. Shelley

Junior: Sydenham

Rifle Shooting: Queen Anne

Clay Pigeon Shooting: Queen Anne

Wyvern Shield for Clay Pigeon Shooting: C. N. Walker

Athletics Standards: Swift

Athletics Sports: Swift

R. V. Banham

Headmaster's Special Prizes: R. F. Ramsbotham

A. E. Wigglesworth



Still Life: Apples. A watercolour study by S. Bayarri, VIth

PRIZES

(Presented by P. T. Ellis Esq., M.A.)

Open Art Prize: G. W. Rowley

Cullen Debating Prize: R. V. Banham

Junior Debating Prize: D. F. N. de M. Woodley

Declamations

6th Form: R. V. Banham

5th Form: J. N. P. Glynn

4th Form: Not awarded

3rd Form: D. F. N. de M. Woodley

Pottery Prize: O. M. Brundin & M. Garside

Woodwork Prize: P. S. Brooker

Wood-Turning Prize: A. C. Dennis-Jones

Photography Prize: N. J. Messenger

6th Form:

English Prize: M. S. O'Sullivan

History Prize: M. S. O'Sullivan & R. V. Banham

Geography Prize: A. J. Harris

Mathematics Prize: A. E. Wigglesworth

5th Form:

English Language Prize: W. Georgiades

English Literature Prize: J. W. Abbott

History Prize: J. W. Abbott

Geography Prize: B. G. Humphrey

Biology Prize: B. G. Humphrey & I. J. Lyman

French Prize: P. Wood

Mathematics Prize: P. Wood

British Constitution Prize: R. Badawi

Chemistry Prize: R. Badawi & S. J. Boggon

Physics Prize: S. R. Smith

Art Prize: R. C. Milward

4A Form Prize: J. S. McAteer

4B Form Prize: J. Joseph & H. A. Maktabi

3A Form Prize: J. M. Reeve

3B Form Prize: A. P. Hues

Form 1/2 Prize: T. S. Goslin & N. M. Pineo



George Rowley, captain of the winning team in Top of the Form, with the cup presented by his parents.



Photograph: N. J. Boggon

1st XV RUGBY FOOTBALL REPORT



Vice-captain and scrum half Andrew Sanderson slicing through a gap to set up an attack with flanker Edward Porter waiting for a pass.

Colours: White.

Captain: R. J. Porter, *Vice-Captain:* R. A. Sanderson.

THE TRAINING of the prospective rugby squad started on the first day of the Winter Term. A cross-country run with exercises at tortuous intervals was the order of the day. This energetic beginning certainly dampened the enthusiasm of many aspirants as the aching few strode on.

The first match was against Burford who we thought were going to be our strongest opposition. We kicked off and for the next twenty-five minutes played the best rugby of the season, scoring two excellent tries through Akande and Cameron. After surprising ourselves with the speed at which we were playing, the team settled down well. During the second half, the Burford team rallied and eventually they scored a try. However we sealed the game by scoring another Cameron try to win 26 pts-4. The score would have been higher but for one of our second-rows who broke clean through the Burford defence and with only the full-back to beat promptly passed straight to the referee!

The following Wednesday with the team starting to believe in itself, we played John Mason, a large Abingdon comprehensive. We led until half-time 6-0 thanks to a Sanderson try. The forwards were having a hard struggle against a larger pack, as was the case for virtually every match; they showed grit and determination and the ball we won was used effectively by the backs. After half-time John Mason raised their game and scored a very good try. The game ended in a 6-6 draw after a titanic struggle during the last half hour.

The School also plays fixtures against the local comprehensives. The Henry Box and Wood Green matches were bitter struggles with the referee taking a very active role. We only scored two tries (against Woodgreen) but still managed to win both games comfortably.

After half-term we played an additional fixture against Larkmead from Abingdon. We got off to a shaky start, but thanks to a good piece of straight running from J. Wankling we scored a try under the posts which was converted. During the first half we lost one of our county representatives, Sanderson. This injury, which forced him to miss six games was

caused not by the opposition but by a certain second row. Andrew's loss was made worse because we were not allowed to bring on a substitute and Irvani was press-ganged into service. Late in the second half Larkmead scored an unconverted try, but we managed to hang on.

The match on the following Saturday was against the Oratory School at home. The opposition were stubborn and our forwards had their work cut out to hold a rugged pack. This was probably the best performance since the Burford match and was capped by a fine individual try by Allan Wigglesworth, one of our loyal reserves which clinched victory.

The Shiplake match had to be cancelled so we had a full week to train for the next match, against Rendcomb College. The score line of 36-3 is a flattering one since we were in fact lucky to win. After a flying start the forwards wilted in the face of an aggressive pack for the first and only time in the season.

On the 20th November the firsts travelled to Radley. In the face of a strong pack, we missed the few chances which came our way and went into the second half 14-0 down. Full credit should be given to every member of the team since they did not give up, and the second half developed into an exhilarating exhibition of running rugby. Although we lost, many team members rate it to be the most enjoyable match of the campaign.

The last 1st XV match was against Magdalen College School. Again due to a flying start in the first quarter we obtained a 14 point lead, but due to bad tackling and over-confidence the opposition were allowed back into the game. Magdalen contributed to a nail-biting match in which the lead changed several times and it was only a fortunate last minute penalty in front of the posts awarded for a head-high tackle which gave the school victory by the narrowest of margins, 20-19.

In conclusion I must mention the players who contributed to such a successful season. The full-back

was Richard Ramsbotham who grew in confidence as the team prospered. His tackling was especially brave. Wings Allan Wigglesworth and Sheldon Cameron displayed impressive speed and sound defence. The centres, Mark Genders and Joseph Wankling showed great flair even though they had limited possession. The half-backs, Bamikole Akande and Farhad Irvani developed into an efficient pairing. The regular front row of Jowett, Marchant and Yui performed gutsily throughout the season. The second row of Andrew Storrie and Lanre Nzeribe performed very energetically particularly at rucks and mauls. The back row consisted of two seasoned campaigners in Robert George at No. 8 and Richard Porter as 'blind-side' flanker. Their experience helped Edward Porter convert to open-side flanker from Wing last season!

We were very pleased to have members of the first XV in the Oxfordshire Under 19 Group Squad: they were Andrew Sanderson and Joseph Wankling.

A special mention should be made of the other members of the squad who played very well when called into the side: Richard Andrews, Michael Markham and Tristran Sutton.

Thanks also should go to the Matrons Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Knipe who repaired and washed our long-suffering kit and to Sister Cranham for offering sympathy to our wounded warriors.

On behalf of all the team I would like to thank Mr. James and Mr. Randall who put us through many a training session in terrible weather conditions. It was chiefly through their efforts that the team worked together so well.

The prospects for next season are quite promising even though most of the scrum will have left. Most of the backs will hopefully be staying. Great things are also expected of Boggon I, Abbot, Fisher, Humphrey, Lilley and the Joseph brothers, amongst others.

R. J. Porter

THE SEASON'S RESULTS

Record: Played 10, Won 8, Drawn 1, Lost 1
Points for 134 Points against 64

<i>The Matches</i>	For	Against	<i>The point scorers</i>	
Burford (h)	26	4	Akande	57
John Mason (h)	6	6	Wankling	18
Old Boys (h)	9	8	George	14
Henry Box (h)	12	0	Sanderson	12
Larkmead (a)	6	4	Cameron	12
Oratory (h)	16	0	Nzeribe	4
Rendcomb (a)	36	3	Genders	4
Radley (a)	0	14	Irvani	4
Woodgreen (h)	10	4	Porter I.	4
Magdalen (h)	20	19		

UNDER 15 RUGBY REPORT

Captain: R. C. Milward *Vice-Captain:* J. W. Abbott

THE UNDER 15s rugby season kicked off with a gentle run around against an unenthusiastic Burford side who eventually lost 68-0 with Abbott and Akande both scoring a 'hat-trick' of tries.

Oratory proved to be a much tougher proposition and after a game full of exciting attacking rugby the School narrowly lost 12-9 going down to a late try after a great deal of pressure. To make things even worse Milward, the captain, was forced off the field with a serious knee injury which ended his season.

At Woodgreen, the local Witney comprehensive, the forwards really excelled themselves and McAteer hooked brilliantly, hardly losing a scrummage which allowed the fleet-footed Freeman and Akande II plenty of room to attack and after conceding an early try Cokethorpe cruised home easy victors by 21 pts. to 4.

The addition of Boggon I and Webb to the pack against Rendcomb College certainly added aggression to the proceedings and an excellent away victory was achieved as a result by 11 pts to 4 against, an extremely useful side.

Two narrow defeats by Shiplake (6 pts.-4) and Kingham Hill 12 pts.-4 did not dismay the team for too long and they proceeded to play their best all-round rugby of the season away at Radley and they ran out clear winners by 18 pts. to nil. The pack played in inspired fashion and one of the best tries of the season by any side was scored by Akande II who ran through the entire Radley side. The final game of the season was an efficient, confident 13 pts.-4 victory over Magdalen College School.

We would like to thank Mr. Watts for guiding us through the season in all matches. It will be very interesting to see how many of the Under 15 side graduate to the First XV next term. It was a very satisfying season enjoyed by all.

J. W. Abbott

Under 15 colours were awarded to: J. W. Abbott, S. J. Boggon, N. J. Fisher, R. M. Freeman, B. G. Humphrey, J. S. McAteer.



Andrew Storrie leaping head and shoulders above the rest, to win possession in a home match v. Burford.

THE GENERAL STUDIES TALKS 1982-83

A GOOD SPEAKER, and not simply a distinguished name or well-known public personality, has always been the main aim of our General Studies talks. Nevertheless, in the last five years, we have been consistently fortunate to number among our visiting speakers some very distinguished men and women indeed, and surely none more so than General Sir John Hackett GCB, DSO, MC, who came to Cokethorpe in October last year. General Hackett had just returned from promoting his book *The Third World War: The Untold Story* in America, and as he had important forthcoming engagements at the Oxford Union, and also in Cambridge and at LSE, we were lucky indeed to have him with us for an evening. He talked reflectively for half-an-hour about the realities of the threat from the Soviet Union and the need to preserve an effective nuclear deterrent force. To those who had read his two books, his point of view was familiar enough, but it was enlivened and enforced throughout by the sheer weight of his vast military experience and knowledge. He then fielded answers to questions — and there were many very good ones — for more than three-quarters of an hour. I doubt if any of us had ever met someone so amiable, assured or amusing — in a word, engaging — as General Hackett. His answers to the questions were given with a humility and simplicity which, though disarming in some ways, nevertheless underlined and enhanced the conviction behind his views.

Lord Swann, Lord Carr and the Bishop of London must also come high on the list of speakers this year. Lord Swann — Chairman of the BBC from 1973-80, and until recently Provost of Oriel College, Oxford — came to talk about Broadcasting, and gave us insights into it at the very highest level. He pointed out some of the advantages of broadcasting in comparison to newspapers — for example, the economy with which newspapers can present news coverage. He also outlined the difficulties the BBC faces in trying to cater for so many different tastes. This was actually the first talk of the season, and it was disappointing that questions were sufficient rather than plentiful. Perhaps Lord Swann could have made his talk a little more colourful and anecdotal. The story of his sudden summons to 10 Downing Street — and thus his elevation from a Chair at Edinburgh University to the Chairmanship of the BBC — provided a wonderful glimpse into the workings of Mr. Heath's mind where appointments were concerned, as well as an account of the sort of dialogue that takes place with the Prime Minister on such occasions. I would have liked more anecdotes of this kind.

Lord Carr gave a most fascinating (and beautifully constructed) talk on the work of the Home Secretary — drawing, naturally, on his own experience as Home Secretary in Mr. Heath's government. His ambition had been to be Secretary of State for Employment, and he confessed that when he was moved to the Home Office in 1972 he had not particularly wanted the job. Now, if he could rub Aladdin's Lamp, there was no office he would more covet — not because it is the senior Secretaryship, but because the job is about maintaining the delicate balance between individual freedom on the one hand, and the need for the enforcement of law and order on the other. He certainly had a very definite philosophy of what the office entailed in this respect. His three main preoccupations as Home Secretary were law and order, immigration (in this instance the decision to admit 30,000 Ugandan Asians into Britain), and the problems of the inner cities. He concluded his lecture by talking briefly about each of these in turn.

The Bishop of London was another of Mr. Cranham's tremendous 'scoops'. Having heard him take a prominent part in the broadcast of the Church of England General Synod in February, it was slightly unbelievable — as has been the case with one or two visiting speakers on other occasions — to have him with us for an evening towards the end of the Lent Term. The Bishop talked about his work as pastor, administrator, and member of the House of Lords; and he certainly came across not only as well-acquainted with the problems people in a modern society face, but also as broad-minded in the best philosophical sense. During his talk he made considerable play with a quotation from *Murder in the Cathedral*:

*To do the right thing for the wrong reason,
This is perhaps the greatest treason...*

Nor, again in Eliot's words, is there any use 'dreaming of systems so perfect that no-one would need to be good'. Human nature being what it is, he said, the Church must be a realist in what it sets out to achieve. There is no point in assuming doctrinaire standpoints in the face of particular problems, or, for that matter, imposing set solutions 'like a doctor applying a poultice'. The Church must first analyse critically the problems in question — and if need be society itself — in order to achieve the greatest possible good in each particular situation.

During the Michaelmas Term we had an excellent talk on the poets of the first world war by Miss Jean Liddiard of The National Portrait Gallery. She is herself the author of *Isaac Rosenberg: The Half-Used Life*. She began in a rather arresting way by putting

us in the place of the young men of 1914 and illustrating the dilemmas which faced them. She then went on to describe the disillusion which set in by 1915, giving rise to the characteristically bitter poetry of the latter part of the Great War. The literary developments of the time were well set in their historical context, and aptly illustrated with some twenty or so slides. Miss Liddiard's analysis of some of the paintings — in particular, Sargent's collective portrait of the generals of the first war — was very astute and penetrating. This evening was also memorable for Richard Banham's reading of Wilfred Owen's 'Dulce et Decorum Est' during an interlude between the two main parts of the talk.

On a contrastingly less sombre note we were given a most unusual talk by Humphrey Carpenter on the history of children's literature. As well as the distinction of being the fastest and most enthusiastic speaker ever to have visited Cokethorpe, Mr. Carpenter is also one of the most amusing, and it was unanimously agreed that this talk surpassed even the one that he gave on biography two years ago. We caught him at exactly the right moment, since he had just finished editing the first *Oxford Companion to Children's Literature* and had the whole subject clear and fresh in his mind; but we were flattered to learn that he had written the lecture he gave specially for this occasion. The latter constituted a broad review of children's literature from the earliest fairy tales, through the moralistic children's stories of the 18th and 19th centuries, right up to present-day cartoon books — and, true to his word, Mr. Carpenter picked out many amusing examples from each period to entertain, as well as enlighten, us.

One of the more eye-catching talks we had was on 'Sex and Violence among the Insects'. This was given by Dr. E. D. Morgan, Reader in Chemistry at Keele University. It must be difficult to inject humour into a scientific lecture, but Dr. Morgan managed to make what he said amusing as well as informative. In spite of its populist title, however, this was a serious talk on pheromones and insect-behaviour, illustrated with many fascinating slides and dozens of bottles of pheromone samples. Dr. Morgan also conducted a mildly explosive experiment to demonstrate, in an enlarged way, the protective reaction used by the Bombardier Beetle to repel assailants.

Professor Geoffrey Eglinton FRS came to talk about the search for life in the solar system, with special reference to the chemistry of the Moon and Mars. This was a talk of a more strictly scientific nature with quite technical explanations of our solar system. It was, he said, some years since he had actually worked on the chemistry of the Moon, and he expressed some doubts about the difficulty of conveying now the same sense of excitement that he felt when he was on the receiving team at Huston when the lunar samples were brought back by Apollo

5. (It was for work on these lunar samples that he was awarded a NASA Gold Medal for exceptional scientific achievement in 1973.) In his opinion there was in fact little doubt that there was no other life in our solar system than on Earth, so much of his talk was on the other things scientists hoped to look for and study in space.

Another fairly technical talk was given by Mr. Colin Flood, the Assistant Director of Central Forecasting at the Met Office at Bracknell. With the aid of slides which showed the more adverse varieties of weather conditions, he explained to us how the weather is predicted and many of the complexities involved in that. He also summarised the general factors which influence our climate, and then dealt with broader questions as to whether the weather was changing, or whether — as some like Fred Hoyle would have us believe — we are on the brink of a new ice-age.

Another lively lecture 'What do mathematicians do?', given by Dr. Ian Bride of Manchester University, was a pleasant surprise for many of us. This was a talk not so much about mathematics, as about the applications of mathematical technique and the sort of problems mathematicians try to solve. In a very uncomplicated way Dr. Bride explained that pure mathematics is, above all, a language into which mathematicians can translate everyday problems in order to solve them. One example that he gave among several to demonstrate this was connected with the problems of traffic congestion in cities. Dr. Bride did much to dispel the aversion many people have for maths, and after this talk I think the artists among us felt that it might not be such an awesome thing after all!

Three rather more informal occasions which took place during the summer term were the two talks by Mrs. Mary Warnock and Mr. John Young, and the poetry reading by Vernon Scannell.

Mrs. Warnock, a Research Fellow of St. Hugh's College, Oxford, talked about the ethical issues raised by recent developments in genetic engineering — a subject on which she is currently chairing a Home Office Committee due to report in 1984. I think we all admired the way in which, as a philosopher by training, she had mastered the relevant medical facts; and she certainly beguiled her listeners into giving of their best, for it was not questions that she wanted after her talk, so much as to hear the views of everyone present on all the main points she raised. This general studies evening probably brought forth more contribution than any other this year, and I think it was an important occasion because it made us aware of the terrible dilemmas people can face over such controversial issues as the pros and cons of test-tube babies, or whether experiments on undeveloped foetuses can be justified, to name but two.

Mr. John Young, formerly a stock broker for Simon & Coates, and now the Director of Policy and Planning at The Stock Exchange, came to explain the mysteries of the City, stocks and shares, the differences between brokers and jobbers, and so forth, in a way that was easy to follow yet not so simple as to render the talk boring. He also described something of his own work at The Stock Exchange — relations with the government, financial surveillance of the reputability of company shares, and the maintenance of high ethical standards in trading on the floor — and the part that our Stock Exchange has to play in the international financial network.

The visit of Mr. Scannell is described elsewhere in this magazine.

T. M. Anderson, VIth

Mr. Robert Lacey (author of *Majesty* and *The Kingdom*), Mr. David Winter (Head of Religious Broadcasting, BBC), Dr. Jonathan Glover (New College, Oxford), Dr. Janet Morgan (All Souls' College, Oxford), and Mr. Rodney Galpin (The Bank of England) are among those who have accepted invitations to speak here during the 1983-84 General Studies season. There will also be a *Shakespeareana* anthology by Geoffrey and Laura Kendal during the autumn.

SCHOOL LECTURES

IN ADDITION to the normal General Studies programme there have been three visiting Lecturers during the year.

In November Mr. Stanfield gave a fascinating illustrated talk entitled "Fifteen times across the Andes". Many of his slides were indeed memorable and we look forward to a repeat visit next autumn.

In March we had a welcome return visit from Mrs. Keeling who introduced us to five more members of her "family". These were an American Toad which can change colour, a Malayan Land Tortoise over 100 years old, an American Turtle, a Ferret and a large and very intelligent Raven which treated the High Table with scant respect!

Also during the Lent Term all members of the school attended a vivid (and at times horrific) illustrated Lecture by Dr. James Hall on "the dangers of smoking". It is to be hoped that the lessons of this lecture were taken seriously by all concerned.

D. F. G.

BOYS' TOWNS IN INDIA

An account of the talk given by Mrs. Homan on the International Boys' Town Trust

ON THE 22nd November at 4.30 p.m., in the pleasant setting of the Corinthian Room, Mrs. Homan talked to a number of the school about the work of the International Boys' Town Trust. This is a charitable organisation which offers help and security to over seven hundred poor and orphan children in Southern India.

The idea of the 'Boys' Towns' began in 1965 when Mrs. Homan's husband Joe and five homeless lads built the first mud-hut farm. Joe then set about teaching the boys how to build houses and how to grow the important Indian crops of rice and millet. These crops were the boys' staple diet and they ate it for breakfast and many other meals. The roofs of the houses that they built were flat so that the grain and rice could be dried in the hot sun.

Mrs. Homan then described the daily routine of those who lived in these towns. Every morning the boys rise at 6.00 a.m. and carry out some work, perhaps digging or ploughing and sowing the fields and then they attend local village schools for their basic education in subjects such as agriculture. After school the children, there are also some girls, go swimming.

The children generally left school when they were fourteen or fifteen years of age and later when they actually left the 'towns' as they were helped in various ways to settle back into their own villages or to start their own farms. The Indian government also gave a certain amount of financial assistance to help them settle.

The very colourful slides of life at the towns (and of India in general) helped us to form a clearer idea of what conditions were like for the children.

The first 'Boys' Town' was built at Tirumangalam and there are now eight more, the most recent being built in 1981 in Sri Lanka. The prospects for the future are very promising as there is a steady income being received from farm produce and silken goods which the towns manufacture.

After the talk Mr. Goldsmith thanked Mrs. Homan for a very interesting talk on behalf of the School and presented her with £20. Mrs. Homan said that this money would go towards buying a hundred trees for the towns.

I found this an extremely enjoyable and interesting lecture and I hope that the 'Boys' Towns' continue to flourish in the years ahead.

M. Lake, IVth

THE ARMY CADET FORCE

A LARGE NUMBER of new boys to the school joined the ACF in September, giving the detachment a strength of 47 cadets. After one term quite a number decided it was not for them and our numbers fell to 25.

We parade every Monday afternoon. The senior cadet NCO gets the cadets formed up on parade ready for inspection. This responsibility fell to Cpl. Ramsbotham, then to Cpl. Milward and finally to LCpl. Jones. Each cadet is inspected on his personal turnout. Uniforms should be clean and pressed neatly and boots should be well polished. After the inspection the cadets fall out and divide into sections for two or three lessons. The syllabus is progressive and normally takes about four years to cover. It is based on the Star System. The Recruit Test is taken after three months. This is followed by about nine months training to qualify for 1 star, then another year for 2 star, followed by another year for 3 star and finally six months to qualify for 4 star. The subjects covered are: drill, turnout and military knowledge; skill at arms and shooting; use of map and compass; fieldcraft; adventurous training; first aid; citizenship training. This year our training has been rather slow, because of the difficulty of getting instructors in the afternoon. However, we hope to remedy this in the future. For part of the year we were grateful to have the help of Cpl. Flynn from the 16 Cadet Training Team based at Bicester.

Besides the weekly parade we also have camps and visits to military establishments. An interesting afternoon was spent at RAF Brize Norton. We visited the No. 1 Parachute Training School and had a close look at a VC10. In November we spent, for the second time, two days at Poole, with the Royal Marines, by kind permission of Col. Storrie. This took the form of an exercise. The cadets were shown how to make a bivouac and were taught some elementary field craft. They were shown how to cope with 24 hour Compo. They then divided into two sections and set up camp. After some more lessons on night movement and sentry duty, they bedded down in their bivouacs. Next morning they were up by 6.30 for PT. This session was to be long remembered by those who took part. The rest of the day was spent learning about the weapons a infantry man uses, and then actually firing them on the 30m range. These weapons are the SLR, SMG and GPMG. Altogether it was a most interesting and enjoyable two days.

We paraded for the Remembrance Sunday service. This year we had three buglers in the persons of T. Walker, Garrard and Venman, who played Reveille and the National Anthem beautifully.

During the winter months a whole range of army films were shown during lunch periods. These are invariably excellent productions. Some were on the

A.C.F. ASSAULT COURSE RACE.



Cadet Garrard taking a new look at the world.



Cadet Venman making a flying start.

skills needed by an infantryman, others were on weapons, others on map reading and others on adventure training.

In January we visited the Slade, the Oxfordshire Cadet Force home, for a demonstration by the Royal Signals Training Advisory Team. This was followed a few days later by a visit to 20th Tactical Fighter Wing, RAF Upper Heyford. This was immensely interesting. We had a fascinating session with two fighter pilots. Abbott, who is keen to join the airforce, managed to get into a pilot's suit and helmet. Many questions were asked. We learnt much about RAF Upper Heyford and the role of the famous F-111. We then walked through some very interesting buildings, back to our coach, so that we could drive to an F-111 which was available for our inspection. We spent a long time studying it closely. We were amazed by the cramped conditions of the cock-pit. Eventually we had to say good-bye to our very friendly American hosts.

In February we had a weekend camp at Stonesfield Common. Six small sections, each with a commander, were dropped about four or five miles from the Common and had to walk in. There had been much rain and so parts of the Common were waterlogged. There were two platoons under the command of Combley and Milward. They had to choose a suitable camp site. After cooking their evening meal the war began in earnest. Recce patrols were sent out followed by 'snatch' patrols. After an exciting time a halt was called, and just as we turned

in, the rain came. The timing was perfect. Next morning the Mini-bus was held fast by the mud until a large number of shoulders could be mustered. Mr. Lyle, who visited us, also became stuck. The leadership shown by Milward, S. Smith, and J. Jones was most impressive. They looked after their cadets well, and organized their tents to cope with the wind and the rain.

On the last Monday of the Lent term we came into Oxford, to Shotover Country Park, for an Orienteering Exercise. We discovered that you have to be an excellent map-reader to be successful in orienteering.

On the first weekend of the summer term we returned to Greenhill Farm, Bletchington, near Oxford for a camp. The two sections were commanded by Milward and S. Smith. Unfortunately the ground was very wet. The evening was spent cooking and patrolling. Heavy rain fell most of the night and next morning. The dawn attack had to be abandoned. Some of us were beginning to feel like drowned rats. Mud was every where. The quality of our bivouacs were severely put to the test, and some were found to be wanting. At the end of term a very different sort of camp was had. This time it was in the middle of a heat wave and in near drought conditions, when the problem was finding water. We went by coach to Goring, and then walked north along the River Thames for about five miles. We stopped for a brew-up under Brunel's famous railway bridge. We then continued north



Cadets Norman, Hues and Javed in action, with Lt. Thomson looking on.

OUTWARD BOUND

through the grounds of Carmel College. We turned eastwards and walked along Grim's Ditch for four miles. This we found rather claustrophobic. Nearly everyone stood up to the heat and the poor webbing and rucsacs that we had, very well indeed. I was most impressed with their determination and resolve. We cooked our meal in the twilight, in Grim's Ditch, in the flight path to Benson aerodrome. We camped for the night in a small wood. This time tents and bivouacs were unnecessary. I sweated in my sleeping bag. We woke at 5.00, had breakfast and set off by six. But this was too late to reach our bus, which was waiting for us at Britwell Salome. We got as far as Nuffield and then stopped. Brian Joseph and Jason Jones volunteered to run with me the five miles to the waiting bus. This was accomplished in about forty minutes. We then returned with the bus to pick up the waiting cadets. The heat was as oppressive as ever.

The final event of the year was a visit to the Royal Tournament. This, as always, was immensely enjoyable and stirring. Who could not fail to be moved by the massed pipes and drums of the Highland regiments?

Next year we are very much looking forward to possessing our own ACF Hut and small parade ground. This has been very kindly promised to us by the TAVR Association.

D. L. T.



Cadet Hues pulling himself across the gap, with Howe about to follow.

THE OUTWARD BOUND group was started about two years ago to provide an alternative for those boys who did not wish to be members of the ACF or the Social Service group. The activities in which we are involved are similar to those of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme Expedition Training but with certain additions. The boys in the group have been chiefly from the 3rd and 4th forms and in addition we have been lucky enough to have Adam Hawgood as a helper and instructor.

During the term we are involved in a number of activities all of which are connected with or related to camping or cross country trekking.

This term we have had instruction from Sister in First Aid and from Mr. Daniels in the skills of resuscitation. It is hoped that in future terms we shall expand this important aspect of the training.

Other activities have included elementary knots, map reading and compass work.

The event around which this training is centred is the camp which takes place on the Ridgeway, near Streatley, during the Summer term. Boys were dropped off near the Ridgeway path and then had to find their way back on to it and walk about five miles to the camp site. In order to try and involve as many as possible in the problems of finding the way, setting up camp, and cooking, boys were organised into groups of three. The next morning, having made an early start, they set off for the rendezvous in Blewbury. Mr. Daniels and I made a more leisurely start having had an excellent breakfast cooked and brought to us in bed by Adam Hawgood. One group who had made a map reading error arrived late at the meeting place but otherwise all went well. Next term we shall be venturing further afield and going possibly to the Peak District.

With the help of the ground staff the obstacle course has continued to expand. (We have been lucky enough to obtain an old naval scrambling net which next term will be turned into a climbing obstacle.) As usual, we had a race in teams of six with competitors coming not only from the Outward Bound group but also from the ACF and the Social Servants. It was pleasing to see that even those who are apprehensive about crossing some obstacles all summoned the courage and determination to do so. In particular, it was nice to see that anyone in any difficulty received not criticism but help and encouragement from his peers.

J. P. W.



Still-life J. G. A. Jowett

TOP OF THE FORM

ANOTHER INTER-HOUSE 'Top of the Form' competition was held during the Michaelmas Term — a miniature version of the popular national contest broadcast each year on Radio 4. The questions were compiled by Mr. Cranham, with assistance from Mr. Goldsmith, Mr. White, Mr. Gentry and Mr. Daniels for the rounds on mathematics, geography, physics and biology. Mr. Barker devised another excellent round of questions based on slides, and Richard Lilley, though he did not know it at the time, provided the material for two rounds of questions based on American equivalents for British words. Mr. Cranham and Mr. White acted as the question masters.

Once again the competition took place on two consecutive evenings. On the first night, as a result of a Qualifying Round composed of 3 games of quick general questions, Harcourt first played Queen Anne in Round I. Harcourt won by a mere 5 points (61-56), and they were then challenged on the second night by Swift. Although in the first five rounds of the Final the gap between them was never more than 9 points, in the last two rounds Swift crept ahead to win by a margin of 15 points (75-60).

As an additional part of the second night's proceedings, two teams from Common Room, captained by Mr. Goldsmith and Mr. Nightingale, very sportingly agreed to play each other for the entertainment of the school. Mr. Goldsmith's team won (54-40), but they were defeated in turn by the winning boys' team (50-36), so Swift were undoubtedly the decisive victors.

We thank Mr. and Mrs. Rowley for their generosity in presenting to the school a most beautiful cup for this competition. It will certainly ensure that it becomes an annual event.

SCHOOL THEATRE TRIPS

COKETHORPE SCHOOL is ideally situated geographically, standing as it does in North Oxford, for access to theatrical centres across the country and very regularly takes parties of the more senior boys to the 'Oxford Playhouse, The Royal Shakespeare Theatre in Stratford and London's new Barbican complex and the 'Young Vic'.

During the last academic year we have been lucky enough to get tickets to see 'Twelfth Night' (this year's 'O' Level play) 'King Lear', 'Henry IV', 'The Taming of the Shrew' and 'Antony and Cleopatra' ('A' Level Play) among several others.

The plays which are not being studied for examinations are still important because they represent a critical experience and background against which the comprehension of the other plays can be greatly helped. The experience of going to Theatres is a very important one: for the boys to absorb the atmosphere of the occasion must add to their appreciation of English literature. It is also very enjoyable for the boys to witness familiar faces from television plying their craft 'on the boards' as it were; for example we have seen Joss Ackland (Falstaff in King Henry IV), Miriam Karlin, Patrick Stewart, Jenny Agutter (Regan in King Lear), Sarah Kestelman and Michael Gambon (King Lear).

The boys certainly enjoy these excursions and we hope to continue this very popular tradition in 1983/4.

P. J. R. R.
C. J. N.

WRITING AND DIRECTING A PLAY

AWESOME IS THE word I would use to describe the task that lay ahead of me during the half term that preceded the House plays. I had been instructed to write the Swift House entry, thus making it a 'home grown' affair; and it would give me eight weeks to have the play ready for its single performance. Before the end of the summer term the project had been discussed with my then new acquaintance, Andrew Sanderson, with whom I had worked out the general plot. This we had finally decided upon as a comical spin-off of the school as a prison-camp. Not the most original of ideas, but we thought it had scope for half-an-hour's innocent entertainment. But how was I going to write 30 minutes worth of amusing dialogue that made sense and kept peoples' interest?

Writing plays was, not surprisingly, new to me and it involved much brain-wracking. I began by remembering old, well-tried jokes and elaborating round them. I also found myself looking at television programmes, not for entertainment but for help on plot structure and production hints. I discovered that while you are actually writing your play you feel that it is going to be a masterpiece; but on reading it through afterwards the whole thing becomes abysmally depressing. I began to wish that I had never agreed to undertake the task at all! The knowledge that I would have to let the whole school look it over with very critical eyes was far from reassuring. After all, whatever the merit of a play, something of an author's inner self is put into it, and in due course this has to be paraded for all to see.

However, the play had to be passed by the Cokethorpe Board of Censors, and having put off handing it in to my Housemaster for as long as possible, I was eventually forced to submit the script. Then there was an agonising wait. On passing Mr. Green it had to go before the Headmaster. The odd joke was considered a little too naughty and the ending had to be entirely re-written. But on the whole censorship was very reasonable.

The most frightening moment (apart from the actual performance) was when the scripts were issued to the cast. I hated this. I sat there in silence watching their faces as they read through my work. To my total amazement it was enthusiastically received. After this, the rehearsals. Directing the play proved to be enjoyable. As I had written it I knew what I wanted as far as expression and movement were concerned. Getting everyone

together for rehearsal at the same time was not so enjoyable. Two or three actors would turn up on time and I would spend the rest of the rehearsal time looking for the others. I was to learn that coaxing tired 1st XV players to a rehearsal is not easy. A lot of the cast were in the 1st XV and I spent one match running up and down the touch-line yelling the time for rehearsal at individual players. Line-outs were a good opportunity for this — I'm sure the opposition thought it was a line-call! But although the school won the match, Swift actors still failed to make the play rehearsal!

One thing I was to learn was flexibility. The typed script never proves to be the final one. Boys always have ideas, and many lines, movements and expressions were changed as the production took shape. The task of collecting props proved to be difficult in some cases, in others less so. Twelve military uniforms were not easy to find and had my father not been an employee of Her Majesty I would have been lost. On the other hand, a magazine of ill repute which I remembered that we required just twenty minutes before we were due to go on was produced at a moment's notice without much time or effort wasted. I didn't ask where it came from and thanked the boy concerned, who, incidentally, was wearing glasses (was he going blind?) for the gift.

The two weeks preceding the play were not pleasant and I spent many nights lying awake worrying. The dress rehearsal was awful, but I was to learn that one should never lose faith. On the night, boys can be trusted to work miracles if rehearsals have been conducted in an enjoyable atmosphere. They acted their hearts out and even if they weren't Oliviers they were seen to enjoy themselves.

The whole experience, from creation to performance, was a frightening one for me. A steady succession of bridges had arisen and they were ones that had to be mentally crossed. But in that way, writing and directing a play did me good: it forced me to face up to things that I would ordinarily have shunned. Prior to the performance I felt physically sick, for I knew that if it was badly received there was no famous author I could lay the blame on. As it was, it was well-received and I felt a sense of overwhelming relief. Then there was time to relax and remember the enjoyable moments — but only then.

R. V. Banham, Vith



SOCCKER REPORT

THE SEASON started with much optimism; having the strongest squad of players for a few years it was with confidence that the 1st XI approached their first game at home against Henry Box School. A close keenly-contested game ensued in which we went ahead 1-0 from a goal by Andrew Sanderson, only to go 2-1 behind through defensive errors. The game was saved by a thunderous volley by Richard Andrews and the final result 2-2 was a fair one. In the next game away at Kingham Hill we played with great pace on a muddy pitch and won 6-3, Wigglesworth creating many openings, on the right flank and in fact scoring 3 goals himself, aided by Curtis, Sanderson and Wankling who scored 1 each. A very exciting Sunday game v Witney Youth Club came next, ending in a 5-5 draw (Andrews 2, Sanderson 2, Wankling 1). F. Irvani, Captain, was outstanding in defence.

Our next opponents, John Mason, were eagerly awaited, for we had lost heavily to them last year and wanted revenge. A tight game ended in a 1-1 draw in which the 1st XI attack was well matched by the John Mason defence. The scorer of the school goal was R. Curtis with a very skilful shot inside the post curved with the outside of the boot. After the disappointment of the game v. Burford School being cancelled, our last match away at Oratory was destined to be our worst performance of the season, when we lost 6-1 (scorer: R. Sanderson — penalty). On a hard, bouncy pitch too many defensive mistakes were made, even though we had the equal of them in mid-field and attack.

In the Junior soccer matches, the Colts team disappointingly lost their 3 games rather heavily and never seemed to play together as a team. The Junior Colts had some good games, and including one against Henry Box played in a raging blizzard, and have some promising young players for the future, their leading goal scorer was M. Spicer. It is a great shame that two of their team, Ian Cottrell and Darren Jones, have left.

The House Soccer matches were dominated by Harcourt yet again who produced some very good football and some excellent goals. Some notable newcomers to the scene were D. Patel and E. Bassey who proved to be a very penetrating pair in the Harcourt attack. This attack caused much confusion in the other House teams and the enthusiastic Nzeribe came close several times to scoring and finally did manage to score in the final game, much to the amusement of the supporters.

A. E. G.

CROSS COUNTRY

WITH THE EMERGENCE of Soccer as a major School game and the early launch of rowing in the Lent term, the Cross-country "season" becomes shorter by the year. Nevertheless we were able to send U.20, U.17 and U.15 teams to represent the School in the North Oxon area championships in Banbury in January, as well as our first individual entries in the U.14 and U.13 races. Our leading runners were: U.20 F. Irvani (9th), J. Wankling (12th); U.17 J. Davie (12th); U.15 A. Picton-Warlow (10th), M. Samkin (13th), J. Mercer (18th); U.14 T. Goslin (24th), and U.13 N. Pineo (37th), while the U.15 team as a whole did well to finish third out of ten competing schools. Irvani and Davie were selected to represent North Oxfordshire in the County Trials finishing 15th and 9th in their respective age groups; both were awarded School Half Colours.

This year one hundred and twenty-eight boys took part in the School Cross-Country race. Davie retained the individual title finishing in 32 mins. 05 secs, followed home by Irvani, Picton-Warlow, Russ, Yendle, Storrie, Walker, Wankling, Ramsbotham and Sutton. Harcourt, collectively, won the House event with 2,269 points, Queen Anne came second with 2,433, leaving Swift trailing with 2,942—0 tempora! O mores!

P. J. G.

INTER-HOUSE R.R.

A VERY POWERFUL Harcourt team retained this cup for their House in a most emphatic manner, establishing a new record of 104 mins. 48 seconds for the competition in the process. Irvani (17 mins. 18 secs.) and Davie, (15 mins. 25 secs.) once again ran the fastest outward and inward legs of the day, but all the runners should be congratulated on their determined, "lonely" efforts.

Lap	Harcourt
One	35 min. 21 sec.
Two	36 min. 44 sec.
Three	32 min. 43 sec.
Totals	104 min. 48 sec.
	Queen Anne
One	35 min. 37 sec.
Two	36 min. 45 sec.
Three	38 min. 21 sec.
Totals	110 min. 43 sec.
	Swift
One	38 min. 31 sec.
Two	39 min. 11 sec.
Three	39 min. 03 sec.
Totals	116 min. 45 sec.

P. J. G.

DECLAMATIONS

THIS YEAR'S Declamations were held on March 2nd. They were to have been adjudicated by the playwright Peter Luke, and his wife, the actress June Tobin, and we were sorry that they had to cry off, albeit for very good reasons in each case. We were grateful to Mr. John Howard Davies — once a child-star in the films of *Oliver Twist* and *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, and now Head of Light Entertainment at the BBC — for stepping into the breach at such short notice.

The set passages (either a poem or a piece of prose in each category) were selected from a wide range of authors, and passages chosen by the readers themselves showed a similar diversity. Once again, however, it was the set poems which found favour with the 3rd and 4th form contestants; and it was a pity that for the second year running no-one elected to read the prose passages which had been chosen, on this occasion, from Oscar Wilde's *The Devoted Friend* or D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*. Bearing in mind Dame Helen Gardner's remarks last year, all the prose passages included some dialogue.

There were sixteen finalists, four in each year, and the 3rd Formers were the first to read. They all began with John Betjeman's *Autumn 1964*. Tristan Walker has a pleasant voice with a nice timbre, but he read both the set poem and his own choice from Conan Doyle at rather a gallop. George Howarth introduced his pieces well, but he kept his voice too low and could have characterised the speakers better in his extract from *My Cousin Rachel*. Jan Erlstedt provided us with a more dramatic Orwell, an extract from *Animal Farm* which was thought to be a good personal choice by a boy of his age for an occasion such as this. Again, though, both passages were just a little rushed. Daniel Woodley was clearly the best of this group, for he looked up, had a feeling for what he was doing, and made good use of pauses. Not only did he provide the best rendering of the Betjeman, but his own choice from Walter Lord's account of the sinking of the 'Titanic' was also suitably sombre.

Among the 4th Formers David Fenton provided a reasonable rendering of Edward Thomas' *Adlesdrop*, and his passage from *Tarka the Otter* showed that he had made progress from last year. Jason Jones' interpretation of the set poem had good expression, but some words were not clearly enough pronounced; he could have made far more than he did of his extract from Churchill's *My Early Life*. Hassan Maktabi, who gave such a lovely recitation of Edward Thomas' *Sowing* last year, had some considerable difficulty on this occasion with *Adlesdrop*, and even with his own choice from *Prester John*. Charles Paravicini, surely a potential winner in this section, was not on his best form at all.

The 5th Formers provided some stiffer competition. Although Jonathan Glynn's emphasis in both his Dylan Thomas and his Kipling was not always in the right place, he more than made up for this by his expression; and, as was obvious by the applause after his reading, he is clearly a natural

performer. Richard Milward made a good start on the Thomas, but his Welsh accent, alas, was not maintained! His pacing and expression in Walter de la Mare's *solitude* was far better, and this was a piece that really suited the soft register of his voice. Gary Harris gave a very confident performance, particularly in his own chosen extract from *Tai-pan*. There were no problems with pitch of voice here, and he perhaps deserved more commendation than he later got. Both he and Alex Yendle elected to read John Clare's *First Love* as their set choice, Yendle's was marginally the better of the two, and although he did not look up sufficiently during his extract from *Decline and Fall*, his characterisation of the dialogue was good.

Among the 6th Formers Oliver Brundin and Richard Lilley did not really do themselves justice. Their set passages from *Scoop* were too fast and lacking in expression; in Lilley's case the modulation of the voice did not seem right at all. He was decidedly better in his own choice from Auden, *Musée de Beaux Arts*. Richard Banham provided the definitive reading — it is the only word for it — from *Scoop*, which surpassed even his superb reading of T. H. White's 'Losing a Falcon' two years ago. Not only did he convey emotion, but he also managed to characterise Lord Copper with a perfect Canadian accent. His reading of an unusual poem by Roy Campbell, with just a trace of Afrikaans accent, was also most moving. However, Mark O'Sullivan was not far behind with his splendidly studied, introspective reading of Stephen Spender's poem *I Think Continually*; and it was a pity that his own choice from Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* was so long as to try severely the patience of an adjudicator who frankly admitted that he was 'intrigued' by the Spender. He did succeed, though, in conveying something of the narrative power of Conrad as a writer.

Mr. Howard Davies did not hold us long in suspense for his verdicts. In prefacing his announcement of the winners, he remarked on the obviously varying standard attained by those taking part. In general he found delivery too flat; he also had strong views on the learning of the poems, and the injection of emotion by the readers. In the 3rd, 5th and 6th Form categories 1st Prize was awarded, respectively, to Woodley, Glynn and Banham. But he chose to withhold a prize in the 4th Form, and although this seemed to the contestants a controversial decision at the time, it was undoubtedly the correct one. As in the Effective Speaking Examinations, there is a standard that we are looking for in Declamations — and so it must be an event in which we work from first principles.

Anthony Hues, Oladapo Akande, Ben Goad, Jeremy Abbott and Simon Webb were Highly Commended in the Semi-final. Richard Milward was Specially Commended by Mr. Howard Davies in the 5th Form Final.

P. J. C.



'The Smile on the Face of the Tiger'. Watercolour by G. W. Rowley, VIth.

THE THRILL OF POLO



PROBABLY YOUR only contact with the mysterious game of polo will be watching Prince Charles 'coming a cropper' during a 'Chukka' with the moment being caught for posterity by the international press. The first recorded game of Polo was in fact played way back in the mists of time in Northern Persia in 600 BC and from there it spread eastwards as far as Japan. The game derives its name from the Indian word 'pulu' meaning ball and the main clubs in Great Britain are the 'Guards Club' at Windsor, Cowdray Park at Midhurst, Cirencester Park and Harn at Richmond.

The game is also played across the world in countries such as America, New Zealand and, perhaps surprisingly, Argentina. The Argentine, in fact, consistently produce not only the world's best players but they have also bred the most effective type of pony for the modern game, the Criollo. Its main qualities are the ability to accelerate, stop and turn quickly and the possession of an even temperament, a crucial factor in this very fast, physical sport. Most ponies are only between 15-15.3 hands high. Because it is a very strenuous game each player requires a string of between 7-10 ponies so that they can have a rest between Chukkas. It is quite obvious, therefore, that it is certainly not a poor man's sport. Bandages, support boots and protection for the horse are compulsory.

There are 4 players on each side and two umpires on horseback on the pitch who have a very difficult job because the game is so fast-moving. The pitch is 300 yds long and 160 yds wide and to save injuries to horse and rider the posts are collapsible on severe impact.

The full game is played over 6 periods or 'Chukkas'. Each chukka is timed to last 7 minutes when a bell is rung, however the game goes on until the ball goes out of play or the 7½ minutes bell is rung. There are intervals of 3 minutes between Chukkas and five minutes at half time so that the horses can be changed. The teams change ends after each goal is scored in order to offset any advantages gained from the wind or a slope.

The main fouls occur as a result of a player possessing the 'right of way' and being crossed, by another rider, close enough so as to be dangerous. A player has the right of way when he is following the ball on the 'exact line'. Dangerous riding or rough handling is not allowed, although one player may ride another opponent off but not by charging in at an angle.

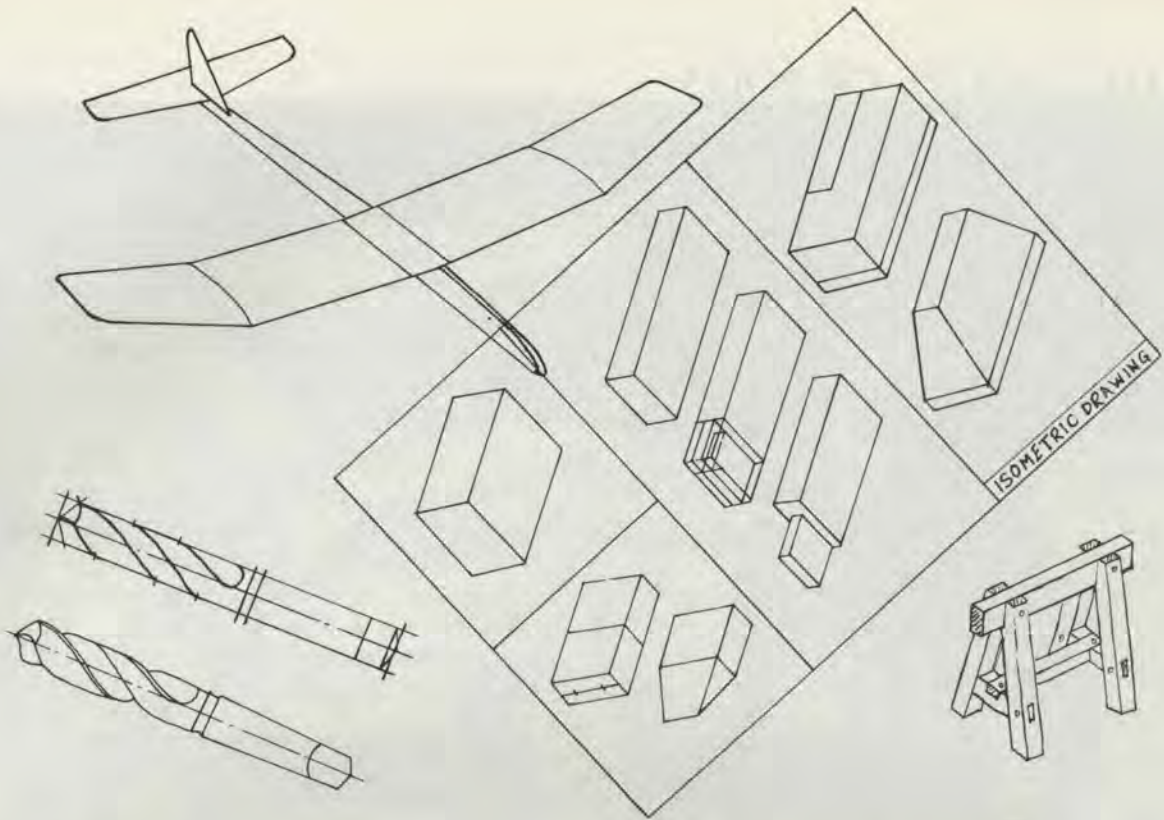
The handicapping system denotes individual ability and each player is handicapped from minus 2 up to a maximum of 10 goals. Since the modern game developed there have only been 46 players who have been expert enough to be rated '10 goal' players and there has not been an English player in this category since the Second World War.

The handicapping system used in tournaments is quite difficult to understand. The number of goals start required when teams unevenly matched in terms of ability face each other is arrived at by multiplying the differences between the teams' total handicaps by the number of Chukkas to be played and then dividing by 6.

The sticks used in Polo, which resemble croquet mallets, have bamboo shafts and hardwood heads. The length of the stick depends on the height of the horse and they vary from 45" to 55". The ball is hit with either face of the head and not with the ends as in croquet. The ball is made from a soft wood weighing 4½ ounces. The players all wear helmets and knee pads for protection.

I first became involved in Polo about three years ago when some friends of mine who were keen enthusiasts of the sport invited me to go and see a few matches; the final of the Caterham Cup and the final of the Mountbatten Cup, both at the famous Smith's Lawn Club in Windsor, where Prince Charles often plays. I was hooked immediately and I am now going to Polo lessons at a riding school in London because I eventually want to become a competing player when I am experienced enough. I enjoy the game because it is very exciting, there is never a dull moment, it is fast-moving and there is always plenty of action, thrills and spills. I also enjoy the social life which is a very important part of the sport, it is an excellent way of meeting people.

S. M. Cameron, Vth



DESIGN AND MAKE

“DESIGN CAN BE regarded as the purposeful shaping of man’s environment involving aesthetic aspects of creativity and experience. Considered in its widest sense Design activity can embrace many different methods of approach and could involve a variety of media and techniques.” (From the Southern Regional Examinations Board syllabus for the examination in Design).

Design and Make is an activity introduced this year by the writer, who comes from a background of Design Draughtsman through to Naval Architect and then into teaching. Ship design, of course, is a specialised field, but there is a design concept which spills over into almost all aspects of modern industrial life. Good designers are required in all manufacturing industries; in advertising and the many facets of the mass media; and from agriculture to space exploration.

A good designer has to be capable of original and creative responses to design problems. He needs a knowledge of materials, their properties and appropriate uses. Above all, he must possess the ability to organise and communicate ideas.

‘Design and Make’ made a very humble beginning at Cokethorpe, taking place in the old Chemistry Lab! My first impression was, ‘Oh no, what can be done in here?’ My second thought was that the room had potential and could possibly be turned into a design centre with some facilities for the manufacture of goods. So far ‘making’ has been confined to balsa-wood models and the beginnings of a bagatelle board. Ideas for repairing boats and for making a billiard table have been shelved for the time being! One boy has ‘designed’ a car. He took the side view from a magazine, adapting it to his own

ideas and then developed front, back and top views. It was not as easy as might be thought. The ability to think in 3-D is not automatic but it can be acquired.

Coupled with Engineering Drawing, I am sure that there is a bright future at Cokethorpe for this activity. To be able to translate an idea into a drawing and then into a finished object is a thrill which should not be missed. Future developments envisaged include group project work (possibly building a canoe for the school), use of computers in design work, experimenting with a variety of materials and techniques, visits to exhibitions and places of interest as well as individual work. Co-operation with other activities within the school such as Art, Pottery and Woodcraft will be encouraged.

Over a period of time it will be possible to build up resources of all kinds especially tools and visual material. Hopefully the environment in which we work will be made more conducive and boys will be free to experiment and communicate their ideas and develop those of others. Many employers are looking for people who can solve problems and bring embryo ideas to fruition. And, of course, there is the satisfaction of personal achievement.

M. C.

ENGINEERING DRAWING

ENGINEERING DRAWING is being offered as part of the activity Design and Make. The ability to produce a good design depends not so much on a brilliant idea but on the ability to communicate with a craftsman, engineer, manufacturer or other interested party. Drawings and sketches are an obvious medium and there is a generally accepted language as recommended by the British Standards Institution.

The course is being offered to fifth and sixth year boys and will last for one year. Those boys who prove adept will be able to take Ordinary Level Engineering Drawing. This examination consists of two papers: (i) Applied Geometry involving practical applications of geometrical principles, such as would be met with in engineering; and (ii) Engineering Drawing in which candidates are expected: (a) to work from dimensioned sketches, from other drawings, or from written descriptions; (b) to make sketches of tools and components from given drawings; (c) to make specific views and scale drawings with simple sections, and to produce assembly drawings from details; (d) to interpret such drawings and to comment in an elementary way on the suitability of constructional and design details.

Since the hallmarks of any design drawing are accuracy and clarity, and these are a result of careful planning, attention to detail, precision working and general neatness; engineering drawing as a subject is an excellent discipline for any boy.

M. C.

Inter-House Music Competition

A STRANGER TO the School in the middle of March could easily have obtained the impression that music, far from being a minority activity, featured large in the lives of all at Cokethorpe. The reason for this was the Inter-House Music Competition — the year's main musical event — which took place on Wednesday 16th March. For several days beforehand the school had been echoing to frantic musical activity. Boys could be heard practising their instruments in dormitories and classrooms at strange hours. In morning break and lunch hours the Corinthian Room was filled with the sounds of groups of clarinettists and trumpeters, and even whole Houses singing hymns with far more gusto than is customary on Friday mornings. On several occasions the Headmaster was awoken by trumpeters practising in the early hours of the morning!

The Competition had been planned to encourage musical participation from as many boys as possible, regardless of their standard or attainment. Because of the wide range of ability, standard and age, each entry was awarded marks on its own merit, not in relation to other entries in the Competition or even in the same class. The Adjudicator who took on the daunting and unenviable task of awarding points and commenting on each entry was Robin Bowman, Director of Music at Christchurch Cathedral School in Oxford.

The evening began with the solo trumpet class which produced some rousing playing ranging from Nicholas Boggon's "Abide with me" to Andrew Venman's "Eye-level" and a spirited piece of Gordon Jacob played by Tristan Walker. The next class showed that there are some promising pianists in the school. Michael Hsia and John Herron gave very stylish individual performances of Minuets by Krieger and Handel, Paul Marshall gave a neat account of another dance by Handel and Mark O'Sullivan provided an expressive and thoughtful interpretation of the first movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata.

It was encouraging to find that some boys were extrovert enough to enter the solo singing class. Patrick Wood sang the Sentry's Song from 'Iolanthe' with suitable martial gusto, Matthew Lake almost convinced us with an anecdotal folksong about Oliver Cromwell and Brahim Wakim's claim, "I'd like to teach the world to sing," provided light relief from some of the evening's more serious moments. Especially commendable were group singing entries from Queen Anne and Swift Houses. In both these entries it was evident that much practice and effort had been expended.

Matthew Howe's clarinet playing in Mozart's "Il Mio Tesoro" was particularly fine, as was also Andrew Keene's performance of a Chanson by Dorothy Pilling, but it was perhaps the Duet class that provided some of the evening's most memorable performances. Among these was a toe-tapping two-trumpet arrangement of a Mexican Cucurumba, played by Andrew Venman and Tristan Walker, and a short piano duet where the performers, Paul Marshall and Matthew Lake, although obviously in disagreement as to the length of the piece, received some of the loudest applause of the evening. The Open class enabled Gary Harris and Andrew Sanderson to display their expertise on electric guitars and provided useful experience in ensemble playing for groups of clarinettists and trumpeters.

After three long hours of a great variety of performances the totals of the points awarded to the entries from each House produced a surprisingly close result with Harcourt winning the House Music Cup with 102 points, followed by Queen Anne with 97 and Swift with 95. Mr. Bowman awarded the prize for the best performance of the evening to Mark O'Sullivan, and the prize for the best performance from a beginner to Michael Hsia.

Throughout the long evening Robin Bowman's adjudicating was succinct and encouraging to the performers and his stamina and enjoyment of his task amazed us all. We hope that his memories of the evening will encourage him to return to Cokethorpe to adjudicate again at some future date.

C. G.

A VISIT TO DISNEY WORLD

DURING THE LAST Easter holidays I went home to the United States of America to stay with my parents who live in North Carolina on the south-eastern side of the continent. We decided that it would be a good idea to spend a week's holiday visiting Disneyland in Orlando, Florida.

On Good Friday morning we set off very early because the journey was going to be roughly two days' drive, a relatively short journey in large scale American terms!! We drove for 5 hours and then stopped during the intense heat of mid-afternoon at a place called Savanna which was a very peaceful, attractive town and we ended up staying the night.

The next morning we continued the journey to Disneyland, travelling through very interesting countryside full of swamps and thick woods. The weather was very hot and humid and as a result pretty uncomfortable. We decided to stay the night at a place called Kissemie, which is approximately ten minutes away from the greatest entertainments complex in the world, in a 'Comfort' Motel.

We rose early the following day and arrived at Disneyland at 8 o'clock when it opened in order to miss the vast crowds. We had a very tasty breakfast in a cafeteria.

The first feature of the complex we visited was 'Adventure land' and we went on a water ride called 'The Pirates of the Caribbean'. This was a large, automated waxworks depicting a battle between Government troops and pirates in a port. We sat ourselves in a boat which began sailing from the walls of the town and the battle scene and proceeded up a river which went through the town and ended

up amongst the pirates! It was a very exciting ride and lasted about 15 minutes.

Next we went into the 'Haunted Mansion' which was very funny as well as being quite frightening, we had good value for our money. We continued walking around the stalls, rides and exhibits until 8 p.m. when we returned to the motel for the night.

We spent most of the next day looking around the EPCOT exhibition (The Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow). To be honest we found this rather disappointing because it wasn't a great deal different from society as it is today. The first stage dealt with the 'Universe of Energy' which was chiefly involved with dinosaurs; the most modern part of this display were the seats in the theatre which constantly moved around the building powered by solar energy!! The 'World of Motion' was also something of an anticlimax depicting largely the development of modes of transport throughout the past rather than suggesting too many possibilities for the future.

The most enjoyable 'ride' at EPCOT was the one which carried you through a display entitled 'The Land'; a journey through hundreds of greenhouses full of plants existing in unusual conditions. Some were suspended by strings in mid-air being watered as they travelled around the hall in a circular motion. We left EPCOT at 3 p.m. and spent the rest of the hot afternoon relaxing in the hotel pool.

Before we returned home we had two very pleasant days at the beach. It was one of the most enjoyable holidays I have ever had.

S. Harbour, III



Tudor House Lamp (for a candle) by M. Garside, Tile by A. Dennis-Jones, Small Beaker and Coil Pot by G. Roberts, Slab-built two-handled mug by Jason Jones.



Table-mat printed from a lino-cut by George Rowley.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

PHOTOGRAPHY HAS been one of my many and varied interests in life but I claim no expertise in the craft. I say that, as the standard of work produced by some of the school pupils exceeds what I, the teacher, could achieve. Whilst this may be modestly gratifying it does mean that a better qualified instructor will soon be needed at Cokethorpe.

The school and all about is so photogenic and the boys are now seeing, composing and producing pictures which exploit the charm of their unique surroundings. I find this picture making a refreshing step forward from the usual school club 'record shots' or 'snaps'. Of course, general school activities have been recorded for posterity, colleagues have been 'portrayed' and candid camera snaps turned out but how pleasing to find young people showing a mature discrimination and finding texture, form, pattern, and harmony in the things around them.

Our facilities have improved and our equipment marginally so; the quality of the prints has shown commensurate improvement. We now boast two or three somewhat antiquated studio lamps which inspired us to a portrait session complete with (clothed) model.

A few prints which achieved my criterion for special mention (i.e. I would gladly accept for the walls of my home) include Jason Jowett's milk bottles and morning paper, Nicholas Boggon's gate and tree isolated in a snow landscape, Stephen Boggon's

derelict wall with brambles and creepers, Nicholas Messenger's flower patterns of cow parsley and dandelion clocks, Andrew Donald's reflections in still water, and Richard Ramsbotham's delicate photographs with ground ivy and autumn fruits. A little unfair perhaps to single out a few when I think that we selected 100 or so prints for our open-day exhibition. Appreciation is so personal a matter; the CSE moderating panel (all artists and not Philistine physicists) were most complimentary about Messenger's 'mud on a wheel' and 'shadow of a cyclist' not to mention the Boggon's cats. I am sorry to say that our membership has been confined to 5th and 6th formers with no budding Snowdons or Lichfields from the younger pupils; this is a great pity as the success of the club depends on stalwarts who are prepared to persevere through two or three years. Yes, it is bitterly cold in the dark room; pretty dreary in the 'studio' annexe; and a steep climb up the stairs through the winter months. But perhaps when Jason Jowett is taking his bevy of scantily clad ladies to a French chateau for the 1989 Unipart Calendar Photographs and collecting his £90,000 cheque for the pleasure, he may think kindly of that dark shape slowly emerging beneath the developer in a dingy garret furnished with a teacher's discarded kitchen unit. Thank you all for three years and a term of shared memories recorded by those magical silver halides.

H. H. B.

“COMRADE”

DURING MY FIRST term at Cokethorpe a notice went up with the aim of soliciting articles from the boys for an internal school magazine. Being keen and eager, I handed in three pieces of work for this venture — and that was the last I heard of it! Eventually, I got my meagre scraps of paper back.

One grey and dingy day in September 1982 Mark O’Sullivan and I decided that we would try to produce a magazine of our own, and this idea came to fruition at the end of the Michaelmas Term in the form of *Comrade*. We drafted a notice in a manner that was designed to try to excite interest and obtain a few articles, and as we were preparing to roneo this notice off we were met by Mr. Jowitt who offered to type it out on his word-processor and then photocopy it for us. This he did and the notice went up: we then sat back and waited for articles to rain in upon us in a deluge. However, it was at this point (like the advertisers of the venture for which I had submitted articles) that we learnt our first lesson about publishing — namely, that waiting for articles is about as productive as writing lines. If we wanted articles we would have to plead, coax, bully, and in any other way wrest them from the boys ourselves. Thus began a long process of obtaining our raw material from unenthusiastic contributors...

Our venture was not completely unguided. We thought it might be difficult to persuade a member of staff to oversee our little scheme, but, on hearing about it, Mr. Cranham generously offered to fulfill this task. (He also gave us — particularly in the case of our second issue — a lot of good ideas about the sort of articles and features we might try to commission.)

We eventually collected enough articles to fill an issue — albeit a rather slim one. To make the magazine look distinctive we decided to use green and grey paper instead of plain white; this was obtained with the aid of Mr. Jowitt, and once the typed copy was xeroxed it looked very effective. We sold this first issue at 5p a time and all fifty copies were purchased.

The second issue, which came out at the end of the Lent Term, was much better than the first one. For one thing, the contents were much more substantial than the first issue, and, as well as another marvellous double-page ‘Captain Jules’ cartoon-strip by our resident Hergé, we managed to obtain an interview with one of Britain’s foremost science fiction writers, Brian Aldiss. I went to his house in Oxford one Sunday morning in February, and we had a very enjoyable and informative discussion about his work which lasted for well over an hour. This interview was the main feature of our second issue, and for the cover we managed to make a very

effective collage based upon the dust-wrappers of several Aldiss paperbacks.

It was intended that there should be an issue of *Comrade* in the Summer Term, but alas too much school work came to bear. With any luck there will be one in the winter, though.

O. M. Brundin, VIth

CLAY PIGEON SHOOTING

NOT QUITE SO many boys have shot this year, because of competition from other activities. However those who have shot have all improved quite significantly.

The Wyvern Shield Individual Competition was won by C. Walker, with a score of 17 clays out of 25. This was an exciting, closely fought competition between Walker, Milward and N. Smith. The outcome was decided by the last few clays of the competition, when Milward was just beaten by one clay.

The House Cup was won by Queen Anne, who just narrowly beat Harcourt. Swift had problems in finding a team. Eventually they found Howe, who was willing to shoot, and though, apparently, he had never shot before, he hit ten birds out of 25, a creditable performance.

Queen Anne	Walker C.	14
	Smith N.	11
	Fletcher	16
	Total 41 Out of 75	1st
Harcourt	Miles	16
	Dennis-Jones	15
	Joseph B.	7
	Total 38	2nd
Swift	Fenton	13
	Howe	10
	Hues	11
	Total 34	3rd

Tony Cox still visits the school, from time to time, giving valuable coaching. At the moment he is waiting to hear whether he has been selected for the national team.

The annual Clay Pigeon shoot at the school took place in July, and attracted 97 entries from a wide area. Thanks should be recorded to those boys who helped in scoring. They were Green, Hues, T. Smith, Lyman, Venman, N. Smith. Some were rewarded with a free entry in the competition. Medina, also, is to be thanked, for sitting all afternoon in the hot sun, selling refreshments.

D. L. T.

RIFLE CLUB

ABOUT A THIRD of the school have shot from time to time during the year, with about fifteen of those shooting regularly once a week. We entered two teams for the Junior Winter competition, organized by the NSRA. The U.18 team consisted of R. Porter, Baring, Sutton and Dunn, who between them scored 663 out of 800. The U.15 team consisted of Freeman, Howland, Baxter and Mercer, and they scored 662 out of 800. Our best shots are: Dunn (av. 93), Mercer (av. 91), Sutton (av. 91), Walker T. (av. 91) and Howland (av. 86).

Three evenly matched teams shot against each other for the House cup, Queen Anne just gaining the upper hand by five points.

Harcourt	Sutton (Capt.)	93
	Howland	96
	Baxter	81
	Healey	78
	Total 348	3rd
Queen Anne	Dunn (Capt.)	94
	Walker C.	79
	Tsay	90
	Walker T.	95
	Total 358	1st
Swift	Jowett (Capt.)	85
	Mercer	88
	Purdue	91
	Youdan	89
	Total 353	2nd

The Davis Cup Handicap competition was won by Goslin, with a handicap of 28 and a score of 72.

D. L. T.

JUDO

WE HAVE TWENTY boys doing Judo at Cokethorpe at the moment. There is room for a few more if anyone is interested, but I must stress that, while Judo is an enjoyable and useful sport, it is also a martial art and correct behaviour and self-discipline is all-important. I am very pleased at the way the demonstration went on Open Day. Both audience and spectators clearly enjoyed it.

Last October Joseph Wankling and Timothy Smith entered the BJC Senior National Championships at Peterborough and considering the class of competition they did very well. We hold a Junior Grading towards the end of each term, conducted by me under BJC authorization. I test the boys on various Judo techniques to determine what grade they are worth: grades are shown by the different coloured belts.

The boys are taught how to break-fall. They practise many different throws, hold-downs and also learn arm-locks, chokes and strangles. We also do some self-defence. I do hope the class will continue to flourish with lots of boys being involved.

S. Goddard, 2nd Dan.

WOOD TURNING AND CARPENTRY

BOTH THESE activities have been well attended this year, and now that we have a good selection of tools much more interest is being shown in carpentry. Several bookshelves of quite good design have been made to a reasonable standard.

Now that we have a second lathe a large number of clocks, barometers, thermometers, cheese-boards, coasters, bowls and table-lamps have been turned. We hope we can add a few more things to the list next term, such as salt and pepper mills, goblets, etc. However, for this we require other attachments to the lathe. We must also search for a supply of good wood.

The prize for carpentry has been awarded to Paul Brooker this year. He gave much thought to the design of his shelves; he also did a great deal of work cage-building in the aviary.

The wood-turning prize has been awarded to Anthony Dennis-Jones for the good finish on his cheese-boards. I must add that it was very difficult to choose a winner, for there were many articles that were of a very high standard.

J. W.

MR. PEABODY'S MYSTERIOUS SHADOW

MR. PEABODY CLIMBED into the bus that was heading for Cairo. He was looking forward to examining some ancient artifacts that had been unearthed a few days ago. Unknown to him he was being followed by a rather fierce but shabby Bedouin. When he at last arrived at Cairo he was rather disappointed at what he saw, for he had read that Cairo was one of the seven wonders of the world and that it was a beautiful city. But in front of him was Cairo, not very beautiful but really rather dirty and the beggars that sat at every corner begging for a few Rujals (Cairo's currency, one Rujal equals ten pence of our money) did little to enhance Mr. Peabody's image of Cairo. In spite of this he tried to find the Ahraji hotel for he had made a reservation.

After two hours of endless searching he found the hotel in one of the many dirt-ridden lanes. On entering the hotel he was quite taken aback by the stench in every corner of the building. After getting his key he went in search of his room. On entering his room the sight he saw was not very pleasing. It consisted of a dirty mattress and an old bottomless chair. On looking out of the tiny window Mr. Peabody gasped at the rather decrepit city. Suddenly he heard a noise behind him. There in the door was the same man who had been following him since he left Jeddah, but now in his hand was a magnum-forty five with a huge silencer on the end of the barrel. Mr. Peabody looked in amazement at the gun. The Bedouin pulled the trigger, but the gun was an old one and it back-fired. He screamed loudly and died.

J. W. Jones, IVth

DEBATING RETROSPECT

1982-83

Chairmen of the Senior Chamber: R. V. Banham & R. E. Lilley. *Chairman of the Junior Chamber:* R. F. Ramsbotham.

THERE WAS ONLY one debate during the autumn, and that was an inter-school debate on November 18th with the girls of Lechlade Convent on the motion that "It is better to be beautiful than clever". Proposing were Miss Clare McCallum and Miss Lucy Reeve: opposing, James Dillon-Godfray and Richard Lilley. The standard of speaking on both sides was very high, but the girls made a very good combination indeed. Alas, Dillon-Godfray tended to confuse mere cleverness with intellect, and, worse than this, he committed the elementary error of assuming that those who are beautiful must necessarily be dumb, while those who are clever will inevitably be plain! The outcome of the debate was probably a foregone conclusion by the time it was opened to the floor, and when put to the vote the motion was predictably carried by 17 votes (34-17).

Shortly after the beginning of the Lent Term a 4th form debate on a rather unusual motion — "This House believes that marriage is an out-dated concept" — took place on February 14th. The proposers of the motion, David Fenton and Charles Paravicini, made a good team — though perhaps the substance of their material was not quite up to the assurance with which they presented it. Ben Goad, leading for the opposition, had the best content of the four speakers; but it was the quiet conviction of his second, Jason Jones, which probably carried most weight. There was a wide range of contribution from the floor, but the choicest intervention came from William Georgiades, who produced a magnificent quotation from Sydney Smith to support what he said.

The inter-house competition — the first of its kind for some years — was an exciting contest because all the debates took place in quick succession. To describe them fully, and thus give them their full due, would take more space than is available here. Only the briefest resume of each is possible. It was not a knockout, or 'ladder', competition: the winning House would simply be the one whose speakers had collectively accrued the maximum total of points throughout the competition as a whole. A vote would be taken for the sake of interest, but the points would be awarded by a panel of judges. The judges were Mr. Watts, Mr. Randall and Mr. Daniels — and everyone agreed that the adjudication summary given by Mr. Watts on each occasion was a model of its kind.

The first debate, between Swift and Harcourt, took place on March 4th on the motion that "This House would emigrate". Jonathan Glynn and Gary Harris proposed, and they were opposed by Richard Milward and Simon Webb. Three of them fell into the trap of more or less reading their speeches — Glynn uncharacteristically so. Webb and Milward, as a team, made more points in favour of their case than their opponents, but only Harris projected himself in the most assured, informed and convincing way. There was strong contribution from the floor from Messers Anderson, Dumont, Rowley, Lilley, Storrie, Abbott, Harrison, Brooker, Howland, Picton-Warlow and Woodley. Storrie, in particular, was in fighting form. When put to the vote the motion was carried by just 2 votes (46-44, with 5 abstentions). The judges awarded Swift 161 points, and Harcourt 144.

The second debate, "This House would abolish Public Schools," took place on March 8th. Proposing the motion were Mark O'Sullivan and William Georgiades: opposing, Mark Genders and Bamikole Akande. Mr. O'Sullivan, having proved himself a man of very few words, left it to Georgiades to make up the ground for Queen Anne as best he could. Genders and Akande made a good team: not only did they make some excellent points, but their speed, pacing and diction were also most creditable. Notable comments from the floor on this occasion came from Messers Wigglesworth, Lyman, Rowley, Harris II, Milward and Brundin — but the best of all was clearly the spontaneous and very well-expressed comments of Richard Ramsbotham just before the vote was taken. The motion was soundly defeated by 75 votes (76-1, with 12 abstentions!), and the judges awarded 183 points to Swift, 102 to Queen Anne.

The final debate took place on March 14th: Queen Anne vs. Harcourt on the motion "that striking should be made a criminal offence". With Richard Lilley and Jeremy Abbott proposing against Richard Ramsbotham and Alex Yendle, this was by far the strongest of the three debates. Unquestionably, it contained the finest single speech of the series — that by Ramsbotham. Again, in a house that was smaller than usual, there was a good variety of comment from a number of 'veteran' speakers, but it was a particular pleasure to see younger members like Maktabi, Brooker, Lincoln-Lewis, Barns and Jackson, rising with something to say. The motion was defeated by 13 votes (38-25, with 10 abstentions). This was the closest of scores, too: Queen Anne 175, Harcourt 171.

With 344 points as against Harcourt's 315, Swift were clearly the winners of this competition. But the

fact that Queen Anne were left with 277 points indicated that, with another 70 or so points in the Public Schools debate, they could easily have been Swift's most serious contender.

This year's Senior Cullen Debate, which took place on May 5th, took a slightly different form. It was an 'elimination' debate in which each of the four speakers claimed prior urgency for the removal from our 20th century of his own chosen evil or menace. The latter were Space research and exploration (Alan Wigglesworth), The Moonies (Richard Ramsbotham), Unilateralists (Oliver Brundin), and Private Transport in the Inner Cities (Richard Banham). Mr. Paul Crowson, the Headmaster's predecessor as Sub-Warden of Radley, was the guest chairman of judges — the others being Mrs. Cranham and Mr. Watts — and afterwards he gave us some words of wisdom on the aim and purpose of debating: "to sow seeds in the minds of those who aren't sure". In the absence of the 5th form contribution from the floor was much reduced, but Lilley, Genders, Rowley, Goad, Maktabi and Woodley all made worthwhile comments. When put to the vote, for the sake of interest, Brundin got 11 votes, Ramsbotham 18, Wigglesworth 15, and Banham 23 — a result which was amply borne out by the verdict of the judges.

The Junior Cullen Debate took place on June 9th, with speakers drawn mainly from the 3rd form. The motion, "This House prefers to live in the country", was proposed by Daniel Woodley and Christopher Lewis, and opposed by Andrew Jackson and Matthew Howe. (The latter, in Form 1/2, did well to pick up this challenge at 72 hours notice.) Mrs. A. Brady acted as guest Chairwoman of the judges, assisted by Mrs. Gentry and Mr. White. Floor-contribution, though plentiful, became rather silly and side-tracked, and on the whole this was not such an encouraging occasion as the two 3rd Form debates which had taken place three weeks before. The motion was convincingly carried by a show of hands.

The reports of the principal adjudicators of these two prize debates follows this article.

The first of the two 3rd Form debates in May was "This House would abolish fox-hunting", proposed by Daniel Woodley and Mohammed Jabed, and opposed by Alistair Picton-Warlow and Matthew Howland. Woodley was clearly the most outstanding speaker in this debate, although Picton-Warlow and Howland showed themselves to be knowledgeable on the subject, in common with many contributors from the floor. The motion was carried by 19 votes (36-17). The motion for the second debate was "This House believes in clunk-click every trip", proposed by Christopher Lewis and Jan Erlstedt. They were opposed by Julian Russ and Paul Brooker. Hesitant at first, Lewis spoke in a clear, pleasant voice and gained in confidence as the debate proceeded: he was

certainly the best speaker in this debate, as Woodley had been in the fox-hunting one. Of the other three Brooker was the only one who really looked up as he spoke; Russ and Erlstedt read their speeches too much, though Erlstedt did at least make his points sound interesting. When put to the vote this motion was carried by 60 votes (65-5, 3 absentions).

The year finished, as it had begun, with another inter-school debate with Lechlade Convent on July 5th. We were the hosts this time, and the motion — "This House regrets the abolition of hanging" — proved to be very topical. It was proposed by Richard Banham and Alan Wigglesworth (each making their last appearance before the society), and opposed by Miss Helen Moss and Miss Samantha Burdon. There were lively contributions from the floor from Messers Abbott, Anderson, Lyman, Harris II, Ramsbotham, Reeve and Woodley; and from the girls — Misses Tullock, Cory, McCallum, Lewis-Bowen and Reeve. The motion — as was perhaps to be expected — was carried by 24 votes (32-8, 9 abstentions), although it was felt that voting strictly on the merit of the speeches would have left the girls in a better position than this. The most obvious way in which to get round partisan voting in such debates is to work with mixed teams, and another inter-school debate on these lines has been arranged with Lechlade for November 17th this year.

P. J. C.



Charging Elephant.
Watercolour by S. Bayarri, VIth.

THE JUDGES VERDICT ON THE SENIOR CULLEN DEBATE

*This House would eliminate Space Research and
Exploration/Unilateralists/The Moonies/Private Transport
in the Inner Cities.*

ALL THE SPEAKERS were well-informed on their subjects, and took care to organise their arguments. But a debating speech is not intended to be a solo; it is a solo-instrument in a concerto, drawing the others in its wake and creating a social occasion; it must be judged accordingly. Does the whole House respond to the speaker and go along with him? Does he confirm the loyalty and beliefs of those who already agree with him? Among those who believe otherwise, does he shake old certainties and plant the seeds of new belief?

The three adjudicators agreed without argument that the first speech of Mr. Banham was the best debating speech of the evening. From the beguiling innocence of the first sentences not even the most ardent of motorists hung back. It was difficult to forget what he had said, even if one wished to.

Alan Wigglesworth did not make much headway in spite of his personal presence and vigorous manner of speech. (His case was too difficult to sustain: we could not believe that astronauts and their efforts were a world-menace, and the transference of skill and resources from space-research into food-production for the Third World

was too difficult to envisage.) Mr. Ramsbotham, provoked by comments from the Floor, pockets his notes and poured such vigour into his picture of the Moonies that we began to estimate a few motor accidents as a low price for their elimination. And Mr. Brundin, whose first speech acquired character from the quiet scorn of its delivery, had the good fortune to be faced by the most vivid speaker from the House, a passionate Unilateralist, by no means willing to be chosen for elimination. With Brundin, as with Ramsbotham, provocation brought out his best eloquence.

Altogether I found it a most enjoyable occasion and distinctly impressive — the more so since everyone seemed to take it for granted and to assume that it would be so. In fact, as one knows only too well, it is only the result of considerable preparation and can very easily fall to confusion.

I was specially impressed, too, by the setting in which the debate took place — a room of beautiful proportions which, with the assembled company, recalled some famous sketch of the 18th century House of Commons with a William Pitt in mid-speech.

P. S. Crowson

THE JUDGES VERDICT ON THE JUNIOR CULLEN DEBATE

This House prefers to live in the country

WHEN I WAS asked to be one of the Judges of the Junior Cullen Debate I accepted with great pleasure and some trepidation. Some of the speakers were new to the game, but no newer than I.

Mr. Woodley proposed the motion and maintained his arguments with spirit and conviction. Perhaps some of his illustrations were not quite thought through, but nevertheless he fixed his audience with a commanding eye and only had recourse to his notes towards the end of his speech. Mr. Jackson was the principal speaker for the opposition. His voice was a little uncertain and his contact with the audience variable, but he made us laugh — a huge plus to him. He was impressively reinforced by Mr. Howe who expressed some clearly thought out ideas, put over with style. It was not till afterwards that I was told that he had offered his services at the last moment in order to fill a gap. Watch out for this young man in future. Mr. Lewis did an equally good job of supporting the

proposition. He spoke with real feeling about the countryside and reached his audience well, making strong eye to eye contact.

Comments from the Floor varied. Messers Samkin and Maktabi made very reasonable points about pollution and robbery. Mr. Picton-Warlow made an extremely clear statement about security. Mr. Akindele and Mr. Howland also made telling points. Mr. Brooker, I felt, was a bit off-side in challenging Mr. Jackson with insincerity because of a true opinion expressed *outside* the Chamber!

Finally, my congratulations to the Chairman for maintaining the smooth flow of the debate with quiet authority.

Mr. Woodley richley deserved the Junior Cullen Debating Cup. May he go on to win the Senior one.

Mrs. A. Brady

THE CULLEN DEBATE: THE PRIZE-WINNING SPEECH

'THIS HOUSE BELIEVES IN THE ELIMINATION OF PRIVATE TRANSPORT WITHIN THE INNER CITY.'

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

WHEN THE NOTICE for this debate first went up on the board in the corridor about a week ago, I was passing by when I saw a couple of fourth formers looking at it. They read: This House believes in the elimination of..... then it listed the motions. Firstly, Unilateralists. After an explanation as to what unilateralists were they seemed impressed. Then it said, the Moonies. After yet another brief explanation that, no this wasn't the gesture often made by school boys travelling in the back row of rugby coaches, they seemed once more duly impressed. And then it said, the elimination of space exploration and research. Whether or not they agreed with it doesn't matter, but they thought it was interesting. Then they got to, this house believes in the elimination of private transport in the inner city..... Well, I'll be honest with you, their initial reaction was, 'Who the hell thought that boring one up?'

After that encounter I realised my task tonight was not going to be easy. So why did I make such a seemingly boring choice? It's really very simple.

LIFE.

In the city of London 4 pedestrians are killed every three days. In one year that is almost 490 people. Death due to smash-ups total at 180. (That is one car hitting another). The grand total averages out at around 650 deaths every year as a result of transport accidents. In Birmingham it is 480, in Bristol it is 340, in Glasgow it is 410. That is almost 2000 pointless and needless deaths in only four of Britain's cities every year. 2000 grieving families. The most frightening fact is that no matter how careful you are there will always be the 'Drongo Driver', who, through his own stupidity, kills ... people like you. Killed because they accidentally got in the way of a car. Killed because they happened to be in a city centre. Out shopping with mum: getting their old age pension: crossing the street for a pint with some mates. Trying, and not surprisingly failing, to compete with powerful machines that would mash you up without so much as a dented bumper. In fact the statistics state that 6 out of every 100 will die from car-induced death within an inner city. There are about 100 people in this room, 6 of us are destined to die from cars ... Who's it going to be? Your neighbour? The bloke on the end of the row picking his nose? ... *Yourselves?*

Hopefully you can see now why I chose the topic, but how would the elimination of private transport in

cites benefit us apart from the obvious fact of safety? Take the services that have to help in a car accident. THE POLICE. They would be free to patrol and get on with the job of keeping the peace and guarding the public instead of having to send a task force of men to control the crowds and deal with as much as up to 3 mile tail-backs caused by the single obstruction. THE HEALTH SERVICE. Apart from the deaths there are many more seriously injured. Without this vast number to worry about, more urgently needed beds would be free, more doctors' time would be free and far more money would be free for research and improved surgical techniques to help with the serious diseases that beset our society. Not that car accidents are not serious — but they are not necessary. THE FIRE BRIGADE. Instead of having to cut people out of cars they can worry more about fires. There is many a time when a fire engine has been stuck in a traffic jam caused by an accident up ahead when it is in urgent need at a burning building where there are more lives at stake.

All the services would be aided and thousands of pounds and man hours would be saved. Dr. Mirriam Stoppard says, "The price of the average car accident, when the cost of police, ambulance, fire brigade and hospital treatment is added up, usually stands at not less than £1000. The cost to the family is incalculable. When you think none of this need happen it really sickens the heart."

How would abolishing private transport benefit the city? It is safe, much, much quieter, the air is cleaner. (For instance, in Los Angeles, the glittering home of Hollywood, the Californian sun beats down only to be deafened by the thick smog caused by car exhausts.) The city itself would be cleaner. The buildings would take far longer to turn that hideous black. Lead pollution would cease to exist. It may be being abolished in this country and it already has been in the States but the rest of the world stays with it. The city can at last be appreciated as it was originally meant to be seen.

The greatest benefit is still to be life. Can you imagine walking around Piccadilly Circus and just striding across to shops on the other side of the street without feeling anxious about crossing one of the busiest roads in the world? No more waiting at a Pelican crossing, no more looking left or right, no more waiting for a break in the traffic that's hopefully long enough to dash across the road. Instead, you simply walk over to the other side as if you were crossing from one side of your sitting room to the other.

If private transport were abolished there would obviously have to be a greatly improved and extended public transport system. They could improve the tubes or even build a mono-rail system that runs one storey in the sky which would be able to take you anywhere. With one passenger service instead of the thousands of cars that are used, think of the saving of fuel. All the same, the idea of a loss of freedom would be rubbish.

A word about the other motions: UNILATERALISTS. Well, the idea is perfectly all right if that is what you believe in, but what if you *are* against the bomb? In abolishing unilateralism you are destroying democracy and surely that is our proud claim over the eastern bloc countries. You cannot abolish the opposition. In doing that we imitate the very thing we are opposed to in this country. The suppression of a man's right to speak his mind freely SPACE EXPLORATION. Well, the thought is nice. But what about communications' satellites? These have enabled us to use our 'phones around the world, scientists have conferred with each other in different continents, doctors have saved lives via satellite. There is no doubt that they have speeded up vital communications. THE MOONIES. I would regard this as the second most important motion here tonight. Certainly their breaking up of families is not a pleasant sight to behold. However, it is not permanent. Families have managed to get their loved ones back. It is not as if they have lost a son or daughter through something as permanent as death.

And I can tell you as a fact that more people are killed in the inner cities than the Moonies ever claim.

In the Falklands war 255 British servicemen were sadly lost. It affected the country greatly. Many politicians wondered if the price was too high. Was it worth their death? In Britain's cities we are losing hundreds of people every year for nothing. At least those who died in the Falklands had done so for something that they thought was right. The people killed by cars died for nothing. Ex-police commissioner Sir Robert Marks says, "Hundreds are dying in a battle ground we live in every day and no one has lifted a finger or raised an eyebrow." I chose 4 cities and from those 2000 died. The national figure is far greater but the world wide total is horrific. If private transport in every inner city were abolished thousands of lives, money, gallons of fuel and much pain and grief would be saved.

Knowing these facts I would like you to consider that notice in the corridor once more. I'm not just talking about left wing peace freaks, money to the third world or corrupt clerics, I am talking about the deplorable and senseless waste of thousands of human lives. You and I. And surely we must hold human life above everything else in this world. I would like to finish by quoting Prince Philip on passing an accident in London. "The Lord said go forth and multiply. Anyone entering our cities could claim that we are committing gross blasphemy."

R. V. Banham, Vith



Lens Reflections. R. F. Ramsbotham.

GOING TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE

AT 8 O'CLOCK on Tuesday 29th March 1983 we were going to Buckingham Palace.

My father is Lt. Colonel R. Howe, OBE, Commanding Officer of the 2nd Battalion The Royal Anglian Regiment. We are living at the Staff College at Camberley. My father is one of thirty directing staff.

It was a typical winter's morning, the sun was not shining and the rain was falling. We were sitting at the breakfast table when the mail popped through the letter box. I quickly ran to the door to collect up the letters because I was expecting a postcard from Italy where my best friend was basking in the sun. I handed one to my sister and four to my father. The first three letters my father opened were bills, so by the time he opened the fourth he wasn't too happy. When he opened the letter he looked pleased. Then he told us he had had a letter from a General saying he is going to get the OBE. He received the OBE for gallantry in Northern Ireland.

That morning about 8.30 a.m. I walked out of the bathroom after having a wash. I entered my dark bedroom and opened the curtains. The sunlight gleamed through and lit the whole room up. I removed my suit from the wardrobe and got dressed. In the bedroom next door I could hear my sister drying her hair. After dressing I went downstairs where waiting on the table was fried egg and bacon. Five minutes later my father and sister joined me. The Staff car arrived on time. It was a big black Ford Granada. We put the cameras in the boot with my mother's hat. The traffic on the way up to London was quite light and we arrived at the palace in good time. We parked the car on the Mall and took some photographs of the palace. By now I was very excited indeed. At ten thirty we were let in the front gate by the police. As we drove through the front gate a policewoman stopped the car and asked to see our invitation. We showed them to her and then we were allowed into the Inner Courtyard. We parked the car in the courtyard and went in. It was the biggest hall I had ever been in, there were beautiful pictures and huge mirrors. The Blues and Royals and the Life Guards were on guard at every entrance. Then my father went off with everyone else

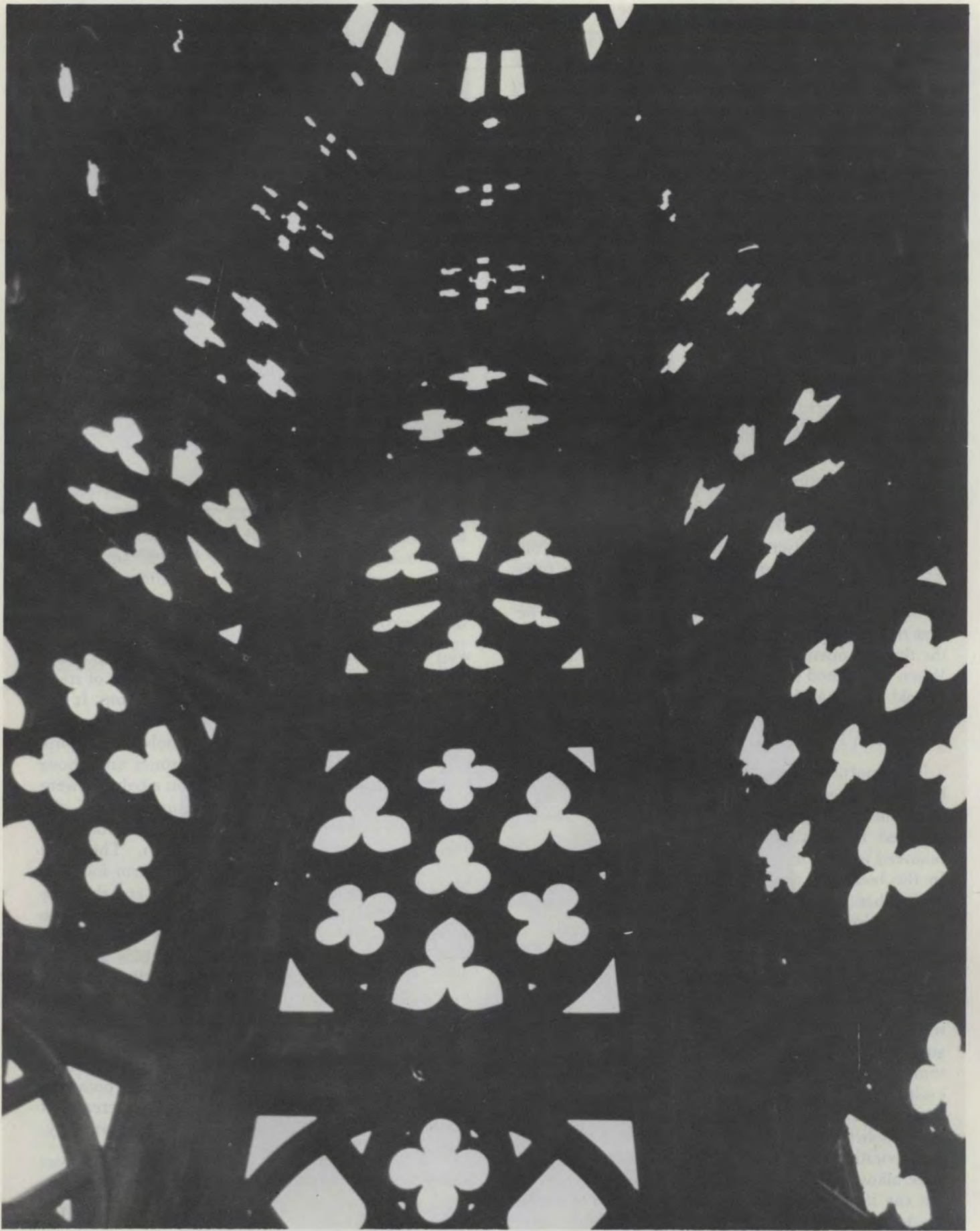


Hawk in flight.
Pen and ink drawing by A. Keene

who were being awarded medals or knighthoods that day by the Queen. We walked up one flight of stairs and along a big corridor into the throne room. It was at least half an acre big. There was a red carpet and approximately 400-500 chairs all upholstered in pink silk. At one end there were two thrones and above them two shades. At the other end on a balcony were the orchestra playing famous music like the 'Dambusters March' and the 'British Grenadiers'. We were in the huge throne room. Then the Beefeater came in in a bright red uniform followed by her Majesty the Queen. We all rose and then she said "Ladies and Gentlemen please be seated". So we did. The Investiture began with the Knighthoods then it was time for the MBEs, OBEs and the Military Crosses and the Falkland's Medals. Following these awards were the gallantry medals, MBEs and OBEs for Northern Ireland. My father received the OBE for gallantry. After the Investiture we took some more photographs. We then went to Claridges for lunch and I had steak, fried potatoes, peas, courgettes and for pudding I had ice cream. It was wonderful and I advise you to go there one day.

That night lying in bed I thought how lucky I was to have such a brave Father and such a nice day.

M. Howe, IIIrd



Cologne Cathedral Tower. N. J. Messenger.

THE AWAKENING OF SUMMER



Summer is here once again,
And Mother Nature wakes up from her sleep.
In the wood where Nature wriggles
Lies a fox with her cubs,
Listening to the trickle of water
From the stream where she feeds.

The lark singing to her mate
'Come, come and join me,'
Or the fish darting like arrows
Cutting through the water
Hoping to reach their destination.

The trees swaying in the wind
Like mad giants shaking their heads in anger,
Or the graceful owl hunting by night
Ready to pounce on the innocent mouse;
The frog singing with joy in his heart.

Summer is the peaceful part of the year,
For happiness spreads through us all.
It's time for waking up to a fresh scenery:
To new smells, colours, sights and sounds,
For bringing new and wonderful dreams.

Timothy Goslin, IIIrd



Pond-scene. Pen and ink drawing by K. Limtanakool, Vth

KIM.



Top left: *displays of pupils' work in the classrooms.* Left: *judo demonstration in the park.* Above: *art and woodturning display.*



Left: *photography exhibition.* Above: *'Design and Make' exhibition in one of the labs.*



Shakespeare display.

THE FIRST OPEN DAY

THE FIRST EVER school 'Open Day' took place on Sunday 25th June in ideal, sunny conditions. It replaced the traditional Speech Day which in the past had occurred on the last day of the Summer Term and it is hoped it will be the first of many such occasions in the future.

The day's events began, after the end of lessons, at 11.00 a.m. Parents of the boys were able to wander round and inspect the various classrooms and craft workshops throughout the school where interesting and colourful displays of pupils' work both written and practical were on show. Of particular interest to visitors was the Art Room located in the Round-House which was full of excellent paintings by every age group. An exhibition in sight and sound of the works of William Shakespeare taking the form of ancient texts and tape recordings of plays such as 'Macbeth' in Mr. Nightingale's room was also popular. Displays of rocks, charts, animals, fish and reptiles could be seen as one went round the Geography, Biology and Chemistry rooms. The Physics room was another focus of curiosity for parents and children alike, as Mr. Gentry had set up several practical experiments and activities which you were allowed to try for yourself.

The Photography and Computer rooms, centres of great activity during term-time were very interesting too. A short walk into the school grounds gave one the chance to view the final rehearsals for the School's end of term play, 'The Sleep of Prisoners' by Christopher Fry, which were taking place in the mediaeval School Church.

Mrs. Webb, the school secretary, organised various stalls including a 'White Elephant' stall, a cake stall and, because of the heat, a very much needed refreshment stall on the croquet lawn at the



Luncheon on the North Lawn.

side of the school. The proceeds from these stalls raised the princely sum of £300 towards our new mini-bus fund.

There were outside events to be enjoyed as well as the various classroom displays and the very enthusiastic judo exhibition which highlighted all the basic skills, tactics and techniques of this Martial art was especially well received. The beginners fought as hard as some of the older more experienced boys and there were plenty of hot, perspiring faces at the end.

The Inter-House Regatta won (eventually) by Swift House was a very pleasant climax to the day. It was held in a local gravel pit with all the spectators being ferried to the event by coach. It was a very close, exciting contest and right up until the end when Harcourt unfortunately 'caught a crab' the issue was in doubt. We are very grateful to Mr. Smith for lending us his gravel pit.

In the beautiful weather there was a very happy atmosphere among the crowds wandering about and those enjoying picnics under the tall trees, on the grass, next to the cricket pitch, laughing and telling jokes. In all ways the day was a great success and approximately £750 was brought in to swell school funds. We all look forward to 'Open Day' next year and keep our fingers crossed for the weather.

J. Clark & J. Russ, IVth

Rowing

ROWING HAS BEEN in the ascendancy this year due to the arrival of our new coach, Mr. Jowitt, together with the acquisition of new sculls, fours and other equipment. At last the Boat Club has been able to compete on equal terms with other schools. The experience gained by crews cannot be overestimated and Third and Four Form crews attended ten regattas.

The seniors have rowed, but not as seriously, because most of the coaching has been concentrated on the younger boys. We competed in many regattas during the first half of term and would like to thank our coaches N. H. W. and J. P. W. The experience gained by the whole of the Boat Club this year should show some useful results next season.

R. J. Porter

BOAT CLUB REPORT

A REVIVAL IN the fortunes of our rowing was much overdue and it is pleasing to report some modest progress in that direction. Many schools of a similar size have achieved National and International representation and this must be our eventual aim. The decision by the Governors to finance rowing on a realistic basis was a vital first step and the four which won during the Summer Holidays was using one of our new boats. One great problem in the past, that of being unable to transport our own boats and being dependent on being able to borrow boats at regattas, has been solved by the purchase of a boat trailer. Getting boats on and off the water at our Boathouse has also been a great problem in the past but following the arrival late in the Summer of a floating concrete pontoon, we are now able to get large numbers of boats on and off the water quickly and safely.

Michaelmas Term 1982 saw quite a lot of sculling activity and, although no sculling events were entered, the time spent on mastering this difficult skill certainly produced faster crews in the summer. Although not competing, we did visit the sculling event at Pangbourne (and hope to take part in it next season). It is on a particularly attractive reach of the Thames and the spectator area is a park patrolled by peacocks!

Lent Term 1983 got off to a slow start from a rowing point of view and the first half of term was occupied by Cross Country. Rowing started seriously around half term. Again we did not participate in any outside events but intend to have a very much more active Lent Term in 1984. Although staying at home, a great deal of basic coaching was done and, with a lot of help from W. H. C. D., the basis of Summer Term regatta crews was formed. Although fairly small in numbers, the Fourth Form was particularly active. Third Form rowing started with a visit to the indoor rowing tank at Hereford Rowing Club and this saved a very great deal of time

when they finally arrived at the river. Swimming tests for those starting were conducted by W. H. C. D. and all intending oarsmen were able to cover six lengths of Witney Swimming Baths in pyjamas.

The start of the Summer Term was one of the dampest for many years and although it made conditions at the river very difficult, there was in fact only one day when it was not safe to go out. Carmel Regatta was our first event of the term and was rowed over a shortened course because of river conditions. Four fours were entered and although the Senior four were eliminated in their first race the two Fourth Form fours and the Third Form won several rounds. Bayarri II and Fenton both sculled well and Marchant also sculled even though he had only started a few weeks earlier! Best performance of the day was undoubtedly that of Walker II who reached the final of both U.14 fours and sculls (although it must be admitted that one of his sculling opponents fell in!).

Our next Regatta was one of two at Coate Water Park near Swindon. With two fours of roughly equal speed in the Fourth Form it was decided to re-form them so that one could compete as J.16 and one as J.15. This gave Fenton, Jones I, Dennis-Jones, McAteer and Keene (cox) and Goad, Bayarri II, Joseph I, Joseph II and Garrard (cox). Bayarri II was in fact a third former but made rapid progress in his first year of rowing, largely as the result of having become a very proficient sculler. The Third Form four was also making good progress with Walker II, Samkin, Goslin, Cope and Lincoln-Lewis (cox).

Two fours went to a mid-week event, the Ball Cup, at Stratford but the next large attendance was at Hereford Schools Regatta. Although no crew won its event at Hereford, a lot of useful racing experience was gained and the J.14 crew beat Belmont Abbey, who are usually very strong opponents, in their first race.

After another visit to Coate Water Park, the next

CREWS IN ACTION AT HEREFORD SCHOOLS' REGATTA
SATURDAY 21ST MAY 1983:



J16 Four: J. S. McAteer (Bow), A. C. Dennis-Jones (2), J. W. Jones (3), D. J. Fenton (Stroke), A. Keene (Cox).



J15 Four: Garrard O. W. (Cox), B. I. Joseph (Stroke), J. Joseph (3), I Bayarri (2), B. A. Goad (Bow).



J14 Four: Walker T. P. (Bow), Samkin M. G. (2), Goslin T. S. (3), Cope S. A. (Stroke), Lincoln-Lewis L. J. (Cox).



The new rowing pontoon, seen here in mid-air before being lowered into the Thames to float down to its mooring at the bottom of the Boathouse steps. This is an important advance in our facilities at the river and will make launching and recovering large numbers of boats very much quicker and safer. The pontoon measures 9 metres by 2½ metres and weighs just over three tons. The deck is of steel fibre reinforced concrete and is surrounded by a hardwood timber fender. Below the deck there is expanded polystyrene protected by glass reinforced cement. It is secured to the bank by outriggers and rises and falls with the level of the Thames.



A TREMENDOUS CLIMAX TO THE REGATTA SEASON. *The Fenton (J16) IV* seen here with a commanding lead in the final of Stourport Regatta in the middle of August. This was the Boat Club's first outright win at a Regatta for many years and was achieved by returning to School in the middle of the Summer Holidays for two days training and then spending the weekend at the two-day Stourport Regatta. After narrowly losing the second round on Saturday, a particularly determined series of races on Sunday produced a decisive victory!

two events were on the National Rowing Course at Nottingham. Entering National Schools' Regatta was very ambitious for a crew that was at that stage of the season fairly inexperienced but the Joseph II four raced well and gave a particularly determined performance in their second race. They were joined by the two other fours (J.16 and J.14) on the Sunday for Loughborough Regatta — a rather more relaxed occasion — and the Fenton (J.16) four came within *two feet* of winning.

By Stratford Regatta in mid-June the Fourth Form fours were beginning to race very well. The Fenton four won its first race with some ease and were then narrowly defeated by an Oxford College crew. The Joseph II four did not have such a good day and went out first race.

Open Day included the House Regatta which, thanks to Mr. D. J. Smith, was held on a gravel pit at Stanton Harcourt. We thus avoided all the problems of racing side-by-side on a narrow river with all the cruisers. Racing lasted for about two hours and at the end of the afternoon Mrs. Goldsmith kindly gave away the tankards. Senior fours were predictably won by Harcourt and only a Harcourt shipwreck just short of the finish allowed Swift to win the Junior event. The overall championship was won by Swift on points. The two winning fours were:

Senior IV
HARCOURT

McAteer J. S.
Storrie A. D. B.
Sutton T. A.
Dennis-Jones A. C.

Lincoln-Lewis L. J.

Junior IV
SWIFT

Goslin T. S.
Fergusson D. R.
Joseph B.
Joseph J.

Hues A. P.

There were some closely contested sculling races and winners were Harbour S. J. (J.13), Walker T. P. (J.14), I. Bayarri (J.15) and D. J. Fenton (J.16 and Open). After racing, the new shell four was named TIM JENNER by the Chairman of the Governors, Mr. J. E. Craig.

Thirty members of the Boat Club visited Henley Royal Regatta on finals day and saw some very good racing. The new Rowing Colours Tie, which had recently been awarded to both Fourth Form fours, was much in evidence. At the end of an eventful visit, all members of the party were able to make their way to the bus on time.

Bedford Regatta was the last event of the Summer Term and the standard of this regatta is very high indeed. The two Fourth Form fours did very well indeed to reach the final of their events. On the way Fenton's four defeated a strong Abingdon School crew and Joseph II's four dealt decisively with a very good Windsor four and came very close to winning the final.

P. J.

AN AFTERNOON WITH A. J. Sylvester

“YOUR VISIT WILL be a sort of kaleidoscopic one,” said Mr. Sylvester, “or I assure you,” — he added slowly — “you would be here for a long, long time.”

He was certainly right about this. The afternoon we spent at his home listening to him talking about Lloyd George passed all too quickly, and when the time came for us to leave I think we all felt we could have stayed with him for days. For A. J. Sylvester is someone who really *can* say he knew Lloyd George — and more than that, he is now almost the only living person who knew him intimately. Nine years ago, with a colleague and some pupils at another school, I went to visit Lloyd George’s second, surviving daughter, Lady Olwen Carey-Evans, at her home in Criccieth — but after our visit to Mr. Sylvester I doubted if even Lady Olwen could tell one as much about her father as Sylvester can. For more than twenty years A. J. Sylvester was L. G.’s Principal Private Secretary, and his position gave him a unique inside knowledge of the man, both in his public and private life.

A. J. Sylvester watched history being made for over thirty years, and he is now a part of it himself. Working with Lloyd must be his main claim to fame, but he is also a most remarkable man himself. He was born in 1889 into a Staffordshire tenant-farming family. He left school at 14 to become a clerk at a brewery, but gave up his leisure time to study shorthand and typing. In 1909 he left his parents’ home in Burton-on-Trent to seek his fortune in London and quickly established himself as a champion typist and shorthand writer. In 1914, as a result of being asked to do some temporary work at the Admiralty, he became confidential stenographer to Colonel (later Sir) Maurice Hankey, then Secretary to the Committee of Imperial Defence, and from 1916 the first Secretary to the Cabinet. Sylvester remained Hankey’s private secretary for seven years and it was during this time that he first came into contact with Lloyd George, whose work he also did. In 1923, having briefly served two Conservative Prime Ministers — Bonar Law and Baldwin — he went to work permanently for Lloyd George and stayed with him for the next twenty-two years. In 1949 — four years after L. G. died — he quit the political scene and became a farmer in Wiltshire, where he still lives, aged 93.

From 1932 A. J. Sylvester kept in shorthand a detailed and continuous diary of his life with Lloyd George, and some years ago this was edited for publication by Colin Cross under the title *Life with*

Lloyd George. It is, as the editor rightly remarks, ‘perhaps the most intimate account ever published of a major statesman’; and the pity is that it covers only the last thirteen years of L. G.’s life — years when he was out of office. Although I had read *Life with Lloyd George* I really had no idea that Sylvester himself was still alive until, on February 22nd this year, I listened to a wireless programme in which he reminisced about his early life and his experience of working for L. G. It so happened that two members of Lower Sixth History had also heard this broadcast, and, in a casual moment some time after the Lent half-term we found ourselves discussing the programme and thinking how marvellous it would be to meet Mr. Sylvester and hear more from him about L. G. It was agreed that I should write and ask him if he would be prepared to talk to myself and a few pupils about the Welsh Wizard and his times; and since there was clearly no question of a man of 93 coming to Cokethorpe to give a full-dress General Studies lecture. I wondered, if he would agree to receive us in his own home.

I wrote; and when I had almost given up hope of any reply, I received a letter from Mr. Sylvester exactly a month to the day after that wireless programme. (I didn’t know then that it had taken him nearly a month to answer all the letters he had had; but he answered all of them himself.) He had, he said, been very ill; and he was still sick and weak, and his work had come to a complete standstill. “I live alone; you take me as you find me,” he wrote — but he would be glad to see us for a ‘chat’ about L. G. when he was stronger, and if, after Easter, I cared to write or telephone him he was willing to try to arrange a definite date. I did as he suggested and it was agreed then that the afternoon of Monday, May 23rd would suit him.

* * * *

He had said there would be a warm welcome waiting for us, and there was. Mr. Sylvester must have seen my car draw up, for as soon as I swung open the garden gate he stepped out of the cottage and advanced to greet us. I introduced the boys and he shook hands with each of them in turn, repeating their names to himself loudly as he did so. Then he stepped back slightly and beamed at them.

“Well, now,” he said, and he glanced at me as he spoke, “there’s three fine up-standing young men for you!”



“Well, now — there’s three fine up-standing young men for you!” Timothy Anderson, Oliver Brundin and Richard Porter with Mr. A. J. Sylvester at his home in Wiltshire, May 23rd 1983.

He chuckled to himself and paused for a moment. Then he turned to me and said earnestly: “I must tell you, I am unwell.” And then again, more slowly and shaking his head as he spoke: “I am *very* unwell. Tomorrow I go into hospital — but I did not want to put you off...”

I was surprised and touched. I felt that what he meant was that he would have been in hospital there and then had it not been for our visit. But I was also rather puzzled, for apart from the fact that he had one slightly watery eye and looked as though he might be getting over the last stage of a cold, there was no outward sign that he was in any way unwell. Indeed, if anything, he seemed to be in remarkably fine fettle. His manner was direct, his voice and speech confident and emphatic; he moved lightly, indeed nimbly, on his feet; and he held himself well and did not stoop. Although on our part the excitement of meeting him was tinged with a certain natural anxiety about breaking the ice and the wish to make a favourable impression, he was amiable and relaxed, and it was he who had dispelled any preliminary mutual shynesses and put us at our ease. There were one or two moments during the afternoon when he was caught off-guard, and I thought then that he showed his age more. But when he began to speak about Lloyd George, and to re-live those past times again in the telling, he became so animated that thirty or forty years seemed to slip away from him, and I could only think what extraordinary vitality he still possessed at the age of 93.

We stood in the garden which was rife with blue and white harebells, and aubretia and yellow alyssum tumbling over the rockeries. There were clumps of flag-irises in full bloom in the border by the terrace.

“This is my Garden of Eden,” said Mr. Sylvester, “but, alas, I have no Eve...” He nodded to me and smiled. (The boys smiled, too, but they weren’t to know that ‘Eve’ was most probably a pun on his wife’s name: Evelyn.) From where we stood there were two magnificent views — one, straight ahead, down the deep-flanked valley which was bathed in brilliant sunshine to Alcombe and Middlehill; the other, up to the church tower on the hill-top at Colerne, from where he said he could hear the bells ringing on a Sunday morning. In the garden a lovely fresh smell of newly-mown grass rose up in the air. Mr. Sylvester sniffed the air and looked around with approval.

“When Lloyd George died,” he said, “the bottom fell out of my world. I suddenly realised that after all my years in political life I had nothing to show for it. Nothing at all.”

So, having come from the land, he and his wife bought the cottage and farm, and set about transforming the garden and the acres around. That was thirty-four years ago; his wife died in 1962 and he now lets off the farm to a tenant. Now that she is dead he confessed that he lives there “almost like a hermit”. But he still runs his own small-holding and soldiers on alone.

"I was born on a farm. I am very fond of the soil. I am the *son* of the soil," he said proudly. He paused and cupped his hands together. "I love working with it."

* * * *

Mr. Sylvester seemed to enjoy our visit, and our interest in Lloyd George, almost as much as we enjoyed being there listening to him. He had allowed us to bring a tape-recorder so that we might have a permanent record of our discussion, and, considering that it took nearly two years to make the wireless programme which we had heard, we got some really remarkable material from him on tape that afternoon. Having first given us an account of his early life, he then described in some detail his work for Colonel Hankey during the first world war.

"Hankey was a very, very remarkable man," said Mr. Sylvester. "In my judgement, he was the finest civil servant who ever went into Whitehall. He was a Greek scholar, he had been Chief Intelligence Officer in the Mediterranean, and he was a fine organiser. He had a photographic memory and a mind as acute as a razor. He was the fellow who went to the War Committee, listened, just made a note, then came back and dictated to me — just as I am talking to you — exactly what happened. I used to take it down in shorthand; and I typed it and circulated it to those Cabinet Ministers who had been present. Later the Minutes came back to me and I became their secret keeper."

One day in 1915 he was summoned to 10 Downing Street to go into a Cabinet Meeting and record the discussion. In doing so he made history.

"At that time," said Mr. Sylvester, "nobody had ever been in the Cabinet unless he was a Cabinet Minister, and no record had ever been kept of a Cabinet Meeting or its decisions. A cat could look at a King, but, my goodness, a typist could hardly look at a Cabinet Minister!"

He recalled the scene as the doors of the Cabinet Room were opened and he was ushered in.

"It was a remarkable sight to me. There, with his back towards the fireplace, was Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister. There, opposite to him, sat Lord Kitchener, always dressed in his uniform with his breast full of those gorgeous coloured decorations. There was Lloyd George. There were all the others, and I was there to take a note. The occasion was a discussion on the Middle East, I remember."

I thought it was quite remarkable that there was still someone alive who not only *remembered* Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister, but who could recollect that scene with such clarity across sixty-eight years. As far as I was concerned it gave Mr. Sylvester, as the survivor, an almost mystical *cachet*. The boys were equally entranced. We all were.

Then there were the memories of Lloyd George. From 1916 until the end of the war every Allied conference at home or abroad was recorded by

Sylvester, and in that capacity he accompanied Lloyd George and Hankey wherever they went. In January 1919 there was the Peace Conference and he was sent by L. G. to Paris to set up the headquarters of the British Delegation. In this way he became responsible for the official report of the signing of the Peace Treaty.

"In Paris," said Mr. Sylvester, "I saw all the leaders — the representatives of every country. And you know, mention whoever you like, L. G. stood out head and shoulders above them all. And why? It was his *vision*. Believe me, he was fifty years ahead of anybody around him..."

Shortly after Lloyd George retired as Prime Minister, Sylvester went to work for him full-time. He remained with him until L. G. breathed his last gasp in Llanystumdwy in March 1945. Indeed, even arranged his funeral. During the '30s his main task was to aid L. G. in the writing of his *War Memoirs*, and in 1936 he accompanied him to Germany for the celebrated meeting with Hitler — a meeting which he described to us in some detail. Mr. Sylvester evidently found Lloyd George a most difficult man to work for, but he understood how L. G.'s mind worked and on some occasions he gave as good as he got. (Let it be said here that it was impossible to equate the man we met with the meek and slightly obsequious counterpart portrayed as A. J. Sylvester in the recent television series about the life and times of Lloyd George: no-one so subservient could possibly have survived for long as L. G.'s secretary!)

"He never said 'Thank you'," said Mr. Sylvester. "He'd never thank you for anything ... You know, down on his farm at Churt — he had 750 acres there — he'd go all over the place giving instructions. No farm manager lasted for two years before he was out. L. G. was the sort of man who would plant a tree today and expect fruit on it tomorrow — and if there wasn't any he'd ask why, and what the hell had you been doing!"


Mr. Sylvester clearly admired L. G., but we didn't think to ask whether he also *liked* him. In view of his admiration and loyalty, however, perhaps it was not a distinction which would have had much validity in his eyes. L. G. was simply the greatest man he has ever known and he was dedicated to him.

"Lloyd George was a man possessed of superhuman energy. He had a personality and a power over men and women which was almost supernatural: he could come into the room and you wouldn't know yourselves if he wanted so to do. I've never seen the like of it..."

Towards the end of our discussion he quoted what Colin Cross had said to him when they finished editing his diaries: 'A country like ours throws up a man like Lloyd George perhaps *once* in a century. We may *never* see his like again.'

"My goodness," added Mr. Sylvester, "that's a most telling thing."

P. J. C.



THE SCHOOL PLAY

A SLEEP OF PRISONERS

CHRISTOPHER FRY was quite clear about his aims in "A Sleep of Prisoners". In an article in the 1951 New York Times he wrote that the conflicts between men most frequently spring from the differences between the facades which we show to each other and behind which we hide our true natures. He conceived, therefore, a play about a group of prisoners locked in a church; their superficial characters, as judged by their fellows, would be quickly established and then each would dream and in his dream reveal his true nature. The subjects of the dreams, biblical stories, would be triggered by memories of childhood biblical knowledge occasioned by imprisonment in a church.

The first three dreams — Cain and Abel, David and Absalom, Abraham and Isaac — reveal human frailties based at least in part upon misunderstanding. In the final dream, about Shadrac, Meshac and Abednego, all four prisoners are drawn into the dream world and the play ends on a note of Christian hope as the three men in Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace are joined by a fourth who epitomises the determined struggle of mankind to reach upward to higher things.

It is dangerous to generalise about complex human nature and perhaps in seeking to avoid too easy generalisations Fry makes his characters less firm than amateur actors appreciate. Yet in this school production each of the four boys achieved remarkable success in making his soldier credible. The aggressive David King with the hidden doubts was boldly attacked by Mark Genders and he maintained this lively piece of characterisation right through to the final moments. Richard Banham played the quietly poetic Peter Able most convincingly; possessed of a beautiful speaking voice,

he gave Fry's verse full weight and there were moments in his performance of real lyrical beauty. Richard Lilley took the part of the eternal corporal, Joseph Adams, apparently ever ready to assume minor responsibility at the behest of a superior. He managed all this with considerable authority and when it was his turn to dream he revealed depths of human understanding which are vital to the success of the final scene. Mark O'Sullivan played the mysterious older man, Tim Meadows, whose presence binds the whole play together. He, too, managed a degree of authority which assured an overall unity of effect.

This unity of effect was a triumph for the Producer, Clive Nightingale. Although the beautiful Cokethorpe Church was in some ways a perfect setting for this play, it also presented grave difficulties to the producer: a narrow stage and auditorium, cramped movement, restricted centres of emphasis, and so on. That these disadvantages were all overcome, and indeed often turned to advantages, gave evidence of that which was the most outstanding quality of the production — unfussed discipline. The actors moved within the narrow confines of the chancel, left their bunks, enacted their dreams and spoke the verse without any awkward pauses and with complete confidence throughout the evening. Perhaps particular credit must be given to the lighting group who overcame the problems inherent in frequent changes from reality to dream sequences. The set and properties were realistic and convincing. All this underlined the very hard work which the whole team had put into this production and it is such team work which realises the true value of school drama.

S. F. F.



'A Sleep of Prisoners' in rehearsal. From l. to r.: Cpl. Adams (Richard Lilley), Pte. King (Mark Genders), Pte. Meadows (Mark O'Sullivan) and Pte. Abel (Richard Banham). Photo by courtesy of Oxford Mail.



"Look sir, my sons are playing." (In fact they were still rehearsing, as footwear and wrist-watch suggest!)

Cricket



Watchful defence: James Shelley on his way to 34 not out for the XI against Magdalen College School. (Note the left elbow!)

1ST XI CRICKET REPORT

Captain: R. J. Andrews *Vice Captain:* J. O. R. Shelley

AFTER SUCH A blazing summer when tarmac melted and the Severn Bridge grew two inches taller and a foot longer in the hottest July for 300 years, it is difficult to recall the sodden misery of the wettest April on record and the continuous rain which fell during May. The reason for all this British dampness was what weathermen called "blocking patterns", surely an apt enough description for the opening of the cricket season, but at Cokethorpe we suffered with the rest of the country and very little practice was possible in the first few weeks of term. This was intensely disappointing in 1983 for the majority of last year's young XI were available for selection and great things were expected of them. That they did so well, given the particular problems they had to overcome says a great deal not only for their skill and team spirit, but for their tolerance and perseverance also.

In fact the XI recorded its first victory in a "home" match as early as 4th May against Abingdon. This was possible thanks to the kindness of C. H. Hirst, Master i/c cricket at Radley, who lent us one of the College's pitches — our 1st XI pitch would have pleased that great "swamp" fanatic David Bellamy at the time — and to the fact that

some of our key players had taken part in indoor nets during the Easter holidays. Healey made a belligerent 61 (his only innings of note during the term), Shelley a patient 50 not out while Genders chipped in with a swashbuckling 28. Akande and Wankling took two wickets each while Shelley, who began with a wicket with his first ball, had final figures of 6-15 in the XI's win by 134 runs. We were not so lucky on Saturday, 14th, when we were due to have played Stowe, or Saturday, 21st when we should have played Oratory, for the pitches were still unfit, although we did manage to get the better of a draw with Shiplake on the Chapel pitch on the one dry day of the week, Wednesday, 18th, in spite of a damp wicket and a long and tufty outfield.

The XI batted first, declaring at 102-9 (Genders 40, Shelley 29), before Healey with 6-33 reduced Shiplake to 77-8, thanks to sharp catching from Irvani, Smith and Spicer. It was not much of a game but at least the two sides got some cricket.

In the week before half term we enjoyed four miraculously dryish days in which we held our first nets of the summer (24th May!), and defeated Bloxham and Dean Close. The Bloxham match was played in indifferent light with spots of rain in the



Friendly enemies: P. J. G.'s XI and the XI before their match in July.

breeze, but Andrews rode his luck to score 42 in just over an hour, after which Wankling (27) and Akande (25) added 44 for the 4th wicket in better than even time — one of Akande's off-drives for four being the shot of the term so far. Andrews declared at 125-7 leaving plenty of time for his bowlers to force a result. Akande proved to be almost unplayable, as his figures 11-7-7-17 suggest, and he was well supported by Shelley and Wankling who, swinging the ball away, had the batsmen in all kinds of trouble. Bloxham were dismissed for 40 so the XI triumphed by 85 runs. Abbott kept wicket splendidly and the whole field exuded hostility — nice. In some ways the victory over Dean Close was even more satisfactory, for with half the side at the Theatre (English O Level set text) a "lads and grandads" XI took the field. Andrews chose this match to play a mature Captain's innings, in the process scoring the first century by any batsman since XI records were



'Captains Courageous': Richard Andrews spins the coin for P. J. G. to call.

started in 1965 — an excellent display of controlled aggression in attack and concentration in defence, (110 in three minutes under two hours). Smith (23) usually to be found batting much lower in the order, shared in an opening stand of 80, while Shelley (27) helped Andrews add 84 for the second wicket. Norman also played some fine aggressive shots in the chase for runs before the declaration at 195-5 — the second highest total ever recorded by the XI. By comparison the bowling looked weak but Shelley, Genders and Spicer took three wickets each to secure a win by 83 runs, and it was particularly heartening to see the way in which some of the youngsters, particularly Erlstedt, hurled themselves around in the field to save runs.

Although the sun came out to welcome the examination period — it always does — the match against Magdalen was marred by steady drizzle after tea. Andrews scored another fluent 31, Shelley spent an hour and three-quarters over 34 not out, but Abbott (21 not out) and Genders (20) kept the score moving smartly at the other end so the XI were able to declare at 150-5. However, Magdalen dug in well and no last-ball victory was forthcoming this year, although nine wickets were down for 131 at the end of the final twenty overs. Such were the vagaries of the English summer that the sun shone unblinkingly on the Nomads the very next day for their match at Blenheim Palace. After this the weather really changed for the better and under glorious blue skies at Rendcomb the XI faced its stiffest challenge to date. Rendcomb scored 147-6 before declaring and letting slip their opening fast bowler against the XI. He had played for Gloucestershire 2nd XI earlier in the week, but Andrews attacked him bravely, scoring an excellent 25 before being adjudged LBW (unluckily), while Shelley blunted his pace with stern defence to secure the draw. At Pangbourne the XI raced to a healthy 153-2 dec., Akande scoring his first fifty for the XI, running down an umpire in the process, and another victory seemed probable. However, when the XI fielded, the first seven chances went down before Shelley held a catch but more chances were dropped after that, allowing Pangbourne to escape at 52-5 at close of play. The main culprit put down a record five chances in all, splitting his trousers in the process — not an afternoon he will want to remember.

After the Pangbourne match the XI seemed to lose a little heart losing to a useful Radley side by 7 wickets. Only Abbott batted with any authority although Jowett gave him some useful support in a ninth wicket stand. Defeat would not have been so bitter had four batsmen not been removed by full tosses from a slow off-spinner! At Malvern the XI's bowlers toiled away unhappily; too many loose balls were hit crisply to the boundary and the score mounted quickly. The XI battled to save a match they could not win but although Akande played some flowing shots in his 21, seven wickets were down for 34 when Irvani joined Norman in a crucial partnership. These two batted sensibly for three-quarters of an hour, exactly doubling the score in the



Above
Mark Genders playing his productive pull-drive in the Magdalen match.

Right
The Genders drive: too much weight on the back foot, but effective nevertheless.

process (Irvani 21 not out), so the match was drawn. Much more spirit was shown in the match against P. J. G.'s XI two days later. Shelley took six wickets and Andrews scored 35 in another drawn match although the XI were down to the last pair when the final twenty overs ran out. The last match of the season against Kingham Hill resulted in a win for the XI by 9 wickets. In the field 8 catches were held and Wankling bowled beautifully to take 6-18 in 9 overs. Andrews and Shelley put on 91 for the first wicket in 41 minutes before Andrews was caught for a hard-hit 63; Shelley finished with 38 not out with the promoted, (delighted), Irvani in at the death with 12 not out.

In conclusion, sincere thanks must go to Richard Andrews for his captaincy over the past two years (nine victories and only two defeats), to Patrick Wood for his cheerful, idiosyncratic approach to scoring, to Martin for his work on the grounds in an almost impossible season, to Sister and the Matrons for keeping the XI healthy and smart, and to Cliff and Moira and the innumerable ladies of the kitchen for their forbearance over early lunches, delayed teas, late suppers and eleventh hour cancellations — what would we do without them?

P. J. G.



SUMMARY OF MATCHES PLAYED

XI: Won 4, Drawn 6, Lost 1

- Wed. 4th May v. Abingdon 3rd XI (Home at Radley). XI 176—6 dec. (Healey 61, Shelley 50*, Genders 28), Abingdon 42 (Shelley 6—15).
- Wed. 18th May v. Shiplake 1st XI (Home) XI 102—9 dec. (Genders 40, Shelley 29), Shiplake 77—8 (Healey 6—33).
- Wed. 25th May v. Bloxham 2nd XI (Away). XI 125—7 dec. (Andrews 42, Wankling 27, Akande 25), Bloxham 40 (Akande 7—17).
- Thur. 26th May v. Dean Close 3rd XI (Away). XI 195—5 dec. (Andrews 110, Shelley 27, Smith 23). Dean Close 112. (Genders 3—10, Spicer 3—13, Shelley 3—38).
- Sat. 11th June v. Magdalen CS 2nd XI (Home). XI 150—5 dec. (Shelley 34*, Andrews 31, Abbott 21*, Genders 20), Magdalen 131—9 (Shelley 3—17).
- Sat. 18th June v. Rendcomb 1st XI (Away), Rendcomb 147—6 dec. (Shelley 3—51), XI 59—6 (Andrews 25).
- Wed. 22nd June v. Pangbourne "A" XI (Away). XI 153—2 dec. (Akande 55*, Shelley 49*, Andrews 36), Pangbourne 52—5 (Wankling 3—9).
- Thur. 23rd June v. Radley 3rd XI (Away). XI 75 (Abbott 21), Radley 76—3:
- Thur. 30th June v. Malvern Senior Colts (Away). Malvern 161—4 dec., XI 68—7 (Irvani 21*, Akande 21).
- Sat. 2nd July v. P. J. G.'s XI (Home). P. J. G.'s XI 168—8 dec. (Shelley 6—37), XI 97—9 (Andrews 35).
- Wed. 6th July v. Kingham Hill 1st XI (Home), Kingham Hill 115 (Wankling 6—18), XI 118—1 (Andrews 63, Shelley 38*).

UNDER 16 MATCH

- Sat. 18th June v. Rendcomb (Away). Rendcomb 164—5 dec. (Youdan 3—36), Under 16 61.

NOMADS TERM MATCHES

- Sun. 12th June v. Blenheim Park CC (Away). Nomads 118—5 dec. (Green 28*), Blenheim 98 (Nightingale 3—18).
- Sun. 3rd July v. Steeple Aston and Rousham CC (Away). (12-a-side match) Nomads 136—10 dec. (Luxmoore 31). Steeple Aston and Rousham 120—8 (Wankling 4—40).

XI AVERAGES

BATTING (Qualification 7 innings)

	<i>Inns.</i>	<i>N.O.</i>	<i>H.S.</i>	<i>Runs</i>	<i>Ave.</i>
Shelley	11	5	50*	249	41.50
Andrews	11	0	110	369	33.55
Akande	9	1	55*	137	17.12
Abbott	7	2	21*	67	13.40
Genders	9	0	40	108	12.00
Healey	9	0	61	104	11.56

BOWLING (Qualification 7 wickets)

	<i>Overs</i>	<i>Mdns.</i>	<i>Wkts.</i>	<i>Runs</i>	<i>Ave.</i>
Wankling	59. ²	18	17	155	9.12
Shelley	108. ⁵	30	27	303	11.22
Akande	87. ⁵	26	17	231	13.59
Healey	43	7	10	171	17.10

COLOURS

- XI: R. Andrews, J. Shelley, B. Akande, J. Abbott, J. Wankling
 XXII: K. Healey, M. Genders, F. Irvani, N. Smith.

HOUSE MATCHES

- 1st Match: Queen Anne 94 (Healey 3—14, Andrews 3—20), Harcourt 97—3 (Healey 41, Wankling 21*)
- 2nd Match: Swift 114 (Youdan 31, Genders 21, Andrews 3—15), Harcourt 115—5 (Irvani 37, Abbott 28*, Andrews 28)
- 3rd Match not required.

COLTS CRICKET

ONCE AGAIN THE weather played havoc with cricket fixtures up and down the country, but at Cokethorpe it was the matches of the Colts and Senior Colts which disappeared like toothpaste from the middle of the tube. Although the XI and Junior Colts only missed two games each the unfortunate U.15/U.16 group had five out of ten matches cancelled, including those against Bloxham, Radley, Stowe and Oratory.

In the matches that remained a young team drew with Abingdon, overpowered Magdalen but lost to Shiplake (comprehensively), and Oxford School (narrowly). Outstanding in the batting were Norman, Spicer and Purdue, well supported by Erlstedt, I Badawi and Gregory. Marshall scored the only 50 but otherwise failed to shine, while Fisher, who often began well, had a disappointing tendency to play rash shots and get himself out early. Youdan bowled with increasing pace and control and with Norman and Spicer took the lion's share of the wickets, assisted by O. Akande and Freeman.

Finally, eight of the sixteen players used came from the under 14 age group so this in itself should bode well for Colts cricket next season.

P. J. G.

SUMMARY OF MATCHES PLAYED

Won 1, Drawn 1, Lost 2

Wed. 4th May v. Abingdon U.14 (Home) U.15 112 (Norman 27, Spicer 23) Abingdon 76—6 (Norman 3—21).

Sat. 11th June v. Magdalen CS U.15 (Home) U.15 163 (Marshall 54*, Purdue 28), Magdalen 66 (Youdan 4—18).

Wed. 29th June v. Shiplake U.15 (Away) U.15 53, Shiplake 55—0.

Wed. 6th July v. Oxford School U.15 (Away) Oxford School 171—6 dec. (Spicer 4—50), U.15 121 (Spicer 38, Norman 23).

JUNIOR COLTS CRICKET

THIS SEASON was far more successful than last year although there were ups and downs with regards to the abysmal early season weather and injuries to leading players. The final playing record was: Played 10, won 4, drawn 3 and lost 3. Some of our more notable performances were achieved against sides such as Rendcomb and Magdalen who had won quite handsomely the season before.

The season only really started at the end of May after weeks of kicking our heels watching the rain pour down; it was quite depressing. From the very first match, a two wicket victory against Oratory, it was clear that Spicer was going to be a crucial factor in the success or otherwise of the side, and indeed to a point the results do reflect his availability or lack of it. He in fact took 5 wickets for 5 runs and scored 21 not out against Oratory but it was also clear from the start that we had many players in the side with something to contribute; Badawi II kept wicket very efficiently all season, Green was a very effective close catcher and lusty hitter of the ball, Erlstedt proved himself to be a very promising all rounder and his captain's innings of 68 when Spicer was over-age for the cup match against Warriner School was one of the innings of the season. We also had a very useful crop of players who could score runs, take wickets and field soundly, namely Jackson, Akande II and Barns, who all produced important contributions throughout the season. Players such as Mercer, Reeve, Russ, Howe, Picton-Warlow, Jabed and Akindele also played their part during the campaign.

Other notable performances during the season included Spicer's 50 not out against Magdalen and 4 wickets for 9 runs in the same match, Akande's 4 wickets for 30 runs against Pangbourne and 34 runs against Magdalen in very determined fashion, Barns' 29 not out against Rendcomb. Our worst moment of the season was the crushing defeat by Radley 1st XI Under 14 in the 3rd round of the Lord's Taverners Cup when shorn of Spicer again we were given a lesson in how to play cricket by last years winners of the trophy. Perhaps the most disappointing moment was our failure to beat Pangbourne narrowly when just as Akande II and Spicer were taking us to victory with ease Spicer top-edged a hook into his eye and was forced to retire hurt and we couldn't quite maintain the momentum.

However, all in all it was a very enjoyable season and it will be very interesting to see how many of the squad progress to the senior sides next year.

M. J. Spicer, IVth

RESULTS

21st May v. Oratory (h) Won by 2 wickets.

25 May v. Bloxham (a) Drawn.

8 June v. Millbrook House (a) Won by 39 runs.

9 June v. Warriner School (a) (2nd round cup match) Won by 66 runs.

15 June v. Magdalen College School (h) Drawn.

16 June v. Kingham Hill (a) Lost by 1 wicket.

18 June v. Rendcomb (h) Won by 55 runs.

21 June v. Radley (a) 3rd Round Cup match. Lost by 9 wickets.

22 June v. Pangbourne (a) Drawn.

23 June v. Radley (a) Lost by 8 wickets.



Right: *examining the muscular oesophagus.*

Below: *inflating the lungs to show size and elasticity.*



Right: *dissecting the liver.*



Above: examining the structure of the trachea.



Above: Benjamin Fletcher dissecting to examine the tricuspid valve in the heart.



Left: inflating the lungs again, this time to show change of colour.

POTTERY

RIVERSIDE

People paddling,
Swimming, splashing.
Jagged reeds and
Slimy algae.

Flies flying close
To the surface.
Fish jumping.
A kingfisher flies by.

The river sparkles
As the sun beats down.
Light blue sky
Without a cloud.

Swaying grass,
A million shades of green.
Everything bright,
A refreshing breeze.

Birds singing,
Flying, swooping, soaring.
Flowers and blossom,
Brightly coloured.

Bees and wasps.
Beautifully coloured butterflies.
Dragon flies, thunder flies.
All enjoying summer.

Neil Pineo, IIIrd

SUMMER FLYING

*Summer arrives at last,
Warm and hot with a cool wind.
A 'Hunter One' rumbles up the runway;
A cross-wind makes it wobble.
It takes a leap —
Up and up into the bright blue skies
Until it is only a speck in the empty void above,
With white smoke bellowing out of the rear.
It returns with the grace of a Concorde or a flamingo.
It is angelic and beautifully artistic,
And is flying to perfection.
It seems to fly past slowly,
Almost as slow as a spear.
It eats up a section of the sky at a time.
It seems, as it comes down, to side-slip.
Once finally down it again rumbles back to the hangar,
Moving as a proud swan would when showing off its
children.
All engines off.
All is silent in the aerodrome.*

Russell Baxter, IVth

SINCE THE POTTERY department opened in 1981 with a load of stoneware clay and the latest design (space-aided) Fibakiln tucked away in a couple of stables, quite a large number of boys have had a basic introduction to the craft as a part of their timetable, and some have shown sufficient interest to follow it up in their own time. It is these enthusiasts who are really responsible for putting pottery "on the map" with work of a high standard on display, creating an interest throughout the school.

O. Brundin's creative drive has resulted in a wide variety of modelled forms: imaginative containers with exciting lids, an unusual gargoyle holding a captive ball, a collection of fruit with excellent and restrained use of glaze, culminating, perhaps in his delicately modelled seated soldier. Working alongside Oliver but with a very different approach Mark Garside has shown an increasing control of the medium through sheer determination. His development is most clearly shown in his series of buildings, the latest and finest being the 'Tudor House' which I hope you have all seen in the display cabinet. M. Howland, working on a large scale, has several imaginatively designed pots in progress and Maktabi's large vase is also "in progress", as is good work by T. Wright, J. Herron and P. Marshall — G. Roberts enthusiasm for making pots has widened to include an interest in the medium itself and he has dug, and is preparing and experimenting with local clays — a long term project which should produce some interesting and worthwhile results.

We have continued to use a similar stoneware clay, firing to a temperature of 1230°C. The emphasis is on hand-built pottery by the traditional methods of coiling and pinching, and on slab ware, moulded and slip moulded dishes, and modelling. All of which can then be decorated by impression, sprigging, the addition of clay to the surface of the pot, or brush work in oxides and underglaze colours prior to the glazing.

During the past year the work in class has also produced some very good pottery particularly from M. Samkin, S. Harbour, M. Howland, G. Roberts, M. Lake, J. Herron, Akande II, Badawi II, Lincoln Lewis, Goslin and hopefully some of these boys will continue to pot in their spare time and help to develop the pottery department.

B. W.

RIGHT: Grant Roberts moulding on the wheel; Hassan Maktabi and Mark Garside putting finishing touches to a pot and a wagon. Centre right: items waiting to be fired in the kiln. Bottom left: the final, glazed product.



ART DEPARTMENT

ART

*Our father Adam sat under the Tree
and scratched with a stick in the mould;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen
was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves,
“It’s pretty, but is it Art?”*

RUDYARD KIPLING

ALONG WITH the world in general, Cokethorpe Art classes have been unable to answer the question Kipling’s quotation poses. But all is not lost. Art activities now have a permanent home. This has led to much improved continuity and display of art work. Interested students now have a base from which they can experiment with differing ways of scratching the mould with various types of stick.

During the past year a fair quota of the works produced in class have demonstrated an encouraging increase in the pupils’ ability and skill. The draughtsmanship of particular pupils, from the third year upwards, shows promise and water colour studies and lino-printing designs of the sixth form art students have displayed good observation and imagination.

The display boards in the front entrance hall of the school have now made it possible for a selection of work to be seen, criticised and discussed by members of the School not otherwise involved in art activities. Thus Cokethorpe pupils can carry on the old tradition and be overheard saying, “Well yes,... quite interesting ... not bad ... but is it Art?”

A. S.

The reproductions of paintings and drawings in this issue of *The Peacock* are all examples of work completed in the Art Class this year.



Wooden fruit by O. W. Garrard, IVth.

SEASIDE

I was sitting on the beach, with the sun shining on my face, hearing the noises of the waves, splashing and crashing. And seeing the leaves of the trees on the shallow side, and disappearing when the waves came. And the seagull slooping up and down and snatching the fish from the water and feeding their youngsters. Crabs mating on the sand and the noise of the birds, and feeling the wind on my face, and swishing the sand. On the cliff huge boulders crashing down and making huge splashes and frightening the birds and the other creatures. I started walking from the beach and felt the sand swishing on my body.

Brahim Wakim, IIIrd

SUMMER’S WEATHER

Let’s start with summer’s sun.
This sun looks
Like a torch shone upon
Earth’s ground. The sun
Up in the air imitating a bulb
But never going out.

The rain. Look the Lord is
Crying. Do not cry,
It will make us mad
And make us scream for help.
Come sun, come and make joy
For the Lord.

Thunder and lightening
Make Earth look like Hell.
Flash! Bang! Flash! Bang!
The sound of disco-lights,
‘Getting on’, with a slamming door.

Far, far the sheet
Of white stretching;
Far and wide as
If the Lord has
No colours left.

Down, down the stones fly,
Hitting anything in sight.
Do you like Hail?

Oh how lonely,
How lonely is
The fog. Not man’s
Best friend. A still
White sheet across
The way.

Casper Jones, IIIrd

TIDDINGTON VILLAGE

THE NAME OF my village is Tiddington. It is situated between the market town of Thame and the village of Wheatley in Oxfordshire. Tiddington is not a very large village; only about three hundred people live there. We live half-way up a small hill on the edge of an escarpment. Our house is a large, half-timbered thatched-cottage with dark, black beams. The thatch is a dark-coloured straw with wire mesh over it, and on top of the roof is a small bird made from straw which also has a wire mesh surround. At the back of the cottage is a large garden with lots of brightly-coloured flowers in summer. There is always a small red-breasted robin singing a sweet tune, with the other birds chirping away in the background. The robin is there nearly every day because my mother feeds him every morning at the same time, same place.

B. W. Marchant, Vth

QUAINTON HILL

OUR VILLAGE IS about two miles away from Quainton Hill. The village of Quainton is quite a small village with a small population. The surrounding countryside is relatively flat, but in some places it is quite hilly and the village itself is surrounded by a series of hills, and one in particular which is extremely high. From Quainton Hill on a clear day you can see for about fifteen miles; some of the locals say that on a clear day in summer you can see as far as Bristol. If you stand there for about half-an-hour on a breezy day and let the breeze blow in your face, it is quite an exhilarating feeling.

A summer evening is a good time to go up and look at the view because all the fields are green and the corn is ripe, and from a distance it looks very colourful. Every day from our farm you can see people walking up to the top, although in the distance they are just small specks. Every year a crop of poppies comes into flower, which adds to the colour of the summer scenery, especially when all the sheep and cattle are also grazing. In the distance is another very high hill and on the top there is a house owned by the Rothschild family. From the top of Quainton Hill you can just see the flag flying on the roof.

B. G. H. Fletcher, Vth

PEWSEY VALE

AS YOU STAND on the edge of a large plain, you look down across a steep bank covered in cow-slips which are as yellow as the sun. You look across the bank and something catches your eye; it is an old track which has been trodden flat by generations of cart-horses. You look in front of you and you can see a very wooded area, and across the other side of the valley you can see another range of hills. One is the highest point in Wiltshire: it is called Milk Hill.

Pewsey Vale stretches from Pewsey to Conock. It is roughly five miles long. Herds of cattle are eating away at the long lush grass. The smell of freshly cut grass is drifting on the air. The infrequent roar of a tractor can be heard on the other side of the wood. Nearby, a bird is warbling to its mate.

The green grass, the trees, the hedgerows, the huge old manor house which looks as cold as a winter's day — how can this peaceful place in deepest Wiltshire be so very quiet when you are used to city life?

A. P. Hues, IVth

THE MOMENT I PICKED UP THE PHONE THE LINE WENT DEAD

IT MUST HAVE been about midnight as I walked the two and a half miles to my house. The pub had just shut up for the night, so it was only me and my shadow. As I walked I began to feel very glad of my woollen scarf, because it was bitterly cold for the middle of May.

I began to get closer to Melrose Avenue, that's where I lived. I thought that if I took the short cut down Hogs Lane I could be home in ten minutes. I turned right and proceeded to walk down Hogs Lane, the mud squelched under my feet and I began to wish that I had taken the familiar long route which would have been street-lamped all the way.

I had to walk by the light of the moon, and as I walked I began to think what old Jack Warner had been telling me about the young girl who was murdered while cycling back home, by a madman that had escaped from Hollyrood Mental Institution, which must have been about five miles from here, big black towers, and wire all the way around it. Now where was it that old Jack had said? Suddenly I remembered — Hogs Lane, that was where it had happened. The moon went behind a cloud. There was now just total blackness. I began to run, tripping and stumbling, then with a total loss of balance lost my footing and fell to the ground with a bang.

An owl above my head began to hoot. I staggered to my feet and then collapsed, I had twisted my ankle. "Oh blast!" I said. I then remembered that about five hundred yards away there was a call box. I would ring Jeff, who was one of my greatest friends, who would hopefully find me.

At last after much effort I managed to reach the telephone box. I opened the door and tried to remember his number. "Oh yes," I said "It's Wanborough 79128". The moment I picked up the phone, the line went dead! That's odd, I thought. I put the receiver down and opened the door. I hobbled outside and then, only supported by one leg, collapsed in a pool of muddy water. "Oh no". By now I was muddy, dirty, weak and all because I had taken the short cut. I looked at the illuminated hands on my watch, ten past one.

I could be home I thought. I once again staggered to my feet and thought that I should sit here. How far could I get; anyway someone may come. As I sat there I began to think back on the story that Old Jack had told me. As I thought about it I began to fancy I saw a figure coming towards me. "Yes", I said, "There is." I blinked but the figure came closer and closer. "Are you all right, sir?" came a voice. I looked up to see a policeman. "How did you find me?", I said. "I was on my beat, sir, and I heard someone screaming. It sounded like a little girl." "I say," I said, "Are you sure?" "Yes, positive." I wondered to myself, have I just been haunted? No, I thought, ghosts don't exist, but I wonder?

C. V. S. Paravicini, IVth

THE POND

ABOUT A DOZEN boys spend a lot of their free time in the pond area, for here they keep their pets. (Some small pets, such as hamsters and fish, are kept in the biology laboratory.) The perimeter of the area is lined with cages and enclosures of all descriptions. Some of the cages have been made at home, perhaps with father's expert help, whilst others have been constructed at school.

A small flock of pigeons still inhabit their excellent loft. In recent years they have not been successful in multiplying. They are looked after by Simon Harbour, who also has three hens and a cockerel. Simon also takes an interest in the pond itself and recently collected some oxygenating plants from a nearby river to stock the pond with.

The pond is very slowly recovering from the activities of some ducks, who consumed all the vital water plants. Bullrushes, which were threatening to choke the pond, were cut back recently. The goldfish continue to thrive. They number well over a hundred and some have reached quite a large size. They are a remarkably bright colour and look extremely healthy.

Chickens continue to be popular, perhaps because there is always a ready-market for their eggs. Garrard and Lincoln-Lewis both keep Rhode Island Reds and Goad and Keene keep very attractive Chinese bantams.

Ferrets and ferreting remain a popular Cokethorpe pastime though sadly there are few rabbits about compared with pre-myxmatosis days. Atkins, Iona-Smith and Dore each have ferrets. Iona-Smith's ferret gave birth to ten young at the end of term.

An animal which has been absent for ten years but has recently made a come-back is the gentle guinea pig. Griffiths, Roberts and Lincoln-Lewis keep these in new runs that they have constructed. At the moment they have a short-haired, brown and white one, a long-haired brown and white one, and a medium-haired white one.

D. L. T.



KEEPING FERRETS

A FERRET IS A small, long animal like a stoat which in the wild eats almost any type of meat for example snakes, chickens or rabbits.

They originated from North America and were brought over by English farmers who wanted to control the rabbit population in the late 1800s.

Pet Ferrets can be trained to catch rabbits and one can obtain permission to hunt on farmers' fields.

My ferret is now pregnant and so I have to give her a great deal of milk, eggs and meat. Her normal diet consists of scraps left over from breakfast, for example sausages, bacon, toast and scrambled eggs and, of course, milk and water. At School I feed her in the morning but at home I feed her at night. Ferrets usually have a litter of about seven to ten.

I keep ferrets because I feel I am giving the animal a good life. At home I have a wooden cage for my ferret and I give her exercise in the garden. At school I allow her to run around the pond and I also take her hunting in the nearby fields.

S. Dore, IVth



'Fishers of Men': Christopher Walker, Ian Lyman and Timothy Smith.

FLY FISHING

ON EVERY FRIDAY evening during the summer term a group of enthusiastic fishermen led and organised by Mr. Nightingale set off from Cokethorpe to go fishing at Smith's lakes in Hardwick, which are a mile or so from the school.

We fish in one of three deep gravel pits which are well stocked with both brown and rainbow trout. The size of these trout range from $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs to over 6 lbs.

We have caught many large fish, the biggest of them being a $3\frac{3}{4}$ lb brown trout caught by Ian Lyman.

The bulk of these fish have been caught by the more experienced anglers who are Nicholas Smith, Ian Lyman and Mr. Nightingale. The two newcomers to the scene, Timothy Smith and Chris Walker have also had their share.

The most successful fly patterns in these lakes for this time of year have been the white muddler, church fly, small flies and nymphs.

We enjoy going because it is a nice way of relaxing and passing away the warm summer evenings. For us, it is our favourite hobby.

We would all like to say thank you to Mr. Nightingale for kindly taking us to the lakes and the Headmaster for letting us go. We must of course thank Mr. D. J. Smith, Nicholas' father, for allowing us to use the excellent facilities. Without his generosity we would not have such successful evenings.

N. E. H. Smith and I. J. Lyman

Totals:

Ian Lyman: 58 fish; Nicholas Smith: 30 fish; Mr. Nightingale: 14 fish; Timothy Smith: 8 fish; Chris Walker: 2 fish.

Average catch per person 22.4 Average catch per outing 18.6



A $3\frac{3}{4}$ lb. brown trout caught by Ian Lyman.

COMPUTER CLUB

SINCE THE SCHOOL obtained a Commodore 'Pet' computer there has developed a growing interest in the Computer Club held in Mr. Hudson's mathematics room. This enthusiasm has led to many new 'programmes' and games being designed and written by the boys themselves.

We are also able to gain experience with different types of computers which incorporate alternative functions. We are very grateful to Mr. Marshall, one of the Club member's fathers, for lending us his Olivetti M20 for the use of members.

The club itself meets every Friday from four o'clock to six o'clock. The mathematics room is open every breaktime and nearly every reading hour for the use of the computers by Club Members. On other days of the week it is also available to non-members. We also occasionally go on visits to computer exhibitions and these I find very interesting indeed.

R. E. Morton

CLUB ROOM

THIS WAS FORMALLY opened at the beginning of the Summer Term and has proved immensely popular and successful. Senior boys and masters can meet informally and enjoy a pint of beer or cider together before supper, on half holidays and at weekends. We are grateful to Mr. Jowitt for the trouble he takes in maintaining the supply of beer and cider and to Alan Wigglesworth for the loan of his Football Table.

DESERT ISLAND DISCS

A *DESERT ISLAND DISCS*, with members of Common Room as the castaways, was first held two years ago. A second took place on June 23rd with Mr. White in the role of Roy Plomley, and Mr. Goldsmith, Mrs. Loveless and Mr. Cranham as the marooned islanders. They each chose six pieces of music to while away the endless hours of solitude on their island. Mr. Goldsmith chose selections from the works of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Dvorak and Verdi, but if he had to restrict himself to one choice it would be Elgar's Symphony No. 1. With the exception of excerpts from Bach and Schubert, Mrs. Loveless preferred vocal and choral classics by Holst, Vaughan-Williams and Elgar, the latter being an extract from 'The Dream of Gerontius' which would be her single choice. Mr. Cranham's more serious records were drawn from Beethoven, Rodrigo, and a Catalan folk song played by Pablo Casals. However, three of his choices brought a lighter note to the evening, with the theme music from 'Brideshead Revisited', 'The Life and Times of Lloyd George', and a song by Edith Piaf.

And for luxuries and a book to take with each of them? Bridge puzzles and a case of claret for Mr. Goldsmith. The Headmaster's grand piano and the *Collected Works* of C. S. Lewis for Mrs. Loveless. And for Mr. Cranham, a typewriter (and an inexhaustible supply of paper) and *The Prologue to The Canterbury Tales*.

Once again we were indebted to Mr. Jenner for his painstaking recording of all the extracts, and for providing and co-ordinating the sound on the evening itself.

THE RETURN OF VERNON SCANNELL

VERNON SCANNELL must be one of the most entertaining and widely-read poets writing in this country today, and the final event of this year's General Studies season was the poetry reading which he gave on June 29th. Mr. Scannell first came to Cokethorpe in 1976, and the reading and talk which he gave on that visit appealed greatly to the 5th and 6th Formers who were then present.

On this occasion he prefaced his reading with some general remarks on writing — for example, the fact that a poem begins with an experience, but in writing about it you explore the experience in such a way as to find out why it is important to you and to surprise yourself. He quoted Robert Frost: 'If there is no surprise for the writer, then there will be none for the reader.' He reminded us that if poetry has a purpose it is to purify and preserve the language, and he also talked a bit about his own methods of writing and the importance of memory for a writer. Materials for a poem, he said, can be disparate and distant. For example, an image in his poem 'Death of a Jew' came to him years earlier when boxing in a London tournament in Holborn. He received a bad cut above the eye, looked in the mirror, and saw a 'monocle of blood' with a descending ribbon of red. This image was later incorporated in the description of an elderly Jewish musician beaten up and left for dead by Nazi thugs.

Mr. Scannell then read a number of poems to illustrate the scope of his work, ranging from narrative and lyrical poems to satirical ones. They included, among others, 'Death of a Cat', 'Protest Poem', 'Dusk Jockey', 'Wicket Maiden', 'Right Dress' and 'Six Reasons for Drinking'. He concluded with a very intense poem, 'The Walking Wounded'. Although it was written some years after the war, it was an amazingly vivid and awesome description of a war experience. Afterwards, Mr. Scannell answered numerous questions. All his answers were most informative and reflected a very warm personality. I was able to talk to him informally for some time, and I asked him how long it may take for a writer's talent to emerge fully. He gave a reassuring answer for all frustrated authors, that it is never too late to begin writing and get your book published.

Mr. Scannell was staying the night at Cokethorpe, and the following morning he agreed to talk to the combined 4th Form English sets for an hour. He discussed attitudes towards poetry and said that until the decadence of the 1890's poetry wasn't thought of as an irrelevant 'cissy' activity, but as a real accomplishment. As the example of Raleigh showed, during the Elizabethan age you couldn't be a complete man without that skill. He then read 'The Gift', a poem whose significance had puzzled a clever poet friend, but which was readily seized upon by David Fenton as all about imagination. Questions began slowly but gathered momentum, alas, as the bell signalled the end of the lesson. In answer to one question, almost apologetically Mr. Scannell acknowledged that his 'favourite poet' must be Shakespeare, whose artistry seemed more miraculous the more he read him.

T. M. Anderson, VIth

THE MAN FROM THE SOMME

DURING THE LAST week of the Summer Term Mr. William Chislett, who had fought at the Battle of the Somme in 1916, came to talk to us about the first World War during one of our history lessons. In 1914, when war was declared, he was 19 and on holiday with his parents in Scarborough. His father was a banker, and William himself was about to take the banking exams. But in October 1914 he joined up, and, because he was thought to be officer material, he was sent to an Officers' Corps Training Unit. He was commissioned in March 1915 as a Subaltern in the Royal Artillery and posted to a Brigade in Nottingham. During that year he went on his first "cook's tour" to France, but it was not until March 1916 that he was posted there properly. It so happened that at that time the 29th Division came back to France from Gallipoli, for re-fitting and to have their strength consolidated by the addition of three more Brigades. Mr. Chislett was in one of the three new Brigades added to the 29th. Each battery of artillery, about 1500 yards behind the front line, was allotted to a certain battalion of infantry; and each week various men in the battery did four days of gun duty, and then lived in the front line with the infantry for the other three days.

In 1916 Mr. Chislett was lucky in a number of ways. On the 1st July when the Battle of the Somme began he was not in the front line, for as Senior Subaltern he was actually directing fire that day. (A friend of his who was in the front line spent the whole day carrying stretchers until he eventually dropped from exhaustion.) At Roll Call the night before the battle there had been 700 men in his sector: on the evening of the 1st July there were less than 90. After that first terrible day, when there were some 60,000 British casualties alone, the battle settled down into a series of raids by either side. In mid-August Mr. Chislett "stopped one" (meaning he was wounded), and was invalided out to Rouen, where a hospital ship came right up the river Seine to take the casualties back to Southampton.

Mr. Chislett was sent out to France again in October 1916, at first to more or less the same sector and then to the Ypres sector. He was thankful that he was never at Ypres "in the bad old days" — by which he meant during the awful poison-gas attacks in 1915. In 1917 he had his next piece of luck. He caught influenza! This turned to pneumonia, and for the rest of the war he was listed as 'C3' — the lowest category of casualty without being dischargeable. In 1919 he was discharged with a pension which lasted for five years.

We were able to ask Mr. Chislett plenty of questions. For example: what was the diet like in the trenches? Rather suprisingly, Mr. Chislett said that the food was not bad — in fact it was quite good, but he missed fresh fruit and fresh vegetables. Someone asked about the use of horses. Mr. Chislett said they were no good: mules had a much better sense of how



Mr. William Chislett, survivor of the Somme, talking to the Third Form and holding up a newly-published book about the battle.

to pick their way round the shell-holes and the craters in No-man's Land than horses, and he soon got himself one of these. Tanks? When he first saw them (during the Battle of the Somme) they seemed so much bigger than he had imagined from the pictures he had seen of them. He described the way they "lurched" across the battlefield. He also described the unpleasantness of wearing the very primitive gas-masks of the time and the rats which kept company with the men in the trenches and dug-outs. Although they have been described as being as big as cats, he said it was no exaggeration to say that they *were* as big as small cats. But even worse were the flies — hundreds of them on each dead body — and the smell of bodies everywhere in the air. Even now, he said, the sound of two or three meat flies buzzing in a room is enough to send a shiver down his spine. We asked him if he still had any bad dreams or nightmares about the Great War. He said he didn't, but he still had the occasional nightmare up to about fifteen years ago. Mr. Cranham asked him if he had ever seen General Haig, either at a distance or at close quarters. Mr. Chislett said he had seen him at close quarters several times; he had dined in the Mess with him and been inspected by him twice, and on both occasions Haig had spoken to him. There were other occasions when he had seen him, too. He was a broad-shouldered man, about 5'10" in height. "He was sound — no frills — blunt — which is what I like," said Mr. Chislett. It was always said that, having been in the cavalry, Haig got on better with the horsemen than he did with the infantry. "I liked him," added Mr. Chislett.

M. Howland, M. Spicer and G. Roberts, IVth

ON THE MONDAY following the end of term, the twelfth Nomads set out to invade what the International Visitors' Guides to Birmingham refers to as "the big heart of England". The full tour party consisted of Messrs. Green H. Scott (Vice-Captain), Randall, Macleod, Ashby, Dowding and Alexander with five current 1st XI players, B. Akande, Abbott, Wankling, Fisher and Spicer. As usual the main body lunched at The White Swan, Henley-in-Arden (where Macleod's satin shorts raised a few eyebrows and Scott made friends with a nicely tanned barmaid), before arriving in Birmingham and registering at the Norfolk Hotel. Here we were joined by Akande, Dowding and Alexander (from London, courtesy of British Rail), and Spicer, by car from Leicestershire. Almost like magic a soccer ball appeared and while Ashby took Randall into the City to buy trousers to cover oaken thighs, Akande's enormously long legs were thrusting out like telescopic oil-rig supports, saving goals on the hotel's back lawn. In the evening we visited The Duck for our team talk, but it was no time at all before Akande and Wankling were playing the Buck Rogers Space Machine and Macleod was on the telephone: The evening was rounded off by a Chinese meal at the Lychee Gardens and a trip to Liberty's, but the Club was very quiet and although or two young pace makers tried hard enough, they took the floor alone. Meanwhile the youngsters, warned of burning the candle at both ends, sensibly took themselves off to get their beauty sleep.

On Tuesday we were due to have played the Police but were criminally let down at the last moment. However, we managed to get some useful practice in the form of a double-wicket competition on a local Prep School ground, despite Alexander's understandable panic at discovering the loss of his father's Access card (on Reading Station?), Wankling's toothache and Abbott's (Chinese revenge?) tummy-ache. Scott and Spicer emerged victorious but everyone batted, bowled and fielded for over three hours and although Alexander put his foot down a rabbit hole and Fisher injured his wrist we were all ready for a bath at the hotel and a "Barb-que" at the Duck. (Macleod even had time to telephone again!) Later a visit to the Captain's former local "The Old House at Home" set up the old hands for another hectic investigation of the delights of Liberty's while the Masters repaired to Harborne Village for a snack — later coffee and cakes — at a more sedate pace. At some point Ashby too must have felt "pangs" although he was stunned to find the Lychee Gardens closed at 1.45 a.m.

The party breakfasted well on Wednesday in spite of Alexander appearing in cricket trousers and odd socks (what styles they approve at Radley!), Dowding complaining bitterly that his trousers had been stretched and Fisher ruefully wearing a Tee shirt bearing the legend "I'm only here for the

Beer", confessing that his wrist was still sore and that he would have to be scorer in the afternoon. Randall took him on a cultural visit to cheer him up, viewing the Art Gallery, Cathedral and Museum before lunch, while Scott, innocently speculated upon the age of local youth and received a fairly direct reply.

At Harborne we lost the toss and were put in by our old friend Paul Knowles who has now played against us ten times since 1972. Ashby (12) and Macleod (39) opened the innings productively and when the second wicket fell at 57 a solid platform had been established. Things then began to go seriously wrong. Akande only lasted five minutes while Dowding, who had been struggling to find his touch against the quicker bowlers was dismissed at 65, and although Alexander and Spicer eased the total into the eighties, another collapse followed. Alexander top-edged a catch to cover, Scott dragged a ball into his stumps without scoring and Spicer (after driving a former Warwickshire County spinner back over his head) found one of the Captain's quick singles a bit too sharp and was run out for 10. (88-7). Wankling was soon beaten in the flight — patting back a tame caught and bowled 97-8. Randall joined Green who was the next to go for 16 at 117, caught on the long-leg boundary — small consolation to know the ball would have gone for 6! However, while there is life ... Randall, with pads well oiled, and Abbott, prancing into the attack, added a priceless 35 runs in 17 minutes before Randall was adjudged LBW for 14, leaving our "Jester" 24 not out. After an excellent tea we set about the task of defending 152 with an outside chance of pulling off a win if we could keep the game tight and force up the required run rate. Scott bowled very quickly down the hill but it was Akande, bowling 15 overs unchanged, who took three wickets at the other end. In spite of all our efforts Harborne drew inexorably closer to our total and with nineteen of the final twenty overs bowled, had reached 152-4. However, "cometh the hour, cometh the man"; Spicer bowled a maiden (ending with a run out from the last ball), and the match was saved. The drama of that last over was intense and we gratefully sank the jug of beer sent into our dressing room by the Harborne President, Mr. E. S. Baker (Yates's grandfather). The evening in the Clubhouse was a great success, the groundsman's wife producing toasted sandwiches and a well-fortified group later took Knowles to the nightclub. Several attempted flirtations followed, but the only Nomad to succeed in the hunt was Mr. Vice — who always tells a good story.

Thursday morning saw the party still in high spirits. A chinese pagoda (upturned ashtrays and UHT cream containers) appeared on one of the breakfast tables while later Dowding showed his expertise on the Buck Rogers machine. After lunch we drove cheerfully to Lapworth's picturesque ground, won the toss — and put the opposition in!

This proved to be a wise decision for Scott bowled like a demon refreshed, taking 6-34 in 16 overs; Akande caught two marvellous catches, Dowding (5 overs for 2 runs and 1 wicket) made the ball lift steeply while Macleod spun out the tail.

We were left with two and a half hours to pass Lapworth's 105 which should have been plain sailing. Ashby and Akande put on 27 for the first wicket before the latter was run out for 12. Spicer only scored 2 but Abbott helped Ashby to take the score to 64 before our opener was bowled for a well-played 39. Alexander joined Abbott but the total mounted too slowly as the spinners found a length and at 87, the Australian devil number, both batsmen perished as first Alexander heaved across the line and was bowled, then Abbott perished, caught at long-off, for 23. Neither Fisher nor Wankling could get going and a quarter of an hour later we were 95-7 with only nine balls remaining. The old hands Macleod and Scott were now together (having spent the early part of our innings sunbathing, certainly not expecting to bat). A run to

Macleod and a 3 to Scott made it 99-7 with the last over to be bowled. Scott scored two 2's but was LBW to the third ball, 103-8 — then fortunately, a Malvern square drive reached the fence so we scraped home by two wickets with just two balls to spare. This tight finish was followed by an excellent evening in the Clubhouse where Abbott learned about the Lancaster Bomber and Wankling about the Three Man Lift. Unhappily we were also told that the neighbouring Club, Rowington, could not play on the next day; doleful news confirmed by telephone the next morning.

On Friday morning we paid our bills at the Norfolk, persuaded one of the pretty receptionists, Sarah, to take a team photograph, lunched at the Duck and headed for our various homes. Macleod's gearbox packed up in Sunbury but that was the last little drama of the tour, which in most respects was a great success. How many old bones will be able to drag themselves back again in 1984 is a different matter entirely!

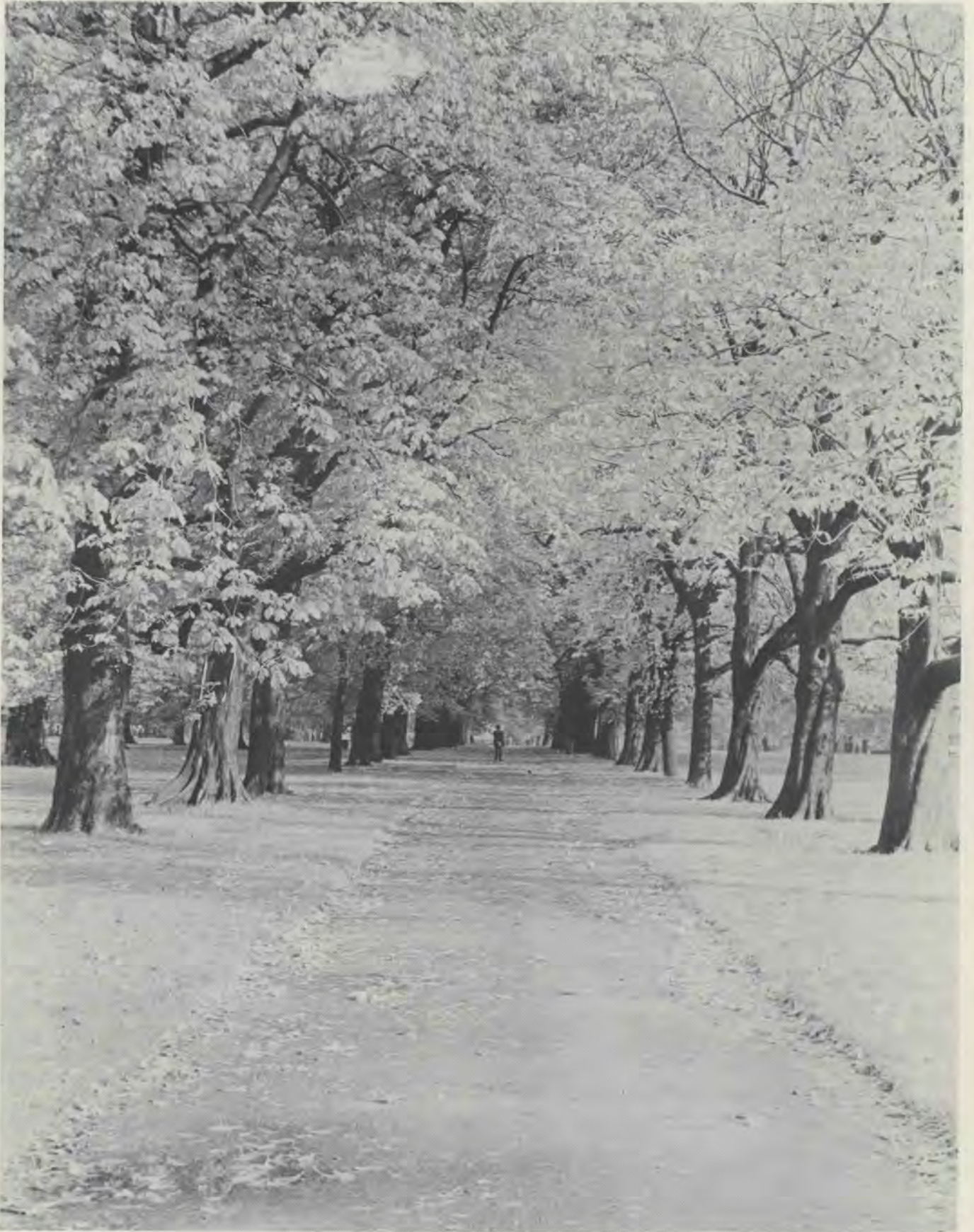
P. J. G.

SUMMARY OF TOUR MATCHES

Won 1, Drawn 1

- v. "E" Division, West Midlands Police — cancelled (Police unable to raise a side).
- v. Harborne CC: Nomads 152 (Macleod 39, Abbott 24*), Harborne 152-5 (Akande 3-73).
- v. Lapworth CC: Lapworth 105 (Scott 6-34). Nomads 107-8 (Ashby 39, Abbott 23).
- v. Rowington CC: cancelled (Rowington unable to raise a side).





Autumn Trees J. G. A. Jowett.

THE RUGGER MATCH in October was won by the school — the first time for some years. As the school was in residence it was not possible to hold a Disco so the social side of the event ended at tea-time. It is hoped to arrange something better next year away from the school as we shall have more time to think about it.

The AGM took place in April and was not attended as well as usual. I resigned as Secretary and Gerard Manley has kindly taken over this office. His address is: The Bower, Hazel Lane, Filkins, Lechlade, Glos. I have agreed to act as assistant secretary and shall be pleased to take any messages, as will my mother, if you are unable to contact Gerard.

As this goes to press I learn with sadness of Colonel Hipkin's death. He has been a tremendously loyal supporter of the Old Boys and his passing will be mourned by numerous old boys but many happy memories will always remain. On behalf of all Old Boys our sympathy goes to Mrs. Hipkin and family.

Christopher J. Webb

THE SCHOOL XV vs THE OLD BOYS October 1982

The annual confrontation between the School 1st XV and the Old Boys took place on the 16th October in conditions ideal for running rugby. The game set off at a cracking pace with the Old Boys throwing the ball about in grand style and scoring two good tries to lead 8-3 at half-time, the School having scored a penalty through Akande I. During half-time the team was reorganised and a prop (who reminded many of a certain master) came on as a replacement. The School XV started to come more into the game in the second half as the pace slackened. It was well into the last ten minutes when a penetrating touch kick from Akande achieved a good attacking position deep in the opposition half. The Old Boys won the lineout and attempted to run the ball, but Wankling, who was pressurising well, capitalised on a mistake and ripped it away from a rather portly centre and scored a try under the posts. This was converted and the School recorded an exciting and rare victory, 9-8.

R. J. Porter

C. J. Webb. My present address is: 18 Cardinal Close, Cavesham, Reading, Berks. Tel. Reading 470112.

Russell Massey. Assistant Manager at a large Hotel (537 rooms) — The Manila Peninsula, P.O. Box 7596, Airmail Distribution Centre, Mia 3120, Metro Manila, Philippines.

Trevor & John Key. Trevor still with National Construction Co. in Abu Dhabi. Married in England June 1983 to a radiographer from Stoke Mandeville Hospital. John now in Muscat, Sult. of Oman on a two year contract with Costain Int. John still plays rugger!

R. D. M. Stevens. New address: 2 The Crescent, Norwich, NR2 1SA.

C. T. Marsden. New address: 10 Dukes Meadow, Great Green, Cockfield, Suffolk, LP30 0HR.

Peter Ingerslev RIBA. Now started own business working from home (the thatched cottage by the swingbridge on Exeter by-pass). The office is half a bathroom partitioned off after removal of bath! They have a son David.

C. R. Blagdon. — Rue de L'Eglise, Saumane de Vauchuse 84800, L'isle sur Sorgues, France.

A. Northcott. 2 Felbridge Place, Felbridge, E. Grinstead, W. Sussex. Just returned from 5 month tour of Europe — Turkey & Yugoslavia. Now looking for career in Insurance broking in the City.

Victor Wong. Married recently. Address: 18 Clifton Road, Winchester. Working in Fashion business, London.

Donald Newling. Doing one year practical course with tree surgeons in Chesham then to Merris Wood Agric. College, Guildford.

David Bright. Working with Surveyor in Bahrain.

Robert Bright. Doing Photography course with firm in Bahrain.

T. Drowley. Room 9C, East Slope, University of Sussex, Brighton.

Dominic Baker. Doing Musical Instrument Technology Course at College in London.

C. Russ. A levels at Burford.

J. Duddridge. Applying for entry into Metropolitan Police.

T. Lascelles. At Tutorial College.

G. Brady. Oxford College of F.E.

J. Spring-Rice. At Tutorial College.

D. Marchand. Agricultural Course at Plumpton.

J. Ward. Evesham Technical College.

Bode Rhodes. Franklin School, New York.

S. Elliot. At Lord Treloar College doing practical course.

M. Bingham. To Gloucester Technical College for OND in Engineering.

J. Evans. 6th Form College, Kenilworth.

S. Varnish. Catering College, Stratford on Avon.

N. Johnston-Smith. Tutorial College at Freefold House, Laverstock, Hants.

P. Davie. At Southampton University.

J. Breeze. Photographic course in London.

- N. Simmons.* Agricultural course at Oaklands Agric. College, St. Albans.
- Clive Carpenter.* (ex staff) 28 Caledonian House, Barnfield Rd. Crawley, W. Sussex.
- S. Glynn.* Advanced Level studies at Royal Grammar School, High Wycombe.
- Chris Elworthy.* New address: Woodview, Tockington, Bristol BS12 4NW. Tel. Almondsbury 615062. Still in family printing business, married, 3 children.
- S. R. P. Thomson.* Now Sales Manager for The British Hovercraft Corpn. 6 months of the year in Australia, Fiji and New Zealand. Otherwise on Isle of Wight driving a restored Bedford Army Truck (circa 1939).
- Maj. C. J. M. Notley LI.* HQ1 Armed Div BFPO32. Now with HQ1 Armed Div. for 2 years as the G3 TRG working closely with Mark Kitchen. Moves to Blackpool in 1984 when he returns to Regiment. Also in touch with Tony Milvain and Gerald Gold.
- J. Ross Palmer.* At present "crewing" on 'Shatan' presently at Fort Lauderdale, USA. Sailing back to base in Antigua via Martinique and St. Barts Islands.
- Maj. J. M. Campbell.* Returning June 1983 from 4 years service in Germany and will be working at Min. of Defence on a Government Mapping Contract for Qatar. Address: 64 Marine Parade, Hythe, Kent. Hythe 67181.
- Anthony P. Lumby.* Father kindly advised that Anthony is now in Kimberley, S. Africa. Address: C/O Murray & Roberts, PO Box 730, Kimberley, SA. Would be delighted to hear from any old friends travelling that way.
- Alexander Dodd.* At present working with Computer Systems (Gestetner) Hope to do a deep-sea diving course in 1984 (finances permitting) with a view to employment in that field. Studying for Yachtmaster's Certificate.
- Mark C. Girling.* Still with British Airways in Reservations at West London. Address: 6 Hastings Rd., Ealing, W13 8QY.
- Tim Ward.* New address: Buckland House, Eddington, Hungerford, Berks. Getting married Sept. 1983. Sees Robert Harris in Salisbury from time to time.
- Nigel Willsdon.* Working for American Company, living in Madrid.
- Clive Willsdon.* Working with British Caledonian Airways doing 747 Jumbo Jet Course. Has two children.
- C. R. Rashbrooke.* Running own Company (Industrial Waste Disposal) in Cranleigh, Surrey.
- M. K. Shurajbi.* PO Box 839, Abu Dhabi, UAE.
- Alexander Curtis.* Helping with Hereford Hospital Radio doing cataloguing.
- Aubrey Harfoot.* Married. Son now aged 2. Still living in Wales.
- Mike Lousada.* At present in Harrogate but travels all over the country on a freelance basis doing "voice overs" for Commercial Radio and Television network.
- Andrew Cook.* Working in Air Traffic Service Dept. Balebrook College, Bath for Internat. Air Radio Ltd. Address: Birches Barn, Belcombe Road, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.
- A. Foster.* Doing Art & Craft course in Devon.
- Robin T. Richards.* Now employed by the South African Bureau of Standards in the Metallurgy Division. Most of the work involves corrosion investigations and consultancy work on metallurgical corrosion. Went in Jan. 1981 with wife and 3 children to: 869 Kraanvoël Avenue, Silvert on Ext. 5, 0184 South Africa.
- Julian Keenlyside.* Recently finished (successfully) at Newcastle and has been offered a Ph.D project at Oxford University. Has been accepted at Wolfson College. The project is concerned with insect colonization of plants. His mother has now moved to London so to contact Julian via her the address is: Flat 8, Fourth Floor, Northwood Hall, Hornsey Lane, Highgate, London, N6. Tel 01 348 6023.
- S. Macleod.* Completed his College Course successfully and now with the Metropolitan Police stationed at Harlesdon.
- S. Ashby.* Still working hard in the decorating business but has transferred his talents nearer to home on the south coast.
- R. M. Carraher.* — We hear he has moved house but have no new address.

