

THE PEACOCK



The Magazine of
Cokethorpe School

1987



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Editor
P. J. C.

Front Cover: *Cokethorpe, south side.*

Back: *West wing of the building development –
the new Common Room block and classrooms
near completion.*

Photos by: *T. Bryce Esq.*

COKETHORPE

Mr A. W. Baker, former pupil and now a member of the Governing Body, writes the preface for this year's magazine

Cokethorpe School was founded thirty years ago. This is not a major milestone in terms of anniversaries but it is still worth noting, as I believe it is a major turning point in the short life of the School.

By the time you read this, the School will be occupying a brand new building which is to be used as common rooms and study bedrooms. There will also be a new house to add to the familiar Harcourt, Queen Anne and Swift.

The reason I believe it is a turning point is that I have never seen the School looking so healthy as it does today. A lot of hard work has been put in by all who are concerned with the School and the fruits of many years labour will be reaped in the future. The education standards are excellent, the facilities offered to the pupils are now very good indeed and as one preparatory school Headmaster said to me recently, "the governors and staff of Cokethorpe have a tremendous commitment to education standards and they certainly have a vision for the future. Any school that spends the amount of money that Cokethorpe is spending deserves success and a good future."

The future of the School is assured, the past is short. Although there are no major traditions of the School, present pupils, ex-pupils and staff know what I am talking about when I say that there is something very special about Cokethorpe and we can take an enormous amount of pride in the fact that we have had an association with the School.

The next thirty years are to be relished. The foundation has been put down and we can look forward to an excellent future.

EDITORIAL

Five years ago, prompted partly by the desire to take advantage of new printing processes, but largely by the wish to give a more comprehensive and pictorial impression of life at Cokethorpe, *The Peacock* was given a face-lift in the form of an enlarged and greatly expanded format.

This issue sees another change of format, in this instance partly for change's sake, but also to allow some variation in what may have come to be regarded as the customary shape and layout of our magazine. In this connection I should like to draw attention to our new printers, Tekprint of Swindon, whom I have found very efficient and a pleasure to deal with.

I am very grateful indeed to *all* those who have once again taken time to write for *The Peacock* in what has been yet another exceptionally busy year, but I must thank especially those colleagues who undertook two or more lengthy commissions at special request, and who were prepared to produce such copy many months in advance. One debt of which I am particularly conscious is to Mr M. Edwards who, besides writing several articles, has also taken most of the photographs for this issue. I thank Mr E. J. Fenton for additional help with proof-reading, and other miscellaneous 'last things'; and Mr P. J. Green for his obituary of Paul Ellis which had to be written just as we were about to go to press.

Those not closely associated with the production of such a magazine can only guess at what it entails. Last but not first, therefore, I thank my wife, who has endured once again not only the attendant 'discard' on the 'cutting (= living) room floor' during the various stages of the mock-up, but also more hours and late nights on my part than can perhaps sometimes reasonably be expected even of a boarding school master, and which occasionally makes even me feel that this magazine might more appropriately be called 'The Owl' than *The Peacock*!

I do hope that what follows will enable parents and other readers to share in what have been for us – staff and pupils alike – some of the more memorable moments of the past year.

SCHOOL RECORD

Head of School

J. M. Reeve

Deputy Head of School

S. J. Smith

School Prefects

I. Badawi

V. P. M. Kehoe

C. B. Lewis

I. M. A. Ogborn

J. D. Russ

B. Selormey

T. N. Wright

Heads of Houses

Swift I. Badawi

Harcourt S. J. Smith

Queen Anne J. D. Russ



School Prefects, 1986-87

School Officers

Captain of Boats A. P. Venman

Vice-Captain C. B. Lewis

Captain of Rugby S. J. Smith

Vice-Captain A. M. Wariebi

Captain of Soccer I. Badawi

Vice-Captain A. M. Wariebi

Captain of Cricket S. J. Smith

Vice-Captain J. M. Reeve

Senior NCO A. P. Venman

House Prefects

Swift N. M. Chowdhury

F. Dona

M. G. W. Howe

D. T. S. Li

R. M. Price

M. R. Pye

D. R. E. Ogunlami

E. F. M. Smith

C. G. Turner

Harcourt R. J. Baxter

E. C. Casey

S. J. Edwards

J. Endeley

J. S. Shorrock

Queen Anne J. Bryan

S. T. T. Johnson

D. O. Jones

T. R. Peterson

M. P. Stead

M. C. Vernon

A. M. Wariebi

Obituary

MR PAUL ELLIS

It was with the greatest sadness that we learned of the death of Paul Ellis in the Churchill Hospital on Wednesday, August 12th, after a long illness, bravely borne.

A graduate of Manchester University, Paul came to Cokethorpe as an experienced teacher in September 1960 to run the English Department and quickly became devoted to the ideals of the small independent school. As one of the great stalwarts of the early years many generations of boys and several young and inexperienced masters have had cause to be grateful to him for his wise advice, his scholarship, forbearance and sheer professionalism which made him such an invaluable member of the teaching staff for over twenty years.

Although words were his medium, Paul was also a keen follower of contemporary politics and, as anyone who has seen his wartime scrapbooks knows, an assiduous and painstaking gleaner of information. Thus as a teacher Paul was both patient and thorough, insisting on the highest standards, and if at times he pulled a long face and rolled an apparently baleful eye at a boy whose work he was correcting, the recipient always knew that this was no personal attack and would strive to produce a worthier effort the next time.

In addition to his teaching, Paul produced the first edition of *The Peacock* and for years ran the school Debating Society. He organised, stocked and catalogued the Library, a real labour of Hercules, but one which he set about in his usual calm and deliberate manner. He also helped launch the Old Boys' Society, acting as Treasurer until the first very young 'Old Boys' became venerable enough to take over the Officers' duties themselves.

From 1963 to 1976 Paul was Housemaster of Swift, where he inculcated and fostered an old-fashioned, but nonetheless essential, sense of team spirit amongst his charges. In this role he had the ability to put new boys at their ease in their initial interview, which inevitably took place in the woodsmoke of the library – where he spent so much of his working day – so that each youngster carried away with him the image of a caring and approachable man in an otherwise turbulent and unfamiliar world.

Due to increasing ill-health Paul retired from Cokethorpe in 1982, but he still took a great interest in the School through his perforce too infrequent visits and the many friends who called in at his home. As a former colleague remarked recently – 'Paul was one of the people whom one really looked forward to going to see, because one was always guaranteed a friendly welcome



and a good chat.'

In his Valette appreciation of Paul printed in the 1982 issue of this magazine, Ron Lyle concluded by saying: 'A man who has been no stranger to pain and discomfort all his life and yet has never been known to complain, Paul is an inspiration to us all and brought a kindness and understanding which we shall long remember.' This really epitomises the essential qualities of Paul Ellis, for he was an immensely brave and good-natured man in whom determination and gentleness, toughness and modesty, wit and wisdom, were all blended.

P. J. G.

A Memorial Service for Paul Ellis will be held in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin at Cokethorpe on Sunday, October 18th, at 2.30 p.m.

An Exciting Challenge – **VANBRUGH HOUSE**

Mr P. J. R. Randall, who is the first Housemaster of Vanbrugh, writes about the new House

With the numbers of pupils at Cokethorpe increasing, the decision was taken last year to create a totally new House so that the existing three – Swift, Harcourt and Queen Anne – should not exceed their optimum size. The name eventually selected from a large list of suggestions (drawn up by Mr Green) was that of Vanbrugh. Others which received close consideration were Addison and Pope; and clearly Sir Thomas More's association with Cokethorpe also made his name a possibility. But I felt Vanbrugh had a certain 'ring' to it – on the one hand, a necessary air of dignity appropriate to a School House, as well as something in keeping with our 18th century connections; and, on the other hand, a name which could be enunciated easily enough from the touchlines!

Sir John Vanbrugh, born in London in 1726, certainly had an eventful life, being at various times a soldier, a celebrated dramatist (of the satirical variety), the Chief Herald, and, perhaps most notably, a leading architect responsible for many important buildings and houses including Castle Howard in Yorkshire and Blenheim Palace near Woodstock in Oxfordshire. Aided by Hawksmoor he developed the Baroque style of architecture.

Vanbrugh House will be the first to have a residential Housemaster and its common rooms, study areas and kitchens will be housed in part of the splendid new complex located at the back of the school, in front of the tennis courts. Mr Snow will be the House Tutor. Daniel Jones will be the first Head of House, with Simon Pedoe as his deputy. The House tie has black and red diagonal stripes. There will be approximately 44 boys in the House, consisting of some twenty boys who have transferred from the existing Houses and twenty or so new boys from among those joining the school in September. The large common rooms will be exclusively for the Third and Fourth Formers, with the more senior boys being accommodated in separate study areas or in single study-bedrooms in the new block or the main building. There is certainly plenty of space available.

I am looking forward greatly to this tremendously exciting challenge, and I hope that the first Vanbrugh House Report which I shall compile for the magazine in 1988 will reflect a highly satisfying and happy year of achievement for all its founder members.



APPOINTMENTS

Miss E. Morris joined us last October as Sanatorium Sister. She trained at St George's Hospital, London, and was previously a House Matron at Oakham School.

Mrs C. Borer, B.Sc., joined the Science Department as Laboratory Technician in January 1987.

Mr J. N. Hereford, M.A., joined the staff this September to teach Mathematics and Physics. Recently retired as a Squadron Leader in the RAF, Mr Hereford was an RAF Education Officer who specialised in teaching Pure and Applied Science and Mathematics. He is married, with children.

Miss H. Carter, Cert.Ed. (Reading), joined the staff in September to teach part-time in our Remedial Department.

Mr N. Inge, who has just left the Duke of York's Royal Military School, Dover, joins us as 'Student Prince' for one term to teach some Humanities subjects in the Lower School.

VALETE

The following boys have left the School and we wish them every success and happiness in the future:

FROM SWIFT:

I. Badawi; R. J. Ellison; R. Haywood; R. B. Henderson; M. J. Holmes; I. H. Howells; A. V. Illman; R. Jaber; N. R. Lawal; T. S. Li; J. Mwenewanda; D. R. G. Ogunlami; D. G. Smith; T. N. Wright.

FROM HARCOURT:

R. J. Baxter; F. Y. M. Chan; F. A. Cole; M. S. E. Doherty; S. J. Edwards; B. Ho; S. J. Keith-Berkley; G. O. Liske; G. Lyons; P. M. Mateunas; R. Okeke; J. L. Pastor; K. C. W. Pitt; J. S. Shorrock; A. Gbaja-Biamila.

FROM QUEEN ANNE:

A. Al-Busaidy; J. Bryan; R. Deeley; L. Fitzpatrick; N. D. L. L. James; C. B. Lewis; R. Ness; I. M. A. Ogborn; T. S. Peterson; J. M. Reeve; J. A. Ross; J. D. Russ; D. Tang; A. P. Venman; M. C. Vernon; J. M. Wetherill.

SALVETE

We welcome the following pupils into the School:

INTO SWIFT:

A. Chui (*Sherborne School Study Centre, Dorset*); M. C. Eatwell (*Ferndale, Faringdon*); A. R. Langley* (*Josca's*); D. N. Matthews (*Ferndale, Faringdon*); M. C. Read (*Sompting Abbott's, Near Worthing*); P. S. Sharp (*Akeley Wood*); J. T. Smit (*Slindon College*); J. C. Young (*Westbrook Hay*).

INTO HARCOURT:

P. S. Brown (*Wellingborough Junior*); Miss J. L. Carter (*King's School, Witney*); B. Chan (*Sherborne School Study Centre*); R. Larkin (*Elangeni Middle School, Chesham Bois*); R. I. M. Ogilvy (*Josca's*); I. A. Selormey (*Achimota Secondary School, Accra*); I. E. Selormey (*Achimota Secondary School, Accra*).

INTO QUEEN ANNE:

S. W. Cully (*Mary Mount School, France*); A. Criado (*Oratory*); D. G. Hart (*Tutorial College, Windsor*); O. P. Hope (*Oratory*); J. Kamali (*Sherborne School Study Centre*); O. J. G. May (*Davenies, Beaconsfield*); S. A. Oldham (*St Hugh's*); R. J. Scrivener (*Lord Williams, Thame*); L. R. Whelehan (*Ashton House, London*).

INTO VANBRUGH:

D. Abeywardene (*Haileybury Junior*); J. N. Arnold Roberts (*Orley Farm*); C. Benito (*Colegio Unamuno, Spain*); C. P. Byrne (*North Ealing Middle School*); B. Cooper (*Wye Valley School*); K. M. de C. Copinger (*John Collett School, Wendover*); D. C. Edwards (*Winton Hall, Dunchurch*); J. Edwards (*Winton Hall, Dunchurch*); T. P. Gibbons (*Moulsford*); M. J. Graham (*Cheltenham College Junior*); R. W. Hall (*Abingdon*); M. Al-Heshami (*Roche's, London*); J. E. Hubbard (*Moulsford*); M. O. Hunter (*Hallgrove*); T. R. Jenkinson (*Pinewood*); T. P. Noest (*Rosehill, Alderley*); S. F. O'Farrell (*Faringdon School*); W. D. Pegram (*Josca's*); P. Roshan (*Wellesley House*); T. U. Shannon (*Bishop Kirk School*); P. N. Taylor (*Josca's*); B. D. Tonks (*Josca's*); J. R. Vernon (*Josca's*); T. M. Wilder† (*Moulsford*).

† Scholarship * Bursary

THE SOVEREIGN'S PARADE

12th December 1986

On a crisp, sunny morning in December, accompanied by my wife and Mr and Mrs Stark, I was privileged to attend the Passing Out Parade at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. The reason for our attendance was that an old boy of Cokethorpe, Richard Banham (Swift 1978-1983 and a School Prefect during his last year) received his Commission in the Coldstream Guards. He must have been the tallest Cadet on parade and we were proud of him – as must have been his parents.

Representing Her Majesty The Queen was General Sir Roland Guy, Adjutant General, whose last official function this was before his retirement. I need hardly say that we were all deeply moved by the ceremony and by the stirring address given by General Guy to the young officers who were just about to start their careers. In this he stressed just those qualities which we try to teach our pupils at Cokethorpe – loyalty, consideration for others and the enthusiasm to accept a challenge.

I do hope that more of our boys will think about applying for a Regular Commission in one of the Services.

D. F. G.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL

Sadly the chapel has not been used for Sunday Mass this year owing to the small number of Catholic boarders. Instead, the boys have attended Mass at Eynsham Church where the Headmaster has occasionally played the organ. The Priest, Father Aldo Tapparo, has become closely associated with Cokethorpe and has come twice each week to instruct the Catholics in the school.

On the evening of Advent Sunday there was (as last year) a special Candlelit Service in the church attended by all boarders. I would like to thank Mr Fenton for organising this and also for transporting the boys most Sundays to Eynsham for Mass.

Four boys were confirmed in Eynsham Church on Friday 15th May by the Archbishop of Birmingham.

D. F. G.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH

Sung Communion has been celebrated most Sunday mornings by the Reverend David Lane who drives the long distance from Moreton in Marsh in (nearly!) all weathers. We are so grateful for his continued support and the warmth of his friendship for the school. On those Sundays when we do not have a Morning Service we continue to say Compline in the evening in the Corinthian Room and this short service provides a quiet and fitting end to the day.

On Remembrance Sunday the Sung Communion was followed by March Past and General Salute by the ACF detachment – the Last Post was beautifully played by Keith Pitt, and he gave a repeat performance for the benefit of the Headmaster at the appropriate time of 11.00am on 11th November.

The annual Carol Service on the last morning of the Michaelmas Term was as usual much enjoyed by a huge congregation of boys, masters and parents. The lesson readers were especially good this year and the small choir too sang with more confidence than in the past.

On Sunday June 14th Bishop Bulley confirmed fifteen boys and the mother of one of them. Two of the boys were also baptised. As usual the Service ended with their first Communion. The Bishop had celebrated his 80th birthday two days earlier but none who listened to his strong and positive address to the candidates would have guessed it! I feel sure that the boys will always remember this memorable occasion. Incidentally this was the fifth time Bishop Bulley has come here to confirm our boys in my eight years as Headmaster – he is always such a welcome visitor and I am sure there will be many more such occasions to come. Our thanks are again due to The Reverend Christopher Drummond, Rector of Ducklington, for preparing the candidates.

Finally I would like once again to thank my wife for arranging the flowers each Sunday, all those ladies who decorated the church so beautifully for the Harvest Festival at the end of September, Matron and her helpers for all their hard work in keeping the church clean and polished, and the loyal group of boys led by Edward Casey and Richard Reah who have organised our weekly services so efficiently.

D. F. G.

Confusion of name in a Religious Studies exam;

“ . . . Jesus rose up and entered into glory. After a few hours he came through the door to where his disciples were sitting in the room, but Thomson was not there.”

PRIZEGIVING

Prizegiving took place on Tuesday, 30th June, and after what must have been the rainiest June of the century we were blessed with an exceptionally fine afternoon for it. This year the prizes were given away by Baroness Warnock, DBE, Mistress of Girton College, Cambridge. The Headmaster, in welcoming her, remarked that were he to list all her achievements, we should have been in the Corinthian Room until midnight – but he reminded us that she was for fifteen years a Fellow and Tutor in Philosophy at St Hugh's College, Oxford; and from 1966-72 Headmistress of the Oxford High School for Girls. In 1984 she came very much into the public eye with the publication of the Warnock Report, which was the result of the Home Office Committee of Enquiry into Human Fertilisation; and again in 1985, when she gave the Richard Dimbleby Lecture, 'Teacher, Teach Thyself'.

Happily, Lady Warnock is no stranger to Cokethorpe, nor we to her, for she first came here four years ago while she was chairing her Committee of Enquiry to conduct a General Studies session on ethical issues raised by developments in genetic engineering and *in-vitro* fertilisation. I use the word 'conduct' advisedly, for as those who were present will vividly remember, impressed as we were by Lady Warnock's complete mastery of the relevant medical facts, we were still more impressed by the way in which she beguiled her listeners – the boys – into giving of their best. For it was not so much questions that she wanted after her talk, as to hear the actual views of all those who were present – and in this she succeeded totally.

Having presented the prizes, Lady Warnock addressed the assembled boys and parents. Some time before the event she confessed that she always feels inhibited if she has committed herself to paper in advance, so she did not speak from a prepared text. Although, therefore, it was not possible to record everything that she said, we did manage to capture verbatim, by one means or another, the greater part of her address – which was as follows:

"I must say thank you to the Headmaster for asking me back – and I *am* delighted to be back. As he has said, the previous occasion was when I came to talk about embryology and new advances in the treatment of infertility. This was actually the first school I talked to about the problems the Committee of Enquiry faced. That was four years ago and we were just bringing to an end our deliberations. When I arrived, as I got out of my car I thought how amazing it was to be talking about embryology to a boys' school; even ten years ago people would have giggled with embarrassment at such a subject. I was a bit nervous about it myself, but when I talked to you I was absolutely amazed; and I can tell you that it was you, the School, that put me at ease – certainly not the other way

round. For one thing, people were so open-minded, so articulate, so interested in the complicated problems of the rights and wrongs of this kind of research using human embryos – that I was enormously encouraged, and I am able to say now that it is one of the best discussions on the subject I have ever had. I wanted to know what you thought, and when the time came for that I expected a ghastly pause, but, as you heard from the Headmaster, there wasn't a pause at all; in fact, we had brilliant questions and comments – and so I formed an enormously favourable impression of the way people here think and talk and apparently face issues.

First of all I must congratulate the prize-winners collectively – and also, of course, the parents and teachers, and everybody connected with the school for the atmosphere which meets the visitor. If you will forgive me, I don't want to talk to you at great length: I just want to say one quite short thing to those members of the school who are here.

Before the Election there was a lot of talk about what were referred to as 'Thatcher's children' – and that meant those people who were eligible to vote for the first time, or who would cast their vote for the first time in a few years. That meant you – or some of you, at any rate. There were even articles in *The Times* and *Independent* about how these 'Thatcher's children', so called, were 'apathetic': they didn't care, they weren't overtly political, they didn't passionately adhere to one political party or another. Thinking about this, and about the people I meet in Cambridge or when I go to schools, I felt that it was absolutely false. I don't think you are apathetic. But I think there is something else you have, and it's something that politicians don't much like, and so you are called apathetic, because it's a bit irritating to them. What this quality is is an ability to criticise. I think that of all the generations you are not about to have the wool pulled over your eyes, and this is very alarming to the politicians. They like people to believe what they are saying; to believe that their policies are right and that the world is getting better as a result. Now I think what is good about many of your generation is that you *don't* automatically believe what they are saying: you give them your attention, perhaps – but you *know* all about advertising. This is one of the great things about watching television – you know the difference between an advertisement and a programme (more or less!) – and you can therefore see through the party political broadcasts.

This ability to distinguish between one thing and another is something you should cultivate. If you are fortunate enough to be at school like this, you have a chance to be individual while you are here – and being an individual essentially means being able to choose between one thing and another. I think

this is the great advantage of a small school like Cokethorpe – right from the beginning you are making choices – and this is why I feel that it is very important that small schools, where pupils can develop their individuality now and not have to wait until later on, should be able to remain in this country.

All this came to me when presenting the Biology prizes. I noticed that one of you had a book about humans, and another one about animals. Now if you think of the differences between humans and animals, one of the conspicuous things that we have is choice. Some animals have a certain amount of choice: a cat can choose between one brand of cat food and another – all it literally does is follow its nose. But it does not know why it is choosing one rather than the other, or why it is preferable. Not only can humans choose much further ahead, but they can also judge how it is going to affect themselves and other members of the species. Part of being an individual is not only following your nose, but how your choice is going to affect you in ten years' time, and other people around you too. When I heard the Sixth Form talking last time I was here, what became apparent – and I have no reason to think that things have changed since then – was that you knew what you were doing, you saw what the choices were, and not necessarily just for you, but also for the world at large.

Once again, I would like to congratulate not only the prizewinners and other members of the school and their parents, but also the Headmaster and all who teach here, who help to make this kind of choice so natural a thing for you."

PRIZES

<i>Headmaster's</i>	J. M. Reeve
<i>Open Art</i>	J. Shorrocks and P. M. Mateunas
<i>Junior Art</i>	S. Jewell
<i>Woodwork</i>	P. M. Mateunas
<i>Junior Woodwork</i>	R. J. Reah
<i>Pottery</i>	J. Blackwell
<i>Junior Pottery</i>	T. R. Gardiner
<i>Senior Cullen Debating</i>	M. R. Pye and J. S. Shorrocks
<i>Junior Cullen Debating</i>	R. L. Pye and R. Martyr
<i>Senior Declamations</i>	M. J. Holmes
<i>Middle Declamations</i>	J. B. Price
<i>Junior Declamations</i>	N. J. Bingham

Rosewell N. J. Bingham
Martin Browne Memorial S. J. Keith-Berkley

6th Form Prizes:

English D. R. E. Ogunlami
Mathematics I. Badawi
Physics J. M. Reeve
Chemistry I. Badawi and D. T. S. Li
Biology J. D. Russ

5th Form Prizes:

English Language M. R. Pye and A. R. G. Morrison
English Literature E. C. Casey
History A. R. G. Morrison
Geography R. K. Okeke
French M. R. Pye
Mathematics J. S. Shorrocks
Physics M. R. Pye
Chemistry J. S. Shorrocks
Biology M. R. Pye
Political Studies A. M. Wariebi
Classical Studies J. W. O'Dwyer
General Science R. M. Price
Computer Studies M. S. E. Doherty
Technical Drawing D. G. Smith
Motor Vehicle Studies R. M. Price

4th Form Prizes:

First H. Mellowship
Second D. A. Roscoe

3rd Form Prizes:

First R. L. Pye
Second J. P. Lenehan

2nd Form Prize

N. J. Bingham

1st Form Prize

J. Benfield

MORNING ASSEMBLIES

How does one catch the attention of 170 boys? Some dragged out of bed unwillingly, who have then eaten a hearty breakfast and done their territory duties; others up early for transport into school from the surrounding area. At 8.35 a.m. a bell summons them all to the entrance hall, and at 8.40 prefects call for silence in preparation for morning prayers.

I can remember a few occasions when attention has not only been caught but kept. Not long ago the Headmaster finished reading from a book of short stories by Bernard Miles putting the main events of the New Testament into colloquial East Anglian. The Headmaster read the stories in his native broad Suffolk accent and on one morning he continued into the notices in character. The boys were so enthralled that as he walked out they spontaneously clapped!

Attention is captured sometimes by a shattering world or local event which is mentioned and prayed for. Occasionally one of our boys is in hospital and if it is for something serious the assembly prays for him, the boys identifying with him in his plight. Such times are precious and bring a real sense of family to the school.

Something different usually works well. The Headmaster still refers to an assembly held in the gym some time ago now when the Second Master, having gone home on Saturday with a beard, appeared to take prayers on Monday morning beardless! This inevitably caused a stir and the Second Master was able to point out the futility of looking only on outward appearances.

Generally speaking the events of the Christian Year are followed in morning prayers, leaving boys in no doubt of our Christian heritage. Some days, deemed more significant than others by the Headmaster, are celebrated in the Corinthian Room so that we can sing an appropriate hymn as part of the assembly. One such day is 'All Saints Day' accompanied by that hymn which has 'a loud low note before singing commences'. A few Days are celebrated in the church, Ascension Day being one of them. There is little chance of monotony with so much variety.

In between the main events of the Christian Year there is variety too. The Headmaster sometimes reads through a book. Apart from the Bernard Miles stories already mentioned, he has read *Call of the Wild* by Jack London. This told the story of a wolf dog – not a religious story at all – but very moving and poignant in places nevertheless.

There were many lessons which boys could learn from that book. On Saturdays throughout the past year Mr Adderley has kept us informed about saints and other worthy people who have special days during that particular week. Many of these are very inspiring people whose examples are worth emulating.

Once a week, Thursdays usually, morning assembly becomes hymn practice in the Corinthian Room. With Mr Gordon at the piano, the Headmaster conducts the assembled boys, standing in their Houses, and demonstrates the finer points of rhythm, syncopation, sustained notes and notes that go 'bom' before you come in. With a long hymn, each house is invited to sing a verse and a 'winning' house is chosen. I have a fancy that the choice follows some sort of pattern, I suspect by means of a mathematical formula! Usually the boys sing with gusto, and if for some reason they don't, they are soon enjoined to do so.

One problem at morning prayers is sometimes the sudden swing from the sublime to the ridiculous with the notices which inevitably follow the prayers. Of course, not all notices are of the haranguing nature. Some are congratulatory and accompanied by the presentation of badges, medals or certificates. It is the time when the whole school can be made aware of concerns and things which need to be put right.

I believe it is a good start to the day, bringing quiet, contemplation, a sense of unity, a 'thought for the day' and direction. I like the variety and the unpredictability, the spontaneity and the planned.

M. C.

HARCOURT HOUSE REPORT

Harcourt has once again flourished on the sports field this year, and, to judge by the number of prizes members of the House were awarded at the end of the Summer Term, also in the classroom. We won many of the major sporting trophies, mainly due to the number of players the House had in school teams. This situation is likely to continue over into next year when we move into our new accommodation in the new common room block. After several years of split-site accommodation, we are about to become a single unit. Harcourt will then have much improved facilities to work in and this should further improve the spirit prevailing in the House at the moment.

In the rugby sevens, the first inter-house competition of the year, we showed our supremacy in the seniors by not having a single point scored against us, but our juniors lacked weight and experience. They still played well, losing their matches narrowly. After our defeat in the sevens we were determined to get revenge in the inter-house rugby, played this year with only 13 in the teams. We defeated Queen Anne 7-0 and Swift with a more convincing 36-3. Much credit must go to the seven 1st XV players in the team, with spirited performances by the less experienced Baxter, Chan and Perry. House Colours



*Pencil study from Kollwitz
by A. T. Berwitz (Harcourt)*

were awarded to all players. Off the sports field we had a strong entry in the creative hobbies competition, with impressive exhibits from Mateunas (a garden seat and many paintings) and Horn I (goose sheds) to name but a few. All the exhibits were enhanced by the skilful way in which they were displayed by the very willing and able team, toiling long and hard in setting up our entry, led by Keith-Berkley. They even slept by our exhibition to ensure that no harm came to it! In our House play, which might well be called 'Harcourt's Half-hour', we had enjoyable performances from Edwards as Hancock and Price II as Sidney. Both were awarded their House Colours, as was Baxter for the role he played as the long-suffering librarian and Casey for his diligent backstage work.

We lost the Cross Country Cup at the beginning of the Spring Term, in spite of having no less than 10 runners in the top 20. Here I must make special mention of Edwards and Pitt, who came 2nd and 3rd respectively – they never seemed to stop training in the weeks prior to the competition, snow notwithstanding. Many juniors did well with Baylis, Ford, Hodgetts, Price II and Robertson all coming in the top 20, proving that age and size are not necessarily important. House Colours went to all those mentioned and many others who rose 20 places or more. On the football field we again reigned victorious, beating Swift 6-0. The welcome return of Cole made our team even stronger in our match versus Queen Anne – a 3-0 win for Harcourt – with one memorable 35 metre shot by O'Dwyer. Chan, Cole, Endeley and Okeke were very strong on the attack and Shorrocks I, the captain, led the team from the front, setting up the vast majority of our goals. The entire team received their House Colours. We were equally successful in the 6-a-side competition, winning that cup also.

Our debating team was the same as last year except for Price II, making his debut as a main speaker. They all spoke from the heart, setting the usual high standard, but by far the best speech was that of Shorrocks I, who had risen from a bed of sickness to make it. It was pleasing later on in the year to witness Price II winning the Middle School Declamations Prize. To our great surprise, and that of most others present, the House won the music competition for the first time in a number of years with only a small number of finalists, proving the point that it is quality and not quantity that really counts. House Colours went to all the finalists, but special mention must be made of Ogilvy and Pitt for their sparkling performances.

The Summer Term started off well for us with a win in the .22 rifle

competition. There were outstanding scores from Baxter, Berwitz and Ng. Reah also shot well under pressure. Our cricket XI was quite strong, but many of the players had not played all of the season because of their 'O' Level commitments. However, our experienced players shone against Queen Anne, who were the favourites in this competition. Smith I and Ng had an opening stand of over 100. We bowled Swift out for 113. The early wickets of Smith I and Shorrocks caused much dismay in the side, but Ng held the batting together until he too was bowled for 61. Then followed the second collapse. There was a Dunkirk spirit at the end by Third Formers Day and Hodgetts, but we lost the match and ended up second in this competition. House Colours went to Ng and Smith I for their batting and Shorrocks II for his bowling. On the Open Day our sixes team lost both of their matches and the shield. In the rowing we were defeated by superior forces. Jackson did well, sculling in both the junior and open events, and our IVs both produced sturdy performances. It was in the athletics at the end of the term that we did exceptionally well with El-Hawrani breaking school records in both the high jump and the long jump. This year we won the inter-house sports by the very convincing margin of 24 points as a result of a full House effort. We also came top in the standards competition with House Colours for athletics being awarded to Casey, El-Hawrani, Endeley, Gbaja, Perry and Shorrocks II.

I should like to thank everyone who has helped to make the past year such a successful one for the House. The atmosphere throughout the year was relaxed but effective. The wide range of boys receiving their House Colours shows how much everyone has played their part within the House, making our teams successful in work and play. However, we must not let this feeling of satisfaction, which seems to prevail at the moment, make us complacent. Perhaps the pleasure and challenge of settling into the new building will help to ensure that this does not happen. So, my thanks go to everyone in the House from the First Formers to the Sixth Formers, and especially to my Deputy Head of House, Selormey, and the House Prefects for their help in keeping things running smoothly. Our thanks also go to Mr White and our House tutors, Mr Daniels and Mr James. It remains only for me to wish our leavers the very best of luck and let us hope that next year will be even more successful than the past one.

S. J. Smith

Prize for the pithiest Three-weekly Assessment comment:
"His only effort is to be offensive, and that is his only success."

SWIFT HOUSE REPORT

This year Swift has not been the major power in sporting competitions, but I am proud to say that the heart and spirit of the House never faltered even though Queen Anne and Harcourt had the majority of the rugby 1st XV, the soccer 1st XI and the cricket 1st XI. Perhaps at this point I should paraphrase my long-suffering Housemaster: "I say, this is not cricket, what!"

Michaelmas Term started with the inter-House rugby. Swift's first match was against a strong and aggressive Harcourt, who eventually defeated us by 30-3, but the result was not a true reflection of the game itself and Swift fought every inch of the way and had nothing to be ashamed of. Fine rugby touches came from Niyi Lawal, Vincent Kehoe, Matthew Howe and Yahia Badawi, while a newcomer to the game, John Yisa-Doko showed great potential for the future. Against Queen Anne we were expected to lose again, for their match against Harcourt had been very close, but in the end magnificent play by Vincent Kehoe, who scored the winning try, Najib Chowdhury, Mark Bowerman and Niyi Lawal again enabled Swift to scramble to a 6-4 win. The inter-House seven-a-side rugby followed soon afterwards. This time, although the Seniors did not do very well, the Juniors led by Martyr gave both the other Houses a run for their money although overall we finished third. In creative hobbies, where muscular strength, speed of eye and sporting skill are no use at all against co-ordination of mind, eye and fingertips, Swift came through to win by a narrow margin, thanks to the contributions of so many members of the House. Many thanks to Edward Smith, Charles Turner, David Smith and Neil Pineo who organised this victory of brains over brawn. At the end of term came the House plays and following tradition over 50% of the House appeared in 'The Godiva Affair', an episode from 'Dad's Army'. This was so well performed that our gentle clowning had the audience laughing throughout the performance, and it will be a long time before Najib Chowdhury's portrayal of Mrs Fox or Dolapo Ogunlami's bathing beauty will be forgotten. I must thank Fady Dona who directed the play, Mr Green for his inspiration and those parents who helped produce this 'Broadway Success'.

Finally came the Recommendations Cup and after our nineteen wins in twenty-one terms the youngsters of Queen Anne came through to win by a 'nose', in spite of the 'world record' individual score of Richard Pye and the valiant support of Philip Lenehan.

In the Lent Term we got off to a flying start when the House as a whole came through to win the inter-House cross country with Michael Pye leading by example. However, soccer was a different story and our young, gutsy but inexperienced team was beaten by Queen Anne and Harcourt. However, we played with pride and lost like sportsmen. We nearly won the six-a-side

competition but a poor first match by the Juniors proved to be our undoing, and we finished second. Although our brawn was letting us down our debaters, Fady Dona, Edward Smith, Michael Pye and Angus Morrison showed that their brains were sharp enough and our two victories this time made sure of the Debating Cup. The inter-House music, which last year we had captured narrowly, evaded us on this occasion for the 'heavenly choirs' of Swift did not ring out so tunefully and we finished a close second.

Finally, to the Summer Term when the House, particularly the SCR, lay under a dark cloud portending the infamous four riders bringing at their heels the evils of CSE, 'O' Level, CEE and 'A' Level. Outwardly undeterred by these 'plagues', the Seniors set aside some enthusiasm for the inter-House cricket, where we were the rank outsiders, and the rowing where we were the second favourites. Cricket, the first to take place, was unusual this year in that Queen Anne, the favourites, were massacred by Harcourt in the first match. Fate, with its double-faced head, then twisted the web of destiny, for Swift scored 113 with no fewer than six players getting into double figures, and Harcourt were put out for 103, thanks to excellent bowling from Mark Bowerman and Matthew Howe, backed up by fine fielding from the rest of the team. However, there was to be no repeat performance against Queen Anne, eight of whose team played for the 1st XI this year, and we were soundly beaten. On Open Day, Swift surprised all by beating Harcourt again, this time in the six-a-sides, and coming within a hair's breadth of taking the Cup from Queen Anne after magnificent bowling from Michael Pye and Mark Bowerman. In the afternoon the glory of the Swift victory on the river properly belongs to Charles Turner who defeated the Captain of School Rowing by over two lengths in the Senior Sculls. Our Junior Crew, Gardiner, Jewell, Stockdale and Kentish were much too good for their opponents, while our Senior Four, Turner, Kehoe, D. Smith and Price finished a creditable second. Alderton coxed both crews aggressively and well. Swift's lack of athletes was shown up again on Sports Day when we faltered badly, but those who took part showed their enthusiasm and tried their best which is a great credit to them. We finished second in the Recommendations, second in the Rifle Shooting Competition and second again in the clay pigeon shooting (infuriatingly by one clay with our best shot absent), but an injury to Matthew Howe consigned us to third place in the Tennis.

Finally I would like to offer my heartfelt thanks to all the House Prefects for their help in the past year, particularly when the going got a little rough – which fortunately it hardly ever did due to the fantastic House spirit, and to Vincent Kehoe in particular for being acting Head of House when I was away. On behalf of the whole House I thank Mr Green, Mr Randall and Mr Fenton and wish Mr Randall, who is to become Housemaster of Vanbrugh, all the best

in his new role in the school.

I would like to end by wishing all in Swift, the new boys, existing pupils, House Prefects and Housemaster success and happiness in the future and to say that I am proud to have been in Swift and to have had such great and valuable experience before leaving.

I. Badawi

QUEEN ANNE HOUSE REPORT

This has been a year of mixed fortunes for Queen Anne. We played well in the seven-a-side rugby competition, with the juniors winning both their games and Orebiyi scoring a number of fine tries. The seniors managed to beat the strong Swift team, but lost to the fleet-footed Harcourt team. We played with great spirit in the full inter-House rugby under the captaincy of J. M. Reeve but lost narrowly to a strong Harcourt team, 7-0, in a very hard-fought game. Against Swift we did not show the form of our previous match, losing 6-4. Vernon scored the first Queen Anne try for three years. Wariebi, who was selected to represent Oxfordshire, must be praised for playing very well in both matches.

One of the great surprises of the Michaelmas Term was that Queen Anne won the recommendations cup from Swift. However, towards the end of term we lost the creative hobbies. Another highlight of the term was the House plays, in which Queen Anne produced what many believed was the best and most enjoyable play of the evening, *No Room for Love*. Although it went all right on the night despite the famous 'missing harp' episode, it was great fun. J. Russ and J. Jeffs were awarded colours for their parts. Credit must go to M. Lydon for his performance whilst suffering a broken neck!

After the Christmas holidays, the House returned for the busiest part of the competitive year, with the cross country looming almost at once and the various football competitions thereafter. A lot of snow meant that the training, so vital for success in cross country, was lacking; the actual day was rather cold, but we had a good turn out. Julian Russ won the race for the second year in a close-to-record time; other good performances came from Ray Ness, Nicholas Bingham and Henry Kitching. Overall we came a disappointing second, let down by a few runners packed in the last ten. For the second year running there was no road relay, which was a shame as we had a good chance of victory. Julian Russ won the North Oxfordshire championships and in due course was selected again to run for Oxfordshire for the third time.

Again, Queen Anne had very good teams in both junior and senior six-a-side soccer and we had high hopes; but once more we went down to Harcourt. In the soccer we played very well against Swift with Mark Vernon scoring a hat

trick. Christopher Lewis and Adule Wariebi both came close to scoring. Against Harcourt we lost, Mark Vernon again scoring. In the house debating we had a strong team, but this time it was not all right on the night! Very high marks were awarded to the Swift competitors, which despite excellent speeches and floor argument from Lewis and Wariebi, made it an uphill task from the beginning. Daniel Jones and Julian Russ required very high marks for a victory over Swift. Although they won the actual debate, they were unsuccessful in scoring the required marks for a House victory.

In the music competition Andrew Ross, James Horada and Andrew Venman did very well, producing a very high standard.

In the Summer Term we won the clay pigeon shooting with good performances from Michael Stead, Henry Kitching, Robert and Paul Deeley. Unfortunately it was a different story in the rifle shooting competition where we came third. The next sporting event was Open Day which saw Queen Anne win the House six-a-side cricket, with good performances from the whole team. Simon Johnson batted well and John Reeve took three good catches in the deep. In the House XI's, Queen Anne had an against-all-odds victory over Harcourt on a runs-to-wickets-lost calculation. Johnson played a stylish innings of 82 which really put Queen Anne in a position where victory was possible. Russ declared the innings at 187 for 6.

We bowled out Swift for only 43 thanks to fine bowling from John Reeve, Adule Wariebi, Nicholas James, Henry Kitching and Julian Russ. In the regatta, under the captaincy of Christopher Lewis, Queen Anne came an unfortunate second by a mere one point, despite good performances from James Pether and the whole of the senior IV.

On Sports Day, Queen Anne members did very well and a number of long standing records were broken. Wariebi broke the 20 year old shot record, Julian Russ broke the 19 year 800 metres record and Michael Orebiyi the 2 year old junior 100m record. In spite of these fine performances Queen Anne again came second. In the athletics standards we came second by a mere 10 points.

At the Prizegiving John Reeve won the Headmaster's Prize and the Physics Prize. Nicholas Bingham won the Rosewell Prize for the best overall competitor in Declamations. Julian Russ and Adule Wariebi both won subject prizes. Julian Benfield won the First Form prize and David Roscoe the Fourth Form Prize. I would like to thank Ian Ogborn for all the help he has given me over the past year and thank Mr Stark, Mr Lawry and Mr Edwards for all their help and advice during the three terms. Finally, I would like to wish Adule Wariebi the very best of luck as Head of House next year.

J. D. Russ

'Getting Things Done'

12 MONTHS IN THE BURSARY

If I were asked to list my greatest frustrations, I am well aware that not having enough time would be very near the top of my list. The constant flow of Cokethorpe provides an equally constant flow of interruptions which keeps the Bursar from spending his time the way he had planned to! Something always comes up and too often I find myself further behind at the end of the day than when I began. The solution to this problem is a lot simpler than I am often willing to admit; it is a question of controlling my day rather than have it control me; forcing activities into the time available rather than trying to expand my time to accommodate the activities.

So what activities have been taking the Bursar's time over the past twelve months? I suppose that, time-wise, the biggest problem demanding attention, the roof repairs, has finally been wiped from the slate. At a final cost in excess of £370,000, the last Stonesfield slate is in place! The staggering final figure has been met with an increase in grant from the Historic Building Commission's English Heritage, which at the time of writing is in the region of 40% of the total. As previously reported, this will mean that in 1988 the School and grounds will be open to the public during certain days of the holiday periods. To that end, and independent of English Heritage, Cokethorpe in 1986 became a member of The Historic Houses Association, a prestigious national organisation, given to developing and protecting gardens and houses of all sizes.

The Bursary has been involved with most of the day-to-day work of the School Development Appeal. At the beginning of the year, Mrs Adams, the Appeal Secretary, was sharing an office with my own secretary. With Cokethorpe business activities fast developing into a 52 week operation, it was essential that further staffing resources be made available for the business administration. I was therefore delighted when, halfway through the year, with the peak of Appeal work having been reached, Lynn Adams took on the role of Bursar's Secretary, whilst my existing Secretary, Val Thomas, became Assistant Bursar.

One of the additional jobs the Bursar's Secretary has taken on since this small re-organisation, is that all correspondence for Old Boys of the Cokethorpe Society can be sent to the School; it can then be re-routed to the appropriate Officer of the Society and actioned. This has already paid dividends in that some links with Old Boys that had been broken have in the past six months been re-established.

Since the New Year the new building, for which the Appeal was raising part

of the monies, has appeared as if it were spirited in on some Arabian Magic Carpet – such has been the speed at which the builders have worked. Three floors, classrooms, laboratories, common rooms and individual Sixth Form studies will transform the School upon completion in August. Of the various stages of the project with which I have been involved – planning, architects, funding and building timetable – the hardest will be one not listed, in that in the actual final furnishing one has not only to balance the costs, but also to satisfy many people with many different views. 'Getting things done' is not always easy!

Of the Appeal itself there has been, besides the tremendous support of parents, old boys and friends, support from charitable trusts, banks and financial institutions alike; there have also been various events which have acted as motivation to the overall Appeal, besides raising several thousand pounds in total. It is worth noting, therefore, that of the total half a million pounds needed for current development, the £100,000 to date has come from a tremendous effort by everybody.

One of the satisfying developments of the past three years is the increased use of the School facilities by outside organisations during holiday times. Financial surpluses from these 'lets' allow further development of resources at Cokethorpe. Our main lets have been at Christmas to the Inter-Denominational Church Group and The West of England Crusaders; at Easter, the Berkshire Association of Baptist Youth Clubs and (from the United States) the John Smith Soccer School. I am pleased to say all these groups have not only booked for 1988, but increased the size of their parties. During the summer holidays, instead of letting the School to an outside group, the Activity Holidays for 8-14 year olds were administered by the School. In addition, during the year there have been several single lets, including weddings, dinners and a week's use of our facilities by a touring cricket team from Ampleforth College, North Yorkshire.

What other visible signs are there that the School has been 'Getting things done'? The meadow opposite the cricket field is to be grassed for cricket nets; two Portakabin classrooms have appeared and are about to disappear from beside the Roman Catholic Chapel; the dining room, a temporary building erected in 1959, has a new look about it; and even the Masters' Common Room has had a long overdue coat of paint and refurbishment.

There have been times in these first three years at Cokethorpe when I have been well aware that, because of the time factor, I have been guilty of not 'getting things done', but as the School enters the new academic year, I just pause, think and steal a few words from Kipling – "No one thinks of Winter when the grass is Green!"

N. J. M.

PROGRESS ON THE APPEAL

We started the new School Year full of enthusiasm to continue our quest to reach (and hopefully exceed) our target of £100,000; and with the Headmaster turning the first sod for the new building early in the term, we were at last witnessing just how the money would be spent. An early Appeal Meeting for all new pupils, parents and the annual 'Old Boys' Rugby Match in October quickly boosted our funds.

Throughout the Appeal several boys have taken part in various fund raising events: sponsored half-marathon, swimming, parachute jump, bird watch, aviary raffle, Derby Sweepstake, Sports Quiz and of course, last but by no means least, the Nomads Tour. The Headmaster has awarded special prizes to those boys who in his opinion have most helped the Appeal – an extremely difficult decision to make. However, First Prize for the Sponsored Swim went to Simon Dore, Russell Baxter and Ian Ogborn; Second Prize for half-marathon to Julian Russ and Matthew Lake (Matthew donated his prize to the Appeal); and Third Prize for a Sponsored Bird Watch to David Roscoe.

One sunny Saturday morning in October saw the curious sight of staff and parents alike led by Mrs Goldsmith sorting through pile upon pile of jumble, most of which had been donated by parents. 2 p.m. saw a queue of mostly local people, eagerly awaiting the chance to snap up their bargains. The event was a huge success, as was the Christmas Bazaar held at the end of November in which we raised over £1,000. These two events would not have been possible without the support and generosity of our parents and the organiser of both events, Mrs Goldsmith.

Two fund-raising events were held during the Lent Term. The first, held at half term, was a shared idea as the Bursar had asked Wine Merchants, Peter Dominic, to sponsor a wine-tasting evening, and I had suggested holding a Jazz Night at the School. The Pete Styles Jazz Band and the numerous varieties of wine available, therefore made a great combination – however, we had not bargained on that night being the coldest of the year as people huddled by the open fires. The last fund-raising event before the June Celebrity Cricket Match was held on the last day of the Lent Term. One of my friends, Maria Coombs, who has recently launched her own model agency, agreed to put on a Fashion Show at the School at no cost to us. Our overheads included staging, flowers, lighting and music, so in order to make any money we had to sell at least 75 tickets. We had catwalks in two rooms, the Corinthian Room and Front Hall and the models alternated between both rooms. Clothes from Anna Belinda (Oxford), Susan Bax (Abingdon), Sportsplayer (Oxford), and Nurse the Furriers (Oxford), were displayed by the 18 models, who all gave their services



free. Everyone seemed to enjoy the evening and a splendid buffet supper followed the show.

On behalf of the Appeal Committee my thanks to everybody who has helped – to all our donors and fund raisers, especially Lin Butler for the proceeds from her sale of Christmas cards and gifts, John Stark for his Self-Defence and Trampoline Courses, Mrs Jenny Holmes and James Tomlinson for their hard work towards the Celebrity Cricket Match.

As I write now at the end of the Summer Term, we have exceeded our target of £100,000.

Lynn Adams, *Appeal Secretary*



1st XV Squad with Mr Randall and Mr James

(Gilman and Soame)

Rugby Round-up

1ST XV RUGBY REPORT

After the previous season's general disappointment the 1st XV produced many moving performances during this last campaign. One of the main reasons why there was such a contrast between this and the '85 season was that, for the first time in some while, we had a pack which could not only provide our talented backs with the possession they drooled for, but one which could also dominate and dictate the way a game was played. Time and again through the power of our scrummaging we had opposing scrums back pedalling and collapsing; consequently our back row fed hungrily on the string of pushover tries and scores near the line which the front five's pressure created.

Last year against the likes of Rendcomb and Whitefriars we had to try and compete with only scraps of virtually worthless possession provided by our badly beaten pack. This year Whitefriars were crushed 30-0 pts, thereby completely reversing last year's result and the match against Rendcomb, though lost 23-24 pts because of idiotic play in injury time, was held by many, including the Headmaster, as one of the best games of schoolboy rugby they had ever seen!

The only time throughout the whole season that the pack did not enjoy total control was against Shiplake College; a huge side, whose average age was 17½ compared to the average age of 15½ of the Cokethorpe XV. Despite going down 0-24 (mostly through kicks) Shiplake certainly knew they had been in a match; the 100% commitment and tackling was tremendously inspiring to the large crowd that urged their heroes on. Time after time play was halted as one Shiplake player after another required attention for this or that, not because of dirty play but simply because of the effort and spirit of the School XV!

The performance of several Cokethorpe players in that match earned the plaudits of the County selectors who were present at the match and eventually Adule Wariebi, a full back who can play on the wing, deservedly played twice for the Oxfordshire U19 County Rugby side at the tender age of 16 against Berkshire and Hertfordshire, the first time for a long time that the School XV has received such an honour and one which could perhaps have been seen as tangible just reward for the efforts of the whole XV.

Every aspect of the season went according to plan, just as we would have wanted it; we went throughout the season without the crucially disruptive injuries which decimated the previous Rugby term's planning and even when a boy did pick up a slight knock and needed to be rested we had more than adequate reserve strength to cover the situation in the form of Venman,

Ogborn, Ogunlami, Horton, Badawi II amongst others who served the squad loyally.

Playing conditions were generally in our favour; our fast backs never really relish heavy pitches, driving rain and whipping winds, who does? But they never needed to experience these, thankfully.

I do feel, though, that a major factor in our success during the term was the very high level of physical fitness, stamina and agility engendered through a brutal, 'character building', three weeks of training before we played our first match. This 'reservoir of fitness' lovingly developed by Mr James won us several very close matches because we had the energy and the spirit to score clinching tries in the very last seconds of normal time. The victory against Oratory was a typical example of this, with Endeley scoring two cracking tries in the very first and the very last minutes! We won the match 8-4 pts. All credit to the entire squad who took the bit between their teeth and trained very conscientiously in sweltering temperatures on many occasions.

As previously mentioned this year's squad was very young with many of the members tasting 'serious' rugby for the first time, being more familiar with soccer. As a result we had several forwards who were very light and mobile, were good ball handlers and were essential excellent utility players for the squad. Vernon and Bryan, for example, the regular 1st XV second row pairing, were adaptable enough to play in the back row and even in the backs in the case of Bryan when the occasion demanded! Such versatility and willingness is fundamental to a coach's success with a squad and again it underlined the fitness of the boys.

The back row combination of Badawi I, Smith I and Shorrocks I were outstanding throughout; they were as effective in smashing attacking play as they were in setting up and creating offensive moves of their own. They continually showed great intelligence in their distribution and thoroughly deserved the many tries to which they each helped themselves. Their tackling was extremely sound and we were very grateful indeed to the place-kicking ability of Jonathan Shorrocks, surely an all-round footballer in the true sense, as he already plays adult soccer for Brize Norton. Badawi and Smith's experience of three previous seasons – in Badawi's case *four* – stood us in good stead throughout.

Not only did we scrummage consistently well throughout, we also began to take a fair amount of line-out ball thanks to the accurate throwing of Edwards, the height and safe hands of Bryan and the competitiveness of Vernon at the front of the line. It was also very pleasing on the occasions that he played to see



Scrum-half Ng takes possession

Howe take many two-handed catches, not only in line-outs but also from kick-offs and drop-outs; this augurs well for the summer season!

Driven on and supported by that strong, powerful combination of Vernon and Bryan the regular front row of Kehoe, Chowdhury and Edwards formed the key platform for the whole team's success. Every coaching manual will tell you that basically all matches are won and lost in the front row. This year, unlike last, this unit was very secure indeed on our own ball and very destructive on the opposition's head. Whereas Kehoe, and, to a lesser extent, Edwards, had had their baptism of fire the previous season, the revelation of this season proved to be loose head prop, Chowdhury, who began having played next to no rugby whatsoever and yet demolished older, stronger and more experienced players in the Trial. He developed in terms of strength and technique and 'nous' at an unbelievable rate, so that at the end of the season he

had become a very vital cornerstone of the pack, immovable, very fit and having gained a great deal of satisfaction from the experience. We look forward to charting his progress next season.

The expanding weights room also played an intrinsic part in our achievements; many boys getting into the habit of performing weight circuits in their own time outside the compulsory sessions; this was a reflection of the superb spirit and morale of the squad throughout.

Such enthusiasm paved the way for victories against Wheatley (44-3), Henry Box (52-3), Woodgreen (38-9), Icknield Hall (24-4) and Wycliffe College (20-0). Further proof that this was a superior season for the School 1st XV were greatly improved results against Leighton Park (4-10) and our old rivals Radley (4-15).

This article has concentrated quite properly on the superlative efforts of the forwards, but the three quarter line so often frustrated last season also provided our large band of loyal supporters, who often travelled great distances to watch the side, with many memorable moments of vintage, moving rugby. I have already mentioned the achievements of Wariebi, a tower of strength throughout the season, but he was supported superbly by Okeke (13 tries) and Endeley (11 tries), who seemed to hold their own private try scoring competition during the season. Reeve, Ng, Lawal, Yisa-Doko and in particular Chan all played their part in many glorious passing movements.

Yet again a season which had been approached rather pessimistically blossomed with one of the most successful the school has enjoyed for many years and we can only hope that those junior players who witnessed this season's feats will be inspired enough to emulate their heroes during the next season.

As ever we must thank the Matrons and Sister Morris for their help and support, very often even on the touchline! The boys really appreciated Sister's vocal support which helped them through many a crisis on the field.

P. J. R. R.

The Squad: A. M. Wariebi, J. Endeley, R. Okeke, J. C. Y. Ng, S. J. Edwards, V. P. M. Kehoe, N. M. Chowdhury, J. Bryan, M. C. Vernon, S. J. Smith (Capt.), I. Badawi, J. S. Shorrocks, F. Y. M. Chan, N. R. Lawal, I. M. A. Ogborn, A. P. Venman, M. G. Howe.

In the European Studies class:
"In Trinidad we have de culture – we have de carnival."

ACF Rugby Sevens National Championships

CRICKHOWELL, WALES – MARCH 1987

I woke to the sound of the eaves straining to keep the roof attached to the house and wondered if the little piggy that sold me the property had been honest as to its construction. My second thought was of the rugby finals and whether it would be postponed due to the gales. After two mugs of coffee, I drove to school for breakfast with the teams. Term had finished the previous day and most of the ACF boys had stayed on to travel to Wales. This meant supervision and the resident masters left me in no doubt as to who was responsible! As I was going to be at the school, I decided to offer my services to the fashion show taking place that evening. The offer was accepted and between changing videos to keep the team happy, I served behind the bar. After a couple of hours serving and finishing the odd glass myself, the evening took on a brighter picture. The models on stage added to the atmosphere and I was pleased that the two events had coincided.

As I drove to Cokethorpe, I listened to the forecast of more gales and rain. I was sure there must be a fog warning but the weatherman refused to agree with me and I realised the 'Château Nausée' of the previous night might be influencing my opinion. The day was spent preparing kit, drinking coffee, cleaning boots, drinking coffee, replacing studs and drinking more coffee. I telephoned to confirm the tournament was still on and thankfully it was. The coach was late but the teams finally left at 1900hrs with Sister Eve Morris in charge. It was time then for me to press kit and bull shoes and drive to Crickhowell.

Saturday 28th March.

After the typical hotel breakfast, I joined the supporters team of Mr and Mrs Stark and the Hodgetts, to drive to the camp where the boys had spent the night. The weather had improved somewhat and was fairly typical for Northern Scandinavia in January.

The two teams were to play at opposite ends of the camp and we decided to support the juniors as the seniors were more used to playing together. The first junior match was against the North-East and our boys took a long time to get to grips with the match, conceding ground most of the first half. In the second half they were warmed up and started to work together, the first try coming

from a scrum some ten metres from our line. Price wins the hook, Hodgetts picks up, is tackled by his opposite number but gets the ball out to Shorrocks. Shorrocks chips through the defence, Hawrani runs on, the ball bounces for him and he makes a clean catch and runs ten metres before being tackled, but he manages to flick the ball back to Shorrocks who slips a tackle and sprints towards the posts. Their full-back composes himself for the head-on assault. They clash like stags and the ball is projected into the air. It seems to hang there, defying gravity. The crowd hold their breath, the referee stands frozen, whistle poised at his lips, no-one on the pitch has moved. Except Orebiyi, into whose arms the ball falls and in ten long strides he crosses the line and places it firmly between the posts, accompanied by shouts of joy, leaps into the air, cuddling and much back-slapping. The team seem quite pleased too and raised their play to win 10-4.

The other two matches were tremendous to watch as our play improved accordingly with confidence. We won 14-0 against the North-West and 22-0 against the Scots, to earn a place in the final.

Meanwhile, on the seniors pitch, our team had stamped their authority on the three opposing teams and totalled over seventy points for, nil against. They were the talk of the camp and we waited eagerly for the two finals. Both teams were to play Northern Ireland.

As the games kicked off, the weather deteriorated and heavy hail made play almost impossible. It was quite uncomfortable for spectators, too. The seniors match was very physical and a very close result. We lost by the narrowest of margins, 3-0. The juniors also lost but by a larger gap of 18-4, looking worn down by their battles in the qualifying rounds. The prize-giving ceremony was rather tacky and we all wanted to be on our way. I felt some sorrow for the boys as they were obviously disappointed they had not won, but I felt a great sense of pride at their achievement and everyone else did too.

As I threw my waterproofs into the back of the car and contemplated the journey home in the cold drizzle, one thought was uppermost in my mind and that was that we would be back – yes, we will be back.

T. J. L.

SOUTH-EAST ENGLAND TEAMS

Seniors: J. S. Shorrocks (Capt), R. J. Baxter, S. J. Smith, J. Bryan, A. M. Wariebi, A. P. Venman, M. C. Vernon, R. M. Price.

Juniors: A. Shorrocks (Capt), M. O. Orebiyi, A. S. El-Hawrani, D. Hodgetts, J. B. Price, N. L. J. Perry, J. W. Jeffs, L. Gbaja-Biamila, K. R. Kabbara.

UNDER 15 RUGBY

We started the season well with an encouraging victory over Warriner School. Although we won 12-8 the end of the match proved to be very close and we only just scraped through with a last-minute try from Orebiyi. However, in our second match against Woodgreen, the forwards' lack of strength was taken advantage of, the backs received little of the ball, and we lost 18-0. The third match against Leighton Park proved to be more satisfying; with a stronger side we were able to win a lot of the scrums and therefore the backs were unleashed against the opposing defence. A try and a conversion by Shorrocks was just enough for us to win through with a close score of 6-4.

In the next match against Oratory, despite the efforts of Orebiyi and Shorrocks, we were unable to hold back their superior forwards and backs, and so we lost. In the match against Whitefriars we tried hard and defended well. As ever, our tackling was led by Doherty, always our last line of defence; on several occasions he tackled boys very much taller and stronger than himself. However, at the end, despite tries from Lowe, Orebiyi and Shorrocks, we lost 14-32.

The match against Rendcomb was yet again one where we played valiantly and scored with a good try by Shorrocks when he cut through their defence untouched, but this did not prevent us from losing 20-6. Our match against Radley proved to be the most frustrating. Although we started well, despite relentless charges from Orebiyi, Horada and others we were held up on the Radley line for most of the first half. Then in the second half a scrum collapsed, and Lydon seriously hurt his neck and had to be taken off the field. This incident affected the team very much; Radley scored swiftly and in the end won by 16-0.

On the whole the season was a good one. As we had lost some talented players from last year it was fortunate that the inexperienced members of the side showed up well, and I should especially like to congratulate Horada, Lowe, Ellerton, Orebiyi and Shorrocks II.

D. Roscoe

The Team: M. S. E. Doherty, J. B. Price, M. O. Orebiyi, M. R. Pye, J. Yisa-Doko, M. Ellerton, A. Shorrocks, D. A. Roscoe, J. J. Horada, P. P. Marshall, S. R. C. Lowe, M. F. Kentish, M. Lydon, M. J. Horton and J. Haywood.

Also played: Y. Badawi, S. Jewell, T. R. Gardiner and J. W. O'Dwyer.

UNDER 14 RUGBY

We had an excellent start to the season and some vigorous training to go with it. Our main tackler was Pritchard, who knocked over everybody who came his way. Our first match was against Stowe. We played as a team with plenty of determination and guts; in the first two matches I don't think we lost a single scrum. The first try was scored by Hadeed, but Pritchard – who had plenty of dodging and weaving technique – scored three times, and this helped to produce a pleasing score of 24-8.

After that first match we thought we were unbeatable, and every afternoon we were outside practising on the scrum machine or doing frequent cross-country runs. The second match was another great victory and this was where I got my first try of the year. It was about four minutes into the game and Icknield were pushing us back to our try line; one of the opposition passed the ball to his outside-centre, and I intercepted it and just managed to run the length of the pitch to score. We had an excellent game that day. Nasser showed himself off with some deft moves. Robert Martyr's goal kicking was less than his usual standard, but it didn't matter because we won 18-8.

The next match, an away fixture against Shiplake, was a big one. We did plenty of training for it, and when I say plenty I mean it! When we arrived there our hopes were high, but when we took up our positions on the pitch we looked like flies in comparison to the Shiplake side. However, that didn't stop us. Almost at once we set up a ruck and heeled it back to set up the first try by Bowerman. We were on our way. Shiplake got two tries by half-time, but although we got another two we needed still more to win. Our scrum just wasn't big enough to withstand theirs. When the referee added another fifteen minutes playing time, we couldn't hold out any longer. We were beaten by one point, 27-26.

From that match on, our hopes were down and I think everybody felt distraught. The next game was against Wycliffe. The first part of the match was very slow until we had a penalty against us and were able to take the kick off. However, in spite of this, Wycliffe scored consistently and any semblance of teamwork on our side disappeared completely. The result was a disaster – and it was back to the scrum machine and more running before our game with Carterton. Although they were a huge side, on this occasion we played some very good rugby which impressed Mr Daniels, because he had been upset with our previous performance. Thanks to some spectacular kicking by Martyr we won 18-12.

In our final game against Kingham Hill two of the star players – Martyr and Pritchard – were injured. Nevertheless, we won convincingly 20-12 and this



U14 XV Squad with Mr Gentry and Mr Daniels

(Gilman and Soame)

was a fitting end to the season. I'm sure the whole team would like to thank Mr Daniels and Mr Gentry for all their help and enthusiasm.

H. Kitching

The Team: C. Hadeed, J. B. Price, R. Oldham, J. G. Ruff, W. Nasser, M. Lowe, J. W. Jeffs, N. Perry, D. Hodgetts, C. Horn, J. Pritchard, H. Kitching, M. Bowerman, C. D. Birch, R. Martyr.

UNDER 13 RUGBY

The first match of the season kicked off just eight days into term against Warriner School. They had, apparently, played as a team the previous year, and with eight complete novices in our team we knew the odds were against us. We were soundly beaten 44-0 by a larger and quite 'physical' side. I wondered if our first timers would ever want to play rugby again! A few days later and the bruises fading with the memory of defeat, we were in good spirit and working hard to get through the basic rules and moves of the game before our next fixture against St Hugh's. This took place some four weeks later and a better drilled and motivated Cokethorpe side took to the pitch. St Hugh's 1st team played well and dominated open play. Our scrum, led by Mark Smith, fought hard and came within inches of the St Hugh's line twice, only to be penalised and sent scurrying back to mark touch. The final result was 28-0 but we returned to Cokethorpe fairly pleased with our performance against such a well-drilled prep. school.

A week later we travelled to Pinewood School and played their 3rd XV. The sides were realistically matched but we were slightly stronger in the scrum and won by 28-12. Tries by M. Smith, J. Pether, E. Reynolds, W. Jackson, R. Pye. Conversion by D. Essen.

By the time we played Kingham Hill – another away match – the team was fairly settled with Richard Pye in the Captain's seat. Everyone played well and there were some good moves in the line and scrum. Kingham won, mainly due to a rather large African centre, who looked as if he could have been on loan

the U16 team. He waded his way through our defence and one of my most vivid memories of the season is this large chap in almost robotic stance, inching his way towards our line with Cokethorpe players hanging from each limb. We returned fairly demoralised that day, beaten more by one player than a team.

We had arranged a return match against St Hugh's 2nd XV and thought it a good opportunity to field our reserves, some only 10 years old. This time we gained the upper hand and returned to Cokethorpe triumphant with the team in fine voice all the way. Our match against Icknield Hall was at home and a fairly one-sided affair with some outstanding play by their scrum half who, despite being one of the smallest players that day, frustrated our backs with quick reflex and initiative. He also popped a few conversions between the posts. I hope he is U14 next year.

The final match against Rendcomb was a cracking affair with teams equally matched and playing good rugby. Both Mr Fenton and I felt things had finally come together. It was pleasing to watch U13's play that well. Both teams battled like Trojans and my feelings were shared by others on the touch-line – the first to score would win. With one minute to half-time, they did. In spite of all the encouragement we could muster, their morale was slightly better than ours and they pursued victory to win by 8-0. However, despite losing, I felt quite proud that day as the team never dropped their heads and kept to solid rugby right to the final whistle. They really had played their hearts out and we could ask no more.

With most of the team still U13 next season, we can look forward to some better play from the first kick-off and, hopefully, a few more points on the scoreboard. Many thanks to all the parents who gave up time to support the boys – mainly Mr and Mrs Searson, Mr and Mrs Pether, Mr Smith, Mr Lancaster, Mrs Rose and Mrs Needham.

T. J. L.

The Team: R. L. Pye (Capt.), M. R. Searson (Capt. v St Hugh's), M. C. Smith (Scrum Leader), J. E. Pether, N. J. Bingham, P. Pether, S. T. Lancaster, R. J. Alexander, D. Essen, J. Needham, J. Benfield, P. J. Scriven, E. J. T. Reynolds, J. A. Ross, J. Mwenewanda, G. O. Lisk, R. Jabber, D. Marsden, J. Hughes, W. E. Jackson, J. P. Lenehan.

From a Political Studies exam script:
Bureaucrazy

CLAY PIGEON SHOOTING

This has been another very good year's shooting with, I am glad to say, a larger membership than ever. It is always a pleasure to observe the different characters of boys shooting. There's the confident 'I'll-shoot-'em-before-they're-out-of-the-trap' approach, the slow deliberate 'This-may-give-me-time-to-shoot-a-real-passing-bird' approach, and finally, the complete addict who seems to need regular 'fixes' well through prep and into the early hours of the morning!

Although there are some who may not agree, a shot-gun is a game gun, and occasionally selected boys are taken rabbit or pigeon shooting. Sometimes, after three hours of unsuccessful hunting there is the temptation to shoot even a small sparrow, but this is discouraged as we work to the rule that anything shot must be dressed and eaten. One evening there were five of us sharing a plump pigeon cooked in a tin tray over a bunsen burner!

This year culminated with our House competition. Here, with eyebrows knitted and hearts pounding, four guns from each House were given 25 shots at birds from each of three positions. Results:

Queen Anne	Away	Doubles	Overhead	Total
Stead	6	4	9	19
Kitching	4	3	7	14
Deeley I	8	5	7	20
Deeley II	5	4	6	15
			Grand Total	68

Swift	Away	Doubles	Overhead	Total
Wright	8	4	9	21
Bowerman	6	3	9	18
Illman	6	7	6	19
Howe	3	3	1	7
			Grand Total	67

Harcourt	Away	Doubles	Overhead	Total
North	1	3	8	12
Perry	7	4	8	19
Baxter	5	5	7	17
Chan	6	6	4	16
			Grand Total	64

Although shooting is an expensive sport, the pleasure and improvement experienced by the boys, and the fun that this early practice may allow in the future, must be worth it. I look forward very much to continuing with new and old guns next term.

W. H. C. D.

THE COMPUTER WORLD AT COKETHORPE

As we sit here using Wordwise we think back and wonder how it all started.

Computers were first introduced at Cokethorpe School by a pupil called Nicholas Berg. He brought to Cokethorpe a Nascom computer kit which took over 2000 perfect soldering joints and was assembled in the Physics laboratory by Berg himself. Luckily, Mr Hudson had just taught himself Basic the term before but without actual computer facilities. After assembly Berg brought his computer to the Maths department where, together with Mr Hudson, he learned to use it and began to write programmes. Since leaving Berg has computerised his father's business. In the last five years the computer department here has also expanded and improved as vastly as has the computer itself.

The school's first computer was a Commodore 4032 "PET" and Mr Hudson started writing Basic programmes involving flying 'aeroplanes' across the screen, the school list, drawing graphs etc., as well as learning machine code and assembler language. At this time the computer club had its beginnings. The first BBC microcomputer was bought in the Easter Term of 1984 soon after moving to the new Maths/Computer Room and paid for by club contributions. Since then the number of computers has increased until, in 1985, with seven BBC Beebs, computer studies took on the status of an academic subject when a 'Computer Studies' course was introduced to the school syllabus as a Fourth Form 'O' Level option. In 1986 the computers were moved to temporary accommodation in the new terrapin building and word processing was introduced.

Pupils sign up to join the computer club so that they are allowed to play games (at certain times of the day) or do some programming. Work, for which the 'front computer' has been reserved permanently, can be done at any time. 'Computer Studies' is now a major choice among the boys in the Fourth and Fifth Forms. Playing games on the computers is certainly the most popular activity and the rush of boys to the Computer Room at 'break' and 'reading hour' is astronomical! The 'reading hour' is reserved strictly for 'work'. Mr Hudson very kindly allows his facilities to be used during weekends and junior boys then occupy this room all day.

In September, when the new common room block is finished, a new 'Computer Laboratory' will be opened. By then, more contemporary software and hardware will have been acquired, and the number of computers will also be increased. We hope soon to have a modem and be able to talk to the rest of the world, a facility that will be particularly useful for GCSE. The 'Computer World' at Cokethorpe will then be more than just enjoyable!

F. Kamal and B. N. Patel

THE WIND THAT BLOWS

“Hello, East.”

“Hello, Mother Nature.”

“Where’s South, West and North?” asked the East Wind.

“West has his hands full, handling a hurricane on the east coast of America. He sent messengers saying that he will be with us late tonight – at the latest, tomorrow.”

“What about South and North?” East again asked.

“North, with the help of the currents, is bringing down the icebergs from the ice caps. He’s always late when he does that. South has got trouble with his currents in the Straits of Magellan. He sent one of his couriers to tell me he will not be here for at least a week. It seems the currents have received misleading instructions.”

“Poor South,” the East Wind laughed; but Mother Nature could read sorrow in that laugh.

“Well, East, what news to report?” she asked, as she faced her old friend. She looked at him carefully and saw that he was tired.

“These humans – I just do not understand them,” East finally murmured. “As we agreed last spring, I blew from the Pacific over Japan with the red-headed volcanoes. I crossed the ricefields of China and climbed the Himalayas of Nepal. I brought the rains to India and blew through the cedars of the Middle East, over the Mediterranean, and so finally here. Across that whole journey I could not but notice the deeds of these humans. Some heroic, some not. Sorrow and grief is everywhere. In the green countrysides, in the scorching sands of the deserts, even in the great achievements men call cities – those monuments they build to show how civilised they are. They don’t know the meaning of the word. In those cities it is usually worst of all. Men and women are without hope, and their candle of life is growing dimmer and dimmer. Death stalked side by side with every man, woman and child expecting them to die of old age, disease, or from their own inventions. They need help. They need help to help themselves. Some people know of this, but they do not care. It would cost money to help! This I do not understand. This, also, I hate the most.”

East Wind paused.

“This invention of theirs called money – pieces of useless metal or paper. Some value it more than their fellow human beings, even themselves. Do you understand? Do you grasp the full extent of this folly? Life – the essence of everything created, the jewel among the rocks, the white rose among the weeds – and they ignore it as though it is nothing. All the money in the world cannot create this miracle, but still those lumps of metal and paper are sometimes important . . .”

“Is it that bad?” Mother Nature cut in with a cry.

“Yes, it is that bad,” came East’s slow reply.

Suddenly his voice caught a new breath of strength.

“There are some who are better. As I said before, some deeds are heroic. Some argue, even fight, to show there is hope. I tell you now, these are the people I admire. They fight against the odds – they fight against you, my brothers and I, against their own weapons of destruction, even against Death itself. These are people not like the others. But as I watched below me, I could see them fighting a losing battle.”

East Wind suddenly stopped. He looked at Mother Nature. She saw a fire in his eyes. She knew this fire represented those people, a fire that could not, would not, be extinguished.

I. Badawi



Cat: *Scrapboard* by A. Ross

THE HOUSE PLAYS

The House drama productions are now a well-established event at the end of each Michaelmas Term. Here each House writes about the efforts of one of its rivals . . .

Queen Anne: NO ROOM FOR LOVE

The first play performed was Queen Anne's 'No Room for Love', the plot of which became harder (and more farcical) to follow as it unravelled! The play was set in a corridor and a room of the Lawns Hotel, Kingstanton; and the plot revolved around the complications arising from several different couples having been booked into the same room. The first couple, played by James Jeffs and Michael Lydon, were on a trip together; Jeffs played the part of the boss, who was married, and Lydon the accompanying secretary-mistress. Then, two honeymooners (played by Christopher Lewis and Matthew Horton) arrived. In the best traditions of farce, these two couples carried on dodging each other for some time, with the occasional appearance of an obstinate handyman, Jonathan Reeve, Adding a further, predictable twist to the plot, Jeffs' wife (alias Julian Russ) turned up and booked into the room next door. But of course when she met her husband, she moved in with him – further complications . . . evasions . . . and farce! Then yet another couple turned up booked into the original room – Jason Bryan as an alcoholic wife, and her husband, Simon Johnson.

Although the story then became very complicated, the scenes that followed with the hotel manager (Ian Ogborn) were the best of the play – all the confusion culminating in a fast-moving chase at the end. All the performances were good, but we feel that perhaps the most exceptional were from those who had never tried their hand at acting before. Reeve, for example, was a very convincing handyman, and the part as he played it obviously owed more than a little to Messrs. Phipps and Stevens! Most of all, the play involved a great many people in the House. Even if the plot was confusing at times, it was still very enjoyable and showed – as did the other two plays – what acting ability is to be found here at Cokethorpe.

S. J. Smith and E. C. Casey (*Harcourt*)

Swift: THE GODIVA AFFAIR

'The Godiva Affair' was a farce set in Wormington-on-Sea during the war and, as this suggests, included some well-known characters from 'Dad's Army'. The residents of Wormington-on-Sea were organising with the Home Guard a festival to raise money to buy a new Spitfire. It was decided by Captain

Mainwaring, played by Fady Dona, that Morris Dancing would be the Home Guard contribution. Unknown to Mainwaring, however, the Vicar (Michael Pye) decided that what was really needed to help the cause was a Lady Godiva; he therefore organised a selection of local girls, one of whom would play Lady G. Meanwhile, Private Jones (Casper Jones) was involved in a fiasco with one of the local girls, played by Najib Chowdhury. When Jones discovered that Miss Webb was seeing other men, he became perturbed and asked Captain Mainwaring for help. After some persuasion Mainwaring arranged a rendezvous with Miss Webb at the Marigold Tearooms. Further complications ensued when Mainwaring's wife found out about this and assumed the worst!

The scene then shifted to two meetings – one between the members of the Home Guard, the other between the selection committee for Lady Godiva. Unknown to the selectors Miss Webb had applied for the part, and given her obvious 'maturity' she got the part. However, on the day of the parade her costume was stolen: but the parade still went on with Lady Godiva being played – much to her husband's disapproval – by Mrs Mainwaring! The plot of 'The Godiva Affair' was a complicated one but it was extremely well-executed by the Swift actors. In addition to those who have already been mentioned, Dolapo Ogunlami played one of the beautiful young ladies, and Vincent Kehoe an army officer with excellent poise. Credit must also go to the backstage, without whom nothing can be done. Many thanks to all those involved.

D. O. Jones and S. T. T. Johnson (*Queen Anne*)

Harcourt: THE MISSING PAGE

It took only two or three minutes after the curtain opened to deduce that this performance was going to be humorous, well-acted and enjoyable. We also realised very quickly from various clues and the manner of Stephen Edwards that the play was obviously adapted from the familiar *Hancock's Half-hour* series, some episodes of which were repeated on television last autumn.

The play opened with a library scene where Mr Hancock and his young nephew, energetically played by Justin Price, were looking for 'a good read'. Eventually, with the help of the dubiously-dressed librarian (Russell Baxter) they chose a detective novel, but during this process they upset other people who were in the library peacefully reading. These characters were played by Julian Blackwell (a hippy), Juan Luis Pastor (with jumping wig!) and Johnny Endeley. As the play progressed Hancock discovered that there was a page missing at the end of the book. Having been informed by the librarian that there were no other copies, the leading characters then embarked on an

arduous search for the page, even calling at the house of the previous borrower (Sam Smith). Unfortunately, he too had had the same problem! As a last resort they went to a curator at the British Museum (Ben Selormey); he informed them that the author had passed away. Frustrated, Hancock and his nephew give up books altogether. It all sounds rather prosaic put like this, but it was an excellent performance by the actors – though the cast was slightly smaller than for the other two plays.

F. Dona and A. R. G. Morrison (*Swift*)

SCHOOL DINNERS

*Frankfurters and beefburgers and spinach and greens,
Ravioli, potatoes, custard and beans –
What will it be next? We'll never know.
But I'm looking forward to the great sturgeon roe,
That's caviar, I think! And smoked salmon is pink!
I gave my suggestions to cook with a wink.*

*Next day on the menu, lo and behold,
There appeared caviar and champagne, chilled cold.
The salmon laid out with lemon surround,
And with it a souffle, all beautifully browned.*

*The staff were delighted and truly excited.
But the boys had their doubts and then there were shocks
"What is this muck? We'd rather have tuck."
The cook she sighed, and said, "Well I've tried."*

*So now it's the next day, and teachers are sad,
But the boys have decided it's really not bad.
Frankfurters and beefburgers and spinach and greens,
Ravioli, potatoes, custard and beans.*

N. J. Bingham (*Form 2*)

MY NATIONALS

The way to the English Schools Milk Cross-Country Championships involves first being picked for your region (in Oxon this is either North, South Vale or City); then competing in the County Championships held annually at South Parks in Oxford. The first eight have automatic entry into the Nationals.

I was lucky enough to qualify for the County Championships after running at Kingham Hill. The Championships were exactly a month later and I qualified for the Nationals by coming third. On 27th March the whole team – Senior, Intermediate and Junior boys and girls – met at Oxford Station. Having run for Oxfordshire the previous year I immediately recognised a number of faces. 'How's your training been going?' is normally the first question one is asked.

This year the race was being held in Preston, Lancashire, which meant that we had to travel up on the Friday and be billeted locally for the night. I was billeted on a very nice family with another athlete of my own age. We went to bed early in order to get a good night's sleep before the race the following day. On the Saturday we were taken to a collection point to meet the rest of the team, and then went on to the course. When we arrived we bustled off the coach eager with anticipation. The course turned out to be the hardest I have ever seen. It was like running a waterlogged, yet extremely hilly, bottom half of the School cross-country, and my race was the last of the day, which meant that the course was really churned up after five previous races. While I was warming up for the race an ambulance arrived to take away an injured girl – that really shattered one's confidence and brought home how hard it was going to be!

The start of a National is an incredible experience – three hundred runners, all wearing very long spikes, sprinting like mad for the first corner. During this hectic start I was 'spiked' (i.e. another runner trod on me), and round the first corner two other runners went sprawling on their faces. I jumped over them, so I don't know if they were hurt; in that field there could be no looking back. After my not very successful race there was another one – this time to the showers to wash off a thick layer of mud. There, in the middle of the flooded floor, another runner stood smoking a cigarette. "I've been gasping for this for six weeks", he proclaimed.

For me that really summed it up. Was it worth the many hours training in all conditions? I think so – for when you first put on your Oxon vest and tracksuit you feel a million dollars. Unfortunately, Preston was my last schools' championship, but it was an experience that will remain with me for the rest of my life.

J. D. Russ

CROSS-COUNTRY REPORT

This year training for cross-country running almost had to give best to General Winter. Term commenced on 7th January, but almost immediately the outside temperature began to plummet, boys and Masters returned from runs with hoarfrost in their hair, whilst on 12th January we endured the coldest day since records were started at the Weather Centre. The General's icy fingers now had Cokethorpe well and truly in their freezing grip and to everyone's relief the chill factor was so great that on 13th January all running was cancelled. Predictably with a slight rise in temperature came the snow and a further delay in serious training, but by race day on 30th January the majority of boys were fairly fit and raring to go. No fewer than 154 runners set out from the School back gate at 2.30 and soon the familiar figure of J. Russ (Queen Anne) was in the lead, finally winning in the creditable time of 30 minutes 13 seconds. He was followed home by S. Edwards (Harcourt), while Pitt, Ness, M. Pye, S. J. Smith, Kitching, J. Shorrocks, Casey and Bingham were the others to make up the top ten. At the other end of the field, young Casson seems to have enjoyed an occasional lift from one or other of his friends, but he survived the raging torrents of the Windrush and when he finally crossed the line we could all adjourn for tea. This year Swift, collectively, won the inter-House competition with 3,280 points from Queen Anne with 3,484 points, while Harcourt were third with 3,743. Although all the runners deserve warm congratulations it was interesting to note the outstanding progress of the under thirteen year old group (Bingham 10th, R. Pye 14th, Searson 33rd, Marjanovic 37th, P. Pether 39th, Scriven 40th and Alexander 56th) and the potential of some of the Third Formers (Kitching 7th, J. Price 16th, Hodgetts 17th, Ford 19th, P. Jones 25th, P. Deeley 26th, Boyland 31st and Bowerman 36th) which should produce some splendid racing in years to come.

Once again the North Oxfordshire Championships were held at Kingham Hill on a day when soccer fixtures had to be honoured and although Russ won the Under 20 race in a time of 19 minutes, with Edwards 6th, Pitt 8th, Ness 10th and S. Smith 11th, our Seniors came second to a full-strength Bloxham team by 52 points to their 47. In the Intermediate Section the competition was hotter this year and our best runner, M. Pye, dropped from 18th in 1986 to 21st this time, while Holmes 32nd, Pineo 35th, Henderson 37th and Casey 38th, all finished in about the middle of the pack within 13 seconds of each other. Kitching was the outstanding Junior, finishing a creditable 6th, although R. Pye 33rd, and Bingham 35th, both of whom will be young enough to run in this age group next year, were only a minute outside the top ten.



Running Trio: J. Reeve, S. Smith, J. Russ

This year there was no Teachers' industrial action to disrupt the County Championships which were held on 28th February at South Parks, Oxford. Russ ran well to finish 3rd in the Under 20 race although he tired badly on the final lap after setting the pace and Pitt ran bravely to finish 30th. The standard in the Under 17 race was extremely high; M. Pye and Holmes ran hard but finished 49th and 50th respectively, while in the Under 15 race J. Price (47th), Bingham (51st) and R. Pye (59th) all did themselves credit. Unhappily Kitching was suffering with a painful knee and although he completed the course gamely was unable to show his true ability. Russ was selected to run for Oxfordshire in the National Championships, this time at Preston, a very fine achievement for any athlete, whatever his finishing position and I am pleased that he has agreed to write about his adventures elsewhere in this Magazine. Once again the inter-House Road Relay competition was unfortunately squeezed out of the sporting calendar by the cold weather, the number of varied fixtures and this year's decisive bugbear . . . influenza.

P. J. G.



Photo: J. P. Lenehan

THE CHRISTMAS SKIING TRIP

Chamrousse

28th December '86 – 4th January '87

Sunday 28th,

A group of sixteen led by E. J. F. and Daniel Jones assembled at Cokethorpe for a 2 p.m. departure. There was a lot of excitement and some of the parents wondered if they would ever see their sons in one piece again! The journey to Chamrousse is a long one – nearly 17 hours – but we were well looked after by our drivers, especially Bob, who kept us content with hot drinks and a running commentary throughout. We picked up a few fellow *piste*-ers from another school at King's Cross and arrived at Dover for the 6.30 p.m. crossing.

Monday 29th

Woken by Bob at 4.30 a.m. to show us the Eiffel Tower, which we couldn't really see as it was the other side of the city. Slept again. Breakfasted in a French motorway cafe about an hour's drive away from Chamrousse. Arrived there at 9 a.m., actually ahead of schedule! The first-time skiers were amazed at the size and height of the slopes – rising to 7,550 feet. The skiing at Chamrousse for those who had been before had been excellent and we were looking forward to getting out onto the Olympic runs. (Chamrousse was the site of the Winter Olympics in 1968).

We 'fell' into the snow at about 1.30 p.m. Our first skiing was an ability test so that we could be divided into groups. Due to the skiing lessons at Gloucester we only had one complete beginner, Martyr, but he soon got the hang of the slopes. Skiing on snow is quite different to the dry *piste*: for one thing it's much faster and many people kept falling over until they had got used to it. The shape of the *piste* was more exciting, too.

A fairly late night due to the excitement and anticipation of what was to come.

Tuesday 30th

In the morning, lessons with our French instructors, Marc and Thiéry. (The days were so arranged that we had lessons from the 'Ecole du Ski Français' in the morning, and in the afternoon free skiing with the group leaders supplied by the tour company. The group leaders – Fiona, Neil and Richard – were a superb trio.) In the afternoon the beginners went together on a chair lift for the first time – almost to the top. Evening: Fiona and Neil laid on a couple of toboggans and we had great fun getting tired running up the nursery slopes. E. J. F. learnt to toboggan without a sledge! An early night, as yesterday's travel caught up with us and a day on the slopes is no restful pastime.

Wednesday 31st

The group's first experience in a cable car – rather a sickly one in most people's opinion. The weather was bad – skiing in blizzards is no easy task; we couldn't see a thing and just assumed there were no cliffs ahead! In the afternoon the beginners skied to Roche, a small village at the bottom of the mountain.

The New Year's Eve celebrations began at 6 p.m. with the French instructors skiing down the mountain with torches which lit the place up. Very picturesque. A buffet supper took place at 10 o'clock, followed by a disco. The last of the Cokethorpe survivors turned in at 3.30, but the party went on until 6 a.m. Dedé, the hotel manager, looked remarkably well for someone who didn't get any sleep!

Thursday 1st

Weather conditions were atrocious. You can't ski holding an umbrella! The advanced skiers decided to risk it, but on arrival at the top wished they hadn't and sat in the bar drinking coffee. Eventually we battled down the mountain with ice blowing in our faces and snow falling down our necks. Afternoon skiing was impossible. The evening entertainments included a treasure hunt around the village of Chamrousse. One group had finished before any of the other groups had started!

Friday 2nd

The weather cleared up. Groups were practising energetically for the ski-tests the next day. The afternoon skiing was fast and furious. Some descended the slopes like a rocket! In the evening we were treated to a local speciality – 'Raclettes'. An electric barbeque was placed on each table and everyone was given a mini frying-pan. Cheese was put on the pan. You put a huge baked potato, some meat and green salad on your plate, and pour the melted cheese over them.

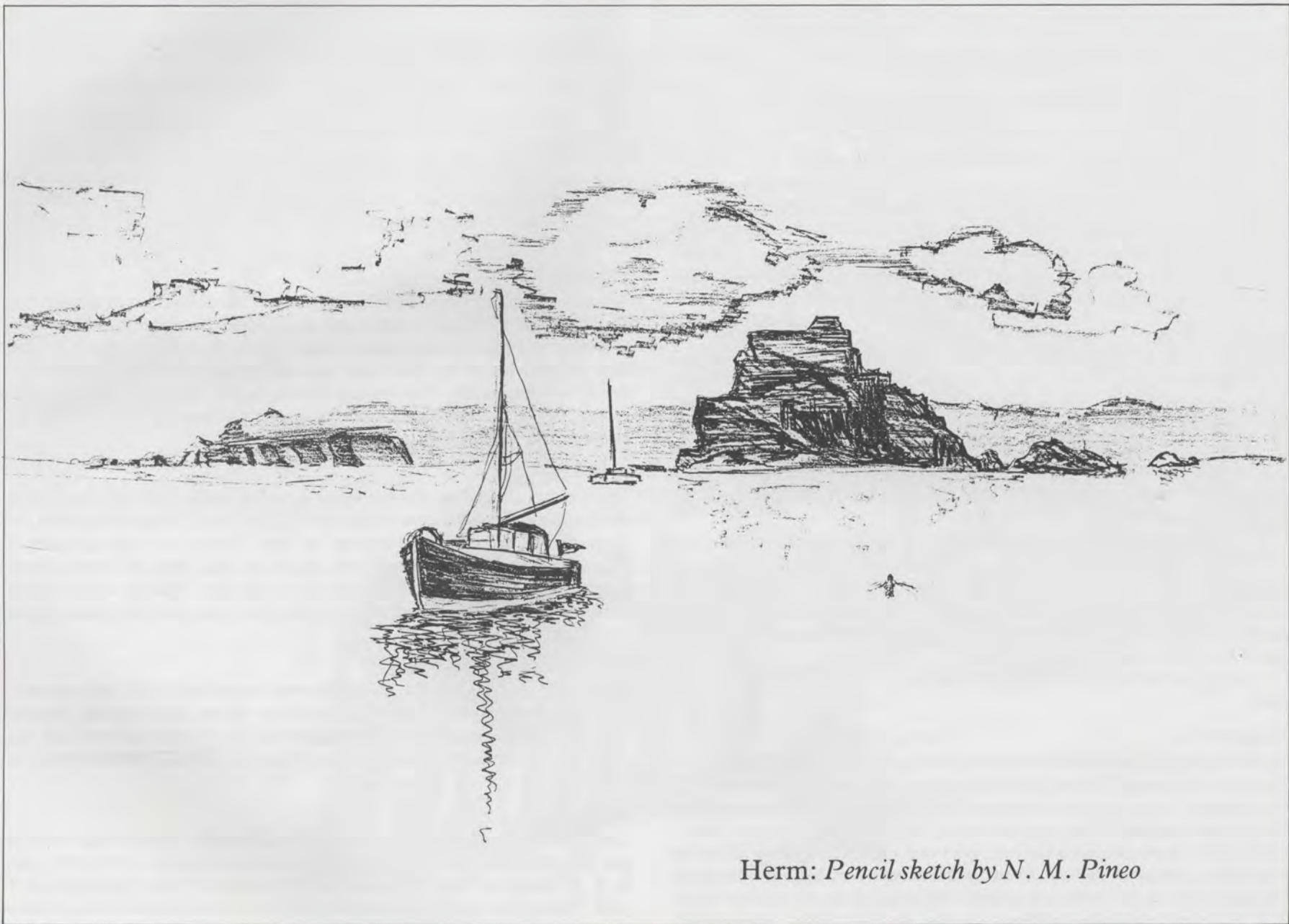
Saturday 3rd

Today was the day we found out who was a good skier and who was not. Everyone was nervous. The tests included a slalom, side-stepping, parallel stops, etc. In the evening awards were given. Many people got one and two stars. E. J. F. received a three-star badge, and M. Horton a bronze *flèche* – in spite of losing a ski on the way down!

Sunday 4th

Last day. We all crammed in as much skiing as possible. Another race was held and this time it was against the clock. Won – not surprisingly – by Horton, with E. J. F. again showing his proficiency. We departed from Chamrousse at 4 p.m. There were worries that the ferry might be on strike but it was running normally, and after a pleasant journey we arrived back at Cokethorpe at 9 a.m.

D. O. Jones and J. P. Lenehan



Herm: *Pencil sketch by N. M. Pineo*

The General Studies Talks 1986-87

Once again we have enjoyed some interesting talks on a very varied selection of topics. As usual, there were six events during Michaelmas – five lectures and one item of pure entertainment. Among the visiting speakers that term were two writers – the first of whom was Anthony Price, author of a dozen or more spy thrillers which have been variously described as ‘diabolically ingenious’ and ‘first class civilised entertainment’. Mr Price told us in some detail how, at the urging of Livia Gollancz, he first began to write novels; why he chooses to write spy thrillers, and how he researches the background to each book. As he did so it became apparent that, from his point of view, the novels are something more than mere ‘entertainment’, for many of them are clearly an outlet for his scholarly interests, particularly in military history.

Later in the term we had a return visit from Robert Lacey, who first came to talk to us three years ago. Mr Price had said that, in his opinion, it is important for a writer to have another job to do – in his case as editor of the *Oxford Times*. But Robert Lacey is a writer of a quite different kind who devotes himself solely for three or more years at a stretch to assembling the material for such ‘blockbusters’ as *Majesty* and *The Kingdom*. The bringing to fruition of such books is therefore almost a story in itself, and it certainly makes entertaining material for a talk. On this occasion Mr Lacey told us about the writing of *Ford*, for which he went to live in Detroit for two years, actually working for part of that time on one of the car-assembly lines. Interestingly enough, although his visit took place not long after publication of the new book, even by then sales of *Ford* had outstripped both *Majesty* and *The Kingdom* together.

The second event of the Michaelmas Term was held at Woodgreen School in Witney, although only because they happened to have a hall large enough to accommodate a lecture/demonstration entitled ‘The Science of Flame’, given by Mr Jeff Hunter of British Gas. The differing densities of various gases, methods of ignition, and the effects of flame on a variety of fuels and metals were all explained and illustrated. We were grateful to Woodgreen for accommodating the lecture, and only too pleased to share it with their pupils. I think we all felt, though, that much of the demonstration wasn’t quite as dramatic as we expected.

Mr Geoff Ambler and others of the Contact Data Research Group came to talk about UFO’s. The Contact Group is a private data-collecting organisation monitoring UFO sightings (some 6,000 a year) in all parts of the world. Mr Ambler and his colleagues certainly know – or should I say believe in? – their

subject; but though they had brought with them an abundance of material with which to try to convince us, it has to be said that they did not really succeed in dispelling (even if only for an all too brief two hours!) the fairly evident scepticism of the large audience who had turned out for this occasion.

Between these two talks we had a superb lecture on ‘Some Medical Murderers’ by the JP and journalist John Camp, whose dual interest in medicine and the law has led him to write a number of books on medics who have turned murderer. Since this talk took place only four days after the BBC’s splendid dramatisation of the famous Bodkin Adams case, it was in a way fairly topical – though, as Mr Camp wished to make clear at once, it would not involve any kind of demonstration, nor was *he* a murderer! This was a most entertaining, as well as unusual and informative talk and I think everyone who was there felt that Mr Camp would be a marvellous speaker whatever his subject. Indeed, in response to popular demand, he is returning this autumn to talk about his experiences with the Psychological Warfare Unit during the latter part of the Second World War.

Curiously enough, and without having originally intended that this should be so, Shakespeare figured twice in this year’s General Studies programme – though in quite different ways. First, at the end of the Michaelmas Term, when the Corinthian Room was transformed into the setting for another of Geoffrey and Laura Kendal’s ‘Shakespeareana’ anthologies. This time the extracts were from *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, *Julius Caesar* and *Twelfth Night*, and it is remarkable how, with a bare minimum in the way of props and costume, Mr and Mrs Kendal manage to suggest more than is actually there. Then, one afternoon in January, we had a talk by Dr Stanley Wells, the general editor of the new ‘Oxford Shakespeare’. This must surely have been the publishing event of 1986, and the resulting volume – the product of eight years work – is as handsome a tome in relation to its price as any I have seen. (Dr Wells also brought with him an advance copy of the original language edition, but that *is* rather more expensive!) This was a smaller and more informal occasion, held in the library and attended principally by the ‘O’ and ‘A’ Level English literature specialists. Dr Wells explained the nature and purpose of some of the modifications he had made for the new edition of the Bard’s works, and he also told us something generally about the theatre in Elizabethan and Jacobean times. This was a talk notable for its lucidity as well as the interest of the information Dr Wells had to impart. To listen to one of the most renowned

Shakespeare scholars in the world was a privilege and an experience in itself, and, though for the most part Dr Wells had to confine himself to the plays currently set for study at 'O' and 'A' Level, what we heard was nothing less than 'the knowledge of a lifetime'.

During the Lent Term we had another speaker who is called upon all over the world for her knowledge, expertise and advice. This was the Egyptologist Dr Rosalie David. Author of ten books, ranging from *The Pyramid Builders of Ancient Egypt* to *The Cult of the Sun*, Dr David lives and breathes (and probably even dreams) Egyptology. (She is married to one, too!) She told us that even as a little girl she had never wanted to be anything else, and her parents, who were very sympathetic to her ambition, took her to see the great Flinders Petrie who advised her on what qualifications were necessary. With the aid of many slides, Dr David unfolded in the most riveting detail the story of the Manchester (University) Egyptian Mummy Project, and, in particular, the enormous amount that has been learned about disease in ancient Egypt as a result. Women have invariably been among the most outstanding speakers who have come to Cokethorpe, and Dr David was certainly no exception. I think – even if only by a short head – we can vote this the most fascinating and popular talk of this year.

This year was the 75th anniversary of Captain Scott's arrival at the South Pole and in February we had a long illustrated lecture by Roger Mear, co-leader of the 1985/86 'In the Footsteps of Scott' Antarctic Expedition, describing how he and two other men walked the 900 miles from Cape Evans to the South Pole manhauling their sledges without any assistance from dogs, let alone any form of motorised equipment. This was a lecture that was almost an epic in itself; alas, Mr Mear was a little pushed for time on the very last part of the story, but the account which he gave us was nevertheless one of endurance, determination and sheer guts – not to say a triumph of planning. Next year I hope to persuade Robert Swan, the other co-leader of the expedition, to come and tell us about a previous exploit when he bicycled from Cairo to Capetown.

The final event of the Lent Term was a highly entertaining talk by Mr Neil Brand on 'Hollywood and the Silent Era'. This was illustrated with three short silent movies, to which Mr Brand provided live piano improvisation of a calibre which has made him one of the National Theatre's top silent movie accompanists. He is returning this autumn to give the sequel – 'Hollywood in the Age of the Stars'.

Just to round off the year there were two talks during the early part of the Summer Term – one the visit by Lord Wilson of Rievaulx, which is reported on more fully elsewhere in this magazine; the other a lute and guitar lecture/recital by Mr Brian Wright, whose programme included music from the

sixteenth century (Dowland, Besard, Cutting) to the present day (Mason Williams and Earl Klugh). As this took place almost on the eve of 'O' and 'A' Level exams, the audience was for the most part comprised of more junior boys, but they certainly produced a crop of questions which did them credit, and – dare I say it? – bodes well for the time when they will find themselves more consistently the audience at such events as these.

P. J. C.

IN LOVE WITH AN OLDER WOMAN

*He held his head high,
Though the wound of
Misjudgement was deep.*

*For you see, my friend,
The eagerness of society
Was fast to condemn
The innocent, blameless and
Unpremeditated love he held
For this married woman.*

*So slow to learn,
And so fast to be forgotten,
And so very eager to criticise
Is society, towards the
Almost forbidden emotion –
Love!*

*Dear God, please help those
Who are so eager to condemn,
Help them to observe,
Experience and behold
The divine, universal
Emotion, Love . . .*

S. R. C. Lowe (Form 5)

Au Théâtre Cokethorpien

It all began in the Michaelmas Term. Pupils from Forms 1, 2, 3E and 3T rehearsed, sang carols, and generally immersed themselves in the *bain linguistique* so highly recommended by schools across the Channel. French was escaping from books and tapes and actually being used, to the enjoyment of all. Enjoyment, certainly, but also a lot of hard work since many of the boys involved were either beginners or from one of the Third Form sets, the latter all volunteers in spite of not finding French very easy.

First on the programme, Form 1 performed a French nativity play. As Benfield and Marsden tackled the arduous task of narrating the story (*en français bien sûr*), Mary and Joseph (played by Casson and Lyons respectively) asked the innkeeper (Joubert) for a room. An angel (Essen) appeared to the shepherds (Downes and Fitzpatrick), and it all finished round the manger as Form 2 joined in the carol *Il est né le divin enfant*.

Form 2 were to impress a most attentive audience by the ease with which they introduced themselves, talked about their families and hobbies, and then proceeded to play a word game requiring a good memory and vocabulary. The Third Formers enacted a series of emergencies – ‘*Au voleur!*’, ‘*Au feu!*’, ‘*Au secours!*’ – where they managed to ask for, and receive, the necessary assistance. It all finished with wishes for a happy Christmas as the Headmaster struck up the notes of *Mon beau sapin* and all three groups came together to sing this popular French carol.

After such a successful evening, and in the euphoria of Christmas, we thought we would do it again, and duly wrote ‘French playlets’ on to the calendar for the Lent Term. This time we would *mettre en scène* two short plays with boys from 3N and the Fourth Forms. This was a far more ambitious scheme for, although we warned parents that it was not to be a highly polished production due to lack of rehearsal time, we did want the boys to do their best. Which is exactly what they did.

Some had a vast quantity of words to learn (Roscoe was on stage for the entire length of *La Boîte Miraculeuse*); others mustered round to find costumes and props, whilst Jewell, our resident artist, decorated *la boîte*. The boys acted well (*tout en français, naturellement*) and not one prompt was required. All their names are worthy of recording. In *Le Poltron Courageux* the stars were Pye, Horn II, Hair, Jervis and Pritchard; in the short sketch ‘Discretion is the better part of valour’ we saw Reynolds, Price II, Ruff and Lenehan; and finally, in *La Boîte Miraculeuse* we applauded Dona II, Gardiner, Henderson, Horada, Jewell, Jones I, Kentish, McLoughlin and Roscoe. At the final assembly on the last day of term the Headmaster commended the boys on their high standard of acting and made awards to three of the boys.

A la prochaine!

C. W.



Qu'est-ce que vous avez trouvé? Je vais mourir?

TEACHING ENGLISH

As a schoolboy I never liked English. I can only remember two English lessons from the days when Margaret Thatcher was merely responsible for my education. The first occurred when our teacher told us that he was exchanging missionary work in Cambridgeshire for Christian work in Pakistan. Four years of comprehensions and essays trudged past before the next memorable lesson, when a gang of Fifth Formers jumped from a second floor window claiming they were bored to death by Shakespeare. Only they knew of the window-cleaning trestle, out of sight, seven feet below.

Although text-book titles try to sell the subject – *Pleasure in English*, *English Alive* – most schoolchildren are far from convinced. Worse still, no two people agree on the nature of English. What is it? Vocabulary? Grammar exercises on gerunds and prepositions? Why is *Macbeth* a tragedy? Collective nouns? 'If I should die think only this of me?' Business letters and form filling? Rhyme and metre? Reading? "Nonsense. English is spelling and good old-fashioned grammar," cry the traditionalists, jumping on the bandwagon campaigning for a return to the 3Rs.

At a recent Oxfordshire CSE Moderation meeting I came across the following paragraph in a 16 year old's essay – an essay intended as an opportunity for the candidate to display eleven years of education, over a decade's development of reasoning, sensibility, spelling, grammar and creative use of language – a language capable of infinite expression:

"I was driving a fast car in Israel. My car skidded on the icy road. It went off the road and fell off the side of a tall mountain. I was lucky. I was not hurt. I walked the rest of the way."

Immaculate spelling, flawless grammar – but would you employ that person to contribute to the success of your business? I remembered an English syllabus which began, 'Pupils should be encouraged to think, to have new thoughts.' As a Californian educationalist once told me in a soft drawl, 'If you always think what you've always thought, you always get what you've always got.' An example in itself of having the idea before possessing the language.

Unfortunately, repetitious language drills produce superficially impressive written work. Most children changing a present tense sentence to the past tense have little to think about – they can concentrate on presentation; whereas a child writing an account of yesterday's events may forget tidiness due to the challenge of a more demanding and more realistic task. That leads on to note-making, planning and rough drafts.

In a fast changing world it is not only our linguistic needs that change, our perception of those needs fluctuates too. Political and economic considerations push and pull as powerfully as the moon tugs the oceans.

Currently oral skills are considered increasingly important, though our two

sessions of Effective Speaking Examinations turn the school into a madhouse. Boys prepare talks on hobbies, causing crows to strut around the reception area, and ferrets to run past Dickens on the library bookshelves. Classrooms begin to resemble Santa's grotto; crammed to the ceiling with golf-clubs, skateboards and motorcycle helmets. Once, at my previous school, a boy speaking on clay-pigeon shooting during an English Speaking Board Examination suddenly shouted "Now!" His friend opened a window, the speaker turned, fired, and a Coke can thirty yards away, placed on an ornamental birdbath, plopped into the goldfish pond.

New technology changes our world and our educational needs. Past pupils laboured to acquire skills honed by medieval scribes, today some scholars succeed because they harness the versatility of the silicon chip. The computer has made the writer more powerful, more creative; if this article had not emerged on a VDU it would have been even more chaotic. My Fourth Form set word-process their GCSE coursework essays, providing intriguing new excuses. 'Sorry Sir, the dog/gerbil/baby brother chewed up my essay' is almost obsolete. Excuses of the eighties are, 'Sorry Sir, disc fault 0/18,' or more dramatically, 'there was a powercut during the thunderstorm and I lost all my data.'

Of course the language changes too. The parameters of convention weave a complex pattern through our everyday lives. Words which form a friendly jest with the milkman may incense a superior. Phrases taken from the 'gutter press', absorbed daily by millions, may be acceptable as direct speech in an examination answer though frowned upon as reported speech. Pupils find it difficult to find the appropriate style for the task.

I sometimes amuse myself by imagining a bewildered pupil's answer to the final question of this year's AEB 'O' Level:

Replace the slang and colloquialisms in the following passage with equivalent words or phrases more acceptable in a formal report.

'Well, Brian, the boss lost his cool with us when we were being beat one-nil at half-time. In the second half we got stuck in and the lads were magic. When Ian banged home the equaliser, their goalkeeper looked as sick as a parrot.'

Perhaps, somewhere, someone produced this,

'Well, Brian, the gaffer lost his rag with us when we were getting stuffed one-nil at half time. In the second half we really pulled our finger out and the lads really turned it on. When Ian smashed in the equaliser, their goalkeeper looked really cheesed off.'

All but the last word of 'O' Level, we move on, into the GCSE era, an era of uncertainty, but so by necessity it must be. Neither poet nor politician can confidently predict the language required by a generation retiring, assuming current practice, in the second decade of the 21st century.

M. E.

What Price Art?

A CONVERSATION FROM THE ART ROOM

In an age increasingly absorbed with cost-effective industry and the efficient use of materials, the artist feels a distinctly cool breeze gathering about him. The essence of what he is, and does, is concerned with individuality. You cannot use time and motion methods on creativity. It is with this situation in mind that the following conversation took place between two Cokethorpe students. Fortunately a third person happened to be present and their words were thus recorded.

1st Student: I received the usual response to my choice of 'A' Level subjects.

2nd Student: Not the easy-way-out routine?

1st Student: And more. Trendy Trevor. The Yuppies delight. The lot.

(Pause)

After their second half-pint of lager they began to reveal their bias. I had to listen to the old, old story. The wheels of industry are what moves this country of ours along. We must be profitable to provide the profit by which we may continue to be profitable.

2nd Student: They do think that accountants will eventually rule the world, you know. Money is of prime importance.

1st Student: Quite right, too. But, I said, can you not acknowledge that industry is not solely science or maths orientated? Surely the Japanese have taught you something? Your product may be the best in the world but it has got to be sold. It must be designed. It must be demonstrated as being efficient, attractive, desirable. It must be advertised. Only then will it become profitable.

2nd Student: That was telling them. The easy-way out routine is the thing that riles me. A fact is a fact. Text books contain facts. If the book states that A influenced B but not C, that's a fact. Quotable and correct. We haven't the security or safety of fact. We cannot develop our subject by any amount of rote learning. OK, read a text book on technique, study the work of the masters – it doesn't lead you into being able to do it. That would be like thinking that if you can read the music of Mozart, you'll play like him. Read Shakespeare, you'll write like him.

1st Student: Fair point. You've nothing to hide behind in our subject. There it is, an example of your work, produced by your hand, the



Broken Gate: Watercolour by S. Jewell

product of your mind. People's response to it is their response to you.

2nd Student: Never the perfect result, either. You finish a piece of work – your best yet, you think. A few months later the same piece of work seems full of mistakes and weaknesses. You've never got it absolutely right.

1st Student: It's rather a joke really. Living-up to being an anti-establishment rebel as well as a carefree easy-rider. I sometimes mix the two roles within the one situation. One's partner in conversation becomes utterly confused.

2nd Student: Mmmm – my favourite pastime!

1st Student: But seriously, now. I did put these very same points we've been discussing to the crowd in the bar only yesterday.

2nd Student: What did they say?

1st Student: They said they found it hard to grasp concepts – they only really understood facts.

(Pause)

I offered to draw them a picture!

A. S.



Bird in the hand: A. T. Berwitz

RACING PIGEONS

The pastime of keeping racing pigeons is becoming increasingly popular nowadays, especially in northern England. In some parts there are almost as many pigeon lofts as houses! The reason why it is becoming a more popular pursuit is because it gives an ordinary working man a chance to race as a competitive team, breed his own stock, and train and tune in a winner which he has cared for from infancy. Once you have decided you want to keep racing pigeons, it must be a permanent decision and not simply a five minute wonder!

The first thing you will need is a pigeon loft where you can keep your birds. Make sure it has adequate ventilation, perches and nest-boxes. You will also need food and water containers. There are various dealers who sell and construct lofts, but you can always convert a garden shed or build one yourself to suit your own requirements. The next problem is where to get some good racing pigeons. I would not advise you to approach a local pigeon fancier, for they will only sell you their worst birds. The best place to go is a recommended breeder, even though you may have to travel some distance to get to him. There is a pigeon farm in Leicester owned by a Belgian fancier called Louis Maserella. Here you will be able to buy good quality pigeons, accompanied by a pedigree form.

There are many aspects of the sport, but one of the most important when racing is the feeding and training of the birds. At least two weeks in advance you have to decide which birds you are going to race. For the first week feed the birds on a cheaper mix consisting of maize, wheat and barley. This will settle them down and you can then start training. At first you should take the birds about ten miles away, gradually progressing up to fifty or sixty miles. On the last few days before the race feed them on a better quality mix of maize, barley, maple peas and hemp seed. This will build up their muscles. Do not feed them at all on the day before the race, so that they will fly home faster to get food.

There are many other aspects of keeping pigeons, such as breeding young birds, pairing up, and racing on the 'natural' and 'widowhood' systems. The 'natural' is when the cock and hen birds are together all the time and are raced while on eggs. The 'widowhood' is when the cock and hen birds are separate until a few hours before a race, therefore encouraging the male to fly home to his mate.

One reason why pigeon-racing is so interesting is because it is so unpredictable. The weather affects birds in different ways, and of course so do the distances they travel. I hope anybody who takes up this hobby enjoys it, for you get out of pigeon-racing what you put into it.

A. V. Illman



Photo Essay:
SMILES



1ST XI SOCCER REPORT



U16 team with A. E. G. before the Final of the Knockout Cup on The Leys in Witney

We were confident in having a strong team this year, with fast, skilful attackers like Sitinas, Endeley and Okeke, and a strong, resolute defence led by Wariebi and S. Smith. The mid-field (often called 'the engine room') also had capable and creative players in J. Shorrocks and I. Badawi. The one problem which certainly worried Mr Gentry was the absence of a goalkeeper, a problem which was hardly resolved throughout the term.

Our first match was a home game against local rivals Kingham Hill. The pitch was soft after rain, but otherwise in good condition, and both teams adapted well. After only four minutes the speed of our strikers caught out their defence, and Endeley beat the goalkeeper with a fine header after a cross from Sitinas. By half-time Kingham Hill had regained their composure and had managed to equalise. After the interval we started again with much enthusiasm

and went ahead 2-1 when Endeley, Okeke and Sitinas joined together to mesmerise their defence. Once again Kingham Hill managed to return as good as they got, but in the last minutes of the game, after a scramble between four players, Tang nipped in to score and thus win. It was a most exciting and hard-fought game.

Our next game was against John Mason School and we feared it was going to be a hard one. We went ahead early through Okeke, only to give a goal away almost immediately at the other end. We then went behind and were playing too nervously to make much progress. When we did settle down we scored four goals in a ten minute period and eventually ran out winners by 5-3. (Okeke 2, Endeley 3).

Our first ever fixture against Warriner School, Bloxham, was played in

failing light, but in that game we really came together properly as a team for the first time and played some very good football against rough opposition. Shorrocks scored a superb goal with a 25-yard volley into the top corner of the Warriner goal, and we won the match 5-2. However, if Warriner was our best effort so far, then the next match away at Wellington College was our worst. An injury to Sitinas did not help matters as we went down heavily, mainly due to some spectacular long-range shots which our goalkeeper could not hold.

The Clifton game will be remembered by most for a long time, not least because it was the shortest in memory – 15 minutes each way! Our coach broke down on the M4 during our journey to Bristol and we were delayed by over an hour in reaching Clifton. However, we secured an impressive 4-0 victory in the short time left. Our latest try in goal was Chan and he played magnificently; at one point, in order to save a goal, he bravely threw himself at the feet of the Clifton centre-forward.

Worcester RGS always produce very good teams and we awaited their arrival with trepidation. Once again, though, we played good football and in a fast moving game our swift attack scored five goals. Lawal also came on as a substitute and scored a neat goal from the left wing, much to the joy of the local supporters. That result put us in good heart for our visit to Leighton Park School, Reading. We had drawn 0-0 last year, and in fact we were to draw again this year 3-3. It was a very exciting game in which we were 3-1 up at half-time, but let go the lead playing against the wind in the second half.

Oratory was a very difficult game, not due to their side but to a very bad pitch which sloped markedly to one side. On their own ground Oratory took full advantage and eventually won 4-0. The match against Douai was a disappointment, too: we could have won, but we played individually and not as a team, which resulted in losing 3-1. Our last game was against Woodgreen and it was a hard one. We scored early on when Lewis dribbled around their goalkeeper, but Woodgreen soon fought back and scored a goal of their own. Most credit must go to Johnston who saved a penalty, thus enabling us at least to draw 1-1.

Overall the season was quite successful and we enjoyed some good, hard and fairly-contested games.

I. Badawi

The Squad: S. T. T. Johnson, A. Shorrocks, J. S. Shorrocks, F. Y. M. Chan, J. C. W. Ng, A. M. Wariebi, N. R. Lawal, D. Tang, C. B. Lewis, I. Badawi, S. J. Smith, J. Endeley, R. Okeke, F. Cole, N. Sitinas, P. M. Mateunas, M. C. Vernon, J. M. Reeve.

UNDER 16 SOCCER

The Under 16 team this year was put together especially for the matches of the Oxon U16 Knockout Cup. In the event, we were quite successful – losing only in the Final against Gosford, which was played on The Leys in Witney.

At the beginning of the season most of us were unfit from the long summer holiday; running was something we hadn't done for nearly eight weeks, and our first match hit us accordingly! However, although we hadn't had much practice, we were reasonably confident of success in our match against Carterton, the first round of the Cup. We played well, taking the lead twice, but Carterton drew level on both occasions, and at the end of full time the score was 2-2. Knowing we should be winning, extra time brought us six goals and the second round of the Cup.

The second game was an exciting one, with Cole as an extra player. We played with heart against our opponents Bicester, and although at one point we fell behind by two goals, we did not give up and pulled back to 2-2, scoring a third goal just before the end of time. Cokethorpe was thus in the Semi-finals for the second time in two seasons.

Burford was the venue for the next match, and we were nervous as so much was at stake. If we did not secure a place in the Final all our efforts would be thrown back at us. Luckily we had a strong wind behind us; early on we had a 3-0 lead and we never lost it. The second half produced a goal each – 4-1 and we were in the Final!

Gosford were our opponents in the Final – a two-and-a-half thousand strong school against ours of one hundred and sixty. Alas, we started by losing a quick goal; defensive errors and a few missed opportunities meant that we lost other goals, and thus the game. We were very disappointed, but it has to be said that by then we were very tired, as many of us had played for other teams throughout the season. Maybe next year! . . . In spite of an unlucky finish, well done to everyone.

J. Shorrocks

Team: A. Shorrocks, M. C. Vernon, A. M. Wariebi (Capt.), J. Ng, K. McLoughlin, J. Bryan, J. W. O'Dwyer, P. M. Mateunas, J. Shorrocks, J. Endeley, R. Okeke, F. Cole.



Goals and Gauls

THE LOIRE SOCCER TRIP

Battered by mid-season injuries and 'flu three soccer teams left school at 5.30 one frozen February morning. We headed for Calais as forlorn as the retreat from Dunkirk; ironically the French now fear British Soccer Teams and school trips as they once feared the Panzers. Guided by a Geordie driving a coach from Wigan we made for the small Loire town of Châteaudûn.

It came as no surprise that the only football played on the Sunday was 'Le Baby Foot'; a choppy channel crossing and snow north of Paris had warned us about the weather. Our obliging hotelier, a Franco-Indian by the name of Serge Patel (known to ex-marine Mr Stark as 'Sarge'), greeted us with the news that the opposition had taken to the mountains judging the snow better for skiing than soccer.

Sunday was a day of rest. After the *petit déjeuner* we visited Orleans. Sadly it was shut, though we could still admire the Gothic cathedral with its two towers tiered like elaborate wedding cakes and the *haute couture* of the stylish stores.

If Châteaudûn's own castle was a forbidding monument to twelfth century warfare reminiscent of Colditz, the snow-sprinkled château at Chambord was a Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale come true – its skyline of 365 chimneys adorned by a bizarre collection of chess-like figures. Chambord's grandeur is a reminder of a royal age when the Loire valley was the aristocracy's hunting ground and its 120 châteaux merely extravagant hunting lodges. At Blois it was today's sophisticated youth of the Loire *rive droite* cafés who proved that style has been the French watchword throughout the ages.

On Monday we enacted a true French farce when there was more tour than football. We visited three grounds before Serge finally found the opposition – and no referee. '*Remise en jeu à bleu,*' was my first decision as an international referee. "Wot?" said Kitching, and "*Arbiter! Arbiter!*" screamed the French when I judged that it was the knee, rather than the hand of Hodgetts, which gave the Under 14s a 3-1 victory.

In the second match of a long and bitterly cold afternoon, Olympic Club Châteaudûn U16s were as besieged as their hill-top château had been during the German invasion of 1870. Endeley scored in the opening minutes, John Shorrocks and Mark Vernon dominated the midfield but the people of Châteaudûn believe in resistance and they scored twice on the break. Inevitably it was Endeley's pace which salvaged a 2-2 draw.

When Sitinas got off his crutches to play in the Under 18 match Mr Gentry announced the tactics, "We're playing 4, 2½, 2½." The French played our senior team off *le parc*, our defence's *laissez-faire* marking allowed their midfielders to weave through the churned up mud with the audacity of a Renault 5 dodging heavy traffic on the Paris ring road.

By now we were watching for any footballer who felt 'as sick as a parrot' and kept the boys away from the *femmes fatale* and the *liaisons dangereuses*. There was only one fatality. Chan smashed the hotel's resident mouse on the head with a shoe; Serge was most upset as his Alsatian, Tosca, had played with it for two years.

Craning our necks we tried to decipher the crowded, colourful stories told by Châtres cathedral's stained glass windows. Fortunately Châtres was open – France seems to sleep through Sunday and Monday – and at long last we were able to test our 'Franglais' in the patisserie and confiserie, 'Bonjour Monsieur, I want one of those.'

Beyond a beautiful backdrop of tall pines and the stately Cloyes Château the sun set as our U14s played a team of giants from Olympic Club Cloyes. Manager Stark continually muttered, "they must be 16". Eventually he brought on those well-known thirteen year olds Jason Bryan and Alistair Shorrocks, though it was superbly taken goals from the genuine thirteen year olds, Horn and Martyr, which brought respectability to the score line.

The floodlights came on for the Under 18 match. OCC were a talented and well-organised team but skipper Badawi and central defender McLoughlin were outstanding, inspiring Cokethorpe to a 2-0 lead. Endeley again, and again. In the second half French class and fitness saw OCC through to a 4-2 victory.

Although only one victory in five games was not going to make Messieurs Gentry, Stark or Edwards the Muscadet Manager of the Month it was an enjoyable five days. Chartres and Chambord were beautiful, the French were very welcoming and the British Schoolboy finally learnt what the bidet was for – washing football boots.

M.E.

UNDER 15 SOCCER

Rowing seems to be the Fourth Form's favourite sport so Under 15 Soccer fixtures loomed in the diary like dental appointments. When the squad is smaller than the team there is cause for concern.

A defensive error within minutes of the first kick-off on Kingham Hill's sodden pitch was ominous but this side had character. Goals from the very end of Roscoe's toe and Blackwell's forehead caused Kingham to struggle for their draw.

The following lean spell was inevitable. Henry Box and John Mason, the local comprehensives, select their sides from four times as many boys. These games were valuable experience. McLoughlin's first goal of the season came from a superbly taken direct free-kick and against Henry Box the midfield Alistair Shorrocks, McLoughlin and Mateunas began to stifle the opposition and impose their own patient creativity.

In football league terms we had gained one point from nine, in football league style Chairman Goldsmith signed a new player – Akmel El Hawrani – exactly the type of fast, selfless striker the team required. Somewhere a *Boys Own* writer was at work. El Hawrani's match was against his old team Clifton, Kabbara's winner earned the first victory of the season. There were to be no further defeats nor draws. Then McLoughlin, in his second spell at Cokethorpe, scored a hat-trick against Worcester Royal Grammar School.

Gbaja returned too. Another dream comeback. He scored twice in the first half on Oratory's snow covered pitch, immediately they had equalised Gbaja received the ball from the restart and left a trail of despairing defenders in his wake as he ran straight through to complete his hat-trick. At the back the defence was improving all the time. Orebiyi began quietly and finished as a defender who hounded forwards into submission, meanwhile Kabbara was developing into a reliable full-back.

Caretaker-Manager Goldsmith took the team to Reading and returned beaming, "Is there any other Soccer Manager in the land who began his career with a 7-1 victory?" he asked.

After 5 goals in two games Gbaja was dropped. Replacement Martyr came in for the final game and combined magnificently with the midfield. Although Douai began confidently Cokethorpe were unperturbed. The first two goals were skilfully created from midfield and finished emphatically. Late in the second half Captain Shorrocks finally claimed his reward for a season of authoritative leadership with a twenty yard shot that soared into the top left hand corner. It was fitting that McLoughlin should seal his hat-trick and a 7-0 victory with the very last kick of the season.

M. E.

The Team: J. W. O'Dwyer, S. S. Pillai, J. Yisa-Doko, M. O. Orebiyi, K. R. Kabbara, P. M. Mateunas, A. Shorrocks, K. McLoughlin, A. J. F. Blackwell, A. S. El-Hawrani, M. J. Horton.

Also played: L. A. Gbaja-Biamila, E. C. Casey, D. A. Roscoe, J. L. Pastor, R. Martyr, C. D. Birch.

UNDER 14 SOCCER

The Under 14 football season this year seemed a very long one indeed; time after time the squad's lack of experience in depth was our undoing, and one was left with a feeling of general disappointment at the end of the campaign. The team was capable of playing good football for the first ten minutes or so of any game, but as soon as they conceded a goal or two some of their heads would drop a shade and they struggled to stay in the match thereafter.

An ominous 4-7 defeat against Kingham Hill – a team we should (and usually do) crush – augured badly for the rest of the season. Resounding defeats followed against Farmoor (1-11), John Mason (1-8) and Henry Box (0-8). The team simply lacked enough players of the calibre of Martyr and Birch to compete, despite the sterling efforts of Hodgetts, Price II and Gibbs.

However, these slight 'hiccups' proved to be the nadir of our fortunes; whether the quality of the opposition weakened or whatever, our results after the middle of February were relatively better. In our new fixture against Clifton College, with Bowerman having an inspired match as goalkeeper, we were extremely unlucky to lose by a goal in the last minute! And although we lost against Worcester RGS (0-4) our performance was very creditable, as they are one of the most accomplished public school football teams in the country.

We knew that in the match against Leighton Park we had a chance to glean something from the season, and so it proved. The team showed great character after such a harrowing sequence of results and achieved a 5-1 victory. The first goal was scored by Birch, who skilfully weaved his way through a crowded penalty area; another was by Martyr, who retained possession of the ball for virtually the length of the field.

The soccer tour to the Loire Valley proved to be successful so far as the U14's were concerned, as they were the only team to win on foreign soil; and they played some very attractive football combined with some very hard tackling which the French did not appreciate! In conclusion, I am sure that all this experience will stand the squad in good stead for next season, and I hope that in due course we shall see players like Kitching, Hodgetts, Horn, Martyr

and Birch develop into 1st XI players. The performance of Nasser as our long-suffering goalkeeper, when free of injury, also deserves praise, as he pulled off many superb (and indeed brave) saves.

P. J. R. R.

The Team: W. Nasser, J. B. Price, M. Ellerton, P. Gibbs, R. Martyr, C. D. Birch, M. Bowerman, D. Hodgetts, H. Kitching, N-L. J. Perry, J. G. Ruff.

Also played: J. Clapton, C. Hadeed, C. Horn.

UNDER 13 SOCCER

Snow – the weather not the man – delayed the start of the Under 13 season, and our game against Josca's had to be postponed. Eventually we kicked off at a high altitude at a wet and windy Kingham Hill. Although soon a goal down, the team battled on with the determination which was to be their hallmark for the rest of the season. Several changes in position were made at half-time and soon Searson and Pether were close to equalising. But almost inevitably, as Cokethorpe pushed further forward they were caught on the break, and Kingham scored a second goal despite a characteristically brave attempt by the goalkeeper, Essen.

A fortnight passed before the second game. which was a home match against St Hugh's. By now Mwenewanda was back in the side, and a new arrival, Fisher, made a promising debut. Cokethorpe took the lead when Jeffs stormed through from left mid-field to chip the ball into the top corner from the edge of the area. St Hugh's equalised quickly but a victory still looked possible when the home side were awarded a penalty in the second half. Unfortunately, the penalty was missed, and a late breakaway goal again robbed us of any rewards for a very good team performance.

The following Saturday, after an unintentional minibus tour of Reading, we found ourselves at Leighton Park. Team Captain Searson was out through injury and the mantle of leadership passed to the inspirational Mwenewanda.

We were 1-0 down by half-time but a superb second half hat-trick by Searson's replacement in attack, C. Horn, gave us a satisfying victory 3-1 on what had been a very water-logged pitch.

Half-term came and went. Sadly, due to some confusion, Worcester RGS did not. The spectre of Josca's was now upon us. Their awesome power was always too much even for a determined Cokethorpe defence and the Manager's worst nightmares came true as the goals rattled in. He would need all his powers of motivation to re-build the young side for their next fixture away . . . at Josca's! Fortunately, this time it was only their 2nd XI, who gave us a very even contest which finished 2-2. The goals came from Marjanovic and Mwenewanda; the defensive tackling of M. Smith and J. Price was particularly effective; and wingers Horn and Fisher caused many problems for the opposition.

The final match at St Hugh's started very badly, 3-0 down in twenty minutes. Ford, a useful utility player, popped up in the forward line to pull one goal back before the break. The second half was more even – Mwenewanda thumping home a second goal after good footwork from Ford and Horn. So Cokethorpe hit the woodwork twice, but ended the season losing 4-2. With the exception of the one nightmare game against Josca's it was a useful season. The boys showed character, often fighting back from early deficits and never giving less than a hundred per cent. The full-backs have not been mentioned but typify the attitude of the side: Rutter, the reluctant soccer player, plucked from his rowing training to play some splendid games when required; and Benfield, a fearless tackler often taking out wingers twice his size. I hope it was an enjoyable season and one in which one or two future stars have appeared. Thanks must go to Searson for his Captaincy, and to all those parents who came to support us so well and often; and of course also for bringing in the younger day boys for Saturday matches.

A. R. A. S.

The Team: D. M. Fisher, N. W. Ford, C. Horn, J. W. Jeffs, B. Marjanovic, J. K. Mwenewanda, P. D. Pether, J. B. Price, G. Rutter, M. R. Searson, M. C. Smith.

OVERHEARD IN COMMON ROOM:

"I was never in favour of a June election anyway; it doesn't fit in with my coursework . . ."

"Oh the Bursar's very keen on cricket – he even named his house 'Jenners'."

Question (with some hostility): 'You're in Swift, aren't you?'

Answer (after a long pause): 'I'm claiming the 5th Amendment on that.'



Photos: S. J. Keith-Berkley



Mountains and Menus

CATERING TRIP TO OVRANNAZ SWITZERLAND

April 1987



It turned out to be fairly typical of the whole of the catering trip that we should arrive at our base, the Hotel du Grand Muveran, just in time for lunch. It was equally typical of our host, M. Serge Ricca, that we had barely sat down before a large bottle of wine arrived at our table with his compliments.

We had an hour or two to settle into our rooms (and meet some of our fellow guests) before the first session of the course. This was an outline of what we would be doing over the week, followed by an introduction to Swiss wine. M. Ricca was able to provide us with a vast amount of information and his talks were delivered in excellent English punctuated by frequent witticisms and jokes. In turn we tasted two white and two red wines from the local area. The whites were 'Fendant', a pale dry wine; and 'Malvoisie' which is a much yellower, sweeter wine and proved to be the favourite of many of the boys. After a brief discussion we moved on to 'Dôle', the most abundant of the local red wines made with a combination of Pinot Noir and Gamay grapes. The final tasting was of a 'Pinot Noir' which, as the name suggests is made entirely from that grape variety. It was a very rich and full-bodied wine suitable, M. Ricca suggested, for such food as roast beef and the very best cheeses.

After dinner M. Ricca demonstrated the preparation of *Pêches Flambées* and even the drowsiest eye was opened as he not only used Grand Marnier and Cointreau in the preparation but finished off by flaming it with what seemed to be a vast amount of Cognac. The best part was, of course, the tasting and with a small scoop of ice cream the peaches were fantastic. By this stage of the day most of us had been up for about twenty-one hours, and so we tumbled into bed very quickly at the end of the demonstration, a little light-headed and already feeling fat.

We were to spend much of the time on Tuesday in the kitchen watching M. Ricca and his staff prepare the two main meals of the day which gave

everyone a chance to see at first hand how food for about 60 people is cooked to a standard that makes it taste as though each mouthful has been given individual special attention. The menu for each of the two meals was as follows:

Lunch

Potage aux légumes
Côte de porc au Champignons
Pommes au four
Fenouil au Parmesan
Salade de fruits frais

Dinner

Crème de légumes
Braisé de boeuf au vin rouge
Pommes purée
Carottes au beurre
Poire au chocolat

Needless to say the sauces with both the chops and the fruit salad had rather more white wine in them than the average Englishman might have expected. All I can add to the rather obvious fact that both meals were quite superb is that it was a very good job that we had quite a lot of time off in the afternoon so that we could snooze in the sun and recover in time for dinner!

After dinner we had a short discussion with M. Ricca about how to work out the price of such a menu as we had seen being prepared – he gave us the prices of all the ingredients and 12 hours to work it out! The evening lesson was rounded off quite nicely with another wine tasting, this time one of France's more famous wines – Champagne.

On Wednesday M. Ricca showed us some of the skill needed on the other side of the house – in the restaurant. He explained the use of the various items of cutlery, including one or two slightly less familiar items such as the tongs used for holding snails still whilst they are removed from their shells. Then it was our turn to show what we could do. M. Ricca gave us each a menu and we had to lay a single place-setting, including the appropriate wine glasses. Most

managed quite well with a menu ranging from three to five courses but no one could quite get perfect the place for the meal including Smoked duck, Red mullet soufflé, Consommé Julienne, Saddle of Veal Orlov, selection of cheeses with nut bread, desserts and Friandises du Chef, with four different wines and cognac! Eventually M. Ricca smartened up Duncan Morrison's very fair attempt.

The afternoon was free and we all took advantage of the lift passes which M. Ricca so generously provided to get to the top of the mountain and spent a few hours sunbathing and watching the few end of season skiers. After dinner we had another very short session with M. Ricca in which we returned our rather late (but accurate) answers to the costing problem, and tasted a couple more wines. This time two high quality red wines, one each from France and Italy – Burgundy and Piedmont respectively. Once again they were very much appreciated and we made some notes about them. At the same time we had our first introduction to a Swiss goat's milk cheese which had a mixed reception, but as the whole thing disappeared I think it is fair to say that it was quite popular.

Thursday was a day of adventure in more ways than one. We breakfasted with a soldier hovering around the entrance to the hotel. It did not really require closer inspection to realise that this was M. Ricca, whom we knew had to do a couple of days of military service and whose figure is not quite what one would expect of a soldier even if it is perfectly suited to a chef! However, a number of trips had been organised and it only remained for us to await the transport which eventually arrived driven by a very flamboyant chap who went by the name of Phillippe. Half an hour later we set off for our first port of call in Villeneuve. We weren't far away when the minibus packed up and Phillippe had to enter into furious negotiations with the nearest garage. Within half an hour we were on the way again and arrived at Suter's wholesale butcher in time for the snacks that they had planned to give us as we left. However, they were still happy to show us around the vast meat processing plant. One of the main products was sausages of various types, including several varieties of salami. Indeed much of the visit seemed to be inspecting vast cold stores full of row upon row of salami at various stages of what we discovered is a three month maturation period.

From Suter's we went to Vevey, the home of the Nestlé company, where we were met by a gentleman from a large fishmonger which we were to visit that afternoon. As always though there was some food to be consumed before we started and so we were entertained to another huge meal during which we ate one of the specialities of Lake Geneva – fillets of perch. Even I enjoyed it and I don't rave too much about fish as a rule. With typical consideration and foresight our host had realised that we might not all be terribly fond of fish and

so he had arranged a steak dish as the main course. After lunch we went to the shop where it was delightful to see tanks full of live fish – lobsters in one and trout in another. The shop also sold poultry and one of the first rooms into which we went at the back contained men preparing chicken and ducks for display in the shop window. We were shown through several rooms at differing temperatures and saw all kinds of wet and shellfish from all over the world. It was almost inevitable that the shop should have some kind of wine cellar and sure enough, the last room we visited was just such a place. Among the large number of bottles of fine wines were four particularly treasured three-litre bottles of Mouton-Rothschild, valued, so we were told, at about 1500 SF (about £650) each.

From one exhibition of opulence to another, our last call of the day was the Hyatt Continental Hotel in Montreux. We toured the entire hotel including the restaurants, swimming pool, fitness room, kitchens and even the engineering centre which controls all the heating and air conditioning. Perhaps most staggering of all were the bedrooms of which we saw two. The view of Lake Geneva was quite stunning and we all agreed that even the Grand Muveran left something to be desired when compared with the 'little' suite we saw. At over £300 a night, however, we came to the conclusion that it was better to stay put.

Phillippe managed to get us most of the way back to Ovrannaz before the engine started to steam once again. As it was only about 12km up the mountain to go he decided to press on despite the rather alarming red lights on the dash and our own personal cloud (the only one that could be seen anywhere that day). Anyway, we made it back and had an hour or so in which to write postcards before dinner. The evening was spent by many of us helping Phillippe to try and start the minibus again, but all effort was in vain, so once alternative transport for the next day's trips had been made the whole party, including Phillippe, disappeared into the disco.

Friday began with the arrival of two seven-seater Subaru minibuses which seemed to command rather more interest than breakfast, but at least we got off in good time. Our first visit was a wholesale fruit merchant but it was not really very much more than a huge refrigerated room full of boxes of fruit. We were very early for our next appointment in the nearby town of Sion where we were due to visit a creamery. Most of the party decided to explore the town whilst Phillippe, Philip (the other driver) and I sat in a café at the base of the mountains with the famous ski resorts of Crans-Montana a few thousand feet above our heads. It all seemed far too pleasant to abandon in search of the creamery, but we did. No cheese was actually made on the premises but it was used for the very carefully controlled ripening process. Humidity and temperature were both strictly regulated but the smell was not exactly pleasant

in many of the 'caves'. After a fairly comprehensive tour of the building we were taken to the board room where some of the cheese had been put out for us to taste.

We found a nice spot for 'lunch', although the packed meal that we had been given was quite unnecessary after all the cheese and wine. Phillippe introduced us to the local 'eau de vie' made from apples and drunk with almost anything it seems (we tried coffee and beer). Sion is right on the boundary between French and German-speaking Switzerland so it was quite interesting to listen to both languages being spoken at the tables around us where we sat.

It wasn't until we had sampled most of Phillippe's suggested drinks and fed our entire picnic to the ducks that we set off for the wine caves of 'Provins', the biggest local cooperative processor. Unfortunately, there was not much work going on while we were there, but we were shown the bottling plant and the huge concrete and steel vessels where wine is stored which have replaced the rather more romantic wooden barrels. The final stage of the tour was (predictably) a tasting of three or four of the wines produced in the plant. This was rather a long tasting session, during which the director who was our host refused to let a glass go empty for more than about thirty seconds, on the grounds that he had lived to seventy-five on several bottles per day so it can't be that bad for you (the only disconcerting fact about this assertion was that the man didn't look as though he was very much older than about forty-five).

Saturday was a free day and many of the group accepted the kind invitation of the girls staying in the hotel to use their coach to visit Montreux and the

château at Chillon. The château, whose fame was increased by the visit of Lord Byron, is very well preserved and has been refurnished with appropriate items, as the Dukes of Savoy (who owned it) travelled with their furniture rather than equipping all their châteaux. In the evening we were again invited into the kitchen to watch M. Ricca, on release from the army, prepare a feast for a wedding. Once again we were impressed by the speed, quantity and quality of the work, and for the second time during the week we had the chance to sample the exquisite fillet of perch which were followed by a very tasty consommée and *cuisse de grenouilles* (frogs legs). The main course of roast fillet of beef followed after a champagne sorbet. I can only assume that the whole event was quite successful in that the departure of most of the guests at 5 a.m. was quite audible to all in the hotel.

Sunday was again a gentle day in which we did very little work except to watch M. Ricca prepare a meal to be eaten off the premises for 450 people. On Monday we set off fairly early in the morning for Geneva and boarded our Tri-star for home. The take-off was delayed for an hour for no good reason and our coach was held up whilst a Canadian group were rooted out of the bar at Gatwick.

However, WHCD was waiting for us at Oxpens coachpark and within half an hour we arrived at school to find that all had managed quite well without us for a day, although I think that the Bursar will have to find a pound or two from somewhere if the whole school is to eat as well as we had become used to over the previous week!

E. J. F.



Grace before meals? Consuming the result of our labours

THE EARLY LECTURE, 1987

by

The Rt. Hon. Lord Wilson of Rievaulx KG, PC, FRS

For those who were present, one of the most memorable events of the Summer Term was the visit, on Friday, 15th May, of Lord Wilson of Rievaulx to give the third 'Early Lecture' – an annual lecture generously endowed by Mr and Mrs Richard Early, citizens of Witney who have both had a long and loyal association with this school.

Even in a long list of General Studies speakers, Lord Wilson must certainly rank as the most distinguished ever to come to Cokethorpe. It is, I think, always very fascinating to meet anyone who has held great power or position, and to have been in the company of such a person even for an evening, is an experience in itself. Although Lord Wilson is now 71 he is still, in his way, as consummate a political actor as was the ageing Lord Stockton in his, and if anything his famous sense of humour seems to have become even drier over the years. During the course of the evening he regaled us with a fund of good stories, a fact which the Headmaster, in thanking him, later acknowledged when he said – "I never thought I would see the day when in this Corinthian Room I would hear Harold Wilson giving such a brilliant imitation of Winston Churchill"!

Although he no longer holds the record as the longest-serving peacetime Prime Minister, Lord Wilson still has the distinction of having been both the youngest Cabinet Minister and Prime Minister of modern times. On his retirement he had been in the House of Commons for 31 years, nearly 30 of them on one or other front bench, and by his own reckoning he had presided over 472 Cabinet meetings and answered more than 12,000 parliamentary questions. If, in the course of his political life, he had, perhaps, more than his fair share of 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune', in another respect his career was a remarkable demonstration of how party unity can be preserved – a fact which he certainly does not discount as an achievement in itself.

Lord Wilson's talk was entitled 'The Lessons of History', but those who had assumed that this might engender a series of weighty philosophical reflections were quite mistaken. Indeed, this title simply provided a convenient pretext to bring together a blend of anecdote and comment on men and events, ranging from his early days in Churchill's wartime Cabinet Secretariat and the post-war Labour government under Attlee, to his later experiences in dealing with Soviet leaders from Mikoyan to Brezhnev (not excluding Mr Gorbachev whom

he has met three times). The later part of the talk was less anecdotal, being concerned more broadly with Lord Wilson's views on certain aspects of the present political scene both at home and abroad, and, in particular, with his wish to see the nations return to something like the Helsinki Agreement of ten years ago. What the underlying 'lessons' in all this were I'm not quite sure, but I suspect that in so far as it did 'point a moral and adorn a tale', it may well have been that Lord Wilson's view of politics – and this of history in the making – is akin to that of Mr A. J. P. Taylor: *viz.* that great events do not necessarily have 'great' causes, nor need every major issue always be addressed in a solemn way.

The larger part of the evening took the form of a question-and-answer session, a process which kept Lord Wilson on his feet for a further hour-and-a-half – and, it may be added, with little or no visible sign of tiring. As it has been



Obliging the Bursar for a birthday photograph

difficult to give any adequate summary of the talk, what follows here is the substance of Lord Wilson's replies to some of the questions asked by the boys; and I hope that this may give readers who were not present that evening something of the flavour of the occasion.

P. J. C.

Q: *If you were Mrs Thatcher would you have called the General Election on 11th June?*

A: I find it rather hard to imagine myself as Mrs Thatcher! (*Laughter*). Every Prime Minister has to decide when he thinks the right time is. Usually he consults his Cabinet. If there are one or two mavericks in the Cabinet, or one or two possible 'leakers', then it has to be a rather smaller audience. Sometimes a Government has a majority in the House of only about eight or ten. I have had that, and it's not too easy. But usually there is a majority of 40 or 60, or even 100, and then there are no rules, really – you make them up as you go on! Certainly I think that, from Mrs Thatcher's point of view, she's right – not from the Labour point of view, of course! But from her point of view – yes, indeed. If you decide to wait another six months, then you are getting very close to the end of five years and things may go badly for you – not because of any incompetence on your part, but just sheer bad luck . . . Troubles in some part of the world, the French making a mess of something, or the Germans getting nasty and tough – all these things can happen. So it is very unwise to wait until the last month.

Q: *Do you think the right to decide the date of an election places too much power in the hands of the Prime Minister?*

A: That is a lovely question! Believe it or not, it is one which has never been put to me before. (*Pause*). I don't quite see who could have it unless you just said, like so many Commonwealth and foreign countries, it will be at the end of every four years, or at the end of five, and so on. Personally, I prefer the present system to that. It does mean that the Prime Minister has the chance to take advantage of a gorgeous summer, or the fact that the economic figures are showing better than they had done the previous year. On the whole, I think perhaps it's because I am such an old conservative type – and I don't mean that with a capital 'C', please – that I don't want to change the present system. I think it works perfectly well. Of course, if it were quite clear that a Prime Minister were just playing tricks, soon there

would be a very strong feeling in the country, and he or she might get badly punished when the voters went to the polls.

Q: *What do you think of Mr Kinnock as a possible future Prime Minister?*

A: I have only one regret about him, and it is my fault, and that is that he was never appointed as a Junior Minister learning from the inside what a Ministry or Department is like. Of course I couldn't appoint all the people in the Party – you can't know them all, and you can't appoint them all. But I wish somebody had brought him to me. He is showing very well; he has got two or three strong and experienced people at his side – one of whom worked very closely with me when I was Prime Minister. If the election goes his way, he will have to listen to the team round him more than anyone who already has a lot of experience in government.

The next question, like the previous ones, also came from younger members of the audience at the front:

Lord Wilson: Front row is doing good business, isn't it!

Q: *What made you decide to retire in 1976, rather than stay on for another full term?*

A: My period in Downing Street was up to that time the longest in peacetime since Gladstone. As historians here will know, he retired in his eighties. I retired as soon as I reached 60 . . . Well, you know, you've all got to be ready to stand down for an older man, as I did! (*Laughter*). I had always decided that I was going to go when I was 60. I started unusually young; there have been younger Prime Ministers than I was, but most of them a very long time ago. I wasn't so worried about my health or anything – in fact, I hardly lost a day with bad health in my whole political life. What one is afraid of is repetition. There is always a danger when a Party has been in office a long time that they get stale – the same problems keep repeating themselves and you have no new solution for them. You have looked into this problem or that, attended to it in the first or second year of office, and now it has festered again – if festered is the right word. I'd seen Prime Ministers more senior than me getting into a particular way of thinking, and there comes a time when you need a fresh mind at the top. (*Afterthought*). Incidentally, I'd intended to go on the very day I was 60, but it happened that there were two by-elections on that day and the next,



so I didn't actually resign until the following week.

Q: *It is said that a Prime Minister must sometimes be a good 'butcher'. Were you?*

A: Well – not all the time, you know! (*Laughter. A Pause*). Certainly a Prime Minister, even if he has been friendly with Jo Soap for many years – perhaps for many years before he was PM – must not let that friendly loyalty keep the man in the job if you genuinely feel he isn't up to it.

Sometimes it has been very sad to have to tell a Minister that he was going to be shifted, or just dropped. I tried to make a rule that no-one should stay after 60. It wasn't kept to entirely, but more or less. One other thing you have got to do is to keep the Cabinet balanced. It would be very wrong if a left-wing Labour Prime Minister were just to put in the left wing and nobody else, and one of the troubles the Labour Party had many years ago was when the Bevanite part felt they were being neglected in the appointment of jobs, and that turned out to be pretty serious.

Q: *Did you realise at the time that MI5 was trying to undermine your government, or is this something you have only learned since?*

A: No, I didn't know very much about it. I didn't know very much about them, frankly. The custom in my day – I don't know what it is now – was that the Cabinet Secretary would be the link with MI5 and MI6. He always called them 'Our Friends' – and he would sometimes say to me, 'Our Friends have discovered something very interesting' – something they had intercepted, perhaps, either here or in some other part of the world. That kind of thing. Not more than three times, I think, did I ever meet any of the MI5 or MI6 people. I left it mainly to the Cabinet Secretary. There certainly are some alarming things coming out in the Press at the moment – in fact, even without the Peter Wright case in Australia, there is quite a lot. But I don't think there is much I can say, because it appears to be sub-judice, and being sub-judice I had better leave it at that.

Q: *What do you feel about the ethics of Richard Crossman recording all your Cabinet meetings in such detail in his diary, and the fact that publication of the diary actually breached the '30 Year Rule'?*

A: Well, I insisted on seeing part of his stuff, as I knew it would exceed the 30 Year Rule. I knew he was taking notes, of course – members of the Cabinet are entitled to take notes – but he was really more of a literateur than a politician. Having appointed him, I was surprised time after time that he came up with some idea, and then said he was giving in to his officials. Well, I would never allow that, unless it was for a very strong reason. I'm sorry about it all, really. Dick was a nice chap, on a very high intellectual level and all the rest of it, but he never got a thing right. I would say anyone reading his diaries should do so very carefully indeed, and recognise that if he didn't know what he was writing about you can quite be forgiven for not knowing what he is trying to write about.

Q: *Which politician do you, or did you, have the most professional respect for?*

A: Goodness! That is a good question – I would like to think about it. (Pause). You have got to judge them all. (Pause). This is very difficult. I think I said earlier that I have met Gorbachev three times now, and I must say I have considerable respect for him. I find him interesting and illuminating. However, I wouldn't, for instance, say, coming back from the Kremlin, compare a Russian political figure with some leading figure in Australia . . . I'm sorry, I really haven't got an answer to that question. As I said, if I was a Minister, I should like notice of that one!

Q: *What was your view of the House of Lords when you were in the Commons, and what is your view of the Commons now you are in the Lords?*

A: Pretty well the same, I think. When I was elected to Parliament I had no thoughts about anything to do with going to the House of Lords. I always felt there was a need for a second chamber, but it must not have an over-riding power. I think we have about reached that position today. I, of course, made a number of changes as Prime Minister in relation to the House of Lords . . . I think the Lords, while not liking the changes, feel that it has all worked out fairly well. The quality of debate is very high on both sides, and they can often find time to talk about matters that the Commons hasn't time to deal with. Although the Lords does consist of a number of people who go back centuries, a very considerable number of them really are living in the world we know today. I don't agree with the view that the House of Lords largely consists of people who still want to know the result of war in 1854! Some of the Peers really do take their job tremendously seriously.

Q: *Robert Lacey in his book "Majesty" says that, of the eight Prime Ministers who have served the present Queen, you were the one with whom she got on best personally. Could you tell us something about your relations with her?*

A: It was a great thing to have the chance to see her every week. She's very knowledgeable not only about parliamentary procedure, which takes most MP's years to learn, but about every aspect of government. She was very concerned and caring – I don't mean politically or anything like that, but she could always see when a Prime Minister was going through a bad patch, particularly of course in my case, when there had been much more savagery in the Press than for a Conservative Prime Minister. She was

very, very human and she really did feel for you. It wasn't because I was Labour that she felt that: she has the same sort of feelings with Margaret sometimes, and it isn't because she is Conservative. If you had got to take a very important decision which would hurt however you did it, she was always there to help. She didn't pat you on the head or anything like that, or say 'there, there', but she understood.

What would happen was that, about two days before I was due to attend her, one of my Principal Private Secretaries would ring up the Queen's Private Secretary and confirm that everything was all right for Wednesday or Thursday afternoon, whenever it was going to be; and he would say that I would want to tell Her Majesty about the latest discussions with the French or whatever it might be. During the audience she put a lot of questions in her own right, so to speak; she wanted to know everything that was going on. We also used to have a sort of competition as to which of us had read the last edition of the evening paper; sometimes she'd say, "Well, I didn't have time to see it – was there anything in it?" Another time I hadn't seen it and she would say – "Oh, you must go and look at it, it's very funny." There was always a tremendous sense of humour going through it all, and that does help.

Q: *How did you relax as Prime Minister?*

A: Well, above all, I would go down to the Isles of Scilly with Mary and our family whenever I could – about two or three times a year and for a reasonable period. But, may I say, I never found it terribly hard work being Prime Minister. I knew the subjects reasonably well, and when I first went into Downing Street almost no-one in my government had been in a Cabinet at all – hardly even as junior ministers – and that made it fairly easy for me to get them all to act as a team. Of course, a lot of one's time is spent dealing with foreign and Commonwealth affairs, but I don't think this interfered that much with other aspects of one's life.

Q: *I believe you rather admired President Kennedy. Could you tell us something about him?*

A: I first met him during the war. He made a visit to Britain to see what we were suffering. I was quite impressed by him, but of course we didn't know anything about his ability then. Much later, when Alec Douglas-Home was Prime Minister and I was Leader of the Opposition, I met him again. Harold Macmillan had resigned, Alec had been appointed; there

was an election coming up and it's usual to try and go and see the American President – a lot of people think there are votes in it. So he went over there (to America). But Kennedy was getting memoranda from his people in the London Embassy saying that Labour looked like winning the election, so the President let me have a roundabout message that if I asked to go he'd be very glad to see me, which I did. He was in great form. I remember the whole meeting took place standing up – he had a lot of trouble with his back then – but he seemed to enjoy it and I certainly did. But then of course before I became PM he was killed. Some of the older ladies and gentlemen here will remember that, for weeks afterwards, whenever you met someone you knew the conversation nearly always started by saying "Where were you on the night you heard Kennedy had been assassinated?"

Q: *Do you have any regrets in your career?*

A: On the whole, not many. Inevitably you make mistakes; sometimes the mistake grows and there is a crisis. I certainly don't regret having stood for Parliament as soon as the war was over, or being a Minister. Looking back one can always say, you shouldn't have done it this way, you should have done it that way, and all the rest of it. If I might turn your question the other way round, what I on the whole feel proud of is my liaison with the Commonwealth. I am not a mad European, I am very proud of the Commonwealth, though there are still more backward parts where I think it might be said we haven't done enough. Also I don't like to see a situation like the one in South Africa with Botha, who must be regarded as one of the most evil people this country has ever had to deal with. I'm glad to see that Commonwealth leaders are for the most part standing up against him as far as they can, but the sheer mechanics of doing anything to stop him are very difficult.

Q: *What do you think about the situation in Northern Ireland? Do you think the Government is taking the right steps to deal with that problem?*

A: Oh dear – how long have we got? The Irish situation is still very difficult at this moment, and I have long experience of this subject, may I say. (*Pause*). I have no reason to think that the Government are not taking all

the measures that seem open to them. What I did, looking back on it, was madness, sheer madness. I twice met representatives of the IRA. Once when I was not Prime Minister – Mr Heath was – and a message filtered through that the IRA wouldn't mind sending one of their chaps to see me, and I thought it was right to do it if it was going to save a few lives. I met a bloke who, as it happened, turned out to be their lawyer. He was fairly reasonable. There was no shouting or blaring or anything of that kind. He was very legalistic, I should add. On the later occasion I was Prime Minister and it was in connection with a rumour that Gerry Fitt, a Northern Ireland Member of Parliament, was going to be murdered.

The questions were asked (in the order in which they were given) by: Andrew Ross, Nicholas Horn, Karim Kabbara, James Wingrove, Michael Ellerton, Paul Marshall, David Smith, Michael Doherty, Edward Bailey, Alistair Shorrocks, Matthew Howe, David Roscoe and Julian Russ.

An anecdote about The Rev. Ian Paisley

"... I must tell you this story. I was told it in absolute honesty by someone who was there. The Rev., as you probably know, is a great actor – magnificent presence, loud voice and all the rest of it. Well, then, imagine this fine figure of a man coming to the end of a service. It was packed out, absolutely packed out, especially with a lot of Americans who had come over to support the North. He was full of it, and so were they. Suddenly he said – 'I must have absolute silence . . . A most wonderful thing has happened. A message is coming to this church from the Almighty . . .' He went on, explaining how it was passing through the outer atmosphere, through the clouds and so on. Then he says, 'Now you can just see it – it's a hundred miles over us . . . I must have absolute silence'. 'Now it's coming through the roof of the church . . . I must have absolute silence'. 'Ahhh,' he said, 'The Lord has ordered me to take a second Collection!'"

Debating Retrospect



INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION

Every year during the Lent Term we have a series of three inter-House debates. 1987 was no exception, the first debate being on 5th February between Queen Anne and Swift. The motion was that 'This House is in favour of Sunday trading and racing'. Christopher Lewis and Adule Wariebi of Queen Anne were the proposers; Michael Pye and Angus Morrison opposed for Swift. Wariebi opened with a powerful and consistent speech which set the scene for the high standard which followed, and when it came to his turn to second, Christopher Lewis added new points to those already made by Wariebi. This was in fact Lewis' maiden speech, and he clearly knew who to consult for some of his best material! Michael Pye's speech, as always, contained interesting factual points. Then came Angus Morrison who gave a long, intellectual speech – at one point we thought he was going to give us the views of every MP in the country! Wariebi summed up for Queen Anne and Pye for Swift. Again, both speeches were very convincing and by this time no-one in the House was sure who would win. Contributions from the Floor were quite good, with the best points being made by Yazden Karbasi, Justin Price, and the three Smiths – Samuel, Edward and David! Mr White summed up for the Judges. The result: Swift 66, Queen Anne 54. Round one to Swift, therefore.

The second debate took place on 9th February between Harcourt and Queen Anne. The motion was that 'This House believes the Government has got its priorities wrong where defence spending is concerned'. Samuel Smith and Jonathan Shorrock of Harcourt were the proposers, and Daniel Jones and

Julian Russ opposed for Queen Anne. Smith opened with a slightly hesitant but nevertheless well-researched speech which contained many good points; the visual aids which he has been accustomed to produce in the past had been banned this year, though! Daniel Jones produced a very cogent speech and, not surprisingly, made telling use of his previous debating experience throughout. However, perhaps it was Jonathan Shorrock's speech which most enhanced the occasion. Julian Russ seconded for Queen Anne, and we especially enjoyed his slip of the tongue – 'fifteen billion dollars – er, pounds'! Again, as in the first debate, there were some excellent contributions from the Floor – most notably from Wingrove, Karbasi, Venman and Pastor, each of whom spoke twice. Berwitz, Hadeed, Jeffs, Martyr, Horton, Pedoe, Kabbara, Rutter and Boyland also spoke. On this occasion it was Mr Green's turn to sum up for the Judges: the result was a close victory for Queen Anne, 58 points to 51. In spite of the credit accruing to Queen Anne, though, Mr Green did say that the best individual speech was Shorrock's.

The third and final debate was between Swift and Harcourt – Fady Dona and Edward Smith speaking for the former, and Stephen Edwards and Justin Price for the latter. The motion was cleverly thought up by the proposers and at first totally baffled most of the audience: 'This House believes that religion is the opiate of the masses.' Dona opened the debate with a humorous speech – though we still don't know whether Lofty or Dirty Den was the father of Michelle's baby! – and Edwards gave an equally good reply, clearly and confidently delivered, for the opposers. Like Lewis in the first debate, Edward Smith was making his maiden speech: he apologised for being a virgin . . . speaker, and gave a quiet but powerful speech which did him much

credit. Justin Price, seconding for Harcourt, also spoke confidently with few errors. Although only a Third Former he made very good eye-contact and really put his heart into it. Comments from the Floor were once again very good. Wariebi, Endeley, Karbasi, Ellerton, J. Shorrocks and R. Price all spoke, but all who were there will agree that the star of the Floor was Niyi Lawal who excelled himself by speaking no less than three times! On each occasion he made very solid points in his own inimitable manner. Mr Stark was chairman of the adjudicators for this last debate and in a tense atmosphere he announced the result – Swift 55, Harcourt 53. This meant that the overall scores were: Harcourt 104, Queen Anne 112, Swift 121.

Remembering that last year Swift won both their debates only to lose the competition by a single point, they certainly deserved to win on this occasion. All in all, the high standard achieved last year was maintained, and much credit must go to all who took part – not only as main speakers but also from the Floor. Our thanks to all those who assisted the Housemasters in the adjudication of the debates in which their House was not involved; and of course also to Mr Cranham for his usual excellent organisation.

E. C. Casey and D. G. Smith

PRIZE DEBATES IN THE SUMMER TERM

The motions for the two Prize Debates during the Summer Term proved to be quite topical, there being in both cases a strong lobby in Parliament at present in favour of the subjects under discussion. The Senior Cullen took place on 11th May, with Daniel Jones and Julian Russ proposing that 'This House sees no objection to Euthanasia'. Michael Pye led for the Opposition, seconded by Jonathan Shorrocks. A vigorous debate ensued, although Jones – uncharacteristically for a debater with plenty of experience now – rather read his notes, so that of the proposers it was Russ who seemed the more spontaneous and held the attention of the House more effectively. Of the opposers, Shorrocks had the edge in delivery, a little nervousness showing through on Pye's part; but both were clearly well-prepared, and at the time Michael Pye was certainly to be congratulated for taking on the lead role at such short notice. Comment from the Floor was sensible and thoughtful – from, among others, Karbasi, S. Smith, Hourani, Wingrove, Ellerton, E. Smith and J. Price. (Of the new, young blood in the House this year, Yazden Karbasi has shown that he has something to contribute on each

occasion, and indeed can be relied upon to do so.) D. F. G., in a rare (but welcome) intervention, also spoke. It must not be taken as any reflection on the main speakers if I say, however, that perhaps the most memorable speech of the evening was that by the Guest Adjudicator, Mr Paul Crowson, formerly an historian and Sub-Warden at Radley College. Alas, a brief summary can do but scant justice to Mr Crowson's choice of words, but his essential point was that in Parliament, 'the Mother of all Debating Societies', the technique of the individual Member is to get to the heart of the matter in a memorable phrase or sentence – as, for example, in: 'Mr Speaker, it is time to educate our masters'. The catch is, of course, as Mr Crowson pointed out, that if the words are to come across with moral weight, 'they must therefore be weighty in your *minds*.' With this criterion in mind – and indeed in one of the quickest decisions for years – the judges were unanimous in their verdict. Mr Crowson stated that one side especially was more audible and made more impact: the opposers made the better debating case, and they therefore won.

I mean no disrespect to the seniors, either this year or in the past, who have taken part in the Senior Cullen, when I say that the Junior Debate has customarily been of an even higher standard – and this year was certainly no exception, with everybody, Floor contributors as well as main speakers, performing most creditably. The Junior Debate took place on Monday 1st June with James Wingrove and David Hodgetts proposing the motion that 'This House would rather swim than have a Channel Tunnel'. Robert Martyr and Richard Pye opposed. Wingrove largely carried the case for the motion, Hodgetts having made a good, clear case but ending somewhat abruptly! Martyr began and ended his initial speech well, but rather muffed the summary (a fact he realised at once!); Pye was excellent in both content and delivery. The following spoke from the Floor: Karbasi, Featherstone, Horada, Jeffs, Robertson, Haywood, Chapman, Jones III, Hughes, M. Smith, Kabbara, Shearing, Gibbs and Jackson. Mrs M. Robson, adjudicating, said that it had been an invidious task to choose between the teams. However, although on points Wingrove just pipped Martyr at the post with the highest individual mark, the judges were unanimous that as a team Martyr and Pye had the stronger case, and so they won, even if only by a short margin of 68-60 points. Given that in this debate it was the opposers who were actually in favour of the Tunnel, the outcome was perhaps appropriate enough: in spite of the 1,457 petitions sent to the House of Lords against the 'Chunnel' Bill, final Parliamentary approval for this scheme now seems almost certain, so that in six years time we shall indeed be able to hop on a train from Birmingham to Brussels, or catch the 8.23 from Newcastle to Nice (change at Paris).

P. J. C.

THE JUNIOR CULLEN DEBATE

This House would rather swim than have a Channel Tunnel

Richard Pye, seconding for the Opposition*

Mr Chairman, Ladies & Gentlemen –

My colleagues have already made you aware of what the debate is about, so I will not dwell on that matter. But I would like to make sure that you have no doubt as to which way your sympathies should lie. Let me begin by outlining what use will be made of the Channel Tunnel.

The tunnel will have trains carrying freight to most European destinations. The forecast is that, once the tunnel opens, the amount of rail freight traffic crossing the Channel will increase to 7 million tonnes per year in 1993. As well as attracting a large amount of freight traffic, the tunnel will also generate a whole new leisure market; British Rail therefore intends to run two trains from London to Paris every hour at peak times. There will be no need to book. Using this train will cut your travelling time from London to Paris from seven to three hours. There will also be a three-lane motorway each way for those who would like to go by car.

I would now like to turn your attention to the question of jobs. How many jobs will Eurotunnel create? The Transport Minister has described the tunnel as a 'billion pound opportunity for British industry'. When everything is in full flow, over 15,000 people in Britain alone will be employed either building the tunnel or supplying materials and equipment. There will be many more when Eurotunnel starts boosting trade and tourism – and I would remind you that tourism is now Britain's largest single 'industry'. Mr Wingrove has told us of the jobs that will be lost as a result of declining ferry services. The jobs created by the tunnel will make the jobs lost in ports pale into insignificance!

Safety is a big factor in this debate, and probably the greatest danger to Eurotunnel is the risk of fire. Or so it is thought. But the best test of the argument that the tunnel can be safe is the car shuttle under the Alps. Over the last thirty years these tunnels have carried 25 million vehicles, *and without a single fire*. And unlike the Channel Tunnel, the Alpine shuttles have no fire-resistant compartments to slow the spread of any fire. The Alpine shuttles do not even ban smoking – as Eurotunnel will do – and yet there have been no fires.

You may feel that the problem – or at any rate the risk – of rabies will increase. In fact, this is unlikely as there will be exactly the same rules for quarantine and customs will search just as thoroughly as they do now. The problem of drugs trafficking will not increase, for the same reason.

Some people fear that the tunnel will be susceptible to terrorism. I doubt it – as it is far easier to hijack or bomb a ferry, and there have been no such incidents on ferries.

The thought that the tunnel may flood is absurd: it will be under a one hundred foot layer of chalk encased in concrete.

The most widely used form of transport in the tunnel will be rail – and I would remind you that this is generally considered to be the *safest* form of transport. There will also be an independent body of experts to ensure the safety of the motorway. The ferry operators, who have been the people most vocal about safety, have not been helped – to say the least – by the tragedy of the Herald of Free Enterprise.

I would like to end by saying that at present the airlines, ferries and hovercraft already have to get 24 million people back and forth across the world's busiest stretch of water each year. By the end of the century this figure, and the volume of freight traffic, is likely to have doubled. Without Eurotunnel existing systems will become seriously congested. Eurotunnel is needed!

I hope I have left you in no doubt that the Channel Tunnel will be a great asset to Britain – and a lot more comfortable than swimming!

**This speech is printed here exactly as it was given.
Richard Pye is 13.*

Our Adjudicator –
Philip Pullman Esq.



A very desirable Bridge hand!

Above: *A. R. G. Morrison, J. B. Price, N. J. Bingham*
Below: *N. Bailey, S. A. Robertson, E. J. T. Reynolds, J. Benfield*

DECLAMATIONS

Declamations evening on Friday, 12th June was eagerly anticipated by all. Each age group possessed participants of exceptional ability and, for the first time really, the competition promised to be a very open one. There was an air of definite excitement as the guests, then the contestants, and finally the adjudicator, Philip Pullman, a well-known children's writer, took their seats in the wholly appropriate setting of the Corinthian Room. The boys, immaculately turned out in their dark suits, appeared to relish the challenge as they waited nervously for the 'off'.

At approximately 7.40 p.m., with the sun still shining through the windows on a lovely early summer's evening, young Benfield, the first of the Form 1 contestants, was summoned from his safe seat at the side of the room to open the proceedings. After a touching glance towards his family, he confidently recited Edward Thomas' poem *Digging*. It was perfectly learnt. He also read the set prose from *The Wind in the Willows* with due expression, coping with the tongue-twisting 'cold tongue cold ham cold beef pickled gherkin salad . . .' very competently. Benfield's performance effectively set the tone for the evening and Fisher, a new boy, rose to the challenge superbly giving us two very worthy interpretations of the set pieces; if anything, his rendition of the poem was slightly superior to that of Benfield in its expression and quality of diction. The next contestant, Marsden, has a powerful voice for a lad of his age, but on this occasion he was unluckily hampered by a head cold which caused him to hesitate slightly in the poem. However, he pulled himself together for the prose and gave us quite an expressive reading; all in all a very good effort for a first time.

Perhaps the performance of the entire evening came from the Second Former, Bingham. To add even more edge to the competition Mr Cranham had decided on this occasion to restructure the prizes, with Forms 1 and 2 competing for a single junior prize. If he hadn't, then I am sure Benfield would have just won in the First Form category; as it was, Bingham's brilliant virtuoso performance swept the board – it really was quite stunning! His recitation of an original poem of his own entitled *School Dinners* greatly amused the audience. The set prose for Form 2 was an extract from one of Mr Pullman's own books, *The Jewel in the Plate*. Here Bingham did make a few slight slips, but as the author intimated later these are not the most crucial criteria by which a performance is judged; and his use of eye-contact, appropriate expression and clever characterisation rightly won the plaudits of all who listened. It was difficult for the other Second Former, Ross, to follow this act, but he did so extremely ably with excellent characterisation of his own on the prose, and a witty recitation of his poem *Gnomes*. He was not so very far

behind Bingham when it came to deciding winners; he rose to the challenge well.

The audience's appetite was certainly whetted by the quality and polish of this first group of declaimers and they were not to be disappointed by the Third Form competitors either. Bailey II read first and made an interesting choice of *Hunter Trials* for his poem; he communicated the humour and meaning well, although he did rather rush his delivery, no doubt because of nerves. His interpretation of the extract from *William and the Sweet Little Girl in White* was extremely funny. Too many fumbles brought about by too quick a delivery wrecked Chapman's chances of success, which was a great shame because he has a mature, well-modulated voice and his expression was perceptive; I am positive he will do well in the future. Price II, a young veteran of this event now, wisely, I felt, kept away from the set poem *The Owl and the Pussycat* and chose instead Wilfred Owen's *Anthem for Doomed Youth*; in this he was no doubt motivated by confidence born of previous occasions. He dealt with a solemn, complex poem very intelligently with correct tonal emphasis and shrewd use of pause. He possessed poise and used facial and eye movements expressively to draw the audience into the experience of the poem. This was one of the most moving moments of the evening. However, in order to create contrast and not allow us to become too serious-minded for long, Price also chose the *William* extract and truly entertained us with his hilarious characterisation of Violet Elizabeth, "He *thaid* he liked all little girlth . . . He *kithed* me . . ."; it really was very comical. The luck of the draw meant that Reynolds had to follow Price, and initially this partly got the better of him. But he bravely stuck to his task and gradually began to do himself justice. He does possess a very pleasant rounded speaking voice. He was briefly prompted but this did not detract from a clever, varied display in any way.

There were only two competitors in the Fourth Form section, Roscoe and Robertson. Roscoe not unexpectedly chose *Saturday Cricket* by Gerald Bullett as his poem, but I was not convinced overall that it was a suitable choice. It was perfectly recited but some of the subtle humour was lost because he spoke too quickly. His version of 'Phoebe', an extract from David Thompson's *Woodbrook*, was a little flat and did not quite convey the emotions of the passage, but otherwise satisfactory. Robertson is the proud owner of a particularly deep voice, very appropriate for Kipling's *When Earth's last picture is painted* which required grand tones and dramatic projection. His rendition was assured and exhibited great command; he used pauses intelligently and, to quote Philip Pullman, certainly 'owned' the poem. Unfortunately, like Roscoe, he too was not sufficiently 'au fait' with the set prose; his reading was a little disjointed in places and an appreciation of the sensitivity of the passage was lacking. Given the excellence of his poem it was probably this which cost

him a place on the winners' rostrum.

Inevitably, Fifth Form preparation for the event had been disturbed by 'O' Levels, but we were still treated to some extremely worthwhile contributions. While Casey struggled a little with the opening of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, he was far happier with the prose, an extract from *The Shrimp and the Anemone* by L. P. Hartley. In less fraught times I am sure he would have performed far closer to his real potential. Holmes, the second competitor, thrives on these sort of occasions and seemed to enjoy the thrill of the experience; he was confident enough to look up and around, and he projected his voice with great clarity into all corners of the Corinthian Room. He perhaps became a little too confident in the poem and a couple of memory lapses and subsequent prompts marred its conclusion. Bravely, he chose a Jasper Carrott short story *The Mole Hunter* as his own prose selection, and while some might demur at the appropriateness (or the lack of it), it was very well read and yet another example of contrast to enlighten the evening. An amusing couple of minutes for all but the purist, perhaps! Yet again somebody had to follow an excellent performance and this time the dubious honour fell on Morrison, the last contestant of all. He responded splendidly, declaiming *Reading Gaol* very evocatively with good use of pause for dramatic effect – at times the pauses were almost too long, at one point nearly bringing an unnecessary prompt from P. J. C.! Morrison's voice has settled down now and he read the Hartley passage very well, though his performance lacked the sparkle and animation of Holmes'.

During the interlude and while Philip Pullman was frantically drawing his thoughts and notes together, the Headmaster entertained us by reading another wholly appropriate piece by Richmal Crompton, entitled *William: Prime Minister*. It is an amusing and well-known passage which includes some oversimplified (but nonetheless true!) definitions of Conservatives, Liberals, Socialists and Communists, and showed quite clearly to those of us with post-election hangovers that things have not changed very much in 40 years. The passage was very well read by the Headmaster. (The fact that he would read at all was also a very well-kept secret!)

We now waited anxiously for the adjudicator's verdict. Who was going to win? The two cameras of M. E. and Reah, which had been testing the concentration and nerves of the competitors by flashing and clicking throughout, were still; the atmosphere was tense, expectant. Mr Pullman began by expressing his pleasure in the great variety of challenging passages and poems and stating how important it was that the boys overcame all their challenges, be it tonight or through the rest of their lives. He felt that *Digging* was a difficult set poem and that nobody really mastered it; rather than running

the line-endings on, the contestants tended to chop up the lines – consequently losing the rhythm and not doing the poem justice. A harsh comment, perhaps, given that the boys were only the First Form, but otherwise perfectly legitimate. He went on to say how much he enjoyed the prose, how important clear characterisation was and how crucial it is to change the timbre of your voice. He gave a mention to Marsden whose expression he felt was accurate and whose reading was very clear; but not surprisingly he gave the first prize to Bingham, who he felt was bright, expressive and lively, and who established a suitable rapport with the audience. For him, this was the highlight of the evening.

Mr Pullman felt that the Third Form *William* readings were too quick and that this marred the accuracy and effort of any intended stress and pause. He cited the word 'fairies' from the passage, stating that in his opinion nobody got this totally right in meaning. He gave this group's prize to Price II for his control of pace and appropriate 'seriousness' of the tone of his recitation of the Wilfred Owen. He felt it was a good choice of poem. He praised the 'Phoebe' extract in itself for its sensitivity and reflectiveness, but also suggested that neither Fourth Form reader quite mastered it. Concluding his adjudication with the Fifth Form group, he stressed the importance of establishing the narrative line – it is a story, after all – in *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*. Here, he felt that Morrison's powerful reading came closest to conveying the sense of being in gaol. However, taking the poetry and prose into consideration, he gave the senior prize to Holmes.

The evening concluded, as it always has done, with the Adjudicator himself reading. Mr Pullman chose two totally contrasting pieces. One was *Gloops* by the Canadian humourist Stephen Leacock – a parody of Victorian reminiscences where the speaker was a daughter of the landed gentry recalling the eccentricities of her father. The second was a little-known poem by Hilaire Belloc (*Henniker Mill?*) about the effect of the death of a girl on a village. It was so nice, after the comedy of the Leacock, to end on that more thoughtful note; and Mr Pullman finished his recitation to loud, appreciative applause, thereby bringing the evening to a triumphant close. After some glasses of wine for the guests – tumblers of cider for the contestants! – everyone went home well satisfied. It is interesting to note that P. J. C. could probably have staged a Declamations event of some ability using those boys who did not get past the semi-final stage, such was the quality of the entrants generally this year. He views the future of the event with optimism, and this can only augur well for other such events as debating, House plays, and so on. The high standard listened to that night also bodes well for the GCSE oral components in many subjects, and of course the 'Effective Speaking'.

P. J. R. R.



Photo Essay:
CONCENTRATION





The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew



Above: Oblong fitzOblong (J. Price) with mischievous Magpie (D. Roscoe); P. Pether and C. Hadeed as the Bandsmen; Dr Moloch (C. Jones)
Below: A. Berwitz as the Secretary; the Sea Captain (G. Rutter) and the Duke (S. Johnson)

THE SCHOOL PLAY

With all the other activities that go on at the end of term, and indeed throughout the Summer Term, it seems incredible that C. J. N. manages to rehearse and produce any play at all – let alone one with a cast of over thirty characters. Nevertheless, during the final week of the Summer Term there were three performances of the play which were judged to have been quite a success.

The plot of Robert Bolt's play is far from straightforward! Act One begins with a storyteller (Mark Holmes) introducing the knights of the Duke's court who return one by one with the tails of the dragons that they have killed as proof of their daring exploits. All seem reasonably pleased with their conquests except Oblong fitzOblong (Justin Price) who apparently has something of a soft spot for animals, including dragons.

The Duke (Simon Johnson) cheers up everyone by announcing that there are no more dragons in the dukedom, most are happy because of the thought of endless feasts and games of musical bumps, only Oblong spoils the party atmosphere by suggesting that the court should move on to help others in distress. As any change in plan requires a unanimous vote the rest of the court have to get rid of Oblong, which they do by suggesting a mission to the Bolligrew Islands, presided over by the tyrannical Baron Bolligrew (Stephen Edwards). Oblong is persuaded to go by the reminder that Bolligrew hunts pretty well every kind of living creature from foxes and deer to badgers and 'little trembling hares'; he is also promised the purple cloak of a Royal Knight Errant.

On his way to the islands Oblong learns even more of the 'orrible' Bolligrew Islands from the sea captain (George Rutter) who takes him there, and indeed he has hardly set foot on the island when he meets Bolligrew and his sidekick Squire Blackheart (James Jeffs) who are out on a hunting party. Having destroyed the hunting for the time being Oblong sets about reforming the justice of the islands. Finally he tries to rebuild the church which had been pulled down by the wicked Baron some time earlier, before he can move on to the really daunting task of slaying the dragon.

Eventually Oblong manages to secure the support of the peasants of the island especially one Obadiah Bobblenob (Haydn Mellowship) and a mischievous magpie (David Roscoe).

In answer to the good that Oblong is managing to do Bolligrew is forced to employ the services of the wicked Dr Moloch (Casper Jones) who puts Oblong in the power of the Baron. Their plan to get Oblong to walk into the dragon's



The Baron (S. Edwards), Squire Blackheart (top centre, and below, J. Jeffs) and Oblong fitzOblong (kneeling)

den at a word of command (having previously been dosed with dragon poison) is delayed by a surprise appearance of the Duke who had, like the rest of his court, become bored with Meringues, pickled shrimps and musical bumps.

The action becomes quite fast as Bobblenob and his magpie friend manage to overpower Moloch's familiar Mazzepah (Julian Benfield) and so gain the know-how to put Bolligrew himself under a spell. At the same time Bolligrew decides to cheat Moloch out of the money he has promised him and so Moloch goes to the dragon and explains about the poisoned knight with which he is about to be fed. In return the dragon offers Moloch a reward which he can not resist going into the den to collect but is eaten by the dragon once he gets in there. Meanwhile Bobblenob exposes the dastardly plot of the Baron who has succeeded in getting Oblong to disgrace himself in front of the Duke, not least by dancing the nearest thing possible to a can-can in full armour to the National Anthem (better known to most of us as 'Colonel Bogey').

All works out quite happily in the end (well, it is a fairy tale), the Baron is required to redeem himself by attacking the dragon which he does taking his shotgun into the cave, Oblong feels it is his duty to attack the dragon and marches sword aloft after him followed by most of the rest of the armed cast.

The dragon dead, Bolligrew announces that it was the best sport he'd ever had and sets off to rid the North of the creatures and Oblong is created first Baron Oblong of the Isles in return for his efforts. We are left to guess how the Duke relieved the boredom at his court, no doubt the good Juniper, his butler (Edward Reynolds) had time to think of something more exciting than jelly and musical bumps whilst he was away.

The outstanding performance of the play was not, I feel, that of any of the actors so much as Duncan Morrison and Michael Stead who controlled the lights, sound and the array of special effects. I don't think that my ears and throat have ever had such a pounding from magnesium flashes, shotgun cartridges, smoke, chemistry and fireworks during one theatrical performance. The most spectacular in some ways was one of the dragons' tails (designed and built by Neil Pineo and Richard Ellison) which Michael Stead had fitted with some kind of remote controlled device so that it actually twitched whilst lying on a table in front of the Duke. No doubt there were numerous other effects which took a lot of time and work but were not noticed simply because they did not go wrong and so fitted in perfectly.

Of the actors I suppose that the baddies did rather better than the goodies but perhaps they had slightly easier parts. Someone suggested that the loud, rude and offensive Baron Bolligrew had been specially written for Stephen Edwards. I wouldn't like to go that far but he certainly seemed able to cope with one of the nastier characters in the play quite well. In fact I think that he did a great deal in the scenes in which he took part to hold the thing together

without letting the audience know that it was not quite as planned (I saw the play twice so spotted the differences rather than knowing what it should have been).

James Jeffs' interpretation of the part of the unintelligent and reasonably sinister bully, Blackheart was also very good, his eyes in particular gave an impression of idiocy that even Bolt's stage directions and lines failed to do. It must have been very uncomfortable on stage in what had to be real metal armour as it's clanking was written into the play at several points. It will be a long time before I forget him standing on one leg in full armour pretending to be a teapot.

The third, and perhaps only real baddie was Casper Jones who played the part of Dr Moloch. He knew his lines and had, as always, something of a presence on stage but I did get the impression that he was a little more nervous than he might have been, and as a consequence his speeches were delivered a little more rapidly than they need have been to get the full effect. Nevertheless, Casper made a very good impression as someone completely bad and insatiably greedy.

Of all the major parts the one played by Justin Price, Oblong, must have been the most difficult. It is very hard indeed to give a sparkling performance when you are playing a rather insipid and lacklustre character. Justin did what he could and I suppose it is credit to him that the talk as we left the church was not about the rather boring little squirt of a knight that he played. To make matters even more difficult, for just about the whole of the play he was encased in full armour including a helmet which covered most of his face. He took his one opportunity to shine, when he was bewitched into 'Letting himself go' and was rude to the Duke. Somehow he managed to inject quite a lot into the single word 'knickers'.

The other major part, that of the storyteller was most competently taken by Mark Holmes. It was rather a strange part to have but he managed to avoid the potentially boring nature of a storyteller by his conversational style and approach.

It would be impossible to run through all of the major parts in the play which were played with varying amounts of skill and conviction depending, I guess, on how much time the actors had to devote to the play. There are one or two who do deserve a special mention. Alexei Berwitz was the only 'lady' in the play as Bolligrew's secretary. I would be sued if I said that I had heard someone say that he would gladly replace his own secretary with such a creature, so I won't.

I was impressed with Robert Martyr's performance as a nameless knight who somehow seemed to capture the bored aristocratic tone of the Duke's court, and with the two youngest members of the speaking cast Julian Benfield and Matthew Searson who added quite considerably to the performance.

One or two boys had double roles as knights and peasants which they performed well, and there was a host of others, chef, peasants, Mayor and so on. Perhaps most memorable of all was one of the bandmen, Cordell Hadeed, who took just about enough time from his enthusiastic performance to pose for a photograph before thrashing his tambourine with renewed vigour.

I am bound to have missed out some important figure in the whole production, for which apologies, but I do feel I can allow myself the luxury of a repeated congratulation to Mr Nightingale who I know worked very hard at the play indeed.

E. J. F.

OPEN DAY

The days preceding Open Day created a sense of pessimism and foreboding. Was it really June? With the continuous cold and rain it felt more like November. Yet the Headmaster, the Ian McCaskill of Cokethorpe, kept saying that Saturday would be fine, and those who know of his forecasting expertise know that he is most often correct.

And so it turned out, the sun shone nearly all day. Indeed the official start of school, the assembly, was unique for this year – it was held on the grass outside, a common occurrence most summers!

During the morning all classrooms, laboratories and workshops were open and there were many splendid displays to see. Teaching staff and boys worked hard at showing the everyday product of the teaching periods, and parents appreciated being able to talk informally with staff. Special events occurred throughout the day. The House six-a-side cricket competition was held on the lower pitch, the 1st XI pitch being waterlogged. Ball by ball commentary, (unbiased except when Swift was involved!), was provided by that veteran of many a good schoolboy cricket scrap P. J. Green, Esq.

The cricket was interrupted for a short time due to an invasion by the Royal Green Jackets, Cokethorpe Detachment, ACF under their commanding officer Lt. T. J. Lawry. An enemy stronghold had been reported in the vicinity of the third tree from the left looking from the front of the school towards Witney. Parents' concerns were soon allayed, however, by the commentary of

Major J. W. Stark as he pointed out the relieving force creeping along the bottom hedge, circumnavigating the church, re-grouping and then attacking the stronghold with guns blazing. They were! – with dummy shot we were assured. The enemy was routed and peace restored much to the relief of applauding parents. Once the smoke had settled, the cricketers resumed greatly reassured, no doubt, that a large bomb crater would not appear on the 'square'.

The other special event of the morning was a demonstration of vaulting in the gym. Volunteer boys ran through various techniques and jumps using trampette, box, high box and trampoline. They made good use of the small gym and parents were able to watch from the side. In spite of many imploring invitations from Mr Stark to join in, everyone in the audience declined, happy to leave it to the experts.

It was the perfect day for picnicking and many parents scattered themselves around the grounds for their basket lunches. Cokethorpe really is a lovely setting for a leisurely repast.

The afternoon began with a coach or car ride to the gravel pits for the inter-House rowing regatta. Spectators this year had the experience of watching from the opposite bank, last year's vantage point having been dug up. All went well on a calm lake, ably supervised by Mr Daniels and his crew of helpers. The only problems seemed to be in steering, as the commentator, Mr White, found himself saying on more than one occasion. The bank where the spectators were grouped had an almost fatal fascination for some oarsmen. However, there were no mishaps and some good rowing.

Then it was back to school for tea in the marquee on the north lawn and the presentation of prizes. Mrs Pineo presented the Pineo Shield to the winning captain of the six-a-side cricket competition. There followed a delightful impromptu repartee between Mr Daniels and the Headmaster. Mr Daniels outlined, rather lightheartedly, the achievements of the Boat Club this year and then invited Mrs Goldsmith to present the prizes to the regatta winners. The Headmaster, in his summing up speech, outlined the achievements of the Boat Club from a different viewpoint, bringing something of a carnival atmosphere to the final proceedings of a splendid Open Day 1987.

M. C.

From a Religious Studies exam script:
Explain what each of the following are: (d) intercessions
Answer: 'Small breaks in the service.'



Senior IV beating Carmel at Carmel



J15 IV: A moment of pleasure and satisfaction



*J15 IV: M. Kentish, J. Horada, S. Jewell, T. Gardiner,
(Cox - not visible - C. Alderton)*



*The Senior Pair (A. Venman, C. Turner) beating
Warrington R. C. at Bridgenorth*

Rowing BOAT CLUB REPORT

At the risk of being rather repetitive from year to year, I feel that, mainly perhaps for new readers, it is as well to begin by outlining the hurdles that a small school such as ours must overcome on the rowing front.

Regattas that we attend are organised in one of two ways. The majority are run under Amateur Rowing Association rules. There are strict age categories, and in each category the event is open to any school or rowing club in the country. This, then, is our first problem. It may be relatively easy to choose four large mesomorphs from a school of four or five hundred, but from a club of under forty it is far harder. Sadly, size is so important, and two crews of equal skill cannot be expected to compete fairly if the average weight of one crew is eight or so stones greater than that of the other. Under ARA rules we also suffer from not being able to compete against the 2nd or 3rd crew from a bigger club – a common enough arrangement with other school sports.

The second type of regatta is the 'Invitation Regatta', where an individual club extends invitations to other schools and clubs; and as such these events are not totally 'open'. Here the competition is obviously far less, but it should be noted that the numbers of clubs attending such events is in some cases almost double that of a year or two ago – evidence in itself of how the popularity of rowing is increasing nationally.

I hope this preamble does not sound to much of an excuse for the fact that we have returned less silver to school this year than before – indeed, only one cup from the Pangbourne Sculls. (While we have no other overall regatta pots to parade, we have of course beaten many other schools and clubs on our way to regatta finals.) But I feel it is only fair to our oarsmen, who have trained and raced so hard, to put the challenge that they face into perspective in a national context. It does take quite some character to train, spend an hour de-rigging and packing, often an hour or two travelling to a regatta, a further hour re-rigging, a three minute race, one hour de-rigging and packing again, another hour or two travelling back, and an hour re-rigging and putting the boats away. It is amazing that the boys still have the enthusiasm and determination to look forward to the next race and week's training.

A few weeks before the Lent Term we took two scullers to Pangbourne, and here under a watery blue sky the Pether brothers competed in J13 and J11 sculls. Piers Pether sculled exceptionally well, and indeed carried on some way past the finishing line in his enthusiasm, to win his event in good style. Two weeks later Pether I and Jackson came 2nd and 3rd at the Head of the Severn at Shrewsbury.



Above: *M. Kentish – Bow, J15 IV*

Below: *J14 IV*



The Schools' Head of the River Race – 1987

Our season started in earnest at the beginning of the Lent Term. In previous years, amongst the usual problems of ice, driving snow and sub-zero winds, we have always been hampered by the time available to boat our fours. This year, however, we have had the great advantage of keeping some of our boats, and indeed training our two J14 fours, on the Hardwick Lake. This has been invaluable, as new oarsmen have had bend free river and still water to train on. A further addition to the club, at great expense, has been a computerised

Ergometer. This is a super piece of equipment that simulates a boat in style and pressure of stroke. The true number of metres rowed per unit time stares critically at each oarsman from an all too impartial visual display. 'Beat that next time!', the Ergo shrieks.

Towards the end of the Lent Term a J15 and J14 four travelled up to compete in the Schools' Head of the River. This was a marvellous event where both crews acquitted themselves well, with good times, despite rowing in

categories above their ages.

Our first regatta was at Carmel College on 10th May. Unlike most other regattas this takes place on a Sunday, as the College is of Jewish persuasion and hence unable to compete on a Saturday. We have taken the J16 cup here in the past, but we lacked this age group in the Boat Club this year. Although no pots were won, all crews performed very well. The J14 won their first race, but after a clash of blades they lost the re-row as one of the seats came off its slide. The senior crew went through to the final after beating the host crew, as did our senior pair. A longed-for warm day added to everyone's enjoyment.

The Ball Cup invitation regatta was this year held at Hereford Rowing Club, which offers first class racing conditions and many other excellent facilities. Sadly, we lost our Junior Ball Plate to a good Belmont Abbey crew; however, our senior crew beat the time of two crews to make their way up to a respectable position, before being knocked out by a first class Wycliffe College crew.

On 30th May we again travelled to the huge reservoir at Coate Water Park near Swindon. This is a very high standard regatta where we lost most of our races, though often by little more than a length or two. This said, our senior pair (Venman and Turner; Cox: Rutter) came second, beating a good Wycliffe College boat.

Although in our last two regattas at Bridgenorth and Ironbridge our fours were knocked out early on, the 'Pair' excelled itself at Bridgenorth. They were racing in a Senior C category as there was no novice event available. This event is open to crews that have already won a regatta at Novice or Senior C level outright. Our pair beat Warrington Rowing Club (8-10 years their senior) in a dramatic semi-final – an excellent reward for a dedicated year's training, often in their own time and in the evenings.

Those parents who attended our House Regatta at Stanton Harcourt – for which I again thank Mr T. J. Smith for the use of the water – will have noticed that your old vantage point on the far side had been bull-dozed into the depths of a new pit. In fact, I thought that the new course gave an even better view – albiet that the cox's steering was rather imaginative! For once the weather was superb, and the water calm enough to allow most of the crews to race over rather than under it. As usual, the timed heats took place on the river and on our new water at Hardwick. It would be fair to say that the crews were not as evenly matched this year; indeed, the senior Queen Anne crew comprised the entire first senior four, and the junior Swift crew was all but the entire J15 four. The finals on the day produced the following results:

Winners

Junior Sculls	J. Pether, Queen Anne
Senior Sculls	C. Turner, Swift
Junior IV's	Swift
Senior IV's	Queen Anne
Overall Cup	Swift

Points available

	<i>1st</i>	<i>2nd</i>	<i>3rd</i>
Sculls	3	1	0
IV's	5	3	1

Real success is always hard to measure, but I do feel that our small club offers so much more than a larger one. This year perhaps more than any other, I have noticed how some of the shy and more timorous boys have found great personal strength both from their rowing and contact with their fellow crew members. Next year, since some boys can still row in the same age category, perhaps we will add the less important success of more silver cups to the more important things that we have all enjoyed this year.

Let me close by thanking just a few of the many people who have contributed to the year's rowing: the Headmaster, for his support at regattas; the dedicated parents who have driven miles, and provided some of the photographs; the rowing masters who have given up so much of their free time, especially E. J. F. who has come with us to all but one regatta; Mr T. J. Smith and Mr P. Maddocks for the use of water; and most of all to the boys who have taken their rowing so seriously and in such good heart.

W. H. C. D.



Relief!



The new Miss Moneypenny



Bob Willis coaches Patricia Hodge for the first over

CELEBRITY CRICKET MATCH

The sight of actress Patricia Hodge, well known for her many appearances in *Rumpole of the Bailey*, the dramatisation of *Hotel du Lac* and *The Life and Loves of a She-Devil*, bowling with the help of ex-England cricket captain, Bob Willis, the first ball at our second Celebrity Cricket Match on Sunday 21st June was a pleasurable opening to what turned out to be a dry warm afternoon in what until then had been an abysmal summer.

After sterling work by our own grounds staff and help from the Witney Town Council's head groundsman on the Saturday, what had been a completely flooded playing area 48 hours previously came alive on the day – complete with numerous marquees, tents and the paraphernalia of festival cricket. The proceeds again, as last year, were to be shared with Somerset Court Autistic Trust, and again the captains of the two sides were to be Tom Graveney and Colin Milburn, the latter now better known for his cricket commentary rather than his big hitting for Northants and England! It was a talent that was to keep us all amused over the public address system during the course of the afternoon.

At midday the guests and celebrities assembled for lunch, Brian Johnson and Bill Frindall from Radio's Test Match Special, dress designer Zandra Rhodes – with her brightly coloured hair, cartoonist Frank Dickens – well known for his work in the London Evening Standard. Amongst the actors and actresses were David Tomlinson, Patricia Hodge, Caroline Bliss, the new 'Miss Money Penny' in the latest James Bond film *The Living Daylights*. Even BBC's chart-topping series *East Enders* was represented. The ex-England and county cricketers present seemed an endless list: Mike Denness, Alan Knott, Brian Luckhurst, John Murray, David Steele, Fred Titmus, Jim Watts, Colin Ingleby-McKenzie, Bob Taylor and John Snow, just to name a few.

What of the match? Colin Milburn's XI batted first, scoring 175 for 6 off their allotted 35 overs. Top scorer was David Willis, Bob's brother, who works for the BBC at Pebble Mill, with 57, finally out to a good catch by the opposing skipper, off the bowling of Radio 1's Rod McKenzie, an old boy of Cokethorpe. Best bowling figures were Northants' Jim Watts with 3 for 35.

Tom Graveney's XI in reply made 179 for 4 off of 29 overs, winning by 6 wickets. Top scorer was Kent's and former England batsman, Brian Luckhurst with 62; he in fact made the round trip from Dover in the day to play in the match. Best bowling (and worst!) of the innings was the one over from England and Middlesex wicket keeper, John Murray, with the first ball he bowled ex-England captain, Mike Denness. The following five balls were hit for a total of 22 by 1st XI captain, Sam Smith, including three huge sixes!

During the afternoon many entertainments took place in the grounds – music from a jazz band and a fairground organ, a craft fayre, various stalls and side shows, and, not least, a costume display depicting Cokethorpe Park through the ages. A good time was had by all. Over 3,000 people attended, and profits, due to generous support from various advertisers and sponsors, were over £1 per head each adult and child attending – a splendid figure bearing in mind the previous few weeks' bad weather.

For me the day was best summed up by one of the cricketing personalities whom I have known through the game for a number of years. He told me that cricketers and celebrities alike enjoy coming to Cokethorpe, for the hospitality, picturesque setting and most of all its friendliness. His parting comment (along with several of his colleagues) was "when would the next match be?"

N. J. M.



'Period Pieces'?

Mrs L. Adams, Mrs J. Russell, Mrs M. Knipe, R. J. Reah, Miss J. Carter and Mrs L. Carter attired for the day.

EVERGREEN MOMENTS...



Howe's that?



S. Lowe at the crease, J. Reeve bowling: P. J. G. looks on benignly (so what's new?!)



N. James during practice match (No bails!)



Reversal of roles: Deputy Head Boy but Captain of 1st XI

1st XI CRICKET REPORT

Last year it was 'bedraggled Indians', this year shivering Pakistanis – so much for the sky blue days of the glorious English summer. The XI's experiences with the climate were equally horrid: "Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky" wrote the Bard of Avon in *As You Like It*, and freeze it certainly did in this wettest and most depressing cricket term in memory.

However, during the course of this parody of a season (a cold, wet May, followed by 3½ inches of rain in June, twice the usual amount), two match winners emerged on the soft and soggy Cokethorpe wickets. The Captain, Sam Smith, kept his bat admirably straight, his head down and watched the ball like a hawk, while our opponents were frequently scuttled by Jonathan Reeve's quick bowling, which torpedoed those stylists coached to pick up their bats like Graham Gooch and consequently having no defence to his neo-subterranean shooters.

Steady support for these two heroes came from rapidly improving wicketkeeper-batsman Matthew Howe, who twice decided matches in the XI's favour with some powerful hitting, while opener Simon Johnson batted with 'Barbadian' panache when he distributed his weight correctly. Third Former Mark Bowerman opened the bowling with Reeve and although he relied too much on arm and shoulder he still hurried several opponents into false shots with his late movement, while Adule Wariebi and Nicholas James enjoyed occasional success as change bowlers. Useful contributions were also made by Ng, Cole, Baxter and Russ while young Kitching impressed the pundits by hitting his first ball for a sweetly-timed six – surely a future 'All time Great' in the making.

In the first week of May, the XI got off to a disappointing start, being beaten by Radley and only drawing with a weak Abingdon team. Against Radley our quicker bowlers were not impressive and the visitors were able to declare at 154-9. Twenty minutes after tea the XI's innings was in tatters with the three main batsmen dismissed for 29. Ng batted patiently to try to avert catastrophe and both Wariebi and Baxter struck the ball firmly raising a flicker of hope that the match might yet be saved, but alas this proved forlorn, the XI being dismissed for 100 with minutes to spare. Against Abingdon our batsmen flourished. Smith and Johnson put on 92 in under an hour and when Johnson was out for 57, Howe helped Smith add a further 64 at almost two a minute. After an hour and fifty minutes Smith declared at 177-2, an unselfish gesture for his own score was by then 82 not out and another century his for the taking, leaving our bowlers over two hours to dismiss the opposition. Reeve, Bowerman and Smith took two wickets each but Abingdon were intent on

survival and on an unresponsive pitch had reached 93-8 when time ran out.

The XI's next three matches were all drawn too, but with the advantage varying considerably from game to game. Against Shiplake parity was achieved, for our visitors batted first, scored their runs at four and a half per over and declared at 188-3. The XI had less than two hours to chase this total, but thanks to an unbeaten 66 from Smith, a solid 28 from Howe and a rapid 18 from Reeve had reached 135-3 by the close. In the next match Stowe were bowled out for 114 by Reeve (6-63) and Wariebi (3-18), but the pitch was becoming more and more difficult to bat on and the XI's first 7 wickets fell for 21 in rapid succession. With defeat staring them in the face it was left to Baxter and James to bring some respectability to the total, but it was Johnny Endeley, borrowed from Athletics for the day who proved to be our saviour with 14 not out, the XI finishing with 62-9. Fortune began to smile on us at Oratory for on a lively wicket our batsmen mustered 74, mainly thanks to some clean hitting from Bowerman, but Oratory had been reduced to 56-7 by our bowlers (Reeve 4-15, Wariebi 3-20), when stumps were drawn so the XI was a shade unlucky not to record its first victory.

Between Half-Term and Open Day the XI was presented with a mascot, ('Henry'), won twice and lost once. Dean Close were beaten by 8 wickets in the rain thanks to good bowling from Reeve and Wariebi and a swashbuckling innings of 46 not out, including three sixes, from Howe. Next Kingham Hill were swept aside by 46 runs, the XI scoring 125 (Smith a patient 44, Johnson 28 out of an opening stand of 57, and Reeve a lusty 21), before bowling Kingham Hill out for 79 (Reeve 5-22, Wariebi 4-25). This match was unusual in that Johnson, Howe and Cole provided one of the visitors with his first hat-trick while our fielders distinguished themselves by holding the seven chances offered, Cole and Blackwell in particular taking really spectacular catches at mid-wicket and cover point respectively. After a plucky 35 from Smith a second hat-trick in two matches at Rendcomb reduced the XI from a healthy 69-3 to a struggling 69-6 in the twinkling of an eye. Cole smote the ball fiercely but fell to a well-disguised slower delivery for 26, James and Russ helped drag the total into three figures before our last wicket fell at 102. All seemed plain sailing for Rendcomb on a plumb wicket, but Reeve bowled with pace and hostility and five wickets were down for 27 before they knew what hit them. However it then began to rain and after a spell in the pavilion the XI found the ball hard to hold, a couple of catches went down, the bowlers began to slip badly and the Rendcomb batsmen cruised home.

After Open Day and the Celebrity Cricket Match the XI ended the season in great style with three more triumphs. First a strong Pangbourne side was bowled out for 87 on an easy-paced wicket (Reeve 5-22, Bowerman 4-16), leaving Smith to steer his side home to a five wicket victory with a splendid 50

not out. A summer monsoon washed away the Malvern fixture on the next day, (Manchester recorded 1½ inches of rain on June 25th and Cokethorpe can not have been far behind), but the Chapel pitch was playable on Saturday for the match against P. J. G.'s XI. Johnson rode his luck to score 48, with Smith 23, Howe 12 and Kitching 10 not out being the other batsmen to get into double figures. P. J. G.'s XI had reached 63-3 when a run out, followed by a tight spell of 4-16 from 11 overs by James, settled the contest in the XI's favour. Finally it was Bloxham's turn to be put to the sword by Jonathan Reeve (14-4-7-39), which took his haul of wickets to 43 for the season. In reply to Bloxham's 72 all out, Smith and Johnson put on 27 cautious runs for the first wicket, but when

Smith was out for 11 Howe took the bowling apart, 46 runs coming in 24 hectic minutes. Howe finished with 33 not out, Johnson 28 not out as the XI romped to a nine wicket victory.

Finally a few words of thanks must go to our groundsman, Martin Walker, who in this difficult summer managed to produce some decent wickets and a tidy outfield; to Sister and the two Matrons for keeping the XI fit and well turned out; to the kitchen staff for preparing match teas and meals at odd hours; and to the posse of scorers who have concentrated hard on balancing the books throughout the season.

P. J. G.

SUMMARY OF MATCHES PLAYED

XI: Played 11, Won 5, Drawn 4, Lost 2

Saturday 2nd May v Radley U16 B (Home). Radley 154-9 dec., (Smith 3-28), XI 100 (Baxter 26, Ng 20).

Wednesday 6th May v Abingdon 3rd XI (Home). XI 177-2 dec., (Smith 82*, Johnson 57, Howe 20), Abingdon 93-8.

Wednesday 13th May v Shiplake 1st XI (Home). Shiplake 188-3 dec., XI 135-3 (Smith 66*, Howe 28).

Saturday 16th May v Stowe 3rd XI (Home). Stowe 114 (Reeve 6-63), Wariebi 3-18), XI 62-9.

Wednesday 20th May v Oratory 2nd XI (Away). XI 74 (Bowerman 25), Oratory 56-7 (Reeve 4-15, Wariebi 3-20).

Saturday 30th May v Dean Close 2nd XI (Away). Dean Close 81 (Reeve 5-25, Wareibi 3-21), XI 82-2 (Howe 46*, Reeve 20*).

Saturday 13th June v Kingham Hill 1st XI (Home). XI 125 (Smith 44, Johnson 28, Reeve 21), Kingham Hill 79 (Reeve 5-22, Wariebi 4-25).

Thursday 18th June v Rendcomb 1st XI (Away). XI 102, (Smith 35, Cole 26), Rendcomb 103-5 (Reeve 4-41).

Wednesday 24th June v Pangbourne 2nd XI (Home). Pangbourne 87 (Reeve 5-22, Bowerman 4-16), XI 90-5 (Smith 50*).

Saturday 27th June v PJG's XI (Home). XI 113 (Johnson 48, Smith 23), PJG's XI 90 (James 4-16).

Wednesday 1st July v Bloxham 2nd XI (Home). Bloxham 72 (Reeve 7-39), XI 73-1 (Howe 33*, Johnson 28*).

XI AVERAGES

BATTING (Qualification 5 innings)

	Inns.	NO	HS	Runs	Avge.
S. J. Smith	11	3	82*	329	41.12
Johnson	10	1	57	193	21.44
Howe	11	2	46*	159	17.67
Baxter	5	1	26	46	11.50
Reeve	10	2	21	91	11.37

BOWLING (Qualification 6 wickets)

	Overs	Mdns.	Wkts.	Runs	Avge.
Reeve	145.3	38	43	364	8.47
Wariebi	39.4	10	13	126	9.69
S. J. Smith	29	3	9	104	11.56
James	36	8	7	117	16.71
Bowerman	85	15	13	267	20.54

COLOURS

- XI: S. J. Smith, J. M. Reeve, M. G. W. Howe, S. T. T. Johnson.
 XXII: A. M. Wariebi, F. A. Cole, J. C. Y. Ng, M. R. Bowerman, N. D. L. James.

UNDER 14 A CRICKET REPORT

This Under 14 A cricket season was one of the more satisfying of late, greatly aided by a far larger squad than usual, and with the additional help and experience of A. R. A. S. and M. E. it is possible to say that as a whole the campaign was one of considerable progress and achievement.

As usual, there was a great deal of anticipation amongst staff and squad members about the battles to come. Surely we had to improve on last season's disasters? There appeared to be strength in depth in all departments, coupled, for a change, with a fair amount of experience.

The first match was a round of the Lord Taverners Cup against Magdalen College School, Oxford. We were lucky to be able to field our strongest side, which is not usually the case because of the very tight age restrictions. This meant we could field Bowerman, a strike bowler who normally played for the 1st XI. His aggressive bowling (4-17) helped reduce Magdalen to 19-3, 52-5 and 89-8. However, each bowler is limited to eight overs and his allocation ran out as we desperately tried to break up a very fruitful 9th wicket partnership of 57 which helped the home team to amass 153! The subsequent batting reply began promisingly enough and we reached 14-1 before a series of bad shots, run-outs and simple lack of technique against a very experienced bowling attack contrived to see us skittled for 27. Although there were plus points to be gleaned from this performance, it was a severe blow to the morale of all and sundry.

It was important to launch an immediate recovery and while we did not manage to win a 25-overs 'thrash' versus Stowe, a fair amount of self-respect was retrieved and there were some useful batting performances from Clapton (17), Price (12) and C. Horn (24). We eventually lost by 5 wickets with two or three overs left to play.

There is a tradition developing during the U14 season that the 'normal' calendar fixture against Magdalen on the 'Plain' is always played at Cokethorpe, since their pitch is invariably under water at that time. It was a shame that on this occasion our pitch wasn't in the condition we would have desired. Batting first, we collapsed pathetically, leaving Magdalen with only a minimal target to beat. This was certainly a match best forgotten, although from then on there was a sturdy upturn in our fortunes.

The next match was against Oratory, a team who are usually very strong and who three years ago dismissed us for 5! This year we bowled consistently to dismiss them for 90 (Day, 3-3; Horn, 3-8), and replied with a fairly creditable total of 60 against some very accurate bowling.

Kingham Hill must always be beaten; they are our closest rivals in all sports and we like to do well against them. On this occasion they presented us with

our first 'scalp' of the term, being comfortably beaten by four wickets, thanks to excellent bowling by Price II (5-15) and Ford (3-26). At one point Kingham had reached 32-1, but they then lost five wickets for no runs. A vital middle-order stand of 24 between Hadeed and Kitching secured victory after we had been reduced to 2-2 chasing 65, with the alarm bells ringing! (Hadeed had by now taken over the Captaincy, Horn II having developed knee trouble.)

The match against Shiplake was very much a stop-start affair. After a very heavy shower we were prevented from further play on the original strip, and were transferred (to begin a new match) to an artificial pitch which was a totally new experience for us all. Shiplake chose to bat and raced away to score over 70 runs off the first six overs! As we gradually became used to the surface the bowling tightened up and the opposition were allowed to score only 80 further runs off the next twenty overs, at which point their innings ended at 158-2. This was a very daunting prospect for a side destined not to top 100 all season, but thanks to some very determined, plucky batting from Clapton (45 minutes for 0!), Martyr (15 minutes for an undefeated 7 at the end), and the hero of the day Ellerton (well over an hour for an unbeaten 16) we frustrated Shiplake and closed at 34-6, a very creditable result in the circumstances.

This new-found resolution was to stand us in very good stead for the away match against Rendcomb, who always give us a very difficult time. On this occasion, however, the roles were reversed and after outstanding bowling by Hadeed (6-35) and Kitching (3-42), the opposition were reeling at 54-8. We did let them off the hook to an extent to allow them to total 85, by which time it was beginning to rain steadily. While nobody gave their wicket away the vulnerability of the batting (in the absence of Horn) was again exposed, and we were struggling at 34-7 when those gutsy individuals, Messrs. Day, Hodgetts and Ford, made their appearance. On several occasions during the term Day showed his 'stickability' in a crisis; he scored 11 not out with some very sweet shots. Ford also played an important innings, both for him and the team, and I was pleased to see him still there at the end having helped to earn a very respectable draw in a match in which fortune fluctuated drastically. We finished at 61-8.

The real 'jewel in the crown' proved to be our last match against Pangbourne at home. We began very promisingly indeed, with the longest opening partnership of the season, brought about by Price II and Roscoe (41 runs). We then proceeded to lose three wickets at the same score before Kitching, with a blaze of fours and sixes in a score of 22, helped to raise the total to 89. Price and Kitching made the usual inroads in their batting, and then came the obligatory stand which brought them to 24-2. They then collapsed totally, six of them making ducks, to finish at 36 all out (Kitching, 5-15; Price, 5-16) leaving Cokethorpe the winners by a handsome 53 runs – the best U14 victory for

many, many years. It was quite a shock, albeit an extremely pleasant one; and a good reward for the tremendous commitment, discipline, enthusiasm and character of all members of the squad throughout the season. While Price II earned the title of 'Player of the Season' where the U14s were concerned, everybody in the side contributed something, be it in their fielding, batting or bowling, and it will be interesting to chart the progress of Kitching, Day and his leg-break bowling, Ellerton, Hodgetts, Ford, Horn, Martyr and his wicket-keeping, Roscoe and Hadeed and the rest as they progress through the more senior sides. I feel sure that several of them will find their way into the 1st XI next season.

In conclusion, I would like to thank N. James for his immaculate scoring. We greatly appreciated his support.

P. J. R. R.

UNDER 14 B CRICKET

The introduction of an Under 14 B team has proved a great success, providing a springboard to the U14 XI for younger boys and a realistic standard of competitive cricket for those who might otherwise have missed out. This, coupled with our success on the field as the only unbeaten school side, has made it a very pleasing year.

We began the season with a difficult match away to an already 'in form' St Hugh's side. Bowling reasonably well, but giving too many runs away in the field, we allowed the opposition to score rather too freely. When batting, after a collapse of almost Test Match proportions, it was left to some very sound play by D. Hodgetts and J. Day to draw the game. The latter batted unbeaten for over an hour to save the match, with only one wicket finally remaining.

Next came a home fixture against Kingham Hill. Captain J. B. Price lost the toss and was forced to bat first. He opened the innings himself and, whilst the rest of the batting fell apart, continued to play in a safe and assured manner. Eventually Price found a partner in J. Ruff who was able to stay with him, and then he began to 'open up' in a desperate attempt to get a reasonable score on the board. The captain was finally out for 43 out of a total of 62 runs – a magnificent and vital contribution. Kingham began their innings and the game began to move more in Cokethorpe's direction when R. L. Pye took 4 wickets, all bowled, before tea. It was obvious that the Kingham captain would be the key. He was a 'big hitter' and clearly if he stayed long hitting boundaries the game would be soon over. Indeed, the match finished early but with a much more favourable result. Price, now bowling superbly, removed his opposite

number (to a huge cheer!) and the remainder of the opposition went cheaply. A victory before half term was a very rare commodity in any form of Cokethorpe cricket this summer.

Next a trip to Pinewood, a lovely setting for another exciting game, against a friendly and very well-organised team. Batting first, Cokethorpe suffered the now traditional collapse, with Pye – the only assured batsman – scoring 46. He began slowly but accelerated when he found a steady partner in R. Boyland. When we were in the field there were some excellent stops and catches. Pye and Price bowled well and although our usual spinners, Day and Ruff, had been promoted to the U14 A XI. Ogilvy (3 wickets) and Hodgetts (2 wickets) proved adequate replacements and took us to within one wicket of victory.

Close finishes had become something of a speciality, and the closest was saved until last. Any result was possible in the last over against Bloxham. The removal of many boys for a last-minute play rehearsal enabled this to become a U14 B fixture. Without the 'dramatic' Price, C. Horn came in to skipper the side. The early batting was steady. Day, promoted to opener, did another excellent job and useful contributions, down the order, came from Ogilvy, M. Smith and N. Ford as we reached a total of 92. Horn bowled well, supported by Pye and H. Kitching. The wickets fell quickly as Bloxham chased our score. The game swung back and forth until the close, when Bloxham were 90-9. A fitting end, perhaps, to an unbeaten season.

Success in the B-side frequently led to promotion to the main U14 XI. Many younger boys, especially Essen, Smith, Searson, Fisher and Bingham showed in practice, and the odd game, that there is promise for the future. The fielding of the whole squad improved dramatically, with J. R. Hughes and E. Reynolds probably the best of those not yet mentioned.

Finally, thanks must go to Justin Price for his captaincy and to all those parents who gave support, both at matches and with travelling arrangements when games finished late.

A. R. A. S.

SUMMARY OF UNDER 15 MATCHES PLAYED

Wednesday 6th May *v* Abingdon U14 (Home). U15 118 (Kitching 28, Ellerton 23), Abingdon 93-9 (A. Shorrocks 7-24).
Wednesday 13th May *v* Shiplake U15 (Home). Shiplake 192-2 dec., U15 101 (Pillai 35, A. Shorrocks 25).
Saturday 16th May *v* Stowe U15 B (Away). U15 38, Stowe 40-2.
Wednesday 3rd June *v* Bloxham U15 (Away). Bloxham 179-5 dec., U15 61 (Bowerman 26).

SUMMARY OF UNDER 14 A MATCHES PLAYED

Thursday 14th May *v* Magdalen U14 (Away). Cup Match. Magdalen 153 (Bowerman 4-17), U14 27.
Saturday 16th May *v* Stowe U14 B (Home). 25 over match. U14 70-6 (Horn 24), Stowe 71-5.
Wednesday 20th May *v* Oratory U14 (Home). Oratory 90 (Day 3-3, Horn 3-8), U14 61.
Wednesday 10th June *v* Magdalen U14 (Home). U14 31, Magdalen 32-3.
Saturday 13th June *v* Kingham Hill U14 (Home). Kingham 64 (Price 6-12, Ford 3-25), U14 65-6 (Kitching 24).
Wednesday 17th June *v* Shiplake U14 (Away). Shiplake 157-2 dec., U14 34-6.
Thursday 18th June *v* Rendcomb U14 (Away). Rendcomb 85 (Hadeed 6-35, Kitching 3-42), U14 61-8.
Wednesday 24th June *v* Pangbourne U14 (Home). U14 89 (Roscoe 25, Kitching 22), Pangbourne 36 (Kitching 5-15, Price 5-16).

SUMMARY OF UNDER 14 B MATCHES PLAYED

Wednesday 13th May *v* St Hugh's 1st XI (Away). St Hugh's 127-6 dec., U14 B 79-9 (Day 22*).
Wednesday 3rd June *v* Kingham Hill U13 (Home). U14 B 63 (Price 43), Kingham 50 (Price 4-11, R. Pye 4-34).
Wednesday 10th June *v* Pinewood (Away). U14 B 86-9 dec. (R. Pye 45), Pinewood 54-8 (Pye 4-16, Ogilvy 3-9).
Wednesday 1st July *v* Bloxham U14 B (Home). U14 B 92, Bloxham 89-9 (Horn 3-22, Kitching 3-29).

HOUSE MATCHES

1st Match: Harcourt 196-8 Inns. closed. (Smith 83, Ng 45, J. Shorrocks 37, James 3-23, Reeve 3-41), Queen Anne 88 (Endeley 3-5, Smith 3-22).
2nd Match: Swift 113 (Hadeed 22, Endeley 3-26, Blackwell 3-26), Harcourt 103 (Ng 60, Howe 4-8, Bowerman 3-23).
3rd Match: Queen Anne 187-6 dec., (Johnson 82, Reeve 32, Wariebi 25), Swift 48 (Wariebi 3-9, Reeve 3-11).

INTER-HOUSE VI-A-SIDE COMPETITION (OPEN DAY)

1st Match: Queen Anne 53-3 (Johnson 26*) beat Harcourt 41-2 (Smith 32*) by 12 runs.
2nd Match: Swift 53-2 (Howe 27) beat Harcourt 38 all out (Smith 27*, M. Pye 3-5) by 15 runs.
3rd Match: Queen Anne 45 all out, beat Swift 32-4 by 13 runs.

NOMADS TERM MATCHES

Sunday 3rd May *v* Oxford Downs Strollers CC (Away). Strollers 144 (Scott 3-27, Akande 3-43), Nomads 98-6 (Johnson 40, Green 21*).
Sunday 31st May *v* Ducklington CC (Away). Ducklington 67 (Spicer 4-33, Akande 3-0) Nomads 68-3 (Spicer 43).
Sunday 14th June *v* Oxford Downs Strollers CC (Home). Nomads 239-6 dec., (Ashby 109, Smith 66, Scott 20), Strollers 82-9 (Green 3-6, Tomlinson 3-11).

A WANTON CASE OF RANDALLISM!

The Summer of 1987 has seen the emergence of a new force in School cricket, Cokethorpe Cavaliers, alias members of the Common Room. This group of intrepid staff has endeavoured to play cricket fixtures with local teams in the true Cavalier spirit!

Our first fixture was against the School Accountants, Grant Thornton. The visitors scored a modest 72 in their allotted 20 overs. When the Cavaliers batted, despite some rowdiness from the crowd, P. J. R. R. and N. J. M. managed to score the required number of runs without loss, to win by 10 wickets in under 14 overs! However, even R. J. had to agree that 'Randallism' took on a new meaning when, following the Match, a chair was seen to collapse under the sturdy frame of P. J. R. R.!

Flushed with success, the following week a team from builders Hinkins Frewin were the visitors, when, despite an opening partnership of over 40 between M. E. and A. R. A. S., the home team could only muster 73 before being all out in the 17th over. The only other positive comment to be made about the batting is that the sight of W. H. C. D., normally seen with an oar rather than a cricket bat in his hand, hitting a straight six, is one to be remembered. Hinkins Frewin made light work of reaching their total, despite some sterling work by fellow rower E. J. F., who kept wicket throughout the matches with a distinctive but effective method. Defeat came by a margin of 6 wickets.

And so we came to the final fixture against the Staff XI at Pinewood School near Shrivensham. The Captain was questioned on winning the toss and electing to field with only 9 Cavaliers present, but eventually W. H. C. D. emerged from the leafy lanes of Devon and what a match-winner he proved to be!

Pinewood got off to a cracking start and it wasn't until the subtle introduction of the canny spin of C. J. N. (3-15) that their first wicket went down at 42. Slow bowling seemed to be Pinewood's undoing, for in their 20 overs they could only amass 83 for 7, although the question being asked by cricket lovers everywhere is why J. P. W. appeared on the Pinewood team sheet, remaining undefeated at the crease. At 19 for 2 the Cavaliers were in trouble. A. E. G. had applied to the Bursar to go on an in-service training course for umpires, A. R. A. S. was looking for his leg stump, but help was at hand with M. E. scoring 44 and W. H. C. D. 24 not out. Victory was finally claimed by 5 wickets.

Already the fixture list for 1988 is being prepared, and Cokethorpe Cavaliers are here to stay!

N. J. M.

NOMADS TOUR

The 16th Tour to the 'Big Heart of England' began a week after the end of term, on Monday, July 13th, with a traumatic flurry of eleventh hour cry-offs, some subtle rearrangements and a last-minute replacement which thankfully brought the squad back to full strength.

The eventual touring party consisted of Messrs. Green and Randall, Old Boys Hugh Scott (Vice-Captain), James Tomlinson, James Shelley, Nicholas Smith and Michael Spicer with Reeve, Howe, Wariebi and Bowerman from this year's XI. Stuart Macleod joined the party on Wednesday to play against Harborne and Lapworth, Peter Scully drove from London via Dover to play on Wednesday, while Simon Ashby and Michael de Weymarn came from Southampton and The Wrekin respectively to play against Rowington.

The main group ate the traditional lunch at The White Swan, Henley-in-Arden on Monday before driving into Birmingham to register at the 'friendly' Norfolk Hotel in the early afternoon. Here we were joined by Spicer from Leicestershire and Shelley, Tomlinson and Wariebi who drove up from London in the late evening by which time old friends in the Hotel had been greeted, the soccer ball had been out on the back lawn, The Duck had experienced its first invasion and the party had enjoyed Cantonese cuisine at the famous Lychee Gardens.

On Tuesday, Bastille Day, we won the toss at Tanworth and were treated to a fine display of batsmanship by Tomlinson and Spicer who added 124 for the second wicket in 68 minutes. Spicer in particular batted with great freedom scoring off 25 of his final 30 balls and hitting eight 4s and a 6 in his excellent 76. Howe kept the scoring rate going well although by now Tomlinson was slowing, suffering from badly bruised thighs: nevertheless, we were able to declare at 181-4 leaving ourselves two and a quarter hours to bowl Tanworth out. Scott started us on the right path clean bowling three batsmen in his first four overs, twice sending the off stump cartwheeling out of the ground; Spicer picked up 2-18 from 12 hostile overs while Smith and Reeve took a wicket each to reduce Tanworth to 95-7. However here our successes ended, catches were dropped (poor Nick Smith even allowing the wet ball to slip through his hands and hit him on the nose) while Vice-Captain Scott christened senior pro Tomlinson 'Teflon' - a trifle harshly for none of his chances was easy and Tanworth had reached 116-7 by the close so the match was drawn, even if it was a moral victory for us. In the evening fun and games followed in the pavilion: Wariebi 'lifted' the three man lift, but Bowerman was caught on the spoons game and found out all about Lancaster bombers while our 'crew' proved to be rather slow over the boat race course. We said our goodbyes,

vowing to return variously at the end of the week or next year and headed for sundry 'far pavilions' in Birmingham.

On Wednesday we arrived at Harborne to find pools all over the ground and the groundsman working through the showers with his mechanical spiker to shift the water. After tea it was decided to play a twenty-over-per-side match and once again we won the toss and batted first. Spicer played superbly scoring 70 in 49 minutes and we totalled 152-5 at a rate of 7.60 runs per over.

Our bowlers then took command, Reeve picking up 3-17 from his four overs, reducing Harborne to 69-5 after 12 overs. As they needed a further 84 at a rate of 10.50 runs per over the game seemed as good as ours when the heavens opened and the match was abandoned – so near and yet so far. After a good evening in the clubhouse the lads set out in search of yet another curry while the Captain was lucky enough to be entertained by the opposition skipper to a steak at The Old House at Home as some sort of consolation prize.

On Thursday the weather seemed much more promising. Nick Faldo set out on his quest for the Open Golf Championship while at the Norfolk the boys played the Old Boys in a bloodthirsty soccer match on the hotel lawn. After lunch at The Duck we drove to Lapworth and agreed on a 45 over per side game with a limitation of ten overs per bowler. This time we lost the toss and had to field first, and once again it rained reducing the match to one of 42 overs per side. We had some successes with the ball, Wariebi took two splendid catches, Howe kept wicket beautifully earning his red beret, and we ran out two opponents, but this was the strongest Lapworth side that we had met to date and when their overs ran out they had scored 172-6. There then followed a splendid run chase. Tomlinson and Macleod got the innings off to a quick start scoring at better than a run a minute but when Macleod was out for a well-played 31 to make the score 49-2 a great deal once again depended upon Spicer. Nor did this hero let us down for first in partnership without Howe, who outscored him, then with the Captain when the light was at its worst and rain falling, then with Scott who hit two fours and a six in his rapid 22, and finally with Smith, Spicer batted confidently and fluently, and it was fitting that it was his cleanly struck six over the pavilion that finished the match, taking his personal score to 55 not out and his tour batting average to 100.50. Greatly to their credit Lapworth bowled 39.5 overs in 2 hours 9 minutes, and only in the last few overs when defeat seemed certain had their heads begun to drop. However this was a fine game of cricket and many of the highlights were captured on video thanks to a policeman friend of Stuart Macleod who had come up to support us for the day.

On Friday we said goodbye to Spicer who was off to play in a cup match for his home club but welcomed Simon Ashby from Southampton and Michael de Weymarn from Shropshire for our match against Rowington. Once again rain delayed the start but this time we lost the toss and were put in on a fiery wicket. Ashby and de Weymarn put on 43 for the first wicket in a little over an hour and although Tomlinson went first ball to a reaction catch at short leg our score had advanced to 97-3 in two hours when Scott was dismissed. Shelley played some enterprising shots but the wicket was now at its worst and batsmen were sacrificed in the chase for runs. Our final score of 127 might well have been enough if Rowington's Captain and star batsman had been caught either on 10 or on 16 but he went on to score 47 and his side won by 4 wickets with just seven balls in hand. Once again Wariebi caught a magnificent catch and Howe was outstanding behind the stumps but some of our ground fielding was not so good and the dropped catches proved critical. However we did well to run Rowington so close, for in their centenary year they are top of their league having lost only three times in over twenty matches (15 wins), we were without Spicer while they were virtually at full strength, and we certainly had the worst of the wicket.

After an enjoyable evening in the club next to the ground the party broke up to go its various ways. Considering the panic at the very outset and our difficulties with the weather this was a successful and enjoyable tour and certainly the younger cricketers will have learnt some valuable lessons which will stand them in good stead for the future.

P. J. G.

SUMMARY OF TOUR MATCHES

Played 4, Won 1, Drawn 2, Lost 1.

v Tanworth-in-Arden CC: Nomads 181-4 dec., (Spicer 76, Tomlinson 69), Tanworth 116-7 (Scott 3-47).

v Harborne CC (20 over match): Nomads 152-5, inns. closed, (Spicer 70, Tomlinson 44), Harborne 69-5 (Reeve 3-17) – Abandoned after 12 overs.

v Lapworth CC (45 over match – reduced by rain to 42 overs per side): Lapworth 172-6 inns. closed, Nomads 177-5 (Spicer 55*, Macleod 31, Scott 22).

v Rowington CC: Nomads 127 (de Weymarn 27, Ashby 25, Smith 21), Rowington 128-6 (Reeve 3-40).



Above: E. J. F. in Charles Ryder hat at the camp fire – Breakfast by more modern means.
Below: The arrival not the journey matters? – Broadway Tower in the background.

Photos: J. C. North

OUTWARD BOUND

We started the year with a camp in the Peak District and although it was well into October we were again lucky to be blessed with wonderful weather. I have always dreaded having to meet the boys at a camp site when they have been really soaked after a day's walking, for although a certain amount of spare dry clothing is carried, it would of course be an awful bore having to cook *and* dry out equipment for the next day. Fortunately this has never been necessary and I am beginning to believe, as did the ancient Greeks and Romans, that there is a special god of outward bounders who smiles benignly down upon us. The weather was equally good to us in March when we went out for a day and a night on the Cotswold Way. This was a party of Remove and Sixth Formers, all of whom were volunteers. It is very pleasing that so many seniors choose to come on these camps long after they cease to be compulsory.

This year we had a first aid course run by the Red Cross instead of the St John's Ambulance. The teachers started each session with a short video outlining the theme of the lesson, which I am sure helped to stimulate interest from the start. It was very pleasing that all boys passed the final exam at the end of the course.

For our Fourth Form camp we went to the Cotswold Way and walked a section between Cheltenham and Broadway. The scenery in this part is very attractive and it was interesting to pass by the ruins of such places as Hales Abbey, Catherine Parr's house at Wincombe. Everybody coped well with the walk, which involved carrying all their food and camping equipment for about fifteen miles on a very warm day. The next day the boys walked through Broadway to Broadway Tower, from which there is a magnificent view of the surrounding countryside. For the first time we took the Social Service boys and they all fitted in very well.

The Third Form camp was on the Ridgeway near Streatley, where we have been several times before. All groups found their way to the camp site on time and all went well. It is pleasing that a number of boys in this group are also doing the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, as so many of the Outward Bound activities are the same as, or similar to, those required by the scheme and will therefore help to lead on to an external official award.

We finished the term with a shooting match against the ACF, which the Outward Bound team won after a well-fought and exciting contest.

Next term we are adding a basic knowledge of sailing to the other skills that are learnt by the Outward Bounders. Mr Daniels has a sailing boat at school with which he will be instructing boys in the elementary theory and practice of sailing.

J. P. W.

FORM 1 AND 2 RAMBLING

Forms 1 and 2 spend two hours with Mr Thomson (and sometimes Mrs Thomson, and Hannah and Ruth Thomson) on a Monday afternoon. The title for the session is 'Rambling', but this is interpreted very liberally.

There have been some enjoyable three mile walks during the year. In September '86 the weather was beautiful and it was a delight on one occasion to walk along the Oxfordshire Way near Stonesfield, and on another across country from Church Hanborough to the A40. In January, on one of the coldest days of the year, we walked along the river at Abingdon. The icicles dangling from the weir were enormous. Another river walk was from Eynsham to Farmoor Reservoir. A magnificent sight was a large flock of Canada Geese flying over us and coming down to land in the river.

Places visited have been the Cotswold Farm Park, the Cotswold Wildlife Park and Otmoor. The boys enjoyed several Army Cadet Force-type exercises on Stonesfield Common. These provided opportunities to show initiative and leadership. Searson and Bingham were the commanders and did an excellent job. Sport and leisure have figured as well. A couple of Mondays were spent playing soccer with a match against New College School. Model aircraft were flown on the White Horse Hill. Combe has been visited several times for skateboarding, with quite a number of boys showing tremendous skill and sense of balance. Alexander was particularly good, but Searson, Pether II, Smith, Howells and Joubert were also good. A rifle competition was won by Joubert with Bingham second.

Fishing at Lynch Hill was popular but alas all we had were a couple of 'bites'. The thrills of the various tubes at the Oasis Swimming Pool in Swindon were a great attraction. In the winter sledging on Shotover was also great fun. Some of the boys only had large metal trays but they seemed to work just as well. On one occasion at the bottom of one slope Alexander hit a sapling, left his sledge behind and flew through the air several feet. Fortunately he landed safely. There were several collisions but none serious.

Intellectual activities were not neglected. A knowledge and initiative competition was won by Searson with full marks, Lisk coming second and Bingham third. Several Mondays were spent watching science films, including one on the Chernobyl disaster.

Perhaps the highlight of the year was the visit of Mr G. Lambrick from the Oxford Archaeological Unit. He gave us a fascinating illustrated lecture on their dig at Stanton Harcourt. This meeting was open to the Outward Bound and Social Service boys as well. What is so exciting is that this site is only two miles from the school and was continuously occupied over a long period of time

up to and beyond Roman times. I happened to be there when they reached the bottom of a burial pit at the centre of a mound. They had found several human remains higher up but at the bottom was the 'Chieftain'. By his head was a well-preserved dagger and an interesting flint wrist-guard. I believe the body had lain there for at least 3000 years. The skull began crumbling to dust as the archaeologist delicately lifted it out.

It has been an enjoyable year and one part of that joy was to see boys change for the better. There was a growth in maturity, an improvement in their response and a general improvement in relationships.

D. L. T.

THE POND CLUB

Not to be outdone by the new common room block and school roof, the inhabitants of the pond sang out for improvements in their own lot. It is true that the geese do not go through the usual channels of complaint, but after the Head and various prospective parents had received the triple beak peck approach, consent was finally given for improved housing. George Orwell would have been proud of them.

The spring found our lady goose 'Gilbert' sitting on eggs; the pigeons seemed to swell their numbers weekly, and our bantams arrived back after regular three-weekly sabbaticals with a string of whistling chicks. The ducks in their verbose and bombastic way got completely carried away, but were unsuccessful in rearing young while trying to incubate thirty-seven eggs at one time.

The boys in charge of our various creatures have been first class this year, but despite their efforts there have been some sadnesses. We lost eighteen of the twenty pigeons on one race, and shortly afterwards a visit by vixen and cubs took many of our bantams and ducks. After a very kind donation from one of our parent supporters, during the summer holiday we are trying to make the pond as fox-proof as possible in future.

A particular pleasure to me has been the company of our pet jackdaw, Rupert. After the boys had brought him up on mince and other scraps, he was finally released back into the wild. One afternoon after the end of term, remembering his benefactors, he swooped down to join a few residents playing tennis, and picnicked happily with us on bread and cheese for an hour, before finally falling asleep on a shoulder after too much Pimms!

I am sure that next year the boys will be as helpful in, and gain as much from, the pond area as they did this year.

W. H. C. D.

ACF EXERCISE AT POOLE

It is not often that you find yourself leaving for an ACF camp with a totally civilian atmosphere of apprehension abounding. However, following the first camp some boys viewed this 'Long Weekend' with a certain degree of concern. After a slight detour around the countryside we arrived at the training ground at 0030 to find Major Stark standing there with a flashing light in one hand and an umbrella in the other. As soon as we arrived the civilian atmosphere vanished and was replaced by doubts about the weather as we all fell asleep to the sound of water pouring down onto the metal roof.

Reveille was slightly painful at 0600 that morning. However, we awoke to a brilliant sunrise and bright blue sky and that was how the weather stayed for us all weekend. Following breakfast (for which Charles Gardner tucked into chicken curry!) we began the morning's training with a series of lectures and practicals teaching the cadets some of the basics in battle craft which they would need later in the weekend. Following the lunch break the cadets found themselves under the yoke of their section leaders for the 'Now-get-out-of-that' competition. This involved such diverse elements as drinking a certain amount of water and then sprinting a fixed distance, moving water using bags with holes in them, and many other such character building tasks.

All the day's preparation had been for the evening exercise and this began as the sun set and a patrol moved out from the camp. With only a minimal amount of light left, the detachment began an attack as the echo of gun fire rang around the area. Following an interesting discussion in the bus on the way down about the ghost who haunts the training ground, James Pether was left on his own to signal the end of the exercise as total darkness came down.

On the final morning the cadets had the chance to test their reactions using weapons and trying to "hit" either friendly forces or enemy. Following Monday lunch we bade farewell to the training ground returning with thirty dirty and tired cadets. The final initiative test was when the petrol-cap went missing and we ended up shipping petrol to the delight of some cadets.

The weekend would not have been possible without the ceaseless efforts of Lieutenant Lawry, Major Stark, and the three sergeants. I know that the cadets came back only asking one question: when was the next camp going to be?

T. A. M.



Photos: *T. A. MacIntyre*

Glaces and Glaciers – THE HIGH ROAD TO ANETO

In the age of the jet, long distance overland travel is a dying art, a patient pastime practised by few. For Casey, Rutter and eleven pupils from Rutland School, Robert Louis Stevenson's famous advice, "It is often better to travel hopefully than to arrive," was frequently forgotten on the wearing journey to the French/Spanish border. Most people would prefer to fly the 850 miles to the Spanish Pyrenees. Avoiding long hours on the autoroutes but foregoing other pleasures, other sights . . . The ferry leaving the White Cliffs of Dover. A Poitiers parrot singing the 'Marseillaise'. Fields of sunflowers raising their heads to the sun. Overtaking a race of perspiring Limoges cyclists. Bereted Basques playing boules.

Hobo Travel recommended that we took rucksack, sleeping bag, insect repellent, walking boots and summer clothes. In addition E. J. Fenton took the Headmaster's copy of *The Iliad*, an Indiana Jones fast-get-away-wash-kit presented by his Aunt Margery at Christmas, a pair of British naval officer's tropical white shorts and sufficient Eurocheques to enable him to dine in style whenever an opportunity arose.

Our destination was a camp site in the Benasque valley, four hours of hairpins into Spain, and at 1,800 metres, higher than any point in the British Isles. From there the Hobo men, "El Sid" and ex-REME officer Ken, led us up the slopes of Mount Aneto passing rhododendron, wild raspberries and the feathery plumes of the Pyrenean asphodel. Casey and I made an energetic attempt to scramble over the rocks onto the glacier before realising that our goal was beyond the time available; everyone else settled for a gentle walk to a mountainside tarn. Paradoxically, waters from the Western side of Aneto flow into the Mediterranean, and those from the east into the Atlantic.

After one night on the bus and three in tents it was time for the Cokethorpe contingent to return to civilisation, walking the four miles into Benasque, photographing butterflies on the way (identified by Casey as silver-washed fritillaries and cinnabar moths), observing lizards basking on a scattered selection of rocks that would delight any geologist – fragments of granite, limestone and schist.

We lunched on gazpacho and sangria in a typically cool and dark Spanish café; cleaning up and combing our hair in the hotel, apart from Rutter who proudly announced that the last time he had combed his hair was at prep school, ready for the evening meal. Steak, chicken, mixed grill and a selection of smoked hams made a change from El Sid's one pot stews. I thought of taking a photograph of the pretty waitress for page three of this publication, though it

was E. J. F. who began the conversation by asking her, in French, if Homer was blind.

We returned to backpacking with a vengeance, struggling up a mountain pass for two hours to enter the Valle d'Estos. E. J. F., clad in Barbour and trilby, strode over the rocky terrain with a tent slung over his shoulder, looking ever more like Indiana Jones saving the heroine. Eventually we camped on a buttercup meadow next to the icy, fast-flowing Rio d'Estos, cooking supper over a massive camp fire. Our site was an alluvial floodplain with waterfall, interlocking spurs and dry valley nearby. During the night we were treated to another geography lesson with clouds swirling around our tents. Everyone was woken by the worst sound in the world, rain on canvas. However, by late afternoon we had walked and driven out of Spain, a night drive taking us to Chartres, giving us over a day around a medieval cathedral and modern shopping centre.

Neither holiday nor orthodox school trip, the nine-day Pyrenees expedition was a unique experience. A reminder that if you wish to see more of a country than its souvenir shops there is a price to pay. Awesome alpine views are bought with blisters. Fitful sleep in a cramping bus seat compensated for by pistachio ice-cream in Poitiers, crêpes in Chartres. After a drenching in a Pyrenean thunderstorm comes the idyllic calm with Griffin vultures soaring high above the blue iris and delicate orchids.

M. E.



COKETHORPE SOCIETY

The Cokethorpe Society's Annual Dinner was held at Cokethorpe on 10th April, 1987. This was combined with the Annual General Meeting and it was a most enjoyable and successful evening. We look forward to increasing support in future years.

The Society continues to support the School, both from its own funds and by endorsing the School Appeal to its members – so far the Society's members have contributed in excess of £13,000 towards the Appeal. The Society's records are now computerised and we are able to provide an increased service to our members.

The Annual Rugger Match is becoming increasingly successful, with a large number of spectators watching the leavers of the last five years playing the older 'Old Boys'. After a competitive match, the older side won comfortably for the second season in succession. Afterwards the School provided an excellent tea for all the Old Boys and guests. This year the game will be held at Cokethorpe on October 10th.

We all hope the Society will prosper, and for this, attractive support is required from ALL 'Old Boys'. We are always interested to hear your news/ views, so please write to: The Secretary, The Cokethorpe Society, c/o Cokethorpe School, Witney, Oxon OX8 7PU.

G. A. Manley

OLD BOY NEWS

Over the past year we have had visits from quite a few former pupils recalling their personal memories of their days at Cokethorpe during earlier eras, and giving those of us who are new here an interesting insight into the 'good old days'! Of course, top of all their lists of people to visit are Mrs Russell and Mrs Knipe, and, as you can see from the remainder of the report, Mr Green.

Guido Bouvy (left 1965)

Called in during the Summer Holidays on a visit from Holland (where he now lives). Matron recalled the time he set fire to the fender!

Peter Halls (left 1974)

Living locally in Witney, at the time of writing has spent 5 weeks in hospital after a leg operation. We all wish him well, as I know he was extremely disappointed not to have been able to help in our Celebrity Cricket Match this year (last year his help was invaluable).

James Tomlinson (left 1975)

A frequent visitor to Cokethorpe with his "Fallow Bucks" Cricket Team and his large part in organising the Celebrity Cricket Match. Following in his father's footsteps he has appeared in several TV productions:

Vanity Fair (BBC TV)

Rumpole of the Bailey (Thames TV)

Fizz (Thames TV)

The Bretts (Central TV)

Home James with Jim Davidson (Thames TV).

He has also appeared in several stage productions.

John Willis (left 1977)

Now works in Advertising for Yorkshire TV.

Hugh Scott (left 1977)

Who broke a bone in his neck in a car crash in 1986 is now fit and well and all Nomads will be pleased to hear that he has already increased his haul of Nomad Wickets to 111.

Stuart MacLeod (left 1978)

Has now left the Police Force and moved into Commerce.

Frederick Walsh (left 1981)

Now Secretary of the National Farmers Union in Welshpool.

Richard Banham (left 1983) Mr and Mrs Goldsmith together with Mr and Mrs Stark attended the Sovereign's Passing Out Parade at Sandhurst at which Richard Banham received his Commission in the Coldstream Guards.

David Fenton (left 1984)

Is now at the Royal Agricultural College in Cirencester.

Bamikole Akande (left 1984)

Is now working in London promoting Gala Balls.

Nicholas Smith (left 1984)

Training to be a farmer.

Michael Spicer (left 1986)

Now working for his father on the farm and if the harvest is right this year, he will be playing for the Nomads. He is also representing Leicestershire U19 cricket team.

MARRIAGES

John Fairchild (left 1971) married Jane in August, 1987.

Gerry Manley (left 1976) married Diane, in July 1986. Myles Gleeson was Best Man.

Myles Gleeson (left 1976) married Helen, in August 1986. Gerry Manley was Best Man.

Shaun McHugh (left 1976) married Nicola, in September 1986. David McHugh was Best Man.

Philip Vaughan-Fowler (left 1976) married Emma in July 1987. John Vaughan-Fowler was Best Man.

Stuart Macleod (left 1978) Married Wilma, in June 1987. Hugh Scott was Best Man.

ENGAGEMENT

Alan Wigglesworth (left 1983) – Announcement from local paper informs us he is now engaged to Sheila.

OTHER NEWS

Viv Williams (left 1965) New address: Hollybank House, Emsworth, Hants.
PO10 7UN

Russell Massey (left 1974). Now living in Switzerland.

William Manley (left 1977). Recently completed a year's study at Cambridge.

Dominic Smit (left 1977). Working for Mark Rich & Co. in London.

Robert Gee (left 1978) and Matthew Walker (left 1979) are in partnership together buying and selling old houses.

Nicholas Berg (left 1980) is now married and living in Jamaica where he works for the World Bank.

OB news collated by Mrs Lynn Adams

We regret we do not have surnames for the brides.

ANDREW GOW

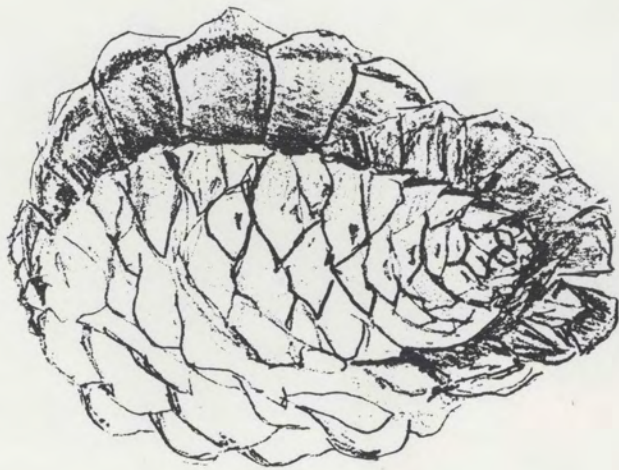
We have recently received an interesting letter from Andrew Gow who left Cokethorpe in 1981.

Whilst at School things did not always go smoothly for him and he left at the end of the Fourth Form. For a while he worked in the wine trade and gave himself to the pursuit of pleasure. However, he came to agree with the preacher in the Book of Ecclesiastes – 'This also was vanity'. He felt an emptiness and restlessness within. His sister had become a Christian and remarkable things were happening in her life, and this caused Andrew to consider the claims of Christ. It was not long before he too committed his life to Christ "and found the fulfilment and peace I had been searching after in alcohol and a rebellious life-style". Like Pilgrim in *Pilgrim's Progress*, as he looked at the Cross and the Man on it, the burden of his sin 'loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back . . . and I saw it no more'.

He soon felt called by God to work in India and he prayed for money for the fare. One day a stranger gave him a cheque which covered the amount needed. Once arrived there, Calcutta with its awful poverty, dirt and noise was a severe shock to his system. Andrew made contact with the work of Mother Theresa and went to work in one of her hospices which cared for the destitute, the mentally ill, and the dying. As he has described in his letter, there were a hundred people in the hospice lying on camp beds – the majority just skin hanging over bone. The stench was indescribable. The doctor only came once a week, so he soon found himself inserting drips and giving injections, as well as cleaning and washing the patients. He writes: "When you have to do something, you soon learn how to do it. There was one old man I'd like to mention. He was very weak and sad. I spent time feeding him and on passing him some water after his food his eyes and mine met. Somehow, even though I could not speak his language, I felt I had something to offer him. I was wearing a wooden cross around my neck. I reached out and started to pray. As I prayed, this man's eyes and face changed to tearful joy. He grasped my cross, peaceful and radiant. I walked to the other side of the bed and felt his pulse which had stopped. This man had died resting in Christ Jesus. I believe he had understood and realised the meaning of Christ's love and eternal life."

Andrew spent three months in India helping in one particular church, including doing some preaching. After his return to London he had a telephone call one day suggesting that he met a young lady called Sylvie who had also recently been in India. Andrew felt convinced she would be his wife. They arranged to meet at a particular Underground Station. Five months later – last November – they were married. Their immediate plan is to open a Christian Restaurant in London, or rather – as he puts it – "a home-cooking refuge for anyone, whether or not they can afford to pay". Again, the money to do this has been 'found'.

D. L. T.



Cone study: *N. W. Pineo*

MARRIAGES

John Fairbairn (left 1971) married Joan in August, 1981.

Gerry Maule (left 1976) married Diane, in July 1986. Myles Gleason was Best Man.

Walter Maule (left 1974) married Helen, in August 1986. Gerry Maule was Best Man.

David Marshall (left 1976) married Nicola, in September 1986. David Marshall was Best Man.

Philip Vaughan-Powell (left 1976) married Emma in July 1987. John Douglas Powell was Best Man.

Ernest Marshall (left 1978) married Wilma, in June 1987. Hugh Marshall was Best Man.

ENGAGEMENT

Alan Wigglesworth (left 1985) - Announcement from his fiancée, Nicola, that he had engaged to her.

OTHER NEWS

Mr Wynne (left 1983) New address: Holywell House, Church Street, PONTUN.

Robert Maule (left 1974) Now living in Switzerland.

William Maule (left 1977) Recently completed a year's course in Cambridge.

Clare Maule (left 1977) Working for Mark Rich & Co. in London.

Robert Gee (left 1981) and Marlene Walker (left 1979) are in partnership together buying and selling real estate.

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We regret we do not have addresses for the ladies.

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Andrew was called by God to work in India and he prayed for money for the passage. He gave a large cheque which covered the amount needed. He found a great contrast with his own poverty, dirt and noise with a severe and clean life. He came into contact with the work of Mother Teresa in Calcutta, the work of her hospices which cared for the destitute, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the lame, the paralysed, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the lame, the paralysed, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the lame, the paralysed. As he has described in his letter, there were a number of people lying on camp beds - the majority had skin diseases. The stench was indescribable. The doctor only gave a small amount of medicine himself, mending dress and giving vitamins, as well as giving a word of encouragement to the patients. He writes, "When you have to do something you don't know how to do it. There was one old man I'd like to mention. I gave him a very weak and bad. I spent time feeding him and on passing him I noticed after his food he spit and vomit over. Something, however, though I could not speak his language, I felt I had something to offer him. I was wearing a sweater cap and covered my neck. I reached out and started to pray. As I prayed, the man's eyes and ear changed to healthy. He grasped my cross, pebbles and nothing. I walked to the other side of the bed and felt his pulse which had stopped. This man had died trusting in Christ Jesus. I believe he had understood and realised the meaning of Christ's love and eternal life".

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D.L.F.

