

THE PEACOCK



The Magazine of Cokethorpe School

1989



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Editor
P.J.C.

FRONT COVER:

Cokethorpe Park, c.1820

The border is a freehand drawing by Philip Lenehan of the moulding on the Corinthian Room ceiling.

FRONTISPICE:

(Also page 4)

Preliminary drawings for his swan sculpture by James Horada (p.67).

Acknowledgements

I should like to thank once again all boys and colleagues who have contributed material, whether written or visual, for this year's magazine. As always, in the final stages I have had to omit a few items I had originally hoped to include, but I have managed to accommodate just about everything else – and the abundance of material from which to choose must surely be evident in the pages which follow.

I thank Mr E. J. Fenton for the assiduity of his proof-reading, and for a number of other things besides – not least those occasions when a decisive second opinion helped me to make up my mind about aspects of layout. At an earlier stage I was grateful to Mrs Lynn Adams for assistance with typing; and also to Mrs M. J. Sanderson for supplying many pieces of a creative nature. Some colleagues suggested captions which I snapped up gladly; others helped to resolve a difficulty on this page or that. They know who they are, and I thank them most heartily.

Among the boys, Richard Reah and Justin Etkin have again done sterling work where some of the photographs are concerned; and Philip Lenehan is to be commended for his drawing of the border which offsets the old print of Cokethorpe Park on the front cover. The bird study on the back is from one of Simon Jewell's summer sketch-books. In recent years we have been fortunate indeed in the amount of artistic talent we have had at Cokethorpe: it has been my privilege to put so much of it on display in these pages. I only wish there had been room for more.

– Ed.



A Valediction



The Reverend David Lane has been associated with Cokethorpe for 27 years. He retired from classroom teaching in 1983, and as Church of England Chaplain this summer. This is the text of his last sermon delivered in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin on Sunday, 11th June. We thank Mr Lane for allowing us to reproduce it here, and wish him once again a long and happy retirement.

Another summer term is beginning to move towards its close, which means change, especially for those of you moving out and on to another phase of your lives, and I do wish you all in a most heartfelt way every blessing, happiness and success in whatever lies ahead. Life often seems like a long horizontal line, going back as far as one can remember and stretching forward into the future with excitement and sometimes anxiety. But that is only one way of looking at it. I myself do not believe that eternity means endless time but something altogether different, entirely beyond and outside time and even space.

Even if you have no regrets about the past, you are looking forward to the holidays and to all kinds of other things, and the present is taken for granted. Some people live solely for the present, perhaps in the wrong way – so that they land themselves into difficulties because they have wasted or misused the past or have made no plans for the future at all. ‘Gather ye rosebuds while ye may’: fun, excitement, money, success, self-gratification at all costs. Such people forget that, ‘This same flower that smiles today, Tomorrow will be dying’.

One modern writer who chose to live like that summed up his life in two words, ‘for oneself’, and I believe that the words Sinn Fein stand for ‘Ourselves Alone’. However, there are so many who have thought otherwise, and for examples I have not far to go. Boys who have been a great credit to the School: those who in addition to teaching have been sources of great inspiration; the ladies who have looked after us and, in a kindly, homely way, are also part of the Cokethorpe family.

I sometimes picture life, although it is an immense over-simplification, like an infinite triangle. Imagine it with an infinitely long straight line at the base: far far above is the apex where God views the whole process, but His Spirit and Presence fill the whole, so that He sees not only 'the entire scheme of things entire' but every moment of our lives as well. As Jesus said, 'Lo! I am with you always'. 'I will never leave you nor forsake you'.

Do not get me wrong and think that you have to be excessively religious. God forbid! You want to enjoy life. You want to live natural human lives. Nevertheless I am sure that it is good to have such an idea as I have suggested at the back of your minds, which pops up from time to time with ever increasing strength as the years go by.

Religion has a great deal to say about our 'going to God' – more often than not, about going to Heaven when we die. But I think that the Bible has as much to say about 'God coming to us'. I wish there was more time to talk about all this in more detail. But He comes: Christ comes: the Holy Spirit comes. When we are on our knees and when we are not consciously thinking of Him at all.

The other day I happened to be on Oxford Station. A 125 on its way from Newcastle through city after city was awaiting its start en route for Penzance. Suddenly the air was rent by the noise of an enormous freight train headed by a huge locomotive with a long line of hopper waggons; a long line, too many to count, travelling fast. I suddenly realised the importance of power, and the difference between power and strength. Only God has power. 'All power belongeth unto God'. We ourselves have no power of ourselves to help ourselves; our strength comes from Him alone – 'Our sufficiency is of God'.

God bless and keep you always.



Flower study by Simon Jewell

MR D. F. GOLDSMITH

1979 - 1989



An Appreciation by the Chairman of Governors

In 1979 Cokethorpe was 22 years old. It occupied a truly stately, if smallish, home in a favoured location, it possessed areas for sport, privacy and expansion. But it had not really arrived. Still suffering from growing pains, it lacked in particular the leadership to set it on a course towards success, and the depth of prosperity necessary for development.

Not far away there was a man who had reached the peak of his teaching career. Sub-Warden of Radley; 17 years a Housemaster, with 29 years service in all; known nationwide from the famous TV Radley series; recently married to the Warden's first rate Secretary, and with two small sons already to their credit; David Goldsmith was not content to rest on his laurels, but applied instead for the headship of Cokethorpe School.

Happily he was successful, but at a price. The gracious new headmaster's house was already planned but not yet built. Thus for the first year he was separated almost totally in termtime from his wife and sons, living in bachelor rooms in the main house. In August 1980 they moved into the new house, but it was a tough start and a stark contrast.

Further development soon followed, on a modest scale at first. 1981 saw new laboratories housed in terrapins; new changing rooms and showers came a year later. Then an Appeal was prepared and the architect

drew the plans for the first phase of a new common Room block to house Queen Anne and Swift. On the strength of these David applied for membership of SHMIS. The inspecting team, which by a coincidence included myself, liked the school but would not recommend on dreams alone. They invited reapplication when the buildings had been built. These were opened in September 1982 and in March 1983 Cokethorpe and its Headmaster were elected. This was a turning-point for the school as well as a moment of triumph for David.

But only a moment. The spectre of extensive roof repairs had been looming, ever more menacingly, for some time. The bill at that stage was estimated at £¹/₄ million, possibly to be offset by an uncertain grant from English Heritage. David and Jan, and those Governors present in their garden in June 1984, following my election as Chairman, will never forget the gloom with which we faced this apparent disaster. There was nothing to do but bite the bullet and go through with it. The crisis was overcome because nobody faltered. Although costs eventually exceeded £¹/₃ million, (40% faithfully defrayed by English Heritage), they were met, and in 1985 a second successful Appeal was launched. In September 1987 the second phase of the building programme, far more extensive than the first, was opened by the Home Secretary, the Rt. Hon. Douglas Hurd, MP for Witney. Many other smaller developments and improvements followed. Cokethorpe had been transformed.

A School cannot prosper without adequate funds. During David's headship numbers have increased from 132 to 175, the additions being mainly day boys. The minimum age of entry was dropped from 13 to 11. At the same time fees have risen to finance and to maintain the new buildings and activities, to preserve the very favourable staffing ratio which is such a main feature of a good small school, and to keep pace with new techniques of teaching, new syllabuses and new courses. Cokethorpe offers a valuable alternative to the big schools, whether Independent or Maintained. In his farewell speech David made special reference to the value of the small school.

A Head has his greatest effect upon a school in the staff appointments which he makes, both teachers and others. I have always been impressed to note, in a restless age, the large proportion of the Cokethorpe staff who have long records of service to the school. In particular David Goldsmith ensured the strength of his senior management team by appointing Michael Carter as Second Master and Director of Studies, Nick Mills as Bursar and John Stark to represent the Housemasters. He also had the invaluable advice of Peter Green to ensure continuity from the past.

There is much else that could be said of David's many interests. His conviction that the Christian religion is central to the community's well-being is strong, and has added greatly to his burdens. He is a very competent organist and musician. He loves the stage and, like so many good teachers, he often acts off it as well as on! He is a most enthusiastic supporter of all sports. He is a devoted family man.

Indeed there is one essential factor of Cokethorpe's boarding school life which only the Goldsmiths have been able to provide. This is the presence, permanently on campus, of a family. It is a deficiency which troubles the two Headmasters, both retiring and elect, that Cokethorpe has not as yet developed as a community in this way. The effect has been to magnify the importance of the Headmaster's wife and family.

Jan has fully realised this importance. Although Charles and Robert have more recently been at boarding school, for many years they were living at home and about the place. William was born at Cokethorpe and is still much in evidence. Their presence has been an incalculable asset in the emotional tone of the school. Jan herself has been a mother figure to the boys, never missing a birthday and cake to go with it, comforting those who needed it and, latterly, allowing her own home to be used for a handful of boarders who could profit by a stay in a real home. But Jan has done much more. She has combined practical service to the boys with finding ideal points of contact with them all by running the Tuck Shop and by founding and running the Book Shop. All these roles she has played both lovingly and with sustained devotion to what at times must have been irksome duties. Well qualified to work outside the school in her own right, she has opted to be a very positive complement to her husband instead. It remains one of the unsolved problems of the Independent Schools how such service should be properly rewarded, partly because schools differ so greatly in what they expect and partly because wives differ so greatly in what they can offer. I can only hope that Jan will be feeling that she has made the right choice. Certainly she knows the gratitude of many parents and the high esteem in which they hold her.

For all David's talents, he is never happier than in the classroom. He is a truly outstanding teacher. What better evidence of that is there than the results he, a mathematician, has achieved recently also in the teaching of Classical Civilisation? Now, still full of vigour, he is again going to teach maths full-time at Cranleigh School. A shrewd man, that headmaster, for David is doubly precious both as a gifted teacher, and at a time of increasing dearth, as a teacher of maths. There the family will live in a house in the town owned by the school and I am confident that they will achieve the happiness and the fulfilment which we all wish them, and which they truly deserve, until the time comes for David fully to retire.

Dick Gould



The New Headmaster



MR D. G. CRAWFORD

Mr Michael St. John Parker, Headmaster of Abingdon School and one of our Governors, contributes this appreciation of the new Headmaster.

After being acquainted with David Crawford for more than fourteen years, I realise that I still cannot make up my mind whether he is better described as a calm person who lives in a state of perpetual motion, or as an intensely active person who carries around with him a sort of tent of tranquillity. Whichever formula is closer to the truth, the combination of calm and activity has been fruitful of a great deal of achievement in his career so far.

David was born in 1944, the son of a senior police officer – a paternity which has not escaped sour notice from occasional schoolboy malefactors who have been unwise enough to cross his track during his time as a housemaster. His ancestry is Scottish, quite self-evidently, but tempered by a Cambridge upbringing at the Perse School; thus a taste for economical rigour, which, it cannot be denied, crops up from time to time, is always likely to be nicely balanced by the broader view which is among the most precious gifts bestowed by residence in that most civilised of university cities. From the Perse School he went on to Loughborough College of Education, then perhaps at the peak of its renown as a centre of physical education, and Bryanston School

must have thought itself lucky when it secured his services after graduation. Nothing if not versatile, the young Crawford coached rugby, hockey, athletics, basketball, gymnastics, camping and canoeing, as well as teaching geography and biology, serving as an officer in the Cadet Corps, acting as an assistant housemaster, and playing rugby at county level for Dorset and Wiltshire. It was the sort of arduous apprenticeship in a great boarding school that provides the ideal start for a teaching career.

David moved from Bryanston to Abingdon in 1973, and by the time that I first met him in 1975 he was already well established as Director of Physical Education and master in charge of rugby. His was not the easiest row to hoe in what was then still a direct grant grammar school, but he had already, quite clearly, achieved respectability for his subject, and credibility for himself, by the way in which he made physical activity seem a natural and reasonable part of the academic curriculum. He knew how to support the boys' academic work by making them appreciate and enjoy physical fitness, and gave them the opportunities to excel in a variety of sports, most notably rugby, in which he coached a succession of increasingly successful 1st XV's. I will not quickly forget the glories of

the season in which Abingdon first beat all comers, including Radley, St. Edward's and Marlborough – with David remaining imperturbable in face of the demonstrative excitement of everyone else!

A critical turning-point arrived in 1977, when he accepted the offer of a boarding housemastership. It was a move which necessarily reduced his involvement in sport, which was a loss: but it brought an immense accession of strength to the boarding community, which over the years that followed made a crucial difference between success and failure in the whole boarding operation of Abingdon School. David and his wife Judy acted very much as a team, tackling their not uncomplicated inheritance with patience, firmness and zest, so that over the years they produced a thoroughly happy and successful house, marked by a conspicuously strong sense of family spirit. Almost all through that time, they had to bear the stresses of continuous re-building, but they stayed sane, understanding and even, for the most part, cheerful!

Latterly, David has concentrated ever more fully on his biology, and boys of all ages and all levels of ability have come to value his role as a science teacher. With the passing of the years also comes seniority, so that he has served as elected President of the Abingdon Common Room, and become deeply involved in the business of administration at a large and growing independent school.

A pragmatist with a sense of style, a family man who lives happily in an institution, a dedicated teacher with a flair for administration, a quietly private individual who is an accomplished and popular host – David has come so close to being all things to all men that Abingdon is undoubtedly going to miss him badly. But Abingdon's loss is Cokethorpe's gain, and I have no doubt that we are at the beginning of a notable partnership.

APPOINTMENTS

Mr K. Jones, B.Sc.Hons (Salford), P.G.C.E. joined the staff in September to teach Chemistry and Science. He has previously taught at Douglas High School, Isle of Man, and comes to us from Ruabon Comprehensive, Wrexham, where he has been since 1973. He is married with two children.

Mr W. G. Jones, B.A. (Open University), Cert.Ed. (Southampton), joins us as Head of Mathematics. Having worked in industry for nine years, and also in a number of schools, he comes to us from Chilton Cantelo School, Yeovil. He is married with two children.

Mr K. Walton, Cert. Ed. (Trent Park College), our new Head of Design Technology, has taught at two London schools, St. David's School and the School of St. David

and St. Katherine (where he set up a C.D.T. department). He comes to us from the Middlesex Polytechnic, where he assessed B.Ed. and P.C.G.E. students. He is married with two children.

Mr R. D. Grant, B.Sc. (Loughborough University) has joined the residential staff, and will teach Physics and Science. He has worked in the electronics industry and lectured in Electrical Engineering at Charles Keene College of Further Education, Leicester. Trained at Sandhurst, he served for two years in R.E.M.E.

Mrs M. J. Anderson joins the staff to teach Ceramics. She has lectured at Marygate College of Further Education, York, and taught at Wellesbourne School, High Wycombe.

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OVERHEARD IN COMMON ROOM

'It was literally the first time for three years that we haven't had either a bird or a joint on a Sunday.'

'...he said I would be hearing soon from Jesus - eh, my old college, you understand...'

'I don't go running around semi-naked willy-nilly...'

'I hope I have not been misled.'

SCHOOL RECORD

Head of School

A. M. Wariebi

Deputy Head of School

N. Chowdhury

School Prefects

A. J. F. Blackwell
S. Fakhouri
J. Haywood
J. J. Horada
N. W. Horn
M. R. Pye

Heads of Houses

Swift: N. Chowdhury
Harcourt: P. P. Marshall
Queen Anne: J. J. Horada
Vanbrugh: A. J. F. Blackwell

School Officers

Captain of Boats: C. B. Alderton
Captain of Cricket: A. J. F. Blackwell
Vice-Captain: D. A. Roscoe
Secretary: C. M. Horn
Captain of Rugby: A. M. Wariebi
Vice-Captain: N. Chowdhury
Captain of Soccer: A. M. Wariebi
Vice-Captain: K. W. McLoughlin
Senior N.C.O.s: J. B. Price
P. B. F. Jones

House Prefects

Swift: C. B. Alderton
O. Bekouw
T. R. Gardiner
C. B. C. H. Jones
S. Jewell
M. F. Kentish
A. R. G. Morrison
J. G. Ruff
J. C. Shearing

Harcourt: J. L. Carter
E. C. J. Casey
N. J. Jervis
A. J. Ogilvy
J. B. Price
R. J. Reah

Queen Anne: P. B. F. Jones
H. R. G. Kitching
W. Nasser
D. A. Roscoe

Vanbrugh: D. T. Chapman
B. Cooper
J. E. Etkin
N. W. Ford
R. J. Martyr
S. F. O'Farrell
G. E. P. Rutter

VALETE

FROM SWIFT:

C. D. Birch; M. R. Bowerman; N. M. Chowdhury; P. A. S. Gibbs; C. C. Hadeed; J. R. St. J. Hart (II); J. M. Haywood; C. B. C. H. Jones (I); L. M. Kilminster; J. D. Pritchard; M. R. Pye (I).

FROM HARCOURT:

N. A. K. Bailey; J. L. Carter; E. C. J. Casey; B. Chan; C. L. Claud-Ennin; J. L. Day; N. F. Hair; J-R. S. Hughes; W. E. Jackson; K. W. McLoughlin; P. P. Marshall; S. D. Oliver; H. Patel (I); Z. Tsegaye-Beka.

FROM QUEEN ANNE:

J. B. Clapton; M. G. P. Evans; M. R. M. Gauntlett; P. B. F. Jones (II); Y. Karbasi; A. J. McIntosh; J. W. T. Montgomery; R. D. Oldham (I); T. M. Priest; B. S. Reilly; E. J. T. Reynolds; A. M. Wariebi. J. E. Wingrove.

FROM VANBRUGH:

A. J. F. Blackwell; K. M. de C. Copinger; S. Fakhouri; N. W. Ford; R. W. Hall; K. R. Kabbara; B. Marjanovic; R. J. Martyr; J. C. Needham; B. Patel (II); M. A. Rimmer; G. E. P. Rutter; N. J. Tyndale; J. W. K. Wong.

FROM JUNIOR:

S. W. Cully.

SALVETE

INTO SWIFT:

S. E. Allingham (Swanbourne House); L. A. Gawluk (Pinewood); D. J. Reeves (Josca's); D. M. Sumpter (Davenies).

INTO HARCOURT:

J. E. Brown (Wellingborough Junior); J. C. De Sales (Bilton Grante); B. Kabrani (Sherbourne School Study Centre); R. K. J. Kilroy (Bedford School); S. P. Livingston (Lord William's, Thame) R. J. E. Lowe (St. Hugh's); R. A. Waitland (Beachborough); N. A. Watters (Pinewood); Z. Zamir (Paget School).

INTO VANBRUGH:

B. L. Horton (Pinewood); T. Kurihara {Licensed Victuallers}; R. D. Watts (Faringdon School); A. C. Whitten (Kingshill).

INTO QUEEN ANNE:

L. B. Blanche (Westbrook Hay); A. R. Courtney (Josca's); D. R. G. May (Davenies); A. Perritt (Bartholemews); W. C. S. Whittenbury (St. Hugh's); W. J. G. Whittingham (Emanuel School).

INTO JUNIOR:

D. M. Ball (Wicken Park); J. P. E. Benfield (Windrush); P. E. A. Derow (Marston Middle); T. P. G. Hazzledine (Northleigh Primary); M. Hedges (Ferndale); C. J. Hingston (Old Buckenham Hall); C. J. Inglis (John Mason); J. E. Jones (Sunningwell Primary); P. G. I. Mavroleon (Josca's); W. J. Reed (Radley Primary); B. S. G. Robinson (St. John's Northwood); R. W. A. Trollope (Wicken Park); B. R. Ward (Little Compton Primary).

STAFF APPRECIATIONS

MR T. J. LAWRY

Tim Lawry arrived at Cokethorpe in September 1985, having left a successful career in the Marines. A man who can fall easily into any role was asked to do just that. Initially appointed as our 'boatman', he soon became Head of C.D.T. and then doubled as assistant master in the humanities, as well as a full-time rowing coach.

Undoubtedly his most remarkable quality was the firm yet very good natured rapport that he immediately developed with his pupils. His expertise and patience frequently gained work of such quality that even some of his less talented 'joiners' were delightfully surprised with their own attainment. All work in C.D.T. had to be of the highest possible standard.

On the river our revoltingly fit and youthful ex-International oarsman was indispensable, coaching boys to a super standard and engendering a devoted club spirit. Tim's interests are many and varied – certainly not all on our curriculum – and at one time or another he has entertained us with stories of his different exploits, not least his rowing trip on the Greek Trireme, and his triathlon successes with the boys.

We wish him well in his new life in Australia.

W.H.C.D.

MR J. N. HEREFORD

John Hereford came to Cokethorpe two years ago from the Education Service of the R.A.F. where he was a Squadron Leader. The position he filled – never an easy one, since it meant serving two masters – involved a half physics and a half mathematics timetable.

He also took over the running of the rifle range and continued the high standards of shooting and safety. With his Service background he was, of course, a stickler for procedure and discipline. Although not by nature a sportsman, John helped with minor games and turned his hand to volleyball, tug o' war and many other healthy pursuits. In this capacity boys encountered the green tracksuit which I am sure will be remembered with affection.

No doubt John will remember – perhaps not with so much affection! – his many encounters with the two Cokethorpe geese which seemed fatally attracted to the door of classroom 10. They seemed to have a particular liking for white lab coats – which John wore for practical science.

John brought a scientific flavour to the 6th form General Studies lessons and was able to draw on a wealth of experience with which to illustrate his periods. It is this experience which he will be able to bring to his new position as lecturer at West Oxfordshire Technical College.

M.C.

MR G. S. PIPE

Gregory Pipe came to Cokethorpe in January 1988 to teach Chemistry and coach rowing. He was a quiet member of the residential staff, not often given to making his presence felt. He was demanding in the classroom, giving help to those who needed it but very little credit to pupils who were putting in less than the effort he required.

His first love was, of course, rowing. As well as maintaining links with his old College, St. John's, in Oxford and the O.U.B.C. he coached our J14/J15 group – usually from his own sculling boat. It was appropriate that he should record the first win of the season for the Boat Club at Evesham where he fought several hard races to take the Novice sculling trophy.

He leaves us to return to university (this time a well-known East Anglian institution) and to his chosen subject of the Law. He will be studying for an LL.M.

He has our good wishes and I feel certain that we shall see something of him in the future, if not at school then surely at the occasional regatta.

E.J.F.

MRS I. ZIMEHL

Mrs Zimehl came to Cokethorpe to run the Ceramics Department on the retirement of Mrs Worthington in December 1987. In the eighteen months that she has been responsible for the department much has been achieved both materially and in the content and approach to the work produced by the boys. Where our former potter had been keenly interested in the shape and texture of a thrown dish or some other vessel, Mrs Zimehl encouraged her classes to experiment more widely, especially with ceramic sculpture. This, along with the new kiln and its connecting doors to the work area, has led to new ideas and greater output from the pottery students. Mrs Zimehl is leaving to continue to develop her own ceramic work while studying in London.

A.S.

ROMAN CATHOLIC AND ANGLICAN CHAPELS



Anglican Confirmation Service: The Rev. James McLoughry, The Bishop of Oxford, The Rt. Rev. Richard Harries, the Bishop's Chaplain, The Rev. James Woodward, and Fr. Finbarr Clancy, S.J.

In the past I have written separate articles, but this year I am combining them into one because it has been a time of an ever increasing feeling of unity in our two churches which I believe is in evidence all over the country.

This year we have been most fortunate in securing the regular services of Father Clancy, a Jesuit priest, who is doing research at Campion Hall, Oxford. He has never missed a Sunday Mass in the Roman Catholic Chapel and has won the affection and respect of so many boys, both Catholics and Anglicans. Indeed many of us who, sadly, are not yet able to receive Communion from him have been frequently blessed at his altar. It has certainly been a wonderful atmosphere week by week. Other instances of the new ecumenical spirit were the Carol Service on the last day of the Michaelmas term which was conducted jointly by the Revd. David Lane and Father Clancy, the Ascension Day Mass which was celebrated by Father Clancy in the presence of the whole school in the Anglican church, and the annual Confirmation Service in June conducted by the Bishop of Oxford in which Father Clancy read the Gospel. Long may this sort of friendship and tolerance continue at Cokethorpe.

I have just mentioned the Revd. David Lane, this year happily restored to health. He has been closely associated with Cokethorpe for 27 years, as Chaplain, teacher of Religious Education, and celebrant at our weekly Anglican Eucharist. Recently he has retired from parochial work and has been living in Moreton-in-Marsh. Though he is within two years of his 80th birthday he has never failed, except under treacherous weather conditions, to make the 50 mile round journey to Cokethorpe every Sunday. Now he feels the time has come for him to give up his

association with the school and it is impossible to do justice in words to our gratitude and devotion to him and how much he will be missed in the future. Generations of Cokethorpe boys have come to respect and trust David Lane and he has always shown such kindness, patience and understanding to all of us – not least shall we miss his tremendous sense of humour, always ready to enjoy a joke even against himself – this is a quality all too rare in schoolmasters these days. We wish him every happiness.

On many Sundays Compline has been said in the Corinthian Room at 9 o'clock in the evening and this has always provided a fitting end to a weekend. Personally I shall greatly miss this particular service which I have always so much enjoyed taking. I shall also miss the monthly Evensong at Yelford Church which is one of the six smallest churches in England. For many years I have been their official 'organist' and on many occasions I have taken Cokethorpe boys with me to Evensong – especially on harvest Festival when there has been supper and cider in the old barn afterwards!

One plea. It is always so nice to have parents and other visitors at our weekly services and I do wish that more parents would feel able to come. But, do check the times of the services first.

Finally, my thanks to Mr Fenton for his tremendous help and support in both churches over the past few years, to those boys who have been such hard-working and loyal Sacristans, and to my wife and the two matrons who have decorated the churches week by week.

D.F.G.

EXCURSION TO PRINKNASH ABBEY

A visit to a monastery may not sound the most exciting way to spend a morning but we were having some difficulty with the idea of monasteries in the GCSE Religious Studies set and so decided to find out for ourselves what they were like on the inside.

We were entertained by one of the deacons, Dom Damian, who spend an hour or so explaining the 'rule' by which monks live and what that means in practice. We were all a little surprised at the rather light-hearted way in which he talked; I suppose we all thought that a religious community would be very solemn, but this was not so at all.

After chatting for a while we were shown round the Abbey, a relatively new building but also very impressive. In the refectory two monks took some delight in showing us the tables, which were very long and made of a single plank, not fixed to their legs.

From the refectory we were taken to the library. Dom Damian explained that the monks spend a great deal of time working there and many are engaged in writing books. We also saw the place where the community meets every day to discuss matters and make decisions.

It was explained that in an older Abbey this would have been the Chapter House; at Prinknash it was in part of the library overlooking the grounds, and, in the distance, something we visit far more frequently, Gloucester Ski Centre.

We were shown around the rest of the Abbey and listened to the bells being rung before going to Mass in the beautiful church underneath the building. There is space for quite a large congregation as well as members of the community (30 or so) who sit in the quire.*

After mass we were shown (rather reluctantly) the famous pottery and given a chance to buy souvenirs in the gift shop before leaving for lunch back at school. Not many of us, perhaps, had decided to become monks, but I think that most of our ideas about monastic life had changed considerably. Whatever else a monastery is, it certainly isn't dull.

E.J.F.

**As the author is E.J.F. we accept this obsolescent spelling of the word! – Ed.*



Pencil studies by *Simon Jewell*

THE JEWISH SABBATH

The Jewish Sabbath is when Jews from all over the world have a day of rest on the Saturday, which is dedicated to God. On this day they do not work or earn any money. In the Ten Commandments, God said, "Observe the Sabbath and keep it holy. You have six days in which to do your work, but the seventh day is a day of rest dedicated to me. On that day no one is to work . . . In six days I, the Lord made the earth, the sky, the sea and every thing in them, but on the seventh day I rested. This is why I the Lord blessed the Sabbath and made it holy."

Many Jews interpret the Sabbath in different ways. First, there are those who will not go to work and instead have a day with the family. These are the most common Jews. Then there are Liberal and Reform Jews who interpret it as a day of rest but also a time to be devoted to God. People of this type might go to the Synagogue so as to dedicate some time to the Lord; this is obeying the Law in the Ten Commandments. Lastly there are orthodox Jews who are very serious about the Sabbath and keep to the Law just as it is written down in the Old Testament. This means of course going to the synagogue so as to pray to God and also keeping the Sabbath as a day of rest. The difference from the other Jews is what they consider as work. Having money on you to these Jews is not allowed and worse than that, is actually spending it. The reason for this, is that as they worked for the money during the week they must not spend it on the Sabbath. Also the driving of cars is forbidden because it is counted as work. I disagree with this because when the Law was written cars did not exist and so I do not know how they can say driving is work, to most people it is a pleasure. Lastly, there are some Jews that consider carrying on the Sabbath work. Also turning on lights is work as it is spending money.

The Sabbath starts on a Friday night at sunset. It officially starts when the lady of the house lights two candles; these represent peace and holiness on the Sabbath. The Sabbath is celebrated by a big meal to set it apart from any other day. Before the meal starts two blessings are made, one over wine and the other for bread. Both these thank God for the food and drink that is going to be eaten. The bread that is eaten is called hollot; it is a special bread made from eggs as well as dough. It is in a weaved pattern, usually of twelve parts, representing the twelve tribes of Israel. A traditional Friday night meal

would consist of three or four courses. In my house we start the meal with liver paté which is eaten on the hollot. Then the second course is soup, usually chicken. For the main course we have roast chicken and vegetables. This is usually the same in most homes. For dessert we have fruit.

The Saturday is the time when most Jews go to the synagogue to pray and devote two hours to God. When Jews pray they wear a skull cap on their head and a prayer shawl around their neck. During the service there are four important prayers said; they are the Alanue, the Amids, the Shema and the Kuddish. The Alanue and Amida are prayers that are said in the morning so as to remember how great the Lord is. The Shema is the most important of Jewish prayers because it tells Jews about what is expected of them in the life they live. Lastly, the Kuddish prayer is said to remember the dead of those they loved.

The most popular part of the service is the reading of the Torah. This is the first five books of the Old Testament written out on parchment and rolled in a scroll. This Torah is the foundation of Jewish Law. Each Saturday the next part is read. This goes on till the end of the year when it is studied all over again and so on. After the Torah reading is finished comes the Haftorah, which in fact simply means 'after the Torah'. This interprets the reading from the Torah. The Torah is read in Hebrew and the Haftorah in English.

After the service there is what is known as Kiddish. This is a small snack of wine and cakes. The same blessings are repeated from the night before. This time, though, they are longer. When people leave the synagogue to go home, they say to each other "Shabbat Shalom", which means 'peace on the Sabbath'. The rest of the day is spent as I have explained earlier.

The Sabbath ends at sunset on Saturday. Another candle (which is in a spiral shape) is lit. This is done so that Jews have a peaceful week ahead; this ceremony is called making Havdula. Now the Sabbath is over and Jews will go back to leading an ordinary life until the next Saturday.

Justin Etkin

IN THE RELIGIOUS STUDIES CLASS

On the story of the Prodigal Son:

"He had to sleep out and eat swine meant for the pigs."

On Confession:

"The Priest tells them to say the Lord's Prayer and Heal Mary."

FROM A SCRIPTURE COMMON ENTRANCE SCRIPT

" . . . They started to plan. 'Let us kill him,' said one. 'No,' said the other, 'That isn't nice . . .'"



Simon Jewell receives his Open Art Prize



"Will the Declaimers just hold for a few years, please"



Dick Gould, Chairman of Governors (Standing) shares a joke with D.F.G. and Mr Hurd

SPEECH DAY

*Remarks by the Home Secretary,
The Rt. Hon. Douglas Hurd, C.B.E., M.P.,
after presenting the prizes.*

Mr Chairman, Headmaster, Ladies & Gentlemen –

Thank you very much for asking me here to present the prizes. It was as pleasant as I had expected, and I have certainly never given away so many books in such a short time. At first I thought that the Headmaster must have had a lovely afternoon in Blackwells, but then I began to look more carefully at the titles of the books and it seemed to me that he was taking some amazing risks. How, for example, did he know before the prizes were allocated that he was going to give two books on golfing to the Chemistry prize-winner? I then discovered that the prize-winners have had a hand in choosing the books themselves. This seems to me a very sensible arrangement – though what the state of mind of Mr Bingham is that he wants a book on non-alcoholic drinks, I am not entirely sure!

The other thing that struck me was the number of prizes for declaimers, which is a very good thing because it is very useful to be able to get your voice to the other end of a marquee such as the one we are in today. However, I'm not sure I want you all to become politicians at once – so will the declaimers just hold for a few years, please, before they launch themselves in that direction!

I am very glad to be here for several reasons. First, because Cokethorpe is in the middle of my constituency and I have had dealings with it now for sixteen years, and have had the occasion to watch – sometimes to join in a bit – the amazing progress which the School has made. In the last ten years under David Goldsmith's headmastership it has built up a very substantial reputation among the people whom I represent, and it is a real asset to the neighbourhood. It is a great pleasure to come here occasionally and see what is happening, and to take even a tiny part in what is going on. More will be said about that aspect of things by the Chairman and Headmaster in a few minutes' time: before that I would just like to put in a sixpenny-worth from my point of view.

I don't want to be pompous about this, but I am very conscious of the business of educating oneself, and with all respect to the masters present, to a very large extent we *do* actually educate ourselves. The question is whether we do this in surroundings which make it easy or more difficult. In many respects the business of getting oneself ready for the outside world is actually more difficult than it used to be. Life is more complicated and the jobs which we go to are more complicated. There are now more things to be learned before people go into a worthwhile job that they can enjoy. You need more knowledge, more aptitude, more technical skill – just the kind of prizes I have been handing out illustrate that point.

Having said this, however, it is not just the amount of knowledge stored up and the skills that we acquire which matter: it is also, if you will forgive the jargon, the way in which we *relate* to each other – the extent to which we are at ease in the company of people, people maybe quite different from ourselves. A small independent school, particularly one like Cokethorpe which draws a certain amount of its talent from people of different backgrounds, from overseas, has a large part to play in this business of people relating to each other. This is a skill which cannot be set down in the curriculum – but I am sure everybody will agree that it is one which you have acquired here, and it is going to be something which is immensely important on top of the actual knowledge and qualifications that you also acquire here.

There is one other thought which is always difficult to put into words, but which comes to me very often as Home Secretary – and that is 'citizenship'. There is more to life in this country, in any free country, than simply getting a job, raising a family, paying your taxes, keeping the law, and all those other things that people naturally think are very important. Naturally these things add up to something, but they do not actually add up to anything very sufficient because they do not actually involve putting back into the community some of the things that you have received from it. Everybody who comes to Cokethorpe, everybody who lives in this country and enjoys all the different things about it, does have some responsibility to put something back. I call it being an active citizen. I think there are very few people in this marquee who are not in one way or another, in some interest of their choice, actually putting back something voluntarily into the community in which they live – it may be 'neighbourhood watch', or it may be as a J.P. There are all kinds of different ways in which you can do it, and some are traditions as old as the country itself. So I would finish by saying to the school that I do just hope that, in the intervals of passing exams, marrying, and bringing up children, there will be some thought about how you can pursue your interests in ways which will be of benefit to the community of which you are a member.

Mr Chairman, Headmaster – thank you very much again for giving me this opportunity.'

PRIZES

OPEN PRIZES

<i>Headmaster's Prizes</i>	A. M. Wariebi & N. Chowdhury
<i>Art</i>	S. Jewell
<i>Junior Art</i>	Y. Karbasi
<i>Ceramics</i>	J. J. Horada
<i>Junior Ceramics</i>	J. J. E. Jeffries
<i>Woodwork</i>	D. G. Hart
<i>Junior Woodwork</i>	W. E. Jackson
<i>Cullen (Debating)</i>	B. D. Tonks & J. W. Jeffs
<i>Richard Early (Junior Debating)</i>	J. R. Vernon J. E. S. Whittenbury
<i>Music</i>	J. J. Horada
<i>Martin Browne Memorial</i>	J. L. Carter

Declamations:

<i>Senior</i>	J. B. Price
<i>4th Form</i>	N. F. Bingham
<i>3rd Form</i>	S. B. Pinkham
<i>2nd form</i>	J. T. Edwards
<i>1st Form</i>	J. J. E. Jeffries
<i>Rosewell Prize (Runner Up)</i>	C. B. C. H. Jones

SUBJECT PRIZES

6th Form:	
<i>Classical Studies</i>	E. C. J. Casey
<i>Geography</i>	A. M. Wariebi
<i>Political Studies</i>	A. M. Wariebi
<i>Economics</i>	A. M. Wariebi
<i>Mathematics</i>	M. R. Pye
<i>Biology</i>	M. R. Pye
<i>Physics</i>	M. R. Pye
5th Form:	
<i>English Language</i>	R. L. Pye
<i>English Literature</i>	R. L. Pye
<i>History</i>	R. L. Pye
<i>Greek Civilisation</i>	S. F. O'Farrell
<i>Religious Studies</i>	J. E. Etkin
<i>Geography</i>	R. L. Pye
<i>French</i>	R. L. Pye
<i>Mathematics</i>	R. L. Pye
<i>Chemistry</i>	C. M. Horn
<i>Biology</i>	R. L. Pye
<i>Physics</i>	R. L. Pye
<i>Motor Vehicle Studies</i>	E. J. T. Reynolds
<i>Computer Studies</i>	J. E. Wingrove
<i>Technical Drawing</i>	N. F. Hair
<i>5th Form, 2nd Place overall</i>	J. P. Lenehan

YEAR PRIZES

4th Form:	<i>1st</i>	P. J. Scriven
	<i>2nd</i>	N. F. Bingham
	<i>3rd</i>	J. E. S. Whittenbury
3rd Form:	<i>1st</i>	J. M. E. Benfield
	<i>2nd</i>	S. Morton
	<i>3rd</i>	C. A. Bateman
2nd Form		G. J. B. Clark
1st Form		J. S. Cooper



A finger in every pie? (8 to be precise!)

CUPS

(Presented by The Headmaster)

Michaelmas Term 1988

<i>Rugby Football:</i>	Queen Anne
<i>Creative Hobbies:</i>	Swift
<i>Recommendations:</i>	Junior House & Swift

Lent Term 1989

<i>Rugby Sevens:</i>	Queen Anne
<i>Soccer:</i>	Queen Anne
<i>Senior Soccer Sixes:</i>	Swift
<i>Junior Soccer Sixes:</i>	Harcourt
<i>Cross Country:</i>	Vanbrugh
<i>Individual Cross Country:</i>	H. R. G. Kitching
<i>Inter-House Music:</i>	Queen Anne
<i>Inter-House Debating:</i>	Swift
<i>Recommendations:</i>	Harcourt

Summer Term 1989

<i>Cricket:</i>	Queen Anne
<i>Senior Cricket</i>	
<i>Six-a-sides:</i>	Vanbrugh
<i>Junior Cricket</i>	
<i>Six-a-sides:</i>	Vanbrugh
<i>Batting:</i>	C. Horn
<i>All Rounders:</i>	A. J. F. Blackwell
<i>Bowling:</i>	C. Hadeed
<i>Fielding:</i>	D. A. Roscoe & K. McLoughlin
<i>Rowing:</i>	Swift
<i>Senior IV:</i>	Queen Anne
<i>Junior IV:</i>	Harcourt
<i>Open Sculls:</i>	M. R. Pye (S)
<i>Junior Sculls:</i>	M. Wilder (V)
<i>Tennis:</i>	Vanbrugh
<i>Individual Tennis:</i>	R. W. Hall
<i>Rifle Shooting:</i>	Queen Anne
<i>Clay Pigeon Shooting:</i>	Queen Anne
<i>Davis Cup:</i>	N. Chowdhury & A. J. MacIntosh
<i>Athletics Standards:</i>	Vanbrugh
<i>Athletics Sports:</i>	Queen Anne
<i>Recommendations:</i>	Junior

Swift House Play

FAWLTY TOWERS

The two main acting events of the Cokethorpe year are the House plays, which take place at the end of the Christmas term, and the School play at the end of the summer term. The school play is naturally the more demanding of the two events, since it lasts longer and we give three performances as opposed to just the one. However, the House plays have an important part to play in learning amateur acting, testing how different people will work together in a big group (Swift likes to involve as many members of the House as possible), and of course entertaining parents and friends of the school.

In order to choose the right play, Mr Green first had to have a fair idea of the number of people who wanted to take part. After people had raised their hands in the House assembly he then had to think of an appropriate play. He finally decided on an episode from *Fawlty Towers*. Although many people thought this was a good idea, a few thought it a bit unoriginal and some felt it might be rather ambitious because it's such a popular and well-known series. However, this was the choice and so casting began. The two main parts went to the two oldest boys taking part, Angus Morrison and Najib Chowdhury; other boys were auditioned for various parts. Some people, like Michael Read as Sybil, were happy with their part; some (like myself) were not so happy! As always, most of us had been typecast – a fact which became clearer after we had had the read-through and started to rehearse. Shearing, as Terry (the cook), stands out in my mind in this respect. However, one or two boys – for example, Peter Scriven and Aidan Langley as the two old spinster ladies – had been given roles completely the opposite of their character, which naturally added to the humour of their scenes.

Rehearsals were of necessity a bit haphazard. All of us were not always available at the same time; Mr Green was not always free, either, so Angus Morrison bore the brunt of direction. Sometimes there were interruptions, so that although our play was only forty minutes long we were lucky if we got through half the text in twice that time. Two days before the performance we had a dress rehearsal – the first of two. (The second was on the afternoon of the day we were supposed to perform!) At this stage there still seemed a lot of work to do, particularly as one of the major characters was ill and his young understudy had four days to learn his part. Some people were becoming very nervous!

But, as they say, 'it'll be all right on the night'. Or nearly all right. When I was backstage I naturally couldn't see whether things were going right or not. At one point when I was on stage I had to tell one of the other characters what he was supposed to be doing, and I noticed more than a little improvisation between the two main characters. Nevertheless, Morrison proved to be a superb Fawlty, and, in the scenes in which they were together, Luke Kilminster as Manuel was an excellent foil for him. We managed to get to the end of the play without too many mistakes, and found to our delight that the production was well received and that everyone – including ourselves! – had enjoyed it.

Casper Jones



Queen Anne House Play



LITTLE RED WHITTINGTON

This year's play by Queen Anne was said to be one of the best productions for a House play in recent years. It was a one-act pantomime, mostly in verse, amalgamating the stories of Dick Whittington and Little Red Riding Hood. It was an inspired choice on Mr Stark's part. Not only was it very funny, but it also had the merit of being short and sweet – running time was just twenty-five minutes.

The cast was assembled from inexperienced and experienced actors alike, some of whom were nervous and some not. With Mr Stark there to drive us on in his best army manner we found rehearsals helpful but very tiring. On the night of the play we found ourselves last on the performance list, which was rather worrying as the two previous plays had both been well acted and received with much applause.

We need not have worried. Everything went like clockwork and the acting of all who took part was of an extremely high standard. There was an introductory prologue with Jeffs and Horada as the Narrator and Compère, and the first main scene then brought Dick and Red (Nicholas Bingham and James Vernon) together at once. Thereafter, other characters appeared in quick succession, like the over-sized cat with the strange meow (Alexander MacIntosh), and the frog-like wolf (played by the one and only Adule Wariebi) who with his horrifying and suggestive looks reduced the audience (and very nearly himself!) to helpless laughter. The King was played by Henry Kitching, and his ravishing wife by the elegant Mark Smith. Julian Benfield was the Chamberlain and James Wingrove the old granny.



No pantomimes are complete without a few songs and at some point or other most of us had to sing a few lines. The singing was started very confidently by Kitching, and then taken up in a 'sweet and innocent girl's voice' by Red Riding Hood. The play ended with everyone singing in chorus, and the essential happy ending with Dick and Red falling in love.

Many people were responsible for the success of the play apart from the cast. Those behind the scenes worked very expertly, and we would like to thank Mrs Stark and the other ladies who helped with costumes and make-up.

*James Vernon
& James Jeffs*

Junior House Play

THE DOG'S TROUPE HAMLET

'It's not funny!'

The mutinous comment came, I think, from Kelly, but he clearly had the support of the entire cast. I understood their feelings; Stoppard's redeployment of about 500 selected lines from *Hamlet* (including encore), which carefully preserved the story and all the celebrated quotations, is not immediately humorous to schoolboys. I knew that if their lines were recited audibly, though woodenly, they would certainly entertain their audience. However, we needed to persuade them to laugh with the boys, not just at them.

It seemed to me that we had to help the cast in every possible way by providing costumes and 'props' that they could respond to, the flats would be plain and white. 'Hamlet' for me is a play of black and white, dissolving into greys of every shade, broken occasionally by crimson and gold. Basic costumes were surprisingly easy to find and everyone cheered up. Julian Edwards as Claudius in an all-white suit, cardboard crown and dark spectacles, conveyed instant villainy, John Kelly in a black balaclava, combined Horatio and Marcellus with competence and speed. Dressed as a punk, Jacob Jeffries as Osric was true to the spirit of the original, whilst Lee Whelehan's ghost had a solid presence.

Gradually the boys' own creativity appeared. James Dow's Polonius conveyed feebleness of mind and spirit; his removal from the stage sprawled over a skateboard was particularly effective. On Greg Clark as Hamlet, fell the responsibility of holding the play together – almost a continual entrance and exit. He spoke with clarity and persuaded us all of the play's sense. The final duel between Laertes and Hamlet with golf umbrellas (Mr Fenton's inspiration) provided a comic climax that perhaps echoed the futility which is one of the themes of the play.

All the actors and helpers deserve congratulations. I don't think we ever managed to perform the encore at the right speed; our exits and entrances did not correspond to our taped music and fanfares. The smoke machine was overdone and briefly overcame the cast. But after all, how many twelve and thirteen year olds have played 'Hamlet'?

M.J.S.

★★

SPOTTED BY THE HEADMASTER
(in a piece of work for Recommendation)

Q: What was Oliver Cromwell known as?
A: *The Lord Protractor*



Soirée Française



In this bicentenary year of the French Revolution celebrations have been taking place all over France and in various places of learning on this side of the channel: Edinburgh, Cardiff, London, Oxford and ... *bien sûr* ... Cokethorpe.

On 9th March we had our annual Soirée Française, and though we did not see scenes of the Revolution itself, we were reminded of the Battle of Fontenay (1745), of the great War, and of various other battles, domestic or otherwise.

Forms 1 and 2 started the evening by singing a couple of French songs, both in tune with present-day 'green' issues, and almost with each other: 'Lune, lune' and 'L'escargot'. They were followed by three 4th formers (Tonks, Alexander and Taylor), illustrating the fable by the 17th century poet, Jean de la Fontaine, 'Le Savetier et le Financier'. This is the story of a rich man who spent his time counting his money and could not sleep because his neighbour, a poor man, sang joyfully from dawn to dusk. So he gave the latter a bag of gold coins, making him rich but unhappy as he had to count up his money instead of singing, and never dared sleep in case it was stolen; until he eventually decided to return to his former state of joyful poverty. All three boys had learnt this difficult text by heart, and Tonks deserves a special mention here for his faultless rendering of a long and complicated narrative.

Next we had a one-act play by the contemporary author, Jacques Prévert, 'En Famille'. This is the story of a boy who has cut off his brother's head in a fit of temper and discovers his father had dealt out the same treatment to his mother some years before. The 4th form actors here were Ogilvy (the father), Pegram (the son) and Brown (the headless brother), whose task was made more difficult by Ogilvy who had learnt his words too late to feel confident enough on the day. It should be a salutary lesson with GCSE next year.

The top fourth form set quickly made us forget the mistakes of their peers with an excellent production of 'L'assassin', a detective story about an attempt to persuade some boys to steal a briefcase, by pretending its owner is an assassin on the run. The actors were Bingham (congratulations to him), Wilder, Hubbard, Vernon, Whittenbury and Scriven.

Most boys in the top third form set had at least two parts to act in the next production 'La Bataille de Fontenoy', also by Jacques Prévert. This is a play within a play, a presentation of the 18th century battle to a First World War audience. Whilst the Count d'Anteroche and Lord Hay try to decide who is to fire the first shot, politicians make speeches, and soldiers, European leaders, arms dealers and various other characters wander in and out.

The cast: Marsden (a superb usherette in dress and wig, and Victory); Morton (a most forceful Déroulède, the poet-politician); Benfield (playing both the politician Herriot in a suitably didactic tone and an angry spectator complete with gas-mask); Bateman (Comte d'Anteroche) and Read (Lord Hay), uttering the immortal words 'Messieurs les Anglais, tirez les premiers', 'Non, Monsieur, je n'en ferai rien.' Bateman also played Nicholas II and Read a secretary; Bamber (the padre, an officer, and a policeman); Rimmer (a spectator, a deserter, and a taxi-driver); Reilly (the mother, complete with wig and handbag); Tsang (a spectator, a deserter and Krupp); Jones (Joffre, Weygand and Clémenceau); Tyndale (a spectator and Poincaré); Priest (a spectator, Rasputin, and Schneider).

Several boys had quite a considerable number of lines to learn and all deserved congratulations on their hard work and enthusiasm. *A l'année prochaine.*

C.W.



CROSS COUNTRY

Why I didn't come last



The end of January meant once again that Cokethorpe was engulfed in cross-country fever. However, the usual feelings of forthcoming pain and torture were somewhat mitigated by the prospect of a new, flat and more interesting course at Hardwick Leisure Park.

Once again the whole school competed and although the course was slightly shorter (4 and a half miles), the distance presented a more realistic test of pupils' running ability. A fine sunny day meant that both spectators and competitors were able to relax and enjoy some tremendous efforts and close finishes. Henry Kitching (QA) deposed the reigning champion Julian Blackwell (V) by some 30 yards or so, to win in a time of 21.14 minutes. Edward Casey (H) and Justin Price (H) came 3rd and 4th. Perhaps the best result, though, was Mohammed Al-Hashemi (V), the popular choice by most pundits to bring up the rear in a comfortable last place. In fact, he beat three senior boys to finish 133rd.

The junior section was completed over the same course, and while for some the distance proved daunting all finished comfortably. Jacob Jeffries won the race with ease, with David Matthews and Adam Cranston coming 2nd and 3rd respectively.

Commiserations to Michael Pye (S), who could have taken the race, but who twisted his ankle in the early stages. All credit to him, though, for still finishing high up in the field.

Obviously we are grateful to the owners of Hardwick Park for allowing us to use their facilities, and I should like to thank all staff who marshalled or recorded. The popular opinion afterwards seemed to be that Hardwick was a more enjoyable location, since those involved could watch nearly all those running for the whole distance of the race. Well done to all those who took part.

C.M.

HOUSE PLACES

1. Vanbrugh	1474 pts
2. Harcourt	1748 pts
3. Queen Anne	1924 pts
4. Swift	2052 pts

This year's Cross Country was very much easier than last year's because it was mostly on flat ground, instead of over the surrounding farmland area.

We set out from Cokethorpe to Hardwick Leisure park at approximately 2.35pm and got there about 2.45pm. As always I was nervous and thought to myself 'Oh dear four and a half miles - I'll never make it', but when I was told by my head of house Julian Blackwell that I'd be waking up the duty prefect for the rest of term if I didn't do well, I obviously had no choice.

Bang!! Mr Maskery fired the gun and at first I ran quite well (in the top 70), but then I tripped up because of a hole. "Come on Mohammed you've only just started!!" Mrs Sanderson shouted. So I got up and carried on. After the bend at the corner of the field I got to the part where we had to cross a stream. I looked down at the stream and said to myself, "Oh crumbs, help!!"

"Come on Mohammed, you can do it, go for it, you're doing well," shouted the Scottish accent of Mr Stark. So I jumped in and climbed my way up the bank, severely cutting my knee. Mr Stark patted me on the back and said, "Come on, at this rate you'll beat your record and not come last!!" I laughed and carried on running.

I ran and ran at a steady pace, so that I would not tire myself too quickly. After about one mile, I bumped into Mr Hudson who was grinning; he said to me, "Well done keep it up", I replied "Thanks" and carried on. After ten minutes I stopped running because I was out of breath, but I was determined not to stop moving, so I walked for about three minutes and then I started running again.

Approximately four minutes later I encountered Mr Lawry and Mr Pipe who were laughing when they first saw me. "Good news, Mo - you're not last, keep it up!!" said Mr Lawry. I was overjoyed, I took their advice and carried on running. "Well done Mohammed, carry on keep it up" said Mr Snow followed by the rather more serious voice of Mr Gentry. I was now getting very cold so I just replied, "Yes sir".

Soon after I left Mr Snow and company I saw Henry Kitching, Julian Blackwell, Edward Casey (which means that they had lapped me) so I started to panic; I pushed myself around once again and I encountered Jayne Carter, Robert Hall and Faisal Kamal and I realised that I might be last so I ran and ran (even after I had lost sight of them behind me), until I saw Mr Stark and Mr Green who were very pleased to see that I had made it. "Well done Mohammed, let me shake your hand, you did very well indeed." So I shook his hand and then went through the dreaded stream again, this time cutting my knee even worse. By now I was freezing cold. Then I saw Sean O'Farrell who said to me "Come on Mohammed you can do it, only a bit further to go." With that I pushed myself to the finishing line to be cheered by the rest of the school.

Mohammed Al Hashemi

From a Form 1 report on the Cross Country:
". . . I remember well overtaking and beating James Hardrada, a fit school prefect . . ."



Above left: Mr and Mrs Gould with Dick and Bob in their poshteen coats (sheepskin embroidered in green and orange).
 Above right: Afghan tribesmen. Opposite (under title): The Victoria at Kabul Airport, December 1928.



Above: Miss Pulworth (Pully). Right: Storming of the British Legation gates at 3pm, 17 December 1928 by the Afghans so they could fight the rebels better from our grounds. Sir Francis Humphreys and Mr Best, the Secretary, went out under a white flag made from the largest Legation bath-towel sewn on to the longest billiard cue!

Above: Lily Pond in front of the Legation, showing the steps to the lawns where we walked down to the aeroplane, and where the first shots were fired.

Right: The burnt-out shell of the Gould's house in the Legation Compound – a sight which terrified the young Dick.



FLIGHT FROM KABUL



This has been a year of stirring and significant events in Afghanistan. Dick Gould, our Chairman of Governors, describes the excitement and danger of the last British evacuation from Kabul – where his father was a member of the Diplomatic Service – in 1928.

On the afternoon of 14 December 1928 Bob and I were in our bedroom. Pully, our governess, was in the schoolroom next door. Suddenly and unexpectedly my father appeared. “Quickly,” he said, “there’s trouble. We must go to the Big House.” We were wrapped up warmly against the cold and taking no possessions, walked the 100 yards or so to the great new Legation building, Bob on our father’s shoulders. He was five and I was six.

Bit by bit we understood what all the fuss was about. There had been a revolution, which would eventually cost the Afghan King Amanullah his throne. A revolutionary army had surrounded the British Legation, three miles outside Kabul, where my father was a senior diplomat. The Legation compound comprised about 25 acres of land surrounded by a high wall. The Big House had been occupied by the minister, Sir Francis Humphrys, and his wife, only the year before. (The title “minister” was used instead of ambassador because the Legation was run by the Indian political service, not directly by the Foreign Office.)

In front of the Big House was an imposing entrance, with high iron gates and guardrooms on either side.

From a window we watched while Sir Francis negotiated with the leader of a horde of armed tribesmen milling around the gates and advancing on Kabul.

For two and a half months the Legation was in a no-man’s-land between the contending armies. Sir Francis insisted on the neutrality of the British, and of the other foreign diplomats. Bacha Saqao, the rebel leader, agreed to respect this, and in spite of many precarious moments, he kept his promise. I was told years later that the men of the Legation staff had secretly resolved that they would kill their own women and children rather than let them fall into the hands of the tribespeople. Certainly many of those who were on the wrong side at the end met violent deaths. I have a photo of one lying decapitated on a stretcher, his severed head on his chest.

We did not return to the Chancery, my father’s house, but remained in the Big House for nine days. The sounds of battle were constant. Mostly it was bullets, which frequently shattered window-panes. There were also many shells. Bob and I spent most of our days under the table in the billiards room. I remember long hours playing there with a Christmas present, which I had been

allowed to open early. This was a large First World War tank, a parallelogram with rubber tracks driven by clockwork and capable of scaling formidable obstacles. We boys were excited rather than frightened; my father remembers that I called to him one day to cross the room to where I was: "You can hear the bangs much better this side!"

Another day when we were playing, there was sudden commotion and the French doors were briefly flung wide open. Two men fell into the room gasping for breath. They turned out to be RAF officers who had landed at Kabul airport and, because of lack of communications, had decided to make the three-mile dash in daylight through the lines of both armies to the Legation. They had waited for a lull in the firing and sprinted across to our doors, exhausted.

We did not run out of food or other supplies, but they were limited. Pully told us later that we had more or less lived on bully-beef and Christmas pudding. Some meals we ate under our table; others we had together at a long table in the dining room. Once, in the middle of lunch, one of the servants spoke agitatedly to Sir Francis. I overheard him say that a refugee from the fighting had come to one of the small doors in the perimeter wall begging for asylum. One sentence I have not forgotten: "He has all the meat shot from the back of his legs."

No one in the Legation was badly wounded but there were casualties. The Superintendent of Chancery received a bullet in the thigh while retrieving files from the Chancery and, in the same dash, rescuing our teddy bears for Bob and me. And one morning my father appeared at breakfast all cut about the face. He made a joke about having had a bad shave. Later we learned that in the early morning he had been watching the aerodrome from an upper window when a bullet fired by an Afghan sniper hit the teak window frame. Hundreds of little splinters drew blood from his face and bald scalp, but his glasses saved his eyes.

Our only radio contact was an amateur set capable only of transmitting morse. The hope and belief grew, however, that before long the RAF would come over to have a look. A message was spelled out for them on the lawn, made of torn-up sheets, timber and men's turbans.

At last the planes came. Return messages were dropped in cotton pouches weighted with lead, and with coloured streamers fluttering behind to mark where they landed. Many brave sorties were made to pick these up. I still have one in my possession.

As the days went by there was more and more material damage. Virtually every window was smashed. One report I have says that 69 shells exploded in the compound; another doubles that. One night a shell set fire to a house in which we had previously lived. We two boys were allowed briefly to pull back the curtains in our dark bedroom to see it burn. The mixture of thrill and horror

was intense. Another shaft of fear went to my heart when I was shown a spent bullet which had been found in Bob's bed in the Chancery one morning soon after our evacuation. I still have that bullet, kept by Pully and given to me many years after.

Eventually there was a feeling of deepening excitement and talk of rescue. Bob and I were put to bed early to get some sleep, then woken in the middle of the night. We left the Legation building in tense silence at 5am, in darkness and on foot, led by Sir Francis himself as no Afghan would dare to accompany us. We passed our own house and could see some of the damage in the faint light. But much more terrifying, we passed the gaunt, burnt-out skeleton of our previous home. This to me, was sheer terror, a supernatural fear added to the real dangers which beset us.

We left the compound by a small door in the wall at the bottom of the gardens and began our three-mile walk to Kabul through the lines of both armies. Bob and I each had a bearer to carry us whenever we got tired. In the faint light of a new day we arrived in the outskirts of Kabul (merely a town in those days) and went to the Italian consulate, which was closest to the aerodrome. There we were fed and we waited.

Delay was caused by a heavy snowfall, which threatened to ground the aircraft which had flown in to rescue us. I have pictures of the gangs of Afghans who succeeded in clearing the runways, some wielding shovels, some carrying huge lumps of snow and others, in a long line, trampling down the remaining snow to make it hard enough for a take-off.

Our plane was a Victoria. Eventually we boarded and lumbered down the runway. Despite the Afghans' efforts, the wingtips brushed the snow on either side of the runway. By about 10am on 23 December, we were airborne. My seat was right forward, behind the pilot's cabin, and to my disappointment I could not see out of the windows. The journey was quite painful, though. It was very cold, and since there was no oxygen supply it was also breathless. Landing was an agony to the ears. But there we were, safely over the Khyber Pass and in Peshawar. There, the women and children, who had been evacuated first, faced an anxious wait until our menfolk safely rejoined us, on 23 February 1929.

Years later I discovered that those Victorias were operating with loads and at heights in excess of their specifications. They were stripped of all ancillary equipment, including wireless sets, had only two crew and were limited to 10 passengers each. All possessions were left behind. None the less, nearly 600 foreigners were evacuated thus by the RAF in a variety of planes, small and large, in the first mass airlift in the history of aviation. There were no losses.



Pencil sketch by
Benjamin Cooper

SKIING

Once again a small party went to Camrousse in France to celebrate the New Year. It was led by EJJ, with the help this time of PJRR, and was a pleasant mixture of old lags and new hands.

For the second year running it was a poor winter for snow but we were lucky in that most of the resort was open and we certainly had a full week's skiing. Colin Taylor moved upmarket somewhat and joined with a party of adults travelling independently who were also beginners and were kind enough to buy him lunch every day. PJRR and a group of intermediates under the never expert leadership of Julian ("Kamikaze") Benfield terrorised the resort, whilst EJJ, James Arnold-Roberts, Richard Prosser, Simon Bamber and company in the advanced group led Fiona Dowding a merry dance as they practised flying on skis. Most reached breakneck speeds and heights over the jumps except EJJ (too fat), Fiona (too scared) and Bamber (no excuse). Some landed in control – sometimes!

A big improvement this year was the change of hotel from the rather basic Marmottes (no longer of a standard that we can accept) to the much more luxurious Hotel Virage, where the food was also very good indeed. I would like to add a personal note of thanks to PJRR, all the boys mentioned above and Neil Read, Richard Alexander, Matthew Eatwell, Andrew Jones and our guest, Paul Bolding. I have often been complimented on the standard of behaviour and company of Cokethorpe skiing parties but never so often as this one was and never with such justification. It is a shame that it may well be the last skiing trip for some years, the recent disappointing weather and the increase in the number of boys who go with families make school trips so small as to be unviable.

I must also thank the staff at Gloucester Ski Centre who have given us so much help over the term time trips there. It is so useful for everyone who goes on to ski on snow whether with school or not.

E.J.F.

BIOLOGY FIELDTRIP

Standing in the middle of a pond weighed down by water-proofs during a snowstorm probably doesn't sound like much fun – it isn't! It was, however, typical of the week that three members of the upper sixth Biology set had to endure this Easter at the Cranedale field study centre in Yorkshire.

So why stand in the middle of a pond? Well, we were supposed to be taking samples from it and measuring such things as the pH and temperature. Having spent an hour or so doing this we would then take our captives back to the centre where we could study them in greater detail. Never before have I seen so many people excited by the sight of a water flea under a microscope!

The group of about 40 'A' level candidates contained only two boys, Paul Marshall and me! The other Cokethorpe representative was Jayne Carter and the rest were from Haberdasher's Aske's Girls School, so in many ways Paul and I were in an enviable position, which to an extent made up for the freezing cold. (However, it really was *very* cold.)

The day would begin with a lecture at 8.45 am before we went outside to study a variety of situations including a freshwater stream, that freezing pond, a rocky seashore and a wood. We would get back to the centre at about 3.30 pm for an hour's break before starting work again. After supper there was another lecture so we didn't really finish until 9.00 in the evening, when the bar became a very attractive place for a short chat before bed.

Due to the amount of work we had, time went very fast and all too soon the moment came to say goodbye to friends we felt we'd known for years (wouldn't anyone after sharing the common experience of a field trip like this?) So we set off on the long return journey – a four hour drive on what must have been the warmest and sunniest day of the week! There simply isn't any justice.

Michael Pye

Rugby



Winger Fakhouri poised to make a covering tackle

1st XV RUGBY FOOTBALL REPORT

Samer Fakhouri is a young Jordanian who joined the 6th Form from Sherborne School in 1988. From the moment of his arrival he made an impressive impact, both academically and on the sports field. He is an accomplished sportsman, especially at football, tennis and cross-country, but he had never played rugby before coming to Cokethorpe. The following report is both an analysis of last season's performances and an insight into how Samer came to terms with Rugby Union.

'I cared more about sport than anything else when I was a child in Jordan. I liked tennis, basketball and football in particular; along with swimming these sports are the most popular in my country. However, rugby is not played (or even known of) in Jordan, and other sports which are important in Britain are also not played—for example, hockey and cricket. I think these sports should be introduced into my country, and that schools should encourage them and provide the necessary facilities and equipment. I'm sure that these games would succeed in Jordan, as we do have well-built boys there.'

The season began with the usual tortuous two or three weeks of 'conditioning' by Mr James; it took place in horribly uncomfortable weather and was terrible to watch! This ritualistic masochism was a nasty shock for Samer who was not used to such indignities.

"Sherborne was not a school purely for English boys; it was also for boys who came to learn English and continue their studies in England. We managed to make a football team, but all the players played in a different styles which made it difficult for the team to compete as a single unit. Hockey was the sport that surprised me. It is also a very difficult game, but the boys managed to play it very well and win matches against the main school. Rugby was hopeless at Sherborne as most of the boys were small and not very strong and they had never played the game before. Watching the main school playing rugby gave us even less hope, as they looked very strong and tough! As a result, no-one took the game very seriously and we never really learned from our teacher in spite of his efforts.

Coming to Cokethorpe was a definite step forward in rugby for me. At my interview I was surprised that one of the first

questions the Headmaster asked me was about sport, rugby in particular. I quickly realised that it was treated very seriously by the boys and the coaches alike. Mixing with my friends, the seniors in the 6th form, rugby was one of the main topics of conversation. I was quickly persuaded to join a rugby group, instead of a 'minor games' group which involves fitness through simple exercises, running and games such as volleyball and deck-hockey. I took my training very seriously and listened to every word said by Mr James. Afterwards I used to go back to my room exhausted; it was very tiring.

Having trained several times a week for a fortnight, I joined a group of younger boys and learnt how to pass the ball down the line and give support for each other. The next thing I knew was that some of these boys and myself were chosen to play against the Under 15s in a practice match. The other boys were more experienced than I was, but in this game I managed to score my first try, which contributed towards a draw.

The first match of the season was a fixture against Gosford Hill, a large state school in Oxford. It is a school with a strong sporting tradition but we had no idea how we would fare against unknown opponents. We triumphed 16-0 in a tight match with skipper Wariebi scoring his first two tries in what was to be a highly successful personal season. Samer watched this match very carefully, seeking to learn as much as he could so as to put himself in contention for a 1st XV place as soon as he had recovered from his injury.

'My second match was with the 1st XV against King's School, Gloucester (another new fixture) at home. This was the most difficult match I ever had. Every time I got the ball

I automatically passed to anyone from my team calling for it, and I hardly touched the ball when it was with the others. This was probably because they thought it would be safer to pass it to someone else, and it seemed to me that no-one noticed how I felt.'

The match against King's was won convincingly, 31-6, thanks to a further three tries by Wariebi and others by Nasser, Kitching and Perry.

'In the third match I felt more confidence in myself. It was against Oratory School 2nd XV. I actually managed to score two tries! Many boys were impressed and I noticed more passes coming to me after that, but throughout the season I still had the feeling that I was not a hundred percent trusted to be passed to, especially when someone like Mike Orebiyi was carrying the ball!'

The Oratory match was another reasonably straightforward victory, 25-4. Wariebi scored a couple of tries and Birch supplied crucial goal points with a penalty and two conversions. In the next game we struggled to beat the Stowe 3rd XV, 14-12, with only a superb touchline conversion by Bowerman in the last minute clinching the result after we had let an 8-0 lead slip, because we were playing against the wind. Nevertheless, it still represented our fourth straight win.

In a match against Burford we lost 0-4 in a very tight contest, contributing to our own downfall in another windspoilt affair with a chronic lack of judgement, resulting in a try for the opposition. It must be admitted that Burford did deserve to win. We regained our winning ways with a 17-0 win over Woodgreen, but it is a fixture we would normally expect to win more convincingly than

that. Yet another try by Wariebi and the first scores of the season for Horada and Blackwell highlighted what was otherwise rather a drab game.

Although we allowed them to come back into the match after leading 18-0 at the interval, the XV duly despatched Banbury school by 26 points to 11. After a series of near-misses in earlier matches, Orebiyi scored his crucial first tries of the season in this game, which greatly helped his confidence in his ability to outrun – or indeed run through – opposing defences. Wariebi, Blackwell and Kitching were the other scorers, with McLoughlin adding a conversion.

A splendid exhibition of running rugby was witnessed by the home crowd in our crushing defeat of St. Edward's Cheltenham, 1st XV by 40-8. It was not all one-way traffic during the first half and at one point St. Edward's had battled back to level matters at 8-8, before two quick scores before half-time turned the match in our favour. Among eight splendid tries were four more for Orebiyi and another for Fakhouri. A notable feature of this match was the fact that Wariebi did *not* score!

This match was to be the high point of our fortunes for several matches as we suffered two resounding defeats against Rendcomb 1st XV (42-0, the highest 1st XV defeat for many years) and by 25-0 against Radley 3rd XV. We were genuinely outclassed in these matches and perhaps we needed these experiences to shake us out of a certain complacency which was beginning to creep into our play. However, squeezed in between these two disappointments was an exciting 9-9 draw against Abingdon 3rd XV, although Samer may have a different view of the situation!



1st XV Squad with coaches, P.J.R. Randall Esq and R. James Esq.



Skipper Wariebi waits intently as the scrum develops

'One of the things that annoyed me most in this match, in which I was playing on the wing, was that I was getting two different sets of instructions from two people – the Captain, and our coach Mr Randall. This made me very confused, especially when one would say 'Come wide!' and the other (not knowing what had just been said) would say 'Go closer!' At half-time I had to make it clear to both of them to make up their minds what they wanted me to do!'

A further disappointing defeat followed against King Alfred's Wantage, by 12-4. However, we scored an unexpected victory against our great rivals, Kingham Hill, by 23-9. The penultimate match of the season was against Leighton Park 1st XV, which was a very passionate, exciting game with fortunes swaying to and fro, until two late scores by the opposition tilted the balance and we went down heroically by 27-12 points.

Our last match, against MCS Brackley, which we won by 24 points to 3, by coincidence contained the best try of the season. It was begun by Ford from behind his own line. He broke through a tackle under his own posts and headed on to Cooper who side-stepped a couple of players and shot down the wing almost to the opposing line, before passing to Wariebi who scored under the posts. It was a thrilling moment – shades of Edwards' try in the 1973 All Blacks/Barbarians match! Ford also scored his only try of the season, and no-one could have deserved it more, for he had played consistently well at scrum-half since taking over from the injured Kitching. Samer now concludes:

'Towards the end of term I realised how much I was going to miss rugby. I was thinking of all my friends and how we would never play as a team again. I might not even see them any more after the end of the summer term. It was a sad time for me. But I think I will keep up rugby after I leave Cokethorpe; I might also introduce it to my friends. Hopefully it will become as popular in my country as football is!'

Samer was a regular wing three-quarter in the 1st XV, scoring three times during the season and impressing many people with his searing pace and courageous tackling. He was duly awarded his School Half-Colours for his efforts throughout a successful season which concluded with a record of:

W	D	L	Points for – 241
9	1	5	Points against – 172

We scored 46 tries and conceded 27. Of the 46 Wariebi scored 19 and Orebiyi 10. Such was the depth of the squad that no less than 24 different boys represented the 1st XV with distinction in all matches. We owed a great deal to the consistency and commitment of players such as Chowdhury, Price, Horada, Marshall, Birch, Blackwell, Nasser, Haywood, McLoughlin and Kentish who all trained and played with great gusto. With the talent that we have we are already anticipating the coming season with great relish.

On behalf of Mr James and the 1st XV I should like to thank the Headmaster and Mrs Goldsmith, Mr Kentish and Mr Blant, and indeed the school for the regularity and quality of support the team received at their home fixtures. It makes all the difference – and we were undefeated in eight home matches! Last but not least, I should like to thank the Matrons, Mrs Russell and Mrs Knipe, for helping to turn out the XV as immaculately as ever.

P.J.R.R.

UNDER 15 RUGBY

The first match of the season was on 14th September against Warriner. Although we had lost to the same team the previous year we were a little more confident this time since we had two or three new players in our side and felt that we had the potential for a very good team. The conditions were perfect as we kicked off with a light breeze blowing across the pitch. The first half was more difficult than expected and only thanks to some good Number 8 moves by Vernon and skillful kicking by Tonks were we able to keep the score to 0-0. However, things began to come together in the second half and through a more united team effort we won 14-0.

Unfortunately, the next two games were defeats. We lost to a much stronger Oratory side, but through some excellent efforts from the team managed at least to keep the score to 23-0. In the third match, against Stowe, despite scoring the opening try, only the best tackling that Hodgetts and Jeffs could produce kept the result to 30-4. This match was disappointing for all of us, but particularly for the scorer, Smith.

All this was very dispiriting, and it was a much-needed boost to our morale when we won the match against Burford, 60-0 – and the two after that 15-4 and 24-3, against Wycliffe and Woodgreen respectively. Credit must go to the backs in those matches for their handling ability, especially Noest, C. Horn R. Pye and Shannon.

Our worst performance of the season was in the match against Rendcomb. It was a defeat not easy to take but perhaps prepared us mentally for the next and most important game of the season, that against Radley. Jeffs was first to score in that match but many of the team were to follow suit, including our two smallest players, Wilder and Brown. This win restored our damaged confidence.



James Jeffs: "This one's mine . . ."

We won the next two matches, against Kingham Hill and Leighton Park, relatively easily – the latter by 64-0, due largely to excellent forward work by Smith, D. Edwards and Prosser.

Our last match, against MCS Brackley, proved to be one of the hardest we fought and at half-time we were down 18-0. The 'pep talk' during the interval must have had some effect, though, as early in the second half Jeffs managed to score a try which was converted to bring the score to 18-6. Then Chui, who had come onto the field for the first time as a replacement, scored; and with a fine try from Vernon the result at the end was a respectable 18-14.

I would like to thank our Captain, Mark Wilder, for his leadership; and of course our coaches Mr Gentry and Mr Maskery.

James Jeffs



U15 Squad with coaches, A.E. Gentry Esq and C. Maskerry Esq



U14 Squad with coaches, W.H.C. Daniels Esq and J.P. Watts Esq

UNDER 14 RUGBY

This season was not one of great fortune, since we won only one match. However, there was still much effort and determination to do our best.

I think I should start with the forwards. Size was no real problem, nor pushing in the scrums or jumping in the line-outs. But tackling and speed were greatly lacking. Our front row consisted of Kamali and Marsden as the props, and probably one of the best hookers I have seen, Arrowsmith. But the real power came in the second row from Jenkinson and de Foubert, who combined and worked together very well. Bamber was number 8 and he tried hard, although he was somewhat handicapped by lack of size. The flankers were Alexander, Lancaster and Bingham, of whom Lancaster was the most mobile. At first Bateman was scrum-half but we found this did not work, so he changed places with Searson who had been outside-centre. Things started to go better immediately. I was fly-half with Rimmer as inside-centre. Rimmer was a very good tackler. The wing positions were filled by Fisher, Gradwell and Pether II.

In the Woodgreen match Gradwell and Arrowsmith collided, causing Gradwell to have three stitches. Mark Smith and Arnold-Roberts are thanked for playing in the Rendcomb match – a game in which Mark scored his first try. Our best match by far was the Radley one, in which at half-time we were down 10-0. But the large gathering of Cokethorpe supporters were not to be disappointed. It was as if the team had slipped into top gear. All our moves came together and with tries by Rimmer and Bateman we won 12-10. But much of the credit must go to the forwards who played brilliantly.

In addition to those already mentioned, the other scorers were Scriven, Searson and myself. Many of us look forward to playing in the Under 15 this year. It should be a strong side because it will still contain several experienced players from last season.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr Watts and Mr Daniels for coaching us.

Simon Morton



Oil Painting of Chateau Montmort by Simon Jewell



*"Shattered Portrait" by Philip Lenehan
(Based on Picasso, Van Gogh and his own work,
and particularly commended by the GCSE moderator).*



THE GENERAL STUDIES SEASON

1988-89

*Some notes on the talks
by this year's visiting speakers*



The Argo Voyage:
MARK RICHARDS

The General Studies season began with a talk by Mr Mark Richards, an ex-Classics tutor at Oxford University and an international lightweight oarsman, in which he recounted his experience as one of the 22-man crew on Tim Severin's voyage which retraced the route taken by Jason in his ancient sail row-boat, 'The Argo'. Reconstructed on the island of Spetsi, it finally completed its journey on the Black Sea, where the gold-panning activities in the coastal valleys of Georgia – which have been going on in that area for thousands of years – suggested a possible source for the legend of the Golden Fleece. Mr Richards' slides were superb, and he also had the use of a video programme about Tim Severin which gave us some interesting insights into the man, and his passion for this type of historical reconstruction.

The Life & Painting of Vincent van Gogh:
ANTHONY SLINN

This second slide-lecture of the Michaelmas Term was notable not only for Mr Slinn's own zest, but also his immense feeling and sympathy towards his subject. He obviously identifies very closely with van Gogh. The slides took us back to the places where van Gogh lived, studied and painted, and we were able to compare the appearance of these locations in the Dutch and French countryside today with Vincent's conception of them a hundred years ago; also to appreciate more fully the radiant colours and expressive brushwork for which he is best known. Mr Slinn punctuated his account of the life with readings from the artist's letters to his brother Theo; I doubt if anything could make one realise better the energy and devotion Vincent put into his painting. Van Gogh wanted the colours in each work to interact 'like notes in a chord'; and to this end Mr Slinn played Don MacLean's 'Starry Night', inspired by the painting of the same name. All in all, this was a marvellous insight into the life and work of a man who was greatly misunderstood – if indeed he was understood at all – in his own time.

Into a Desert Place:
GRAHAM MACKINTOSH

This was the story of one man's journey round the coastline of Baja California – a parched, rugged 800-mile long peninsula on the west side of Mexico. Walking all the way round carrying his essential supplies on his back, Mr Mackintosh soon learned the art of desert survival. At times the terrain was almost impenetrable; rattlesnakes (fried!) and cactus plants became part of his staple diet; and, not unnaturally, in the course of the journey there were many dramatic, sometimes frightening episodes (stung by scorpions, up to his waist in quicksand) which had to be faced alone. It was a journey which drew on all the inner resources that he had. By the end of it, two years, three thousand miles and seven pairs of boots later, his achievement was recognised by the receipt of the 1986 Adventurous Traveller of the Year Award. He confessed, however, that he would not be going back to Baja California!

The British Press:
PETER HENNESSY

As all expected, Mr Hennessy was fairly critical in much of what he had to say. He was for many years a journalist for *The Times*, but, along with many of his colleagues, he left after its 'downward spiral' in the hands of Rupert Murdoch. Although now principally a writer of books on politics and government, he contributes a regular 'Whitehall-watch' column to *The Independent*, one of the few papers (the other being the *Financial Times*) about which he had favourable things to say. Much of his talk hinged on the distinction between what we *should* have in the way of a press, and what we *do* have in practice. Thus, having posed the question 'What is the function of a free press in a democratic society?' (answer: to provide variously an information service, to call the mighty to account, to act as a mirror of society, and 'a rough first draft of contemporary history') Mr Hennessy then examined the extent to which the quality papers, the 'middle-brows' and the 'pops' fulfil (or don't fulfil) each of these functions. He also enlightened us about the Lobby system of briefing.

What really is happening now?:

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN

For me this was undoubtedly the most interesting talk of the season. I must admit that initially the poster advertising it didn't really inspire me, because of its obvious ambiguity as to the content of the talk, and on his entrance into the Corinthian Room I was wondering what on earth this elderly man was going to talk about. What happened then was truly electrifying. Alas, no précis can do justice to what Sir George Trevelyan said. Suffice it to say that his energy and enthusiasm for an 86-year old was amazing. Having explained to us the Guya philosophy of 'Mother Earth' as a living organism, a great deal of what followed centred on 'green issues' which have come to a head very rapidly over the past year or so. The facts he gave us are depressing in the extreme, in that we have only a very limited continued existence if we carry on exploiting the planet in the way we have so far; and yet, in spite of this, Sir George was able to offer a perspective of hope and inspiration. Altogether his talk was highly stimulating and provoked a huge number of questions, which although hard of hearing he answered extremely well. I have never encountered as much extra-curricular debate at Cokethorpe as I did between the 6th form after this talk, one carrying on well into the night.

The State of the Prisons:

HIS HONOUR JUDGE STEPHEN TUMIM

The visit of Judge Stephen Tumim, who reflected on the experience of his first twelve months as H.M. Chief Inspector of Prisons, was surely quite a scoop. This talk could hardly have been more timely, since Judge Tumim had just returned from the Prison Governors' Conference in Blackpool, and the more critical sections of his first Report as Inspector of Prisons had been the focus of much media attention in the preceding weeks. It is the first time a judge has been employed in this way, and, as he himself confessed, it was 'a bold act' – for paradoxically although it is judges who send people to prison, most of them know very little about the conditions of prison life or the treatment of prisoners. Even as a man of evidently humane and liberal outlook, Judge Tumim conceded that he had been forced to modify his own views in a number of respects, and that were he now to return to the Bench his sentencing practice would be somewhat different. There were some good questions on this occasion from Michael Read, and copious numbers from Al-Hashemi. All in all it was a most enjoyable insight into what has been previously a little understood area of the justice system.

How to write a detective novel:

COLIN DEXTER

This was another well-timed event, since the third series of *Inspector Morse* (surely the most popular of all television detectives) was being transmitted in the weeks up to Mr Dexter's visit. As a result the appearance of the author had been awaited with some anticipation, and as things turned out we were not disappointed. The Corinthian Room was crammed to capacity: Mr Dexter struck up an immediate rapport with his audience: and his talk was very funny, touching on many subjects other than detective fiction. Without doubt, this was the most

entertaining talk of the year, and Mr Dexter himself one of the most amusing characters I've ever heard. Many people would probably agree that the main appeal of the Morse books – even more of the TV adaptations – is the Oxford locations. In fact, this is a happy coincidence, since Mr Dexter is a Cambridge man who originally came to work in Oxford with a certain amount of diffidence. In addition to twice winning the coveted Silver Dagger of the Crime Writers' Association, he has been on five occasions a UK crossword champion – and it was as a tribute to the intellect of one of his main rivals in the national crossword competitions – Sir Jeremy Morse – that he named his fictional creation. After the talk the boys quizzed Mr Dexter for a long time on the interaction of Morse and his 'sidekick', Sgt. Lewis, and the extent to which Morse's other enthusiasms (listening to Wagner, pubs!) were also his own. Looking back on it, though, we didn't actually get Mr Dexter to divulge many of the secrets of his craft!

The Reagan Years and the Reagan Legacy:

GODFREY HODGSON

This talk took place on January 20th, the day of George Bush's inauguration as 41st President of the United States. Mr Hodgson, a former Washington correspondent of *The Sunday Times* and *Observer*, as well as a writer for the *Washington Post* and *The New York Times*, has observed and recorded the US political scene since 1968. Beginning, inevitably, with the 'Spitting image' impression of President Reagan, Mr Hodgson said that in spite of the latter's enormous capacity for self-deception and fantasising, he was neither the fool nor the buffoon so often imagined (on this side of the Atlantic, at any rate). In fact, into Ronald Reagan's folksy style has gone a great deal of an old ex-actor's expertise and intelligence. Having sketched out for us the framework of the Presidency as an institution, key events in America in the '60s and '70s (which formed the background to the Reagan administration), and the vital part played by the media in US politics, Mr Hodgson then proceeded to an assessment of Reagan himself, his economic record, and the extent to which he had reduced government, and restored not only the prestige of the Presidency but also American confidence at home and abroad.

TONY PARKINSON'S

World of Percussion Show:

Past General Studies programmes have included musical recitals of a conventional kind for piano, violin, oboe, guitar, lute and harpsichord. This occasion was something different. (It was also a joint General Studies, for which we had the company of St. Hugh's, Faringdon.) On entering the Corinthian Room we were all faced with a massive array of instruments and technical equipment. Having first demonstrated to us most of the traditional percussion instruments (xylophone, drums, and some whose sound I recognised but cannot possibly name now) Mr Parkinson then turned to hi-tech wizardry. He showed us the 'midi' computer system, whereby any instrument can be made to play a whole host of others – demonstrating this particularly with the drums. After his demonstration Mr Parkinson called for volunteers who wanted to experiment with his systems for themselves. After a bit of hesitation by the audience in coming to the

front and showing their skills, all began thoroughly to enjoy it (Copinger was especially good); and the evening ended with a whole group of people playing a composition with Mr Parkinson.

On the roof of the world:
CAPTAIN MARTIN BAZIRE

This was a talk about the British Services Expedition to Everest in 1988, and here we saw a young man of supreme courage and determination. Clearly Capt. Bazire has interwoven with equal success a career in the army and his pursuit of the high peaks. Having gained much experience over the years in Snowdonia and the Alps (particularly the Matterhorn), this was his fifth Himalayan trip. After only about ten minutes into this fascinating talk we realised the enormity of the team's task, and the tremendous responsibility Capt. Bazire had for some 20 tons of the party's food, clothing and other provisions – a role which I should think he played down somewhat in talking to us. Visually, his slides were stunning. Alas, the expedition didn't quite make it – having to turn back at just over 28,000 feet. Curiously enough, a cousin of his grandmother's who was on the 1924 expedition led by Dr T. Howard Somervell also only made it to 28,000 ft. In many ways I think this brought home to us more effectively than an account of a completely successful scaling of the final ascent would have done, just what reaching the summit of a mountain like Everest really entails. This was a well-presented, awe-inspiring talk which touched upon all levels of emotion.

Testing for drugs:
DR ANDREW MOORE

Dr Moore is Managing Director of the Witney-based branch of a large American company, Diagnostic Products Corporation. In addition to manufacturing medical kits which are despatched world-wide to test for a whole host of conditions from fertility to drug abuse and cancer, DPC also carries out drug-screening on a commercial basis and conducts its own research into the measurement of drug incidence in infinitesimal amounts ('like looking for a thief in China,' said Dr Moore). As his title indicated, the general thrust of his talk was drug abuse, its detection and the sort of problems we may be faced with in this respect in future – particularly the existence of new 'designer drugs' like phentanol and PCP which are replacing those that have been common until now. (These are drugs which anyone with a good knowledge of chemistry and about £3000 worth of equipment can make in their garage in about a week – a 1lb bag having a value of £1 million). Both the manufacture and detection of these artificial drugs is based on some fairly clever chemistry, most of which was naturally beyond us. However, this was still an enjoyable and fascinating talk – and the moral was clear to everyone. At question-time Kevin Kerr contributed some relevant observations about the drug problem in Miami, where he lives.

The Greenhouse Effect:
DR ALAYNE PERROTT

Dr Perrott, Fellow of St. Hilda's College and lecturer in the School of Geography at Oxford University, left us in no doubt as to the importance of the subject-matter of her talk. She began by describing the greenhouse effect as 'the gravest threat to mankind', and proceeded to explain the causes of global warming and its various effects. Although I would think that most of the audience (probably the largest of the year after Mr Dexter's) knew the basics of the greenhouse effect, there was still a lot to learn, and Dr Perrott put it all across in a way that everyone could understand. She produced some horrific statistics with regard to the 21st century if we do not take action now to counteract the effects. However, Dr Perrott was not totally pessimistic about the future, and in particular praised Mr Gorbachev as the world leader with the greatest awareness of the long-term implications and the desire to implement measures to tackle the problem – though she said how typical it was that his recent speech at the United Nations dealing with this subject had received so little attention in the press. Some very relevant questions were asked by Wingrove, and some interesting ones by the Pye brothers. This was a very useful talk on a subject which our generation should certainly ponder.

Notes compiled by
ANGUS MORRISON



*Philip Lenehan with his table centrepiece
(based on an 'epergne')*

Suggestions for future speakers (or, indeed, appropriate subjects for talks)
are always most gratefully received . . .



Top: Richard Prosser (V), Luke Hollick (T), Michael Pye (S).
Middle: Jacob Jeffries (F), Queen Anne Trio (Horada, Karbasi, O. May), and Simon Gradwell (S).
Bottom: Queen Anne Singers (Bingham, Bryan, J. Whittenbury, Benfield), and Mr Teague and Mr Gordon.

*Andrew Teague,
Director of Music at Christ Church Cathedral School,
again writes about the*

INTER-HOUSE MUSIC COMPETITION

My visit to Cokethorpe on March 16th, to adjudicate the annual Inter-House music Competition for the second time, proved to be even more enjoyable than my first visit. This year's Competition had a real sense of musical purpose, was of a generally high musical standard, and provided an evening of really enjoyable music-making both for performers and listeners alike.

So often the extreme length of Music Competitions detracts from their musical value and enjoyment, but at Cokethorpe the balance seemed to be just right. The smoothness and efficiency with which the evening passed gave little indication of the amount of careful planning and management that such an event entails, especially in a school with comparatively few musicians spread between four Houses.

Mr Gordon's successful formula has evolved over a number of years: a preliminary round enables and encourages as many participants as possible to compete for House points. I understand that this year this first round consisted of two and half hours of almost non-stop music! Competitors received the average of marks awarded by a panel of five adjudicators, drawn from members of staff. The eight highest marks for each House were credited towards House totals, and further selection ensured that only the most polished performances went forward to the Final on Thursday 16th.

Members of the Junior House were not eligible to compete in the main Inter-House competition but instead competed for the Junior Instrumental Prize. Two of them – Alex Arundell (piano) playing Beethoven's *Für Elise*, and Jacob Jeffries (violin) with E Markham Lee's *March in D* providing two of the evening's best performances. Arundell played entirely from memory, showing excellent pianistic ability and musicality, but it was Jeffries' near-perfect intonation and stylish playing that won him the award.

In both the Solo and Group Performance sections of the main Competition there were also excellent performances. The Senior instrumental prize went to Simon Gradwell (trumpet) for his technically accomplished interpretation of the difficult *Meditation* from Massenet's *Thaïs*, but I also commended Richard Prosser (baritone) for the pleasing quality of his voice and his well-controlled performance of Joubert's carol

Torches, and James Horada (piano) for a compelling rendition of the main themes from Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*.

I was also pleased to find that Cokethorpe boasts some composers in Charles Claude-Ennin (keyboard), Paul Marshall (guitar) and Michael Read and Simon Gradwell (piano duet). This latter joint composition, an effective and atmospheric piece entitled *Blue Waves*, was just the sort of work that the new GCSE Music examination encourages.

A vocal duet from Kevin Copinger and Richard Prosser, *Scarborough Fair*, a two-part rendition of that Jungle Book favourite, *I wanna be like you*, by Nicholas Bingham *et al*, Yazdan Karbasi (clarinet) and the versatile James Horada on trumpet, backed by the nimble fingers of Mr Gordon at the piano, all provided a great deal of worthwhile and entertaining variety in the Group Performance section. But for me the real highlight was the last item of the evening, the non-competitive 'Palm Court' quartet from the Junior House, Jacob Jeffries (violin), Alastair Mann (clarinet), Luke Hollick (baritone horn) and Cooper (piano) in a neat little arrangement (by that anonymous Cokethorpe arranger) of a *Foxtrot* by the Dutch composer, Hengeveldt. This was music-making at its best, with the four performers deriving almost as much enjoyment from their efforts as did the enthusiastic audience.

As to the outcome of the competition as a whole, Mr Gordon's formula maintained the suspense to the very end. Those responsible for masterminding each House's efforts will appreciate the importance that choice of suitable music, best use of available musicians, and adequate rehearsal time play in a competition of this nature, and will, perhaps, have picked up some useful pointers for next year. The final total showed that, for the second year, Queen Anne had successfully held off very strong competition from Swift, enabling James Horada once again to reap the rewards for his efforts in organizing his House's musical talent.

I have already mentioned how much I enjoyed the evening; my comments also attest to its success, both as a competition and as an evening of enjoyable music. I hope that all those who took part benefitted from the experience and that they will continue to promote music at Cokethorpe.



1st XI game at Burford: hanging on to a 1-1 draw!



Wariebi takes control of the ball in mid-field.



Tussling for possession in 2nd XI match.



U14 game v. Henry Box.

Soccer



1st XI with coach, A.E. Gentry Esq

1st XI SOCCER REPORT

In January the 1st XI Squad returned to Cokethorpe for the soccer season in an optimistic mood. Having thoroughly enjoyed our Christmas holidays we knew we would now be in for some very competitive matches. However, the prospect for the matches ahead was promising as we had at our disposal such footballing talents as Martyr, Birch, Kitching and Orebiyi (and myself!); also we knew we would be expertly led by our captain Adule Wariebi.

For our first game we travelled to Reading to play against Leighton Park who always prove to be a tough opposition. They emphasised this by taking a swift 2-0 lead. We had a hatful of chances but could not find the magic touch until I managed to pounce to give us a goal just before half time. A stern half-time team talk by Mr Gentry gave us the lift we needed for the second-half. We began to win the ball in midfield and started to build up some promising attacks. Some delightful football in midfield led to an accurate cross being met perfectly by striker Bowerman's head to steer the ball into the top left-hand corner for our equaliser. Leighton Park had all eleven players inside their penalty area as Martyr floated in a corner kick, and Wariebi was there to stab the ball home with only thirty seconds left on the clock. This dramatic victory gave us the perfect start for the season.

We were brought back down to earth on Oratory's sloping pitch which was the venue for our next match. It proved to be a very disappointing game for us from the start. We lacked good communication and they instantly took control of the midfield; this enabled them to take a 2-0 lead. We replied when Martyr latched onto a Blackwell cross neatly placing the ball beyond their keeper. Any hope of equalising was shattered as they extended their lead. They added two more goals in the second half, leaving us on the wrong end of a 5-1 scoreline.

We were determined to put things right and we did so at an away match at Kingham Hill. The whole team played together superbly. Bowerman was sharp in and around the penalty area and obtained a hat-trick. Horn won his reward for his tireless work on the left wing by scoring two goals; one of them even he might admit was an intended cross! Blackwell found space for himself to unleash a low left foot shot which soared into the top right hand corner. Fakhouri showed good composure in defence, soaking up any pressure Kingham delivered. End result: a 6-1 victory.

We entertained the local comprehensive, Henry Box, and found ourselves on the wrong end of a 3-0 scoreline at full time. It was unfortunate that we did not capitalise on our scoring opportunities and that it was defensive mistakes which gave them a victory.

At Wellington College we battled hard in the first half and both sides were even at 0-0 when half time arrived. In the second half Wariebi's decoy run to the near post left space for McLoughlin to meet Birch's corner and glance a header beyond their keeper into the net. We defended in numbers as Wellington attacked, desperately searching for an equaliser; but we held on to the end making this a memorable victory, especially after some erratic goalkeeping by Nasser.

We were the far superior team against Sibford School banging in the goals to an 8-0 victory. Martyr opened the scoring after twenty minutes, then Kabbara (making his debut for the 1st XI) rounded their keeper and squeezed the ball home from an acute angle. Further goals came from Wariebi (2), McLoughlin (2), Birch (1) and Orebiyi (1) who as a defender tackled superbly throughout the season and was rewarded as he bulldozed his way through their defence to fire the ball home.

At our next match at home to the mighty Worcester RGS, we suffered our heaviest defeat of the season, losing 7-1. Worcester played fast attacking football and they immediately took control of the game. Our defence battled hard despite conceding 7 goals. Nasser saved a penalty but this had no effect on the game. We won a consolation goal when Wariebi was quick to take advantage of a defensive mistake by Worcester.

At home against Clifton School we were determined to make amends for our previous defeat. We started well in the blistering wind as Wariebi managed to connect perfectly with Pritchard's cross to put us ahead. In the second half the game became more difficult as the wind picked up against us. Again our defence played magnificently and it was unfortunate that a pure defensive mistake enabled Clifton to equalise. Clifton raised their game and began to attack. Nasser, our goalkeeper, made two outstanding saves but he could not deny Clifton taking the lead after five minutes of intense pressure. In the last ten minutes we threw everything we had at Clifton and came agonisingly close to an equaliser, but alas, the goal we tried the hardest for did not come off.

In the glorious sunshine we entertained Wycliffe College who took control of the game early on. They eventually won 4-0 in a match which was uneventful on our part. Kitching took over in goal for the next match after Nasser decided it was time for a week's holiday! Our opponents were Douai and there was no mercy on our

part as Wariebi opened the scoring; Douai came back at us well and they quickly equalised. We soon regained the lead when McLoughlin neatly fired the ball home from twenty yards. From then on we took control of the game and eventually won 6-3 with goals from McLoughlin (3) Wariebi (2) and Birch (1).

For our last match we made the short trip to Burford School. This match was a dull affair. On their slope we did not take full advantage of their dodgy defence. We failed to find any rhythm and all felt very lethargic. We were caught too far forward as Burford launched an attack which led to them taking a 1-0 lead. We pressed for an equaliser and were rewarded when Bowerman pounced onto a defensive mistake to make it 1-1, which remained the score until the final whistle. It was ironic that the season ended like this after the many exciting games we had had. I would like to thank Mr Gentry and Mr James who gave us those valuable coaching sessions; our supporters who may not realise the good effect they have on the players when performing, and also the players themselves who showed good team spirit. A special mention should go to S. Fakhouri who as central defender in his first season at Cokethorpe showed immense skill on the ball in our worst moments. Also to our captain, Wariebi, who in his last year at Cokethorpe showed an authoritative leadership throughout the season.

Keith McLoughlin

Readers may like to know that, although Keith McLoughlin originally wrote this report specifically for this year's magazine, he was subsequently able to obtain credit for it as part of his GCSE English coursework.



Expectant moment in a House match (QA v Sw)

CHANGED TIMES

Master: 'Can I have your prep, please?'
Pupil: 'I have done it, sir . . . but I'm afraid it's not exactly to hand at the moment'



Charles Joubert lets fly with a 'corker'

UNDER 15 SOCCER

At the start of the season we had to combine soccer with practice for the cross country run but that was over fairly quickly and we were able to concentrate on important events.

Last year, under Mr Randall we did not have a very successful season and this year it was to be much of the same story. Even so, we raced off to a magnificent start crushing Leighton Park 8-4. James Jeffs who retained the captaincy from last year 'made' the first goal with a lovely free kick to Brown who hit an impeccable cross onto my foot which slipped the ball past the goalie. I managed to sneak in another three goals whilst Brown scored two, Jeffs one and Tonks one from the penalty spot.

Two matches and two defeats promptly followed, 6-2 against the Oratory and in what was probably our worst performance of the season, 3-2 against Kingham Hill. A further disaster was to happen before our next match, James Jeffs broke his leg in training and was out for the rest of the season. There was some consolation from my point of view as I was promoted to captain.

We were outclassed by Henry Box but David Hodgetts, our goalkeeper, was on top form and the key to our strong defence.

Sibford were no match for a strengthened side; we beat them 5-1 including a scorcher of a goal from Daniel Fisher. He and Morton, both borrowed from the under-14s, deserve special congratulations for their performances in this match. A string of defeats followed at the hands of Worcester, Wycliffe, Clifton, Douai and Warriner despite some superb efforts from the whole team.

The final match was against Burford and we were expecting, as usual, to be beaten by them. However we took an early lead and from then played our hearts out. There were plenty more goals but we were pleased with a hard-earned 3-3 draw. The season ended particularly well for me as I scored all three of our goals.

Everyone must be thanked who played in and helped the team. Enthusiastic support from the sidelines often helped in times of trouble. Thanks must go in particular to Mr Snow, our coach and his assistant Mr Goldsmith. I'm only sorry that we were unable to perform more consistently throughout the season.

James Vernon

UNDER 14 SOCCER

The season got off to a very early start with a match on the first Saturday of term. The team had to be picked in a hurry and over the term positions were to change dramatically, Mr Randall's 4-2-4 system did remain for the rest of the term and at times it worked!

The first match was against Leighton Park which we won handsomely (7-1), Jones saving a penalty in the last few minutes. Fisher, Bateman and I were the scorers in this match.

The next match was against Reading Oratory which we had thought would be a tough match but up until half time we were holding them to one all. However, as we were to find to our cost many times over the term, we went to pieces in the second half and the final score was 7-1 to the Oratory.

We next played Kingham Hill in appalling weather conditions, due largely to which we lost 4-1 - the only goal in our favour was a rather lucky own goal!

Our match against Henry Box we thought would be our hardest match but thanks to an enormous amount of luck and some good goalkeeping by our new 'keeper Whittenbury, we survived the onslaught and managed to keep the score down to a respectable 3-0.

We next played Worcester and were this time totally outplayed by a well drilled side and so lost 0-12. The time had come for Mr Randall to make some dramatic changes to the team. The most significant change was that Fisher, our biggest and fastest player, was moved to central defence alongside Rimmer and so we were greatly strengthened in this area.

Next we played Clifton College in what was probably the closest match of the season. We eventually won 3-2 in torrential rainfall, Kamali, Anderson and Fisher scoring. Our confidence began to rise.

We also won our next match, against Wycliffe (3-1). Fisher scored twice and Jeffries, a member of the first form, prodded in the third. Sadly, our winning streak was not to continue. We lost 2-0 to Warriner on a sodden pitch and 10-1 to Burford (a very strong soccer school), with Bateman scoring our consolation goal. The season may not have been particularly successful but it was enjoyable. In conclusion I would like to thank our coach and referee Mr Randall.

Simon Morton

OXFORD UNITED VISIT

As a supplement to the soccer coaching programme Oxford United F.C. kindly agreed to come along one afternoon in January and take the Under 13 squad. Although they were here only for a couple of hours the boys responded magnificently and worked hard at the tasks set. Practices involved ball control and passing, followed by some shooting. To finish with all joined in for a match. The squad were certainly enthusiastic and learnt a lot in such a short time. As a reward the Club gave several free tickets to the school and the boys attended a second division match along with the Headmaster against his Club, Ipswich. We hope for another such occasion next year.

C.M.



*'Let's talk tactics'
David Moss and U15*



Above: Scott Hinton demonstrates a drive.

Right: Some practice with goal-kicking. The score was Oxford Utd. - 0, Under 13 - 4



James Dow baffles James Cooper



Darren Jackson (Ox. Utd) tackled by Paul Crabbie

THE DAYTIME DARK

Poems inspired by fog

I

*The fog that comes from day to day
Is different in a spooky way.
It might be thick or misty thin,
It's always damp, and dead as sin.*

*Sunlight is neatly tucked away
As fog is king and here to stay,
So if you're travelling, do beware,
We recommend you drive with care.*

*It spreads itself from mile to mile,
Cold as ice, and dank, and vile;
People wrap themselves up warm
As fog is here to stay and scorn.*

Richard Alexander, *Form 4*

II

*The candyfloss air has formed a fog
Like warm steam rising from a bog.
The cars slow down and almost stop,
And hour by hour the snowflakes drop.*

*The cuckoo calls an early warning,
Yet sees the fog is worst in morning;
The frost encrusts the horse's mane,
But the weazel thinks it's all a game.*

*The pavement is hard and icy too,
But in these conditions what to do?
An old man falls, calling goodbye,
But is soon helped up by passers-by.*

*The snow tells fog to slacken off.
In the visible forest I hear a cough.
The afternoon has come at last
And cars can now start going fast.
The fog has gone and sunshine's here,
At last the world is bright and clear.*

Nicholas Bingham, *Form 4*

III

*It was as if the world had stopped
And all the roads and streets were blocked:
Cars slowed down to minimum speed
And people to their houses fled.
It swirls through all the alleyways,
Even the slightest crack it lays.*

*It brushes like rain upon your face,
But not a drop of moisture traced.
You cannot tell how long it will last,
It might go slowly, it might go fast.
It can be eerie around churchyard graves,
But is exciting in other ways.*

*It makes you feel slightly insecure,
And the air around you is made impure.
Children playing hide-and-seek in the park
Hear the song of unseen robin or lark;
But to me the fog will always remain
A kind of mystified guessing game.*

James Hubbard, *Form 4*

IV

*The fog came quick
And very thick.
Even though it was May.
It blocked the night
Without a fight.*

*It creeps and crawls its way around us
Like it is lost and cannot find us.*

*It stays all day
And we cannot play;
It stays all night
And we cannot fight it.
As slow as a hearse
The fog disperses;*

*At last we can go out and play,
Go out and play with no delay.*

James Whittenbury, *Form 4*

VOICES

*A composition inspired by
an incident in Peter Ackroyd's*

'Hawksmoor'

This time Thomas felt better. She was not there with those stupid people to gasp and gape at something that they knew nothing about. But for some reason he still sprinted across to the steps, force of habit he supposed. Then he mounted the fifteen steps, counting every one, "one, two, three, four, five, six" and so on. He always did that, it took his mind off the scary side of the church and the voices he had heard not long before. He reached the top and pushed on the stained oak door. It creaked in complaint.

Inside looked the same as ever, dusty, dark and very unwelcoming. He went straight to his little side altar and covered his eyes. He knelt for some 25 minutes, then they started. The voices, chanting, "take it away from me please, let it rest". Thomas could not move, he was frozen to the place where he knelt. Then another voice came, different and more pleading than the rest, what it said made Thomas's blood run cold.

"Thomas, Thomas, please you must help us. Do what you feel you should, it is always right. Please take us from perpetual torment, Thomas, Thomas. . ." The voice faded, still saying his name, chanting it. Then all was still.

He did not move for a full five minutes. The church was silent, even his heart seemed out of place, beating wildly. Then he stood up. He stood tall and proud, then, without making a sound, he glided to the stairs leading to the belfry. He climbed the stairs but did not count how many there were. Then he reached the top. There was no way out now. He climbed onto the window ledge and looked up, there was a small gutter and a piece of wire. He held onto the gutter and lifted one leg out of the window. Then he moved the other. The gutter held. He started his long climb.

The guide was more annoyed than ever. They had actually asked not to see the church. What a cheek. Then she glanced up. Her first reaction was to scream but she pointed speechlessly upwards. The other people looked up and gasps and cries followed.

Thomas was unaware of this; he felt nothing, he just climbed. Not long to go now. It took him only nine more pulls with his arms to reach the top. He pulled himself into a sitting position on the highest point. He raised his face; it was red from the exertion but he was smiling from ear to ear. Then he shouted 'Go!' loudly, louder than he had ever shouted. Immediately he felt a great strain fall from his body. He felt good, he let out a cry of delight and then pushed off with his feet. He fell, but he still smiled. His eyes met the guide's; he felt pleased that she was crying and screaming. He was all alone, flying, happy.

Thump, thump, thump!

"What do you think you're doing, you young scallywag? I'll report you." The guide was landing blows on his back out of sheer frustration. "You stupid boy, I've been trying to wake you for ten minutes."

Thomas smiled. He told the guide to leave and he would follow. His eyes closed, the door creaked shut and a distant voice chanted happily, 'Thank you, thank you . . .'

Nicholas Bailey, *Form 5*

Christmas in New Guinea

We prepared for Christmas by shopping at the largest shop, 'Steamships'. Outside, squatting in small groups and chewing red betel nut, were the locals. We wound our way through them, and inside the shop it was very dirty and hot. Behind the cashier's desk stood a spade-bearded friendly New Guinean, with puffed lips and a mop of black hair.

While we queued, through the open doors we could see the market where people were buying hordes of mango and red paw-paw. This was like the Garden of Eden, with large trees from which the branches cascaded downwards. Upon the trunks were myriads of clasping orchids.

On Christmas Day we woke early to start our journey to Mt. Hagen, where we were to meet some old friends. We travelled through the Western Highlands of this country, which is set in the warm Pacific Ocean. The road led us through the winding Darlo Pass, and as we drew to the summit of 9000 feet, we could look over the low clouds and see the most exotic views; pockets of fern-covered gorges, and distant dense forests, stretching away in undulating folds.

We continued our twisting route around the mountains, embedded in umbrella like tree-ferns and tall rubber trees. The limestone mountains had peaks of varying shapes and sizes, which in our imagination resembled ancient gods and mythological people.

Eventually we reached the dead-straight roads of Makam Valley and crossed the river, which brought us to Hagen, an area I knew well for I was born in Goroka. We stayed in a well-built house of a friend of the family. The old Lapoons (men) came to greet us, and our Christmas Day passed very happily, sharing everything with our old, local friends and natives. We had many memories to exchange, not to mention food and fruit and small gifts.

The return journey was not enjoyable for me, for I was on the cliff side of the car, where there was an infinite drop right to the underworld! I was happy to sleep in my bed that night.

Martyn Rimmer, *Form 3*

THE RUNAWAY RABBIT

The warren was warm and comforting, but my wounds were sore and painful. I did not want to leave but I was afraid to stay as I did not know when he would strike again. One of the other inhabitants of the warren had taken a dislike to me and life is too short to be unhappy. I had thought about running away before but now was the time to put that thought into action.

I went off down the meadow without stopping until I came to the boundaries of the warren, where I paused for a moment. I could still turn back without anyone knowing that I had left or I could carry on. I washed my face. (I always wash my face when I'm nervous.) I looked back for the last time and saw the oak tree and situated under it the warren, it looked so nice and cosy. I carried on beyond the boundaries, I had never been this far before. In my mind words kept repeating over and over again, "alone now, no-one to protect you". When the meadow was out of sight I began to get worried. Then I remembered him.

Suddenly there were huge things in the field. I went closer. They were black and white with long, thin, legs. When I got too close they kicked me and I quickly ran away.

I began to get cold and then rain fell heavily and I became soaked. I had been out in the dark before but I preferred the daylight. As night fell an owl began his

search for food. I could hear him hooting in the trees; then a little field mouse fell prey to him. Now I wanted to go home, this ordeal had been too much like my worst nightmare.

I came to a hard, cold surface when suddenly a rumbling sound made my ears prick up. It got louder and louder and the ground beneath me began to shake. Then the searchlight hit me. I froze. I was rooted to the spot. I knew that this was a road, I had heard the elders talking of such places and how a great number of us never got to the other side. The light flashed past. Somehow I hopped the few yards to the other side. I had made it. I collapsed under a bush, my heart beating fast and my body twitching all over. I washed my face again and collected myself.

"Hello handsome", the little voice came from behind me, "you're the first to cross that road in seven days, you must be very brave". I felt very proud and suddenly very grown up.

"Not really", I said. "It was necessary, you see. I had to find a new warren before winter." My worries were over. My new found friend took me to another warren where I have been happy and content ever since.

Simon Tilson, *Form 1*



Pencil drawing by *Nicholas Ford*



Scraperboard by *Paul Crabbie*

THE PRAT

*In the morning light he stood there,
In the night he crept to my house like a rat,
The prat!
Like a rat, he crept there.*

*I got my musket out and blew off his snout.
The prat - like a rat.
He ran out at me, so I shot him in the knee.
The prat, like a rat.*

*He started to cry; I shot him in the eye.
The prat, like a rat.
He crawled to my window and I said 'Bingo',
And blew his head off!
The prat - like a rat.*

*He ran to the back door, got in like a cat,
The prat - like a rat.
He crept upstairs, lay on my bed,
And I shot him in the head.
The prat - like a rat.*

*I threw him in the bog and got bitten by my dog!
The prat - like a rat.
I kicked him on his bum, and he landed on my drum!
The prat - like a rat.*

*I kicked him down the stairs and he broke my antique chairs;
Then he went pale because he landed on a nail.
The prat - like a rat.
So I followed his trail into the room
And I hit him with a broom.
The prat - like a rat.*

*He went like a bullet when I shot at his brains -
Boy - in the morning were there stains!
When the cops came round everything was sound.
All they saw was my hound!
He had run at the prat and killed him like a cat!*

*Today in London, beware where you go,
Because you just never exactly know -
You might meet the prat!
The prat - like a rat.*

John Kelly, *Form 2*

THE REPTILE

*Hiding, hiding in the bushes,
Smelling, smelling the scented air,
Reptile ready for its prey.
Victim walking through the bushes, his face
Is full of glee; found a pheasant, time to eat.*

*Reptile hidden, man can't see.
Reptile strikes, man falls.
Now reptile safe, man is dead.
Reptile eats, man defeated.*

Lee Cooper, *Form 3*

MY MUSIC

*A prepared talk by a 3rd Form pupil
which received Honours in
Effective Speaking*

I would like to talk to you about my music, because it is my favourite hobby and has been for many years now.

I started understanding rhythmic patterns when I received a drum-kit for my fourth Christmas present. I found it could get quite a good beat going on it which made reasonable rhythmic sense. I wrote my first proper song when I was about seven. It was called 'Mental Monday' and lasted about two-and-a-half minutes. It was about my girlfriend at the time - Sarah Monday - who got teased a lot; 'mental Monday' was her nickname.

Soon after that I went to prep school where I formed the first of many groups. The first one was 'The Spiders' and there were six of us in it. We wrote many songs, one of which was about another world war. We were together for about a year and then the group folded. But two of us from 'The Spiders' and a number of new people formed another group called 'The Bulldogs'. (Originally we called ourselves 'British Bulldogs', but later we simplified the name.) We made an extended version of the earlier song from 'The Spiders', lasting three minutes; and wrote another song called 'Please, please'. We also made a cassette called 'The First Time'.

When 'The Bulldogs' came to an end two of us who called ourselves 'Dynamic Duo' wrote many new songs about life and friendship, the best of which were 'The Thick of Things' (about life in a city), 'Drunkard' (the thoughts going through a drunken person's mind), 'We don't want to fight' (about two friends not wanting to hurt each other), and 'Do you know how I feel' (about two friends having an argument, making up, and then realising how much they mean to each other).

After 'Dynamic Duo' came 'Heat' for which we carried over some of the songs and remixed them; we also wrote a new song called 'House on Fire', which later became the title track of a tape we made. My friend Alex was on keyboards and backing vocals; I was on lead vocals and drums, and for one song the xylophone.

Finally, there was 'A.R.T.' - which stood for Andrew, Ricky and Telenikoff, the names of the boys in the group. Andrew and Telenikoff played keyboard and did backing vocals, and I sang lead vocals. We wrote a few new songs: one was called 'Nightmares' and another 'Hewart Thief'. There was also a song called 'Runaway'.

Since I left prep school I've been writing many songs about how I feel about life, such as 'Natural Disaster' (based on Hurricane Gilbert). I want to write a re-mix of 'Heart Thief' and I hope to finish my new cassette by Christmas, which is a mixture of extended and non-extended songs. Next term I hope to do GCSE Music, and after that I'd like to study music producing and sound engineering - and hopefully take it up as a career.

Richard Lane, *Form 3*

SUMMER JOY

*The flowers are out,
The sun is high,
Birds fly through the trees;
The sweet-smelling flowers are gay and bright
And fill me with summer joy.*

*Birds sing high,
Bees hum low,
And sing a song of summer joy;
The soft sound of rustling in the trees -
Leaves which sing together as one big choir
The song of summer joy.*

*The cooling breeze upon my face,
The beauty and the song,
Make the joy of the summer days
Go on and on and on*

Benjamin Reilly, Form 3

HEPS!

*The greatest school in the country
(Cokethorpe is its name)
Had a Headmaster named D.F.G.
He was nowhere near the same
As all the other H.M.s
Of England spreadwide -
With those amazing words that knock out birds
And made you scream and cry;*

*"Heps, Heps, Heps, Bumchew,
A womba wom, beep beep,"
These, and many other words,
He's often heard to speak.*

*At rugby games he referees.
The boys eye him with suspicion,
His orders, which he shouts aloud,
Just baffle the opposition.*

*"Line out here you vile boy,"
Good kick Jones, nice and high.
Scrum down here. Come on boys.
Yes, bumchew, one try!"*

*"Heps, Heps, Heps, Bumchew,
A womba wom, beep beep,"
These and many other words,
He's often heard to speak.*

S. T. Lancaster, Form 4

A ROOM OF MY OWN

*In the centre of our house lies my room.
The objects of interest repel any gloom,
For a minute or an hour you're welcome to look
At the clothes or the posters, or even a book.*

*The door is a multiple of colours and shapes,
With stickers and photos, a few of my mates;
The other, it reminds me of my team -
Oxford United, with the Milk Cup gleam.*

*My floor is composed only of wood,
I'd replace it with carpet if only I could,
But when the sun shines it falls on my floor
And I find that this makes me love the room more.*

*My posters, they totally cover the walls,
From 'Queen', 'Talking Heads', (but not 'The Doors'*);
Not only the walls, but the ceiling as well -
Expense is no matter, you can tell.*

*Last but not least we come to my library
Which is nothing if not of great variety -
From adventure to horror, and sport to leisure,
Everyone guaranteed to give you some pleasure.*

*My room is a haven of metallic sound,
I enjoy it more when there's no-one around;
Night-time's my favourite, I'll tell you why -
I switch on my lights and I peacefully lie.*

Casper Jones, L6th

*60s American group - now slightly out of fashion perhaps!



Scraperboard by James Cooper

Climbing Mount Oca NEW GUINEA

We sallied forth at six with our Tari bushman, who had the typical highland build: small, muscular legs and a mop of entangled black hair. Alistair clung to Tobi, our great dane who has mastered two arts: pig killing and the art of being a nuisance. After wending our way through coffee estates and streams, we came to a small village community who were not the hostile young people everyone imagines them to be. As we thought this, their eyes cast towards the spare tyre but they were quickly put in their place by our Tari Thomas with his bush-knife.

As we climbed to a greater altitude the surrounding scenery changed from the pig-infested plateau to the lush, green foliage of the rain forests. The surroundings grew thicker and began to close in around us to make our walking cumbersome and discouraging. The bush knives were put into rapid use. High above, the tree tops loomed and the beautiful birds of paradise waved the most exotic and decorative head dresses. These intriguing head dresses were the marvel of New Guinea, along with the scenery.

We unleashed Tobi and let him explore the mostly fern-covered gorges of orchids and other rare plants. Quickly he had found a majestic and snorting bush pig, which was long and lean and shone like the blade of a knife. After a mass hurtling of bodies the pig lay sprawling in the decaying foliage.

In the distance I could hear the plunging of water. This was to be the point where we would turn back. When I came to the waterfall, a bountiful sight met my eyes - cascading water, which tumbled downwards in torrents and through the foaming water I could see a picturesque sight of orchids of rare exotic beauty clasping the cliff's edge. There was an aroma in the air of fresh jungle. Among the trees darted the most splendid wildlife. The whole scene provided a peaceful sensation.

Martyn Rimmer, *Form 3*

Memories of Caracas

*A huge mountain, long . . .
A sacred cross above,
A hotel full of ghosts,
A cable car . . .*

*Houses like warrens below,
A road called Libertador,
Buildings, all sorts . . .*

*Rats running, as big as dogs,
Snakes crawling under your feet,
Waiting for a school bus
On a nice warm day.*

Simon Cully, *Form 2*

THREE POEMS BY MATTHEW BARTINGTON

(Form 2)

THE TRAIN

*The train runs making a clackety sound,
The tracks are stretched out on the ground.
Stopping at a platform,
People getting on. Whistle blown,
The engine starts
And the train moves slowly away.
Gathering speed it rushes on,
Singing its clackety song.
Cold air whistling past,
Now its going very fast:
Country, village, town, city -
The small train rushes past.*

SEASONS

*The leaf jumped, swirling,
Windblown, whistling.
Autumn air is bristling.*

*White-filled air -
Cold's settling,
Smooth, silk ground.*

COUNTRY, CITY

*Clean-aired country morning,
Rounding sheep, a sheep-dog barking -
Oh what a lovely country morning.*

*Dirty-aired city day,
People rushing, bustling, crushing
Into their city jobs today.*

THE BOY AND THE BUS

A Mini-Saga

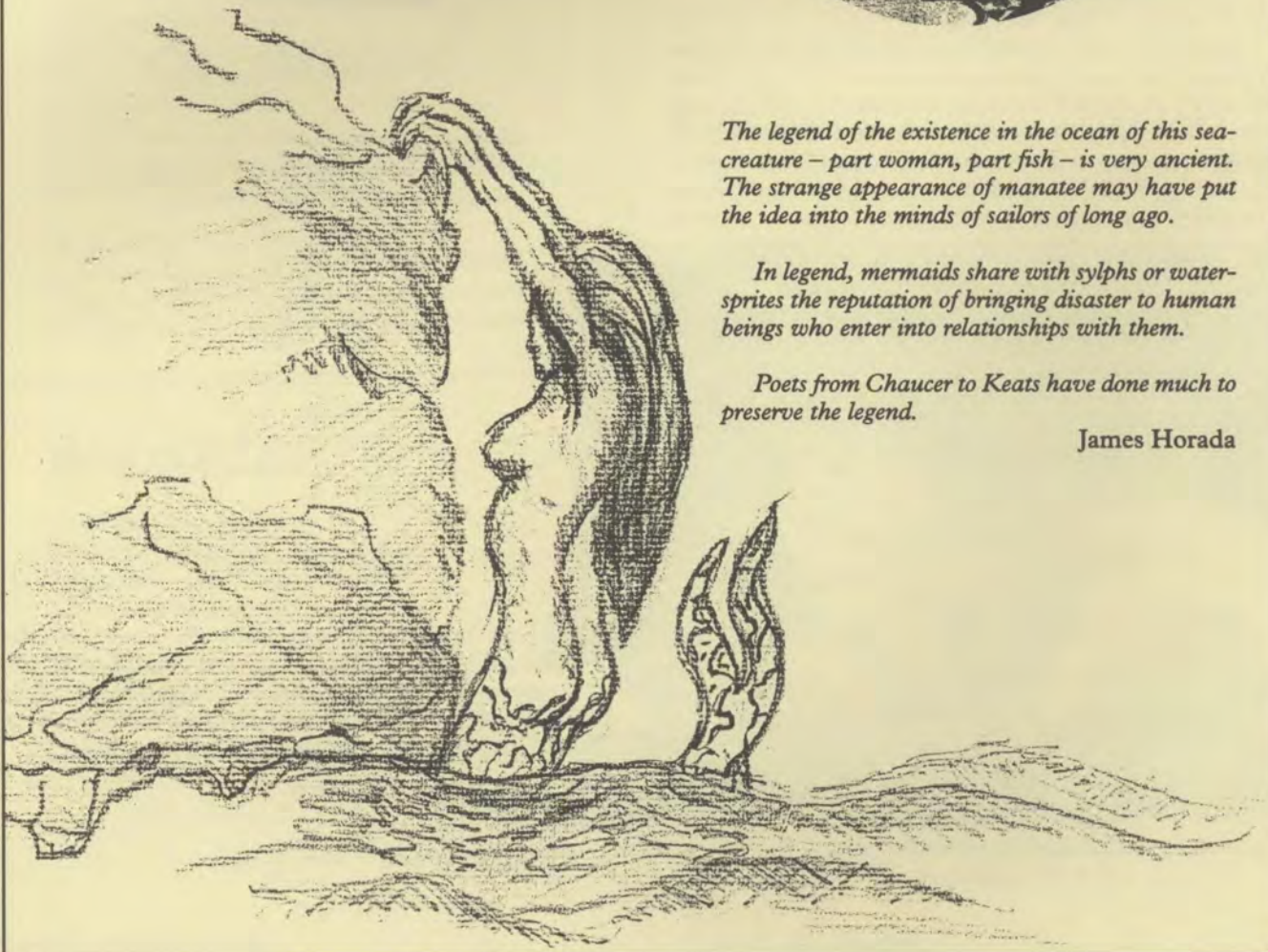
Zipped up bag gets thrown over shoulder. he runs dashing past dinner-hungry boarders. He runs. 'Oh, the bus,' he pants. Monster bus, belching and rumbling along the drive. Staggering he catches it, door opens, hands hang out, pull him up.

'Thanks,' he says.

Oh no! Wrong boys, wrong bus!

Daniel Marsden, *Form 3*

Mermaids



The legend of the existence in the ocean of this sea-creature – part woman, part fish – is very ancient. The strange appearance of manatee may have put the idea into the minds of sailors of long ago.

In legend, mermaids share with sylphs or water-sprites the reputation of bringing disaster to human beings who enter into relationships with them.

Poets from Chaucer to Keats have done much to preserve the legend.

James Horada

Short Story

“ONLY FIFTEEN MINUTES”

The two Rover cars and the minibus sped through south London at high speed. There were ten of us altogether on our way to the Ruritania Embassy. We had been on alert for a week and in that time had studied the building and the plan of attack carefully. I had not been in this situation before and was slightly nervous, which I shouldn't have been. Killing wasn't the problem. I had killed before in Northern Ireland. It was the thought of messing up.

As we drew closer to the embassy there were barriers and policemen everywhere. The minibus got stopped by a police sergeant, but we were soon on our way again. Then suddenly the Rover stopped. I jumped out and Major Brayford came up to us.

“Where the hell have you been? They've just shot someone.”

“Sorry. Got held up on the M25.”

“Get a move on then.”

We got dressed hurriedly in the minibus and checked our ammunition and weapons. Soon we were in position. I ran over the plan again quickly in my mind. Five minutes to assault the ground floor, five minutes through the roof. The main hostage was on the top floor. I was going in on the ground floor, just to clear out.

I checked my watch. 7.56 a.m. Four minutes to go. Suddenly the radio crackled.

“Zero one ready.”

“Zero one, wait.”

“Zero two ready.”

“Zero two wait.”

“Zero three ready” I said.

“Zero three, wait.”

I licked my lips and gripped my MP5 tightly as I listened to all ten check-ins. Then there was what seemed a long gap until the radio broke into life again.

“Go, go, go, go, go!”

I leapt forwards with Zero one and two beside me. We reached the front door and Zero one blew it open with the pump action shotgun. The noise rang in my ears and everything seemed to go very still and in slow motion. The radio crackled again.

“Zero one, entry made.”

I ran in and kicked a door open.

“Bathroom, bottom floor, clear.”

Zero two kicked another door open.

“Kitchen clear.”

“Suspect coming down the stairs, repeat, coming down the stairs. Over.”

I ran forwards through the reception to where the stairs came down and saw a figure with an AK47. I levelled my gun and fired, the bullets sprayed wild and ripped into the bannisters. I moved left and fired again, and this time I hit the man's legs and thighs. Then there was that familiar sound of a cartridge being rammed in the barrel of a shotgun.

There was one shot and then another. I turned and saw Zero one standing there. The figure was now lying at the bottom of the stairs and the whole reception area echoed with the booming noise that a shotgun makes.

“Hostages coming down the stairs, over.”

I looked up and saw some people coming quickly down the stairs with their hands tied beyond their backs. We pushed them out through the front door. I got a quick glimpse of the Ambassador.

“All rooms cleared. Let's get the hell out! Over!”

George Rutter, *Form 5*



Pencil sketch: *Simon Jewell*

POVERTY

*Children play in a dangerous road,
The way their mothers always showed.
Many a car has rushed by,
Not caring for the ones that cry
In the poverty and the dust,
Scrounging for a single crust.*

*Dirty old men sit and wait,
For some small girls to be their bait-
To show them their little kittens,
And get them in their dirty mittens.*

*In the simplicity of their lives,
Only their innocence keeps them alive.
Poor little children of all shapes and sizes,
Fight until their offender realises
That he has easily won.
From here on in, here ends all fun.*

*Death is near to these poor creatures,
Vulnerable in all their features:
All because they were lured in,
Into a hell of pure sin.*



Copy of a Burne-Jones drawing by Joe Wong

Benjamin Cooper, Form 5



Pencil sketch of himself as a baby by Yazdan Karbasi



Pastel by Simon Jewell



Self-portrait by Philip Lenehan

FRIENDS

*Friends are of great importance to me,
When I'm happy, sad or feeling bad.
I like to talk and sort it out,
And let them know what it's about.*

*I look around and see a friend,
Who thinks he's going round the bend;
I try and sort it out,
But it's something he won't talk about.*

*I like to share my thoughts with friends,
In times of doubt and stress.
They make me feel myself again.
And make me worry less.*

Richard Lane, Form 3

WAR POEM

*As I waved my father goodbye
A warm, wet tear ran from my eye;
All the men had gone to war,
My life hadn't been as bad before.*

*We had blackouts all night because of the raids,
From the Queen's own room, to the serving maids',
The sirens wailed 'To the shelter, run!' -
I heard the sound of an anti-aircraft gun.*

*Fires blazed where houses were hit,
All about the streets were lit;
Fire engines raced to and fro
Never quite knowing where to go.*

*In the morning the damage was plain to see,
The branches were blown off every tree;
The world we live in is very sad,
But most of all I miss my dad.*

Julian Benfield, Form 3



Self-portrait by Joe Wong



STUDY FROM
THE IMPRESSIONS
OF
VINCENT VAN GOGH
SELF-PORTRAIT
MAY 1840

A. Leachman

THE HAPPY FAMILY

There was a sudden fizzling sound from the corner of the lounge. George, who was in the room, heard the sound and got up to inspect the Christmas tree. The lights started to flicker and then went out. George stood looking at them for a moment and then bent down to the socket and pressed the switch on and off, on and off, hoping to make the lights come on again like a boy trying to revive a dead pet.

He took the lights off the tree and went into the kitchen to show them to Grace who was making nice pies.

"These lights have finally gone, dear" he said, sadly. Grace continued kneading the pastry.

"Dear..." he said more loudly. He walked over to her and put his arm round her. She woke up.

"Oh - sorry. I was a million miles away. What did you say?"

"These lights have finally gone, dear. I think I'll go out and get some new ones."

"All right, dear."

She heard the front door shut, and then went to the back door to let the cat in. The cat's name was Tiger and she was very beautiful, very graceful. Grace started talking to the cat.

"How are you? Look, I've some food for you. Mmm. You'll like this."

She opened a tin of cat food and emptied it into a bowl.

When the cat had finished its meal Grace picked it up and took it into the lounge. She sat down with it on her lap and stroked its fur.

"I love you, you know. I love you more than anything else in my life." The cat purred. At that moment George came in with the new lights and some mistletoe. The cat shrieked at the sight of the mistletoe.

"George! I've told you not to get mistletoe, it frightens the cat."

"I'm sorry, dear - but there wasn't any holly," said George, trying to justify his mistake.

"Well as long as you hang it where Tiger can't see it..."

Later George went out again to try and find some holly. But again he came back with mistletoe. After dinner he hung the mistletoe under the stairs. Grace was livid with him and didn't speak to him for the rest of that Christmas Eve.

Just before bedtime Grace made some hot chocolate. While she was doing this she took the mistletoe berries and crushed them, making a funny kind of milk which she hid. She kissed the cat and let it out, and then went to bed.

The next morning Grace came down to make a cup of morning tea for them both. She was pouring some of the mistletoe milk into his tea, when she heard a scratching at the door. She put down the dish of milk and went to let the cat in. She opened the door and there was nothing there. She stood for a moment and looked down at the step. Then, shrugging her shoulders, she closed the door and went back into the kitchen.

The cat was lying on the counter beside the two cups of tea, dead.

Grace dropped to her knees with a cry and wept.

Daniel Marsden, *Form 3*

IF I WERE A CAT

*If I were a cat, life would come in nines,
I could walk all over, feeling fine,
Without getting murdered or kidnapped and raped,
No fearing of guard dog at the garden gate.*

*If I were a cat I could sleep a lot,
The time and the place would matter not;
I would yawn and show my tongue of red-
Provided I had a comfortable bed!*

*If I were a cat, the 'Whiskas is there',
In chicken, liver, beef or hare;
Two meals a day and no washing up,
A look of excitement, a skip and a jump.*

*If I were a cat I'd not have to work,
If I failed my exams I'd give a smirk;
From school to the dole, or the starting of crime,
I'd soon realise - what a waste of time!*

*If I were a cat, love is all around -
All over my home it can be found;
A kiss and a cuddle, a stroke of the fur,
Is all that's needed to make me purr.*

*If I were a cat, life would come in nines,
I could walk all over feeling just fine,
Without getting murdered or kidnapped and
knifed -
Surely this is the best way of life?*

Casper Jones, L6th



Scrapboard by Paul Crabbie.
Left: *Enlargement of the bottom right-hand section.*



Scrapboard by Thomas Shannon.

AN EVENTFUL LESSON

We were doing some work on conjunctions when I suddenly heard Dilan Abeywardene, who is a fellow colleague of mine from that cricketing world of adventures, the lovely island of Sri Lanka, utter a quiet groan. He did this constantly, as well as scratching his cheeks.

The teacher looked up from her marking and told Dilan to get on with some work, instead of just sitting and scratching his cheeks. Then again he moaned, and this time she looked at Matthew Murgatroyd, who (according to her) just gave her an attractive and charming smile. At this she was suspicious, but she still did not realise what had happened.

It all started like this: Kevin Kerr, who is our good friend from way out West, the U.S.A., had a rubbery, thick elastic band (given, according to him, by his good friend in faith, James Vernon). Armed with his band he aimed for Dilan's cheeks and let go... "Aaaahh...!" Dilan

obviously felt the pain, but luckily for the Yank Mrs Sanderson didn't hear him until he groaned a bit louder. But then instead of the Yank getting into trouble, Dilan did. After about ten minutes there was another "Aaaahh." This time our good friend Dave Galley was behind it. He threw a rubber at Dilan's head, but Dilan responded and fired back. Then they started on me (by the way, my name is Mohammed Al Hashemi). Dave started it by throwing a rubber at my face; I responded, thinking it was Kevin, by firing at him. Then I got on with some work, until I received a full new rubber on my head. Mrs Sanderson heard the bump, looked up, and blamed it on Richard Prosser!

The bell rang and the lesson ended. Mrs Sanderson then forgot all about it until Kevin, our good friend the Yank, told her the real truth and exactly what had happened. But he did not do this until much later in the term!

... And From Another Viewpoint!

Of course I could not see the funny side of that lesson . . . not until Kevin explained much later in the term. I can't even remember what the subject of the lesson was, though I think that it probably involved some writing. Fourth form English has not been one of my successes so far.

The class is very small: only seven boys at the moment and all have very different backgrounds and interests. It frequently seems to me that the only thing they have in common is a dislike of English lessons.

On this particular morning there had been a fragile quietness. An experienced teacher is always aware of such an atmosphere and recognises the elements of expectancy and excitement. Sooner or later something will happen.

Suddenly Dilan was looking cross and rubbing the side of his face. He is a tall, rather solemn-looking boy who, as far as I can see, doesn't actually start disruptions. (Like all pupils, he will usually enjoy any disturbances. I consider this a reasonable attitude.) I looked quickly round the class: as usual, Matthews offered me a charming and open smile. Everyone else seemed preoccupied with their work.

Once again Dilan was rubbing his head. I looked immediately at those sitting opposite him. Richard was actually sitting at his desk instead of precariously balanced at an acute backward slant. I thought that was highly

suspicious. When challenged, Richard denied all knowledge of anything hitting Dilan. Certainly there was nothing to be seen near Dilan or Richard.

I sat back and prepared to give this all my attention. This meant that I had to go into my 'glasses on and off' routine. I write and read without my spectacles, but to detect classroom misdeeds I have to put them on - fast! Usually I am too late.

I was certainly too late on this occasion. Dilan claimed again that he was being used for target practice. I didn't disbelieve him but there was nothing on the floor anywhere. I accused him of returning the invisible missiles. He made it clear that he was now not only an injured party but unjustly treated by AUTHORITY. Shades of colonialism here?

Finally I remarked rather sarcastically that unless the weapon was a boomerang, there was nothing being thrown. I noted that several heads remained bowed over their work . . . Kevin, Dave and Jimmy in particular. Mohammed was making one or two comments that seemed designed to distract.

The bell went. Some six weeks later, Kevin explained that he did indeed possess a little rubber missile which boomeranged back to its devoted owner whenever expertly flicked.

M.J.S.

FORM 2 VISIT TO THE MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE

The appearance of the Museum was not very inviting; it looked all cold and bare but when we walked in, it was packed with many video cartoons, clapper boards and animals from famous films.

Julian Edwards

Inside the Museum, we experienced special stage tricks and some confusing visual perceptions.

Greg Clarke

I liked the mirror which made it look as if you could fly.

Simon Cully

I liked the part where you read a news report just like the real thing and then saw yourself on the television.

David Matthews

As it's a Museum, there are mostly old things, but you can touch everything.

Matthew Bartington

They had many famous film clips like 'Out of Africa', 'Coming to America', 'Mary, Queen of Scots' and many more.

Julian Edwards

They showed you how to do things like a flying bird.

James Dow

It has a large collection of the original Jim Henson puppets, also a lot from Labyrinth.

Matthew Bartington



Athletics

INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS

A beautiful spell of hot dry weather provided Cokethorpe athletes with the opportunity to show their all round abilities. Thursday 15 June saw all the field events take place with no new school records being set, but several near-misses. Luke Hollick threw the cricket ball over 54 metres and Christopher Horn beat the Head Boy, Adule Wariebi, by 1 cm in the senior long jump. Altogether it was a very pleasing and rewarding afternoon's field events.

The new timing for the track events was the morning of Open Day, 17th June. It was well attended and supported by parents. Several athletes performed beyond their expected limits, and several races were fought right to the finishing line. Each age group produced its own Victor Ludorum, the best athlete who normally wins three events, and this year all three boys were triple winners:

Junior:

Luke Staniford – 100m 200m High Jump

Inter:

James Vernon – 100m 200m Long Jump

Senior:

Michael Orebiyi – 100m 200m Discus

The overall Athletics Trophy went to Queen Anne, with Vanbrugh being runners-up. It was Queen Anne's second successive trophy. Total scores were as follows:

Queen Anne	136 pts
Vanbrugh	116 pts
Harcourt	94 pts
Swift	73 pts

Individual awards were again given for the Howland Cup and the Davie Shield for the Senior 400m and Senior 1500m, respectively. Nicholas Ford won the latter in a time of 4 min 48.7 secs, and Adule Wariebi the former in 55.41 secs.

Well done to all those who competed.

C.M.

Top: *Mrs Gould presents Nicholas Ford with the Davie Shield (Senior 1500m)*

Bottom: *Simon Lancaster (Harcourt) finishes the most gruelling relay, 4 x 400m*





The Triathletes: Searson, Shannon, O'Farrell, Ford.



C.M.: borrowed bike, borrowed time!



T.J.L. (Seeing stars?)



O'Farrell putting best foot forwards.



The flowing Shannon.

TRIATHLON

A new sport emerged at Cokethorpe this year – that of the Triathlon. This 3-disciplined test of physical prowess involved a 500m swim, 20km of cycling, and a 5km run. Nationally, ten centres held 'Try Triathlon' days on 7th May, and of the original entries, four boys and two staff competed in a most perfect setting at Wokingham on a sunny Sunday morning.

Original confidences on being able to train for the event were justified, but once the Easter holidays had been and gone it was very difficult to commence a full training programme. In spite of other commitments some swimming, cycling and running was done at lunchtimes or in odd free sessions. On the day the boys performed very well and felt they finished with reserves of energy. Mr Lawry came 13th overall out of some 100 competitors, and myself a little lower, reflecting a late decision to take part only fifteen minutes before the start time, which involved the hectic borrowing of trunks and a bike!

Mr Stark provided excellent back-up for the team, for which we were all grateful. The parents of the boys involved also gave willing support. We can now appreciate why the World Champion is a full-time professional, as the time needed for proper training is considerable. It is hoped that this is just the beginning of another successful sport at Cokethorpe, even though we are some way off the World Iron Man distances of a two and a half mile sea swim, 112 mile cycle race, followed by a full marathon! You must remember that no time is given to dry and change; competitors do the courses continuously. A good changing time from pool to bike is thirty seconds.
C.M.

The squad's second attempt at a triathlon course was made five weeks later on 11th June at Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset. The course was of similar distance to Wokingham: swim 500m, cycle 20km, run 6km. The event was harder as the changeover from swim to cycle meant a run of some 200m and the final run of 6km involved running on pavement, beach and even sand dunes! (We were not amused.) This was unlike the novice event in many ways: (a) everyone else could swim, (b) they all looked incredibly fit and (c) they knew what they were doing. The entry this time was 400.

My start time was some two hours after the boys, which gave me time to organise helmets, kit changes etc. John and Pat Stark kindly helped as support and 'pit-stop' team. I had a chance to watch, encourage and note the team's shortcomings. Swimming is our weakest discipline due to the logistics of getting into Witney. Despite some early morning work-out (0715 hrs) at the pool with John Stark coaching, we lacked strength in this discipline.

In general terms, the boys performed very well against stiff opposition and very warm conditions. I spoke to the Red Cross afterwards and they told me the event had claimed many victims. From a personal view, I have thoroughly enjoyed working with the boys and I hope they continue the sport. Congratulations to Matthew Searson, Tom Shannon, Nicholas Ford, Sean O'Farrell, Robert Martyr and Henry Kitching on the way they applied themselves to this new challenge.

T.J.L.

FINISHING TIMES

Wokingham

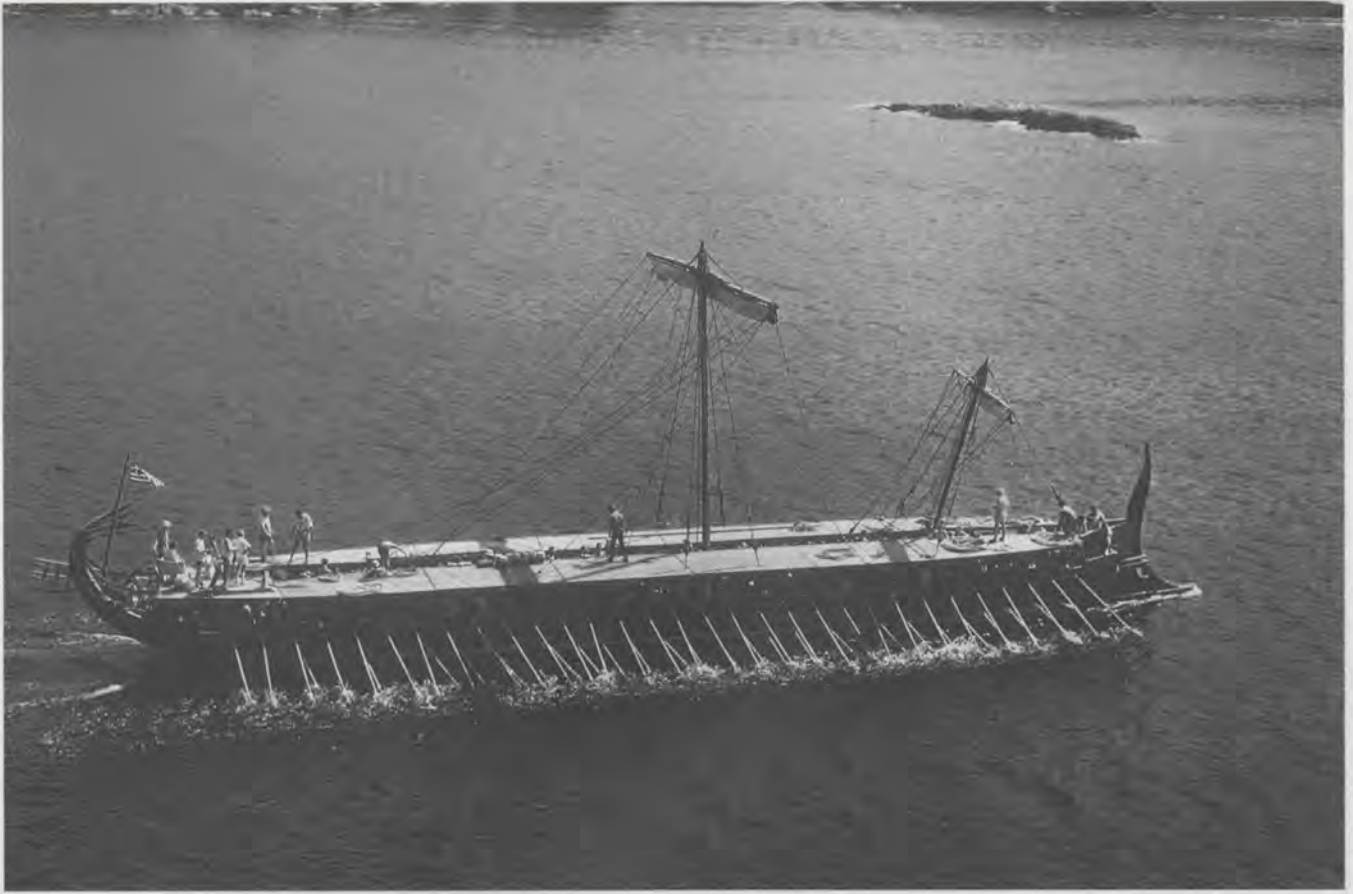
T. J. Lawry	1 hr 7.58 mins	T. J. Lawry	1 hr 19.17 mins
S. J. O'Farrell	1 hr 14.32 mins	S. J. O'Farrell	1 hr 28.18 mins
M. R. Searson	1 hr 15.30 mins	N. W. Ford	1 hr 30.15 mins
T. U. Shannon	1 hr 18.31 mins	R.J. Martyr	1 hr 31.24 mins
C. Maskery	1 hr 18.43 mins	H. R. G. Kitching	1 hr 32.02 mins
N. W. Ford	1 hr 21.27 mins	M. R. Searson	1 hr 35.53 mins

Burnham-on-Sea

The winning junior time was 1hr 9mins - pretty fast!!

FROM A POLITICAL STUDIES ESSAY

The Shadow Cabinet is a body which takes over when the Prime Minister is on holiday



The Trireme Expedition

August 1988

by T. J. Lawry

Hard work, great fun, an extremely worthwhile experience. That is how I would describe my three weeks spent as a 'galley slave' on the Greek Trireme last August. The re-construction of this Athenian warship has been well documented through the media but I first came to hear of her through my rowing chums at Oxford City. Several of them had been crew in the summer of '87 and taken the boat for its first 'test drive'. Now, the budding film stars were keen to have a club evening viewing of the BBC's recording of the event. After a couple of pints of Becks beer, it seemed a wonderful thing to do. (After two pints of Becks, hang-gliding seems a wonderful thing to do!) So, when the Trireme Trust announced another 'expedition', I promptly signed on and was pleased to be accepted.

In May, a training programme arrived, explaining that as the oars weighed 80lbs each our strength would need to be built up for the event. The schedule set would have made Geoff Capes wince, so I promptly halved it and set to work. By the end of the summer term, I was raring to go and decided to take my racing cycle to complete the trip with some touring.

The Trireme was based at the island of Poros, docked by the Hellenic Navy training school for petty officers. Built by the Americans shortly after the last war, it had all

the qualities of a microwave oven, hot and basic. After one sleepless night, I promptly moved to the roof with full air conditioning and superb views. The idea quickly caught on as the crew of 200 amalgamated. A party of 50 Americans joined the French, German, Australian, New Zealand, Irish and British contingents and their 'relentless enthusiasm' was a wonder to behold. One third of the crew were female: all proven athletes, they had the unenviable position as Thalamians or 'bilge rats', as we affectionately called them, as they rowed the bottom tier, nearest the keel. This was mainly due to height restriction dictated by seat positioning. Being 6ft tall, fortunately I qualified for a Thranite (top tier) which meant I had the sea breeze to cool me and was the only member of the Triad to see what my blade was doing. The disadvantage of this, however, was my having to coach my Triad into synchronising their stroke rate and length with the 130 or so on our side of the boat. Not an easy task when gasping for breath, swinging off an 80lb oar, rating 50 strokes a minute, believe me! They eventually deciphered my grunts.

Our first few outings resembled what can only be described as a drowning millipede and tempers were soon flaring in the 100°+ heat, as people clashed blades, had kidneys bruised or were pinned to the hull beams after 'crabbing'. The mornings started at 0630hrs as we

lined up 'grid fashion' before boarding section by section. An early start for the 'Brit' contingent adept at burning the midnight oil, much to the disgust of our American cousins (initially that is!). By the second week, we were mastering the whole business and slotting together as a crew. What more magnificent sight than this huge man-o-war powering along with 170 blades in harmony, fantastic! This result was achieved by rigging an intercom system and the cadence being called. Most of the time, our timing was taken from a flautist who sat midships by the mast, not by drum as often portrayed in Hollywood presentations. I'm glad to say, we didn't have a 'whipmaster' either, as the Greek oarsmen were selected and paid and highly honoured. Unlike the slaves used by the Persians for instance. One chap was disappointed and remarked he'd only come for the whips and chains, very strange!

We rowed most mornings for four hours, and undertook sea trials on manoeuvring and speed both with and without sail. By the end of the third week, we had set a record 'ramming speed' of 10.2 knots, over a distance of 500 metres. After a rating of 80+ strokes per minutes, we were grateful at the sound of 'easy all' over the speaker system and overjoyed at the result of our efforts, which had beaten the existing record by two knots. Good cause for more celebration and liquid replacement!

The highlight of the three weeks was undoubtedly our sea voyage to the mainland port of Methana. To get there was a struggle into a brisk head-wind and we could only use the top two tiers with change-overs of 40 minutes.

Several hours later, we approached the port. Rowing on the top tier gave me the wonderful sight of the town people flocking towards the quayside by the score. Small children ran up the streets calling to their neighbours. By the time we had docked, it seemed the whole town had come to cheer us in and applauded us warmly. I imagined the triumphant warriors returning from the battle of Salamis and their victory over the much larger Persian forces. It was a moment to be savoured and one I shall never forget.

We had a one hour break at the port where we quenched our thirsts, watched admiringly by the locals and feeling very important indeed. The townfolk cheered us off, after a speech by the mayor, who honoured the re-birth of the Trireme and the good spirit of the multi-national crew. His praises were enhanced by boxes of local sweet delicacies, hastily wrapped at our arrival; it was wonderful. In true British fashion, we gave three hearty cheers for the mayor and his good people and hastily set sail with the advantage of the following wind, our minds set on the familiar harbour of Poros and our next 'appointment' at George's Cafe for cocktails.

I ended what can only be described as the experience of a lifetime, by cycling back to Athens through the Peloponnese and visiting the wondrous sights filled with history and mythology that the area had to offer. Bidding a rather tearful farewell to new-found friends, I cycled off into the mountains in true English fashion . . . at midday in 115° of heat, looking ahead to new sights, challenges and experiences – but that's another tale!



Poetry in motion

Ethiopian Mother and Child

by James Horada

'Mother and Child' is a wide subject, even for sculpture, but to me the title immediately suggested the presence of a strong, sensitive relationship – so strong that the two bodies could be thought of as one. It was this immense love and affection between a mother and her child (whether human or animal) that I wished to convey in my sculpture.

I first considered the action and image of the work-to-be by reference to certain artists from Kollwitz to Henry Moore. Images of birth itself, and the simple act of holding hands, were both considered before I decided that the mother should be seen caringly, breastfeeding her child. And, as there has been a great deal of attention during these past years to Third World countries and famine, I decided to show the mother as a starved Ethiopian woman sacrificing her energy and nutrients for the sake of her child. For I feel love's greatness is revealed in times of danger and trouble, and the relationship between mother and child then becomes one of life and death.



CERAMICS

Once again the standard of work in the Ceramics Department has increased tremendously. With the guidance of Mrs Zimehl, boys from the lowest to the highest forms have revealed their potential – and, at times, perhaps even impressed themselves! It is pleasing to see that the good standard created by many of last year's GCSE Art and Ceramics pupils has been so well maintained and bettered by this year's students.

Several people especially have excelled, showing promise and skill. Among those who should be complimented on their efforts are Philip Lenehan for his Victorian-style table centre-piece (based on an 'epergne'); Yazdan Karbasi for his 'Seedman', and Simon Jewell's 'Starving Hands'. I feel also that James Jeffs and Paul Brown in the 4th Form, and David Matthews and Jacob Jeffries in Junior House, all show talent.

This year the saga of awkwardness and troubling mishaps from the old ceramics kiln came to an end. A totally new kiln was purchased by the school at the beginning of the summer term. This was a blessing for it meant an end to risk, nervousness and worry – and an end, too, to sculptures shattering and glazed pots turning a gross green colour instead of a tender blue! With the installation of this more efficient and larger kiln, life has become once again easier and calmer.

Unfortunately, this successful and enjoyable year ends on a sad note for the ceramics students, as the very popular and friendly Mrs Zimehl is leaving Cokethorpe to return to her studies and attend to the presenting of her own exhibitions in London. In the two years she has been at Cokethorpe Mrs Zimehl has been a great inspiration to many boys taking this subject, both as an activity and a GCSE or 'A' level subject. Her talents are truly appreciated, and we wish her the best of luck in her future endeavours.

James Horada



*Homage to Ludwig of Bavaria?
James Horada's GCSE coursework piece. Note the base.*



James Horada

As James Horada has been too modest about his own efforts, we asked Mrs Zimehl if she would complement his ceramics report with a few words of her own . . .

Nothing can give a teacher more pleasure than to see a pupil like James show so much enthusiasm and dedication to one's subject. His earlier sculptural pieces already indicated a sensitive awareness of the expressive potential of clay. Over the last year James' technical expertise in ceramics has improved enormously and he progressed with confidence from one piece of work to another. He learned to construct his sculptures quickly by successfully adopting my slightly unorthodox method of slab-coiling.

There were sad times as well, but James never became discouraged by the problems and accidents which happened during the time when we had to depend on the 'mystique of the fire' of our old kiln!

Over the last term James became more and more aware of the need to try to discover his own capacity for originality, and he worked independently with exemplary self-discipline. Hence, he began to visualise the finished article more clearly before making any kind of start. The relationship between the practical means by which the work is carried out and the character of the final result seems to have a magnetic effect on James; he keeps coming back for more.

I.Z.

FOUNDATION ART YEAR

*Neil Pineo, who left last summer,
writes about his year at Banbury College of Art.*

The purpose of a foundation course such as the one I have been doing at Banbury is to prepare students for a more specialised area of study in the art world – usually in the form of a degree or a B.Tech Higher National Diploma. The course gives students the opportunity to experience all the different aspects of art in order that they can discover to which area they are most suited. Having done this, they then concentrate on their chosen area of study, building up an appropriate portfolio of work. It will help students if they already have a fair idea of what they want to do when applying for a foundation course. However, this is only useful if their work is strong in that area!

In the first term of the year students do two week blocks in differing areas such as texture/pattern, form and space, graphics, photography etc. Drawing is a very important part of the course and is a regular activity throughout the entire year. A basic knowledge of Art History is passed on to students through lectures once a week – Medieval Arts right up to the work of contemporary painters today. Architecture, poster design and design of consumer goods also come into the weekly lectures.

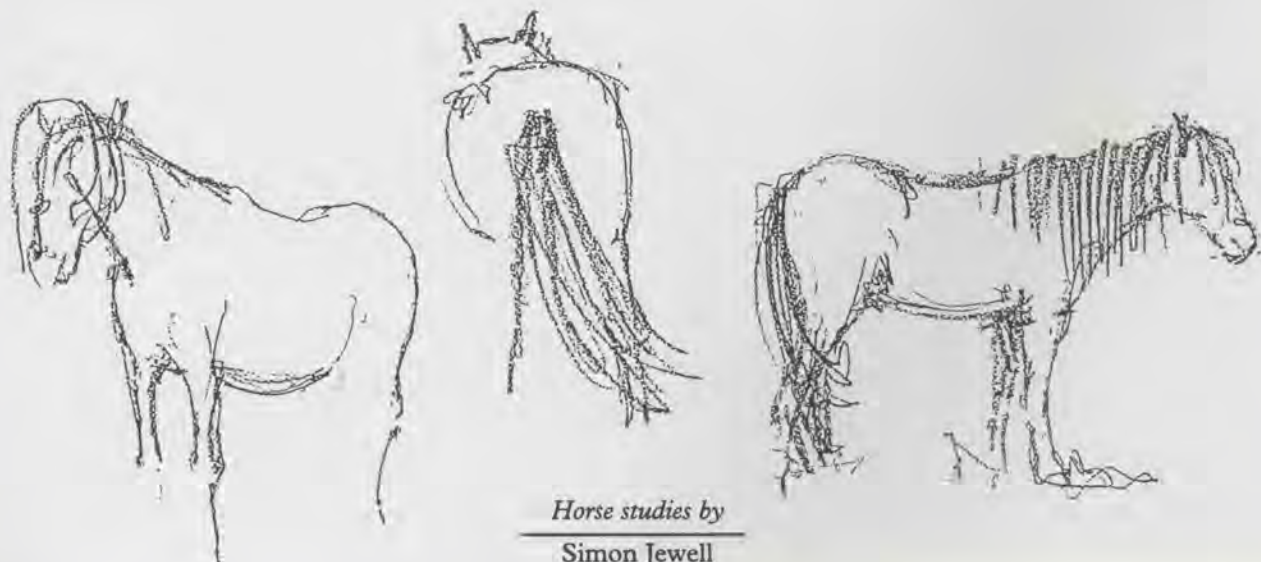
In the second term students specialise in the area of their choice. The three specialisations are studied on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Monday morning is tutorial time. This is when the tutors hear what a wild weekend everybody had; the rest of the day is spend drawing. Tuesdays are History of Art and Life Drawing. In the second term students build up a good body of work

ready for the interviews which will take place through the summer term.

There are regular assessments of work. In the early stages this is to allow the students to do battle with the tutors to decide in which direction they are heading. When the students have won over the tutors and told them what they are going to do, the assessments gear students to prepare for interviews. These assessments function as a guide to let students know where they stand as regards their work and what still has to be done.

During the year there are organised trips to art galleries and exhibitions; to London more often than not. These are not very different in nature to the art trips we used to have at Cokethorpe. However, there are some excursions further afield. In February this year we had a five-day trip to Paris. Alas, it was rather ironic that the Louvre decided to close for refurbishment at this time! It was like any other art outing, just on a grander scale. I won't say how many galleries I got to. Let's just say I saw more interiors in the form of Parisian bars. You can't let an opportunity like that pass without acquiring some of the local culture.

At the moment the whole college is busy setting up the end-of-year exhibition based on the best of the year's work. It is a very lively display and a good representation of the whole course, as well as individual students' ability. The whole year goes amazingly quickly and I would advise anyone doing the course to make the most of it.



*Horse studies by
Simon Jewell*



Pastel study by Benjamin Cooper



Further studies for examination piece by Benjamin Cooper



Left:
Watercolour Winter Scene
by Simon Jewell.

Below:
Monochrome landscape study
by Simon Jewell.



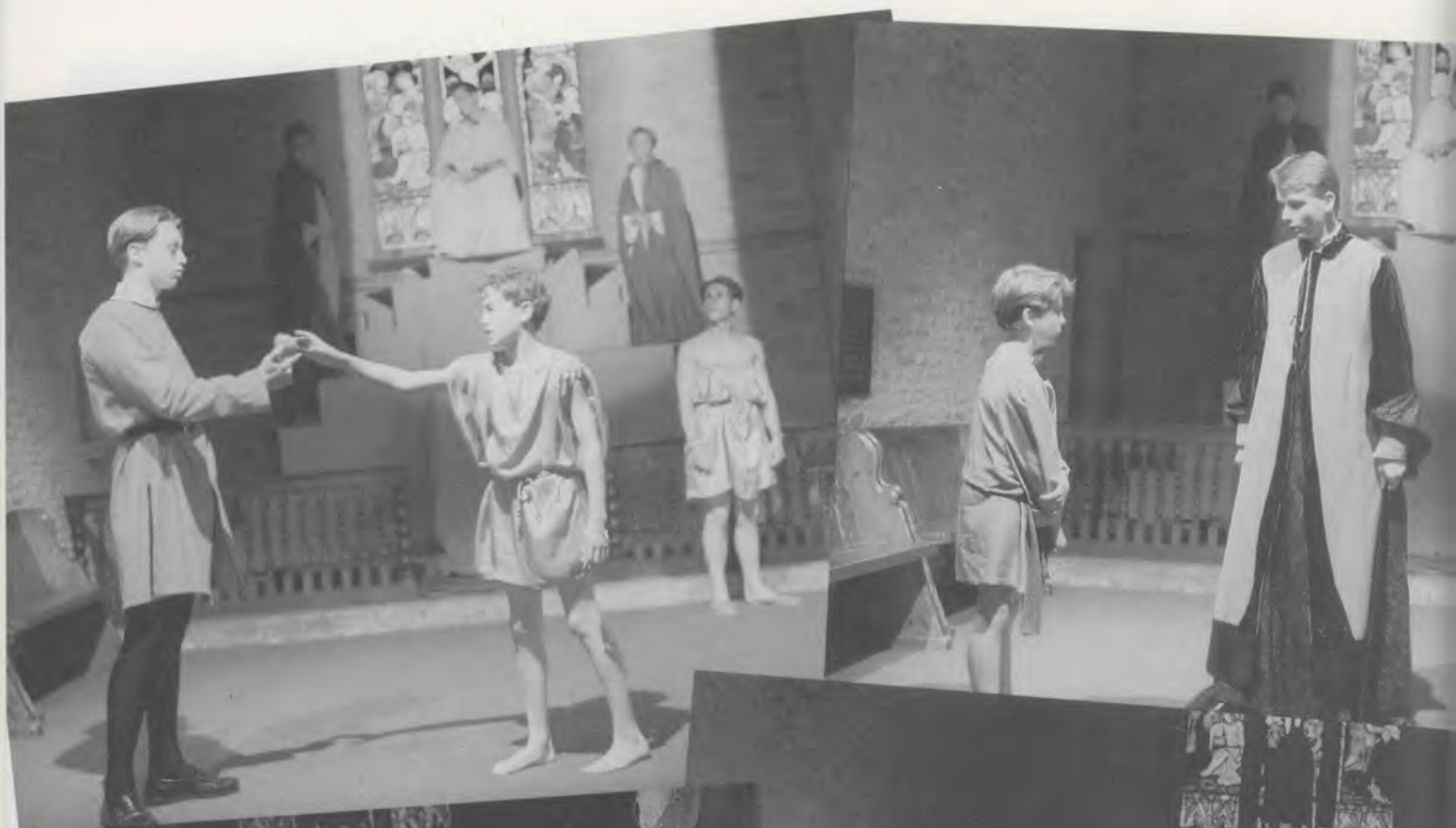
Birds of Prey

A bustle of noise, then silence. A bearded man of about 30 walked into the Corinthian Room. He was introduced by our English teacher, Mrs Sanderson: his name was Mr Bell and he had come to speak to us from the Falconry Centre at Newent in Gloucestershire. We gave him a modest round of welcoming applause, and he then began to explain to us what the Falconry Centre was. With the help of various slides, which were very clear and precise, he showed us the different parts of the aviary and the various facilities they have at the centre. He then described in more detail the work of the centre in rearing and keeping all kinds of birds of prey: eagles, falcons, buzzards, and secretary birds were just some that we saw, and about whose habits we learned a little. They have had a good deal of success at Newent in rearing and raising some rather unusual birds. With native birds they also attempt to re-introduce into wild habitats if there is a suitable opportunity.

By far the best part of the talk, though, was when Mr Bell brought out from a box the most beautiful barn owl I've ever seen. She was perfect in every dimension. Her name is Elsie, and having done a lot of film work she's quite a star – and knows it! Mr Bell talked to us about her, and showed us how tiny the fleshy part of the creature is – most of it is feathers. At first Elsie was rather timid, but after a little persuasion with some chicken meat she soon started to fly round the upper part of the Corinthian Room, often to the point where it was hard to stop her. When the talk was over a large number of admirers gathered round to take a closer look at her, and perched on Mr Bell's wrist she posed for her photograph. Alas, the time went quickly and the moment when Elsie had to be put away came all too soon. I liked Elsie a great deal.

Simon Morton





THE SCHOOL PLAY



The Lincoln Mystery Plays

The church of St Mary the Virgin in the grounds of Cokethorpe was once again the setting for the school play this year. It was a most appropriate choice of place for the Lincoln Mystery cycle, which tells the Bible stories from Creation to the Last Judgement. The original (which incidentally are some of the oldest plays in the English language) takes the best part of a day to perform, but no-one was too disappointed to hear that the portions selected for performance at Cokethorpe were to take rather less time than that!

The play opened with James Horada as God mounting the only piece of staging, which consisted of two flights of steps just in front of the East window of the church, so that when he announced who he was he was framed against the light shining through the stained-glass - thus giving a most unusual and dramatic effect. He was shortly joined by two of his early "creations", the Archangels Gabriel and Michael played by Paul Brown and Oliver May, respectively. The former in particular gave an especially good performance throughout the play, being involved in several scenes and, as far as was apparent, he was word perfect in all and managed to move around the stage unobtrusively until it was his cue to speak.

Adam and Eve emerged from behind a curtain beneath the steps the picture of innocence in long white robes. Both Justin Price as Adam and Jacob Jeffries gave adequate performances, although I feel that Jacob could perhaps have made a little more of his role, particularly in his reactions with the Devil who was convincingly played by James Jeffs. Adam was a little more shocked by what he had done in eating of the forbidden fruit, but then we have come to expect a good performance from Justin Price. Similarly, Cain and Abel were well played by David Hart and Aiden Langly, although the latter's performance was a little marred by the fact that Abel was difficult to hear at the back of the church.

The final two scenes from the Old Testament were the Sacrifice (or rather near sacrifice) by Abraham (Kevin Copinger) of his son Isaac (played by John Kelly in the first of four parts!). If this scene slightly failed to make the most of the drama of the story, it was certainly not due to a lack of effort on the part of the actors - especially a very animated Isaac - but simply perhaps an unfamiliarity with the stage and an audience. This was not a problem for Nicholas de Foubert who proclaimed the message of Isaiah loudly and clearly from the pulpit, introducing the New Testament part of the play.



The Arrest: 'Whom do you seek?'

The Advent saw the play move into a rather more busy phase with scenes running into each other and many more characters on stage at once, some of whom were better than others. The outstanding performance was, of course, that of Nicholas Bingham as Our Lord. He was clearly spoken and had a presence even though he is not perhaps the most commanding of figures physically. It would be difficult to run through all the parts and all the actors individually, and wrong to do so and miss out someone. Unfortunately, some of the actors were not as diligent as others in the way they learned their lines and movements, which was shame because some had clearly worked very hard and overall there was very little prompting required at all by the time of the second performance.

The crucifixion was very moving and, although it must also have been very uncomfortable, it was most effective to see Jesus fixed to a cross and lifted up in what seemed to be a most realistic fashion. Finally, there was the Last Judgement in which Jesus sat on the throne in the East window, flanked by his angels, to send Lucifer

– defiant as ever – to hell and to divide the rest of the cast into those who would be saved and those who would not.

The play was performed three times in all, including the dress rehearsal, and it has to be said that the difference between that and the final performance was unbelievable. All must have worked very hard over the next two days to learn lines and movements for the second night and to put something of a polish on the performance for the last night. Mention must be made of the patient and hard work that CJN puts into the production of plays. He has to compete with external exams, cricket matches, regattas and simple absent-mindedness on the part of some of the cast when it comes to gathering together for rehearsal, and he does so with only the slightest rise in blood pressure when I'm sure the rest of us would be simultaneously in a rage and suffering from severe depression for the rest of term. Credit must also go to all those who help behind the scenes: lights, costumes, staging and props don't just materialise.

E.J.F.

OUR TRINIDADIAN FRIEND AGAIN

Q: 'Which part were you hoping to have in the School Play?'

A: 'I don't know yet, sir – but I want to play the Devil real bad.'

WATERCOLOUR TECHNIQUES

Watercolour is a pigment ground into gum arabic, a substance derived from Acacia trees. The gum is very soluble in water and when laid on paper gives a firm adherence. This pigment acts as a light, thin varnish. Originally, gum arabic was used on its own - but later honey, glycerine and syrup were introduced to give the painting an added transparency.

There are many special techniques used to produce a finished watercolour painting. Although many painters work in this medium with a restricted palette, they still manage to achieve some stunning effects. The basis of all watercolour paintings is the 'wash'. A wash is a colour laid over an area which is too large to be covered by a brush stroke. A *flat wash* is an even wash which does not show any variations of tone. To achieve this effect the artist must first dampen the area with clean water. He should then mix up more than enough paint. When the brush is passed over the paper the paint is dispersed allowing the wash to be put down without showing any seams.

A *variegated wash* is used not with tones but with different colours. The process is the same, but different colours are left to meld together instead of different strengths of tone. A *graduated wash* is almost the same technique as the flat wash. Colour is usually made darker at the top of the paper and as the wash progresses further down the paper it fades away. This is a good technique for skies.

After these basic washes have been laid down on the paper the artist can begin to build up the painting by using a series of techniques. For example, there is which comprises dots of colour placed on the surface of the paper. It is often used to suggest texture. These dots are either laid over the washes or can be used on plain white paper. It was a technique widely used by certain late 19th century French impressionist painters like Seurat and Signac.

Scrumpling is a method by which paint is applied to the paper in a scrubbing motion. It picks up the texture of the paper, and is a useful technique for painting trees. Another method which is widely used is *dry brush*, which simply means that the paint is applied with a minimum amount of water. It is a technique which needs much more concentration; it is usually used to put the finishing touches to a watercolour painting.

Another technique is called *wash and line*. The line is used to putting in the final details and adding darker tones where necessary. Line and wash on the other hand is a totally different procedure. The line is used to draw the whole scene or object; the washes are laid down to amplify and bring form to the painting. Sometimes the line is used to key the washes, thus emphasising particular shapes.

Some artists use a sponge to lay on their washes. It saves time and in some ways is a better 'tool' for the job than a brush. A sponge is rinsed and then dried properly.

The last thing to mention is the mixing techniques. If a painter breaks a few rules in this respect he can be rewarded with unexpected results. For example, an interesting effect can be achieved by spreading coloured inks onto paper and then washes of watercolour laid down on top in an opaque colour. Then some parts can be blotted back to reveal the paper surface and the transparent ink on top.

Simon Jewell

MY DRAWING

I am studying Art for GCSE and this is my second year. So far I have been pleased with my work. When my examination paper arrived we had ten choices of subject-matter of which we had to choose just one. The question I chose was: "Using the theme of skeletons as a starting point, produce work which shows a personal response to the idea of skeletal form".

As I read this I remembered a photograph I had seen in a magazine a few days before. A man, or should I say a soldier, looks at the flat land of the desert as he holds a rifle. A huge eruption of smoke can be seen rising into the sky. The smoke is from the biggest oil refinery in the world at Abadan. The photograph was taken at the beginning of the Iran-Iraq war.

This picture gave me an idea for a drawing. I would use it in such a way as to represent death. First I drew a skeleton of a human being facing away from anyone who would view the picture. The skeleton is a standing figure. He holds a rifle and is wearing a helmet, and he is looking at a cloud of smoke just like the one in the photograph I saw. Near the standing skeleton there are other skeletons half-buried in the ground. These skeletons are in the colour of real bones, whereas the standing skeleton is just shaded in black and white. The reason why I have drawn the skeletons like that is because I wanted to indicate the difference between reality and unreality.

The sky is drawn in dirty, dull blue. By dirty I mean that it has a lot of black shading in it which indicates smoke. There is no sign of life in the sky or on the ground - for instance, there are no birds flying. There are no clouds in the sky. It is a dead picture.

The other thing I have done is to draw the structure of a bridge. This bridge has been destroyed. The only thing left is the skeleton of the girders.

In my picture there is evidence of war everywhere. It shows a land after a hard, bitter struggle. By drawing my picture I hope I have shown my personal idea of skeletons, waste, and death.

Yazdan Karbasi



Top: *Justin Etkin (speaking), Angus Morrison, Mohammed Al-Hashemi.*
Middle: *Daniel Marsden, Kevin Kerr, Rupert Larkin.*
Bottom: *Dilan Abeyewardene.*

DEBATING

The inter-House competition consisted of two debates, the first of which was fought between Harcourt and Vanbrugh on January 31st on the motion that 'This House believes the Queen should abdicate to make way for the younger royals'. Neil Hair, Christopher Horn and Daniel Marsden proposed, and they were opposed by Robert Hall, Justin Etkin and James Hubbard of Vanbrugh. Speeches were of varying quality, but the judges – admirably chaired once again by Mr Fenton – had a sense that the Vanbrugh boys had worked better as a team in their preparation than Harcourt, and accordingly the scores were Vanbrugh 129, Harcourt 107.

The following spoke from the floor: Morrison and Read (twice), Al-Hashemi, Kerr, Hart, Karbasi, Price, Larkin, Horada, Casey, Mashood, Abeyewardene, Bateman, Ford, O'Farrell, Kabbara, Mundy and Hadeed.

The second debate, 'This House deplores the presence of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Foreign Secretary at the funeral of Emperor Hirohito', took place on February 6th between Swift and Queen Anne. Michael and Richard Pye, and Michael Read, of Swift proposed; James Horada, David Hart and Nicholas Bingham opposed. This was a debate of a much higher standard, but there was no doubt that the proposers of the motion were more convincing, both in the content of their speeches and the manner of delivery. Accordingly, the judges found in their favour by 149 points to 119.

Contributions from the floor lasted a good 25 minutes and included: Morrison and Karbasi (twice), Wingrove, Prosser, Kelly, Murgatroyd, Al-Hashemi, Morton, Cooper, Wilder, Etkin, Kerr, Mashood and Abeyewardene.



Cordell Hadeed

Swift were therefore the outright winners of this year's competition, followed by Vanbrugh, Queen Anne and Harcourt in 2nd, 3rd and 4th places respectively. As the lists above show, floor contribution has been plentiful; much of it has also been of a good quality, with several members – particularly Messrs Hadeed and Abeyewardene, Etkin and Wingrove – offering comment and personal opinion to the chamber as a whole rather than simply directing questions to the main speakers.

The two prize debates in the summer term were both contested by keen 4th formers. First, the Cullen Debate on May 26th, when Benjamin Tonks and James Jeffs proposed that 'crowd safety depends on the crowd'. They were opposed by Peter Scriven and Michael Read. It was a close-run thing but our guest Adjudicator, Mrs Norah Lovegrove, eventually pronounced in favour of the proposers (47 points to 43).

The Richard Early debate, on the amusing (though some thought childish) motion that 'This House would prefer to be a wet-bob than a dry-bob', took place on June 5th. Oarsmen Simon Lancaster and Richard Alexander proposed, and, as things turned out, were 'bowled out' 122 points to 99 by the cricketing duo of James Vernon and James Whittenbury. Mr Peter Hamilton adjudicated, only revealing his own previous involvement as an oarsman – and, incidentally, his impartiality as a lawyer by training – after he had delivered his verdict!

Alas, I kept no full record of the floor contribution at these two debates, but it was as lively and vigorous as in the inter-House competition, albeit almost totally one-sided in the rowing/cricket debate. The contributions from Jeffs, Pinkham, Abeyewardene, Morton and Bateman were the most memorable.

My thanks to Mr Carter and Mr White for taking the Chair at the inter-House debates, and Mr Daniels for assisting with adjudication on those occasions. And likewise to Mr Gentry, Mr Snow, Mr Daniels and Mr Fenton for supporting the guest adjudicators at the prize debates.



Christopher Horn

Should the Queen abdicate?

*Robert Hall, opposing the motion
in the Vanbrugh-Harcourt Inter-House debate*

Ladies & Gentlemen, Members of the Floor –

My purpose here tonight is to convince not just the judges, but all of you, that our present Sovereign, Elizabeth II, is – and for many years to come *will* be – the best person to act as the reigning monarch of this country. I'd like to try and make you understand what the job of being a monarch entails. The dictionary definition is simply 'One who reigns over a kingdom or empire'. Well, it sounds simple enough, put like that – doesn't it? But in fact, as we all know, there are many essential qualities required by the person who fills that role. It's my belief that these qualities show through more in Elizabeth II than in anyone else – her heir included.

I'd like to emphasise just how *dedicated* the Queen is. She sees her role not only as a job, but as a *sacred duty* to God and her people. Remember, please, that the Coronation is after all a religious ceremony. I might also point out that, at the beginning of her reign, now nearly forty years ago, she declared that 'My whole life, whether it be short or long, shall be dedicated to your service'. So I say that, as long as she serves us better than anyone else – which I believe she does – 'God save the Queen!'

Admittedly, she has already reached the age at which, in conventional jobs, many people retire. In her case, however, this is not relevant. Hers is not a conventional job. She holds no ordinary post like an employee in a firm – she cannot therefore be dismissed or made to retire just for the sake of being replaced by someone younger with a few more years in them. I put it to you that to be a Sovereign is not a question of 'Taking turns' but of waiting your turn – and in my opinion Prince Charles should wait a bit longer.

The Queen is mainly seen as a figure-head – one who attends social and ceremonial events, and such like. But her talents as a ruler stretch far beyond these narrow

bounds. I think that many of her subjects do not really appreciate the sheer volume of work that passes through her hands; and indeed, as I gain a greater insight into her daily routine, and what happens behind the scenes, I become more amazed at her capacity for hard work. For the whole of her time on the throne she has been meeting everyone who matters around the world. She digests every state paper that comes her way, and has accumulated vast political experience and knowledge. I am quite sure that she has more knowledge and wisdom than any politician now elected into government. And the Queen, thank goodness, is not a politician: she is something more than that: she is *above* petty party-political squabbles. Her qualities are more like those of the statesman and diplomat, and she is respected for this all over the world.

Has it never occurred to you why the Americans are envious of our monarchy? It's not just because they haven't got one; it's because of what the Queen represents – history, tradition, culture . . . Things they do not have in abundance. In herself, the Queen is a shining example of how the British like to be portrayed – and she makes us feel proud to be British. She is a lively host as well as a popular visitor. She has a personal touch which shows through, no matter who she is dealing with. She is dignified but friendly, firm but warm. She is above scandal. She upholds traditional morals and standards. One thing that I greatly admire her for is that she upholds the values of the Church, and sets a very important example in this sphere.

The British public feel secure with Elizabeth as their Queen. She loves her people – and that is why we give her our trust and support. She is a unifying figure who radiates warmth to everybody regardless of their race, colour or politics. I think it would be a great pity if she were to abdicate.

COMMENT FROM THE FLOOR
(in the Inter-House debate on the monarchy)

"...certainly in my time I haven't seen a King..."

And a profounder comment
(during the Cullen Debate)

"Some people find their identity following a leader: others find their identity being the leader..."

BOAT CLUB REPORT

This year the Boat Club had a couple of major perks with the arrival of the long awaited new Land Rover with a bigger engine, which will help getting to regattas, and the purchase of a new coxed four. The first crew have outgrown all the boats which we had and we were lucky to pick up a secondhand front-loading Carbocraft which has been named Eps Boom Choops (silent ps!) in honour of the Headmaster. Their old boat, Tim Jenner, nearly sinks if they get into it now.

We also had a couple of setbacks. The back of the boathouse was demolished by thieves who took one of the inflatables together with its engine (but fortunately refrained from vandalism). This was replaced but the other was stolen from the lake a few weeks later. The trailer is also nearing the end of its life and emergency repairs had to be effected when the back section broke towards the end of the season.

On the water the standard seems to have improved considerably over the last couple of years, the first IV coached by WHCD won many races and reached the final in several regattas. EJV's crew (or rather crews) rowed well and were of such depth of quality that no one could decide which was fastest (it is almost impossible to do time trials on our stretch of river). They reached the final of the Ball Plate but were defeated by under a length, not bad for a 'scratch crew' of Prescott Jones, William Jackson, Mark Evans and Jonathan Stockdale coxed by George Rutter.

Excluding the school's head of the river we attended six regattas this season, Evesham, Carmel, Hereford, Twickenham, Bridgnorth and Ironbridge. We also held an in-house sponsored row two days before the last regatta, starting at our boathouse at 2.30 and arriving at St. Edward's boathouse some three and a half hours later, give or take the time waiting at locks.

The one problem was that the hydraulics at Godstow lock were broken down and so we all had to take out our boats, carry them 200 metres or so and put them back in, only to row about 400 metres to the finish. Everyone enjoyed the row in glorious sunshine (except perhaps the crew of the safety launch, GSP, our guest - a brave non-swimmer - MC and a trainee cox, Adrian Albert, who had to travel at the speed of the slowest) and we hope to raise the money to buy a generator to provide electricity for the boathouse. Thanks are due to all the masters who helped.

Our last regatta was also the most successful - Ironbridge on June 24 followed hard on the heels of the sponsored event which must have done wonders for everyone's rowing. Mr Daniel's crew: Michael Kentish, James Horada, Simon Jewell and Timothy Gardiner coxed by Clifford Alderton, fought very hard to reach the



Negotiating our way through Eynsham Lock during Sponsored Row in aid of new Boat Club generator.



1st IV after just winning Ironbridge Regatta.



Ironbridge: Novice IV about to win first round.



Ironbridge: 1st IV beating RGS Worcester



Ironbridge again: Novice IV pulling ahead over Stourport Rowing Club.

final of the Novice restricted fours beating crews from RGS Worcester, Grosvenor Boat Club and Nottingham University. In the final they met the other Cokethorpe crew who had had a slightly easier time in the other half of the draw. Neil Hair, Richard Oldham, Mark Evans and Neil Jervis coxed by Mark Wilder had a bye through the first round, beat Stourport in the second and rowed over against Hull University in the third. In the final the first IV won by threequarters of a length.

The J14s had a straight final against Belmont Abbey School who for once suffered defeat at the hands of Mr Pipe's crew consisting of Peter Scriven, Michael Joubert, Simon Lancaster and Thomas Jenkinson coxed by Piers Pether.

Our third winner was Mr Pipe himself who, having won his novice sculling pot at Evesham, fought his way through a field of sixteen entrants (including our own Michael Pye who had won his novice pot at Bridgnorth) to win his first Senior III event. We will be sad to see the back of GSP who leaves for Cambridge. We wish him well in his studies for an LLM. We will also be very sorry to say goodbye to Mr Lawry who has not only done a lot of coaching over the last four years but has also put a lot of time and effort making sure that the boats were in serviceable order. We wish him the very best of luck for the future. Both will be remembered for a long time, not least because we have named our two Glyn Locke sculling boats Tim Lawry and Greg Pipe.

I am sure that the whole Boat Club would like to join with me in thanking Mr Daniels, master in charge of rowing, and Mr Fenton who have both worked very hard to give us an enjoyable season's rowing. We would also like to thank the many parents who have given so much support. It is wrong to single out particular people, but special thanks really are due to Mr Jenkinson, whose carpenters did such a marvellous job on Piglet, and Mr Pether who has managed to organise such a good deal for us on the generator.

Trophies are hard to come by in rowing as they usually involve winning a series of races rather than just one. It is pleasing to note that every single crew and sculler listed here (and J.M. Stockdale who was injured for the latter part of the season) with the exception of Michael Joubert in his secondary pursuit as a sculler, has won at least one race against another school, university or boat club. Readers may like to know that this represents victories over at least 30 adversaries.

Clifford Alderton



Final rewards

Competitive Crews

1st IV (Sen III)	Novice IV
M. F. Kentish (Bow)	N. F. Hair
J. J. Horada (2)	R. Oldham
S. B. Jewell (3)	M. G. P. Evans
T. R. Gardiner (Str)	N. D. Jervis
C. B. Alderton (Cox)	T. M. Wilder
WHCD (Coach)	EJF (Coach)
—	—
J16 IV	J14A IV
P. B. F. Jones	P. J. Scriven
W. E. Jackson	M. J. C. Joubert
N. A. K. Bailey	S. T. Lancaster
J. E. Pether	T. R. Jenkinson
G. E. P. Rutter	P. D. Pether
EJF (Coach)	GSP (Coach)
—	—
J14B IV	Scullers
W. D. Pegram	M. R. Pye (Sen III)
D. M. Marsden	D. G. Hart (J16)
R. J. Alexander	M. J. C. Joubert (J14)
A. R. Langley	M. C. Eatwell (J13)
M. C. Eatwell	
TJL (Coach)	

Postscript

in connection with the Sponsored Row

By the 30th June the Sponsored Row had raised over £470, with some money still to come. We have got the generator we set out to buy, and more than £100 to spare with which we will buy some new tools and other equipment for the maintenance of the boathouse. Many thanks again to all those who took part and to those who sponsored them. At the time of writing the highest amount raised was by Michael Kentish - £85.

E.J.F.



Going up to the start . . .

In Defence of Rowing

Adapted from a speech in the Junior Debate
for the Richard Early Prize on the motion that
'This House would rather be a wet-bob than a dry-bob'

Although we are in the minority here, to my mind being a 'wet-bob' is infinitely preferable to being a 'dry-bob'. For a start just take a look at the physique of any active oarsman. For the average crew 4 to 6 sessions on either Hardwick Lake or the river at Newbridge is common in a normal week's rowing; on a double games afternoon this is followed by fitness and weight-training, plus extra work for the really dedicated crews. It is obvious, therefore, that a high level of fitness, stamina and concentration can be found in any member of the Boat Club.

Our chosen sport is one in which communication with nature is complete. In all weather the intrepid rowers are to be found in at the deep end, at one with birds and fish. Being out with the ducks is no disgrace to us! There is surely no more idyllic setting than the river's bank on a hot summer day – especially if that stretch of the river is at Henley Royal Regatta. A true reflection of the stylish side of England, and of course an ideal opportunity for us to dress up to the nines.

Equipment in our Boat Club is limited, and the funding and size of the school cannot of course support a fully professional club. This is why we are having a

sponsored event, in which every oarsman has the opportunity of rowing or sculling from Newbridge to Oxford – a 15-mile course – to raise money for the club.

Our ever ready Junior 16, J15 and J14 crews are always trying to obtain the perfect stroke, the controlled slide and the optimum push necessary to win races. Our luck with coxed Fours at regattas is limited, but many times we have had wins at sculling for which medals and half-colours have been awarded for an outstanding performance. But whether we win or lose, going to a regatta is just part of a good day out in which one can observe the other crews and their techniques, stroll along a famous riverside, row on a well-known race route, and be sociable with fellow rowers in the ever-inviting refreshment tents.

To me, rowing has been a sport which has been full of events over my two years of participating. Nor is it a male-dominated sport like cricket. In fact some of the better performances are given by girls – consequently the sport provides an ideal opportunity to mix with the fairer sex and, possibly, of bowling the odd maiden over . . .

Simon Lancaster

Cricket

1ST XI CRICKET REPORT

It is hard to report on an English cricket season without making some reference to the weather which plays such a vital part in the enjoyment of our summer game. Seldom, if ever, can there have been such a dramatic climatic swing at the start of term as there was this year. This may or may not have been due to the much-vaunted Greenhouse effect; suffice to say that late in April the XI came close to freezing at Bloxham, (not so very far away, at Derby, heavy snowfalls forced umpire Dickie Bird to abandon the Refuge Assurance match against Northants) while early the next month blistering heat left us on the verge of sunstroke after the Abingdon match. May continued to sizzle, all sunshine records were smashed, and although a summer monsoon washed away the Oratory fixture, June was more settled and all other matches were played in relative comfort.

The pleasantly clement weather proved to be a considerable blessing for in 1989 we were forced to field the least experienced team for two decades. In all, seventeen boys played for the School during the season, (eleven "regulars" and six others who won only fifteen "Caps" between them!), but of this eleven only three were Sixth Formers, the rest being drawn from the Fifth or below. These youngsters needed time in the middle to develop their skills, and when their average age is taken into account, their final record of three wins, three draws and five losses does them credit.

In April the XI struggled to find cohesion in the first two matches but had begun to grow in confidence by early May. Against Bloxham a productive second wicket partnership between Gradwell and Horn had taken the total to an encouraging 40-1 before disaster struck . . . nine wickets being swept aside for ten more runs. Worse followed. Bowerman, our main strike bowler injured his shoulder in dismissing the Bloxham opener (we were to lose him permanently a few days later) and although Hadeed took 5-23 in 15 gallant overs reducing Bloxham to 36-6, a crucial catch went down and the XI lost by 4 wickets. The batsmen showed greater determination against Kings, Gloucester. Roscoe, Blackwell and Orebiyi

were the main run scorers, Prosser, Hodgetts and Hadeed sold their wickets dearly, and the XI reached a more respectable total of 72. Price then bowled with a fair degree of hostility taking 4-26, the fielding was enthusiastic and Kings were contained to 67-5 at close of play. This improvement was maintained a week later against Abingdon. Horn struck 9 boundaries in his innings of 49 (unfortunately knocking out Gradwell at the non-strikers end in the process) while Hadeed (16), Ruff (12), Gradwell (11) and Blackwell chipped in with useful contributions in a total of 109. In the field the XI snapped up seven catches winning by the comfortable margin of 49 runs, with 12.2 overs in hand. Hadeed (6-12) and Blackwell (3-22) were the destroyers this time, although it was good to see Day dispose of number eleven with a crafty top-spinner.

The even balance of wins, draws and losses was maintained in the period up to half term. Against Shiplake, the XI's early batsmen flourished. Roscoe compiled a neat 19, while Horn and Blackwell were respectively not out 34 and 17 with the scoreboard showing 95-3. A big total seemed likely. Alas, it was not to be; another horrid collapse followed and the XI was put out for 103. After a shaky start (8-2, later 51-4), Shiplake made reasonably quick progress against all our bowlers save Price (whose final figures, 10-4-4-28, did not flatter him), winning by 6 wickets with time in hand. Once again a critical dropped catch had proved decisive. P.J.G.'s XI was contained by some respectable bowling and keen fielding to 174-6 dec., Roscoe, Horn, McLoughlin and Prosser each dropped anchor when the XI batted and despite C.J.N.'s mesmeric 12-11-2-2, a fitting draw was achieved. For once the speed-merchants made no impact at Dean Close but spinners Gradwell and Blackwell (backed up by splendid slip catching from Roscoe) bowled twenty-nine overs between them, taking 9 wickets for 69, dismissing the home side for 125. In reply the XI lost Gradwell and Roscoe for five but Horn (32) and Kitching (45) added 61 for the third wicket in under fifty minutes and despite the usual middle-order panic the XI won an excellent game by three wickets. Appropriately



Abeyewardene, "the Colombo Kid", scored the winning runs – his 19 not out was a little gem of an innings coming as it did at a vital time. The final match before the Exeat should have been against Oratory but as we drove south the pale blue of a Cokethorpe sky became increasingly grey and menacing. Three miles from our destination gentle rain began to fall but as we arrived positive torrents descended from overhead; in three minutes the cricket field became an archipelago. Thor's wrath was evident in the downpour, flashes of lightning forked the horizon. We quickly retreated passing blasted trees which had been intact a mere half hour earlier . . . clearly it was time for a holiday.

After half term the XI suffered heavy defeats at the hands of Rendcomb and Kingham. With none of our bowlers making any impact a powerful Rendcomb team declared at 155-2 after just 32 overs, leaving plenty of time to get us out. This they proceeded to do in 31.4 overs for 35. Only Blackwell (13), Hadeed and McLoughlin (1 not out in 79 minutes), our three oldest players, seemed able to withstand the onslaught. A week later Kingham declared at 158-9 (Hadeed 4-54, Abeyewardene 3-38). After a catastrophic start, three wickets falling for just one run, Blackwell carried the fight to the opposition with a belligerent 44, Horn made 16 and Hadeed was 10 not out when the last wicket went down at 79 – as 7 of the 9 runs not already accounted for went down to "Mr. Extras" the other batsmen had a bleak day.

Towards the end of term, with the majority of examinations over, performances and results picked up again and the season ended on a high note. First came a respectable draw with Pangbourne who were bowled out for 160 on a docile pitch. Hadeed kept going admirably at one end to take 4-48, while spinners Gradwell and Day nipped in for two wickets each. Roscoe, Blackwell and Abeyewardene applied themselves to saving the game after three wickets had fallen for 28, and with the ball keeping lower and lower, a final score of 105-7 was quite creditable. Blackwell was unavailable to play at Malvern (GCSE-tied!) so Roscoe captained the XI making 30 in quick time to set the standard. Prosser scored an excellent 40 not out (almost all on the leg side), and these two were well supported by Abeyewardene and Hodgetts (13 each), Hadeed (12) and Price. Unfortunately, Gradwell was hit on the calf when batting and could not continue, so the XI's innings ended at 153-9. Hadeed and Price made Malvern struggle for runs but eventually these two tired and the support bowlers were caned for 47 in four overs, Malvern winning by 5 wickets with seven balls remaining. Nevertheless this was an excellent game of cricket, out of which both sides emerged with credit. Finally a weak Radley side was put to the sword by an XI determined to end heroically. Horn, Roscoe, Hadeed and Blackwell all made good scores in a total of 193-8 dec. before the old firm of Hadeed and Price shared the wickets between them, bundling Radley out for 43. In particular Hadeed's ecstasy after hanging on to a very sharp caught and bowled will be a pleasant memory to carry through the winter.

In conclusion, a few words of thanks must go to Julian Blackwell who, in the Headmaster's words "Captained the XI with great enthusiasm and encouragement, though not perhaps with the philosophical depth of Mike Brearley"; to our Groundsman Martin Walker and his

assistants for producing some decent wickets and a neatly kept outfield; to Stephen Lowe and his father for the sight-screen at the copse end; to Sister and the Matrons for keeping the XI fit and well turned out; to the various members of the kitchen staff for all those meals at strange times; and to our two scorers, Jayne Carter and Andrew Ogilvy, who have concentrated so hard on balancing the books throughout the season.

P.J.G.

NOMADS TERM MATCHES

I have been asked by the Editor to write separately about Nomads' term matches as we have enjoyed a fair amount of success since the publication of the last Peacock, winning four and drawing one of our five matches.

Before reviewing the season perhaps one or two observations should be made. The composition and origins of this raggle-taggle organisation, which must of necessity be an 'Invitation XI', sometimes confuses people who have never been involved in it. Suffice to say that the inaugural Nomads Tour took place in 1972 to increase the playing experience of schoolboy cricketers at a time when summer terms were starting earlier with examinations looming ever larger, and that the basic intention has never changed. This year the team has included, at various times, three masters, one former master, one parent, twelve Old Boys (two from the immediate past), and ten of the regular members of the School XI. A broad galaxy blending youth with experience in reasonable proportions and yet producing teams capable of holding their own against some useful Club sides.

Our "season" actually began last September with a match against a strong team of Club cricketers, assembled by the Bursar, masquerading as the "West Oxfordshire Wanderers". The Wanderers won the toss running up 165-6 declared in forty overs on a placid pitch. Scott bowled unchanged throughout the innings taking 4-64, but with Spicer suffering from pulled back muscles the only other wicket taker was "the youth" Gradwell, 2-47 in 10 interesting overs. In reply Tomlinson and Ashby put on 114 for the first wicket before Ashby was bowled for 57. Richard Pineo was next to go, in failing light; Tomlinson was bowled for 79 by Hobbins the highly experienced Oxfordshire cricketer, so it was Spicer and last year's School Captain S.J. Smith who carried the Nomads to a seven wicket victory off the final available ball.

Eight months later, in the summer term proper, a far less experienced XI toiled in the field as the Oxford Downs Strollers C.C. raced to a massive 241-6 declared. None of the bowlers could keep the Strollers down to less than five runs per over, but our two schoolboy spinners, Blackwell and Gradwell, each took a brace of wickets. The Nomads were quickly in trouble with the bat too. Macleod, Howe, Horn and McKenzie were dismissed for only 25 but Roscoe (22) and Phillips Tebb (42) put on a creditable 61 and Blackwell and Green batted out the final overs to earn the draw.

Three more victories now followed. Against Blenheim Park C.C., in the shadow of the Palace, a remodelled team achieved a modest 97-9 declared on a decidedly "frisky" wicket (Ashby 33, Macleod 22 and Blackwell 16 making the major contributions). However the wicket became no easier when the home team batted; Scott and Spicer extracted maximum life from it taking five wickets each so the Nomads won by 14 runs. Two weeks later Ducklington declared at 139-7 after forty overs and sent back both Nomad openers for 34. Luxmoore then took control, playing a variety of fine shots supported in stands of 40, 28 and an unbroken 32 by Blackwell, Scott and Green respectively guiding the Nomads to victory by

five wickets with a few balls to spare. Pleasing aspects of this win were that there were no fewer than six schoolboys in the side (four from the fifth form and one from the fourth) and that the runs were scored off 36.2 overs. A stronger side bowled out the Strollers for 118 in the return match at Cokethorpe, Scott, Shelley, Phillips Tebb and Macleod taking the wickets assisted by some nimble wicket-keeping from Mark Pearce and enthusiastic fielding. Macleod, McKenzie, Luxmoore, Spicer and Shelley all made runs but it was appropriate that Blackwell was at the crease when the winning runs were scored to complete our domestic season.

P.J.G.

SUMMARY OF MATCHES PLAYED

XI: Played 11, Won 3, Drawn 3, Lost 5

Saturday 22nd April v Bloxham 2nd XI (Away). XI 50, (C. Horn 20), Bloxham 52-6 (Hadeed 5-23)
 Wednesday 26th April v Kings School, Gloucester 'A' XI (Away). XI 72, Kings School 67-5 (Price 4-26)
 Wednesday 3rd May v Abingdon 3rd XI (Home). XI 109, (C. Horn 49), Abingdon 60 (Hadeed 6-12, Blackwell 3-22)
 Wednesday 10th May v Shiplake 1st XI (Home). XI 103, (C. Horn 34), Shiplake 104-4 (Price 4-28)
 Saturday 13th May v P.J.G.'s XI (Home). P.J.G.'s XI 174-6 dec. (Hadeed 3-75) XI 80-7
 Saturday 20th May v Dean Close 2nd XI (Away). Dean Close 125, (Gradwell 6-25, Blackwell 3-44), XI 126-7 (Kitching 45, C. Horn 32)
 Saturday 3rd June v Rendcomb 1st XI (Away). Rendcomb 155-2 dec., XI 35
 Saturday 10th June v Kingham Hill 1st XI (Home). Kingham Hill 158-9 dec. (Hadeed 4-54, Abeyewardene 3-38), XI 79 (Blackwell 44)
 Wednesday 21 June v Pangbourne 2nd XI (Home). Pangbourne 160, Hadeed 4-48), XI 105-7 (Blackwell 27, Roscoe 22)
 Thursday 22nd June v Malvern Senior Colts (Away). XI 153-9 dec. (Prosser 40*, Roscoe 30), Malvern 157-5 (Hadeed 3-57)
 Saturday 24th June v Radley U16° (Home). XI 193-8 dec. (C. Horn 36, Blackwell 28, Hadeed 25, Roscoe 21), Radley 43 (Hadeed 5-20, Price 5-21).

BATTING (*Qualification 6 innings*)

	Inns	N.O.	H.S.	Runs	Avg.
C. Horn	11	0	49	197	17.91
Blackwell	10	0	44	176	17.60
Prosser	7	2	40*	68	13.60
Hadeed	9	3	25	76	12.67
Roscoe	11	0	30	127	11.55
Abeyewardene	6	1	19*	53	10.60

BOWLING (*Qualification 6 wickets*)

	Overs	Mdns	Wkts	Runs	Avg.
Gradwell	23 ⁴	4	8	71	8.87
Hadeed	117 ²	22	30	407	13.57
Price	92 ¹	16	21	302	14.38
Blackwell	43	3	8	192	24.00

COLOURS

XI: A.J.F. Blackwell, D.A. Roscoe, C.C. Hadeed, C.M. Horn, J.B. Price, K. McLoughlin
 XXII: H.R.G. Kitching, M.O. Orebiyi, R.A.B. Prosser
 XL: J.G. Ruff, D.G.H. Hodgetts, J. Day, N.W. Ford, J.R. Vernon, S.D. Abeyewardene, S. Gradwell, R.L. Pye, J.E.S. Whittenbury, M.C. Smith, A.J. Ogilvy, C.B.C.H. Jones, E.J.T. Reynolds, J.J. Arrowmith

NOMADS TERM MATCHES

Played 5, Won 4 Drawn 1

Sunday 18 September v West Oxon Wanderers (Home). Wanderers 165-6 dec. (H. Scott 4-64), Nomads 166-3 (Tomlinson 79, Ashby 57)
 Sunday 7th May v Oxford Downs Strollers C.C. (Away). Strollers 241-6 dec., Nomads 93-6 (Phillips Tebb 42, Roscoe 22)
 Sunday 21st May v Blenheim Park C.C. (Away). Nomads 97-9 dec., (Ashby 33, Macleod 22), Blenheim 83 (H. Scott 5-19, Spicer 5-38)
 Sunday 4th June v Ducklington C.C. (Away). Ducklington 139-7 dec. (Luxmoore 3-38, H. Scott 3-49), Nomads 142-5 (Luxmoore 66*)
 Sunday 11th June v Oxford Downs Strollers C.C. (Home). Strollers 118, (H. Scott 4-16, Shelley 3-44), Nomads 122-4 (Luxmoore 36, Spicer 28).

NOMADS TOUR



The 18th Nomads Touring party at Harbourne Cricket Club on 12th July prior to 100th Nomads match. Celebrations came much later!

The Nomads Tour began on Monday 10th July with the traditional lunch at the White Swan in Henley-in-Arden. The team consisted of Mr Green (Capt.) and Mr Randall; Old Boys Hugh Scott, Stuart MacLeod, James Shelley and Michael Spicer; Julian Blackwell, Justin Price, David Roscoe, Christopher Horn and Richard Prosser. There was also an old Cokethorpe master, Mr De Weymarn; Nick Brownsey, a distant cousin of Mr Green's; and Marcus Marsden, brother of Daniel in Form 3.

Once everybody was settled in at the Norfolk Hotel the Old Boys and masters went for a meal at the Lychee Gardens, and while we were there we met four England cricket players – Curtis, Emburey, Gooch and Barnett – who were relaxing after the fourth day of the Test Match against Australia at Edgbaston.

Every morning most of the players staying at the Norfolk would go for a relaxing swim and sauna at the local leisure centre. Most nights we would go for an Indian or Chinese meal in Birmingham.

On Tuesday our first match was against Tanworth-in-Arden. We fielded first and bowled them all out for 109. There was good close fielding by all, with some good catches taken by Mr De Weymarn at silly mid-off and two catches in the slips by Hugh Scott and Chris Horn. Spicer took 4 wickets, Marsden 3, Blackwell 2 and Brownsey 1. We batted and won by 6 wickets. Michael Spicer was 43 not out; Brownsey scored a quick 28; other players also batted well.

On Wednesday we were joined for the match against Harborne by our School 1st XI scorer, Jayne Carter. This was the 100th Nomads match. Mr Green has played in them all, and appropriately this was against his old club side. In the dressing room before the game commenced he was asked by the opposition, 'What sort of balls do you have?' – a gaffe which naturally caused much amusement. We batted first and declared at 184 for 5. Brownsey got our score off to a very fast rate, accumulating 34 runs in an opening partnership of 35. (He hit a 4 off the first ball.) Spicer and MacLeod scored a brisk 28 and 26, respectively. Thereafter, the run rate slowed down somewhat.

The two opening bats for Harborne were very good, one being an Australian professional who scored 101 not out. Their Number 3 hit the ball hard too. The only wicket to be taken was by Spicer; the batsman was caught by Mr Green at short extra cover. Harborne won by 9 wickets. After the match Mr Green was presented with a tankard to commemorate his '100th'; a bit later there was a surprise of a rather different kind for him!

Our third match was against Lapworth where the famous 'chucker' performs. We batted first and scored 224 for 6. Brownsey scored 87, Shelley 62, and Marsden was 22 not out. The fielding, though, was not of quite such a high standard. One catch – admittedly a hard one – was dropped in the slips; and there were two other high swirling catches dropped on the boundary. The 'chucker' bowled only one over but it was still amusing to watch!

Lapworth came into bat. The openers did not look so strong, but later down the order the standard was better. They stuck around and eventually, after a good game, the result was a draw. Marsden and MacLeod each took two wickets.

On the Friday our match should have been against Rowington, but when we arrived there was no-one about – and although three strips were under preparation the

ground did not look as neat as usual. We hung around for an hour but no-one turned up, and as we had no means of contacting them we all left for home.

It was a sad end to a very good tour. It was unfortunate that Hugh Scott was suffering from a leg injury throughout, but the fact that he still turned up was a great example to the younger 'tourists'.

Justin Price

SUMMARY OF TOUR MATCHES

Played 3, Won 1, Drawn 1, Lost 1

Tuesday 11th July v Tanworth-in-Arden C.C.: Tanworth 109 (Spicer 4-34, M. Marsden 3-29), Nomads 113-4 (Spicer 43*, Brownsey 28)

Wednesday 12th July, (The 100th Nomads match) v Harborne C.C.: Nomads 184-5 dec. (Shelley 54*, Brownsey 34, Randall 34, Spicer 28, Macleod 26), Harborne 185-1

Thursday 13th July v Lapworth C.C.: Nomads 224-6 dec. (Brownsey 87, Shelley 62, M. Marsden 22*), Lapworth 179-6

Friday 14th July: Rowington C.C. did not put out a side against us.



J. O. R. Shelley well forward in his innings of 62 against Lapworth C.C. Would the England Test team benefit from studying the technique?



N. Brownsey, racing to 87 in a second wicket stand of 125 with J. O. R. Shelley at Lapworth, flicks another four to the long leg boundary.



Justin Price clearly enjoyed his first Tour. (The scorebook very nearly balanced at the end of the day!)

XXII CRICKET

This season was a good one for the newly created XXII. It started off well with our first match against The Kings School, Gloucester B XI which we won by 6 wickets. Our victory was mainly due to J. Vernon who scored a magnificent 40 runs and to C. Jones who kept him company for so long. In this match the bowling of D. Abeyewardene (4 wickets for 23 runs) and of N. Ford was of a very high standard. The fielding of the whole team was of a very creditable standard. Man of the Match was J. Vernon.

Our second match against Kingham Hill was to prove to be the hardest of our three fixtures. Kingham Hill had already beaten our U15, several members of which made up the XXII. This promised to be a tough match. We fielded first and conceded too many runs off our fast bowlers. However J. Day, a spin bowler, took 3 wickets for just 27 runs. J. Arnold-Roberts also took 2 wickets for 15 runs, which was a very commendable effort. Kingham were all out for 126 at tea.

The task that faced us was formidable, even a draw looked difficult but with J. Day (15 runs), N. Ford (28 runs) and some other fine batting efforts we managed it. Many thanks to C. Jones and to A. Ogilvy who managed to bat out the overs by keeping their heads down and bats straight. Man of this Match was J. Day.

Our 3rd and final match on the face of it appeared to be easy. We were to play King's School, Witney who had the experience of only one match to fall back on. We won the toss and elected to bat, but lost three wickets very early. Nevertheless thanks to A. Ogilvy, who batted right through the innings to be 19 runs not out, and also to C. Jones (13 runs) and to J. Arnold-Roberts (14 not out) we were able to declare shortly after tea at 89 for 8. It did not seem much of a total to defend but we had to leave enough time to get the opposition out. The bowling and fielding was once again of a high standard. E. Reynolds took 3 wickets for 10 runs and J. Arnold-Roberts for the third time took 2 wickets. R. Pye, playing his first XXII match, kept his bowling commendably tight. Man of that Match was Arnold-Roberts.

It is difficult not to name everybody who played for the 2nd XI for everybody played well in all three matches. But I feel I must mention J. Whittenbury who kept wicket for us so well in all three games. Last but by no means least, the whole XXII squad and myself would like to thank our Coach and Umpire Mr Nightingale. Though he never failed to give the opposition the benefit of the doubt (thanks a lot), without him none of the team's success would have been possible.

John Ruff

UNDER 15 A & B CRICKET

The Under 15A did not have a very good season in general, but there have been some impressive individual performances. The first match was played against Bloxham at home. We batted first – as was our policy for the rest of the season – and were bowled out for 69 runs (Prosser, 26). Bloxham replied, scoring the runs to give them a win by 7 wickets. Then came Abingdon Under 14 at home where we declared at 126-7 (Abeyewardene, 56 not out). Abingdon replied with 69-9. This was a match we should have won, but alas we ran out of time – thus resulting in a draw. Our Under 14 team later in the season had a heavy defeat against the same team.

Shiplake was next on the fixture list and we scored 56 all out (Hodgetts, 28). Shiplake then batted on to score the runs with the loss of 5 wickets. We lost by 5 wickets. At Kingham Hill, against their Under 15, we scored 109-8 (Prosser 25, Whittenbury 23). Kingham went on to win by 4 wickets. Next was Oratory and we again batted first, scoring 60-3, until rain stopped play.

After half-term we played Rendcomb Under 15 who batted first, scoring 128-2. We poorly replied with 45 all out, losing by 83 runs. Magdalen College played us at home. Our openers played well, scoring 43 at the fall of the first wicket. Then there was a slow decrease in run rate until Vernon and M. Smith went in and took us quicker towards the final score, at which we declared at 144-9 (Smith 41, Prosser 26, Vernon 19). Magdalen replied with 125-9. Like the Abingdon game, this was a match we should have won, and perhaps would have done but for time.

Our last match was against Bearwood College Under 14 at home. With two of our main batsmen playing for the 1st XI, we batted first and scored 164-6 (Hodgetts 66, Vernon 33 not out). We then proceeded to bowl them out for 81, with our Captain bowling particularly well (R. Pye 8-35). It had been an unfortunate season, but there was nevertheless some good all round play. There was excellent batting from Abeyewardene, Hodgetts, Smith, Prosser and Vernon. Most of our bowling attack was good, but to go with good bowling there has to be good fielding, which the whole team also gave, but especially Hodgetts.

The Under 15B had an undefeated season which consisted of two matches. The first, against Kingham Hill at home, was won with Kingham bowled out for 32. Brown and Hubbard hit the runs quickly to defeat them by 10 wickets. At Rendcomb we bowled them out for 57, and then went on to score 62-4, to win by 6 wickets (Arnold-Roberts 22, Tonks 18 not out).

James Whittenbury

SUMMARY OF XXII MATCHES PLAYED

XXII: Played 3, Won 2, Drawn 1, Lost 0

Wednesday 26th April v King's School, Gloucester 'B' XI (Away). Kings School 77 (Abeyewardene 4-23, Ford 3-15), XXII 78-4 (Vernon 40*)

Saturday 10th June v Kingham Hill 2nd XI (Away). Kingham Hill 126 (Ruff 4-20, Day 3-27), XXII 94-9 (Ford 28)

Wednesday 21st June v The Kings School Witney 1st XI (Away). XXII 89-8 dec., The Kings School 45 (Reynolds 3-10)

UNDER 14 CRICKET

This year's team looked good on paper but we soon found out that this was not quite true! We made a very early start away against Bloxham and were, as a result, rusty. We lost the match by 5 wickets, scoring only 35, but bowling and fielding exceptionally well to make the opposition struggle. Arrowsmith took 3 wickets for very few runs in 12 overs. During the whole season he took over 20 wickets, including the hat-trick against Pangbourne in our last fixture which we drew, thanks to a very patient 8 not out in 31 overs by the opener Searson.

The team was ably led by S. Morton, with Arrowsmith as Vice-Captain, and together they tried to use their prep school experience to help younger members of the squad, such as Viner our keeper, and Dow one of our opening bowlers. The beginning of the season was hard for our inexperienced squad, but we always made the opposition fight for the runs. We should have beaten Radley after scoring 103, but our bowling let us down badly.

Our first win came against Chipping Norton in the Lord Taverners Cup by 18 runs. This brought us up against the mighty Abingdon, which resulted in a resounding defeat. Excellent batting by Morton, Brown and Bateman (who all scored 20s) gave us a fine 8 wicket win over Kingham Hill. We also scored a very creditable draw against Shiplake thanks to brave batting by Viner, Smith and Arrowsmith.

We improved as the season progressed and the final record was W2, D2, L5. One match was cancelled. The best batting performance was Gradwell's 54 in the game against Chipping Norton. I would like to thank the Headmaster for inspiring and encouraging the team, and for his lethal fielding practices which caused many bruised hands!

Jeffrey Arrowsmith

NOTE: *Jeffrey Arrowsmith was made U14 'Player of the Season'. He received his XL Cricket Colours, and also a plinth upon which was mounted his hat-trick ball from the Pangbourne match.*

SUMMARY OF UNDER 15A MATCHES PLAYED

U15A: Played 8, Won 1, Drawn 3, Lost 4

Saturday 22nd April v Bloxham U15 (Home). U.15 69 (Prosser 26), Bloxham 71-3
Wednesday 3rd May v Abingdon U14 (Home). U15 126-7 dec., (Abeyewardene 56*), Abingdon 69-9 (Abeyewardene 5-18, Reynolds 4-30)
Wednesday 10th May v Shiplake U15 (Home). U15 56., (Hodgetts 28), Shiplake 58-5.
Wednesday 17th May v Kingham Hill U15 (Away). U15 109-8 dec., (Prosser 25, Whittenbury 23), Kingham Hill 111-6.
Wednesday 24th May v Oratory U15 (Home). U15 60-3., (Vernon 26) – Match abandoned
Saturday 3rd June v Rendcomb U15 (Home). Rendcomb 128-2 dec., U15 45.
Wednesday 14th June v Magdalen U15 (Home). U15 144-9 dec., (Smith 41, Prosser 26), Magdalen 125-9 (Gradwell 5-29, Abeyewardene 4-45).
Saturday 24th June v Bearwood College U14 (Home). U15 164-6 dec., (Hodgetts 66, Vernon 33*), Bearwood 81 (Pye 8-35).

SUMMARY OF U15B MATCHES PLAYED

Played 2, Won 2

Wednesday 17th May v Kingham Hill U15B (Home). Kingham Hill 32., (Chui 3-7), U15B 34-0
Saturday 3rd June v Rendcomb U15B (Away). Rendcomb 57., (Tonks 4-16, Hughes 3-7), U15B 62-4 (Arnold Roberts 22)

SUMMARY OF U14A MATCHES PLAYED

Played 10, Won 2, Drawn 3, Lost 5

Saturday 22nd April v Bloxham U14A (Away). U14A 35., Bloxham 37-5
Wednesday 3rd May v Rendcomb U14A (Away). Rendcomb 113-4 dec., U14A 61 (Bateman 27)
Saturday 3rd June v Radley U14 A 103 (Anderson 29) Radley 104-6.
Monday 5th June v Chipping Norton U14 (Home) U14A 91 (Gradwell 54), Chipping Norton 73 (Bateman 3-11)
Wednesday 7th June v Shiplake U14A (Away). Abingdon 10-0 (Abandoned after two overs)
Saturday 10th June v Kingham Hill U14A (Home). Kingham Hill 95-8 dec., (Searson 5-16, Dow 3-26), U14A 96-2 Bateman 28*, Brown 25*, Morton 20 Rt. hurt)
Tuesday 13th June v Abingdon U14A (Away). Abingdon 243-2 (inns. closed after 40 overs), U14A 64.
Wednesday 14th June v Magdalen U14A (Home). U14A 38., Magdalen 40-3.
Wednesday 21st June v Pangbourne U14A (Home). Pangbourne 110-8 dec., (Arrowsmith 7-52), U14A 27-7.

SUMMARY OF U14B MATCHES PLAYED

Played 4, Drawn 1, Lost 3

Wednesday 3rd May v Rendcomb U214B (Away). Rendcomb 127-6 dec., (Bamber 3-36), U14B 39.
Wednesday 17th May v Kingham Hill U13 (Home). U14B 98-7 dec., (A. Jones 34*), Kingham Hill 102-9.
Wednesday 24th May v Oratory U13 (Home). U14B 48-7 - match abandoned
Saturday 3rd June v Rendcomb U14B (Home). U14B 42., Rendcomb 43-0.

ACF REPORT

The Remembrance Sunday Parade took place and the entire Detachment took part. The march past was excellent and the Headmaster took the salute, surrounded by all the pupils and their parents. The Last Post was sounded from the balcony in front of the School with the Detachment drawn up in front in three ranks and the pupils and parents forming a hollow square – a very stirring moment. The buglers, Richard Oldham and Simon Gradwell gave a faultless performance, and Sgt Venman finally marched the Detachment off.

The Camps over this year have been of a high standard and varied between the mountains of Wales to the privacy of the exclusive Royal Marine training area in Poole, Dorset. There have been several exercises based at the School. The best one comprised an initial escape, making contact with a local civilian, a long trek over very muddy fields followed by a running battle through a very large wood, and missing the train at Finstock Station by a mere two minutes. We were all captured and taken back to School.

Several of the Cadets have also had the opportunity to work with the T.A. Cpl Wingrove can testify to a very exciting but tiring weekend on Salisbury Plain.

During the Summer Term the Detachment has been very busy; almost every weekend it has been 'out and about'. The term started with the Battalion Athletics where Michael Orebiyi, Matthew Searson, Bob Martyr, Nolan-Lee Perry and many others put on a marvellous show. The following Sunday found Mr Tim Lawry leading members of the Detachment along part of the Cotswold Way. During this period Matt Searson, Bob Martyr and Nick Ford were training very hard for the Triathlon and they competed at two events acquitting themselves well. This sport must be kept up next year.

On 13/14 May we had a small exercise on the Saturday, followed by a 10km run with 'Eddie-the-Eagle' Edwards on the Sunday to raise money for Muscular Dystrophy.

The main event was the School Speech Day when we looked after the parking and the local security arrangements, while the Home Secretary was our guest. The year ended with a 25km hike along the Ridgeway with a stop for lunch which consisted of Pimms and Salad, a most enjoyable meal. There is no doubt that we have an excellent Detachment with tremendous potential where NCO's are allowed to lead. Fun and Adventure are the keynotes at all times. Long may it continue.

Sgt Prescott Jones

OUTWARD BOUND CAMP

On the weekend of 4th-5th June the Outward Bounders went on a camp to the Peak District in Derbyshire. It is a location which has been used three or four times before, and it is always an enjoyable excursion.

There were 18 of us going on this occasion and we were split up into three groups. Packing started on the Saturday and at 5.45 am on the Sunday numerous colours of tents, rucksacks, sleeping mats and bags were piled into the boot of the coach that had been hired to take us to Derbyshire. The boys boarded and the coach sped off down the drive. The journey north went very smoothly.

When we arrived in Derbyshire our walk started at a Public House appropriately called 'The Peacock'. The three groups were dropped off at different points along the road, knowing only their position on the map and how to use a compass. A bearing was set on the compass and each group slowly started out across moorland covered with bracken and broken by occasional small muddy streams. This first part of the walk was actually the hardest: the bearing was simply 180° South and it was a six mile hike across the moor and along the side of a small cliff dotted with brightly-coloured rock climbers. (They come out from Sheffield at the weekends to practise their abseiling.) Soon after this we passed Mr Watts and Mr Daniels and stopped for lunch near a second pub, The Robin Hood Inn, on the main road between Chesterfield and Baslow.

After eating our cheese-and-pickle sandwiches (and a few bags of sweets!) we started on the second part of the walk, which was roughly seven or eight miles. At first it took us over a hill and down into the grounds of Chatsworth House; latterly it followed a river, a tributary of the Derwent, until we came to the village of Youlgreave.

About a mile after the village we came to our campsite. Everyone pitched their tents and a few boys started to make space and collect wood for a fire. As night set in we lit the fire and sat around it after making our meal on the Trangia. We also warmed ourselves in front of the fire before quickly jumping into our sleeping bags.

Next morning we struck camp, filled in the fire, and, just to stretch our muscles, walked two or three miles to the nearby village of Stanton-in-Peak. The coach arrived and we piled in for our three hour journey back to school. Everyone was very pleased with themselves for completing and lasting out the weekend. It was a thoroughly successful trip, due to Mr Watts and Mr Daniels, who both deserve our thanks for making it such fun.

Peter Scriven

**

FROM A CHEMISTRY PRACTICAL

Real title: 'Solubility Tests'.
Rutter title: 'Soluble Testes'.



*4th Form
Outward
Bound
Cooking
Competition
(May '89)*

This year we were lucky enough to have three members of staff who were able to instruct the boys in basic cooking. It was thus possible for all the 4th Form boys to be involved. The training took place during the Easter term; we were grateful to Sister and to Mr Randall for letting us use their kitchens. Mr Snow's group were the overall winners, and then Mr Fenton's group beat Mrs Sanderson's. The competition was judged by the Cokethorpe chef, Mr Paul Goodall. The individual prize winners were N. Bingham and J. Whittenbury, who both did particularly well during the training and competition.

Next term it is hoped that we will be able to have an event for those individuals who have shown a particular interest and aptitude in cooking. I am very grateful to all the instructors, and very much hope it will be possible to run a similar course next year.

The picture on the right shows the dishes presented by those in Mrs Sanderson's group. They were exotic salad, Chicken Kiev, baked potatoes and pancakes with apple filling. Other pictures show members of Mrs Sanderson's and Mr Fenton's groups during the competition.

J.P.W.



RIFLE SHOOTING

.22 Rifle shooting has enjoyed considerable popularity this year, although the number of boys who took part regularly for the whole year was relatively small. Since the start of the Michaelmas Term, 1988, forty-eight boys have shot. Most of these did so as a Thursday afternoon 'activity', although a large proportion of the Michaelmas term shooters reached the age for joining the ACF or 'Outward Bound' before the start of the Lent term, 1989, and could not therefore continue with .22 shooting on a regular basis. In the Summer Term 'activities' were transferred from Thursdays (half-holidays) to Fridays (working afternoons), with the result that we lost the long summer's afternoon shooting we had enjoyed the previous year. We were also handicapped by interference from building work both on a building adjoining the range and on the range itself; fortunately we were able to defer major rebuilding work on the 'butts' until the Summer holidays by some self-help in the target area. However, we were able to finish on a strong note with the Inter-House and Individual Championships at the end of the Summer term. Boys from the junior house insisted that it was not just a competition for the older boys, and so all five houses took part, each entering a team of three. Unfortunately for the juniors, rifle shooting with the high-performance Anschutz rifles does need physical size and strength, and it is difficult for them to compete even if they use our lighter-weight BSA rifles. Some of the senior boys also came to realise that sustained accuracy on a modern .22 rifle requires practice and physical fitness as well as a good 'eye'. The champion house was Queen Anne, which was represented by Alexander McIntosh, Stephen Oldham and David Hart. McIntosh shared the individual championship with Najib Chowdhury of Swift. Second and third places in the inter-house championship were taken by Swift and Vanburgh respectively, with Harcourt fourth.

J.N.H.

THE AVIARY

The school aviary is not something that has hit the headlines in past editions of the magazine; however, due to our prospering feathered friends, and the activities of Simon Lancaster, Peter Scriven, Aidan Langley and myself, all this is about to end. It is to us that Nicholas Horn has now handed – at least in spirit! – the control of the aviary.

The zebra finches have been breeding successfully over the last two-and-a-half years and are now back up to their former number after being so badly affected in the cold winter of 1987-88. When talking about the zebra finches I also include the two other types of small birds kept by the Bird Club: Java sparrows and Bishop Weavers. These three small breeds are housed in cages 1 and 2. These two cages are more draughty than the others, due to the ever opening and closing door nearby – consequently the hardier birds are housed there.

Budgerigars occupy the next cage. This is a type of bird which has also enjoyed an increase in numbers, with the hatching of a pair of chicks both in the spring two years ago and last spring. These four births bring the numbers to 9.

The end cage is of a more assorted nature as far as its occupants are concerned, but it contains what must be by far the oldest birds in the aviary, the Cockatiels, a pair which have so far not produced any offspring. About a year ago an addition to this cage was a pair of love birds which, contrary to their name, have not so far successfully mated.

A guest appearance in the end cage during the last school year has been made by Suzy; she is a Cockatoo and belonged to Benjamin Reilly.

Richard Alexander



Decoy Duck made by *David Hart*



Frog Studies by

Philip Barry

THE POND CLUB



This last year has been a fairly successful one for the Pond Club. The number of members has gone up quite considerably in the last two terms to about 30, and most of them are in our newly set up rabbit department. We have successfully reared nearly 40 rabbits this year in different litters, ranging from 4 to 9 in a litter.

The laying Warren Hens which were introduced last year are now on a good egg production rate after a sudden drop in production due to a fox attack in June in which two of the layers were taken. We have 10 hens in the laying flock which now produce an average of 8 eggs per day due to the high quality food we are giving them.

Our bantams are down in numbers, also because of the fox attack in which 11 of them were taken (value: £100). One of the hens sat on 4 eggs in the goose house, of which only one hatched, so we put a second chick with her which hatched out in the new incubator kept in the biology lab.

The ducks have not sat successfully this year but we did put two of the eggs into the incubator, both of which hatched out and are now very healthy, having been introduced to the others in late June when they were 6 weeks old.

On the pigeon side we have been very lucky with an increase of 6 birds (which means that we now have 16). Next year we should be back in the 20s, as we were three years ago when we had 28. The most we have ever had is 38.

Finally I must say something about the geese. *At last we have a gosling!* We did have 3, of which 2 were hatched out under Gilbert and the other in the incubator. Unfortunately, one was killed by the fox and the other by the pond rats. However, the survivor is growing well and, hopefully, in due course will be as big and vicious as his dad. The gander, Eric, has been attacking anyone who tries to go near his offspring. I know the geese will most certainly miss Mr Goldsmith, but they will just have to attack the new Headmaster and his prospective parents instead.

In spite of the fox, therefore, quite a successful year on the breeding side. I hope next year will be better.

Nicholas Horn



More winning photographs by WHCD

WINE TASTING



The French Tour: lunch in the Meursault vineyards.

For the second year in a row wine tasting has been an activity on Friday afternoons at Cokethorpe. Over the Summer term this year we tasted wines from the classic regions of France, Champagne, Burgundy and Bordeaux, some lesser French wines and some from other parts of the world including Italy, Spain, Portugal, Bulgaria and Australia. At the end of term there was a competition in which three of the wines tasted and a 'stranger' were tasted blind. Using notes that had been made as we went through the term everyone attempted to identify the wines. Both Clifford Alderton and Julian Haywood were able to identify all three of the wines that they had tasted before. Neither were able to give a region to the dry sparkling white German that they had not come across although both knew that it was not Champagne.

There was also a second wine tasting tour of France this summer in which seven boys, Clifford Alderton, Michael Kentish, Simon Jewell, Kevin Kerr, Jonathan Shearing, Timothy Gardiner and Old Boy Haydn Mellowship along with Sister, WHCD and EJF visited the wine growing regions of Champagne, Burgundy and Alsace. This year we stayed for two nights in each centre giving more time to explore the region. We were thus able to visit three Champagne cellars, the famous one of Moët & Chandon and Mercier and the smaller (500,000 bottles a year) but perhaps most fascinating house of Colley in Ay.

In Beaune we were able to introduce a visit to the Museum of Wine as well as repeating the visit to the extensive cellars and huge tasting of Chateau de Meursault. We were also treated to some magnificent displays as part of the bicentennial celebrations.

In Ribeauville (Alsace) we had a second night of fireworks before visiting the town of Riquewihr and coming back to visit the cellars of M. Keintzler. In Alsace there is much less to see in the cellars – they use huge barrels and bottle quite quickly but we were given a private tasting and most took advantage of the very reasonable prices to buy presents and souvenirs.

Our last night on the way home was in an excellent hotel between Champagne and the Ardennes where the proprietor and his wife opened their restaurant specially for us, and we dined magnificently on rabbit with apple sauce.

The journey back was one of exhausted contentment but I think our thanks must go to all those in France who went out of their way to be helpful to us and I must personally comment on the good and sensible behaviour of all of the boys on the trip; it was a pleasure to take them all.

E.J.F.

Pen and ink drawings by Philip Lenahan of items in the V&A Collection: Silver gilt jug, 1853 and silver wine cooler, 1844.



THE COKETHORPE SOCIETY

CHAIRMAN: Mr Vivian Williams
VICE-CHAIRMAN: Mr Gerard Manley
TREASURER: Mr Anthony Baker
SECRETARY: Mr Richard Porter

COMMITTEE MEMBERS:
Mr Christopher Webb
Mr James Tomlinson Mr Richard Banham
Mr Mark Yates Mr Samuel Smith

Over the past year there have been significant changes within the Society aimed at making it more accessible to its members and taking a more active role in the day to day activities of the School.

The Annual Rugby Match enjoyed increased support and a hard fought contest was ably refereed by Gerry Manley. The game was won by the Young Old Boys 13 to 10. A tea was provided by the School afterwards which was enjoyed by all those who attended. Next year's Rugby Match will be held on October 7th.

The A.G.M. was held at The East India Club on April 14th and although relatively few attended, a most convivial evening was enjoyed by all. It is now hoped that the A.G.M. will be held alternatively in London and at the School.

We are always open to constructive ideas as to improving the workings of the Society.

On behalf of the Society I would like to express my thanks to Lynn Adams for all her help in keeping us in order over the past year.

Finally, we would like to wish David Goldsmith and his family all the very best in the future. At the same time we welcome David Crawford and hope that between us we can increase the contacts between ourselves and the School.

Richard Porter

COKETHORPE WEDDING

Robert Gee, who left in 1978, returned to Cokethorpe for his marriage to Helen Povey on Friday, 23rd December 1988. This was a memorable occasion as Robert is the first Old boy to be married here in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin. After the service a pony and trap took them both back to school for the reception.

We received the following thank you letter from Helen and Robert:

"Being able to use the little church and the house made it such a special day for us . . . After leaving the reception we arrived at our house to find that it had been invaded by party revellers who had removed the bed, sprayed graffiti on the windows, put cling film on the loo and, to top it all, left a 3 a.m. alarm call. After four days at Borthwick Castle for our honeymoon (and to recuperate from 'flu) we returned home to carry on the magical mystery tour of married life."

OLD BOYS' NEWS

SIMON ASHBY

Left 1979

Married at East Boldre to Sharron, December 1988. P.J.G., Rod McKenzie, Hugh Scott and Michael White (and respective wives) saw them off.

RICHARD ANDREWS

Left 1983

Working in the Midlands in the motor industry.

RICHARD BANHAM

Left 1983

Passed out from Sandhurst, 1987. Commissioned into 1st Battalion, Coldstream Guards; now Lieutenant. Returned from 5 months in Northern Ireland in February, having previously done duties on Hong Kong/China border. Held the Standard at the Guard of Honour for President Gorbachev on his visit here in April. Lectured at school in June on the joys of being an army officer. Currently on an exchange with an Australian army officer.

JULIAN BARRETT

Left 1977

Now happily married, but still managing to play some respectable cricket.

GUY BRADY

Left 1982

Organising conferences for London based companies.

OLIVER BRUNDIN

Left 1984

Reading for a History of Art degree at Leicester Polytechnic.

ERNEST COCO-BASSEY

Left 1985

Studying real estate in Los Angeles for two years.

JOHN DAVIE

Left 1983

Working locally for Solid Logic Ltd.

JASON EVERS

Left 1981

Now a self-employed horticulturalist in central London.

MARTIN EDWARDS

Left 1962

In the news from time to time. Certainly seemed determined to hang on to the Chairmanship of Manchester United A.F.C. - but finally sold his shares for a consideration!

DUNCAN FERGUSON

Left 1986

Working in wine trade until he goes to Polytechnic next year.

ANDREW FORBES

Left 1968

Now running London Zoo.



*Some Old Boys who have been
back this year*



Above: P/C S. J. Smith (Northants Constabulary)
Left: Lt. R. V. Banham (Coldstream Guards)



*Dr Julian Keenlyside talking to the '6th form Biologists
about his thesis on Insect Herbivores.*



*Robert Gee with his bride in the porch of the Church of
St. Mary the Virgin.*

MARK GIRLING

Left 1977

Married Caroline Long at the Bournemouth Register Office on 11th September 1988.

TIMOTHY GOSLIN

Left 1986

Currently working in Kent, promotion exhibitions for boat rentals in the Mediterranean.

GARY HARRIS

Left 1984

Sales Manager for a division of Hepworth Plastics International, currently running operations in Jeddah.

GEORGE HAWORTH

Left 1986

Has played guitar with several groups and *almost* broken into the pop music world. Promises to let us know when he has 'made it'!

JOHN HERRON

Left 1986

Has been working in Oxford for Summertown Travel after a brief spell in the United States, but recently decided on a career change.

MATTHEW HORTON

Left 1988

Working in the Caribbean until August and then going to College in Denver, Colorado.

MATTHEW HOWE

Left 1988

Spent 5 and a half months in Australia after leaving school (even serving Mr Lawry in a bar in Sydney!) We were extremely sorry to hear of the death of his father in May.

GRAHAM HUMPHREY

Left 1985

Working in the family business on the farm.

SIMON JOHNSON

Left 1987

Doing 'A' levels in London, but finds *Coriolanus*, *Hamlet* and Chaucer hard going!

RICHARD KAYE

Left 1969

Running an estate agency business in Woking.

JULIAN KEENLYSIDE

Left 1980

Received his D.Phil. at Oxford in May. Lectured to the 6th Form biologists here soon afterwards on 'Some problems of Insect Herbivores'.

MATTHEW LAKE

Left 1986

Working for an estate agent in Oxford. Visited the school one evening in June.

MICHAEL LAM

Left 1973

Doing very well in the construction industry in Hong Kong and China. Married; divorced. Now has a flat in

Hong Kong and a cabin cruiser in the harbour for a quick get away. Visited school in January.

RICHARD LILLEY

Left 1983

Hotel Management & Catering course at Michigan State University, 1984-85. Working as a chef in Detroit. Visited school with his parents in May. Intends to travel round the world in the next year or two, and plans to move back to England after this.

RICHARD LORAIN-SMITH

Left 1972

Came to see us during the Christmas Holidays. Returned in April from South Africa where he had worked since 1976, running his own Communications Company in Johannesburg. Travelled extensively throughout South Africa during that time. Now working for a Communication Company in Westminster and lives locally with his wife Ann and two children, Rebecca 3 and baby James.

STEVEN LOWE

Left 1988

Came to play for P.J.G.'s XI against the school. Has made a splendid sight-screen and a half.

MICHAEL LYDON

Left 1987

Studying Civil Engineering at Richmond College.

JOHN MEYER

Left 1978

Still selling Jaguars in the Fulham Road, London.

STUART MACLEOD

Left 1978

Out of the police and into selling, a good career switch. Still a very loyal Nomad.

LANRE NZERIBE

Left 1983

Working in Nigeria for a textile company. Visited us during the summer half-term in May with Ernest Coco-Bassey.

MARK PATEMAN

Left 1973

Currently living in Herefordshire where he has his own business, renting cellular telephones throughout the U.K. Called into school in January.

NEIL PINEO

Left 1988

Has finished his foundation year at Banbury College of Art and has been accepted for a B.A. Hons. degree course in Art Education Studies at South Glamorgan Institute of Higher Education. Having a year in Australia before he takes up his place.

RICHARD PORTER

Left 1984

Working for land agents in Grantham.

RICHARD RAMSBOTHAM

Left 1983

Working in nursery (flower) business.

GRANT ROBERTS

Left 1985

Working as electronics engineer in High Wycombe.
Engaged to Dawn Carter.

ANDREW SANDERSON

Left 1983

Married Caroline Hook on 5th August this year.

HUGH SCOTT

Left 1977

Now a Branch Manager, B.E.T. and really cleaning up .
.. Super-loyal Nomad!

JAMES SHELLEY

Left 1983

Has left Dixon's and is now working for I.T.T., selling
advertising space.

NICHOLAS SITINAS

Left 1988

Studying Catering Management at North London
Polytechnic.

DOMINIC SMIT

Left 1977

Computer Operations Manager in commodity trading
company.

EDWARD SMITH

Left 1988

Working for Guardian Royal Exchange. Off to Australia
in January.

NICHOLAS SMITH

Left 1984

Has been in New Zealand studying farming; back in
September.

SAMUEL SMITH

Left 1988

Doing well as P.C. in Northamptonshire Constabulary.
13 arrests in first five weeks!

MICHAEL SPICER

Left 1986

Still farming but now looking round for other openings.

CHARLES STOBO

Left 1986

Graduated from Horticultural College and now working
at the Savill Gardens in Windsor as an assistant to the
Queen's Head Gardener.

TRISTAN SUTTON

Left 1983

Currently farming in Oxfordshire.

JOHN TAMLYN

Left 1979

Now working in the House of Lords.

JAMES TOBIN

Left 1980

Visited us on Speech Day. After 4 and a half years in
London working for the John Lewis Partnership, is now
manager of the Bath showroom of Fired Earth, importing
tiles.

JAMES TOMLINSON

Left 1975

Appeared as a cricketer in "Deceived by Flight", a
Central TV Inspector Morse story in January this year; it
must have hurt when he allowed himself to be bowled!
Married to Lesley in July - honeymoon in Mauritius.

JOHN VAUGHAN-FOWLER

Left 1978

Runs VF Investment and Financial Services. Took over
Estates of Headington earlier this year.

MARK WALKER

Left 1980

Often a bit late to lessons when here; arrived five minutes
late for Robert Gee's wedding at school last December.

FRED WALSH

Left 1981

Visited us on Speech Day. A little plumper than he was.
Group Secretary for the National Farmers' Union in
Cheshire; also doing a bit of part-time farming, too. Old
Boys may like to know that one of the peacocks still
survives!

VIVIAN WILLIAMS

Left 1965

Race organiser, south coast (among many other things!).
Interviewed on BBC1 last December on power boat
racing.

CLIVE WILSDON

Left 1965

Captain with British Airways. Spectator at the annual old
boys' match here last November with his 13-year old son.

MARK YATES

Left 1981

Moving up in the catering world; having worked for a
while in France and at a hotel in Worthing, he is now
Head of Reception at the Savoy Hotel in London.

SATOSHI YUI

Left 1984

Studying Engineering at King's College, London.

*(We are indebted to Mrs Lynn Adams, Mr P. J. Green, and the Secretary of the Cokethorpe
Society for assembling such a good selection of O.B. news items this year.)*

breakfast
CREW

for all at
Cokethorpe!



the

SYBIL
RUSCOE

SIMON
MAYO

ROD
MCKENZIE

ROD MCKENZIE

Lynn Adams writes:

"Driving to work one morning last year, tuned into Radio 1, I heard DJ Simon Mayo asking newsreader Rod McKenzie certain personal questions – including exactly where he was educated. RM refused to answer! Feeling it might be my duty to enlighten him, I sent Simon Mayo a copy of the 1988 *Peacock* (which mentioned Rod's regular spot on the Breakfast show). Several ex-pupils also phoned and wrote in with tales of RM's schooldays. In turn the Bursar and I delved deep into the cellar, extracting several old magazines which mentioned Rod's prowess on the soccer and cricket field – and we sent these, together with a school photograph depicting RM in his flares and long tresses, to Simon Mayo. As a result we received the following letter and photo of the Breakfast Crew:

"Cokethorpe Old Boy Rod McKenzie is now enjoying national recognition as the morning newsman on the BBC Radio 1 Breakfast Show with Simon Mayo. Rod, who lives in Buckinghamshire, gets up at 3.45 a.m. each day and drives to the Radio 1 studio in central London. He joined the media world a year after leaving Cokethorpe when he secured a job in the newsroom of London's commercial radio station, Capital Radio. He worked at Capital for six years before being poached by Radio 1's Newsbeat team.

Cokethorpe has featured regularly on the Radio 1 Breakfast Show, with Simon reading out snippets about Rod from The Peacock. We were particularly impressed with his prowess on the sports field – his cricket and soccer skills were talents he'd been hiding from us here at Radio 1. We were especially intrigued by his regular victories in the House kicking cup!"

Any information about Rod – embarrassing or otherwise – from Cokethorpe contemporaries, should be sent to Simon Mayo, Radio 1, London W1A 1AA."

SOME OTHER NEWS

Colin Williams (old Physics master, vintage mid-60s) has taken early retirement and is setting out to enjoy the world. First stop: Mr Hudson's front garden, where he parked his caravan! Nick Luxmoore ('Student Prince', 1975) is still working in Eynsham; he played for the Nomads twice this summer, averaging 102, and on the latter occasion was able to show his small daughter the pond – one of his fondest memories of Cokethorpe. Michael de Weyarn (History master, rugby coach, Harcourt House-tutor 1968-75) sends his best wishes from Wrekin, where he is now a Housemaster. Peter Mathias-Williams (also History, rugby, Swift House-tutor 1964-68) is now a Housemaster at Rydall School, Colwyn Bay, and is looking more like Henry VIII as the years go by! George Balmer (former groundsman) met the XI and XXII with a broad grin when they arrived at King's School, Gloucester, this summer. Needless to say, the wickets were quite excellent. Mrs J. Ellis (widow of P.T.E.) is living in Shipton-under-Wychwood, playing golf regularly, travelling, and continuing her campaign to help the chronically ill. Nick Inge ('Student Prince', 1987) is at Newcastle Polytechnic – enjoying the social life more than the Economics! Mrs A. P. Lowde is re-married (she is now Mrs Dudley Iles) and is living happily in East AHanney, Oxon. Mr D. L. Thomson (Chemistry, Harcourt House-tutor 1970-87) has now moved to Hampshire.

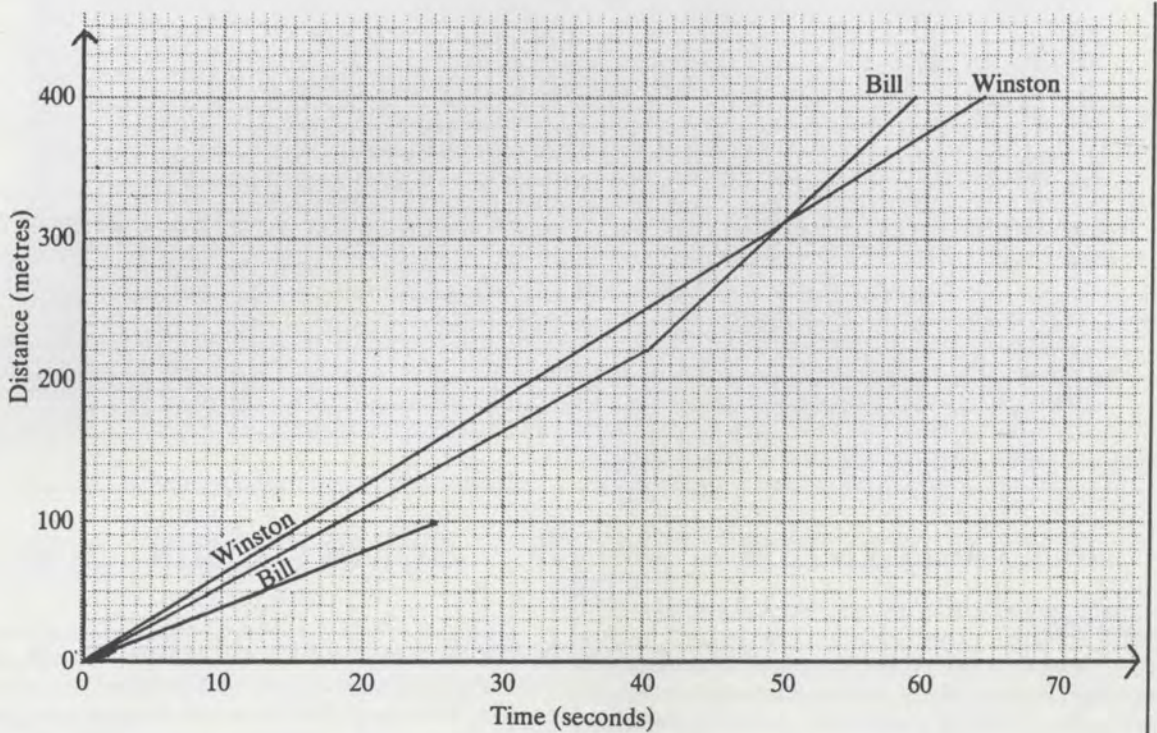
Lastly we were delighted to hear from the Vice-Chancellor's office at St. Andrews University that T. M. Anderson (Swift, 1979-83) graduated this summer with a Second Class Honours degree in History.

P.J.G.

The Back Page

OVER-INDULGENCE IN SPORT?

(or: Knows the theory, but not what's happening in this race!)



Answer to a question in a GCSE Maths Mock Exam Paper based on the above diagram which shows the distance-time graph for two runners in a 400m race.

Question: Explain fully what change took place 40 seconds after the start.

Answer: By 50 seconds Bill had cut across Winston, taking the inside lane.



Bee study by Philip Barry

