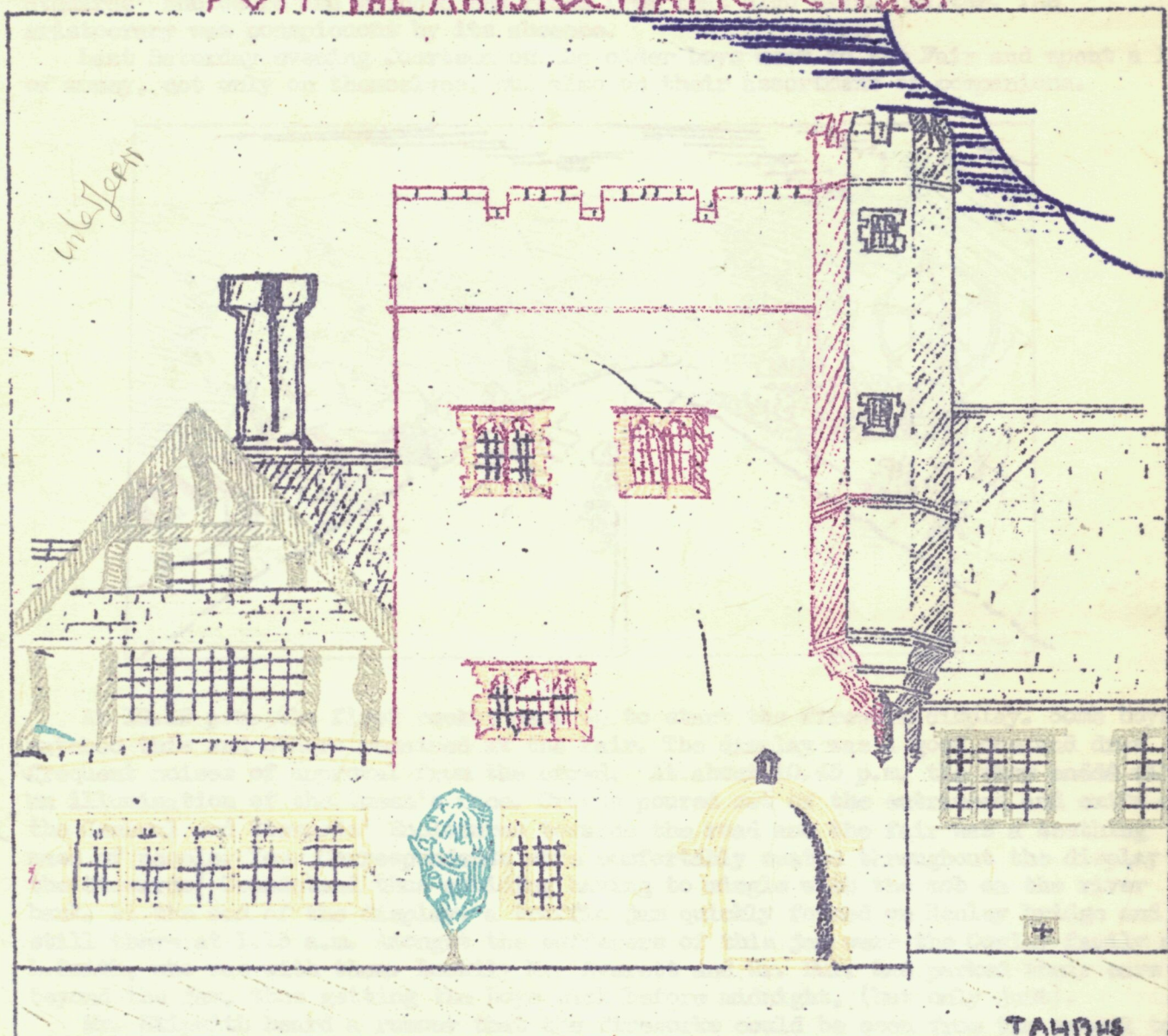


COURT CIRCULAR

4^d

FOR THE ARISTOCRATIC CRUST



EDITORS: A. BARRON, R. HANDS, ART EDITOR - C. EMBLECH

NEXT WEEK FILMS IN HENLEY.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Doris Day and Steve Forrest in:
IT HAPPENED TO JANE.
and GRAFT AND CORRUPTION.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

John Mills, Hayley Mills and Yvonne
Miturnell in:

TIGER FEAR
and THE EMPIRE OF THE SUN (Documentary)

EDITORS' NOTE.

As this is our first issue, we hope you will pardon anything that is not up to the Aristocratic standard. We also hope that boys will not take anything said about them to heart.

This paper has been designed to be an amusing commentary on the events of this term.

Whether you like it or not, it has been printed, and we offer no apologies but we hope that the criticisms and/or punishments will not be too severe.

The Eds.

HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA.

Many boys went to the Henley Regatta with plenty of money in their pockets to spend on the Fun Fair, coming back with somewhat less.

On Wednesday, three boys had a pleasant afternoon with their girlfriends at the Fair. What handsome boys this school must have! A few lucky boys had tickets for the Stewards' Enclosure and watched the races from that high class quarter. The aristocracy was conspicuous by its absence.

Last Saturday evening fourteen of the older boys went to the Fair and spent a lot of money, not only on themselves, but also on their assortment of companions.



At 10.15 p.m. the first rocket went up to start the firework display. Some boys watched this and others remained at the Fair. The display was a good one and drew frequent noises of approval from the crowd. At about 10.45 p.m. the show ended with an illumination of the Queen's face. Crowds poured out of the entrances and exits of the General and Stewards' Enclosures towards the road and the fair was a seething mass of people. Your Correspondents were comfortably seated throughout the display in the Stewards' Grandstand thus avoiding having to mingle with the mob on the river bank. At the end of the display, a traffic jam quickly formed on Henley bridge and was still there at 1.15 a.m. Amongst the sufferers of this jam were the Cowley family and L. Smith, who was with them. Luckily Mr. Everett and Mr. Burr had parked their cars beyond the jam, thus getting the boys back before midnight, (but only just).

Mr. Skipwith heard a rumour that the fireworks could be seen from the school tower, so a few boys went up to watch and had cocoa and biscuits up there. Unfortunately they saw nothing because there were too many trees in the way. Next year we hope that many more boys will be able to watch enjoy this show from the river bank at Henley instead of the tower at Shiplake Court.

FOR FUTURE ISSUES:-

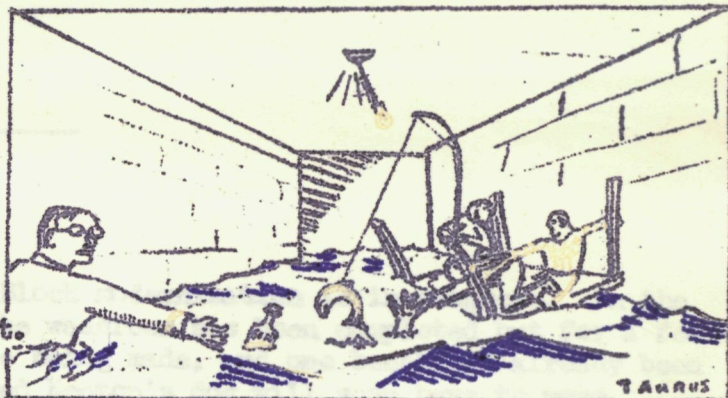
We hope to make great improvements with your co-operation. Here is a list of suggested articles for the next issue:

My favourite walk along the towpath.	by	J. Maurel.
Hunting in the jungle.	by	P. Coranias.
Life at School without the Top Set.	by	L. Mills.
How to avert discovery.	by	L. Mills.
Dig that dancing Dingo	by	N. Sharp.

FLOODS. (dry them)

The evening of June, 23rd. was rather a tiring one. Quite apart from prep. which nearly kills us any way, the catacombs got themselves flooded. Practically every able-bodied member of the school was called to sweep the water away from some stricken cement bags. Thanks to the work of Mr. Austin and many others, work proceeded at a fast pace. The Fire Brigade came to help us, but after looking around for a while they went away again in Mr. Burr's car to get warm at a roof blaze.

The water had collected from the newly tarred drive, and due to drain blockage and the hardness of the ground, it flowed in the wrong direction; down the cellars. Most boys went to bed tired, but wet.



POKER TED.

Poker Ted, our Trades Union correspondent has been nosing around the Stable Block watching it improve, and making sure that the workmen do not have too many cups of tea every few minutes, but work hard (He is the perfect example?).

It is amazing to see how much control Ted has over these men, considering he is so young. We are privileged to have here such an expert builder to show us how to build. His first report appears later in this issue.

THINK ABOUT THIS:-

If it be rough, brown bread you need,
Knead it yourself you must.
The Mills of Shiplake only grind
Corn for the Upper Crust.

Anon.

BUBBLES.

We have here a champion bubble, blower (using bubble gum), David Hays. He has greatly impressed his dormitory, and Watson has even tried to make people pay to see a large bubble. Hays also has a few apprentices, one of whom is L. Smith, to carry on his good work after he retires.

FOOTBALL.

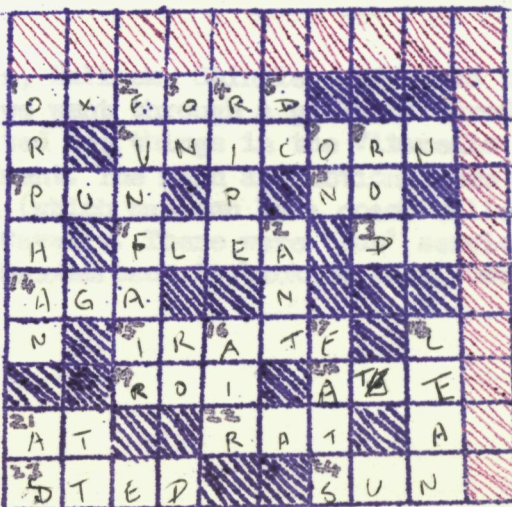
A number of boys have a sport for in-between times. This sport is Soccer. The boys who play this game are for the most part very keen, and they are reaching a fairly high standard. Because of this it seems we have a very promising team for next term. Unfortunately, these boys have a number of rivals who think we should play Rugger here not Soccer.

ACROSS.

1. By which Bullock crosses the river at an University town.
6. An animal with one horn.
9. Puncture without being in mixed crust.
10. To get on backwards. / someone.
11. Insects name sometimes used to describe/
14. Khan a cooker in again?
15. Another name for an angry person.
19. French king in Detroit.
20. Mixed tea.
21. A preposition to wear on the 'ead.
22. A hunted rodent.
23. Breasted at the finish.
24. An important star.

DOWN.

1. Without parents.
2. Most unfair at Henley. in Regatta Week.
4. Insist that fruit is ready to eat in tripe.



DOWN CLUES CONTINUED:-

5. Type of current:
7. No flies off aristocracy.
8. Spared to spoilt children
8. Spared to spoilt children in prodigious castles.
12. Hard work in Antwerp.
16. What to breathe in Hairy Hands.
17. Mills does a lot to mixed teas.
18. Yan' Cassius has a hungry look.
21. Atta Boy. (corresponds with 21 across).

BUILDING.

Down in the basement and at the Stable Block modernisation is in progress. In the basement changing rooms are improving, and the washroom has been completed but for a few minor details. In the Stable Block, Labs. are being made, and one bench has already been put in. Concrete floors are being put down and Kenton's dog will soon have to move.

WALKIE - TALKIES.

After Richardson bought an army surplus walkie-talkie, Sharp, Davies and McClure procured one each. Then when McClure left, Bryan bought his from him. Day and night one would hear from Richardson: "Calling Eric, calling Eric." "Calling Nick, can you hear me, Nick? over." or "I'll give you a long call, 1,2,3,4,.....99,100,101,102..... ..199, 200. Over".

Mr. Burr had a pleasant time recording amusing remarks like, "You're a goon, repeat goon." or "This is Major-General Maynard-Taylor." Though this did not always benefit the boys when transmitting after lights-out.

HEAT.

Since the hot weather has prevailed so long six boys have already been compelled to go to bed because they wanted to make themselves Red Indians rather too quickly, so the time came on Wednesday last to issue the boys with sun-hats. At the first mention of this, boys began to think of their prep-school days and in order to make fun out of possible misery, they began making comic shapes such as the Napoleon, Boater or Cowboy styles; also the Cricket Cap with a long peak, or with the aid of a handkerchief at the rear, the French Foreign Legion type of headwear.

GNUS OF OLD BOYS.

We hope our "Old Boys" (When we form a Club, should it be the "Shiplake Courtiers"?) will remember the school with tears in their eyes and give generously to the Fund for Mutilated Furniture. We hope too that the nearest Tobacconist is also weeping at no longer meeting boys at the School among his customers.

ROYAL SHOW.

On Thursday last Dr. Barron took his son, Bullock, Shingler and me to the Royal Show at Oxford. After the car had been parked, we went through a gaily coloured barrier, which had "Entrance Free" above it, and deposited our things in the Vitameale tent, where we had sandwiches and a glass of liquid refreshment. The main attractions were the tractor and machinery stands, and the coach competition (which was won by a coach called Tally Ho), sheep dog trials and a Parade by the Household Cavalry. There were 'bus' services about the show, the buses being long, low trailers with benches back to back on them, towed by tractors.

BY CHARIOT FROM SOUTH AFRICA TO SHILAKE.

The happiest traveller travels by road. On foot or on horseback, by bicycle or by car, he is his own master, unfettered by time-tables and free to linger far from stations, ports and landing-grounds. It is a long journey from South Africa to England so we three travelled by car - or, as we preferred to call it, by "chariot".

We left Grahamstown, in the Cape Province of South Africa, on December, 8th.. In the Rhodesias, we scrambled over the Zimbabwe ruins, built over a thousand years ago nobody knows by whom. We climbed down among the stalactites and amazing blue waters of the "Sleeping Pool" of the Sinioa caves. We admired the engineering magnificence of the Kariba Dam. But we did not feel that we were really an "expedition" before December, 27th., when we passed the frontier of the Belgian Congo.

That night was the first time that we were worried by the weather. Lack of care in choosing our camping site meant that torrential rain ran off a nearby hillock under the tarpaulin that we used to tie to the chariot's side to make a tent. The two of us who slept upon the bare earth were ~~forced~~ forced to seek refuge inside the chariot itself. Fortunately gorgeous sunshine soon dried bedraggled bedding and clothes next morning.

Two days later, we lunched off curried chicken on the verandah of a hotel overlooking the broad, tumbling waters of the Kinbo falls. These are really a series of parallel falls. Each cascade is broken up by several 'steps' and each 'step' of each cascade is a different colour. Wonderful to watch and the deep booming of the waters is unceasing.

That evening, as dusk fell, we explored the Kivakishi grottoes, described as 'a tourist attraction of the future'. A party of Congolese boys eagerly led us down into the bowels of the earth. It was soon pitch dark, but we had a torch. The boys led us through a series of monstrous ~~massive~~ caves connected by narrow passages. One was so narrow that I was asked, as the stoutest member of the party, if I could "make it". I just could, on all fours with shoulders brushing the sides. Myriads of bats swooped around us, a wing-tip occasionally just touching a few strands of our disordered hair. Shadows flickered gigantically in the torchlight. Then at last we saw daylight above us. We agreed that the scramble had been well worth it but that we should not like to have to retrace our steps. Two minutes later, our guides made it clear to us that there was no exit there and that retrace our steps we must. We were glad to get back to the nearby rest-house. There we found a notice warning all would-be visitors to the grottoes to take two 500-watt Coleman lamps, two headlights with batteries, a 5 litre demijohn of paraffin and a "biden & alcohol", whatever that might be. We certainly felt that we had earned a drink.

On New Year's Day, near Lake Albert, we passed the second car in a whole week that was travelling in the same direction as ourselves. On January, 4th., we reached Bukava on the shores of lovely Lake Kivu. There, at two o'clock in the afternoon, we stopped at a restaurant to ask to fill our jerrycans with water for camping. An excited fellow came up to us when he heard my French accent. "I am Sheepsheet," he said. "You are Kenglesesh. So we are enemies. But we are friends. You will drink a wheesky and soda with me." 2.p.m. in the Tropics is neither the time nor the place for whisky. But we drank to better Angle-Cypriot understanding in "Simba" beer in a very international gathering that included a young French lady and a Swedish white hunter. We only escaped from this pleasant company at seven o'clock, when the hunter kindly insisted on our spending the night at his house. So we did not need the water in our jerrycans after all!

Two days later, we crossed into Uganda's Queen Elizabeth National Park. Elephant, buffalo and many kinds of buck grazed peacefully, some of them only a few yards from the road. For a better view of those that were further away we found that the roof of the chariot was the best place to travel. That night we camped by the roadside with elephants trumpeting loudly less than half a mile away. And a herd passed about twenty yards from us during the night. It was not till lunchtime next day that we discovered that camping in the park at night-time was forbidden.

And so we travelled on over the Kazinga Channel, crossed by a bridge that had once been part of an emergency bridge over the Thames during the 'blitz'. We passed by the foothills of the Mountains of the Moon. And then we reached the frontier of the Sudan.

Here we had our only serious trouble over documents. The clerk at the frontier post had never seen the international customs "triptique" with which we were travelling. He sent us back twenty five miles to Uganda to get another document. If a new pump had not been recently installed just outside Uganda, we should have had to drive forty five miles further still to stock up again with petrol. Otherwise, officials in the Sudan proved helpful and very friendly. First prize went to a policeman in Khartoum. When we asked him the way to the Aeropole Hotel, he stopped the first passing motor-cyclist and ordered him to drive there so that we could follow.

continued on next page.

BY CHARIOT ACROSS AFRICA TO SHIPLAKE. continued.

This he did very willingly and at great speed, completely ignoring 'major roads ahead'. I had served in the Sudan during the war and greatly enjoyed meeting old friends and new - all most welcoming.

The most difficult part of the expedition was finding a ship from the Sudan to Greece. Many characters in fiction "haunt the offices of the shipping companies". We did so in fact. It was February, 2nd. when we arrived in Port Sudan and February, 19th. when we sailed out into the Red Sea on a delightful little Yugoslav merchantman, the "Zeman". The only sole complaint was that the only drink provided for passengers was a "Fine Dalmatian Artificial Viski", called "Diodetian Delight".

We docked at the Piraeus on the second of March and spent two delightful days - all, alas, that we could spare - wandering over the Acropolis in Athens and consulting the oracle at Delphi. Then we drove on into the wild, mountainous country of Macedonia, where we crossed over into Yugoslavia. Here, heavy snow in the mountains of Montenegro prevented us from reaching the beautiful Dalmatian coast, so we journeyed to Belgrade and then on through the valley of the Sava towards Zagreb.

The night before we reached Zagreb, I wanted a change from camping in the bitter cold of the Balkan winter nights, so the others left me at an hotel in Zupanje and drove out to the neighbouring woods. I had just finished supper when the management asked me for my passport. This was in the chariot somewhere in the woods. I knew not where, and it is apparently against the law for anyone to stay at an hotel in Yugoslavia without identity papers. The police soon arrived. Fortunately, Yugoslavia was another country in which I had served during the war and I could remember just enough of the language to make myself understood. I was allowed to sleep in the hotel, but was awakened at 6.15 next morning and escorted to the Police Station. My two companions were highly amused at having to rescue me from there when they returned from camp.

Next night, we were nearly in difficulties again. We stopped for a glass of wine in the kitchen of a very informal restaurant. The landlord insisted on food being provided for us as well. This, he said, was "on the house". But his wife was more businesslike. After we had spent a convivial evening, the bill arrived for the food as well as the wine, and we were unable to pay for it. Fortunately, some coffee and sugar from our larder in the chariot were happily accepted to make up the balance.

The rest of the journey was more conventional. We spent a cloudy day visiting the Grand Canal and St. Mark's Square in Venice and a day of glorious sunshine driving along the Riviera from Genoa to Monte Carlo. Here, I won a very welcome five pounds, presumably off Onassis and Prince Rainier. Then we drove up the Rhone valley to Lyons and across to Paris, where the chariot looked somewhat incongruous in the Champs Elysees. On March, 16th. we caught the night ferry from Dunkirk to Dover, where I said good-bye to the others over a cup of coffee in the station buffet. Next day, I drove to Oxford to the Appointments Committee to find a school at which to teach for the summer term. Here, I heard, for the first time of Shiplake Court, climbed straight into the chariot and drove over without even an appointment. Perhaps that is why I was in the school for half an hour before anybody realised that I was not a prospective parent.

D. J. Skipwith.

