

# **Old Rendcombian Society**

## **NEWSLETTER**



QUO LUX DUCIT

### **MAY 1996**

### **75th Anniversary Edition**

**22nd ISSUE**

Editor  
W.J.D. WHITE

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### **Society Officers 1995-96**

At the annual general meeting in July 1995, the following officers were elected:-

President:	Ted Jones (1940 - 48)
Chairman:	Neil Lumby (1968 - 73)
Vice-chairman:	Julian Comrie (1946 - 54)
Secretary:	Mrs Jane Gunner (1975 - 77) Whiteway Farmhouse, The Whiteway, Cirencester, Gloucestershire Tel: (01285) 658627 Fax: (01285) 658717
Treasurer & school rep:	Chris Wood (1965 - 71, staff: 1976 - ) 9 Hammond Drive, Northleach, Cheltenham, Glos, GL54 3JF Tel: 01451 860871
Committee members:	Douglas Payne (1940 - 48) Simon Wormleighton (1968 - 75) Sally Morris (1978 - 80)
Hon. auditor:	David Williams (1966 - 71)
Girls' secretary:	Hannah Willcocks (1992 - 94)
Hockey secretary:	Philip Moore (1980 - 87)
Cricket secretary:	Julian Fellows (1981 - 88)
Newsletter editor:	Bill White (Staff 1961 - ) 3 Jessop Drive, Northleach Cheltenham, Glos, GL54 3JG Tel: 01451 860 943

### **Notice of 63rd Annual General Meeting**

You are invited to attend the 63rd annual general meeting of the old Rendcombian society on 30th June 1996 in the reading room at Rendcomb College at 12.00 p.m.

#### **AGENDA**

1. To receive apologies for absence
2. To receive minutes of agm held on 8th July 1995
3. To deal with matters arising from the minutes
4. To receive hon. treasurer's report
5. Election of officers: president, chairman and vice-chairman
6. To set amount of travel bursary fund
7. To review level of life subscription
8. Vote of thanks to the college

Nominations for vacant posts should be sent to the secretary by the 1st June 1996. All nominations must include the name of the proposer and seconder and must be agreed by the person nominated.

### **Minutes of the 62nd Annual General Meeting**

Held at the college on Saturday 8th July 1995

The minutes of the 62nd annual general meeting of the old Rendcombian society held in the reading room, Rendcomb College on Saturday 8th July 1995

Present: Graham Bodman (1936 - 43), Paul Sumsion (1985 - 92), Hilary Sumsion (1987 - 89), John Sumsion (1942 - 47), Richard Sumsion (1947 - 54), Douglas Payne (1940 - 48), Frank Dutton (1936 - 44), Bill White (1961 - ), Justine Platt (1988 - 90), Tony Rose (1965 - 71), Walter Langdon-Davies (1925 - 30), Timothy Gay (1947 - 52), Roland Wood (1939 - 46), John Tolputt (headmaster), Roger Stebbing (1953 - 60), Michael van den Driessche (1955 - 60), Robert Cockrell (1953 - 60), Julian Comrie (1946 - 54), Ted Jones (1940 - 48), Neil Lumby (1968 - 73), Chris Wood (1964 - 71), Jane Gunner (1975 - 77)

#### **1. Apologies for absence**

Apologies were received from Rev. W. Hussey (1974 - 78), C.J. Gough (1920 - 24), R. Barrett (1969 - 76), David de G. Sells

#### **2. Minutes of the 61st AGM held on Sunday 3rd July 1994 were signed as a correct record.**

#### **3. Matters arising from the minutes**

The secretary reported that the register had been published and distributed along with the May newsletter and everyone should have received one. Chris Wood reported that the picture was now on sale and that it would be

£45 for a limited edition print with £5 out of that going to the F.O.R. 75th anniversary bursary appeal which was running throughout 1995.

#### 4. Treasurer's report

In the absence of Robert Barrett, Chris Wood presented the treasurer's report. The following items were noted:-

- a). That postage costs were double for the year 1994/95 because of the distribution of the ball literature.
- b). £1,500 had been spent on the painting, these two items combined together significantly reduce the society's balances. It was also noted that only £250 of the travel bursary had been awarded.

#### 5. Election of officers

After 7 years as treasurer, Robert Barrett was stepping down. Chris Wood proposed a vote of thanks to Robert which was seconded by Neil Lumby. It was passed unanimously in recognition of all Robert had done for the society over the years.

Chris Wood, proposed by Ted Jones and seconded by Tony Rose was voted in unanimously as the next treasurer.

Justine Platt was standing down as the girls' secretary as she could no longer make the meetings. The chairman thanked Justine for all she had done on behalf of the meeting and expressed the hope that she would rejoin the committee some time in the future.

Hannah Willcocks, proposed by Bill White and seconded by Jane Gunner was voted in unanimously as the next girls' secretary.

Keith Winmill had had to step down last year as hon. auditor due to other commitments.

David Williams, proposed by Chris Wood and seconded by Jane Gunner was voted in unanimously as hon. auditor.

#### 6. Travel bursary

Jane Gunner reported that due to a series of misunderstandings and delays, the rugby tour of Canada had not put in an application for the travel bursary in time for the committee to consider it. She therefore asked the meeting whether they would review it at the agm. It was agreed that the matter could be taken but after some discussion it was felt that, as there was no specific application from an individual needing help to go on the trip, it would not qualify for a grant this year. The amount set for the travel bursary was reviewed. Due to lack of funds it was proposed by Tony Rose and seconded by Chris Wood that it should remain at £500 this forthcoming year, 1995/96. A wider discussion ensued as members considered the reasons for the fall off in applications. It was suggested that a document might be produced which gave examples of previous expeditions. It might also encourage less ambitious projects. The committee undertook to keep the situation under review.

#### 7. Life subscription

Chris Wood and Bill White reported that generally the take up was good. The method of collection was discussed with it being noted that in most cases the parents paid for the membership. The committee undertook to consider possible alternatives.

It was proposed by John Sumsion and seconded by Chris Wood that the subscription should be increased for 1996 to £47.50 and would continue to be reviewed annually.

#### 8. Any other business

Ted Jones reported that he would be standing down as president next year and that he would like to take the opportunity to thank the staff and O.R. committee for all they had done during his time in office.

Richard Sumsion offered the society's thanks to the committee for the register.

9. The chairman thanked the college for hosting the 75th anniversary celebration and the meeting adjourned at 6.00 p.m. to enjoy the anniversary ball.

### **Dates of Future Meetings**

Sunday 30th June 1996	Cricket, tennis and volleyball matches
Sunday 16th March 1997	Hockey
Sunday 8th December 1997	Rugby

### **75th Anniversary**

A number of events were planned to mark the 75th anniversary and old Rendcombians supported them well.

March 18th: **A concert** was held in Cirencester Church. All the soloists were past or present pupils. The orchestra, too, included O.R.'s and also John Willson (staff 1967 - 88). The programme contained Mozart's Alleluia sung by Charlotte Harrison (1993 - 95), a symphony by William Boyce and Part I of Handel's

Messiah. The expertise of the young soloists, of the orchestral playing and of the chorus provided a memorable and perhaps emotional evening for the large audience.

May 24th-27th: '**A Midsummer Night's Dream**' was performed on the lower terrace in front of the college, mainly by younger Rendcombians, under the direction of the headmaster. As **Anna Ronowicz** (1993 - 95) commented in the "Rendcombian", "The whole production was full of freshness and energy. One could not, I feel, capture the magic and spirituality of Shakespeare's fantasy any more successfully than at Rendcomb on a midsummer's night. Rendcomb's terraces, leading down to the valley beyond, were transformed into a Victorian, yet 'rock-a-billy', place near Athens, stretching as far as the eye could see. Not one person slipped out of character, and even when not directly involved in a scene, Titania's fairies and Oberon's henchmen were able to dance down the hillside. What better backdrop could there be for scenes played in the woods?"

May 28th: **Founder's day service** in Gloucester Cathedral

A considerable number of O.R.'s were able to join the large congregation which included the Wills family, governors, parents, staff, friends and pupils for this celebration of Rendcomb's 75 years as a school. Many of those O.R.s who returned to Rendcomb for tea after the service expressed their appreciation of the singing, readings and sermon, and so it is felt appropriate to include this account which appeared in the Rendcombian:-

'*Light* was the recurrent theme of a service of evensong held in Gloucester Cathedral at 3 p.m. on Sunday, 28th May, by kind permission of the dean and chapter, to commemorate the 75th anniversary of the college's foundation, to give thanks for the past and express confident hope for the future. The large congregation included trustees, governors, staff, pupils, parents and friends. After the Introit, *Hail, Gladdening Light*, an address of welcome and introduction by the headmaster was followed by readings by the head boy and head girl. Benjamin Körber read the following words about the founder from *Sane Schooling* by J.H. Simpson, first headmaster of the college:-

'He was one of the most gracious and loveable personalities that I have ever known. Possessed in a great measure of the things many people most desire, he could not be happy unless others shared them. Two elements in education that he valued very highly were the beauty of external surroundings and the promotion of bodily health and strength. It was his happiness to feel that, from the woods and hills around Rendcomb, pupils were drawing unconsciously an inspiration that would affect them throughout their lives. He could scarcely have made a wiser choice than the estate, which he bought, for his purpose. In this sense the great, beautifully timbered, park and the rolling hills beyond it mattered more than the actual house in which we lived. Everything that met our eyes, when we looked from the windows or walked about the grounds, was more than good enough for all. Of his kindness as a friend and counsellor it is difficult to write with restraint. He seemed to have a genius for communicating sympathy and encouragement. He was not one to intrude advice on others, but his judgements were always penetrating and distinctive. His sympathy was no passing emotion, but an impetus to generous and unselfish action.'

Susie Fletcher read from the founder's thoughts about Rendcomb:-

'Rendcomb College was founded in the belief that the true aristocracy is in reality simply an aristocracy of brains and character. That there is nothing new or original in this idea is obvious enough, since it goes back to civilisation's dawn, when leadership and paramount influence depended, not merely upon physical strength and prowess, but, as they should depend now, upon intelligence and character in support of physical strength, and as the directing force behind all corporate activity. Society has gradually undergone many changes; has become artificial and, always desiring a ruler, has fairly recently in history drifted into the dual worship of heredity and mammon, while, still more recently, it has become dissatisfied with both these authorities. It has, in fact, begun to wonder if some of the good things which it used to assign to heredity were not more properly attributable to opportunity, and has been puzzled by observing that many of the greatest benefactors to the human race appear to owe little or nothing to wealth. Rendcomb's claim to originality, then, rests not upon an idea, but upon the fact that what was before merely a theory has been put into practice, that a fundamental belief in the power of opportunity and environment has been actually brought to the test.'

The college choir sang the Versicles and Responses and the Lesser Litany from the Rendcomb service, composed by David White, director of music, and including a setting of Psalm 138 by Stephen Lea, assistant director of music.

The first lesson, Job 28, 7-28, was read by W.H.G. Elwes, esq., Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire and a former governor of the college. The second lesson, St Matthew 5, 1-16, was read by Captain F.H.P.H Wills, High Sheriff of Gloucestershire and a grandson of the founder.

The Right Reverend Peter Walker, MA, Hon DD, former Bishop of Ely, gave the address, which follows:-  
"Five words from the second lesson: let your light so shine. Light is a special word of Jesus, and light is a very special thing - I say that as a Leeds Grammar schoolboy myself, who grew up in that great black city before the days of smoke abatement. And when I think of Rendcomb as I saw it on my first visit one summer

afternoon twenty years ago, it is light that I find myself thinking of: Rendcomb bathed, as the painters say, in the special Cotswold light, a soft light, gentle but very clear. And then I did not see Rendcomb for a long time, for I had to leave your neighbouring Oxfordshire, where I was Bishop of Dorchester then, for a very different countryside, and be for twelve years Bishop of Ely. But there, to compensate, were the lovely great skies of Cambridgeshire and the painter's light again. I took a painter out one afternoon from Ely, for him to see East Anglia for the first time, an older friend of mine - and, since I am the same age as your Rendcomb, or just a few months older, it means that Hans, my older friend, who was born in Germany, had been just old enough when Hitler came to power to have his pictures thrown out of the German galleries because he was a Jew. And seeing what was coming to his people, he had come away to England, and England was kind to him and has been his home since 1933. And against that background of dark days in our own Europe and in the lifetime of Rendcomb, there comes back to me today something that Hans Feibusch said that afternoon that I have never forgotten. The great skies and open spaces of the Fens reminded him of the plains of Eastern Europe, where he had been a conscript boy soldier in the dreadful war of 1914 - 18 - my father's war: mine was that of 1939 - 45 - and he remembered then what his professor of poetry used to say about the two great painters, not of landscape but of their fellow men and women, that Titian had painted them as they presented themselves to the world: Rembrandt, as they might be seen through the loving and the compassionate eye of God. Now that is wonderful, and it could speak to us today. It gently puts the question, 'How do you see your world? How do you see your fellow men and women?' I think that Job in that first lesson was seeing that question in a particular way, and I mean by that he was looking at a world that had the beginnings in it of becoming our own twentieth-century world. *The path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen* and along which the lion's whelps have not strayed, is the world of the mining engineer. All the wealth of the earth is there for mankind, Job says, the gold and precious stones, you name them they are there for the excavating - four great-uncles of mine were in the Kimberley diamond rush - but where shall humankind find the thing more precious than them all, the secret of finding its life, as humankind, together? Where shall *wisdom* be found, and where is the place of *understanding*? The world should be a place of brightness, but what are these voices that we hear, death and destruction saying wisdom and understanding? We have heard a rumour of them, but not more than that. Forget it. humankind will never learn. Now that is great poetry, as great as any in the whole of western literature, and it has come into its own in our own century. For you - who will be seeing the world into the twenty-first century and the new millennium when people like me have gone - you have grown up not only knowing wonderful things, and riches my own grandfather and his brothers could never have dreamed of, but also knowing, as no generation ever in the history of the human race before you has known, what great powers of destruction humankind has in its hands, the atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki fifty years ago this August, the weaponry in Bosnia as I am speaking to you this afternoon, or the less obvious but no less real threat we are so slow to get the message on, how our earth and its atmosphere are slowly being eroded and their creatures dying, by the way we are steadily polluting them, or think again of the millions of our fellow men and women who will have died this century because nations could not or would not, for all their expertise, organise the world's plenty for them not to have starved. And the great question on these things is: do we care?' The message of the Book of Job for such a world to go another way, His way, *The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom*. You must take God seriously again. But here I think we do not always understand quite what the Christian faith is saying to us at that point, the Christian faith upon which Rendcomb was founded and which brings us here to this Cathedral this afternoon. Taking God seriously means to the Christian taking Him seriously as Jesus Christ shows Him to us, seeing God in that light, His light. And that means seeing God as the God who grieves, who suffers, do you understand, as He sees the world so coming to grief as it gets things so wrong. I took a book to the counter in a Cambridge bookshop, and the girl, unusually, made a comment. What a lovely title, she said. It was called Jesus, the Compassion of God. In Jesus we see God's own compassion, God's kindness, God's concern. That is what the Christian message is about. I want to close now by remembering a woman of this century, from continental Europe again, from Paris, born, like my Hans, into a Jewish family, and a refugee from the Nazi occupation which could so easily have happened to us as well as to France in 1940 - and then, make no mistake, we should not have been here today to keep seventy-five years of Rendcomb as we know it. Simone Weill died in this country in 1943, aged 34, because she would not allow herself more to eat, though the doctors said she needed it, than her suffering French people had those days. A brilliant teacher in the high-powered French system of education, professor of philosophy, she was not a churchwoman. Jesus, she said, yes all the way. But I do not love the church. She wrote some pages once on the book she believed to be the greatest work in European literature, Homer's Iliad - unmatched, she said, until the Gospels, never equalled since, and I wish I had read her on that great poem when I was reading classical honour moderations at Oxford or teaching classics, as I once did, at Merchant Taylors. Great but why the greatest? How could she say of this poem about the sufferings of men and women under the walls of ancient Troy, that nothing the peoples of Europe have produced is worth this first known poem that appeared among them? Because the poet who wrote of them had seen them, Greeks and Trojans alike, all of them, with such compassion. The poem does not shout it, she says, but it is the poem's tone: it is bathed all through, though it

speaks so really of bitter things, with the light of what she calls a tenderness. A tone, a tenderness, a light, a way of seeing one's world and one's fellow men and women. Words describing a poem. Could they perhaps describe your Rendcomb? That would have been the hope of Noel Wills, who founded Rendcomb, and the hope of his family who have supported it these seventy-five years. And for that hope of theirs, and for your trying to be faithful, and for all that Rendcomb is and has in it to be in the years ahead - all that God wants it to be - we can truly give thanks to the same Almighty God this afternoon. May He bless you and keep you in your work and life in Rendcomb and in all the days ahead."

The organ postlude was composed by Stephen Lea, and a retiring collection was made in aid of the Friends of Rendcomb College anniversary scholarship fund.

### **75th Anniversary Ball Weekend - July 8th**

The weekend began with two cricket matches, involving four teams of O.R.'s and staff, organised by David Essenhigh. These set the tone for what turned out to be a highly successful and enjoyable event, made all the more memorable by the superb weather. The response to the invitations to the ball was magnificent, if not overwhelming, and the committee much regretted that some people were unable to obtain tickets or had to be content with 'after dinner' tickets.

The committee (Neil Lumby, Jane Gunner, Jeremy Grey (bursar), Russell Riste (catering manager), Chris Wood, David Barnett (governor), Geoffrey Morgan and David Croft (parents), Justine Platt and Bill White) had met regularly from the previous November. The number of letters and comments received indicated how much people had enjoyed the evening and how appreciative they were of the arrangements. Particular mention should be made of the tremendous work done by Russell Riste and his catering staff, by the bursar and the maintenance staff, by Muriel Paine's flower arrangers, by David Croft the treasurer, and not least by Jane Gunner who kept the administrative side in order.

The spectacle of so many people 'en tenue de soirée' gathered on the terrace in the evening sunlight was truly memorable, as was the splendidly decorated dinner marquee - laid for 450 guests. Allan Wyatt, chairman of the governors, made a brief speech of welcome before the meal began. Dancing to the band in the second marquee by the swimming pool and to the disco in the Dulverton Hall attracted many, while others remained chatting in the marquee or adjourned to the reading room - for the majority, 2 a.m. arrived far too quickly. One of the many highlights of the evening was the speech by Colin Raggatt (1920 - 26):-

"Mr president, ladies and gentlemen, I am proud, as what I say will show, to be asked to propose the toast of the college. On reading the invitation my mind instantly recalled, and my eyes saw, the arrival on June 2nd 1920 of a horse drawn waggonette with 12 boys, in front of the main building. They were the first entrants and it was still another two years before the total reached 40, and was only 60 when I left in 1926. Of those 12 boys only two are still alive. Douglas Dakin, a lifelong friend, whose health does not permit him to be here and to whom I am sure we all send good wishes, and myself. I mentioned earlier a horse drawn waggonette. These words alone create the image of a different world, and it was on this different world that two men, Noel Wills, shy, diffident, wealthy and of liberal views, and James Simpson, younger but widely experienced educationally for his thirty two years, initially at Rugby and at Holt under its distinguished head, Howson, and with close contact with early educational experimental work in such establishments as The Little Commonwealth created by Homer Lane on the Dorset Downs. These two men, Wills and Simpson, introduced to one another by Simpson's early books combined their talents to found and create Rendcomb as a liberal, democratic, partly self-governing community where boys, particularly of Gloucestershire, could be given opportunities they would otherwise be denied. Now, it is 75 years later, so how has Rendcomb done. Would its founders feel that they had been an inspiration for generations of staff and pupils? For indeed this was a productive partnership in which Wills had been responsible for the conception of Rendcomb and Simpson for its realisation. They were in agreement in two fundamentals, Wills had intense dislike of class antagonism - the Russia of 1917 was a recent example - and Simpson did not wish to work in a 'class' school. Moreover they believed that a school should aim for a full and wider range of interest than was then customary. One vital characteristic of this has been self-motivation. What had to be done had to be well done, and progress was a matter for the individual and not to be determined by the equivalent of the profit shown on the bottom line. It, progress, was a matter of human qualities and not of economic inexactitudes. The importance of close contact between pupil and adults helped to create the family atmosphere, the sense of purpose, of belonging, which in its turn created a very strong bond. Let us not forget, too, that in the earliest years of Rendcomb a strong and lasting academic tradition was created. This fostering of individuality and of standards is vital and must so continue. That is one reason why becoming a mixed school is so valuable. It is especially important that it be maintained because it

is right for individual and group development. For the future we must recognise that the educational climate is changing and that many of these changes are not so closely in accord with the individuality of Rendcomb. The college has to face a challenging future if it is to follow, as I am sure it will, its unique course. It must be aware, too, of the dangers of being regarded as 'elite' and 'elitist'. To be elitist can only be at the expense of someone else, it is self-centred and feeds on itself. Be good, be unique, not elite. In his valedictory address of 1932, Simpson summed up Rendcomb - here I quote, "some of you have had, and continue to have, a very remarkable opportunity of building up a community that does not conform to any accepted pattern. You have the opportunity, without being priggish or self-satisfied, to show that boarding school can be very different from what it has been in the past and indeed, often is in the present. That it can be more kindly, humane and interesting, that it can contain less fear and punishment and more room for sympathy, sense of beauty and spiritual values. That it need not have anything to do with differences of wealth and social position." Those words were spoken 63 years ago. Thinking of the years between and the college as it is today, with how many of them would any of us disagree? The deep principles behind Rendcomb are as vital today as in the 1920's and as they will be in the near next century, opportunities for those of limited means, a civilised and friendly atmosphere, a broad curriculum with emphasis on creative work, and the preservation of the common touch. So ladies and gentlemen, faith not sentiment makes me sure that the school will follow with success its unique course, and, by so doing will be of continued value to the community. I am reminded of St. Paul's pride in the fact that he was a citizen of Tarsus, to which he referred as 'no mean city'. Future pupils here will be able to feel and believe, as I have always felt, that at Rendcomb they, too, were and will continue to be pupils 'of no mean school'. Ladies and gentlemen, I invite you to rise and drink with me to the future of Rendcomb College...."

The proceeds from the ball were put towards the 75th anniversary bursary. These amounted to £3,800 and included money from the raffle, the winners of which were:-

A day at the races as guests of Mr and Mrs David Jenks: Mrs Fiona Welford (née Comrie)

A day for two people at Cheltenham Cricket Festival as guest of the president of the Gloucestershire County Cricket Club: Mr J. Horne

Cash: David Williams, Mr & Mrs K. Wilkinson

Over 100 O.R.'s stayed overnight in School House, Lawn House and Park House. On Sunday July 9th, after a hearty breakfast while some helped in the clearing up, a good congregation attended a service in St. Peter's Church, which marked both the college's 75th anniversary and the 100th anniversary of the rededication of St. Peter's after its refurbishment. The Reverend Peter Sudbury, chaplain and priest-in-charge, took the service. Bill White, churchwarden, read the Old Testament lesson relating to church property and our responsibility to maintain it and Ted Jones, president of the O.R. society, read the New Testament lesson about our responsibility to use the talents given to us, especially the gift of education. In his sermon, Mr Sudbury spoke as follows:-

"Welcome again to this dual anniversary service. It is a great pleasure to see so many people here this morning and I do hope that those of you who attended the preliminaries to this service, preliminaries which seemed to go on into the small hours of this morning are not suffering too much. Perhaps my monotonous drone may help to ease the pain. Almost exactly one hundred years ago today, this church was reopened and rededicated, having been closed since the beginning of Lent 1895 for substantial alterations and general reordering to be carried out, probably the first major work done to the church since its dedication in 1517. The work was done at the instigation of the Reverend George Kempson, whose memorial is in the north west corner of the church and paid for largely by the generosity of Mr and Mrs Taylor, Mr Taylor having purchased the estate from the heirs to Sir Francis Goldsmid in 1883, and whose memorial is here beside me. This memorial tells us when the work was done but it doesn't tell us what the alterations and reordering entailed and it wasn't until I came across a newspaper cutting in an old churchwardens' account book that the full extent of the work was made clear to me. All the seating was removed and I quote, 'The seats which have been removed were a sad blot on John Tame's handsome church - ungainly, straight-backed and narrow. In short unfitted for the purpose of worship as we understand it. They have now given place to solid oak benches, with handsome panelled backs and exquisitely carved ends, and so arranged that every worshipper may kneel on his knees without difficulty or discomfort.' So if you're not comfortable now you would have been a lot less comfortable prior to 1895. Other modifications included the raising of the chancel by about six inches; the fitting in the Lady Chapel of the window in memory of Miss Adelaide Sergison and the remodelling of the pulpit. Outside the church the vestry was built on top of a new boilerhouse which powered the new central-heating system which was also installed. In short much was done to bring the church up to the latest standards of the day ready to move into the 20th Century. And so one hundred years on, we give thanks for the foresight and generosity of the people of Rendcomb, who did so much to beautify and make comfortable this old and beautiful church. We give thanks for the commitment and the craftsmanship of those who built it in the first place, we give thanks for



those who have cared for it, cleaned it, worshipped and prayed in it and we commit ourselves to handing it on to those who shall follow us in the best possible condition, a condition befitting a building that is the visible focus of Christianity in Rendcomb. Twenty five years after the great reordering of this church there was to be a reordering of Rendcomb Park, the house built by Sir Francis Goldsmid, owned by James Taylor and eventually sold to Noel Wills of Miserden. Noel Wills bought it with the express intention of making it into a school and on June 2nd 1920 Rendcomb College opened under the headmaster J.H. Simpson and with twelve pupils, although more were to join later in the year. Since those early days the college has gone from strength to strength. Girls were admitted to the 6th Form in 1971 and the college became fully co-educational in 1993, at the same time opening its doors to day pupils. At the close of play last Thursday there were 248 boys and girls at the school ranging in age from 10 to 19. Many people have exerted a great influence on the college during the 75 years of its existence: the chairmen of the governing body - after the death of the founder, Canon Sewell, Colonel Godman, Major Burchell, Admiral Sir Louis Le Bailly, Torquil Norman and currently, Allan Wyatt. The headmasters - James Simpson from the foundation of the college until 1932, Dennis Lee-Browne who succeeded him, steering Rendcomb through the war and the difficult post-war years, eventually dying in office after 28 years as headmaster. Anthony Quick who oversaw the great development of buildings and amenities in the 1960's and who was the first Rendcomb headmaster to be invited to the headmasters' conference, Roger Medill, during whose time in office Park House was built, girls were admitted to the 6th form and plans were begun for the major development programme that was to lead Rendcomb from the eighties to the nineties and John Tolputt, our current head under whose auspices the development plan was effected, and co-education for both day-pupils and boarders introduced throughout the college. There are other famous names: J.C. James, a member of staff here for nearly forty years and who served the college in so many capacities - history teacher, second master, college librarian, director of studies, master in charge of cricket and during the period of Dennis Lee-Browne's illness and the succeeding year until Anthony Quick's appointment he was acting headmaster. Jack Fell, the man who, above all else that he did for Rendcomb, masterminded the adaptation and conversion of the stable block into the science department as we know it today. And you will, I am sure, all remember other members of staff, too many to mention who influenced you during your time here. There was Edward Thring as the first bursar; Walter Telling, Tony Partridge and Paul Kampe, who as clerks of works have looked after the college and kept it in good repair, and Frank Fry and David Essenhigh who have done the same for the playing fields. Again there are others whose work in administration, in the sick bay and in the kitchens has been invaluable in the day-to-day smooth running of the college. To all these people the college owes a deep debt of gratitude but I know that they would be the first to acknowledge that without the foresight and generosity of Noel Wills and without the unceasing and generous support of his family during the 75 years of its existence, Rendcomb College would not exist today. You have only to look around the college to see facilities like the swimming pool, the Sinclair Field on landage, the Dulverton Hall, to consider the scholarships and bursaries endowed by members of the founder's family to know how much Rendcomb College depends on their philanthropy. Noel Wills founded Rendcomb College in the belief that 'the true aristocracy is in reality simply an aristocracy of brains and character' and by his endowment he has given many Gloucestershire boys and girls a passport to become members of the aristocracy, enabling them to be educated in an 'atmosphere of frankness, free discussion and ready sympathy', in an environment where 'there is no place for fear, nor for anything mean, which is generally the result of fear.' I believe that much of what he hoped for Rendcomb still exists in the college today. Times have changed, fashions have changed, society itself has changed, but those basic principles 'of frankness, free discussion and ready sympathy' are still fundamentally the cornerstone on which we seek to build the characters of today's boys and girls. And so it is right that today, seventy five years after the first pupils joined Rendcomb College, we should remember and give thanks for Noel Wills and the foundation that he established here, for his family who have done so much to enable that foundation to survive and flourish and for the dedication shown during the past 75 years by all who have been associated with the college on the governing body, the teaching staff and the administrative staff. If you were to fly down the Churn Valley, and as you passed, you looked eastward towards Rendcomb, you would notice that as a result of the 1989 development, this Church of St Peter, stands fair and square (certainly fair, I hope not too square), fair and square in the centre of the college campus. It stands physically at the heart of the college and my hope and my prayer is that for many of the Rendcomb community, spiritually it has the same prominent position for them. And that is why I am so delighted to be able to celebrate the centenary of the refurbishment and reordering of this old and beautiful church at the same time as celebrating the 75th Anniversary of the foundation of Rendcomb College - they are bound together physically, they are bound together geographically and if as well as that we remember the words from Proverbs: 'The fear and the knowledge of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom; all who follow His precepts have good understanding.' Then perhaps we will see more and more how important it is that there should be a strong spiritual link binding them together as well."

## Bill White

It is typical of Bill that his coverage of the 75th anniversary events implies that everyone needs to be thanked but himself. However, if he is not thanked through these pages it would be a shocking omission by those of us involved in the various events. The chairman of the governors, Allan Wyatt, called Bill the arch co-ordinator in his welcome to the guests at the ball and indeed this was an apt description. It was Bill who had the confidence that the ball would be well attended and it was a sign of the deep respect and affection in which he is held that there were 200 tickets sold by November 1994. He and I met almost weekly from that time to co-ordinate ticket sales and accommodation and it was a rare honour and privilege to work with someone with such insight and knowledge into so many people, their histories and aspirations. Bill sat down one weekend and produced a seating plan of which he was justly proud. It needed only minor tweaking thereafter despite the last minute changes which result from the inevitable cancellations and standby tickets. This mastery could only have been achieved after years of experience with complicated timetables and its final version appeared to satisfy as many people as is humanly possible - given that it is impossible to please 453 people all at the same time. Further, besides the ball, Bill played some part in all the other 75th celebrations with a commitment which put to shame those of us who lacked the stamina to attend those events in which we were not directly involved. Rendcomb's 75th anniversary celebrations were a great success and touched many hundreds of people. Thank you Bill for all that you did to make it so.

Jane Gunner

Old Rendcombians who attended the ball, with wives or friends were:

1920's

C. Raggatt      D. Vaughan      W. Langdon-Davies      A. Brain

1930's

F. Dutton      M. Thompson      R. Wood      N. McGregor-Wood      B. Lumby

1940's

D. Payne      J. Sumsion      G. Benson      A. Wallace      M. Miles  
G. Bye      J. Reed      C. Lane      E. Jones

1950's

J. Webb      F. Glennie      J. Comrie      R. Stebbing      L. Wragg  
M. Jones      R. Sumsion      M. Whittering

1960's

R. Law      D. Shield      R. Rose      C. Wood      A. Bell  
T. Longworth      T. Roberts      D. Bell      R. Bowen      J. Gray  
N. Lumby      J. Nicholas      P. Sayers      S. Hicks      R. Weston  
A. Stafford      J. Williams      P. Smith      R. Barrett

1970's

T. Paton      A. Ward      N. Price      L. Ross      J. Merrett  
W. Gotley      M. Fewings      A. Martin-Smith      C. Foster      S. Hannam  
A. Birden      A. Paton      R. Evans      A. Phelps      I. Forrest  
R. Bendy      A. Payne      D. Lee      R. Tudor      I. Taylor  
H. Wilson      C. Hussey      D. White      T. Etherington      J. Gunner  
S. Morris      A. Young      P. Paterson-Fox      R. Woof      R. Funnell  
N. Roberts      F. Peplow      T. Hicks      C. Schreiber      M. Twinning  
C. Ledger      J. Hutton-Potts      A. Maton      I. Weekes      J. Gotley  
J. Watson      D. Knox      S. Laverick      T. Brealy      R. Evans  
J.C. Quick      S. Blyth      N. Crowe      J. Sayers      T. Wild  
N. Miles      J. Phelps  
A. Harris      J.H.W. Quick

## 1980's

C. Ellis	S. Perkins	J. Fellows	M. Hammond	K. Elderfield
I. Bishop	P. Griffiths	Samantha Winter	C. Mallindine	D. Edwin
F. Welford	S. Payne	R. Matson	G. Hughes	H. Le Fleming
N. Paterson-Fox	A. Lewers	W. Hammond	G. Noyce	A. Lainé
F. Reichwald	R. Reichwald	J. Leigh	C. Fellows	A. Powell
P. Morgan	A. Andreis	A. Whittaker	K. Ellis	F. Hicks
B. Gallagher	C. Gorman	M. Croft	M. Hastings	J. McMonigall
M. Faircloth	M. Rann	A. Heal	S. Hardy	N. Tinto
J. Kelly	A. Adams-Young	G. Cowie	V. Tredwell	E. Smith
A. Fletcher	J. Gregory	S. Jenkins	A. Brealy	J. Platt
A. Teodorowicz	E. McNeill	C. Huck	M. Moody	C. Yardley

## 1990's

P. Croft

## 1995 Leavers

F. Ingham	A. Iles	G. Somers	S. Fletcher	A. Depauw
M. Brown	S. Croft	C. Harrison	A. Ronowicz	L. Peters
S. Roney	J. Morgan	S. Jones	C. Jarrett	

We apologise for any errors or omissions.



## **75th Anniversary Exhibition of Craft and Woodwork 29th September - 1st October**

A remarkable exhibition of craft and woodwork was held at the college during the weekend of 29th September. On display were items made by old Rendcombians in the old "manual" from the 1920's through to those made more recently in the present woodwork department, together with some items made during professional careers. The large number of items on display illustrated the high standard of design and craftsmanship achieved by Rendcombians over the past 75 years. The variety was equally impressive - ranging from small delicately made bowls to desks, tables, chests of drawers and the gun case made for Major Tom Wills. On the Friday evening a large number of those who had contributed to the exhibition were invited to a wine and finger buffet reception, together with many other people with long connections with Rendcomb. At this reception we were delighted to see Cecil Gough (1920 - 24) with furniture he made 75 years ago and still in use at Rendcomb, Martin Lee-Browne and Hermione Thornton (née Lee-Browne) and Mr Simpson's daughters. The whole exhibition was the idea of Colin Burden who has run the woodwork department since 1963. He organised the event single-handed, contacted those whose work was on display, arranged for collection and return of the items lent. This required hours of planning, telephone calls and driving. The tremendous success of the exhibition and the enjoyment and pleasure it gave to many people over the weekend was due to Colin's hard work. He deserves congratulations and thanks for a unique event in Rendcomb's history.

WJDW



The contributors were:-

Mary Drake	Fruit bowl - walnut	) Made by
	Writing slide - walnut	) Betula
Marianne Nevel	A wide range of items made by Betula Ltd – partly owned by her late husband Francis Nevel. O.R. 1925 - 29	
Oliver Morel	Photograph. Copy of Dennis Lee Browne's Guide to Manual Master dated 1938	
Kity Uzzell	Cigarette box - Walnut	made by Betula
Raymond Butler O.R. 1922 - 27	Fruit Bowl - Walnut	made by Betula
Willie Walters O.R. 1940 - 49	Chairman's gavel	
Peter Lane O.R. 1939 - 42	Photographs of recent clock projects	
Christopher Lane O.R. 1940 - 49	Walnut dressing table and mirror	
	Recent sculptures in yew, cedar, bronze and purbeck stone. Dual purpose trestle table – stained pine	
Timothy Gay O.R. 1948 - 54	Record cabinet - brown oak	
	Cot - pine	
	A wide range of small items and numerous photographs of his pupils work.	
Hermione Thornton (née Lee-Browne)	Chest of drawers - walnut	) made by
	Cigarette Box - walnut	) Bert Uzzell
	Bench - oak	Dennis Lee Browne
	Wood carvings of pig - lime	) Carved by
	Otter - yew	) Hermione Lee Browne
Martin Lee-Browne	Secretaire - walnut	Bert Uzzell
	Magazine rack - walnut	Bert Uzzell
	Dressing table - walnut	Bert Uzzell
	Butlers Tray - walnut	Bert Uzzell
	Tea Caddy - walnut	Bert Uzzell
	Coffee Table - walnut	Bert Uzzell
	Pair walnut chairs - walnut	Bert Uzzell
	Chest of drawers - oak	Dennis Lee Browne
	Blanket box - oak	Dennis Lee Browne
Arnold Brain O.R. 1929 - 37	Coffee Table - walnut	Oliver Morel
	Photographs of items made by Oliver Morel	
Cecil Gough O.R. 1920 - 24	Bedside cabinet - oak - Showing influence of Peter Waals	
	Pair Dining Chairs - oak - Design	

	influenced by Gordon Russell
	Blanket box - oak
	Cigarette box - oak - Edward Barnsley Design.
	A test piece for third year Loughborough students
	Needlework box - American walnut. A joint project with son - John
David Hart O.R. 1950 - 56	A selection of silverware recently made in his Chipping Campden workshops
Dick Rolt O.R. 1966 - 71	A high performance screen press designed by Dick and made by Rolt Engineering Ltd
Trevor Chinn	Loan of colour slide of Lloyd George chest and copy of Gordon Russell's original design
Roy Dennis Staff 1959 - 82	Standard lamp - brown oak
	Tea trolley - oak
Colin Burden staff 1963 -	Hall table - teak
	Rush seated carver - ash
Graham Jordan O.R. 1966 - 73	Photographs of houses and interior fittings he has built in Australia
Ted Jones O.R. 1940 - 48	Two woodcarvings completed in Fiji
Roger Attwood	Joynt stool - oak
School cabinet maker	Childs chair - mahogany
	Tripod table - mahogany
Vera Fell	Nest of tables - laburnum
(Loan of items made by her late husband Jack, staff 1934 - 73)	Bedside cabinet - walnut
Paul Margetts O.R. 1972 - 75	Photographs of Oliver Morel's work
	Display of forgework and photographs of recent commissions
Mike Denley O.R. 1968 - 74	Button back chair

### **Pupils' Work 1920 - 1995**

Raymond Butler 1922 - 27	Bow saw - beech
Tony Morris 1937 - 42	Fruit bowl - mahogany
Patrick Morris 1937 - 44	Dining chair - oak
Peter Lane 1939 - 42	Tea trolley - brown oak
Christopher Lane 1940 - 49	Dressing table - English walnut
Timothy Gay 1948 - 54	Coffee table - English walnut
John Gough 1948 - 55	Gateleg table - English elm
Bob Lawson 1948 - 57	Cigarette Box - mahogany
John Ellis 1948 - 57	Coffer - English oak
Giles Auden 1949 - 58	Fan - used in school production of Charley's Aunt
Roger Stebbing 1952 - 59	Book rack - English oak
Keith Stimson 1955 - 63	Panelled coffer - English oak
	Table lamp - English oak
	Standard lamp - English oak
	Book ends - English elm
	Jewellery box - English walnut
	Table lamp - English oak
	Birthday card - yew
	Tobacco box - made from a coconut
	Jewellery box - English walnut
	Coffee table - Nigerian Golden Walnut
	Nest of tables - English oak
	Spanish guitar

Gun cabinet in Brazilian rosewood and beech made by pupils in the early sixties for Major Tom Wills, grandson of the founder

Christopher Webb 1955 - 63	Stool - English oak Book rack - mahogany Nut bowl - Iroko Mallet - boxwood Tray - mahogany
Louis Webb 1957 - 66	Stool - elm
Dick Rolt 1966 - 71	Scale working models of narrow boats
Graham Jordan 1966 - 73	Needlework box - Makore and sycamore Dining chair - teak Conservatory table - English oak Nest of tables - English walnut Coffee Table - Makore Milking stool - yew Carvings - Ash and hornbeam Turned boxes - Iroko and walnut Goblet - 'Olive' ash
Christopher Higgins 1967 - 73	Coffee Table - English walnut
Mike Denley 1968 - 74	Collector's cabinet - English walnut
Timothy Nicholas 1969 - 76	Wrought iron fire guard Toasting fork Standard lamp - teak Handkerchief box - English walnut
Steve Hicks 1969 - 76	Telephone table - teak Wine glasses - yew Platter - oak Rush seated carver - ash Turned pots with lids - English walnut
Robert Sherratt 1969 - 76	Writing table - teak
Ian Read 1969 - 76	Sewing table - English elm
Chris Pulford 1970 - 77	Wine table - yew
David Morris 1971 - 74	Woodcarving pig - Wych elm
Jon McGill 1971 - 78	Collector's Cabinet - English walnut Joynt stool - English oak
Joe Watson 1971 - 78	Sewing box - English walnut Writing desk - English oak Backgammon board - Rosewood and sycamore
Jane/Joe Watson 1975 - 77	Upholstered stool - Brazilian mahogany
Phil Everatt 1969 - 76	) Standard lamp - Wych elm
Joe Everatt 1975 - 82	) Milking stool - English walnut ) Table lamp - mahogany plywood ) Milking stool - English elm ) Coffee table - English elm
Colin Hitchcock 1971 - 78	Bedside cabinet - False acacia
Tim Wilson 1972 - 77	Reproduction Bureau - English oak Nest of tables - English elm Child's chair - English elm
Nigel Hall 1972-77	Smokers Bowl - Ash and elm Jewellery box - English walnut Gavel - Boxwood Wine glass - yew
Stephen Whittard 1973 - 80	Easy chair - Iroko
Fred Wilcox 1973-80	Firescreen - English oak
Patrick Lorenzen 1973 - 80	Chest of Drawers - English oak Joynt stool - oak
Kevin Nunan 1973 - 80	Corner cupboard - English oak
Michael Cannon 1975 - 79	Bedside cabinet - English elm
Nigel Pitt 1975 - 82	Wine table - English elm

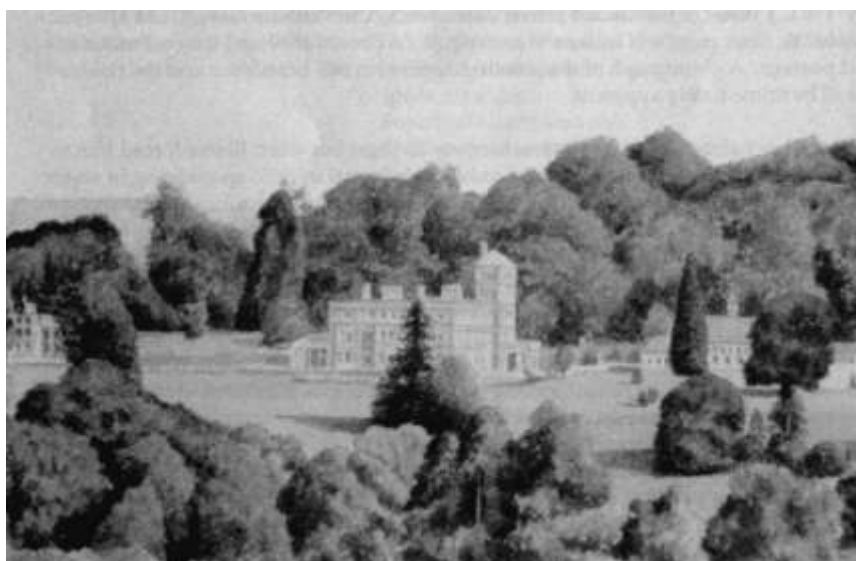
Guy Marsh 1975 - 82	Writing table - English walnut Easy chair - English oak Coffee table - ash (plate glass top)
Frank Peplow 1976 - 80	Woodcarving - Dolphin - sycamore Rocking chair - English ash and elm Chessboard - mahogany and sycamore Stool - Wych elm
Chris Cannon 1976 - 81	Carver chair - English ash
Matt Archer 1977 - 83	Bedside Cabinet - teak
Mark Lewers 1978 - 80	Bedside table - English oak
Nigel Freeman 1978 - 81	Jewellery box - Burr maple
Alison Hockin 1979 - 81 (Mrs M Harries)	Pair occasional tables - English oak
Dominic Scarlett 1979 - 86	Bowl - English ash Assorted wooden eggs Stick back chair - ash and elm
Fiona Comrie 1980 - 82	Coffee table - Brazilian mahogany
Adrian Lewers 1982 - 84	Coffee table/Games table - English ash
Oliver Ward 1984 - 91	Fishing fly box - Brazilian mahogany and sycamore
Nigel Bayliss 1984 - 89	Coffee table - American cherry (plate glass top) Footstool - American oak Two bowls - Spalted beech Games table - American cherry
Kevin Holmes 1983 - 90	Pedestal desk - English oak and oak veneered M.D.F. Bowl - Burr oak Wine table - English oak Table lamp - English elm
John Shaw, Colin Sainsbury & Rory Johnson	Freestanding bookcase - Brazilian mahogany made in the early eighties for Major Tom Wills
Timothy Underwood 1985 - 92	Platter - English ash Display Cabinet - English ash
Hamish Auld 1985 - 92	Coffee Table - Brazilian mahogany Desk tidy - Brazilian mahogany Child's Chair - Laburnum
Peter Croft 1986 - 93	Sewing box - American cherry
John Talbot 1986 - 93	Display cabinet - Brazilian mahogany Wine table - English walnut Baby walker - Brazilian mahogany
James Bainbridge 1987 - 92	Hall table - Brazilian Freijo Sewing box on stand - Brazilian mahogany
Jeremy Sawtell 1988 - 93	Table lamp - English elm Piano stool - Brazilian mahogany
Andrew Branston 1989 - 93	Stool - Burr elm
Mark Bartlett 1990 - 93	Platter - English ash Nest of tables - American oak
Ean Branston 1990 - 94	Fruit bowl - Burr elm
Polly Parsons 1992 - 94	Blanket box with stencilled decoration

## **O.R. Shop**

Tie in maroon or navy (griffin crests throughout) £5.00 p&p free  
Sweat shirt in navy with woven "Old Rendcombian" badge £15.00 + 1.50 p&p  
Rugby shirt in navy with red band and woven "OR" badge £29.50 + 1.50 p&p  
Limited edition print of Rendcomb College £40.00 + £1.50 p&p



For the 75th anniversary of the college, the society commissioned a water colour painting of the school by local artist, Stuart James. The original is on permanent display in the school and a signed limited edition (500) print, measuring approximately 24" x 14", may be purchased by sending a cheque for £41.50 (made payable to "The Old Rendcombian Society") to C.J. Wood, 9 Hammond Drive, Northleach, Cheltenham Glos, GLS4 3JF (Tel: 01451 860871). Your print will be sent in a strong 3" cardboard tube and the cost includes this and postage. A photograph of the painting appears in this newsletter and the fine detail will be immediately apparent. Stuart James has painted in his spare time for over 25 years but when illness forced him to give up his work in the building trade he turned professional in 1987, specialising in water colour landscapes. His work is now in great demand locally with a waiting list for commissions. He has had many one man exhibitions and is a member of the Fosseway Artists, who have exhibited at Rendcomb College, Marlborough Artists and the Swindon Art Society where he won the William Paul Trophy in 1993. He is also a member of the Fine Art Trade Guild and our painting appeared in Art Business Today, their magazine, in August 1995. If you want a reminder of the school and the beautiful setting of Rendcomb, this fits the bill well and represents a product of considerable quality. Once the capital cost of this venture has been covered profits will go into the society's funds to assist with projects such as the travel bursary.



Enlargement of print showing detail



## **A History of Rendcomb College, Volume 2**

A Review by Nicholas Dakin (1962-68)

The winter of 1965 has vanished with the snows of yesteryear, but I still recall the novelty, as I embarked on my 'A' level courses, of having a study bedroom actually to myself. It was perhaps a privilege which I soon took for granted. Certainly, as I buttered my toast, brewed my coffee and quietly contemplated doing a French prose for David Sells, I had little sense of the plans afoot that were even then changing the face of Rendcomb. On reaching man's estate and keeping loosely in touch with the school I later acquired a better knowledge, but it has taken the appearance of the second volume of 'A History of Rendcomb College', published to mark the school's 75th anniversary, to tell me the full story. Let me say right at the very outset that it is a handsome volume and admirably conceived, containing as it does David Sells' chronological and largely factual narrative, essays of a more specialist nature by Noel Gibbs, Anthony Quick and Edward Thing, and some useful and informative appendices. It is lucidly written, well illustrated and excellent value at £20. The book will appeal to any old Rendcombian with even a vestigial interest in the institution which educated him. It will also be of interest to parents and despite its inevitably narrow focus, the History also merits some notice in the wider educational world. In its account of a radical school's pragmatic resilience and continuing, though modified, vision, the book is surely a useful contribution to the body of work on progressive education in the twentieth century.

Headmasters, inevitably, have the highest profile. They are seen variously as custodians of tradition, as ones crucially placed to set a school's present tone and as those most accountable to the future. The History therefore does full justice to the skills and dedication of Anthony Quick, Roger Medill and John Tolputt. Such men do not rise to the top of their profession for nothing. Anthony Quick's personal contribution to the volume, an essay entitled 'The Rendcomb Tradition', reflects precisely this sense of a school's continuing relationship with its past. The vision of the founder and the qualities of J.H. Simpson and Dennis Lee-Browne as headmasters are rightly confirmed by it, and if Lee-Browne is judged with particular objectivity, surely there could be no man better placed professionally to do this than his successor?

The History also enabled me to follow, if only briefly, the subsequent careers of those members of staff I had known as a schoolboy - John and Kathleen James, Bill White, David Sells, Kaye Knapp, Ron Caves, Colin Burden, John Willson, Jack Fell, Chris Swaine and Roy Dennis. It also introduced a more recent group, hitherto unknown, but one clearly with its distinctive talents and the same loyalty and dedication. Above all, Volume Two gave me a far better knowledge of the men and women entrusted with the finances of the school and with keeping a watching brief on its welfare - the trustees and the governors.

The essay contributed by Noel Gibbs, one of the grandsons of the founder and himself both a trustee and a governor, helped to clarify the important difference between these two distinct yet complementary functions. It also gave a lucid account of the peculiar nature of Rendcomb finance, especially the relationship between endowment and fee income, and brought home the challenges facing an independent school seeking to finance desperately needed expansion during times of high inflation and recession.

As one read on, the particular styles and contributions of various chairmen of governors began to emerge: Colonel Godman, who in 1947 prevailed at a critical moment on Gloucestershire County Council to take up boarding places; Major Birchall, a loyal governor for almost 40 years; the dynamic and forceful Sir Louis Le Bailly and his equally energetic successor Torquil Norman (also a Rendcomb parent) who stepped into the breach following the tragic death of Admiral Sir Richard Clayton; and latterly the present chairman, Allan Wyatt. Finally, the work of a rank-and-file governor, Professor the Revd Gordon Dunstan, made a particular impression, especially through his chairmanship of two important initiatives, the future policy working party and the policy planning committee.

The increasing involvement of parents and staff is clearly one feature of Rendcomb which came after me. It was with pleasure that I read of an energetic and supportive parents' association, and as a schoolmaster myself I could only note with approval the growing rapport between governors and staff spearheaded by Louis Le Bailly. The most shining example of this was probably the staff committee, chaired by Kaye Knapp and formed as an offshoot of the future policy working party, whose recommendations, coming as they did from men with an intimate professional knowledge of the school, were crucial in bringing order and unity to the inevitably piecemeal developments of the 60s and 70s. Nowhere was this sense of a coherent overall strategy more apparent than in the creation of separate 'vertical boys' boarding houses in the 1980s to replace the fragmentation into 'horizontal' year-groups which had taken place. The survival of the school was certainly assured by this, and perhaps also the preservation of Simpson's and Lee-Browne's vision of an extended 'family' of different ages. A happy meeting of change and tradition if that was the case.

Rendcomb therefore approaches the millennium with a range of remarkably fine facilities in place and attractive and well integrated buildings which must rank with the finest boarding accommodation in the country. The essay contributed by Edward Thring, Rendcomb's first full-time bursar since 1930, is a brisk, good-humoured and practical account of how some of the more recent buildings came into being. Bursars are a

misunderstood lot, and it was only right that Commander Thring was given this platform. Perhaps one of the saddest developments in the recent history of the school has been the steady decline of the part played by the Gloucestershire County Council in supporting boys from its primary schools at Rendcomb, culminating in the complete withdrawal of places in 1991. There are doubtless many plausible economic, social and political reasons why this had to happen. The loss is nevertheless to be regretted. It is therefore reassuring that the endowment is still of considerable value to the school, but there can be no question that Rendcomb these days is much more of a fee-paying, market-oriented institution than it ever was in the past. And there is no escaping the fact that this has to be.

At the same time I was struck by the part still played at Rendcomb by good old-fashioned philanthropy (as opposed to the modern hybrid, corporate sponsorship) and the History quite rightly does full justice to the wonderful generosity of such figures as Sir David Wills, Mrs Huntly Sinclair, Lord Dulverton and the Dulverton Trust, and the old Rendcombian Stephen Merrett. The generosity of the founder lives on in them... Quo Lux Ducit...

But sooner or later the question has to be faced. Would Noel Wills, if he were alive today, approve of the school he founded single-handedly 75 years ago? The History faces this fairly and squarely at one or two points and answers convincingly that he would. The College trustees, the governors and the Friends of Rendcomb have seen to it that at least a few individuals from less affluent backgrounds enjoy the benefits of a Rendcomb education, and the government assisted places scheme at present gives this opportunity to 35 more. But it would have been interesting indeed if the History had managed to include a comprehensive sociological survey of the various circumstances of present and past pupils. No doubt such a task would have been formidable logistically, but my guess is that it would have shown that there is now significantly less of a social mixture. I am satisfied, however, that the founder would have accepted this and would still recognise a school without exclusivity or pretension. Besides, Wills's educational vision at the end of the Great War was one formed in the context of a vanished, essentially rural England of deeply rooted, almost feudal, class division. Our own times are characterised more by class distinction and social mobility, the social mixture these days is therefore to be found not only at Rendcomb but in society itself. Perhaps therefore a modern Noel Wills would have begun to address the problems of race and the inner cities - it is tempting to think so. But the fact remains that Wills's values were essentially aristocratic - an aristocracy of brains and/or character, of course, not of birth, devoted to the achievement of excellence and self-realisation. Given this, Wills could certainly be proud today of Rendcomb's academic honours, its healthy sporting traditions and the wealth of out-of-school activities now available (putting the 1960s utterly to shame). Rendcomb may not now be as radical as it was but, as Anthony Quick points out, this is not so much a sign of failure as of success, the proof being that many boarding schools have now followed where Rendcomb once led. Neither would the introduction of co-education have caused Wills any difficulty, although it is likely that he would now be most struck by the existence of a mature Rendcomb beginning to give back what it had once been in a position only to receive. Rendcomb's growing involvement with the elderly, handicapped and disadvantaged in the community and in the Third World must surely strike every reader very favourably. In the long run it is only the current move away from boarding which might cause a revenant Noel Wills any regret, but even here one senses a pragmatism equal to understanding the reasons for this change of emphasis. Resilience, as the History demonstrates, is of the essence.

The History therefore makes it quite plain that change, as much in matters of curriculum as in facilities, was essential to Rendcomb's survival. At the same time such change, though inevitable, was wanted for its own sake and was not found to be incompatible with the admirable principles of the foundation.

The sixth-form academic curriculum I knew in the 1960s (English, history and French - maths, physics, and chemistry - physics, chemistry and biology) was not a blueprint for the future, and even 30 years ago it was not defensible educationally. Small may be beautiful in some ways, but Rendcomb had to grow. That it grew successfully is the theme of this book. An O.R. might be permitted to shed an occasional dry tear, but would he really want to resurrect, for all its quaintness and despite some very real distinctions, that enclosed all-male community of the 60s with its revolting boot hole and drying-room? Better it lives in the memories (happy? - I hope so) of balding middle-aged men.

If this excellent volume has one defect it is that its compiler, David Sells, the man uniquely placed to write and compile it, has inevitably been inhibited from doing anything like justice to his own contributions to the fortunes of Rendcomb. He is, though, present by implication on practically every page, sitting on this committee or that, writing a characteristically suave and laconic prose, and in, for example, his quoting of Diderot (tongue-in-cheek and yet not quite), recalling the civilised ironist I knew in the classrooms and top-floor dormitories of 30 years ago.

I calculate that Volume III will be due to appear in the year of grace (let us hope) 2020 - we shall have to look there for a fuller account of D. de G.S.'s achievements. For the present, Volume II speaks for him more in deeds than in words.

Copies of Volume II of the History of Rendcomb College may be obtained from The Bursar, Rendcomb

College, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, GL7 7HA. The cost is £20 per copy, plus £3 postage and packing. Cheques should be made payable to Rendcomb College.

### The Friends of Rendcomb

In May 1994 the Friends' trustees resolved to raise £30,000 to provide a special scholarship for a local primary school pupil, to mark the 75th anniversary of the founding of the college. At the outset it was intended to confine the appeal to individuals and charities with a declared interest in education, not addressing old Rendcombians and parents, whose support for the trust is canvassed annually in any case. Half the required sum was raised within a year, and the trustees decided to keep the appeal open until the end of March 1996. At this stage the committee of the OR Society offered its help and, forsaking their original intention, the trustees agreed to seek the society's support. In the first instance, ORs buying tickets for the anniversary ball were invited to contribute. Their response encouraged us, with a great deal of help from the OR committee, to send out a special appeal to members of the society last December. At the time of writing, early March, this appeal has raised £2,730.50, the total contribution from ORs reaching £4,390.60. The grand total achieved so far, which includes the profit from the excellently organised anniversary ball, the collection made in Gloucester Cathedral, half that taken in St Peter's Church the day after the ball and a proportion of the profit from the OR society's sale of a print of the college, is £28,426. We are within sight of the target we hope to reach by the end of March. One of the most encouraging aspects of this appeal has been the interest and generosity shown by the college's alumni. Writing for the Friends' trustees, I should like to express our gratitude to all ORs who have contributed so generously, and in particular to your committee for its sterling support. The anniversary scholarship has already been awarded, on the headmaster's recommendation, and looking to the future we should like to be able to sponsor more scholars than we can at present. To preserve the entry from primary schools - undoubtedly one of Rendcomb's greatest strengths and its original *raison d'être* - must surely be the concern of all of us, in particular of those who were themselves Gloucestershire Foundation Scholars, a class of entry now, alas, extinct.

If there are any ORs who have not so far joined this generous response by the society and would like to do so, will they please note my new address below.

David Sells  
The Friends of Rendcomb College  
3 Grove Road, Fishponds, Bristol B516 2BJ

### Rendcomb During the War

**Stephen Beck** (1941 - 46) recently presented the school with two graphite illustrations of the sighting of German aircraft over Rendcomb. He has written the following account of his memories of this event which he discussed with **Douglas Payne** (1940 - 48) after the 75th anniversary service. It may provoke other memories and views!

Enemy Action over Rendcomb, 1943

My recollection of the enemy action over Rendcomb is that it happened in the summer term of 1943, probably in July when the School Cert. and Higher School Cert. exams were taking place. The early morning raid over Gloucestershire occurred at the end of my second year at the college. I came to Rendcomb in September 1941 and would then have been in the 4th form. On the week of the raid it was the turn of our duty group to be on early duties which, if I remember correctly, meant that we had to be up at 6.45. I am pretty certain that this event took place on a Monday. Our dormitory was one of the small top floor dormitories, facing the park. We were awakened that dull morning by the sound of distant gunfire coming from the direction of Cheltenham. Just before I left the dormitory to go along the corridor to the ablutions, we heard a loud burst of cannon and machine gun fire from (as it seemed) almost directly overhead. Somebody said with misplaced confidence that it was a Beaufighter, he couldn't have been more wrong! Almost as soon as I had arrived at the ablutions which faced eastwards across the inner courtyard of the college block, I heard the sound of an aircraft approaching at high speed and low level from the direction of the Wilderness. I looked out of the urinal window and I distinctly remember seeing an alarmed rook flapping wildly, and instantly a twin engined Dornier flew straight across my line of vision low over the college tower. I knew for certain that it was a German aircraft although I could see no marking either on the fuselage or its twin tail. I have recently learned that some versions of the DO 217 carried no swastika emblem on their tails. But it was undoubtedly the famous 'flying Pencil' DO 217, so called because of its slender elongated fuselage. Although not an expert (as many of my contemporaries

were) on aircraft recognition, I had seen enough to recognise that highly distinctive profile as it flashed past, alerted as I had been by the noise of the approaching aircraft, to take in whatever could be observed. I remember with some embarrassment crying out 'at last the enemy!' I had never seen - nor ever would again - a German aircraft on a war-time mission.

My elder brother, J.C. Beck, confirms my sighting and in much greater detail as he was crossing the asphalt when the Dornier flew in from over the Wilderness. He had just come up the drive from the house on his way to supervise early duties. He had this (the second aircraft to cross low over the college) in full view, whereas my view was very restricted. The Dornier was low enough for him to be able to see the rear gunner in the top turret who, he distinctly remembers, looked directly at him. He was able to see the black and white cross on the fuselage.

In 'A History of Rendcomb College' (Vol. 1) there is a different version of events. Two separate low-level overflights are described. My belief is that there was only the one 'tip and run' raid and that involved two aircraft, one of which was brought down over Coates. I well remember that J.C. James was purported to have said that as he was setting out on his cycle to come over to the college, an aircraft flew low over the road which leads past the stables, firing as it came. This could have been the first aircraft which flew close to the college, coming from the direction of Cheltenham. The incident is described as a separate occurrence (page 92, Chapter 6, The War Years 1939-1944) in Volume 1: 'One appeared on a morning with a thick mist and flew very low down the length of the Cheltenham drive, firing as it went!' The late Kathleen James, in a letter which she recently wrote to me said that she too remembers 'when two German bombers flew over the college.' My two drawings which I have presented to the college represent the flight of the second raider over Rendcomb and the photomontage 'mock-up' is as accurate a reconstruction of the event as it is possible to visualise. It represents my brother's memory of this dramatic war-time episode.

#### **John Tooze (Director of Music 1948-64)**

Inspired perhaps by the comment of Paul Heppleston in the last newsletter, we have received these tributes to John Tooze, a much admired and respected member of staff:-

From **Keith Statham** (1944 - 53)

"I'm not sure which year John Tooze arrived at Rendcomb. It was either my third or fourth year so it must have been 1947 or 48. His predecessor was Mabel Carnell, who also doubled as the headmaster's secretary, so you can tell how seriously music was taken as an academic subject before his time. Dennis Lee-Browne was the headmaster then, a bit of a maverick who could be a terrifying man at times and one who made some pretty odd (and in hindsight, dubious) staff appointments, but John Tooze was one of his best. I don't think there was a single bone in his body that was formed as nature intended but after what seemed like only a matter of days, we barely noticed his grotesque deformities, which for him must have been a daily struggle in simply moving around the old school building. Keyboard instruments are hard enough at the best of times, but that John could play as well as he did with two malformed hands, neither of which could span an octave, was remarkable. That he was an organist as well is hardly credible and a testimony to his courage. Inspired by him, Peter de Ion and I were the first ever boys at the college to take music for School Certificate (as it was then) so we spent a lot of time together. Peter dropped it for Higher School Certificate so, for my last years at Rendcomb, I was a class of one with John for VIth form music so we became even closer. (Incidentally, being the first and only boy doing music, in the VIth Form in those days was looked on with some suspicion by most people, and would certainly have categorised me as being "odd" had I not simultaneously been captain of cricket.) No-one had ever suggested to me that I might go to university until John Tooze did and, with his encouragement and support, I sat a music scholarship at Magdalene College, Cambridge, which I didn't get, but was offered a place which I subsequently took up in 1955, after having done my National Service. John Tooze was, without doubt, one of the main influences in my early life and I shall be eternally grateful to him. In spite of all his physical handicaps, he had a great love of life, and I never heard him complain. He liked a drink and a cigarette. Of course, he loved music (particularly his favourite Vaughan Williams) and had the natural teacher's talent to pass that passion on. I have one lasting and treasured memento of John Tooze. When he finally retired from Rendcomb in the 1960's he sold me his grand piano, which I still have."

From **William Griffiths** (1960 - 67)

"'Would you like to sing in the choir?' asked John Tooze of new first-formers after a gentle audition to hear who could sing in tune. I said yes, and never regretted it. I believe the college choir was one of Tooze's finest achievements at Rendcomb. For me it was an experience of ecstasy. So were his founder's day concerts, when the very modest college orchestra was amplified by teachers and semi-professionals from around the county and gave decent performances of a Mozart or Schubert movement (not Beethoven!), or Warlock's Capriol

suite. Tooze had a passion for popular music from Jerome Kern to Cole Porter but hated rock 'n' roll until he discovered the Beatles could write good tunes. In unbuttoned mood he would spend an hour improvising on hit tunes with Hugh Gouch, at two pianos. He composed incidental music for David Sells' production of "The Lady's not for Burning", and some memorable hymn descants which his old friend Elizabeth Poston included in her Cambridge Hymnal. In his last year at Rendcomb, Tooze involved the college in a production of Britten's Noyes fludde together with other schools around Cirencester. I was honoured with a solo singing part and found it thrilling. When John Tooze retired from the college, having seen me through 'O' level, I lost more than a music teacher. For me, and I guess many others, he was a loving friend, counsellor, even mother and father. It was good to be a welcome guest in his London maisonette, where so many ex-pupils visited him. His life made many rich. Deo gracias!"

From **John Goodborn** (1954 - 62)

"Of all the staff at Rendcomb, the one who most approached a father figure was John Tooze. On arrival at Rendcomb it was John Tooze who supported me as a practising member of the Church of England, making sure I knew the arrangements for Holy Communion etc. and using my confirmation names. Though a straight classical musician himself, he encouraged us to follow our own personal tastes, puffing up with my changes of instruments and styles and supporting me at each endeavour, never pushing but encouraging at each step. It was not until later that I realised that the Christmas party was John Tooze's secret weapon. The school would be singing the musical sketches for months, not realising that they had been introduced to many operatic and classical tunes and I still use them as "Aide Memoir", and cannot listen to the Water Music without "Get on the tractor" etc. ringing in my head. When I decided to change course, it was to John Tooze I went, expecting my fantasy to be dashed. He did no such thing, suggesting immediately my plan of action, gently pointing to my weaknesses and strengths, finding a suitable course and sending me on my way in my chosen career. I have much to thank Rendcomb for, but it is to John Tooze that I owe the most."

From the Royal College of Music Magazine, 1968

If one thing about John Tooze is quite certain it is that his last year or so was made happy by his appointment to the college staff. From student days he developed a devotion to college which soon became a desire to serve it. He sometimes spoke to me about the possible ways in which this could be done. Eventually, after his retirement from Rendcomb College and he came to live in London, he was called to teach keyboard harmony, for which he had developed the skill at his organ in Gloucestershire, and he became active in the RCM Union. Twenty years ago he learned something about musical journalism from me, but apart from some broadcasts, deputy work for newspapers and more recently the writing of programme notes he was solely occupied with teaching. It pleased me that after so long an interval he took to editing the magazine like a duck to water. This was characteristic, for he never wasted any experience. Thus he acquired a knowledge of telecommunications at a war-time job in a police station, so that he could always advise technological incompetents like me on what was the proper wave-length and how to ring up Warsaw. He was good at trains and time-tables too. But what was most admirable about him was not only the courage but the dignity with which he overcame his disabilities and deformities. A week after his first birthday he went down with polio and the whole of his childhood was spent in retrieving his life from the consequences. He spent months of every year at his grandmother's home in Exeter so that he could attend the hospital for physiotherapy and for years he had to wear a corset and use crutches. Naturally his schooling must have suffered but he showed small signs of it in his student days. Although his hands were contracted he learned to play the piano and he cultivated his love and knowledge for music from radio. When he came to college he worked at aural training with Basil Allchin, harmony, counterpoint and criticism. In his fight to live a full life he had two assets, a pleasant speaking voice with an attendant command of pure English and sympathy born of his own suffering and from two years of helping to rehabilitate Polish refugee children from the extermination camps after the war. This sympathy, together with a faith in music's psychological value, he brought to his work as a schoolmaster. To the boys of Rendcomb he gave the freedom of his room and his gramophone. He followed their subsequent careers with interest and he kept his friendships warm - there were few Cheltenham Festivals at which he and I did not dine together. He would not have made old bones and he slipped his moorings without too much distress, but it was bitter that he should not have had a few more years of his new home in Kensington - and of college.

Frank Howes

### **The New Register of Addresses**

The committee is grateful to the many O.R.'s who have sent in corrections, suggestions and comments on receiving this booklet. Jane Gunner and Neil Lumby deserve our congratulations for producing it and our

thanks for the vast amount of work involved. Our intention is to print an up-dated edition in perhaps five years. We would point out that some Rendcombians did not join the society on leaving school, hence their names do not appear in the list, and others may have been inadvertently omitted over the years if their addresses were found to be long out of date.

The address list has provoked many memories and reminiscences of which we include the following from **John Gosden** (1947 - 54):-

"When I got back from holiday on Monday, I found the O.R.'s register of members waiting for me - and then had a largely sleepless night recalling all the memories associated with so many names. **Peter Marwood** (1951 - 54) was particularly in my memory because I have been holidaying in Ireland, and my first visit there was with Peter, in the Easter holidays of 1954. We had been allowed to commute our train tickets home for tickets to Fishguard, and on the Innisfallen for the overnight trip to Cork. From there we were planning to hitch and hike round the south and west, eventually heading up to the centre where I had a penfriend (through Collins Magazine) in Belmont, Co. Offaly, with whom we were going to spend a few days. The crossing was extremely rough (the weather that spring was very bad, about that time the Princess Victoria ferry from Liverpool to Ireland sank in a storm) but we arrived rather shakily in Cork on a fine April morning. We walked through Cork city to the bus station, and took a bus to Macroom, where we camped overnight in a haybarn owned by a friendly farmer. The next morning we set off to hitch to Gougane Barra (inspired to visit west Cork by reading Robert Gibbing's beautifully illustrated books 'Lovely is the Lee' and 'Sweet Cork of Thee' (both in the school library). Unfortunately, we had not realised how few cars there would be once away from the main routes, so we walked the whole distance. (Driving it during my recent holiday, I was astounded by my stamina and fortitude!) Mind you, I was beginning to wilt by the end, and we encouraged each other by singing songs from the Hollywood musicals. By the last mile up the hill, Peter was practically carrying me! On arrival at that magic place, and the welcome we had at the local inn, all the tiredness vanished, and the kindness, generosity and courtesy of the Irish people is something that has not changed in more than 40 years. We spent nearly 3 weeks travelling, learnt a lot about the history of the country (and acquired a lot of guilt for England's part in it) and more about its beauty and peace. After that holiday, I went to Cambridge, and then worked abroad (in Malaya) before returning to Scotland. I had several more holidays in Ireland in the late 60s and early 70s, but had not been there for 20 years until my recent holiday, so I was relieved to see how little had changed - except that the widespread poverty in the west had gone. Now I am determined to return again as soon as possible.

All that was provoked by the register!

A fair number of us in the early post-war years were emotionally "shell-shocked" to varying degrees, and it was Lee-Browne's brusque kindness, support and encouragement that, together with the whole environment and ethos of Rendcomb, provided the conditions for repair and recovery, and development as reasonably intact individuals. I have always the warmest memories of my years there. I seem to have rambled rather a lot after starting a brief response to the O.R. member's list so I had better stop. Thank you for reminding me of so much.

Reading Paul Heppleston's reminiscences, and particularly David Sells' parody of 'Thanks for the Memory' reminded me of a parody current in my day, based on Louis Macneice's Bagpipe Music. Unfortunately, the only couplet which remains intact in my memory is:-

It's no go the bogey man, it's no go The Buzzard\*  
All we want is warm knees\*\* and a bit of skirt in a cupboard

\* One of Lee-Browne's many nicknames

\*\* Yet another reference to the Hahnian uniform of short trousers for everyone bar prefects, except on Sunday mornings, when the open-necked shirts and lumberjacket blouses were exchanged for ties, three-button flannel jackets, and for the senior forms, LONG TROUSERS! I too never really feel comfortable in a tie as a result. Sunday afternoons, of course, included QP - Quiet Period, intended for people to write their letters, during which a concert was presented in the music room (between hall and big school) on the "hi-fi" - a massive twin turntable BSR (Birmingham Sound Reproduction - there's a name to conjure with) machine. The twin turntables were important in the days before L.P.s, when a symphony or concerto on 78s would occupy 8 sides, so that records were produced with side 1 backed by side 3, side 2 by side 4 and so on, so that with careful cueing, switching from one turntable to the other, it was possible to present an almost seamless performance!"

## Year and Decade Representatives

1941-45	Douglas Payne
1946-55	Julian Comrie
1976-84	Sally Morris
1985	Andrew Hall / Fiona Wilkins
1986	Tom Branston / Karl Knight
1987	Annalisa Heal / Simon Reichwald
1988	Paul Griffiths / Ann Speakman
1989	Jessica Naish /Matthew Faircloth
1990	Justine Platt / Peter Grimsdale
1991	Dan Maslen / Alex Malkjovic
1992	Jon Powell / Kate Hodgkinson
1993	Patrick Morgan / Ben Mabey
1994	Robert Sage / Hannah Willcocks

## O.R. Travel Bursary

### **R. Sage (1987 - 1994), Chile**

In January of this year I set out with about a hundred others from all over Europe on a Raleigh International Expedition to Chile. Once there we would split up into groups to carry out a whole range of projects throughout southern Chile. The projects were a mixture of community, scientific and construction with adventure elements added in. The idea being to help the local communities as well as giving us a challenging and mind expanding experience in one of the remotest areas of the world. Any worries about the expedition not fulfilling my expectations were soon dispelled as the 48 hour bus journey down the Pan-American highway became one long party. In Santiago, Chile's capital city, we had met up with 20 or so Chilean adventurers who were joining us on the expedition. They decided that the bus journey was an appropriate time to introduce us to the delights of Salsa-Latin American music and dancing! We swayed our way up and down the aisle all through the night with only a short pause to do a conga line round the petrol station we stopped at. There is no road through the middle of Chile so we had to pass through the mountainous no-man's land and into Argentina to continue our journey. As the sun set on day two of our bus ride we set out across the Pampas. I awoke after a few hours of much needed sleep to see that we were still travelling across a seemingly endless flat plain, ten hours and 800km and the view had hardly changed! After a brief stop to cool off in a lake up in the mountains we passed back into Chile and bumped our way down a gravel track to our base camp in Coyhaigue, region eleven's capital. We were met by the expedition "staff" who had flown out a week earlier. Finally all 150 people were together in one place, it was party time - and at 30p for a bottle of beer it was a good one. The first week was spent in our groups going over the basics of navigation and first aid as well as learning some new skills like boat handling and how to cook interesting meals from our army ration packs. It also gave us a chance to get to know each other and acclimatise to the Chilean weather. At the end of this first week we were told which projects we would be going on and this was followed by a frantic period of everyone trying to assemble all the equipment and food needed for the next 4 weeks. We ended up leaving a day later than planned due to "transport difficulties", the Chilean roads and buses left a lot to be desired. We arrived at Puerto Cisnes, from where we had to catch a fishing boat to our destination, a small island in the Chonos Archipelago. It was an 8 hour journey which we spent sitting on our rucksacks in the hold of the boat. Finally we arrived at Toto, our home for the next 3 weeks.

The first day was spent setting up camp which wasn't easy as we had only about 15 yards of rocky ground to play with before we hit solid jungle. The need for our first task, to dig out a water supply for the local community, soon became evident as locals in their fishing boats started coming across to fill up buckets with water from the stream on our island. The people of Toto live in wooden huts spread over a cluster of small islands and rely on fishing to survive. The fish are exchanged for money with a fish company who collect all the fish. They use the money to buy supplies from a ferry which passes by once a week, often in the middle of the night. The main island had a church, a shop and a sports hall, it seemed that even here football was immensely popular. Another somewhat ironic western influence considering the difficulties with water was that the shop sold Coca-Cola!

After two enjoyable weeks at Toto we had finished what we had set out to do and said our good-byes to the locals with whom we had become quite friendly. We swapped with another group who were to continue building the hut and start on other projects. We set off in a fishing boat for Magdalena, a large island that was relatively unexplored and uninhabited. Our task was to cut a trail into the jungle so that a group of scientists could come in and survey the vegetation there. It was exciting to think we were the first ever westerners and maybe the first people ever to step into this jungle. It was slow going, a good day would mean 300 metres

progress into the jungle with our rapidly blunting machetes and saws. Each day two people stayed on camp to make improvements to it and get the dinner ready, very domesticated! We had a map to follow and were heading for a river inland, but Chilean maps don't quite measure up to OS standard and have big white blobs



where there were clouds in the way of the aerial photograph on which the maps are based. We were within about 500m of our target when it started to rain, it didn't stop for 36 hours by which time the stream we had been crossing each day on our route was impassable. We had to leave the island not having completed the trail which was disappointing. We made our way back to base camp in Coyhaique via a 24 hour ferry journey during which we had to sleep out on deck in our sleeping bags. The trip was made worse by the fact that I had diarrhoea and so I tried to sleep most of the time.

Back at base camp we had a few days to relax and meet up with everyone else and talk about the expedition so far. We were also able to read our mail from home for the first time and send letters back to England. There was an evening of anticipation as we awaited news of our new groups and where we would be going next. I was put with two blokes from the first month with whom I got on really well so was quite happy. Our two projects were to be inland this time, one trekking and one community. La Junta was to be our first destination, a relatively large village on one of the few roads in the area where we had to build an "irregularly shaped artisans hut", a kiosk for the local farmers to come and sell their produce. Whilst in La Junta we stayed down by the river that runs alongside the road, on land owned by a local farmer. This local farmer, Luis Soleis, was to become our idol in the weeks ahead. He came to help on the building site and used the chainsaw, as we needed a certificate to use one, he didn't. The main reason for his god like status was his and his families hospitality when we went to visit him, and the fresh milk we got given when we went to help with milking one morning. In town we soon got to know the locals by teaching sport to the school kids each day and playing football and basketball with the adults. Once again sport was high on their list of priorities and we ended up playing quite a serious game against the local Carabineros (police) who were stationed nearby. Although the construction of the kiosk was enjoyable and we achieved a great deal it was the contact with the locals and their friendliness that made this probably the most enjoyable project of the expedition.

Having had a relatively luxuriant 2 weeks we swapped with the next group, who had the unenviable task of putting the roof on the kiosk, and set off on our 2 weeks of trekking. With us was Jo, a scientist from Liverpool University, who was going to help take gravity readings on our route. For any geographers out there the route was designed to cross a possible plate margin and the hopeful differences in gravity we were going to find should correspond with changes in rock density as we passed over the margin. Our pack became heavier overnight as we had to take on an army radio, 5 days food (kg/day) and nearly £100,000 of scientific instruments! As we progressed along the route we were split into 4 groups, one recceing ahead to lay a trail, 2 taking altitude and temperature readings (needed to correct for errors in the gravity readings) and the last group taking the gravity readings. Everyone was back together for the last time before we all split up and set off on our travels round the world. Once again it was party time and despite our recent endeavours no one was ready to go to sleep. After two days of relaxing and tidying up the time came for the journey back to Santiago. It was time to exchange addresses and make plans for the future, many of which were quite crazy - one guy lent a friend £750 so he could come travelling with him, another ditched his job and girlfriend to set off round the world. We had all caught the travel bug. I delayed my flight by an extra 4 weeks so I could travel to Brazil to meet up with my dad and some friends before going off on my own. I went to Foz De Iguacu, on the Brazil,



Argentina and Paraguay border. It has the largest area of waterfalls in the world and as such is quite breathtaking. It was the site where the film "The Mission" was filmed and any of you who have seen it will know what I'm talking about. I finally returned to England at the end of April after 4 amazing months, the like of which I would recommend to anyone thinking about taking a year out.

### **Rudolf Dühmke, Team U.S.A. 1995**

Firstly I would like to thank the old Rendcombian society once more for supporting my U.S.A. Basketball tour this summer. After arriving in Boston and travelling to Nashua, the real start of the '1995 Gloucester Jets Tour' began with our first match. By that time the members of the tour party had known each other for only four days, but the way in which every player was involved in the team was impressive and prevented the normal forming of cliques and drop outs. This spirit was maintained throughout the whole tour and was one of our biggest advantages. Although we lost the first two matches narrowly (by 5 and 7 points), the team gave two promising performances although most of us had never been a part of the Gloucester Jets "Run'n Gun" game and this needed some time to adopt to the unfamiliar system.

The great amount of hospitality we obtained in Nashua was astonishing and a lot of friendships have been made. But after three most enjoyable days we had to leave Nashua to face the hardest but equally most helpful period of our tour, one week of mountain hoop camp. (This is a camp equivalent to a trial for the American high school trying to get into a University team) The camp took place in a boarding high school, which seemed to be in the middle of nowhere. The practices themselves would not have been that exhausting, if we did them in England, but in the New England states the summer is hot and humid (100°F, 95%) and the fact that about 200 other people are sitting in the same sports hall at the same time does not necessarily improve the air quality! These outside conditions were the major disadvantage for all the European players. So it was even more surprising that the three European teams, (the Warsaw Sport School, a Belgian team and us) performed very successfully in the team competition. The Polish team was seeded at 2 but failed to reach the final, as did the Belgian team (seeded at 1!), which was knocked out in the semi's by the underdogs from England who were only seeded at 6, us.

After Hoop mountain the two big tournaments were on our schedule as well as time at different Atlantic beaches we had been looking forward to. The first of the two tournaments was the King of the Mountain Tournament: 6 high schools and 4 European teams entered the competition and once again the European teams proved to be surprisingly strong. In this tournament all the teams played each other in a league-like system and the best record wins. This sounds good but means that we had to play 9 games (plus 2 in the finals) within 36 hours. The organisation was impressive. The matches were played on 8 basketball courts at the same time. As mentioned above Europe should dominate by taking the top 3 and the 5th place. This time we lost the final to the Belgian team, which proved to be fitter and better prepared on the day. Then at last the tour built up to its climax. The tournaments and matches played before seemed to be only for practice purposes compared with the International Seacoast Festival, and there it was, where we had to prove how good we really were.

The festival's opening ceremony, at which I (being a German) was carrying the English flag (!), was on the front pages of the local newspaper's sports section. The ceremony lasted for about 2 hours, during which the teams were presented. We were wearing the official English kit and had the junior England coach (Paul Christmas) sitting on our bench, and were therefore generally regarded as an unofficial English national team. (Unofficial because half of our team was not actually English). The festival lasted a week and there was only one match a day in the evening, which gave us at least a bit more time to see and visit the sights of the east coast, i.e. the beaches. People might expect the water temperature to be reasonably warm, after 3 weeks of 100°F on average, but on the east coast the water seemed to be freezing, but it was a very welcome refreshment.

All we needed was a victory against the state champions, the York Wildcats. The desire, commitment and spirit I mentioned earlier let us snatch a close victory and therefore leave the International Seacoast Festival with a 100% record. Two days later it was time for me to say goodbye so I could join the Rendcomb College rugby tour throughout West Canada. But I am still proud to have been a part of that team, and feeling such a team spirit will be an unforgettable experience.

### **Rugby Tour to Canada**

For most rugby players at Rendcomb the months of July and August usually mean a relaxing time away from school in which little rugby is played. Pre-season training usually amounts to a couple of hours on the first Sunday back. This, however, was not the case last summer.

Early in August 1995, 28 Rendcombians, accompanied by Mr Slark, Mr Newby and Mrs Pritchard, travelled to Canada on a 16 day rugby tour. On arrival at Heathrow, one could sense a real air of excitement and anticipation amongst the group. This lasted for most of the long flight but the atmosphere was clearly more

subdued when we finally touched down in Edmonton, perhaps because our intended destination was Calvary! Due to an engine problem we had to land and then change to a different 'plane for the flight to Calvary. All in all it was a difficult journey, some of our first aid equipment was confiscated, Patrick Boydell's luggage was lost (the fact that airport security was handled by an organisation called Group 4 is perhaps no coincidence) and we arrived hours late for our reception in Calvary. However, we did eventually meet our first billets, and this was our first glimpse of the average Canadian rugby player - huge is the word that springs to mind. Despite the abundance of muscle and brute strength, they were very welcoming and a fine evening was followed the next day by an energetic training session.

The first match of the tour was played on Wednesday, 2nd August against a select side picked from our joint hosts the Calvary Canucks and the Calvary Saracens. The heat was intense and led to the whole squad removing the sleeves from their tour shirts in order to make them a little more lightweight. Rendcomb took time to get into gear but won the game 26-10. The next couple of days were spent with different billets and plenty of time was available to see the sights and do a bit of shopping, before moving on to our next destination, Red Deer. The coach journey was not too long but again the heat was ferocious particularly in the strange 'lunar like' landscape that was the 'Badlands', and the stop en route to see the Dinosaur Museum at Drumhella was very welcome. Red Deer was very different to the big city of Calgary, and the outcome of the match against the Red Deer Titans was an emphatic 52 point victory. Added interest was provided by the television coverage of the local cable station, and the resulting video made interesting viewing on the next stage of the journey to Edmonton. Sadly, the soundtrack was lost and with it Mr Slark's contribution as 'expert' analyst. On arrival in Edmonton, we discovered that the clubhouse of our 'hosts' the Druids, was situated directly under a Canadian football stadium and before meeting the billets there was a chance to watch the second half of a game. The next day saw us visit the West Edmonton Mall - this was vast to say the least with thousands of shops and even an indoor waterpark. Those brave enough, or perhaps stupid enough, were able to try a bungee jump (to the horror of the staff!), but most of us declined, preferring to save our energy for the match which, despite the wet and muddy conditions, we won convincingly by 31-5.

After Edmonton, we moved to Banff for a couple of relaxing days. Set in the Rockies, the scenery was spectacular, and the experience of sitting in a hot tub watching the sun go down against the mountains is something few of us are likely to forget. We were also able to have a go at white water rafting - the actual rafting was quite tame (although Tony Winstone might not agree!) but the water fights provided great entertainment with the Slark/Newby raft at the centre of the action! Also at Banff, we held our first 'court' session, with judge Les White warming to his role and handing out heavy sentences to a series of unfortunate offenders. From Banff, we travelled to Vancouver, a journey that lasted some 12 hours but took us through the heart of the Rockies. The scenery was absolutely breathtaking, but I am not convinced that Mr Newby needed to take a photograph of every mountain we saw, as Mr Slark said "once you've seen one mountain...". The next day, we played our first match in Vancouver against a strong Red Lions side, pursuing our policy of giving every member of the party as much rugby as possible, we started with a B side which unfortunately left just a little too much for the A team to do, and we were narrowly defeated by 13-12.

The final days of the tour were spent in the Sandman Hotel in downtown Vancouver. It took us very little time to take over the fourth floor - take-away pizzas were soon arriving in numbers and the swimming pool and sauna were in constant use. Our final match was played against Richmond, and it was unfortunate that we should pick our last game together to have a bit of a 'shocker'. Very few of our moves worked and the opposition capitalised on our mistakes to win 17-13. Everyone was very disappointed to have lost but many opted to lift their spirits by hiring 'limos' or going to the Hard Rock Cafe for a meal. It actually turned out to be one of the best nights of the tour, ending with what turned out to be a very valuable discussion about the likely make up of the 1995 1st XV. Of course, we could not leave Vancouver without seeing the sights, it made for a very interesting day and, despite the fact that the tour was nearly over, the party were in high spirits, although we are still not certain about the story of Alex Tibbs and a certain suspension bridge! A second 'court' session left Seun Ishmail in particular out of pocket and the party as a whole rather better off and ready for a good final night.

Thankfully, our return journey posed less problems than our flight to Calgary. The tour was a fantastic experience and was enjoyed immensely by everyone who took part. Thanks must go to Mr Slark, Mr Newby and Mrs Pritchard for their efforts in both organising and running the tour, and to all those who helped and supported us in all sorts of ways, especially the Canadian O.R.s who turned out to cheer us on. We all hope that future tours are equally successful.

Nick Carmichael

## The Griffins

On occasional Sundays during the rugby season a 'select' XV drawn from the Rendcomb community have gathered to play 'social' rugby against such giants of the rugby world as Cirencester Post Office and the Wild Duck (public house!). The team is built around a core of O.R.'s, staff (Slark, Newby, Haslett, Riste) and both Alex Brealy and Dan White. The following O.R.'s have appeared: Hamish Auld, Steve Hazell, Miles Brown, Nick Barton, Alex Paton, Ian Thompson, Chris Jarrett, Adam Phelps and Patrick Boydell. If anyone is interested in playing in future matches, please contact myself or Mike Newby at the college.

Michael Slark

## Marriages

**Richard Hazell** (1974 - 81) to Christina Hall, September 1995  
**Jonathan Lutwyche** (1984 - 89) to Julie Coombes, February 1995  
**Stephen Simpkin** (1979 - 84) to Aileen Houston, October 1992

## Births

To **Sally** (née **Hussey**) and Christopher Raeder a son, Jack, April 1993 and a second son Benedict, December 1994.  
To Chetna and **Nick Miles** (1975 - 80) a son, Kieran, May 1995  
To Carrie and **Robert Barrett** (1969 - 76) a daughter, Emma Louise, June 1995  
To Lucy and **Christopher Brealy** (1976 - 81) a daughter, Alice, December 1995  
To Aileen and **Steve Simpkin** (1979 - 84) a son, Jamie, November 1995  
To **Diane** (née **Crew**) (1975 - 77) and David Martin, a son, William, November 1995  
To Monique and **Richard Law** (1964 - 70) a son, Wilbur, November 1995

## Congratulations to:

**Elizabeth Syed** (1989 - 91) on obtaining 1st class honours in German and linguistics at Manchester University.  
**James Thraves** (1985 - 90) on obtaining 1st class honours in classics and English at King's College, London and on winning the Kennedy Memorial Scholarship at Harvard, department of comparative literature, the only undergraduate to receive the scholarship out of 260 candidates.  
**Amanda Vaux** (1988 - 90) on being awarded 1st class honours in drawing and painting at the Edinburgh College of Art.  
**Stephen Smith** (1969 - 76) on being awarded 1st class honours B.Ed. (technology) at Trinity College, University of Aberystwyth.  
**Steven Hawkswell** (1975 - 82) on being a member of the British triathlon team in Nice. He also competed in California where he was 35 out of 500 competitors in a world class field.  
**Daniel Maslen** (1984 - 91) on being awarded a blue for rugby at Cambridge University.

## Obituary

We have received news of the deaths of the following members of the society and send their families the society's sincere condolences:-

**Giles Ivens** (1934 - 42) 1994, in Australia

**Douglas Dakin** (1920 - 26) July 1995

The headmaster, Chris Wood and Bill White attended the funeral at Deerhurst. We reproduce the obituary notice from the Times with due acknowledgements:-  
Douglas Dakin, professor of modern history at the University of London, 1968 - 74, and vice-master of Birkbeck College, 1970 - 74, died in Gloucester on July 20 aged 88. He was born on July 13, 1907.  
An outstanding historian of modern Greece, Douglas Dakin was also an inspirational teacher who attracted

enormous respect and affection. His evening lectures on the Congress system after the Napoleonic wars were legendary, and his reputation as an unstintingly generous supervisor of postgraduates was thoroughly deserved. A convivial, almost Johnsonian figure, Dakin would conclude many an evening seminar at the University Tavern in Store Street.

Dakin was born in Gloucestershire, the son of the village schoolmaster, and was among the first pupils to attend the newly founded Rendcomb College, Cirencester, a school established in 1920 to provide an enlightened education for boys from the county's elementary schools. An open scholarship sent Dakin in 1926 to Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he took a first in both parts of the historical tripos. In 1931 he went to teach at Haberdashers' Aske's School in London. His next move was crucial. In 1935 he was appointed a lecturer in history at Birkbeck College, where he had already begun his PhD on Turgot, Comptroller General under Louis XVI. It was an outstanding effort for a young historian and *Turgot and the Ancien Régime* duly appeared in print. But war now intervened and this was to prove Dakin's only major work on French history. France's loss was to be Greece's gain. Service with the RAFVR in Egypt and Greece, as liaison officer to the Royal Hellenic Air Force, was the inspiration for Dakin's philhellenism. Mentioned in dispatches, he was on the run in Greece in 1944 with a defecting ELAS colonel.

Return to Birkbeck saw Dakin taking on the additional role of registrar, a task he discharged with enormous efficiency. As an administrator Dakin is remembered for his good-humoured resistance to all bureaucracy. A razor-sharp mind enabled him to expedite all business on scraps of paper. Meanwhile his academic career proceeded steadily, culminating with his appointment to a chair in 1968.

The monument to Dakin's Greek scholarship is his five major works: *British and American Philhellens during the Greek War of Independence, 1821-1833* (1955); *British Intelligence of Events in Greece, 1821-1827* (1959); *The Greek Struggle in Macedonia, 1897-1913* (1966) - all three published by the Institute for Balkan Studies in Thessaloniki, with whom Dakin had a very close connection; *The Unification of Greece, 1770-1923* (1972); and finally *The Greek Struggle for Independence, 1821-1833* (1973).

The Macedonia book and The Unification of Greece are, perhaps, the greatest - the former for its monumental detail, the latter for its comprehensive narrative. Dakin saw the unification of Greece in four stages; 1821, Crete, Macedonia and, more daringly, Greece's disastrous adventure in Asia Minor between 1919 and 1923. His influence on, and friendship with, a generation of historians in Greece were considerable.

Recognition came with the Golden Cross of the Order of the Phoenix and an honorary degree from the University of Thessaloniki, Dakin was also a corresponding member of the Academy of Athens and in close touch with the Cyprus Research Centre in Nicosia. It was to the nascent University of Cyprus that Dakin donated his historical library.

Dakin's other achievement was to edit 12 volumes of the first series of *Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939* (HMSO), concentrating on the aftermath of the First World War as far as the Conference of Locarno. Even the driest topic (such as the delivery of telegraph poles as reparations in 1922) came to life through his skilful selection and annotation. It was not surprising that a man of such tact, charm and good sense should have been attracted to the workings of diplomacy.

Dakin was the kindest of men. Quite without side or pretension, he was at ease with people from all walks and conditions of life, extending wisdom and understanding freely to his students and colleagues. His other allegiances were various - to the College of Preceptors, of which he was Dean, the Birkbeck cricket club and the college's sports ground at Greenford. On retirement (a gradual process) he returned to his roots, the Severn Vale. It was the tragedy of his last immobile years that he never revisited Greece. He is survived by his wife, Nora, and by his son and daughter.

From Ted Jones (1940-48)

The horse-drawn waggonette that carried the first twelve of Rendcomb's pupils to the new college in 1920 may seem from a distant age, but the intellect and career of one of those pupils, Douglas Dakin, were those of a man who was very much in touch with, and in command of, the important aspects of human relationships of modern times. His numerous interests and abilities ranged over many fields. His career spanned the academic and administrative areas of Birkbeck College in London University. He gained a high reputation for his teaching of history and the care and kindness he gave to his students. The quality of his scholarship in his books on French and Greek history gave him recognition as a leading British historian. The powerful and enlightened blend of social and educational opportunities offered by Noel Wills and J.H. Simpson at Rendcomb to its early intakes of pupils helped to produce a remarkable range of talented people. Douglas Dakin was a very distinguished example amongst these.

He came from the village of Deerhurst near the River Severn. His father was the village schoolmaster. The nickname 'Dipper' was given to Douglas because the Gloucestershire cricketer Aif Dipper, a tenacious opening batsman, also was from Deerhurst. Throughout his career Douglas remained a Gloucestershire man. After his retirement he returned to live in the Severn Vale at Apperley, a little below Deerhurst.

At Rendcomb he was a good sportsman and athlete. He played cricket and soccer well. Colin Raggett

remembers "He was a splendid centre-half, firm in the tackle and with a sense of position", in the matches that Rendcomb's 60 boys played against local schools in the mid-1920's. "He was the first of the senior boys to approach me during quiet period on Sunday, 13/9/25, when he introduced himself and told me that he was from Deerhurst, like the carol, and that I was in his group", is an early Rendcomb memory of my brother Frank. Outdoor activities included many walks, occasional attempts to catch fish in the Churn and a 'smoking club' in a sheltered box-bush in the wilderness.

Douglas developed his interest in history in the VIth form. C.H.C. Osborne was his first history teacher, who was succeeded by N.B.C. Lucas. Colin Raggatt recollects that he and Douglas spent many Sunday afternoons in the fields around Rendcomb reading history in the friendly shade of beech trees. Frank remembers cycling to visit Douglas at Deerhurst in the holidays. He would often hear Douglas playing Beethoven sonatas on the piano as Frank was cycling up to the schoolhouse. Visits to local farmers, sampling their cider, and occasional summer swims in the Severn are among his other memories.

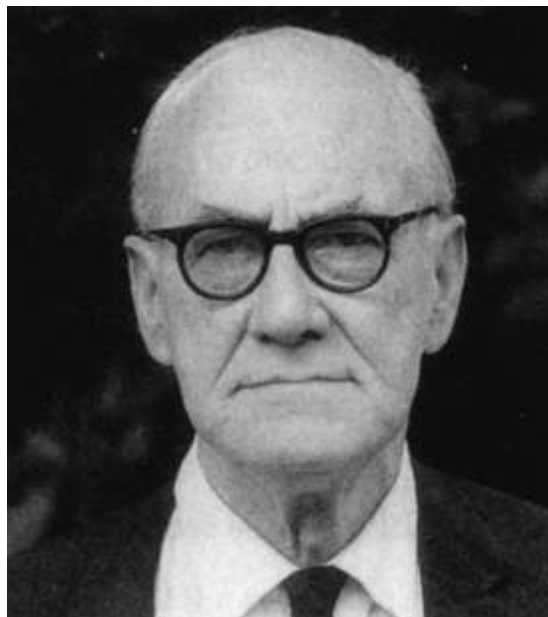
In 1926 Douglas went on to Peterhouse, Cambridge's oldest college, on an open scholarship, a remarkable achievement. He gained a first class in both parts of the Cambridge historical tripos, again showing his outstanding abilities. He went to teach history at Haberdasher's School in London in 1931. His university career began when he was appointed lecturer in history at Birkbeck College in 1935, where he had already started work on his doctorate. After gaining his Ph.D., he published "Turgot and the Ancien Regime", a major work on the financial methods of Turgot, the Comptroller General to Louis XVI of France. This book was very well received - I remember how strongly John James recommended it to his own history pupils during the mid-1940' s. When the second world war erupted in 1939, Douglas served in the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve as liaison officer in Egypt and Greece to the Greek Air Force. He served with distinction and was mentioned in despatches. On return to Birkbeck after the war, his main historical work was on 19th and 20th century Greek history. His war time experience must have influenced this, but perhaps J.H. Simpson's early emphasis on Greek at Rendcomb may also have had some influence. His major post war books on these periods of Greek history further enhanced his reputation. He took on the role of registrar at Birkbeck, which he carried out with great efficiency and good humour, attributes that are not often combined. In 1968 Birkbeck appointed him professor of history. He later became its vice-master and he also became the dean of the College of Preceptors. A large part of the first series of "Documents on British Foreign Policy, 1919 to 1939" were edited by him. His skilful writing and approach could even make dry topics interesting. After a gradual retirement he returned to live in the Severn Vale.

My personal knowledge of Douglas Dakin was of a genial, wise and courteous O.R. near-contemporary of my brother Frank. Douglas maintained a continuous and sympathetic interest in Rendcomb. His son, Nick, was at Rendcomb from 1964 - 1968. In recent years I was glad to receive Douglas' views and helpful comments occasionally on Rendcomb topics by 'phone or letter. Latterly, health problems restricted his ability to travel or to visit Rendcomb as he would have wished.

I am grateful to Colin Raggatt (1920 - 26) and to my brother Frank (1925 - 29) for letting me include some of their memories in this note. Douglas Dakin's teaching of history at university level gained great respect from his colleagues and his students. His historical writings were distinguished at both a national and international level. His life and career exemplified the foresight and beliefs of Noel Wills and J.H. Simpson that their generous provision of educational and social opportunities at Rendcomb would enable individuals to achieve their full potential. His colleagues, his students, the old Rendcombian society which he supported so loyally and many others will remember his wisdom, distinction and his genial nature and kindness with respect and affection.

**Mrs Kathleen James** (staff 1940 - 68) died at Christmas 1995.

Her funeral at St. Peter's, Rendcomb, on January 3rd was attended by a large congregation including a number of her former pupils. The Rev. Peter Sudbury took the service, the lesson was read by Julian Comrie (1946 - 54) and the address given by Bill White. The following tributes have been received:-



From David Vaisey (1945 - 54)

It is now 42 years since I left Rendcomb but I am still very conscious that I owe it an enormous debt. Perhaps my view of my time as a boy at the college is distorted by age, and doubtless the mental spectacles through which I look back on it are becoming more and more rose-tinted, but when I compare where I am now with where I was when I arrived at Rendcomb in 1945, I can see how great a change the college brought about in my life and how much that change owed to John and Kathleen James.

My family background was of good Gloucestershire agriculture labouring stock. It was not one of books and learning, my sister and I were the first generation to progress into any substantial secondary education let alone university. Yet after passing through from the first form to the upper sixth form at Rendcomb, I won a state scholarship with history and English as my main subjects, and a history exhibition at Exeter College, Oxford. Throughout those years I was taught English successively by J.H. Parry, D.P. Tidy, R.M. Thackeray and E. Ellis, but in my last three years I was taught by Kathleen James. During those last three years I spent more and more time with the Jameses and, in the years afterwards, I recognised that during that time they had come to play, for me, the role of second parents.

As teachers they were very different from one another. Now that I think about it I can see that John James applied a teaching technique (of which he was a master) designed to prepare boys for examinations and to get them through. He covered a narrow period - always the Tudors and Stuarts - and gave us copious and highly schematic notes on it. He used the same technique in his cricket coaching, he taught us to cover our weaknesses and not to attempt to be too dashing. He knew from his long experience, both as a teacher and an examiner, how to tailor lessons precisely to the needs of the examination. He knew which recent books the examiners would have read and geared his teaching and his 'spotting' of likely examination questions to them. If this seems to have been a kind of battery-house method of teaching John James' second great skill lay in knowing how to make history lessons (rather than history itself) interesting: at least half of every lesson seemed to be taken up with his telling stories, many of which, embroidered over many years, became by-words for exaggeration.

Kathleen James as a teacher was entirely different. Her teaching was inspirational, and maybe that was a by-product of teaching only sixth-formers. Ideas would appear to come to her for the first time in the classroom and were thrown out for us to catch and see if there was merit in them. For her we wrote many essays. She encouraged originality and was in the true sense an educator in that she led one out into new pastures. She seemed to be at home in all periods from Chaucer to Aldous Huxley and T.S. Eliot, and it came as a great surprise to me later in life to discover that her degree from Oxford (a place to which she remained devoted all her life) was not in English literature but in modern history.

While encouraging flair however she was rigorous in her insistence on style and on correct syntax, grammar and punctuation in written work. Above all, I remember, she disliked the use of the 'hyphen' or 'dash' to connect parts of a sentence. She would strike them all out and spent a long time explaining how the same effect could more properly be achieved by the colon or semi-colon. If I close my eyes I can see her now striding purposefully along from the staff room to the library where we were taught, and I can still remember the way she listened to our explanation of some matter or other with her head slightly to one side and her eyes half-closed, nodding swiftly as she took the point we were making before we had put it into words.

When Kathleen James began teaching my group in the sixth form she must have been 45 (John James used, I remember, to make rather risqué remarks about 'the hungry forties'), the mother of two teenage daughters, and some sixteen years younger than I am now. I suspect that until I fell under her spell I had not been a very rewarding boy to teach and, as a result of a certain unwillingness to rise to a challenge ('He seems to aim at nothing beyond respectable mediocrity' one of my reports said) and being young for the class I was in, I had not been allowed to take 'O' levels at the end of my fifth-form year but had been made to stay in the form for a second year. This galvanised me into working properly, and by the time I began on 'A' level work I was ready for the style of teaching that Kathleen James was so good at.

In my last year at Rendcomb, having gained an exhibition at Oxford (largely, again, because of the challenge given by John James telling me that he did not consider me 'exhibition material') I stayed on for the Easter and summer terms, putting off the evil day when I would be called upon to do National Service and enjoyed being senior prefect (at a time when the headmaster's health was beginning to fail and John James was taking on more of his work) and being captain of hockey and cricket. Then, in my last term, the school was ravaged by a kind of 'flu. Boys were dropping like flies just at examination time and, to cap it all, John James was taken ill and I took on the teaching of history to forms 1 and 2. This drew me even closer to the Jameses. I would go daily to Conigre House and receive my instructions and then go and take the classes. There was always tea with the family (it was strawberry time I remember) and this made me feel even more that John and Kathleen were my other parents. The final scene was a great disappointment. I, too, caught the 'flu, it turned into pneumonia, and I was carried out feet first. Not the way I felt that my career at Rendcomb should end!

Over the 42 years between then and now I kept in touch with them both, and, after John's death in 1973, with Kathleen. It was always a pleasure to see her. Until her illness robbed her of her concentration and her memory



she was anxious to know about what one was doing and about what was happening at Oxford (and having views on both) and to have news of my family. She would write to my children at Christmas and when they were small would send gifts. Tucked into my copy of the 1976 History of Rendcomb College, which after John's death I helped Kathleen see through the press, is a letter from her. She had obviously just received post-Christmas 'thank-you' letters from my daughters, then aged seven and five. 'It is good to know' she wrote, 'that 50p still gives so much pleasure.'

Her funeral service in Rendcomb church was both a sad and joyful occasion. The church was full of family, of villagers, and of colleagues, old pupils and friends. It makes me sad to think that, though she had a very long life, we are now robbed of the chance of seeing her again, but I suspect that generations of Rendcombians - especially those who specialised in the humanities - will remember and talk of her and of John whenever they meet for many years to come. I do not know what Kathleen's opinion was of Samuel Butler as a poet. Not high, I would suspect. But thinking of the style of her teaching back in the 1950s, I think the sentiment expressed in this sonnet by him will serve well:

Not on sad Stygian shore, nor in clear sheen  
Of far Elysian plain, shall we meet those  
Among the dead whose pupils we have been,  
Nor those great shades whom we have held as foes;  
No meadow of asphodel our feet shall tread,  
Nor shall we look each other in the face  
To love or hate each other being dead,  
Hoping some praise, or fearing some disgrace.  
We will not argue saying "'Twas thus" or "Thus",  
Our arguments' whole drift shall we forget;  
Who's right, who's wrong, 'twill be all one to us;  
We shall not even know that we have met.  
Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again,  
Where dead men meet, on lips of living men.

(David Vaisey is the Bodley's Librarian).

From John Webb (1954 - 63)

Mrs James was "Mrs James". I recall no nickname. She was also the wife of pragmatic John, and the mother of the delightful Helen and Pip. Yet for us innocenti, she was revered for herself, for her scholarship, and for her immense ability to impart knowledge and wisdom. She developed in us a sure sense of our being roundly educated, and of being honed for any examination of that. The resulting 'A' level distinctions were a reflection of her preparation. Little did we realise her imperturbable presence (as the sole woman teacher) also exercised such a refining influence in the common room.

During the early 1960's our 'A' level class of five boys would be expectantly seated in five casual Parker Knoll

chairs, with the most elegantly comfortable sixth chair in readiness. The library door would open, with an intense face Mrs James appear with an armful of relevant works; five boys stood up, and an adroit derrière would firmly close that door before alighting upon the proffered chair. Mrs James had arrived. Now the quizzical smile, the intense work, and bawdy relief translated to us from Chaucer or Shakespeare. No stone unturned. No trout un-groped in a peculiar river. Saturday night dances held similarities! One first danced somewhat stiffly with Mrs James - preferably a gliding waltz - and then formally but easily with her daughters. "May I have the pleasure ...", and it was. Meanwhile (as acting headmaster) John James was busily promoting the then unique ethos of Rendcomb: that children of much differing ability and background could learn and mix without hint of hierarchy and also use well the considerable free-time with which they were entrusted. In addition to being a wife, a mother, a teacher, and an institution, Mrs James was now a yet greater sounding-board for John's additional tasks and worries. There was a personal chemistry between them that we artful students were perhaps too young to fathom, but we saw it and we felt it. In her retirement, Mrs James was no less interested in a 45 year old O.R. than when he was a pupil. Her genuine interest and wisdom transcended age and gender, yet encompassed both. She was the truly "liberated" woman who could instil a sense of "belonging" that is essential to Rendcomb well-lived: a place for empathy, for a sense of beauty, and for spiritual values. She is surely resting in such another peaceful haven.

(John Webb is Managing Director of Clifford and Webb, Bourton-on-the-Water)

**Graham Bennett** (1985 - 92). Julian Madeley (1985 - 92) writes:-

"On Saturday 30th December 1995 the funeral of Graham Bennett was held in Bourton-on-the-Water parish church. He was killed by a car just outside Bourton a week earlier. Despite the treacherous weather conditions the church was packed full of people wishing to pay their last respects to someone they knew and loved. Peter Sudbury gave the address. Mike Newby (staff 1978 -) read a passage from "If" by Rudyard Kipling. This was the best kind of tribute to Graham, or Lenny as we all knew him. Never one for pomp and ceremony, he would have simply appreciated that all his family and friends had got together for a day in his memory. We can console ourselves somewhat with the thought that he crammed a lot into his short life. Anyone at Rendcomb will vouch for the fact that there was never a dull moment with Lenny around, and since then, his year working in Australia, his architectural feats on the family farm, the start of his degree course ... and that's not to mention his plans to build a house for his family, become a millionaire and save the rain forests. Anyone who knew Lenny would agree he could have done all this and more. Our thoughts at this time are with Grace, his mother, and Kirsten, his sister."

**Michael Russell** (1933 - 38) died on November 1st 1995

**R. Townsend** (1924 - 29) died in August 1990. He had been an active man, enjoying walking and travelling. Declining health in his final years curtailed his activities but he still enjoyed walking to the local pub where he had many friends. He often talked with fondness of his days at Rendcomb which made a great impression on him; he enjoyed reading poetry and writing some himself for friends for special occasions.

**Peter Tuft** (1932-40) died in Edinburgh in January 1996. He was a senior lecturer in zoology at Edinburgh University for many years.

### **Staff Common Room News**

#### **Mr J.N. Holt**

John Holt is retiring in July. He came to Rendcomb in 1968 from The King's School, Canterbury, to take over as head of English from Mrs K. L. James. He has inspired generations of Rendcombians with his interest in English literature as is shown by the long record of fifth and sixth form successes in English and by the number of his pupils who have read English at university. In his early days the English department consisted of the head of English assisted by some other member of staff drafted in to lend a hand. In the 70's it was felt necessary to appoint a full-time assistant in the department, and I am sure John would be the first to pay tribute to the excellent help he had from those who filled this post - Derek Bell, Tim Dyke, (now head of English at Blundell's), Simon Johnson (later head of drama at Trinity School, Croydon), Michael Craddock (now head of English at The King's School, Gloucester) and currently John Watson.

An expert hockey player, John coached the U15 team on his arrival, then took over the 1st XI from Roy Dennis and, after an 8 year stint at being in charge of the game, continued to umpire and coach until 1993.



Throughout his time here John has devoted the summer months to either cricket coaching or to tennis. He was a tutor to groups in the main building and in 1975 took over the running of the new third form house assisted by his wife Anne who also ran cookery classes for the sixth form. At the same time, he was editor of the "Rendcombian" as it is now called. All O.R.'s will want to wish John and Anne a long and happy retirement. The following articles pay tribute to John's long and valued career at Rendcomb.

WJDW

From Julian Gray (1964 - 71):-

When I first received the letter asking me to write a tribute to John Holt my immediate reaction, before finishing the letter was - poor old John! I wondered what on earth had happened because, without giving the matter rather more considered thought, I simply did not believe that John could now be approaching retirement. Perhaps that has something to do with a personal reluctance to acknowledge the passing of twenty eight years on the part of somebody who was in the fourth form at Rendcomb when John first came to the college in 1968. I do not think it is being too much blessed with hindsight to recall that, even with our relative naivety, the new English teacher from King's, Canterbury was expected to be slightly stuffy coming from a school of that ilk. Not, I think, that any of us knew much about King's, Canterbury, or what to expect of its schoolmasters, but I suspect none of us would have allowed the facts (or lack of them) to get in the way of our expectations. Whatever our expectations may have been, and it is difficult honestly to say what they were nearly three decades later, I have a clear recollection of John when he first started teaching us. I remember him, and I always have, in a dark blue blazer. This is no doubt an appalling disservice to what may have been an extensive wardrobe but my memory of John is irretrievably wedded to the blazer. Perhaps I thought this is what one would expect from a King's Canterbury man and perhaps also, at the very outset, he did seem a little bit starchy in the relaxed Rendcomb environment of the 1960's. If he did, it did not last long. There may also be in this a hint of something nautical but I cannot think why. The only maritime link I can make with John is the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" which I do recollect struggling through with him, certainly without any great enjoyment on my part. I have to say that renewed acquaintance with the Mariner over many years has still not engendered any much greater enjoyment. You could hardly accuse John of being a grey-beard loon, or having a skinny hand, but the glittering eye rings a truer note. That somewhat pinched look and the tell tale danger signs of two red spots high up on the cheeks, were a very real danger sign that somebody was pushing their luck too far. This is not to say that his classes were conducted in an intimidating or confrontational atmosphere. Far from it. They were conducted with good humour and patience and although my views are undoubtedly coloured by the fact that English was one of my strongest subjects, I think the classes he took were enjoyed. The more so when we were given the opportunity to indulge our budding thespian talents (or not as the case may have been) with readings from the little blue Clarendon Shakespeare editions that formed a central part of our library.

I look back, rather older now than John was then, with respect for the authority that he brought to his teaching. Discipline was never much of a problem in any of our classes at Rendcomb but he certainly maintained it with somewhat less flamboyance than some of his counterparts and there was more to fear from what could be a very caustic term of phrase than there was from a blazer guided missile masquerading as a board rubber! John taught us all up to 'O' levels, in my own case 'A' levels and finally to Oxbridge. I cannot now say with any degree of certainty what were our set texts, and when, but some I remember. For example, "The Long, the Short, and the Tall" I recall as a somewhat uninspired and uninspiring play and I doubt that it inspired John with any greater enthusiasm than those he was teaching but that did not affect his approach. He was always extremely thorough, well prepared and professional in his approach to all of the texts that we did with him but he would have been less than human, and nothing like as good a teacher, if he had not overlain his professionalism with a very great degree of enthusiasm. It may be due to my uncertain memory but I think I should, inter alia, credit John with my fondness for the Romantics, and for particular poems such as Coleridge's "Kubla Khan", General Manley Hopkins' "Windhover" and Blake's "Tiger" all of which have become particular favourites of mine over the years but in which I think I see a degree of inherited enthusiasm. I remember him too as a devotee of Jane Austen. "Mansfield Park" was a set text, whether at 'O' or 'A' level I do not recall, but I do remember sitting and conscientiously noting as John took us through the more arcane subtleties of Jane Austen's prose. I am sure I can see now, in my note book, a quotation that he insisted we all wrote down, "That little piece of ivory two inches wide on which she paints with so fine a brush". I think that was Charlotte Bronte on Jane Austen's art, although I have no means of checking whether my memory is accurate, and it is well over twenty five years since I wrote it down. That quotation, suitably amended, might stand as a good testament to John's own style, his small neat handwriting, his attention to detail and invariably his own perceptive and shrewd critique of the work he was marking. He taught me, and it has stood me in good stead since, how to make use of quotations to advance an argument in an essay. How to quote in a manner that makes the argument stride briskly along, hopping and jumping ahead rather than delaying progress by use as a

crutch, a support for limping prose.

John was never a rumbustious teacher. His sense of humour was probably too understated for that. However, he was something of a fan of Monty Python, then first being aired on the BBC, which formed the subject of some very animated debates in our second year sixth classes. Trains diving into tunnels, lighthouses rearing up and collapsing, waves pounding on the shore, not necessarily in that order, the significance of which he hoped we had not missed and which I think I can fairly say we had not - the "Spain" sketches were more the subject of comparison with the kitchen's output than with Freud. Was this part of a greater scheme to encourage us to develop an "associative stimulative" thought process which would later stand us in good stead? I think not. Just a shared pleasure in something that was then fresh, zany and gloriously irreverent.

Without any empirical evidence, I would guess that he has been a very successful teacher even if that success were only to be judged by the lowest common denominator of "results" at 'O' and 'A' level. I am sure he has, over the years, "got through" many candidates where they would have failed and helped the more confident achieve better grades than they would otherwise have done, but he has been far more than that. I perceived it then and I perceive it now that I was very well taught up to 'O' level but subsequently I recognised in the sixth form an increasing breadth and latitude in his teaching and a willingness to encourage his pupils to take upon themselves a far greater degree of autonomy. My own class up to 'A' levels numbered no more than six and was admirably suited to the increasingly tutorial style that John adopted with us in the second year sixth and which, in my final term up to Oxbridge entrance, was almost exclusively the way that I worked with him. It was, as I subsequently discovered, a perfect introduction to the tutorial style of teaching encountered at University and a great encouragement to read and see literature with my own eyes rather than through the eyes of the critics for which I have most to be grateful.

I expect it is immodest, as well as quite probably wrong, to think of myself as one of John's earlier successes in the Oxbridge stakes but I do recollect the 'phone call he made to me, finding me working behind a counter at the local off-licence immediately prior to Christmas in 1972, congratulating me on my place. His obvious pleasure and generous congratulation for what was, in reality, a shared achievement have remained with me as I have no doubt they have for many other students over the years. My preparation under John's tutelage in the final eighteen months of my time at Rendcomb enabled me to enjoy three years of pure pleasure at university, under the guise of reading for an English degree, which I would never have had under any other academic discipline. Anglo Saxon was something of a grind but I can hardly blame John for that and, as a Wadham man, I expect he had suffered a similar purgatory.

I would not claim that John had the same civilising influence upon us sixth formers as should have been the result of the arrival of girls in the sixth form but, with my usual poor timing, I left the year before their advent. However, a regular treat were our trips to Stratford under John's eagle eye, sometimes two or three times a term. Those trips, courtesy of the stalwarts, Alexcars, were a much coveted opportunity to mix with society beyond the school grounds, snatch a quick pint or covert smoke, although I write, as is the lawyer's wont, entirely without prejudice! Also, not quite incidentally, to enjoy the plays. I do not think I have ever been a more regular theatre goer than in my last years at Rendcomb and if the opportunity to go to the theatre every night of the week has not been taken by me during my many years in London prior to moving overseas, it was not through any lack of a proper introduction to some of the finer parts of our cultural heritage.

I remember John as a serious and very good tennis player and a committed and capable hockey coach. Rugby was not his game but he was often to be seen on top supporting the school teams and, in my final year at Rendcomb, his willingness to treat some of the more senior pupils as increasingly mature and responsible adults (which was no doubt not always fully appreciated) led to a memorable, and what was I think at that stage unprecedented, tour of the Loire Valley and Chateaux. We spent a few days at the Hotel Du Pont Napoleon, or some such name, in Tours. This fairly humble establishment was equipped with a superb kitchen which gave rise to a number of absolutely first rate meals, accompanied by wine and great good humour (the two being by no means unconnected), which I even now remember. I also remember being told that Tours has a reputation for being the place in France where the best and clearest French is spoken. If it was John who told me that, it was not through first hand experience because I think he had correctly identified his linguistic forte as being with his mother tongue.

If I had to sum it all up it would be quite simply that I loved doing English at Rendcomb, as was probably reflected in the fact that it became my best subject. Notwithstanding the fact that Perry Mason's influence upon me had led to my wanting to become a lawyer, I decided to read English at University. I never for one moment regretted it. That the study of English literature was such a pleasure for me is I think the best tribute that I can give John and his teaching. We overlapped for just over four years and there have been almost twenty four years since then but I have no doubt there are many scores of old Rendcombians who feel the same affection and gratitude for John and his work.

It is wryly amusing to me now, as a lawyer who spends every day carefully scrutinising his drafting without more than a passing concern for infelicities of style, punctuation, grammar and such like to be anxiously scanning my drafting here. Concerned, lest John should take the trouble to mark my 'essay' and send it back to

me, amended to point out my errors! (Blame the sub-editor, John).

Many years' absence overseas has meant that my return trips to Rendcomb have become very infrequent of late. I have not had the opportunity to enjoy or return the warm and generous hospitality that John and Anne Holt extended to me for several years after my departure from Rendcomb but I hope I was not such an ingrate as to fail entirely to give John some indication of my appreciation and enjoyment of his teaching. If I was, I hope at least in part to have put that right.

(Julian Gray is a lawyer currently in Dubai and soon to move to Singapore)

From John Sinclair (1972-78)

My early recollections of John were somewhat confusing. He always seemed to have a warm smile. At my previous schools such a thing would be a contradiction in terms and was invariably followed by some savage punishment. I would look around for the reason and had to conclude that he knew something that I did not. As the years passed this suspicion was confirmed time and time again and eventually I learned to listen. English was a subject that needed vitality and humour, and it was John's ability to instil these qualities that I remember best. Having struggled with Jane Austen for several weeks John recognised that I completely missed the point. He casually mentioned that Emma should be read as a stylish send-up. In about sixty seconds he transformed Austen's work from something to

be avoided to something to be enjoyed. I finished the book that night by torchlight. Even my not infrequent sides were given with subtlety, humour, and a twinkle in the eye.

Subtlety and guile were also major factors in John's sporting activities, particularly tennis and hockey. I vividly recall being walked round the court on many occasions and each stroke being played with almost effortless precision. I soon discovered that "serve and volley" could also mean serving, charging to the net, and watching the most beautifully placed shot wafting in the opposite direction well out of reach. Over the seasons I was promoted to tennis captain, probably due to the lack of more suitable candidates than any natural ability. John continually encouraged the belief that winning was not everything and that there was no disgrace in being beaten by superior players, providing we did not disgrace ourselves by performing below our best. This was just as well because we were always struggling against the likes of Wycliffe and Cheltenham College. Above all we had to relax and have fun. Predictably enough, when we did relax we achieved our best results. As usual John had read the situation correctly.

We had a similar situation with the hockey - John was full of flowing moves, the shape of the team and the style of play - in short, a vision. This vision included the possibility of an "annus mirabilis" in 1978.

Unfortunately the available resources made these wholly laudable objectives elusive. In fact what we had was more akin to an 11 man rugby team. Frequently half time talks would begin 'Now, you do realise that hockey is a non-contact sport...' There were several lively discussions on the sidelines and outside the staff common room before we finalised our strategy. At one point we almost had our first female player when Liz Adams proved herself to be a centre forward of quality and distinction. She played in several trials and practices but sadly not in any representative matches - some minor detail to do with changing facilities I think. Looking back on the results, it was a good-ish season. Looking back on the fun, it was great.

The regular theatre trips to Stratford, Cheltenham, Bristol and Stroud have left their mark, and a strange continuity in the contributions to The Rendcombian Magazine speak volumes for his influence. John has always had tremendous style, poise, and something more. Curiously it is not an English phrase that sums it up for me, but a French phrase; 'Joie de vivre'. John has always had it, shared it freely with others, and long may it continue.

(John Sinclair is a technical projects manager for a business systems consultancy)



From Sara Payne (1988-90)

It's a fact that an English teacher's job is harder than it looks. I don't think I really appreciated this when I was at school. The trouble was that John Holt made it look easy. There is no simple answer to a question about literature. However, when Mr Holt was faced with unpredictable questions he'd answer readily with apparent ease, as if he were concealing "English Literature - 101 Q & A at your fingertips" under his desk. It must be a struggle to get the 3rd form to enjoy "Romeo and Juliet". It may be even harder to get the 6th form to enjoy it. I suppose if you enjoy books yourself, and have a real understanding of them, as John Holt does, your enthusiasm passes on to other people. I have to say that I really enjoyed my English 'A' level at Rendcomb. I think that John Holt's approach opened up the whole idea of English to me. He seemed to be able to focus in small details of a writer's language at one moment, and at the next moment reveal an overall picture, where we'd look at lots of the author's other works to get a general view of what he or she was writing about.

Translating 100 lines per lesson of Chaucer's "Merchant's Tale" with 6B must have been an uphill struggle at times. However, I think Mr Holt must have had some amusing times listening to students having to put Chaucer's less tender words into their own, in front of the rest of the class!

The theatre trips were definitely the highlight of the English course. It may seem a potential nightmare for any teacher to take 30 town-deprived 6th formers out for an evening, but Mr Holt always kept a firm eye on everyone, and (dare I say it....?) enjoyed it. We saw some excellent plays, including "Macbeth" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Stratford. Rendcomb does not have major theatres on its doorstep, and I know everyone was very grateful to the English staff for taking us on these trips.

As Mr Holt is leaving, I feel the time is fitting to make one confession, and ask one question. Firstly, I have to admit a small instance of cheating. After one of Mr Holt's infamous English tests I gave the answer to James Gregory, for his next lesson. It may have seemed that he had an innate knowledge of Talbothays, Dairy, Hintock Woods and other obscure place names in Hardy novels ... but I'm afraid it was due to a preview of the questions.

Now my conscience is clear - can I ask, what does Mr Holt keep in his briefcase? It came to every lesson, it left every lesson - but nothing appeared to come from it, and nothing seemed to go into it. Does it hold the missing Shakespeare sonnet, or the title deeds to Wilderness House, or will its contents be a mystery to all pupils forever?

Seriously, I am sorry to hear that John Holt is leaving Rendcomb, but I'm sure he will be leaving an excellent tradition of English at Rendcomb behind him. I got a lot of encouragement from him to do my English degree and I thoroughly enjoyed the course. Looking back through the Rendcombian magazines, I can see many other people were similarly motivated by John Holt to do the same thing, and that must be a genuine credit to his teaching ability.

(Sara Payne is at Guildford Law School)

From Steve Simkin (1979-84)

My memories of John Holt, who is to retire in July after many years of service at Rendcomb, are divided between his two major roles at the college: as well as heading up the teaching of English, John also spent a long time shouldering the unwieldy burden of housemaster to the third form boys ensconced in Godman House. During my time the third form was divided in two, split alphabetically between the stable block and Godman House - being an 'S', I was one of the lucky ones to benefit from the modern comforts (i.e. central heating) of Godman house for the first half of the year, while the 'B's and 'D's and other similarly disadvantaged scraped the ice from the insides of the dorm windows on the other side of the road.

The third form was an odd mixture of boys who had spent the last two years at Rendcomb and those, like myself, who were entering the college at the age of 12 or 13. One of the challenges for John, housemastering this unruly rabble, was to help the new boys cope with the routines and rigours of boarding school life and at the same time keep firm control over the more established members of the young community. Though a new boy in the third form, I was more fortunate than some in that I had already been a boarder for about six years, but there were others who found the adjustments difficult, and it was these boys who benefited most from John's awareness and understanding.

The house kitchen separated the boys' common rooms and dorms from the Holt family's living quarters - John, Anne and the children - and Brumus, the family dog, the Godman House dog. Visiting John and Anne about three years ago at Rendcomb, the white terrier was a startlingly familiar sight - and it was a shock (though obvious after a moment's reflection) to hear that this was not the same dog of my school days. I have vague and hazy memories of the occasional evening spent drinking cocoa in that kitchen, and one vivid fragment of a recollection - or perhaps I dreamt it? - of a kitchenful of us, along with John and Anne, singing along to a guitar played by Tim Dyke, one-time history teacher at Rendcomb, on the last night of the Christmas term. As well as keeping an ordered and contented house of thirteen year olds, John chaired the Sunday evening debates held in the common room. Perhaps this was a crafty strategy aimed at channelling our energies and

antagonisms into a manageable forum! Hidden agenda or not, it made for a lively end to the week, and a good training ground for the regular debates held amongst the more senior students in main college.

I have stronger memories, simply because they're that much more recent, of the two years spent studying for English 'O' and 'A' levels, taught mainly by John. The English teaching room was lined with piles of set texts, and near the door hung a painting by a former pupil, long since gone!! (Jon Dixon, 1964 - 73, now an actor, Ed) of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner - in one panel, the mariner raises a long and skinny arm to hail the wedding guest, and two other panels tell of his travels through ice and fire, depicted in vivid colours that I can still see very distinctly.

### **Dr. L.J. Haslett**

Lindsay Haslett joined the French department in 1985, after teaching at Marling School. Shortly afterwards he became head of French when Graham Ball moved to Ellesmere College, and later took over as head of modern languages. He is leaving Rendcomb in July to take up the post of deputy head at Wisbech Grammar School. He will be much missed in the flourishing French department where he has seen many of his pupils continue with their study of modern languages at university. In addition to his teaching, Lindsay has devoted many hours to coaching senior rugby teams and also junior cricket games. In 1989, with his wife, Marie, he moved into the old headmaster's flat - much modernised - as first housemaster of the newly created School House. With his enthusiasm for his subject, dedication to sport and strongly held belief in the Rendcomb ethos Lindsay has given Rendcomb a great deal of valuable service in the past ten years. Our best wishes go to him and Marie, Sophie and Kate for a happy time in Cambridgeshire. The following tributes give some idea of Lindsay's contribution to Rendcomb.

WJDW



From James Dowson (1985-90)

From day one at Rendcomb, Lindsay Haslett was known to me and my classmates as Paddy. Accepting the average 13 year-old's predilection for the obvious, this nickname can hardly be considered a big surprise. Lindsay never tried to hide his origins. Rugby practice would always be conducted by him in the statutory green with shamrock, and despite several years in England, his accent remains characteristically and superbly Irish. Whether he was aware of his nickname is one of those questions we, as pupils, wouldn't even have bothered thinking about, but if caught saying the name in front of him would have turned redder than his own face in rare moments of anger.

On speaking to a few old friends recently, one such incident has been repeated among us several times, and judging by the reaction it entails, has not lost its amusement value. The other protagonist was one Ollie Boatfield, who for some reason I remember mostly for his horror and increasing aggravation as we threw his beloved teddy around the dormitory night after night. On one occasion as Lindsay entered the classroom, he found Ollie in the middle of scrawling on his desk some masterly line of genius such as "Boatie was here". As he caught sight of the misdemeanour in progress, Lindsay bellowed the immortal words, "That's hooliganism

Oliver!" Such remarkable and memorable utterances come few and far between.

Lindsay is the kind of teacher who shows a genuine and deep interest in his pupils. This reveals itself in a great sense of pride on their behalf and in disappointment when they should fail to live up to his high expectations. I remember returning at the beginning of the Christmas term having received my G.C.S.E. results. I thought I had done pretty well, even though most of my peers had performed better. It was Lindsay's unspoken reaction which made me realise I could perhaps have worked harder. 'A' levels for me became a complete study-jest. On the other hand he would always be generous in his congratulations. The morning I took my driving test happened to fall on a double French day. This caused me to be late for the lesson but as I passed I wasn't too perturbed. I quietly told the rest of the class my good news, but it wasn't until the following day, and from another source, that Lindsay found out. He seemed genuinely upset that I had kept it from him and not given him the opportunity to congratulate me immediately.

I was fortunate to be taught by Lindsay throughout my time at Rendcomb. Languages were always my strongest subjects so it seemed only natural to choose French and German at 'A' level, and, inspirationally, again at university. It was only here that I fully appreciated the excellent grounding in the language I had received, and I came to realise just how important those incredibly boring grammar sessions had been. It would be beyond the power of any human teacher to make the French subjunctive an interesting topic! Lindsay did an excellent job of presenting the relevant bits of grammar to us in a clear and cohesive form, such that regurgitating it in exams came as second nature. Indeed throughout my degree I would still refer to old Rendcomb grammar notes because they were a sight more comprehensible than the recommended published works.

Outside the classroom Lindsay would coach various rugby 'B' teams (promotion came later! Ed.) and cricket at the same level. Here again I found myself in his catchment, and benefited from his enthusiasm and dedication to his teams. As an eight stone fifteen year old it was very encouraging to hear the words, "Come on, James. Up and at 'em" as I was ground into the mud for the tenth time in a match! Despite this partisanship Lindsay kept his eyes on the right goal-posts for players of my level - it was the taking part, not the winning. This has fostered a great love of the game in me because I was never put off by the fact that I was, and still am, an abysmal rugby player.

On the subject of sport, how could I neglect to mention Lindsay's occasional sporting endeavours après sixth form bar on Saturday nights. These would generally involve some curling on the way to Saul's Hall for a spot of snooker with some like-minded pupils - despite the concentration involved in a pursuit of this kind it was a very relaxing way of finishing the week. Lindsay recognised the need of his pupils to let their hair down, and he could be relied upon for his support in our efforts. Similarly he would surprise us by revealing from time to time a remarkable knowledge of the music blasting from our hi-fi's. It was fairly shocking to us that he should even have heard of "The Cure", let alone quote their lyrics. The chasm that we envisaged between our popular culture and that of his era was bridged in one fell swoop, and we were reminded that teachers are human after all!

As a member of School House and student of French, I feel very privileged to have been taught by Lindsay Haslett. He is a fine teacher, an excellent house master and he will be sorely missed after at least a decade at Rendcomb. I'm sure all those who remember him will join me in wishing him and his family a big "bonne chance" in his new position of deputy head at Wisbech Grammar School.

(James Dowson is a travel consultant with Trailfinders)

From Benni Körber (1993-95)

*Dr Haslett from a slightly different perspective*

During the first couple of weeks at Rendcomb, not knowing about any English, British or Irish traditions, I suffered from a severe illness, commonly known as "Culture Shock". It could have been "deadly" without the medicine that was given to me: a warm welcome without any prejudices, a care-taking looking-after without trying to replace parents, but also strictness whenever required. The doctor, who prescribed me and everyone else this mixture was Dr Lindsay J. Haslett, the head of School House and the modern languages department. In the House, he managed to keep control over more than forty boys without creating a strained atmosphere. By giving everyone an individual mixture of his medicine, he tried to push us all to our academic limit, but also held back those that went too far. He was clearly the boss in the house, and nobody even tried to contradict him. But this kind of leadership was needed, as we were a difficult bunch, that was not always easy to control. His means to get us where he wanted us to be were sometimes hard for the persons concerned - especially being "on reports" was absolutely hated - but in the end they always turned out to be appropriate and successful. It was his achievement that I developed from a lazy pupil into a determined worker as he was the one who aroused my latent ambition, and I am definitely not the only example that proves the success of his methods. At one point, we all thought that confiscating loudspeakers, basket and rugby balls and even radios (all of them are good reasons not to work during prep time) must be one of his main hobbies, for he did it with

such consistency. But now, when we all think back to our time in School House, we will all agree that he was definitely right, although at that time it seemed to be cruel. However it must be mentioned that he gave everything back!

Moreover the development of our personalities was equally important to him. He never got tired of supporting those with few social contacts and fought rigorously against any kind of discrimination and all other problems, like theft and bullying, that threatened the happy atmosphere in the House. The involvement of 6A in the running of the House was another significant aspect of his unique qualities as a Housemaster. It enables us to solve minor problems ourselves and helped to achieve a smooth daily routine. Thus, School House offered enough room for the individual to be happy in his own way but at the same time encouraged close friendships. As a teacher of traditional French and French for professional use, he wanted his pupils to fulfil his or her potential - nothing more, but definitely nothing less, and I am sure that all his former pupils thank him for that, although they all moaned about the workload at one point.

In his rare spare-time, he enjoyed sitting with his family and a glass or two of good white wine on the balcony on a quiet summer's evening or in his living room in the winter. He was also very sociable, and thus often needed babysitters in the evenings, a job nobody rejected as it provided the possibility of spending prep and the rest of the evening with a friend in a highly comfortable couch watching TV while having a glass of beer or two and massive amounts of chocolate bars. It is still a miracle to me that his two little girls never "disturbed" us!

Another important feature in Dr Haslett's life was sport, in particular rugby and football. For us pupils, this was very advantageous as he nearly always let us watch Match of the Day when it went on beyond the normal bedtime. Thus, we were all transformed into supporters of Tottenham Hotspur, because their performance determined our bedtime on a Saturday night. His own football skills are unquestioned and his left-footed shot a nightmare for any goalkeeper. Unfortunately, one should never bet on his predictions, as he rated Jurgen Klinsmann a total failure (until he scored for his favourite club) and also thought that Ireland would beat England at Twickenham by fifty points (until England thrashed them). In cricket he was one of the stars of the teachers XI, being a frightening left-handed spinner. As a coach in the summer and winter terms, he let the pupils benefit from his skill. Fortunately, he does not take any basketball teams, for his performance in the staff all-star team was not very convincing as he admitted afterwards.

Let us not forget his wife Marie, who played a quiet but important role in School House and was always approachable whenever needed, be it on a personal or any other matter. I can still remember perfectly well how she drove me to Cirencester in seconds so that I reached my coach in time. She was also the one (sometimes the only one) that cared about the fittings in our kitchen and also took some suits to the cleaners, shortly before the Christmas dinner. In Sophie and Kate, Rendcomb will also lose the two best dressed kids with unsurpassable good manners!

I am sure that their leaving will be a great loss for Rendcomb and one can only hope that their successors can fill the gap left behind. I wish them all the best for their new task in Cambridgeshire, especially that the pupils there are not as difficult as we were. Personally, I would like to thank Dr Haslett for putting me on the right track.

(Benni Körber is at present working in a bank in Berlin before his military service)

### **Miss W. Musto**

Wendy Musto came to Rendcomb nine years ago to teach French and German. Her pupils greatly appreciated her sympathetic but firm teaching, her evident love of her subject and her humour. These qualities have encouraged and inspired even those pupils who were not natural linguists. Many Rendcombians have also been grateful for the opportunity to take part in the Annecy exchange which Wendy has organised and taken part in. She has shared her strong Christian faith with "Holy Disorder" groups and encouraged some pupils to join Summer camps. Apart from duties in Park House, she has driven the community service group into Cirencester for their regular visits and encouraged physical fitness with an aerobics class. For all these different ways in which she has affected their lives, Rendcombians will be grateful to Wendy, they will miss her and send her their best wishes for her new career.

WJDW

From Chris Carmichael (1986-93)

Wendy Musto came to Rendcomb in 1986/7 to teach French and German, and took to Rendcomb life very quickly. The impressive buildings, splendid surroundings, and relaxed atmosphere which have captivated many a prospective master in the past, affected Wendy in much the same way. But, never one to put too much stock by material objects and obvious distractions, it was above all the people at Rendcomb that made the

place for her. From colleagues on the teaching staff, to matrons, administrative staff, and pupils, it was contact with people and personalities that she loved. Consequently, she threw herself into every aspect of life at Rendcomb - from outings and trips to supervising swimming, from the French exchange to Red Nose Day! Everyone, I'm sure has their own memories of Wendy, always with a smile on her face!

This cheerfulness she always carries through into the classroom, and, coupled with an unbounded enthusiasm for French makes for an infectious cocktail which has enlightened many a pupil to the joys of the French language. A firm hand when necessary, but more often an



amusing anecdote, ensures that she always gets the best out of her students (no mean feat first thing on a Monday morning!!). "Quick to praise, slow to chide" may be a cliché, but never has a cliché applied so much to one person.

You could never accuse Wendy of being distant from her pupils, in fact you are more likely to accuse her of empathising too closely with those in her charge. I remember her once saying that she would gladly sit all our exams for us if only it were possible. The quality of her teaching though, made it seem as though she almost did.

Beneath the cheerful exterior, Wendy is guided by her faith, and has definite views and opinions on most topics, but doesn't generally reveal them unless she is specifically asked or unless she is annoyed (a rare event normally only provoked by under-achieving pupils or over-zealous colleagues!).

I am very grateful to Wendy (as I know a lot of people are) for inspiring my love of French and France, and for guiding me expertly through my 'A' levels. She will be much missed at Rendcomb, and we wish her all the best for the future.

(Chris Carmichael is reading modern languages at Exeter University)

**Mrs D Botham** joined the staff in September to teach Chemistry and Physics. **Daniel White** (1989 - 91) is "Artist in Residence", also coaching sport.

**STOP PRESS: Mr Mike Newby**, staff (1978 - 96) is leaving in July. He has been appointed deputy head at Bedstone College in Shropshire. More details next year. We wish him and his wife, Joan, every success in their new post.

### **School Rugby Football**

This season was one of considerable contrasts with fixtures lost to the drought and hard ground at the beginning of term and threatened by cold weather and frost at the end. The senior teams enjoyed an outstandingly successful season with a record that can be matched by few of their predecessors, while the junior teams struggled to compete in the traditional block fixtures against larger schools.

From a wider perspective, college rugby remains in transition as the impact of the changing gender balance continues to be felt. The fixture list must inevitably continue to be amended in the light of this development and next season will see substantial changes in this respect. A significant aspect of this season has been our inability to field the junior B teams that have been such an important feature of Rendcomb rugby in the past, and that have ultimately provided the 1st XV with many important players. This year was no exception with James Fairbank seizing the opportunity to make the scrum half position his own, and enabling Nick Carmichael to move to fly half, a position from which he was able to dominate most matches. James will, I fear, be one of the last of this breed of late nurtured by the B team system.

Despite the need to acknowledge such wider issues, it is important that they are not to overshadow the



outstanding record of the 1st XV. For many of these players the season began in August on the highly successful tour of Canada (reported elsewhere). Against opponents of much greater size, the tourists played some impressively dynamic and expansive rugby, and were fine ambassadors for Rendcomb and for their sport. However, as we prepared to say farewell to some of the key members of this tour party at Heathrow, there was a sense of uncertainty about the coming domestic season amongst those who would be returning to Rendcomb in September to form the 1995 1st XV. In the event, there was more to fear from the brown and parched landscape that greeted us as we dropped below the clouds. The 1995 1st XV proved to be as successful as any in the history of college rugby. The team was built around a nucleus of players in their final year who had developed an unshakeable common bond and team spirit. So that when they were forced to dig deep, as in their second successive victory against Dauntsey's and, above all, in their unforgettable victory over Dean Close, resilience and self belief were present in abundance. These key players were supplemented by a number of younger players who grew in stature as the season progressed as they too benefited from being part of a team that took the field with an immense sense of inner conviction.

As captain, Nick Carmichael maintained the family tradition and made a magnificent contribution to the season. Three years ago in the Rendcombian, Chris King made the case for Itseng Kwelagobe as the best ever 1st XV captain, and although such a debate is purely hypothetical if for no other reason than the different circumstances of the two seasons, Nick is an equally deserving candidate for such an accolade. He has been the key figure in a year group which has always upheld the finest traditions of Rendcomb rugby and I look forward to their return as an O.R. team with very mixed feelings!

The club dinner again proved to be a splendid occasion with an amusing and thought provoking contribution from the headmaster, and memorable and impressive speeches by captain Nick Carmichael and O.R. and Harlequin, Ben Maslen. Ben's words were amusingly self deprecating in tone, and yet he clearly conveyed his great pride in being a Rendcombian and at having played his early rugby here. It was a valuable experience for the current players to hear from 'one of their own' who is playing the game at the top level, and less than a week later we were all delighted to see younger brother, Dan Maslen, playing for Cambridge in the Varsity Match. It was a shame that his contribution to the game was curtailed by injury, it seems to be a Maslen family trait that they leave the field early whenever the television cameras are present! Nevertheless, their exploits and those of other O.R.'s who are making their names in the world of rugby serve to emphasise the fine tradition of Rendcomb rugby. It is a tradition of which a small school such as ours should be proud, and it is one that must be maintained in the future despite changing circumstances.

M.S.

#### 1st XV Record 1995

v. Bristol Cathedral School (H)	W 69-3
v. Rednock School (A)	W 29-0
v. Kingswood School (H)	W 20-5
v. Wycliffe College (H)	L 0-15
v. Bredon School (A)	W 13-0
v. Dauntsey's School (A)	W 13-11
v. Marling (H)	L 21-25
v. King's School Gloucester (A)	W 13-10
v. Magdalen College School (H)	W 30-5
v. Cokethorpe School (A)	W 30-0
v. Sir Thomas Rich's School (A)	L 5-15
v. Dean Close School (H)	W 6-5
v. Kingham Hill School (H)	W 23-0
v. O.R.'s (H)	W 23-10

P 14, W 11, L 3, PF 314, PA 126

Team from: F. Newcombe (v. captain), S. Amey, W. Brittain-Jones, C. Marcham, A. Donovan, R. Dühmke, W. Heaven, C. Webb, J. Gibbs, J. Fairbank, N. Carmichael (captain), S. Ismail, B. Renow-Clarke, P. Price, L. Freeman, A. Harris, C. Baker.

#### School Hockey

Girls' hockey is gradually becoming stronger and, with most playing in teams, it remains a popular sport in the Christmas term. We are getting girls in to the county sides and there is great potential in the middle part of the school. A tour of Western Australia is planned for 1998. We continued to strive for higher levels of personal skills and for patterns of play which would suit all of the many surfaces encountered on our circuit. Synthetic

surfaces are now being laid down at more schools and at the end of term we were all excited at the prospect of having our own 'astro' at Rendcomb, then only subject to planning permission. The grass first pitch suffered as a result of the dry summer but we were able to play on it under most conditions, including two matches when it was frozen solid. By good fortune the snow and subsequent thaw appeared during a period of few boys' fixtures and the King's block, which was cancelled. New fixtures were played against Royal Grammar, Worcester, Bristol Cathedral, Henry Box, Witney and Rose Hill. Six boys represented Gloucestershire at different levels. The overall boys' record was: played 82; won 38; lost 29; drew 15; goals for 182; goals against 131.

It was good to see Rendcomb competing so well in two tournaments. The boys' U13 side just failed to qualify in their group in the Glos mini-tournament but they played constructive hockey, holding the runners-up, Cheltenham College Junior, to a draw. The boys' 1st XI won all their matches in the KES Bath Festival and Nick Carmichael, brother of Chris, scored ten goals.

v. Bromsgrove	W 2 - 1
v. Torquay Grammar	W 3 - 0
v. Newcastle-under-Lyme	W 7 - 0
v. Nottingham High	W 6 - 0

### **O.R. Sport**

#### O.R. Hockey

Ladies Hockey did not happen in December, much to the disappointment of the school side. If any O.R.'s would like to play hockey on 8th December 1996 please contact Chris Wood on 01451 860871. Please don't just turn up and hope!

Men's Hockey in March competed with Mothering Sunday but thanks to the two Phils (Moore and Paterson-Fox) two XIs played the school 1st and 2nd XIs in two close and exciting encounters.

1st XI: A. Clark, P. Morgan, J. Morgan, T. Burns, C. Lawton, G. Hughes, J. Carroll, P. Moore, C. Paine, J. Nicholls, N. Lumby

Result: 1 - 1

2nd XI team from: D. White, A. Phelps, N. Paterson-Fox, P. Paterson-Fox, T. Brealy, A. Payne, A. Paton, P. Barry, P. Boydell, I. Thompson, S. Jones, S. Croft + A. Hawkins (goal)

Result: L 0 - 1

#### Cricket - July 8th 1995

On a wonderful summer's day we had a match to suit the weather, with some wonderful cricket and good viewing for all the visitors. We had two sides, well managed with Giles Brealy and Ian Bishop captains for the day. Brealy's side batted first on a good easy-paced wicket. Despite some good, tight, quick bowling by Ian Bishop, the Brealy brothers, Giles and Alex, batted very well to put on 82 for the first wicket, although only one other player managed double figures. (Mike Smith, 12), they reached 203 for 9 wickets declared, with Giles Brealy scoring a very good 109, scoring all round the wicket. Ian Bishop's side in reply lost a wicket in the first over from Kevin Holmes when he clean bowled J. Fellows, but steady batting from David Tovey, 17, and Peter Grimshaw, 30, started the recovery, carried on with Paul Irving 52 not out, Ian Bishop's very quick 60 and Richard Reichwald 28 not out, reached a winning total of 205 for 4 with one over left. So Bishop's side won by 6 wickets.

Well done all, it was great to see that you are still performing well, and had not forgotten all you learnt on the cricket field at Rendcomb.

David Essenhigh

O.R. Cricket - July 8th 1995 played on 1st XI wicket

Two selected sides took part on 1st XI square, captained by Giles Brealy and Ian Bishop.

Innings of Giles Brealy's side:

G. Brealy	ct. J. Fellows	b. H. Pugh	109
A. Brealy	ct. R. Reichwald	b. H. Le Fleming	47
R. Woof		b. I. Bishop	9
M. Smith	ct. P. Irving	b. H. Pugh	12
T. Brealy	ct. J. Leigh	b. H. Pugh	2
K. Holmes		Not Out	9
A. Harris		b. I. Bishop	0
F. Peplow		b. H. Pugh	0
T. Paton		lbw. H. Pugh	0
O. Bladen		b. H. Pugh	0
		Byes	8
		Wides	5
		TOTAL	203 for 9

I. Bishop	10 overs	3 maidens	18 runs	2 wickets
J. Powell	4 overs	-	29 runs	-
J. Leigh	2 overs	-	31 runs	-
H. Le Fleming	3 overs	-	29 runs	1 wicket
H. Pugh	8.5 overs	-	55 runs	5 wickets
B. Marshall	2 overs	-	30 runs	-

Ian Bishop's side:

D. Tovey		lbw. K. Holmes	17
J. Fellows		b. K. Holmes	0
P. Grimsdale	ct. G. Brealy	b. T. Paton	30
N. Irving		Not Out	52
I. Bishop	ct. Smith	b. T. Brealy	60
R. Reichwald		Not Out	28
H. Pugh	)		
J. Powell	) Did not bat		
J. Leigh	)		
B. Marshall	)		
		Byes	8
		Wides	4
		TOTAL	205 for 4 wickets

K. Holmes	13 overs	2 maidens	38 runs	2 wickets
O. Bladen	3 overs	-	34 runs	-
T. Paton	4 overs	-	26 runs	1 wicket
T. Brealy	2 overs	-	24 runs	-
F. Peplow	2 overs	-	18 runs	-
A. Brealy	1 over	-	6 runs	-
G. Brealy	5 overs	-	37 runs	1 wicket

July 8th - O.R.'s V Staff - U15 Wicket

This was played as a 25 over match. The staff batted first with Mike Slark (25) and Henry Robinson (20) putting on 40 for the first wicket. This steady start was carried on by Chris King (32), David Essenhigh (19), well supported by James Grey and John Willcox. In the 25 overs the staff made 143 for 9 wickets.

The O.R.'s made a rapid start with John Roney hitting 6 fours in a fine innings of 32, but then some steady bowling from the staff kept the scoring rate down. Towards the end Richard Tudor and Michael Miles got to terms with the bowling and scored 22 and 31 but the O.R.'s could only score 112 for 5 wickets in their 25 overs leaving the staff winners by 31 runs.

A good time was had by all with some really enjoyable cricket. Thank you all.

Played on U15 Cricket Wicket

The game was between the college staff and an O.R. side captained by Michael Miles.

Innings of staff

M. Slark	ct. Forest	b. Miles N		25
H. Robinson		lbw. Miles N		20
C. King	ct. Tudor	b. Miles A		32
Slater		b. Tudor		0
D. Essenhigh	ct. Tudor	b. Rose		19
J. Grey	ct. Roney	b. Walton		8
J. Williams	ct. Wiggall	b. Miles A		21
D. Cairns	ct. Palin	b. Walton		8
Purcell	ct. Forest	b. Walton		3
L. Haslett		Not Out		1
M. Newby		Not Out		0
		Extras		13
		TOTAL	143 for 9 declared	
Palin	4 overs	0 maidens	21 runs	0 wickets
Roney	4 overs	-	17 runs	0 wickets
Tudor	4 overs	-	23 runs	1 wicket
Miles N.	4 overs	-	20 runs	2 wickets
Rose	4 overs	-	20 runs	1 wicket
Miles A.	3 overs	-	21 runs	2 wickets
Walton P.	3 overs	-	17 runs	3 wickets

Innings of O.R.'s

Roney J.	ct. Slark	b. King		32
Miles A.	ct. Newby	b. King		16
Rose P.		b. King		0
Miles N.		lbw. Grey		7
Tudor R.	ct. Essenhigh	b. King		22
Miles M. (capt)		Not Out		31
Wiggall D.		Not Out		0
Walton P.	)			
Forest A.	) Did not bat			
Palin A.	)			
White D.	)			
		Extras		1
		TOTAL	112 runs for 5	
Haslett	3 overs	-	19 runs	0 wickets
Williams J.	4 overs	-	24 runs	0 wickets
Newby M.	4 overs	1 maiden	6 runs	0 wickets
King C.	4 overs	1 maiden	12 runs	4 wickets
Grey J.	3 overs	1 maidens	16 runs	1 wicket
Cairns D.	4 overs	-	20 runs	0 wickets
Essenhigh D.	3 overs	-	16 runs	0 wickets

O.R.'s Rugby

The rugby match against the school was played on December 9th. Result: O.R.'s lost 10 - 23

Team: P. Boydell, A. Tibbs, F. Ingham, J. Morgan, S. Croft, M. Brown, L. White, N. Barton, I. Thompson, C. Lawton, R. Sage, P. Morgan.

### 1996 Rugby Fixture

The ever tightening regulatory framework imposed on the game by the RFU in general and the Schools RFU in particular means that it is now no longer possible to play the annual fixture between the college and the O.R.'s. This is for reasons of safety, and the only way that such a fixture could go ahead with official recognition would be if the college could field a side made up of players who are 18 or over, and there seems no possibility of this in the foreseeable future. Rather than abandon O.R.'s rugby altogether, we propose to hold an alternative event open to O.R.'s of all ages on the last Sunday of the Christmas term (8th December 1996).

This will probably take the form of a sevens tournament involving teams made up of O.R.'s and 'guest' teams (the Griffins? - see elsewhere), although we are open to other suggestions. If you wish to participate in this event or you have any ideas about its nature, please contact Michael Slark at the college, (01285 831383). Details about your current/recent playing experience and level of fitness or otherwise would be most useful.

MS/WJDW



### **Old Rendcombian News**

**G.S. Davis** (1939 - 46) writes: "I thought you might be interested to hear of a mini-old Rendcombian reunion held in Duisburg, Germany in early August last year. My brother **Eric** (1943 - 50) and myself met at the home of **Rudy Hale** (1939 - 46) after spending some time on the Mosel, the Rhine and in Strasbourg more or less following the Buckinghamshire county youth orchestra's summer tour, my daughter Claire being a playing member. Rudy had made contact with me on seeing my name in the register of members - you may recall I made a rather late entry into the O.R. society! We corresponded regularly and when he heard of our plans to visit Germany, he invited us to stay with him in Duisberg for a couple of days. I took all the school annual photographs still in my possession, most of my school reports which bore some very well known signatures (DWLB, JCJ, KU, RNDW, EGN, AGGR etc) and the two volumes of the history. Armed with a magnifying glass and fortified with copious draughts of German wine, we spent hour after hour recalling names, places and incidents. It's quite amazing how a name or a comment can suddenly bring forward from the deeper recesses of one's memory, events as if they happened only last week. I took my family to Gloucester Cathedral for the commemorative evensong last May and we made it back to Rendcomb for tea. Unfortunately we were so strapped for time that I only just managed to give my son and daughter a lightning tour round the ground floor. My daughter was most impressed and told us that she would have enjoyed spending her sixth form years at Rendcomb. Now she tells us!! Next October she is off to university!"

**Shridhar Phalke** (1985 - 90) spent three years reading law and American studies at Keele University, then went to the Law College of Chester, where he had to study intensely with a practical bias, his year being guinea-pigs for the new solicitor qualification exams. He found Chester a beautiful city and stayed on after qualifying to do some decorating of student accommodation for his landlady. He then spent three months travelling through Tanzania, Kenya and N. India. When he wrote he was just off to New York for a break after six months as a delivery driver for a local organic farm. He has enjoyed working in a small business and even had a minor rôle in the BBC documentary "Meat". He is thinking of doing a business course.

**Gordon Hale** (1939 - 46) wrote to the headmaster last June with a synopsis of his career. He spent 37 years in the army with 3rd Dragoon Guards, Glider Pilot Regiment and R.A.E.C. He retired in 1983 and was then

bursar of the army school in Dusseldorf for ten years. He now employs himself maintaining his 1/2 acre garden in Duisberg.

**David Gray** (1966 - 70) called into the college in August for the first time since he left - with wife and children.

**Andrew Satterthwaite** (1981 - 88) graduated from Sheffield Polytechnic in 1992 and then took an M.Sc. at Warwick. He has been with Sony Psygnosis in Liverpool in 1993 and hopes to find a research job leading to a Ph.D. He belongs to the youth theatre in Liverpool, taking part in drama of all kinds - an interest fostered at Rendcomb!

**Michael Curtis-Hayward** (1973 - 80) writes "I think I last wrote to you after spending my year out in Australia, which must be 14 years ago. On returning from Australia I spent 3 years at the L.S.E. and obtained a law degree. I went on to Guildford College of Law for the solicitors' final examination and then did my articles at Simmons & Simmons, a large law firm in the city. On qualifying, I decided that two years in the city was enough and I left to pick oranges in Greece. This did not quite work out and I ended up picking bananas in Israel. This wasn't a permanent career move, so after some enjoyable months I returned to England wondering what to do next. I spent the next four years practising as a solicitor in Southampton, specialising in civil litigation. It was good experience and enjoyable but I began to feel restricted. I have always wanted to write a novel, so I decided to give up my job and concentrate on writing for a year. With the novel still incomplete, I returned to being a solicitor, but on a locum basis to provide more time for writing. And that's where I am now...!"

**Tim Stroud** (1967 - 74) is working with the D.S.S. (Benefits Agency) in Gloucester. **Robert** (1971 - 76) and **Peter** (1975 - 82) are both teaching English to Japanese adults in Tokyo.

**Nigel Pitt** (1975 - 82) read mathematics at King's College London and obtained a Ph.D at the University of Rutgers, U.S.A. in 1992. He went on to be assistant professor of mathematics at the University of Michigan until 1995 when he was appointed professor of mathematics at Universidade de Braziia.

**Colin Bailey** (1936 - 39) visited Rendcomb in November. He went to Australia after the war and read economics at Sydney University. He then taught in Melbourne until 1966 when he studied psychology at Melbourne University on a part-time basis. After setting up a counselling unit at his school, he joined the counselling unit at Melbourne University where he remained until he retired. He now has a small private practice. He was encouraged to make contact with Rendcomb after finding a copy of the college History (Vol. 1) in a second-hand bookshop and after learning that one of his colleagues had been talking to another contemporary Rendcombian at a conference. He wonders who this was!

**Steve Simpkin** (1970 - 84) writes: "I got married in October 1992 in St. Andrews to Aileen Houston - we had been students together at St. Andrews. I completed my Ph.D there and lectured part-time in the English department for 3 years, directing about a dozen plays in my spare-time. Aileen is a medical doctor, training to become a G.P. I have just spent two years as an English lecturer at La Saine Union College of Higher Education in Southampton. In September 1995 I started work as a drama lecturer at King Alfred's College of Higher Education in Winchester. Life is going well but is exceedingly busy I am also reviews editor for "Speech and Drama", and on top of teaching (and fatherhood - we had a son in November) I am trying to do some research in the field of Shakespearian and performance theory".

**Justine Platt** (1988 - 90) began her new post as sales executive for ladies nightwear to Marks & Spencer in October. She has also won a scholarship from Coates Viyella to do a part-time evening course for a diploma in management studies.

**John Talbot** (1986 - 93) was seriously injured in a car accident before Christmas. He is making a slow but steady recovery but has had to withdraw from his course at Homerton College, Cambridge, temporarily.

**Rachel Davis** (1987 - 89) has been awarded a Ph.D by the faculty of science at Exeter University. She has won a research fellowship at the Cancer Research Institute in Phoenix, Arizona, to carry on her research.

**Jonathan Lutwyche** (1984 - 89) and his wife Julie have bought a house in Highworth. Jon still works for the ministry of defence and has moved into the world of computers. He manages an I.T. helpdesk which he finds busy and extremely rewarding. He has been playing a lot of cricket at Minety with **Will Sherwood** and at

Ashton Keynes.

**Oliver Medill** (1976 - 83) alias Montgomery, appeared in "Silent Witness" on BBC 1 in February. He is also in "The Governor" to be show in March/April for which he had to get some prison experience!

**James Dowson** (1985 - 90) graduated from Exeter in French and German in 1995, during which he taught at Linz in Austria for 10 months - a good location for trips to the Czech Republic and for skiing. In August last year he backpacked through Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, returning home in September uncertain what to do. He applied for a position as a long haul travel consultant at Trailfinders. He finds this fun and will be off to the Cayman Islands for a week's rugby tour with the Trailfinders' Team!

### News of Recent Leavers

#### 5/5A Leavers July 1995

Charles Allen	Castle School, Thornbury
Robert Bateman	St. Edwards, Oxford
James De Lisle Wells	Chosen Hill School
Angus Law	Sidcot School, Winscombe, Avon
Nicholas Nicholson	
Andrew Perrin	
Simon Rayburn	
Imogen Cox	Cirencester Sixth Form College
Poppy Smith	Cirencester Sixth Form College
Terry Noble	Swindon College

#### 6A Leavers 1995

Martin Adams	
Francis Barton	Biology, Sheffield University
Patrick Boydell	Retake 'A' level
Miles Brown	Retake 'A' level
James Button	
Alastair Christie	Anatomy and physiology, Southampton University
Steven Croft	Biochemistry, Birmingham University
Alice Depauw	Modern languages, Brighton University
Charlotte Edwards	Combined social sciences, Durham University 1996
Tina Eylmann	History of art, Brighton University
Susie Fletcher	Polymers and textiles, De Montfort University
Harriet Gowers	Politics, Leeds University
Charlotte Harrison	
Annabel Iles	Art foundation course, Loughborough
Frederick Ingham	English, Brasenose College Oxford
Christopher Jarrett	On staff of Bruern Abbey
Steven Jones	Biochemistry, Southampton University
Benjamin Körber	Working in a bank in Berlin
Serena Lucas	Secretarial College
Helen Madge	European studies, Southampton University
John Morgan	Politics and French, Leeds University
Lucy Peters	Business Management, Newcastle University
Stephen Roney	Biochemistry, Birmingham University
Anna Ronowicz	Fine Art, Ruskin College, Oxford University
Paul Smith	
Giles Somers	Biochemistry, Birmingham University
Michael Steen	Business Studies, Southampton Institute of H.E.
Ian Thompson	
Jonathan Underwood	
Rupert Werthheimer	Marketing, University of West of England
Leslie White	Chemistry, Southampton University

Mark Wilks  
Mark Williams  
Jesse Wright  
Shaun Deen  
Adrian Kress

Combined arts, Oxford Brookes University  
Environmental science, Derby University



An O.R. Reunion, 1995.  
Rudy Hall, George Davis and Eric Davis at Duisberg