

Old Rendcombian Society

NEWSLETTER



2001

27th ISSUE

Editor
W.J.D. WHITE

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Society Officers

At the annual general meeting in March 2000. the following officers were elected:-

President:	Michael Miles (1943 - 50)
Chairman:	Neil Lumby (1968 - 73)
Vice-chairman:	Mrs Sally Morris (1978 - 80)
Secretary:	Mrs Jane Gunner (1975 - 77) Whiteway Farmhouse, The Whiteway Cirencester, Gloucestershire, GL7 7BA Tel: (01285) 658627 Fax: (01285) 658717 e-mail: jane@r2g2.co.uk
Treasurer/school rep:	Chris Wood (1965 - 71; staff: 1976 -) 9 Hammond Drive, Northleach. Cheltenham, Glos., GLS4 3JF Tel: (01451) 860871 e-mail: woodc@rendcomb.gloucs.sch.uk
Committee members:	Douglas Payne (1940 - 48) Richard Tudor (1973 - 80) Julian Comrie (1946 - 54) Alex Brealy (1980 - 87; staff 1994 -)
Hon auditor:	David Williams (1966 - 71)
Newsletter editor:	Bill White (Staff 1961 - 97) 3 Jessop Drive, Northleach, Cheltenham, Glos., GL54 3JG Tel: (01451) 860943

Minutes of the 67th Annual General Meeting

Held on Sunday 12th March 2000 in Room H at Rendcomb College

Present: Jane Gunner (1975 - 77), Douglas Payne (1940 - 48), Sally Morris (1978 - 80), Richard Sumsion (1947 - 54), Philip Webb (1992 - 99), David Ashby (1994 - 99), Ian Forster (1994 - 99), Julian Comrie (1946 - 54), Louise Bongiovanni (1997 - 99), Oliver Poole (1997 - 99), Bill White (staff 1961 - 97), Neil Lumby (1968 - 73), Chris Pope (1981 - 87), Alex Brealy (1980 - 87, staff 1994 -), Toby Brealy (1977 - 84) and Gerry Holden (headmaster 1999 -)

1. Apologies: Raymond Lawrence (1942 - 45), Chris Wood (1965 - 71, staff 1976 -), David Williams (1966 - 71), Ted Jones (1940 - 48), Hamish Auld (1985 - 92, staff 1998 - 2000), Laurence Wragg (1956 - 63), Michael Miles (1943 - 50)

2. The minutes of the 66th annual general meeting held on 4th July 1999 were signed as a correct record.

3. Matters arising out of the minutes held on 4th July 1999

The secretary reported that she had made no progress on getting copies of Ernest Neal's book, 'The Badger Man'.

Julian Comrie reported that books had now been bought for the library in memory of Kathleen James. These included: 'Buildings of England, Gloucestershire I', which devoted a passage to the Rendcomb buildings. Julian also reported that minor amendments to the society's rules were anticipated in the future.

4. Hon. Treasurer's Report

In the absence of the treasurer and hon. auditor the hon. secretary presented the unaudited accounts.

These were presented in two forms; actual income and expenditure to 23 February 2000. and estimated income and expenditure to 31 May 2000. There was some concern that with the ever increasing cost of the newsletter, the O.R. society might not be able to continue to fund the travel bursary. There was much support for the continuation of the travel bursary but the meeting acknowledged the problem, so a proposal by Jane Gunner and seconded by Bill White to continue this coming year at £500 but to review funding possibilities for the next a.g.m. was passed unanimously.

The secretary drew the meeting's attention to the extra mail drop to notify members of the death of David Sells. In the absence of a recommendation by the treasurer, it was proposed by Bill White and seconded by Toby

Brealy that the subscription for 2001 should be £55.00. This was passed unanimously.

5. Travel Bursary

The secretary presented the file which included an excellent report by Alistair Nye. There had been two applications this year resulting in one award of £500 being made. Some discussion ensued as to whether the society could continue to afford the £500 every year but it was felt that in the light of the recent president's appeal it must be maintained.

6. Any other business

Bill White reported that he would now have to withdraw 'Rendcomb College History I' from sale as he only had 8 copies left which were required for archive purposes. He would be investigating ways of bringing about a reprinting.

7. The chairman thanked the headmaster for allowing the reunion to be held once again at the college. And the headmaster in his turn thanked the OR's for a very enjoyable and entertaining afternoon.

The meeting closed at 17.28 p.m.

Notice of A.G.M.

You are invited to attend the 68th annual general meeting of the Old Rendcombian Society on July 1st 2001 at 11.00 a.m. in the Reading Room at Rendcomb College

AGENDA

1. To receive apologies for absence
2. To receive the minutes of the 67th a.g.m. held on 12 March 2000
3. To deal with matters arising from the minutes
4. To receive hon. treasurer's report
5. Election of officers:
 - President (5 year post)
 - Treasurer (3 year post)
 - Hon. Auditor (3 year post)
6. Nominations for 1 committee member
All proposed and seconded nominations to reach the secretary by 14 June 2001
7. Travel bursary
8. Any other business
9. Vote of thanks to the college

Summer Ball 2000

Although the summer ball 2000 did not attract as many guests as the 75th anniversary ball in 1995, it turned out to be a successful event much enjoyed by those who attended. The weather also was in contrast to the glorious summer evening of five years ago; this time there was torrential rain, but, thanks to the bursar's foresight, covered walkways had been provided from the Reading Room and the Dulverton Hall to the marquee. The band was in the Dulverton Hall and the disco, run by Martin Griffiths, in the Reading Room. Mrs Blackwell's team provided a magnificent floral display on the theme of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. Mark Naylor, the catering manager, masterminded the domestic arrangements and, of course, the excellent buffet. The success of the evening was due in large part to the tireless work of his team. It was pleasing that the treasurer, Chris Wood, was able to report a profit of £286 donated to St. Peter's Church. Jane Gunner too must

be congratulated for once again holding together the administrative operations so efficiently. Will there be another ball in 2005? We shall see!

Among those OR's who attended with their guests were:

20's	P. Gready	80's	M. Brown
C. Raggatt	A. Bennett	V. Tredwell	
M.H.C. Martin	T. Etherington	A. Powell	Staff & ex-staff
	N. Price	J. Franklin	B. Morgan
40's	J. Phelps (née Watson)	H. Auld	M. Newby
M. Miles	A. Phelps	A. Brealy	J. Grey (bursar)
	T. Paton	J. Healey	L. North
50's	S. Morris (née Home)	T. Brealy	M. Slark
R. Stebbing	I. Read	A. Andreis	E. Ramsay
F. Ferguson	S. Hicks	P. Sumsion	R. Houghton
M. Whittering	T. Hicks (née Wolferstan)	T. Steed	D. Dodd
R. Sumsion	H. Wilson	R. Kolb	M. Griffiths
J. Comrie	R. Woof	C. Blampied (née Draper)	D. Essenhigh
	T. Nicholas	A. Jensen	G. Holden
60's	N. Lumby	G. Somers	(headmaster)
J. Fonseca	R. Evans	L. Peters	P. Sykes
R. Bowen	J. Watson	A. Topalian	J. G. Williams
D. Williams	F. Peplow	J. Morgan	R. Hannaford
T. Rose	M. James	A. Depau	W. White
B. Smith	M. Twinning		
C. Wood	R. Tudor	90's	Governor
	J. Gotley	C. Yardley	D. Cairns
70's	C. Lamble (née Franklin)	S. Ismail	
N. Miles	A. Southgate (née Wimperis)	N. Carmichael	
J. Gunner (née Watson)		A. Simpkin	

We regret that there are some omissions in this list as we did not know all the names of members of large groups.

London Dinner Photo (26th Issue)

As a result of various suggestions kindly sent to the editor, the latest list of names is given herewith. But we are still missing number 2 and number 14!

1. A.G. Granston Richards	8. J.C. Maslin	15. N. A. Perkins
2.	9. A. Browning	16. L.B. White
3. E.A. Jones	10. J.E. Miller	17. D. Tenett
4. R. Brain	11. J.H.A. Muirhead	18. D. Dakin
5. D. Montgomery	12. D.C. Vaughan	19. D.W. Lee-Browne
6. M.H.C. Martin	13. N. Dalton	
7. C. Sidgwick	14.	

The Junior School

Richard Dunwoody MBE (1975 - 81) officially opened the new Rendcomb College Junior School on Friday 15th September 2000. He cut the ribbon in front of an audience, which included Major Tom Wills, the grandson of the school's founder, and the chairman of the governors Dr Howard Phelps and 52 very well behaved junior school children. Mr Dunwoody said that it was lovely to be back at the college which had given him such a great start in life. He was very pleased with the new developments at Rendcomb College and thought that the juniors looked very smart.

Adrian Palmer, headmaster of the Junior School, spoke of the children's happiness and sense of purpose and told them to fulfil their dreams as so ably done by Mr Dunwoody.

Mr Dunwoody was then presented with a 'History of Rendcomb Volume Two' by 10 year old Charlie Stutchbury. Charlie said that he already loved the school and particularly loved football when Mr Palmer was in goal. Indeed, asked to record their feelings about their first week at the Junior School, one eight year old,



Richard Dunwoody with the headmaster, Adrian Palmer

Georgia Lee, summed up so many by writing: 'Every morning I get happier and happier. I wish everyone could go to Rendcomb'.

In September, the Junior School accepts 4 to 7 year olds for the first time and it has been such a success that it will open a second class for 10 year olds. If you would like any further information about the Junior School please contact Miss Jemima Pratt on 01285 831863.

Penrose Shackel

Dates of Future Reunions and Sports Fixtures

Sunday 1st July 2001

There will be an AGM at 11.00 a.m. Please attend if you can. The buffet luncheon will be at 12 noon for 12.15 p.m. The cricket match will start at 2.00 p.m. approximately, and there will be tea in the pavilion at around 4.15 p.m.

Sunday 9th December 2001

Rugby fixture and ladies hockey.

Sunday 17th March 2002

Hockey fixture and ladies netball.

Sports Contacts

Please ring well in advance if you wish to play, referee or umpire in any of the fixtures.

Rugby	Mike Slark	01285 831712
Ladies Hockey	Chris Wood	01451 860871 (H) 01285 831383 (W) woodc@rendcomb.gloucs.sch.uk
Mens Hockey	Alex Brealy	01242 517668 (H) 01285 831383 (W)
Ladies Netball	Sandy Westhead	01453 883235 (H) 01285 831383 (W)
Cricket	David Essenhigh	01285 831295 (H) or woodc@rendcomb.gloucs.sch.uk
Tennis	Steven Croft Peter Croft	01285 860753 01285 860753

O.R. Websites and Email Addresses

School: www.rendcomb.dircon.co.uk
Society: www.rendcombian.freewire.co.uk

Due to the escalating printing costs of the newsletter, the committee are considering giving members the option of receiving their copies by e-mail. Should you wish to support such a scheme, please notify the secretary of your views by e-mail at: jane@r2g2.co.uk

The Diary of Gerry Holden Aged 43 and One Third, Headmaster

It has become fashionable both in political and educational circles to write 4 diaries. Mrs. Thatcher, Edith Holden (one of my Edwardian ancestors), Alan Bennett and, more recently, Eva Braun, Hitler's ultra-loyal mistress, have managed to find time to break away from their punishing schedules to set pen to paper or voice to Dictaphone and reflect on the salient highlights of the day just gone. My diary has nothing in common with these great literary offerings: it is offered more in the spirit of Adrian Mole than Adrian IV (check with your local mediaevalist for historical significance!) and should be read as such.

Thursday 18 August 1999

A level results at Rendcomb. I appear in Clock Hall about 10.00. Very nervous I see Chryssa Taplin, who hugs me and says enigmatically, "Well done". (Perhaps she has mistaken me for a recently departed upper sixth former?) I then bump into Bobby Morgan, who says "They're very good - 93% pass-rate". I now realise why Chryssa has hugged me. But why "Well done?". I've only been at the college three days and these results are absolutely nothing to do with me! Selflessly, I phone John Tolputt to let him know the news and relate to him the account of the hilarious photo shoot with Theo, Nick, Philippa and Paul Sykes alongside the pseudo-mathematical photograph.

Opportunistically, I spend some time that afternoon preparing 'Blairite' sound-bites for the local press: 'Rendcomb as a centre of academic excellence' has a certain caché. Paul Sykes agrees with me: he's being very polite; I think he's afraid that I'll send the alternative photograph taken by the local papers to the nationals!

Tuesday 1 September, 1999

Mark Naylor, the new 'commercial operations manager' (ex-catering manager and 'good egg' par excellence) asks me if I will make a brief appearance at the external function this evening. Apparently the Women's Institute of Gloucestershire are holding their annual regional dinner at the college and would like me to say a few words. Had I known now what our beloved leader of the government was about to experience at the slow hands of this wonderful organisation, I'm not sure that I would have accepted the invitation. Anyway, I speak to them for two to three minutes about how wonderful Rendcomb is. "How long have you been headmaster of Rendcomb?" a delightful lady enquires. I look at my watch and reply "about twenty hours". I leave them happy discussing educational issues of our time and reading copies of our mini-prospectus over coffee. It's so easy, I now think; how could Mr. Blair have got it so wrong! Experience: a comb that life gives you, after you've lost your hair!



The headmaster with Neil Lumby (1968-73), O.R. committee chairman

Saturday September 25, 1999

Term is almost a month old and pupils are starting to stop calling me the new headmaster. I don't know whether this is a good thing or not. I certainly feel that I am getting to know them very quickly. I enjoy teaching all of 6A, and 1A history; boys' rugby and girls' hockey on Saturday afternoons are infinitely more enjoyable than trips to Sainsbury's in Farnham. An amusing incident this morning with 'prospective parents' (their parenthood isn't in prospect but our tutelage is). The schedule suddenly became incredibly confused and I realised that, ten minutes into an interview, the pupil sitting in front of me was not the same person I had pre-interview notes on. I wondered why he found my questions so odd and why a glazed expression came over his face when I asked him if he intended to take violin playing to its limits? It could happen to any headmaster, new or old, I reflect stoically. Well at least we got his gender right, so-to-speak, and if you're reading this, welcome to our first form!

Thursday October 14th

The last morning of the social services inspection, my predecessor's parting present to me. All seems to be going well: the pupils have been superb, as you would expect, and the staff are starting to look relieved. "Bad boy books" have been renamed incident books: Old Rec. boilers have been deemed unsuitable areas for junior discos and security pin locks with instantly forgettable codes will become a feature of New Rendcomb. Security is very much the keynote of the morning. The inspector has called and would like to see our office files. Mrs. Stocks, in a moment of ultra-security, took home the key to the filing cabinet yesterday evening and has now set off on a 20 mile round trip to obtain it while I wax lyrical to the inspector about the children act, health and safety policy, equal opportunities policy and school improvement plans. Thankfully, he decides after half an hour to reschedule his morning. As he leaves my office, the recently returned Mrs. Stocks asks if he would like to see any of our policies in the filing cabinet. The inspector declines. Its important to have a good 'security policy', I reflect.

Saturday November 6th, 1999

The parents' association bonfire night includes a spectacular fireworks display organised by Paul Cairns and his team. I ask them if they will make an appearance at headmaster's assembly on the following Monday so that I can congratulate them in front of the school. Eventually and unassumingly, they accept. The college's response is sincere and overwhelming: this is what value added is all about. The 60's disco on the bonfire night is also a great success: parents and staff dancing to Abba music carefully chosen by Martin Griffiths, while their offspring look on in disbelief at their seventies 'coolness': this is what partnership with parents is all about. I reflect amusingly.

Thursday December 9th, 1999

As the congregation begins to grow in Cirencester Parish Church, Sophie Sprawson asks me before the carol service "Are you nervous reading the gospel in front of so many people?" I tell a white lie (quite a black lie really as I am in a holy place) and reply "No, not really". I can see that she is not convinced and add quickly, "I would be more concerned about reading in front of so few people". Sophie laughs. As we drive home in the car, Liese asks me "Are you nervous reading in front of so many people?" I reply, "I suggest you ask Sophie."

Thursday January 20th, 2000

When T.S.Eliot wrote, "April is the cruellest month," he couldn't have anticipated Britain in the aftermath of millennium celebrations. I enjoyed the week between Christmas and the millennium, not so much because all the nation was suffering from PMT (pre-millennium tension) but because the national newspapers provided those of us with a passion for history with some superb reviews of the century about to end. Winter holidays are a wonderful time for literary regeneration and, systematically, I plough my way back through unread copies of the Sunday reviews and the Times educational supplement (and not just to check that my job has been advertised). A new millennium, a new century, a new decade, a new year and a new junior school. Time, of course is relative, and one man's change is another man's preserve. I meet with Maggi, head girl and Nick, head boy and we discuss the imminent changes at Rendcomb. Both of them articulate pupils' views on change and that wonderful balance between moving forward positively, with both your feet placed firmly on the ground. I wish that I had been as confident and articulate at seventeen as Maggi and Nick and I realise how privileged I am to be surrounded by such talented young people. I tell Liese this over dinner that evening and she reminds me (again) that enjoying the company of children is an occupational prerequisite. I must write and tell the secretary of state for education about this radical insight.

Tuesday February 15th, 2000

I phone my parents early on their wedding anniversary; they are pleased that their middle son has (a) remembered and (b) phoned so early. They have been married 53 years and this thought is very much in my

mind as I listen to the Chaplain's outstanding sermon on the theme of love, most appropriate on the day after the feast of St. Valentine. I realise once again that we are so lucky to have such a brilliant Chaplain, who can deliver quality sermon after quality sermon. I was recently asked at a headmasters' conference "What is the essential quality of being a good headmaster?" I thought long and hard and replied "Surrounding yourself with quality people".

Friday March 10th, 2000.

Listen to Bobby Morgan and Adrian Palmer having the most bizarre discussion about junior schoolgirls' uniform and whether they should wear kilts. I'm very anti-kilts, as it reminds me of addressing the History Society at Fettes College in Edinburgh (Tony Blair's old school) and being confronted by a sea of shortbread-box-kilted girls in the front row, which was enough to induce a migraine during question time. I articulate this view to my colleagues somewhat illogically. They are not convinced but thankfully other arguments prevail. Attend our wonderful fashion show after this discussion. Fortunately, the whole event is kilt-free.

Thursday April 10th, 2000

The wag who observed, there are two good things about teaching, July and August, was numerically challenged. There are in fact three: April.

Saturday May 27th, 2000

It is the morning of my first founder's day at Rendcomb and tension is in the air. We have a voice rehearsal with David Whitehead in the sports hall, only to be thwarted by torrential rain on the sports hall roof. By 1p.m. the formal proceedings are over and I watch the ceremony of the chairs being carried out under the direction of Mrs. Botham and our press-ganged fourth form. The founder's phrase, "aristocracy of brains and character" is such a wonderful soundbite, but soundbite doesn't do justice to the Founder's vision of setting up such a unique school as Rendcomb. Later that afternoon, we go on a family walk to Woodmancote and I reflect on what I've read about Rendcomb and its distinguished eighty-year history. I hope that the founder would be pleased with what he heard today from 'the other side'. I certainly was proud of our pupils.

Thursday June 22nd, 2000

June can be a disjointed month in the annual cycle of a school: fifth formers and 6A are on study leave and as a headmaster, you can lose touch with them if you are not careful. Returning to the headmaster's house from a governors farewell dinner for Anthony Quick (headmaster 1961-1971) and a governor for over ten years, Anthony and I are met by three members of the departing 6A, who are baby-sitting for Liese and me. Anthony establishes swiftly the identity of the girls and realises that one of them has a father who was Anthony's first head boy*. Anthony entertains the girls about Rendcomb during his time, and the following morning over breakfast I realise, not for the first time this year, that I am the most recent incumbent of a post which has been held by some very distinguished gentlemen: Messrs Quick, Medill and Tolputt to name but three. In a memorial service for David Sells earlier in the year, where all three of the aforementioned gentlemen and I are present, John Tolputt and I attempt to come up with a collective noun for a group of four Rendcomb headmasters: after much merriment, I plump for 'quaternity' and am pleased to find that John confirms that such a word exists.

Wednesday July 5th, 2000.

I have just left the Dulverton, after my final headmaster's assembly of the year. We've heard excerpts from our recent musical, Annie, waved goodbye to Mr. Auld and wished everybody bonnes vacances. End of academic years (aren't teachers odd in terms of seasons?) bring mixed emotions and a different set of three R's: relief that you have survived yet another year, recovery in the forthcoming summer holiday and paradoxically, reflection. As Liese and I reflect on our first year at Rendcomb, we both realise that we are very grateful to all of you who have made us feel so welcome and supported us throughout the year: pupils, especially the sixth form; staff, parents and governors. A prep. school headmaster told me a joke recently. "Why is a headmaster like a tea-bag?" "You don't know how strong he is until you drop him in hot water!" I have had my moments of coming to the boil once or twice this year but as I reflect on the last twelve months, I can honestly say that they have been the happiest days of my professional career.

G.H.

With apologies to A.O.H.Q., in his first term (Sept. 1961), Hugh Gough was the head boy - Ed.

Music At Rendcomb

A very enjoyable concert was given on March 24th. The programme included orchestral works by Vivaldi and Marcello. *The Academica Rendcombiensis* sang Purcell's 'Come, ye Sons of Art' and were joined by a number of OR's - Gemma Leathart, Ian Forster, Ralph Barnes, Phillip Webb, Simon Webb and Rebekah Taplin.

The Friends Of Rendcomb Trust

The trust was set up in 1984 by Sir Louis Le Bailly (chairman of the governors) to provide scholarships for Gloucestershire primary school students of 'brains and character'. With the demise of Gloucestershire foundation scholarships - when the boarding 'need' factor was enforced - Sir Louis sought to provide suchlike candidates with a Rendcomb education that their parents might not otherwise afford. This tied in with the founder's original concept of the 'mix' of students at Rendcomb.

The trustees comprise a broad mix of governors, OR.'s, parents, staff and the headmaster, and are 'governor driven', independent of the O.R. society. We presently fund three scholars, and obviously need new and renewed funding through gift aid: monthly, quarterly, annually or through legacy. £20 per month for 7 years (average) goes a long way. Please contact me on 01451 822555 (W) or 01451 860308 (H), for more detail - and a FREE copy of 'History of Rendcomb II' & annual newsletter when you become a 'Friend of Rendcomb'!

John Webb - Executive Trustee (O.R. 1954 - 63)

An Interview With Richard Dunwoody

by the pupil editors of Rendcombian

Richard Dunwoody (1975 - 81) kindly made time in his busy schedule to be interviewed by some of the representatives of the *Rendcombian* pupil editors. He was on a break from his business life, having started up his new investment, Dunwoody Sports.

The editors prepared themselves for the interview by watching *This is Your Life*, reading about Richard and by questioning Mr. Wood who "taught him all the physics he knows!" In 1976 Richard began his education at Rendcomb College when it was a boarding school for boys only. All through his life Richard wanted to be a jockey: he stuck to his ambition and was the most successful jockey in English National Hunt racing. He raced over 10,000 times and won 1,699 of those. In addition, he became champion jockey three times. This earned him an MBE in 1993.

Shortly after the interview, Richard, 36, was backpacking around South America and Australia alone, but would return to his normal busy social life and business schedule.

Some extracts from the interview:

Why did you come to Rendcomb College?

I went to Tetbury junior school, which is on the other side of Cirencester. I then applied for a scholarship at Rendcomb but I was a year above myself so I took the scholarship exam in 1974. I didn't pass it so I stayed and did another year at Tetbury and re-entered with my own age group and got in.

How old were you when you first started riding?

When I first started I must have been about a year old because I can't actually remember starting to ride. I found it more natural than learning to ride a bike, it's just like racing drivers today who get put in a go-kart at a young age, like Michael Schumacher.

Has Rendcomb changed since you came here?

Well, I haven't been round it other than the main building, but I don't actually think it's changed that much, except for the addition of the junior school, and there are probably a few more girls all the way through the years now. In my day there were only girls in the sixth form, unfortunately!

Why were you so determined to become a jockey?

I just grew up with horses. My father rode as well and trained horses, and then we moved to Newmarket where I rode out every day in the school holidays: it was horses non-stop when I was at home and my passion just grew. There was nothing else I really wanted to do.

Did you ever think you would be so successful?

Well, I had a great ambition to ride in the Grand National, but thought that if I wasn't good enough I would get a job so I could earn enough money so buy myself a horse and ride as an amateur. I never really thought I would be that good, but I gradually progressed. I was lucky enough to get on good horses. West Tip was the first of them who went and won the National, but good horses really make good jockeys: it's the same as motor racing - if you're not in a Ferrari or a McLaren you're not going to win the races.

When did you get your MBE?

1993, I think. It was a big shock at the time. I thought someone was taking the mickey. At that time we were in the middle of the season so I couldn't actually go and pick it up. It was about thirteen or fourteen months before I went and picked it up. There was basically a big long queue and you were called up in turn. I think the knights went first, then the CBE's, OBE's and the MBE's follow on at the end. You go up when you are called, and have a few words with the Queen.

Were you briefed about protocol before you went up there?

You are briefed to make sure you walk up the right way. It is quite nerve wracking. I had a few words with the Queen. I think we talked about riding for her mother. I managed to ride a few horses for the Queen Mother but never managed to win on any of them.

You have a sports company. Can you tell us about that?

Yes, I started a sports company and I don't know whether it was the right or the wrong thing to do but it started in '99. I knew I had to do something when I finished and I don't know whether I would do it the same way again. Anyway it is in the process of merging with a company down in Newbury called PIA and at the moment they are doing football and rugby programmes. We do Bath, Gloucester, London Irish and a few football programmes around the Thames Valley - Swindon and Reading, and we also do quite a bit of design for printing to do with horse-racing such as United Racecourses: that is Sandown, Kempton and Ascot. So there is a fair bit on. We've also had clients like Zanussi and there is a cable company in the north of England whom we are hoping to work for. We also do a bit of sponsorship. We had a deal for Franci Detorri last year with Arena racecourses and he has become the face of Arena and Arena Online for the next couple of years. So it's wherever we can make some money really!

Where do you see that business going eventually?

Well, now I have really handed it over now and my involvement is that they use my name. I will network for them and hopefully bring in business but it means that I don't have to sit in the office all day. I don't think I could handle that any more. I did it for nine months and I didn't really enjoy it. I prefer to be outside on the go so it has eased my commitment from that and I am looking at other things: possibly motivational speaking. I went down to see Roger Black, the runner, the other day. He is doing it quite well and we are working together on putting together a decent presentation.

What was it like being on This is Your Life?

It was good fun. The evening was good fun: we had a party afterwards as well. It was good to see some of the lads I hadn't seen for some time: some of the jockeys I had ridden against. When you retire you miss that side of it. It was a good night: all went ok I think! Desert Orchid didn't stand on too many people!

Do they take you straight to the studio or is what you see on t.v. a hit of a con?

I was doing some interviewing for the BBC on the racing and they stitched me up good and proper. My parents and sister knew about it at Christmas and it was filmed in February 2000. I didn't have a clue although there were little signs which I should have picked up on. They said "To get some practice go and interview the winning jockey down in the weighing room". So I was concentrating on that as I thought I would get it completely wrong: ask the wrong question or say the wrong thing at the wrong time. I was getting very nervous about that. While I was interviewing Joe Tizard, whose horse had suffered a bad injury during the race, I wondered why he was looking over my shoulder and smiling when he should have been a little more serious considering the injury. Then I turned round and, yes, it was a big shock. I had been to Eddie Jordan's a couple of months beforehand and people there had said "You'll be next" and I said "They got Eddie and they're not going to get me like that!" It was a big surprise.

How important was the first national to you?

It was really important because it helped me get the job at David Nicholson's. He is the trainer I rode for for about eight or nine years and it really helped launch my career. We were saying about good horses make good jockeys and, yes, that was very important. I didn't appreciate how difficult it is to win the National. It was only the second time I'd ridden in it. It is not until you have fallen a few times that you realise that the race is quite

hard and you have to have a lot of luck on your side as well. You think you have a good horse but you can be knocked over or something really stupid can happen to you.

Have you had any serious injuries?

I've been really lucky on that side. I broke a bone in that hand and that kept me out for about a week. The worst injury I had riding was probably my sternum. My horse fell and I was on the floor. All the time I rode I never had a horse kick me as hard. I had to get back for Cheltenham, so I was back in two weeks. Then my neck injury finished me off.

What advice would you give to someone wanting to go into the racing industry as a jockey?

It's not easy! I suppose you want to try and attach yourself to a big yard. You can go and ride out in small yards all day long but it is hard to get established and I think what got me going was being attached to a big yard. I started with Tim Foster at the end of '81. They do it properly there and I think you've got more chances. If you get rides in those big yards then you'll progress a lot quicker. Some people have done it the other way - they've come up through small yards. Mick Fitzgerald, who is one of the top riders, did it that way.

What was it like to have to retire?

It was disappointing. I had thought about coming back in the summer but I get quite bad pins and needles in cold weather. What I want to do is find something else which will give me success in another field.

You had 1,699 winners. Would you like to have won more than that?

I would like to have reached 1,700. I would like to have won 2000. If I had ridden 2000 then I would have wanted 2001. If you can become addicted to winners then I was pretty addicted to it.

Was A Question of Sport enjoyable?

Yes, it was great. It was the best show I did. I ended up doing eight or nine. It was good fun with Ian Botham and Bill Beaumont but it is better with Ali McQuoist. Ali can lead you astray. I had to ride at Towcester after a night out with Ali and I really struggled because the horse didn't jump very well.

When you left Rendcomb, where did you begin?

I was riding out for Paul Kellaway from the age of twelve so I joined him that summer I left Rendcomb. I was mucking out two or three horses, riding them out and grooming them for three months. Then I had three more months at John Boseley's at Brize Norton, and then started at Tim Foster's and gradually you would ride a bit more, teaching the horses to jump. Then you get a licence when they think you are good enough. If you mess up in your first couple of rides you don't get asked back again. I started for a guy called Colin Nash who had hunter chasers and point-to-pointers.

What ambition do you have for the future?

I don't know. I am talking to a business link which is supposed to sort me out with a new career. I have done lots of psychometric testing which is quite interesting. I don't have a great aptitude for English but my maths is very good. The business is being looked after by other people. I would like to pursue the motivation idea.



Richard with Junior School pupils

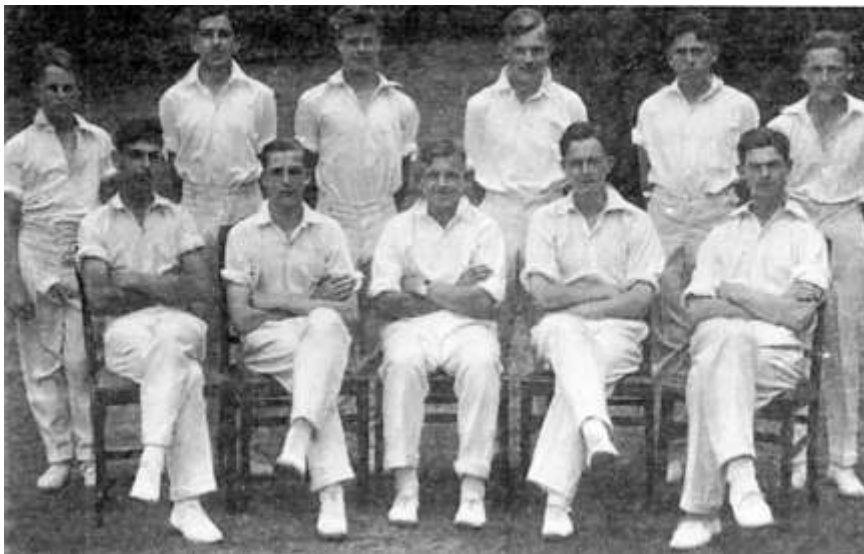
Obituaries

The society has learned with much sadness of the deaths of the following and extends its sincere sympathy to their families.

John F. Roper (1932 - 36) died suddenly in June 2000. After leaving Rendcomb, he took a four year sandwich course at Faraday House Engineering College. During this time he was a student trainee in all departments of South Wales Electric Power Co. and of the estimating and design department of the British Electric Transformer Co. He subsequently served as a lighting engineer for the Lighting Services Bureau in London, then as area engineer for the same company in Glasgow, returning to London in 1953 as a senior lighting development engineer. From 1955-67 he was a regional engineer for south and east England with the British Lighting Council. Finally until 1980 he was assistant director of the Electrical Contractors Association in London. After his retirement, he was involved in local voluntary services organisations, a founder member of Probus and a keen member of U3A. He remained active up to his sudden death from a heart attack. His wife, Jean, died ten weeks before him. He is survived by his children, Hugh and Lewana, and four grandchildren.

Cyril Eyles (1924 - 29) died in April 2000. He was 87 and had not been well since the previous Christmas. He retired, aged 60, from Aldershot where he was head postmaster.

John Eyles (1924 - 30) died in February, aged 88. His son, Richard, tells us that his father spent most of his working life in the textile industry and served in the Royal Navy during the war as a telegraphist, reaching the rank of Petty Officer. For the last 12 years before he retired, he was employed at Bristol University as a computer operator/shift leader. He last attended an O.R. reunion in about 1985. Richard says that his father often talked of his years at Rendcomb and was particularly fond of Mr. Simpson. One story his father recalled was when Mr. Simpson said "You can call me whatever you like as long as it is not Jimmy". Of course, from that day he was called just that, which was perhaps what he had in mind all along. He also sent the cricket photo below.



Unknown, John Eyles, Wally Smallwood, Archibald Wager, Bernard Langdon Davies, Bert Meadows
David Hayes, Charles Honeybone, (Kenneth or William?) Morgan, Harold Dainton, Mark Weaver

Donald Christie (1922 - 25) died in February aged 92. When he left Rendcomb, he spent two years working in the city for a tea broker. He then joined Farnborough Abbey monastery but decided against continuing a monastic life after six years. From the 30's he taught in prep. schools mainly in Hampshire.

Mrs. Waterson, the surviving daughter of J.H. Simpson, the first headmaster of Rendcomb, died in January 2001.

Niven Boyd (1966 - 72) died unexpectedly in February 2001 of a heart attack. He was undergoing treatment for cancer. At his funeral at Hindon, three people spoke frankly and movingly about Niven's larger than life personality, his forthright expression of his feelings, his deeply held affection for his friends and his love for

his family. The large congregation was clearly much affected by the loss at such an early age of someone who lived life to the full and who had meant so much to them. Philip Gready (1969 - 74), Andrew Pearce (1967 - 72) to whose sons Niven was a godfather, Martin Bircher (1970 - 72), Chris Wood and Bill White were at the funeral. An article appeared in the Independent listing the considerable number of appearances Niven made on t.v., in films and serials, notably Reg in *Emmerdale*, six different parts in *The Bill* and small roles in *The Singing Detective*, *Karaoke* and *Out of Africa*.

Betty Neal, widow of Ernest Neal, died in December 2000. Ted Jones, who attended the memorial service in Bedford says she will be remembered by O.R.'s as a fine-looking young mother who was very supportive of Ernest's many interests, in which she also took an active part.

David Charles Vaughan (1927 - 34). David always recalled his years at Rendcomb with deep affection and it was clear that they had had a profound influence on his development and philosophy of life. On leaving school, he studied civil engineering at Loughborough College. He graduated in 1938 and worked as a junior site engineer until the outbreak of war. David's war service included four years with the Royal Bombardiers and Miners in the Indian Army, which left him with an abiding fascination with India. At the end of the war, he returned to his wife, Mary, whom he had married shortly before being posted to India. He was employed as a civil engineer, becoming a partner in the firm of Mouchel & Partners in the late 1950's. In 1960, he left to practice independently as a consulting civil and structural engineer until in 1966, he became one of three founding partners of Moore, Vaughan, Maclean & Partners, Consulting Civil and Structural Engineers. On his retirement as partner in 1982 he continued as a consultant to the company until 1985. Throughout his working life and retirement, David was a devoted husband and loving father and grandfather. He was an energetic gardener, bee-keeper and owner of a succession of small mongrel dogs. He had a keen interest in natural history and the countryside. He enjoyed and appreciated the beauty of his surroundings, first in rural Kent and latterly on the Isle of Wight.

Cecil J. Gough died in October 2000. His son John was at Rendcomb from 1948 - 55 and his granddaughter Karen Swan from 1988 to 1990 - the first family to have three generations educated at Rendcomb. Colin Burden (staff 1963 - 97) attended the funeral at Cheltenham.

His son John (1948 - 55) has sent the following account of his father's career.

"My father was born in Daglingworth, just outside Cirencester, in 1908. My grandfather was the headmaster of the village school in Daglingworth, and my grandmother was also a teacher. My grandparents had five children, and my father's elder sister, who was also a teacher, is 94 and still living in the Forest of Dean, and his younger brother lives in Alnwick in Northumberland.

As you will know, my father was one of the 12 foundation scholars at Rendcomb when the school opened in 1920, but he missed the first few terms because he was in hospital with diphtheria. He often talked about the two lessons which Jimmy Simpson impressed on the boys in those days, i.e. 'Always ask why', and 'Always think of others'. He also remembered getting involved in building some of the school facilities, such as the outdoor stage behind the school. When he left Rendcomb he decided that he did not want to go to university, and Jimmy Simpson was able to get him an apprenticeship with the company owned by Sir Gordon Russell which produced hand made furniture in Broadway. The skills which he acquired there stayed with him for the rest of his life and had a significant influence on his career. During his time with Gordon Russell he was asked to produce a chest of drawers for Lloyd George from a holly tree which grew in his garden. This chest of drawers is now in the Gordon Russell museum, and Colin Burden arranged for a photograph of this chest of drawers to be part of the exhibition which he organised at Rendcomb a few years ago.

After working for Gordon Russell he spent some time in Birmingham getting further qualifications before going to the teacher training college in Loughborough as an instructor. Dr. Schofield, who started the woodwork department at Loughborough, wanted my father to pass on the skills which he had acquired to the students taking the course. He joined the department in 1933, and stayed there until he retired in 1970. During that time he progressed to the position of lecturer, and was there when the teacher training college was amalgamated with the engineering school to become Loughborough University. He taught a great many students during his 37 years at Loughborough, and many of them kept in touch with him long after they completed the course. When I was at Rendcomb from 1948 to 1955 I was taught woodwork by Mr. Grady, who had been one of my father's students.

After my father retired, he became an examiner for the Welsh Joint Examinations Board, and was eventually appointed chief examiner for the woodwork examinations. In 1975 my parents returned to Gloucestershire and lived in Winchcombe, very close to where they had lived and worked before they were married. They both took an active interest in local affairs and helped to establish a W.I. market, which is still flourishing. After my mother died my father was made an honorary member of the W.I. and used to attend many of their regional meetings. He also put into practice the lessons he had learned from Jimmy Simpson, and used to help a lot of

people who did not have their own transport with their shopping and other transport needs. Wood and trees had a major influence on my father's life and work, and he trained many fine craftsmen who are continuing his work, and produced many fine pieces of furniture which will last for many years.

From Colin Burden (staff 1963 - 97):-

Cecil Gough entered Rendcomb at Easter 1921 with three others making a total of 16 boys. Work was still progressing with the installation of heating and lighting around the building. He passed general school exam in 1924-25 and on matriculation his love for woodwork resulted in J.H. Simpson taking him to Broadway for an interview with Gordon Russell (on the journey the hill out of Cheltenham was too much for his Clyno car, it boiled and was halted at the top until it cooled down). The Russell Workshop was founded in 1920 and by 1925-6 was expanding rapidly. He was apprenticed for three years (5 shillings a week!!) later reduced to two years and recalled that there followed nine fascinating and happy years working in the company of many fine craftsmen.

In 1928 he made a chest of drawers in holly for Lloyd George. The square centre drawer was designed to take Lloyd George's top hat! The chest now forms part of the permanent exhibition at the Sir Gordon Russell Museum in Broadway.

During the slump, in the autumn of 1933 lack of work caused the firm to close down for two weeks. There was no dole or holiday pay so Cecil and another man went to Birmingham to work for a firm making the cabinets for R.G.D. Radiograms, purely seasonal work. Whilst there they attended evening classes at the School of Arts and Crafts where the tutor was asked by Dr. Schofield or Mr. Bridgeman if he knew of a skilled young man to work with the students at Loughborough. They both went up to Loughborough where Cecil was chosen. The aim was to raise the standard of work in the course which began in 1930. He worked for a short while under Peter Waals, design advisor, until his death in 1937. This post was then taken over by Edward Barnsley, with whom he worked for many years. The work proved to be fascinating for him but soon he found himself taking groups of students for their practical periods. He later married and had one child but realised that to make further progress he must qualify as a teacher, which he did in 1939. The war disrupted the course considerably. It was therefore much later before he became a senior tutor. In 1970 he retired early as the changes towards university status made the outlook very uncertain.

I was very grateful for his contributions to the 75th anniversary exhibition of craftwork which I organised in 1995 at the college. His influence at Rendcomb remains to this day, as in Clock and Saul's Hall there is an oak seat with his initials carved on the back rail which he made in the manual whilst at Rendcomb.

A group of Cecil Gough's old students from Loughborough have arranged to dedicate a mature walnut tree at the Westonbirt Arboretum to his memory.

Tony Morris (1937-42) died in May 2000 aged 75. OR's will remember his daughter, Julia, who has been a stalwart member of the music department at Rendcomb for many years and whose sons Oliver and Dominic are O.R.'s. We reproduce part of the address given at the funeral by Tim Page, chairman of Cirencester Choral Society and also a governor.

"I was privileged to know Tony for only the last 14 years of his life. Many of you will have memories of him going back much further. He was born on the 22nd October 1924 at Tetbury where his father managed Nesley Farm. From his father he inherited an acute mathematical brain and great powers of concentration. He had brothers, Patrick and Trevor and a sister, Anne. Tony was educated at Rendcomb College where the pre-war Spartan regime of cross country and cold showers before breakfast developed in him both a physical and mental toughness. In his teens Tony cycled to London and back, borrowing his brother Patrick's bike because it had a new-fangled three speed. After Reading University he joined the Aberystwyth Plant Breeding Centre which gave him a lifetime expertise in grasses and wild flowers. It also gave him another lifelong benefit: he met Betty. They married and moved to Nesley Farm where Tony worked for his father. In 1959 they took over Coneygar, initially as tenants until purchasing it.

During Tony's farming life he experienced the depression, the war, the introduction of machinery and subsidies and more recently technology and surpluses. Tony met each of these challenges with his customary sense of fair play and wisdom. Tim, his son, became a partner in the 1970s and he tells me that his father never interfered in his running of the farm. Tony though didn't retire from the farm - he looked after the sheep until he was 70 and continued to keep the meticulous farm books until this February. Tony was active in the NFU and was county chairman for 3 years. Coneygar Farm earned an enviable reputation which it still retains.

Tony was the longest serving member of Cirencester Choral Society. He had served for 10 years as treasurer. Tony's musical abilities were not confined to singing. At the age of 50 he learned to play the flute. I understand that he reached a high standard and played in the Cheltenham Philharmonic Orchestra. Tony and Betty passed on their love of music to their children. Tony was so proud of Tim's achievements with the Oriel Singers. From our initial contact in the back row of the basses Tony and I quickly became aware of a shared love of birds.

This led to many trips to south-west England, Wales and Norfolk. We had two trips to Andalucia and one to the Greek island of Lesbos. Tony had a profound knowledge of farmland birds and particularly their songs. But he was always excited to meet more exotic species. His acute hearing often found birds long before our eyes could.

Tony was chairman of the Northleach bridge club for 9 years and at the age of 70 passed A level in geology. He found going to college with teenage students an "interesting experience"!

Tony was a man who set a high standard for himself. These might at first sight seem old-fashioned but not in his case. He had a clear view of the place of values in modern society. He was a 'man of today.'"

Chris Swaine, who was head of biology at Rendcomb from 1952 to 1979, died last October in Anglesey. He had been in failing health for some time, latterly suffering from Alzheimer's disease. Many old Rendcombians will recall with gratitude and pleasure the time they spent in Chris's laboratory and will wish to send their special condolences to his widow Eileen, and to Angela and Michael. The following tributes illustrate the high regard Chris's pupils had for him.

From Christopher Pulford (1970 - 77):-

Chris Swaine was an inspirational teacher and a true gentleman. The breadth of his knowledge as a naturalist was immense and his tremendous enthusiasm for natural history rubbed off on all who benefited from his teaching. 'Bios' consistently captured my imagination. 'Chappie' often used to take us off on excursions into the delightful countryside right on our doorstep. The joy of breaking free from the biology lab on a cool, sunny May morning and messing about in the River Churn was indescribable. Who among us studying 'A' level can forget those dogfish and rats pinned out in the old bent enamel dishes - and what was that sticky black stuff we pressed the pins into, our eyes smarting from the sickly stench of formaldehyde and dogfish juice? I still remember the look of disgust on Sarah Robinson's face as she prodded at her dismembered specimen. And there was the dreary Sunday afternoon in the Old Rectory made bright when Chappie took Chris Hart and I to the gravel pits at South Cerney to watch the wildfowl. His ability to identify birds by their distant profile and song was awesome.

I spend many hours each week in Richmond Park and frequently visit Kew Gardens close to where I work. When I gaze on an oak tree or a majestic beech my thoughts often turn to Chris Swaine... I think of the 'beasties' lurking in the stagnant pools of water around the roots and the man who was so comfortable rummaging around in the undergrowth. I share schoolboy stories with my sons and daughter who also enjoy seeking out dragonfly larvae and are fascinated by the rhythm of nature.

I was always happy to see Mr. Swaine on duty in the main building on a Saturday evening. Ian Boothman, Dave Butler, Pete Haynes, Jerry Ferguson, Des Knox and I were inclined to make a disgraceful noise with our electric guitars (amplifier volume turned up to 11). We would see Chappie pop his head round the door of the assembly hall, smile and retreat.

Chris Swaine was a true professional having studied under the distinguished zoologist, J.Z. Young. He was a stickler for detail and no pushover. He disliked woolly thinking and wanted the best from his students. As my coach for Oxbridge he could be quite brutal and would give me a roasting if he detected even a hint of laziness. His ability to explain the subtle theory of natural selection was exceptional. Picture him in his tatty white lab coat up by the blackboard, hands tucked in pockets smiling as we assembled at the start of a new academic year in the science lab he shared with 'Boff' Fell. "Right chaps, I am going to issue you with brown folders for biology as this is an earthy subject." Here was an earthy man eager to share his passion through a sharp intellect and a delightful sense of humour.

I cherish my memories of the gentle, humorous naturalist who explained the ecology of the Cotswolds to me. His legacy to generations of Rendcombians is priceless. What better way to be immortalised than through instilling an appreciation of nature in the hearts of those whom you have taught?

(Christopher Pulford studied O and A level biology at Rendcomb. He went on to read zoology at Pembroke College, Oxford. Chris is now the director of 'React', a charity helping terminally ill children based in Kew, Richmond.)



From Tessa Hicks (née Wolferstan, 1974 - 76)

I arrived at Rendcomb with a burning ambition to become a veterinary surgeon. Of the three sciences I needed to do, biology was already my favourite, but with Chris Swaine's superb teaching it was to become a real fascination. Chris Swaine (or 'Chappy' Swaine as we all nicknamed him!) was the calmest, kindest teacher - a quiet man, but a powerful inspiration. Our small A level group was always amazed at his apparently endless knowledge. We all enjoyed biology lessons because Chris Swaine's passion for his subject was truly infectious. His lessons were always well planned and motivating, but in that natural way that is only found in a born teacher, a highly experienced teacher, and a true enthusiast.

I have such fond memories of that little biology lab in the old stable block. By most standards the facilities were very basic, but this had little significance because of the outstanding qualities of the teacher. Chris Swaine's skill and enthusiasm was always present - at the blackboard, in the practical lab, or outside undertaking field tasks. He could make a blackboard come alive with his explanations and diagrams. I remember his careful guidance as we dissected poor unfortunate frogs or dogfish, and his patience as he tolerated teenage humour as we performed such dissection tasks. Even the painstaking detail required to record every plant growing in a square foot of meadow was made interesting and fun. Memories too of paddling in the River Churn, hunting for crayfish. This took place where the river ran past the end of his garden around the beautiful Mill House that was Chris and Eileen's home. Sometimes we would end up sharing tea and cake with this wonderful couple - a real treat for boarding school pupils.

Chris Swaine set homework that was often challenging, but which he always took the trouble to mark in painstaking detail and with such encouraging comments that inspired real effort. I still remember always wanting to do my very best, and the genuine feeling of accomplishment and reward if Chris Swaine awarded an A or A*.

Chris Swaine was a remarkable person. He was a warm kind-hearted man who was like a father figure, and who took a genuine interest in his pupils and their hopes and ambitions. He always supported and helped me, and had faith in me. This was of particular significance when other staff at the school were more dubious - Chris Swaine's support was like a gleaming lamp of hope to me and a reason to keep focused on my ambitions. I still remember his absolute delight when I was able to tell him the good news about my university application. It was a privilege to do so - he had played such an important role in this. I owed Chris Swaine a lot then, and I still do. I have always maintained my interest (and employment) in the broad area of the biological sciences and medicine.

Rendcomb lost an exceptional teacher when Chris Swaine moved on to a well earned retirement in Anglesey. I know that Eileen and their family have now also lost an exceptional husband and father, and I can only offer them my sincere condolences. I want them to know that there are many like myself who feel honoured to have known and to have been taught by Chris - and that for me, he will always be an important part of my treasured memories of such happy times at Rendcomb.

Tributes

David Sells, who died in February 2001

My earliest memory of David Sells was when he told me off for being late to French. "Where have you been?" he barked. I jumped out of my skin and explained that I'd had a piano lesson. "Who's your teacher?" "Mrs Foster, sir." "Well, tell Mrs Foster she's got no sense of time." When I did, she laughed and said, "Oh yes, he's a lovely man, isn't he?" This was all rather confusing to a naive and literal minded first year. However, as I grew up and got to know David, I appreciated the truth of her words. He was indeed, a lovely man.

I have no doubt, however, that he would have resisted such a description. He was a private, modest person who seldom revealed the feelings that lay beneath his cool, rational exterior. I remember him saying the truly great scholars he'd taught at Rendcomb could be distinguished by their humility. They were all too aware of their limitations. I feel the same could be said of David. He was erudite and had a vast knowledge of the world, yet he was never complacent and seemed always, through his extensive reading, to be searching for new insights and understandings. His tastes were catholic and he seemed as much at home discussing literary greats as popular writers such as Hammond Innes or Neville Shute.

I owe much of my love of literature to him. When we had finished our O levels, we had a few introductory A level lessons. David used this opportunity to present us with an inspiring and insightful series of lectures on the history and development of literature. The breadth of this was amazing. He took us from Aristotle to Beckett. His central hypothesis was that literature could be defined as 'the study of human beings in society.' This was enthralling and startling. Not only did it put literature in a broader context but it raised whole lot of moral, political and philosophical questions which needed articulating at that stage in our intellectual development. How should we live our lives? Is it possible to have morality without God? Does life have a meaning? I'm sure, of a time, many of us became existentialists, as much excited by the novelty of the term itself and such

exotic and subversive characters as Kierkegaard, Camus and Sartre as with its philosophical precepts. However, for me, David's talks put knowledge into a broader perspective, breaking free from the constraints of the exam syllabus, and nourished my enthusiasm for learning, opening my eyes to hitherto unknown possibilities.

He always expected the best from his pupils and I think one of his finer qualities as a teacher lay in his academic rigour. David delighted in the potential for precision in the French language. Prose composition and translation at A level offered us a keen intellectual challenge. David had his own peculiar mark scheme in which avoidable errors were denoted by a capital H. This stood for 'Horror'. His standards were high and you had to earn his praise. This was understated when it came. If your work was returned with the comment, 'not at all bad', you knew you'd done well. He also invented particular denotations for particular pupils. I used to get 'W' which meant 'Wahnsinn', the German for complete and utter nonsense. Though largely good, my efforts were sometimes punctuated by the 'occasional lapse into insanity'. I delighted in these original, colourful and honest observations. You were always measured against your own potential and regarded as an individual. As well as French, I learned a lot about English. Clarity of expression was paramount. According to David, 'the simplest style is best'. If in doubt, was his tip, go for the Anglo-Saxon. Use 'start' or 'begin' rather than 'commence'.

When I was preparing for the Oxbridge exams, I was lucky enough to be taught on my own. This meant that David would mark my work in front of me. I can still hear him now saying "Yes, but what do you mean by that, Hamish?" His approach to Oxbridge tuition was Socratic. Preparation of the literature paper began with him showing me where the books were, giving me a past exam paper and then instructing me to answer one question a week. This was a bold move. I'm sure many teachers would have coached candidates with carefully conceived notes, stock essays and annotated texts. However, his integrity as a teacher prevented him from taking what he would consider such a 'spoon feeding' approach. He would never reveal his own opinion about a writer before I had formulated my own. This enabled me to develop confidence in my ability to think for myself and meant that the transition from school to university was extremely smooth.

As all excellent teachers, he managed to combine academic rigour with sensitivity to the needs of individual pupils. He knew when to back off and when to apply pressure. He was very supportive at times of crisis and encouraged me to be 'captain of my soul and master of my destiny'. His unerring belief in my abilities sustained me through periods of self-doubt and his capacity to put things in their proper perspective was one of his greatest gifts: 'Whatever your A Level results, the sun will rise in the morning and set in the evening.' Having said that, his commitment to his pupils was exceptional. This was brought home to me when I went to visit him once in hospital. Besides the flowers and grapes, lay our A Level set texts.

However, one of the things I shall always remember him for was his sharp wit and original humour. Perhaps on a dusty shelf somewhere at Rendcomb is my copy of Racine's *Britannicus* paved with many of David's notable sayings. For example, on the universality of Racine: 'There is an Agrippina alive and living in Walthamstow', or his celebrated deprecating remarks such as 'you have all the lucidity of a Mexican dung beetle', and the rather more enigmatic, 'and if you don't know that you may as well go and read sociology at York University.' My fine but illegible italic script was always 'seismographic.'

I asked him once what he thought of teaching as a profession and he said he thought it was great 'if you liked banging your head very hard against a brick wall'. But beneath the bluster, he was totally dedicated to Rendcomb and the ideals on which it was based. He said that he had decided almost immediately that he would like to teach there when, on arriving for an interview, some pupils passing him on the back drive said 'Good morning' to this apparent stranger. He liked its relaxed and friendly atmosphere and the fact it had no apparent ethos along the lines of 'every good Rendcombian...' As he saw it, 'its ethos was that it had no ethos'. The emphasis on the individual suited him well. Although he used to frequently complain of what he called the 'Butlinisation of Rendcomb', he was never one to resist change. He wholly approved of the move towards co-education, largely it seemed on the basis that 'the boys would see the girls at breakfast and realise they were not goddesses after all'.

It is hard to write about such a complex character and do him justice. This is a personal tribute and is therefore, by necessity, partial. I'm sure, however, that like many Rendcombians, I will always remember David Sells with affection and gratitude. The other day I came across an old essay. It must, judging by his comments, have been one of the last before my A Level French exam. For me this characterises much of the man: 'Not at all bad. Some fairly torturous reasoning, but it can be followed. Do be careful of the Horrors. Bonne chance, mon ami!'

Hamish Wilson (1971-78)

Remembering Ben Legg

I am sure that the well-rounded education my parents expected I would receive at Rendcomb College did not include game-keeping, wood management and forest maintenance. The expert tutelage of keeper Ben Legg, and his beloved Clifferdine Wood, proved my largest and most diverse classroom - the one in which I spent more hours than in any within the college itself. Ben taught me much about the wood and its denizens: how to use my eyes; how to read the flight of a crow or wood pigeon; where to find a wren's nest; how to set a tunnel trap; how to hang a gate; how to lay a hedge; how to sharpen a scythe; the best time to mow a morning ride; where to find trout.

Ben and his wife Doris welcomed many of us boys into their cottage for a slice of Doris' cake and a cup of hot sweet tea. Always he'd entertain us with riddles or one of his wonderful stories, which were such a delightful blend of fact, fiction, folklore and his own unique and vivid imagination.

Ben Legg and I have corresponded regularly over the forty years I have spent in Canada. I was saddened to learn of his sudden death on September 2, 1998. He was a good friend and faithful correspondent.

Ben took great pride in 'his' woods; the paths were cleared and the centre ride was scythed daily. Clifferdine Wood will miss the passion of its friend and keeper, Ben Legg.



Alasdair Wallace, (1949-1957)

The Rendcomb Butterfly Collection

Once upon a time (1954 - 1963) there seemed to be six or so gardeners who (also) tended the flower borders at Rendcomb, just within the college balustrades. If one had been 'balustraded*', the significance of their creative work was much appreciated! The more so if one knew Chris Swaine, because one was almost guaranteed to see flitting Fritillaries, darting Humming Bird Hawk Moths, and sleepy Lime Hawk Moths - the latter often bred in the stable block lab. by youngsters, Mike Van den Driessche (1955 - 60) and Michael Bryant, (1954 - 61), etc. The cardinal rule was to 'put back' more than one 'took out'. At that same time, the lawny grass in front of 'main building' was a meadow, teeming with butterflies. A veritable feast which Chris encouraged us to observe and enjoy, perhaps catch, even, any different butterflies and moths to add to the collection that he had inspired.

In October 2000, I learned from Bill White that Chris Swaine (Rendcomb 1952 - 79) had died from Alzheimer's disease. I recounted to Bill that I had been privileged to observe and feel Chris's influence every day for the last 20 years or so, because the butterfly collection sits in my Victorian hall in Northleach. How come? To the best of my memory, I received a call in c.1980 from Ron Kelsey, the then chemistry master, indicating that his wife Joyce had been chatting to Chris's wife, Eileen, about a proposal (by new staff) to sell the collection to an antiques dealer. I told Ron that I would match the bid, and beetled straight to Rendcomb in a mini pick-up in order that the collection remain local. Also that the college could have it back, should interest revive. There was no way that Chris's and his pupils' work should be dissipated. The collection remains in my custody, added to, over the years, by myself and my O.R. children: Rupert (1991 - 98) and Lottie (1993 - 00). Unlike Victorian 'rows' of the species, this collection holds many experiments and learning curves: camouflage, family trees or sex-lineage, diversity, and preservation/regeneration.

In recent years, conservation opinion has turned against killing and preserving, even against private regeneration. Chris mirrored this change by photographing all that he found: flora, fauna, butterflies and moths. Gone are the days when his pupils might cycle with his daughter, Angela, to gravel pits (S. Cerney) owned by the family of our contemporary, Tony (A.N.) Hill (1955 - 60), in order to observe and catch dragonflies. Happy days!

What a kind and true 'Rendcomb' man he was.

We extend our sympathy and joyful thoughts to his wife, Eileen, and to their children: Angela (Auvergne), and Michael (Aberdeen).

John Webb

**Balustraded:* This form of punishment meant that you were effectively confined to the limits of the balustrade round the main building except for games and lessons in the stable block. It was quite restricting in days when boys were out in the countryside on foot or cycling a lot. Ed.

The Wilson Sundial

When Mrs Wilson contacted the school to say that her late husband, Alastair, had left the science department a considerable sum of money in his will we were naturally delighted. Alastair Wilson was at Rendcomb from 1929 - 1936. He gained an open Demyship to Magdalen College, Oxford and qualified with a BA with honours in animal physiology and later BM, BCh. at Oxford in 1942. In the second world war he served as a doctor with bomber command and afterwards as a senior lecturer in pathology in Uganda. In 1962 he was appointed to the chair of bacteriology at the University of Ibadan, Nigeria, and in 1966 was admitted as a fellow of the Royal College of Pathologists. He held various visiting professorships abroad and ended his career as consultant microbiologist and director of the City Hospital in Edinburgh.

When we heard that there would be no memorial to him in Edinburgh, it was suggested that a sundial be erected outside the school library. The sundial was made by David Brown, former head of physics at Kingswood School, and the pillar was carved from Bath stone to match that used in the nearby balustrades. The dial itself is made from Welsh slate and depicts the life and interests of this distinguished Old Rendcombian.

Chris Wood

Travel Bursary Report

John J. T. Shenton

On the 14th January, having fully recovered from the new millennium celebrations, I left Heathrow Airport and headed for Johannesburg. I was heading off on my own to spend about six months as a teaching aide in a small school, Felixton College, in the north eastern region of South Africa called Kwa-Zulu Natal. The nearest town, Empangeni is 10km away and the school is based in a village called Felixton. The information I had been given about the school was brief but I knew that it was a new private school which had limited resources, and that the school was mixed in race and gender. I would be assisting the sports master teaching cricket, hockey and rugby as well as PE. I would also cover any other classes of which I had some experience, such as English and geography.

Due to the financial situation of the school and the organisation I had gone through to place me there, I was provided with my accommodation free, and given money to cover my basic food needs. All other costs were to be met by my own funds. The organisation through which I went was Gap Activity Projects, which is itself a charity which specialises in finding placements for teenagers in-between finishing A levels and starting university ('taking a gap year'). Having applied to them whilst studying at school I went to interviews and was told I had a place to volunteer in South Africa. The first part of getting there was therefore to raise the money, through means other than asking parents or relatives for large donations! So, I set my target at £2,000, of which the £500 that the Old Rendcombian Society gave was most generous. I worked for the first 5 months from finishing school, and saved as much money as I could, doing such things as suspending drinking alcohol for 3 months and running the Great North Run to try and get sponsors. Unfortunately local businesses were not as generous as I had hoped and so most of the money I earned was used in funding the placement. I also took enough money with me to travel in the two holidays that I would have.

As people who have travelled may agree, there are many unique experiences that you have, so it is difficult to fully explain or summarise your journey. But there were a few moments that stand out during my time in South Africa. The first was the sight of the land from the plane as we were coming in to land and the feeling of excitement and fear of what I was going to be doing for the next six months. The terrain was mainly green with thousands of trees due to the paper mills being one of the dominating industries in the area. Having landed, and the door of the plane opening, the wave of heat that hit me was phenomenal. Having left a cold, grey and raining English January to the start of the South African summer of temperatures ranging from 35 to 45 deg., was like opening the door to a sauna, but one which you could not walk out of!

Having arrived then at the school for the first time, meeting the staff and settling in to the way of life a few memories remain strong. The responsibility of actually taking my first sport lesson was really good. Being able to coach my own team and see them play for the first time, putting into practice at least some of what I had taught them. Equally refereeing different sports was a nerve racking but rewarding experience, at last being able to say with authority whether there was a hand on the ball over the try line or not? The relationship that was built up between the two teams I coached and myself was also something that I remember with a smile. The other interesting aspect of teaching which I will always remember is the effort which is needed to teach something with enthusiasm in every lesson regardless of what you might be feeling at the time. Interacting with other teachers and helping with classes, I saw how much of themselves teachers give to the pupils, which is not always realised by those receiving the education.

Another image that is imprinted on me from my placement comes from a separate school that I visited in the area. To set the scene slightly, the area of Empangeni has been able to develop itself economically from work provided by the sugar mills and paper mills in the area, thus creating a demand from parents who have a little more money for a better education for their children. This is therefore how Felixton College came to be founded, with the support and backing of a few determined parents who formed the governors. However there were still the families that could not afford this and so were left with what they call farm schools. These are small state schools that are in extremely rural areas. The teachers are paid an incredibly small wage from the government and the parents of the children are meant to pay a small, almost token amount to pay for their books, pens and paper. The school that I was at had a partnership with such a school in the area, which gave any old books or classroom furniture to this school. On visiting this school, delivering some old text books, I was overcome by the poor conditions which the children were learning in, even compared to the poor facilities of Felixton College. Yet all the children were extremely eager to learn and when given permission rushed out to carry the new books into their classroom. I felt a huge sense of privilege and pride thinking back to the facilities and surroundings with which I had been at school at Rendcomb College.

During the Easter break and when I left in July I took full advantage of being in a foreign country and travelled down the south coast along the Garden Route, stopping at as many places as was possible. The scenery was amazing and the people I met fantastic. I was also able to go on a four day trek in one of the game parks further north and unexpectedly spent two days hunting game in a private reserve. Other experiences such as surfing and flying in a microlight, just metres above a school of dolphins, are memories that will not fade easily. I ended my time in South Africa in Cape Town, unable to visit the vineyards of the Cape or Stellenbosch further to the east, but I did manage to walk up Table Mountain, ending up climbing it due to an Irishman with a bad sense of direction! I also visited Robin Island to see the cell where Mandela was imprisoned for his beliefs, which was another thought provoking day in a country full of political struggles.

The entire trip was an experience that I will never forget and I was able to see and do things which I feel have made me look on a lot of what I do now in a different light. Living in a country that has such differences from England made me see the good and bad aspects which both places have to offer, which I was unable to fully appreciate before I went. I made some really good friends out there and plan to go back in the not too distant future.

Reminiscences

Peter Binks (1935 - 41) has sent these memories of Rendcomb, prompted by last year's newsletter:-
Life at Rendcomb College 1935 - 41

Page 27. I made a canoe and left it at the school when I left. I also had a bicycle trailer to transport the canoe and also used the trailer to transport my trunk from the school to the railway station in Cheltenham for holidays and back again after the holidays. Thinking of Cheltenham, I used to cycle the 10 miles to buy white chocolate to satisfy my desire for sweet food. Also my mother used to boil up tins of white condensed milk which was turned into sweet caramel. I kept the tins in my locker with a spoon - my locker was beside the dining room door. (Memories of 'locker passage' - ed.)

The routine when we woke up in the morning was running round 'Journey's End' (a post overlooking the lake), skipping 20 on each foot and 40 on both feet and then a cold bath! The only times when we were exempt from this exercise was when it was raining or snowing and when we were on early morning cleaning duties. This early morning exercise was stopped during the war to reduce our appetites - to reduce the food consumption. Referring to moving Lee-Browne's 3 wheeler Morgan into Saul's Hall. It started with senior boys putting the car into Saul's Hall and then telling a junior boy to go to the head's study and say "Sir, you have parked your car in an unauthorised place". Fortunately Lee-Browne saw the funny side of the situation.

Page 28. J.C. James was history master and in charge of cricket. Since I was not good at history, when we played cricket he always put me 'last man in' and long stop. So as soon as possible I gave up cricket and became a 'non-cricketer' (p.37) and replaced it with more running and tennis. Both these activities I carried on

after leaving school.

The system with clothes and books. We arrived at the school and changed into clothes belonging to the school. Home clothes were stored away until the end of term when we changed back into home owned clothes. School clothes were shorts and lumber jackets and on Sundays for juniors the jacket was changed to a suit jacket. Seniors on Sundays wore a suit with long trousers. The colour was grey. I have several photographs of those days.

Reference was made to Wilson on page 29 - his good friend was the woodwork master, O.C. Morell, who married the maths teacher, Miss Alway. All these people can be seen on a photograph of the whole school taken in the summer term of 1941.

Also on page 29 - music. We had 'music appreciation' one afternoon a week. A man (may have been Mr Schumann) came out from Cheltenham and played classical music on a gramophone (may have been a wind-up one). Here I learnt to appreciate Beethoven etc. In this class the boys who enjoyed the music moved to the front of the class and those who were bored moved to the back and read books. I seem to remember Peter Herring being at the back (I wonder what happened to him - he lived a few houses from me in Sutton Coldfield).

Page 36 - Dr. Gladstone. I had an abscess on my left hand finger so he lanced it in the linen room and my finger is still deformed to this day!

On Monday afternoons we had free time but we had to state what we would do. I decided to learn the piano, so I had lessons. One day Lee-Browne asked me to play the piano for some of his guests in his rooms on the 1st floor. Now I cannot play which is a shame and I envy those who have the talent.

On another occasion we juniors were in bed and some senior boys came round the dorms saying "wake up, get your sports clothes on and come down to the asphalt!" The senior boys had been in Lee-Browne's study and they had noticed that it was pouring with rain so they suggested to the head that we could play handball on the asphalt in the rain. I remember the matron leaning out of her window aghast at what the boys were doing in the dark in the rain when they should have been in bed!

During world war two some parents said that the school must have air-raid shelters to protect their children. So we dug trenches in the athletics field with pick axes! No bombs were ever dropped in Rendcomb, so we never used them.

In the evenings we were invited into teachers' rooms. The French teacher, Kate Manifold, née Hopwood (she is in the school photograph of 1941) was musical. Mrs. Manifold had married an Australian, John Manifold, (part of a well known family in the early days of Victoria) who, during the war when on leave, came to the school and we had musical evenings in Kate's room. By the time I had come to live in Australia in 1963, they were living in Brisbane, Queensland, so my family and I went to see them - 1,100 miles. They had a house on stilts overlooking the Brisbane River. After Kate's death from cancer, I visited John in Moreton Bay nursing care unit and learnt a book had been written about his life. He died in 1985.

In the park just above the lake there is a special tree known as the JOYCE PARKER TREE. Joyce lived in the village. She used to climb the tree but I never met her. I used to climb up into this tree and there are many initials cut into the branches. When I was in the Park in 1999 I think I found the tree but it was impossible for me to climb it - I would need a ladder.

During world war two we had to check the 'black out' - i.e. no light shining out of windows. So on a roster basis we had to walk round the building on the outside, in the dark. Since it was so eerie walking through the lower wilderness Lee Brown allowed us to take a friend.

The people who influenced me most were Kate Manifold, who taught French - I went to France a number of times after the war; O.G. Morel - I still have wooden fruit bowls made on the treadle lathe; and Lee-Browne who gave me confidence as I was a shy boy.

From **Michael Levett** (1934-42):-

It is hard to believe, when writing last year after a prolonged period I should forget to mention the main character of my eight years stint at Rendcomb during the 1930's, namely D.W. Lee-Browne. His force of character, philosophical utterances and clip clopping shoes were an everyday reminder of his presence. One that is well remembered with favour to this very day in far off Canada.

Some stories are worth recounting, including the legendary racing green 1929 Bentley open tourer. It was in this car that I first experienced life at 100 m.p.h. en route to Gloucester for a sailing adventure. The enclosed picture may bring back memories for others. This automobile typified the essence of that gentleman who was definitely not your usual headmaster type, but who made the whole school atmosphere different and interesting.

The first time I came back to Rendcomb, after having served four years in the Fleet Air Arm, was without uniform lest it disturbed the boys and introduced the wrong message. Having returned from the tropics and encountering the school heating system, pneumonia set in shortly afterwards. The second time was to proudly introduce my new wife from Canada. As D.W. stood with back to fireplace, hands thrust deep in specially

tailored trouser pockets his first question was about the two solitudes of her country and the second was "Do you two sleep in a double bed? - You can't take a quarrel to bed that way my girl." Of course it was all a 'question of balance chaps!' Another memory concerns the Gryphon Club for senior school members, set up to encourage outdoor activities, as if morning runs, skipping, six days of P.T. and three sports afternoons were not enough. We were even allowed to sleep outside in tents one hot summer.



On my last visit a year ago with my eldest son I noticed that the trail around the school building was still open and wondered if bicycle races are permitted. We had lots of fun and many sorely

scraped knees. It seems in retrospect that most of life was spent out of doors in all weathers (including log sawing punishments) when not in class or doing homework. Yes, we did have an entertainment's committee for plays, Saturday night dances with virtually no female partners and other activities. Also the weekly general meeting where taxes were levied on pocket money received.

All great and happy memories forming an important aspect of life in those early carefree years.

The many changes encountered on that last visit were quite impressive, typifying a well run modern educational system for the next generations.

(Cycling round the main building is no longer permitted. In fact, few pupils have bicycles at school - ed.)

And further comment on last year's reminiscences from **Philip Quick** (1945 - 50):-

I was very interested in Keith Statham's account (p. 28) as we overlapped and knew the same members of staff. The art master was H.U. Molineaux (nicknamed Molly), whose initials H.U.M. used to tickle me. The woodwork master, whom I too remember for smoking endless Capstan full strength, was Mr Parry. I too recall John Tooze the music master with affection and gratitude. His favourite 'Crie de Coeur' was 'Lamentations!'.

Congratulations

To **Mike Newby** (staff 1978 - 96) who is now headmaster of Bredon School, Tewkesbury.

To **Chris King** (staff 1983 - 94) who becomes headmaster of Leicester Grammar School in September.

To **Richard Bardsley** (1991 - 94) on obtaining first class honours in electronics at Exeter University.

To **Karen Pearce** (1994 - 96) on obtaining first class honours in sports science at Kingston University.

To **Lindsay Haslett** (staff 1985 - 96) on his appointment as headmaster of St. Columba's College, Dublin.

Births

To **Bridget** (née **Morrall**, 1989 - 91) Simcock - a daughter, Ava Alice, September 1999

To **Catherine** (née **Faircloth**, 1984 - 86) Schallamach - a son, Benedict Louis, March 2000

To **Francesca** and **Ed Webb** (1981 - 88) a son, Daniel Francis Amendolia, February 2000

To Nicky and **Jerry Butling** (1978 - 85) a son, Benjamin, August 1999

To Jackie and **Ben Hatchwell** (1973 - 80) a son, Thomas, 1997

To **Jane** (née **Larroucau**, 1984 - 86) and Gerard Barnes, a son, Christian, April 1998, and another son Benedict, June 2000

To **Sarah** (née **McIndoe** 1989 - 1991) Croan, a son, Joshua, 2000

Marriages

John Talbot (1986 - 93) to Paula Robert, July 2000
Charlie Paine (1983 - 90) to Hayley Brown, June 2000
Richard Hutson (1986 - 93) to Jayne Robinson, September 2000
M. Simcock to **Bridget Morrall** (1989 - 91), September 1998
David Hammond (1975 - 80) to Paula Stickler, October 2000
Matthew Cragoe (1972 - 77) to Carol, September 1999
Philip Paterson-Fox (1979 - 84) to Emma, November 1999
Gerard Barnes to **Jane Larroucau** (1984 - 86), June 1996
Rachel Houghton (staff 1994-) to Simon Fielding, December 2001

An Unexpected Connection

Charity Ball, June 9th 2001

The proceeds of this event are to be sent to the South West Children's Heart Circle. The secretary of this charity wrote to say that her father, Henry Price, was a founder member of Rendcomb (1922 - 28). At the time of his retirement in 1963, he had been promoted to chief inspector in the Bristol constabulary, but was unable to take up the position due to ill health. He was proud of his days at the college, especially enjoying the idyllic surroundings and swimming in the river! He died in 1965.

Staff Common Room News

Tom Denny

Martin Griffiths writes:-

When Tom Denny first arrived at Rendcomb in 1982 as a fresh-faced young man, few could have imagined the huge impact he was going to have upon the art department for the next eighteen years. Rendcomb's excellent reputation for painting has been built on his enormous depth of knowledge and huge talent. Tom's recent retirement from teaching allows him to concentrate full time on his own painting career and especially a whole series of stained glass commissions in which he is becoming an artist of international repute.



Tom Denny, Sophie Blackwell and Martin Griffiths

The early years were not easy. No-one really pursued art very seriously at Rendcomb and there was even hostility as to its value as a serious educational subject. However, Tom was resolute in his defiance of such ignorance and after several years of highly successful results at both 'O' and 'A' level, art eventually became a full part of the school's curriculum. From this point in 1986 the subject really blossomed and Tom's contribution became a vital ingredient to the consistently successful results.

His teaching was always quietly authoritative and based upon a great love and understanding of the subject. His demonstrations of how colour could be used were wonderful and his contribution to the written 'A' level projects revealed an enormous breadth of knowledge which brought together many aspects from his own

constant quest for information and variety of experience. This was to be of enormous interest and use on the regular school trips abroad which the department ran to Amsterdam, Paris and Madrid. Not only was he a highly informed guide in the galleries but he could find an interesting bar or restaurant in the most unlikely looking side street.

Only once in twelve years was he defeated in his quest for genuine food and he always fully encouraged the students to be equally inquisitive in their gastronomic researches. His final contribution to the trips was the famous yellow jacket which he wore with such nobility as twenty plus students were herded through the streets the call would go up: "follow the yellow jacket!". We never lost a student, although occasionally we wished we could!

Tom was a wonderful art teacher, fantastically knowledgeable and resolute in his determination to see the young people do well. Many over the years have enjoyed and benefited from his obsession with cool warms etc. and several have been reprimanded for being 'merely slick'. This was often combined with the most disapproving of glares or a burst of imitation Scottish abuse!

The art department wishes him well, and he is greatly missed, not only as a teacher but also as a close and trusted friend. If you get the chance go and see one of his many windows, there are great ones at Gloucester Cathedral and Slimbridge church as well as a current project at Tewkesbury Abbey. If you were taught by him and knew him, then measure your recollections; for you were taught by a really outstanding teacher and artist.

If any of Tom Denny's former pupils would like to write down their reminiscences of him, the editor would be pleased to put them in the next newsletter.

Kim & Chryssa Taplin

Recent OR's will be sorry to learn that the Rev. Kim Taplin (chaplain 1997 -) and his family will be leaving Rendcomb in July. He has been appointed as chaplain of Clifton College, Bristol. David White (director of music, 1989 - and housemaster of the Junior House 1995 -) has sent this tribute to Kim-

"We never expected to be lucky twice. Peter Sudbury's death left a chasm in the Rendcomb community that we hardly dared think could be filled by anyone. Kim Taplin's long awaited arrival filled us all with hope and not a little anxiety. The moment he walked through the Rendcomb door, very quickly we all felt reassured, happy in the knowledge that here was somebody who could step into Peter's shoes and carry the highly charged and complex responsibility in a completely individual way. No comparison is needed between the two splendid men, because their styles were so different, yet both so completely apposite. What they shared was a huge generosity of spirit and a caring for the Rendcomb flock, the personal cost of which those on the outside can only guess.



Christopher Taplin, Karen Ewing, Sam Gunner, Kim and Chryssa Taplin, Jane and Richard Gunner at a Parents' Association Quiz Night

Kim's easy going, genial manner went hand in hand with a gentle and imaginative approach to church and school. The two were indivisible, of course, because he carried the Gospel into every quarter of Rendcomb life. He was approachable to all and shared many, many a burden of trouble in student and staff life, often very acute. He was never prescriptive, always a careful listener and a wise counsellor. Advice was given with a brush stroke of humour, sometimes given out in coded paraboloid form. He had the rare knack of being able to meet people at their own level, whether it be in the intensity of a philosophy society, the rough (sometimes very rough) and tumble of a football game, the quicksilver of a table tennis match. His humour, like Peter's, was cultivatedly awful, which is one of the reasons the students especially loved him so much. How can a man tell such appalling jokes and be a teacher, let alone a vicar? Perhaps only someone who could support

Southampton through thick and thin.

In church, he had the capacity to pitch what he did and said at every level with astonishing perspicacity. The tricky solemnity of Remembrance Sunday was countered by the prayer tree that began many of the school years. Mothering Sunday with silly hats was balanced by sermons of quite searching theology and searing insight. One of the most astonishing aspects of his ministry was his seemingly unlimited wealth of bright ideas - so many services and assemblies were kaleidoscopically different. Laughter and tears both found a place in Church.

He takes with him Chryssa, Christopher and Worcester the dog - Rebekah has flown the Rendcomb nest, but what a mark she made. Christopher has grown into a fine young man whose all round contribution to school life has included choir, sport and drama. His performance as Danny in 'Grease' was most memorable. And can we just confine our tribute to Chryssa to just a footnote? Her contribution to the school has been incalculable. The intensity of her warmth, her gales of laughter, her unending energy, her insight into human nature, her determination and righteous wrath, her willingness to help and her obstinate refusal to say 'no' are a fraction of the aspects of what she is and did here. Four year's worth of boys who have experienced her lavish tlc in the old rectory will owe her a lifetimes' debt of gratitude.

We wish the Taplins, one and all, God speed, happy that we enjoyed the warmth of the fire of their fine and glorious spirit for the years that they were with us."

The Rendcomb College History (Part II) is now on sale for £10 (plus postage and packing). If you would like a copy, please contact Jane Gunner.

O.R. News

Alastair Hedderwick (1978 - 83) emailed Chris Wood:

"I thought I'd write and let you know some of my news as I have not been near the school for quite a while. I am currently living in a tiny village on the borders of Somerset, Dorset and Wiltshire and have looked after navy torpedoes and missiles, been part of a team taking a major MoD establishment through 'Investors in People', purchased several hundred million pound helicopter support packages and am currently the health and safety environmental protection advisor for the army in the south west of the UK. I am based in Bulford which is quite handy as one of my greatest passions is trout fishing and I am literally minutes from the chalk streams of the Plain. Belatedly recognising that my degree in international politics and strategic studies had limited vocational opportunities (the few being filled by the likes of Mr. Kofi Annan!) I took an earth sciences degree with the OU and hope to start an MSc in environmental management and control in the spring of 2001. The shortage of a kidney that prevented me from playing rugby at Rendcomb led to thrice weekly dialysis in 1992. I was fortunate in that I only had one bad experience in the 8 years of dialysis - I actually felt remarkably well after 5 days in a coma! - and during that time (obviously not during the coma!) I continued to play cricket to a useful if not brilliant standard and regularly played badminton and squash. In October of 2000 I had a transplant and as of now it seems to be working OK - if it continues to function adequately it will open up many options such as foreign travel for me which, although not impossible, have been awkward when on dialysis. It should improve my sport also. It may adversely affect my studies as I used to spend my dialysis sessions working at my OU assignments. I hear from a few other Old Rendcombians: **Matt Archer** (1977 - 83) is lecturing in design at Swansea Institute of Higher Education and **Karen Fulford** (1980 - 82) is living and working in London. Rendcomb has left me with a lasting desire to live in beautiful and uncluttered places. I have tried London and Cardiff as places to live and work but always felt my lungs clogging up and a need to escape to greenery, which probably explains why I am quite happy to eschew the extra pay and hassle of the big cities for the low pressure and mediocre pay of the civil service!"

Ben Hatchwell (1973 - 80) wrote last June. "I'm taking advantage of a post-finals lull to make contact after an embarrassingly long silence. I don't think that I have been in touch since 1982, a couple of years after leaving Rendcomb to read zoology at Christ Church, Oxford. I was hoping to be able to come to the summer ball next month, but impending fatherhood made that impossible. Therefore, I thought I'd write to let you know what's happened to me since, and also to give you my current address. Having graduated from Oxford, I moved to the University of Sheffield, where I gained my PhD in 1988. Although based in Sheffield, I conducted my research on the population biology and reproductive strategies of guillemots. To study these seabirds I spent three idyllic summers on Skomer Island, off the coast of Pembrokeshire. The project continues to this day (indeed I'm about to leave for Skomer to ring the young and to get my annual 'fix' of the place), and has assumed some significance as it is only these long-term population studies that can tell us the extent of the impact of the all too frequent oil spills (such as the Sea Empress and Erika) on seabird populations. Following my PhD, I moved to the University of Cambridge, where I spent three wonderful years pursuing my interest in the

evolution of reproductive strategies. This post-doctoral research focused on dunnocks (dowdy but extraordinary birds) which we studied in the University Botanic Gardens, but also included projects on other species in France and Kenya. I also met my future wife in the zoology department there. After that, I returned to Oxford University for a further three years of post-doctoral research, this time on the more applied question of how important woodlands are for farmland bird populations. Finally, in 1993. I moved back to Sheffield as a lecturer in zoology. The focus of my research here is social evolution in animals. My particular interest is the co-operative breeding system of long-tailed tits, a species with which I've had a long-term love affair since I did a short project on them in the lower sixth form at Rendcomb, under the enthusiastic encouragement of Chris Swaine. My wife, Jackie, and I were married in 1995. Our first child, Thomas, was born in 1997, and our second is due next month. We love living up here - we have the Peak District on our doorstep, the University is thriving and despite the demands of ever-increasing student numbers, I have a reasonable amount of time for research with an enthusiastic and growing research team. Since moving to Yorkshire, I'm afraid that my contact with other Rendcombians has been intermittent at best - I resolve to do better! I did exchange Christmas cards with Chris Swaine until recently, but have heard nothing for the last couple of years. Although I was always a keen naturalist, it was his influence at Rendcomb that helped me decide that I should try to pursue a career in zoology - a decision that has given me many exciting experiences and one that I have never regretted."

Jerry Butling (1978 - 85) wrote last May: "Yet again the old boys' rag turned up and yet again I read it, smirked a bit with some memories, got shocked by the obituaries and then put it down. However this time, I realised I ought to reply and say a few words for those readers still interested in me, or the memories anyway. As is obvious I have moved again, though still in the local area on the other side of Stroud. The move was necessitated by the arrival of a small boy, Benjamin, last August. His mother, Nicky, is originally from Essex but now can't imagine living anywhere else other than Gloucestershire. I think the last time I wrote I had just returned from a two year 'Round the World' sabbatical. Assuming this is correct I have since returned to the pharmaceutical industry as a rep. This time at a more senior level with training and management responsibilities across the Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Warwickshire and Herefordshire area - so I see a lot of the M5! The rest of the time not spent learning how to be a dad is filled with hockey, extensive house refurbishment and still the odd day in outdoor pursuits. The hockey, as captain of Cheltenham Castler's (the 'social' team), brings welcome respite during the winter months. The refurbishment is currently involving some major child-proofing of the house and garden, but has been known to extend to more adventurous woodworking projects with the memory of Colin Burden to ensure that the standard of dovetail joints and waxing doesn't drop!"

Ed Webb (1981 - 88) wrote in July: "I thought it worth writing to update you on the twists and turns of the last few years. After graduating from Pembroke College, Cambridge, with a degree in oriental studies (Turkish, Arabic and Islamic history), I joined the diplomatic service in October 1992, initially to work on EU enlargement. I married Francesca Amendolia, from New York, whom I met at Cambridge, in Pembroke Chapel on the 9th April 1994. We then spent nearly five happy years in Cairo, where I worked at the British embassy as second secretary (political) and head of press & public affairs, and Francesca taught at the American University in Cairo (AUC), founded the first independent theatre company run by AUC students and wrote book reviews for local publications. We returned to London in early 1999 on my promotion to be head of the Central Asia and South Caucasus Section at the Foreign Office. 2000 has, appropriately enough, been the year of new beginnings with the birth of our first child, Daniel Francis Amendolia Webb, born 28 February, and my resignation from the diplomatic service to take up a William Penn Fellowship at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, USA to study for a PhD in politics with a Middle East focus. We move to the States at the end of this month. We hope to return to the UK after I earn my doctorate in 2005 all being well - I plan to look for an academic teaching job here."

Jim Graham (1990 - 97) contacted Chris Wood as follows: "I achieved a 2:2 in mechanical engineering and business studies. Could you also put a note in the next old Rendcombian asking Sam Gillott to get in touch with me at my e-mail address at jamramage@hotmail.com, as I haven't heard a word from him in over two years."

From **Catherine Schallamach** (née Faircloth) (1984 - 86): "I have just come across the website and so thought I would drop you a line. Although I left in 1986, it sometimes seems so recent! Very impressed with the website - things have changed somewhat since my day! I qualified as a solicitor and have spent the last 5 years working as a legal recruitment consultant, both in London and Hong Kong. I gave up work just over 3 months ago to have and look after our first child, Benedict Louis. I would agree with all the comments on the website about the friendliness and atmosphere at the school, and although I didn't get the grades I wanted in my 'A'

levels, I battled on and made it! In fact one thing that I have never lost is a love of politics, which I learnt from Denis Price and of Gloucestershire (where my parents now live and where we are renting a house when we come back on holiday next week.) I am still in touch with a couple of OR's from my time, particularly **Rob Draper** (1980-87) who I am seeing in a few weeks on a trip back to the UK, and friends of my brother **Matthew** (1984 - 89)."

From **Mark Larroucau** (1983 - 88) "After graduating from BAe Flying College, Prestwick, I spent three and a half years flying small turboprop aircraft for a regional airline, based at Cardiff airport. I managed to log 2500 flying hours, the minimum required to join Monarch Airlines in 1998. Since then I have been enjoying flying as First Officer on the Airbus 300-600, based at Gatwick Airport, to a variety of destinations throughout the world from Malaga in Spain to Male in the Maldivian Islands. My sister, **Jane**, (also at Rendcomb 1984 - 86) read biological science at Edinburgh and subsequently gained a PhD in pharmacology in 1996. Jane met her future husband, Gerard Barnes, whilst studying at Edinburgh. They married in June 1996 and now have two sons, Christian born in April 1998 and Benedict born in June 2000. Jane now spends her time looking after the children and her horses at their house in Uley, Gloucestershire. On the O.R. front, I still keep in touch with **David Kenney** (1983 - 88), who lives just up the road in Epsom with his wife Ann. I also ran into **Iain Whittaker** (1980 - 87) a few weeks ago, whilst doing some training in the flight simulator centre in Crawley. Iain has just left the RAF and joined Virgin Airlines as a first officer, and is currently learning to fly the Airbus 320."

Ted Jones (1940 - 48) wrote in June: "I was recently visited by **Mike Shephard** (1943 - 46) the elder brother of Ken, who has borrowed my newsletter and taken it back to Vancouver, where he now lives. He's promised to return it!"

Geoff Bye (1940 - 48) has recently been in touch about **Doug Tidy**, who taught and coached sports on leaving the Air Force for a couple of years (1945 - 47?) before going up to Oxford. Doug, known as 'pretty grim' from his favourite phrase at Rendcomb was an administrator in Nigeria before returning to the RAF, and latterly did some training in South Africa for the South African Defence Force, retiring to the south of the U.S. thereafter. Old Grim has recently had some nasty sounding operations for cancer problems, but his e-mails have been remarkably cheerful, and his former pupils will all wish him to make a sound recovery. I believe that **David Vaisey**, (1945 - 54) who met DPT in America a few years back, has also been in touch with Doug. As a newcomer to e-mails, I find they work well!"

Eric Blencowe (1976 - 1983) wrote in October: "I am about to start working for the United Nations environment programme's executive director in Nairobi, Kenya. As his executive assistant I shall be responsible for all aspects of his schedule, ensuring that he is kept briefed for meetings and conferences, and writing many of his speeches. Although I have worked internationally before, both as a member of the department of environment and in the service of the United Nations, this will be easily my most challenging post so far. The executive director, Dr Klaus Topfer, is an eminent German statesman who latterly was environment minister in Helmut Kohl's CDU government until Gerhard Schroder took office at the last German general election. The post he now holds is very political, and he spends most of the time involved in 'shuttle diplomacy'. As his assistant I shall accompany him everywhere he goes in the world, to places as disparate as Tokyo and Ouagadougou, Montreal and Buenos Aires, Moscow and Mexico City. There will also be a number of journeys to New York, as the headquarters of the United Nations. Although all this sounds thrilling (at least my colleagues think so!), Dr Topfer is known to regard visiting one country per day as insufficient, so nights will often be spent in aeroplanes rather than in hotels. Similarly, whilst it will be fun to have visited Ouagadougou (my nephews can waste endless hours looking for it on the map!), I shall seldom have an opportunity to see anything other than an airport and conference centre. Further, there are no weekends, so it is more of a way of life than a job. In spite of the limitations to one's private life, I am looking forward to the post immensely. It is only for one year, but that may be enough. If nothing else, it should satisfy my travel bug! I do not know of any other OR's who work for the United Nations or any of its organs, but would be very interesting in finding out if there are any of you out there. Let me know by e-mailing me at: Eric.blencowe@ukonline.co.uk"

Philip Paterson-Fox (1979 - 84) writes: "Life is good generally. I'm still working for Lloyds TSB, recently having been promoted to the giddy heights of senior manager. During my eleven years with LTSB (God, is it that long!) I have specialised in marketing, mainly helping to formulate the bank's approach to the small business market. I moved to the general insurance part of the business about 3 years ago and am currently working within the strategic development and planning unit of Lloyds TSB Insurance based just outside Newport in South Wales. I recently (last November) married my partner, Emma, who I met when I moved to

work for insurance. No kids at present but seven cats and a large garden which keeps us busy! We live 10 miles north of Newport/Cardiff in a lovely old farmhouse set on the top of a mountain in 5.5 acres of land. I only miss the centre of Bristol very occasionally!! I still keep in fairly regular contact with a relatively large group of old Rendcombians from my year and the year below including (in no particular order) **James Hutton-Potts, Dan Appleton, Andy Payne, Toby Brealy, Jane Hayes** (née Merrett), **Anthea Birden** (née White), **John 'Eddie' Adams, Dave Webb, Matt Cordeaux, Adam Phelps** and of course my brother **Neil Paterson-Fox**. Some (including Bill White/Chris Wood) will know, we return most years in the spring as the Unforgettables XI to play the school 2nd/3rd XI at hockey with a mixed degree of success! So if any other members of our year fancy meeting up, that's always a good easy time to see a few of us. We often meet somewhere the night before as well which obviously gives you more time to catch up on news although that is getting harder as the years go on and some of us have kids."

Matthew Cragoe (1972 - 77) wrote to Jane Gunner last June: "Many thanks for the O.R. newsletter which, as ever, brought all my other work (exam marking at this time of year) to an abrupt halt for the morning. I love it! Strangely there were no O.R. cricket reports in my copy - did I get a misprinted one? Or were there no O.R. cricket matches last year, I wonder? (The editor was unable to acquire a report). As well as thanking you for the newsletter, I wanted to acquaint you with my new address. I have left my little flat in West Hampstead and now live up near Crouch End. The reason: marriage. I got wed last September to an American, Carol, at St. Bartholomew the Great in Smithfield (where they filmed '4 Weddings and a Funeral' and 'Shakespeare in Love'). That suited Carol, because her speciality (she's another academic I'm afraid!) is mediaeval churches, but we had the reception at the Reform Club, which satisfied all my instincts as a 19th century politics historian. And now we live in N4 - with a cat and a new address!"

From **Trewe Evans** (1971 - 78) "I am now based in Cairo as general manager, Egypt, for TNT Express. I have spent some time in the Middle East with stints in Saudi Arabia, Sudan, Qatar, Bahrain, India and the United Arab Emirates (where actually my wife and three kids still are - they will join me here in the summer after the end of the academic year). Egypt is a fascinating country and I am looking forward to having a good look round."

From **Sophie Chang** (1989 - 91) "I am working in London still, looking after databases and customer information for a bank. The company is shortly relocating to Glasgow, so I will be looking to change in the near future. I've been here three years though, so it is quite a nice time to move on anyway. I have kept in touch with **Kate Bonniwell, Aleks Maljkovic** and **Sarah McIndoe**. Aleks is in Ethiopia at the moment, trailing a pack of wolves on horseback. Office life obviously never appealed to her. It is hard to believe that it is 10 years since I left Rendcomb. Has it changed much?"

Mark Valentine (1987 - 93) is an associate in the equities division of Goldman Sachs International, working in London and New York.

Fiona Burge (née Reichwald, 1988 - 90) recently contacted Chris Wood. After graduating at Camberwell College of Art and Design, followed by a course at the Pru Leith College of Food and Wine and St. James' Secretarial College, she worked in France for six months. For the past five years, she has worked in the advertising and marketing industry and is now studio manager for a design and marketing company in Bristol. She lives in Cheltenham, as does her brother, **Simon** (1982 - 87). **Richard** (1983 - 87) lives near Stroud.

John Talbot (1986 - 93) teaches in a primary school and his wife teaches modern languages at secondary level. Both will be in Bahrain for the next two years. Chris and Penny Wood attended their wedding in July along with **Richard Hutson** (1986 - 93) and his wife who are psychiatric nurses in Gloucester.

Annie Speakman (1986 - 88) has been working in Germany for the past seven years with BAE Systems - formerly British Aerospace. She has been working in the defence sector where employees are involved in the Eurofighter and Tornado aircraft, helping to run the relocation department and looking after the general welfare of personnel. She now speaks German fluently, but has forgotten her French!

Peter Binks (1935 - 41) was recently awarded a highly prestigious Commonwealth Recognition Award. After working most of his life as a production engineer, Peter then changed tack and became dedicated to helping the intellectually disabled. He worked at a day centre for adults with special needs and has been a volunteer at the Kevin Heinze Gardening Centre for the disabled for over 20 years. After retirement, he has continued to serve the community through the garden centre, Quaker Service Australia and the local community centre. 17 years ago he started working on the Puffing Billy Steam Railway restoring steam engines. In the centre of Australia,

surrounded by red desert, nestling in the foothills of the Macdonnell Range, a plaque commemorates the efforts of Peter and Brenda Binks. They had set off to find a suitable place to donate funds raised by Quaker Services Australia and eventually stumbled across the Aboriginal Community of Wallace Rockhole. They were able to provide them with a kiln and some potters' wheels to get their ceramics industry going. When on holiday at Pambula Beach (NSW), Peter went to visit Douglas Page (1924 - 31), now 87, and his wife Molly in January.



Peter and Brenda Binks at Rendcomb Church during 2000

Jonathan Roney (1990 - 92) wrote recently: "On leaving Rendcomb, I joined ICI (now Astra-Zeneca) for a year to experience the joys of the pharmaceutical research sector prior to starting my degree in biochemistry. Having been put off the industry, went off to Imperial College where I managed to earn myself a pleasantly surprising 2:1. A change of direction saw me enter the accountancy profession with a small city firm called Dixon Wilson, where my younger brother, **Steve** (1990 - 95), can now be found. Since qualifying as ACA, I have started working for Deloitte & Touche in their financial services sector."

Robert Laan (1966 - 69) visited the Cotswolds last July with his wife and daughter. After studying aeronautical engineering at Kingston, he went on to read mechanical engineering at Birmingham. His career then took on a global character as he went with his father to the Board of Trade exhibition in Java, returning after four years via Bangkok and Katmandu. Following spells working in Glasgow and then for Shell in Holland, he has now lived in Norway for 20 years, where he has set up his own company specialising in the capital investment costs for large offshore platforms. His wife, Liss, is a Norwegian. They have four children. His brother, **Bert** (1966 - 70), is a chemical engineer and lives in Southampton with his wife and two children.

Daniel Beales (1980 - 87) is at the Royal College of Psychiatrists and his brother **Alex** (1989 - 93) is in music management.

Karen Swan (1988 - 90) went to Loughborough University where her grandfather, Cecil Gough, had been a lecturer. (See Obit). She graduated in 1995 with a B.Sc. in computing and management. She started work in 1995 at Toyota UK and is now an information systems specialist at the Derby site. She is currently applying to train as an air traffic controller.

David Allison (1952 - 60) (formerly Poole) tapped into the 'Rendcomb' web site recently. He lives in the Dordogne where he runs a holiday accommodation complex which can be reached on <http://perso.club-internet.fr/allisons/>

Nick Longworth (1970 - 76) writes: "I just wanted to send an update about Tim and me. Tim (1969 - 76) is still living in Sicily, where he has been since 1984, when he took a job there that Rob Stroud (1971 - 76) couldn't do! He's married to a Sicilian girl, Marina, and they have two lovely daughters, Giuliana (7) and Arianna (4). He is joint owner of a language school in Catania, as well as lecturing at the local university. He

claims to be still on top of his squash game and in 1999 came over and played a game of cricket for my team in London, the Wandsworth Gods, which proved that there are muscles that only top quality cricket uses. I have been married for seven years to Alison, and have lived in Wandsworth, London, since 1987, when I returned from working in Singapore. I've been a journalist since leaving Oxford (Hertford), working latterly for BBC World Service Radio, Channel 4 and BBC World Television as a news programme editor. More recently, I was elected as a borough councillor (conservative) in Wandsworth in 1998. Last year I was selected to stand for parliament in Twickenham and I have been bashing the streets there ever since, as well as running a second home there. I need a 3,500 swing from the liberals to win the seat, so I'm pretty confident, though if there are any OR's in the neighbourhood, we can always do with more helpers."

Basil Lumby (1933 - 39) writes: "I was born at Pakefield, Lowestoft on 29th September 1922. Before reaching school age we moved to Stockton Rectory and then to upper Grange Road, Beccles, Suffolk. I was educated at the Sir John Lemon School, Beccles, and from 1933-39 was a boarder at Rendcomb College. My interest in fishing started at a very early age. Living on the Norfolk Broads and rivers my family had a small boat. With my father I made my first trip in a trawler, out of Lowestoft, when I was nine years old. Leaving school three months before war broke out my application to join the navy was turned down due to deafness. I served in the Home Guard from 1940 to the end of the war. After doing a year as a farm pupil I obtained a position as asst. farm manager on the Duke of Marlborough's estate near Woodstock, Oxfordshire. (My mother and several of her sisters had worked on the same farm in the WLA during the first war). In 1944 I won a WAEC scholarship to Seale-Hayne Agricultural College, Devon, and obtained an NDA in 1945. From 1946-48 I managed a pedigree freisian dairy farm near Henfield in West Sussex. I was made redundant when the owner returned from the RAF. I joined the Colonial Service and arrived in Tanganyika East Africa in March 1949. I was delighted that my first posting was to Songea District which bordered on the eastern shore of Lake Nyasa. The natives of the lake shore are dependent on fishing as much as agriculture for their subsistence. During the course of my work there I wrote a report on traditional methods of fishing on Lake Nyasa. As a result of this I was subsequently posted to areas near lakes Tanganyika, Victoria and several coastal stations. While on U.K. leave in 1951 I married Sylvia M. Willett, ex WLA, whom I had met while at Henfield in Sussex. Both our children were brought up in East Africa. In 1959 I was posted to Tanga on the coast as regional fisheries officer and assisted with a UN/FAO economic survey of the fisheries resources of the country. Following independence in 1961 my colonial service was terminated. The Tanzanian government asked me to establish a fishing enterprise with the new state development corporation. We were allocated a beautiful beach house in Dar-es-Salaam and an office with a telephone on the floor! By the end of 1962 Mwananchi Ocean Products was exporting quality prawns and the Japanese, who had a multi-million fishing industry in the Indian Ocean, purchased half the company and supplied boats and expertise. In 1964 they took over the company lock, stock and barrel from the Tanzanian government. I obtained a British overseas aid contract and transferred to the HQ of the new fisheries division of the min. of natural resources in Dar-es-Salaam where I remained till 1971 when, after twenty two years, we returned to the U.K. We set up our own driving training business in Somerset. Sylvia died in January 1981 and I married Margaret M. Bucknel (née Joy) and we moved to Ireland in 1987 where we continue to live happily and enjoy some of the best fishing left in the world.

n.b. Rendcomb 1933-39 - I enjoyed every moment of my years at Rendcomb as the lifestyle suited me very well. I bless my father for having sent me to Rendcomb - I considered that the system of self-government that we had then was a wonderful asset and am sorry that it has not been continued."

Jon Ratcliffe (1973 - 78) wrote to Jane Gunner saying: "I have been meaning to contact you for some time. I am fit and well and living in sunny Australia. I have been here for 11 years and now have a family with two children, Jeremy 9, and Sophie 7. My wife, Julie, is running a veterinary practice in Port Melbourne and I am working for Kraft Foods' international division. I come over to the U.K. about once a year.

Sixth Form Lecture

During September 2000 **Richard Tudor** (1973 - 80) gave a talk entitled "The Kosovo Question" to the sixth form. He began by outlining his career in the Royal Hong Kong police and the RAF since leaving Rendcomb and university. This was followed by a brief resumé of the events leading to the bombing by NATO in 1999. He described the conditions in the camp, at the airport, and his role as interpreter between the Russian and British commanders. His interesting presentation provoked a number of thoughtful questions and when asked how Rendcomb had prepared him for such adventures, he replied that the ability to live with other people in an efficient and organised way would be the most important. It is hoped that Richard's talk will be the first in a revival of sixth form talks of a general nature.

If any O.R.'s feel that they would like to give a talk on a particular topic, please contact Chris Wood on 01451 860871 or email woodc@rendcomb.gloucs.sch.uk

Sport

O.R. Cricket Report, Saturday June 17th 2000

1st XI: C. Barton (97), H. Davies (98), M. Garcia (97), M. Hall (97), A. King (96), S. Maylott (98), C. Scarth (98), N. Stanfield (99), P. Webb (99)*, D. White (90), R. Witchell (97), T. Hill (98)

School: 112 all out, King 2 for 19, Garcia 2 for 3, Stanfield 2 for 1, Webb 3 for 13
OR's: 114 for 1, Scarth 50 n.o., Barton 46 n.o.

The OR's opened the bowling attack with the pace of Dan White and Adam King which restricted the school's scoring. The second phase was equally formidable with Manny Garcia showing what a little net practice at Exeter Univ. can do whilst Nick Stanfield was very economical. The rest of the players then turned their arms over with no success - ultimately the skipper was forced to play himself as the trump card wrapping up the rest of the wickets. Runs came slowly for the first ten overs as the opening pair got their 'eye in', the loss of Witchell early on caused some concern. Despite giving several chances in the outfield Barton and Scarth saw the target reached although it did come at a cost - Chris Scarth must have lost half a stone in the process!

2nd XI: H. Auld (92), F. Barton (95), P. Boydell (95), A. Brealy (87)*, T. Brealy (84), B. Butler (99), I. Forster (99), T. Gilbert (99), M. Head (92), C. Jarrett (95), D. Sharman (97)

OR's: 188 for 6 declared, Butler 36, Barton 61 ret., Forster 27 n.o.
School: 42 all out, Sharman 3 for 0, Boydell 3 for 0, Head 2 for 17

The OR XI was a very strong side and the match was one-sided as the innings show. The highlights included Francis Barton's strokeplay (which made up for his running out of Marcus Head!) as well as some impressive seam bowling by Dominic 'just too quick' Sharman, 'flighted spin' bowling by Pat Boydell that lured several to their fate, and Marcus Head who showed just what an art form spin bowling can be - what a repertoire! The fielding was first class with the reactions of the slips, Chris Jarrett most notably, enabling the few chances that came their way to be snapped up. Ironically, it was Francis 'it's my call Marcus!?' Barton that finished off the school's innings by throwing down the stumps from forty metres.

The whole day was extremely enjoyable although there is the need to try and make the matches that much more competitive - the format next season will be for the more recent leavers to play the school 1st XI and the more 'mature' OR's to make up two sides for the second match.

If anyone is interested in participating please notify either Davie Essenhigh or Alex Brealy (e-mail: alex_brealy@hotmail.com, work tel: 01285 831213, home tel: 01242 517668).

OR. Ladies Hockey Report - December 2000

Quintessentially Rendcombian in nature - this year's match had everything from good natured competitive and spirited play to excitement combined with great camaraderie. The OR's certainly had the ascendancy in the first half with Laura and Sarah Donovan dominating the wings - the waves of attack eventually exploited the college's defence with Sophie Sprawson flicking the ball in from all of two metres. Mr. Morgan's half time talk to the college team certainly had the desired effect as they resumed with renewed vigour and determination. Five minutes later and Nellie Abbott was left sprawling on the floor with the backboard recovering from a crisp shot out of the top of the circle. Encouraged by this, the college started to make the OR's endure some very fluid hockey but the defence held firm. With the 'two minutes' signalled the OR's pressed forward with renewed vigour and looked likely to clinch victory - however, the stunned college defence managed to clear the ball upfield to their centre forward who drew the solitary Nellie out of goal before slotting the ball into the goal - a truly exciting end to an exquisite match.



Team: GK N. Abbott (00); Defence: A. Engel/Duguid (92), S. Worlock (99), T. Sleggs (99), C. Webb (00);
 Midfield: L. Bongiovanni (99), A. Howard (98), B. Unger (99) Forwards: S. Donovan (00), L. Donovan (99),
 S. Sprawson (00).
 College won 2-1

Alex Brealy

O.R. Rugby Report - December 2000

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers" sums up the afternoon of rugby and post-match esprit-de-corps shown by the OR's. The fluidity of passing and resilience of defence were a joy to behold, most notably from the 'older' backs. The 'newer' O.R.s resumed the second half 7-32 behind but they rallied to draw the second half 19 all. Thanks to Mark 'the manager' Hastings for helping to mobilise so many players from the 'big smoke' - up for it again next year?

Alex Brealy

MILLENNIUM O.R. RUGBY TEAMS

Position	'Newer'	'Older'
Prop	James B-J (00)	James Gregory (90) Alex Andreis (88)
Hooker	Jim Graham (97)	Angus Trowern (86) Alex Laine (91)
Prop	Will B-J (97)	Hamish Auld (92)
Lock	Laurie Barton (00)	Aubrey Powell (89)
Lock	Phil Webb (99)	Guy Cowie (89)
Flanker	Steve Jones (95)	Robert Matson (88)
Flanker	John Shenton (99)	Marcus Rann (88)
	Ash Taylor (98)	Russell Ogden (89)
No. 8	Charlie Hutton-Potts (83)	Julian Fellows (88)
Scrum half	Alex Paton (84) Nick Webb (86)	Dan Maslen (91)
Fly half	Nick Carmichael (96)	Chris Carmichael (93)
Centre	Ali Harris (96)	Barrie Davies (92) Adam Phelps (84)
Centre	Ian Thompson (95)	Ben Maslen (90)
Wing	Fred Ingham (95)	Mark Hastings (88) Grant Hughes (89)
Wing	Mark Wilks (95)	Matt Faircloth (89)
	Ian Forster (99)	Vaughan Tredwell (89)
Full back	Pat Boydell (95)	Andy Platt (93) Gareth Davies (92)

Final score:	26	51
Half time:	7	32
Tries:	F. Ingham N Carmichael I. Forster P. Boydell	B. Davies(2) G. Davies (2) A. Phelps(2) C. Carmichael R. Matson
Conversions:	N. Carmichael(3)	C. Carmichael(4)
Penalties:		
Drop Goals:		C. Carmichael

O.R. Men's Hockey Report - March 2001

1st XI	2nd XI	3rd XI	4th XI
Society umpires	Umpires: CJW & ASB	Umpires: DE & JHS	Umpires: BLN & ASB
S. Jones (95) GK	M. Wilks (95) GK	A. Gilbert (00) GK	A. Gilbert (00) GK
W. Witchell (00) BK	F. Barton (95) BK	T. Gilbert (99) BK	H. Auld (92) BK
N. Hall (00) BK	C. Hutton-Potts (83) BK	W. Brittain-Jones (97) BK	T. Gilbert (99) BK
A. Taylor (98) BK	N. Webb (86) BK	S. Taylor (97) BK	C. Marcham (96) BK
D. Ashby (99) MID	M. Head (92) MID	R. Witchell (97) BK	F. Ingham (95) W/MID
J. Morgan (95) MID	M. Moody (91) MID	J. Graham (97) MID	C. Yardley (93) MID
C. Lawton (94) RM	C. Horton (73) MID	T. Berry (99) MID	G. Somers (95) FWD
C. Garcia (00) MID	S. Taylor (97)	A. Howard (98) MID	R. Walder (00) MID
D. Sharman (97) MID/FWD	R. Witchell (97)	R. Arnold (97) LW	R. Arnold (97) LW
C. Paine (90) CF	C. Sykes (00) RW	R. Walder (00) MID	T. Berry (99) MID
P. van Welij (00) FWD	M. Williams (00) FWD	J. Emerson (97) CF	J. Emerson (97) CF
N. Carmichael (96) CF	A. Carrington (98) CBK	P. Webb (99)	P. Webb (97)
T. Sharman (98) RM/RW			I. Thompson (95)
D. Morris (99)		Lost 1-4	
I. Forster (99)		Goal by:-	Lost 1-2
	Won 1-0	R. Walder	Goal by:-
	Goal by:-		I. Thompson
Won 4-2	M. Williams		
Goals by:-			
N. Carmichael (3)			
P. van Welij			

All the matches were played in a very good and competitive spirit. The 2nd XI did extremely well as many of the players had not played for over 5 years let alone been on an astroturf pitch before! The 4th XI endured the mud of the top pitch to no avail - Ian Thompson scoring a great solo effort (what was he doing playing for the 4th XI in the first place!?) He even stopped on the way to apologise to one of the ladies playing for the college as he bundled her over! The day belonged to Nick Carmichael whose hat trick sealed the 1st XI victory - not bad for someone who hasn't picked up a stick since leaving the college! Many thanks to all who attended the day in order to make it such a success, even more to those who played in a couple of teams to ensure the fixtures went ahead.

Do get in touch regarding next year's matches on Sunday 17 March.

Alex Brealay

News of Recent Leavers

6A Leavers

Nellie Abbott	Arts Management & Performing Arts, De Montfort University
Laurie Barton	European Studies, Leeds University
James Brittain-Jones	Geography, Newcastle University
Patam Chaiwatanasirikul	Economics, London University
Richard Collinson	Business Management, UWE Bristol
Christopher Davies	Digital Business, Nottingham University
Anna de Lisle Wells	Agricultural Economics, Reading University
Sarah Donovan	Business Management, Newcastle University
Edward Farnsworth	Aeronautical Engineering, Loughborough University
Sonja Forster	Work Experience, Munich
Carlos Garcia	Latin American Studies, to be decided
Rocky Fung	Architecture, University of East London
Nicholas Hall	Oceanography with Physical Geography, Southampton University
Edward Hogarth	Religious Studies, Lancaster University
Oliver Jeffcott	Philosophy & Religious Studies, Lancaster University
Alexandra Kaub	International Business Management, European Business School
Thomas Mais	Geography, Loughborough University
Helen Mizon	Italian and Spanish, Oxford Brookes University
Andrew Sage	Biochemistry with Biotechnology, Manchester University
Marguerita Schumacher	Film & Television Studies, Roehampton Institute
Rafe Smallman	Mathematics, Nottingham University
Sophie Sprawson	Sports Studies, University College, Chichester
Christopher Sykes	Sport & Recreation Management, Loughborough University
Yuki Takaniashi	Mechanical Engineering, Loughborough University
Richard Walder	Mechanical Engineering, Loughborough University
Oliver Wallis	Psychology & Cognitive Science, Leeds University
Charlotte Webb	French and Spanish, St Andrew's University
Patrick van Welij	Economics, Maastricht University
Matthew Williams	English, Loughborough University
William Witchell	Agriculture & Land Management, Royal Agricultural College

5th Form Leavers

Jenny Arnold	Farmors School, Fairford
Richard Birkbeck	Cirencester College
Charles Cowper	Cirencester College
Jo Crisp	Dean Close School
Giles Drew	
Jennifer Feng	College in the U.S.A.
Alina Fridman	School in the Ukraine
Simon King	Cirencester College
Robyn McDonald	Edinburgh Academy
Rupert McKelvie	
Thomas Moss	
James Sabourin	
Lucian Tarnowski	Stowe School
Rosie Warrington	Cheltenham College
Amber Williams	D'Overbroeks College, Oxford
Edward Wadsworth	Worcester College of PE.
Richard Wilkins	New College, Swindon
Henry Whale	Truro School