

# Old Rendcombian Society

## NEWSLETTER



**2005**

**31st ISSUE**

Editor  
W.J.D. WHITE

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## Society Officers

At the annual general meeting on July 4th 2004, the following officers were elected:

President:	Julian Comrie (1946-54)
Chairman:	Neil Lumby (1968-73)
Vice-Chairman:	Charlotte Jeffery (1988-90)
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., GL54 3JF Tel: (01451) 860871 e-mail: c.j.wood@rendcomb.gloucs.sch.uk
Committee Members:	Michael Miles (1943-50) Richard Tudor (1973-80) Alex Brealy (1980-87; staff 1994-) Mrs Fiona Burge (1988-90)
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 71st Annual General Meeting, 2004

Held on Sunday 4th July in Room E1 at Rendcomb College

Present: Jane Gunner (1975-77), Neil Lumby (1968-73), Frank Dutton (1936-44), Michael Miles (1943-50), Philip Griffiths (1940-43), Gerry Holden (headmaster 1999- ), Julian Comrie (1946-54), Colin Burden (staff 1963-97), Bill White (staff 1961-97), Colin Hitchcock (1971-78).

1. Apologies: Rev. Hussey (1974-78), Alex Brealy (1982-87), Peter Cockell (1943-53), Roland Wood (1939-46), C G Jefferies (1957-65), Charley Jeffery (1988-90), Chris Wood (1965-71), David Williams (1966-71), Laurence Wragg (1956-63), David Wragg (1992-97)

2. To receive the minutes of the 70th annual general meeting held on Sunday 29th June 2003 as published in the 2004 newsletter. It was proposed by Frank Dutton and seconded by Michael Miles and passed unanimously that the minutes should be signed as a correct record.

3. Matters arising from the minutes

The secretary reported that the Friends of Rendcomb were planning to sell copies of the now reprinted History I and History II on Amazon.

The secretary was asked whether there had been any further news on Ernest Neal's book, *Badger Man*. She reported that she had had no response from the publishers but would see if any further information could be gained from Amazon.

Bill White reported that he and the president, Julian Comrie, were currently reviewing a book written by the late Douglas Payne which described his time at Rendcomb during the war. The committee wished to explore the possibility of getting it published. Bill White explained that there were also a number of photographs of this period which could be included. Charley Jeffery had undertaken to type up the first draft. It was also understood that John Willson, (staff 1967-88), had offered to help with any printing which the society might need in the future. The meeting gave its full support to the exercise.

4. To receive the Hon Treasurer's Report

In the treasurer's absence the hon. secretary circulated the report and explained the society was now three years through the seven year programme on making the O.R. subscription a termly deduction on a pupil's bill.

Total balances at year end stood at £11,886.86.

#### 5. Election of Officers

It was proposed by Michael Miles and seconded by Bill White that Chris Wood should remain as treasurer and that David Williams should continue as hon. auditor. It was passed unanimously.

The chairman expressed his thanks to both Chris and David for their efforts on the society's behalf.

#### 6. Nomination of a Committee Member

The secretary had received no nominations. Bill White reported that he planned to look through the list of local O.R.s to see who might be approached.

#### 7. Travel Bursary

The secretary reported that there had been no entries for the 2004 bursary received before the January deadline. However she had recently received a letter from Graham Hulbert, currently in 6B, explaining that he had been offered a staff position with an Earthwatch project on the coastal ecology of the Bahamas. This would involve digging land wells and checking water chemistry. The post was an unpaid one.

The meeting were very impressed with the letter and it was proposed by Julian Comrie and seconded by Colin Burden and passed unanimously that Graham should be awarded the full £800.

The amount of the bursary for 2005 was reviewed. It was proposed by Michael Miles, seconded by Bill White and passed unanimously that the travel bursary should be £1,000. Bill White reported that he had received a donation of £500 from Fred Batten who is approaching his 90th birthday. His wish is that the money should go towards the travel bursary.

The meeting thanked him through Bill White for his generosity and felt it would be appropriate if the bursary could be awarded in his name at the discretion of the committee.

#### 8. Any other business

Careers: The headmaster explained that careers advice was changing and greater emphasis was now being put into widening further education. This meant the college would not be seeking to run careers fairs but would be looking for one-off talks from interested parties.

He reported on how much the VIth form had enjoyed meeting those O.R.s who came back for the 60th reunion.

The headmaster also reported that Kay Collins, who had run the book-keeping for the college for many years, would be leaving this summer. The meeting expressed its thanks to her and wished her well and requested that the secretary should present her with a mark of the society's appreciation

The chairman thanked Colin Hitchcock for all his work on the web site which continued to be visited regularly by O.R.s.

9. Thanks were then given to the headmaster for once again allowing the society to hold its reunion at the college.

The headmaster then extended an invitation to O.R.s to tour the college and visit the new VIth form flat.

The meeting closed at 12.41 p.m. with thanks to the college.

### **Old Rendcombian Society AGM 2005**

You are invited to attend the 72nd annual general meeting of the Old Rendcombian Society on Sunday 3rd July 2005 at Rendcomb College at 5.30 p.m.

#### Agenda

1. To receive apologies for absence
2. To receive the minutes of the 71st a.g.m. held on 27th June 2004
3. To deal with matters arising from the minutes
4. To receive hon. treasurer's report
5. Election of officers: chairman and hon. secretary
6. Nominations for 1 committee member All proposed and seconded nominations to reach the secretary by 14 June 2005
7. Travel bursary
8. Any other business
9. Vote of thanks to the college

## **Dates of Future Reunions and Sports Fixtures**

Saturday 2nd July 2005 Cricket match, lunch in pavilion, buffet supper  
Saturday 3rd December 2005 Rugby match tea and bar  
Sunday 19th March 2006 Hockey match, tea and bar

All dates not listed here will be shown on the Rendcombian website as soon as they are agreed.

## **Sports Contacts**

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

Rugby	Mike Slark 01285 832314 (W) m.slark@rendcomb.gloucs.sch.uk
Ladies' Hockey	Chris Wood 01451 860871 (H) 01285 832314 (W) c.j.wood@rendcomb.gloucs.sch.uk
Men's Hockey	Alex Brealy 01285 832363 (H) 01285 832314 (W) Alex_brealy@hotmail.com
Ladies' netball & tennis	Sarah Bell 01285 832314 (W)
Cricket	Alex Brealy 01285 832363 (H) 01285 832314 (W) Alex_brealy@hotmail.com

## **O.R. Day - 4th July 2004**

Among those who attended were:

Jane Gunner (1975-77)	Bill White (staff 1961-97)
Neil Lumby (1968-73)	Phil Griffiths (1940-43)
Colin Burden (staff 1963-97)	Chris Norman (1987-94)
David Elliott (1992-94)	Keith Winmill (1972-79)
Dave Marshall (1972-79)	Nigel Hall (1972-79)
Colin Hitchcock (1971-78)	Michael Miles (1943-50)
Francis Barton (1988-95)	Charlie Webb (1992-96)
Will Brittain-Jones (1992-97)	Matt Hall (1990-97)
Stephen Jones (1988-95)	Charles Hutton-Potts (1976-83)
Chris Scarth (1991-98)	Will Witchell (1995-00)
Frank Dutton (1936-44)	Chris Morshead (1974-77)
Jonathan Steed (1974-79)	Justin Rosa (1980-87)
Chris Pope (1980-87)	

## **Rendcomb Memories**

### **From George Davis (1939-46)**

As always it was good to get the O.R. newsletter and there were a couple of comments I had to make about some of the items. I would have answered earlier but I've had a fairly fraught year - if anyone ever wondered what septuagenarian Old Rendcombians did in their spare time, I've just completed a six year stint with the Open University and have been awarded a B.A. honours degree in humanities with history and a diploma in European studies - J. C. James would have been proud (and probably surprised!!) The first thing that interested me in the news was the article on dear old Saul. He was frequently turned round, particularly during end of term festivities - this was all right by DWLB, as long as you swivelled him on the same spot - the flooring underneath was apparently reinforced (Saul I mean, not DWLB!). The article got me thinking about other Rendcomb statuary, and I recall two marble figures about four feet high. They were each situated in a niche on either side of the fireplace in the old music room which was also form four's form room. I think they were of Ceres and some other goddess, but being the fourth form they were frequently decorated by colouring pink the exposed nipple of one, and sticking a cigarette end between the lips of the other! I think they were the only marble statues in the school, but there were some pretty hideous plaster imitations down in the cellars. These really came to light when DWLB, who was chief air raid warden of the area, initiated a number of air raid alarms after we had gone to bed. These always occurred on a Saturday night when it was customary for staff and guests to dine in the common room, the ladies always being in evening dress and after the usual

Saturday night dance in Big School. DWLB attended in black tie, black velvet smoking jacket, and for the alert, he wore his white steel helmet with his title in black letters painted on it. (To digress for a moment, J. C. James, the second master, had been appointed food officer for the district - a responsibility which covered the overseeing of the emergency food rations which were cached somewhere in the Stable Block, and which were to be our salvation in the event of a German invasion - J.C.J. assured us that they were all large tins of rhubarb and ginger jam and for that reason asked to pray that the Germans would give us a miss!! To help him carry out this onerous task, he was equipped with an inscribed arm band, and, whenever he thought that the head was going to wear his helmet, he contrived, with strong urging from that delightful lady K. L. James, to be in attendance wearing his armband which was white and inscribed with the large black letters 'F O' - to the great delight of all of us from form three upwards - it is believed that DWLB never understood what all the hilarity was about.) Back to the air raid alerts - one of the guests suggested that the plaster figures should be cleaned up, examined, and any suitable should be placed around the school in suitable positions. H. U. M., Mr Molineaux the art master, was detailed off to carry out this inspection and reported back that due to damage, only one figure was suitable, that of a five foot high Discobulus, leaning forward half way through his throw. However, some repair work was necessary as his male organ (it was supposed to be classical Greek after all) had disappeared, leaving about two inches of quarter inch square metal rod protruding from his lower abdomen. Molly (H.U.M.) attended with a palette of a plaster of Paris mixture and proceeded to sculpt a replacement organ with a 45 degree droop in its lower half. He was delighted with the result, but it was not until half way through the following morning (the figure had been placed against the staircase wall opposite the small classroom door) that it was noticed that person or persons unknown had waited until the artwork was almost dry, but whilst still pliable had tweaked the bottom part of the organ and twisted it through 180 degrees so that it was in fact pointing upwards! Within the hour it had been banished back to the cellars, nobody ever knowing who was the perpetrator - although there were strong rumours that Molly himself might have been party to it!! All good simple fun!!

The other item which stirred my memory was the picture on page 18 of the choir practice. In the very end seat of the back row of the choir stalls was my seat when I had gravitated to bass (**Rudy Hale** (1939-46) sat directly opposite me in the tenors and right behind the Reverend Inge, and was constantly being urged to carry out a threat he had once made to bring some elvers in and drop them in the rector's cowl; he never did, and I've already told Rudy I'm relating this story!) My main job in sitting in this seat, apart from singing basso, was that when one of the frequent power cuts occurred, signalled by the organ sounding like a sick cow, I had to rush round to the organ, tearing my jacket off, grab hold of a lever and start hand pumping until a plumb bob had reached a mark, when I could sit alongside the organist until the plumb had almost reached the mark again or until the power was restored. The organist incidentally was my very good friend **David Knight** (1939-47), an accomplished musician who had finally managed to persuade the previous organist to relinquish the post in his favour. She was the Reverend Inge's maiden sister - (they were known as Missing and Popping!!) - and was not exactly the best musician in the area - her only outgoing voluntary was Moonlight and Roses which she played with great aplomb while smiling at the congregation like Liberace. I lost contact with David Knight when he went into the air force and I joined the navy - I was saddened to read of his death and wonder if anyone can tell me when and how. I must also make a comment about Sir Francis Goldsmith. DWLB told the sixth form about an occasion when a very flustered housemaid reported to him that a chauffeur had rung the front door bell with a message that his master would like to speak to the head teacher. Parked on the asphalt (as the front square was called in those days), was a large Isotta Fraschini (not sure if that's spelled right but it was apparently the Italian Rolls Royce). Out stepped an elderly gentleman, (DWLB recalling in great awe his beautifully tailored clothes and hand made shoes) and introduced himself as a member of the Montefiore family, and a nephew or great nephew (I don't recall which) of Sir Francis Goldsmith, and that he had spent many holidays at Rendcomb.

DWLB invited him in and gave him a tour of Saul's Hall, the library, Big School and the music room, but the visitor was pressed for time and declining an invitation to lunch and talking to the sixth form, took his leave and the head escorted him out to the motor car. He shook hands with the visitor who, before getting into his car, turned for one last look at the tower and the frontage and said "What shocking taste my relative had"!! I wonder if any older O.R.s would recall this visit which must have happened between the time DWLB was appointed head and 1939. The other story I wanted to tell I recalled when talking about the head as chief ARP warden.

"Lights out" was quite a ceremony during the war. The shutters had already been closed on all windows just prior to dusk, the duty group being responsible for this as well as climbing onto the roof and dragging a huge tarpaulin to cover the skylight above the main staircase. I was in dormitory three which was the largest first floor dorm: top of the stairs, turn left along the landing, first door on the right and the right hand door of the four in the small vestibule. It had either four or six enormous windows looking out over the Churn valley and giving a panoramic view both to the left and right and across to Woodmancote. The drill was that at "lights out", the switches by the door were thrown and about three boys would then open the shutters. On this

particular night, the lights had been out for about fifteen minutes when the door was flung open and all the lights switched on. Immediate consternation - one boy (I think it was Ken Banks) sat up in bed with a start and shouted "Jeesus Kerrist"!! A very urbane voice replied "Not Jesus Christ, chap - the name's Lee-Browne!" He turned off the lights and departed. The incredible thing was that the episode was never referred to afterwards - and we never dared ask! I had great liking and respect for the head - he was very much a father figure to me as my brother Eric and I came from a single parent family and it was quite a wrench (financial and otherwise) for our mother to be without our company during those formative years. The head had tremendous respect for our mother, always singling her out when she came to visit on Founder's days etc. Indeed, when my mother finally decided to divorce my father, to allow him to marry the mother of my two half brothers, she deputed DWLB to sit us down and tell us what was happening and why, which he did in a very kind and understanding manner. I hold his memory in very high regard.

#### **From Frank Dutton (1936-44)**

I've often wondered what those earliest Rendcomb school years were like. The "original twelve" entrants from Gloucestershire primary schools must have rattled around that huge barn of a building like the proverbial handful of peas in a pod, and the presence of a minuscule teaching and support staff with their families must have done little to dispel the basic emptiness.

Rendcomb entry was originally biennial, in "odd" years up to 1931, so presumably the second influx of boys took place in 1921. This must have been a big day for the twelve, to find their numbers suddenly doubled. Entry continued every other year until by the mid-1920's the numbers had increased to about 50, and the age range eventually extended to accommodate a sixth form. Annual entry is believed to have begun in 1932. All activities took place in the main building. Rendcomb House ("The House") (the Old Rectory - Ed) did not become college property until 1932, and it is believed that the science laboratory and staff living quarters in the Stable Block did not come into existence until later in the 1920's.

The library and dining room were presumably where they have always been, and the form rooms - Big School (later the reading room, and now a meeting/concert room), music room (dining room extension), history room (staff common room) and Latin room (secretary's office) - were brought into use as numbers and ages increased. The Victorian orangery was transformed into a gymnasium with a new wooden floor, and provided with a pair of parallel bars, vaulting horses and landing mats, and in the 1930s an extensive set of wooden wall-bars and some climbing ropes.

Big School housed forms 1 and 2, the music room forms 3 and 4, the history room form 5, and the Latin room (later the quiet room) form 6. Apart from a block of personal lockers - misnamed, being ununlockable - in the "locker corridor" leading past the dining room towards the kitchen area, virtually boys' sole "personal" areas were their form rooms. Schoolbooks and private items alike were kept in their desks, and games, hobbies and other activities were carried out in form rooms. The only other "personal" areas were private dormitory lockers beside each boy's bed.

Residential life was spartan in the extreme ... and remained so for many years. Not until the 1960's, with the arrival of the arts block, swimming pool, school house and, in the early 1970's, the first of the "separate" residential blocks, Park House, was any significant social improvement to be observed. (The Old Rectory became the junior house in 1966 - Ed.).

Back in the early years, a ping-pong table made an appearance in the music room, where the college gramophone - acoustic/windup, and playing 78 r.p.m. shellac records - was also housed. The general meeting purchased a much more powerful electric record player in the early 1930's, which also lived in the music room.

The library was a "quiet" area, although unintrusive interests such as stamp collecting, chess and draughts could be pursued there. Noisier activities such as cards and other board games (remember "Monopoly"?) had to be played in form rooms.

For many years the headmaster's study was the room immediately beneath the clock in the main hall, adjoining the library, and it is assumed that this was James Simpson's study previously. But in 1938 DWL-B, possibly due to the noise of innumerable juvenile feet in the hall outside, decided to relocate his study to the first floor, where it still resides. I often wonder how much peace and quiet he obtained there, as the meeting's record player in the music room was immediately beneath, and the sounds of Bing Crosby, Benny Goodman and Louis Armstrong thundering up through wide open summertime windows must have been fully audible - but to my knowledge he never complained. Perhaps that was just as well, since at times I was one of the principal offenders....

The former headmaster's study on the ground floor became a second sixth-form residential area known as the small classroom, subsequently the secretary's office was situated at the far end of the linen room corridor on the first floor, in the small transverse corridor leading from the back stairs into the headmaster's private flat. In 1939, at the start of the second world war, it was transferred to a purpose-built timber building, single-storey, at the foot of the back drive, and adjacent to the boys' cycle shed (both now long gone, although traces of the

cycle shed's pitched roof can still be seen on the stonework of the main building.) It is not known when and where the school tuck shop commenced operations, but in the mid-1930s it was situated in the passage leading past the kitchen hatchway towards what is now part of the junior school. It was in the room opposite the former drying room, which is at present the computer network manager's office. The shop sold various kinds of useful articles besides chocolate bars and sweets, such as writing paper, envelopes, pencils, stamps, football boot and cricket shoe studs, and so on. In 1938 it was moved to a small room adjoining the outer courtyard, in the passageway containing the "outside" bell and the main electric



Tuck Shop in 20's / 30's

fuse boxes and switches. (Does a tuck shop exist these days?). (The village shop took over as a tuck shop in 1977 - Ed).

Also adjoining the outer courtyard was the woodwork shop, known as the "manual". For anyone with a constructional bent and an interest in woodwork this was an attractive retreat, especially in winter when a coke-fired cast iron stove would become almost red-hot. Boys were active here in all free-time hours, even very early in the morning and at the day's end. This facility had probably been in existence since the school was opened and was in continual use even if the woodwork master were absent. There were surprisingly few accidents, and large quantities of furniture and other items, often made to professional standards, were produced.

The passage leading past the kitchen hatchway was permitted to be used by boys only as far as the drying room, and was closed off a little further by a wooden swing door. Boys wishing to visit the manual, boot room, junior changing room or toilets were required to leave the main building by way of the rear swing doors, along a concrete causeway and re-enter the building through a door at the causeway's far end (now the entrance to part of the junior school). All this despite gales, rain, snow or any other weather hazard - although the occasional boy dressed in pyjamas and slippers was known to use the internal passage on a late-night emergency run to the toilets.

A few paces along the causeway, outside the swing doors, was a large iron grating set into the concrete walkway, covering a chute down to the cellars. During the second world war this was the occasional scene of frantic and extremely dirty p.w. (public work). The cellar beneath the grating was a coal store for the main boilers, and the contents had to be moved to enable new deliveries of loose coal to be introduced. One gang of sixth-formers toiled below in horrendous conditions to clear space, after which a "surface" gang shovelled the lorry-load of new supplies down the chute. This comprised an entire afternoon's work, including extensive bathing and showering afterwards. Even so, the protagonists could be identified for some time by their coal-grimed hands and black nails.

The area previously forming the bursar's department, and currently part of the junior school, is located on the site of the old changing room, presumably the only one in the school's early days. It contained stands with long benches on each side, providing pegs and hooks on which were hung towels and games clothing. There was a number of wash basins, three shower units and four hip-baths. Each boy had his own name-tagged changing space which was relocated each term.

As the years rolled by and a senior school emerged, a second changing room appeared on the first floor, situated between the present headmaster's study and the former linen room. This was intended for the senior forms, the original changing room on the ground floor being reserved for the juniors. The senior changing room was in two parts: the changing room proper, containing six baths in open cubicles, and a separate wash-place with a row of wash basins along one wall. The terrazzo floor in this wash-place was icy cold to bare feet even in summer and was unbearable in winter. As in the junior changing room name-tagged hooks and pegs carried towels and games clothing.

Where did the boys sleep in the earliest years? By the mid-1930s half of the top floor was devoted to a wash-place and dormitories (Nos. 4 to 11), varying in size from a mere four-bed room to a few with as many as nine or ten beds. Dormitory spaces were relocated each term. Senior boys slept in dormitories 1, 2 and 3 on the first floor, with the two senior prefects' tiny "cabinet" study in between. It seems likely that the first floor rooms were brought into use in the mid-1920s only as the senior school developed, and that the top floor was the original dormitory area.



The other half of the top floor contained the kitchen staff's and maids' quarters, and needless to say was strictly out of bounds (with separate staircase - Ed.). In June 1999 I was able, for the very first time, to see this previously "unknown" part of the building, and to walk completely around the top floor.

Another feature of the first floor was the prefects' study, located between dorm. 1 and the headmaster's flat. It could accommodate up to six prefects with some difficulty, together with individual tables, chairs and bookcase/storage cupboards. It is now the office of the headmaster's personal assistant.

Just inside Saul's Hall from the vestibule hung an old leather schoolboy's satchel on a hook, serving as a "post box", and being cleared by the postman each weekday morning when delivering early mail. Boys were expected to write home and keep parents' minds at ease at least once a week, this activity usually taking place in the Sunday evening "quiet period". The collection satchel frequently tended to overflow on Monday mornings. Incoming mail was taken to the headmaster's study where it was superficially vetted, and reappeared in mid-morning at "long break" (10.55-11.15) on the table in clock hall, where a fair proportion of the junior school eagerly awaited its arrival in the hands of the headmaster's daily messenger. Around the start of the second world war (September 1939) DWL-B required that forms 1 and 2 delivered their Sunday evening letters, unsealed, to his study to undergo an informal "censorship". Other forms escaped this limitation. It had nothing at all to do with wartime security but was a "stopguard" to prevent juniors from making wild or inaccurate comments which might give parents cause for unnecessary concern. Previously a few cases had occurred, and these had led to the restriction.

Older Rendcomb generations will recall that the school was divided into three "duty" groups - east, west and south - but few may be aware that in the earliest years there was a fourth - north.

The only evidence I ever saw, in my earliest 1936-39 Rendcomb years, was a group of four small oak "trophy" plaques set high on the main hall walls above the library and Big School doorways. They commemorated various inter-group competitions from the earliest years - athletics, the lodges race and so on, one plaque for each activity. North's title was present fairly regularly, its latest appearance being in about 1924-25. The plaques have long been removed, hopefully for safe keeping.

But I still wonder about north....

Why did it disappear? Was it because the division of students into four groups did not make for a practicable working size? Or was there some other reason? Hopefully one of our senior members can provide an explanation.

\* The north group disappeared because there were not enough pupils from "the north" to form a group.

Geographical composition of the groups soon ended and groups were simply equalled in size - but only three of them - Ed.

### **Denis Lee-Browne**

Mr. Lee-Browne's son, Martin, has sent the following request to O.R.s:

"I am thinking of writing a biography of my father, and would welcome letters, e-mails or telephone calls from O.R.s with recollections, anecdotes or thoughts about his approach to education - whether approving or not!"

Martin Lee-Browne, Chester House, Fairford, Gloucestershire, GL7 4AD

Tel: 01285 712102

[martin@lee-browne.co.uk](mailto:martin@lee-browne.co.uk)

### **Martin Griffiths (staff 1982-2003) writes....**

Firstly can I thank those students who wrote such kind words about me in the magazine last year. I didn't understand most of them and certainly didn't recognise the person you were writing about but did appreciate your generosity and return all your good wishes. The students and of course the wonderful art staff whom I had the privilege of working with during my twenty odd years at Rendcomb were and always will be for me the best thing about the place. All that glorious art work, those trips to London, Paris, Amsterdam, Madrid, the drama/fashion shows and great theme nights will leave me with many happy memories. My thanks and best wishes go to all the students involved and especially Tom, Sophia, Hamish and Emma. There are memories there which I will treasure for ever! Especially the Ghetto girls in School House, you were very special to me even if you were very naughty!

There are other things I will not miss (you can guess at a few and make the others up if you wish) which include hockey 'Up Top' in the January rain and the terrible coach trips back from the other side of the country for some ridiculous sports fixture. However most of my memories will be very positive and I can honestly say I learnt a great deal during my time there and had great fun introducing the YMCA dance to many generations

of disco dancers including Kim Taplin (ex-chaplain) and Judy Hunt (matron).

To all those involved with the parents association events can I thank you for all your support and help in running events and raising money for charities, trips and the Irigithathi primary school. We sent over 3,000 books out there over the years plus masses of other equipment. One small fragment of Africa will have cause to thank you for many years to come. Education is never about masse results but is always about life and what we do with it (thanks to Denis Price, Bill White and especially John Tolputt for encouraging me with this). There are, of course, too many people and events to recall but I do remember and thank you. The cheque I was sent by the O.R.s will be used to support Kenyan school children so a little piece of good can come of my departure after what really does seem like 109 years in the place.

I was always impressed by the principles behind the foundation of Rendcomb and its ethos and it kept many of us working in the place for a very long time. A good education is a special thing and needs to be treasured and valued and I hope it is in the future.

I now do a variety of jobs, including my own painting again, but my main employment is at Gloucester College of Art, Brunswick Road where I teach on a range of higher education courses for four days a week. I'm enjoying the new challenges and working in such a positive atmosphere in the centre of a city. I also get to ride my motor bike through the city traffic every day - what a buzz! Most of my teaching involves drawing from life and art history and the use of heavy insensitive outlines has already changed under the threat of my singing some Leonard Cohen. (It's a dirty trick but always motivates people!)

I hope people will get in touch and let me know what they've been up to and may I finish by quoting this poem written by William Carlos Williams about a painting of the fall of Icarus by Brueghel. It seems to say everything I could ever wish to say to some very special people whom I met at Rendcomb and who shared my love of moons and skies!

According to Brueghel  
when Icarus fell  
It was spring  
a farmer was ploughing  
his field  
the whole pageantry  
of the year was  
awake tingling  
near  
the edge of the sea  
concerned  
with itself  
sweltering in the sun  
that melted  
the wings' wax  
insignificantly  
off the coast  
there was  
a splash quite unnoticed  
this was  
Icarus drowning

### **Obituaries**

We record with sorrow the deaths of the following members of the society and extend our sympathy to their families.

**Colin Raggatt** (1920-26) died on 28th September 2004. His funeral in Plymouth was attended by Julian Comrie (1946-54), Jane Gunner (1975-77), and Colin Burden (staff 1963-97) on behalf of the Society. He had been a loyal supporter of Rendcomb throughout his life and a regular attender at reunions. He spoke movingly about Rendcomb and the future at the 75th Anniversary Ball. Jan Kemp, one of his pupils, sent this tribute: "When I first met Colin Raggatt, or 'Rags', as affectionately he became known, he was headmaster of Stockwell Manor Comprehensive School in South London.

My time at the school coincided with the final seven years of his long and distinguished teaching career. Rags retired in 1969 and I progressed to university, largely as a result of his support and encouragement. I was one of hundreds of school children who had been lucky enough to have Rags as a mentor and role model.

You had to be inspired by his passion for education and, through it, for people to do more with their lives, not just for themselves, but for the benefit of others. He was deeply conscious of how he had been influenced by his time at Rendcomb College and Bristol University, but especially Rendcomb. His love of carpentry, literature and the countryside surely all stemmed from his time to the college. More widely, having accompanied him frequently on his annual pilgrimage to Rendcomb, I think it represented to him the essence of what he found in life to be worthwhile and worth emulating. He left school when he was eighteen, Rendcomb never left him.

No single story sums up a life, but one particular event revealed a lot about Rags. It was the dinner to celebrate 75 years of Rendcomb College, where he had been asked, as one of its very first pupils, to speak to the hundreds of friends of Rendcomb who were present. Rags was the third of three speakers. The first two had spoken well, but had suffered from boisterous chatter among diners enjoying their reunion. Worse, as he rose to his feet to speak, he accidentally dropped his carefully prepared notes. Knowing how much he wanted to get his message across, I suddenly became nervous for him. He was 87 years old after all. I should have known better.

He set aside the jumbled notes and, peering over the rim of his glasses, my old headmaster reviewed the noisy tables all around. Everyone understood. Silence reigned, as did Rags. In the minutes that followed, he said clearly and unambiguously what he had come to say. The school had started as a place where excellence and opportunity were equal partners. Rendcomb had shown him how high expectations and inclusiveness could be different sides of the same coin. The rest was counterfeit. He must have been deeply touched by the standing ovation that followed.

Rags was a man of many parts: a setter of standards, a champion of good causes, a determined fighter with a natural sense of fair play, and he was fun loving, even mischievous at times. Above all, he cared. Truly, he was a former pupil of whom Rendcomb College, I am sure, will always be proud.”



John Tolputt, Colin Raggatt and Allan Wyatt at the 1995 Ball

**Margaret Coombes** - Chris Wood (1965-71) writes:

Sadly Margaret Coombes, chemistry technician and wife of Derek, died in September 2004 after a relatively short illness during the preceding summer holiday.

Margaret had worked in the chemistry department since 1990 and she was well respected by staff and pupils alike. She took her work very seriously and took great pride in setting out practicals. In fact her *pièce de résistance* had been the preparation of the complicated A level practical exams which have recently been replaced by coursework. Nothing was too much trouble for her and she often had to juggle practicals between the junior and senior labs. She was a very caring and conscientious person and she is sorely missed. Her funeral in Watermoor Church, Cirencester was attended by a large number of the Rendcomb community, including current and past teaching staff. Former staff present were Mr and Mrs Ron Kelsey, (staff 1969-95) Dr Graham Smith (staff 1974-99) and Mrs Deborah Botham.

**Martin Hitchman** (1965) died suddenly in a skiing accident in Bulgaria on 22nd December 2004. His twin sons were at the resort, but not at the scene of the incident.

J.M.W. (1954-63) writes: “Martin’s short time at Rendcomb was not an entirely happy period in his academic life. However, he always spoke well of the college afterwards, and certainly enjoyed his hockey and cricket there. He married Annie in 1980, became divorced and Annie died of cancer in 2002. Martin is survived by his

twin, polo-playing sons, aged 19, who arranged the service for a celebration of his life at St. Peter's, Winchcombe where his parents were married.  
Martin was a loving and very supportive father and at the same time a laissez-faire and fun-loving man. Through some 35 years of fun and friendship that is how I too will always remember him.  
The order of service sheet stated: 'The family would be delighted if you would join them at The Royal Oak, Gretton, for heavy refreshments'. This was re-iterated by the lady vicar!!"

### Congratulations

Congratulations to:

**S. L. Donovan**, (1993-2000) - 1st Class Hons., Art, History of Art and Education, Newcastle.

**N. R. G. Hall** (1994-2000) - 1st Class Hons., Oceanography, Southampton.

**A. P. Sage** (1993-2000) - 1st Class Hons., Biochemistry with Biotechnology, Manchester.

**R. H. W. Smallman** (1995-2000) - 1st Class Hons., Mathematics, Nottingham.

**David Roper** (1996-2003) - First place in the European Duathlon Championships (20-24 age class). He also took first place in the World Series (last race) in Varallo near Milan (20-24 age class).

**Dr. Pat E. Coffey** on celebrating his 90th birthday in June 2004. O.R.s will remember him as the school medical officer from 1963 to 1986.



Dr and Mrs Coffey with guests at his retirement party in 1986

### Marriages

**Nick Webb** (1981-86) to **Kris Ewing** (1984-86), June 2004

**Aubrey Powell** (1982-89) to **Samantha Perkins** (1986-88), April 2004

**Philip Lyons** (1970-76) to Penny Snow, May 2004

### Births

To Catherine and **Patrick Morgan** (1986-93), a daughter, Evie Alice, April 2004

To **Rachel** and Stephen **Fielding** (staff 1994-) a daughter, Isabel Grace

### Travel Bursary

**Chris Jeffreys** (1996-2003) writes about his visit to Botswana:

"Being woken up by some fairly substantial rustling in the bushes close to my tent is something I shall never forget. These noises were not being made by a dog, a rodent or even a human. As I got out of bed and peered through my mosquito net out into the moonlit African bush, I noticed what I thought was a silhouette of a very large, very solid looking animal. This I knew was an elephant. No more than 20 feet away, it grazed on some palm scrub. It could have chosen any of a million different palm bushes, but it had chosen one right in the

middle of the camp where I was staying. This was not the first time I had witnessed this type of event. In fact on many nights we were visited by small herds of elephants, ranging from the large matriarchs to some sweet Dumbo-like newly born calves following in tow. It was incredible to find out the next morning just how close their footprints had come to my tent. Somehow the elephants had managed to step over the guy ropes and avoid bringing down my tent.

This fairly regular occurrence was just one of the many awesome things that happened while I was staying in a lion research camp in Botswana. Having flown out to Cape Town and taken an overland truck up through Namibia, I found myself in a small town called Maun, on the edge of the Okavango delta, one of Africa's few remaining wilderness areas. Unlike many of the thousands of tourists who go through Maun to see the Okavango's wild life, I would see more than just a glimpse of Africa, which is what you would tend to see on a typical safari holiday.

I was staying with an amazing family who live most of their life in a tented camp in the heart of the Okavango, two hours from Maun by bumpy sandy tracks. I knew the family because I was at school with the eldest son, a great friend, before Rendcomb. He is now studying at university in America, but the family welcomed me into their lives for two months. They had moved from England (mother and five children) in 1995 to start a new life in Africa. There was no intention to start studying wild lions at this point, but soon Kate, the mother, met a Dutch biologist called Pieter Kat (the name being pure coincidence) who was in the area to study the lion population, and the rest is history.

The camp that they live in is basic, but not nearly as simple as I was expecting. They have two large tents with space for a kitchen, sink, dining room, and even a t.v. which could play videos. There were tents for each person to sleep in and a shower with hot running water. Then of course the long drop - this was on the edge of the camp, and with the curtain open you could watch impala and kudu munching on vegetation in the distance. It was all a bit surreal!

On my first outing with Kate and her ten year old son Oakley, we went tracking a lion called Vouvre, named like all of their lions, after a wine. To find the lions, they use radio collars to track the key members of three prides (the Santawani pride, the Gomoti pride and the Mogagello pride - pronounced Moh-ha-hello). Every day they go out using what looks like a hand held t.v. aerial attached to a radio that can be tuned to each individual frequency on the lion collars. You know when you are getting closer to the lion when the clicking noise the radio makes gets clearer and louder. After a couple of hours of tracking (I learned that the tracking can last from ten minutes to several hours and sometimes the lion still isn't found), we eventually found the elusive Vouvre, in fact nearly running her over with the large white Land Rover!

The lions in the three prides that the family study are so used to the sight and sound of their vehicle, that they hardly bat an eyelid when they are approached by it. Kate has had many incidents where she has nearly run over a lion, just because they are so laid back during the day, and they are also so well camouflaged in the long, dead grass. During the heat of the day (anything up to 45 degrees Celsius in the shade!) the lions can mostly be found under a bush, just dozing after an early morning or night hunt. Vouvre and three other females were doing exactly this. This was the moment I had been waiting for. Four beautiful wild African lions no further than fifteen feet away from me. They really didn't care that we were there. Then Kate told me to put up my window, telling me that if they wanted to they could be in through my window before I knew it. This reminded me that this was not some zoo attraction. Each lion is easily identified by all of the family. A combination of slight colour variants, face shape, battle scars and whisker patterns tell them instantly that this is Shiraz, or Merlot or Fixin or any other of their lions. By the end of the two months even I could distinguish some of the lions without being told. The part of the Okavango that they were researching in, on the edge of the Moremi Game Reserve, was so rich in wild life it was hard to believe! Every single day, while driving out looking for the lions you were almost guaranteed to see giraffe, elephant, hippo, crocodiles, kudu, zebra and of course the carnivores favourite fast food snack, the impala. I was even lucky enough one day to see a leopard, the most abundant but also most obscure of the big cats. I met one guy who had lived in Maun for years, gone in to the Delta loads of times and had never seen a leopard. You also had to be careful of other dangerous beasts such as the black snouted cobra, the boomslang, and the puff adder, all deadly snakes that I came very close to, as well as the numerous scorpions, spiders and wasps. Our camp was also frequently visited by hyenas and honey badgers, dangerous scavengers searching for our food and rubbish bins.

Even though the hippo is the animal that kills the most people in Africa, the animal we had most problems with was not the lion or the snake, but the elephant. This was the animal you gave total respect to, because at a speed of 40mph over rough ground, and a weight of... well very heavy, it could easily charge down a running man (or a slow vehicle!). There were a few times when the adrenaline was really pumping. One day, not once but twice, an angry bull elephant charged us in our Land Rover, a couple of his mates following closely behind him. Many elephant charges are mock charges, but this one definitely meant it, and Kate really needed to step on it full throttle to get us away. That was the day when we saw at least five hundred elephants in just a couple of hours. Wherever we went there were elephants. This was great for me at first, having never seen anything like it, but I soon realised how dangerous it was weaving in and out of small herds of ele's, as they are very

protective of their young. While out looking for the lions, Kate and Pieter have to check visually how the lions are doing. Initially they have to dart a lion to put a collar on it, and while the lion is sedated they take blood samples. This is particularly important for them because unfortunately a huge percentage of lions in the Okavango, and most of Africa, have F.I.V. (Feline Immunodeficiency Virus), a lion version of H.I.V. Ironically, Botswana also has the highest rate of H.I.V. in the world, as over a third of the population are positive. The F.I.V. hugely affects the health of the lion, especially young cubs and elder lions. I was able to see cubs which were positive, and could tell that their fur was scruffy, they were scrawny and they lacked the energy so apparent in healthy cubs. It was sad to see. It was even sadder to hear that in the area, only 10 out of 104 cubs that have been born since the project started have survived to maturity. This is a typical trend where F.I.V. is apparent, and along with trophy hunting and loss of habitat, has caused the population of lions in Africa to drop from around 230,000 in 1980 to about 15,000 now.

Every week there was a trip made back to Maun to collect food and check the internet for news from fund raising efforts being made in England. It also gave us (Kate's daughter Maisie, her friends and I) a chance to party on a Friday night at the infamous Sports Bar, the main place in town to have some fun. This was also the place where I could watch all of England's RWC matches. The game v. South Africa had a great atmosphere as there were lots of natives of both countries in the bar. The England scarf I had made the night before out of an old pillow case and paint was quickly hidden when I saw some Brits, with face paint, get dunked in the lovely (puke-filled) Sports Bar pond after the match by some unhappy Afrikaans guys! Before Sports Bar on a Friday evening, I would play 'soccer' with Oakley and the local team, Dessert Wind. This was awesome fun if not a tad knacker, because those guys had silly levels of fitness, only stopping because it was too dark, otherwise they wouldn't stop!

I experienced a way of life in Africa that is just so different to anything over here. The people are so chilled out and (mostly) very friendly. An average evening in many places consists of a swim followed by a relaxing sun-downer. But every now and again something happens that could only occur in Africa, road kill-African bush style for instance. Not far from the lion camp, there's a wild dog camp which has a light aircraft. One day we got a radio call from the camp saying they had had an accident. When we got there we saw the wreckage of the plane and dozens of vultures. We feared the worst. As we neared the plane we could see what the vultures were on - a semi-decapitated giraffe carcass. Unfortunately it had bolted in front of the plane as it was taking off from the dusty runway. The skill of the pilot meant that the crew survived but the giraffe was less lucky. I had some excellent photos of this and everything else I had seen, but unfortunately on the flight back to Cape Town, the day of England's rugby triumph, my bag, including camera, was lost/stolen by the airline. I did manage to keep one photo though, a picture of the family and I that was put in The Daily Telegraph. It was taken by a journalist who was visiting the camp to write an article on the lions. I was in the paper the next day, so I made urgent phone calls back home to tell Dad to get a copy and keep it for me to see when I got home. So, apart from my bag going missing, I had an incredible African adventure, with many amazing memories. Many thanks to the O.R.s for giving me a travel bursary.

Some excerpts from **Graham Hulbert's** trip to the Bahamas

Day 1 (2nd July)

I was awoken at around 0600, which my body found really hard to cope with. However, I was at the start of an adventure and an early morning wasn't going to hold me down. I got onto the plane at Heathrow and found I was sitting next to an Englishman from Didcot. He had been working in Nepal for eight years studying glacial decay and its effects and now he was on his way to give a talk about it in Peru.

I changed planes at Miami to go to Jacksonville, but not before getting lost for an hour while trying to 'connect' my bags to the next flight and then having a Starbucks cinnamon roll the size of my head. The plane I was getting on was an ATR, it had overhead wings and two turbo prop engines, each with six hooked propellers. I had never flown on one of these before and it would be a new experience. The take-off was very noisy but once we reached cruising altitude it quietened down and I found an empty row of seats and got some sleep (not much). We flew through an enormous thunder and lightning storm. The thunder lit up the night sky and everyone was getting quite agitated and I have to admit it was really quite worrying. Aunt Janet picked me up from the airport and took me to our condominium where I went straight to bed after what had turned out to be a 22-hour long day.

Day 6 (7th July)

I arose at 0900 and finished packing. Janet and I left for the airport at ten. I was happy as I knew it would be the last time I would have to drive with Jan and I was getting quite scared. When I got to the plane there was a man sitting in my window seat. I asked very politely if he was sure that was his seat. He then got up and

moved without even checking his ticket (obviously wanted a window seat). I had a double cheeseburger at Burger King at Miami then got on another ATR to Nassau (the Bahamas!). No one sat next to me on the way. Whether or not that was because they saw me and then changed seats or just how it goes I will never know (it is one of life's many mysteries). However, as I was getting off the plane a lady did come up to me and ask if I was Graham. I very conveniently had my passport in my hand so I opened it and checked. After confirming that I was Graham she told me she was Kathleen's mother and I could get a lift to the harbour with her and Neil (Kathleen's husband). When Neil got us to the harbour we found there had been a change of plans and we were to go to Kathleen's house, but when we got there we found there had been another change of plans and headed back to the harbour to catch our ten-hour ferry ride.

#### Day 7 (8th July)

We arrived at Exauma at around 0600, but took an hour to land on the dock. Jean (an Irish girl I would be working with), Kate (a marine biologist whom I knew from last year) and Lindsey (a 16 year old girl whose dad knew someone else's dad who knew Kathleen, who let her join the staff for the first two weeks) and I all found that the taxi that was meant to be there to pick us up with our equipment was nowhere to be seen. We ended up using our one car to transport us and all the equipment from the port to the lab in five different runs. We then found that Exauma doesn't wake up until nine so we sat around for two hours. Once everything was sorted we went to the apartments where the girls would be staying.

#### Day 10 (11th July)

Kathleen arrives today so we all know that the work will start from when she gets here. Until then I decided I would go to the beach and read until lunch. When I got too hot in the sun, I would slip on my goggles and go for a swim.

When I got back to the resource centre, Kathleen had just arrived and put me to work, but then took us all out for dinner.

#### Day 11 (12th July)

An early start at 0630 but I wasn't too grouchy and Jean and I went out to learn how to use the water quality equipment with Kathleen.

The equipment consisted of four instruments. The first was the YSI, which is a very expensive piece of equipment that is used to measure the volume of dissolved oxygen in mg/l, the temperature, salinity, and two types of conductivity (general and specific). YSI's are mostly used to find the effectiveness of sewage treatment plants but thankfully we weren't using it for that! The second piece of equipment is called a nephelometer. This utilises water samples taken in the field, but is used in the lab. It measures the turbidity in nephelometer turbidity units (ntu's), which is the amount of prokaryotic cells (bacteria) in the water sample. It is basically a very sensitive colorimeter. The third instrument is the refractometer. This measures salinity like the YSI but uses the changing refractive index of the water depending on the salinity. This is measured in parts per thousand (ppt). It is used as a second reading.

#### Day 27 (28th July)

We worked on the nature trail we are building for the children at the research centre before we went on the boat this morning. We got on the boat to go to Fowl Key. I was on fish and ready to do my fish list but nowhere near prepared enough for what was coming.

As I was snorkelling around the island, I started thinking there is nothing special here but came round a corner to find a reef swarming with fish and overall life in general going as far as the eye could see. I immediately started the fish list when I saw a trumpet fish but did not have time to take a picture. There were so many fish; gray angel fish, schoolmaster snappers, mutton snappers, sergeant majors. I even saw two rock beauty angel fish; a type I had never seen before, but always wanted to - they were yellow and black. The list goes on and on and then there are the fish which I could not recognise. A white one swam right past me and hid under a rock and turned red (I later found out it was a Spanish hogfish). I headed back at the end of the day exhausted. Carly was obviously tired too, as she fell asleep on my lap.

#### Day 37 (7th August)

Kathleen and I opened the W.Q. sensors today and we decided to call them Mamma, Baby 1 and Baby 2. Mamma is named this as it is big and can measure a large range of things. The measurements we will be using for this will be temperature, salinity, dissolved oxygen, specific conductivity and turbidity. The Babies are much smaller and only measure temperature and salinity. We got them all working and tested them. It was surprisingly easy. The huge manual wasn't too complicated. The only problem was that it won't work on Kathleen's laptop, so we had to use her home computer.

Day 39 (9th August)

I was woken up this morning by a phone call at 8 a.m. from my parents. I was very tired and groggy and couldn't have much of a conversation. After I hung up and stood up I realised that I felt lousy. I had an achy body, especially my head. Ironically, I had caught a cold IN THE BAHAMAS. It wasn't a pathetic cold though, it was more like a flu (Flould if you may). I felt like I had a temperature but I knew if I took my temperature there was nothing I could do and it would just frustrate me.

Suddenly Aunt Janet rose to the top of the list to take the throne as my best Aunt (my only... but still best!) Because of her insistence I had a box of Theraflu and Theraflu night (similar to Lemsip) in my bag. I couldn't do much but rest, sleep and take Theraflu every 6 hours. However, I was going home tomorrow, which kept my morale up as I stared at the ceiling, praying that I would be better by tomorrow as flu on the plane would be miserable.

Day 40 (11th August)

We set off in the morning to Lyford Key to install the W.Q. sensors. We would be setting them right next to Sean Connery's Bahamian retreat. Captain Kirkland Smith (Kirkland's exact namesake) took us in a boat of one of the house owners that he looks after. It had two Yamaha 250hp engines and really moved. After installing the sensors, Kathleen gave me a tour of downtown Nassau and then the massive cruise ship dock. She also took me to these caves that were swarming with bats. It was amazing. I got pictures of Natasha and I surrounded by bats.

I went to the airport at 3 p.m. for a 5 p.m. flight, which was good, and I got delayed going through customs in Nassau (Bahamas) because I had used my English passport coming into the Bahamas and my American passport going into the U.S.A. and I had a piece of paper I had to show saying that my citizenship is from the U.K. I had to show my U.K. passport (I am a dual citizen - in case you hadn't caught on) and it hadn't been stamped when I went into the U.S.A.

The plane flight to Miami was short and I did nothing at all but say goodbye to the beautiful scenery of the Bahamas and the turquoise water.

My night flight to London, however, turned out to be my worst flight ever!! Due to no-one's fault, there was turbulence the whole way and over the eight hour flight, the three times I managed to actually fall asleep, a baby in the row next to me cried or shrieked. The timing was uncanny. Luckily, they decided to serve tea before landing to try and start the whole English theme, so I managed to get three glasses of very bad tea, which managed to get me enough energy to get my bags, find my parents, get to the car and then pass out.

My African Adventure by **Henry Wilson** (1996-2003)

I left England on a very cold winter's day. There was snow in the air and I knew we would soon be arriving in the warm sunshine of Africa. I was going with an organized group. I had never been to Africa before so I did not know what to expect when I got there. My first thoughts as I was driving through the shanty towns of Nairobi were of how poor it was. I spent one week acclimatising in a settlement a few hours north of Nairobi; it was also a chance to learn how to teach African kids, as this was the main purpose of my gap year. After a week we boarded a bus and started an 8 hour bus drive to the Tanzanian border. Our first stop was Arusha. Arusha is a bustling city and its main trade is tourism for all the various National Parks.



We spent one night in a campsite before heading to our various schools, spread over a distance of 70 kilometres. I was paired up with a guy called Sam and for the next 4 months we would be teaching together.

The school is located on the lower slopes of Kilimanjaro. It is a beautiful location with the mountain towering above it.

The school has very basic facilities, it doesn't have electricity. The blackboards are little more than painted walls. The kitchen is just an open fire with a cauldron. If you ever complained about a school lunch, don't ever again until you have tried a Tanzanian one. A typical school meal consists of ugali and spinach. Ugali is maize flour which has been ground up and mixed with water until it forms a thick lumpy texture. It is the African staple diet.

The lessons were often chaotic with kids running in and out and making lots of noise, a bit like an English school at times. They were keen to learn but sometimes concepts were hard to get across. I was mainly teaching English and sports. Sometimes the reasons for lessons being difficult were the fact that kids did not have enough pencils and paper. I often had to give them mine so we could get on and teach. My



time there had its ups and downs, some days you would come out of a lesson feeling that you had really progressed and other days you would feel it was a complete waste of time.

Whilst I was out there I had the opportunity to climb Kilimanjaro. The mountain rises 5 kilometres above the surrounding plains so it is a truly amazing site. It is so big it has a snow cap at the top. This trek took 6 days. I had a fantastic time in Africa. I did more travelling including going to Uganda and going all the way south to Victoria Falls where I did a bungee jump.

I recommend this trip to anyone who wants to have a memorable gap year. Thank you Rendcomb.

### **Association of Representatives of Old Pupils Societies**

The 37th annual AROPS conference took place at St Swithun's School, Winchester on Saturday 15th May. The chairman, Roger Moulton (Old Pauline representing the Hurst Johnian Club), welcomed 124 representatives from 78 societies.

The headmistress, Dr. H. L. Harvey, welcomed the representatives to the school and gave the opening address. She outlined the history and development of the school and explained how the story of St. Swithun's fitted into the history of women's education.

Tim Cunis (Old Pauline) introduced Benjamin Beabey of Farrer & Co. who gave a presentation on data protection legislation. This was most informative and provided representatives with a full picture of how the current data protection act affects the running of societies. The second session was chaired by John Edwards (Old Wellingtonian). Michael Freegard (Old Haileyburian) presented the results of the recent AROPS survey about registers of former pupils. This was most informative and led to a useful exchange of information about registers.

After lunch John Kidd (Old Portmuthian) introduced the AROPS chairman, Roger Moulton (Old Pauline), who spoke on the subject of society/school relations. There had been a number of problems in the past few years and AROPS was most anxious to promote good relations between schools and societies.

The final session of questions and answers was chaired by Margaret Carter-Pegg (Old Crohamian). As usual this was very wide-ranging and generated a great deal of interest.

The chairman closed the conference saying that he hoped to see many representatives at the agm at St. Paul's School on Tuesday 9th November.

The 2005 conference will take place on the 14th May at Merchant Taylors' School, Crosby. Tea and tours of the school followed.

The annual dinner was held in the evening at the school, when 37 representatives were entertained by the guest speaker, Lady Appleyard, about her experiences as a headmistress.

### **Information Requested**

Mrs Jill Chapman, mother of **Juliette** (1977-79) makes the following request:

"I am researching a family of Thornhills, and at least four generations lived in Ceylon (now Sri Lanka of course.) I understand from one of the existing members of the family that John Herbert Raymond Thornhill, born 8th April 1918, son of Badham Adolphus Thornhill (teaplanter on Denawaka Estate, Ceylon) attended Rendcomb College. Raymond, as he was known, went to Glengarth School, Cheltenham, and we think this was his prep school. He eventually went to Bedford College and on his return to Ceylon he took over the Denawaka Estate.

The story goes that because of financial difficulties your college accepted chests of tea in lieu of fees at some point! I wonder if you have any archives that may have a record of this transaction? It may be too far back, but I would like some concrete evidence of this story.

If you can find any records to confirm this story I would be most grateful. As an old boy of Rendcomb you may be interested in getting his profile when I have finished this project. He was passionately interested in producing an instant tea, to help the smallholders in Ceylon sell their tea leaf which got poor prices from the big tea companies. The Ceylon government was not interested, but he pushed ahead with his project and when the tea estates were nationalised he took his project to Uganda. Unfortunately, it failed there as well owing to the political situation and was sold to Cadbury's. Raymond, who had been a fighter pilot in the second world war, went back to flying for an African based company and sadly he was killed. His only son, Barry, went out to visit his father in Africa when he was ten and got the flying bug as he flew all over the place with Ray. When Barry eventually became a pilot himself, he was also killed while testing a plane for the United Nations which was to have been used over Pakistan. The plane crashed just outside Leeds, it ended up in the top of a tree, and Barry aged 23 and his co-pilot, also 23 years old were both killed. I have a photograph of this incident. The history of the Thornhill family goes back to 1100 and there is a strong connection with

Canterbury Cathedral, where there is a memorial window to Jordan de Thornhill. We then jump forward to the time when a Major William Thornhill fought for Cromwell and followed him to Ireland, where Cromwell seized Castle Kevin from its Irish owners and gave it to William. The Thornhills occupied this castle for 200 years. The Ceylon Thornhills are his descendants. This is just to give you a taste of my enormous project. Incidentally, my daughter, Juliette Ann Chapman, went to Rendcomb to do her A levels in 1977, so I know your college very well.”

### **The Weakest Link?**

First thing to clarify - the “Green Room” is NEVER green! Previous dalliances with quiz shows (*The People Versus* and *Brainteaser*) had slightly dampened my belief and again, as I reached the Green Room at the Weakest Link sound stage (which was shared, incidentally, with the “My Family” BBC sitcom) at Pinewood Studios at the end of May it again proved NOT to be green. However, the disappointment was firmly put out of my mind as I saw on my way, in no particular order, the James Bond sound stage, Chitty Chitty Bang Bang (yes, really, but it was not flying!) and Robert Lindsay and Zoë Wannamaker from BBC sitcom. Friday 29th May had arrived! It all seemed so harmless 9 months previously when I attended an audition for the show ... a bit of fun, I convinced myself! When the letter arrived a few weeks later confirming my ‘short listing’ for the show the slightest apprehension set in and now, sitting in the Green Room, the reality of what could/would happen had finally struck home! ...please do NOT get voted off first ... that was my only real goal!!! Our group had met earlier in the day and been through the showbizzy bits of wardrobe and makeup (yes, blokes have to wear makeup as well!!). The relaxed atmosphere has reduced dramatically, although there was still a sense of camaraderie as we all knew the first part of this was a team game. Our call to the sound stage resonated in the room and we then trudged, single file and silently into the darkened sound stage for whatever Ann Robinson could throw at us.

For those of you unacquainted with the show, there are seven rounds of team questions, with some poor person being voted off each round (and doing the ‘walk of shame’!) and a final head to head. Round 1, although as tense as a courtroom drama, went remarkably well with us completing a chain of 9 correct answers immediately and banking the pot. PHEW! But who would be voted off? Who was the weakest player? It is at times like this that luck plays an enormous part and recollections of who got on with who earlier in the day becomes probably the most influential thing. Unfortunately it was Leonard in our group with the majority of votes (although, I hate to admit it but that there was a general audible collective sigh of relief when the rest of us realised we had survived!!).

The group had visibly relaxed by this point, but that was to change as Ann then ‘interrogated’ (yes, I think that is the correct word!) several of us. My second goal, other than survival, was unscathed survival. Strategy was simple: answer any questions confidently, quickly and with a smiling face ... do not show Ann any weaknesses or she will (and this is where she is VERY good) hone in on any areas of discomfort and drive home the acidic wit! As she turned to me, a sharp intake of breath and then the verbal fencing commenced... a few comments about work, a few comments on being rich... and my first accidental mistake. DO NOT TALK WHEN ANN IS TALKING!! I was firmly rebuked twice with a curt “shut up” (edited from the final show) but I felt that I had made my stand and did not give her encouragement to come back and ‘have a go’ again.

The rounds then went by really quickly and we lost our ‘weakest links’... Bradley the student, bearing a remarkable resemblance to Will Young and also having a pretty good singing voice which he demonstrated; Michael, the driving instructor, Jo the Canadian property consultant, Liz - wearing a striking tiger top and suddenly there were just three of us left: Chris an undertaker, with a dry sense of humour, Leanne, a resuscitation nurse living in South Kensington (which impressed Ann!) and me!

At no time had I really thought about tactical voting (and indeed the group had always voted fairly, picking the right player to go each round) but we had reached the wall now... three players and only two to go to the final head to head. The round went quickly and we banked a bit of money and now the voting: Chris turned his board and had picked Leanne; Leanne had picked me and I turned my board over and had picked Leanne. PHEW number 2! The final head to head was here. I had quickly considered whether to go first or second in answering the questions. In true Winmill fashion I applied a little sports psychology to the situation and considered this as a penalty shoot out. Going first meant an advantage (getting the question correct was a pre-requisite!) of putting pressure on the other contestant; by getting the question wrong it would not be disastrous as I would still be applying pressure to the other contestant to get their question right and seize the initiative! Seemed logical!! Going first was really the luckiest decision of the day... my questions were OK (well, they are easy if you know the answers!) and Chris’ were real stinkers. Fortunately I secured a 3-0 lead and then, music blaring, lights changing and Ann saying “Keith, you are the strongest link” and then a quick piece to camera and, in true Pinewood fashion, the director shouting ‘cut’... it was all over!

My feelings from the day as I drove home were many: clearly happiness (perversely shared equally between

not being voted off first and winning the show); enjoyment - meeting a selection of different people from different parts of the country with apparently nothing in common; the spirit of camaraderie - whilst we all laughed when Ann "picked on" someone, this was a laugh of relief and we were all rooting for the poor victim through a sneaky wink or smile of support. And so to Wednesday 1 December and the airing on BBC2. This was a quite surreal experience! I had been avidly watching the shows since appearing and when 5.15 p.m. arrived I sat breathless (as I had been in London that day and the train was late etc. and I arrived home literally minutes before the show came on!) and we watched the show. The extremely minor attention followed at work and home with family and friends ringing up to express surprise etc!

But the answer is "NO" - no, I will not be flying out to the jungle to "get me out of here"; no, I will not be sharing a room in the Big Brother house, no - Matthew, tonight I am not going to be Frank Sinatra. But will I have another go at a quiz show? ... well, as James Bond once said on the adjacent sound stage "Never say Never ..."

Who was this? **Keith Winmill** (1972-79), of course!



### **Old Rendcombian Web Site Guest Book**

Date: 4/12/04, Name: Ben Marshall (1988-92), Location: Shaftesbury, Dorset.

Working as a Chartered Surveyor, married to **Emma** (Thwaites) yes we did get married! One blue eyed baby son called Louis, David (17 months). Recently asked to O.R.'s match and on to Grace & Kirsten Bennett's home in remembrance of Graham (Lenny) who died 10 years ago. Sadly we can't be there but we will be thinking of you and hope to visit soon.

Date: 7/10/04, Name: Lucian Tarnowski (1997-99), Location: Stow-on-the-Wold.

Hi all! Great to finally get in contact. I have moved on somewhat and am now chief ratcatcher to the Queen and HRH The Prince of Wales. A stupid job, you may say, but it pays the bills! And it paid for my tooth filling anyway. Hope to hear from you soon, everyone, especially Johnny Pratt and Philly Gordon-Jones you dainty thing!! I'll love you and leave you - oh Bridget & Robin say hi too!! Bye.

Date: 31/8/04, Name: Elaine Harris (1941-48), Location: Bath.

Hi there I did not attend Rendcomb but my grandfather, Peter Hubert Spencer Harris did, and I am looking for any old class mates. he was born in 1930 so I have guessed the dates. Please if anyone knew him may they contact me. Sadly Peter died in a car crash in 1964.

Date: 9/7/04, Name: Penny Hooley (now Green, 1977-79), Location: Ashford, Kent.

Sorry I could not make the 4th July reunion. Hope it all went well. Am now London based running the University of London pension fund! Happy to hear from anyone who remembers me.

Date: 3/6/04, Name Jay Ouellette (1989-90), Location: Wisconsin, USA.

Hey everyone. Probably no one will remember me, but I came to Rendcomb in 1989 and after one memorable year my family moved back to the USA. I would love to catch up with anyone that might remember me, or that I might remember, so drop me a line if you want. I saw a note on here from a Julian Wilkie. I think you were in my class. Did people call you "Bic Biro"?

Date: 25/5/04, Name Chris Moody (1980-87), Location: Tetbury, Glos.

Discovered this in the latest newsletter which somehow still manages to find me every year ... Great site - could do with a few more pictures from the 80s (or perhaps not). Have recently resettled back "home" in the Cotswolds with my wife Rachel and daughter Hannah (now nearly 2). Working for a marketing agency in central Bath, and battling through the dust of a house extension. Visitors welcome later in the summer when it's finished! I'm in regular(ish) contact with the Brealy bunch at Rendcomb, Iain Whittaker and Simon Reichwald. It would be great to hear from anyone else.

Date: 25/5/04, Name: John Gosden (1947-54). Location: Thailand.

Curious to read messages from people who were here in the 60s and 70s and had negative reactions to the place. Maybe their expectations were different from those of us in the immediate post-war generation under Lee-Browne's benevolent dictatorship! Would be good to hear from more people in the earlier generations (as long as they can still see and read well enough to use a keyboard!)

Date: 21/7/04, Name: Justine Loehry (1983-85), Location: Surrey.

Can't be sure about the dates. Was at Rendcomb with my twin Juliette - she was deputy head, I worked on the bar committee - wow seems a long time ago now. Work in publishing, 2 kiddies Amy & Katie 5 & 3, Juliette now a consultant!! And has a little boy called Max!! Nobody kept in touch, Sophie, Vanessa, Jo, Jane, Fiona ... are you out there??

Date: 20/7/04, Name: Steve Simkin (1979-84), Location: Winchester.

So I hear rumours of a possible 20 year reunion in September. Would love to come along if anyone who will be there remembers me kindly... These days I work as a drama lecturer at University College Winchester (formerly King Alfred's College), occasionally getting research sabbaticals to write books on Renaissance drama, and currently, film. Been married 12 years to Aileen, a GP, and we have two sons, Jamie (8) and Matthew (5). A couple of weeks ago we were in Stratford for the weekend and we drove back via Rendcomb. Memory lane - well, lots of lanes, in fact. Where did all the years go!?!?

#### **David White's Retirement - July 4th 2004**



Claire Germaine (1990-93) spoke as follows:

"I must admit that I had a great deal of trouble working out what to say. What can be said about David that hasn't already been said, either in the Old Rendcombian Newsletter or at David's 'surprise' party a couple of weeks ago?

The overwhelming picture is of a very special man whose sheer energy and enthusiasm permeated the lives of virtually all those he came into contact with. A man whose ability to transfer his love and passion for music to his pupils, can only be described as a gift. I have many fond and amusing memories of David - his sheer horror when, as an innocent and naive first year, Tim Shaw (1990-97) calmly informed him that his previous harpsichord had collapsed in a heap; Roger (Gorman) strolling into chapel 20 minutes late on a Sunday morning, a steaming mug of black coffee in his hand and nursing the usual post-Saturday night hangover; one particular A level lesson when the fore-mentioned Rog asked David in all seriousness 'did we have any recordings of Paganini?'; David jumping up and down when in one of our numerous out of college concerts, he wanted to ensure that the first years could actually see him; his ability to conjure up transport seemingly out of nowhere to spirit us to evensong at Bristol Cathedral; when taking a small choir to sing at Lord Dulverton's funeral and upon meeting Lady Dulverton, David calmly stated to me afterwards (when I pointed out who, in fact, the 'old lady in the car had been'). 'Oh, I thought she was one of the commoners' - I could go on but shall not, except to say that according to various reports of the past 11 years, your driving does NOT seem to have improved.

From a personal point of view, I can only begin to put into words what David has done for me. He recognised in me, a musical talent even before I was aware of it myself and, at the end of my first year here, offered me

the chance to stay at Rendcomb for an extra year to do a music A level. The next 2 years were hard for me and I had to overcome many personal demons to even finish the course. I am quite certain that David despaired of me MANY times! I used to suffer from a serious attack of the nerves before any performance and was, in fact, banned from sick bay for the week preceding the event. David's gentle, kind yet firm belief in me (sometimes with the help of an electric cattle prod) gave me the confidence to perform to the best of my abilities and by the time I had changed from a teaching degree to a straight music degree at university, I was 'quids in' with regards to performing and constructing essays. So David, the dreaded weekly essays certainly were 'the greatest educational process one could go through.'

David's influence is still with me to this day. If it wasn't for the confidence he gave me, I would certainly not have had the courage to stand up here today. I play the piano far more than I ever did at school and university and am firmly ensconced in the world of postgraduate study - historical musicology, to be exact. Thank you for believing in me. In the process of writing this small tribute and talking to Chris (Norman, 1987-94), I remembered reading the first ever interview that David gave as the newly appointed director of music in 1989 - Chris and I found the interview in the September 1989 edition of the *Rendcombian*. There is a picture of David standing next to his beloved mini - whatever happened to that, David? Last time I saw it, it was slowly rusting away next to the sports hall. Chris and I subsequently spent (much to the amusement of his wife Gail) a very happy couple of hours remembering the 'good old days' in the choir and he asked me specifically to say a quick word about the very first time David made his presence known to the unsuspecting pupils of Rendcomb. (If you're sitting comfortably)

There appeared one day, hurtling down the long drive of Rendcomb College, a brightly flowered mini with the logo 'love is all you need' painted in bold letters down the side of the car. It screeched to a halt in front of the main building and out got a man somewhat lacking in height who, with the addition of a goatee beard, was greeted by groups of opened mouthed pupils, who wondered, 'who on earth is this?' They soon found out. To conclude, I would like to refer to the interview of 1989. If we take the various points raised in the interview and what David hoped to achieve in his new job, we can clearly see that these have been achieved ten fold: Bringing a very new and different approach to music in the school, with the emphasis being on enjoyment. To achieve the role of a guide to the student and not merely to be a teacher dictating from the blackboard. His main interest being in group work of whatever sort and with musicians interacting with one another - evident with the various performing groups that have popped up over the years; the string quartet set up for my A level practical, the girls singing group run by Julia Morris.

According to the interview, David wanted to be thought of as a 'gentle eccentric' - do I really need to answer that?! The interviewer concludes by saying, 'It will be an interesting time, no doubt, for Rendcomb with Mr White.' Enough said.

I would therefore like to present you with this gift on behalf of all the O.R.s here today and those who are sadly unable to attend and would like to wish you and Judy a very happy and prosperous retirement in Wales."

### **Thank You**

Dear Old Rendcombians,

Thank you very much for your generosity in giving David the gardening tokens on his retirement. We will add them to those already given at the Old Rectory 'At Home'. We have found a wonderful farm shop and garden centre on the way to where we are going to live, which we have already ascertained, takes them. We will enjoy going round, saying, 'We'll have one of those, and one of those...' etc. Our idea is to buy trees and shrubs for the 'garden' which is at present one third of an acre of mown field, surrounded by mature trees, but David says it won't be done for ten years! (That will keep him busy!)

We have enjoyed our fifteen years at Rendcomb, and thought we'd never find anywhere as beautiful to live, but I think we have! Rendcomb is a really special place but I don't need to tell O.R.s that. David has done his best to keep the spirit of the old Rendcomb alive, and has especially enjoyed his time looking after the Old Rectory. But it is now time to move on, and we are both anticipating our new life with great pleasure. (When the fire alarm went off yesterday evening, and David got up at 6.30 this morning, we were glad it was for the last time!)

David is meaning to make a clean break, although he says that Rendcomb has sports fixtures at Brecon (20 miles south of us) and he intends to go along and cheer on 'his boys' as they go through the school.

It is strange thinking that our lives will no longer be dominated by timetables, alarm clocks and the needs of others etc. I am looking forward to not having to write notes to communicate with David, as, in term time, he never stands still long enough to listen to me! Thank you, again.

Yours sincerely,  
Judy White

## July 4th Reunion 2004 of the 1979 “Leavers”

The Place: Rendcomb College. The time: 12.30 onwards. The cast list?

**David Marshall** (1972-79) and I (“Windy” for all those who remember, but I now go under my adopted name of **Keith Winmill!!** (1972-79)) arrived at 12.00 and entered Saul’s Hall with a little trepidation. Who would come? Would it be a long afternoon just talking to ourselves? Would the weather hold up? Read on for the answers!

We signed the visitors book (well, that’s two of us then!) and then wandered about the ground floor waiting for the a.g.m. to finish. Where had the trusty snooker table gone from Saul’s Hall ... and the piano? Memories of **Rob Stroud** (1971-76) playing the piano with all the gusto of a minor hurricane came flooding back! We finally alighted in the old assembly hall and reminisced over morning assembly, choir practices with Mr Willson and, the highlight of those dark winter nights, the Saturday evening film! And then our group convened ... first **Nige Hall** (1972-79) with young Master Hall in tow, then **Simon Elliott** (1972-79) closely followed by Mr and Mrs **Chris Morshead** (1974-77) and then, with that unmistakable laugh, **Mark Middlemist** (1974-79) completing the initial group. **Colin Hitchcock** (1971-78), although in the year above, made the long journey from Reading as well so that he could record the days events for posterity (as well as adding the details to his excellent “Old Rendcombian’s Web Site”). After a quick bit of socialising we all convened to the dining room for sandwiches and ice cream.

Post lunch, and before we were to convene “up top” (the old phrases never leave you, do they!), **Colin Burden** (staff 1963-97) and **Bill White** (staff 1961-97) joined the group and very kindly agreed to provide a walking tour of the college, which was eagerly accepted.

This really was most informative and eye opening ... so many new buildings and modifications. We were especially glad to see the ‘new’ sports hall as the heavens opened a minor deluge and interrupted our progress.

Just as we returned to the main building Mr and Mrs **John Steed** (1974-79) arrived and joined in our ‘grand tour’ which culminated in the first floor of the main building - another snooker table gone and the dispensary nowhere to be seen!! The headmaster kindly invited us in for a chat and



Mark Middlemist pointed out the place, just outside the headmaster’s room, where he “frequently”, so he told us!!!, stood. A quick photo shoot in the library followed and for those of you brave enough, visit Colin’s site at: [www.rendcombian.freewire.co.uk/Pics12.htm](http://www.rendcombian.freewire.co.uk/Pics12.htm) for the evidence.

We all then retired to the pavilion up top, where **Jane Gunner** (1975-77) had again worked her magic to produce an excellent cricket tea. Further reminiscences followed (the midnight cricket game on the day before we all left??!) and, with the sun beaming down on a splendidly serene and picturesque first XI pitch (was it really



THAT cold in January playing hockey in the icy rain???), a few of us walked (yes, walked!) through the “wildie”, down past Cirencester Lodge to the Bathurst Arms (although sadly, the Stable Bar\* appeared to be out of commission).

A truly enjoyable day, hopefully to be repeated in 2005 at the 85th anniversary dinner!

\*The Bathurst Arms has had a lot of work done opening up all the rooms along the front to provide more tables and restaurant space.

## 20 Years On

**Adam** (1980-82) and **Jennifer Phelps** (née Watson) (1978-80) write:

“On Saturday 4th September a twenty year reunion was held at the Fossebridge Inn. The evening started with drinks by the river at which we were waited on at table by other O.R.s, **Olivia Evans** (1995-2002) and **Jo Hindley** (1999-2001). After dinner games included ridiculous revelations of ‘something nobody knew you did at Rendcomb!’ A great fun evening was had by all.”

## Old Rendcombian News

**Serena Holdsworth** (née Lucas, 1993-95) has exchanged her high-flying career with Reuters in London for the slower pace of life in Tetbury where she makes impressive hats for all occasions.

**Kris Ewing** (1984-86) graduated from UCL in 1990 with an English degree. She then did a variety of jobs until 1995 when she decided that she wanted to be a lawyer. She worked full time for the next four years whilst studying part-time to complete the academic qualifications. She eventually managed to get a training contract and finally qualified in April 2002. Since then she has been working for the Crown Prosecution Service which she likes very much. She started off in Wolverhampton Magistrates Court, but now covers Worcester, Hereford, Kidderminster and Redditch. She says it was a long hard slog to qualify but it was most certainly worth it. She was married for seven years but divorced in 1997. She then met **Nick Webb** (1981-86) via Friends Reunited in December 2002. They were married in June 2004. Nick is currently away rebuilding Iraq, she says.

**Norman Crowe** (1968-75) now lives in Somerset. He and **Teta** (1972-74) have two sons aged 13 and 15 who are at Millfield. Norman has retired from investment banking in the City and does not miss the life! He says 25 years was long enough in that sort of career. They see **Ian Taylor**, **Rob Weston**, (1968-75), **Pete** and **Jacqui Sayers** (née Crowhurst 1974-76), and **Mike Denley** (1968-74) quite regularly - and also **Nick** (1969-74) and **Elaine Roberts** when they visit the U.K.

**Sarah Tucker** (née Sherwood, 1981-83) writes to say that she has been married for 13 years and has two children aged 9 and 7, who are both sport mad and require a constant taxi service at week-ends.

**Niki Seeley** (née Newell, 1985-87) married her husband, Robin, in 1997 and lived in Chatham in North Kent until January 2004 when they moved to Somerset where they are enjoying the change in the pace of life. She would be pleased to get in touch with any O.R.s of her era.

**Geoffrey Bye** (1940-48) writes: "I have not lived full-time in the UK since 1961 and so I am often out of touch with O.R. matters. In recent years my main pipelines for information have been **Doug Payne** (1940-48) and **Ted Jones**, (1940-48) both classmates who were with me at Rendcomb 1940-48. I lost a major part of this connection when Doug died a couple of years back, and Ted now seems to have health problems which may lead me to lose that connection also. I value the newsletter more as my old connections disappear. I visit the O.R. web site from time to time, but unfortunately most of my generation do not seem to have taken to the computer age! I myself get astonished looks when I tell younger family members that when I studied physics for a London U. degree we did not have computers. My high tech device was a slide rule! However, I did become familiar with the world of computers. Those of you interested can visit me on line at [www.geoffbye.com](http://www.geoffbye.com), where you will see that in recent years I have developed interests in painting - particularly geometric abstracts, and have had 2 one-man shows - and in race-walking which is a sport first introduced to me at Rendcomb by a staff member whose name escapes me. (He himself was an athlete, took us for athletics and taught English and/or Latin). I have race-walked in several national events in the U.S.A. and in one international event in Gateshead in 1997. This was a 20k event and I was the penultimate finisher in a field of 74! Don't look for me in the record books! I was saddened to read of the death of several contemporaries in the 30th issue. I spent many happy hours with **John Gilchrist** (1944-51) and **Eric Davis** (1943-50) on the cricket field. In fact Eric was probably keeping wicket in the summer of '48 when I took 6 wickets for very few runs from Cirencester Grammar School. **John James** (staff 1932-69) was one of the umpires, and it was he who persuaded me that left hand leg break bowling was a worthwhile role to play. He was right. Eric and I also played a lot of football together. **Bob Lewis** (1939-46) along with **Frank Dutton** (1936-44) was one of the people who introduced me to jazz, which I have enjoyed ever since.

The list of O.R.s that were able to attend the 60th Reunion mentioned in the 30th issue brought back many memories. There were very few names that I could not put a face to. I wish I had been there. I have lived in the U.S.A. for 31 years now. My emotional ties are there through children and grand-children. My family in the UK is now quite small. Any O.R. would be very welcome at our antique house in Connecticut. Just e-mail me at [gbye@snet.net](mailto:gbye@snet.net). If you don't subscribe to the internet get your grandchild to do it for you!"

**Peter Binks** (1935-41) writes: "As you know I am a member and volunteer on Puffing Bill Steam Railway. This railway is east of Melbourn Victoria, at Belgrave in the foothills of the Dandenong Hills. I have been working there for 21 years. When I was employed, I was there one day a month but now I am retired, I work each Monday. I enclose a list of all my involvements. As the 'meet and greet' person I welcome visitors to our railway and sort out their requirements for the day, before they get to the booking office so I can encourage

people to have a light lunch on the train. It is a very interesting job, as I am meeting people from every country of the world. Anyway, at the a.g.m. on Sunday 14th November 2004 I was awarded a certificate of appreciation by the Puffing Billy Preservation Society. The certificate says 'In grateful recognition of many years involvement in refreshment services and in customer relations roles, particularly promoting the 'Luncheon Special' trains.'

I always look forward to receiving the magazine from Rendcomb. My collection of magazines goes back to February 1943: page 8 'P. Binks is in the Home Guard'. I wonder what all those people on pages 8 and 9 are doing now.

I was invited to a civic reception by our city of Maroondah council on 17th November 2004. The invitation stated 'In appreciation of the outstanding contribution by our volunteers to the Maroondah Community during 2004.' My contribution was, and still is, in looking after a BMX track in my local park. The council set it up and I talk to the boys who use it. I advise my contact in the council of any problems. In the evening I go for a walk through this park so I can easily 'keep an eye' on their activities. The boys bring their spades to change the jumps. Young boys have now grown up and have got jobs and they still come back to the jumps after work. They all know me."

**Paul Sumsion** (1985-92) was ordained on July 4th 2004. He is now a curate in Bury, Manchester.

**Laura Donovan** (1991-99) was featured in an article in the Independent in June 2004 about a programme called Teach First which puts the best graduates straight into London classrooms. The scheme has won over sceptics after only one year. Laura was visited teaching a class of 15 year olds at Crown Woods School in Eltham, south London. It was a G.C.S.E. class in applied business - Laura graduated in Business Management at Newcastle University. Teach First attracted her because of the change to become a qualified teacher while getting business and training opportunities. Her head of department spoke enthusiastically of Laura's ability - 'She is brilliant. I have to keep pinching myself to remind myself that she is new to teaching. She is so organised.' Laura says she enjoys teaching, but does not yet know if she will stay. She was doing an internship with Oxfam in the summer.

**Matthew Cragoe** (1972-77) is professor of modern history at the University of Hertfordshire and head of the history department. He has published another book this year: *Culture, Politics and National Identity in Wales 1832-86* (OUP)

**Eleanor Rowsell** (née Rowe, 1984-86) is a clinical psychologist working with children and families in Aylesbury. She completed her clinical psychology doctorate at Birmingham in 1998 when she got married. She has a four year old daughter, Izzy.

**Desmond Painter** (1943-52) writes to say that he met **Peter Gerrard** (1947-52) at a Cambridge reunion and he kindly lent him some recent issues of the newsletter. He was sorry not to have known about the 60th reunion last year, and also to learn of the death of his old friend **John Gilchrist**. However he is glad to know that so many of his contemporaries at Rendcomb are still in the land of the living! He would always be glad to hear from any who remember him from so long ago!

**Robert Laan** (1966-69) writes to say that he is currently working in the north of Norway. He is cost controlling the construction of a large LNG plant. He says it is dark (the sun went down in November and returns at the end of January), very windy but not too cold - yet! The Gulf Stream helps.

**Ian Underdown** (1970-75) writes from Canada: "I continue to head up Datalog. We continue to prosper and have expanded into a few more countries; so that gives me a vested reason to read the international section of the newspapers. I am spending most winters sailing somewhere warm. Last winter Joann and I sailed round the Bahamas and this winter we are looking forward to sailing round Cuba."

**Steve Jackson** (staff 1970-76) retired last summer from Bowood School where he had been headmaster since leaving Rendcomb. He says he now teaches science three days per week and is 'chair' of the governors of a special needs school.

**Wendy Musto** (staff 1987-96) continues to work with a small Christian community at Gex in eastern France. In the short time that she has been there, she has found the community amazingly welcoming and is deeply involved in its life, services, its needs for teaching and its evangelism. The church has 40-50 people meeting on a Sunday, many coming from far away and about a third are of African origin.



On T.V. **Keith Winmill** (1972-79) took part in *The Weakest Link*. **Oliver Medill** (1976-83) appeared in *Heartbeat* and **Nigel Meakin** (1956-63) was the photographer in Michael Palin's *Himalaya* series.

**David Hammond** (1975-80) is back competing in motorcycle racing two years after his crash in the Paris-Dakar race in which, after a 20 foot drop from a sand dune, he was left paralysed, suffering from a crushed vertebrae, broken collar bone and dislocated shoulder. After several operations he has made an amazing recovery and has finished his first competitive season, winning the 250 cc pre 75 British Grasstrack Championship and finishing in the top three places in some other races. David jointly runs Peter Hammond Motorcycles in Cirencester with his sister.

**Alastair Ross** (1965-69) has resumed contact after many years. He is teaching in a secondary school in West Yorkshire.

**Chris Scarth** (1991-98), with his business partner David Francis, has developed and upgraded software used by teachers to carry out their statutory pupil marking and assessments. After setting up their company, Prime Principle, they received a £10,000 SMART grant and have recently won the Nottingham City Council ICT Challenge Award for their IT package 'Classroom Monitor'. The software covers assessment and reporting for the foundation stage in nursery schools and reception classes as well as key stages one and two and is used in schools nationwide. Chris travels widely installing the package and giving demonstrations.

**Annabel Howard** (1994-98) sent an e-mail: 'After graduating from Imperial College I went travelling for a year. After that I did an MSc in biology and control of disease vectors at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine (basically studying mosquitoes etc). I went to Tanzania for my thesis and lived in the foothills of Mt. Kilimanjaro for 7 weeks. I got the only distinction of my class and have got a job doing primary malaria research out in Kenya, near to Lake Victoria. I fly out in a few weeks. The job is for 3 months to start off with, but we're going to discuss PhD options when I'm over there.'

**David Roper** (1996-2003) who appears in the congratulations section was also second in a 9 mile road race at Stratford in the open class. His time was 48 mins 20 seconds which bodes well for the defence of his European title in May 2005 in Hungary. He is also entered for the world championships which take place in Newcastle, Australia in September 2005.

### **News From Phuket**

Jane Gunner e-mailed **John Gosden** (1947-54) and he replied as follows:

'Thank you for your concern. We are all well, and unaffected by the tsunami. In fact, we did not even know there had been an earthquake, despite the apparent severity. Pin and I were downstairs and felt nothing, and Nick, who was upstairs said he thought a heavy lorry must have been passing and caused a slight tremor. It was only when the reports started to come in and the sound of emergency service sirens filled the air that we realised there was anything amiss. Phuket is, to a large extent, protected from tsunamis by its topography. There is a 500 metre ridge of hills running north-south down the island, and the land rises quite steeply from both coasts to this point. The east coast of the island is mostly mangroves and mud-flats with a few fishing villages, but the west coast, where the tsunami hit, is where all the sandy beaches and tourist resorts are. (We are at the foot of the hills on the east side). Although the waves did not reach more than a few hundred metres inland from the beach, they caused a lot of damage in that strip in the resorts of Kata, Karon, Patong, Kamala and right up to the airport in the north-west of the island (the airport was closed due to flooding for a few hours). Many tourists were on the beach at that time, and the total loss of life is not yet known. Of the two bridges linking Phuket with the mainland, the older, lower one was flooded and closed (I don't know if it suffered structural damage or not, and traffic on and off the island, as well as movement within the island, was restricted to allow free movement for the emergency services). Elsewhere in the region the damage and loss of life were more severe. The resort islands of Phi Phi Don and Phi Phi Lek lie in the middle of Phang Nga bay, half way between the east coast of Phuket and the west coast of the mainland, and, as they are relatively low lying, had a lot of damage and loss of life, as did some of the small resorts on the west coast of the mainland north of Phuket. People are still waiting to see if there will be more to come from the after shocks, but so far all seems quiet. Thailand has not suffered as great a loss in numbers as Sri Lanka, India or Indonesia, but nearly all the places hit were major holiday resorts, nearly at their peak, which is why it received so much publicity. A little village on the mainland coast north of Phuket, Khao Luk was only really developed as a tourist resort in the last year or so. Yesterday it was reported that 1000 bodies have already been found, and more than 4000 are listed as missing. One of the local hospitals had injured survivors from 22 countries. Every

few minutes the 'phone rings with another person telling of a lost one. And the King's grandson was one of those killed at Khao Luk. The temples are full of homeless people, and everyone is rallying round with food, clothing and water, as well as cash donations. However, pretty well all the damage on Phuket island has now been repaired, and most hotels are open for business as usual. The economics minister said that this will have little effect on Thailand's economy, but as tourism is Phuket's major source of income, it is likely to be fairly drastic. Although many of the survivors seem happy to stay on and complete their holidays, people who have not yet arrived are cancelling in droves, and hotels which should be near 100% full are running at 10-20%. We spent much of yesterday exploring the east coast of the island (the side away from the thrust of the tsunami). This is my favourite part of Phuket, still largely undeveloped and with a very natural beauty. One of the best places is a bay with a long cape on its northern side. The road runs just above the narrow beach, where there are some longtail boats used for fishing, and a wooden pier. From the road the jungle covered hill rises steeply, with a few (almost entirely Muslim) communities clustered along the roadside. The sea views from the hill are spectacular, the bay and distant sea speckled with islands large and small, kites circling above and swallows skimming the sea. Even here they have not completely escaped the effects.

Some of the boats were driven up to the roadside and smashed against the curb. For communities that depend largely on fishing for both subsistence and cash income, this represents considerable hardship. I trust you are 'enjoying' the winter! Any chance of you taking a sunny holiday here? We only have tsunamis once every hundred years or so!

I also wanted to comment on the references to the mysterious railway, in the last three issues. I seem to remember that, on walks to Chedworth Villa (or Chedworth aerodrome for the speed trials) on Sunday afternoons, we would pass what appeared to be a railway cutting, but I am fairly sure that even in my time, 1947-54, long before Beeching - there was no activity. Those of us who came to school by train got no further than Kemble Junction (having changed at Swindon if coming from London) where we were met by transport hired by the school. Had there been any railway nearer, I feel we would have used it. I am pleased to see that other O.R.s remember DWLB with the same affectionate respect as I do - there seems to have been a bit of an anti-DWLB movement in his later years.'

### **Another Rendcomb Railway?**

**Frank Dutton** (1936-44) writes:

During my Rendcomb time, 1936-44, a considerable part of the Stable Block complex was disused, and sections of it still remained as they must have been since their construction in the 1860s. Adjoining the general laboratory was a set of original horse stables, complete with separate wooden-walled stalls, cast-iron hoppers and cobbled flooring. One of these stalls contained a most unlikely item - a miniature railway locomotive, complete with tender. It was no toy, but a small-size working machine.

Now my memory has to span sixty-odd years and therefore may be vague and inaccurate in places, but I must attempt to provide a general description. The locomotive was probably up to four feet long, with the tender comprising another two feet, and the wheel gauge may have been about 12 inches. There was no covered driver's cab as we knew it, merely a small vertical windshield and the driving controls were all in place - levers, gauges, water taps and so on, all beautifully miniaturised. I'm unable to recall the wheel layout, but seem to remember that there were no external pistons or coupling rods.

I think the general finish may have been in Great Western colours: dark green with gold lining. The entire machine appeared to be in sound order with no apparent signs of damage, apart from a layer of dust and the dulling over time of the exposed brass work and paintwork. I was intrigued by this unusual item, and often wondered if any of the senior boys had considered working on it to improve its condition or perhaps to get it running again. A major obstacle would have been the absence of a rail track on which testing could have taken place. There is, of course, no evidence of a rail system to be seen, nor was there even in the 1930s. The overriding question must be - where did the locomotive come from? Had it been donated by an elderly well-wisher to spur on the boys' latent engineering interests? Or had it perhaps been a relic from an earlier Rendcomb era? The locomotive's general design, and particularly the absence of a driver's cab, would place it in the mid-Victorian era, at the same period as the mansions' construction. Could the self-important Sir Francis Goldsmid have owned his own private miniature railway and scored a seriously large number of house points by taking his influential visitors chugging round the grounds? Further information seems to be needed. For example, what happened to the locomotive? Is it still lurking beneath a tarpaulin in some disused corner, or was it perhaps donated to a museum or miniature railway? Who knows anything more about this mystery machine?

### **Afterthoughts**

I clearly recall seeing the locomotive in the stables on a number of occasions during the 1937-40 period, but omitted to check on it during my later Rendcomb years, 1941-44. However, I recently noted a photograph on

page 122 of the history (vol. 1) which showed the stable courtyard containing a mass of builder's rubbish adjoining the old horse stables. This was taken during the stables' conversion to an additional laboratory, and was dated 1953. The locomotive must have been removed before this builders' work commenced. But to where...?

### At Rendcomb

The following O.R.s have children at Rendcomb:

Jane Gunner (née Watson) (1975-77)	Simon Hardie (1984-91)
Gerry & Liese Holden (staff 1999-)	Charles Hutton-Potts (1976-83)
Lindsey & Barbara North (staff 1996-)	Alex Brealy (1982-87)
Mark Wilcox (1973-80)	Nicola Gill (staff 1994-)
Martin & Lynne Watson (staff 2003-)	Martin Graham (staff 1985-)
Anne Haas (staff 2001-)	Charles Jefferson (staff 2001-)
Cath Forshaw (staff 2001-)	Mike & Anne Slark (staff 1992-)
Paul Jennings & Maureen Dancer (staff 2001-)	James & Jane Stutchbury (staff 1993-)

Steve Hicks (1969-76) & Tessa Hicks (née Wolferstan, 1974-76)

Adam Phelps (1980-82) & Jenny Phelps (née Watson, 1978-80)

**Colin Hitchcock** (1971-78) has been presented with a framed print of the school in recognition of the work he has put in to the much used and well received O.R. website.

### John Webb 50 Not Out A Rendcomb Journey 1955-2005

John Webb, now living in Northleach, arrived at Rendcomb College aged 9 in September 1954, one of 91 boarding boys. In January 1955 John played his first game of hockey for the school and his association with the college has continued to the present day. Having played throughout his school and university career, obtaining county and national honours on the way, he has continued to the present day and he has been a regular attendee at Old Rendcombian hockey events. To mark 50 years of association with the college, on a blustery January afternoon, John returned once more as a member of the Cheltenham Wednesday XI to play a match against the college 1st XI. It was an exciting match with the Rendcomb boys taking an early 2-0 lead, however, John's team settled into their game and the final result was a 6-2 victory to the visitors. This victory was followed by a champagne reception and a traditional match tea of sausage, chips and beans, which was very welcome! John was presented with the match ball by the captain of the college 1st XI, Geoff Hulbert. John speaks of his time at Rendcomb as "small delights, happy memories and much gratitude."



*Liese Holden*

### David Essenhigh

David came to Rendcomb from Marlborough College, where he had been assistant groundsman, in 1968 to be cricket coach and sports field groundsman. During the past 37 years most O.R.s have benefited from his expertise at cricket or hockey and have been inspired by his enthusiasm for sport. The list of Rendcombians who have taken part in county (or higher) trials in cricket is a witness to his dedicated and skilful coaching, but he was equally successful when taking junior teams because of his marked ability to communicate with pupils of all ages. His own standing as a cricketer meant that he established many connections in Gloucestershire and led to his successful Junior Cricket Academy. Everyone who has been coached by David will, I am sure, wish to acknowledge a deep sense of gratitude to him. David and Joan have been very much involved in the life of the college; in recent years they have been boarding house tutors as well. They have also played an active part in the village: David was on the P.C.C. of St. Peter's Church and was a sidesman. They will both be missed at Rendcomb. All O.R.s will want to join in wishing David and Joan a long and happy retirement at Yanworth.

A tribute to Joan appeared in the 2003 edition.

W.J.D. W.

From **David** (1977-84) **Robin** (1974-81)  
and **Mark Webb** (1972-79)

During my time at Rendcomb David Essenhigh seemed to be a permanent feature of the landscape, his name as much a part of the local lingo as words like 'kennel bottom', 'the wildy' and 'up top'. Occasionally he could be spotted around the main school buildings, such as when he was mowing the grass in front of the school or when he attended events like the Christmas party. Sometimes on a Sunday afternoon, walking in the park, I would see him around his splendidly isolated home. But for the most part he was to be found up top, in fact I can't recall being up there without seeing him. In my first few years at Rendcomb I used to be quietly pleased that he would always acknowledge me, and I can remember looking in the Standard to see how many runs he had scored or wickets he had taken for Cirencester each weekend. But I got to know him better when I started playing cricket for the 1st XI. David was always an enthusiast, ready to find something to praise in the boys he coached, and able to pass on more technical information when it was appropriate. I suppose my impression of him was as someone with a natural warmth, who wore his own cricketing accomplishments lightly but whose depth of knowledge was never in doubt. He took a very different approach from the archetype of the games teacher who likes to show off his own abilities. David's interest seemed to be much more in developing the abilities of those he coached.

Not that he was short of an opinion. The non-striking batsman would usually get the benefit of umpire Essenhigh's views of the opposing bowlers, and the match situation. When I started captaining the 1st XI I soon learnt that I would not have to reach my decisions alone; I could be sure of a steady flow of softly spoken advice from the supposedly impartial umpire. Not that I would want to question the integrity of David's umpiring. In fact there were occasions, when he sent me on my way back to the pavilion, that I wished he would not take his responsibilities so seriously.

Before writing this I spoke to my cricketing brothers, Mark and Robin. Mark commented that it was 33 years ago that he started at Rendcomb, so either David was very young then, or he is very ancient now. Once David knew that Mark could drive a tractor he secured Mark's services in PW, mowing the pitches, and started calling Mark 'Webby', as he went on to call Robin, then me. Mark also pointed out that David consistently produced good pitches for all sports, particularly cricket, which encouraged everyone to play properly, and which attracted the Gloucestershire 2nd XI. David's contacts with Gloucestershire added a touch of glamour for cricket fans like us Webb boys. Mark remembered playing for the 1st XI against one of the Cheltenham schools. David tipped them off not to bowl half-volleys at the captain as he batted No. 3 for Glos. schools and was the best driver of a cricket ball in the county. Unfortunately this advice did not come



until the tea break, after the lad had hit the Rendcomb bowlers all over Cheltenham.

The teams I played in enjoyed a fair amount of success, for which much credit must go to David, but in retrospect I think perhaps his most significant achievement as a coach was to demonstrate the proper balance between playing sports both seriously and for pleasure. We wanted to win, but we wanted to enjoy ourselves at the same time, which was a valuable gift that David gave us and which, I suspect, he gave to many more during his long years at Rendcomb.

From **Richard Deacon** (1976-83)

When I think of Rendcomb I think of 'Up Top' and when I think of 'Up Top' I know I am entering 'Davy' Essenhigh's Kingdom, a place where many sporting dreams could and still can be realised.

David's contribution to Rendcomb sport has been simply immense. The preparation of the sports pitches from stony beginnings has always been excellent throughout David's time at Rendcomb. The standard of the pitches whether they be hockey, cricket or rugby are a great testament to David's dedication, commitment and sheer hard work. David's passion for cricket is acknowledged by all those of us fortunate enough to play for him. He is an excellent coach who has always been able to nurture natural talent through sensible coaching and good humour! Importantly, David, through his professional experience, taught us how to win and how to avoid defeat. Fortunately for us defeat only occurred on one occasion between 1981-1983 when the likes of Ian Bishop, Guy Healey, Giles Brealy and the Webbs struck fear into every team we played. Many players have gone on to play representative cricket for Gloucestershire and at the very least have achieved a good standard of club cricket. Sport and cricket in particular will miss David's massive contribution. He will be greatly missed by everyone at Rendcomb.

## O.R. Sport

CRICKET - Sunday 4th July 2004

The scene was set for a close game: 'iffy' weather and a short boundary on the arable field side. **Chris Jarrett** (88-93) won the toss and elected to field. The first wicket stand was of 28 between **Charlie Webb** (90-97) and **Chris Scarth** (91-98) (hit wicket with a flamboyant 'leave' of a wide delivery) and got **Charles Hutton-Potts'** (76-83) XI off to a reasonable start. The next wicket fell at 102 with **Charlie Webb** dismissed by **Edd Kiggins** steaming in from the pavilion end, 4 short of his half century. He was quickly followed by **Adam Phelps** (80-82) (2) who was trapped l.b.w. by **Edd**. **Charles Hutton-Potts** looked happy going into lunch at 104 for 3 off 22 overs, especially as his batsmen had survived an over from the maestro himself, Davy Essenhigh. The promising start was not really capitalised on as the middle order gave little resistance, the highlight being the sight of **Charles Hutton-Potts** majestically cutting **Edd Kiggins** for three consecutive fours. That said, **Sam Maylott** (91-98) took it upon himself to continue where he had left off the previous day (66 n.o. apparently). This time he went three better before being caught by **Ian Thompson** off **Edd Kiggins**. **Chas Holliday** (91-98) certainly put bat to ball with a rapid six and a four and **Nick Holt** (91-96) joined the fray late on (he had only come to watch) with an imperious four. So, **Charles Hutton-Potts'** XI ended their innings at 204 which certainly looked like enough. **William Witchell** (94-00) had other ideas as he set out to take on **Ash Taylor** (91-98) and others from the pavilion end and exploit the short leg-side boundary. Eight sixes and as many balls later (the farmer will get more than he bargained for in his harvest from that field) and the score had galloped on to 120 off just 15 overs with the loss of only 2 wickets. Up stepped **Ian Thompson** to join **Will** and the two kept on at the same pace until **Will Witchell** was trapped l.b.w. by the masterful bowling of **Charles H-P**, two short of his century. Things were kept flowing to a certain extent by **Ian** but the run rate slowed up significantly due to the bowling of **Chas Holliday** (2 for 31 off 6), **Charles H-P** (4 for 54 off 11), **Ash Taylor** (1 for 52 off 5), **Alex Brealy** (82-87) (1 for 22 off 8) and **Matt Hall** (90-97) (1 for 14 off 1). Eventually **Ian** was dismissed for 50, caught by **Alex Brealy** at deep backward square leg, the catch even receiving applause from the victim.

So it all came down to 'the wire' with **Chris Jarrett's** XI needing 15 runs with the final pair of **Pat Boydell** and **Richard Witchell** (89-96) at the crease. The ball was hit in the air and fell just short of the fielders on a couple of occasions. **Sam Maylott** putting down a half chance as **Pat Boydell** hit a missile at him (another full toss from **Brealy!**) at 'close in cover'. Eventually with the scores tied **Richard Witchell** opened up his shoulders and miss-hit the ball into 'cow-corner', just clearing **Chas Holliday** for four. Cricket and camaraderie won the day and it was all great fun, with excitement thrown into boot as well as a running commentary from **Sam Maylott** - God Bless you! Look forward to seeing you all again next season.

Thanks must also go to **Hannah Nichols** (93-98) and **Tim Shaw** (90-97) for scoring; **Harvey Davies**, (93-98) **Phil Webb**, (92-99) **Mike Slark** and **Davy Essenhigh** for umpiring.

Hutton-Potts XI: 204 all out (S Maylott 69, C Webb 46, E Kiggins 2 for 47 off 9, C Jarrett 2 for 17 off 5, R Witchell 3 for 16 off 3).

Chris Jarrett XI: 208 (W Witchell 98, I Thompson 50, P Boydell 19 n.o., C Hutton-Potts 4 for 54 off 1, C Holliday 2 for 31 off 6)

### **Chris' team**

Chris Jarrett  
Pay Boydell  
Stephen Jones  
Ian Thompson  
Adam Beales  
Will Witchell  
Richard Witchell  
Ryosuke Murahashi  
Francis Barton  
Edd Kiggins

### **Charles' team**

Charles Hutton-Potts  
Adam Phelps  
Alex Brealy  
Nick Holt  
Sam Maylott  
Ashley Taylor  
Chas Holliday  
Chris Scarth  
Charlie Webb  
Matt Hall

Result: Jarrett XI won by one wicket

## RUGBY - 2004

### **Steve's side**

Steve Jones  
John Morgan  
Charles Yardley  
Patrick Boydell  
Nick Carmichael  
Craig Marcham  
Freddie Ingham  
Mark Wilks  
Francis Barton  
Adam Beales

### **Charles' side**

Charles Hutton-Potts  
Matthew Harbottle  
Matthew Hutchins  
Ralph Aspin  
Hugh Costelloe  
David Roper  
Adam Phelps  
James de Lisle Wells  
Ian Thompson  
Richard Witchell

Charles' side won 54-19

Dear All,

Over recent years the number of Old Rendcombians returning to play the annual rugby, hockey and cricket fixtures has been falling. To attempt to address this we have now changed the structure, particularly for the rugby reunion, that will hopefully encourage more of you to attend on a regular basis.

The Old Rendcombian sports fixtures provide a fantastic opportunity to play these sports with your former team mates and relive past glories on the sports fields of Rendcomb. It would be very unfortunate if these fixtures did not continue into the foreseeable future.

### Rugby

With an ORs XV unable to play the school 1st XV due to safety restrictions (whose safety we're not sure) the ORs match has become increasingly separate from the school season. In order to build stronger links between the school and the ORs and to increase support and participation in the match, we have moved the ORs rugby game to the same day as the school 1st XV's last home game. For 2005 this is on Saturday 3rd December. The ORs match will take place at 12.30 as a warm-up for the last game of the school team. It is hoped that the school will be encouraged to watch the OR match (and maybe learn a thing or two). Following the game, lunch and a bar will be provided in the pavilion. The school match will kick off at 2.30 and the OR players and non-players alike may wish to offer their support for the school 1st XV over some food and a drink. This will provide a great opportunity for the school to have a big crowd behind them. Post match sausage, chips and beans will be provided for all after the matches. With the match now taking place on the Saturday, we imagine a number of people will take the opportunity to have a few drinks with their team mates and old friends in Cirencester later on that evening rather than needing to head home, as used to be the case, on Sunday.

### Hockey

Hockey will continue to take place on the last Sunday of the school spring term. For 2006 this will be on Sunday 19th March. We hope that the enthusiasm generated from the rugby will continue for the hockey and enable the ORs to field up to 3 men's teams and a ladies team, as we have historically been able to do.

### Cricket

The cricket fixture will also continue to take place on the last Sunday of the school summer term. For those not familiar with the current format it is an OR v OR match played in good spirits. This year's fixture is on Saturday 2nd July. This will be followed by an 85th anniversary dinner.

All the fixtures are played in a competitive but friendly manner and are enjoyed by all that make the trip. We hope that those who represented the OR teams in the past and the recent leavers who have yet to play for an ORs team, make the effort this year to come down with some of their friends from Rendcomb. All ORs are also always encouraged to come and support the ORs at each match.

In order that we know who can make each event, please can you ensure that the OR society has your most recent contact details including e-mail address where possible. Do please let us know if you wish to participate in future events. We look forward to seeing you. NOTE new web address: [www.rendcombian.org.uk](http://www.rendcombian.org.uk)

*Steve Jones*

## College News

**Mike** and **Anne Slark** have now handed Park House over to newcomers **Hugh** and **Rosalind Marsden** who bring experience from Rougemont and Monmouth. Mike has taken on the expanding role of director of sport. **David White's** retirement left several holes to fill. **Andrew Gunning** takes on the music department, having taught at Kimbolton, and **Alex** and **Amanda Brealy** have become houseparents in the Old Rectory. **Naomi Gibbons** is doing her PGCE at Farmor's and has been replaced by **Penny Clements**. Among new staff in the junior school is **Julia Lee-Browne** and, yes, she is related to Rendcomb's second headmaster! **James Stutchbury** visited Lords Meade College in Uganda and in the Michaelmas term Lucy Kibirige, Lord Meade's deputy head visited Rendcomb and other schools in England. The story of her life is humbling and her assemblies were inspirational. In her farewell assembly she had everyone singing unaccompanied. Whilst at Rendcomb she met up with **Geoff Smith** (1960-67) who is a family friend of the founder of Lords Meade College. The junior school now has a bright and functional art room on the top deck of the original study block and the senior art room has been renovated successfully. In December the drama & music departments joined forces to put on a production of "Les Miserables". Seats sold out within days and no-one was disappointed. It was a truly exceptional performance by Rendcomb pupils. Rendcomb benefits from having two GAP students, one from Australia and one from New Zealand. They help with teaching duties and Duke of Edinburgh expeditions amongst many other jobs.

CJW

## Destination of 2004 6A Leavers

John Adler	Warwick University	Civil Engineering
Alexandra Andersson	Leeds University	International Relations
Michael Arkle	Birmingham College of Food Tourism & Creative Studies	Hospitality Business Management
Ralph Aspin	Bournemouth University	Leisure Marketing
Alice Barefoot	Surrey University	International Hospitality Management
Christopher Barefoot	Oxford Brookes University	Automotive Engineering
Meg Barne	Applying to Medical School	
Richard Burden	Bristol University	Chemistry
Laura Burley	Keele University	Human Geography and Human Resource Management
Sin Yee Cheung	Nottingham University	Pharmacy
Hing Yee Chung	Nottingham University	Art History
Nicholas Clements	Nottingham University	Architecture
Sarah Colson	Oxford Brookes University	History of Art
Thomas Davies	Manchester University	Biochemistry with Industrial Experience
Romilly Evans	Exeter University	French and Spanish
Jade Finn	St Andrew's University	English
Christopher Jeffreys	Edinburgh University	Sport & Recreation Management
Edward Kiggins	Loughborough University	Drama with English
Harriet Kingsford	University of West of Eng- land, Bristol	Marketing
Simon Kwock	Warwick University	Maths, Operations Research, Statistics & Economics
Thomas Lait*	University of West of England, Bristol	Sports Conditioning and Coaching
Caroline Lay	College of St Mark & St John	General Primary
Amanda Lomax	Gap Year	
Siyi Meng	Loughborough University	Economics
Sarah Rudderham	Exeter University	English with Film Studies

\* 2003 6A Leaver