

THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE



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"The very dead of winter" — I

COLLEGE OFFICERS

Senior Prefect—N. H. Wapshott

Prefects and Group Leaders—N. A. Johnson;
P. B. Jones; D. A. Tyler; A. J. C. Walker;
K. D. Warren

Public Workman—R. G. Pyecroft

Church Ushers—P. B. Jones; O. G. Rhys

Librarians—D. A. Tyler; N. R. H. Evans;
H. Moore; A. J. Stafford; C. J. Wood;
R. Roberts

Music Librarians — M. Garland-Collins;
B. Robertson; C. Probert

Bell-ringers—A. J. C. Walker (Tower Captain);
N. A. Johnson; R. Millard; A. T. W.
Patrick; K. Warren; A. Thompson; J. D.
Williams; M. Brown; M. Fisher; J. Smith;
D. Pearce; P. Walton.

'Stage Managers—A. Patrick; D. J. Simmons

Stagemen—R. A. Law; W. M. F. Nesham;
I. R. Niel; C. H. Moore; A. Wookey

Paperman—M. Fisher

Editors—A. J. C. Walker; O. G. Rhys;
N. O. Thomas

MEETING OFFICERS

Chairman—W. F. M. Nesham

Secretary—B. L. M. Smith

Games Captain—J. M. Gray

Games Committee—J. M. Gray; N. A. Johnson;
R. A. Law; A. J. C. Walker

Games Secretary—N. A. Johnson

Council—H. Thompson; P. B. Jones; A. J. C.
Walker; W. F. M. Nesham; N. A. Johnson

Nominations Committee—A. T. W. Patrick;
N. A. Johnson

Meeting Advisory Committee—P. B. Jones;
A. T. W. Patrick; D. A. Tyler

Meeting Banker—D. A. Tyler

Shop Banker—D. J. Simmons

Boys' Banker—N. R. Moot

Senior Shopman—A. T. W. Patrick

Entertainments Committee—R. A. Law; N. L.
Hillier; R. Morris; D. Barling; R. Fry

Breakages Man—D. S. Walker

Junior Advocate—I. R. Neil

Meeting Editor—W. F. M. Nesham

Rugby Captain—O. G. Rhys

Cricket Secretary—R. A. Law

MISCELLANEA

WE have been pleased to welcome Mrs. M. Mezo as our new Domestic Bursar and hope that her stay with us will be a happy one.

Performances of Handel's *Messiah* and Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion* were given at the end of term. Reviews of these are included in this issue.

* * *

Hectic building activity continues: the two Squash courts are nearing completion and the new Cricket pavilion is also now well under way.

* * *

A dance was held at the College on 14th March.

* * *

A Judo grading took place on 12th March.

* * *

A number of Climbing expeditions again took place at week-ends this term, and some films on the subject were shown on 5th March.

* * *

A new radical magazine, *Foot*, run mainly by members of VIb, was born early in March. We hope that it will flourish and that its initial profits of 6 shillings will soar.

* * *

Lectures were given on Mountaineering (10th January) and on Ceylon (7th February).

* * *

Three members of the Upper VI visited the House of Commons on 5th March for Question Time and part of the debate on Defence.

Films shown this term were: *Grand Prix*; *Till Death us do Part*; *Guns for San Sebastian*; *Three Bites of the Apple*; *The Liquidator*.

* * ✂

We are grateful to Mrs. Fell and to Mr. Wapshott for gifts of clothes for the Acting Cupboard.

* * ✂

The photos for this issue were contributed by Richard Rolt and Angus Robertson. Line drawings are by David Toresen and Noel Willford.

* * ✂

We acknowledge receipt of *The Gresham Magazine*, *The Decanian* and *The Wycliffe Star* and apologise for any omissions.

MEETING NOTES

THE Meeting continued this term in its light-hearted but relevant vein. The first business of the term was a discussion concerning the extremely significant subject of lavatories and hygiene. Once again the Meeting changed its newsagent. The Meeting also brought some more records this term.

The School Meal committee was reinstated, and this has been a successful move on the Meeting's part. We also bade farewell to Mrs. Sparks and thanked her for her services in the Linen Room. The Meeting also doubled its contribution to buying books for the library from £5 to Do.

In the final Meeting of term a Squash Warden was elected and we now look forward to the able and, we hope, benign chairmanship of Neil Johnson.

W.N.

SCIENCE SOCIETY

THIS term there has been continued activity. There have been a number of films shown, some of the more interesting ones being:

Radio Isotopes in Medical Diagnosis; Inside Harwell; Eye for Isotopes.

The highlight of the term was a visit to the Atomic Energy Research Establishments at Harwell on the 7th March. It was very interesting and a thoroughly worthwhile experience and was enjoyed by all.

Some members of the IV form have taken part in extra-curricular practical work this term.

We thank Mr. Kelsey for his continued encouragement.

A.T.P.

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH" (Sunday, 15th March, 1970)

RENDCOMB Church was filled to capacity for the performance of Handel's *Messiah* on 15th March, given by the College choir and a visiting orchestra. Of the five soloists four were visitors for the evening and the solo treble part was sung by Michael James, of Form II.

From the first chorus, *And the Glory of the Lord*, it was obvious that the choir had put in a great deal of work this term under the able teaching of Mr. John Willson, our Director of Music. The performance was surprisingly polished and well-balanced for a school choir, and the range in volume quite impressive from the forty-five voices. The integration of choral items with aria and recitative was attractively achieved by the use of spinet and organ as *continuo*, the standard practice in Handel's day.

The whole ran to more than two and a half hours and included nearly all the well-known arias, recitatives and choral pieces. A measure of the quality of the performance is given by the fact that the attention of the audience was held throughout, to the final bars of *Worthy the lamb that was slain* and the impressive, if somewhat protracted, *Amen*.

The five soloists gave of their best. They included a counter-tenor, Mr. Andrew Giles, for some of the alto solos, a practice recommended on a number of occasions by Handel himself. Likewise some of the soprano work was taken by the mezzo-soprano, Miss Janet Flavell, and the rest by Michael James.

Michael has a strong, clear voice and one of considerable range, as was demonstrated by his commendable rendering of *I know that my Redeemer Liveth*, by no means easy to sing. His performance was quite outstanding for one so young.

Messrs. Colin Tamblyn and Graham Hewitt sang respectively the tenor and bass solo parts. Their high quality performances contributed in no small way to the enjoyment

of the evening. Mr. Hewitt's rendering of *The Trumpet Shall Sound* was really impressive, and all the more so on account of the exciting trumpet *obbligato*, so well played by Mr. Leslie Burgess.

In some ways the orchestra had the most difficult task, for to play as a unit after only one rehearsal can never be easy. We are most grateful to all these ladies and gentlemen, to the soloists and to Mr. Hugh Stalker, the organist, for coming to Rendcomb to take part in our performance of *Messiah*.

For one used to the massive north-country choirs of Manchester and Huddersfield, it was a delightful experience to listen to this most famous of oratorios performed by a small choir and orchestra more in the style of Handel's day. The orchestration was the composer's original and Mr. Willson is to be congratulated on directing a performance of which Handel himself would surely have approved.

C.M.S.

THE JUNIOR PLAY-
"ANDROCLES AND THE LION"
(17th and 18th March, 1970)

The Lion	..	WILLIAM BUCKINGHAM
Megaera..	..	TIMOTHY HOSKIN
Androcles, her husband..	..	BRIAN FISHER
Beggar	DOUGLAS HENDRY
Centurion PAUL ROSE
First Christian	JONATHAN FLETCHER
Second Christian	..	MARK WAPSHOTT
Third Christian	..	MARK JOWSEY
First Soldier CLIVE MATHIAS
Second Soldier IAN TAYLOR
Third Soldier	..	DONALD PEARCE
Lavinia	GREGORY DOREY
Captain	DEREK WIGGALL
Lentulus JONATHAN DIXON
Metellus MICHAEL FINDLAY
Ferrovius JOHN MILLARD
Spintho STEPHEN REASON
Ox Driver NORMAN CROWE
Call Boy	TIMOTHY HOSKIN
Retiarius	..	TIMOTHY LONGWORTH
Secutor PHILIP LAMPHEE
Editor KIM STUCKEY
Menagerie Keeper JOHN FALCONER
Caesar DAVID GRAY
Slaves	..	ROBERT WESTON; IAN TAYLOR
Gladiator DONALD PEARCE

George Bernard Shaw's **little** comedy about the early Christians in Rome proved an excellent choice for the junior play. The characters are interesting and well-defined, and they have generally witty and amusing parts to play—which is not always the case in Shaw's comedy. The playwright's inevitable moralizing is more quickly over than in most of his works, provided the pace of the production is right. Certainly the producers did admirably in keeping things moving so that Shaw's preaching was scarcely noticeable, and his fun was always evident.

Perhaps with junior plays the best measure of the producers' skill is audience reaction. The audience at *Androcles* thoroughly enjoyed itself: no one could have considered

his evening wasted. The cast so obviously enjoyed *themselves* in their parts that their enjoyment was infectious, and there was not one raw or hesitant performance to interrupt the rhythm of the production. Gregory Dorey in the part of Lavinia, John Millard as Ferrovius, and Brian Fisher in the title role all gave delightful performances, but the same could be said of the supporting cast. Indeed, Jonathan Dixon as the effete Lentulus nearly stole the show. William Buckingham's Lion and Paul Rose's Centurion also deserve special mention.

What might be called the bits-and-pieces made a vital contribution to the success of the play. The stage-managership was slick and unobtrusive, the decor was simple and effective, and the costumes and make-up excellent (with the one reservation that Spintho looked much too nice a fellow to merit his cruel treatment: should he not have looked far more villainous and debauched?).

All added up, in short, to a most enjoyable evening for everyone. G.B.S. himself would, I am sure, have been quite surprised at how amusing he can be if well produced.

"COR ANGLAIS"



THE WATCHER

David Toresen

HE was sitting alone, about three hundred yards from the sea, his book on the grass beside him. He paused for a moment and scanned the sea with eyes that could not really see the concrete world, and then returned to his book of modern verse once more. Visions of atom bombs, mutilated children, and riot-police with tear gas screamed before his pale eyes. The world was not a very pleasant place to live in and he wanted no part of it.

Down on the beach another man was striding towards the rough and hostile waves. He plunged in and felt the cold water catch at his lungs. With strong and confident strokes he made his way out into the deeper water. Then the cold caught his stomach and legs; he was paralysed and sinking!

Back on his patch of grass, the other occupant of the beach was lost in the problems of Vietnam, as seen by an unwashed American 'freedom-writer.' He heard the faint screams of terror and turned to face the sea. He could see the thrashing swimmer and it dawned on

him that the distant figure was drowning; really he ought to plunge in like a hero and save the poor guy. But the **sun** was pleasantly hot and he was comfortable where he was.

The figure in the sea threw his hand up and went down for the last time.

On the grass the watcher rolled over and returned to the callous killings in Asia.

LINES SCRATCHED ON THE WALL OF THE CHURCH

William Nesham

Away across my life
I see the terror of
The Hours.

Away across my life
I hear the crying of
The Days.

Away across my life
I smell the decay of
The Years.

THE SIX FACES OF A JEWEL

Philip Lamphee (Form II)

The birth of a river,
A spring beneath the weeping willow,
Bubbling merrily in sparkling tones.
Dragonflies dart over the milk-white lilies,
The kingfisher flashes over the stones.

The gleam of a fire,
Roaring in the friendly hearth,
Laughing flames reach for the sky.
Wine flows freely in the happy party,
The happiness will never die.

The sound of a trumpet,
Echoing through the mountain peaks,
Undulating on the mountain air.
The battle-cry, the flash of steel,
Beating the enemy back to his lair.

The path of a comet,
Flashing through the midnight air,
Scarring the light with a dazzling light.
The stars gleam softly over the earth,
The comet has fled out of sight.

The eyes of a goddess,
Blinking at the glaring sun,
Winking at the faults of man.
Her soft brown eyes in their dazzling loveliness
Will never cease sparkling, they never can.

The glint of a necklace,
Gracefully draped round a woman's neck,
The gift of a king, a duke, an earl.
Shining in moonlight, in gleaming brightness,
The full, rich whiteness of a pearl.

The flash of a jewel,
Tempting men to murder and sin.
Six shining faces light man's downfall,
Six shining faces conquer; and win.



LAZING ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON

Julian Gray

HE was sitting in the middle of the road. On either side of him cars shot past, their drivers yelling and waving angrily. He looked around him with an air of surprise, closed his eyes, yawned prodigiously, licked his nose and then went back to carefully surveying one of his toes.

The sun beat down on his back, and the heat was reflected up in waves from the hot, sticky tarmac. A giant tanker growled past with its driver incredulously eyeing the recumbent form, only inches away from the vast wheels of the trailer.

He stretched out happily on his stomach; life wasn't so bad after all. What was that they said about its being a dog's life? He was content; the traffic rumbling past was music to his rather large ears, and the smell of diesel and petrol fumes wafted enticingly into his nostrils.

He dozed, thinking back over the days, weeks, and even years he had peacefully and idyllically slumbered away. The nights he had spent wandering through deserted and dark alleys, with never a care to disturb his peace of mind. If only there were more who thought as he did. Mind you, there were some who had the right idea. "Manana" appealed greatly to his natural instinct for self-preservation. He broke off this interesting and invigorating train of thought to scratch one of his ears, inflamed by a recent bite, which had been giving him trouble. The scratching only served to increase the irritation and he shook his head, trying to drive away the exasperation.

Once again contented, he settled down to continue his interrupted reverie, glancing around him as if daring anyone to dispute his right to be there. Dammit, it was a free country, wasn't it?

The distant hills rose to meet the sun, changing the sky from a deep blue to a pink Turkish delight colour. He thought happily about this phenomenon. He had a very sweet tooth. The idea of Turkish delight conjured up images of far-away places in his mind. Several garish posters decorated his early morning promenade, and the pictures, whatever they stood for, were indelibly printed in his brain. In time, there were many things that would be good to do, so much to see.

But to the present; all that could wait for another day.

He looked down at his body. His coat was brown and dirty where it had been in the dust; not a prepossessing sight. He pondered a little longer, suddenly made the decision, and got up and stretched. What could he find for supper? He picked up his jacket and walked happily into the path of an oncoming bus.

IT MIGHT PSEUD YOU, IT'S NO FIX FOR ME

Michael Cummings

I love to wander, amid the fields
Of pregnant dreams and new born seals,
Of pigs that salute you and of one who feels
That it is his duty to do so.

Trying to get back to the promised land,
No kinks, no perverts, no dead man's hand,
To someone who thinks she has it planned
For the future, but not for me.

To the man-made jungle and ferrous trees,
Benzene rivers and chloroform seas.
It's invariably hard for you to please,
Not me, but the state of your mind.

THE RIVER

Philip Lamphree (Form II)

There, beneath that aged rock,
A spring.
Under that bleak cold tor,
A miracle.
The bubbling water rushes from hiding,
Down into its half-submerged channel.
Down past the waving Dartmoor ferns,
Over the road at the ford,
Then into the mysterious millpool.
There an old salmon
Watches the progress of time,
Idly fanning himself;
Almost motionless.
The fresh young river
Winds over the boulders,
And laps at the otter's holt.
Past the moorhens, idly flowing,
Past the heron,
A statue of precision,
He spears a fish.
The half-animate water

Flows slowly on.
Over the weir,
In sparkling gaiety,
The salmon jump.
Further down an otter fondles her cubs.
The kingfisher's nest is full of happiness,
The long-expected chicks have come.
A fisherman half-attentively
Watches his float.
Now it flows through reedy beds,
Yachts are pointing the way it has come,
Through murky mud-banks
And grey warehouses.
An old wharf juts out from the gloom,
The river pauses to play among its bars,
Then solemnly on.
Out into the wide estuary,
Out into the muddy harbour,
A unison of salt and spring,
Over tin cans and inner tubes,
Out into the great wide sea.



AN ALLERGY

Owen Rhys

I was frantic—my mind verging on hysteria. When I opened my eyes, there, surrounding me, were men. They were still there—men in white, crouching, waiting, staring at me through slit eyes as if **I** were mad. Why did they look at me like that? Was I a freak with two heads, or some foul, repellent creature dragged up from the swamps? And yet I could not move or run—I must not run.

With a sickening leer one of them rolled up his sleeve and started to move. He increased the speed of his walk until suddenly he was running—and running straight towards me. Wildly I looked about—the rest of them were still there, but moving slowly closer. In desperation I clutched tightly to the club I had picked up earlier; this was about the size of a cricket bat, and very heavy. I must not be moved from where I was.

My body felt suddenly damp and yet hot, both at the same time. The man running was bearing down on me fast. His face looked vicious, murderous; he, like the others, was watching me for the first signs of movement. Angrily he raised his arm above his head and, with a whirlwind action, brought it crashing down. Shutting my eyes, **I** lashed out with my club—outwards and upwards. There was a sharp, painful thud, quickly followed by a gasp. My head started spinning madly and my ears became oppressed by a distant clattering which was quickly superseded by a painful roar. Overcome, **I** fell to the ground, gratefully giving way to the peaceful oblivion that was trying to take over from the torment inside.

.... Shocked, the other players gathered round him; never before had a Rendcomb cricketer fainted at the wicket after scoring a six. Perhaps now they would understand when he claimed that cricket made him ill.

THE TOMB

Michael James (Form II)

There he lies: seeing nothing; hearing nothing;
Only the sound of silence fills his lonely tomb,
In prayer he lies; frozen and still,
Looking to God through closed eyes;
Waiting.

He visualizes the sound of beating footsteps,
Pounding towards the death-stricken grave,
A weeping, veiled woman falls on her knees,
As she sees the cruelty of death.

So still; not unlike a tree when there's no wind.
"Wake, O wake!" cries the hysterical woman,
But nothing stirs about the place;
Haunting the spirit of the bereaved now is
Fear in all its nakedness.





THE GARDENER, THE BLINKER, THE PIG, THE HORSE, THE MAZE AND THE WOMAN

Nicholas Wapshott

THE Garden was overgrown. It had once been beautiful, but the ramblers now crept along the path, and the fountains had dried up. The greenhouse windows were smashed in places, and the cucumber frames were white with bird droppings. At the end of the greenhouse sat the Gardener, fast asleep in his rocking chair. He had little hair, but what was left was white. His mouth puffed open with a plop as he breathed out.

Lying on the floor, face-up, was a Blinker. He gazed into the sky and the clouds, and daydreamed. His long legs were outstretched, and his hands were clasped behind his head. He stood up and kicked the watering can. Its metallic sound woke the Gardener. "And another thing," he began, "we didn't go round kicking old ladies and invading our universities. Damn few of those in them days. We had to walk to school. It was almost six miles. Sometimes **I** didn't get home until

half-past six, and then **I** had to feed the fowls and cook my own meal. We used to make our own entertainment. No television in them days. No, sir. It's killed the piano, you know. Everyone used to have a piano, and could play it too. We used to read ... books ... in them days." He returned to his slumbers. The Blinker blinked and turned to leave.

A Pig burst through the door hunching his shoulders and grunting. He snouted his way through the upturned plant pots on the floor and stopped at the Blinker's boot, "Hullo, young man," he said, "I can see by your face you're intelligent. Now let me give you a little advice. Hunch, hunch waffle. There are two lots of people in this land; those who do, and those who don't. I am one of those who don't. **I** am one of the latter. **I** dare say you could tell that by the cut of my suit. I believe, and **I** can see you do too, as you're an intelligent lad, that one shouldn't. We were born not to. We've had more practice at not doing it. After all, the Queen doesn't do it, and even if she did, which we could not believe, she wouldn't be seen doing it. Hunch, hunch, Boat Race. Just look at the mess they've

made in doing it. The whole population could go blind, and even worse, if they don't stop doing it, soon. Well, goodbye, son, don't forget what I said, will you. He walked out backwards and recurled his tail, in case he met someone as he left.

The Blinker followed him out and parted company at the laburnum tree. The sun bounced off the yellow blossom like gold. As the Blinker walked slowly on, a black-gowned Cart-Horse followed from behind. The Blinker turned and blinked "No, do carry on," said the Horse, "I don't mind at all. It's just that I have a few tips to offer you. First of all, if you are a horse, and I presume it is much the same for humans, you should enter races. Life is one long race. There can be nothing as exciting as jumping the sticks, beating the other horses, and galloping in to the final length, to the cheers of the crowd. Of course, it doesn't really matter whether you win, or not. Everyone finds his level. Some aim at the first place, others the second. Others are even pleased if they complete the course. What one needs is a challenge. It's no good going into life not bothering, hoping that someone may buy you and let you graze all day. Oh, no. What you need to do is do your best, and try harder. Just take my advice, and enter races and aim to win, and exert yourself, and you won't end up pulling a cart. By the way, if you're wondering why I'm just a cart-horse when I have all this information on success—so am I."

The Horse slowly walked away, not knowing the wonders of the Garden he was missing by wearing blinkers.

The Blinker was astounded at the size of the Cart-Horse, and watched until it had cantered behind the row of elms. He blinked, and continued towards the Maze. As he walked towards the entrance he saw a Woman in front of him. She was wearing loose clothes which hung from her breasts and hips. She beckoned him towards her.

She whispered deep into his ear. "Listen to me, if you want some joy. I am the second

half of yourself, to echo your thoughts, and stimulate your mind. Hold my hand, and feel my vibrations warm your heart and your head. My body is yours, but can only truly be attained as an extension of emotion. I am perverse. Beneath my superficial lustre is the deeper union of soul and soul. Kiss me and I will follow you." The Blinker blinked twice, and already his body and mind had enlarged. "I'd rather not," he said, "I may meet you inside. I'd rather wait a bit and see."

He entered the Maze and turned corner after corner. He walked and walked past the high yew hedges. They were too high to see over. The afternoon changed slowly to evening, and in the twilight the Blinker realised that he was lost. He tried to think of the advice given to him by the Gardener and the Pig, the Carthorse and the Woman. He wished the Woman was with him now. At least it wouldn't be so lonely. He tried to climb the hedge, but it gave way and scratched him. He shivered and rolled himself into a ball, and cried himself to sleep.

ALMIGHTY

Roger Laycock

THERE was a great flurry as a horde of natives leapt for the safety of the wooden pavement as the olive green jeep jolted up the middle of the pot-holed road. The chickens squawked and ran helter-skelter for the shelter of the shops and the drains; and the mangy, worm-ridden dogs took up their position under the ruined shop floors.

After a couple of minutes everything became silent again. The beggars waited, the dogs waited, the brothel keepers changed their signs and the shopkeepers made sure their fat stomachs weren't showing through their white silk shirts. They all knew what would happen next, for this was the daily visit of the D.C. to the market, the burra sahib from the district office overlooking the town. Frazer-Smyth Sahib always arrived at this time in the morning—10.4 on the dot, no earlier, no later. The same thing had happened ever since Frazer-Smyth had come to Obaganazi and that was getting on for nearly twenty years ago. The elders could remember when he used to come by a horse-drawn carriage, but that had changed and now he came in a carriage with a black box that growled and made the whole contraption move. This piece of white man's magic had been the main topic of the tribal discussions for a long time. The first time it had arrived at the market it had done the unseemly thing of backfiring. The natives, who could still remember the gatling guns, had taken to their heels and the surrounding forests, and Frazer-Smyth, for the first time, nearly had a rising on his hands.

The driver and his mate jumped out and came round to stand at attention by the passenger's door. A cane came out of the blackness to be taken by the driver, only his elbow moving; the next thing was the flywhisk, taken by the driver's mate. The tension was now mounting, as always, and whispering could be heard in the black mass. The white topee was the next to

emerge, handed to the driver. Frazer-Smyth never trusted the mate with it—he didn't quite know why.

The two turned and faced the crowd and from the dusty interior of the jeep into the steamy loo's stepped an enormous, immaculately white, military-suited gentleman. The natives fell on their knees and murmured greetings. The D.C. screwed his monocle into his eye and stared at them. He liked this part of the daily ceremony, he had often thought of bringing a band with him to strike up a fanfare as he stepped from the jeep, but it had been proved unpractical when they could only find two trumpets in the district.

He clicked his fingers and the natives rose; then he stood stock still, his monocle falling from his eye. That damn orange boy hadn't got permission from him to move his stall from the left side of the alley way to the right—damn cheek; before you know it, they're asking for their independence. He clicked his fingers and pointed at the unfortunate boy, uttering the four immortal words, "Let it be done!"

The beggars surged forward to get their usual nothing. They hadn't got anything from Smyth before, so Lord knows why they still did it. Maybe it was their half of the ceremony. The dogs yelped, the chickens came back to life, and the crows went back to picking at the rubbish. The shop-keepers made a double check that nothing was for sale that shouldn't be.

Frazer-Smyth Sahib had arrived.

THE FATE OF A SINNER

Stephen Pendell (Form II)

Rocky crags overlook
The stony forest ground,
Where once a flashing blade
Brooded over sins.
But now the sins
Are closer,
Closer.
The men below,
Like blue beetles,
Wish to kill, as **I** did,
But they can have no pleasure,
I will scorn them all.
Little pieces they will find but none of me.
For I leap like a goat
Over and over,
Down and down,
To the rearing ground.
To blackness.



THE TRIP

Robert Morris (Form V)

Purple clouds, formed as chairs
Round a table, square table,
With a telly, and hairs
That tell the time.
Mr. Postman delivering his milk
From the breast of his husband—
Dressed in silk, I think,
Or rather, I cannot think—properly.
The Tunisian cross-breed donkey, with a limp
Patiently waiting at
The Fruit Machine, for a platform ticket
That hits the floor, and cries.
Perpendicular lines—smeared with blood
From a syringe, an orange
Filled with water, from a tea pot
Without a lid, of course.
Black, bleary eyes stare and
Gape at my one and only leg that's bare,
Hanging from one of my bodies;
I was born a Siamese triplet
You know.

Weekly papers talk of raids
On people's homes and give me
Reflections of a prison cell without a floor,
Or door, or bog, oh God {_____

"For what **I** am about to receive"—
Forgive me, it makes me funny, like that.
We don't know why, after all
It was created—for man.
"Make us truly thankful"—no need
I get transported beyond delight,
Where nothing is upright.
Upside-down, downside-up,
Lying on their sides, in comfort,
Where B.O. is a beauty and women
Plentiful, but rare.
A crazy world of sins
Where nothing ends, or begins.
So, dear Lord, "Give us our
Daily fix," and let us, like thee,
Enjoy this time of mystery.



HOCKEY

THE terrible weather conditions and the poor results combined to produce a very disappointing season. However, after a disastrous start with some very heavy defeats, the 1st XI did improve a great deal towards the end of term with the result that the team won the last two matches. The two greatest problems were the general lack of mobility in defence, and the tendency of the forwards to wander from their positions, thus breaking up any cohesive attacks; nevertheless the spirit of the team was always commendably good, even after four heavy defeats in a row. It was perhaps unfortunate that so many of the matches were played on very heavy pitches, a factor which was against the lightweight Rendcomb side.

Our own pitch played extremely well throughout the season although only two matches were played upon it and our thanks are due to Mr. Essenhigh for doing such a good job on the pitch despite very bad weather.

In the forwards, N. Johnson and D. Tyler were the main driving force with their enthusiasm and speed, but A. Patrick and A. Pearce on the two wings began to play very well towards the end of the season. Mace, in the centre forward position, steadily improved with much prompting from behind (and the sidelines) and was well worth his place.

The half-back line of S. Jackson, J. Gray and A. Walker welded itself into an efficient unit although at times the marking and distribution of the ball were not as good as might have been asked.

At the back, R. Law and I. Niel struck up a good understanding after some initial hesitancy and developed into a useful pair.

In goal, N. Hillier and N. Willford both played very well at times; although the final preference was for Willford.

The following played regularly for the 1st XI:—

N. Willford, I. Niel, R. Law, A. Walker, J. Gray (Capt.), S. Jackson, A. Patrick, N. Johnson, R. Mace, D. Tyler, A. Pearce.

N. Hillier, K. Warren, J. Tyler, O. Rhys and C. Wood also played.

The 2nd XI played consistently and well, and were unlucky in having so many of their matches cancelled.

The U.15 XI had a successful season with an especially good win over Cheltenham College. Obviously there are some excellent prospects in the lower school.

An U.14 XI, coached and 'encouraged' by Mr. White, did remarkably well against some very tough opposition and again gives rise to optimism for the future.

1st XI Match Reports

Played 6, Won 2, Lost 4.

v. Cheltenham College

Rendcomb came up against a very strong Cheltenham side, and the size of the score accurately reflects the way that the team were outplayed in every respect, although in the last 20 minutes of the match the defence tightened up a great deal in the face of almost constant pressure.

Lost 0-1 1.

y. Marlborough 2nd XI

Having to contend with a hailstorm in the opening minutes of the match did not help Rendcomb and the teams turned round 2-1 down. On the whole, the team played not at all badly and the further addition of three goals to the score was the result of careless lapses in defence.

Lost 1-5.

v. Monkton Combe

Again on very heavy going, the team did not play as a unit and should not have lost as heavily as it did. Definitely the most disappointing result of the season.

Lost 0-7.

v. Corpus Christi College, Oxford

Corpus did not field a full team and we 'loaned' Jackson for the day. Having first taken the lead with a neat goal by Tyler **D.**, Rendcomb found themselves level at half-time at 2-2. But a speedy centre-forward presented great problems to the defence, and the final score was 4-2 against. However, a marked team improvement and a beer and cheese tea afterwards provided great consolation.

v. Lydney Grammar School

Playing for the first time at home and facing a team including three county trialists, Rendcomb produced their best display of the season. Although slightly outplayed in the first half, Rendcomb played an excellent second half and were worthy victors.
Won 3—I.

v. Old Rendcombians' **XI**

The original O.R.'s **XI** could not play, and it was only due to several Old Boys who came along to watch the match and agreed to be pressed into service that the match took place at all. The score is perhaps a trifle unjust as the O.R.'s goalkeeper, who usually plays in our 2nd game, was clearly overawed by the speed and precision with which the 1st **XI** forwards moved the ball.
Won 4-2.

2nd XI Hockey

Played 3, Drawn 1, Lost 2.

v. Cheltenham 3rds	Lost 1-2
v. Marlborough 3rds	Lost 1-5
v. Lydney	Drawn 1—I

Under-15 Hockey

Played 3, Won 1, Lost 2.

v. Monkton Combe	Lost 1-2
v. Marlborough College	Lost 2-4
v. Cheltenham College	Won 3-2

Under-14 Hockey

Played 2, Drawn 1, Lost 1.

v. Marlborough College	Lost 0-3
y Cheltenham College	Drawn 2-2

J.M.G.

OLD BOYS NOTES

MARTIN RAYNER, who visited the College during the summer, is Associate Professor of Physiology in the University of Hawaii School of Medicine, Honolulu.

George Chapman is doing a year's research on protein chemistry in Chicago, after completing his D.Phil. at Oxford.

* * ✂

John Schwartzmantel is spending two post-graduate years at Oxford, reading for a B.Phil. degree.

* * ✂

From the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, we hear that Roland Thompson has now passed out and joined the Royal Anglian Regiment, and that Anthony Hillier is a cadet in his second year.

* * ✂

David Maberley had a most interesting time as a member of the 1969 Oxford University Expedition to East Africa.

* * ✂

Dick Field, who is a senior lecturer at the London Institute of Education, has had excellent reviews of his recently published book "Change in Art Education."

* * ✂

Not strictly Old Boys News, but many old members of the college will be interested to hear that Rosemary Fell is now married and living in Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Fell left for Vancouver as soon as term ended to attend the wedding ceremony.

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C. H. C. OSBORNE

OLD BOYS, especially those of the earliest days of the College, will have heard already with deep regret of the death of Mr. Osborne at Oxford just before Christmas.

Educated at Gresham's School, Holt, and a Scholar of New College, Oxford, he returned to his old school and had a distinguished career there as Senior History master. In 1920 he came to teach at Rendcomb at the invitation of J. H. Simpson, who had taught him at Holt.

He and his wife lived first in College and then in what is now the Rectory. He left in 1926 and, after a brief interval, spent the rest of his career as Senior History master at Cranbrook.

He was a pioneer of school library work and virtually the founder of the School Library Association. He retired to Oxford in 1954 and had, in his last years, been very active in collecting material for a commemorative volume on Rendcomb. He was invited to submit sections on the period 1920-30 and had produced preliminary drafts on these years before his death. His knowledge of the first years was, of course, invaluable. He became President of the O.R. Society in 1968.

The sympathy of all will be extended to his wife and children.

"Androcles and the Lion"





"The very dead of winter" — II



"The *very* dead of winter" — III