

THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE

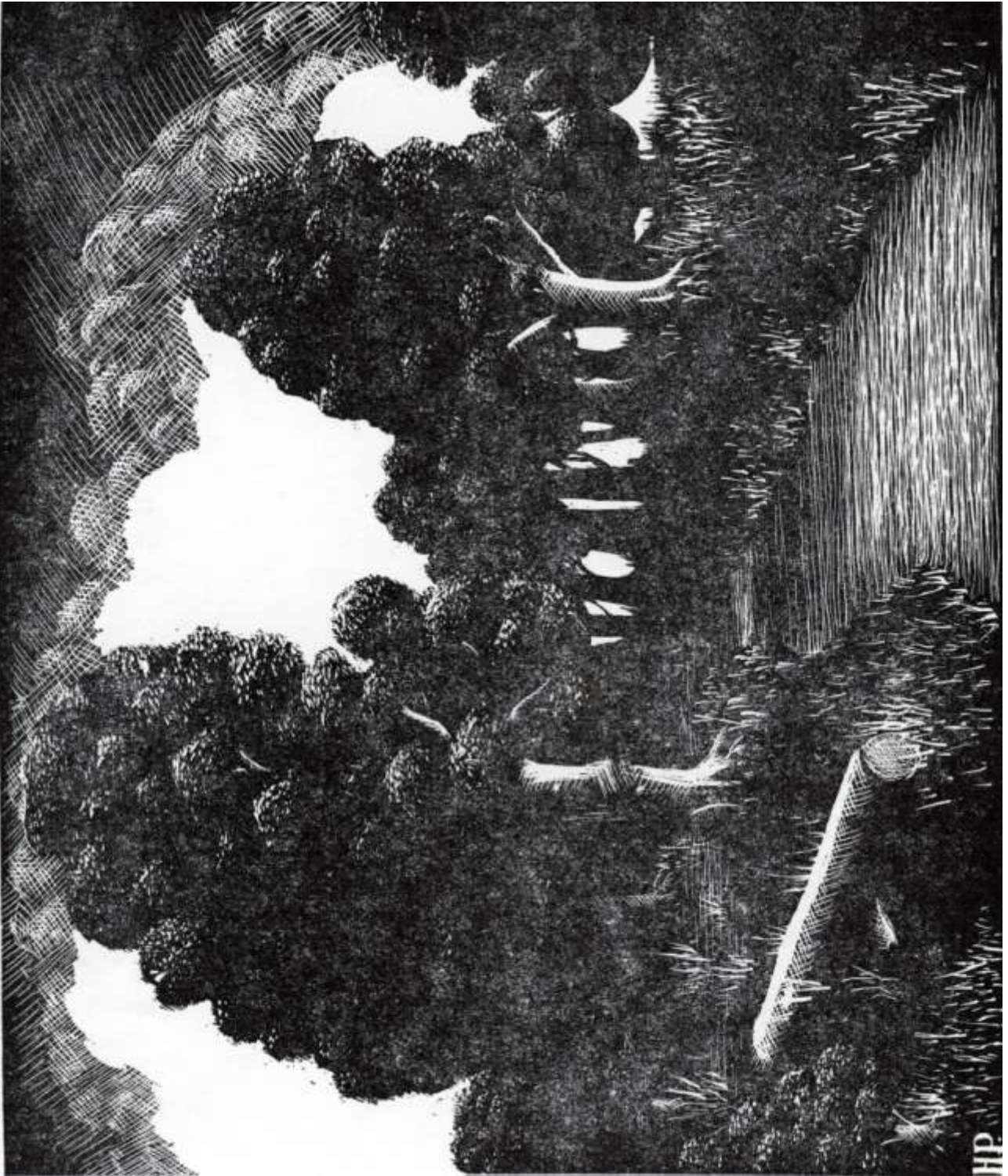


Vol. 17 No. 6

May 1977

CONTENTS

Editorial	4
Miscellanea	4
College Officers	11
Meeting Officers	11
Meeting Notes	12
Academic Successes	14
Rendcomb College Awards 1977	15
Music	16
“Tiger at the Gates”	18
An Evening of Victorian Melodrama	19
Contributions	21
The Debating Society	35
Junior Debating Society	35
Community Services	36
Literary Society	38
Bridge Club	38
Folk Club Notes	38
Photographic Society	38
Bell-Ringing Notes	39
Careers	39
Business Game	39
At Work with the Missions to Seamen in Rotterdam	39
Rugby Football 1976	42
Hockey 1977	46
Squash Rackets	49
Cross-Country Running	49
Girl’s Sport	50
Old Rendcombian Notes	51



EDITORIAL

(with apologies to Lewis Carroll)

TRYING, with no avail, to think of what to write as an editorial for this issue, I found that the more I thought, the less likely I was to come up with any suitable ideas. So, putting down Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, I decided to go to bed and sleep off the blank mist that seemed to be filling my mind. That night, I had a most interesting dream:

I was standing in some sort of earthy tunnel, and as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness I realized, somehow, that it was a rabbit warren. Following the tunnel, suddenly I came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass. There was nothing on it but a tiny bottle, and tied around the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words "DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters. I ventured to taste it and soon I found I was now only ten inches high. Soon, my eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under a table: I opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words "EAT ME" were beautifully marked in currants. I ate a little bit and found myself returning to my original size.

"Curiouser and curiouser!" I cried, so surprised that for the moment I quite forgot how to speak good English.

Feeling a strange desire to read something intellectual and of cultural interest, I began to explore my surroundings. On the glass table was a manuscript of some kind (which certainly was not here before) and looking closely at the cover, I found the words "THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE - READ ME"

MISCELLANEA

Winter Term 1976

We were glad to welcome two new members of staff this term: Mr. T. Dyke, to teach English and history, and Mr. C. J. Wood, to teach chemistry and physics. Both graduated recently from Exeter College, Oxford, and Mr. Wood is an old Rendcombian.

* * * *

We extend good wishes to the following, who left the college at the end of the summer term 1976: Robert Barrett, Simon Baynham, Rosemary Beckett, Adrian Bell, Alan Bennett, Lucy Brain, Julian Campbell, Jacqueline Crowhurst, Christopher Dendy, Philip Everatt, John Falconer, John Garvie, Clare Gardner-Medwin, Brendan Hall, Mary Harvey, Richard Hudson, Stella Joel, Timothy Longworth, Jane Lyons, Dawn Mackonochie, Timothy Nicholas, Alice Parshall, Ian Read, Ann Rickards, Toby Roberts, Peter Rundle, Robert Sherratt, Robert Stroud, Peter Walton, Alisdair Wilson, Jane Wilson, Tessa Wolferstan, Richard Yeats, Philip Faulks, Richard Caney, Jeremy Ferguson, Ian Hawkins, Gerald Hedderwick, Andrew Mathias, Patrick O'Donohoe, Stuart Smith, Simon Young, Samuel Sherwin, Mark Guppy.

* * * *

Films shown this term included: *The Quiller Memorandum*; *Don't Just Lie There - Say Something*; *Trinity Is Still My Name*; *Perfect Friday*; *Murphy's War*; *The Black Windmill*; *Go for a Take*; *Paper Tiger*; *Kelly's Heroes*.

* * * *

The Bridge Club had several meetings this term under the guidance of Mr. White and Mr. Hawkswell. A further report occurs later.

* * * *

A lecture with slides was given on 19th September by Mr. George Spencely, his subject being "An Innocent in Ethiopia".

* * * *

On the 23rd September the Rev. L. F. M. Willis-Bund, Chaplain of All Souls College, Oxford, conducted a seminar with the upper sixth form.

* * * *

A large group from the sixth form visited Warwick Castle on the 26th September.

Budding tycoons from the college again took part this year in the business game organised nationally for schools. We finished second in our group of four schools. More details are elsewhere.

* * * *

Small groups visited Cheltenham early in the term for various events in the Cheltenham Festival of Literature: "An Evening with Thomas Hardy" (presented by Michael Meyer, Edward Fox and Barbara Jefford); "The Occult" (with Colin Wilson and Alfred Burke); and the final of the festival poetry competition, with Charles Causley, Geoffrey Grigson and Seamus Heaney reading some of their own poems.

* * * *

The college appeared to have settled down again this term after the experience of the H.M.I. Inspection in the summer. The inspectors' very favourable comments were certainly a source of reassurance.

* * * *

There was a parent/teacher meeting on the 21st November for parents of boys in the third form.

* * * *

Various parties visited the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford, this term for performances of *The Winter's Tale*, *King Lear* and *The Comedy of Errors*.

* * * *

Special church services included this term a service of readings and music on the 17th October and the remembrance day service on the 14th November. The latter was attended by members of the British Legion.

* * * *

Preachers this term included the headmaster; Lt. Col. H. E. F. Middleton; The Rev. Canon A. J. Holloway, Diocesan Director of Education; Mr. D. I. Gibson.

* * * *

The college choral society and orchestra successfully performed Mozart's *King Thamos* on the evening of the 14th November.

* * * *

The third form house went on an outing on Sunday, 10th October, visiting the Severn Wildfowl Trust at Slimbridge and then Berkeley Castle.

* * * *

Some of the college's ornithologists visited the Cotswold Water Park on the 17th October.

* * * *

The literary society and senior and junior debating societies have met several times this term, all commanding quite large attendances. Reports are elsewhere in this issue.

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The Bishop of Gloucester spoke to members of form VIa on the 22nd October.

* * * *

Half-term again consisted of a full week this term and this seems to be the established pattern now, though opinions on the new system's merits vary.

We were fortunate to be visited on the 7th November by the well-known expert on architecture and especially Cotswold architecture, Mr. David Verey, who lectured on the subject of "Cotswold Churches".

* * * *

On the 12th November members of VIa were addressed by the Rev. Canon L. Lloyd Rees, Chaplain General of Prisons.

* * * *

Members of staff met the college governors for lunch on 23rd November before the governing body meeting.

* * * *

For the first time for some years the old boys rugby match at the end of term was cancelled, on this occasion because of a badly frozen pitch - a prognostication, perhaps, for the dismal hockey weather which was to ensue.

* * * *

The senior play this term was Jean Giraudoux's *Tiger at the Gates*, which was performed in the gym on December 2nd, 3rd and 4th. A review appears elsewhere.

* * * *

On 6th December the third form gave an 'unofficial' performance in the assembly hall of Ted Hughes's play *The Coming of the Kings*. The play was directed by Philip Lyons, assisted by Jane Watson and Mark Harris, and the efforts of all concerned were greatly appreciated by a large audience.

* * * *

A sixth form dance was held on the 8th December and a well-attended whist drive was organised by Mr. White on the following evening.

* * * *

Another highly entertaining Christmas party was held this year on the 10th December. The theme this time was "Robin Hood" and the customary high standards of both the fancy dress and the dinner were fully maintained. Sketches and a sing-song concluded a festive evening which swept us all nicely towards the end of term.

* * * *

The Literary Society went to the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham the on 11th November for a performance of Alan Ayckbourn's comedy *Absurd Person Singular*.

* * * *

On the 15th November a talk was given to interested people about new reading methods and as a result several pupils (and one or two courageous members of staff) enrolled for advanced reading techniques sessions in the spring term. War and Peace in a day?

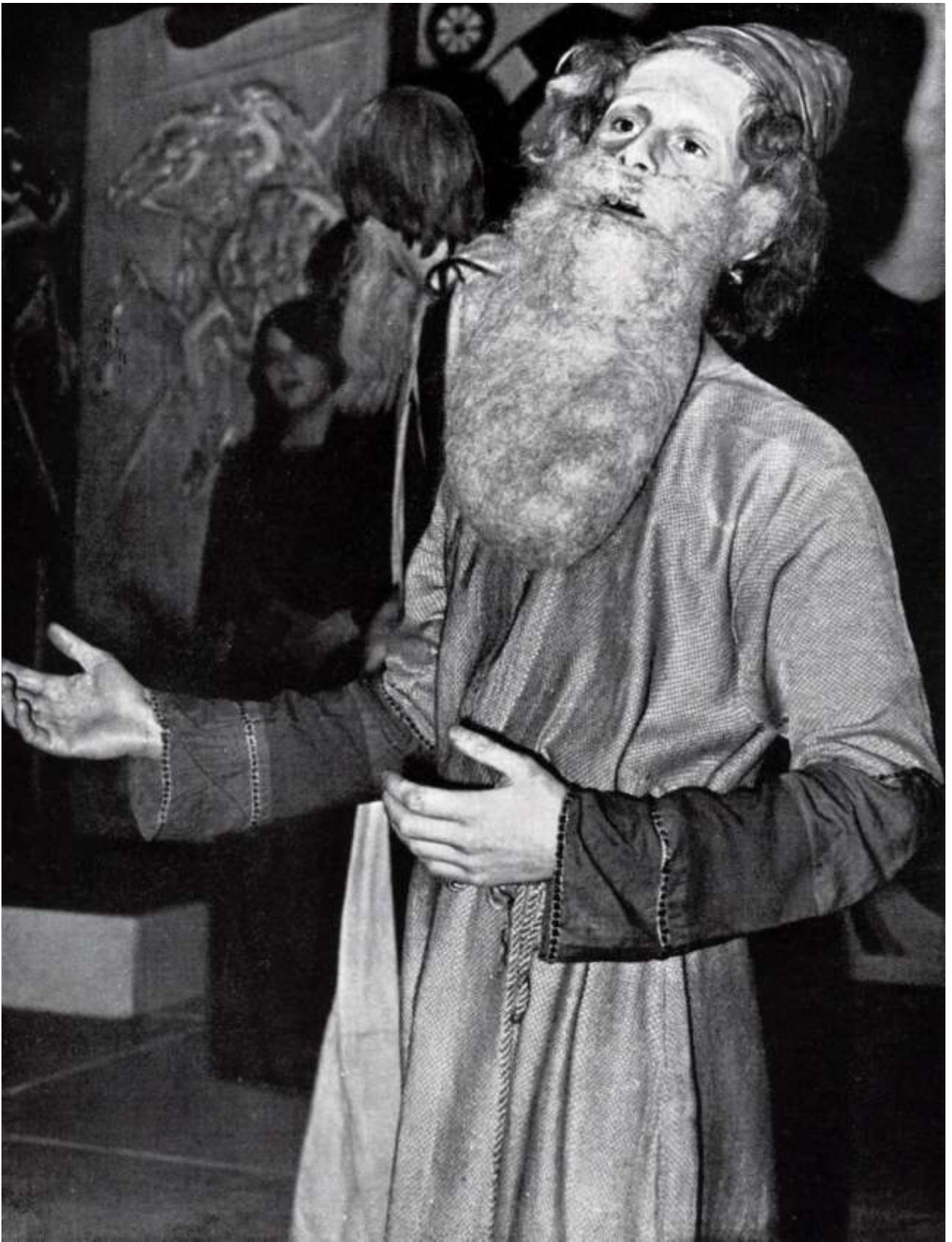
* * * *

The third form house visited the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham, on the 26th November for a performance of *The Pirates of Penzance*.

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The term ended with the annual Christmas carol service in Cirencester Parish Church on the 12th December - a moving occasion for the packed pews of parents, staff, pupils and friends.

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Academically it has been an excellent year for Rendcomb : two open awards and six other places were gained at Ox-bridge, and the results at both 'A' and 'O' level in the summer were outstanding. Further details are listed in this issue.

* * * *

Spring Term, 1977

We wished the following leavers well at the end of the winter term, 1976: Kevin Barraclough, Martin Griffiths, Stephen Hicks, Amanda Jones, Nicholas Longworth, Philip Lyons, Roderick Thomson, Stephen Smith, Juliet Hazell, Charles Hussey, Jeremy Stupple.

* * * *

Two members of staff, Mr. Hussey and Mr. Sells, have been in hospital in recent weeks; we are glad to see them recovered and back with us again and we wish them good health.

* * * *

Films shown this term included *The Front Page*; *The Sting*; *Carry on Dick*; *Earthquake*; *A Reason to Live*; *A Reason to Die*; *That Lucky Touch*; *Shout at the Devil*; *Airport 1976*.

* * * *

On 14th January a IVth form party went to see *Godspell* at the Everyman Theatre in Cheltenham.

* * * *

Mr. Nicholas Ridley, the conservative M.P. for Cirencester and Tewkesbury, came on January 14th to answer questions on current affairs put to him by members of the sixth form.

* * * *

Parent/teacher meetings were held for form I parents on the 23rd January, form V parents on the 14th February, and for form IV parents on 6th March.

* * * *

Leavers at the end of the winter term, 1976, included Philip Lyons, to whom we are especially grateful for his work, both as contributor and editor on behalf of this magazine.

* * * *

Lectures this term: on the 16th February, Dr. J. Bradshaw of the University of Aston talked about 'Sandwich Courses at University'. On the same day and then two weeks later Mr. Price gave two halves of a lecture on 'The Domesday Survey of Gloucestershire'. Mr Robert Waller came to give a provocative and informative lecture on ecology called 'The Millenium Never Comes' on the 18th February. Bishop C. K. N. Bardsley talked to form VIa on the 25th February, as did the Rev. S. I. Pulford on January 21st. The sunday following, Mr. John Vernon lectured on 'The Development of Armour'. Finally Mr. R. Tenty, O.R., told us on the 9th March how to go about 'Starting A Business'.

* * * *

Six two-hour sessions of 'Advanced Reading Techniques' were held this term and were generally considered to have improved the reading ability of everyone taking part.

* * * *

Piano recitals were given by Christopher Dendy O.R. on the 16th January and by Mrs. Roma Foster on the 10th February.

* * * *

The Literary Society convened on January 19th to hear a programme of readings on the topic of 'War' from such writers as Wilfred Owen, Siegfried Sassoon and Robert Graves. In the same vein, a trip was made by the augmented Literary Society to Cheltenham's Playhouse Theatre to see "Oh, What a Lovely War" to find out whether it would be possible to stage it at Rendcomb. The consensus of opinion was that not only could we do it, we would probably do it better.

* * * *

The third form house visited the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham, on Wednesday 23rd March for a performance of "City Sugar".

* * * *

A Vth form party went to see *A Comedy of Errors* at Stratford on January 10th.

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Preachers this term included Rendcomb's ex-chaplain, the Rev. S. T. Lambert; the Rev. Canon R. E. Hill, vicar of Cirencester; and the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Gloucester.

* * * *

Rendcomb's annual confirmation service was conducted by The Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Tewkesbury on March 5th.

* * * *

The Junior House had a very enjoyable ramble through the Gloucestershire countryside on March 13th.

* * * *

The college orchestra's concert this term consisted of music by Schubert (Overture Rosamunde), Sibelius (Karelia Suite) and Beethoven (Second Symphony) and was given on March 10th to a large and appreciative audience. A review appears elsewhere.

* * * *

The junior play was 'An Evening of Victorian Melodrama', which was Mr. Dyke's first production at Rendcomb, but judging by its success will not be the last. This has been reviewed more fully elsewhere in this issue.

* * * *

A sixth form party, consisting mainly of girls, went to see a performance of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. The experience, although expensive, was greatly enjoyed by everyone who went.

* * * *

In the annual Chapman Trophy game on 25th March, the Humanists defeated the Scientists 1-0, thus avenging last year's defeat.

* * * *

Lord Dulverton, one of the most generous benefactors of the school, entertained us with his wildlife films on February 9th.

* * * *

On March 3rd members of form V took I.S.C.O./Birkbeck tests to find out their aptitudes and career prospects.

* * * *

Some sixth formers went to see *King Lear*, in the production starring Donald Sinden at Stratford on January 10th.

To celebrate jubilee year, 25 trees have been planted, under Mr. Wood's supervision, in the park, in front of the college and alongside the playing fields. Many boys helped to build the very effective stockades in the park and plant the trees, comprising oak, beech, copper beech, lime, sycamore, and red oak. Mr. Wood would especially like to thank T. Wilson, Cragoe and Reynolds for giving up much of their free time.

* * * *

Once again in view of the atrocious weather we have been glad of the weekly visits to the Cirencester sports hall for indoor hockey and occasional swimming. A hard hockey pitch is steadily becoming an increasingly vital objective if the school's hockey is to advance.

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The sixth form dance was held this term on Friday, 25th March.

* * * *

We are grateful to Charles Hussey, who left the college last year, for the article in this issue about his experiences working for the Missions to Seamen in Rotterdam. If other old boys have equally interesting experiences to narrate for our readers' benefit we would be very pleased to hear from them.

* * * *

The Anney exchange has again been quite well supported. Some of our pupils are visiting the same family for the third time this Easter.

* * * *

Graeme Connelly, Ian Pengelly and Hamish Wilson have been awarded study scholarships by the German government and are spending three weeks during the Easter holidays in Osnabruck.

* * * *

We acknowledge receipt of the following contemporaries and apologies for any omissions: *The Colstonian*, *The Bloxhamist*, *The Wycliffe Star*, *The Kingham Hill Magazine*, *The Gresham*, *The Decanian*.

* * * *

This term the college launched its appeal for £150,000 for the building of a new gymnasium, the conversion of the present gymnasium into an assembly hall, and the extension of the science laboratories. We hope to include details of the appeal's progress in our next issue.

* * * *

We are grateful to the following for contributing photographs and drawings: Colin Hitchcock, Jonathan McGill, Harriet Porter, Julie Alesworth, Bridget Cross, Ian Cummings (based on a work by Alphonse Mucha), Jonathan Ratcliffe.

* * * *

The editors are Mark Holloway, who wrote this term's editorial, and Stephen Hawkins.

COLLEGE OFFICERS

Winter Term, 1976

Senior Prefect: S. Hicks

Prefects: K. Barraclough, R. Thomson, M. Griffiths, A. Jones, N. Longworth, P. Lyons, I. Forrest, C. Hart, C. Pulford, J. Cooper, P. Maguire, P. Curtis-Hayward, S. Pritchard

Librarians: P. Lyons, M. Holloway, T. Wormleighton, J. Cooper, I. Cummings, T. Evans, J. Steed, D. Taylor

Church Ushers: A. Harris, I. Forrest, T. Nixon, S. Hewitt, D. Crew

Bell-Ringers: P. Curtis-Hayward, S. Hewitt, J. Watson, D. Crew, V. Thresh, D. Taylor, P. Harris, K. Winmill, R. Edwards, A. Jordan, M. Burchell

Senior Stageman: S. Hicks

Stagemen: S. Hewitt, J. Sinclair, J. Watson, K. Nunan, J. Bull, T. Wilson, T. Simmins, A. Munro

Photographic Secretary: C. Hitchcock

Rugby Captain: I. Forrest

Squash Captain: K. Barraclough

Games Committee: I. Forrest, R. Thomson, O. Davies, J. Sinclair, M. Griffiths

Magazine Editors: P. Lyons, M. Holloway

Netball Captain: S. Freeman

Music Librarians: S. Hawkins, H. Wilson

Public Workman: O. Davies

Spring Term, 1977

Senior Prefect: P. Curtis-Hayward

Prefects: S. Tyler, S. Hewitt, A. Harris, D. Brennan, C. Pulford, S. Robinson, I. Forrest, C. Hart, J. Cooper, P. Maguire, S. Pritchard

Librarians: J. Cooper, M. Holloway, T. Wormleighton, I. Cummings, T. Evans, J. Steed, D. Taylor

Church Ushers: A. Harris, I. Forrest, T. Nixon, D. Crew, J. Sinclair, S. Hewitt

Bell-Ringers: P. Curtis-Hayward, J. Watson, D. Crew, V. Thresh, D. Taylor, P. Harris, K. Winmill, R. Edwards, A. Jordan, M. Burchell

Senior Stagemen: J. Sinclair, J. Watson

Stagemen: K. Nunan, J. Bull

Debating Committee: T. Nixon, S. Hall, T. Wormleighton, I. Cummings, H. Wilson, D. Taylor

Photographic Secretary: C. Hitchcock

Squash Captain: I. Forrest

Hockey Captain: I. Forrest

Games Committee: I. Forrest, J. Sinclair, S. Tyler, O. Davies, C. Lee, M. Holloway, C. Troughton

Magazine Editors: M. Holloway, S. Hawkins

Netball Captain: S. Freeman

Music Librarians: S. Hawkins, H. Wilson

Public Workman: O. Davies

MEETING OFFICERS

Winter Term 1976

Chairman: N. Longworth

Secretary: D. Taylor

Meeting Banker: P. Maguire

Shop Banker: A. Harris

Senior Shopman: M. Holloway

Junior Shopmen: D. Taylor, J. Purkiss

Boys' Banker: A. Flambard

Assistant Boys' Banker: J. Quick

Breakages Man: J. Marson

Entertainments Committee: T. Evans (III), P. Haynes, C. Waddell, A. Flambard, N. Carroll

C.P.C.: N. Longworth, O. Davies, J. Chapman, T. Evans (VIb), M. Burchell, J. McGill

Food Committee: S. Buist, M. Holloway, V. Joel, M. Guppy, N. Price

Paperman: D. Boon

Broom Warden: R. Page

Badminton & Squash Warden: A. Grainger

Amplifier Technicians: S. Galtress, C. Hitchcock

Cycle Committee: S. Buist, D. Ind, N. Marlow
Meeting Advisory Committee: P. Maguire, J. Read, P. Curtis-Hayward
Council: R. Thomson, I. Forrest, N. Longworth, S. Pritchard, C. Pulford, C. Hart, D. Oughton
Dance Committee: I. Forrest, S. Robinson, J. Chapman, P. Curtis-Hayward, O. Davies, R. Thomson, T. Nixon, P. Maguire
T.T. Committee: W. Burgess, K. Nunan, N. Miles
T.V. Committee: S. Hawkins, G. Connelly
Junior Advocate: S. Galtress
Snooker Committee: J. Sinclair, G. Moore, A. Mackonochie
Rule Committee: N. Longworth, M. Holloway, T. Lausch
Games Wardens: J. Sinclair, D. Ind, N. Marlow, R. Tudor

Spring Term 1977

Chairman: I. Forrest
Secretary: J. Archer
Meeting Banker: I. Cummings
Shop Banker: W. Gotley
Senior Shopman: A. Harris
Junior Shopmen: J. Archer, D. Taylor
Boys' Banker: A. Bennett
Assistant Boys' Banker: T. Etherington
Breakages Man: S. Elliott
Entertainments Committee: J. Sinclair, S. Buist, D. Harrison, A. Sergison, P. Uglow
Food Committee: A. White (VIb), D. Brennan, T. Lausch, J. Gotley, R. Allen
Paperman: S. Whittard
Broom Warden: M. Wilcox
Badminton & Squash Warden: N. Price
Amplifier Technicians: J. Watson (VIb), N. Taylor

MEETING NOTES

Winter Term 1976

THE Meeting agreed to pay for some of the rent for the new colour television installed in the assembly hall and it was decided that the girls finally merited a uniform for their netball and hockey teams, maroon being the agreed colour. A further batch of 'Rendcomb College' sweatshirts with the griffin motif was ordered and sold to the school at a slight profit.

On the whole an uneventful term with little major policy being discussed.

Spring Term 1977

SINCE the much coveted Chapman Trophy, a tin of baked beans is missing, the Meeting decided to buy a new one. The Meeting also decided to give all the old 78's in the amp. room to an old people's home where it was felt they would be better appreciated.

Most of the funds, however, were once again spent on the buying of much-needed sports equipment.

D.T.



ACADEMIC SUCCESSES

The following passes were gained by members of the college at G.C.E. advanced level in 1976:

K. Barraclough	Mathematics*; Chemistry*; Physics*
R. Barrett	Mathematics; History; Economics and Public Affairs
S. Baynham	English; History*; French
R. Beckett	English; History; French
A. Bell	Economics and Public Affairs
A. Bennett	Chemistry; Biology; Physics
L. Brain	History; Economics and Public Affairs; French
J. Campbell	Mathematics*; Chemistry*; Physics*
J. Crowhurst	Mathematics; English*; History*
C. Dendy	English; Music
P. Everatt	Chemistry; Biology
J. Falconer	Mathematics; Chemistry; Physics
C. Gardner-Medwin	English*; French; Music
J. Garvie	English; History; Economics and Public Affairs
M. Griffiths	Mathematics; Chemistry; Physics
B. Hall	English; History; French
M. Harvey	English*; History; Economics and Public Affairs
S. Hicks	Mathematics*; Chemistry*; Physics*
R. Hudson	Mathematics; Chemistry; Physics
C. Hussey	English; History; Economics and Public Affairs
S. Joel	English; History*; Economics and Public Affairs
A. Jones	English*; History*; French
N. Longworth	Mathematics; History*; Economics and Public Affairs
T. Longworth	English; History; Economics and Public Affairs
J. Lyons	English*; History*; French*
P. Lyons	Mathematics; English*; French
D. Macknochie	English; History; French
T. Nicholas	English; History; Economics and Public Affairs
A. Parshall	Chemistry; Biology; Physics
I. Read	Mathematics*; Chemistry*; Physics*
A. Rickards	Mathematics*; History*; French
T. Roberts	Mathematics; Chemistry; Physics*
P. Rundle	Biology
R. Sherratt	Mathematics*; Chemistry; Physics*
R. Stroud	English; History; French
J. Stupple	Chemistry; Biology; Physics
R. Thomson	Mathematics; Chemistry*; Physics*
P. Walton	Chemistry; Biology; Physics
A. Wilson	English; History; Economics and Public Affairs
J. Wilson	Chemistry; Biology; Physics
T. Wolferstan	Chemistry; Biology*; Physics

* indicates a grade 'A'

Ordinary Level Passes:

S. Buist	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Maths; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
R. Caney	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics
N. Carroll	Mathematics; Physics; Biology
G. Connelly	English Language; English Literature; History; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Latin; German; Music
T. Evans	English Language; English Literature; French; Mathematics; Latin; German
J. Ferguson	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; German
A. Flambard	English Language; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; German
S. Galtress	English Language; English Literature; History; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology; Latin; French; Music
P. Haynes	English Language; English Literature; History; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Latin; German

I. Hawkins	English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
S. Hawkins	English Language; English Literature; History; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Latin; German; Music
G. Hedderwick	English Language; Geography; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
W. Henniker-Gotley	English Language; English Literature; History; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology; Latin
C. Hitchcock	English Language; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
I. Pengelly	English Language; English Literature; History; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Latin; German; Music
I. Cummings	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; German
J. McGill	English Language; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
A. Mackonochie	English Language; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
A. Mathias	English Language; English Literature; Geography; Mathematics; Physics
G. Moore	English Language; English Literature; History; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology; Latin
P. O'Donohoe	English Language; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
T. Parfit	English Language; English Literature; History; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
J. Sinclair	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
S. Smith	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
R. Swaine	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology; Music
N. Taylor	English Language; History; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; German; Music
C. Troughton	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
J. Watson	English Language; History; Geography; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
H. Wilson	English Language; English Literature; History; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Latin; German; Music
S. Young	English Language; Geography; Mathematics; Chemistry; Biology

WE would like to congratulate the following on their successful entries to Oxford and Cambridge Universities in the exams held during the Winter Term, 1976.

Cambridge

Kevin Barraclough - Clare College

Stephen Hicks - Emmanuel College (Open Exhibition)

Oxford

Amanda Jones - St. Catherine's College

Nicholas Longworth - Hertford College

Ann Rickards - Hertford College (Open Exhibition)

Roderick Thomson - Lincoln College

Tessa Wolferstan and Julian Campbell had already gained pre-'A' level places at Cambridge.

RENDCOMB COLLEGE AWARDS 1977

The Noel Wills Scholarship - one free place:

Andrew Rontree - Bream C. of E. School

Gloucestershire Foundation Places:

Christopher Mansfield - Edge Primary School

James Hutton-Potts - Coberley School

David John - Mitton Manor School

Daniel Appleton - Minchinhampton Primary School

Michael Glow - St. Joseph's School

Rendcomb Foundationers:

Dore Green - Stow-on-the-Wold Primary School
 Andrew Mills - Parton Junior School

Special Exhibition:

Simon Barrow - Bourton-on-the-Water

Junior Open Scholarship:

David Webb - Prior Park Junior School

Music Scholarship:

John Lewis - Rose Hill School

MUSIC**Church Music**

12th September	Ascribe Unto The Lord	<i>Travers</i>
19th September	O How Amiable	<i>Vaughan Williams</i>
26th September	Te Deum in B flat	<i>Stanford</i>
	Thou Visitest The Earth	<i>Greene</i>
10th October	O Taste and See	<i>Vaughan Williams</i>
1st & 7th November	The Souls of the Righteous	<i>Nares</i>
5th December	In God's Word	<i>Purcell</i>

The treble soloist on 12th September and 10th October was Richard Pledge.

* * * *

The Christmas carol service was held in Cirencester Parish Church on 12th December. Carols sung by the choir were:

In the Bleak Mid-Winter	<i>H. Darke</i>
In Dulci Jubilo	<i>arr. R. Pearsall</i>
A Boy is Born in Bethlehem	<i>arr. S. Scheidt</i>
The Holly and The Ivy	<i>arr. Walford Davies</i>
Personent Hodie	<i>arr. G. Holst</i>

Spring Term 1977

16th January	Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring	<i>J. S. Bach</i>
30th January	O For The Wings Of A Dove	<i>F. Mendelssohn</i>
	(soloist R. Pledge)			
10th February	Te Deum in B flat	<i>C. V. Stanford</i>
	Lord For Thy Tender Mercies' Sake			<i>R. Farrant</i>
23rd February	Ah, Holy Jesu	<i>J. S. Bach</i>
27th February	Kyrie (Missa Brevissima)	<i>Cassiolini</i>
13th March	Turn Thy Face From My Sins	<i>T. Attwood</i>
10th March	O Vos Omnes	<i>G. P. da Palestrina</i>
	O Man Thy Grievous Sin Bemoan	<i>J. S. Bach</i>
	Ave Verum Corpus	<i>W. A. Mozart</i>

* * * *

On the 16th January, Christopher Dendy, now studying music in London, gave a piano recital of music by Mozart, Schubert, Liszt and Brahms.

* * * *

On the 10th February, Roma Foster gave a piano recital of music by Mozart, Schubert, Debussy, Faure and Granados.

Concert

FOR the spring music-making on the 10th March, the college orchestra gave recognition to the 150th anniversary of the death of Ludwig van Beethoven and selected his second symphony as their main work. This was preceded by the *Karelia Suite* of Sibelius and the overture was the Schubert *Rosamunde*.

The orchestra had been augmented by a handful of guest players and a few of the staff, the inclusion of whom improved the tonal balance. Expectably the acoustics of the gymnasium were unable to accept the increase in orchestral volume. Until a larger hall is available the tympani could do with softer sticks : even so the work of Shane Galtress here was alert and accurate as always. So too was the playing of the double bass. Enjoyable too the blending of the horns and clarinets in those melting chords with which Schubert loves to change key.

Necessarily the pace was reserved and the strings were able to give us a well handled *diminuendo*.

The *Karelia Suite* opened with a tone of mystery set by the horns, taken forward by the trombones to an excitement sustained by a long drum roll. The woodwind combined well with the strings in the second section, but they might have played "with the ear" rather more. The 'tutti', coming after a chorale-like entry of the third section, displayed clearly the wonder of Sibelius' skill in his orchestral building of atmosphere.

The final march movement, with an opening build-up from the strings, was accentuated by the percussion team though the brass were not always in unison. Even so the exciting conclusion demonstrated clearly that this was the favourite piece of the young players.

After the coffee break the Beethoven symphony set off confidently with the *adagio*, and the strings took up the excitement of the *allegro*, though they could have done with more players. The contrasts in the wind section were good and the players were relaxed and assured. Beethoven's extended coda was exhilarating.

In the second movement the strings came into their own: they enjoyed the steady pace in which one was better able to analyse the composer's aims. A nice delicacy of the fiddles was achieved as they floated over the cellos, and more feeling exuded from the wood-wind.

A scherzo must go fast: it is a 'joke', but some of the runs proved a bit overtaking.

That over, a confident attack was given to the *allegro molto*. The balance seemed better, the clarinets singing sustainably, according well with their section.

This had been an ambitious programme, prepared for in one term. In conversation with a couple of the young players afterwards, one realised how much they (as we) had enjoyed not only the occasion as such, but, more importantly, this experience of working as a team in coming to terms with the great Beethoven so early in their musical careers.

To the orchestra, their guests, the leader, Brian Webber, and to John Willson, our best thanks. One hopes that the new building they hope for will soon be a reality.

E.S.

“TIGER AT THE GATES”

THE CAST:

<i>Cassandra, Princess of Troy</i>	Ileana Porrás
<i>Andromache, wife of Hector</i>	Bridget Cross
<i>Laundress</i>	Peter Stroud
<i>Hector, Prince of Troy</i>	Stephen Hawkins
<i>Paris, his brother</i>	Hamish Wilson
<i>Priam, King of Troy</i>	Shane Galtress
<i>Demokos, a poet</i>	John Cooper
<i>Hecuba, Queen of Troy</i>	Deborah Harrison
<i>A Mathematician</i>	Anthony Ashmore
<i>Polyxene, Princess of Troy</i>	Philip Chivers
<i>Helen, Queen of Sparta</i>	Juliette Chapman
<i>Oneah, Soldier</i>	James Quick
<i>Minos, Soldier</i>	Duncan Taylor
<i>Troilus, Prince of Troy</i>	Raoul Gilchrist
<i>Abneos, a Senator</i>	Treve Evans
<i>Busiris, a Lawyer</i>	Graeme Connelly
<i>Ajax, a Greek warrior</i>	Stephen Hewitt
<i>Ulysses, King of Ithaca</i>	Ian Cummings
<i>A Topman</i>	Stephen Trigger
<i>Olpides, a sailor</i>	Jonathan Poach
<i>First Old Man</i>	John Purkiss
<i>Second Old Man</i>	Matthew Cragoe
<i>Iris, Messenger of the Gods</i>	Sally Hall
<i>Prompter</i>	Peter Uglow
<i>Set Design and Construction</i>	Keith Thorne & Colin Burden
<i>Wardrobe</i>	Linda Fox
<i>Make-up</i>	Tim Dyke, Diana Crew, Sarah Freeman, Jane Watson, Sally Hall, Vicky Joel, Susan Pritchard, Veronica Thresh, Ann Wimperis
<i>Stage Manager</i>	Stephen Hicks
<i>Lighting</i>	Julian Bull & Kevin Nunan
<i>Stagemen</i>	John Sinclair, Joe Watson, Andrew Pitt, Andrew Harris, Timothy Wilson, Patrick Lorenzen, Alastair Graham-Munro, Thomas Paton, Antony Simmins
<i>Musicians</i>	Andrew Jordan, Richard Funnell, Joe Watson, James Terry, Nigel Taylor

THE senior play, *Tiger at The Gates*, by Jean Giraudoux, was performed on December 2nd, 3rd and 4th. It is a philosophical and intellectual play concerned with war and a certain exterior force which seems to draw countries into war although both sides would prefer peace.

A difficult play to perform, perhaps because of the lack of action, but the feelings of the Trojans and some Greeks towards war were movingly and intelligently portrayed. By the end of the play one was left with a deep, almost horrified, impression of the timelessness of the idea behind it and the terrible inevitability of war should the causes arise. This idea was particularly expressed by Ulysses, perceptively played by Ian Cummings, when he talked to Hector just before the war.

Steve Hawkins presented forcefully Hector's hatred of the false glory of war, his determination to prevent it and his final acceptance of fate. Bridget Cross, as his wife, sensitively explored the feelings of every mother whose son will be born into the futility and suffering of war and the older, yet no less shrewd Hecuba, played by Deborah Harrison, shares her views. The effective bluntness and cynicism of Ileana Porrás, as Cassandra, produced a strong sense of foreboding from the beginning of the play, while Priam, far less decided, was conveyed by Shane Galtress as an old and vacillating man.

However, many characters think that Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world, is definitely worth a war. Hamish Wilson, as Paris, is infatuated by Helen's remoteness. The old men, comically portrayed by John Purkiss and Matthew Cragoe, cannot live a day without seeing Helen, although the number of days they have left is debatable considering their weak lungs. The mathematician, Anthony Ashmore, breaks down when he thinks how the harmony of the landscape will suffer without Helen.

Thus Helen has quite a reputation to fulfil at her entrance. Juliette Chapman brought across convincingly Helen's com-

manding air, her persuasive charms (which even Troilus, played by Raoul Gilchrist, could not resist completely) and her insensitivity both to her fate and that of others.

John Cooper played the part of the pompous and despised poet with great gusto, supported in his lust for war by Graeme Connelly as the affected lawyer and Treve Evans as Abneos. They finally brought about the war by the death of Ajax, played by Steve Hewitt (a drunkard again!).

The minor parts were all well acted. Great credit is due to the make-up department, whose beards added realism to the performance, and to the designers of the colourful and interesting set. The whole play, so successfully produced by Mr. Sells, highly deserved the necessary concentration and was thoroughly enjoyed by parents and friends.

W.H.

AN EVENING OF VICTORIAN MELODRAMA

THE CAST:

<i>Maria...</i>	Thomas Paton
<i>Nancy Marten...</i>	Julian Wilson
<i>Seth Robins</i>	Richard Hazell
<i>Jemmy Hogan</i>	Richard Smith
<i>Mrs. Marten</i>	Duncan White
<i>Mr. Marten</i>	Andrew Pitt
<i>Ishmael</i>	Charles Waddell
<i>Pharos</i>	Nigel Pitt
<i>Amos</i>	Timothy Daniels
<i>Mrs. Corder</i>	Timothy Burkham
<i>William Corder</i>	Christopher Brealay
<i>Dora Mannering</i>	Callum Dick
<i>Henry...</i>	David Rollo
<i>Jasper Ryan</i>	Peter Uglow
<i>Uncle...</i>	Andrew Grainger
<i>Georgina</i>	Michael Curtis-Hayward
<i>The Landlord</i>	Benedict Hatchwell
<i>A Man...</i>	Nicholas Marlow
<i>William</i>	Mark Wilcox
<i>Captain Crosstree</i>	James Quick
<i>Susan</i>	Richard Pitt
<i>Admiral</i>	Timothy Etherington
<i>Doggrass</i>	Jonathan Ratcliffe
<i>Seaweed, A Marine</i>	Roger Page
<i>Quid, Pike, Another Marine</i>	Jonathan Smith
<i>Dame Halley</i>	Julian Walters
<i>Wardrobe</i>	Alison White, Deborah Harrison
<i>Make-up</i>	Diane Crew, Sally Hall, Danielle Shrimpton, Penelope Jones, Harriet Porter, Susan Pritchard, Vickie Joel, Veronica Thresh, Jane Watson
<i>Properties</i>	Adam Martyn-Smith, Adrian White
<i>Senior Stageman</i>	Joseph Watson
<i>Stagemen</i>	Alastair Graham-Munro, Mark Harris, Antony Simmins
<i>Lighting Technicians</i>	Julian Bull, Kevin Nunan
<i>Prompter</i>	John Henniker-Gotley
<i>Songsters</i>	Simon Buist, Shane Galtress, Hamish Wilson
<i>Musical Director and Accompanist...</i>	Graeme Connelly
<i>Technical Directors</i>	Colin Burden, Keith Thorne

THE three plays, all popular melodramas of the mid-nineteenth century are, judging by the reception from the audi-

ence, still very popular today. The success of the 'Evening' (it was performed on March 11th, 12th and 13th) owed much to the professionalism of everyone involved - a promising portent, as all the actors were from the second to fourth Forms - and their ability in encouraging audience participation.

Maria Marten is based on a true story of the seduction and murder of a young girl by a villainous squire, a tragic situation which obviously appealed to the Victorian sense of drama. Maria was so convincingly portrayed by Thomas Paton that many members of the audience unwittingly thought he actually was a girl. She is destined to marry Jemmy Hogan, a countryman (played by Richard Smith), but she longs to escape her rustic, circumscribed life. Her longed-for opportunity unexpectedly arises with the arrival of the local squire, William Corder, who offers to marry her. Of course all the villain really wants her for - and Christopher Brealy's performance would have inspired hisses for its smarmy unpleasantness even without the chairman's timely indications - is to seduce and then desert her. Little does he know that the gypsy Ishmael (acted by Charles Waddell, who had the difficult task of playing an old man), planning revenge for his own daughter's seduction by Corder, has deliberately encouraged Maria to elope with the villain. Corder, as he now intends to marry a young heiress, played demurely by Callum Dick, is eventually forced to kill Maria. But his crime is discovered, and he is brought to justice by Jemmy, with the help of a London detective (Peter Uglow). Other especially good performances were given by Richard Hazell as the cheeky, endearing Seth Robins, with his broad accent and exuding rustic feeling, Julian Wilson as his possessive girlfriend, Nancy Marten, and Timothy Burkham as the villain's haughty and insensitive mother. Smaller but equally well acted roles were played by Duncan White and Andrew Pitt as the elderly Marten couple, Nigel Pitt and Timothy Daniels as the two righteous gypsies, Pharos and Amos, and David Rollo as Henry, Corder's manservant.

The second play, *The Drunkard's Dilemma*, was perhaps the most intimate of the three, involving only four characters. Uncle, a despairing and derelict alcoholic, steals tenpence of the rent money which his niece had virtually slaved for, in order to buy a bottle of gin. The landlord arrives and alas, Georgina cannot pay the whole rent. He threatens to throw her out if she doesn't respond to his evil advances. Not a moment too soon a man comes to her rescue, gallantly pays the rent and deals the landlord a blow on the head. By one of those strange coincidences on which Victorian melodrama thrives, the man turns out to be Uncle's son, now a millionaire, and, ironically, the loss of whom fifteen years before the play is set had driven the old man to drink.

Andrew Grainger's superb portrayal of desperation and inebriation provided much of the production's atmosphere. Michael Curtis-Hayward's Georgina was the epitome of feminine virtue and pathos. Benedict Hatchwell was a natural villain, less smarmy than Corder but more openly lecherous. Nicholas Marlow played the role of hero - always the most difficult to act convincingly - with great panache, and an air of gentlemanly conduct.

The last play, *Black-Eyed Susan*, having a weaker and less dramatic plot than the previous two, turning on the honesty of Captain Crosstree (James Quick), relies more on the actors' ability. The play's charm rests on the constant use of nautical terminology and the strong influence of the sea.

Crosstree has abandoned William (Mark Wilcox) on a south sea island, and intends to steal the able seaman's wife, Susan. William returns to England, however, just in time to save Susan from Captain Crosstree's evil wooing. In the process, William wounds the Captain, and the Admiral (Timothy Etherington) has no choice but to deliver the death penalty, for his assaulting a superior officer. Just when William is stoically preparing to be hanged, Captain Crosstree, having apparently had a change of heart, reveals that he was not William's superior officer at the time of the 'crime'. William is set free.

Other performances deserving credit were Jonathan Ratcliffe's as Doggrass, Crosstree's henchman, whose make-up and acting made him an almost Dickensian villain, and Julian Walters as Dame Hatley, Susan's only friend, whose momentary appearances owed something to the influence of the pantomime dame. Smaller parts were executed ably by Roger Page, who played two roles, and Jonathan Smith, who played three.

After these plays, the audience was invited to join in a few sentimental and patriotic Victorian songs, accompanied by Graeme Connelly, and led by that harmonious trio of songsters, Simon Buist, Shane Galtress and Hamish Wilson, all elegantly dressed for the occasion.

Special credit is due to Julian Bull and Kevin Nunan, who both built and controlled some footlights that greatly enhanced the 'period' feel of the evening.

Finally, congratulations are due to Dominic Ind (Rendcomb's answer to Leonard Sachs) for maintaining the continuity that the 'Evening' possessed with his witty repartee, and for the musical director, Graeme Connelly, who did not put a finger wrong with his dramatic use of the piano to pinpoint key moments in the action. And since virtue must be rewarded, Mr. Dyke deserves large credit for such a great success, of which, hopefully, there will be more to come.

S.H., I.C.

contributions

GOOD FRIDAY

Stephen Hawkins

THE Bishop stared moodily out of his study window at the rain pelting the grey pavement. He watched it pour through a grating further along the close and wondered vaguely where it went from there. He thought that it must eventually disappear into the river. He mused on the complicated system of sewers which must run underneath the town, criss-crossing and branching like the veins in the back of his hand, but all leading in the end to the river.

Feeling profoundly depressed by the weather he turned round. The young curate was startled by the sudden movement as could be seen from the way his teacup clattered against its saucer, displacing half its contents into the saucer and, the Bishop noted with disapproval, a few drops onto the armchair in which he was sitting.

“But what I simply cannot understand, Wilkes, is how you let it happen”, said the Bishop, beginning at exactly the point in the conversation he had left off five minutes earlier.

“It’s rather hard to explain, your grace, and I . . .”

“Don’t call me ‘your grace’, Wilkes. I would be perfectly content with ‘sir’.”

As he said this, the Bishop’s pale face did betray some of the inner turmoil that he was experiencing. His feelings could best be described at that moment as complicated. His mind kept returning to the web of sewers, some of which must be running under that very room. Now, however, he could also see a grotesque caricature of himself in a particularly vicious river of sludge attempting to force the curate’s head under the sludge long enough to suffocate him. The Bishop shuddered at his homicidal fantasies and made a mental note to write a sermon on ‘forgiveness’ as a self-imposed penance.

“Well?” asked the Bishop testily, having become aware of a singular lack of noise in the room.

“Well what, sir?”

“Well, how did it happen and what is more important why did you let it happen?”

The curate’s thin, pallid face was a study in terrified innocence. He looked like and probably felt like a first former in the headmaster’s study.

“He seemed a nice enough chap and he did offer to pay for the use of the church and after you’d sent round that letter about fund-raising, saying how hard up the diocese was, I thought . . .”

“You thought.” The Bishop’s voice sounded so pained that the curate looked up to see if his superior was suffering any sort of seizure. “But weren’t you at all suspicious when he asked for the use of the church at midnight? I mean, that isn’t the usual time to take brass-rubbings.”

“He didn’t say what he wanted it for.”

“Are you honestly surprised?”

“No, but he looked so sincere.”

“Wilkes, your naivete is on a par with that of the Virgin Mary.” The Bishop was a little taken aback at his own blasphemy but shrugged it off, justifying himself with the thought that the present situation would have given Job a few sleepless nights.

“He said that he went to mass every Sunday.”

“Yes, but if you had had the perspicacity to question him a little further you would have discovered that he meant black mass.”

On any other occasion this witticism would have caused the Bishop to utter a silent giggle and might even have been recorded in his large, red diary to look back on with amusement when he retired to Eastbourne. Now, however, his sense of humour was lost in a welter of far stronger emotions coursing through his body.

He turned again towards the window. This time his eye was taken by the large grey mass of the cathedral, his cathedral, on the far side of the close. He surveyed the unsightly scaffolding which scaled much of the spire and which was rusting slowly in the rain. There were no workmen visible. The rain had driven even the hardy steeplejacks under cover. He made a mental note to ask the Dean how much longer the restoration was going to take. He glanced over his shoulder, irritated by the predictable clatter of cup against saucer from the curate’s armchair.

After a tentative sip the curate had discovered that his tea had become cold but he did not dare put it down undrunk.

The interview with the Bishop was proving difficult enough as it was and the curate felt that putting down a full cup might be taken as an implied insult to the Bishop’s wife. The young man gulped quite audibly as he saw the Bishop staring at the newspapers spread out on his desk. After a long pause the Bishop spoke.

“*The Times*: ‘Archbishop of Canterbury concerned about permission being given for Satanism in Country Church.’ *The Telegraph*: ‘Satanic Rites Controversy - Why was Permission Given?’ *The Guardian*: ‘Church of England Rocked by Satanic Moneymaking Scheme.’ One can imagine what the less salubrious papers will make of it: ‘Rent a Church for Devil-Worship’ or ‘Curate says yes to Orgies.’ I can tell you this now, Wilkes, your future is not looking rosy.”

The curate was struck speechless, partly by the infinite horror of his mistake and partly by a natural tendency to silence. The Bishop’s thoughts flashed inexplicably back to sewage. A new vision came to him in which he was trapped in the same viscous sludge, this time trying to run away from vast hordes of newspaper reporters all yelling his name

and worst of all a battery of television cameras with their shiny black round eyes all focused on him. The Bishop not only had the normal ecclesiastical tendency to shy away from adverse publicity, he also had strong, perhaps even an extreme, view on the position of the press and media in society which precluded their coming anywhere near him. "And what about this - oh, for goodness sake, put the cup and saucer down."

The curate obeyed. At the sound of another nervous clatter the Bishop began to drum his fingers of his right hand and to breathe heavily. A stream of tea dripped onto the carpet. This time the curate noticed and tried to redeem himself with an off-white handkerchief produced from his sleeve.

"Don't bother, Wilkes", smiled the Bishop acidly, "I want to hear about this business with the goat".

"The goat?" The curate blushed.

"Yes, the goat. G-O-A-T."

The sarcasm was lost on the curate.

"These people brought a goat with them, presumably to play a part in the ceremony they intended to hold with your sanction."

"It was only a small goat", said the curate in his whining schoolboy voice.

It is not outside the bounds of possibility that the Bishop would have seized the curate by the neck and thrown him violently out of the attractive eighteenth century bow-window of his study there and then, had it not been for the entry of his wife at that moment.

"Yes, what is it, Grace?" he asked, none too civilly.

"There's someone on the phone, dear. He says he's calling from Lambeth Palace."

"The Archbishop! What shall I tell him?" thought the Bishop aloud. He had never been much good at grovelling. "I'll be out in a moment, dear."

The curate had breathed a sigh of relief on discovering that he was no longer the centre of attention. It was not a wise thing to do.

"One of your parishioners tells me you actually helped these people unload the goat and take it into the church that night", stormed the Bishop.

The clock below the cathedral spire began slowly, sonorously, to chime midday. "Only as far as the door", howled the curate.

ESCAPE (AND BACK, FOR TEA)

Jonathan Poach (Form IV)

MR. Victor Diagram, assistant accountant to a sub-accountant, was sitting at his desk, which he shared with a typewriter and several mail containers which were invariably empty, reading his horoscope from the Daily Mail. He had just found out that today would be a good day for financial matters when Mr. Jacob Cartwright, accountant extraordinaire, came into the office. Victor stood up and, as usual, said "Good-day, Mr. Cartwright".

"Quite! Diagram", said Mr. Cartwright, accountant extraordinaire. Diagram, surprised at Mr. Cartwright's abruptness, was quiet. That's very unsociable of him, thought Diagram, I only said that it was a good day. And back he went to his Daily Mail which was now opened at the 'Society' page. I never knew that Prince Charles was going out with Princess Caroline of Monaco, he mused. "He isn't", replied the paper. "Oh", said Diagram to himself.

"Make some tea, Diagram", shouted Mr. Cartwright from the next room.

"Yes, Mr. Cartwright, sir!", said Diagram, "right away!" Diagram put the tea cosy on his head and washed out the pot. Then he put some tea in it and waited for the kettle to boil. Two minutes later he switched it on and began, once again, to wait for the rumble of the boiling water.

Five minutes later he was in Mr. Cartwright's office with a cup of tea.

"Capital, Diagram!" barked Mr. Cartwright upon seeing the tea.

"Brooke Bond", replied Diagram, "we've run out of Capital".

"Have we really? Then we must cut down on our expenditure, mustn't we?"

"If you say so, Mr. Cartwright", agreed Diagram. Diagram always agreed with Mr. Cartwright, accountant extraordinaire, because he didn't like to argue with him.

"Oh, by the way, Diagram, have you prepared those audits yet?" inquired Mr. Cartwright. "Yes, sir", said Diagram, because he had finished them.

"Here's some more, then", replied Mr. Cartwright, handing Diagram a large book of accounts. "Have them ready by five-thirty, won't you?"

Diagram did not reply this time, but instead took the book and went into the next room. He sat down and opened the large book. Columns and columns of figures confronted him, they were all arranged in platoons, each one led by a general: the sign of sterling. The book went on and on and, as Diagram flicked through the pages, seemed to get bigger and bigger. Diagram got very annoyed, but secretly so, with Mr. Cartwright. "Even the accountant extraordinaire couldn't finish these audits by five-thirty", fumed Mr. Victor Diagram, assistant accountant to the sub-accountant. "Why can't the sub-accountant help?" he asked himself. The reason was simple: there was no sub-accountant, but an insignificant Diagram couldn't possibly be a sub-accountant and so there remained a vacuum.

“This is not fair !” shouted Diagram.

“Quite!” said Mr. Cartwright.

“I’m glad you agree!” shouted Diagram, snatching his blue plastic mackintosh and black bowler hat.

“I’m not deaf!” said Mr. Cartwright emphatically, for accountants extraordinaire never shout as it is not good manners to shout when you are an accountant.

The door slammed and Mr. Victor Diagram, rebel, stormed down the bare, green-linoleumed, fluorescently-lit corridor. It was drizzling outside and the rebel turned up his very narrow collar before stepping out into the street. A taxi was driving down the road, and for the first time in his life, Diagram shouted at the taxi to stop. It did not. Diagram decided that it was a nice day for a walk and so he set off towards the gas-works. He quickly reached these and then set off towards the river, past the brick-red terraced houses. He leap-frogged over the bollard which had been made to lean to one side when, in the course of its duty, it had stopped a drunken van. It was nice under the horse-chestnut trees, thought Diagram. The yellow-green light soothed his eyes, he thought as well.

He walked out of the horse-chestnut shelter to the small cafeteria where he bought two sandwiches, one of which he gave to the ducks and sparrows who had come to visit his bench. Across the rain-entered river he could see the brightly coloured house-boats tethered to the rickety, slippery, weathered-elm jetties. No-one was standing on the stone bridge that held the two banks together; except for a sparrow which stood on the railings in the middle of this bridge.

“All the birds in London are sparrows”, said Diagram to himself. “It’s not much fun running away”, he said as a follow-up. And so he began to walk back to the office, back past the cafeteria, through the horse-chestnut avenue, past the leaning bollard, past the gas-works and, just before entering the building, he turned down his collar as it was not raining inside. He opened the door, put his bowler hat on the stand, together with his blue plastic mackintosh, and sat down to his large book of unaudited figures.

Mr. Jacob Cartwright, accountant extraordinaire, entered.

“Enjoy your lunch, Diagram?” he asked.

“Yes, thank you, sir”, replied Diagram, without looking up from the big ledger.

“You work like a Trojan, Diagram”, said Mr. Cartwright.

“Quite!” said Mr. Victor Diagram, assistant accountant to a sub-accountant, emphatically.

SQUARES AND CIRCLES

Adrian Sergison (Form V)

THROUGH the windows of a car on the motorway the box-shaped vehicles rush past; back and back as we pass them; wheels turning in a gyroscopic tantrum into a blurred, shining disc bouncing about on the black surface of the road.

The white lines streak past in the opposite direction and fade into the dirty grey skyline.

Armies of bridges, posing in their bow-legged positions, soar overhead in greatly calculated yet peacefully dominating concrete lumps over the road with hunched backs and thin legs, easily displaying their trade mark reading: “Sir Alfred McAlpine”.

The road fades into the distance as we drive in a frenzied rush to be first at our destination. Far off the kerbs rush towards a collision that will never happen.

On the skyline rectangular ‘highrise’ buildings stretch for breathing space in a cluttered sky. Houses of the sixties suburban era rest in their inartistic monotonous rows in wait for demolition and the crash of a great metal ball through the damp front walls and then the growth of office blocks and perspex searching for a place to survive.

Above, buildings and smoked glass merge into calculated kaleidoscopic unison. Walls of glass, cut into massive rectangular sheets, reflect the dirty red sun into the street. Looking through the dust on the wing mirrors, I see the claustrophobic grey walls coming out to meet me, then disappearing into the background like pebbles being sucked into the sea as a wave subsides.

Rows of unknown marching people also disappear amongst the monotonous walls in seeming reality. As I return home, I think of the world today: the Armageddon of circles and squares.

RETIREMENT

Graeme Connelly

HE lay in bed, until, with a guilty conscience, he felt he must climb out from under the musty pile of eiderdown and pillow, which had somehow managed to entangle him in a tight cocoon. How different it was from when he had been on the railway: up at four-thirty, washed and changed by five, and a short walk down to the yard to be on duty by six. The radiogram, which stood in the corner by the dark brown, speckled mantelpiece, patiently waiting for its master, took some time to warm up, so while he was waiting for the familiar, glib, phoney friendship of the gurgling voices at the other end, he pattered over, in his stockinged feet, to the stove to put the kettle onto its dull, matt-black hotplate,

which showed no signs of heat at all. He didn't like that. It was too modern, too glib, like the unwanted voices which spewed out from the bored loudspeaker.

At last the corny jingle, so slushy that it could almost be seen blaring out purples mixed with plums, announced the time signals. Hurriedly, he groped into his waistcoat pocket, pulling out with a jerk the polished gold watch which had been nestling comfortably in there, and had resented the sudden upheaval forced upon it by time. Soon synchronised with the sixth shriek, it was gently replaced, never again to attain the same comfy rest.

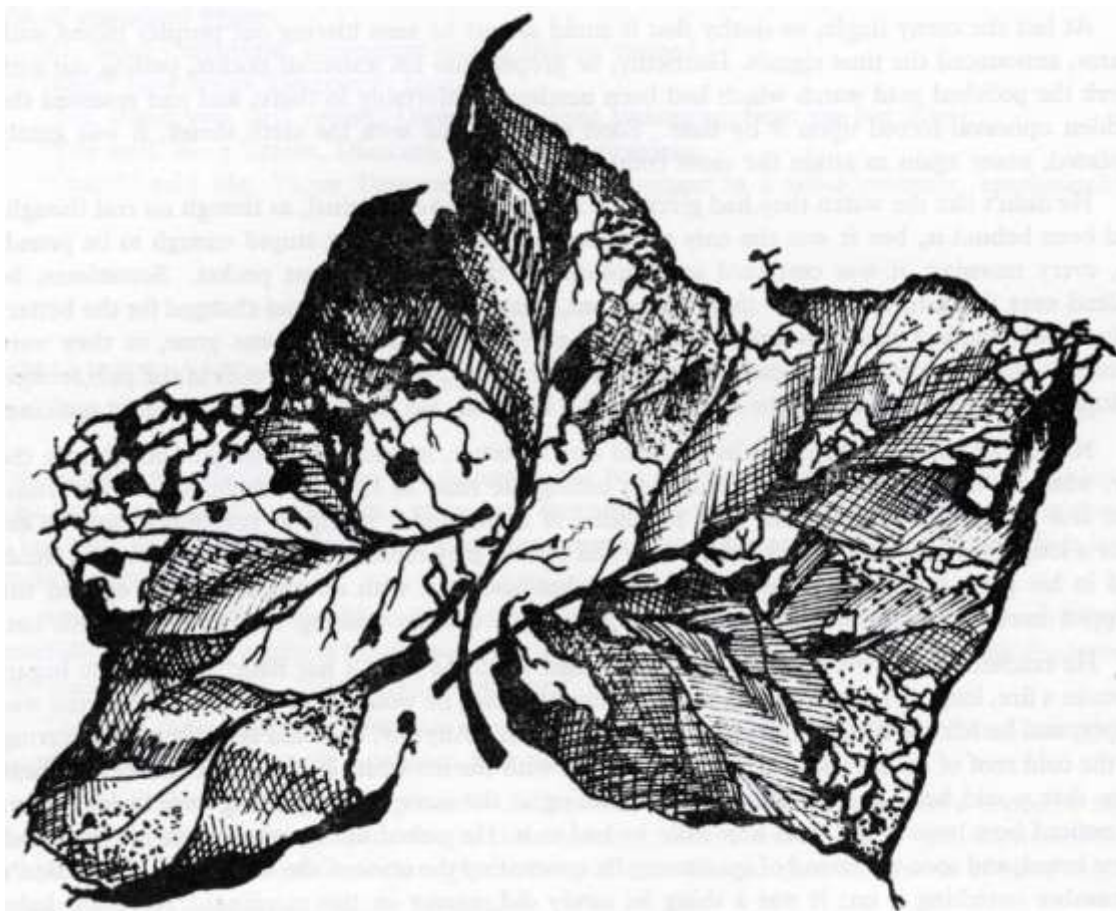
He didn't like the watch they had given him: it seemed so unoriginal, as though no real thought had been behind it, but it was the only watch he had, and he was not stupid enough to be proud. So, every morning, it was corrected and replaced in the same waistcoat pocket. Sometimes, he walked over the yard to see how things were, but, like everything, they had changed for the better: only diesels clanked along his tracks now, while everyone he had known was gone, or they were changed: older, slower, pottery-piece seconds. Walking back, the upward stretch to the pub seemed a little steeper than usual, and the breeze turned a bit cold. He shivered quietly, without noticing.

No-one he knew was there, so he huddled into a corner, watching the villagers bunch into the bar, while he tried to warm his painful feet, letting the head of his stout dwindle to a few suds. The few people that noticed him were reminded of a dormouse, trying to remember how to eat after a long hibernation: his black hair, which had turned grey rapidly, had been ruffled in the wind, and in his paws was held the nearly-full glass - headless, and with no character. He opened the chipped brown door, unnoticed, and set off in a slight drizzle, wishing he had brought his hat.

He reached home, wet and hungry, and wished he could have a hot bath. Instead, he began to make a fire, longing for its warmth, but knowing how long he would have to wait. The scuttle was empty, and he felt too tired to trek out to the coal bunker. Anyway, he could hear the rain shivering on the cold roof of his tin shed outside. He fiddled with the ice-white knobs of the cooker: the heat from that would help, and he could cook something at the same time. Moving over to his larder, he noticed how large it was, and how little he had in it. He picked up an egg - it was his last - and some bread, and soon the sound of spluttering fat covered up the noise of the radiogram. He couldn't remember switching it on: it was a thing he rarely did, except in the mornings. He must have forgotten to switch it off when he went out.

His food didn't appeal to him: he had burnt his toast, and he was never very good at scrambled egg, but he ate it, slowly, methodically, thinking about the railway. They had been good days, tough, hard-working, troublesome at times, and he longed to go back - he would get used to the new people there, and the diesels . . . but he knew it was no good, his friends were gone, and with them his reason to continue working.

He wanted to go to bed. On the way there he caught sight of himself in the mirror at the bottom of the stairs. He saw a gaunt clay figure, its face chipped, stare back at him, but he didn't care. All he wanted was to cocoon himself in his bedclothes, and to be warm again. As his wet clothes steamily shrank, he could hear only the rain on his shed, and he just heard his gold watch whisper eleven.



PART-TIMER

Robin Swaine

I was walking down the road with a joyful boyish spring in my step. My shoes, although generally muddy and dirty, today possessed a shining black sheen. I was setting off on the half-mile trek to Jones' Supermarket. Jones was a kindly old soul, and when I asked him if I could have a part-time job in the summer vacation, he accepted without an 'if' or a 'but'. He obviously realised my precarious financial position, and he probably thought he could have a much more relaxed time if he employed me.

I finally arrived at the shop, the interior of which was not very modern, in fact a symbol of Victorian architecture. It had no claims, and never pretended to be a supermarket in the modern sense of the word, but in our small, backward village, that is what it had become known as. I barged through the door at one minute to nine, and hammered noisily on the counter. There was no immediate response, the only audible sound being a motor car roaring down the adjacent street with an untuned engine.

I was preparing to sound out another piercing 'rat-at-at-tat' when Jones shouted out with some force "You're late!", spitting the words out sharply like a machine gun. This caught me completely unawares, or 'beneath the belt' as people in the boxing profession say.

"I expect people to be here prompt at ten minutes to nine, and no later. Now get into this jacket!" I was so astounded, I just stood by the cash desk, opening and closing my mouth, like a cow with a mouthful of grass, murmuring some pathetic excuse about strong headwinds down the main road. He looked at me intently to see if I was being deliberately stupid, with his sharp eyes piercing through thick horn-rimmed spectacles, and when he was finally satisfied turned away and said I had better be ready to help when he came back. I was stunned by the complete change of character in old Jones (two days previously he had been as cheerful as a lamb on a warm day in spring. Now he was as ferocious as a lion with its claws removed).

I turned and walked slowly to a hook on which was hung a white jacket, which I slipped smoothly over my jumper. Having completed this action I thought it would be an opportune moment to have a hurried glance around the shop while I waited for his return. As I have already stated, it was not a pretty shop. The walls were formed of solid stone bricks some eighteen inches thick, and not a nice sight to a lover of more subtle, delicate architecture. The oak shelves throughout the shop had been worn into a series of hills and hollows by the numerous inanimate objects placed or banged on them through the years. The cans were sta . . .

"Stop dreaming!" boomed the increasingly familiar voice of Jones. "It's time to open the shop. Now unlock the door." I instantly obeyed, being half-way to the door before the order had finished. The door was pulled back slowly, and a chain was slipped through the brass ratchet on the panel just behind the door. Having completed this action I returned to Jones, awaiting my next order.

"Now stack these peach tins over there, and hurry up. I've never known such an idle, good-for-nothing layabout as you!" I thought the last comment was a little unfair, but I decided not to quibble with Jones in his present highly-strung condition. I started stacking the tins as directed, and in around twenty minutes had nearly completed the delicate task. Then two women, with their young children, entered.

"I have never known a child who could speak at six months, but our Jack could", (a hard hit by Mrs. Baxter, but Mrs. Bettar wasn't beaten).

"No, that is remarkable, but Simon (patting her son on the head) could speak at five months, couldn't you, Simon?"
"Yeah."

"He really is a wonderful child, never any trouble, as good as gold!" continued Mrs. Bettar.

It was obvious that Mrs. Baxter was on the point of admitting defeat, when the golden boy himself, who had been carefully scrutinizing the peach tins, suddenly wanted to see the back label on the can. I had just retreated to admire my handiwork, when a clattering, splattering, banging, clanging, sobbing noise met my ears. I turned around to see the tins I had stacked so meticulously scattered all over the floor, like corpses on a battlefield, with Simon crying in the middle of them all. Mrs. Baxter retreated with a triumphant smile: "A wonderful boy, a wonderful boy!" she shrieked. Of course my employment was terminated on the spot, Mrs. Bettar blaming me for everything, and Jones believing her completely. How unfair can people be?

INSIGHT

Roy Edwards (Form V)

I could feel the sun rising above the horizon, its rays lighting up the paper above my head. I woke up with a start as I sensed that something was strange in my bedroom. I decided to get dressed, looked for my shirt and saw, spiralling into the thread, its structure and layout, down to the irregular mottling of the dye particles.

I managed to wash. I watched with interest the reaction between soap, water and dirt. The water was a seething mass of chemical reaction and the soap's struggles were especially gripping.

My breakfast was not very settled. I had begun to understand the nature of my 'problem' and I was beginning to try to control it. I saw the life of the cornflake flash by as I poured some milk onto it and watched as the floods of white

seething liquid flowed into the long-abandoned echoing chambers of the air bubbles.

The sun was shining and I looked at it. The many hues of deep unsuspected colours which had never before been imagined filled my eyes with a deep sense of completeness. I knew that it would be a good day.

I watched our new digital clock. In its interior a speeding particle forced its way through the circuit. A red dot lit up and then was lost for ever.

The garden was full of unsuspected beauty. The flowers' petals glowed in the subtly changing light and all the interlocking perfection of their lives was revealed to me; the perfection and simplicity of photosynthesis, the actions of the leaves.

I was going to go into town and I started out at about ten o'clock. I could have stayed all day in the garden but I started out without delaying. A car passed by and a shadow fell over the day. The colours were subdued and I felt an ominous note creep into the air. I moved into town and as I continued I sensed this grey tone filling the air with its deadening presence. It was now obvious to me that the concrete areas which bordered the road, and the cars which filled it, were all part of this wave. People in the town carried a subdued air with them and if I looked hard enough I could see where the dull waves unsettled their happiness.

Agony and poison danced along the street as I moved along with feelings of jealousy, ill will and dislike shifting from one body to another. The sun was giving off a sinister shade of indefinable radiance which was causing people, in their unsuspected exoconsciousness, great pain.

Back home I watched a game of chess being played between my sister and her best friend. I noticed the simple, yet profound, significance which gave the game such a fine tone. I could feel the innate rightness of a good move and the jarring discord of a poor one.

It was late and the stars were appearing. They carried their messages of warmth and hope towards the whole planet over the whole barren space between. The moon caught and reflected these messages of a quiet, peaceful night.

I looked at the town, with its garish, dazzling lights, lying in the valley below, wrapped in a black cloud of deceit and unhappiness, and compared it to the sky above, shining warmly despite the cold summer night.



AUTUMN MORNING

Simon Elliott (Form V)

THE green-clothed fields stare intently up at the strip-teasing trees, who, feigning shyness, gather into groups and pretend to hide.

Glass window-pane eyes look on with stone grey sadness as the sun, trying to come out and play, is dragged in by the over-protective mother cloud. Meanwhile the wind is stirring up trouble, setting trees' arms moving to and fro, hitting each other, scrapping.

The sadistic Cold Gang go on the rampage; three vicious dogs called Cold, Wet and Miserable, biting into people who dare to emerge. They howl, along with the wind, and set about more people, until their arch-enemy, the sun, finally persuades his mother to let him come out. After a short skirmish, the Cold Gang beat a strategic withdrawal, and stone wall faces with glass eyes brighten as he announces that he is playing this morning.

DAWN

Duncan Taylor (Form V)

THE crucifix of the night-time is nailed upon the stark dormitory walls of your sleep. Its body, bleached, moulded, styled by the thoughts of the subconscious, writhes in anticipation of the day.

You sleep, your mind is afloat in the void of darkness that surrounds you. The foliage of sorrow left by the day is swept into some dark corner and forgotten. You know of no time, the only time is morning.

The still moon gazes aimlessly at the stagnant world below, the mist reveals and hides its secrets: an owl whispers past muted trees; a bat lurches through the night; the wind plays with the silence of the hour. You dream.

The crucifix sheds a tear and screams: the morning is with you. It has crept into your room, your mind, your eyes; it is pulling at your blankets and gnawing at your dreams, they are ending now. It is day: your thoughts suddenly fade; your mind spins in confusion, turning, tumbling, clutching, falling, until finally you awake.

Rain beats at your windows, the wind mercilessly rips at the gasping trees. Overcoat-clad people, buttoned up in their thoughts, warmed by the memory of the night, scurry to their work. The birds scream from the high, grey sky, scream at the world, the people, the violence, the sorrow; the noise penetrates into your body and remains echoing throughout the day.

The daylight overwhelms the final bastions of the night. The day is with you. The crucifix crumbles in your mind; it is dead.

CHEMISTRY LESSON

Christopher Brealy (Form III)

The class enters the laboratory,
Like light defracting through a crack
Into the darkness of knowledge;
Or a school of fish carried by the water's current
Into a fisherman's net to be trapped by chemicals
And jars containing drowning metals.

We perch like vultures on stools,
Surveying the vast desert for a source to distract ourselves
From the words of the teacher, which drift aimlessly
Like bubbles from the mouth of a thin fish;
Whose skin is stretched like tissue across a balsa model.
The chalk dust suffuses with the odour of a freed liquid
The teacher conveys his thoughts through a white finger.
Which sails a black sea and leaves a trail of everlasting white foam.

PLANETS

Timothy Burkham (Form III)

Intricately bound swirling myriads of cloud,
Seen distorted as if through a kaleidoscope.
Clouds, wafted together by an unseen breeze
To explode noiselessly in a frothing mass of brilliant
white.

But up in front, a blur of speckled red, is Mars.
Mars the god of war, stained blood red!
Or maybe just blushing at his futile claim.
Mystic Mars, in a scarlet robe of death.

The sun, swash-buckling buccaneer
Of the scattered solar system seas,
Stakes his cruel claim with searing heat
As he stalks the skies with blackened boots.

Asteroids spatter on unseen bodies
Like shattered rays of glinting sunlight.
Creating distorted visions of multicoloured waves,
They gallop on invisible wings of steely power.

ANOTHER YEAR

Michael Curtis-Hayward (Form IV)

Another
corner turned,
Another
blank face,
Another
meaningless jumble of "sorry's".

Comfortable faces flit past.
Blue-suited, plain-skirted, black-shoed people
Drive green convertibles to suburban wives.

The face strays to rain-swept alleys and
All-night cafes.
Groping lovers walk the streets
Of Christmas Eve
As they did the year before,
the year before
the year before
"The normal coffee, please."

SAMSON'S COMPLAINT

Today they came with pain
And brought it to my door.
I know they'll come again
And bring along some more.

Don't let them in,
Don't let them in.
I have nowhere left to hide:

The stars stare through the window
And spirits prowl inside.

They say that love is blind,
And you plucked out my eyes.
You pecked and pierced my mind
With your vicious, vicious lies.

So take me to the vultures
And let them do the rest.
Leave me in the desert
Where the madman is blessed.
See, see what you have done:
The blood runs across the floor.
Behold this battered effigy
Which they are bringing to my door.

RAKING

Anthony Flambard

Rills of sand erupted as
My rake scratched through,
Leaving miniature furrows
Mirroring ploughed fields.

Something brushed my leg
And pawed itself through the sand,
Another of life's difficulties
Even though they're man's best friend.

Thirty-eight to do, one done
Twice; the curtain continued
To scrape over rusty rails,
Blisters began to scald.

The sun always tires before I do,
A contented black face
Torments me, as it grins from the barrow,
And I point my lead weights home.

Why do I do it? To see
The crude crater created by a golf ball?
Or to see, the next morning,
An ugly black cavern, looking like

Hell's entrance itself, disturbing
The stillness of the front bank?
An abstract blotch of ink
On a carefree light brown surface.

Philip Lyons

But under it all, the real pleasure,
After six hours toiling
In the apparent sun-baked deserts,
Is to see the serene calmness of distilled sand,
In a freshly raked bunker.

A COMMUNIST CITIZEN**Benedict Hatchwell** (Form IV)

Unknown in life - and death
 Loved by one - or two
 He did his bit, worked well.
 Now he's gone - nowhere.

Spattered with silver stars?

No, we shall remember only the pain we felt,
 The words that echoed in ice-cold hearts
 As we trampled squealing dreams . . .
 And scalding water stung angry eyes
 Closed to the pink-blue beauty of an impossible sky.

FRIENDSHIP AND . . .**Jeremy Archer** (Form V)

Friendship is the comfort, the inexpressible
 Comfort of feeling safe
 With a person,
 Having neither to weigh
 Thoughts, nor measure words,
 But pour all right out just as
 They are,
 Chaff and grain
 Together,
 Certain that some faithful, friendly
 Hand will take and
 Sift them,
 Keep what is worth
 Keeping, and,
 With a breath of comfort,
 Blow the rest
 Away.

VULTURE**Kennedy Taylor** (Form I)

The scavenger above scavengers is he,
 Soaring up in the blue,
 Looking around the desert for any food,
 He eats any scraps that others have finished with,
 For he cannot catch his own.
 He is the helpless one,
 The bird who relies on others.

He is the devil's carrier-pigeon,
 Has a cry like a rusty door;
 He is the rejected one,
 The condemned one,
 Condemned to roam the dusty plains alone.

. . . LOVE

Woman was created from the
 Rib of man.
 Not from his head to be above him,
 Nor from his feet
 To be walked upon,
 But from his side to be equal,
 Near his arm to be
 Protected,
 And next to his heart
 To be loved.

ALONE, TO DIE, AGAIN**Kevin Nunan** (Form IV)

The S.S. "Mugwort" ploughed on
 Towards the green horizon,
 Stoically.
 On its last interminable voyage,
 That had ended ten years before.
 The silent parasite glowed in the green gloom,
 Was disturbed, then drifted again as before
 Into the dunes and valleys
 Of gold.
 Is this Atlantis, this stately wreck,
 Or only her gates,
 Dark and foreboding,
 In an omnitempuscient twilight
 That was dawn and dusk and neither.

WHAT SHALL WE REMEMBER?**Veronica Thresh**

What shall we remember of tonight?
 Cobweb clouds
 Scudding through a gentle sky, and
 Stark trees, black
 Against gold-grey fire?
 Or the wild music of
 Winter. And, from dark branches,
 Serenading nightingales
 Trilling cascades of love?
 Or the way the sky turned deep, deep blue

A wisp of weed caught on her bows,
 Drifts on in disgust.

A mutation of a sailor, eight-legged
 One-eyed,
 Mocks his forbears
 Shinning up the mast with asiatic ease,
 Then descending
 As if to satisfy some aquatic humour.
 Then, suddenly, he scurries across the deck,
 And with a flailing leg (or arm?)
 Tolls the ship's bell in morbid remembrance.
 In an instant a myriad of fish
 Scatter at the sound
 And the ship is left,

Alone, to die,
Again.

SORROWFUL ODE TO TOMORROW

Andrew Carter (Form V)

And it hurts.

And I step back,
thinking,
of life's inner meaning
and my latest fling -
It's the same old me
Just the same old crime -
It's a pantomime;
If you're looking for love in a looking-glass world
It's pretty hard to find.

But that was then
And this is now.
Isn't it?
Tomorrow;
You're the greatest, latest
only friend I have -
Don't deceive me
Like Today has.

THE YOUNG ADMIRERS

Peter Haynes

A score eager grey suitors clothe her vanity,
Belisha-beaconed, her mane bobs in accord
To the pertinent responses of fantasied questions.
Raised aloft, epiphanied by their lamplight glare,
Venus is revealed, all mallow and down,
Each soft curve highlighted by glance or word,
Ten volleys of gloat, or more, can she feel,
Till, belled down, she consents to enter the meal.

HAWK

Adrian Stephenson (Form I)

It swooped across moor,
Like the dark over day,
With a sweep of its wings,
It captured its prey.

It flew across mountain,
It flew across sea,
And when it had passed them,
It flew over tree.

And when it had finished,
It stopped for its meal,
And again off it flew,
Till it crashed with a keel.

And there it lay,
Till the labrador got it,
"It's all right now, Rover",
Said the farmer who shot it.

THE MAN FORGOTTEN

Ian Cummings

If the debt
is never paid . . .
(Lest we forget
Him for whom we have prayed).
. . . still the present will be relieved,
and take two eyes for an eye.
(Let him be eternally grieved,
He who shall never die).
Why should we praise
a man depraved . . .
(Forgive us our ways
So that we can be saved)
. . . who lost his life
but wouldn't accept a human grave . . .
(Keep us today from strife,
Let us continually behave).
. . . brought to life on Sundays
by those greater than laymen.
(Receive our unworthy praise,
Accept this our piety. Amen).

SAD CLOWN

Vickie Joel

A smell of sawdust circus ring,
Noiseless murmur, bated breath,
Smoky shafts of spotlight beams,
Swirling wildly in the dark.
The clown falls into the ring,
His blank white mask
Cleft by curving, crimson lips,
Caught in a smile.
Children's shrill shrieks
Echo around his ears
As his dance begins.
Splaying arms and legs
Controlled by a puppet-master,
Jerking the strings above,
Forcing aching joints to work.
Uncontrollable.

And all the while
Greasepaint crimson smile.

The distant beat of drums,
Faster, faster,
Tired legs twist faster,
The children scream,
Row upon row of faces,

Mocking him.
The clown falls,
Catching breath,
Still no release.
The strings pull harder,
The children scream,
The scarlet smile,
Distant beating,
Distant drums,
Faster, faster,
No more, no more, no more.

At last the strings pull no more.
Far away faces beam with delight,
Hands uplift in applause.
The clown bows low,
Tears of agony dripping fast to the ground,
To be soaked up by sawdust circus ring.

And all the while,
Greasepaint crimson smile.

FOUR HAIKU

George Morgan (Form I)

The Cruel Sea

Flying spray, colossal waves,
Like rain in a mountain range;
No mercy has the sea.

The Cat

A sleek body matted with fur,
A long quiet contented purr;
This is a truly happy cat.

Old Age

Someone at the door,
Shall I? No, I can't, I won't,
Never again, any more.

Night

Darkness, like a bowl of tar,
Silence, like a cemetery yard,
And fear, like a ton-weight burden.

AUTUMN MORNING

Christopher Burkham (Form V)

Mist, a cold blanket,
Hiding wet secrets,
Dank.
Rotting mole is stirred by ...
Memories?
The crow screams the impossible.
Anyone at home?

Transformation.
The shadows flee from approaching light.

A bough cracks,
Too much on its mind?
The crow dies,
And joins the millions.

The light is here,
We are alive,
Death has ...
Fled?
A rabbit is born in a trap.
A solitary tear slips down my face;
Please let me in.

SUMMER TIME?

Simon Tyler

Rising late is the sun,
A mid-March morning.
Three men move down the street
Carefully.

It should be brighter now,
But last night had lost an hour.
They carry on from door to door
Less alert.

Trapped behind the church
The street is kept waiting for sunlight.
The streetlights send fading shadows after
Each figure.

The grey clouds gather.
They inspect under every car.
In the church-tower he waits
Composed.

The first drops fall.
The youths yawn, stop and curse.
Through the window he sees his target
Clearly.

The rain forms a silent mist.
Duty-bound the teenagers move on.
He keeps a steady arm, the cross-wires
Follow.

The sun breaks into the street.
Shadows leap westward. The chosen one turns.
The gunman pulls, the soldier sinks, his companions fire
In vain.

Summer arrived brightening the street as the rain fell.
The stunned soldiers stand eastwards of the rainbow.
He slips between the tombstones, knowing he'd got
The summer's first Englishman.

TOWN IMAGES

dismal, grey
 and Saturday
it
 always
 rains
outside the cathedral

people, glum
 and sunken in
waterproof sale-bargain collars
 drip
 down
 through
cracks in streaming grey atheist
 paving stones

with looks so downcast it's hard to believe
that ever their faces were split with a grin.

high street hangarounds
 and drifting string-shoppingbag shoppers,
 (and others)
in nondescript mood (hunched and hands pocketed)
staring
 down
at scoredraws inside on a screen

wall to wall
 and from
ceiling
 to
 floor
furnished in one room bedsitbrown

spaghettied traffic
 and bulging shopwindows, and
order
 collapses
 in a heap

of angora coats
new acne soaps
libraries, doorways
a monochrome blaze
of scurrying boots
and flurrying coat-tails
interdepartmental lifts rising (like tempers)
though I find it surprising
that it doesn't all
 grind to
 a
 halt.

Mark Holloway

“LOVE DOES NOT CONSIST IN GAZING AT EACH OTHER, BUT IN BOTH LOOKING OUTWARD IN THE SAME DIRECTION . . .” (St. Exupery)

Sally Hall

Silent as a falling leaf
To my heart there came a grief;
Angerless it settled there,
Angerless it must linger
Till it waste from mere decay.

While the future's there to change,
Still it would seem easier, to change the past;
For life itself has closed my eyes,
And life has stopped my ears
To words not untrue and not unkind.

That same wind that did breathe.
New life upon my untutored limbs,
Now but disperses clouds about
Our once perfect sky. My love was obscure
But was my essence grasped?

Yet even passion seeks for peace
And I am spent; drop the eyelid on the eye -
That cannot stay the tear.
Lord, if you hear me, touch me and hold me,
And keep me from blowing away.

NOAH'S ARK

Ian McCulloch (Form III)

And the Lord said unto Noah:
“Where is the ark which I have
Commanded thee to build?”

Noah said to the Lord:
“Verily, I have had three
Carpenters off ill. The wood
Supplier hath let me down - yea,
Even though the wood hath
Been on order for nigh upon twelve
Months. The dampcourse specialist
Hath not turned up. What can I
Do, O Lord?”

And God said unto Noah:
“I want that ark finished even
After seven days and seven nights.”
So Noah said: “It will be so.”
And it was not so.

And the Lord said unto Noah:
“What seemeth to be your trouble
This time?”

Noah said unto the Lord:
“Mine subcontractor hath gone broke.
The pitch which thou hast commanded

Me to put on the inside and outside
Of the ark hath not arrived. Also, the
Plumber hath gone on strike.”

Noah rent his garments and said:
“The glazier hath gone on holiday
To Corfu - yea, even though I
Offered him double time.

Shem, my son, who hath been helping
Me with the ark, hath made up a
Pop group with his brothers, Ham
And Japheth. O Lord, I am
Done for!”

Noah went unto the Lord and said:
“The wood is in the warehouse at
Last, and the wood-supplier hath
Only to wait for a servant to deliver
It unto me.”

And the Lord grew angry and said:
“What about the animals, where, for
Example, are the two giraffes?”
Noah said unto the Lord:
“They are expected today.”

JOLLY HOCKEY STICKS

Jeremy French (Form III)

The whistle is blasted and they're off.
The ball is swiped and clobbered about
Carelessly like a punch-bag,
It goes to and fro
From one end of the pitch to the other,
A tennis ball.

For once there has been a good move.
The chap who likes flan has
Swiped the ball, knocking the goalie
Flying like a game of skittles.
The fat chap with the muzzle on
Lost his temper and threw the ball to the ground.

All's ready to start again
But wait, the ball has been injured
And is limping off the pitch
Like a wandering wounded soldier.
But not to worry, another one is marched on,
Urged by the cheering crowd
Who look like a load of black ants
Wriggling about on an ant hill.

A precious stone is running up the wing
Breathing heavily
Like a locomotive overboiling.
He carefully fires the ball at the centre,
Like a mosquito coming in for an assault,

Who gives it a helping hand;

It whistled past the goalie
And into the net like a torpedo.
And for your information
The ball got off lightly with a few bruises.

LAMENT

Hamish Wilson

In odious Sunday - London; void of open shops,
Sprinklings of foreign tourists idled round the Albert Memorial.

The sturdy slot of Victoriana.
The Chinese stood expressionless,
Uniformed in flat-capped, dull grey conformity,
Not noticing the innocent concord of playing children.

The leaf-scattering gusts of wind sent
People scurrying from the empty streets,
Now, the static, guano-grey museums opened
Their bombstarching doors,
Distrustfully giving shelter.

The rich strains of a mouth organ
Churned out from the deep concrete darkness of the subway.
The swaying beggar blindly groped for a living
In the nothing-can-get-me-here safety
Of a graffiti-ridden shelter.
But nobody noticed.

I earnestly followed the guidance of endless neon lights,
I wove my way through crowds of lonely people,
Ascended and descended on the escalators.
Aimlessly wandered in the labyrinth of subterranean streets.
I was devoured from alcoholic, cold, deserted platforms,
By the desperate, slide-door Minoan snake
Which hurtled, rattled, excavating tunnels.
I noticed the different smells of the different people.
In the discordant jamboree of nationalities,
I was rebuked by blue peak-capped ticket collectors,
I found myself in brightly lit termini,
In which I saw more oblivious humans,
Ant-like purposefully making for their destinations.
I joined streams of these beings,
I lost myself and then found the right station,
I saw the loneliness of the unshaven man
Throwing his cigarette packet onto the floor.
But nobody noticed.

I emerged fresh and stupidly blinking in Trafalgar Square
From the miserable underground existence of the future.
I glanced over to the steps of Nelson's Column,
I saw a desperate soap-box orator
Hopelessly pleading before it was too late.
He said something about “freedom” and “power”,
A string of bored people at the foot of the steps idly listened.
The speaker looked imploring around at the mass
Of stupidly optimistic faces,
Who only cared to feed insignificant squat grey birds
And laugh, taking smiling photographs.

When I came out of the Gallery
He had gone.
It was too late.

Nobody knew.
Nobody cared.
Nobody noticed.



THE DEBATING SOCIETY

“This House Believes that God is Dead” was the controversial motion of the Senior Debate on 24th November. The motion was proposed by Kerry Crowhurst, and was seconded by Treve Evans. They were opposed by Hamish Wilson and Ian Cummings.

Kerry Crowhurst proposed that the motion be changed to “This House believes that God is not alive”, an unusual, but justified, request. She took the line that God was merely a protecting psychological comfort for primitive societies. Opposing the motion, Hamish Wilson saw God as a driving force present in our modern society, and he envisaged suffering as a noble experience designed by God to equip us for life.

Treve Evans played on the farcical story of the creation and other episodes from the Bible. He saw church-going in terms of moronic whimpering to someone who didn’t listen anyway.

Ian Cummings saw the power of God reflected in nature, and advanced the theory that the human mind simply cannot grasp the scope of his existence. He concluded with the opinion that since God has survived, through Christianity, for 2,000 years, it must be more than a mere myth.

The motion was thrown open to the house, and some fascinating opinions and heated arguments developed.

The motion was put to the vote, after both sides had summed up, and it was defeated by 40 votes to 5, with 7 abstentions.

T.W.

* * * *

THE motion “This House Believes that National Service Should be Obligatory” was proposed on March 16th by Mr. Paul Curtis-Hayward, who leant towards the non-military angle throughout his argument. After his well-researched argument, Mr. Stephen Hawkins addressed the floor as the first speaker for the opposition, with an amusing and convincing speech. Miss Julie Alesworth then stood up to second Mr. Curtis Hayward with a very amusing argument which again swayed the minds of the anticipating floor. Mr. Haynes resumed the argument for the opposition with most ‘enjoyable’ verbage.

Next the debate was thrown open to the floor, whereupon several constructive critical points were made. Thus the summaries of both sides were made difficult, but despite the competence of the teams the vote confirmed the unmilitaristic viewpoint of Rendcomb with the opposition gaining the majority of 38 to 5. Thanks to all involved for their effort.

T.N.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

OUR first junior debate of the term was attended by a large audience. The motion, “This House Believes that all Schools should be Co-Educational from the Start”, was being proposed by Peter Uglow and Neil Blencowe, and opposed by Mark Harris and Charles Waddell.

Peter Uglow opened the debate with some very valid points. His main argument was that not having girls around ruined your social life.

The first speaker for the opposition was Mark Harris. He said that girls are distracting in all kinds of ways. Also, there are those strange few who don’t like the company of girls, and they should have the chance to stay with boys.

Neil Blencowe gave a short, concise speech, bringing up some new arguments, and backing up Uglow’s speech very ably.

Charles Waddell finished with an amusing talk and he showed some delight in finding flaws in Blencowe’s speech.

The debate was then open to the floor.

Burchell spoke up, making some interesting points and some irrelevant ones. Mr. T. Dyke made a very intellectual speech and he swayed the minds of some of the younger ones present, though one speaker wanted to vent his wrath on him by ‘picking him up by the scruff of the neck and kicking him out’. Unfortunately, the first and second form kept very quiet during the discussion and only a few people in the third form were prepared to give their views.

It was then left to Peter Uglow and Mark Harris to sum up the debate. Both summed up in a very capable manner and the motion was put to the vote. Surprisingly, it was defeated by 43 votes to 12 with 9 abstentions.

* * * *

THE second junior debate was held on Sunday, 28th November, in the college library. The motion “This House Prefers Eating to Clothing”, was proposed by Mr. Mark Burchell and Mr. David Denby, and opposed by Mr. Timothy Burkham and Mr. Robin Webb. The proposers waddled in stuffed with pillows and chewing large crusts of bread,

while the opposers entered dressed in fancy, stylish clothing.

Mark Burchell spoke first for the proposition and his talk was accompanied by much laughter. It was a very interesting, down to earth speech and everyone applauded heartily when he had finished.

Timothy Burkham had the unenviable task of trying to persuade people to vote against the motion. He made an excellent speech and finished off by saying, "If you're for the motion you go into tea naked" (fortunately, nobody did).

David Denby (the only second form speaker) backed Mark Burchell's speech very well. He 'put the lid on the jar' with his speech and I think the debate was almost decided then.

Last, but not least, Robin Webb spoke up against the motion. He talked about how you can die of exposure after so many hours in the cold, but you can go for much longer without anything to eat.

The debate was open to the floor and it was good to see so many first and second form boys speaking. C. Freeman, S. Hughes, A. Pitt, N. Pitt, N. Townend, R. Perrett, S. Powell, A. Stephenson all added their words of wisdom to the debate. Third formers who spoke were A. Martyn-Smith, C. Dick, R. Smith, P. Uglow, C. Waddell, A. White, D. White, J. Wilson and R. Woof.

It was left to Mark Burchell and Timothy Burkham to sum up the debate, which they did very capably. The motion was then put to the vote and was won by 34 votes to 8 with 4 abstentions.

M.D.C.H.

* * * *

A Junior Debate was held on Sunday, 27th February, in the college library at 4.30 p.m. The motion was "This House Prefers Brains to Beauty".

The speakers in favour of the motion were Peter Uglow, Andrew Pitt and Steven Paris, and against were Charles Waddell, Mark Harris and Callum Dick, who were introduced by the chairman as having been selected as three of the best-looking boys in form three.

Peter Uglow started and spoke clearly and well, and made some very useful points, as did Charles Waddell who spoke next. Andrew Pitt also spoke well, introducing a different angle of argument as he said that brains are used to construct and invent beauty. This argument dominated the debate and was continually used by those in support of the motion.

Mark Harris used his orator's talent and put forward his case extremely well, as did Steven Paris, and Callum Dick ended the speeches with a very well-prepared speech which introduced many valuable points.

Next the motion was 'thrown open' to the house, and a large majority of the audience contributed including Mr. Dyke, who said that the two are too closely connected to be separated.

The cases were summarized by Peter Uglow and Charles Waddell, and after votes the result was: seventeen for the motion, twenty-six against, with eight abstentions.

The junior part of the school are very grateful for the efforts of Mr. Holt, who was chairman and is organiser of these debates which are very enjoyable, interesting and worthwhile.

C.T.B.

COMMUNITY SERVICES

THERE has been great enthusiasm for community services this year and the minibus is now going in twice a week. In November about fifteen mentally handicapped children came to Rendcomb for a party. They thoroughly enjoyed a traditional party of balloons and streamers, dressing-up and jellies. At Christmas a group of girls sang at the Pater Noster Old People's Home and Quern's Hospital geriatric ward. As well as carols, we attempted to sing several old time tunes and were indebted to two valiant old gentlemen who contributed the bass and treble parts, an old lady who vigorously conducted us, and were rewarded by a 99 year-old lady singing to us. We are grateful to Mr. Dyke for accompanying us on both these occasions.

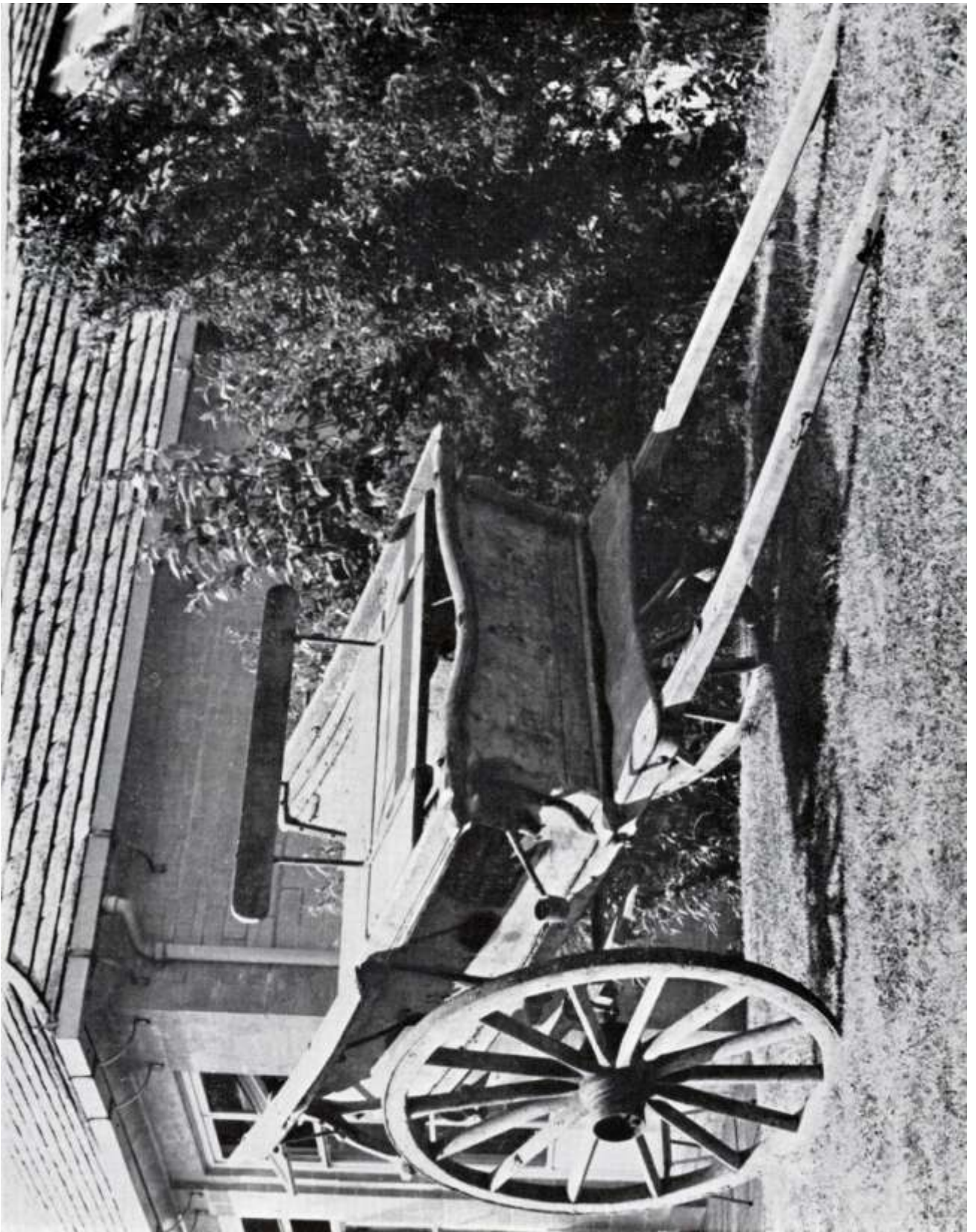
The geriatrics are visited so frequently by Rendcombians that they are now counted as one of the old people.

"How long have you been coming here?" they ask. "Do you come for weekly treatment?"

Miss Carey and her aunt were delighted to receive a picture of their dog framed by Mark Raven and we congratulated Miss Scheller on reaching the grand age of 91. Mr. Simms continues to amuse his visitors every week.

We realized how important our visits to the old people were when we discovered that Mrs. Bridgeman had made the five-minute walk into the town centre for the first time in eight years this March.

J.C., W.H.



LITERARY SOCIETY

THE Literary Society has enjoyed three meetings since October, under the general direction of Mr. Dyke.

The first, on Wednesday October 10th, was an evening of Victorian literature, and, trying to imagine the library as a Victorian parlour, we heard a variety of readings - some moving, some dramatic, some amusing but all appealing to the emotions rather than the intellect.

Passages of prose and verse, original and otherwise, from the bawdy to the sensitive and from Yeats to A. A. Milne were chosen and read by members of the society at the second meeting last term, on the evening of December 1st.

In the spring term there has been one meeting in mid-January, and this featured readings on the general theme of war.

J.M.H.

BRIDGE CLUB

THERE was considerable enthusiasm at the beginning of the season, and, with 24 playing members it seemed a good idea to have a beginners class and a more advanced class, taken by Mr. Hawkswell. There was a successful duplicate evening in December, the winners being A. Flambard and A. Reynolds.

Support for the meetings in the spring term has been disappointing, perhaps because of conflicting interests. All would-be Bridge players are encouraged to do two things: firstly, attend the club meetings each term, and, secondly, play bridge among themselves as frequently as possible.

Whist Drives

There were 13 tables at an enjoyable evening open to the whole senior school in December.

First Prizes: Susan Pritchard; S. Whittard.

Second Prizes: H. Wilson; P. Uglow.

Third Prizes : J. Gotley; R. Pitt.

Booby Prize: G. Morgan.

At the end of the spring term, there were again 13 tables on the evening of the sixth form dance.

First Prizes : A. Masters; I. Smalley.

Second Prizes : J. Poach; R. Smith.

Booby Prize: R. Hazell.

W.J.D.W.

FOLK CLUB NOTES

A sixth form folk club was formed in the winter term, to try to provide a forum for some of the less orthodox musicians in the senior school. There have been four meetings, three in the winter and one in the Lent terms, which have been generously supported by the sixth form on Sunday evenings.

Principal contributors were the members of the founding committee: Chris Pulford, Peter Haynes and Kerry-Jane Crowhurst, but the classical side of guitar music was upheld by Vickie Joel, folk-rock by Mark Holloway and Tim Wormleighton, and more basic rock by Ian Boothman and Dave Butler. Others too numerous to mention have also contributed, and it is hoped that this experiment will continue to receive support next year.

T.D.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

THE dark room has continued to be well used, and it has witnessed the production of a variety of good quality prints. Several fourth form members have produced promising results, notably Richard Pitt and Julian Walters. It is hoped that the society will be able to afford a new masking frame next term, something which has been needed for some time - the funds being unable to stretch far enough. I would like to remind everyone that the society is open to all corners (well, almost!), and that new members are always welcome.

C.A.H.

BELL-RINGING NOTES

ANOTHER fine term has been had by all. However, the bells are deteriorating rapidly and we hope that they will be re-hung sometime this summer. Miss Bliss took a group to ring at Gloucester Cathedral on 27th February, an outing which was very successful. At last we have actually become moderately proficient in straight ringing and have managed to ring some simple methods. I should therefore like to thank Miss Bliss for another excellent term's ringing.

P.C.-H.

CAREERS

THE pattern this year has been similar to that of last year. Brigadier Buttenshaw spoke to seven fifth formers in the new careers room. Dr. J. Bradshaw of Aston University showed slides and talked to the fifth form and first year sixth. Mr. Northcote-Green, Regional Secretary, administered the I.S.C.O./Birkbeck tests to several fifth formers; the results subsequently being interpreted and the candidates interviewed by the careers master.

Mr. Perkin, the new Area Careers Officer, spent two whole days visiting the college and interviewing the fifth-formers who did not take the Birkbeck tests. Since Mr. Perkin actually lives in Cirencester, we hope to make much greater use of the Careers Service and he has kindly agreed to visit us every term in future.

R.K.

BUSINESS GAME

THE board of management, now in its second year of office, benefited greatly from the experience it had gained during the previous year. This year's contest proved to be an interesting and closely fought game which remained undecided until the last round, after which we were placed second in our group, narrowly losing to Wisbech G.S. but defeating Caterham School and King's School, Worcester.

We were pleased to meet our area supervisor, Mr. Worth, F.C.A., who visited us late in October, and are grateful for his final report. Finally, we would like to thank Mr. Kelsey and Mr. Wood for their help and advice throughout the term.

Chairman: Sue Pritchard

Secretary: Sarah Robinson

Board: David Brennan, Steve Hewitt, Paul Maguire, David Pitt.

S.P., S.R.

AT WORK WITH THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN IN ROTTERDAM

"VARIETY is the spice of life." Although this is generally regarded as a truism, I found that it best describes my work and time with Missions To Seamen in the port of Rotterdam, as a student volunteer. No one day brings quite the same thing, but an average day will often begin sometime after 10 a.m.

I then go off ship-visiting. The length of time involved in this varies considerably. Generally I do not return until about 2 p.m. When I visit a ship, I first of all have to try to find the captain to ask his permission to have a "look around".

Moreover, by doing this I hope to find out where and when the ship is sailing. This piece of information can then be used as an overture to a conversation with the crew, who often do not know what is happening until the eleventh hour. Having seen the captain, I head for the officers' or crew's bar - not to gain beverage for myself but because after about 11 a.m. it is where everybody tends to congregate. More often than not I'm offered a drink (if nothing else the mission has taught me how to manage mixing beers). I usually stay in each bar for about a quarter of an hour. I then proceed to the galley and mess room, where I stay for a similar length of time. Thus, I reckon to be on each ship for about fifty minutes. However, these timings are a very rough approximation; it often depends on the size of the ship, for example whether it is a coaster with a crew of three or a super tanker.

The idea of ship-visiting is to find out how many ships are in our 'patch', and are liable to use the mission in the evening. I also find out whether anybody wants transport to the club, and tell the seamen if anything special is happening - a dance, bingo, film, England v. Holland match on t.v., etc. But of course the main reason is so that the seamen have someone different to talk to (either on the ship or in the club, where they will also meet other seamen), and if they have any specific problems they will tell you and ask for your opinion. One thing I have found is that seamen are very

frank, honest and straightforward. Thus, the conversations I have had have varied very considerably - the merits of "Newcastle Brown" compared with "Tartan"; the abdication of Edward VIII; the respective abilities of Manchester United and Ipswich Town; devolution; the night life of Rotterdam compared with Liverpool; "It's the labour government's fault, isn't it?" and so on. I have often been involved in very interesting if not amusing conversations, helped by the fact that seamen come from such different social backgrounds and areas.

On returning from ship-visiting I get myself a snack lunch, if I have not kindly been offered a meal on a ship. On average I get offered a meal about three times a week (the best is a "Shell" Sunday lunch, which consists of steak and chips and ice cream). Officially I have the rest of the afternoon to myself, in which I do my shopping, write letters, watch a film I have obtained ("Dirty Dozen", "Puppet on a Chain", "Return of Pink Panther"), or more often than not, sleep. I prepare an evening meal, which has to be eaten before 6 p.m. as that is when the mission opens. However, most seamen do not arrive until after 8 p.m., that is those who have been on the 4-8 p.m. watch. During these couple of hours, I am normally transporting seamen, which can be rather hazardous during frosty weather. On five nights a week there is a Dutchman who runs the bar, thus unless we are busy I am not behind the bar. However, on the other two nights I have to run the bar, which includes selling souvenirs. If I am not behind the bar, I sit and chat with the seamen; perhaps play snooker, table tennis, or darts, or if it is very quiet I watch television - there is invariably at least one English programme on each night ("New Avengers", "Doctor on the Go"). Other than this, there is also a pinball machine, football table and the inevitable juke box. About once a month there is a dance; these are either very good or very bad, depending on how many ships are "in" and whether many local girls come to them. About once every other week I show a film, depending on whether there are any good films available and whether the seamen want to see it. The bar serves beer (Heineken) and soft drinks, but for obvious reasons we do not sell spirits. The bar should close at 10.30 p.m. but very seldom does this happen. It normally closes around 11.15 p.m., sometimes even as late as midnight. I then have to take back the seamen (in all kinds of conditions), often refusing the offer of going on board for another refreshment! By time I have done my washing up I do not usually go to bed until 1 a.m.

That is approximately a "day in the life", but as yet no two days have been similar. For instance, I might have to exchange a library (i.e. 100 hard-back books) and/or paperbacks with a ship, which helps keep me fit along with carting crates of beer and moving beer barrels about the mission. Sunday is slightly different in that I actually go into Rotterdam to church and to collect English Sunday papers which have been flown in specially, and I then proceed to sell them on ships. The price of them is perhaps a good reflection of how much higher the cost of living is in Holland: The Sunday Times, for instance, is 75p. Sometimes on Sundays I take some seamen to see a football match. I do not think I shall ever forget the sound of amazement of the Dutch crowd, when my Welsh companion burst into song. Nor, unhappily, will I forget the brutality of the Dutch police in dealing with a slight disturbance. Surely the beating up of 12 year-old boys with batons is a bit extreme?

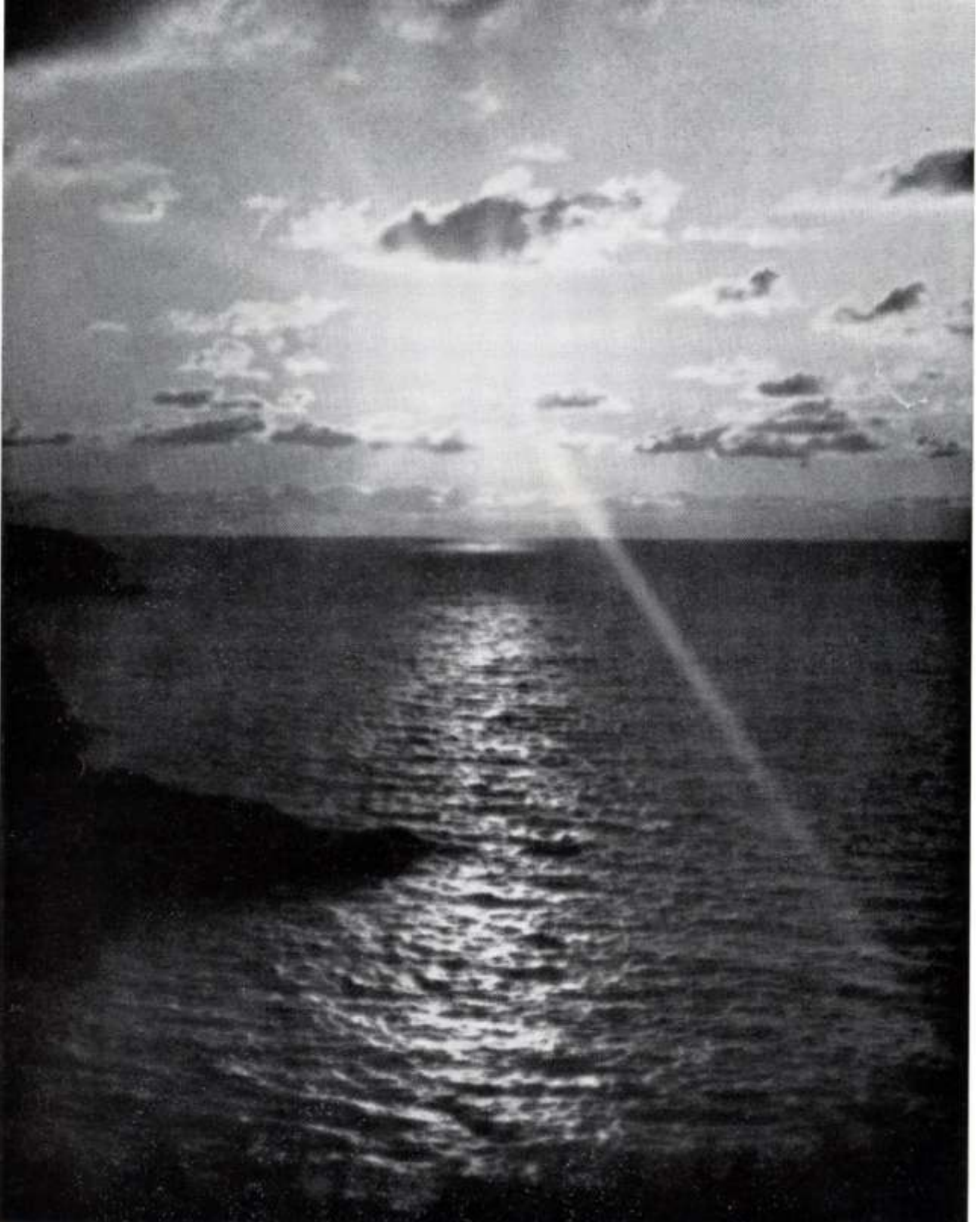
The majority of ships the mission deals with are British, although the numbers are dwindling quite considerably. I do not visit the Russian or East European ships for obvious reasons, nor the Dutch ships. The German and Scandinavian ships have their own missions. This leaves Greek, Italian and possibly French ships, and those flags of convenience - Cypriot, Moravian, Panamanian, Liberian - though our mission is mainly used by British seamen and a few local people. One of the other missions in Rotterdam (there are four altogether) tends to have only Greek seamen, reflected by the juke-box choice. Increasingly the International Pool of Seamen use our mission, rather than the main mission in Rotterdam. On the whole the "pool" seamen are dropouts and have typical illusions and ambitions, which are usually, unfortunately, very unrealistic. The actual ships I visit are normally chemical-carrying which tend to go to the third world. However, I also visit grain-carrying coasters, and 250,000 ton oil tankers, which only just manage to come through the English Channel.

I am based at a mission which is midway between Rotterdam and Europort, and is very isolated (surrounded by a river and the biggest single refinery in the world). Thus any seamen who care to visit our hostelry have to be driven, especially with the stringent security in the differing refineries. On average I drive about 500 miles a week. This means I am constantly involved with the methodical Dutch and the ever-present traffic lights, which cause considerable delay as they work by computer rotation at junctions. Moreover, the Dutch seem to take great delight in trapping unsuspecting travellers with their frequent and complicated flyovers (on one I once spent forty minutes). Added to this, there are the occupational hazards of the Dutch drivers and trams, and the awareness that somewhere there might be a hidden camera keeping an eye on you, so altogether driving in Holland can be quite a nerve-racking experience. A wrong turn can be fatal, as I found to my cost on Christmas morning at 2 a.m. - well, at least I have now seen the whole of Rotterdam!

Although it is different from what I expected, I am really enjoying my work. I have seen another way of life, in dealing with seamen and also living in Holland. Some of it has been pleasant, some of it not so, as when I saw the more sordid and depressing aspects of life in Amsterdam. However, the main thing is that the seamen seem really to appreciate your work and the facilities of the mission, especially the older men, who might have been at sea for three months, and want somewhere to go where they can relax, and which is not expensive. Their appreciation is shown in their friendliness and in occasional gifts: English food, books, flags, etc. I have had some really good times, either on board ship or at the bar, especially at the Pelican Club in Europort which is an old barge boat on land, which often achieves a homely pub atmosphere. I have met some fascinating characters (seamen in 'drag'), and this experience in dealing with people should, I think, prove invaluable later in life. The enjoyment is increased by the attitude of the Dutch people, whose very pro-English attitude is seen in so many different ways, and who always seem prepared to

welcome an Englishman. Unfortunately however, the number of British ships is always in decline, and, as one Dutchman remarked, "Britain no longer Rules the Waves".

CHARLES HUSSEY (Rendcomb College 1974-76)



SPORT

RUGBY FOOTBALL 1976

A difficult season for the college in many ways. The difference in standard between the first and second fifteens was very small, the seconds being very strong, losing only one match all season, the firsts being a little below par. Our main problem, which looks in the future to be solved, was the small size of our pack. Having no line-out ball, and relying on technique in scrummages soon tires a pack especially when the opposition are so much bigger. Psychologically too, we suffered in many games, obtaining an early lead but then lacking the confidence to capitalize on the situation. The scores themselves show that the majority of games were hard fought battles and all the players gained much experience from them.

B.J.H.

v. MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE UI6, 18th September (Away). Lost 8-16

We opened the season in scorching hot conditions. Even though we were playing an under 16 side we still seemed out-weighted and out-jumped in the forwards. It was fairly even in the first half, though Marlborough seemed the stronger team. We scored first through a very good run by Hussey, but they soon equalised. We scored again in the second half through Griffiths but failed to kick any conversions or penalties. Finally the Marlborough pressure proved too much, and we conceded two more goals.

v. DEAN CLOSE SCHOOL, 21st September (Away). Lost 6-18

We conceded an early goal to a much heavier and more experienced side. After 15 minutes we settled down somewhat and Griffiths scored in the corner, the try being converted. But Dean Close gained more and more possession and always looked the stronger side. Towards the end of the second half we were getting virtually no ball and the Dean Close three-quarters showed some very good running.

v. KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BATH, 25th September (Home). Lost 7-14

We had a bad start (even by Rendcomb 1st XV standards!) conceding 7 points in about ten minutes. However, we settled down and turned around with the slope and wind and more confidence after pressing hard at the end of the first half. But unfortunately we failed to make up the difference despite some good play in parts by both three-quarters and pack.

v. WYCLIFFE COLLEGE 2nd XV, 7th October. Lost 0-10

We began well against what proved to be a better side. We pressurized Wycliffe and played good rugby for about half an hour but they then settled down. Their much heavier pack began to get the upper hand and so we gradually got less and less ball, eventually conceding two tries. Overall we were beaten, yet again, mainly due to insufficient weight and height in the pack.

v. PRINCE HENRY'S, EVESHAM, 9th October (Home). Drawn 14-14

A very frustrating match on the whole. We felt that we were the better side, but never quite managed to produce just that little extra flair that was needed. We were in the lead for the most part but just let the game slip in the last 10 minutes.

v. CIRENCESTER R.F.C. 3rd XV, 16th October (Away). Won 20-4

We started downhill, but a little nervously, though soon we were beginning to feel we could give the very experienced rugby club side a good game. We soon made use of our fitness and some useful kicking by Forrest kept us down in their half. We went into the lead after about 20 minutes through a try by Griffiths in the corner. From there on we didn't look back. The three-quarters made good use of the good ball provided by the pack. We finished the first half 16-0 up through two penalty goals, a conversion by Sinclair and a try from Longworth. Going uphill in the second half slowed us down but we managed to score once more through a kick by Sinclair, touched down by Griffiths. Altogether a very creditable performance.

v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 2nd XV, 21st October. Lost 4-19

Overall a poor performance from an injury-weakened Rendcomb team. Our standard tactics put Cheltenham 3-0 up after 5 minutes from a penalty in front of the posts. But a well engineered three-quarter move put Davies over for a try minutes later. We continued to press hard, the three-quarters showing some imaginative play, yet we failed to score again. Cheltenham then settled down, gained more possession and hence scored twice from overlaps in the three-quarters. The second half was more even, but Cheltenham scored another goal to win 19-4.

v. HEREFORD CATHEDRAL SCHOOL, 6th November (Away). Lost 4-35

For a change, we started well. The pack, though outweighed, won good ball and the three-quarters produced some good running to put Davies over for a try. Hereford gradually began to get on top, and we changed ends 9-4 down. Then nothing went right. The pack folded up and we won little ball. Hereford gave us a good demonstration of efficient pack work and skilled three-quarter running.

v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL, 13th November (Away). Lost 9-22

We started well, pressing hard, and were rewarded by a penalty on their ten yard line. Hussey hit the post, but Sinclair was up quickly to collect the ball and go over for a try, which Hussey converted. We continued to press hard and scored again through a Forrest drop-goal. Thus we started the second half 9-0 up but then slackened pace; Bloxham began to work harder and then through some imaginative three-quarter running they scored 22 points, mostly in the last 20 minutes.

v. BURFORD SCHOOL, 17th November (Home). Won 17-7

Lausch put us 3-0 up with a 45-yard penalty after only 5 minutes. We then pressed Burford and eventually after some good play by the pack, particularly in the loose, Flambard scored in the corner and Lausch converted. The second half saw the pack continue to play well, winning much loose and tight ball and eventually Forrest and Galtress went over for two tries. As usual, of late, we slackened the pace to let Burford score a try and a good dropped goal.

v. COKETHORPE SCHOOL, 24th November (Away). Lost 9-14

We started, again, by conceding 3 points from a penalty right under the posts. However, Hussey soon levelled the score with a good penalty kick. The game was fairly even throughout though our backs never quite made enough of the ball given to them. We changed ends 9-3 down after a Cokethorpe goal, conceded a further goal from a kick over our backs but then began to pressurise the Cokethorpe defence. We scored through a try by Davies, converted by Hussey, but this wasn't enough to save a game that we should have won with some ease.

v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER, 27th November (Home). Lost 10-16

Overall a poor performance by the whole team. We gave away early points and never really managed to pull ourselves together enough to make up the difference. A very half-hearted effort all round produced a disappointing game.

v. CIRENCESTER SCHOOL, 1st December (Away). Won 10-0

We were very lucky to play at all as the pitch was waterlogged, and consequently the standard of play was low as handling became more and more difficult. We pressed hard from the start and, except for a few good kicks deep into our half, Cirencester never really looked like threatening our line. We scored towards the end of the first half through a try by Griffiths converted by Lausch. The play deteriorated still further in the second half as the light began to fade, but we scored again through another try scored by Griffiths after a good 25-yard run through the Cirencester defence.

The following played for the 1st XV: I. Forrest, R. Thomson, J. McGill, P. Evans, J. Sinclair, S. Galtress, M. Griffiths, N. Longworth, S. Tyler, T. Lausch, A. Sergison, A. Mackonochie, O. Davies, C. Lee, A. Harris, K. Barraclough, J. Stupple, C. Hitchcock, D. Beanland, C. Pulford, D. Brennan, J. Archer, A. Flambard, C. Troughton.

I.F.

2nd XV

THE success of the team was due to many factors. Although 28 players represented the college at this level, no opposing team was able to expose a weakness in any position.

In the first few matches, although the forwards were unable to gain much possession at the scrum and line-out, they were always superior in the loose. Only once did the team's fierce tackling falter and for this reason they suffered the only defeat of the season. Once the forwards began to obtain more of the ball, the backs were able to score freely, but unfortunately three of the last four matches were cancelled.

Every player contributed to the success of the team which was well captained by John Cooper, whose example resulted in the wholehearted teamwork shown by all the second XV.

Some of the strengths of the team were the powerful tackling of Troughton, the decisive speed of Flambard, the aggression of Archer and Middlemist at half-back, and the determination and constructive forward play of Allen, Boothman, Brennan (D), Taylor (N), Beanland and Mackonochie.

Results:

v. Dean Close (H)	Drawn	10-10
v. King Edward's School, Bath (A)	Won	4-0
v. Wycliffe College 3rd XV (A)	Won	8-0

v. Cheltenham College 3rd/4th XV (A)	...	Won	28-6
v. Bredon School 1st XV (H)	...	Won	14-6
v. Hereford Cathedral School (A)	...	Lost	9-10
v. Bloxham School (H)	...	Won	16-3
v. Burford School (H)	...	Won	42-0
v. King's School, Gloucester (A)	...	Won	22-0

Played 9; Won 7; Drawn 1; Lost 1.
Points for : 153, Points against: 35.

The following played two or more matches for the 2nd XV: Cooper, Lee, Hart, Flambard, Moore, Troughton, Masters, Hussey, Middlemist, Archer, Allen, Boothman, Taylor (N), Pulford, Lausch, Brennan (D), Cannon, Weaver, Macko-
nochie, Beanland and Hitchcock.

The following played once: Harris (A), Tyler, Brennan (S), Barraclough, Hewitt, Sayers and Winnill.

D.A.H.

3rd XV

THE following played: P. Haynes, J. Archer, G. Moore, C. Burkham, P. Maguire, P. Curtis-Hayward, J. Smalley, D. Sayers, N. Hall, A. Jordan, W. Gotley, D. Taylor, D. Beanland, J. Purkiss, M. Weaver, K. Winnill, J. Steed, M. Cannon, N. Carroll, S. Brennan, D. Oughton, S. Trigger, A. Carter, A. Masters, C. Pulford.

Results:

v. Dean Close School (H) Lost 0-72
v. Wycliffe College (A) Lost 0-26
v. Cheltenham College (H) Lost 6-16
v. Bloxham School (H) Lost 4-16
(Fixtures v. King Edward's, Bath and Kingham Hill cancelled).

The problem with the 3rd XV was that injuries in teams higher up automatically weakened the 3rds and thus the confident 3rds team which was set to play the first match never actually played together, several of the members becoming permanent 2nds and even 1sts players.

This apart, the season was not too bad after its disastrous opening, the results always improving and the players always enjoying themselves. The team's main weakness was perhaps its relaxation late in a match. Credit must be given to Douglas Sayers for powerful running, Andrew Jordan for some excellent tackling and both the hookers, John Purkiss and Michael Cannon, for winning more than their share of the ball; also to Shaun Brennan who assisted me by rallying the pack.

P.H.

All credit too, to Peter Haynes for captaining a happy and hardworking side.

D.S.J.P.

Under 15 XV

THE team did not perhaps play up to the standard hoped for but still maintained a creditable record.

The season started well with three wins in succession. A convincing win over Dean Close was followed by a fairly easy victory over King Edward's, Bath. We had a very close game against Wycliffe College, just managing to hold on to a narrow lead. This was our first U.15 win over Wycliffe. The match against Cheltenham College was played in appalling weather conditions and in a tight game we lost by a single, unconverted try. Undoubtedly our most disappointing performance was against Hereford Cathedral School. The forwards lacked determination and the three-quarters' covering of the loose ball was poor. We had a close game against Bloxham despite playing with 14 men for much of the match. The matches against Burford and King's School, Gloucester were decisive wins, a fitting end to the season.

The pack played well, particularly in the loose, and improved throughout the season. The three-quarter line had potential but their handling was often a weakness. Service from the base of the scrum was also erratic.

We would like to thank R. Pitt, the touch judge, and R. Tudor for his enthusiastic support.

Results:

v. Dean Close School (A)	Won	42-0
v. King Edward's, Bath (H)	Won	18-8
v. Wycliffe College (H)	Won	7-0
v. Cheltenham College (H)	Lost	0-4
v. Hereford Cathedral School (A)	Lost	11-18
v. Bloxham School (H)	Lost	0-7
v. Burford School (H)	Won	21-0
v. King's School, Gloucester (H)	Won	20-0

Played 8; Won 5; Lost 3.

Points for : 118, Points against: 41.

The following played: G. Adams, J. Allen, J. Bull, J. Duncumb, W. Edwards, A. Fidler, B. Hatchwell, D. Ind, N. Marlow, K. Nunan, R. Page, J. Quick, J. Ratcliffe, M. Twinning, M. Wilcox.

Also played: G. Beattie, T. Etherington.

M.T., B.H.

Under 14 XV**Results:**

v. King Edward's School, Bath (A)	Lost	0-35
v. Wycliffe College (H)	Won	20-4
v. Cheltenham College Junior School (A)	Won	18-0
v. Cheltenham College Yearlings (H)	Lost	12-18
v. Bredon School U.15 XV (H)	Lost	12-28
v. Bloxham School (A)	Lost	0-8
v. Cokethorpe School (A)	Won	22-4
v. King's School, Gloucester (A)	Won	25-6

Played 8; Won 4; Lost 4.

Points for: 109, Points against: 103.

MANY of our games were against very strong opposition such as Bath and Bredon, so the overall performance was very encouraging. We were unlucky to lose by such a large margin to Bath, and felt the result against Bloxham did not reflect the fact that we crossed their line three times, apparently without scoring!

The strength of the team was in the pack and at half-back. It was never the intention to play 10-man rugby, but we readily switched to this as the need arose, with a positive example always being set by M. Harris, who excelled both as player and captain.

Team: M. Harris, Munro, Jennings, Pitt, Breal, Cannon, J. Gotley, Woof, Burkham, T. Evans, I. Stewart, Burchell, Horton, Shacklock, Martyn-Smith.

R.K.

Under 13 XV

THE members of the scrum played well and enthusiastically but were often let down by the bad tackling of the backs.

This improved later in the season thanks to the example set by the captain who played at full back.

Even during the heaviest defeat this team fought hard in the second half of their matches. They must now learn to work up this determination for the first half!

The following played: Dunwoody (captain), Everatt, Pratt, Watson, Pedley, Hughes, Freeman, Denby, Hammond, Townend, Lee, Evans, Stroud, Rollo, Knapp, and Daniels.

Results:

v. Cheltenham Junior School B XV (A)	Lost	8-10
v. Oakley Hall 1st XV (A)	Lost	6-50
v. King's School, Gloucester (H)	Lost	8-26

Under 12½ XV

FIVE members of form 1 joined those eligible from the U.13 XV to make an exciting rugby team which tackled hard and passed the ball sensibly.

Members of the team: Freeman (captain), Pratt, Pedley, Watson, Wilcox, Hazell, Daniels, Palmer, Knapp, Townend, Evans, Smith R., Rollo, Smith M., and Powell.

Result:

v. Bowbrook School, Peopleton (H) ... Won 38-0

C.J.W.



HOCKEY 1977

THE 1st XI had a moderate record, with two wins, two draws and five defeats, but played well enough in some of the lost matches to suggest that we ultimately could have built a very useful side this year had not the atrocious weather reduced chances to practise in the early part of term. Remarkably and sadly, the team did not play on their own fine grass pitch until after half-term when at last the freak sequence of snow, frost, rain, and more rain relented; it said much for the side's spirit that they progressed so rapidly in the remaining six weeks and were able to press a fit, strong old Rendcombian combination so hard in the final match. We suffered one heavy defeat only: that was early in the season at Bristol when Colston's took full advantage of a series of horrific defensive blunders in the second half to win 6-0, after we had stubbornly held them, with Ian Forrest outstanding, to a goalless first half. There was to be no repeat of last season's gritty, surprising success against them.

Prospects at the start of the term were not too bright since we had only three regular 1st XI players from 1976. We were bound to have an inexperienced, untried squad and much depended on the way the younger players acclimatised. Many of these matured well and will obviously benefit from a year's hockey at this level: Nicholas Carroll, though not always reliable, had some excellent moments in goal; Peter Haynes (the team's utility player - though Graham Moore might contest this!) improved out of all recognition, performing dependably for much of the term in the unaccustomed position of full-back but returning to inside-forward eventually. Nigel Taylor also played throughout the term and became increasingly sure at the heart of the defence, speeding up generally and improving his hitting and timing of tackles; Graham Moore, using his speed of eye and foot to good effect, made the right-half berth ultimately his own and learned to play less individualistically (and with two hands!) - his best position might prove to be forward. One should also mention the resolute Colin Hitchcock, who improved his game considerably in the last part of the season and did not let the side down when called into the defence when, depleted, we faced the old boys.

Among the older or more established players none improved his game more than Simon Tyler, who, terrier-like, forced his way into the team at left-half and stayed there, playing very staunchly, for the rest of the season. Chris Lee was a constant problem for opposing defenders with his speed and determination, and many of our most promising attacks came via his right-wing partnership with John Sinclair, who if he can iron out one or two technical defects will soon become a really useful forward. Incidentally, Chris's attempts, frequently unsuccessful, to keep his feet on his

flying sorties down the wing will linger in all our memories! Both Andrew Mackonochie (centre-forward) and Owen Davies (inside-left) did well on occasions but, disappointingly, neither advanced much on 1976 form - more thought and stickwork were needed here. Anthony Flambard developed more aggression and looked at times a decidedly fast and accomplished specialist left-wing; with one or two little adjustments in his play he too will do extremely well in 1978 and beyond.

What real class there was in the side came mainly from the captain, Ian Forrest (centre-half), who was in his third year in the 1st XI. His form also showed a major advance on the previous season and in every game he seemed, with his mobility, reflexes, and stickwork, to be the rock on which the team's effort was based; he was one of the best players the school has produced in recent years. He was, in addition, an inspiring leader on the field and did much to exhort and bring on the team's younger members. Our thanks to him.

Yet again, but perhaps more acutely than ever, our chief problem was in decisively finishing off well-worked attacking moves; the weakness in stickwork and positioning at inside-forward this year was the main reason for lack of greater success. Currently we seem to produce at Rendcomb one or two stick-players of genuine class each season and only when we breed four or five simultaneously (and sharpen our set-piece drills) will we improve on the modest successes of recent terms. Next year an unusually large number of boys with 1st XI experience should be returning: if these are prepared to work to develop their talents, both at their local clubs and at Rendcomb, and if the weather-gods smile, by way of reparation, then perhaps 1978 will be the annus mirabilis our fans have been awaiting.

J.N.H.

Results:

February 9th v. PRINCE HENRY'S SCHOOL, EVESHAM (Away). Drew 1-1.

After the cancellation of the King Edward's, Bath, and Marlborough College matches, we played our first game on a very wet 'all-weather' pitch which at first put us on our guard, but due to the weather so far this term our experience from asphalt hockey proved invaluable. We pressed hard for the first quarter and deserved a goal, but we began to slacken and changed ends at nil-all. Both teams scored dubious goals in the second half from what was very encouraging hockey (considering this was only our second game on a full size pitch!). And so we came away with a fair and very encouraging 1-1 draw, our opponents equalising only five minutes from the end.

February 16th v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER (Home). Lost 1-3.

We started off under a lot of pressure from a far quicker King's School side but we settled down after about 15 minutes and changed ends 0-0. The second half began fairly similarly to the first, the backs still shaky and the forwards making, though unable to take, several chances. We went ahead through Mackonochie following up a short corner. King's then replied with a goal about a minute later and a second two minutes later, both from poor marking in defence and being caught square. We didn't learn and so conceded another goal. Thus we went 1-3 down in a match most of which was very even.

February 19th v. COLSTON'S SCHOOL (Away). Lost 0-6.

We spent most of the first half defending. A few breaks upfield brought some chances but there was no score at half time. After the break our defence collapsed and we conceded a goal after about 5 minutes. The defence continued to crumble and many unforgivable mistakes by the halves and backs let through a further 5 goals. A very disappointing result after a promising first half.

February 26th v. CRYPT SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER (Home). Won 1-0.

We got off to a good start and pressurised consistently throughout the first half, yet our finishing failed us and we couldn't score despite many chances. The second half began as the first but eventually Sinclair scored from a rebound from a short corner. We then slowed down, allowing the Crypt side to attack and were lucky on several occasions not to concede a goal. On the whole a game that was frustrating - we should have won about 4-0, but many wasted chances left us with a single goal win.

March 2nd v. BROCKWORTH SCHOOL (Away). Drew 3-3.

We started off well but then relaxed and conceded an early goal through a series of defensive mistakes. We fought back, with most of the game in their half, and equalised through a Lee shot from a very narrow angle. We changed ends and continued to have most of the play, though again we made several errors in defence and conceded another goal. The forwards continued to show flair and some good, imaginative play produced 2 goals from Flambard and Mackonochie. We then slackened off slightly, allowing Brockworth to equalise near the end from a short corner.

March 9th v. CHELTENHAM G.S. Won 4-1.

We pressed hard from the start, making good chances against poor opposition. Several constructive build-ups resulted in four first-half goals for Sinclair, Mackonochie, Flambard and Lee. A momentary lapse in concentration enabled Cheltenham to score, though they never looked really dangerous throughout.

March 12th v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL (Away). Lost 0-2.

With memories of Bloxham's first-class team last year we started off a little tentatively. Unfortunately we never really got going. Bloxham played good hockey on a small, sticky pitch and we defended fairly well, though many defensive errors led to two Bloxham goals. Overall a disappointing afternoon. We could possibly have drawn or even won if we had taken first-half chances, but no-one really seemed to get going and Bloxham increasingly dominated in the latter stages.

March 19th v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 2nd XI (Away). Lost 2-4.

We started fairly evenly but we relaxed our defence to let them have many free shots at goal so we were 2-0 down by half time. After the break we began to show some imaginative play and constructive attacks initiated from defence, directed to the right. Our finishing let us down on many occasions. However, we scored twice, first from a short corner by Forrest, and again from a good narrow angle shot by Mackonochie. Overall we were evenly matched but they took more of their chances.

March 26th v. OLD RENDCOMBIANS (Home). Lost 2-4.

Missing our regular goalkeeper and both wings, we understandably began in some trepidation against a strong-looking old boys team and fears were soon confirmed when we conceded two goals in the first fifteen minutes. However, this was the prelude to an extremely heartening performance by the college in the middle part of the match, and by half-time, with goals by Forrest (following a short corner) and Mackonochie, we were in with a chance at 2-3. The game remained at this finely balanced state, largely owing to a mixture of staunch defence and erratic O.R. shooting, but a few minutes from the end a well-worked fourth goal was conceded to make the final score 2-4. Both teams gave a fluent display, we had second-half chances to make the match even closer, and altogether it was an encouraging, enjoyable contest played in good conditions. The team had played some of their best and most resolute hockey of the term.

In the other match the college second XI beat the old boys 3-1.

3rd XI

DUE to consistent rainfall at the beginning of the season full use of the grass pitches was made impossible and practice as a team was limited. However, thanks to Mr. Essenhigh's coaching and effort throughout the season, quite a strong and spirited team under the captaincy of T. Lausch was formed. Our record was average, winning one, drawing one, and losing the last. The backs, Beanland and Brennan, played particularly well, as did the half backs, Gotley, Hall and Allen, continually pushing the ball up to the forwards, of whom the wingers, Evans and Butler, impressed in providing the insides with good crosses into the circle. Overall, despite the weather, a most enjoyable season.

Results:

v. King's School, Gloucester	Won	4-0
v. Bloxham School	Drew	1-1
v. Cheltenham College	Lost	1-3

The following represented the 3rd XI : T. Lausch (captain), Archer, Burgess, Galtress, Beanland, Brennan, Hart, Gotley, Hall, Evans, Cummings, Pitt, Butler, Allen, Jordan.

T.S.L

Under 15 XI

Results:

v. King Edward's School, Bath (A)	Lost	1-11
v. King's School, Gloucester (H)	Won	3-0
v. Crypt School, Gloucester (H)	Won	13-0
v. Bloxham School (H)	Lost	0-2

Under 15 'A' XI

v. Bredon School U.15 (H)	Lost	1-2
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As at no stage during the season were the team able to play under reasonable conditions, it is not surprising that the results of the matches were so erratic. All four were so one-sided that no proper conclusion can be drawn from any of them.

It is possible, if enough hockey had been played, that the team could have developed into a sound and successful eleven. The main weaknesses were the lack of speed in defence and the absence of positional sense in the attack. Quick proved to be a strong and dependable goalkeeper, Ind a skilful and powerful centre-half, and Twinning, the captain, an elusive right-wing. Bull was the most improved player in the team, becoming a determined full-back, while Hatchwell showed great spirit and worked very hard at inside forward.

D.A.H.

Under 14 XI

THE weather could hardly have been less kind than it was this season! First frost and then rain caused us to play asphalt hockey with frustrating regularity. In fact, our pitch was unfit until after half-term, by which time two away matches had been played.

The team have not had a very good season, due in part to the above mentioned conditions, but also to their reluctance to spend extra time in perfecting skills. Of the nine matches planned, three had to be cancelled.

Results:

v. King Edward's School, Bath (A)	Lost	3-4
v. Colston's School (A)	Lost	1-7
v. King's School, Gloucester (A)	Won	8-3
v. Bloxham School (A)	Lost	2-7
v. Dean Close School (A)	Drew	2-2
v. Cheltenham College Junior School (A) ...	Drew	2-2

Team: P. Uglow, A. Pitt, T. Paton, D. White, J. Henniker-Gotley (captain), M. Harris, R. Shacklock, T. Horton, T. Evans, R. Webb, and A. White.

The following also played for the team: R. Woof, M. Burchell, A. Graham-Munro, A. Martyn-Smith, and C. Waddell.

K.G.T.

SQUASH RACKETS

Captain: Kevin Barraclough.

Christmas Term Results:

1st V v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER 1st V (Home). Won 5-0.

(K. Barraclough, I. Forrest, J. Stupple, P. Lyons and W. Henniker-Gotley all won).

1st V v. HEREFORD CATHEDRAL SCHOOL 1st V (Away). Lost 1-4.

(J. Sinclair won at No. 5).

1st V v. CIRENCESTER S.R.C. UNDER 19 (Home). Won 5-0.

(K. Barraclough, I. Forrest, P. Lyons, W. Henniker-Gotley and J. Sinclair all won).

Lent Term Results:

1st V v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 1st V (Away). Lost 0-5.

1st V v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER 1st V (Away). Won 3-2.

(W. Henniker-Gotley, J. Sinclair and J. Henniker-Gotley won at Nos. 3, 4 and 5 respectively).

K.J.K.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

AN under 12 team and an under 14 team competed in the South Gloucestershire Championships held in Stroud in January. They finished second and fourth in their respective races. In the under 14 race Simon Knapp was second and Richard Smith was third in the under 12 race. Richard went on to run in the county championship final and finished third, a very creditable performance.

In March the under 13 team competed in the North Gloucestershire School's League. The competition consisted of

three meetings, on consecutive Thursdays, at each of which eleven teams, about ninety runners, took part. The Rendcomb team finished in fourth position, one or two places lower than in previous years. In the individual competition Simon Knapp was second overall and Richard Smith sixth. Knapp and Smith are to be congratulated on their excellent performances, but so too is the rest of the team for the willing way in which they trained throughout the winter and for their plucky efforts in the races.

Individual results were: Simon Knapp (2nd, 3rd, 2nd); Richard Smith (9th, 10th, 12th); Guy Marsh (33rd, 28th, 22nd); Richard Evans (26th, 38th, 23rd); Oliver Medill (32nd, 37th, 51st); Graham Bocking (47th, 34th, 50th); Donald Stewart (-, 42nd, 61st); Calum Dewar (53rd, 63rd, 66th); Richard Deacon (58th, 52nd, 73rd).

K.J.K.

GIRLS' SPORT

THIS year, due to additional variety of sports, more organisation has been necessary, so that at the beginning of the year a small committee was formed, and certain girls were put in charge of different sports. For all their help I should like to thank Sara Freeman, Wendy Hewitt, Taryn Nixon and Juliette Chapman.

Netball

THIS year the 1st team has proved to be very successful, with only Dean Close as yet to be conquered. We are very sorry to have lost Mandy Jones, who, in spite of Oxbridge exams, played in several vital matches. There were no cancelled matches, despite the weather, some taking place in driving rain.

1st TEAM: Sara Freeman (captain), Sue Pritchard, Sarah Morris, Juliette Chapman, Mandy Jones, Lucy Cullen, Sarah Robinson, and Wendy Hewitt.

2nd TEAM: Taryn Nixon, Vickie Joel, Danielle Shrimpton, Julie Alesworth, Kerry-Jane Crowhurst, Bridget Cross, and Ann Wimperis.

The following also played: Penny Jones, Debbie Harrison, Charlotte Bonardi.

1st Team Results:

							WINTER TERM	SPRING TERM
v. Dean Close	Lost 12-32	-
v. Wycliffe College	Won 24-14	Drew 11-11
v. St. Clotilde's	Won 11-9	Won 10-6
v. Cirencester School	Drew 15-15	Won 19-7
v. Wycliffe & St. Clotilde's (triangular match)	1st St. Clotilde	1st Wycliffe
							2nd Rendcomb	2nd Rendcomb
v. Burford Grammar School	Won 18-11	-
v. Hatherop Castle	Won 18-14	Won 17-9
v. Dean Close	Lost 19-28	Lost 9-18

2nd Team Results:

v. Dean Close	Lost 9-14	-
v. St. Clotilde's	Lost 8-18	Lost 5-11
v. Hatherop Castle	Lost 6-9	-
v. Dean Close	Lost 9-24	Lost 8-20
v. Wycliffe College	-	Won 12-8

In spite of the 2nd team's losses no conclusions may as yet be drawn about their skill; the 1st team had a similar start this time last year!

* * * *

Squash

LITTLE actual time for practice is available, but we managed to put up a good fight against Marlborough College Girls and Cirencester Girls.

All of the girls play outside games hours, and Sue in particular has played extremely well, even after knee trouble last year.

TEAM: Sue Pritchard, Taryn Nixon, Julie Alesworth, Wendy Hewitt (captain), and Lucy Cullen.

Results:

v. Marlborough ... Lost 2-3
v. Cirencester ... Won 4-1
v. Cirencester Won ... Won 5-0

The last match v. Cirencester was played after a hard netball match - we defeated Cirencester totally!

L.C.

* * * *

Hockey

IN a grand total of 2 matches this term (the other 5 were cancelled), the girl's hockey team won 2-1 against Wycliffe and were then beaten (5-1) by St. Clotilde's. We wish next year's team better weather.

The team comprised: Juliette Chapman, Julie Alesworth, Wendy Hewitt, Taryn Nixon (capt.), Sara Freeman, Sue Pritchard, Bridget Cross, Sarah Robinson, Penny Jones, Sarah Morris and Lucy Cullen.

This year we did not play the second form...

T.N.

Just a final word of thanks to all the girls for all their enthusiasm and much appreciated cooperation which made everything pleasant and organisation so much easier.

Special thanks to Mrs. Holdaway for her continual enthusiasm and inspiration.

L.C.

This season has been both a happy and successful one. Congratulations to all the teams and my grateful thanks to Lucy Cullen for all her hard work and efficiency as the girls' games secretary.

C.A.H.

OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES

THE Newsletter will be sent out in April and will contain the main news from Old Rendcombian. The next re-union will be on July 9th.

Some news of recent leavers:

KEVIN BARRACLOUGH	Clare College, Cambridge (Physics) 1977.
ROBERT BARRETT	Royal Holloway College (Economics/History).
SIMON BAYNHAM	R.M.A. Sandhurst.
ROSEMARY BECKETT	Durham University (General Arts).
ADRIAN BELL	National Westminster Bank.
ALAN BENNETT	University of Leeds (Biochemistry).
LUCY BRAIN	Reading University (French) 1977.
JULIAN CAMPBELL	St. Catherine's College, Oxford (Engineering).
JACQUELINE CROWHURST	University of Bath (Social Administration).
CHRISTOPHER DENDY	Kingston School of Music.
PHILIP EVERATT	Oxford Polytechnic (Computing).
JOHN FALCONER	Birmingham University (Accountancy).
CLARE GARDNER-MEDWIN	Durham University (General Arts) 1977.
JOHN GARVIE	University of Leeds (Economics/History).
MARTIN GRIFFITHS	Manchester University (Medicine) 1977.
BRENDAN HALL	Birmingham University (Law).
MARY HARVEY	Liverpool University (Law).
STEPHEN HICKS	Emmanuel College, Cambridge (Engineering) 1977.

RICHARD HUDSON	University of Nottingham (Agriculture).
STELLA JOEL	St. Andrew's University (Arts) 1977.
NICHOLAS LONGWORTH	Hertford College, Oxford (P.P.E.) 1977.
TIMOTHY LONGWORTH...	University of Birmingham (History/Politics) 1977.
JANE LYONS	Edinburgh University (Medieval Studies).
PHILIP LYONS	Bristol University (English/Theology) 1977.
DAWN MACKONOCHE	S. Devon Technical College (Hotel Management).
TIMOTHY NICHOLAS	Reading University (History).
ALICE PARSHALL...	St. Mary's Hospital (Medicine).
AMANDA JONES	St. Catherine's College, Oxford (History) 1977.
IAN READ	Durham University (Engineering Sciences).
ANN RICKARDS	Hertford College, Oxford (History/Economics) 1977.
TOBY ROBERTS	King's College, London (Civil Engineering).
PETER RUNDLE	Llandaff Polytechnic (Biology).
ROBERT SHERRATT	Bristol University (Electrical Engineering).
ROBERT STROUD	Warwick University (French) 1977.
JEREMY STUPPLE	Charing Cross Hospital (Medicine) 1977.
RODERICK THOMSON	Lincoln College, Oxford (Engineering) 1977.
PETER WALTON	Reading University (Agriculture).
ALISTAIR WILSON	Royal Holloway College (History).
TESSA WOLFERSTAN	Newnham College, Cambridge (Veterinary Sciences).
JEREMY FERGUSON	Cheltenham Technical College.
STUART SMITH	Horticulture.
SIMON YOUNG	Horticulture.
IAN HAWKINS	Chemical Firm in Gloucester.
PATRICK O'DONOHUE	King Edward's School, Bath.
ANDREW MATHIAS	Technical College, Tenby.
RICHARD CANEY	Technical College, Pembroke.

W.J.D.W.