

THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE

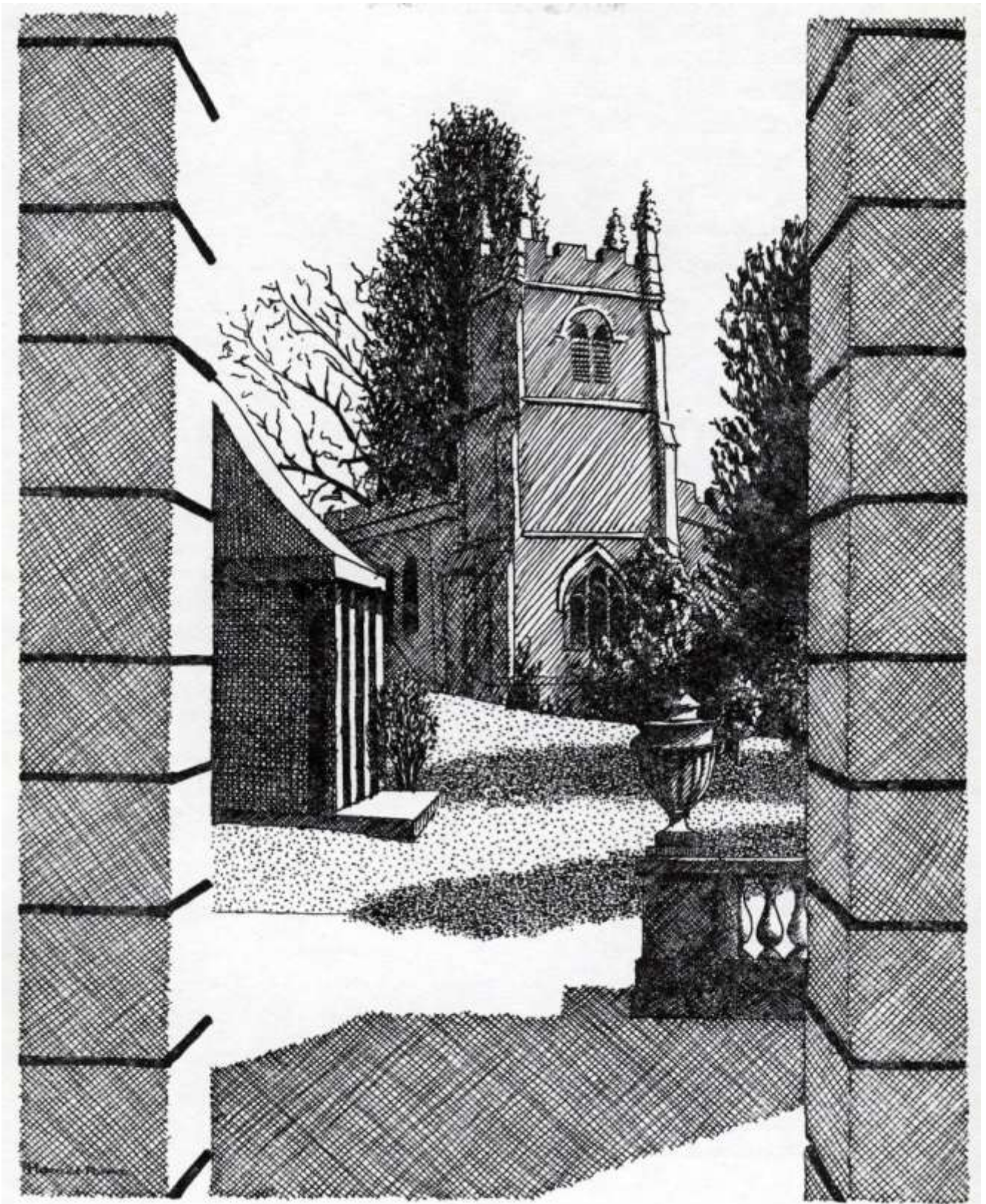


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EDITORIAL

ON looking through previous magazines to examine the editorials, I found that many editors were fond of mentioning the 'brain-racking' required to produce a masterpiece. I promise that I will say no more on this subject for I did not 'rack' my brains.

Many people seem to express a desire to leave the school at one time or another: few actually leave before their 'service' is complete. I think that it is also worth bringing to attention the times that any adolescent wants to leave home owing to a resentment of authority. I once left my home, at the age of six, with my toys in a carrier-bag, and whispered to my mother on the way out:

"It's all right, I'm only going next door."

My friends who have left mention their regret at leaving: the imagined faults and injustices of the moment are soon forgotten. People at Rendcomb also have a feeling of independence encouraged by the relative freedom of supervision at the school. Rendcomb has certainly given me an independence, even though it is a deceptive one owing to the financial support of my parents, that I could not have obtained from any school. I have been trusted, by my friends and by the school, and this has helped me to feel useful.

However, the most important part of my life at Rendcomb is the chance given to me to get to know people. It is definitely true that many do not really know each other and this is undoubtedly because they do not want to. There are so many people from various backgrounds, of varying ages, and of varying intelligence, that everyone has something in common with someone else. Living in a close community like Rendcomb enables you to see people closely; their virtues and their faults. If you ignore the gossip about people, then you can, with a little effort, learn to understand people and to accept them regardless of their imperfections, both masters and pupils. While there are people that I do not like and people do not like me, I am grateful to those whom I like for, quite simply, living. I apologise to those whom I do not like for not being able to understand them but I can accept them.

Would I do it all over again? I don't like answering hypothetical questions but I will answer this one. When I remember the initial enthusiasm I had for Rendcomb, the people that I know, the education (both academic and non-academic) I have received, the way in which Rendcomb has helped me to become more relaxed and the good times I have had here, the bad mistakes and unhappiness do not matter. To return to the question, yes, I would.

MISCELLANEA

Winter Term, 1977

THERE was the usual varied selection of films this term, including the following: *Sky Riders*; *The Eiger Sanction*; *Hindenberg*; *Rooster Cogburn*; *The Great Waldo Pepper*; *At the Earth's Core*; *Tommy*; *Brother Sun and Sister Moon*; *Family Plot*.

* * * *

The Bridge Club has been functioning regularly this term under the keen guidance of Mr. White and a number of boys have been introduced to the game's intricacies.

* * * *

Possibly to the horror of new pupils, on the first Sunday after they arrived at the school a sponsored walk took place which sent them scurrying across the countryside in aid of the new sports hall. It was a highly successful day; special mention might be made of David Marshall's efforts for which he deserves the title 'Fund-Raiser of the Year'. All prospective pupils should be assured that this sort of thing does not happen every Sunday.

* * * *

Entertaining and varied lectures on broadly religious topics were given on Friday evenings this term by the Rev. R. J. Christianson (Missions to Seamen), The Rev. S. I. Pulford and Professor B. G. Mitchell, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Thanks to Mr. Hussey for organising these talks.

* * * *

Two debates were held this term: one was on 'Punk Rock' and bordered on the ludicrous, while the second, more serious subject was 'Euthanasia'. Junior debates also took place. Full reports appear elsewhere.

* * * *

Preachers this term included: the Rt. Rev. C. K. N. Bardsley, who is now, incidentally, a school governor; the headmaster; Mr. E. W. Fletcher; the Rt. Rev. J. Phillips; Mr. A. Wicks, Organist of Canterbury Cathedral; Mr. H. W. Osmond, from Dean Close School.

* * * *

On September 25th a large party from the sixth form went to Longleat House to inspect the mansion and the safari park. Peripheral attractions included a 'Doctor Who' exhibition which proved surprisingly popular.

* * * *

The Folk Club convened once this term to listen to a mixed bag of musical and vocal gems. Fred Wedlock, the west country satirist and guitarist, is emerging as a favourite source for contributors. A full report appears later.

* * * *

The Literary Society also met once to hear VIb explaining the finer points of the more profound satire of the Augustan variety: Pope, Swift, and Dryden.

* * * *

Groups of primary school head teachers visited Rendcomb on October 5th and October 13th and, after an introductory talk by the headmaster, toured the college buildings.

* * * *

The third form house went on an outing on Sunday, 9th October, visiting the Cheddar Motor Museum and the Wookey Hole Caves and new tourist complex.

* * * *

Future tycoons again joined Mr. Kelsey in our annual attempt to show that anything I.C.I. can do we can do better: the Business Game. Our efforts this year were particularly successful, as a fuller report elsewhere shows.

* * * *

Mr. Graham-Hogg of the Wildfowl Association of Great Britain and Ireland came during the term to show us a film about wildfowl conservation.

* * * *

On October 10th, a party of sixth formers went to the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford, for the production of *As You Like It*. On October 10th, another sixth form group saw *Hamlet* at the Bristol Old Vic. This latter production was of special interest to us in that two old boys, Jonathan Dixon and Niven Boyd, both students at the Bristol Old Vic, were taking part - congratulations to them and let us hope that one day they will aspire to portraying the Prince of Denmark himself!

* * * *

Two unusual church services were held this term. The first was a folk service, on 16th October, with Mr. Dyke at the helm. The other was organised by members of VIa and was on the subject of 'Advent'. It took place on 4th December.

* * * *

Half term, providing a welcome break in a gruelling term, was from October 22nd to October 30th.

* * * *

A talk with slides was given by Dr, Ernest ("Badger") Neal, who used to be the senior biology master at Rendcomb, on October 16th. His subject was "African Safari".

* * * *

It was decided that there should be no flu vaccinations this term. For the results of this see next term's Miscellanea!

* * * *

Mr. Allan Wicks, organist at Canterbury Cathedral, attempted to bring us all to life with his audience participation instant opera on the story of the modern Czech martyr Jan Palach. This took place in the gym on 4th November.

* * * *

Bonfire Night was celebrated in traditional fashion this year, though yet again the weather was reluctant to co-operate.

* * * *

On November 11th, Mr. David Watt, deputy editor of *The Financial Times* and brother-in-law of the headmaster, talked to the sixth form on the subject of 'The Political Scene'.

* * * *

The college Choral Society tackled a concert version of one of the greatest of operas, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, very creditably on November 13th. A full report appears elsewhere.

* * * *

A parent-teacher meeting for parents of boys in the fourth form was held on 20th November.

* * * *

A small party went to the Theatre Royal, Bath, on 23rd November with Mr. Willson and Mr. Holt for the Kent Opera Company's production of Mozart's *Così fan Tutte*.

* * * *

The senior play this year was *Oh, What a Lovely War!*, the First World War satirical musical which took the London stage by storm when it came out some years ago. Mr. Dyke deserves enormous credit for mounting this very successful production, one of the best senior plays of recent years. A review appears later.

* * * *

An enterprising group calling itself 'The Rendcomb Singers' organised a recital of less familiar carols in St. Peter's Church on December 6th. Composers represented included Warlock, Vaughan-Williams, Holst and Boris Ord, and the performers ranged from sixth to third formers.

* * * *

It proved to be a vintage year for our Oxbridge candidates. Four awards were won, two at each university, and two other candidates gained Oxbridge places. This is a remarkable performance from a relatively small sixth form such as ours.

* * * *

December 7th began the festive round at the end of term with the sixth form dance and the third form house party. Two days later the traditional Christmas dinner and sketches were again much enjoyed, the theme bringing us this year Miss Jones and Dr. Smith as Cinderella and Prince Charming with 'baddies' Messrs. Sells and White as the Ugly Sisters.

* * * *

The term ended on a high note in more ways than one - with the carol service in Cirencester Parish Church, packed again with parents, relatives, friends, staff and members of the college.

Spring Term, 1978

WE were glad at the start of term to congratulate the matron, Hilary Jones, and Dr. Graham Smith on their marriage in December. We wish them every happiness in the future.

* * * *

The new temporary matron was Miss Beeston, from Cheltenham, whom we were pleased to welcome. However, perhaps we should have had those flu jabs after all, for the school was plagued with illness in the middle of the term, although, unlike many other schools, we did manage to keep going as far as was possible. At one point no less than 60 or 70 boys were at home. Miss Beeston did a remarkable job in the circumstances, particularly since the dread bug struck before she had had a chance to discover the names and forms of many of her patients! We would like to thank both her and the assistant matron, Mrs. Finnegan, for their noble efforts during the epidemic.

* * * *

We were also glad to welcome a temporary headmaster's secretary, Miss Janet Anstee, deputising for Mrs. Haupt during the latter's stay in hospital. We thank Miss Anstee for all her kindness and efforts this term and also wish Mrs. Haupt a speedy return to health.

* * * *

The best of the third form projects were produced this year by Christopher Brealy and Peter Uglow, who were awarded book token prizes; congratulations to them.

* * * *

The appeal total has now passed £106,000 and with the help of a generous loan from the Dulverton Trust we are going ahead with the building of the sports hall in the Estate Garden. Work on the foundation is expected to start in April, and the building should be ready for use in the Lent term, 1979.

* * * *

Early in the term fifth formers and stagemen went to the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham, to see the popular rock musical *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat* and to go backstage as well.

* * * *

Advanced Reading Techniques returned to the college for the second year running, giving members of VIb and the fourth form the chance to improve their reading acceleration.

* * * *

The following films were shown: *The Pink Panther Strikes Again*; *Diamonds*; *The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox*; *Gator*; *Silent Movie*; *Russian Roulette*; *Missouri Breaks*.

* * * *

Preachers this term included: the Chaplain; the Ven. T. Evans, Archdeacon of Cheltenham; the Rev. D. C. St. V. Weller, Canon of Gloucester Cathedral.

* * * *

Our Business Game team progressed further in the national competition than ever before. Out of about 300 schools entering, we were among the 27 in the quarter final. At this stage, however, we were knocked out by a very narrow margin.

* * * *

Mr. White began a Junior Bridge Club this term to help younger boys learning the game. Regular meetings were held of this club and of the Senior Bridge Club. In addition, an end of term whist drive was held on 22nd March; there were thirteen tables and the following gained prizes of one sort or another: N. Marlow; R. Woof; C. Brealy; A. Wilcox; N. Townend; M. Cannon.

The Folk Club met twice, on 15th January and 19th February, the meetings being organised by Andrew Carter. On both occasions a varied selection of poems and songs was presented.

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Parent-teacher meetings were held on 21st January, 10th February, and 4th March for parents of boys in form III, form V and form I, respectively.

* * * *

Two senior debates, one a balloon debate, were held this term and are covered more fully later in this issue. The junior debate was cancelled owing to the depredations of flu.

* * * *

Friday evening lectures were given on 3rd February by Dr. Cicely Saunders and on 17th February by the Bishop of Shrewsbury. Dr. Saunders spoke movingly and informatively about the treatment of terminal illness, a subject which currently arouses great interest at the college because of our connection, through social services, with geriatric patients in Cirencester. The Bishop replied from his broad experience to the many questions put to him by VIa.

* * * *

A sixth form party went on 8th February to the Royal Shakespeare Theatre to watch the Royal Ballet performing *Summertime* and *Giselle* to music by Mendelssohn and Adam.

* * * *

VIa historians and VIb humanists visited various Norman churches and castles with Mr. Price and Mr. Thorne on 9th February.

* * * *

On 16th March a community service party was held in Park House for a coachload of old people from Querns Hospital, Cirencester. They were given plenty to eat and a varied entertainment of monologues, hat-and-cane routines, etc.

* * * *

Congratulations to one of our editors, Stephen Hawkins, who won first prize in the Junior Poetry Competition at the Stroud Festival recently.

* * * *

Delegates from Rendcomb attended a community service conference at Cheltenham College on 1st March, returning with many useful ideas.

* * * *

The junior play this term was "The Rendcomb Mystery Cycle", an updated version of some of the mediaeval mystery plays. Our versions were both written and performed by members of forms I to IV and the production was notable for its enthusiasm and originality, with Mr. Dyke again apparently having his 'cast of thousands' under good control.

* * * *

A successful sixth form dance was held on 17th March.

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The annual Chapman Trophy had to be cancelled this year owing to bad weather at the end of term; controversy about the probable winners will doubtless rage until next March.

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On March 4th, the Bishop of Gloucester officiated at the college's confirmation service. About twenty boys were confirmed this year.

* * * *

On the last night of term a large party of sixth formers went to London for a performance of *Jesus Christ, Superstar*, the spectacular rock musical. Thanks to Mrs. Holdaway for organising this visit.

* * * *

Line-drawings and scraper-board work for this issue were contributed by Simon Howell, Christopher Brealy, Harriet Porter and George Morgan. Many thanks to all of them.

* * * *

The editors of *The Rendcomb Magazine* are Stephen Hawkins and Jonathan Porch.

COLLEGE OFFICERS

Winter Term, 1977

Senior Prefect: S. Hawkins

Prefects: H. Wilson, W. Henniker-Gotley, I Cummings, N. Carroll, J. Watson, J. McGill, K. Crowhurst, B. Cross, N. Taylor

Librarians: I. Cummings, T. Evans, J. Steed, D. Taylor, G. Beattie, N. Miles

Church Ushers: P. Haynes, J. Sinclair, A. White, I. Cummings, T. Evans

Bell-Ringers: D. Taylor, S. Buist, R. Edwards, K. Winmill, A. White, M. Burchell, P. Chivers, A. Pitt, M. Uglow

Senior Stageman: J. Watson

Stagemen: A. Simmins, W. Wilkinson, A. Harris, A. Graham-Munro

Photographic Secretary: C. Hitchcock

Rugby Captain: J. McGill

Squash Captain: I. Forrest

Games Committee: J. McGill, I. Forrest, J. Sinclair, C. Troughton, A. Flambard

Magazine Editors: S. Hawkins, J. Borch

Netball Captain: S. Morris

Music Librarians: S. Hawkins, H. Wilson

Public Workman: A. Mackonochie

Spring Term, 1978

Senior Prefect: S. Hawkins

Prefects: K. Crowhurst, B. Cross, N. Taylor, J. Watson, I. Cummings, J. McGill, N. Carroll, H. Wilson

Librarians: I. Cummings, T. Evans, J. Steed, D. Taylor, G. Beattie, N. Miles

Church Ushers: P. Haynes, J. Sinclair, A. White, I. Cummings, T. Evans

Bell-Ringers: D. Taylor, S. Buist, R. Edwards, K. Winmill, A. White, M. Burchell, P. Chivers, A. Pitt, M. Uglow

Senior Stageman: A. Simmins

Stagemen: A. Graham-Munro, A. Harris, W. Wilkinson

Photographic Secretary: C. Hitchcock

Squash Captain: W. Gotley

Hockey Captain: J. Sinclair

Games Committee: J. Sinclair, N. Carroll, P. Haynes, I. Flambard, N. Taylor

Magazine Editors: S. Hawkins, J. Botch

Netball Captain: S. Morris

Music Librarians: S. Hawkins, H. Wilson

Public Workman: A. Mackonochie

MEETING OFFICERS

Winter Term, 1977

Chairman: I. Forrest

Secretary: J. Quick

Meeting Banker: R. Swaine

Boys' Banker: R. Edwards

Assistant Boys' Banker: W. Wilkinson

Breakages Man: R. Pitt

Entertainments Committee: K. Winmill, I. Smalley, J. Ratcliffe, N. Townend

Food Committee: D. Shrimpton, S. Galtress, D. Strong, B. Hatchwell, J. Quick

C.P.C.: P. Haynes, S. Hawkins, D. Taylor, T. Evans, P. Stroud

Paperman: J. Henniker-Gotley

Broom Warden: M. Harris

Amplifier Technicians: J. Marson, K. Nunan

Badminton & Squash Warden: P. Uglow

Television Committee: R. Edwards, N. Hall

Spring Term, 1978

Chairman: C. Troughton

Secretary: B. Hatchwell

Meeting Banker: K. Crowhurst

P.L.O. (Junior Advocate): S. Buist, P. Haynes, D. Taylor, C. Troughton

M.A.C.: S. Buist, I. Cummings, J. Sinclair, W. Henniker-Gotley, S. Brennan, H. Wilson, J. Watson

Council: S. Buist, J. McGill, J. Sinclair, S. Hawkins, P. Haynes, R. Swaine, C. Troughton

Boys' Banker: S. Brennan

Assistant Boys' Banker: P. Uglow

Entertainments Committee: S. Hawkins, S. Galtress, J. Steed, D. Hammond

Food Committee: P. Jones, T. Parfit, C. Troughton, K. Winmill, T. Steed

Amplifier Technicians: A. Fidler, T. Etherington

Television Committee: A. Carter, N. Hall

Broom Warden: A. L. Johnston

Paperman: A. Simmins

Breakages Man: P. Lorenzen

Badminton & Squash Warden: S. Elliott

O.S. Rugby Warden: M. Harris

O.S. Cricket Warden: R. Webb

MEETING NOTES

THERE has been a great deal of discontent with the Meeting over the last two terms, many people feeling that it was useless in its present form, and that radical changes were needed. The headmaster also felt that changes were required. However, early attempts to get things moving failed when they met with a barrier of apathy!

Some of the early ideas (credited to Mr. Dyke and Mr. Wood) were used later on: at the beginning of the spring term, it was decided that the Meeting should no longer pay for any games equipment, nor take responsibility for it. This immediately lifted a heavy financial burden from the Meeting, as expenditure on games equipment had previously absorbed a high proportion of the Meeting allowance. At the same time, the allowance was reviewed by the headmaster, Mrs. Mezo and the Meeting Banker, and set at £1.50 per pupil.

At the beginning of the Winter Term, the state of the Meeting finances was very poor, mainly due to sports equipment bills. The school very kindly gave the Meeting £500 to pay its debts!

During the Christmas holidays, and in the first half of the spring term, the Meeting rules were completely revised and rewritten by Ian Cummings, helped by Robin Swaine. Many thanks to them for a hard task well done.

A collection was made in the winter term for a memorial for Mrs. Ann Tombs. At the end of the spring term, a flowering almond tree was planted.

A new committee was started at the end of the winter term to replace the junior advocate. This was called the Pupils' Liaison Organisation (PLO!) and is designed to meet with the headmaster and staff to discuss problems, etc., and to talk regularly with junior members of the school about their views on relevant matters and any grievances.

C.G.T.

ACADEMIC SUCCESSES

THE following passes were gained by members of the college in the G.C.E. Advanced Level in 1977:

R. Allen	Physics; Biology
I. Boothman	Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
D. Brennan	Mathematics*; Physics*; Chemistry
I. Butler	Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
J. Cairns Terry	English; French
J. Chapman	English; Economics and Public Affairs
J. Cooper	English; History; Economics and Public Affairs
D. Crew	Physics; Chemistry; Biology
L. Cullen	Physics; Chemistry; Biology
P. Curtis-Hayward	History*; Economics and Public Affairs
I. Forrest	Mathematics*; Physics*; Chemistry
S. Hall	English; History; Economics and Public Affairs
A. Harris	Chemistry; Biology; History
C. Hart	Biology
W. Hewitt	English*; History*; French
M. Holloway	English; History
V. Joel	English; History*; French
T. Lausch	English; Economics and Public Affairs
P. Maguire	Mathematics*; Physics*; Chemistry*
T. Nixon	English; History; French
D. Oughton	Physics; Chemistry; Biology
D. Pitt	Mathematics*; Physics; Chemistry
S. Pritchard	Mathematics*; Physics*; Chemistry
C. Pulford	Physics; Chemistry; Biology*
J. Read	Physics; Chemistry; Biology
S. Robinson	Physics; Biology
J. Taylor	Biology
V. Thresh	English; History; French
S. Tyler	English; History; Economics and Public Affairs
J. Watson	Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
A. Wimperis	English; French
T. Wormleighton	English*; History; Economics and Public Affairs
C. Lee	French
S. Hewitt	Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
K. Barraclough	Pure Mathematics; Applied Mathematics
S. Hicks	Pure Mathematics; Applied Mathematics
G. Connelly	Music

* indicates a Grade A pass

Ordinary Level passes:

J. Archer	English Language; English Literature; Latin; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
D. Beanland	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
S. Brennan	English Language; English Literature; History; Latin; French; Physics; Mathematics; Chemistry; Biology
N. Burgess	English Language; Latin; French
C. Burkham	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics
M. Cannon	Geography; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
A. Carter	English Language; English Literature; History; Latin; French; Physics; Mathematics; Chemistry; German
M. Cragoe	English Language; English Literature; French; German; Mathematics
R. Edwards	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
S. Elliott	English Language; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
P. Evans	English Language; English Literature; History; Latin; French; Physics; Mathematics; Chemistry; Biology
R. Gilchrist	English Language; English Literature; History; Latin; French; German

R. Gwilliam	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
N. Hall	English Language; English Literature; History; Latin; French; Physics; Mathematics; Chemistry; Biology
S. Howell	History; Geography; Mathematics; Biology; Art
A. Jordan	English Literature; History; Geography; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
D. Marshall	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; German; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
J. Marson	English Language; English Literature; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
A. Masters	English Language; English Literature; Geography; Mathematics; Biology; Chemistry
M. Middlemist	English Literature; Geography; French; Mathematics; Chemistry
C. Morshead	English Language; English Literature; Geography; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
J. Portch	English Language; English Literature; History; Latin; French; German; Mathematics; Chemistry
J. Purkiss	English Language; English Literature; Geography; History; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
M. Raven	English Language; Latin; French; German; Mathematics
D. Sayers	English Language; English Literature; Mathematics; Physics
A. Sergison	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
I. Smalley	English Language; Latin; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
J. Steed	English Literature; History; Latin; French; German; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
D. Strong	English Language; English Literature; History; Latin; French; Physics; Mathematics; Chemistry; Biology
D. Taylor	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; Physics; Mathematics; Chemistry; Biology
S. Trigger	English Language; Latin; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
M. Weaver	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
M. Webb	English Literature; Latin; French; Mathematics; Chemistry
A. Williams	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
T. Wilson	History; Geography; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
K. Winmill	English Language; English Literature; Latin; History; French; German; Mathematics; Chemistry

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WE wish to congratulate the following on their successful entries to Oxford and Cambridge Universities in the examinations held during the Winter Term, 1977:

Cambridge

Susan Pritchard - Sidney Sussex College (Open Exhibition)

Charlotte Bonardi - Clare College (Open Exhibition)

Oxford

Paul Curtis-Hayward - Merton College

Ian Forrest - Lincoln College (Old Scholars Exhibition)

Paul Maguire - Christchurch College (Open Exhibition)

Christopher Pulford - Pembroke College

RENDCOMB COLLEGE AWARDS 1978

Gloucestershire Foundation Scholarships:

David Winter	-	Dunalley Street School
David George	-	Guiting Power Primary School
Benjamin Almond	-	Charlton Kings C.J.
Robert McIntyre	-	Minchinhampton Parochial School
Jeremy Butling	-	Bream C. of E. School

Rendcomb Foundationers:

Paul Partridge	-	Northway County Primary
Robert Prynne	-	Gotherington County Primary

The Noel Wills Scholarship:

Jonathan Morris	-	Tibberton County Primary School
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Music Scholarship:

Darren Peace	-	Brightlands School
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Junior Open Scholarship:

David Tappin	-	Pate's Junior School, Cheltenham
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Girls' Scholarship:

Josephine Taylor	-	St. Margaret's, Aberdeen
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CHURCH

NOT very often is a school able to be present during nearly all of Holy Week, but this year was one such. Each morning of that week, there was a well-attended service of Holy Communion. On Palm Sunday there was a service of readings on the significance of that day and of the Passion. Services on other Sundays have followed the usual pattern and there has been steady support for the mid-week Communion services. Twenty-one boys were confirmed by the Bishop of Gloucester on March 4th.

W.J.A.H.

MUSIC

Church Music, Winter Term

28th September	O Come Ye Servants of The Lord	<i>C. Tye</i>
15th September	Te Deum in B flat	<i>C. V. Stanford</i>
	Thou Visitest The Earth	<i>M. Greene</i>
9th October	Ave Verum Corpus	<i>W. A. Mozart</i>
1st & 6th November	The Souls of the Righteous	<i>Nares</i>
27th November	In God's Word	<i>H. Purcell</i>
11th December	(Carol Service in Cirencester)					
	In the Bleak Mid-Winter	<i>H. Darke</i>
	In Dulci Jubilo	<i>R. Pearsall</i>
	Ding Dong! Merrily on High	<i>arr. D. Willcocks</i>
	The Cherry Tree Carol	<i>arr. D. Willcocks</i>
	The Three Kings	<i>P. Cornelius</i>

FIDELIO

November 13th, 1977

IT must be five or six years since the College Choral Society mounted their costume performance of Weber's *Der*

Freischütz, and the general feeling then was one of admiration for the success of such an ambitious venture. Inevitably and rightly, on this occasion, the suggestion of scenery or costume was out of the question with the more mature and demanding musical details of Beethoven's *Fidelio* performed in its concert version.

A few sceptics might be excused for considering it as 'asking a bit much' particularly since the conductor had elected to preface the work with the most demanding of the three overtures available; but as one parent, himself an amateur musician, confided to me, "I wish I'd had the chance to have taken part in that when I was a teenager. What an experience!" thus echoing John Willson's observation that "the opportunity of getting young players to grips with such a superb piece seemed too good to miss". Certainly all the performers must have felt the same and were grateful for such an exhilarating evening, as indeed we all were.

The choir of fifty singers were adequately supported by the college orchestra; these had been augmented by eighteen guest players and had obviously been well rehearsed and so gave a full-blooded reading of the *Leonore No. 3 Overture*. In the work the strings carefully sustained the quartet of voices in the third number and clearly enjoyed the patache of the March, in No. 6.

These occasions at Rendcomb always present the atmosphere of a workshop, and it is pleasing to observe this approach when Hamish Wilson comes out of his character as Second Prisoner to sing bass line in the chorus and later to play his trombone.

The choir had the difficult task of enduring long waits yet still needing to maintain pitch when called upon to sing, yet this did have the effect of getting from them a vital attack. Their entry as guards was rather tentative but they soon got together and worked up to the potential of their number. They gave a rewarding display of voice control in the 'Dear Life' chorus, and the basses provided us with a well held pedal note of considerable length.

The five soloists from the college ranks had at times some difficulty in holding their own against the instruments, but their voices were always on the beat. Simon Buist as Pizarro showed a good vocal range and he handled his intervals with surety: together with Rocco (Jonathan McGill) they managed some tricky discords, holding them to build up for a good climax in their duet. Jonathan must have been grateful for the consideration shown by Marzeline (Ruth Biddon) and Leonore (Elizabeth Baker) who held back to allow him to blend in for their Trio.

Ruth Biddon possesses a clear, flexible voice which in the trio contrasted nicely with the richer tones of Elizabeth Baker who had obviously worked at her part which had some interval gymnastics with which she was nothing daunted despite some fluffy notes from the horns, and she showed experience in the way she tackled some long runs.

After the interval a new voice came into our ken in the character of Florestan (Peter Boulton) and one became somewhat concerned less the strength of this mature and experienced singer should overwhelm the youthful voices of Pizarro and Rocco. In the event, however, Peter Boulton's vocal quality proved to be just what was needed to assist in the final climax being built together with Marzeline and Leonore, enabling Florestan to use his full voice to add that colour and excitement to the determined playing of the full orchestra and so produce a typically resounding Beethovenian ending to the delight of the audience - and of course Peter Uglow on his tymps ! An exciting and vital performance!

E.S.

Spring Term

It has not been possible to produce the usual concert this term owing to steadily increasing encroachment over recent months upon time normally allotted to music rehearsals. If this trend is reversed and if this term's ill-health turns out to have had a not too disastrous effect it may be possible to perform choral and orchestral works by Gluck, Brahms and Vaughan Williams on 21st May.

* * * *

Church Music

15th January	Lord For Thy Tender Mercies' Sake	<i>R. Farrant</i>
29th January	The Heavens Are Telling	<i>J. Haydn</i>
	The Old Hundredth	<i>R. Vaughan Williams</i>
19th February	O Taste and See	<i>R. Vaughan Williams</i>
26th February	Turn Thy Face From My Sins	<i>T. Attwood</i>
12th March	Ab, Holy Jesu	<i>J. S. Bach</i>

The college orchestra accompanied the anthems on 29th January, Graeme Connelly played the services on 5th February and 19th March, and Alastair Pitt was treble soloist on 19th and 26th February.

* * * *

Congratulations to Ian Pengelly on gaining a distinction in Grade VIII piano.

“OH, WHAT A LOVELY WAR!”

THE COMPANY:

Ian Cummings, Simon Buist, Anthony Reynolds, Hamish Wilson, Shane Galtress, Christopher Troughton, Duncan Taylor, Treve Evans, Richard Tudor, Kerry-Jane Crowhurst, Deborah Harrison, Victoria Powell, Bridget Cross, Danielle Shrimpton, Stephen Hawkins, Peter Haynes, Alison White, Sarah Culverwell, Andrew Grainger, William Edwards, Jonathan Ratcliffe, Timothy Daniels, Christopher Burkham, Richard Pitt, James Quick, Alastair Pitt.

THE BAND:

Julie Alesworth, Jeremy French, Nigel Hall, John Lewis, Ian Pengelly, Peter Uglow, Joseph Watson

<i>Front of House</i>	Chris Wood
<i>Lighting</i>	Julian Bull, Kevin Nunan
<i>Sound Effects</i>	Colin Hitchcock
<i>Properties</i>	Nicholas Carroll, Jonathan Steed, Keith Winmill, Timothy Daniels, Richard Dunwoody, Sean Hughes, Alastair Pitt, Adrian Wilcox
<i>Make-up</i>	Elizabeth Adams, Penelope Jones, Sarah Morris, Kim Knight, Penelope Hooley, Anna Hummel, Sheila Greenfield, Phillipa Young, Dominic Ind, Harriet Porter, Mark Wilcox
<i>Stagemen</i>	Joseph Watson, Andrew Harris, Alastair Graham Munro, Thomas Paton, Antony Simmins (slides)
<i>Wardrobe</i>	Carol Franklin, Ondine Glanville, Helen Packwood
<i>Programme Design</i>	Harriet Porter
<i>Especial thanks to</i>	C. C. Burden and K. G. Thorne, Messrs. Freeman The Joke Shop, J. Shirley of Churchdown School
<i>Musical Director and Conductor</i>			Graeme Connelly
<i>Choreography</i>	The Pierrots
<i>Produced and Directed by</i>	...		Tim Dyke (assisted by I. Cummings, S. Galtress and the Company)

THE senior school play this year, *Oh, What A Lovely War!*, was a very ambitious project for a school of Rendcomb's size, requiring immense enthusiasm and vitality to be sustained throughout the rapid succession of short satirical sketches, recounting the course of the First World War. *Oh, What A Lovely War!* is not really a play at all; it is an attempt to show the audience the futility, irony and suffering which really exist behind the valour and splendour of war, and in this it is very successful.

The play is held together by the Pierrots, who all maintained an enviable appearance of life (and enjoyment) throughout, and who were also totally responsible for the unaccustomed task of organising the choreography. The M.C., very well acted by Ian Cummings, not only managed to catch the audiences' attention from the very beginning, but by imaginative and witty ad-libbing, brought the play to life. Although too many to name individually, there were notable performances by Kerry Jane Crowhurst, who captured the exact mood of sadness and hope of 'Keep the Home Fires Burning', Simon Buist, who gave a beautiful rendition of 'Silent Night' in German, and Hamish Wilson, who made a very convincing Chaplain.

In addition to the Pierrots, great enjoyment was provided from the performance by Treve Evans who, as Haig, so successfully adopted the mannerisms of a rather eccentric English general that various members of the audience failed to recognise him immediately; also from the amusing caricature of a temperamental French general by Peter Haynes which contrasted well with the unmistakable 'Englishness' of Stephen Hawkins as French (both showing us the communications problem which exists even today!); and, of course, Richard Tudor, who had the difficult task of talking not only in French and Russian but also in American. Although he was not the only one to make a creditable effort at assuming foreign accents (all members of the cast seem to have had a new way of speaking), he was certainly the most notable; not to forget Duncan Taylor and Alison White, whose various, if short, appearances never failed to raise a laugh.

Special mention must be made of the sextet of soldiers, but especially Andrew Grainger, whose military sergeant-major figure was familiar, and whose performance in the bayonet drill was memorable. The others, played by William Edwards, Christopher Burkham, Jonathan Ratcliffe, James Quick, and Richard Pitt, brought over well the sense of deep comradeship partnered with ironic flippancy that often arises in situations of stress, as in the scene with the Irish squadron.

This play would, of course, by its nature have been lost without a good supporting orchestra (who had the problem of accompanying the singers as opposed to merely playing); and so all credit is due to Graeme Connelly and his musicians whose constantly high standards certainly gained a great deal of applause; Graeme as the conductor was so ener-

getic that he was a joy to watch.

The numerous sound effects necessary were laudably provided by Cohn Hitchcock, who appears to harbour a large number of assorted missiles in his study. It is to his credit that the effects were always on time and relevant to the action.

It goes without saying that those responsible for the props and stagework did a marvellous job considering the somewhat inadequate conditions with which they were expected to deal. Alastair Pitt and Adrian Wilcox did an invaluable job changing the bill posters and distributing programmes; thanks are due also to Kevin Nunan and Julian Bull for the lighting effects, which are so often taken for granted; and of course also to the numerous people involved in the making-up.

The play was indeed a credit to Mr. Tim Dyke, as this was his first senior school production at Rendcomb; all agree that without his enthusiasm in directing and dedication the entire project would never have got off the ground.

It was obvious from the audiences' reaction that they all enjoyed it tremendously, just as it was obvious from the actors' and musicians' performances that they enjoyed doing it.

I.M.P., C.M.T.B.

“THE RENDCOMB MYSTERY CYCLE”

THE CAST:

<i>God</i>	Peter Uglow
<i>Lucifer</i>	Tim Burkham
<i>Lightbourne</i>	Callum Dick
<i>Angels</i>	Michael Uglow, Simon Badcott, James Hutton-Potts, Antony Maslin, Charles Carroll, Andrew Mills, Clive Fletcher Simon Redman, Andrew Rontree, Simon Westcott,
<i>Adam</i>	Nicholas Chesshire
<i>Eve</i>	Richard Perrett
<i>Noah</i>	Kennedy Taylor
<i>Mrs. Noah</i>	Robert Stephenson
<i>Shem</i>	George Morgan
<i>Mrs. Shem</i>	Russell Copley
<i>Ham</i>	Simon Oliver
<i>Mrs. Ham</i>	Calum Dewar
<i>Japheth</i>	Charles Hutton-Potts
<i>Mrs. Japheth</i>	Edward Wilcox
<i>Sins</i>	Robert Akers, Oliver Medill, Edward Roberts
<i>Joseph</i>	Peter Stroud
<i>Mary</i>	Richard Bray
<i>Simon</i>	Neil Townend
<i>Angel</i>	Charles Carroll
<i>Neighbours</i>	Richard Needham, Charles Schreiber
<i>Policeman</i>	Tim Wild
<i>Innkeeper</i>	Tim Steed
<i>Doctor</i>	Christopher Stratton
<i>Shepherds</i>	Richard Needham, Charles Schreiber, Neil Townend
<i>Angel</i>	Simon Badcott
<i>Herod the Great</i>	David Denby
<i>Messenger</i>	Tim Daniels
<i>Augurer</i>	Steven Hawkswell
<i>Kings</i>	Philip Chivers, Richard Evans, Guy Marsh
<i>Angel</i>	Andrew Mills
<i>Captain</i>	Joseph Everatt
<i>Father</i>	Sean Hughes
<i>Devil</i>	Clifford Freeman
<i>Readers/Soldiers</i>	Adam Martyn-Smith, Duncan White, Thomas Paton, Charles Waddell
<i>Jesus</i>	Christopher Brealy
<i>Judas</i>	George Ashe
<i>Disciples</i>	Richard Dunwoody, David Hammond

<i>Annas</i>	Justin Martyn-Smith
<i>Caiaphas</i>	Tim Wild
<i>Herod Antipas</i>	Christopher Hodkinson
<i>Pilate</i>	David Lee
<i>John the Baptist</i>	Richard Dunwoody
<i>Front of House</i>	Chris Wood
<i>Stagemen and Props</i>	Alastair Graham Munro, Antony Simmins, Alastair Pitt William Wilkinson, Philip Chivers, Clifford Freeman,
<i>Lighting</i>	Julian Bull, Kevin Nunan, Tim Barrow, Nigel Pitt, Jeremy Trigger
<i>Costumes</i>	Anna Hummel, Sally Dyke
<i>Make-up</i>	Sheila Greenfield, Harriet Porter, Penny Jones, Danielle Shrimpton, Elizabeth Adams, Simon Howell, Christopher Burkham, Sally Hussey, Penny Hooley, Kim Knight, Duncan Taylor, Phillipa Young, Dominic Ind
<i>Director</i>	Tim Dyke
<i>Special thanks to</i>	C. C. Burden & K. G. Thorne, J. N. Holt & R. M. A. Medill The Joke Shop, Cheltenham, Anna & Sally All those who gave or lent costumes or properties

THE success of this play was based on its originality, the script being written largely by the junior members of the school. The verse form employed was sometimes a little forced, though when it worked well it was possibly the play's greatest strength; it captured the amateur flavour of the mediaeval mystery plays and yet at the same time imbued the biblical stories with a certain vigour and power. This vivacity was supported by the generally high standard of acting, executed with natural conviction.

The angels, first formers, each made up spectacularly with a silver face, gave the Mystery Cycle a bright, fresh start; together with the booming tones of God, played by Peter Uglow, they plunged the audience into the atmosphere of a medieval play. After the banishment from heaven of Lightbourne and Lucifer, we saw the well-known story of Adam and Eve convincingly portrayed by Nicholas Chesshire and Richard Perrett. The following scene, the building and launching of the ark, produced some of the best acting and verse; the atmosphere was domestic, with Mr. Noah (Kennedy Taylor) depicted in the traditional way as a hen-pecked husband and his wife entertainingly played by Robert Stephenson. The props in this scene - the ark which was constructed on stage, the rippling bands of blue cloth to represent the flood, and the cardboard birds - by their simplicity added to the feeling of spontaneity.

Another appearance of God successfully carried through the transition into the Christmas scene. We saw again a high standard of acting from the third form, from the fiery eloquence of Herod (D. Denby) to the modest humility of Mary (R. Bray). The scandal of Mary's pregnancy conveyed by the neighbours' "just popping in for a chat", added an interesting change to the traditional nativity story. Although the scene included the usual shepherds and kings, the Policeman, Innkeeper and Doctor were dressed in contemporary clothes, adding a fresh outlook.

The passage of time from Christ's birth to his crucifixion was conveyed by the device of four voices each reading a scriptural passage and reaching a climax in the wailing of lepers at the side of the auditorium when Christ was betrayed. Christopher Brealy played a powerful and dynamic Christ, whose role was supported by the high standard of fourth form acting. The tension created by the trial, the crucifixion and his conflict with the devil was only relieved by the optimistic and enlightening resurrection. The great freshness of the singing, joyous actors really captured the significance of the resurrection to a degree which contemporary works, such as *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Godspell*, have not reached. The memory of dancing devils singing "This Little Light of Mine" will long stay in peoples' minds.

H.J.A.W. & I.S.C.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

THE Debating Society has flourished over the last two terms. We have discussed a good variety of topics and included a 'Balloon Debate' among the usual traditional debates. Much effort was put in by the main speakers, who have provided us with good, entertaining and often witty speeches. However, there seems to have been a lack of willing speakers from the floor. It is to be hoped that during 'debating seasons' to come an overall attempt will be made by debate-attendees to contribute something to the usually high standard of debating.

Our first debate was concerned with a widely discussed and controversial subject: 'Punk Rock'. The motion was: "The House believes that Punk is acceptable in our Society". The proposers, Duncan Taylor and Timothy Parfit, were suitably attired in dustbin liners, jeans and heavily made up with mascara as well as safety pins. They produced a lively, entertaining argument, as did the opposition represented by Graeme Connelly and Deborah Harrison. These were in

suitable evening dress and based their argument on the fact that 'Punk' would not be acceptable in high society. Mr. Connelly examined, for example, the implications of the Queen entering a ballroom with a safety pin through her nose. Unfortunately his entertaining speech could do nothing to swing support to his side. The motion was passed by an overwhelming majority of 58 votes to it with 20 abstentions.

The next debate was held on a more serious subject: euthanasia. Unluckily this debate coincided with the world cup soccer match between England and Italy and consequently the attendance figure was poor. However, most people spoke from the floor, and the debate was generally interesting. The motion was: "This House advocates Euthanasia". The standard of the speeches made by the proposers, Shaun Brennan and George Ashe, and the opposition, Jonathan Porch and Penny Hooley, was good but was marred by quibbling over definitions. The proposition seemed to think that euthanasia was voluntary, whereas the opposition said that it was compulsory. Penny Hooley quoted the case of motor-racing driver Niki Lauda, saying that if euthanasia had been legal he would have died; but as well as references to famous men and women made during the course of the debate, it was interesting to listen to the many personal experiences of people who had known others in the 'euthanasia predicament'. The motion was defeated by 6 votes to 8 with 8 abstentions.

The first debate of the Lent term, held on January 25th, was another of the Debating Society's humorous occasions. The motion, "This House believes that Men are superior to Women", was proposed by 'Skip the Whip' Cummings and 'Dunc the Monk' Taylor, who held that women were lacking in tact and strength of character, saying that they would never make the chair in a Debating Society. Using a vast range of visual aids, audience participation, pornography and ideas for a television series starring Captain Womaneering the proposition seemed to be taking the view that women were inferior because they were inferior.

The opposition employed visual aids of a different kind. The Misses Shrimpton and Hummel in bikinis and Baby Doll negligees attempted to overcome their audience first through role-play then through reason - men and women have to combine (!) to perpetuate the species - and finally through derision of suburban male-chauvinist piggery.

There was a remarkably bashful response from the floor to these stimuli, summed up perhaps by Mr. Porch's declaration that men were afraid to comment on any motion publicly. So eventually it was left to the principals to sum up. Rendcomb's 'shrimp' finally came out into the open, as it were, by declaring that women would always be the manipulators in society, to which Skip the Whip trotted out the remark of the henpecked playwright, "Frailty, thy name is woman".

Notwithstanding this last descent into culture, the motion was defeated by 28 votes to 18, with 16 abstentions.

H.J.A.W.

* * * *

THE Debating Society had a novel idea in introducing 'Balloon Debating' into the Rendcomb entertainments scene. Although there were problems in the venue of the debate (it was eventually held 'in the round' in the dining hall) the speakers' characters, speaking from a linen basket, were extremely well chosen and entertaining.

Hamish Wilson, as King Harold, the eventual winner, advocated that the English were a noble race and that he was their archetypal representative repelling the foreign invader, or 'immigrant' as he so termed it, in 1066 simply for love of country. Leonardo da Vinci, played by Michael Curtis-Hayward, claimed to be the innovator of every conceivable invention and also the genius who discovered the magnificence of the 'rippling' male body! William Shakespeare, represented by Jonathan Porch, had something for everyone he maintained and as a result was today one of Britain's most economically rewarding institutions. Jack the Ripper, George Ashe, claimed that as the arch-exponent of evil to not vote for him would be tempting fate and, he personally guaranteed, lethal. Quentin Crisp, beautifully presented by Miss Peter Haynes, delivered an extremely witty speech offering a solution to the population explosion! Nicholas Parsons, bravely played by Peter Uglow, revelled in verbal nonsense and parody for five minutes and only after the debate confided that he never had liked balloons and certainly did not want to stay in one!

The chairman, Mr. Dyke, delighted in shooting five of the balloonists and a contented audience acclaimed King Harold as the winner.

D.T.

* * * *

THIS was the last in the series of four highly enjoyable, interesting debates. We hope that the very active Debating Society will continue to delight, amuse and entertain Rendcomb audiences in following terms. I am sure everyone would like to thank Mr. Dyke, our benevolent chairman, and our enthusiastic president, Mr. Duncan Taylor, for their much appreciated work in the Society.

H.J.A.W.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

“This House believes that Governments should not give in to Hijackers and Kidnappers” was the controversial motion for the first junior debate of the winter term. It took place on Sunday, 6th November and used a most suitable topic following the Mogadishu affair only a few weeks before.

Nigel Pitt opened for the motion. Although starting shakily his speech developed well and he made a very valid point on how weak governments would become if they gave in to terrorists. Next to speak was Neil Townend, who reminded the audience of dead hijackers becoming martyrs to their comrades. However, his overall speech at times was lacking in confidence.

Seconding the motion was David Denby who reasoned that, if governments surrendered, a gigantic snowballing effect would ensue. His competent speech decided the issue and was reflected in the result.

Rounding up for the opposition, the only junior house representative, Russell Copley, gave a very sound and intelligent speech and left a few minds undecided.

Interesting points came from the floor, notably from N. Wren, T. Barrow, R. Needham, A. Mills and R. Perrett, before the motion was convincingly won, by 37 votes to 4 with 12 abstentions.

R.E., R.D.

* * * *

THE second junior debate of the winter term was held in the English Room due to the difficulties caused by the main college library book check. A large audience attended this and very valid, if not too serious points, were raised.

The motion was that “This House would prefer to live on a Desert Island than on the top of a block of High-rise Flats”. It was proposed by Richard Needham and Adrian Stephenson and opposed by Jeremy Trigger and Richard Smith.

The debate was opened with a sound and intelligent speech from Richard Needham, who laid special emphasis on the freedom and escape from the urban rat-race that living on such an island would bring.

The opposition was opened by Jeremy Trigger, who gave an interesting and amusing speech, stressing the boredom that one would experience living on a desert island.

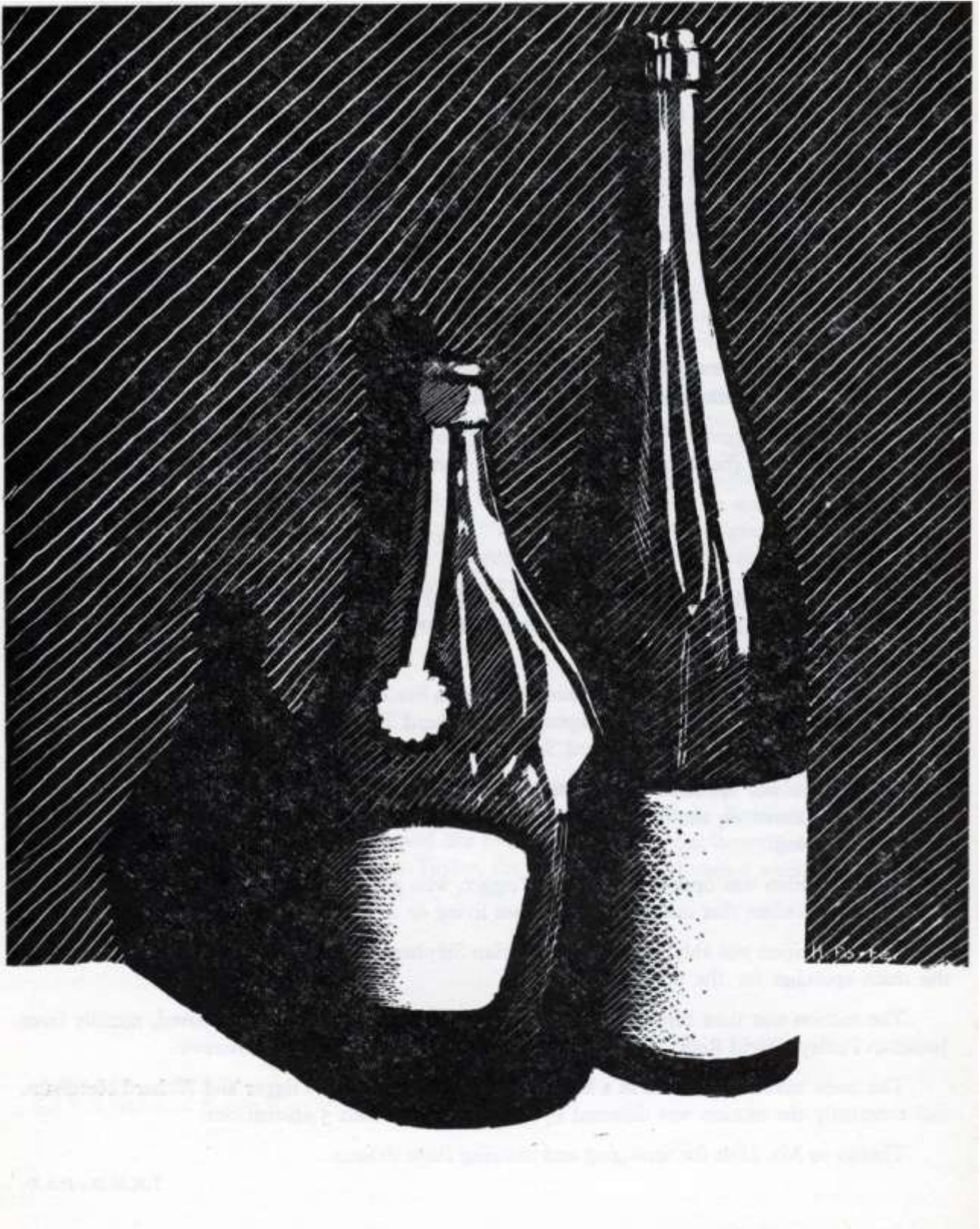
The proposition was ably backed up by Adrian Stephenson, leaving Richard Smith to round off the main speeches for the opposition.

The motion was then thrown open to the floor. Interesting points were raised, notably from Jonathan Pedley, David Rollo, Robert Akers, Richard Perrett and Timothy Barrow.

The cases were summarized in a humorous fashion by Jeremy Trigger and Richard Needham, and eventually the motion was defeated by 26 votes to 17, with 5 abstentions.

Thanks to Mr. Holt for arranging and chairing these debates.

T.N.M.D., D.A.D.



contributions

DAYBREAK

Mark Raven

THE whole world seemed silent. There was no howling wind and beating rain as of the night before. No, nothing but an eerie quietness. As I turned over in my sleep a cock crowed, announcing yet another day in our changing world. I stirred, then sat up and blinked a few times, but I slumped back down into my cosy bed again and began to doze. Again the cock crowed and I sat up, this time aware of my surroundings. The sun was streaming into the bedroom, its rays reflecting from the large mirror onto my bedroom chair, casting a skew shadow onto the wall and carpet. I jumped out of bed and put on my slippers in silence, as no one else was awake in the house, and crept downstairs. Before I had reached the bottom three steps, the door in my room banged loudly. I turned round and went back upstairs; no one was there, so I made my way to the stairs again. There was an awful damp, musty smell about the house that morning, that smelt rather like the carpet in my father's study. I went down the stairs and at the bottom was . . . water. Everywhere was water. I was completely lost for words. I had no idea what to do so I crept back upstairs again and peered out of the window, seeing a vast expanse of water with little humps of hilly summits appearing above the surface in iceberg-like manner.

The water had built up before the front door, but soon caved in. So I decided to sleep on until either I came out of my nightmare or until the world woke up again . . . but I lay awake, listening to the drops of water in the gutters outside. They seemed to be rhythmic and formed a little staccato tune in my mind.

By now the wind had risen afresh and had begun to undulate under the eaves and windows. Soon the rain began to spit and smack the panes aggressively, wildly, carelessly. I slid deeper down into my cosy bed and tried to fall asleep, but the wind was baiting me. It shook the window-frames, rattled the doors, and sent the curtains into a raging state of hysteria. Still my parents slept on.

Down below, the water had menacingly crept up to the fourth stair, damaging the carpet as it went, seeping into every little space available. The rain fell harder and the wind blew more strongly. Suddenly I heard an ear-splitting crash, and then the rushing . . . the back door had split open under the great pressure of water outside. However, as already many, many pounds worth of damage had been caused, I was powerless to prevent further destruction by wind and rain.

Still my parents did not stir, but the storm raged on and the waters rose higher as the sun came up into the sky.

MADNESS

Duncan Taylor

*"It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad." - Othello*

Two knights, plumed and splendid, face each other across a white table cloth. Iron and steel taint the sky as these two stand, hesitant upon this vast expanse, their horses impatient in the breeze. Upon the rising of the sun they turn and shout their desire until even the mountains piled along this table edge take up the cry. And then they charge with the wind and the rain as an audience to applaud.

Behold: fallen. One knight stands. The blood of his lust has stained this woven linen landscape and where embroidery grew now there are weeds. He buries the memories of his companion and marks the spot with a needle that promises sunshine. Sometime later he returns to the clatter of his reward.

His lady in her concrete castle turns to stone. For supper she drinks beer from an ivory skull studded with jewels for a mind.

They locked him up that night. They said he was mad; that he had told them that the moon was his bride.

Dido burned her guilt upon a funeral pyre; this one burned her passion in a Bunsen flame and then turned from her mirror and uttered his name.

No wonder the man is insane.

SONNET TO AN ELEPHANT

Andrew Carter

An elephant in monsoon time
Could make a match to this poor rhyme:
The rhythm would be quite discreet
In tempo with the pounding of its feet.
Of metre, though, elephants know nothing at all
Except that they are four long, and two and a half tall.
Of alliteration little Asian elephants know little -
Mere momentum mainly matters in the marshy mossy middle
Of the jungle. The structure of the stanza form
Would adhere closely to the norm,
That is, the form of standard sonnet
As rather smallish elephants cannot improve upon it.
But one thing would be very different, I think -
Elephants write in banana leaves, but I use common ink.

THE LINE

Deborah Harrison

You sealed my lips with a loving kiss:
- In years to come we'll remember this
As the time we fooled the world, he said.
So seeds of sun grew in my head,
But did we ever fool them all? Oh never,
We think we're smart but they're too clever.
Now it's black on grey and white on blue, time to toe the line,
Tin-soldier-boys lost long ago return with strength of mind.
And though we laughed at them and cried "You fools!"
Their eyes were hard as polished jewels.
They live in darkness but they're laughing too,
They caught at whispers until they knew
And gently pulled my heart strings till I fell,
An outworn puppet, dropped careless into Hell.
But my soul was crushed as I crashed from Paradise
By hurtling rocks and words of ice,
And diamonds died like morning dew,
- "Get back in line!" said the soldiers true.
It can't last long this friends by day and liars by night,
The banners proclaimed in blue and white.
For the thorn in his flesh was the dagger in my heart,
Though he shook a six, he returned to start.
As he landed at the Head, but slid down to its Tail;
And the Serpent was friends with those soldiers pale
Whose phantom footsteps echo, down the halls inside my head,
It's a tripping lightly past, with a never-ending tread.
And they call - "The line ends here!" as tin-soldiers rust away;
Black on grey and white on blue as they fade with dawn of day.
They left one rifleman behind - "It's not your line", he grinned,
While all the mirrors of the world reflected we had sinned.
I might have tried to show assent but still there was resistance;
He only sealed my lips because I threatened his existence.
- The only ones we fooled were you and I,
"My soldiers have deserted me", said the general with a sigh.

NIGHT

Phillipa Young

THE ants plodded up the wall, resolutely carrying in their midst a fly, when suddenly a lizard deftly reached out and snatched it in his jaws, withdrawing quickly. The ants scattered a bit, but soon found their trail and went on up, waiting for another insect or grain of rice to be brought up by their fellows. As the shadows lengthened, the bats came out, sweeping low across the swimming pool leaving ripples which parted to meet the four corners, and then vanished. On the other side of the hedge, ice clicked on glass and low murmurs of voices went on, broken occasionally by a laugh. A lonely howl from a dog down the road started, probably inspired by the almost full moon, sending gentle rays across the earth, turning everything into soft greens and browns. The harsh corners of the day were now smooth and rounded and each shape looked the same.

In an old deck-chair by the pool, a young man sat, oblivious of these happenings around him. His brows were creased into a frown, but the furrows were somewhat disturbed by a long white scar down the middle of his forehead, making his features not unhandsome. Small beads of sweat quivered slightly on his upper lip as he murmured to himself. His drink stood full on the grass beside him.

As darkness progressed, so did life. With almost all human life gone, the animals began to take an active interest in their surroundings. A cat's great eyes glared out at something through a bush and snakes glided silently through the bamboo in search of their meal. The man had not moved from his former position except that now his eyes were closed and his head was nodding slightly, giving up man's power over the earth to the animals of the night.

HAVING A BATH

David Webb (Form I)

AFTER many years of having baths I have decided I would rather get dirty. I have never been fond of washing as any member of our family will testify. They say "Cleanliness is next to godliness", but I think I must be the exception that proves the rule.

This is the usual procedure for me when I have a bath at home:

I have just watched the news, I settle deeply into my seat and try to look intensely interested in the voice of the B.B.C. announcer. Mum gets up; "You need a bath, David."

"But it's Reggie Perrin in half an hour", I vainly protest.

"Upstairs!" she orders.

Slowly I go upstairs looking like a martyr (or trying to at least). As I open the door I hear the water gushing onto the rust-stained spot below the taps.

Eventually I dab feebly at myself with the sponge. The sponge is cold and wet and I decide I'm certain to catch rheumatism. Sadly I await my fate, brooding over all the happy hours I've spent outside playing cricket, football and rugby, thinking that I will never do these things again.

The windows mist up with condensation, that seems to be the pattern of my life, and gradually my troubles increase until I am one big trouble.

I leap out of the bath like a man possessed, dry myself at a tremendous rate, put on my pyjamas and rush downstairs. It's time for "The Fall and Rise of Reginald Perrin".

IN THE CLAWS OF THE EAGLE

Peter Haynes

My searchings for a place to bide the time,
Some cold and dreary shopping-day,
Led me to life's lower echelons
In some garbage-canned alleyway
Where sitting-room windows bore bright billboards
Fretted with the name of ancient stars
Just a rock's throw past the town hall's lights.
The street was hollow save cat-call and dog dirt;
The theatre, throned on its Greek pillars,
Presided over the phosphorescence;
And amongst her train ran urchin page-boys
Making four letters rustle her red velvet.
As I approached they scampered like squirrels;
Ashamed of their doings, afraid of strange men.

But it was not I who was their predator.
He had no plumage but a three-piece suit,
No talons save for a melon-sized fist.
His eyes flickered like a digital dial
And his face tightened and swelled like a pumpkin
But he felt naked so he turned away.
The young kids taunted till voices grew hoarse
And the eagle powered down upon them
Tearing at their thin, evasive torsos:
“Just clear off, you little devils, go home!”
But like smashed mercury they just regrouped,
Smiled, clutched cold limbs, surveying cuts and grazes.

A CONTRAST

Kerry-Jane Crowhurst

THE landscape looked just like an etching - but in reverse. Where you would scratch out, on black, what you saw, instead what you saw would be dark with respect to what surrounded it. A tree would stand dark against the horizon and the horizon in turn reflected a grey, patchy light. Everywhere you turned, everything you saw was in contrast. Either black or lighter black or white or dull white. And still I plodded on searching for a reason. A butterfly fluttered by. I was startled. Could such a once beautifully coloured insect exist in this contrast of shadow and light? And yet each tiny part of the mozaic-like wing was a subtle shade of grey and black. I stumbled. Raising myself slowly from the cold, damp earth, I blinked. A curious grey rabbit with a white tail disappeared into its tunnel of darkness at my interruption of its daily chores. I had obviously not noticed the dark grey stone sitting smugly in the light grey grass. How could I tell the rain clouds from the fluffy, harmless shapes that drift by as in a dream? I was worried about the fact that it might rain - I had forgotten to bring along my umbrella. Aimlessly I wandered from field to field, from woodland to woodland. But nowhere could I find the source of colour. I had to tell myself over and over again that the grass was green - not grey; that the earth was brown - not black. In my dilemma, I looked to the heavens. A sudden flash of light shone from behind a huge grey cloud. Slowly I lowered my head. A yellow and black bumble bee hummed lazily while he gathered the pollen from a delicate pink flower. I had run out of black and white film.

A huge whirlpool;
A mass of dark and light.
A reason. A beginning.
But I do not know.

If only I could travel,
And discover,
Beyond what I see;
The millions of stars;
Frustration and anger at my ignorance
Tear my heart.

TRANSFORMATION

Andrew Rontree (Form I)

I woke from a deep sleep and was astonished to find that I had been abruptly changed into a large insect. Around me were huge bushes and strange-looking rocks. My brain was still human, but in all other respects I was like some creature that might have featured in one of H. G. Wells' novels. I decided to search for humans and soon came upon a country lane. As there were several signposts along the route, I deduced that I was not far from a sizable community. After seven or eight miles I could see a few houses. Gradually more and more buildings appeared until I realized that I was approaching a city of considerable size. Surely there would be someone here who would help me. However, when I waved a leg to attract attention, everyone in sight turned round and scurried away. I couldn't understand it at first.

Then I realized why no-one wanted to approach me. No sane person would dream of assisting a lethal-looking creature like me. I just had to keep well away from people because they would try and hunt me down. At about that time I felt a rumbling in my stomach and began to wonder how I could nourish myself.

This was certainly a complicated problem. Clearly I could not live off scraps from city dustbins. I would have to feed on small woodland animals. Then when I knew how to return to human form I could return to civilisation. I began to feel that this would not be for quite some time.

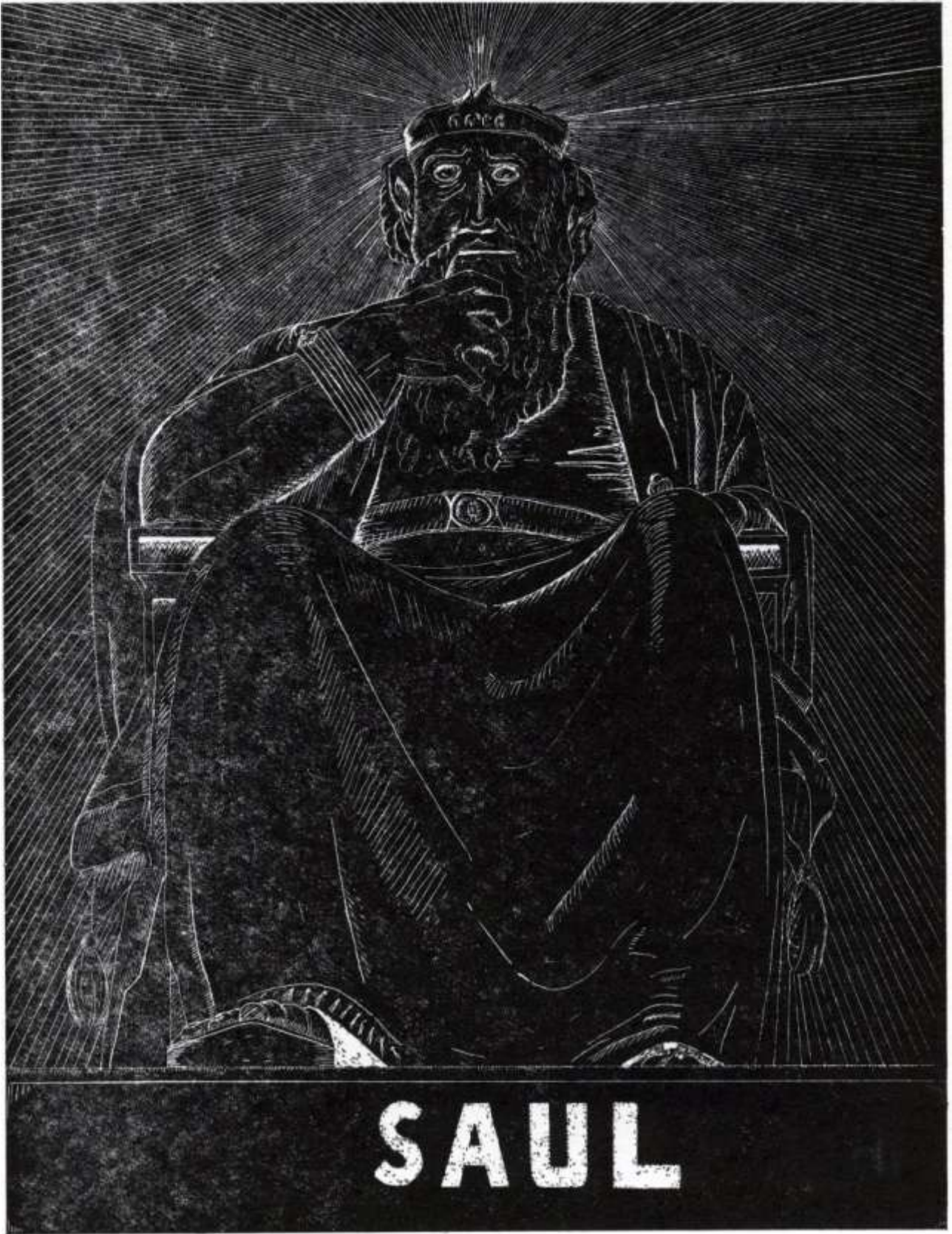
I existed in the woods for several days. One day while hunting rabbits, I thought of a way to rehumanise myself. Go back, back to the place at which I first discovered my strange existence as an insect. Then go to sleep. After hunting around the area, I thought I recognised the spot. So I lay down and closed my eyes. A few hours had passed before I woke up again. I found myself in the same place and state as before.

Not being able to think of another scheme, I tried again, this time I began to dream. I dreamt that I was at school, doing prep. The first prep. was a Latin revision exercise. How boring! The next subject was a little better, but I cannot remember what it was. Suddenly, all the lights went out. I can't remember any more until the tinkling of a bell was heard in the distance. It grew louder and louder until I was aware of being in bed in the dormitory. I sprang out of bed, finding myself in the shape of a human being, and reflected over my adventure. It was exciting, but I'm glad it's over, I mused.

DEATH?

Anthony Flambard

Black, insignificant,
A speck lay stiffly sprawled,
Illuminated by the sun-baked golden background.
The hot desert sun presented a
Wavering haze surrounding the body,
The bare, greying rocks told their own story.
The riders kneeed their mounts towards the place; They wished they hadn't.
"How old?"
"Five?" A pregnant pause betrayed his feelings.
The body could have been no more than a day old,
But already the harsh desert realities had bitten into it.
The skin had shrunk over the skull,
Clutching it tight, as if afraid to let go.
Lips had shrivelled, baring bleached teeth in a snarl,
The mouth hung open, expectantly.
Ants convulsed in seething black masses,
Emerging bloated from dark sockets
Which once contained sparkling mirrors of happiness.
The dust-brown clothes, too large now, appeared hard,
Yet were punctuated by a curious red flower, centred black,
A poppy? No.
The centre moved, even hummed,
Flies could be distinguished, gorging on raw, red flesh.
Scurrying, a black scorpion arrived for his dinner,
He flicked over the bleached white bones of the hand,
Picked clean by some other predator.
Finding nothing, he moved up the arm.
The other hand? That had gone now,
All that remained was a dark red stump,
The glistening wings of flies, and matted ants.
The dropping of a single bone to the ground
Caused an involuntary, unnecessary kick from the horse,
It caught the boy where his hip should have been.
But, did the body move?
No,
It just fell apart . . .



SAUL (I)**Timothy Barrow** (Form III)

Saul.
 He sits
 Majestically on his
 Throne of marble,
 Fixed on a stone,
 A stone of wonder
 And awe,
 His royal robes,
 Subtly implying his
 Long lost power.
 Immovable the statue stands.
 His long, flowing beard
 Caressed by his
 Gnarled hand
 Whilst his other hand
 Grips his sword.
 The flask of wine
 At the base of
 His marble throne,
 To refresh him
 When he is overpowered
 By drowsiness.
 His kingdom
 A warm cosy fire,
 An out of tune piano,
 A slate-based snooker table
 And a phone booth,
 While centrally placed
 Is his pedestal,
 The nerve centre.
 A throne of
 Indescribable power,
 Like a million-pound note,
 Locked in solitude.
 He is always unmoved
 On the solid rock.
 His unwaning dominion,
 Silenced by darkness,
 A bee-hive by day.
 All this,
 In commemoration of Saul,
 The great man.

SAUL (II)**Joseph Everatt** (Form III)

Like a mountain he sits there;
 A massive immovable stone,
 Carved flawlessly to human form.
 The hard, angular block superbly changed
 Into this giant, dominating his hall.
 Set on an enormous pedestal;
 So as to sit above the rest, as a king,
 As the king he once was: proud, strong,
 Ruling with an iron hand his kingdom.
 Now all his kingdom is in this dark hall,
 Rivalled for importance by a snooker table.

Built in eighteen sixty-five, by an obscure Italian
 From Rome. Hand-carved with loving care
 To perfection. Each tiny detail is faultless,
 From the flowing curves of his beard, to the sharp angles
 And lines of the Latin inscription on his throne.
 What a marvel he was when completed
 In gleaming marble, dead white, clean cut.
 But now his colour is faded with age
 To a dull, dirty grey, and his majesty is gone.
 The splendour of this titan is taken for granted,
 And over the years he has been mistreated,
 Losing, in the process, his right, big toe.

REVOLUTION

Jonathan Pedley (Form III)

They said it was
“The answer to the people’s needs.”
They are saying it now, and will always do so.
How can they keep fooling themselves with lies?

They like to look upon the minority,
The well-to-do, wealthy,
Homeland-loving minority.
They forget the peasants.

The poverty-stricken band of scroungers,
Struggling to find enough food
To satisfy their eternally aching bellies,
That moan a mournful tune, constantly.

Living in rotting shacks
With woodworm feasting merrily on the timber.
Soon, the shacks will collapse onto the dusty earth,
And the peasants will die.

They are machines for the revolution,
That is “the answer to the people’s needs.”
They have
Never even heard of it.

Labouring as fiercely as their
Undernourished limbs allow,
The peasants live on,
Monotonously.

Eternally ploughing stony wasteland,
With a plough, new, fifty years ago.
Rust has eaten cruelly into its blades,
But no-one cares.

Their one ox is half dead,
Its skeleton struggles to free itself
From a disease-ridden, leathery skin.
But it lives on. Just.

The peasants still keep on going and going . . .
Praying that one meal might suddenly appear.
To stave off starvation,
Until tomorrow.

If they died today,
Nobody would care.
No plaques would commemorate them,
And no gravestones would be made.

They would rot
Until all that is left of them
Shiny skeletons, smiling up
From the hard, stony earth.

“The answer to the people’s needs,”
But they forget the peasants.

NOVEMBER

Timothy Burkham (Form IV)

Mist flows in
And blinds all with a deadly perfume.
It chills to the bone.
Then the ice locks on
And chills to the marrow.
The ice covers all,
And squeezes it to death.

The ruddy-blushing leaves
Glide and die, fish-like;
They lie in oceanic, muddy pools
Brimful of hate, depression
And the quick jab of the flu injection.

The ice patterns the windows
With misted double-glazing
And drips away at the touch
Of the hot round queen.

Cold, wet diamonds
Loll in the quick, black, slimy,
Cobble-enshrining mud;
And grin at the bedraggled faces
Of the wet pearly daisies,
A remnant of a flash of
Lightning summer.

The soothing firelight dances
And flashes out
A cinema of glowing pictures.
Everything shines ruddy and dim.
While outside in the wind
The trees stand gaunt and crow-black
Like the pylons.



LUXURY

Mark Dibble (Form IV)

Luxury -
Is it sailing in your new twenty-foot yacht?
Or speeding in your 'E' type Jaguar?
Or a £50,000 house by the sea?
Watching your own racehorse gallop past the post at Ascot,
Sitting down round a roaring log fire watching a colour television.
Whatever it is
It always ends up the same in the long run,
A pile of metal and rubber in the scrapyard,

Or a barnacle-coated lump on the ocean floor,
Or a pile of rubbish and rubble
Among which the dogs chase cats
And stunted hawthorn bushes
Scrape together their food.
Whatever it is
It always ends up the same,
The bent pile of metal at the bottom of the garden,
In which dad keeps his fork and spade,
Or the mess by the incinerator
Around which the flies buzz continually
And the aroma drifts like fog
Up to the house.
Whatever it is
It always ends up the same.

DISILLUSION

David Denby (Form III)

Once a man, a lonely man,
Climbed onto a hill.
From a dark land, dead with grief,
Where guns and death roared still.

The war raged on, the children screamed,
The men grew pale and thin.
This nightmare land of blood and ash,
Was rife with Belial's sin.

The land had trees, but broken trees
Made of bone and dust;
And on them melted clocks were hung,
On a charred and barren crust.

And out he gazed, and far he gazed,
Till through the mist he saw
A long gone land of love and peace,
As told by ancient lore.

Its seas were blue, its skies were clear,
And all the land was green;
The golden cities full of pomp.
Majestic as a dream.

The bronze orb of the sun was full,

And soaked the land with life;
As people played and sang all day,
Free from war and strife.

The rivers were of creamy milk,
The springs were fresh and sweet.
The birds sang and the children danced,
On strong, uncovered feet.

But as he looked in awe and zeal,
It slipped away from sight;
The veil of mystery returned
As day gave way to night.

So slowly, wearily, down he came,
To his own barren scape;
To be greeted not by lyre or harp,
But by bombs and filth and hate.

But the heaven in the mist, he mused,
Must soon revert to war.
And time would warp and space would merge,
As clocks will melt and run;
And his present hell and that past bliss
Would become not two, but one.

THE EGG

Treva Evans

The egg,
Its white walls smooth and firm,
Lies, filled with latent life;
Stares at me from the hard table
Eyelessly.
I pick it up.
The egg turns to a head,
The clear inside to brain,
And I grope for the yellow mind-yolk of thought.
Come share my mind.
I'll tell you all. Tell me all:
I know nothing.
Did father cock possess your mother?
Or are you lifeless as the desert sands?
Speak! Do you think? Do you?
Tell me, are you boy or girl?
(Birth's great secret will soon be revealed).
What is it like, locked in there?
What do you think before your birth?
Do you think?
I do not remember birth.
Tell me what it is like. Enlighten me,
Come out and tell me.

The obstinate egg says nothing.
The white shape plunges.

Too late I hear :
"I'll tell you! I'll te . . ."

Longing for knowledge lingers longer.

LADY MACBETH SLEEPWALKS

Marcus Fewings (Form III)

The once dominator,
Ruler of Macbeth,
Now wallows in darkness,
Queen of evil and death.

Once the brain,
Striding a cruel stage,
But now fades slowly
Out of the limelight.

Her conscience is the killer,
Never a free moment,
Always torments her mind,
Somnambulism its instrument.

The nights are long,
They inevitably bring
The morning; and mourning;
No good fortune can come her way.

Her hands are pale,
With the washing,
The never-ending rubbing,
And the shameless sucking.

The blood still remains,
To eat at her psyche,
And will stain her mind,
Until the relief of death.

Constant it seems,
Inexorable,
Staying till the taper
Flickers for the last time.

MELANCHOLY MIST

Melancholy mist hangs heavy,
Condensation clings to Nature;
Wet,
Cold,
Thick,
Drip, drip, drip,
From the old and twisted branches.

Water-droplets veil the darkness,
Light fights vainly with the blackness;
Deep,
Dark,
Dank,
Black, black, black,
Blindly stumbling through to nowhere.

Hawthorn bushes bar the pathway
Scattered on the lonely hillside,
Sharp,

Sting,
Stick,
Prick, prick, prick,
Cutting fresh new agonies.

Melancholy mist is rising;
Light shines bright from distant cottage;
Clear,
White,
Cold,
Piercing through the deep blue darkness.

Stars against the raw blue coldness
Seem as distant as your heart;
Hidden,
Closed,
Barred,
Missed? Yes, you are.

TO SAINT LUCY

Stephen Hawkins

The shortest day, when black beats white
To quick retreat
Is here.
Protect us from the blinding sight,
O Queen of Light,
Stay near.

Watch with dark-defying stare
Those whom duty
Drives
Out to face the hostile air
Tonight; please spare
Their lives.

Such a little thing, at least,
I hope it is,
To do;
As we loudly hail your feast,
We pin our faith
On you.

* * *

You failed! You did not watch that she
Was safe from madman's
Hand.
Her body soaked in blood, you see,
Too much for me
To stand.

I must protest.
Your callousness
Drives my pen
To write.
You condoned this brutal mess,
This dark success
Of night.

I might not be so bitter if
My early walk
Had not
Led me to the lonely cliff,
That fateful whiff,
The spot.

Surely you did not stand by
Heedless of
Her need,
While some drunk, psychopathic eye
Watched his victim
Bleed.

* * *

Other nights, I would not care,
But you promised, don't
Deny
Last night, the traveller to spare
From roadside snare.
So why?

She was young as you are young
In heaven's ageless
Pride.
Pure as you, but she unsung;
With noiseless tongue
She died.

Twelve months we must wait until
Your holy day
Returns.
Then we'll ask your protection still,
For mankind never
Learns.

AUTUMN

Christopher Brealy (Form IV)

Fish behold the changing year
Open-mouthed and unaffected
From the cold, kaleidoscopic, crystal sea,
Who ripples her muscles
Threatening with female, feline ferocity
Her neighbour, the land.

But ignores her as he lies on his death-bed:
Exhausted and stripped at harvest;
Jaded with knowledge of the end;
Stabbed by time's unavoidable dagger
Whose blade is keen enough to leave no trace of its malice
But efficient at its task.

Concerned sea beats her companion despairingly
And throws spray onto his frail flesh,
Trying vainly to stir him from death's parasitic hold, ever
tightening.
The sky wears black in preparation for the inevitable
And while she weeps the sun blushes, unable to help,

Sulking on her destined voyage across the sky.

Wise old trees whisper among themselves,
Cynically watching the ruby countryside
And blood which clots around their feet
Staining their rheumatic boughs
Bent double by their master wind.
Life evaporates in mist,

Slow, still, painless, peaceful, definite, death delivers
her sanction.
The trees sarcastically remark, "Et tu, Brute";
And Winter's marble corpse remains.

REALISATION

Carol Franklin

Feels wrong out of place
Which way to get out
Uncertainty of
Mind vacillating
Hopes and failing of
Expectations.

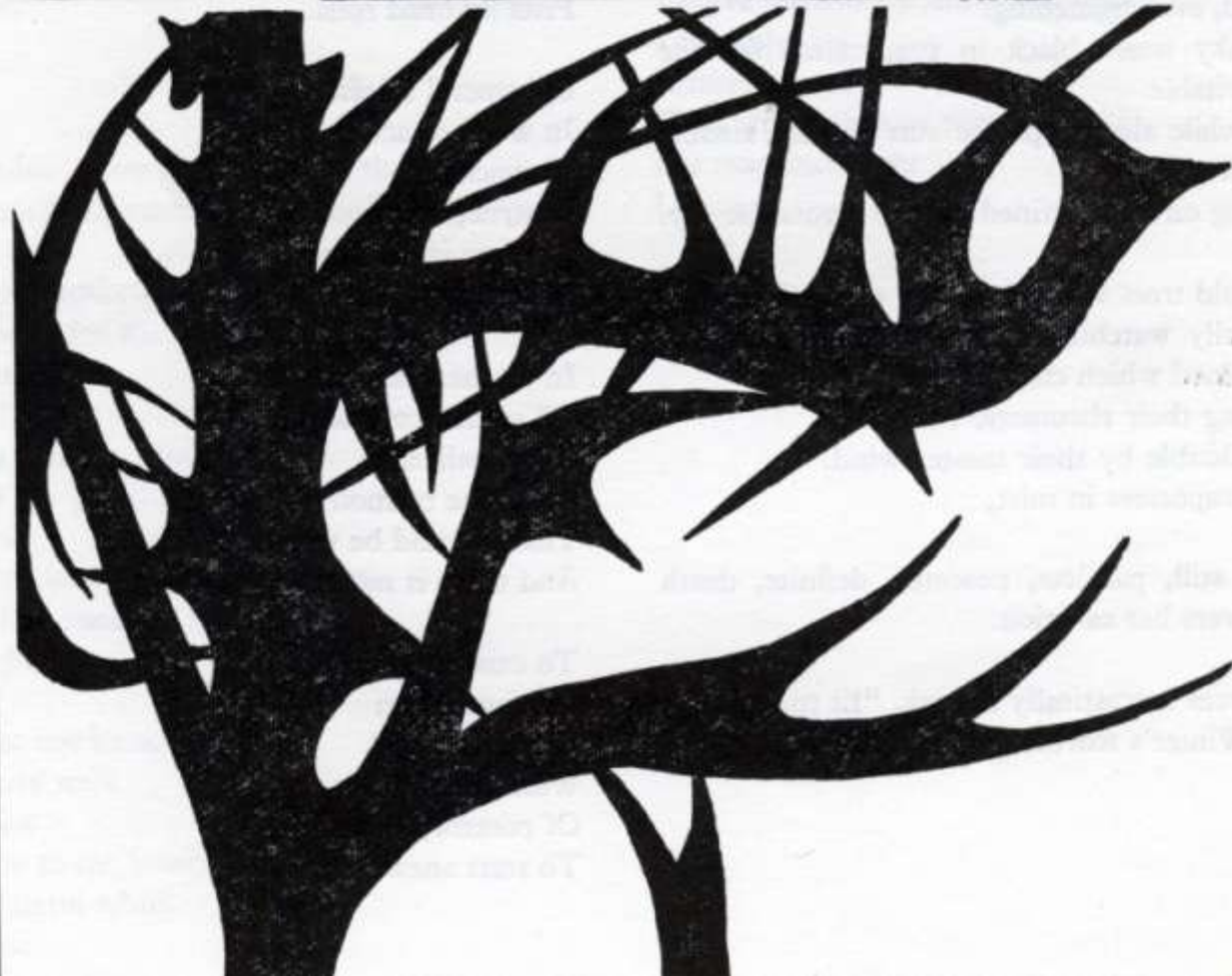
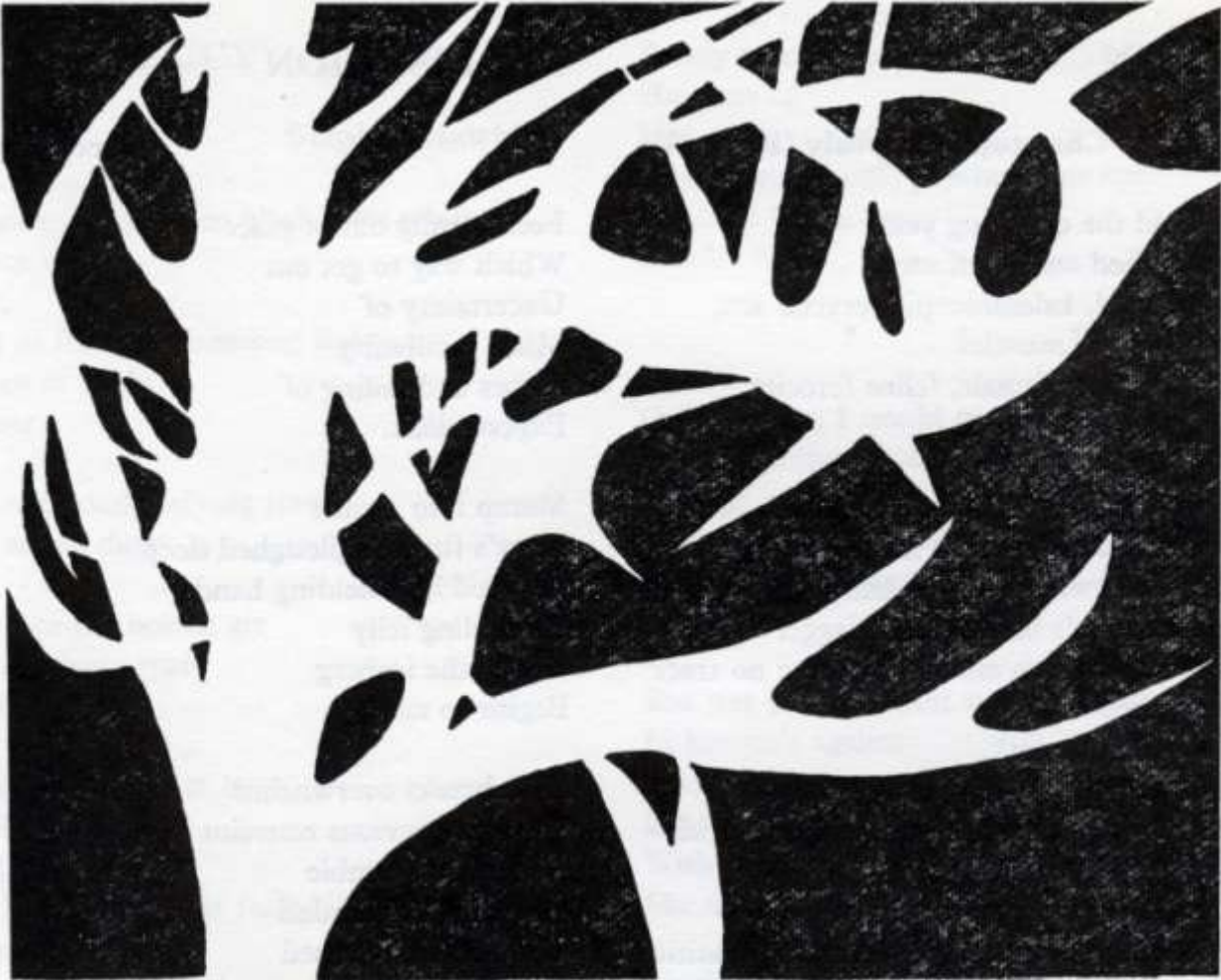
Slump into a chair
Brow's furrows ploughed deep
Covered by shielding hands
Trembling icily
Tip of the iceberg
Begins to melt.

Tide breaks overwhelms
Swamps previous restraint
Buttresses crumble
The shield discarded
The flood is released
Fists fly head rolls.

Ephemeral release
In whirl of action
Irrevocable
Destructive pleasure
Pleasure is destroyed
Destruction bides.

In the new silence
All seems lost and yet
Slow realisation
Amid the turmoil
That it could be worse
And there is more

To existing than
One aspiration
Unrealised and
Wonders at the lack
Of control; seemed futile
To start anew.



DRAWINGS IN THE MIND

Duncan Taylor

It seems an age since I've been ill.
The plant pot on the window-sill
Is still the very same.
I can hear church bells sound on Sunday,
Maybe they're wedding bells
But maybe not.

For you and me
Locked in this room
With a night light for company,
I reckoned
On rainbows
Not monochrome.

The moon
Like the moon
Behind the reaching, stretching tree lines
Is like
A thief who steals the universe;
Yes
Even the stars are small
Compared with this one.
Not even the clouds
Can dull
This pale face.

Then our sleep
Is like an island in the night.
Marooned,
Or shipwrecked
In the land of our dreams.
The golden-coloured raindrops fall
From the pawnshop sign.
And in writing on the wall
The accusation stands:
He who eats of this tree must share the blame.

Flames
Engulf the desert that you found me.

Guilty
As a leaf in Autumn
You fall.
The axeman sets his mind to the task,
And the tree is felled.
The eagle bears down
From the depths of his red blue armoury
Upon this easy prey.

Rescued, and shocked at the news,
We are greeted by the morning.

Perhaps today
The plant is dead,
But no.
Instead,
A solitary flower,
An offering from this green and vaulted heart
Simply an offering.
It must be Springtime.

HOW FINE THE DUST LOOKED

Graeme Connelly

How fine the dust looked:
She harmlessly cooks, leaves,
Are beginning to fall on, the soup
To smoulder like the Witches'.
How sad it must be
Cancerously growing
Like leaves on some already-dying tree
Predestined to fortune, dropping
Shadily, the circle it fans
Ever-diminishing.
The birch looked meagrely from the ground skywards.
Heaving, and with each cold shudder
Loosed a few more greying leaves onto the snow below.
Winter came early and it wastes, too, stu(r)dy.
She at least expected ashes.

FANTASTIC (or THE KING'S SAVIOUR) - with apologies to Lewis Carroll

Adrian Stephenson (Form II)

Fantazia!
The spelling bee recites,
"The King has eaten his words!"
I listen with bated breath.
My watch-dog sits beside me, ticking merrily.
"To save his life, someone must face the Doldrums!"
The crowd gasps.
"He must cross the mountainous molehill,
And kill death!"

I step forward,
"I will go", I say.
At that moment my watch-dog chimes.
"You must hurry, time is precious",
Say the minute jewels and the hour chalice.
The Michelin man helps me with my armour,
And I set off on the first leg.

After many hours I sit down.
Soon I fall asleep.
I awake to find the Doldrums attacking!
I begin to lose power and fail!
But Tock at the last minute chimes.
I remember the jewel's words,
And I fight back,
Only to slip into oblivion.

Later, after escaping, I find to my dismay,
The mountainous molehill is now in my way!
I decide I need some rope.
But where is some rope?
Ah, there's some in a shop;
But where is a shop?
I fly into a furious temper
Until
Fantazia!
I remember the spelling bee,

And so we go round it.

I walk into the Wood of Death!
The shivers run races up my spine.
Then death's servant, Nothingness, appears.
Its swarthy face, its ingling walk,
Combine to make a horring world
Of every beingst ever heard.

Then harredly the thing appears
Bringing all his crunched tools,
The bool and dats the fones the cogs
All jump at me without a word.
My dog runs off! I'm all alone,
I fight, my Mathem-sword a-gleaming,
They overpower me, all is lost!
I strike . . .

The wood is quilent,
Suddenly a noise is heard . . .
Ding-dong, ding-dong,
Is it Tock?
No, it's the Mathem city choirly bales.
The crowd is cheering the arisen king,
The King lives.

A BRIEF PASSION IN TIME

Ian Cummings

A night of stars is all.
Light flares, elsewhere others falter.
Often clouds smother the sight
Of a lone star, or a cluster of stars.
But not on this night -
All around is uncovered and clear,
And everything is there to be seen.
Here a constellation is moved near;
There another gone from the night before,
Leaving just a little more room
For this night to creep into.

Down low near the horizon,
Unseen (for who is there to see?),
A flame explodes and dies in that instant of birth.
A match struck in high winds,
It is easily extinguished by the all-around.
Too easily, too suddenly to leave time
To see clearly this brief passion of Man.

Although this burning, over-quick life is not nothing,
As far as sight can be judge,
A night of stars is all.

THE ROAD AHEAD

Ian Pengelly

I must rest awhile by the grassy wayside -
Just here! Where the lonely road abruptly narrows
And explores the cool valley below:
Here, where Nature's lush cloak offers short, sweet res-
pite.
The world, observing with intent,
Is deceived:
I can wander no further just yet -
I do not want to go!

Still Fortune lurks, scheming over my horizons;
Who can know man's ultimate destination?
Such is folly - to have travelled far, but how,
How can I face death with equanimity?
No further just yet

One day soon, I must venture on alone!

COMMUNITY SERVICES

This continues to involve a large number of the school: besides the thirty people who travel into Cirencester weekly, there are a great number who help "behind the scenes". Two parties have been held in the sixth form common room for the aged.

The first, held during the Christmas term, centred on a production of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" by the college pupils. A light tea was also prepared by some of the girls. This was very successful and the pantomime was shown again both at a local geriatrics ward and to members of the school.

The second, held during the lent term, was based on a late Edwardian music hall with various acts being performed, notably a hat and cane routine from Tim Dyke and Ian Cummings. It is hoped that the basic framework for this performance will be useful in other cases.

A silver paper collection was also started although we had difficulty in finding anyone who wanted it! However, we are assured that it is useful and are continuing to collect it.

We have continued to visit a local geriatrics ward and an old people's home as well as a school for educationally sub-normal children. Mr. Simms celebrated his 90th birthday this March and received a present from his visitors.

Three girls also help with riding for the disabled at an equestrian school outside Cirencester, although this may have to be abandoned next term owing to examination pressures.

A recent attempt to recruit members of the fourth form has been highly successful and community services should continue to flourish at Rendcomb for a considerable time.

J.S.P.

PHAB

"SOCIAL SERVICES" reached new heights last summer when a small number from the school attended summer 'Phab' courses. Phab (Physically Handicapped and Able Bodied) is an organisation designed to bring together these two groups of young people, too often segregated.

Most Rendcombians taking part attended courses in England. However, three rather more intrepid 'Phab-ites' ventured further afield to Mallnitz, a village in Austria. This was only the second time a Phab course had been held in Austria and we enjoyed meeting the members of the Vienna Phab Club, who stayed with us for the two-week holiday.

Having taken on the challenge of living with handicapped people, something entirely new to all of us, we soon settled down to the various activities arranged during our stay. There were study groups held for two hours every morning and evening - photography, film-making, shadow drama, music, art and craft. The exhibition (and concert) at the end of the two-weeks really proved that handicapped and able-bodied can work successfully together.

Perhaps the most exhausting part of the course, apart from lifting wheelchairs constantly, was the social life! For most people this showed the true spirit of Phab, as handicapped and able-bodied went out dancing, ten pin bowling and drinking (!) together. One of the most trying aspects of the course was the Austrian unfamiliarity with handicapped people. However, we felt we were breaking barriers when the town invited all 'Phab-ites' to 'Kaffee and Kuchen'. We went on several excursions, perhaps the most spectacular to the Gross Glockner glacier; but we also made a memorable pilgrimage to Mozart's birth-place in Salzburg. However, those excursions were not the most important part of the holiday; the main purpose was in simply being together.

This year Phab is coming home to 'sunny Sherborne' in Dorset, where we will again meet our Austrian counterparts. We hope the number of 'Phab-ites' from Rendcomb will steadily increase. Further details of Phab holidays can be obtained from Mr. Dyke, the offer being open to anyone in the year who is over fifteen.

H.J.A.W.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

THE Literary Society has lately declined in popularity, in spite of a well-attended meeting in the autumn term under the supervision of Mr. T. Dyke.

The solitary meeting, held in the library on September 28th, concentrated on the lives and major works of some of the leading Augustan writers, notably Dryden, Pope and Swift. This resulted in a thorough and comprehensive guide through the less well-known period of the last great political writers. It was an interesting meeting, and apparently enjoyed by all.

K.P.W.

THE BRIDGE CLUB

THIS term, for the first time, the Bridge Club was opened to fourth and fifth formers. There were five meetings of the club during the term, the first three being instruction sessions for beginners. There is considerable interest in playing bridge at the moment, and those who have started recently have made good progress. I hope that support for the club will continue during the summer term.

There were five tables at the bridge drive on March 12th. A. Munro and C. Dick had the highest score.

W.J.D.W.

THE FOLK CLUB

AT the first of the four meetings since the start of the academic year the previous folk club committee was succeeded by two girls and two boys from VIb, and permission was granted to allow VIb boys to stay out until 10.30 p.m. on folk club evenings.

In spite of exams and flu, contributions were so numerous that it is impossible to give credit to everyone. VIa formed the backbone of the entertainment, and full credit should be given to Peter Haynes, without whom little would have been possible. Mention is also due to Treve Evans, who put in a lot of effort to produce some Joan Baez songs, Kerry Crowhurst who contributed some memorable songs (and also a rendering of "The Lion and Albert") and Jade Sinclair who again treated us to some of his refined humour. VIb contributions centred on a ventriloquist act by Jonathan Porch and Simon Howell, Ondine Glanville and Isabel Weeks' guitars, and Mark Raven's "Puff the Magic Dragon", although Chris Burkham did perform a remarkable version of "I've Got a Safety Pin Stuck in My Heart". Fred Wedlock songs have had a good run recently with renderings from such notables as Shane Galtress, Simon Buist and Penny Hooley. Early in the Spring Term a group led by Charlotte Bonardi (lead acoustic milkbottle) and Duncan Taylor (electric toastrack) performed a very original version of "Egyptian Reggae".

Special thanks to Mr. Dyke for regular contributions and advice, to Danny Shrimpton and Penny Hooley for help with refreshments, and to the other members of the F.C.C. for their help and co-operation throughout.

A.C.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

THE term has witnessed a further decrease in both the number of members of the society, and also in the amount the darkroom has been used. Even so, the financial situation of the society is gradually improving, and it is hoped that a new enlarging lens may be purchased in the not too distant future. I would like to take this opportunity to remind everyone that the society is open to everyone in the fourth form and above, and that anyone is welcome to join. I also hope that the members will produce enough good material to stage an exhibition in the summer term - something which failed to materialise last year due to a lack of photographs.

C.A.H.

BELL-RINGING NOTES

THE bells are finally re-hung (the last time this was done was in 1897) and now sound considerably more tuneful as well as being excellent to ring. Under the guidance of Miss Bliss and Edgar, whom we should all like to thank, we have trained several new learners and established a competent band of Sunday ringers. The loss of Paul Curtis-Hayward as tower captain has meant that we are limited to basic change-ringing, however, and we all wish him well in the future and hope he will occasionally return to help us out.

D.T.

CAREERS

DURING the Lent term a 'Careers Week' replaced the careers convention which has taken place in past years. The idea behind this was that the programme planned would not have the same general appeal and would need to be used on an a la carte basis. The 'Week' consisted of I.S.C.O./Birkbeck Tests; interviews by the Area Careers Officer; films, slides, a talk and display by the Royal Corps of Signals; films, a talk and interviews by the R.A.F.; and films and talks on 'Management' and 'Sandwich Courses' by the careers master.

Other activities included two visits by the Royal Navy and an evening course on retail management, kindly organised by Waitrose, a member of the John Lewis Partnership.

Again the Business Game, now in its seventh year, gave a valuable insight into business matters, a fuller report of which appears elsewhere.

R.K.

CAREERS COURSES

Careers Courses - National College of Agricultural Engineering

ON arrival we were shown to our sleeping quarters where we left our bags. We then returned to the main building for lunch. After lunch, Mr. Graddon gave an introductory talk about the college which was followed by a tour of the machinery which they were developing. We were then taken on a tour of the college and shown the labs and the various experiments that were being done. After dinner we went to a lecture for the V.S.O. on the contribution of agricultural engineers overseas.

The next morning, after breakfast, we were taken to the N.I.A.E. where we were shown round. After this we returned to the college, were given another short talk, and any of our questions were answered.

The course was very well constructed, especially in the fact that we were not sitting down in any one room for too long and the talks and lectures alternated with tours of the college and labs. The accommodation and food were very good and it was nice to have some time to ourselves in the evening.

As a result of the course my ideas have not been changed but only confirmed that I would like to do a more practical course like agricultural engineering, rather than a theoretical course; the experience was thus one of useful clarification.

J.W.

ENGINEERING sounded an exciting and challenging career and one which would follow on suitably from a background of maths, physics and chemistry at 'A' level. Mr. Kelsey suggested that I might like to go on several careers experience courses during the summer holiday.

I was eventually accepted for three courses: Imperial College, London, Royal School of Mines; Birmingham University, chemical engineering; and The National College of Agricultural Engineering. The first one was a course which combined petroleum engineering, mining engineering and mineral technology, all treated of course, separately, but all aspects of which were discussed over the period of two days. The accommodation was in the halls of residence, and was quite impressive.

Talking to some graduates later we discovered that their only reservation was the food - and the fact that if you were not accommodated in the halls of residence then commuting to and from the college every day could be very expensive and digs are few and far between - even then you have to pay unreasonably high fees. Over the period of two days we attended several lectures; were given demonstrations; and saw films and slides. I acquired a great deal of knowledge about these careers fields and am still pleased that I went on the course - even though I don't think I will be studying engineering in the petroleum, mining or mineral branches.

The second of my three visits was to Birmingham University to discover more about chemical engineering. The leaflets and booklets given to us here were very helpful and interesting. Had I not been too unwell to attend the second half of the course, I think I would have enjoyed it as much as the previous one.

Last but not least was a two-day course at the National College of Agricultural Engineering in Bedfordshire. I didn't know a lot about what was involved in Agricultural Engineering before I went but now I have a fair idea of what a little of it entails. Having not had an agricultural background, and so with a fairly limited knowledge of farming and farm machinery, I don't think I would have been wise in deciding to follow this career - there are perhaps a little too many gaps. But I did enjoy the two days very much, and, again, it has given me a chance to discover much more about another aspect of engineering.

I am very grateful for having been given the opportunity of broadening my horizons and I am quite sure that I have benefited from the experience.

K.J.C.

THE BUSINESS GAME

THIS term saw a great success in the Business Game for our team at Rendcomb. The main idea of this game, which is organised by the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales, is to familiarise sixth formers with business affairs. Each team competes against three other teams at a time, in each of the heats, and there follows a knock-out competition between the four teams to see which of them can make the most profit for their company. Along these lines, we were very pleased when we reached the quarter-finals (27 teams altogether), the original number of teams being about 390.

Our team met once a week to decide our company's future for that period. Such things to consider are marketing, transport, unit price, research and development and, of course, the possible moves of the teams you are competing against. Each heat is divided into five periods, each of which is one week; equivalent to three months in the real business world. International Computers set up a business game technical administration team, and we sent them our decision form each week which they then put through a computer, and returned the 'outcome' sheets to us.

Admittedly, the game is a little difficult and somewhat confusing at first, but one soon gets used to the system and learns the underlying principles. It was certainly an experience none of us shall forget, and I am sure that participation in such a game can only boost one's enthusiasm to join the real business world.

Members of the Rendcomb team were : Mr. Kelsey, Joe Watson, Chris Troughton, Sarah Morris, Kerry Jane Crowhurst, Andrew Carter, Roy Edwards, Simon Elliott, Simon Howell.

Our special thanks to Mr. Kelsey for his valuable advice, and to Joe Watson, secretary.

K.J.C.

THE CHESS CLUB

AFTER a period of hibernation the Chess Club almost stirred into activity again this winter. Meetings were held each Sunday from 11.15 a.m. to 12.45 a.m. in the library but, despite several attempts to encourage more boys to play, attendance rarely reached double figures although about 20 boys have played during the year.

Our one chess match, played on Sunday, 29th January, against Cirencester Chess Club, was lost by 7 games to 2 but all who took part had an enjoyable afternoon and benefited from the experience of playing against outside competition.

Illness in the Lent term prevented the tournament for the chess trophy being completed; this will be continued next term.

G.J.S.

VISIT TO CHURCHES AND CASTLES

AN outing was arranged for February 9th by Mr. Price and Mr. Thorne to visit Saxon and Norman Churches, and the remains of a Norman castle.

The small party of sixth formers first visited Deerhurst Church, a rare example of fine Saxon architecture, one of the few to survive the Norman improvement. The building has been beautifully preserved - there have been few alterations over a thousand years. An attractive sideshow was provided in the field opposite in the form of Shetland ponies and donkeys.

Moving on from Deerhurst the party arrived at Tewkesbury Abbey. In contrast to Deerhurst, Tewkesbury is a large elaborate abbey, with many extraordinary features such as the remarkable six-tiered archway facing west, the tremendously thick pillars up to six feet six inches in diameter, and the numerous chantries on the circumference, each having its own purpose.

After a packed lunch, wellingtons were donned and we walked through Misarden Park (the home of Rendcomb's founder) to see the remains of a Norman motte and bailey castle. What at first sight appeared to be a normal wood was found after further investigation to contain in its centre the motte, or mound, of the castle, surrounded by a sheer, deep ditch. The castle had been ideally situated to block the valley, and the bailey could be clearly recognised. The Normans going about their daily lives could be easily envisaged and its atmosphere remains to this day.

The outing was completed with a visit to St. John the Evangelist, Elkstone, originally a Saxon church but rebuilt completely about a hundred years after the conquest by the Normans. It is a small but beautiful church, simple in design. Its most striking features are the magnificent Norman arches leading up to the sanctuary bathed in a "mystical yellow glow" as Mr. Thorne pointed out. Also on the church's exterior were many marks and beakheads on a corbel table, and a striking tympanum depicting Christ enthroned in glory, surrounded by religious symbols.

Altogether the trip was both interesting and educational, bringing the study of the Normans to life and showing how still, after nine hundred years, they are part of the modern world.

M.D.S., H.M.P.

SPORT

RUGBY FOOTBALL 1977

“To set the cause above renown,
To love the game above the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes.”

I am glad to say that within Rendcomb, and the schools we have played this year, the above verse has been confirmed. Of the thirteen fixtures played this year, six were won, six were lost, and one was abandoned.

This year the first XV played some of the best rugby seen at Rendcomb for a long time. Dean Close School first XV suffered a heavy defeat at the hands of a side beginning to believe in itself. Marlborough College U16's, Wycliffe College 2nd XV, and Cheltenham College 2nd XV all suffered similar fates, as confidence grew in the college ranks. However, injury and bad weather took their toll. King Edward's Bath first XV and Prince Henry's School gave us a good lesson in adapting to conditions when we suffered heavy defeats.

Towards the end of term, with the benefit of lessons learned, practice and fitness showed, and the team began to play some excellent rugby again. The most exciting match was undoubtedly against the King's School Gloucester first XV, and the introductory verse explains well the spirit in which the game was played. The score, too, illustrates how well matched the teams were; we lost by seven points to nil.

All the players trained hard throughout the season. Ian Forrest, undoubtedly the man of the season, showed class at full back and I hope his true potential in the game is realised at Oxford. Jeremy Archer, at scrum-half, and John Sinclair at fly-half did much to bring about the success the team enjoyed.

Boys thrive on competition, and schoolboy rugby is still the most exciting and enjoyable game to watch. It is purely amateur, and in a world of increasing professionalism let us hope it remains so. Boys might learn from rugby football that which Tom Brown did from football, and from the Doctor's sermon from the oak pulpit in the school chapel:

“The meaning of life - that it was no fools' or sluggards' paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battlefield ordained from of old, where there were no spectators, but the youngest must take sides, and the stakes are life and death.”

B.J.H.

1st XV

v. MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE U16, 17th September (Away). Won 28-0

An enjoyable game to start the season. They fielded quite a large team, but they showed themselves lacking in confidence. It was a fast game and the forwards showed they could not control the speed of play. However, the score increased regularly. Flambard scored the first try, followed by another from Twinning. Sinclair broke their defence and scored under the posts and then got the conversion. Evans was next to score, followed by Twinning for his second. Finally Forrest ran in a try from the centre and Sinclair converted it.

v. DEAN CLOSE, 10th September (Home). Won 29-0

We found ourselves really outweighed in the scrum in this match. However, we started very well. The ball was caught cleanly from the kick-off and passed straight to the wing, Twinning, who promptly scored. Next, Archer made a break from the base of the scrum on their twenty-five and scored, Sinclair kicking the conversion. We had the upper hand throughout the match, and perhaps became slightly over-confident. Evans scored from the scrum and the conversion was kicked by Twinning. Flambard, soon after, broke down the wing to score and this was promptly followed by a penalty by Sinclair. Finally Middlemist scored and Sinclair kicked the successful conversion.

v. KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BATH 24th September (Away). Lost 30-3

Unfortunately, their team was enormous compared to ours, which did not enliven our morale, in the light drizzle after the hour-long journey. However, we managed to prevent them scoring for about fifteen minutes even though they were repeatedly on our line. Several penalties were missed by our team, but finally Sinclair managed to put one over. The second half was disastrous. The team lacked all spirit, the tackling was very bad, but at least we did not fall completely to pieces.

v. WYCLIFFE COLLEGE 2nd XV, 6th October (Home). Won 7-0

This was a fiercely fought game of rugby, and on the whole very even. There were many attempts by both sides to score, but each was always stopped, until Middlemist managed a try. We were able to maintain this lead until Sinclair successfully scored a penalty goal. The score remained unchanged to the end of the match. On the whole it turned out to be a very rewarding win.

v. PRINCE HENRY'S, EVESHAM, 8th October (Home). Lost 26-3

Their team was highly disciplined and fit but we played badly, lacking team spirit. We were continually running backwards. The heavy rain did not help matters, it made the ball slippery and everyone's hands extremely cold. However, Forrest managed one successful penalty goal, which brought slight relief, because he was having more than his fair share of defensive play. Towards the end things livened up and the match became exciting. Several times we were in easy reach of their line. Again I felt there was a lack of general team spirit.

v. CIRENCESTER R.F.C. 3rd XV, 15th October (Away). Lost 16-7

Cirencester produced an extremely well fortified 3rd XV side! It included at least five 1st team players returning from injury, and also three players from the school's 2nd XV. We were dominated in the pack by a larger, stronger and far more experienced opposition. However, the backs showed their skills in running the ball out and Forrest made a tremendous break from full back, after a defensive kick was put into our half, and scored after an agonizing run. Twinning had several chances of penalties but only managed one. We were left 7-0 up at half-time. In the second half tackling proved to be rather weak and Cirencester ran up their sixteen points.

v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 2nd XV, 18th October (Home). Won 28-0

Again we were faced by a large team. We played very well from the start, winning ball from the loose and set scrum. Our backs outran them and tackled well, especially Middlemist. Tries came from Archer (2), McGill, Middlemist, Flambard and Sinclair. Twinning converted two of these. Cheltenham showed little skill and were unable to score, but towards the end they concentrated their efforts and were on our line several times.

v. HEREFORD CATHEDRAL SCHOOL, 5th November, (Home). Lost 11-3

Hereford once again produced a fit, strong and disciplined side. We were apprehensive, having heard about some of their earlier victories that season. However, the backs tackled well, as did theirs, and killed many of the movements. The pack were kept on their toes as we were continually under pressure. After one break Twinning scored a penalty goal. On the whole a hard, well-fought and rewarding match.

v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL, 12th November (Home). Abandoned due to weather conditions

There were very strong winds that day and the sky was overcast. On winning the toss I decided to play with the wind. We did not take advantage of our position and only Flambard went over, on the wing, during the first half. However, we felt confident but the weather deteriorated and soon after the second half started we found ourselves blinded by sleet coming horizontally across the field. After a short twenty-five the ball was caught in the wind and picked up by their wing who promptly scored. The conditions became unbearable, and we were forced to take shelter, and the match was abandoned, the score at the time being 10-4 to Bloxham.

v. BURFORD SCHOOL, 16th November (Away). Won 19-17

The team made a very poor start, lowering themselves to the opposition's level. There was no aggression in the pack; everyone seemed to be asleep. The play improved very gradually and became more eager. The lead changed hands throughout the match. We lost several chances down the wing as the pitch was very narrow. Sayers and Middlemist went over for tries, the latter's being converted by Forrest, and Sinclair scored a penalty goal. In the closing minutes, after Middlemist had left the pitch with a damaged knee, Forrest made a break from the centre and ran in a try after fifty yards of dummying. He proceeded to score the conversion, winning us the match. It was a very disappointing game altogether.

v. COKETHORPE SCHOOL, 23rd November (Home)

Cancelled due to flu.

v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER, 26th November (Away). Lost 7-0

The pitch proved the largest problem here. It was partially frozen and extremely muddy. At the beginning they seemed to have control, forcing us backwards, and continually testing our backs. They managed to score a penalty just before half-time. The second half saw some much better rugby, and a near-try from Flambard, who blamed the concrete in the corner of the pitch for his failure. However, they scored a lucky try after a bit of mishandling. A very frustrating game but constructive.

v. CIRENCESTER SCHOOL, 30th November (Home). Won 37-3

The team got off to a poor start, once again lowering their standard to that of their opponents. The whole side were 'asleep', unaware of the fact that they were being driven backwards. A stupid off-side gave Cirencester a penalty which was put over. This was the turning point in the match. The game livened up and we found we could easily outrun their backs. Tries were scored by Forrest, Flambard, Sinclair (2), Archer, McGill, Hitchcock and Beanland. One successful conversion was put over by Sinclair and one penalty by Forrest.

v. OLD RENDCOMBIANS, 10th December (Home). Lost 10-11

This turned out to be a really enjoyable game for everyone. The old boys fielded an impressive side, which at times, however, lacked unity. The college side wasted several penalty chances; their points coming from a try by Sinclair and two penalty goals by Forrest. Mike Denley and Chris Lee scored two fine tries for the old boys, and a penalty from Paul Rose was enough to win the match. It proved to be a close and satisfying, though often scrappy, game. All credit must be given to Ian Forrest, whose sound performance in this match was a creditable end to his Rendcomb rugby career.

The following played for the 1st XV: I. Forrest, A. Flambard, C. Hitchcock, J. McGill (capt.), J. Sinclair, C. Troughton, P. Evans, D. Beanland, J. Archer, M. Middlemist, M. Twinning, B. Hatchwell, J. Duncumb, S. Galtress, A. Mackonochie, D. Sayers, G. Moore, W. Edwards, G. Adams, J. Bull, J. Ratcliffe, A. Fidler.

Played 13; Won 6; Lost 6; Abandoned 1.

Points for: 174, Points against: 121.

A.J.M.

2nd XV

Results:

v. Marlborough U16B (A)	Won	26-0
v. Dean Close (A)	Won	20-14
v. King Edward's School, Bath (H) ...	Drawn	12-12
v. Wycliffe College 3rd XV (H) ...	Lost	0-9
v. Cheltenham College 3rd XV (H) ...	Lost	4-20
v. Bredon School 1st XV (A) ...	Lost	6-10
v. Hereford Cathedral School (H) ...	Won	27-0
v. Bloxham School (A)	Lost	0-16
v. Burford School (A)	Won	34-0
v. King's School, Gloucester (H) ...	Won	11-3
v. Kingham Hill School 1st XV (H)	Lost	3-35

FROM the results, it appears that the performances of the team were rather erratic. In fact, the performance of the forwards matched or bettered that of the opponents in every match except the last. Unfortunately, when faced with strong running and tackling backs, our three-quarters were unable to contain or penetrate the opposition line.

Due to the fact that there was little experience at half-back or centre-threequarter, various changes were made and many players had to be selected in unusual positions. If we had been able to exploit the potential scoring ability of Ind, Moore and Sayers, the sound and powerful pack would have gained enough possession to win nearly all the matches. Most progress was made by breaks from the base of the scrum by Ratcliffe, Taylor and Mackonochie. Bull and Wilcox always played like future members of the first XV.

Considering the limited time available for coaching both 2nd and 3rd XV's, they both performed very well. It is doubtful if there can be any improvement until each team is coached individually.

The following played for the 2nd XV: N. Taylor (capt.), G. Adams, J. Allen, J. Bull, M. Cannon, N. Carroll, W. Edwards, A. Fidler, S. Galtress, P. Haynes, C. Hitchcock, D. Ind, J. Quick, N. Marlow, A. Mackonochie, G. Moore, K. Nunan, J. Ratcliffe, D. Sayers and M. Wilcox.

D.A.H.

3rd XV

Results:

v. Dean Close (A)	Lost	0-89
v. Wycliffe College 4th XV (A) ...	Lost	0-39
v. Cheltenham College 4th XV (A) ...	Lost	4-74
v. Bloxham School (A)	Drawn	6-6
v. Kingham Hill School and XV (H)	Lost	0-4

THE season started badly with three substantial defeats, with Ian Smalley scoring our only try. Our initial defeats were mainly due to incompetent tackling which improved greatly as confidence increased, producing two exciting matches towards the end of term.

At Bloxham, after being 6-0 behind for most of the match, Treve Evans scored in the corner, Jonathan Porch converted to gain a well-deserved draw. Against Kingham Hill, bad tackling gave away a try right at the end of the match.

The pack played consistently throughout the term and the backs, despite lapses in tackling, played with determination. On the whole, the rugby appeared to be enjoyed by all.

The following played for the 3rd XV: J. Steed (capt.), S. Brennan, K. Winmill, I. Smalley, T. Evans, W. Gotley, J. Porch, S. Trigger, C. Burkham, J. Allen, A. Carter, J. Quick, D. Clarke, R. Page, R. Tudor, G. Beattie, J. Marson, T. Etherington, P. Lorenzen.

J.R.S.

Under 15 XV

THIS was a most interesting season, the team starting soundly against a good Dean Close XV and then losing confidence in themselves and not playing nearly as well as they were able. Half-term produced a dramatic transformation with every game being well played and not a single point being conceded in any second half, during which time we scored 86 points - a remarkable achievement!

As in the past, the success was largely the result of team effort and it was good to see players moving into unusual positions when the normal team was depleted through injury. It was a pleasure to coach such a willing team.

One cannot conclude without making special mention of M. Harris, who captained the team so well, by example, and C. Cannon, who always gave of his best in a variety of positions - both should be performing in the 1st XV next season.

Results:

v. Dean Close (H)	Lost	6-16
v. King Edward's, Bath (A)	Lost	3-26
v. Wycliffe College (A)	Lost	0-16
v. Cheltenham College (A)	Lost	0-26
v. Hereford Cathedral School (H)	Won	21-4
v. Bloxham (H)	Won	38-0
v. Burford (A)	Won	15-6
v. King's School, Gloucester (A)	Lost	3-8
v. Kingham Hill School (A)	Won	36-0

Points for: 122 Points against: 102.

R.K.

Under 14 XV

Results:

v. King Edward's, Bath (H)	Won	14-4
v. Wycliffe College (A)	Lost	10-16
v. Cheltenham College (A)	Lost	6-15
v. Bredon U15 XV (A)	Lost	0-14
v. Bloxham (H)	Won	10-0
v. King's School, Gloucester (H)	Lost	3-14
v. Burford (H)	Won	19-8
v. Kingham Hill School (A)	Won	32-7

THROUGHOUT the season the team kept up a consistent standard despite a number of injuries in the latter half of the term. The scrum improved considerably, especially in setting-up and controlling of the loose ball.

D. Hammond must be commended for some excellent hooking; C. Stratton for some exciting breaks from the loose and good work in the line-out.

At half-back R. Needham kicked with great skill, his final tally being 56 points. He was well supported by R. Evans, who always found a way through the opposing defence. P. Stroud, at fullback, was extremely competent in attack and defence.

The following played for the U14 XV: R. Dunwoody (capt.), R. Evans, T. Daniels, D. Denby, J. Everatt, C. Freeman, D. Hammond, S. Hughes, D. Lee, J. Martyn-Smith, R. Needham, C. Schreiber, T. Steed, C. Stratton, P. Stroud, N. Townsend.

Also played: M. Fewings, S. Powell, T. Wild.

Played 8; Won 4; Lost 4.

Points for: 94, points against: 78.

R.D., R.E.

Under 13½ XV

THIS 'hybrid' team was solid in defence for the first half of the match against Cheltenham but their tighter pack and the overlapping by their backs proved to be our downfall. The inexperienced players (from form 2) learned many tactics during this match.

The backs were rearranged for the Oakley Hall match and this resulted in some very good movements involving all of the backs and the pack.

Results:

v. Cheltenham Junior School 1st XV (A) Lost 0-22

v. Oakley Hall 1st XV Won 14-8

The following played for the U13½ XV: Evans R. (capt.), Daniels, Freeman C., Hughes, Martyn-Smith J., Pratt, Rollo, Townend, Watson, Wilcox, Wild, Archer, Brealy, Copley, Hutton-Potts C., Oliver.

Under 13 XV

THE discipline in the scrum and the excellent passing in the backs indicated the skill and determination of this form 2 team throughout the season. The match against King's was very enjoyable to watch and it was a pleasant change to see tackling from everyone. The win at Gloucester was a great achievement against a very successful team with seventeen fixtures.

There was much disappointment after the defeat at Bloxham. The team had maintained its skilful play but failure to tackle Bloxham's big number eight on two occasions was enough to lose the match.

Finally, those members of form 2 who did not reach the team deserve thanks for their enthusiasm in practice games.

Results:

v. Cheltenham Junior School 2nd XV (H) ... Won 14-4

v. King's School, Gloucester U13 XV (A) ... Won 6-4

v. Bloxham School U13 XV (A) Lost 4-8

The following played for the U13 XV: Akers, Archer, Brealy (capt.), Copley, Freeman B., Hazell, Hutton-Potts, Medill, Oliver, Palmer, Powell, Smith M., Smith R., Stephenson, Taylor, Wilcox.

HOCKEY 1978

1st XI

IN retrospect we could summarize this season as one of what might have been. Of the ten matches played, four were won, but in at least three of the remaining fixtures (all lost) we failed to seize a strong winning opportunity: we had enough chances to have gained at least a draw with Cheltenham G.S. and in the games against Bloxham and King's, Gloucester (the latter with arguably their best ever team, who had already defeated Cheltenham College and Bloxham amongst others), we led until the final minutes, only, frustratingly, to concede two late goals on each occasion. It all made for excitement, a change from the monotony of rain, snow and asphalt hockey, but it was a pity nevertheless.

This was, perhaps, particularly true considering we had anticipated a successful season since we had seven players back from last years' 1st XI. In the event the team played with a lot of heart and spirit and never gave up, except perhaps in the untypical, atrocious early performance on the hard pitch at King Edward's, Bath. However, our main problems were that one or two key players failed to come up to expectations, showing no advance on 1977 form, and that we were short of one skilful inside-forward and of real reliability at full-back. Our own defence, whether through poor positioning or committing themselves injudiciously to the tackle, often looked a little leaky and gave the enemy too much time and room in the circle (leaving Nick Carroll, an excellent goalkeeper, exposed), while in the opposing circle we were too keen to tee the ball up golf-fashion and did not shoot fast enough, with predictable results. One match which provided an exception to this last weakness came at Brockworth School, who were enjoying a successful season with two or three Gloucestershire Schools boys in their ranks: I cannot remember seeing a Rendcomb XI take a higher proportion of scoring chances and we relished our 7-3 away win. There were other useful wins against the 2nd XI's of Cheltenham College and Dean Close; these may not seem great coups but it must be remembered that such teams are playing regularly with their own 1st XI's and usually include some players who have represented the 1st XI.

Our basic stickwork still tends to compare unfavourably with that of schools who possess hard pitches and thus, in a season of bad weather like 1978's, will be playing more frequently than we are. Some boys at times were patently trying to compensate for lack of sheer skill by unduly rough play - body-checking, stick-tapping, wild use of the stick

and so on - and the increase of such 'play' is a disturbing feature of modern schoolboy hockey and will inevitably result (if the trend continues), in more sendings-off to prevent the game becoming too dangerous and abrasive. The game at its best is grounded in controlled skill, speed of thought, speed of stick, speed of foot, and intelligent positioning and anticipation - violence and gamesmanship are best kept away from the arena.

In the search for more hockey finesse at Rendcomb a hard pitch (are the gods listening?) is probably the chief requirement and let us hope we shall possess one, like most of our rival schools, in the not too distant future; but at least, more immediately, we will have a sports hall and now should be able to coach senior and junior groups in fundamental skills and tactics regularly all the year round. It will be refreshing after the kind of relentlessly bad weather which February offered us this year, bringing hockey masters and boys to a near-suicidal state exceeding even the desperate mood of the monsoon term of 1977. Next year will probably be one of team-building at senior level but at least let us have some sunshine.

Finally, I would like to thank all the hockey staff for their patient work, David Essenhigh for his care of the pitches, and John Sinclair for his efficient, committed captaining of the XI in a trying term. John's administrative thoroughness and industrious, constructive example on the field were exceptional.

J.N.H.

It was a great shame that this season, with so much promise and talent among the team, we should finish so disappointingly. It is also sad that after the effort that such players as Troughton, Taylor, Haynes and Ind put into every game that it should help us so little. Nicholas Carroll played every match with great skill and he will be badly missed next season. Mackonochie and Moore both varied in form but once aroused were two determined and hard players who posed all kinds of unorthodox problems to the opposition. Treve Evans and Douglas Sayers competed for the right-wing early in the season and eventually Sayers, once in, stayed for the remainder of the season and will be one of the greatest assets to next year's side.

We would all like to thank Mr. Holt for holding the team together throughout a difficult season and procuring as many fixtures as was possible in this weather-struck term. A special mention must go to Mr. Essenhigh who kept the 1st XI pitch in a good state despite many inches of snow and rain and many frosts. Lastly, I would like to thank all those who played in the 1st XI: everyone tried hard and was a credit to the competitive spirit of sport.

The following played for the 1st XI: J. Sinclair (capt.), N. Taylor (vice-capt.), N. Carroll, C. Troughton, M. Middlemist, D. Ind, G. Moore, C. Hitchcock, P. Haynes, A. Flambard, A. Mackonochie, M. Twinning, N. Hall, T. Evans, D. Sayers.

J.D.S.

Results:

1st XI v. COLSTON'S SCHOOL (Away). Lost 3-1

This match acted rather like a trial with our practice on grass limited to thirty minutes by weather conditions. It was a surprisingly even match in the first half and Flambard pressed home a superb breakaway attack for our first goal of the season. Colston's equalised shortly before half time and then, showing their superior drill, experience and practice, scored twice more in the second half. A hopeful start to the season in a good, enjoyable match that showed us that we have the potential but not the practice.

1st XI v. CHELTENHAM H.C. WEDNESDAY XI (Home). Lost 3-0

The opposition fielded a blend of age, experience and skill which by no means overwhelmed us and was lucky to prevent us scoring on a number of occasions; Flambard, Mackonochie and Haynes were particularly unlucky not to score. The sole scorer and mainspring of the opposition was, unfortunately for us, John Webb (an old Rendcombian with international trials behind him). He seemed to pick and choose when to score and if antagonised would not have been so lenient on our defence. One of the most enjoyable matches of the season against very pleasant opponents.

1st XI v. KING EDWARD'S, BATH (Away). Lost 7-0

Playing another experimental team on an unusually fast hard pitch was our main mistake. Our defence was overworked and our attack starved and we were lucky to be only 2-0 down by half time. The result was never really in doubt and as the speed of the game tired us out they produced five more goals varying from the very lucky to the rifled shot past the ear! We were soundly outplayed in all areas but credit must go to our defence, in particular Nick Carroll, who saved many good attempts and showed high-class goalkeeping once again.

1st XI v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 2nd XI (Home). Won 4-1

For this match we radically altered our team and, tired of losing, played in a far more spirited way from the very start. We opened with a quick goal from Mackonochie, whose speed was used to better effect at inside-left, and then Flambard, who always looked dangerous in possession. Mackonochie scored his second before half-time and the third of a superb individual hat-trick in the second half. This was really his game and the new-found positional freedom gave him the latitude to work in. This was a game of hockey that finally broke our bad luck.

1st XI v. PRINCE HENRY'S, EVESHAM (Home). Cancelled

1st XI V. MARLING SCHOOL (Away). Won 6-3

We began this game in true Rendcombian manner by conceding an early goal through loose marking but Twinning soon equalised with a well-struck shot. We then managed to assert our authority and Macknochie scored off the goalkeeper's pads. After half-time Flambard and Macknochie stretched our lead before a short spell of complacency allowed Marling to score two breakaway goals. The match was saved by a true fighting spirit in the half-backs who repeatedly robbed the Marling forwards and fed our inside forwards and wings with a stream of possession. Two short corner scrambles in a period of heavy pressure provided Sinclair and Flambard with further goals to put the match beyond doubt. It was pleasing to win on a hard pitch for a change and to score plenty of goals.

1st XI v. CRYPT SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER (Home). Cancelled

1st XI v. BROCKWORTH SCHOOL (Away). Won 7-3

After many complications due to an epidemic of influenza, including the match being cancelled at one point, we took the field with only one alteration in the side, Nigel Hall replacing Mike Twinning who was not yet fit. Brockworth had much of the territorial advantage but they failed to score on a number of occasions before Flambard took the ball on a long sweeping run and left the goalkeeper seated as he scored. He repeated this with another incisive run and firm goal shortly afterwards. Soon after half-time Hall scored twice in quick succession, showing his ability to take even half a chance well. This speed and efficiency obviously incensed the Brockworth team, one unaccustomed to losing, and they cut our lead back three times and threatened to draw level before Hall scored twice more and Flambard completed his hat-trick to keep us well ahead.

This match deserves a special mention as one in which, despite the treacherously alien surface and the after-effects of flu, we produced perhaps our best hockey of the season, moving the ball quickly and taking seven out of approximately ten chances. It was harsh on Hall to score four good goals in his debut and then be dropped but he reappeared to good effect later in the season.

1st XI v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Home). Lost 1-0

This match under our best conditions of the season was a frustrating affair: we created innumerable good chances but failed to score. Although we often dominated the game we conceded one breakaway goal by loose marking and lost. This was a match that should have been easily won and there is no excuse or reason for losing it; the whole slightly bad-tempered affair is best forgotten.

1st XI v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL (Home). Lost 4-3

This was a disgrace to hockey in any form - both sides played in a dangerously violent way more akin to shinty than hockey. We scored twice in the first half but lost through giving up hope in the second. No credit can go to either side and we can be thankful that nobody from either side was sent off although this was threatened more than once during the match. Any further comment would be foolhardy: this match will be remembered with bitterness and disappointment.

1st XI v. DEAN CLOSE 2nd XI (Away). Won 2-1

This match was played as proof that stickwork can still win games - particularly in the halfbacks who were outstanding. We opened our scoring after Sayers flicked the ball across the goal-mouth for Sinclair to score. Many short corners narrowly missed and it was only in the second half that a Sinclair flick from a corner was neatly deflected by Twinning for a good second goal. Dean Close pulled one back but luckily failed with their other attempts (one of which sailed over the crossbar and landed on an adjacent rugby pitch some distance away).

1st XI V. OLD RENDCOMBIANS (Home). Lost 7-2

The match was beyond doubt after ten minutes with three swift O.R. goals. We pulled one back after a foot on the line stopped a good shot and a penalty stroke was awarded. Sinclair put this away with unusual ease but all other chances in the first half were missed or cleared. The only other score to interrupt the old Rendcombians was a similar penalty stroke from Sinclair. Medhurst and Jenkins were prominent among the old boys' scorers but the O.R.'s played well and gave us an object lesson in hockey. One of the best and most enjoyable matches of the season, as it should be.

1st XI v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER (Home). Lost 3-2

Despite playing twenty minutes without a full team, (and indeed with only nine men to begin with) we held our own until Hall, after finally arriving, scored to make amends for his absence at a music exam! Gloucester equalised before half time but Peter Haynes scored off the pads to regain the lead. With only ten minutes to go Gloucester equalised and took the lead in the closing minutes. In a similar style as the Bloxham match we left the pitch resenting our un-avenged wounds and feeling that it would have been better to have ended the season with a win or a draw than a loss in an unusually physical game.

2nd XI

Results:

v. King Edward's School, Bath	Drew	1-1
v. Cheltenham College 3rd XI	Lost	0-2
v. Bredon School 1st XI	Won	4-1
v. Marlborough College 4th XI	Lost	0-3
v. Bloxham School	Lost	2-3
v. Dean Close 3rd XI...	Lost	1-2
v. Old Rendcombians...	Lost	1-4
v. King's School, Gloucester	Lost	0-4

AFTER showing some promise early in the term, the 2nd XI did not show enough skill or spirit in later matches and in several of these games were lucky to avoid heavier defeats.

The main weakness of the team was the failure to control the middle of the field and provide a link between defence and attack.

Individually, Hall and Hitchcock showed most skill: both played several games for the 1st XI. Galtress performed creditably in goal, and Henniker-Gotley and Page were usually sound at halfback and Evans was capable of penetrating opposing defences from the right wing.

D.A.H.

Under 15 XI

THE team were able to play four out of the nine fixtures despite the snow, frost and rain, which regularly punctuated our practices on grass. Although the matches were all away, we were fortunate enough to play on grass in each case, and a hard-working and determined team kept the final scores to very low figures.

During the season, many of the players developed their hockey skills and used them constructively together with good positioning and mobility. If anything, the forwards lacked the finish which is necessary to obtain goals following keepers' mistakes.

Credit should also go to those members of game 3 who did not play for the team, but worked hard throughout the season to improve their hockey.

Results:

v. Colston's School (A)	Drew	2-2
v. Cheltenham College (A)	Lost	0-2
v. Marlborough College (A)...	Won	1-0
v. Bloxham School (A)	Lost	0-2

The following represented the XI: J. Gotley (capt.), C. Cannon, T. Paton, R. Shacklock, T. Evans, T. Horton, A. White, R. Woof, R. Webb, M. Harris, A. Martyn-Smith, D. White, A. Graham Munro (Goal), P. Uglow (goal).

Under 14 XI

LOOKING back at last year's report, I see the mention of frustration and disappointment caused by very unkind weather. This situation has been repeated and again we were unable to use our own pitch until well into the second half of term. Under these conditions our need for an all-weather playing area becomes very apparent.

Although we have a number of quite skilful players, they have not had sufficient practice to blend into an effective team. Our main weaknesses seem to be lack of hard, accurate passing, and failure to keep positions when under pressure. Thirteen matches were planned but four had to be cancelled.

Results:

v. Cheltenham College (A)	Lost	0-8
v. Bredon School (H)	Won	5-3
v. Cheltenham College Junior School (A)	Lost	1-8
v. Marlborough College (A)	Drew	2-2
v. Bloxham School (H)	Drew	3-3
v. Cheltenham College Junior School (A)	Lost	2-7
v. King's, Gloucester (H)	Lost	1-2

Under 14B XI:

v. Cheltenham College B (A)	Lost	1-8
v. Cheltenham College Junior School B (H)			Drew	1-1

The following played for the XI: C. Freeman (goal), T. Daniels, D. Hammond, C. Schreiber, R. Dunwoody (capt.), D. Lee, T. Pratt, S. Knapp, D. Rollo, R. Evans, N. Townend.

The following also played for the team: S. Hughes, C. Twinning, J. Lewis.

K.G.T.

Under 13 XI

ALTHOUGH this age group was again prevented by the weather from playing even a reasonable amount of hockey, they have shown great enthusiasm and several players are already very promising.

Results:

v. Cheltenham College Junior School (A)	...		Drew	2-2
v. Cheltenham College Junior School (A)	...		Won	5-1
v. King's School, Gloucester (H)	Won	3-0

The following played in the team: S. Powell (capt.), S. Hazell, C. Dewar, M. Archer, S. Oliver, B. Freeman, C. Hutton-Potts, G. Brealy, R. Perrett, D. Stewart, N. Stewart, R. Smith, M. Smith, R. Deacon, A. Stephenson.

W.J.D.W.

SQUASH RACKETS

IN September the 1st V joined the newly-formed Gloucestershire under-19 league and was placed in division one. Of the nine matches played three were won and twenty points scored, a performance which should just keep the team in the same division for next season.

Playing in the top positions in the team, Ian Forrest, John Sinclair and William Gotley were often struggling against more skilful and experienced opponents. Lower in the order Joe Watson, Richard Tudor, Simon Knapp and John Gotley all scored useful points.

In the county championships, Ben Knapp won the under-14 event for the second time, this year beating his brother Simon in the final. Richard Tudor was runner-up in the under-16 event, a reward for his enthusiasm and hard work.

Playing for Gloucestershire, Ben Knapp was unbeaten in five matches for the under-14 team, Richard Tudor was unbeaten in two matches for the under-16 team, and Simon Knapp won both his matches. Other promising players in the junior part of the school are David Rollo and Timothy Pratt, from IIIa, and Mark Smith, who is the best of an enthusiastic group in form II.

1st V Results - League Division 1

v. Cheltenham College 1st V (A)	...		Lost	1-4
v. Sir Thomas Rich's School 1st V (H)			Won	5-0
v. Stroud 1st V (H)	Won	4-1
v. Gloucester 1st V (A)	Lost	2-3
v. Cheltenham College 1st V (H)	...		Lost	1-4
v. Cheltenham College 2nd V (A)	...		Won	3-2
v. Cirencester 1st V (A)	Lost	2-3
v. Gloucester 1st V (A)	Lost	1-4
v. Stroud 1st V (H)	Lost	2-3

Individual Results:

I. Forrest (played 3, won 1); W. Gotley (played 9, won 4); J. Sinclair (played 8, won 2); J. Watson (played 8, won 5); R. Tudor (played 6, won 2); S. Knapp (played 4, won 3); J. Gotley (played 7, won 3); M. Twinning (played 1, won 1).

2nd V Results - League Division 4

v. East Gloucester 2nd V (H)	...		Won	5-0
v. Wotton-under-Edge 2nd V (H)	...		Won	5-0
v. Cirencester Leisure Centre 1st V (H)			Won	4-1

The following played for the 2nd V: M. Twinning, D. Rollo, R. Page, T. Pratt, M. Smith, R. Pitt.

K.J.K.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

THE under-13 team competed in the Gloucestershire Schools Cross-Country League, the competition this year consisting of three meetings. More than a dozen teams took part and there were more than a hundred runners in each race. In the races at Whitefriars School and Sir Thomas Rich's School the Rendcomb team finished second, but unfortunately, due to influenza, only three of the team were fit for the meeting at Marling School. Finishing 2nd, 3rd and 2nd in the three races, Ben Knapp took second place in the individual league. Other individual results: G. Brealy (16, 18, 8); R. Smith (15, 16); S. Powell (24, 40); D. Green (32, 51, 32); D. Stewart (41, 35); R. Deacon (62, 49); S. Redman (39); O. Medill (70); R. Perrett (86).

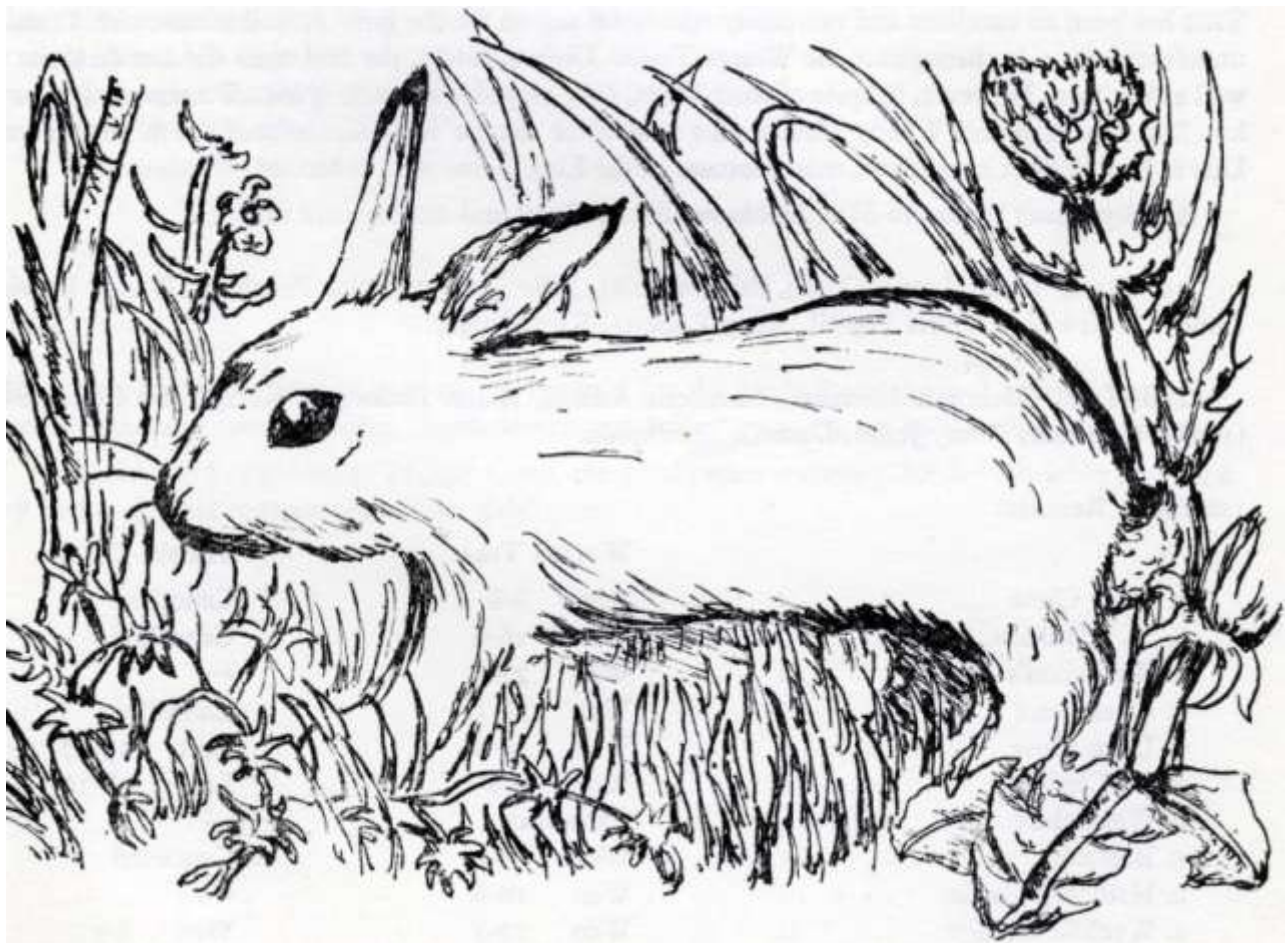
In the South Gloucestershire District Championships, Ben Knapp won the under-13 race, James Quick was second in the under-17, and Simon Knapp sixth in the under-15. These three boys also performed creditably in the County Championships, in which Ben Knapp finished fourth in his race and subsequently ran for Gloucestershire against three Welsh counties.

K.J.K.

GIRLS' SPORT

Hockey

ALTHOUGH the girls' hockey team did not excel in its matches it did not disgrace itself. Many people were trying to play for the first time and everyone tried hard. Many thanks to Mr. Essenhigh and Mr. Wood for their help and to our best supporter, Mrs. Holdaway.



Results:

v. Marlborough	...	Lost	6-0
v. St. Clotilde's	...	Lost	3-1
v. Cirencester	Lost	5-2
v. Burford	...	Drew	3-3

TEAM: Sarah Morris, Sarah Culverwell, Victoria Powell, Kitty Roberts, Penny Hooley, Liz Adams, Bridget Cross, Kerry Crowhurst, Julie Alesworth, Kim Knight, Helen Packwood.

ALSO PLAYED: Debbie Harrison, Penny Jones, Carol Franklin.

B.S.C.

Netball

THIS has been an excellent and extremely successful season for the girls' netball teams, with a totally undefeated 1st side throughout the winter term. Unfortunately, the 2nd team did not do quite as well as the 1sts. However, in spite of their losses, they played with great spirit. We are sorry to have lost Sue Pritchard and Wendy Hewitt who played for the 1st team throughout the winter term. Due to bad weather conditions, most matches in the Lent term were cancelled.

Finally, many thanks to Mrs. Holdaway for her loyal and enthusiastic support.

1st TEAM: Sarah Morris (capt.), Bridget Cross, Julie Alesworth, Sue Pritchard, Wendy Hewitt, Sarah Culverwell, Victoria Powell, Kitty Roberts, Kim Knight.

2nd TEAM: Deborah Harrison, Elizabeth Adams, Helen Packwood, Kerry-Jane Crowhurst, Ondine Glanville, Penny Jones, Danielle Shrimpton.

1st Team Results:

		WINTER TERM	SPRING TERM
v. Dean Close	...	Drew 8-8	Cancelled
v. St. Clotilde's	...	Won 16-9	Cancelled
v. Westwood's School		Won 27-3	-
v. Cirencester	Won 28-5	Cancelled
v. Dean Close...	...	Won 16-8	Lost 15-17
v. St. Clotilde's	...	Won 9-8	Lost 8-10
v. Westonbirt	Cancelled	-
v. Burford	...	Won 27-8	Cancelled
v. Hatherop Castle	...	Won 10-8	-
v. Wycliffe College	...	Won 17-8	Won 8-5

2nd Team Results:

v. Dean Close	...	Lost	5-21	-
v. St. Clotilde's	...	Lost	5-17	-
v. Cirencester	Won	1-8	-
v. Wycliffe	...	Won	21-15	-

S.M.

Squash

THE squash team has been extremely successful these last two terms. This is largely due to the greater enthusiasm and competition amongst the girls, and a steady improvement in the standard of girls' squash throughout the year. We would like to thank Mr. Medill for his invaluable help in coaching, and Mrs. Holdaway for her enthusiastic support and encouragement.

TEAM: Julie Alesworth, Carol Franklin, Elizabeth Adams, Kim Knight, Sarah Morris. Victoria Powell has also played for the team during the year.

v. Marlborough College	Won	3-2
v. Cirencester School	Won	4-1
v. Marlborough College	Lost	2-3
v. Cheltenham Ladies College	Won	3-2

v. Cheltenham Ladies College ... Won 5-0
 v. Cirencester Squash Club ... Won 3-2

J.A.A.

THIS season has again been successful, particularly for the netball and squash teams. I am very grateful to the respective captains, Sarah Morris and Julie Alesworth, for all their help and support.

A special word of thanks to Bridget Cross, the girls' games secretary, for her efficiency and hard work in the general organisation of the girls' sport.

C.A.H.

OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES

News of recent leavers:

IAN BOOTHMAN	Business Studies, Aston University
DAVID BRENNAN	Physics, Bristol University
DAVID BUTLER	Mathematics and Philosophy, Manchester University
JAMES CAIRNS TERRY	Banking in Australia
JULIETTE CHAPMAN	Secretarial Course in Singapore
JOHN COOPER	Insurance in the City
DIANE CREW	Zoology, Edinburgh University (1978)
LUCY CULLEN	Horticulture, Bath University
PAUL CURTIS-HAYWARD	P.P.E., Merton College, Oxford (1978)
IAN FORREST	Chemistry, Lincoln College, Oxford (1978)
SARA FREEMAN	Secretarial Course in Oxford
SALLY HALL	Law, Exeter University
ANDREW HARRIS	Farming
CHRISTOPHER HART	Technical College, Banbury
WENDY HEWITT	Law, Manchester University
MARK HOLLOWAY	English Medieval Studies, Exeter University (1978)
VICKY JOEL	Hotel Management (1977), English, Exeter University (1978)
TIMOTHY LAUSCH	Temporarily with Whitbread as a computer clerk
PAUL MAGUIRE	Engineering, Christchurch, Oxford (1978)
TARYN NIXON	Archaeology, London College of Archaeology (1978)
DAVID OUGHTON	Agriculture, Reading University
DAVID PITT	Engineering, Bristol University (1978)
SUSAN PRITCHARD	Chemistry, Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge (1978)
CHRISTOPHER PULFORD	Chemistry, Pembroke College, Oxford (1978)
SARAH ROBINSON	Secretarial Course
JULIA TAYLOR	Sealhain Agricultural College
VERONICA THRESH	History of Art, Edinburgh University (1978)
SIMON TYLER	Business Studies, Lanchester Polytechnic
JANE WATSON	Mathematics, Birmingham University
TIMOTHY WORMLEIGHTON	Medieval English Studies, Exeter University
CHRISTIAN LEE	Banking in Guildford
STEPHEN HEWITT	Agriculture, Newcastle University (1978)
NIGEL BURGESS	Sales Assistant, Pakeman's, Cirencester
MATTHEW CRAGOE	Grammar School in Wales
ALAN MASTERS	Farming
CHRISTOPHER MORSHEAD	Royal Navy
JOHN PURKISS	Cheltenham Grammar School
ADRIAN SERGISON	Newbury Grammar School
MICHAEL WEAVER	Farming
ANDREW WILLIAMS	Hereford Technical College
TIMOTHY WILSON	Farming

The newsletter will be sent out in April and will contain the main news of the society.
 The next reunion will be on July 8th.

W.J.D.W