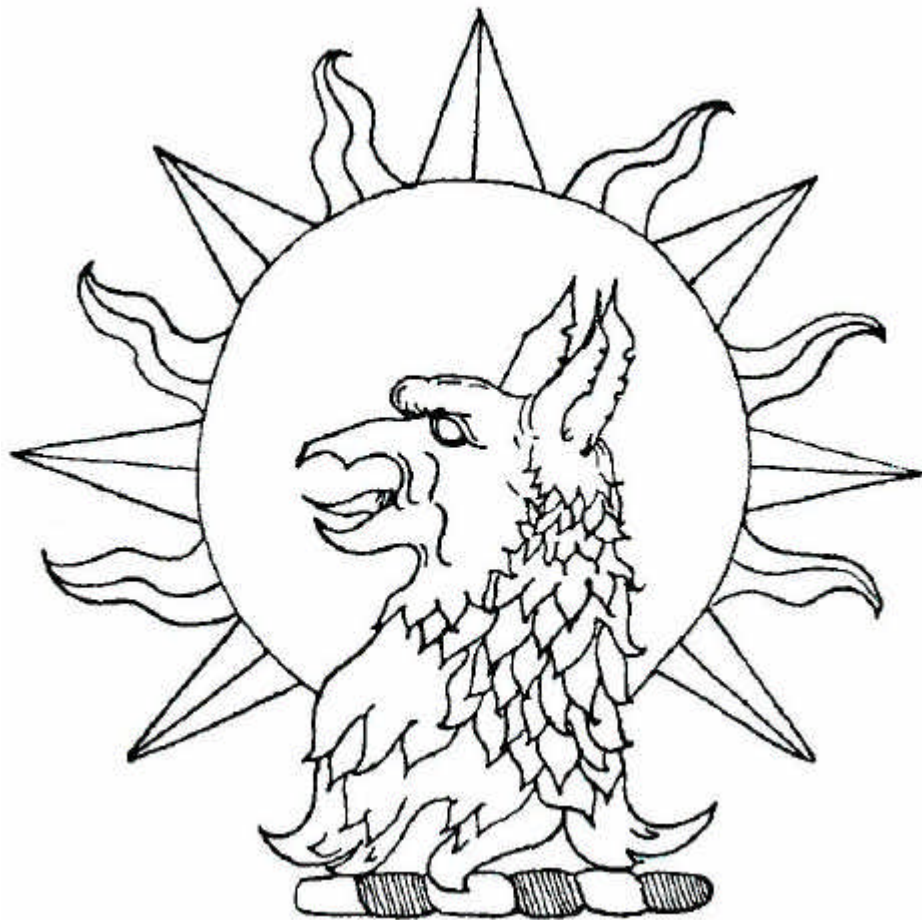


# THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE



Vol. 18 No. 4

May 1979

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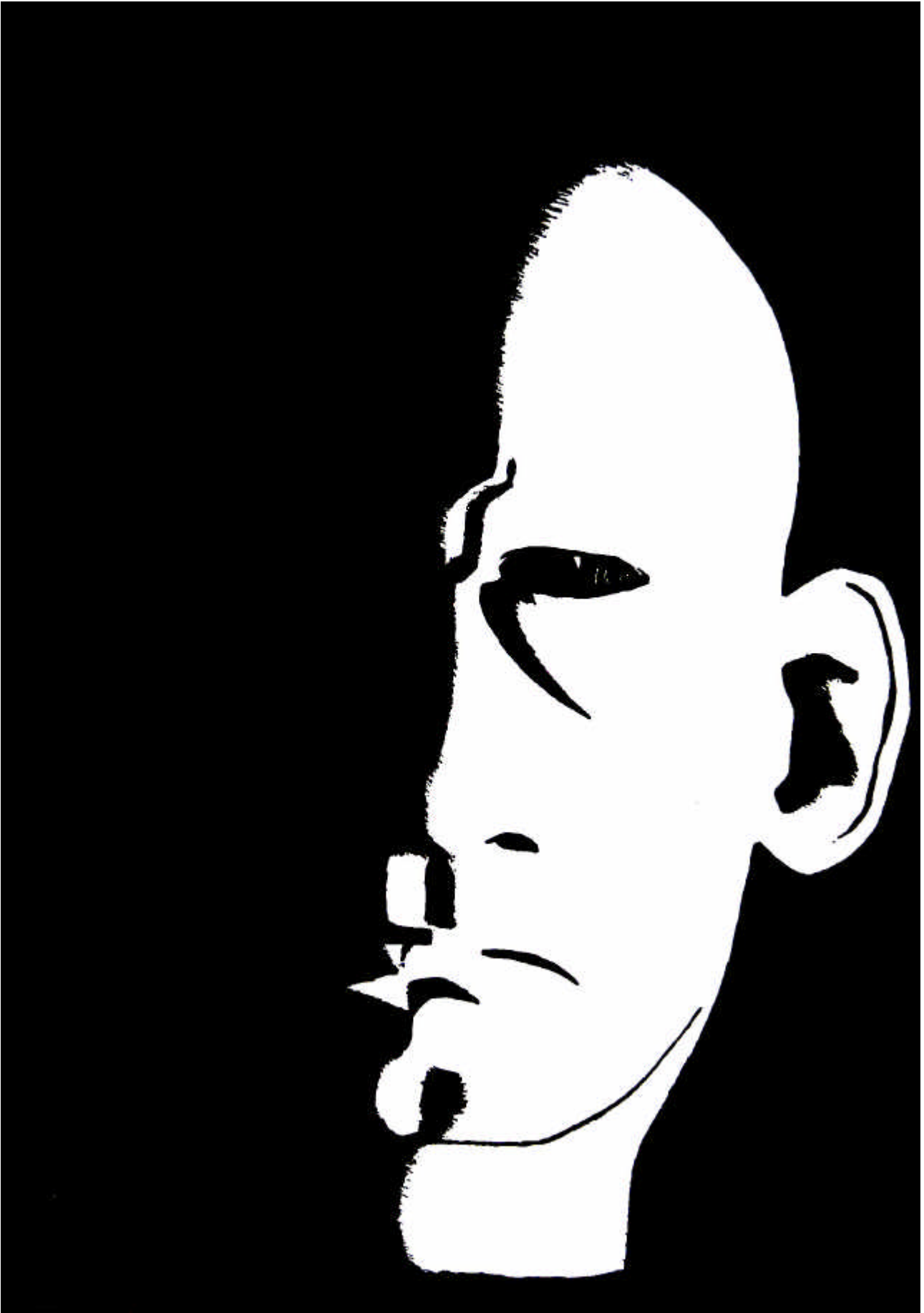
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## EDITORIAL

It doesn't seem very long since we were preparing the last edition of The Rendcomb Magazine and, if time passes quickly when you're enjoying yourself, I suppose I must have enjoyed myself. I say "suppose" because I can't really recall exactly what I've done - but what I do remember are the times when I have enjoyed myself. The only times I remember when things weren't so much fun are the times when I've upset my friends: being a gregarious independent these can be more than I like. However, I think the essence of the matter lies in the fact that it is your friends, and not your enemies, that can get you down; their pains are your pains, and if you feel guilty for them, then the pain sticks in your throat along with your pride.

Recently I had my theory, that I can and do love many people, challenged: you can only love one person, they said, and, if you love more then it's not "true love". However, if 'love' is used when you 'more than like' someone, then you can 'love' many. Perhaps this is an abuse of the meaning of the word 'love' but is there a better word to use? If there is only one love why talk of "true love": surely love is the ability to accept others for their virtues and their faults; not to ignore their faults but to recognise and to accept these. This is essential in a community like Rendcomb, especially at the end of term when, naturally, tempers become frayed and patience is tested to the utmost: it breaks, sooner or later, and that is when you need to love, when you need to forget that you're right and they're wrong because neither of you probably is.

I think that this ability to accept and to love people is possibly the greatest thing a school like Rendcomb can offer. It provides the opportunity to see people, to know more of them than you might learn in another environment, to grow up with them. Anyone who misses the opportunity may never get another chance; to leave Rendcomb with outward jealousy or spite shows a failing that may not be overcome; thankfully, it is difficult. Any boy, or girl, should be able to leave with an inner feeling of "self-respect" and it is the duty of everyone here to cultivate that respect. You should be able to feel that, whether you have "succeeded" or "failed", you have tried, and, above all else, will try harder. If you "succeed", then set your standards higher; if you "fail" then dust yourself off and start climbing all over again. When you can look deeply into yourself and feel that you no longer need rebel without a cause, you no longer need to feel superior, you no longer want to be what you are not; then you are ready to leave Rendcomb, and Rendcomb will not leave you.



‘Try not the Pass!’ the old man said;  
 ‘Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!’  
 And loud that clarion voice replied,  
 ‘Excelsior!’  
*H. W. Longfellow.*

Ladies and Gentlemen, the Rendcomb Magazine.

## MISCELLANEA

### Winter Term 1978

THIS year we welcome Mr. C. F. F. Terrill as head of the new geography department and teacher of history and African studies; Mr. P. L. Rhodes as resident musician; the Reverend J. Heales, the college chaplain and teacher of divinity, comparative religion and English; Mr. M. J. Newby as head of P.E. and teacher of biology; and Miss S. Mayall as the matron

\* \* \* \*

On September 13th, the boys from the college had the opportunity of attending the licensing of the Rev. J. Heales as Priest-in-Charge of St. Peter's, Rendcomb.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Holdaway took a sixth form group to Warwick Castle on September 24th.

\* \* \* \*

October 1st saw Mr. Swaine taking his VIB biology group to the Wildlife Park, Burford.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Terrill gave a most interesting and unusual talk on October 4th: the subject being life with a central African tribe; an experience brought alive by illustrative slides.

\* \* \* \*

On October 9th, representatives from the college attended the funeral of Col. J. Godman, C.B.E., D.L., the late chairman of the governing body.

\* \* \* \*

A sixth form group travelled to Wycliffe College on October 10th to see *Ballet for All*, part of the Stroud Festival, in which ballet was explained and extracts from the better known works of Sir Frederick Ashton were performed.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Terrill took the 6A English specialists to see Robert Gitting present a talk on “Hardy and his Women”, with the masterful reading of Frances Horowitz, on October 14th. This was also part of the Stroud Festival and provided an interesting insight into Hardy’s life; of particular value to A-level students.

\* \* \* \*

On October 10th, the college welcomed General Sir John Hackett who talked to the VIth form about religion and the regular soldier. Drawing from his great experience, he particularly focussed on the ability to combine both religion and national service in the event of war. His talk met with a mixed reaction and provoked a certain amount of lively debate.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Swaine again took a keen party of ornithologists to Slimbridge Wildfowl Park on 22nd October.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Holt took a sixth form group to see the Royal Shakespeare Company perform *Anthony and Cleopatra*, at Stratford. Unfortunately, few people could visualise Glenda Jackson as the Egyptian seductress although the acting was of a very high standard. The play seemed too much to consist of individual scenes rather than flow continuously, emphasised by some very strong scenes and some weaker ones.

\* \* \* \*

A service of readings and hymns was held by members of the college on October 22nd to introduce a week of prayer for World Peace, the chosen theme was war and peace.

\* \* \* \*

Films for the Winter Term were *Phase IV*, *Paint Your Wagon*, *Ransom*, *The Internecine Project*, *Valdez the Half Breed*, *Ring of Bright Water*, *Sidecar Racers*, *Captain Apache*, *Inside Job* and *The Day of The Jackal*.

\* \* \* \*

Debates were held on the following motions: *This House Believes that Rendcomb is a den of vice*, *This House Believes that civilisation must retrace its steps in order to advance*, *This House opposes the use of animals in scientific experiments*, and *This House proudly proclaims that the world is flat*. A more detailed report appears later.

\* \* \* \*

Our congratulations are extended to Norman Crowe and Teta Hennessy who were married on September 23rd. This was the first marriage between two old Rendcombians. We wish them happiness in the future.

\* \* \* \*

Our congratulations are also extended to the Rev. John Heales and his wife, Anne, who were married on December 30th. We hope that they will enjoy every happiness in the future.

\* \* \* \*

On November 10th we greeted a team of experts from Harwell who presented slides and a tape on *Safety and Nuclear Power*: a current topic of debate.

\* \* \* \*

The Orchestra and Choral Society performed works by Mozart and Beethoven on 19th November.

\* \* \* \*

The school play for the winter term, which was performed on December 7th, 8th and 9th, was *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*, by Tom Stoppard: a play which is both amusing and philosophical.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Terrill and Mr. Rhodes produced an evening called "Christmas Past and Present" on December 11th.

\* \* \* \*

A mixed school party visited the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham on December 13th to see an amateur performance of *Iolanthe*. Although, as is common it seems at the Everyman, the first half lacked life, once the opera had begun to pick up the performers lifted themselves to provide a most enjoyable evening.

\* \* \* \*

The sixth form dance took place on December 14th. The Christmas party was held on December 15th.

\* \* \* \*

The preachers for the winter term were the Chaplain, The Headmaster, Canon R. Hill, Lt.-Col. the Lord Wigram M.C., and Mr. E. W. Fletcher.

### Spring Term, 1979

On January 21st, Dr. N. M. Collins, an Old Rendcombian, came to talk on the Gunong Mulu National Park, Sarawak.

\* \* \* \*

Members of the third and fourth forms visited the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham on January 25th and 26th respectively to see *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat*.

\* \* \* \*

A party of ornithologists visited the Wildfowl Trust, Slimbridge on February 4th. On the same day, Mr. J. A. S. Liddell delivered a talk illustrated with slides on the British Everest Canoe Expedition.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. D. A. Hawkswell delivered three talks under the heading of Modern Micro-Computing: these were extremely useful in informing the school of the capabilities of our new micro processor and how to use it.

\* \* \* \*

On February 11th we welcomed the Rev. R. W. Browell who talked on the work of Dr. Barnado's Homes.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Roma Foster, L.G.S.M., who teaches the piano at the college, came to give a piano recital on February 21st.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Holdaway arranged a sixth form outing to The London Coliseum to see the English National Opera Company perform *Carmen*, on February 22nd.

\* \* \* \*

On February 23rd, Dr. W. Urry, Fellow of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, came to talk to the sixth form about the life of Thomas Becket. A more detailed report appears later.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. C. M. Swaine talked to the school on the subject of "Local Natural History" on March 4th. His talk was illustrated with many slides and brought to light many things that pass unnoticed around us.

\* \* \* \*

6A Historians visited several Norman sites in Gloucestershire on March 8th.

\* \* \* \*

Our congratulations are extended to those members of the college who were confirmed March 10th by the Rt. Revd. Bishop Llewellyn, formerly Bishop of Lynn.

\* \* \* \*

On March 14th we greeted another old Rendcombian, Mr. D. Vaisey, Keeper of the Western Manuscripts at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, who talked on the subject of restoring ancient manuscripts.

\* \* \* \*

The college orchestra performed works by Beethoven, Smetana and Berlioz on March 18th. Our thanks go to Mr.

J. W. R. Willson for arranging this splendid concert.

\* \* \* \*

The Junior Play, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, was performed on March 21st, 22nd and 23rd. A fuller report appears later.

\* \* \* \*

The sixth form dance was held on March 24th.

\* \* \* \*

Our congratulations go to Dr. and Mrs. Smith on the birth of their baby, James Graeme.

\* \* \* \*

Our thanks are due to the following who contributed drawings to this issue of the magazine: S. Howell, J. Hecktermann, J. M. Taylor, M. Uglow, N. Green, S. Elliott.

\* \* \* \*

The editors of the magazine are Jonathan Portch, Michael Curtis-Hayward and Josephine Taylor. Jonathan Portch contributed the editorial.

## COLLEGE OFFICERS

### Winter Term, 1978

*Senior Prefect:* J. R. Steed

*Prefects:* S. J. Ratcliffe; E. M. Adams; S. C. M. Elliott; N. I. M. Hall; D. R. J. Marshall; J. S. Portch; M. A. R. Webb; A. S. Carter.

*Public Workman:* D. C. Beanland

*Church Ushers:* M. A. R. Webb; P. J. Young; D. W. Sayers; D. R. Strong; P. A. Hooley

*Librarians:* J. R. Steed; N. D. Miles; W. F. Peplow; J. M. Taylor; E. P. Mackintosh, G. M. Ashe

*Magazine Editors:* S. Hawkins; J. S. Portch

*Rugby Captain:* J. D. Sinclair

*Rugby Secretary:* B. J. Hatchwell

### Spring Term, 1979

*Senior Prefect:* J. R. Steed

*Prefects:* S. J. Ratcliffe; E. M. Adams; N. I. M. Hall; D. R. J. Marshall; J. S. Portch; M. A. R. Webb; A. S. Carter

*Public Workman:* D. C. Beanland

*Church Ushers:* M. A. R. Webb; P. J. Young; D. W. Sayers; D. R. Strong; P. A. Hooley

*Librarians:* J. R. Steed; N. D. Miles; W. F. Peplow; J. M. Taylor; E. P. Mackintosh; G. M. Ashe

*Magazine Editors:* J. S. Portch; M. J. Curtis-Hayward; J. M. Taylor

*Hockey Captain:* N. I. M. Hall

*Hockey Secretary:* D. P. A. Ind

## MEETING OFFICERS

### Winter Term, 1978

*Chairman:* D. Taylor

*Secretary:* C. Banley

*Meeting Banker:* S. Brennan

*Boys' Banker:* R. Tudor

*Council:* N. Hall; D. Beanland; K. Winmill; P. Smalley; S. Howell; J. Mason; S. Hussey

*M.A.C.:* P. Evans; J. Steed; F. Wilcox; B. Hatchwell; D. Beanland; R. Pitt; J. Portch

*P.L.O.:* I. Smalley; D. Strong; B. Hatchwell; D. Ind; S. Culverwell

*Paperman:* N. Pitt

*Amplifier Technicians:* M. Burchell; T. Paton

*Entertainments Committee:* J. Archer; A. Carter; R. Pitt; J. Allen; S. Hazell

*Food Committee:* P. Hooley; H. Packwood; M. Raven; J. Trigger; K. Taylor  
*Cycle Committee:* T. Etherington; T. Steed; R. Needham  
*Assistant Boys' Banker:* R. Dunwoody  
*Broom Warden:* C. Twinning  
*Breakages Man:* C. Brealy  
*T. T. Committee:* N. Miles; A. Wilcox; J. Martyn-Smith  
*Snooker Committee:* D. Beanland; R. Pitt; M. Twinning  
*Film Committee:* J. Bull; K. Nunan  
*Nominations Committee:* J. Steed, D. Sayers; M. Twinning; R. Tudor; C. Brealy  
*C.P.C.:* D. Taylor; D. Sayers; M. Wilcox; H. Wilson; G. Morgan

### **Spring Term 1979**

*Chairman:* N. Hall  
*Secretary:* C. Cannon  
*Meeting Banker:* R. Edwards  
*Boys' Banker:* N. Miles  
*Council:* N. Hall; D. Beanland; I. Smalley  
*M.A.C.:* D. Beanland; N. Hall; J. Portch; R. Tudor; M. Twinning  
*P.L.O.:* I. Smalley; D. Strong; B. Hatchwell; D. Ind; S. Culverwell  
*Entertainments Committee:* J. Portch; B. Hatchwell; T. Clarke; R. Smith; I. Stewart; J. Trigger; R. Akers; A. Paton  
*Food Committee:* P. Hooley; M. Raven; S. Horne; A. Martyn-Smith; R. Perret; M. Uglow  
*Assistant Boys' Banker:* C. Schreiber  
*Film Committee:* J. Bull; K. Nunan  
*Breakages Man:* R. Webb  
*Paper Man:* N. Pitt  
*Dance Committee:* D. Taylor; J. Archer; T. Powell; P. Hooley; D. Marshall  
*Nominations Committee:* N. Hall; J. Portch; I. Smalley; D. Beanland; P. Hooley

## **MEETING NOTES**

### **Winter Term, 1978**

The Community Services Committee had their proposal to hold a 'peasant-lunch' for the Sue Ryder Foundation unanimously accepted. This raised enough money, with the help of the college, to buy a fire door for a home in Cheltenham.

The Meeting was saddened to hear of the death of Colonel Godman, the chairman of the governors, and sent a wreath accordingly.

The Meeting expressed its gratitude to Mrs. E. M. Fry who retired after 26 years service to the college, and also to Mrs. Haupt, the school secretary.

A major revision of the committee and electoral system was accepted this term with the aim of increasing general administrative efficiency and to re-mould the committee membership to reflect an enlarged school allowing younger forms a greater say.

A valuable innovation has been the purchasing of a record a week for both the 6th form common room and the amp. room, as has been the purchasing of a Monopoly set and the addition of several magazines to the sixth form common room. Congratulations are due to both the Christmas Party and Dance Committees for a fine ending to the term.

Despite deep divisions within the Meeting over many matters this term and a large degree of apathy or ignorance over many of the major constitutional issues raised, this has, on the whole, been a constructive time and the upward trend of involvement and interest in the Meeting and its affairs has been maintained. I should like to thank Hamish Wilson, Peter Haynes and Ian Cummings who left at the end of the term both for their valuable comments in debate and for their dedication to the many committees they have served on during their stay here.

D.T.

### **Spring Term, 1979**

Having failed to gain an extra allowance last term, the Dance Committee proposed, and it was accepted, that the dance could do without food and that the £10 which the school provided for food should be added to the allowance. This has enabled money to be put aside from this term's dance to go towards a barbecue next term.

Carrying on the business from last term concerning the giving away of rugby shirts, it was decided that these should cost a pound each with the proceeds going to the Meeting. Although it had been generally accepted that all sports equipment now belonged to the school, this was passed to avoid any further confusion.

At the beginning of February, approximately half the school was ill and it was suggested that the money saved by the school on food should go to charity. £10 was the agreed amount and this was duly sent to the Save the Children Fund.

Amongst the reforms of last term was the amalgamation of the Snooker Committee with the Entertainments Committee. This has not proved successful so now it has become a separate body again.



The familiar problem of breakages arose again - the amount lost seemed ludicrous which could not be solely attributed to the boys. It was found in the minutes of 1976 that each person could be charged a levy of 5p for breakages. This was now raised to 10p, which should relieve our breakages bill by a considerable extent.

I should like to thank all those who have made valuable proposals and also those who have contributed to the efficient administration of the Meeting.

N.H.

## ACADEMIC SUCCESSES

THE following passes were gained by members of the College at G.C.E. Advanced level in 1978:

Julie A. K. Alesworth	English; History; French; Art
Alun M. Bennett	Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
Charlotte M. T. Bonardi	Mathematics*(D); Physics*(D); Chemistry*
Simon H. Buist	Physics; Chemistry; Biology
Nicholas J. Carroll	Biology
Graham P. Connelly	Music*; French; German
Bridget S. Cross	English; History; Economics and Public Affairs
Kerry-Jane Crowhurst	Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry(M)
Ian S. Cummings	English; History; French; German
Treve R. Evans	French
Antony D. Flambard	English; History
Shane M. Galtress	Physics; Chemistry; Biology
Sheila H. Greenfield	English*; History; French*
Deborah J. Harrison	English*; History; Economics and Public Affairs
Stephen A. Hawkins	English; French(M); German
Peter Haynes	English; French; Mathematics
R. William A. Henniker-Gotley	Mathematics*(D); Physics(M); Chemistry
Colin A. Hitchcock	Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
A. John McGill	Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
Andrew J. Mackonochie	English; History
Graham D. Moore	Physics; Chemistry; Biology
Sarah Morris	Chemistry
Timothy J. K. Parfit	English; History; Economics and Public Affairs
Ian C. N. Pengelly	English; French; German
Ileana M. Porras	French; Biology
Harriet M. Porter	English; History; Art
Antony E. Reynolds	Chemistry; Biology
Danielle Shrimpton	English*; History; Economics and Public Affairs(D)
John D. Sinclair	English*(M); History; Economics and Public Affairs
Robin P. J. Swaine	History*(M); Economics and Public Affairs(M); Mathematics
Nigel R. Taylor	Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
Christopher G. Troughton	Physics; Chemistry; Biology*
Joseph L. Watson	Mathematics*(D); Physics*(M); Chemistry*
Alison J. White	English; History
Hamish J. A. Wilson	History; French; German

\* indicates a Grade 'A' pass

(D) indicates a Distinction in the special paper (M) indicates a Merit in the special paper

### Ordinary Level Passes

G. J. Adams	English Language; English Literature; Geography; Mathematics
J. E. Allen	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
G. M. A. Beattie	English Language; English Literature; History; Latin; French; Mathematics; Chemistry; Biology
A. P. Boon	English Language; English Literature; History; Mathematics; Biology
J. C. Bull	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
D. P. Clarke	English Language; English Literature; History; Latin; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
M. J. Curtis-Hayward	English Language; English Literature; History; Latin; French; German; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry

J. K. Duncumb	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
W. G. S. Edwards	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
T. F. Etherington	English Language; English Literature; History; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
A. C. Fidler	English Language; English Literature; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
R. A. Funnell	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
A. M. Grainger	English Language; English Literature; History; Latin; French; German; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
B. J. Hatchwell	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
D. P. A. Ind	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
B. M. Knox	English Language; English Literature; Mathematics
S. P. W. Lorenzen	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
N. P. Marlow	English Literature; Latin; French; German; Mathematics
N. D. Miles	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; German; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
K. N. G. Nunan	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology; Music
R. G. Page	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
W. F. Peplow	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography;
R. C. Pitt	English Language; English Literature; History; Latin; French; German; Mathematics; Physics; Music
N. S. J. Price	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; Physics; Mathematics; Chemistry; Biology
J. H. W. Quick	English Language; English Literature; History; Latin; French; Biology
E. L. R. Radford	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; German; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
J. D. Ratcliffe	English Literature; History; Geography; Mathematics; Biology
J. M. Smith	Mathematics; Physics;
J. V. Stafford-Mills	English Language; English Literature; Geography; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
R. I. C. Tudor	English Language; English Literature; History; Latin; French; German; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
M. A. Twinning	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; Physics; Mathematics; Chemistry; Biology; Music
J. T. Walters	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
S. C. Whittard	English Language; English Literature; Latin; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
F. M. Wilcox	English Language; English Literature; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology

**Individual Exams (O level)**

A. Fisher	English Language
J. C. French	Music
M. R. Middlemist	English Language
A. R. Pitt	Music
A. R. Pledge	Music
A. Tong	English Language
P. Uglow	Music

\* \* \* \*

WE wish to congratulate the following on their successful entries to Oxford and Cambridge Universities in the examinations held during the Winter Term, 1978:-

Cambridge: Joseph Watson, St. John's College  
Oxford: Ian Cummings, Trinity College  
William Henniker-Gotley, Brasenose College

## RENDCOMB COLLEGE AWARDS, 1979

### Gloucestershire Foundation Scholarships:

Darren C. Denby	Longlevens Junior School, Gloucester
David T. Edwin	Tibberton County Primary School
Paul A. Grainger	Lynworth Primary School
Mark Hammond	Brimscombe C. of E. Primary School
Paul E. Spackman	Chesterton County Primary School, Cirencester

### Rendcomb Foundationers:

Alan M. Doyle	Rodmarton County Primary School
Graeme R. Veale	Charlton Kings County Junior School

### Music Scholarship:

Anthony M. G. Bailey	Rose Hill Sch., (1 Junior Open Scholarship:
Peter A. Cranswick	Prior Park Preparatory School
Martin W. H. Stitt	The Richard Pate School

### Girls' Scholarship:

H. Mary Alexander	Ffynone House School, Half Scholarship
Maria A. K. Bitner-Glindzicz	Charlton Park Convent, Half Scholarship

## Lt.-Col. JOHN GODMAN, C.B.E., D.L., J.P.

Colonel John Godman died on October 1st, 1978 in his ninety-third year after devoting his life first to serving his regiment, the 15th/19th King's Royal Hussars, which he commanded and then the county in which he was born and lived throughout his days. He was chairman of the Gloucestershire County Council from 1946 to 1956.

Nowhere in Gloucestershire did he make a greater contribution than at Rendcomb College, where he succeeded Canon Sewell (whose portrait hangs in Saul's Hall) as chairman of the governors in 1943 and remained in this post until his death.

Quite early in his chairmanship he brought to a successful conclusion a negotiation which was vital to the survival of Rendcomb in the form in which the founder had envisaged the school. Before and during the war the entire cost of the Gloucestershire foundationers was met from the original endowment which Noel Wills had given to Rendcomb. This had been a sound and solid arrangement until the war years when costs soared while the income from the endowment, which for the most part had at that time to be invested in fixed interest trustee stocks, remained the same. So there was a widening gap between the school's income and expenditure. It was here that Colonel Godman's links with the county council proved so valuable and he took a leading part in negotiating a new arrangement by which the county met a considerable portion of the costs of the Gloucestershire foundationers. This arrangement has continued to this day (despite some anxiety with current legislation) and is the key to the continued ability to fulfil the founder's ideas in the changed circumstances after the war.

Colonel Godman was an admirable chairman. He loved Rendcomb and played a much bigger part in the school's success than his reserved manner would suggest. He had great clarity of mind and after discussion could sum up an issue with precision and conciseness. In later years when he sometimes used to mutter to himself, the muttering tended to grow louder and louder if someone in a meeting became too long-winded - a very effective tactic! His military training had given him decisiveness even if he was rather laconic in conversation. Asked a complicated question, he would after a pause often answer with a 'yes' or 'no' and attempt no further explanation. But he was rarely wrong - his judgement of men and affairs was excellent. He himself was a person of the utmost integrity.

Though shy he had an almost old world courtesy and it was a privilege to be entertained by him to tea at Banks Fee - a house which retained much of its Victorian and Edwardian decoration - and perhaps to be shown the daffodils afterwards. He was the very opposite of a Colonel Blimp - he might be found doing the most menial tasks on the farm and was always ready to consider and support new and necessary changes like the expansion of the school and the admission of girls. He combined his high ideals with a dry yet delightful sense of humour and had a deep and genuine interest in the sphere of life in which he was involved - Gloucestershire, the Severn River Board, fishing on rivers in the far north of Scotland, Rendcomb, and his church.

He retained his full powers almost to the end. Though he visibly aged in his last winter, he spoke at founder's day last year for nearly ten minutes without a note and with no hesitation - a remarkable feat. It was fitting that his funeral was at Longborough Church and that the music was sung by the choir of Rendcomb College, to both of which he had given such unstinted and devoted service.

A. O. H. QUICK

## CHURCH NOTES

We are very fortunate at Rendcomb in having such a beautiful setting for our Sunday worship, which is further enhanced by the fact that we join the services of Rendcomb Parish. The first Sunday service is at 8 a.m. with a celebration of Holy Communion. This service is still quite popular with the upper part of the school and many of those attending have said how much they enjoy the peacefulness of the early hour. The college's morning and evening prayer services have now been produced in booklet form, thanks to the work of the Revd. W. K. A. Hussey and Mr. John Willson.

We have been fortunate to have as our guest preachers some very able speakers. Among these has been Lord Wigram, who gave the address on Remembrance Sunday. He recounted his own memories of the war years when so many of his school friends lost their lives. Lord Wigram concluded that war is a terrible and wasteful enterprise and we must remind ourselves of this by never forgetting those who have died because of it. Canon R. Hill, who retired as the vicar of Cirencester last October and who had been a very good friend of the college during his long incumbency, did us the honour of preaching one of his last sermons at the morning service early in October. Other preachers have included the Headmaster; Revd. Andrew Banfield, Diocesan Youth Chaplain; Revd. R. Bro well from the Dr. Barnardo's Children's Society and Mr. E. W. Fletcher, a frequent visitor to the evening service.

One of the most impressive services of the Rendcomb year is the annual carol service in Cirencester Parish Church. As in other years the church was filled to capacity with parents and friends. The whole tenor of the service, with its impressive singing and well read lessons, proved a fitting climax to the Christmas term. The annual confirmation of Rendcomb pupils took place in the parish church on Saturday, 10th March, conducted by the retired Bishop of Lynn, the Rt. Revd. W. S. Llewellyn. There were eighteen candidates: sixteen boys and two girls. Despite the inclement weather, many parents, friends and members of staff were able to join the confirmees on this very special occasion.

J.H.

## CHURCH MUSIC

### Autumn 1978

17th September	O Come ye Servants of The Lord	<i>Tye</i>
24th September	Ascribe Unto The Lord	<i>Travers</i>
1st October	Now Thank We All Our God	<i>Bach</i>
15th October	O How Amiable	<i>Vaughan Williams</i>
12th November	The Souls of The Righteous	<i>Nares</i>
19th November	O For A Closer Walk With God	<i>Stanford</i>
3rd December	People Look East	<i>Traditional Carol</i>
10th December	In God's Word	<i>Purcell</i>
17th December	(Carol Service in Cirencester Church)	
	In the Bleak Mid-Winter	<i>Darke</i>
	In Dulce Jubilo	<i>Pearsall</i>
	The Holly and The Ivy	<i>Walford Davies</i>
	Ding Dong Merrily On High	<i>Willcocks</i>
	The Three Kings	<i>Cornelius</i>

### Spring 1979

21st January	Lord, For Thy Tender Mercies' Sake	<i>Farrant</i>
4th February	Lead Me Lord	<i>Wesley</i>
11th February	Jesu, Joy Of Man's Desiring	<i>Bach</i>
25th February	Sicut Cervus Desirat	<i>Palestrina</i>
28th February	Ave Verum Corpus	<i>Mozart</i>
18th March	Turn Thy Face From My Sins	<i>Attwood</i>

## CHORAL SOCIETY AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

Sunday, 19th November, 1978

Symphony No. 1 in C	<i>Beethoven</i>
Mass in C ("The Coronation")	<i>Mozart</i>

SOLOISTS:	Simon Westcott, Daren Peace	<i>Trebles</i>
	Jeremy French	<i>Alto</i>
	Stephen Hawkins	<i>Tenor</i>
	Peter Rhodes	<i>Bass</i>

## ORCHESTRA CONCERT

Sunday, 8th March, 1979

Symphony No. 6 in F ("The Pastoral")	<i>Beethoven</i>
Vitava	<i>Smetana</i>
Hungarian March	<i>Berlioz</i>

## CHRISTMAS PAST AND PRESENT

This co-production by Mr. Terrill and Mr. Rhodes was a new venture in Rendcomb entertainment. Tantalisingly advertised as an evening of poetry, prose, music and atmosphere, it was set in a most imaginatively arranged gymnasium, sporting Christmas decorations including a tree and candlelit tables; even punch and hot mince-pies were provided.

All the staff and sixth form involved worked hard to create a sense of ease and professionalism. Items were carefully arranged to give continuity, this being broken only by the appreciation shown by a very festive audience. Highlights of the evening were numerous, with much fine singing and recitation, but it is perhaps well to give special mention to the hilarious ghost story performed by Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Terrill. Also the finale, featuring a performance of "The Twelve days of Christmas" by eleven singers including one very demure Steven Hawkins!

I hope this production becomes a regular event in the Christmas celebrations at Rendcomb.

M.J.N.

## ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD

### CAST

Rosencrantz	...	...	...	Andrew Grainger
Guildenstern	...	...	...	Richard Pitt
Player	...	...	...	Mike Curtis-Hayward
Tragedians	...	...	...	Adam Martyn-Smith, Tom Paton, Charles Waddell Duncan White, (Alfred) Julian Wilson
Hamlet	...	...	...	Tim Burkham
Claudius	...	...	...	James Quick
Gertrude	...	...	...	Penny Hooley
Polonius	...	...	...	Chris Brealy
Ophelia	...	...	...	Rebecca Rosengard
Horatio	...	...	...	Charles Schreiber
Attendant/Laertes	...	...	...	Neil Townend
Attendant/Ambassador	...	...	...	Tim Daniels
Sound	...	...	...	David Strong, Jeremy Trigger
Lighting	...	...	...	Julian Bull, Kevin Nunan, Timothy Barrow
Wardrobe	...	...	...	Anna Hummel, Carol Franklin, Jo Hobbs
Make-up	...	...	...	Simon Howell, Sally Hussey, Dominic Ind, Isabel Weeks, Joan Hecktermann, Louise Lomax, Jane Ingleton-Bear, Sarah Culverwell, Carol Franklin
Stagemen and Properties	...	...	...	Alastair Graham-Munro, Andrew Harris, Tom Paton, William Wilkinson Under the direction of C. C. Burden and K. G. Thorne
Programme Design	...	...	...	Joan Hecktermann after Max Escher
Front of House	...	...	...	C. J. Wood
Stage Manager	...	...	...	Tony Simmins

Directed by Tim Dyke

*Rosencrantz And Guildenstern Are Dead* is not an obvious choice for a school play with its two enormous leading roles and its confusing mixture of force and relentless intellectualism, but the director's decision to tackle this exciting play was amply justified by the sheer gusto and professionalism of this production. To appreciate the play it is essential to have a thorough knowledge of 'Hamlet' and to know something about existentialism and Brechtian alienation techniques as well. So having read the play a few days before going to see it I had begun to suspect that it might be just so much 'caviar to the general'. Yet despite a certain amount of confusion at what all these people were doing rushing across the stage every now and again, the audience still enjoyed it for reasons far more important than the so-called 'inner meaning'. After all, as the director said on his programme, 'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern' is a play almost impossible to explain, and he ought to know.

Everyone could enjoy the performances of Andrew Grainger and Richard Pitt, for instance as the unfortunate pair of the title; characters called into existence merely as a theatrical device, then discarded brutally when their dramatic function has been served. Stoppard asks us ‘surely they have a right to an independent existence away from the play in which they are conceived?’ and proceeds to give them one. The prevailing impression of them at the end of this play is neither that of the devious sycophants which Hamlet would like us to believe they are, nor that of the archetypal nonentities beloved of literary writers, instead they are seen as similar to Estragon and Vladimir in ‘Waiting for Godot’, victims of an unsympathetic world, infinitely vulnerable and noble because of this.

‘What a piece of work is a man!’

It is a remarkable feat, learning at least three-quarters of a full-length play between terms and holding a stage for two hours without a hint of monotony. Thanks to Pitt and Grainger the pace never faltered and their verbal exchanges, particularly the sparkling sequence beginning: ‘*He could play at questions*’ were always clear despite the breathtaking speed at which they were conducted. The amalgam of scholar and courtier which characterizes them like Hamlet, in that play, came over very well. Also they were very well contrasted too, their physical characteristics matching the differences in their mental outlook. I got the impression that Rosencrantz spent most of his time at Wittenberg in the fleshpots of that town whereas Guildenstern took his philosophical studies more seriously.

The players, like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, play a relatively minor part of ‘Hamlet’, but an important one in this play. Their function is at least partly to show the decadence of the Elizabethan theatre, the prostitution of its higher aims to appeal to the current taste for ‘blood, love and rhetoric’, thus reflecting the society it portrayed. The Player himself is an inherently more interesting character than Rosencrantz or Guildenstern; the actor playing him must be master of a wide variety of exaggerated facial expressions and vocal styles as well as having a core of cynicism. Michael Curtis-Hayward was the best choice possible and was ably supported by Messrs. Martyn-Smith, Paton, Waddell, White and Wilson who between them portrayed the traditional stereotypes of Elizabethan tragedy; the fencers, the lovers and the clown; cameos emphasized by the beauty of the costumes and the rigour of the performances.

It must be a strange feeling playing one of the major roles in ‘Hamlet’ in this play. Your only function is to remind the audience of the essential of the plot and how Rosencrantz and Guildenstern fit into it or to give them orders. Given the unsympathetic nature of parts which largely consist of snippets from ‘Hamlet’ and long waits offstage, Tim Burkham, James Quick, Chris Brealy, Penny Hooley and Rebecca Rosengard did very well, managing to invest their respective parts with enough of the characteristics traditionally associated with them to make them convincing.

All in all a difficult play both for the audience and performers but a rewarding one, a long way from the run-of-the-mill school play but well worth producing.

S.A.H.

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM

### CAST

Theseus	...	...	...	Richard Needham
Hippolyta	...	...	...	Claire Comrie
Philostrate	...	...	...	Timothy Daniels
Egeus	...	...	...	Charles Schreiber
Hermia	...	...	...	Jo Hobbs
Demetrius	...	...	...	Mark Twyman
Lysander	...	...	...	Nick Miles
Helena	...	...	...	Joan Hecktermann
Quince	...	...	...	Pete Stroud
Bottom	...	...	...	Marcus Fewings
Flute	...	...	...	Philip Needham
Starveling	...	...	...	Richard Smith
Snout	...	...	...	Richard Perrett
Snug	...	...	...	Nicholas Cheshire
Elf	...	...	...	Jonathan Morris
Puck	...	...	...	Russell Copley
Oberon	...	...	...	Tim Wild
Titania	...	...	...	Rebecca Rosengard
Peaseblossom	...	...	...	Benjamin Almond
Cobweb	...	...	...	David George
Moth	...	...	...	Michael Hicks
Mustardseed	...	...	...	Darrell Adshead
<i>Lighting</i>	...	...	...	Julian Bull, Kevin Nunan, Tim Barrow, Nigel Pitt
<i>Stagemen</i>	...	...	...	Tony Simmins, Alastair Graham Munro, Andrew Harris William Wilkinson, <i>Directed by C. C. Burden</i>

<i>Scene Painting</i>	...	...	Philip Chivers, Guy Marsh, <i>Directed by K. G. Thorne</i>
<i>Costumes</i>	...	...	Sally Dyke, Elissa Mackintosh, Anna Hummel
<i>Properties</i>	...	...	Alastair Pitt Sound Jeremy Trigger, David Strong
<i>Programme Design</i>	...	...	Joan Hecktermann

Designed and Directed by Tim Dyke

*A Midsummer Night's Dream* was one of the most ambitious junior plays ever staged at Rendcomb. Some of the parts were taken by sixth-formers but it was essentially a junior production and the charming fairies who gathered around Titania and the defiant little elf (Jonathan Morris) especially emphasised this.

The thought which struck me after watching this production for a very short time was the enormous variety evident; everywhere there was contrast. The parts were well cast; the stately Lysander (Nick Miles) clearly pronouncing his beautiful speeches was almost always in the company of the effervescent Demetrius (Mark Twyman), spitting out his scorn for both Lysander and Helena and rolling his eyes in a manner which would have put Yul Brynner in the shade. The supernatural fairy scenes were often juxtaposed against the farcical "rehearsal" scenes of the mechanicals led by the suave Quince, beautifully underplayed by Peter Stroud, with his resigned phrases "well it shall be so". He too had an immediate opposite in Bottom, played by Mark Fewings with such gusto that he carried the whole audience with his every action.

The play started by candlelight but the effect was rather ruined by the late evening sun pouring through the large gymnasium windows. Theseus (Richard Needham), the strict but just Duke of Athens and Hippolyta (Claire Comrie), the imposing Queen of the Amazons both played their parts with great authority. These two started the play on a firm, realistic foundation, which was to prove a great contrast with the trickery practised by Theseus's fairy counterpart, Oberon.

Jo Hobbs, as Hermia, played through a whole variety of contrasting emotions in quick succession. This is one of the hardest aspects of acting and one that has given me constant headaches, but she passed through defiance, serene love, uneasy bewilderment, poignant self-pity and passionate anger with such ease that it left me slightly awed . . . and green with envy! Helena (Joan Hecktermann) was the last in the lover's quartet, less demonstrative than the rest as befitting one, who in her own words is "a right maid for my cowardice". But, because of this she retains a peculiar dignity not attained by the others even in her passionate pleading with the iron-willed Demetrius. In this play love is ridiculed in almost every conceivable way but Helena goes some way to restoring the balance.

The make-up department showed great inventiveness (and daring!) with the fairies faces of dark-green, silver and gold but all the actors' faces were clearly and boldly defined - congratulations to all involved. Of the fairies Oberon (Tim Wilde) was more humane than usual but still given to outbursts of temper at the tricks of Puck. Puck himself was played with natural enthusiasm by Russell Copley, especially in leading Lysander and Demetrius on a fruitless chase for each other. Rebecca Rosengard gave a bittersweet performance of Titania, caustic with Oberon but delightful with her little fairies and later with Bottom when she is in love with him. All the fairies enunciated their words clearly and conveyed a great sense of enjoyment, one of the major benefits of under-rehearsal.

The most obvious successes of the play were in the little details. The beautiful coloured lights matched the various moods of the actors with light green around the fairies whilst light blue surrounded Hermia and Helena as they joined their lovers in enchanted sleep. Full credit to the lighting technicians and their newly acquired toys! Little details all combined to give the play a tremendous comic climax. Philostrate's (Tim Daniels) affected, finicky arrangement of the chairs for the performance of Pyramus and Thisbe; the "V-shaped" chink offered by Wall (Richard Perrett) through which Pyramus and Thisbe could talk, withdrawn with true disgust at the thought of a kiss. The gentle lion (Nicholas Cheshire) worried at his audience's reactions to his ferocity, and the aggrieved moonshine (Richard Smith) and the brave, squeaking Thisbe (Philip Needham) were all wittily executed. Bottom continued his flirtation with the audience.

So much to mention about this smooth-running play with its wide range of appeal. The indignant Egeus was played very well by Charles Schreiber. The costumes were exceptionally good, many of which were designed by Sally Dyke, Elissa Mackintosh and Anna Hummel. So much of this crucial work seems to go by unnoticed - but not by the actors! You only have to listen to the director just before the dress-rehearsal to know that costumes, lighting, sound (which was excellently handled by Dave Strong and Jerry Trigger), properties and stage work come a long way before miserable acting. The only answer to that is that a director is an actor who can't act!

But fortunately this does not apply to Tim Dyke whose experience, enthusiasm and dedication again met with its just rewards. Over a few years he has done a wide variety of plays, the only similarity lying in the high level of performance achieved.

It might seem that I have dwelt too long on the acting at the expense of all the other people involved in this production, but as an excuse I can say that my lingering memory of the play is totally divorced from the acting. The glorious irrelevance of two cool teddy-boys (Richard Funnell and John Lewis on trombone and trumpet respectively) getting on stage and giving a recital of the Floral Dance (of all things!) for the mechanicals to dance to was a sweet touch on the director's part. But I still won't buy the record.

M.C-H.

## THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society was quite successful in the winter term, producing motions for three, very well attended debates.

The first, on the 27th September, discussed the motion “This House Believes that Rendcomb is a Den of Vice”, and was a light hearted and amusing debate. The speakers, Kevin Nunan, Stephen Hawkins, Liz Adams and Neil Townend produced very amusing speeches, who were followed from the floor notably by Charlie Waddell and Duncan Taylor.

Next, on the 25th October, “This House Believes that Civilization Must Retrace its steps in order to Advance”, was the subject of the serious debate of the term. It saw the debut of two fourth formers: David Denby and Richard Bray, who both did remarkably well for their first appearance. We hope that in future more fourth and fifth formers will follow in their footsteps. Other speeches were made by Andrew Grainger and Richard Tudor. When the argument was thrown open to the floor, a fierce battle between scientists and humanists ensued, which was only stopped by a suggested compromise. Eventually the motion was passed by 23 votes to 16 with 10 abstentions.

Our last debate of the term saw the guest appearances of Lt.-Col. D. R. Mackintosh, B.Sc., C.Eng., the distinguished father of a sixth form girl, and Captain A. W. King-Harmon, who has circumnavigated the world on two occasions. “This House Believes that the World is Flat” was the motion proposed by our guests and opposed by George Ashe and Kevin Nunan, who had an uphill climb from the very start. Nevertheless, they fought well and amusingly. Unfortunately the result did not justify their effort and the guests won the day by 50 votes to 28 with 10 abstentions

The lent term did not, however, repeat the success of the previous term. The debate “This House Believes that ‘Liberty is Responsibility’” seemed to flounder on the semantic complexities of the motion. However, it did see the debut of two sixth form girls, Rebecca Rosengard and Claire Comrie. The motion was defeated by 7 votes to 6 with 48 abstentions. It was pleasant to see this event supported by the school secretary and the new matron.

In future, the Debating Society hopes to see more people prepared to add comments and speeches from the floor. This would make the debates more of a forum for personal opinion.

P.M.U.

## JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

The first of this year’s junior debates was held in one of the third form house common rooms on Sunday, 12th November and was attended by a promising audience of sixty-one. The motion “This House Condemns the use of Animals in Scientific Experiments” was proposed by Russell Copley and David Webb and opposed by Adrian Stephenson and Ian Bishop.

Russell Copley opened and focussed mainly on details of the cruel scientific experiments practised by “Zany Professors”. He suggested that the use of dangerous criminals might be more sensible. Adrian Stephenson opposed strongly by saying that Copley’s examples were “the tip of the iceberg”. He went on to say that there were numerous harmless and useful experiments also.

David Webb helped support the motion by saying that nearly all the experimental animals could be used as pets or in farming. He challenged the usefulness of some “budgerigar” research described by Stephenson.

Ian Bishop then, in an impressive speech, supported Stephenson, remarking how experimental departments often treated animals better than they would normally have been treated. Many experimental animals had been born and bred in a “scientific” environment and knew nothing else.

The debate was then opened to the House. Donald Stewart, Richard Deacon, Calum Dewar, Andrew Rontree, Jonathan Goode, Richard Smith, Darren Peace, Stephen Hazell, Richard Perrett, Clive Fletcher, Simon Oliver, Dore Green, Jonathan Morris, Edward Wilcox, Robert Akers, Guy Healey, Paul Partridge and Blaise Jenkins all gave their views to the debate and the motion won by thirty votes to twenty-two with nine abstentions.

It was especially gratifying to note, firstly the high standard of the speeches, and secondly, to see the very large number of people, including several from the Junior House, offering their views from the floor.

E.W.B.

Robert Akers, amid many cheers, began the junior debate on the 3rd of December, the motion being: “This House believes that sport has become Excessively Competitive and Commercialized”. His argument, for the motion, centred on the comparative paucity that reigned in the world of sport sixty years ago, and that, then, “Sportsmen played just as happily without cameras”. He also reminded the audience of the use of dangerous drugs in modern sport to aid victory. Richard Deacon spoke second, strongly opposing the motion with his argument that sponsors (for example Schweppes and John Player) were vital to modern sport. “The public want to see professional sport!” Simon Oliver than seconded the motion, his main points being that if there were no commercialism, there would be no modern (professional) sport. He said that horse-doping was a result of selfishness, not of commercialism and competitiveness. Andrew Rontree’s speech was the longest and possibly the best, although his fluency was not quite up to standard. His speech, seconding the opposition, explained that after a suspiciously unfair referee’s decision, a footballer’s natural reaction would be to “sock the referee in the mouth”. A healthy batch of questions were supplied by the following from the floor: Guy Healey, Jonathan Goode, Michael Uglow, Adrian Stephenson, Donald Stewart, Nicholas Cheshire, David Webb, Stephen Hazell,



Clive Fletcher, Richard Perrett, Simon Badcott, Russell Copley, Richard Smith and Calum Dewar.  
The motion was massively defeated by 41 votes against and 11 for, with 7 abstentions.

D.A.P.

## LITERARY SOCIETY

The society has had three main meetings so far this year. In the Christmas term, many sixth formers attended a Victorian evening of popular poetry and song. In January a more intimate group met to discuss poetry - their own and other people's - the start of a group that we hope will continue to act as a forum for all sorts of discussion. While in March we were treated to a talk with slides by David Vaisey, the Keeper of Western Manuscripts at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, who gave a fascinating description of his career (after leaving Rendcomb!) and the business of keeping papers and books. Both history and English specialists obviously found his talk most valuable, and we look forward to seeing him again soon - he has offered to take a small party round the mysterious 'stack' at the Bod. - a privilege accorded to very few indeed.

The introduction of the Rendcomb Armchair Thespians (RAT) to Rendcomb's cultural life will mean that the Lit. Soc. will be primarily concerned with the poetry group now, and we offer the new society the best wishes for its future.

T.D.D.

## FOLK CLUB

Once again this has been highly successful, with a wealth of talent from both new and old members of the school, even from certain masters in both active and passive roles. A classic example being the hilarious hypnosis of the head of the geography department.

As usual, Mr. Dyke has provided a continuing flow of opening songs, both cynical and funny, and played with irrepressible enthusiasm.

Acts have varied from "floor shows" by Chris de Burgh to exceptionally well performed contemporary songs, notably a marvellous version of Joan Armatrading's "Love and Affection". However we were sorry to lose the considerable musical ability of Peter Haynes when he left at the end of the winter term.

We are now looking forward to the possibility of moving outside to have an open air session in the summer.

D. I.

## SCOTTISH DANCING

At our first meeting we had a fairly large attendance of about twenty-five, which included Mr. Medill and Mr. and Mrs. Dyke.

We tried a variety of dances, beginning with the more simple routines and graduating by the end of the evening to the eightsome.

There were two further meetings during which we progressed to some slightly more complicated dancing. However, as a result of exams and an extremely busy term, we were unable to meet during the Lent term. It is hoped people will join us in the summer term to recommence our "Haggis Bashing".

S.M.C.

## COMMUNITY SERVICE REPORT

Community service has continued on last year's pattern, it being found that for a school of our size and location, anything further would impose an intolerable burden on resources. Nevertheless, the two conferences attended in 1978, at Winmill House and Cheltenham, both generated many new ideas in all who went.

About thirty boys and girls now do community service regularly on Tuesdays and Thursdays. They visit old people in their own homes, in the Querns' Geriatric unit and the Paternoster Home, while some assist a Riding for the Disabled group, and others visit the Paternoster School for mentally handicapped children. The degree of commitment to these activities has been most encouraging, and at times one faces groups up in arms because a changed afternoon has disrupted their normal visiting. Sadly, it is often not possible to find our normal 'clients' at home on a Wednesday, and in the Christmas term it was found that we 'lost' fewer people by continuing to visit as usual, minus our major sports players. Many thanks are due to Mrs. Holdaway for her forbearance on these occasions.

The other side of C.S. is when we are able to entertain others at Rendcomb. In the Christmas term, residents from Paternoster House came to us, and in the Easter term 12 children from Paternoster School seemed quite overcome by the number of people who turned out to amuse them! These visits have always indicated the two-fold nature of community service; not only are we performing some sort of service to our larger community, but also anyone who has drawn a smile from a hopelessly handicapped child, or cheered up a lonely, depressed old man will never be quite the same again.

So we are always looking for ways in which everyone in the college can become involved through collecting silver foil or “enduring” a soup and cheese lunch for charity. Anyone with more ideas, please contact Dom, Jo, Sally or James.

We are most grateful to the Rev. Heales for his support and help with driving this year, to the kitchen staff who prepare special ‘teas’ for our guests, and to all who help in every way.

T.D.D.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

This term the darkroom has been well used, although this has had its drawbacks. We have spent an excessive amount on chemicals, and various equipment has had to be replaced. But to look on the bright side, the summer term should bring time for society members to get outside and take some photographs.

Some of the members of the society hope to contribute to the fête by taking black and white portrait photographs, delivered on the same afternoon.

R.P.

## contributions

### BELTANE

Stephen Hawkins

Spring alone has not yet lost its power to surprise;  
Forecasts are confounded by night-born, cut-glass sheets,  
Fastening the landscape in strange and stifled sleep  
Far into pregnant April, whose dew is trapped and held  
Until it weeps in rivulets beneath the Winter sun,  
And muddy shoots drink deeply, brace themselves, and wait:

At last the hulking monster strides the open, passive furlongs,  
Breathing heavy warnings through its blood-red, wide-flared nose,  
Awakening the bland, white world with raw and tuneless bawling  
About Summer’s hazy lassitude and Autumn’s creaking boughs,  
And careless of the feelings of the brittle and the sensitive,  
Thumps its clumsy rhythm into hidden spears of life.



## IN BLOSSOM TIME

Stephen Hawkins

A light wind stirs the hedgerow, wisping  
Banks of parsley to frothy motion  
Like foam on a glassful of new, green beer.  
An ears-pricked, eyes-skinned time of year;  
The breeze is gently blunting its knife-edge  
But the sun is not yet red and raw.

The cherry tree like a magic fountain  
Wells up and pours out its dewy confetti  
That vanishes before it reaches the ground.  
The spiky crowns of twisted hawthorn  
Are quickened now, blood on snow,  
The frilly afterbirth of May.

## A MIRACLE BY POST

Nicholas Miles

Twenty-four hours to go . . . I awoke feverishly from a sleepless night with the monotonous reminder buzzing mercilessly in my fogged mind. The eternal hands of my ‘Tudor’ diving watch told me bluntly that it was 10.00 a.m. on Sunday and time to get up.

My long, haggard face stared back at me without recognition, its sunken eyes and hollow cheeks presenting a morbid picture of what I had always imagined a skull to look like; a skull . . . its gaping mouth riddled with cavities . . . I shuddered uncontrollably and suppressed a yell of terror and despair. 10.00 a.m. on Monday, the man wearing the raincoat and trilby had said, 10.00 a.m. tomorrow.

The sizzle of bacon in the frying pan, with its tantalising aroma, titillated my senses and my stomach quivered in expectation.

“Good morning, dad”, greeted my two kids. I nodded and smiled feebly and buried my head in the newspaper, trying to look calm and composed all the while.

“Have a good sleep?” enquired my son Beric.

“So, so”, I replied cautiously. A pile of eggs, bacon, tomatoes and sausages pushed in front of my son ended the interrogation for the time being.

A small, delicate, marble-white hand reached across the table and tapped hesitantly on my forearm. I started involuntarily and came face to face with the deep liquid, twinkling eyes of my daughter, Lin. “I hope you’re not worried about anything, daddy”, came the timid enquiry in a soft, gentle, hazy voice.

“What ever made you think that I was?” I retorted gruffly.

“Well . . .” she hesitated momentarily and then decided against revealing her innermost thoughts: “Nothing”.

The road to the church was traffic-free; well, almost: in my rear-view mirror the large, black Cadillac was silhouetted against the azure sky. It had kept a good distance behind us all the way, but my nerves had been razor-edged for the whole morning, so I had noticed it almost immediately. I broke out into a cold sweat; my white shirt was saturated in no time at all.

The great church’s tolling bell thundered in my aching head. I studied every trilby-covered head I passed on the way through the graveyard, but all without recognition . . . 10.00 a.m. on Monday, he had said.

I prayed as I had never prayed before; I sang the hymns as though they were the true messages of my heart: “O God our help in ages past . . .”; I donated a pound to the collection, a previously undreamed of amount; I hung on to every word of the vicar’s sermon as though it were manna; I wavered with trembling knees and leaden feet as I passed from gloom to blinding sunlight and I felt purged of all emotion as I sank back into the driving seat.

Tinkling glasses, sparkling liquid, delicate snacks, polite titters, loud laughs; pre-Sunday lunch drinks were being served amongst our closest relations. “I say, you do look odd!” exclaimed my younger brother, John-David, as I broke into the ring of conversation.

“Yes, he does rather, doesn’t he?” agreed my sister, Renee. I tried to grin reassuringly but I somehow didn’t feel as though I was being convincing. “I’m all right, honest”, I stammered in protest.

Throughout the banquet which my wife had so diligently prepared, I felt all our guests’ eyes on me, one by one, as though I were being inspected by a long line of sergeant-majors. I tried to act as though nothing was wrong, but whenever the conversation worked its way round to raincoats, trilbies, or Cadillacs, I felt my stomach muscles tighten and knot with fear and my blood pound faster and faster in my frantic mind. 10.00 a.m. on Monday, he had said . . . 10.00 a.m. tomorrow . . .

Hyde Park, with its Sunday afternoon panorama of grass, flowers, trees, ponds, sun-shades, prams, wheelchairs, walking sticks and polite “Good afternoons”, greeted me like the open gates of Heaven. The gentle warmth of the

afternoon sun and its accompanying soft breeze, drowsed me into a deep feeling of tranquillity as I wandered slowly along the shores of the Serpentine, the rest of the family having gone to visit the wax effigies at Madame Tussaud's.

The hard lines of the effigy's face stared at me from underneath the trilby, its thin, drawn mouth, sneering; only, it wasn't the effigy, it was the face ... I stopped dead, terrorised; and then ran, ran, ran, ran, my lungs bursting, my head swimming, my legs pounding. Not worrying about the stairs, I just kept running, absolutely terror-stricken, until I burst into the flat and sank into oblivion.

I regained consciousness gradually, the light slowly penetrating my leaden eyelids and piercing my clouded mind. I looked at my watch - it said 4.00 p.m. The events of the past half-hour poured back into my mind, confused and distorted. I grinned ruefully, I chuckled, I laughed and finally burst into hysterics - the absurdity of my actions had just struck me. I suddenly felt completely light-headed; the sword of Damocles had been removed as it were.

High-tea was a jovial affair. It was obvious by their glances at each other that my family and guests were relieved to find me back to my normal state of behaviour. I felt completely overjoyed for some inexplicable reason, even the memory of the man in the raincoat and trilby didn't alarm me in the slightest.

My reprieve was short-lived. As darkness fell, the old twinges of pain and dread returned. I trembled and shuddered in spasms of uncontrollable fear. I kept having fleeting visions of white-cloaked figures holding drill bits. My family - the guests had left by now - gave me curious looks throughout the early evening and supper as I strove desperately to regain my self-control.

Television proved to be no relief: a detective film was being shown, in which the typical raincoats, trilbies and Cadillacs appeared innumerable. The tension within me was now mounting to an excruciating pitch; fear was gnawing at my taut nerves; I felt surrounded by white-cloaked figures; 10.00 a.m. on Monday he had said . . . twelve hours to go . . .

I tossed and turned all night in bed, the sweat soaking the sheets through to the mattress - my wife had gone to sleep on the couch at midnight. My head exploded with visions of white-cloaked figures peering down at me; searing pain shot through my body: fear gripped me in a frenzy of spasms; my mind wrestled with the time of 10.00 a.m. - the deadline. I eventually fell asleep through sheer exhaustion.

The thump of the post as it dropped through the letter box and onto the floor woke me with a jolt. My watch said 7.00 a.m. - three hours to go . . .

I staggered out of bed and swayed to the front door, my mind in a haze and fear already gripping me. I carelessly flicked through the post and was about to dismiss them all as bills, when a plain, white envelope with a stamped black insignia caught my eye. I ripped it open in a frenzy of dread and expectation; the message leapt out of the paper and hit me between the eyes; stunned, I fell unconscious to the floor.

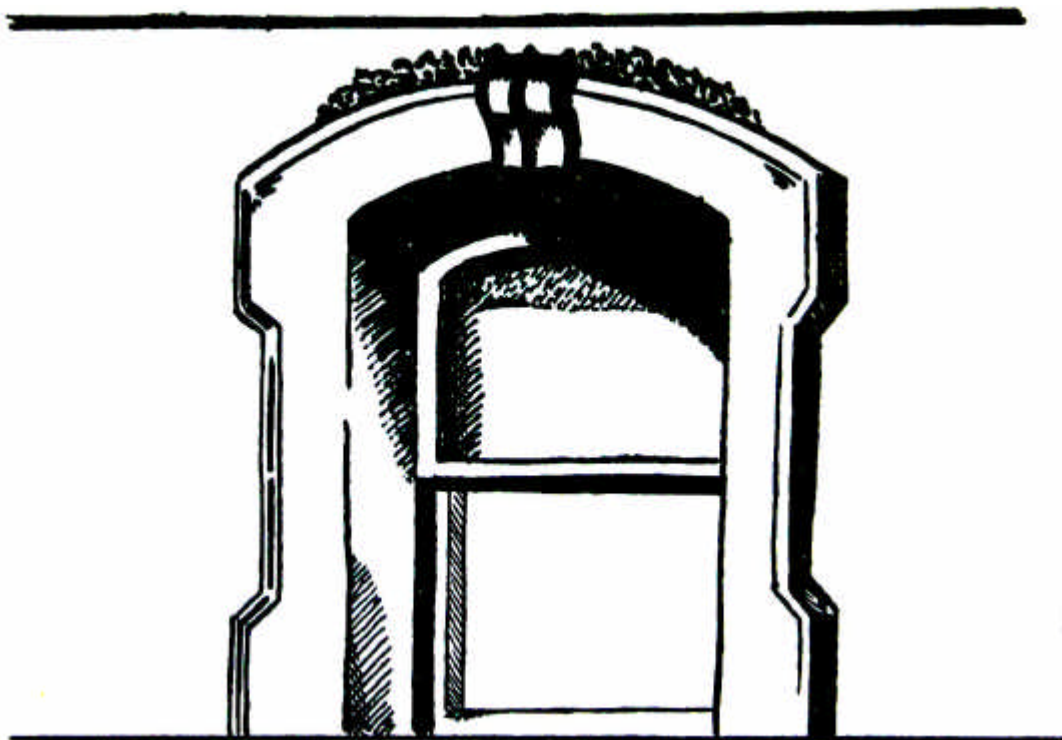
The message was this:-

Dear Sir,

Your dental appointment for to this morning has been postponed to the same time next week. May I ask why you fled from me in Hyde Park yesterday - did I shock you in any way? I noticed you were at church as well - I was behind you on the way there. I hope that no inconvenience has been caused by the postponement of your appointment.

Yours sincerely,

H. Bogart, Dental Surgeon



## THOUGHTS ON TOO MUCH RICE PUDDING

James Quick

The room hummed and clattered to itself and the fat curled up on the side of the plate with tears in its eyes; it knew it wasn't wanted. The potatoes fluttered their eyelashes at me appealingly from their iron prison and the burnt one on the left winked sexily. Could I leave them to languish in that tin hell, was I really a heartless cad? My mouth watered and they were soon rescued and brought to the security of my lavishly filled plate. They smiled their thanks and tried to ignore the broken-hearted piece of fat still sulking in the corner. The cabbage grumbled as usual from its badly furnished dish; no, but cabbages were cabbages and I'd already done my good deed of the day in rescuing the abandoned potatoes. Anyway the cabbage smelt (the potatoes had pleaded with it to use a deodorant many times, but it maintained it was Italian and pizza-like and bluntly refused). But suddenly all were silenced. It couldn't be, but it was: rice pudding again.

## A PORTRAIT OF A LADY IN YELLOW

Josie Taylor

"And this is one of Baldovineti's finest pieces ...  
A Portrait of a Lady in Yellow."

A divine craft  
From that pure and worthy concept,  
Gilded with devotion, love, hatred and despair,  
Has crystallised a beautiful achievement.

A Portrait of a Lady in Yellow.

The artist  
Nourished with inspired strokes  
Imparts himself  
- The immediate beholder -  
As the formulator of this marvellous image

A Portrait of a Lady in Yellow.

Benignly gracing woman:  
Fair austerity, instinctive repose,  
Genteel femininity.  
This was what they suffered for, were force-fed for;  
Not the brash PORN GIRL (for shock horror exclusive),  
But the recognition of this Lady in Yellow;

A Perfect Creation.

## SOMEWHERE NEAR HEAVEN

Tim Burkham (Form V)

Somewhere near elsewhere they're counting the souls, on a computer. Each day they meet, over drinks, and count the souls on their efficient computer, which is run by Satan, who cheats. So there they sit on cloud nine, with a computer, counting souls; and Satan boasts.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "I'm a cheat and you've no idea. Every day up comes some bribable electrician who fixes the computer, which is very adaptable, so that I've always got more souls than you!"

"I know", commented God.

"You couldn't imagine how intricate this machine is, masses of wires and transistors all over the place."

"I know."

"Is it realised by your worship", his sarcasm and spitefulness showed through vividly, "that I get four souls to each one of yours and it's all thanks to my superb, unmatched cunning and intellect?"

"I know."

"Oh no you don't know. You know nothing about me and yet I know all about you. Why, you may well ask yourself. Well, I spy on you, yes, I spy on you; every day, every night, everywhere I have someone following you. And I bet that surprised you!"

"No."

"I have a network of spies following you for every moment of your charity-infected life. I can tell you that you bath regularly, every day, at precisely eight-thirty in the morning and that the water is heated just above body temperature and comes from a small spring in the French Alps!"

"I know."

"Oh no you don't know. There's no possible way you could know, its all too secret, too cunning. I organised it. There is not the merest glimmer of it which escapes to you. You can't possibly know."

"But I know."

"All right then, smart-ass. How do you know?"

"I know because I am the Lord your God who brought you out of Egypt and who liveth and reigneth everywhere and knoweth all things, Amen", God replied with thunder in his voice.

Now this really bugged Satan and getting out his switchblade he turned crimson and grew horns. Then he lunged at God's unprotected back which moved aside to let him pass. And Satan collapsed over the edge, only just managing to hold onto the rim of the cloud like a drowning man on an iceberg.

"You dodged me, why did you do that?" asked the tormented devil in his anguish as the undefined edge of the cloud started to melt in his hands. "I knew", said God, and stretching out his hand he offered to help Satan back up.

"But I just tried to kill you and now you want to help me?" screamed Satan incredulously. "You make me mad", he whispered and let go.

"I thought I would do that", said God.

"A fool's pride makes him talk too much; a wise man's word protects him - Proverbs 14 verse three", said the computer.

"I know", said God.

## EGO

Duncan Taylor

Ego boost: zero down,  
All around even culture  
misplaced hero self-elated,  
dispossessed in time in spirit,  
Of the places he has been  
Is not his. Takes the top,  
Stop, end, return travel faster  
Ever so the mindless struggle.

Let flow the power of discontent  
Release the bent back bow-string taut  
And let arrow fly through air  
That has not mountains to block intent.

## EYES INSIDE

Andrew Carter

Monsoon mists sweep through my maddened mind -  
Unfurling, swirling as my thoughts unwind  
Down corridors of sense-evading darkness  
From Now to Then,  
From Then to Now.

I search for self, avoiding sprung traps;  
Sanity advances, with ideas as its maps,  
Down tracks of fruitless hope, tracing jealousies -  
Not inside out,  
But outside in.

Labyrinth of loves, lives, sighs gone by  
Incisive lies lift eye's surmise from high,  
Haughty hopes to lesser things, which I can reach  
If truth speaks to me -  
If I speak true.

To ask the World's no way to find  
The answers to problems within my mind  
Look to the mirror, for only that will tell  
The truth.  
The truth.

## COLD, FLAT SAND

Carol Franklin

Cold, flat sand stretches taut across a shore,  
Wet and monochrome,  
Lashed to smooth perfection by a green sea,  
A child tamed by beating,  
Unseen wildness wrapped and  
Knotted  
Tightly into a blanket ...

A voice is raised over an afternoon  
And a child, once wild, sobs quietly,  
Coldly and flatly for none but himself;  
For the rest are gone to a shore,  
With sand,  
Stretching wet, and monochrome.

## A CLERIHUEW

Russell Copley (Form III)

Sir Edmund Clerihew  
Can't have had that much to do,  
He must have spent all his time  
Designing such a stupid rhyme.

## AFTER

Duncan White (Form V)

A vast radiant plain in a cool, jewelled night,  
Ghosts run and dance among the funeral rocks,  
Playing with the souls of immortals,  
Amassing for warfare on innocent people  
Trying for something that has already found them.  
How do we react to these scheming phantoms?  
Do we accept death, at a strange hour,  
Unannounced, unplanned for?  
They welcome you to their procession,  
Unshaped faces grin languidly,  
Your mind is accepted and you are forgotten.

## LADY OF THE DANCING WATER

Richard Pledge (Form Va)

Grass in your hair, stretched like a lion in the sun  
Restlessly turned, moistened your mouth with your  
tongue.

Pouring my wine, your eyes caged mine;  
Glowing.

Touching your face, my fingers strayed;  
Knowing.

I called you Lady of the Dancing Water.

Blown autumn leaves shed to the fire where you laid me.  
Burn slow to ash just as my days now seem to be.  
I feel you still, always your eyes;

Glowing.

Remembered hours, salt, earth and flowers;  
Flowing.

Farewell, my Lady of the Dancing Water.

## THE PHEASANT

Alistair Johnston (Form V)

His is a world of misty mornings,  
Of frost-topped firs,  
And marshy rides,  
Of skirting woods,  
And beaters waiting.

Then coming out, already wakened  
And after mildewed berries seeking  
To stalk the bowels of winters copse  
Before the flight above the firs.  
Surviving through to the season's end,  
From the dusk of a November's morning  
To reach the end of December's cold, forlorn  
All the hopes of death's white hand.

## "I'M ASSUMING NOTHING - DUB"

David Strong

The audience has left and right -  
The clapping's finished, all that's left  
Is the deserted shell of it -  
Pear drop, beans and kites  
A stage of fumbles and lights  
Trampled by two for so long.  
The catch winds up the windows  
And spans the practical ghosts  
The lights have been turned off  
The sound has been turned off  
-there is no sounding below because  
"Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead" is extinct.

## GREY

Jonathan Morris (Form I)

Grey, standing unique among all pigmentation  
It seems dull, yet interesting,  
Boring, but brain-beholding,  
The mind boggles.

All drab, inglorious streets have their fair share of grey,  
Every dustbin, wall or road wears the ghastly colour,  
All shades of this shade are spread throughout a town.

We learn about how colours reflect,  
But grey doesn't reflect; it just is,  
It is seen, but unnoticed,  
Unobserved by every generation.

When things get old, they get grey,  
Like hair, paper and teeth,  
Grey gets old, slowly, but surely,  
Getting older, getting greyer, and dying.

## ODE TO CHEWING GUM

Ralph Collins (Form V)

Through some freak of evolution  
The Rendcombian gum is now extinct,  
As legal possession.  
But is it extinct?  
For now frenzied pupils buy it as if  
They owned shares in Wrigley's;  
Since it is far more desirable fresh and banned  
Than the dead lumps of the legal epoch  
Stuck fast to the undersides of benches.



## ROOKS

Jon Portch

There shattered-but-not-defeated pine stands  
As the rooks swirl like leaves in a breeze:  
They climb, stall, fall, swoop up again to  
CATCH THE WIND'S FREEDOM on a misty day.  
I like to watch the rooks flying:  
Birds of evil, birds of darkness  
No falcon-supremacy or white-gull-grace  
For you stutter and spiral down in time  
To meet the air to lift you high to  
Stutter, and falter, and fall:  
You're human, bird.

## PULLING AWAY

Jane Stephenson

I was alone,  
And so far away.  
Each day, night, hour, minute  
My thoughts turned only west,  
Spurred on by the reminders  
That surrounded me. But now ...  
Now I see  
There was no point;  
And my train of thought diverges  
With many routes to take.

## THE RUN

Richard Smith (Form III)

Nervous, tense, alone and scared, that's how I feel just about to start on a cross-country run which I have been training for over the last few months.

"Get on the line", shouts an official, who's holding the starter's gun. I wait, there's silence, my heart pounds, my leg is jittering, uncontrollably, still silence then the gunshot, and I dazedly follow the others who have started running. Blurred images flit past me, my eyes are watering as I run into the wind. Running across a road, down a hill, must keep going, deeper breaths, a bridge, how many people in front of me, keep going. Now we're running along the side of a river, I'm already tiring, my breath is hurried, I feel faint, I can hear the pounding of tired feet, deep breathing, muttered words. Someone in front of me turning to the right, I stumble, keep on my feet and look up to see another bridge.

"Stay in the first six, stay in the first six", I can recall the words. Count seven, faster, run faster. Uphill, I can't go on, yes I must, is it worth it? Yes, stop, say you hurt your leg, no I'm going on. Downhill, keep up with them. A gate, I'm exhausted, there's no one behind me, where are they? They're dropping back, count them in front of you, eight. A ploughed field, I can see the school, not far to go. Slower, I'm getting slower, mud on my shoes, keep going, jump the furrows, I've overtaken him, he's fallen down, seven. Another gate, a blur, a shout: "Well done, keep going, sprint now, not far". There's five, run faster, that's it, I can't keep it up, there's the end, I can see it, will I make it? I can't, it's not far, I can, there's someone behind me, catching, faster, he's getting closer only a few more strides, beat him, beat him, people are cheering, what for? Here's the end, stay in front of him, I've finished. Something pushed into my hand, my legs are giving in, I'm on the ground, its damp and cool, my eyes are closed, I open them, the world spins around me, blurred figures, a hand, my hand, a card, I blink; it's got three written on it.

## STORM

Simon Badcott (Form II)

Silence, it hangs over the village like a giant bat smothering the land. All is hushed as a crowd of excited children just before a party. There is no notion of turmoil to come. Yet all is too tranquil and peaceful for words.

Rumbles, from the east they betray the silence. Like when the conjuror's brick is discovered the illusion gone, shattered, as a window struck by a ball into irreplaceable fragments. The bat of silence has gone, the eagle of darkness approaches.

The clouds loom forward as an imminent exam, engulfing all, like the sea advancing up the beach swallowing the sand. As lasers flashing from the sky lightning strikes. The eagle is using his talons, scratching frantically at the surface, power-mad.

A warning, just a start, the tip of the iceberg. For the eagle is like the army sabre-rattling. A new foe comes, the hawk of thunder. Like a million cannons discharging their deadly load while the battle rages on. Weak as a new-born lamb the earth lies in wait, frightened as a small child.

The mighty birds are weakening now. Like a clockwork toy winding down, losing momentum. The rumbles die away, slowly echoing to a halt. At last the dove of peace brings soft rain to wash away the blood of battle; only the memory remains in the final stillness.



## NOT A VERY EXCITING DAY

Robert Stephenson (Form III)

Latin verbs decline like *amo*, *amaz*, *buzz*. And now, the moment we've all been waiting for, *Freddo* the fly will do a triple, backwards, upside down somersault, on the ceiling, upside down and inverted that is. He joyfully buzzes as he prepares his feat. "Ladies and Stephenson."

"What?"

"Stephenson, wake up, pay attention, all of you. Now what was the question, Stephenson?"

"Mumble, mumble."

"You don't even know the question, do you, Stephenson. Piger, piger boy. Powell, what was the answer?"

"Scelus, sir."

*Scelus* means crime, rhymes with *grime*, and out of the *grime* a giant spider crawls, stealthily it clambers towards *Freddo*. *Freddo* limbers up and jumps, . . . straight into a cavernous mouth. The mouth closes slowly, and eight pairs of eyes stare malevolently at the only witness; me. The spider disappears and out of the bookshelf flies another fly. He is the amazing *Horace Otterbury*, master sleuth of the insect world. A quick 'recce' shows him that geometric *George* (the first fly) isn't there. So he calls in *Ed*. *Ed* is a famous astrologer ...

"Isn't he, Stephenson?"

"Who?"

"You're asleep again, Stephenson, once more and you'll be in detention. Powell, who was *Aristophanes*?"

"He was a . . ."

*Ed* is a famous moth. He is the faithful companion of *Horace* (he is also famously stupid). Within minutes *Horace* has found out who the killer was and he sends *Ed* to find him. *Ed* goes to the shady spot where the spider disappeared and he is confronted by eight hundred spiders. He begins to snuffle, then to sob, then to cry, and then he starts to bawl.

"If I thought you weren't paying attention, Stephenson..."

As I turn back, and *Ed* stops crying, and looks up, we both notice that no insect is in sight, nor even in the vicinity. Well, don't you know what moth balls are?

## DUST TO DUST

Anna Hummel

I haunt the black remains of a tower at the end of the world. On one side an abyss falls away to nothing. It is filled with sky, a sky always changing its shape and tone; sometimes it is clear blue, sometimes flamboyant pink, or brilliant gold. Often it is all colours at once, mingling and mixing, tinted by the sun rays. Or muted shades of grey and brown swirl and clash, buffeted by the wind. Here, only, is the sky ever pure white or black. Those colours cannot exist to mortals; their kingdom reigns beyond human imagination, and their perfection is unique.

On the other side of the colossal stone ruin a monotonous grey landscape, bare of any individual distinction, stretches away to . . . to another nothing - the world.

No one comes here. I am alone with my messenger, the wind. I am time, eternity, truth, infinity, wisdom. I watch and listen. I know, but I never tell my secret, though many have striven to find it out. Do you see that fair-haired boy sitting in that tree? He is talking, either to himself or someone else, it does not matter. He thinks he will be wise and, considering the countless changes in his life, he says,

"Time is temporal."

Oh no! Your life is temporal. *I* am everlasting. Everlasting. Listen to the winds; they will tell you.

Sometimes you think I am your greatest enemy because you cannot grasp me. Yet I am not invisible. Watch the frost like a field of dazzling diamonds dissolve into the earth. That is my work. I dare you to challenge me! I know what it means to be hated and feared, but I defy pity. I am as far away as the morning star, isolated and listless, yet as close as a wet wind whipping your face on a cold day.

You can see my work written in the gnarled and wrinkled features on the face of an old woman, but my work begins as I lie hidden in the heart of every young girl, waiting for the moment to reveal myself and ruthlessly destroy her naive ideals.

A young girl opened a door and saw some of her friends sitting with serious faces. "What is the matter?"

"We are sorting *Sacha* out."

"It sounds like untangling kite strings."

She smiled as she said it. But why smile? Under my power love, sorrow, day, beauty, jealousy, night, hate and mirth fade best, fade to nothing, and a little heap of kite strings lying on an attic floor decays, the knots fall apart; and finally the last traces of dust are swept by the wind into the air of endless ages.

## SOFT EYES

Mike Curtis Hayward

Soft eyes don't fool me no more:  
I've gazed at them in blind warmth too many times,  
I've followed their gentle leadership and lost myself  
In a world of aphorisms and some weak abuse.

Soft words don't fool me no more:  
I've heard them through choked lips and cried too many times  
For them, against some awesome pain that dominates thought  
But denies explanation with coquettish insistence.

Soft whims don't fool me no more:  
Twisting and bending to popular opinion,  
And calling it love, dressing it with grandiose phrases  
Borrowed for the week from some hermit poet.

I have seen people cry, and promised  
Angels to those who wanted them; giving  
Myself from a vast abyss of nothing:  
Deluding myself, building up this certain nothing  
Until it overflows into other people's dreams.  
Eyes looking hopelessly forever backwards,  
Escapism.  
The ghost of Rimbaud has never died.  
But returns to haunt our bitter streets of thought,  
Stoned by the world.  
"How does it feel?" bubbling somewhere in my mind,  
Streams of the subconscious flow by unheeded  
Until a pebble explodes in their midst,  
Setting up circles from the outside;  
Someone else's pain, someone else's cruelty.  
Your eyes are only reflecting themselves, darling.

Soft eyes don't fool me no more:  
A sick weariness clouds them now as they hide  
In clenched fists, waiting for some  
April morning, denied them now,  
That will wash away their myopia with showers.

## HANGING OF THE SILKEN LADY

Deborah Harrison

Another night the moon was white they say  
But I can't see it. Another dream another day  
The guards are prodding at me ... How much do I deserve?  
All this? They probe and joke but I reserve  
All my knowledge from them. If I don't tell  
They'll kill me and I'll go to Hell  
They say. I shall be hanged and I shall swing  
From the neck, I guess, and it was a LITTLE thing  
I did. And so, I keep it in my heart  
Which they'd tear out and gash apart  
If they knew that it was there. Another loss  
To humankind, another loss of time. It was  
Today I met the hangman gangman held my throat  
And felt me round the gullet. He gazed, appraised and weighed and wrote  
In his book. About me. Fame at last  
I thought for when I'm hanged and in the past,  
The gossip gone, the scandal dead, when you can no longer read

In all the papers the sordid details of my murderous deed  
He'll still look me up. For reference. And some poor kid  
Will bless my name, for hanging just like I did  
Only better. When I'm hung and gone  
The hangman will have had me to practise hangings on.

## MORNING

Peter Uglow (Form V)

The town sleeps on its haunches  
Taking a cat-nap while the opportunity gapes.  
Mrs. Ponsonby wriggles with fear,  
And her almost lifelike serpent gets itself surrounded,  
The village clock strikes five times,  
The same number as morals have been broken.  
Which are as broken as the morning chorus.  
Mr. Ponsonby shouts for joy, which awakens the cat.  
For he has just scored a bullseye,  
But the dart limply falls from the target with exhaustion.  
Baby John whimpers from the adjacent bedroom.  
As changing time has come that bit too soon  
And the morning drench has tormented violently.  
A distant dog drowns the dreams with his barks.

The sun rises from its solemn depths  
And its talons lance the houses in the valley bottom,  
But the fearless trees blunt the attack.  
The breeze gathers itself, and whisks the leaves,  
And even the meres' rushes rush away.  
The sun blasphemes as the dew covers away  
As it loses, as always, the early morning struggle.  
People resurrect their passions.  
And pensively stir their lovesick bodies.  
From the soaken, broken, clammy beds  
They slump into the same quagmire of routine.  
Dragging their morsels along on a chain  
They slobber their way into the oncoming Day;  
Another in the diary of sin and toil.



## THE GIANT STRIKES

Peter Stroud (Form IV)

“Oh my God! what a place. I wish I wasn’t here: anywhere but here”, muttered private Smith to himself indifferently. And as the leader of the attack fell grimacing to the muddy ground, the sock was straightened on the great foot, removing all wrinkles as it was stretched tightly, with a few returning on its release.

“I wish I could be at home now with my wife, sitting beside the fire or maybe walking arm-in-arm to the pictures.” Another five men dropped dead around him; he thought he recognized one as having shared his hut the night before. He advanced hesitantly; and slowly the giant hands started pulling the massive leather hobnailed boot on.

“Or even back at camp, wandering around with Chris and Jerry: or even ...” He paused for breath, realized a few people were gazing at him, and continued out loud, “Yes! I’d even do extra fatigues to get out of this!” As the giant woven strands of cotton comprising laces were tightly tied, another eighteen innocent, home-loving men sprawled headlong into the mud.

“I’d be sent to Hell! No! What am I on about?” He was shouting loudly, collecting looks of surprise from the other men on both sides of the tangled blood-stained, rusty barbed wire. “Surely this is Hell? Yes, pure undiluted Hell.” His ranting was stopped suddenly by something the others had not seen, and seemed unwary of. A great black mass had torn a hole above him, and was forcing its way through the cloud-strewn sky on a straight course for him. Private Smith was petrified. A boot, bigger than any other, was plummeting towards him and he couldn’t flinch a muscle. He could see the sun glinting off the hobnails that spelt out a solitary word to him - death. A few strands of cloud trailed menacingly behind it, showing its amazing power. Now the boot was on him; crushing, grinding, killing, destroying, obliterating; pressurising his whole anatomy into the mud of the battlefield.

And as his soul began the slow, wandering exodus from his body, it heard a sadistic laugh from the clouds above; for the second time that century, the homicidal giant had been liberated.

## LIFE AFTER DEATH

Sally Horne

Milling crowds jostled and bustled. Natives bartered while tourists eagerly handed over extortionate sums to sly stall-holders with shifting faces. The souk was alive and vibrant. I saw him there, sitting against the wall that enclosed the camel market, amidst the piles of dung and straw, ignored by shepherds and tenders who juggled the value of their beasts as much as with their hands as with their gushing voices. I watched him watch the world pass by.

He raised himself to his feet and moved swiftly through the people. I followed the long figure that held scrawny limbs together gracefully. I stumbled through a group of cross-legged men who were murmuring to each other, suspicious and wary of the foreigner who had invaded their rituals. The pans of oil poised precariously over gas stoves in the centre of the circle spat wildly as envelopes of spicy dough were dropped in. I picked my way out of the fire of their annoyance and elbowed a clumsy path through the muddy chaos until I found myself in sight of him. This was merely a ragged old man who had somehow captivated my mind and soul with his feelings which only showed themselves in smoulderings which flickered in his wide, smoky brown eyes. He dragged his tired body with an unexpected elegance through a side alley, past a flock of ringwormed sheep, allowing himself to be crushed against the crumbling wall of the narrow passageway.

I followed at a distance, still intrigued by his face. It seemed to show wisdom; not intelligence of facts or general knowledge but more like experience of life. Perhaps he was deeply religious, but his power appeared to come from inside himself with no need for help from an external source.

His face held a fascination of a kind that I had never witnessed before. His gaze held me breathless; there was no immediate beauty in it, just a strange hypnotic stare.

He glanced round several times as if he could feel my eyes surveying him. Probably he could but mine was not a harsh criticism; this he also came to realize.

Now and then I was delayed by inquisitive and unscrupulous inhabitants of this warren but between us we managed to extricate ourselves from the maze of backstreets that encircled the souk. We never spoke nor came within ten yards of each other but as time moved on an invisible link joined our minds.

The lane ahead wound down to the open sea. He manoeuvred the cobbled ground with his head held high, staring wishfully at the great expanse of water that stretched out in front. I could make out his features better in the bright sunlight now. His high cheekbones contained all his pride and honour. His forehead betrayed suffering with furrows of pain and worry denting his chocolate skin. A horizontal line was the only sign of a mouth that deceived nothing. In it, I saw no happiness nor sorrow, for these emotions I do not believe he ever knew.

As he turned the corner I noticed his hands dangling by his ragged pockets. These were his instruments of labour and toil with veins bulging and rough skin peeling off to reveal raw flesh.

The port came into view. The nearest harbour was a complete contrast from the age-old customs and traditions of the souk. He hesitated to gaze around at the luxury cruisers which were serene and ugly. In his eyes I could see a fierce hatred of this invasion by the modern world just as it hurt him to see soldiers standing beneath each ship armed with machine guns.

We continued on into the next section of the port where his whole body shook off the tension and relaxed. This was his home and life-blood. His senses awoke as the smell of fish, so sweet an aroma to him, drifted into his face, as he stood watching from afar.

The original harbour, which had endured the earthquake so quick to cripple the town those few years ago, was now the only place in the port where life remained in its natural state, to enjoy itself. Here it was that fishermen clustered round their laden vessels mending brightly-coloured nets with deft, darting movements of the hand. Others were unloading their catches, unconscious of their skill as the rush-woven baskets were swung from arms that acted like pendulums. A cheerful banter was passed from man to man with that same lilting rhythm.

His eyes softened and filled with tears of longing at this familiar sight. He lowered them to the sun-bathed ground and limped on. Outside the port he raised his head away from the town and towards the towering hill on top of which once perched the Medina. He began the uphill struggle, once again; a reminder of his life in the remainder of his life. We kept off the worn tracks where camels trudged daily, whipped on by their masters, never rebelling, always submissive. The climb became easier; though steeper, the way was less rugged. Relief and sweat burst forth at the summit.

The earth was the only betrayal of his lost age. Where cockroaches now infested in their black coats of armour, had once been the dwellings of the Medina. Interruptions in the surface showed glimpses of metal that had successfully protected families of humans from the storms but had been powerless to help when the earthquake came burying thousands of bodies with their possessions below our feet. His belongings were still there but his form lived on in regret.

He trundled over to the other side of the hill which faced inland. A precipice confronted him and in the background technology was quarrying minerals. Behind him glimpsed the activity way down in the harbour, and then he looked at me. A moment of understanding passed rapidly through us. He smiled at me. I smiled at him and turned to go. He turned to go but not in the direction I was heading. With outstretched arms he trod in mid-air over the rubble lying dead beneath him.

He held no beliefs, only the hope of peace in death.



## BELL-RINGING NOTES

Ringers: D. Taylor; R. Edwards; M. Burchell; A. White; P. Chivers; A. Pitt; R. Perret; M. Uglow; C. Carroll; A. Mills.

These two terms have seen a tremendous advance in our ability as a band and we now ring competently, unassisted, every Sunday for morning service. In our Friday practices we are now gingerly learning more complicated change ringing.

To celebrate the 100th birthday of a parishioner, we rang a quarter-peal last term with the help of some outside ringers, and early next term a major achievement will be the ringing of a peal lasting for two and a half hours.

Once again I should like to thank Miss Bliss, Edgar, Kim and Fraser who have joined in aiding us.

D.T.

## THE NEW GEOGRAPHY AT RENDCOMB

*A simple memory of locational facts, a gazetteer, will no longer do. The student must have a deeper understanding of why objects are located where they are. The earth is not randomly arranged ... There exists a great deal of spatial order, of sense, on our maps and globes.*

WILLIAM BUNGE, 1966

Certainly the view still lingers that geography is an exercise of the memory concerned with where places are and what they are like. However, in recent years the subject has undergone an important conceptual revolution. It has moved on from a largely subjective approach to a more objective, quantitative analysis of the face of the earth. However, I should quickly add, geography has not become a pure science. It can never do that because it must always consider the human factor which is not measurable in the scientific sense. Any subject which involves the consideration of human nature has to remain subjective to some degree. Geography is therefore, I suppose, a scientific art or an artistic science; take your pick.

Whilst geography certainly has an informational role, it also has a distinctive contribution to make to the education of the student in the development of certain skills and concepts and in developing an understanding of a rapidly changing world.

It is my impression that young people today have an awareness of the world which is considerably different from that of their counterparts even a decade ago. This stems not only from much greater exposure to the news media, especially television, but also from better opportunities for travel, whether on school journeys or family holidays. At school there have been rapid changes in the curriculum: in new approaches to mathematics, science, and modern languages. Teachers are much more concerned with what motivates pupils. The old "capes and bays" geography has not been able to keep pace with these changes and has had to make itself more relevant to today's educational needs. Now geography, in its study of man and his environment, deals with socially relevant issues such as population growth, economic development in rich and poor countries, and the quality of the environment.

The geography taught at Rendcomb reflects these changes. Since the opening of the sixth form department at the beginning of this academic year there has been far more scope to develop these trends which has meant, and will mean even more in the future, a steady swing away from teacher-centred learning to discovery-learning, in which the student will be motivated by his own sense of the relevance of his activity.

### Geography in the Lower School

The Space Age has necessarily enlarged children's view of the world, and they are confronted with a complex field of study in the man/environment system. To find pattern or order in this mass of facts a body of theory is essential to put them into some form of framework. This enables us to use the information gained in one area to predict what will happen in another. It is also possible to gain a clearer perception of the relationships between human and physical landscapes, an understanding, for example, of the processes at work changing the urban landscape and the countryside around the town. A purely descriptive approach can lead to misunderstandings about the nature of the environment, such as that these relationships are static rather than changing.

The analytical approach used in the first and second forms requires a knowledge of quantitative techniques. These are not however allowed to assume an importance over and above the subject they are intended to illuminate. It is merely hoped that a deeper understanding of the interrelationship and interdependence of all environmental phenomena will lead to a clearer appreciation of the world in which we live. Ask any junior to explain "the teapot test"!

### Geography in the Middle School

From the 3rd form to the 5th form much more time is spent on covering the 'O' level syllabus. The present syllabus contains much old-fashioned geography, however it will be changed in two years time to the alternative new geography syllabus. The present 3rd form will be the first to take this examination. Nevertheless an appreciation of the modern development in geographical thinking is invaluable to the approach of even the so called old geography.

## **Geography in the 6th Form**

The sixth form geography department is barely a year old. It takes time for a new department to establish itself although seven pioneers are making a brave attempt to achieve that difficult transition from ordinary to advanced level.

As they have matured through their sixteen or seventeen summers they have become increasingly aware of their surroundings and the character of the place where they live. Gradually, as a result of direct and indirect experience, their horizons expand and they begin to construct a picture of other places, some of which are very different from their own. Left to chance, however, this is a somewhat haphazard process, more likely to lead to a collection of fragmentary impressions than to a systematic understanding of the world about them. The study of geography should help these students to make sense of their environment, and to develop an understanding about why places differ, about the complex features that bind places together, about special regularities that can be identified and why such regularities are important.

In the sixth form the study of geography encompasses a vast range of objects and processes, from plate tectonics to glaciers, from mediaeval field patterns to urban development, from human evolution to social problems in third world ghettos. The particular contribution of the discipline is most easily illustrated by the sort of questions geographers ask. The ideas which they have developed to help them organise their thinking about the real world, and the methods of inquiry which they use to investigate that reality. Typical geographical questions, stated in general terms are: Where are these objects/processes located? What form do they take in different locations? Why are they there? When their locations were determined by human choice, whose decisions were important? How were these decisions made? With what other phenomena are they linked, and what is the nature of the relationships? What part do they play in man's environment? What regularities can be detected in their distribution? What processes have developed these patterns and are they still operating? Do they form a coherent system? If so, what is the spatial structure of this system?

To answer these questions a geographer uses many methods ranging from statistics and computer analysis to the interpretation of poetry and prose (often the most perceptive record of the environment available).

With all these questions to ask and answers to find the geography at Rendcomb is heavily orientated towards field-work. Whilst some classroom geography is, of course, necessary, it is considered vital to go out and "see for ourselves" as much as possible: whether this means an afternoon of questionnaires in Cirencester Market or a week in the mountains of Snowdonia.

The first question a sixth former, joining the department has to consider is "what is geography?" Few people really know, though they may take the subject for granted. For those that are interested my definition follows:

Geography is the study of spatial aspects of human activities. It is concerned with the environment of, man, an environment that influences how he lives and organists himself, and an environment that man himself has helped to build and modify.

I would just add that there are as many definitions of geography as there are geographers!

C. F. F. T.

## **EXPEDITION TO GUNONG MULU NATIONAL PARK**

A lecture entitled "The R.G.S. Expedition to the Gunong Mulu National Park" was given by Dr. Collins, O.R., and Mr. Lewarthy, on January 21st. Mr. Lewarthy started by giving a general introduction to the area and the expedition. It lasted 15 months, involving 120 scientists covering all aspects of the area. The natives in the Park, who still hunt with blow pipes and poison darts showed great hospitality to the expedition members, even if their beer was not of the highest standard! Most travel to and from the coast, 100 miles away, was done by motor-powered longboats.

The scientific side of the lecture was given by Dr. Collins. He divided the park into its four different forest types and covered each area in turn. The excellent slides conveyed the luxuriant abundance of growth and also the great variety of wildlife found in these rain forests.

B.H.

## **LECTURE ON THOMAS BECKET**

**By DR. URRY (Fellow of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford)**

During this term we have had several most interesting lectures, perhaps the most memorable of which was Dr. W. Urry's lecture on Thomas Becket. A fellow of St. Edmund Hall Oxford, Dr. Urry has been collecting and doing research on this infamous character for many years, and his visit was a great opportunity for us to share in his wide scholarly knowledge.

Becket was born in 1118, the son of a burgess, a lower-class position which hampered him throughout his career. Having dropped out of the University of Paris after his mother's death, he returned to London as a clerk, he was soon to be taken on by King Henry II as his chancellor. He had the rather difficult task of arranging politically advantageous marriages for the King, and on becoming Archbishop of Canterbury his problems increased. During this period he made many bitter enemies which resulted in him being compelled to spend six years exile in France. Shortly after Becket's return from exile, the king, having exclaimed in a fit of temper, "Will no one rid me of this turbulent priest?", sent a party to arrest him at Canterbury Cathedral.

With the help of maps, Dr. Urry traced out the exciting chase round the grounds giving such details as the position

in which Becket was sitting when killed to the description of his brains lying on the path! Dr. Urry's account was humorous and informative bringing the real character of Becket into perspective for us.

J.M.T.

## **VIa HISTORY TRIP**

A most enjoyable day was spent by the VIa history set on the 8th March when we visited four sites in Gloucestershire which had connections with the period of Norman domination in the country in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

Deerhurst Church was our first stop and here was evidence of Saxon stonework in the "herring-bone" walling and the triangular window shapes. This church boasts the largest Saxon tower in existence and was perhaps used as a fortification or rallying point for the local population in times of crisis.

From the largest Saxon tower we moved to the largest Norman tower in existence, situated at Tewkesbury Abbey. This magnificent church, built under Abbot Gerald of Sherborne Abbey between 1092 and 1123 when it was consecrated, and with the patronage of Robert Fitzharmon. It is a fine example of Norman architecture, especially striking being the broad pillars which flank the nave.

The church at Brimpsfield was somewhat less spectacular but equally interesting. Here we were particularly keen to see a stone altar which had been installed under Bishop Wolfstan in the time of the Normans and replaced by a wooden model under Elizabeth I, also a period of our study, and had been rediscovered in 1937, it having been used as a stile for many years in the churchyard. At Brimpsfield we were also label to see evidence of the castle of Sir Walter Giffard.

The estate of our founders' widow at Miserden was our final destination where the remains of a Norman motte and bailey castle are clearly visible. The castle was probably destroyed in the late twelfth century and would have played an important part in the feudal administration of the area as well as in matters of defence.

We returned to school, having successfully avoided the rain which threatened all day, perhaps not with a greatly increased or detailed knowledge of Norman England but with an invaluable sense of contact with the past which is unattainable in any textbook or classroom discussion.

D.T.

## **COMPUTING**

Since the PET microprocessor came into use, boys throughout the school have used it for a variety of purposes. Many have worked through a teaching course on a cassette tape to learn BASIC, which is the language used by this computer. Others have written their own programmes or modified others to work on this machine.

In March, about 30 boys in the fifth form and 6B started on a computer studies course and it is hoped that some will take the 'O' level exam in 1980 and subsequent years.

A printer will soon be added to the system, thus expanding its capability and enabling it to be used in physics practical work.

D.A.H.

## **CAREERS**

This year has been busier than ever. In addition to the usual visits from careers officers, the armed services and banks, the spring aptitude tests and interviews, we have had considerable industrial activity. This arose from the jubilee celebrations of the Industrial Society with which we have strong contacts spanning nearly ten years. Many sixth formers had the opportunity to obtain first-hand experience of industry, made possible by the considerable assistance provided by Dowty and Spirax-Sarco of Cheltenham. This resulted in taking a very long look at the aims of industry and producing a project which was entered in the jubilee conference in London on 12th December, a report of which follows

R.K.

## **INDUSTRY MATTERS O.K.?**

*Aim of Conference:*

1. To give a modern picture of industry
2. To demolish outdated myths
3. Encouraging people to consider industry as a possible future for them

*Appeal of Industry:*

1. Interest to people-a challenge
2. Sense of achievement and of gain
3. Being part of a team (leadership)



*Leadership:* Any viable industry must have capable leaders who:

1. Know about industry - empathy
2. Have had practice of real leadership
3. Really communicate with people
4. Have had grass-roots experience

Modern managers must reason with others and are no longer in a position to dictate to others.

It is necessary for them to:

1. Do not advise
2. Be close to reality
3. Be responsible for their own actions
4. Be involved

There are many benefits to be gained from this:

1. Selling a good product
2. Meeting the challenge of competition
3. Satisfying people's needs and desires
4. Working with a good team
5. Being able to follow own judgement

All this leads to job satisfaction.

*Strategy of an Industry:* A well led industry, ideally divided into several semi-autonomous units, will gain benefits in morale and productivity. With a sound base it can plot a strategic plan:

1. Have a long term strategic plan (20-40 years)
2. Plot forward from this
3. Have a shorter (1 year) profit plan
4. Improve its personnel interfaces
5. Continuously monitor its performance
6. Develop employment

The best industries will do this by adapting to people rather than shaping them.

*Industry and the Unions:* A large part of the bad name of the unions comes from media coverage. In fact:

1. Few people believe that strikes help
2. 81% of the people work all the time allotted to them
3. Few work with restrictive practices

The aim of unions is the same as the aim of management since they wish to improve the quality of life.

The real aim of the unions is to help the workers by arranging for:

1. Reasonable wages and conditions
2. Representation in Government working parties e.g. in 1972
3. Education and social welfare benefits for their members who need them

Their reputation does arise because

1. There are differences of opinion in the distribution of wealth
2. Of inflated attitudes of management in some industries
3. Loss of preferential agreements
4. A few bad examples - there are too many strikes
5. A relative decline in Britain's position - scapegoats

It is the belief of the union executives that the national economic situation will soon improve because of:

1. New energy sources i.e. North Sea oil and gas
2. Present modernisation of many factories

With the money gained from this there are several options for the future:

1. Tax cuts - not favoured
2. Spending North Sea revenue on schools and welfare - commendable but not favoured since it is too short term
3. Using it to revitalize private and public industry. This is seen as the best course to follow. (The speaker did not specify whether the money would be used to prop up ailing industries or to generate new ones)

*A Challenge to Industry:* Despite this industry has a bad name:

1. Because of the image of "Satanic mills"
2. Due to the sheer size and anonymity of industry
3. Since there is too much uninspired leadership and no apparent purpose
4. Bad public relations means that people regard the civil service as a better career and not enough high calibre recruits are gained

*The Reply:*

1. Efficient management to give a purpose to industry
2. Better education at schools

*Education:* Ideas from people involved in projects such as Young Engineer and Young Enterprise were presented:

1. Careers afternoons
2. Applied science lessons as well as pure (O level technology)
3. Visits and actual work experience
4. Ensure awareness of industry
5. Meeting people from industry to gain confidence
6. Running of real industries (Young Enterprise)

*Work Experience:* The best way of testing preconceptions and aptitudes seemed to be to go to work in an industry.

There were several benefits:

1. Understanding of other sides of industry from a fairly objective viewpoint
2. Learning by doing - even from mistakes
3. Meeting people and gaining confidence from this
4. Understanding of inter-relationship of industrial processes
5. Development of skills, especially managerial
6. Incidental benefits - better note style, etc.

Links between school and industry seemed an important part of the process. There seemed to be several ways of doing this:

1. Holiday jobs
2. Half day conferences
3. Day release schemes - VIth form options for people to act as assistants
4. Discussions with selected executives. Question and answer sessions seemed to be especially rewarding
5. Introduce the programme fairly early, before specialisation in O level subjects
6. Encourage creativity in science subjects
7. Gain local publicity in papers

*Action:* CHARLES (H.R.H. Prince Charles was guest speaker at the London Conference)

- C Collect experience
- H Help
- A Ask them in
- R (W)rite
- L Links
- E Encouragement
- S Send out messages

Nothing is done by only talking.

R.E., D.M.

## **BUSINESS GAME 1978 - 79**

The Business Game is a yearly event promoted by ICL Computers and is an attempt to simulate the problems faced by a real company trying to market its product.

Our team was an assorted collection of talent drawn from the entire sixth form but there was a slight lack of support from the arts side. Only three members had already played but the new members of the board were keen and learned quickly. An informal atmosphere was maintained and free discussion resulted in a good flow of ideas.

The first round of the game proved to be a valuable experience for the novices since, led by Joe Watson, we were able to beat the other teams in a convincing display of skill and expertise. The next round started, topically, with a transport 'go-slow' and this, together with the loss of Joe Watson, meant that the board had to work on a long term flexible and concentrated strategy; a difficult job which was, however, tackled with great determination and enthusiasm. The whole of this second round was closely fought and since the final results were practically the only information we were able to obtain about the performance of the other teams these were eagerly looked forward to. A team from Coleford

won but the final results were so close that the outcome could easily have been reversed. The adjudicator, for our game commented on the sound base for our decisions, so next year's team should do well.

One problem appeared to be the antipathy and apathy of many people outside the game who did not appear to know the true nature of the exercise and who did not even consider the possibility of going to a meeting to see what was happening. This meant that a significant number of people who could gain a lot from an interesting experience did not know what they were missing.

Many thanks are due to Mr. Kelsey who was able to advise us at moments of indecision and who introduced an element of stability into the game.

R.E.



## SPORT

### Rugby Football, 1978

THE season proved for me an interesting introduction to Rendcomb rugby.

Initial preparation for the squad was difficult, with only six days until the first match and training/trials in gale-force winds. This was significant with the team only really getting off the ground after three matches; not the way with the toughest fixtures at the beginning of the season.

Continual effort as the season developed led to marked improvement in performance; in the speed and handling flow of the three-quarters, as well as the general skills and unity of the forwards.

Confidence proved a key factor, especially with the forwards who frequently faced 'giants' in the opposing packs. Similarly, lack of experience in the younger players occasionally led to drastic errors in pressure situations at the beginning of the season. These two factors only improved with the realization that lack of size must be compensated for by fitness, mobility and basic hard work, with the pack providing an excellent platform for quality possession from (to use the in-phrase) second-phase play. This allowed the backs to show their handling talents and attempt various set moves (with codes "Loughborough", "Durham", etc.!).

Another noticeable problem was the team's slow start to most games, often allowing the opposition to score several points in the first minutes (Wycliffe leading 10-0 after five minutes and Hereford scoring a try from the kick-off without Rendcomb touching the ball!).

Tackling was often erratic; a crucial factor in the heavy defeats to Dean Close and Bloxham.

Despite the problems, the team skills, confidence and spirit greatly increased, culminating in a pleasing performance against a strong Old Boys team. Injury to Dave Beanland reduced the pack's strength and 'fire', but the 5th year front-row of Smith, Cannon and Martyn-Smith produced some excellent work, helped by the usual commitment of Wilcox and Nunan as locks, with the team losing by only two points.

It would be difficult to pick out individuals for specific contributions in the season, but obvious praise must go to Jade Sinclair, who proved to be invaluable as captain on and off the field, along with Ben Hatchwell's quiet efficiency as team secretary. Mike Twinning deserves praise for his consistently sound defence, exciting, attacking running and excellent kicking, producing, with Jade Sinclair, an impressive tally of points (around 70 points each).

Special thanks must of course go to Mr. Essenhigh who kept the 1st XV pitch in excellent condition throughout the season and Mr. Terrill whose tasteful (?) choice of a new colourful tracksuit provided the squad with great amusement.

The future? If the 5th form members of the team return, the pack will be almost unchanged and next season could prove very successful, especially with the planned pre-season preparation. May I also wish those squad members who will be leaving in the summer, enjoyment and success in their future rugby; all will, I am sure, become useful additions to college or senior club teams

M.J.N.

#### 1st XV

v. MARLBOROUGH 3rd XV, 16th September (Home). Drew 7-7

A very scrappy start to the season with a side lacking fitness and thus never getting up full speed. Marlborough took first blood with an unconverted try after fifteen minutes with a penalty by Sinclair before half time our only reply. Loose marking allowed Sinclair to score a try after a tap penalty on the halfway line in the second half. However, late Marlborough pressure provided a well-taken, equalizing penalty in the closing seconds.

v. DEAN CLOSE 1st XV, 19th September (Away). Lost 4-33

We met a well drilled and confident team who demoralized us by fast tackling and fluent running. They scored often and only for a brief spell did we dominate. It was in these minutes that Doug Sayers scored the best try of the match after a move that crossed the pitch twice and began in our 22; almost everybody was involved at least once. This was a spectacular final gesture.

v. KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BATH, 23rd September. (Home). Lost 3-24

This match showed the value of a good kicker and the need for a differential penalty. They scored two goals and four penalty goals to one penalty goal by Sinclair. They played much in the same ten man mould as the Gloucester team and were similarly unenterprising. Had we had Middlemist and Allen we might have displayed real running style, but even so a victory would not have been likely.

v. WYCLIFFE COLLEGE 2nd XV, 5th October (Away). Lost 19-21

Perhaps we failed to reach technical heights, but we had a more enjoyable match than previously. A full strength side, winning more ball through Kev Nunan and tackling the opposition better. We were always behind but never beaten. We were 12 points down after a goal and two penalties before Mike Twinning scored a try and a penalty and Sinclair landed a drop goal to cut the deficit before half time. They scored twice more with a goal and a penalty before we had an Allen touchdown disallowed and another drop goal attempt charged down. The greatest blow was the loss of Tim Clarke with a broken collar bone after making a superb covering tackle only yards from our line. With renewed vigour we pressed Wycliffe and they yielded a penalty, well kicked by Mike Twinning who also converted a try by Dave Beanland after a quickly taken penalty. A better match all round.

v. PRINCE HENRY'S G.S., 14th October (Home). Won 20-6

We began tentatively before our pack gradually began to dominate the lineouts (through Rich Tudor) and the scrums. The pressure was always on Henry's and it provided two crash ball tries for Sinclair and a conversion by Mike Twinning to two penalties before half time. The best touch down of the match was disallowed after Doug Sayers had taken a perfect scissors from Mark Middlemist to go over. We did score two more tries, one by Sayers and one by Sinclair after a chip ahead had been collected off the first bounce to go over under the posts for Twinning to convert. We should have capitalized more on our chances because the potential was there.

v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 2nds, 17th October (Away). Lost 10-11

This match exemplified the need for impartial society referees and accurate watches. A twenty-five instead of thirty-five minute first half ended twenty minutes of dominance and pressure. We scored two tries through Allen and Evans and a conversion through Mike Twinning and yet managed to lose by two tries and a penalty. I believe both teams would agree that the referee's impartiality left a great deal to be desired.

v. HEREFORD CATHEDRAL SCHOOL, 21st October (Away). Drew 7-7

By the time we had opened our eyes we were four points down but equalized after a good try by Ben Hatchwell soon after. We drew having missed seven penalty goals and failing to ground the ball on a safe try by Sinclair. We exchanged penalties in the second half.

v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL 1st XV, 8th November (Away). Lost 0-26

This was the most dispirited match of our season facing a very well balanced and drilled team that stuck to their task in a very workmanlike fashion. The only compliment we received was that Bloxham never relaxed but saw fit to keep the pressure on until the end. This was probably the best team we faced all season.

I felt this was the turning point of the season. The team was demoralized and the trip back was a gloomy affair. Fortunately the silent brooding was broken by some apt songs and the team spirit began to return. It was time to begin again from scratch and forget the previous matches.

v. CHOSEN HILL 2nd XV, 10th November (Home). Won 62-0

The sides were never equal in any department and we overran Chosen Hill from start to finish. It was very useful for restoring confidence to the side and trying new techniques. Everybody outplayed their opposite number.

v. CIRENCESTER R.F.C. U.19's, 11th November (Away). Won 20-11

With a real boost to our systems and a "rumour" that a win was the only way to safeguard our other fixtures there was no doubt of our intentions. Cirencester scored first after loose marking allowed their stand-off a try, but a textbook overlap put Allen over to equalize and a spectacular break through the midfield by Mark Middlemist left a bemused defence searching thin air. Dave Beanland also added to his tally of tries (which is very impressive for a prop) by tearing through from a lineout. Cirencester pulled back with a try from a quick penalty before half time. In the second half Allen scored again and Cirencester landed a penalty. It was a match punctuated by injury to Fred Wilcox and Tim Clarke. Nevertheless it was another victory under our belts and another heartening weekend.

v. BURFORD G.S., 22nd November (Home). Won 51-4

From start to finish our pack were supreme and provided a steady stream of scoring opportunities for our backs. We opened (as last year) with a Sinclair drop-goal but were actually behind 4-3 after a runaway interception by Burford. We didn't make the mistake again and never relieved the pressure on Burford. Mark Middlemist in particular carved their midfield apart at every opportunity.

v. COKETHORPE SCHOOL - cancelled

v. KING'S SCHOOL GLOUCESTER - cancelled

v. CIRENCESTER DEER PARK, 6th December (Away). Won 36-3

Despite the eventual score we were trailing 3-0 after ten minutes and it took another ten before we breached their defence with a blind side try by Sinclair. From then on it was not ever in doubt; only the total was undecided! Deer Park had some very good individuals but never looked like a team. It was particularly pleasing to see props Dave Beanland and Rich Smith score tries, as props often miss the glory they really deserve.

1st/2nd XV v. KINGHAM HILL, 9th December (Away). Won 20-10

This experimental side was better on the field than on paper and was well matched by a strong Kingham team that never gave us a moments peace. The purpose of "bleeding" new players was to pass match experience on for future years and to reward those who had not yet played for the 1st XV and they all rose to the occasion.

Tim Horton is a very dangerous runner but needs to choose his gaps more carefully. Rob Shacklock tackled very well and saved us on three occasions by removing both the winger and the overlapping full-back. Tim Evans needs more physical size and presence but gave a good, competent all-round display. In the pack Ian Steed led the way into ruck and

maul with great skill while Shaun Brennan's sheer work rate produced the lion's share of ball for us.

I personally enjoyed this match more than any other this season and hope the fixture is continued as a proven success. The scorers were Sinclair and Twinning who both collected two tries and a conversion.

v. OLD RENDCOMBIANS, 16th December (Home). Lost 13-15

Once again the Old Rendcombians took the field without their original team but with enough skill to pose serious problems for us. We lacked the usual fire up front that Dave Beanland gives by his example. The Old Boys scored twice early on through Pearce, whilst our only reply was a penalty by Sinclair. In the second half however our fitness began to show and Allen scored an unconverted try after a long run up the touchline. The Old Boys scored twice more with a try by Thompson and a drop-goal by Forrest who, having sliced four other kicks for goal, was visibly relieved. Our final score was a well deserved try by Archer (converted by Twinning) after he had robbed Paul Rose at a 5 yard scrum. If O-level leavers do not deprive us of our young talent in the 5th form I feel the college will win the next encounter.

### Summary

Overall it has been a very mixed season, both in terms of play and results. Our heights were probably the Cirencester and Burford matches and our depths the Bloxham and Hereford games. In the final analysis there was nothing that could break the spirit of the team and this might account for our better results.

Even though we were deprived at crucial times of our major assets by injury, notably Tim Clarke, Jal Allen and Dave Beanland, there were always able and determined replacements. Never in my memory has there been such depth and rivalry in Rendcomb rugby.

Looking ahead to next season the team has lost some of its stalwart members in Mark Middlemist, Doug Sayers and Jerry Archer, but if the 5th formers remain many have already proved themselves. Al Jennings, Adam Martyn-Smith and Rick Smith in the front row all played hard grafting games with 100% commitment. Chris Cannon will play well wherever he is picked and Tim Horton has always done his job and a good bit more when deputising for Jal Allen. Tim Evans and Rob Shacklock will need careful training but both have the talent to become class players eventually.

Future results will largely rest with next years 6a contingent: the back row will have their firebrands in Dom Ind and Julian Bull, with Rich Tudor hopefully gaining plenty of line-out ball. Fred Wilcox and Kev Nunan will still be a powerhouse as the locks and in the backs Ben Hatchwell will control the midfield with ever increasing confidence while Jal Allen scores many tries with his "direct" approach. Mike Twinning will no doubt kick goals and tackle like a proverbial brick upright wall.

There is plenty of class still in the side and next year, I think, they'll have a better season than ever before. Many thanks to all those who played and to A. Wilcox our touch judge and good luck for next season.

J.D.S.

Won 6; Drawn 2; Lost 6 Points for 272 Against 182

The following represented the school 1st XV during the '78 season: Forwards: D. Beanland, S. Brennan, P. Evans (V-Capt.), J. Steed, J. Bull, T. Clarke, D. Ind\*, K. Nunan, R. Tudor, F. Wilcox, C. Brealy, C. Cannon, A. Jennings, A. Martyn-Smith, I. McCulloch, R. Smith.

Three-quarters: P. Haynes, J. Sinclair (Capt.), J. Archer, M. Middlemist, D. Sayers, J. Allen, B. Hatchwell (Hon. Sec.), D. Ind\*, J. Quick, M. Twinning, T. Evans, T. Horton, R. Shacklock.

\*played both wing-forward and centre three-quarter.

### 2nd XV

After two narrow defeats, the weaknesses in the backs were exploited by the opposition, resulting in some bad losses. Only when the forwards were able to dominate the opposition, did the team have any chance of victory. Unfortunately, lack of tackling and marking ability behind the scrum meant that the efforts of the pack in gaining good possession were often wasted.

Special mention must be made of the efforts of Shaun Brennan, Julian Bull, Michael Cannon and Jon Steed who always played with skill and enthusiasm in a very sound pack of forwards. Christopher Brealy played well in several positions and Ian McCulloch was a sound hooker.

At half-back, Peter Haynes always kicked skilfully and Richard Pitt showed growing skill and maturity at scrum-half.

The following played for the 2nd XV : R. W. A. Henniker-Gotley (Capt.), P. Haynes, S. M. Brennan, M. J. Cannon, J. S. Portch, I. T. Smalley, J. R. Steed, K. P. Winmill, J. C. Bull, R. C. Pitt, J. H. W. Quick, C. T. Brealy, T. J. Burkham, C. D. Cannon, R. Collins, M. J. Dibble, T. Evans, T. H. Horton, A. D. Jennings, A. D. Martyn-Smith, I. M. W. McCulloch, R. I. Shacklock, R. J. Smith and D. R. White.

### 3rd XV

Although the results seem poor, the 3rd XV provided valuable experience to many boys who will be future members of the 1st and 2nd XV's. Some good rugby was played and I was very pleased with the spirit shown by many of

the players, including those who did not play in any matches. With more coaching, there is no reason why the results should not be much better in the future.

In particular great promise was shown by John Henniker-Gotley, Timothy Burkham, Timothy Evans, Duncan White and Charles Waddell.

The following played for the 3rd XV: R. C. Pitt and T. F. Etherington (Captains), I. T. Smalley, M. F. Lewers, S. P. Lorenzen, T. J. Burkham, R. Collins, M. J. Dibble, C. A. J. Dick, T. Evans, D. J. M. Gassor, A. C. Graham Munro, J. D. Henniker-Gotley, I. M. W. McCulloch, A. R. Pitt, R. I. Shacklock, I. H. P. Stewart, P. M. Uglow, C. H. K. Waddell, D. R. White and W. R. Woof.

Results:

2nd XV	v. Marlborough College Colts 2nd	Lost	10 - 14
	v. Dean Close School	Lost	8 - 11
	v. King Edward's School, Bath	Lost	7 - 44
	v. Wycliffe College 3rd XV	Lost	6 - 3
	v. Cheltenham College 3rd XV	Lost	0 - 54
	v. Chosen Hill School 3rd XV	Won	16 - 4
	v. Bloxham School	Lost	0 - 32
	v. Bredon School 1st XV	Won	41 - 0
v. Burford School	Won	32 - 4	
3rd XV	v. Dean Close School	Lost	0 - 32
	v. King Edward's School, Bath	Lost	0 - 25
	v. Wycliffe College 4th XV	Lost	11 - 17
	v. Cheltenham College 4th XV	Lost	0 - 32
	v. Kingham Hill School 2nd XV	Lost	16 - 18

D.A.H.

**U15 XV**

The season started on a high note with a very convincing win at Dean Close.

However, the very dry Autumn and resultant hard pitch produced many injuries, so that by the end of the season we had to play no fewer than 12 reserves to enable us to field a team against Kingham Hill.

There were some consolations to be gained from this disruption: a number of players had their first match for the school, and the established players had the opportunity of playing in unusual positions, which was beneficial to the development of their own game.

Since three of the best players, Needham, Stratton and Stroud, missed most of the season, the results do not make particularly good reading, but so much more was achieved in other respects and practically everyone involved showed noticeable improvement.

v. Dean Close School	Won	21 - 4
v. King Edward's School, Bath	Lost	6 - 42
v. Wycliffe College	Lost	3 - 44
v. Cheltenham College	Lost	0 - 26
v. Bloxham School	Lost	0 - 23
v. Burford School	Drawn	8 - 8
v. Kingham Hill School	Lost	3 - 18

R.K.

**U14 XV**

This was an encouraging season as the side was small and had to rely on tactical ploys. The light pack more than held their own in the set scrums, and gained good possession in lineouts against powerful opposition.

As the season progressed the sides ability to win the ball in rucks and mauls improved and allowed the backs a greater share of the play.

Stephen Hazell was a reliable hooker; Robert Akers, Russell Copley, Richard Palmer and Ian Bishop were always prominent members of the pack. David Woof's powerful play at the base of the scrum played a major part in the success of the team. Matthew Archer, Richard Smith and Giles Brealy showed flair amongst the backs. At full back Simon Powell was always prepared to run with the ball and rarely allowed the opposition to cross his line.

The side were always prepared to listen to advice and learn from previous matches. They show some promise for the future. Alistair Hedderwick must be congratulated for his efficient work as touch judge.

Played 9; Won 4; Lost 3; Drawn 2. Points for 136, Against 125.

v. King Edward's (A)	Lost	45 - 4
v. Wycliffe College (A)	Lost	12 - 6
v. Cheltenham College (H)	Drawn	14 - 14

v. Dean Close (A)	Won 10 - 6
v. Bloxham (A)	Lost 14 - 10
v. Stroud R.F.C. (H)	Won 26 - 4
v. Bredon U15's (H)	Drawn 26 - 26
v. Chosen Hill (H)	Won 27 - 4
v. Cokethorpe	cancelled
v. King's School	cancelled
v. Kingham Hill (H)	Won 13 - 0

The following played: R. Akers, M. Archer, A. Aves, (Capt). I. Bishop, G. Brealy, R. Copley, B. Freeman, S. Hazell, G. Healey, C. Hutton-Potts, P. Needham, S. Oliver, R. Palmer, S. Powell, M. Smith, R. Smith, A. Stephenson, D. Woof, E. Wilcox

C.C.B.

## Junior Rugby

By the end of the season the members of form 2 were playing with great enthusiasm and it was unfortunate that they played together as a team only once. This was due to the strength of our opponents requiring U13+ fixtures or, in the case of King's, Gloucester, to a week of severe frosts. They adapted well to playing alongside the more experienced third formers and the six games were well fought with a lot of sensible play from the back of the scrum.

The U13 match against Kingham not only showed that Rendcomb had a great deal of skill and determination in rucks and mauls but also showed our lack of effectiveness in line outs and our inability to use the backs in attack. Kingham had two fast boys who ran diagonally across our backs but we failed to tackle properly.

I am pleased to report this year that these teams scored many of their points in the second halves of their matches as a result of playing good rugby right up until the final whistle.

The following played: Bishop\*, Akers, Hazell, B. Freeman, Wilcox\*, Redman, Brealy, Dewar, Webb, Deacon, Fletcher, Hayward, M. Smith, Oliver, Mansfield, Uglow, Morgan, Maslin, D. Green, Roberts, J. Hutton-Potts, Carroll, Badcott, Westcott, N. Stewart, D. Stewart, Watts\*, Waddell, Chesshire, Newman, Paton, Crowther, Stephenson\*, Perrett. (\*captains).

U13½ 'A' XV	v. Cheltenham Junior School 1st XV (H)	Lost 14 - 16
	v. Oakley Hall School 1st XV (H)	Lost 0 - 18
U13½ 'B' XV	v. Cheltenham Junior School 2nd XV (H)	Lost 12 - 32
	v. Oakley Hall School 2nd XV (A)	Won 16 - 8
U13/U14 XV	v. Chosen Hill School U13 XV (H)	Won 8 - 4
U13 XV	v. King's School, Gloucester U13 XV (H)	cancelled
	v. Kingham Hill School U13 XV (A)	Lost 4 - 10

C.J.W.

## Hockey

### 1st XI Report

The reports for the 1977 and 1978 seasons lamented the devastating effects of poor weather on the continuity of the school's hockey; but this year's elegy was even more heart-felt. It was exactly six weeks into the term before anyone in the school played hockey on our playing field, so that what was already a short season became ridiculously scanty. An epidemic or two and the delayed completion of the new Sports Hall made the grim situation even worse, and even the time honoured substitute, the asphalt, was often out of action through snow or ice.

All this meant that for the third season in a row sustained periods of practice were impossible and the effect of this on the school's hockey standards is incalculable. The typically English madness of playing this fast, skilful game in the shortest term at this time of year has again been amply demonstrated. The more credit then, to the resilience and determination of all masters and boys concerned for keeping both morale and playing standards surprisingly high in the circumstances, indicated by the quality of hockey being played by all teams by the end of term.

The 1st XI, for example, developed extremely well over the term and ended their campaign with an evenly fought match against the Old Boys. Prospects were grey at the start, with only four members of last year's side back, but those who came into the team largely played with encouraging spirit and increasing skill. We were a young, inexperienced XI, even more than usual playing against bigger, older boys from bigger schools (remember that only about 150 boys aged 13 plus play hockey at Rendcomb) - but fortunately also a keen, fast-improving one, supported by the fact that the gap between 1st and 2nd XIs was this year slight and competition for places greater than in some seasons.

The early matches, against Marling, on a hard surface, and King's Gloucester, brought bad defeats but this was hardly surprising, firstly since we had had much less practice than our opponents and, secondly, since team selection was at this stage a lottery. A greatly improved performance early in March brought us a morale-boosting win against Colston's School but a few days later we squandered chance after chance in the second half against Cheltenham G.S. and disappointingly lost by the odd goal. A week later, however, we signalled progress by overwhelming Brockworth in a



sharp, zestful display; and the season ended with the enjoyable, close match with the Old Boys. The other six matches, including a new one in the last week against Churchill College, Cambridge, disappeared without trace in a mixture of snow, mud and ice.

Of the players, James Quick, in goal, improved rapidly and was a most reliable performer by the end, showing courage and fine judgement in timing his sorties; he earned the confidence of his own defence and the praise of more than one opposing umpire. The position at full-back was very fluid during the term but ultimately David Beanland and Adam Martyn-Smith, both of whom came on enormously, proved to be the most solid combination - neither played in our opening games. Some shuffling was also necessary in the halves in order to bring the necessary midfield industry: Dominic Ind started poorly but was showing more commitment and his old form latterly, while two fifth formers, John Henniker-Gotley (who has useful stickwork but sometimes lacks vigour) and Tom Paton (always gritty), held their places ultimately and should be a source of strength next year. One of the team's chief assets lay in the right wing combination of Douglas Sayers and Michael Twinning, both of whom had an excellent season: they linked with increasing assurance, skill and pace, and gave a lot of trouble to opposing defenders - if more of Douglas's cascades of centres had been converted into goals we would have done really well in the last few games. Jon Portch eventually gained the centre-forward spot, though his intelligent positional play was not matched by his shooting, while Nigel Hall worked hard and provided some constructive cross-passes from inside-left. Robert Shacklock began promisingly at left-wing but, through lack of experience and aggression, did not quite advance as anticipated.

Next year we ought to have a reasonably strong pool of players for the 1st XI and I am optimistic about immediate prospects, especially with the extra facilities of the Sports Hall and, perhaps, a hard area beyond Park House to aid skills and tactics. There is a lot of enthusiasm for the game in the school, with still very few senior boys opting for alternative activities, and thus frustration when the weather carves such a large hole is correspondingly acute. So while taking the chance to thank all the hockey staff for their help, David Essenhigh (plus Mark Raven, Tim Daniels and Jeremy Trigger) for tending the pitches, and Nigel Hall for his quiet but sensible and efficient captaincy, may I also risk everything by thanking the Spring 1980 Goddess of Fortune in advance? We deserve some luck.

The team, as finally constituted, was: J. H. W. Quick; D. C. Beanland; A. D. Martyn-Smith; D. P. A. Ind; J. D. Henniker-Gotley; T. M. Paton; D. W. Sayers; M. A. Twinning; J. S. Portch; N. I. M. Hall (Captain); R. I. Shacklock. Also played: M. D. Middlemist; J. C. Bull; B. J. Hatchwell; R. I. C. Tudor; T. Evans.

J.N.H.

This has been a very frustrating season for us, the unfavourable weather allowing us to play only six of twelve intended matches. In fact, before our matches with Marling and King's Gloucester, in which we suffered our heaviest defeats, we had no opportunity to practice as a team on any area larger than the asphalt, which proved to be a totally inadequate preparation. Consequently, when playing teams like Marling who had enjoyed the benefit of using an all-weather pitch during this term and last, we were at a considerable disadvantage.

However, during the second half of the term we showed much more determination and skill and achieved some good results.

Thus the future bodes quite well for next year's team with six of the 1st XI possibly remaining - provided that they enjoy better weather.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Holt for running the 1st XI; also Mr. Essenhigh (plus other groundsmen!) for preparing an excellent pitch, and, of course, all the team.

N.H. (captain)

#### Match Results:

1st XI V. MARLING SCHOOL (Away). Lost 1 - 5

This match proved to be a disappointing start to the season for although we were not outclassed we still managed to lose 1-5. The Marling forwards achieved this by consistently catching our defence square and then making full use of their chances. Our forwards did create some chances but could not score until Middlemist pulled one back with a well-taken short corner. In retrospect I feel that if we had played Marling later in the term we could have given them a better game and achieved a result more reflective of our ability.

1st XI v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER (Away). Lost 0 - 10

The less said about this game the better. It was played in freezing conditions, we were up against a well drilled side who had enjoyed more practice, and we were encountering grass for the first time this term with an experimental team. The result was a humiliating disaster - a sad day, to which lack of determination among some players certainly contributed.

1st XI V. COLSTON'S SCHOOL (Home). Won 3 - 1

Although they gave us a few nasty moments during the early part of the game we gradually began to establish ourselves and made a number of promising attacks up the right wing - something we had not done in earlier matches. After exerting much pressure on their defence we scored first through a short corner by Middlemist. However, not long after, Colston's also scored from a short corner and we needed another goal before half-time to retain the psychological advantage. After some good following-up by Portch, a goal-mouth scramble ensued and Hall was able to score. Soon into the second half, good work by Twinning and Sayers enabled us to score a break-away goal through Shacklock. Unfortunately the play now became very physical but we emerged with a fine 3-1 win. Quick performed well in goal, gaining in confidence all the time.

1st XI V. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Home). Lost 4 - 5

This was a very close contest and the heavy scoring can be ascribed to periods of disaster in the defences of both sides. We were particularly slow to clear in the first half but were only the odd goal down at the interval (3-4). Our form greatly improved in the second half with plenty of through balls to the right wing but only one of the numerous excellent chances created was converted, a penalty flick was missed, and ultimately a match we probably should have won was narrowly lost. Tom Paton made a promising 1st XI debut in this match.

1st XI v. BROCKWORTH SCHOOL (Home). Won 7 - 0

This proved to be an easier match than expected for their defence was inexperienced and we were able to achieve a high score. Portch opened the scoring for us but then Brockworth gained a penalty flick - fortunately it hit the post. From then on their forwards were starved of the ball by our midfield and backs with Beanland adding much needed stability to the defence. As we continued to launch good attacks from the right through Twinning and Sayers, it became a centre forward's paradise and in the end Portch scored five goals, interrupted only by an aerial goal from Ind and one from Shacklock.

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

This was a closely contested and fast-moving game; we had a greater share of both the midfield and of circle chances than in last year's match, and this was especially creditable in view of the strength of the Old Boys' half-backs. The opposition opened the scoring after about 20 minutes, the ball being deflected following a short corner, but shortly before half-time Douglas Sayers cut in from the wing and equalised with a fine solo goal. The game fluctuated in the second half and both sides had chances but a draw looked likely until Nicholas Longworth won the match for the O.R. with an opportunist effort ten minutes from the end. A good final performance by the 1st XI.

## 2nd XI

In spite of the limited chances for play, the 2nd XI showed spirit and some skill. They often put other teams under pressure by running and tackling hard. Many of the original team were promoted to the first team during the season and others were also close to getting a chance in the senior team.

The whole of the defence was sound, with some outstanding performances by Bull, Beanland and Tudor. In attack, Cannon and Hatchwell provided the main threat while Evans showed growing confidence at centre-forward.

I would like to thank Shaun Brennan and all the team for the whole-hearted effort they always put into their game.

D.A.H.

Results:      v. King's School, Gloucester (A)    Drawn 3 - 3  
                 v. Cheltenham College Colts (A)    Drawn 3 - 3  
                 v. Marlborough College 4th XI (A) Drawn 1 - 1  
                 v. Colston's, Bristol (H)            Lost 1 - 3  
                 v. Old Rendcombians (H)            Won 4 - 2

The following played for the 2nd XI: S. Brennan (capt.); A. Graham Munro; D. Beanland; J. Bull; R. Tudor; A. Martyn-Smith; M. Webb; T. Paton; M. Middlemist; D. White; T. Horton, C. Cannon; J. Portch; T. Evans; B. Hatchwell; A. White and M. Lewers.

## 3rd XI

Unfortunately our season, like that of many other teams, was heavily curtailed by the miserable weather. However, we did manage to play two of our five games.

In the first one we narrowly defeated Cheltenham College by three goals to two on an extremely soft surface. The second match was played on a surprisingly flat and hard pitch at Marlborough. It was a much closer game than the score - we lost by four goals to one - might indicate, but, as often seems to happen at Rendcomb, we threw the game away at the end, when we felt as though we could have salvaged a draw. The biggest problem was the inability of the halves, who played well when attacking, to mark opposing wingers, consequently leaving the defence exposed. The attack was quite impressive and looked dangerous at all times. Several players looked particularly useful, and perhaps special mention should be made of the efforts of Keith Winmill, Robin Webb and Chris Brealy.

Lastly, I would like to thank, on behalf of all those who played for the team, Messrs. Terrill and Holt who umpired the matches for us(!), and Mr. Essenhigh for his patience in practice games.

Team: M. Webb (capt.); K. Winmill; J. Archer; I. Smalley; K. Nunan; M. Lewers; J. Allen; J. Bull; R. Webb; C. Brealy; T. Burkham; T. Evans; P. Uglow; A. Graham-Munro.

Results:      v. Cheltenham College (A)    Won 3 - 2  
                 v. Marlborough (A)            Lost 1 - 4

M.A.R.W.

## Under 15 XI

Results:	v. King Edward's School, Bath (A)	Won 3 - 1*
	v. Marling School (H)	Cancelled
	v. King's School, Gloucester (A)	Lost 1 - 4*
	v. Cheltenham College 'B' (A)	Won 5 - 0
	v. Marlborough College 'B' (H)	Won 2 - 1
	v. Colston's School (H)	Lost 0 - 5
	v. Dean Close School (A)	Drawn 3 - 3*
	v. Bloxham School (H)	Cancelled

\* played on hard surfaces

The two cancellations out of eight fixtures do not reflect the lack of practice games at Rendcomb due to the frost and snow. The members of the team virtually had to use the six matches to iron out their faults and develop their skills. The forwards, ably led by their skilful captain, worked well together in setting up goals and the backs proved effective in their supporting role, if a little shaky in defence. Hawkswell turned out to be an aggressive and useful goalkeeper and Stroud, playing at centre half, strengthened the defence with his reliable interceptions. His steady play and mobility were definitely missed in the match against the Colston's team which had a very determined centre forward.

The following played: R. Evans (capt.), Townend, Pratt, Lee, Rollo, Knapp, Schreiber, Stroud, Dunwoody, Fewings, Martyn-Smith, Wilcox, Hammond, Daniels, Hawkeswell (goalkeeper), Paton, D. White, and T. Evans.

The last three were invited to make up a team at Bath when the majority of forms 4 and 4A were stricken by a virus.

C.J.W.

## Under 14 XI

For the third season running, we have had to contend with appalling weather conditions. In fact, this year has almost been a replica of 1978 with our own pitch unusable until after half term, by which time two away matches had been played.

We have some players of definite promise, but lack of practice as a team, plus the two main weaknesses of poor positional play and the inability to make long passes, has led to a rather dismal season. Nine matches were planned of which three were cancelled.

Results:	v. King Edward's, Bath (A)	Lost 0 - 4
	v. King's, Gloucester (A)	Won 3 - 2
	v. Cheltenham College Junior School (A)	Lost 1 - 2
	v. Marlborough College (H)	Drawn 3 - 3
	v. Colston's School (H)	Lost 0 - 2
	v. Dean Close School (A)	Lost 1 - 4

Team: S. Hazell (goalkeeper), Oliver, M. Archer, G. Breal, Powell, Palmer, R. Smith, D. Stewart, Woof (capt.), N. Freeman, M. Smith. The following also played for the team: B. Freeman, C. Hutton-Potts, N. Stewart, E. Wilcox.

K.G.T.

## Under 13 XI

This age group was again prevented by the weather from playing even a reasonable amount of hockey. They have, however, shown great enthusiasm and improved considerably on the few occasions when it was possible to play on grass.

Results:	v. Cheltenham College Junior School (A)	Won 4 - 1
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The following played: A. Paton (capt.), M. Uglow, A. Maslin, N. Green, S. Redman, R. Hayward, C. Fletcher, S. Westcott, T. Breal, D. Webb, A. Waddell.

W.J.D.W.

## Squash Rackets

### Christmas Term

Gloucestershire Under 19 League, Division One:

1st V v. Cheltenham College 1st V	Lost 1 - 4 (B. Knapp won at No. 4)
1st V v. Cirencester 'A'	Won 3 - 2 (R. Tudor, B. Knapp and J. H-Gotley won at nos. 3, 4 and 5)
1st V v. Stroud 'A'	Won 3 - 2 (R. Tudor, J. Sinclair and B. Knapp won at nos. 2, 4 and 5)
1st V v. Tewkesbury	Won 5 - 0

#### Division Three:

2nd V v. Cotswold Leisure Centre

Won 5 - 0 (J. Watson, S. Knapp, D. Rollo, M. Twinning, M. Smith all won 3 - 0).

2nd V v. Stroud 'B'

Won 5 - 0 (J. H-Gotley, S. Knapp, M. Twinning, D. Rollo, M. Smith all won).

2nd V v. Gloucester 'B'

Won 5 - 0 (J. Watson, S. Knapp, M. Twinning, D. Rollo, M. Smith all won).

#### Lent Term

##### Division One:

1st V v. Cirencester 'A'

Lost 2 - 3 (B. Knapp and D. Rollo won at nos. 2 and 5).

1st V v. Cheltenham College 1st V

Lost 0 - 5

1st V v Cheltenham College 2nd V

Won 4 - 1 (R. Tudor, J. H-Gotley, S. Knapp and M. Twinning won at nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4.)

1st V v. Stroud 'A'

Won 3 - 2 (J. H-Gotley, S. Knapp and M. Curtis-Hayward won at nos. 2, 3 and 5).

##### Division Two:

2nd V v. Cirencester 'B'

Lost 2 - 3 (M. Smith and T. Pratt won at nos. 4 and 5)

During the lent term it was unfortunate that the Gloucestershire league fixtures coincided with exeats, half-term and the last day of term. It proved impossible to rearrange the fixtures and consequently the 2nd V played only one match. However, with the co-operation of the players and their parents, the 1st V matches were played, two being won and two lost.

The teams were selected from a squad of twelve who played regularly and enthusiastically throughout the winter, and with all twelve returning next year the standard of squash played by the teams should continue to improve.

Individually the school was well represented at county level. Ben Knapp, at twelve, won the Gloucestershire under 14 championship for the third successive year. After Christmas Richard Tudor was introduced to the county under 19 team and now has the opportunity to consolidate his place. Simon Knapp and John Henniker-Gotley played for the county under 16 team throughout the season and Mark Smith, at the end of the term, played two matches for the Gloucestershire under 14 side.

## GIRLS' SPORT

### Netball

The bad weather, particularly in the lent term, seriously curtailed the number of netball matches played this year. Illness has also meant that only on a few occasions were we able to field teams up to full strength. Nevertheless, the season can be regarded as a successful one, both teams showing great spirit and achieving some commendable results.

Many thanks are owed to Mrs. Holdaway who always provides advice and loyal support.

S.M.C.

1st Team: Kitty Roberts, Victoria Powell, Elizabeth Adams, Sarah Culverwell, Joan Hecktermann, Sally Horne, Jane Ingleton-Bear.

2nd Team: Sarah Ratcliffe, Helen Packwood, Ondine Glanville, Deborah Harrison, Isobel Weeks, Jane Stephenson, Michaela Roberts.

Also played: Jennifer Watson, Kim Knight, Rebecca Rosengard, Louise Lomax.

I should like to congratulate Sarah Culverwell, the captain, on her good play and her enthusiastic leadership. She will be greatly missed next year.

C.A.H.

#### 1st Team Results:

	Winter Term	Spring Term
v. Dean Close	Lost 10 - 13	Lost 8 - 16
v. Hatherop Castle	Won 7 - 4	
v. St. Clotilde's Convent	Lost 9 - 10	
v. Cirencester School	Won 9 - 1	
v. Wycliffe	Won 6 - 4	
v. St. Clotilde's Convent	Lost 4 - 7	
v. Wycliffe	Won 9 - 7	
v. Hatherop Castle	Won 9 - 6	
v. O.R's	Won 8 - 6	

2nd Team Results:	Winter Term	Spring Term
v. Dean Close	Won 8 - 4	Won 11 - 10
v. St. Clotilde's Convent	Won 10 - 9	Lost 17 - 18
v. Wycliffe	Won 18 - 5	Lost 6 - 4
v. Hatherop Castle	Won 12 - 1	
v. Cirencester School	Lost 12 - 2	
v. St. Clotilde's Convent	Drew 12 - 12	
v. Wycliffe	Won 33 - 5	
v. Hatherop Castle	Won 8 - 2	

## Hockey 1st XI

Team: Elizabeth Adams (capt.), Helen Packwood (v. capt.), Sarah Culverwell, Penny Hooley, Carol Franklin, Victoria Powell, Kitty Roberts, Kim Knight, Sally Horne, Jenny Watson, Joan Hecktermann.

Results:

v. Hatherop Castle	Won 1 - 0
v. Marlborough College	Lost 6 - 0
v. Burford School	Lost 3 - 1
v. Cirencester School	Lost 3 - 1
v. St. Clotilde's Convent	Lost 2 - 0
v. Old Rendcombians (mixed match)	Won 6 - 0

Despite the bad weather the girls played several matches in the second half of the term. Although we only won one match everyone enjoyed playing and played with great enthusiasm. The team was rarely complete due to illness and many thanks are due to Louise Lomax and Ondine Glanville who willingly replaced the missing players and who also played very well. I would also like to thank Mrs. Holdaway, Mr. Dennis, Mr. Wood, Mr. Terrill and Mr. Essenhigh for all their help and support.

E.A.

We were all very sorry that Elizabeth Adams, the captain, was only able to play in two of the matches, because of illness. Thanks are due to her for her help and advice and also to Helen Packwood, the goal keeper, who took over the captaincy most efficiently.

C.A.H.

## Squash

The squash team has had a good season, despite illness. Standards of play seem to have steadily improved with competitive matches.

Many thanks to Mrs. Holdaway for her support and encouragement.

Team: Carol Franklin, Liz Adams, Kim Knight, Kitty Roberts and Jenny Watson.  
Sally Hussey has also played for the team during the year.

Results:

v. Cirencester Club	Lost 1 - 4
v. Cirencester School	Won 5 - 0
v. Marlborough	Won 3 - 2
v. St. Clotilde's Convent	Won 4 - 1
v. Cheltenham Ladies' College	Lost 2 - 3
v. Cirencester Club	Lost 1 - 4
v. Cheltenham Ladies' College	Won 4 - 1
v. Charlton Park	Won 4 - 1

C.F.

I should like to thank Carol Franklin for her help with the organisation of the matches.

C.A.H.

## OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES

### News of recent leavers:

Julie Alesworth	Royal Holloway College, History (1979)
Alun Bennett	Imperial College, Physics (1979)
Charlotte Bonardi	Clare College, Cambridge, Natural Sciences (1979)
Simon Buist	Bath University, Applied Biology
Graeme Connelly	Bristol University, Music
Bridget Cross	Secretarial Course
Kery-Jane Crowhurst	Exeter University, Chemical Engineering
Ian Cummings	Trinity College, Oxford, History (1979)
Anthony Flambard	Bristol Polytechnic, Accountancy (1979)
Deborah Harrison	Exeter University, Law (1979)
Sheila Greenfield	Sorbonne, Paris
William Henniker-Gotley	Brasenose College, Oxford, Natural Sciences (1979)
Colin Hitchcock	Reading University, Engineering
Penelope Jones	Nursing, Oxford
Jonathan McGill	Southampton University, Engineering
Graham Moore	Bath University, Biological Sciences
Ian Pengelly	St Andrew's University, German
Ileana Porras	Leeds University, Philosophy
Harriet Porter	Foundation Arts Course, Oxford Polytechnic
Danielle Shrimpton	Warwick University, Law
John Sinclair	Reading University, Law (1979)
Nigel Taylor	Training as a helicopter pilot
Christopher Troughton	Royal Veterinary College
Joseph Watson	St John's College, Cambridge, Natural Sciences (1979)
Alison White	Royal Holloway College, History
Guy Beattie	Sixth Form College, Windsor
Adrian Boon	With a furniture firm in Tewkesbury
James Duncumb	Cheltenham Technical College
William Edwards	Agricultural College
Allen Fidler	Naval Training College, Bath
Bill Knox	Swindon Technical College
Nicholas Marlow	Cheltenham Technical College
Roger Page	Filton Technical College
Edric Radford	Cirencester School
Jonathan Ratcliffe	Hotel Management
Jonathan Stafford-Mills	Comprehensive School in Chepstow
Julian Walters	Filton Technical College
Graham Adams	Farming
Timothy Parfit	University of Wales, History (1979)
Robin Swaine	Reading University, History and Politics (1979)
Peter Haynes	Birmingham University, Law (1979)
Duncan Clarke	Burford School
Anthony Reynolds	with a car sales firm

The newsletter will be sent out in April.

The next reunion will be on July 7th and will contain the main news of the society.

W.J.D.W.