

# THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE



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## **EDITORIAL**

IT is probably inevitable in any school that some pupils (not always the most talented) seem to do everything while others apparently do as little as possible. The former do not merely gain more from their schooldays but are, in general, happier and more satisfied people as a result of both effort and achievement.

The dichotomy is most sharply visible in a small school and it is sometimes sad to see those who expect Rendcomb to provide everything for them in the way of Meeting money, sports equipment, ample facilities, G.C.E. success as a passport to future prosperity, and so on, but take much of this for granted and contribute little in return. Rendcomb has so far avoided the trendy academic depredations and blackboard jungle chaos which undermine so many schools; it is worth remembering, in the bewildering variety and scepticism of our time, that there are seldom short cuts to personal fulfilment and the most rewarding results in *any* sphere, and that the shadow or vogue or image is all too easily mistaken nowadays for the substance, the permanent reality. Viscount Amory's reminder on Founder's Day that it is pointless to remove all problems and challenges and disciplines from school since this gives the individual a false, Utopian view of life is worth stressing even if it should be a self-evident truth.

Rarely does a school of this size see the simultaneous retirement of two such long-serving men as Mr. Fell and Mr. Telling. They had qualities in common: unfailing courtesy; a desire for unobtrusiveness; complete integrity; great loyalty to and affection for the community where they spent most of their working lives; and (more relevantly) a refusal to tolerate the shoddy, an insistence that a project must be carried through to its proper conclusion, that it was worth doing for its own sake. They are a living lesson to us all.

## MISCELLANEA

MR. J. B. FELL and Mr. W. TELLING retired at the end of the term after long service at the College. Our debt to them both is immeasurable and fuller appreciations appear in this issue. However, Mr. Fell, we are glad to learn, will be continuing to teach the Oxford and Cambridge scholarship candidates in the Upper Sixth next term before completely retiring. Mr. Telling is indeed 'like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings reigns' for he has been here during the times of all Rendcomb's four headmasters. We extend grateful thanks to both of them and our best wishes for future happiness.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Garvie has now taken over the post of matron on a permanent basis.

Founder's Day took place on June 23rd and probably a record number of visitors attended. The visiting speaker was Viscount Amory, former Minister of Agriculture and Chancellor of the Exchequer, who after his speech officially opened the new Sixth Form Boarding House, Park House. Further details appear later.

\* \* \* \*

The Easter Carol Service took place on Sunday, April 29th. The other main choral effort this term was a performance of Purcell's *King Arthur* on May 29th; a review appears in this issue.

Preachers this term have included the Headmaster; the Very Revd. A. G. G. Thurlow, Dean of Gloucester Cathedral; Brother Michael, from Marling Junior School; and the Ven. G. F. Hutchins, Archdeacon of Cheltenham.

This year's Junior Play, *See How They Run*, a Brian Rix-style farce by Philip King, took place on the evenings of July 4th and 5th. It is reviewed elsewhere.

\* \* \* \*

The only film this term was the Sir Laurence Olivier version of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* on April 28th.

Mrs. Holdaway took parties of Sixth Form girls to Sudely Castle on Sunday, April 29th, and to **Bristol on a shopping expedition on Saturday, June 16th** —

\* \* \* \*

Theatre parties this term have included a Sixth Form scientists' visit to see *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* at the Wyvern Theatre, Swindon; a Sixth Form party to Stratford to see *Romeo and Juliet*; a Fifth Form visit to the production of *Macbeth* at the National Theatre, London; a Fourth Form visit to *Richard II* at Stratford.

\* \* \* \*

On Thursday, May 10th, the stagemen and make-up assistants visited the TV Centre, London, and had a fascinating time being initiated into some of the mysteries which lie behind "that box!"

The whole of the Third Form went to the New Theatre, Oxford, on June 13th for a D'Oyly Carte production of *The Mikado*.

The Conservation Society offered a number of prizes in Cotswold schools for essays on conservation topics. Rendcomb sent six entries and we are pleased to report that all our entrants received awards, out of a total entry of 116. In the senior group, Philip Smith gained first prize, Ruth Beckett and Stephen Reason shared second prize, and Elaine Finney was awarded a consolation prize. In the intermediate group, Nigel Bradbury gained first prize, Robert Sherratt second prize. Congratulations to all.

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*

The college dance took place in the gymnasium on Saturday, June 30th .

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*

On Sunday, July 1st, a visit to the Falconry Centre at Newent took place, and on the same day the Junior House were hosts at a very successful swimming and sporting barbecue with Hatherop Castle School.

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*

On Friday, July 6th, Mr. Burden took a Fourth Form party on an energetic ramble in the Malvern Hills.

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*

The Second Form had their customary outing to see some mediaeval castles on the Welsh border.

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*

Members of the Third Form spent nights camping out on two different week-ends this term.

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*

About 40 boys went with Mr Thorne and Mr Holt to Dodington House, near Bath, on Sunday, June 3rd.

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*

18 boys and 3 girls spent three weeks in the U.S.A. during the Easter holidays. They stayed with American families in Burlington, Vermont and Montclair, New Jersey. Further details appear elsewhere in this issue.

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*

The Photographic Society has still failed to produce any work of real quality, and the exhibition on Founder's Day indicated the lack of ambition. However, the competition held later in the term brought out some more encouraging work: the first prize of £1-50 went to Chris Jones, and other prizes were won by Philip Graham and Gregory Dorey.

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*

The school's photographers had, in fact, a chance this term to see how painstaking a professional photographer has to be. During the last few days of term a large number of photos were taken for a new College prospectus — the last one was published in the mid-1960's since when the school has seen many significant innovations. To this end a variety of typical academic, social and sporting 'tableaux' were organised, ranging from climbing to a language lab scene, rugby to backstage make-up work, tennis to luncheon (cold meat!).

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*

Drawings for this issue are by Jonathan McGill (Form II), Jonathan Dixon (Form V), Brian Fisher, Nicholas Smith (Form IIIa), Susan Stanhope, Timothy Ingles (Form IVa) and Philip Smith. Photographs are by Gregory Dorey, Chris Jones and Angus Robertson. Many thanks to them all.

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*

We acknowledge receipt of the following contemporaries and apologise for any omissions :  
*The Bloxhamist; The Wycliffe Star; The Burfordian.*

## COLLEGE OFFICERS

Summer Term, 1973

*Senior Prefect*—G. Jordan

*Prefects*—D. Wiggall; J. Millard; D. Barling; J. Whiteside; C. Higgins; K. Underdown

*Librarians*—C. Partridge; G. Dorey; P. Lamphee; M. Findlay; C. Horton; N. Roberts;  
C. Mathias

*Church Ushers*—N. Roberts; C. Mathias; A. Otter

*Music Librarians*—C. Dendy; A. Wilson

*Bell Ringers*—J. Smith (Tower Captain); C. Horton; D. Pearce; J. Holloway; P. Curtis-Hayward;  
C. Bourne; K. Harmon; C. Hart; M. Hamer

*Senior Stagemen*—N. Hance; S. Bushell; R. Weston

*Stagemen*—N. Crowe; M. Denley; P. Sayers; B. Fisher; I. Taylor; J. Stupple; S. Hicks;  
T. Nicholas; J. Campbell; I. Read

*Notices Men*—C. Jones; C. Mathias

*Public Workman*—M. Findlay

*Photographic Secretary*—G. Dorey

*Photographic Editors*—C. Jones; J. Smith

*Cricket Captain*—D. Wiggall

*Tennis Captain*—G. Jordan

*Magazine Editors*—G. Dorey; M. Findlay; P. Lamphee

## MEETING OFFICERS

### **Summer Term** 1973

*Chairman*—G. Dorey  
*Secretary*—C. Brett  
*Council*—D. Wiggall, J. Whiteside; D. Barling; G. Dorey; N. Hance  
*M.A.C.*—G. Dorey; J. Millard; D. Wiggall  
*Meeting Banker*—D. Bell  
*Shop Banker*—B. Mann  
*Senior Shopman*—M. Findlay  
*Junior Shopman*—C. Findlay  
*Boys' Banker*—A. Jenkins  
*Entertainments Committee*—R. Ingles; D. Pearce; S. Stanhope  
*Nominations Committee*—C. Jones; D. Barling; N. Hance  
*Rule Committee*—S. Hennessy, B. Mann; T. Stroud  
*Paperman*—P. W. Smith  
*Breakages Man*—T. Ingles  
*Record Warden*—N. Roberts  
*Cycle Committee*—A. Medhurst; P. Millard; J. Campbell  
*Food Committee*—N. Powell; W. Hall; K. Harmon  
*Table Tennis Committee*—S. Pendell; M. Griffiths  
*Amplifier Technicians*—J. Scawin, N. Powell  
*Junior Advocate*—C. Brett  
*Cricket Wardens*—P. Walton, M. Griffiths, J. Stupple  
*O.S. Rugby Warden*—P. Gready  
*O.S. Hockey Warden*—R. Thomson  
*Tennis Wardens*—T. Longworth; R. Barrett  
*Badminton and Squash Warden*—P. Rose  
*Billiards Committee*—A. Jenkins; D. Pearce; S. Bushell  
*Broom Warden*—P. Everatt  
*Furniture Man*—R. Weston  
*Meeting Editor*—C. Horton  
*Film Committee*—N. Roberts; M. Findlay  
*Dance Committee*—S. Bushell; M. Findlay; D. Shield; N. Hance; C. Higgins

## MEETING NOTES

MEETINGS this term have been few and brief and the sole important business until 7th July was the purchase of leaving presents for Mr. Fell and Mr. Telling, a watch and a radio being bought respectively.

Because of the Meeting's financial state and the use of irresponsible voting by the Fifth Form, the constitution of the Meeting needed altering. Under the new system, the Sixth Form formed an assembly, with the Fifth Form meeting in the summer as a separate lower house. This proposal was passed unanimously.

Thanks are due to the chairman for his valiant efforts to direct the Meeting and make the secretary aware of her duties.

R.I.

## Mr. J. B. FELL

IN 1932 Lee-Browne was appointed Headmaster of Rendcomb in the face of distinguished opposition. It was natural that he should seek the aid of his own old college, Emmanuel College, Cambridge, when it came to choosing a new physics master. Talking to other men on the staff one evening he said, "I've taken a nice young chap from 'Emma,' I thought he would do for a bit anyway." The 'nice young chap' when he arrived proved rather retiring but possessed of marked force of character and a first-class degree.

There was not much science at Rendcomb then and a single "general lab" provided all the accommodation. There was much to create. Jack Fell, however, soon earned the respect of his pupils, as the appended letter from Arnold Brain shows. Then came the war and Jack disappeared and soon we began to hear, indirectly, of his distinguished war record. He became radar adviser to the RAF Delegation in Washington and a Wing Commander. Later his services were recognised by the award of the M.B.E. When he returned to Rendcomb it was as a married man, for he had married Vera Delves, a Flight Officer in the WAAF at Washington. They returned to a flat in the stable block and Jack began the task of building a science side at Rendcomb. It was a difficult task for there was at that time no money. But no man was better able to make bricks without straw than Jack Fell.

His wartime experiences and his knowledge of scientific materials for disposal after the war helped greatly as Walters' letter shows. Starting with the construction of the VIth Form labs he began a process which eventually took over almost the whole of the stable yard. In the earlier stages practically all the work involved the benches and tables, the drains, the plumbing and gas fitting, was done by the boys under his supervision in P.W. time or at the end of public examinations in the summer term. In 1957 the Industrial Fund for the Advancement of Scientific Education in Schools, in spite of its declared intention to give no grants to schools of below 250 pupils, broke its rule and gave Rendcomb a grant in recognition of the work that had been done by the school itself. Among his heavier commitments in later years was the establishment and maintenance of an electronics room.

Although Jack must be thought of chiefly as the creator of Rendcomb science, he was wider in his interests than this might imply. For many years he ran the Public Work and in this position supervised and planned many changes.

On the retirement of J. C. James in 1969, Jack was appointed Second Master. By deliberate policy the work of the Second Master was reduced by greater delegation. This, however, did not give the anticipated relief, for the rapid development of the school brought a host of new problems for him to solve—his last years here therefore were by no means easy.

No account would be complete without mention of Vera Fell and the generous hospitality that she and Jack have extended to staff and boys over the years. It is good to think that they will continue to live in Rendcomb at Wilderness House where they brought up their family. J.C.J.

JACK FELL came to Rendcomb in September 1934, straight from University. Sixth forms in those days were, for one reason or another, very small and I and another (whose name escapes me) had his sole attention for many hours in the newly converted Stable Block as we strove to prepare for our Higher School Certificate Examinations. Although his youthful appearance must have made it difficult for a visitor to distinguish between master and pupil, we respected him and, being reasonably diligent as well, he had an easier introduction to Sixth Form teaching than most. I like to think,

therefore, that I played a part in influencing him to remain at Rendcomb, apart from War Service, during the whole of his teaching career.

Jack's interests at that time were concentrated on his teaching and for want of a better term 'handicrafts,' which activity I'm sure he is looking forward to during his years of retirement. His interests did not really cover sport (unlike myself) and even in those days of compulsory games he often seemed to be the one least enjoying the exercise.

I suppose I can claim that as fellow-workers we were friendly disposed to one another, later to be converted into a friendship which, despite 35 intervening years and only occasional meetings, has been maintained. Whilst at school he invited me to accompany him on a 10-day cycling tour during an Easter holiday; I greatly enjoyed it and still treasure the copies of the photographs that he took. And in more recent years his home (or rather their home since Jack came back from his war service with his attractive, equally competent and home-loving wife, Vera) has always been a port of call when in the vicinity.

I would not wish to end these few words without paying a tribute to the standards of honesty and behaviour that he observed and induced in one pupil at least. Recent events illustrate the need for people in authority to have such high standards which can only come by education and example; Jack's achievement for Rendcomb scholars in that respect are no less important, I suspect, than those shown on the Honours Board.

A. E. BRAIN (Rendcomb 1929-37)

DURING the latter war years Rendcomb tended to become somewhat of a static and introspective community. Once started, however, changes appeared to be rapid and sweeping.

Not the least of these changes occurred among the teaching staff, characterised by the departure of such pillars of the establishment as Messrs. A. G. Richards and E. G. Neale. In such a setting a very lively interest was taken in the necessary replacements.

Mr. Fell's return to Rendcomb, after a distinguished career in the R.A.F., was bound therefore to make a big impression, particularly on fifth and sixth formers with an inclination towards scientific subjects.

At this time, knowledge of wartime advances in science and technology was becoming available to the public, albeit in a somewhat garbled manner, for the first time. The lucid explanations that Mr. Fell was able to give, of such diverse subjects as radar and atomic energy, were particularly valuable and will always remain fresh in the memories of sixth formers of this period.

Nor was this expertise restricted to the purely theoretical aspects. An almost unique knowledge of the equipments that were just then becoming available as Government surplus, enabled bargain price replacement of much laboratory apparatus to be undertaken.

Units and components so obtained played their part in many an inspired piece of home-made experimental apparatus. Two items which spring to mind were the delightfully simple Cloud Chamber, and the spectacular Tesla coil which, if operated today, would probably obliterate television reception over much of North Gloucestershire.

Many contributions, outside the field of science teaching, will be remembered from this period. Notably, Mr. Fell's involvement in the area of "Public Work" brought a sense of organisation and purpose to this range of activities, and "non-cricketing" became an accepted and almost respectable life form.

It would be possible to continue in the above vein for some time, since Mr. and Mrs. Fell's contributions to the life of the College extended over a wide range of activity and a variety of interests, the above highlights of one particular period being culled from the memories of a few of the individuals involved.

However, I am sure that all Rendcombians, past and present, would like to join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Fell a very full and happy retirement.

T. T. WALTERS (Rendcomb 1940-49)

\*

WHEN I entered the sixth form eleven years ago, J. B. Fell was teaching not only Physics but also Chemistry—a subject in which Rendcomb then offered no 'O'-level course. It is a measure of his abilities as a teacher that he could bring his pupils from scratch to 'A'-level in two years, and some of them—successfully—to Oxbridge scholarships in both subjects.

His teaching was distinguished by more than examination success. "Boff " was renowned for his knowledge of and uncompromisingly serious and rigorous approach to science. We soon found that there was to be no glossing over difficulties, no fudging of results; we were there to learn, not how to play games with examiners, but how to do real scientific work. I learnt this when he returned my first Physics practical—which I thought had an impressive write-up—with the comment "quite inadequate interpretation" and a page of very pertinent criticism.

Characteristically he insisted on the overwhelming importance of practical work. One consequence of this was his policy of the "open laboratory," encouraging us to do far more than is possible at most schools. Nor was this to be mere cook-book stuff—we were expected to show initiative; anyone who complained that the laboratory did not have a certain piece of equipment he needed was likely to be told abruptly "Then make one!"

He put great emphasis on the cultivation of self-discipline, and though he was in on sense a disciplinarian, he was universally respected; no-one lightly risked even the mildest of his reproaches. He expected, and normally got, the maximum of effort out of his pupils. In return we could be sure of a warmly sympathetic concern for our lives, as we discovered over Sunday lunches with his family.

Not for him the frenetic ritual of the rugger field; his values were a quiet strength of character, honesty with oneself, and seriousness of purpose. From this stemmed his unique contribution to Rendcomb, and to the education of the many old boys who still remember him with gratitude and affection.

M. E. STUBBS (Rendcomb 1958-65).



Jack and Vera Fell

*[Photographs by Peter Reason]*



## Mr. W. TELLING

WHEN I first came to Rendcomb in 1934, I found Walter Telling so firmly established in control of the buildings and grounds that it came as a considerable surprise to find that he had only preceded me by four years. On arrival I was advised to ask Walter for any information I wanted about either the College or the village. This was sound advice then: how much more so after nearly forty more years.

Mr. Telling served in the R.A.F. from 1920 to 1927 and then held several temporary posts before joining the College in 1930. He has been with us ever since, apart from this return to the R.A.F. for war service between 1940 and 1945. It is difficult to do him justice in a brief summary of the many responsibilities which have come his way. He has always been in charge of the running of the College water, heating and electrical services; in the early years this included maintenance of our own generating plant. Outside the buildings, he was responsible for many years for the routine maintenance of the playing fields and also ran the College gardens, which at that time kept us largely self-sufficient in vegetables.

During his career, the Headmaster and Governors have come increasingly to value his impartial advice on new developments at the planning stage and to depend on him to exercise a general supervision over the activities of the numerous firms of builders and tradesmen employed on maintenance and extension work. This aspect of his responsibilities has become very much more important during the large expansion programme of recent years. A competent engineer and electrician himself, he has a wide knowledge of many sides of the building trade and has never tolerated poor workmanship. Firms who have tried have found to their cost that they could not get away with the use of inferior materials or electrical wiring systems departing from specification. In all these duties Walter has given freely of his time, and the concept of normal working hours has played little part in his life.

On the more personal side, we shall remember the readiness with which he has always found time to help any of us having problems with domestic water or electrical installations or with reluctant motor cars.

In the village also, Walter has played a full part in the life of the community, dating from the early days of the Village Hut Committee, and is a Parish Councillor of many years standing. A light-hearted memory of the respect in which he has always been held in the village is that he was judged the most reliable custodian of the barrel of beer imported for the Coronation celebrations in 1953.

To Mrs. Telling also we are grateful for the many occasions over the years when she has given her help, both in the College and in the village. We wish them both a long and happy retirement.

J.B.F.

## MUSIC

ON 29th April an Easter Carol Service replaced the usual service.

Anthems sung this term have been:

|           |                         |                       |
|-----------|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 13th May  | The Strife Is O'er ..   | <i>H. Ley</i>         |
| 20th May  | Lead Me, Lord - -       | <i>S. S. Wesley</i>   |
| 3rd June  | O King Most High ..     | <i>R. Wagner</i>      |
| Toth June | If Ye Love Me - -       | <i>T. Tanis</i>       |
| 17th June | Hymn To The Trinity     | <i>P. Tchaikovsky</i> |
| 1st July  | The Heavens Are Telling | <i>J. Haydn</i>       |

Stuart Honeyball was organist on 20th May, and the College Orchestra accompanied the singing on 29th April and 1st July. J.w.



## PURCELL'S "KING ARTHUR"

FOR their concert on May loth, the College Choir performed Purcell's "King Arthur." This collection of incidental music which Purcell wrote for Dryden's play is not easy material to make into an audience-gripping concert and John Willson took some risks by giving us an over-long selection of orchestral material as an overture and by taking some of the songs, including "Fairest Isle," at very slow (though doubtless authentic) speeds. But the day was won, partly by the beguiling quality of Purcell's music and partly by a generally taut and vigorous performance.

The choir, grouped in a horseshoe shape around the orchestra, sang accurately, with good intonation and dynamics. The bass and tenor tone, often a problem in school choirs, was well above average. The singers responded closely to Mr. Willson's able direction (conducting from the harpsichord)—though as so often happens the effect was slightly spoiled by a few not watching. I was not happy about the pronunciation of 'have' as harve ' and 'sacrifice' as `sacrifice ' . A little engineering would have been an advantage, providing platforms which would raise the back rows up so that they could see and be seen. Several solo voices, representing Saxon priests, emerged with good musical sound from the limbo of the back rows. Other members of the choir could turn themselves at will into orchestral players. Martin Griffiths, Nigel Taylor and Graeme Connelly produced recorders and played delightfully in their accompaniment to Aeolus, and Bruce Mann emerged from time to time to give us some timpani noises — very satisfactory.

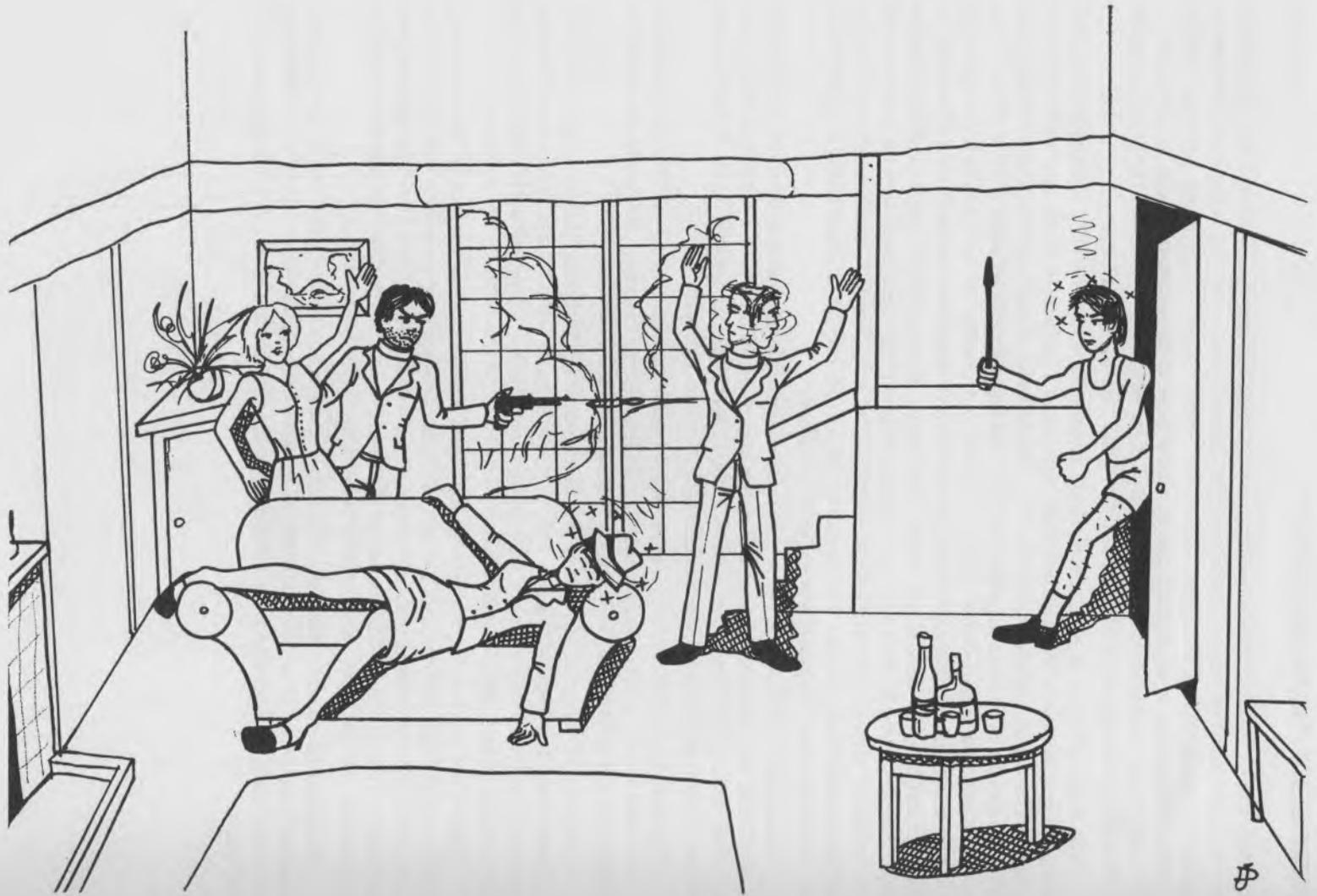
The orchestra (not boys) played very well and one was reminded what an asset it is that Kenneth Moore (leader and first violin) has moved to our part of the world after his career with the L.S.O. and other leading orchestras. The difficult trumpet part in the Symphony in Act V was managed well and both trumpets contributed effectively to the tutti passages.

The leading treble soloist was Jonathan McGill and it was his first song as Philidel, accompanied by nice oboe sounds, which first for me set a light to the performance. He would, no doubt, be welcomed into any cathedral choir and his singing gave great pleasure.

Another high spot was the duet of two shepherdesses, "Shepherd, Shepherd, leave decoying" by Simon Buist and Hamish Wilson. This pair of singers, so different in appearance and manner, were excellently matched and sang with delicacy and verve. They reappeared with equal effect later in their Sirens' duet, though this time somewhat overshadowed by the continuo.

There is not much in the work for an alto soloist but the small part was more than adequately contributed by Nigel Taylor. Mr. Richard Fry sang the tenor solos sensitively and musically, but his voice needs to settle down as at present there is rather too marked a break into the upper register. The bass was Mr. Barrie Thompson, always a pleasure to hear and particularly effective in the Cold Genius duet. He scaled his voice down carefully to match his fellow singers.

Altogether an enjoyable evening. As an outsider and a newcomer my impression was that more could have been done to heighten the sense of occasion. The old cast-iron conservatory is charming and would have responded to some more conspicuous flowers and some extra lighting among the roof beams.



## "SEE HOW THEY RUN"

THE JUNIOR PLAY was performed on Wednesday, 4th and Thursday, 5th July. *See How They Run* is a farce, by Philip King, about a village community during the Second World War and the action centres on the vicarage, which is disrupted by the arrival of an old acquaintance of the vicar's somewhat unconventional wife, Mrs. Toop, and then the escaping of a German prisoner.

*Cast, in order of appearance:*

|                                    |                    |
|------------------------------------|--------------------|
| <i>Ida, a maid ..</i>              | NICHOLAS LONGWORTH |
| <i>Miss Skillon .. ..</i>          | SIMON FEAR         |
| <i>The Revd. Lionel Toop</i>       | KEVIN BARRACLOUGH  |
| <i>Penelope Toop, his wife ..</i>  | STUART SMITH       |
| <i>Lance Corporal Clive Winton</i> | JOHN FALCONER      |
| <i>The Intruder .. ..</i>          | JEREMY STUPPLE     |
| <i>The Bishop of Lax - - ..</i>    | PHILIP LYONS       |
| <i>The Revd. Arthur Humphrey</i>   | BRENDAN HALL       |
| <i>Sergeant Towers .. ..</i>       | RODERICK THOMSON   |

Keven Barraclough portrayed the Vicar outstandingly, and obviously enjoyed playing the role, even though it entailed moving about the stage in his underpants ! His wife, Penelope, played by Stuart Smith, had all the grace and charm of a young actress; a difficulty under the circumstances. Nicholas Longworth provided a pretty but rather forthcoming young maid, as the Lance Corporal (John Falconer) soon discovered.

Simon Fear, as Miss Skillon, certainly looked the part of the prudish village busybody who soon mellowed under the influence of the cooking sherry. Jeremy Stupple, playing the small but significant part of the German escapee, was very convincing. Philip Lyons acted the cool Bishop in a suitably pious manner, though this was somewhat diminished during the confrontation with the Revd. Toop. Brendan Hall, as the Revd. Humphrey, entered the play with the bemusement befitting the part. Sergeant Towers concluded the play in a typically brisk, military fashion.

The whole play was acted enthusiastically and well by all and the audience certainly appreciated its lively pace and humour.

The set was tastefully made and arranged by the stagemen under the supervision of Stephen Bushell and Robert Weston. The junior props men proved a great help to Mr. Thorne and Mr. Burden in the stage design. Mrs. Thorne once again gave her invaluable help along with the make-up assistants. The costumes were provided by Mrs. Garvie, who devoted much of her time to making them. Both prompter and sound effects gave much time up to their somewhat unrewarding jobs and Ian Taylor provided effective lighting. The whole play was a tremendous success under the direction of Mr. Holt, particularly considering it came so soon after a week of school exams with the attendant rehearsal difficulties. S.H and E.F.

## CLIMBING NOTES

THE five boys going to Norway in July continued their training in the Scottish Highlands at Easter. After a relatively mild winter the weather turned vicious in April and several days in Glen Torridon were spent sitting out blizzards. We had three fine and successful days, though, the best of which enabled us to traverse the Cam Mor Dearg Arete and Ben Nevis in testing conditions.

Generally excellent weekend weather during this term has encouraged a record number of boys to visit Wyntour's Leap and complete harder climbs than have been tackled previously.

## GARDENING NOTES

THE usual display of indoor bulbs in February was followed by a fine show of daffodils and narcissi around the grounds in Spring; those along the Church Wall were in bloom from mid-March until late April.

Antirrhinums, asters and petunias were planted in the formal flower beds in May; in the urns on the terrace there are a number of new varieties of geraniums, grown from cuttings given by people in the village. Both floribunda and climbing roses have done well this season, after severe pruning during the winter; on the terraces and at the Old Rectory 'Albertine,' 'Emily Gray' and 'Super Star' have grown vigorously and have produced a mass of blooming unspoilt by disease or aphids.

The gardens have looked particularly attractive this summer, largely due to the hard work done by the two groups of gardeners on Tuesdays and Wednesdays led by Clive Mathias. They have achieved a high standard of work whether in routine maintenance or in the more interesting aspects of gardening such as planting out or pruning, and I am very grateful for their efforts to maintain a now established Rendcomb tradition.

WJDW

# Founder's Day

## THE HEADMASTER'S SPEECH

MR. CHAIRMAN, Lord Amory, my Lords, ladies and gentlemen . . .

About three days ago you may have seen a leading article in *The Times* entitled "The Doom of the Public Schools." In fact, when you read the article, it was not quite so threatening as it appeared, but this doom has been echoing around for many years now. I have nothing new to add to the great debate about education, but perhaps it is worth making a few comments before I go on to review the past year.

As always, the extremists gain all the publicity. There are those who wish to deschool society altogether and towards the end of a long term this certainly has its appeal—to masters no less than to boys—but I think most of us would not go quite as far as that. Others would abolish the independent schools by legislation, thus denying the rights of all parents stated in the Education Act 1944 and recognised in every country of the European Community which we have just joined. The reason given for this action is not an educational one, it is that these schools are socially divisive. The idea is often exaggerated for political purposes, but whatever truth it may have generally, I am thankful to say that at Rendcomb—as was the Founder's intention—it has no place. More insidious are proposals which would lower academic standards under the guise of equality for all. Of course, not all these plans are wrong-headed or impracticable. I welcome the new proposals to broaden the range of VIth form studies provided that intelligent boys and girls still have the chance, in some subjects, of working to the limit of their ability.

I have no wish to decry other kinds of education, many of which are admirable. I prefer to say what we believe in here and let the school be judged on its record.

Firstly, we have a high regard for ability and scholarship, but an equally high regard for hard work at any level, and we value creative interests of all kinds, the effort that goes into them as well as the results.

One clear indication of this is that on Founder's Day, unlike most other schools, we have no prize-giving. It is very pleasant for the clever and successful to march up to the platform for their accolade, but isn't it rather superfluous to reward those who already have so much?

You may remember in 'Alice in Wonderland' how, when the animals emerged from the pool of tears, they ran about to dry themselves. At the end of this Caucus race they asked the Dodo who had won. "Everybody has won," it replied, "and all must have prizes."

The prizes here may be intangible, but they are none the less real; they are the reward which anyone may feel at work well done, whether it is gaining a hard won 'O' level or a scholarship to Oxford, completing a fine piece of sculpture or singing an anthem, gaining a judo belt or making a table lamp.

And what else besides all this achievement?

I was asked by an inquirer during the year whether we went in for character building. It is a rather quaint notion that the school should be following a blueprint or master plan and putting people together into some pre-determined shape.

The only person who can build a character — if we are to use that metaphor — is the person himself, and we, in close co-operation with you, the parents, can only provide a framework within which this can be done—the scaffolding if you like. There is no Rendcomb product. The idea is objectionable. What I would hope is that boys and girls here should learn from living and working

together the meaning of independence, of determination, of tolerance, and of human understanding, and that in addition to becoming useful members of a society they may become more themselves.

We all believe in independent education, or we should not be here. We all agree that parents should have the opportunity to buy an education for their child in preference to buying a Rolls Royce, though I should like to point out in passing that for the price of a 1973 model you can educate 131 daughters at Rendcomb. School fees seem high, of course, but it is broadly true that you get what you pay for (indeed with our generous endowment you get more than you pay for) and school fees have risen less than many other things over the years. They also offer better value for money than they have ever done.

When I look back to my school days I remember doing a certain amount of work and enjoying quite a lot of sport. But music? It went on, but it went on a long way from me. Art? There was an art room, but it was tucked away up some staircase. Woodwork? I think there were two boys in my House of sixty or seventy who headed off towards the carpentry shop—little known and little regarded.

You will realise that I am going on to point the contrast here and mention some of the enjoyable things of the year.

Anyone who heard our performance of Haydn's "The Seasons" in Cirencester Church, or Purcell's "King Arthur" earlier this term, will understand the place that music holds in the school. In addition to the main choral works and beautifully sung Church music, the Orchestra is growing in size and in the range of works which it can tackle, and we are extending the music rooms to cope with the increased demand.

In Drama, a memorable production of "A Man for all Seasons" last December is being followed at the end of the this term by a Junior Play in rather lighter vein which I am sure will give as much pleasure as last year's did.

A look round the exhibitions of Art and Woodwork will convince you more than any words that I can say of the range of imagination and quality which so impress every parent I show round.

An added interest this year are the Science Exhibitions which give you some idea of the lively work that goes on. They have taken a great deal of time to prepare and I very much hope you will go and see them.

Now a word about the school sport. The rugby has been so successful in recent years that we have upgraded our fixture list to include the 1st XV's of schools considerably larger than ourselves. This has inevitably meant tougher matches, but we had a good season and we start the coming year with many of last year's players. Our vaccination against 'flu in the Lent term proved less effective than we had hoped, but a dry Spring produced an excellent hockey season which everyone enjoyed. Finally, to crown the year, the best cricket team we have had for many years, undefeated so far, and relying for its strength on all the skills reaching right through the team, pace and spin bowling, aggressive batting and excellent fielding.

I have no time to speak of all the other sports : the judo, climbing, squash, tennis, volleyball and so on. I would only mention the swimming which last year was virtually eliminated by the weather and this year has given so much enjoyment. It goes without saying that prowess at sport doesn't just drop into our lap. It has to be worked for and I would like to commend the spirit of our teams and the skilled coaching which they receive.

Last of all these activities I come to the most important thing — the academic work of the school. 'O' and 'A' level results were very respectable, and there were some distinguished performances. We gained one Open scholarship, two places at Oxford and one place at Cambridge. We do not neglect other Universities, in fact we gained seven places at them, but I am sure it is right for those with sufficient ability to aim at the top. Most boys who do stay on for that one term find it

## BEGINNING OF THE END

Paul Rose (Form V)

Across the meadow the bird fluttered  
Wind ruffled his feathers  
Sun glared in his eyes  
Across the meadow the gun fluttered  
Shot ruffled his feathers  
Explosion glared in his eyes  
Across the meadow nothing fluttered.

In the kitchen the cooking pot boiled  
Bird for their supper  
Succulent and tasty  
In the kitchen the hydrogen bomb fell  
War was their supper  
Murderous and greedy  
In the kitchen the whole world was still.

In the cosmos nature sang a love song  
Farmer sang the tenor part  
Motorways the bass  
In the cosmos, conflict ravished nature  
Concrete fought with tulip  
Exhausts with pleasant breezes  
In the cosmos, the cosmos choked.

## SLEEPY SHORES

Philip Smith

Upon the shady bank she lay,  
Around her toes the steel cans clawed:  
The roar of a passing diesel  
Drowned her tender words.  
I stroked her hand  
And smelt her perfumed hair  
Through stinking, swirling  
Sulphur clouds;  
And whispered hot endearments in her ear.  
She gasped, I gasped,  
And together we savoured  
A passing tendril of near-pure air.  
Our lips collided  
Whilst overhead the screaming seagulls  
Choked:  
We would then have made love  
But were surprised by a passing  
Bulldozer.

## THE SCULPTURE

Alisdair Wilson (Form IVa)

That bony, iron-made masterpiece,  
Such a confusion and shuffle.  
People came far and wide  
To see the incredible thing.  
A vicar came sauntering down  
One day, to see the beast;  
He came with his brolly,  
And his dog collar too,  
To see this wonderful folly.  
And he said, "Ah yes, Number thirty-nine,  
Amiable Bottomless Thing.  
Amiable Bottomless Thing?"  
He said questioningly.  
"Well," he said,  
"I suppose he knows best,"  
And then he walked away to the next object!  
Along came a commoner,  
(He wasn't a vicar)  
To see the incredible thing.  
And he said to himself,  
"Cor, what on earth may this blessed thing be?"  
But he could not think.  
So he stuck out his stomach  
And he stroked his chin.  
Half-an-hour went by without a  
Squeak from that man,  
Who could not pull **out** more than—  
"A Thing."

## OLD MAN

Timothy Wormleighton (Form Ma)

The scared, feeble old man  
Totters through the towering gates,  
Cautiously peers into a cage,  
And stands back, mouth wide agape.

A gorilla he sees,  
As a huge, fierce wrestler,  
Pounding the corner of the ring,  
Foam coming from fearsome mouth.

The next a sleek python,  
He sees as a crafty,  
Slimy, oily-haired, rich old man,  
Greedy snapping up loot.

He then spots the monkeys,  
Chattering amongst the trees,  
Just like gossiping old women,  
At a tea-garden party.

Now come the croaking frogs,  
Flickering around the pond,  
Just like old men round a chess board,  
Deciding how to make their moves.

Nearby, the bleats of lambs,  
As they frolic in the sun,  
So innocent yet close to death,  
Like the children he's just killed.

## 2021: A SHAPE ODYSSEY

Nicholas Longworth (Form IVa)

Weird shapes from outer space  
Have invaded our green planet.  
Circles, and carved oak panelling!  
I think that's what they call them,  
Those shapes from planetoid 32.  
Do I recall hearing of such absurd phenomena  
In Computer History Cassette 904?  
Something also of a 'queen',  
Whatever type of female that might be,  
In whose life expenditure period  
This type of shape did flourish.  
But I fail to see how these  
Uncultured, anti-governmental shapes  
Can last many rounds against the might of  
The society-backed, 'family' shape;  
The square!  
And even if some people prefer it,  
They will bring in the Republican Guard  
To quell it before it reproduces itself  
In some poor misguided person's mind.

## ZEITGEIST

Chris Higgins

The dew is falling down  
Like flowers on my head,  
I'd like to kiss a rainbow  
And take it home to bed.

# OLD MAN AT A GARDEN PARTY

Phillip Lamphee (Form V)

Peaches and dandelions,  
Blurred, tired grass/spiralling sky,  
Sun at the end of a gun-barrel-blue tunnel.  
Cascading swallows/whirling flies—  
Limp flowers.  
My eyes wither.

Flies wander my body—  
One rasps at my right eyelid.  
(Quiet voices roar in my head, and a worried woman's perfume clogs my mind.  
A distant ambulance screams with laughter.)

Cool steel sheets caress my tired skin, and  
My eyes yawn, clear but stale.  
The faint cackling of a radio,  
Snores, grating at my peace,  
The drowsy sigh of urine in a bed-pan,  
The squelch of a mattress,  
Rustling of old blankets  
A busy shadow scurries over me, stifling yawns, and sending blinds crashing to the ceiling.  
Summer floods across my face, tweaking my eyelids.  
A hand strokes my wrinkled forehead.  
"Feeling better?"  
A bee crashes against a window,  
The sun goes behind a cloud.  
"A little."  
Respectful shuffle-cough.  
"Your car is outside, sir."  
Diary  
Focus  
Date  
Tea party  
Speeches  
Champagne  
Butlers  
Diamonds round pink, fat necks-  
"Hold it a minute—  
Lovely—  
..... smile?"  
I drag my mind from the pillow,  
And wrap my camera case  
Around me.  
The sun reappeared, smug.

## TRUTH IN A SHELL

**Gregory Dorey**

*This poem is the sequel to "Cogitatus on a Cloud," previously published in "THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE."*

The elephant sat in the club, sipping a gin and soda.  
Across the heads (of the empty drums)  
His eye wandered, until,  
In a corner he saw the penguin.  
Sitting.  
Moping.  
Crossing, his voice broke through the penguin's mind  
Seeking.  
The penguin, suffering from unrequited love and melted ice creams,  
Dealt a sharp rebuff  
To the kindly creature.

In the club, amongst the notes of trumpets,  
Ran waiters serving drinks, and tea, and crumpets.

The penguin stood up,  
Left the club, the induced mist of tobacco, cigars,  
Stood on the pavement.  
Outline blurred.

The eagle turned his back  
On London.  
Headed for the hills.

## WONDERFUL DAY

**Gregory Dorey**

BRIGHT June sun .. morning. Dark green-leafed trees drowsily sway. Birds awaken; a middle-aged balding representative of suburbia traverses the park paths. Sparkling white shorts, red-white-blue trackshoes, revolting banana-yellow sweatshirt. Running down a gravel path, turning, shadow boxing, small stones spurt-jump from under his tidy heels. A nice man.

Elvis woke. Fingers push aside black-and-white grubby newsprint; seat in public gazebo creaks. Stares wonder-puzzled. Eyes meet, shadowy, puzzled, furtive, embarrassed. And the nice man slows to a walk, passes, moves beyond life. A meeting. One meeting.

Bright sun causes restless sleeplessness. Elvis wanders onto a bridge, stretches; fullfulness on a new morning. The breeze carries a strange effluvia to the noses of the watchers. If there were any watchers. But there are no watchers. So it does not. Elvis hackcoughed, bittertasted, spat. Noted with satisfaction it had hit and startled a swan. And moved off, towards a glowing orb.

## OASIS

"Cor Anglais"

Beyond, the sands blow closer,  
Edging over the tired and hopeless scrub.  
We look out despondent, gnawed by certainty,  
Hoping only that it will not be in our time.

The lush green church-yard, guarded by its yews,  
Shelters the heedless chiff-chaff, nuthatch, coal-tit, wren,  
Flittering and chattering among the gentle tombs.

Desperate vandals, crowded in towns like litters of rats,  
Hack at the Norman font with knives,  
Lovingly carved nine hundred years since:  
Perhaps (with luck) it will last our lifetime.

Articulated trucks thunder along the valley, and  
Every now and then (more often now)  
Come screams of tyres, and crack, and more screams . . . .  
They'll have to widen the road;  
They'll have to straighten the river,  
Where the ox-bow cradles the moorhens' nests.  
(You know, where the cattle find the shade  
Of the great elms in the summer sun.)  
The elms will have to go, of course,  
But they *are* a hazard to the traffic,  
With their great dead branches.

Close the lodge gates, mind, on the summer Bank Holiday;  
The dunes, like grawing rats, creep up to our oasis.

## MYSTERIES

Jonathan Portch (Form I)

WHAT is a mystery? What would you describe a mystery as? A mystery is a mystery, but what is a mystery? A mystery is a puzzle with a missing piece. A mystery is a chain with a missing link. A mystery is a set where an element is missing. A mystery is an unknown thing, a thing which nobody knows much about. Like a murder with little evidence or a disease with little apparent reason.

The Oxford Dictionary says :

"Mystery, a revealed religious truth, especially one beyond human intelligence; symbolic rite; secret religious rite of Ancient Greece, Rome and company; miracle-play; inexplicable affair; a secret; airs of secrecy; obscurity (it's all a mystery to me; make a mystery of; keep ostentatiously secret; wrapt in mystery). Mystery ship, warship disguised as a tramp steamer to decoy submarines in the Great War."

In short a mystery is a mystery.



## LONELINESS

Philip Lyons (Form IVa)

As the clock chimed six  
I stirred  
And arose from  
The cobbled, cart-track road,  
All stiff and twisted.  
I brushed the dust off my cap  
And reseated it on my head,  
To crown the glory that was me—  
That elegant charmer—  
In a life of-  
Moustaches and shirt tails,  
Diamonds and ear-rings.  
All day long  
I would fish  
With society bait—  
Greeting the ladies  
With a smile  
That would stretch,  
On a sunny day,  
Down the whole of Park Lane.

Those glittering chandeliers,  
All gold and flame,  
Used to waltz  
In the cool, evening breeze  
Until dark and chilly  
Became the night,  
And until the sound of warm chatter  
Filled the halls.

But now the flames are extinguished  
And I have been left to walk alone.  
The warm chatter has turned chilly  
With the night.  
My charm, like a lost brook,  
Fighting through immense hills  
Under a blazing sun,  
Has run dry.  
My humour produced deadened silence  
In the gay, gossiping rooms,  
And my style  
Went out of fashion.  
They say I was being too clever,  
But my ignorance is a brick wall  
In front of employment.

## NINE O'CLOCK NEWS

Phillip Lamphee (Form V)

It's not easy,  
Being a fourth dimension  
For other people's imaginations.  
My mind is a sparkling cave,  
Full of the fumes of a dying civilization,  
Echoing with the cries of the  
Choked and the damned;  
My eyes wander the world,  
Seeing everything  
Seeing humanity—  
My ears hear the screams **of the rich**,  
And the groans of the poor.  
How can I help?  
Men listen to my words,  
But do not hear my messages;  
They watch, but do not see—  
Men believe their own eyes,  
But mistrust mine.  
Hearts and tongues can lie,  
But valves and speakers and  
Cathode tubes add no embellishments.  
Men deal in thoughts,  
I in reality.  
My dimension is truth.

## CREATED WHAT?

Brian Fisher

In the beginning  
God created the heaven  
And the earth;  
And the firmament,  
He divided — segregated.

God created man  
To have dominion  
Over every creeping thing  
That creepeth upon the earth.  
Jews creep.

He said unto man,  
"Thou shalt not eat quail."  
And those that did?  
He smote with plague.

He dealt with? those who  
Did not obey. He  
Incited death to . . .  
Underlings? An example  
From the Creator.

We are expected to  
Follow God's guidance,  
Do that which he commands.  
Or else.

Moses told the Children  
"The Lord is a Man  
Of War." Moses was  
Chosen to lead the  
Children. Hitler was  
To lead the Nazis.

In the beginning  
God created ... difference;  
Difference created Hatred;  
Hatred creates War.

The End will come  
The Beginning should never have started.  
It will disintegrate  
As easily as it was formed.

Earth to Earth,  
Ashes to Ashes,  
Dust to Dust.

## RHAPSODY ON A FRIDAY AFTERNOON WITH T. S. ELIOT

Roger Ingles

I

The lamp said,  
"Four o'clock,"  
Each man to his work.  
In the room the minutes come and go,  
Talking of puns and innuendo.

II

"Half-past four,"  
The street-lamp spluttered.  
We whisper together,  
Are quiet and meaningless  
As wind in dry grass.

III

"Quarter to five,"  
The street-lamp said,  
Distraction, music of the flute, stops and steps of  
the mind over the third stair;  
Fading, fading; strength beyond hope and  
Climbing the stair, (despair  
Back into the room.

IV

"Half-past five,"  
The lamp spluttered.  
"Right, do an essay by next Friday."  
Webster was much possessed by death.  
The last twist of the knife.

V

Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead.  
Lucky chap,  
Doesn't need to attend,  
Or listen to this poetry.

## AFTERMATH

Jonathan Dixon (Form V)

A tentacle of mist reached out for the arm of the Statue of Liberty, thought better of it, and drew back from the mutilated stump in disgust. The statue itself lay at a sickening angle, half-submerged in the sludge of a decayed sea. A burning wind, hovering and shrieking about the sightless eye sockets, screeched a dirge for human hopes.

Looking closer at the city, this rotting corpse of what had been the most magnificent city in the world, one could see the full horror of the scene. People were everywhere, on streets, in houses, leaning out of windows, but only a few of them moved, and some of those only in the wind.

Bands of twos and threes moved slowly about the city, like mindless insects, hopelessly, uselessly, their faces all wearing the same mask of weary insanity. None of them looked up when the now-unheeded public address said, "All citizens to the shelters, the enemy is firing again!" Six times it repeated the warning. During that time eleven people died as the radiation scoured the streets.

A point of light in the sky grew suddenly and lengthened into a dark torpedo which screamed over the city and onwards, towards the west. Nobody took any notice of it, one more didn't matter.

Where it landed, a spark of light flared, flickered and grew and spread into a vast, mushroom-shaped cloud of light. The cloud grew and grew, devouring the sky in great, fiery gulps until it stretched like a curtain from land to sky.

The curtain parted. It separated raggedly, torn by a stupendous energy, even greater than that of itself. Something came through the rent in the curtain. Behind was velvet blackness, impenetrable. Part of the blackness stepped forward and came into the hellish light. The world held its breath.

There was no mistake. The leathery wings, the little horns, the barbed tail, all were there. The most terrible of all legends emerged, out of the unknown past, and stood smiling evilly, in ebon majesty, surrounded by the infinite atomic heat of modern-day hellfire.

Satan stood, surveying his triumph.

## A THOUGHT

Gregory Dorey

Hold on my friend, just pause a while;  
I beg you will be lenient.  
Just this :  
That poverty's no disgrace;  
But damnably inconvenient.

## **ARGUS**

**Jonathan Dixon (Form V)**

His sword now sheathed, the warrior stands,  
Cloak blowing free, tatters in the ragged winds.  
Grazed knuckles, gripping, white and strained,  
Round the cruel shaft, shining in the gathering gloom.  
His eyes fast closed, his mind still sees  
The bloodsoaked earth, the trampled grass;  
Now quiet, still tainted, green no more;  
The useless husks which once were men.  
And, saddened, to his mind's eye looks no more  
But, eyes now opened, gazes on the hills,  
Purple in the dusk, like banks of mist;  
Searching, yearning, "Peace will come."  
Eyes raised, he scans the sky no more  
For hope, and dare he hope, fulfilment;  
For silently, wraithlike in the velvet sky,  
Salvation comes to all, in all, by all, through all,  
And tears of thanks fall, silver, through the air  
To shatter, healing raped and ravaged ground,  
And a helmet flashes on its downward way  
To lose itself in peaceful, darkened lands.

## **AT THE BLACKBOARD**

**Peter Haynes (Form I)**

Yes, what a man, when standing at his blackboard,  
Past are the days when canes were used by master;  
He's striving for the perfect education,  
Where each pupil goes in and out faster.  
The room bubbles but all settles well,  
His stern voice rings in the depths of hell.  
Once in class, his heart is a school motto,  
His brain works only for right or unclean,  
He's the skilled sculptor now, banging out  
The pieces for tomorrow's machine.  
Grading the eggs with a red biro.  
The period bell rings to end  
A morning for tired brains, but he stirs not.  
He, whose chalk is dust-free, cosmic, everlasting.  
And he tries to think clearly but at a loss,  
For his mind thinks only for a tick or a cross.

## TALES OF THE RIVER BANK

Phillip Lamphee (Form V)

**THE** moorhen rose, spluttered and gasped at the surface, then sank again. It was mid-day. The sun slowly baked the meadows beside the river, then turned its glare onto the panting hedgerows. The wild rose writhed in the heat, twisting its brambles among the bushes, its flowers clutching at the sun, **its** leaves drooping and dusty. Overhead a kestrel hung between the sun and the fields, its eyes watching with the sun. The young moorhen made a last desperate attempt to fly, but its sodden feathers pulled it to the river bed, its wings beating against the water, driving it to the bottom.

Further along the river, a fisherman watched a trout leap from the water, snatching at a mayfly. **He** whisked his rod, and whipped his fly onto the water, and watched the current lazily play with it. In a flash it was gone, and the fisherman jerked back his rod, feeling the pulsing of the fish in his arms. He played with it for a while, and then pulled the trout in, and lit a cigarette while he watched the fish's weak contortions on the slippery grass.

Meanwhile the bees were swarming around the rose, attacking the flowers and sucking life from them. A cow in the meadow wheezed, then lay down in the clover, silently chewing, and a heron dabbed for a stickleback in the shallows of the ford.

The moorhen rose again — dead — and was carried into a tangle of sticks caught in a willow root jutting into the river. The kestrel dropped, and snatched a vole from a tree-stump, and soared to a nearby oak. The fish twitched its tail, and a fat bluebottle settled on one of its eyes. The fisherman threw his cigarette into the water, picked up the dead fish and put it into his back, and, rod over his shoulder, walked along the meadow to the road. At the gate he stopped to pick a rose for his button-hole, but, changing his mind, he threw it down beside the road. A passing bee hovered over it for a while, and then, also changing its mind, it headed off for some nearby dandelions.

## FOR WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO DECEIVE

Derek Wiggall

ONCE upon a time there was a big room; and in that room there were lots of playpens; and in those playpens were, needless to say, people. But the point is these were not babies, which you might expect to find in playpens.

These playpens, cots, things-wot-keep-mischievous-little-boys-and-little-girls-out-of-trouble were arranged . . . well, I don't think that the arrangement is really important. However, at one end of the room was a larger playpen—now wait, you mustn't jump to conclusions because if it is a larger playpen, it doesn't mean to say that a larger person inhabits it.

Now these people are miraculously able to talk—I don't know how they manage it with their mental capacity. It is only a very elementary kind of speech—the sort you would expect from the West Ham Boot Boys or down the Tote End!

A person near the large playpen stood up. He was a man with a red, round face, pointed nose and a boat—a jolly looking man. He mumbled for a short while, but why did they all raise such a commotion? Perhaps it was feeding time. The rabblement hooted and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, but really didn't get round to throwing up their sweaty nightcaps. The man in the larger playpen with the strange white hair awoke, and went back to sleep again.

On the other side of the room a man in white clothes gobbled something—was he "funny" too? They all laughed at him so he must be "funny." Anyway he soon sat down because he was being bombarded by an aeroplane firing jelly babies at him. The man flying the aeroplane acknowledged his victory in his usual manner and went on puffing at his fat cigar.

A few chattered amongst each other, but then the short, fat legs slipped stealthily off the edge of a playpen, followed by the short fat body and the pipe. Here was a hardened, professional figure, cool as Cannon but, in all fairness, not quite so fat. He too could talk and managed to capture the seriousness of a puppet.

As there was no Zebedee to remind them of the hour they had to use their own misguided initiative to decide when they should retire. When this time was reached they all rescued their toys from the confines of their playpens and went out of the room.

Outside, the short, fat man with the pipe stopped the man with the round face, pointed nose and boat and asked him what he was going to call his boat. "Oh, I think "Morning Cloud" will do."

# THE DENTIST

Peter Millard (Form V)

MY tooth hurt. It hurt so much that I was forced to visit the dentist. After being dragged to his surgery, I tentatively knocked on the door and entered. At once I was lost in a world of glass-fronted cupboards and medicine glasses. The dentist stepped out from behind a large array of what looked liked instruments for pulling out people's toenails and doing other brutal things. Then he actually smiled! I hastily glanced around me to see if any of the glass door panels had cracked. There was something enigmatic about the man. He was short, and yet as **I** watched, he seemed to grow and fill up the whole room; his shoulders heaved against the ceiling and his elbow threatened to break out of one of the windows. At his invitation I staggered over to the large black chair and sat down in it, panting.

Without a word he picked up a piece of paper, wrote something on it, coughed, and with his white coat billowing out behind him slouched over to me looking like Tarquin. At once he got to work, probing and scraping.

In despair I stared at the ceiling. There a small spider was watching me.

"Welcome, insignificant human," she said.

I gaped, and realised that for a moment I had left the world of white coats and pain. I concentrated and again the spider started talking

"Why can't you listen to me? I call it rude just to wander off somewhere else in your dreams, when I am speaking to you! If you had had a proper upbringing, like some people have, you would resist the temptation to succumb to such frivolous pastimes as day-dreaming!"

**I** was astounded at this, but before I could go on she was off again.

"I have a contemptuous dislike for such people as you. Here am I, floating lonely as a cloud—if you get what I mean, and there are you being mucked around by some dentist who probably hasn't even washed his hands since Sunday! Pull yourself together, at once! You should be up here, ready to 'pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon.' Come on, what have you got to say to that?"

Her voice tinkled in my ear and I winced with pain as the long-forgotten dentist attacked my tooth. Once, someone said that hope springs eternal in the human breast, but at that time it certainly wasn't springing in mine. I groaned and glanced heavenwards, but God wasn't smiling that day.

By now the spider had deserted me in despair and crawled off to seek out a more intellectual companion. I was alone in my world of unease. The dentist was leering at me, and suddenly he yanked hard on some tool and my bad tooth flew out of my mouth, accompanied by a dribble of blood. He sighed and I yelled.

Five minutes later I was crawling out of his mechanical hell, secretly resolving never to return under any circumstances !

# ENGULFING OF A SANDCASTLE

Peter Haynes (Form I)

Stately, grand, rising up from the sand,  
A fort, impregnable, never a battle lost.  
A flag of Wales southward looks  
In a moat of sunken salt water.  
Stands to defend the open front.

But what blue foe dares to go  
A-wandering round those castle walls?  
"Stand, and defend, my valiant men!"  
The captain's voice rings from the ranks.  
"Hold your ground well, fight for England!"

A swarm of white horsemen melt the gate,  
Followed by infantry blue, climbing the walls,  
Their supplies endless. The castle overrun,  
Sea shells hurtle and ache in its sides,  
But distantly calls the retreat.

The second sweep takes all before,  
Crushing our last hope, the castle on the shore.  
"But fight my men!" cries the captain again.  
"Though our fort be just a shapeless mound,  
And they have carried our flag back to their den!"

Diminishing, the castle sinks back into the sand,  
Like some volcanic sea island.  
Pulped, mashed, drowned, victorious no more;  
Many scattered plastic casualties  
Lie strewn on the blood-stained shore.

The tears of an infant now wet the gate,  
The long lost battler has returned from his beans,  
A crab, once the battering ram,  
Creeps unnoticed to the shore.  
In the distant sea, calls the retreat once more.

## SEAGULLS

**Matthew Cragoe** (Form I)

The steep and rugged face,  
That only birds can mount,  
The sandy cove below,  
The sea running races,  
The mournful cry  
Of the seagulls,  
Distant, wistful, longing,  
The white cloud of birds,  
Thronging, squabbling, calling  
On the water,  
And suddenly,  
With tremendous flapping  
Up again  
To the nests.  
And the black cormorant,  
Calling for company,  
In the white world  
Of the seagulls.

## DADDY?

**Peter Walton** (Form IVa)

"Daddy, what did *you* do in the war?"  
"Well, son, I was a captain at Gallipoli;  
The guns were belching death,  
Men around me fell.  
My fellow officer toppled, **I** rushed forward  
And carried him back to safety."

"Daddy, what did *you* do in the war?"  
"Well, son, I was a gunner in France.  
The enemy charged, we fired and killed,  
They still charged on and shot and fell,  
Then I fell and broke my ankle."

"Daddy, what did *you* do in the war?"  
"Well, son, I was in the Home Guard.  
I was a corporal, I drilled the men.  
If the Germans had come  
We would have been ready."

"Mummy, what did Daddy do in the war,  
Before he was killed .....

## HAIKU

**Various members of Form I**

The wave goes downward,  
The long canoes are broken  
As they go homeward.

\*

The girl is pretty,  
Like a golden butterfly,  
But she goes so soon.

\* \* \*

We're going out today,  
And it's hard to say this, but,  
Dog, you'll have to stay.

\* \* \*

Crash-banging bright red,  
Drum-rumbling black-yellow,  
And strike a tree dead.

\*

Grass is wet with dew,  
The blackbird's singing is sweet  
And the air feels new.

It sees what it can;  
Through the thick steel bars  
It hates its cage and man.



their most rewarding. Next term we shall have 40% of our 2nd year VIth form trying for Oxford and Cambridge entrance, an unusually high proportion.

One of the differences between a school and a business is that a school doesn't have to expand in order to succeed. For many years Rendcomb remained the same size and was highly successful. But, nowadays, with the variety of courses required and the facilities expected, the minimum effective size of a school has increased. Next year our numbers will be about 215 with a further limited increase the following year. This terms' leavers will have witnessed an enormous change during their time here. The conversion of the Old Rectory, the building of the Arts Block, the Studies, the Squash Courts, the Pavilion, the new Science rooms, and now the new building which will be opened by Lord Amory this afternoon. It is very good of him to come and we welcome him most warmly. May I suggest that after the speeches everyone should make their way either through the side door or past the stage and through the main building over to the new House. It can be inspected either after the brief opening ceremony or after tea.

Schools need buildings, and we are fortunate to have one as attractive as this, but of course schools are primarily composed of people, and this has been the year of the quiet revolution.

Eleven girls have joined us and things will never be quite the same again! They have shared our homes during this year, and in the charming, unobtrusive way that girls have, they have become a part of the scenery. Next year their number will more than double, and Rendcomb will have acquired a new quality, its sympathies perhaps wider, its society more complete than in the past. I think the girls would agree that the gain has been mutual.

Expansion of any kind produces problems because things never work out exactly as you want them to. Teaching is rewarding, but it is also hard work — almost as hard as learning, and the staff have had to cope with the education not only of 180 or so boys and girls, but also of a Headmaster. There is no school for Headmasters, so you have to pick it up as you go along. I want to thank them for their work for the school as a whole and for boys and girls individually: the work done in form and the additional work put in out of school. And may I also put on record my appreciation of all the other people who work away throughout the year to make the school a success whether in administration, in cooking, in cleaning, and gardening, in all those tasks without which we should be unable to function at all. It is this dedication that makes a school successful.

And this leads me, in conclusion, to speak of two people who are retiring this year. Mr. Fell came here with a 1st class Honours degree from Cambridge in 1934, and apart from the war years he has been at Rendcomb ever since. During the war he specialised in radar both here and in America, and ended with the rank of Wing Commander and was awarded the M.B.E.

He built up the Science at Rendcomb, starting from one large and one small laboratory before the war until now, when the whole Stable Block is devoted to Science. After the war, two additional laboratories were made, and all the construction work was done by boys under his direction—plumbing, gas fitting, furniture—everything.

The Industrial Fund, which was set up to provide money for schools who needed better science facilities had made a firm rule that no school with fewer than 250 boys could be helped, but when they saw what Rendcomb had done for themselves with 85 boys, they broke the rule and made a substantial grant. Mr. Fell continued to encourage in every way the study of Science at the school, largely by the unsparing use of his own time. Junior project work in electronics is now a valuable option, and the senior 'A' level projects receive high commendation from the professor who comes to assess them. They can be seen in the Science Exhibition today.

On a personal note, I feel very lucky to have had Mr. Fell's wise help and advice during my first two years here. We shall miss him very much in the school, but at least the Oxford and Cambridge

entrants will have the benefit of his teaching next term and both present and past members of the school will be pleased to know that he and Mrs. Fell will continue to live in the village. Their hospitality and kindness are well known. We offer him our warmest thanks and good wishes.

And now to another man whose contribution to Rendcomb has been outstanding: Mr. Telling. He has served the College for 43 years in many capacities — engineer, head groundsman, clerk of works, building supervisor, part bursar and there are no doubt others unknown to me. He has worked for four Headmasters, that is for every Headmaster the school has had since its foundation, and his knowledge of the school is unrivalled. I should have been entirely lost without his help and I am particularly grateful to him for postponing his retirement for a year until I could find a successor. We meet officially only once a week, but I know that between one meeting and another an enormous number of essential jobs will quietly and efficiently have been completed. I am sure that you will join with me in wishing him and Mrs. Telling a long and happy retirement, and it is a great relief to me to know that in any emergency, Mr. Telling will still be available in the village to supply just that piece of vital information that everyone else has forgotten.

Thank you, Mr. Chairman, thank you, Ladies and Gentleman.

## **LORD AMORY'S SPEECH**

THE guest speaker at Founder's Day this year was the Viscount Amory, K.G., P.C., G.C.M.G., who declared his pleasure at a "superannuated politician" being given a captive audience, and said that lack of qualification would not stop him talking, since it did not with most politicians. However, he regretted that there were no prizes, since he liked giving away things which didn't belong to him.

In a more serious vein he spoke of the need for consideration of others in our crowded society, and not the political apathy which pushed responsibilities onto the government. Lord Amory also mentioned the generation gap between youth, middle age, and "By God, you're looking well, sir!" and the fact that if old values and traditions are questioned, something must fill their place, or a vacuum of discontent remains.

Lord Amory advised his young audience to make the most of their opportunities at school, and think a lot about a worthwhile career. He noted that in fact Rendcomb had not produced any politicians, and pointed out the difference between the politician and the scientist: "the latter knows more and more about less and less, and finally knows a lot about nothing, the other knows less and less about more and more . . ." He praised the enterprise of the Founder, and also Rendcomb's individualist attitude, and also pointed out the necessary ties between house and school, mentioning the headmaster who wrote in a report, "Very obstinate; will make a good parent." Although he saw the attitude of the master who declared, "It doesn't matter what they are told, so long as they hate it!" as wrong, it was equally wrong to remove every difficulty and element of challenge in school, as the young were then deluded about later life. Lord Amory praised the low staff-pupil ratio, the marvellous situation of Rendcomb, and asked everyone to remember what they had in common.

He terminated his speech with an anecdote about a bishop who asked his curate how long he should preach for, and was told that the cathedral archives had no record of anyone being saved after eight minutes.

Lord Amory later went on to open the new Block officially. It was noticeable that the time passed more swiftly than is usual on similar occasions. G.J.D.

## ART AND WOODWORK EXHIBITIONS

THE ART AND WOODWORK EXHIBITIONS this year continued to maintain their usual high standard. The Art exhibition, in particular, appeared to be more comprehensive than in past years, branching out to include more oil paintings than usual, and a wide selection of 'pop' art. It was encouraging to note a large number of exhibits from the girls, including Sue Stanhope's large painting in the Arts Block entrance hall. There were large selections of paintings and sketches from all sections of the school, although, as in the woodwork exhibition, most of the contributors were from the junior school.

Undoubtedly the *piece de resistance* of the Art Exhibition was Nicholas Hance's sculpture, "Y," which sat brooding on the lawn at the top of the back drive, causing comments from certain fifth formers about physics periods. However, apart from "Y" the produce of the sculpture room over the past year has amounted to very little, and the same applies to the pottery department. I can only hope that this fault may be remedied in the next exhibition.

The Woodwork Exhibition once again reflected the enthusiasm of the junior school and the nonchalance of the seniors. Thus, with a few notable exceptions, the work exhibited consisted of the usual stools and coffee trolleys and other stock items, which, although undoubtedly excellently constructed, scarcely merited a second glance. However, J. Stupple's desk was both ambitious and beautifully made. Another exception was Neil Lumby's cabinet.

In general the work of both exhibitions was excellent as usual, the only criticism being the lack of sufficient originality, particularly in the woodwork exhibition, for which blame can only be attached to the upper school.

P.J.L.



## CHEMISTRY EXHIBITION

THE display in the VIth form Teaching Room emphasised the use of visual aids — the television and loop projector, as well as the more traditional molecular models which are used right through the school. Among the models was a fragment of a D.N.A. molecule magnified 150 million times to be several feet tall. There was also apparatus used in the study of non-aqueous solvents, such as liquid ammonia. As this boils at  $-33^{\circ}\text{C}$ . special techniques are used in its preparation and handling.

In the Junior Chemistry laboratory, the exhibits showed the wide range of practical applications of chemistry throughout the school. The first showed the preparation of alcohol by fermentation, and its oxidation to vinegar (acetic acid), followed by some of the uses of these products, for example the preparation of ethyl acetate, used in glues such as *Bostik*. The second was a selection of paint pigments, made in fourth form projects. At a more advanced level there were demonstrations of the preparation of nylon and of aspirin, as examples of the important part played by chemistry in both the textile and pharmaceutical industries in the development of new synthetic fibres and drugs. The preparation of cosmetics made by the Arts sixth-formers was also shown; included in the samples were toothpaste, suntan cream and bath salts. A separate item was the preparation of soap, which is a well established craft. Along slightly different lines was a demonstration of the fermentation of naturally occurring starch and sugar, found in such things as rhubarb, elderberries, oranges and peonies. This interested many visitors since several people are interested in winemaking. The results, however, have not yet been consumed! On the more serious side there was a set up of this year's A-level practical exam, involving a detailed study of the reaction between iodide ions and hydrogen peroxide by timing the appearance of a dark blue starch-iodine complex, under different conditions.

Overall the exhibition was very varied both in the materials and the range of work shown, and gave some insight into the tremendous range of topics in chemistry and some of their applications.  
J.M. and K.S.

## **PHYSICS EXHIBITION**

THE bulk of the Exhibition was in the new Junior Physics Laboratory. It included items from almost every section of physics. A converted television was set up showing Lissajous figures and a Whims-hurst machine and a Van der Graaf machine were making some impressive sparks, but as it was a very humid day, they both had to be thoroughly dried out before working at all! Standing waves were vividly demonstrated by Lecher wires—as a discharge tube was moved along the wires it glowed and dimmed periodically. Two 'A' level projects were also shown: a completed one on modulated light beams which was transmitting music from one end of the lab. to the other, and a project for next year's 'A' level, on the mechanical properties of sand. The other demonstrations in this lab. included the amplification of the ticking of a stopwatch using a thin jet of water, the radio-active decay of some thoron gas and a relay-operated device which played the game of Nim.

In the electronics lab. there was a bias towards music, with a stereo amplifier, fuzz box and guitar pre-amplifier, all built at the school. The small lab. was used as a second dark room and contained two experiments on electron deflection, using both the school's Teltron tube and a fine beam electron tube, borrowed from the science centre. Also, to complement the demonstrations concerning waves in the junior laboratory, there was the ripple tank, making some rather intriguing patterns on the wall.

The dark room was dominated by what was probably the most spectacular exhibit, an Oudin coil, a device producing a very high voltage radio frequency spark. This was used in conjunction with some intricate, multi-coloured discharge tubes and was regarded with awe by some and amusement by others. As it incorporated a 10,000 volt transformer, it was enclosed in a cage, and despite a breakdown a few hours before the exhibition, it managed to last the afternoon without mishap. This cannot be said for the small Van der Graaf machine in the dark room which was suffering from such a variety of faults that it had to be abandoned.

The exhibition stimulated a great deal of interest from parents and pupils alike (including some Arts specialists!), and its success reflects the time and effort put into it by Mr. Fell. J.M.

## **BIOLOGY EXHIBITION**

This year the theme of the exhibition was our local Cotswold wildlife and the exhibits were divided into three sections with the first explaining the origins of our wildlife and including a large map denoting the extent of glaciation during the Pleistocene, about a million years ago, and pin-pointing those areas of Britain at that time above sea level. These patches of land were naturally unaffected by the moving ice sheets and they provided "refuge areas" into which animal species retreated from the advancing glaciers. With the withdrawal of the ice there was a redistribution of animal and plant species radiating from these "refuge areas" and these species began to colonise any suitable environment available.

Specimens were provided to exemplify those species which spread to Britain from the west, such as the large blue butterfly; those from the south migrating mainly across the channel land bridge which disappeared about 7,500 years ago, such as the badger; and those from the east such as the wild parsnip.

There were also detailed maps of each of the major "refuge areas" pinpointed in the larger general map. This first section on the origins of our wildlife was completed with a look at the recent natural arrivals such as the little ringed plover, which first came to the Cotswolds in 1952, fourteen years after its arrival in Britain, some human introductions such as the grey squirrel, a few species especially associated with the Cotswolds, notably meadow saffron and others which cannot survive or are very rare: glaucous shears moth and bilberry.

The second section of the exhibition demonstrated the effects of limestone and this included a P.H. comparison chart showing the alkaline nature of the soil, an experiment to show the dissolution of limestone by dilute hydrochloric acid, and an array of maps and specimens indicating the distribution of the various types of limestone and that of a number of animal and plant species associated with these different rocks.

The final section was a study of the ecology of three local habitats: woodland, downland and the Rendcomb river and lake. The woodland section contained examples of several trees with their associated animals, and a number of stuffed specimens, kindly lent by the Cheltenham Museum Schools Service. Attention was paid in the downland section to the importance of grazing in determining the inhabitants of an area as this aborts the ecological advance of the flora and its associated fauna. The River Churn and lake section included maps and profiles of the areas, and specimens of plants and animals removed by them. There was also a map showing the successive colonisation by plants with progressive silting in Rendcomb Lake and a silting tray was built by members of VIB to show this process. Together with those parts of section three already mentioned there were trays of local butterflies, representative local moths and some live caterpillars and moths of the district.

C.B.R.H.

## **LECTURE: Banks and Banking**

ON the 4th July, Mr. T. J. Beer, the manager of the Cirencester Branch of Lloyd's Bank, gave an informal talk to the Sixth Form on the benefits of bank and banking. He discussed the subject both from the point of view of a person holding a bank account and with reference to a career in banking.

However, he concentrated mainly, with the aid of a Lloyds publication, on the various amenities of the bank for public use. He discussed the use of current, deposit and savings accounts; Access and Cheque Cards; insurance and investments, as well as general advice on money matters. He finished by answering questions put to him by the audience.

S.R.



# VISIT TO AMERICA

## I

THE great trees looked like scrub below us : thousands of square miles of forest, ice and rock. Is *this* America? or Finland? or Siberia? We crawl out, heavy laden with bags and luggage, onto the airstrip, cursing those extra shirts we put in, 'just in case.' Slow, very slow, passport check. "Why, Burlington, Vermont! That's lovely! Have a happy time at Burlington." Heavy-eyed, we smile back, pleased to be welcomed.

"Have you any apples, oranges, guns, knives or pills?"

"No."

"That's fine, that's just fine. Thank you." Ice cream and iced orange juice in the departure hall, and then on to J.F.K., New York, as darkness falls. Patterns of a thousand million lights weave up at us, lighting the very sky; then lower, the rivers of car lights flow along their rectangular reds.

The driver steered us like a helmsman through the currents of traffic, through dizzy lights and scurrying New York. There's the hotel, clinically clean, broiling with steam heat; locks and chains and bolts and bars, and thankfully, fitfully, to bed. The wails of police and fire sirens skidding through Manhattan; we lift the blinds and peer out wide-eyed at the neon-lit New Yorkers sauntering still at three a.m., or gliding in their great ships through the streets.

Sunday morning in the drizzling rain: we go into breakfast under the weight of 50-cents worth of never-to-be-read *New York Times*. Pancakes, maple syrup, and eggs and bacon!

"More cawfee?"

"Yes please, yes please."

"You from Eng-land?"

Now a drive through New York; not one but a hundred cities. There's Harlem, littered and sad, a few huddled figures standing purposeless in doorways, hands in pockets, staring wonderingly as we slide, part skid, round the Bowery, like yesterday's newspaper, in the rain. Then gaily through Italy, through Spain, through remote China, with its pagoda kiosks and bustling alley-ways. Columbia University-68,000 students ! Why that's bigger than, twice as big as, our own home town. Wall Street, with its church, or its river, to console the feckless or unfortunate. The Statue of Liberty through the rain, then the great golden towers, endless palaces, heads for ever in the clouds, feet sunk deep in clay . . . "Well, how d'you like New York?" *Like* New York? How can you like or dislike New York, surely it's either love or hate, detest or adore. I must confess I loved New York, sad, sad New York, where buildings curl up and die of sorrow.

SH.

## II

AFTER a paralyisng journey in the terrific heat of an English April morning, we found ourselves at Gatwick where we boarded our DC-9 to fly the 7-hours across the Atlantic to Kennedy Airport, in the heart of the bright lights of New York City; it being nine o'clock in the evening local time.

Our first night was spent in the plush Royal Manhattan Hotel on 47th Street, followed the next day by a hurried glimpse of the City before starting another 7-hour trek north into Vermont.

Our different homestay families eagerly welcomed us into their life, and after a day or two we acclimatised to their somewhat different living and also to the four inches of snow which descended soon after our arrival.

Here at Burlington, in northern Vermont, we visited local places of interest including the police station, the Burlington Free Press, and a radio station. A few days later, a comprehensive tour of the University of Vermont in Burlington was enjoyed despite the bitterly cold wind and the blanket of snow. The University has its own dairy farm which some of us also visited.

A party went for a day in Montreal across the Canadian border. There we visited the Museum of Fine Arts, the delightful botanical gardens, and the modern underground shopping complex, the "Place-Ville-Marie." Apart from these organised trips, homestay families were eager to take us out, and personal visits included a memorable game of baseball in Montreal, a trip to Stowe—a Vermont ski-resort, a journey into the beautiful mountains south of Burlington, and a privileged visit to the IBM computer complex.

Evening entertainment was varied. A few of us found the "movies" rather alluring and our popularity with the local kids enabled us to have a few parties, including a beach party for some of us, and a visit to the "drive-in" movie near Burlington.

So after a well-enjoyed stay in Vermont, we left our friends to travel south into New Jersey, the U.S. "Garden State." Having no organised expeditions here, many of us negotiated New York ourselves, being only a short bus ride from Montclair. The Statue of Liberty, the U.N. building, the Empire State building and Madison Square Garden Center were among the places visited.

However, after barely five days in Montclair, we left the United States with, for many of us, the ominous threat of public examinations awaiting us in England.

Everyone felt that the expedition was the greatest success. We found the American families' hospitality overwhelming during our three-week stay and our sincere thanks are also due to Mr. and Mrs. Price, whose hard work made sure that we enjoyed our visit. M.R.J.

## **OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRIMATE EXPEDITION TO BRUNEI, BORNEO**

THE expedition consisted of three zoology undergraduates, David Macdonald, Andrew Neighbour and myself. We spent three months in Brunei studying the behaviour and ecology of the proboscis monkey (*nasalis larvatus*) and attempting to find the tarsier (*tarsuis*), an elusive nocturnal prosimian.

The proboscis monkey, named after the long pendulous nose of the mole, is herbivorous, feeding on the fruit and leaves of mangrove trees. Mangrove swamp is a tropical estuarine home renowned for its lack of animal life and general inhabitability. The trees grow on large expanses of foul estuarine mud, frequently in conjunction with nepah palm, resulting in dense impenetrable vegetation. Fortunately the monkeys were in the habit of feeding near to rivers in the morning and we were able to observe and film from a boat moored a little way off. Accommodation consisted of a house on stilts in the river, made from bamboo, tree bark and nepah palm leaves and in imminent danger of collapse. Our observations of the monkeys revealed that they lived in a well-defined home range in groups of about 20-60 individuals, with a large proportion of females. The large groups were something of a surprise since these are frequently associated with primates living in areas of seasonal vegetational variation, as with baboons in savannah, and we had no reason to suppose that mangrove is ever short of leaves.



Viscount Amory officially opening the new Sixth Form House





The mangrove swamps were found to be not quite so sterile of life as expected, containing the crab-eating macaque, monitor lizards and a variety of birds such as mynahs, sea eagles, the crested serpent eagle, and the darter. The estuarine rivers were most productive, containing a variety of catfish (one of which is reputed to grow as big as a crocodile and attacks men), prawns, which provide a local industry, jelly-fish, and river dolphins. Low tide reveals the remarkable mudshipper (*perioptthalmus*), a fish which flops around on the mud, fiddler crabs which have one large and one small pincer, and a variety of piscivorous water snakes.

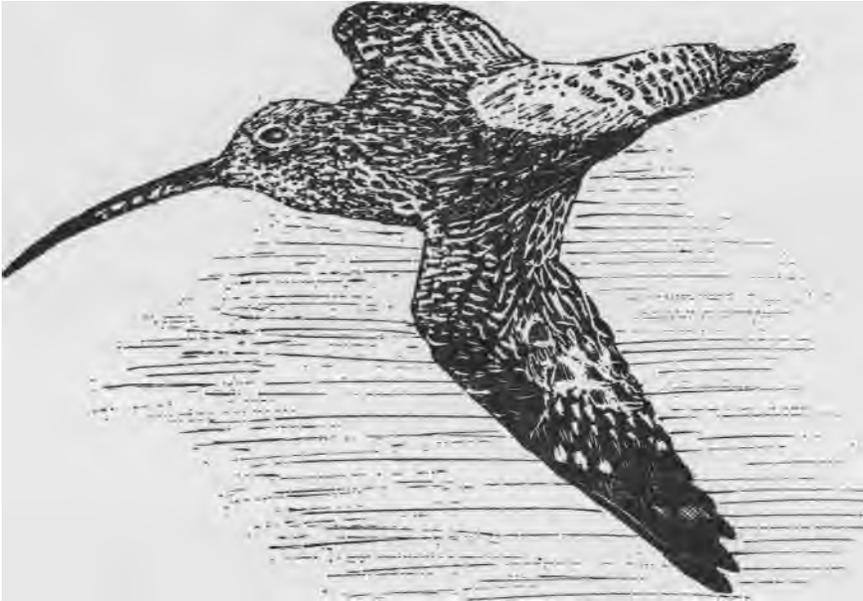
Our search for the tarsier, which is a small primate, not unlike a bush baby, was aided by the Brunei army who provided helicopters to transport us inland in order to question the native peoples. Unfortunately the tarsier is a great favourite for local folk-lore. Seeing one can mean at best no food for a while and at worst a slow death. Our search here was fruitless but we were able to meet many of the local tribes. The Ibans and Dyaks build longhouses which may have up to sixty doors (rooms) arranged in a row. Many of the longhouses contained a few children of pale complexion and an examination of the visitors' book (which all the longhouses had) often revealed a visit from companies of the Royal Greenjackets and other British regiments a few years before. The tribesmen are of the opinion that white soldiers have good hunting blood and are only too willing to provide one of their daughters for an evening's entertainment. Unfortunately they didn't seem to find zoological blood quite so desirable!

A visit to an inland Malay rice-growing community was highlighted by a night hunting trip with an old 20-bore shotgun held together with string which nevertheless put an end to two moose deer and a brush-tailed porcupine, consumed the next day. The trip was marred by an encounter with tiger leeches which were attracted to my feet while I was unwittingly having a swill in a stream. The much larger bull leeches are reputed to take a pint of blood and have put paid to several drunken soldiers who collapsed into ditches.

During the last few days of our stay we travelled by road to the Niah caves in Sarawak, which are renowned for containing various archaeological remains. The caves are also important in the production of guano (bat dung) which is highly nutritive, and the nests used in bird's nest soup which are made of saliva by a small swiftlet. The collection of the nests is a dangerous business involving climbing poles about 150 feet high and the largest cave contains an altar in memory of the dead.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the Governors of Rendcomb for their generous donation in support of this expedition.

MARK COLLINS  
(Wadham College, Oxford — left Rendcomb 1969)



# Sport

## CRICKET

### First XI

THIS was a successful season, though rain hampered the team to a certain extent. Three of the matches were stopped by rain and one was cancelled.

All aspects of play were of a high standard, everyone contributing to the team's success. Great enthusiasm and a keen spirit for winning existed. When a team is enjoying a good season it reflects on individual players and this was certainly the case with the fielding. It was much better than it has been over the past few years and this was a great asset. Fisher and Whiteside fielded well in the outfield; Robbins and Stuckey held some good catches close in.

Pearce was again the mainstay of the batting, scoring over 250 runs and playing several excellent innings, many of which were not out. However, he was not alone and as the season progressed others realised that they could score runs : Whiteside batted competently and Yuvaboon, Robbins and Stuckey contributed some useful innings. One notable feature of the season was that the team was never completely dismissed.

The advantage of having good bowlers was that the team was able to limit the number of runs scored by the opposition and to bowl them out. Several sides remarked on Wormleighton's speed and, with added movement in the air and off the pitch, he was able to take a lot of wickets. Whiteside was the other main wicket-taker, bowling intelligently and for long spells.

Yuvaboon and Barling gave support to these two, although the latter was not used very often.

The following played: D. Wiggall (*captain*); D. Pearce (*wicket keeper*); S. Robbins; K. Stuckey; J. Whiteside; C. Yuvaboon; A. Jenkins; M. James; A. Medhurst; P. Rose; D. Barling; B. Fisher; S. Wormleighton.

**D.M.W.**

V. AVONHURST 1ST **XI**. Home. Won by 10 wickets.

Yuvaboon and Wormleighton quickly bowled Avonhurst out, after which Pearce and Yuvaboon easily scored the required runs.

Avonhurst: 20 (Yuvaboon 6-16, Wormleighton 4-4)

Rendcomb : 21 for 0 (Pearce 12 n.o.)

v. MARLING 1ST XI. Away. Won by 2 wickets.

Whiteside and Wormleighton, ably assisted by Barling, bowled very well and Marling were all out for a low score. The Rendcomb wickets fell steadily but an excellent innings by Pearce (including a "six" through a classroom window!) enabled the team to gain its second victory.

Marling: 59 (Wormleighton 4-15; Whiteside 4-17).

Rendcomb: 60 for 8 (Pearce 36 n.o.)

v. BURFORD SCHOOL 1ST **XI**. Home. Won by 8 wickets.

A good innings by the opposition captain helped Burford to climb from 4-5 to 83. To maintain the team's run of victories, Pearce and Yuvaboon put on one of the highest opening partnerships seen at Rendcomb.

Burford: 83 (Yuvaboon 3-21; Wormleighton 3-24)

Rendcomb: 87 for 2 (Pearce 51 n.o., Yuvaboon 26)

v. CRYPT 1ST XI. Away. Drawn.

Crypt elected to bat and were soon in trouble against the Rendcomb bowlers at 19 for 5. However, they slipped out of our grasp with a partnership by their last two batsmen. Robbins and Whiteside batted competently as the game moved towards a draw.

Crypt: 97 for 9 (Wormleighton 3-25; Yuvaboon 3-30; Whiteside 3-32)  
Rendcomb : 45 for 6 (Robbins 16 n.o.; Whiteside 15 n.o.)

v. BLOXHAM 1ST XI. Home. Drawn.

Whiteside bowled extremely well in this match and brought the collapse of the Bloxham innings. Annoyingly, rain stopped play at the start of the Rendcomb innings.

Bloxham: 70 (Whiteside 5-2; Wormleighton 3-22)  
Rendcomb: 7 for 0 (*rain stopped play*)

v. WESTWOOD'S G.S. I ST XI. Home. Cancelled.

v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER 1ST XI. Away. Drawn.

Pearce, Whiteside and Rose made some useful runs but the innings was stopped several times because of rain. The wet conditions made bowling and fielding difficult and rain eventually stopped play.

Rendcomb : 106 for 9 (Pearce 26, Whiteside 23, Rose 18).  
K.S.G.: 60 for 4 (Yuvaboon 3-28) (*rain stopped play*)

v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S 1ST XI. Home. Drawn.

Rendcomb made a sound but slow start, with Pearce making the major contribution to the opening partnership. Wormleighton and Whiteside pushed the score along, but the game petered out into a draw when the opposition batted.

Rendcomb: 114 for 6 (Pearce 44, Whiteside 21, Wormleighton 20)  
Sir Thomas Rich's : 51 for 4

v. KING EDWARD'S, BATH 1ST XI. Home. Won by 9 wickets.

Whiteside and Wormleighton again featured in long spells of bowling, Wormleighton having only 30 runs hit off 15 overs. Pearce, Stuckey and Yuvaboon scored the required runs.

King Edward's : 75 (Wormleighton 4-13; Whiteside 5-33)  
Rendcomb: 76 for 1 (Pearce 41 n.o., Stuckey 20 n.o., Yuvaboon 12)

v. CHELTENHAM G.S. Home. Abandoned.

Rain was again the enemy when Rendcomb was in a good position.  
Cheltenham G.S.: 63 for 6 (Whiteside 3-26)

v. KINGHAM HILL 1ST XI. Away. Drawn

Economic bowling reduced the Kingham run-rate considerably in this match. Wormleighton was very unlucky, but Whiteside was well rewarded. Although a victory seemed likely, the Rendcomb batting was disappointing, only Pearce giving stability to the innings.

Kingham: 68 (Whiteside 7-32)  
Rendcomb : 40-7 (Pearce 26 n.o.)

v. OLD RENDCOMBIANS. Home. Drawn.

The school was put into bat and good innings from Robbins, Whiteside and Jenkins gave Rendcomb a good total. The Old Rendcombians soon fell behind the required run-rate and the game ended in a draw.

Rendcomb: 152-9 dec. (Robbins 30, Whiteside 22, Jenkins 18 n.o.)  
Old Rendcombians : 85-5.

D.M.W.

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#### Under 15 XI

PERHAPS the most disappointing features of this year's play were the number of catches dropped in the early part of the season and the lack of confidence shown by the team on some occasions. The ground fielding was very good; R. Stroud in particular set a high standard. N. Longworth and A. Jenkins played some useful innings and P. Walton, A. Jenkins and J. Stupple did most of the bowling. Both N. Longworth and P. Walton are available next season and should prove very useful.

Played 9      Won 2      Lost 4      Drawn 3

The following played:

Stupple (*captain*); Longworth N.; Longworth T.; Barrett; Walton; Stroud; Underdown I.; Fear; Jenkins; Moulton; Yeats; Hart; Griffiths; Russell; Forrest; Garvie.

J.S.

#### Under 14 XI

IT has not been a very successful season. At full strength, with no Under-15 commitments, as they were for their Esso Knock-Out match, they were a team with some talent. In the event they lost this limited-over match to some uninhibited batting by the opposition; had they, individually, played as in weekly practice games, the match results would have looked a lot better.

Mathias has been a very useful bowler and Forrest a lively and efficient wicket-keeper.

v. AVONHURST. Home. Won

v. MARLBOROUGH. Home. *Rain stopped play*

v. FARMOR'S SCHOOL. Home. Lost

v. BLOXHAM. Home. Lost

v. OAKLEY HALL. Home. Lost

The following played:

P. Walton (*captain*); N. Longworth; R. Yeats; I. Forrest; C. Hart; A. Moulton; A. Harris; I. Underdown; M. Winstone; S. Fear; A. Mathias; P. Haynes; B. Hall; T. Ingles; G. Moore; R. Thomson; B. Russell.

J.R.D.

## Under 13 and Under 13½ Cricket

THERE has been a great deal of enthusiasm for cricket in the junior school this year which has resulted in strong teams at this level. The Under-13 XI and Under-13½ XI each played two matches, all of which were won.

Harris captained both sides admirably, whilst Mathias, the leading bowler, captured 17 wickets in three matches at an average of 2.8 runs each. The batting was not always up to the high standard of the bowling but Sinclair, the leading scorer, amassed 85 runs in his four innings. However, the success of the teams was due largely to the team spirit and enthusiasm which every player showed. Several of the boys in the teams are young enough to be in the same age group next year when we look forward to another successful season.

### RESULTS:

#### v. Burford Sch

Rendcomb: 110 (Haynes 25, Mathias 20)

Burford: 18 (Mathias 6-12; Haynes 2-1; Gwilliam 2-2)

#### v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER U-13 XI. Won by 37 runs

Rendcomb : 83 for 4 (Sinclair 47 n.o.; Hawkins 17 n.o.)

King's School: 46 (Mathias 7-17; Gwilliam 2-2)

#### v. OAKLEY HALL 2nd XI. Won by 2 wickets.

Oakley Hall: 29 (Moore 4-11; Gwilliam 5-6)

Rendcomb : 31-8

#### v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S U-13 XI. Won by 5 wickets.

Sir Thomas Rich's: 47 (Mathias 4-17; Moore 3-16; Haynes 2-4)

Rendcomb: 48-5 (Sinclair 30)

The following played for the Under-13 and Under-13½ teams:

Harris; Carroll; T. Evans; I. Hawkins; McGill; Mackonochie; Mathias; Moore; Sinclair; Smith; Swaine; Thomson; Forrest; Davies; Lee; Haynes; Gwilliam; P. Evans; Weaver.

There has been a great deal of competition for places in both junior teams this season and many very able players from the 1st and 2nd forms have been unable to find places in these sides. These forms contain a wealth of cricketing talent and boys like Carter, Hall, Harris P., Gotley, Sayers and Webb have all played extremely well on the fringe of the Under-13 side.

The two inter-form matches at the end of the season between Forms I and II provided tremendous competition. In the first game Form I won a closely fought match against a weakened Form II team. In the return game, a full-strength Form II team got ample revenge in a more one-sided match. S.W.J.

## TENNIS

**THE** weather has been good enough to allow a fair amount of tennis this year. However, despite the increased impetus provided by the advent of some keen girl players (who did very well in matches against schools with much bigger numbers) there have still been too many occasions when the courts have stayed unoccupied in free time and there are some quite promising players who rarely make the effort to use the facilities and whose game, therefore, remains rusty and stationary. It is worth pointing out that it is easier to cultivate a sporting talent in the teens than in later life — *carpe diem!*

There is a definite keenness and promise, however, among some of the juniors and we hope for sunshine and progress next year.

My thanks to Graham Jordan for acting as captain this term.

### MATCH RESULTS :

**13th May : I St IV v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 2ND IV (A).** Abandoned (*rain*)

**20th May : 1St VI (mixed) v. WYCLIFFE COLLEGE 1ST VI (A).** Lost 3-6.

23rd May: 1st VI (girls) v. **DEAN CLOSE I ST VI (H).** Won 6-3.

10th June: Under-15 IV v. **BURfOrd SCHOOL (A).** Won 6½-1½.

**17th June: 1st VI (mixed) v. BURfOrd SCHOOL I ST VI (H).** Won 6-3.

4th July: 1st VI (girls) v. **CIRENCESTER SCHOOL I ST VI (H).** Lost 3-5½.

The following played in various teams during the term:

G. Jordan; N. Hance; D. Pearce; P. Graham; C. Brett; S. Pink; M. Bauer; C. Marsack; R. Beckett; C. Bourne; V. Penney; C. Dendy; T. Longworth; A. Forrest; C. Lyons.

**J.N.H.**

## SWIMMING

**AWARDs** for Proficiency in Personal Survival were taken at the end of term in ideal conditions. All the entrants passed.

**BRONZE:** M. Weaver; W. Henniker-Gotley; J. Watson; T. Evans; T. Wapshott; H. Webb; P. W. Smith; A. Moulton; C. Pulford; P. Maguire; M. Oughton; C. Lee; B. Russell; M. Holloway.

**SILVER:** J. McGill; S. Hewitt; N. Carroll; N. Taylor; S. Brennan; R. Hudson.

**GOLD:** N. Lumby; C. Hart; S. Baynham; D. Brennan.

**C.C.B.**

## JUDO

JUDO in the senior school has continued strongly this term despite 'O' and 'A' levels. There was a junior grading at Rendcomb on Sunday, 10th May, in which several people were upgraded. Four seniors attended a grading at Cheltenham Y.M.C.A. on 21st June. Peter Millard was upgraded to orange; Paul Rose to upper green; and Mike Denley and John Millard remained at upper green and lower brown respectively.

On Saturday, 30th June, a team took part in a judo display at Dowty Fuel Systems Open Day. Despite a rather hectic start to the afternoon, with acute transport problems, the afternoon proved to be a great success. Our thanks to Mr. A. Davis for his continued excellent tuition and support.

J.M.

## VOLLEYBALL

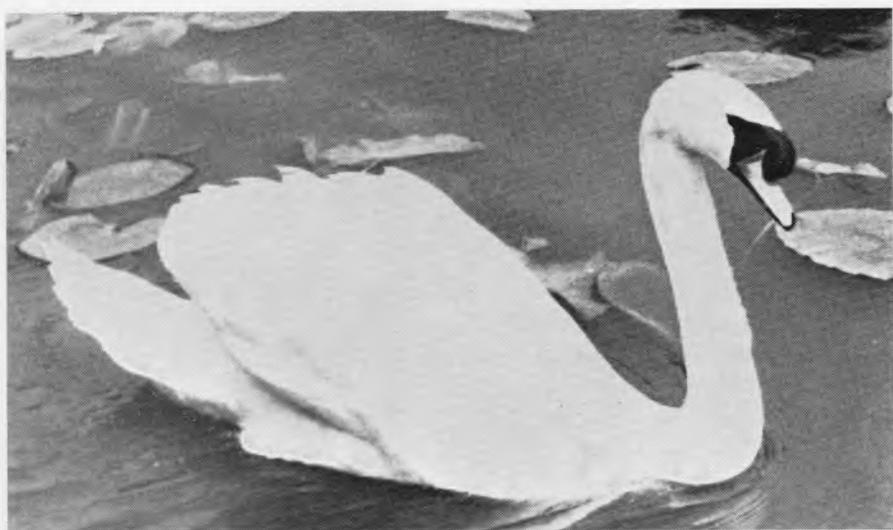
THIS term has been one of expansion, there being two courts in use in the Estate Gardens. The introduction of beginners, some female, has led to a lowering of standards of play, but in general it has been an enjoyable season.

On Old Boys' Day a new tradition was started - that of the O.R. volleyball match. The game, refereed by G. Dorey, proved a great success and was won 2-1 by the Old Boys.

The school team consisted of R. Ingles, N. Hance, C. Jones, C. Partridge, J. Millard, T. Stroud and S. Bushell; while the Old Boys were represented by H. Moore; C. Wood; R. Morris; M. Bircher; T. Patrick; A. Rose and R. Laycock.

Once again thanks are due to Mr. Price for his encouragement.

R.I.





## OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES

GRAEME WILSON has been British Civil Aviation representative in the Far East since 1967 and is accredited to twelve British Diplomatic posts from Burma to Indonesia. He is a Ford Foundation Fellow of the National Translation Centre in America and has published many translations of prose and poetry from Japanese, Korean and Chinese.

Alistair Wilson, who held the Chair of Bacteriology at the University of Ibadan, has now been appointed Professor of Pathology at the University of Malaya, Singapore.

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William Willetts has recently retired from the post of Chief Curator of the Museum of Singapore and has joined the staff of the University of Malaya.

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David Maberley has completed his Ph.D studies at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and will be returning to St. John's College, Oxford, next term as a Research Fellow.

\*

Colin Maberley has been appointed Director of the new Bear Garden Museum of Elizabethan Theatre in London, a Samuel Wannamaker foundation.

Some recent news from the universities :

Adrian Patrick — Mining Engineering Class II, Division I, at Imperial College, London. He is now joining British Petroleum and will initially be stationed at Abu Dhabi in the Persian Gulf.

Bertus Laan - Chemistry and Control Engineering, Class II, at the University of Kent, Canterbury.

Martin Dow — Engineering Tripos Part II, Class II, Division I, at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Mark Collins — Zoology, Class II, at Wadham College, Oxford.

Christopher Elliott — Physical and Theoretical Physics Tripos, Part II, Class II, Division I, at Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

Robert Arkell — Natural Sciences, Engineering, Class I, at Wadham College, Oxford.

The Annual General Meeting of the O.R. Society was held in the College on July 7th, after the O.R. Cricket Match, and was followed by a most enjoyable buffet supper for members and their ladies. A total of 46 people attended the supper; this is a rather disappointingly small number, especially in view of the effort taken to provide a first-class meal in pleasant surroundings at a very modest cost.

Any O.R. interested in playing in the rugby or hockey matches against the College at the end of the Winter and Spring terms respectively should contact Julian Gray, who has now taken over as O.R. Sports Secretary, in good time. He can be reached at his home address, 38 Cotswold Green, Stonehouse, Glos., or at Trinity College, Oxford.

There has been little response so far from O.R.s who were invited to get in touch with the careers master, Mr. R. Kelsey, if they were in a position to help in any way with advice on careers in their particular fields. Please keep this in mind as such contacts can be very valuable.

This will be the last collection of O.R. notes with the initials J.B.F. appended. The responsibility now passes to Mr. W. J. D. White. Please keep him supplied with copy; we still hear far too little of the careers of the great majority of O.R.s.

J.B.F.