

THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE

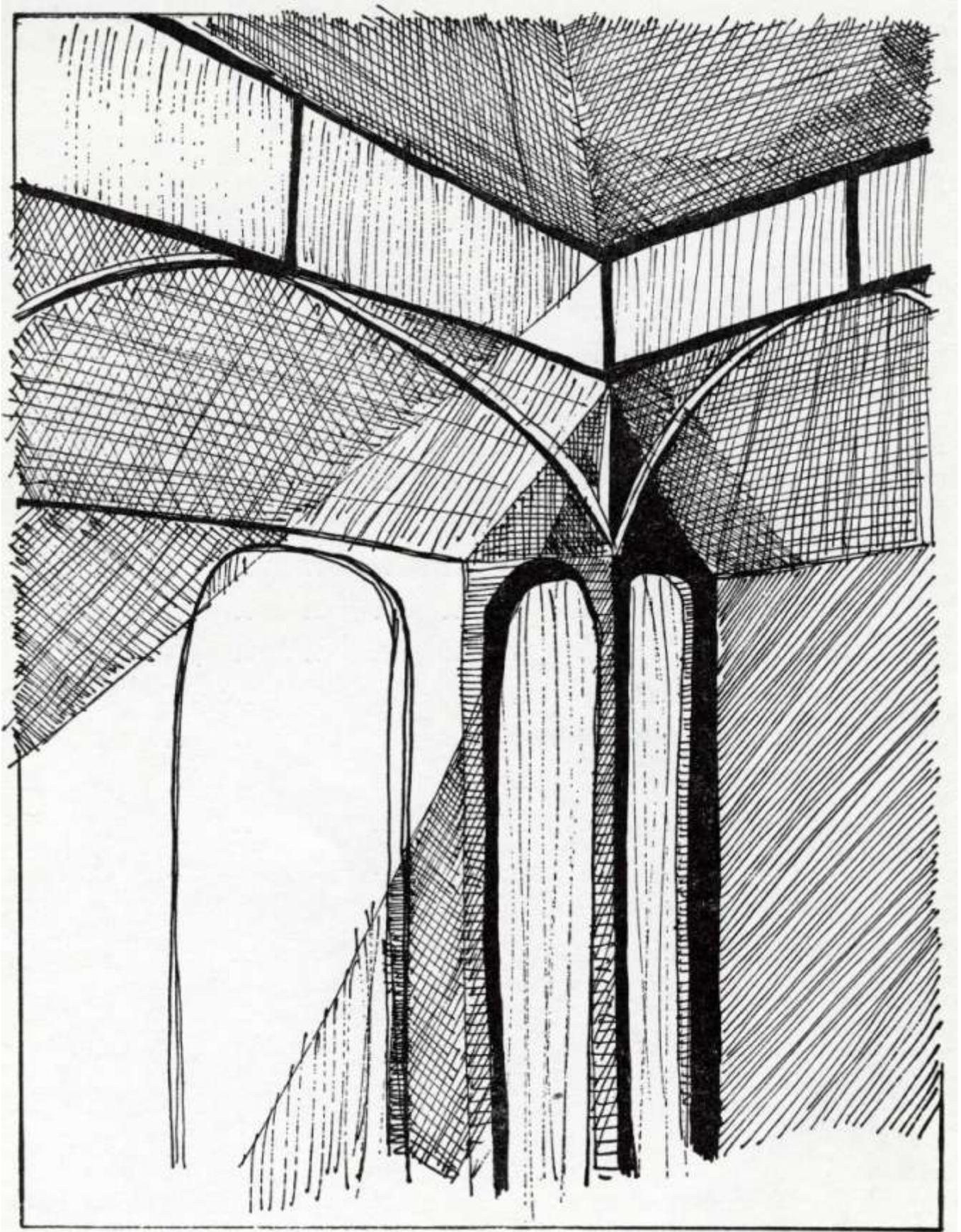


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EDITORIAL

IN our society today, more than ever before, there is a need for individuality. Our consumer society with its “gods” of mass production and commercial viability, tends to produce stereotyped inhabitants, both people and products. One only has to visit any town to see this: the small shopkeeper has been replaced by the pre-fabricated supermarket, each one selling the same goods (at slightly different prices) and visited by people, all wearing the same expressions of despair and impatience; it is not difficult to imagine humanity as a vast machine, and the individuals as cogs in the machine, expendable and probably not very important anyway. It is to combat this depressing prospect that we need individuality, whether it be carried to an extreme and called eccentricity or merely expressed through conventional outlets such as art, music, writing, or even such ordinary means as dress or opinion.

Even our educational system seems to have succumbed to this modern concept of “sameness”. If the plans for the abolition of the right of individuals to choose the place where their child will be educated (I choose my words deliberately) are put into practice, not only the lowering of standards to a mean level will occur (and this has been discussed already by a great many people, so I do not judge myself qualified to talk about it), but also a dreadful “mass-production” of school-leavers, all with exactly the same views instilled into them at exactly the same sort of school. There will be hardly any new ideas, perhaps worse no criticism or opposition, and therefore no progress. What will life be worth then?

Luckily there are still schools where individuality is given a wide scope for expression (if not entirely free). The contributions and articles in this edition of *The Rendcomb Magazine* will prove this, I hope.

MISCELLANEA

We were glad to welcome Miss Hilary Jones, who took over from Mrs. Garvie as matron at the beginning of the term, and hope she will enjoy her stay at Rendcomb.

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We wish good luck to all those leaving the school this term; a full list of leavers will be published in our next issue.

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A group of cricketers attended the G.S.C.A. cricket coaching course at Cowley Manor on April 26th and 27th.

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A whist drive, the latest in a successful line, was held on April 26th.

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An illustrated lecture on “The Sculpture of Barbara Hepworth” was given by Mr. Thorne on April 27th.

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On May 2nd a lecture entitled “Can a Democratic Government deal with Inflation?” was given by Mr. M. H. F. Fisher, editor of *The Financial Times* and former Rendcombian.

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Vib study visits to local churches took place on three consecutive Thursdays in May.

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On Friday, May 2nd, VIa biologists visited the Bristol University School of Veterinary Science.

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On Sunday, May 4th, a party of fourth form geographers and sixth form biologists visited Dorset to study coastal features.

The college is once again most grateful to R. G. Betterton, Esq., O.R. (1921-25), for another gift of varied trees and shrubs, which he planted in the school grounds in the spring.

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Mr. John Willson, who is to take over from Mr. White as Senior Resident Master in September, had the misfortune to sustain a serious foot injury during the term while climbing near Chepstow. He has spent the time since then recovering from the subsequent operation in a Gloucester Hospital and we wish him well after a painful and dreary experience.

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Because of Mr. Willson's injury the performance of Handel's Messiah has been postponed until next term.

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Much of Mr. Willson's work as Director of Music was taken over very responsibly and sensibly by Christopher Dendy, and grateful thanks are due to him. His efforts found tangible reward during the term when he won the cup for pianists (16-17 age group) at this year's Cheltenham Music Competition from a sizeable entry.

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A first form parent/teacher meeting was held on the evening of May 27th in the library.

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On Friday, May 30th, the first form visited the Roman Villa at Chedworth - another reminder of the rich historical heritage in the area of the college.

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It was good to see the swimming pool being used more this term as a result of the hot conditions. In the cold and rain of recent summers the pool has too often seemed like a very large white elephant.

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Pupils of the college were again prominent among the prizewinners as a result of essays in the competition organised by the Cirencester District of the Conservation Society. This year's topic was "The Conservation of Energy" and prizewinners were Julian Campbell, Tessa Wolferstan, Kevin Barraclough, Alice Parshall, Jonathan Portch, and Richard Sutherland.

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A party of sixth form french students attended a performance of Corneille's *Le Cid* (in French, of course!) at the Oxford Playhouse on May 30th.

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VIb girls visited Berkeley Castle on Sunday, June 1st.

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On May 22nd, a large party went to a performance of Offenbach's *La Vie Parisienne* at the Everyman Theatre in Cheltenham. The successful production was given by the Cheltenham Operatic and Dramatic Society and directed by Mr. Bell, who has already shown his talents at Rendcomb with *The Comedy of Errors* and *Toad of Toad Hall*.

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The VIb English group production of James Saunders's play *Next Time I'll Sing to You* will take place next term. There will also be a senior production later in the term.

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The annual battle with the G.C.E. examiners began on June 2nd and continued through most of the month. Academic problems were, perhaps, worsened by the very hot conditions which prevailed during much of the exam period.

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On June 5th, a sixth form party attended a performance of *Hamlet* at Stratford. Earlier in the term, on May 13th, a sixth form party also went to Stratford for the R.S.C. production of *Henry IV, Part One*.

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On Sunday, June 8th, the second form visited several castles in the Welsh marches.

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On May 8th, a group from the college attended a community service conference at Marlborough. Schools from a wide area were represented, and the entirely voluntary nature of the social service at Rendcomb was favourably commented on.

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A junior judo grading was held at Rendcomb on Sunday, June 15th.

On June 15th, the sixth form biologists visited the Wildlife Park at Burford. A junior debate was held at the college on the same day.

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Congratulations to Simon Baynham, who, against much competition, was awarded an army scholarship during the term.

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Founder's Day was held this term on Saturday, June 21st, and was followed by a college exeat. The visiting speaker this year was Lord Chalfont, and a summary of his compelling address is recorded later in this issue. The art, woodwork, and physics and electronics exhibitions all took long hours of preparation and were extremely successful; one point of interest in the art exhibition was provided by the photographs of earlier days at the college. The experiment of having morning exhibitions and thus an earlier departure (at about 1 p.m.) meant a more worthwhile exeat, especially for those travelling long distances.

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On Sunday, June 29th, VIa girls visited Sudely Castle, near Winchcombe.

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On July 3rd, Mr. John Lucas, fellow and tutor in philosophy at Merton College, Oxford, talked about life and teaching at Oxford to a number of interested sixth formers. On the same day Mrs. Jean Walker, formerly adviser at Cambridge University on undergraduate social and personal problems, talked to leaving girls under the heading "Some Pitfalls of University Life". Both talks were extremely stimulating and well received.

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The college cricket team finally lost their unbeaten record, extending over more than thirty matches, when they were defeated by Cheltenham G.S. on Tuesday, July 1st.

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The winner of the open scholarship for boys at 13 plus was Benedict Hatchwell - congratulations to him.

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An Industrial Society conference was held on June 26th and 27th, with a number of the Westonbirt School sixth form attending. All the Rendcomb sixth form were present, and an interesting series of talks and discussions ensued; a fuller account appears in this issue.

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Parties from the college visited the Royal Show at Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, on July 2nd and 3rd. Two photographs of Rendcomb were noted on the ISIS stand at the show.

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The sixth form dance was held on Friday, July 4th, and was a big success. Some girls from Westonbirt again joined us, while Michael Findlay (O.R.) returned with his pop group for the occasion, as did Ian Taylor and Michael Denley.

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The college group in turn gave a concert in the gym on the evening of July 5th.

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The editors of *The Rendcomb Magazine* are Phillip Lamphee and Philip Lyons. Drawings were provided by Timothy Parfit, Simon Buist, Shane Galtress, Henrietta Hooper, Peter Millard, and David Beanland. This term's editorial was written by Jonathan Dixon.

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

COLLEGE OFFICERS

Summer Term, 1975

Senior Prefect: P. Rose

Prefects: P. Lamphee; M. James; C. Mathias; J. Fletcher; N. Crowe; A. Medhurst; I. Bartlett; A. Goodenough

Public Workman: I. Read

Church Ushers: S. Baynham; P. Lyons; R. Barrett; J. Crowhurst

Librarians: P. Lamphee; C. Mathias; M. James; P. Lyons; R. Barrett; A. Rickards

Music Librarians: C. Dendy; A. Wilson

Bell-Ringers: P. Curtis-Hayward; M. Holloway; N. Smith; S. Hewitt; D. Taylor; K. Winmill; J. Lyons; D. Yates

Magazine Editors: P. Lamphee; P. Lyons

Captain of Cricket: P. Rose

Games Committee: J. Stuppel; S. Wormleighton; P. Walton; A. Medhurst

Girls' Tennis Captain: C. Ledger

MEETING OFFICERS

Summer Term, 1975

Chairman: M. Griffiths

Secretary: T. Wolferstan

Meeting Banker: R. Barrett

Boys' Banker: A. Wilson

Assistant Boys' Banker: T. Evans

Shop Banker: J. Campbell

Senior Shopman: S. Hicks

Junior Shopmen: S. Buist; A. Mathias

Entertainments Committee: J. Stuppel; R. Barrett; J. Crowhurst; G. Moore; J. Portch

Paperman: S. R. Smith

Badminton/Squash Warden: C. Troughton

Food Committee: S. Wormleighton; K. Barraclough; T. Wolferstan; S. Fear

Amplifier Technicians: A. Bennett; T. Roberts

Broom Warden: A. Mackonochie

M.A.C.: J. Fletcher; D. Yates; N. Crowe; P. Sayers

Junior Advocate: J. Falconer

Cycle Committee: R. Yeats; W. H-Gotley; T. Parfit

Table Tennis Committee: D. Brennan; S. Galtress

Breakages Man: J. McGill

Nominations Committee: J. Fletcher; P. Lamphee; N. Crowe; R. Thomson

Games Wardens: I. Hawkins; R. Swaine; T. Evans; N. Carroll

T.V. Committee: R. Thomson; R. Stroud

Council: C. Mathias; S. Oughton; J. Wilson; J. Dixon; P. Lamphee; I. Taylor

MEETING NOTES

FOR a leaving present for Mrs. Garvie, a collection amounting to nearly £11 was made, and the Meeting unanimously agreed to pay the extra money needed for the purchase of a cut glass jug to match the glasses being given to Mrs. Garvie by the masters, and also of a table lamp.

A dispute arose over the responsibility of the t.v. company in the actual repairing of the t.v.; their role is not to mend it themselves but to be responsible for ringing "Radio Rentals". This dispute led to the inclusion of a t.v. check in the Meeting checks.

The allowance of the Photographic Society is to be increased by £5 per term starting next term (Winter '75).

An argument arose over the purchase of two styluses for the VIth form common room record player by the Amplifier Technicians. It was clarified that this record player is the responsibility of the VIth form club and has nothing to do with the General Meeting.

T.W.

FOUNDER'S DAY 1975

HEADMASTER'S SPEECH

Mr. Chairman, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I would like first to welcome our speaker, Lord Chalfont. Anyone who reads *The Times* may feel that they already have an acquaintance with him through his articles, which cover a wide range, particularly of foreign affairs in which he is an expert. It is very good of him to come, and we look forward to hearing what he has to say.

Then, a warm welcome to all parents and friends. We often meet informally, but I am glad to have this one occasion each year when I can speak to you all, and thank you for your continuing confidence in the school. We do appreciate the great compliment which you pay us by entrusting your sons and daughters to us, and may I repay the compliment by saying that a school is only as good as the quality of all its members. If Rendcomb is a good place - and I think it is - then it is largely because our raw material, if you will forgive the phrase, is of first rate quality.

As I approach the school year two feelings are dominant. The day before term begins there is a faint sinking feeling which anyone who has ever been to school will instantly recognise. But as soon as the first boy heaves in sight this changes to exhilaration. And then, when you face a class for the first time - what a privilege; and what a challenge. Because when I look back to my days at public school and try to remember what I learnt, I can truthfully say that only two things came to mind.

One was an experiment to distinguish the allotropes of sulphur - I particularly liked the one where you melted the stuff in a dish and let it cool before puncturing the crust and pouring out what was still liquid. I cannot honestly claim that this has been of great value to me in life.

The other experience which has remained with me was studying *Macbeth* for 'O' level - or School Certificate as it was then. This I also enjoyed, but taking both things together it does seem rather a meagre harvest of learning from 5 years of schooling.

I very much hope that everyone taught here will remember more than that in 30 years time. But perhaps I did learn some other things less easy to identify.

One of the schools where I taught before I came to Rendcomb had two rather charming statues which illustrated the difference between the new boys and those about to leave. The newcomer stood cap in hand, cautious, humble, diffident; the statue was named Philomathes, the lover of learning. The other bold, mature and confident - this was Polymathes, the possessor of many sided learning.

It was rather like one of those 'before and after' advertisements. No doubt things aren't quite as clear cut as this - most people learn less than Polymathes and most people remember more than I did, but let me give you one definition of education: 'It is what you have left after all you learned at school has been forgotten'. And I believe that some of the greatest values of a boarding school education are the intangible ones. Take confidence, for instance. Some cynics would say that you simply become confident that life can never be quite as grim again; but I was very pleased to read quite recently in the *Daily Telegraph* a review of a book called *One Hand Clapping* by Cohn Middleton Murry. It speaks of his gruesome schooldays at the local grammar school, a sadistic headmaster and arch-bullies for school-mates. I quote: "That everyone was bound to betray you soon became Murry's youthful philosophy, but he survived his childhood largely through the enlightened regime of his second school, Rendcomb." What a fine memorial to Noel Wills, the founder of this school, whom we remember and honour today. It is a real pleasure to read an account like this, and I can only say that though Mr. Murry would find many outward changes I hope that the essential spirit of the place has remained the same.

Confidence, then, is central, no less for an individual than for a nation. With it you have the assurance to reject demagogues and detractors. Without it, all your other virtues and qualities are diminished. How is it acquired? I think you need an environment which has firm guidelines and is fundamentally secure, but which offers a variety of challenges, not all of them within reach. Young people need above everything positive achievement and success, but they also need to become aware of their limitations.

And another of the valuable things about this kind of education where we live together as a community is that we not only learn to recognise the abilities and needs of others but we learn to swallow a few unpalatable truths about ourselves.

My impression is that this is often more effectively done at school than at home. Our approach is, I hope, compassionate, but it has a detachment which parents find difficult. May I say that I am speaking from personal experience. When a teacher said to my daughter the other day, "You must look into people's hearts. You must forgive them", I felt that it had an impact on her which I could not have achieved. And I also felt, "That's what I am paying my money for" - not just for all the learning process which is essential but which we expect in any case - but for standards, for Christian values and for human understanding.

Nobody enjoys home truths at the time, but most people have the good sense to see that it is an essential part of growing up. A full education should at times be a little astringent or bracing like a dose of quinine or a cold shower. A summons to the headmaster's study isn't what it used to be but it sometimes entails straight speaking. Perhaps this was in the boy's mind who had pinned up a notice on his desk which rather took my fancy. It read quite simply, 'With the schoolmaster as your friend, who needs enemies?'

An Oxford philosophy don - an entertaining and liberal-minded man - offered the other day to give a talk here entitled

'In praise of Discipline and Latin Grammar'. It sounds a bit austere (though I'm sure it won't be), but it does no harm to remind ourselves that little of value can be achieved without self-control or hard work. I am afraid this flies in the face of those modern theories of education which emphasise above all freedom and self-expression, but what we aim at here is that by the time a boy or girl is in the VIth form most of the external discipline essential earlier on has become self-discipline and being taught is changing into teaching oneself.

The vast majority of boys and girls do recognise their responsibilities, and this applies not only to prefects, though I would like to thank them for the help they give us, but to the VIth form as a whole.

On looking at the academic results in today's programme you might consider that 1974 was one of the weaker years but I think you would be wrong. We were particularly pleased that nearly everyone gained as much as they expected, and some a good deal more. Out of 27 candidates, 21 decided to follow degree courses, and included in our three entrants to the ancient universities were our first two girls, one going to Oxford and one to Cambridge.

In addition, the average number of 'O' levels gained was 7.5, which considering that we limit the number taken to nine is an unusually good achievement.

Other attainments of special note were a Post Office university scholarship in engineering and an army scholarship, both won against strong competition.

Much good work has been done all through the school. I see this reflected in the regular grades and reports, and there are further illustrations of it in the physics exhibition, which I hope you have managed to see today (if not, it remains open); in the high quality of literary contributions to *The Rendcomb Magazine*; in the conservation essay prizes we have won and in many other ways.

In sport, the last rugby season was something of a prelude and preparation for what lies ahead; a young team was beginning to come into its own, and we look forward to the Christmas term with every chance of doing well against a series of strong opponents. Hockey, perhaps the most popular of the main sports, was bedeviled by rain, and if any parent would like to give us an all-weather hockey pitch we would not refuse the offer. I think it was Charles Lamb who said, "One of life's greatest pleasures is to do good by stealth and to be found out by accident". I should be happy to arrange this pleasure for anyone.

As for cricket, three years ago last Tuesday was the date of our last defeat in a 1st XI match, which is really quite a record, and we have some very promising players coming up through the school. Netball, tennis, squash, swimming, volleyball, athletics, and soccer have all been enjoyed and I was glad to hear recently that two old boys have gained black belts at judo - one of them being in the Cambridge University team.

For anyone looking round the school the Arts Block is a focus of interest. It is so obvious as soon as you walk in that there is a great deal of talent and keen interest, and that the facilities and the teaching are excellent. Whether a boy is throwing a pot or inlaying a backgammon board you feel that there is the same concern for individual creativity and craftsmanship.

Many schools say, 'Because our boys are not very strong academically, we emphasise the practical side'. We say because our boys are strong academically it is important to develop also their imaginative and creative skills.

The same is true of drama, and it would be hard to imagine a greater contrast between our two plays this year - the gay, delightful fantasy of *The Wind in the Willows* and the profound spiritual dilemma of *Murder in the Cathedral*. Having done a little very amateur play production myself, I know what time and energy are needed to produce the standard that has become traditional here. It is particularly pleasing this year that our leading actor gained one of the few highly prized places at the Bristol Old Vic Drama School.

The music continues to grow in quantity and quality, and I was delighted when our only entrant in the Cheltenham Music Competition won the cup for pianists between 16 and 17. I know that many people were looking forward to the performance of the *Messiah* which has had to be postponed until October. I am glad to say that the latest news of Mr. Willson is reasonably encouraging and he hopes to be back at the beginning of next term; I would like to pay my tribute not only to him and what he does for the music and climbing, but also to the work of all the staff during the past year and to thank them for their loyalty and dedication. And I want to go a step further and, in reminding you that 1975 is designated as Woman's Year, to make special mention of the women of Rendcomb. To those who teach, to masters' wives, the administrative staff, cooks, assistants and to those who keep the buildings looking so clean and polished a special word of thanks. Their influence is profound, their work is vital to us.

I am sometimes asked by prospective parents how we keep in touch with the outside world. I reply firstly that all communities that live and work together generate most of their own interests and recreations. Of these I have already spoken - and I think you would agree that it is nearly always preferable to create entertainment for yourself than to be a passive recipient.

It would be a negative attitude for a school to say, 'We don't have television here', for instance, but I see nothing but gain in providing at school sufficient alternatives so that television takes its proper place in the background as an occasional source of interest or relaxation.

Having said that, I go on to point out that our contacts beyond the school are extensive. Apart from the exeats, which retain the links with home, and the regular sporting fixtures in which we meet other schools, you have only to look at the school calendar to realise how much goes on. This year, the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden and the Turner Exhibition in London, Shakespeare at Stratford, Blenheim Palace, Coventry Cathedral, Tintern Abbey, the Veterinary Department at Bristol University, geology and ecology on the Dorset coast . . . the list is endless. And in the holidays there are our successful exchange visits to France and Germany. We are not reluctant Europeans at Rendcomb.

Then there are the distinguished speakers who come to give talks or to preach; two recent examples being Mr. Freddy Fisher, editor of *The Financial Times*, an old boy, and the Rev. C. F. D. Moule, perhaps the foremost New Testament scholar in the country.

Next week we are having the Industrial Conference at Rendcomb. We have invited over 30 girls from Westonbirt to join with our VIth form in this two-day inquiry into the challenge of industry and the problems an industrial society needs to solve. What could be more relevant to our country's situation at this time? Finally, I would like to commend to all parents, as I do to boys and girls, the community service which we do in Rendcomb village and in Cirencester. We give help to the hospital, to a school for handicapped children, and to old people by way of visiting, gardening, and so on. This is something which I hope most boys and girls will help with at some time during their school career. Building at Rendcomb has become almost a perennial activity, but we are now nearing the end of the dramatic expansion which started about 12 years ago, and which has nearly trebled the size of the school in that time. Anyone visiting the science laboratories today may have noticed the extension being built onto No. 1 Rendcomb to make the new 3rd form house.

In these uncertain times this is both an act of faith and a statement of our confidence in the future. Predictions are impossible, but I can only say that judging by the hard evidence of our waiting lists more people than ever before believe in what Rendcomb stands for and want to send their children here. And may I say to the Gloucestershire Education Authority a warm word of thanks for their continued help.

Now in this review I have given some account of the school's activities and achievements and in my earlier remarks I tried to suggest some of the less tangible qualities that a boarding school offers. Confidence, Christian values, hard work, responsibility, individuality, human understanding. And if this sounds a rather solemn list I would add the capacity to laugh at oneself and to accept the laughter of others. I think I would conclude by mentioning friendship and the capacity for making good friends which is especially fostered in a small school where we share so much. It is my final example of those things which cannot be priced, but can only be valued and which have a lasting effect upon our lives.

Mark Twain once said, "I have never let my schooling interfere with my education". But then Mark Twain attended a day school, and I should like to think that at Rendcomb schooling and education are one and the same thing.

LORD CHALFONT'S SPEECH

COLONEL GODMAN introduced the guest of honour, Lord Chalfont, and gave a brief summary of his career. In 1941, he was commissioned in the 24th Regiment, the South Wales Borderers. He served in the Burma and Malay campaigns, winning the Military Cross, and later he also served in Cyprus. After the war, he became the defence correspondent of *The Times* and a consultant on foreign and commonwealth affairs for the B.B.C. He was Minister of State for the Foreign and Colonial Offices and a member of the Privy Council. He was awarded the O.B.E. and later became a life peer. In the literary world, he made his mark with *The Sword and the Spirit*. He has had in addition numerous administrative and business occupations.

Lord Chalfont said it was a privilege and honour to have been invited to speak to us. He had listened with interest to the headmaster's report, finding it a clear indication of Rendcomb's significant contribution, and inspiring in its message. Commenting on the fact that several generations were present, he addressed his remarks mainly to those still at school.

His theme was our heritage of freedom, the community's greatest possession. On his visit to the People's Republic of China, with the first parliamentary delegation since the Cultural Revolution, he had been struck by the feeling of order, calm and discipline, in immediate contrast with the west. The people were dressed alike, indicative of the solidity of the community, and seemed happy and contented. This was an impressive sight to a westerner, and one wondered if this was a nearly perfect form of society. However, something was missing: freedom, physical, intellectual and political. Though materially better off the Chinese were not able to decide where to work and live. There was no political freedom, and no machinery through which the government could be changed. All professors at the University of Peking had to teach their subjects according to the concepts of Mao-tse-tung, and further intellectual enquiry was suppressed. History has shown us that although dictatorships can produce a society whose material benefits are greater, it lacks the great spiritual and moral quality of freedom.

Lord Chalfont said his first message to the young was always to guard against the extremist who will destroy individual freedom.

During the next 25 years there would be many problems to be solved if civilisation were going to survive and continue. These were not the parochial problems of inflation and unemployment, but the major problems: the danger of the weapons of modern technology; the pollution of our environment; and the growth of the world's population and our inability to feed and clothe it, and check disease. The failure of preceding generations to solve these problems was blatant, but they could be solved.

It might be asked what this had to do with the concept of individual freedom. This country could help solve these problems but only if people exercised their rights to make important choices. There were two reservations. People are not concerned with the idea of freedom when they are living below the level of subsistence. Therefore our first task

was to remove underprivilege. Secondly, the freedom of the individual could not be absolute. A balance must be struck between freedom and order in society. Liberty did not equal licence, and the individual must accept discipline until it became self imposed.

Within these limitations our most important possession was freedom. The freedom of assembly, speech and thought had been won at great cost in lives and suffering and must be defended positively and courageously if they were to survive. Political philosophers through the ages had agreed on this point:

“When bad men combine the good must associate.”

“The price of freedom is eternal vigilance.”

The two great enemies of freedom were ignorance and apathy. With the benefit of education we should not be exposed to the danger of ignorance. However, apathy was a threat, and we must realise that if freedoms were to remain they must be fought for. If we guarded our freedom the ‘broad sunlit uplands’ would hold enormous possibilities for us, but if we became apathetic life would be ‘nasty, brutish and short’ (*Hobbes*).

There had been wars to uphold freedom. A simple monument to the dead of the second world war in Burma stated:

“When you go back, tell them of us and say:

For their tomorrow we gave our today.”

There were more constructive sacrifices that we could make and it was our duty to give a little of our today for the world’s tomorrow.

Lord Chalfont concluded by wishing us good luck, happiness and the courage to defend our heritage of freedom as we grew up.

M.H. and J.L.

CHURCH NOTES

DURING the year preachers have included: the Ven. G. F. Hutchins, then Archdeacon of Cheltenham; the Ven. E. Evans, now Archdeacon of Cheltenham; the Rev. R. Grey, Diocesan Youth Chaplain; the Rev. F. L. M. Willis-Bund, Chaplain of All Souls’ College; the Rev. S. Riggs, Minor Canon of Gloucester Cathedral; the Rev. Canon A. J. C. Turner; the Rev. C. F. D. Moule, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge; the Rev. G. S. Mowat, vicar of Coln St. Aldwyn; the Ven. L. G. Fisher, Archdeacon of Chester; the Rev. R. Simpson, Canon of Chester Cathedral; the Very Rev. G. Thurlow, Dean of Gloucester; and the Rev. J. Allen, Chaplain of Bristol University.

There have been sung communion services on one or two Sundays each term as well as on the evening of Ascension Day. There was the Advent Carol Service, the Christmas Carol Service in Cirencester Parish Church, and a service of readings and music for Palm Sunday. Because of the slightly increased numbers in the school some boys have been attending evensong as their service.

Thanks are due to those who have served the Church in many ways, often unobtrusive, such as doing flowers or cleaning; without this work it would not be such a pleasant atmosphere to work in. For it is often in the ordinary day to day activities of a church that its true worth and help are shown.

W.J.A.H.

BELL RINGING NOTES

ANOTHER very successful term has been had by all. Our team of what were previously beginners has now improved immensely. After a great deal of rehearsing we managed to ring a few courses of Bob Doubles with the Dean of Gloucester. On the penultimate Friday of term we recorded the bells so that their notes could be recorded for posterity, because it is hoped they will be re-hung sometime next term. On behalf of the bell ringers I should like to thank Debbie Yates for two years of good ringing and I hope she will continue with the activity. I should also like to thank Miss Bliss for yet another term’s excellent management of the ringing.

P.C.H.

GARDENING NOTES

THE indoor bulbs, mainly 'Carlton' daffodils, were in bloom in early February and as usual made a fine show in the outer hall.

The urns on the terrace were planted with geraniums, trailing lobelia and French marigolds; petunias, asters and antirrhinums were used for the formal beds.

Much hard work has been done during the year, including clearing the herbaceous border in the Old Rectory grounds.

Early pruning and a dry summer provided the best show of roses for many years, Albertine being outstanding.

I am once again most grateful to the gardening groups for their hard and enthusiastic work during the year.

TUESDAYS: Baynham, Hamer, Lausch, T. Evans, S. Brennan, Jane Lyons, Lucy Brain, Cragoe.

WEDNESDAYS: Hewitt, Cooper, I. Read, Galtres.

W.J.D.W.

JUNIOR DEBATE

THE motion of this term's junior debate was: "This House approves of the unpredictability of the British weather".

Mark Raven delivered a very good speech for the motion, mainly insisting how boring it would be if we always knew what the weather would be. He was well backed by up Andrew Grainger, who emphasized this point, and Alastair Graham-Munro who dealt with the agricultural side of things.

Raoul Gilchrist made some very good points against the motion as well as some highly amusing ones. He was seconded by Nicholas Miles, who stated that often family outings were ruined by bad weather; and Callum Dick, who laid stress on famine and agricultural problems caused by storms ruining crops.

For the first time a college boy (Richard Sutherland) chaired the debate, and all went very smoothly.

The result was:	For	10
	Against	21
	Abstentions	12

D.T.

THE CHALLENGE OF INDUSTRY

(A conference organised by the college and the Industrial Society for the sixth forms of Rendcomb and Westonbirt on 26th and 27th June)

The aims of the conference were:

1. To bring home to young people, whether they are going into industry or not, the nature of the man-management problems that have to be faced by management and the trade unions and to generate their interest in them.
2. To give them a chance of hammering out among themselves, with guidance from group leaders, some of the problems being faced from day to day in industry.
3. To show them that there is a need in industry for high calibre people to tackle the problems and thus make a contribution to economic prosperity.
4. To develop a positive and open-minded attitude towards industry.

THE sixth-formers were organised into ten groups, each with a manager from industry as leader. The groups consisted of a balanced mixture of girls, boys, Westonbirt, Rendcomb, first and second year sixth and arts and science, in an attempt to stimulate active discussion sessions. The managers came from a variety of establishments including Smiths Industries, Post Office Telecommunications, the civil service, the Imperial Group and Coates.

The conference consisted of talks, a film, discussion sessions and finally a panel session. Representing management was Mr. Andy Moon (from the Imperial Group, i.e. Imperial Tobacco), and representing the unions Mr. Ken Neate (from the Transport and General Workers Union).

Many of the delegates were surprised to find that the manager and union speakers had not opposed but similar views on many problems, but the tackling of these problems often produced conflict, as shown most clearly in the panel session.

At this time of considerable government/management/union activity to obtain a satisfactory anti-inflation policy, the conference could not have been better timed. Many sixth-formers commented on how much they had benefited from the conference and, at least, everyone was made to think of the problems which are confronting the nation.

R.K.

EASTER COURSE AT OSNABRUCK, 1975

LAST Easter I set off on my second E.I.C. (Educational Interchange Council) course, this time to Osnabruck, in Germany.

It was a tremendous success. The Germans did their best to make us feel at home, and teach us as much as they could about their language and customs.

We went to school every morning for three hours, except at weekends and Easter, and were taught a mixture of vocabulary, grammar, helpful hints, geography, and economics. There were several optional outings arranged, into the country, to the theatre, and to various sights around the town. The rest of the time was spent with our various German families, into which we were placed.

I found myself just as much at home amongst the Germans as amongst the English, owing to their great hospitality and friendliness.

Our send-off was in the typically grand German fashion, with all the families and friends crowding the platform, and a band playing.

As well as being educational, the trip was a terrific experience and one well worth having.

A.S.M.

contributions

EXHIBIT 31

Peter Haynes (Form IV)

“Cor blimey! What d’ya call that?”
For a moment his brain stumbled,
Unable to understand the artist’s intricacy.
Brushing the leaves aside with his feet,
He arrives at the West side of IT.
The thing (or things) realize
Into a lifeless caricature,
(But, alas, his brain is dumbfounded.)
Of the most gay colours,
(All nameless, of course, though one was nearly pink.)
Creating a cacophony of clangor,
(His mind’s ear was full of wax.)
He cleared the foliage around his brain,
Picking at it, bearing the flesh,
Ripping off the false beard disguising it.
“Got it!”
“Got what?”
The voice hit him like a left on the jaw.
“Oh, beg pardon, your vicarship, sir.
I was just saying I’d worked out what it is.”
The clergyman squints at his programme.
“I thought it was England’s first goal in
The nineteen sixty-six World Cup.”
He stood, proud of his conclusion,
As Wellington may have done at Waterloo.
“Exhibit thirty-one : ‘Penguins in the mating season!’”
The vicar melted on to number thirty-two.
He surveyed Geoff Hurst’s jaw and watched
As the ball shot into the net past the
German-shirted penguin.

THE ABSTRACT

Philip Evans (Form III)

My eyes are in a trance, conquered by a few colours on a piece of canvas. There is no scene yet the impressions of several are given. I am cast into another world, a world of a morning mist and pointed mountains. There is no life to be seen, just a large, barren landscape. This is a world of impossibility. There are plants but no water to give them life. There are high mountains but nobody to climb them. There are sand dunes but no wind to form them. It is completely abstract.

I focus on a shape in the corner of the painting: a tranquil blue in colour. It seems to move . . . again it flickers its shape. I clear the vision from my brain and look at it again: it did move. It is not just one shape but a whole army of blue circles slowly coming towards me. They form a bridge from the picture and follow me over the couch, their speed increasing with each shuffle that they make. I rush out of the room and into the next room, shutting the door behind. I am safe.

This statement is soon to be proved false as the blue mass of shapes slide under the door and hold me to the floor. They begin to eat away at my flesh like under-nourished piranha fish. My flesh soon disappears and I become a skeleton. The circles slide under the door again and replace themselves on the picture and my body becomes whole once more.

STRATFORD

Brendan Hall

GLANCING at the ostentation which surrounds the once sleepy town of Stratford, you find it difficult not to believe that Shakespeare's lamentations about the theatre 'going public' were justified. For the town has been unimpressively subjected to the materialistic demands of an ever-increasing population. The hotels are unglamorous - perhaps constructed merely to meet the demands of our pretentiously theatre-going cousins who make their pilgrimage across the Atlantic every year.

Blinking once, you decide upon a stroll prior to your visit to the theatre. A visit to Shakespeare's birthplace sounds like a good idea, but on arriving there you immediately collide with a Harvard undergraduate, his face buried in some obscure American edition of Julius Caesar. You just have time to regain your balance, before being enveloped by a swarm of Japanese businessmen all in identical pre-war suits and dilapidated matching ties, intent on selling you instant-camera cameras and minute transistor radios, delivering their premeditated, deceptive grins.

Staggering blindly through the crowded streets in unbearable heat, you desperately seek salvation from one sole link with nature that you honestly believe to exist. You find it, temporarily, beside the calm of the River Avon, before being deafened by the sound of a barge-like vehicle gliding pointlessly back and forth along the river, its cargo largely consisting of middle-aged Miss Worlds smoking St. Moritz and sipping Bourbon on the rocks.

The theatre, deceptively ordinary on the outside, you find to be even more crowded with visitors than the streets. During a particularly drawn out performance of Hamlet, you suffer the misfortune of having the two seats on your left occupied by a Hungarian midwife and her sister who do nothing but gibber at each other; or at the beginning of the interval in The Merchant of Venice, an elderly American couple (inevitably called Wilbur and Muriel) deliver ecstatic remarks concerning the 'swell' performance that they think has just ended, much to the annoyance of the rest of the audience; you raise a despairing eye heavenward as you hear an elderly visitor from Ohio remark on how well-suited the actor playing Othello is to the part, in act three of King Lear. After a few visits, you become quite practised at the art of ignoring particularly restless groups of tartan-clad visitors from across the border, the twentieth century groundlings who liberally dispose of their cans and bottles so as to create as great a disturbance as possible.

Are we to allow this wave of cosmopolitanism to overwhelm us? Will Stratford, the source of our culture, become sectioned off into separate communities, as is fast happening in London? Unfortunately, those of us who do our best to preserve the origins and prevent the tarnishing of such places are being swiftly replaced by those who suffer 'bondage to that arithmetical demon Profit-and-Loss !'

HEALTH

Stephen Hawkins (Form IV)

"KEEP young and beautiful, if you want to be loved", runs the line from a popular musical and it is probably more true now than it has ever been.

Every day we read in the tabloid newspapers (if we ever do) about one famous starlet after another going to an exclusive health farm in the depths of Surrey to make herself just that little bit more young and beautiful.

Most of us, however, have to content ourselves with a visit to our local doctor (if he isn't working to rule). This is a decidedly less glamorous experience. The receptionist ushers you into a stark waiting-room where you have to wait and read the years-old copies of *The Field* or *Weekend* depending on whether you're in Cheltenham or Bradford. The clock on the yellowing wall seems to grin at you as it ticks away the fateful minutes. Your stomach is turning, those butterflies will not sit still, and there is that patient opposite you whose face matches the colour of the wallpaper and who looks as though he is about to vomit over you.

Finally, the doctor opens his door and chirps brightly, "Next, please."

You slouch in and close the door slowly. The smell is clinical with a faint touch of lavender. Once upon a time, the doctor would have asked you immediately, "What's the matter, sir?" Not any more. "Private or National Health?"

He has looked you up and down and his still faintly chirpy voice is hardening.

"National Health", you say timidly.

"Oh", he replies coldly, not a trace of chirpiness left in his voice, and a steely glint in his bespectacled eyes.

"What's wrong with you?"

"It's my feet, they're awfully itchy."

"Zinc undecaneate chloride, 58p, Boots. Good day!"

You look at him questioningly. Is that it? He soon lets you know.

"Next, please."

You stumble out, bewildered and mumbling something about, "It wouldn't have happened twenty years ago" And the stuff probably will not work either.

Is good health dependent entirely on money, I wonder? I do not think so. And just as abhorrent as the avaricious medical practitioner is the "keep-fit" fanatic.

"Well, of course, I get up every morning at five and do a brisk five miles before I have my dip in our pool. It's freezing cold at that time in the morning, of course, but it certainly sets you up for the day. Then, I get my wife up. (God,

she's lazy, what!) We have a game of squash or tennis in the summer, Then, while she's making the salad breakfast, I get up to a spot of weightlifting. I mean, there's no sense in wasting time, is there?" And so on, ad nauseam. My motto is, 'Keep Health in Proportion', care about it in proportion to food, drink, sleep, television and all the other bodily functions, and certainly don't sacrifice anything to it. In my view health ought to be placed somewhere between washing and getting up in the morning, when the scent of a (non-salad) breakfast is wafting up to you. Then is the time to exercise yourself to check that everything is still there and that nothing has changed. And if people tell you that unless you bother about your health you will be dead by fifty, proudly display your paunch and tell them that it has taken years of careful nurturing to grow that and anyway you must rush or you will miss that television programme on heart diseases.

THE ROYAL?

Simon Buist (Form IV)

PRINCESS MARGARET, lager in hand, drove sedately along, astride her New Holland Clayson combine harvester, murmuring the occasional "Bona Fortuna", and cutting a neat swathe through the crowd, leaving a bloody trail of old legs behind her. A strong Limousin bull put up quite a fight after crossing her path, but was soon being sold for 60p between two slices of bread, next to the "Guinness" stall in avenue B. Having kicked a passing farmer in the teeth, a beautiful pea-green stallion reared up on its hind legs and fox-trotted across the grand ring and won itself a pair of smell-free socks (guaranteed).

Yes. Ladies and gentlemen, it was a day for all sorts. Unfortunately, however, their liquorice started to melt and one party was mistaken for a group of perspiring Kenyans, and the riot police were called in. It was indeed an eventful day, a free tractor with every ice-cream bought.

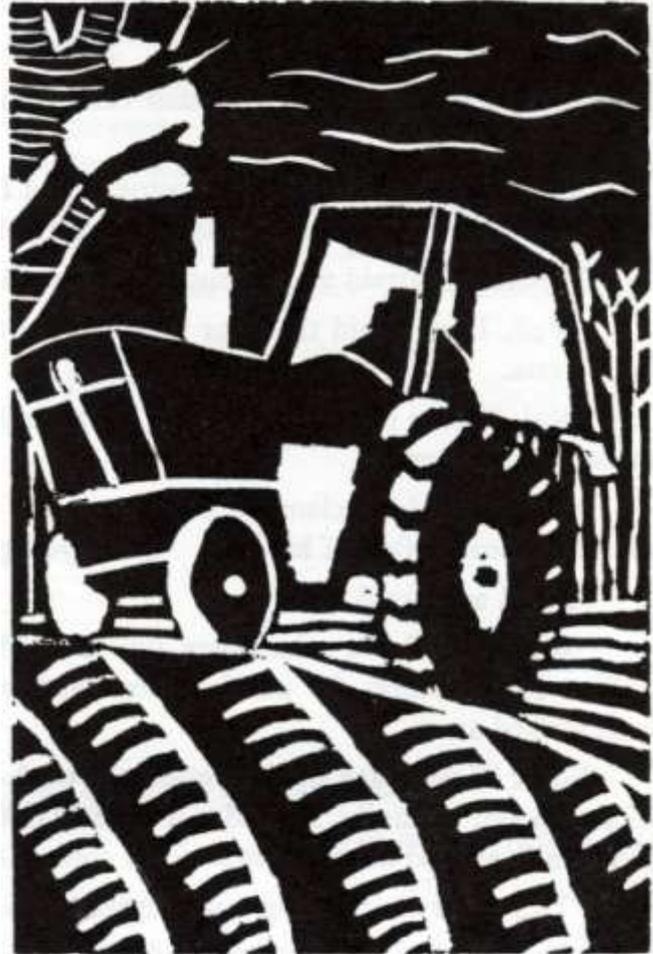
There was also a noteworthy collection of guns in one section, for all those would-be suicides. A fly-fishing pond nearby served as an efficient method of getting rid of the corpses. "Come to the Royal Show and have the once in a lifetime chance to shoot yourself."

BREAKFAST MEDITATIONS

Patrick O'Donohoe (Form IVa)

A yellow, pupil-less eye stares sickeningly at me from the belly of a soggy, slimy, greasy, white, leech-like blob of hideous, oozing amoebic fat, displaying brown scars where lumps of burning blubber scorched the obscenely bubbling body of the nightmare that sits before me now.

Suddenly a distant voice says, "Come on, Patrick, eat up your nice fried egg!"



EIGHT LEGS

Graeme Connelly (Form IV)

"Come into my parlour, said the spider to the fly", and in I quakingly trundled, looking as humble as I possibly could, to be greeted by a leer; cunning; knowing. I was instantly showered with sarcasms, all his eight legs seemed to catch hold of me at once; tweaking my ear, pulling my hair, playfully rapping my knuckles with a ruler before I had a chance to pull them from their red-raw resting place. I smelt the stench of mortality in his deep, brown-black, dirt-matted coat, sat down, and resigned myself to rest with the carcasses of long-forgotten flies.

Latin went badly that day.

THE SECRET LIFE OF EDGAR TICK

Colin Hitchcock (Form IV)

EDGAR TICK coolly pushed the man back through the door of the hotel room and rammed him into a chair.

“So you finally slipped up, Vostok”, said Edgar Tick, locking the door. Vostok was a Russian agent that Edgar Tick had been ordered to track down and liquidate.

“Yes, I was afraid your agents might see Brezhnev coming here with the aeroplane ticket.”

“Well, I am afraid that was your last mistake”, replied Edgar Tick, screwing a silencer onto his Beretta.

“No! You're not going to . . .” The bullet bored a neat hole between his eyes. Edgar Tick made for the door.

The hand which clamped down onto his shoulder made him start. Edgar Tick turned, and saw the wrinkled face of his boss. “Have you got that dalek design finished yet?”

“No, I am afraid not.”

“Well, for God's sake hurry up, man. Whizzo Cereals want the first consignment of one million plastic daleks for packing next week, and the moulds have to be made yet!” The angry boss walked away.

Edgar Tick looked up from the huge bank of switches and dials, and studied closely the surface of the moon. Funnily, he had not seen it this close before, and the sight of it amazed him. He reluctantly shifted his eyes back to the control board and glanced over the meter readings.

“Tick, you are veering two degrees anticlockwise off course. Correct immediately please”, crackled the robot-like voice, relayed by satellite from Houston, Texas, U.S.A. Tick looked out of the porthole again, and realised how lucky he was to be the first man from the whole of mankind to walk on the moon.

The sound of the buzzer cut through the air as through butter. Edgar Tick got up from his drawing board and departed from the office for his lunch hour.

He selected a cafe from the street's wide selection, went in and sat down.

He writhed in the chair as the sheer agony of three hundred volts shot through him. As suddenly as it had started, it stopped. The Gestapo man sneered at him: “Tell us what your intelligence know about the factory at Dusseldorf!”

Edgar Tick sneered back at him. “Never !”

“You know something, Tick? You are lucky. We will conclude the electrical treatment, and remove your limbs. We will stop when you decide to talk, of course.”

The Gestapo man picked up a large axe, and raised it above Edgar Tick's wrist.

A dull clang came to Edgar Tick's ears as the cutlery hit the table. “Can I help you, sir?” said the pretty waitress, still laying cutlery.

“Yes. Plaice and chips, please”, said Edgar Tick, as he eased himself into the cockpit of Concorde, the fastest passenger plane in the world.

WRITING FOR THE MAGAZINE

Jonathan McGill (Form IVa)

“What's our English prep?”

“Write something for the mag!”

“Oh rats! I'd forgotten that.” My mind plunged into immediate confusion. When not told what to write on I never seem able to decide. As we sat down, the bell went in the distance and the intense thinking period began to tick by. Poem or prose, I wonder: the sea, that's a good idea. I thought for sound words but could find none bar 'swish', which did not seem suitable.

Looking at my pencil case, I saw the Guinness label:

We at Guinness

Have a finesse. No, no, not quite.

Guinness is here,

A tall dark beer,

Made for men,

As and when . . . what? I forgot the idea!

How about electronic equipment, light emitting diodes, neon lights flashing, pulsating speakers and whining sirens?

The neon lamp flashed,

Activated by the sliding switch.

The equipment erupted instantly,

Producing a low drone.

Technology's advanced recording system

Burst into momentary action,

And then, without warning,

Was engulfed in flame . . . A bit pathetic perhaps.

Now, let's think again. Limericks even. The best first lines always seem to be “There was a young lady . . .” or “There was an old man . . .” Let me see:

There was a young lady from Tottenham,
 Her manners? She'd completely forgotten 'em;
 When at tea with the vicar . . . No, that does not seem to fit.
 A description, I like them, what of? Trees waving, and rustling in the wind. Clouds sailing lightly across the sky like blobs of cotton wool. Running water, an agent of erosion swiftly flowing over a large slab of stone to cascade into the deep plunge pool beyond. Just at that moment the bell went in the distance and everyone around erupted.
 "How are you getting on?"
 "I can't think of anything!"

COTSWOLD VALLEY

Simon Elliott (Form III)

A.D. 1975:

The green trees stand, silent. A nude pylon breaks the horizon, pointing to the sky, the burnt out remains of a crashed Zeppelin. A bird chirps. I listen again, and hear the rumble of heavy lorries, that want to get from A to B by the shortest possible route and in the shortest possible time, without a pause to grasp the beauty of the green valley. The river flows on, slow and silent here, fast and furious there.

A.D. 2975:

The plastic trees stand, silent. Not a rustle is discernible. Far below lies the river, in the amazing gorge which it has eaten out of the earth. A steel structure stands (thought to be an 'electricity pylon' of the 10th century). Not a bird chirps. I listen. Not a sound, just a slight tremble as one of the underground monorail trains passes on its way. I walk over to the ruins of an ancient building of the 10th century, and try to imagine how crude life must have been in those days.

THE HOUSE OF GOD

Kevin Nunan (Form II)

THE ruined church stands forlorn and naked. Spidery supports gracefully reach up to the sky. But the mighty buttresses and slender vaulting no longer carry the softly tinted green leaden roof; only the sky rests on the ancient shoulders. Vines crawl through the glassless windows, and a dignified statue set high in the wall is reduced to a perch for birds. Even trees grow in the nave and the chancel is a blaze of foliage cascading down the wall. The floors are soft under the foot, and the customary echo of footsteps in the church is lost forever, escaping through the giant web of arches. Yet even in this pitiful state the church still holds its dignity and grandeur and an airy beauty haunts the sun-smitten skeleton. No longer beauty in solemn might but beauty in the fragile framework that remains. Timeless people wander in a carefree trance, full of awe. For everything else becomes uglier as it decays; only a church remains beautiful.

HIPPOPOTAMUS

Stephen Hawkins (Form IV)

FAT, complacent and oozing self-confidence,
 Smugly sitting, reading, learning,
 Watching the world flit past,
 In his wet, cool water-hole,
 Covered in the palm leaves of *The Daily Telegraph*.
 Bored and boring, lying in a primeval swamp
 Of chemistry books and cricket scores,
 With narrow interests and a narrow mind.
 Then, with one huge, galumphing leap,
 He springs towards full marks in another test.

MILTON'S GOT NOTHING ON ME

Philip Lyons

"POETRY is precocious",
 Said the wounded soldier.
 "Mind what you're saying",
 Said the six-year old wonder.
 "Milton's got nothing on me.
 My pen is mightier than your sword:
 The word is precious and pure;
 The wound is pointless and evil.
 Language is our redeemer-
 It sublimates our animal state.
 War destroys; poetry creates.
 Man cannot live by bread alone-
 He needs my genius to survive."

Our little hero adjusted his position,
 His small legs dangling over the bar stool.
 He pushed up his little round glasses
 A present from the National Health
 And smiled at the thought of his brilliance.
 The soldier tried to smile,
 But the wound in his side
 Contorted his face in pain.
 The poetical prodigy turned round
 And, smoothing his cropped, brown hair,
 Asked the soldier,
 "Can I buy you another drink?"

THE ROSE AND THE THISTLE

Kevin Barraclough

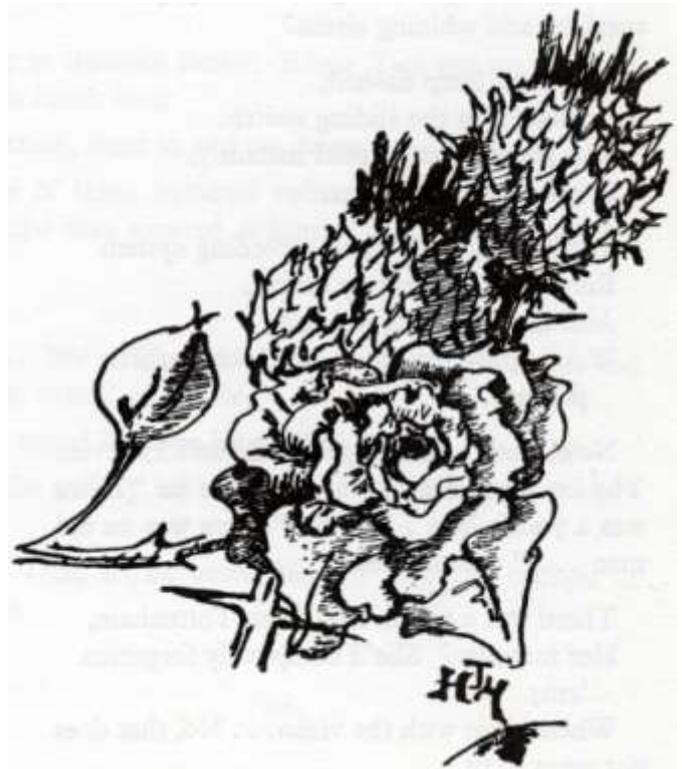
On the light, powdery snow,
There lay a rose.
From the crushed petals
A delicate fragrance diffused into the still, frosty air.

The red of the flower
And the white of the clean snow
Complemented each other.
The white increased the beauty of the red,
And the red demonstrated the purity of the white.

Despite this aesthetic balance,
The cold, open spaces of winter
Were killing the rose.

The flower had been plucked from a greenhouse,
And could no longer survive the harsh medium it was
subjected to.
Nearby a thistle battled successfully with elements:
Survival of the fittest:
The beautiful flower must die.

Delicate snowflakes started falling,
And soon a white quilt had covered
This lesson in barbarism.



(I)

JUSTIN VERITHIN sat at his desk sweating. Around him were others like him, sitting, watching and sweating. He slowly reached up and undid another button from his damp shirt. His gaze was avidly fixed on the screen. The screen sprang to life and a pink-faced newscaster appeared.

“Well, we welcome you to Election Special, perhaps one of the closest in American history. At last we have the final result and a new President of America.” One man’s face sank and the old president pushed his chair back. The chair squealed in protest. The man slunk out of the room. Justin wondered why the candidates were not told before if they had won or not, instead of sitting watching this . . . his thoughts were interrupted:

“And so that makes Justin Verithin the new American President.”

The room erupted. Justin’s supporters stampeded towards him, he was hustled, jostled. Eager hands grabbed him, large hands hit him, slapping, voices praised him. Smiling faces loomed inches before his and spoke. A pretty young woman, whom he had never seen, planted froth-flecked lips squarely on his. A champagne cork thundered in his ear. He was hoisted upwards and sailed on to the endless parties and meetings.

(II)

Justin grabbed the edge of the windscreen and flung his arm upwards. Flicking his wrist he waved to the sea of faces. The endless “Stars and Stripes” fluttering in the wind. People thrust towards him, eager to touch him. Justin rotated his head and saw no way through. The car still moved and gradually created a rift as the cheering people parted. Flowers were flung, praises were catapulted, abuse was little. The car growled up to the White House door.

The leap over the car door saved his life. So the doctors said. As he touched air the flash puzzled him. As he touched unconsciousness fear gripped him.

The operation was long and painful. His coma lasted for three days. The American people were anxious. He was still comparatively young at forty-three, he was fit, he played tennis and swam. He was in a wheelchair on his first visit to his padded desk for two months, and he slowly recovered. His useless arm hung down like a piece of string and, you see, they never found the fragment of glass lodged in his brain.

(III)

Brian Eagle was Justin’s best friend. They often talked for long hours, Justin relaxing in his chair behind his desk and Brian wandering round the room, sometimes sitting, sometimes touching paintings of Lincoln, Roosevelt and Ford.

It was on one such day that Brian and Justin were talking that the piece of glass decided to move.

“You know, Brian, the last time the trees were like this was before the elections. See that pond . . . ?” Justin lifted his good arm and pointed.

“Yes”, Brian answered.

“Well, I can remember having one like that, when I was . . .” Justin uttered a short cry and clutched his head, he sank onto the desk. Brian was on his feet.

“Justin . . . Justin, Justin, are you all right?” Justin slowly raised himself.

“Yuh . . . yuh. For a moment my head just seemed to rent asunder. Maybe the gods don’t like me.”

Brian smiled and sank back into the chair facing Justin.

Justin fumbled under the desk abstractedly, his fingers wrapped round the protruding knob and pressed. There was a click and a whirr of machinery, followed by a loud explosion.

Brian was smashed back into his chair. He stared in utter disbelief at the black barrel protruding from the desk. He touched his empty chest, then collapsed.

Justin moved quickly. He pulled out the white handkerchief with “J” embroidered on the corner. He reached into his drawer and took out a large black pistol, and with undue care placed it in Brian’s hand.

Sinking back into his chair, he heard the tapping feet. The guard crashed through the door and skidded in on one knee. Others followed, propped Justin up, gave him spirit. They left him and Justin stared at the stained carpet. “Funny”, he thought, “I only had it fitted to please Brian.”

(IV)

Justin had been watching the red blur all day, fascinated. He stared at it from morning to dusk until one afternoon early in autumn he began his last fling.

Taking a small tape recorder from his drawer, he placed it outside on the balcony, and pressed the button labelled “Start”. Striding back inside, he fumbled for the red blur. Picking up the receiver he sounded desperate . . .

“Hallo, hallo . . . the president here, Justin Verithin, code URPH 1794312 B7. Release the missiles, it’s started, the war . . .”

Behind him the tape-recorder whirred, the sound of an air raid warning siren clattered through its speaker.

“They’ve got New York, San Francisco, LA .. for God’s sake release them, damn you, release them . . .”

“I’m sorry, sir”, a voice replied. “You have given me yesterday’s code.”

At that moment the room shook. Pictures fell, busts smashed. Justin turned in utter disbelief and watched the mushrooms sprouting. He contorted and saw another one spring up a little closer, and then another, and another, and another . . .

MORNING AFTER SNOW

Patrick O'Donohoe (Form IVa)

YESTERDAY came the snow; manna from heaven,
whirling down in infinite vortices from the white infinity
which merges into the hazy grey horizon.
This morning the horizon is dull green and the sky pale
blue with streaks of paler blue cloud. What is left of yes-
terday's snow lies thinly on the tops of hedgerows and on
the ground, cleared in narrow margins by the shelter of
walls, and in circles around the bases of grey, skeletal
trees which are oblivious of coldness, in their own, cold,
deathly animation; cairns of wooden bones, in all out-
ward respects dead since they lost their golden flesh in
the autumn. Everything but the icy wind is still, frozen,
dead.
A few hidden birds trill with false cheerfulness, mocking
the desolation and the cold. Their song is warming, heart-
ening, but thin. Above it screams the mighty, terrible
voice of silence.

BOTTLE-HUNTING?

Treve Evans (Form IV)

You scrape and scrape,
Sweat and sweat,
Toil and toil
In the soft, brown earth.
Bitten by the man-eating flies,
Until a mere, non-dogworthy skeleton.
A chink, several chinks,
Another one gone.
It was the first one for hours.
It's not your day.
You struggle,
For years.
A chink, another chink, several chinks,
You swear, another one gone,
You scrape forever,
Until you find a whole bottle.
You've achieved the impossible.
On it, it says,
"HP Products Limited, Copyright Nineteen Seventy-
Four."
You discover
It's a compost heap,
In a building estate.
You kill yourself.

WINEGLASS

Simon Fear (Form Va)

A thousand crystal facets
a dream in a thousand
episodes
demi-gods
a girl in a thousand
bedsitters
nightgowns
A thousand crystal lives
a book in a thousand
volumes
articles
a love in a thousand
particles
fragments
semi-quavers
A thousand crystal facets
filled
with water.

THE LECHER

Graeme Connelly (Form IV)

Cream-caked crap games
Collar the air.
Whispering and shouting:
Vulgarly bare.

Crowding, sweating,
Colour-mixed bars:
Filled with popcorn
And Cadillac cars.

Whether rented or stolen,
Their clean garments cover
A small, well-worn placard:
"Eat her, don't love her."

Off peel their skins,
Crying: "Me. Beware."-
Naive, weakling doe
Enters lion's lair.

THE FORGOTTEN DREAM

Kevin Barraclough

Time spirals wildly to oblivion,
Its ordered path conquered by noise.
Passions spin out of hand,
Inducing pulsing currents of hatred.

Mellowing days of deepening gloom
Stretch the delicate present to eternity.
The eagle hunts the soaring crags,
Searching for life in the dead rock.

Sexual fluids seep from crystal vials,
Craving Venus to free Armageddon.
Liquid shafts of radiation
Are loosed from Apollo's chariot.

Agony wings its silent way across the land,
Leaving a wake of wailing women,
Weeping for their charcoal sons,
Cleansed by pure white pain.

Luminous dust tears the flesh,
Its uncanny light breathing death.
The priest completes the empty rites,
Before the altar of his God.

The silver chalice of love
Floats from the redeemer's hands,
Soaring skyward to dissipate
The sacred blood among the stars.

The bitter winds sweep cruelly
Across the battlefields of hate,
The air alive with unsung love-songs
Of ancient angels of the sun.

The beautiful uniforms rustle in eternal dusk,
Clothing only the bleached bones of war.
The tattered banners speak of promises,
Of empty words that bred the ancestral rage.

The sacred spirit searches the earth,
Wandering in the timeless, deserted cities,
Hunting for its crucified soul:
The long forgotten dreams of men.

BROOK ERODING

Callum Dick (Form I)

Chittering,
Chattering,
Quickly splattering;
Flowing,
Going,
Suddenly slowing;
Eroding,
Mowing,
Trees groaning;
Slower,
Goer,
Medium pace flower;
Winding,
Grinding,
Silently gliding,
Deep,
It creeps,
No more it leaps.



EPHEMERAL BUT RETURNING NIGHT

Mark Holloway (Form V)

In the myriads of countless faintly-coloured speckles
White as a whole against the Bible-cover-black of night
I fix my eyes upon a special one
Larger than the others and of reddish hue
A distant fiery warlord
Rising through the charcoal ages
Spreading consternation among a forest of plebian worlds.

In that instant the trees and breeze arose
Trying to exorcise the image of that outer star
With eerie wailings of their own device,
From my ephemeral thoughts.

Somewhere on the surface of that slick black sphere
That sustains our very human rock
A green-scaled monster with a hundred eyes
An Argus of its kind
Throws a nail-sharp talon at a bearded warrior's shield.
Behind a billion grains of sand
Each one as an aeon on this land
A city falls
A star is lost
A world is born
Every morn.

Beside the glistening disc of twilight waters
Consciousness is softly rubbed away
As warm breaths of cursory unconsciousness
Bring a dizzy maelstrom of curious pastel shapes and jagged words.
And pools of three-dimensional colours
Separate and meaningless
As a million years
Passes in a moment's recognition.

Hours compressed to seconds as a squeezed sponge
And lengthy female fingers, delicate and smooth,
Are emitted from the centre of the sunrise;
They warm the darkest corners
And chase away the fleeing terror-stricken shadows from their lair
As all the suns will do
At a distance of many trillion stairs
Along the length of Jacob's golden ladder.

As colour in a children's magic paintbook will appear
When daubed with water,
So darkness is dissolved.
The stars and moon extinguished
And colours of the earth in day return in spate
When splashed with liquid sun
From early dawn till late.

WELSH SUNSET

Peter Haynes (Form IV)

The sun beams down
Its beautiful toothpaste advert smile
On the sweetpea and sandpied streets;
The harem odours waft like ammonia fumes
From the bubble and squeak kitchens
Where husbands are due home.
The day is drawing its curtains.
The sun, like a giant penny,
Sinks into its reddening slot.
Small brother, brown as chocolate, innocent as kittens,
Melts into the steam and sweat of the
Bakewell kitchen for the last time.
Big sister, too, melts. Away from
The sugar-sweet, perspiration, trampled grass,
Shaking her feathers. Farewell innocence,
As she slips on her shoes.
Father, the magnet attraction,
Greets his cherubims with flattening glee.
“ ‘Ow’s my little Indian boy then?”
His olfactory organs trapping the bacon stench,
His ears sucking at the Newbury two-forty.
“And ‘ere’s my darlin’ little hen!”
“Yeh, Dad, John says she’s been laid again, today!”
And so Wales melts into its own evening hues;
The night-life is another tale.

I WAS ADORED ONCE TOO

Simon Fear (Form Va)

in the drained teacup
some say
that fortunes can be read
fortunes? I havenomoney
fortunes? easywayout
i can only buy love
in the drained teacup
some may read
the dregs of some old love affair
memory? idonotexist
easywayout
through a clear glass
some say
that one could see my torture
torture? idonotexist
no torture? easywayout
through a clear veil
there are the holes
that make a whole
emptiness
easywayout
in the stained teacup
some say
the walls will hold me in
the walls will hold me in
the walls cannot hold me in
the walls cannot hold me in emptiness
idonotexist
i wish i had kissed you



STRATFORD

Mary Harvey

THE coach stops. A party of people descend, hesitantly, surveying the scenery, as though they were not totally sure of their surroundings. They split up into little groups, the girls in their myriad-coloured, long-skirted dresses seem to flit around the boys in more sober, steady, dark suits. Near the river is a group laughing at a girl who debates the descent down the muddy bank to the towpath in a long skirt and high heels.

The swans wave their heads imperiously and swim officiously to the river bank to inspect the newcomers and frisk them for food. In the middle of the river a pleasure cruiser glides along, smoothly, effortlessly, and through the glass a party of prosperous, smart Americans sip champagne, and laugh soundlessly. Nearer the edge of the river a crew of eight strain past, swiftly. Their faces are set hard as they concentrate on keeping up their exertions to maintain their speed. Stratford and Shakespeare are nothing to them, their mecca is Henley, and the Thames more a goal than the Avon.

Towards 7.30 the groups and the individuals cease to wander aimlessly, and start to make their way to the two theatres, at this time of the evening the focal point of the town. The best-dressed are swallowed up by the glass-doors of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, and a strange conglomeration of men, be-suited and be-jeaned, and of women, the short skirts juxtaposed with the long ones, carry on down the road to The Other Place.

It could be asked what there was about an over-large corrugated shack to draw so many people. To look in during the evening would not give a satisfactory reason either; dark figures on a white stage, seen through a haze of warm muggy air and cigarette smoke, and the apparent incongruity of a Jew deriding thrift. However, having been seated there through the whole of the performance and seen a situation arise and develop, the audience becomes part of it, and the situation would not have been the same without them. They become "the distracted multitude" and, although wooed by Claudius's unctuous words at the beginning, soon sympathize with Hamlet, except for a few women, perhaps, who are enmeshed by Claudius's blatant charm.

The illusion created by the actors, the over-hot air, and the concentration of the audience does not last. The opening doors stir the air, and the illusion shivers like the surface of water in a gentle wind. By the time the people have reached the night, the cold, sharp air dispels the illusion that was built up over three hours of tension, relief and concentration. They believe they can remember it all, but by the morning they have forgotten everything but a few remarkable qualities of the main characters.

The two theatres disgorge their captives, the school parties depart in hired coaches. Those that stay the night in the town hurry back to their abodes; the men for a drink, the women for a bath. Very slowly the town becomes darker and quieter, the lights go out, punctuated by the muffled, nasal laugh of some wealthy women, until only the street lamps are spreading their unearthly orange glow. The town is left to the swan, asleep under the bridge, and to the occasional car which drones through the night, getting louder and then quieter until it is heard no more. The driver's mind switches to the next town he needs to reach on his journey, and, concentrating on this, he negotiates the turnings and rushes on into the darkness again.

EXAMINATIONS

Hamish Wilson (Form IVa)

With the adrenalin pumping round the "ribworted, oesophagus, blood grouped, protoplasmic circulatory system,"

The minutes tick away.

Panic arrives as a rushing wind

Clearing the brain of predicative datives, subjunctives, relative pronouns;

I walk around, stupefied, saying "I don't know it, I don't know it."

In vain I put down my "crib" sheets and much-used exercise books.

The portal to ticking clocks, blotting paper and foolscap opens

To a crescendo of excited voices,

Testing, asking to the last minute.

A voice ominously booms out,

"Stop talking now!"

An instant hush.

Leaking pens, sharpened pencils impress names, dates, titles,

And last minute remembered formulae and equations.

Clocks are set,

The odour of alcohol-paper drifts to the wooden desks (covered in graffiti).

"All right, you can start now."

The new papers are flipped over.

Suddenly unknown facts are stated, obscure questions asked,

And a nervous eye glances over the blue type.

The pen, sticky from sweat, quickly runs over the foolscap in constipated jerks,

(Hesitating at the difficult questions).

I look round at the coughing, sniffing examiners - they can do it, I can't.

I will come bottom.

Visions of detentions, bad reports, angry parents and house tutors are envisaged.

I doodle endless triangles, squares, capital letters.

I look again at the examination in a new frame of mind,

Perhaps "u squared over two times y does equal the hypotenuse times pi squared," after all.

And maybe "the time-velocity graph of an inter-reactionary missile is u squared equals v squared plus at."

"Considering that it takes three men to fill a leaking bath in two hours then it's logical that the hole must be 2.567 centimetres in diameter."

I scribble down the scattered pieces of knowledge I have remembered.

I look up and

The Smith's synchronized time-keepers announce the end of the "blood, sweat, toil and tears."

The exam has finished.

And now the staplers start clicking,

Nervous sighs emanate from the graffiti-covered desks.

Papers are handed in,

Glances and sign language are the means of communicating messages;

"Easy!!"; "very difficult"; "not bad."

And with a scraping of chairs,

Shuffling of feet,

The examinees stream out through the door

As water going down a plug-hole.

"Question number four was difficult -"

"I made it: 1.674."

"I made it 3.94, but... "

"I forgot to cross multiply and divide - Oh no!"

And as all the answers come streaming back to me,

I think I must have failed the exam.

Now the next exercise books are brought out...

For the next exam.

LONE RANGER

William Henniker-Gotley (Form IV)

Gliding through light years of space;
Drifting through tennis ball galaxies,
As an autumn leaf falling,
Spiralling and curving,
Eventually finding a place to land.

Bright suns, searing bulbs,
Light up the many halls of space;
Throwing light on the dark voids of
Emptiness, like lightning in the dark,
Stabbing brilliance on other worlds.

Planets revolving, turning round their suns;
A slow monotonous dance, twisting in the dark;
Waltzing to the slow rhythm of time.
The spacecraft, a ping-pong ball amongst
Air balloons, races through the black reaches.

CAT

Graeme Connelly (Form IV)

Back arched in spitting, lunatic,
Self-centred tantrum;
Her eyes bulging, warily glaring,
Shooting milky sparks.
Snarling, loudly, with bristle, brush-black hair,
And wild, whispering,
Crushed-back, jet-black ears; she coils,
Bursts, and pounces.

TEMPERANCE IS MINE

Timothy Wormleighton (Form Va)

SARDONYX:

In the dank, dry mists of ages,
When Others turned our pages,
When Time itself was young,
And sunsets sang their song;
When, here, from a drop of breathing water,
Life surprised the void.
It walks the orb in two forms:
Light and Dark,
Good and Evil.
You have the choice between these two roads,
Yet both wind towards a similar cause.
You must choose your road, your destiny,
As only you can choose.
As your stream trickles towards that stagnant lake,
Friends and enemies lie in your wake,
Remain free from fiery brimstone wake,
Free from venomous, spitting snake,
Free yourself from yourself,
And you will see Life.
I live for nothing more than Life,
I have seen beyond your strife,
I have seen four horses, hooves thundering,
I see myself as myself, wandering,
I will never be whole,
Not even *you* will ever be whole.
My life is beyond time and space,
I have disowned this twisted race,
You will destroy your choking place,
But never me.
Destroy yourselves and you will see,
Why I beg you to follow me,
I can see by mind alone.
Your mind can only view *your* throne,
And will be trodden as a stone.
No, you can never be whole,
Not even you will ever be whole:
Yet you live, not to give, not to make, but to *take*,
You, the venomous, spitting snake,
Look at yourself,
You will never see,
You cannot see,
But you will pay.

SARDIUS :

As white mist wafts through weeping willow,
Clouds of softness form my pillow,
Gliding silently, quietly, lost,
Through glades of green and dappled moss.
I am here, yet who am I?
Numb memory has confined to die.
Through banks of blue and gold I float,
Lo! Towering castle with shimmering moat,
Through swirling mists of sheeted Day,
Beckoning trees direct my way.

SAPIENCE:

I am here; follow me,
Live for Life, and you will see,

Material gain means little to me.
I am Peace, the One you seek,
Discover Life, of which I speak,
Reach out and hear me;
I will lead you towards that sea,
The sea that beckons me.

I am Peace, the One you seek,
Listen to me, and I will speak.

SLEEPING VICAR

Ian Pengelly (Form IV)

What lies beyond the barriers of man?
Here, our snoozing dog-collared gentleman:
His dreams, multicoloured, shaped, and eventful,
Wallow undisturbed under the hot sun.

“...Congratulations on the village fete, vicar!...”
The happy crowds are mingling amongst
Delicious bargains, entertaining side-shows.
“Me? Won a coconut? Well, I never!”
And so our merry man ambles on.

Into the old church; white dress and wedding march.
“...She’s your five hundredth bride!...”
The congregation filing out, whirring cameras,
Make a moment he’ll never forget.

There beyond the fetes and weddings,
He submerges still into his personal fantasies,
His imaginations - pause briefly;
Before the cool wind systematically blows them on.

THE END OF THE DANCE

Philip Lyons

I danced with Time
On the ballroom floor;
We danced outside
Past the moonlit door
To the land of shadows,
Where he left me alone
And waltzed back to the dance
To take his gilded throne.
I had outlived my stay -
And now out in the dark I saw
I had danced my life away.



CRICKET REPORT

ONCE again the Rendcomb 1st XI enjoyed an excellent season. To achieve three years without defeat illustrates the high standard of the game within the school. However, defeat did arrive in the form of Cheltenham G.S., who gained victory in the last over of the match with a catch off Jeremy Stupple.

The title of the most improved player of the season must go to Andrew Medhurst, whose batting and bowling grew in stature as the season progressed. Simon Wormleighton, too, had a good season's bowling, and it is a great loss to the side to see these players go.

However, there is much potential within the school, such as fourth year Andrew Mathias, who came into the side in the last two matches, and bowled extremely well.

Lastly, the captain, Paul Rose, a keen competitor, has worked hard in all areas of the game. His batting has been excellent and so has his wicket-keeping - having to cope with Simon Wormleighton's bowling is not everyone's idea of fun!

If there are one or two criticisms to make, they would be only of the attitude of some of the players towards the game. The defeat by Cheltenham G.S. may have been just the tonic needed for the cricket at Rendcomb. The prime objective of any competitive game is to beat the opposition; one can bring in all the philosophy of team games here, but when the final analysis is made winning is still the important factor.

More of this competitive attitude must be shown by players. There were too many missed chances in this season's cricket and this resulted in so many undecided games. However, this, I am sure, was a reaction to the history of the last three years, and perhaps now we can look towards some positive cricket next season.

B.J.H.

Match Reports

April 30th v KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER 1st XI, Away. Won.

The first match of the season was won very convincingly: the fielding and throwing were good, and some excellent catches were held by Longworth N.

King's: 44. Wormleighton 8 for 13; Walton 2 for 0.

Rendcomb: 45 for 0. Hussey 23 not out; Rose 18 not out.

May 7th v GLOUCESTER CLERGY CRICKET CLUB, Home. Drawn.

Only four of the visiting side were clergy, and, batting first, they made a very good score against some very fine sustained bowling from Wormleighton. We never had any real chance of making the runs, and batted sensibly for a draw. Gloucester Clergy: 169 for 6 declared. Wormleighton 4 for 46.

Rendcomb: 90 for 4. Medhurst 26 not out; Rose 23.

15th May v CRYPT 1st XI, Away. Drawn.

Crypt, who had previously never had to bat past No. 4 this season, should have been out for around 50, but struggled on to 78. We never looked like getting the runs, and were lucky to draw. The catching was superb.

Crypt: 78. Wormleighton 4 for 25; Stupple 4 for 38; Walton 2 for 1.

Rendcomb: 37 for 8. Hussey 14.

May 21st v WESTWOOD'S 1st XI, Home. Won.

We batted first and made 120 runs for the loss of 6 wickets without too much difficulty. Westwood's, given nearly two hours to get the runs, were soon in trouble and the final wicket fell four minutes before the close.

Rendcomb: 120 for 6 declared. Wormleighton 23; Medhurst 20; Stupple 18 not out.

Westwood's 37. Wormleighton 6 for 12; Walton 3 for 4.

May 31st v BREDON 1st XI, Home. Drawn.

Batting first, Rose and Hussey put on 110 for the first wicket, and quick runs from T. Longworth enabled us to declare after an hour and forty minutes. Bredon struggled to 77 for five, and held out well for a draw.

Rendcomb: 157 for 2 declared. Rose 69 not out; Hussey 53; Longworth T. 25 not out.

Bredon: 77 for 5. Stupple 2 for 20; Wormleighton 2 for 23.

June 7th v SIR THOMAS RICH'S 1st XI, Home. Drawn.

The match was bound to be a draw, as the pitch was so dead that neither side could get the other out. Medhurst was the most economical bowler.

Sir Thomas Rich's : 118 for 3 declared. Stupple 2 for 26.

Rendcomb: 55 for 7. Wormleighton 13; Medhurst 11.

June 14th v KING EDWARD'S BATH, Home. Drawn.

Batting first, King Edward's made a good score but declared too late for the game to have any chance of a result.

King Edward's: 147 for 4 declared.

Rendcomb: 99 for 4. Hussey 55 not out; Longworth N. 22.

June 28th v KINGHAM HILL, Away. Drawn.

After our bowling had given us a reasonable run rate for a win, we were soon in difficulties on an uneven pitch, resulting in the inevitable draw.

Kingham Hill: 124. Wormleighton 5 for 36; Walton 3 for 43.

Rendcomb : 61 for 4. Medhurst 25 not out; Weston 11 not out.

July 1st v CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Home. Lost.

Our first defeat for 32 matches was probably a good thing, as it made our cricket more attacking. Cheltenham well deserved their win.

Cheltenham G.S.: 118 for 6 declared. Walton 3 for 41.

Rendcomb : 69. Rose 20; Stupple 14.

July 2nd v MARLING, Away. Drawn.

An opening stand of 91 put us on the way to a comfortable declaration. Marling collapsed early on, and hung on for the draw.

Rendcomb: 125 for 5 declared. Medhurst 63; Rose 30.

Marling: 60 for 6. Wormleighton 4 for 26.

July 5th v OLD RENDCOMBIANS, Home. Drawn.

A final rush for runs enabled us to declare, giving the O.R.s every chance. However, good bowling restricted scoring, and they were lucky to draw.

Rendcomb: 121 for 8 declared. Rose 61; Longworth T. 21 not out; Stroud R. 16 not out.

Old Rendcombiants: 65 for 8. Wormleighton 5 for 21; Mathias A. 2 for 16.

The following represented the 1st XI: P. Rose (capt.), S. Wormleighton (vice-captain), A. Medhurst, R. Weston, J. Stupple, P. Walton, C. Hussey, R. Stroud, R. Yeats, N. Longworth, T. Longworth, R. Barrett, A. Moulton, I. Forrest, A. Mathias.

P.R.

U.15 XI

The first match ended in a disappointing defeat, but, as the season progressed, confidence was increased by several convincing victories. The season was completed with a fine win over Cheltenham Grammar School with Mathias and Caney bowling splendidly, Mathias ending with a hat-trick.

Haynes and Mathias provided the nucleus of the batting which, despite some high scores, was often lacking in concentration and determination. The bowling, however, was more successful; Mathias once again played a leading role, taking 35 wickets at an average of 5.5 each. He was ably supported by Caney with Haynes taking some useful wickets. Fielding was often poor and lethargic though several good catches were taken.

The following represented the school during the term: A. Harris, A. Mathias, R. Caney, P. Haynes, G. Moore, I. Hawkins, M. Middlemist, J. Ferguson, A. Flambard, P. Evans, T. Evans, S. Smith.

The following also played: K. Keil, R. Swaine, P. Harris, R. Steed, A. Mackonochie.

U.15 XI Results

v KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER, Home. Lost.

King's School 73 (Mathias 3 for 15).

Rendcomb 66 (Hawkins 23).

v CRYPT, Away. Drawn.

Crypt 144 for 4 declared.

Rendcomb 64 for 4 (Ferguson 28; Haynes 23).

v BLOXHAM, Home. Won.

Bloxham 59 (Mathias 4 for 18; Caney 3 for 10).

Rendcomb 64 for 4 (Mathias 19 n.o.; Harris 16).

v BREDON, Home. Won.
Rendcomb 200 for 8 declared (Middlemist 65; Ferguson 59).
Bredon 26 (Mathias 5 for 2; Haynes 3 for 0).

v SIR THOMAS RICH'S, Home. Drawn.
Sir Thomas Rich's 166 for 9 declared.
Rendcomb 50 for 6 (Mathias 13).

v KING EDWARD'S BATH, Home. Won.
Rendcomb 152 for 7 declared (Mathias 48; Moore 30 n.o.).
King Edward's 39 (Mathias 6 for 13).

v KINGHAM HILL, Away. Lost.
Kingham Hill 97 (Mathias 5 for 21).
Rendcomb 45.

v CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Home. Won.
Rendcomb 58 (Haynes 13).
Cheltenham G.S. 48 (Mathias 5 for 12; Caney 5 for 30).

Played 8; Won 4; Drawn 2; Lost 2.

A.H.

U.14 XI

The team had a poor start to the season, losing the first three matches. However, as the term progressed, confidence developed and on the hard, dry pitches later in the term, the team suffered no further defeats, winning its last four matches.

The game against Westwood's School in the Taverner's Knock-Out Cup was perhaps the most exciting of the season, with Westwood's requiring four runs off the last ball to better our score of 129. In the event they got only three runs to tie the scores, but still won on account of having lost less wickets in the statutory thirty overs. Another very close match was against Cheltenham Grammar School when, batting first, we made a meagre 59 runs, but then bowled and fielded extremely well, their last wicket falling when they were only three runs behind.

The team is rich in talent and enthusiasm, which promises well for future years. Archer has been a very competent wicket-keeper and has also been the most successful batsman, scoring 100 runs at an average of 25. Haynes, Page, Keil and Gwilliam have also played good innings. Of the bowlers, Gwilliam, Moore and Ind have been the chief wicket-takers. The rest of the team provided good support to these individuals and the fielding throughout the season has been excellent.

U.14 XI Results

v KING'S SCHOOL GLOUCESTER, Home. Lost.
King's School, Gloucester: 99 for 9 declared. (Middlemist 4 for 17).
Rendcomb: 44 (Haynes 10).

v MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE U14B XI - cancelled.

v WESTWOOD'S SCHOOL, Home. Lost.
Rendcomb: 129 for 9 (Haynes 51; Moore 18 n.o.).
Westwood's: 129 for 6.

v BLOXHAM, Away. Lost.
Bloxham: 133 for 7 declared (Moore 3 for 28).
Rendcomb: 70 (Sayers 14).

v OAKLEY HALL, Home. Won.
Rendcomb: 102 (Haynes 23; Archer 26 n.o.).
Oakley Hall: 81 (Moore 5 for 22).

v SIR THOMAS RICH'S SCHOOL, Home. Won.
Sir Thomas Rich's: 84 (Gwilliam 5 for 22).
Rendcomb: 85 for 7 (Page 34; Keil 36 n.o.).

v KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL BATH, Home. Won.
King Edward's: 108 (Ind 3 for 5; Harris 3 for 7).
Rendcomb: 110 for 4 (Archer 51 n.o.; Gwilliam 24 n.o.).

v CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Home. Won.
Rendcomb: 59 (Archer 10; Sutherland 13).
Cheltenham G.S.: 56 (Gwilliam 5 for 19; Ind 3 for 9).

Played 7; Won 4; Lost 3.

The following played: W. H-Gotley, M. Middlemist, K. Keil, D. Ind, P. Haynes, R. Gwilliam, G. Moore, P. Evans, N. Hall, J. Steed, M. Cannon, D. Sayers, J. Archer, R. Page, P. Harris, R. Sutherland, M. Cragoe, M. C-Hayward, M. Twinning.

S.W.J.

U.13

Only one match, in which the Oakley Hall 2nd XI were fairly comfortably defeated, was played at this level this term, though a few players graduated to the Under 13½ side. The abundant enthusiasm made one wish for further fixtures, and perhaps these can be organised next season.

Considerable promise was evident: special mention might be made of M. Webb, M. Burchell, J. Henniker-Gotley, R. Webb, M. Curtis-Hayward, N. Miles, R. Pitt, and M. Twinning, all of whom have the sort of ability which needs to be nurtured by adequate technical instruction. The fielding, too, was probably of a higher standard than for some years.

J.N.H.

TENNIS REPORT

Players:

1st IV and Mixed Doubles VI: Rose (capt.), Medhurst, Campbell, Dendy, Hicks, Lyons, Sinclair.

Colts IV: Lyons (capt.), Sinclair, Forrest, Fear, Watson, Gotley.

A particularly active and enjoyable season: players this year are to be congratulated on their determination to spend a great deal of time on team practice courts, to raise the level of their game by the week quite noticeably, and to offer a good match to the stiff opposition they have met. Our problem has been the ever-recurring one: several of the most promising school tennis players have been of necessity too involved in cricket or G.C.E. examinations to play or practise regularly.

Nevertheless, the season began with some close games against the 1st IV and the Colts IV of Cheltenham College. In two tight matches, Rose and Medhurst secured one victory and one defeat, while the second match of Lyons and Campbell had to be left at one set each. The Colts lost 4-0, but Dendy and Sinclair in a 3-set match were within a tie-breaker for victory.

Defeats in our matches against Wycliffe were again closer than the scores might suggest: Watson and Gotley played well but found themselves outclassed in the Colts IV, while Sinclair and Lyons found every set extremely close. In the mixed doubles, only the first pair drew any blood, and credit should be given to the excellent play of Campbell and Cox.

The 1st IV sustained a 4-0 defeat against Sir Thomas Rich's and were again outclassed, but a close game was played by Campbell and Dendy against their second pair; the Colts meanwhile gave us an afternoon of far more entertaining (not to say nerve-racking) tennis, and despite eventual defeat offered sets where the score line was more often than not 7-5 or 6-4. The season ended with a 5-4 win against Burford's mixed doubles team. With exams over, we produced a team of more than adequate strength: the score should have shown a more convincing win, but a thoroughly sociable afternoon was enjoyed by both teams.

If our present players continue their enthusiasm for tennis, we look forward to more impressive results next year: the teams will consist of virtually the same players (except for the Colts team), and the rate of improvement has been remarkable.

D.J.B.

GIRLS' TENNIS REPORT

A warm summer has helped this to be a really enjoyable season. Again there was little to choose between each girl and the depth of playing strength is best shown by the fact that the third pair could have been chosen from any two of the following players, Jacqui Crowhurst, Clare GardnerMedwin, Stella Joel, and Carol Robinson, all of whom have represented the first VI at some stage or other during the season and in the end it proved an extremely difficult choice to make.

'A' levels presented their problems. Many of us felt that work should come first and inconsistency through lack of concentration at vital times was largely responsible for making many results closer than they should have been. Strength of shot in doubles is not everything and we lacked a certain amount of guile to outmanoeuvre the opposition. There was a tendency to hit wildly and we could certainly make use of an indoor tennis court in a sports hall over the winter - preseason training would pay dividends.

It was unfortunate that the old girls could not quite scrape together a team; next year's old girls will do better! A word of thanks must go to the kitchens for the splendid teas provided during the season. Finally, we would all like to thank Mrs. Holdaway very much for all her help and enthusiasm and hope that next year is as successful as this year.

The following played in teams during the term: Jackie Wilson, Jacqui Crowhurst, Clare Medwin, Catherine Ledger (capt.), Stella Joel, Carol Robinson, Alice Parshall, Sally Blyth, Sarah Oughton, Mandy Jones, Dawn Mackonochie, Tessa Wolferstan.

C.L.

OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES

THE reunion at the old boys' cricket match on July 5th was particularly successful this year. It was good to see a widely representative selection of O.R.s, of both sexes, including some who have not been back for a number of years. The A.G.M. was well attended and the evening buffet, with about 60 people present, was most enjoyable thanks to the expert catering of Mrs. Mezo and her staff and to the hard work of Mrs. Haupt and her helpers at the bar. As a newsletter was circulated to members of the society in June, there will be no O.R. news section in the magazine.

O.R. Society Officers 1975-76

President: J. B. Fell

Chairman: J. Gilchrist (1944-51)

Vice-chairman: F. R. Glennie (1959-67)

Secretary: P. J. Callaghan (1956-61)

Treasurer: J. M. Webb (1954-63)

Sports Secretaries: Cricket - R. J. Edy (1959-67)

Hockey - F. R. Glennie (1959-67)

Rugger - G. B. Jordan (1966-73)

W.J.D.W.