

THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE



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CONTENTS

Editorial	4
Miscellanea	5
College Officers	8
Meeting Officers	8
Meeting Notes	8
Founder's Day	9
A Summary of Lord Ashby's Speech	11
Music	11
Rendcomb College Choral Society Concert	12
“The Ghost”	13
“Son of Man”	14
Contributions	16
Fourth Form Visit to Dodington House	26
North Wales Trip	27
Sixth Form History Expedition	27
Bell-Ringing Notes	28
Photographic Society	28
Gardening Notes	28
Sport - Cricket	29
Tennis	32
Athletics	33
Judo	33
Girls' Sport	34
Old Rendcombian Notes	35



EDITORIAL

WHEN we have gone and are scattered far from Rendcomb in a world where things are so much bigger and noisier and dirtier, and where changes happen so much faster, and where life, spinning by like a gaudily painted butterfly, cannot be caught and examined by those who are children no more, but who have “grown up” - when schooldays are an idyllic memory of a time before the advent of responsibility and mortgages and nappies - what then will remain of our days here?

I shall remember the solitude which can be found, and the beauty of the landscape. There are the valleys with their steep sides thick with buttercups and daisies, cowslips and dandelions, so that,

“If they had reaped their dandelions and sold
Them fairly, they could have afforded gold.”

There is the dark mystery of the woods and thickets where bluebells and wild roses are surprised in their shyness. There is the open timelessness of “Top” where men lived before the coming of the Romans and “civilisation”. There is the high, straight Whiteway, along which prehistoric men, Roman soldiers, mediaeval salt merchants, and generations of cottagers going to market, have all travelled before us. There are walks to the nearby churches - small, beautiful and well loved. There is our own church, among the fairest, and the graveyard where rows of local families remind us to “seize the day” for

“Let not time deceive you, You cannot conquer time.”

There are the trees and the river and the sunsets, which can reflect and comfort human sadness as St. Exupéry’s Little Prince found: “Tu sais, quand on est tellement triste on aime les couchers de soleil.”

Yet quietness and melancholy are but one side of life, and I shall not forget the laughter and companionship. There are Friday evenings in the ringing chamber, and Edgar’s own country logic - as when the difficulty experienced in ringing the bells one Spring evening was explained with “Well, it’s bird nestin’ time, i’n it?” There are Tuesday afternoons digging in the garden, and Thursday afternoons at the old people’s home in Cirencester. There are lectures and dances, rugby matches and cricket practices. There are, above all, endless conversations, both flippant and serious, with masters and their wives, with boys and girls, at meals, on walks, in common-rooms and corridors. And there are fragments of call-over which float through my mind, the choruses of names which will never again have any thread of common meaning to hold them together: “Barraclough, Barrett, Baynham, Beckett, Bell, . . . Longworth, Longworth, Lyons, Lyons, Mackonochie, Nicholas, Parshall, . . . Wilson, Wolferstan, Yeats . . .”

What will remain of this already tangled mass of already, perhaps, romanticised impressions? The beauty of the land, or of a friend’s smile? The wild solitude of the deserted Whiteway at night, or the familiar faces around the Saul’s Hall fire on a winter evening? Though understanding so little of life as yet we find our contentment, even if it is in discontent. Though we believe we will be young and happy for ever, we know that life is short and full of pain. But we can take hold of whatever joy is given us, we can respond to Frost’s challenge: “Be happy, happy, happy, and seize the day of pleasure.”

MISCELLANEA

At the end of term we said goodbye to Mr. Steve Jackson, who has taught physics and chemistry here during his five years at Rendcomb. We shall miss his cheerfulness, his work in the classroom, and his vigorous help with rugby, cricket, and other sports; junior boys in the Old Rectory will particularly remember his friendliness and help to them. We wish him and his wife, Judy, every success in his new job in Worcestershire. We also extend good wishes to Mr. Nigel Paton, who has taught English and history here temporarily during the last two terms and was the successful producer of the spring term's "Old Wives' Tale" and the summer term's "Son of Man".

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We were pleased to welcome Mrs. Linda Fox as Assistant Matron this 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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Congratulations to Brian and Jill Hembry on the birth of a son, Thomas, in June. On the strength of this Mr. Hembry's retirement from active rugby may, apparently, be that much more imminent.

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On April 25th a party of boys from the college attended the G.S.C.A. cricket coaching course at Cowley Manor.

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The fourth form geographers' trip to study Dorset coastal conditions took place this term on Sunday, May 2nd.

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The third form boarding house at No. 1, Rendcomb, opened its doors this term to the 34 boys currently in the two third forms. Next year the house will have its full intended complement of 40 boys, a blend of new boys and 'old soldiers' from the Old Rectory, and this will be the format for the future.

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Half-term extended from 29th May to 1st June, while Founder's Day took place on 26th June, the guest speaker being The Lord Ashby, F.R.S. The full text of the headmaster's address and a summary of Lord Ashby's can be found in this issue. Chemistry, art, and woodwork exhibitions were organised and were greatly appreciated by numerous parents, pupils, and friends of the college - there was evidence of much skill and hard work behind the impressive displays.

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On May 2nd the college was pleased to welcome from Rugby School the Rev. A. Knight, director of the Bloxham Research Project. He preached at the morning service and then led a useful discussion at the headmaster's house with housemasters and tutors about pastoral and allied problems.

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There were two study visits to local churches for the VIb art group and VIa historians: the first, on May 6th, to Dagingworth and Bagendon Churches; the second, on May 12th, to Elkstone and North Cerney. The tour was completed by a visit, two weeks later, to Gloucester Cathedral.

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The school photograph, a biennial event, was taken on May 7th; it may well have featured more faces (and more tanned faces) than any previous college photo.

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The term will primarily be remembered, in fact, by many for that old British cliché, the weather. When before can one have looked back over a term and said, with near truth, that it never rained?

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The very hot conditions which prevailed diminished the appreciation of examinations, but heightened the appreciation of the swimming pool, which was in constant use. It's an ill wind ..

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In the third week of the term the college was visited by some school inspectors. It was felt that after thirteen years, and numerous changes at the college, an inspection was due. Some constructive suggestions as well as many complimentary remarks were forthcoming and the full report will be available later this year. There was controversy on the question of whether masters or pupils looked the more anxious during the week concerned!

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On May 13th a sixth form party went to the Royal Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford for a performance of *Much Ado about Nothing*.

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The fourth form outing this term was to Dodington House on May 16th, and the VIb girls visited Berkeley Castle on June 6th.

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The college Choral Society gave a highly successful concert of music by Bach and Purcell on Sunday, May 23rd; a detailed report appears in this issue.

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Form II visited various Welsh border castles on June 6th with Mr. Paton.

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On June 13th a varied school party went to Bourton-on-the-Water to visit "Birdland" and the butterfly exhibition.

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On Tuesday, July 20th, the college playing-field was used for two schoolboy county cricket matches between Gloucestershire and Warwickshire teams.

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Several boys were successful in senior and junior judo gradings recently; further details appear later.

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On June 25th the third form went to see a Francis Durbridge thriller, *Murder with Love*, at the Wyvern Theatre, Swindon.

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This year's Junior House swimming barbecue with Hatherop Castle School was held at Hatherop on July 4th and was again much enjoyed.

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The sixth form performed two plays in the last week of term: members of VIb acted in *The Ghost*, a Roman comedy by Plautus written about 200 B.C.; and VIa, with a few members of the fifth form, put on the contemporary play about Christ by Denis Potter, *Son of Man*. Both plays, though quite different in approach, were well received and reviews appear elsewhere.

On July 8th Mrs. J. Walker gave a useful and informative talk for sixth form leavers on "Some Pitfalls of University Life".

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Parties from the college visited the Royal Show at Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, on July 7th and 8th. This is fast becoming a popular annual end of term outing.

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The Literary Society does not generally operate in the summer term but this term two extremely successful meetings were held: on 19th May Mr. Andrew Motion, a research graduate at Oxford, talked about the poet Edward Thomas; while just previously, on 16th May, two short Pinter pieces were entertainingly performed on the Assembly Hall stage by Philip Faulks and Wendy Hewitt and by Philip Lyons and Tessa Wolferstan.

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A small group went to the New Theatre, Oxford, on 22nd May with Mr. Holt for a performance of Verdi's opera *Il Trovatore*.

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Parent-teacher meetings were held this term for parents of form one boys on June 1st and parents of form two boys on June 22nd.

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The sixth form dance was held on Friday, July 9th and greatly enjoyed - another event which helped the term to end with a bang and not a whimper.

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In the Easter holidays, Paul Curtis-Hayward went on a scholarship to Germany under the auspices of the Educational Interchange Council; there he spent three profitable and enjoyable weeks at Osnabruck.

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On July 6th a party of fifth formers and VIb scientists went to the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham, for a performance of the psychological thriller *Sleuth*.

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For the last month of the term we were glad to have a French boy with us at school: Benoit Chomarar from Versailles. We trust that his English (and the third form's French?) will benefit.

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Drawings for this issue of the magazine are by Philip Faulks, Robert Gwilliam and Richard Hudson. The editorial was written by a VIa leaver.

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Finally we wish our readers well and invite them to another number of *The Rendcomb Magazine*.

COLLEGE OFFICERS

Summer Term, 1976

Senior Prefect: S. Baynham

Prefects: R. Barrett, C. Dendy, P. Walton, J. Stupple, J. Lyons, A. Parshall, J. Campbell, S. Hicks, M. Griffiths, T. Nicholas, K. Barraclough, P. Lyons

Librarians: P. Lyons, R. Barrett, A. Rickards, M. Holloway, T. Wormleighton, J. Cooper, I. Cummings.

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

Bell Ringers: P. Curtis-Hayward (tower captain), S. Hewitt, J. Lyons, D. Taylor, D. Crew, J. Watson, V. Thresh, A. Wimperis

Senior Stagemen: T. Nicholas, S. Hicks, S. Hewitt, R. Hudson

Photographic Secretary: R. Sherratt

Captain of Cricket: P. Walton

Games Committee: C. Hussey, J. Stupple, A. Harris

Magazine Editors: P. Lyons, M. Holloway

Girls' Tennis Captain: T. Wolferstan

Music Librarians: A. Wilson, C. Dendy

Public Workman: C. Hussey

MEETING OFFICERS

Summer Term, 1976

Chairman: P. Curtis-Hayward

Secretary: J. Chapman

Meeting Banker: D. Pitt

Boys' Banker: J. Read

Assistant Boys' Banker: M. Middlemist

Shop Banker: S. Hewitt

Senior Shopman: J. Cooper

Junior Shopmen: J. Archer, D. Sayers

Entertainments Committee: T. Lausch, W. Hewitt, S. Freeman, J. Purkiss, N. Marlow

Paperman: S. Trigger

Badminton & Squash Warden: S. Elliot

Food Committee: T. Nixon, S. Tyler, N. Longworth, C. Hart, J. Chapman

Amplifier Technicians: A. Harris, M. Holloway

Broom Warden: A. Carter

Breakages Man: D. Marshall

Nominations Committee: R. Thomson, K. Barraclough, I. Forrest

Meeting Advisory Committee: P. Lyons, J. Campbell, R. Barrett

Council: R. Thomson, N. Longworth, S. Baynham, T. Wolferstan, K. Barraclough, R. Stroud, J. Stupple

T.V. Committee: J. Cooper, D. Brennan

MEETING NOTES

Summer Term, 1976

ANOTHER very busy term has been enjoyed by the Meeting. 3rd and 4th form representatives were voted into the Meeting following a council case in which the matter of the lack of junior representation was raised.

It was proposed that the meeting should buy 150 "Rendcomb College" sweat shirts to be sold to old boys and to members of the school. After various abortive attempts at ordering these shirts, it was decided at an emergency meeting that the meeting could not afford to pay for these shirts unless returns were direct.

The Meeting rules were revised by the Rule Co., especially these concerning the use of sports equipment.

Mr. Medill asked if the meeting would be prepared to buy tools to dig out the lake. As the venture seemed too ambitious and the purchase of tools was a college not Meeting duty this was defeated. Mr. Price banned *Mad* from the 6th form common room and instead the Meeting voted to have *The Economist*, *The National Geographical Magazine* and *The New Statesman*.

P.C.H.

FOUNDER'S DAY 1976

Headmaster's Speech

Mr. Chairman, I would first like to welcome on your behalf Lord Ashby, our main speaker. It is a great distinction for us to have a fellow of the Royal Society as our guest. He was until last year Master of Clare College, Cambridge, and he is well known for his work and writing and broadcasting on the environmental and biological problems which are more and more coming to dominate our lives. His appointment as the first chairman of the royal commission on environmental pollution was a mark of his pre-eminence in this field.

We are very pleased and honoured to have him with us this morning.

An examination paper I looked at recently asked the question - what are holidays for? One of the things I use mine for is to do a little of the reading which I find impossible to fit in during term. During the last holiday I read, among other things, the History of Rendcomb College during its first fifty years.

Looking back on Rendcomb's past I found it a fascinating and humbling experience to read about all the work that has been done here since 1920, and I gained a memorable impression of the founder of this school, Noel Wills. That rare combination of scholar, sportsman, soldier, artist and craftsman, and of his vision of what Rendcomb might be. A very remarkable vision it was too, far in advance of its time, though also in a way sharing in the spirit of the great founders of earlier centuries. It is up to all of us as the inheritors of this school to cherish it by keeping faith with the past and looking to the future as Noel Wills did.

We all have a vision, however faint, of what we would like to create, and these ideas are none the worse for never, perhaps, being realised by most of us. As Plato said, in writing of his ideal city, "Who knows whether such a city could ever exist? But the great thing is to live after the manner of that city."

But the account of Rendcomb's founding communicated to me a splendid and exciting sense of what it is like to see your ideas actually take shape: "to give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name".

If there is one thing that this country seems to be short of today it is far-sighted and imaginative men - I suppose a North Sea oilman might describe our position as: "Long on crude, short on vision", and we should be thankful not only that vision was backed by determination and generosity in the 1920's but that the founder's family have maintained their keen interest and support to the present day.

May I remind you of one other thing that Plato said of his ideal city: it was that every citizen should be able to know all the others by sight. You cannot do that in a large city any more than you can do it in a large school, and I regard it as one of Rendcomb's great strengths, particularly unusual in this day of monsters, that it should aim at a size where an atmosphere of friendship and unity can flourish. It is a very vulgar error to confuse size with significance. Another great strength which Rendcomb enjoys, and one which contributes so much to the quality of the school, is our close link with Gloucestershire. As the school has expanded we have established links far beyond the county, but I feel that we are still in a way a neighbourhood school - with a fairly large neighbourhood. We have always valued our connection with the local education authority and I think we can claim to have served the county well in the past. I am confident that we can continue to provide an essential service in the future.

A young pupil - not at Rendcomb - recently spoke of her school as follows; "It's quite nice because there is always something new going on, like a new headmaster, or it might be a new rabbit". That is a good salutary remark, and even after five years I sometimes feel quite a new headmaster. But one of the pleasures during this time has been a constant stream of new events. Not only the stimulating flow of fresh faces each year, but new buildings, new subjects, new sports, increasing numbers of boys - and of course new girls. I was turning out a drawer the other day when I found a piece of paper with a name on it and the sketch of a tent - obviously a doodle of mine done years ago in an idle moment. Suddenly I remembered that the name belonged to one of the first girls to enter Rendcomb - an unusually able girl of sixteen who announced on the first day of term that she was engaged to be married, and could her fiancé come and camp in the garden for the first ten days. Well, I was ready for new challenges, but I envisaged things getting a bit out of hand with an army of camp followers swarming in, so I regretfully said no. I am sad to say that she was the only girl who failed to stay the course at Rendcomb, returning to her fiancé at the end of term, but I'm happy to say that things have settled down a bit since those first heady days.

Thirteen years ago was Rendcomb's last inspection by the Ministry of Education, and it has changed so much during this time that I asked the inspector of schools for Gloucestershire if the Department of Education & Science would agree to a new inspection.

We try to keep a critical eye on ourselves all the time - after all, we do expect of our pupils rigorous analysis and assessment - but impartial judgement is always worth having, so the inspection took place early this term. The report is confidential, but I can assure you that we are still in business. In fact the inspector said some kind things about the quality of teaching, the generous provision for creative and imaginative skills, and opportunities for sport and recreation. Of course they also made some valuable constructive suggestions which we shall be considering carefully.

Audiovisual aids, for instance, can contribute a good deal to the interest and variety of teaching, but it remains true that the best audio-visual aid on the market is a dedicated schoolmaster or schoolmistress. I believe that we have as good as supply as you would find anywhere, and I take this opportunity of thanking them for their hard work and support during the past year. The inspectors concluded by emphasising strongly the relaxed and friendly atmosphere they found here. It is a little embarrassing for a school to blow its own trumpet, so it is encouraging when somebody else takes a blow. These qualities, which we shall do our utmost to preserve, are, I believe, some of the reasons for which

you have chosen to send your children here, often at considerable personal sacrifice. And I think there is also the sensible, hard-headed reason that with all the taxes on income and capital, people are looking for an investment that will not depreciate. Any government can tax the transfer of capital from parents to children, but no method has yet been devised to deprive a person of a good education once he or she has received it.

It is true that the financial rewards for jobs requiring training and ability have been reduced - witness the main leading article in *The Times* yesterday - but there are signs now that common sense is returning, with a growing realisation that ability must be rewarded. And beyond financial reward there is the much greater chance that a good education gives you of choosing a job that is rewarding in a deeper sense. Of course everybody wants to enjoy a full share of material possessions. But there is no greater source of happiness in life than doing work in which you find real fulfilment. Only two or three years ago the great cry was "Education for Leisure"; now a new cry is being heard, "Education to create wealth for society". Even the word 'profit' is no longer as disreputable as it was and, after all, it was that left wing Fabian socialist Bernard Shaw who said, "A country can only have as much socialism as its capitalists can afford to provide for it". It seems to me that at Rendcomb we educate for leisure and for work, and the two things overlap. Look at the exhibitions today with their splendid variety and all the imagination and craftsmanship that have gone into them. Read the magazine, and you will be impressed by the interest and vitality of the contributions. You would also see there some account of the splendid music we have had during the year, the orchestral and choral concerts and a most memorable performance of *The Messiah*. In drama, too, this has been a year of adventurous experiment in which producers have ignored the proscenium arch and given us theatre in the round, in the vertical, and this term - we hope - in the open air. Naturally, the best thing is not just to read about these events, but to be here for them, and we do appreciate the support which parents give by attending performances.

In addition to all these pleasures, we are extending our range of choice in sport without lowering our standards in the main games. A number of boys choose other sports in the summer term, but the cricket teams have played with great keenness. Cricket surely educates you for leisure because you need a good deal of leisure to play it. But anyone watching David Steele in the first test match would recognise that you need some fine qualities to play the game well.

The dry spring enabled us to complete a highly successful hockey season enjoyed by everyone, instead of the more customary series of cancelled matches and slippery pitches. The first girls' hockey team we have seen here performed creditably against various opponents, but went down three-nil to the 2nd form boys' team.

Then, how shall I describe our rugger? Perhaps, as Jorrocks spoke of foxhunting, it is the image of war without guilt, and only five and twenty per cent of its danger. A great Gloucestershire sport - you may have followed the fortunes of the county championship team touring South Africa - land you would have admired the spirit in which our matches were played, and more than half of them won. Unfortunately, I cannot do justice to all the other sporting activities - the tennis, squash, netball, judo and others, but I must just mention one tour de force, when an under 15-year old long-jumped his way into the national athletics finals with a leap of 18 ft. 10 ins. - a new Gloucestershire record.

Now I turn to work, and if I don't speak of it at length it is because you know almost as much of it as I do. The parents' meetings which take place six times a year provide an excellent opportunity for you and for us to talk together on matters of mutual concern, and I always enjoy these occasions for their relaxed and constructive atmosphere.

Examinations are often trying and sometimes unfair, but with all their faults they do provide a stimulus to study and a goal to aim at, besides their obvious use to provide credentials for the future. An average of 7 'O' levels at one go throughout the school is not to be sneezed at even if it is half an 'O' level short of last year's figure. And a glance at the founder's day programme will show an 'A' level list thickly sprinkled with asterisks for grade A's, Merits, and Distinctions.

Furthermore, of the sixth form leavers, over 80% are going on to university, while nearly a third of those university entrants gained places at Oxford or Cambridge - 8 places in all. Having given credit where credit is due I must point out that in any one year the 'O' and 'A' levels account for only one third of the total work output, and I commend all those not basking in the limelight, but simply pressing on quietly with their everyday study. Their turn will come, and judging by the work I see lower down in the school, they will not fall short of these high standards.

But let me also add a word about those people whose forte is not academic study. For these boys and girls Rendcomb has often done particularly well, and, for them, modest results have been a triumph of determination and character.

They come roaring back in three or four years having acquired during that time jobs, sports cars, girl friends, and other glittering prizes. The fact that they are indistinguishable from their contemporaries suggests that academic success is not the only key to the future. They seem to have gained in other ways from their education.

From the many events of the year two very different ones come to my mind - the opening of the third form boarding house this term, and the sponsored walk which raised £735 for the earthquake victims of Guatemala. The first was an expression of faith in the future of independent education; the second an expression by the boys and girls of this school of their concern for other people. 20 miles is a long way to walk even if you are sure which way you are going - which some of us weren't.

Before concluding, I want to say goodbye to Mr. Jackson, who is leaving us this term for a senior post in another school. His contribution during the past five years has been a most full and varied one, both in teaching and in sport; he will be very much missed, and we wish him every success in the future.

My one consolation in losing him is that I have appointed an old boy of Rendcomb to replace him - the first time this has happened.

And now, I end where I began, with the History of Rendcomb College. I recommend the book to you if you haven't

seen it, and the warmest thanks of all of us must go to Mrs. James, who has not only completed the writing of it, but has seen it through all the tiresome detailed work which precedes publication. It is full of good things, and among them I am glad to see that a great English poet once visited the house which stood here before the present one was built. He looked out, as we can do this afternoon, upon a view created by man in harmony with nature; the kind of view so noble and expansive that nowadays it can be enjoyed only by dukes and schoolmasters. My wish is that every member of Rendcomb past and present should be able to echo the words of Alexander Pope, who wrote over 200 years ago: "I look upon the mansion, walls and terraces, the plantations and slopes which nature has made to command a variety of valleys and rising woods, with a veneration mixed with pleasure."

A SUMMARY OF LORD ASHBY'S SPEECH

OUR guest speaker on founder's day this year was the Lord Ashby F.R.S., who was, until last year, Master of Clare College Cambridge, and is well known for his work and writing and broadcasting on environmental and biological problems.

Lord Ashby started his speech by saying how embarrassing such occasions could be and illustrated his point with an amusing anecdote: he recounted a speech he had made in a marquee under a barrage of spiders which were falling from the roof of the tent. This was happening only at the platform end and so the audience could not understand why those on the platform were incessantly scratching their heads!

Lord Ashby continued by explaining that his speech was directed to the young people in the school and that the parents and staff could go to sleep now. He promised to keep his speech to the twenty minutes allotted and took off his watch to keep a check on the time!

He spoke of the gradual development of education and of the difficulties facing people who had the task of educating in a world where change was more and more rapid. This idea was emphasised by an interesting and humorous story about a paleolithic tribe. This tribe taught their young how to keep tigers away from the caves with fire and how to grab fish from the clear streams; and, thus, an early form of school was instituted. However, an environmental change led to cloudy water (due to glaciers) and the tigers being driven out by bears; but the school still taught fish grabbing and tiger-scaring. At a tribe committee meeting, the teacher proposed that the curriculum should be changed. This was met with opposition from the elders of the tribe, who objected because a tradition would be lost if new things were taught (that is bear baiting and a different method of fishing)!

Lord Ashby concluded by stressing the importance of the three 'talents', as he called them: skill with ideas, skill with things and skill with people. Very rarely is anyone good with all three talents, but often people are good with two of them. Lord Ashby advised us to choose a career which best exploited the skills we did possess. He also said it was a good idea to have an idea of what goes on outside one's own sphere of talent and influence, but not to the extent of learning the second law of thermodynamics, as one eminent person had suggested.

P.J.L., A.P.

MUSIC

Church Music

2nd May	Hallelujah Chorus	<i>G. F. Handel</i>
16th May	The Strife is O'er	<i>H. Ley</i>
23rd May	Thou Visitest The Earth	<i>M. Greene</i>
27th May	O King Most High	<i>R. Wagner</i>
6th June	If Ye Love Me	<i>T. Tallis</i>
13th June	Hymn To The Trinity	<i>P. Tchaikovsky</i>
13th June	Te Deum in B Flat	<i>C. V. Stanford</i>
20th June	O For A Closer Walk With God	<i>C. V. Stanford</i>
26th June	Let Us Now Praise Famous Men	<i>R. Vaughan Williams</i>
4th July	Laudate Nomen Domini	<i>C. Tye</i>
	Now Thank We All Our God	<i>arr. J. S. Bach</i>
	All People That On Earth Do Dwell	<i>arr. R. Vaughan Williams</i>

The service on 4th July was accompanied by the brass group, who also performed Sonata Pian e Fort by G. Gabrieli. Trumpet descants were played by Adrian Bell.

Mr. Tony Sheppard, who has taught brass here for the past five years, unfortunately leaves us this term. During this time he has built up the brass section from almost nothing and trained the ensemble to the point where they can tackle

works as complex as the Gabrieli sonata performed in church on 4th July. We are sorry to lose him but hope to see him playing in concerts from time to time.

His place will be taken by Mr. Ian Head. Mr. Brian Webber (violin and viola) and Mrs. Ruth Owens (piano and violin) also join the music staff next term.

RENDCOMB COLLEGE CHORAL SOCIETY CONCERT

23rd May, 1976

THE gymnasium was filled to capacity on 23rd May when the college Choral Society and an orchestra of twenty led by Cyril Home, under the conductor John Willson, presented two choral works carefully selected for this Ascension-tide. These were the Bach Cantata *Lobet Gott* (Ascension Oratorio), sung in German, and Purcell's *Ode for the Birthday of Queen Mary*, and both shared the spirit of joy and excited welcome: on the one hand for the ascended Christ and then for the Royal Birthday of Dutch William III. A real sense of joy and occasion pervaded this very successful concert.

Bach's score, as one would expect, made ruthless demands upon the choir and upon the wind section. The sopranos found some difficulty, as did the basses, with their fierce semiquaver runs; but their attack was always keen and the voices came rich and full.

The three choral numbers were linked by varied recitatives, among which appeared the highlight of the first part, an aria for counter-tenor, out of which Bach later fashioned the Agnus Dei of his B minor Mass. Derek Acock is to be commended both for his mastery of line and for the clean precision of ornaments which Bach had inserted.

The chorale following shortly after this lovely solo had no instrumental introduction, and seemed to catch the choir unawares.

Robert Sherratt (bass) presented his recitatives with considerable feeling, his young voice sprightly in the runs; and the tenor (John Wilman) achieved a feeling of true drama and joy. Elizabeth Baker, in her aria *Jesu, look thou kindly*, dealt with the tricky intervals of sevenths and her long semiquaver runs with a crisp, clear vocal tone and confidence to match.

And so we came to the final chorus - regrettably the room temperature necessitated a tune-up for the strings, but the disciplined work of the trumpets soon restored the atmosphere and gave inspiration to the choir, who leaped to respond.

We needed the coffee break to enable us to simmer down and relax for the Purcell ode *Come, Ye Sons of Art*.

The choir here were less stringently taxed in their work and so, after a spirited overture, the alto presented the air for the choir to take up. They sang about gladness with gladness, carefully pointing Purcell's dynamic contrasts. These two numbers were later repeated, but serving rather as a middle section came the well known alto duet *Sound the Trumpet*. The two counter-tenors avoided a potential imbalance by their careful 'singing with the ear' and Peter Rose and Derek Acock came together in perfect accord on the 'glories' phrases.

For the alto solo *Strike the viol* I rejoiced to see that John Willson had required Claire Harmsworth to put down her flute and join Peter Uglow with her treble recorder - such a mellifluous sound! The bass gave a rich entry for his *Sacred Charms* solo and one was bound to admire Robert Sherratt's range of voice. It was to be his last appearance with the society. He had followed the soprano solo in which Elizabeth Baker dealt confidently with those demanding long runs in dotted rhythm. When she paced the oboe so exactly one realised that a lot of work had been put in.

For the final chorus back we go to the three-in-a-bar in which Purcell always excelled. Here, in *See Nature Rejoicing*, everyone let themselves go and gave of their exciting best. I think it was in rondo form, but I'm sure it was 'a revel to welcome the day'.

The joy was real and exhilarating as we went out to greet the cool Rendcomb air in the full moon.

E.S.



“THE GHOST”

THE CAST

<i>Grumio, a bucolic slave</i>	Phillip Faulks
<i>Tranio, a smart slave</i>	Owen Davies
<i>Philolaches, an erring young man</i>	Ian Forrest
<i>Philematium, the cause of his erring</i>	Wendy Hewitt
<i>Scapha, her attendant</i>	Taryn Nixon
<i>Callidamates, an inebriate friend of Philolaches</i>	Stephen Hewitt
<i>Delphium, his friend, a jolly girl</i>	Juliette Chapman
<i>Phaniscus, a smooth slave</i>	Timothy Lausch
<i>Theopropides, a merchant</i>	Paul Curtis-Hayward
<i>Misargyrides, a money-lender</i>	David Butler
<i>Simo, a solid citizen</i>	Simon Tyler
<i>Pinacium, a loutish slave</i>	David Brennan
<i>Sphaerio, a useful slave</i>	David Pitt
<i>A spare slave</i>	Andrew Harris
<i>Prompter</i>	Anthony Ashmore
<i>Costumes</i>	Linda Fox
<i>Make-up</i>	Veronica Thresh, Vickie Joel, Ann Wimperis, Jane Watson, Diane Crew
<i>Lighting</i>	Zeus

The Ghost, a Roman farce by Plautus, was performed by members of VIB on July 4th and 5th. The action takes place in Athens in a street before the houses of Theopropides and Simo, in the third century B.C. The play centres on a servant, Tranio, who creates more and more confusion as the play progresses in order to prevent his master, who has just returned from a long absence, finding out about the time-wasting and festivity that have taken place while his son has been master of his house.

It made a pleasant change to watch a play in the natural surroundings of the open-air theatre in the wilderness, which has not been used for a number of years and which was well suited to the outdoor setting of *The Ghost*.

The leading part, Tranio, was convincingly played by Owen Davies, who was very amusing with his good-humoured presumption and rascally ways. We saw in this part the start of the dramatic tradition of the servant outwitting his master. On the stage at the opening of the play, in company with Tranio, was the bucolic Grumio, a very funny part extremely well portrayed by Philip Faulks, complete with Gloucestershire accent.

Ian Forrest played the part of the dandyish Philolaches with great flair, and was equally enthusiastic when wooing the attractive Philematium (Wendy Hewitt). Paul Curtis-Hayward had the difficult task of playing the dry and serious Theopropides and contrasted well with the inebriation and boisterousness of Callidamates which Stephen Hewitt vigorously evoked. Simon Tyler was suitably filled out for the role of Simo, who preferred gormandising to the affections of his wife.

The smaller parts were also well acted: Juliette Chapman as Delphium, who propped up Callidamates in his drunken stupor, Taryn Nixon as Scapha, Philematium's elderly confidante, who frowned upon her devotion to Philolaches; and Misargyrides (David Butler), the disagreeable moneylender. The colourful assortment of slaves - Timothy Lausch, David Brennan, David Pitt, and Andrew Harris - provided additional interest to the plot.

Credit is due to Richard Hudson and Stephen Hewitt for the simple but striking scenery. Costumes and make-up were well organised as usual, under the supervision of Mrs. Fox, and in a short space of time Mr. Sells produced another very successful and entertaining play.

P.J.L., T.W.

"SON OF MAN"

CHARACTERS

Jesus	Kevin Barraclough
Agitator	Jane Wilson
Roman Captain	John Garvie
Pontius Pilate	Jeremy Stuppel
Roman Commander	Robert Barrett
Caiaphas	Philip Lyons
Andrew	Mandy Jones
Peter	Tim Longworth
James	Alice Parshall
John	Nick Longworth
Procula	Tessa Wolferstan
Judas Iscariot	Robert Stroud
Ruth	Clare Gardner-Medwin
1st Boxer	Richard Caney
2nd Boxer	Jonathan McGill
The Technicians	Tim Nicholas, Steve Hicks, Tessa Wolferstan
Props	John Porch, John Purkiss, Duncan Taylor
Reader and Director	Nigel Paton

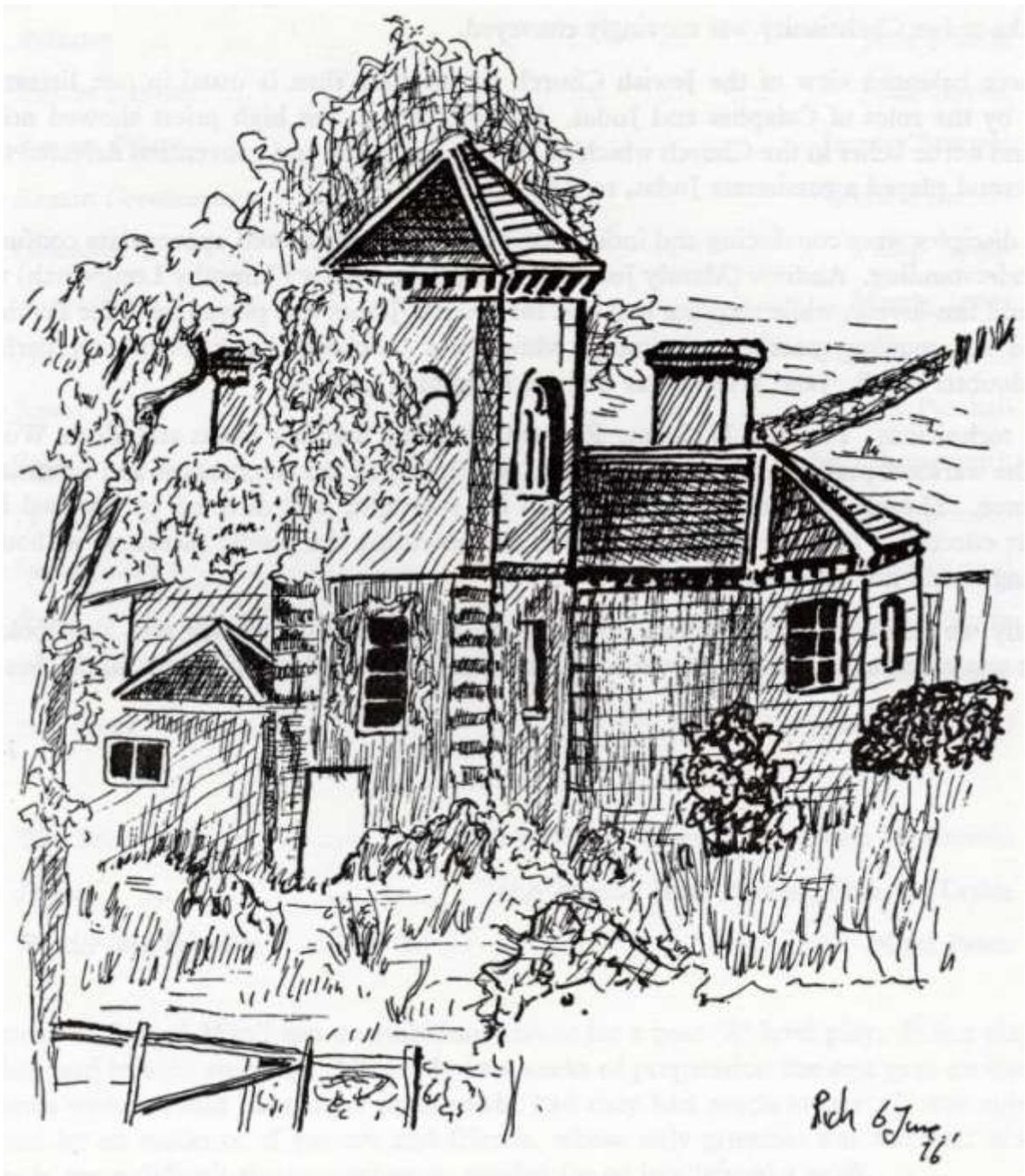
DENIS Potter's *Son of Man* was an ambitious choice for a post 'A' level play. It is a play of profound ideas and intense emotion. After only two weeks of preparation the cast gave an outstanding performance which would have done them credit had they had much longer. It was enjoyed and appreciated by an audience of parents and friends, whose only grumble was the heat of the gym, which made more difficult the concentration needed for so intellectual a work. The play portrayed Christ as a man, highlighting his human traits. He did not want to be chosen as the Messiah. He wanted a full human life, but he bowed to God's will. Kevin Barraclough gave a powerful performance as Christ, bringing out the man's passion and confusion.

The other characters, too, were looked at originally and perceptively, and played intelligently. Jeremy Stuppel portrayed Pilate's sensuality, but also showed his strong understanding and awareness of the feelings of the Jewish people. Robert Barrett and John Garvie, as military commanders, showed a less sensitive approach, relying on force. They were suitably impassive and uncomprehending.

Within Pilate's household Richard Caney and Jonathan McGill as boxers and soldiers gave energetic performances and added colour to the production. Credit is due to them for the realism of their wrestling. The women of the household were sympathetic characters to whom ideas were more important than politics. Tessa Wolferstan, as Procula, was

dignified and humane. Ruth, played by Clare Gardner-Medwin, seemed at first a mindless servant-girl, but her defiance of Pilate for the sake of her Christianity was movingly conveyed. A more balanced view of the Jewish Church at this time than is usual in our literature was provided by the roles of Caiaphas and Judas. Philip Lyons as the high priest showed nobility of bearing and a true belief in the Church which he served, but in the end convention defeated the man. Robert Stroud played a passionate Judas, torn by conflict. The disciples were convincing and individualistic, though all showed appropriate confusion and lack of understanding. Andrew (Mandy Jones) ably supported Peter (Timothy Longworth) who was flippant and fun-loving, while showing real love for Christ. James was played by Alice Parshall, who controlled her moving speeches admirably, while John (Nicholas Longworth) was perhaps the greatest doubter of all. Jane Wilson was a vivid, screaming agitator. The technicians, Timothy Nicholas, Richard Hudson, Stephen Hicks and Tessa Wolferstan, deserve the warmest praise for the lighting effects which helped the smoothness and intensity of the performance. The blackout after each scene and the spotlight, well directed by Richard Hudson, were most effective. Thanks, too, to Mr. Webb for providing the plastic blackout, without which the lighting would not have been feasible. Finally we thank and congratulate Nigel Paton, who directed the play and also took part as reader. It was a fine achievement on which to leave Rendcomb and we wish him all the best for the future.

J.L., M.H.



contributions

WALK INSIDE

Mark Holloway

Outside: "Walk inside",
The daylight whispered in my ear.
It's always far away; I knew that much since the damn thing had risen, blanketing the blanket darkness,
Telling me I ought to make my way
Back from the edges of lawns which wind and reel between
Counterfeit blocks of granite grass
And rolling mounds of weathered water-shiny breezes;
All this before the daylight far away, Before the darkness whispers in your ear,
"Go back".
I went inside.

half-way: If I don't really understand a word of it
"I don't see why you should."
The fuschia wept
Her dainty head upon the willow's shoulder.
They'd never met before
It hardly seemed to matter
They'd stay together now; they had to
To stay alive.
"Merely a mouthpiece for his political comment",
The first continued to speak.
"Telmah merely a puppet for Eraepsekahs."
The second continued to weep.
There.

Inside 1: I have made it at last,
Yearning over
Struggles long and hard.
"If I open my eyes
If I turn round I will see",
Inside outwards to me.
Beating faster, expectation welling, bursting.
"Open your eyes", my darkness said.
I succumb (or rather obey),
And light seeps in through a sleek slit opposite the ceiling scaling a song, singing the sun,
sun and the sand.
The pure white light, as it seems to stutter, starts to fade, gently, slowly, no hurry.
It dapples darker, then clears.

Inside 2: "Walk inside",
The daylight whispered in my ear,
Surrounded by darkened prisms, of doubt and disappointment.
"But I'm here", I questioned, "aren't I?"
I had seen the pin prick of light amidst the darkness swirling round
and followed it
and reaching it
and clasping it
hadn't I?
Nothing seems changed, all has remained the same.
"It's always far away".
I think I'm beginning to understand.
A little.

AN ACT OF DESTRUCTION

Adrian Sergison (Form IVa)

THE old houses, looking grey and dangerous in the dull light, totter away into the distance. All that can be seen are the grey windows with dirty grey net curtains in the greasy grey walls dotted here and there with canary yellow doors covered with a thin coating of dust. The crumbling chimneys march along the rooftops; their television aerial spears pierce the grey clouds indicating rest for the city-bored pigeons.

Yellow-helmeted men wearing 'donkey jackets' wander along the road, their hard boots crushing the stones under their feet. They are followed by the demolition crane, its monstrous metal ball swinging to and fro as the vehicle jolts along the uneven road, evil-looking as it approaches the first of the houses, standing proud.

It stops; momentum is gathered by the perilous ball and suddenly it smashes into the first old and damp wall. It buckles and collapses, throwing up a cloud of dust around the broken bricks and timbers. The ball swings again, portraying a sadistic grin until the roof falls into the pyre of bricks. A shattered window pane juts from the rubble and settling dust; a sardonic epitaph.

The rigorous ball pounds the houses into the same prudish and abstract insult to our heritage. Once a dead man's home, now a demolition man's madrigal.

"It's a sacrifice to development!"

Through the smoke I see blocks of flats glowing orange in the reflection of the fires.

FINALITY

Veronica Thresh

She steps up onto a bus, with tread as careful as
A spider testing its web; glancing all the while
From beneath blue lids, too timid to be proud
Of her small feet, gnarled now, but hidden in shoes
That ten years ago she had considered to be as elegantly middle-class
As her fat husband whose over-presence has gone,
Leaving her a pension but little else
To kindle girlhood dreams of love and life.
And so in a world of empty afternoons and acquaintances
She learns of a finality long before death.

NOVEMBER

Veronica Thresh

There is something hopeless about November, and cruel,
The earth lies cold and granite-grey, no beauty here,
Only the fascination of things diseased
Saves us from hibernation; we find no joy
In stark reality. No, spare us that,
Hide us from fact, we need our time to dream.
Do not ask the quiet-eyed boy why he stands so still,
Or the swooping children why they snatch the jaundiced leaves
And wish for spring. They might reply
And tell the truth, if we dared listen;
They see it's too late now, but we walk blind,
Ignore our struggling senses, turn to visions.
We know there's no hope now for sun and flowers
And birds. But still we dream of spring.
'Fools', the boy might say, 'the cold comes from your hearts'.
But it is November, and his heart too is cold.

THE DERELICTS

Duncan Taylor (Form IVa)

THE derelict house stood alone and aloof, in a void of omnipotent obscurity that is age. The memories of a time, surpassed by time, blew around the stark, perpetuated expressions of the empty door frames. Fingers of broken glass stretched, trying to cover the irreparable hole of time that had been hurled at their panes.

The stairway sighed and heaved its damp, rotting bones to the tempo of a strange symphony: the symphony of death. A door screamed upon its rusty hinges in anticipation of the final, echoing chords that would bring the sadistic audience of the elements to applause. Ten thousand rats scampered along the hidden alley-ways of the aching floorboards; and were now suddenly silent.

A tramp, a living monument to his decadent life, collapsed within the peeling, plaster-freckled walls, to share his forgotten memories with his inanimate friend; the symphony sounded for him too.

The violins with hysterical wailings sang their song of destruction, weaving around the inevitable, descending scale of the woodwind. The conductor with frenzied movement urged the terrible notes of brass to dance.

With discordant harmony they played their part; a whirlwind of united sound spinning around a composer of hate.

And then the inevitable culmination: the final exertions of the racing tympani; the last agonising screams of the viola.

With an ultimate resounding chord the boiling waters of the orchestra chilled; and all was silence once more, except for a laugh that rang out in the dusk of life as the last sorrow-laden sigh exhaled from the derelicts.

SMITH'S FARM SHOP

Stuart Smith (Form Va)

THE indicator clicks, and the car lurches dizzily to the left, just avoiding the little red mini you had failed to see earlier. You speed past the sign telling you to slow down, and nearby miss doing yourself an injury on the steering wheel as your front wheels hit the solid ramp, meant for slowing people down, I add. As you near your parking place you give the car park attendant a free wash as your back wheels splash into a puddle, and you abruptly come to a halt as your front wheels hit the kerb.

As you enter the shop you are greeted with happy sounds from behind the counter.

“That’ll be ten pounds twenty, please, madam”, and some old dear goes off to feed herself sick on the strawberries she has just bought. You peer inside the tea-room and marvel at the bright colours of the room, people sitting down wading through bowls of strawberries and cream, scones, jam and assorted drinks and ice creams.

The smiling man behind the counter asks if you want anything, you jerk back to life and ask, “For what?” Staring you in the face are vegetables and fruits of all shape, colour and size, so instead of choosing, you just chat to the man, with the ‘Smith’s Farm Shop’ t-shirt on, about Chipping Campden and its historical interest. You learn it was an important wool town, it has one of the oldest houses in Britain in its streets. You learn of its customs and happenings, its shops, museums and hotels, the church, Oliver Cromwell, and the origins of its name.

He tells you that this neighbourhood has seen everything from television firms to radio broadcasts, artist’s impressions to writer’s thoughts, and the gaiety of festivals and fairs.

As you walk outside, your ears are greeted with the sharp cries of an “Owsatt”. You turn your head round and are greeted with the whiteness of the Chipping Campden Cricket Club in full cry. You see the little children running to and fro with droplets of ice cream and sweat on their faces, stopping now and then to break off the tips of their ice cream cones and feed it to the polar bear hulk of a dog lying dozily in the shade.

As the rest of your family has gone to “Pick their Own” strawberries and raspberries, you decide to go and have a look around inside the main packing area of the building. As you step in you are greeted with a mirage of agriculturally gleaming machinery, the smell of cardboard and dust, and the sound of the tinkering spanner of an enthusiastic labourer.

Thinking of what you were told earlier about the beauty of Chipping Campden, you decide to go and look for yourself. Getting your breath back at the top of the hill you have just walked up, you look down the row of almshouses, with old ladies and gentlemen sitting outside on the overgrown wooden benches, dressed in old soiled clothes and bowling-green caps. From here you pass down some steps and are met by the “Eight Bells” Inn.

In front of you is the oldest house in Britain you were told about, now occupied by the village doctor and her brightly coloured car. From here you meet gaily coloured shops, hotels, and museums until you come to the market place, now only occupied by white doves and their litter. The old wood is riddled with woodworm, and the stone floor is all uneven and discoloured. Through it you can see the war memorial standing in front of the “best kept village” sign.

Suddenly, remembering your family back at the shop, you rush back and are met with angry faces and orders of explanation. As you drive away you reflect for a few minutes on the pleasures and mysteries of a small Cotswold town and its ways, and return to the babble of modernity.

DROUGHT

Benedict Hatchwell (Form III)

THICK, clogging dust, raised by the churning wheels of the lorries, envelops us, coating us with a fine, gritty layer like lichen on an ancient building. Streams and rivers shrink, bordered with a cracking band of mud; they flow on to eternity.

Birds sit panting in the shade, lizards bask luxuriously on heat-cracked stones absorbing the sun. The vast, open sky hurls blinding rays, soaking up moisture like a sponge. Plants curl up and perish miserably, devoid of life, they lie like dead men on a battlefield.

Beech leaves wither, and fall silently to the ground, masking the intense heat from the dry grass; the spreading canopy of branches hides lush growth from ravenously searching rays.

On the coast, flocking like sand grouse to water, tourists lie like stranded whales on the beaches and flap clumsily in the water. The beaches are thronged with a psychedelic blanket of people, the thrashing water seems to boil, spewing children on to the litter-strewn beach.

In the fields, cows munch half-heartedly at sun-baked grass, skinny haunches, glazed eyes and swinging tails showing their misery and discontent with life.

Only in the thick-walled tunnel of the dense wood is the heat bearable, as cool breezes play with the twisting leaves of aspen and poplar. Out again into the open, like stepping into a furnace, where dry, suffocating heat throttles like a constricting python, gently caressing you in its vice-like grip.

Worms and snails perish miserably on the surface caught by the cruel jaws of death, blackbirds and thrushes peck at the hard skins before seeking shade among the dense buckthorn hedges.

Swans sleep contentedly, the bright light reflecting off their ruffled feathers as if from a mirror. In the cool water carp gulp noisily, snapping insects from the shimmering surface of the water.

All is silent, winds stop, clouds appear; it rains.



APARTHEID DREAM

Jonathan Porch (Form IVa)

THE battlefield was divided evenly between the black and white powers. The two armies faced one another with equal manpower. The battle began:

The white infantryman advanced towards the black forces and stared blankly about him, not knowing what to do or why he had been sent there. The black commander parried his rival's move by sending forward one of his foot soldiers to confront the thrust. The black troop stood defiant; not wishing to retreat or attack. He tried hard to understand the other's motives but they were beyond him so he waited patiently for his chance to shine. The white troop made as if to advance further: the black, according to the rules of the game, moved across to the other side of the path and let him through the lines into the black country. The white drove deep into the newly occupied territory as the blacks moved aside. Suddenly he came across opposition. Before him stood the mud huts of the natives. They did not move aside. Their simplicity annoyed him. The commander of the white forces did not like such unrefined architecture. It would displease him.

The white castle proceeded forward to its new site. It towered majestically over all around and stared down at the seemingly pitiful black huts surrounding it. The overseer had arrived amongst the underlings. Superiority shone from the clean white sides. The black hut watched the advance, bewildered. He was baffled and confused. Taken by surprise, he was replaced. He surrendered and died submissively.

The white cavalry moved into the territory and looked down on the natives surrounding him. Black ants crawling below their white human aggressors waiting, just waiting, to be trodden on and crushed. The blacks summoned their chief and persuaded him that he must fight against the mounted invader. What could he fight him on? His bare feet? A horse was stolen late one night from the white encampment and delivered to the chief. The following day when the white knight came to take more slaves he was confronted by the black chief. He was astonished by the apparent opposition. They faced each other on the plain. The white knight cried aloud and charged. The black chief trembled. The white man charged towards him. The black tried to move his horse into action but to no avail. For he did not know that it had been trained not to move if its reins were in front of its head. The white raced along until it was alongside the black, then he swung his horse across until he was a hair's breadth from the frozen black. He hit his opponent's horse hard on the rump. It reared and threw the black, then raced off down the plain. The white knight towered over the grovelling chief and laughed. He laughed! The blacks were dismayed at their fallen leader. They walked slowly away into the bush.

The troops had occupied the country now and so the bishop decided it was time for him to make his entrance. He was to move in and show the heathen savages God and to mend their erroneous ways. The Christian way was the right way and had been so for years. The bishop was certain because his forefathers had passed down the divine instructions to him. He would go to heaven: he knew it. He must show the uneducated the right way. How could he be sure he was right? He would be dead before he would definitely know the truth. It would be too late to correct a possible error and yet he was prepared to destroy the spiritual cultures of the blacks which were as old as, if not older than, his own religion. He was prepared to expose the faults of their priest yet offer no security of his own and rely on their curiosity to gain attention. He was prepared to guide them into his path whether he was right or wrong. He would not go down alone: others would come with him.

The black bishop was lost, bewildered, dumbfounded by the technology of this invader. It was true that he had been wrong yet the white man, yes a man with a different colour to his own, refused to say 'yes' or 'no': he just spoke ideas. He spoke symbols from a 'page' of a thin-leaved 'book'. He denounced the black priest and the people followed this stranger because they were curious and overawed by his appearance and manner. How could he possibly maintain interest in himself against this novelty act. Slowly he slid off the board.

Now a queen was needed for the country. The black men wished their most beautiful woman to be entered yet the whites wanted their most beautiful woman as queen. Only one representative was allowed yet by continuous argument both the blacks and whites were allowed to enter a representative. However, the whites insisted on stealing the name of the blacks' country for their queen. Their woman was to be the official representative and the blacks had to enter another name for their beauty queen. It was preposterous. They had lost their country's name!

The black king was not pleased. He rebelled and struggled to gain his country back from the whites yet they refused to yield. The white king addressed the black king.

"We have built houses which will stand against wind and rain and protect you from tigers and lions. We have protected you from your enemies with our own troops. We have taught you to read and write, to think logically, to help yourselves to live better and stay healthy, to grow crops and produce more milk. In return we ask only that you might give us the wealth of ores in your country and that we might continue governing you until you are a truly great nation. Without us only half of your friends would be alive and you would be living in ignorance."

"But we would be happy and free to walk how and where we liked", replied the black king.

"We could have, and still could, kill you yet we do not. You should be grateful. Your trouble is that you're never satisfied and always discontented. That's the trouble with our socialist policies which give you too much freedom!" boomed back the white voice of imperialism.

Checkmate !

AFTER 'O' LEVELS (I)

Stephen Hawkins (Form V)

THE Study Block is quiet. It is mid-morning and so the sun has not yet made staying indoors unbearable. All the windows that I can see are open but there is little sound of activity from inside them. I can hear the fan whirring and the radio droning in the kitchen on the other side of the courtyard. A stainless steel cauldron full of thawing peas is clanked into a sink and the peal of raucous laughter appreciates a joke by the kitchen-staff about one of the masters. A patter of worried first form feet passes beneath my window, terrified of being late for English and the punishment of writing out from the dictionary. A raised voice from the French room as Mr. Sells harangues someone for putting the wrong ending on a verb. Mr. Partridge comes up from his office in Little Hell with a ladder in one hand and a pair of pliers in the other to repair an electrical fault somewhere in the school.

I lean back on my chair until it rests on its hind legs only and my shoulder blades touch the cold, grey radiator behind me and I feel contented. I have finally and inexorably put behind me physics, chemistry and other such tortures of my first five years at Rendcomb. I have forgotten the number I was allotted by the bureaucratic machinery of the Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate and which I had put faithfully at the top of each page of my exams. I have forgotten even the Rend-comb centre number without regret.

The morning drags languidly on towards lunch. Boredom begins to make me stretch myself and search for elusive interest. W. H. Auden, Geoffrey Chaucer, Prosper Merimee, and Heinrich Boll; somehow my bookshelf holds little attraction as I shall have to struggle with hidden symbolism or dictionaries whichever I choose.

How about this? Robert Graves - Greek Myths. "Away from the shrine, wretch!" the Pythoness cried in disgust. "You will kill your father and marry your mother." Hot stuff, but with weather like this I don't really need it.

I suppose I can always turn on my radio. Four - Brian Johnstone coming "Down Your Way"; Three - Schoenberg Chamber Music; Two - Jimmy Young; and One - Tony Blackburn. Nought, I feel, might be the best channel for this morning.

A swallow swoops low over the Study Block three times before returning to its nest under the eaves. A blackbird is audible from the Wilderness; I wonder what it can see that is making it so excited.

One o'clock approaches lazily. As it nears I switch on my radio again to see how accurate the clocks around the school are. The Stable Block chimes sombrely, five minutes early. The Arts Block, a tenor bell to the Stable Block's bass, adds its voice two minutes later. I wait with bated breath as the weatherman finishes. The six steady pips from Hurstmonceaux synchronise the world - apart from Rendcomb. It is a good disaster or two into the news before the college bell rings and I must rush down the Study Block stairs and into lunch.

AFTER 'O' LEVELS (II)

Hamish Wilson (Form Va)

I

We had imagined lying in the fields of Elysium,
Exams had been our chronometer,
We had thought that exorbitant frivolity
Would replace exam-stiffened discipline.

Extroverts had proudly contested
And challenged one another with idle boasts,
Dares, claims to fame had been proclaimed,
Pragmatic behaviour would be our benefactor.

Vague promises combined with hopes of Utopia.
Ours was a simple doctrine:
"Keep slaving, drain yourself until the coveted time";
Ever distant, but near in terms of days and exams.

That abstract time was constantly discussed,
With our humour and talk it rejuvenated
Stale conversations and tense, cracking relationships;
Our dream of escapades had raised our morale.

However, was it to be? were our juniors to ask,
In First World War propaganda fashion,
"Fifth former, what did you do after 'O' levels?
Were we to be the topic of discussion for Rendcomb sons to come ?

Were we to strip back our metaphorical sleeves
And swear we got our metaphorical scars
Of “clear-up”, “balustrading”, suspension,
In the post-examination period of rebellion?

II

“After ‘O’ levels” was a cold fried egg,
A lack of milk and a headache from
A hangover of drunken heat,
Interminable “Non-teaching-periods”.

Vague recollections of those interesting exams
Forced themselves back through pressing atmosphere.
Pregnant energy was lost in claustrophobic studies,
Blisters dominated unpleasant tennis-tired feet.

No, it wasn’t “the time when we did things differently”.
Utopia was spared from us; replaced with molassed relief
Faustian felicity prevailed and discipline prescribed.
Time was inexorable.

DROUGHT

James Duncumb (Form III)

THE ruthless sun drains the earth of the essence of life. The suffering grass on the lawn is the first to show signs of death. The brown patches spread outwards like a wave, not of water, but of stifling heat. Mournfully, the sweating gardener draws hot slimy water from the depths of the water butt and sprinkles a drop or two round the wilting dahlias. The miserable row of sweltering pansies is a sad sight for tired eyes, as you trudge over the baking gravel of the path. The milkman too, trudging over that same path in the early hours of the morning, does not escape the penetrating rays of the sharp sun.

The brown park offers no invitation to any soul to enter its parched grounds, for it is too hot even to lie and make use of the ultra-violet rays in giving oneself a tan. One step is enough to bring your blood to the boil and cause a river of sweat to pour down your face, as the hard-pushed processes of nature strive to keep the body at a temperature you can endure.

Even the sun-loving swallows and house-martins seem quiet in this desert heat, as they twist and swoop, fretfully searching for the few flies that can withstand this extreme temperature.

The cool, rippling river is a sorry sight: a mere trickle of warm, greenish water flows over the bubbling mud that is full of rotting life; the spirited trout hangs on the bottom of the deeper pools, gasping for oxygen in the oxygen-free water. The cows in the shade of the persevering horse-chestnut tree lie panting in small puddles of sweat that flows in rivulets off their heaving sides.

The two brown horses seem to be the only things that have the energy to stay standing on their feet. Side by side and facing opposite directions they stand complacently, every few moments swishing their trailing tails across each other’s head, by some reflex action, in order to displace the swarms of festering flies that clamber and frolic around their patient eyes.

The reservoir is at a new low and, unless we receive some rain soon, we will be in serious trouble.

ONLY ARROWS FALLING

Philip Lyons

I saw your face in the rain
As it fell like arrows to the ground.
A tear caressed your cheek
And your eyes questioned mine.
There is always a time for forgiving,
I answered,
 Looking for the right thing to say.
There is always an hour for loving,
You said,
 Waiting for the rain to go away.
I felt the ecstasy of understanding
As it rushed in a wave between us,
Surging over the past and the future;
Holding us in a moment of forever;
Saving us from the hands that meant to harm us;
Making us as one together.
And now, awake, my dream is washed away.
Outside the rain falls, but your eyes
Will not be staring at mine today;
And when they do they burn, not yearn.
My heart is full of words that I will never say;
And I seem to hear a distant voice calling;
But the romantic fool is wrong: it is only arrows falling.

REVERIE

Paul Curtis-Hayward

The world spins slowly
The head spins slowly
And sorrows disappear
Into the dreams of tomorrow
Into the blue haze of today.
Bacchus is knighted and the
Mind is corrupted by beautiful dreams
Dreams of bygone days
When wood nymphs danced and the earth awoke;
Spring rode in, garnished with wild garlic,
And the leafy bows filtered the sun.

WAKING UP

Michael Curtis-Hayward (Form III)

A blank headache greets the day.
A sweat-ridden body lies
Naked of hope.
A dull pain greets
Another bloody blue sky;
Tangled sheets stir in protest.

A mouth chokes,
Full of the sour drug of sleep;
Drugs of sleep, dregs of sleep,
Leaving an inarticulate ache:
Inarticulate from the blur of life,
Life, a jigsaw made of waking up.

THE VETERAN

Shane Galtress (Form V)

The plane falls, screaming, earthward.
A heron rises, lazily, from the green water.
The old man falls.
Stays fallen.

The heron returns.
The veteran moves cautiously,
And seeing the empty sky,
Shoots down the plane;
With his stick.

Recovered now, he limps on,
Notches his weapon,
And announces to a cow,
“Three hundred and one.”

Reaching the end of the field,
He shuffles to attention,
Salutes before a tree.
“Thank you, sir, it was nothing.”

He marches off,
A burr placed proudly on his jumper,
A token of his service
To a king he never knew.

A FINAL SONG

Kevin Barraclough

Where did the eagle sing
On that day,
Long ago,
When we sacrificed our dreams
In the lonely hour before dawn,
On the cold stone altar
Of the empty temples of the sun?

The eagle was there,
In the mountains above the city,
Soaring among the crags
Searching for the silver chalice of the moon,
That held the sacred blood
Of the sacrificial puppet.

And in the heat,
The rock images still stare at the violent sun,
Carved from stone
By the stone carvers,
Their eyes gaze at the violence
In this sinking sky
Of these,
The Ancients.

The mountain caves are dry now,
The bleached skull is there, yet,
Painted.
But the broken clown clowns no more.
His chalice was taken by the eagle,

When he flew to the sun.
 They say he never made it,
 But fell into the fire,
 Sheathed in blanket flame.
 Who say this?
 They are long dead, now,
 They say it no longer.
 Who, then, were they,
 These ancients
 Who walked in this valley of stone?
 They are the voices in twilight trees,
 They are
 They are the whispering dead.

I knew.
 I knew, and yet I played with the paper people,
 Laughing their paper laughter
 When the others,
 Who cried in the night,
 Moved on.

And when the paper people burned
 In the hot, midday sun,
 I was left alone,
 Sweating.

The eagle was so very brave,
 And I didn't really understand.
 Yet, how hard he tried
 To teach me.

When he died,
 He fell so beautifully
 Into the flames.
 So he got there, you see,
 Only he was dead.

SLAD

Dominic Ind (Form III)

Cold air-scorched icicles, from pig-iron gutters hang.
 Roads, caught in eddies, meander up and away.
 Tall elms, though stark, a heavy shadow imprint,
 And breath, a spangled mist suspended.

In spring suspended breath has melted.
 Life bursts forth from kitchens unattended,
 And stone-tiled roofs, in moss embalmed, hold
 Morning's dews, enchanted by the solstice.

Now is the time for sots to topple home on cider,
 Deep shady green embalms the sleepy verges.
 The harvest, dusted in a haze of gold, falls prey
 To sickle, scythe, and feeds no more on sun.

Now the schoolhouse, derelict, stands in empty memo-
 ries,
 The village pond, a stagnant hole, corresponds,
 Deprived of life the old pub sits rejected,
 And thoughts of life, and death, in one collected.

HATE AND LOVE

David Lee (Form I)

I would love to go back in time,
 Where people dressed like kings,
 And knights were brave while facing death,
 Their maidens crying in distress
 For the knights who are no more.

I would hate to go into the future,
 The day when the sun explodes,
 People being burned alive,
 Cries of pain under the crackling of the fire;
 I would hate to go there.

I would love to be a god,
 Sitting somewhere in the air,
 Watching every form of life,
 Growing down below;
 I would love to be perched up there.

I would hate to go to hell,
 Every night hearing the tolling of the bell,
 As yet another man comes to his fate.
 Nobody knows how he got there;
 I would hate to be there.

MOON

Paul Curtis-Hayward

The sun rises
 Zephyr drops
 And the slow monotonous woodpigeon
 Drums the world into a feeling of false security.
 What can go wrong when lethargic fahrenheit
 Slides its oily way up the non-mercuric scale?
 All passions and desires drift, into one
 Yearning for earth, sleep, and water.
 Even the muddy snake only crawls through
 Once celebrated but now dry water meadows.

Man lives for the sun to brown his innocence,
 To warm his listless passions once more
 By the once romantic, now dog-eared summer.

I live for the cold moon to quench ideals
 To kill the heat, the pain, the coquettish indecision.
 The moon refutes the premise of Bohemian summers
 And drags the flower-corrupted poet
 Down from his hypothetical Olympus
 Into the dark, dry dross of reality.
 She sucks the life sap oxygen from the day's plants
 And feeds it into humanity's public bar.
 The sun rises.
 The moon crawls.

THE LOST WORD

Hamish Wilson (Form Va)

“Procrastination is the thief of time”,
Expounded the English text book.
I sat and thought
“Pro”, what is it?
“Pro”, from the Latin? . . .
“On behalf of”, perhaps - vague memories
Waft back from G.C.E. trauma.
My mind played “Call my Bluff”,
‘Pink Floyd’ inspired me
From ear to ear,
Music maybe, but procrastination?
A problem to be solved by the “L.O.D.”
I found in the little black book
A definition.
“Shine on you crazy diamond”,
Ran the nonsensical lyrics.
“D D D D”,
Appeared to myopic eyes.
Saxophone solo is tonal, rhythmic.
But what has that to do with -
Pro-crastination?
Brainwashed concentration tries hard.
Desperate, it flashes information on the ‘screen’.
“P P P P”
Turn the pages and you are there!
“Incontinent”, “Literature”, “Lode”,
“Malapropos”, “Monologue”, and “potter”,
“Pro Pro Pro Pro”
- “Proverb”, ‘a short witty saying’,
“Procrastination is the thief of time”.

THE HUNTER

Michael Curtis-Hayward (Form III)

Over grass and hillock,
Over molehill and mountain,
Leaping and scampering,
Limping and bantering.
A plodding elephant and padding cat,
Silent snake and whispering bat;
The night throbs with sounds of animals.

The sun smiles on a babbling brook
Wrapped in trees;
The sun smiles on the radiant grass
Lulled by a breeze;
All creation smiles for an untouched glen.

Slate-grey eyes are buried in folds of skin,
Pimple, sweaty skin,
His face bowed and shoulders hunched,
Fingers clamped round his god,
With its grimy barrel and broken trigger;
A snivelling man proceeds.

Misgivings spread from tree to tree,
Whispering fear.
Warning currents swell the little brook,
Clouds huddle together for warmth,
The wind sighs in sympathy.
A nightingale’s sweet song
Is transformed to a lowly prayer.



His sparkling eyes gleam with lust.
His dogs ooze confidence;
The scent burns their nostrils,
Their silent menacing stares
Burn with ardent vanity.

No glen rewards his sight,
No elegant deer, no succulent pig,
Not even a bloody rat.
Miles of rolling moors jeer.
The glen is where it always has been
In a dark corner of the mind.
A snivelling man recedes.

BEYOND IMAGINATION

Sean Hughes (Form I)

I am something, yet nothing,
Floating on a pool of stars.
Beyond the reaches of imagination,
Beyond everything except the sixth sense.

I was born beyond, before time.
What is time? I'm eternity.
Swirling vortices of galaxies pass before my star gate.
I know everything of the abyss of time and space.

I never saw the beginning,
There wasn't a beginning,
And there will never be an end,
Never a complete one.

* * * * *

FOURTH FORM VISIT TO DODINGTON HOUSE

May 16th

DODINGTON House is situated about three miles from Chipping Sodbury, Avon. It is surrounded by beautiful parkland, is owned by Major Simon Codrington, and was built over a period of twenty years (1796-1816) by James Wyatt. The interior is furnished with many precious antiques from all over the world. These include huge cut-glass chandeliers, several ornate tables, glass-fronted cupboards containing valuable books and figurines, and also paintings and tapestries are hung from the walls.

In the basement there is a collection of model soldiers, on loan from the British Model Soldier Association, together with war relics and campaign posters. There is also a family museum containing old letters, photographs, posters and even bills dating from the early years of the house's history.

In the grounds of the house there is a carriage museum: one can see many early vehicles such as a 'Black Maria', the family sleigh, fire engine and hearse together with various carts, traps and stage coaches. There were also saddlery, harnesses and horse brasses.

We also had the fortune to see the fourth Dodington Steam Fair. Steam organs played old-time music and added to the atmosphere of the fair. There were many side-shows and steam-driven roundabouts providing amusement for everyone. There was an excellent display of old traction engines and vintage cars which, in turn, drove into the main arena and were judged.

Many of these had races and demonstrations including that of an old fire-engine which pumped water from a trough through a hose back into the trough. Various forms of machinery were being driven by stationary engines in the side arena.

After the steam-engines' display came an aerobatic display by Philip Meeson in the Jaeger-Pitt special: a 200 h.p. bi-plane. His performance added a perfect ending to a most enjoyable day.

We would like to thank Mr. Thorne and Mr. White for arranging our outing.

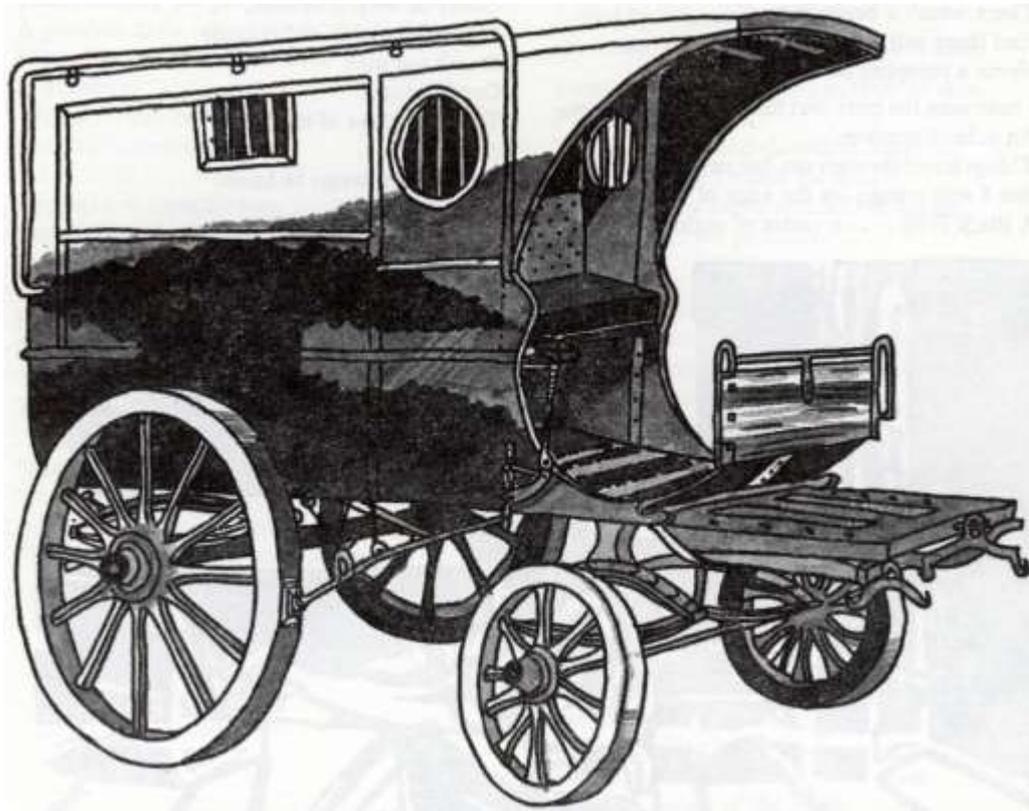
I have seen the birth and final death of galaxies,
An infinite number.
Things travel through me, but never come back.
But I still remain on the edge of nothingness.
A black hole a vortex of nothing

METAMORPHOSIS OF A DAY

Kevin Nunan (Form IIIa)

I'm standing in the doorway
Of a burnt out shell.
Souls are flickering out like lanterns
In the misty wind of early morn,
Swirl about a living corpse
And claw with pale fingers
At the faint and gusty smile
Of the early morning sun.
And everywhere
The shadows run and hide,
Cower in deep doorways,
Primed to spring and encircle
Drunk old men
Coming home
To lifeless fires of cardboard
And news,
That no one wants to know.

J.S.P., M.H.R.



NORTH WALES TRIP

July 1976

TWENTY-SIX boys and two old Rendcombians signed on for the annual visit to Snowdonia. Camping as usual in the Llanberis Pass, the party climbed Tryfan on the first morning, and the easy rock slabs opposite its east face in the afternoon. Next day the Glyders were traversed in rain, half the party taking in the exciting scramble up Bristly Ridge. The weather had cleared by the following morning for the more ambitious to do some harder rock climbing in the Moelwyns, while the remainder did an easy walk round a reservoir and some old slate mines. In the afternoon everyone adjourned to Black Rock Sands at Portmadoc. A cool wind deterred some, but those who braved the sea found it delightfully warm. The fourth and final full day is traditionally Snowdon Horseshoe day, but torrential rain flooded the camp site and forced an early retreat to Rendcomb.

J.W.

SIXTH FORM HISTORY EXPEDITION

ON 6th July, Mr. Price took a group of interested sixth formers into north Gloucestershire and the borders of Oxfordshire and Worcestershire to look at some deserted medieval villages. We stopped first to examine the Rollright Stones, as some of our party had missed this ancient monument in their youth. We then visited Little Rollright, the site of a deserted village. The delightful church of St. Philip and a farm were all that remained of the village, but we could distinguish the triangular plan of former times around the church.

At Little Oddington, we saw the site of a more recently deserted village, for the villagers moved to higher ground in the early 18th century. The church of St. Nicholas, restored in the first half of our own century, was for many of us the highlight of the trip. A superb Jacobean pulpit in which, legend has it, a vixen once raised her cubs, and a vivid wall painting of the last judgement dating from the 14th century are the outstanding features of the church. The latter, called a doom, is a particularly fine example, and very beautiful.

At Lower Slaughter we stopped to eat our picnic lunch. We had a pleasant break before setting off again in the mini-bus.

Our next stop was Aylworth, where there were clear traces of streets and buildings buried under the ground. We saw some piles of shaped building stone with the marks of an old saw on them. Today only a farm is left of a once thriving village.

This is the case with the Roel Farm, our final stop, as well. Once a village of over two hundred inhabitants, today it is a small farm. We examined the site and a violent controversy developed over whether the barn had originally been a

church or not. Certainly the large walled-up door over which a semi-circular arch could be traced, and the finely worked buttress suggest that there is a story to this barn, as to so many of our farm buildings.

We had a very enjoyable day out and would like to thank Mr. Price for taking us. He also took us to spend a day, earlier in the term, at Shawswell. Here we looked at the site of our own deserted medieval village, on which much interesting and enjoyable work could be done. There is lots to see in the area around Rendcomb which is rich in historical and pre-historical sites, and it is well worth seizing the opportunity you have while at school here. So don't just sit there!

J.L.

BELL-RINGING NOTES

AT last we have managed to collect a band together the majority of whom can ring changes. As long as the enthusiasm is maintained we should be able to gain a fair level of proficiency in the art of change ringing, a thing which has not been achieved for at least four years.

On the fourth Monday of term Mr. Medill took a bell-ringing outing to ring at Kemble, a very valuable trip as people gained experience of ringing other bells.

We hope, however, that the Rendcomb bells will be re-hung over the next term as they are deteriorating rapidly. Once again I should like to thank Miss Bliss on behalf of the bell-ringers for the great help she has given us.

P.C.H.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

THE term has again witnessed an increasingly high standard of photographs produced in the darkroom, as could be seen in the varied exhibition of photographs on founder's day.

We regret the departure of Robert Sherratt, under whose guidance the society has continued to flourish for the past two terms.

It is hoped that a new masking frame and perhaps a guillotine can be purchased, since the existing ones are wearing out. We look forward to receiving new members, all of whom are made extremely welcome.

C.A.H.

GARDENING NOTES

'Carlton' and 'King Alfred' daffodils made a fine display in pots in the outer hall in February, lasting about a month.

The dry weather in the spring allowed us to get well ahead with routine work on the terraces and at the Old Rectory, including carrying out some severe pruning on the roses. These benefited considerably and produced some fine blooms in June and July; some spraying against greenfly was done but black spot seemed to be absent this year.

The library beds were planted with petunias, antirrhinums and asters, and the urns on the terrace with geraniums, lobelia and tagetes. These have, however, suffered seriously from the hot weather.

A great deal of hard work has been done during the year on the borders and in the greenhouse, taking cuttings, potting on - and watering! I am most grateful to all those who have helped.

Tuesdays: Jane Watson, Lucy Brain, Porch, Weaver, Morshead, Raven, Cragoe.

Wednesdays: S. Hawkins, O'Donohoe, Young, Marshall.

W.J.D.W.

SPORT

1st XI Cricket, 1976

WITH the loss of Rendcomb's unbeaten record at the end of last season a great deal of pressure was removed from the team and this resulted in a very enjoyable and entertaining season's play.

The season started against King's School Gloucester with a promising innings by T. Longworth of 44 runs, but a collapse by the rest of the side kept our score to 73. King's lost 4 wickets before obtaining 74 to win against a variety of bowling including S. Smith, who took 1 for 2 runs before retiring to the field because of technical difficulties with his delivery.

The second match against Crypt School was also lost, Rendcomb making 98 with Walton 42 and Stuppel and Forrest 17 each. Crypt made the required runs with four minutes to spare for the loss of 4 wickets, 2 falling to Mathias.

Kingham Hill School were dismissed for 47 thanks to some excellent bowling by Mathias and Walton, who each took 5 wickets and were well backed up by a very solid fielding display by all. This match held interest throughout because Rendcomb, choosing to bat first, only managed to score 54 under very blustery conditions.

The match against Westwood's was abandoned because of rain.

At Bredon Rendcomb, choosing to bat first, scored 127 for 5 with Hussey 20, Longworth T. 23, Longworth N. 25, and Walton not out 37. Bredon were bowled out for 27, Walton taking 5 wickets for 6 runs and Hussey 3 for 12. A high standard of fielding was again maintained with Yeats taking three excellent catches close to the bat.

A very enjoyable match was held at Rendcomb against Gloucester Clergy C.C. Rendcomb went into bat first, scoring 127 for 5, with Longworth N. 39 and Walton not out 43. The Clergy replied with 116 for 7, Mathias taking 3 for 29, the match resulting in a sporting draw.

Rendcomb again batted first against Sir Thomas Rich's School, scoring 100, with Ferguson 22, Stuppel 21, and Walton not out 17. Sir Thomas Rich's were dismissed for 57, with Mathias taking 5 wickets for 30 and Hussey 3 for 4. Again fielding was good with Flambard taking two catches behind the wicket.

Against King Edward's School, Bath, Rendcomb, batting first, scored 91. King Edward's scored 92 for 5, with Mathias taking 4 for 22.

The match against Cheltenham Grammar School was our worst defeat of the season. It was played under sweltering conditions at Cheltenham, Rendcomb being put into the field first. We were without three regular players and unable to contain an overwhelming attack, Cheltenham scoring 190 for 5. For the first time this season Rendcomb's fielding left something to be desired. Batting after tea Rendcomb scored 35 all out with Stroud obtaining 14 before retiring hurt after being hit on the forehead by a bouncer.

Against Marling School the importance of accepting chances was well exemplified. An opponent was dropped before he had scored; he finished with 102 not out. Falconer bowled well, taking 2 for 34, but Marling reached 172 for 8 before declaring. With no hope of reaching the target, Rendcomb inexplicably collapsed and were all out for 45, only Hussey (14) and Mathias (13) showing any confidence.

Against the old boys in the final match an appreciative crowd watched a close and extremely enjoyable contest. For once Rendcomb made a sound start, with Stuppel scoring a fine 72 not out, and eventually totalled 43 for 5. The old boys made a spirited reply, led by Gilchrist (54 not out) and Whiteside (36 not out), but just failed to achieve their target, ending at 143 for 4.

In conclusion, Rendcomb had a very enjoyable season's cricket and much of the credit for this must go to Mr. Essenhigh for his excellent coaching and groundsmanship. Thanks also must go to our very competent scorer, A. Wilson, and the kitchen staff for the teas provided, not forgetting our patient 12th man, A. Harris. I would like to wish all those involved in playing this year a very successful cricketing career.

The following played: P. Walton (captain), C. Hussey (vice-captain), N. Longworth, J. Stuppel, R. Yeats, R. Stroud, S. R. Smith, T. Longworth, A. Mathias, I. Forrest, A. Flambard (w.k.), J. Ferguson, A. Harris, R. Caney, J. Falconer, B. Hall, P. Haynes, M. Middlemist.

P.W.

After only one defeat in the last three years, this was a disappointing season, as far as results go. We lost five matches, won three, drew two and one was abandoned. But it was a very enjoyable season in many ways. We played some good cricket and on the whole with great enthusiasm. Our bowling and fielding were of a high standard, but I am sorry to say that our batting let us down through lack of determination and application. Walton had an excellent season, Mathias bowled with pace, and Stroud saved many runs in the field.

D.E.

Under 15 XI

THIS has been rather a disappointing season. The batting on a number of occasions has been very fragile. Batsmen must realise that a sound defence and a more determined approach are essential if good scores are to be obtained against accurate bowling.

Gwilliam and Middlemist obtained forty wickets between them and were the mainstay of the bowling. The fielding was sound, the highlight being N. Hall's slip catching.

Team members: M. Middlemist, P. Haynes, G. Moore, W. H-Gotley, P. Evans, R. Gwilliam, J. Archer, P. Harris, N. Hall.

Also played: M. Weaver, R. Page, J. Steed, M. Cragoe, M. Burchell, R. Webb, D. Ind, I. Smalley.

Results:

v. KING'S SCHOOL GLOUCESTER (Home) Won.

King's School 50 (Haynes 5 for 10)

Rendcomb 53 for 7 (Archer 28 not out)

v. CRYPT (Home) Drawn.

Crypt 133

Rendcomb 86 for 4 (Archer 29, Haynes 25 not out)

v. MARLBOROUGH U15B (Away) Won.

Marlborough 69 (Middlemist 4 for 18)

Rendcomb 72 for 4 (Middlemist 24 not out, Haynes 23 not out)

v. BREDON (Away) Won.

Rendcomb 45

Bredon 14 (Middlemist 7 for 6, Moore 3 for 3)

v. BLOXHAM (Home) Lost

Bloxham 89 (Middlemist 5 for 31)

Rendcomb 33

v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S (Away) Drawn.

Rendcomb 135 (Haynes 34)

Sir Thomas Rich's 102 for 8 (Gwilliam 4 for 14)

v. KING EDWARD'S BATH (Away) Lost

King Edward's Bath 156 for 7 declared

Rendcomb 68

v. CHELTENHAM G. S. (Home) Lost

Rendcomb 42.

Cheltenham G. S. 43 for 2

Played 8; Won 3; Lost 3; Drawn 2

C.C.B.

Under 14 XI

The under 14 XI has played with great enthusiasm this season and was rewarded with a good deal of success. The college was beaten by only two of the seven school teams played.

The game at Marlborough was a disastrous start to the season, the batsmen totally lacking in confidence, resulting in Rendcomb being bowled out for only 35. The bowlers thus had little chance against competent batting and Marlborough won by 9 wickets. The second match, against Bloxham, was an inevitable draw after Bloxham declared after 2½ hours, leaving Rendcomb to score 127 in 75 minutes. At one stage this looked possible, but after a couple of wickets fell the run rate dropped.

By this stage of the season the team had gained in confidence and the next four matches against Oakley Hall, Sir Thomas Rich's, Farmor's School, and Westwood's G. S. were all won. The remaining two matches were played against Cheltenham G. S. and on each occasion we were beaten.

Against Oakley Hall good batting by all the team, in particular Ind and Burchell, led to a total of 135. Burchell and Page bowled well and Rendcomb won by 80 runs.

Sir Thomas Rich's succumbed to the accurate bowling of Ind, Burchell and Curtis-Hayward. The batting of R. Webb and Page steering Rendcomb to an 8-wicket victory.

Farmor's School, Fairford, were our opponents in the first round of the Gloucestershire region of the Lord's Taverners knock-out tournament, a competition in which Rendcomb had not previously progressed beyond the opening round. Rendcomb reached a total of 99, then bowled out Farmor's for 86 to achieve a narrow victory. The second round of this tournament was against Westwood's G. S., who had beaten us the previous season. Rendcomb scored 127 thanks to a fine stand between Burchell and Page, then bowled out Westwood's for 86. We had to wait some time before the semi final against Cheltenham G. S. and unfortunately this was our last match in the competition. Cheltenham had the advantage of batting first on a very hot day and amassed 207 runs in their 40 overs. Rendcomb's batsmen, in trying to force the run rate, gave away their wickets to silly catches and were eventually all out for 106.

In the last match of the season, again against Cheltenham G. S., we were looking for revenge, but it was not to be. Ind, Burchell, Curtis-Hayward and Tudor bowled out Cheltenham for a respectable 103, but again the batting failed and Rendcomb were all out for 50.

Page has been a very competent captain throughout the season and Ind, Burchell and Curtis-Hayward have consistently bowled well. Of the batsmen, Webb R. was by far the most consistent and the most successful. Gotley, Burchell and Page also played useful innings.

The following played: Page (capt.), Ind, Twinning, Burchell, Gotley, Webb R., Tudor, Curtis-Hayward, Pitt, Price, Harris, Webb M., Peplow.

Played 8; Won 4; Drawn ; Lost 3.

S.W.J.

Under 13 XI

There was some strength in depth at this level this year and both matches were won, though in dramatically contrasting styles.

Against the Oakley Hall 2nd XI we scored 93 and seemed certain to lose when the opposition reached 90 with only four wickets down, but our bowling and fielding tightened, tensions entered batting hearts, and, unbelievably, we won by two runs. Later in the term against Kingham Hill the team had an easy win after dismissing Kingham for 21.

Mark Burchell was a penetrative bowler (does he need to reduce his run up?) and Richard Woof, who shared the opening attack, also showed plenty of fire and pace, though lacking real accuracy as yet. The latter had the satisfaction of achieving a hat-trick at Kingham with his parents among the spectators. Neil Blencowe, Simon Knapp, Robin Webb and David Rollo were among others who showed promise as bowlers, despite limited opportunities in matches. There was distinct talent in the batting, too: Mark Burchell, John Henniker-Gotley and Robin Webb were perhaps the best of a useful group.

The team against Oakley Hall was captained by Timothy Evans, while Robin Webb led the side at Kingham; both performed their tasks responsibly and well.

Results:

v. OAKLEY HALL (Away) Won

Rendcomb 93

Oakley Hall 91.

v. KINGHAM HILL (Away) Won
Kingham Hill 21 (Burchell 7 for 9, Woof 3 for 8)
Rendcomb 22 for 2

The following played: M. Burchell, N. Blencowe, T. Evans, M. Harris, T. Paton, A. Graham-Munro, J. Henniker-Gotley, R. Webb, R. Woof, A. Harris, R. Dunwoody, S. Hawkswell, S. Knapp, D. Rollo, P. Uglow.

J.N.H.

Under 12 XI

The only match played at this level this term was a low-scoring but keenly contested one against King's School Gloucester.

There was much enthusiasm and considerable promise in form one this year and special mention might be made of R. Dunwoody, D. Hammond, S. Hawkeswell, S. Knapp, D. Rollo and N. Townend.

Result:

v KING'S SCHOOL GLOUCESTER Lost
King's School Gloucester 29 (S. Knapp 7 for 13, D. Rollo 2 for 1)
Rendcomb 24 (S. Knapp 12).

K.J.K.

TENNIS

As the summer progressed there was a noticeable improvement in the general standard of tennis throughout the school. This was the direct result of Mr. Hawkswell's intelligent coaching and the encouragement given to junior players by J. Sinclair's example and advice.

As far as the team tennis was concerned it was a disappointing season. The fact that every member of the 1st IV was involved in either G.C.E. 'O' or 'A' level meant that regular training was impossible. There were many fine individual performances but confidence was seen to fade as soon as our pairs faced well-drilled partners from other schools. I am, however, convinced that a good foundation has been laid for next year's tennis in the lower half of the school. I would like to thank Philip Lyons for his work as captain and congratulate him on his consistently high standard of play.

First IV Matches:

v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE Lost 4-0
v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S Lost 4-0

Team: P. Lyons (Captain), J. Campbell, J. Sinclair, C. Dendy, W. Henniker-Gotley.

Colts IV Matches:

v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE Lost 3½-½
v. WYCLIFFE COLLEGE Lost 3-1

Team: J. Sinclair, C. Troughton, N. Marlow, B. Hatchwell, D. Ind.

Mixed IV Match:

v. WYCLIFFE COLLEGE Won 4-0

Team: P. Lyons and A. Parshall, J. Campbell and T. Wolferstan.

N.M.P.

ATHLETICS

THIS sport has rapidly gained momentum within the school since coaching started a year ago.

Using the standards of the 'five star award' scheme, and structuring a competitive course with an emphasis on technique, the school produced seven area champions. Five of these boys were selected to represent the area in the county trials held this year at Coleford. From these trials two boys, M. Twinning in the under 15 long jump and C. Hussey in the under 20 400 metres were selected to represent the county in the South-West Championships at Bournemouth.

M. Twinning continued his representative career by being selected for the National A.A.A. championships held at Cannock, where he did very well, just failing to reach the final six.

It was an excellent season in which the boys put in a lot of hard work.

The future, too, holds great promise with some very good middle-distance runners appearing via Mr. Knapp's junior cross-country team. In all, Rendcomb is on the map in athletics, and means to stay there.

Results of the county trials at Coleford:

The following boys all came first in the area trials:

M. Griffiths, 6th, U20 100m

M. Griffiths, 3rd, U20 long jump

J. McGill, 4th, U17 800m

N. Marlow, 5th, U15 100m

K. Nunan, 2nd, U15 high jump

C. Hussey, 3rd, U20 400m. Time: 52.2 sec.

M. Twinning, 1st, U15 long jump. Distance: 5m. 75cm. (18 ft. 10 ins.); county record and above national standard.

C. Hussey and M. Twinning continued to do well in the south-west sports and nationals.

B.J.H.

JUDO

THIS term we are reporting on the whole year as the last edition's notes were rather meagre.

Since last July some twenty people from Rendcomb have attended three junior gradings on December 7th, March 14th and June 10th. The most successful of our competitors was Jeremy Archer, who has so far obtained the grade of 13th Mon (junior blue belt).

There have also been four senior gradings on 13th December, 10th March, 12th May and 8th July. In December Paul Rose finally obtained his 2nd kyu (lower brown) and became the third person to leave Rendcomb having already obtained a brown belt. Since then our most successful competitors to date have been Simon Tyler and Steve Hewitt, who have moved from junior grades to 4th kyu (lower blue) and 6th kyu (lower green) respectively.

This year we have moved into the championship scene with good results. After a not too successful campaign at the West of England Junior Championships at Swindon (see last edition) we went in for an individual competition at Dowty Rotol in the Autumn, and a team competition at Winchcombe in July this year.

In the Gloucestershire Junior Championships in November, Steve Hewitt and Simon Tyler gained silver medals and Jonathan McGill and Douglas Sayers gained bronze medals in their respective weight categories. So four out of the nine Rendcomb competitors were placed well in the results.

On the 9th July, 1976, Mr. Thorne took a group of 11 competitors to the Winchcombe Junior Team Championship. Our competitors were: Douglas Sayers (capt.), Jeremy Archer, Michael Cannon, Richard Pitt, Roy Edwards, Timothy Wilson, N. Townend and J. Wilson with reserves C. Waddell, J. Ratcliffe and A. Grainger. Grainger was asked to compete for Fairford as they were a man short in his category. The teams taking part were from Gloucester Y.M.C.A., Cheltenham Y.M.C.A., Fairford, Winchcombe, Dowty Rotol and Rendcomb.

Rendcomb beat Cheltenham 6-2; drew with Gloucester 4-4; beat Fairford 5-3; and beat Gloucester 6-2 in the finals. Thus each member of the eight-man team received a "gold" trophy to keep as a memento of our most successful advance in the judo field.

We would like to thank Mr. A. R. Davies and Mr. K. G. Thorne for help and encouragement, time and patience throughout the year.

S.G.H.

GIRLS' SPORT

Tennis

THE superb weather throughout the season has enabled tennis, our major summer sport, to flourish, especially at the beginning of term when Mr. Hawkswell gave us some much appreciated coaching sessions. The considerable enthusiasm has resulted in two teams playing in most matches, for which thanks must be given to the VIb girls who struggled nobly whilst the VIa girls were unable to play due to work pressure during the 'A' levels. This diminishing of people available for teams, and also the loss of Alice, our best player, through illness, largely accounts for the disappointing results. The highlight of the season was a mixed match against Wycliffe College which was both much enjoyed and also a sweeping victory. I would hope that next year will see an increase in the number of mixed matches so that a greater number of people will have an opportunity to play in them - perhaps also resulting in a more successful list of results!

Team members: Alice Parshall, Tessa Wolferstan, Jacqui Crowhurst, Clare Gardner-Medwin, Mary Harvey, Dawn Mackonochie, Wendy Hewitt, Sarah Robinson, Sara Freeman, Taryn Nixon, Vickie Joel, Ann Wimperis, Jane Watson, Lucy Cullen.

Results:

	1st Team	2nd Team
v. CIRENCESTER SCHOOL	Won 5-4	Won 7-2
v. MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE	Won 6-3	Lost 3-6
v. ST. CLOTHILDE'S CONVENT	Lost 3-6	
v. HATHEROP CASTLE SCHOOL	Lost 4-5	
v. WYCLIFFE COLLEGE	Lost 4-5	
v. MALMESBURY SCHOOL	Won 6-3	
v. DEAN CLOSE	Lost 3-6	

Squash

MORE interest has been shown this term in squash and the considerable improvement was apparent in our one and only match versus Cirencester School in which the results were as follows:-

Jane Wilson (Capt.)	Won 2-0
Taryn Nixon	Won 2-0
Wendy Hewitt	Won 2-1
Ann Rickards	Won 2-1
Lucy Brain	Won 2-1

Alice Parshall and Jacqui Crowhurst have also played for the team during the year.

Swimming

ANOTHER swimming gala was held against Dean Close this term. Despite fewer members in our team than in the opposition, the standard of swimming was very high and the match was just lost in the final relay. Taryn Nixon once again won the diving competition with a very creditable performance.

Result: Dean Close 60; Rendcomb 59.

Team members : Jane Wilson (capt.), Alice Parshall, Taryn Nixon, Veronica Thresh, Ann Wimperis.

Finally, I would like to thank everybody for their co-operation and enthusiasm throughout the year, which has made organisation so much easier and very enjoyable. My especial thanks go to Jane Wilson for her help with the squash and swimming, Sue Pritchard, who took over from me during the 'A' levels, and of course to Mrs. Holdaway for her continual enthusiasm and encouragement.

T.W.

Thanks are due to both Susan Pritchard and Tessa Wolferstan for their very efficient help with the organisation of the girls' games throughout the term.

C.A.H.

OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES

FINE weather encouraged a large number of old Rendcombian to come to the school on July 10th for the annual cricket match. It was good to meet some of the older generation of O.R.'s who had not been back for many years. After the A.G.M., about 65 people enjoyed another excellent buffet supper, provided once again by Mrs. Mezo and her staff.

As a newsletter was circulated to members of the society in June, no O.R. news section will be included in this issue of the magazine.

Society Officers 1976-77

<i>President:</i>	J. B. Fell
<i>Chairman:</i>	J. Gilchrist (1944-51)
<i>Vice-Chairman:</i>	F. R. Glennie (1959-67)
<i>Secretary:</i>	P. J. Callaghan (1956-61)
<i>Treasurer:</i>	J. M. Webb (1954-63)
<i>Sports Secretaries:</i>	Cricket - R. J. Edy (1959-67)
	Hockey - F. R. Glennie
	Rugger - G. B. Jordan (1966-73)
<i>Girls' Secretary:</i>	Sally Blyth (1973-75)

W.J.D.W.