

THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE



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Joyful hearts
Universal praise
Blowing bursting
Indefatigable
Loving warmth
Everlasting
Elizabeth ER.

EDITORIAL

'Whan that Aprile with his shoures soote, the droghte of March hath perced to the roote', then people long to go back to school. However, at the end of a long term the desire to continue their education has almost disappeared; all that anyone can think about is what they will do in the summer holidays. Pockets are empty; exams have been taken; futures have been decided; and a sort of happy languor, like that, I assume, felt by a neurotic patient who has been given a tranquillizer, has set in.

The situation is not helped by the weather. A sultry, tropical atmosphere has settled over England - a veritable Tennessee Williams stage setting of a day - breeding the infamous Latin American 'manana' attitude to work. People are even unwilling to write anything for the magazine, as I have discovered recently.

Hot weather does not affect everyone in this way, of course. In some cases it has aggravated the edginess which can spring up in a close community. A lot of people have resorted to the swimming pool in order to cool and calm themselves. I can hear the sound of girls splashing and screaming, laughing and crying intermingled; a bitter-sweet sound. Bitter memories of wrong questions answered, errors made and embarrassments sustained. Sweet memories of games enjoyed, friendships begun and long Sunday walks to villages with mellow names like Compton Abdale and Ampney Crucis. Sweeter still is the anticipation of eight weeks of 'la dolce vita' under an almost Mediterranean sun.

As the sun beats oppressively down the oddest little details about Rendcomb strike me with pleasure; the cool marble statue of Saul meditating about his transference from a Roman sculptor's workshop to an English country house; the dizzy hum of cyclists riding on the asphalt; and above all the thought that next term will be less sultry and impassioned than this has been.

Finally, welcome to the school magazine. I hope that what you find in these pages is an honest record of the past eleven weeks.

MISCELLANEA

ON the first Wednesday of term Mr. James Hall came to give a film-show and lecture on the subject of 'Smoking and Lung Cancer'. The first part of his talk on what causes cancer was very interesting but the second part, trying to demonstrate the connection between smoking and the disease, was hampered by out-of-date statistics and films.

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Members of the sixth form went to see a production of *Macbeth* at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre on April 27th. This production had been transferred from 'The Other Place' in Stratford and was characterized by sparseness of costume and decor. Sixth formers and a few fourth formers went to see *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on May 26th at the same theatre. This had a generally young cast and was very popular with Rendcomb visitors.

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German specialists in both sixth forms went to see an afternoon of lectures and films on various aspects of German and Austrian life at Cheltenham Ladies College. Despite the unintentionally funny trouble with the jinxed slide projector this was considered fairly successful. VIb French specialists went to a French Day at St. Paul's College, Cheltenham on May 9th. This was somewhat chaotic and the interest of the lectures variable.

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The VIb French set also went to see a production of *La Guerre de Troie N' Aura Pas Lieu* which was performed as *Tiger* at the Gates in an English translation at Rendcomb last winter. The production in Cheltenham was performed by pupils of a 'Lycée Technique' in France who had come to England especially to do so.

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Interesting and provocative lectures were given by two very distinguished speakers this term. VIa had a talk about 'Crime' given by the well-known sociologist Professor John B. Mays, who also spent a few days around the school taking periods and getting to know Rendcomb. Mr. Anthony Howard, Editor of the *New Statesman*, came to give a lecture on 'Parliament and Pressure Groups'. Mr. Howard's arguments stirred up a lot of controversy as they always seem to do, partly through the infamous anti-Jubilee number of his magazine.

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Preachers this term, as well as the chaplain, were the Rev. A. Banfield, Diocesan Youth Officer, the Rev. D. Conner, Chaplain of St. Edward's School, Oxford, and the Rev. D. Scott, Chaplain of Haberdasher's Aske's School, Elstree. All three of these were willing to meet interested members of the school after the service and a stimulating exchange of views about religion took place on each occasion.

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A sponsored walk, in aid of the college appeal, is being held on Sunday, September 11th - we trust the occasion will be both physically and financially rewarding.

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May 5th saw an exciting innovation. About twenty old people from the geriatric section of Quern's Hospital came to spend the afternoon at Rendcomb. They were wheeled round to Park House, given something to eat and finally joined in a sing-song organised by Mr. Dyke. It was obvious from the faces of the old people as they left that they had thoroughly enjoyed the excursion.

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A IVth form party went to Cheltenham to see *The Eagle Has Landed*, a new film starring Donald Sutherland and Michael Caine.

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Parents' meetings were held this term for parents of VIb and the second form. The VIb one was held before instead of after an exeat as an experiment; it provoked definitely mixed reaction.

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Members of the school contributed to the H.M.C. Community Service Conference held in Worcestershire from May 13th to May 15th.

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Mr. Dyke took a second form party on a trip to see some Welsh castles on May 15th. The object of the trip was to shed light on the era the form are dealing with in history lessons.

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Mr. Kelsey persuaded several interesting people from various universities to talk to the sixth form about further education and career prospects. Especially helpful was the insight given by Professor Fairest of Hull University into 'Law'.

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Two services of readings and hymns were held this term to make a change from the normal services. The first on May 22nd was devised by three VIb boys and the second on July 3rd by the chaplain. There was a general feeling on each occasion that we have not yet found the right formula to appeal to a young, largely agnostic congregation.

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The College Choral Society gave a creditable performance of Handel's most famous but one oratorio *Judas Macca-beus*, on May 22nd. A full report appears elsewhere.

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VIb scientists went to look at I.C.I.'s Agricultural Division at Severnside on June 30th. VIa scientists went to the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell two days later.

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The Literary Society gathered once this term to hear poems and potted biographies of the great Romantics, Byron, Shelley and Keats. The Debating Society also met once to decide whether more pupil power should be allowed at Rendcomb. The discussion was nothing if not heated! Full reports occur elsewhere.

Vib girls went to Berkeley Castle on May 29th and most of VIa went to Bath during the penultimate week of term.

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Several people interrupted their own local festivities to come back to Rendcomb to help with the village's Jubilee celebrations on June 7th. Later in the term all boys were issued with a Jubilee crown to commemorate the occasion.

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A junior judo grading was held at Rendcomb on June 19th.

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Founder's day included biology and electronics exhibitions with smaller art and woodwork ones, a judo display and demonstrations of woodwork techniques. The address was given by Lord Roll, K.C.M.G. The headmaster's speech and a summary of Lord Roll's appear elsewhere.

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The first and second forms entertained contemporaries from Hatherop School for Girls with a swimming barbeque at Rendcomb. The afternoon included a treasure hunt, dancing, swimming, and, of course, a lot to eat. Members of Vib deserve thanks for the way in which they helped to organise this event.

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In the last week of term a limited over cricket match was played between the 1st XI and the staff. None were more surprised than the staff when they defeated the XI by 8 wickets, scoring 92-2 in reply to the college team's 91-9. Will things be different next summer?

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The Industrial Society held a conference at Rendcomb on July 4th and 5th. We welcomed a party from Deer Park School to join us for this event, which consisted of discussion groups and lectures on the subject of 'The Challenge of Industry'.

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Mrs. Jean Walker gave her perennially helpful talk on 'The Pitfalls of University Life' as usual this year to sixth form leavers on July 7th.

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Congratulations to Stephen Hawkins, who recently won £100 in a national essay competition organised by Barclays Bank.

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The third form house had an enjoyable outing on Sunday, 12th June, to Warwick Castle.

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A number of forms took the opportunity in the last week of term of going to Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, for the Royal Show - seemingly fast becoming an annual pilgrimage.

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Artistic contributions for this issue are from Hamish Wilson, Bridget Cross, Steven Hawkswell, Julie Alesworth, and Harriet Porter; many thanks to them.

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Magazine editors this term have been Mark Holloway and Stephen Hawkins, the latter contributing this issue's editorial.

MEETING OFFICERS

Chairman: I. Cummings

Secretary: H. Wilson

Meeting Banker: J. Watson

Shop Banker: P. Haynes

Boys' Banker: N. Taylor

Senior Shopman: A. Harris

Junior Shopmen: J. Allen, N. Marlow

Assistant Boys' Banker: D. Boon

Breakages Man: R. Tudor

Entertainments Committee: K. Crowhurst, J. McGill, G. Moore, D. Beanland, J. Gotley.

Food Committee: S. Buist, S. Morris, J. Sinclair, D. Sayers, R. Pitt.

Paper Man: W. Knox

Broom Warden: S. Whittard

Badminton and Squash Warden: R. Page

Amplifier Technicians: C. Hitchcock, T. Evans

Council: S. Pritchard, C. Hart, D. Oughton, I. Forrest, C. Pulford, P. Maguire, P. C-Hayward.

Dance Committee: P. C-Hayward, J. Chapman, T. Nixon, S. Robinson, L. Cullen, P. Maguire, I. Forrest, O. Davies.

Cycle Committee: S. Hawkins, J. Bull, J. Duncumb

O.S. Rugby: N. Marlow

O.S. Hockey: N. Price

Rule Committee: M. Holloway, T. Lausch, T. Wormleighton

Junior Advocate: B. Cross

MEETING NOTES

THIS term saw the further realization of the gradual collapse of Meeting finances and functions. Indeed, owing to the state of the shop system, the shop was closed down by the headmaster, and the Meeting Banker, Joseph Watson, had considerable difficulty in trying to keep the Meeting account in the black. Although most minor offices were carried out well, several of the posts vital for the Meeting's efficiency were proved ineffective. For example, the members of the M.A.C. (Meeting Advisory Committee), whose job it is to maintain the correct running of all Meeting activities, were ignorant of the post they had held since the beginning of the school year. This meant that the office of Chairman carried more weight in terms of power and responsibility than should have been for a purely functional position. This situation, as well as a lack of members willing to speak from the floor, has finally resulted in a virtual stagnation of purpose in the Meeting (the Chairman would, however, like to thank I. Forrest and P. Curtis-Hayward for their continual, and sometimes sensible, opposition from the floor).

Although the finances and constitution seem in disorder, and although the attitude to the Meeting is one of unconcern, there is hope of a revitalization. For example, the 4th forms increased and improved their representation largely at their own instigation. The election of next year's M.A.C. (which for once will not consist merely of 6a members) and Rule Committee indicates increasing concern for the Meeting's welfare and if all other officers who accept Meeting positions embrace them with enthusiasm, the road for efficiency and constitutional improvement is open. Some financial difficulties will be solved by an increase in allowance, but absolutely vital to a healthy attitude in the Meeting is the existence of a surplus of money to encourage Meeting development within the school - it is to be hoped that the shop, the Meeting's only potential profit-making asset, be re-opened soon and be run efficiently and honestly. My thanks to Hamish Wilson as Secretary and for his continual moral and practical support.

I.C.

FOUNDERS DAY 1977

Headmaster's Speech

Mr. Chairman, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,

It is my pleasure first to welcome our main speaker, Lord Roll, until recently Sir Eric Roll. A distinguished economist, he has been a director of the Bank of England since 1968 and he is chairman of S. G. Warburg, one of the great merchant banks in the City. The latest distinction conferred on him is a life peerage in the Jubilee honours list a fortnight ago.

A glance among the long entry in *Who's Who* informed me, among many other things, that Lord Roll's address is Albany, Piccadilly, and I couldn't help recalling the story told of the well-known speaker and wit F. E. Smith, who also lived there. He was attending a dinner where everyone was eagerly waiting to hear him, but the Alderman introducing him droned interminably on to everyone's exasperation. Eventually, he concluded with the words, "I will now call upon Mr. F. E. Smith to give us his address". Smith rose wearily to his feet and said, "Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, my address is B4, Albany, and I'm going there now".

I shall try not to weary you in the same way, but there are some things I want to say; and with the small numbers in the forms at Rendcomb it's not often that I have the chance to speak to a class as large as this one.

I make no apology for mentioning the Jubilee, as I shall not be here for the next one. Most of us found that when the day came we were more deeply moved than we had expected. The extraordinary mixture of magnificence in ritual and informality in walkabout reminded us of the greatness of our past and how we were coming to terms with the present. If it meant anything at all surely it spoke of the unity and goodwill that should replace the barren strife of meaningless class differences. I believe it produced a surge of confidence that a united nation could overcome our present difficulties. My conclusion is that Jubilees should happen more often.

You may be wondering what this has to do with us here on Founder's Day. But doesn't Founder's Day emphasise some of the same things? It is a time to look back into the past and remind ourselves that history is important. It is fifty years ago this year that Noel Wills died, and besides living on in the memories of his family and friends, he has created this living memorial and we honour him for it.

It is a time of confidence when we come together to confirm our belief in what the school stands for and to assess its achievements.

And it is a day of unity, friendship and participation.

During the great debate on education this year, the anxieties of teachers, employers and above all parents have at last been recognised and discussed openly. Even if the debate has in part been a public relations exercise, it has had some value in revealing the enormous difficulties of maintaining standards, especially in large city schools. Splendid work has been done in progressive schools, but there have also been some disasters.

An article I read recently was headed "Blunt call to bring back hard work" and it stressed competition, discipline, decency, and what it called "the morality of delivery dates". There is no doubt that the requirements of school must bear some relation to the needs of society, and especially a society struggling to recover from years of overpaying and underworking itself.

If children are allowed to do shoddy work and hand it in late, isn't it obvious that a few years later the production lines will slow down and the nuts and bolts continue to drop off our motor cars? Of course schools can't do it all; the confidence and support of parents is paramount.

But I wonder if we are making full use of this support. Last year, you remember Rendcomb was scrutinised by Her Majesty's Inspectors - incidentally one of the last of such inspections for independent schools - and we have been thinking how to apply some of their suggestions.

What might be the danger for us after such a positive and complimentary report? Surely the danger of complacency - the feeling that we have finally got it right. We shall do our best to avoid it by self-criticism but in this year of debate and participation how about the parents? Isn't it time that you gave us some of your ideas about the school? We would be very glad to consider them.

I don't need to remind anybody here that economic difficulties have continued this year, and one sad result is that the Gloucestershire Education Authority have been compelled to cut the number of foundation places from seven a year to five. All the same, it is a great pleasure to be able to continue our close relationship with the county, and to provide for boys who need boarding education and who are able to gain from what we offer. And this is such an important part of the Rendcomb idea that the governors have decided to maintain these two places by means of the endowment. This autumn, I shall be inviting the heads of all the primary schools in Gloucestershire to Rendcomb and I hope particularly that those who have not been before may find time to visit us.

Rendcomb College was founded in the belief that the true aristocracy among men is in reality simply an aristocracy of brains and character.

These are the words of Noel Wills himself. Has this belief been vindicated? Having met this year many former members of the school I have not the slightest doubt that it has. You would have been immensely impressed by their distinction and their success in the professions, in business and in every other walk of life. And there was about them also more than a touch of originality, as you might expect from people whose schooling had broken away from the accepted pattern of its time. Let me quote from two letters to illustrate these qualities. One is written by a boy who left

only two years ago for Bristol Drama School. He writes, "The breadth of scope here can be judged by a few of the productions I have been involved in: the main part in *King Lear*, the lead in a film entitled *Dracula*, a video recording of a biting satire called *Captain Oates' Left Sock*, and street theatre all over the west country." While at the Edinburgh Festival he will be performing in the British premiere of a new translation of a play by Maxim Gorky. He has also written his first play, which should be performed shortly.

The other letter is from the Elephant Boatyard on Southampton Water, describing the single-handed Atlantic yacht racing of a couple of Rendcombians, who came sixth and fourteenth respectively out of fifty boats sailing to the Azores and back. In *The Observer* single-handed Transatlantic Race last year, though, they were unlucky. In the thirty one foot *Arctic Skua*, Mike Richardson's self-steering gear broke, having worked perfectly for four thousand miles, and Angus Primrose had the misfortune to be rolled completely over, losing his mast. He returned to Plymouth under Jury Rig and down to his last bottle of gin - a very creditable effort.

It is good to know that there is still plenty of scope for brains, character and adventure as well.

Now what of the brains at work here? I cannot disguise from you that this has been another very good year academically: the 'O' level average throughout the fifth form was about eight per head, and a significant thing about the advanced level results was the remarkably high proportion of A and B grades. It was well over half.

Again over eighty percent of sixth form leavers went on to university, and the list was crowned by two awards and four places at Oxford and Cambridge.

Minor achievements, but very pleasing in the enterprise and ability they showed, have been three holiday study scholarships to Osnabruck awarded by the German government, and a Barclay's Bank essay competition prize of one hundred pounds was won by a first year sixth former. Elsewhere in the school much good work has continued, and I am particularly impressed by the way in which boys who come here with quite a modest standard at eleven or in common entrance seem to be making remarkable progress.

In spite of our problems over staging, drama has flourished, and so has melodrama. We were closely absorbed in watching *Tiger at the Gates*, a play with no heroes or villains; while in *Maria Marten* and *Black-Eyed Susan* everything was larger than life; we cheered the noble and hissed the dastardly.

The Choral Society gave two excellent concerts, Mozart's *King Thamos* and Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus*, and with the orchestral concert, two piano recitals and the church anthems ranging from Palestrina to Vaughan Williams there has been a splendid range of great music.

I hope that you have seen the exhibitions of biology and electronics in the Stable Courtyard, and if not they will remain open for a short while after the speeches. You would also have noticed the building work going on - the first of the appeal projects aimed at bringing our facilities up to the high standard of the work achieved there.

Don't imagine, please, that because we are giving the art and woodwork exhibitions a rest this year that these departments have been less active. The flow of beautifully made things has been unabated, and it is particularly good to see a boat being built - not perhaps for transatlantic racing but a reminder of the dozens of canoes which used to paddle about on the lake. And thinking of the lake - that reminds me - if anyone has a giant earthmover, dredger or sludgegulper lying idle we would very much like to borrow it for a week or two; the rain we have had suggests that aquatic sports are really the only answer. Seriously, though, the year's sport has given a great deal of pleasure to everyone, and if it has not been a vintage year at least we held our own competitively. I hope that the judo display - a sport in which we have excelled over the years - will have shown you that we are not to be trifled with. And as further proof a boy who left Rendcomb four years ago is representing Great Britain as a black belt in the Jewish Olympic Games this summer.

Now, two important points before I speak of the people who work here and approach my last topic. First, since this country lives by what it can make and manage, schools must play their part in encouraging their ablest boys and girls to believe that industry offers an exciting challenge and great opportunities. I am glad to report that for the first time a girl is considering engineering as a career. Surely the intelligence and ability of women is the most underemployed natural resource this country has - especially in science and industry. During the last week of term we are inviting Deer Park sixth form to join us for an industrial conference and we look forward to welcoming them.

Secondly, our community service with the old and infirm and the handicapped is something that engages the interest of far more boys and girls than it ever did before, and, voluntary though it will remain, I would like it to be part of the education of every boy and girl who comes to Rendcomb.

E. M. Forster in one of his essays made a harsh remark about public schools. He said, "The public schoolboy leaves school with a well developed body, a fairly well developed mind and an undeveloped heart". But if this was ever a partial truth it is certainly not true now. He said it when we were governing an empire. Our concerns have changed and, if they are narrower, they are also deeper and more human.

Aren't these two activities symbolic of what all schools must do? Look outwards, answer the needs of our country, share our facilities, help our neighbours. Independent schools are the nation's schools just as much as maintained schools and in this Jubilee year let us call for an end to the futile sniping and bickering of politicians. We are all engaged in the same task, and the most important thing which we still have to give to the world is the vitality of our education, our culture and our thought.

Now, people, and first a person.

This term we were saddened by the death of Ann Tooms after a painful illness which she bore with great fortitude. It is right that we should recognise all those whose work is indispensable to us and her twenty three years of cheerful,

devoted care in looking after the main building is an example of loyalty and service to us all. And similarly in thanking the staff and all who work at Rendcomb, I would like to remember not so much the great successes and achievements, fine though they are, but the steady performance of essential tasks and duties always taxing, often unrecognised, the day to day work upon which everything depends. And now lastly, ladies and gentlemen, I wish to speak of the appeal. Our target as you know is a substantial one, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, but there has been a most warm-hearted response and the latest figures show that we have reached eighty five thousand pounds. A large number of old boys are still to be approached, and I am confident that they will support us strongly as others have done. One of the great rewards of having an appeal has been the enormous renewal of interest in the school which it has aroused among old Rendcombians. You become aware of the school as a very much larger community than you realised, stretching back into the past and reaching out across the world, particularly to Canada and Australia. We are inviting every old boy and girl back to Rendcomb during this year and already we have had one reunion gathering. It was a most enjoyable occasion, a time for renewing forgotten acquaintances and reviving old friendships. Another reminder of this year's theme of unity and participation. Many parents have already given, and the average donation so far is a covenant of thirty pounds per year. This is most kind, and I do thank you very warmly indeed for your support. Of course I fully realise that some people just cannot manage this kind of sum, even spread out over seven years; on the other hand, others have been able to give more. This is where I remove my headmaster's hat - presumably a mortarboard - and put on my parent's hat. We, as Rendcomb parents, all know that the fees are heavily subsidised by the endowment and what I would like to feel is that we all join to make our contribution a free and generous giving to something we believe in. Rendcomb was founded on the open-handed principle: "From each according to his capacity, to each according to his need". I know that many other parents are intending to give, and in order that we may continue with our building programme as soon as possible may I ask you to respond with as generous a gift as you can - do make it a covenant if you are able. One further request, could you grasp the nettle before the end of term? We have no professional fund raisers to siphon off their ten percent and I would like to write to everybody personally as I have done so far, but I think I shall need a holiday. May I then leave you with a final paradox. What you give, you keep for ever.

A SUMMARY OF LORD ROLL'S SPEECH

OUR guest speaker at Founder's Day this year was Lord Roll, K.C.M.G., who is a well-known economist, chairman of one of the City's leading merchant banks, a director of the Bank of England and of *The Times*, and who was created a life peer in the Jubilee honours list.

He began his speech by saying that school founder's days were notoriously difficult to address, because of the great range of ages present and because of the exalted sentiments which a speaker is meant to express on such occasions. It was a great honour for him to be invited to speak at Rendcomb but he had to admit that he knew very little about the school and so he intended to confine his speech to some general remarks about the state of the nation.

Lord Roll prefaced these comments with a quotation from the very beginning of *A Tale of Two Cities*, by Charles Dickens, which he thought exemplified a particular non-committal attitude towards the problems besetting this country.

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of light, it was the season of darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way."

However, he felt that there were two great problems which should be causing us all concern at the moment: one was the enormous gap widening between the wealthy industrialised states of the world and the underdeveloped ones, with or without the raw materials to use as a bargaining counter. He quoted Abraham Lincoln's famous declaration made before the American Civil War: "This nation will not long survive, half free, half slaves", but then adapted it to prove his point, "This world will not long survive, half rich, half poor".

The other great problem facing Britain now is that in the last few years we seem to have lost our direction in the world. He said that it was the job of schools like Rendcomb to encourage our most important contribution to the world: our excellence in education and culture. As examples of people who had achieved great distinction at incredibly early ages he cited John Stuart Mill and Mozart, whose first concert tour took place when he was six and who began writing violin sonatas at the age of seven. He was not expecting that we would all do as well as this so young, in fact he said that there is still a chance of success at a very advanced age. He listed Marx, who learnt Russian while in his sixties, Adenauer, who was chancellor of West Germany from the age of sixty-three to eighty-one, Churchill and Macmillan as proof of this. He gave us hope for all our futures by reminding us that in the past we have always

adapted our institutions and way of life to changing circumstances successfully. Lord Roll concluded his speech by emphasising the importance of symbols in our or any society, perhaps referring particularly to the monarchy in this Jubilee year. He stressed that it was essential for these symbols neither to become excessively venerated, nor to become excessively ridiculed, as in both these cases the inevitable result would be disruption and anarchy.

S.H.

BIOLOGY EXHIBITION

THE biology exhibition this year was in four parts, using the two biology laboratories and the laboratory greenhouse. Fourth form biologists set up a "hydroponics" experiment in the greenhouse, devising an ingenious apparatus for the automatic circulation of nutrients to some magnificent tomato plants.

In the junior biology laboratory they also displayed a number of exhibits relating to soils. These included experiments on drainage rates, capillarity and pH measurement, and there was also a well-made model of a sector across a river valley showing effects of drainage and erosion.

The larger part of the junior laboratory was occupied by exhibits intended to be visually attractive and instructive in the field of animal colours. Assistance in the preparation of these came chiefly from members of the sixth form.

The first section sought to explain how surface structure and pigmentation produce wide variety in colour and pattern. Whiteness was illustrated by moths, shells, snowy owl, etc. Iridescent colours, produced by interference, and various brilliant shades in the plumage of birds and the wings of insects were also to be seen. Pigmentation is widespread in nature, where yellows and reds are often given by carotenoid pigments; blues, greens and browns may stem from substances related to bile and haemoglobin, and the biochemistry of melanin is responsible for most shades of dull red, brown and black. Several examples were presented.

Then followed numerous exhibits explaining the general ecological functions of colour and pattern. Some animals such as crayfish and slow-worms are drab in appearance and merge with their background, and this effect is enhanced by counter shading as illustrated by a lifelike model of a fish with top-lighting.

Various forms of camouflage were shown. Particularly impressive were a nightjar and nests of lapwing and ringed plover, all in natural setting, while moths mounted on bark were hard to see.

In 'protective resemblance', some animals look like inanimate objects or other things uninteresting to potential predators. These were exemplified by stick insects (one of which wandered off to join the human visitors!), and by lappet and buff-tip moths which resemble dead leaves and broken twigs respectively.

The opposite of camouflage is known as 'warning colouration'. Many dangerous and distasteful animals are highly conspicuous and predators learn by bitter experience to leave them alone. Our examples included ladybirds, wasps and other insects, and the conspicuous magpie whose flesh is unpleasant to the taste.

A strange evolutionary sequel to warning colouration is 'mimicry'. In Batesian mimicry a palatable but relatively scarce species resembles an abundant, unpleasant one which is warningly coloured. A biological deception thus protects the mimic!

In Mullerian mimicry two obnoxious species, warningly coloured, resemble each other closely. Experience of either species 'educates' predators to ignore both. The cost of a common advertisement is thus shared by both species in Mullerian mimicry.

In the senior biology laboratory there was a small exhibition of some aspects of bird biology. Emphasis was upon birds as flying animals.

Several colour-coded models, made by members of the sixth form, demonstrated evolutionary variations on the five-fingered limb skeleton, one form of which is the wing. The lightness and strength of bird skeletons was explained, and a large board carried mounted examples of birds' wings illustrating wing shape in relation to style of flight.

The remainder of this section provided examples of adaptation of bills, wings and legs to different diets and feeding habits.

C.M.S.

BELL-RINGING NOTES

AT last the bells have actually been removed. We obviously have missed making loud noises on Friday nights but I would imagine that the villagers are quite glad that the bells are actually going to be re-tuned.

In the first half of the term we made excellent progress with many learners making the large step to becoming competent ringers; and I hope they will still remember how to ring in six months' time when the bells come back.

The North Cerney band very kindly let us ring on their bells for a couple of Thursdays.

I should like to thank Jane, Diane, Veronica and Paul Harris for ringing so well with us for the past two years and hope they will continue to ring after leaving Rendcomb.

P.C-H.

LITERARY SOCIETY

THE only meeting this term was held on 11th May. The session, which was organised by six members of VIb, included a varied selection of poems by Shelley, Keats and Byron.

A prepared biography of each poet was presented, and these were backed up by poems illustrating individual style and technique. The evening's entertainment was well-enjoyed by all - many thanks to all those concerned.

In preparation for the next year, Ian Cummings and Hamish Wilson were elected president and secretary respectively of the Literary Society.

I.C.N.P.

FOLK CLUB

THE Folk Club held just one meeting this term, in conjunction with the Literary Society. In a very interesting evening of original and well-known poems and songs, some contributions were outstanding: Graeme Connelly giving a stunning rendering of Edith Sitwell; Hamish Wilson being courageous enough to read one of his own works; Chris Pulford playing in his usual polished fashion, and accompanying Kerry-Jane Crowhurst; Sue Pritchard reading graveyard epitaphs; Tim Wormleighton and Vickie Joel presenting some original duets; and Peter Haynes, enlivening the evening with several songs, but most notably a ragtime version of 'The Lady is a Tramp'.

It has been a most encouraging first year for the club, and one hopes that the new sixth form will give it the support that it has enjoyed this year.

T.D.

SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

"This House believes that potential pupil power should be developed to lead to greater responsibility" was the controversial motion for the senior debate held on Wednesday, 18th May.

Bridget Cross, proposing the motion, opened the long and varied argument, claiming that power naturally leads to responsibility, and that if pupils actually made the decisions, the system would work far more efficiently.

Hamish Wilson opened for the opposition, retaliating with the theory that order and discipline are essential to the working of a school. Once pupil power was started, he claimed that it could not be stopped.

Duncan Taylor seconded for the motion, taking the example of Rendcomb, which was designed to progress, but which clearly hasn't. He advocated that many petty rules at Rendcomb should be abolished, which would lead to greater trust between pupils and staff, and the greater maturity of pupils at the school.

Jon Poach seconded the opposition, asking whether pupil power was, in fact, a desirable thing. He claimed it would lead to abuse and bullying.

Dominic Ind, proposing the motion, attacked the opposition for taking extremist views, claiming that more say should definitely be given to pupils in the running of the school, and that this would lead to a greater co-operation between pupils and staff.

Stephen Hawkins completed the opposition viewpoint, pleading that complete pupil power would lead to anarchy, and that pupils are at school to be taught, not to make their own decisions.

The motion was then thrown open to the floor, producing some passionate and heated debate, which was only cooled after some time. It was clear that most in attendance had strong views on the subject of power to the pupils.

After both sides had summed up their case, the motion was put to the vote, the result being as follows: for 28; against 7; abstentions 3.

T.W.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

The term has witnessed a large decrease in the use of the darkroom and a decline in the standard of prints produced. I hope that this is only a temporary phase which will pass over in the near future - it is perhaps attributable to the poor weather experienced during the term. It was unfortunately not possible to stage an exhibition of photographs on Founder's Day this year due to the lack of photographs put forward. I hope now that the members of the society will remedy this during the year to enable a good exhibition to be staged next summer.

C.A.H.



contributions

THE REVENGE

Richard Smith (Form I)

THE ear-drum-ringing bell sounded its note of warning as I marched into the battlefield. There they were, the rows upon rows of tongue-spearing tomato sauce, and flame-throwing mustard.

I took my stand as the customary words of wisdom trundled out of the master's mouth. I took up position as the first attack was launched under my twitching nose. My eyes focused on the dismal scene of overdone sausages and potatoes as fluffy and as soft as clay. On came their forward defence, petrified baked-beans.

My war implements were in hand and my jaws waited mercilessly to crunch the enemy. Forward moved my lanced squadron driving into the leather-coated sausage to make sure it didn't squirm away when my saw-toothed knife slid through the black burnt flesh and with some difficulty brought it into captivity while the whites of my knuckles showed through my skin.

My artillery of molars, canines, incisors dealt easily with the opposition as my brain ingeniously constructed its plan. The menu wasn't going to stand for this brutal treatment, as I was soon going to find out. As I started to prod the other half of my sedimentary sausage the salt and pepper attacked. The pepper, one of my worst enemies, hurled its contents at my nose as my crane-like organ reached out and smothered it with one sweep, knocking it under the floorboards. But I was counter-attacked by the salt which, when its granules found their way into my mouth, made my face as if I'd just eaten a prehistoric lemon. That also found itself on the floor moaning with the rhythm that church bells seem to have on a Sunday morning.

The peas from their armoured tray now opened fire. I certainly had to have a word with the cook, those peas were so hard they stung like wasps, and the dish had emptied its contents into my face before I could slam the lid on like a thunderbolt from Thor.

From my point of view that was it with my arms slashing wildly at all the so-called nourishment, prodding, spearing, ripping, jabbing, cutting the whole assortment of food. While I was splashed with brown and red sauce which must have made me look like a circus clown with hiccups.

With the battle over I surveyed the scene. The food had been utterly defeated, the salt and pepper had stopped their cries, and the fragments of glass were all that was left of the sauce bottles which had so bravely fought and had been the main source of attack except for the peas which I would never forget for their effectiveness. This sad scene found itself snuggled into the back of my memory as the master uttered a reply to his first words of wisdom while I was thinking whether or not I had gained in the battle because I was suddenly hungry . . . Amen.

EMPTY MIND

Peter Haynes

It's hard to write with an empty pen,
Leave the scroll chaste, a statement more profound.
If there were just one outlet from which
The consciousness could bubble and ooze and flow into lexic iridescent life,
Just one pore leaking little white life-preventing capsules,
I could write a million published sonnets of unmetrical metre,
Locked up but released are scores of horrendous reveries,
Each springing up, flaunting and disrobing,
Yet none dares to penetrate my lair.
Hovering over is the eagle, his eyes are closed,
But he sees each puff and touch, his wings are silent
Yet the shadow of his rule is impenetrable.
A thousand subjects sit patiently below him
With loaded guns, yet they daren't shoot
For fear he'll lose his gyre and swoop
Down, down and maybe eat a few.
Dido slinks out from behind a rock,
Her cheeks wet from a lifetime's tears,
Casting a glance out to a disappearing vessel.
To the west a mast appears bearing its burden
Of fresh hope and chance, but she gives it
No royal welcome, fading back into her own brine.
It is hard to write with an empty mind
And pens are no conductors for the heart's zenith.

THE WALL

Timothy Burkham (Form III)

Placards of long dead design
Hang forgetfully on a dry stone wall.
Brass shining dully for ever,
Words imprinted forcefully in a golden age
Are rubbed away to oblivion.
Others stand cold, hard and dead;
Their obvious stone displays
Long-winded epitaphs carved by pity
And scarred by age.
Vivid, gaudy windows glow radiantly.
Lit by an outer blaze they shine
In a jumble of cruel scenes.
Intricately painted, encircled in black iron,
Their meaning is lost in a void of time.
The walls hide previous patterns
Which peep through beneath flaking plaster.
Rough hewn chunks of stone
Adorn its area like the dust,
The dust which has settled finely
In thick layers, all lies enshrouding all;
All but the cobwebs of time
Which stick to these relics of
A forgotten era, like leeches
Sucking blood.

DEATH

Russell Copley (Form I)

THE morbid feeling is on you, a metamorphosis of time. Death, a tranquillity entombed in one's own mind. The midst of eternity, with myriads of cloud residing above you.
Thoughts of one's former incarnation threading through one's mind. The charity of your mind will stretch beyond the barriers of time, light and sound; the extremities of death stretch far beyond the mind's eye.

"THE NEED OF BEING VERSED IN COUNTRY THINGS" (Robert Frost)

Stephen Hawkins

DURING the Second World War a certain recruiting poster was to be seen all over the country. It showed an idyllic picture of thatched cottages surrounding a village green on which a game of cricket was being played. The caption under the poster read, "This is the England we are Fighting For". I can only guess at the effect this must have had on the embittered factory-workers and coal miners of the north of England who had probably never seen a landscape like the one shown on the poster in their lives.
The truth is that the people who designed and published such posters were out of touch with the reality of the cold, dank, polluted, L. S. Lowry England which most of the English by then lived in. That is not to say that such an England does not exist; there are indeed places all over the south of England where scenes similar to those on the recruiting poster are acted out beautifully every summer, but the vast majority of the English can no longer identify with such pastoral surroundings because they have never had anything to do with the countryside.
To most people the countryside is merely something passed-through on the way to holiday resorts. It is a place consisting of lay-bys waiting to be decorated with thoughtless litter, where the many fragrances of the English summer are smothered by petrol fumes; a place where tasteless sandwiches are eaten quickly and in lumps in order to get to the airport on time and where moments of quiet meditation are ruined by roaring internal combustion engines surging past lemming-like towards the coast.
Perhaps even more likely nowadays it is a green blur seen on either side of a four hundred yard wide tarmac serpent; tempting the apathetic British to forget their real responsibilities in a self-indulgent pipedream made up of naked flesh roasting under the Spanish sun, fish and chips and blaring discotheques. Apart from this the average Englishman and

woman have absolutely nothing to do with the countryside which it is not only their duty to protect; it is their right to enjoy.

Of course there are people who care. They are few, certainly, and prone to self-righteousness which in the circumstances is not a helpful characteristic, but without them far more of our country would have disappeared under the endless, soulless housing estates and factories which infest England but conversely without which it would be impossible to survive in the modern world.

People like these have come to realise the responsibilities passed on to us by our remote ancestors who probably did not even realise that they were creating such responsibilities: the superb compromise between nature and agriculture which has been developed more successfully in this country than in any other; the helping hand given by man to nature where she is at her weakest; the skills which co-operate with nature instead of working against her as nearly every new technique since the industrial revolution seems to have done.

Linked with the preservation of the countryside itself is the need to keep it full of people who are willing to work and spend their lives there. One of the great tragedies of our age is the rapid and accelerating depopulation of the country due to the mechanisation of agriculture. It is difficult to see a solution to this problem though, without returning to the methods of the middle ages, which would be totally impracticable in the face of our burgeoning urban population. Far more effort, though, should be made to encourage cottage industries back to the countryside; manufacturing processes which would not seriously disturb the delicate equilibrium between man and nature established there over many centuries.

It is equally important that better education be given to everyone about the countryside, the real countryside, not merely the utopian recruiting poster version, from the earliest possible age. I wonder how many city dwellers of all ages are unaware or uncertain of the exact origins of milk and eggs? How many people have never seen a cow or hen in the flesh? How many have never actually set foot on a farm? The number, I suspect, would be chasteningly large. The government should encourage far more people to come into the countryside to explore the remarkable heritage which their forefathers have left for them, and to move about freely, obeying the country code in order that they should understand better why such phrases as 'urban sprawl', 'Dutch elm disease' and the 'Common Agricultural Policy' are so emotive and controversial, and finally to decide their own views of the fate of Blake's "green and pleasant land".

DAYBREAK

Adrian Sergison (Form V)

As the darkness fades into the lightening skies, owls, not bothered by the wind or the cold, majestically disappear into waiting oaks with sprayed, bare branches. Across the wakening valleys the conifer-capped hills shake off their veil of mist.

The darkness slyly creeps into the corners as the sun peeps over the hills, surrounded in orange by the thin clouds. In amongst the forest of glass by the clear stream, tumbling over stones into pools of sand and silt, rabbits wander to and fro bobbing their white tails into the wind. The fur on their paws clings to their skin as the morning dew, mingling with the night's rain, falls from the pointed tufts to the rabbits' thin and shaking feet.

Along the road cars crawl along under the influence of a cold morning. Even the headlights look dampened by their tiredness. Beneath their cover of frosted glass white-faced men are draped across their steering wheels, fighting against the wit of the morning disc jockeys.

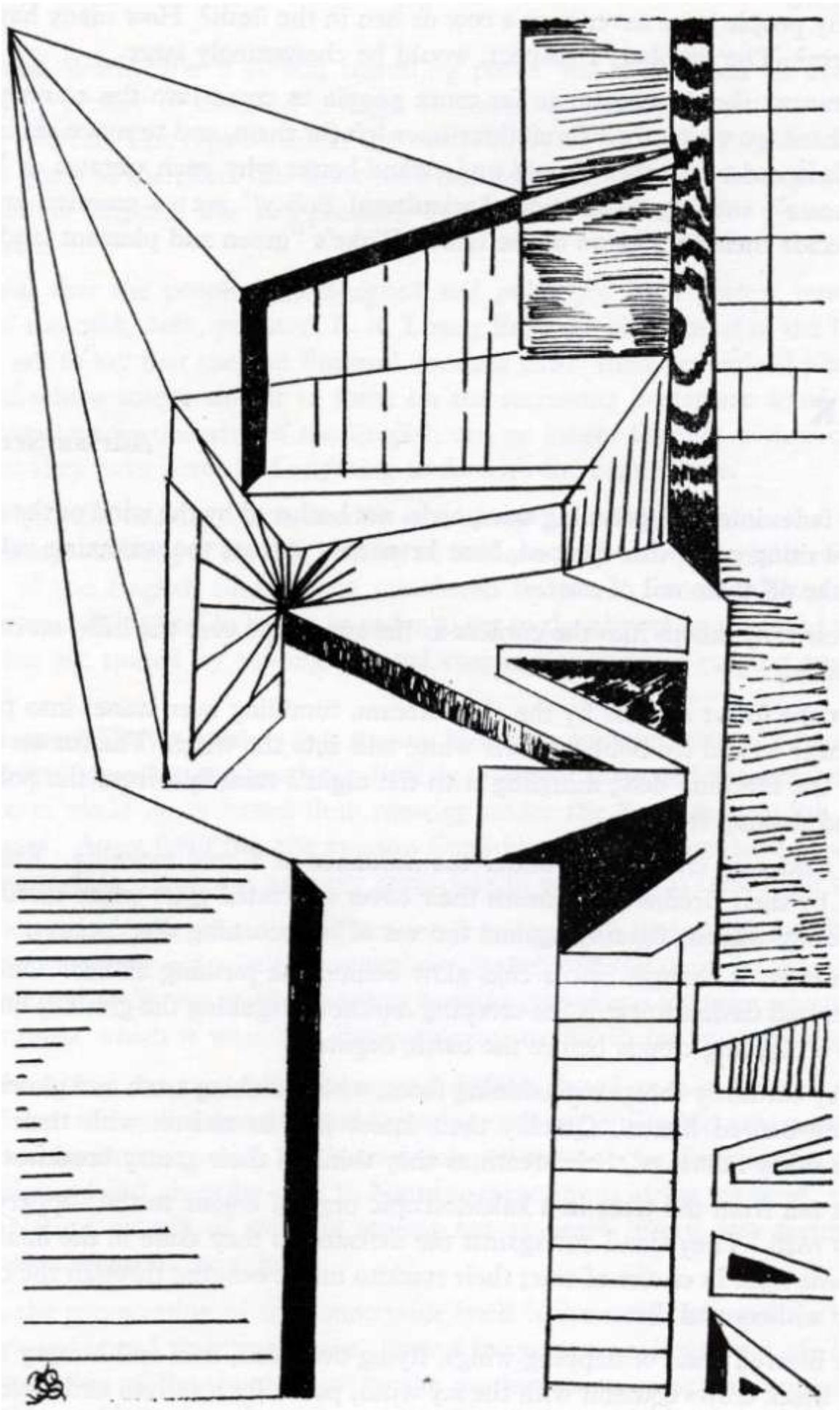
As the sun rises, it changes into a cold glow behind the pushing clouds. Once in a while the sun breaks cover and dashes towards the creeping darkness engulfing the ground, but is only stopped by a crescendo of fighting clouds before the battle begins.

Boys in grey corduroy shorts with shining faces, with matching teeth and glowing noses, tumble from their green-doored house. Quickly their knees join in unison with their numbing noses. They chase the misty horses of their breath as they think of their greasy breakfast.

The leaves fall from the trees in a kaleidoscopic orgy of colour to the slippery carpet of death upon the frosty road. They stand out against the defeated as they skate in the final spasms of death in the wind; some fight in circles of war; their staccato music echoing through the corners where the darkness finally withers and dies.

Birds, in a blurred mass of flapping wings, flying overhead, cold and hungry as they search, in vain, for food. Black crows contend with the icy wind, pause for a second and are bundled painfully back. High up, the eerie cross of the seagull clings motionless upon the air as it is swept away by the unfeeling wind.

Another silent winter daybreak finally ends and we get nearer to the summer dawns where the birds sing, not die as they do in coalition with the trees in winter.



MORNINGS

Mark Holloway

Mind befogged and
warm beneath the sheets
and hiding from
the sleep probing light
that slants in through the curtain gap.
A succulent and
snug dreamworld dissolves
diluted by sight
through hardstraining eyes
that focus on silent alarm clock, and
forcing a move
all blankets to lose
chilblains on toes
groping for crumpled clothes
that you pick up, fumble, and put on, with
self minded numb
belligerent thumbs,
and it's a two
left booted morning
that starts an irritated day.

* * *

Silent skeins of mist
twist and turn
Spun between the hilltops glisten
In the early morning light
as the night dissolves
Chased from east to west.
Branches sway and lean
keen to learn
The secrets of the slanting rays
And cobwebs catch the morning air
as the sun ascends
In a soft focus glare.
If every morning
began with a dawning
like this one
Changes above
reflecting a love
just begun
And if in the evening
there wasn't a leaving
like that one
Staying to sleep
not to weep
together as one.
Now the morning sings
with what it brings
Everywhere in lakes and fields
Life emerges starting over
as the day begins
Take my hand to hold again.

A FIGMENT OF EMANCIPATION

Deborah Harrison

Sitting when it's twilight
Watch the seconds fly-by-night
Twisting round in desperation
Try to escape the suffocation
Created by the tiny mind
It's a long hard process to unwind
The situation is so unreal
Could it be . . . does it feel
That it never felt like this before
Perhaps it won't again any more
But then again perhaps it might
If there's no time to struggle or to fight
With that flitting illusion
There's too much confusion
It could be on the good side
Hiding behind a foolish pride
But maybe it's not
What's to do when it gets too hot?
Watch the seconds' arabesque
Chased away by thoughts grotesque
What happened to that promised peace
And won't there ever be release?

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A DAY

David Strong (Form V)

Dawn:

A new light appears in the sky,
And the birds sing to its brilliance.
The mist cottons the tall trees
And the spires shed their veil of white.

Siesta:

The sun scorns solid slumber
Upon the world with eternal fire;
Sweet sweat sinks salty down the neck
Collecting upon an open collar.

Sunset:

Shadows mingle with the gravel;
The clouds wait expectantly but
The withdrawal of the light is slow,
And a red afterglow fills the sky.

Night:

People have succumbed to sleep;
Dreams roam around their heads.
The light of the moon filters
Through the crack in the curtains.

WARWICK CASTLE

Timothy Burkham (Form III)

Grim, grey, forbidding stone
Towering upwards as if in Babylon,
Jealousy concealing the gaudy scene within.
Initials carved deep in deep stone,
Foundations ploughing down in rich soil
To be enveloped in invisible dark.
Nameless, narrow slits stare vacantly
And reveal nothing,
Nothing but endless stone steps
Twirling round in a whirlpool of silence
To erupt in an ocean of light.
A joyous din of victory returns
As echoes.

* * *

Through hard, wood trapdoor,
Down solid, slimy, worn steps
To an eternal, clammy cell.
Blackened thumbscrews illuminated
By glare of neon light.
Relics of a dilapidated past
Watching a crumbling present.
Blood rust cage holds nothing
But memories.

* * *

Ancient, stained oak
Encloses shameless steel.
Massive, closed armour
Reflects aimlessly.
Priceless, polished swords
Shine out with
Futile, bloody scenes
Of a past in oblivion.
Sadistic pleasure shines forth
From halberds steeped in
Mystery.

UNWATERED . .

Veronica Thresh

Unwatered, my plant seems to thrive, blossom
with flowers of a hideous pink. People,
people linger and look at it and say:
howlovely can I draw with how can I smell it it's so beautiful

Unnoticed, perhaps my plant would shrivel. I
for one would not be sorry. People,
people would look and just see me and say:
oh I'm so sorry didn't mean to disturb you I'll go now

Quite alone, I perhaps should sicken, turn
inside, hide, hate you, me, them. People,
people would look in mirrors, at each other, say:
well we expected it someone like that oh yes we knew

For now, at least, I shall not water my plant.

VISIONS OF FIRE

Michael Curtis-Hayward (Form IV)

Wreaths of fire hang over a dead building,
The ambulance's wail has died away,
Two bodies lie in unseen graves:
Weak threads of life, snapped.
Fire to me is death, dissolution.

Flames lick round the wreck
Of man's existence.
Destroying his rubbish,
Cringing
And swallowing man's waste
With relish.
Fire to me is a slave.

In the cold, dark room,
Fire is my only friend,
Kissing the shadows away.
In this room
Fire is love.

STARS

Mark Smith (Form I)

Once shattered from my sleep,
I look out of the window:
Arranged in the sky,
A labyrinth of stars
Haunt the deep indulged
Oddity of space.
The stars give life;
The sky is revived, from darkness,
From the dead to life;
Once lost, regained.
The ancient figures of Greek mythology,
Elected, elected to guard the opaque
Darkness of space,
Elected, elected for evermore.

CHURCH

Nicholas Chesshire (Form I)

The cold quietness of the church
Sings in my mind, like the sting of a bee;
The sun battles with colourful glass,
As the ringing of my mind goes on.

I stare at the altar while the vision acts,
The angels appear with the distant organ.
The vision blacks out! I move again,
But the ringing of my mind goes on.

The bells chime in with a bellow,
The volume grows to maxima;
I fade away in the gulps of nothingness,
As the ringing of my mind goes on.

The light suddenly streams in,
And my mind jumps to sane again,
The first horror-filled look.
But the ringing of my mind ceases.

TO ALICE AND MANY OTHERS

Peter Haynes

I think I could be a sadist, and tear plastic dolls in half,
For, as she questioned my fidelity,
I was at great pains not to laugh.
I lied, of course, but what's the use?
She sees no insult in my abuse.
But she cried that time, just for a little while:
Happened to my face a tiny smile.
Yet as her heart before me knelt
My scorn began to droop and melt.

POLITICAL ASYLUM

Jonathan Stafford-Mills (Form IV)

There was a young man from Sebastopol
Who wanted to live at Canaveral,
He would set up a home
In a rocket's nose cone
If only he had the collateral.

GOD ON A BEER CRATE

Andrew Carter (Form V)

"Yes, God *is* there",
said the crowd, but they didn't mean to.
The God that comes with "Clouds Descending"
Each Sunday, on a regular basis,
Left, just as regularly,
Each Monday.

"But who is he, where is he,
Why is he?" queried the plump pout-lipped man
Standing on the beer crate
Eyeing the World as a hole
From beneath his greased-back, black as ashes hair
As he took another swig.

The crowd didn't, couldn't answer
But just gaped open-mouthed
As, in an instant, for an instant
They saw with him, like him
And then through him
And then just walked away.

AUSPICES OF POSEIDON

Graeme Connelly

Sisyphus in mourning shouts The Chronicle
While ladies in the town shout diabolical
For Achilles took the horses
Wept daemonic, Cheltenham's course's
Forces
Died before they left Hyperion's stable.
The philanthropist, bad, would have
Sociologist, mad, could have
Musicologist, cad, should have
(But doesn't).
Three in one pathetic plea
Deign to judge our history:
The fleas on bees' Queen, Dido,
And crescendo in libido
Turned the cool of lusty lido
To a heated black-framed window
In the shade played sadly molto espressivo.
Thus ben cantando shouts the sheikh
Quick-forming, flowing money piles
Tiles fall, trials bawl, the medic calls
His phthisis mixed with elephantiasis
Isis crawls; the pique
Of crisis turns once more to U.S. ices:
Sisyphus therefore
Lets the ichor
Pour upon Picasso's decor
Seeing Stravinsky beat Nijinsky
In the Black-Bottom
Who got 'em?
Swell, Bella,
He's a fine fella
But Bella, he's sweller when you get out of my hair -
Oh gee it's unfair.
He's cute, he's fine, he's dandy, he's divine
He's a helluva guy -
Isabella don't cry! -
He's a dish, he's delish,
He's a snitch, he's rich!
(Send the ladies to Hades)
So, Ceres sends the blue-eyed Tantalus
Reeling to the smiling Tartarus
The strata find the spa quite scandalous, too -
Boo-boo-bi-doo.

LAST LOOK

Richard Funnell (Form IV)

Bare walls, rough floorboards
Faintly re-echo laughter,
Flashing memories.

HISTORY LESSONS

Callum Dick (Form III)

Down, down, down, you sink,
Into a large rock pool
Of your own. The walls sway
Then turn into speckled granite.
The floor, slowly transformed
Into sea-washed sand.
Kings, Queens, Emperors,
All go down in history
All float over in mystery.

The pupils, like an oyster bed,
Will listen eagerly
With mouths open; or close
Into sleep of their own
Dreaming their own dreams.
Kings, Queens, Emperors,
All go down in history
All float over in mystery.

The teacher, older and wiser,
His old frills numerous,
And with many barnacles,
Old scars of age, encrusted
Parasites, digging into his shell.
His pearl of knowledge
Clasped tight in his shell.
Kings, Queens, Emperors,
All go down in history
All float over in mystery.

Knights, clad in full armour,
Like waves ripple and wash
About my eyes, washing clean
An already empty mind
Like a drug, swimming my eyes,
Turning the world into a spectrum of colours.
Kings, Queens, Emperors,
All go down in history
All float over in mystery.

I, RABBIT, (FOR RABBITS EVERYWHERE, ESPECIALLY SNOWBALL)

Jonathan Poach (Form IV)

“To you, a rabbit is just a rabbit. But you haven’t worked with them. You don’t know them. They’re a cleaner, better breeder than we are.” I. Asimov writing as Dr. Susan Calvin (adjusted).

The Three Laws of Rabbitics :

1. A rabbit may not injure a human being, or, through inaction allow a human being to come to harm.
2. A rabbit must obey the orders given it by human beings except where such orders would conflict with the

First Law.

3. A rabbit must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Law.

Handbook of Rabbitics, 27th Edition, 2056 A.D.

Susan Cobalt had been born in 1984 and obtained her degree in cybernetics in 2006. In 2009 she obtained her Ph.D. and joined United States Rabbits Incorporated as a ‘Rabbitpsychologist’ in the same year. She pioneered this position and became the first great practitioner of a new science: the psychoanalysis of rabbits. At that time U.S. Rabbits were going through a tricky financial stage, the use of rabbits having been forbidden on Earth. However, their development in extra-terrestrial fields ensured their continuation and now, in 2050, they were the ruling business magnate in the whole universe; every household had a rabbit, the ruling had been reversed later, and it seemed as if the

THE DANCER

Ian Cummings

Slouched at her dressing table
Her make-up is smudged, coming off
With the tears that are falling
On the table top piled with half-used cosmetics.

Tell me, was she that bad tonight?
Didn’t her routine steps
Make clear to you her fright
On seeing so many leering faces?

Left alone in the backstage room -
Where she lives with dancers’ costumes -
Her favourite outfit is lying torn to shreds
Leaving her body exposed before the mirror.

Is it fair that you enjoy
The next girl on stage
While you abandon that broken toy
Wrecked, and in no-one’s comforting arms?

Dragging her nails through her hair,
She’ll not believe what she sees is herself
When her raging sorrow’s spent
And her body takes on failure’s coldness.

Ladies and gentlemen, you seem to forget
The previous dancer when the next is in the light.
But what about the girl you have destroyed?
Was she really that bad tonight?

world had never existed without rabbits. Dr. Cobalt recalled that the rise of U.S. Rabbits had not been without its problems

Greg Pole had not been on Mercury for more than twenty-four hours before he and his partner, Mike Lynch, ran into difficulty: Furball, a Mark eight model of the standard X-2 rabbit, had not returned from the dandelion patch where he had been sent to get dandelion leaves for the space station's fast breeder, Flopsy III.

Mike dashed into the dining-room where Greg sat eating his lunch, a complicated, calculated mixture of protein pills, vitamin pills, mineral pills and orange 'Smarties', and hurriedly cried out:

"Greg! Furball's not back yet and I sent him out to the dandelion patch five hours ago."

"That would have been at seven fifteen?" inquired Greg.

"No, it was half past nine."

"I thought so . . .", Greg hesitated for a few seconds.

"What? Greg, what?"

"My watch is slow. You say you sent him to the dandelion patch?"

"That's right. Five hours ago, Greg; five hours and still he hasn't returned."

"We'll need those leaves soon: these pills taste revolting and I'm too tired to pick out the 'Smarties'. We'll put on our insosuits and go take a look."

They put on their insosuits, which were made from a highly heat-reflective metal foil layered with cork, by Greg's Aunt Edna, and made towards the space station's front door. They turned the huge wheel that controlled the air locks on the door and stepped clumsily into the small compartment, resealing the door as they passed through. After waiting for a few seconds until the red light, which showed when the air lock was not complete, went out, they turned the big wheel of the door which led to the surface of Mercury.

It was hot on the surface: about one hundred and thirty-five degrees centigrade, in fact. The entire planet-scape was brick red and dusty, excepting the small green patch of dandelions which grew in the distance. This high-energy dandelion was native only to Mercury and was cultivated there for use as a fuel on many other space stations. Owing to the great heat on the surface it was impossible for human beings to live there, even with insosuits, for more than twenty minutes: rabbits, provided by U.S. Rabbits Incorporated, were used instead.

Furball was the latest development and had cost over twenty thousand dollars. On account of this the Third Law had been emphasised whilst the Second Law had been less emphasised to compensate. Consequently, Furball was busy hopping round the dandelion patch knowing that if he went closer he would be eaten by the fox that lurked therein, but if he did not get the dandelions he would be breaking the Second Law of Rabbitics: an equilibrium had been reached and he neither went forward nor backwards, but round and round instead.

When Greg and Mike arrived there, they stressed that they must have the dandelions or they would die.

"Gimme dandelion juice!" screamed Greg, completely up the pole. "I *must* have those dandelions."

Furball, recognising that if he did not get the dandelions he would infringe the First Law, (in spite of Greg's appalling acting) instantly hopped towards the dandelion patch and got eaten by the Mercurian fox. Greg swore.

"It was at this point that United States Rabbits realized the necessity to strengthen our rabbits. I came up with the idea of encasing them in metal, which seemed to work", said Dr. Calvin, "for a while . . ."

Greg Pole rushed into the dining room, where Mike sat picking out the red 'Smarties' from his lunch, and cried frantically :

"Arthur Burroughs!"

"I know he does", said Mike, "but the lead ball I tied to his back leg should slow him down a bit."

"No, he's gone to the dandelion patch and it's begun to rain. He'll rust."

"No, he won't: the casing's made out of selenium pentophosphate. It's either that or iron, I'm not sure which."

"This is no time for joking, Mike", pleaded Greg.

"I wasn't going to start", said Mike.

"Then he could be made out of iron for all you know!"

"Yep!"

"Then we'd better go and get him back. Come on, Mike."

Together they went through the boring ritual with the doors and within a short while, reached the dandelion patch. There sat the Mercurian fox, can-opener in hand ..

"Then we hit upon the idea of exterminating all Mercurian and other types of foxes", stated Sue, whom I had got to know better while Greg and Mike were away.

"Didn't you receive a lot of opposition?" I inquired.

"Only from foxes", she replied, twitching her nose. "This we soon quashed . . ."

"How did you do that?" I interrupted.

"By exterminating them!" she declared and smiled, showing her large front teeth. "Anyway, I'm hungry now so I'm just going over to the greengrocer's to get some carrots. Perhaps I'll see you again some time."

"Perhaps", I replied as she walked, or rather hopped out of her office. Well, after fifty years' work with rabbits, what do you expect?

THE LAKE OF ANNECY

Jonathan Steed (Form V)

A cool refreshing breeze rolls off the lake of Annecy and plays havoc with the leaves which rustle around in concentric circles, turning and twisting. Suddenly they come to rest and a purple-faced, bereted Frenchman bellows "Zut alors!" and rushes, broom in hand, to sweep up the obstinate pile of bristly leaves. Through the murky, grey, thunderous clouds the sun's rays squeeze, and the lake transforms itself, giving out a radiating sparkle like a large chandelier. I walk down "La Rue du Lac", breathing in the fresh, cool Alpine air in large exact breaths. I sit down and flop back on the iron support and look around: "Les petits" run around shouting and crying at their quick-tempered mothers who wind up and at any given moment emit fast slurred slang which brings about different behaviour almost at once. Old, fat, vein-faced men munch at spiced sausage rolls, and gulp back cheap French "plonk", in the shade of the yellow-barked plane trees.

I then turn my thoughts to the lake, where the breeze roughens and pampers the surface, and I watch the boats go by. There is hardly a boat to be seen, but then a hoarse voice shouts through a loudspeaker:

"Bonjour, mesdames et messieurs, aujourd'hui est le premier jour de la fête du Lac d'Annecy." The speaker goes on to say there is a boat race which is about to begin. Boats, in the course of five minutes, burst out from behind a corner, which was Annecy's harbour. Triangular, blown out-sailed boats slide through the icy, calm water and a veiling mist of white, foaming spray bursts out from under the streamlined sides of the boats. Catamarans, at slanting, acute angles, with their other hull, balancing precariously, out of water, bounce over the ripples, while mirrors, small sailing boats, battle with the ever-increasing wind. The oranges, violets, indigos, yellows, blacks, blues and reds of the "voiles gonflées" clash with the Alpine view of mountains, trees, mountains and yet more forested mountains. The competition is enlivened by the colours in contrast to the now overcast, murky sky which gives one a cold shiver.

Alongside the boats, puff, pant and chug ferry boats full of excitement; their pinewood, long-planked decks are crowded with happy Frenchmen and women, who shout at the red-faced, exhausted competitors who, in their often obstinate boats, battle against the elements. Speedboats rush up and down the lake leaving a precise V-shaped path; their owners showing off how fast they can go. All along the west side of the lake of Annecy I can see floats and it is confirmed that there will be a float procession of the Zodiac to signify the end of the race.

The race ended in splendour: three catamarans capsized and three Frenchmen shouted out a very alike obscene dialogue of French slang; two other boats collided, there was a brief moment and then water gushed through the newly clean holes and one Frenchman, who was ahead by thirty metres, was hit by a freak wind and his mast snapped so that metres and metres of yellow, blue and red-striped canvas blew off, wrapping around another boat's mast. Apart from this chaotic ending thirty boats finished and happy and sulking men plodded onto land and took large gulps of red regional wine.

Music arose from the west as the procession began; the floats were covered in flowers and their respective meaning of the Zodiacal sign passed by and it all seemed too true to believe. I suddenly shivered as a cold breath of air gripped me; I looked at my watch, it was late and I had to go, even though the Annecy festivals were luring me not to.

TALE OF MANY COLOURS

Duncan Taylor (Form V)

THE gypsies in your harem grow restless,

The flowers in their hair are fading now:

The love that you have to offer is not the love that they long to have.

Your prayers and violets and stories of the past cannot contain their passion.

You locked them in your memory to grow old with the morning dust that you wore at birth,

and dressed like Adam you cried to them -

come closer,

savour the breath of my love.

And they fell laughing into your arms and tumbled over your fine, silky body, revelling in your golden touch.

But is this the life that you promised them?

Is this the angel they saw that first morning?

Is this the milk and honey that you offered?

The forbidden fruit?

The promised land?

- where are they now, golden prince?

And where are your lovers?

They are leaving you with the veil of the night-time sadness.

No woman will tend to your wounds inflicted by the mouths of lovers that have passed this way before.

No woman will be a prisoner to a slave.

No longer to your side will they run, regal master, no longer.

The stream flows on bearing the flowers of your life away.
The sun beats over the carcass of the man it knew.
Tears fall upon your tombstone and trace their paths over the lettering that spells your name.
The hopes that you scattered in the breeze can never return this way again.
The treasured prize of April is lost forever.

ECCENTRIC

Christopher Brealy (Form III)

His face was a source of much entertainment and his general appearance reflected his character. Hanging from his hips were a pair of trousers which he continually dragged up to his waist but which from there fell to the same position again. His failure to fasten them with a belt or any other method exposed his laziness. The boys whom he taught imitated him by giving violent sniffs and snorts at irregular intervals, which he was in the habit of doing. He never seemed to change his clothes and it was unlikely that he ever washed because the odour of his body was not pleasant; but this odour was disguised by another. This other odour was alcohol. A type of smell that my innocent nose could not distinguish although it was potent.

He had a high opinion of himself. He often rubbed his nose between index finger and thumb, so causing a red colour. Upon his nose perched a pair of spectacles. They were strong and he looked at you through a thick layer of glass which concealed a pair of small eyes. He had a bald head which he obviously regarded highly because he continually polished it with a dirty handkerchief. This island was surrounded by a sea of grey hair which had not been brushed or combed for the last thirty years.

He taught chemistry and mythology. He told us of his experiences of the First World War during mythology. One thing which he told us I distinctly remember - he sat poised on the edge of his chair with his right leg protruding, as though it was wooden, and his left bent and resting on its toes. From this awkward position he would raise himself with a great effort to write on the blackboard. The boy next to me was caught up in the fibres of literature in a novel, while Mr. D. began his narrative from a mouth whose lips were curved into an insane smile of pride. He told us (the people who were listening!) about his particular way of avoiding German machine-gun fire. He said that it usually was sprayed from right to left and when the men were being killed on his right hand side he would lie flat on his face in the mud, and the bullets would continue in their arc over him. This was certainly a good idea, but knowing him I suspect that he fell to the ground from fear rather than shrewdness. He wrote on the board during chemistry while we misbehaved behind his back. In summer he had the habit of fanning himself with the use of a centrifuge.

The school provided a flat for his use but he insisted on sleeping in a tent on the lawn outside. When questioned about this he explained that he obtained more fresh air, and went on to explain how polluted air is bad for you. Each morning the hypochondriac would be seen running around the tent clothed in a dressing-gown and slippers. When critically questioned about this he said that he had calculated that every hundred times he ran completely round was another whole minute on his life!

STATUES

John Marson (Form V)

MR. Hammond, a greying retired banker who worried about coronary disease and who had been for so long an insignificant part of the routine of the bank, that he still calculated in his dry, padded leather and paper house the fortunes of the banking firm he had left, was crossing the street when it happened.

He had just walked along the road to a newsagent to buy a newspaper when suddenly, quite unexpectedly and with no warning whatsoever, the world stopped. The lady a few yards away walking her dog to the park froze in mid-step as did the poodle. A bird which had just taken off from the telegraph wires hung, motionless, in the sky as if lying on a plate of glass. Mr Hammond stopped too, unconsciously, then stumbled forwards a few steps, whirled round and then, hands outstretched, a wild stare in his eyes, approached a man carrying a paper. He touched it; and felt no indication that it could ever have been opened and read. The man's jacket could only have been forged out of steel, the man must have been welded to the pavement. Mr Hammond turned and fled; his footsteps echoing across the suddenly stilled streets. Everywhere he found it was the same, nothing moved and nothing made a sound, even on the television screen in a nearby shop window the picture had frozen into immobility.

How long he wandered he did not know, it could have been days or it might have been weeks of continual afternoon, searching for life or another sound except the echo of himself.

On the last day he found himself in a square devoid of any curved surface whatsoever. He thought this strange as he felt sure that he would have remembered a place like this not so far from his now deserted home; however, he was also sure he had never seen it before. He walked forward to a wall. It looked, from some distance, like stone, but as he drew close it seemed to him that it was an incredibly detailed painting on a glassy though unreflecting surface. He

stretched out a hand to touch it and found to his amazement and fear that his hand could pass through it. Suddenly the world dissolved beneath his feet, above his head and all around him. Perspective vanished into infinity, and he seemed suspended in a sphere of fog, all of which seemed to pulsate with a lurid green light. He tried to move but his distant arm remained immobile. Then he realized that the sound which had been his only link with normality since he had gone into a small insignificant newsagent was missing: his heart had stopped beating.

A pale yellow line of an indiscernible length appeared out of the fog above his head. After a vague sensation of time he reached the other end. A wall crystallized into being; it was dimly divided into squares, the nearest one of these disappeared and he was slid beyond into a confined space behind the wall which was more of a cliff. The exit closed. This was his last conscious thought.

Far above a busy and bustling Earth a slim, silver sliver of light slipped away to the stars.

JUBILEE CELEBRATION

Roy Edwards (Form V)

It was a rainy day, with the clouds hovering over the cold grey town. John, 36, and unemployed, kicked the stone down the road and followed it, wandering aimlessly behind it in the same direction as many other people. He went into a shop and bought a paper, *The Sketch*, which had the caption, Our New Queen, in three inch block letters on it, with a large caption: Radio coverage on page 2. He stopped, and then moved into a large doorway where he could read the paper. The wind blew dust spirals round his feet and every so often the rain would sprinkle onto his paper in a shower of dull grey tinsel.

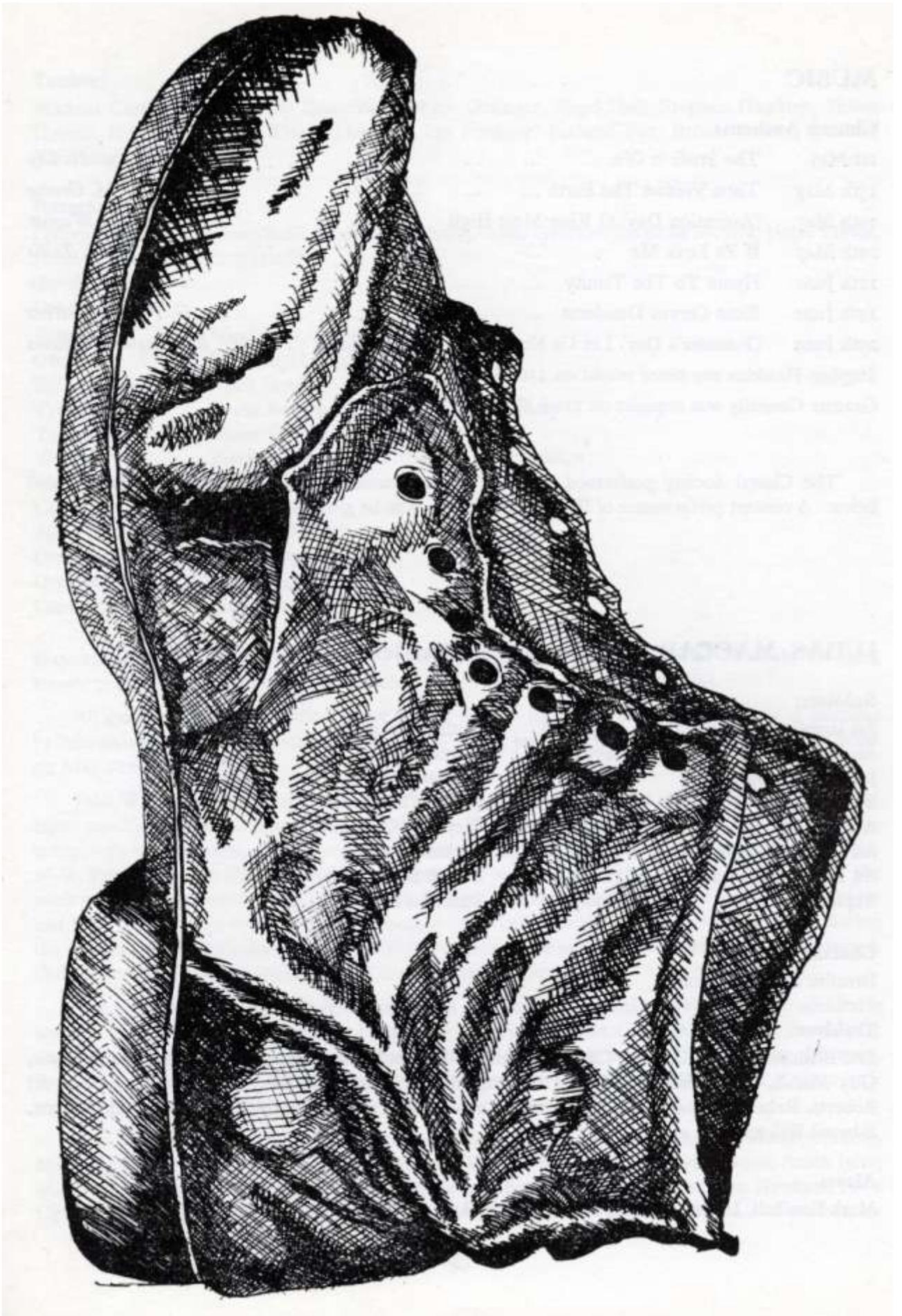
He read on: "Today we have a new Queen who will lead Britain into a new era of prosperity. We have the possibilities of creating a new Elizabethan Age." This was quite good, but to John it was of no use. The politicians were always going on in the same way. The newsreels in the cinemas promised more radios, more cars, we will settle the Korean war, we are winning against polio, but they were of as much use to him now as to his eight year old son, Richard. Still, you never know, he said to no-one; perhaps Richard will remember this occasion.

It was a cold day, the clouds were blowing wildly over the new housing estate, and it seemed as if the queue of men at the exchange were insects trying to huddle together for shelter. Richard Higgins had a paper and a small knot of people surrounded him on all sides. They, like him, were redundant, out of work because of a small squabble in the fittings department. *The Mirror*, which was the best newspaper in the world, said "Where is our front against Russia?" and went on about the uselessness of detente, the west's weakness, and the price of oil. "There's a good one", thought Richard, "where's our North Sea oil, haven't seen the new Britain yet."

On page two there was a small note on Britain over the last 25 years, back to the Coronation, and there was a sign saying "All our Yesterdays, shop early for Christmas and get these Jubilee mugs to treasure the year when Britain became a world power." Richard nearly smiled. "They had said that we would nearly have a trade surplus next year, 1978, and then we would enter the eighties with a whole new era of prosperity before us." Richard did smile and then folded the paper as the queue lurched toward the dole counter.

William was looking in the old attic for newspapers to burn. The latest rationing had limited the fuel for use by essential personnel in the coldest winter since 1947. His granddad, John, had left the army in that year, he remembered. They were all right in those days, they had rationing because of the war, not because of the non-existence of goods. "North Sea", he read "has immense potential in oil." He looked at the date, 1971, a year before he was born. He tripped over an unnoticed pile. They were not mouldy and good for burning. He looked at the date, 1952, and looked at the headline, Our New Queen. She died before the oil ran out. Never mind, Granddad would look at them and then they could be burnt.

They were dry, and they burnt well.



MUSIC

Church Anthems

1st May	The Strife is O'er	<i>H. Ley</i>
15th May	Thou Visitest The Earth	<i>M. Greene</i>
19th May	(Ascension Day) O King Most High	<i>R. Wagner</i>
29th May	If Ye Love Me	<i>T. Tallis</i>
12th June	Hymn To The Trinity	<i>P. Tchaikovsky</i>
19th June	Sicut Cervus Desiderat	<i>G. P. da Palestrina</i>
25th June	(Founder's Day) Let Us Now Praise Famous Men	<i>R. Vaughan Williams</i>

Stephen Hawkins was tenor soloist on 15th May.

Graeme Connelly was organist on 22nd May and 3rd July.

* * * *

The Choral Society performed Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus* on 22nd May; this is reviewed below. A concert performance of Beethoven's *Fidelio* is to be given on 13th November.

JUDAS MACCABAEUS by G. F. Handel

Soloists:

An Israelite Woman	(soprano)	Ruth Briddon
An Israelite Man	(alto)	Derek Acock
Judas Maccabaeus	(tenor)	Michael Hartley
Simon Thassi	(bass)	Barrie Thompson
A Priest	(tenor)	Stephen Hawkins
An Israelite Messenger	(alto)	Richard Pledge
An Israelite Messenger	(bass)	Simon Buist
Eupolemus	(bass)	Jonathan McGill

Chorus:

Israelite Men and Women

Trebles:

Eric Blencowe, Philip Chivers, Clifford Freeman, Charles Hutton-Potts, Simon Knapp, John Lewis, Guy Marsh, Oliver Medill, Richard Perrett, Alistair Pitt, Nigel Pitt, Timothy Pratt, Edward Roberts, Robert Stephenson, Neil Stewart, Christopher Twinning, Calum Watson, Adrian Wilcox, Edward Wilcox.

Altos:

Mark Burchell, Jeremy French, Stephen Paris, Andrew Pitt, Richard Pledge, Peter Uglow.

Tenors:

Michael Curtis-Hayward, Roy Edwards, Andrew Grainger, Nigel Hall, Stephen Hawkins, Simon Howell, Patrick Lorenzen, David Marshall, Ian Pengelly, Richard Pitt, Robin Swaine, Michael Twinning.

Basses:

Christopher Brealy, Simon Buist, Graeme Connelly, Shane Galtress, Jonathan McGill, Nigel Taylor, Hamish Wilson, Keith Winmill.

Orchestra:

Flutes:	Nigel Hall, Kevin Nunan
Oboes :	Rosemary Leathard, Michael Hope
Bassoon:	Mark Sanders
Trumpets:	Leslie Burgess, Adrian Bell, James Terry
Timpani:	Shane Galtress
Violins:	Brian Webber, Terry Landon, Julie Phillips
Viola:	Barbara Roberts
Cello:	Alison Pole
Bass:	Michael Taylor
Organ:	Robin Proctor
Orchestra Leader:	Brian Webber
Conductor:	John Willson

HANDEL'S oratorio "Judas Maccabaeus", although written shortly after "The Messiah", is now known to few music lovers except by detached vocal solos and choruses' (Scholes).

All gratitude therefore to the College Choral Society for giving us this opportunity of listening to "the second greatest of Handel's choral works" as one parent described it to me in the coffee break on May 22nd.

John Willson invariably presents us with something out of the usual run and in this case he had taken considerable pains in preparing the score for his musical resources. He had kept closely to the composer's orchestration, merely popping in two trumpets in the place of horns. In the acoustics of St. Peter's Church this substitution paid off fully and enhanced that martial atmosphere of the work which Handel was seeking. A tenor aria had been shortened and ten of the sixty-eight numbers had been omitted, but even so the performance (with coffee break) lasted nearly three hours, during the whole of which both the excitement and the quality of the performance were steadily maintained. Only once was the baton needed to pull the choir back to tempo.

The singers were supported by an orchestra of fifteen led by Brian Webber, whose admirable work in several of the arias amounted almost to an obligato. The cello (Alison Pole) has to play non-stop and was equally secure; the wood-wind achieved a nice acid quality as befits the score. Robin Proctor at the organ kept his registration unobtrusively below the orchestra but it was a little too heavy for some of the recitatives.

The arias of the four leading 'characters' of the action were in the care of Ruth Briddon (soprano), Michael Hartley (tenor) and two familiar singers: Barrie Thompson (bass) with Derek Acock (alto) whose voice always pleases. Added to these were members of the college, Stephen Hawkins, Peter Uglow, Simon Buist and Jonathan McGill, one of whose voices was about to change, and one became aware of some problems in voice production, though their singing was confident and accurate. Much work fell upon the four main soloists but these experienced singers were nothing daunted. Barrie Thompson lacked the sense of awe and mystery in his "I feel the Deity" but was always safe and indeed was at his finest in his last three arias, firm and resolute over the excitement of the orchestra in the Hallelujah, and mellow and rich in "With pious hearts".

Michael Hartley as Judas sang easily with a clarity both in his diction and in the notation of some tricky runs. At times he could have shown more emphasis in the recitative but he came into his own in the arias, of which "Let honour" (with a thrilling trumpet obligato from Leslie Burgess) came off particularly well.

Several times in this work Handel employed the trick of giving emphasis to a chorus by leading up to it through a duet. In this performance the result proved highly successful and indeed electric. Full marks to the chorus for their vivid and immediate attacks; but I feel sure that even they would acknowledge that their keenness had been fostered by the spirited duets so finely handled by the counter tenor (Derek Acock) and the soprano (Ruth Briddon): the rapport between them was vital; tempo, dynamics and blend were faultless - and this from behind the 'cage' of the oak screen! Ruth Briddon, whom I hope we shall hear again, possesses a rich voice in the lower register and a pleasantly clean, light quality in her upper notes, giving us long sprightly runs and leaping sequences in "So shall the Lute", greatly assisted by the violin. She was right inside her work and was enjoying it. Together with Derek Acock she inspired the chorus to a sensitive rendering of the woe in their "O wretched Israel". These duettists were always aware of one another and kept an excellent balance to our admiring delight in their duet "O Lovely Peace".

Throughout this work Handel had shown us how skilfully he could set a scene or an atmosphere by sound alone; and to the chorus of forty-five fell the task of bringing these scenes to life. And this they did, opening with a mournfulness reminiscent of a synagogue cantor, moving happily to a 3/4 rhythm in which the basses gave spirit and bottom to the fugue. The basses in a 'blast-in' entry set the scene for "Lead on" and the combined chorus created the effect of a vast concourse in "Hear us O Lord". (Surely these thirds of "Hear us" turn up later in Elijah?). In the "We will never bow down" their tossing to and fro of the 'never never' gave a tremendous leaping emphasis. This was a new Handel to some of us. In the tricky, exciting "Sing unto God", the trebles came up with every effort.

The spirit of this work depended upon this sort of full response to their conductor. This choir has made considerable strides in the last year or so.

Finally, in the true "Three Choirs" tradition the soloists rose to join in the Hallelujahs as the trumpets and drums stirred the bats out of their rafters to fly above our heads.

A truly exciting, rewarding performance and one to be remembered.

E.S.

CLIMBING NOTES

SOME fair spells of weather and a revival of interest in climbing this term have led to a number of good routes being done at Wintour's Leap including one first ascent: 'Senta' (Hard Severe).

At the weekend 2nd/3rd July a party of ten went to north Wales. Various classic routes in the Llanberis Pass were climbed and the Snowdon Horseshoe was traversed.

These boys then spent the last four afternoons of the term moving 'mountains' of long accumulated rubbish from the Wintour's Leap cliffs and the surrounding nature reserve. A small donation to the appeal fund has been promised by grateful local residents and official bodies.

J.W.

CAREERS

THERE have been visits, talks and films this term by Professor P. Fairrest (Law), University of Hull; Dr. J. Hill (English), University of Leeds; and J. Towner (Metallurgy), University of Surrey, thus affording an interesting contrast in the types of university.

The main activity of the term, however, was the 'Challenge to Industry' conference, a report of which follows .

R.K.

THE INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE

THERE was a general feeling which came out of the heatwave of early July that this conference was going to be yet another tedious social event. However, almost as soon as we met the junior managers, who were to be our advisers over the next two days, there developed an air of expectation if not excitement. The conference was held in a fairly informal atmosphere with speakers as diverse as a trade union representative and a senior manager; obvious ground for conflict, which seemed pleasantly amicable. The reactions and subsequent questions which the speakers prompted seemed to extend to nearly everyone present, and looking round one seldom saw a bored face, though occasionally an annoyed one!

It is very hard to say what I actually got out of the conference as I went in knowing almost nothing about industry and came out with a lot of conflicting ideas. The one thing which I think struck most people was the concern which these managers had, not for productivity, but for welfare. Also most of us simply did not realize the protection which extends to a workforce; first day calls of "Sack'im!" were very rapidly moderated to "Consider suspending him with half pay".

It was certainly a very valuable experience and talking to delegates afterwards gave me the impression that they thoroughly enjoyed it also and even consented to admitting they had learnt things from it. Altogether an extremely pleasant two days despite the sun god!

P.C.H.

SCIENCE SOCIETY

AGAIN the activities have consisted of a programme of some 20 films, a lecture on "New Materials : Science , Politics and Economics", and visits to I.C.I. at Severnside and the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell.

R.K.

I.C.I. VISIT

ON approaching the Avonmouth area along the M5 motorway we were confronted by fumes of brown-yellow nitrogen dioxide issuing from tall stacks near the riverside. Although this gas is virtually harmless at low concentrations, we were later informed that I.C.I. is to spend £1.3 million to remove it, converting nitrogen dioxide to nitrogen and oxygen, and thus remaining on good terms with the populace.

It is difficult to decide which area is the I.C.I. works, the whole region being heavily industrialised, but one difference of the I.C.I. site is that it is set amongst agricultural land.

Arriving at the administrative department of the impressive division we were greeted by Mr. R. Sharpe, who gave us a short lecture on the plant, products and dispersal of waste.

We were told that I.C.I. purchased land on Severnside in 1958 to provide a site for its manufacturing divisions to expand in the south-west. Two thousand acres of land were bought and three hundred have so far been used for industrial development, whilst tenant farmers utilize the remainder. I.C.I. also managed to buy 1,100 acres of foreshore and river bed opposite the site, from the Duke of Beaufort, whose ancestors were presented with a stretch of the Severn for services to the Crown. This is important for the dispersal of effluents, such as calcium sulphate from the manufacture of phosphoric acid, through pipes into the deeper part of the river.

Geographically, Severnside works has an advantageous position, particularly in connection with communications and supply of raw materials and services. The Avonmouth docks are close by and solid materials imported there are transported by road to the factory. An ample supply of water is available, and electricity is supplied direct from the 132k.v. grid. The national gas grid runs past the site and natural gas is piped directly to the consuming plants.

The Severnside works is an integrated plant; that is to say the product of one process may go on to form one of the reagents in another process. For example, phosphate rock is insoluble, it must be made into a soluble form before it can react with ammonia to form ammonium phosphate. The rock is therefore made into phosphoric acid.

The whole plant has a surprisingly low number of employees, only 900. As the works is mechanised and can be controlled from a central control room, most of these men are employed in maintenance.

The plant produces several divisional products but the largest interest by far is in the Agricultural Division, which produces 'Nitram', a straight nitrogen fertilizer, and a range of thirteen compound fertilizers containing nitrogen, potash and phosphate for use on different crops and soils.

After leaving the Information Room we were equipped with white coats, and safety helmets, and started off on a tour of the site. The first stage we looked at was the manufacture of ammonia. This was perhaps the most impressive part of the whole visit, as it was possible to pull back small hatches and look into a red hot furnace at 750°, where hydrogen was being produced by burning natural gas with steam, with a consumption of 60m.w. of power. One thing which struck us about the whole works was that everything was on such a vast scale. After the carbon monoxide and dioxide from the mixture of gasses from this process have been removed, the remaining hydrogen is then compressed with nitrogen from the atmosphere, and a catalyst, thus synthesising ammonia by the process devised by Fritz Haber in the First World War. Ammonia is the basis of many fertilizers, and contains the nitrogen needed by plants. The carbon dioxide removed earlier is purified, liquefied and stored for sale to nuclear power stations as a heat exchange medium, and to breweries for carbonisation of beer, cider and soft drinks.

This ammonia is used for making fertilizers, and is converted into ammonium nitrate. Ammonium nitrate is produced by burning ammonia over a platinum/rhodium catalyst, to give the oxides of nitrogen, which are absorbed in water to give nitric acid. This acid is then neutralized at atmospheric pressure with gaseous ammonia. Finally this is concentrated in evaporators to give a solution of 95 per cent ammonium nitrate. The whole process occurs in two plants on the works, one of which makes 'Nitram' and the other compound fertilizers.

The 'Nitram' plant makes small granules of ammonium nitrate in a similar way to that of making lead shot in a tower. A concentrated solution is sprayed down a 328 foot tower with cold air being blown upwards, causing the spray to crystallize into small round pellets, which are screened for size.

Severnside also makes its own sulphuric acid and phosphoric acid. Sulphuric acid is made by the contact process and the acid is further reacted with phosphate rock to produce phosphoric acid. Neutralization with ammonia gives a soluble solution of ammonium phosphate.

On our visit we were taken to the Granulation Plant where the concentrated ammonium nitrate liquor, ammonium phosphate slurry and potash are mixed together in a paddle mixer. Final granulation takes place in two rotating, cylindrical driers. The product is again screened, cooled, oiled and coated.

We then moved on to see the enormous storing sheds, capable of containing 25,000 tons. A giant crane on railway lines, high up near the roof of the shed, heaved out great handfuls of fertilizer using its 5 ton grab. This was put onto conveyor belts, travelling 90 feet above the ground level, and carried to the packing station. Here, we saw the fertilizer descending to four packing bands, where polythene bags are filled, sealed and then fed to road and rail loading bays. To give some idea of the value of the fertilizer; one 50kg bag costs the farmer approximately £5 !

The very stimulating day at I.C.I. was finished nicely with tea and biscuits in the staff restaurant, and informal discussions with members of the I.C.I. staff.

The main interest of the trip lay in being able to see the basic starting materials going through all the various processes and coming out, finally, as a completely finished product for sale to the public.

Altogether it was a very interesting, educational and enjoyable visit.

A.E.R.E. HARWELL VISIT

FOLLOWING an early departure and an hour's journey, our party of V1a scientists arrived at the main gates at 9.30 a.m. We then proceeded to one of many lecture buildings to witness an enlightening tape/slide presentation entitled "Harwell Today", which described the enormous diversity of the industrial and scientific roles of Harwell.

We then divided into two groups, each of which visited one of their nuclear reactors 'Dido' and 'Pluto'. Several surreptitious T.V. cameras were pointed out to us as we entered. We had the basic principles of the reactor explained to us as we put on our overshoes and moved through the airlock to the reactor.

Although 20 years old they are running at 25m.w. (mega-watts) - about twice their designed output. Obsolete and small by commercial standards, they remain invaluable research tools. There was such a huge wealth of equipment that no-one could have left with anything more than a very superficial comprehension.

After elaborate radiation screening we moved on to the Fingal Building to learn about the very latest methods of nuclear waste disposal.

The dangerous radioactive isotopes are embedded in an extremely durable sodium/lithium glass until they have decayed sufficiently to be virtually harmless. This process was very enlightening as nuclear waste disposal is a very controversial topic.

We left with not so much an understanding of the research but of how it is carried out and its importance to the industrial world.

D.C., P.M.

COMMUNITY SERVICE VOLUNTEERS

Following Charles Hussey's account in our last issue of his experiences working for the Missions to Seamen in Rotterdam, we include in this number a description by Philip Lyons, a former editor of this magazine, of his work with the Community Service Volunteers organisation while he was waiting to take up his place at Bristol University this October - Ed.

IN 1962 a national volunteer agency was founded by Alec Dickson, the founder of U.S.O. It was given the name of Community Service Volunteers (C.S.V.) and was based on the belief that it is everyone's right to participate in community service; no volunteer over the age of sixteen is ever turned away. As an organisation it aims to match each volunteer to a suitable project - which could be anything from working in a night shelter with down and outs to working in a children's home with children whose families have broken up; from helping to run an adventure playground to helping mentally handicapped children.

The question that many people ask is "What does a volunteer actually get?" and the answer is "Not a great deal in financial terms". However, although a volunteer may not be able to afford that Rolls Royce he had his eye on he is far from starving. He receives full board and lodging and the sum of five pounds a week for pocket money. Most people seem to be able to stretch this over their various evils and it is only the frenetic chain smoker who is likely to be overdrawn!

Placements, as they are called, are away from home, normally with a minimum of one day off a week (in fact I have one day off one week and then Friday until Sunday the next week). C.S.V. is a registered charity and not a government agency and, therefore, is much freer to dictate its own role in society. And this role is by no means diminutive. With over 3,000 volunteers each year, C.S.V. is in a position to help expand the part of the volunteer in society and sometimes even to influence government policy. Not every C.S.V. is a volunteer in the most pure spontaneous sense. Many police cadets and young offenders come to C.S.V. because those responsible for their training see a period of community service as important to their education to cope with the demands likely to be made of them.

My project is with the Langley House Trust, a registered charity started in 1959. The Trust is responsible for twelve hostels for the after-care and rehabilitation of ex-prisoners. The type of man to come to one of these hostels is the habitual offender, the man who turns to crime out of inadequacy and who, unless given the help he needs, will return to prison. The causes of this inadequacy are often very similar in many of these men; an unstable home life or no home at all and a continual deprivation. The purpose of a hostel then is to try and compensate for this deprivation by providing an atmosphere of concern and a family home.

The hostel I work at is called 'The Chalet' and is situated in Reading. It is a 'halfway house', a temporary home from which the men go out to work. They usually come straight from prison, and it is here that they can, hopefully, adjust to society. I work with another C.S.V., a 22 year old American, and the hostel is run by the warden and his wife, the houseparents. During the daytime we undertake a variety of domestic jobs and in the evening we often chat with the men.

There is a kind of loose pattern to the way we work, but in such a learning situation events usually dictate what we do. The domestic work is really general housekeeping and my American friend and I are, in fact, furthering the cause of women's liberation as male 'housewives' ! As we wash up or clean the cookers you may hear us mutter "A woman's

work is never done!” We have been known to do a bit of painting, of which my trousers bear witness, and on a fine day you will find us out in the garden turning over the soil, weeding the flower beds or perhaps digging a hole - for the purpose of burying old metal which even the scrap dealer refused. Cleaning windows is our forte, although we have few confessions to make, and we guarantee to light the only bonfire on Reading which destroys a garden but leaves the rubbish unburnt!

As for the evenings, one of the C.S.V.s is on duty and as such is responsible for taking phone calls and preparing supper (reminiscent of ‘snackers’). ‘The Chalet’ also has its own dog, Tinker, a lively mongrel who does wonders for keeping the atmosphere fairly calm but who also needs feeding - again part of the evening duty. At eleven o’clock the door is locked, although men arriving back later can usually get in by knocking on the window of the t.v. room. When the milk order has been put out, along with the empty bottles, and the breakfast cereals have been placed on the kitchen table, the evening duty is over.

‘The Chalet’ has room for up to 13 men, some of whom are on parole and some of whom came on a voluntary basis. One man stayed here for two days, another has been here for over two years. However, on the whole, the men stay here for between six months and a year. There are a variety of characters, some, naturally, more friendly than others. Sometimes a man shows regret for his past, but most of the men are fairly bitter. However, we seem to get on very well with them and are now quite accepted here.

Rehabilitation is a long and painful journey and very few of the men reach the end. Success can never be measured and there are frequent disappointments - men run away owing money or end up back inside. And yet it needs only one man to break out of the pattern of returning to prison to compensate for those disappointments, for it shows that the Langley House Trust is not just working on unqualified idealism. One man returns nearly every week to see the house-

parents, as friends, and is now a chef at the university with a steady girlfriend, having readjusted his life completely. Perhaps the most important contribution that we can make here as C.S.V.s is by our youth. Many of the men are quite old and are cut off from their families. The advice they would have given to their own children they can give to us and the experiences they would have recounted to them they can recount to us. There is much to be gained from the work, especially a deeper awareness of social problems. We have contact with probation officers, who can illustrate the need for this kind of work, and with other C.S.V.s in the area, who enable us to see our work in a broader perspective.

With voluntary work there is no set code. The work demands of you only what you are prepared or able to give.

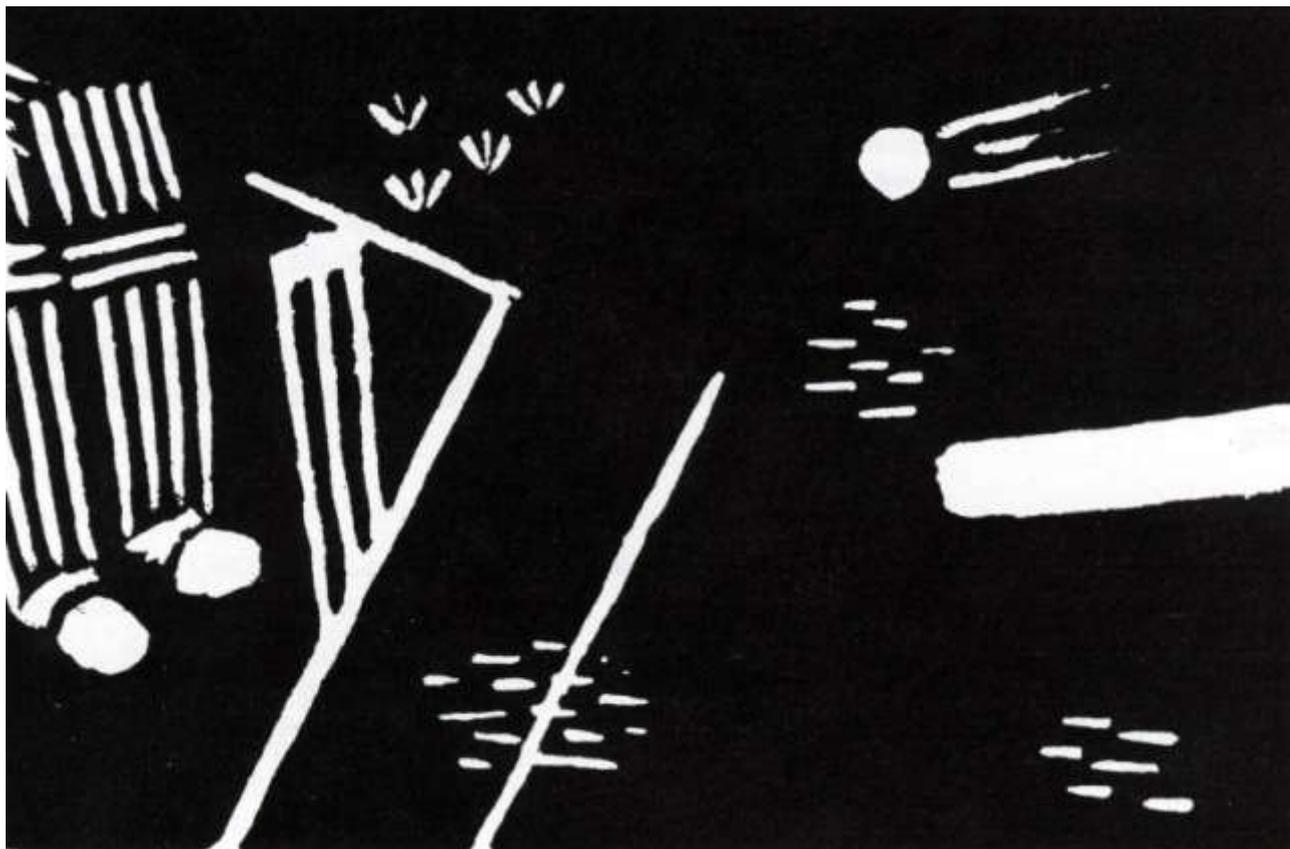
Through it you can learn to gauge your own capabilities. Moreover, some time off from schooling gives you the chance to return to it with more interest and this kind of work helps you to reassess the direction your life is taking.

The danger of a ‘non-stop’ academic life is that it becomes a conditioned reflex, rather like brushing your teeth.

C.S.V.s serve for four months to a year (I am here for four months), so is ideal for both those taking a year off and those taking Oxbridge. Quite a few voluntary organisations stipulate a minimum of one year. There is a great deal to be learnt from the work and there may not always be the chance to put aside the various concerns which enslave us to time.

P.J.L.

SPORT



CRICKET 1977

1st XI

THIS season we played eleven matches, of which we lost seven, won one and drew three. Although the results were disappointing the team did enjoy some good cricket.

The main reason for the poor results was perhaps a real lack of talent. The bowlers tried hard but we often found ourselves short of runs.

Most of the players unfortunately seemed to lack confidence in their own ability. Forrest, however, once realizing that he could bat, showed his true potential.

The side did show keenness at all times, though, and on the whole the season appeared to be enjoyed by all.

D.E.

(No accounts of individual matches have been received by the editors; it is hoped to include these, therefore, in our next issue - Ed.)

Under 15 XI

This was in many respects quite a good season. Our first match against King's School Gloucester ended in a fairly easy victory, the last wicket falling in the final over of the game. We defeated Bredon by 134 runs. This gave us confidence in facing a strong Bloxham side. We scored slowly and declared at 121 for the loss of one wicket, but we did not have the bowling to gain victory. Sir Thomas Rich's set us the difficult task of scoring 148 in one and a half hours and the match petered out in a draw.

Our first defeat, against King Edward's, Bath, was due to poor early batting. We declared at 83 for 7 and in an exciting finish they obtained the runs with three balls to spare. Against Kingham Hill, on a good wicket, we lacked determination and confidence and were all out for 42. They obtained the runs without loss.

At Cokethorpe our bowlers regained their earlier enthusiasm and bowled the opponents out for 54. This total presented few problems and we won by five wickets. We batted slowly against Cheltenham Grammar School but managed to reach a good total of 136 for 5 declared. Cheltenham always attacked the bowling and looked at one stage as if they

might gain control but were eventually happy with a draw.

M. Curtis-Hayward bowled well early in the season but as the wickets became drier the spinners came into their own.

R. Page and J. Gotley made some useful scores and were the mainstays of the batting.

Results:

v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER (Home). Won by 42 runs.

Rendcomb 122-6 declared (Gotley 60, Page 36).

King's School 80 (M. Curtis-Hayward 4 for 15).

v. BREDON (Home). Won by 134 runs.

Rendcomb 155-8 declared (Page 84 not out).

Bredon 21 (Curtis-Hayward 9 for 13).

v. BLOXHAM (Away). Match Drawn.

Rendcomb 121-1 declared (Gotley 60 not out, Page 50 not out).

Bloxham 53-2

v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S (Home). Match Drawn.

Sir Thomas Rich's 147-8 declared (Page 3 for 36).

Rendcomb 43-3 (Gotley 24 not out).

v. KING EDWARD'S, BATH (Home). Lost by four wickets.

Rendcomb 83-7 declared (M. Twinning 21, R. Tudor 21).

King Edward's, Bath 85-6.

v. KINGHAM HILL (Away). Lost by ten wickets.

Rendcomb 42 (Page 21).

Kingham Hill 43-0.

v. COKETHORPE (Away). Won by five wickets.

Cokethorpe 54 (Ind 4 for 5, Burchell 4 for 21).

Rendcomb 55-5 (Gotley 24).

v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Home). Match drawn.

Rendcomb 135-6 declared (Gotley 49, Twinning 26 not out).

Cheltenham G.S. 91-8 (Page 4 for 10).

The following played: R. Page (captain), J. Gotley, R. Webb, M. Webb, M. Twinning, R. Tudor M. Burchell, D. Ind, M. Curtis-Hayward, F. Peplow, N. Price, R. Pitt, N. Miles, A. Grainger.

We would also like to thank the following who acted as scorers this term: R. Funnell, R. Pitt and D. Strong.

C.C.B.

Under 14 XI

THE team played keenly throughout the season and consequently some of the matches were very exciting. There was a lack of accurate bowling and most of the bowlers must practise to obtain a consistently good length and degree of accuracy for next season. The fielding was generally good although a large number of catches were dropped in the last two matches; this turned out to be particularly disastrous at Cheltenham. The batting tended to be unpredictable and the team often had to rely on the concentration of the middle order batsmen.

Rendcomb repeated last year's victory over Farmor's School, Fairford in the Gloucestershire section of the Lord's Taverners Cricketer Trophy and for the third year running we were drawn against Westwood's. This was a very close match as Westwood's were bowled out for 90 in 29.4 overs and Rendcomb just fell short of their objective with 84 in the 30 overs allowed.

Four members of form II played in various matches and their all-round ability promises well for next year's team.

Results:

v. MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE UI4B XI (Home). Rain stopped play.

Rendcomb 43 (M. Harris 15).

v. FARMOR'S SCHOOL, FAIRFORD (Home). Won.
Farmor's 35 (Woof 4 for 5, Brealy 3 for 8).
Rendcomb 36 for 5 (Gotley 20).

v. WESTWOOD'S SCHOOL, NORTHLEACH (Away). Lost.
Westwood's 90 (Brealy 3 for 15).
Rendcomb 84 for 8 (Gotley 33, Cannon 12 not out).

v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL (Away). Lost.
Rendcomb 86 (Cannon 30).
Bloxham 87 for 6 (Rollo 4 for 21).

v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER (Home). Drawn.
Sir Thomas Rich's 130 for 5 declared (Rollo 3 for 32).
Rendcomb 95 for 9 (Knapp 30, Brealy 21).

v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Away). Lost.
Cheltenham 147 for 3 declared.
Rendcomb 61 (M. Harris 19 not out).

v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER (Away). Lost.
Rendcomb 39 (R. Webb 13).
King's 40 for 3 (Burchell 3 for 12).

Played 7; Won 1; Drawn 1; Lost 4; Abandoned 1.

C.J.W.

Under 13 XI

THIS year's side was a stronger one than usual, certainly as far as the batting and fielding were concerned. We went through the season unbeaten, despite as usual playing schools with far greater numbers available for selection. Against Sir Thomas Rich's we declared at 101-5, thanks mainly to a determined partnership of 51 between Knapp and Dunwoody and a fluent 18 from Rollo, and just failed to dismiss our opponents who finished at 50-8. In the second match, the Oakley Hall 1st XI were always struggling, once their opening pair had gone, and were eventually bowled out for 64, a target that looked well within our compass. However, the necessary acceleration came late and the game was ultimately won (by six wickets) only in the last over with some brisk hitting by Cannon. The defeat of King Edward's, Bath was an especially impressive performance against a side who had won all their previous three matches. King Edward's batted first and mustered 79; Knapp and Rollo turned in some good figures and Lee took three excellent catches to help swing the game our way. Again our batsmen were equal to the task, with solid contributions from Dunwoody (19), Rollo (23), Knapp (15), and Hawkeswell (18 not out), and we reached the winning post just in time with 5 wickets to spare, to conclude a fine team effort. Finally, a tense match with Cheltenham G.S. was drawn with our last pair (Denby and Oliver) gallantly staving off defeat and inching towards Cheltenham's total of 75; when stumps were drawn we were 69-9 against an incisive bowling attack, so honours were even in a thrilling finale to the season. In the only other match a Rendcomb under 13½ B side drew with the Oakley Hall 2nd XI.

It was a pleasure to observe the keenness and quality of much of the cricket played by the college's youngest team and their opponents this year. Our fielding (with Hammond a promising wicketkeeper-batsman) was equal or superior to that of the other teams we encountered and there was considerable depth in the batting, though we never found a settled opening pair. The bowling was adequate, though lacking real penetration at times. Rollo bowled well, though striving prematurely for undue pace, Knapp bowled with steady persistence though for too long spells, Townend showed that he could, with practice, develop into a very useful spinner, and Oliver (from form I) did well when called upon. The side as a whole, well captained by Knapp, played their cricket sensibly and happily and their success was deserved and full of promise for future college teams; let Procter and Zaheer look to their laurels!

Results:

28th May v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S (Home). Match drawn.
Rendcomb 101-5 declared (Knapp 38).
Sir Thomas Rich's 50-8 (Rollo 5-14).

15th June UNDER 13½ v. OAKLEY HALL 1st XI (Home). Won by 6 wickets.

Oakley Hall 64 (Brealy 3-10).
Rendcomb 69-4 (Brealy 20).

18th June v. KING EDWARD'S, BATH (Home). Won by 5 wickets.
King Edward's 79 (Knapp 3-20, Rollo 3-28).
Rendcomb 80-5 (Rollo 23).

22nd June UNDER 13½B V. OAKLEY HALL 2nd XI. Match drawn.
Oakley Hall 111-8 declared (Lee 4-21).
Rendcomb 67-7 (Medill 30).

8th July v. CHELTENHAM G.S. (Home). Match drawn.
Cheltenham G.S. 75 (Knapp 6-30, Rollo 3-17).
Rendcomb 69-9.

The following played in Under 13 and Under 13½ teams: R. Dunwoody, D. Lee, D. Rollo, S. Knapp, D. Hammond, N. Townend, S. Oliver, S. Hughes, S. Powell, T. Pratt, D. Denby, C. Brealy, R. Webb, S. Hawkswell, C. Cannon, A. Harris, A. Munro, R. Evans.

J.N.H.

TENNIS

THIS season's standard of play varied greatly (as did the weather and playing surfaces) but the effort was always a full hundred percent from all players, whatever the situation. Chris Lee, in his last term at Rendcomb, secured a place in every 1st IV match and played some excellent if unorthodox tennis, coming to his best form for the last match against Wycliffe College.

Marlow, Hatchwell and Tudor, all U16 players, also represented the college with determination and have gained useful experience, whilst Allen and Hart, with the help of their post A-level practice, appeared (at very short notice) in the last match of the season and played creditable tennis throughout.

The following represented the college 1st IV during 1977: J. Sinclair (captain), C. Lee, N. Marlow, B. Hatchwell, R. Tudor, R. Allen and C. Hart.

Results:

v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 1st IV	Lost 0-4
v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S 2nd IV	Lost 0-4
v. WYCLIFFE COLLEGE 2nd IV	Drawn 2-2

There was also one mixed IV match against Wycliffe, in which J. Sinclair and J. Alesworth played 1st pair with C. Lee and S. Pritchard as 2nd pair.

The result was a defeat by 2½ - 1½ but the afternoon's tennis was enjoyed by everyone and has given the basis for next year's team.

J.S.

Girls' Tennis

	1st VI	2nd VI
v. CIRENCESTER SCHOOL	Won 6-3	Won 6-3
v. MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE	Won 7-2	-
v. WYCLIFFE 1st IV	Drawn 2-2 (Won on game score)	
v. WYCLIFFE 2nd VI	Won 6-3	-
v. ST. CLOTILDE'S	Lost 3-6	Lost 4-5
v. DEAN CLOSE	Lost 3-6	Won 6-3

Tennis this year has, I think, been better than it was last year. The first team have played consistently and well, and the second team, when given the chance, proved an equally determined and efficient team. The weather was perfect for

tennis and only one match was cancelled because of rain.

Most matches were played before 'A' levels which meant that all the sixth form needed could play - impossible in previous years because the matches were arranged for later dates.

The main problem, I feel, was lack of communication and too many tactics being used between partners. Both teams concentrated more on attempting difficult and unnecessarily accurate shots, rather than on just getting the ball over the net. Due to our limited amount of practice time, I feel we would have been wiser to adopt the latter method.

I would like to thank the kitchens for the teas they have willingly provided for us this season. Finally, I would also like to thank Mrs. Holdaway for all the help and encouragement throughout the term and hope future years have at least as much success as this year.

The following played for the teams during the term:

First: Ann Wimperis (captain), Wendy Hewitt, Sue Pritchard, Lucy Cullen, Julie Alesworth, Sarah Morris, Taryn Nixon.

Second: Vickie Joel, Bridget Cross, Taryn Nixon, Jane Watson, Kerry Crowhurst, Sara Freeman.

A.W.

I would like to thank Ann Wimperis for her help as captain and Bridget Cross for her efficient organisation as games secretary.

C.A.H.

JUDO 1976-77

Judo at Rendcomb is now 9 years old and this year must be regarded as our most successful to date. The number of people participating in judo this year has increased to be about 25 in the two sessions each week.

Our success at this year's two junior gradings suggests a great deal of promise for the future.

20th March (at Stonehouse)

Here we saw our junior novices achieve the following grades : P. Chivers (7th Mon); T. Burkham, C. Dick, A. Wilcox, S. Hawkswell (8th Mon); C. Waddell, P. Uglow, A. Pitt (9th Mon); R. Smith, (10th Mon).

19th June (at Rendcomb)

Here among unprecedented scenes of partisan support (not all entirely for the quality of judo) we saw a few deafened referees carry out their job superbly. The highlight of the day was Mike Twinning's substantial defeat of the west of England junior champion amid crowd scenes the Kop and the Stretford End would have been proud of. The results achieved were: A. Wilcox (9th Mon); T. Burkham (10th Mon); A Grainger, C. Waddell, A. Pitt, R. Smith (11th Mon); J. Ratcliffe, M. Twinning, R. Tudor (13th Mon).

Only two of our competitors have been in senior gradings this year but both have consolidated on previous achievements so that now Jonathan McGill has a lower blue (4th kyu) and Simon Tyler upper blue (3rd kyu). Further successes (and possibly the 4th brown belt to leave Rendcomb) were hindered by the cancellation of a grading in July. Over the years the Rendcomb club has had tremendous success in competitions. In the Dowty Individual Open Championships (that draws competitors from Gloucestershire, Wiltshire and Worcestershire) we have in two attempts gained a gold, three silver, and two bronze medals. Last year we also won the first North Gloucestershire Junior Championships. Both these events are expected to be staged next year and we are anticipating continued success. There is very cheering news from our old Rendcombians who have continued to take part in this sport. We have had for about three years two black belts (Jonathan Tyler and John Millard) and news from both of them is very good. John Millard leaves Cambridge this year having not only gained his half-blue for judo but also captaining the university's team, while he is also a first-choice member of the Oxbridge team. Jon Tyler similarly leaves Manchester Polytechnic this year after having been captain of a very strong polytechnic team (and a member of Coventry Judo team) that has won the students team competition for three years running. He is also captain of the British Polytechnic team. Finally, he represents Britain in Tel Aviv this summer in the Maccabiah Games. We also believe that Paul Rose will be fighting for Oxford University next year. So it is without fear of contradiction that we can claim that judo is our most successful current sport.

Finally, we must thank Mr. Alan Davies, of Cheltenham Y.M.C.A. Club, for his continued excellent coaching in the senior class. Also we thank Mr. Thorne for his unflinching enthusiasm in coaching the juniors and supporting us at gradings and in competitions - as well as organising our display on Founder's Day.

S.L.T.

OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES

THE cricket match reunion on July 9th was combined with a meeting, in connection with the appeal, for those who were at Rendcomb between 1961 and 1976. A large number of O.R.'s assembled 'on top' during the afternoon, and the buffet supper was attended by 70 O.R.'s and guests. Everyone was grateful to Mrs. Mezo and her staff for providing such an excellent meal - and also for arranging for tea and cakes to be available for spectators at the cricket match.

* * * *

Society Officers, 1977-78

President: J. B. Fell

Chairman: J. Gilchrist

Vice-chairman: F. R. Glennie

Secretary: P. J. Callaghan

Treasurer: G. F. Smith

Sports Secretaries: Cricket: D. Pearce

Hockey: J. D. Whiteside

Rugger: M. P. R. Rose

Girls' Secretary: Sally Blyth

W.J.D.W.