

THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE

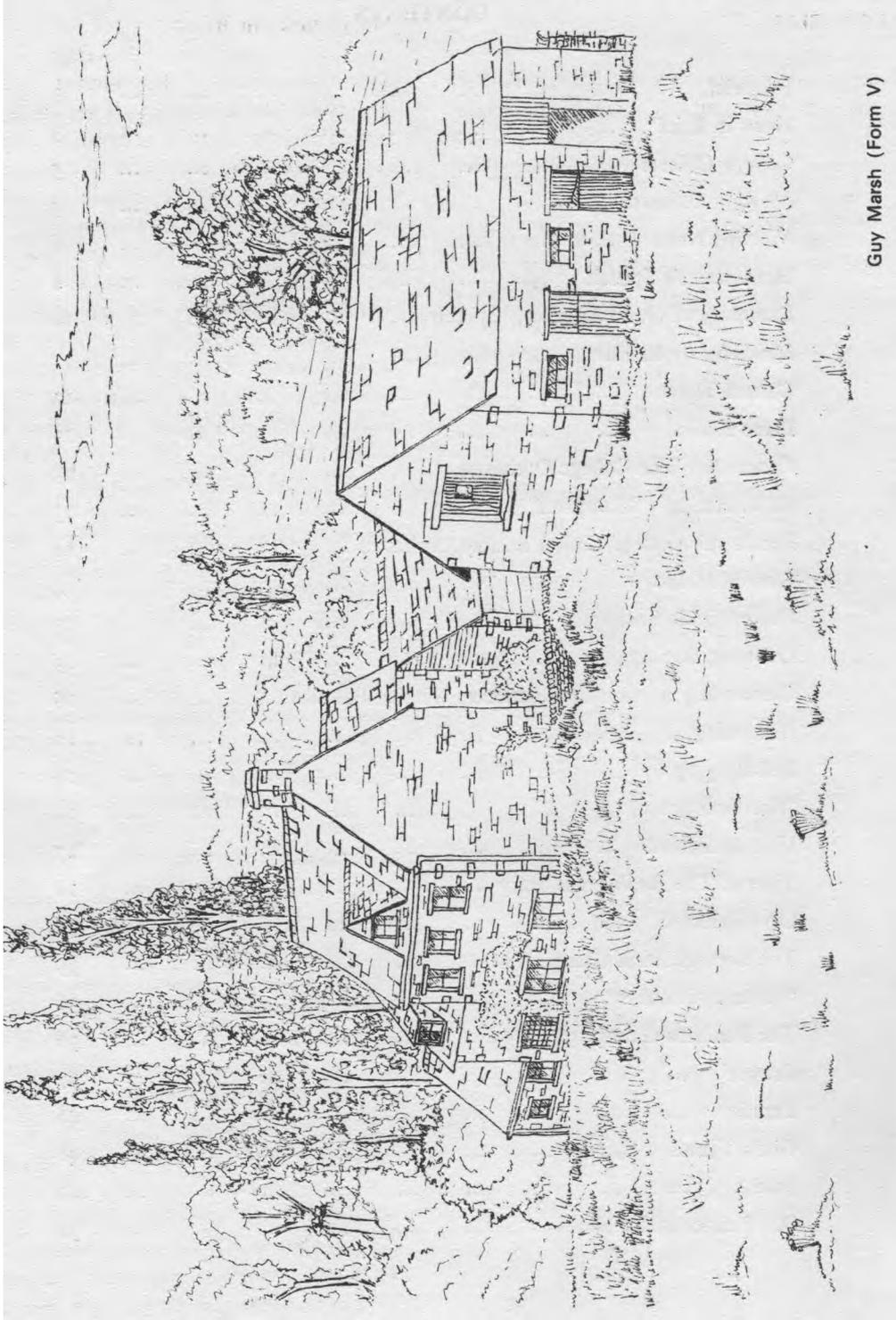


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Guy Marsh (Form V)

EDITORIAL

THE following observation by Samuel Beckett seems appropriate at this stage in the school year: the pupil is in effect nothing more than a monkey, scratching its fleas with the key which will open its cage.

Too many pupils only regard school as a prison, as the hole they can't wait to leave. Admittedly, imposed codes of behaviour leave little freedom of choice, but this does not mean that one should adopt an aloof pose of contempt. During our school days we have our best opportunities to develop talents and interests which can help us to look beyond petty spite for a master who wrote a realistic report, or for the regulation against wearing jeans. Here, each pupil lays claim to squash courts, libraries, a craft workshop and other luxuries, including readily available teams and companions. Such opportunities are dauntingly greater than those in the other world; in the home-town pensioners' repose where willing tennis and rugger players live only in fading college photographs.

It may seem premature to write an elegy for one's school days before they have been packaged into the past. However, one cannot learn too soon to see through the cage bars, so that the feeble realisation that possibilities have not been explored does not mar the passing of one's school career.

Some News in Brief

THE second week of the Summer Term was designated 'Refugee Week'. It got off to a most auspicious start with a visit by the Rt. Rev. Colin Winter, the Bishop of Namibia in exile, who preached at the Senior Service and answered questions about the plight of refugees at a meeting in the Library after the service. Bishop Winter brought with him two black, South African refugees who stayed with us for two days. The aim of their stay was to bring home to us the realities of being a refugee and this they succeeded in doing most effectively through their discussions with many groups during their stay. The visit of the two refugees, and the showing by Mr. Terrill of a number of films concerned with the refugee problem, meant that the 'Week' was most successful in informing people of the plight of the world's refugees. As a result of the 'Week' over £185 was sent to the U.N. Commissioner for Refugees.

The Sixth Form's musical evenings in the shape of the Folk Club, with their occasional diversions into the realms of poetry and acting, continue to be successful. If next year's meetings can maintain the interest and enthusiasm previously shown, Folk Club will continue to be a popular institution.

VIA managed to complete a remarkable amount of work on behalf of the College after 'A' Levels: renovating parts of the church and church yard; painting rugby and hockey posts; renewing the lines in the Sports Hall; painting the greenhouse; making bookshelves for common rooms; renovating furniture; Community Service work etc.

A group of historians undertook a survey of the hedgerows in the parish of Rendcomb, dating them by the species of tree they contained. Results were interesting. However, some doubts were cast on the accuracy of the findings when it was discovered that one tree, although common in Arizona, was only known to exist in England in a Cornish arboretum !

Two visits took place in the Summer Term specifically for the scientists in VIB. The first was to Imperial College to meet some of its students and to see some of its facilities, combined with a viewing of an exhibition at the Science Museum called the 'Challenge of the Chip'. The exhibition was of particular interest to those doing the computer Studies 'O' level course. The other visit was to B. P. Chemicals at Stroud. This visit consisted of two talks: one on the treatment of effluent, and the other on the manufacture of polystyrene. Each talk was followed by a tour of the relevant part of the plant. Those studying chemistry found this visit quite valuable, and it is hoped that a small group will undertake further studies at the plant in the Winter Term.

Another successful visit was made to the Royal Geographical Society; on this occasion it was to hear a series of lectures entitled 'Tropical Rain Forests: Past, Present and Future'. The lectures were chaired by David Attenborough, with David Bellamy, another television personality, being one of the main speakers. This meeting was one of a series marking the Society's 150th anniversary.

Most of VIB paid a visit to Stratford in the middle of the term to see Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet'. This was an unusual production in that it was played as an affectionate comedy with a tragic outcome, rather than as a grand tragedy. Nearly all those who saw it agreed on its excellence, and thought it one of the most successful theatre visits.

A piano recital was given in May by Mrs. Roma Foster, a member of the College's music department. A large audience, drawn from all age-groups, enjoyed a varied programme. The success of the evening was further enhanced when Mrs. Foster provided some background information to some of the pieces she played.

Mrs. Holdaway took VIB girls on a visit to Berkeley Castle, a castle of great historical interest and beauty. The afternoon ended with a delicious tea at the home of Mrs. Holdaway.

Many thanks to her for a very pleasant outing.

Term ended on Sunday, 13th July, the day on which the North Wales climbing party left under the supervision of Mr. J. Willson. That same evening a gathering of staff and friends provided an opportunity to say farewell to Mr. Peter Rhodes who, after two years on the music staff, is leaving to continue his studies at the Royal Academy of Music where he will be taking part in an intensive course for advanced accompanists. He will also be doing some teaching while he is there. We wish him every success for the future.

We also said farewell to Miss Sylvia Mayall, the Matron for the past eighteen months. She leaves to join 'Save the Children Fund'. Her first posting is to Uganda, a country in dire need of all the medical help it can get. All who knew Sylvia will realise that the Fund has won to its ranks a person of tremendous integrity and resourcefulness. We wish her every success in her new venture.

COLLEGE OFFICERS

Senior Prefect: R. I. C. Tudor.

Prefects: E. C. Comrie; J. E. Ingleton-Ber; J. E. Allen; B. J. Hatchwell; R. C. Pitt; M. A. Twinning;
J. M. Twyman; J. H. W. Quick; E. P. Mackintosh; M. J. Curtis-Hayward.

Public Workman: S. K. J. Trezise.

Church Ushers: J. H. W. Quick; J. M. Twyman; K. J. Hobbs; S. E. Horne; M. J. Lewers.

Librarians: N. D. Miles; W. F. Peplow; E. P. Mackintosh; J. M. Taylor; A. C. C. Tong; A. C. Schreiber; J. P. Trigger.

Magazine Editors: M. J. Curtis-Hayward; J. M. Taylor; E. A. W. Foy.

Cricket Captain: M. J. Burchell.

Cricket Secretary: C. J. Brealy.

Tennis Captain: B. J. Hatchwell.

MEETING OFFICERS

Summer Term, 1980

Chairman: P. Uglow.

Secretary: M. Alexander.

Meeting Banker: A. Munro.

Boys' Banker: A. Simmins.

Council: P. Uglow; C. Brealy; C. Dick.

M. A. C.: C. Dick; C. Brealy; A. Munro; R. Needham; C. Schreiber.

P. L. O.: P. Uglow; G. Brealy; R. Smith; D. White; T. Burkham.

Entertainments Committee: A. Martyn Smith; P. Stroud; J. Trigger; M. Archer; A. Watts; D. Appleton; D. George; R. Khosrowshahi.

Food Committee: D. Lee; M. Bitner; S. Hawkswell; J. Bowerman; C. Harris; N. Badcott.

Paperman: T. Jones.

Assistant Boys' Banker: C. Ekin.

Broom Warden: S. Hazell.

Breakages Man: N. Pitt.

Nominations Committee: P. Uglow; C. Brealy; C. Dick; A. Martyn-Smith; D. Lee.

Dance Committee: D. Ind; M. Wilcox; L. Lomax; M. Wilcox.

Snooker Committee: N. Pitt; D. Rollo; C. Stratton.

Film Committee: J. Trigger; D. Denby.

MEETING NOTES

Summer Term, 1980

THE level of unreported breakages of crockery and cutlery from the Dining Hall this term was far too high. Fortunately, a large amount of mugs and cutlery were found in the pavilion, but the Meeting still has to pay £40 from its surplus to cover these losses. The M. A. C. organized an extensive search for any further items to ensure that the financial resources are not drained as much next term.

The two billiard tables in the Main College were renovated in the penultimate week of term. New cloth and cushions were put on both tables. Last term some paintings were sold, and the money obtained from this sale, together with some from the Meeting funds, helped to raise the necessary cash for this work to be done. We are now hoping to find enough money to kit out the tables with new cues and rests.

The Entertainments Committee allowance was doubled to £10, to help it cover the cost of necessary equipment, and also buy more substantial prizes for their competitions and tournaments, so that an incentive is added to try and get these finished in a term. "The Cricketer" is now being bought for the Library because the cricketers in the school felt that a different sporting paper ought to be bought, as the only one at the moment was "Rugby World". I would like to thank the M. A. C. for their undivided support this term, and I hope that next term's meeting officers, in their various posts, will be as efficient and successful as those of this term.

P. M. U.

FOUNDER'S DAY, 1980

Headmaster's Speech

Mr. Chairman, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen.

In welcoming you all, I would like also to welcome on your behalf our main speaker, Field-Marshal Sir Roland Gibbs. It is very good of him to come to speak to us this morning, and it is a particular pleasure to welcome someone so closely related to the Wills family. It is a long time since a distinguished soldier has been invited to address us, and I think it particularly appropriate this year, when the turbulence in the Middle East has alerted us all to the dangers of an oil race as well as an arms race. Two years ago I was lucky to have an opportunity to visit the British Army on the Rhine, and a look through the Iron Curtain of barbed wire, explosive devices and guard posts gave me a powerful impression of what we are up against and what the freedom of our country means. And this year we have not only seen the army in action against terrorism but in that remarkable campaign without weapons in Zimbabwe—a quiet triumph of cool judgement and good sense against all the odds.

We should be glad that we have, man for man, the finest and best equipped army in the world, and for our part, although Rendcomb has no Combined Cadet Force there has been no lack of candidates for service in the Armed Forces. There is no doubt that a good boarding school does encourage many of the qualities needed—among which I would number the ability to get on with other people, self-reliance, self-discipline and a readiness to accept responsibility.

That word discipline reminds me of the following communication which I received, quite out of the blue, exactly one month ago:

Dear Sir,

We are writing to inform you that we are suppliers of curved handle School Punishment Canes, regulation 34 inch length, flexible, at £1.25 each. Any quantity supplied.

This rather quaint, old world touch did make me think of the kind of discipline we have in the school. There is a structure of order certainly, but hardly one which needs the application of force. And within this framework there are all the obligations and opportunities of a freely ordered society. Right from the first day in the school a boy is starting to choose and decide for himself important things like how to use time and freedom constructively and as he progresses through the school responsibilities increase. We are summoned by bells, but who rings them? A IVth Form boy rings three different bells about forty times altogether in one day and he has to get them right. A Sixth Form boy or girl will supervise preparation, or will be in charge of a Duty group or a Serving group doing essential jobs in the provision and clearing of meals—a valuable training in organisation by efficiency, example and persuasion. Perhaps parents don't always realise the opportunities that exist for service and leadership. I have given two or three examples and there are many others, but of course, some initiative is needed to seize them. And from these opportunities emerge two fundamental aspects of boarding school life:

First, you become responsible for your own actions,

Then responsible also for the actions of others.

Now sport:

There is a passage in a book by Aldous Huxley which I remembered recently. One character says 'Those games! Can't we ever escape from them?' And the reply comes: 'But they're the greatest English contribution to civilisation. Much more important than Parliamentary Government or steam engines, or Newton's Principia Mathematica. More important even than English poetry. Poetry can never be a substitute for war and murder, whereas games can be. A complete and genuine substitute'.

That's an interesting comment, with some truth in it, but it has an ironic ring in our ears

at present. In the long drawn out conflict of ideas and testing of consciences over the Olympics it seems that war and murder can exist side by side with games and many people can accommodate them quite happily. The only opinion I will express here is that when people say 'The Olympic Movement will never be the same again' I heartily approve. Superb though they are to watch, the Olympics need a radical change to restore to them some of their original spirit.

At least at school, the genuine amateur spirit is what counts. The full enjoyment of any game depends upon a fair chance of losing. And anyone who watched the appalling exhibition of foul play in the Wales/England Rugby match would agree that learning to lose is at least as important as learning to win. But lest you should gain the impression that learning to lose is our main aim, let me assure you that we have had one of our very best and most enjoyable years in sport. When a squad of twenty boys gives up the last few days of the summer holiday to return to school for fitness training you can understand the enthusiasm of our 1st XV and the reason why we defeated teams from schools double our size. The Hockey, too, benefited greatly from the increased skills gained in this invaluable building and on the new hard tennis courts so generously provided by Sir David Wills. In Cricket we have the strongest batting side for years and our only problem has been to get our opponents out, as we haven't yet taken to the practice of bowling bouncers at their heads.

Before concluding on sport, I must mention, too, the remarkable success of our girls' Netball, Tennis and Squash teams.

From sport to a very different experience. We started this term with a Refugee Week during which the Bishop of Namibia in exile came to preach and to talk to us, while two African refugees spent two days as our guests—one a priest from Namibia and the other a man who was recovering from fifteen years in a South African jail. This personal encounter

brought home to many of us the reality of the refugee problem and the urgency of helping the people of the Third World on which the Brandt Commission has recently reported. It isn't easy for us to help our neighbours in other countries but I would like to commend to all parents the work of our Community Service group which offers help to the aged in Cirencester, and to the handicapped there and at the Star Centre.

Including those who help with entertainments here, up to forty members of the Vth and VIth Forms are involved each year, all on a voluntary basis. Not everyone feels able to contribute in this way, but I would like everyone at least to consider doing so. And some boys and girls are generously prepared to spend a week of this summer holiday with the physically handicapped. If we are aiming to produce a caring society in this country—and we must be—this is the age to start and I would welcome any support that parents can give, whether in encouragement or in funds.

Another way of broadening our horizons and meeting our neighbours is by travel abroad, and besides the Annecy exchanges and two study scholarships to Osnabruck awarded by the German Government, there were popular visits to Iceland and to Florence this year.

There is a French anecdote about two English tourists standing on the dock at Calais when suddenly a small French boy detaches himself from his father, races across and gives the pair a great shove into the water. "Why did you do that?" says the horrified father. "Because they're English" says the small boy, "and the English burnt Joan of Arc". "But that was 549 years ago" expostulates the father. "Maybe", replies the boy, "I only heard about it this morning."

If we are going to create any kind of harmony in Europe, not only to eliminate surplus mountains of food but to hammer out some agreement on foreign policy at times of crisis we must get to know something of our neighbours' language, culture and history.

About three weeks ago the main letter to "The Times" criticised the education system's obsession with words and symbols, emphasising instead that the need to shape and master materials is a part of our psychological make up as deep as hunger.

In a strongly academic school such as this, words and symbols are essential tools in our learning and understanding process, but I can claim without fear of contradiction that few schools make such provision on the curriculum as well as in free time for that kind of education through the manipulation and mastery of materials. Whether in graphic art, pottery, sculpture or in the practical work of dissecting a cockroach. Whether in building an electronic circuit or making a chocolate éclair. Whether in acting out the passionate conflicts of a play like "The Crucible" or in spending up to two hundred hours—two hundred hours—in designing and fashioning a wooden desk. Or whether in the art of arts, music, you interpret a Beethoven Sonata or sing in a choir of fifty an anthem with the perfection which was attained on Trinity Sunday this term—.

Some of these things you have seen today, but I wish you could have seen or experienced them all and you would agree with me on the rich variety and quality of this immediate, practical experience of the senses and the feelings. A real education for life, and for the unlimited leisure which we are assured the microchip will provide for all who live to see it.

Now turning to the educational scene I want to mention the heated controversy over the Government's Assisted Places Scheme. As you probably know, this scheme is intended to enable a certain number of children with some special need or talent to benefit from Independent Schools regardless of their parents' income.

To anyone connected with Rendcomb, these words must have a familiar ring. I don't want to sound smug, but we celebrate today the 60th year of the Foundation of Rendcomb College by Noel Wills with precisely this idea in mind,

but with one most important addition: the Government's scheme at present can provide funds only for children in Day Schools. The Foundation places at Rendcomb are for boarders, and thus complement the provision in the maintained sector. I wish to express our appreciation of the continuing support from Shire Hall and to say that we on our side will continue to pay particular attention to applicants who need what we can offer and who are able to benefit from it.

That our pupils take full advantage of their academic opportunities is indicated by our average of between seven and eight 'O' level passes throughout the Fifth Form, maintained again this year, and most Sixth Formers pick up another one or two in the year after 'O' level. It's a nice point that the two most popular 'O' levels at this stage are Classics in Translation and Computer Studies, a meeting of the Ancient world and the modern. But the important thing surely is not merely the number of passes, but the fact that boys and girls are working to their full potential and reaching their own best standard. The same is true at Advanced Level: it was a sound year, by no means one of our strongest. But looking through the list of results we felt that a large majority of boys and girls gained what they were capable of and most serious University candidates achieved their objectives.

Of course, Universities are not quite what they were. I like the description which I read this year of the Fellows of Pembroke College, Cambridge. "They were, for the most part, of the python kind; they had swallowed their intellectual goat in early life and were passing through the years of inactivity requisite for digestion". However, this was a hundred years ago and the pace now is a good deal brisker, so we were pleased with our tally of University places, among them five at Oxford and Cambridge, including the first girl ever to read History at Christchurch.

I am sure Sir Roland will recognise that crisp, military comment by Von Moltke 'No

plan survives contact with the enemy'. Our plans for the new Assembly Hall have not, I'm sure, met with enemies, but with opponents certainly, and various plans have failed to survive.

We had hoped to start building before now, but we are waiting to hear from the Department of the Environment whether or not we have permission to take down the Conservatory so the outcome is not yet certain.

Parents will probably know, however, that the Governors now intend to build on the Conservatory site if possible, the Hall for Assembly, Drama, Concerts, Examinations and for all the purposes which make it an essential requirement. It will round off the expansion of Rendcomb from 90 pupils eighteen years ago to two hundred and sixty in September. Thus with a Sixth Form larger than the total number of pupils at that time we are able to provide the full range of courses needed in the 1980s, and feel confident that our facilities as well as our achievements are, for a school of this size, second to none.

Now a lighter touch before I draw to a close. Some of you may well have found the BBC series on Radley interesting, so you can imagine my apprehension when approached by Thames Television. However, instead of a searching expose of our way of life, they simply wanted to film down at the Cirencester bridge a pastoral scene from "Love in a Cold Climate". As far as the media are concerned, I think I'd settle for that.

In conclusion I would like to thank firstly the administrative and non-teaching staff whether they work inside or outside. We have a quite exceptional team of people who serve the school devotedly and I am constantly impressed by their unobtrusive professionalism and hard work. All schools are labour intensive, but at Rendcomb the phrase deserves a second meaning indicative not merely of number but of quality.

And those same words I would apply most warmly to my colleagues who have supported

me so wholeheartedly throughout the year. I am sure that you will wish to express your appreciation of them. Ladies and Gentlemen—the Staff.

* * *

A Summary of the Guest Speaker's Speech

We were honoured to have as our guest speaker this year Field Marshal Sir Roland Gibbs, G. C. B., C. B. E., D. S. O., M. C., a man who has had a distinguished military career and who has been greatly honoured by his country many times.

He opened humorously, and throughout his speech his quiet but keen sense of humour was apparent. However, this did not detract from the seriousness of his main points. He brought our attention to three areas of concern: narrowing the focus from the 'cold war' situation, through soldiery, to the place of education.

Increasing Soviet influence in Africa and South East Asia could be extremely harmful, he said; false or distorted information about world affairs is often given to these peoples by the Soviets, information which might persuade certain countries to seek sanctuary under their 'umbrella'. But Sir Roland stressed that the western powers must guard against being plunged into international conflict through carelessness or folly, and he reminded us of the recent nuclear missile alerts in the United States.

As a soldier he spoke of war and peace. For an eighteen year old war seemed full of excitement, but as time passed he came to realise that the prime function of the soldier should be one of preserving peace, while at the same time always being ready for conflict, should it come. He mentioned the Iranian Embassy

siege as an example of the kind of role the soldier had in peace time.

To be a good soldier one needs to be imaginative and prepared for the challenge of the unpredictable and this is where one's education could help. He avoided the painful banality of 'school being the best years of your life', preferring to stress that our school days provide an opportunity to develop the attributes of individuality and creative imagination. The once-great Britain, he said, had been built on these, and this was what was lacking now. We should abandon our creative inhibitions and take a leap into the darkness!

E. A. W. F.

MRS. HUNTLY SINCLAIR 1892—1980

MRS. SINCLAIR'S connection with Rendcomb College began sixty years ago when, as Mrs. Noel Wills, she interested herself in her husband's founding of this unusual boarding school for Gloucestershire country boys. As the School developed she gave hospitality at Miserden to the many boys whom Mr. Wills brought there on College half-holidays, and she became increasingly aware of the growing success of this little community and the happy nature of the whole venture.

Her husband's tragically early death in 1927 checked, for a while, any plans for further development of the College. Mrs. Wills herself was appointed to the Governing Body and proceeded to carry out with remarkable determination the responsibilities and obligations of this office. Of the thirty-four Governors' Meetings between 1927 and the end of the War, she was absent from one only and in addition she attended many Finance Committee meetings. On Founder's Day she was, until this last ten years, always to be seen on the platform and she took pleasure in making contact with many parents and Old Rendcombians.

In other, and more informal, ways she showed her affection for the College community. The whole School was privileged to see the Aldershot Tattoo of 1935, at her expense; and many will remember the enormous boxes of chocolates which were her regular Christmas gift after the Carol Service. College and Staff gardens benefited from her generous gifts of shrubs and roses and her keen interest in College life led to the informal giving of many kindnesses to boys and Staff.

The War was to bring her much personal sadness. Her eldest son, Captain Michael Wills, was killed in North Africa and other members of her family suffered severely from the War. She was, however, able to retain her keen interest in life in Rendcomb College and Mr. D. W. Lee-Browne (who was then Head-

master) gave her regular accounts of College activities.

With the end of the War came a great renewal of happiness for her in her marriage in 1942 to Wing-Commander Huntly Sinclair of the Royal Canadian Air Force, an old friend of the family. With his help and encouragement she continued to give devoted attention to College affairs. Her particular interests were naturally the continuation of Mr. Noel Will's projects. An instance of this was her interest in the choice of Founder's Nominees, most of whom were taken to Miserden for an interview with her.

With increasing years, she delegated much of her College responsibility to her son, Sir David Wills, and her daughter, Mrs. Audrey Gibbs, both of whom had joined the Governing Body. She took a keen interest in the compilation of the Rendcomb College History and provided much of the material for the chapter on The Founder, in conversation at Miserden with the authors.

Many Old Rendcombians and early members of Staff will remember Mrs. Sinclair with affection and respect.

K. L. J

CHURCH NOTES

THE end of the academic year witnesses the changeover of the team of church ushers, those people who bear the responsibility of ensuring that the congregation is properly seated, that each person has the necessary service books, taking the collection, and perhaps the most arduous and time consuming task of all, that of clearing up after services. Once again this year we have been fortunate in our choice of Senior Usher: James Quick has carried out his duties with expertise and efficiency. Of course, the Senior Usher is not able to do his job properly without the hard work and dedication of his assistants who, at the Senior Service, were: Jo Hobbs, Sally Horne, Mark Lewers and Mark Twyman; ushers for the Junior Service were: Simon Barrow, Charles Carroll and Richard Hayward.

The Choir, under their Director, Mr. John Willson, have continued to make a significant contribution to the Senior Service with the presentation of some splendid anthems sung with great sensitivity and skill. We are also indebted to Mr. Peter Rhodes and Jeremy French for their organ accompaniment at the Junior Service. Sadly, Peter Rhodes leaves us at the end of the Summer Term, but may I say a belated 'thank you' to him for all his hard work in the provision of music in church over the last two years and to wish him every success in the future. The Sunday morning services would not be the same without the expert ringing of the church bells. The high standard achieved by the College ringers is the result of their enthusiasm and dedication for which we are all most grateful.

As part of their post 'A' level work Dom Ind, Louise Lomax and Michaela Roberts made a very good job of painting the church gates and the vestry door. Many thanks to them, and to Mr. Colin Burden for his assistance in carrying out this important job. Another vital task is the regular cleaning of the interior of the church, this has been the responsibility of Rhodri

Scourfield-Lewis throughout the year and our thanks must go to him for all his hard work.

We were honoured to have as our guest preacher on the first Sunday of the Summer Term Bishop Colin Winter, the Bishop of Namibia in exile. Those who heard his sermon and attended an informal question and answer session with him afterwards were deeply moved by his sincerity and his dedication to his African flock. Other preachers this term have included the Rev. H. W. Brierly, O. B. E., a retired naval chaplain; Rt. Rev. C. Bardsley, a governor of the College; the Rev. S. I. Pulford, Rector of Coberley and Colesbourne; the Headmaster, and Mr. E. W. Fletcher.

J. H.



Giles Brealy (Form IV)

PIANO RECITAL
by John Willson
Sunday, 2nd March

Sonata in B flat	<i>IV. A. Mozart</i>
Warum. from phantasiestücke Grillen	<i>R. Schumann</i>
La Cathédrale Engloutie	<i>C. Debussy</i>
Rhapsody in G minor	<i>J. Brahms</i>

The 1980 Spring music at Rendcomb was heralded on 2nd March when the College Director of Music invited us to a full and varied programme in his piano recital, opening with a sonata of Mozart and ending with a typical Brahms Rhapsody. In between, two rarely heard items of Schumann were followed by the “Sunken Cathedral” of Debussy wherein the ocean bed was depicted by rich velvety discords through which one could envisage the Gothic walls and hear the bells tolling in the Tower.

The evening was acclaimed by all and paved the way for the Orchestral Concert to come on March 23rd.

CONCERT BY THE COLLEGE
ORCHESTRA
Sunday, 23rd March

Tone Poem “Finlandia”	<i>J. Sibelius</i>
Symphony No. 8 in G	<i>A. Dvorak</i>

The Old Gymnasium was filled for this impressive and rewarding occasion; and it was good to find past students coming to turn up and tune up with the present scholars and several members of the staff. From the opening chords of the brass, building in strength to bring in the rolls of the drums, we knew there was something good to come. Expectation was justified when a well controlled diminuendo of the brass allowed the woodwind section to take up their psalm-like theme.

Most persons must be acquainted with the “Finlandia” of Sibelius but perhaps not so many had met the Eighth Symphony of Dvorak, played less than his “New World. ” Surprise and attentive pleasure followed as the composer’s Czeck folk tunes revealed themselves in his themes, and suspense was in the hall as these themes changed and as by his own idiom the composer changed his keys—even if less meltingly than Schubert.

Throughout the evening each section of the Orchestra gave us well rehearsed and sensitive competence, and the long final applause was well deserved. As the large audience eventually managed to get to their tightly packed cars, one caught snatches of high commendation and indeed surprise at the quality of the performance they had enjoyed and will recall for a long time. The performers had obviously given great and concentrated attention to their conductor for many weeks of rehearsals, all of which paid off to our chin-dropping pleasure.

E. S.

G. F. HANDEL’s Dramatic Oratorio
“SAMSON” was performed in the Old
Gymnasium on Sunday, 18th May.

Samson:	Patrick Briddon (Tenor)*
Micah, his friend:	Derek Acock (Counter-tenor)*
Manoah, his father:	Andrew Potts (Bass)
A Philistine Woman:	Ruth Briddon
Dalila, Samson’s wife:	(Soprano)*
An Israelite Woman:	
Harapha, a giant of Gath:	Peter Rhodes (Bass)
Attendant to Dalila:	Anthony Bailey (Treble)
A Philistine Messenger:	Richard Pitt (Bass)
An Israelite Messenger:	Eric Blencowe (Tenor)

*Guest performers.

DEBATING SOCIETY

THE debates in the Summer Term, although interesting, informative and entertaining, were poorly attended. The subject of the first debate, held in the Library on Wednesday, 14th May, was the statement that “popular music has ceased to be an art form.” Mr. Rhodes opened with a carefully constructed, well executed speech in which he emphasised the gap that has always existed between “pop” and “art” music, both in their aims and in their musical content, saying that ‘art’ music expresses the everyday or mundane in an enlightening way, whereas ‘pop’ music consists of tired clichés written for the purpose of making money.

Peter Uglow, opposing the motion, started his case by redefining ‘art’ as “creative ideas expressed, through skill and imagination, often to convey personal feelings, opinions and thoughts.” Pop music is often heart-felt music and thus can be considered as art. He concluded his speech with the warning not to judge pop music by the haze of commercial trappings that surround it.

In a lucid and concise speech Andrew Grainger provided intelligent support for Mr. Rhodes, damning many pop songs as “meaningless, degenerate and foul.” He claimed that true ‘art’ should have no regard for economic viability and he renounced pop music as a sensationalistic, commercial venture, and thus not ‘art’.

Richard Pitt, the last of the main speakers, said that pop music expresses the feelings of a certain sector of the community and is something that they can identify with. Art is successful if it evokes an emotional response whether pleasant or unpleasant, and as pop music does this for certain people then it may be regarded as successful ‘art’.

After a slow start a fair degree of light-hearted debate from the floor ensued which produced Ralph Collins’ memorable complaint that Mr. Rhodes sometimes plays his music so loud that “You can’t hear yourself think

when you are making toast!” The main speakers summarized their cases and a vote taken—the house decided that pop music is still an art form by twenty three votes to one with six abstentions.

The second, and final debate of the term, was held in the Conservatory on July 2nd, 1980 and was billed as a discussion/debate, the motion being: “This house believes that the smoking of cannabis should not be legalised.” Mr. Dyke spoke for this motion, drawing on a wealth of personal experience, having worked in a drug rehabilitation centre, etc. He stressed that in the latest medical findings cannabis might be seriously damaging to health, and he also discussed the social and economic implications of legalising the drug. He ended with parallels of Aldous Huxley’s “A Brave New World,” saying that the psychological escape offered to people through this would be a false one, people would be running away from, rather than facing up to their problems, which would still be there when they returned.

Mark Burchell, the other speaker, began by dismissing many of the fallacies about this drug and went on to say that it did not cause any significant harm. However, he envisaged strict Government control if it were legalised. He ended his speech with the moral plea that as a basic human right people ought to be able to smoke it if they so chose, as it does not inconvenience others in any way and is not sufficiently detrimental to health to warrant its prohibition.

Sensible and interesting discussion followed from the floor and the motion was carried by sixteen votes to three, with four abstentions.

The Debating Society would like to thank everybody who came and spoke, and we are indebted to Mr. Dyke for his chairing of these debates.

D. A. D.

COMMUNITY SERVICE CONFERENCE AT WINDMILL HOUSE

THIS now annual event was held over the first exeat of this term, thus only two people volunteered to go. Yet again it was up to its usual high standards and a lot was learned about Community Service in similar schools to our own.

In a way this is our only contact with other schools involved in similar work to our own and as such always has a lot to offer in terms of experience in the many different fields of activity encompassed by Community Service.

C. A. J. D.

GARDENING

LAST summer repairs were carried out on the greenhouse. Mr. Partridge and Mr. Kamp added a layer of corrugated plastic sheeting fixed to batons attached to the existing framework. The result is a thoroughly waterproof, double-insulated greenhouse.

This was stocked during the winter with geraniums and fuchsias, together with the usual tubs of bulbs for indoor display in February. It seemed sensible to grass down some of the flower beds as maintenance during the holidays has always been a problem. The wet weather in June helped the bedding-out plants to get established and there will be a good show of petunias, asters, antirrhinums and African Marigolds in early Autumn.

I am once again most grateful to the following for their interest and hard work during the year: T. Horton, J. Watson, M. Dibble, C. Milner, D. Denby, R. Copley, R. Deacon, E. Roberts, G. Marsh, J. Teague.

W. J. D. W.

BELL RINGING

THE standard achieved last term has been steadily improved upon and I am confident that with the now bold approach of our learners this trend will be continued. The involvement with the local association branch has been increased, and we were proud to win the title

of 'The Best Kept Tower' in the area.

I must again express my thanks to Edgar and Miss Bliss for their constant attention and expert encouragement over the previous year.

M. B.

'THE GOD SQUAD'

WHEN we, (four 6B girls), bravely set up a Christian fellowship group—affectionately christened the 'God Squad'—no-one was more surprised than us that it survived the first few weeks of its life. Our aim was not a mass 'conversion', but to prove Christianity a living faith that could be enjoyed by people under fifty years of age! In the Christmas Term we discussed a number of topics of interest to us all and it was good to see believers, agnostics and militant atheists airing their views together. These meetings got a bit out-of-hand on occasions, and so, losing some of our courage, meetings in the Lent Term concentrated on the Christian faith with the result that we four were left!

Fruit of our continued meetings came in the Summer Term when we took up our courage once again and organised a Sunday morning service in church of hymns and readings on the theme of 'Christ.' Readings were diverse, (including one from the Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects!). Despite our shaking knees everything seemed to pass off quite well.

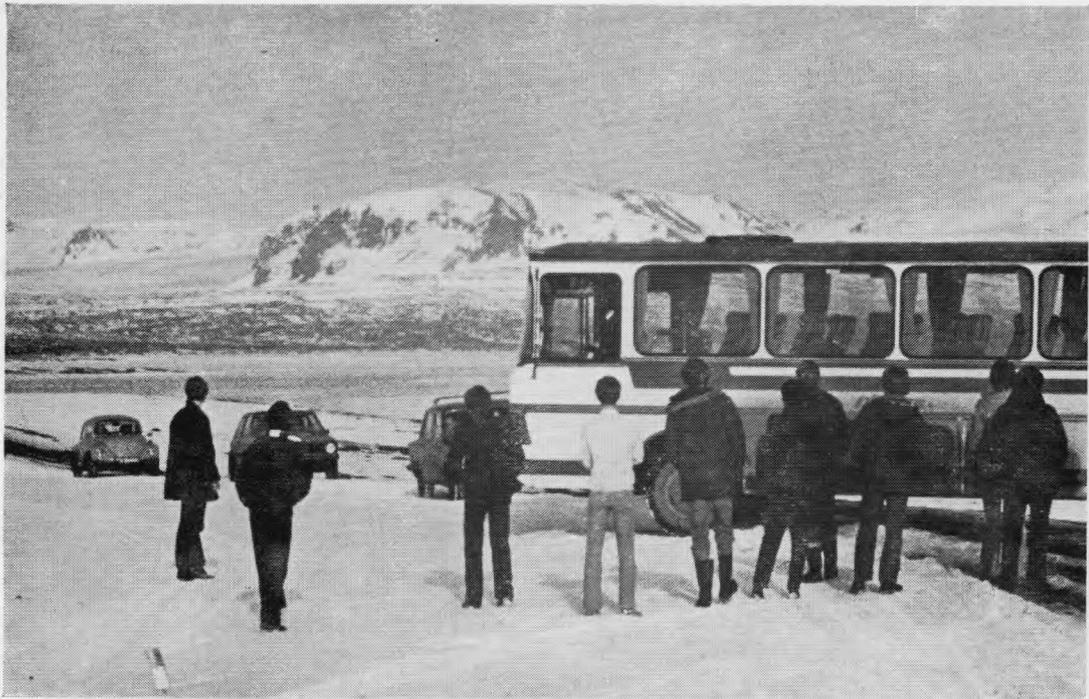
On Saturday, 5th July, four of us went on a 'Quiet Day' to Kemble House, which is owned by the diocese of Gloucester, and used as a retreat centre. It is an enormous house with lovely gardens and a beautiful church next door. The day consisted of short talks on 'past, present and future'. The talk on the 'present' was the last, and the most important. The rest of the day was spent in reading, contemplation and prayer. The day was beneficial to us all, a welcome break of peace in the rush of the end of term.

Many thanks to Mr. Heales who has given us so much support and encouragement with all our schemes.

D. C. L. and E. A. W. F.



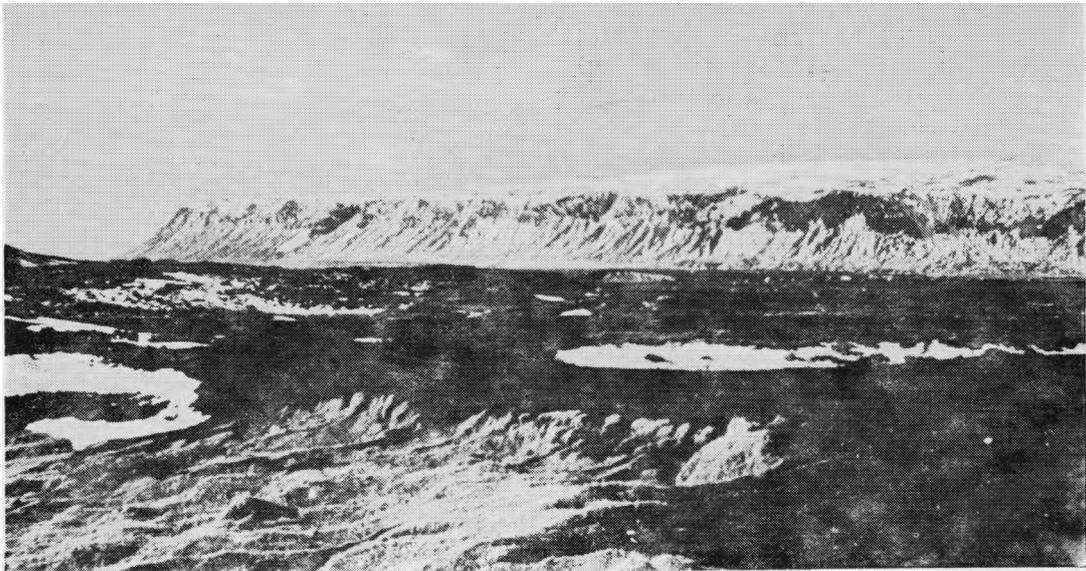
Strokkur (Geyser)



Poor road conditions



Gullfoss (Golden Waterfall)



Barren Landscape

VISIT TO ICELAND

As I am renowned for the great deal of time that I spent asleep during our trip to Iceland, I feel it my duty to begin with an apology for any inaccuracies in the following account.

Rather bleary-eyed as the result of the school dance the previous evening, our Reykjavik party departed from Rendcomb at 3. 00 a. m. on a rather drizzly morning on the 28th of March. On arriving at Luton we found a heavy mist shrouding the airport, whilst hundreds of dozy tourists pushed and jostled their way through baggage, empty cups and a litter of paper and sweet wrappings.

When we boarded the plane at 7. 40 a. m. we were served with a plastic breakfast of sausages and baked beans. A lull in the preliminary excitement ensued until we became aware of a jig-saw pattern of lunar landscape below us. In just four hours we reached our destination.

Bewildered and expectant, we were dismayed to discover, when we drew in our first breath of Icelandic air, that it did not live up to the biting freshness we had anticipated. A disgusting odour of rats ruled the atmosphere (actually caused by a disinfectant sprayed to prevent the packed fish from decay). However unpleasant the smell was, it did have the effect of arousing our senses enough for us to board our coach that would take us to our hotel in the capital city, Reykjavik.

We now became aware of the alien landscape surrounding us: broad, brown, bare plains of empty nothingness stretched for miles and occasionally broken by towering masses of angular polystyrene blocks of a dazzling brilliance. The main road, a mere track of stony rubble, along which we travelled, could be seen winding into the distance as far as the eye could see.

It is hard to say what we had expected of Reykjavik itself, but I certainly anticipated more than stark rows of grimy buildings, cracked cement and corrugated iron. There was an evident lack of organisation and planning

to the city (we never did find the "city centre"!), which seemed to meander in a sluggish sprawl in all directions.

Our hotel, "The Lottleider", was luxurious, and the warm showers and soft beds were appreciated by all. However, there was not time to relax; on the same day as our arrival we went on a tour of the city. Although hungry, and all longing to taste the Icelandic foods, we were loath to spend the equivalent of £2 on a 'hot-dog, ' Icelandic style. We soon discovered that none of the food had an established price and some of the more gullible members of the party even found themselves paying 25P for a glass of water!

Our afternoon trip around Reykjavik proved to be especially interesting to the geographers in our party (those who were awake, of course). Through an extremely eloquent and charming guide (I am sure that Mr. Terrill will vouch for that) we discovered that Reykjavik, the most northerly metropolis in the world, is located where the first permanent settler of Iceland, Ingolf Amaron, made his home in 874 A. D., according to saga tradition. Eighty-five thousand people, more than half the population of Iceland, live in the capital and adjoining towns, so that here lies the very heart of the country. Perhaps historically, the most appealing feature was the old Reykjavik houses that had been reconstructed in the original style of the early Danish settlers, thatched with turf, so that they appeared as mere hummocks in the vast plains before us.

On a hill overlooking Reykjavik airport we caught a glimpse of monstrous, white tanks; these were the storage tanks from which Reykjavik's natural hot-water system originates. The city is heated by boiling water from natural springs and bore holes ten miles away. Apart from domestic and industrial uses, it heats two open air swimming pools, one of which we visited. It was uncanny, standing on a surrounding arena looking over steaming baths, backed by snowcapped mountain peaks.

Perhaps the highlight of our holiday was

the trip that was to take us into the interior of the island the following day. It was then that we discovered the breath-taking wonders of the island. Perhaps most impressive were the geysers that sent columns of boiling water spouting high into the air, causing surprise and a certain element of panic amongst the spectators. Pools of bubbling mud and gurgling, sulphurous liquids lay in hollows surrounding these steaming, natural fountains. Characteristic of the youthful, living Icelandic landscape were the voluminous waterfalls extending to a hundred and five feet in height that we visited at Gullfoss, and the numerous rivers, abundant in glacial meltwater, that we passed.

We had hoped to end our journey by returning to Reykjavik via the fjorded coast to the east of the island; however, thick snow and ice prevented the progress of the coach and we were eventually forced to return the way we had come.

Disappointing to many was the considerable lack of 'night-life' that Reykjavik had to offer. We discovered one disco, and a cinema, where we went to watch an American film with Icelandic subtitles, during which some of us took the chance to doze!

Clutching souvenirs of erupting volcanoes and woolly socks, we made our way back to Keflevik Airport (and the smell of dead rats) on Monday, 31st of March. As we rose into the air we caught our last glimpses of a world so remote from our own; a young land, dependant on inquisitive tourists and the natural phenomena with which it has been endowed.

K. C. N.

A TOUR OF THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY

ON his past visits to Rendcomb, Dr. D. Vaisey has shown us examples of the fascinating treasures which he has in his charge as Keeper of Western Manuscripts at the Bodleian Library. During the VIth Form visit to the Bodleian this term, he made us realise how many problems confront librarians working in a copyright library today.

Storage space at the Bodleian is one of the biggest problems. As miles of shelving are filled every year, one must be selective in gathering material; and yet we saw bundles of rapidly decaying 'twenties' "Family Stories" magazines, which are now becoming vital primary source material for modern social historians. We were also shown the archaic mechanism by which books are transported from underground storage to the desks of eager students. Before this lift and trolley system had been serviced last year, at vast expense, crates of valuable manuscripts had been in danger of falling down lift shafts!

Few university students have such an opportunity to see the workings of the Library, and as well as handling an illuminated work of Chaucer, we were able to survey Oxford from the roof of the Radcliffe Camera.

J. M. T.

Contributions

“A ROMANY TALE”

Stephen Simkin (Form III)

I SAT opposite her, my heart glowing angrily like a burning furnace. She sat there, staring at her book, occasionally flipping over a page, frowning in concentration over a certain difficult passage. Moodily, I looked into the glass on the table, watching as a green piece of herb pushed its way through the liquid to the top, and floated there, occasionally hustled by other pieces, all wrestling to achieve some obscure goal...

Annoyed at her silence, I picked up the glass and drank the cool, white liquid, quickly. It tasted as vile as it always did, and I coughed as a herb stuck in my throat. Still she sat there, never looking up from her book. I turned away. My head was throbbing worse than ever, and I clutched it with one hand, while the other tapped impatiently on the table top.

“Your potion isn’t working, ” I said, more to attract her attention than anything else. The silence was beginning to feel like a heavy weight on my shoulders. I knew that the mysterious concoction that she gave me every night took at least half an hour to begin to have any effect at all on my dreadful headaches. She sniffed, and turned over a page. I cleared my throat and repeated myself. “Your potion isn’t working, ” but still she made no reply, but carried on reading.

I wondered vaguely what could have caused her to do this to me. As far as I knew, I had done nothing out of the ordinary for the past few months since our marriage and our moving into this house. True, my headaches had gradually become worse and more frequent, but then... it had never bothered her last year when we had been living together. She had never given me the potion then, not until we had got married, and moved into our new home. Then, one day, I returned on the first evening after a long day’s work, and she had greeted me at the door holding a glass that contained a white substance, with what looked,

but certainly didn’t taste, like finely chopped grass in it.

“It’s for your headaches, ” she had said. She claimed that an old gypsy had come round the district in search of a little food. She had been turned away at every other door, “But I, ” my wife had said, “Let her in. ” It seemed that she had told the gypsy all about me, and the gypsy had given her the recipe for a drink that would cure the headaches. I laughed at the time, that was until I had tried the potion. It tasted repulsive, but my wife begged me to drink it down, just to see if it worked, and so I did. About half an hour later, it began to take effect... and ever since I had taken the medicine every night. But as our life together wore on, she began to become less and less talkative. When we had first met, she had been extremely loquacious, and it was sometimes embarrassing at parties and social events when she had carried on talking to a group of people who obviously were tired of talking to her, and were anxious to move on to someone else.

Well, I had never liked the look or the taste of it, but it certainly helped me sleep at night, and it relieved the pain considerably. My doctor had requested that I should not take it, but, because it was much better than anything that he could ever give me, I ignored his advice. It seemed to me that he was more interested in keeping a customer than actually helping me.

But, ever since I had started to take the medicine, she had gradually become increasingly silent, until it got to the stage where she never talked to me at all. It was no use discussing divorce, because she would not answer me back, but just carry on working. I had more than once contemplated visiting a psychiatrist, since from time to time, I felt as if I were tottering on the border between sanity and insanity, and that at any moment I might fall the wrong way. Yet every time, I had rejected the idea, fearing what my neighbours might say if they found out that they were living

next to some kind of madman. At work by day, coming home only in the evening to a silent meal, retiring to the library to read for a few hours, and then going to bed. It was enough to drive the most stable-minded person crazy.

At last, I could contain my fury no longer, and I got up, knocked the empty glass over, and stamped out of the library, slamming the door behind me.

The next evening, I left the house and my silent wife, and went out to find comfort in a bottle.

I returned, around midnight, to a cold, lonely house, my vision distorted and footsteps heavy, head splitting and the stink of alcohol on my breath. Slamming an empty can of beer on the hall table, I vaguely noticed, as if through a thick veil, a glass of white liquid there. With a drunken chuckle, I picked it up, opened the front door again, hurling the medicine into the bushes. With a childish snigger, I put the glass back on the table, closed the door, and struggled up the stairs to bed, humming softly to myself.

I undressed as quickly as I could in my drunken stupor, and climbed in next to the sleeping form of my wife. I was soon asleep, the headache still niggling away at the back of my brain...

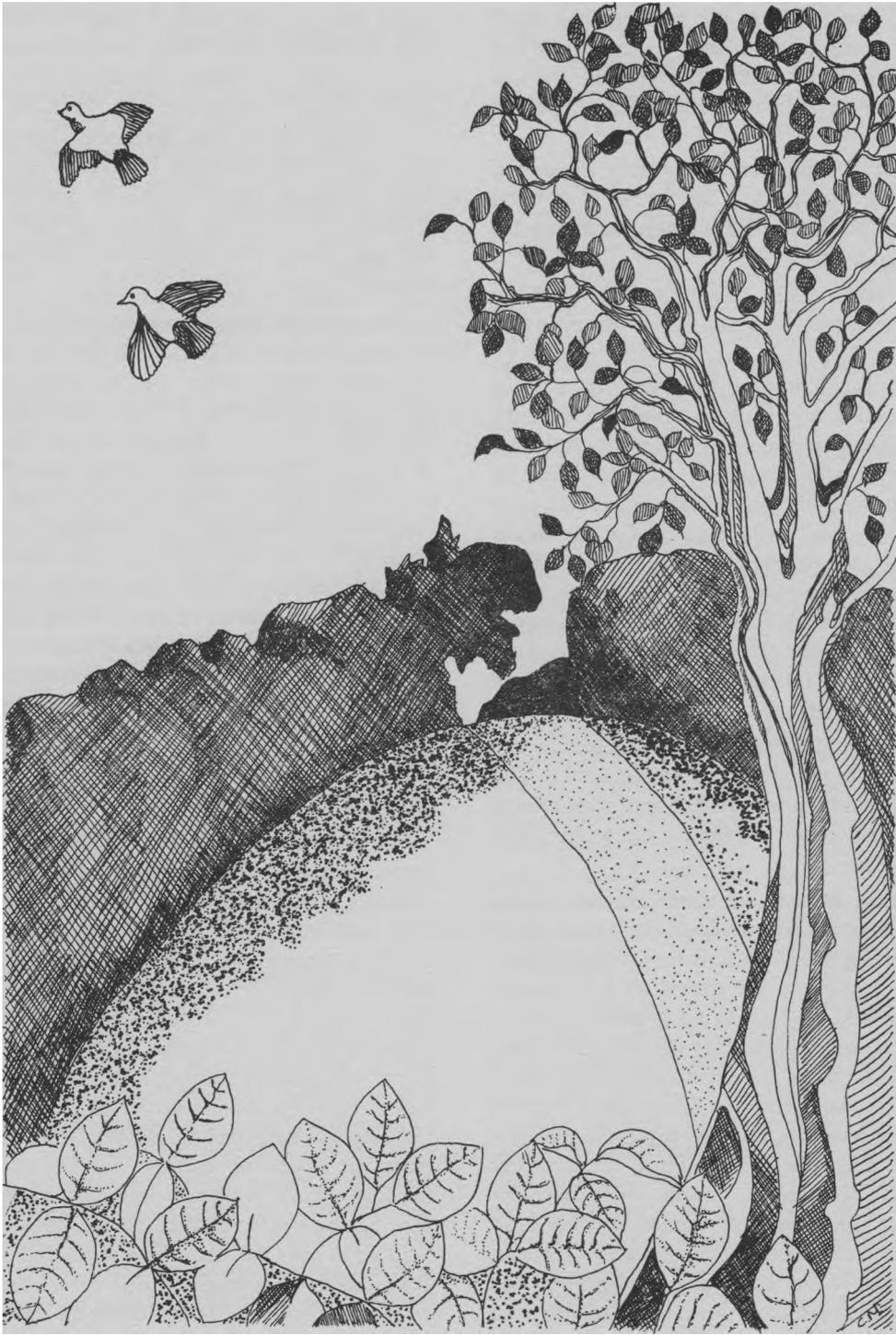
It must have been about an hour later, maybe two, when I awoke to the sound of my wife getting out of bed. At first, I thought she was only going to the bathroom, but, despite my headache, I became very curious when I observed her beginning to get dressed. Then, she went out of the door, hesitating for a second to make sure that I was still asleep. As she bent over me, I closed my eyes, and pretended to breathe deeply. Then, she went out through the door, and padded softly down the staircase. The front door opened; I jumped out of bed and crossed over to the window. Through a tiny gap in the curtains I watched her look around and then head down the road alongside the detached houses until I lost her in the

concealing darkness. Groaning at the pangs of agony that split my head, I staggered back to bed, promising myself that I would follow her the next night. So that's why she always gave me that drink, I thought as I lay there, so that it would put me to sleep, leaving her free to... do what? What could she be hiding?... But before I could begin to try to answer the question, I drifted into sleep, sleep that stole my pain away, and replaced it with uneasy dreams...

The next day passed without incident and, as usual, without conversation. But for once, the silence didn't bother me. My mind never ceased to wander back to what would happen that night, and, as I thought, a great burden of ignorance and uncertainty began, regretfully, to dislodge its heavy load that for so long had rested on my shoulders. Yes, tonight I would discover at last what had kept her silent for what seemed like an age. Many images sprung up in my imagination, of secret lovers, private meetings on the corner of lonely streets, sheltered from the public eye by fog and darkness, and sleep, two ghosts of the night, walking out into oblivion...

She stirred, almost as if she had read my thoughts, and coughed uncomfortably.

"Caught a cold?" I asked, politely. She ignored me. And then, I felt that I had to say something, something that would tempt her into conversation. I had to say something powerful enough to make her reply in her defence. "Must be all these late nights that you've been having," I said. I could no longer resist it. The words broke through the dam of my practicality, pouring down upon her in vicious revenge, making up for all the torment that she had bestowed on me over the months past. She looked up sharply, her lips parting for just a split second, before they slammed shut again. But I returned to my book, pretending to have meant nothing more than what I had said. "Goodnight, then, dear," I said, yawning. I got up. "Is the drink on the table in the kitchen?" She nodded, without looking



Catherine Milner

up. "See you in the morning. " Grinning inwardly, I turned to the door, walked out and closed the door behind me, softly. I walked into the kitchen, took the drink, and poured it down the sink, washing out the sink thoroughly, afterwards. I heard the library door open, and I quickly switched off the tap, putting the empty glass on one side. She made her way through to the kitchen a moment later, and, bidding her goodnight, I walked past her, and climbed the staircase, and into the bedroom.

I decided not to sleep that night, lest I sleep through her rising. I lay awake, listening to her breathing, as she slept. I watched as the silver beams of the moon skimmed softly over the window sill and placed their delicate fingers over her face. As I lay, looking at her, I felt my stomach pull tight in a firm knot, slowly, excruciatingly. Involuntarily, a shudder ran down my spine, and I pulled the blankets further over my chest as the fear overcame my control of my actions. I sensed that something was wrong, something was oh so terribly evil... something...?

I awoke to the sound of the stirring of my wife's frame. She slipped quietly from underneath the blankets, taking a pair of trousers and a pullover from a cupboard at the end of the bed. I lay perfectly still, making pretence at sleep. It took her only a couple of minutes to dress and put on a pair of plimsolls. Strange wear, it seemed, if she were about to visit a secret lover; rather, it looked to me more like the clothes of an amateur cat-burglar. Maybe my tried and tested theory was wrong, after all. I sniffed, and she glanced towards the bed sharply. Covering up my mistake quickly, I groaned as if in slumber and a particularly pleasant dream, and turned over, burrowing deep down into the blankets. Obviously satisfied, I heard her tread softly to the door, open it, and walk out. But I did not yet rise. I guessed that she was waiting outside the door, to see if I was awake. After what seemed like an age, my patience was rewarded when I heard her tip-toe down the stairs, open the

front-door and exit. With all the speed that I could muster in my sleepy state, I leapt out of bed, dressed without a light, picked up my gloves, and left, stopping outside the door. Vaguely, in the mist of the cold, damp night, I saw her shape disappearing around a corner, heading down the next street. Running as close to the large, detached houses as I could, I followed her. I rounded the corner, and saw her about fifty yards ahead, walking rapidly towards the end of the street. As I ducked behind the wall when she checked behind her, I saw a glint of steel, and my heart leapt. Watching cautiously from the corner, I saw her move towards a building and turn the knob. I resolved to catch her red-handed when, to my surprise, she reappeared on the street, perhaps finding the door locked; if so, I expected her to find a stone to throw up at the window, but it seemed that my romantic nature was behind the times, for instead of continuing her efforts to enter the place, she retreated to the path, and tried the next one in the row. It must be that she was burgling, but for what reason I could not think. I turned my attention back to her, and saw that she was now checking, systematically, every house in the terrace. And so she went on, until, I presumed, she found one with an unlocked door. She glanced about, and then slowly twisted the handle and entered. And once again I saw that object. This time I noted that it had a peculiar crescent-shape to it. The silver thing was glittering with ... I hardly dared to admit it to myself... the halo of intense evil. I could feel the force running through every fibre of my body, and seeping through my heart to my very soul, filling it with terror. Shaking myself viciously, I began to run down the street to the house that my wife had entered. I was out of breath when I reached the place, and I rested myself against the wall on one side of the door that still hung open. My mind wandered restlessly over the matter of the silver implement but even more so over the intentions of my wife. I can only blame my wild imagination for the thoughts that ran through my brain, of my

wife and that mysterious, chilling object. The door creaked open wider. I let out a moan of intense, absolute horror as I saw her face in the doorway.

A gaudily dressed, paunchy body, half-covered by shadow, gave an erratically abnormal view of my once beautiful wife. A grimy, polka-dotted neckcloth hung around a slim neck, and a golden ring tied it at the front. Upon podgy fingers she wore several jewelled rings, heavily and crudely encrusted. She clutched a dripping, red scythe in one hand. In the other, she clung firmly to the long hair of a woman's severed head, blood streaming from the ragged flesh of a neck, forming a red pool a few inches away from me.

"Oh, dear God, no!" I let out a howl of anguish and terror and I sank back against the wall, eyes wide open in fear, staring at the transmogrified wife that stood before me. I gasped, waiting for the sharp blow that would sever my spirit from my body. The scythe descended with the flash of ivory teeth, and I fell to one side. The keen bite of the tiger sank deep into my shoulder, and a warm liquid welled up and poured down my side. I collapsed, crying out in extreme pain. Unconsciousness reared above me and then fell with the force of a tidal wave, drowning my mind. Shouts, screams, and footsteps echoed through the tunnels of my hollow brain, and then... nothing.

My recovery was a slow process and never complete. My silence became solitude. My God, how that solitude broke me down from the man I used to be, to a shivering, nervous wreck, hardly fit to be called a human being. I became a recluse, finding solace in the bottle, my insanity being carefully covered up by a state of permanent drunkenness. Many people thought of me as a drunk and not a madman, and I decided that it would be best if I let them carry on thinking that very thing. In point of fact, I was really both. But that was my secret that only God and I shared.

BABBACOMBE BAY

Simon Badcott (Form III)

Chiselled out by writhing sea
Of pounding hammers, lies the bay,
Which through the ages has retained
A foggy mystery and depth,
Within those walls of brazen stone
A thousand million spirits roam.

It is true that all around
Now sheep-like tourists grip this jewel
And leave their deep infected scar
Open like hell's fiery jaws;
However, locusts don't live long
And soon drift home to dirt-grey towns.

In the sleep of Winter's morn
Or fiery Autumn's glowing eve
The cove in kingly splendour stands,
Free from man's destructive hand
Its god-like warriors of purple stone
Rise like the wave that grinds them down.

And when the tide of man is gone,
My smuggling forebears live once more,
They touch my mind with misty arms
Luring me towards true wealth
Which, unlike the moon, cannot be smuggled:
The beauty of this silent place.

AVEBURY

Doré Green (Form HI)

Avebury, where time stood still.
Stones; unchanged by the evolution of man.
For what purpose? Magic?
Superficial grey, blank surfaces conceal greater
 meaning.
The mystery grips you;
Tightly bound by the circle of stones,
The mind tries to shrink away, baffled;
 and yet returns,
 Caught by curiosity,
The need for knowledge.
Everything seems frozen by time:
The stones; silent, dumb,
Wait patiently,
Steadfast in their ring of omnipotence.
Like ghosts.
And yet the stones exist;
Not just faded memories of the past.

WATCHER IN THE WILDERNESS

John Henniker-Gotley

The grey moon shines through the top leaves,
Sending shadows skiing through the drizzle.
It is dark. Soft beads of rain run, chilly, down
 his spine.
He sits; staring at the sodden bark inches from
 his face;
Rivulets wind their way through the under-
growth,
The stars sparkling with the dull movement.
His tail rocks gently encumbered by the rain.
The fiery lights from the mansion extinguish.

Barking and shouting stir his mind; he moves,
Like a ghost he flits through the dense bushes,
The whip and crackle resound around his paws.
Faster he runs, the dogs baying, spur him on.
The dull glow of life streaks down into its lair.
He sits shivering; the dawn light filters around.



THE SEA (I)

Robert Prynne (Form II)

A vast, grey abyss,
Meeting curved eternity,
Slipping, oscillating,
Controlled by lunacy.

The sea is monotonous,
Perpetual: rolling out
The long, slow days
From creation to judgement
Eternally.

In night-time it eats
At the cold, cracked cliffs.
Flung spray damping
The parched, white sands
In the mist of dawn.

A volatile, explosive power,
An old man, and swift to anger.
A flat blue heaven of quiet lappings.
That's the sea: uncontrollable,
Unpredictable, ever.

THE PLASTIC AGE

Debbie Lee

You, plastic lady,
With your plastic lips and eyes,
Eating from plastic cartons with plastic knives,
Wearing synthetic clothes
Born in glass shop windows.
They love your plastic smile
And your affected manner
By which you jog each morning—
In your plastic training shoes.

Your selfish individuality
Allows not for genuine affection—
But a career in jet setting.
What will happen when your rubber lips crack
Your nylon mask wrinkles?
You had no children,
Could not face the pain
On the rack of childbirth.
The last link between your two conflicting souls:
Human animal
And evolved plastic world.



Ben Uglow (Form II)

THE SEA (2)

Ben Uglow (Form II)

The orchestra slowly hums into existence,
A pulsating ferocity,
But hidden,
Veiled beneath a subtle hate.
An inspired tranquility,
Yet to be motivated,
Peacefully caressing the darkness—
Beating softly,
Gliding away.
A swish of air jumps!

Who is this?
We have a stranger in our midst!
Fire,
Wind,
Water!
The clouds scream
A piercing cry of guttural agony!
Let hell show forth,
Wind, rain, thunder.
Thrust into a tumult of immeasurable anger,
Poseidon's wrath breaks!
Like a fiery leopard,
Tortured,
Twisted,
Searching in frenzy—
In malevolence.

The vulture's perceptive eye,
Catching,
Swarming,
A continuum,
A monologue of rage—
Swinging, swiping,
Hurling and tossing forsaken limbs.
But the vigour is calmed,
Pampered, humiliated.
A child,
Defeated.

The requiem commences,
Cerebus listens in suspicion.
The arbiter,
Awaiting,

Creeping, feeling.
An obscure thought meanders slowly,
Gently hanging,
Yet lingering,
But passing unnoticed.

A translucent twinge
Glances over—
But dying,
Unperturbed,
Still,
Quiet.
Held in silence,
Returning again—
Slowly beating,
The oscilloscope wavers,
Humming gently.
The Symphony is over.

WORM

Jenny Watson

Through succulent flesh
burrowing, ripping, straining
Squirmed greed.
Striving onwards, inwards it wanted... more.
Gorging, tearing, oozing between gushing
fibres,
Liquid delight battering its outer vesture...
more.
Inwards, further inwards, more pleasure, more
taking, having, accepting, destroying—
Destination unknown—
Only that this wasn't enough.
Finding 'inwards' to be hard...
nothing... realisation,
'more' had been—but greed had made paradise
unknown.
Every destiny found destiny beyond.
One final squirm—taut in contraction...
Died in agony.

MORNING

Tim Daniels (Form V)

Dawn tumbles wearily, blearily, over the tall sergeant major straight buildings, as the never-sleep sun rises.

In the distant inside of the suntan-strong, rippling muscled, quick thinking fantasy, jangles, tangles, a sleepy campanologist, stumbling up steep and precipitous stairs, trying hard to bring consciousness to those who lost it the time before... those who hadn't got it anyway.

The noise stops: but it leaves, creeping, cat curious among them, the seeds sown and soon to expand, until, fully grown and dangerous, it pounces, whisking away in one heavy breathing movement, loved and lovers, leaving bemused and dream devastated common or lesser spotted school people to sift and recollect scattered experiences.

Again, the now not so sleepy campanologist strikes, cutting the simmering shimmering glazed dawn air with a melodious strident carillon.

As the slow and unsteady move is made towards the dining prison, sleep is discarded untidily, to be put away, neatly folded after breakslow, until it is needed again the following—but not fast enough, and slowly decelerating—evening.

THE TEAR

Tim Burkham

SOLID and shimmering in its own subtle light. Transparent, translucent, breaking at a touch. Holding so much in its thin fragile shell. All hopes, all fears, all joys, all sadness balancing ballet-like on its silver, silver point. This is the tear; love's private hate. A dribble of laughter, a torrent of sadness, a symbol of nothing. A rainbow of man.

THE ELEMENTAL RACE

David George (Form II)

Earth—the component of the World;
The Universe;
Immortality.
It nourishes;
It houses;
It contains the ingredient:
Of life.

Wind—the Ghost;
The Spirit;
The Force.
It can be gentle as a lamb,
Or ferocious as a lion:
It is the breath—
Of life.

Fire—A god?
A genie?
A Devil?
It sheds the amethystine waves
Of psychedelic conflict
Upon the face of mankind:
Ever perilous;
Ever wondrous;
Ever superior.

Water—the ever-powerful lord:
Shimmering;
Raging;
Meandering along its endless journey.
Down rivers,
Via lakes, then to the sea,
The vast tormented sea,
That eats, devours all known elements—
of the Race.

**AN ARCHITECT SURVEYS HIS
LIFE-WORK**

Michael Curtis-Hayward

Perfect Society;
Where impulse is crushed through crystal-clean
channels
Towards acceptance. I find it easy; I
Say I think therefore I am, therefore your
Death is only a thoughtless oblivion:
Philosophy splinters towards its heaven.
The law is a gross diamond distort-
ing ground surrender to a formal beauty.
Unrelieved acrimony.

Neon exposure,
The streets are striped with an embittered
reason:
Hope should be spat back into washed-out
faces
That have no claim on life; Ideology
Splinters away from faint comfort. A God
Does not exist, we are reaching the stars
Ourselves, built high on razored pain and
sweated fear.
“Unreal City.”

My life was cluttered with the abstract,
Blindly proclaiming truths from the cocooned
cell.
A harsh fanatic stamping, ripping out
A loving heart. I am what I once despised:
An old clinging fool whining for belief
To selflessly share the last, lost shuddering.
Ages mock in the wings as a stained actor
Sinks; there can be no forgiveness, only
Perfect Society.

I FOUND

Elizabeth Foy

I FOUND a small furry being, full of distorted
wisdom lying on a city pavement who told me,
“Love is the fantasy of the cynical,”
but I didn’t believe him.
I moved away, went to sit in a dark cafe and
listened to the advice of an aging poet, he said,
“Use your one talent. Anyway you sell
yourself for the promise of affection. You’re a
romantic, and so inevitably a loser; and worse,
poor. Take a bit of commercial sense, honey,
it’ll change your life; I’ll make you richer. You
may be as lonely but money will keep you
warm when the world gets dressed and catches
the last bus home.”

I didn’t care for his words. Outside I found a
woman painted and alone. She said,
“Once I was a nice girl, before that in-
constant floozie love got her hands round my
life and wrung self knowledge into me. Fall in
love with yourself (my dear), there is no other
safety.”

Again I walked away. The world would
talk to me of reality, but I could not listen.
A man on the edge of a skyscraper with a
brick tied round his heart said,

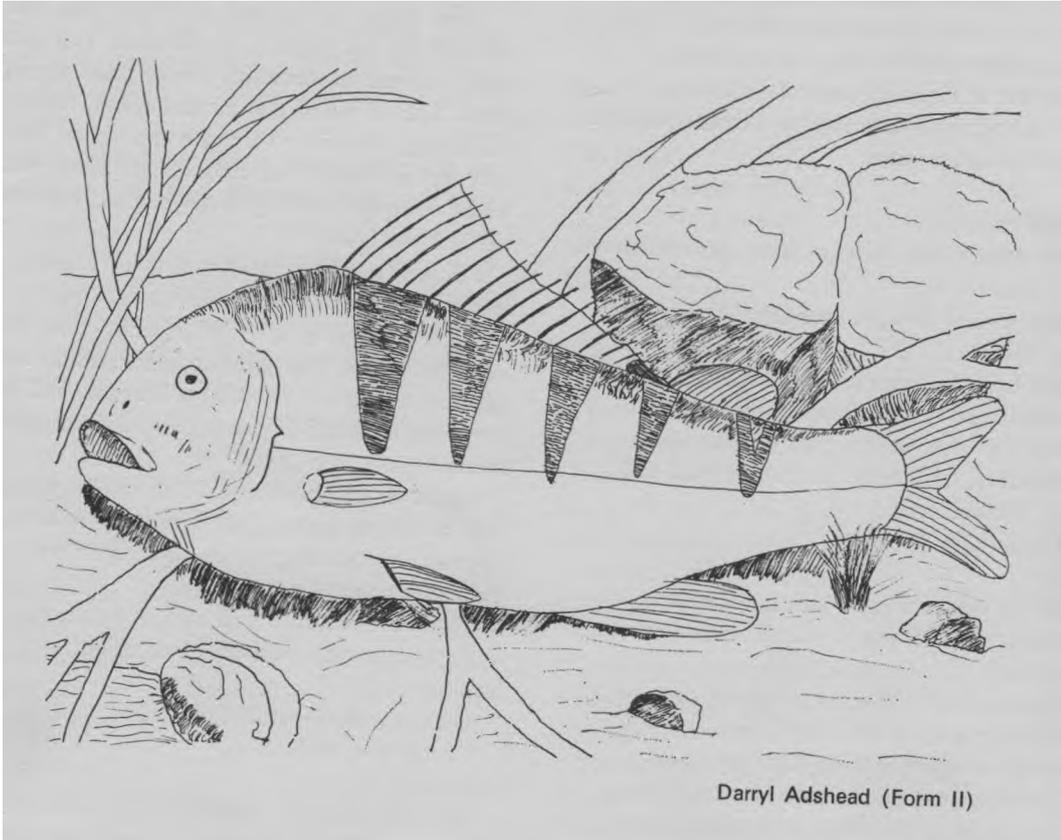
“Love is the monster in a child’s dark room.
It is the scar on a beautiful man’s face”—
and jumped.

Underneath the small furry being said,
“I told you so,”
and cried.

Walking on again I found the city park, bare
of flowers or trees or grass. There had been
such things but now there were cobbles and
statues, and tubs with Xmas trees and Xmas
light all year round.

There was a tall strange young man with cold
hands and a flower in his buttonhole. He said,

“I love you.”
Fool, I believed him.

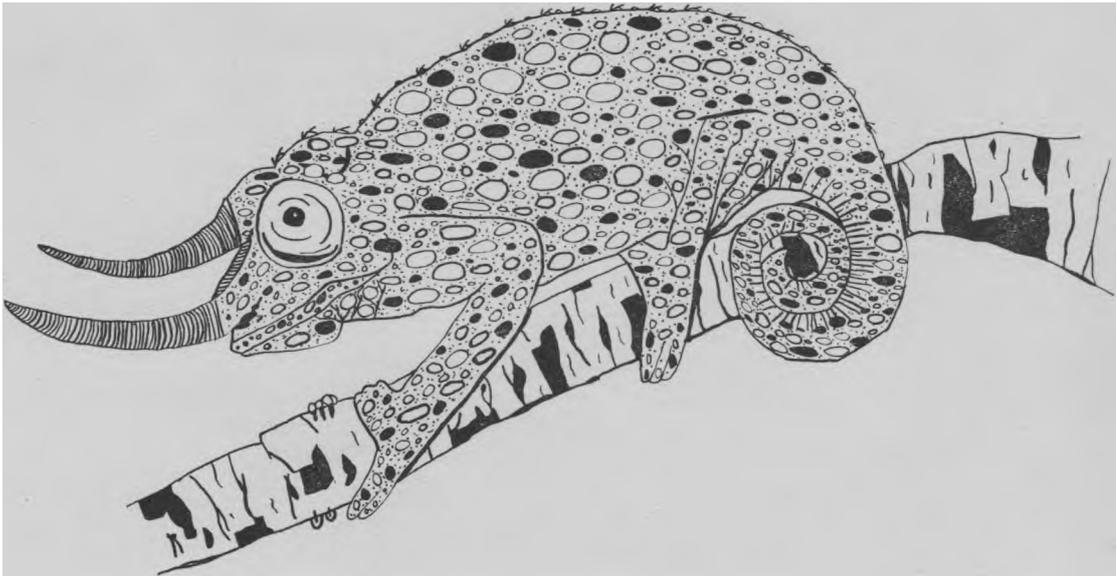


Darryl Adshead (Form II)

DRUG ADDICT

Anthony Bailey (Form III)

Desolation, loneliness, fighting for survival,
drifting slowly into an intangible heaven.
Rats scamper over the festering floors.
Reaching for love, happiness and contentment.
Urine-splattered walls, cold, wet and unfriendly,
up, up and away to colours, and countryside.
Gases swirl through littered, foul streets,
God is calling, pleading, smiling.
Shattered glass cuts and mangles bruised, torn feet,
Songs, soft and melancholy, sweetly meet longing ears.
Killed by pollution and unhygienic surroundings? No, drugs.
Interests in life? Only drugs.
Loves? Might have had, but for drugs.
Lifespan? Nineteen years.



Clive Fletcher (Form III)



Charles Acocks (Form III)

THE SECOND FORM CASTLE'S VISIT

WE set off for the Welsh border straight after breakfast; the Form Two invasion of Wales had begun!

After a couple of hours our coach climbed the steep hill leading to White Castle. We all tumbled out to wander around this imposing fortress, with its two massive gate-towers, which we climbed 'to see the view' over the surrounding countryside. At the end of a three-quarters of an hour stay we set off for Skenfrith Castle.

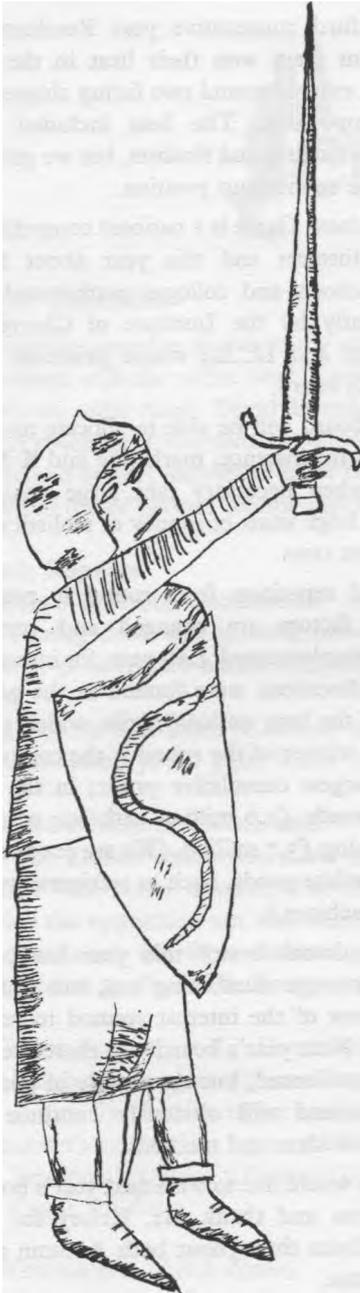
This, unlike White Castle, is situated in a valley. Although situated in a very pleasant spot, it was rather disappointing because all that remains of the castle is the keep and a surrounding wall.

Our tour then took us to Goodrich, a huge castle built on a rock, where we had lunch. After our repast we wandered around, dropping pennies down the well and taking notes. We clambered around a huge tower, overlooking a deep, dry Moat. I was urged to jump, but resisted the temptation!

The last castle we visited was Chepstow. This was the first time a party from the Second Form had gone to this long, narrow castle; it was definitely a good choice. It overlooks the River Wye, perched on top of a sheer cliff. Several exciting cat-walks were the main attraction, plus balancing on the Crenallations (battlements).

All too soon our visit ended and we drove back to Rendcomb, exhausted but happy. Many thanks to Mr. Dyke for this exciting and enjoyable trip.

J. M.



Alistair Brain (Form I)

“INDUSTRY MATTERS!”

THE conference was organised by the Industrial Society for sixth form pupils from Rendcomb and the host school, Farmor's. On arriving an informal atmosphere was evident. We were divided into eight groups consisting of people with a wide range of interests from both schools. Each group had leaders drawn from varying industrial backgrounds.

Group discussions played a large part in the conference. This consisted of varied exercises ranging from the designing of posters to role play and controversial case studies.

Perhaps the most valuable part of the conference was the insight into the complexities of industrial relations through lectures delivered by a trade union official (from the T. G. W. U.) and a distribution manager from Shell. This was extremely valuable to many of us by changing popular misconceptions that we previously had, it was refreshing to see the common interests of both men.

The aim of the conference was fulfilled in that it stimulated new thought in the role that industry will have to play in Britain's future and to show that industry really matters.

Many thanks to all the organisers and especially to Mr. Kelsey for taking us.

C. W., R. N., P. C.

THE BUSINESS GAME, 1980

FOR the third consecutive year Rendcomb's management team won their heat in the 1st round and entered round two facing altogether tougher opposition. The heat included last year's semi-finalists and finalists, but we gained a creditable runners-up position.

The Business Game is a national competition for sixth formers and this year about four hundred schools and colleges participated. It is run jointly by the Institute of Chartered Accountants and I. C. L., whose printouts are sent to each board.

A good board will be able to allocate money sensibly to, for instance, marketing and R & D and also when necessary take large risks in borrowing huge sums of money at realistically, high interest rates.

To avoid repetition from round to round, numerous factors are changed and certain conditions implemented. Last year, for instance, transport allocations were limited in the game because of the long national strike which took place. The winner of the round is the company with the largest cumulative profit; in the 1st round we made £4.0 million with our nearest rival obtaining £3.7 million. (We are producing imaginary white goods, such as refrigerators or washing machines.)

The Rendcomb board this year has been large, on average numbering ten, but unfortunately most of the interest seemed to come from VIA. Next year's board will therefore be rather inexperienced, but the couple of people who did attend will obviously continue to develop their ideas and methods.

Finally, I would like to wish next year's board every success and thank Mr. Kelsey for his welcome advice throughout both Autumn and Spring Terms.

M. T.

SPORT



1st XI CRICKET

THE season served to highlight the strengths and weaknesses in our team: the strength of our batting contrasted with the rather weak bowling attack. The pitches were, as usual, wonderfully sound, for which we must thank David Essenhigh. Our thanks must also go to him for encouragement and expert coaching. Unfortunately these good wickets only served to highlight our weakness. However, our record of only one defeat must suggest a good season, and I am quite sure that next year, with a wealth of junior players coming into the 1st XI, we will improve on this record.

Match Reports

v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER. Match drawn.

Having done well in cold, blowy weather to keep the opposition down to 99 for 8 declared, albeit in 40 overs, we batted well, the time limit preventing us from gaining victory.

King's 99 for 8 declared (C. Brealy 4-28).

Rendcomb 56 for 3 (R. Webb 30).

v. BREDON SCHOOL. Match won.

The Bredon attack was taken apart by our batsmen on a day where batting might have been difficult with better bowlers. The good score enabled us to set an attacking field and we quickly bowled the opposition out with very little resistance being offered.

Rendcomb 168 for 1 declared (J. H. Gotley 74 n. o., R. Webb 60).

Bredon 53 all out (S. Knapp 4-4, M. Burchell 3-5).

v. CRYPT SCHOOL 1st XI. Match drawn.

Our batsmen again got us off to a good start with some fine batting. After the declaration our lack of a really effective strike bowler meant that we were unable to penetrate deep enough into the opposition's batting line up to enable us to get on top.

Rendcomb 139 for 3 declared (R. Webb 69).

Crypt 109 for 5.

v. WESTWOOD'S. Match drawn.

On a good day for batting we, for once, made heavy work of scoring runs on what was quite a good wicket. We were, however, unlucky not to win, the opposition throwing many of their wickets away when all they needed to do was to bat steadily.

Rendcomb 126 for 6 declared (R. Webb 46).

Westwood's 116 for 7 (M. Curtis-Hayward 3-35).

v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S SCHOOL. Match won.

Some excellent batting from a depleted side took apart the opposition's attack on quite a large pitch. The bowlers then proceeded to bowl very straight, having a number of the opposition l. b. w. or bowled, only one of their batsmen getting into double figures.

Rendcomb 153 all out (R. Webb 38, C. Brealy 48).

Sir Thomas Rich's 32 all out (R. Tudor 4-8).

v. KINGHAM HILL 1st XI. Match Drawn.

Some accurate bowling from the opening pair contained the opposition and they struggled to reach their score, leaving us very little time to get the runs. However, we battled hard and managed to get quite close although only 20 overs were bowled to us.

Kingham Hill 98 all out (M. Curtis-Hayward 4 - 22, M. Burchell 3 - 13).

Rendcomb 82 for 6 (M. Burchell 33).

v. COKETHORPE SCHOOL. Match won.

An obviously weak team was quickly dismissed by our bowlers on a rather dull and overcast day. The batting proved to be an easy task and we coasted home by six wickets.

Cokethorpe 70 all out (A. Martyn-Smith 3-5).

Rendcomb 71 for 4.

v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL. Match drawn.

Probably one of the strongest sides we played, and on this occasion we produced our best, although our bowling was made to look a little weak by the strong contingent of county players. However, a late spell by S. Knapp ripped through the opposition's middle order leaving us a quite reasonable target. However, the weather took hold and much of our period of batting was spent in the dressing room, robbing us of victory.

Cheltenham 138 for 6 declared (S. Knapp 5 - 13).

Rendcomb 66 for 2 (R. Webb 42 n. o.).

v. GLOUCESTERSHIRE CLERGY XI. Match abandoned.

Having restricted the clergy XI to a respectable 81 the weather took over and reduced the playing area to a mud bath and as a consequence no further play could take place.

Clergy XI 81 for 6 (A. Martyn-Smith 3 for 8).

v. HAYWARDS HEATH COLLEGE. Match drawn.

This was an all day match and the visiting team from Sussex, although strong, took a very long time to amass their runs, effectively reducing the match to a draw even before we had batted. Our bowlers bowled tightly and proved difficult to get away and if we had held our catches things may have been very different. As it was, our innings was a mere formality of playing out the time since there was little hope of a result.

Haywards Heath 203 for 8 declared (M. Curtis-Hayward 3-37).

Rendcomb 112 for 6 (R. Webb 33, C. Brealy 30 n. o.).

v. MARLING 1st XI. Match lost.

Always the strongest team we play, a team including three county players and a young England player; we were outclassed, and having been bowled out for a respectable 120 we were treated to an exhibition of stroke play by the openers.

Rendcomb 120 all out (R. Webb 40, R. Pit 24).

Marling 121 for 1.

v. OLD RENDCOMBIANS. Match drawn.

A very tight bowling performance kept the O. R. s down and produced a very possible winning target for our batsmen. However, their very accurate bowling, along with the difficult movement of the pitch and in the air, restricted our batsmen, and in the end we were forced on the defensive to avoid defeat.

O. R. s 109 all out (S. Knapp 4-21).

Rendcomb 81 for 8.

Special thanks to Mr. Essenhigh for his inspiring wit and enthusiasm and to the girls who arranged all the teas throughout the season.

M. B.

2nd XI

THE now annual shortage of players in the 1st game this season meant that everyone was able to play in a team. This not only gave all those senior players match experience but also provided some Under-15 players with the chance to rise to the dizzy heights of 2nd XI cricket.

The weather played its usual part with the matches: against King's School Gloucester, and our annually, exciting game with Brize Norton being the casualties.

In the other games, consistency was lacking and this was reflected in our results: our one win against Westwood's was of a convincing eight wicket margin. Our younger team members excelled here with Giles Brealy making an unbeaten 77 and Alastair Hedderwick providing steady support. In retrospect, we had done well to bowl them out, with Richard Tudor and Tim Barrow each taking vital wickets.

A new fixture against Witney Mills could have gone either way, but though we were eventually overhauled Nick Miles (32) and Richard Pitt (24) both made useful scores.

The match against Sir Thomas Rich's was affected by exams and despite a concerted effort we were unable to reach a sufficiently large total.

Despite our disappointing results on paper, improvements were significant with a crop of players being promoted to the 1st XI. I hope that 2nd XI cricket will continue to be supported. Special thanks for the tireless encouragement of Mr. David Essenhigh, and also to Mr. Dennis for umpiring out matches.

The following represented the 2nd XI this season:

R. Pitt and N. Miles (Captains), R. Tudor, A. Grainger, R. Woof, A. Harris, T. Paton, A. M. Smith, N. Blencowe, R. Dunwoody, T. Barrow, S. Hughes, T. Steed, A. Hedderwick, G. Brealy, D. Webb.

R. P.



Oliver Medill (Form IV)

U15 XI

THIS has been a disappointing season for the team after the success of previous years. We usually managed to score freely; Hazell, Healey, Hedderwick, Brealy and Bishop provided useful totals. The opening attack, of Bishop and Healey, maintained a good line and length; Brealy and Hedderwick proved to be a useful spin attack but vital catches were often put down and matches drawn.

The following played: S. Hazell, A. Hedderwick, G. Brealy, G. Healey, M. Archer, I. Bishop, D. Woof, R. Deacon, E. Wilcox, C. Hutton-Potts, O. Medill, S. Oliver, D. Tanner, D. Stewart, B. Knapp and D. Webb.

Results:

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

Rendcomb 122-8, G. Brealy 43.
King's School Gloucester 68-6.

v. BREDON SCHOOL (Home) Won.

Rendcomb 181-1, S. Hazell 100 n. o., A. Hedderwick 51 n. o.
Bredon School 24, I. Bishop 4-6.

v. CRYPT (Home) Drawn.

Crypt 141-7.
Rendcomb 108-8, G. Healey 48 n. o.

v. MARLBOROUGH U15 BXI (Away) Lost

Marlborough 146-9, I. Bishop 5-35, S. Oliver 4-32.
Rendcomb 67.

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

Sir Thomas Rich's School 83-7
Rendcomb 33-7

v. COKETHORPE (Home) Drawn

Rendcomb 172-6, M. Archer 30, G. Healey 38, I. Bishop 37 n. o.
Cokethorpe 41-4, A. Hedderwick 3-10.

v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Home) Won.

Rendcomb 131-8, S. Hazell 43.
Cheltenham Grammar School 77, G. Healey 5-22.

v. MARLING (Away). Lost.

Marling 158-9, G. Brealy 4-37.
Rendcomb 119, I. Bishop 33.

C. C. B.

Under 14 XI

THE boys in the third year have been exceptionally keen this year. A group of these were coached in the Sports Hall during the winter and they all passed the Cricket Association's "First Test." This undoubtedly prepared them for the start of the season. Unfortunately the coaching did not continue into the season although there were many practice sessions and much of their free time was devoted to playing the game in the Estate Garden.

Once again Rendcomb reached the semi-final of the Lords Taverners' Trophy quite comfortably except for the alarmingly rapid run rate at the start of Farmor's innings. Rednock had two bowlers who severely restricted our opening batsmen and consequently this put too much pressure on our later batsmen. Rendcomb fielded poorly at first and then sharpened up on realising that the opposition were not able to make quick runs. I felt that they could well have won on another day. Rednock met Crypt in the final.

The most difficult match was against Marlborough on a wicket which caused the ball to rise in an alarming fashion. Rendcomb, after two easy wins, lacked concentration during the Marlborough innings of 140. With the time available and the score at 33 for 6, a draw seemed inevitable but the match was nearly lost due to some very stupid play.

David Webb captained the side throughout the season in a quiet but effective manner. My only criticism would be of his failure to move the field during an over in order to save certain runs. After three good innings the team relied on him too heavily to make runs but fortunately someone found their form in each match, notably Ben Knapp and Andrew Payne. Tony Bailey and Christopher Mansfield, who were probably the most "correct" batsmen, should do well next season along with Toby Brealy and Adam Phelps, if the latter can discipline themselves to avoid certain unorthodox shots.

The captain also played an important role as a leg spin bowler claiming many victims with the help of his alert wicket keeper. (On one occasion he was so enthusiastic that he took the ball in front of the stumps thus invalidating the stumping!) Tony Maton bowled the best length of anyone and latterly found a comfortable pace while Richard Newman bowled aggressively moving the ball in the air as well as off the pitch.

Webb D. 29 wickets for 153 runs; Knapp B. 10 for 87; Phelps 15 for 140; Newman 24 for 141; Maton 5 for 59; Deacon 5 for 23 (two matches).

I think I will remember this season especially for the periods of excellent fielding which included many outstanding catches; and Phelps, Brealy and Mansfield deserve a mention for their reactions in the field.

Finally, I would like to thank the various members of the team for their effort, determination and good behaviour on the cricket field and to congratulate them on a successful season.

C. J. W.

Results: Won 7, lost 1, drawn 2.

- v. BREDON SCHOOL (Home) Won.
Rendcomb 141-6 declared (Webb 62).
Bredon 35 (Webb 5-4).
- v. MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE 'B' XI (Away) Drawn.
Marlborough 140-8 declared.
Rendcomb 72-9 (Brealy 19).
- v. OAKLEY HALL 1st XI (Away) Won.
Rendcomb 100 (Brealy 26, Payne 19).
Oakley Hall 80 (Newman 6-19).
- v. KINGSMEAD SCHOOL, Hoylake (Home) Abandoned (Rain)
Kingsmead 8-1.
- v. KINGHAM HILL SCHOOL (Home) Drawn.
Rendcomb 120-7 declared (Phelps 28 n. o.).
Kingham 66-9.
- v. MARLING SCHOOL (Home) Won.
Marling 39 (Newman 7-13).
Rendcomb 41-5 (Webb 14 n. o., Bailey 17 n. o.).
- v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Away) Won (20 overs).
Rendcomb 89-5 (Bailey 35 n. o., Payne 37).
C. G. S. 29 (Newman 3-4).
- v. KING EDWARDS', BATH. Cancelled.
- v. LECHLADE Cancelled.

Lords Taverners' Trophy

- v. KINGSHILL SCHOOL, Cirencester (Home) Won.
Rendcomb 190-2 in 30 overs (Phelps 89 n. o., Knapp 52 n. o.).
Kingshill 45 in 16. 1 overs (Webb 5-4).
- v. FARMOR'S SCHOOL, Fairford (Away) Won.
Rendcomb 129-6 in 30 overs (Webb 74 n. o., Knapp 26).
Farmor's 73 in 28 overs (Knapp 4-9).
- v. BROCKWORTH SCHOOL (Home) Won.
Brockworth 72 in 30 overs (Phelps 2-7, Deacon 2-8).
Rendcomb 73-2 in 20. 3 (Webb 31 n. o. Deacon 30 n. o.).
- v. REDNOCK SCHOOL (Home) Lost (Semi-Final).
Rendcomb 91 in 39.4 overs (Knapp 24).
Rednock 94-6 in 38 (Deacon 3-15).

The following played: Webb D. (Captain), Bailey (Wicket-keeper), Knapp B., Phelps, Mansfield, Newman, Breally T., Payne, Fletcher, Woof A., Maton, Paterson-Fox, Paton A., Deacon.

Scorers: Crowther, Walton, Uglow M.

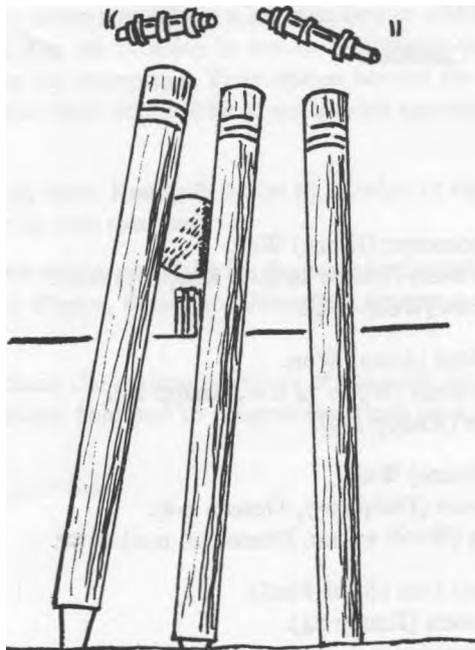
Under 13 Cricket

TALENT was scarce in this year's Under 13 XI but the side played keenly under the thoughtful, competent leadership of Alex Paton. There was noticeable improvement in the fielding and batsmen learned to run and call more judiciously but the lack of true batting technique and flair meant that we were bound to be vulnerable against any bowlers worthy of the name. In the event our match innings over the season averaged less than 4½ runs per wicket; and opening stands of 6, 11, 9, 0, 0, did not help middle-order morale.

The pick of the batsmen were Colin Harris (to fulfil potential he will need to tighten concentration and play down the line more strictly), Alex Paton (who must learn to hit the bad ball), Robert Wakeham, and Robert Prynne, while Paton and James Kinch constituted a useful left-arm opening bowling attack, supported by Wakeham and others with varying degrees of accuracy.

Thanks are due to our vociferous scorer, Jonathan Morris.

Scores are, with apologies to our supporters, appended next page!



M. Hammond (Form I)

May 28th: *v.* OAKLEY HALL 2nd XI (Away) Lost by 2 wickets.
Rendcomb 90 (Wakeham 31).
Oakley Hall 94-8 (Harris 4-18).

May 31st: *v.* KING'S, GLOUCESTER (Away) Cancelled.

June 4th: *v.* KINGHAM HILL (Away) Won by 7 runs.
Rendcomb 31.
Kingham Hill 24 (J. Kinch 4-13, Paton 3-4).

June 7th: *v.* SIR THOMAS RICH'S (Away) Lost by 55 runs.
Sir Thomas Rich's 79-4 (declared).
Rendcomb 24

June 14th: *v.* KING EDWARD'S, BATH (Home) Cancelled.

July 8th: *v.* MARLING SCHOOL (Home) Lost by 8 wickets.
Rendcomb 18
Marling 19-2.

July 9th: *v.* CHELTENHAM G. S. (Away) Match drawn.
Cheltenham G. S. 121-4 (declared) (J. Kinch 3-38).
Rendcomb 31-6.

The following represented the team: A. Paton (captain); R. Wakenham, B. Almond, J. Butling,
S. Hannam, C. Harris, B. Hatcher, J. Kinch, N. Kinch, J. Morris, R. Prynne, J. Suffolk, B. Uglow,
M. Hammond, P. Spackman.

J. N. H.

TENNIS

Results:

1st VI

- v. WYCLIFFE Lost 3-6.
- v. DEAN CLOSE Drew 4½-4½.
- v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S Lost 1-8.
- v. WHITEFRIARS Lost 3-6.
- v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE Lost 0-9.

Under 16 VI

- v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S Won 6-3.
- v. DEAN CLOSE Won 6-3.
- v. WYCLIFFE Won 7-2.

Under 15 VI

- v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE Lost 1½-8½
- v. WYCLIFFE Lost 3½-5½.

MARLING and WHITEFRIARS under 16 matches rained off.

The following played:

1st VI: S. Trezise, A. Fisher, B. Hatchwell, J. Allen*, S. Hawkswell, N. Townend, P. Uglow*, R. Smith, J. Gotley, D. Ind, J. Quick.

Under 16 VI: S. Hawkswell*, N. Townend, R. Palmer, R. Akers*, C. Ekin, E. Blencowe, P. Needham, I. Bishop.

Under 15 VI: R. Akers*, R. Palmer, E. Blencowe, P. Needham, R. Copley, N. Chesshire, G. Brealy, M. Archer, C. Ekin.

(* Denotes captain.)

The 1st VI results reflect the balance of the team, with the first pair usually playing well, but the other pairs unable to provide sufficient support for the team to win.

The Under 16 VI, with a different balance and two strong pairs, remained unbeaten; while the Under 15 VI lost both matches against very strong opposition.

I would like to thank Mr. Dyke for his help and encouragement throughout the term.

S. H.

With the three new hard courts coining into use for the first time, Rendcomb boys' tennis at last came of age this year. Instead of only twelve boys being able to play on games days, we had room for thirty-eight on Mondays, and twenty-eight on Wednesdays and Saturdays. With this larger 'pool' of regular players to draw from, we could field two sixes at once, instead of just one four at a time.

The results do not really show the closeness of the senior matches. Andrew Fisher and Steven Trezise made a fine first pair, though they were sometimes slow to get started. They were most tenaciously backed by Ben Hatchwell and Jonathan Allen, who were often just pipped in the tie-break, that gruelling test of serve and nerve. The Cheltenham College result shows what happened when these four could not play.

Yet credit must go to the third pair. Peter Uglow and Richard Smith raised their game time and time again, but never quite made it this year.

In the juniors, we were most fortunate that Steven Hawkswell and Neil Townend were still eligible, for they always gave us three sound victories on which to build. And by the end of term, Robert Akers and Richard Palmer were performing equally effectively. The improvement of other junior pairs augurs well for the future.

My thanks to all who played in the teams, or who sat in the minibus watching the rain come down!

T. D. D.

GIRLS' TENNIS

DESPITE 'A' levels the tennis team achieved a very consistent standard of play and a high success rate this season. As a result of the examinations the first and second teams were integrated, consisting mainly of VIB girls during the second half of the term.

A special 'thankyou' to Mrs. Holdaway for her enthusiastic support throughout.

The following have played in the teams: Jenny Watson, Annabel Williams, Joan Hecktermann, Jane Stephenson, Sally Horne, Michaela Roberts, Patricia Cam, Joanna Pettitt, Mary Alexander, Maria Bitner-Glindzicz, Liza Manners, Susan Sherwood and Rebecca Norman.

Results:

1st Team

v MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE Lost 0-9
v WESTWOOD'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL Won 5-4
v DEAN CLOSE SCHOOL Won 8-1
v ST. CLOTILDE'S CONVENT Lost 4-5
v HATHEROP CASTLE SCHOOL Won 9-0

2nd Team

—
Lost 2-7
Won 7-2
Won 7-2
Won 9-0

After Half-Term:

2nd VI

v WYCLIFFE COLLEGE Rained off 2-1
v CHOSEN HILL SCHOOL Won 9-0
v CIRENCESTER SCHOOL Won 8-1
v DEAN CLOSE SCHOOL Won 12-4

Girls VIII

v ST. CLOTILDE'S CONVENT Lost 4-5
v OLD RENDCOMBIANS Won 5-3

The standard of the girls tennis has been very promising this term and places in the teams have been keenly contested. Congratulations to all the players on some good results against schools much bigger than ourselves.

I should particularly like to thank Jenny Watson for her enthusiastic efforts as Captain and Jo Pettitt for all her hard work as games secretary.

C. A. H.

JUDO, 1979-1980

JUDO may be considered, by many, a minority sport, but to the twenty-three juniors and nine seniors who gather every Tuesday night in the New Sports Hall it is a very enjoyable and exciting hobby.

This past year has been an especially good one for the Rendcomb Judo Club.

At the Dowty Open Junior Judo championships, (recognised as the Gloucestershire Junior Championships), on the twenty-ninth of September, 1979, Rendcomb, from fifteen entrants, gained two Gold medals, one Silver medal and five quarter finalists.

The medallists were then invited to the West of England Junior Championships at Bath on the 27th October, 1979. Michael Twinning, who had won a gold at Dowty, reached the semi-finals, and gained a bronze; and Andrew Grainger also a Dowty Gold medallist, reached the quarter finals.

Michael Twinning then went on to represent the West of England in the British open individual Junior Championships at Crystal Palace, and though he wasn't placed, remained in the running long after any other member of the Gloucestershire squad.

The next championships were held at Winchcombe in November, 1979, but unfortunately only a few members of the Club were able to attend, the event clashing with an exeat weekend. Nevertheless, Michael Twinning shone again, and managed to produce yet another gold, while A. Grainger, J. Morris and B. Almond reached the quarter finals.

At this point I must offer a word of encouragement and commiseration to those who entered and did not win a medal, but I'm sure tried just as hard as anyone.



Ben Almond (Form II)

The next item on our calendar was a Junior Grading at Gloucester Y. M. C. A., this was very successful; out of thirty entrants, only four were not promoted.

The results were as follows:

A. Daniels, 16th Mon	D. Edwin, 8th Mon
T. Wilcox, 14th Mon	D. Scarlett, 8th Mon
M. Uglow, 10th Mon	A. Payne, 8th Mon
B. Almond, 10th Mon	S. Macintyre, remained 8th Mon
J. Morris, 10th Mon	J. Kinch, remained 8th Mon
B. Jenkins, 10th Mon	N. Kinch, 7th Mon
A. Watts, remained 10th Mon	M. Hicks, 7th Mon
J. Adams, 9th Mon	D. Harber, 7th Mon
D. Adshead, 9th Mon	N. Hoare, 7th Mon
J. Butling, 9th Mon	D. Denby, 7th Mon
B. Hatcher, 9th Mon	S. Hannam, 6th Mon
N. Green, remained 9th Mon	M. Stitt, 6th Mon
C. Ekin, 8th Mon	R. Bown, 5th Mon
A. Phelps, 8th Mon	A. Doyle, 5th Mon
S. Jenkins, 8th Mon	P. Grainger, 4th Mon

Over the past year twelve British Judo Association Clubs in North Gloucestershire have been sponsored by Lynworth Builders Ltd., Cheltenham, to start the Lynworth Junior Judo League.

Over a period of a year, every club fights each other, so that each club has about one match a month. There are seven members in a team, which is categorized by weight groups, and they fight the corresponding weight in the opposing team; Rendcomb are at a disadvantage because we do not have anyone light enough to qualify for the bottom weight group (a meagre 30 kilos!), and so automatically forfeit a 10 point win to any opposing team with a contestant of this weight.

To date we have played four matches, winning three, and losing one.

Rendcomb v. Cheltenham Y. M. C. A.	won 5 lost 2—Won
Rendcomb v. Churchdown	won 6 lost 1—Won
Rendcomb v. Winchcombe/Fu Su	won 2 lost 5—Lost
Rendcomb v. Salesian School A	won 5 lost 1—Won

In the last match, Salesian also lacked a lightweight, and so the match consisted of six contests only.

College Judo Team:

- Over 60 kilos, T. Daniels (captain)
- Up to 60 kilos, J. Everatt
- Up to 54 kilos, A. Phelps
- Up to 48 kilos, A. Payne
- Up to 41 kilos, B. Almond
- Up to 35 kilos, J. Morris
- Up to 30 kilos, —

Lastly, but perhaps most important of all, my thanks to Mr. K. Thome for the extensive work which goes into making Judo enjoyable for both Juniors and Seniors, and also to Mr. Alan Davis, under whose expert and enthusiastic guidance, the Seniors prosper and progress and to Mr. Gordon Tartaglia who is an invaluable sparring partner for the Seniors.

T. N. M. D.



Martin Stipp (Form I)

OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES

IN response to the appeal in this year's Newsletter, there was a good attendance at the Cricket Match and the A. G. M. on July 12th. More than eighty people thoroughly enjoyed the buffet supper and I hope that this support will be repeated next year.

It was suggested at the A. G. M. that the Cricket Match should be an all day one in 1981 and perhaps this would encourage even more O. R. s to return to Rendcomb for the reunion.

The following officers were elected for 1980-81:

<i>President:</i>	J. B. Fell
<i>Chairman:</i>	M. Whittering
<i>Vice-Chairman:</i>	C. J. Wood
<i>Secretary:</i>	F. R. Glennie
<i>Treasurer:</i>	G. F. Smith
<i>Auditor:</i>	J. F. Harris
<i>Rugby Secretary:</i>	M. P. R. Rose
<i>Hockey Secretary:</i>	J. Sinclair
<i>Tennis Secretary:</i>	J. Sinclair
<i>Cricket Secretary:</i>	D. Pearce
<i>Girls' Secretary:</i>	Jane Watson

C. J. W.