

# THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE



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J. Pedley (Form VIB)

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## EDITORIAL

Too often students fail to understand the importance of extra-curricular activities in their school lives. Taking part in these activities does not only help to bring out and develop potential talent, it is also necessary for the development of both the mental and physical health of the individual.

Any student who does not take part in some such activity and who concentrates solely on the academic side of school life is receiving an unbalanced education. There is much more to life than 'school work'; to forget about the rest is to miss the true fulfilment of one's potential. It isn't that the academic side of life isn't very important, but often at Rendcomb many people are unwilling to join clubs and societies because they feel that to do so would take too much of their free time, or, sadly, some just can't be bothered. However, such people do not realise that the exercise of mind or body which membership of a club or team introduces into their lives is, perhaps, one of the best uses they can make of their free time. Apart from the refreshment of minds and bodies, academic studies are often enhanced by pursuing some activity which is quite different. Other benefits can also accrue, for example learning to take on other responsibilities, working and socializing with other people, widening one's knowledge, to name but a few.

I dwell on this subject because I have noticed that although laziness or a lack of interest is evident throughout the School, it is perhaps more noticeable in the higher forms where the students should be setting an example. While some might argue that the range of extra-curricular activities is rather limited, it is the older students who should take the initiative in getting things going. Many claim that they are already burdened with their school work and have time for little else, but it is in the important transition period from adolescence to young adulthood

that people should be taking on responsibilities to help them grow to maturity.

In conunending this Magazine to you as evidence that many students are taking on these responsibilities, I should like to offer my thanks to the few hard-working people who made the production of this issue less of a burden on my shoulders, especially to Mr. Heales, who did the 'tidying-up' at the end of the term, and to Rebecca Davison for helping with the News in Brief. Hopefully, my scientifically orientated brain has not made this Magazine too much to bear.

Finally, I want to quote the following passage to encourage anyone who is contemplating attempting something new:

*You cannot start from  
somewhere else,  
You must begin from  
where you are.'*

## SOME NEWS IN BRIEF

As expected, the Summer Term has been the busiest and most interesting term of this academic year, with only a short break in extra-curricular activities for the examinations. Geographers and E. P. A. students have had their usual bounty of visits to the Royal Geographical Society in London and to a variety of conferences, including a two day conference at Wycliffe College on the problems of the Third World.

Other excursions have been plentiful, with the scientists paying a visit to Imperial College and University College, London; two Junior House trips to places of historical interest; VIB girls' annual visit to Berkeley Castle; and another one of the 6th Form's regular visits to Stratford, this time to see *The Merchant of Venice*.

Mr Roger Holland, a member of the College's Music Department, gave a very well received piano recital at the beginning of the term: his programme consisted of a Bach Prelude and Fugue, a Beethoven Sonata and the 'Suite Bergamasque' by Debussy. The College Choral Society and Orchestra provided another delightful evening, this time in the setting of St. Peter's Church, when they performed a Bach cantata and Purcell's *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*. Vocal soloists for this concert were Fiona J. Wilson, Eric Blencowe and John Awdry. A concert of chamber music in aid of the National Trust was provided by Jeremy French (clarinet), Serena Latham (cello), with John Willson, Lesley Hunt and Darren Peace (violin); the programme for this concert consisted of a Purcell chaconne in G minor and Mozart's Clarinet Quintet.

After many problems concerning the siting, design and cost of a new assembly hall, matters seem to have sorted themselves out (at least, for the foreseeable future) when work began towards the end of the Summer Term on converting the Conservatory for this purpose.

We are grateful to Tim Price for the gift (and planting) of two red chestnut trees and three whitebeams in Park House grounds. Tim has now moved to Cornwall, and we wish him success with his venture in setting up as an agricultural contractor.

An important landmark was reached in the history of the College during the term when Commander E. T. Thring was appointed our first bursar. We wish him well in his new job. He joins us in the middle of the Autumn Term.

We also wish the best of luck to Mr and Mrs Tim Dyke in their new home at Tiverton: Mr Dyke leaves after five years of teaching English and History (and involvement in a multitude of other things! ) and joins the staff of Blundell's School. We also said farewell to Miss Janet Anstee, Headmaster's Secretary for three years; she now does a slightly less onerous job with the National Trust.

We welcome in the place of Miss Anstee, Mrs Sandra Taylor, who started with us at the end of June. A warm welcome also to Mr S. H. Johnson and his wife, and to Mr P. M. Edwards: Mr Johnson replaces Mr Dyke in the English Department and Mr Edwards becomes the new Assistant Historian.

## **COLLEGE OFFICERS**

*Senior Prefect:* P. M. Uglow

*Prefects:* D. C. Lee, A. J. Hockin, F. A. Hughes, C. T. Brealy, M. T. Burchell, A. C. Graham-Munro,  
R. G. Hazell, T. H. Horton, A. R. Pitt, A. H. M. Simmins, C. A. J. Dick, N. M. Blencowe,  
A. D. Martyn-Smith

*Public Workman:* R. P. Scourfield Lewis.

*Church Ushers:* C. A. J. Dick, L. J. Brain, A. R. Williams, I. M. W. McCulloch, W. R. Woof

*Librarians:* A. C. Schreiber, J. A. Trigger, D. M. A. Fewings, O. C. Hutton-Potts, R. M. Stibbard,  
L. P. Norman

*Magazine Editor:* D. S. Twyman

*Cricket Captain:* M. T. Burchell

*Cricket Secretary:* M. T. Burchell

*Tennis Captain:* S. D. Hawkswell

*Tennis Secretary:* A. C. Schreiber

## **MEETING OFFICERS**

### **Summer Term 1981**

*Chairman:* J. P. Trigger

*Secretary:* C. R. Killin

*Meeting Banker:* N. J. E. Pitt

*Boys' Banker:* G. P. T. Marsh

*Council:* N. J. E. Pitt, M. George, J. C. D. C. Everatt

*M. A. C.:* C. A. Kenyon, R. Needham, K. Taylor, S. J. Hazell

*P. S. C.:* S. P. Hughes, J. S. Martyn-Smith, C. B. Hodkinson, P. E. Stroud, R. J. Copley, S. J. Oliver

*Entertainments Committee:* J. S. Martyn-Smith, S. J. Oliver, M. A. Smith, J. E. Adams, P. A. Paterson-  
Fox, D. C. Denby, J. S. Morris, M. J. Reid, D. R. G. Clark

*Food Committee:* S. D. Hawkswell, B. S. Hassall, O. C. Hutton-Potts, I. S. Bishop, M. G. Uglow,  
B. E. Uglow, N. D. Badcott, A. J. Brealy

*Senior Paperman:* M. G. Uglow

*Junior Paperman:* G. D. Thomas

*Assistant Boys' Banker:* J. E. Adams

*Snooker Committee:* R. C. MacDonald, T. N. M. Daniels, E. W. Blencowe

*Film Committee:* R. J. Copley, D. A. Peace

*Nominations Committee:* R. Evans, T. N. M. Daniels, S. P. Hughes



Catherine Milner

## MEETING NOTES

### Summer Term, 1981

THE Meeting struggles on. The general consensus of opinion is that what the Meeting does, like looking after the papers, the dance and general entertainments, it does efficiently and well; but is it really necessary for the entire sixth form and a large percentage of the rest of the school to attend the meetings when they are essentially just routine, anyway?

The Meeting lacks ideas. It is sitting there, waiting to be used, but no one is proposing anything. Some key members of the Meeting had a discussion with the Headmaster about what is wrong, and what the Meeting is really there for, and the conclusion reached was that some of the offices were too trivial for the kind of person occupying them. The answer to this problem is a general shift of responsibility for these offices to the shoulders of people lower down the school; but this has yet to be effected, or even agreed on.

I think that the present 6A have done more than anyone to try and re-ignite some life into the Meeting. Unfortunately, they will not be with us next term, but, hopefully, some members of next term's 6A will show as much faith in the Meeting's potential as they have done.

I remain optimistic. . . .

J. P. T.

## FOUNDER'S DAY, 1981

### ADDRESS BY CHAIRMAN OF GOVERNORS

Professor Dahrendorf, Headmaster, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Last year, as the most newly joined Governor, I was told to propose the Vote of Thanks to the Speaker. This year, to my surprise and, no doubt, to yours, I find myself Chairman of Governors.

This translation took place as a result of a conspiracy. Our Chairman of Trustees, Sir David Wills, is nothing if not the son of his father; our Founder, of whom it is written in "The History of Rendcomb", (I quote) "... he was diffident about his own powers, but had an almost extravagant belief in the capacity of his friends". The other conspirator was Major Peter Birchall, who gave as his excuse for standing down "that he failed to find the secret of eternal youth." A failure not at all evident to those who know him.

His service to Rendcomb over many years, not only as Chairman, but as Vice Chairman to Colonel Godman, at a time when Major Birchall was so embroiled in the affairs of Gloucestershire, meant much sacrifice of time, and much worry and hard work. I'm sure parents will more happily accept this change of helmsman when I tell them that Major Birchall is continuing on the Governing Body. Indeed, I have already come to recognise the beady look in his eye when my ideas spin over as they are apt to, into the realms of fantasy. We all thank you, sir, for what you have done for Rendcomb in the past, and for the continued use of your wisdom and experience in the future.

In speaking of the Governing Body I should also like to take this opportunity of welcoming to our ranks, Mr. Clark, the Chief Education Officer of Gloucestershire, thus perpetuating a link that goes back to the earliest days of the

College and also Admiral Sir Richard Clayton, who has a godson at the College and who has just retired from the post of Commander in Chief, Home Command. They will provide a powerful reinforcement to our ranks.

The last service which Major Birchall performed as Chairman was to settle the sad affair of the Assembly Hall. I have not time to bore you with the whole tedious business except to say this. After years of worrying as to whether we could afford to convert the Conservatory, thanks to Lord Dulverton's great kindness and deep concern for the School, the Dulverton Trust gave such support to the Appeal that the resources to build a new Hall became available and we settled on a splendid design. But alas, an objection from the other side of the valley to the first venue, was followed by opposition from the Victorian Society to the removal of the Conservatory, which provided the only alternative site. We felt so strongly that we went to law; and we lost.

So with two years wasted and inflation galloping on we are nearly back to where we started, but work on turning the Conservatory into what I anticipate will be a satisfactory, albeit rather less notable Assembly Hall, will start in the next couple of weeks. But we still have to be immensely grateful to Lord Dulverton and the Dulverton Trust, because, in the end, not one penny of all this expense will have fallen on College Funds.

I should also, at this stage, mention Mr. Corbett, a near neighbour of Rendcomb, who has made a most generous gift towards the furnishing of the Hall and also to our architects, the Falconer Partnership, who have very kindly inaugurated a Tree Fund (into which other small gifts have already flowed) which will enable us to beautify the front of Rendcomb without calling on monies which are needed for education. We are most grateful to them all.

And so to the future. It is perhaps appro-

priate, at the start of my incumbency, to reiterate to you, on behalf of my colleagues and myself, our abiding faith in the original vision of our Founder, Mr. Noel Wills, whose memory we recall today. And our determination in this topsy turvy world to carry forward his ideas.

One of the great problems facing the Western world seems to me to be that the advances in science have outstripped the capacity of mankind to comprehend the use of such advances. The arts and the sciences have a cultural history spreading back through the centuries; and there are subjects taught which form the basis of these, from the day a boy or girl starts to learn. But it is plain today that many of those who spend their life in the company of elements, cells and atoms are often inclined to treat people as if they were cells, atoms and elements—and not human beings. Whilst at the other end of the scale those educated in the humanities usually have some understanding of human beings but often far less of the possibilities of applied science.

Talking to his son and daughter, and reading the "History of Rendcomb," I believe our Founder saw that all our British traditions link trade and industry with our national life; and he perceived, too, that pure scholarship was not the be all and end all of a good education which must be broad based. And if you read the lives of our great engineers, Stephenson, Watt, Brunei, Smeaton and many others, it was a broad based education, much of it self-taught, which led them, so ably, to interpret the wonders of scientific discovery, in the context of the capacity of human nature to accept them.

So I believe it is the engineer who provides the link between the man of science and mankind. An engineer studies a subject with the instinct that it must be put to some useful purpose. Engineering is about things... about how things are made... how things

work... how things can be made to work. A personal pride in craftsmanship should be part of any educated mind. But especially is this so for the engineer. The hammer and chisel have given way to the computer; but always for the engineer the eye and the hand are part of his craft. One of the great legacies our Founder left us is that at Rendcomb we avowedly esteem work done with the hand and the eye. And this we must never forsake.

So it was no surprise to me, when I asked one of the young men soon to leave us, why he wished to become an engineer, that he should come back at me in a flash with those immortal words from the Charter of our senior engineering institution... "Why Sir, to train myself to harness the great services of power in nature for the use and convenience of man". In these days when we seem to be squandering nature's resources with the gay abandon of a drunken seaman on the binge could there possibly be a more worthwhile aspiration?

My colleagues and I have no reason to be dissatisfied with the Rendcomb performance in this field; rather the reverse. But while there must be no pushing of people towards engineering we feel we must be sure that those likely to go for this sort of future are aware of the pitfalls and possibilities at the earliest moment in their time here; and for those who do the curriculum and equipment should be the best our hard pressed resources can provide; so that they can go to a University or Polytechnic with the best possible grounding; if that is their wish.

So we have set in hand three measures. The first is of direct interest to those who might consider engineering as a career, whilst the other two are aimed at the improvement of the whole curriculum. The Governors have most gratefully accepted an offer by the Trustees to endow two lectures each year on engineering subjects; the Trustees have asked that these should be called the Michael Wills

Lectures in memory of Captain Michael Wills who was killed in action in North Africa after winning the Military Cross, who was for a short time himself a Governor and whose son, brother and sister are Governors and Trustees.

The second measure has a wider purpose and is aimed towards ensuring that our very high quality teaching Staff have the opportunity of discussing with men from different disciplines in the Universities the future needs and thrust of education nationally and at Rendcomb. So we are establishing an Academic Board whose Chairman will be on the Board of Governors and which, as an autonomous body, will make perhaps an annual visitation to Rendcomb to discuss with the Headmaster and Staff problems likely to face us in the future. Thus we hope to be apprised in good time of any foreseeable changes so that we can estimate the resources needed and decide how they should be provided.

And that brings me to the third change. We hope that a Bursar will join the Staff next term to become responsible to the Governors for all the non-teaching aspects of the College administration. Everything is getting more complicated and although the two Heads of local firms who have slaved away for us in the fields of estate management and accountancy have always given us far more of their time and experience than the very modest fees their firms receive would suggest, the Governors feel we must have a full-time nuisance on the spot. And I mean nuisance in the sense that he will be there to question and query.

Is it essential to use 4,000 gallons of hot water on a wet and dirty Rugged afternoon? Can we reduce the equivalent of 20 full-time fees we spend each year on heating and lighting? Which is most urgent—a new washing machine for Mrs. Toms to cope with the avalanche of socks and pants, or should we give Mrs. Mills and her equally enthusiastic

team in the kitchen a new deep fryer so that they can produce an even bigger avalanche of chips or, as the girls might prefer, should we invite our infinitely patient Domestic Bursar to feed the College on a very expensive high protein fat free diet? Or should we give Mr. Newby a new scrummage machine to drive the Rugger sides to even greater successes ... or should we abandon all these and give Mr. Hawkswell the bigger and better computer he so rightly craves?

Only, we believe, in this world of financial inflation, by this constant burrowing into detail by a resident Scrooge can the Governors be assured that the resources which **you** provide are directed and maximised towards the continuous improvement of the Rendcomb education (using that word in its broadest sense). This is our aim and we are determined to achieve it.

When I retired from the post of Director General of Intelligence it was my job to know more than anyone else about the formidable armoury arrayed against us from the realms of outer space down to the abysmal depths of the oceans. Yet I have never put that armoury, terrible though it is, at the top of the perils we face today.

The basic beliefs of communism are that Man is just a tool making animal; that there is nothing beyond the grave, and that the end always justifies any means. Now many people today, brought up as I guess we all were, in the Judaeo-Christian ethic, without in any way becoming Marxists, have caught a desperately dangerous secondary infection. This was described well by a famous Judge who lives not far from here when he said "If the whole dead weight of sin should fall upon the law it could not take the strain". What in fact he was saying so vividly was that without the self governing law of conscience, the law of the land, as we know it, will succumb. And as we can see all over the world, when this happens physical coercion takes place.

Some are born with a conscience. Some develop it. Some have it thrust upon them. But unhappily more and more these days seem to have caught this secondary infection and are impervious to it. I submit that conscience is one of the most important human qualities. The one on which the smooth running of any society depends. It is our sense of right and wrong. It is how we judge what is fair and right; what is just. It represents our obligations to other members of Society. It usually demands effort and nearly always great moral courage. It is the one essential vital quality for those who seek to change a world that yields only most painfully to change.

And courtesy is part of conscience. Courtesy smooths our path through life. If rudeness can be described as a weak person's imitation of strength then surely courtesy is the reflection of a strong person's confidence and inner assurance.

Now I have to report to you, who provide the wherewithal that keeps Rendcomb going, that in the short six months I have been Chairman I have found that these two essential qualities abound in, nay pervade Rendcomb. People seem to work here, not because they are coerced into work but because their conscience tells them that it is dishonest not to. People are courteous because Rendcomb has an unassailable tradition of courtesy.

The Bible says somewhere "Be kindly affectioned one to another. In honour preferring one another". There was precious little affection or honour about in those dark and terrible days when our Founder's vision created Rendcomb. A few thousand Bolsheviks, largely through manipulation and intimidation had created a society which still, today, rests solely on privilege and fear and which, whatever happens in the next few years has created this secondary infection the destruction of conscience till it has reached epidemic proportions.

I so well remember, just before he was assassinated, hearing the harsh troubled voice of Bobby Kennedy saying "Some men see things as they are and say 'why'? I dream things that never were and say 'why not'? " I think that sums up Noel Wills' vision of which Rendcomb is still the living embodiment.

Many of you, as my colleagues and I most gratefully acknowledge, make tremendous sacrifices to send your children to Rendcomb. That the teaching is good there is no doubt and we shall all do our best to keep it so. But Noel Wills put pure scholarship second; and I'm sure he was right.

Thanks to his ideas, which have been built on through six decades by a series of devoted Headmasters and a loyal and faithful fellowship in the Common Room, and amongst all who work here, Rendcomb sends out into the world, if I am any judge young men and women of conscience and of quite exceptional worth to Society. Their influence in the stormy years just ahead will, I am sure, be of the greatest help to our Nation in beating back the tide of evil which threatens to engulf us.

That this is so, is your reward, for all you have given up. It is also part of the great hope for the future which may be beyond the vision of we older ones but is not yet completely beyond the control of those who leave Rendcomb this year and in the years to come.

### **Headmaster's Speech**

Mr Chairman, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen.

In welcoming you all, I would like to add a word of special welcome to our main speaker, Professor Dahrendorf. It is well known that the Professor is one of the most distinguished Economists in Europe and when the London School of Economics secured him as their Director it was universally regarded as a feather in their cap. In the face of his enormous erudition, even that turbulent institution fell quiet.

How privileged we are then to have with us today a scholar and administrator with an international reputation, and especially now when economic recession narrows our horizons and conflicting interests in the European Community tend to emphasise our differences above our common interests. We look forward very much to hearing what Professor Dahrendorf has to say.

Here, at Rendcomb, we might appear to the uninitiated a little detached from the outside world, a moated castle in a strong, defensive position—but far from it. Firstly, on the economic front, besides sending on next October an excellent candidate to the London School of Economics we showed considerable talent in reaching the quarter finals of the National Business Game in which 400 schools compete, a battle of wits in which we have done consistently well. And not content with that, another 'board', competing in the National Stock Exchange game "Stockpiler", won the County division for the second year running, won also the Regional Competition and came 20th out of 2,000 schools in the whole country. Two silver cups and £100 is not a bad profit for six months work by part-time, unpaid directors! Their shrewd judgement is evident not only in winning but in the way they have invested the proceeds. Ignoring gilts and equities, they have ploughed it back into

education—the one investment that lasts a lifetime. Thank you stockpilers for your confidence in Rendcomb.

Secondly, there's quite an international flavour about the school at present. We have pupils from two countries in which decisive blows for freedom have been struck this year—Poland and Jamaica—not to mention nationals from Germany, Iran and America. Two study scholarships to Osnabruck have again been awarded by the German Government and a party of 25 German students from Cologne spent a day with us this term. We continue our exchange visits to Annecy and there have been two highly successful school holiday parties during the year involving over 60 people, one skiing in Italy and the other visiting the ancient sites in Greece. These contacts and these visits are not only enjoyable, they are a valuable part of a liberal education, by which I mean the understanding of our environment, of other people and of ourselves.

Incidentally, it's also quite instructive to note the idiosyncrasies of different countries, it gives you a glimpse of national character. When Gilbert Harding travelled to the U. S. A. he had to fill in a visa application—this was one of the questions: "Is it your aim to overthrow the elected government of the United States of America?" He wrote down 'Sole purpose of visit'.

Sixty years ago, give or take a month, Rendcomb had completed its first year with 12 pupils; and the plan of Noel Wills, our Founder, had been launched. In remembering him today we remember also, with sadness and with gratitude, his widow whose Memorial Service many of us attended last October. She gave every support to the School in its early days, she was a Governor for many years and her kindness and sympathy will be remembered by all who knew her. The breaking of this link with the past reminds us of the importance of a school's history and tradition, of the people who, over the years, have worked so hard for

its continuance and success; and fortified by its traditions a school must look forward constantly to the challenges that lie ahead and the innovations that are needed: but before I speak of the future I turn to some of the events of the past year. Firstly, a word of warm appreciation to Shire Hall who have maintained their support for the school at a most difficult time. I am very pleased to welcome here today Mr Clark, the Chief Education Officer. Our relationship with the County has always been cordial and we are glad to offer a service for boys in need of boarding education.

Now buildings. The addition of six new study bedrooms to Park House was in response to the continuing strong demand for girls' places and to ensure that the proportion of 1 to 2 in the VIth Form was maintained. Girls in the VIth Form are no longer an innovation but I'd claim that Rendcomb was one of the first Public Schools to take the idea seriously and the building specially designed over 10 years ago to provide equal accommodation for boys and girls still bears comparison with any that I have heard of, and is better than most. The Headmasters' Conference met this year in Edinburgh and a slogan painted on a bridge in the outskirts of the city read 'Women of Scotland unite! Phase men out!' I don't think Rendcomb girls are quite as militant as that but we *are* glad to be contributing to the changing role of women in our society. After all, it's not so long ago that an eminent lawyer wrote, "In marriage, husband and wife are one person, and that person is the husband". Hardly the basis for a life-long relationship and I think Mark Twain had the last word on this, as on many topics, when a lady gushingly said to him "What would men be without women, Mr. Twain?" He replied tersely, "Pretty scarce."

Next, the Conservatory. The Chairman has outlined the problems we have had and the solution arrived at. In spite of past disappointments I have no doubt that it will be exceptionally attractive and well suited to our pur-

poses. The Inspector, in his report, described Rendcomb as “The outstanding group of buildings”. Living amongst them we tend to lose sight of them but any newcomer must be struck by their diversity and originality. Wherever we live in future years we shall not, again, inhabit buildings of this scale and style. Some aspects of our education, such as our recognition of quality, we soak in without noticing.

Now to the work, and if I mention particularly external examinations, that is not to forget the solid progress made in every form in the school.

‘O’ levels are under attack at present and it would certainly solve many problems to have only one kind of examination at 16, provided that standards can be maintained. Still, while ‘O’ levels remain, you feel about them as you do about money—it’s an awful nuisance but it’s nice to have enough. ‘A’ levels, too, are rightly criticised for their narrowing effect and there is growing support, which I strongly endorse, for a new examination at Intermediate or ‘I’ level, two of which would be equivalent to one ‘A’ level. We badly need greater breadth in our sixth forms. Meanwhile, however, your Founder’s Day programme will have shown you the remarkable results achieved last year. Out of 36 candidates 30 gained University places, 7 at Oxford and Cambridge, including one Exhibition; this amounts to nearly 85%, while three others also went on to degree courses. Let me say first that University is not the answer for everyone. Over the years, many boys have done extremely well from here with ‘A’ levels or with ‘O’ levels. But next, I must emphasise to you all that these academic achievements will become more difficult in the coming years. Universities are cutting their intake so the standards required for entry will rise. Most people at Rendcomb work hard, but some a good deal harder than others and the competition for jobs will become more intense; the world owes nobody a living and, as a trading nation, relying for our living standards upon our inventive and competitive energies, we must encourage more of our able young men

and women, whether with ‘O’ levels, ‘A’ levels or University degrees to enter the industries from which we derive what wealth we have. I feel sure that I shall be returning to this theme in future years. I was interested by an article on Japan’s economic strength recently, and it underlined the contrast with the West from which we might learn something. It was summed up like this:

Japanese are born into families as the basic group and loyalties must work upwards from there or society cannot function. Against this is a Western view of being born as individuals and seeking a fulfilment to which first, the family, and later society should contribute. The East Asian stresses human obligations, the West human rights. I believe that in a good school, perhaps especially in a good boarding school, our obligations to each other, to our parents, to the school, and to our country, are held in balance with our rights as individuals.

This mention of the rights of individuals leads me to say something of the future of independent education. I am extremely reluctant to mention politics, but I think it would be agreed that any institution, in the same way as any individual, accused and threatened with extinction, has not only the right, but the duty to defend itself. The first leading article in *The Times* of September, 1980, was headed “An Educational Tyranny” and referred to a new phase in a long-standing campaign against the Independent Schools. It spoke of a fundamental issue of principle that education should not become a State monopoly. The right of minorities to have their children educated as they see fit is safeguarded, both by the United Nations’ covenant and by the European Convention on Human Rights, to both of which Britain is signatory. The article concluded as follows: “The onslaught on private education is a more serious invasion of basic human rights than any project yet carried into British law. To deny to parents the right to educate their children as they, rather than the state, think

right is a form of compulsion that strikes at the liberty of the individual, at liberty of conscience, at liberty of religion and at liberty of opinion. The full details of this abolition policy were set out in *The Times* less than a month ago.

What can we do in defence of this freedom? I would just ask for your help in influencing the opinions of the people you meet. Parent Power is what we need. Just as we hope that satisfied parents will tell their friends and acquaintances about Rendcomb—since no advertising we do can approach in effectiveness your personal recommendations—so all of us should by discussion and argument and by letting our M. P. 's know what we think, mobilise what support we can in order to win the middle ground. If opinion polls mean anything, a large majority of ordinary people in this country would support the continuation of Independent Schools whether their children were attending them or not.

Now I move on to more agreeable matters with a brief comment on sport. In the Welsh Rugby Centenary year it's worth remembering that the great game started in Public Schools from which many innovations have come. And when on a single day we field six teams against other schools as we sometimes do, a quick calculation will show you that 40% of the boys in the school are actually representing Rendcomb. Is this a record? It must be an exceptional proportion for any Public School, and as with so many events here I'd call it not just participation but involvement.

In case you are unsure of the difference, a little story will serve to illustrate: The chicken said to the pig "I feel like bacon and egg for breakfast, how about it?" The pig replied, "It's all right for you. You're only participating: I'm involved."

The Hockey and Netball have been highly successful, Badminton and Basketball have grown in popularity and our squash team came second in the Gloucestershire Under 19 League

level on points with the winners; it's easily the best we have ever had and I believe the same might be said of our Cricket team if they had had a fair chance to show their paces. They are at least unbeaten so far. But in what other country in the world, except perhaps Tierra del Fuego, do you have ix inches of wet snow on the first day of the Summer Term, followed by six weeks almost incessant rain? Mind you, it was the same in Shakespeare's time. Tomorrow is Mid-summer's Day, and in 'A Midsummer's Night's Dream' you may remember that when Oberon and Titania are "ill met by moonlight" proud Titania speaks these lines:

'Therefore the winds piping to us in vain  
As in revenge have sucked up from the sea  
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land  
Have every pelting river made so proud  
That they have overborne their continents.  
The spring, the summer, angry winter change  
Their wonted liveries and the mazed world  
By their increase knows not which is which.'

—And don't forget that Shakespeare wrote the play to celebrate a Royal Wedding.

It all only goes to prove the truth that England has no climate—only weather.

The main exhibition, which I hope you have seen, is a display of work from the Geography Department, and while in the Stable Courtyard you may also have noticed the newly renovated Biology Laboratory completed at Christmas. Also on show are the computers; we now have four, with one other £200 machine won in a competition on the way and a multi-user system. Notice how the manufacturers try to humanise these machines by giving them names—the sort of endearments you might use to your girl friend. First PET and now MOPPET or MUPPET—tho' its open to question whether any girl would appreciate being called a FLOPPY DISC.

For the second year running nearly half the Lower Sixth have sat the 'O' level in Computer Studies, so I can assure you that we are doing at least as much in this important

new field as any school of our size. You are no doubt aware of the extraordinary speed of change in micro-electronics and the fact that if the motor industry had developed at this pace, a Rolls Royce would now cost £1. 25, do 30, 000 miles per gallon and you'd get 7 of them on a pin head. We aim in the near future to ensure also that all those who do not choose to take the examination will at least have an elementary computer course to gain a working knowledge of what they can do.

But sometimes we also need to remind ourselves of what they can't do. A computer can write a sonnet, but it still takes a poet to write a good sonnet. So turning from machines to works of the imagination, I would first like to offer our sympathy and good wishes for recovery to Mr. Thorne, who has been ill this term but whom we shall welcome back in September. The Art Department has kept going with most capable help from two part-time practising artists, Mr Rodway and Mr Hunter.

The woodwork room has been as active as ever and possibly some people saw the display we were asked to put on at the Malvern Three Counties Show this week. You can see how attractive it was in the Front Hall of the main building.

In school drama there are broadly two approaches and both have their merits. One is to say "we are all actors, cast aside your inhibitions because there is a part for everybody". This was the idea for the Junior Plays. The other approach: "Here is a work by a major artist, only the best actors can do justice to it", and this was essential for our production of "Macbeth", the greatest morality play ever written.

Finally, what a pleasure to enjoy in successive terms, the Orchestra's rendering of Mozart's Clarinet Concerto and Mozart's Flute Concerto with the testing solo parts played by music scholars. We have also enjoyed attractive piano and song recitals and we are putting on a short recital for the National Trust in the last

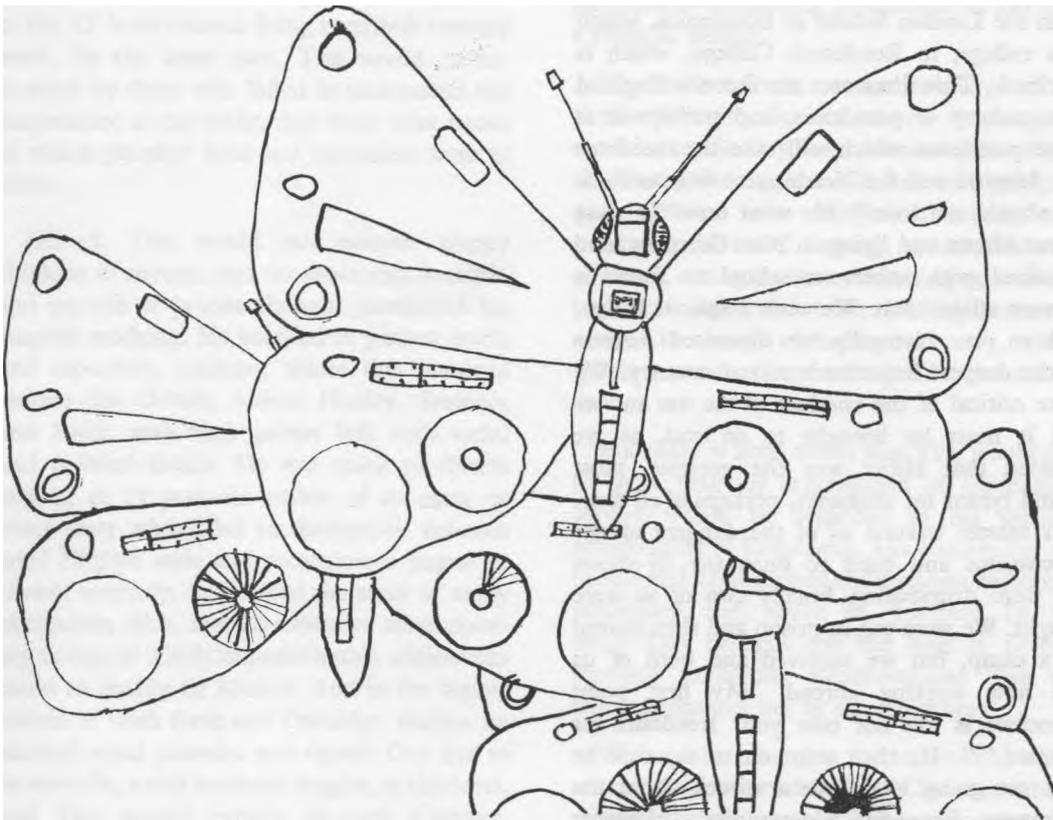
week of term. One more point. It is quite an achievement for anyone to gain Grade 8 in two instruments but one of these scholars has now gained this high standard with merit in yet a third. Of course, at the same time as studying for three Science 'A' levels. So congratulations to him.

And now, before I close, I would like to mention two people who are leaving. My secretary, Miss Janet Anstee, will be remembered by parents, I know, as well as by boys and staff, for her unfailing kindness and helpfulness. The secretary's office is one of the real nerve centres of the school and behind the warmth of welcome there exceptional qualities of tact, efficiency and dedication have kept everything running smoothly. And then Mr Dyke is leaving us, after five years, for a job at Blundell's School, where he was appointed from 60 or 70 able applicants. This, in itself, would give us a measure of his quality if we hadn't recognised it but the range of his involvement in the school has been quite remarkable. A stimulating and perceptive English teacher and play producer, tennis supremo and hockey helper, organiser of debating, Poetry Society, Folk Club, Scottish Dancing and so on. But I must speak, too, of his outstanding contribution in building up our Community Service work, the most important of our contacts with our neighbourhood. His deep personal concern for the handicapped and the disadvantaged has been an example which many boys and girls gladly followed, and it is appropriate that, as he leaves here, a girl from the VIth Form will be setting off for a year in India, teaching children in an Indian school before going up to University. So to Tim and Sally Dyke every success and happiness as they head west.

In conclusion, Ladies and Gentlemen, two groups of people. Firstly, the Governors. Few realise how much they do and how much the well-being of the school depends upon their experience and judgement. We offer our sincere thanks especially to Major Birchall, our retiring

Chairman, as we greet his successor, Admiral Sir Louis Le Bailly.

And finally, I express my warmest thanks to the Staff who have worked so hard for us all during the past year. I am sure you will want to show your appreciation for them.



Alistair Brain (Form II)

### **A Summary of the Guest Speaker's Speech**

WE shall remember Professor Dahrendorf's talk for its simplicity, clarity, enthusiasm and vision. His message was addressed to every member of the audience, but especially to the boys and girls in the school. No summary could do justice to his speech nor to its vigorous, personal style; the following is a brief and inadequate attempt.

Professor Dahrendorf spoke first of his reason for coming to Rendcomb, his friendship with Sir David Wills and his respect for him as a man with valuable ideas who took great trouble to realise them. He opened his talk by saying "I speak to you as a German with a deep affection for England—I come from the London School of Economics, which is a college, to Rendcomb College, which is a school. This illustrates the fact the England is a country of paradoxes, and perhaps it is these paradoxes which will save the freedoms the Admiral and the Headmaster were anxious we should not lose." He went on—"In 1944 I was fifteen and living in Nazi Germany, and I joined with others at school to found a current affairs club. We wore a special badge, and so on. Naturally we discussed matters of the deepest importance to our country. We were critical of the conduct of the war and we felt it must be brought to an end, as we realised that Hitler was the greatest, most brutal tyrant for centuries, perhaps of all time. Our master warned us of the dangers of our discussions and tried to burn the fly-sheets we were distributing. Finally two of us were caught. We were put in prison and then moved to a camp, but we survived and both of us are now working abroad. My first point therefore is 'do not take your freedoms for granted.' " He then went on to say that he was not going to deliver a speech about the European Economic Community. However he did wish to emphasise that Europe was a great continent, rich in its diversity but ripe for unity, its countries having produced so

much in common to shape western civilisation. This was true not only of our side of the Iron Curtain; Poland, for instance, was very much a part of Europe. He had been delighted to hear of the school's contacts with Europe. He spoke of the joy and fascination of travel in foreign countries and of the admiration one must feel for the magnificent monuments of Europe's great cities. Finally, he had also been glad to see in the school a copy of the Brandt Report. It was the need and duty of a United Europe to ensure that millions of starving and impoverished people in the world not only survived but had an opportunity of a better life.

## TIM DYKE

RENDCOMB staff rarely leave; they sometimes fade away. So it is almost with a sense of shock that we realise the College will be without Tim Dyke next term. He has accepted the post of English and Drama master at Blundell's School, and he and Sally have already bought a house at Tiverton; we think that Blundell's must be a lucky school indeed.

Below the sixth form, Tim took over the bulk of the History teaching as well as much of the English. He taught History like an English master, with imagination and a sense of drama. He was fascinated with the story of history and passed this fascination on to the first and second forms in their look at early civilisations, and to the 'O' level courses doing twentieth century work. In the latter case, Tim would be infuriated by those who failed to understand the importance of the study, that these were issues in which peoples' lives and happiness were at stake.

Indeed, Tim would not tolerate sloppy thinking in anyone; and the same zest, breadth, and pursuit of precise thought permeated his English teaching. He excelled in project work, and especially, perhaps, where this involved writers like Orwell, Aldous Huxley, Sassoon, and Swift, with their patent link with social and political trends. He was quick to disarm any 14 or 15 year-old author of an essay or short story who failed to distinguish between good English style and meretricious jargon or cliché; similarly, he disliked the array of easily obtainable, slick, morally offensive contemporary fiction to which impressionable adolescents could so readily be hooked. And in the higher realms of sixth form and Oxbridge studies he showed equal panache and rigour. One has to be versatile, a deft academic juggler, at this level, and Tim moved happily through Chaucer, Keats, Synge, Shakespeare, Lawrence, Hardy, Jane Austen, and others, with the agility of the Scottish dancer he was.

Tim has also helped to strengthen Drama as a more central part of the school mosaic, not just a twice-yearly public ritual: his Drama classes have not only brought a more personal love of the theatre to many but have sometimes prodded the aggressive into more tolerance and the diffident into more self-belief. The senior and junior plays he produced and directed will also be long remembered for their vitality, variety, and professionalism: the evening of Victorian melodrama (a genre for which he had a special affection), *Oh, What a Lovely War!*, *The Rendcomb Mystery Cycle*, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Crucible*, *Macbeth*, for example. Tim never spared himself in his drive towards theatrical excellence; during one term with a particularly demanding production he lost half a stone in weight.

The roll continues: master in charge of the Senior Debating Society; master in charge of the Literary Society, later metamorphosed into the Poetry Society, a small, informal group of sixth formers who enjoyed discussing and practising the art of writing; master in charge of tennis, sitting for hours watching agricultural backhands laced with more uplifting moments; master in charge of hockey Game 5, where sporting pariahs found a kind of fulfilment and fun.

But there is little doubt that Tim would like to think that his organisation of community service would be regarded as his greatest achievement at Rendcomb. His concern for old people and handicapped children was dedicated, passionate, and, above all, practical. In this work Tim brought out the best in people, showing numerous Rendcombians that the truest happiness lies in serving others.

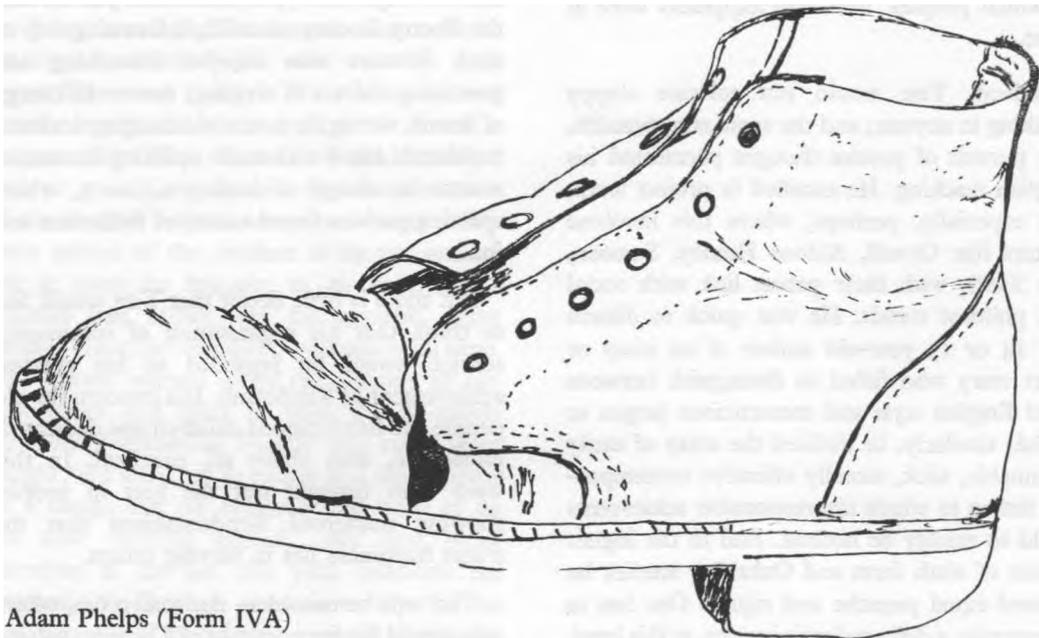
Tim will be missed in the staff-room, where we enjoyed his fiery defence of Christian values; with his slightly hunched figure and penetrating gaze, all beard and glasses, he resembled an ascetic Old Testament prophet. But his sense of fun was never absent for long and he made

no enemies, only friends. The same can be said of his wife Sally, diminutive, gentle, and twinkling, whom we shall also miss and who provided Tim with such a happy home and much aid with his play productions.

We do not apologise for the length of this tribute. Its subject is the kind of versatile young schoolmaster one does not often en-

counter in 1981, a man always prepared to put principles and the sharing of his enthusiasms before private convenience. Small wonder that Tim, his beard more grey and his guitar more mellow, will one day relish telling his grandchildren that when he left his first job among the Cotswold hills, it was found necessary to replace him by TWO men!

J. N. H., D. S. J. P.



# **Contributions**

## **SCARECROW**

**Christopher Moody (Form I)**

WELL, here I am, sodden and mouldy, standing out here on a wind-swept hell-hole of soggy mud.

The farmer, a spiteful, angry man, threatened me with a formal 'burning' at the stake. I wish I could take his place, lounging in front of a television, eating grapes, like a Roman emperor only up to date.

My bug-ridden clothes are torn and ragged. The 'shoes' he gave me, ha! They are mere scraps of ancient leather, reeking of dried up marrows. My single, solitary leg stands cracked, but firm in the sticky sludge. A crow flies down to me and viciously rips a strand of wet straw out of my arm, roughly where the elbow should be. It swoops off, cawing triumphantly until it reaches its distant nest.

The rain starts, oh no! Here I am, only my decrepit and droopy Panama hat to protect me. A small, timid drop seeps through one of the numerous holes in it and flows slowly down the papier maché-like covering of bird droppings on my sorrowful face, making me look like Nelson's Column in the thaw.

A wind gathers up, it savagely hunts for the puny mouse, hidden in the midst of my head. The mouse surfaces, it gathers up courage to scamper down my arm. A nosy kestrel eyes it curiously, hovering, poised to dive! It soars down, plucking the mouse out of the air and gliding smoothly away to shelter, before devouring it. The rain and wind worsens to hurricane proportions, a final, fatal barrage of surging rain fells me and I topple to the ground.

A surveying robin flutters over me, whilst I lie there sinking gradually into the quicksand-like mud. A small, lonely tear trundles down my cheek. I seem to cry aloud.

Who says we scarecrows have no feelings?

## **WILTSHIRE VILLAGE**

**Kerry Mallindine (Form I)**

THIS quiet little village of Blunsdon set upon a hill. It is peaceful and calm there (except for the 419 dual-carriageway which has bulldozed its way straight through the middle). Every morning I stroll around the village, meeting the local people, and chat about the day's events. You have to be careful when you come to a corner of a street because of Simon Slow, who is always trying to beat my record to deliver the papers the fastest but he never does. He always trips over his laces.

Farmer Giles is always out in the garden watering his melon, hoping he is going to win first prize at the village fete, but he never will if the vicar enters his (because the vicar's wife is judging).

Herbert, our local traffic warden, is always on the prowl looking for cars which are parked on double yellow lines. But he gets a bit frustrated when a new experimental hover-car has just come off the Blunsdon production line, because he never knows whether to book it, because it is parked, but it isn't touching the double yellow lines!

The monstrous mob are quite happy this week after just breaking into Fort Knox's vaults for the third time in three weeks.

Professor Notsoclever is in his workshop still trying to make a formula to make things disappear but he has lost the blueprints which he has written out so far.

Grandma is making a jumper for me but it looks as if she's dropped a few stitches: one arm is shorter than the other and there is no hole for my head.

## OPPORTUNITY

Charlotte Kenyon

Opportunity,  
Came to my door,  
When I was down  
On my luck,  
In the shape  
Of an old friend  
With a plan  
Guaranteed.  
He showed me  
The papers,  
As he walked me  
To the door,  
His shoes  
Finest leather.  
He said,  
“You could wear  
This style  
If you followed  
My advice.”  
He owned a gun,  
The calibre escaped me,  
But I noticed  
Straightaway  
It made me itch,  
He carried an address  
With numbers  
On the back

And an L-shaped  
Bar of iron.  
“What’s that for?”  
I asked the man,  
With eyes wide open  
And the knowledge  
In my head.  
And he said,  
“Opportunity,  
World-wide adventure,  
Money in the Bank.”  
We did the job,  
The work was  
So well done,  
No one saw us coming  
Much less leave,  
But what I dropped—  
It carried my credentials  
And a black and white  
Shot of you and me.  
“What’s that for?”  
I asked the cop  
With eyes of innocence  
And the knowledge  
In my head.  
And he said,  
“Opportunity,  
World-wide adventure  
—Let me have your hand.”



Catherine King

## THE TURRET

Darren Peace (Form V)

THE bleached, sun-eroded turret stood, solitary, sentinel over the many desolate acres of surrounding barrenness. Very occasionally, usually watched by a particularly harsh sun, a once-commanding figure could be seen leaving an unobtrusive door in the base of the tower to draw vital water from the cracked pump in the centre of what had been a quadrangle—the only difference from desert being that the sand here had been slowly but tightly packed down by the passing of innumerable feet. The bleak, harsh shadows of the crumbled walls formed jagged and menacing silhouettes which only avoided monotony by prowling slowly throughout the day from one perpendicular wall of the fort to another.

The decayed building's resident had been there for longer than he could remember. He had once been in a position of authority, but that was a long time before. However, he still recalled burying his friends, and the others, whom he preferred to term as "associates", as far away from the building as he thought he could find his way back from, after the massacre. The wagon, seriously weakened by overuse, had collapsed on his way back, and so he had no means of transport any longer. The raider had taken nothing, yet nothing was usable, except the pump, which he had guarded with his life for three indistinguishable days, the food store, which had been locked, and his personal kit.

Sometimes, to lessen his uncaring boredom, he had walked in the surrounding desert until he discovered a skeleton, containing the tattered vestiges of a uniform, baked by the wind. He had since remained inside the boundaries of the once-majestic building.

The food supply had finally been exhausted for a week. The heat and the lack of nourishment had emaciated him horribly, a proud,

blackened homunculus chapped by a vicious lamp.

He had long since stopped thinking about the possibility of rescue, as he realised that to do so only increased his anguish.

As he sat now, behind a fine table, his head resting uncomfortably on his bony arms, he did not think at all of hope, but of finality. He could sanely survive no longer. He decided.

He only uttered the faintest murmur between the window of the tower and the hard, caked ground below. The leprosy-stricken building around him registered its impassive sympathy by tenderly but pointlessly covering him with soothing darkness.

The turret shimmered, distorted by the sun's savage laughter.

## HARD CHAIR

**Richard Stibbard**

I SAT down on the hard chair and the room roared around me. The first time! It was the first time! My head roared too, and I no longer heard the noise of those around me. Their sibilant whisperings died away and the order for silence clanged around the wooden halls.

Silence reigned, followed by squeaky shoes on the polished floor making their way to the hall.

The speaker entered, followed by a guard, who closed the door abruptly. The room applauded the speaker as he began to speak. He spoke for a long time, getting more and more excited as he developed his arguments against the others, who weren't there anyway, and, at the end, was once again saluted with thunderous applause. It was not the first time for them.

Then a red curtain behind the speaker fell, revealing an open end to the hall, leading into a

huge continuation of this. There was a brilliantly coloured, richly decorated emblem at the hall's end, floodlit and startling in its size and grandeur. The speaker stood at the side of this scene, like a lecturer beside a movie-screen. And, at a signal, the parade began. When it was over, I sat shattered and blinded—it was true. There was no decision to be made. What I had seen convinced me, and I have regretted it ever since.

### THE PERFECT FORM

Beverley Hassall

One of Nature's contraries  
 Perfectly constructed, yet still vulnerable.  
 The source of sustenance  
 The first lair of a lifeform.  
 Smooth; shapely  
 Warmth radiated by texture,  
 Provided by its cover,  
 Added by another.  
 By forces beyond its control its vulnerability is  
 exploited,  
 The warmth of texture,  
 Shapeliness—destroyed.  
 Its unintended purpose prevents life,  
 Reveals more perfection.  
 The sun shines out of the moonlit waters.  
 Alternatively,  
 Naturally,  
 Its shelter no longer required  
 Freedom of movement desired by its product.  
 We see the purpose of its vulnerability,  
 Sympathetic, for even this gentle prison provides  
 a toilsome escape route.  
 The perfection of shape once more obliterated.  
 But destruction was for a worthy cause—  
 A new life.  
 More worthy than the hungry,  
 For whom it provides the alternative—  
 "Fried or boiled?"

MAY 1981

Jonathan Morris (Form III)

Tossing and turning in a restless sleep,  
 She twists around, unsure.  
 Like a multi-coloured top,  
 Spinning and changing in an eternal whirlwind  
 of weather.

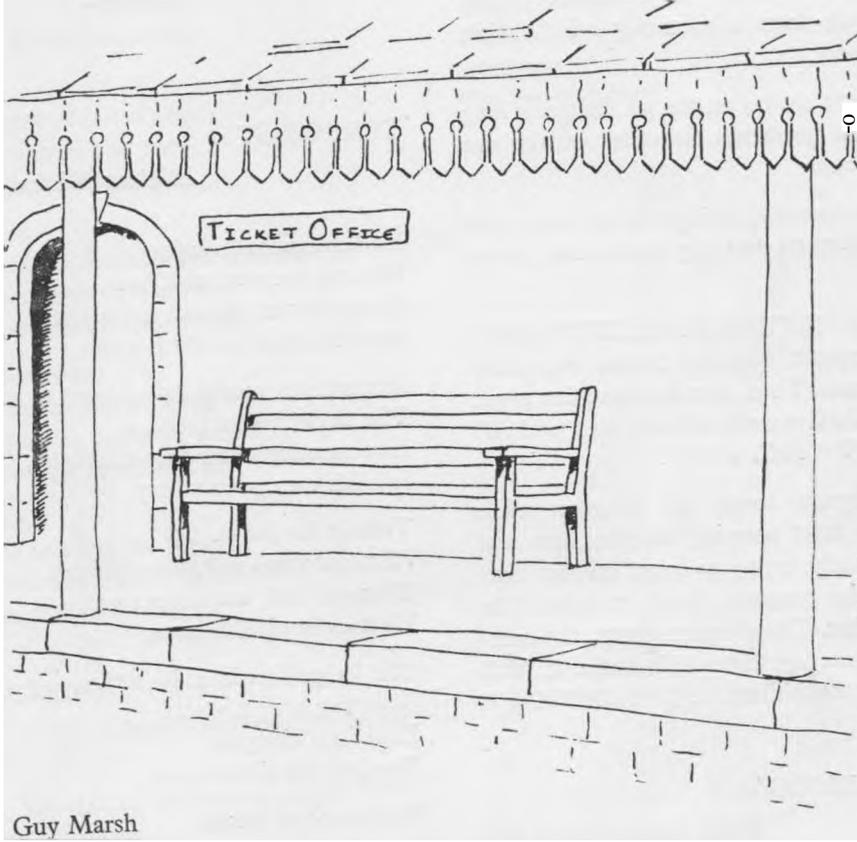
Clouds spit, hissing rain drops,  
 Depth charges onto the sullen, grey puddles.  
 Grass shines as a myriad of liquid  
 Diamonds cling on for dear life.

The field wobbles in the wind  
 Like some huge, green jelly  
 Swaying to and fro.  
 A spoon touches it;  
 And a flurry of movement scuttles  
 Across the gelatinous mass.

Tall green giants, Elm and Ash,  
 Stop their joyful rustling  
 And roar angrily.  
 Dropping huge aqueous globes on unwary  
 passers-by,  
 As they protect their own.

The weak, yellow sun appears,  
 Gathering strength as it pierces dull, grey  
 clouds.  
 The wind senses defeat,  
 And with a harpy's scream rallies her forces.

The clouds shut the golden chasm,  
 And thickened air stifles the post-diluvian  
 deluge.  
 Blinding light terrifies;  
 And the angry lion's roar of thunder  
 Signals the final apocalypse.



## COMPUTER TENSIONS

**Dominic Clark (Form I)**

BUTTONS click and fluorescent digits flash up on a luminous screen. No need for a brain, just strong fingers. It's a long program, getting tired. Sweat drips consistently off the chin onto the panel.

Computer's always on the go. Bringing long mathematical problems answers within our reach in seconds.

Masters complain, saying you are lazy; take no notice, keep on pressing in new data, never stopping.

LOAD, RUN, PEEK, POKE, STOP, NEW, LIST; computer language flashes constantly onto the screen. Then, just one more line to go. Will it work? Have weeks of hard work paid off? 3500 PRINT "THE END".

The computer stores the program while you eagerly start pressing buttons here and there, frantically trying to leave enough time to try out the program. Ready to start. The computer's hot. The program starts, the computer's overloading. You don't notice it. Will the program work? Then... BOOOOMMM!!!

## LILLIPUT BIOLOGY

**Doré Green (Form IV)**

I STOOD on a perfectly flat plain upon which were erected grey towers six times my height. Huge men-mountains moved about with metal javelins, hacking at the elephant-like hunks of meat on white tiles the size of tables. Lakes of blood surrounded these sacrifices from which particular parts were removed which were clearly of great religious importance since they were handled with great care. These parts were placed on slabs of glass and lifted onto an altar from which ascended a huge tower with knobs and screws the size of plates. The tower moved clumsily up and down, illuminated by

a huge sun which radiated immense warmth. In their hands they held tree trunks which moved rapidly across a sea of paper, recording at great length the details of the mysterious sacrifice, using huge slabs of spongy rock to make amends to their script.

## TERROR

**Michael Hicks (Form III)**

He lurches in his corner,  
His eyes are shot with hate,  
He quells the anguish in his heart.  
And his mind lets forth a tear.

His memory recalls days passed on,  
The terror he has made,  
Like running water they trickle by,  
It is his own price to pay.

Time is the judge.  
All those years will take their toll.  
Tortured still, but never captive,  
He lives in squalor now.

The Judge broods in his tower,  
Watching over his land.  
Look into his eyes  
For they are always near.

Helplessly he stands,  
A spectre numb with fear.  
Lead him to the dungeon.  
He bows, defeated.

## FISH FOUND

Darrell Adshead (Form III)

In the sea,  
Silver bodies moving in huge masses,  
Security found in numbers,  
But danger found in trouble.

In the sea,  
The cartilaginous giants roam,  
Always moving to seek prey,  
Always catch, never ceasing.

In the rivers,  
Held by reeds of camouflaged colours,  
The bodies mingle in numbers,  
Hiding away, rotting into silence.

In the backstream,  
Silently waiting, still as wire,  
The tyrant lurks, ready for action,  
Quick-tempered, ready to kill.

In the lakes,  
Flashing at insects over-blown,  
Stirring furiously for the caddis,  
Hiding, waiting to be found.

## ANNIHILATION

David George (Form III)

Her eyes, like spheres of burning topaz,  
Asphyxiate the brain,  
Suffocating it with the omnipotent gaze.

He stands transfixed,  
Like a stick,  
Making a final struggle, a Sisyphus struggle  
to combat her wants,  
Her desires,  
Her needs.

The battle for power,  
The psionic war  
Is interrupted.

“Stop! ”

A voice bellows in the foreground.

“Stop! ”

A cold, naked scimitar is drawn,  
Glinting a silver aura.

It moves quicker than the wind,  
Throwing its psychedelic beams around the  
pantheon  
Until its target is reached, and annihilated.

The putrid corpses lay, cloaked in a bath of  
maroon;  
The figure departs.



Nicholas Badcott (Form II)

## NICKNAMES

### Matthew Reid (Form I)

AN amazing conclusion can be drawn from studying nicknames as I have; and that is that seventy-five percent of them are totally non-sensical. Imagine a certain boy, let us call him "A". Then imagine two more boys, they shall be "B" and "C". Nicknames work like this:

A calls B "Smelly, " B then calls A "Cow-face", in retort. (This is not unusual, as it is human nature to give people "a taste of their own medicine", as it were. ) B and A are very happy in their spitefulness until C comes along and says to A, "Ha-ha! Cowface! That's a good 'un! " A hits C and calls him "Pig's Ear". There follows a fight, which the teacher spies and punishes both boys. (B has quietly disappeared. ) After school, A and C pick on B, for running away.

Now that, believe it or not, is an extremely simple explanation of how nicknames work. But, alas, this is not all.

Here comes "D". He is a strong-minded fellow who lives by the saying, "Sticks and stones will break my bones, but names will never hurt me", and he frequently utters these words. A, B and C stop fighting and start calling D a "Silly, sappy, sentimental, disconnected drainpipe. " D thinks this intolerably disturbing, as his dad is a plumber, so he says his "sticks and stones" bit.

Problems now arise; A, B and C take D literally, and start throwing stones at him. One stone smashes a windscreen, and A, B and C "scarper". Unknown to them is a stray lump of pebble which has been thrown onto the nearest railway track.

Two days later, A, B and D are in court. A passenger train has been derailed on the stone, killing fifty people. The woman next-door to the man with a broken windscreen saw the whole episode. C is in Tenerife and is brought

back for a separate trial. A, B and D are convicted of manslaughter, and so will C be.

All right, so the perishing idiots deserve Borstal and heavy fines. But the ironic thing is that B is not smelly, A does not look like a cow, and C has hair growing over his ears, so nobody knows if he has the ears of a pig or not!

*MORAL:* Do not call somebody something nasty, it could cost lives!

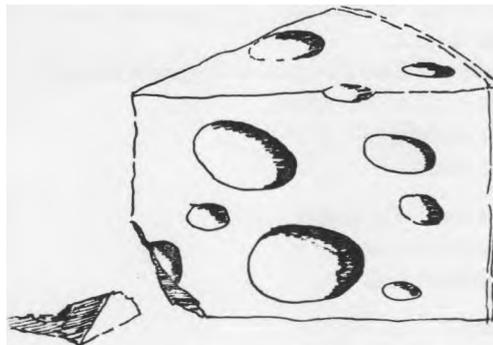
## THE ETERNAL

### Steven Hawswell

Procession moves on, the shouting is over,  
Praise to the glory of loved ones now gone.  
Talking aloud as they sit round their table,  
Scattering flowers washed down by the rain.

Stood by the gate at the foot of the garden,  
Watching them pass like clouds in the sky.  
Try to cry out in the heat of the moment,  
Possessed by a fury that burns from inside.

Cry like a child, though these years make me  
older,  
Plagued by the gate at the foot of the garden.  
No words could explain, no actions determine,  
Just watching the trees and the leaves as they  
fall.



Guy Marsh

## THE FOOL

Lucy Norman

“He’s a fool,” they said,  
because they saw in his eyes  
things which they would never know,  
things which made them back away,  
as if something had penetrated  
and had managed to touch them  
which nothing else had ever before.  
Not understanding, they called him a fool.  
“He can’t talk”, they scorned.  
But I have heard him laughing,  
as the flames he tossed spun and stung  
across the blackened sky,  
mesmerising them.  
Silent, but I could hear him laughing, gently,  
yet only I could hear him.  
He turned to me and winked.  
“What a fool,” they reassured themselves,  
turning away with the confidence sanity brings.  
But he knew that they cursed him,  
cursed him for the question each would now  
reach his soul for  
knowing never to find the answers there.  
And he laughed gently, and, taking  
my hands in his, we danced,  
and as I looked into those crystal-ball eyes  
I wondered, who really were the fools?

## COUNTRY EVENING

Calum Watson

6 O’CLOCK and the muffled chimes gently  
interrupted the singing birds. Jacob picked up  
his spade and cap, and away he ambled; mum-  
bled about the price of beer and at his lost rake.  
He looked up at the clear blue skies and sighed.  
Over the stile and along the shady lane he  
plodded, while little bits of mud dropped off  
his well-worn boots. Walking drearily in the  
middle of the lane he thought of the old days  
when the road had been dusty and the cart-  
wheels creaked around the corners. Around  
the corner; he looked up and was dazzled to

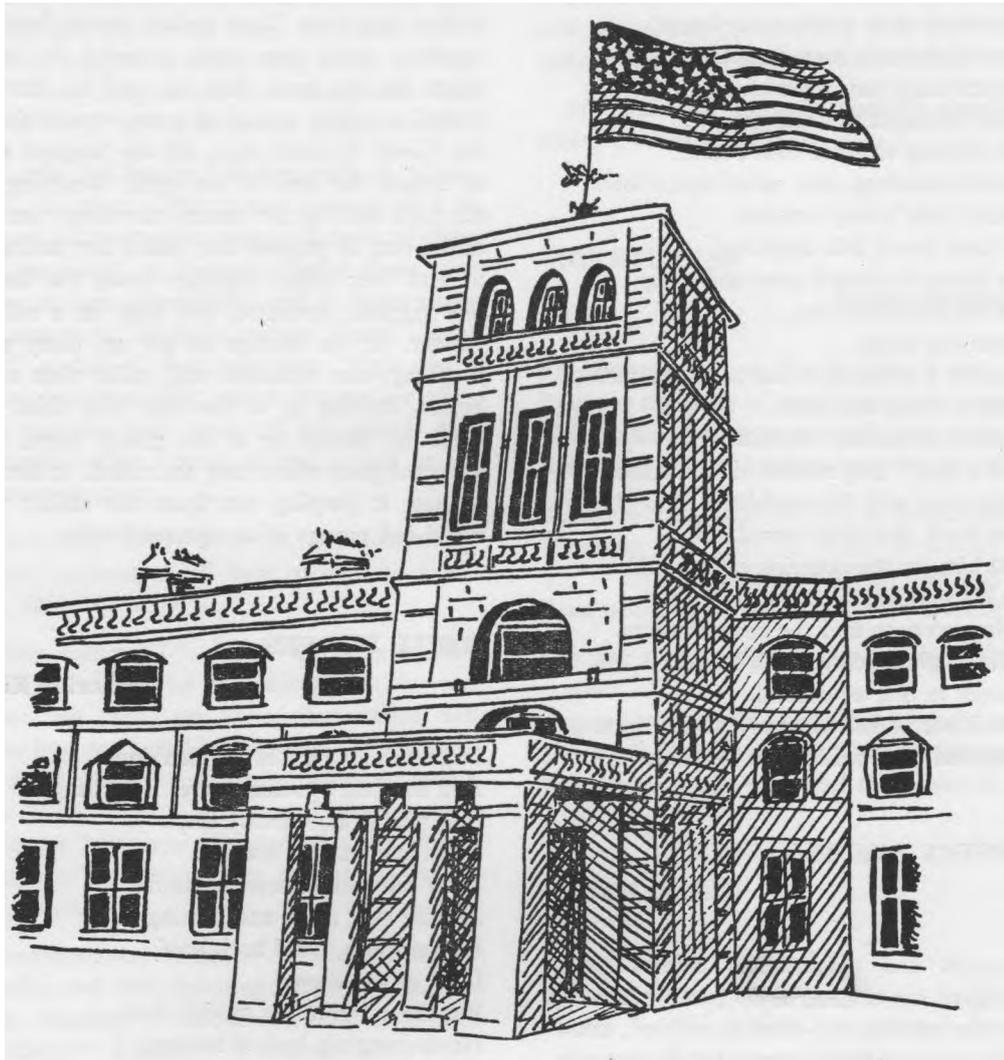
see that sun spilling through the tree-tops. He  
didn’t seem to hear the fast-approaching roar,  
the car which lifted him, left him lifeless on  
the verge.

600 yards away and unaware, the couple  
drifted into view. They walked slowly, happy,  
carefree; their cares were reserved for each  
other. By the bank they sat, and he, having  
picked a yellow strand of grass, would tickle  
her faintly freckled nose, till she laughed and  
he caught the flash of her teeth. Wearying of  
the tired buzz of the insects, the sleepy setting  
of the sun, he pushed her, pulled her, and arm  
in arm they rolled together down the bank.  
She giggled, screamed, like kids on a roller-  
coaster. At the bottom he got up, dizzy and  
laughing; she remained still, stiller than ever  
before, looking up at the clear blue skies. In  
panic he looked up at the grassy slope, the  
flattened grass where they had rolled. In horror  
he saw it peeping out from the stalks; the  
blood-red prongs of an upturned rake.

## WHITE HORSES

Catherine King

Dead stringy grass is trodden down  
And last year’s rotting leaves hang limp  
And rain monotonously drips  
From every slimy branch.  
They call white horses beautiful,  
Admire long mane and flowing tail,  
Elegant pose, tilted back hoof,  
Look of rebellion.  
But these two in the muddy field,  
Heads hanging, look of misery,  
Patient, dejected, bedraggled,  
Are they ever ‘splendid’?  
Hard to imagine, through grey rain,  
Bemuddied, crushed and spiritless,  
That they are ever galloping,  
Proud, white, through fine salt spray.



Catherine King

## MISS J. ANSTEE

JANET ANSTEE left Rendcomb at the end of June after three years as Headmaster's Secretary.

The constant pressure of work in the School Office, the interruptions, the long hours and the great variety of responsibilities involved require the Secretary to have the kind of exceptional qualities that we have seen in Janet.

I am sure that everyone who has had occasion to visit the School Office has admired the charm, friendliness and tact with which Janet has so efficiently run this "nerve-centre" of the School. She has been unfailingly courteous and welcoming to all visitors and equally helpful and patient when dealing with the constant succession of enquiries on the telephone. She has devoted herself unsparingly and unselfishly to her work, often continuing late into the evening to maintain her own meticulously high standards.

But Janet has been involved not only in the administration in the Office. However busy she has been she has always found time to show an interest in other people, and it is this involvement in the life of the School as a whole, her concern for the individual problems of staff and pupils alike and her support of many activities at Rendcomb that has won her a special place in our affections.

We are all sorry that such a good friend is leaving us, but we hope that Janet will enjoy her new job in Cirencester, to which she goes with our very best wishes and grateful appreciation for all that she has done for Rendcomb.

W. J. D. W.

## ACADEMIC RESULTS

### (Omitted from the May issue of the Magazine)

THE following passed the AO Further French Studies Examination in 1980:

George Ashe

Maria A. K. Bitner-Glindzicz

Rachel M. Medill

## CHURCH NOTES

It gives me great pleasure once again to thank all those who have helped in any way in the smooth running of our church services. Callum Dick, as the Senior Usher, has done a very good job in overseeing the distribution of books, seating arrangements and collections at the senior services. He has been ably assisted this year by Joanna Brain, Annabel Williams, Ian McCulloch and Richard Woof. An equally efficient job has been done by the ushers at the junior services, David Harber, Robert McIntyre and Barnaby Hatcher. Our thanks must also go to Tim Daniels for organising the Servers rota for the early services and to Jonathan Pedley, Chris Stratton and Simon Perkins for taking the collections at these services.

I think it is no exaggeration to say that St. Peter's has one of the best choirs in the area (at least, during term time!). The dedication of the choristers and the quality of their singing is something that we can all be very proud of. The Choir, under its Director, Mr John Willson, has produced some fine anthems which have certainly added an extra dimension to our worship. We are also indebted to Mr Roger Holland and Jeremy French for their organ accompaniment at the juniors' services. The senior services would not be the same without the joyful sound of the bells, and we are indebted to Mark Burchell, as Tower Captain, and the enthusiasm and hard work of his band of campanologists for their inspiring ringing on a Sunday morning.

OF course, much of the work for the services goes on 'behind the scenes': Fiona Comrie and Karen Fulford have worked hard cleaning the church each week; while a group from 6A did a magnificent job after their 'A' levels in spring cleaning the church and tidying up the rather inaccessible parts of the churchyard.

Bishop Cuthbert Bardsley preached on Whit Sunday and provided, as usual, a stirring sermon, and on a very appropriate day! Other guest preachers during the Summer Term have been: The Ven. T. E. Evans, Archdeacon of Cheltenham; Revd. G. W. Humphry, County Religious Education Adviser; Mr K. Greenwood, Headmaster of Kingshill School, Cirencester.

As well as collections for church maintenance this term, other recipient organisations have included: Christian Aid, R. N. L. I., Boys Town International Trust, and Pasternoster School for the Disabled, Cirencester.

J. H.

### DEBATING SOCIETY

THE two debates held this term were the last under Mr Dyke's chairmanship; many thanks to him for his services over the years. They were both well attended, and the debating was lively and interesting, though in the second debate the response from the floor to six good main speeches was nothing short of pathetic. Charlotte Kenyon, Jim Teague, Tim Daniels, Guy Healey, Mark George, Sean Hughes, Isobel Nicholas, Tim Barrow, Serena Latham and Christopher Stratton produced between them four first-class main speeches, four fairly good ones, one reasonable effort and one which left much to be desired (mentioning no names!).

In the first debate: "This House Advocates the Repatriation of the Immigrant Population", the performance by the main speakers promised a real classic, but quibbling over the obvious and irrelevant, mainly on the part of the Floor, caused the proceedings to be unnecessarily drawn out. Peter Uglow earned himself the

unenviable title of "Nazi Head Pig" and the motion was predictably defeated by 38 votes to 11.

The second debate was more light-hearted, and though the standard of the main speeches was, again, high, the Floor's contribution consisted of short pieces by just four people which was hardly enough to make a debate. This was, perhaps, due to the remark made by a certain T. Barrow: "I advise you not to speak from the floor, as you will only get your names misspelt in the Magazine. " Sound advice indeed!

The motion was, again, defeated, this time by 25 votes to 11, with 15 abstentions.

### PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

THIS term has seen a large increase (at last! ) in the number of members of the Society due in no small part to the promotion of a photographic competition and the subsequent exhibition of entries on Founder's Day. This renewed interest lies lower down in the school (the best place), with many saving-up for good quality SLR cameras.

The results of the competition were:

Colour (open)	A. Maslin, 4A
Black & white— Nature	J. Pedley, 6B
Landscape	A. Simmins, 6A
People	A. Simmins, 6A
Something different	J. Pedley, 6B

Prizes were photographic albums.

In future the closing date for the annual competition will be the end of the Lent Term to avoid examination periods, and perhaps there should be fewer categories.

The darkroom has been repaired, decorated and rewired and is now, thankfully, a more civilised room in which to carry out our hobby.

The Society has been very fortunate over the purchase of a new, robust and photographically flexible enlarger with the entire cost being met by the College to which we are indebted. I do

hope that future members use it to its full extent and prove that it was a very worthwhile investment.

As can be seen from this report, the Society is growing and continually improving and my thanks are most sincerely due to Mr Wood for the time, thought and energy (and his decorating skills), which have helped make this so.

Finally, I wish Jon Pedley, the new secretary, and all members of the Society the best of luck and enjoyment in their photography.

A. H. M. S.

### **COMMUNITY SERVICES**

WE survived the upheaval of exams and changed afternoon lesson times better than usual this year, thanks to a core of dedicated 6B visitors who have made a great impact on the communities of Paternoster House and the Querns Hospital, making real friendships with the residents. The advent of Mrs Jones to the former will certainly change the concept of visiting the elderly, as our volunteers become a sort of geriatric P. E. group!

Representation at the Windmill House Conference, a prize in the National Westminster Project Respond contest, assistance at the Querns Open Day and five P. H. A. B. -goers this holidays all reflect a vital and alive C. S. movement at Rendcomb. I am sure it will remain that way, and wish Mr Heales and all visitors the best of luck next year.

T. D. D.

### **WINDMILL HOUSE CONFERENCE**

As happened last year, this gathering of the H. M. C. Community Service Schools took place on the first exeat of term. Nevertheless, Darren Peace and Jim Teague very nobly gave up their holiday to represent the College.

We learned an enormous amount and were staggered by the enterprise of many schools,

who run tremendously sophisticated programmes, like the inshore lifeboat at Atlantic College or the technical work for the disabled of Newcastle Royal Grammar School. Such enterprises can dwarf what we do at Rendcomb, but we did leave feeling that we were, at least, on the right path.

T. D. D.

### **GARDENING**

A VARIETY of work has been carried out during the year. Last Autumn we were able to give the interior and exterior of the greenhouse a much needed coat of paint and also improve the rainwater storage system. The herbaceous borders have been further reduced, as they cannot be maintained during the holidays, and work consisted of planting up the urns and tubs instead. We hope to replace gradually the missing urns on the terrace where the geraniums to the best advantage. For formal bedding, are seen begonias, cineraria maritima, French marigolds and asters have been used.

Inside the College, after a fine show of Carlton daffodils in February, there has been a colourful display of pelargoniums, calceolarias, primulas and cyclamen. It is intended to make this display of house plants a permanent feature in the Outer Hall.

Once again I should like to thank those who have helped with the gardening during the year:

C. Milner; R. Altmiller; D. Denby; R. Copley; R. Deacon; E. Roberts; S. McIntyre;  
D. Brown, and on Wednesdays in the Summer Term: R. Stibbard; J. Teague; B. Freeman;  
R. Bendy; C. Carroll; M. Airey.

W. J. D. W.

### **FOLK CLUB**

THIS term, unfortunately, it was possible to have only two meetings. As a result of this, however, as much as possible was crammed into the hour of Sunday evening entertainment. The originality of the comedy sketches made them all the more amusing. In the last meeting of the term, members of 6A, in a last 'fling', provided much of the entertainment, and the Head-Prefects' inimitable style and humour was ever present. Once again, Nigel Pitt's acoustic guitar provided much entertainment and culture, and he was joined by other musicians to render an excellent reproduction of a "sky" track.

Next term, since, sadly, Mr Dyke is leaving, the Folk Club will be disbanded, but it is hoped that one of the new masters may be persuaded to officiate when the Club is revived in the Spring Term, and that after a term's break, and with a new sixth form, the Club will profit from a fresh start.

C. P. S.

### **BRIDGE CLUB**

THERE have been few meetings this term, as is usual in the Summer. At a small Bridge Drive at the end of term, J. Morris and R. McIntyre won first prize.

It is encouraging to find considerable interest in Bridge in the Middle School, and I hope that these players, together with the more experienced ones, will attend the meetings of the Club regularly next year.

Some senior players are leaving at the end of term, and I should like to thank, in particular, N. Blencowe, A. Munro, T. Horton and A. Pitt for the loyal support they have given to the Club for a number of years.

W. J. D. W.

### **A VISIT FROM THE MONTESSORI- HAUPTSCHULE, COLOGNE**

JENNY LANE came from Germany to spend a year in the 6th form at Rendcomb. In May her mother brought a group of students from the Montessori-Hauptschule, Cologne, where she teaches, to this country on a short visit. They stayed in Oxford, and on May 18<sup>th</sup> visited Rendcomb.

They attended some morning lessons, including a German lesson in which they explained the Montessori school system to us, and we had an interesting discussion. After lunch they were shown around the School by pupils. They found it very different from their own. We played an energetic game of volleyball in the Sports Hall and finished with tea in the 6th form common room. As the day was wet and gloomy the idea of swimming in our outdoor pool did not greatly appeal to them.

On the whole, the visit was a success, and we had a good chance to practise our German. They suggested that we should make a similar visit to their school in Germany.

C. K.



A. Simmins (Form IVA)



The theatre, Delphi



The Plaka district, Athens

## GREECE, 1981

UNDER the auspices of Mr Terrill and Mr and Mrs Wood a Rendcomb party of 30 assembled in Saul's Hall in the small hours of a wet March morning ready to depart for Gatwick Airport and from there to our ultimate destination—Athens.

Despite a recalcitrant head gasket on our coach and a turbulent flight we landed in the capital of Greece on a sunny Mediterranean afternoon.

Athens was hot, dusty, noisy and bustling, but exciting and inviting. After moving into our hotel nested in the labyrinth of small streets, typical of central Athens, we all eagerly started to explore this historic metropolis. We were surprised but delighted to find that we had not been accommodated in some impersonal suburb but right in the throbbing heart of inner city Athens.

We enjoyed all that is best of ancient and modern Athens: the epic proportions of the Acropolis, the symmetry of the Parthenon, the atmosphere of the Flea-Market and the colour of the night life.

The best was to come, however. Our first expedition took us to the magical site of ancient Delphi, the sanctuary of Apollo, which fully justified the three-hour coach journey through the foothills of mainland Greece. Warmed by a bright, spring sun we made our way up to the amphitheatre, passing the Treasury of the Athenians and the "polygonal" wall delicately inscribed with proverbs formulated before the birth of Christ. We sat for a long time on the seats of the theatre relaxing, thinking about what it must have been like in its heyday.

The next day we set off for the Peloponnese to visit the sites of Corinth, Mycenae and Epidaurus, stopping on the way to see the great man-made canal which links the Gulf of Corinth to the Saronic Gulf.

At Corinth our excellent guide showed us the remains of what was a busy trading centre, although coloured somewhat by its reputation for debauchery and the good life. Next, we journeyed to nearby Mycenae where we wondered at this classical site constructed with countless stones, many weighing several tons, pushed into place by basic muscle but astounding organisation, which testifies to the might of an ancient civilisation (1200 B. c. ). We also saw the beehive tomb reputedly built for King Agamemnon and the famous Lions' Gate entrance to the citadel.

From Mycenae we travelled to the fortified port of Nauplion where we lunched and browsed in the many local art, pottery and jewellery shops before moving on to Epidaurus.

The expertly restored theatre of Epidaurus provided a worthy climax to an exciting day. This theatre, still used, is an embodiment of the advanced construction technique of the ancient Greeks and their understanding of acoustics.

The final three days of our holiday were spent on the small island of Aegina in the Saronic Gulf. Here we relaxed, swam, ate, danced, sunbathed and explored. Even here we were still in the shadow of the heritage of ancient Greece, for above our hotel and a short walk through the woods was the temple of Afaea, which we visited on our final day.

After an unforgettable week we sadly prepared to fly back to England. We would like to have stayed but certainly many of us are determined to return one day to sample more of what we only had time to taste.

Our thanks go to Mr and Mrs Wood and Mr Terrill for organising such an enjoyable trip.

D. C. L.

**BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP  
(1st~8th April, 1981)**

**The Nettlecombe Court Story**

A RATHER tense and dry-mouthed party, uncertain of precisely what lay before them, arrived at Nettlecombe on April Fool's Day—what an omen! Our first impression of the building was of its similarity to Colditz, placed conveniently in the middle of nowhere, and, as the Warden immediately told us, those that tried to walk out normally ended up with broken legs! Taverns and night life were of a different world, and perhaps we were going to work according to the original idea. Geographers, where are you?

Seventy unfortunates representing twelve schools were split into three courses. Luckily for us we were taught by Mark Wilson—comparisons were made to Worzel Gummidge and ACP! Also the others in the group displayed the normality of character not found at Rendcomb. Boys doing Biology who were keen and enthusiastic! They do exist, but outside the home environment.

The course consisted of field work during the day and lectures in the evening.

Day 1: Primroses, primroses and more primroses. At least we can now distinguish between pin and thrum, homo- and heterostyle and the hybrid found in the garden.

Day 2: One or two more primroses and then how to construct a dichotomous key.

Day 3: Capture Mark Recapture, applied not to Mr Wilson but to lesser Water Boatmen (f. Corixidae). In the afternoon we started the 24 hr. Drift Experiment in a *Real* stream, and that of fresh water shrimps (f. Grammaridae) in an artificial stream. We were split into several small groups, sampling every 1½ hrs. in shifts. Our first shift was at 3. 30 a. m. the next day.

Taking results in the graveyard proved one of the highlights of the trip (and ½ has some

equally charming snaps to illustrate this! ). Fortunately there were no ghostly pranks since in the past one earthly ghost cracked his head open on a gravestone.

The next day was spent recovering and re-collecting several hundred boatmen in order to estimate the population (60, 000) in the pond.

Day 5: The morning of which was spent on Exmoor studying the changes of distribution of invertebrates along a stream. In the afternoon we explored a beach.

Day 6: We set up a belt transect on Porlock beach in order to study the effect of a small stream on the distribution and abundance of animals and plants. Since few could distinguish between thick and purple topshells etc., the results did not reveal quite what they should. The dog whelk and mussel populations did show what was expected.

That evening we celebrated and prepared to leave—just who was it who started the water-fight and ketchuping of the door handles? We left early the next morning so that order and respectability could be restored before the next groups arrived!

There is no question that we learnt more Biology than we ever thought we would. Biology notes and text books, whilst having their place, need to be supplemented, especially if one is to answer questions like those on Paper 2. Biology can even be fun, especially the after 9. 00 p. m. discussions! If we had the chance I am certain we would all go again.

L. M.

Ref.: "Escape from Colditz"—Major P. R.  
Reid, M. C.; "Down with Skool"—Ch. on  
"How to Avoid Botany," Williams & Searle.

### WOODWORK DISPLAY AT THE THREE COUNTIES SHOW, MALVERN

THE Gloucestershire Branch of the Royal Forestry Society invited the school to exhibit items of woodwork and turnery in their tent at the Three Counties Show from the 16th to 18th of June.

A varied selection of work, including a 2 ft. 6 in. oak reproduction bureau, oak joint stools, tripod tables, coffee tables, turned items and a selection of Rendcomb stools, made up the display.

Many prospective parents, parents and Old Rendcombians visited us as well as large numbers of the general public. This proved to be a very successful venture and a good public relations exercise.

My thanks must go to all those who loaned their work and to the staff and pupils who manned the stand.

C. C. B.

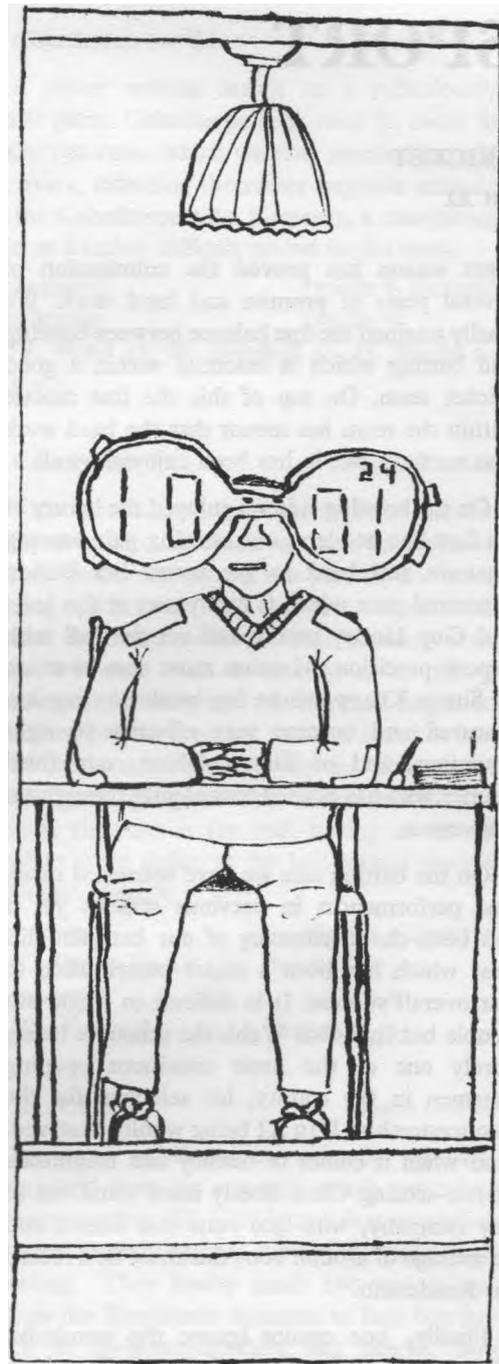
### COMPETITION IN FINE WORK IN WOOD

The competition was open to all pupils in Secondary Schools in Gloucestershire. It was sponsored and organised by the White Knight Gallery, Cheltenham, the Wyvern Branch of Educational Institute of Design, Craft and Technology, and the Local Education Authority.

Six items were entered in the Woodturning and Constructional work classes. Jonathan Quick won 1st prize in the U. 14 Woodturning (yew bowl), and Constructional class (chestnut table); Susan Sherwood 2nd prize in the Over 16 Woodturning (ash salad bowl).

The prizes were presented by Anthony Talbot, Editor of the magazine "Working Wood," at Barclays Bank, Gloucester, on the 15th of July.

C. C. B.



Giles Davies (Form I)

# SPORT

## CRICKET

### 1st XI

THIS season has proved the culmination of several years of promise and hard work. We finally attained the fine balance between bowling and batting which is essential within a good cricket team. On top of this the fine morale within the team has meant that the hard work that we have put in has been enjoyed by all.

On the bowling side we enjoyed the luxury of six first line bowlers; our opening pair proving accurate and hard to get away. Ian Bishop generated pace which is rarely met at this level and Guy Healey swung and cut the ball with superb precision. Mention must also be made of Simon Knapp, whose leg-break bowling has matured and become very effective in tight situations, and of Simon Oliver, our third seamer, who has bowled consistently throughout the season.

On the batting side we have witnessed many fine performances in previous seasons yet it has been the consistency of our batsmen this year which has been a major contribution to our overall success. It is difficult to single out people but in Robin Webb the school is losing surely one of the most consistent opening batsmen in the county, his selection for the Gloucestershire U19 XI being wholly deserved. And when it comes to fluency and magnitude of run-scoring Chris Brealy must stand out in any company, with 400 runs this season and an average of around 200; this must be a record for Rendcomb.

Finally, one cannot ignore the wonderful efforts and enthusiasm of David Essenhigh without whom we could not have been so successful. His wickets are among the best in Gloucestershire and his appetite for the game is infectious. I am sure that in years to come

he will continue to produce teams of character and ability which must be directly attributed to his guidance. Many thanks also to all those involved in arranging the teas.

### Match Reports:

v. Bredon Match Won

It would be fair to say that although this was the first match of the season, Bredon were totally outclassed by us, though their eagerness to compete must be admired.

Rendcomb 119 for 2 declared  
(R. Webb 68 n. o., R. Woof 38)  
Bredon 8 all out  
(I. Bishop 5—1, G. Healey 5—6)

v. Crypt Match Won

Another fine, consistent start from Robin Webb laid way for a fast partnership from Mark Burchell and Chris Brealy which was sufficient to put Crypt on the defensive, and they were swiftly bowled out with some very quick and accurate bowling from Ian Bishop.

Rendcomb 136 for 3 declared  
(C. Brealy 36 n. o., M. Burchell 46 n. o., R. Webb 32)  
Crypt 71 all out  
(I. Bishop 6—10)

v. Westwood's Grammar School Match Won

For once we found ourselves pinned down by some accurate bowling from Westwood's, losing 3 wickets for 40. But soon C. Brealy and M. Burchell got hold of the bowling putting on nearly 100 in an hour. With a good score at tea it was left to G. Healey and I. Bishop to again provide accurate bowling to win the match for us.

Rendcomb 169 for 4 declared  
(C. Brealy 55 n. o., M. Burchell 45)  
Westwood's 52 all out  
(I. Bishop 4—13, G. Healey 4—20)

v. North Cerney C. C.

Match Won

North Cerney played host to us with wonderful hospitality and this was a game which we all enjoyed a great deal. North Cerney batted first and the pace bowlers for once lacked penetration. However, the wicket proved ideal for spin bowling, turning quite sharply, giving ideal conditions for M. Burchell and S. Knapp to destroy the North Cerney innings. After a lovely tea it proved a formality for R. Webb and D. Woof to bat us competently to a 10 wicket victory.

North Cerney 63 all out

(M. Burchell 5 for 12)

Rendcomb 67 for 0

(R. Webb 32 n. o., D. Woof 33 n. o.)

v. Kingham Hill

Match Won

The most memorable feature of this match must be the miracle of playing cricket in such atrocious weather. However, in between the showers we managed to bowl out an obviously weak Kingham team, the ball turning quite sharply at times. As the weather improved we were not unduly worried in gaining the runs required with seven wickets remaining.

Kingham Hill 39 all out

(M. Burchell 5—16, S. Oliver 4—12)

Rendcomb 40 for 3

v. King Edward's Bath

Match Drawn

An excellent batting performance with excellent knocks from C. Brealy and R. Webb put us in a strong position to attack the Bath side. It must be said that although they defended staunchly they never looked aggressive enough to seriously threaten our large total and it was left to their tail end to fight a rear-guard action which they did successfully, achieving a draw.

Rendcomb 171 for 3 declared

(R. Webb 46, C. Brealy 72 n. o., M. Burchell 34 n. o.)

King Edward's 118 for 7

v. Cokethorpe 1st XI

Match Won

A rather tedious match on a ridiculously small pitch. Cokethorpe took over 50 overs to make 130 runs, which we then reached in only 24 overs, reflecting the rather negative attitude of the Cokethorpe side. However, a convincing win at a rather difficult period in the term.

Cokethorpe 130 for 6 declared

Rendcomb 131 for 5

(R. Woof 31, M. Burchell 42, G. Brealy 24 n. o.)

v. Cirencester C. C.

Match Drawn

This proved to be a delightful fixture enjoyed by all and which we hope to repeat in future years. Indeed, it was one of the most testing games we had to face. Rendcomb batted first and with the ball seaming both ways we were soon in trouble at 20 for 3. However, C. Brealy and M. Burchell staged an excellent recovery with a 120 run stand in just over an hour. After a lovely tea Cirencester made good progress but never looked like getting the runs at the end, having to defend hard to avoid defeat as the ball turned sharply off a good length.

Rendcomb 164 for 7 declared

(C. Brealy 81 n. o., M. Burchell 57)

Cirencester 128 for 8

(M. Burchell 4—22, I. Bishop 2—25)

v. XL Club

Match Drawn

We were privileged to welcome this distinguished team for a match which proved to be very exciting. XL Club batted first struggling to score fluently against some tight Rendcomb bowling. They finally made 160 and it was left to the Rendcomb batsmen to face bowlers such as ex-Worcestershire fast bowler Bob Carter. Again R. Webb and C. Brealy batted with great composure against some fine bowling. But with the principal batsmen gone there was no small collapse, producing an exciting finish, the scores being level when the

last ball had been bowled—a really excellent match.

XL Club	160 all out
Rendcomb	160 for 9
(R. Webb 52, C. Brealy 44)	

v. Gloucester Diocesan XI Match Won

For once we struggled against some rather mediocre bowling, the windy conditions not helping. However, fine innings from C. Brealy and G. Brealy helped us to a good score, which, against the pace of I. Bishop and G. Healey, the opposition never looked like getting, being totally taken apart by this accurate attack.

Rendcomb	175 for 6 declared
(C. Brealy 50 n. o., G. Brealy 58)	
Diocesan XI	42 all out
(I. Bishop 4—23, G. Healey 5—14)	

v. King's School, Gloucester Match Won

Rendcomb won the toss and put King's in on an obviously variable wicket. King's struggled from the first ball against a tight attack with the ball moving around unpredictably and their innings ended at a low total. Rendcomb managed the total after a few early shock wickets but Chris Brealy and Mark Burchell stabilized the middle order.

King's	57 all out
(M. Burchell 4—17, I. Bishop 4—14)	
Rendcomb	58 for 6
(C. Brealy 22)	

v. Old Rendcombians Match Won

The final match of the season against a weaker Old Boys' team than usual. The highlight of the innings was a magnificent century by Robin Webb which was carefully started and then opened out on the bowling with a great variety of superb strokes, with good support from Richard Woof.

The Old Boys' innings steadily collapsed to the opening bowling and then to the accurate

spinning ball of Simon Knapp and Mark Burchell.

Rendcomb	158 for 5 declared
(R. Webb 100 n. o., R. Woof 22)	
Old Rendcombians	44 all out
(G. Healy 3—8, S. Knapp 3—1, M. Burchell 2—5)	

M. B.

## 2nd XI

THIS year a very keen 2nd XI played two matches, winning the first and losing the second. The first match was won convincingly, the second was lost as a result of a total batting failure, partly due to three key players being absent.

I must thank Mr Dennis for being our umpire and the girls for making our teas.

The following played: A. Harris, S. Hazell (wicket keeper), A. Hedderwick (capt. ), S. Oliver, M. Archer, D. Tanner, C. Hutton-Potts, T. Barrow, C. Dewar, R. Dunwoody, S. Hughes, R. Perrett, E. Wilcox and D. Twyman.

## Results:

v. Westwood's	Won by 82 runs
Rendcomb	150 for 4
(Hazell 53, Oliver 49, Archer 27 n. o.)	
Westwood's	68 all out
(Oliver 4—15, Hedderwick 3—15)	

v. Rednock	Lost by 47 runs
Rednock	82 all out
(Hedderwick 4—13, Barrow 3—22)	
Rendcomb	35 all out
(Archer 20)	

A. H.

## U15 XI

THIS was in many ways a disappointing season; half of the matches were lost because of the weather and all of the matches played could have been won.

Webb and Mansfield were the mainstays of the batting but were well supported by Phelps, Newman and Payne. The team must learn to take the quick single to maintain a good run rate.

Although the bowlers found it difficult to maintain a good line and length most turned in some good performances. The fielding was competent, although the Latymer Upper match was lost on dropped catches. Phelps was outstanding in the outfield and saved many runs.

The side enjoy their cricket and show considerable promise. A few will make the 1st XI next season provided they work at their game during the winter.

### Results:

v. King's School Gloucester	Cancelled
v. Bredon	Won
Rendcomb	142 for 1 declared (Webb 84 n. o., Mansfield 45; Bredon 61, (Webb 5—25, Maton 3—25)
v. Crypt School	Cancelled
v. Marling	Cancelled
v. Bloxham	Cancelled
v. Marlborough College U15B	Lost
Marlborough	61 (Maton 4—4, Phelps 3—20)
Rendcomb	51
v. Sir Thomas Rich's School	Cancelled
v. King Edward's School	Drawn
Rendcomb	117 (Newman 29, Phelps 20)
King Edward's	67 for 9 (Paterson-Fox 3—7)

v. Cokethorpe	Drawn
Cokethorpe	141 (Webb 8—46)
Rendcomb	140 for 6 (Newman 48 n. o., Webb 41)
v. Latymer Upper School	Lost
Latymer Upper	131 for 7 declared (Newman 4—23)
Rendcomb	95 (Payne 42, Mansfield 23)
v. Cheltenham Grammar School	Cancelled
v. Rednock	Won
Rednock	94 (Maton 4—16, Mansfield 3—4)
Rendcomb	95 for 5 (Webb 37, Phelps 25)

The following played: A. Bailey, T. Breal, C. Fletcher, C. Mansfield, A. Maton, R. Newman, P. Paterson-Fox, A. Payne, A. Phelps, D. Webb, A. Woof, B. Knapp, C. Acocks, A. Paton.

C. C. B.

## UI4XI

### Results:

'A' v. Maidenhill (Taverners 30 overs) Lost

Rendcomb 62  
(25—2 overs)

Maidenhill 63 for 3  
v. King's School Lost  
Rendcomb 62 for 8 declared  
King's 63 for 9  
(Binder 4—10)

v. Marlborough College 'B' Drawn  
Marlborough 123 for 6 declared  
Rendcomb 70 for 7  
(Binder 47 n. o. )

v. Kingham Hill Won  
Rendcomb 49  
Kingham 29  
(Binder 4—5)

v. King Edward's, Bath Lost  
King Edward's 83 for 6 declared  
Rendcomb 21

v. Rednock Won  
Rednock HI for 2 declared  
Rendcomb 112 for 6  
(Paton 37, Binder 21)

'B' v. Marlborough College 'C' Drawn  
Marlborough 144 for 9 declared  
(Carpenter 3—11)  
Rendcomb 99 for 9  
(Hannam 20, Holland 45)

The following played: Paton (capt. ), Wakeham, Binder, Hannam, Holland, Kinch J., Awdry, Prynne, Newman, Carpenter, Harris, Uglow, Almond, Butling, Hall, Suffolk, Jenkins.

The cricket played by this year's boys lacked that very competitive edge which can make a team successful, but they did enjoy themselves and that is also important. The bowling was often far off a good length and this can be so critical at this level as they saw in the match against King Edward's School, Bath. At times,

there seemed to be considerable depth in the batting but no one found his form for any length of time due to poor concentration. Members of the team have learned a great deal during the term and this should be reflected in their performance next season.

Finally, I would like to thank Alex Paton for captaining the side and helping with other aspects of the organisation.

C. J. W.

It proved to be a difficult season against some good opposition and other teams were let off the hook by dropped catches and misfielding.

Mark Binder showed a lot of promise in both his batting and his bowling. He played the most important innings of the season against Marlborough when he scored 47 not out with some fine attacking strokes.

Perhaps the best match was the last one when a target of 112 was set by Rednock and Rendcomb achieved this for 6 wickets with minutes to spare.

A. F. P.

### U13

THE team enjoyed its cricket and made the most of limited depth of ability and match chances. The atrocious weather in the first half of term meant that only three matches were completed but there was consolation in that two of these brought victory. The games against King's, Gloucester and King Edward's, Bath, were both cliff hangers: the last wicket pair brought us home in the former, but King Edward's, after losing their first five wickets for nine runs, took advantage of dropped catches to win narrowly in rare sunshine at Bath. By contrast, good catches were held against Rednock and we were comfortable winners, Brealy, Veale and Badcott bowling tightly in this game.

To mention a few individuals, David Edwin showed some promise as a wicket-keeper/batsman, Mark Hammond (what better Glos. pedigree? ) played some good strokes among other airy ones, and Nicholas Badcott was a useful change bowler and middle-order hitter. The most promising players at this stage, however, were the all-rounders Graeme Veale, particularly effective when forcing on the off side, and Alex Brealy, who has a fluent bowling action and a feeling for batting technique and timing—the family tradition continues! All others played their part at one time or other, and this group, if they improve their running between wickets and their concentration in the field, could do well next year when augmented by (one hopes) prep, school talent.

Thanks to the team for the enjoyment generated by their keen approach, to the affable captain, Graeme Veale, and to the scorer, Dominic Scarlett.

### Results:

v. King's, Gloucester (Home) Won by 1 wicket	
(Spackman 5–6)	
King's	36
Rendcomb	37 for 9
v. King Edward's, Bath (Away) Lost by 3 wickets	
Rendcomb	32
King Edward's, Bath	36 for 7
(Veale 4–19)	
v. Rednock School, Dursley (Away)	
Won by 7 wickets	
Rednock	42
(Brealy 4–17)	
Rendcomb	43 for 3
J. N. H.	

## TENNIS

### Results:

#### 1st VI

v. Dean Close (A)	Drew $1\frac{1}{2}$ — $4\frac{1}{2}$
v. Whitefriars (A)	Cancelled (twice!)
v. Wycliffe (A)	Won $6\frac{1}{2}$ — $2\frac{1}{2}$
v. Cheltenham College (A)	Lost $2\frac{1}{2}$ — $6\frac{1}{2}$
v. Marling (H)	Lost $1\frac{1}{2}$ — $7\frac{1}{2}$
v. Sir Thomas Rich's (A)	Lost 1—8
v. Old Rendcombians	Won 9—6

The following played: S. Hawkswell (capt.), C. Schreiber, R. Akers, R. Palmer, P. Uglow, R. Smith, C. Dick, N. Blencowe, T. Horton, A. Munro.

This season's team was relatively inexperienced, and this showed in the inconsistency of the performances. The first pair played well but seemed unable to produce good tennis against weaker opponents. Akers and Palmer showed how well they could play if only their concentration were a little stronger. Uglow and Smith, the most experienced players in the team, had their finest ever season and provided a solid third pair, especially against Wycliffe where they produced a memorable display.

Because of external examinations this team was not kept throughout the season but the enthusiasm and determination of the replacements was a reflection of the popularity of tennis in the School.

Many thanks to Mr. Dyke, in his final season, for his enthusiasm and encouragement throughout this and previous seasons. His successor will have a lot to live up to.

S. H.

## U16VI

THE following played: M. Uglow, D. Stewart, C. Walton, D. Green, S. Badcott, C. Dewar, S. Hazell, O. Medill, D. Edwin, R. Khosrowshahi, N. Cheshire, E. Blencowe, P. Needham.

v. Wycliffe (A)	Lost $7\frac{1}{2}$ — $1\frac{1}{2}$
v. Dean Close (A)	Lost $6\frac{1}{2}$ — $2\frac{1}{2}$
v. Sir Thomas Rich's (A)	Lost 9—0

With thirty-six boys and twenty girls playing tennis this term even our new resources have been stretched, especially in the early weeks, when play on grass was impossible. However, the fact that twenty-three boys played for the school reflected an encouraging depth of talent, especially in 6A and 5th forms. Unfortunately, many of these players will not be here next year and the apparent swing back to cricket in the third year may mean a weaker side in the future. Nevertheless, interest in tennis continues to flourish, though one hopes that boys will remember to emulate Macenroe's play, but not his behaviour!

I would like to thank all teams for their unfailing dedication and good humour, and Steven for leading them from the front, as a captain should.

T. D. D.

## GIRLS' TENNIS

	1st VI	2nd VI
v. Marlborough	Lost 3-6	Lost 0-9
v. Westwood's		
Grammar School	Won 6-3	Lost 5-4
v. Cirencester School	Won 8-1	-
v. Dean Close School	Won 7-2	Won 3½-1½
		(4 played)
v. Hatherop Castle	Cancelled	
v. Chosen Hill School	-	Won 5-4
v. Wycliffe College	Won 7-2	Won 6-3
v. Dean Close School		
1st VI	-	Lost 3-6
v. St. Clothilde's		
Convent	Lost 3-6	Won 9-0
v. Wycliffe College	Won 6-3	-
v. Charlton Park Convent	-	Lost 1-8

The 1st team had a very good season, and much of their success can be attributed to the excellent 1st pair of Jane Franklin and Annabel Williams, who did not lose a set in any match. The remainder of the team also played to a very high standard and this is reflected in the overall results.

The 2nd team made a slower start to the season than the 1st team, but after losing the first two matches pulled back to win the following three. There was a lot of competition for the position of 3rd pair which meant that during the season more people were involved than the statutory six.

Our grateful thanks go to Serena and Fiona for supplying the scrumptious teas, and also to Mrs Holdaway, who drove us to and from the matches and provided the much needed moral support.

The 1st Girls' Tennis VI have played exceptionally well against tough opposition, particularly our unbeaten 1st couple. I am most grateful to Jo Pettitt and Carolyn Killin, the games secretaries, for all their hard work.

C. A. H.

## **JUDO, 1980—81**

THE year started quite pleasingly: Rendcomb was well represented in the Gloucestershire Junior Open Championships and came away with four medals:

J. Morris—Silver  
S. Jenkins—Bronze  
J. Everatt—Bronze  
T. Daniels—Bronze

The medallists, plus B. Almond, went on to represent Gloucestershire in the British Judo Association Western Area Junior Judo Championships. The Rendcomb contingent all managed to get through the preliminary rounds, but were eliminated during the knock-out section.

The next event was a Junior Grading, at the Gloucestershire Y. M. C. A. in September. Out of 24 entrants, 21 were promoted, and 3 retained their former grade: an indication of the enthusiasm amongst the Junior members of the club.

At the end of the 1980 season, Rendcomb was in sixth place in the Lynworth League. So far this season we have had two League matches, both of which we won convincingly, I hope that this is indicative of future results.

Although the Judo Club has been attended with enthusiasm, the actual numbers have been rather low, especially in the Senior section. This problem, we hope, will be partly overcome in September; however, we would welcome the return of any former Judo player, especially in the upper section of the School.

Many thanks to Alan Davis for devoting so much of his time to us, and also thanks to Paul Godsell, Gordon Tartaglia and other members of the Cheltenham Y. M. C. A. Judo Club, who provide such valuable sparring partners. Finally, we look forward to welcoming Mr Thorne 'back to the fold' after his unfortunate absence.

T. N. M. D.

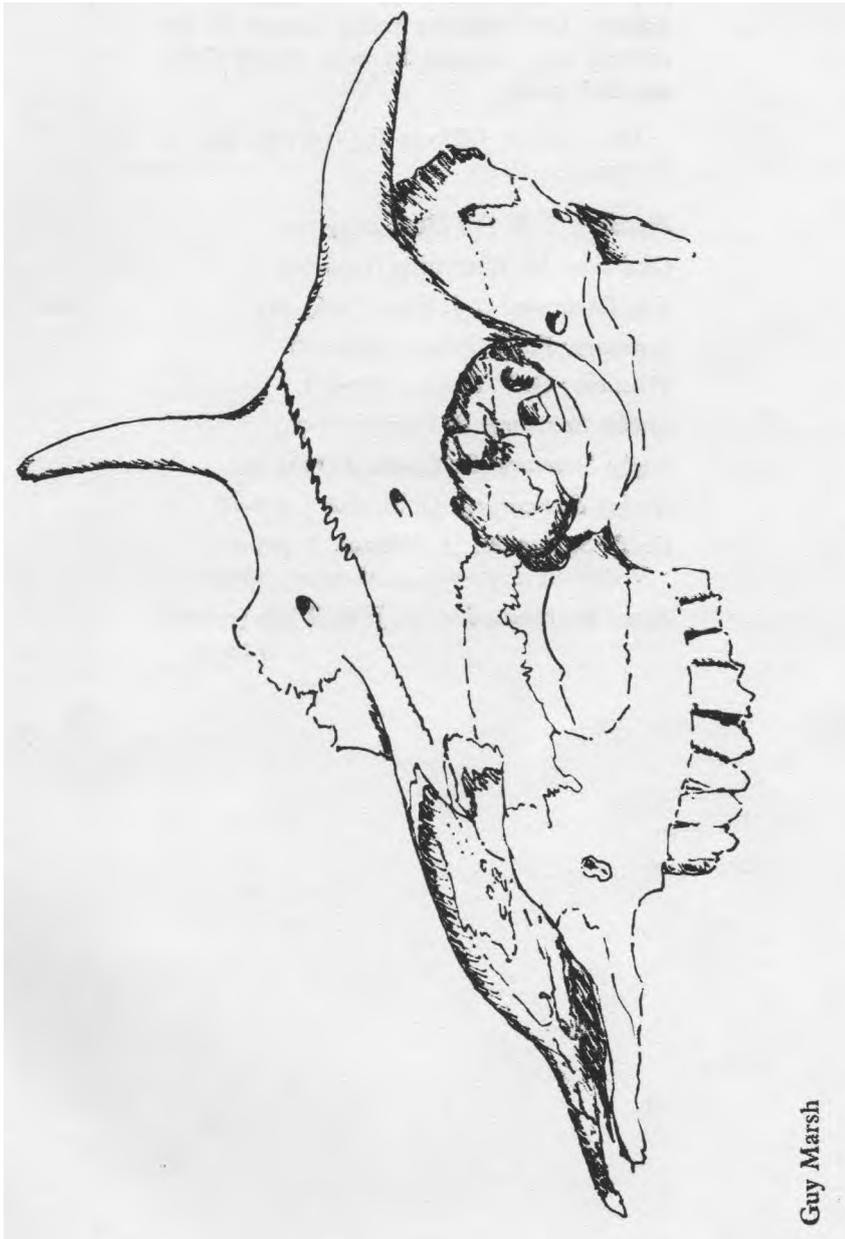
## **BADMINTON**

DESPITE the large number of other activities occupying the same time slot as our Wednesday evening meetings, enthusiasm has remained high this term.

On July 1st, three members of our club and several more from the Corinium Club in Cirencester successfully passed the Carlton E. S. B. A. Bronze Award for proficiency at the sport.

The following Sunday a mixed team from Corinium and Rendcomb played away against a strong team from Stroud. Victory was always in our grasp, four of the games being won or lost 21—20. However, one or two bad errors on our part pushed the advantage to their side, and Stroud eventually won 6—3.

J. R. L. P.



## **OLD RENDCOMBIAN NEWS**

THE Annual General Meeting was held on July nth after the cricket match against the School. The excellent buffet supper in the evening was attended by over eighty O. R.s and their guests.

The Society Officers for 1981/82 are as follows:

*President:* J. B. Fell (Staff 1934-73)

*Chairman:* M. Whittering (1956-61)

*Vice Chairman:* C. J. Wood (1965-71)

*Secretary:* F. R. Glennie (1959-67)

*Treasurer:* G. F. Smith (1960-67)

*Cricket Secretary:* R. Page (1973-78)

*Rugby Secretary:* D. Beanland (1974-79)

*Hockey Secretary:* J. D. Sinclair (1972-78)

*Girls' Secretaries:* J. Watson (1975-77)5

V. Powell (1977-79)5 L. Manners (1979-81)

*School Representative:* W. J. D. White (1961-)

W. J. D. W.