

THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE



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EDITORIAL

EXACTLY eighty years ago the Rev. George Kempson, Rector of Rendcomb(e), published (at sixpence per copy) a long poem he had written in honour of the village which had welcomed him two years before. Its literary merit is a matter of opinion but the present Editors, in a climate mingling Christmas ecstasy with December blues, felt that the poem would— tempting thought—suitably replace a formal Editorial and might be of interest both to those who know Rendcomb's history well and those who would like to know it better. Thus we reproduce the poem in full, with Kempson's own explanatory notes accompanying it.

RENDCOMBE

"lovelier
Than all the valleys of the *Cotswold Hills*. "
—*Tennyson*

A narrow valley in the Cotswold hills,
Down which a river winds its crooked way: — Here
sluggish, where the water is dammed up To turn the
Mill down yonder by the bridge; (Thus Thames doth
show his strength in infancy, Though hereabouts the
natives call him Churn). Here merrily babbling o'er
its pebbly bed;
On either bank rich meadows, where knee-deep The
cattle pasture, reaching to the slopes Which mount
on either side with steep ascent. Close underneath
the hill upon the right A highway, fringed with larch
and towering pine, In which lithe squirrels gambol
all the day, Leaping with graceful bounds from tree
to tree. Behind, the road ascends to Thames his
fount— Before, it leads you to the ancient town Of
Roman Cirencester, and the Vale,
O'er which presides the ghostly pale White Horse.
All round are stately trees, Wych-elm and oak,
Chestnut and beech, whose gray and gnarled trunks
Could tell, if they could speak, a wondrous tale Of
by-gone years: —What time the Norman Knights,
Armed, cap-a-pied, in glittering coats of mail,
Chased the wild boar and deer amid the glades Of
Eycot's thickets, or withstood the shock Of English
yeomen and their cloth-yard shafts; Or, later on, of
bloody wars maintained By rival nobles, greedy for
the sake Of this or that pretender to the Crown;
Or, still a little later, of gay troops Of Cavaliers,
bedecked in lace and gold.
Swearing and boastful, drinking, roisterous,
Yet faithful ever to a faithless king;
And Cromwell's soldiers, clad in sober trim, Waking
the echoes of the opposing hills With canting texts
and nasal psalmody,
Yet fighting with relentless iron heart.
But all are now forgotten: —armoured knights,

Lancastrians, Yorkists, crop-eared Puritans,
And dandy Cavaliers, have all marched past And
vanished, while the sturdy oak remains,
A witness to the littleness of man.
Peace reigns supreme: no martial trumpet now
Affrights the traveller with its wild alarms,
Or scares the lusty labourer from his work To seek a
hiding place secure from harm.
The only music now which meets the ear Is horn of
huntsman and the bay of hounds, Welcome to all,
who flock to join the sport.
The woodman throws his axe beside the tree,
The team is left mid-furrow on the land,
The hedger chucks his bill-hook in the ditch And
madly joins the hunt, till out of breath.
It is a stirring sight to see the meet At Rendcombe
Park. The Master leads the way To draw the
neighbouring coverts—Tally ho!
The fox is stealing off to Conigree!
The hounds bay out their music, while the crowd Of
gentlemen in pink and ladies fair,
All push their horses up the carriage drive Beneath
the windows of the noble hall,
A splendid mansion in the Italian style,
Designed by Hardwick, for the wealthy Jew Sir
Francis Goldsmid, who had bought the place From
good Sir John, whose family had dwelt Contented,
for two hundred years and more, Beneath the roof
tree of an English home.
Superb it stands upon an eminence Of rich green
sward—there, where they've cleared away
The forest, that the sun may blaze at will With
undiminished strength upon its walls,
And all that pass be dazzled by the sight Of Majesty
enthroned in Beauty's lap.
A little further to the right is seen The modest tower
of Rendcombe's parish church, Built by the Lord of
Fairford, Edmund Tame, When the Eighth Henry
sat upon the throne, Snugly ensconced beneath
those mighty trees Which crown the hill's crest—
called "The Wilderness. "
Here rooks and jackdaws sit in high conclave,
And solemnly discuss their ways and means In early
morn, before they separate To seek abroad their
daily sustenance;
At even also, ere they go to roost,
To settle, I suppose, where each shall sleep.
A little further to the right peep out The grey stone
chimneys of the Rectory,
For forty years the home of Joseph Pitt. Well-known
was he throughout the Western shires, Dubbed by
the Bishop "Father of the Hunt. " Gentle and simple,
all were "Joe's" good friends, For neighbourly he
was to all alike,
As welcome in the mansions of the great As in the
cottage, or the Farmers' Club,
A fearless, upright English gentleman.
Such, sketched in roughest outline in the Chase Of
Rendcombe, beautiful beyond conceit Throughout
the year, but then perhaps most choice In colour,
when profuse of browns and reds And gold
commingled, Autumn spreads his store Of Nature's
pigments, when the trees are clothed In richest
hues, and, underneath, the soil Is thickly spread
with layers of fallen leaves, Making a carpet fairer
than the looms Of Axminster or Turkey can supply.
To breathe the air of Rendcombe is to live;
So fresh, so pure, so sweet, you cannot help

But open wide the mouth to drink it in, Tempering
the heat rays of the scorching sun Which loves to
shed his splendour o'er the scene, From out a
firmament of liquid blue.
Here surely may the soul expand and cry,
"All glory be to God for all His gifts."

GEO. A. E. KEMPSON

Rendcombe Rectory.

NOTES

Line 4—There was a mill here from very⁷ early time. It is mentioned in "Domesday Book."

Line 5—The Churn is one of the principal affluents of the Thames.

Line 12—The Cheltenham and Cirencester road.

Line 15—The "Seven Springs," generally reckoned as the source of the Thames.

Line 17—Cirencester, *i. e.*, the camp on the Chum, called by the Romans "Corinium."

Line 18—The Vale of the White Horse.

Line 23—From "Domesday Book" we learn that the Manor of Rendcombe, which belonged to Aluric the Saxon in the days of Edward the Confessor, was granted by William the Conqueror to Turolf. His son Gislebert, on taking part against William Rufus, was dispossessed, and the estate given to Robert Fitz Hamon, a son of Henry the First, afterwards created Earl of Gloucester. His granddaughter Amice inherited Rendcombe, and was married to Richard de Clare.

Line 25—Eycot, the name of a forest manor adjoining Rendcombe, now part of the estate. It was formerly the property of the Dean and Chapter of Worcester.

Line 27—Rendcombe remained in the Clare family for more than three centuries, sometimes passing through the female line, till forfeited by the last representative of that line, the Duke of Buckingham, who was attainted by Act of Parliament in the reign of Henry VI. It was afterwards granted by Edward IV to Warwick, the King-maker.

Line 55—The master of the Cotswold Hunt, W. Hicks-Beach, Esq.

Line 57—Conigree is the name of the high ridge which bounds Rendcombe Park towards the East.

Line 65—The estate did not remain long in the possession of the Warwick family. It was granted to John Tame, a wealthy merchant, who also had bought the manor of Fairford. He died in the year 1500, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Edmund Tame. Margaret, his granddaughter, one of three co-heiresses, received Rendcombe for her portion, and being married to Sir Humphry Stafford carried the estate into that family. About the year 1600 it was sold to Sir Richard Berkeley. His son, Sir Maurice Berkeley, having strongly espoused the cause of King Charles I, suffered greatly in the Civil War, and had to pay a very heavy fine to the Commonwealth. The Manor next passed by purchase to Sir Christopher Guise, in whose family it remained for some two centuries, Sir John Guise selling it to Sir Francis Goldsmid in the year 1853. It is now in the possession of James Taylor, Esq., who, at a great cost, has done much to bring back the farms into thorough cultivation.

Line 76—Sir Edmund Tame, son of John Tame, who built Fairford Church, to receive the celebrated stained glass which he had captured on the high seas, appears to have re-built Rendcombe Church about the year 1530. In the north wall are built in some arches evidently belonging to an earlier structure. The tower, too, is of older date. Some few pieces of the Fairford glass are found here—notably the central light of the window opposite the porch.

Line 80—The large flocks of rooks are a great feature of Rendcombe Park, which possesses what is called a "Home Rookery."

Line 88—The Rev. Joseph Pitt held the living of Rendcombe for forty-three years, having inherited the living from his father, the Rev. Cornelius Pitt, who was once curate of Chedworth. Being out of health, he resigned the living in 1887, and is now residing at Torquay, and, I rejoice to add, in good health and spirits.

Line 99—The beech tree predominates all over the estate, and especially in the Park, which in the month of October is literally carpeted with leaves.

G. A. E. K.

COLLEGE OFFICERS

Senior Prefect—M. R. Dow

Prefects and Group Leaders—R. Arkell; P. B.

Jones; A. J. C. Walker; N. H. Wapshott

Public Workman—O. G. Rhys

Church Ushers—P. B. Jones; O. G. Rhys

Librarians—N. R. H. Evans; D. Tyler; C. P. I. Moore; C. J. Wood; R. Roberts

Music Librarians—M. Garland-Collins; B. Robertson; C. Probert.

Bell-ringers—A. J. C. Walker (Tower Captain); A. Patrick; N. A. Johnson; R. Millard; K. Warren; A. Thompson; J. D. Williams; M. Brown; J. Smith; D. Pearce; P. Walton; M. Fisher

Stage Managers—A. Patrick; D. J. Simmons

Stagemen—W. Nesham; I. R. Niel; C. H. Moore; A. Wookey

Editors—A. J. C. Walker; O. G. Rhys; N. O. Thomas

MEETING OFFICERS

Chairman—N. M. Collins

Secretary—C. H. Moore

Games Captain—M. R. Dow

Games Committee—M. R. Dow; N. M. Collins;
N. A. Johnson; O. G. Rhys

Games Secretary—N. M. Collins

Council—H. Thompson; M. R. Dow; P. B. Jones;
A. J. C. Walker; W. Nesham; N. A. Johnson

Nominations Committee—M. R. Dow; N. A. Johnson;
A. Patrick

Meeting Advisory Committee—P. B. Jones;
A. Patrick; D. J. Simmons

Meeting Banker—A. Patrick *Shop*

Banker—R. A. Law

Boys' Banker—K. Warren

Senior Shopman—R. Pyecroft

Entertainments Committee—N. A. Johnson; J. Simmons;
D. M. Toresen; N. Willford; N. Ball

Christmas Party Committee—N. H. Wapshott; N. M. Collins;
N. O. Thomas; R. Morris; M. Brown; C. Partridge

Breakages Man—R. Ingles

Junior Advocate—J. D. Williams

Meeting Editor—N. M. Collins

Cricket Secretary—R. A. Law

Hockey Secretary—N. A. Johnson

MISCELLANEA

WE regretfully announce the recent death of Mrs. Pressland; an appreciation of her and of her work for the College will be found in this issue.

Mr. Fell took over the job of Second Master this term. He is also in charge of this magazine's Old Boys Notes and would be glad to hear news of all Old Rendcombians, whether recent

or more ancient, so that the Notes can be made more comprehensive.

We say goodbye to the following boys and wish them luck in the future: M. R. Dow, C. J. Elliot, R. M. Arkell, D. R. Brown, N. M. Collins.

The College has enjoyed several Mountaineering and British Transport films this term.

David Mabberley returned to the College on 30th November to give a lecture on an expedition to Kenya in which he was involved.

Sixth Form parties went to Stratford on 23rd September and 18th November to see *Twelfth Night* and *The Winter's Tale* respectively. Another smaller Sixth Form party went to see *The Miser* at Oxford. A Fifth Form party saw *Henry V* at the Theatre Royal, Bath, on 2nd October.

Dancing and Judo classes continued this term under the supervision of Mrs. Scott and Mr. Davis respectively.

The photographs for this issue were contributed by D. R. Brown, whose help in recent terms we gratefully acknowledge. The line drawings are by C. D. Horton, G. J. Dorey, R. Weston, and N. Willford.

The annual Christmas Party, a big success which, among other things, featured a spectacular descent from space by the Headmaster dressed as the Fairy Godmother, took place on December 5th. It is reviewed later in this issue.

Despite one or two crises of construction the new Squash courts are progressing rapidly and should be ready for play early in 1970.

A dance was held at the College on Saturday, December 6th.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey on the birth of a second daughter, Ruth Barbara.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. James would like to take this opportunity to express their thanks and appreciation to the Staff, to the old Rendcombian Society, and to the boys of the College, for their very generous gifts and for their very warm good wishes on their retirement last July.

* * *

Congratulations to M. R. Dow, awarded an Open Scholarship in Natural Sciences at Emmanuel College, Cambridge; to R. Arkell, awarded the Woodward Scholarship (Natural Sciences) at Wadham College, Oxford; to C. J. Elliott, awarded a place to read Natural Sciences at Trinity Hall, Cambridge; and to N. M. Collins, awarded a place to read Zoology at Wadham College, Oxford.

* * *

We acknowledge receipt of *The Wycliffe Star*; *The Kingham Hill School Magazine*; *The King's School, Gloucester Magazine*; *The Gresham*; and apologise for any omissions.

G. C. E. RESULTS 1969

A level: —

THE following were successful in the subjects shown. * denotes Grade A. (M) denotes Merit. (D) denotes distinction.

R. H. Arkell—Maths (M)*, Phys. (M)*, Chem *
 M. R. Barnes—Hist., * Econ. plus Pub. Affairs*.
 K. Belcher—Maths, Phys., Chem.
 D. Black—English, Hist.
 S. J. Brisk—English (M), Hist.
 D. R. Brown—Maths, Phys. *, Chem. *
 N. M. Collins—Chem., Botany, Zoology (M).
 M. R. Dow^T—Maths*, Phys. (D)*, Chem. *
 C. J. Elliott—Maths (D)*, Phys. (M)*, Chem. *
 N. Green—Maths.

H. D. Greenlaw—Chem., Botany(M), Zoology (M).
 S. Hook—Chem., Botany, Zoology (M).
 P. B. Jones—English, Hist.
 A. Laan—Phys.
 R. Laan—Maths, Phys., Chem.
 T. Liddle—Pure Maths, Applied Maths, Phys. (M), Chem.
 B. P. Mabberley—French
 M. B. Rees—Maths, Phys*, Chem.
 H. Thompson—Maths, Phys., Chem.
 A. J. C. Walker—English (M), Hist.
 N. H. Wapshott—English (M), Hist. (M)
 R. Wood—Maths, Phys.
 E. Yates—Maths, Phys., Chem.

O level: —

THE following were successful in the subjects shown: —

C. C. A. Bradshaw—Eng. Lang, Eng. Lit., Hist.
 O. N. Brown—Eng. Lit, Maths, Chem.
 J. M. Gray—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Maths, Hist., Latin, French, Phys., Chem., Biology
 S. Hall—Hist., Phys., Woodwork
 J. R. Harris—Eng. Lit.
 J. S. Hindle—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Hist., French, Maths, Phys., Chem., Biology, Woodwork
 P. Isaac—Eng. Lit., Woodwork.
 R. J. H. Laycock—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Hist.
 R. Mace—Eng. Lit., Hist., Latin, Maths, Phys, Chem., Biology
 C. H. Moore—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Hist., Phys., Chem.
 I. R. Niel—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Latin, French, Maths, Phys., Chem., Biology
 D. M. Parsons—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Hist., Latin, French, Phys., Chem., Biology.
 T. Patrick—Maths, Phys., Biology, Woodwork.
 R. C. Rolt—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Hist., Maths, Phys., Chem.
 C. J. A. Rose—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Hist., Latin, French, Phys., Chem., Biology.
 A. A. Ross—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Hist., Latin, French, Maths, Phys., Chem., Biology
 A. J. Stafford—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Hist., Latin, French, Maths, Phys, Chem., Biology

N. O. Thomas—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Latin,
French, Phys., Chem., Biology
A. Thompson—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Hist.,
Latin, French, Phys., Chem., Biology
D. M. Toresen—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Hist.,
Latin, French, Maths.
J. D. Williams—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Hist.,
Phys, Chem., Biology
C. J. Wood—Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Hist.,
Latin, French, Phys., Chem., Biology

The following from Form IV gained passes
as follows: —

J. Russell—Maths J. Tyler—Maths A. Pitt—
Maths R. Pearce—Maths M. Brown—Maths

MARGERY PRESSLAND

MRS. PRESSLAND, who died in Cirencester Hospital on November 29th, will be sadly missed at Rendcomb. She was appointed as Headmaster's Secretary in the summer of 1961, and has played a big part in the reorganisation of the College in the last eight years; latterly she took charge of both the catering and the accounts and gave up most of her secretarial duties. She threw herself body and soul into the many and very varied jobs that the running of the College entails; the work of the school office was much increased by the expansion of numbers, and by the building programme and reorganisation which this involved; in particular the lay-out of the kitchens and the wash-up was very largely her work and has proved most successful.

When Mr. Rawlins resigned as Clerk to the Governors, the great majority of the school accounts was transferred from Cirencester to Rendcomb. Mrs. Pressland took on this work, and at the same time became the College Caterer. She tackled both jobs with the same enthusiasm and vigour as her secretarial duties. So she has been the lynch pin of the College's

administration over the last eight years and this is the field where boarding schools have had such difficulties recently with shortage of staff and a rapid rise in costs. The lack of serious administrative difficulties and the strength of the school's finances in recent years owe a great deal to her loyalty to the College and her constant devotion to detail.

Those who knew her well will recall her boundless vitality and her varied interests—dogs, the Liberal Party, dietetics, and the Common Market, to name a few. They will also remember her for her great personal kindness. She was a person who would always take endless trouble to give a helping hand and behind her sometimes severe manner she was particularly kind to children.

We shall all miss her very much and our deep sympathy goes to her husband and family.

A. O. H. Q.

MEETING NOTES

THE Meeting continued in the usual frivolous way this term with most people openly enjoying themselves.

Meeting business was mostly confined to urgent priority matters and there was a shortage of major issues. The back row continued in their usual helpful way although other forms remained silent on most occasions.

At the end of term the Rule Co. took on the job of checking all the meeting rules and abolishing all irrelevant ones.

Unfortunately Jackson's informed the Meeting at the end of the Summer Term that they would no longer be able to deliver the College newspaper. Papers are now purchased from Watts in Cirencester and the service is proving to be very satisfactory.

In the final meeting of the term there was some discussion concerning a change of policy over the Junior Shopman. However, eventually it was decided to leave things as they were.

C. H. M.

CLIMBING NOTES

VISITS to Wintour's Leap, near Chepstow, have continued regularly on Saturdays and Sundays, and a number of boys have been introduced to the sport. There have been two weekend visits to North Wales. In October a party completed one of the classic Welsh mountain walks—over Tryfan, the Glyders, and down past the Devil's Kitchen—in superb autumn weather. On the last Saturday night of the term, the three boys who hope to go to the Austrian Alps next summer commenced their training by climbing the North Ridge of Tryfan in the dark. Only a little snow and ice on which to try out the newly bought Alpine equipment was encountered, but the expedition proved a most useful exercise.

CHOIR NOTES

ONCE again the Choir has had a busy term. The principal venture—a joint performance of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with Cirencester Choral Society—is reviewed elsewhere.

The Carol Service, sung by candlelight to a full church, contained such old favourites as "The Sussex Carol," and "Ding, Dong! Merrily on High," as well as two comparative novelties: Britten's "A Boy was Born," and the Catalan "Virolai a la Mare de Deu de Montserrat," a tape recording of which is being sent to the Abbot of Montserrat.

The Sunday service anthems this term have been:

14th September: Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring. *J. S. Bach.*

21st September: O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem—*J. Blow.*

28th September: Thou Visitest The Earth—*M. Greene.*

4th October: Blessed Be The God and Father — *S. S. Wesley.*

19th October: Lead Me, Lord—*S. S. Wesley.* 26th October: O Sacrum Convivium—*T. W. Da Vittoria.*

9th November: O For A Closer Walk With God —*C. V. Stanford.*

23rd November: Zion Hears The Watchmen's Voices—*J. S. Bach.*

30th November: Creator Alme Siderum—*J. Willson.*

J. W.

BELL-RINGING REPORT

BELL-RINGING this term, eclipsed by last term's heights, has been more of a consolidation of our numbers than anything else. However, this period has enabled us to train new ringers and bring on the more junior ringers to more complex things. Rendcomb ringing has expanded into the realms of Bob Minor and Stedman, previously unknown in my experience. The frequent visits of Richard Wood have helped and Miss Bliss has as usual been behind us, teaching and encouraging. Our one public duty was, unfortunately, ringing, half-muffled, for the funeral of Mrs. Pressland.

A. J. C. W.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

THE Xmas Party this year took as its theme 'Fairyland, Nursery Rhymes and Pantomimes.' Nearly all the Staff took part in guise ranging from Little Jack Horner to the Fairy Godmother. The Xmas feast was as good as ever and our thanks must go to the Domestic and Catering staff for their efforts. After the dinner we were treated to an entirely original entertainment for a Rendcomb Xmas Party—Nicholas Hillier, magician. His was a truly professional performance and was enjoyed by all. Traditional party games and traditional party sketches came next. Despite the great emphasis on the theme the sketches still proved to be amusing for many though some of the utterances fell on stony ground. We all crowded into (and out of) Saul's Hall for a traditional rendering of 'Auld Lang Syne,' accompanied by Neil Johnson, much to his surprise. Our thanks must go to Nick Wapshott and his ensemble for this party in particular, and for the school's revival of interest in the festive season.

A. J. C. W.



The School Play



The Christmas Party: The Headmaster



The Christmas Party: The Second Master

A MESSIAH

Jonathan Tyler (Form V)

"You know it's strangesaid God.

"Yes, Your Immortal?" said Gabriel.

"That nobody's prayed to me lately, I mean," he said.

"Yes, it is strange: something ought to be done about it, Your Immortal."

"Not like the good old days, is it? Like with Luther, Joan of Arc, those sort of people?"

"That was not very long ago; was it, Your Immortal?"

"I reckon it's these long-haired yobs and the modern life that they live down there that does it, Gabriel," said God.

"You ought to give them some sort of sign that you aren't pleased. How about another long famine?"

"Last time I did that practically everybody died off and then when they got back to a normal life they reckoned that if there was a God he would have made the crops yield and not let everybody die off. We need something more positive than that, something that will tell them there is someone up here, something more positive."

"How about another Messiah?" said Gabriel.

"Oh yes, I remember you sent a spare angel down about two thousand years ago; called himself Jesus Christ or something equally human, didn't he? Actually he did quite well; that might be a good idea. Tell me, who have we got hanging around waiting for an easy job?" said God.

"There's a new arrival here, name of, em... here we are, name of Martin Luther King. Says he would like to do it on condition he goes back in a white skin, not black," said Gabriel.

"I don't see what all this fuss about the colour of the skin is; I'm half black, half white myself. I don't persecute my left side, the black side."

"But you are immortal, you are the wisest thing there is—except maybe for your old rival, Black Beard Satan—mind you, he has a strangely warped mind."

"Never mind Satan, he's a nuisance; just send old Luther, or King, or Luther King, or whatever his name was, down to Earth and tell him if he doubles my praise from down there I will give him, personally, a pair of spurs for his wings."

"Have you ever thought of that name? Luther, your old friend, and King, signifying you?"

"You know it's strange, " said God.

AT HAMELIN

Philip Lamphee (Form II)

Tumbling like clowns
In a magical circus.
Squeaking like bats on an eerie night.
Rats, rats.
Out of the houses,
A spring of fur and claw.
Gobbling up apple cores like
Pieces of sugar.
Sing-along clowns
In life's dusty ring.
Down to the river,
Down to the banks.
Down to the wide-flowing,
Murky-watered,
Bottomless river.
Drowning squeaks
And horrible cries.
Matted fur and bulging eyes.
Later along that dusty way
A train of children skip and play.

THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER

Noel Willford (Form V)

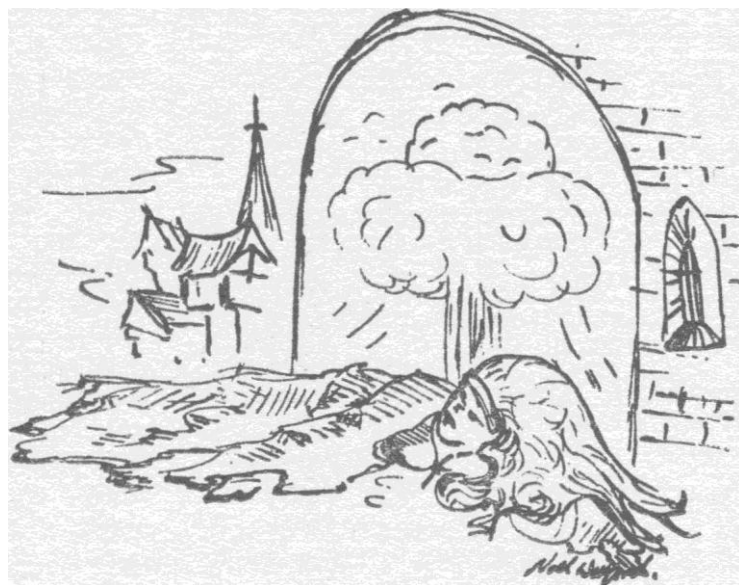
LIKE a land above the clouds, the village swirls and ducks in the mist and the morning dew. Bottomless trees hang in the still air, hedges silver-line the fields dotted with cows chewing the cud.

In the half-timbered houses the inhabitants lie regaining strength for the work ahead. The whole village is asleep as the first rays of sunlight cut through the glass onto the walls.

Dressed in white silks and dreams of Kathmandu, a girl stands unwanted, rejected by her home and family. She stands pale and lonely, smoke drifting past her face and the white silk band about her head. Her reverent father had encouraged her to go and teach the comforts of Christianity. She had gone four years ago with her father's blessing; that blessing blown up with 'hash.' The Indians loved her and she them, but now all love is burned away and all she lives for is her dreams. Her head is filled with a mushroom cloud which falls and spreads around her brain.

Her father, pious in a single bed, snores in the village and turns over. He dreams of the blacks embracing the whites. He dreams of the cross walking away, of his wife and dishes. How much wine for the communion tomorrow, Mrs. Jones is better, God bless her soul. His bicycle has got a puncture, must take it down to the garage. He rolls over and his wife coughs—got a cold, poor dear.

The silence is stirred by a hollow thud. The girl's white silks spread the ground; her man-made soul flies to the Guru to be smoked in his opium pipe.



POET'S SUPPLICATION

William Nesham

Across the ocean of thought My soul
lies divorced Away across the gilded
seas of life On which the rain of
tears Beats with endless sorrow,
There in the night sky
I am.
Oh, let my voice echo
To the end of space;
Let my words boom in
Everlasting decibels through
Endless night to the perfect dawn;
Let my words be burnished in
Fire on the hearts of life;
Let me embrace the beautiful woman
Who walks alone, and let me shudder
In ecstasy for eternity, until I die.

BUY, BUY, BEFORE YOU DIE

Nicholas Wapshott

LAST holiday I went into a supermarket for some cigarettes. The marketing game is such, that those people wanting to buy razor blades, sweets or cigarettes have to walk down to the frozen fish and rissoles, and back up to the cash desk. I wandered down to the bottom of the shop, glancing this way and that at the amazing bargains that were to offer. I saw myself on television and was not flattered, which spilled my hopes of being a weatherman. As I turned Campbell Soup Corner to tear up the home straight a middle-aged woman ran before me.

She was plump, in a bright dress, with a loaded shopping bag. Held above her head was a packet of detergent. She jumped upon the tinned fruit rack until she towered above the rest of us. Then she sang forth.

'I need the best. I need the best.
I need the best for my husband's vest.
With added blue, to see me through,
It'll pass the whiteness test.'
Before I could take my breath a line of

white-coated shop assistants, pushing those wire perambulators with groceries, joined the polyphony.

'She needs the best. Oh leave the rest.
Our washing powders are by God blest.
Dirt-eating enzymes your shirts infest,
Look for the Procter and Gamble crest.'

From the other side of the supermarket, by the canned rice and condensed milk, came the voice of another converted housewife.

'I am happy, oh so happy now the weekend shopping is done,
Thanks to super supermarkets this weekly chore is fun.

Piped music blares into my ears
Dispelling all my Jewish fears,
I spend the lot, all that I've got,
With Green Shield stamps I know I've won.'

A fanfare of trumpets made me start, and I turned towards the manager's office. The doors opened with an arpeggio. There stood the manager, in a glossy white suit, with a cane, top hat, tails and bow tie. He sang as he tapped his way between the aisles.

'Mr. Discount at your service, to keep the cost of living down.

For every pound that you spend, I give you half a crown.

Come join the trend, come join the rave.
The more you spend, the more you save. The profit shared amongst you all.
I'm handsome, strong and tall.'

I made my way to the cash desks. Six smiling girls offered me my cigarettes, and pressed down the keys of their chiming grand pianos as the money tinkled in the drawer.

'Thank you. Oh thank you.

We hope you'll come again.

All makes of cigarettes we stock In fifties, twenties or ten.

Inside you'll find some coupons blue Save them, keep them safe from harm, They're worth a gift for you.'

I nodded and left, quietly. The music followed me down the street for a while; then it began to rain.

ROOM WITH A VIEW

Nicholas Hillier

Black rectangle, black square; squared.
Reflected milk bottle, National Health,
Reflected Coke bottle, looking for some
aggro: British Legion Poppy appeal,
Poppy, Pope, Po-mo.
Reserved for Heathrow Castle school for girls.

Straight-faced stripper lights ahead,
Faster than the speed of sound;
While the peaceful, deranged,
Just down to earth moon—above,
Top right—if you can lean back,
Ten billion candlepower.

Reflected paintings; well, I like them, I
painted them,
Reflected books, looks like I read them,
Reflected folders, folding, folded.
—Permutation;
Reflected door, opening backwards and
upside down,
Reflected mirror—reflected me,
Reflected—reflected—reflected,
Room with a view.

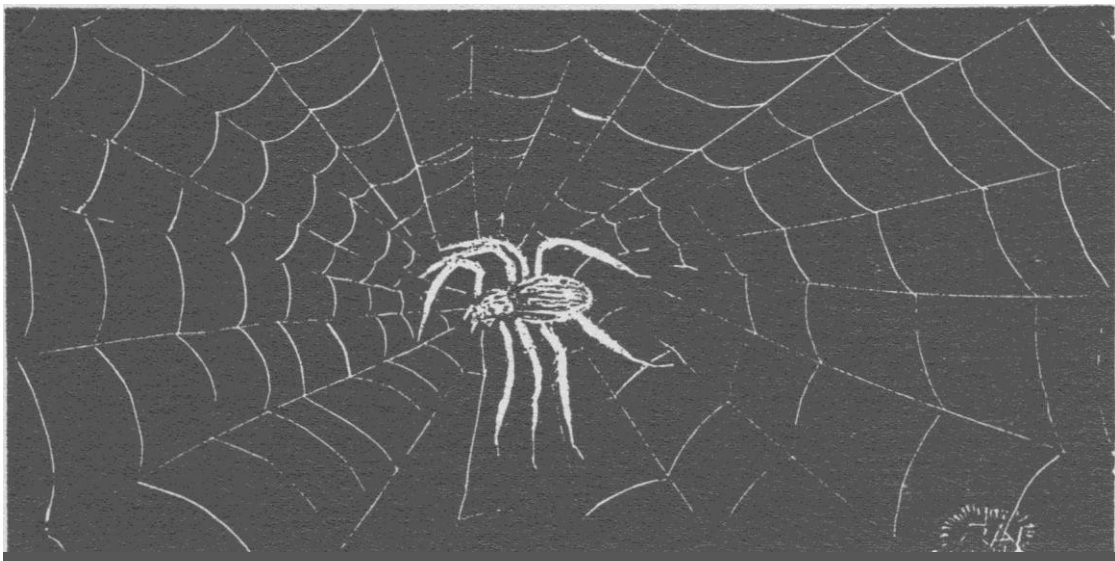
SNOW

Nigel Bradbury (Form I)

THINK of the whitest of all objects; it will not be as white as snow. When things are hot they turn white, yet snow is the symbol of contrast, being as cold as the wind on a mountain, but colder. It falls so frailly, and drifts about on the ground; until it settles uncertainly on a flat spot. It covers like a blanket on the softest of beds, it hangs from trees like the forked fingers of the demon of mischief.

From the roofless chasm of the sky, it flutters so softly in the midwinter breeze. Landing on every leaf and twig, it freezes the substance of their being. A pile of snow may build up behind a rotted stalk. Then, suddenly, the snow, rolling, becomes a furious vehicle of wrath. The stalk breaks and the snow flurries downwards, causing a chain-reaction of disastrous happenings. The snow rolls, writhes, twists and wriggles. It dislodges more lumps on its rushing journey.

Soon a whole avalanche is in progress. But then the snow reaches its bottom level. It builds up on the ground into a meek, white pile which is blown over by the wind.



COFFIN-TIME STORY

Richard Law

The gentle moon is
gonna get here soon
and flatten us.

OF LAZARUS AND DIVES

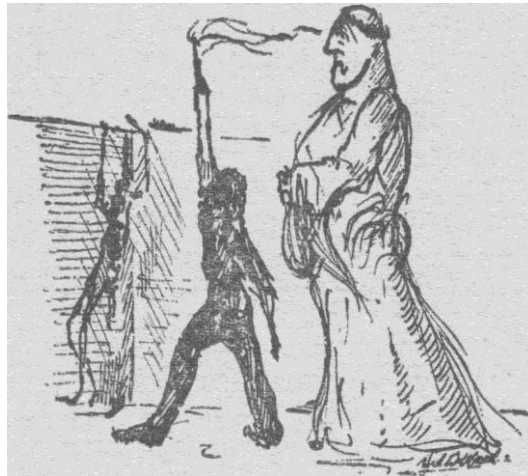
William Nesham

*"Riches are the great shutter-off, and poverty the
great cutter-off"* (Lawrence Durrell)

Dives sits in his marbled hall,
Precious stones adorn his hand,
Fumes of sandalwood and musk Assail his
nostrils.
Open upon his knees
Lies the book of ancients' wisdom
Bound in gilded ivory.
Its well thumb'd pages pour out Knowledge,
thoughts of mighty minds.
Around him sit scholars,
Sparse-haired heads inclined in thought.
They work at problems posed By Dives' heavy
thought.
"What's the answer?" loud he cries.
"Why does life exist? What moves our minds?
What, oh tell me true, is the meaning of
life?" A weary wise man lifts his eyes.
"Perhaps the poor, they know.
Life to them is raw and cruel And death is
always in their path."
Dives arose, and with a torch-bearer And a
guard away into the night.
He left his fountained garden, and walked
Down into the city, through all the Streets he
walked searching for life.
There it lay in the old quarter.

But, as he strode, the torch
Cast shadows deep, and Dives passed
Blinded by the torch's glare.

Lazarus crept along the wall,
Feeling, in the darkness, his nostrils Assailed
by the verminous filth,
The cheap wine and scent of cheaper whores.
"Why am I here?" he wailed.
"What is life that it makes me poor And Dives
who walks this way so rich?
Had I his wealth I'd buy great books, Consult
great scholars.
Aye, had I wealth I'd know.
But, being poor, I cannot know;
Alone I must sit and ponder In some rat-
infested hole."



IN THE ROOM, THE POLITICIANS COME AND GO

Richard Millard

THE scene was a dreary, desolate stretch of plainland in central Spain. It was winter, and bitterly cold; the rain came hissing down. In summer, the plain would be rich and fertile except for the blemish across the middle. This was to be the first of a new system of motorways extending over the whole country, and this particular one was to go from Madrid to Barcelona.

A figure appeared on the horizon: a weary man was trudging through the storm, pushing his motorbike in front of him. He had only just had enough money to buy it and now the back wheel had fallen off. His heavy, practical shoes were caked with mud from the bed of the unmade road. He was the official surveyor for the stretch between the two small towns of Buenos and Maria Ecclesiasta de la Santa, and was travelling back to the latter after making his inspection of the piece of road under his control.

When he got back he went over to the workmen's huts to make sure that they were not being too rowdy. A few nights ago, one of the men had found a hatchet, and had gone round with his mates chopping the beds to pieces. This sort of thing was mainly owing to the work that they had to do, for they were to work on the road right the way from Madrid to Barcelona. It was terrible labour, as they had no proper equipment, and much of the foundation had to be laid by hand.

The inspector went back to his own wooden hut, and switched on his radio, which was his most treasured possession. He had heard that there was some confusion in political circles. He listened to the news and, as he listened, his heart leapt with joy. It was reported that the old neo-Fascist regime had been overthrown,

and a new liberal government was in power. This fact was simultaneously recorded throughout the world, in London, New York, Bonn and Tokyo. The new government was promising a new deal for the workers.

Three months later, one half of the workmen were taken from the motorway, and put to building a new maximum security prison near Balboa. The rest laboured on as before.

FIREWORKS

Philip Lamphee (Form II)

Into space a
thousand New-born
stars,
Sparkling.
Streaming paths of firework light.
Glowing explosions shake the ground.
A wave of coloured
stars Fall to earth,
From eternity.
Boosting purple flame ascends.
It ends its life in pulsing,
Diverging light.
Volcanoes fight the blackened,
Glowing, starstruck ground.
All around fireworks blast,
And fly,
And sparkle like fiery gems,
Sent as messengers of laughter.
The night is growing older,
Blackened is the ground.
Amongst the shrivelled
clover Fireworks,
Charred stumps of exhausted power,
Lie still.

ROAD TO NOWHERE

Nicholas Hillier

At the start of my marathon journey I have just been given a most suspicious stare by a peculiar woman who talks to herself. We have stopped, and Dad helps Mum on the bus; both chew toffees, and they have sat three seats in front of me on the left. Cigarette ends litter the bus's floor, and the windows give to the world a continual haze. Directly in front of me sits a young girl of about sixteen, with shortish black hair and an old white raincoat. We have arrived somewhere, but I don't know where.

"Excuse me," I enquire deeply. "Do you know where we are? "

"Almondsbury."

"What?"

"Almondsbury, I think," she says.

At present, the tank is rolling down the A38, I think; and we have just been joined by two brothers and their younger sister, who play noisily in the front of the bus, while I curl up, trying to sleep. We are out of Bristol now, passing tedious country on either side.

My girlfriend was going to visit her grandfather, who lives somewhere along the bus route. However, she has gone now, probably bringing a little sunshine into somebody's dreary life. But she did wave goodbye—twice. Meanwhile another old couple have found themselves on the bus (I don't know how) and struggle to their seats. The woman is wearing a flowerpot hat, but forgot her beads, and the man is dressed to match, looking like A1 Capone.

Hare Farm races past on the right, and A1 Capone stabs the buzzer. We crawl to a stop, the old couple disappear, and everywhere



about us old houses give way to cardboard boxes.

We have turned off the A.38, and are now proceeding the wrong way. It's a funny thing that whatever one does, one is always going the wrong way. People filter away, no-one speaks, I write. Entering Berkeley, we go through a snake-like high street, at the end of which we turn round, and come back again. The bus has stopped—the engine is dead, conductor deposited, and the melancholy drizzle crawls meaninglessly down the window pane. On the left, a young and smiling wife waves goodbye to her husband, off with a friend for a drink; but she is just a sad-faced wife when he is gone.

An old man climbs on with his hiking pack on his back, weary from his walk, and puts his burden on the seat in front of me, and sits down. Withered hands stroke his snowy hair, thin at the top, and then he scratches his head in contemplation. He is wearing a khaki shirt, and his withered, bronzed arms suggest the arid desert. Things come and go—time passes. I find my ticket while the smooth conductor deals brusquely with the desert—things are the wrong way round; the desert proffers a crisp new pension note in humble offering.

West Country Ales pass by on the left, and we grind on, and on, getting no nearer. Painted jezebels display their wares on the roadside, tempting us with petrol and things. Minutes pass, we are going nowhere: filling; stopping; emptying.

Denied Cheltenham, we turn off, entering Gloucester at Clifton Road. The sands sift onto the roadside, blow away, and become vague. A poster illuminates the railway on the left, while the Salvation Army smiles past on the right. Engulfed by Gloucester Bus Station, I stretch my legs.

We leave again, and by now dusk makes all images vague; objects appear here and there.

I am tired, I close my eyes, and I think of a rhyme: "Three Blind Mice"—I'll bet they never had to travel this damn journey. Dowty has just set fire to itself on the right. On the other hand, if they did, then they certainly didn't miss much scenery.

Three and a half miles to Cheltenham: at last. 'No overtaking,' and traffic rots in the hedge. The A.40 stretches into Cheltenham, and we are in the Big Hands country.

Down the Prom,
Into the station.
I hope I get my connection.
Journey's End.



The Christmas Party aims to cater for all tastes



Trees and Snow - I



Trees and Snow - II

SCIENCE SOCIETY

INTEREST in the Science Society has been revived this term and many films have been shown. Some of the more interesting ones are listed below:

“Entropy, Parts (i) and (ii).”

“Monastral Blue.”

“The Chemical Engineer.”

“Silicons.”

“Forces of Induction.”

Also two outings were arranged. We paid an interesting visit to I. C. I. Fibres at Brockworth on 4th November; we clearly saw how nylon was manufactured industrially.

On 2nd December we paid a worthwhile visit to Berkeley Nuclear Power Station, and saw some of the stricture precautions that have to be taken at nuclear plants. We were well entertained with tea and biscuits.

We hope to arrange some more outings for next term, and we thank Air. Kelsey for the time and energy he has put into organising these activities.

A. T. W. P.

THE INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE

RENDCOMB has recently seen a substantial increase in the number of lectures, talks and special films; but in spite of this the Industrial Conference was an adventurous, yet very well organised affair. The Conference was entitled the “Challenge of Industry,” it was run by the Industrial Society, and was held at Rendcomb, in conjunction with Dean Close School, on 13th and 14th October.

Dean Close and the Conference team arrived early on the Monday morning and by 10 o'clock we had met our group leaders and the other members of our discussion groups, and were all seated more or less comfortably in the Assembly Hall to hear the opening talk by Derek Gratze. This gave a good general picture of Industry, though on the whole from the

Management's point of view. Following Mr. Gratze's talk was a short film strip, “The Problems of Management,” which illustrated in great pictorial detail some of the basic problems faced by employers.

After coffee we reassembled in our groups for an hour's discussion; in our case this was solely devoted to defining Industry, justifying it morally and discussing questions posed by the film strip. Then we all returned to the Assembly Hall to listen to Michael Bailey on “The Management Point of View,” a talk, as the title suggests, even more directly from the Management side than Mr. Gratze's had been, and especially concerned with the Printing Industry.

After lunch we regrouped, principally to discuss Mr. Bailey's talk. Then, except for a break for tea and another hour's discussion period, we moved to the other side of the matter, as the worker sees things. This was admirably done with a film, “What about the Workers, Are they to blame?,” which posed some interesting problems about Efficiency versus the Individual, and with a talk by Ernie Allen on Trade Unions and how they work.

On Tuesday morning we prepared questions for the panel of experts, and after coffee we reassembled for the last time, to put these questions to Mr. Allen and Mr. Bailey. This was the most interesting moment of the Conference and the questions and points of discussion were handled very well by the two speakers.

My main criticism of the Conference as a whole is that, although it gave an excellent overall picture of Industry, it examined problems only from the points of view of the lowest-paid workers and of the higher management, and hardly touched on the vast number of middle-men, among whom, as our group leader pointed out, most of us would be if we entered Industry. However, the Conference was a great success, and I hope the Industrial Society will revisit Rendcomb to clarify “Industry” for future 6th forms.

N. O. T.

MEN IN SHADOW

by Mary Hayley Bell

THE play, performed on November 27th, 28th and 29th, represented a complete change from the more avant-garde, modern plays produced at least during the time of the present Upper Sixth. Since the play was relatively unknown, the vast majority of the audience had little idea of what they would be confronted with. In fact, in this play Mary Hayley Bell gives an excellent, rousing picture of the French underground Resistance during the last war. All the action takes place in the loft of an old, disused mill, adjoining a farmhouse somewhere on the French coast. This is the base of a small section of the Resistance consisting of three R. A. F. men, Lew, Polly and Kenny, an elderly French peasant woman, Cherie, and her son, Moy. The play shows clearly the frustrations and difficulties of these brave men: their continued fear of discovery by the Nazis and their consequent death, their concern that anyone might be a fifth columnist, their lack of sleep, the rapidity with which their plans have to be changed, and their forced adaptability to the alterations.

Nicholas Hillier, as Lew, superbly brought out all these qualities and more in a long and strenuous part. He portrayed Lew's turbulent changes in mood well: he played the amusing parts with obvious delight, clearly put over Lew's frustration, and his performance during the last Act certainly enhanced the nail-biting climax. Finally a mention for his athletic abilities! He carried a man over his shoulder, fought another to death, dashed round the stage on several occasions and at the end, when pretending to be mad, he provided a comic monkey-act; but never throughout the play did the clarity of his speech suffer.

Anthony Walker played the cockney Kenny with great enthusiasm. Kenny's cheerfulness and common-sense were always evident, his wit was well conveyed, especially his double-talk act which had everyone quite bewildered, and his cockney accent never gave way.

Nicholas Wapshott, as Polly, had a more difficult part. Polly is rather moody—for a time he is cheerful but then suddenly he becomes frustrated and worried. The use he made of facial expression was excellent but sometimes he did not quite seem to catch the frustration that the playwright intended. However, during the humorous parts, he always raised the biggest laughs with the timing we have come to expect of him.

Peter Jones played Mordan, the R. A. F. officer, who lies on a mattress during most of the play because of his shattered legs. His screams, both at the beginning and end of the play, conveyed genuine agony and were, indeed, quite frightening. He portrayed well the hopelessness Mordan felt at being quite useless to everybody, and his comic lines too were well-timed.

Niven Boyd, as Moy, was a truly convincing Frenchman. Whether he was speaking French or English he always used a beautiful French accent. He seemed to be completely at home with his part, speaking every line with sincerity which no-one could doubt. Martin Brown, as Cherie, was the only woman in the play. He made a sharp contrast to the other actors in a sensible performance.

Owen Rhys, as Enshaw the fifth columnist, had the difficult task of trying to be as English as possible but at the same time hinting that he was not. Here he succeeded even if his accent became just a little excruciating for both himself and the audience. His death-scene provided the most exciting part of the play, and was well worked out. Alan Lamb played the part of the commando soldier and he put over most ably the toughness and courage of his breed.

Richard Millard, who took over the part of the German officer only two hours before the dress-rehearsal, made a successful, enraged Nazi and certainly learnt very rapidly how to speak French with a German accent! Nicholas Thomas and Julian Gray played the two drunken German soldiers very entertainingly.

To sum up, the acting was as good as ever though the play needed a rather different technique from that in recent productions. Naturally an occasional piece of conversation was missed out by mistake, but at all these moments the covering up work was skilfully acted so that the audience did not notice. Perhaps one of the most praiseworthy aspects of the acting was the economical use of the very small stage in a production that contained a considerable amount of action.

Mr. Jones and the stagemen who produced a set which, although not very spectacular, fully promoted the atmosphere of the play, Mrs. James who produced the costumes (including two or three very smart uniforms) in her normal faultless way, and the make-up men are all to be congratulated on their hard work, which was evident through the complete lack of mistakes in their fields.

Finally many thanks to the producer, Mr. Sells. The production's success was primarily due to him; a Rendcomb play would be hard to visualise without his drive, his experience, his originality, and his example to the actors.

D. A. T.

* * *

CHRISTMAS ORATORIO

ON November 22nd, the Rendcomb Choir, with Cirencester Choral Society, gave a joint performance of J. S. Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* at Cirencester School. The soloists were Michael James, Treble; Helen Attfield, Contralto; Edgar Thomas, Tenor; and Graham Hewitt, Bass, supported by a small orchestra led by Cyril Home, violin, and conducted by John Willson.

Bach composed this work as a series of six cantatas to be performed on separate days of the week between Christmas and Epiphany, so that although he later assembled them on a single score, and adapted them, they were not conceived as a single work, and thus lack the unity of the *St. Matthew Passion*.

The work consists of the Nativity Story, sung by a tenor, introduced and elaborated by choruses of praise and by solos at appropriate points, interspersed with chorales developed on popular German hymns.

The performance itself was well presented and up to the high standard we have learned to expect of John Willson's productions. The choral parts were sensitive and well united. Michael James deserves credit for a performance worthy of his fellow-soloists, and executed without provoking the uneasiness one sometimes feels on behalf of a young performer.

At times the mature solos seemed too long to maintain the attention of the audience: indeed, during the aria 'Slumber, Beloved' several of the audience did so, although quickly roused by the ensuing Chorale. It was also noticeable once or twice that the Orchestra and Choir were not in strict agreement, though I suspect this to be due to their only being able to have one united practice prior to the performance. However, these are small criticisms of an excellent performance, and my only real regret is that more people were not there to enjoy it.

R. W.

* * *

LECTURE: "WESTMINSTER"

Sir Knox Cunningham, Ulster Unionist m. p. for Antrim South, gave a short talk, to the Sixth Form, under the general heading of 'Westminster.' The main interest of the evening however, was in Sir Knox's offer to answer questions on any subject we wished. In fact, discussion ranged from Enoch Powell to, predictably, Ulster. Sir Knox gave clear and concise answers and withstood, very well and in good humour, the rather virulent onslaught of some of the more politically conscious Sixth Formers. Everyone who attended enjoyed the evening and our thanks must go to Sir Knox.

P. B. J.

RUGBY 1969

RENDCOMB rugby had a cheerful and successful season. The weather scarcely interfered with any practices, let alone the matches; and the skilful preparation of the pitches ensured that the ground was always just right. Mr. White's game mixed it with an enthusiasm which seems to infect the whole college. Mr. Kelsey—a most welcome addition to the rugby staff—added his knowledge to the 13-year-olds, and Mr. Burden had under his charge a very promising-looking side which played exciting rugby, taking on most fearsome opposition with great courage. The 1st XV meanwhile welded itself into a really effective side, making the most of its assets: a pack which played as a pack (despite the incessant abuse of its coach from the touch-line) and seemed to be able to get possession when it most counted, and some brave and elusive backs. The team played to a pattern, and as a result the scores came.

Neil Johnson scored the most tries, and Anthony Walker came on excellently as a kicker; but they would be the first to agree that their points came from genuine team effort. Martin Dow and Mark Collins were primarily responsible for that. The following also played regularly for the first XV: K. Warren, B. Stallard, R. Brown, P. Jones, J. Gray, N. Willford, N. Hillier, N. Wapshott, D. Tyler, O. Rhys, D. Simmons, and I. Niel.

1st XV Match Reports

P. 10, W. 8, D. 1 L. 1. Points for 161, against 79.

v. Marlborough 3rds.

After a disappointing first half, Rendcomb fought back and came near to winning. But the team was far from fit, and was exhausted by the end.
Lost 14—17.

v. Dean Close 2nds.

The pack began to show the form which made for the successes of the season.
Won 19—3.

v. Bloxham 2nds.

Against a strong side, good loose possession gave the College the decisive breaks.
Won 17—5.

v. Avonhurst.

Anticipating a less strong opposition, an 'A' side (composed mostly of next season's possibles) had to fight all the way to win.
Won 18—5.

v. Cokethorpe.

In one of the most exciting games of the season, Rendcomb were outplayed for a long period by a good side, but came back strongly to force a draw—inspired by the the secretary's shouting on the field, and the spectators' cheering on the touch-line.
Drawn 16—16.

v. Cheltenham 3rds.

The Cheltenham side was perhaps a little out-gunned and Rendcomb built a clear lead with five tries.
Won 17—3.

v. A Colston's XV.

Colston's raised a side of about the same average age as Rendcomb, but it did not play as a team. The College did not play well either, until the end.
Won 15—8.

v. Cirencester.

Playing against a 'bogey' team and heavily outweighed, Rendcomb were never more than three points ahead. Two fine drop-goals by the opposing fly-half were answered by several successful scrum moves which brought the tries to achieve the highlight of the season.
Won 12—9

v. Marling 2nds.

An exciting game was marred by a broken jaw and some bad temper. Well-taken penalties near the opposing line clinched the match in Rendcomb's favour.
Won 14—0.

v. An Old Rendcombians XV.

The Captain lost the toss* and Rendcomb, playing into a high wind, were 13—0 down at half-time. With the wind, and with the O. R. captain injured, Rendcomb stormed back into the game and won with some brilliant running by the backs.

Won 19—13.

After the game, the coach, Mr. Price, provided some beer, and the team was able to drink to him and next season's team, hoping that they will repeat this term's success.

M. R. D.

*Fortunately! —D. S. J. P.

JUDO

DURING the Summer Term judo was introduced to the school by Mr. A. Davis from Cheltenham. Lessons take place on two evenings during the week.

This term the following boys obtained grades at the Cheltenham Y. M. C. A.

Yellow: Millard R., Patrick A., Pyecroft R. G., Rhys O. G., Simmons D. J., Tyler D. A., Hindle J. S., Laycock R. J. H., Toresen D. M., Boyd N., Sampford, Tyler J. M., Willford N.,

Orange: Collins N. M., Hillier N. H., Johnson N. A.

C. C. B.

Under 15 Rugby

RESULTS

Dean Close U15	Won 18—3
Bloxham U15	Won 6—3
Avonhurst U15	Won 34—8
Cokethorpe U15	Won 12—6
Cheltenham College Yearlings	Won 40—0
Colston's U15	Lost 5—19
Kingham Hill U15	Won 45—6
Marling U15	Lost 6—8

* * *

Under 13½ Rugby

RESULTS

Cheltenham Junior School	Won 16—6
Kingham Hill	Lost 3—33
Oakley Hall	Drawn 6—6

C. C. B.

* * *

OLD BOYS' NOTES

THE brevity of these notes is obviously due more to lack of communication than to lack of notable happenings. Please remember that we are wholly dependent on you for news of your own doings and those of other Old Rendcombians: all tit-bits of information will be welcome, subject only to the laws of libel.

★ ★ ★

Arnold Brain has now moved to Worcestershire on taking up his new appointment as Divisional Road Engineer, West Midlands.

* * *

Paul Heppleston, now a husband and a Ph. D., is on the staff of the Department of Agriculture, Aberdeen University.

* * *

We congratulate Paul Osborne on his marriage to Signorina Emanuela Ferrari of Modena, Italy, on August 30th.

* * *

As an addendum to the August notes, we have discovered another O. R. holder of the Territorial Decoration in the person of R. G. Collett.

* * *

The following list shows the immediate fate of our newest Old Rendcombians, those who left the College last year: —

Barnes M. R. —Southampton University
 Belcher K. A. —Manchester University
 Black D. F. —Loughborough College of Education
 Brisk S. J. —Debenham Group
 Gray C. —Oxford University
 Green N. —Culham College of Education
 Greenlaw H. D. —Newcastle University
 Hook S. —Reading University
 Laan R. —Kingston College of Technology
 Liddle T. V. —Birmingham University
 Mabblerley C. P. —Manchester University
 Reason J. C. —Leicester College of Art
 Rees M. B. —Working one year before University.
 Taylor P. W. —Exeter University
 Yates E. W. —Manchester University
 White A. —Harper Adams Agricultural College
 Whittles A. —Police Force
 Savery A. —North Gloucestershire Technical College

J. B. F.

OLD BOYS' MEETINGS

DURING the year there have been three functions of note, in addition to the usual matches. The first of these was a luncheon at the English Speaking Union on May 17th which was attended by 67 Old Rendcombians, all of whom were at the College before 1945. All present agreed that this was a most successful venture.

The West of England meeting was held at the College after the cricket match on July 5th and terminated with an excellent buffet supper for members and their ladies.

The London dinner on November 1st was unusually well attended as it was also the occasion for a presentation on behalf of the Old Rendcombian Society to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. James to mark their retirement. In handing over a cheque for £150, Austen Magor spoke of the loyal and dedicated service they had both rendered to the College and the affection in which they were held. Both replied, J. C. J. in his usual vein, but the occasion was obviously a moving one. Those present were: —

N. P. Morris, J. Gilchrist, C. H. C. Osborne
 M. G. Petter, E. J. Miller, R. T. Wood,
 P. S. Jackson, D. W. Brown, C. Price, A. P. Browning, P. Heppleston, A. C. Magor, G. E. Page, R. H. Jones, C. J. Brisley A. O H. Quick, J. C. James, Mrs. J. C. James, M. Stubbs, J. K. Comrie, J. F. Alder, B. Glastonbury, J. Muirhead, P. Trier, M. A. Gleason- White, P. de Iongh, D. Dakin, N. Dakin,
 N. Green, R. W. Smith, M. G. Richards, A. Dainty, M. H. Combe-Martin, M. C. Thompson, E. A. Jones, N. McGregor-Wood, P. D. Quick, J. Schwartzmantel, P. L. Field, A. E. Shield, J. F. Roper, S. Merrett, R. Betterton, N. A. Perkins, R. A. Thompson,
 F. Jones.