

THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE



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Charlotte Keynon 6B

EDITORIAL

I REMEMBER the most effective sermon I ever heard. It was six years ago in a school carol service, and the young curate preached to a congregation of eight hundred girls and their mothers. Obviously, he had spent the previous week as I have spent this, with sheets and sheets of abandoned ideas. The time came and he stood up and simply launched into a story, and we all sat waiting for him to deliver the moral over twenty minutes, poor jokes and with a sledgehammer. However, the story simply told itself and ended. It is one I can still recount in detail, but that is not the purpose here. The point is that he took the risk of misinterpretation (as it happened we almost all took it to mean different things; I do not think any were “misinterpretations”). He did not explain it and make it “relevant” to our lives today; he let us think for ourselves and as a result we did. The shock of not being fed pre-digested theology for half-wits left me with a profound respect for his courage, and the sermon left me, as all the other hundreds I have heard have failed to do, with an increased thoughtfulness and understanding.

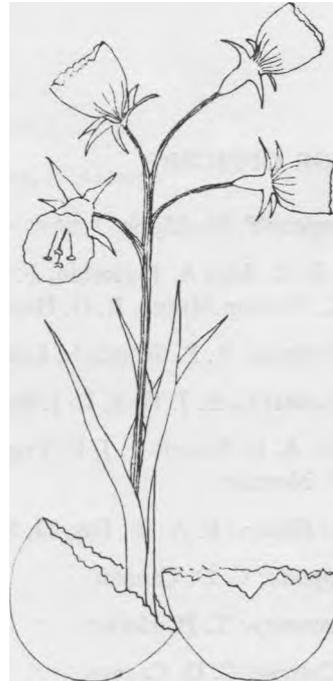
I do not aspire here to such heights. That, however, is no reason not to try when the opportunity presents itself, and (happily) do not suppose I shall ever have the opportunity to preach a sermon. This then, is the excuse, or more properly, the reason for my editorial:

I AM INTERESTED

In my feelings. I seem to wish to have some
importance
In the play of time. If not
Then sad was my mother's pain, sad my breath,
Sad the articulation of my bones,
Sad, sad my alacritous web of nerves,
Woefully, woefully sad my wondering brain,
To be shaped and sharpened into such tendrils
Of anticipation, to feed the swamp of space.

What is deep, as love is deep, I'll love
Deeply. What is good, as love is good,
I'll love well. Then if time and space
Have any purpose, I shall belong to it.
If not, if all is a pretty fiction
To distract the cherubim and seraphim
Who so continually do cry, the least
I can do is to fill the curled shell of the world
With human deep-sea sound, and hold it to
The ear of God, until he has appetite
To taste our salt-sorrow on his lips.
And so you see it might be better to die.
Though, on the other hand, I admit it might
Be immensely foolish.

CHRISTOPHER FRY
("The Lady's Not for Burning")



Catherine Milner 6A

SOME NEWS IN BRIEF

A NUMBER of visits have been made to Stratford since September. Performances seen have included Richard II, Richard III and a presentation of the "Mikado". All were very well received by the people who attended.

Outside speakers have included Mr R. A. Pearson who gave an illustrated talk on Free Fall Parachuting; a discussion on the work of Amnesty International led by Mr Cecil Ballantyne; a talk by Sir Louis Le Bailly entitled, "A Look at World Affairs"; the situation in East Africa today was the subject of a talk given by Mr R. E. Wainwright; and an illustrated talk called "Trekking to Everest" closed this wide-ranging series of talks given by guest speakers. A series of lectures given by College staff under the auspices of the newly formed Ptolemy Society are reviewed elsewhere in the Magazine.

General Meetings were no longer "General-

Meetings", although the amendments to the constitution of the Meeting agreed in the Christmas Term turned out to be not totally successful and so a number of changes were reversed, with slight modifications, at the end of the Lent Term.

We welcome a new Chairman of Governors: Vice-Admiral Sir Louis Le Bailly. He is often seen walking around the College and is now quite well known to all its members.

A recital given by Mr Andrew Potts (Bari-tone) and Mr John Willson (Piano) was well received, as were two concerts by the College Orchestra and Choral Society, both under the Direction of Mr Willson.

Finally, we welcome Mr. Roger Holland who replaces Mr. Peter Rhodes as the new Assistant Director of Music, and Mrs. Alison Keane who replaces Mrs. Harries as the College Matron.

COLLEGE OFFICERS

Senior Prefect: P. M. Uglow

Prefects: D. C. Lee, A. J. Hockin, F. A. Hughes, N. M. Blencowe, 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

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. P. Trigger, D. M. A. Fewings, O. C. Hutton-Potts, R. M. Stibbard, L. P. Norman

Magazine Editors: E. A. W. Foy, D. S. Twyman

Rugby Captain: C. D. Cannon

Rugby Secretary: T. H. Horton

Hockey Captain: C. D. Cannon

Hockey Secretary: A. C. Graham Munro

MEETING OFFICERS

Christmas Term, 1980

Chairman: A. Martyn-Smith

Secretary: J. Bowerman

Meeting Banker: J. Simmins

Boys' Banker: J. Pedley

M. A. C.: C. Dick, C. Breal, A. Munro, R. Needham, C. Schreiber

P. S. A.: R. Smith (6A), D. White, T. Burkhams, W. Wilkinson, E. Foy, R. Akers, E. Wilcox,
S. Hazell, S. Oliver, A. Waddell, D. Webb, A. Paton, S. Simkin, R. Prynne, J. Morris,
N. Kinch, B. Almond, N. Badcott, D. Denby, N. Hammond, R. Khasrowshahi

Entertainments Committee: A. Martyn-Smith, P. Stroud, J. Trigger, M. Archer, A. Watts,
D. Appleton, D. George, R. Khasrowshahi

Paperman: P. Needham

Assistant Paperman: S. Westcott

Broom Warden: M. Uglow

Breakages Man: C. Hutton-Potts

Snooker Committee: T. Daniels, R. Evans, C. Stratton

Film Committee: J. Trigger, D. Denby

Assistant Boys' Banker: D. Webb

C. P. C.: A. Martyn-Smith, T. Burkhams, L. Manners, S. Hughes, D. George

Food Committee: M. Bitner, D. C. Lee, S. Hawkeswell, J. Bowerman, C. Harris, N. Badcott

Lent Term, 1981

Chairman: C. Dick

Secretary: K. Taylor

Meeting Banker: J. French

Boys' Banker: N. Pitt

M. A. C.: C. Dick, C. Brealy, A. Graham Munro, R. Needham, C. Schreiber

P. S. C.: R. Smith, D. White, T. Burkham, W. Wilkinson, E. Foy, R. Akers, E. Wilcox, S. Hazell, S. Oliver, D. Webb, A. Paton, S. Simkin, R. Prynne, J. Morris, N. Kinch, B. Almond, N. Badcott, D. Denby, N. Hammond, R. Khasrowshahi

Entertainments Committee: M. Burner, P. Stroud, J. Trigger, R. Khasrowshahi, M. Archer, A. Watts, D. Appleton, D. George

Food Committee: M. Bitner, D. C. Lee, S. Hawkeswell, J. Bowerman, C. Harris, N. Badcott

Paperman: J. Teague

Assistant Paperman: R. Hayward

Broom Warden: A. Waddell

Breakages Man: I. Bishop

Snooker Committee: T. Daniels, R. Evans, C. Stratton

Film Committee: J. Trigger, D. Denby

Assistant Boys' Banker: A. Maslin

MEETING NOTES

THIS was the first term in which the idea of optional sixth form attendance was put into effect. The change was only experimental, and after some debate at the end of Term it was decided that the system was not going to work because faced with the optional attendance, many sixth formers stayed away. Also, it was proposed that the third and fourth years should attend for one term in the year, an idea to try and stimulate interest in the lower forms, so that when they were going to take office later on, they would have a greater understanding of the functioning of the Meeting.

It was decided that the P. S. C. should have to submit a report of its actions at every meeting, it was suggested that they were not carrying out their duty properly.

A Model Railway Society has been started; the members applied to the Meeting for a termly allowance of £15. This was granted for this Lent Term—but as it was a new society with few members the matter would be reviewed next term.

Breakages were down on previous terms which left the meeting with a surplus.

The Dance Co. applied for a rise of £15 to cover the cost of the Disco. The idea was discussed and on being accepted by the Meeting, Mr. Medill said only a £5 rise was acceptable as only the Sixth Year attended the dance.

Generally, the Meeting in the Lent Term has been quite active. A revival of interest? Who knows.

C. D.

CHURCH NOTES

MR. E. W. FLETCHER and Mr. D. S. J. Price were the guest speakers at the Harvest Thanksgiving services in the Christmas Term; many people brought appropriate gifts along with which to decorate St. Peter's Church for the occasion, these were then given to the Cheshire Home in Cheltenham. The Remembrance Sunday service was rather special because we were joined by quite a large group of local British Legion members. Their presence certainly created a very special atmosphere which was made even more poignant by the moving address given by Vice-Admiral Sir Louis Le Bailly. The Christmas Term was brought to an end on the 14th December with the annual Carol Service in Cirencester Parish Church. The combined talents of the Choir, its soloists and lesson readers provided, as always, a fitting close to the Term.

On Sunday, 15th March the annual Confirmation Service took place in St. Peter's. Nineteen candidates were Confirmed by the Rt. Rev. Robert Deakin, the assistant Bishop of Tewkesbury. Those Confirmed were: N. Badcott, A. Brain, M. Stitt, M. Thompson, C. Harris, C. Acocks, J. Adams, J. Hutton-Potts, A. Mills, A. Waddell, A. Woof, O. Medill, E. Roberts, M. Smith, A. Hedderwick, C. Walton, C. Hutton-Potts, C. Kenyon and C. Killin.

As well as collections for church maintenance other recipients include: Christian Aid, Action Research for the Crippled Child, The Sue Ryder Foundation, The Earl Haig Fund and Save The Children Fund.

CHURCH MUSIC

Autumn Term, 1980

- 14th September
Ascribe Unto The Lord... *Travers*
- 21st September
Lead Me Lord..... *Wesley*
- 28th September
Thou Visiteth The Earth... *Greene*
- 12th October
o How Amiable *Vaughan Williams*
- 19th October
Lord For Thy Tender Mercies' Sake
Farrant
- 9th November
O Pray For The Peace Of Jerusalem *Blow*
- 16th November
How Dear Are Thy Counsels ... *Crotch*
- 30th November
Matin Responsory *Palestrina*
People Look East (Carol trad.)
- 7th December
In God's World..... *... Purcell*
- 15th December *... Darke*
Come, Thou Redeemer *Praetorius*
arr. *Willcocks*
A Child Is Born *... Scheldt*
Quem Pastores Laudavere arr. *Rutter*
In Dulci Jubilo..... *... Pearsall*

**CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL
CONCERT**

Sunday, 16th November, 1980

THE Autumn concert of the College brought to the old Gym a very full house in spite of the wet weather. The chorus of over 50 voices was supported by 13 woodwind, 12 brass and 20 strings. Obviously rehearsals had repaid the instrumentalists and brought back a profit, for throughout the evening we were aware of a polished reading of the scores by the players.

In the Beethoven "Coriolan" Overture the wind players—both wood and brass—obviously delighted in their opening pages, as also did the timpanist, who gladly provided the emphasis. The overture had much to explain of the plot, moving from male ferocity to soft, female appeals. It was very impressive to hear how the instruments were spot on with changes of mood owing to their excellent response to the baton.

The Mozart Concerto which followed brought Jeremy French to the fore with his clarinet. Although the strings might at times have overpowered his clear top note runs, his entries were always sure and he was obviously enjoying the gaiety of the Rondo. Throughout, the soloist was always secure and at home, fully deserving the applause accorded him, not only long from the audience but also enthusiastic from the orchestra, whose members could best evaluate Jeremy's skill and the effort he had put in.

As an immediate change to close the evening, John Willson brought to us a Victorian work, so popular at Gloucester in the twenties, known as Hymn of Praise, but which, to the surprise of some, was revealed as a grand Choral Symphony: Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 2 in B flat. It was equally enjoyed by the fifty-odd choristers at Rendcomb as they entered stealthily with full voices, at times unaccompanied commendably, ready to prove that *they* "had life and breath" as they called upon all

to praise the Lord. Perhaps the outstanding passage was the duet by the guest tenor, Michael Hartley, strongly voiced in his rising sharps in which he was ably partnered by the soprano voice of Fiona Jane Wilson whose clear open voice found no problem in holding on to her top notes. So we came to the end full of voices and it seemed timely and valid therefore to observe that these voices were indeed praising the Lord as Mendelssohn had exhorted.

E. S.

ACADEMIC SUCCESSES

THE following passes were gained at G. C. E. Advanced Level in 1980:

- S. J. Briffett—History, Economics and Public Affairs*
- J. C. Bull—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
- E. C. Comrie—English, History, Geography (D)
- M. J. C. Hayward—English* (M), History, Economics and Public Affairs
- A. A. Fisher—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
- C. A. Franklin—History
- R. A. Funnell—Mathematics*, Physics* (M), Chemistry (D)
- A. M. Grainger—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
- B. J. Hatchwell—Physics, Chemistry, Biology*
- J. A. Hectermann—French, Art
- K. J. Hobbs—English, Economics and Public Affairs, Biology
- S. E. Horne—English, History, French
- D. P. A. Ind—English, Geography
- J. E. Ingleton-Beer—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
- M F Lewers—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
- C. L. Lomax—Geography, Chemistry, Biology
- S. P. W. Lorenzen—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
- C. P. Mackintosh—History, Economics and Public Affairs, Biology
- N. D. Miles—English*, History*, French
- K. N. G. Nunan—Physics, Chemistry, Biology
- R. C. Pitt—History, Economics and Public Affairs, German
- N. S. J. Price—Chemistry
- J. H. W. Quick—English, History, Economics and Public Affairs
- M. I. Roberts—English, Geography, Biology
- R. E. Rosengard—English, History* (M), French
- J. A. Stephenson—English, Economics and Public Affairs, Biology
- J. M. Taylor—English*, History*, French*
- A. C. C. Tong—Mathematics*, Physics, Chemistry
- S. K. J. Trezise—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
- R. I. C. Tudor—English, French, German*
- M. A. Twinning—Mathematics*, Physics, Chemistry
- J. M. Twyman—Mathematics*, Physics* (M), Chemistry* (M)
- J. C. Watson—Biology
- S. C. Whittard—Mathematics*, Physics, Chemistry (M)
- F H. Wilcox—Mathematics, Physics (M), Chemistry (D)

KEY

* = A grade

(D) = Distinction in Special Paper

(M) = Merit in Special Paper

Passes at Ordinary Level—Summer and Autumn, 1980:

- T. R. Barrow—English Lit., English Lang., History, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, French
- G. J. Bocking—English Lit., English Lang., History, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
- R. A. Bray—English Lit., English Lang., History, Latin, French, German
- P. G. Chivers—English Lit., English Lang., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
- T. N. M. Daniels—English Lit., English Lang., History, Geography, French, German, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
- D. A. Denby—English Lit., English Lang., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Music
- T. R. Dunwoody—English Lit., English Lang., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
- R. Evans—English Lit., English Lang., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
- J. C. D. C. Everatt—English Lit., English Lang., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Music
- D. M. A. Fewings—English Lit., English Lang., History, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Geography
- C. G. Freeman—English Lang., History, Mathematics, Physics
- M. George—French
- D. J. Hammond—English Lit., English Lang., History, Geography, French, German, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
- S. D. Hawkswell—English Lit., English Lang., History, French, Mathematics, Physics, Biology, Geography
- C. B. Hodgkinson—English Lit., English Lang., History, French, Mathematics, Physics, Biology, Geography
- S. P. Hughes—English Lit., English Lang., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
- S. P. Knapp—English Lit., English Lang., Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology, History, Latin, French, Music
- D. Lee—English Lit., English Lang., History, Latin, French, German, Mathematics, Physics
- G. P. T. Marsh—English Lit., English Lang., Geography, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
- J. S. Martyn-Smith—English Lit., English Lang., Mathematics, Physics, Biology, History, Latin
- R. J. Morgan—History, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
- R. Needham—English Lit., English Lang., Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Geography, French, History

- J. R. L. Pedley—English Lit., English Lang., History, French, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
- A. P. Pitt—French, German, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
- N. J. E. Pitt—English Lang., History, Latin, French, German, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
- T. D. Pratt—History, Biology, Geography, Mathematics
- D. I. Rollo—English Lit., English Lang., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
- A. C. Schreiber—English Lit., English Lang., History, Geography, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
- R. P. Scourfield-Lewis—English Lang., History, Latin, French, German, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Music
- R. D. Slee—English Lang., History, Biology
- T. C. J. Steed—English Lang., History, French, Mathematics, Chemistry
- R. M. Stibbard—English Lit., English Lang., History, Latin, French, German, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
- C. P. Stratton—English Lit., English Lang., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
- P. E. Stroud—English Lit., English Lang., History, German, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
- A. E. Teodorowicz—English Lang.
- N. P. Townend—English Lang., History, French, Mathematics, Biology
- J. P. Trigger—English Lit., English Lang., History, Geography, French, German, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
- C. J. Twinning—Mathematics, Biology, Woodwork, Geography
- C. A. Watson—English Lit., English Lang., History, Geography, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
- A. J. Wilcox—English Lit., English Lang., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Music
- T. G. Wild—English Lit., English Lang., History, French, Chemistry, Biology
- N. P. Wren—English Lit., English Lang., History, Geography, French, German, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry

The following passed O Level Computer Studies:

H. M. Alexander
L. J. Brain
M. T. Burchell
C. A. J. Dick
R. A. Funnell
A. C. G. Munro
A. M. Grainger
R. G. Hazell
S. P. W. Lorenzen
A. R. Pitt
A. H. M. Simmins
P. M. Uglow

The following passed O Level Classics in Translation:

M. A. K. Bitner-Glindzicz
N. M. Blencowe
C. J. Brealy
M. J. Burchell
T. J. Burkham
C. A. J. Dick
E. A. W. Foy
K. G. Hazell
A. J. Hockin
F. A. Hughes
D. C. Lee
R. M. Medill
C. A. R. Milner
R. C. Norman
J. C. Pettitt
A. R. Pitt
R. J. Smith
H. C. K. Waddell
R. G. M. Webb
F. J. Wilson

OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE successes, 1980

In the Entrance and Scholarship Examinations for Oxford and Cambridge held in December, 1980, a Gloucestershire and Avon Scholarship to Pembroke College, Oxford was won by J. Mark Twyman.

The following candidates gained places:

H. Mary Alexander—Fitzwilliam College, Cambridge

L. Joanna Brain—St. Peter's College, Oxford

Richard A. Funnell—Pembroke College, Oxford

Alastair C. Graham-Munro—Corpus Christi College, Cambridge

Benedict J. Hatchwell—Christ Church, Oxford

Rebecca E. Rosengard—Brasenose College, Oxford

REDCOMB COLLEGE AWARDS, 1981

Noel Wills Scholarship

Edward William Frederick Webb—Winchcombe Junior School

Gloucestershire Foundation Scholarships

John Edward Barnett—Woodchester Endowed School, Near Stroud

Christopher Neil Eames—St. Joseph's R. S. Primary School, Nympsfield, Stonehouse

Alexander Stephen Green—Bourton-on-the-Water County Primary School

Mark Patrick Hastings—St. James' Primary Primary School, Cheltenham

Gareth David Nicholls — County Junior School, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham

Rendcomb Foundationer

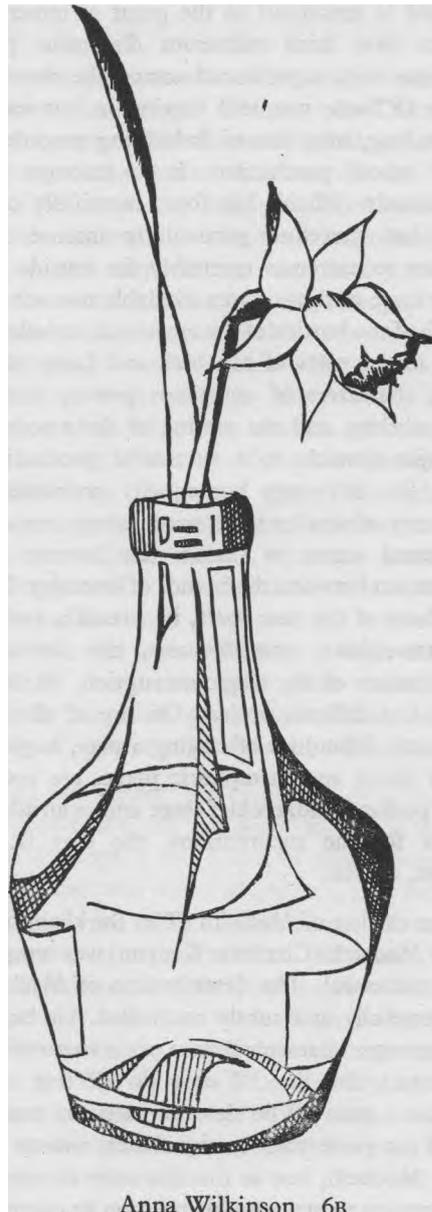
William Mark Croft—Ann Edwards School, South Cerney

Girls' Scholarship

Shared between:

Nichola Agius — Westwood's Grammar School

Abigail Appleton — Stroud Girls' High School



MACBETH

THE choice of "Macbeth" as a school play seemed as ambitious to the point of temerity. There have been numerous disastrous productions with experienced actors (the name of Peter O'Toole was still ringing in our ears), and a long, long line of forbidding precedents to a school production. It is amongst the notoriously difficult big four, mercifully concise, but therefore particularly intense and reaches to extremes meritably far outside the experience of those actors available to a school. Much of the burden of the emotional turbulence falls on the parts of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, characters of enormous power, variety and subtlety, and the casting of these seemed a major obstacle to a successful production. Also, less obviously but equally problematic, the army of smaller parts needs competent and dedicated actors to sustain the interest and movement between the islands of intensity. The problems of the text itself, its breadth, swings of atmosphere, relentlessness, the universal implications of the tragic corruption, all these make it a difficult project. On top of all this, technical difficulties of staging a play, huge on every literal and metaphoric plane, are severe on a pocket-handkerchief stage and as an added bonus for the superstitious, the play is, of course, cursed.

The casting of Macbeth (Tim Burkham) and Lady Macbeth (Charlotte Kenyon) was remarkably successful. The deterioration of Macbeth was carefully and subtly controlled. He began as a stronger character than is often successfully portrayed, the line "I dare do all that may become a man / Who dare do more, is none", stood out powerfully as significant, true to the early Macbeth, but as the character is warped by stooping to maintain his position he commits acts which are despicable and far outside what does 'become a man'. Admirably, through the murders, Tim managed to retain the tragedy of this field and the sense of a deeply flawed but still great man.

The early scenes of Macbeth's fear (the Banquet and immediately after the killing of Duncan) need a special word. Our horror of the deeds was swallowed up in the pathos of Macbeth's own childlike horror and these were amongst the most powerful scenes in the play, mostly because of the confident and sensitive acting of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. Tim coped with the difficulties of the Shakespearean language seemingly with ease and continued to act when not speaking, happily something he shared with Lady Macbeth, but unfortunately, not with the all the minor characters. The notoriously difficult soliloquies were delivered with authority and perception, allowing us to remain in part sympathy with Macbeth by seeing into his soul and realising the blackness was that of insanity, not of spirit.

Charlotte Kenyon's Lady Macbeth complemented Tim's Macbeth extremely well. She presented the two sides of Lady Macbeth very credibly and sensitively; the one capable and confident, the other private and fearful. The former is the perfect wife who provides courage and determination when her husband lacks it, and is a superbly controlled hostess even in such disasters as her banquet. The latter is a frightened woman calling, despite her own fear, on evil spirits to give her support for her husband's ambition, and the nervous figure waiting for him to return and assure her Duncan is dead and all is well. This diverse part was sustained admirably by Charlotte and she commanded enormous emotional power especially in her own scenes; the pathos of her childlike panic in the sleepwalking scene being one of the most moving in the production. She equalled Macbeth in her handling of the language, and especially in realising all the dramatic and emotional power of the part.

Many of the minor characters sustained this level of performance. The witches (Alicja Teodorowicz, Jenny Lane, Rebecca Davison) were very strong indeed, visually and in their interpretations, beginning the play with an evil grace, dramatically plunging the play into the

right atmosphere and casting a shadow over the now ominously 'normal' second scene. Their very effective presence in Lady Macbeth's scene of calling on the "murdering ministers" implicated them utterly in the tragedy, and took this scene to the edge of its potential.

Duncan, Macduff and Banquo are vital figures in the drama, but so secondary as developed characters to the Macbeths that they become hard to establish as more than types. Duncan (Tim Daniels), despite a somewhat youthful appearance, maintained the dignity and Kingliness necessary for the implications of Macbeth's "If it were done..." soliloquy, but remained, despite the perfection, a sympathetic character. Macduff (Guy Healey), who often tends to insipidity, here managed to present "noble passion", a fitting opponent and successor to Macbeth. His integrity and the quietness of his grief inspired confidence in his nature. Banquo (Charles Ekin) contrasted strongly with the character Macbeth comes to be; particularly the scene in which he addresses Macbeth's throne and fears he "played most foully for it" was extremely effective and well-sustained.

Lady Macduff (Fiona Jane Wilson) merits a special word; her talent outweighed the extent of her part which she nevertheless played to the full. She illustrated that goodness could be strong too, and her nobility and courage brought the audiences' opinion of Macbeth to a very low point. Her scream of "murder" seemed to understate it, impressively heart felt!

Some of the smallest parts stood out, and emphasised that every character and line counts to a successful production. The Porter (Richard Needham) provided a welcome instead of incongruous note of comedy into the intensity, managing to be controllably knock-about and superbly vulgar. Seyton (Russell Copley) conveyed well the lack of fundamental respect felt for Macbeth by his subject, which shed an important light on his insecurity. The "ordinariness" of the Gentlewoman (Catherine

King) was needed, and was very effective in the sleepwalking scene, adding a final edge of professionalism to this excellent scene. Giles Breal (as a servant), managed manfully a small but problematic part and costume.

To the technical side. The choice of such an elaborate backcloth I thought was a mistake; the enigmatic scene did rather intrude into the action until one became accustomed to it. However, the room was admirably used, and the number of exits provided an impression of space, and only during the most crowded scenes was there a hint of being cramped. The stagemen did an admirable job with the cumbersome stage-furniture. The sound-men co-ordinated the difficult effects well; those which told the fine line between effectiveness and comedy, such as Banquo's ghost, fell decidedly on the right side. The lighting managed to be natural at the right moments, and dramatic at the others, especially well done I thought were the witches' scenes. The costumes however, best managed to be unobtrusive, and cannot be said to have been a triumph. Lady Macbeth must have had difficulty neutralising the impact of her rather frivolous nightwear in the sleepwalking scene.

And yet, despite the excellence of so many, the production did not seem to match up to them. Perhaps it was a lack of communication with or between minor characters, or a lack of realisation of their importance. Whatever happened, it tended sadly to patchiness, and the relentlessness of the play was lost. Perhaps there is not anything clear enough in the complexity of Shakespeare to focus the whole cast onto; perhaps it was hampered by lack of dedication at rehearsal. Perhaps it is a moral tale against school Shakespeare. Perhaps I did not see the best night.

A final word must go to those whose dedication kept them on stage despite illness, especially Rebecca Davison, Charles Schreiber and Tim Daniels.

E. A. W. F.

A FESTIVAL OF DRAMA

The Junior Plays for 1981

THE five plays, specifically chosen to involve as many members of the forms as possible, emerged and developed from Mr. Dyke's drama classes. Appropriately the play began with "What Theatre Really Is" by James Saunders, a play that takes place actually in the Classroom (or is it a stage?). The play studied the ambiguity of 'acting' and questioned the terms used and generally accepted in the theatre.

The cast, taken from the Third Form coped well with a script that was difficult to perform. Among the actors (or were they characters?), N. Kinch, J. Awdry and P. Patridge played their parts particularly well, evoking confusion in the audience, as intended by the author. The play raised many thoughts, but we were given little time to reflect as a "real" actor appeared and we moved into the First Form's play "Here the Hero".

From beneath an assortment of outsized costumes and wigs, ranging from the goddess of childbirth's bedraggled mop to the lurid purple curls of the goddess Hera, Form One gave a delightful and spirited performance of their own creation (which had the added plus of T. D. D's sparkling wit).

The play opened during "What Theatre Really Is" with Hesiod the Chronicler, played by I. Whittaker, just managing to support a somewhat large volume of Ancient History. His clear introduction was followed by the entrance of a dynamic Hera (C. Moody) pursuing her wretched little husband, Zeus (the omnipotent thunderer?)—an unusual portrayal by I. Ford, who must be one of the smallest in Form One. After telling us of the birth of "Alimene's little chap", Hercules, he made a hasty retreat, delivering a most un-Zeus-like "yah boo sucks" over his shoulder.

Plagued by the Three Furies (D. Clark, M. Dinnick, O. Trier) for killing his wife, Hercules is compelled to pay a visit to the

Python of Delphi (G. Davies), a "real cool guy", who gave a 'far-out' performance equipped with flashing dark glasses. Eventually Hercules ends up in the palace of the pseudo-brave Eurhythus, condemned as "un-cool" by the Python and comically played by A. Rollo, where he is given his "work sheet" of ten labours.

His ninth labour leads him to the country of the Amazons to secure Hippolyta's "smelly old girdle". There was much amusement when Hippolyta (B. Nicolle), on seeing Hercules crossing the river towards her, uttered the immortal words "cor, who's the smashin' fella? " to her pugnacious compatriots, Gladys and Daphne (M. Houseman and R. Hill). After beating Hippolyta in a test of strength to win her girdle, Hercules aided by the beautiful Athene (M. Reid) outwits Atlas (P. Moore) and completes his labours.

Unfortunately, Here makes another blunder, yet again justifying his nick-name "Here the Jerk" and brings about his own "slow and painful death,... so slow that he even had time to build his own funeral pyre".

After the interval, the Second Form took the stage with "Ernie's Incredible Illuciations" by Alan Ayckbourn.

This short, witty play by one of the more popular modern playwrights was excellently performed, the three main characters supported well by the rest of the cast. M. Hammond gave an accomplished performance as Ernie, as did D. Edwin as Dad and D. Denby as Mum. The play investigates the problems that arise when Ernie's daydreams become 'reality', causing his parents endless embarrassment—what to do with the German soldiers Ernie 'shoots'; how to cope with Auntie May (C. Hudson) becoming world heavyweight champion at boxing, and trying to live down 'rescuing' the librarian from his step-ladder. The disbelieving doctor becomes part of the 'illucinations' himself by the end of the play.

The atmosphere changed to one of mystery

and eeriness with "We Three" by Olwen Wymark. Following last term's successful production of Macbeth, this short play offers a new view of the three witches. It brings out the feeling of being trapped in routine; of actors being obliged to perform every night. R. Prynne as Eve gave a very convincing performance, backed up well by N. Watts as Bridie and B. Uglow as "The Other". This was probably the most ambitious of the five plays, but it was very effectively produced and performed.

The final play, "My Proud Beauty" by Kenneth Lillington, was also performed by the Third Form. This comic send-up of the traditional Victorian melodrama was thoroughly enjoyable, all the actors obviously finding it as amusing as the audience.

Monday's narrator, G. Boyce was excellent; D. Adshead as the wicked squire looked suitably dark and malevolent and acted out his role with panache. The remainder of the cast, notably D. George as Amos, were very amusing. Tuesday night's audience was as well-entertained as Monday's by a cast of equal ability. J. Morris matched G. Boyce in skill and J. Butling followed in the footsteps of Monday's D. Brown as a jolly Seth, though we were somewhat shocked on Tuesday night when he emerged from behind the screen reading with obvious interest a copy of "Mayfair"! J. Goode and an extraordinarily feminine C. Harris as Mrs. Honesty and Marion respectively, acted with verve and enthusiasm.

The audience responded well throughout, especially to a few unforeseen errors, particularly when an intended blast of 'snow' fell tamely at Amos's feet followed, after a brief lull, by the sound of rushing wind from the wings! In the words of Hesiod the Chronicler "the Greeks must have had a word for it!"

MIDDLE SCHOOL AND RENDCOMB ARMCHAIR THESPIANS

"A Slight Ache" by Harold Pinter

THIS fascinating play, a study of middle-class values, and attitudes towards the working-class was excellently acted by a very competent cast of Rendcomb Armchair Thespians. "A Slight Ache" was a very polished production, reflecting the considerable skill of its director, Mr. Chris Terrill, and was a good opportunity for the three "RATS" to widen their experience in a completely different field of acting.

The play is concerned with the inability of people to communicate with one another because of the many nuances of colloquial speech. Flora (Charlotte Kenyon) and Edward (Richard Needham) are a typical suburban couple, between whom there is no longer love nor understanding, but who remain together only for companionship and convenience.

Edward is suffering an identity crisis, and mourns his lost youth; hence, he takes refuge in attempts at academic prowess, and has fantasies about Africa. Flora is a frustrated housewife, who is trying desperately to cope with losing the affections of her husband. Their relationship at the beginning of the play is strained, Flora struggling to preserve it, whereas Edward is no longer bothered, although he feels obliged to take the lead over her and protect, as is shown in the incident of the wasp, at breakfast, which Edward must capture and kill all on his own. They both "find" themselves again in a match-seller (Tim Daniels), who has stood on the road outside their gate for many weeks; Flora and Edward emerge from their separate experiences with him to start afresh at the end of the play.

Charlotte Kenyon gave a sensitive and professional performance as Flora, successfully combining her differing emotions to the audience, while Richard Needham was equally outstanding in the role of Edward. It was evident that he understood the part well, and

credit is due to them both for learning some extremely long and difficult soliloquies. Tim Daniels, as the silent matchseller, had great presence throughout, and distinctly succeeded in not falling into the trap of appearing as just another prop. He used subtle facial expressions and dramatic body gestures, showing great feeling for the character he played.

This essentially sad play was followed by the Fourth Form's near-slapstick comedy, "The Bells". This was a tongue-in-cheek version of an original popular Victorian melodrama of the same name, made famous by the great actor, Sir Henry Irvine.

Christopher Walton as "The Chairman" played his part very well, having had only a day or so to learn his lines. He introduced the play within this play, which began with the adorable Ann (Mike Uglow) tripping lightly across the stage in a tasteful, green dress. Her ardent little lover, Christian (Matthew Hadley), entered amidst handfuls of snow, to be clasped passionately to Ann's ample bosom... and stifled.

Mistiming his entrance with the snow, Sir Henry Ermine (*sic*)—Clive Fletcher, swept on to the set (sporting only half a moustache on Thursday!) desperately trying to upstage everyone. Unfortunately, due to the incompetence of the stage-manager (Stephen Simkin), his required sound-effects failed to materialise; he became more and more intolerable as the play progressed and was eventually dramatically strangled by the stage-manager, with effective spurts of stage-blood in evidence.

All the characters performed with verve and enthusiasm during "The Bells" and then rapid clothes and make-up changes were made, and the Fourth Form took their places for a very different play—"School Play", by Donald Howarth.

Throughout this intriguing play, we were never quite sure what was reality and what was acting, and this fact illustrates just how well the actors applied themselves to the script.

Tim Daniels played the demanding part of the imposing, almost dictator-like master. This role showed the near Fascist attitude of some teachers towards their pupils, this feeling reaching a climax in the pupils saluting their 'dictator' with the traditional "Heil Hitler", having alienated, in typical Nazi fashion, the one boy who did not fit in, and was 'different'. The whole was very moving and thoughtful, and a little disturbing.

There was another striking contrast in the choice of the final production, "Make Your Play", by Kenneth Lillington, a tribute to the classic American western. This was opened appropriately and memorably by an expressively mimed recording of "Raw Hide". The script was enacted with varying degrees of ability at perfecting the phoney western 'drawl'.

The atmosphere was realistically created by some larger than life western characters who shot, spat and yarned their way through a tale of love, jealousy and revenge. The highlight was a gun fight between the lawman (Richard Needham) and the Badman (Tom Paton), which was replayed in slow motion with hilarious results. In the end the good guy got the girl (Jo Pettitt), so everybody was happy—especially Peter Uglow!

A lot of work went into producing this Festival of Drama and much gratitude is due to both Mr. Dyke and Mr. Terrill. Sadly, this was Mr. Dyke's last production at Rendcomb, as he leaves at the end of the Summer Term to take up another teaching job. Many thanks also to the stage managers and people in charge of lighting and sound, and to those who displayed their artistic talents in making up the characters. Everyone contributed to four evenings of great entertainment.

R. F. D. AND J. D. F.

THE PANTOMIME

Last Christmas it was decided that rather than put on the traditional “sketches” we should present a Christmas pantomime.

The story, based on “Snow White”, was adapted superbly by Mr. Terrill who was also director, producer, stage manager and set designer!

The Story:

The Wicked Queen, jealous of the beauty of her daughter Beauty, has her taken to the Deep Dark Forest to be eaten by “nasty animals”. Fortunately a friendly, though rather stupid, bunny called Lapidus saves her.

The story in more detail:

The sinister Wicked Queen, played effortlessly by Ricky Altmiller, sent her daughter, Beauty, played tear jerkingly by Rebecca Norman, out of the castle escorted by Snot (Tom Paton) and Fang (Peter Uglow), two rather gruesome but lovable punk attendants, who had orders to abandon her in the deepest part of the land’s largest forest.

After a frightful night when Beauty was troubled by the beasties of the forest some kind and considerate bunnies came to her aid, saw that she was distressed and unanimously decided to call Lapidus, the enchanted Bunny. The bunnies were played by Jo Pettitt, Cathy Milner, Charlie Kenyon, Fiona-Jane Wilson, Liza Manners and Tish Cam who also tripled as night goolies in the forest and delightful ballerinas.

Lapidus, an amazing bunny indeed, was played with considerable aplomb by Adam Martyn-Smith who kept the audience amused, if not by his charm then certainly by his volume!

Lapidus, obviously rather taken by Beauty, wanted to help her but explained that the could not use magic without the consent of the Magic Council. This was due to the constant

misuse of magical powers by so many wicked people that severe controls had to be applied. Lapidus said that he would have to send for an official delegation to assess the situation and grant a “Magic Licence” if they saw fit.

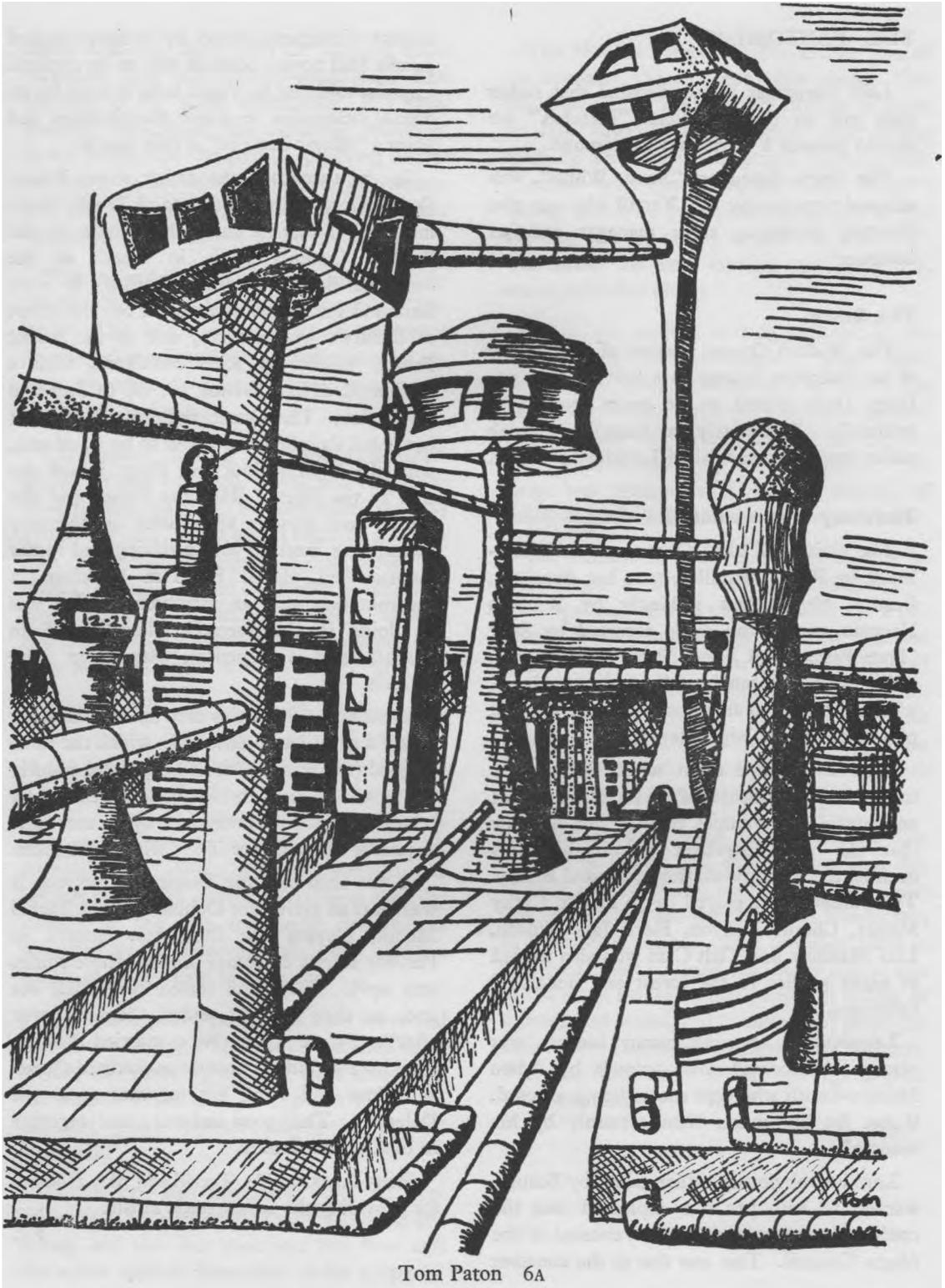
In the meantime the rather super Prince Quite Nice, younger brother of Prince Charming of Cinderella fame, had come to the Wicked Queen’s castle in search of the desirable Beauty whom he wished to woo. Snot and Fang inadvertently let out the secret of Beauty’s whereabouts; and so the heroic Prince, played by Rich Needham, with a certain Medillian flavour, set off to find and rescue her. The Queen then found out that her hated daughter was about to be saved and, with the hapless Snot and Fang, joined the trail to the forest. Both the Prince and the Queen had various adventures on the way including a meeting with a talking and rather intense frog played by Tim Burkham, a confrontation with an astronomer (what was he doing in the forest?), played by Sean Hughes, and a carpenter, played by Tim Daniels.

Eventually, all parties met up in a clearing where a great battle ensued in which the force of good (the bunnies) used humour to counter the attacks of Snot and Fang, who were finally bombarded into submission by a merciless sequence of quick-fire Tony Blackburn jokes.

It was then that the Delegation arrived. It was quite an arrival for Debbie Lee and Rachel Medill, playing the Delegates, entered in Playboy Bunny costumes (how do those things stay up?). They soon sorted everything out and, as they say, all ended “happily ever after”. Prince Quite Nice married Beauty, Lapidus married the now de-wickedised Queen and Snot and Fang got together with the Delegates. Thus good and evil came together in blissful matrimony.

Many thanks to Mr. Terrill and Mr. Holland for providing the atmospheric music.

P. C.



Tom Paton 6A

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

DURING the past two terms the Debating Society achieved a good balance between the light-hearted and the more serious debates and it was particularly encouraging to see that these were, generally speaking, well attended and the debating intelligent, informed and entertaining.

In view of recent world events the ominously topical motion of Fighting for Queen and Country was chosen. Mike Curtis Hayward argued that to fight for your country is a basic loyalty rather than excessive patriotism and made some interesting references to the poems of Rupert Brooke and Wilfred Owen whose thoughts and observations on war were very much in evidence on that evening. He was ably backed up by Jason Bowerman and Guy Healey who both emphasised the debt we owe to our country, and pointing out that this country would only go to the extreme of declaring war if it were absolutely necessary and "right". The Guy Healey speech was made in the style of war-time propaganda and was very amusing.

Opposing this motion was Charlie Waddell, who, after taking the opportunity of a large attentive audience to try and sell a fountain pen, launched a fierce, funny and sometimes genuinely moving attack on the motion. He reminded the audience of the hypocrisy and useless slaughters of various British "jaunts" abroad and brought his casual, sarcastic and well reasoned appeal to a close with a reading of Owen's powerful and brutal "Dulce et Decorum est". Olivia Hanscombe backed up this speech very well indeed laying particular emphasis on the incalculable physical and mental suffering sustained in war. She condemned the attitudes of the authorities and the church during wartime when established codes of morals were conveniently rejected and "organised murder" encouraged. The final opposition speaker was Rhodri Scourfield-Lewis who attempted to cut through the myths and fallacies that surround the topic. He also

attempted to convey to the audience the mindless futility of war.

The debate was interesting and important and I think the final comment from the floor summarised perfectly the opposition argument: "Is any cause worth killing another human being for?" Despite this, the motion was carried by quite a large margin.

The next two debates were of a much less serious nature and proved both highly entertaining and were considerable crowd-pullers. The first, on "Graffiti" concluded that graffiti did in fact make the world a more colourful place, many thanks to the main speakers on that occasion: Alex Watts, Charlotte Kenyon, Peter Uglow and Maria Bitner.

The last of the debates of the Christmas Term was a balloon debate. This was contested by Bob Marley (David Twyman), Superman (Mr. Holland), Dr. Who (Richard Perrett) and Buck Rogers (John Adams). Allan Jennings was proposed as another contestant from the floor, and came a close second to Dr. Who, the deserving winner.

There was only one debate in the Lent Term. However, this proved to be most illuminating. The motion was: "This house believes that the woman's place is in the home". The debate was characterised by continual male attempts to trivialise the issue and by a sad reluctance on the girls' part to speak out. The predominantly male audience had come along for an evening's entertainment and predictably opted for the security of an "us v. them" stance; they warmed to the endearing self parody of the proposition speeches and their good-humoured digs at the girls. Richard Needham and Justin Martyn-Smith argued, in support of the motion, that women are physically and emotionally unsuited to a life outside the home and that due to governmental economic mismanagement it would mean the inevitable collapse of the country's financial state if women were all allowed to work. Their speeches were effective and playful and incorporated some unorthodox

chorusing of key words!

Debbie Lee and Charlotte Kenyon, opposing the motion, quickly dispelled the preconception that this debate was going to be an exchange of well-worn, pompous platitudes praising either the male or the female in as witty a way as possible. They delivered very fine speeches indeed which expressed their genuine anger and frustration; Miss Kenyon's speech, in particular, was quite emotional which tended to upset the atmosphere of predictability.

They expressed their disgust at the Victorian like oppression of women that still exists and the stereotyping of women as housewives and the terrible tedium and pointlessness of that life-style.

The speeches from the floor were both funny and perceptive, although they did betray the audience's inability, or at least reluctance, to step outside shallow frivolity.

Once again, Mr. Dyke deserves our sincere thanks for chairing the debates, and credit for his relevant and influential contributions to the debating itself.

D. A. D.

TOP OF THE FORM

ONCE again the College entered a team for the Radio Atlanta contest, broadcast to all Cirencester hospitals. M. Hammond, J. Morris,

A. Rontree and D. Stewart represented the school, and came away most worthy winners. N. Pitt played two guitar pieces in the break.

Our opponents were the same as last year, Deer Park and Farmers' schools. But the standard of questions was high and the final, in particular, was nail-bitingly close. Thirty of the Junior House were there to cheer our team to victory.

T. D. D.

COMMUNITY SERVICE

It has been a hectic two terms for the C. S. group. The Sponsored Walk on 14th September engaged most of the school and raised over £1, 100. This is going to expand our usual activities and to provide bursaries for those wishing to go on P. H. A. B. holiday courses with the disabled. Most encouragingly, at least four sixth formers have so far taken advantage of this opportunity.

Visiting has continued as usual to the Queens Hospital, Paternoster House and School, Liddington for Riding for the Disabled, Winnie, Babs and Mr. Simms. Star Centre wheelchair sports has remained very popular, though we rarely won! In addition, there have been three parties at the College: two for the 'Oldies' when the R. A. T. S. performed "Make Your Play" as a tea-time production; one for Paternoster School children, at which we all reverted delightfully to childhood games, threatening to wreck Park House common room in the process!

Finally, Mrs. Baker came from Action Research for the Crippled Child, and gave us a fascinating insight into their activities and achievements.

Large numbers are now involved in C. S. activities in various ways, but volunteers should make sure that their involvement and commitment remain at the highest level, or the group begins to lose credibility.

T. D. D.

SCHOOLS' CHALLENGE

AFTER a delayed start the first round of the "Challenge" commenced. The Rendcomb team consisted of two Sixth Formers and two Third Formers: Mark Burchell, David Twyman, Robert Prynne and Benedict Uglow.

Rendcomb started with vigour, quickly gaining a 90—0 lead over Dean Close School, but from this point the supply of knowledge dwindled, to say the least. Dean Close swiftly destroyed our lead and by 'half-time' the Rendcomb team were 180—90 down. Yet this could not deter Rendcomb spirit! After a series of quick and well-fought rounds a revival was in the making, but this was soon to be overcome. Eventually, morale (and brain-power) collapsed.

Final score: Rendcomb College 180 points
Dean Close School 250 points.
B. U.

BRIDGE

THIS year has seen the beginning of matches against other schools, the first of which was against Westonbirt. It was a close result, but unfortunately we lost by 3, 500 points. Nevertheless, this warranted a return fixture. This was a good deal closer but again we lost, this time by 650 points, the result being decided on the final hand. Our other venture was against Dean Close whom we beat by 4, 600 points. These matches proved enjoyable to all concerned and are sure to become regular features in future years.

Our thanks to to Mr. White for his enthusiastic, helpful and often light-hearted advice.

N. M. B.

R. A. T. S.

THE Rendcomb Armchair Thespians have vacated their armchairs in recent months and become involved in rather more active theatre. We have produced and performed a number of one-act plays for the Community Service and the Rendcomb Drama Festival and also a Christmas Pantomime.

Exhausted, we are retiring to the comfort of our armchairs to read two plays in the Summer Term.

C. F. F. T.

CAREERS

THE careers plan has followed the established pattern of previous years with the addition of talks to the parents of Fifth Form pupils by the Careers Master, R. Kelsey, and the I. S. C. O. Regional Secretary, P. W. Francis.

These talks followed the 'mock' examinations and preceded the meeting of Staff with Fifth Form parents on 13th February. So encouraged were we by the interest and gratitude shown by the parents, that it has been decided to repeat the talks next year.

Later in February, eleven members of the Fifth Form took the interest and aptitude careers tests, which were followed by interviews and reports in March.

There is, of course, no substitute for first-hand experience and three recent members of the Sixth Form obtained such experience by undertaking scientific research prior to going to university. They were R. Funnell and B. Hatchwell (both at I. C. I. (Pharmaceuticals)) and M. Twyman at B. P. Research.

Nearer to hand a number of members of the Sixth Form tested their business and stock exchange skills by participating in two national competitions. In both cases they finished as Gloucestershire champions, on which they are to be warmly congratulated. Detailed reports are to be found elsewhere.

R. K.

STOCK PILER

WE started the competition as Gloucestershire champions and so our title was at stake, particularly with Deer Park School, Cirencester making a very sound start.

However, by January we had taken the lead and nationally were 14th of over 2, 000 teams in the competition.

We slipped back a little in February, but by the final valuation in March we had succeeded in retaining our title and to it had added the title of Champions of the South Wales Region.

The £20, 000 we initially invested in October had accrued to £26, 491 by March, which was substantially better than the F. T. Index for the same period.

Congratulations to the winning team, and particularly to its chairman, Chris Brealy, who showed keen insight with his range of investments.

R. K.

FOLK CLUB

THERE have been five meetings in the last two terms, so to attempt to describe all the "acts" would be folly, since there are generally about twelve in each session. This year, 6A have shown us how 6B behave, and vice versa; the Queens Singers have continued a noble tradition; Lisa has reminded us of How to be Topp; Nigel reminded us of what real acoustic guitar playing is about.

It is most encouraging how many people attend these very informal sessions, even more so now that more are coming forward to perform. The standard of performance remains as high as ever.

T. D.

SCOTTISH DANCING

THERE were only two meetings in the Christmas Term, but these were so well attended that we did manage to form three eightsomes, with varying degrees of skill. Our repertoire now includes the Eightsome Reel, Strip the Willow, the Gay Gordons, and the Dashing White Sergeant. One day we will get them right. The attempt remains exhausting, but most enjoyable.

T. D.

BUSINESS GAME

THIS has been our best performance since 1978, when we also reached the quarter-finals and came close to reaching the semi-finals.

In the first round we had some of the 'old hands' still with us and easily disposed of Vandyke School, Leighton Buzzard, Shrewsbury School and Llandovery College.

The second round saw a number of new additions to the Board. These were all from 6B and very rapidly assimilated the principles of business. In this round we succeeded in overcoming Langdon School, London and Windsor School.

The next round was a very closely fought affair in which we were drawn against Westwood's, the only other Gloucestershire school remaining, and Hampton School. We succeeded in beating Westwood's, but were narrowly beaten by Hampton. Thus, not only were we the most successful team in Gloucestershire but we also maintained our record of never being losers in any round since we entered the competition ten years ago.

R. K.

ITALY 1981

ON the long coach journey to Aprica, many of us began to worry about the distinct lack of snow in the area and when at last we arrived we discovered our fears had some foundation. It had not snowed for over two weeks and the nursery slopes were barely covered.

After one of the many amazing meals we had while we were there (it was chips in one form or another every night) we were sent to collect our skis and boots. As we soon discovered, they are very heavy and carrying them to and from the chair lift every day certainly did wonders for the biceps!

The next day was the first chance to ski for many of us. Some found it quite easy once they started. Others had a few problems with doing up their skis and getting up after falling over. It was generally the older members of our party that found this difficult but by the end of the week even they were becoming quite proficient.

Those who have been skiing before were taken up to the higher slopes on the first day. Others found themselves half way up the mountainside facing down a steep slope and not knowing how to stop! This slight difficulty was soon overcome however. All you had to do was zig-zag across the slope so that you could turn round without the danger of finding yourself facing directly downhill.

We skied every day, having a two-hour lesson in the morning, with most people returning to the slopes directly after lunch for another three hour session. Jane even took a packed lunch and stayed all day.

The courier had arranged a disco and film for our après-ski entertainment. There was also a 'pizza evening'. Although the pizzas were slightly charred it was great fun watching the chef; it was just like a clip from Fawlty Towers. The chef kept hitting and kicking the waiter who was continually taking the wrong orders!

There was also a skating rink in Aprica but since it was outdoors, good skating was not guaranteed. When it snowed, we found we could not skate as the surface of the rink was too slushy. Also, when the weather became colder as on our last night in Italy, (-18°C), the ice was too hard and it was very difficult to stay upright.

The snow improved the skiing conditions slightly, covering over some of the rocks and icy patches that had caused many falls earlier on. We were lucky not to incur any injuries during our stay, unlike the other school staying at the same hotel; two people in their party suffered broken legs.

Everyone enjoyed the holiday and some are hoping to return in 1982.

M. A.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

HAVING found ourselves unable to move to new premises in the near future, the Society has felt that the best use must be made of our present darkroom. This will involve a re-decoration and re-wiring of the room, following a change of layout of the working surfaces, all in an effort to stimulate interest and improve the amount and quality of work forthcoming.

With this in mind, some new printing equipment has been purchased and we are now looking forward to the replacement of our trusty enlarger. However, in our present financial state this is some way off, but not out of sight.

For the first time in several years, the Society is holding a competition with prizes, and with a view to exhibiting winning prints on Founder's Day.

A. H. M. S.

CONFESSIONS OF A SKIER

WELL, I was one of the not so talented skiers.

I didn't quite learn how to stop at will until after the third lesson when everyone else was mastering the World Cup run, and by the time I had managed to cope with the low lift everyone else was an expert. One of my many problems was that I kept falling off the tow-lift about a quarter of the way up, so I never got the chance to ski properly for a long time, owing to the fact that I never actually reached the bottom of the slopes let alone the tops! However, everyone was very sympathetic, especially Mr. and Mrs. Potts and Mrs. Newby, all of whom experienced similar difficulties (yes, Mr. Potts *was* awful!).

In fact, I remember once, when Mrs. Potts and I fell off the tow-lift and Mr. and Mrs. Newby continued to the top. we waited for a while on the slopes for them to ski down. However, after some time we began to worry and asked a passing Third Former if he had seen them; he then told us that Mr. and Mrs. Newby were "discussing things" halfway down the run, because Mrs. Newby would not start as she was too frightened and that Mr. Newby's patience was wearing thin. In the end, somewhat irate, both gave up, finishing with Mrs. Newby taking off her skis and walking down the slope!

I, too, had many misfortunes, as anyone who came to Italy will tell you. My skiing instructor tried desperately hard to leave me behind at every possible opportunity, but everyone else in my group was very kind and waited for me. (Foiled again!) Actually, though, Piero, the instructor, was quite a friendly chap, although he would keep calling me 'Miss Lag', which everybody found immensely amusing. Well, we all know that Italians are stunted anyway. Of course, that's not all that Italians are renowned for, as I found out one day after having fallen off the drag lift and being 'rescued' by a passing skier; the Italians do not seem to have a good command of the English language,

especially the word "No!" which mystifies them even when screeched directly into the auditory tract!

The more professional skiers of the group were really excellent and always stopped to give encouragement and help whenever we needed it. In fact certain members of the party were astonishingly helpful, manifesting qualities which they keep very well hidden most of the time at Rendcomb (only joking, Charlie!). I must admit that it was very reassuring to be helped up again and again after falling down, and not be laughed at!

Après-Ski, although not quite what we expected, turned out to be fun after all. Unfortunately, no food or drink was allowed in the hotel other than at meal times, but we were always careful not to let the proprietor see anything he shouldn't. (We know it wasn't mineral water you brought up, Mrs. Newby). Other accommodation problems included short and sagging bunk beds, which were rather unnerving if you had to sleep underneath. Baths were also a bit of a problem since we only had hot water between four and five in the afternoon; this meant that people wanting baths had to come back early from skiing, only to find when they arrived at the hotel at ten past four that someone had already used up all the hot water.

Anyway, looking back, extremely jolly times were had by all. Even the long coach journey there and back proved to be very amusing—trying to spot mass graves, members of the Mafia, etc.! Many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Potts and Mrs. Newby with whom I spent a lot of time on the slopes, our skiing skill being of very much the same standard.

M. B-G.



Group photo



“Success”



“Less Success”

Contributions

PINK ORCHARDS OSCILLATED

Richard Stibbard

PINK orchards oscillated in a circle of wreaths,
and died.
Their leaves fell, rotted, and were dug by moles.

Moles crawl over me,
Suffocating, filling my mouth, my throat, my
eyes,
My brain. Their huge paws
dig
caverns into my head:
scraping out handfuls
of mud;
throwing it

carelessly
over their shoulders,
laughing in glee,
until they come out on the other side. And I,
Mad with rage, cremate
a hundred moles:
and leave the slaughtered

waiting to die—today. Hooray!
I ask myself, confused,
and think—think—ponderously and slowly,
watching moles who swim
through the fire: towards my eyes!
I watch the
Velvet coat ignite
and moult
in flames: the blood
heats
and clots:
the flesh browns, crisps and roasts
to smoke: eyes melt!

My God! I'm going blind!

Slowly, laboriously, and in thought,
I extend my hands;
the warm liquid flows,
flows down my cheeks,
drips,
drips,
into my palm.

I put it in my pocket:
It's
dark in here,
and warm.

THE MANDOLIN

Jane Franklin

THE instrument with curved, flowing lines; of
shining wood, smooth and soft to the touch,
lay on the desk, old and unused. She ran her
fingers lightly over the dusty belly; and plucked
an untuned string. The tone was beautiful—
mellow and vibrant. The mandolin still lived,
after lying undisturbed during the months of
her absence.

It was a fine, delicately-crafted instrument,
inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ebony—an
instrument connected with romance and dreamy
visions of mediaeval love.

She picked it up and cradled it in her arms;
she plucked another string, and, frowning a
little at its inaccuracy, began to turn the stiff
ivory keys, slowly, and always gently. Calmly,
quietly, she tuned all eight strings, hurting her
unaccustomed fingers. She reflected for a
moment, and thought of all the rippling tunes
she had caused to cascade from the instrument
—her eyes brimmed with tears when she could
not recall the precise notes. Suddenly she
remembered. “Greensleeves”—the first tune
she ever played. She sang and played it all the
way through three times, and was overjoyed,
hugging the beautiful instrument, and crying
out its praises.

AN AMERICAN'S IMPRESSIONS

Frederika Altmiller

WHEN I first came to Rendcomb, I experienced a three week span of total illiteracy — (excuse me? I beg your pardon? —could you repeat that, *slowly*?). Although everyone else's voice finally sounded "normal" to me, I remained incomprehensible to everyone else—(what *are* sneakers anyway?).

My first major case of culture shock regarding English school life concerned the tinned beans at breakfast, not to mention kippers and tinned tomatoes—at home, "tinned" beans are "baked" and usually associated with picnics in the summertime. What were people doing eating tomatoes and fish when they should be eating thick pancakes heavily dosed with butter and maple syrup? Also, there isn't enough ketchup over here, and everyone's been deprived of a good education in the true appreciation of Italian cooking, but, then again, Americans have never seen haggis.

Another area of school life in which vast and varied differences, were soon to be found was athletics, "Games"—excuse me. Primarily —Rugby. Rugby appears to be an "evil" rendition of American football—"evil" because there's no padding, but the players are just as nasty to each other. Also, there aren't any cheerleaders. Oh well, we can't *all* live in Dallas, boys. Netball was another strange one—why don't they bounce the ball? Bear in mind this is a natural American reaction based upon weeks of basketball in gym class in Jr. High, (Jr. High is what we call the 2nd to 4th year to make them feel more important). Where is home plate on the cricket square? What are the nets doing there?

Sports and holidays seem to be intertwined around here. "Monday night football" is replaced by Saturday afternoon "Rugby Internationals". But it has no less power as far as drawing any self-respecting male to the television set is concerned—and the joys of the football results are sometimes enough to cause

them to break into song. At any rate it is a vacation for the brain.

"Telly" is drastically different—it's either BBC or ITV, no NBC with its complex of local affiliated stations. This causes a drastic reduction in the cartoon-watching potentiality of Saturday morning. American kids get up at 7. 00 a. m. on Saturday just to get in Bugs Bunny and end about 1. 00 p. m. with Superman. Here, though, everyone eagerly awaits Saturday because " Saturday is Grandstand day ". Although Bugs Bunny has deprived the English of his brilliant animated stage presence, M. A. S. H. has been recognised as an important aspect of cross-cultural infusion. Of course, just to fulfil all British expectations there's "Dallas" or "How you think America Really Is"—would you buy a newspaper from J. R. Ewing?

Musically, things are a bit different as well. For example, the only resemblance between Donna Summer and Stiff Little Fingers is purely coincidental. However, Elvis Presley managed to receive the same post mortem appreciation here as at home: a week of his movies on television in the afternoon. "American Bandstand" and "Some Train" are American versions of "Top of the Pops".

Like television, the radio only having four stations was a bit restricting, especially when at home the dial is turned every time a "bad song" comes on. This is not to undermine the entertainment value of Radio 4. The drama of "The Archers" and other plays very often produces a cathartic effect—not to mention the broadcasts from the House of Commons.

My appreciation of fine literary conventions has profited tremendously by my stay here. The trips to Stratford have proved very useful. My "sensibilities" have also been heightened by readings of writers such as Keats, Coleridge, and Thorg. As the editor of the comic 2000 A. D., Thorg has enriched my rediscovery of the comic.

Other thrill-powered events here seem to be

the ends of terms, birthday parties, and potential Royal Weddings, all of which are awaited in a state of breathless anticipation. Bonfire Night was an amazing phenomenon, but why don't you have your fire crackers when it's warm outside, as in early July. It just seems a lot of extra work making the bonfire and the soups to keep warm. Oh well, do it your way.

The most striking difference, and a difference that pervades every aspect of life here, is that there is a totally different concept of the word "old". What is two hundred years of one nation's history to people who see one thousand-year-old furrows in their farming fields?



A. Pallant Form II

BURIAL AT SEA

Darrell Adshead (Form III)

CRACKLING, the masts fall. The ragged sails, once unfurled in all their glory, help the mangled engine and wheels to take the ship on her last journey. The grey, cold, unwilling sea reflects the silhouette with grim, muffled ripples.

Up roar the flames; Hell's messenger of Death, beckoning, wanting, eating, and taking. The hulls crack and groan as they feel themselves mercilessly pulled apart and devoured. Those who survive are soon drowned by the waters as they lap against the will of Satan and put his messenger in a long forgotten place. The memories of the once beautiful and proud ship are extinguished as the waters take over. Clouds of careless steam emit themselves and the smoke of the smouldering sails joins them and bullies them back.

Inside, the singed bones of the traitor lie in a muddled heap. Surrounded by wealth-giving gold, his clothes tear at any remaining skin or flesh. His memories, perhaps of a lost love, are gone with the wind, to play in the upper currents, never to return, but never to go.

The sea bubbles in her excitement as the burnt gold goblets break the final layer of surrounding, skin-like wood and disappear into the waters, to sink softly and securely to the quiet patient mud on the sea-bed. More fall, and the stunted, goggle-eyed fish swim around, watching these new beings with care but swimming off when no response is made.

Finally, the last, long awaited sound appears as the father to Hamlet, and the hull breaks from the death-cries of Satan. The up-heaving, death-rendering hull looms up above the water and, slowly but surely, begins her long expected trial at the bottom.

The last of her figurehead vanishes and the night silence is presumed.

NEW HOPE FADES

Robin Webb

A change of speed,
A change of style,
A change of scene,
With no regret.
A chance to watch,
Admire the distance,
Still occupied, though you forget.
Different colours, different shades
Over each mistakes were made.
I took the blame.
Directionless so plain to see,
A loaded gun won't set you free,
Or so you say.
We'll share a drink
And step outside;
An angry voice, and one who cries,
"We'll give you everything and more
The strain's too much
Can't take much more.
Water, water runs with fire,
Can't seem to feel it any more."
So please, wait for me
Hoping for something more,
Hoping for something else.

TERRIFIED MIND

Neil Kinch (Form HI)

As the fear, invented by the mind, culminates, the spontaneous reaction takes place, numbing the senses. But the eyes are still open, obviously the desired optical climax has not been achieved. But pursed lips and shadowed eyes show that its presence can be felt. Hands are over the ears to fight the sound but it seems the sound is magnified ten-fold by fear. As I pant, the light and sound are infinitely powerful. But all this is a fraction of a second in a terrified mind.

EARLY MORNING ON A RAILWAY STATION

Jo Pettitt

THE rhythmic swish of British Rail brooms scratches inside the dull and fatigued mind overwhelmed by the desire for a sleep undisturbed by brawling drunks, inebriated in celebration or commiseration (an irrelevant distinction of some unknown event).

Last week's "News of the World", discarded in the regulation red plastic bin, tells its history now only to the remains of a cheese and chutney sandwich, faintly yellowing, turned up at the corners with the exception of one, nibbled by some toothless Chelsea pensioner in a vain, greedy attempt to extract the last succulent lumps of chutney leaving the cheese intact.

A Coke can, rudely distorted at the idle whim of some youth anxious to prove a point, shatters any remaining nerve, as in an act of some defiance a British Rail regulation broom sends it clanking across the expanse of a deserted platform.

BIRTH OF NARCISSUS

Jonathan Morris (Form III)

Molten granite liquefies in its stony wake,
A furnace, melting amazement in its path.
Egg of Creation cracked by the beauty of
Narcissus the Vain.

Creeping ants crawl as an army of rock
Under the hot sky.
Burning air smells reality,
Changing Narcissus into Narcissus;
Man to flower and back again.

The repeated metamorphosis is held in awe
By a horde of Greeks.
Statues are silent, dogs stop mewing,
In the reverence of the moment.

The delicate hand of power reforms,
Zeus ordains the change of soul.
Gods weep in honour of Narcissus,
As absolute power corrupts absolutely.

PROTEST

Tim Burkham

Down, down the marchers,
The CND explodes nearby.
Jarrow ups its roots and stalks
In memory.
Black and white unite and...
March.. April, May, June,
The summer of '76.
National Front, Nazi front line jeering.
Propagating brown-shirt thugs.
Remember the flower people.

Negative reasons, blunted reasoning,
Marching for march's sake.
The mad march... what?
Where to, where from?
Up streetlamp bosky streets,
Down, down the marchers
Through teenage literature
And dodging ordure.

Open out on the easy run,
The level, tarmaced, parallel roads,
Streets chock full of festive hate
And glass bottles, hands held high.
Blame society to the prosecution's
High-ridged nose, fur-lined,
And run away to maim.

Born with a plastic spoon full up my nose,
Down 'Dilly where people snort
And cough and throw.
And red bus rover stops elsewhere
Never hesitating here.
Blame it on society, abundant society.
The dirt, the smog, Battersea fumes,
The cluttered cans, and cigarette wraps,
Burnt out stubs, tattooes, and pockmarked
cheeks,
The linnnet singing dulce to herself,
Junk, junkies, fast food, fear walk,
And tubes.
Home is where society is, all this and more.

MY LITTLE WORLD

Rebecca Norman

STRETCHED out before me lies the scene of
English country tranquillity. This is my little
world. A white haze of cloud parts and a milky
sunlight strokes the leafy curtains of high
summer with gentle fingertips. In the valley
below I can hear a crazy crocodile of traffic
humming through my picture and then away
into the distance. It is here that the woods grow
thick as if they had rolled down and hurried
together from patches left smooth on the hill-
slopes. Above, the swelling landscape, often
muffled with hedgerows and long meadow
grass, is specked with sheep whose motion can
only be revealed by memory but not detected
by sight.

On my desk the level sunlight lies like
transparent gold whilst formless fairy specks of
dust flit mockingly over piles of books and
paper. I have to concentrate and draw the
curtains. An all-engulfing mantle of grey is
thrust around me. It contains within it a life of
rational thinking, responsibility, emotion and
work. This is my little world as well. A silence
begins to penetrate so deeply that its oppressive-
ness thuds against my ears and oozes down
through my body to my spine. I shiver. The
thick folds of the mantle twist and coil like
slithering snakes grasping and throttling my
clammy body.

A door slams, I scream, the clock ticks, and
all is silent.

"Learn it, for God's sake, learn it, " I tell
myself. I can't. I need to see the sunlight and
feel the rays of gentle warmth and calmness. I
grope to pull back the curtains.

"Time to go—we'll be late for the exam.
Bring your coat—it's raining. "

THE DAY DENNIS'S BROTHER GOT MARRIED

David Lee

DENNIS tried hard to smile, but it would not work. The wedding had been so boring. He looked at the couple; bubbling over for the photographer. "No 'cheese' needed there," he thought. "Cheese!" That reminded him.

He was first to arrive at the reception and caught waitresses adding finishing touches to the preparations. The food was plentiful and looked delicious. Amongst the carved joints, French salads and cigarette ash-trays, a small pyramid of pineapple and cheese on sticks caught his eye. His favourite; he smiled easily now and stepped across towards the table. He stopped and wondered; then tentatively stretched out his hand.

"Dennis!" He looked around to see his mother. "Come and kiss the bride." The cavalcade had arrived led by the best man, who was already over the limit. Reluctantly and with a mocking smile, he acknowledged his mother and went over to kiss his sister-in-law. How he now hated that title, he had never liked his brother's choice and she always seemed to smell of batter from her father's chip shop. He even joined the darts team at the local pub so as to have an excuse to go out when she came in the evenings.

He swiped a glass from a hovering tray and threw the sherry down his throat. He sat down, relieved. The taste of batter had been drowned and he only hoped she had too. He took a cigarette from the supply on the table and wallowed in relief. He looked at her as she thanked Cousin Sally for the toast-rack and rich Uncle George for the washing machine. His mother was trotting around introducing everyone to her "lovely" daughter-in-law.

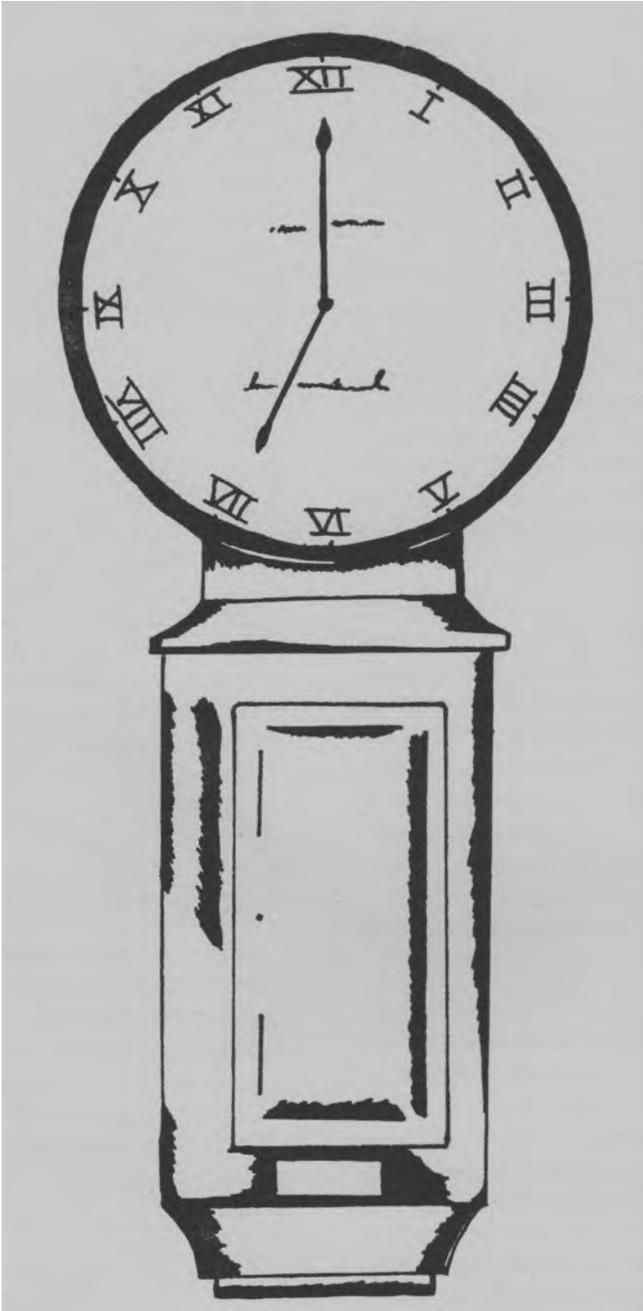
Dennis laughed this time and wondered why it had been so hard to smile before at his pathetic family. Suddenly he stopped as he saw someone trying to catch his attention. "Not that

fat bridesmaid!" It was and he swiftly disappeared into the toilet, grabbing another glass on the way.

After smoking three more cigarettes and reading the writing on the walls he emerged, twenty minutes later, from the safety of the Gents, prepared to face anything his mother would drop him in. The best man by now had danced with every female in the room including Gran Lawrence and was now collapsed under a table. Dennis casually walked towards him, trying desperately to avoid his mother's eye. Then he noticed on top of the table the remains of his cheese and pineapple pyramid. The solitary stick had even had the pineapple pinched. Determined to sample his favourite delicacy, Dennis once more stretched for the cheese. He reached the plate safely, lifted it up from the table and then relaxed. Fatally.

The plate, and more importantly the cheese, was slung to the floor as that fat bridesmaid flung herself around his shoulders. Still resolute to eat something he ignored her, having thrown her into a chair and equipped her with a bottle of sherry. "At last!" He spotted the cheese underneath the table and was prepared to move in, but, as if sensing he was missing something, the best man tried to return to the festivities and all Dennis could do was watch.

Having procured one foot on the ground, and experimenting where to place the other, his reluctant body crashed to the floor once more, smothering Dennis's piece of cheese. The last thing Dennis heard before his glass broke on the floor was a comment from Uncle George, the rich experienced one: "Have you tasted the cheese yet, Dennis? It's that expensive stuff from France."



Timothy Robinson Form 2

**THE WORK OF THE FREEDOM
FIGHTER**

Calum Watson

Only six years old,
Child, like a bird sang, ran,
And cried when her pony died.
So fine was a golden June day;
God, the view from the hill took her breath
away.
Now to town, to buy crayons, dresses,
See the sights.
And a bomb bubbled bloody, clear blue eyes.

Well “Hi”, my pretty; stranger of here.
They call that Rose Valley,
You can see what they mean;
Red sky at night, bronze twilight...
And why do you say,
“Like fingers round my throat,
I wish I were dead?”

SHE REMAINS

Ben Uglow (Form III)

The onlooking mist glances over
Suspiciously.
Finally motivated it arrives:
Unhappy and cold.

The bleakness portrays sadness,
Each miserable tint inspired by depression.
Fragments of derelict buildings but ashes in
The fireplace;
Dead,
Lost,
Forgotten.

Inquisitive telegraph poles search through the
Dank air to no avail.
Come on, all's gone, please go home.
But one solitary figure remains,
Her anxiety showing through each forsaken
Feature of her tortured face,
Withered from cold
And hunger.

The ruins mock her sorrowful mind,
Suspended in a universal loneliness—
Withheld in the void of darkness and pity.
Fate holds all,
Yet denies this neglected scene of
Life.
Happiness and friendship faded into
Oblivion long ago,
Leaving one figure of misery,
In desolation.



Ben Uglow 3A

REFLECTION

Liz Foy

“OH no, Winston” was her cue, she had to enter when they said “Oh no, Winston”. Then she must stride into the brightness and say her line. Not a significant part; hardly a key line, in fact, one no one would really notice. But a part at least, a line. Hers! Hers!

Looking out she could see the dark outlines of the actors, and then the bright, blurred faces of the watchers. They didn’t know they were on show, they thought they were the reality; she liked the secret. She knew alone that they were the charade. In the velvet-muffled sidelines she smiled at the thought, waiting for the moment she would join in the truism.

Still waiting. A million, million beetle-people out there, all fragments of some playwright’s distortion, watching, unconscious of themselves for once. And soon, a million million watching her! Soon she could be the real reflection of this dream of a multitude. “Oh no, Winston”. Soon it would come. She could wait for it, knowing it would come.

Still out there, the half-alive! They sat still, and flat, and white. She was reality, watching the farce of all mankind sitting and staring and watching themselves spinning by, scattering dust at the confusion, coughing when it was blown back into the bulging faces. Laughing at the tragedy with insufficient understanding. Thinking this a curio. This, which was the timeless truth, she waited to stride into.

They never saw it, never, you could dangle the mirror blatantly before those million mawkish eyes and they never, never saw themselves! How sordid, this complacency, grotesque. And she was glad they did not know. The paint on her face was on their souls!

“Oh no, Winston”. Oh no, Winston! From backstage she heard it, from backstage she ran, shot from the sleep to the waking of reality. Suddenly the whiteness so bright, and out there a million million faces. A staring million

million, and the gulf so huge, so impassable, from one side of the mirror to the other. Really, nothing could be shared. She had moved from suspension, and could see them better now. Stare into the vacant faces and see the hollow minds.

But she was, after all, a reflection. The life of one reflecting the truth about the charade of all life. So she said her line. To reflect the million million.

She played her tiny part in the sordid saga, and reeled across the stage. And shot herself, according to the role, in a frenzied act of self-destruction. A tiny woman looking for something that was not there. A broken reflection of a broken mind.

And as she screamed, a million million screamed and cried. And as she died, a million million died.



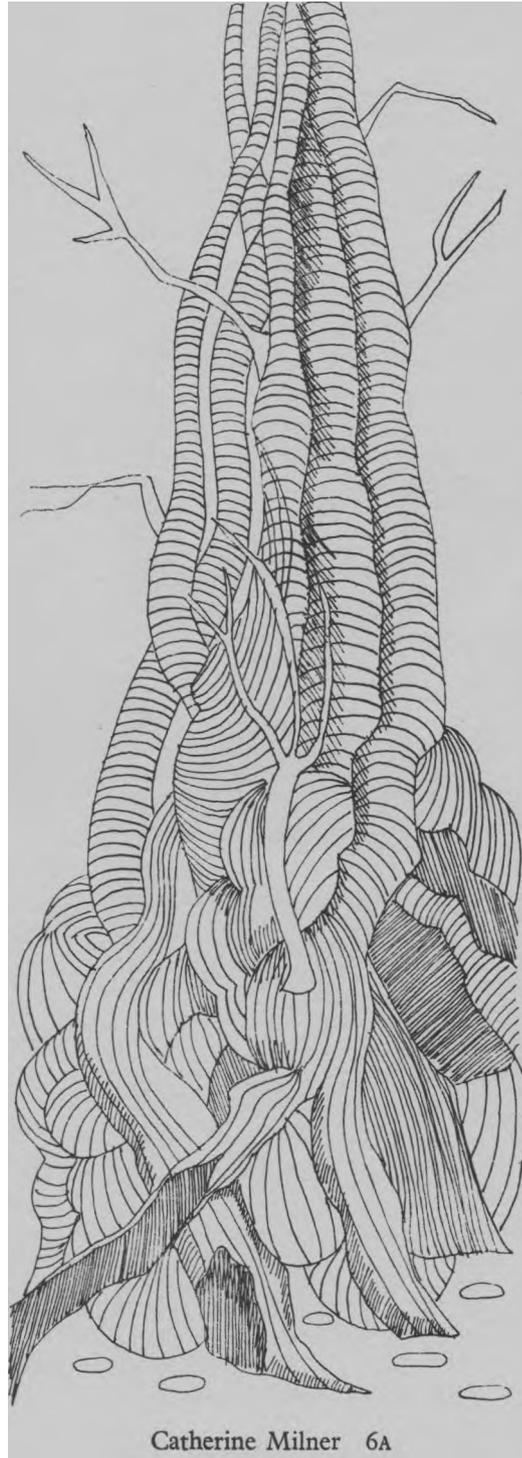
Simon Jenkins Form II

EARLY ONE MORNING

Simon Badcott (Form IV)

ALL is quiet as the boy who has forgotten the answer, an ominous quiet balanced over the rumbling hills, mist drowns the ebony school and plummets into the valleys, trying to catch itself unawares. The master, the prefect, the dunce, all sleeping brick in mortar sound, round and round the school in circles. Listen to the nagging clocks, the gentle crash of the early riser. The sun pushes itself over the horizon like a busy woman in a supermarket, bustling away between the mist's dark robe and washing away the dirt, then folding it behind the hill for tomorrow. The countryside washes its face and cleans its slopes ready for the new gift-wrapped day.

But listen, the quiet is washed away. Bells clang clang, ding dong, head over heels away, shattering the icebound air, while boys, fresh as Latin books, shiver out of hibernation and scrape the snow from their eyes. The bustling buzzing corridors charge downstairs while the hive simmers, steaming out all the drones and carrying them on a tide to "Benedictus Benedictat", deep in the groves of watery, milky, crumbly breakfast. A persistent straggler slides down to hell while night slips back to itself and the world glows like the long-standing coffee on the tables.





Guy Marsh 6B

PRAYER FOR A CONDEMNED WOMAN

Debbie Lee

What do you think when you go to bed
And remember: one month,
Twenty-seven days, a week—
Seven kisses away from death?
And so you cry because he loves you
Or because you love him?
Are you bitter that you should go
Leaving a healthy family
Devoted to your rotting body.

When you have to sleep and you can't
What do you share in the silence?
Suppress your sobs for his sake—
Or cry selfishly for theirs?

Are you scared about their future,
Jealous that you can't share their lives—
Once ignited by yours—
Thinking you may be forgotten or replaced?
Or for the journey
That will be made, for once, on your own:
Stepping blind off a cliff,
The first sensations of beauty or pain
Never to be changed?

I KNOW

Doré Green (Form IV)

I know that "I think therefore I am".
I know that I am the nucleus of things that exist
to me.
I know that things exist to me as thoughts.
I know that my thoughts are linked,
I know that my thoughts exist as conditioned
reflexes.
I know that I do not like orange,
I know that it is harder to build than to destroy,
I know that it is harder to climb than to destroy,
I know therefore that my thoughts can exist in
opposition.
I know that I like joy,
I know that I like friendship,
I know therefore that my thoughts exist as
abstracts.
I know that now it is easier to end than to begin.

HELL

Mark Hammond (Form II)

Burning rocks, burning stones,
Rot and Terror.
Lights are bright,
It's too hot to bear.
Steaming cauldrons, witches wander,
Leg of newt, guts of frog,
Giblets, intestines, eyes and ears.

Noses are scorched, hair is singed,
Fingers stubbed, same for toes.
Demons watch, Devils lurk,
Spiders crawl, corpses jerk.
Beetles scutter, spirits mutter,
Cremated woodlouse, barbecued rats.

Ashes and cinders,
Boulders and stones,
Brightness and darkness,
Skeletons and bones,
Caverns, Gives, nooks and crannies.

Lakes of fire,
Streams of lava,
Pools of steam,
Red hot coke,
White hot coal.
Ponds of charcoal,
No hope, all fear.
Eternal suffering, eternal pain.

HEADS AND TAILS

Caroline Briffett

HE was young and ignorant of the world's ways, he crouched, alone and cold on a heap of wasted rubble. It was an ugly scene looking out across filthy wasteland. He had had a bad day and didn't feel too well, his tiny thin legs were bruised and ached, and the piercing wind stole through the gaps in his coat.

She was older and certainly not ignorant, she knew how to live, she grabbed everything that life could offer. She was radiant, enjoyment and happiness sprang from her. Her world was ordered and arranged, she languished elegantly on her sofa, surrounded by all the luxuries of life.

He was dirty, due to the soot belching from the nearby chimneys, but his soul was secure. He knew little but he understood what he knew. His surroundings were real, he could reach out and touch love and comfort. His eyes searched the rubble beneath him, he picked out an old rusty can, his small fingers examined the rough outline of the lid, it slipped and the jagged edge bit into his finger. Little blood showed, but he was tired and felt a need for sympathy and comfort. Using his other hand he gently squeezed and pushed the skin around the cut until more blood had seeped out—enough to cover the width of his finger. He then straightened himself and, scrabbling over the rubble, made his way home.

Her manicured nails trembled, she had had a bad day. She found no comfort in her plastic surroundings and her plastic people, she found no security in life and her soul festered. When she was low there was no-one to pick her up, her frightened senses searched for comfort; she needed to be loved. To the world she was an image, she smiled and laughed and enjoyed her life; and so did those around her. But there was no reality to touch, her mind became matted, she felt herself slipping away. Her head jerked from side to side clumsily searching for free-

dom, looking for love—gradually she faded into nothing.

The next morning the newspaper headline read SUICIDE, and the small boy admired his plaster.



**THE POETRY SOCIETY REPORT,
being a Corporate Poem, otherwise entitled
They won't put it in anyway.**

- I. No, this isn't your poem, but give it a chance,
A lot of thought (well, some) did go towards its conception.
Hello to the browsers, the seekers for knowledge,
And those who were looking, quite in vain,
For inspiration for next term's contribution.
This was the idea of a grinning, apologising sadist,
Who decided we should write this
For people such as you to read.
- II. In the beginning is the end. And, after Eliot,
The girl's voice mocks and caws. The loose little circle
Rapidly gets looser, as the level drops in the warming bottle.
We scabble for the word, the sentence
That bridges this our now with your today.
"This was written when I left this life"
"I've been trying to make my poems rhyme tonight".
Can you see us as you read as we see you?
Our literary seance loiters on. If you hear voices as you read,
It's us tipsily giggling.
- III. "Darling?"
Daddy puts down the Telegraph. Darling, look. Johnny got into the magazine.
"Jolly good"
"Yes. Johnny phoned yesterday. He said he'd got something in.
He said he wrote it in an English lesson. It took him forty minutes.
His is the only one from the fourth form. It must be the best they did."
"Oh. Jolly good."
- IV. We write because we're made to.
Inspiration's what I heed.
That sonnet was a cliché.
Now, for a cliché to be a cliché, it must have originally been good.
So my cliché's good.
Good, I'll put that in.
- V. To all the people I have ever had to defend Poetry Society from,
To all those who think it must be the most embarrassing and pseud occasion
To grace the earth,
To those who mock,
To the readership of the magazine,
To those who find it boring, pseud and embarrassing also, second only in this
To the Lit. Soc.,
I apologise.
You were right.

PCTDCSPSEF



Catherine King 6B

THE PTOLOMY SOCIETY

.. The austere, ineffable, omniscient, invisible Ptolomy" W. B. Fisher.

EVEN the most ardent advocates of this country's "upward push" educational policy would not deny that it has its drawbacks. One such drawback is that knowledge is too often acknowledged, both by those who try to attain it and those who try to impart it, as merely a means to some distant "pot of gold" such as a university degree, a fat salary or whatever. Certainly the end can be important but it should not be forgotten that knowledge can and should also be an end in itself.

The new Sixth Form Ptolomy Society, therefore, has as its unabashed aim the promotion of knowledge for its own sake. It is a learned society, unconstrained by a tight syllabus or final examination, which meets twice a term to hear and discuss a paper or lecture on almost any topic. Like Ptolomy, we try to concern ourselves with interested inquiry into any subject in any discipline.

Our speakers so far have been:

- C. F. F. Terrill—"Applied Anthropology in the Third World"
- A. C. Potts—"Pesticides — There is no alternative"
- Dr. G. J. Smith—"Goldilocks and the Two Bears" (an astronomical investigation)
- K. G. Thorne—"Tattooing".

Our speakers for the Summer Term will be:

- D. de G. Sells—"Catalania"
- J. W. D. Willson—"Hard Rock".

C. F. F. T.

CIVICS

THIS year has seen the emergence of a new subsidiary subject for 6A consisting of a double period a week. It has proved both helpful and slightly complicated, with topics ranging from the Business and Stockpiler Game to the general theme of buying a house. Mr. Kelsey arranged for outside speakers to come and give informed talks on Banking, Building Societies, Solicitors, Estate Agency, Insurance and Accountancy; all these were highly interesting and informative. Another aspect of the course which proved very useful was the new Lloyds Bank film strip in which two fictional characters showed a simplified picture of life. We are sure this is a subject which is here to stay.

R. H. AND N. B.

THIRD FORM HOUSE OUTING TO BLENHEIM PALACE

THE coach rolled into the car-park, stopped spewed up forty Rendcombian third-formers, hungry and cramped. The packed-lunches were devoured ravenously as people stretched their legs, under a dull, dove-grey sky.

We marched through to the main courtyard where we discerned the entrance by the presence of a huge group of people crowding around a pillared porch.

Four huge painted eyes glared down on us from the ceiling as we waited to get in, but the hypnotizing stare was broken as we shoved and pulled to get in.

At last the melee stopped as we were struck by the splendour of the room we were in. A huge painting, in golds, greens and reds adorned the lofty ceiling. The walls were beautifully carved with busts and heads, all depicting famous men.

A highly eccentric man told us many equally fascinating and useless facts about the Palace, paying particular attention to two fantastic brass locks, glistening like gold in the yellowish light. These locks, depicting two eagles, were copied from the locks of Warsaw, but since the originals were destroyed, these are unique. Unique or not, they were skilfully made pieces of metal.

After this strange speech, we wandered leisurely through the Winston Churchill exhibition, where some good paintings, verging on impressionism, hung on the walls. Several touching letters, in a strangely mature handwriting, were also on show. These were from Churchill to his father, and always started: "My dearest Papa..." which I found very quaint and "olde worlde".

At last the exhibition came to an end, and a woman with gorilla-black hair introduced us to our guide. The former made me immediately think of Sybil of "Fawlty Towers".

Our guide gave an impression of someone with a Cockney accent trying to speak 'posh', but, despite this, the tour was fascinating.

All the rooms were furnished with old furniture the colour of burnt cocoa, and huge, ornate tapestries hung on all the walls. These depicted war scenes, and were woven with cloth as realistic as paint looks on a picture. Even the ceilings were covered in gold-leaf patterns; octagons, lozenges and family emblems all had the yellow-orange sheen of gold-leaf.

In one room there was a huge glass cabinet, full of toy soldiers painted in oil colours. In all their military splendour, they didn't lose the elegance of their colours, or their strict, rigid beauty.

Through the massive Temple of Diana, I wandered among the numerous lakes that surrounded the Palace. The fountains, despite the miserable weather, were gurgling away merrily, churning up green water into the air, splashing the surface like machine-guns.

Several fat, naked nymphs were placed around the lakes in the form of statues; their grey, granite bodies enhanced the grey dullness of the weather, but this contrasted with the green hedges and water, and the strange orange stonework of the Palace itself.

At last we had to go, and we all rushed to the coach, five minutes late, looked at the huge, imposing column of Victory, and tumbled very noisily into the dark blue coach to set off for Rendcomb Palace.

J. S. M.

Sport

RUGBY FOOTBALL, 1980

DESPITE more difficult fixtures this season the success of the 1st XV was indisputable. This was obviously helped by the predominance of quality (6A) players in (the senior squads, maintaining a situation of keen competition for 1st places and leading to a greater overall determination and commitment.

Throughout the season the pack showed speed and aggression when going forward, while in defence they covered and tackled with great tenacity. It was here that Rich Smith's "fire" and aggression as pack leader set the standard of play. Duncan White's skill and sharpness proved a key factor in the set pieces, helped by the formidable squad props Mark Dibble, Rich Smith and Ian McCulloch. The powerhouse roles were expertly filled by Fred Wilcox, Adam Martyn-Smith and Peter Uglow, while the aggression and intelligence of the flankers, Rich Woof and Chris Cannon, provided an excellent basis for second-phase ball. Tim Daniels frequently dominated the line-outs with his power and skilful jumping.

Their ability to keep the ball available and maintain momentum provided a sound platform from which the back division were able to attack with strength. Here, Dave Woof showed determination and sharpness creating several tries, while Matt Archer increased in confidence as the season progressed. The experience of Ben Hatchwell and Thomas Paton helped keep the defence tight and provide penetration in attack along with Charles Waddell, Tim Horton and Tim Wild in the role of wingers. At full-back Rich Needham showed great tactical awareness, offensive prowess and solid tackling in defence.

As the season progressed cohesion of the units developed and a 15-man style of play was more evident, reflected in a points record of: 228—92 against.

Chris Cannon played an important role in producing such an excellent record. As captain

he showed outstanding qualities of leadership. He provided the squad with the perfect example, with his 100% commitment and effort in practice and match situations, while showing patience and consideration towards the younger players.

Next season is foreseeable as a year for primarily gaining experience; with only one present pack member remaining the forwards are likely to be weaker, except in the line-out department. The backs are potentially strong, as very effective handlers/runners of the ball but the importance lies in the 8 gaining possession in the first instance.

Finally, a word of thanks to the Rugby Committee for their efficiency throughout the season, especially Rich Needham as Fixture Secretary. Also thanks to Mr. Essenhigh for his hard work with the 1st XV pitch and Mr. Price for his willingness to stand in as referee on occasions.

M. J. N.

1st XV

v. MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE 3rd XV, 13th September (Away). Won 27—0

A slow first half for us in which Marlborough applied a lot of pressure which we absorbed well. In the second half the team started to work together while Marlborough now struggled to hold us. The pack was able to supply good ball to the backs which resulted in tries from Dave Woof, Charlie Waddell and Ben Hatchwell. Good support throughout the match enabled Chris Cannon to score twice.

v. DEAN CLOSE 1st XV, 16th September (Away).
Lost 8—3

A good first half, at the end of which we were leading 3—0. We lost the match as a result of poor tackling and a lapse in concentration when they scored twice towards the end of the game. A disappointing result in a game which we all felt we should have won.

v. KING EDWARD'S, BATH 1st XV, 20th September (Home). Won 13—10

A really determined performance from everyone gave us a well deserved win. The backs tackled and ran the ball well resulting in good tries from Charlie Waddell and Tim Horton. Our pack kept the ball moving and never allowed their larger pack to settle down. Praise must go to the front row of Richard Smith, Duncan White and Ian McCulloch for their good work in both set scrums and loose play.

v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S 1st XV, 1st October (Away). Won 21—16

A well deserved win against a much larger team. Tim Daniels and Dave Woof scored two very good tries; Richard Needham, who had a very good game as full back, kicked three penalties and two conversions. The team was reduced to fourteen players in the second half, when Chris Cannon had to go off with an elbow injury, but even so we managed to maintain our lead with good defensive play and hard tackling from everyone.

v. WYCLIFFE COLLEGE 1st XV, 9th October (Away). Lost 21—6

Our team played well against a very well organised team with fast backs and a large pack who dominated most of the loose ball.

We were unlucky not to score in the first half from a penalty when Tim Daniels, on a blind side move, was "obstructed" by the referee.

This was a disappointing result although it must be remembered that this was the first time we have played a Wycliffe 1st XV.

v. PRINCE HENRY'S G. S. 1st XV. Cancelled.

v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL 1st XV, 15th November (Away). Lost 13—8

A game which we all thought we should have won. Poor tackling and covering enabled them to score twice. In the latter part of the second half the team fought back well resulting in tries from Tim Daniels and Chris Cannon. Unfortunately, they kicked a drop goal in the closing stages to clinch the game.

v. CHOSEN HILL 1st XV, 8th November (Home). Lost 9—4

We were unlucky not to score during the first half in which we had virtually all possession of the ball. Our pack dominated their larger, but much slower, pack in both set and loose play.

We took the lead at the beginning of the second half when Charlie Waddell scored a superb try. Unfortunately, towards the end of the match a lucky bounce from a wind assisted kick gave them an easily converted try and then seconds before the end they scored a drop goal to snatch the game from us.

v. BURFORD SCHOOL 1st XV, 12th November (Home). Won 27—4

An excellent performance from the team especially the pack who dominated their pack right from the beginning. The backs had a superb game and ran the ball well which resulted in a try from Charlie Waddell and two tries from Dave Woof.

Peter Uglow and Adam Martyn-Smith gave tremendous support to the backs throughout the game.

v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER 1st XV.
Cancelled

v. DEER PARK 1st XV, 3rd December (Away).
Won 22—7

There was relatively little resistance to our attacks due to the control our pack had over the game.

Charlie Waddell scored a good try from the kick off and a blind side move from Richard Smith and Chris Cannon gave us another good try. Dave Woof and Richard Needham both scored giving us an easy win over a relatively weak side.

v. COKETHORPE 1st XV, 6th December (Home). Won 80—0

Again, a very weak, young and inexperienced team; we had no difficulty in scoring 80 points in the fifty minute game.

This was a game which would have been more suited to our 3rd XV.

v. OLD RENDCOMBIANS, 14th December (Home). Won 17—4

A very hard game but a well deserved win for us. Praise must go to the pack for winning the majority of the ball against the Old Boys. Throughout the first half, with the wind with us, we were able to keep the Old Boys under constant pressure. We scored our 17 points through tries by Adam Martyn-Smith and Tim Daniels, and three penalties by Richard Needham.

In the second half, with the wind now behind them, the Old Boys kept us under pressure but hard tackling from the backs and the pack kept them from scoring.

The result could have been different had the Old Boys run the ball more, and if they had used Jonathan Allen more often.

The following represented the School 1st XV during the 1980 season:

Forwards: R. Smith (V-Captain), D. White, F. Wilcox, C. Cannon (Captain), P. Uglow, A. Martyn-Smith, M. Dibble, R. Woof, T. Daniels, I. McCulloch, I. Bishop. T. Wild.

Three-quarters: B. Hatchwell, T. Paton, C. Waddell, T. Horton, R. Needham, D. Woof, M. Archer, R. Evans, T. Wild, R. Dunwoody, P. Stroud.

1st XV

Results

v. Marlborough College 3rd (A)	Won 27—0
v. Dean Close 1st (A)	Lost 8—3
v. King Edward's Bath 1st (H)	Won 13—10
v. Sir Thomas Rich's 1st (A)	Won 21—16
v. Wycliffe College 1st (A)	Lost 21—6
v. Prince Henry's, G. S. 1st	Cancelled
v. Bloxham School 1st (A)	Lost 13—8
v. Chosen Hill 1st (H)	Lost 9—4
v. Burford School 1st (H)	Won 27—4
v. Deer Park 1st (A)	Won 22—7
v. King's School, Glos. 1st	Cancelled
v. Cokethorpe 1st (H)	Won 80—0
v. Old Rendcombians (H)	Won 17—4
	C. D. C.

2nd XV

Won 7; Drew 1; Lost 3; Points for 216;
Against 74

v. Marlborough (A)	Won	29—0
v. Dean Close	Won	18—0
v. King Edward's Bath	Won	43—0
v. Sir Thomas Rich's School (A)	Drew	4—4
v. Wycliffe (A)	Lost	4—19
v. Bloxham	Lost	10—17
v. Chosen Hill	Won	3 ² —3
v. Burford	Won	27—4
v. Rednock, Dursley (A)	Won	13—11
v. King's, Glos. (A)	Won	24—0
v. Kingham Hill 1st (A)	Lost	12—16

It was expected that this season would be successful, since the forwards were going to be physically strong, with the majority of the pack being 6A boys, and at half back we had two very good players. Initially, this proved to be the case, but as the season progressed the backs became more settled, and they played an increasingly important part.

Only once, against Bloxham in very poor conditions, were the forwards outgunned. At set pieces the side was never outplayed, and frequently, when the spirit moved them, demoralised the opposition. As ever, it was the enthusiasm and commitment to make the 50: 50 ball ours that was lacking. This was not helped by the constant adjustments that had to be made at open side wing forward.

The front row of Jennings, McCulloch and Munro provided the scrummage platform that was expected, no opposition side having a comfortable afternoon, and Bishop and Collins provided plenty of good line out ball. The aggressive and relentless support work of A. Pitt, and Wild provided the framework on which good first and second phase ball was won to launch further drives at the opposition.

At scrum-half, Burkham, despite his often erratic service, proved to be too strong for most back rows. His liking for the glory brought him 11 tries (in 10 matches), but it was his overall commitment and enthusiasm throughout each match that has most to commend.

Evans' coolness and tactical awareness not only kept the ball in front of our forwards, but also enabled the backs to provide great variety in their attacking play. It was the development of his variation and effectiveness that was one of the most pleasing aspects of the season, and a lot of this reflects the quality of our fly-half. He will serve the 1st XV well next season.

Lee's calmness and sensible defence in the centre brought considerable stability to the three-quarter line. If only he would just raise the pace and awareness of his game he could develop into a good 1st XV player. Powell brought considerable attacking flair into the line, but his defence needs tightening if he is to graduate to the firsts. Both the wings, Dick and Dunwoody, were steady under pressure and sound in defence. With the broadening style of play Dick's elusive running came into its own, often setting up try scoring situations. Hawkswell played as we know he can, kicking soundly. He is going to be under more pressure next year, and we shall expect more from him.

A final comment and tribute must be paid to G. -Munro's leadership during the season. Although he was occasionally found to be tactically unaware (rather much to expect from a hooker!) it was his drive, determination and example that was the rock on which the side's success was established. I am wholly grateful to him; his successor will have much to live up to.

The following played: Munro (Capt.), Pitt, A., Collins, Jennings, Dick, Dunwoody, Evans, Buckham, Bishop, Lee, Hawkswell, Wild, Powell, McCulloch, Schreiber, Fewings, Brealy, Paton, Dibble, Archer, Aker, Uglow, M. -Smith, A., Aves, Daniels, Copley, Hazell and Wilcox, A.

3rd XV

Played 10; Won 9; Lost 1; Points for 263;
Points Against 26

v. Dean Close 3rd (H)	Won	18-0
v. King Edward's Bath, 3rd (H)	Lost	0-8
v. Farmor's School (A)	Won	10-0
v. Wycliffe College, 4th (H)	Won	52-0
v. Brendon School (U16) (A)	Won	36-4
v. Bloxham School, 3rd (H)	Won	10-8
v. Chosen Hill School, 3rd (H)	Won	74-0
v. Farmor's School (U16) (H)	Won	9-3
v. King's School, Gos., 3rd (A)	Won	46-0
v. Kingham Hill School, 2nd (A)	Won	8-3

TWENTY-SIX boys contributed to a highly successful season. Since the 3rd XV was formed in 1976, they had played a total of 20 matches before the season, with the following results: Won 2, Drawn 1, Lost 17, Points for 84, Points Against 580.

In the context of these results, it is clear that this year's team was exceptional. This was due to the fact that there were no weaknesses and when injury or illness struck, we had reserves who hardly weakened the team at all.

In the forwards, the regular front row of Copley, Hazell and Palmer gave nothing away and won much of the opposition's ball. Fewings, Akers, Hutton-Potts and Needham in a variety of pairings always provided a strong second-row who were also very active in ruck and maul. The back row of Wilcox, Stratton and Aves put so much pressure on the opposition that the match was often won in the decisive area of play. Wilcox was invariably first to the ball and provided much of our possession, Stratton was so fast and strong as number 8 that he was the leading try scorer, and Aves tackled and ran fiercely.

At half-back, Perrett gave an excellent long pass to Brealy whose kicking, particularly in

the last few matches, gave us valuable points and position. In the centre, Powell, Healey, Martyn-Smith and Stroud all ran straight and hard, and even more importantly, tackled low and decisively. On the wings, Ekin and Smith had the speed and power to finish off many good moves.

Finally, at full-back, the experience and determination of our captain, Steve Paris, was a key factor in the success. Both on and off the field his organisation left little for me to do.

The results obtained by a mixture of skill, spirit and determination should be an example to all future 3rd XV's. I doubt there will be a better one.

D. A. H.

The following played for the 3rd XV (and for U16 XV): S. Paris (Capt.), J. Everatt, M. Fewings, J. Martyn-Smith, C. Schreiber, C. Stratton, P. Stroud, A. Wilcox, R. Akers, A. Aves, I. Bishop, G. Brealy, R. Copley, C. Ekin, S. Hazell, G. Healey, C. Hutton-Potts, P. Needham, S. Oliver, R. Palmer, R. Perrett, S. Powell, R. P. Smith, N. Stewart, K. Taylor and A. Watts.

U 15 XV

THE season started disastrously, with two heavy defeats at Dean Close and King Edward's Bath. The team fought back well, however, against Wycliffe, to obtain an encouraging victory, and in the next match proved far too strong for Bredon, winning thirty-nine points to nil.

We then suffered three narrow defeats, the last one against Burford, being agonisingly close with them scoring the winning try in the last minutes. We ended the season on a victorious note, with a good win against Kingham Hill, who defeated us last year.

Despite the bad start it was a good season. Our comparatively light pack sometimes had difficulty holding their own, but when they did, they provided good ball for the backs to run, often resulting in tries. The defensive play at

the start of the season was often poor, but it improved considerably with Richard Deacon moving to full back.

Both Tony Maslin and Simon Badcott need to use their weight to better effect, and the line-out play was sometimes suspect. Ted Wilcox, Angus Waddell, Richard Hayward and Toby Brealy made some penetrating runs from the loose and Adam Phelps stood out in the backs, who linked well, especially towards the end of the season.

I would like to thank Mr. Kelsey for his encouraging and enthusiastic coaching over the last two years, and hope that we lived up to his expectations.

D. W.

The following played: D. Webb (Capt.), P. Paterson-Fox, A. Woof, A. Payne, A. Phelps, J. Adams, R. Deacon, A. Maslin, R. Hayward, S. Redman, A. Waddell (scrum leader), S. Badcott, E. Wilcox, T. Brealy, J. Hutton-Potts.

The following also played: C. Acocks, C. Fletcher, S. Barrow, C. Walton and M. Uglow.

Results

v. Dean Close (A)	Lost	0—52
v. King Edward's, Bath (A)	Lost	0—38
v. Wycliffe (H)	Won	9—6
v. Bredon (A)	Won	39—0
v. Bloxham (A)	Lost	0—14
v. Chosen Hill (A)	Lost	6—16
v. Burford (H)	Lost	9—10
v. Kingham Hill (H)	Won	23—0

D. W.

U14XV

THIS was a difficult season for the U14's. They came up against particularly large and powerful sides and had the added disadvantage of playing a large number of matches away from home.

However, despite some heavy defeats, the boys never lost their appetite for the game. The pack often held their own for long periods and the tackling and covering of the three-quarters improved considerably during the season. Unfortunately we were often lacking the player capable of making the decisive break. As the group are prepared to work at their game the boys can look forward to next season with some optimism.

Results:

v. King Edward's (A)	Lost	54-4
v. Wycliffe (A)	Lost	22-4
v. Bloxham (A)	Lost	42-4
v. Chosen Hill (A)	Lost	44-0
v. King's School (A)	Lost	18-8
v. Cokethorpe (H)	Lost	20-6
v. Kingham Hill (H)	Won	14-8

The following played: Newman, Binder, Wakeham, Holland, Hatcher, Jenkins, Cloutman, Brown, Paton (Capt.), Carpenter, Prynne, Hannam, Wilson, Butling, Awdrey, Hudson, McIntyre, Green, N., Badcott, Harris.

C. C. B.

JUNIOR RUGBY

THE under 13 group developed very slowly during the season. This could be attributed to the lack of cohesion and their unwillingness to practise team manoeuvres during games but it must be said that several individuals displayed a considerable amount of talent. Despite sessions in the Sports Hall, the tackling of this group was particularly weak although the captain proved to be a formidable exception. With more determination and team work they could produce a good XV for 1981.

U13 'A'

v. Cheltenham Junior School		
1st (A)		Won 12-10

U13 'B'

v. Cheltenham Junior School		
2nd (A)	Lost	4-14

U13

v. Chosen Hill School U13 (A)	Lost	4-40
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U13

v. Kingham Hill School U13 (A)	Lost	6-40
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The following played: Edwin (Capt.), Awdry, Harris, Adshead, Hudson, Hannam, Brown, Carpenter, Boyce, Morris, Harber, Badcott, Goode, Hatcher, Baker, Newman, Spackman, Watts, McIntyre, S., Scarlett, Grainger, Robinson, Jenkins, Stitt, Veale, Suffolk, Hammond, Newell, Khosrowshahi, Hall, Denby, Thompson, Brain, Bow a, Noyes, Davies, Pallant, Brealy.

C. J. W.

HOCKEY

THE 1st XI this year improved considerably in the middle weeks of the term, thanks to a settled team, the kinder 1981 weather, and a greater willingness to think about the game, but their progress was not fully maintained in late March and the final tally was one of fair success only. There were various reasons for this but I would select three chiefly: indecisive finishing; an inconsistent work-rate in midfield; an inability to master our short corner drill. These three crucial factors meant that a lot of industry and constructive skill from individuals too often went begging and matches were lost in which we had as much or more of the play territorially—but this, of course, is in the nature of hockey. It was particularly galling in that, as the captain elsewhere indicates, no less than six matches were lost by the odd goal (the overall record was: played 13, won 6, lost 7).

Of the team, Alastair Graham Munro had an excellent season in goal, saving and clearing well and making no serious error until the final Saturday. The full-backs, Tim Daniels and Richard Woof, usually hit cleanly but looked vulnerable under pressure, at times committed themselves rashly to the tackle, and were erratic in their stopping. The halves, Duncan White, Simon Powell and Matthew Archer (two of them fifth formers), improved over the term and set up an increasing variety of effective attacking moves. In the forwards, Tim Horton twinkled rapidly down the right-wing and developed his stickwork (no point in forgetting the ball!); David Woof was a great asset when promoted from the 2nd XI to the inside-right

berth and is an industrious and fast-improving player; at centre-forward, David Lee provided some deft, imaginative touches but reduced his scoring opportunities by unintelligent positioning; Chris Cannon worked zealously and constructively at inside-left and had a particularly good final game against the Old Boys; Richard Evans, undeterred by bull-like opposing defenders, had a fine season at left-wing and



carved out many openings for himself and others—three or four times the woodwork frustrated his shots.

The side had impressive spells of play against a number of opponents, Colston's, Marling, Cirencester H. C., and Crypt School, for example, but such form was seldom sustained and this cost us dearly. About half the team should be returning to campaign again next year and I should like to wish them and those who join them in the XI every good fortune.

Grateful thanks, finally, to three people: David Essenhigh, for his efforts to maintain the high standard of the match pitch (and for coaching the all-conquering 3rd XI); Chris Cannon, who was a most efficient and amiable captain and set an excellent example of tireless,

constructive mobility on the field; Chris Wood, whose meticulous administration was a great asset in 1981.

J. N. H.

MATCH RESULTS:

FIRST XI *v.* NORTH GLOS. COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY (Away). Won 2—0

A good win to start the season, although the game itself was scrappily played. Tim Daniels scored our first goal from a short corner and Tom Paton the second as a result of a well formed attack. Although good hockey was difficult in the wet conditions the game gave us valuable experience for the tougher matches ahead and an opportunity to study the team.

1ST XI *v.* CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 2ND XI (Away). Lost 3—2

A very even game where Cheltenham, a strong 2nd XI this year, dominated the play in the first half and we dominated in the second half. Some foolish mistakes allowed them to score and our two goals, both scored by David Lee, were not enough for us to win.

1ST XI *v.* PRINCE HENRY'S G. S., EVESHAM (Away). Won 3—2

We played on a wet and heavy pitch which resulted in poor quality hockey being played by both sides. Bad mistakes by us allowed them to score but other than that we were in no real danger throughout the game. Tim Daniels and Richard Woof defended well and Alastair Munro looked safe in goal.

1ST XI *v.* MARLING SCHOOL (Home). Won 5—0

Playing at home for the first time this season and with a good supporting crowd, we had one of our best games so far this season and were able to control the majority of the game. David Lee had a good game, scoring four goals, and Chris Cannon scored the fifth.

1st XI *v.* King's School, Gloucester (Away).
Lost 2—1

We should perhaps have drawn or even won this match but a slow start, during which we were never really in the game, enabled them to score their two goals. Towards the end of the first-half Tom Paton scored but although we had a great deal of possession in the second-half we were unable to get the equaliser. A disappointing game.

1ST XI *v.* MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE 3RD XI (Away). Lost 1—0

A poor game and one which we could have won had we been able to finish off our numerous attacks. They scored early on in the first half but from then onwards we seemed to have more of the ball although we were unable to do anything with it.

1ST XI *v.* COLSTON'S SCHOOL, BRISTOL (Away).
Lost 4—2

During the first half Colston's had the majority of the ball, and were able to score three of their four goals. However, during the second-half we began to play better and although they scored another goal we were applying most of the pressure. Richard Evans scored our first goal and a goalmouth scramble gave us our second.

1ST XI *v.* CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Home). Won 4—0

We started the game extremely well scoring three goals in about twelve minutes, which decided the match. Richard Evans scored a very skilful goal and David Lee deflected a short corner shot to score while Duncan White scored the third from just inside the circle. We were able to beat Cheltenham convincingly because they played as individuals and therefore their attacks were unco-ordinated and resulted in nothing.

1st XI v. Cirencester Hockey Club (Away).

Lost 3—2

One of the most enjoyable games of the season despite the fact that we lost. Everyone played extremely well and had we had more practice on an all-weather pitch we might have won. We were unable to score on several occasions and missed one open goal! Cirencester scored first but soon after Duncan White got the equaliser. In the second half they scored twice while we, for all our pressure, were only able to score once as a result of a very good goal from Richard Evans.

1ST XI v. CHELTENHAM WEDNESDAY 11ST XI (Away). Lost 3—2

We played on Stratford Park's all-weather pitch in Stroud and although the game was enjoyable it was also aggravating for us.

The pace of the game was controlled by Cheltenham Wednesday or, more accurately, by John Webb, an old Rendcombian playing for them at inside-forward. Unfortunately for us he easily outplayed us and as a result we were unable to settle down and get into our normal rhythm.

1ST XI v. CLIFTON COLLEGE (Home). Lost 1—0

Again, as has occurred throughout the season, we were unable to finish off our attacks. Had we been able to we could easily have won. Their goal was an extremely lucky one and followed a short corner. The game itself was of a high standard and everyone played well.

1ST XI v. OLD RENDCOMBIANS (Home). Won 3—1

Having been defeated last year we were determined to win this year. Matthew Archer scored the first goal and then Douglas Sayers scored the equaliser for the Old Boys.

During the second half the Old Boys began to tire, giving us more time, and consequently we managed to monopolise the game. We then scored two more goals, one from Richard Evans and the other from David Lee.

Although the weather turned against us towards the end of the season we were able to play thirteen matches and only three were cancelled.

It has been an unlucky season for us for in six of the seven matches we lost (we won six) there was only a one-goal difference.

Throughout the season our weakness has generally been during the first half when we tended to play with a relaxed attitude. The second half, however, has been different, and in virtually every match we have been able to dominate the second half.

Another notable feature has been our inability to finish off an attack; had we been able to score when the opportunity arose we could have won or drawn more of the narrowly lost matches.

I hope next season's 1st XI have better luck but enjoy themselves as much as we have.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Holt for coaching the 1st XI, Mr. Essenhigh for keeping the pitch in excellent condition, and, of course, the team.

1ST XI: A. Graham-Munro; R. Woof, T. Daniels; S. Powell, D. White, M. Archer; T. Horton, D. Woof, D. Lee, C. Cannon (capt.), R. Evans. *Also played:* I. Paton, A. Martyn-Smith, G. Breal, P. Uglow.

C. D. C.

2nd XI

Won 4; Drawn 1; Lost 2
Goals: For 33; Against 9

Cheltenham College	
3rd XI (A)	Lost 1—2
Prince Henry's (A)	Won 14—1
Marling (A)	Won 9—1
King's, Glos. (A)	Draw 1—1
Marlborough 4th XI	Lost 1—2
Colston's (A)	Cancelled
Bloxham (A)	Cancelled
Bredon 1st XI (A)	Won 4—1
King Edward's, Bath	Cancelled
Dean Close (H)	Cancelled
Old Rendcombians	Won 3—1

Although the record is good, with the 2nd XI only losing twice by the odd goal in matches where the score could have gone either way, it must be admitted that our most difficult fixtures were cancelled, and the side did not make the progress for which one hoped. The reason lies in the lack of concentration, commitment, and work by too many members of the side. At this level unless all the team members strive to achieve the right result, and play the correct type of game, one finds that far too many chances go missing.

R. Smith on the right wing revealed that he has the potential to grace the 1st XI next year, but, after D. Woof and Powell had moved up to the 1st XI, he often became isolated, and the less he was involved so the side's success diminished. G. Brealy has ability but until this is better directed, and a less selfish attitude is adopted, he will not progress any further.

S. Knapp took his chance well, playing industriously, and as he adapted to the different standard he became increasingly more effective. If he keeps this form he will challenge strongly for a 1st XI place next year.

A. White played steadily on the left wing, but all too often his lack of vision and anticipation found him wanting when golden opportuni-

ties beckoned. A. Martyn-Smith was undoubtedly one of the successes. His enthusiasm for scoring goals made him a constant menace for the opposition to deal with. However, his contribution did not end there, and many other goals were scored simply because he fought for and chased everything.

Paton's whole-hearted effort cannot be faulted, and as he began to strike the ball more cleanly so his contribution became more pertinent. Schreiber had good games, but all too often his lack of work let down both the attack and defence. Hedderwick did not fulfil his early potential. His marking became increasingly sloppy, and so did his support to the attack.

Palmer's charging into the tackle too early often left the defence totally committed and without cover. Oliver timed and hit the ball cleanly but his slowness on the turn and poor positioning was found out.

In any other season P. Uglow would have been the 1st XI goalkeeper and they would not have found him wanting. His bravery and good positioning saved certain goals, and the side is indebted to him for this, and his sensible and sure captaincy.

Played: P. Uglow (capt.), Palmer, Oliver, Schreiber, Brealy, Hedderwick, Paton, Smith, R., Martyn-Smith, A., Knapp, S., White, A., Dunwoody, Powell, Woof, D., Brealy, C., Stroud, Dick.

A. C. P.

3rd XI

Results:

Cheltenham College	Won	5-0
King's School (H)	Won	8-0
Marlborough (A)	Draw	1-1

4th XI

Result:

Kingham Hill (A) Won	13-0
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This must go down as one of the most frustrating seasons on record. Out of eight planned matches only three could be played. This, in a season when the Thirds were unstoppable. Not even in practice matches could we be beaten (emphasised by winning both matches played against the 2nd XI). Such was the standard that Peter Stroud, a regular 1st and 2nd XI player last year, could not command a regular place.

The reason for this success was not that the team had individual skills, but the sense of camaraderie that automatically provides a good atmosphere prevailed throughout the season. Any lack of talent was made up for with boundless enthusiasm; everyone felt part of a team, a team that never lost!

I feel nobody deserves a special mention as all played equally well, but many thanks to Mr. David Essenhigh for his coaching throughout the season.

The following played: C. Waddell, S. Knapp, C. Stroud, A. Harris, R. Smith, T. McCulloch, R. Webb, T. Burkham, C. Brealy, C. Dick, S. Paris, S. Hughes, S. Hawkswell.

C. D.

Under 15 XI

It is a long time since members of game 3 have been so enthusiastic about the sport, despite the many ups and downs caused by the Lent Term weather. Even the 'B' XI improved considerably without the incentive of matches to be won.

The members of the 'A' XI played extremely well as a team and only looked a little weak when defending a fast attack by the opposition. The forwards, ably led by Adam Phelps, made incisive attacks thanks to Andrew Payne's stickwork and Toby Brealy's speed on the right wing. It was very encouraging to see Rendcomb forwards snapping up chances in the 'D' since this has been a weakness in the past.

It would be unfair not to mention the good covering by the half-backs and backs as well as good saves made by the goalkeeper.

The Colston's match was lost because of our lack of speed to the tackle and because of their excellent pushing and flicking. The main point was that Rendcomb learned a great deal from that particular game.

Finally, I would like to thank Alex Paton for his capable managing of the administration of game 3.

Results:

v. Cheltenham College 'B' (H) Won	2-0
v. King's School (H) Abandoned	2-1
v. Colston's School (A)	Lost 0-2
v. Crypt School (A)	Won 6-0

Prince Henry's, Marlborough, Bloxham, King Edward's and Dean Close were all cancelled.

The following played: Phelps (capt.), Wilcox (goalkeeper), Deacon, Waddell, Hutton-Potts, Payne, Brealy, Woof, Hayward, Webb, Maslin, Wakeham, Paterson-Fox, Paton.

C. J. W.

Under 14 XI

This year we had reasonable hockey weather during the first half of the term, with three matches being cancelled in the second half. Although we have several promising players, only on a few occasions did they perform really well as a team. The usual weaknesses, associated with lack of experience, took their toll. Most noticeable was a rather 'blinkered' insistence of playing the ball up the centre of the field, coupled with reluctance to pass sufficiently quickly. These two faults prevented the development of a fast, open game.

Our most exciting game was against Colston's School. Within one minute of the bully-off, the opposition scored. Amazingly, within one minute of the second bully-off, Rendcomb equalised. Thereafter, a ding-dong battle took place with Colston's eventually winning by three goals to one. They were a very strong team, unbeaten in six matches with only one other goal having been scored against them.

Eleven matches had been planned, of which five were cancelled due to unfit pitches.

Results:

Cheltenham College (H)	Lost	0-2
King's School, Gloucester (H)	Won	5-1
Cheltenham College Junior School (A)	Lost	1-5
Colston's School (A)	Lost	1-3
Bredon School (under-15) (H)	Won	4-3
Bredon School (under-14) v. Rendcomb (under-14B) (H)	Draw	1-1

Team: Jenkins, B (goalkeeper), Suffolk, Binder, Harris, Prynne (capt.), Hall, Uglow, B., Hannam, Holland, Morris, Butling.

The following also played for the team on one or two occasions:

Almond, Kinch, J., Awdry.

K. G. T.

Under 13 XI

This age-group has played with considerable enthusiasm, both on grass and in the Sports Hall, throughout the season. They have all improved their hitting and basic skills; P. Grainger at back, D. Edwin at inside-left, and S. Jenkins at half, showing particular promise.

Team: M. Stitt or R. Bown, P. Grainger, P. Spackman, S. Jenkins, G. Veale (capt.), A. Brain, N. Badcott, R. Khosrowshahi, M. Thompson, D. Edwin, A. Pallant.

Results:

v. King's, Gloucester	Won	4-2
v. Cheltenham College Junior School (A)	Lost	2-3
v. Cheltenham College Junior School (A)	Won	4-1
		W. J. D. W.

Under 12 XI

Despite limited practice on grass the team showed great skill and determination in the one representative match against Cheltenham College Junior School. Hard tackling and fast counter-attacking helped sustain pressure on the opponent's goal with good wing distribution by the backs and halves, and impressive linked moves by the forwards. Moody's goal gave Rendcomb a 1-0 victory.

Team: B. Nicolle, A. Rollo, C. Pope, P. Moore, A. Breally (capt.), I. Whittaker, C. Moody, M. Walters, M. Reid, T. Burns, M. Dinnick, J. Penneck.

M. J. N.

SQUASH RACKETS

1st V

This has been the most successful season since the squash courts were built ten years ago. Ten of the eleven matches were won including two victories against Cheltenham College and a 5–0 win against Dauntsey's School. All members of the team made valuable contributions but the main strength was at number one where Simon Knapp was unbeaten in his eleven matches. With only the number two player, Mark Burchell, leaving, the outlook is promising for next year.

Results in Gloucestershire Under-19 League, Division One:

<i>v</i> Cheltenham College 1st V (H)	Won	3–2
<i>v</i> Stroud 'A' (H)	Won	5–0
<i>v</i> . Sir Thomas Rich's School (A)	Won	3–2
<i>v</i> . Cirencester 'A' (A)	Won	4–1
<i>v</i> . Gloucester 'A' (A)	Won	3–2
<i>v</i> . Cheltenham 'A' (A)	Won	4–1
<i>v</i> . Gloucester 'A' (H)	Won	3–2
<i>v</i> . Cheltenham College 1st V (H)	Won	3–2
<i>v</i> . Cirencester 'A' (H)	Lost	1–4
<i>v</i> . Sir Thomas Rich's School (H)	Won	5–0

Other match:

<i>v</i> . Dauntsey's School (A)	Won	5–0
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Team in playing order: Simon Knapp (11 wins), Mark Burchell (6), David Rollo (6), Mark Smith (9), Charles Ekin (5), Richard Palmer (1), Jane Franklin (1).

2nd V

During the Lent Term the 2nd V played in the Gloucestershire Under-19 League, Division Three, and won five of the six matches, thus gaining promotion to Division Two for next year.

Results in Gloucestershire Under-19 League, Division Three:

<i>v</i> . East Gloucestershire Club 'A' (A)	Won	3–2
<i>v</i> . Cirencester 'B' (H)	Won	4–1
<i>v</i> . Tetbury 'A' (A)	Lost	2–3
<i>v</i> . Easy Gloucestershire Club (B) (H)	Won	5–0
<i>v</i> . Painswick (H)	Won	5–0
<i>v</i> . Gloucester 'C' (A)	Won	5–0

Team in playing order: Giles Brealy (4 wins), Richard Palmer (5), Charles Hutton-Potts (3), Ian Bishop (6), William Wilkinson (5), Matthew Reid (1).

K. J. K.

BADMINTON

A surge of interest in Badminton since the building of the Sports Hall prompted the start of a club for those interested to practise and improve their game. The club has now become a regular Wednesday night feature, thanks to the enthusiasm of the two coaches, Brian Jones and Derek Bristow.

Emphasis is placed on the enjoyment of the game, but nevertheless those of us who play take it seriously.

Any sport takes some years to become firmly established, and due to the relatively recent interest in badminton, finding teams to play has been a problem.

The two teams we have played so far we have beaten quite convincingly. Corinium, a Cirencester club, lost to us on four occasions, and we also beat Stroud 6—3 in an exciting match. The following played: J. Pedley, N. Blencowe, T. Jones, A. Hedderwick, G. Marsh, C. Hutton-Potts, J. Teague.

Enthusiasm has not been restricted to the boys because a number of girls are becoming quite proficient. As well as more level doubles, some mixed matches are also planned.

A visit to see England play India at Gloucester was enjoyed by all who went.

Our thanks must go to Brian Jones and Derek Bristow of the Corinium Badminton Club in Cirencester, for whose co-operation and organisation we are very grateful.

J. R. L. P.



GIRLS' SPORT

NETBALL

NETBALL this year went off with a bang—having superb results from both the 1st and 2nd teams. Both teams played with skill and co-ordination and proved superior to anything the opposition could produce. Even in defeat their high spirits triumphed, making all the matches most enjoyable. Liza Manners, captain of the 2nd team, was always ready to voice her encouragement in no uncertain terms in times of crisis, and the sound shooting of Beverley Hassall and Carolyn Killin did their vital bit to maintain a constant lead. The 1st team had a very good season; the defence skilfully directing the ball up the court where the attack took over, Maria Bitner carefully manipulating the ball into the net time and time again.

Our grateful thanks goes to Liza for supplying the scrumptious teas, to which we owed our energy! Many thanks also to Mrs. Holdaway for her infinite patience, constant support and untiring enthusiasm.

1st Team: Maria Bitner, Tisha Cam, Carolyn Killin, Annabel Williams, Jo Pettitt, Rachel Medill, Alison Hockin.

2nd Team: Caroline Briffet, Beverley Hassall, Karen Fulford, Liza Manner, Fiona Wilson, Charlotte Kenyon, Isobel Nicholas

1st Team Results:

	WINTER TERM	LENT TERM
<i>v.</i> Dean Close	Won 17—14	
<i>v.</i> Hatherop Castle	Won 21—5	
<i>v.</i> St. Clotilde's Convent	Lost 12—17	Won 18—16
<i>v.</i> Cirencester School	Won 33—5	
<i>v.</i> Wycliffe	Won 38—4	Won 22—19
<i>v.</i> Marlborough	Won 22—13	Lost 21—19
<i>v.</i> Wycliffe	Won 22—10	
<i>v.</i> Old Rendcomb- ians	Won 15—8	

2nd Team Results:

<i>v.</i> Dean Close	Lost 17—10	
<i>v.</i> Hatherop Castle	Won 28—12	
<i>v.</i> St. Clotilde's Convent	Won 35—8	Won 23—10
<i>v.</i> Cirencester School	Won 27—5	
<i>v.</i> Wycliffe	Won 37—5	Won 22—2
<i>v.</i> Westwood's School	Won 22—3	
<i>v.</i> Wycliffe	Won 25—14	
<i>v.</i> Marlborough		Won 21—8

HOCKEY 1st XI

Team: J. Pettitt, C. Kenyon, R. Norman, J. Franklin, L. Manners, A. Williams (capt.), R. Davison, M. Alexander, C. Killin, B. Hassall, I. Nicholas.

Also played: S. Latham, K. Fulford.

Unfortunately, though one hates to start on a depressing note, it must be said that Rendcomb has produced more successful commodities and achieved greater heights than the girls' hockey team. Our lack of performance is due to the fact that we spent very little time practising on grass (having made it up top twice this term!) against realistic opposition. We have, however, spent much time on the tennis courts and our prowess as indoor hockey players beats that of us on grass by a long chalk. However, our lack of practice together was remedied somewhat by the un-failing attempts of Mr. Wood and Mr. Essenhig to mould us into some kind of team; it is rather a shame that the term ended just when we were beginning to show signs of team spirit during the game! All credit must go to Mrs. Holdaway for remaining so faithful to the team and continuing to find complementary things to say about our game after each match. She has devoted much time to transporting us to and from games, in all weathers, and to supporting us through thick and thin.

The high spot of the term's play, however, metaphorically speaking, was when Mary Alexander, showing devotion to the game, saved a sure goal by diving in the way of the ball as it ricocheted off somebody's stick. She received a glancing blow to her right eye but still managed to deflect the ball perfectly out of immediate danger. We were all very relieved, especially when Mary came back on again after having it "seen to". Damage was superficial, however, and does not appear to have been permanent...!

Results:

v. Hatherop Castle School	Won	2—1
v. Westwood's Grammar School	Lost	1—2
v. Marlborough College	Lost	0—7
v. St. Clotilde's Convent		Cancelled
v. Dean Close School		Cancelled
v. Cirencester School	Won	4—0
v. Wycliffe College (Indoor Tournament) — Won 2, Drew 1, Lost 1.		

C. A. K. AND A. R. W.

SQUASH

Team: Jane Franklin, Annabel Williams (capt.), Patricia Cam, Mary Alexander, Charlotte Kenyon.

Also played: Joanna Pettitt, Joanna Brain.

Once again, Mrs. Holdaway proved herself to be invaluable both in transporting us to and from our various matches (even to Dauntsey's!), and in her encouragements given both off and on the court.

I think all players thoroughly enjoyed themselves and the results show the type of grim determination by all when walking on to the court.

A. R. W.

Although the results of our hockey team were only mediocre, this year has seen the best results ever from our Netball and Squash teams. Our 1st Netball VII has only lost two matches and our 2nd VII only one match during the Christmas and Lent Terms. The highlight of the Squash season was undoubtedly our "three-cornered" match against Millfield and Dauntsey's. It has certainly given the team encouragement to enter the "Serena Tournament" again next year.

I am particularly grateful to the Netball captains, Tisha Cam and Lisa Manners, to the Squash and Hockey captain, Annabel Williams, and to the Games Secretary, Jo Pettitt, for their enthusiasm and determination.

C. A. H.

Christmas Term:

v. Marlborough College	Lost	1-4
v. Charlton Park Convent	Won	5-0
v. Cheltenham Ladies' College	Lost	2-3
v. Cirencester School	Won	5-0
v. Dean Close School	Won	5-0
v. Charlton Park Convent	Lost	2-3

Serena Tournament:

v. Millfield School	Lost	1-2
v. Dauntsey's School	Won	2-1

Lent Term:

v. Dean Close School	Won	5-0
v. Marlborough College	Won	3-2
v. Dauntsey's School	Won	3-2
v. Cheltenham Ladies' College	Won	4-1
v. Charlton Park Convent	Won	4-1

NEW ENTRANTS

VIB Girls—September, 1980

Caroline Briffet
Beverley Hassall
Olivia Hanscombe
Fiona Comrie
Isobel Nicholas
Anna Wilkinson
Carolyn Killin
Jennifer Lane
Lucy Norman
Susan Ingleton-Beer
Serena Latham
Frederika Altmiller
Karen Fulford
Rebecca Davison
Francesca Hughes
Patricia Cam
Charlotte Kenyon
Catherine King
Alicja Teodorowicz
Jane Franklin

VIB Boys—September, 1980

Mark George
Simon P. Perkins
A. Christopher D. Perry
David S. Twyman

Third Year Boys—September, 1980

Paul A. Attwood
Jonathan B. Baker
Gavin J. Boyce
Duncan M. Brown
Christopher Carpenter
Karl D. Cloutman
Andrew C. Hall
David H. Wilson
John E. V. Awdry
Gautom R. Barthakur
Mark L. Binder
Tillman Henssler-Campbell
Marcus R. Holland
Matthew C. Newman
Simon J. Noyes
Norbert C. C. Watts

First Year Boys—September 1980

Daniel M. Beales
Alexander St. J. Breal
Thomas M. Burns
Dominic R. G. Clark
Edward J. Crowther
Giles J. A. Davies
Martin P. Dinnick
George R. Draper
Ian Ford
Roderick V. H. Hill
Matthew P. Houseman
Kerry Mallindine
Christopher R. Moody
Philip E. Moore
Brett Le C. Nicolle
James R. Penneck
Christopher Pope
James C. Poucher
Matthew J. Reid
I. Angus Rollo
Justin D. P. Rosa
Oliver A. J. Trier
Mark R. Walters
Iain D. Whittaker
Charles S. J. Hudson

LEAVERS—1980

JULY
Jonathan E. Allen
Richard A. Bray
Susan J. Briffet
Julian C. Bull
E. Claire Comrie
Peter A. Cranswick
Timothy F. Etherington
Andrew O. A. Fisher
Clifford G. Freeman
Douglas J. M. Gassor
Andrew M. Grainger
David J. Hammond
Joan A. Hecktermann
John D. Henniker-Gotley
K. Johanna Hobbs
Sally E. Horne
Dominic P. A. Ind
Jane E. Ingleton-Beer

Mark F. Lewers
C. Louise Lomax
S. Patrick Lorenzen
Elissa P. Mackintosh
Nicholas D. Miles
Richard J. Morgan
Kevin N. G. Nunan
W. Francis Peplow
Alastair P. Pitt
Richard C. Pitt
Timothy D. Pratt
Nicholas S. J. Price
James H. W. Quick
Michaela I. Roberts
Russell Slee
Timothy C. Steed
Jane A. Stephenson
Josephine M. Taylor

Alec C. C. Tong
Neil P. Townend
Stephen K. J. Trezise
Richard I. C. Tudor
Christopher J. Twinning
Michael A. Twinning
Jennifer C. Watson
Steven C. Whittard
Nigel P. Wren

DECEMBER

Michael J. Curtis Hayward
Richard A. Funnell
Benedict J. Hatchwell
Rebecca Rosengard
J. Mark Twyman
F. Mark Wilcox
James C. Poucher

OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES

News of some of the more recent leavers:

- SUSAN BRIFFETT: Secretarial Course in Oxford
JULIAN BULL: Pharmacology, University College, London University
CLAIRE COMRIE: Geography, Durham University
MICHAEL CURTIS HAYWARD: London School of Economics (1981)
TIMOTHY ETHERINGTON: Intending to join the Army (1982)
ANDREW FISHER: Civil Engineering, Glasgow University
RICHARD FUNNELL: Chemistry, Pembroke College, Oxford (1981)
ANDREW GRAINGER: Mathematics, Birmingham University
BEN HATCHWELL: Biological Sciences, Christ Church, Oxford (1981)
JOAN HECKTERMANN: Chelsea College of Art
JOANNA HOBBS: English and Drama, Manchester University (1981)
SALLY HORNE: French, University College, London University
DOMINIC IND: With Dragon Yachts, London
JANE INGLETON-BEER: Psychology, Leeds University
MARK LEWERS: Agricultural Engineering, Newcastle University
LOUISE LOMAX: Zoology, St. Andrew's University
PATRICK LORENZEN: National College of Agricultural Engineering, Silsoe
ELISSA MACKINTOSH: Political Science, Hartford, U. S. A.
NICHOLAS MILES: Business Studies, Loughborough
KEVIN NUNAN: Nutrition Sciences, Queen Elizabeth College, London University
FRANK PEPLow: Horticulture at Pershore
RICHARD PITT: Accountancy and Finance, Bristol Polytechnic
JAMES QUICK: General Arts, Durham University
MICHAELA ROBERTS: Geography, Liverpool University (1981)
REBECCA ROSENGARD: History, Brasenose College, Oxford (1981)
JANE STEPHENSON: Hotel and Catering Administration, Brighton Polytechnic
JOSEPHINE TAYLOR: History, Christ Church, Oxford
ALEC TONG: Civil Engineering, Manchester University
STEPHEN TREZISE: Engineering, Birmingham University
RICHARD TUDOR: German, Bath University
MICHAEL TWINNING: Accountancy, Birmingham University
MARK TWYMAN: Exhibition for Chemistry, Pembroke College, Oxford (1981)
JENNIFER WATSON: Royal Agricultural College (1981)
STEVEN WHITTARD: Electrical Engineering, Bath University
MARK WILCOX: Wye College of Agriculture, London University
RUSSELL SLEE: Intending to join the R. A. F.
NEIL TOWNEND: Cheltenham Grammar School
TIMOTHY STEED: Devises Comprehensive School
DAVID HAMMOND: Swindon Technical College
CHRISTOPHER TWINNING: Working in Insurance
NIGEL WREN: Swindon Technical College
CLIFFORD FREEMAN: Working for Buxted Turkeys
RICHARD BRAY: Bath Technical College
RICHARD MORGAN: Brighton Sixth Form College
ALASTAIR PITT: Brunei Technical College
TIMOTHY PRATT: Cheltenham Technical College
JOHN HENNICKER-GOTLEY: Cheltenham Technical College

The next Newsletter will be published in May.

The O. R. Cricket Match will be on 11th July, 1981.

W. J. D. W.