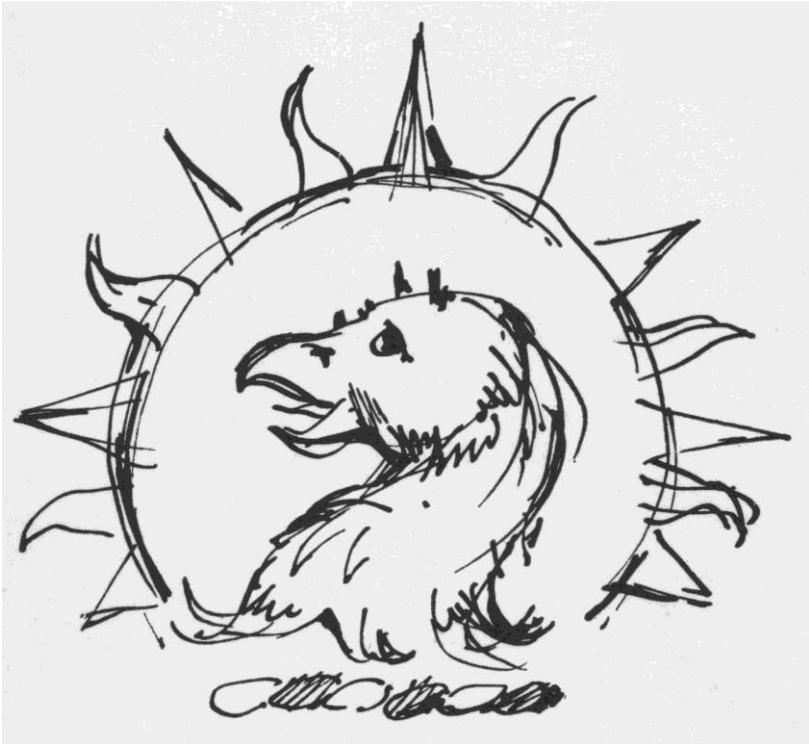


*Rendcomb College
Chronicle*



Vol. 13. No. 12.

December 1966

Rendcomb College Chronicle

Volume 13 No. 12

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CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
College Officers	2
Meeting Officers...	2
Meeting Notes...	3
School Notes...	4
General Certificate of Education	5
The College Extensions	7
Founder's Day, 1966	
The speeches...	8
The Headmaster's Speech... 	8
Art and Crafts Exhibition...	12
Physical Education Display	13
Concert	13
Camping Club Expedition	14
Natural History Society.....	14
The Motor Club...	15
Supplementary Cricket Report...	16
Rugger Report...	17
Literary Society	22
The Silver Ball	24
An Interlude	28
The Ideal Girl	28
Beach, Night—Thoughts	29
The Bug... 	30
Prelude to ye game of Crickette 	31
Old Boys' Notes	32

COLLEGE OFFICERS

Autumn Term, 1966

Senior Prefect—R. J. Edy.

Prefects and Group Leaders—F. R. Glennie, D. J. Maberley,
J. F. Harris, G. F. Smith.

Prefects—W. A. Thompson, W. T. G. Griffiths, M. W. Harrop,
J. A. Hiscox.

Public Workman—P. R. F. Chanin.

Choir Librarians—R. Millard, P. R. Free.

Picture Man—R. C. Goodsell.

Church Ushers—R. J. Edy, M. J. Dawson.

Librarians—W. A. Thompson, D. J. Maberley, R. C. Goodsell,
H. M. Peterson, N. A. Dakin.

Manual Foremen—G. F. Smith, R. J. Wood, A. J. Pain.

Stagemen—G. F. Smith (*Stage Manager*), J. A. Hiscox, D. P. Kyle,
A. J. Pain, M. R. Dow, D. J. Simmons,
R. A. Law, A. M. White, A. T. Patrick.

Bellringers—F. R. Glennie (*Tower Captain*), W. A. Thompson,
J. A. Hiscox, N. J. Green, R. J. Wood, S. J. Brisk,
A. J. C. Walker, E. W. Yates, A. T. Patrick, A. C. Whittles,
N. A. Johnson, W. E. Hanks.

MEETING OFFICERS

Autumn Term, 1966

Chairman—R. J. Edy.

Secretary—C. P. Maberley.

Rugger Captain—F. R. Glennie.

Running Captain—J. J. Fonseca.

Vice Captain—N. J. Green.

Games Committee—N. A. Dakin, D. P. Kyle.

Nominations Committee—R. J. Edy, F. R. Glennie,
W. A. Thompson, H. M. Peterson, D. J. Maberley.

Meeting Banker—P. R. F. Chanin.

Shop Banker—J. A. Hiscox.

Boys' Banker—C. P. Stevens.

Games Committee Treasurer—R. G. Pyecroft.

House Committee Treasurer—J. C. Reason.

Entertainments Committee—W. T. G. Griffiths, P. J. Hammett,
M. R. Dow, A. T. Patrick, P. R. Free.

Meeting Advisory Committee—J. A. Hiscox, P. R. F. Chanin,
H. M. Peterson.
Council—R. J. Edy, F. R. Glennie, J. F. Harris, W. A. Thompson,
M. J. Dawson, M. W. Harrop, H. M. Peterson.
Junior Advocate—R. J. Wood.
Breakages Man—M. A. Cox.
Cricket Secretary—M. W. Harrop.
Rugger Secretary—N. J. Green.
Hockey Secretary—F. R. Glennie.
Magazine Committee—R. J. Edy, M. J. Dawson, T. V. Liddle.
Senior Shopman—T. Willford.

MEETING NOTES

Autumn Term, 1966

This term no one has shown great oratorical powers but there have been some good “conversational” discussions.

Several reforms have been introduced: firstly, the Meeting Advisory Committee has, of necessity, changed the Meeting’s financial system. Obsolete offices and committees have been abolished and the internal banking system simplified. This enables the College to carry out the auditing more easily by having a single complete record of all transactions by the Boys’ Account, in the hands of the Meeting Banker.

The format of the Christmas Party, which of late has fallen under much criticism, has been changed. The old type of party is now solely for the junior school, and a Christmas Dance is to take its place for the senior forms.

The Rule Committee has done much this term to streamline the rules. They have removed obsolete ones and those now under College jurisdiction. The now abridged version was read out in the Meeting, during the course of the term, to familiarise the members with it.

Once again there has been much confusion and a good deal of time wasted over the repeated failure of our newsagent to send our magazines punctually. The Meeting has therefore decided to put all magazines on subscriptions, starting from January, 1967. It is hoped that this will prove a more satisfactory system.

In answer to popular demand, the Meeting has bought a new table tennis table, to be housed in Clock Hall. Already this has been used to a great extent and provided much enjoyment.

SCHOOL NOTES

Autumn Term, 1966

We bid farewell to the following boys and offer our good wishes for the future: F. Bolton King, R. B. N. Bryant, C. G. Cattermole, D. J. Curtis, J. A. Dow, A. J. Raddon, S. H. Shellswell, R. M. Thompson, M. J. S. Veasey, L. A. Webb and N. S. Whatmough.

We are glad to welcome the following new boys:
D. J. Barling, N. Boyd, C. C. A. Bradshaw, M. J. Brown, O. N. Brown, B. G. Fisher, D. W. Gray, N. E. Hance, R. R. Ingles, C. F. Jones, G. B. Jordan, B. Laan, R. Laan, J. Millard, A. C. Milroy, R. D. C. Pearce, A. J. Pitt, C. Probert, J. B. Quennell, B. M. Robertson, R. C. Rolt, D. J. Shield, A. J. Stafford, N. O. Thomas, W. R. Tomlinson, M. V. Torenson, P. S. Treasure, K. R. Underdown, J. D. Williams and D. M. Wiggall.

* * *

We acknowledge receipt of *The Wycliffe Star*, *Frensham Heights* magazine, *The Gresham*, *Kingham Hill School* magazine and *The Decanian*.

* * *

We are grateful to Mr. D. G. Boyd for a generous gift of equipment to the laboratories and electronics room. This includes a modern oscilloscope among several other items of test equipment as well as a large and most useful selection of loose components.

We thank Mrs. Fell for a useful gift of clothing for the Acting Cupboard.

* * *

The following films were shown:
"Nine Hours to Rama," "Lonely are the Brave" and "Perri." "The Ipress File" is due to be shown at the end of the term.

* * *

A Dance was held on October 15th and we were glad to welcome a number of young ladies for the evening.

* * *

A party from the VIth Form visited Cheltenham Art Gallery in the latter part of the Summer Term to see paintings and sculptures from the Associated Boards' examination entries. On September 20th, Form VI saw a performance by the

Old Vic Company of “Bartholomew Fair” by Ben Jonson at the Bristol Little Theatre.

Science students from forms VIA and VI Upper attended a lecture at Oxford given by Professor Kurti on October 7th. The subject was “Very Low Temperatures.”

At the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham, on October 14th, a Vth Form party watched Shaw’s “Saint Joan” and the VIB Science students saw a performance of the same production on November 15th.

A VIth Form party visited Cheltenham on October 20th to see “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” and on the 24th, members of the VIth Form saw a performance of “Twelfth Night” at Stratford.

On October 25th, the Science Society visited the R. A. F. station at Little Rissington, and in November the Natural History Society paid two visits to the vicinity of the River Severn, one to the Wildfowl Trust and the other to look for fossils near Saul.

A VIth Form party went to Stratford on November 8th, to see “The Revenger’s Tragedy” by Tourneur.

A film of the Royal Navy was shown by Lieut. Seaman, R. N., on November 25th.

On November 28th, a VIth Form party from the Science Society visited the Berkeley Power Station.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

Summer, 1966

Passes were obtained as follows:

O-Level:

M. R. Barnes—English Language, English Literature, History.

R. B. Billimoria—English Language, English Literature, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.

D. J. Curtis—English Language, English Literature, History, Latin, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.

C. J. Gray—English Language, English Literature, History, French, Mathematics.

H. D. Greenlaw—English Language, English Literature, History, Biology.

P. J. Hamnett—English Language.

J. Kinnear—English Literature, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
 D. P. Kyle—English Language, English Literature, History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology.
 T. V. Little—English Language, English Literature, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.
 C.P. Mabblerley—English Language, English Literature, History, French, Mathematics, Physics, Biology.
 A. J. Pain—English Language, English Literature, History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology.
 P. V. Sage—English Literature, Mathematics, Physics, Biology, Chemistry.
 A. J. Savery—English Language, English Literature, Physics, Mathematics, Chemistry.
 W. R. Simpson—English Language, English Literature, History, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology.
 P. W. Taylor—English Language, English Literature, History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Biology.
 R. J. Wood—English Language, Mathematics, Physics, Biology, Woodwork.

The following IVth Form candidates obtained passes in Mathematics:

R. H. Arkell, M. A. Cox, M. R. Dow, C. J. Elliott, M. B. Rees,
 H. Thompson, N. H. Wapshott, E. W. Yates.

A-level:

* denotes Class A in A-level papers.

(o) denotes Ordinary Level pass allowed.

(D) denotes Distinction in special paper.

(M) denotes Merit in special paper.

F. Bolton King—English, History, French Literature(o), General paper.

R. B. N. Bryant—Additional Mathematics(o), Chemistry, Physics.

J. A. Dow—Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics.

R. J. Edy, English, History, French(o), General Paper.

F. R. Glennie—English(M), History, French, General Paper.

J. F. Harris—Chemistry(o), Botany, Zoology, General Paper.

D.J. Mabblerley—Chemistry, *Botany(M), Zoology(D), General Paper.

A. A. J. Raddon—Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, General Paper.

S. H. Shellswell—Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics.

- P. L. C. Smith—Chemistry(M), Physics, *Zoology(M), General Paper.
W. A. Thompson—Mathematics, Chemistry(o), Physics, General
Paper.
M. J. S. Veasey—English, History, French, General Paper.
L. A. Webb—*Chemistry(M), Physics, Zoology.
N. S. Whatmough—Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics,
Chemistry, *Physics.

THE BUILDING PROGRAMME

One important change has taken place at Rendcomb this term—the opening of the Old Rectory as a Junior House. The two front rooms downstairs have been converted into a common room and there is also a games room and a quiet room on the ground floor in the old part of the house. In the new wing built to the east of the Old Rectory there are the changing room and wash places and above two new dormitories; at the far end is the housemaster's house.

The Old Rectory was habitable, though hardly completed at the beginning of term. Mr. and Mrs. Knapp had already moved in three weeks before and worked very hard under extremely difficult conditions to get everything ship shape. The builders did not complete the internal work until a fortnight after the start of term.

We have long felt the need of a Junior House here, particularly now our numbers are larger, and our expectations have been more than fulfilled in the event. The new boys have settled in much better than before; there is a much more homely atmosphere in the Old Rectory than in the vast rooms of the College which can be rather forbidding and even frightening to boys entering from small schools. In the Junior House there are more recreations, greater privacy and better supervision.

Meanwhile the Arts Block makes slow and rather disappointing progress, partly owing to trouble over the supply of stone. It should be ready by September 1967; by this time it will be quite essential, if, as seems likely, there is a small rise in numbers next year. The big problem will be how best to use this very fine building. We hope that just as the Junior House has been a great help for the Juniors, the Arts Block will give a great stimulus to interests in Music, Art, Woodwork and Metalwork.

FOUNDER'S DAY, 1966 July, 2nd

The Speeches:

The Chairman of the Governing Body, Colonel John Godman, welcomed all parents to the school. He referred to the new Arts Block now under construction as an example of changes at Rendcomb, a subject which the Headmaster spoke on at greater length in his report (see below). Colonel Godman then introduced Sir John Maud, and outlined his distinguished career.

Sir John Maud, K. C. B., C. B. E., began by mentioning some of the qualities which he felt a good school should try and induce; qualities such as the art of expression, the habit of attention, mental courage, taste, and above all, self-knowledge.

He believed that a school should give considerable attention to these as well as to academic results, and congratulated Rendcomb on going some way to achieve this. By far the most important of these qualities he believed to be that of the discovery of what lies in oneself; that we should break out beyond self-knowledge into that form of "madness" which comes by gift of God, because it was such gifted people whose lives were marked by achievement. Christ, he said, had been the supreme example of this rare quality, and had outraged the world with his concepts of goodness. He had been man's inspiration by his selfless devotion to a task which he knew to be right, and all we had to do was to learn the art of compassion from him.

He concluded by thanking the Chairman for giving him the opportunity to speak to a school which he felt might provide the solution to the present government's educational needs, a school in fact of great 'Newsom-value.'

Major P. D. Birchall proposed the vote of thanks, saying that he had rarely heard a speech of such high quality so superbly delivered. We had been very fortunate in having such a distinguished speaker.

The Headmaster's Speech:

When you drove up Rendcomb Hill this afternoon you may have noticed our new school sign—a silhouette in skirts leading a silhouette in trousers across the road.

After the new school sign, there are two other new features you could have seen—though perhaps if you were the driver, your eyes should not have strayed so far from the road—first

the extension to the Old Rectory and secondly, and it would have been very difficult to miss this unless your concentration was intense—the skeleton of the new Arts Block. This is an exciting time in the history of Rendcomb and, as this is the only time I have the opportunity to speak to parents as a whole, I would like to say a word or two about the changes which these buildings represent.

There are two main reasons behind the present building programme:

1. Modernisation—which is inescapable in any school even if its foundation is relatively recent.
2. Our increase in numbers. We have been roughly 130 this year and next year we shall be about 140. Percentage-wise this is a large increase over the last four years—somewhere over 50%. Talking to some Old Rendcombians, I find that I am expected to be apologetic about this increase in numbers—that they look for some excuse of grounds of financial necessity.

To tell the truth, I am not in the least apologetic. I think the school is a better school now partly because it is a larger school. It may well be true that a school could be run adequately on 90 boys in the thirties but this is a matter of only academic interest now. I am quite certain that the number we are aiming for—150—is the minimum size at which a school of this age range can be run today. Even with this number we shall only just about be able to cover the minimum number of subjects and activities to afford sufficient opportunities. No one can know exactly how a child of eleven will develop and it is essential for any school to provide sufficient width and variety for him to be able to develop his particular talents.

But 150—however small it may seem and it is not as large as any single house in Cirencester's new Comprehensive school—is too large to be organised in a boarding school as a single unit. Therefore, from next term, we are dividing the school into a Junior and Senior House. Roughly speaking, those in their first and second year here will be in the Junior House and they will live in the Old Rectory which is being converted for this purpose at the moment. They will come across to the College for meals and of course the workshop and library will always be open to them—but for all other purposes they will be centred on the Old Rectory.

In the academic field there have been two changes this year. A Sixth Form option for a boy in either German or Art has been introduced in order to widen the Sixth Form course.

This has been a success and will be continued—the problems of running the Art course will be much eased when we get the new building.

Secondly, a course in elementary practical electronics has been started. Many of you may have heard of or seen on TV something of the work of Mr. Sommerhof at Sevenoaks School where he runs the technical centre and has successfully undertaken some very complex projects like radio controlled gliders. We are extremely fortunate in a school of this size to be able to undertake this type of activity. The reason that we can is that we have in Mr. Fell a scientist who is not only interested in the pure theory but also in its practical applications.

The biggest problem on the academic side in a school the size of Rendcomb is to secure a sufficiently wide choice of subjects in the Sixth Form. In general, Rendcomb provides as big a choice as much larger schools with the enormous added advantage of much smaller teaching units. There are, however, two gaps in our Sixth Form timetable—first, the absence of a second modern language to “A” level but if we were to find a boy really keen to do this, I believe we could organise it.

Second, the absence of a Sixth Form course leading to the Social Sciences at the University. Whether they are sciences or not as a matter of terminology but they are becoming increasingly important fields of study and I am not sure that the normal Arts course of French, English and History is always the right preparation. We shall have to consider the possibility of substituting Mathematics for one of the Arts subjects or possibly doing Economics.

So much for changes and possible future changes in the curriculum; our record last year in ‘O’ levels was good; in ‘A’ levels adequate. One science scholarship was won at Cambridge. Rendcomb’s record in scholarships to Oxford and Cambridge over the last five years had been quite exceptional. In proportion to numbers in the Sixth form there are only nine schools in the whole country that have won more scholarships—the nearest to us geographically being Winchester and King Edward’s, Birmingham. This shows that a small school can compete and compete successfully with far larger schools in this field.

Outside class a lot has been achieved too. I never remember so much enthusiasm for rigger and when allowance is made for the comparative youth of our side, the 1st XV achieved some creditable results—most encouraging for the future were some big wins by the Junior teams. We played hockey with our usual

competence and won most of our school matches. An Old Boy, John Webb, was captain of the Cambridge XI this year and a source of great and justifiable pride to the school. The standard of tennis is steadily improving and the cricketers have achieved two ties in matches in the same season — a remarkable coincidence. The 1st XI have on several occasions got their opponents out cheaply but have had considerable difficulty in scoring many runs themselves.

For the first time for several years two plays were presented this year; the main school play “The Lady’s not for Burning” in the Christmas term, produced by Mr. Sells and a Junior school play “Treasure Island,” produced by my wife with some invaluable assistance from Mr. Sells in the Easter term. They were both enjoyed by large numbers of parents and boys and I have particularly vivid memories of both plays. The Choral Society also did a performance of Purcell’s “Dido and Aeneas”.

One sphere of school life in which there has been a very large expansion of activity in the last two or three years is in Physical Education. There will be a P. E. display after tea by some of the Juniors. Apart from this a great deal of new work has been undertaken.

Ninety boys in the school have passed their swimming test— in the first four forms 51 have passed and practically all of those who have not passed can swim, many the five lengths of the test but they cannot yet manage the breadth under water. We have also begun to start or restart athletics; we have now got the elementary equipment. Last year we started for the first time a system of standards in which every boy tries to see if he can, in the various events, reach the standard set for his age group. I notice from the list which is up in the Locker Passage that many more standards have been attained this year than last year; all these multifarious activities turn on Mr. Burden and the school owes him a considerable debt for his energy and his initiative.

I shall look forward to meeting many of you afterwards— one of the great values of Founder’s Day is the opportunity it gives for Parents and Staff to meet. We also intend to continue the meetings we have had recently with groups of parents during term. I often wonder what impression you get from us from your children. My children do not usually give much away but when they do the picture is painted in lurid colours—so and so knows nothing or he is the most odious type of tyrant whose only pleasure is in making life as difficult as possible. After a discussion

the other day on one master, Oliver, our middle child, announced quietly and reflectively, "He is quite mad." I hope Founder's day will help to convince you that we are relatively normal.

The chief object of Founder's day must be to remind us of the vision of the man who founded Rendcomb and who, together with other members of his family, has given so generously towards the continuance and expansion of its life. I believe we continue to carry out the Founder's aims and to give our boys an opportunity of developing the full potential of their abilities—an opportunity which many would find impossible to get elsewhere.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION (Founders Day, 1966)

The exhibition was somewhat smaller than in previous years and was held in the junior common room, which has now become an extension to the dining hall.

Forms I and II yielded the most prolific artists in the school. Science fiction and modern science provided their basic theme but there were some pleasing portrayals of natural subjects.

Form III produced a few exciting, original designs in coloured printers' ink but their paintings were all of a very morbid nature and low artistic standard.

The least productive form was certainly form IV; only one or two boys made any attempt to produce something.

The senior school contributed much varied work of reasonable standard. There were many sketches of still life and human form, water colours and original compositions. Most work reflected the syllabus of the "O" level art course being followed by about a dozen boys in VIB.

The standard and size of the woodwork exhibition dropped this year. The junior school contributed a wealth of book racks, lamps and carved bowls but these lacked the originality that has been seen in previous years.

The major contribution from the senior school was three electric guitars. These were well executed but not one showed a truly original shape.

The pottery exhibits were of a higher standard than before— the influx of potters in the senior school taking "O" level art helped to produce some bold exciting studies in clay. Particularly pleasing were the various glaze effects obtained by C. P. Mabberley and the impressions on a decanter by H. M. Peterson.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION DISPLAY (Founders Day, 1966)

This year, on Founder's Day, a gymnastic display was given on the back tennis lawn by some members of the junior forms under the direction of Mr. Burden, the P. E. master. Many different vaults and agilities over simple and complex arrangements of gymnastic apparatus were demonstrated.

A useful addition to the gymnasium equipment this year has been a pair of small trampolines ("mini-tramps") which give greater height needed for more advanced work. These were effectively used in place of and supplementing conventional springboards.

The display commenced with simple vaults and agilities over single pieces of apparatus. This was followed by a demonstration of Rebound Continuitive Vaulting where up to six pieces of apparatus were used at once. This required great concentration on the part of the performer as he was required to combine vaults and agilities into one continuous movement.

Those who took part were:

J. C. Reason, D. R. Brown, K. A. Belcher, A. T. Patrick, R. G. Pycroft, N. M. Collins, M. J. Treasure, D. J. Simmons, T. J. Patrick, M. R. Dow, N. L. Hillier, A. J. C. Walker, R. Millard, J. M. Tyler, R. Mace.

CONCERT

On Sunday, July 10th, members of the College gave an informal concert of instrumental music in Saul's Hall. The programme was a follows: —

- | | | |
|---------------------------|------------|-------------------------|
| 1. March from "Carmen" | Bizet | The Orchestra |
| 2. Divertimento in C... | Mozart \ | Timothy Bates |
| Waltz in A major | Chopin / | (Piano) |
| 3. Trumpet Tune | Purcell... | Noel Willford |
| | | (Trumpet) |
| 4. Sonatina in G | Latour... | Andrew Thompson |
| | | (Piano) |
| 5. Spanish Dance | Moskowski | Bill Griffiths and |
| | | Richard Millard |
| | | (Piano Duet) |
| 6. Concerto in A minor... | Vivaldi... | Bill Griffiths (Violin) |
| 7. The Capriol Suite... | Warlock... | The Orchestra |

The concert was well received by the audience, and it is intended to present many more programmes of this nature in the future.

CAMPING CLUB EXPEDITION

From July 12th—18th, the Camping Club, led by the Headmaster, camped at a site near Arthog, Barmouth, and Merionethshire. Six members and all the equipment were taken in a “minibus” driven by the Headmaster. The remaining four members went by British Rail and were collected at Arthrog station by the Headmaster.

During our stay we climbed three mountains in all, the first being Cader Idris which we all climbed together via the Foxes Path route. The second one was called Diffwys which we all climbed together but split into groups at the summit and descended by different routes taking maps and compasses with us. The last mountain was Braich Ddu and we split into groups and ascended by different routes. We all met at the summit and descended together.

After the first two days of the camp we were joined by Mrs. Quick who came in the Headmaster’s car, so we had some extra transport, and I think we were all glad of some decent cooking for a change. We also paid short visits to Dolgellau and Fairbourne and walked to Barmouth a number of times by crossing the toll bridge which spans the estuary of the River Mawddach.

On the whole I believe the project was enjoyed by all who attended.
N. M. C.

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

The Natural History Society was founded on September 25th —its aims being to promote interest in and provide facilities for the study of Natural History, and to keep records of the local fauna and flora. After a general meeting had been held and a chairman, secretaries and committee elected, several field meetings were organised.

On October 20th several members attended a fungus foray in the Old Park where many specimens were found (see below).

An outing to the Wildfowl Trust at Slimbridge was enjoyed by all who went on November 8th.

On November 22nd a trip was made to the Jurassic Lias beds at Frampton-on-Severn to search for fossils. A large number of fossils were found, mainly those of sea-lilies, ammonites and the Mollusc *Gryphaea*.

Some live trapping of small mammals, using Longworth traps has been started towards the end of the term. Catches so far have been of Wood Mouse, Bank Vole and Common Shrew.

It is hoped that in the summer months it will be possible to organise more local outings and occasionally excursions further afield, when the weather is improved and the days longer.

P. L., N. M. C.

Fungus Foray, Rendcomb Old Park, 20th October, 1966

Helotium citrinum—Many on old fallen wood

Xylaria hypoxylon—Common on old stumps and logs.

Nectria cinabarina—Common on dead sticks.

Poria vaillantii—One on a twig.

Clitocybe nebularis—2-3 groups under beeches and larches.

Laccaria amethystina—Several under beeches.

Tricholoma nudum—Several near the badger setts.

Strophoria aeruginosa—One.

Marasmius ramealis—Dense clusters on fallen sticks.

Mycena galopus—One cluster on a hazel stick.

Lepiota friesii—One.

Lycoperdon pyriforme—Several on old stumps.

Additional records:

Helvetia crispa—One, slippery path, 21st October (PL). Large numbers in a beechwood between Colesborne and Hilcot, 23rd October (CMS).

Polyporus radiatus—On dead Alder, Hilcot, 23rd October (CMS).

Hygrophorus niveus—Kennel Bottom banks, 24th October (CMS et al.)

Tricholoma nudum—Between Little Colesborne and Withington, several, 23rd October (CMS).

Lepiota cristata—Two, ditto, 23rd October (CMS).

Pholiota squarrosa—Large clusters at base of two ash trees, near Cirencester Drive. Sept. —Oct. (CMS).

Ramaria (Clavaria) cristata—Numerous, Old Park, mid-October (CMS).

THE MOTOR CLUB

This year the Motor Club has turned over a new leaf; enthusiasm has increased and a good deal of interest has been created in the lower part of the school.

The General Meeting granted us a termly allowance which has been of great assistance in the running expenses of the Club. The main project this year has been the R. A. M. —an Austin Seven chassis with a Morris 8 engine. This was on show at the

Founder's Day exhibition and aroused great interest. Unfortunately the R. A. M. wouldn't show off its capabilities on Founder's Day due to a fault in the engine which was soon corrected.

The R. A. M. is now being re-built by the seven members of the club and the juniors are about to overhaul an old engine. At present two members of the club are studying Motor Mechanics for the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme.

R. J. W.

SUPPLEMENTARY CRICKET REPORT

The following matches took place after the July number of the *Chronicle* had gone to print.

June 26th:

v. **MARLING SCHOOL**. Home. Match cancelled—Rain.

July 6th:

v. **CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL**. Away. Lost by 5 wickets.

Rendcomb: 67 (Fonseca 18, Evans 13).

Cheltenham G. S. 69—5 (Black 3 for 15).

July 7th:

v. **NORTH CERNEY CRICKET CLUB**. Home. Match drawn.

Rendcomb 103 for 9 declared (Shellswell 28, Glennie 27)

North Cerney C. C. 39 for 8 (Black 4 for 14).

July 9th:

v. **OLD RENDCOMBIANS**. Home. Won by 5 wickets.

Old Rendcombiants: 75 for 9 declared (J. M. Webb 32).

Rendcomb: 76 for 4 (Hillier 34, Harrop 28 not out, A. D. Heppleston 2 for 7)

In gloomy conditions it required attacking innings by Sewell and Webb to rescue the Old Boys from a disastrous start. After tea, in fine weather, the College was set to score at a run a minute and, guided by the excellent batting of Hillier and Harrop, they succeeded with three minutes to spare, despite A. D. Heppleston's hostile bowling.

Teams: Old Rendcombiants: D. J. Tovey (captain), P. B. Heppleston, R. P. S. Harrison, P. J. Callaghan, A. D. Heppleston, T. G. W. Pettigrew, J. M. Webb, R. A. Cockrell, R. D. Comley, R. A. Sewell, D. Little.

1st XI (in all three matches): R. J. Edy (captain),

S. H. Shellswell, M. W. Harrop, A. E. Hillier, L. A. Webb, F. R. Glennie, J. J. Fonseca, N. J. Green, P. N. C. Evans, C. J. Gray, D. F. R. Black.

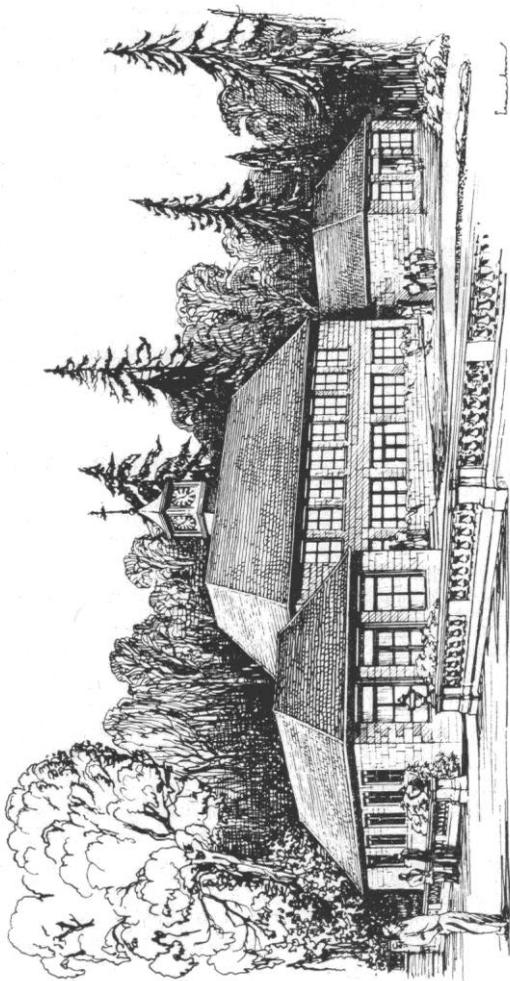
RUGGER RETROSPECT

A season which started with two good victories, followed by six defeats and a draw could hardly be termed anything short of disappointing. In many ways this has been a very frustrating season. On paper the back division were all fast moving attacking players, but they never really combined into an effective attacking unit. Injuries forced us to improvise and use several different combinations, but it was not until late in the season than an answer was found. The pack was, as now seems customary in Rendcomb sides, light, small, but very mobile. It was always at a physical disadvantage in the set pieces but in the loose was the equal and often the master of the opposition. It played much better as a unit than any pack for several years and developed to a fine art the technique of slipping the ball in the loose. What was lacking was a dominant personality in the back division. Hillier at full-back was undoubtedly outstanding, and had we possessed another reliable full back, he would have played in the centre and given the attack an altogether different appearance. Although we could hardly be called a free scoring side, our defence was very tight. Only Marling scored more than three tries against us.

In spite of lack of success, team spirit and morale were both very high. This was mainly due to the way the team was led by Glennie. He accepted his responsibilities both on and off the field in a very serious manner, and it is pleasing to note that his own personal game improved immensely this term.

As the season has progressed the team has become more of a unit. The forwards have moulded into a compact block, which, although lacking in weight in the set pieces has developed into a dangerous machine in the loose. F. Glennie, D. Kyle and N. Dakin formed an uneven but effective front row. The latter two have grown into fast, attacking players and been useful members of the Games Committee.

Although R. Hunt started in the side, apathy and injury cost him his place to T. Willford. He and R. Edy have proved a hardworking pair as lock forwards doing much valuable donkey work without great visible rewards. The back row has been unsettled, L. Smith leaving an awkward gap on his departure; M. Dow and A. Veasey have played occasionally and have not been out of their class. However the most satisfactory combination has been J. Hiscox, N. Green and J. Fonseca. The latter's all round ability led him to be changed from position to position but after a spell in the three-quarters he has returned



Arts Block

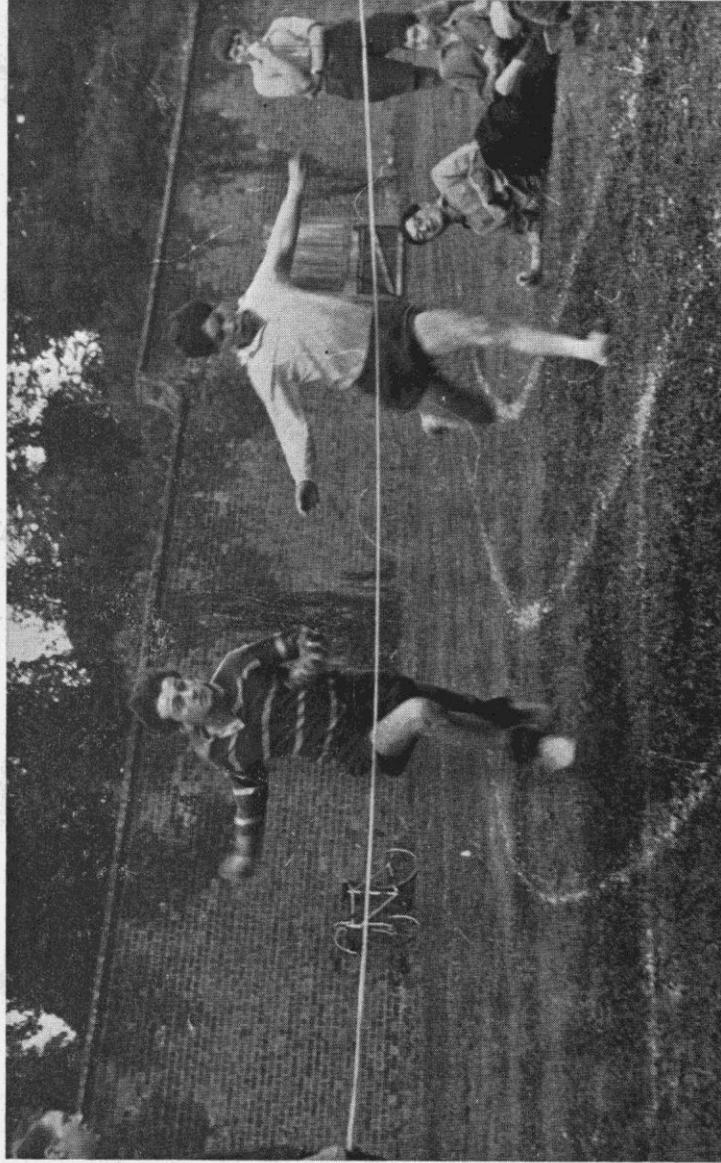


Photo: W. A. Thompson

Estate Garden Running Track

to the pack where he seems more effective. Hiscox has again improved throughout the season while Green, although recently rather slow, has been an asset to the side being also a conscientious and keen secretary.

C. Gray played at scrum half until injury gave his place to P. Little. Both were gluttons for punishment but played hard usually providing a strong link with the backs. M. Harrop was our out-half for the whole season. His defence is still weak but given encouragement and opportunity his attacking capabilities are many.

So far, all the three-quarters have played both on the wing and in the centre. Of the various centre combinations tried the greatest potential was with D. Black and L. Smith, the soundest defence with J. Fonseca and G. Smith and the most dangerous looking attack with M. Dawson and W. Simpson. As wingers, D. Black, G. Smith and W. Simpson were all determined runners but their kicking sometimes failed. M. Dawson suffered from an inability to position himself but made up for that in keenness. W. Griffiths and T. Yuvaboon have also played on the wing but both seemed rather overawed by the standard.

Once again A. Hillier played at full back from where he inspired confidence in the whole team. His tackling was a model to all while his positioning, kicking and running with the ball was intelligent and valuable.

Match Summary

Played 9; won 2, lost 6, drawn 1.

Sat., Sept. 24th:

v. **MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE** 3rd XV. Away. Won 13—6.

Although both sides were lacking in practice Rendcomb was the fitter, which probably made the difference on a very hot afternoon.

Our tries came from the wingers, emphasising our superiority in the backs, but the pack suffered from lack of cohesion and weight. C. J. Gray was outstanding in his first match in the 1st XV.

Tries: Simpson 2, G. Smith. Conversions: Glennie 2.

Team: A. E. Hillier, W. R. Simpson, P. L. C. Smith, D. F. R. Black, G. F. Smith, M. W. Harrop, C. J. Gray, F. R. Glennie, D. P. Kyle, N. A. Dakin, R. J. Edy, R. K. H. Hunt, J. J. Fonseca, J. A. Hiscox, N. J. Green.

Sat., October 1st.

v. Dean Close 2nd XV. Away. Won 8—3.

With positional changes making the only difference from the first side Rendcomb emphasised their superiority by moving the ball rapidly from the pack to the three-quarters. However, lack of concentration and a failure to do the simple things well made a scrappy game. But for mediocre place kicking from penalties the score would have been much higher.

Tries: G. Smith, Black. Conversion: Glennie.

Sat., Oct. 8th.

v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL 2nd XV. Away. Lost 3—8.

For this match T. Willford replaced Hunt. With two matches behind us the team showed more fire and determination and more ability to run with the ball. However, we made mistakes and missed scoring chances which just lost us a hard fought, close game.

Saturday, October 22nd:

v. MARLING "A" XV. Away. Lost 0—23.

The pack remained unchanged but W. Griffiths and M. Dawson were brought in for G. Smith and W. Simpson, who were injured. Playing against a team containing ten 1st XV players and thus in a different class, we played good rugby and profited from a lesson in constructive attacking play. Our lack of anticipation was sorely shown up but the defence was on the whole sound.

Thursday, October 27th:

v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 3rd XV. Away. Lost 0—3.

While G. Smith returned to the side fit, thus replacing W. Griffiths, A. Veasey was called in for J. Hiscox, who was ill. Compared to our previous performances this was very disappointing. There was a general lack of determination and lamentable un-coordination in the backs due to some extent to C. Gray being severely dealt with by the opposing wing forwards and forced to retire. Their try came as a result of slow covering and it was indicative of our mood that with ample scoring potential we were unable to equalise.

Saturday, November 5th:

v. WHITEFRIARS "A" XV. Home. Lost 0—6.

For our first home match of the season, L. Smith was dropped, and the three-quarter line was somewhat reorganised. R. Hunt returned to the side in place of Dakin who was not available.

The new line functioned, but not outstandingly. Much credit to the low score must go to the superb defence of A. Hillier, and to the forwards, who worked hard to wear the opposition down. Our line-out tactics were particularly successful, although our pack was again outweighed.

Team: A. E. Hillier, M. J. Dawson, G. F. Smith, J. J. Fonseca, D. F. R. Black, M. W. Harrop, C. J. Gray,

F. R. Glennie, D. P. Kyle, R. K. H. Hunt, R. J. Edy, T. Willford, A. J. Veasey, J. A. Hiscox, N. J. Green.

Wednesday, November 9th:

v. **COKETHORPE SCHOOL 1st XV.** Away. Lost 8—11.

Dakin returned to replace Hunt, while L. Smith came into the pack instead of Veasey. The forward play was outstanding and the tactic of bringing Hillier into the three-quarter line in attack paid off with two tries. However Rendcomb failed to sustain their effort and in the last three minutes Cokethorpe scored twice, to win. Both scores came from inexcusable defensive lapses.

Tries: A. Hillier, G. Smith. Conversion: Glennie. Wednesday,

November 16th:

v. **CIRENCESTER SCHOOL 1st XV.** Away. Lost 3—11.

In the absence of L. Smith, M. Dow came into the team at No. 8 where he did himself great credit. The forwards sustained their attacking vigour but again C. J. Gray was injured, and the co-ordination between the packs and the backs suffered. As a result our score came only from a penalty goal by Glennie, near the end.

Wednesday, November 23rd:

v. **KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER.** Away. Drawn 3—3.

P. Little came in for Gray who was injured and yet again there were changes in the three-quarter line, Dawson and Simpson having shown themselves competent centres in recent practice games. Fonseca returned to the pack and T. Yuvaboon replaced

G. Smith, who was otherwise committed, on the wing. Our attacking ability was definitely strengthened but the defence was shaky, the back division not showing enough determination in going for their men. We suffered from infinite bad luck and our line remained uncrossed. Yuvaboon was the try scorer, running along the very touch line for ten yards, to score in the corner.

2nd XV:

This year saw the re-introduction of a 2nd XV fixture. The team: Billimoria, P. Jones, Yuvaboon, Dawson, Barnes, Griffiths, Little, C. Maberley, Pain, Quennell, Longman, T. Willford, Veasey, R. Wood, Sage, acquitted themselves well against Marlborough 4th XV and it was unfortunate that we were unable to arrange another match for them near the end of term. They lost by 6 points to 20, but Griffiths as captain, led his men by good example and powerful vocal exhortation, while P. Sage and A. Veasey showed useful determination in the pack.

Tries: Griffiths, Yuvaboon.

Under 16 XV:

The lack of another 2nd XV fixture was to some extent compromised by the “Under 16” fixture against Kingham Hill, on Saturday, 12th November. The team brought together 1st XV, 2nd XV and “Under 15” XV players under the conscientious captaincy of C. Gray. They enjoyed a rousing victory by 28 points to 3.

Tries: Simpson 3, Johnson, Black, Yuvaboon, Walker, Wapshott. Conversions: Yuvaboon 2.

Team: Liddle, Johnson, Simpson, Yuvaboon, Hamnett, Black, C. Gray, Walker, Collins, Wapshott, Longman, C. Maberley, Rees, Dow, Sage.

Under 15 XV:

The “Under 15” team under the captaincy of M. Dow, have also enjoyed a successful season against stronger opposition.

Although often changed through injury and new talent being discovered, the team combined well, the forwards showing spirit not often seen in previous years.

The following played: T. V. Liddle, M. J. Treasure, K. A. Belcher, T. Yuvaboon, P. B. Jones, N. A. Johnson, D. R. Brown, A. J. C. Walker, N. M. Collins, N. H. Wapshott, A. C. Whittles, O. G. Rhys, A. T. Patrick, M. R. Dow, M. B. Rees, R. Mace, J. M. Gray, D. J. Simmons, D. A. Tyler.

Results:

- v. DEAN CLOSE U. 15 XV. Away. Won 15—5.
- v. BLOXHAM U. 15 XV. Away. Won 19—13.
- v. MARLING U. 15 XV. Away. Lost 3—15.
- v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE YEARLING XV. Away. Won 3—0.
- v. WHITEFRIARS U. 15 XV. Home. Lost 8—22.
- v. COKETHORPE U. 15 XV. Away. Won 27—0.

Under 13½ Fixtures:

Saturday, October 5th:

- v. DRAGON SCHOOL. Away. Lost 9—12.

Saturday, November 12th:

- v. KINGHAM HILL. Home. Lost 3—14.

Wednesday, November 23rd:

- v. OAKLEY HALL. Away. Lost 0—23.

The following played:

Warren (captain), Mace, Free, J. Gray, N. Willford, C. Wood, Topp, B. Smith, Parsons, Aldridge, Niel, T. Patrick, Pycroft, Thomas, J. Tyler, Jordan, O. N. Brown.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

What has become of the “Lit. Soc.,” that exclusive gentlemen’s club, which traditionally feasts upon tea and chocolate biscuits?

Well, it has altered personnel a little since it last appeared in the *Chronicle*. It has retreated downstairs to the library and it has expanded from a dozen to fourteen members. The only other major constitutional change is that the president no longer has refreshment at hand.

So much for the “Soc.” but what of the “Lit.”? We have continued to meet on three or four Wednesday evenings each term, reading two plays, and producing one masterwork each on the last evening.

During the Autumn term, 1965, the Society read “Mother Courage” by Bertolt Brecht, and “Becket” by Jean Anouilh. The former intrigued the Society by its controversial “alienation” effect, and lack of sentiment. The latter was a more conventional tragedy, illustrating Anouilh’s concept of role. Becket’s role, like Antigone’s and Joan of Arc’s role is to say “no.”

We listened to a tape recording of "The Infernal Machine" by Jean Cocteau. That man is a mere toy of the Gods is the idea behind this ironical classical story. The Sphynx and Anubis are made into quasi-humans who enjoy watching Oedipus kill his father, marry his mother, and the shame and suicide which follow. Ironical dialogue between Oedipus and Jocasta makes the play especially effective.

Original compositions included a doggerel account of the anticlimax on the last night of "The Lady's not for Burning," by Francis Bolton King. There was an imitation of Ogden Nash by Griffiths, a science fiction account of the making of a God, by Hemming, more metaphysical verse by Louis Webb, and an infernal allegory upon Rendcomb by Edy. Dakin had written a nostalgic account of a lonely boy browsing on Christmas Eve. John Dow's "Protest song to the Commercialisation of Christmas" illustrated the poet's bitter feelings on this subject, and Peterson concluded the evening by exposing the servile doom of the secretary-elect of the General Meeting.

We met thrice in the Spring term, 1966. A dozen copies of "Death of a Salesman" arrived—instead of "All my Sons"—by Arthur Miller. However a second reading of this play was enlightening. Arden's "Sergeant Musgrave's Dance" was simpler. Musgrave and his deserters fail to win the support of the inhabitants of a northern town in his campaign for rebellion.

On the night of original compositions Griffiths replaced Stuart Shellswell, after one year as secretary, and realised only then the dilemma of a shrewd critic. Francis Bolton King was on home (or school!) ground again in his doggerel report on the expansion of Rendcomb, Shellswell lampooned the staff in a biological survey, and Griffiths reported, obliquely, a recent illegal outing to slay the "Green Dragon". Dawson's "Eternity", Dakin's "The Mouse" and Peterson's "Political Disillusionment" have all been published in the July edition of the Chronicle. Edy had written a profoundly moving description of death, and Harrop and Glennie had treated the afterlife in a lighthearted fashion. Hemming cried for freedom from the confines of a bureaucratic building, and Dow described the swamp.

In the summer term we read Sartre's "Huis Clos" and Behan's "A Quare Fellow". The former, an existentialist view of hell, is summed up in the quotation "Hell is other people." The latter, a presentation of squalor and humour in an Irish prison.

Original compositions were prolific this term. Bolton King

had gone wild in his account of P. W., Shellswell shocked the society with “The Climax”, and Griffiths had questioned his own existence. Dawson’s bathos concerning the obsession of “Bingo” amused us, and the evils of over-civilization and apartheid were the subject of Louis Webb’s obscure verse. “The Interview” by Harrop contrasted the naive and impulsive adolescent reformer with a middle-aged reactionary. Dakin had written a poignant description of lovers kissing farewell in a dark squalid setting. Hemming’s “Night Thoughts” told of his love on a beach, and the disillusionment tomorrow inevitably brings. The morbid realist, John Dow, described in blank verse a mental patient who sees a mirror in the ceiling above his bed.

Glennie wrote of his relief at having finished ‘A’ levels; of one’s lust for gold; and, in Spenserian English of the game of cricket.

Peterson’s colossus contribution was the disillusionment of an architect who has spoilt his chef-d’oeuvre, a concrete tower with one vital flaw—the silver ball on top. He destroys the ball and is hysterical with relief.

This term we have read Sean O’Casey’s “Juno and the Paycock” and Jean Anouilh’s “Antigone.” We have also listened to a recording of “Waiting for Godot” by Samuel Becket. And the compositions? They are yet to come.

THE SILVER BALL

The city lay quietly in the sun, completely deserted. Nothing moved amongst the tall concrete buildings and the shining glass towers which reared up against the fiat Brazilian landscape. There were no trees, no expanses of grass, no vegetation at all. The roads were unpaved and deeply rutted, and the hot breeze created little whirlwinds of dust as it blew along the empty streets. The buildings themselves seemed to spring straight out of the caked brown earth. Each stood clean and new, an island in a sea of dried mud. The elaborate ornamental pools and lakes lay empty, their pinkish concrete cracking slightly and their fountains dry. This was a new city, a city of modern homogeneous buildings carved out of a barren desert. It was being built as a befitting seat of government for Brazil’s latest dictator, and was destined to be populated within a year. Now work had stopped for the week-end, the roaring machinery and clattering drills had been silenced and the workers had returned to their homes in nearby towns. The buildings stood

gaunt and lifeless on the arid plain and the sand drifted slowly in through the unglazed windows.

In the distance, on the temporary road to the city, a cloud of dust appeared. Eventually a battered car bounced its way into the city. It stopped and a man got out, slammed the door and gazed around him. He was middle-aged, rather short, dark and wiry. He looked a typical Brazilian in cheap light trousers and a colourful shirt. In fact he was French. His name was Marcel Tellier and he had come to Brazil ten years ago. He had trained to be an architect in Paris but had failed his exams repeatedly and so had come out here, bringing a young wife who had later divorced him. Since then he had worked as the foreman of a small contracting company but had made little progress. He had come out to this dead city to see what he considered to be his masterpiece. He had submitted a design for the centre piece of one of the city's great squares, a design for a towering concrete sculpture which had, to his delight been accepted. He had carried the idea around in his mind for years, he had made drawings and models of it, and he knew that it was perfect. It had been finished by the workmen this week and he was to see it for the first time. He walked slowly along the empty streets, loose gravel crunching under his feet, trying to control his mounting excitement. He turned a corner into the wide main boulevard which cut through the city. He glanced up at the square ahead but quickly lowered his head again and walked on, concentrating on not quickening his pace. But that glance had been enough, he knew that it was going to be more beautiful than he had ever hoped and he was filled with uncontrollable pride.

He reached the end of the street, stopped, and gazed around him. The square was unfinished, but that did not matter. His gaze rested on his creation and he let his eyes travel slowly upwards. It stood 80 feet high, built of concrete curved and folded with subtle beauty, forms and planes which ran into each other, intertwined, and then broke apart again, rising to two narrow towers which soared effortlessly into the sky, and at the top of the tallest of these, resting in a concrete hollow, lay a perfect silver sphere. As his eye fell on the sphere a sudden feeling of dread realization swept through him. He stiffened in horror; that sphere which had seemed a perfect complement to the concrete shapes on the plans and models was a terrible, fatal mistake. He had thought it would be a superb final touch to his masterpiece but out in this bare desert it was cheap, tawdry, a tinny man-made

globule desecrating the natural forms he had taken such pains to create. A violent wave of revulsion filled Marcel, a terrifying urge to destroy this blemish, this flaw, but the sphere was unattainable there 80 feet from the ground, and it winked malevolently in the sun aware of this. Suddenly the sphere epitomized to Marcel everything that had been wrong in his life, the way in which he had always worked towards some goal because it looked good on the outside, because it seemed so shining and perfect. The sphere was a meaningless fraud, a glittering exterior concealing nothing within. This silver sphere was his failure, his failure in a career and as a husband and father, and it would always appear in one form or another in everything he did. He had to destroy it if he was to gain anything from his life. He tried to be rational, to disregard the sphere, it could always be moved by the workmen when they returned. He forced his eyes back to the warm lines of the concrete, but his pleasure had evaporated completely, his eyes strayed back to that cold, gleaming ball. His whole will became bent towards hatred of that single inanimate object and he was filled with impotent rage.

Then suddenly he calmed down, perhaps there was still a way. He slipped his feet out of his shoes and ran up onto the first gentle curve of the sculpture. He would climb up himself, and push the sphere off. The concrete shapes offered plenty of curves and twists for him to climb as it undulated up towards the sky. The concrete was rough and gritty under his feet and gave him a firm grip. He laughed exultantly as he clambered up, he was going to solve his problem himself.

He moved steadily upwards moving from one twisting shape to another where it benefited him and resting where a curve became almost flat. He knew every hollow and twist of the sculpture in his mind, it was all familiar, and he knew he would be able to do it. It was a hot day, and soon he was covered in sweat. He had climbed more than half-way, and when he looked down the height did not worry him, but he did not look down very often, as his whole attention was focused on the shining globe above him.

He reached the base of the two towers, looked at what he had left to climb, and for the first time began to be afraid. The silver ball lay at the top of the higher tower which was tall, thin and smooth. The smaller tower was squatter and thicker, with a wide rounded top. His rage had left him during the climb, and it did not return. Instead he was filled with calm determination for he knew he had to triumph over the ball. It was like a terrifying game

of “King of the Castle.” The ball was king, it sat securely and safely on its concrete throne, staring unblinkingly at the scurrying ant-like humans below. It was there to be worshipped for centuries to come. Marcel had created it himself and now he could not bear to bow down to the might of the ball. He had climbed up to the king, to usurp it, because he as its creator had to be its destroyer.

Marcel knew he could climb on to the lower tower, lean across the gap and roll the ball off. How he would get back he did not know. If he missed his footing he would fall to his death. He stood there, clasping the thin tower for support and considered, contemplating death. He realized that he was standing on the only thing in his life that meant anything. His childhood had been dogged by failure, his parents were dead. His marriage had left him with no ties, he had loved his wife and his small son but they were long since gone. If he climbed back down again now the sphere would have won, he would continue his life of failure having given up his one chance of redemption because of the fear of death, he might as well have died anyway. If he triumphed over the sphere he would have created something which he anyway could believe in for the rest of his life, something tangible that would urge him to continue, to rebuild his life.

He scrambled quickly and dangerously up the small tower, lay heaving on the top briefly, and then stood up swaying to keep his balance on the curved surface. Immediately he fell outwards towards the taller tower and clasped the top of that, forming a bridge between the two towers. Only then did he pause before reaching out a hesitant finger to stroke the smooth glittering steel of the sphere. Very slowly, hardly perceptibly at first, he began to rock the ball in its hollow, supporting himself with one hand. The sphere swayed backwards and forwards, gaining momentum each time until it was crashing from side to side. Sweat poured down the man’s face as he moved his arm faster and faster. The sphere rolled for the last time to the far side, teetered wildly on the edge, and then slipped suddenly from view. The man still leant between the two towers, his head lowered between his arms, as he watched the ball disappear. It fell very fast and as it landed exploded into a million pieces which flew glittering across the square to fall in a tinkling musical rain.

The man suddenly started laughing uproariously. He laughed wildly as he grasped the tall tower firmly, swung his feet across, and wrapped them round it like a monkey. He slid quickly down

the smooth tower, and in hysterics slipped and scrambled with reckless ease down the rest of the sculpture to the ground. He picked up his shoes, and as the tears poured down his face ran slowly through the streets to his car, the city echoing to his peals of mirth.

H. M. P.

AN INTERLUDE

A grey winter afternoon has progressed through a short dusk of migrating birds to a cold, squalling night. Along the river embankment street lamps faintly glow, blurred by the wafting waves of river fog. A dark river smell is forced by piercing gusts among the rusty iron spans of the railway bridge at whose feet the waters lap monotonously. The bridge disappears into the night, merging with the mist in its grab for the far shore; dark shapes of warehouses loom up, their form stifled by the swirling fog. To the river's ebb and flow, sirens echo across the docks, plaintive lonely. Far in the distance a train rumbles negotiating points.

The bridge pathway running along the railway track is still wet from an afternoon shower; puddles reflect solitary lamps lighting up the stark iron girders against the damp night sky, a nightmare of fleeting clouds. Two figures stand close together, lonely in a dark world, though warmed in themselves. A shrill shrieking whistle cuts the night air; the whole bridge is set in a panicking confusion of vibration; a blur of lighted compartments flashes by. The train disappears into the night scattering cigarette packets on the line like country leaves roused by autumn winds. It departs heedless of the couple kissing their farewell; heedless like the rest of the world to their kiss of love, and life. To the subduing grumblings of the train the two take their leave and disappear into the mist.

N. A. D.

THE IDEAL GIRL

She comes in colour supplements—surrounded by cigarettes and bottles of whiskey. She is in fur coats, bikinis and mini-skirts. She likes Brahms, Glenn Miller, The Beatles and the Pretty Things. She is blond, dark, auburn and bald. Her admirers are old men, young men, boys and girls.

I met her first in a striped bikini lying prostrate on some Bermudan sand in my bedroom. Her tan was obviously false, she had shiny lipstick and her hair was dyed. At the same time she was being admired by an occupant of the eight-forty-five to Paddington, 1st. class carriage.

She had emerged from the depths of Unilever for a Coke advertisement. She was a second rate prostitute till her appointment for this photograph. She was a peer's daughter until sent down from Oxford. She was an immigrant from India.

She voted Tory, Labour, Liberal and was under twenty-one. Few hated her. She made millions in a year and sold pounds worth of goods. She was a boom.

She died and no-one cared. She was easily replaceable by the many children of a population explosion. There were many like her. Her image would last on and on, stuck with dirty sellotape to the back of a miner's locker. She would still have kisses blown to her at one-thirty when a university student came home drunk.

She is fun. You can burn her and have the sadistic pleasure of stamping on the ashes. You can throw darts at her when you're expelled, and get a haunting memory from her, of a girl you once knew.

Very few people realise her cheapness. Big deal.

N. H. W.

BEACH, NIGHT—THOUGHTS

I wander on a deserted beach
at night, senses vividly aware
of pale moonlight,
surf exploding onto shale,
the vital tang of ozone and sea,
the gentle hand of a salt laden breeze,
fondly caressing my face.

My hand is grasped firmly, yet
tenderly, by soft, warm love, which
forms a charm, protecting me from
terrors and monsters of the deep,
terrifyingly near in the ebony shade of
the beautiful, mystic night.

The dawn is near.
The first pink traces
of a nascent, virgin day
creep over the anonymous haze
of horizon, golden rods
of challenging light
pick out the battered wood
of the motherly, protective groynes.

The Day brings light, and with it fears—
of suffocation, separation.

It is the groynes which now seem stark,
and harsh, the turbulent sea is warm,
is soft, inviting.

What *does* the day hold,
bar the same routine, and dull monotony!
Why bother? Why not...?

Firm footsteps follow close, one on another.
The waves stretch up green tinted,
white gloved, hands.

They reach for me, for ankles, legs for body,
head, for peace, but peace, together.

J. V. H.

THE BUG or “A tinned dinner once a week”

At last the night had arrived. She must hurry. She changed carefully, for she must look her best. Downstairs she wrote a hurried note to her husband saying she loved him, but he would have to get his own dinner tonight. She kissed the young child tenderly. He looked worried and doubtful, but he didn't really understand yet. His father would be home soon and would look after him while she was gone.

Pulling the front door closed, she hurried quickly up the street, mindless of the muttering stares from behind the neighbours' lace curtains. She walked briskly through the foggy night, looking neither right nor left. Soon she would be there.

Now she could see others going; some walking silently and half ashamed like her, others chattered and feigned indifference. But she knew how they felt! The tight knot of tension in the

pit of her stomach, the dryness of her mouth and the fearful apprehension, were felt by all, she was sure.

Singly, or in twos and threes, the women entered the harshly lit building. It had not been built for the purpose the officials now put it to. They had converted it, at a small cost, to contend with the thousands who now needed treatment each week.

Once inside she sat down in an upholstered chair in one of the rows. Perhaps it would be her turn this week. She had paid by post, so she had her pass ready when the assistants distributed the white cards. She studied hers intently. A lavishly dressed young man came out on to the platform and began quietly to call numbers in code:

“Two little ducks, twenty two”—It was Bingo night again.

M. J. D.

PRELUDE TO YE GAME OF CRICKETTE

Upon a feeld that greene and grassie grewe
Some stikkes there are, alle placed in the grounde,
Highte wickettes, in number four and tewe.
In one place three stonde, lordly, fayre and rounde,
At two and twentie paces thence are founde
Those other three, there standing trimme and yare.
Hard bye that place eleven knights doe stonde
Alle dress'd in wite and seeming passing fayre,
Awaiting knights to comme to battel with them there.

Ere long two knights came pricking o'er the plaine,
To face that foule and frightfulle fearfulle foe.
The two were armed and padded welle amaine,
For well they wot that though they derring doe,
Those other elves mighte runne themme throe and throe
With wickettes, and do them derke dight.
And to each groupe of stikkes one knight did goe,
Hard by that place two wights did stonde that daie
Two honest Palmers these, to stande to see faire plaie.

F. R. G.

OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES

The Annual General Meeting was held at the college on July 2nd. As a result of a lengthy discussion it was decided that in future elections of officials of the Society should be held only triennially. It was further decided that there should in future be a Sports Secretary instead of an Assistant Secretary and that the offices of Secretary and Treasurer should be separated. The following offices were then filled by election: *Chairman* A. C. Magor, *Vice-Chairman* J. M. Webb, *Secretary* C. J. Brisley, *Treasurer* J. Reed, *Sports Secretary* J. M. Webb, *Hon. Auditor* R. M. Sumsion, *Registrar* R. D. Comley.

Later on in the meeting E. R. Morris reported on his tentative enquiries into the question of a memorial to the late Headmaster, D. W. Lee-Browne. He showed that there was sufficient support to justify going forward and a committee was appointed consisting of the Headmaster, J. C. James, E. R. Morris and J. W. Sumsion.

The above Committee held its first meeting at Rendcomb on October 23rd and a sounding of opinion is now in progress on the question of what form the memorial should take.

The following attended the London Dinner held at Renny's Restaurant, 40/44 Eversholt Street, on Saturday, 19th November: The Headmaster, Messrs. M. C. Thompson, R. M. Thompson, A. J. Cattermole, D. G. Griffiths, D. Dakin, J. B. O'Brien, E.J. Miller, P. D. Quick, A. C. Magor, R. Betterton, F.A. G. Ferguson, R. H. Jones, C. J. Brisley, M. E. Stubbs, C. G. V. Taylor, N. Meakin, T. Tucker.

A. C. Magor was in the chair and the toast of the College was proposed by C. J. Brisley.

The Headmaster replied and proposed the toast of the Old Boys' Society.

The friends of Peter Binks will be interested to know that he is now Senior Production Planner at A. & R. Transformers Ltd., near Doncaster, Victoria, Australia.

We have heard also from J. C. Waterton who has recently joined the South of Scotland Electricity Board's headquarters in Glasgow where he is engaged in the design and construction of nuclear power stations.

We offer congratulations to the Rev. A. G. Ensor, not only upon his recent marriage but also upon his appointment as Rector of Homersfield and South Elmham St. Cross, in the diocese of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich.

We also congratulate M. G. Petter and his wife on the birth of a son, Hugh, early in October.

T. C. Bass, on going down from Oxford has joined the Economist Intelligence Unit.

Once again may I appeal to Old Boys to send me their news?

J. C. JAMES