

# THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE



Vol. 16 No. 4

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## CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
Editorial .....	3
Miscellanea	
Winter Term, 1972 .....	4
Spring Term, 1973 .....	7
College Officers	
Winter Term, 1972 .....	10
Spring Term, 1973 .....	10
Meeting Officers	
Winter Term, 1972 .....	11
Spring Term, 1973 .....	11
Meeting Notes .....	12
Academic Successes .....	13
Music Notes	
Winter Term, 1972 .....	15
Spring Term, 1973 .....	16
“The Seasons” .....	17
Recital of Christmas Music.....	18
School Play: “A Man for all Seasons” .....	19
Climbing Notes.....	20
Bell-Ringing Notes .....	20
The Press and Politics .....	37
Can you Succeed in Business by Trying? .....	38
Euthanasia .....	38
The Business Game .....	39
Visits	
The Swindon Railway Museum .....	40
Berkeley Castle .....	40
The Moreton-in-Marsh FireServices Technical College ...	41
R.A.F. Brize Norton .....	41
The Science Society .....	42
The Literary Society .....	42
The Debating Society .....	43
The Photographic Society .....	44
Careers .....	44
Rugby Football, 1972 .....	46
Hockey, 1973 .....	49
Squash Rackets .....	53
Judo .....	54
Old Rendcombian Notes .....	55



A recent reference to Sir Francis Goldsmid in a poem in a local periodical prompted the thought that few staff and boys know much about the man responsible for the handsome Victorian pile which, despite the many additional contractions since 1950, is still the focal point of the college. An account of Sir Francis's life was therefore commissioned for this term's magazine, and the following, the fruit of some considerable research on this elusive and enigmatic man, is the result. The author is a member of Form V.

SIR FRANCIS HENRY GOLDSMID was born in 1808, the son of Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, a financier and philanthropist who made a large fortune in monetary operations with Portugal, Brazil and Turkey, and, among other things, was made the first Jewish baronet in 1841, and created Baron da Palmeira of Portugal in 1846.

Sir Francis was no less eminent than his father. He became the first Jewish barrister (Lincoln's Inn) and became a Q.C. in 1858. From 1860 onwards he was the M.P. for Reading, and at about this time he purchased the estate of Rendcomb. The date at which he bought Rendcomb seems to have been either 1863 or 1864, but sources are unanimous about the date at which the building of the present mansion (the College) was started, namely 1864. The mansion was built near the old mansion of about 1661, which had been demolished, probably by fire. Goldsmid commissioned Philip Charles Hardwick to be his architect, and Hardwick supervised the building not only of the college, but also of the stable block, and the bridges over the river at the drive gates and the bridge over the road up the hill.

An interesting survival of the days when Rendcomb Park was privately owned is a dinner invitation for Tuesday, November 20th, 1877, signed by Lady Goldsmid. On paper embossed "Rendcomb Park, Cirencester" and dated November 9th, 1877, it read as follows:—

*"Dear Mrs. Croom,*

*If you and Mr. Capel Croom are disengaged on Tuesday, 20th inst., it will give Sir Francis and me much pleasure to see you at dinner here at a quarter before eight punctually."*

Sir Francis Goldsmid was a very devout Jew, and wrote in favour of the abolition of Jewish disabilities, and was the spokesman for the Jewish community in Parliament. He established a Jews' Infant School in 1841, and the Anglo-Jewish Association in 1871. At Rendcomb he had planted several plantations on the hillside above "Kennel Bottom" which formed the letters of his name in Hebrew. He also had a small temple built in the Park, but it is no longer standing.

Sir Francis Goldsmid died in 1878 from an accident at Waterloo Station. The story goes that, in his haste to get off the train to reach a line of cabs, he fell under the train, and was killed.

We wish present Rendcombians more luck when descending from their diesels and welcome all readers to the latest number of *The Rendcomb Magazine*.



## MISCELLANEA

Winter Term, 1972

WE have welcomed Mr. Chesterton, who is training at St. Paul's College, Cheltenham, and who taught P.E. and Biology here during the last few weeks of term.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Chulawo, the assistant matron, left at Christmas. We wish her well and thank her for all she did at Rendcomb, not least with the costumes for the Senior Play.

\* \* \* \*

The School Play this year, performed on the evenings of 30th November and 1st and 2nd December, was Robert Bolt's *A Man for all Seasons*. A fuller account is to be found elsewhere in this issue. The appearance of senior girls in the three female roles made a startling difference.

\* \* \* \*

There have been a number of theatre outings this term: a senior party went to *Godspell* in London on 22nd September; Forms III and Illa went to *West Side Story* at the Wyvern Theatre, Swindon, on 21st September; a VI Form group went to *Antony and Cleopatra* at Stratford on 26th September; Form IVa went to *Twelfth Night* at the Theatre Royal, Bath, on 2nd November; Form IV saw *Julius Caesar* at Stratford on 3rd November; the Literary Society went to *The School for Scandal* at the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham, on 10th November; a VI Form group saw *The Comedy of Errors* at Stratford on 27th November.

\* \* \* \*

Small parties also went to performances of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* at the Town Hall, Cheltenham, and Handel's *Messiah* at Gloucester Cathedral.

\* \* \* \*

An Advent Carol Service took place in Rendcomb Church on 3rd December, while, as last year, the term ended in the grand manner with the Christmas Carol Service in Cirencester Church. At the latter, the large congregation, estimated at about 800 people, contributed some £60 to the Rendcomb Church Organ Fund.

The Christmas Party, as successful as ever, took place on 8th December. There was no theme this year but fancy dress was of a high standard. The sketches were fewer but were more organised and of slightly better quality, though perhaps a less fragmentary approach would pay off.

\* \* \* \*

There were three Contract Bridge sessions this term with Mr. White; it is hoped to have more frequent intellectual battles next term.

\* \* \* \*

The fantastic (and possibly light) has again been in evidence this term: a VI Form dance was held at Hatherop Castle School on 14th October and another VI Form dance at Rendcomb on 18th November — at the latter, Bob Morris, who left in the summer, provided the music and Nick Hance the mobile. Both dances were much enjoyed but Form IV were less lucky, illness at Westonbirt causing their projected dance on 4th December to be cancelled.

\* \* \* \*

The Literary Society was resurrected this term and attracted a membership, drawn from the Fifth and Sixth Forms, of 26. Three meetings were held and one theatre outing organised; a fuller account appears elsewhere.

\* \* \* \*

A number of lectures were given this term by outside speakers: on 28th September, Mr. Anthony Howard, Editor of the *New Statesman*, spoke on “The Press and Politics”; on 18th October, Dr. W. A. Bullen spoke under the heading “Can you Succeed in Business by Trying?”; and on 17th November, Dr. Cicely Saunders, O.B.E., discussed the problems of euthanasia under the title “Whose Life is it Anyway?”

\* \* \* \*

There have also been several talks on Careers, and on 12th October a Careers Convention was held for the Fifth and Sixth Forms.

\* \* \* \*

The school choir performed Haydn’s oratorio *The Seasons* in Cirencester Church on 21st October and also gave a concert of Advent and Christmas music in Rendcomb Church on 5th December; reviews of these appear in this issue.

\* \* \* \*

Parents/staff meetings were held this term on 31st October (for Form II parents) and on 26th November (for Forms III and IIIa parents).

\* \* \* \*

The itinerant organisation “Books for Students” exhibited a tempting array of paperbacks in the Assembly Hall on 1st November, so tempting that over 500 books had been sold by lunchtime. The lady in charge commented on the perception and good taste shown by most purchasers!

\* \* \* \*

Debates took place on 15th October and 5th November — details appear in this issue.

Guy Fawkes was remembered this year on Saturday, 4th November. The long stubbornness of the damp fire proved troublesome but all went well ultimately, and portions of soup and sausages helped further to warm participants.

\* \* \* \*

In the Schools' Business Game, Rendcomb have again walked the tycoon trail. Clearly benefiting from last years' experience, our financial experts defeated the two other schools in their group (Warwick School and King Edward's, Witley) and moved ruthlessly into the next round (the duodenal ulcer stage?). A fuller account appears elsewhere.

\* \* \* \*

On Sunday, 24th September, Mr. Thorne and Mr. Holt took a large party of over 80 boys on a three-in-one trip to Stonehenge, Salisbury Cathedral, and Wilton House, an imposing and extremely varied collection.

\* \* \* \*

Congratulations to Simon Wormleighton (Form V) who represented the Gloucestershire Schools (under 15) cricket XI against Warwickshire and Somerset Schools at Cheltenham and Taunton respectively.

\* \* \* \*

Films shown on Saturday evenings this term were: *Z*; *Winning*; *Duffy*; *Nevada Smith*; *Funeral in Berlin*; *Topaz*; *El Dorado*.

\* \* \* \*

During the term different parties, under the direction of Mr. Swaine, visited the Cotswold Farm Park and the Severn Wildfowl Trust.

\* \* \* \*

A number of primary school headmasters toured the College on 10th and 11th October; some prep school headmasters did likewise on 17th October.

\* \* \* \*

Visiting preachers this term have been: The Rev. A. T. E. Treherne; the Rev. M. E. Bennett; Dr. Neil Grant; Lt.-Col. the Lord Wigram, M.C.; The Rev. Canon T. E. Evans.

\* \* \* \*

We say goodbye this term to: Martin Brown, for whose various contributions to the magazine we are grateful; Antony Pitt; Clive Probert; Richard Roberts (Head Prefect); Brian Robertson; and Martyn Pitt. The following left the school at the end of the Summer Term: Robert Mace; Edward Parsons; Martin Bircher; Niven Boyd; Michael Garland-Collins; Dennis Jenner; David Mackonochie; Robert Morris; Richard Pearce; Rowland Read; Angus Robertson; John Russell; Brian Smith; Jonathan Tyler; Nigel Ball; Douglas Hendry; Colin Lyons; Struan McDonald; Andrew Pearce; William Whatley; Timothy Hoskin; George Zygmund; Stephen Zygmund. We wish them all the best of luck.

\* \* \* \*

We acknowledge receipt of the following contemporaries and apologise for any omissions: *The Bloxhamist*; *The Burfordian*; *The Gresham*; *The Wycliffe Star*; *The Beehive*; *The Richian*; *The King's School, Gloucester Magazine*; *The Decanian*; *The Kingham Hill Magazine*.

### Spring Term, 1973

Miss BARNISH was struck down with illness during the term and was forced to go to Oxford for an operation; she is still recovering and we very much hope she will be well soon. Mrs. Garvie has very gallantly stepped into the matron's breach and we are extremely grateful to her.

\* \* \* \*

To add to our medical troubles the college was attacked by a flu epidemic early in the term and all forms were considerably affected. At one stage, for example, 56 boys were off games.

\* \* \* \*

We have welcomed Simon Fear, from Stourbridge G.S., into Form IIIa this term and wish him a successful time at Rendcomb.

\* \* \* \*

Parent/teacher meetings have been held this term with the parents of Form V and Form I.

\* \* \* \*

By the time this issue is read, the American trip, involving about 20 Rendcomb pupils, will be over. We hope it proves a success and aim to have a detailed account in next term's magazine.

\* \* \* \*

Saturday films this term have included *Beneath the Planet of the Apes*; *The Thomas Crown Affair*; *In Like Flint*; *Please, Sir*; *The Bridge at Remagen*; *They Call Me Mr. Tibbs*; *How to Steal a Million* — a varied and pleasing selection.

\* \* \* \*

Preachers this term have included Mr. Norman Spencer, from the Missions to Seamen; and The Rev. N. A. S. Bury, Chaplain of Christ Church, Oxford.

\* \* \* \*

Debating Society meetings were held on 14th January and 4th February; fuller accounts appear later.

\* \* \* \*

The Literary Society met on 31st January and 4th March, and there was also a Society outing on 16th March to the Wyvern Theatre, Swindon, for a performance of Wycherley's *The Country Wife*. A fuller report appears elsewhere.

\* \* \* \*

“... he learnt that Birnam wood had come to Duntisbourne” (an extract from one Form V mock G.C.E. essay on “Macbeth”). Abbots or Rous?

\* \* \* \*

VI Form Arts specialists went on a visit on 16th January to the Morris Singer Foundry at Basingstoke to look at sculpture. On 22nd January an assorted party went to Bristol to hear a lecture entitled “Everest '72” by Chris Bonnington.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Swaine took a party to the Wildfowl Trust at Slimbridge on Sunday, 4th December.

VI Form Economists visited Cirencester School for an interesting conference on “Japan” on 24th January and later in the term enjoyed a fascinating tour of the Palace of Westminster and attended a House of Commons debate.

\* \* \* \*

VIIth Form English specialists attended a performance of Shakespeare’s *The Tempest* at the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham, on 21st March.

\* \* \* \*

Two history lectures, one on “Neville Chamberlain” by Mr. Price and one on “The Use of History” by Mr. W. Russell, lecturer at Cheltenham Technical College, were given on 7th February and 14th February respectively. A third lecture, by the Financial Editor of *The Financial Times*, had to be cancelled.

\* \* \* \*

In the afternoon of Sunday, 4th March, Forms III and IIIa went with Mr. Thorne and Mr. Holt on an outing to the very interesting Railway Museum at Swindon.

\* \* \* \*

On Sunday, 11th February, a talk on “Architecture” was given to the VI Form by Mr. John Timpson, F.R.I.B.A.

\* \* \* \*

On Sunday, 25th February, the Junior House went with a number of staff on an invigorating ramble in the countryside around Northleach. Fortunately, the weatherman could scarcely have been more kind and no permanent mental or physical damage is reported after the 11-mile walk.

\* \* \* \*

Several members of the college were confirmed in Rendcomb Church on Saturday, 10th March, by the Right Rev., the Bishop of Gloucester.

\* \* \* \*

The junior play, to be performed at the end of the summer term, is *See How They Run*, a comedy by Philip King.

\* \* \* \*

Unfortunately, the Bridge Club has been unable to hold many meetings this term but the game flourishes at Rendcomb and a successful Bridge drive, involving 16 players, was held on 18th March. The prize was won by Kim Stuckey and Stephen Robbins, while the booby prize went to Jonathan Whiteside and Mrs. Garvie (who kindly made up the numbers for the evening). At the end of term whist drive on 23rd March, prize-winners were Mr. Telling, Andrew Jenkins, Jonathan Fletcher, and Richard Evans, while Andrew Medhurst and Adrian Moulton took the booby prizes.

\* \* \* \*

Gregory Dorey and Michael Findlay, from the VI Form, took part in a Law Course, organised by the Bodleian Law Library, at Oxford from 21st to 23rd March.

Mrs. Holdaway has kindly taken two coachloads of VI Formers into Cheltenham on Saturday evenings this term: the first went to see the film version of Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood* on 10th February, and the second saw *Northanger Abbey* at the Everyman Theatre on 3rd March.

\* \* \* \*

Young prospective new boy, arriving with parents, passing the church on the way in, said: "Is that where they bury the boys?"

\* \* \* \*

Phillip Lamphee (Form V) has been appointed an Editor of *The Rendcomb Magazine*.

\* \* \* \*

The photographs for this issue were provided by Nigel Bradbury, Gregory Dorey, and Christopher Jones. Drawings are by Susan Stanhope, Nick Hance, Graham Moore (Form II) and Stephen Hicks (Form IV). Many thanks to all of them.



## COLLEGE OFFICERS

### Winter Term, 1972

*Senior Prefect*—R. Roberts

*Prefects*—M. Brown, D. Wiggall, J. Millard, G. Jordan, D. Barling, J. Whiteside

*Librarians*—R. Roberts, C. Partridge, G. Dorey, P. Lamphee, M. Findlay, C. Horton

*Church Ushers*—R. Roberts, J. Whiteside, D. Wiggall

*Music Librarians*—N Pitt, C. Probert, B. Robertson

*Bell Ringers*—M. Brown (Tower Captain), C. Horton, J. Smith, D. Pearce, J. Holloway,  
P. Curtis-Hayward

*Senior Stagemen*—N. Hance, S. Bushell

*Stagemen*—R. Weston, N. Crowe, M. Denley, W. Hall, P. Sayers, B. Fisher, I. Taylor

*Photographic Secretary*—G. Dorey

*Photographic Editors*—C. Jones, J. Smith

*Rugby Captain*—G. Jordan

*Magazine Editors*—G. Dorey, M. Findlay

### Spring Term, 1973

*Senior Prefect*—G. Jordan

*Prefects*—D. Wiggall, J. Millard, D. Barling, J. Whiteside

*Librarians*—C. Partridge, G. Dorey, P. Lamphee, M. Findlay, C. Horton

*Church Ushers*—J. Whiteside, D. Wiggall, N. Roberts

*Music Librarians*—C. Dendy, A. Wilson

*Bell Ringers*—J. Smith (Tower Captain), C. Horton, D. Pearce, J. Holloway, P. Curtis-Hayward,  
C. Bourne, K. Harmon, C. Hart, M. Hamer

*Senior Stagemen*—N. Hance, S. Bushell

*Stagemen*—R. Weston, N. Crowe, M. Denley, W. Hall, P. Sayers, B. Fisher, I. Taylor

*Notices Men*—C. Jones, C. Mathias

*Public Workman*—C. Higgins

*Photographic Secretary*—G. Dorey

*Photographic Editors*—C. Jones, J. Smith

*Hockey Captain*—G. Jordan

*Squash Captain*—G. Jordan

*Magazine Editors*—G. Dorey, M. Findlay, P. Lamphee

## MEETING OFFICERS

### Winter Term, 1972

*Chairman*—D. Barling

*Secretary*—P. Lamphee

*Meeting Banker*—C. Horton

*Boys' Banker*—R. Ingles

*Shop Banker*—J. Smith

*Senior Shopman*—K. Underdown

*Junior Shopmen*—S. Wormleighton, P. Lace

*Entertainments Committee*—C. Partridge, D. Knox, R. Thomson, I. Underdown, C. Jones

*Paperman*—P. Walton

*Record Warden*—D. Pearce

*Rule Committee*—P. Graham, J. Whiteside, D. Bell

*Badminton and Squash Warden*—M. James

*Food Committee*—B. Fisher, N. Powell, P. Lamphee, C. Brett

*Amplifier Technicians*—D. Shield, I. Underdown

*Broom Warden*—T. Longworth

*Meeting Advisory Committee*—G. Dorey, J. Millard, D. Wiggall

*Council*—C. Probert, D. Wiggall, J. Whiteside, D. Barling, G. Dorey

*Junior Advocate*—T. Stroud

*Rugby Games Wardens*—K. Barraclough, T. Hoskin, M. Pitt

*O.S. Hockey Games Warden*—P. Curtis-Hayward

*O.S. Cricket Games Warden*—M. Holloway

*Cycle Committee*—A. Jenkins, C. Mathias, B. Mann

*Furniture Man*—N. Lumby

*Table Tennis Committee*—P. Rose, C. Dendy

*Breakages Man*—A. Otter

*Sledge Committee*—C. Pulford, N. Smith

*O.S. Tennis Games Warden*—C. Hart

*Dance Committee*—C. Higgins, N. Hance, D. Shield, M. Findlay, S. Bushell

*C.P.C.*—C. Higgins, C. Partridge, D. Shield, S. Bushell, D. Morris

*Nominations Committee*—C. Jones, D. Barling, N. Hance

*Meeting Editor*—C. Horton

### Spring Term, 1973

*Chairman*—C. Partridge

*Secretary*—P. Rose

*Council*—D. Wiggall, J. Whiteside, D. Barling, G. Dorey, N. Hance

*MAC*—G. Dorey, J. Millard, D. Wiggall

*Meeting Banker*—K. Stuckey

*Shop Banker*—J. Millard  
*Senior Shopman*—B. Fisher  
*Junior Shopmen*—J. Dixon, A. Otter  
*Boys' Banker*—S. Robbins  
*Entertainments Committee*—D. Barling, B. Fisher, E. Finney, M. Denley, I. Forrest  
*Nominations Committee*—C. Jones, D. Barling, N. Hance  
*Rule Committee*—G. Dorey, S. Robbins, R. Beckett  
*Paperman*—R. Barrett  
*Breakages*—J. Fletcher  
*Record Warden*—J. Lane  
*Cycle Committee*—J. Scawin, J. Dixon, P. Lace  
*Food Committee*—C. Higgins, C. Partridge, D. Pearce, C. Marsack  
*Table Tennis Committee*—P. Lyons, P. Smith  
*Amplifier Technicians*—D. Shield, I. Taylor  
*Junior Advocate*—M. Findlay  
*Sledge Committee*—C. Pulford, N. Smith  
*O.S. Cricket Warden*—P. Walton  
*O.S. Rugby Warden*—K. Barraclough  
*O.S. Tennis Warden*—T. Longworth  
*Hockey Games Wardens*—J. Stupple, P. Lyons, R. Thomson  
*Badminton and Squash Warden*—A. Medhurst  
*Broom Warden*—P. Gready  
*Furniture Man*—N. Lumby  
*Meeting Editor*—C. Horton  
*Film Committee*—D. Barling, N. Hance  
*Dance Committee*—C. Higgins, N. Hance, D. Shield, C. Findlay, S. Bushell  
*Billiards Committee*—A. Jenkins, D. Pearce, S. Bushell

## MEETING NOTES

THE Meeting has continued in its usual pattern of much talk and little action under the guidance of Crispin Partridge, who spoke to the Meeting, unlike many previous chairmen who only talked to the few people directly in front of them. There has been some discussion about the Headmaster's role in the proceedings, but this question seems to have settled itself without constitutional upheaval.

In the early part of the term, much time was taken up by the revision of the rules, many of which were now irrelevant. Due to financial straits, several magazines were cancelled after it was found that very few people read them. In the middle of the term it was decided that an Assistant Boys' Banker would be needed to cope with the increasing sums of money passing through the Boys' Bank. C.H.

## ACADEMIC SUCCESSES

### G.C.E. 'A' Level, 1972

THE following gained passes in the subjects indicated:

- M. D. Bircher—Physics, Chemistry, Zoology  
N. Boyd—French  
M. J. Brown—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry (M)  
M. K. Garland-Collins—English, History (D), French  
D. G. Jenner—English, History (D)  
R. Mace—Chemistry, Zoology  
D. P. Mackonochie—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry  
D. M. Parsons—History (D), Mathematics  
A. J. Pitt—Mathematics\*, Physics\*(D), Chemistry\*(D)  
C. Probert—Mathematics\*, Physics\*, Chemistry\*  
R. J. Read—Zoology  
R. G. L. Roberts—English, History (M), Economics and Public Affairs  
A. C. Robertson—Physics, Chemistry  
A. M. Robertson—Chemistry, Botany (M), Zoology (M)  
J. D. Russell—Physics  
A. L. M. Smith—English, History (M), Economics and Public Affairs  
J. M. Tyler—Chemistry, Zoology
- Key: \*—Class A (D)—Distinction in Special Paper (M)—Merit in Special Paper

### G.C.E. 'O' Level, 1972

PASSES were gained as follows:

- N. J. Ball—English Language, English Literature, Mathematics  
D. J. Barling (VIB)—Classics in Translation  
M. C. Bauer—English Language, English Literature  
D. J. Bell—English Language, English Literature, History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology  
W. J. Buckingham—English Language, English Literature, History, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry  
S. J. Bushell—English Language, English Literature, Mathematics, Physics  
G. J. Dorey (VIB)—Classics in Translation  
M. T. Findlay—English Language, English Literature, History, Latin, French  
B. G. Fisher (VIB)—Classics in Translation, Art  
P. C. Graham (VIB)—Classics in Translation  
W. J. Hall—English Language, English Literature, History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology  
N. E. Hance (VIB)—Art  
D. D. Hendry—Woodwork  
C. D. Horton (VIB)—Art  
R. R. Ingles (VIB)—Classics in Translation

A. M. Jenkins—English Language, English Literature, History, Latin, French, Mathematics,  
 Physics, Chemistry, Biology  
 C. F. Jones (VIB)—Classics in Translation  
 G. B. Jordan (VIB)—Art  
 J. C. Lane—English Language, English Literature, History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics,  
 Chemistry, Biology  
 T. F. Leivers—English Language, English Literature, History, French  
 C. E. J. Lyons—English Language, English Literature, History, Latin, Mathematics, Biology  
 B. R. Mann—English Language, English Literature, History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics,  
 Chemistry, Biology  
 S. J. D. McDonald—English Literature, History, Woodwork  
 C. W. Partridge (VIB)—Classics in Translation  
 A. W. H. Pearce—English Language, English Literature, History, French, Mathematics, Physics,  
 Biology  
 D. Pearce—English Language, English Literature, Mathematics, Biology  
 N. S. Powell—English Language, English Literature, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry  
 N. A. L. Roberts—English Language, English Literature, History, Latin, French, Mathematics,  
 Chemistry, Biology  
 A. C. Robertson (VIA)—Additional Maths  
 J. W. Scawin—English Language, English Literature, History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics,  
 Chemistry, Biology  
 P. L. M. Smith—English Language, English Literature, History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics,  
 Chemistry, Biology  
 T. J. Stroud—English Language, English Literature, History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Biology,  
 Physical Science  
 W. A. Whatley—English Language, English Literature, History, Latin, French, Mathematics  
 J. D. Whiteside (VIB)—Classics in Translation  
 D. M. Wiggall (VIB)—Classics in Translation

**‘O’ Level Passes, Winter Term, 1972**

A. J. Bell—Music  
 S. J. Bushell—Biology  
 M. D. Denley—Woodwork  
 P. C. Graham—Mathematics  
 S. W. Honeyball—Music  
 N. J. Lumby—Woodwork  
 B. R. Mann—Music  
 D. Pearce—History  
 S. E. Pink—English Language  
 C. Yuvaboon—Classics in Translation

Brian Robertson gained an Open Scholarship in Natural Sciences at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, at the end of the Winter Term.

Dennis Jenner gained a place at Hertford College, Oxford, to read History; Antony Pitt at St. John's College, Cambridge, to read Natural Sciences; Clive Probert at Pembroke College, Oxford, to read Chemistry. A number of entrances were gained to other universities and these are recorded under Old Rendcombian Notes.

Girls' Scholarships, for entry into the VI Form in September, 1973, were awarded to the following: Isabel Bartlett, from Seascale School, Cumberland; Annabel Goodenough, from the Convent School of St. Clotilde, Lechlade.

The Junior Scholarship was awarded to Frederick Wilcox, from Ingleside P.N.E.U. School, Cirencester. The Noel Wills Scholarship went to Andrew Grainger, from Dunalley Primary School, Cheltenham.

Gloucestershire Foundation Scholarships were awarded to the following: Michael Curtis-Hayward, Winchcombe Junior School; Huw Morgan, Tutshill C. of E.; Kevin Nunan, Charlton King's Junior School; Richard Pitt, Frampton Cotterell C. of E.; Martin Reid, Rowanfield Junior School; Richard Tudor, Kempsford C. of E.; Michael Twinning, Charlton King's Junior School; Julian Walters, Frampton Cotterell C. of E.; Steven Whittard, Cam Hopton School.

## MUSIC NOTES

### Winter Term, 1972

THE following anthems were sung during Church Services:

17th September	"Ascribe Unto The Lord" .....	<i>Travers</i>
24th September	"Lord For Thy Tender Mercies' Sake" .....	<i>Farrant</i>
15th October	Benedictus .....	<i>Vaughan Williams</i>
22nd October	"The Duteous Day Now Closeth" .....	<i>Bach</i>
5th November	"O For A Closer Walk With God" .....	<i>Stanford</i>
12th November	"The Souls of the Righteous" .....	<i>Nares</i>
19th November	"O Sacrum Convivium" .....	<i>Vittoria</i>

The Advent Carol Service by candlelight was held on Sunday evening, 3rd December, and the Christmas Carol Service in Cirencester Parish Church the following Sunday.

The Choir gave a performance of music from Haydn's *The Seasons* in Cirencester Parish Church on 21st October. On 5th December, the Special Choir gave a recital of Baroque music for Advent, Christmas and Epiphany. Reviews of both these concerts appear elsewhere.

The following concert outings took place:

BBC Symphony Orchestra	Beethoven's 9th Symphony	... Royal Festival Hall
London Mozart Players		
Gloucester Choral Society	Elgar's <i>Dream of Gerontius</i>	... Gloucester Cathedral
Gloucester Choral Society	Handel's <i>Messiah</i> .....	Gloucester Cathedral

Antony Pitt, Clive Probert and Brian Robertson left in December after many years' faithful service in the Choir. They were appointed Choir Librarians in 1969, and a year later, with the opening of the Music Library, the office was changed to that of "Music Librarian." We are deeply indebted to the three of them for the countless hours they spent, not only in the routine job of looking after the Choir music, but in the enormous task of organising the Music Library, and sorting, cataloguing, cleaning and repairing all the records and music.

### Spring Term, 1973

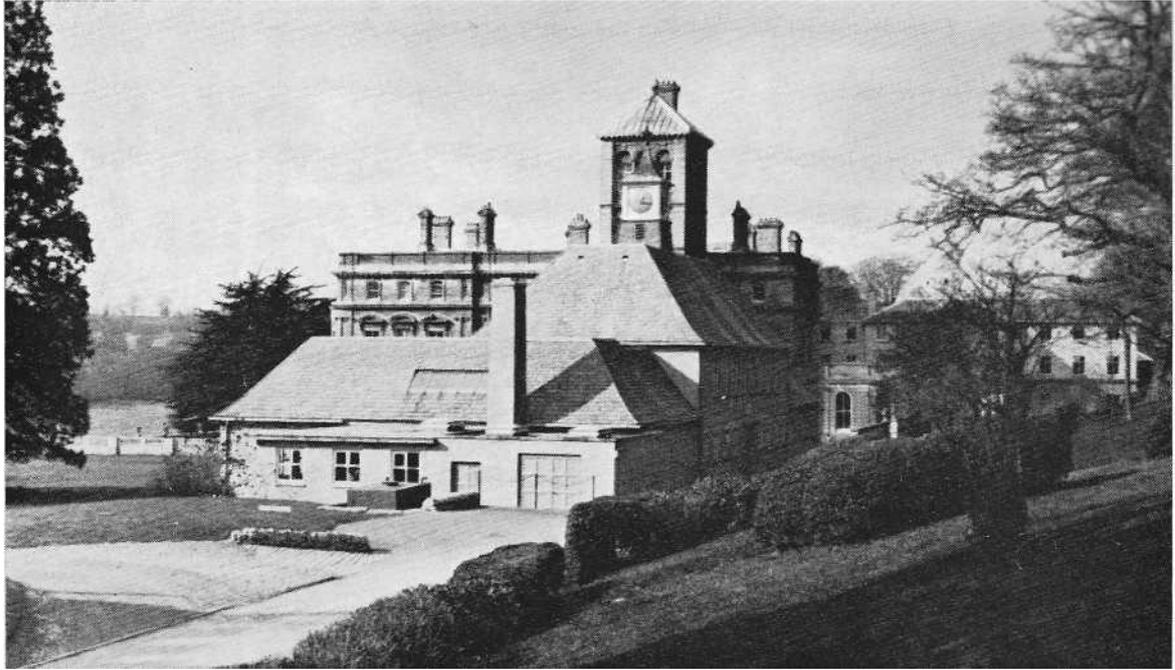
THE most important musical development this term has been the emergence of the Orchestra as a full, well-balanced ensemble of about 20 players, capable of giving a complete concert of orchestral music.

The programme given on 25th February consisted of two works: Violin Concerto in D by K uchler, in which the very competent soloist was Jonathan Whiteside; and Symphony in D by Johann Stamitz, which showed how much the players in all sections had improved, and gave us the first opportunity to hear our new pair of timpani. A number of boys came but attendance of parents was disappointing.

Anthems sung by the Choir this term have been as follows:

14th January	"The Shepherds' Farewell"	<i>H. Berlioz</i>
21st January	"Ave Verum Corpus" .....	<i>W. A. Mozart</i>
4th February	"In God's Word" .....	<i>H. Purcell</i>
11th February	"Turn Thy Face" .....	<i>T. Attwood</i>
25th February	"O Taste And See" .....	<i>R. Vaughan Williams</i>
4th March	"Blessed Be The God And Father".....	<i>S. S. Wesley</i>
18th March	"Ah, Holy Jesu" .....	<i>J. S. Bach</i>

The treble soloist on 11th and 25th February and 4th March was Jonathan McGill, and Stuart Honeyball was the organist on 11th February and 18th March. J.W.





## THE SEASONS

THE early works of a musical prodigy, like Mozart or Mendelssohn, always have a moving, miraculous quality of their own; yet it seems equally marvellous when a composer in his late years produces an important work which does not merely tread his former paths but strikes out into new territory. A familiar example is Verdi's *Falstaff*, written when the composer was eighty, but almost as impressive is *The Seasons*, the largely secular oratorio which Haydn composed when he was nearly seventy. The work may lack the sustained splendour of its predecessor, *The Creation*, but it has its own character and quality, as if Haydn, the peasant son of a humble village wheelwright and cook, returned for inspiration to his childhood roots from the sophistication and material success of his life in Vienna.

The Rendcomb choir faced at least three major problems in their performance on October 21st (an appropriate date for the composer of the great *Nelson Mass*). Firstly, the Cirencester parish church is so large that an amateur, schoolboy choir is bound to have difficulty in penetrating its more distant spaces, and this problem was worsened by the orchestra's tendency to drown the singers. Secondly, the choir has its customary problems of balance, with a particularly thin alto line and some difficulties, inevitable in a small school, elsewhere also. Thirdly, the libretto represents an uneasy triple alliance between the poet Thomson, his translator Baron van Swieten, and the eventual re-translator: the trite, unconvincing 'poetic diction' often resulting can be seen in phrases like "O'er downy moss the purling brook its liquid silver rolls. And 'neath the shade with soothing hum, the sportive insects play" or "as night its sable horrors sheds." Banalities like these are not calculated to help either singers or audience.

However, the concert was a triumphant success and greatly appreciated by the encouragingly large audience of boys, parents and friends. A high quality was maintained from the heavy brass and drums (suggesting the tensions of seasonal struggle) of the Introduction to *Spring* through to the inspiring Trio and Chorus "Then comes the dawn of that great morn," where thoughts of Christ's life and death and of imminent Spring bring assurance in the midst of Winter, "the yawning tomb." The choir, after some brief diffidence in "Come, gentle Spring," sang with fine control and tone, particularly impressing, perhaps, in "Be propitious, bounteous heaven," the Beethoven-like "God of light, God of life" and in the dramatic "Behold on high the sun" at the outset of *Summer*.

There were three 'rustic' (more Spenser than Hardy) soloists, one of them provided by the school. David Shield (bass) seemed in no way overawed by the occasion and his fellow-soloists and showed a distinct feeling for the style of oratorio, though his voice, understandably, tended to lose clarity and strength in more lengthy passages. David Manifold (tenor) sang melodiously, without strain, and his rendering of the beautiful cavatina "Distressful nature fainting sinks" was one of the evening's highlights. Elizabeth Baker (soprano), like Mr. Manifold a well-known local singer, sang with rich tone and a dramatic awareness of the changing panorama of the seasons, well demonstrated in the Mozartian air "O how pleasing to the senses" near the end of *Summer*.

The orchestra appeared firmly under the sure control of Mr. John Willson, the Director of Music, and it was good to note Antony Pitt's competent continuo playing (laced with sedentary tenor singing!) during the performance.

We are again grateful to Mr. Willson and the choir for all the work manifestly put into preparations and for the impressive consummation itself.

J.N.H.

## RECITAL OF CHRISTMAS MUSIC

ONE aspect of music recitals at Rendcomb upon which the visitor can always rely is that there will never be offered anything humdrum; but rather some unusual titbits which bear witness to a wide musical scholarship. This is why we braved a journey through swilling rain to hear their Advent and Christmas Recital on December 5th.

The reward was one of a most pleasurable experience of having been included in a music-making at which the performers—vocal and orchestral alike—imparted to us their obvious enjoyment. Their slender resources fitted in well with the music chosen and with the building. They had been well rehearsed.

Opening with Buxtehude's "Jesu my Joy," the Choir took up a firm start given them by the strings, but took a while to settle down; some exuberance was lacking, but the quality of the strings, so closely in accord, was very commendable. So too was the delicate sweetness of their touch in the next cantata by which we moved from Germany to Italy for Scarlatti's "Cantata on the Nativity."

And how we surged forward! There came out the excited anticipation that something great was about to befall us. This work had been given a lot of attention at rehearsal: the orchestra was lively and exciting; the treble soloist, Jonathan McGill, 'recited' with an amazing sureness, negotiating some craggy intervals. The arias were taken by the trebles in full which gave an ample range of dynamics. I felt the tempo, faster than the German recording, brought out rewardingly the bucolic, folksy quality of the shepherds so well, that I found myself grinning at the sheer fun of it, half expecting to see some sheep in the chancel.

The Purcell anthem, "Behold I bring glad tidings," ended with a very firm sureness thanks to a nice clean beat from the conductor; but there had been glimpses of an inadequate voice production among the lower voices—a need to veil the voice. The trio, sung by Peter Walton, Antony Pitt and David Shield, went well and they achieved a richness typical of Purcell's idiom. Especially good were the succession of harmonies in the Hallelujahs.

In the last work, "How brightly shines the Morning Star" (Praetorius), the basses were better voiced, sinking themselves nicely into the choir. Here we were given an electric contrast of singing which brought us to the end with a warm Christmassy feeling, the trebles as clear as the stars.

It should not be forgotten, though it wasn't at all noticeable, that we had to do without a conductor, the performance being directed from the spinet. E.S.

## SCHOOL PLAY: “A Man for all Seasons”

THE school play was performed on Thursday and Friday, 29th and 30th of November, and Saturday, 1st December, 1972. *A Man for all Seasons*, by Robert Bolt, deals essentially with the conflict of loyalties in a human mind—Sir Thomas More’s. The age-old quarrel between King and God shows itself again, and provides several alternatives for More. However, his indecision and internal torment lead to much frustration on the part of those trying to trap and get rid of him, especially Cromwell. Due to another’s perjury, More is pinned down and finally executed.

Cast, in order of appearance:

<i>The Common Man</i> .....	JONATHAN DIXON
<i>Thomas More</i> ... ..	PAUL ROSE
<i>Richard Rich</i> .....	CRISPIN PARTRIDGE
<i>Duke of Norfolk</i> .....	CHRISTOPHER JONES
<i>Alice More</i> .....	TETA HENNESSY
<i>Margaret More</i> ... ..	CLAIRE BOURNE
<i>Cardinal Wolsey</i> .....	CLIVE MATHIAS
<i>Thomas Cromwell</i> .....	JONATHAN WHITESIDE
<i>Spanish Ambassador</i> .....	KIM STUCKEY
<i>William Roper</i> .....	GREGORY DOREY
<i>King Henry VIII</i> .....	JOHN MILLARD
<i>A Woman</i> .....	ELAINE FINNEY
<i>Archbishop Cranmer</i> .....	BRIAN FISHER

Jonathan Dixon and Paul Rose performed the two major parts, and both acted excellently. The former added great humour to the play and the variety of expressions needed for the Common Man were also well expounded by him. King Henry VIII, braggart and conceited, obviously posed another difficult problem, yet John Millard managed to convey this impression to the audience perfectly adequately. On the other hand, Margaret More (Claire Bourne) is a compassionate and intelligent person, and Claire made the most of the opportunities provided in impressing these qualities, and their contrast with the King’s qualities, on the audience. Alice, strong-minded but simple wife of Sir Thomas, was given full justice, too, by Teta Hennessy, who acted with the dignity worthy of Alice herself. The role of William Roper, Margaret’s suitor and eventual husband, was played by Gregory Dorey with conviction and sincerity throughout, while the sycophantic Richard Rich was successfully and cleverly portrayed by Crispin Partridge.

The Spanish Ambassador’s part necessitated a heavy foreign accent and a great display of gestures, and Kim Stuckey handled this difficult problem well. Vocal stress was likewise emphasized in the part of the Duke of Norfolk, played by Christopher Jones. Conflicting loyalties again battled in the individual and to master both the attitude and the gruff voice of the Duke, which Christopher managed, necessitated excellent acting.

Elaine Finney, as an old hag, performed enthusiastically, while Jonathan Whiteside, with a considerable first major part, also acted notably. Finally, the pompous and indecisive character of Archbishop Cranmer was played by Brian Fisher. Although perhaps not quite suited to the part, he made a spirited effort to convey these characteristics.

Tribute must be paid to the stagemen and Mr. Thorne for the set. The lighting, operated by Stephen Bushell, was particularly effective. Mrs. Cholawo provided the costume and the make-up seemed to be of a higher standard than of late.

In general, the sound effects had the desired effect, but Jonathan Fletcher experienced some difficulty. However, the atmosphere was enhanced further by the spinet music played by David Shield. The opportunity must be taken to acknowledge and thank Mr. Sells for the work and time he gave in producing the play, which provided much enjoyment to all audiences.

T.S. and M.F.

## **CLIMBING NOTES**

### **Summer Holidays, 1972**

ANOTHER group of three boys visited the Austrian Alps with Mr. Willson. Weather and conditions were notoriously poor in the Alps throughout the summer, but we were lucky enough to get one relatively settled spell in which we were able to account for eight 3,000 metre peaks.

No fewer than 30 boys spent a week or more in North Wales at the end of the holidays. For the second year running we were blessed with near-perfect, most un-Welsh weather. During the fortnight all fourteen 3,000 ft. peaks and several rock routes were climbed.

A fine Autumn enabled two Sunday outings to climb at Wintour's Leap, the minibus being filled on each occasion.

\* \* \* \*

The usual weekend expeditions to Wintour's Leap and North Wales have taken place over the last two terms. In preparation for next summer's trip to the mountains of Norway, a party of five boys went to Glencoe at the beginning of the Christmas holidays to practise the techniques of snow and ice climbing.

**J.W.**

## **BELL-RINGING NOTES**

ROPE-GUIDES were fitted this term, the interruption of practices while the work was carried out being commendably short. The influx of learners was larger than usual and, aided by the improved handling of the ropes after the installation of guides, the rate of learning was fast. Thanks are due to Miss Bliss for her regular supervision and to both Miss Bliss and Mr. White for their efforts in achieving the structural alterations.

**J.S.**



## STILL THE LAMP BURNS ON

Philip Lyons (Form IVa)

The glowing street lamp  
Radiates a sense of warmth,  
Comforting on this bleak night.  
The crowded city sleeps,  
Few people remain on the streets.  
The trees converse  
While the people curse  
The cold.  
Shadows come alive  
And follow  
Those still outside.  
Finally, the last door closes  
And the world reposes.

The morning awakes to find  
That the city has changed overnight.  
New buildings spring up  
Old ones fall down  
And inventive ideas  
Bringing new fears  
Are found.  
The night gets colder,  
The world gets harsher,  
But still the lamp burns on.

“Nine ’til five  
Working on the line.”  
Man becomes a clockwork doll  
As the technical age takes over.  
Cosmic trains and sonic planes  
Leave the children no room to play.  
Skyscrapers choke in uncontrollable fits  
And shake with disease.  
Man’s body is slowly eaten away  
After days of nicotine and petrol fumes.  
“Look after the economy”—  
Money is scarce.  
Man is man’s constant enemy—  
Children squabbling for power.  
The night is black,  
The lamp feebly glows ....  
By tomorrow it may be out.

## COLD

Peter Havnes (Form I)

The day was so cold  
That the dog on her lead  
Had brittle fur  
A jagged white rock in a black sea-  
Storm.

The day was so cold  
That the few Autumn leaves falling  
Froze like thin glass.  
A bag of potato crisps  
Sky-diving.

The day was so cold  
That my whole body stopped.  
My whole day depended on one cup of coffee;  
A ton of hot lava hitting an iceberg.  
I melted.

## THE TROUBLE WITH TOES

Neil Lumby (Form V)

Depression falls,  
And a man—a simple man—  
Mouches over his toes,  
His big toe in particular,  
And wonders ....  
Life is a rat race.  
He thinks further;  
His big toe seems to grow,  
It doesn't look very appetizing;  
A positive conclusion.  
He ponders ....  
His big toe-nails need some attention.  
He notices a corn  
Like a mountain  
Dominating his toe—  
He resents it,  
But he can't get rid of it.  
His frustration grows  
(Like his toes)  
And ultimately, at the bottom,  
He cut his ill-begotten big toe off.



## THE DEATH OF HOPE

Phillip Lamphee (Form V)

My chance has gone.  
Fortune, who beckoned with her eyes,  
Now betrays me with her body.  
My memory is trampled by ambition,  
And my dreams are mocked by deeds.  
The seas of my love,  
Soul-deep,  
Lapped secretly inside me—  
Now they are bitter, stagnant,  
And my mind is soured by thoughts we never shared.

Love matures to melancholy,  
Desire to desperation;  
“The flower that smiles today  
Tomorrow dies.”

## HOW TO LOOK AFTER A YOUNG BABY

Steven Pendell (Form V)

### Saturday, 25th October, 1970 11 a.m.

I arrived at Mrs. Thompson's house at 11 a.m. and rang the front doorbell. As if this was a signal, a screech, then a long wailing howl, penetrated my ear drums and jarred my lethargic brain.

Ah, ha, I thought, baby is awake. Mrs. Thompson opened the door a half-inch and peered through the crack, gave a wan smile and dragged me into the house.

We walked towards the dining-room and Mrs. Thompson waved me in.

There on the floor was the ugliest looking baby (?) in existence. Face smeared in chocolate and nappies the same colour and a wide, toothless, grin which was named "My darling Jason."

### 11-30 a.m.

I know where everything is that I shall need for my creature comforts and Jason is safely locked up in a play pen on the carpet.

With record player blasting forth Alice Cooper's "Killer" at maximum volume, I am well set up for an enjoyable stay.

"Wan my Boo-Boo, I wan my Boo-Boo!"

Baby Jason has thrown his stuffed walrus at the cuckoo clock and wants it back.

"Here you are, here's Boo-Boo, Jason ..."

"Wan my Boo-Boo, I wan my Boo-Boo!"

I turned around. There was B-B lying on the floor so I gave it back to the toothless wonder.

"Wan my Boo-Boo. I wan my Boo-Boo."

"Here's your damn Boo-Boo, stop throwing it."

"Wan my Boo-Boo, I wan my damn Boo-Boo."

"SShush, I'm not giving it back 'till you promise that you won't throw it."

"I wan my Boo-Boo, I wan my Boo-Boo, I wan my Boo-Boo, I wan my "

### 11-45 a.m.

With my feet up, stuffing myself full of the good things in life, I'm on top of the world and so is Jason.

Which reminds me to look at the brat. What's this, empty play pen and he's taken Boo-Boo with him. It must be an escape bid.

S. F. Me, super sleuth, sets off in pursuit, hand print here, broken glass vase there, the clues begin to look as if he's headed for the kitchen.

Sure enough, there he is with Boo-Boo, just about to pour scalding hot water all over himself from a saucepan on the stove. I do my Tarzan act and leap across the kitchen and wrest it from his grip of steel.

As I step back, I fall on ever-loving Boo-Boo and pour the water all over me, boiling the skin off.

I hear the patter of feet in the hall and the voice of Mrs. Thompson saying,

"Mmm, my beautiful darling, and didums cause any twouble, didoo?"

I really felt like twisting that beautiful darling's neck right off.

## **ON REMEMBRANCE DAY**

**Alisdair Wilson** (Form IVa)

Silence, silence everywhere,  
A deathly silence  
Dooms the world,  
For ever, so it seems.  
You think of what?  
Bombers screaming to their deaths.  
Killing thousands of innocent,  
Homeless children,  
Women and men.  
Gunfire across the plains  
Of the world.  
Men crippled:  
They cannot see, they cannot walk,  
They cannot feel, hear or smell,  
For the rest of their miserable lives.  
Burning alive, scorched;  
Blood and tears.  
Was Hitler a crackpot?  
Or was he sane? I doubt it.  
The rector raised his head,  
And spoke.  
The silence had finished.  
We stood up and sang  
The next hymn.  
A rejoicing and yet regretful hymn,  
With war still in mind.  
The poppy flashing in the  
Midst of the crowd.  
Bullets flying, bombs dropping,  
And yet the poppy survives,  
Camouflaged on the bloody mess.

## **3rd DECEMBER ... R.I.P.**

**Phillip Lamphée** (Form V)

His face fades,  
And the glaring hues of life  
Sink into pale resignation.  
His bones claw at his cold-embracing skin,  
And stare in desperation  
Through the windows of his face.  
Slowly,  
Calmly, he slips from life.  
His brow darkens and  
Corruption creases his features.  
But his end is not a sigh in his sleep  
Or a weary last few words before  
A quiet submission.  
Fever flares up,  
And his bones burn and  
Crumble to ash,  
And his face reflects the furnace of his heart.  
And in that moment  
His eyes flame and sparkle with victory.  
Then he is gone,  
And the sky mourns his passing on.

## EXPERIMENT

Jonathan Dixon (Form V)

ANNURON'S hands grasped the nodes of the transition system. His hands felt the familiar ecstatic smoothness of the pure crystals, were numbed by the exquisite throbbing of the electrodes. His spirit, free in space, soared through the space-time continuum, spanning galaxies, while his dry body, a husk, still grasped the golden power-nodes. Reluctantly, he returned to the ship and felt the slight nausea of re-entrance as he broke the contact. He heard a voice, his own, say, through an infinite distance of coloured mist, "Nothing to report, Silver One."

His superior, resting on an invisible nothing of pure energy, sounded worried as he leaned forward, the dome of his forehead gleaming in the fight, which was so far into the infra-red as to be darkness. "You're sure there is nothing?" His hands twitched nervously at his silver and black cloak. He was old, older than the galaxy itself, it seemed; his memory stretched back to the time when atomic power had been the ultimate power source, so many millennia before. He had seen the birth of a new form of energy, which now men worshipped almost, with a half-ashamed acquiescence, the Power. But now he was old, tired, running down like an overwound clock.

Annuron's forehead wrinkled slightly as he replied, "Silver One, there is something. Nothing concrete but .... one is unable to progress further than Pharanidon 12 ... it's as if the Power did not any more reach that far ...." he tailed off, wide-eyed with the knowledge of the blasphemy he was speaking, nervously aware that the old man on the energy chair was not listening.

"Pharanidon 12 ... the Pillars of the Dawn .... that .... that is at the centre of the known universe. So near, the limit, so near .... 1" The old man was agitated, his brow furrowed with concentration. "We will return to the Mother planet."

Annuron was trembling, his brain was numbed by the shock of the words, his whole being was astounded. He stammered when he spoke. "Return to the Mother planet?" he whispered. It was unheard of. Not since aeons ago had a ship returned to the Mother.

The Silver One bent an interested head. "Are you frightened?" asked the old man. And Annuron's body shook with fear as he murmured, "Yes!"

The old man thought. It was only a small thought, a split-second of electronic pulses in his head, but the fifty-mile ship turned blindly in its course and started for the Mother planet. It alone knew where that was, although the Silver One might have guessed.

"Now," said the old man, "Pharanidon 12, you said." His hands, thin and blue-veined, clasped the nodes. He was back in a moment, his hollow face pale with fear. "That sun, only one please, Sideneus 4 ...." said the Silver One, and there was awe in his voice. "It has closed in." Annuron opened his mouth but the Silver One was gone.

Annuron seized the nodes and was flung far into eternity. A sun burned at his eyes. Too hot to be white, it hovered at the edge of the ultra-violet, a searing ghost, burning its planets with radiations from the fluorescing nebulae flung out by its energies. Annuron returned and checked the distance. It was less than sixty light-millennia away, a mere stone's throw.

Later, he was woken by a feeling of nausea. He staggered up, retching, and, reaching for the familiar nodes, prepared for flight. They were dead! Annuron had hysterics. He clenched the crystals until his hands bled, the blood dropping to the white floor like the shards of his shattered brain. The Silver One thought and Annuron ceased to exist.

The old man himself was white and shaking. Only his brain remained aloof, collecting information and storing it. He lay on the floor, helpless, with the non-existence of his energy chair floating above him.

When at last the final darkness came, and all energy ceased to exist, the Silver One's brain still collected information. The Power, that mighty force which had been the Silver One's constant reminder that technology was the ultimate god, the eternal way of life, flicked off with a slight hum and the last man alive was left lying on the dark metal floor of a stranded ship. The old man thought, an impulse flickered along a neuron, and the ship, himself, and the last remnants of humanity ceased to exist.

In another dimension, a trillion space-time continuums away, two beings registered a faint smudge of energy in the region of the universe of which the Milky Way was a pin-prick. One consulted the records. "Ah," it said, "the universe of which Jehovah is in charge was due to finish its term of experimentation today. Doubtless Jehovah has consigned it to the energies."

And it dismissed Armageddon casually, almost contemptuously, as a scientist consigns the corpse of a rat to the rubbish heap.

## MY IDEAL CHRISTMAS

Stephen Hawkins (Form II)

As we are so often being told, Christmas comes but once a year, so we all ought to enjoy it thoroughly. I disagree with people who say that Christmas is becoming too commercialised because just by saying that they are pessimistic, which is a thing you must not be at Christmas.

My ideal Christmas would be spent in a department store, surrounded by the fruits of trade because I always think that these are truly great models of prosperity. I always think of a department store as being particularly associated with Christmas because of my childhood visits to Father Christmas's Grotto and also because department stores are essentially a Victorian invention, and it was that other great Victorian invention, Charles Dickens, who first coined the idea of a typically English Christmas.

I would spend this Christmas with only my very best and true friends because Christmas is the time for true friendship. "Ah!" you may be thinking, "why isn't he inviting everyone he knows and a lot more, it being the season of goodwill?"—but have a heart, this is my ideal Christmas not the Archbishop of Canterbury's.

Christmas would be spent by an old log fire with absolutely no media whatsoever because I think that there are some times when everyone must get rid of the pressures of everyday life and what better way than getting rid of the things that bring them into the home: TV, radio and newspapers.

The meal must be just right, with peacock, swan, pheasant and venison, which might not go down well with Peter Scott but certainly did in the time of Good Queen Bess.

All in all, my Christmas would have something from every age, from the gay decadence of the Roman Saturnalia through the deeply religious Middle Ages and the fantastic Elizabethan Age to the stolid Victorians right up to today. Of course I can always hang up my stocking—but I don't believe in Santa Claus. Ah well, there's no harm in hoping, is there?

## THE GOLDFISH

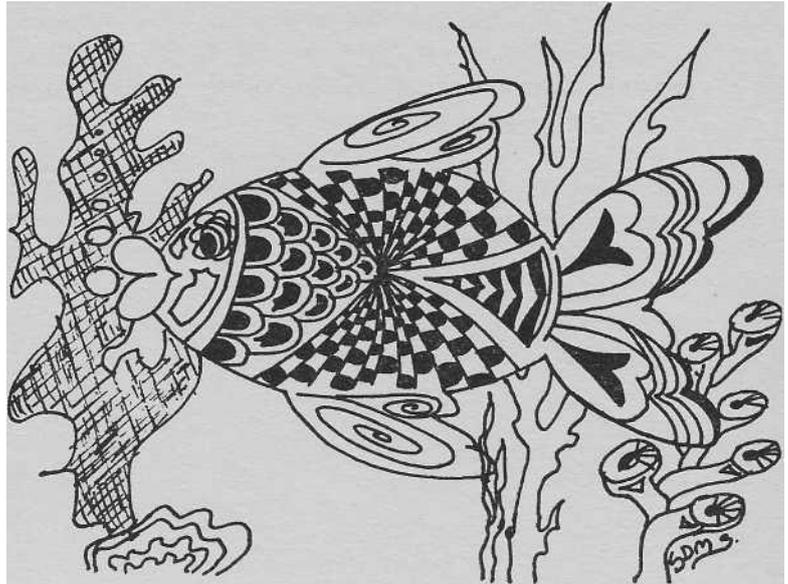
Nigel Hall (Form I)

He stares at me with vacant eyes,  
Large, round, melancholy eyes;  
Eyes that never change.

Aimlessly, he swims around,  
Nosing round his globular prison;  
But to no avail.

His eyes are full of despondency,  
Given up the will to live;  
Pleading for an end.

I wish I could help,  
Put him out of misery;  
But I lack the courage.



## THE DOG

Roy Edwards (Form I)

The dog barked  
At eight,  
And died.

He was dead  
For an hour,  
Until we saw

That he was dead.  
After twelve years,  
It was a shock

Never to hear him  
Bark again,  
Never to hear him

Whimper or scratch  
The door for  
The larder,

That had a  
Yale lock, impregnable  
Until it fell off.

And broke,  
Against the hard floor  
Where the dog liked

To lie, contented,  
Fat and tall,  
For a dachshund.

He was remarkably  
Fast and agile  
If only he hadn't

Broken his leg,  
Falling over  
The cliff

Where he used  
To go for walks  
At night,

Where he used  
To bark, to other dogs,  
To keep away

From the house  
Where he was born.  
Because the owner

Disliked dogs,  
And shot them,  
Whenever he could,

Which was rare  
Because he was old,  
And no dogs came near

The house,  
Until he died,  
At the age

Of ninety-one;  
Then the dog  
Barked ... and died.

## THE ZOO

Jonathan Dixon (Form V)

OGDEN NASH once wrote of the elephant:

*“The elephant is a useful friend  
Equipped with handles at both ends.  
It has a wrinkled, moth-proof hide,  
Its teeth are upside down, outside.”*

And looking at it, what a peculiar animal it is. That prehensile trunk, fancy being cursed with one of those. Those enormous great, flapping ears and, well, just look at the sheer size of the thing; built like a tank. But Ogden Nash added one more couplet:

*“But if you think an elephant is preposterous  
You’ve probably never seen a rhinosterous.”*

So we move on to the rhinoceros enclosure. It lumbers forward, an evil gleam in its eye, to scratch its bottom on the side of the wall. Goodness only knows why. It probably can’t feel anything through that armour-plated backside. Apparently, natives make aphrodisiac drugs out of the rhino’s horn. In my opinion they should leave it alone. From its appearance it looks as if it could do with all its supply itself.

Leaving the rhino to its bottom-scratching, we enter the Cat House. It is dark, gloomy, oppressive and very smelly, and behind their plate-glass windows the great cats prowl like ghosts, their limbs like pistons; the vast sinews can almost be heard swishing quietly in their gravies of blood. Occasionally a low growl breaks the velvet silence, as one huge beast cannons softly into another. Their eyes flash amber as we open the door to sunlight again.

In the Ape House is a large crowd of people. It’s hard to tell which are the cages, except that the people are wearing clothes. A wave of noise cascades down from the skylighted roof, like a small cafe full of excited people. The place echoes with the screams of the gibbons as they bash the cage and swing on the perches, making them vibrate like guitar strings. Alone in a corner sits the gorilla, gigantic, menacing, like an ebony, pagan statue; unmoving except for a furtive glance from under mountainous eyebrows.

Leaving him to his meditations, we pass to the Hot House. Here is darkness, scattered with glowing tanks like three-dimensional television screens. Lizards flick in and out of hairline cracks, snakes—like enormous school ties—lie somnolent under the drowsy light. The king of this house is the alligator; he squats, threatening at the edge of his pool, surveying his primeval kingdom.

We leave the house and walk out through the wrought-iron gates back to reality; to the stark, grey, concrete and steel zoo which man has built for himself.

## **DRILLING IN THE STREET**

**Peter Haynes** (Form I)

A chug, a bang and the monotonous sound of the drill. Drilling, chewing away at the road that was so carefully laid. And all because of a burst water main! All of the pressure, the tension, the stress and the strain on your mind. And all because some decrepit old pipe wasn't able to hold water. The fumes are so bad, they make me turn over, turn over so quickly. And my head! oh! my head! I feel really awful. The biting, the jabbing, the jousting and the stabbing, I'm sure that drill is on my stomach. I think I'll go home and take a pill!

But everything is gone the next day, and all that is left is a little black patch. That accursed black patch! All the trouble it caused, all the noise, smell and bother that must be locked up inside and if it were opened could release all hell.

But although it was noisy and smelly and headache-making, at least we've got our water back. I think I'll go home and have a cup of tea. Was that a shudder? A staccato of thunder that came from the tap? Or was it my brain that betrayed me for some horrible moment? It shows you can't trust your mind in the age of machines!

## **LIFE**

**Jeremy Stuppel** (Form IVa)

It was early.  
Everything had just been reborn.  
The sun reappeared yet again,  
To expose the marsh for another day.  
Far off, a small boy  
Ran quickly across the short grass.  
On and on he went  
But never tired for he enjoyed life.  
As he came nearer,  
And the grass thickened,  
He ran considerably slower,  
But still he liked life's appearance.  
Soon the marsh became softer  
And he was forced to walk, even trudge,  
Tiredness began to creep up on him  
And life seemed to lose its excitement.  
He stopped. Very quickly life had caught him up.  
He began sinking into the mud,  
But was too tired,  
Perhaps too bored, to resist.  
The sun began to sink  
And that orange ball of life disappeared,  
Now taking an old man with it.  
But tomorrow that ball of life would return  
To reveal yet another generation.

## HOCKEY.... OR WHIST?

**Simon FEAR** (Form IIIa)

THIS is, at first glance, a most incredible suggestion; but, as we shall see below, there are many advantages to 'flicking the cards' rather than flicking a hockey ball.

Firstly, it gives mental exercise rather than physical torture. This exercise of the brain is very useful indeed for schoolwork in general, preparing the mind for afternoon periods. Of course, it livens up learning at the same time, and is a great aid to thinking straight later in life.

There are, naturally, far fewer injuries occurring whilst sitting at a card table than when sticks are aimed at your ankles. There is only one kind of accident that can happen at whist: you may have chosen your partner badly. In hockey there are two kinds of accidents: maiming and fatal. Who can recommend such a sport?

I ask you for a minute to consider the brutality in hockey, both on the pitch and in the games store afterwards. At whist, nothing is brutal (except, perhaps, when one's adversary trumps the ace of spades) on the table, and there are only the mildest arguments in the card store-room after the rubber.

The greatest point, however, is that it is a preparation for the superb game of bridge. Bridge, it must be realized, is a magnificent social asset; it is good fun, and also a way of making some quick money if the stakes are high enough. Even if one stops at whist, that has certain of the qualities listed above.

So if whist prepares for all this, compared with maiming or perhaps death in hockey, nothing should get in the way of propagating such a venture.

## TIME PRESENT AND TIME PAST

**Gregory Dorey**

Hemming me in: compressing, stifling stillness all about;

above all. . . terror

under all. . . anxiety

through all... clinging to hope,

moving and speaking,

theuniverseabout. . .

Planets whirling on a predestined course—

wheels withinwheels.

Cogs in an allconsuming, dilatory machine,

Spinning on the axes of life,

Pressing in.

A combination; underlying—awe. But;

Promoted inside these concentric circles—

allthatismotion

joyancefriendship

A twinkle of pleasure in a terrifying dark.

Yet, till that, that awful power of God's own hand,

Bids that the galaxy's ordered movements cease,

I pray just this: these lines of thee may stand,

And in Thine own dear arms I may find peace.

## AUTUMN

A burnt leaf withers and dies,  
It curls, then spirals to the ground,  
Crackling as if on a fire.  
The sun races to other countries,  
And burns with a crimson flame.  
Trees bow, and throw their leaves  
To the graveyard of others,  
A red battlefield of fire,  
Charred sticks, charcoal bricks.

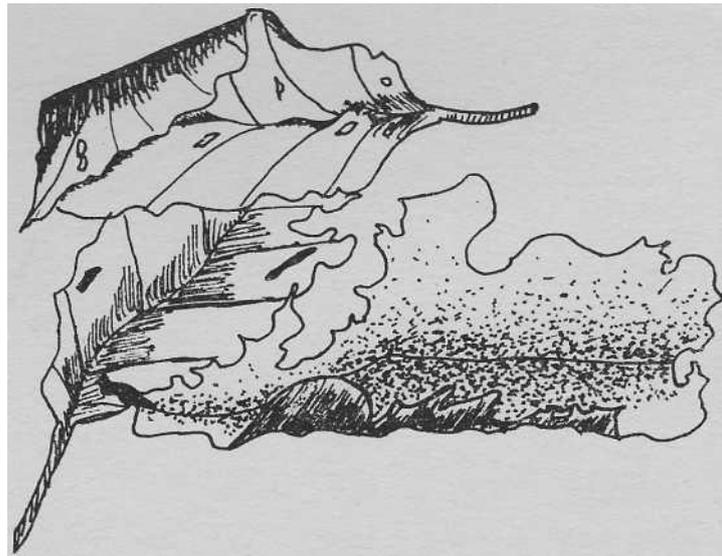
No more whirring of mowers,  
Or buzz-buzz of bees.  
A frisky squirrel digs her  
Hole where her nuts will be buried,  
While babies sigh, and close  
Their tired eyes; to sleep.  
Birds fly off from telegraph poles  
To Africa or India ... to warmth.  
Already now the wind bites with harsh teeth.

### Cameron Findlay (Form IV)

Will the badger wake up again?  
Vaguely one can hear the silent breathing  
Of warm bodies.  
But now it is broken by the  
Crackle of a distant fire,  
Shouts of excited children.  
Roasting acorns?  
Black and hot on your tongue,  
A bite—warmth released—flavour.

Smoke climbs and spins through  
The trees, twisted, grotesque,  
Skeleton-like arms—blackening  
The last of the green leaves.  
Cars' soft-tops go up,  
Gloves appear—a firework  
Lights up in the black sky,  
Dark, now, at seven at night,  
Dark, now, at seven in the morning.

Autumn goes—winter comes.



## MERUASTHEFORTASBON

Ian Pengelly (Form I)

It lies under pure Orthian sky,  
Yet it speaks of deadly destruction.  
Even the trees  
Whisper in their mournful tones,  
As though not to be heard.

In the darkness  
The river babbles its secrets  
To the moaning wind above.  
Then wind acts as messenger  
To the spirits of evil and wrath.

In the underground caves,  
Despising spirits  
Discuss ideas of the widespread,  
Ruthless land.  
Of wars,  
Of hate,  
Of murder,  
Or defence of the precious stone.

The stone lies innocently in the heart of trouble,  
Surrounded by shadows  
Of hate and depression.  
When touched,  
The whole island  
Freezes—  
In the hand of death.

## NOSTALGIA

Nigel Bradbury (Form V)

I passed another orb today,  
It was quite unlike the next,  
No ice, but barren, fruitless clay;  
I could not see the rest,  
For noxious vapours filled its sky  
And hid all detail from my eye:  
Now, as I hurtle on alone,  
I wonder, was this really home?

## ODE TO A WEALTHY MAN

Philip Lyons (Form IVa)

“I did not mean to hurt you.  
Please, don't think me bad.  
You see, one is apt to be jealous.  
I have worked hard all my life  
And nothing have I gained.  
But you, you are so different.

I saw you yesterday  
(Well, I think you're the same man)  
And asked to kiss your feet.  
But you spat on me;  
You rejected my kind plea;  
And you insulted my soul!

Please forgive me—my temper is bad.  
It has grown worse, as my life has.  
It has haunted me and frightened me.  
I care not for it as my possession.

There are some uniformed men  
Getting out of a car.  
I think they are coming to me.  
Perhaps they need my help?  
It is good to know one has some purpose.  
Don't you agree?

I had better wash my hands—  
Blood. How strange!  
The men are taking me away from you.  
I do not want to leave.  
Conversation comforts me.  
It fills me with warmth.  
Still, I must go with these men—  
They need my help.  
Farewell, my friend.  
Sleep now.”

## SUMMER

David Shield

Sun and son together,  
Mother, father, family,  
On the lawn, beside the tree.

The summer sun  
A jump, a run,  
A trip, a painful knee.

A swimming pool  
Clear, blue and cool,  
A penny at the bottom.

A lazy bee,  
Flies round the tree.  
The sun is hotter now.

Far off a cow,  
Sleepy too,  
Lies beside the plough.

Very peaceful, very calm  
Everyone  
(Except the sun)  
Has dozed or lowed  
And fallen off to sleep.

## STONEHENGE

Duncan Taylor (Form I)

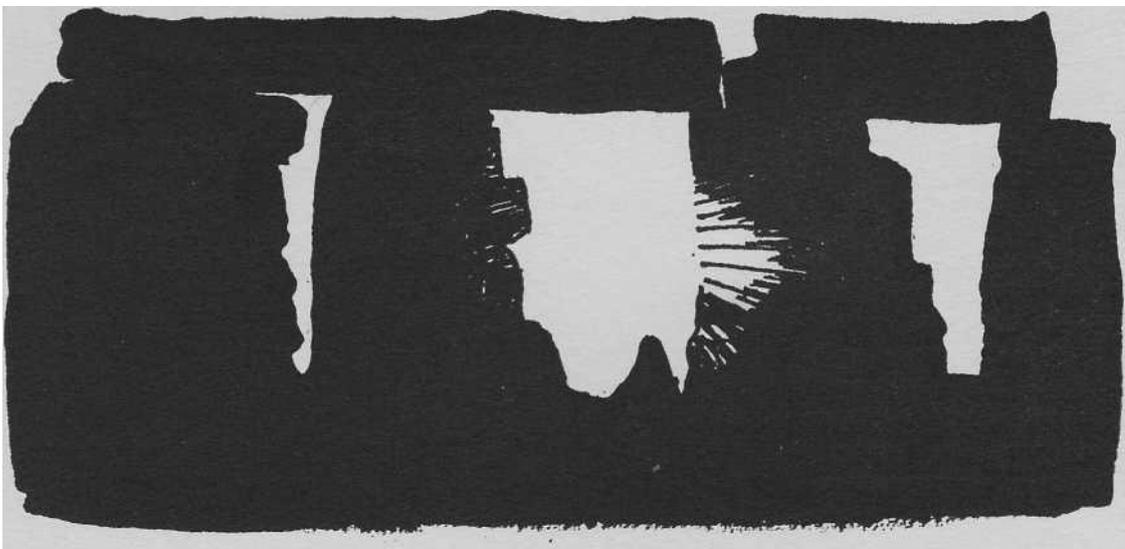
The towering stones, the majestic sight,  
The broad slabs and wide arches.  
So little remains, yet so much is there; The  
circle of Stonehenge.

Through the ages, old and weathered,  
Stands while centuries pass away.  
From a quarry in North Wales,  
That's where they were born.

Hewn by hand, from the face of a cliff,  
Brought by primitive men.  
Across the pastures and over rivers, To the  
circle of Stonehenge.

Up from the dust this monster rose,  
And there it stands to this very day,  
Not a movement, or a whisper  
From the circle of Stonehenge.

Now children run from stone to stone,  
Eating sweets and playing hopscotch  
But the stones grieve in silence;  
They long for the past.



## OWED TO ELEANOR

Robert Weston (Form V)

It's beckoning, grinning,  
Must look away, take no notice.  
It's no good, I know I'm guilty,  
I feel it, embedded in me,  
Itching on the inside of my head.  
I cannot stop it or curb it.  
My mind is burning.  
Until I absolve myself,  
It will continue its crackling cacophony  
Inside me, dulling my senses.  
I am lost,  
My only landmark—  
A small round globule,  
Stretching out its long arms,  
Pulling my helpless mind,  
Giving me no chance to evade its friendly stare.  
Purging my brain of impurities.  
Searching for the concealed stowaway—  
Guilt ..... guilt!  
The drawing pin through the letter on my notice-board  
Winks triumphantly.  
I've remembered—  
It's my turn to write.

## HER SON AND HIS DOG

Nicholas Longworth (Form IVa)

The bleak misery  
Of a cold, damp, November evening.  
The gaslights are just lit  
In the streets, emptying fast.  
It seems a long way for that lady,  
Her son, and his dog.  
  
The cobbles seem to change;  
In size, shape, and colour.  
Their whole attitude is turning sour with the night.  
"Oh dear," she thinks, "we must hurry home."  
But there is really nothing to fear  
For the light may play disheartening tricks,  
But that lady will reach home safely,  
And won't think of that night any more,  
Until the next cold, damp, November evening,  
When the light is dim,  
And she is on the way home,  
With her son and his dog.

## THE BEACH

John Purkiss (Form I)

The beach was so quiet,  
That a crab's scuttling  
I could hear;  
His feet crunching the sand,  
One after another.

The beach was so quiet,  
That a fog could be heard,  
Rushing toward me;  
Like leaves in Autumn,  
Rustling.

The beach was so quiet,  
That now not even the crab or fog  
Made a sound;  
But the machinery of myself  
Went pulsing on.

## DISHEARTENING TRIP

Ian Underdown (Form IIIa)

The grimy town still stood;  
Its tall chimneys looked naked  
Amongst the tows of terraced houses.  
A dull mist hung round  
Fat chimneys of the power station.  
The town was huddled between  
Two over-powering hills, the  
Sea sealing off the town from invaders.  
It seemed as it was a hundred years ago.

Aberystwyth:  
It makes you as unwelcome as possible.  
It's like a wasp's nest,  
Quiet until you stir it up;  
Then it stings.

## SQUEEZY FOAM

Robert Stroud (Form IVa)

He wanted to make a fortune  
With his squeezezy foam discovery;  
'The detergent of the seventies,'  
'The wonder dish cleaner.'  
Did he care for anyone but himself?

He built a factory by the sea  
Manufacturing Squeezezy Foam?  
The product was sold to you and me;  
'The discovery of the century'  
Was found in every home.

The process was efficient  
Squeezezy Foam from tap to bottle.  
By-products are rejected,  
Toxic chemicals to the sea,  
Deadly gases to the air.

Helpless sea plants are polluted.  
Their predators acquire  
The ruthless waste from 'Squeezezy Foam,'  
All along the food chains  
Till man takes the fish  
With such a sweet taste  
And such a deadly effect.

Mr. Foam, the business man,  
Eats fresh cod now and then.  
With the deadly meal upon his plate,  
Like the poor fish didn't question his food,  
He just ate.

Mr. Foam was taken ill  
And just before he died  
He learned he was ill through polluted fish.  
His last words: "Disgraceful thing this.  
The government should do something!"

## THE PRESS AND POLITICS

ANTHONY HOWARD, editor of the *New Statesman*, gave a most interesting lecture entitled “The Press and Politics” to a mixed audience of Vth and VIth form in the Assembly Hall on 28th September. He first pointed out the danger in journalism of using certain words juxtaposed, not only for journalists themselves, but those in the public eye. He related, as an example, the story of a certain public figure who had an unfavourable reputation. On his visiting New York, journalists were anxious to enquire about his reputation. He replied:

“Night clubs in New York, are there any?” The following day, headlines in the papers were:

“Bishop’s first question: ‘Are there any night clubs in New York?’ ”

Mr. Howard explained how, in his view, the very bad lobby system worked. He stressed that his paper did not belong to this system, whereby certain “lobby correspondents” were allowed into the inner lobby of the Palace of Westminster to talk with Members of Parliament, provided that they agreed to abide by an intricate set of rules. These rules meant that views could not be attributed to specific persons but had to be shrouded in a blanket of journalistic “jargon.” He pointed out that people in the press could easily interpret the final product but members of the public were left in ignorance. He drew comparison with the American system, apparently even worse than ours, and digressed a little into the American system of elections. This, he thought, might have some message for us, since the general public had a role in the election of their president whereas the British prime minister was elected in the greatest secrecy.

Mr. Howard then discussed the status of the main national papers or what the “popular” papers such as *The Sun* describe as “popular” or “unpopular” papers. From this he went on to talk about the effectiveness of a “newspaper campaign.” He did not think that politicians needed to worry about such campaigns, in fact they were sometimes beneficial, but thought there was more to fear from a slow trickle of adverse comments on every new policy.

At this point the lecture was thrown open and people asked questions on a variety of topics, frequently attempting to “catch out” Mr. Howard but unsuccessfully. The lecture was well attended and enjoyed by all.

D.S.

## **CAN YOU SUCCEED IN BUSINESS BY TRYING?**

DR. W. A. BULLEN began his talk, on 18th October, by stressing the importance of luck in business: “Without good fortune it is impossible to become really successful.” He then went on to describe how one would set up a business, incorporating the manufacturer, the distributor and the bookkeeper; this is how a business expands. The subject next turned to becoming a businessman in a large firm such as his own. He said that he interviewed applicants and only eight graduates were accepted each year. These were then reported on at six-monthly intervals over the next five years and were then either told that they were not such good businessmen as they originally imagined, or else were left on their own in the company.

To sort out the good from the bad Dr. Bullen looked for three main faculties: maze-brightness—the ability to wend one’s way through life without trampling down everyone around you; the ability to look ahead—this prevented major disasters very often if one could foresee what was going to happen; reliability—the ability to finish a piece of work on schedule, not one or more days late. These things, he said, were the essence of a good businessman ... or woman.

Lastly, questions were asked from the floor to conclude a very interesting and informative lecture.

P.S.

## **EUTHANASIA**

THE large turn-out in the library on November 17th showed the interest felt in this very topical subject by the school. Dr. Cicely Saunders proceeded to give a thought-provoking lecture entitled “Euthanasia: Whose Life is it Anyway?” in which she pointed out how much the patient can contribute in the last few months of his life and how he can help to bring his family together. Dr. Saunders was against death induced early in cases of incurable illness since she believed that the patient and his family could both benefit considerably during the months which follow. She illustrated her talk with slides showing many of the people involved and showed how, with opportunities for relaxing and talking with their families, they were brought closer together. Pain was eliminated as far as possible and in all cases, death was shown to be accepted calmly and without worry in the end; the patients did not regret waiting for death in this way. As a result of this extremely interesting lecture, many people’s views altered and everyone was given an insight into the problems of incurable disease.

V.P.

## **THE BUSINESS GAME**

FOR the second time we entered the Business Game this year. Our team of financial wizards during the Winter Term was composed of Antony Pitt (chairman), Clive Probert, Brian Robertson, Kathleen Harmon, Christopher Horton, Graham Jordan, Roger Ingles, Philip Smith, Kim Stuckey, Stephen Robbins, Andrew Jenkins, and Gregory Dorey. As before, the contest involved 268 different schools in a knock-out competition organised by the Institute of Chartered Accountants.

Basically, the pattern of play adopted by the board involved the following: marketing expenditure commenced very high, and was gradually decreased, while prices were raised very high, a policy which paid off, since the overall effect of marketing was carried on. Research and development expenditure, like the marketing, was gradually decreased from maximum, and the board skilfully matched the transport costs to production and plant capacity. Throughout the period the company continued with very small (if any) inventories, and the only complaint mentioned by the judges was the lack of ambitious increase in production. The other two schools in our group, Warwick School and King Edward's, Witley, were defeated by a comfortable margin.

During the second round of the game we lost Clive Probert, Antony Pitt and Brian Robertson. Mr. Kelsey, as usual trying to keep as much in the background as possible, attempted to give all the members a chance to chair the meetings. Our policy involved a gradual reduction of research and development again, while we kept marketing high in our own and the open area. Because of the high prices adopted by Group 3, we were obliged to increase ours quite considerably, catching up in the last but one round. At this point we still had a reasonable chance of winning, but unfortunately our judgement lapsed at this point, and we finished second in our game, beating Nottingham High School for Girls but losing to Stonyhurst College. Despite this loss, all the board took a keen interest in the game, and we hope to compete again with better fortune next year.

**G.D.**

## VISIT TO THE SWINDON RAILWAY MUSEUM

A large gallery packed with gleaming green monsters; antiquities of the “Old Great Western” of every size and shape. Ticket machines, notices, manuscripts, platform lockers, engine name plates, all scattered about the room. Models of the machines, exact down to the minutest detail, stood displayed alongside their real-life counterparts. Colour prints on sale, with such novelties as key fobs, tea towels, car badges and post cards.

A large signal apparatus stood beside a gigantic pair of drive wheels as further memories of bygone days. The four trains represent two generation gaps in the age of steam—from the ancient “North Star” to the ‘modern’ tank loco, No. 9400.

The “North Star” consisted of little more than a short, fat, stubby boiler, with some highly polished pieces of brassware made to represent a safety valve, funnel and whistle, and the pioneering driving wheels. Yet this contraption was the beginning of a great era.

“City of Truro,” a ‘flyer’ capable of 100 m.p.h. or more, was amongst the displayed engines. The slender, sleek boiler painted in Western Green, the driving wheels, the massive funnel, were all impressive.

Tank loco, No. 9400, sturdy black shunter but gleaming in the sun, the dust, grime and rust all having been removed with the utmost patience, to restore it from the scrapyards to its former glory.

The last engine was a beauty. One could easily imagine this streamlined monster, slicing through the air like a knife, the smoke belching from the funnel only to be whisked away by the wind.

At last it was time to go but we think that it would be true to say that the visit was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

A.H. and D.P. (Form IIIa)

## VISIT TO BERKELEY CASTLE

WE were very fortunate to have arrangements made for us to visit the castle in the off season, as we had a tour all to ourselves. We were able to go around at our own speed and to enquire of the guide for details of the most interesting events.

There was, for instance, a most interesting dungeon, a semi-circular hole cut twenty feet into the floor. This apparently had two-foot spikes at the bottom, and onto these the condemned prisoners were thrown to die.\* We also saw the cell where the unhappy Edward II was kept during the period before his death. An attempt was made to poison him with the fumes of the carcasses of cattle thrown into the pit, but when that failed, another way was found to murder him which the guide did not tell us about.

The castle had very large kitchens and cold stores, with pictured tiles on all the walls. The guide told us that even in high summer the stores remained cold. The kitchens themselves had a beautiful high hexagonal roof coming to a point in the centre, patterned like a spider’s web with huge threads of silk. We were shown how the massive spits were turned by fans set in the chimney.

No castle is worth the name without its underground tunnel. Here a passage stretched underneath the central courtyard from the kitchens to the private apartments, which are still used by the Berkeley family. The castle is, in fact, the oldest one still lived in in England.

J.M. (Form II)

(\* This is not, I am informed, historically accurate as far as the spikes are concerned. But the dungeon is fearsome enough without them.—Ed.)





## **VISIT TO THE MORETON-IN-MARSH FIRE SERVICES TECHNICAL COLLEGE**

ON March 12th, Sixth Form Scientists spent the morning at Moreton-in-Marsh Fire Services Technical College; an establishment quite recently handed over to the fire service by the building contractors. The complex, situated on the former airfield, is unique in its facilities for teaching officers due for promotion the elements of leadership and command in hazardous situations. For this purpose various unusual structures have been designed, such as the mid-section of a docked ship in reinforced concrete with adjacent dock area and 'sea.' Other facilities for controlled fire situations include a fish and chip shop, a typical industrial floor area, a garage workshop and a series of trays for oil fires, all these separate installations being controlled and monitored from a central control tower similar to that one would find on an aerodrome.

The visit was excellently managed by a resident instructor; the party visited first the residential areas, followed by the classroom, lecture and demonstration areas and the various separate constructions referred to above. The final stop before the observation of the beginning of a fire exercise was the humidity chamber and the maze, in which fully equipped officers have to work under conditions of extreme heat, dark and abnormal humidity, their progress being monitored from outside in case of accident.

J.S.

## **VISIT TO R.A.F. BRIZE NORTON**

ON 22nd February, there was a Sixth Form visit to RAF Brize Norton. On arrival we were taken to the "Gateway Hotel," where we were shown around the premises by the manageress. This hotel is the departure centre for flights to all parts of the world. From the hotel we were driven to the aircraft inspection hangar, where we examined the Belfasts, the VC-10s and the Britannias, these being the three types of plane used by the Transport Command, based at Brize Norton. From the hangars we walked out onto the runway where we climbed aboard and viewed the cockpits of a VC-10 and a Belfast.

Then we had lunch at the Junior Ranks' Mess, followed by a tour of the workshops where assembly of Proteus engines was in progress. One of these engines had a minute crack which was to be returned for repair at a cost of £10,000! Next we were driven to the control tower, where we saw the communications and radar centre, and the trip finished with a look at the crash and emergency service, including the latest RAF fire-fighting equipment.

K.U.

## THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

THE last two terms have been very active with a balance between films, visits and lectures.

*Films:* "Radioactivity"; "Laws of Disorder" Parts, 1, 2 and 3; "The Chemist in Industry"; "Six Candles;" "Safely on the Move"; "Inside Harwell"; "Radio Isotopes in Medical Diagnosis"; "Discovery of a New Pigment"; "Apollo 14"; "The First and the Fastest"; "Computers"; "Metals of the Nuclear Age"; "Nuclear Weapons"; "Study in Steel"; "Distillation"; "Chlorine"; "Crystal Structure"; "Oil"; "Flight Plan"; "Sevenside Pipeline."

*Lectures:* "Anaesthetics" by C. J. Wood (I.C.I. Pharmaceuticals); "Government Research" by C. Pidd (Royal Radar Research Establishment).

These two lectures provided an interesting contrast between the nature of the work carried out by the Government and by Industry.

*Visits:* See separate accounts.

R.K.

## THE LITERARY SOCIETY

LAST Autumn term the Literary Society was re-started by Mr. Holt and a committee composed of Richard Roberts (chairman), Gregory Dorey (secretary), Crispin Partridge and David Barling.

On Monday, 16th October, twelve members each read out a favourite poem to the Society and commented on it. Poets chosen ranged from A. A. Milne to the authors of modern "pop" lyrics. This meeting was followed by a play-reading of N. F. Simpson's *One Way Pendulum* on Sunday, 12th November; a somewhat unusual play, but very interesting. The last meeting was held on Sunday, 3rd December; this was for "original contributions," each member having to contribute one. Unfortunately, with a few exceptions, the Society had obviously not reached the high standard of originality set by the last Literary Society. There was also a theatre trip to Sheridan's *The School for Scandal* at the Everyman, Cheltenham, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

\* \* \* \*

This term Richard Roberts left us and Teta Hennessy joined the committee as secretary. The first meeting was on Wednesday, 31st January, and Crispin Partridge ambitiously gave a lecture on "Existentialism." Considering the difficult subject, the talk was very successful, clear and well organised. It was illustrated by readings by other members of the Society from works such as *Alice Through the Looking Glass*, *Waiting for Godot* and Jean Paul Sartre's *Nausea*.

The second meeting was on Sunday, 4th March, when Mr. Jonathan Wordsworth, from Exeter College, Oxford, very kindly came to give a talk on "The Poetry of Thomas Hardy." Mr. Wordsworth, who endeared himself to many of the audience by his refreshingly sceptical views on T. S. Eliot, gave a fascinating and unpretentious lecture on a facet of Hardy which has increasingly received critical attention in recent years. There was finally a theatre trip to the Restoration comedy *The Country Wife* at the Wyvern Theatre at Swindon, which everyone found very funny indeed.

Altogether the first two terms of the Society have been very successful, and a number of scientists have also joined the Society, a heartening trend.

G.J.D.

## THE DEBATING SOCIETY

THE debate held on the 15th October was on the motion that “This House is of the opinion that pop music is ephemeral and of no benefit to the listener.” The motion was proposed by Richard Roberts and Kathy Harmon (the first girl to speak publicly at Rendcomb), but the general support seemed to be directed towards the opposers, Martin Brown and Claire Bourne, who succeeded in convincing the majority that ‘pop’ music is both beneficial and lasting. One point raised was that until a clear definition of ‘pop’ music were made it was impossible to decide either way since any ‘popular’ music, including that of the long-lasting Beethoven, may be classed as ‘pop.’ Owing to the widespread knowledge on the subject, many of the audience felt able to speak when the motion was thrown open to the House, and eventually the motion was rejected by 27 votes to 9, with 7 abstentions.

The Winter Term’s second debate was on the motion “Science is of doubtful benefit to mankind.” Gregory Dorey headed the proposition and ended his speech by quoting Oscar Wilde and Lord Byron—“Science is the record of dead religions” and “Knowledge is not happiness, and science/ But an exchange of ignorance for that/Which is another kind of ignorance.” Nick Hance seconded the motion, drawing a vivid picture of an over-mechanised, sterile world, as in E. M. Forster’s *The Machine Stops*. The opposition was led by John Millard, who, among other things, commented that Byron was not a scientist. Seconding him, Graham Jordan attacked Hance’s ‘science fiction’ attitude and said that Science was trying to create a better society. The House discussed at some length carbon dioxide pollution, unemployment, nuclear weapons, the happiness of cavemen, computerisation, the ability of man to escape from rising water, birth control, gardening as an answer to boredom, the burning of jungles in Brazil, the depth of horse manure on London streets, and the fact that a South Pole existed. The motion was rejected by 22 votes to 20.

The first debate of the Spring Term, held on Sunday, 14th January, was on the motion “This House is in favour of a total ban on atomic weapons.” The proposers, David Shield and Elaine Finney, both spoke well, using scientific figures and the nuclear destruction in Japan as evidence of the futility of atomic warfare. Chris Higgins and Maxine Bauer spoke of the balance of power, suggesting that abolition would result in further war. As usual an encouraging number of people spoke when the motion was thrown open, and the successful debate ended with the motion passed by 24 votes to 20, with 7 abstentions.

On Sunday, 4th February, the motion was that “This House favours a stricter control over immigration into Great Britain than that which at present is enforced.” For the first time Fifth Form speakers debated the motion. The proposers, Clive Mathias and Paul Rose, spoke about the lower forms of coloured immigrants, perhaps rather unfairly, and recommended the Australian system. The opposition, Colin Beck and Phillip Lamphee, defended the Ugandan Asians, and, after quoting from a passport, opposed the idea of tests to be passed by immigrants before entry. The debate’s attendance was, owing to imminent exams, below the usual figure, but several people spoke from the floor before the motion was finally passed by 17 votes to 4, with 5 abstentions.

P.S. and P.J.L.

## **THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY**

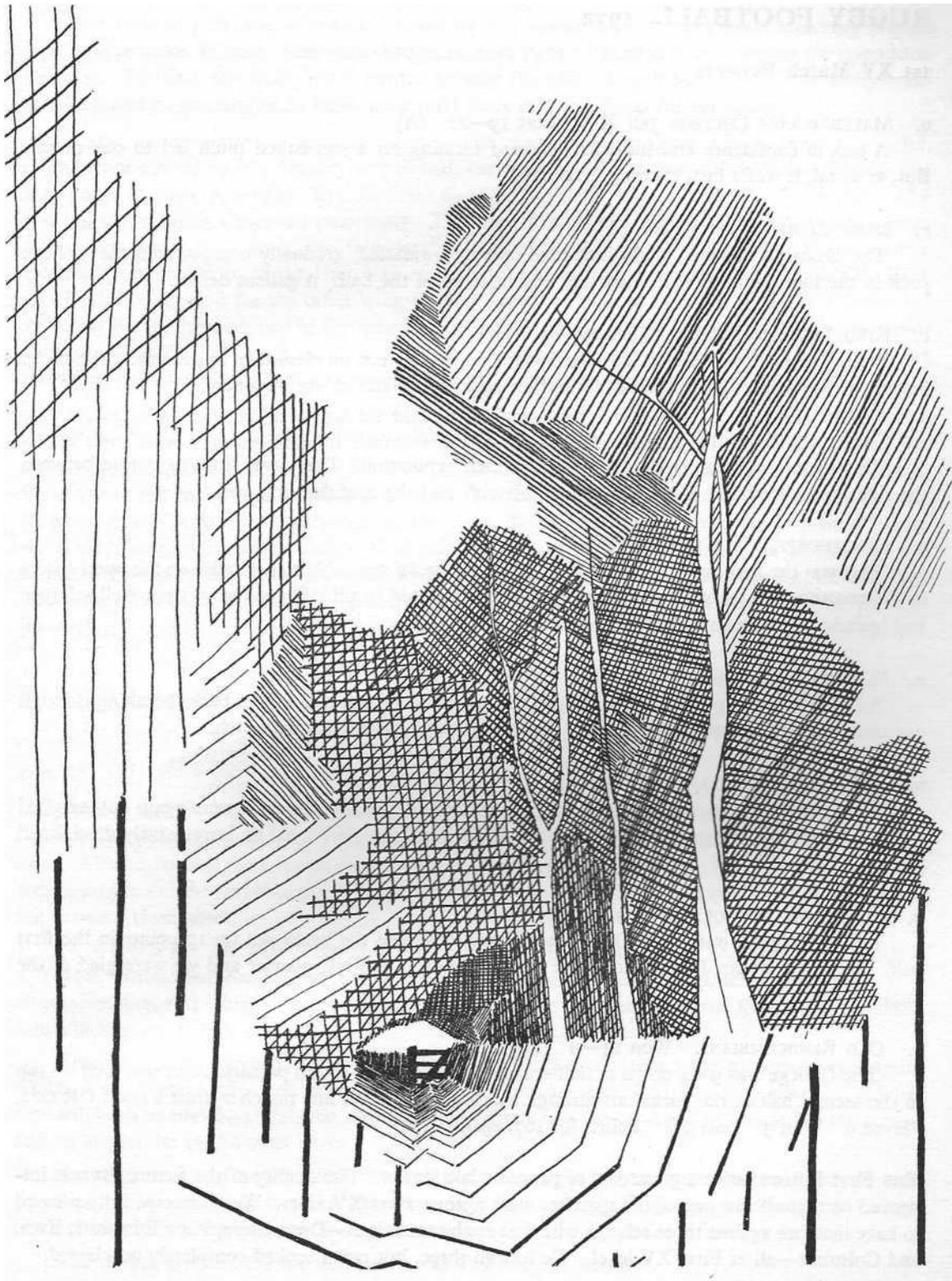
THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY was given added impetus this term due to an increase in allowance. A new timer has also been provided due to the generosity of the Rendcomb Meeting, and the Society has grown in stature; it now contains fourteen members, including two photographic editors— Chris Jones and Jonathan Smith—for the magazine, and the secretary, Gregory Dorey. It is hoped that with this new interest it will be possible to stage an exhibition of material next term on Founder's Day, and possibly hold a competition for members. As yet the standard of photography has not been especially high, but with a divergence to photography of stars and so on among the members, it is hoped that some interesting photographs will result, especially since the darkroom is now being used more than ever.

G.D

## **CAREERS**

IN addition to the usual interviews there have been visits by the Civil Service, the Army and the R.A.F. The Annual Careers Convention included films, lectures and discussions on: "Polytechnics," "Police," "Retail Management," "Royal Naval Reserve." A party of Sixth Formers visited Lincoln's Inn and the Royal Courts of Justice.

R.K.



## RUGBY FOOTBALL, 1972

### 1st XV Match Reports

v. MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE 3RD XV. Lost 19—22 (A)

A lack of confidence and some half-hearted tackling on a sun-baked pitch led to our defeat. But, as usual, it was a fast, exciting first match.

v. DEAN CLOSE. Lost 3—20 (A)

The Dean Close pack, well-disciplined and well-muscled, gradually overpowered the College pack in the tight and our three-quarters were starved of the ball. A gallant defeat.

v. KING EDWARD'S, BATH. Lost 10—25 (H)

Again the pack was out-weighted and worn down, but not outclassed in loose play. The backs began to run well with limited opportunities, against fast and clever opponents.

v. COLSTON'S, BRISTOL. Lost 6—12 (H)

This match was won by Colston's on their reputation. There was little to choose between the sides in most phases of the play; but Colston's had the confidence to win.

v. COKETHORPE. Won 31—15 (H)

This was the first familiar home fixture, and our backs were able to capitalise on the open spaces in the centre which only a fast, strong full-back attempted to fill. The game was not well refereed and became disjointed and frustrating.

v. BLOXHAM. Lost 3—20 (A)

A break-down in positioning amongst the backs led to the fast Bloxham backs breaking through our centre in the last quarter, and thus deservedly winning an exciting match.

v. PRINCE HENRY'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL. Lost 4—19 (H)

Although the backs were running with speed and confidence, the pack were again out-weighted and lost control of the game in the second half. Prince Henry's played an impressively disciplined game.

v. CIRENCESTER SCHOOL. Won 17—10 (H)

Rendcomb pack outplayed Cirencester in the loose and the backs ran up 17 points in the first half. But, as last year, Cirencester came back strongly in the last quarter and we were glad of the final whistle.

v. OLD RENDCOMBIANS. Won 14—9 (H)

The College was 9—4 down at half-time after three John Webb penalties, but was well on top in the second half as the backs ran through a tiring defence. A fine match against a good OR side.  
Played 9 Won 3 Lost 6 Points for 107, against 152

THE First Fifteen made a great deal of progress last season. The quality of the fixture list was improved so that all but one of the matches were against First XV sides. We were especially pleased to have matches against three schools with fine rugby traditions—Dean Close, King Edward's, Bath, and Colston's—all at First XV level. We lost all three, but never looked completely outclassed.

The style of play was somewhat limited by our having lost so many good attacking players from our previous Fifteen. The game had to be kept tight by hard tackling, hoping for opposition mistakes. The task was made much harder because the pack, though fast and fit, was always outweighed, and so was unable to build up a solid basis of attack from the set pieces.

There was considerable difficulty early on with the set scrummaging, where, despite the solid, strong front row of Smith, Stuckey and Shield, the younger second row of Pearce and Denley was rarely able to push its weight. But the front five were splendid about the field in loose play. The rucking and mauling improved immensely. The same five players should be available next season, a few stones heavier, we trust, and considerably more experienced. In the back row, Fisher made a remarkable transition from the Under-15 reserves to a first-choice member of the First XV. Rose and Bushell competed for the other wing-forward position; both showed considerable promise for 1973. At No. 8, the team had in Graham Jordan an outstanding player, absolutely tireless and never admitting defeat. It is easy enough to captain a side that always wins; Jordan was able to keep the morale of the side equally high, by his example and captaincy, after a string of defeats.

Millard took some time to find his best form after a series of minor injuries, but towards the end of term he was moved into the backs, where his speed and strength had immediate effect. Joe Yuvaboon also had a slow start to the season, but produced some brilliant rugby after half-term. Barling held the backs together time and again. The maturity of his play was such that he became Cirencester RFC's first-team full-back in the Lent Term. Another enormously improved player was Underdown, who played better as scrum-half with every match. Hance, at centre, was the principal try-scorer, every now and again setting the game alight with thrilling running, while Brown on the wing was brave and fast and learned quickly. Nicky Roberts and Pendell showed great promise for 1973. D.S.J.P.

## **2ND XV**

THIS year's 2ND XV, under the captaincy of Derek Wiggall, showed much promise, but did not reach its full potential until late in the season. Poor defensive play and limited good possession were often to blame for our early losses. However, the side played with spirit and enthusiasm and as the season progressed the forwards played together as a pack and the backs developed a good understanding between themselves.

D. Wiggall led the side admirably from the fly-half position, ably fed by the scrum-half I. Taylor. Stroud and Robbins were a fine pair of attacking centres, whilst Lumby developed into a strong-running, fast wing. Pendell was a safe and reliable full back with the flair to turn defence into attack, given the chance.

Amongst the forwards, Crowe, James, Knox and Hall provided a solid nucleus to the scrum whilst Wormleighton obtained possession from the line-outs. Bushell was very effective at wing forward, both in attack and defence, and Higgins at No. 8 was the outstanding forward of the season and an inspiration to the other seven.

Although only two victories were won, of the six matches played, only two heavy defeats were sustained. The remaining matches were both very hard, closely fought games which the College was unlucky to lose, by two points in each case.

The overall points total for the season was 129 for, 111 against.

**Results:**

- v. MARLBOROUGH U.16 Lost 7—9 (A)
- v. DEAN CLOSE U.16 Lost 16—45 (H)
- v. AVONHURST 1ST XV Won 36—4 (H)
- v. HEREFORD CATHEDRAL U.16 Lost 4—28 (H)
- v. DEAN CLOSE U.16 Lost 20—22 (A)
- v. CIRENCESTER 2ND XV Won 46—3 (H)

S.W.J.

**Under 15 XV**

THIS was a rather disappointing season. Although the results were poor, quite a number of the matches were very even and the team always worked well during the games. A number of key players missed a large number of matches and in some respects, this swayed the whole balance during the season. Quite a few members of the team will be available next year when it is hoped a useful side will be able to be fielded.

P. Gready, K. Barraclough, T. Longworth, R. Barrett, R. Stroud and I. Underdown must be given special mention for their overall play during this term.

**Results:**

- v. HEREFORD CATHEDRAL SCHOOL Lost 6—10 (A)
- v. DEAN CLOSE Lost 6—28 (A)
- v. KING EDWARD'S, BATH Lost 0—36 (H)
- v. COLSTON'S Lost 8—12 (H)
- v. COKETHORPE Won 34—4 (H)
- v. BLOXHAM Lost 0—34 (A)
- v. KINGHAM HILL Lost 3—6 (H)
- v. CIRENCESTER Lost 0—36 (H)

C.C.B.

**Under 13½ XV**

THE Under 13½ XV had an extremely good season and lost only one match. Although the team was both younger and lighter than many of its opponents, mobility and team-work usually won the match.

**Results:**

- Under 14
  - v. CIRENCESTER Lost 28—42 (A)
  - v. HEREFORD CATHEDRAL SCHOOL Lost 3—42 (A)
- Under 13½
  - v. OAKLEY HALL Won 26—4 (H)
  - v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE JUNIOR SCHOOL Lost 0—12 (A)
  - v. KINGHAM HILL Drew 16—16 (H)
  - v. AVONHURST Won 14—4 (H)
  - v. CIRENCESTER SCHOOL Won 22—4 (H)

R.K.

## HOCKEY, 1973

### 1ST XI

THE season passed very smoothly, with a maximum amount of hockey played by virtue of what must be the most perfect hockey weather within memory. No matches were cancelled and there was a very notable improvement in the standard of hockey and team-work by the end of the season. The following matches were played:

v. COLSTON'S SCHOOL 1ST XI. Wednesday, 24th January Lost 1—6 (A)

Despite the fact that the team was weakened by flu, Rendcomb applied the initial pressure but then Colston's scored a break-away goal. The team struggled against the faster-moving ball, and any attempted attacks fizzled out owing to lack of ball control. A few of their goals came from secondary shots off short corners.

v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 2ND XI. Tuesday, 30th January. Drew 0—0 (H)

Rendcomb controlled the first half and had several shots at goal, one hitting the cross bar, another the post and another going in seconds after the whistle. In the second half, frustrated by the lack of goals, our game fell away a little. Cheltenham had two good shots at goal, which Bushell had to dive to save.

v. KING EDWARD'S, BATH 1ST XI. Saturday, 3rd February. Lost 1—3 (A)

King Edward's scored twice before Rendcomb put a goal in. The rhythm of the team fell away in the second half owing to the continual pressure on the backs and an injured left wing. We lost contact between the forwards and defence. The passing was too slow, inaccurate and thoughtless.

v. MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE 2ND XI. Tuesday, 6th February. Lost 0—3 (H)

The game was fast and Rendcomb were a little too slow in distributing the ball and attacking. This gave the opposing defence time to pull back into position. Marlborough deflected and moved the ball around well.

v. PRINCE HENRY'S G.S. 1ST XI. Saturday, 10th February. Won 3—2 (H)

Rendcomb settled down quickly and moved fast and thoughtfully in attack, the goals being clear-cut and definite. Their goals came from slow clearances from our circle. A strong wind throughout the game hindered cohesive play.

v. CHIPPENHAM G.S. 1ST XI. Wednesday, 21st February. Won 5—1 (A)

Rendcomb's victory should have been much greater, but the standard was lowered by the opposition and pitch. This led to an uneven game, with light-heartedness creeping in. We missed several shots, and did not apply enough pressure.

v. LYDNEY G.S. 1ST XI. Saturday, 24th February. Lost 0—1 (A)

The game was tough and became very physical, our small forwards being pushed off the ball. Only five shots were made by both sides throughout the game. The game was fast, and relatively good hockey was to be seen in the struggle for the one and only winning goal.

v. CRYPT SCHOOL 1ST XI. Saturday, 3rd March. Won 1—0 (A)

A good clean game was played with the play settling down at either end. Precision play was difficult on the pitch, and this led to losing control of the ball just before shooting. Rendcomb had territorial control.

v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL 1ST XI. Saturday, 17th March. Lost 2—3 (H)

A hard, fighting game, the ball being swung about quickly, but our attacks hardly ever reached the climax of shooting. Bloxham were slightly faster off the ball, and the winning goal came minutes before the end.

v. DEAN CLOSE 2ND XI. Tuesday, 20th March. Won 1—0 (H)

Rendcomb controlled the game, but took a little time to ensure a win. The result hardly reflects the amount of pressure we applied and the number of shots going close. The game was fast and our control and passing became precise, shutting the ball inside their twenty-five in the second half.

v. THE OLD RENDCOMBIANS. Saturday, 24th March. Lost 1—3 (H)

After a period of dryness, the game was played in the rain. This hardly affected the speed and delicate control of the ball. Their superior forward line often ran straight through our backs. We missed several chances after working up some really good attacking movements. Our finishing power was a little weak; but the team played together with constructive passing.

The Old Rendcombiants were represented by: J. Hindle, J. Shellswell, N. Green, A. Heppleston, F. Glennie, R. Morris, P. Heppleston, A. Pearce, J. Tyler, J. Gray, M. Brown.

The season was thoroughly enjoyed by all members, probably due to the quantity of good hockey. Tribute must be paid to Mr. Essenhigh for the condition of the pitches. All visiting teams remarked on the good playing surface and when playing away we found ourselves at a considerable disadvantage on surfaces which did not permit precise ball control.

The following represented the XI at various times: S. Bushell, D. Pearce, J. Millard, P. Graham, P. Rose, S. Robbins, N. Hance, G. Jordan (captain), K. Stuckey, D. Wiggall, J. Whiteside, K. Underdown, T. Stroud, C. Yuvaboon, B. Fisher.

Special thanks to the games wardens, who carried out their duties efficiently: J. Stupple, R. Thompson, T. Ingles and P. Lyons. G.B.J.

Mr. Dennis will be giving up the 1ST XI at the end of this season. Everyone connected with the school's hockey is most grateful for the time and energy which he has given to running the game over the last three years and, before that, to coaching the Under 15 team. For a time, he organized the Gloucestershire Schools' hockey teams, and a number of boys who, over the years, have played in the Schools' County teams have been particularly grateful for the support and encouragement which he has given them.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Sells will be continuing to train the junior game which he has taken for the last three years. W.W.

## **2ND XI**

- v. COLSTON'S SCHOOL 2ND XI Cancelled
- v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 3RD XI. Won 5—2
- v. MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE 3RD XI. Lost 2—4
- v. LYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL 2ND XI. Drew 2—2
- v. PRINCE HENRY'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL 2ND XI. Lost 0—1
- v. BLOXHAXM SCHOOL 2ND XI. Won 3—2
- v. BURFORD SCHOOL 1ST XI. Lost 0—3
- v. MARLING SCHOOL 1ST XI. Lost 1—2
- v. BURFORD SCHOOL 1ST XI. Won 3—2
- v. CRYPT SCHOOL 2ND XI. Won 6—0

Although we often played better hockey than our opponents, our form did not really translate itself into results. We had a habit of conceding a goal in the first few minutes, which makes it very difficult to win matches. But the one thing that was consistent through the team for all the season was enthusiasm, and this helped us to beat more skilful opponents. Paul Rose showed what a good player he will be next season and Jonathan Lane, Brian Fisher and Robert Weston all helped to create and score goals. Andrew Jenkins, Michael James and Andrew Medhurst were the mainstays of the defence, with Michael Denley in goal, and the introduction of Phillip Graham at full-back provided extra steadiness in the team. My thanks must go to Mr. White for providing the enthusiasm we all needed, and to Mr. Dennis for arranging our extra fixtures.

The following played for the 2ND XI: K. Stuckey (captain), B. Fisher, P. Rose, R. Weston, J. Lane, M. Denley, M. James, A. Medhurst, A. Jenkins, P. Graham, C. Jones, C. Horton, B. Pritchett, N. Roberts, S. Pendell, I. Taylor.

Played 9 Won 4 Lost 4 Drawn 1

K.S.

## **Under 15 XI**

SOON after half-term the Under 15 team, rapidly improving, looked like developing into the most successful hockey side at this level in recent years but a degree of casualness (over positioning, work rate, and in the remedying of individual technical weaknesses) and the ultimate lack of real penetration in the forward line brought some disappointment, especially in the final match against Burford School (Under 16). The final record was thus below mid-term expectations.

However, there was certainly some promise in this side, especially at half-back, and there is probably more talent than for some time in the junior part of the school. This is not solely because of increasing numbers but also can be attributed to the co-operative weather, ensuring an unusual amount of practice, and the enviable smoothness of the two new pitches, some of the best in the West Country. Several of this year's team will be available again for next year's under 15 XI and, with some keen and improving players from the present under 14 XI, the outlook is bright.

*Results:*

- v. PRINCE HENRY'S G.S., Evesham (away) Won 1—0
- v. COLSTON'S SCHOOL (away) Cancelled
- v. KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BATH (away) Lost 2—6
- v. MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE 'B' Drawn 3—3
- v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 'B' Won 2—0
- v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL Lost 0—2
- v. BURFORD SCHOOL UNDER 16 Lost 1—2

*Team:*

I. Underdown, P. Walton, P. Gready, J. Stupple, N. Lumby (*captain*), A. Otter, R. Thomson, T. Longworth, K. Barraclough, M. Griffiths, N. Longworth.

*Also played:* R. Stroud, R. Barrett, R. Sherratt.

J.N.H.

### **Under 14 XI**

DURING a term which could hardly have been better weatherwise, the Under 14 team has played with energy and determination. The results, though a little disappointing, do not, I feel, truly reflect the quality of play.

Early in the season the main weaknesses were a tendency to panic under pressure, and, forgetting positions, to 'pack' after the ball, plus the inability to make long, accurate passes. The latter failing has remained to some extent, but in the last two matches players were conscious of keeping their position, and a faster, more open game was developed.

A. Moulton has proved to be a good captain, striking just the right note of firm leadership.

*Team:* K. Margetts, M. Winstone, C. Hart, P. Lyons, A. Moulton (*captain*), R. Allen, I. Forrest, J. Holloway, J. Cooper, O. Davies, S. Tyler. A. Ashmore and N. Longworth have also played in the team.

*Results:*

- v. MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE (H) Lost 0—5
- v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE (H) Lost 1—7
- v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE (A) Lost 3—5
- v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL (H) Drew 1—1

K.G.T.

### **Junior Games**

UNUSUALLY good weather and an excellent pitch have allowed the beginners' game to make much more progress than usual. Some of the forwards have developed powerful shots, and some players in the defence have become very reliable. Particular promise has been shown by P. Evans in goal, Haynes and Weaver at centre-half; N. Hall and Gwilliam at inside-forward.

W.W.

Fifth Game too, has had a good season and has produced a markedly higher standard of play than usual. Emphasis has been placed on the need for accurate passing and precise stopping of the ball; a measure of success has been attained. D. Pitt, Mackonochie, Flambard, H. Wilson, Moore, A. Mathias and I. Hawkins all show signs of developing into skilful and enterprising forwards. The two centre-halves, McGill and S. Smith, have kept the game moving well. Hitchcock, Sinclair and Jackson are becoming useful wing halves.

Hewitt has done well at full-back and Carroll has kept goal with courage, determination and increasing skill.

D. de G.S.

## SQUASH RACKETS

THE following matches have been played by the College 1ST V:

v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 'A' V. Sunday, October 1st. Lost 2—3 (home)

No. 1	Graham Jordan	Won 3—2
2	Donald Pearce	Lost 0—3
3	Nick Hance	Lost 1—3
4	Timothy Longworth	Lost 0—3
5	Paul Rose	Won 3—0

v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER 1ST V. Sunday, November 19th. Won 5—0 (home)

No. 1	Graham Jordan	Won 3—0
2	Donald Pearce	Won 3—0
3	Paul Rose	Won 3—0
4	Kevin Barraclough	Won 3—0
5	Timothy Longworth	Won 3—0

v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 'A' V. Sunday, February 25th. Won 4—1 (home)

No. 1	Graham Jordan	Lost 0—3
2	Donald Pearce	Won 3—1
3	Paul Rose	Won 3—2
4	Kevin Barraclough	Won 3—0
5	Timothy Longworth	Won 3—1

v. MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE UNDER 16 V. Tuesday, March 6th. Lost 0—5 (home)

No. 1	Graham Jordan	Lost 0—3
2	Donald Pearce	Lost 0—3
3	Paul Rose	Lost 1—3
4	Timothy Longworth	Lost 1—3
5	Kevin Barraclough	Lost 0—3

G.B.J.

## JUDO

DESPITE a slight fall in numbers, judo has continued on a regular basis and a number of high gradings have been obtained. Since September there have been two junior gradings held at Rendcomb. These have been very successful and attracted large numbers from the Stonehouse and Winchcomb clubs. In December the following grades were obtained:

12th Mon Baynham, Smith (S. R.)  
9th Mon Allen, Moulton, Hewitt, Ashmore  
8th Mon N. Longworth  
7th Mon Tyler, Falconer  
6th Mon Holloway, Pitt, Faulks, Forrest  
5th Mon Beckett, Maguire

At the second grading in March the following grades were obtained:

13th Mon Smith (S. R.), Barraclough, Brennan  
12th Mon Moulton  
10th Mon Allen, Hewitt  
9th Mon N. Longworth  
8th Mon Falconer  
7th Mon Forrest, Fear  
6th Mon Beckett, Maguire

At a senior grading at Cheltenham Y.M.C.A. in March, J. Millard moved from 3rd Kyu to 2nd Kyu (brown); M. Denley, 6th Kyu to 5th Kyu (upper green); P. Rose, 7th Kyu to 6th Kyu (lower green), P. Millard, 7th Mon to 9th Kyu (yellow).

J. Tyler, who left in the summer, has just been awarded his first Kyu (upper brown).

J.M.



## OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES

MAX 'FREDDY' FISHER succeeded Sir Gordon Newton in January as editor of the *Financial Times*. He has been with the paper since 1957 and held the positions of diplomatic correspondent, foreign editor and assistant editor before becoming deputy editor in January 1971.

David Vaisey, who is now Deputy Keeper of the Archives at Oxford, has recently published in collaboration with Sir John Betjeman, the Poet Laureate, "Victorian and Edwardian Oxford"; he has also published a number of scholarly articles in learned periodicals. He writes: "This summer the Bodleian Library financed me to go to Russia for a month to look at libraries and archives ... it was a fascinating trip which besides Moscow and Leningrad took me to Kiev and over to central Asia to Tashkent and Samarkand where I gazed with reverence on the tomb of Tamburlaine, a man whose acquaintance I first made under the tuition of Mrs. James in the VIth Form at Rendcomb."

Robert Sewell has now returned to this country after 31 years in New Zealand at the University of Otago, where he took his Ph.D. degree.

Kim Warren has been awarded an Imperial College Scholarship in Chemical Engineering.

Stuart Shellswell, now married, has just completed his Ph.D. studies at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, and is working with a Cambridge firm specialising in Computer Aided Design of buildings.

Michael Stubbs is now a Ph.D. and has been awarded a Research Fellowship at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Paul Heppleston is leaving his researches in marine biology for an educational career and is taking a post-graduate course at Norwich College of Education.

Alan Lamb has embarked on a banking career and is with the Midland Bank, Moreton-in-Marsh.

Fraser Glennie is working with Bruton Knowles and taking the examinations of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors. He would like any hockey players in the Oxford area to contact him.

Mark Collins varied his Oxford studies by spending several weeks studying the habits of proboscis monkeys in Brunei.

David Burman was married to Miss Ruth Hall at Cosheston Church, Pembroke, on the 27th October.

Jerome Brown is working in the personnel department of I.B.M.

Christopher Gray is with the Administration Department of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth.

News of some more recent leavers:—

Robert Mace — N.E. London Polytechnic, reading for a General Degree.

David Toresen — Bangor University, reading English.

Martin Bircher — St. Thomas' Hospital, reading Medicine.

Martin Brown — Birmingham University, reading Physics.

Michael Garland-Collins — in Bordeaux, studying French.

Dennis Jenner — Hertford College, Oxford, reading History.

David Mackonochie — Enfield College of Technology, reading Engineering.

Richard Pearce — Trent Polytechnic, reading Horticulture.

Antony Pitt — to St. John's College, Cambridge, in October, to read Natural Sciences.

Clive Probert — with I.C.I. until October and then to Pembroke College, Oxford, to read Chemistry.

Rowland Read — Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

Richard Roberts — working in the Churchill Hospital, Oxford, until October, and then to Durham University to read History.

Angus Robertson — working at the B.B.C. Television Centre as a ‘Vision Mixer’.

Brian Robertson — To Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in October to read Natural Sciences.  
Open Scholarship recorded elsewhere.

Brian Smith — with Bruton Knowles until October and then to the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

Jonathan Tyler — Kingston Technical College.

**J.B.F.**