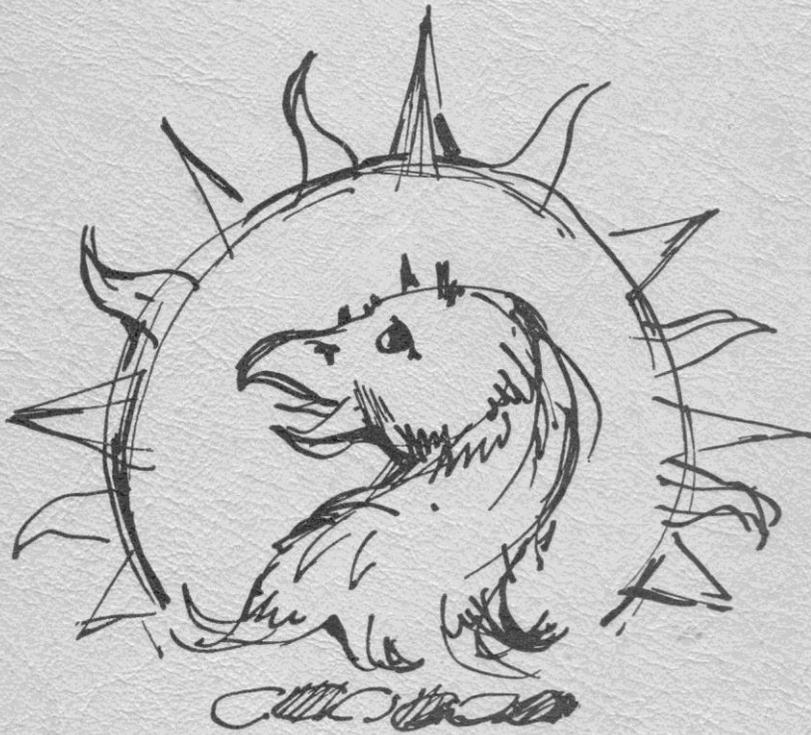


THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE

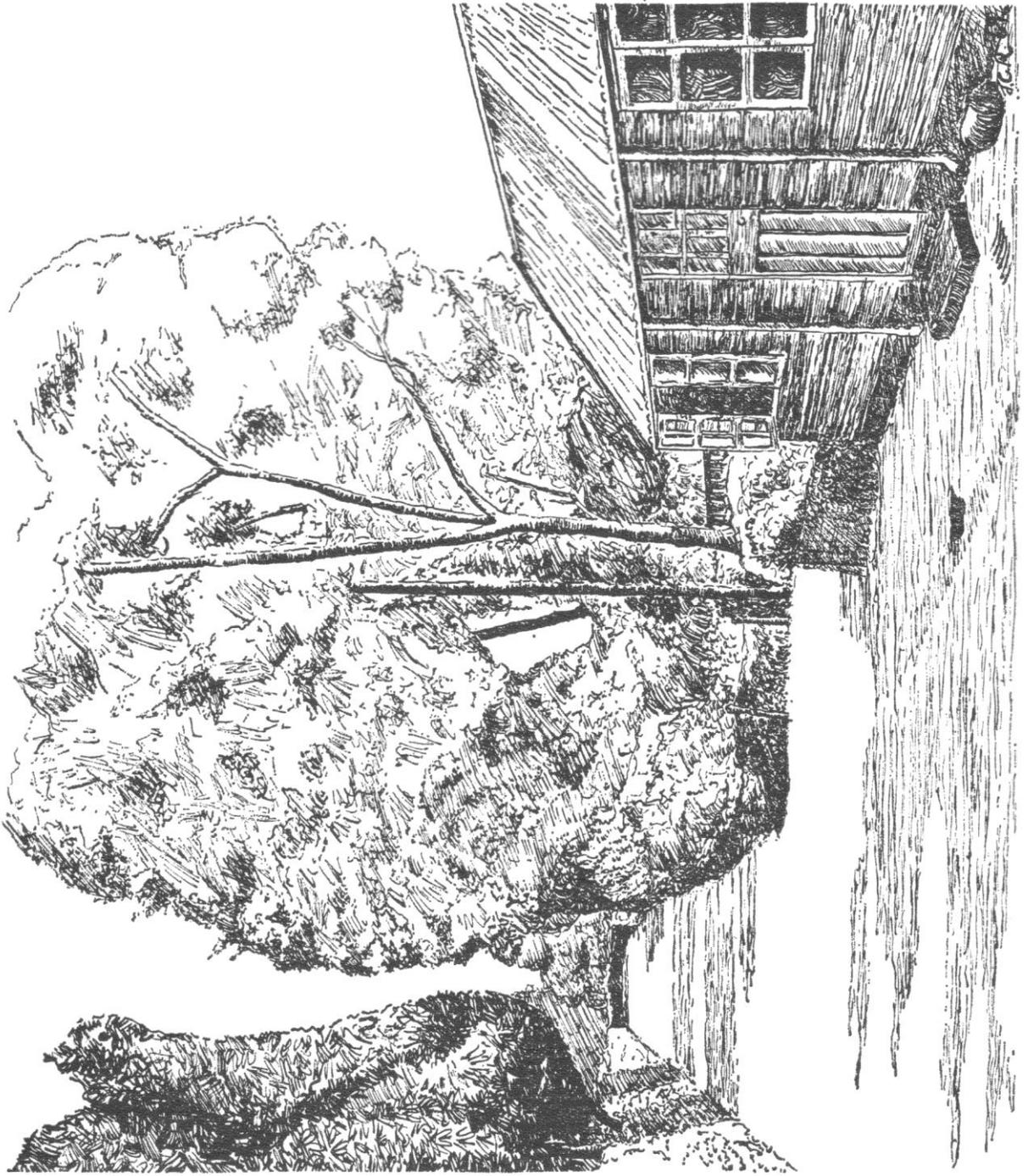


Vol. 15 No. 1

April 1969

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EDITORIAL

IN Biafra, thwarted Red Cross planes attempt to carry British aid to victims of British guns; in Paris, delegates haggle over the exact dimensions of a conference table while the subjects of their geometrical controversies die in their hundreds in distant Vietnam; in space, man's wonderful leap upwards becomes a Super Power rat-race; in unknown, palmy Anguilla, more, recently, the era of the imperialist 'gunboat' is resurrected in comic opera style. The Entente Cordiale—or what's left of it—is threatened by the critical matter of the *name* of the Concorde.

In the fast-shrinking world of such paradoxes, jealousies, and apparently monumental follies, where nothing seems constant, now that the demise of the Dales is with us, except the rise in the cost of living, our existence at Rendcomb may often appear insignificant or remote. And, indeed, there is nothing wrong with a firm sense of perspective: it may well be a helpful guard against stagnation or prejudice or intolerance. Only when we become so conscious of the hugeness and power of man's resources today that we think that *nothing* we do matters does perspective become a dangerous psychological factor, working against personal fulfilment.

What's in a name? The changed title of this publication is not intended to be capricious or gimmicky. We felt that a 'chronicle' implied an objective factual record, pure and simple, while a school magazine could and should be also a challenge to the school's artistic and literary abilities. A replacement? A brief flirtation with *The Griffin* was followed by more fanciful suggestions (in a necessarily unfanciful field) before the secure conventionality of *The Rendcomb Magazine* was reached (*The Rendcombian* was thought to be one step more predictable).

We have been glad of the support of many members of the College in the way of contributions. This is always a problem, and the number of disillusioned editorials lamenting the apathy of contributors must by now be

legion. We, by contrast, have been surprised and gratified and we earnestly hope that this support will not prove a mere reaction to novelty but will continue and grow, ensuring the magazine's survival as a fitting expression of the community it aims to serve and must always, for better or worse, reflect.

COLLEGE OFFICERS Spring Term, 1969

Senior Prefect—C. P. Mabberley

Prefects and Group Leaders—R. Laan,

C. J. Gray, T. V. Liddle, M. R. Barnes

Public Workman—N. H. Wapshott

Picture Man—M. B. Rees

Church Ushers—P. B. Jones, D. F. R. Black

Librarians—C. P. Mabberley, D. A. Tyler,

C. H. Moore, N. R. H. Evans, C. J. Wood

Choir Librarians—A. A. Ross, A. J. Stafford

Stage Managers—M. B. Rees, M. R. Dow

Stagemen—A. J. Savery, J. R. Harris,

R. A. Law, A. T. W. Patrick, C. H. Moore,

W. M. F. Nesham, A. C. Robertson,

D. J. Simmons, I. R. Niel

Bellringers—A. J. C. Walker (*Tower Captain*),

S. J. Brisk, A. T. W. Patrick, N. A. Johnson,

N. J. Green, P. Isaac, A. Thompson,

J. D. Williams, M. J. Brown, K. D. Warren,

R. Millard

Editors—A. J. C. Walker, O. G. Rhys,

N. O. Thomas

MEETING OFFICERS

Spring Term, 1969

Chairman—P. B. Jones

Secretary—R. G. Pyecroft

Games Captain—C. J. Gray

Games Committee—C. J. Gray, T. V. Liddle,
M. R. Barnes, D. F. R. Black, N. M. Collins

Games Secretary—T. V. Liddle

Nominations Committee—P. B. Jones,
D. F. R. Black, S. M. Hook

Meeting Banker—M. B. Rees

Shop Banker—M. Thompson

Boys' Banker—A. R. Laws

Entertainments Committee—N. H. Wapshott,
S. M. Hook, D. J. Simmons, I. R. Niel,
D. J. Barling

Meeting Advisory Committee—M. R. Dow,
M. B. Rees, T. V. Liddle

Council—C. P. Maberley, M. R. Barnes,
T. V. Liddle, P. B. Jones, D. F. R. Black,
S. M. Hook, M. R. Dow

Junior Advocate—N. L. Hillier

Breakages Man—S. R. M. Hall

Senior Shopman—S. M. Hook

Cricket Secretary—D. A. Tyler

Rugby Secretary—N. M. Collins

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

O-Level

THE following were successful in the subjects shown: —

N. L. Hillier—English Language

A. R. Lamb—English Literature

R. A. Law—English Language

A. M. White—English Literature

A. R. Whittles—English Language, French,
Mathematics

MISCELLANEA

AT the end of the Autumn Term various groups of boys went on the following outings: on the 22nd November to Bristol to see films on space research and travel; on the 3rd December to the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham, to see *Treasure Island*; on the 3rd December to Bristol to see *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*. On the 4th December we were glad to welcome Commander Parsons for his lecture on the Royal Navy.

* * *

We welcomed a new groundsman this term, Mr. D. Essenhigh from Marlborough College. We hope that he and his family will be happy at Rendcomb and regret that his initial efforts on the playing-field have been so systematically frustrated by exceptionally poor weather.

* * *

We said goodbye to the following boys at the end of the Autumn Term: P. W. Taylor, A. White, A. C. Whittles.

* * *

Congratulations to C. J. Gray, who in December was awarded an Open Exhibition in History at Trinity College, Oxford.

* * *

On the 11th March a group of senior boys visited the Little Theatre, Bristol, for a performance of *The Comedy of Errors*. Another group went to the Playhouse, Oxford, on the 18th March to see *The Tempest*. In addition to the two lectures reviewed in this issue, there was a lecture by Adam Ford, curate of Cirencester, on the nth March on the subject of India.

* * *

Films shown this term were: *Young Guns of Texas*, *The Longest Day*, *The Comancheros*, *Tom Curtain* and *The Sandpiper*. On the 9th March a film about bell-ringing was shown in Rendcomb Church.

* * *

The Careers Officer was with us for three days early in March.

* * *

One boy, who, it seems, ought to get back to basic biology is the junior essayist who wrote that "animals which are prone to high mortality rates in winter are birds." In view of this we were glad to hear of the science master last term who, addressing a temporarily befogged luminary of Form V, said, "Well, let's start again from 4-letter words."

* * *

Climbing activities have continued, undeterred by the weather. Two boys, accompanied Mr. Willson for a few days' walking and climbing in the Lake District during the Christmas holidays. Every weekend this term there have been day visits to the Avon Gorge, Wintours Leap, or the Brecon Beacons, and one full week-end visit to North Wales, where boys had their first experience of using ice-axes, on a long snow climb from the Ogwen Valley to the summit of Y Garn (3,104 feet).

* * *

On the 8th March an impromptu tour of Bristol by three Rendcomb hockey teams took place. The coach driver, with "Colston Hall" marked clearly as his destination on his itinerary card, proudly drew up at Bristol's best-known concert hall with his sporting load. A comprehensive tour of Bristol's back-streets followed, before the 2½ hour trip ended at our true destination—Colston's School. The return journey adopted a more direct route.

* * *

Dances were held at the end of the Autumn Term and on the 15th March. A dancing class has been established under the expert supervision of Mrs. Scott: regular meetings have been held, including joint sessions with a similar group from Westonbirt School.

* * *

On the 4th February some members of lower forms went to Slimbridge to the Severn Wild Fowl Trust; on the 18th February some biologists went to Box Caves, Nailsworth, to study bats and other hibernating organisms;

on the 18th March a varied group visited the veneer factory at Lydney.

* * *

We acknowledge receipt of *The Gresham* and *The Wycliffe Star* and apologise for any omissions.

* * *

The photographs for this issue were contributed by Robert Brown. Line drawings are by Julian Reason, Nicholas Hance, David Gray, Richard Fry, David Toresen, and Mr. Jones.

MEETING NOTES

THE Meeting continued with the vitality that had dominated the proceedings in the previous term. The general character is now changing, due to the increase and interest of the Form V members. Form VIB remained, as usual, quiet and conventional in outlook. As is usual in the Meeting, the main opinion and action is governed by VIA and VIU. The Chairman continued in his predecessors' footsteps by allowing a certain amount of light heartedness often attacked as frivolity, to enter the Meeting's discussion.

There was little concrete business, and no general discussion of College business. The power roller, a favourite topic of the past, again appeared on the agenda. However, an end to this matter is now imminent, as the roller arrived at the end of this term.

Another recurring subject of discussion, the difficulties with the Cirencester newsagent, ended this term as the order has been changed to a new source in Colesbourne.

A change in supervision of the College Chronicle brought much heated discussion on Wednesdays. The new Editorial Staff was appointed by the College. The 'Magazine Committee' had hitherto been a Meeting office, and it was thought that the College had encroached on Meeting jurisdiction. A compromise was reached when the meeting was allowed to elect one member of the 'Editorial Staff.' However,

the Meeting made it clear that unless its wishes were taken into account, then the financial subsidy given by the Meeting to the magazine (about 50%) would be withdrawn.

Lastly in the term came the Headmaster's veto of both the chairman and secretary elect for the summer term. The new secretary had asked for a veto by the Headmaster, as he had 'A' levels to take in the summer term. The Headmaster, however, thought that the chairman elect was unsuitable for the post. The Meeting re-affirmed its support for their new chairman, and the Headmaster decided to allow him to take the chair for a trial period.

In this last meeting of term, the Headmaster expressed the view that he would not tolerate the use of the Meeting for an 'action union' group.

It is a pity that the end of apathy in the Meeting is interpreted as the introduction of the odious 'student power' in Rendcomb.

N. H. W.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY, 1968

THE theme this year was "The Farceyte Saga." The party began at 6 p. m. and from then until 6:15 was the Fancy Dress Parade, during which two judges, cunningly disguised, decided which six junior and six senior fancy dresses deserved to go through into the finals.

We were then introduced to the members of the Farceyte family. Members of the staff, the C. P. C., and others came down the main stairs; the introductions were made by the chairman of the C. P. C. Most of the important Farceytes were present; Mr. Sells as Swithin and Mr. White as Soames were particularly impressive.

The Farceytes then led us through into the Assembly Hall, where we were introduced to the twelve finalists in the Fancy Dress Competitions. This entertained us for the remaining thirty minutes before dinner, in which the Catering and Domestic staffs

repeated their usual high performance on such occasions by presenting us with a wonderful meal.

Most of us were then occupied for some time in guessing the number of beans in coke bottles and naming brands of cigarettes. It was then time for the main item of the evening: the sketches. These were of a very high standard, which is especially commendable as all but one had been written by the C. P. C. and other members of the school. Highlights were a monologue by Nicholas Wapshott referring to the Headmaster's recent banning of "Onward Christian Soldiers" and tapioca; a take-off of Elvis Presley and the Jordanaires by Andrew Whittles, Mark Rees and Mark Collins; and "Bottom of the Form", a replica of the B. B. C. quiz of (almost) the same name.

Immediately after the sketches came the presentation of the prizes. The final judging had been done by Mr. James Farceyte and Aunt Hester (Mr. and Mrs. James). The overall standard of Fancy Dress was high, but the winner of the senior prize was Trevor Patrick as Basil Brush, complete with working mouth (a source of great amusement to the Chairman of the C. P. C.). Runners-up were Anthony Walker and Christopher Elliott as Antony and a very tempting Cleopatra. Close contenders were Hartley Moore, Jonathan Harris, Andrew Stafford and Peter Isaac as an amusing family, and Andrew Savery as a Cyberman. Winner of the junior prize was Nigel Ball as "Fry's Turkish Delight", runner-up being Timothy Stroud as Worzel Gummidge. Jonathan Whiteside as Handel was amongst the other finalists. Prizes were also given for the competitions held earlier in the evening and for the soccer and snooker tournaments organised by the Entertainments Committee. Several members of the staff were presented with prizes for helping with the organisation of the party.

The singing of Auld Lang Syne in Saul's Hall then ended one of the most enjoyable parties held at Rendcomb for many years.

H. T.

TWELFTH NIGHT

ONE might criticize the choice of *Twelfth Night* as a school play on the grounds that there is equal emphasis on male and female dramatis personae. Nevertheless, this year's production, performed on the nights of November 28th, 29th and 30th, largely overcame this problem, as far as can reasonably be expected from an all-male cast. Similarly the element of passion inherent in the play obviously raises further difficulty. This was perhaps less successfully mastered as the main plot of the twins' love-stories became more and more overshadowed by the riotous machinations of Sir Toby's entourage.

Sir Toby, as interpreted by Mark Collins, captured the boisterousness essential to the part. His ingenuity of gesture and action, particularly well-managed in the first duelling scene, brought much laughter and applause at each performance. His obvious acting ability was very apparent and influenced those on stage with him. Anthony Walker as Sir Andrew Aguecheek proved a perfect foil to Toby; the foppishness and effeminacy of the foolish knight was ably portrayed, and his foibles, to judge by audience response, were widely appreciated. The trio was completed by Nicholas Hillier who gave an energetic performance as Feste, a highlight of which was his singing. Gaining confidence, by the last night he brought new meaning to the most obscure lines which constitute this difficult part.

The roles of Viola, Olivia and Maria prove an obvious dilemma in that they require unbroken voices, which means, in effect, inexperienced actors. The part of Olivia is a particularly demanding one, and John Russell understandably lacked the necessary confidence to make the character convincing. This was true also to a certain extent of Richard Roberts as Viola, though he improved markedly, especially when inspired by Sir Toby's presence. Clive Probert in appearance fitted admirably into the part of Maria. He portrayed the cheeky pertness of Olivia's servant

convincingly, though his concentration lapsed occasionally and this particularly affected his bearing on stage.

Shakespeare would perhaps have been much surprised to have seen Nicholas Wapshott's interpretation of the arrogant Malvolio. Though his lines are amusing in themselves, he relied very much on exaggerated gesture and facial expression to great effect. His performance was certainly original and was one of the major contributions to the evening's entertainment. His animated soliloquies in the well-known 'box-tree' scene were perhaps his finest achievement, and one felt that with a larger stage he would have attained even greater success.

In marked contrast Duncan Black portrayed the typical Shakespearean love-sick Duke. He gave a competent performance, his speech particularly befitting a royal personage, though perhaps his proposal of marriage to Viola in the closing scene lacked refinement.

The main characters were well supported by the rest of the cast, Julian Gray and Owen Rhys, as Sebastian and Antonio, both being worthy of note in giving convincing performances of difficult parts.

The sets designed on the illusionary stage principle proved a refreshing if unfashionable background for the action. Many thanks to the hard-working band of stagemen under the able direction of Mr. Jones, Mark Rees and Martin Dow.

Similarly, the small orchestra added further support to the production, and, if not always like sweet sounds breathing on a bank of violets, it showed a renewed interest in the "ensemble" at Rendcomb, inspired by Mr. Willson, who wrote the music.

Thanks, too, to Mrs. James for managing the wardrobe with her usual vitality, ability and imagination.

This memorable production would of course have been impossible without the enthusiastic directorship of Mr. Sells. Comedy is perhaps one of the most difficult genres of drama to

produce, but again Mr. Sells has proved his skill in maintaining the actor's enthusiasm throughout.

Our thanks and congratulations to all concerned for a much enjoyed and well-attended production. *C. P. M.*

CAST

Orsino, Duke of Illyria..... DUNCAN BLACK
Sebastian JULIAN GRAY
Antonio OWEN RHYS
A Sea Captain DAVID TYLER
Valentine ANDREW STAFFORD
Curio EDWARD PARSONS
Sir Toby Belch MARK COLLINS
Sir Andrew Aguecheek ANTHONY WALKER
Malvolio NICHOLAS WAPSHOTT
Fabian CHRISTOPHER WOOD
Feste NICHOLAS HILLIER
A Priest ALISTAIR ROSS
First Officer..... NICHOLAS BROWN
Second Officer DAVID TORESEN
Olivia JOHN RUSSELL
Viola RICHARD ROBERTS
Maria CLIVE PROBERT
Servant BRIAN ROBERTSON

Prompter—CHRISTOPHER JONES

Musicians:

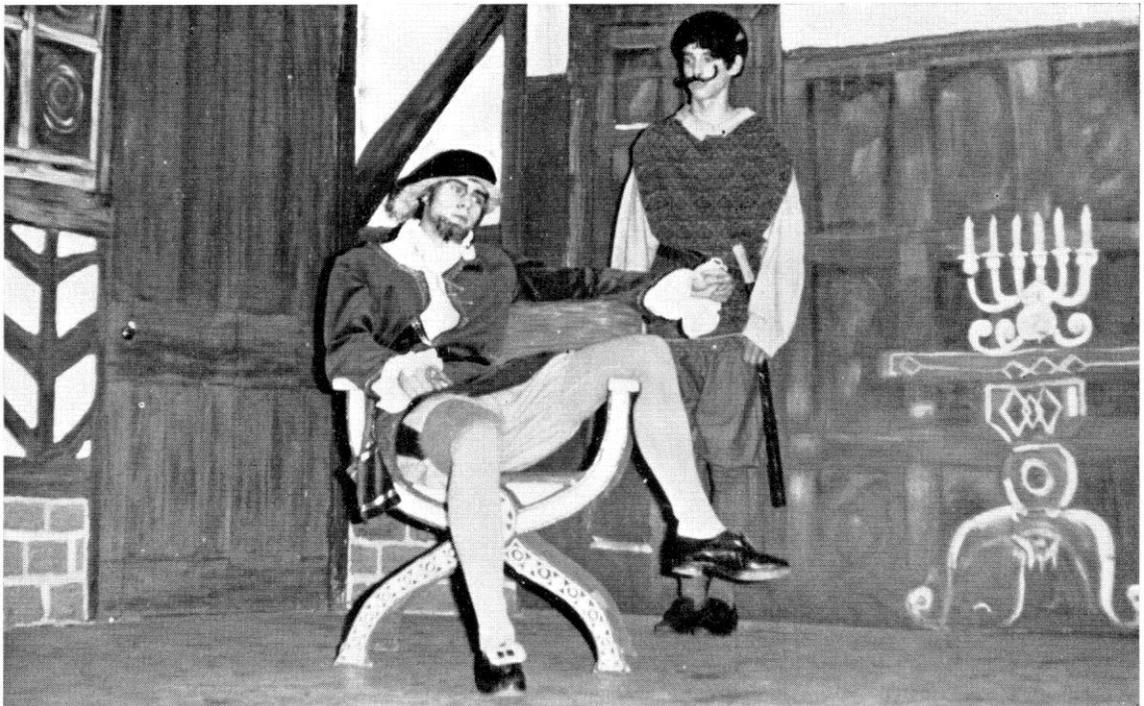
Recorders MICHAEL JAMES, NEIL JOHNSON
Violins JONATHAN WHITESIDE
JONATHAN SMITH
'Cello DAVID SHIELD
Spinet RICHARD MILLARD

Stage Managers:

MARTIN DOW, MARK REES

Stagemen:

RICHARD LAW, ALAN WHITE, ANDREW
SAVERY, DAVID SIMMONS, IAN NIEL,
HARTLEY MOORE, JONATHAN HARRIS,
WILLIAM NESHAM, ADRIAN PATRICK,
ANGUS ROBERTSON



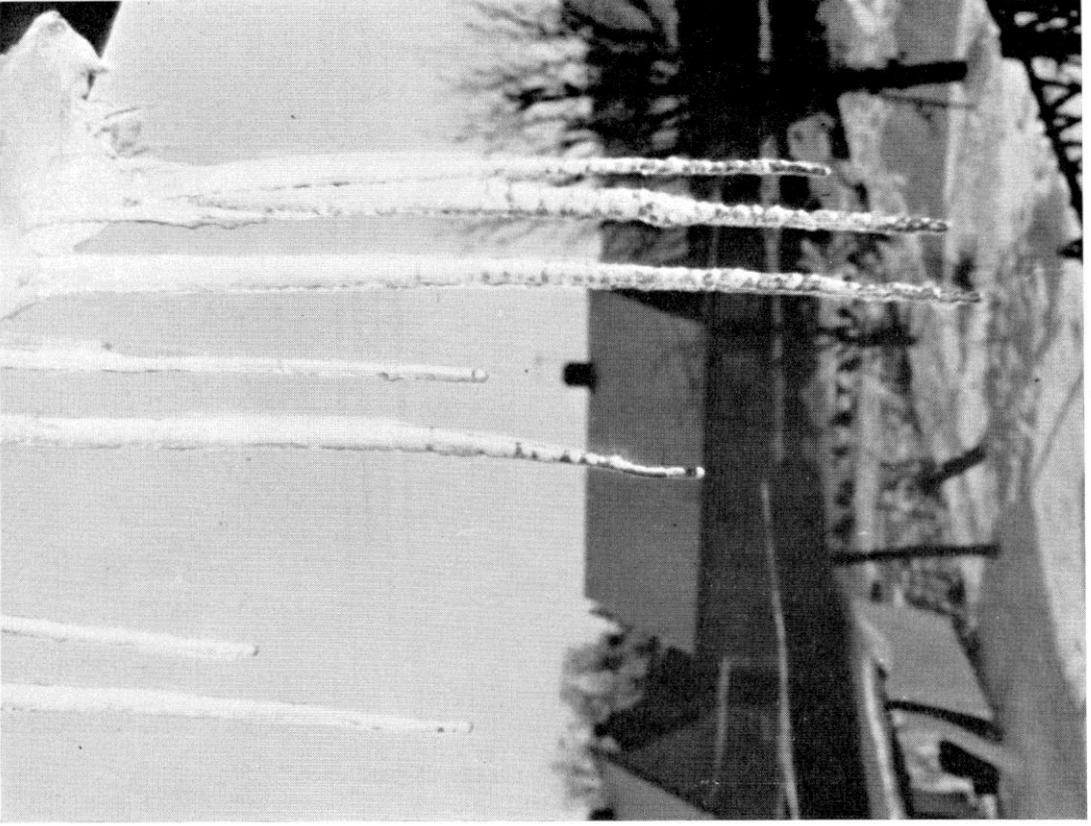
"O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence."



"Nay then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you."



"Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house . . . ?"



THE MARTYR

Christopher Gray

JAMES walked slowly, with hesitation, down the road toward the forbidden territory. He felt that somehow it was beckoning him, urging him forward, and yet he felt afraid. Never before had he come this far past the squalid little drug-store on the corner and it gave his expedition an air of adventure. His life had been spent amongst the dirt and squalor of the ghetto. As a young child, he had listened to his parents and other adults speaking tremulously of the city 'downtown', where everyone was white and where no negro could possibly belong or ever be safe. They seemed afraid of it and this surprised him, for how could his father fear anything? Yet scared his father was, and made no effort to disguise the fact and with this fear was mixed hatred. This knowledge gave James a sudden sense of superiority, of breaking free, defying the fears and superstitions of his parents and the older generation as he strove towards his bright new world.

He had always been a lonely child, with few friends, but he felt a truly remarkable goodwill and compassion for his fellow men and he believed that his fundamental goodwill was a stronger emotion than any hatred caused by difference of race or colour. If only he could communicate to others his feelings of love of all humanity.

Slowly he moved out of the ghetto, and it was to him like moving out of the shadow into the light. Somehow even the street lights seemed to burn with a new intensity and there were fewer garbage cans and stray dogs in the street. Strangest of all was the lack of people; no one stirred. The houses all seemed dead with their precise lay-out and neatly curtained windows; they seemed to radiate neither warmth nor light into the outside world. Indeed, their cleanliness and air of respectability frightened him, so unreal did they seem. Each dwelling seemed characterless; part of a far greater whole, a vast pulsating monster. For just a moment, an

instant in time when all stood in perspective with fantastic clarity, he pictured himself as a human sacrifice to this monster and he was afraid. He tried to laugh away his fear, dismiss it as ridiculous. As he moved on, however, his heart was heavy, his step a little more halting and not so positive.

Soon he found himself in the centre: the shopping and amusements centre where the whole world seemed to exist in coloured lights and huge department stores. For a time, he forgot himself in admiration of the scale and beauty of it all. It was the first time that he had ever seen it and it created a profound impression with the winking electric lights serving only to enhance his belief that the city itself lived. There were few people about and, strangely enough, few cars; little to distract him. He lost himself in a dream world of fantasy and still he felt a marvellous bond of fellowship between him and his fellow men.

His dreams were rudely shattered. A group of some half-dozen white American youths were approaching him. He felt unsure, frightened, and despite his frantic attempts to look cheerful and radiate goodwill, he wanted to run. There was an almost visible atmosphere of hostility surrounding the approaching group. They surrounded him, saying nothing, rather like dogs who approach a hedgehog for the first time, unsure of how to deal with such an unknown quantity. Slowly they became animated, murmuring, closing in on him. James was terrified for he saw no hatred on their faces, just a resignation as though this was what they had to do and they had better get it over and done with.

"What's a dirty black guy doing so far from home?" asked one of the all-American Boys.

James could not answer, he was struck momentarily dumb and in that instant their expressions changed to ones of pure hatred as they leapt upon him. He had no chance to speak, he didn't even struggle but went down without a cry. They stood over him, kicking and trampling on him like some

loathsome reptile and then, as if ashamed of what they had done, disappeared. They went not in a group, but singly, each going his own way to combat his own shame.

James was left lying on the sidewalk like a broken doll. His lips moved slightly as though he were either praying or trying to ask for help. A street-light, burning dim once more, cast a beam of light across his battered face and though the skin was black, the blood that flowed sluggishly into the gutter was dark crimson.

AT NO. 26

Richard Law

Jerkily stirring
The tea
In an empty
Bingo won china cup
With a plastic spoon
Pure nerves
Trying to stop
The feeling
Of unwanted intrusion
Into someone else's
Sunday home.

EN PASSANT

David Tyler

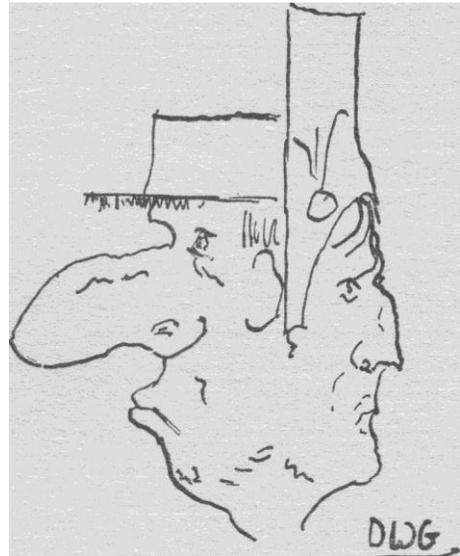
“WELL, here I am, where’s the welcoming party?” exclaimed Napoleon, in his normal forthright manner, as he dropped into Heaven.

“There’ll be no welcoming committee for you, comrade,” replied the solitary person present. “Only Kings get those.”

“Don’t be impudent, young man!” barked Napoleon, “I was a King—the emperor of all France and, at times, most of Europe. Once I even captured Moscow!”

“I know that only too well, comrade. But you weren’t appointed by Divine Right; you just seized power. Now you’ll be equal with the lowliest peasant and the Kings will rule you just as every other man.” The man

chose his words shrewdly, precisely, never wasting a syllable.



“And who are you?” asked Napoleon. “You don’t sound at all French to me. By your accent I would say you are a Russian.”

“People of all nationalities live in Heaven, comrade, Russian and French, Chinese and Mexican. My name is Vladimir Karecheev but I am going to apply for a transfer to ‘Lenin’ for my next time round. Rather grand, don’t you think? Yes, Lenin,” he said proudly. “Last time round I was killed at the Battle of Austerlitz—do you remember that, comrade?”

“Austerlitz, eh? What a battle that was! But why do you keep calling me ‘comrade?’” asked Napoleon sharply.

“Ah! You noticed. Well, some of my friends and I have got together. You know everyone is equal in Heaven, why not on Earth, too? We are hoping for permission to try out this idea next time round. We call each other ‘comrade’. It implies equality, don’t you think?”

“So we all go back again and again to Earth as different people. I wonder who I was before”

“You return in your new form, comrade, at any time after forty years of your death.

You may choose your name and may ask to follow some special vocation in your new life. In your youth the elders will feed you with your ideas.”

“And who are these ‘elders’, the Kings, I suppose?” asked Napoleon, with a sneer.

“Still annoyed about Divine Right, comrade. No, the elders are those who have been round ten times. They help the Kings to govern, and give permission for your name to be altered and for you to follow that certain vocation in your next life. I’m going to ask to change my name now. Hop on this cloud and you can come with me. I hope they like ‘Lenin’.”

They both jumped on to some passing cumulus and within seconds had apparently arrived at their destination. The Russian got off and disappeared through the mist. Apprehensively, Napoleon followed. They found themselves in front of five intelligent-looking young men seated behind a table with a sizeable queue leading up to it.

“Are those young men the elders?” queried Napoleon.

“Yes, comrade, they are made eternally youthful after their tenth time,” replied the Russian. “By the way, would you like to change your name now.”

“Well, I hadn’t really thought about it. I always liked the name Charles, but what about a surname?” said Napoleon. After a moment’s hesitation, he decided: “I think ‘De Gaulle’ is rather handsome, don’t you?”

THE SNOW

Nicholas Hillier

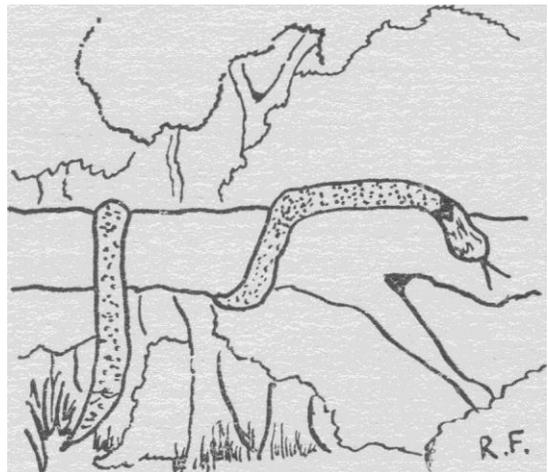
WHEN Winter comes, he drives all else away,
The trees die, and weep great gusts of
Green leaves, while water stiffens with
Agonised anticipation.

But Winter’s turn must come; and just as he,
Scouring nature, drove the Autumn away,
Spring, in her turn, cunningly wooed
Vile Winter. He, beguiled by sweet Spring,
Was led away, taking with him—the snow.

THE SNAKE

Richard Fry (Form II)

Along the path, body slim,
Silently graceful,
A Snake.
Then, a flickering of the eye,
And a spearing of the tongue
Signals the prey.
Sliding along, eyes alight,
Haunting the darkness
Then along branches
Shadowing the beast,
Unsuspecting as a wreck.
Inch by inch the rope unravels,
Muscles tensed
The frame pulsating with anger,
Impatience
For the animal eating the grass.
The whole jungle quietens,
To the flash of light,
The flurry of anger
Surrendering to death.



SONS AND LOVERS

Richard Millard

It was one o'clock on a hot, parched afternoon in Crippling Creek. The sun beat mercilessly down, reflecting up a stifling, dusty heat from the ground. As a result, most of the male population of the town were in the "Manor House" Saloon, getting drunk. As one was gulping down his eighth double whisky without taking breath, he glanced out of the window. What he saw sent cold shivers of sheer horror down his spine. His empty glass dropped to the floor and shattered. With an inarticulate cry of terror, he leapt to his feet, staggered, and fell in a drunken stupor to the floor. The bartender looked out out of the window, and his shout froze the other drunks where they sat.

At the far end of the street were three men, dressed in sombre dusty black. Their respective right hands were resting on six-shooters attached to their right hips. A wave of silence propagated itself up the street before them. A man, peering out of the hostelry, began to edge quickly towards the Sheriff's office.

Andrew Trace was sitting in between the men and the office. He was only three, and did not understand what was happening. Happily sucking his thumb, he trotted off to play behind the horse trough.

The Sheriff strolled leisurely out of his office, buckling on his Harley-Davidson. Polly, the buxom young proprietor of the general stores, gave a little shriek and precipitated herself into the comfortable darkness underneath the counter where her fiancé was waiting.

The three men stopped walking. Wotta Twerp continued slowly towards them; he was known and respected in Crippling Creek, and his arrival added tension to the already overwhelmingly hot, electrified atmosphere. Remembering how all good cowboys were supposed to act, Wotta Twerp hooked his thumbs into his belt. His belt snapped. Without moving a muscle, he calmly bent down, and transferred his gun to his shoulder holster.

A young girl, who had been holding her breath ever since Wotta Twerp had appeared from his office, let it out. The inhabitants of Crippling Creek were all watching the intense battle of nerves from safety. Wotta Twerp stopped moving. He was worried. His gun had only that day reached him from the makers, Samuel Colt & Co.; now how did it work?

"First, depress trigger. Barrel will fall downwards. To load, insert one bullet in each chamber". . . he thought.

Suddenly, the three men in black dived for their guns. Without hesitation, Wotta Twerp dived for the ground. He extracted his weapon and, trusting to luck, pulled the trigger. Nothing happened; three bullets were speeding towards him, but they were high, and buried themselves in the ground far behind the Sheriff. Again he pulled his trigger, and this time his gun slammed into action. The three men dropped to the ground, dead. Wotta Twerp picked himself up, blew the acrid smoke away from his gun, and fastidiously brushed the dust from his jacket. He looked down the street to the three bodies, and the red blood spilling onto the ground. Without turning a hair, he swivelled round on his three-inch heel, and fainted.



I, OUCH, OBJECT!

Stephen Hook

I OBJECT! The password of the 20th century, the words which, along with Winston Churchill, will be best remembered in future history books about this century.

Of course, it was the opposite sex that started the trouble as usual. They complained about being treated as inferior, as they are, and started the whole craze off. From then on the "I object" movement gathered momentum. Next, certain high officials objected about a certain prince being killed, so they had a war. It killed a few million off so one can't really complain, I suppose.

But that's when things started getting out of hand. Not long after objecting about dead princes, the masses starting objecting because they were not getting enough pay and were starving. What will those damn plebs do next?

Petty objection followed petty objection, then the next major objection was about Hitler. Poor bloke, why pick on him, could he help it if he was a looney? However, they had another war about it, with the Nips thrown in for good measure. When people grew tired of the war it ended and people objected about Winston Churchill, the dropping of the atom bombs (too late, as usual), then Labour, while the Indians complained about the British, the cads, and so to today.

While this was going on, a poor individual, me, was dumped into the peak of the "I object" age without even a chance to object about such treatment!

And now, everyone objects. The Russians object about the Americans, the Americans about the Russians, the British about the French, De Gaulle about the British, the Africans about the Africans, and China about everybody. Meanwhile Ho Chi Minh keeps quiet and beats the Yanks in Vietnam.

Looking more closely into society around me, I find everyone is bustling and jostling to object. Whereas in my Father's Day one asked "Can I go to the cinema, please papa?" today it's "Can I go to Trafalgar Square and object about Vietnam (or Enoch Powell) and beat

up a few policemen, please, mate?" Even the Pope's at it, objecting about contraceptives. He must be some kind of sadist! While over in Ireland Roman Catholics are complaining about Protestants and vice-versa. Trust the Irish to be 300 years behind.

They even have places where you are taught to object. "More rights for students, and keep Wales black," they cry and occasionally pull a few gates down.

It's even the favourite sport! Some call it football but in fact 22 people kick a ball around so about 30,000 others can object about the way they do it.

So I'm going to be different. I won't object. Do I care if they are killing themselves or if Labour is ruining the country? Is it any concern of mine that 50,000 are starving? Why should I bother just because smoking causes cancer? I'm happy, I'm all right, so I'm going to sit back and let the rat race go rushing by and object to their hearts' content.

Oh no, oh help, they're turning on me! They object that I don't object! OK! I give up! I object! I object!



THE DREAM AND REALITY OF A COMMUNIST REVOLUTIONARY

William Nesham

I walked through a sea of pearls
A million cheering crowds.
White vapour rose about me
Clawed at my hands and feet,
But I strode on triumphant.
There upon the horizon
In my eyes' steady gaze, she danced.
Draped in a transparent red veil
The spirit of Fraternity, Equality and Bread.
The vapours swirled and choked me,
But I spat them out.
At last I neared the shore,
She danced, draped in her veil,
I struggled to the bank
I waded through mud and red liquid,
Screams, and yellow vapour.
I staggered triumphant to the shore
I outspread my arms to embrace her
I closed my arms around her,
And a massive hand ground me into the dirt.

COMMUNICATION CORD

Mark Rees

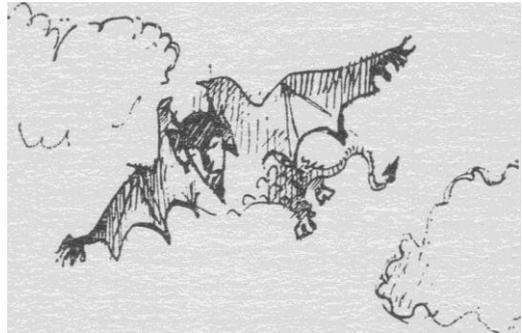
"FARES please, fares please," said our colonial brother as he mounted the stairs to find me alone for the third time. I saw my stop coming up on the skyline and pressed the bell several times, but the driver had no intention of halting the bus for one meagre individual, so my journey was forced to continue until the next traffic lights, at an additional cost of four pence.

After diverse delays, and many garbled directions I reached my destination, a large stone-grey house which looked very shabby in comparison with its whitewashed companions.

The door was answered by Madame Zigall herself, a middle-aged lady, who had invited me to one of her "meetings with the spirits of those gone by." As I entered the house, she took

my coat and I found myself in a long high hall, decorated in what seemed a replica of the shade of grey which decorated the outside.

We entered a dim room, lit only by a candle to aid 'atmosphere,' in the centre of the table. The two other members of the privileged party sat at the table. One was a woman who one could see was obviously enjoying being frightened by the eerie atmosphere, and would believe anything that was told to her. The other was a gentleman who looked rather bored with the whole idea, and yet tried hard not to show it.



We sat down at the table and were told to place our hands, palm down, on the table. The significance of this I have never understood but I was informed that it was not permitted for a medium, as Madame Zigall called herself, to divulge such deadly secrets.

After a few minutes the table, to the timid lady's great surprise, was still intact and the four of us were all sitting in the same places.

Madame Zigall suddenly began talking in a deep voice.

"This is the voice of Rasputin, and I do not care to be troubled by amateurs trifling in astral affairs."

Meanwhile the timid lady had fainted and the man was casting shifty looks at the door and at Madame Zigall.

Madame Zigall explained how dangerous a contact with such evil spirits as Rasputin could be, which really was not necessary as the timid lady was subsiding into another faint.

Madame Zigall told us to try to think of something good, and blamed us for Rasputin's

interruption. My attraction being caught by the candle which suddenly spluttered, I began thinking of Guy Fawkes and before my mind had time to stray the voice of none other than Guy Fawkes informed us in no uncertain terms that he resented the intrusion into his peace and quiet.

The timid lady this time slid onto the floor while the man's eyes shot around the room as if he were watching a ping-pong tournament.

On our third contact I thought about Hitler, but luckily nobody understood German, and the timid lady managed to sit that one out. I began to realise my potential, when Madame Zigall warned us that those evil spirits could sometimes do permanent damage to those who annoyed them. Again we started.

I thought that now was as good as ever and I concentrated on Lucifer.

The effect was quite spectacular. The candle dissolved in a red flame, billowing smoke everywhere, and Madame Zigall cried nonsensical words whilst blue flashes shot around the room.

The timid lady was in a state of oblivion on the floor and the man had made a hasty exit. I decided it was time to leave.

As I walked to the bus stop a vague acquaintance of mine met me.

"Evening, Mr. Mephistopheles, bit late to be out walking," he said. I agreed—but one can't afford to be seen flying in public these days, can one?

DOUBTER'S HYMN

Colin Mabberley

I see me what I am:
This rock has grown, that rose upward,
Your God has thunder stoned:
A spire, a sheet, an open door,
Your warmth has nourished it.
Black-yellow, silver glazing tiles,
The air so troubled still,
This reject hides, from feather shy,
Accept it now: to try.

Cast off, bring back, no more to doubt
Your ever-faithful eye.

I see a gap in thunder clap—

No reason more to die.

Received again, oh lonely one, my memory

to lose.

Should finally I turn to Him—

Should finally I choose.

Create and not forgive — no—

Forgive and not destroy.

THE SKIER

Richard Fry

The twisted lanes,

The glorious show

Of the white.

Thronged by eye-searing flashes.

Snow.

With one,

A lone skier.

Scorning the peaks.

Slicing through shredded scenes.

That cold hard presence

Illuminating.

The wavering paths

Overlapping,

Wriggling downwards,

Into the valley.

Then skimming down comes one alone,

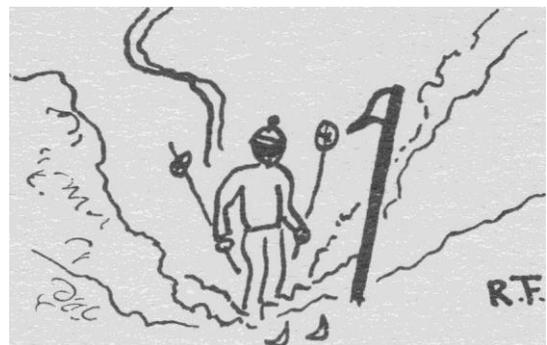
The skier.

The snow

Sliding beneath him,

Exhilarating,

To the depths of the soul.



IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS

Hugh Greenlaw

A QUICK glance in the rear-view mirror, another at the road ahead, a movement of the right hand to the steering column, depression of a lever, the green light on the dash board giving alternating flashes. Orange lights at the rear and front offside wings winking their message to others in rainbow, dull bright boxes of rubber and metal. One more glance, fore and aft, change of gear, pressure on the rubber-covered phallic symbol, a turn of the wheel and passed a similar carriage of today.

My God! Bloody fool, look out, am doing 60, car behind me, slow down, slow down, can't, I can't!!! Short, sharp symphony of the horn, a wild grinding, screeching, tearing, smashing, as metal, glass, vehicle give way. Shriill squealing, wailings, pigs-being-slaughtered sound of tyres, appearance of death black, slug black trails marring the neutral, impersonal road, a slow snake, cold-blooded horrific hiss of air from ruined, never to be used again tyres, the slow drip of oil and unnatural, vault silent, death approaching, pain-oh-the pain groans.

Jangling, electric, knife on chipped plate, nail-down-blackboard, nerve stretching telephone bell. Lizard tongue fast hand snatches, garbled, explanatory, pleading, ordering remote crackling voice, engine noise, almost drowning quiet, efficient, staccato, brief instructions. Squeal of resisting, rusty, non-oiled doors, blue, flashing, ill omen-bringing light, clanging early-in-the-morning, hurry, hurry, bell, red cross on white background van hurtles through crowded, bustling streets.

"Where, what, why, when?" cry whining, mother-trying, running nosed, grazed knees children. But it is soon forgotten when other joys of lollipops, sticky sweets, look-at-pretty-dolly, stupid doggy, reach the mind.

Feverish, muscle-straining, energy expending time consuming wasting work. Firemen heaving, inching, moving, clearing, cutting painted, rusty, shining, dull, clean, dirty, bloody,

maiming-metal. Minutes before this pile, tangle of twisted strained material was in the form of a convenient conveyance propelled by explosive gas, the sole remains of long decayed, living, dying, nothing, putrefying organisms. The wheel has turned full circle. The 'every avenue explored', 'no stones unturned' search for three strangers continued. Metal parts, glass melts, rubber burns under the penetrating, hell hot, all sinners damned flame where oxygen and acetylene meet.

A leg, an arm, complete cadaver is cleared, weighty and wet it causes two silent, navy blue trousered, white-coated, public-servants to stagger. It rests in phenolin, carbolic, dirt is disease, no-not-like-that nurse, ambulance. Another is found, it is a trouser-torn, jacket-ruined, bloody - stump - where - head - should - have-been, righteously, religiously, reverently, grievously R. I. P. once human, carefully and mind the drips if it is laid in the van of life, death, sickness, health.

Silent, sweaty, hot-under-collar, bloody work goes on. Scrap metal merchant makes his living out of the cause of death, vulture, carrion crow, jackal-like he picks the best of the vehicular bones. His rejections loaded onto council, local government (form 618/4 para 32b) lorry. Last of its shattered, brains spilt, blood lost rag-doll-on-compost-heap driver forms.

Stolid, immobile, stone-faced wonderful policeman, white-sleeved, directs disgusted, sickened, shameful, careful, reckless, don't-drink-and-drive, curious traffic round the battered, cost-a-lot, monument to three implicated yet mutually unknown motorists. Stiff-upper-lip, backs-to-the-wall, we-will-fight-on-the-beaches firemen finish their agonising, back-aching, hand-cutting, blister-forming, sickening work.

Gentle murmur of the sea on a moonlit night, whisper-in-church, ssh-don't-make-a sound, voices, cigarettes smoke and glow. Procession of dial 999 ambulance, fire engine and police, funereally, quietly, engines throbbing, makes its way back to town. What the metal

merchant hasn't taken is on its long, rotting cabbages, Monday morning is dustbin morning way to pay the rates, tip the dustman, heap.

In the marble, old maid, refrigerator, cold mortuary, three sheet covered, whiter-than-white, "now, madam, we would like you to identify, if you can" shapes lie, no more parts of the great, caterpillar, many-jointed, convenient evil.

Tea, the cup that cheers, three lumps or four, sweet and sour beverage is drunk when weary, wet, hot, helmeted men return to the fire station. The cutter has been locked away for in the wrong hands it may be dangerous. Why does no-one say that about cars?

THE MARLIN

Philip Lamphee (Form I)

A great spiked fin cuts the sea,
A wavering line on a mirror-like surface.
Sedately swimming,
Can you see
The blue-grey torpedo of his body?
His brutal snout, his powerful tail,
Slash the water in despair.
His body, head, and razored sail,
Twist in agony.
The spear protrudes through scaly skin,
The sea is red with blood.
Plunging into the depths for solace,
Diving into a green, deep land.
The Marlin meanders slowly downwards,
To die upon the sand.

ROAD TO NOWHERE

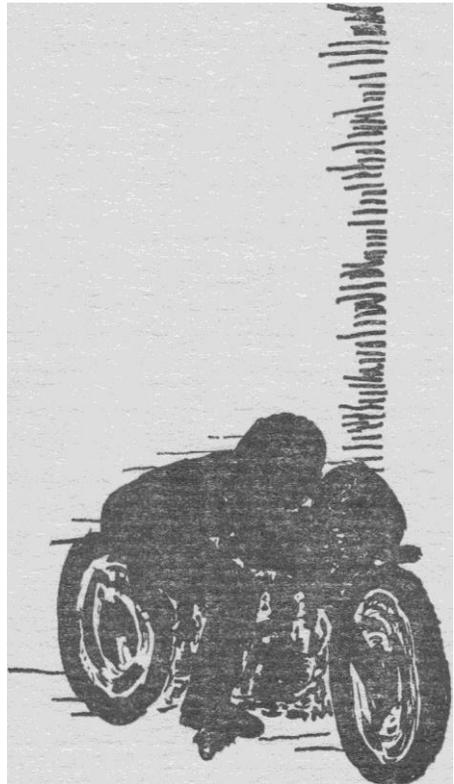
Roger Pyecroft

BLACK, Chromed, Leather, Flush.
Thunder
Hot and throaty emerges into swirling air
From silky silencers
Swept back,
Chromed.
Six thousand puffs of vapour
Vanish
Lost far behind.

He lies,
Black gauntlets
Fondle clip-on bars
Behind the slim-style, curving, subtly-soft
Fairing.
Six thousand revs upon the clock
The speedo nearly round in knots.
Faster
The drumming of black Dunlop tyres
Revolves around chromed fiery wires
To mere obscurity.
The sun glints
Chrome sparkles
Hairpin! Slow! Stop! Brake! Clutch! Gears!
Right hand grasps
Right foot twitches,
The mighty stoppers, fore and aft, fade-free,

force

The silver arrow to a peaceful rest.
For ever.



IN THE BEGINNING WERE CREATED

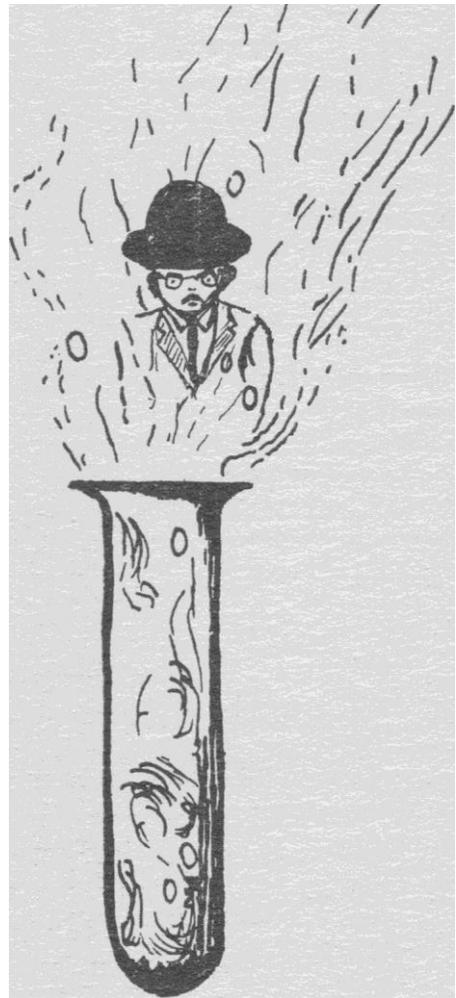
Richard Millard

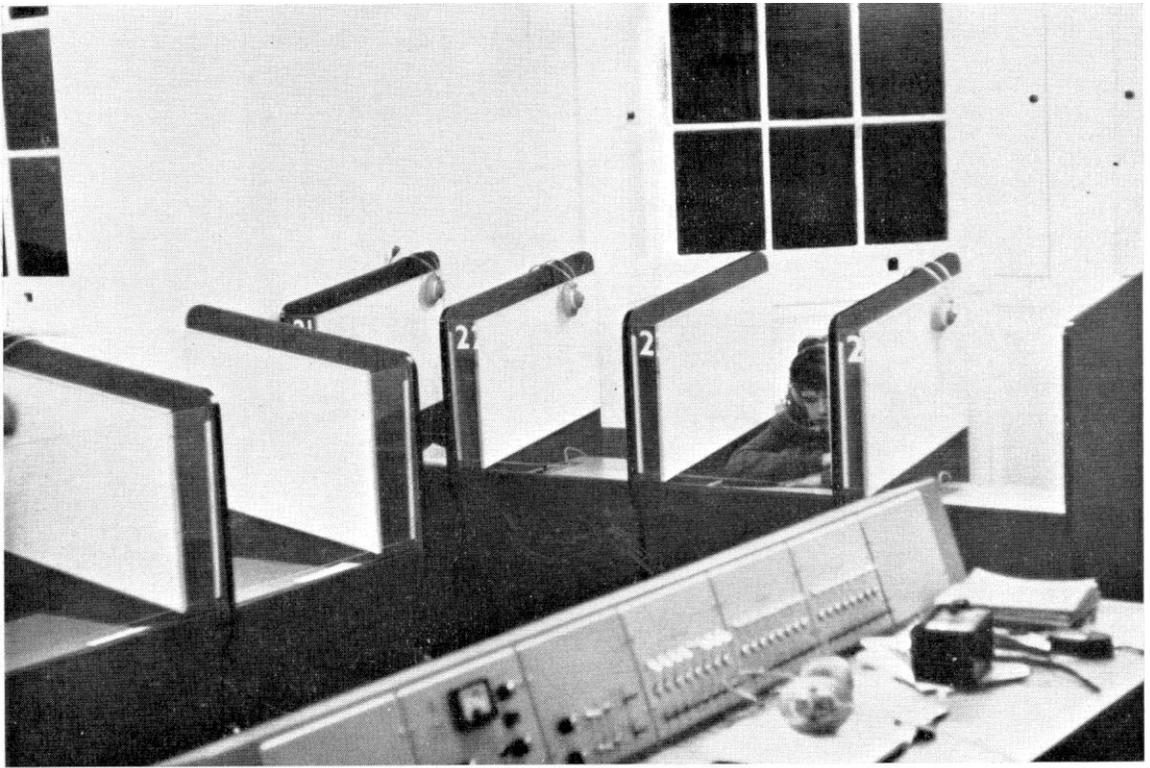
IN a laboratory, three young scientists were working. They were each specialists in embryology, and were trying to invent a test tube baby. James Farrington-Smith, the oldest of the three, had been working on this for five long, dreary years. There was talk of his government grant being stopped. The government, he thought, was populated by multitudes of conventionalists. In fact, if it wasn't for his two assistants, he might have given up long ago. He was now working on the idea that might lead somewhere (if only to the grave—a joke, he thought). A new hydrocarbon, developed by some industrialist or other in the States, had some very peculiar properties. If reacted with nitrogen, it could, under certain conditions, behave like blood. He had been working on this idea for several months now, and much of his initial enthusiasm had waned. Three avenues of approach to his goal had been a total failure. He did not have any great hopes for the one he was trying now. He was just now going to the fertilizing oven to have a look at the prepared embryo. He unlocked the heavy steel door of the oven, and swung it slowly open. There, in a casing of cotton wool, were three test tubes, each with an amorphous mass in the bottom. This mass was blue. "Blast!" thought the scientist. The blue colouring meant that their oxygen supply had failed, and the embryos were dead.

He went to his bench, where another set of embryos were lying ready to be put in the oven. In the oven they would stay, with a slightly different fluid surrounding them, for about four weeks. Then out they would come, probably to be another failure.

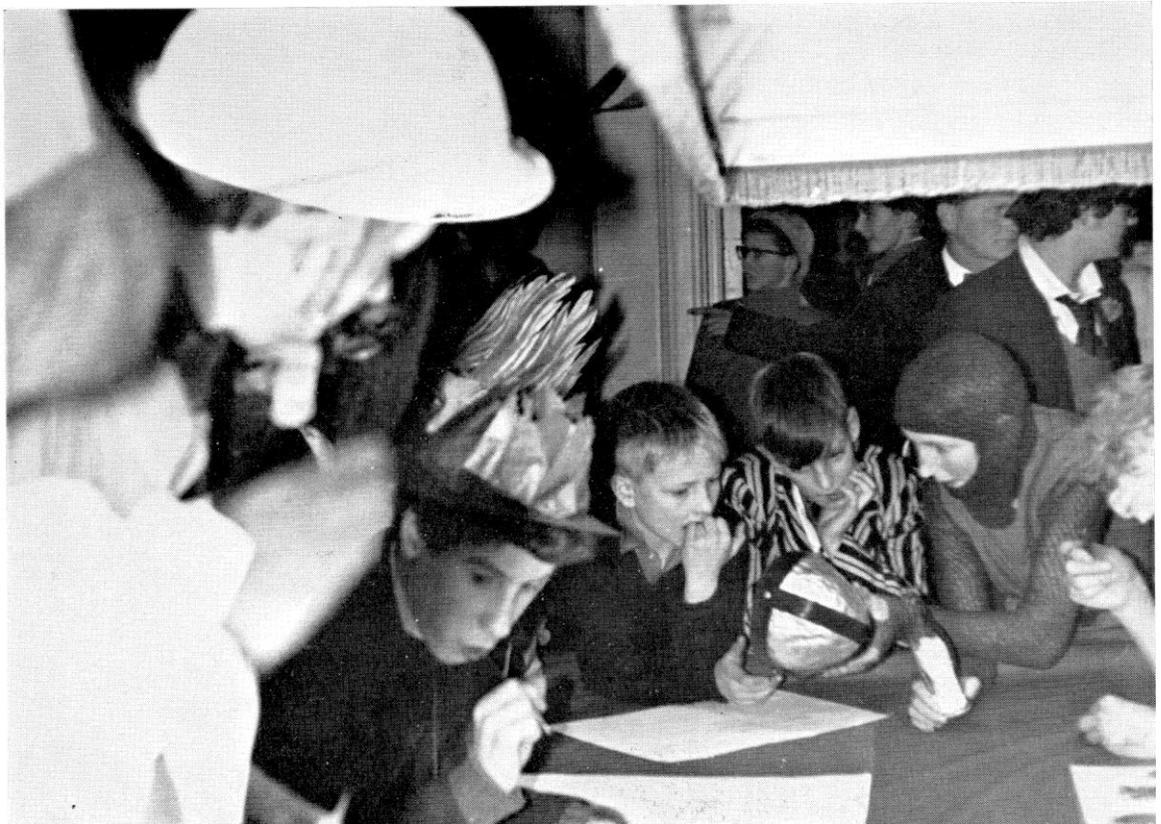
However, when the allotted four weeks had passed the embryos turned out to be nearly perfect, except that they would turn out to be more like apes than man. But this was a relatively minor defect. So Farrington-Smith jubilantly informed the Ministry of Health, as he was bound to do by his contract.

Immediately, thousands of the embryos were synthesized, and put into space ships. One of these space ships was bound, under this vast colonization scheme, for a very remote sector of space. Having reached its abysmally remote objective, the ship deposited its cargo on a fertile planet under a yellow sun. However, due to a structural defect in its time displacement motors, the ship exploded in an incandescent ball of radioactive fury. This altered the whole history of the planet, for the embryos instead of evolving into ordinary beings became terribly mutated. They developed into two-legged monsters only six feet tall, with a red gash for a mouth and a hump for a nose, with warped, third-rate brains. They named themselves "homo sapiens."





The Language Laboratory.





THE ST. JOHN PASSION AT RENDCOMB CHURCH

THE *St. John Passion* is a mighty work for a school to attempt. The range and complexity of the music demands great discipline of voice and instrumental technique in the performers, and of ear and heart in the listeners. Under Mr. Willson's direction the College and soloists and orchestra of twelve gave a very good rendering. Their approach was simple but emphatic, and allowed the meaning of each separate stage in the tragic movement to come over. They led the ear to listen and the heart to answer.

Unlike in so many choral performances by young people, the singers really knew their parts, and were well together. They gave the impression of having been thoroughly grounded, and also of being responsive to the training. The middle parts gave depth and firmness to the whole with very steady and warm singing. Only four basses appeared on the programme, and if only four were singing they did an excellent job. With the organ, they held the whole groundwork of the harmony strong and true. The trebles were good, responsive and keen. Here and there they forced the tone a little. Perhaps more *piano* singing by all parts would have saved their strength for easier singing in the last tremendous chorus, "Lie still", where all voices let the effort show.

Elizabeth Baker, the soprano soloist, was remarkable for an extraordinary delicacy and purity of tone, which was particularly welcome in "I follow in gladness". She projected a sense of true contemplation. In her second aria the orchestra was a little heavy for her. Janet Flavell, contralto, was clearly very sympathetic to the music. Graham Hewitt, as Jesus, had authority and power in his very musical voice. Barrie Thompson, as Pilate, was slighter, more gentle, as was no doubt intended. The narrator, Richard Day-Lewis, has an eloquent tenor voice, and what matters even more as narrator, audible diction.

A general comment among the audience was relief at being able to hear every word he sang—a benefit not always enjoyed.

The orchestra was a great pleasure. They played too well for any one instrument to be noticeable, though each at its right moment gave a particular keen delight, harpsichord and violins, cellos and viola. Woodwind always has an enhanced quality in church acoustics, and the oboes and flutes were nobly sweet and clear.

A good performance means long hard work beforehand in training and practising. John Willson is to be congratulated on this performance. It opened with real affirmation in "Lord and master", and maintained much of the spirit as well as the music of the work, particularly in "Thy name is shining on me". On a bitter, raw wet night, we were all glad we had made the outward and inward journey to hear it.

A. M. H.

MUSIC NOTES

THIS term has seen the re-establishment of the College orchestra—a surprisingly well-balanced group of fourteen mainly young and inexperienced, but promising, instrumentalists, who should in a few years' time form the nucleus of a really competent ensemble.

The first project has been participation in the Cirencester Schools' Music Festival with the orchestras of Northleach Grammar School and Cirencester School. The music performed was: *Dance of the Clowns*, by Mendelssohn; *Fantasia on Greensleeves*, by Vaughan Williams; and three 16th Century dances by Gervaise, delightfully arranged by Elis Pehkonen, who conducted the concerts.

The Choir has again worked well and enthusiastically, managing to continue to produce an anthem every Sunday as well as to prepare a performance of Bach's *St. John Passion*, a full review of which appears elsewhere.

J. W.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

THE last meeting of the Christmas term was held on 4th December. As usual it was devoted to the reading of original compositions and only one member had not written one. The standard as usual was high but one or two were disappointing when their author's various abilities are considered, though the range of subjects was a wide one.

C. J. Gray's tale was of a Negro boy defying the Ghetto's fears and unwritten reason. To do this he goes to the city centre and is set upon by a gang of whites.

C. P. Maberley contributed a short but sensitive poem concerning the difficulty of believing in God's existence. This followed the Patrick Campbell story that M. R. Barnes had read and afforded a swift change of mood from amusing exploits to the deeper thoughts of existence.

T. V. Liddle had attempted a satire on the spy, James Bond, but with a recent surfeit of such things it was not very well received by the Society and was difficult to understand anyway due to a nonsensical repeat.

M. R. Dow followed this with an untitled piece about the reality of a man's drinking interspersed with what he imagines is happening. This was a clever effort and should be read by some contributors to short story magazines.

The evils of dabbling in spiritualism were expounded by Rees in his account of an abortive seance. The writer, Mephistopheles, conjures up to the medium *et al.*, Napoleon, Hitler, Rasputin and finally Lucifer. The meeting ended in disaster, so Rendcombians who try this, beware!

We were then taken for a most fornicatory trip round London by N. H. Wapshott's short poem dealing with the sensual delights of intercourse on St. Paul's, the back benches of the House, and on the Tube.

N. M. Collins read his 'Poor Harold' dealing with the problems faced by a persecuted boy who becomes a schoolteacher. The details

of the story showed that dependence on one person was a bad thing like Good King John. Inspiration may or may not have been obtained from a member of staff but it is nice to think it was.

A. J. C. Walker, the Longfellow of VIA, had written an inspiring poem about love in the Civil Service. All you 40-year-old hippies, there's hope for you yet.

P. Jones, whose lack of scansion well becomes a non-scientist, had written a political poem on racialism and Mr. Quick's hero. He, after eating all immigrants, was sent to feed the starving in Africa. In one or several pieces?

The much-maligned K. A. Belcher had written a very funny account of the attempt to rob a mail train by two Chelsea pensioners. They in fact robbed a 'farmers' special' and got away with one sheep. But crime doesn't pay and they were finally caught.

S. H. Hook had written or dictated to a scribe a few pages which all newspaper editors should read. In it he pointed out the real lack of news and the attempt to make irrelevant and unimportant facts sensational.

D. Black reversed the roles of white and black in his more serious composition where the whites in Britain became the minority and hence begin to riot. The point made is that both sides of the problem should be considered, not only one.

D. W. Taylor, another non-scientist, helped to clarify the deeper meanings of 'The Jabberwock.' Mr. Plod the Policeman was brought in to help us dim scientists understand, no doubt.

The first meeting of this term was devoted to the reading of John Osborne's 'The Entertainer.' The play deals with the attempts of the Rice family to hold on to life while their world and beliefs are shattered. The music hall era is drawing to a close and it is as music hall artists that they make their living. They cannot believe that their audiences are becoming smaller and their own wages lower. To this is added the anxiety about Michael, who is fighting somewhere in the East

and has been captured. The Rice's make themselves believe that he will be sent home and when he is executed by the enemy, they fail really to comprehend the significance of the news.

This was S. J. Brisk's first attendance as a member of the Society and was, I feel, a disappointing one. Very little discussion followed the ending of the play and the meeting broke up, but the less said about it the better. We have one more meeting, that for original compositions.

H. G. D.

LECTURE: CLIMBING IN THE HIMALAYAS

WE get comparatively few lectures at Rendcomb but the few we get are usually very interesting. Mr. Dennis Gray's lecture on climbing in the Himalayas on Friday, 28th February, was no exception. Although the lecture was not compulsory for the Sixth Form, quite a few of them turned up and I am sure they did not regret it.

Mr. Grey started off by telling us that they had almost decided against their proposed climbing expedition, because an excellently equipped Australian team had been wiped out in a blizzard on the very mountain which they intended to climb; however, the four members of the party set off to meet in Delhi. There they spent some time, living as cheaply as possible in the Indian quarter of the city.

Then they set off up country with their fourteen kit-bags of equipment in a rickety old Leyland bus; they reached a small mountain village in time to witness a very colourful local festival; from there they continued on foot with native porters to carry the kit-bags. Soon after they left the "tree-line" and entered the snowy wastes of the Himalayas, while the porters set off back to their villages. So there they made their base camp; one member of the team stayed behind, and the other three set off on their long, arduous climb up the mountain. This took many days for all

the difficult stretches had to be carefully roped and on some ridges steps had to be cut for a long way ahead. But because he had worked so hard preparing the way for the others, Mr. Grey was too weak to make it to the top himself, so he stayed with the equipment while the other two, John Ashburn and Wangle, did the last stretch to the summit. They had been blessed with comparatively good weather, but they had to hurry down to avoid being caught by the Monsoons.

In the course of the lecture Mr. Gray gave us an insight into the Indian way of life, explaining the caste system, the spread of the Hindu religion, and many Indian customs. It was illustrated by many beautiful slides, some really breath-taking ones of their ascent and some covering the different stages of their journey. I am sure all who were present found it a very interesting and enjoyable evening, as I did.

N. T.

LECTURE: SOUTH AMERICA

ON the 9th March, Mr. Tony Smythe came to the College to give a lecture on a six month trip he had made with his wife to Bolivia, Peru and later Chile. Mr. Smythe is a keen climber and intended to do some mountain walking and climbing. But the lecture was not solely on these subjects, for Mr. Smythe took great pains to illustrate the difference between American and European civilisation, and also the difference between the plains and the mountain people of South America.

After travelling by ship from Lisbon to the main port of Peru, they started their holiday by travelling north into the mountains, where they met an older couple with whom they did some mountain walking. They then travelled south via Machu Pichu, the lost city of the Incas, to Bolivia to join a party from Bangor University. When they arrived at La Paz, capital of Bolivia, they learnt of the death of one of the University students, but the other three were continuing and the invitation to join them still stood.

So after a few days in La Paz, the Smythes boarded a truck which would take them up to the base camp.

Instead of showing us many coloured slides of people climbing, Mr. Smythe interestingly pieced together a typical ascent. The combined team carried on with the surveying, etc., for about two months when the Bangor team returned to England and the Smythes continued their holiday. It was at this point that Mr. Smythe finished his lecture.

I am sure that both the lecture and the excellent slides were enjoyed by all who attended.
J. P. H.

HOCKEY

FAILURE, perhaps, has been the key note of the 1st XI's efforts this term. The failure has been essentially a failure of the forwards to co-ordinate and play as a unit, with the result that in 5 major matches, Dean Close, Cheltenham College, Lydney, Colston's, and the Old Boys, not one goal was scored by us in the course of play. At the same time the defence has been strong in both halves and full-backs with considerable fluidity and on occasions excellent distribution of the ball, most notably at Colston's where we should have scored many times over.

Dean Close beat us 7—1 on their hard pitch, which is always an important factor to consider. This was followed by another defeat from a Cheltenham team when the College beat us 2—0. The Lydney G. S. match was played against a team with limited skill but our own standard was reduced and a goalless draw resulted. This was not the case at Colston's where the team we were playing against was of a very different calibre, but the result, a goalless draw, was the same. The Old Boys match we lost 3—0 but there were some sparks in attack and we came closer to scoring than at any other time during the season.

Finally we played a friendly match with Pate's Grammar School: eleven courageous girls stepped onto the pitch only to be hammered 9—0. A large score, but not a fitting recompense for a disappointing season.

1st XI—M. Barnes; E. Yates; D. Black; N. Johnson; C. Gray (*capt.*); J. Gray; M. Collins; J. Reason; T. Liddle; R. Mace; K. Belcher
Also played: R. Law; I. Niel.

UNDER 15 XI

THE season has been seriously curtailed by the weather and only two matches have been played. Despite the lack of pitch practice there was, however, an encouraging standard of play.

Colston's School was a new fixture and we hope to continue it. The teams were evenly matched and the result a draw, 1—1.

The match against Marlborough College was lost 0—1. The defence was sound but the forwards lacked co-ordinated thrust—a frequent comment. Had we not been able to take a full under 15 XI, including two players from 1st and 2nd XI's, the result might well have been a heavier defeat.

J. R. D.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

THE following matches were played at the end of the Christmas Term and were not recorded in the last issue:

'A' XV v PRINCE HENRY'S, EVESHAM, 1st XV Lost 0—9

Played under atrocious conditions. This 'A' XV, a scratch one due to the school play, played against a vastly bigger and heavier team. The score is a tribute to the defence of a side unused to playing together.

1st XV v MARLING 2nd XV Won 8—0.

Played in terrible conditions. The pack played consistently well, winning a good deal of clean ball for the backs. The score was 0—0 at half-time, but Johnson went through to score twice in the second half, Belcher converting one. Pressure in defence was heavy at times and the defensive capabilities of the team were well proven. This was the first victory against a Marling side at this level for many years.

1st XV v HEREFORD CATHEDRAL SCHOOL 2nd XV Won 6—3.

This was a somewhat scrappy match played in difficult pitch and weather conditions. The pack played very well and gained plenty of possession for the backs, who ran well with the

ball at times. Only one try resulted but this with a penalty from Belcher against a dropped goal was sufficient to give us the match.

1st XV v OLD RENDCOMBIANS Lost 3—11.

Play was very even and exciting in the first half with both sides playing enterprising rugby. The teamwork of the school side was just balanced by the greater weight and strength of the opposition. The match was soured in the second half by the captain of the O. R. 's starting an argument with the referee which very much upset the school side. Largely through superior physical powers the Old Boys eventually ran out winners by 11—3.

Two more junior matches were also played:

Under 15 XV v MARLING Lost 8—25

Under 14 XV v HEREFORD CATHEDRAL SCHOOL Won 17—0.

C. J. G.

OLD BOYS' NOTES

THE University of London has conferred the title of Professor of History on Dr. Douglas Dakin in respect of his post at Birkbeck College. He has also been appointed Head of the History Department at Birkbeck. In addition, the University of Salonica has conferred an honorary degree upon him in recognition of his studies in Greek history.

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D. G. Vaisey is still working at the Bodleian Library in Oxford and has just been appointed Deputy Keeper of the University Archives. He has recently added to his publications by producing an edition of a volume of Lichfield city documents.

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A. W. Morris, who has farmed 580 acres at Quennington for some time, is the new Chairman of the Gloucestershire Branch of the National Farmers' Union.

M. R. Butlin, who is still a keeper at the Tate Gallery and whose constant travels in pursuit of the arts in Italy have excited envy, announces at last that he is "engaged to a charming girl called Frances."

* * *

Alastair Wallace, after a varied career in Canada, is at the University of Toronto and expects to graduate this spring. His wife, Wendy, is also a Toronto graduate. He is coming to England for a month this summer and is anxious to contact his contemporaries at Rendcomb so as to arrange a party in Cheltenham. He would like to contact Roger Alder, Julian Astill, Douglas Barbour, James Bolton-King, David Godfrey, Michael Harley, Roger Hayter, Robert Lawson, Roger Pilkington, Hywell Richards, Martin Richards, David

Semple, Christopher Thomason. His address is [REDACTED] Willowdale, Ontario.

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Richard Verge is now Assistant Private Secretary to the Permanent Secretary for the Ministry of Public Building and Works. He has recently become engaged to Miss Elizabeth Hibbert of Steeple Ashton, Wiltshire.

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It has been emphasised more than once previously that it is extremely difficult to get information about the activities of Old Boys of the College. Since the present writer is retiring from the College in July this year he will write these notes only once again. Please do write and give him something to say!

J. C. J.