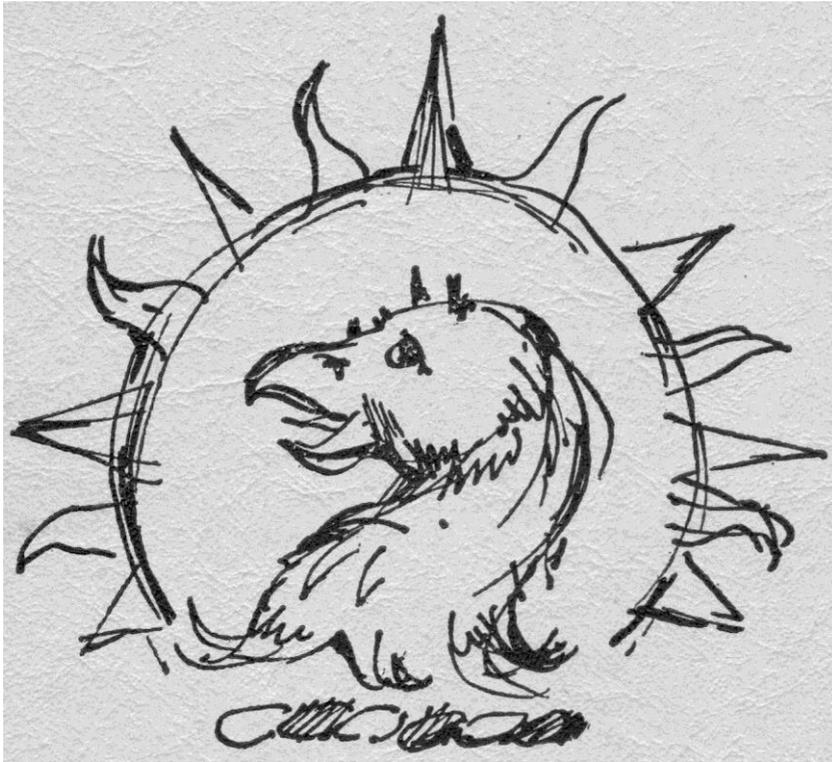


THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE

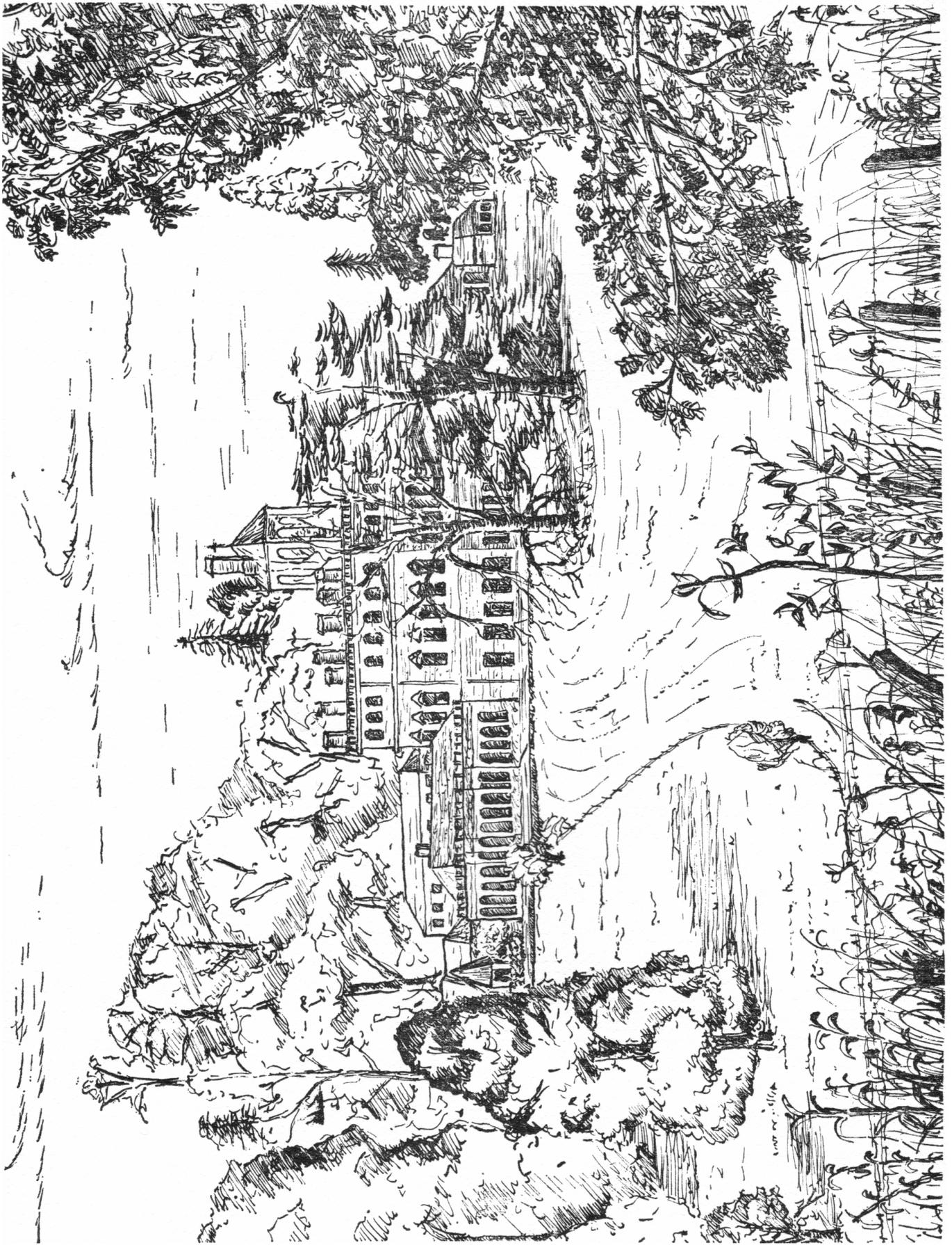


Vol. 15 No. 2

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EDITORIAL

A young Englishman stepped into a large Welsh castle; a week later a not so young man with strong Welsh connections stepped out of a small English school. The trumpets did not sound for the latter event.

But no apology is needed for the considerable amount of space devoted in this issue to appreciations of John and Kathleen James. Any school benefits occasionally from sentiments which remind it how much is owed to the dedication of its longer-serving staff; and this particular labour of love, starting in the remote 1930's, represents a sustained duet which is and probably always will be unique at Rendcomb and would be rare anywhere.

An editorial is not the place to eulogise in detail, to dwell on individual achievement or even idiosyncrasy. The present writer will perhaps chiefly associate his two friends with a view across a Cotswold slope, a room with a view, enlightenment; and one of the best of modern poets, a Welshman, has finely expressed this feeling, in a way that they would themselves fully understand:

*Like a painting it is set before one,
But less brittle, ageless; these colours
Are renewed daily with variations
Of light and distance that no painter
Achieves or suggests. Then there is movement,
Change, as slowly the cloud bruises
Are healed by sunlight, or snow caps
A black mood; but gold at evening
To cheer the heart. All through history
The great brush has not rested,
Nor the paint dried; yet what eye,
Looking coolly, or, as we now,
Through the tears' lenses, ever
saw
This work and it was not finished.*

We wish them both the happy retirement they so well deserve; and, with the College's jubilee imminent, we wish ourselves the prosperity which their efforts have helped to forge.

COLLEGE OFFICERS

Senior Prefect—C. P. Maberley

Prefects and Group Leaders—R. Laan; T. V. Liddle; M. R. Barnes; S. J. Brisk; D. F. R. Black; M. R. Dow

Public Workman—D. Simmons

Picture Man—M. B. Rees

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

Librarians—C. P. Maberley; M. R. Barnes; C. J. Wood; C. H. Moore; D. A. Tyler; N. R. H. Evans

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

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

Chairman—K. A. Belcher

Secretary—A. T. Patrick

Games Captain—D. F. R. Black

Games Committee—D. F. R. Black; K. A. Belcher; T. V. Liddle; M. R. Barnes; D. Tyler

Games Secretary—D. Tyler

Council—T. V. Liddle; M. R. Barnes; C. P. Maberley; M. R. Dow; S. Hook; P. Jones

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

Meeting Advisory Committee—M. Rees, M. R. Dow; D. Simmons

Meeting Banker—D. Simmons

Shop Banker—R. Pyecroft

Boys' Banker—R. Millard

Senior Shopman—O. G. Rhys

Entertainments Committee—M. Rees; A. J. C. Walker; N. O. Thomas; O. N. Brown; D. Wiggall

Breakages Man—A. Robertson

Junior Advocate—N. Hillier

Meeting Editor—M. Collins

Rugby Captain—M. R. Dow

Rugby Secretary—M. Collins

MISCELLANEA

NOT only do we bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. James but also to Mr. R. E. Caves, the senior Chemistry master, and his family, who return to Ireland. We wish Mr. Caves well on his native soil, thank him for his active enthusiasm as senior rugby coach, and congratulate him for surviving six years of Rendcombian Chemistry.

* * *

We offer a warm welcome to Mr. D. Price, senior History master at Colston's School, Bristol, and his family; Mr. Price will be taking over both History and rugby during his stay here. We also cordially welcome Mr. R. Kelsey and his family, from Shrewsbury; Mr. Kelsey has come to replace Mr. Caves as senior Chemistry master and Careers master.

We hope all will find their stay at Rendcomb pleasant and rewarding.

* * *

We say goodbye to the following boys and wish them luck in the future: C. P. Maberley; R. Laan; M. R. Barnes; T. V. Liddle; D. F. R. Black; S. Brisk; N. Green; H. Greenlaw; K. A. Belcher; S. Hook; J. Reason; M. Rees; D. Yates; C. Bradshaw; O. N. Brown; S. R. Hall; J. R. Harris; P. Isaac; A. Ross; R. Sirichitr; J. Brown.

* * *

We welcome the following newboys to the College at the start of the Autumn Term: K. Barraclough; R. Barratt; A. Bell; A. Bennett; N. Bradbury; J. Campbell; C. Dendy;

P. Everett; J. Falconer; P. Gready; M. Griffiths; S. Hicks; T. Hoskin; R. Hudson; T. Ingles; T. Longworth; T. Nicholas; M. Pitt; I. Read; R. Sherratt; S. Smith; P. Walton; A. Wilson; M. Jowsey; D. Pearce; S. McDonald; N. Roberts; W. Whatley.

* * *

The term has seen several trips to various places of entertainment: Forms II and III went to the Playhouse, Cheltenham, on the 29th April to see two Gilbert and Sullivan operas, "H. M. S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury"; two parties from the VI Form went to Stratford on the 25th April and the 9th May to see Shakespeare's "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; a VI Form group visited Stratford on the 4th July to see Middleton's "Women beware Women"; Form V saw Laurence Olivier's film of "Henry V" in Bristol on the 7th May.

* * *

The Bishop of Gloucester visited Rendcomb on the 23rd May to confirm 22 boys from the College.

* * *

This term has seen the long awaited establishment of judo classes, under the skilful supervision of Mr. A. Davies, and we hope that the enthusiasm he inspires in the present initiates in the sport will persist.

* * *

Some films on British Transport were shown to members of the College on the 19th April.

* * *

An Open Day was held on the 21st June and, thanks to the continuation of the warm weather, we received many parents and friends for the afternoon. Founder's Day was on the 28th June: the visiting speaker was the Bishop of Norwich, and extracts from the two main speeches are included in this issue.

* * *

Dancing classes continued this term under the supervision of Mrs. Scott, and several

sessions with Westonbirt dancers took place. A dance was held at the College on July 5th, and a number of young ladies were invited for the evening. Owing to the departure of one member of the usual group, two new groups successfully took the opportunity to play at this dance.

* * *

The photographs for this issue, except for those of Mr. and Mrs. James, were contributed by Robert Brown. Line-drawings are by Julian Reason, David Gray, David Bell, and Christopher Horton. Our grateful thanks to them.

* * *

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

MEETING NOTES

THE General Meeting this term has been somewhat less extrovert in the execution of its duties. Nevertheless it has, as always, been an interesting and amusing affair in carrying out the important duties to which it is assigned.

Very early in the term the question of leaving-presents for the members of staff leaving in the summer, Mr. and Mrs. James and Mr. Caves, arose. After much discussion over cost it was decided to buy a television for Mr. and Mrs. James and a table radio for Mr. Caves.

There was further discussion concerning the school magazine and the Meeting was informed of the high cost of it. It was suggested that a printing-press be acquired but this was dismissed as impractical and uneconomical.

The Meeting has found the service of Jackson's, the newsagent from Colesbourne, most satisfactory and all magazines will be ordered from them as the subscriptions run out.

At the final session, Mr. and Mrs. James attended and warmly thanked the Meeting for

its gift; Mrs. James duly noted her dubious honour of being the first lady ever to risk entering the masculine confines of the Meeting.

N. M. C.

MUSIC NOTES

AN informal concert of instrumental and orchestral music was given by members of the recently re-formed school orchestra on the 18th May.

The Choir has had another very active term. There was a recital of Church music in Rendcomb Church on June 1st with Cecil Adams, organ, and another in Ampney Crucis Church on July 3rd. The Founder's Day concert consisted of a work by Mozart: "King Thamos."

J. W.

CLIMBING NOTES

SEVERAL boys have been rock climbing this term, and some are beginning to be able to lead medium-grade climbs competently.

Wintour's Leap in the Wye Valley near Chepstow remains the regular haunt, but visits have also been paid to Cleeve Hill, the Avon Gorge, Pontesford Hill, and Snowdonia.

J. W.

BELL-RINGING

BELL-RINGING this term has been a more thriving activity than in other years. Apart from visits to various towers by some ringers, a band from Rendcomb also rang at a striking competition organised by the Cirencester Branch on the 21st June. Out of the four bands competing we came third, forty faults behind the first-placed team and forty faults ahead of the last one. As a climax to the term's ringing a band rang a Quarter Peal of Grandsire Doubles (1,260 changes lasting 45 minutes) and we are grateful to Richard Wood for returning to help us with it.

We are also grateful to Miss E. Bliss, our Ringing Mistress, for her drive and enthusiasm; without her, very little would have been achieved. Lastly, we thank our leavers, Stephen Brisk, Nigel Green, and Peter Isaac, for their active participation.

A. J. C. W.

FOUNDER'S DAY 1969 HEADMASTER'S REPORT

FIRST today I must express, however inadequately, Rendcomb's great gratitude to Mr. James on the eve of his retirement for his 38 years' service here as a master; during much of this time he has been second master and acted for a year as Headmaster after Mr. Lee Browne's death. The school owes him an enormous debt, as I do personally; he above all has been the cornerstone on which Rendcomb has rested; he has served under all Rendcomb's headmasters and has provided that continuity which is so important in a school, particularly in its early years. Headmasters have come and gone—not with any great frequency—but Mr. James has stayed. During Mr. Lee Browne's illness and after his death he was in charge of the school.

Throughout his career here he has trained generations of historians, many of whom have won scholarships to Oxford and Cambridge. But his interests have never been restricted to the classroom. He has always taken a prominent part in the life of the school—as indeed is essential in a small school, and for many years he ran the cricket. He has always kept in touch with the outside world: he has done a considerable amount of University extension work, is a prominent examiner on the Cambridge board, and is also involved in Schools Council work. We wish both Mr. and Mrs. James all happiness in their retirement. I am glad to say that they are staying in Rendcomb so we shall not be losing them.

We shall, I am afraid, be losing Mr. and Mrs. Caves and their family. Mr. Caves is

returning to Campbell College in Belfast. In the six years he has been here he has established Chemistry as a full part of the school curriculum; previously the only chemistry taught was a crash course for 'A' level scientists, taken by Mr. Fell in addition to teaching all the 'A' level Physics. He has also run the rugby with great enthusiasm and has been the first Careers master that Rendcomb has had. I should like to thank him for the important contribution he has made in the development of Rendcomb and hope that despite the distance we shall occasionally see them in England

Two Commissions have reported since last Founder's Day on matters which concern Rendcomb. First, the Public School Commission's report: the net effect at Rendcomb would be that we should have to cease taking boys from state schools, which has always been one of the objects of the Foundation; that is, unless we were prepared to sacrifice our independence and become subordinate to a new Whitehall body—the Boarding School Corporation—a sort of Educational Land Commission with power to raise levies, etc. But the less said about this report, the better. It has received an avalanche of criticism to which it would be superfluous to add. I believe and hope it is as dead as a dodo. Secondly, the Commission on Local Government: as the school has since its foundation always striven to maintain close links with the local authority, it is obvious that the recommendations of the Maud Report could have repercussions here, though not necessarily adverse.

What have been the main events within the school of the year now drawing to its close? In the field of teaching the most radical innovation has been the introduction of modern language classes to the language laboratory, which was installed at the beginning of the academic year, and which we owe to the generosity of the Dulverton Trust. This enables all boys in a class to take part simultaneously in oral work; in view of the growing

importance of knowledge of foreign languages and the emphasis on the ability to speak as well as the ability to read and write, this is a most important step forward.

In Physics the 'A' level candidates for the first time submitted projects as well as sitting the ordinary papers, so the labs were full of ingenious devices such as wind tunnels and linear motors. This involved Mr. Fell in a great deal of extra work, but it gives a valuable antidote to the theoretical nature of most 'A' level Science teaching. In Maths we have adopted at Form I level the new Cambridge syllabus which includes some of the new Maths, but it is clear that much of the old Maths remains essential; in fact more essential than any of the new Maths.....

Our last major improvement to the school buildings came into use last September, the Study Block. This gives us two new classrooms and a range of studies: as a result all boys in the sixth form and a considerable number in the fifth have an individual study bedroom or study. We hope the extension to the Games Field will be sown before long and the construction of two Squash Courts has begun. These will be of great use, particularly in increasing indoor sports opportunities during wet weather

In the uncertainties that educational reorganisation engenders I have found among parents, particularly at the interviews for Gloucestershire Foundationers, some justified confusion about the nature of the education that Rendcomb offers. I wish to make two points about this which I hope parents will give the widest publicity: first of all—Rendcomb is a selective school; that is, it offers a course suitable only for the abler child. If Comprehensive education expands, then I believe that in most cases it will be all the more important for Independent schools to remain selective. Secondly, while a boarding school can help with normal boys where home circumstances make day school difficult, and Rendcomb always has, this is entirely incidental. A boarding school requires boys with

more than an average sense of responsibility and adaptability; for boys with serious personal and emotional problems there could be few worse places than a normal boarding school.

Much the weightiest criticism of the boarding school is that the staff, because of the much increased supervisory duties, are distracted from their primary job of teaching, but this disadvantage is I believe outweighed by the close relationship between pupil and teacher, the community life, the greater opportunities for constructive use of spare time, and the ordered routine of the boarding school. The demand that some educationalists make of introducing permissiveness into a boarding school would destroy the purpose of a boarding school and is thoroughly harmful. But the people who should be blamed for the permissive society are not the pupils and students who ask for permission but those who give it, or encourage that it should be given—educationalists, headmasters, teachers at school and university, parents, and perhaps above all the small group who control the national press, broadcasting and Parliament. Easier divorce, easier abortion, debt, the use of social security payments for anti-social purposes, the levying of tax on money made by work but not by gambling, easier access to drugs, are all policies that have been recently pursued in London, and it looks as though it is only the last that will fail.

Whatever the individual merit of some of these proposals, the cumulative effect is, I believe, to increase social irresponsibility in the country as a whole, to create a feeling that the easy course is always the right course, that discipline and hard work are unnecessary. Such an atmosphere obviously makes life more difficult in a boarding school community. The best discipline in a school must be the self-imposed, and it is right that pupils, particularly in the Sixth Form, should have certain freedoms in order to learn to use them wisely. The problem is to determine the limits. The idea of a permissive society confuses the issue as it suggests there should be no limits.

Such a society is a figment of the imagination of our sillier intellectuals, who seem to be in over supply at the moment. It is an impossibility; the only alternative to a society with high standards of self-discipline backed in the last resort by legal sanctions and rules, is the harsh type of external discipline supported by much greater use of force that has characterised, for instance, Russia, both before and after the Revolution.

When a historian comes to record education in the sixties it may well be that he will conclude that schools and parents have erred on the side of giving too much rather than too little freedom to their children—though some developments which affect this issue have come to stay—the much greater wealth of pupils and the increased size of schools which makes control very difficult. Even so, I believe that the pendulum will and should swing against the permissive educationalist.

We have not experienced the trend away from Science that many schools have and a considerable majority of our Vith Form are pursuing science courses at 'A' level. For a boy doing Science 'A' levels a University place is almost assured, provided he passes, as the Universities now have too many places in this group of subjects. I would like to point out the merits of the sandwich course for the less academic—that is a course which includes training with a firm in industry or commerce as well as a University course. Some Old Rendcombians have found these courses very helpful; they give a more practical slant to training and the firms often show a greater interest in the welfare of the student than does the university. There is still a strong case for the more general education that traditional humanist subjects like History, English and Languages give at the University. There is less of a case for many of the courses in the social sciences, apart from economics, which tend to lack either the virtues of a general education or a vocational course.

I expect many of you are now questioning the value of a university education. While it

is true that there are one or two which I should do everything in my power to keep my children away from, the general impression given in the press is misleading. I have recently visited several universities and on the whole been impressed by the range of courses, the hard work that is done, and the full and happy life they offer. We do not have staff / parent meetings in the Sixth Form, but parents who would like to talk to me about careers and university courses for Sixth Formers are always most welcome. The easiest way is to ring the office and make an appointment; one time that is usually convenient and saves a journey is the Saturday morning before Fixed Exeats.

I would like to conclude by thanking the Governors, the staff and the parents for the support they have given the school this year. Next year will complete the first fifty years in Rendcomb's history and I believe that Noel Wills, if he were alive, would be proud of the work that this foundation has done over these years.

THE BISHOP OF NORWICH'S SPEECH (*Extracts*)

MR. CHAIRMAN, Headmaster, Governors, staff and boys of Rendcomb College—ladies and gentlemen: I must begin by expressing the sincere thanks of myself and my wife for your kind welcome to us. There have been personal inducements to undertake this honoured but hazardous task, but I have for many years hoped to have the opportunity to come here, having heard much about the purpose for which the College was founded and the way in which that purpose has been implemented. It was very kind of the Chairman to make the reference he did about my health—in more generous terms than those of a Senior Common Room of a college who when their Master was ill sent him the following message: “The Senior Common Room send you their best wishes for a full and speedy recovery—by 12 votes to 11.”

Making a speech is full of pitfalls. I have been reminded that the Patron Goddess of prize day speeches is the Goddess Anaesthesia—but I hope at Founder’s Day to-day to be under other patronage! I have therefore felt it prudent to start with a story which I heard some weeks ago. I tried it out on one of my Suffragan Bishops who said he thought it had gone well when first he used it ten years ago! My wife is now familiar with it but I’m not going to be put off—for it suits my theme and my feelings.

A student had been over in the States studying for a year in an American University. He had picked up an American accent and one of their sweaters with huge letters embroidered across his chest—the initials BAIK. His friend who met him at the airport asked him what this stood for—was it a baseball or football team he played for?

“No,” he said, “it wasn’t any team at all.”

“Well, then, what does it stand for?”

“BAIK—Boy, am I Konfused.”

“But you don’t spell confused with a K.”

“Say—nor you do—just shows how confused I am!”

“Boy am I confused”—that may be taken as typical of mid-20th century man—and I want to take you a bit outside our immediate surroundings and say a word or two in applying that slogan in a wider context.

Some people, not only of the younger generation, would say that in the world of to-day mankind is experiencing a kind of emancipation—entering a brave new world—more open to the nurture of the human spirit, less inhibited by the conventions of our predecessors. Others—and not only the older generation—have a rather melancholy sense that everything they value is going by the wind—without adequate alternatives to put in their place. Whatever view you take—and there is perhaps some truth in both of them—the past 25 years have seen the world change out of all recognition. There have been a social revolution and a scientific revolution which have radically affected what people do, the devices they use, the way they think. And these changes have taken place at a speed unparalleled in previous generations.

Whether the world of this next decade will be a brave one remains to be seen—but it’s certainly going to be new. And a new world faced with one major predicament: that there appear as yet to be no very clear and commonly agreed ideas about the objectives which should be followed, or the choices which should be adopted in making good use of the amazing opportunities which are being put within our reach through man’s skill and inventiveness... If the object you are undertaking is not of itself sufficient as a stimulus, one falls back on some external incentive. You need in a sense to be *pushed*, and the commonest external incentives are either rewards and deterrents on the one hand or competition on the other.

Rewards and deterrents have been a stock in trade for all sorts of communities—in schools, in the armed forces, and in industry. However great the rewards or dire the deterrents, experience goes to show that these alone will not of themselves produce the desired results.

Competition appears to be a good deal more productive.

You may know Clough's modern decalogue: "Thou shalt not covet—but tradition approves all forms of competition."

Here—in competition—is a powerful incentive, accepted as axiomatic in the world of business and responsible I would think for many of the worst evils of our day. In short, it is the main ingredient in a disease from which our society so conspicuously suffers—namely the rat race.

I would submit that one way towards helping to remedy this is to bring about a much needed reform within the educational system—namely to include a period of involvement with service to the community at home or overseas as an ingredient of the latter part of every young person's education before entering employment or going to University or other education. The options could be very wide, for recent experience has gone to show how far the gifts and capacities of young people can be used to great effect in a wide range of social services...

Others could share in community schemes of a constructive and constructional character. There is every evidence to show that such opportunities would be welcomed by young people themselves, a chance to put their capacities to good use, and that they would gain a great deal within their time of education from being actively involved in society. There is not time for me to develop this concept except to say that I believe it to be practical and desirable and would provide some antidote to the ills that arise from the attitudes of competition.

Of course it depends on how you compete. When you play a game, for example, you try to win—and it isn't much of a game unless you do. But the definition of a good game is not necessarily the game you happen to have won. Nor does competition need to lead—as it can all too often lead—to running down the other side...

It is perhaps the competitive attitude which

more than anything bedevils an appreciation of the distinctive merits of other people, other schools, other countries. We keep thinking that the only thing that matters is where we come in order of merit, which is quite beside the point for the very good reason that every person is different and the community of a school gets its distinctive character from the different people who, in successive generations, have belonged to it.

The thing that matters is not that this school should be better than other schools (whatever that would come to mean, or however that might be measured) but that it should be as good a school as possible—and this I would judge is a very fair description.

Whilst for ourselves, it is not really a matter of competing; but rather of making the best and most creative and positive use of the talents that we have been given.

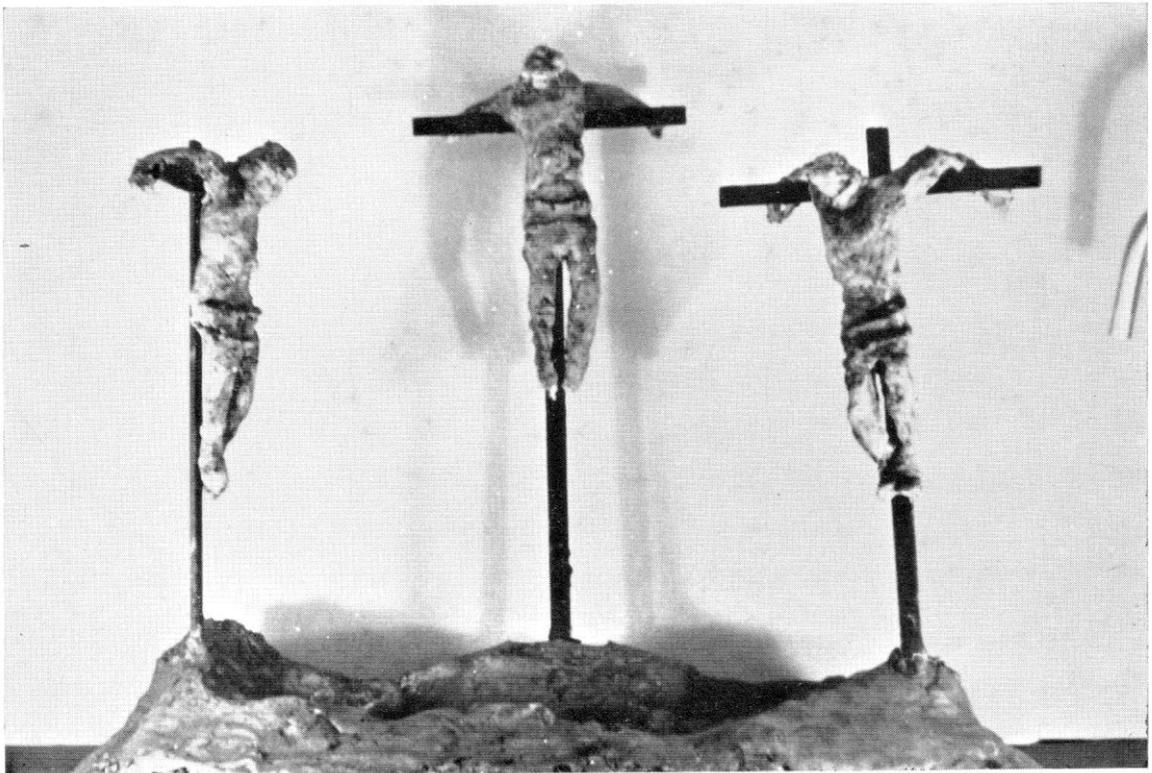
The crucial factor, I believe, lies in that word 'positive'—for there is an attitude of a precisely opposite kind which is pretty underhand and very destructive. You see it in people who don't see much point in living and whose sense of insecurity is expressed in a destructive, denigrating cynicism which acts like a canker in society and is very damaging. Are we able to hold a positive belief in people—a positive belief in life?... Education can never be adequate if its content is parochial or insular; we are bound to recognise that we are members of a world community and learn to live that way. We have entered an era when inevitably we are becoming increasingly conscious of other nations. Surely what we look for is a concept of the peoples of the world which sees them first and foremost as human beings—as fellow inmates of a world community.

Only then will it be possible to reach a sense of proportion in applying new knowledge. Is it really sense to spend immense amounts of money on the means of destroying men when the pressing human problem is the condition of the under-developed countries where 300 million of the world's citizens are underfed and will not grow to full mental and

Continued on page 23



Woodwork Exhibition, Founder's Day



Part of the Art Exhibition, Founder's Day



Woodwork Exhibition, Founder's Day



THE RABBIT

Stephen Hook

OUT in the hot, green field, two large red tractors were working. Two large throbbing machines filling the air with mechanical noise, a brilliant blue sky shimmering in the heat. One was cutting the tall green grass, the mower swaying back and forth in time to unheard music, the pointed grass falling like so many soldiers slaughtered by invisible bullets.

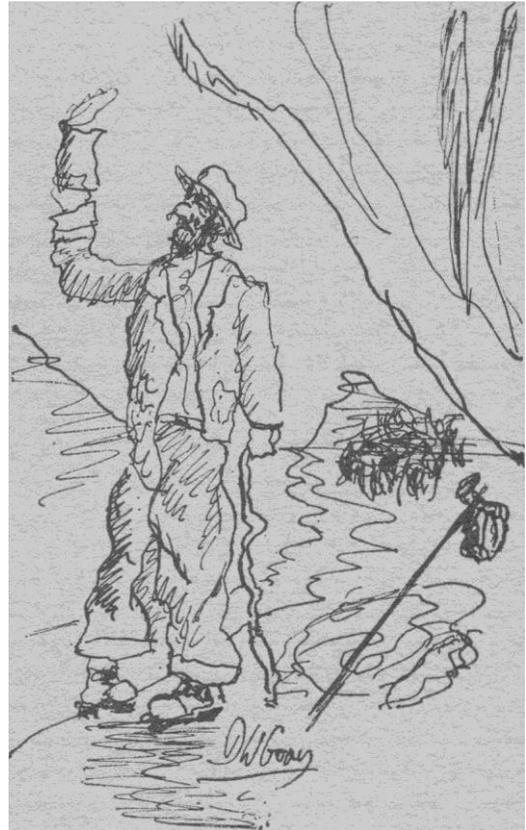
Behind the other tractor the fallen grass, already withering and yellowing under the vicious heat of the morning, was being turned. Over and down the grass was moved, over and down, exposing more grass to the heat of the sun.

On the second tractor was a boy of fifteen. He sat restlessly on the red machine, turning its wheel mechanically as he came to the end of the field, and he was singing old songs at

THE PROUD

David Walker (Form III)

The baron, in his fine apparel,
Strolls lazily through the borders of blooming
roses;
His fine lace handkerchief falls upon the
ground,
Unheeding, his Lordship passes on;
A little dog barks unnoticed at his feet,
His Lordship passes, head held high.
Then he proceeds through the great palace
gates,
Valets stand rigid as he passes,
Ladies stoop respectfully;
He comes upon the throne room,
Panelled doors are thrown wide open.
The baron enters, head drooped,
Kneels at the King's feet,
And kisses his hand.



the top of his voice to relieve the monotony of his work.

In one of the lines of fallen grass ahead of this boy and his tractor crouched a brown form, which stirred and twitched its ears, seeking the source of the noise, bright eyes seeking a possible danger, an active mind working overtime. As the tractor drew closer the noise of the diesel motor filled the whole atmosphere, the rabbit becoming greatly agitated and filled with fear, fighting a desire to flee, instinct telling it to stay and remain hidden.

Behind the tractor the prongs of the turner flailed like a Dutch windmill, round and round, occasionally throwing up a damp piece of the dying grass into the air. The paint from the prongs had been worn off, exposing the metallic colouring beneath. There were spaces in the prongs where some, like teeth, had fallen out due to old age.

As the tractor passed over the rabbit the smell of diesel and oil became overpowering, the noise beyond the realms of tolerance, and the rabbit ran—backwards. There was no one to tell the rabbit a tractor moves in straight lines and is easily avoided. Only blind panic filled its small brain. The prongs dipped mercilessly, ripping skin, tearing living flesh, exposing, coiled, its intestine. The rabbit was rolled over, another cruel prong piercing the active brain via an eye. In that moment the rabbit twitched once, then all life left the body, and a piece of the world died.

The boy never heard the death scream above his own voice. He continued driving his machine up and down, up and down, until at twelve, both tractors' engines were switched off, their engines dying, but without pain, leaving the field quiet except for the sound silence makes. As the boy made his way across the field the strong scent of drying grass caused him to sneeze, and to look down as he did so. At his feet was the bloody mess of the rabbit, the guts broken, exposing the contents, the eye socket empty save for clotted blood.

Flies were already beginning to use this source of food.

“Revolted,” the boy said, giving the mess a wide berth, causing the flies to move as he stirred.

As he was eating his lunch he said, for lack of anything else to say, “Saw a ripped up rabbit in the field.”

“Pity,” said his mother absent-mindedly, and finished making the custard.

FEAR OF THE UNSEEN **Richard Law**

The humanoid shape
A shadow on the snow
Cast by a mercury vapour
Recently bought street lamp
Humanoid splits like an
Amoeboid into two
Both boy and girl
Look frozen cold
But don't ever care
You see, they love
Each other in turn
Longing last kiss
Keeps blowing snow
Off two coat fronts
Pressing close together
Long locked wet hair
Tangles and holds
Their white-capped heads
Touching
Joined around lips
Such a pity
I can't see them
The drifting snow
Blots out all vision
Except imagination...

TO DIE AND LIVE

William Nesham

And when I feel my gun
Jerk in my hand,
I'll watch my little metal bullets
Tear, shatter and destroy.
I'll see him buckle, bleed and fall;
Then I will know what it is to die.
But when another's bullets
Tear my flesh, shatter my bones,
They will deflect the current of my blood,
Pouring it into the earth;
And as I lie in the dirt,
My brain will slowly numb,
My whole existence swirl before my eyes,
Then,
Then I'll know what it is to live.

CHIPS WITH NOTHING

Peter Jones

OFF he went into the night over the unevenly matched flagstones, past the creosote-breathing, earwig-infested palings topped with straggly privets revving up between each reassuring pool of lamplight, all of 500 yards to his destination, while the hand-clutched money in his grey-trousered pocket thumped rhythmically against his groin like an extra testicle. The narrow streets were full of people but no-one took any notice of him. He was glad he was such an inconspicuous, insignificant man.

The chip shop gleamed in the distance, beckoning him on after a couple of threatening corners; a peaceful island after a stormy passage. The smell of vinegar on paper, of fat on metal, of batter on the flesh of people suddenly hit his fantasy-full mind as he loped through the Saturday night dusk to the chip shop. The people gathered round just outside under the margarine yellow glow of the rickety standard lamp while the stale smell of fish and potato wrapped round them like a sticky flypaper.

He thought of a million and eighty-six things but his main concern did not trouble him. All he thought about was relieving his hunger. In his mind he compared the chip shop to a stage, the latest member of the chorus in order of appearance. He thought that no order of presentation was more rigid than one's position in that intricately winding queue of old men in cloth caps and white silk scarves over collarless shirts, faces hollowed by badly-fitting false teeth and chiselled into comical-tragical masks of poverty, fat ladies in thin navy-blue coats which showed the corset armour underneath, and girls, girls, girls—he could hardly resist touching them.

The progress was slow and unresented as the adults exchanged elaborate, almost meaningless, circumlocutory formalities, mainly old gossip and local topography, and the youngsters beat each other cheerfully and pulled faces. This amused him.

Between the people and the four-bin row of glistening metal pans, deep baths of molten fat covered with curved and sliding lids, stood a chest-high wooden counter of bare scrubbed wood, like the bed of an abandoned river. At both extremes were piles of old newspapers whose porous smudged leaves added an inky tang to each crispy helping, much prized by connoisseurs. In the middle stood a skyline of condiments, deliberately made too big to steal, for those second-class citizens who intended to eat their order walking the streets. Great lemonade bottles of malt vinegar with leaking tops, which sprayed brown jets over everyone when shaken by the inexperienced, stood next to tin canisters of salt and pepper large enough, he thought, to season dinner for a prison.

He was certainly impressed by the chip shop man. He was a dominating, wary person in a stained white coat, embalmed and preserved in his own grease. While he waited for one lot to be finished by the skinny, acidulated wisps of women who were dredging away behind him, scooping out the golden catches by things which he thought looked remarkably

like those soap-holding instruments which hang by the sides of baths, the chip man was dipping fresh fish in eggy dressing and forcing potatoes through a razor-edged press by pulling down a weighted handle. The rhythm was unchanged and monotonous. It all appeared to be an operation of the utmost possible smoothness and ingenuity.

Yes, his mind was far away from his own predicament. He was completely hypnotised by the atmosphere in the chip shop. The ritual was still the same as it was in the good old days, but now he was to start living again. He was free, free to do whatever he wished, and he was to begin to re-live his second life in the chip shop and he was excited at the prospects. His mind switched from one subject to another as he was pushed to and fro in the never-ending queue. Queues? Oh, yes, good to be British, he thought. Chips, chips, girls, chips, that's what his mind was on one minute but then he thought of the past, the depressing past with all its horrors. He thought how disastrous it would be if the Americans invaded the British chip market. To meet hygienic requirements of trans-Atlantic law and the finicky taste of its diners

the newspaper would be plastic, overprinted with old front pages of "The News of the World," and each customer would be supplied with a soap-impregnated paper towel to clean his fingers afterwards.

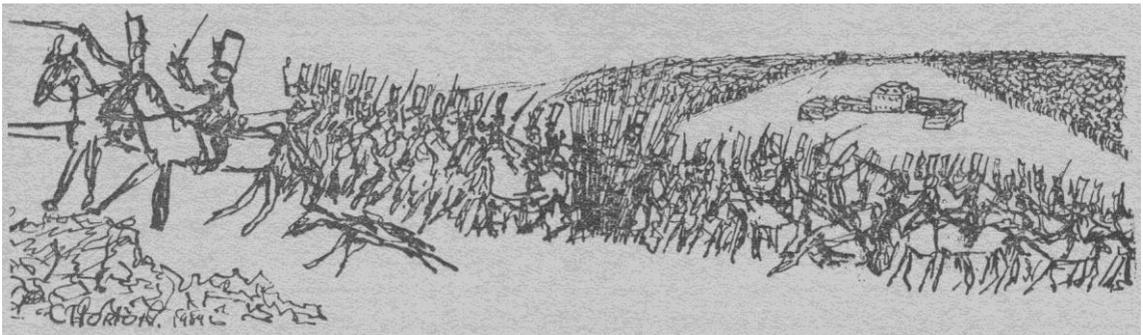
But no, this was not America, this was good ol' Britain. Then he suddenly realised that he was second in order of appearance and he was getting nervous and excited.

Christ, he thought, what should I do?

Then the chip shop man monotonously said, "Next, please." God, he thought, why do they always have cockney accents?

"Um, two bob's worth of chips, please, guvnor," he said politely in his best possible English accent.

By this time his eyes and mouth were watering, his armpits were sweating and as he wiped the beads of sweat off his neck and face he realised his heart was thumping rapidly. All he thought about now was getting that delicious, beautiful, slimy greasy hot chip in his mouth, when suddenly a voice said, "Hey, steady on, Fred, old man, you've still got three years to go yet before you get out of this bloody place."



ONE DAY SOON

Roger Pycroft

ALONE, alone in the stillness of a war-wrecked world, the dust was still settling, when Xenon, of the earth division, stumbled into consciousness. His head was spinning, he felt sick. He lay on the cracked earth for the next hour trying to reorientate his brain. Half thoughts flashed through his head while he was remembering.

The first atomic war—yes, now he remembered. An atomic war had been started. Why, he was not sure. Maybe it was some crackpot president whose “finger had slipped.” However, that was now irrelevant. This was the cause of his present position. Soon he realised that he might be the sole survivor. It was a miracle that anyone should survive, but why him? He had lain hours, maybe days, unconscious. Bit by bit as he lay there he recalled his last conscious moments.

It was one of those freak summer heat-waves. He had been lazing in the garden under a deep blue sky. Suddenly there was a droning in the air. He had looked up; seeing nothing, he returned to his news pack. Seconds later the sound ceased and was replaced by the unmistakable roar of an atomic bomb. He had hesitated and then, seeing a “mushroom” on the horizon, he had bundled his wife and two children into the jet-car and sped out to the country, where at least there was no danger from falling debris should the bombs be a widespread attack.

They were, and twenty minutes later the air had been full of swirling smoke and dust, choking everything in sight.

Now he was lying still in the deafening silence which was the perfect contrast to the roar of the twenty-minute battle. Theoretically on-one had a chance of surviving. Why then was he alive, and if he was alive maybe there were other lucky people. He glanced at the wrecked jet-car and realised some people had not made it.

He struggled to his feet. Dizzy from exposure and hunger, he looked around. There was nothing. Nothing for miles and miles except a dirty grey brown landscape where once the third largest city in Eurasia had stood.

In order to live he must eat. He told himself to start walking. But after such a heavy dose of radiation he was on the verge of death and made very slow progress. He headed for the flattened town on the chance that some store would still be standing upright enough for him to salvage some nourishment.

Hours later he was near the centre of the town and had found nothing as yet. Each step was a mental and physical effort. At the next corner he promised himself a rest. But when he turned the corner he thought he saw some motion about two hundred yards up the street. He called out (did his voice really sound so bad?) The stranger stopped and twisted round.

Motionless, they glared at each other. The gradual disintegration of nearby buildings was the only sound, a whisper in the background. Above, in the sky, were ominous clouds of radioactive dust. Glints of blue sky appeared from time to time and there was a faint breeze blowing into Xenon’s face, occasionally flicking a wisp of hair across his face. They stood in the sweltering heat facing each other for what seemed a lifetime. The breeze blew on, the swirling dust whirled and danced in the sky.

Xenon could not believe his eyes. Before him stood a human monster, a freak of nature, a monstrosity, but definitely based on a human. Yet as he watched the being in front of him was visibly undergoing a metamorphosis. Where his arms had been a flap of flesh now existed. Several square feet of flesh only a fraction of an inch thick. His neck was shrinking and now his head formed a part of his trunk.

This creature vaguely, repulsively reminded Xenon of something, but what? Seconds later, when the legs of the ‘man’ had fused together in front of his aching eyes, he realised. This supposedly human being was now

changing into a mere fish-like creature.

He stood, dazed by what he was seeing, but seemingly incapable of going any nearer this amphibian. Amphibian—but fish generally are not amphibious—what happens when the change is complete? He will need water but there is no water for miles and miles. What will happen when gills appear? His thoughts laboured to conjure up some way of getting this poor creature to water. He could not just let him die. In this heat he did not expect any water to exist anywhere.

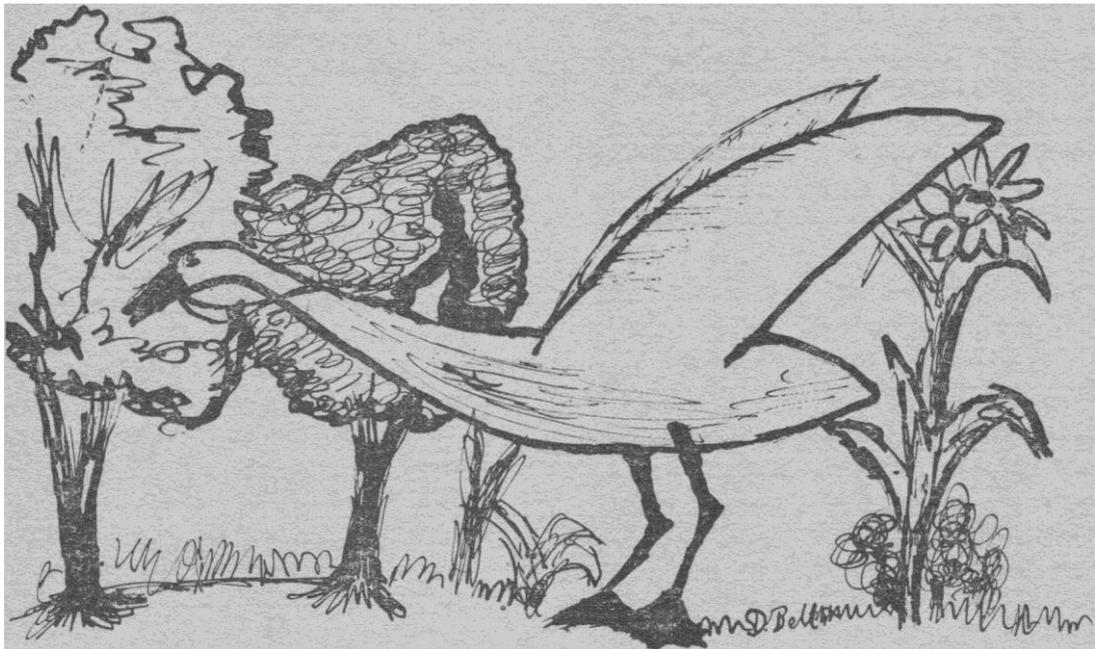
Then the moment he dreaded came. Dark patches were forming on the creature's side—gills were forming. Seconds later they were complete. The fishman jerked spasmodically and fell, thrashing, to the ground. While he was in his last throes his feet changed to a fan-like tail. Then the whole of his body silvered over and he lay still. Every now and then he twitched as his nervous system died out. His scales flashed in the sun, which had

managed to force its way through the thinning clouds.

Xenon could not move, his thoughts flashed from one thing to the other; he was petrified at the sight of death. He had felt tired and sick when he was coming towards the town—but this...

Suddenly he noticed it was growing much hotter, unless it was his imagination. A thousand suns whirled around him. He tried to put out his arms to break his fall but there was no response from his arms. His body felt—different. He tried to look down at it but he had no bend in his neck. He could only see straight in front of him. He tried to walk and fell over, writhing on the floor, trying to regain an upright position. Someone was filling the air with cotton wool. He tried to shout but nothing happened. He struggled. He knew this was the end, his last bad dream.

The last man-fish on earth died without fuss.



THE VOLCANO

Philip Lamphree (Form I)

Hideously rumbling,
Grumbling to itself.
Belching flame
And raining sparks and rocks.
Lava twists and worms
Among the trees.
Splitting craters
Open to the breeze
That carries ash,
Fumes, and smoke.
Thundering boulders
Scream down the red-hot sides.
Lava swells forwards
In pulsing tides.
Slowly
The rumbling grows.
Quickly
The lava flows
And seeps
And creeps into the ground.
Then all around
Is torn by the roasting blast.
The furnace has opened its door.

EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE

Martin Dow

THE helicopters dropped in like six metal slugs. They hung, in a last-minute hesitation, bodies quivering under the rotor blades. Then the leader dipped and headed crabwise for the dry grassy landing zone. The others followed, each a million dollars' worth, product of a thousand men.

The leader touched and bounced then settled down, the engine still clattering. The soldiers flung themselves out, each a machine, trained alike, rolling on the dusty ground, struggling with their equipment. They cost their pay, food and training to their country, expensive but expendable. From behind the

shady leaves, from under the cover of bushes and trees, the guerrillas trained their guns on them. They too had their price, these men; their scarcity value. They were the ones who cared about anything enough to kill for it and believe they were right. They were irreplaceable.

The second and third helicopters landed, the first men out dropping out under the fire from the guerrillas. Men sweated over their guns, hot and grimy, hands numbed by the recoil. Carbine, rifle and machine gun spat and jerked, flared and grew hot. Nobody thought of people but only destroyed what they could in a vicious game where the winner lost least.

Above their heads the fifth helicopter was hit and dropped out of the sky like a wasp-ridden plum landing amongst the soldiers. The body bulged and burst, and metal and man were scattered over their crouching bodies. Blood and fuel flocked the ground. Over the radio came the call to the soldiers to re-embark, leaving the price of battle slumped on the grassy field. As the last chopper rose, it clipped a tree in its scramble upwards. Its balance was lost and it slid insanely in the air until finally it swung into another tree and cart-wheeled into the ground, leaving a trail scored in the soil, as the rest of the machines climbed away from it.

Each man and machine lost had its price in public opinion and cash, and the soldiers reckoned up the cost for the press, whilst the guerrillas moved about the field, scavenging. The men were lost but the guns still worked.

A REVOLUTIONARY IN CHURCH

William Nesham

I sat in a pew. In your house,
A draughty dump.
Listening to your servant
Preach your word to me.
“God wants us to love one another,
Love thy neighbour. . .”
A look of distaste flickers on his face;
I follow his glance;
Oh dear! Mrs. Hodges has not polished
The gold cross he gave the church last year.
He is your servant.
I look around at your flock,
Again, O Lord, you’re welcome.
Mrs. Bryn-Bevan is whispering to her
neighbour.
“Mrs. Hodges has forgotten to polish the cross
The dear rector gave.”
A nod, a pause, another nudge.
“Miss Park is in the family way.
How she can show her face here I don’t know.”
It’s your flock.
However, I grant, there is Revd. Cudson
(curate).
Under the glare of Mrs. Bryn-Bevan, smiles
Sympathetically at Miss Park.
The redoubtable Mrs. Bryn-Bevan
recommences:
“That new curate, I’m told,
Was seen in Fenson Street
Going into that house at the end,”
(The neighbour gasps)
“... and talking to people in the cafe.”
A moral blush struggles through the powder.
“Love thy neighbour...
Be not like the..”
They’re yours, J. C.,
And you’re bloody welcome.
I looked up from the flock,
I looked at you, their idol,
Hanging on your cross.
I look again.
Your beard is long and stringy

As is your hair—like mine?
You seem to look at me, not hate.

I laugh; Mrs. Bryn-Bevan really fumes.
I laugh, harsh, mocking.

You’re a bloody revolutionary too.

You smile.
St. Peter, the Rock, a trawler hand with big
fists,
A head for cheap wine and whores;
The Sons of Thunder, black eyes, grazed
knuckles;
Matthew and Judas, crooks lean and mean.

I shake with cruel laughter.

You laugh too, loud, clear,
But,
But somehow generous,
Humorous not cruel.

They beat you up and crucified you,
They beat up Che and shot him,
But Che is dead and gone.
Only Christé lives forever.
Viva Christé, Christé lives.

SITUATION VACANT

Stephen Brisk

“SITUATIONS VACANT”—Position in surgical
appliances field for ambitious young man,
18-21, with 3 ‘A’ levels. Applications to 8-12
Primrose Hill, Greaseborough.

In the career of every young man there
comes a time when he is faced with the cruel
realisation that life is not just a bowl of cherries
—this harrowing experience occurs some-
where on the road between acrid adolescence
and smooth senility at such a time as the
would be school-leaver seeks employment.
This was certainly the case for Tom, Dick,
and Harry.

Tom came from what his colleagues had
decided was a fairly well to do bourgeois
family—so much so in fact that Tom had
carried the nickname “Boyjoysoy Bill” from
the days of his primary education. Tom, who
had always been a bit of a rebel, quick to take

up long hair, spots and pimples, had been persuaded by his seedy sister Sally to apply for the surgical appliances job. From Tom's point of view the most gruelling part of the preparations for the interview had been the haircut. His father, who was a conservative old stick, had decided for Tom that long hair just was not on for this interview. And on Thursday, the day before his appointment at 8, Primrose Hill, Tom said goodbye to his mates after school and set out with a gloomy countenance for the barber. So now Tom was sitting in front of the television watching "Top of the Pops" with his slightly shorter hair brushed neatly behind his ears. Grandpa's false teeth were rattling away to the music.

"This good?" he asked Tom, unable to believe his own eyes and worn out ears. "Yes, smashin', grandpa, you big creep," replied Tom to his deaf ancestor.

"Early to bed now, Tom!" yelled his mother in her usual high, piercing, highly aggravating voice as she hurried through the sitting room. "You have a train to catch in the morning."

"Yes, Mother," Tom replied, and after the News he went to his room, got his suit and briefcase ready for the morning and went quickly to sleep.

"Come now," said Mrs. Lawrence to Tom when he came down to breakfast in his pyjamas, "you can't go out like that."

And so, after several similar such maternal comments, Tom, looking absolutely stunning in his charcoal grey suit, left the house with his briefcase in his right hand and a copy of "The Daily Mirror" for appearances' sake stuffed under his left arm. The train journey to Greaseborough passed quickly and without incident except for the suicidal attempt of one elderly lady to see if she could retrieve an apple Tom had mistakenly thrown out of the window. At Greaseborough station Tom hailed a taxi, which dropped him off outside 8-12 Primrose Hill—it was an old decrepit, fallen down building with "Surreys Surgical Appliances" scratched across the plaster on the front. Tom pushed his way through a

large door and pressed the bell which confronted him at the enquiries desk. He was taken past rows of plastic limbs to the back of the building and shown into a shabby little room where there were two other lads presumably attending a similar appointment.

Tom sat down and nodded at the other two boys, also in charcoal grey suits. They nodded back and introduced themselves. "I'm Dick," and "I'm Harry."

Tom said, "Hello, I'm Tom, are you both applying for the job?"

"Yes," they replied in unison.

Several silent moments passed until a deafening voice growled from the next room, "Would Dick Marlowe come through, please?"

Dick stood up, checked his appearance in the mirror and went through.

"Good luck; hope you get the job," lied Tom.

After an hour or so Dick came out of the room in a semi-hysterical state and asked Harry to go through to the interview. Tom repeated his "Good luck; hope you get the job," and settled down to an hour and a half long wait. There were no books or magazines to have a look at so Tom had to make the most of the dirty mirror on the wall—he stood up and brushed his suit, once more combed the hair, which was now over his ears, neatly behind them, straightened his tie, squeezed a blackhead which had appeared on his nose and sat himself down again. At last it was Tom's turn—Harry had come out from the next room with blood all over his hands, screaming.

Tom went into the room, with more than a little apprehension. There sitting behind a desk in the hot, clammy office, was half a man, perhaps more accurately described as a cripple with his left arm and leg missing; there was also a notable absence of the left half of his rib cage. The right half of his body was completely intact and fully clothed while on the left side the clothes were cut away to reveal a number of nylon loops sewn in the skin on the various stumps.

“Good morning, Mr. Lawrence,” he growled. “My name is damaged Dennis. I’m pleased to meet you, take a seat.” Tom sat down.

“The position which I am endeavouring to fill is that of a receptionist in our fitting department—the qualifications I require are three ‘A’ levels together with a sympathetic understanding of our clients’ needs.”

The room was far too hot and stuffy; however, this did not worry Tom as much as the very glazed look damaged Dennis was giving him—it gave Tom the impression that Dennis was looking right through him.

“Oookey, dokey then,” damaged Dennis started, “what have you got to say for yourself then?” Tom went through his well-rehearsed speech, which his father had written for him, with alarming accuracy—damaged Dennis showed no sign of emotion, surprise or even interest, he merely waited until Tom had finished his speech and then began to speak.

“Right, now if you would like to stand up and go to that wall”—he pointed to a curtained wall—“and pull back the curtains.” Tom obeyed, and as the curtains folded back, they revealed the most magnificent display of artificial limbs Tom had ever seen; but all the time he was distracted by the way in which Dennis’s face, not eyes, followed his every move.

“Right,” Dennis continued, “if you would like to measure up my limb and then fit me up with a left hand set from that assortment I will perhaps be able to judge your ability as a fitter.

Tom measured Dennis up with speed and accuracy, listing the result as he did so—he then retired to the selection of plastic limbs and after about ten minutes he had collected a left hand, rib cage and shoulder plate piece together with two magnificent shiny left limbs—he lifted them up and took them over to Dennis but alas, as he did so, his hair fell over his ears to show the true long-haired Tom. He quickly flicked it back behind his ears,

hoping that Dennis had not seen him. Then the fitting started—Tom started with the left leg, took the strap from the top of the plastic limb and began to buckle it onto the stump of Dennis’s hip—the perspiring skin moving underneath his hand was too much for Tom who began to hurry his task in increasing panic, every so often flicking his hair behind his ear again. At last the distasteful task was completed. Tom collapsed into his seat and surveyed his work—with dismay he noticed that damaged Dennis had three legs and only one arm, but strangely Dennis had not seemed to have observed this. Tom pulled his suit straight, desperate to keep up his stunning appearance.

A white walking stick fell to the ground in a corner of the room; the guide dog barked under the table. Still unaware of the error, damaged Dennis suddenly yelled, “Your measurement was perfect but I suffered great pain; I am sorry to have to tell you that your standard of fitting does not come up to that specified by the Ministry of Fitting.” Tom stood up, said goodbye and departed, feeling somewhat nauseated by the whole experience.

On Greaseborough station he bought a copy of the “Evening News.” When he sat down in his compartment he turned to the classified advertisement section. There was only one advertisement that night:

Situations vacant—Position in contraceptive field for ambitious young man, 18-21, with 3 ‘A’ levels. Applications to..

“They must be joking!” Tom yelled out to the empty compartment.

**SOME MORE
HALLUCINATIONS**

**Paul Rose and
Jonathan Fletcher (Form I)**

1. He thought he saw an old oil-drum
That ran around the park.
He looked again and found it was
A savage, stranded shark.
“I wonder if I should,” he said,
“Bravely attempt to bark?”
2. He thought he saw a bent clock-tower
Whose wheels were upside down.
He looked again and found it was
A drunk old circus clown.
“I wonder if you are,” he said,
“An adverb or a noun?”
3. He thought he saw an Oxford pad
Whose cover was not blue.
He looked again and found it was
A size fourteen brown shoe.
“Please come and look at this,” he said,
“And at the other too.”
4. He thought he saw an ambulance
That wasn't painted white.
He looked again and found it was
A mediaeval knight.
“It's either me or you,” he said,
“Whose calendar's not right!”

WAITING FOR HER RETURN

Richard Law

The black and white herd
Clustered around
My sitting body,
Sandpaper licking
My Extra-tuf shoes.
Turn by turn
The heads come,
Sniff, lick, and go.
What attracts them?
Is it the music
From the Peel archive
From Ceylon,
Or is it
Ivor Cutler's
Pedantic poetic voice?
Or is it just me?
I wish they only had two legs,
And a skirt.

STEMS

David Bell (Form II)

LOOKING up at the tree, I see the stems expand until they dissolve at the tips. The life of the tree stretches to the edge but against the clear, grey morning sky it looks like fissures in the path of an expedition, each small crack hiding a massive ditch, a hazard for any explorer. Each of the tree's twigs contains secrets unknown to the human race. The twigs are dead and brittle and birds that land on the outer reaches often have a shock when they find themselves plummeting towards the ground with the broken splinters trailing behind.

The whole panorama is like the human body, a vast series of interwinding blood vessels, all equally important. It resembles paint dribbling down a piece of paper, expanding its tendons as the colour diminishes outwards. But as in all these the heart is at the root.

WATCH WITH MOTHER, AND BE WARNED

Stephen Hook

TODAY was the day of the Toyland Council meeting. Everyone was there: Andy Pandy; Rag, Tag and Bobtail; the Wooden Tops, Noddy, Bill and Ben and their little weed, everyone except Teddy. Teddy wasn't allowed in Toyland, he was too young and violent, they claimed, and they wouldn't recognise him.

"Attention please!" said Andy. "This meeting is now in session, first business, please."

"Yes," said Florence. "Teddy. . ." but was drowned by cries of "we won't let him in; "... but otherwise he's going to destroy Toyland," concluded Florence. But poor Florence was immediately shouted down by the others. "Keep yellow bears out," was the cry, and Dougal said,

"I confidently predict he couldn't get within 100 miles of Toyland." Dougal was Minister for Toyland Defence.

So the meeting continued. The Golliwogs stood up. "Look, man, we is getting a rough deal in Toy Shanty Town. Mr. Plod is prejudice," they complained. After frivolous chatter everyone agreed to look into it.

Florence again tried to stand up. "Your honour," she said... but got no further because Mr. Plod hit her with his truncheon.

Bill and Ben, the flower power men, then spoke up about the housing problem. "We've hardly room to get into our flower pots before the gardener comes," they mumbled.

The Weed added, "Weed." A motion was passed to build 'bigger and better flower pots by 1990'.

Florence got to her feet again but the greatest spotty dog you ever did see bit her so she shut up.

The assembly then adjourned for tea and biscuits and Florence's mouth was too full for her to speak so she didn't.

After the break it was the Wooden Tops' turn to speak and, indeed, they had problems. "I planned my family, " grumbled Daddy Wooden Top, "and look where it got me, " tripping over his latest arrival. After much serious discussion it was decided to give them a free flight to the Vatican City for expert advice.

There followed an investigation into the murder of the great orator, Cock Robin, so everyone sang, "Was it Bill, or was it Ben, knocked off poor Cock Robin just then?" It was Bill and he was given an extra programme to do for five weeks and left to the discretion of the gardener.

Amongst much ringing of bells Noddy got to his feet. "Shut up," said Big Ears, but nevertheless Noddy continued.

"I mean...," he said, "I mean, it's all these strikes, en'tit, I can't get the spares for me car, can I? How's all the little kiddies going to get their bed...?" but was interrupted by Florence, who stood up and shouted,

"For God's sake. . . "

"Out!" cried the assembly. "Out!" But before Mr. Plod could do his duty there was, to quote,

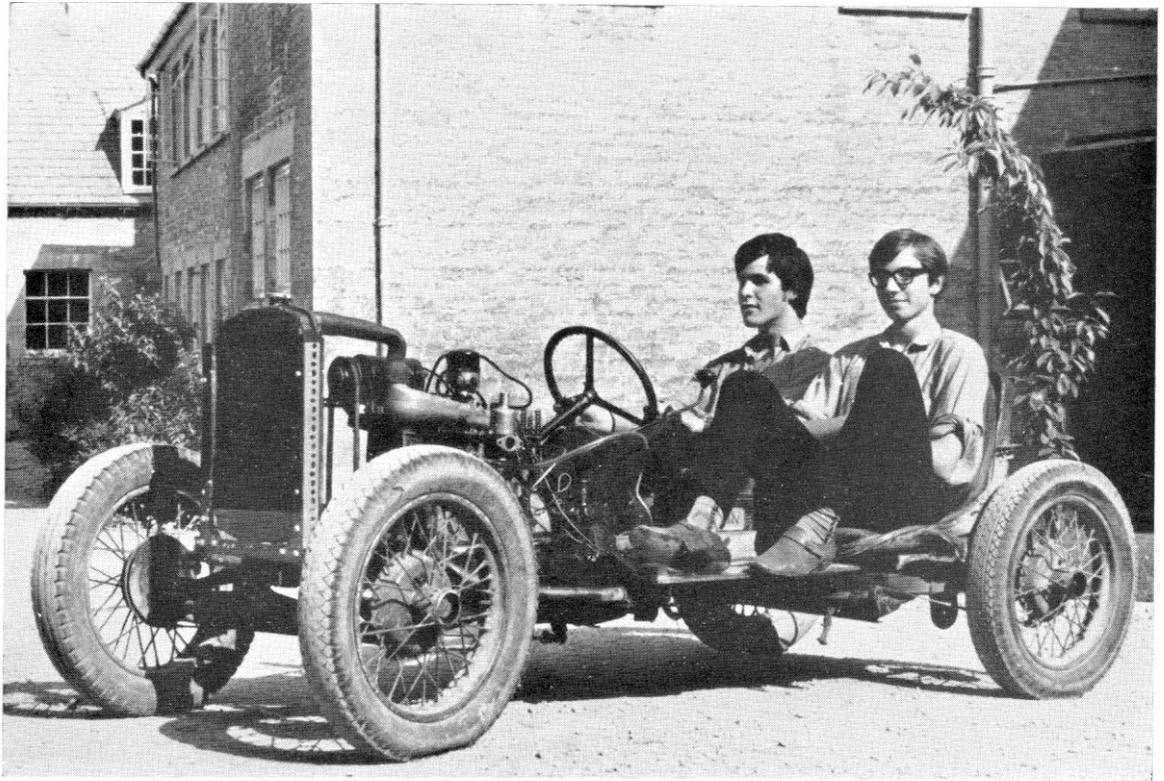
"a whistling sound
Beautiful and clear,
But then there was a nasty bang
The nuclear bombs are here!"

And indeed there were nuclear bombs there, with "To Toyland from Teddy" on them.

"I don't understand," Dougal said, as he fell dying to the floor, "I could have sworn Andy said we're going to win the war."

Over Toyland was a big, yellow, mushroom cloud, spreading over the whole town.

"Time for bed," said Zebedee.



Unusual sights at Rendcomb



John and Kathleen James

The Bishop of Norwich's Speech, *continued*

physical adulthood? A future wholly dominated by technology can too easily become an in-human future.

I don't mean by this that we ought to try to set limits to scientific research. This, I believe, is neither desirable nor possible. The problem is how to apply this new knowledge in such a way that man becomes more rather than less human.

If the meaning given to the origin and destiny of man is shaped by Christian understanding we are provided, as I see it, with an adequate basis for a positive point of view which justifies the strongest emphasis on the possibility and worth of men—and human progress can be seen in terms which satisfy the test of caring and compassion.

You can believe in other people despite their eccentricities or their peculiar foreign ways—you can believe in yourself. You can have a mind of your own and the courage of your convictions. I had almost preferred the word 'guts' were I not reminded of the American newspaper reporter who in the presence of a bishop thought it better to translate the word 'intestinal fortitude.' And with that epithet from across the Atlantic I must stop and express my gratitude for your indulgence in listening to me and the high honour you have paid my wife and myself by inviting us to be with you to-day.

Mr. & Mrs. J. C. JAMES

THE departure of John and Kathleen James from the academic life of Rendcomb is not unlike the end of a dynasty in the life of a nation. Future Rendcombians will tend to date the scholastic achievements of the period much as one might classify a choice piece of furniture as 'William and Mary'. John has spent nearly forty years of his life in Rendcomb, with Kathleen as a steadying influence during all except the first year of this time. Kathleen joined the teaching staff to help out on a temporary basis during the war: the temporary

help proved to be so valuable that she was not allowed to give it up and has been indispensable ever since.

Distinguished scholarship is only a small part of the contributions which the James family have made to our community life. It is difficult to select the more important items from such a variety. Outstanding, however, must be the masterly way in which John took control as acting headmaster during the difficult period of Denis Lee Browne's last illness and pending the appointment of the present headmaster. He did far more than was involved in keeping the organisation running smoothly; all the foundation work was done at this time for the essential expansion which was to follow.

In other fields, we have a library which is largely John's creation; we have a record of many years cricket reaching, under his coaching, a standard out of all proportion to our numbers; we have a reputation for our theatrical productions which owes much to Kathleen's work on the costume side. Outside Rendcomb, John is known to a wide circle in Gloucestershire through the evening lectures on current affairs which he gave for a considerable period before, during and after the war. In a different context, he has left his mark further afield as an examiner for the Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate. In the course of his career, John has become an authority on a wide variety of topics. While directing the reconstruction of our playing fields, he was always prepared to battle with contractors on better than equal terms when it came to technicalities of grass seed mixtures or the adequacy of the ground preparation before seeding. At this time, too, a whole Rendcomb generation was taught to recognize and eradicate, by penknife, the species *Holcus Mollis*.

Most of us will remember the James' era on a more personal basis and will recollect the wisdom and inexhaustible patience with which they have given counsel and help to all who sought it, and these have ranged from first formers through university scholars to Old

Rendcombians and both young and not so young schoolmasters. In this respect we are fortunate: the James are retiring from teaching but are neither leaving Rendcomb nor breaking their connection with the College. John will be working for some time on a history of Rendcomb: he is a modest man, but we shall expect his collaborator in the project to see that due justice is done to the part played by the James family in the making of our history.

J. B. F.

* * *

RENDCOMB of the thirties (some 75-90 boys and 12-14 masters) had, by and large, a staff extremely capable in their subjects—but their ability to teach and to command respect varied greatly. It is not because he is the subject of these recollections that I say that J. C. J. was outstanding from his colleagues—so outstanding that it was not obvious. Only now after a space of thirty years is it so patent.

All masters can teach some boys, good teachers can create enthusiasm and ability for their subject in most of their students, but only the really excellent impart and create enthusiasm throughout a whole class. One such rarity is John James. It is a natural failing of the teaching profession to look more kindly upon those of their charges who are most apt in their particular subject—to give them more time and, even worse for the remainder, to allow these preferences to be apparent. Obviously a whole class cannot be equal in ability, but John James did not let it appear that this was so. This was a prime factor in his success. All boys like to be encouraged by personal attention, but they are more easily discouraged if the direction of such attention remains constant.

History became exciting to the new boy, and so it remained for the rest of his school life because of the graphic way in which James described it. Not the fairy tale stuff of Canute and William Rufus, but as a graphic eye-witness account of every event—treaties, wars, battles, marriages, and economic conditions worthy of mention. We started with the Tudors—do you feel that old, John?

There was no apparent rush in learning History, although the syllabus was always maintained. When Wally Hammond or Charlie Barnett scored a century, Henry's fifth marriage could wait a bit. When Hitler reoccupied the Rhineland, history in the making was more important than William and Mary.

In Current Affairs, taken towards the end of School Certificate year (G. C. E. to moderns), John James excelled. When war started and we went into the Army, Navy or Air Force, Rendcombians had a far greater grasp of the causes, events leading to, and political implications of, than their fellows.

I think I may have given some impression of J. C. J. in the classroom, but it did not end there. Out of school his great passion was cricket, and he created perhaps an even greater enthusiasm for this than for his academic subject. Cricket was the only sport at Rendcomb for which a boy was allowed to opt out. Very few did so—for the remainder James kept their enthusiasm at white heat throughout the summer. His technique was simple—you were quite good, you were capable of being very good, effort and constant practice would see that you were—and he was so certain of this that it was worth his while to spend hours in the nets coaching. Three afternoons a week his encouragement—usually in a dry sardonic vein—came from the umpire's position in practice matches. That so small a school could field four elevens and acquit itself successfully against schools five or six times its size, was due almost entirely to his stimulus.

At the time of which I write, Mrs. James played no official part in the life of Rendcomb—but nevertheless she contributed greatly, yet in the most simple of ways. By her inviting us to tea—in the early days at their flat in the Stables, later at their newly built house along the street—by showing interest in us as individuals, and not making a chore of it, we were able, by their quiet example, to add valuable lessons to our attitude to life.

John James' biggest contribution to Rend-

comb, and perhaps the least acknowledged, was his role as Deputy Head. In the earlier years this did not have great scope due to the forceful personality of the then Head. In later years during the illness of Lee Browne, Rendcomb showed to the knowledgeable outsider obvious signs of disintegration and impending chaos. Quietly, tactfully, and in an unassuming manner, James took over the reins—advising and suggesting courses of action which ensured that Rendcomb, if not completely healthy, was at least whole and convalescing for the new Headmastership.

A. R. TENTY (1939)

ONE'S attitude to Mr. James tended to differ considerably according to which level of the school one was in—in the lower part of the school his somewhat Olympian presence resulted in a mixture of awe and dread but in the higher echelons he was chiefly remembered for the way he managed to turn History into something we wanted to hear about—indeed I think it would be fair to say that he was the one teacher who never bored us, whichever part of the school we were in.

With Mrs. James the quality that impressed us most was the almost unbelievable patience with which she would pass on her truly vast knowledge of English Literature—how she managed to turn the blind, deaf and dumb of the Fifth Form into receptive and critical university candidates, I, for one, will never know.

But above all I think the school is indebted to the James for the sense of quality and importance they gave to the school and its teaching alike. This, combined with the sense of continuity and experience they gave, was of particular value during the period of change from one headmaster to another. What they gave to the school then and at other times could only be adequately summed up in the word “gravitas”—a weight, solemnity and abiding value which the school can ill afford to lose.

M. ASHE-JONES (1950)

THE distinction, valid at Merton, between the Good James and the Bad James has no relevance here.

Each one of us who experienced their teaching and presence in the school has personal memories to treasure. Many will remember with an awful delight bleak implacabilities at the opening of school exams: “Any boy who is caught cheating will have his paper torn up and he will be *thrown from the room!* ” And though we knew (or thought we knew) that such a fate would never befall, yet few dared to cheat. “Madam, I *wrote* it! ” will be written on the hearts of many.

Such Lower School memories, trivial in the way of all such, are mere gewgaws to those who had most of their Sixth Form life at the feet of the James family. Severe diligence of purpose shot through with keen pleasure; a respect, not necessarily deserved but fruitful, for our intellectual capacity; disagreements over school policy honestly shared without disloyalty or condescension; the shy sweetness of Kathleen, her intellectual authority, all the more effective because restrained, and her deep civilising influence—Rendcomb lucky to get so permanent a temporary—these are the distillations of Sixth Form memories.

It may be that in the final analysis J. C. J. will be most remembered for his devotion to the College and its development. I remember his dominating the first extension to the playing fields with his deeply felt organisation and participation. Great works recently set on foot I am not competent to talk about, though these too must bear his stamp. It would surely not be too hazardous to propose that he felt a personal commitment that Rendcomb should become a great school of good repute. He has certainly given his life to it.

P. D. DE IONGH (1961)

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THE retirement of Mr. J. C. James from his post of History master marks the end of an outstanding career. One must consider his success not only in the light of 20 or so awards to Oxbridge, but also the singular lack of

failures over the years, notably at 'A' level. Yet I don't imagine he believes in a secret formula for successful teaching. He simply knows his subject inside out and has the instinctive knowledge of the natural teacher when to push a pupil and when to leave him to his own devices.

The popularity of both subject and master probably stemmed from his approach. Mr. James would endeavour to interest the pupil in many ways, the most amusing of which were various dubious anecdotes about minor points concerning the Catholic confessional. This gave one an interesting store with which to baffle the most intrepid examiner. It was through methods like this that History never relapsed into a morass of dates and personages.

It may seem paradoxical to tell someone caught combing their hair during a History period that Mr. James's bark was worse than his bite. He commanded tremendous respect, but he always sounded somewhat apologetic when forcing a boy to do a piece of work again. Here is an interesting parallel with his wife, Kathleen, whose popularity and success in the Sixth Form must be on a par with her husband's. One felt rather like the condemned man eating a hearty breakfast as Mrs. James would say quite cheerfully that she hoped she wasn't overworking us but... and would proceed to set another vast pile of work.

Now they are retiring together after years of distinguished service to the College, I can scarcely imagine that there will be many who have benefited from their excellent tuition who will not feel a little sad.

C. J. GRAY (1969)

Mr. R. E. CAVES

RONNIE CAVES joined us six years ago from Campbell College, Belfast, to take charge of Chemistry as our first full-time chemist on the staff. Prior to his coming we were only able to offer Chemistry as a somewhat over-concentrated Sixth Form course: he leaves for his successor a well-established and flourishing Chemistry department.

We shall remember his time with us in many associations other than the establishing of Chemistry in its rightful place in the curriculum. Several generations of rugger players have been encouraged by his infectious enthusiasm. There are many also who would like to record their appreciation of the time he has devoted to helping them in the choice of universities and careers. Then there have been fetes, and what of the practical application of science to the production of Rendcomb Home Brew?

Ron and Marie have always had a great affection for their native Ireland and they are now returning to Campbell, where he will be head of the Chemistry department. The whole family leave with our best wishes for their future: they are leaving so many friends both in the College and the village that we can surely expect an early return visit.

J. B. F.

LECTURE:

Mr. GRAHAM DINGLE

ON Sunday, May nth, Mr. Graham Dingle gave a very interesting lecture on climbing in the New Zealand mountains and the Andes.

First he showed several slides which pictured the typical country in the central part of the southern of the two New Zealand islands. He showed us some remarkable views of snow-covered peaks and the deep valleys, dug out by the movement of glaciers.

Secondly, the slides depicted his journey to the Andes in Peru. The ship took them to Panama and from there to Lima.

The subsequent journey to the mountains was a long one and en route we saw pictures of several different natives, flowers and animals, as well as many villages and the huge terraces which cover Peru. The houses were mostly mud huts, and many local customs, such as bull fighting (with tame bulls) continued to flourish.

Gradually we began to see the mountains, huge, beautiful peaks towering above all. From this point on we began to trace the climbers' route, following them from camp to camp.

We saw various mishaps (as when they discovered at 19,000 feet that they were on the wrong mountain!) and several spectacular mountains. We also saw some very beautiful sunsets, as watched by the climbers in tents.

Attendance at the lecture was high and it was enjoyed by one and all. Most of Forms V and VI also attended.

G. J. D.

CRICKET

THE following have played for the 1st XI this season: —

D. Black (*Captain*); T. Liddle (*Vice-Captain*); D. Tyler (*W. K.*); K. Belcher; M. Barnes; R. Law; N. Green; J. Gray; N. Johnson; K. Warren; M. Collins; A. Walker; J. Reason.

Wet weather marred the season and unfortunately five matches were either cancelled or abandoned. The performance of the team varied, but M. Barnes remained the mainstay of the batting throughout the term. The bowling was reasonably consistent and K. Belcher was unlucky not to get more wickets. Perhaps the greatest weakness was the fielding, which, although good at times, lapsed when a tight grip was needed. D. Black, playing in his fourth season for the 1st XI, was the Captain of Cricket and the most successful bowler.

Match Reports:

Rendcomb 119-5 dec. (Barnes 58, Liddle 35, Green 11).

Dean Close 'A' XI 50-9 (Black 6-7).

Rendcomb nearly beat an unpractised Dean Close team in the first match of the season. Barnes and Liddle batted well, the former getting his half-century. Due to some well controlled bowling by Black, Dean Close collapsed, but their final pair batted out time and the match was drawn.

* * *

St. Thomas Rich's 35-2.

St. Thomas Rich's batted steadily, losing 2 wickets for 35 runs. Unfortunately rain stopped play after an hour.

* * *

Crypt, Gloucester 123-6 dec. (Belcher 4-35).

Rendcomb 61 (Barnes 14, Collins 11, Belcher 11 n. o., Gray 10).

With Belcher the only bowler on form Rendcomb were unable to tie down a strong Crypt team. Initially Rendcomb were in a strong position with the Crypt score at 35-4, but loose fielding was to spoil this situation. Rendcomb's batting lacked confidence against some good bowling.

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King's, Gloucester 60 (Law 5-19).

Rendcomb 61-6 (Liddle 16, Collins 10).

King's, Gloucester, batted very slowly, scoring 60 runs in 130 minutes. Rendcomb batted well and managed to get the required runs in a little over an hour.

* * *

Burford G. S. 81-9 dec. (Black 4-15).

Rendcomb 40-6 (Barnes 11).

Burford started well and scored 55-3 before the loss of a few quick wickets and a decrease in the scoring rate led to a declaration at 81-9. Rendcomb's batting was not at its best and Barnes was the only batsman to reach double figures. However, with only an hour to obtain the runs, Rendcomb could do little else but force a draw.

Avonhurst 27-4 (Black 3-20).

Avonhurst batted first and lost 4 quick wickets. The match was abandoned, however, when heavy rain made further play impossible.

* * *

Rendcomb 98-8 dec. (Barnes 41, Collins 11, Green 14, Law 10).
Cheltenham G. S. 76-4.

Barnes once again batted confidently and the team did well to score 98-8 against a strong side. The Cheltenham captain batted well, however, and nearly won the match, which was drawn.

* * *

The Old Boys 106 (Black 4-24, Belcher 3-44).
Rendcomb 72-7 (Collins 23, Barnes 13).

The Old Boys, with a strong team, batted first. D. Tovey played well and made an entertaining 42, J. Webb and R. Hunt reached double figures, and the total reached 106. Rendcomb started slowly and D. Dakin managed to tie down the openers. Collins and the middle order batsmen batted with more spirit and brought the score to 72 before the close of play.

D. B.

JUNIOR CRICKET

THE junior matches were even more affected by the wet May weather and in fact the junior teams did not play one match before half-term. Their form was very changeable, as can be noted by their record. In one match against Avonhurst, Whiteside achieved the remarkable feat of taking all ten wickets. The batting varied considerably but generally Hance and Mace were the most successful.

D. T.

Under 15 XI

June 7th:

Rendcomb 56 (Mace 17, Hance 11).
King's School, Gloucester 58-2.
Lost by 8 wickets.

June 14th:

Rendcomb 89 (Underdown 14, Mace 12, Whiteside 10).
Burford G. S. 90-7.
Lost by 3 wickets.

June 21st:

Avonhurst 20 (Whiteside 10-8).
Rendcomb 21-0 (Wiggall 10 n. o., Yuvaboon 10 n. o.).
Won by 10 wickets.

July 2nd:

Cheltenham G. S. 152-3 dec.
Rendcomb 25.
Lost by 127 runs.

Cancelled:

April 26th v. Thornbury G. S. U. 15 XI.
May 22nd v. Crypt School U. 15 XI.

Under 14 XI

June 4th:

Oakley Hall School 1st XI 117-7 dec.
Rendcomb 118-6 (Hance 49, Smith B. 25 n. o., Tyler J. 11 n. o.).
Won by 4 wickets.

Cancelled:

May 7th v. Sir Thomas Rich's U. 14 XI.
May 10th v. Marling U. 14 XI.
May 17th v. Kingham Hill U. 14 XI.

Under 13 XI

June 4th:

Rendcomb 43.
Oakley Hall 2nd XI 45-4.
Lost by 6 wickets.

June 14th:

Burford G. S. U. 13 XI 80-8 dec.
(Stroud 3-6).
Rendcomb 52 (Robbins 13 n. o., Fry 10, Wormleighton 10).
Lost by 28 runs.

June 25th:

Rendcomb 51 (Underdown 13, Brown M. 11, Wormleighton 11).
Hill Place 1st XI 31 (Wormleighton 4-5, Robbins 3-12).
Won by 20 runs.

SWIMMING

PERSONAL SURVIVAL AWARDS

THE following obtained passes at the end of the Summer Term: —

BRONZE: I. Taylor, S. Reason, B. Pritchett, A. Medhurst, M. Denley, W. Hall, D. Walker, R. Mace, C. Wood, P. Rose.

SILVER: N. Lumby, N. Powell, J. Lane, J. Gilham, R. Roberts, N. Hance, C. Yuvaboon, J. Smith.

GOLD: P. Treasure, N. Hillier.

C. C. B.

TENNIS

TENNIS has been a popular pastime whenever the rains relented, though only one match (a defeat by Marling School) took place.

Especially encouraging has been the promise shown by some younger boys and we probably have the nucleus of an adequate Thomas Bowl (Wimbledon) pair or two either next year or the year after, if our standard improves. A good sign is that a number of juniors are playing in tournaments—obvious means of progress—during the holidays, while it is hoped to arrange more fixtures next season.

A small party went to Redland Green, Bristol, in June to see the big Wills professional tournament.

Thanks are due to S. Brisk for all his organisation of tennis this year.

J. N. H.

OLD BOYS' NOTES

BRYAN GLASTONBURY, who has been for some time a lecturer in Social Administration at University College, Swansea, will head one of two research teams commissioned by the government to report on the problem of homelessness. Professor Greve, Professor of Social Administration at Southampton, will study the problem in London while Glastonbury will lead a team covering the area of South Wales, Bristol, and Gloucestershire. Glastonbury has already made a study of homelessness back to Poor Law days, which was part of his thesis for his doctorate at Oxford.

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Hugh Gough has been appointed a lecturer in History at University College, Dublin. Meanwhile he is still working for his Oxford D. Phil. He is working on the French Revolution and spends much time in Paris on this task.

* * *

Max ("Fredy") Fisher is now Assistant Editor of *The Financial Times*.

* * *

Peter de Iongh, now married, is Head of the Department of History and Economics at Dover College.

* * *

E. A. Jones ("Ted") has given up a distinguished career as Deputy Chief Planning Officer in Fiji and has returned to England. He has been appointed Assistant Secretary to the new Open University. He will live at Milton Keynes, the new Development Area. He has also been elected an Associate Member of the M. C. C.

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Martin Ashe-Jones has returned from his position as a lecturer in English at Turku University in Finland and is to return to Oxford to read for a B. Phil.

Arthur Tenty has over recent years been engaged in the formation of several companies; at least one of these, Ace Refrigeration, has reached an outstanding position and has been taken over recently by British Oxygen. As a pastime he has started keeping racehorses (Sarum Lady, Corinium, etc.). His horses have won thirteen races so far and he has formed a small stud four miles from Stonehenge.

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We congratulate John Webb on his marriage to Rowena Mary Marr of Epping.

* * *

R. H. ("Bob") Jones has been appointed Managing Director of Lonsdale & Bartholomew Ltd. and is in charge of their Bath and Bristol works. He has recently finished fifteen years service in the Gloucestershire Regiment, the last thirteen in the Territorials. He was awarded the Territorial Decoration and is probably the only Old Rendcombian to have this.

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I would like to thank all those who have sent me news of their activities. In future these notes will be in the charge of Mr. Fell. I feel sure he will value all the information you can send him.

J. C. JAMES