

Old Rendcombian Society

NEWSLETTER



QUO LUX DUCIT

MAY 1998

24th ISSUE

Editor
W.J.D. WHITE

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Society Officers

At the annual general meeting in June 1997, the following officers were elected:

President:	Michael Miles (1943-50)
Chairman:	Julian Comrie (1946-54)
Vice-chairman:	Mrs Sally Morris (1978-80)
Secretary:	Mrs Jane Gunner (1975-77) Whiteway Farmhouse, The Whiteway, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, GL7 7BA Tel: (01285) 658627 Fax: (01285) 658717
Treasurer & school rep:	Chris Wood (1965-71; Staff: 1976-) 9 Hammond Drive, Northleach, Glos, GL54 3JF Tel: (01451) 860871
Committee members:	Douglas Payne (1940-48) Simon Wormleighton (1968-75) Neil Lumby (1968-73) Alex Brealy (1980-87; Staff 94-)
Hon auditor:	David Williams (1966-71)
Girls' secretary:	Hannah Willcocks (1992-94)
Hockey secretaries:	Philip Moore (1980-87) Alex Brealy (1980-87; Staff 94-)
Cricket secretaries:	Julian Fellows (1981-88) Jon Lutwyche (1984-89)
Newsletter editor:	Bill White (Staff 1961-97) 3 Jessop Drive, Northleach, Cheltenham, Glos, GL54 3JG Tel: (01451) 860943

Notice of AGM

You are invited to attend the 65th annual general meeting of the old Rendcombian society on 28th June 1998 in the reading room at Rendcomb College at 12.00 p.m.

AGENDA

1. To receive apologies for absence
2. To receive minutes of AGM held on 29th June 1997
3. To deal with matters arising from the minutes
4. To receive hon. treasurer's report
5. Election of officers: Hon auditor, treasurer
6. Travel bursary
7. Society rules
8. Vote of thanks to the college

Minutes of the 64th Annual General Meeting

Held on Sunday 29th June 1997 in the reading room at Rendcomb College

Present: Julian Comrie (46-54), Jane Gunner (75-77), Douglas Payne (40-48), Chris Wood (65-71) Sally Morris (78-80), Hamish Wilson (71-78), Joe Watson (71-78), Philip Quick (45-50), Roger Kendal (42-50), Simon Tyler (70-77), Frank Dutton (36-44), Neil Lumby (68-73), Nigel Green (61-69), Michael Miles (43-50), Bill White (61-97, staff), David Williams (66-71), Graham Jordan (66-73), David Tyler (65-70), Arnold Brain (29-37).

The chairman regretted he had to inform the meeting of two recent deaths: Norman Slade (29-36) and Bill Dutton (44-52). The meeting stood for a minute's silence in their memory.

1. Apologies

Apologies were received but were too numerous to list as a result of correspondence concerning the retiring members of staff.

2. The minutes of the 63rd annual general meeting were signed as a correct record.

3. There were no matters arising out of the minutes.

4. The hon. treasurer's report

The treasurer was pleased to report that the society's finances were looking much healthier than they had for a

number of years. The reason for this was threefold: subscriptions were now charged to parents on the penultimate bill rather than on the final account which was sometimes left unpaid, the cost of the newsletter had been almost halved by using a different printer, and there had been a repayment of a travel bursary grant when a group had been unable to go. He went on to report that the society had bought memorial seats for Kathleen James and Peter Sudbury. The generous donations from society members as a result of the appeal in the newsletter would be shown in next year's accounts. The year end has been brought forward to the end of May which allowed the accounts to be audited in readiness for the AGM. The accounts were approved by the meeting. The treasurer thanked David Williams for auditing them. The treasurer went on to inform the meeting that sales of the picture were now about £200 away from breaking even but that this did not take account of the use of the picture as leaving gifts for staff. He also reported that the stock of rugby shirts and sweat shirts would have to be replenished this year. The committee would also be looking into the possibility of having society cuff links.

5. Election of Officers

There were no elections this year but the hon. treasurer and hon. auditor would be up for re-election next year.

6. Travel Bursary

On the recommendation of the treasurer it was proposed that the travel bursary should remain at £500 for this year. This was seconded by Michael Miles and passed unanimously.

It was reported that this year £300 had been awarded to Georgina Hunter-Smart towards her trip to Bolivia and £200 to Philip Price for a Frontier Expedition to Mozambique.

7. It was the committee's recommendation that the life subscription should be set at £50.00 for this year. This was proposed by Chris Wood and seconded by David Williams. It was passed unanimously.

8. Any Other Business

The chairman expressed the committee's gratitude to all those who had contributed to the seats for Kathleen James and Peter Sudbury. He then reported that a letter of thanks had been received from Christine Sudbury to the society and its members for the memorial seat for Peter. He read the following passage: "The boys and I would like to thank all members of the society who so kindly contributed towards the beautiful bench in memory of Peter. It was such a kind thing to do and the positioning of it is perfect, looking to the Rectory which we so enjoyed living in."

He then expressed thanks to all the committee for their hard work throughout the year.

9. The meeting closed at 12.35 p.m. with thanks to the headmaster for the use of the college.

Minutes of the Society

Jane Gunner's secretary, Mary FitzGerald, has completed the enormous task of typing up the minutes of the Society since its inception in 1932. The committee has agreed that O.R.'s may obtain copies of the sections of the minutes which interest them for a nominal fee of £5. Requests should be made to Jane Gunner.

OR News

David Vaisey (1945-54) writes:

I had gone to Louisiana to give a lecture to the New Orleans branch of the English-Speaking Union on a steamy October evening and while having a drink with members of the audience beforehand I was greeted by someone who said 'You haven't seen me for 50 years, but I taught you when you were a little boy at Rendcomb in 1947 and 1948'. It was Douglas Tidy; and he was right: I hadn't seen him for half a century. Now aged 75, retired, and living in New Orleans, he is still recognisable as the dashing young man with the handle-bar moustache who, fresh from the wartime RAF and *en route* to Oxford taught English to us little boys for two years and coached the older ones at soccer.

As a small boy it did not occur to me to wonder at what stage of their careers our mentors were. Douglas Tidy reminded me, however, that at that time he was not much older than the oldest of the sixth formers (**Geoff Bye** and **Tim Denehy** and the older **Sumsion** brothers he remembered particularly); and **Lee-Browne** had in those difficult postwar years allowed him to teach the youngest of us while at the same time taking the A-levels which the war had prevented him from getting earlier and which were necessary to gain entrance to Oxford. I'm afraid I cannot remember much, if anything, that he taught me, but I do remember that he broke his leg playing soccer and spent a lot of time hobbling about on crutches.

There are probably many other O.R.'s who remember him. He has had an adventurous subsequent career. He duly got into Oxford and played hockey for the university and he then went to Nigeria as a district officer. He subsequently moved to Southern Africa where he did various jobs in and out of the armed services before running a country club in Johannesburg. He defied the strict apartheid laws and married a coloured wife. Life was eventually made very uncomfortable for them and they resettled in New Orleans.

One does not expect suddenly to be confronted by one's schoolmaster of half a century ago at a country club

on the other side of the world, but it was a pleasure to meet Douglas Tidy again. He reminded me that his nickname amongst the boys was Grim, because of his use of the phrase “pretty grim” for anything that fell below an acceptable standard.

Ted Jones (1940-48) went on holiday to Australia last November and during a two night break in Singapore placed a wreath on the grave of Major **R M Ingleton** (1930-36) in the War Cemetery. Ted must be a contestant for the title of the most widely travelled OR.!

From **Jane Gunner** (née Watson, 1975-77)

I understand that the Americans have a saying that you can go around the world with one child but you can't go around the block with two. When **Jenny Lane** (1980-81) announced she was marrying Arne Birkenstock in Germany on 23rd October, we decided to take eight to Cologne.

During our late teens and early twenties my brother, **Joe Watson** (1971-78), my sister **Jennifer Phelps** (née Watson, 1978-80) and myself availed ourselves of the opportunities for students to travel around Europe. However whenever there was a hitch or an emergency or even if we were just plain exhausted we would turn our footsteps to Cologne and to Jenny's parents, Toni and Jeremy and their wonderful flat. Our long suffering most senior cousin Jeremy would scoop us up from which ever station or on one occasion their own doorstep and revive the flagging individuals with food, a hot bath and a warm bed. As we grew older they travelled to Britain for our weddings, always overpowering us with their generosity. So when Jenny invited us to her wedding not even the encumbrance of eight children between us could prevent us from turning up to wish her well.

In some trepidation, Toni and Jeremy opened their doors to us again but instead of it being to the odd waif and stray it was to fifteen of us, seven adults and eight children. Mercifully for Jenny's uncle Tim Lane who came with us, they were able to borrow another flat in the building so he could enjoy quiet during sleeping hours.

(To older OR's the name Lane may be familiar. Jeremy and Tim are sons of Peter Lane whose name is on the memorial in Rendcomb church and nephews of Jenny and Sally Lane, otherwise known to their contemporaries of skating on the lake days in the 50's as Bumpy and Stoney Lane! Jenny Lane married David Gladstone, son of Dr Gladstone and Sally became Sally Watson, our mother).

Jenny and Arne were married in the historic town hall in the centre of Cologne at 9.20 am. At that stage, having only arrived the night before, none of us were very confident about transporting such a large group so Toni organised a fleet of taxis. We arrived with ¾ hour to spare, something of a feat when you consider that to our body clocks it was 7.40 a.m. not 8.40.

About 60 people filed into the ancient room where Jennifer's husband, **Adam Phelps** (1980-82) located **Richard Evans** (1975-82) and **Callum Watson** (1975-82) who had also travelled over for the festivities. None of us understood much and saw less as we were standing behind a large stone column of some 5 foot diameter and a large German gentleman who turned out to be Arne's father. However it was great to be part of the confetti throwing throng and afterwards to see the release of lots of red helium balloons which sailed up into a clear blue sky.

The wedding breakfast of sparkling wine and quiche was held at Jenny and Arne's charming little house some 25 minutes away by train. After the wedding breakfast there was a pause in the festivities before a magnificent dinner for about 50 held at Arne's mother's house. Five courses of sumptuous food were interspersed by speeches from various members of the two families. It soon became clear that one of our number was going to have to say something. Such was the courtesy of our hosts that each speech so far had been spoken in German and then repeated in English. As Joe said when he stood up to speak, it was a humbling experience to be the only ones unable to switch with ease from one language to the other. Even my twelve year old son, Sam, now in his second year at Rendcomb, enjoyed chatting to Arne's little sister in pigeon English/German. It was little or no consolation that at least four of us could have held our own in French, it was left to Arne to translate Joe's words. After such a wonderful banquet only such consummate hosts as the Germans would feel the need for yet another party the following evening. This time it was a dinner dance for about 180 people. On this occasion it was decided that the smallest of the children, Holly and Beth each aged three were not up to another evening's entertainment so Jennifer and Joe's wife, Valerie, stayed at home to be relieved by myself and my husband, Richard when we brought back the six boys midway through the evening. The party was amazing. Jenny, lovely as always, wore the traditional white dress and we were entertained by hilarious songs about the newly-weds' past accompanied to music. This was to be followed by sketches later but at this point it was time for our contingent to leave. I am not of the intrepid explorer mentality but we had been made to feel so at home in Cologne that I had no qualms about jumping into a taxi late at night with only three small boys aged, 6, 6½ and 7 for protection!! With a visit to the zoo, the cathedral and the chocolate museum squeezed in between parties, we all felt it was a weekend we and the children would never forget. Toni and Jeremy's kindness and skill at organisation made a logistical nightmare go like a dream.

Our gratitude to them and Jenny for making what was essentially her weekend such a wonderful experience for

all of us is only topped by that of our mother, Sally Watson, sadly too ill to make the trip, who had worked so hard back in the early 1970's to draw together the threads of a large family scattered across the world.

Nerys Welch (née Machin, 1991-93) writes: "I went to Southampton on leaving Rendcomb and did an HND in business finance which I followed by doing a degree in business administration (in one year!) and I got a 2:1 with which I was thrilled. I then went to Australia back-packing and am still here 18 months later! I met my future husband and we travelled together. We have spent the last year living in Perth and have our own building business. I have spent the last year doing brick paving and brick laying; it is hard work, especially in summer. We start a new job next week, doing carpentry on a contract basis, and will be working all over Western Australia. We might be back in the U.K. some time this year but it will depend on work. We hope to buy our own farmhouse eventually, in the outback and run a kit-car business and do some artistic work. Richard and I were married on 23rd November."

Christopher Hodkinson (1975-82) writes:

"I am currently serving as the operations officer in HMS Grafton, a type 23 frigate and the newest ship in the fleet, based in Portsmouth. At the moment we are undergoing sea trials in UK waters with a view to being accepted operationally towards the end of the year. Thereafter the ship deploys for 8 months to the Middle and Far East next year. I passed out of Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth at the end of the Christmas term 1987 - when I previously wrote to you, and have subsequently enjoyed a variety of sea going appointments. My fleet training was spent in the frigate Andromeda, which deployed to the Gulf in the height of the Iran Iraq war. Things went very well and I was promoted early to the rank of Lieutenant, taking up my first complement appointment as a watchkeeper in the destroyer Gloucester. During the 18 months I served in her I went back to the Gulf, this time as part of the allied naval forces in operation Granby/Desert Storm. Throughout I was heartened to receive many letters from former Rendcomb schoolfriends, and indeed several parents, sending their good wishes. I then served as the navigating officer of the frigate Avenger, and spent a rugged 7 months in the Caribbean on a deployment known as West Indies guardship. Ostensibly on station to provide military aid to the former British dependency of Belize against neighbouring Guatemala, we actually sailed around a seemingly endless circuit of cocktail parties and social functions. It was a glorious time, and served as considerable relief to events in my previous ship. Thereafter I was delighted to receive my own command, and took over as c.o. of the bird class patrol vessel Cygnet in March 1993. We operated as part of the Northern Ireland squadron under the umbrella of the security forces; and in addition to the thrill of command, it proved a fascinating insight into the operation of the other services within a live operational theatre. All too quickly that came to an end and I then spent 18 months ashore on courses, before taking up my current appointment in HMS Grafton. Domestically, I married in the summer of 1995; my wife Michelle is the daughter of a naval commander and so is well versed in the rigours of naval life. We had a full naval wedding, with the service taking place in the church in Portsmouth naval base and the reception held on board HMS Victory. A little under 6 weeks ago, on May 6, Michelle gave birth to our baby daughter Jessica Elizabeth. Needless to say she is the apple of her father's eye, but has put a different perspective on going away to sea. We live on the south coast near Portsmouth, a stone's throw away from the seafront, with our standard RN officer's issue black labrador Jasper, who is fortunately adapting well to our new arrival. Sadly I have largely lost touch with most of my former Rendcomb schoolfriends, due largely I am sure, to my unusual existence; though I am determined to re-establish contact in the near future. I attended **Tim Daniels'** wedding last year. It was a splendid affair, with the service held in the chapel in Greenwich Royal Naval College. Typically landing on his feet, Tim (1975-82) has married a young lady who is a chief wine and spirits buyer for Marks & Spencer."

From **Michael Miles** (1943-50)

"Having returned from a final overseas tour (Australia) in 1994 I have happily settled in Chipping Camden (Glos). Other O.R. residents in this charming Cotswold town are **P A Cutts** (34-42), **Dick Smith** (42-49) and **David Hart** (50-56). My two sons, both OR's provide the following details.

Nicholas Miles (75-80) returned from Hong Kong in early 1990 and completed an MBA. He is now a director of a financial p.r. firm in the city, married with one child and lives in Hemel Hempstead.

Anthony Miles (83-90) having gained a 1st class honours degree in psychology at Leicester University has subsequently obtained an MSc at Cranfield University. He is currently employed as a demonstrator in occupational psychology at Oxford Brookes University and is contemplating a PhD. He is married, plays soccer twice a week and lives in Oxford."

Kennedy Taylor (1976-83). Mrs Taylor wrote recently to give news of Kennedy after seeing an article in the Wilts and Glos Standard about Rendcomb's links with Japan. "During his year off before going to Oxford, Kennedy 'backpacked' through Japan to Hokkaido in the north. The kindness he received from complete strangers made him decide to return after graduating. He taught English for a year in Kumamoto and then

studied for a year at a branch of Tokyo University where he learnt to speak and write Japanese fluently. This led to his working in Japanese films, TV Commercials and PR work for visiting American sport and film personalities. He wrote the English sub-titles for "Shall We Dance". His enjoyment of film work forged the next link in his career, and he applied for a place at the prestigious Hollywood Film School which takes only 30 of 1,000 applicants world wide. He graduated from there last year and since then has been busy making TV Commercials for the Japanese market. In December he was in London with the Japanese film director for the English premiere of "Shall We Dance" to be released in April. The director and his wife, prima ballerina of the Tokyo Ballet, are firm friends of Kennedy's and visited us in the Cotswolds last November with newspaper reporters and photographers to record Kennedy's jump from farmer's son in England to films in Tokyo. Kennedy has a Japanese fiancée, daughter of a well-known journalist. **Duncan** (1972-79) has had a successful career in business and is in Guernsey with his wife and three daughters and **Ian** (1967-74) lives in Chedworth after 8 years in America, Australia and New Zealand as a successful record producer. His wife is American and he has a son and daughter.

Ted Jones (1940-48) has sent this contribution:

Dubliners, 1997. The late September weather in Dublin was grey but, it was warm and the city was lively and bustling. Oscar Wilde's plays were on at the theatres and quotes flashed out surprisingly in neon lights from James Joyce's writings at many vantage points around Dublin. They reminded me that I had plodded through Ulysses - called Useless by its unkind critics - during my years of commuting to London on the Bedpan (Bedford - St Pancras) line. Dublin's parks were fresh and green and Trinity College, where the film "Educating Rita" was made, was in elegant form. The blarney of the very articulate and knowledgeable driver of our coach tour down the coast south of Dublin and the attractive Wicklow mountains area was most literary and entertaining, including his descriptions of some of the residents of the "Rockbroker" areas, where rock and pop musicians live and benefit from Ireland's generous tax laws on royalties. Among the agreeable events that Doreen, my wife and I enjoyed in Dublin during that long week-end was the pleasure of meeting **Derrick Hill** (1936-44) and his wife Patricia. We had a very pleasant afternoon with them in the stately Shelbourne Hotel looking out on St Stephen's Green. Derrick was a foundation scholar from the Fairford area and, on leaving Rendcomb, served as a pilot in the Fleet Air Arm. He had wanted to study agricultural sciences at Reading university after the war ended but, as Reading was overfull and could not take him for several years, he went instead to The Queen's University in Belfast where he completed his bachelor's and master's degrees in the agricultural sciences. Derrick remained in Ireland for all of his working career, which was principally with Gouldings - the Irish Fisons - an agricultural fertilisers and chemicals company. He was group marketing director when he retired. Patricia, his wife, was from Belfast and their family grew up in Ulster and Dublin. Since retirement, Derrick and Patricia have lived in Dublin. Over the past ten years, Derrick has been the administrator of The Teenage Care Trust which raises funds and provides residential homes and care support for Ireland's homeless youth.

We enjoyed our week-end in lively Dublin and it was made more interesting by the meeting with Derrick and Patricia, whose community work indicates that Noel Wills' social concepts are still alive and well.

John Gosden (1947-54) writes to say that he has retired from the Medical Research Council and has moved to County Cork. He has an old farmhouse with three acres of rough grassland which he intends to cultivate mainly with trees but with a small area for flowers and vegetables. He will be pleased to see any O.R.s who are passing at Pintu Shurga, Sillahertaine, Dunmanway.

Matthew Cragoe (1972-77) left the history department at Swansea in 1986 and went first to Oxford where he completed a D.Phil on Victorian aristocracy in Wales in 1990 and then to the University of Hertfordshire where he teaches modern British history. An appeal for O.R.s to join his cricket club is to be found elsewhere in the newsletter.

Mark Valentine (1987-93) graduated from Exeter University in 1996 and spent the following year working as general secretary for the Students Guild at Exeter. He moved to London in September to join Anderson (Consulting Management).

Elaine (1972-74) and **Nick Roberts** (1969-74) are now living in Swaziland. Nick is working for the Swazi government's ministry of economic planning. He helps to formulate projects of all sorts which the E.U. fund. He also tries to ensure that projects are feasible. Nick says "It has taken quite a while to settle in to government administration, but after a year, I am beginning to feel part of the system. Most of the past year has been spent getting to know the EC programme and the government system. The Lomé Convention has established a highly complex set of procedures which requires volumes of paper and is not particularly flexible. The projects I am involved in cover an interesting range - feasibility study for a large-scale irrigation system to involve

local farmers in sugar production; vocational training; tourism promotion including construction of a Swazi traditional village that will be the centre for local culture and dancing; tax reform; private sector investment and small business promotion; AIDS prevention; a civic educational programme etc. As you can see I have lots to keep me busy!

The expatriate community is very small. Most of the donors have left and based themselves in SA. Expatriates that you meet are generally in business and have been here for years. My efforts at learning Siswali are slowly beginning to pay off, but it is a slow process as it is a difficult language, being tonal with strange clicks to pronounce. We are enjoying the opportunities to travel in Swaziland. We bought a Land Rover when we arrived and last May did a 3 week trip to Zimbabwe and Victoria Falls.” Elaine says that they are part of a social bridge group and also play tennis regularly. They have started up a volleyball group (shades of Rendcomb days? ed), and belong to a natural history society which involves monthly hikes as well as talks. She is teaching biology and environmental systems at an International Atlantic College.

James Thraves (1985-90) received his M.Phil in classics from Queen’s College, Cambridge, Massachusetts where he was a Kennedy scholar last July. His area of specialisation was Greek drama, principally tragedy. His undergraduate thesis on psychoanalytical theories of Greek tragedy has been published in the specialist classics journal 'Dialogos'. He now has degree level Greek and Latin (but he did do classical civilisation! Ed) rather a reversal of fortune, as he says, for someone who initially dropped Latin in favour of geography! But he found that after three months twice travelling coast to coast in America he could still read maps! He is now embarking on a career as a writer working on television and radio scripts. His half brother **Jonathan Stafford-Mills** (1974-78) is production manager of an electronics firm in Newport. They both still have identical wooden stools made in CCB’s class a decade apart! He keeps in touch with **Mark Nicholls** (1983-90), now a financial journalist and **Guy Waller** (1985-90) who has just completed his master’s degree in politics. **Richard Stibbard** (1975-82) has returned from the Far East to study for a Ph.D at Reading in phonetics. **Nicki Scott** (née Agius) (1981-83) says that she and her husband, Will, left their jobs in 1993 to move to Los Angeles so that Will could do a one year MBA course at USC. Their son, Sam, was born two months later. In January ‘95 they moved to Chicago where Will was appointed export director for a company manufacturing process equipment for food and pharmaceutical industries. Their daughter Chloe was born in 1996. Nicki decided she could not be a full-time mother once Chloe was a year old and now is working part-time for a local consultancy firm in the field of organisational development and change management.



Chris Wood, Ean Branston, Christian Millard, Robert Sage, Andrew Martin, James Bainbridge and Penny Wood with Andrew Branston at his 21st birthday party.

David Kenney (1983-88) started his teaching career at Edgbaston College. After three years he moved south and joined the staff of Hampton School in south-west London where he has been for three years teaching maths to GCSE and A level classes and now coaching basketball and badminton, having abandoned the rugby and football teams. He married his wife Ann - a chemical engineer, two years ago and now lives in Epsom. **Michael Attwood** (1983-88) and **Mark Larroucau** (1983-88) attended the wedding, with **Richard Koib** (1981-88) as best man.

Justine Platt (1988-90) writes from Maine USA where she is enjoying working for UBean. She says they really promote their employees enjoyment of ‘the outdoors’; all kinds of equipment like snow shoes, cross country skis, tents and kayaks can be borrowed. There is good hiking too except that there aren’t any strategically placed pubs. She says that the weather is very different from Gloucestershire; by Christmas they had already had snow storms, but she feels that the novelty will wear off by March when the snow should stop.

Richard Tudor (1973-80), a squadron-leader in the RAF, is currently a “mature” student at Manchester University where he is doing an M.Ed. in training and development. The main thrust of the course, he says, is training design which will prepare him for a post at RAF Hatton, the R.A.F.’s main training unit - and also the home of RAF squash! Rather a contrast to his life in the RHKP!

Richard Sumsion (1947-54) comments: “The amusing photo in the ‘97 newsletter shows not only John Tooze. The driver is Rev. Laurie Allum, rector of Sheepscombe, a delightful man who filled a gap at the Rendcomb benefice after the death of the Rev. Inge, and in particular took our confirmation class with great understanding. Although elderly, he always had a twinkle in his eye, which was all the more amazing because he was totally seized up with arthritis and spent the first 20 minutes of every day willing himself to overcome the pain of getting up. Both he and John Tooze were super people.” I am told that in 1928 the parishioners of Sheepscombe clubbed together to buy the Austin 7 for Mr Allum so that he could get about the parish. Mr Tony Partridge provided me with the ‘photo - ed.

Wendy Musto (staff 1987-96) has moved to Switzerland at the heart of the YWAM movement. The base has more than 20 nationalities working there: it will allow her to do some French and German teaching again. She would be delighted to hear from any of her former pupils. Her address is:
YWAM, Chemin du Praz-d’eau 1, 1000 LAUSANNE
25, Switzerland

Roland Martin (1982-89) is currently teaching at Newcastle-under-Lyme School but from September will be teaching English at Eton.



Kathleen James

As a result of the generous donations sent in by OR’s in memory of Kathleen James, the committee has decided to set up a **Kathleen James Memorial Fund** for the purchase of books for the library. The librarian will, from time to time, request money for specific items and these will have a printed form on the inside cover indicating that they have been presented by the Kathleen James Memorial Fund. The committee hopes that this will meet with the approval of O.R.s.

David Vaisey (1945-54)

To mark David Vaisey’s retirement from his position as Bodley’s Librarian, we reproduced an article from Oxford Today by Graham Topping (Hilary Issue 1997) with kind permission of Blackwell Publishers.

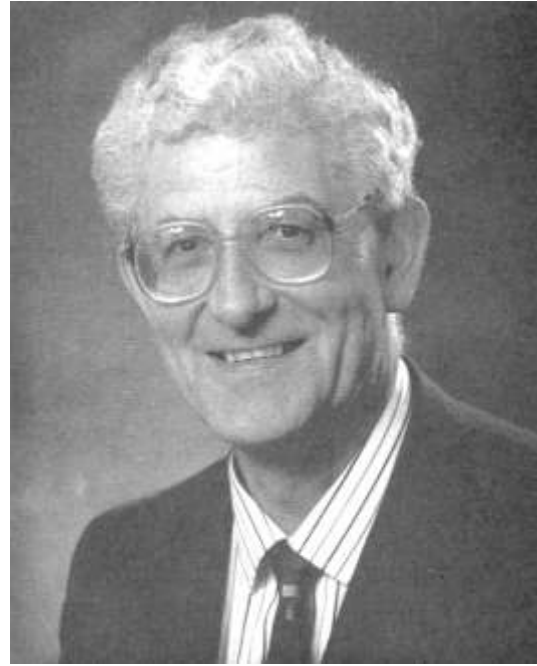
METHOD IN HIS MARATHON

If you dreamt up an identikit librarian, he might have a jaw marked CAUTION and eyebrows furrowed over minutiae. Someone who spends thirty-three years in the same institution, having taken his degree from the college next door; someone who disclaims the kind of intellect for ‘the big sweep’, but rejoices in knowing everything about a tiny field. Step forward, David Vaisey?

You would be a long way from a recognisable picture of Bodley’s Librarian. You would not have sketched the way that his eyes light up when he talks of the excitement and even romance of historical documents. Or topped them with the broad brow of a soldier who volunteered eagerly for anti-guerrilla patrols in the forest of Kenya. You would almost certainly have missed the smile that flashes out when he talks about California, about the American belief that problems are there for the solving, to be bulldozed out of the way even, ‘so unlike Oxford, where our long history persuades us that problems never go away, so we inch round them and

leave them in place.'

Vaisey is in some ways the Librarian in spite of himself. Ten years ago, as Bodley's Keeper of Western manuscripts, he had decided that he didn't want the top job. 'I was a manuscript man, I felt I had the best job in the country (given that I didn't want to go to London), and I had seen three people's health suffer under the strain of the Librarianship. But Tony Kenny, then vice-chairman of the Libraries Board, pulled a fast one on me. He came to tell me there was a name missing from the applications which everyone told him ought to be there. When I explained, he asked me to come and tell the Board what sort of person we should be appointing. That ended up being an interview!' Once he was appointed, however, no one could accuse Vaisey of reluctance. To have run the London marathon (in his fifties) to raise money for Bodley shows a rare kind of personal identification with the place. 'They thought, here's some old fool putting his life on the line', he grins. 'I enjoyed that. It taught me a lot about fund-raising and the use of publicity.' You may feel he didn't have a lot to learn: his run raised £21,000. In fact, his Librarianship has turned him into a Head of House, Bodley College, though there



are few enough Heads of Houses you'd see pounding across Tower Bridge for the appeal. His biggest achievement has been in winning and keeping friends for the Bodleian,' says a close ex-colleague, 'giving them a second loyalty to the Bodleian as well as to Oxford. He has a gift for friendship. And he would go anywhere to talk about the place - from the grandest conference to the smallest local history society.' Bodleian staff call Vaisey 'the Great Communicator'. Nothing communicates like sincere enthusiasm. Bodley needed friends, for when Vaisey took over it faced a crisis. There had been six years of drift, under two increasingly ill Librarians, and the information age threatened to make the Library's yellowing, leather-bound cut-and-paste catalogue a prehistoric joke. 'Cut-and-paste' could equally describe the financial situation. One begins to see why the man of action was needed.

Vaisey may have spent over half his working life in 'Oxford's great engine room', but he travelled a long road to get there. His family were Cotswold agricultural labourers, his father a gardener. Vaisey's voice still has a glorious Gloucestershire burr. Books were not part of his upbringing. It was a county scholarship to Rendcomb College, up the valley from Cirencester, which catapulted him into a different world. 'Rendcomb was a sort of anti-public school, founded in the 1920s to give people like me from "working class homes" a chance of a public school education. We were so fortunate to be young just after the war, with the tremendous opening up of education. The council paid my way from the age of 10 to 18, whereas in the previous generation my mother, a highly intelligent woman, simply never had chances. She went into service.'

He left Rendcomb with a state scholarship and an exhibition to Exeter College, but first there was the matter of national service. It was the time of Kenya's Mau Mau uprising. 'It amazes me now to think of these 18 and 19 year olds, trained for a few weeks, given a pip on their shoulder and a few men, and told to go out and fight a war. But then I was hungry for experience. I couldn't bear people who just wanted to stay as close to home as possible and get back at the weekends, I've always felt that if there's something to be done, do it as well as possible.' Though commissioned in the Gloucesters, Vaisey applied for secondment to the King's African Rifles. 'I thought, go the whole hog and work with native troops. I wanted to lead a platoon in the forest. Instead I was made intelligence officer, so I only went in on the big operations.' He remembers being irritated by criticism of Britain's colonial role in the papers back home. 'I wasn't a very thoughtful person, I never had any doubts about our task. And I felt my opinion, as the man on the ground, ought to carry more weight than Fenner Brockway's. I'm wiser now!'

After two years of life-and-death responsibility, 'going in a boy and coming out a man', it came as a shock to take up his history exhibition at Exeter and be treated like a boy again. For two years he played hockey and cricket, and found it difficult to focus on essays. But he also formed a lasting friendship with the writer Alan Bennett, another historian one year ahead. 'I suppose we were from very similar backgrounds, but we weren't going to make a song and dance about it. The playwright Denis Potter was an undergraduate at the same time and he wore his working-class origins like a badge all the time - I remember thinking he was the sort of man who gave the working class a bad name!'

When Bennett took a first and started on a DPhil, Vaisey started mixing more with junior research fellows than with sportsmen, and had an almost Damascene conversion. Within a year he was spending long late evenings in Duke Humfrey's, transcribing long parchment inventories of the personal effects which ordinary

Oxfordshire people left after death in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. 'It seemed to me the most romantic thing possible, peering into these people's lives while sitting in a great medieval building which was part of their world. I just got fascinated by creating a picture from miscellaneous bits of evidence from the past. I was quite a good hockey player, but I never picked up a stick again after university.' It was natural that Vaisey's historical enthusiasm should be for the common man or woman. He spent 'three of the most exciting years of my life' hunting similar evidence in Staffordshire, while on the staff of the County Record Office, going out and talking to clergymen, landowners and coal-pit managers for instance, about taking over their records. He is well known as a historian for his work on the diaries of an eighteenth-century Sussex shopkeeper, Thomas Turner. 'It became a study of the rhythm of parish life: harvest, Christmas festivities, and so on were all reflected in his trade, and without men like Turner the parish wouldn't have functioned.' He saw his job as an archivist in similar terms. 'It's like being a plumber's mate: the plumber does the work, but the plumber's mate often knows more about the tools, and hands the plumber the right tool for the job. When I came back to Bodley, and to work in Western Manuscripts, I could see all the possibilities in our wonderful collections. So when researchers came to use them, I could suggest the paths they might follow.' It was the ideal outlook for the leader of the Bodleian in its time of greatest change, which he characterizes as a move from accumulation to access. 'Now, so much is being published and original sources so numerous that users of the Library cannot expect us to own everything ourselves. They therefore want to know not only what is in Bodley, but also (a) what else there is, (b) where it is, and (c) is it any good? We have to provide access electronically to other sources of information which we don't own, and to have access to other libraries' catalogues. Similarly, we have had to make our catalogue available across the world. This is, in effect, a giant advertisement for Bodley - and good advertising increases demand! So we are under huge pressure for more, and easier, access. And all this has happened in the last ten years - a decade of declining budgets! Of course, the solution to this problem would be much easier if we had done as Cambridge did in the 1930s, and built an open-access library on a green field with acres of room for expansion. But then we still thought very much in terms of accumulation, so we built another enormous closed stack which had to be serviced by book fetchers.' With book orders now running regularly at over two thousand per day, it's no wonder that the delivery service nearly cracked under the strain in 1995. He lists the weathering of that storm as one of the things he's most pleased about. 'Despite all the fuss, our reputation is still high in the world, and people (staff and readers) like working here, even some of those who were most unhappy 18 months ago. In Oxford we're accustomed to thinking, in our soul-searching way, that we're not as good as we should be, particularly in automation. But we've solved a lot of the technical problems that others are still grappling with. We're even ahead of many of the American libraries, for instance, which make such a thing of being ahead of the game. He knows that the next big leap is to make electronic substitutes for books: vital both for conservation and for access. 'We're experimenting in many ways, one of which is putting onto the internet the entire run of three eighteenth and nineteenth century journals. One is *The Builder*, which chronicled all new building and architectural development, and which is so heavily used by social and architectural historians that all over the country runs of it are getting bashed to death.'

Now that his tenure as Librarian is over, he's planning to run more regularly. 'I'm carrying too much weight at the moment: it's all the fund-raising. If it were an Olympic sport, I could eat and drink for England!' As Keeper of the University Archives he will retain a position in the University; he also has the glint of research in his eye again. 'I've become interested in the correspondence of a couple of north country brothers at the end of the eighteenth century, a Huddersfield operative in the wool trade, who travelled a lot, and his brother, a Baptist minister in Colne - people from a generally unlettered background, but these two were articulate enough to write it down.' I wonder where Vaisey would be now without the headteacher who put him up for his scholarship back in 1945. Thank heavens he came to till the University's plot.

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Old Rendcombians' War Service (1939-45) Part II

Douglas Payne (1940-48) has continued his meticulous work in researching into the OR's whose names appear on the roll of honour in the library. In due course, he plans to give a copy of this work to the library, but would also like to include any details/anecdotes about the school life and pre-service careers of those involved. Please would any contemporaries of these O.R.'s give any such reminiscences or information to Douglas - His address is 13 Buryfield, Lydiard Millicent, Swindon, Wilts SN5 9NF

In Memoriam

The following obituaries incorporate some additional information and amendments which have come to light since the first summary was printed in 1997. In order to complete the profiles of these men I would value

information and suitable anecdotes from contemporaries. When completed, the profiles will be printed and offered to the school, so that, “those who come after them will see to it that their names be not forgotten”.

Major Reginald “Otto” M. INGLETON, Royal Marines, (dates unknown as yet) Reginald Ingleton was an architect before he enlisted in the Royal Marines. He is known to have served in the tanks of the R M Armoured Support Regiments before he specialised as a swimmer-canoeist, with an assault force known as Detachment 385, before he was transferred to the Australian theatre of operations under the command of Col Ivan Lyon, of S.O.E.’s Force 136, which organised clandestine resistance forces against the Japanese. Major Ingleton, a big man weighing 108kg, took part in Operation “Rimau”, or “Tiger”, which followed a highly successful Operation “Jaywick”, in which a commando force made a difficult and protracted journey, by sea, in a native fishing boat, and blew up shipping in Singapore harbour. Operation Rimau did not succeed in its objectives. A task force set out from Freemantle on September 11th 1944 on board the submarine “Porpoise” and established a secret base on the island of Pulo Merepas, off Singapore. Members of the force succeeded in capturing a trading prahu to convey 15 submersible canoes into Singapore harbour, but it was intercepted by a patrol boat and it had to be abandoned and sunk. The raiders split up and fled, but were hunted down, until all of them were killed or captured. Ten men, including Major Ingleton, were incarcerated in Outram Road gaol in Singapore for 9 months, interrogated by the Tempei Tai, and put on trial. Subsequently, all of them were executed by decapitation at Bukit Timah on July 7th 1945. While the information given here previously is substantially correct, there are discrepancies between the official account, which suggests that the mission was partially successful, and a detailed post war investigation conducted by Major Tom Hall, which is highly critical of the organisation. Major Hall’s appraisal was published in “The Heroes of Rimau; unravelling the mysteries of one of World War II’s most daring raids”, by Lynette Silver, Leo Cooper 1991, ISBN 0 08552 334 6. Whatever the truth may be, it does not alter the fact that brave men were executed illegally to save face, yet, for thinly disguised political reasons, the perpetrators of this war crime were not brought to account. One of those brave men, who, by his captors’ admission, showed great courage throughout even to the moment of execution, was Reginald Ingleton.

Pilot Officer John Graham YOUNG, (Staff 1939? to 1940) no. 116691 John Young, better known as “Jock” to many contemporary pupils, born at East Dulwich in 1913, was a graduate teacher of mathematics at Rendcomb at the outbreak of war. He enlisted in the Royal Air Force in October 1940. After training he was attached to 604 Squadron R.A.F., as a Sergeant, and on April 5th 1942 he was transferred as an observer/radio and radar operator to 125 Squadron R.A.F., Colerne, which was converting from Boulton Paul Defiants to Beaufighter aircraft. When this squadron became operational again it transferred to R.A.F., Fairwood Common, near Bristol, and was employed on ground controlled interception duties directed, mainly, at enemy aircraft utilising the Irish sea for a supposedly easier passage north. On July 29th 1942, Sqdn., Leader Barwell and Sgt., Young were credited with the almost certain destruction of a Heinkel 111. In August 1942, Sergeant Young was commissioned.

On September 22nd 1942, two Beaufighters were ordered to carry out a G.C.I. controlled by R.A.F., Wrafton, over St George’s Channel, one of them being flown by P.O. W. King, with P.O. Young acting as observer. At 22.06 hours radio contact was suddenly lost with this aircraft and the coastguard at Strumble Head reported an aircraft going down in flames. Despite an air sea rescue search there were no survivors. No bodies were recovered and the names of both officers are recorded on the Runnymede memorial.

Flying Officer George Kenneth NOBLE, D.F.C., (1928 to 1932) no, 42424 George Noble was born at Whitley Bay, Yorks., in 1915. He is described in the Commonwealth War Graves’ Commission records as a Lance Corporal but he was given a short service commission as a pilot officer in the general duties branch of the Royal Air Force for 6 years, in August 1939. In 1940 he was stationed at RAF Luka, in Malta, as a member of 148 Squadron, R.A.F., which operated Wellington-aircraft. He was reported missing, believed killed, following an operation over Italy, on January 12th, 1941, aged 25 years. His body was recovered and buried in Catania military cemetery in Sicily. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross on December 24th 1940.

Lieutenant Trevor Desmond WRIGHT, (1934 to 1937), Military Medal and bar, 178439V Trevor Wright’s home was in South Africa. He was the son of Frances F Wright and St. Clair C Wright of the Transvaal, and he was born in 1918. Following VIth Form studies at Rendcomb College he was an undergraduate at Reading University in 1940, but he returned home to enlist in the ranks of the South African Armoured Brigade, where he was twice wounded. Subsequently, he was commissioned into the Royal Marine Commandos and served in 45 R.M. Commando after it was formed in August 1943. Following the crossing of the River Rhine, the unit participated in the assault on Osnabruck, which had been by-passed by the armoured brigades. In view of heavy sniping on the outskirts, it was planned to attack before daylight on April 4th 1945.

Number 3 Commando, who were leading the assault, encountered little opposition, but by the time 45 Commando reached its allotted sector it was quite light. Lieutenant Wright, who was 2 i/c "A" troop, was killed while covering his section during the advance. The section went on to annihilate the enemy in the position which had held them up. He is buried in the Reichswald Forest War Cemetery' at Cleves.

Sergeant Arthur Ashton CALEY, R.A.F.V.R., (dates as yet unknown) no. 1377873

Arthur Caley was born in 1916 and completed VIth Form studies at Rendcomb College, after which he is believed to have attended Reading University. He was a wireless operator who had already completed a tour of operations with 90 Squadron R.A.F., when he arrived at R.A.F., Oakington, Cambs., in May 1943, from heavy conversion unit to commence a new tour with 7 Squadron R.A.F., which was a pathfinder squadron. He was a member of the 8 man crew of a Stirling mark I, flown by Squadron Leader J R Savage, R.A.A.F., a very experienced pilot, who was also on a second tour of operations. Arthur Caley participated in a further six operations against highly defended targets such as Dortmund, Wuppertal, Krefeld and Mulheim. On the night of 24th/25th of June 1943, a raid was mounted against a heavily defended target, Elberfeld, which entailed the loss of three of Squadron 7's aircraft, including Savage and all of his crew, who were presumed to have crashed in the North Sea off the Dutch coast. There were no survivors and only one body was recovered from the sea.

Flight Lieutenant Roger Claude Vaughan WATERS, R.A.F.V.R., (1926 to 1933) no: 142344

Roger Waters was born at Chipping Sodbury, Glos., in 1915. He enlisted in the Royal Air Force in the ranks in March 1941, and was granted a commission as a Pilot Officer in the General Duties branch, R.A.F.V.R., in February 1943. Subsequently, he was promoted to Flying Officer in August 1943, and to Flight Lieutenant in February 1945. After training as a navigator, he joined 47 Squadron at R.A.F., Gambut in December 1943 and flew in Beaufighters on anti-shipping operations in the Aegean Sea, where he completed 7 patrols including a successful strike against the M.V. Livenza. Thereafter the squadron moved in stages to India and Burma where it was employed from January 1945 in bombing and strafing patrols against Japanese forces. It was highly mobile, operating under primitive conditions from temporary air strips, and living under canvas. When it arrived at Kumbhirgram, in Burma, in January 1945 it had accomplished 7 moves in 18 months. In March '45 the squadron was redeployed to Thazi, and thence to an airstrip so new and temporary that it was, and is not, marked on any map. During this time Flight Lieutenant Waters participated in a further 20 strikes against forward positions, stores, and river shipping, which required exceptionally accurate navigation.

On May 15th 1945, Roger Waters was the navigator of a Mosquito aircraft piloted by the flight leader, Wing Commander Filson-Young, when a concentration of Japanese troops was bombed at Rice Mill, Lagubyo, on the River Heloin. Filson-Young's aircraft went into a dive, bombed, and attempted to pull out at 3500 feet, but the aircraft fell into the river, exploding on impact. Both men have no known graves and their names are recorded on the Singapore memorial. A contemporary account states that the Squadron suffered a great loss when these two officers were killed. Flight Lieutenant Waters was considered to be one of the squadron's leading navigators and had nearly finished his operational tour.

Rendcomb Trivia Mysteries

Frank **Dutton** (1936-44) seeks explanations for several small and inconsequential "loose ends" set in earlier Rendcomb times for his peace of mind.

1. In the first years of the school's existence there were four "duty" groups, North, South, East and West, but at an unknown date in the mid-1920's North group was abolished. Three or four oak plaques from this early period commemorating various inter-group sporting activities, including North group, used to hang in the main hall above the library and 'big school' doorways. When did the abolition take place and for what reason? Have the plaques survived in storage?

2. Entry for foundation students was originally biennial and took place in "odd" years - 1925, 1927, 1929 etc. - but in the early 1930's it became an annual event. Study of a venerable school list in my ownership enabled a comparison to be made of the average age of each group of foundation form members, covering my first term in September 1936. The lists gave years and months for each boy's age (remember?). A certain amount of correlation was obtained from "dates at Rendcomb" shown for contemporary names in the O.R. Register. The tentative conclusion is that the last biennial entry took place in September 1931, with the earliest annual entry at September 1932, the start of D W L-B's first full school year as headmaster. Can anyone confirm this conclusion?

3. In the latter part of World War Two the famous handbell, rung to announce all major school activities, became cracked and could not be replaced due to war time "economy" supply shortages. A novel and most effective substitute was found by hanging a large H-section steel girder about eight feet long in the lift shaft at the foot of the back stairs. It was slung by chains to the surviving lift runners so that it was suspended vertically by one end. When struck with an ordinary hammer a deep penetrating "bong" could be heard throughout the building, and even outdoors as far away as the top of the back drive. (Some of us who discovered that rapid and continuous striking could generate a veritable and ear-bending "wall of sound" were swiftly discouraged by authority....). I seem to recall that this standby "girder bell" came into existence in about 1941, and was still in sonorous use when I left in July 1944. My younger brother, Bill, had no memory of it from his September 1944 arrival - nor, to my surprise, did several of my contemporaries when I mentioned this topic recently. Perhaps someone can provide more accurate dates? Who dreamed up this most unusual substitute? I suspect it may have been A. O. Granston Richards ("Dickers"), the maths and science master.

4. Why was John H Quick (1937-41) nicknamed "Div..."

Replies to Frank Dutton, please, at 12 Goodwood Road, Malvern Link, Worcs WR14 1NJ

Obituaries

It is with much sadness that we record the deaths of the following members of the society and extend our sincere sympathy to their families.

Norman Slade (1929-36) died in 1997 in Bristol. We are grateful to **Fred Batten** for providing the following tribute:-

Norman Slade, MB.ChB. FRCS

I met Norman in 1929 when he first came to Rendcomb on a scholarship from his local school at Chipping Sodbury. From then on we had a friendship until his tragic death in June 1997 when he died from injuries received when he fell on to a bonfire in his garden at his home. Norman always wanted to be a doctor and upon leaving Rendcomb in 1936 he went to Bristol University and in 1942 obtained bachelor of medicine and bachelor of surgery degrees. With the war on he tried to join the medical section of the Royal Navy or the RAF but neither service had vacancies. He then took a course in tropical medicine and joined the Sudan medical services which gave him opportunities to develop his practical skills. He could relate interesting experiences about his trips into the bush accompanied only by his native boys. He returned to this country when Sudan became self governing although before this in 1951 he had qualified as a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons (FRCS). At the urology unit in Bristol he became involved in a collaborative project in post operative urinary tract infection. This was to revolutionise catheter drainage and established him as an international authority in this field.

He served on the council of the Bristol Association of Urological Surgeons and was also president of the section of urology at the Royal Society of Medicine. He was involved in 38 published papers on sections of his work, either as collaborator or author and these remain for reference by younger persons following his

profession. He was a great teacher and an inspiration to his pupils. Away from his professional work he enjoyed fishing and gardening. He had fished for Nile perch when in Sudan and had travelled to Scotland to fish for salmon. He was, for some time, a member of a select syndicate of fresh water fishermen on the Hampshire Avon and latterly a member of the Somerford (Wilts) Angling Club. His gardening took most of his spare time and upon retirement all his time. He was keenly interested in organic gardening and faithfully practised it in his own garden. He gave lectures on this subject creating considerable interest. With the help of his wife their garden at Failand was opened annually to the public and the proceeds of sales and entrance fees were given to many charities.

Norman was a talented and unassuming person with a kind and caring nature which showed in his dealing with people no matter which creed or colour. He would have reached his 80th birthday in August 1997.



Bill Dutton (1944-52) died on June 8th 1997 in Ottawa aged 63.

His brother **Frank** (1936-44) has kindly written a tribute:-

Bill was born on March 24 1934 at Staunton, a small village about eight miles north of Gloucester. From his earliest years he was always interested in natural history and wildlife - one recalls a tame jackdaw which would ride on his shoulder to the local primary school and wait around there all day until he emerged - and it

was therefore no surprise that later he chose to follow a career in medicine. He won a Foundation scholarship to Rendcomb in 1944.

While at Rendcomb, Bill gained a State Scholarship in Science, and following two years of National Service holding a commission in the Royal Marines, he took it up at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Medical studies continued at St Thomas' Hospital, London, after which he held several posts including an internship at Cirencester Hospital. He was a member of the hospital staff there during D W L-B's final illness.

In May 1963 he emigrated to Canada with his young family and travelled widely, with a number of posts in Saskatchewan and British Columbia, eventually arriving in Ottawa in 1986. Here he was appointed Regional Medical Advisor to the Workers' Compensation Board of Ontario, adjudicating on compensation claims arising from industrial accidents.

Bill was diagnosed in early 1996 as suffering from an inoperable brain tumour, and despite other forms of treatment no improvement took place. His condition slowly

deteriorated and he died peacefully at home, having been provided with first rate nursing care.

He is sadly missed by his second wife, Réjeanne, children Philip, Lindsay and Christine from his first marriage, sisters Maisie and Pat, all other members of his family, and not least his brother.



Fred Tombs died in September 1997 in Rendcomb.

Older Rendcombians will remember Fred as a member of Walter Telling's expert maintenance force. He was famous for his slow, measured walk, his great physical strength and his methodical and meticulous approach to his work. He would be seen with his long ladle and poles cleaning out the frequently blocked drains; with his broom and barrow sweeping up round the College entrances (a perpetual task before the drive was asphalted); with his cylinder mower cutting the lawns round the College - always at the same time in the same place whatever the weather, or riding in the trailer driven by Walter Telling or Frank Fry, off to do some heavy duty work somewhere in the grounds. A quiet, courteous man who thrived on routine. Fred was born in the village and returned in the 50's to live in Rendcomb with his Dutch wife Annie and their family. After Annie's death, Fred married Emily and moved up to the bungalows in Glebe Close. His retirement was dogged by increasing ill-health but he was able to take a pride in his allotment, alongside that of Frank Fry, until the last few years.

WJDW

Nick Barton (1989-94) was killed in a car accident in South Africa in September 1997. His tragic death at such a young age stunned all those who knew him. A memorial service was held at St. Thomas à Becket Church, Box. Among the large number of mourners were many of his contemporaries - **Janet Pearce, Mark Wilks, Pat Morgan, Suzie Fletcher, Pat Boydell, Ian Thompson, Alice Lethbridge, Annabel Ties, David Royal, Giles Head, James Mills, Chris Lawton, Christian Millard, James Bainbridge, Hannah Willcocks, Kersti Bennett, Hannah Wykeham, Graham Monteith, Theo Ramsden Hare, Nick Pollard, James Moore, Tim Hill, Simon Webb, Hannah Nicholls and Ashley Taylor** represented the school together with **Mr and Mrs Sykes, the headmaster, Colin Burden, Michael Slark, Martin Griffiths, Chris Wood and David and Joan Essenhigh.**

Graham Monteith (1989-94) has sent this tribute to Nick:

It is difficult to know what to write about such a colourful character. Nick was an acquired taste, who could be charming one minute and most unreasonable the next. As many pupils and even more staff will be able to recall Mr Barton could be shortsighted, bombastic and totally inflexible if he could not see the point in a particular project, or we could not see his perspective. To those that knew him well, his friendship had no

bounds; he literally moved mountains to help us on our numerous plans, which inadvertently misfired. He had a plan for every crisis, knowing the likes of myself, **Chris Oliver, Chris Lawton, Itseng Kwelagobe and** many others, I think he needed them.

Nick was never what could be described as a model student. His love for the outside life far outweighed the effort he applied to Mr Slark's memorable business lessons, where on more than one occasion I recall Nick over-emphasising his opinion. Nick spent many long hours helping Dave Essenhigh on the grounds; his love of the outside and the countryside was always second to none. Nick's first priority was always his farm; the thought of a nine o'clock start for a double English would have thrown him into one of his moods, "How am I expected to start at that hour?" He'd growl; whereas a 4:30 start for lambing was totally acceptable.

Nick's love for the outside extended also to his rugby "up top"; his dedication to beating such college rivals as Dauntsey's, Bloxham and Cheltenham College never faltered. Nick loved nothing more than to represent the college on the sports field; it was not always done in the most tactful of ways, but always with the best heart in the world.

I spent my final year at Rendcomb helping to run Godman boarding house with Nick - one of the most memorable years of my life, those non-teaching periods carefully put aside to deciding what could be done to improve our accommodation. By the time we left, the TV room was fully carpeted, had pot plants, full colour posters and an ever increasing bottle collection; unfortunately the increase in the bottle collection was in direct proportion to the lack of work and late mornings.

Nick was exceptionally practically minded; if he started a job he made sure he finished it leaving nothing to chance, no stone unturned. His stereo system was a work of art, how it never blew the circuit breakers in Godman House I shall never understand.

I have many fond memories from both college and home of Nick; he will always hold a special place in my heart. He was one of the more interesting people that I ever had the pleasure to meet. Nick Barton personified a best friend; ever loyal, wholly trustworthy, honest and game for any occasion.

I hope as many of his old friends as possible will remain in contact with Nick's parents, to whom we all extend our deepest sympathies.

(Graham Monteith is at Coventry University)

Mark Twyman (1978-80) died tragically in Jamaica last summer. News of his death will be received with shock and disbelief by all who knew him. His family have circulated the following letter:-

Mark, who was ever anxious to achieve results, arrived into this world in his father's arms on the steps of Nuttall Hospital on December 14, 1962. He attended Meadowbrook Preparatory School and graduated from Campion College in 1978. After excelling in his 'A' level results at Rendcomb College, Cirencester, England he was awarded the Avon and Gloucestershire County Scholarship. At Pembroke College, Oxford he obtained an upper second BA in 1985 followed by a Ph.D in chemistry in 1989. After a two year fellowship at Oxford, he spent two years with Exxon at their research station at Abingdon, Berkshire. In April 1993, his longing to be home resulted in his return to Jamaica to assist Alex in running the family coffee farm at Green Hills in Portland. Here he achieved his ultimate success and satisfaction by breathing new life, ideas and critical analysis into the methodology of farming. This has resulted in dramatic increases in the yield and quality of our coffee culminating in the Coffee Industry Board approving licence to the Old Tavern Estate to process and export our finished green and roasted coffee. Soon after his return to Jamaica he met and fell in love with Mary-Anne Rickham. They were married on September 8 1995 and two years of happiness resulted in the conception of their first child who is expected early in August 1997.

Mark's ashes will be interred at a later date at a spot overlooking the farm that he so loved.

With due acknowledgement to the 'Times', we also publish a poignant article by his friend Tunku Varadarjan:- On July 9, 1997. two evil men murdered Mark Twyman - my friend, my buddy, my mate - outside his cottage in Jamaica's Blue Mountains, where he grew the world's best coffee on his father's sprawling farm. We know there were two killers because Mark's body bore the wounds of two different guns.

The men shot him six times, five bullets in the back as he tried to escape, and once in the heart, the gun so close to his body that there were powder burns on his chest. The last shot was fired as he lay, barely alive, on a steep hillside. In Mark's right hand, caught in a death-grip, was a wristwatch, wrenched from one of his assailants, as his own life was being wrenched from him. It was a coarse death, a brutal death, a very Jamaican death.

The local papers, turned callous by 1,000 murders a year, mentioned his end in no more than 50 dry words. There was no mention of his wife, Mary-Anne, then eight months pregnant with their first child. Now, she is the mother of Nicholas Mark, six weeks old, who will never see his father. I fly to Jamaica next weekend for Mark's memorial service. His ashes will be interred on a mist-wrapped slope at Green Hills by his family, accompanied by a small knot of friends from Kingston, New York, London and Oxford. We will shed quiet

tears for Mark, and, I hope, toast him in coffee, the drink for which he gave his life. I knew Mark from Oxford, where we were undergraduates together, he at Pembroke, I at Trinity, he a chemist and I a lawyer. We first met in 1981, at a freshers' party at the Oxford Union. We last met in December, 1994, considerably wiser, when he was on holiday in London - "to buy books and records, and to get a bit of culture" as he then put it. He bought a compact disc - I think it was a symphony for the organ by Charles-Marie Widor - and we listened to it in my new flat in Islington. We had just played squash, and were sweating profusely, I remember the Jamaican lilt in his voice, and the swell of the organ music. Mark is now dead. He was killed, we believe, by his own integrity. After long years in England - a BA in chemistry at Pembroke, a doctorate, a research fellowship at Oxford, and a spell as a research scientist with Exxon in Abingdon - he returned to Jamaica in 1993, determined to work for the country in which he was born. He would have been 35 this December.

"Well people," he wrote to his friends at the time. "After years of talking about it, yours truly is actually taking that big step. Yep, I'm going to give Jamaica my best shot. Idealistic tomfoolery? Simply stupid, and ill-informed? Or inspired? I don't know. But, *'im a go back a yard fi true yu know!'*"

Mark took charge of his father's farm, the Old Tavern Estate, and coffee output trebled within three years. For the first time, the farm was being run as a proper commercial enterprise. He also pitched in with the rest, and people still talk of "this little white man", with a doctorate from Oxford, humping bags and cutting weeds with the farm workers. He also taught at village schools and picked up his workers at the crack of dawn. To them he was always "Mark", never "Mr Twyman, Sir". Yet Mark was stubborn, Mark had integrity. He got these features from his father, Alex, who migrated to Jamaica in 1958 from Forest Gate, in east London. Alex, who came to work as a quantity surveyor, soon married Dorothy, who belonged to an old white Jamaican family. Together, a decade later, they bought a plot in the Blue Mountains and started the farm.

A man of iron honesty, Mark rubbed the "coffee establishment" up the wrong way. He was swiftly embittered by the openness with which coffee producers were robbed, the audacity with which stocks were plundered. It is an open secret in Jamaica that the profits from these thefts line not just the pockets of the pilferers, but also of those officials who control Jamaica's coffee milieu. Mark witnessed these thefts, which cost his farm not petty cash but thousands of dollars. He spoke out against them repeatedly. He had warned people to stop *tiefing*, and taken down the numbers of licence plates. In doing so he made enemies in high places. This, surely, was why he was murdered. And this, surely, is why the police have now called off the investigation into his murder, a mere ten weeks after his death.

There is more, for 25 years Mark's father battled the Jamaican Coffee Board's monopoly, fighting for a licence that would allow him to export his coffee independently, and free from the law that forced him to sell all his beans to the board. Mark had thrown his weight behind his father's struggle for a licence, bringing an Oxonian polish to what had previously been a rough-and-rumble campaign by his gruff and artless father. With Mark's skills, the Twymans won. On July 9, the very day of his murder, the export licence finally came through. The world, for Mark, looked brilliant that morning, a new licence for the family after a quarter-century of attrition, a devoted wife who was eight months pregnant, his Jamaican dream in full flower. At 5.30 p.m. that day, drained after his labours, he returned home, to the beautiful, sylvan cottage where he lived. But they were waiting for him there. Two men, one with an automatic rifle, the other with a handgun. Mark was attacked as he alighted from his Land Rover, parked on the gravel driveway. The car's door was still ajar the next morning when a search party found him, soaked in the dew of the Blue Mountains. He was dead, his fine life destroyed by a volley of callous bullets, his body slumped against a coffee bush. Mark Twyman - my friend, my buddy, my mate - died a coarse death, a brutal death, a very Jamaican death.

From **Richard Tudor** (1973-80):-

I spent a lot of time with Mark during his relatively brief sojourn at Rendcomb. We were prefects together and often seemed to end up working on the same things, as we had similar views on various issues. On the rare occasions our views differed, there would not be acrimony, but a reasoned discussion which he, with his frightening intellect, often won. One of my enduring memories of him was in a prefects' meeting, chaired by John Willson in his study, when Mark (who was far away at the time) was asked his opinion on some vexed question. He sat there, frowned, and applied his huge brain to the problem to produce a sensible solution in a couple of nanoseconds, surprising us all, not least John Willson! He was always efficient and strict but maintained his impish sense of humour throughout. He seemed to be particularly popular with the 'runts' at the old rectory when he took them for prep, and he told a story which showed why. He had the habit of parking a pencil in his hair while (he always claimed that, in my case, my ears were big enough to hold a pencil, but that his hair did a better job for him). This was fine until he forgot that the pencil was there, when he could walk around for several minutes during the break while various 'runts' chuckled behind their hands. While he was quick to take the mickey out of anybody doing something silly, he was also entirely at ease when laughing at himself, which endeared him to all of us. He had a huge grin and an infectious laugh, and always enjoyed life enormously, however much he had on his plate. I cannot recall any boy at Rendcomb who achieved such respect in such a short period.

From **Richard Funnell** (1973-80):-

I was privileged to count Mark as a friend from when he started in the sixth form at Rendcomb in 1978 up to his untimely death last year. I met Mark for the first time while he was trying to get used to a new school in a strange country having just arrived from Jamaica. I remember him walking straight through a patch of stinging nettles on the way to North Cemey because he had no idea what they were. He cursed at first but soon joined in the general hilarity which erupted. Mark worked hard and deservedly achieved straight "A's" at A level. On the other hand he was always a keen participant in any escapades which were being planned, though it is probably better not to go into these here!

Mark and I both went up to Pembroke College, Oxford in 1981 to read chemistry, he as a scholar. He continued to work hard and seemed to feel responsibility both to the scholarship and to his family who had always supported his education. However, if visitors arrived, he was always happy to leave his books, make a pot of his Jamaican coffee and "chew the fat" as he put it. Anyone who knew Mark will tell you that he was unfailingly generous and would, if his guests lingered, make something to eat and provide liquid sustenance from a bottle of Jamaican rum.

Mark went on to complete a D.Phil at Oxford and then joined Esso Chemicals. Looking back now, he had a restlessness about him during this time. The reason became clear when he eventually returned to Jamaica to take over his father's coffee plantation and transform it from a hobby into a competitive business, ready to take on the Jamaican government's monopoly on coffee exporting. I never saw him again but a newsletter he sent out to his friends tried to explain why he had made this move. He got married and was expecting his first child when he received news that he had finally succeeded in breaking the government's monopoly. A few days later he was shot dead outside his farm.

I attended Mark's memorial service at Pembroke College just before Christmas and met his wife and the son he had never seen. I was struck by the number of people there from many different backgrounds. Mark led a life of many facets and each of these will be the poorer for his death.

Mrs Mary Drake daughter of Mr J H Simpson, headmaster 1920-32, died in Gloucestershire Royal Hospital on March 17th 1998. She was a loyal friend of Rendcomb and enjoyed attending the summer reunions. Many older O.R.s will be sad to learn of her death.

Timothy Gay (1948-54) died following a stroke on 11 January 1998. We are indebted to **David Vaisey** (1945-54) for informing us and for the following tribute to Timothy:-

"In many ways he was a truly original character though a somewhat melancholic one, who went on to be a school master of craft and woodwork and contributed many exhibits to the 75th Anniversary exhibition organised by Colin Burden. He was my most long-standing friend and has the distinction of being pictured twice in the first volume of the History of Rendcomb!"

Perhaps it is appropriate to reproduce Timothy's own letter which appeared in the 1995 newsletter:-

Tim Gay (1947-54) wrote in November: "A couple of years ago my wife and I had a short holiday in the Cotswolds. We visited the school briefly. We also went to see **Mrs K L James** in Cirencester. I wanted her to know that, although I had not gone on to university from Rendcomb, her inspirational teaching of English did lead me on eventually to take an Open University degree - in my forties! Looking back, I do not know why I stopped visiting the school within a few years of leaving, because I was very, very happy there and the school's philosophy, its teachers and especially Lee-Browne have remained a strong and lasting influence on me throughout my life. I remember Lee-Browne saying that school shouldn't simply be the happiest days of your life, but a happy preparation for an even happier adult life, which in my case it was. After national service in Kenya and Aden, I eventually did a trainee management course with Fry's the chocolate makers and ended up in the paper standards section of their quality control department inspecting all kinds of wrapping paper. After two years there, it became clear to me that I really wanted to be a teacher. I had always enjoyed woodwork at Rendcomb, taught by Gilbert Graty. He had been at Loughborough and that is where I went too. Woodwork was my main subject but I took drama as my second subject. I went straight on to do a third year at Shoreditch College. I then married Katharine Baker and took up my first teaching post at Royal Russell School, Croydon. where I set up a new craft department. Our six years there where our first two sons were born were especially happy ones. I then moved to Friends School, Saffron Walden where I also coached the 1st XI hockey. After five years we moved back to Bristol and a job at Sidcot School, where we were subsequently offered the position of house parents in a newly created boarding house - Katharine, an S.R.N., was matron. Pressures from the new national curriculum urged me to retire early to live in our cottage in Cornwall where I can indulge in interests there was never time or energy to take up whilst teaching."

Ernest Neal (Staff 1936-46) died peacefully on 5th April 1998 at the Dial House Nursing Home, Bedford, aged 86. He had always maintained his links with Rendcomb and with his former pupils. It is hoped to include

some tributes in the next newsletter.

Jack Fell (Staff 1934-73)

As older O.R.s often ask about Jack's wartime career, Mrs Fell thought that the open testimonial he received at the end of his service would be of interest:-

Wing Commander J.B. Fell has served in the Directorate of Signals of the Royal Air Force Delegation since July, 1942, and has been head of the radar branch since September 1944. His duties in Washington have involved a considerable amount of negotiations with representatives of the U.S. forces of a semi-diplomatic nature and he has been spokesman for the Royal Air Force on a number of committees and subcommittees set up by the Combined Chiefs of Staff. The rapidly changing and widening field in which Fell has been active has frequently necessitated an expert assessment of the military value of new developments and in this connection Fell has proved invaluable, as his scientific background together with his operational experience in the air force in the earlier days of the war have enabled him to appraise the value of any new device with unerring judgment. He has been helped by his ability to take a detached view free from personal prejudice. Although his primary responsibility has been to advise Air Ministry, nevertheless his technical judgment and his personality have gained him so much respect amongst the American military and scientific officers with whom he has been associated that they have frequently sought his disinterested advice.

The responsibilities of his position have necessitated his keeping abreast of other subjects allied to radar. For example, he attended the 2nd Commonwealth and Empire Conference on Radio for Civil Aviation at Ottawa in November 1944, as a technical advisor.

Prior to the war. Fell was a member of the teaching profession. In the course of many discussions with him on educational subjects I have been impressed by the breadth of his knowledge and vision outside the purely scientific field. I understand that he will probably resume his pre-war career in the teaching profession on his release from the service and I can most heartily recommend him for any post in this sphere of activity for which he may be under consideration, on the basis of my personal knowledge of his suitability for a position of responsibility. Moreover should he decide to change his occupation I am quite sure that his energy, industry, and in particular his executive ability render him an asset to any organisation.

Air Vice Marshall, Director of Signals

25 Years of Girls at Rendcomb

To mark the first 25 years since girls joined the sixth form and the opening of Park House, we would like to see as many as possible at this summer's buffet luncheon. There will be an opportunity to tour the new girls' accommodation at the invitation of the housemistress, Mrs Sophie Blackwell.

The Buffet Lunch

The support of the buffet luncheon at the reunion in June has been rather disappointing in recent years. Last year, no doubt, poor weather was to some extent the cause. Another (perennial) problem is that OR's feel that there may be no-one there from their years: this can perhaps be overcome by making individual arrangements with contemporaries in advance. We would urge all those who left in 1978 to support the reunion this year to mark 20 years since they left Rendcomb.

Jane Gunner or Bill White would be pleased to have suggestions for any change in the present arrangements which might encourage more support.

Births

To Kathy and **Ben Almond** (1978-85) a son, Thomas, September 1997

To Michelle and **Christopher Hodkinson** (1975-82), a daughter, Jessica Elizabeth, May 1997

To **Nicki** (née **Agius**) (1981-83) and Will Scott a daughter, Chloë, March 1996

To **Sally** (née **Horne**) (1978-80) and Ben Morris a son, Toby Frederic, August 1997

To **Jenny** (née **Lane**) (1981-82) and Arne Birkenstock a son, Anton Jeremy, January 1998

Marriages

David Kenney (1983-88) to Ann McGinness, April 1996

Tom Hughes (1988-93) to Beth Coggins, July 1997

Richard Welch to **Nerys Machin** (1991-93), November 1997 in Australia

Arne Birkenstock to **Jenny Lane** (1981-82), October 1997

Acknowledgements

From the President, **Michael Miles**

My grateful thanks for the generous response to my appeal letter of November last year. The letter was directed at O.R.'s pre 1975 whom I felt might like to top up their relatively low joining subscription to the OR society. The response has vastly exceeded my expectations and demonstrates the value that is placed on being kept up to date with the excellent newsletter, I have responded personally to some but felt that a formal acknowledgement of OR's generosity should also be made.

From Bill White

Nothing I can say or write can even begin to indicate my profound and heart-felt appreciation of the many touching (and amusing) tributes I received from members of the society when I retired last summer and of the extremely generous cheque I was given together with a superb, inscribed rose-bowl. It has been a privilege to have been at Rendcomb and I have many happy and amusing memories of the past 36 years. The great strengths of Rendcomb - its informality, its friendliness and the naturalness of the Rendcombian - have made a deep and lasting impression on me and I am grateful to have been allowed to experience them. I also greatly value being involved in the old Rendcombian society and the opportunities for continuing contacts with its members. I should like you to know that I intend to use your cheque to buy some positive mementos. With this in mind, I decided so far to buy two trees (a hamamelis and an acer) and some shrubs for my not very large garden and to re-equip my study with a new desk. Some of what is left will go towards a walking holiday in September.

My sincere thanks and best wishes to you all.

From **Colin Burden**

I should like to thank the O.R. society for their kind good wishes, generous cheque and print of Rendcomb. I have purchased a bandsaw for my workshop and have already made good use of it in my antique restorations. I still turn up every day at the college when I take my children to school. Hope to catch up with your news at future O.R. get togethers.

Travel Bursary

From **Philip J Price** (1991-96) I am writing gratefully to thank the old Rendcombian society for the Travel Bursary Award that enabled me to travel to Africa and conduct voluntary work there. I was a Research Assistant for a non profit group called Frontier, also known as the Society for Environmental Exploration and Conservation Through Exploration, and with this society I was working upon the Quirimba Archipelago Marine Research Programme in the Country of Mozambique. Taking part in this expedition, I strongly feel, has changed my life giving me not only a broader perception upon the world but also a more profound maturity. I was in a group with fifteen other research assistants and I was extremely lucky to have travelled to Africa with such special people, though we went to Mozambique as strangers we came back from there as life long friends.

We were flown into Tanzania's capital Dar es Salaam where we stayed within the grounds of the Salvation Army for a few days, this gave us time to become acclimatised to the environment before starting travelling down to our base camp on Quirimba. One of the moments which I took delight in most was travelling upon the chaotic buses that ran everywhere throughout Dar es Salaam, it was in these buses that you saw the true



culture and character of the Tanzanian people. Looking out of the open windows I would see the shanty stalls that lined the streets selling anything from non melting chocolate to car batteries and during all of this time I would be listening to the uplifting deep voiced quick paced guitar music that came from the bus radio and every other radio within Dar es Salaam.

The next week and a half was spent travelling down the coasts of Tanzania and Mozambique to Quirimba island. During this voyage we were upon a ferry for twenty four hours which probably had the world's worst toilets! Whilst we were still aboard the ferry we watched together a huge slash and burn fire that was blazing in the darkness until tiredness finally overtook us one by one. At the end of this ferry journey we arrived at the port of Mtwra where we met a staff member of the Quirimba camp, we then started our second leg of the journey aboard the 40 foot converted fishing boat called the "Musifudje". It was this part of the journey which I feel created the close unity within our group, what had meant to be only a few days travel soon became a



nightmarish eight days. Though we had begun with sunny skies and a burning sun, there was a sudden change in climate and we found ourselves exposed to downpours of rain and a sharp bitter wind, having nowhere to shelter we huddled under waterproof sheets for comfort and support. Yet as the journey progressed instead of becoming subdued we gained a kind of insanity and despite the appalling conditions we made the most of the situation that we were in. A more serious event occurred on this hazardous journey when at the end of a day's sailing as the darkness closed in, we became disoriented and with the weather becoming increasingly worse we had no choice but to spend a nerve wracking night upon the open sea. Having found a deeper part of the ocean we laid anchor and turned on the ship's navigation lights; some time later out of the darkness came a dhow fishing boat with its mast broken and its crew baling water. Their boat was quickly carried out of the beam of light and drifted into the darkness and the unknown, followed by shouting in the distance.

Reaching the island of Quirimba was a special moment for us all and that night, as we partied and drank large quantities of alcohol, we truly felt that we had achieved something by working as a team and we relaxed in the knowledge that we were finally at "our home" for the next two months. The camp of Quirimba was made up of a few

thatched huts known as "bandannas". Despite the basic living conditions we found ourselves settling in quickly. The staff then began to train us in various areas that were required for scientific work. Under water we conducted horizontal and vertical surveys in fisheries, habitat, and the environment, on land surveys were done through various mangroves and inter tidal areas. Another area of research was to take information down about the fish caught by the local fisherman. Learning the basics of the local language we then asked the fishermen if we could identify their catch and conduct other scientific work. It was upon these dhows that I remember that the murmur of the fishermen would stop after a while and, as we glided across the tranquil sea, everyone on the boat would fall silent and become still; there would be no sound except that of the wind in the sail's canvas. Those were the most peaceful moments I have yet experienced. Like the chaotic buses of Dar es Salaam where I gained an insight into the culture of Africa it was likewise upon these sailing dhows of Mozambique.

Apart from spending time around the island of Quirimba we would often create satellite camps upon other islands and then carry out the same methods of research that we did around Quirimba. These mini expeditions were highly valued by our group as often we would dive in areas where no one had dived before which gave everyone a great buzz of excitement. While diving in one of these mini expeditions we encountered a sea cliff so full of life that the sea's surface could hardly be seen due to immense shoals of jacks and snappers and at

the same time when I looked down to the cliff shelf, the floor was a mass of moving colours created by the huge amount of colourful fish. The range of marine life that I saw was vast. There were coral reefs that had such beauty and were so full of life that I did not know where to look fearing that I would miss something of even greater interest. We saw dolphins, turtles, sharks and many large fish such as Humphead Wrasse and on the last day of official scientific work we saw a group of whales where we were so close we could almost touch them from the boat.

The end result of our research and the results from other RA's have meant that the Quirimba Archipelago is now recognised as an important conservation area with management plans being created for the Mozambique government. Though the two years of field work are now finished in Mozambique only a limited exploration group is now left there made up of permanent Frontier staff. My work with Frontier drew to a close when I arrived back at Dar es Salaam. When we arrived there we then all set off to visit other parts of Tanzania and Zanzibar. Having travelled for another week and a bit we made the next flight back to the UK. It only remains for me to say that I am extremely grateful to The Old Rendcombian Society in partly helping me to accomplish what I feel has been a great achievement."

Philip Price is at Cardiff University.

Chedworth Revisited

Julian Comrie (1946-54)

"Would you like to walk to the Roman villa at Chedworth?"

I suppose before answering that question today, there are many factors that would go through one's mind first - such as where from, how far is it, when, who with, not to mention "is it raining?" But when the question was put to three eager young boys at Rendcomb, whose horizons so far ended at the lake, or 'on top', the answer was a swift and unanimous "Yes please!" The question had been posed by Tony Austin, (A C Austin, also known as "Axton") who had joined the staff at Rendcomb in September 1947, to succeed Mr Knowles as French master. He had a number of particular characteristics, the most obvious of which was that he was 6'9" tall, an asset which he used to great advantage in his favourite occupation, playing cricket. As a teacher of French, he was enthusiastic, skilful, terrifying and successful - he certainly opened my mind to the realisation that French was a living language, spoken by real people just across the Channel, and that it was fun! And the three small boys? **Martin Richards** and I, who had come to Rendcomb in the autumn of 1946, and **Richard Sumsion**, who joined our form in the autumn of 1947. We were sitting at Tony Austin's table; he, like us, had heard of the Roman villa: to him, walking there was clearly a feasible proposition. To us, it was like an invitation to climb Mount Everest - daunting, but not the sort of invitation one turns down.

It was agreed, then. The four of us would walk there on the following Sunday afternoon - the 10th October, 1947. The day dawned bright and sunny, and we set off after lunch. There are many things I don't remember about that trip; did we have a map and compass? I doubt it. Did we know how long it would take? Probably not. I do remember quite clearly that it seemed a very long way, and that although we didn't actually get lost,

in as much as we got back safely, we didn't always follow the path. The most exciting aspect was undoubtedly going through the railway tunnel, north of Chedworth, on the single track line between Cheltenham and Cirencester, rather than over the hill. Long, dark, and spooky, everything an adventure should be. The line, and consequently the tunnel, were lost to Dr Beeching in the 60's and the area is now a nature reserve managed by the Gloucestershire Wildlife Trust - and there is a good path over the hill!



Eventually we found our destination: yes, there is a Roman villa at Chedworth. Latin, of course, unlike French, is a dead language, and I rather expect that three tired small boys suddenly realised that they weren't desperately interested in archaeology. The alternative prospect of tea at Chedworth, promised by "Sir", was much more appealing. Bear in mind that this was only two years after the war had ended, cake was an unheard

of luxury and definitely regarded at school as contraband, and school tea was not the most appetising of refreshments. We struggled back through the tunnel to the village, and found the teashop, run by Miss Jaffe. An Austrian refugee, she soon acquired the nickname of "Von Moment", but in good time she provided us with a wonderful tea.

The other thing I remember about this walk is that we were late back to school. A heinous crime, punishable by death - or so I thought. High tea on Sunday afternoons was at 5.30, at which there was a roll call. I always assumed this was to see if any boy had escaped since the previous roll call; now we know differently. And of course, Tony Austin made his apologies on our behalf to the headmaster, and no more was said.

The day was definitely regarded as a success. Our horizons and knowledge had been stretched beyond belief - and isn't this what should happen to young people at school? So successful indeed, that we agreed straight away to repeat the walk the following year.

And so it came about; the Sunday nearest October 10th would be the day of the Chedworth Walk, and each year, from 1947 to 1954, always in glorious autumn sunshine, the four of us repeated the walk to the Roman Villa at Chedworth.

How would you like to walk to the Roman Villa?", I asked Martin and Richard. "Can't we go in the car?" "Well yes, but that's not the point. It's soon going to be 50 years since we first walked there with Tony Austin, and I think we should walk it again, to celebrate". "Good idea - let's invite the girls too".

And so, on Friday 8th October 1997, three very young-at-heart old Rendcombians and their wives gathered at Richard and Penny's house at Frampton on Severn, and reminisced. Rationing being no longer in force, and nothing being regarded as contraband, Helen provided champagne, Martin and Sue copious wine, and Penny produced the dinner to end all dinners. Let's just say, a good time was had by all. For administrative convenience, we had decided to do our anniversary walk on Saturday, rather than Sunday. Unfortunately, we didn't tell the Met Office, who had diabolical plans for Saturday. However, stalwarts like us don't let a little rain put one off. Well, not quite. It absolutely poured down all day.

Apart from that, the golden anniversary walk was a great success. We left the asphalt at about 11.30 and arrived at the Seven Tuns in Chedworth at one-ish - in time for an excellent pub lunch. (Miss Jaffe, and indeed all tea shops, have long since departed). Onwards and upwards - this time over the hill - the railway tunnel was sealed off to humans long ago, and is now a bat's home.

And so to the object of our mission, the Roman villa at Chedworth. It's still there, just as fascinating as ever, now very much spruced up under the care of the National Trust, with further excavations in progress.

And what can one say of the return walk to Rendcomb; just a very wet four miles, with laughter and jokes to try to keep the rain at bay. Despite the rain, the distance seemed much shorter than the first time, 50 years before. We won; six very happy people got back at 5.29 -just in time for roll call!

Oh, by the way, Sunday 10th October 1997 was a wonderfully fine day; and if anyone wants to know anything serious about the Roman villa, apply to the National Trust for details: but it makes a good walk from Rendcomb'



More O.R. News

Geoffrey Bye (1940-48) had lunch with **Ted Jones**, **David Vaisey** and **Michael Miles** last year, He does serious long-distance walking, as this photo shows!

Bob Muchamore (1945-53) visited the college last September and has sent the headmaster this interesting review of his schooldays and subsequent career:-

“This was our first visit back to England since 1969, and having been married in 1957 and started our family of six quite early, it was my first visit back to Rendcomb since 1956. Need I say that much has changed, but I note from the two “History of Rendcomb College” books and the current prospectus that the aims of our Founder still prevail. From the first book I have learned much about the early history, and my own days at Rendcomb (1945-53), and can only say that I wish that, as pupils, we had been given more of that history during our time there. It would have made many things clearer at that time and would certainly have explained even more our sense of belonging to something very special. (Imagine my surprise to see *Boffins* on page 122, myself in the foreground with F S G Richards). The first book seems to decry many aspects of our days but I would stress that I don’t think many of us felt any sense of deprivation about the lack of studies and individual rooms, or about the chores of ‘public work’ and morning or mid-day cleaning duties, or that free study periods were taken in the halls or on the landing. Any shortcoming in teaching facilities were overcome as opportunities to improvise (and learn even more by so doing) and I am sure that the academic results of those times are proof of the success. I recall having the misfortune to drop, from a high cupboard in the “small” science lab, a piece of heavy calorific equipment. It broke. It was my task to repair it - not as a punishment, just that it was still required, and I still had an experiment to conduct. The first oscilloscope was built from war surplus bits and pieces, and I recall the patience and prevision necessary as we learnt to build new decade resistance boxes. I am sure that most of us just did not realise the calibre of teachers that we had, or the degree to which they inspired our learning and our wish to learn even more, Most were quite outstanding. I credit my attitude in life to the start I received at Rendcomb. Looking back now, I can make two criticisms. The first would be Lee-Browne’s “faith” in homeopathic eye-sight correction which deprived me of spectacles for almost eight years. I needed -5 diopetre lenses after leaving, so you can imagine the difficulty of blackboard work with such short sight. The other is the naiveté with which I personally left Rendcomb - in that there had been no counselling for a career and how to make best advantage of the start I had been given. Lee-Browne had told me that I would be capable of “a good second degree” - but no-one told me that that was no mean achievement in itself, or suggested a possible future plan of action. Therefore (I thought) a second was not worth pursuing! From Rendcomb to national service with REME, to emerge with no real direction for a career. Started with a sponsored chemical research establishment, but moved to an electrical laboratory later. Subsequently into industrial automation development and control equipment, and here in Australia with control equipment design and sales, and finally office management of an accounting and computer system. My visit was perhaps naive to expect things might be much the same after so long. The changes were inevitable, but I had lost touch. I recalled the ‘daring’ with which Lee-Browne had got ‘Big School’ repainted all-white one summer, such a change from the cream and brown dado that had previously been ‘small-boy resistant’. We appreciated the white, but how magnificent it now is. And when we moved into the ‘new’ chemistry lab we could never imagine the extent to which the stable block would eventually be developed. Or who could have envisaged the large choice of subjects now available? And, of course, Lee-Browne always maintained (to us) that 100 pupils was the limit! Regrettably all I can give to Rendcomb now is my grateful thanks for the opportunity and philosophy that were imparted to me and particularly for the wisdom and single-mindedness of the governors (who we scarcely knew existed, except at Parents’ Day) and all that their efforts made possible for so many of us. Fond memories and my thanks to all who have been a part of Rendcomb.”



QUO LUXDUCIT

Wilderness Theatre Group: Douglas Ellison, Naomi Gibbons, David Wragg and Becky Doyle, all of whom left in June 1997, were invited to perform “The Scream”, written by Douglas Ellison and Naomi Gibbons, in December at the Everyman Theatre’s Studio, as part of a festival of plays, written and performed by young local actors. The house was full on each evening and the audience clearly appreciated the lively

talents of the actors.

Gerard Benson (1944-50): *Bradford & Beyond - A Sonnet Journal*

Gerard Benson has become well known during the 1990s as one of the 'prime movers' of the highly successful 'Poems on the Underground', and since 1991 has co-edited no fewer than nine collections of Underground poetry. His new book is an experimental poetic journal consisting of 85 sonnets. Written at speed and on the move, with locations as varied as Manningham and Alexandria, *Bradford & Beyond* is a fascinating commentary on a working poet's life and preoccupations. Recording day-to-day impressions, it takes in such disparate events as a pop concert, a funeral, train journeys, and a reading with an orchestra. The passing of time and the changing seasons give a unifying shape to the sequence, which does not avoid disturbing issues. There are sonnets on the war in Bosnia and a moving sequence about the victims of the West murders in Gloucester.

After a varied career including more than 20 years as a lecturer at the Central School of Speech and Drama, Gerard Benson now lives in Bradford. As a writer for children he has achieved considerable recognition, winning the Signal Award in 1991 and being nominated for the prestigious Carnegie Medal in 1996. His appointment in 1994 as the first Poet-in-Residence for the Wordsworth Trust at Dove Cottage in Grasmere led to the publication of his collection *In Wordsworth's Chair* by Flambard in association with the Wordsworth Trust. *Bradford & Beyond* has emerged from a lifelong love affair with the sonnet form in all its varieties. Throughout this *Journal* in verse Benson is constantly inventive in revitalising the traditional fourteen-line form in a distinctly modern way.

Flambard Press, 4 Mitchell Avenue, Jesmond, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE2 3LA (0191) 2815196

Old Rendcombians In The Spotlight

I am often asked by members of the press to talk about what old Rendcombians go on to do when they leave us. We know that we have a number of very successful icons in industry and I would be very grateful to hear from them. I would also like to hear from any old Rendcombian who has led an interesting life or career and who would be willing to let me use his or her story to show the range of talent that has been nurtured at Rendcomb College. All I need is a short resume of about 250 words or so. Do please come forward, I am interested in Arctic scientists and poets, missionaries and business managers, forces personnel to care workers, indeed everybody who has been to Rendcomb College has a story to tell. Please write to Dr. Shackel, marketing director, Rendcomb College.

Staff Common Room News

Mrs. J Newby left in July after her "extra year" in charge of Food and Nutrition, now run by **Mrs E. Ramsay**.

Rev. K. Taplin joined the staff in September as chaplain and priest in charge of St. Peter's, Rendcomb.

Miss V. Hatton has taken over from Miss P Harrison as assistant in the French department.

Mr. S. Hill is teaching CDT.

Mrs. D. Dodds joined the staff for the Christmas term to teach English until **Mr R. Murray** could take up his permanent post in January.

Dr. P. Shackel is marketing manager.

Miss N. Phipps has taken over Stephen Lea's position in the music department.

Mr. R. Kennerley is teaching Latin.

Mr. S. Lea left in July to be in charge of music at Worcester Sixth Form College. He has subsequently been appointed director of music at Marling School, Stroud.

Stephen Lea

Stephen Lea came to help Mrs Tolputt when she took over the music department when **Tim Lane** left. He came for a term and stayed nine years. During that time, as assistant to the director of music, he made a great contribution in all kinds of ways to Rendcomb's music, developed media studies and performing arts, edited the "Rendcombian", ran the sailing club and drove the minibus indefatigably. He also found time to continue his studies in Bristol and gain further qualifications. His popularity among staff and pupils and their appreciation of his contribution to Rendcomb can be seen in these tributes. Stephen left Rendcomb in July 1997 to join Worcester Sixth Form College; he is now director of music at Marling School.

From **John Talbot** (1986-93)

At last we are able to say farewell to Stephen Lea! After all, this is the man who arrived at Rendcomb planning to stay for just one term, yet ended up staying for almost a decade.

I remember my first meeting with Stephen, who valiantly stepped into the breach after the sudden departure of Timothy Lane. One cold morning at the start of the summer term, 1988, I was accosted by Mrs Tolputt (then acting head of the music department) whilst walking down the main drive:

“John, can you come and collect this music that you ordered?” Upon entering the music library I was introduced to Mr Lea - our new “temporary” music teacher. I was greatly bemused; before me stood undoubtedly the youngest teacher I had ever seen. First impressions were that he was nice.....perhaps too nice! I rapidly returned to the ranks of the then form 2 with the news that we had a new, young music teacher whom we could have some great fun with!?!

Over the next five years of my life at Rendcomb I did have many memorable times with Mr Lea, but not of the mischievous kind that I had first envisaged. He breathed enlightenment into our music lessons, both for musicians and those who were less musically inclined. Stephen demonstrated a great love of music in all its forms; he always appeared at home playing the church organ or his treasured bassoon in orchestras, but he was equally happy (or at least pretended to be) listening to our popular music. I fondly remember music lessons in the third form, listening to, appraising and criticising Dire Straits, Queen, Guns ‘n Roses and so on - alas, no Spice Girls or Teletubbies back then!

Stephen had a talent not only for making music for the masses (many a choir member will remember the perilous oppositions of sharps and flats in his compositions) but also for making the masses interested in music. He was a driving force behind the construction of the college recording studio, where he could often be found training pupil-technicians or recording performances of the numerous bands and groups that he helped and encouraged. His contribution to the musical life of the school has been enormous, but it is not solely for this that he will be remembered.

Many Rendcombians of my era will recall the enjoyment to be had on the sixth form options media studies course. This was Stephen’s brainchild and I recollect with pleasure the hours spent comparing and criticising newspaper reports, before we were let loose with the video camera to compile our own news bulletins and eventually our fully animated films of car crashes, wiggley worms, etc. Amazingly all of this excitement culminated in what was, for many, the achievement of a tenth GCSE. Stephen’s career progressed and he became an assistant housemaster, always on call to stop the pillow-fights and after-hours murmurings of School House. He instilled a friendly discipline and became much admired as the man that you couldn’t fool twice - even if you tried to set all of the clocks back in the house to try to watch the end of that late night film! Whilst many will hold personal memories of Stephen - maybe sedate afternoons at Cotswold Water Park in the old days of the Rendcomb Sailing Club - I will especially remember the Sunday evening “escapes” to sing in his choir at Stroud, his help and support in organising and driving to gigs with our short-lived jazz band, and a regular afternoon cup of tea in his flat, where he always made pupils feel welcome (or maybe he just took pity on us after the long walk to the top of the main building). Stephen Lea will be remembered affectionately by all who were taught by him. He had an inspirational insight for music and became a great friend to all. I am sure that the man who was always only staying “for just one more term” will be sadly missed by Rendcomb, but I hope that he takes away as many good memories of the school as he gave to us. I wish him the best of luck for the future, especially at his new post in Worcester.

(John Talbot is in his final year at Homerton College, Cambridge)

Old Rendcombian Society Buffet- Sunday 29th June 1997

Among those present were:-
Staff & former staff

Mr & Mrs J.N. Tolputt
Mr W.J.D. White*
Mr & Mrs D. Essenhigh
Mr & Mrs C.J. Wood*

Mr and Mrs C.C. Burden & children
Mr & Mrs M.J. Newby
Mr & Mrs J.R. Dennis
Dr & Mrs L.J. Haslett

Mr & Mrs J.N. Holt
Mrs C.J. Sudbury
Mrs V. Fell

O.Rs

Mr & Mrs R. Butler (1922-27)
Mr & Mrs A. Brain (1929-37)
Mr F.H. Dutton (1936-44)
Mr R. Kendal (1942-50)
Mr P. Quick (1945-50)
Mr G. Jordan (1966-73)
Mr N. Lumby (1968-73)*

Mr & Mrs D.J. Payne (1940-48)*
Mr & Mrs J. Comrie (1946-54)*
Mr & Mrs D. Tyler & dghter (1965-70)
Mr & Mrs N. Green (1961-69)
Mrs J. Gunner, née Watson (1975-77)*
Mr & Mrs M. Miles (1943-50)*
Mrs T. Hicks, née Wolferston (1974-76)

Mr & Mrs T. Nicholas (1969-76)
Mr H. Wilson & guest (1971-78)
Mr & Mrs J. Hiscox (1960-67)
Mrs S. Morris, née Home (1978-80)*
Mr & Mrs P.A.T. Griffiths (1940-43)
Mr J.D. Williams (1966-71)*

Guests

Mr & Mrs J FitzGerald

*committee



A number of O.R.'s joined the gathering for the speeches.

Unseasonal weather unfortunately deterred a number of O.R.'s with young families from coming to picnic in the grounds (and use the swimming pool!). But the luncheon was an enjoyable and memorable occasion, at which **Tim Nicholas** (1969-76) and **Hamish Wilson** (1971-78) entertained those present with their reminiscences of **Colin Burden** and **Bill White** to whom retirement presentations were made on behalf of the society. Bob Stott and his staff were thanked for providing an excellent buffet.



London Cricketers

Matthew Cragoe (1972-77) extends an invitation to O.R.'s living in London who would like to play cricket to join his club (Washing C.C.) in Belsize Park. Age and even skill are no barriers! They play reasonably seriously and play to win but deliberately avoid league cricket as it is so serious and can ruin the pleasure of simple participation. Their standard is probably club 2nd XI. They have weekly nets on Hampstead Heath in summer and indoor nets on Sundays in the winter at Lords. For further information 'phone Matthew on:- 0171 625 5983

O.R. Sport

Rugby December 7th 1997

The new format of the occasion proved to be only moderately successful in attracting volunteers, but in the event spectators were able to enjoy a lively game.

The "younger" OR's (S. Jones, F. Ingham, I. Thompson, P. Boydell, C. Baker, M. Garcia, A. Donovan, M. Brown, J. de Lisle Wells & A. Harris defeated the "older" O.R.'s (A. Bunge, P. Smithson, D. Chapman, R.B. Herbert, B. Davies + 5 "guest" players from Brighton and Worthing) 40-10. Michael Slark refereed superbly! In order to be more certain of having two full sides, the next fixture will be Mr Slark's XV v Mr Newby's XV. Contact either of these captains if you are keen to play - or await your invitation!

Please ring 01285 831712 for M.S. or 01547 530534 for M.J.N. The match will be played on Sunday December 6th 1998.

O.R. Hockey 15 March 1998

Once again Alex Brealy's telephonic determination resulted in the society fielding five XI's against the school, three of which were played on the new astroturf pitch situated on Landage below the Stable Block. The excellent matches were well supported and over 150 people attended tea. It was such a mild day that the bar spilled out on to the terraces.

Teams and results:

1st XI: S Jones (GK), J Webb, S Roney, C Baker, T Sharman, S Amey, C Paine, M Smith, G Moore, T Bums, P Moore, M Moody
L 2-4

2nd XI: M Wilks (GK), S Croft, A Branston, I Thompson, M Hall, M Garcia, R Sage, R Witchell, B Witchell, D Sharman, A Donovan, T Burns
W 3-0

3rd XI: J Hutton-Potts (GK), D White, R Haywood, T Brealy, M Cordeux, N Patterson-Fox, C Horton, A Hall, J Emerson, R Arnold, S Taylor, J Adams, A Brealy
W 3-2

4th XI: O Blackwell, R Blackwell, A Topalian, J Gregory, A Powell, R Ogden, A Lainey, A Beales, G Somers, R Hart, C Yardley
L 1-7

Ladies XI: A Engel (née Duguid), B Mann, A Jensen, J Pearce, P Wigfield, C Kerton, S Brown, B McKelvie, M Preen + school players
D 3-3

O.R. Cricket - June 29th 1997

The O.R.'s batted first on a good wicket and soon lost Francis Barton for 4. Then Jon Lutwyche and Tom Bums had a stand of 106; both played well, although Burns was the heavier scorer playing strokes all round the wicket. When Manny Garcia bowled Lutwyche the OR's soon lost two more wickets, before Ian Thompson joined Burns; then the score moved quickly along. Burns fell to Garcia, for 89. Thompson finished 50 not out, then he retired. Patrick Boydell and Alex Brealy pushed hard for quick runs until the O.R.'s declared 244 for 7 wickets. After tea College batted but were soon in trouble with Dan White and Colin Bannister bowling very well; College lost Charlie Webb, Harvey Davis and Chris Scarth for 43, but then Charlie Barton and Ashley Taylor pulled things around with a stand of ninety nine, with Barton scoring a very good 120 not out at the end. Taylor made a good 26 and James Gibbs made 19 not out when time finished with college on 208 for 6

wickets. In fact College only bowled 46 overs, and the O.R.'s used nine bowlers in 51 overs. The game will be remembered for Charlie Barton's hundred. Well done, Charlie!

David Essenhigh

Match Drawn

OR's 244 for 7 wickets declared

T Burns 89, M Garcia 2 wickets for 24

I Thompson 50 not out, A King 1 wicket for 22

J Lutwyche 25, C Barton 1 wicket for 14

A Brealy 19 not out

College 208 for 6 wickets

C Barton 120 not out, C Bannister 2 wickets for 45

A Taylor 26, D Cairns 1 wicket for 22

J Gibbs 19 not out, F Barton 1 wicket for 15

Opening of the new astroturf hockey pitch

On Sunday 21st September the new astroturf pitch was opened by Major Tom Wills and named in memory of Martin Wills who died in 1992.

The day began with John Shaw, the ex-England, ex-GB and Southgate Player, providing a rigorous and entertaining coaching session for senior girls and boys. This was followed by a ladies match in which two teams were made from local clubs and senior girls. At the luncheon in the reading room John Webb represented the O.R. society and **Roy Dennis, John Holt, Bridget Goldsmith, Bobby Morgan and Chris Wood** represented past and present 1st XI coaches.

The mens match in the afternoon proved to be a very entertaining game with many goals (8-6), many set up by our guest, John Shaw. The teams were selected from senior boys and local OR's: **Phil Moore, Charlie Paine, Graham Moore, John Sinclair, Mike Moody, Mark Whittering, Tom Burns, John Webb and Bobby Morgan** (deputy headmaster and ex-England).



School Sport

Rugby Football 1997

This season fell once again into the pattern that has been established over the last few years of college rugby, with the senior sides enjoying considerable success and the junior teams often struggling against physically larger opponents. Nevertheless, I am pleased to report that the enthusiasm and commitment of players and coaches alike remains undiminished.

Changes amongst the coaching staff saw Alex Brealy returning to the U13 squad to work with Martin Graham, and Carlo Vuolo taking over the U14's. We were also pleased to welcome 'new boy' Steve Hill who made a valuable contribution to both senior and junior rugby.

For the fourth successive year, the 1st XV enjoyed a winning season, despite the loss of ten members of last year's team. Substantial rebuilding was again required around captain James Gibbs, vice-captain Tim Hill and senior 'pros' Chris Scarth, Sebastian Grey and Ed Turvill, to produce a team that played a great deal of enterprising and positive rugby. One or two of the defeats might give cause for regret, but the XV invariably gave spectators 'value for money' and their record is a fair reflection of their collective ability. As ever, the outstanding performance of the season was in defeat against our most powerful opponents; another tribute to the enduring spirit and commitment of Rendcomb rugby.

Another pleasing aspect of the season was the complimentary comments that the XV prompted from referees. This embattled group of individuals see most things during the course of the season, and praise from them about our style of play and our attitude is praise indeed. The individual who drew the most of such plaudits was the skipper, James Gibbs, playing in his third and final season of 1st XV rugby. James has been the only fifth former in recent times to force his way into the 1st XV and to hold his place, and this in what was one of the college's most successful teams ever. He has played in two winning sides since, and has made an enormous contribution to college rugby. He truly is a 'giant' of Rendcomb rugby and will be very much missed. Once again, the very positive and mutually supportive attitude throughout the senior squad is worthy of note, and Martin Griffiths performed his customary trick of transforming a 2nd XV judged to be a 'sow's ear' into the 'silk purse' that won seven of their eight games.

The annual club dinner was as ever a splendid and enormously enjoyable climax to the season, with impressive and amusing speeches by James Gibbs and Tom Gilbert. Imagine our surprise when the guest speaker, one Graham Gooch, put aside his disguise (a cricket bat and floppy sunhat) to reveal our own Kim Taplin; but there was to be no disappointment here, only relief, as the 'Tank' went on to entertain us with anecdotes from his own sporting career which, if it has not (yet!) quite scaled the heights of that of the former England cricket captain, has certainly been more interesting.

v Rednock School (A)	W 53-0
v Bredon School (A)	L 14-22
v St Edward's School (A)	W 11-0
v King's School, Gloucester (H)	W 18-5
v Leighton Park School (A)	L 10-25
v Bedstone College (H)	W 37-5
v Douai School (A)	W 20-19
v Cokethorpe School (A)	W 31-5
v Kelly College (H)	L 0-20
v Sir Thomas Rich's School (A)	L 21-25
v Bristol Cathedral School (H)	W 45-7
v Wycliffe College (H)	L 19-30
v Kingham Hill School (H)	W 46-0

Played: 13, won: 8, lost: 5, points for: 315, points against 163.

Team from J. Gibbs (captain), T. Hill (v-captain), E. Turvill, A. Taylor, P. de Havilland-Hall, T. Abbott, J. Keith, R. Webb, B. Butler, S. Maylott, C. Scarth, I. Forster, S. Grey, J. Hawkins, D. Morris, C. Holliday, Y. Takanashi, W. Witchell.

School Hockey

Boys and girls alike have benefited from being coached and playing matches on the new astroturf.

Extraordinarily, no matches were cancelled due to bad weather but it was a strange feeling to be 'on top' with maybe only one other game taking place.

This is due to the new timetable which has separated junior and senior games during the week, allowing us to make the best use of the astroturf. (There are now 8 periods per day Monday to Friday with afternoon school always starting at 2 p.m. - no change to Saturday).

In the Christmas term most girls play hockey and this allows five XIs to play matches. The 1st XI practised well and notched up good wins against Stroud High, St. Edward's Cheltenham and King's Gloucester. They are looking forward to the first girls' tour to the Netherlands in July.

Boys hockey continues to enjoy popularity and success at Rendcomb. Nine XI's played 88 matches, winning 47 and scoring 228 goals. The O.R.'s discovered that this year's 1st XI are skilful, fit and well disciplined.

This was particularly apparent at the Bath Festival where they beat Seaford, Sedbergh and Langley Park and drew with a South African touring side. Interestingly, in the O.R. match **John Webb** came up against his son, Rupert, playing in defence.

Chris Wood

At Rendcomb

The following members of the society have sons and/or daughters at Rendcomb this year:

O.R.'s: J M Webb, M C Jones, D A N Hogarth, Jane Gunner.

Staff: B L North, K Ewing, J F A Grey, J G Williams, C C Burden, M J Newby

Reunion Dates

Cricket	Sunday June 28th 1998
Hockey	Sunday December 6th 1998
Rugby	Sunday March 14th 1999



Left to right, Ted Jones (past president), Julian Comrie (chairman), Roger Kendal, Michael Miles (president), Philip Quick and Frank Dutton at the cricket match 1997.

News of Recent Leavers

Robert Arnold	Leisure marketing, Bournemouth University
Robert Ashby	Engineering, Birmingham University
Christopher Baker	Tourism & leisure, Cardiff IHE
Jeanne Bartholomew	General science, St Andrews University
Charles Barton	English & philosophy, Manchester University
William Brittain Jones	Agriculture & land management, Royal Agricultural College
Andrew Donovan	Business studies, Cardiff IHE
Rebecca Doyle	Psychology & drama, Glamorgan University
Victoria Dühmke	Architecture, Newcastle University
Douglas Ellison	Electrical engineering, Birmingham University
James Emerson	Allied Dunbar
Manolito Garcia	History & Spanish, Exeter University
Naomi Gibbons	Music, Birmingham Conservatoire
Samuel Gillot	Art, Cheltenham & Gloucester CHE
James Graham	Mechanical engineering, Manchester University
Adam Hawkins	Cybernetics, Reading University
Marcus Haynes	French/German, Exeter University
William Hunt	French/German, Leeds University
Georgina Hunter-Smart	Nursing, Nottingham University 1998
Sophie Ingham	History of Art, Leicester University
Adam King	Sociology, Nottingham University
Colin Morey	Electronic systems engineering, Aston University
Tabitha Pelly	English, Manchester University
Anna Peters	Business studies, Northumbria University
Timothy Shaw	Application philosophy, Post 'A' level Cambridge
Jacqueline Shenton	Art, Cheltenham & Gloucester CHE
James Smith	Mathematics, Warwick University
Stewart Taylor	French/German, Exeter University
Charles Webb	History, Newcastle University
Polly Wigfield	Retaking 'A' levels
Robin Witchell	History & ancient history, Exeter University
David Wragg	Politics & philosophy, Birmingham University
Sophie Brown	Cirencester College
Beshlie McKelvie	Cirencester College
Charlotte Kerton	Swindon College
Nadia El-Titi	Eastbourne College
Tina Rink	D'Overbroeks
Susanna Hoelseher	in Madrid
Edmund Compton	Cheltenham College
Robert Edmondson	Cheltenham College
Gus Pickett	St Clare's International School, Oxford

Notes Relating to the Proposed Revisions to the Rules of the Old Rendcombian Society

General Introduction

The present rules of the society were drawn up in 1975. They are now out of date and the committee proposes that they should be completely replaced by a new set of rules to meet current requirements.

During the course of 1997, the committee reviewed the society's rules to discover that although several of them are still suitable, many of them are in need of revision, due to the passage of time, inflation, or changing circumstances and procedures. Several changes are required and the committee has prepared a complete set of proposed new rules. These to be put to the vote *en bloc* at the annual general meeting of the society on 28 June 1998. Any one member who is unable to attend the meeting in person, but has a comment to make about the proposed new rules which they would like put to the meeting, is invited to write to the secretary by 12 June 1998.

Rather than express the changes in the normal form, where only the change itself is defined, we have felt it would be clearer and simpler if the new proposed rules were written out in full, together with a copy of the existing rules and some explanatory notes. All of these documents are enclosed with the agenda for the 1998 AGM.

Explanatory Notes Concerning the Proposed New Rules

- Rule 1: No change
- Rule 2: a. No change
b. Accords with current practice.
c. We feel that the old rule is somewhat restrictive, and should be expanded, as proposed. Honorary life members have already been invited to join the society.
d. No change
- Rule 3: The list of officers has been extended to reflect current practise. No other changes
- Rule 4: No change
- Rule 5: a. The number of members needed to make a quorum at a committee meeting has been increased
b. from two to three.
c. No change
- Rule 6: This change reflects current procedure, and allows the subscription to be set at any level agreed at an AGM, without that level being enshrined in the rules.
- Rule 7: a. The revised financial year end was agreed by the society at the AGM in June 1997, following a proposal from the treasurer.
b. No change
c. The committee no longer feel it necessary to take advice from the bank on investments. This has been replaced by a new rule, which again reflects current practise: for many years, no
d. committee member has been paid for their work on the committee, but any member may claim genuine expenses.
e. By virtue of new rule d, this becomes redundant.
- Rule 8: No change
- Rule 9: The register of members' names and addresses will still be maintained, but the publication of any individual's name and address can be suppressed, at their request, in accordance with the provisions of the data protection act.
- Rule 10: No change
- Rule 11: No change

Old Rendcombian Society Rules - July 1975

1. Name: The society shall be called the Old Rendcombian Society.
2. Membership: The following persons shall be eligible to become members:
a. Headmasters of the college
b. Members of the college staff who shall have been on the staff for at least 3 years.
c. Persons (hereinafter called O,R.'s) who were scholars at the college for not less than one academic year after the term or vacation in which they became 14 years old.
3. Meetings:
a. There shall be held each calendar year an annual general meeting (AGM) at the college.
b. Any other meeting shall be called a special general meeting.
c. A quorum of any general meeting shall be fifteen members.
4. Officers: These shall be: president, treasurer, chairman, sports secretary, vice-chairman, hon.

- auditor, hon. secretary (seven)
- a. All officers shall be elected at the AGM and shall hold office for three (3) years, with the exception of the president who shall be elected for a period of five (5) years.
 - b. All officers shall immediately be eligible for re-election.
5. Committee:
- a. The management of the society shall be vested in a committee consisting of the officers and any other member elected at an AGM.
 - b. A quorum at a meeting of this committee shall be two members, of whom the president or secretary shall be one, and the chairman or treasurer the other.
 - c. The committee may co-opt another member to fill a vacancy.
6. Subscriptions: The life subscription shall be £10
7. The Funds of the Society:
- a. The society's financial year shall end March 31st.
 - b. The hon treasurer shall present audited accounts to the AGM following the year end.
 - c. The hon treasurer and the hon auditor shall have power to invest in such securities as they shall choose in consultation with the society's bankers.
 - d. The hon secretary shall be paid an honorarium of £10.00 pa.
 - e. The sports secretary shall be paid an honorarium of £10.00 p.a.
8. Annual Dinner: One dinner will be arranged by the secretary in each calendar year. If possible, this should take place on the day of the AGM, at the college.
9. The Register: A register will be maintained by the secretary, and published at the request of an AGM. It will contain names and addresses of all members, and the dates of entry to and leaving from the college.
10. Voting: A simple majority at a meeting (refer rule 3) is required to pass a resolution. The chairman shall have a casting vote. (Any member may demand a poll).
11. Alteration of Rules: These rules shall be alterable only by a proposal passed in accordance with rule 10.

**Old Rendcombian Society
Rules - July 1975 For Revision at the AGM in June 1998**

1. Name: The society shall be called the Old Rendcombian Society.
2. Membership: The following persons shall be eligible to become members.
 - a. Headmasters of the college.
 - b. Current members of the college staff are honorary members. On leaving they are to be invited to be members at the discretion of the committee.
 - c. Pupils who have completed one year at the college.
 - d. Honorary life members at the invitation of the committee
3. Meetings:
 - a. There shall be held each calendar year an annual general meeting (AGM) at the college.
 - b. Any other meeting shall be called a special general meeting.
 - c. A quorum of any general meeting shall be fifteen members.
4. Officers: These shall be: president, treasurer, chairman, sports secretary, vice-chairman, hon. auditor, hon. secretary, girls' secretary, newsletter editor, school representatives, sports secretaries to be co-opted
 - a. All officers shall be elected at the AGM and shall hold office for three (3) years, with the exception of the president who shall be elected for a period of five (5) years.
 - b. All officers shall immediately be eligible for re-election.
5. Committee:
 - a. The management of the society shall be vested in a committee consisting of the officers and any other member elected at an AGM.
 - b. A quorum at a meeting of this committee shall be three members, of whom the president or secretary shall be one, and the chairman or treasurer another.
 - c. The committee may co-opt another member to fill a vacancy.
6. Subscriptions: The life subscription shall be reviewed annually and set at the AGM.
7. The Funds of the Society:
 - a. The society's financial year shall end May 31st.
 - b. The hon treasurer shall present audited accounts to the AGM following the year end.
 - c. The hon treasurer and the hon auditor shall have power to invest in such securities as they shall choose as agreed by the committee.
 - d. Any committee member shall be entitled to claim reasonable expenses.
8. Annual Dinner: One dinner will be arranged by the secretary in each calendar year. If possible, this should take place on the day of the AGM at the college.
9. The Register: A register will be maintained by the secretary, and published at the request of an

AGM, subject to the provisions of the data protection act. It will contain names and addresses of all members, and the dates of entry to and leaving from the college.

10. Voting:

A simple majority at a meeting (refer rule 3) is required to pass a resolution. The chairman shall have a casting vote. Any member may demand a poll.

11. Alteration of Rules:

These rules shall be alterable only by a proposal passed in accordance with Rule 10.

Any comments and/or suggestions with regard to the above should be sent direct to: Julian Comrie, Lane's End, East Lyng, Taunton, Somerset, TA3 5AU