

THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE



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EDITORIAL

IN view of the larger numbers of contributions for this issue it seems a good opportunity to indicate the principles on which selection of contributions is based. Firstly, the Editors aim to include, if possible, material from a cross-section of the College in order to encourage younger writers and get boys used to the idea of creative writing for its own sake and perhaps for publication. Clearly such writing should be regarded with the age of the author in mind—it would be ludicrous to judge the work of a junior boy by Sixth Form standards. So with writing (as with drawing) we like as many people as reasonably possible to be represented. Secondly, there is no bias against Science specialists; every contribution, from whichever niche in the school it comes, is judged on its merits alone. However, thirdly, we occasionally (habitually, many would say!) include contributions of borderline standard if we feel that this might encourage the writer, this applying particularly in cases where we have a keen, regular contributor whose support and enthusiasm might wane in the face of a repeated *non*.

It is hardly necessary to say that we are not yet satisfied with the level of contributions. We must, of course, select from what we receive; unwritten masterpieces are useless to us. Too often existing contributions are either dashed off rapidly, like a letter to Granny, or, like artificial juice, squeezed out of individuals by external editorial pressure. Neither method is conducive to writing of real quality. The magazine, especially in a small school, depends on the steady support of more voluntary contributors than we have at present, contributors who have enough character not to be deterred by the first or even the second or third "rejection slip." Scepticism and apathy never yet produced a school magazine worth reading.

Let us hope, then, that the obesity of Rendcomb's biggest ever magazine, to which the Editors now cordially invite you, is less

the fatness of stagnant repletion than the fatness which precedes exercise.

MIS CELLANIA

Winter Term, 1970

THIS term we were glad to welcome, from Bembridge School, Isle of Wight, Mr. Keith Thorne, the new Art master, and his wife and two children. We hope that they will have a successful and enjoyable stay at Rendcomb. They are temporarily living in the main street of the village pending the completion of the new semi-detached colossus opposite the Stable Block. We also welcomed Mrs. J. Hobday as assistant matron.

There were two visits to Stratford this term: VI Form parties went to performances of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, on 22nd September, and of *The Tempest*, on 12th November. On 20th October another VI Form group went to the Oxford Playhouse to see *Othello*, with Alan Badel in the title role. On 14th October a VI specialist group went to Stroud for the Festival production of T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* in the parish church.

* * ❧

On 3rd December a party of VI Form scientists visited part of Bristol University and the Wills Tobacco factory. An account appears in this issue.

* * ❧

On 7th November a party went to a performance of Handel's *Messiah* in Gloucester Cathedral.

* * ❧

The school play, Anouilh's *Antigone*, was performed on the evenings of 26th, 27th and 28th November. A review appears later in this issue.

The squash courts are finished and have been in great demand this term by both senior and junior boys.

Half-term was from 29th October to 3rd November, a welcome break in the middle of an unusually long term.

*

Films shown this term included *The Impossible Years*, *Danger Grows Wild*, *Tobruk*, *Cincinnati Kid*, *Carry On Up The Khyber*, *Legion's Last Patrol*, *Ring of Bright Water*, *Once a Thief*, *Shenandoah*, and *The Savage Innocents*.

*

The Christmas Party was held this year on 12th December. Less hysterical and satirical, perhaps, than usual, it was nevertheless extremely successful and is described elsewhere in this issue.

* * ❦

The chief musical event this term was the concert of Advent and Christmas music held in St. Peter's Church on the evening of Sunday, 6th December. The main work was Bach's Cantata No. 140, *Wachet auf ruft uns die Stimme*. The concert was highly successful, as was the carol service which took place the following Sunday just before the start of the holidays.

* * ❦

We were glad to welcome M. Bircher to the Sixth Form this term. We wish the best of luck to the following who left at Christmas : D. Tyler; O. G. Rhys; R. Millard; R. A. Law; R. G. Pyecroft; T. Patrick; N. Moot; M. Stallard; N. Jowsey; D. Gray; M. Jowsey.

The Editors note with regret the name of Owen Rhys, one of their number, and thank him for his work on the magazine.

* * ❦

Congratulations to Philip Lamphee, a regular contributor to this magazine, who was

commended in the Stroud Festival Junior Poetry-Writing Competition in October.

*

Our rival magazine *Foot* has still not been resurrected despite rumours of impending publication and editorial flurry.

* ❦ ❦

Lectures were given to College groups this term by Commander Fisher, R.N., and by the Headmaster of Bedales School.

*

A dance was held in the Village Hall on the last Saturday evening of term. Those availing themselves of this social opportunity ranged from VI Formers to diminutive III Formers.

*

Spring Term, 1971

TOWARDS the end of term the Headmaster announced that he would be leaving Rendcomb at the end of the school year to take up a new post as Headmaster of Bradfield College, Berkshire. Our warmest congratulations and good wishes go to him and his family. His successor here will be announced shortly.

*

We were sorry to say goodbye at the end of term to Iris Lloyd, who has been matron here for the past six years. We thank her very much for all her valiant efforts on behalf of the College, wish her well in her married life, and hope she will be a regular visitor to Rendcomb. We were also sad to say farewell to Mrs. Hobday, our assistant matron.

* ❦ ❦

It was announced that the school numbers are to be increased, firstly by the introduction of a double entry at Form III level and, secondly, by opening the doors of Rendcomb to a limited number of girl pupils. With this in mind a Sixth Form boarding house is shortly to be designed and constructed provided it is acceptable on the grounds of cost and planning permission. A new transitional

phase here looks inevitable and the experiment could well be an exciting one.

A new Founder's Scholarship was inaugurated this term: the successful candidate gains an entirely free place at Rendcomb. A large number of applicants came forward from Gloucestershire schools.

* ✂ ✂

In the February number of *Gloucestershire Life* a long article, accompanied by photographs, appeared about the College. The article was flattering to almost everything except the unjustly maligned Victorian architecture of the main building (how would Betjeman react?) and the writer concluded his account thus: "As the brochure indicates, they are encouraged to acquire a sense of community feeling. Their P.W. . ' period on Tuesday afternoons underlines this aspect. P.W. stands for Public Work. And that, in turn, can mean doing a back-aching stint of gardening or interior decorating; or making benches for the chemistry lab; or the unpopular occupation of 'stone-picking'—the tedious process of clearing, by hand, the remnants of stone from the new games field.

It all helps to give them a caring, unselfish attitude to life, and character-building is seen as an important function of the school. Rendcomb College, like Sir Francis who built the mansion more than one hundred years ago, is individualistic. Where else would you expect to come up against a marble figure of Saul just inside the front door? Again, the artistic merit of this long-standing symbol is indeterminate and subject to good-natured ridicule.

Someone cynically said that the best way to enjoy this particular mansion was by standing inside it, looking out. That is the privilege of the boys at the college. With its lofty rooms, large windows and touches of real style—how many schools have a better library, I wonder?—and its marvellous views

of unspoiled green Gloucestershire on all sides, I envy the boys . . . It's a nice way to go to school."

* * *

The following were appointed Magazine Editors this term: N. Boyd and G. J. Dorey.

* * ✂

Outings this term included: Form V to Swindon for the latest film version of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*; some members of Form VI to the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham, for John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*; Form III and a few VI Form boys to see *Twelfth Night* at the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham; VI Form English specialists to see a stage version of Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park* at the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham. A party went to London for a Sadler's Wells Opera Company production of Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* (a fuller account appears later in this issue).

* * ✂

Films this term included *Don't Lose Your Head*, *They Were Not Divided*, *Maroc 7*, *Day Of The Evil Gun*, *Pink Jungle* and *Nobody Runs For Ever*.

* * ✂

The Form HI Common Room is to be renovated during the Easter holidays—another stage in its varied career since its original role as the mansion's billiard room.

* * ✂

A trip to France has been organised for the summer holidays. Twenty-four boys are going, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Thorne and Mr. Holt. The itinerary includes Rheims, Paris, Versailles, Chartres, Fontainebleau, and some of the chateaux of the Loire. We hope to include a full account in a future issue.

The chief musical event this term was a choral concert on 13th March in Cirencester Parish Church. It was notable for a performance of *Cantata of the Resurrection*, composed by the Director of Music, Mr. John

Willson, and is reviewed elsewhere by Mr. Eric Smart, Headmaster of St. Lawrence's Primary School, Lechlade. The Choir's next major presentation will be a full stage performance of Weber's opera *Der Freischutz* on 24th October.

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following contemporaries: *The Gresham Magazine*; *The Wycliffe Star*; *The Decanian*; *The Richian*; *The Bloxhamist*; *The King's School, Gloucester, Magazine*. Apologies for any omissions.

* ❧ ❧

Founder's Day next term will be on Saturday, 26th June. The guest speaker will be Dr. Wally Stirling, Chancellor of Stanford University, U.S.A.

On a gloomier note, G.C.E. starts on Monday, 7th June.

* ❧ ❧

The drawings for this issue were contributed by David Toresen, Jonathan Dixon, Peter Millard, Roland Clarke, Roger Laycock, Colin Beck, and Ian Taylor. Photographs are by Angus Robertson and Andrew Thompson. Grateful thanks to all of them.

COLLEGE OFFICERS

Winter Term, 1970

Senior Prefect—D. A. Tyler

Prefects and Group Leaders—R. Millard;
O. G. Rhys; R. G. Pyecroft; N. Hillier;
R. A. Law; J. M. Gray; C. J. Wood;
A. Lamb

Public Workman—J. Hindle

Church Ushers—O. G. Rhys; J. Hindle

Librarians—D. A. Tyler; A. J. Stafford;
C. J. Wood; R. G. L. Roberts; C. H. Moore

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

Bell-ringers—A. Thompson (Tower Captain);
J. D. Williams; M. Brown; M. W. Fisher;
J. Smith; D. Pearce; P. Walton; C. D.
Horton; M. Pitt

Stage Manager—R. A. Law

Stagemen—I. R. Niel; C. H. Moore; R. J. H.
Laycock; N. Hance; A. Robertson; A. Pearce

Editors—O. G. Rhys; N. O. Thomas

Spring Term, 1971

Senior Prefect—J. M. Gray

Prefects and Group Leaders—C. J. Wood;
A. Lamb; I. R. Niel; A. J. Stafford; N. O.
Thomas

Public Workman—J. Hindle

Church Ushers—C. J. Wood; J. Hindle

Librarians—A. J. Stafford; C. J. Wood;
R. G. L. Roberts; C. H. Moore; C. Partridge

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

Bell-ringers—A. Thompson (Tower Captain);
J. D. Williams; M. Brown; M. W. Fisher;
J. Smith; D. Pearce; P. Walton; C. D.
Horton; M. Pitt

Editors—N. O. Thomas; N. Boyd; G. J. Dorey

MEETING OFFICERS

Winter Term, 1970

Chairman—R. Millard

Secretary—M. Garland-Collins

Council—O. G. Rhys; R. A. Law; R. Millard;
D. A. Tyler; A. Lamb

Nominations Committee—I. R. Niel; A.
Stafford

Meeting Banker—J. D. Williams

Senior Shopman—N. O. Thomas

Junior Shopmen—C. Jones; S. Robbins

Entertainments Committee — D. Toresen;
D. Mackonochie; C. D. Horton; W. Tom-
linson; P. Lamphee

Breakages Man—G. Jordan

Junior Advocate—R. Mace

Meeting Editor—D. Toresen

Christmas Party Committee—A. Thompson;
R. Morris; C. Partridge; N. O. Thomas;
N. Roberts

Games Captain—O. G. Rhys

Spring Term, 1971

Chairman—N. O. Thomas

Secretary—J. Millard

Council—C. J. Wood; J. M. Gray; N. O.
Thomas; I. R. Niel; A. J. Stafford

Meeting Banker—A. Thompson

Boys Banker—A. Rose

Shop Banker—J. D. Williams

Senior Shopman—D. Toresen

Junior Shopmen—K. Underdown; C. Partridge

Entertainments Committee—R. Morris ; E. Par-
sons; M. Bircher; D. Barling; S. Worm-
leighton

Breakages Man—D. Shield

Nominations Committee — I. R. Niel; A. J.
Stafford; N. O. Thomas

Meeting Editor—D. Toresen

Meeting Advisory Committee—J. D. Williams;
I. R. Niel; A. Thompson

Games Captain—J. M. Gray

MEETING NOTES

Winter Term, 1970

MEETINGS this term have covered many topics, and much relevant and irrelevant comment has been passed. Common to nearly every meeting has been a request by the record warden that the prefects return a number of Meeting records to their rightful home in the Amp. room. It was decided to let members of the Fourth Form and below use the Amp Equipment under Fifth or Sixth Form supervision; and the large billiards table in Saul's Hall is to be recovered during the Christmas holiday.

Probably the term's most important decision was to reduce the Meeting's allowance from about £300 per term to **£200** per term, as the Meeting had a bank balance of £530. This means that in future Meeting money will flow less freely.

R.M.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

G.C.E. 'A' level 1970

THE following gained passes in the subjects indicated:—

R. J. Bowen	English, History, French
M. W. Cummings	Physics, Chemistry
N. R. H. Evans	English*, History*(M), French
N. L. Hillier	English*(M), History*(M), French
N. A. Johnson	Physics, Chemistry, Zoology
P. B. Jones	Econs. & P.A.*(D)
B. Laan	Maths, Physics, Chemistry
A. R. Lamb	Maths*(D), Physics*(D), Chemistry
R. A. Law	Maths*(M), Physics, Chemistry (M)
R. Millard	Maths*, Physics*(D), Chemistry (M)
N. R. Moot	Maths, Physics, Chemistry
W. M. F. Nesham	English, History
A. T. W. Patrick	Maths, Physics, Chemistry
R. G. Pyecroft	Maths*, Physics*, Chemistry
R. V. M. Raynes	Maths, Chemistry
O. G. Rhys	Maths*, Physics (M), Chemistry (M)
D. J. Simmons	Maths, Physics, Chemistry
H. Thompson	Pure Maths, App. Maths, Physics
D. A. Tyler	History*(D), Maths*, Physics
A. J. C. Walker	History, Econ & P.A.
N. H. Wapshott	Econ. & P.A.
K. D. Warren	Maths*(D), Physics*(D), Chemistry*

*Class A (D) Distinction in the Special Paper
(M) Merit in the Special Paper

21 boys took 58 subjects at 'A' level. 55 'A'
level passes were obtained.

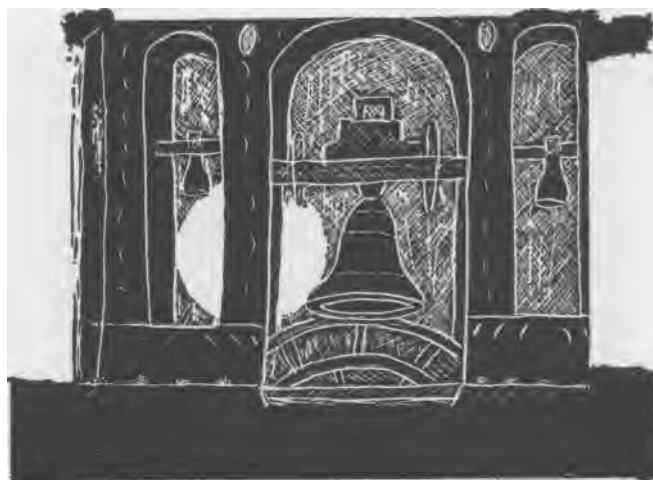
G.C.E. 'O' Level—Summer, 1970

N. Boyd	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Maths, History, Latin, French, Biology
M. J. Brown	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Latin, History, French, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
M. Garland-Collins	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Maths, History, Latin, French, Biology
J. Bush	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Maths, Chemistry, Biology, Woodwork
J. Coombes	Eng. Lit.
M. Fisher	Maths, Eng. Lang.
D. Jenner	Maths, History, Latin, Biol- ogy, Physics, Chemistry, Eng. Lit, Eng. Lang.
N. Jowsey	Eng. Lit., Eng. Lang., Maths, Physics, Biology
R. Mace	Eng. Lang.
D. Machonochie	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Maths, Latin, History, French, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
R. Morris	Eng. Lit., Eng. Lang., Latin, French, Maths, Chemistry
R. Pearce	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Latin, French, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
A. Pitt	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., History, Maths, French, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Latin
C. Probert	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., History, Maths, French, Physics, Chemistry, Biology Latin
R. Read	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., History, Maths., French, Physics, Biology, Chemistry, Latin
R. Roberts	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., History, Maths, Latin, Chemistry, Biology

A. Robertson	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Maths, French, Physics, Biology, Chemistry
J. Russell	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Latin, French, Physics, Biology, Chemistry
B. Robertson	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., History, Maths, French, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Latin
R. Sampford	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Physics, Biology, Woodwork,
B. Smith	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Maths, Chemistry
M. Stallard	Maths
P. Topp	Eng. Lit., History
J. Tyler	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., History, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
B. Wookey	Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Maths.
G. Jordan	Maths.
J. Millard	Maths.
J. Smith	Maths.

December, 1970

T. J. Patrick	Eng. Lang.
R. Pearce	History
B. Smith	Biology
M. Stallard	Latin, History
J. Tyler	Latin



BELL-RINGING NOTES

AFTER the departure last summer of three of our most experienced ringers, the standard of ringing has risen again to nearly the same level of change ringing achieved last year. Interest in ringing in the lower school has increased considerably, and the younger members of the present band will prove to be very useful in the future. Also, Mr. Essenhigh, Susan Essenhigh and Timothy Price have taken up ringing and they will provide a basis for a steadier high standard in the tower.

The last two terms have seen two branch meetings at Rendcomb and several of the ringers have attended meetings at other towers. It was very pleasing to see one of our ringers take part in a successful peal at Meysey Hampton.

Once again we would like to thank Miss Bliss for all she has done; without her help the standard of Rendcomb ringing would be considerably lower.

A.T.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY, 1970

ONCE again the C.P.C. put on their annual production, this time in the midst of electrical confusion due to the "go-slow." Oil lamps were fixed to the stage but these proved unnecessary, as the threatened black-out did not happen.

The theme this time was London Town and was livened up by having that mighty gorilla, "King Niv," present. The prefects were superb as the Royal Family, especially Alan Lamb as the Queen and David Tyler as Princess Anne.

There was the customary judging of Fancy Dress. The junior prizes went to Alan Bennett, Stephen Smith and Simon Beckett. Timothy Nicholas also deserves mention for his courage in donning a bag of fertiliser. The senior prizes were awarded to Jonathan Tyler, Brian Smith, Michael Garland-Collins and Brian Robertson. But everybody merits credit for on display was an extremely colourful selection of costumes.

There were the usual games and competitions and Roland Clarke is thanked for dreaming up so many original competitions.

The kitchen staff excelled themselves this year with the Christmas dinner. Our thanks go to them.

And now the sketches. These were surprisingly original and far more enjoyable than the "tired" sketches we saw last year. The spaces between the sketches were filled with inane chatter and old jokes from "ZZ-Man," whose courage in daring to tell such weak jokes is to be admired.

The staff were mocked very lightly this year, although the B.B.C., Pakistanis, Rolf Harris, and the school teaspoons suffered under the hands of Richard Rolt, Andrew Thompson, Bob Morris, Crispin Partridge and Nicholas Roberts, who were aided by Richard Millard, Roger Sampford, David Tyler, David Shield, Nigel Jowsey, and the author of this lyrical prose.

Perhaps the only complaint about this year's party was that it passed too quickly for most of us.

And last but not least (what a cliché!) we would like to thank Mrs. James for obtaining very striking costumes for the theme and sketches; Mr. and Mrs. Fell for judging so well; Mr. Sells for his immense help in censoring and producing the sketches and also for starring in a sketch; and everybody who came for making the party a success, and a very impressive success into the bargain. Thanks to you all!

D.T.





View from Rendcomb Church Tower



View from Cirencester Church Tower



The Christmas Party: Twosome



The Christmas Party: Threesome

ANTIGONE

THE play this year, *Antigone* by Jean Anouilh, was in great contrast to last year's *Men in Shadow*, and as such demanded a great deal more from the audience. The success of this year's production speaks for the quality of the play and the way in which it was presented.

There are obvious difficulties in staging a play in which the central character is a girl, especially as the part is such a demanding one. Crispin Partridge played the part remarkably well, being notably impressive in her long argument with Creon and when her idealistic visions of her two elder brothers were shattered. The transition from defiance to apathy and back to defiance was very well done. On the whole it was an extremely good attempt at a difficult part.

This play can be seen as embodying the conflict between realism and idealism. On the one side Creon, a true believer in "Realpolitik," and on the other, Antigone and Haemon, she worshipping the memory of her two dead brothers, he looking up to his Father almost as a god-like figure. Both of them are disillusioned in the end and Creon continues, alone and unhampered, to pursue his policies.

Niven Boyd as Creon filled the part admirably and when he was on stage never failed to hold the full attention of the audience, no mean achievement considering the length of his conversation with Antigone. Moreover, his imposing bulk seemed automatically to reduce other characters on the stage to subordinates, in size and in authority.

Perhaps the key element in tragedy is the sense of inevitability about all the proceedings. We know that Antigone will die; the question is why and when? The differences between Antigone and Creon are so fundamental that there can be only one solution, the destruction of one of the antagonists, and Creon holds all the cards. Everything moves inexorably towards Antigone's death; the reconciliation almost achieved between Creon and Antigone

only serves to heighten the final tragedy. To underline this very important element in the play there are continual sharp reminders from the Chorus, here in the shape of a dandified Nicholas Thomas. The Chorus is essential to the play both in its capacity as actor in the events of the drama, and as "presenter" of the play's dominant theme. These two aspects of the chorus were very well brought out by Nicholas Thomas; the outstanding merit of his performance was his excellent elocution, ensuring that virtually no words were lost. A clear example of this was the "spring-winding" speech, which seems to have impressed everybody.

The three soldiers, stupid, dirty and coarse, were admirably played by Christopher Wood, Edward Parsons and David Toresen. Their callous indifference and pathetic attempts at humour must be characteristic of the type; there is no doubt which actors were most popular with the junior forms.

Brian Fisher as the Nurse, Gregory Dorey as Ismene (a bird with a broken wing!), Richard Roberts as Haemon, and Antony Pitt as the Messenger all performed their parts competently and successfully although they tended to be overshadowed by the other actors.

A somewhat abstract set was a break with Rendcomb tradition and seems to have owed something to the prevailing style at Stratford; the overall appearance was very effective and those connected with the stage must be remembered for the work and effort which went into it.

There was an interesting contrast between the costumes in that some were modern and some were ancient, possibly to emphasize the "timelessness" of the arguments. We are again very grateful to Mrs. James for her devoted assistance.

All in all, the play was one of the most interesting and best presented seen at Rendcomb. Mr. Sells must have been well satisfied with the final quality of the production.

J.M.G.

THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

OUTING: Thursday, 3rd December, 1970.

At 8-15 a.m. a party, consisting mainly of Vith form scientists, set off for Bristol. This was the first time the Society had been away all day—it fact until 9-15 p.m.

The first place we visited was Wills' number three tobacco factory, where we were given a warm reception. After seeing a film on the stages of manufacture and how to smoke the products correctly we were taken round the factory in small groups. During this extremely interesting tour we saw the moistening processes, the "threshing" of the filler tobacco, the actual manufacture and the various packing techniques. In fact, at the end one was well acquainted with a cigar's life history before its release to the public. There were also some especially interesting points that we noticed, such as pop music playing in the factory for psychological reasons, and the high degree of hygiene there. After a short discussion about the history of the company, advertising, costs and the ethics of smoking, we left for the University of Bristol, having enjoyed the brief visit immensely.

We took lunch (which was kindly paid for by the College) in the University's Students Union building. This large, new building, with its many facilities, was very impressive. At the Chemistry department we were welcomed by Dr. Roger Alder, an Old Boy of Rendcomb, who had arranged the visit. We looked around the department in two groups, and although we were a little rushed we were able to see many interesting features, such as the sound-proofed library, in which the students can work, the well equipped practical laboratories and many pieces of equipment which are only mentioned at 'A' level. With a little time in hand at the end, Dr. Alder gave us a short lecture in one of the theatres on the theory of one of the machines (the N.M.R. spectrometer). He cleverly simplified the lecture so that it was comprehensible to many of the older members of the party.

The third and final part of our day was at St. David's Hospital in the radiotherapy department. Again we have an ex-Rendcombian, Dr. Maurice Bullen, to thank for arranging the visit.

Dr. Bullen gave us a short lecture of the part played by physics in medicine; then the hospital's computer expert described how his computer, an IBM 1130, helped in radiotherapy. After an extremely welcome tea, we saw the computer in operation, and the treatment rooms. And by far the most impressive thing of the whole day was the newly-fitted Swedish Betatron, which will be used in the future to treat cancers with high speed electron particles. The whole machine, of which there are only two in the country, has an eleven-and-a-half ton counterweight in order that it can be moved around the patient for convenience.

Although by the end of the day many of us were tired, the whole outing was very interesting and enjoyed by everyone.

We would like to thank Mr. Kelsey and all the other people who made this visit possible.

In the Autumn Term the following I.C.I. films were shown: *Laws of Disorder I; Forces of Induction; Radiochemistry in Schools; Laws of Disorder II; Chromatography; Entropy Part III.*

The term was ended with a film entitled *Space—The First Decade*, which was a fascinating account of the first ten years of the American space programme. Also it was a good introductory film for next term's films.

In the Spring Term we were only able to show two films (due to the postal strike), which were *Apollo 9* and *Apollo 10*. Both were good quality films and appealed to a wide range of the Senior House.

Law, Millard, Rhys and R.K. attended a seminar on "Entropy" given by Professor D. Millen of University College, London.

Professor Millen is the chief examiner at both 'O' and 'A' level for the London University Examination Board and is particularly interested in "Chemistry and Energetics."

The seminar proved to be extremely stimulating and was particularly useful since it preceded the Oxbridge examinations.

R.K.

CAREERS

ADVICE on careers now covers a period of approximately three years commencing with group and individual interviews in the 'O' level year. Once students have settled down to the 'A' level work they are interviewed again, many of them by Mr. D. Headly, the Midlands Secretary of the Public Schools Appointments Bureau. The careers courses held in the vacations are of particular value and recently attended courses have been sponsored by E.M.I., English Electric, Mc-Alpine, B.B.C., Albright and Wilson, and the Metal Box Company.

An innovation last term was the Careers Convention which was attended by all the members of the Fifth and Sixth Forms. It is hoped that similar conventions will be held periodically.

R.K.



CAREERS CONVENTION

THE Convention was held on Thursday, 11th March and was attended by the Fifth and Sixth Forms.

There were four lectures :

1. Airline Pilots—Captain Womersley
2. Computers—Mr. P. R. Davey
3. Accountancy—Mr. J. D. Askew
4. The Army—Brigadier Buttenshaw

Captain Womersley is from the Air Training College, Hamble. After a brief introductory talk about Hamble, the entrance qualifications and training, a recently produced film was shown. This was very absorbing, following a trainee through his 18 month training course before qualifying and becoming a member of a VC10 crew. In the discussion afterwards a clear outline of promotions and salary structure was given and considerable interest was shown by several boys. So far Hamble has yet to have a trainee from Rendcomb. Who will be the first?

P. R. Davey, representing the British Computer Society, then gave a short talk on computers. The programming of a computer was outlined and it was shown that this process requires logical thought and thus careers for both science and arts students exist in this field. Further discussions on computers will be held next term and it is hoped to arrange a visit to a computer and possibly run a programme.

A film, "The Business Game," was shown to illustrate both the use of computers and the work of the accountant, the sponsors of the film being International Computers Ltd. and the Institute of Chartered Accountants. The "Game" in which we hope to participate next year is played by parties of Sixth Formers acting the roles of members of a board of management. Decisions must be made and money must be spent. The results of the board are analysed by a computer which calculates the profit (or loss) made by the company.

Profits of six million pounds have been achieved by some participants!

The third talk was given by an accountant, Mr. J. D. Askew, who illustrated that the profession is much more varied than the layman imagines, ranging from farming to hovercrafts. This was a particularly valuable talk since accountancy is one of those careers which has considerable appeal but of which little is known at schoolboy level.

The concluding item was entitled "The Army." Brigadier Buttenshaw concentrated on officer training and showed a film, *Army of the Rhine*, which had much appeal, particularly some of the scenes that showed tank operations and bridge building.

In the discussion which followed, the Brigadier gave a very lucid account of the position of the British Army in N.A.T.O. There were many good questions and it was only the tea bell that brought the Convention to an end.

R.P.M.



OPERATIC OUTING

ON Friday, January 29th, a party of boys, mainly Sixth Formers, were taken by Mr. Willson and Mr. Sells to see a performance of Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* (Twilight of the Gods) at the London Coliseum. This was the first night of a new production in English by the Sadler's Wells Opera Company. It is the final opera of Wagner's Ring Cycle and the second to be done by Sadler's Wells, the first being *Die Walküre* in 1970. The translation was by Andrew Porter, the producers were Glen Byam Shaw and John Blatchley, the designer Ralph Koltai, and the conductor Reginald Goodall; the same team as did *Die Walküre*.

The party of ten boys and two masters left Rendcomb after lunch at 1-45 by minibus for London, a journey of about 3 hours. The performance began at 5-15 and time was therefore precious. Unluckily half-an-hour was lost due to a minor breakdown. Just short of Trafalgar Square, a few hundred yards from the Coliseum, we were forced to abandon the minibus since we had only just about 5 minutes left and we were caught in the

rush hour. These last few hundred yards were covered on foot, sprinting, putting into practice our rugby training from the previous term. We were just in time for as we clambered into our seats, the curtain rose. Within a little while we were completely absorbed. Wagner's music and the fantastic science fiction scenery were enthralling.

During the first and very much needed interval we refreshed ourselves with a most excellent "chicken-in-the-basket" supper, sitting on the main stairs with (I quote) "all the ponces and lords" dressed in their bow ties, dark suits, evening dresses and furs—evidently not Covent Garden. Already at this stage we began to express our opinions of the opera. We generally agreed that Brunnhilda was excellent and that Siegfried looked, thank goodness, like a hero and not an oversized gourmet like most Wagnerian tenors. Some of the party didn't understand the opera, it was discovered, having not been to Mr. Willson's introductory talk on the previous day. We returned for the Second Act having read about it in what programmes we had.

As the opera began to unfold we became more involved in it ourselves as the singers improved and the orchestra revealed the full force of Wagner's stirring music. In the second interval the whole party headed with one accord for the bar. Revitalized, we returned for the final Act, the dramatic, moving ending of the Opera and the Ring Cycle. Its impressiveness lay not only in the music but also in the scenery which was so excellently done by Mr. Koltai, who surely provided suitable answers to some of the problems of staging Wagner which were previously solved by Wieland Wagner's now rather outdated symbolism.

The whole party remarked on the aural and visual excellence of the production and this was confirmed by the astonishing ovation received by the cast at the end. Some effects were lost, however, because of our place up in the gods, and the English words were lost to such an extent that it would have been worth-

while to have heard the opera in the original German. It was the first opera that many of us had seen and opinions differed on whether or not it was a suitable introduction to opera. Some said it was, others felt a lighter opera would have been better, and one honest person said it was "an excellent experience, though possibly rather involved for a first time."

Finally, many thanks to Mr. Willson for organising such a worthwhile outing and giving us his valuable introductory talk—let us hope that there is another such outing in the near future.

R.C.

CHORAL CONCERT IN CIRENCESTER

A SCHOOL CHOIR is always an instrument both flexible and demanding because of the comings and goings of its members. But under a conductor who is also demanding but flexible, results achieved can be very exhilarating.

This was particularly so of the Lent performance at Cirencester Parish Church on March 13th when we heard music by Schutz, Palestrina, and the School's own John Willson.

A disappointing start with the Schutz *Jubilare Deo* in which the trumpets proved too jubilant for the voices, was soon overcome in the three Palestrina Motets. Here the choir enjoyed themselves and gave us enjoyment. They knew the works so well: they were so much in it, and the rich sonority of the long bass pedal note in the *Sicut cervus desiderat* was quite memorable.

John Willson's *Cantata of the Resurrection*, first written in 1966 but later to go through two rewarding revisions, filled the second half of the evening. This proved a closely knit but rather complex work, in which two soli for baritone and one for treble punctuated

choruses which made free use of Liturgical material, beginning with an Office Hymn and culminating in a doxology, *O Christ, King of Gentleness*, set to the great German *Lasst uns erfreuen*.

The amount of care and time devoted to rehearsals was immediately apparent in the excellence of attack and the vitality of the voices. The singers were called upon to group into three contrasted choirs. The first baritone solo did not come over successfully in the acoustics of the Parish Church, but the second solo for that voice, *Rise Heart*, was luckily well pitched for the audience. This very 'English' item was reminiscent of Howells and Vaughan Williams and seemed to portray the Churn Valley where surely it was composed?

The solo for treble was too short for my liking; it, too, had a pastoral quality of much tenderness and was so well sung I would have had more.

The Chorus throughout was well balanced, flowing, and able to give all shades of dynamics. They tackled safely the cross-currents in *For us wicked men*, competing confidently with the variations in the supporting orchestra; but the hymn *On Easter Morn* afforded the choir its greatest scope, and revealed the musicianship of the composer in the restrained opening and gradual build up, bringing the final verse to a spirited statement of praise which so effectively balanced the orchestral brass.

A similar scholarly reserve was given us, too, in the final hymn where the composer firmly turned his back upon all temptations to be vulgar which the tune must have offered. Instead a real dignity of personal feeling, which the choir accurately interpreted, brought the work to an ornamented crescendo.

There was no applause. I was glad; and we were silent in the car going home. We were impressed and reflecting.

E.S.

DEATH THROUGH OPERA GLASSES

Jonathan Dixon (Form III)

The dark sky rumbled
Deeply and awfully.
The lightning sprinted
Down the jagged alleyway
Of terror.
The beat thumped on
With terrifying power.
The tempo rose, and the
Frenzied chanting of lust-mad
Boys rose like an ache in
The mind.
It came like a nightmare,
Crawling as a louse crawls,
Small, big, black, white,
It didn't really matter what it was,
But it came.
The boys were on it,
Screaming and shouting.
The beat rose up on the storm-laden wind,
The thunder echoed it
As if the very heavens
Were shaking and wanted
To join the dance.
The boys' knives flashed
And the beast whimpered horribly,
The spear-hafts rose and
Fell to the rhythm of death.
The circle broke up,
Blood-stained, panting;
Awe-filled at what their hands
Had done.
Then suddenly, panic-filled,
The night swallowed up
The murderers !

The lights came up and the people
Started talking.
Thinking, "What a terrible scene."
Blissfully, beautifully unaware
That half a globe away,
Six men had just died
In the jungle.

1971

Dennis Jenner

BULLDOG SMITH was spending his "increased leisure time," as the Ministry of the Environment decreed it should be called, watching the flickering blue screen of the state-controlled viewing machine. Bulldog found it difficult to tear himself away from it, although he too agreed that it was "bubble gum for the eyes," but it was becoming dangerous to agree with the views of a non-patrial—still he could not help having his doubts

Bulldog was not normally worried about these somewhat heretical thoughts; after all, as yet there was nothing so terrifying in his suburb as Southafro's Cultural Police and Immorality Crimes, yet he was wondering whether the risks were worth it, for he had committed the serious crime of failing to apply for a state permit for his viewing machine, a crime which, as a state announcement had said, was to carry much stiffer penalties. The state reasoned that it was obviously unfair for only some citizens to pay for a permit, so the only solution was that all must.

Bulldog's thoughts drifted into reverie as he dozed in the hypnotic light of the screen with a violent start he jumped up. A pretentious government agent was glaring at him, the room was full of blue-coated figures, whilst through the window Bulldog Smith caught a glimpse of their red mobility vehicle, stamped menacingly with the initials he had dreaded for so long—G.P.O.

ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN HEAR THE PAVEMENT YAWN

Nicholas Thomas

"ER . . . I think it was 1066," my companion replied. I nodded wisely and we strolled along the bridge in ruminative silence. Big Ben was chiming; it reached 15, then realised its mistake and started again. This time it stopped at 11. I looked at my watch; it said o past 10. "Getting better," I thought, "a little better all the time."

*

We pulled out of Earl's Court. "I am the very model of a modern Major-General," the bloke beside me 'confided to the Chinese woman on his left. Opposite sat a middle-aged woman and a small man. The man had a badger's head; occasionally he put down his *Evening Standard* to rub his whiskers, his beady black eyes glanced nervously from side to side. As we entered the short tunnel before Gloucester Road the lights blinked out for a couple of seconds. When they flicked on again the man was on his knees, gnawing at the middle-aged woman's handbag. He looked round, flustered, and hurriedly began doing up his shoe lace. Then he got up, picked up his paper and his large suitcase and went to stand by the doors. "Must be going to the Air Terminal," I thought.

* ✂ ✂

I had just turned up Church Street and was peering into the window of Bus Stop. Suddenly a black, furled umbrella thudded into the plate glass, two inches north-west of my ear. I spun round and glanced wildly about me. I recognised the weapon as Slade's, but where was he hiding? I had to draw his fire. I made a dash for the cover of the 52 bus stop, but as I reached it a real calf-skin brief case flashed across the road, hitting my left shoulder and hurling me to the ground. He had betrayed his position. I drew my Colt and fired into the gloom of the tobacconist's doorway opposite. There was a groan and

Slade crumpled to the pavement, the pin-stripes of his suit turning pink. I clambered aboard the waiting 52, clutching my smashed shoulder and made my get-away.

"3 lbs. of Golden Delicious, please."

"Certainly, sir. Wonderful weather. I suppose you've heard about the government's Underground Gas Chambers?" The green-grocer was matter-of-fact. "Discovered 50 feet under Kensington Public Library by the black dwarf and the red mole. Then they told the people."

I gave him a fistful of change. "So that's where my grandmother went," I thought. "It's a Welsh pogrom, is it?"

*

"I'm afraid I don't speak Italian," said the negress traffic warden to the wild-eyed man as she hurried back into line. We were making the slow, steady journey down Oxford Street; I clung to the inside lane. The man stopped a policeman immediately in front of me. The copper glanced round guiltily and muttered, "Sorry, Sir, I'm meeting my Mum at Selfridges in ten minutes."

The man seized me next and stated defiantly, "I've lost my memory. Lend me £5 and an address."

"Don't mention it," I said, giving him 5p and my dentist's address. I watched him kick in the window of a passing pastry shop and grab an armful of doughnuts. He offered me one.

"It must be Spring," I thought.

THE LAMB

David Toresen

ALONE, lost in self-pity, he wanders around a town that stinks of civilization and mankind. Blindly he heads down any road that will take him from this glass and concrete swamp. He wildly shoves his way past crowds of people until he comes to a huge stone arch. This is his gate to freedom. Running now, lest any member of "society" should try and stop him, he dives headlong through the gateway and falls, in a daze of exhilaration . . .

. . . After resting there for several minutes, he climbs to his feet and looks around him. The sky is cobalt blue and the grass is brilliant green, he is warm but cannot see the sun, only feel its warmth. He notices a fence separating "his" field from a corn field. He walks, in a trance, towards this fence. He reaches it. He finds himself facing a girl. She is aged somewhere between ten and thirteen years old. She is beautiful and carries a pure white lamb. She is an oracle. He falters, and then acts. He greets her and asks if he might see the lamb. He takes it and holds it against his face. The wool is soft, warm and comforting. The lamb's hooves go down the back of his shirt as he clasps it, but they only glide on his sun burnt back. All is warm...

. . . The lamb is gone. He knows this but does not worry. He and the girl are walking down a shady path. There are trees on both sides, forming a canopy for them; a warm, green canopy for two people. He notices that they are holding hands. He is gaining life from her soft touch. All is Love and Beauty around them...

. . . He is so involved in the love that surrounds them that he does not hear the voices behind them. His head jerks forward, there is a gush of warm blood over his face and neck. The scent of Love is erased by the stench of hatred. Again his head jerks, his shoulders snap together. A scream floods to his brain, but it is not his scream, it is the girl's. Now

his stomach folds back to his spine, and he senses his ribs are no longer as they should be. His legs buckle and he falls to the grass. He sees the girl covered in blood, but it is his blood. She is being taken away by civilized adults. A snarl of "Pervert!" fills his ears, a club smashes his head into the ground. Through his pink-filtered eyes he sees they all carry clubs, clubs with his blood staining them. **He** worries: *was* he perverted to love the girl? The last adult walks away from him. Then he looks up and sees the lamb; and he knows that it was all right.

MARLOES

John Holloway (Form I)

Marloes is silent
As a small child sleeping,
And even the seabirds
Are not yet awake.

The soft winds tug gently
At the loose sand on top
And make their own way
To places beyond.

The waves harshly pound
On the damp gold beneath
And drive further on
To the dark cliffs behind.

The seabirds awake
And go hunting for food;
They dive at the waves
And snap at a meal.

The small child awakes
And so must the beach;
Visitors run
To bathe in the froth and the sun.

FROST

Philip Lamphee (Form III)

As the pigeons coo, and flutter in the half-light,
The world re-awakes.
The empty bottle on the wall
Reflects the yawning sun.
The eager cars lighting the road above,
Are rippled and swilled in the drowsy river,
Throwing the stark trees
Into the humming air,
Still against the sun.
The ground swells with new importance,
And the blades strike upwards
In a new-found glory.
Birds hop and run in aimless circles
In the meadows, hoping for a worm.
The fish jump, and snatch at the first gnats,
And the cows moon down to the ford,
Billowing clouds of warm mystery.
And, like an expensive carpet,
The frost is everywhere,
Goads the morning into existence.
* * *

Teeming insect life awakes, and the flies
Bring a cricket square atmosphere to the
meadow.

The bushes ring the pasture, anticipant
spectators,

And the trees sway over to canopy events,
A fox runs, loping through the soft grass,
Throwing clouds of icy dust,
Leaving warm musk to scent the morning.
The first bee complains among the tense
tampions,

Prising the brittle petals open.
The cows come back from their morning **drink**,
And wheeze and chew among the glassy grass.
A hoarse crow labours overhead, back to the
Welcome trees, cathedral of his majesty.
The lilies on the lake quiver under the
Flitting, elusive dragonflies,
And swell peacefully on the pulse of the
stream.

The bright pebbles dance on the river bed,
Enchanting small fish with their sparkle,
And stirring the sand into white clouds of
freshness,

A cock crows in the distance, and from the farm
A dog barks, greeting the world.

Windows thrown open to let the new air in,
And warm, musty bedding is whisked by the
cold.

Cooking smells mingle with the morning
uplift,
And are swept up above, to the highest white
clouds,

The clank of the buckets, the grind of an
engine,

Enliven the summer sleep.

A high-rising lark

Bursts into joyous tune,

Floating above in the sleep-bringing air.

A pony champs

And stamps in his meadow,

Eagerly sensing the sun and the clouds;

He waits for his splash in the river.

A whistling shepherd, lunch in his hand,

Strolls down the lane, smashing the ice there,

Glad to be born now that morning's alive.

THROUGH REFLECTION

Richard Roberts

By staring into water I can see stars,
I can see a future and a past,
My eye can roam beyond, beyond,
Forever and forever. The world is hushed
And my thoughts can sink patiently into the
silence.

The whispering of the gods is in the heavens,
Yet no one hears, no one dares to listen.
Yet by staring into water I feel,
Though cannot see, the centre of the earth.
I can sense the concentration of time,
The impact of nature, and the fiery glare
of the dark.

It is both a grave and a womb, life and death.
But what I see and what I feel outlive
imagination,
Outlive time, outlive everything except
themselves,
Most of all, outlive me.

RELEASE

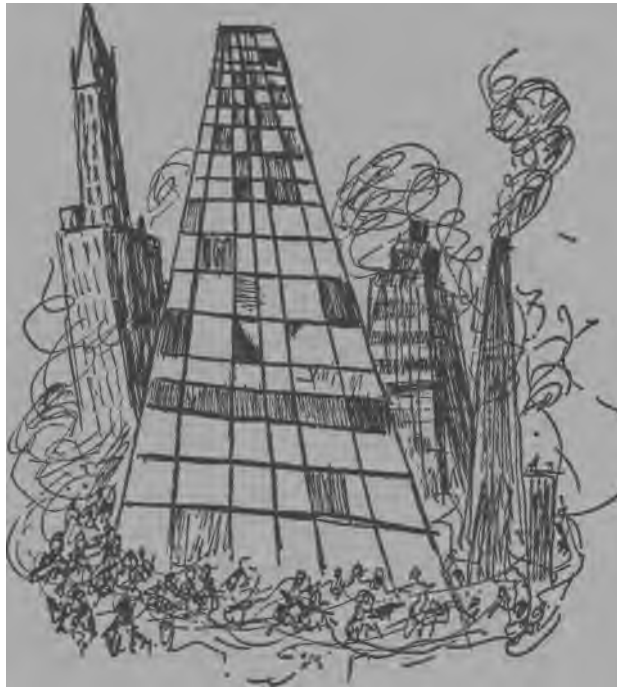
Martin Brown

As the sun scorched its way higher into the deep blue, the old man nodded.

His silent shadow fell on the rough stones of the dusty street, hemmed in by old wooden shacks and decrepit shops with grimy, peeling signs, no longer readable. The few moving men and beasts bore the beating of the sun as a heavy burden on their backs. In the loaded quiet, flies quit a pile of rotted meat for another, in a slow, half-heard hissing which stopped as suddenly as it started. The old man's back was a dark pool of sweat, sticking his shirt uncomfortably. His legs were joined to his thin trousers in one mass of glue. His belt was loosened, and his hat shaded his anonymous face. On the bench beside him the dry leaves of the Book of Job lay open. On the distant hazy road a cart rattled along, pulled by a protesting ass, its bearded driver cursing the animal methodically. As he raised his whip to press home his argument, the old man nodded.

The sun, now past its zenith and sinking fast, became misty through the fog of dust driven up by lazy, curling air movements. Its colour mellowed, and age dimmed its light, which only just pierced the smoke that hung around because it had nowhere else to go. As the first little bright star peered out from the depths in the west, the old man nodded.

The breeze began to flutter scraps around the corners of buildings, and a dog howled forlornly through the gathering dusk. As the sun said its last farewell to the cooling street, the old man nodded and slowly became cold.



AMERICA (I)

Peter Millard (Form III)

Tall, craggy peaks clutch at the
 Setting sun. Meandering rivers
 Dreamily flow into twisted rapids
 Of sheltered boulders where spray
 Violently slashes the gorge's grey
 Cliffs. Vast motionless lakes lie
 Sleepily embedded in ancient valleys.
 In the eternal silence, silhouetted
 Slopes bend their backs to the sky,
 Huge pine forests sprawl greedily,
 Outwards into the peace of the wilds.

* * *

A concrete confusion—
 Steel skyscrapers yawn upwards.
 Metal monuments to the living age
 Jut upwards to the black sky;
 The mechanical battle of industry
 Intertwines itself into the grey mass
 Of the city.
 Dirt twists through the wilderness
 Of the living dead and clings to the sky.

Tall blocks of concrete grab at open
 Spaces, swallowing them greedily
 And leaving only a jungle of bleak,
 Grey buildings screaming for
 Open spaces.

Machines grind and toil in fury;
 Noises jangle in the ear,
 Rebound from the black
 Shadows of filth.

An endless ocean of litter invades
 The blocks of glass and concrete.

Crystal shores shaded by gracefully
 Curved mountains stretch out into
 The lazy lagoons of blue, green, purple.
 Majestic birds circle in the endless
 Void of blue-white heat.

Coral reefs provide shady caves where
 Salt-tanged spray dances
 In the cool bliss.

Tropical forests of green, red, yellow,
 Cling to the distant blue hills,
 And golden shores curve into the distance.

LAKE OF MEMORIES

Richard Fry (Form IV)

I clambered over the old turnstile and back down on to the dry brown path by the lake. Stepping over a small log, making a rip in my kit-bag I might add, I continued to walk slowly, taking in the hazily familiar scene.

The old, dilapidated jetty was still there, just to the side of the place where we had built our den of bull-rushes, or was that farther on? My mind flashed back to the times we spent here, fishing and sometimes swimming in the summer. We would change into our bathing suits in the old woodman's but over there, to the left. A smile lit my face as I remembered how we chased the girls down to the lake and ducked them. I wondered if the village children did the same still. They probably did not, though. Since I had left, everything was rockets and spacemen.

Beside the bench at the edge of the path, I stopped, put my kit-bag down, and sat gingerly on the rotting construction. It took my weight quite adequately. So I leaned back and watched the swans fussing around their families, occasionally shooting their heads under the water surface to catch a morsel of food, looking as if they were standing on their heads. I stood up again and moved to the water's edge, squatting on the bank. The reflections in the water were like reflections of my mind, and I saw my life moving to and fro on the little swells made by the swans.

I put my hand down into the water, and disturbed it, scaring the swans a little, and they moved further off. When the water had settled again, I saw my reflection, but it was different, it was young and unlined and around it were other happy faces, all smiling at me. I guessed at their names and each word rippled their faces and they laughed as I said the wrong name. I became a little frustrated with the faces and watched my own, laughing with the others. They were all pointing at me, at my untidy naval uniform.

The splash I made with my fist shook me, then fears burned hot against my eyes, and I waited for the water to settle so I could apologise to them, or did I feel sorry for myself? Wearily I rose from the side of the water and walked back to the bench. I slung my kit-bag over my shoulder and began to walk along the path again, even more lonely than before.

The birds in the trees by the side of the path cawed a message which could have been a welcome or an insult. I chose to ignore their noises and walk on, but I could not prevent myself stealing a glance into the tree tops. I remembered the time when some friends and I decided to race each other and climb a separate tree each to see who was the best. The race had been exciting until one of the lads I was with lost his footing and fell a good twenty-five feet. We had rushed down ourselves to help him, not caring about the rents we made in our clothes, and carried him to the village doctor, who set his broken leg in plaster.

I lowered my eyes back down to the path, where little flowers were growing in clumps. I recalled how I had gathered a bunch of violets to appease my mother's temper when I had smashed the best tea pot. She had almost cried when I presented her with them, and again my eyes burned with fears. So many memories and so little time to remember them in.

Looking beyond a clump of gorse, I saw the steeple of the village church, gazing around with its usual regal splendour. Amongst the golds and yellows, oranges and browns of the autumn trees, the cross on the steeple looked very fine, as if in the Garden of Eden.

Along the path I saw that the other stile was not too far away. There used to be a gate next to it once, but now there was only a harsh scar of new wire mesh and concrete posts. I stopped at the signpost which pointed along the track to the village, stretched out my hand and brushed a few flakes of green paint from its surface. Turning away again

I walked over the grassy wasteland to the hole in the hedge we used to clamber through.

I paused by the hedge and looked back along the way I had come, remembering my past and associating it with every little detail I could see. The island in the middle of the lake, now covered with bramble and a small copse of trees; the overhanging boughs of the huge oak from which we used to dive and jump into the lake. Again I smiled. Twenty years was a long time. I wondered if people would still recognise me.

THE MAN WITH FOUR CHINS

Mark Wapshott (Form III)

The man with four chins
Looked over the top of his hat
And noticed a fly on his ear.
He picked up his foot
And hit his eye with a slap,
But missed and decided to kick
One of his many chins.

The man with four chins
Looked out of one of his ears,
And said to his knees,
"How do my chins look from down there?"
"Oh well," said the right knee, "they look
rather weak."
"Perhaps you have too many," said the left.
So he picked up a razor and
While cutting his chin off he moved on
To the next place of worship.

THE CRASH

Stephen Pendell (Form III)

The indicator,
Blinking like an owl,
Goes on;
Giant centipede
Of steel turns right.
Open road ahead;
Like a puny fly or flea,
An Elan
Jumps the queue.
The sun,
Dazzling in intensity,
Flashes from a bumper.
Monotony grows.
I see a vast desert,
Yellow undulating mountains,
Drawing closer, closer.
Grinding brakes,
Deafening.
Now silence.

THE CONVERGENCE OF THE TWAIN

(from the poem by Thomas Hardy)

Nigel Bradbury (Form III)

IN a cavity of immense size, where the only light is from welding sparks, a queen of the sea is born. Countless corridors within a steel hull, rooms and halls of stately magnitude, all are contained by the gigantic ship. Thousands of labourers, hammering, welding, cutting, sawing, compressing and constructing, hour upon hour. Slowly but surely a shape is formed. It is battered, tortured and painfully exaggerated until an enormous liner emerges.

Great crowds gather, and as a tiny object strikes the ship's rear, she rolls into the chasm of the sea. For days and days she is stuffed with stately carpets and kingly decorations. Powerful engines are harnessed in place; finally the propellers screw and heave, painfully wrenching the great mass through the waves. The precious giant sails to its doom.

Icy waters swirl around a speck of dust; cubes of glassy ice are cemented around it by a cold power that reaches from the depths of the ocean. Layer upon layer of freezing water mixes and solidifies to form a tiny pinnacle which juts from the water's surface. Foaming torrents become ice as they meet the pinnacle, adding to it to make a mountain of cold. At last, the iceberg is formed.

* ✂ ✂

The great ship thundered towards the sunset, her engines heaving and straining to propel her forwards. Thousands of people roll in the warmth of her interior, dancing and eating to their heart's content. How could they know? The night had already engulfed the ship and dark shadows riddled the sea. But an even darker shadow was ahead. As the ship met the iceberg a faint shudder ran through her girders.

Water gushed into her immense bowels and she listed to one side. At first the people were unconcerned; they thought the ship unsinkable. But, as they greedily sipped their beer and ate piles of food, a sinister force was at work. As the massive hulk keeled over and filled up with the sea, people came out, screaming, from their cabins. She slowly and silently slipped beneath the waves. Hundreds died in the murky waters, leaving their bodies to the crabs. The few that did survive came home to tell the dreadful story of the meeting of the twain.

SUMMER'S COMING

Brian Fisher (Form V)

Writing essays,
Formulae, notes,
Learning quotes.

Where Caesar's been;
Translating verse;
Prose unseen.

Comprehension;
Fifth declension;
Stating proofs.

"Et tu, Brute";
Cuban crisis;
Osmosis.

Specific heat;
Phenol Phthalene . ,
I'm dead beat.



The Queen's partial to a bit of drama, so I'm told. Yes. I've learnt the odd bit of Greek and Latin in my time; ought to come in useful. Nothing too pretentious, of course. **I** could start off with a poem or two, then perhaps a play. Yes, why not? I can see it now, "Venus"; no, "Venus and Adonis", by William Shakespeare.

YOU CAN'T PLEASE EVERYONE

Niven Boyd

"**LOOK**, Mum: a hairy!"

Horrible little so-and-so. Why could he not have been more polite and said "long-haired gentleman"? Still, I suppose, he's no different from the rest. That's what they all think first time. That young lady I met last week. I went to see "Mummy and Daddy"; shan't go there again. Wouldn't let me near the place, just because of my hair. Morons. **I** can't even remember her name, just a minute ... ah . . . yes, Hathaway. By God, she bath too !

It's all very distressing this "hairy" bit. Let's face it, it's rapidly disappearing on top, so why not make up for it at the back and sides. I suppose it'll all have to come off when I get a job. Of course, I could always be a musician or a playwright. Actually, on the level, I've seriously considered that. I don't see why I couldn't write something at least as good as some of the waffle we read nowadays.





PADDY AND THE DEVIL

Jonathan Dixon (Form III)

THIS is the story of one Paddy O'Donegal, and a terrible tale it is, told to anyone sober enough to crawl but drunk enough to listen. Paddy was a true Irishman, but as bad as they come; the kind of man who would drink your beer and then pick your wallet to pay for his own. And what's more, he was the greediest creature created. His one ambition was to marry a millionairess and get all her money.

One wet and drizzly evening Paddy, drunk as a lord, was rolling home from the pub, when a tall stranger materialized in front of him. Every part of his body was covered except for his eyes, and what Paddy could see of his eyes made him look for horns and a tail.

"A fine, soft evening it is," said the stranger. He wasn't Irish, he hadn't the brogue, nor was he English or he wouldn't have spoken like that, outright. A flickering street lamp made the appearance of a fiend incarnate even more apparent.

"Who're you, an' where d'you cum from?" said Paddy, still looking for the tail.

"My name," said the stranger, "is Mr. Saitan, and **I** come from a very hot part of the earth." He put out his hand and revealed a small, glass bottle, clutched in long fingers with claw-like nails. "I wish to make a proposition," said Saitan. "I am in urgent need of some holy water and, alas, am unable to get it myself."

"And what may **I** ask," said Paddy, "d'you want it for?"

"**I** want it," said Saitan, "to procure the services of seven virgins, at a feast of some sort, you know."

Paddy, who had heard of seven virgins being used in the Black Mass, shook in his boots and was just about to run when the stranger's eyes lit up with a strange light, and he said, "Stop! Wait! Have you never heard of Hell, where you're surely going? It's a devil of a place, and you'll need someone on your side down there with all the Protestants!"

Paddy stopped in horror at the dreadful picture in his mind, but his greed got the better of him. "**I** should want somethin' else," he said.

"Of course," said Saitan, "and you shall have it. I shall make you utterly irresistible to women!"

Even Paddy was shaken to the soles of his feet. Then he knew that at last he could marry his millionairess and have all the money he wanted. Silently he reached out and took the bottle. The stranger's hand was cold and clammy.

"Wipe it carefully," said the stranger. "Not a drop must touch my fingers."

Paddy turned and went into the church. He knelt for a little while to preserve appearances, then filled the bottle. As he got outside, the stranger took it.

"Now for my part of the bargain," he said, and made passes over Paddy's head. Paddy felt himself shrinking and his clothes getting

bigger and looser. He tried to shout for help but only whimpered slightly. Then, by the banks of the river, a baby started to cry.

Next day the papers were full of the story of how one Paddy O'Donegal had drowned himself in the river and a mother had left her baby in the suicide's clothing.

So that's where Paddy is now, lying flat on his back, deprived of beer and money, having his feet tickled by adoring nuns. And he is, as Saitan promised, utterly irresistible to women.

AMERICA (II)

Robert Weston (Form III)

Desolate streets,
One after another,
An interminable labyrinth.
Meandering on, helplessly;
Now densely populated with inflamed crowds.
Infinitely neon and luminous eye-catchers,
Crammed with housewives and penny-watchers'
grammatalogue.
Each being is contained in an inextricable prison
Of delicate perfumes and beauty aids,
Or perhaps, unbelievable bargains,
All this a web
Attracting weary, hurried housewives;
Nippy, efficient "know exactly what to get
And where to get it" men,
Dreamy idol-mad girls,
Entranced by pop-group photos,
And last of all, straggling behind,
The rich, prospecting little boy
With this week's dime
Expertly concealed inside the woolly glove,
Safe from the most cunning of super-criminals.
A trade secret known only to experienced
toddlers.

ON THE BEACH

Philip Lyons (Form I)

AMIDST the gay, rollicking July laughter and shouting I walk. A little boy comes back crying with a broken ice-cream in his hand, walking straight through a sand castle that a girl has patiently been making. A Punch and Judy show takes place in its traditional splendour. The breeze carries a kite into the air, showing off its bright colours. A little way out to sea, some yachts sail peacefully with the tide. On blankets of bright hue people lie tanning their bodies. A newspaper blows from the grip of an old man, away down the beach.

Down past the sand and the shells, some children run to the sea, splashing about and playing in the chill water. One of them comes back out, shivering and laughing. A man prepares to dive off a rock. One moment **he** stands haughtily upright, the next with a

splash, he disappears down to the sea bed. A boat comes into the bay with a load of fish, their eyes looking straight up to Heaven.

It was February when I again found myself on the same beach. The icy water lashed, turbulent against the rocks, forming great masses of foam. Litter covered the beach, crisp packets, wrappings, bottles and other rubbish. A fisherman bent down, mended his nets and repaired any damage to his boat. A torn deck-chair lay, half battered. The remains of a kite floated on the water by an overturned boat. A lonely man wrapped up in a thick woolly jumper and thick jeans walked slowly along the beach. With his hands in his pockets he wore a puzzled expression—perhaps he was worried about something? He turned round and eyed me suspiciously and then walked off. A gull flew overhead, crying for some fish. A little girl, crying also, stood waiting for the glorious summer to return, but in her mind she knew she had a lot of waiting before her.



IT STANDS, WE STARE

Derek Wiggall (Form V)

"It's number one, it's top of"
League Division One this week is ..
Ernie and Eric and their all-star show.
Always somebody.
"Time for bed," said Zebedee.

The box in the room,
It stands, we stare,
At long hair, on shoulders, on faces,
At places in distant lands
With golden sands.

It stands, we stare,
At the pair on the news,
Really describing screws on "Do It Yourself,"
Put in a shelf and see it fall down,
Upon the ground.

It stands, we stare,
At fair maidens rescued by heroic knights,
Their names in lights. Films long forgotten,
Dreadful, dreary, but they get watched,
And watched, and watched.
It stands, we stare.

AUTUMN AND THE TRUTH

Robert Morris

Autumn, when the leaves fall,
Seems to reveal it all.
The naked truth about the tree
And you and me.
The facts and the realities
Appear before our eyes
And we sit and wonder
Why we told all those lies.
For when Autumn comes
Everything is clear,
There are no leaves
To hide our fear.
The things in life
That come to mind
That pleased us most
Were hard to find.
I know we should apologise
About those many easy lies
But if we wait for Spring
And the leaves come
They will all be covered up again.

SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING

Julian Gray

THE streets were littered with the debris of the previous night's rioting. Shattered bottles, still reeking of petrol, lay in the gutters creating a danger for any unwary passer-by; but there were no passers-by. A grim-faced and vigilant soldier stood at a barbed-wire barricade, his rifle following the movement of his eyes as he scanned the silent houses. At his feet a red stain glistened dully in the early morning light, marking the spot where a man had been shot down a few hours earlier. Last night had been particularly bad. The soldier swore under his breath as he went back over the events in his mind. He was very tired and waiting for someone to relieve him; a few months ago he could have expected a cup of tea from one of the houses in this area, now there was never any show of appreciation or gratitude. He was filled with bitterness as he remembered how the platoon leader had looked as he was whisked off to hospital, his face cut to ribbons by the flying glass of a petrol bomb. His platoon had suffered heavily the previous night and was now well under strength but there were no spare men available. Every soldier was needed to ensure that the morning's procession passed off reasonably peacefully.

The soldier shifted his feet and looked round uneasily. There had been a good deal of sniping recently and the knowledge that his name could be engraved on the nose of a 7.62mm bullet did little to cheer him up. He looked quickly at his watch, wondering how long it would be before the procession passed the end of his street. He knew that only a few yards away, round the corner, another soldier was keeping a similar watch to his own, yet he felt peculiarly isolated and vulnerable. He gripped the stock of his rifle more firmly as if to reassure himself. In the distance he heard a faint sound of pipes and drums; the procession was on the move at last.

Ten minutes later it had almost reached the end of his street. The rattling and pounding of the drums was almost frightening, especially as he could not yet see anything. There were obviously a good many people in the procession, the noise of their marching sounding like a military formation. The soldier licked his lips. He knew that it only needed a spark to set off a chain reaction culminating in a final violent explosion, and he also knew how vicious these crowds could be once they were aroused.

Now they were passing his street, banners fluttering in the morning breeze, sashes resplendent and ostentatiously catching the eye, demanding attention. Now, here was the central part of the whole procession, as the big black car moved forward at a crawl, almost hidden from the watching soldier by the people thronged about it. Voices were raised in the first few bars of a hymn. The soldier's attention wandered, and as the verse built up to a climax the sound of people's voices drowned all sounds except the crack of a hidden rifle. The soldier fell onto the road, a vacant, stupid expression on his face.

That evening, on the 9 o'clock news, the announcer read a laconic statement: "A soldier of the ***** Regiment was shot dead today by a sniper during the ***** procession in London."



CIVILISATION

Philip Lamphee (Form III)

In the beginning
There was a flower,
Innocent bloom of full, fine colour;
But it groped
And choked all other life—
It was thrown into darkness,
Where it withered and faded.

In the beginning
There was a flower;
Now there is a weed.

CLIMBING NOTES

SINCE the middle of October conditions have been good for little except navigation practice in very poor visibility. An elaborately prepared weekend mountain camp and walk last Autumn was a complete "washout" as was the week intended for Alpine training at the beginning of the Christmas holidays.

The January exeat was also set aside as a raining weekend for next summer's Alpine

This time there *was* snow—a blizzard, fact, with biting N.E. winds which gave some members of the group a rather shattering introduction to winter mountaineering. They struggled manfully, however, up a gully

second highest mountain in Wales. On top e was a complete whiteout, and we were sometimes up to our waists in soft snow, sometimes unable to stand up in the wind.

The only useful rock climbing we have done 13:6 been on Wednesday afternoons on Cleeve Hill, where we have completed a number of unrecorded and possibly previously unclimbed routes.

ALPINE EXPEDITION, 1970

AT 2 o'clock on a Sunday morning, we peered out of our tents at Tryfan, a dark monster looming over us, silhouetted against a starry sky. Half awake, half asleep, we made ourselves a hot drink, took down the tents and set off. Set off for what? one might well be wondering. We were going to climb Tryfan! Carrying very light loads, we found it remarkably easy at first, hopping over boulders at the foot of the enemy we were about to conquer. It was not too long, though, before things became more difficult.

The darkness was hiding useful holds, making the going seem treacherous. We roped up, and after rounding a threateningly impossible corner we found a fairly easy ramp that would at least take us upward. At this point, one of the torches, which had been dimming all the time, finally finished its useful life. It was still dark and so we lay down and went to sleep there—an unusual start to bivouacking.

This was the first of five training weekends in North Wales. Roger Sampford, Angus Robertson and Antony Pitt were preparing to go to the Austrian Alps, with Mr. Willson as leader.

On one occasion we bivouacked in the van because of the weather. On another, I fell off an iced waterfall and Mr. Willson caught me, much to everyone's surprise. We also followed a course at Glencoe in Scotland, at Easter, under the guidance of the well-known Scottish climber, Hamish MacInnes. He and his instructors were very patient and taught us a lot.

A few days before we left for the Alps, I spent a day at Rendcomb, helping to sort out the food and equipment. Then, on Sunday, 16th August, we assembled here. The next morning we piled into the van and set off before it was light. We got down to Dover in plenty of time, in spite of the need for a switch in the van to be replaced. The A.A. proved themselves well, and we were soon

on the car ferry, crossing the Channel. It was fairly rough, but tolerable. We disembarked at Ostend and drove through Belgium and Germany, camping two nights on the way.

Three days after we had left Rendcomb, we found ourselves at the Vernagt hut, from which we had hoped to climb three or four peaks. The huts were all pleasant, cosy buildings, and this one was no exception. We set out the next day to climb the Fluchtkogel, but we stopped at a col, 500 feet below the summit, because of awful weather conditions. Having returned down the glacier to the hut, we had a good meal and went to bed, intending to get up again at 4 o'clock next morning. However, when we awoke, there were three or four inches of fresh snow on the ground, and the weather was still bleak. So we walked round to another hut, the Hochjoch Hospiz, and after eating Kaiserschmarren, a torn-up pancake, we returned to Vent.

We were valley-bound for the next two days. On the afternoon of the second, we walked up to the Martin Busch but and back, mainly to get some exercise.

We then decided to visit the Dolomites instead of doing so at the end of our stay. The van objected violently to the gradient of the Timmelsjoch Pass, but we finally crawled into Italy. That side of the pass was not complete, and its main fault was a lack of crash barriers, so that one sees straight over the edge of the road down a few hundred feet of cliff!

Finally we reached the town above which we were to camp. We forced the van up a steep, narrow track to an Italian hut, and pitched our camp near it. The weather was so beautiful that one could not believe that it had been so bad barely fifty miles away. We climbed up to the Vajolet Towers on each of two successive days. On the first, we started up the smallest, the Torre Piaz, but half way up we had to retreat because of the very loose rock and the terrible exposure. On the second day, we had intended to try a larger tower, but on the way up I put my finger under a boot, which rendered me

unfit to climb. Angus was also unwilling to start the perilous ascent, and so the two of us sat at the bottom. We did not miss anything, because Roger did not quite reach the first belay. The next day saw us over the Brenner Pass, back into Austria, and up to the Martin Busch but again by the evening.

Early the following morning, we set off up the Similaun, the weather seeming better, but we still decided to follow old tracks in the ice instead of making new ones, and after coming up a gully, we found ourselves in a snow basin. Before long the clouds had come down, and we heard ominous sounds of rockfalls and avalanches nearby, so we turned round once more and glissaded down. When we reached the glacier, we had emerged from the mist, so we practised a crevasse rescue. Roger was lowered into a small crevasse and then we rescued him. He had relished the idea of falling into a crevasse, but, since he got cold and wet in this one, he changed his ideas a little!

There were only three days left now and we had still to reach a summit; so we made a determined onslaught on the Kreuzspitze in conditions which were still foul enough to deter almost everyone else from leaving the hut. On the top, we exchanged the traditional "Bergheil" — "hail on the mountain" — and after a couple of photographs, we descended since the blowing sleet was extremely unpleasant. When we reached the hut, we had a meal, collected our stuff together and returned to the van. In the afternoon, we drove to Ober Gurgl, to prepare for the last expedition, which was going to take two days, involving a bivouac half way. We were going to climb the Hoher First, but once again we were narrowly defeated. A full account of these two days is included below.

All too soon, it was time to return to England. We drove back the way we had come, and were soon on the car ferry again. Despite the weather and the small number of conquered summits, we had all enjoyed ourselves and had learnt a great deal.

A.P.

"A route for strong, competent parties," the guidebook said. We did not delude ourselves that we were one of these, and by the time the last two days arrived for the expedition that was to form the climax of our holiday, we had not, as a result of the bad weather, gained the experience and confidence we needed; but it was worth a try.

The Hoher First (the "highest roof-top") is a fine mountain on the (disputed) border between Austria and Italy, easily recognised from afar by the beautifully symmetrical glacier streak which decorates its impressive north face. The guide book was delightfully vague about details: "fairly steep ice," "climb the zoom face of the Essener Spitze," "a grade III rock ridge—time, three to six hours." (Grade **III** should be well within our standard, but **no** mention was made of the hazard that eventually helped to get the better of us.) The whole expedition would be too long for a single day and a bivouac would be necessary—somewhere near the summit, we hoped.

We arrived in Ober Gurgl (said to be the highest village in Austria) on Sunday evening in drizzle, with a forecast which promised **more**, and booked rooms at the Pension **Fender**. We went to bed early (somewhat the worse for wine) and woke up late the following morning (5-30), incredulous to find the mist lifted and the sun shining on a magnificent array of snow-clad peaks. Our landlady was still pessimistic, though: "The bad weather is now over Britain and **I** am sure will reach us soon."

Since we were intending to take two days **anyway** we made no pretences about getting an "alpine start" and were finally off at 10-30; first a long haul up a steep but well made track, and then through a wide, almost level gorge, with our mountain now always looming at **its** head. We stopped at 12-30 just short of the glacier moraines for our lunch (a packed lunch—provided by Frau Fender—to end all packed lunches). Over the moraines we cramponed up the gently-inclined lower ice

of the huge Gaissberg glacier. Crevasses gaped here and there, but were always easily avoided or jumped.

Soon we had to turn left and climb the scree and rock bank to the foot of the smaller Hoher First glacier (the one that descends from the north face). Here was our "steep ice" indeed; for the first time we really had to use our full range of crampon technique, and the rope came out. Shortly, however, the angle relented, and we reached a snow-covered level, but heavily-crevassed section. Immediately, we were involved in a maze, in and out of the crazy chasms, prodding at rotten snow bridges. Twice I was through to my thighs.

It was about this time that the huge mass of ice overhanging the right bank of the Gaissberg glacier started roaring down its periodic avalanches, and we heard a few small but ominous stonefalls away to our left. Why *were* we here?

Suddenly the crevasses ended and we found ourselves on the rim of a magnificent, glittering snow bowl. We had seen no-one since leaving the lower glacier; there were no tracks, no signs of other living creatures; we were very much alone. Looking back to the north, we could see the giants of the Otztal—the Wildspitze and the Weissknigel, both of which the weather had prevented our climbing earlier—reaching majestically towards the afternoon sun. I cannot recollect ever having been much more deeply moved and impressed that I was at that moment.

But we had no time to spare for gazing. I asked Roger to take over the lead and soon we stood below the face of the Essener Spitze. The guidebook might well say, "climb it": 700 feet of overhanging rotten rock. A steep chimney splitting the lower half was out of the question; a gully over to the right looked good to start but definitely thin higher up. Inspection further left unexpectedly revealed a diagonal snowy ramp crossing the face and leading to a col to the right of the peak. This must be the route!

Roger led off, kicking excellent steps in good, hard snow, the rest of us moving up together, tied on to the rope at 25ft. intervals. There was a pause after 200ft. or so as Roger discovered how tiring making tracks in virgin snow could be. I offered to go back in front, but he said he wanted to finish the section. As we continued, the surface layer of soft, fresh snow grew thicker and thicker. Suddenly there was a yell from above: a tired kick had failed to penetrate to the hard layer and Roger hurtled past us down the slope like a rocket. Antony was following, instantly it seemed. I thrust my ice axe through the small rope coils I carried in my left hand deep, deep into the snow, and threw myself down on top of it, kicking in the front points of my crampons as hard as I could. As Angus passed me in turn, I felt the top of one of his crampon points graze my face between eye and ear. I waited for the sharp jerk and when it came I imagined that I, too, was on my way.

But I was still there. I was conscious of a painful left hand: it was trapped by the rope coils which had tightened round the axe. There was blood on the snow, from my face—bright scarlet on pure white.

"Have we stopped?" I cried.

No reply.

Again, louder and anxious.

"I think so," Angus called up.

"Is everyone all right?"

"O.K.!" from Antony, sounding quite cheery and unshaken.

I belayed firmly to a re-adjusted axe and brought the others back up to me. We patched up cuts and grazes—nothing serious. I do not think the possibility of turning back there was considered; so I tied myself to one end of the 50ft. rope and the other three close together at the other end, belayed to their axes.

I led off cautiously; but here was a change. The good, deep snow finished abruptly, and I was standing on revoltingly loose, muddy earth and slippery scree. Some rock folds on my left failed to provide any decent hand holds,

and on my right was a sheer drop to the glacier below. I scrambled up precariously till I ran out of rope. There was no sign of any kind of belay. I was unsafe enough just standing there, and would have had no chance of holding a fall if one of the others slipped. So I called for more rope and had to wait an eternity as they crept carefully up the remaining feet of good snow and re-tied themselves even more closely together. The scree steepened and became quite impossible to ascend; so I removed my crampons and gloves, and, leaving these with my axe for the others to bring on, took to the easy-angled but desperately smooth and holdless rock folds. At last: a small rock spike which would take a belay sling! I kicked out a stance in the soft mud and brought the others up to me. There were another three or four full rope length pitches of this before we reached the col, though angle and difficulties did relent a little.

We had a well-earned rest, though relief and satisfaction at reaching the ridge were somewhat mitigated by the oncoming dusk and the thought of that "three to six hours" to the summit of the Hoher First. We had no hope of reaching it that evening, but we wanted to get as far as possible, and we had also to find a suitable place to bivouac.

An hour later it was dark and we had to finish a section with torches. Though the rock was very soft and loose in places, the climbing was not hard and we had made really good progress. We seemed, in fact, to have covered about half the total distance, and now stood on a level gap about 75ft. long but nowhere more than 3ft. wide. This seemed no place to spend the night, but further progress in the dark—tired as we were and carrying our bulky equipment—was not possible. So I fastened the rope firmly at each end of the gap; we tied ourselves to it and crept into our sleeping bags and "poly" bags, our feet dangling over a near-vertical snow slope descending 3,000ft. into Italy and our heads propped up by our rucksacks above

steep Austrian scree falling away to the glacier which we had crossed that afternoon. Well over 11,000ft. above sea level, we got out our small gas stoves and melted snow to cook our little packets of dried, tasteless, expedition rations. The flame flickered as the occasional gust of wind rustled across the col. A few snow flakes floated down. Eventually we pulled our sleeping bags up over us as far as the rope allowed and attempted the impossibility of getting some sleep.

The night seemed eternal and we were all glad when the first rays of dawn appeared at about 5-00. Better to move off straight away and find a more comfortable place for breakfast later. The climbing was harder now; the rock became increasingly rotten and there was more loose snow about. In half an hour we stood above a tiny col, the descent to which would have to be by abseil—the rock was just too rotten and steep to climb down. This would have meant unroping and standing about unprotected in dangerous and exposed positions. Then, ahead, was the long steep section (about 'soft.') which led almost to the summit, and which we had realised, almost as soon as we first saw the mountain, would be the crux. In good conditions we might have climbed it, but now there was a covering of soft snow which would make it treacherous. As if this were not enough, the promised bad weather was coming. In and the long glacier we should have to descend if we completed the traverse would be a nightmare in poor visibility. There was no serious alternative to retreat, though the prospect of descending the ramp made us search hard for one.

We climbed quickly back along the ridge, past the bivouac site, and to a low point just before the top of the ramp, from which a possible-looking snow and scree gully descended to the glacier. Anything was better than the ramp, so we roped down carefully, one at a time, always belaying. There was a bergschrund, a large crevasse separating the foot of the gully from the glacier, but we crossed this safely and soon regained our tracks of the

day before. With these, descent was a relatively easy matter. We stopped below the ice section for breakfast and then hurried on down. The rain started when we reached the gorge and we were soaked by the time we boarded a chair lift to take us down the last half mile to the village.

Defeat is always bitter to a climber, but it is something he must ever be prepared—in the final instance—to accept. We felt a little better when we got back to England and read that Joe Brown's expedition had just turned back 50ft. from the summit of El Toro in the Peruvian Andes because he had judged that the rottenness of the snow did not justify the risk of pushing on. The summit, however, is not everything, and what we did achieve was adventure in the truest sense of the word, an experience denied to most people for life. Given the right conditions, we should probably have completed the climb. Perhaps, this year

J.W.

RUGBY, 1970

ONE of the parents, watching an Under 15 XV match, said how much the Rendcomb side were *enjoying* the rugby. This was a good comment; however much work and effort goes into playing and however skilled the sides get, and for that matter however determined people are to win, there is no point in playing rugby unless you enjoy the game.

This approach starts with Mr. White's toddlers*, carried along as they are by waves of vociferous enthusiasm in the Estate Garden. When they have graduated to Mr. Kelsey's game, they will be able to savour the quiet, calculating, scientific-dedicated kind of enjoyment. Then with Mr. Burden, they will be jollied along with great vigour and robustness, learning the trade. As for the next stage, that is another matter. Certainly the coach enjoys himself ...

This year the over 15 age group have been able to opt out of rugby provided they have other worthwhile games activities to do. I think the experiment has been a success in increasing the enjoyment-quotient in games generally. It has certainly led to increased standards of rugby at the top, now only those who want to play do so. Next year we hope to have several more fixtures for the Second XV especially for those who enjoy playing but don't want the pressures of 1st XV rugby, or are not quite ready for them. I hope, too, that the Second XV will continue to keep up the standards of play as it has done this year under David Toresen. The problem of the Games Committee each week has been whom to leave out of the First XV, as there has been so much competition from promising Seconds.

The First XV's run of success continues; it won seven out of nine games and scored 140 points to 61. Quiet, thoughtful captaincy by Owen Rhys was largely responsible for the teamwork which led to this satisfactory result. Features of this teamwork which, I think, tended to give the First XV the edge over their opponents were the steadiness in defence, speed onto the loose ball and quick backing-up.

Set-piece play was difficult for a pack which usually found itself out-weighted and out-reached, though two ploys began to develop which will be more useful next year: the long throw in the lineout and the wedge in the ruck.

As to individuals, many of the tries came from the strong running of the mid-field triangle of Joe Yuvaboon, Julian Gray and Nick Hillier. The wing three-quarters supported them well: Bob Morris and David Barling were promising, while Martin Stallard tackled and ran, like the centres, with great determination. Nick Hance improved all the time as the regular full-back, timing his attacks splendidly. Andrew Pearce, poached from the Under 15's, showed great promise in the last two matches. Jonathan Tyler at scrum-half was very destructive in open play, and combined well with his fly-halves, gradually improving his service. The back row of David Tyler (probably the outstanding player in the term's rugby), Graham Jordan and Nick Thomas were largely responsible for the success of the side in the loose. Ian Niel became something of a utility man, even playing once as scrum-half, but usually forming with Owen Rhys a hard-working, strong second row.

Ted Parsons improved constantly as hooker in both set and open play; John Millard was fast and powerful, and will become more so, while the other prop position went to Paul Topp, who was badly missed when he fell ill, and then to Al Lamb who surprised even himself with his rate of improvement. Finally, next year's secretary, Niven Boyd, played with great fire and power and will be a force to reckon with in the future. The place-kicking was shared very ably by Joe Yuvaboon and the captain-elect for 1971, Julian Gray. David Toresen played one match for the 1st XV besides leading the Second XV so well.

D.S.J.P.

* The First Form had its first match this year, playing 15 out of 20 of its members, and emerging with a most honourable draw against Cirencester first year.



The Christmas Party: Foursome



Moving towards the Gaissberg Glacier and Hoher First in the Austrian Tyrol



The 1971 Hockey XI



Defence in Depth?

1st XV Match Reports

v. Marlborough College 3rd XV, won 22-13, away

On a very hot afternoon against a side less fit than our own, Rendcomb began the season with a rather poor first half, trailing 5-13 at half-time. Then stimulated by a fine try from J. Gray early on, the team improved noticeably, and added three more tries and a drop-goal.

r. Bloxham 2nd XV, won 24—0, away

Some hard tackling and powerful running by the centres led to three tries by N. Hillier. The pack put in a great deal of hard work which led to a try for Niel and a convincing win.

s. Cokethorpe 1st XV, won 16—0, home

Some very fast three-quarters from Cokethorpe were held by our own, and the pack picked up the loose ball to good effect. As usual, this fixture proved to be a hard game against a good side.

Cheltenham College 3rd XV, won 11-6, away

Rather an untidy game in which the packs cancelled each other out on an awkward pitch was brightened for Rendcomb by three scores—all worked from penalties. But we depressed the spectators for the great number of penalties *we* incurred.

v. Prince Henry's GS 1st XV, lost home

The extremely well-drilled opposition produced one of the best games of the season, with many flowing moves from both sides. The pack played very hard and came near to levelling the score in the last few minutes.

v. Cirencester School 1st XV, won 20-14, home

An exciting game against a large, enthusiastic side was given a good start by Rendcomb with three fine penalties from J. Gray. Our pack co-ordinated well and many of our constantly-practised moves were put to good effect.

v. Marling 2nd XV, lost 0-6, away

Under atrocious conditions of rain and mud, the pack did its best against a heavier and more adaptable pack. The scores came from Marling's winger, who twice proved too much for our defence.

v. Hereford Cathedral School 2nd XV, won 33-8, home

After an early set-back due to a breakaway try Rendcomb took control in all phases and scored some fine tries.

v. Old Rendcombians, won 5-3, home

The Old Boys fielded a very talented side which luckily lacked the co-ordination of our XV. Although we were always in danger from Webb's amazing kicking, the O.R.s looked less and less likely to score as they tired. The College continued to attack for the remainder of the match after A. Pearce's brilliant dummying try was converted by J. Gray.

All the home matches were this year refereed by members of the Gloucester Referees Society, who improved our knowledge of the game immensely. We are very grateful to the referees for their help.

2nd XV Results

v. Marlborough College U/16 XV, lost 0-41, away

v. Avonhurst 1st XV, won 18-3, home

v. Colston's U/16 XV, won 8-3, home

Under-15 XV

Played 8: won 3, Lost 4, Drawn 1

The Under-15 team, under the able captaincy of A. Pearce, have enjoyed success against some very strong sides and at no stage suffered a heavy defeat.

The forwards improved considerably during the term and obtained quite good ball for the fast and efficient three-quarter line. Although often outweighed, the pack usually managed to push the opposition.

More important than actual results was the keenness and spirit shown by the team during the term. A. Pearce, Fry and Robbins have shown particular promise and should help to support the 1st XV next year.

Under-15 Results:

Bloxham (away) drew 6-6

Avonhurst (home) won 42-0

Cokethorpe (home) lost 3-19

Cheltenham College U.15 (away) lost 0-11

2nd XV:

Colston's (home) lost 3-17

Kingham Hill (home) won 14-5

Marling (away) lost 14-29

Cirencester (away) won 15-3

The following played:

C. Higgins, C. Partridge, S. Robbins, D. Shield, K. Stuckey, K. Underdown, S. Bushell, R. Fry, W. Hall, J. Lane, F. Leivers, C. Lyons, A. Pearce, N. Roberts, M. Toresen, M. Denley, D. Knox, P. Rose, and M. Pitt.

Under-14 Results:

Hereford Cathedral School (home) lost 10-22

Cirencester (away) won 26-9

Under-13 results:

Oakley Hall (away) lost

Kingham Hill (home) won 14-5

Marling (away) lost 0-9

C.C.B.

Under-13 Rugby:

There has been considerable enthusiasm and improvement throughout the term, the only unsatisfactory point being the change from Under-13i to Under-13 fixtures. This will be reversed next season.

The matches against Kingham Hill and Marling produced a high standard of play and in the Oakley Hall game we were actually winning 3—0 at one stage against an older and more experienced team.

Next season, when most of the present team will still be Under-13½, should produce three very good matches against these opponents.

R.K.

HOCKEY 1971

ALTHOUGH the results this term have again been disappointing, the standard of hockey has been encouraging. With exceptionally good weather for the Spring Term, only one 1st XI fixture was cancelled and the marked improvement in many players led to a very enjoyable term's hockey. Moreover, many of this year's team should be back next year to form the backbone of a strong XI.

Five of the 1st's matches were lost by a single goal, on several occasions after Rendcomb has taken the lead. This can perhaps be explained by a flagging of stamina and concentration which was often evident in the second half of a match. More annoying was the consistent inability of the forwards to find the net in the free run of the play. They created many chances but very rarely took advantage of them, most of the goals being scored direct from short corners.

The defence played competently throughout the season but too often the marking and positioning of the half-backs was lax and the full-backs were caught square more than once. However, one must not detract from the general merit of the team's play. The games against Marlborough, Colston's and Bloxham were particularly good performances and we were unlucky to gain only one draw from them.

The 1st XI had a tremendously successful season; the reasons for their success are difficult to analyse but a great deal of enthusiasm and spirit certainly played their part, ingredients which were occasionally lacking in the 1st XI.

A particularly pleasing aspect of this season's hockey is the way that teams throughout the school have had the opportunity to play matches, a fact which has greatly enhanced the popularity of the game.

1st XI Match Reports:

v. Colston's School 1st XI, drawn 1-1

This was an extremely encouraging start to the season. After pulling back a one goal arrear through a 'soft' shot from a corner, Rendcomb spent most of the second half attacking Colston's goal, unfortunately to no purpose.

v. Cheltenham College 1st XI, lost 0-8

By far the heaviest defeat of the season, this was rather a repeat of last year's game. Rendcomb had no answer to the speed and thrust of the Cheltenham forwards and had it not been for the courageous goal-keeping of Boyd, we would have lost much more heavily. What was disappointing was the fact that having conceded only three goals in the first half, playing 'uphill,' we let in another five in the second period.

v. King Edward's, Bath, 1st XI, lost 1-2

On a very 'difficult' pitch, Rendcomb played up the slope in the first half and turned round level at **In the first minutes** of the second half, a bad defensive error led to King Edward's scoring their second goal. Despite intense Rendcomb pressure and several short corners, we were unable to provide the finish in the circle.

v. Marlborough and XI, lost 1-2

An excellent first half display led to Rendcomb being in the lead at half time. Unfortunately the defence could not withstand Marlborough's sustained attacks and was breached twice.

v. Corpus Christi, Oxford, 1st XI, won 2-1

It was a very pleasant change not to be on the receiving end. The forwards spent most of their time attacking but once again the lack of 'punch' led to wasted chances as both goals were the result of short corners.

v. Lydney 1st XI, lost 0-2

In very unpleasant conditions, we conceded two early goals through defensive blunders. Although Lydney pressed forward for much of the match they could not score any more goals, and unfortunately neither could we.

v. Bloxham 'A' XI, lost 0-1

Certainly the most frustrating game of the season: Bloxham scored a breakaway goal in the face of continuous Rendcomb attacks but once again the forwards were unable to snap up their chances and redress the balance.

v. Dean Close 2nd XI, lost 1-2

Although in the lead at half-time, Rendcomb conceded two goals in the second half without scoring any more on their own account, even though several clear-cut chances were created.

v. Old Rendcombians, lost 0-3

In a shortened game on a very damp pitch, the Old Boys proved too good for the College in the second half and won decisively. The main difference between the two sides lay in finishing power.

1st XI: N. Boyd; I. R. Niel; A. Rose; E. M. Parsons; J. M. Gray (capt.); N. A. Hance; C. J. Wood; C. Yuvaboon; A. Thompson; A. Pearce; D. Wiggall.

Also played: G. B. Jordan; J. S. Hindle; R. Mace; J. M. Tyler.

J.M.G.



Second XI

The Second XI, as indicated above, had a successful season, losing only one match, to the Lydney G.S. 2nd XI.

Matches played were:

Cheltenham College 3rd XI (away) won 3—0

Crypt 1st XI (home), won 2—0

Marlborough 3rd XI (away), drew 0—0

King's School, Gloucester 2nd XI (home),
won 1-0

Lydney 2nd XI (away), lost 2-3

Marling 1st XI (away), won 2-1

Those who played regularly were: J. Hindle; D. Toresen; R. Roberts; R. Mace; J. Tyler; P. Treasure; R. Morris; J. Millard; M. Brown; G. Jordan; J. Whiteside.

Also played: B. Smith; S. Bushell.

J.S.H.

Under 15 XI

Though the team lost four of their five matches, they steadily improved over the term and were a trifle unlucky in two respects. Firstly, owing to cancellations and other factors they had no match in the second half of February and the first part of March, when they were patently at their peak, and, secondly, they had only one chance to play a match on the true surface of our home pitch. It was no coincidence that in this home match, against Bloxham, the team gave their most authoritative performance and won handsomely, with the forward line looking at times very dangerous and frisky.

Conversely the first three matches were played early in the term before the dry weather had set in, and the degree of versatility required on the heavy pitches at Colston's, Cheltenham College, and King Edward's, Bath, was beyond us. Another bumpy pitch, coupled with a physically stronger side, late in the term at Marlborough again caught us napping and we

were distinctly lucky to concede no more than two goals. Easily our heaviest defeat was at Colston's, who probably played the best hockey of all our opponents during the term, while our worst display was in the narrow defeat at King Edward's. The Bloxham match was heartening to all concerned.

The main weaknesses in the side were a lack of sound covering and rapid clearing in defence and poor positioning and finishing in attack. Hockey is essentially a fluid team game and, if one adopts the orthodox 5-3-2 formation, the player who wanders excessively or who habitually tries to beat one opponent too many or the same opponent three times over is a liability.

If these lessons are properly absorbed the season will prove fruitful.

Results:

January 27th:

v. Colston's School (away), lost 2-8

February 2nd:

v. Cheltenham College (away), lost 1-3

February 6th:

v. K.E.S., Bath (away), lost 1-2

March 13th:

v. Bloxham School (home), won 5-1

March 16th:

v. Marlborough College (away), lost 0-2

Team: M. Denley; K. Stuckey; S. Robbins (captain); C. Lyons; K. Underdown; A. Medhurst; R. Fry; F. Leivers; C. Jones; P. Rose; N. Roberts.

Also played: W. Hall; T. Stroud; R. Weston; M. Pitt.

An Under-14 XI played one match, against Marlborough College (away), result: lost 0-6.

J.N.H.

JUDO

ON Sunday, 29th November, Mr. Burden and Mr. Thorne took a party of eight to Stonehouse Community Centre for junior gradings.

This proved to be a great success: four boys obtained 5th MON and four 4th MON. Unfortunately, P. Millard broke his arm but tells us that he is still keen to continue next term!

In a meeting held at the Gala Club, Gloucester, on Sunday, 21st March, the following obtained further gradings:

A Pearce—orange belt

J. Tyler—green belt

N. Boyd—green belt

C.C.B.

OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES

WE record with regret the death during the Christmas term of Mrs. Rose Osborne, the widow of C.H.C. Osborne. Mrs. Osborne taught French in the College for several years during the 1920's and a number of our older members have asked us to express their appreciation of the contribution which she made to the development of the College at that time.

We congratulate:

Ben Pullen on his marriage to Miss Sarah Western,

Richard Wood on his marriage to Miss Susan Pressland,

Roger Stebbing and Mrs. Stebbing on the birth of a son.

David Mabberley has been awarded a Leverhulme Scholarship by the Royal Society for 12 month's botanical research in East Africa and Madagascar. He hopes to return to Cambridge in June this year to complete work for his Ph.D. degree.

Michael Stubbs has been elected to a Research Fellowship at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Stuart Shellswell was awarded a 1st Class Honours B.Sc. Degree in Automatic Control at Sussex University and has now moved to Cambridge, where we understand he is working on automatic typesetting processes.

We were pleased to have a visit from Major David Godfrey, now married with three daughters, during a period of home leave. He has spent most of the last ten years abroad and has now returned to his regiment, the 6th Gurkha Rifles, in Hong Kong.

During a visit to Bristol by a group of VIth Form scientists, we were delighted to be shown over their respective departments by two O.R.s, Maurice Bullen, Physicist to Bristol General Hospital, and Roger Alder, Lecturer in Chemistry at Bristol University.

During the Association for Science Education's meeting at Sussex University, I met another former pupil, Michael Richards, who is now a lecturer in the Physics Department.

Peter Binks, writing from Melbourne, hopes to spend a holiday in England about Christmas this year.

Robert Edy is now acting as Sports Secretary and would like all O.R.s willing to play in matches to write to him at 73 Ravensgate Road, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham. Please note the address and do not wait to be asked if you will play.

A meeting of the Simpson Memorial Trust was held in the College on February 27th. Mr. C. H. Brisley had expressed a desire to resign from the office of Secretary/Treasurer and Mr. J. B. Fell was elected to fill the vacancy. A full report on the finances and activities of the trust will be published in an early issue of the magazine.

Undergraduates now in their first year at University are:

R. H. Arkell, Wadham College, Oxford,
reading Engineering
D. R. Brown, Birmingham, Chemistry
N. M. Collins, Wadham College, Oxford,
Zoology
M. R. Dow, Emmanuel College, Cambridge,
Engineering
C. J. Elliott, Trinity Hall, Cambridge,
Natural Sciences
P. Jones, Sheffield, Politics
B. Laan, Kent, Electronics
H. Thompson, Essex, Mathematical Economics
A. J. C. Walker, Southampton, Law
N. H. Wapshott, York, Social Sciences
N. R. H. Evans, Durham, History
N. A. Johnson, St. Thomas' Hospital,
Medicine
A. T. Patrick, Imperial College, London,
Mining Engineering
D. J. Simmons, Birmingham, Mechanical
Engineering

The following have left the College during the year and will be taking up their university places this autumn:

- N. H. Hillier, Exeter, Law
- R. A. Law, Exeter College, Oxford, Chemistry
- R. Millard, Christ's College, Cambridge,
Natural Sciences
- R. G. Pyecroft, Birmingham, Electrical Engineering
- O. G. Rhys, Pembroke College, Oxford,
Chemistry
- D. A. Tyler, Trinity Hall, Cambridge,
Economics
- K. D. Warren, Imperial College, London,
Chemical Engineering

Addendum

In sending a volume of his poems which has recently been published, Gerard Benson (G. Chagrin to his contemporaries) speaks warmly of his Sixth Form teaching at Rendcomb. He is now a lecturer in Voice and Poetry Speaking at the Central School of Speech and Drama. As one of the Barrow Poets he has toured in the United States several times and recently played at the New York Poetry Centre. He expects to be with the Barrow Poets at Tewkesbury in June.

He is married and has two children.

J.B.F.

