

Rendcomb College Chronicle



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July 1968

Rendcomb College Chronicle

Volume 14 No. 5

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COLLEGE OFFICERS
Summer Term, 1968

Senior Prefect—R. J. Wood
Prefects and Group Leaders—T. Willford, C. P. Mabblerley,
D. P. Kyle, A. E. Hillier
Prefect—A. J. Pain
Public Workman—M. R. Dow
Choir Librarians—A. A. Ross, A. J. Stafford
Picture Man—M. B. Rees
Church Ushers—P. Jones, D. F. R. Black
Librarians—R. C. Goodsell, C. P. Mabblerley, P. W. Taylor,
D. A. Tyler, C. H. Moore
Stagemen—A. J. Pain (*Stage manager*), P. V. Sage, D. J. Simmons,
R. A. Law, A. T. Patrick, A. M. White, J. R. Harris,
M. R. Dow, A. J. Savery
Bellringers—R. J. Wood (*Tower captain*), A. J. C. Walker,
T. Willford, A. T. Patrick, S. J. Brisk, N. A. Johnson,
W. E. Hanks, A. Thompson, P. Isaac, J. D. Williams,
M. J. Brown, N. Green.

MEETING OFFICERS
Summer Term, 1968

Chairman—R. J. Wood
Secretary—R. H. Arkell
Cricket Captain—A. E. Hillier
Cricket vice-captain—D. F. R. Black
Cricket Secretary—T. V. Liddle
Games Committee—M. R. Barnes, K. A. Belcher
Tennis Captain—W. R. Simpson
Nominations Committee—C. J. Gray, T. V. Liddle, P. V. Sage
Meeting Banker—A. J. C. Walker
Shop Banker—E. W. Yates
Boys' Banker—M. W. Cummings
Entertainments Committee—A. J. Pain, M. B. Rees, C. J. Elliott,
N. L. Hillier, C. H. Moore

Meeting Advisory Committee—P. V. Sage, R. C. Goodsell,
A. J. C. Walker
Council—A. J. Pain, D. P. Kyle, A. E. Hillier, T. Willford,
C. P. Mabblerley, R. J. Wood
Junior Advocate—N. H. Wapshott
Breakages Man—A. Thompson
Rugger Secretary—M. R. Dow
Hockey Secretary—T. V. Liddle
Magazine Committee—T. V. Liddle, H. D. Greenlaw,
A. J. C. Walker
Senior Shopman—K. A. Belcher

MEETING NOTES

The Meetings this term have been short, the only important subject discussed being the power roller. This, however, is not going to be purchased until a groundsman has been found.

There was some discussion about cleaning implements and the Meeting now buys replacements for these. The Meeting has changed its sports equipment supplier from Woof's of Cheltenham to Hook's of Gloucester, because they offer a larger discount.

The "*Morning Star*" has been discontinued and the "*New Statesman*" is being purchased instead. The Meeting now subscribes to "*20th Century History*" and has added the "*Gloucestershire Echo*" to its other daily papers.

SCHOOL NOTES
Late Spring Term, 1967

We congratulate H. M. Peterson on obtaining a History Scholarship at King's College, Cambridge, and P. R. F. Chanin on gaining a Science Scholarship at Churchill College, Cambridge.

M. R. Dow has been successful at the bronze level of the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme.

* * *

A Dance was held at the College on March 9th and we welcomed a number of young ladies for the evening.

* * *

The VIth Form visited the Bristol Old Vic on March 11th

to see "Twelfth Night."

"Noah" by André Obey was performed as a junior and middle school play on March 15th and 16th. A report will be found elsewhere in this issue.

* * *

Films shown at the College during the Spring Term were "The Heroes of Telemark," "The Cruel Sea", "The Ladykillers" and "Billy Liar."

* * *

During the Easter vacation C. J. Elliott attended a course at the South Wales Switch Gear Co. Ltd., and D. R. Brown attended a course with Mather and Platt Ltd.

* * *

C. J. Gray, M. R. Barnes and W. R. Simpson played hockey for Gloucestershire Schoolboys at the Taunton Festival from the 9th-11th April. Gray and Barnes also played for the Western Counties Schoolboys in a victorious match against a Visitors XI.

* * *

Summer Term, 1968

We congratulate the Headmaster and Mrs. Quick on the birth of their fourth child, Jonathan Carthew, who arrived on May 2nd.

* * *

We say goodbye to the following boys and wish them well for the future: N. J. Dakin, A. Milroy and J. C. Potts.

We welcome L. Cooper, who joined the College at the beginning of the Summer Term.

* * *

From the beginning of next term Mrs. James will no longer take full charge of the English department. She will, however, continue to teach English to Form VIA until her full retirement next summer. An appreciation of Mrs. James's invaluable work for the College through many years will be deferred until then, but we take this opportunity of recording our pleasure in working with her over so long a period.

Mr. J. Holt comes from King's School, Canterbury, to take charge of the English department next term.

Miss S. Allmark leaves us at the end of this term. We thank her for her work as Assistant Matron and hope she will prosper in the future.

* * *

We acknowledge receipt of *The Gresham* and *The Wycliffe Star*.

* * *

The Vth form went to Oxford on May 16th to see a performance of Gogol's "The Government Inspector" and the IVth form saw the same play on the following day.

On May 10th, members of the VIth form visited Stratford-on-Avon to see "King Lear."

* * *

A dance was held at the College on May 25th and we welcomed a number of young ladies for the evening.

* * *

Founder's Day, 1968, will be celebrated on July 6th, and there will also be performances of Glück's opera, "Orpheus and Eurydice" on the 5th, 6th and 7th. Reports of these events will be given in next term's number of the *Chronicle*.

* * *

Further studies are being built over the old workshop. A report of these will appear shortly, but a photograph is included in this number.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, 1968 Use of English

Passes in Use of English were gained by the following candidates:

M. R. Barnes, C. J. Gray, H. D. Greenlaw, J. Kinnear, D. P. Kyle, T. V. Liddle, C. P. Mabblerley, A. J. Pain, J. B. Quennell, P. V. Sage, P. W. Taylor.

"NOAH" by André Obey

On Friday, March 15th and Saturday, March 16th, André Obey's "Noah" was performed on the Assembly Hall stage by members of the middle and junior school.

As a dramatist Obey had a great belief in the effect of simple stage action on an audience and held that the theatre's many complexities of plot, theme and language could quite often

by utterly removed from its true spirit. So it was that "Noah," while demanding mature treatment and a wide range of theatrical skills, did in fact possess many of the characteristics of a light-weight work. Significantly, however, it should be remembered that the play, although excellent theatre for children, was never intended expressly for them—let alone for performance by them—but rather as a serious theatrical experiment based on a particular conception of drama. Yet for all this, "Noah" was still an excellent choice for the varied audiences Rendcomb productions usually attract and for the young actors themselves.

The play's spectacle, its textual and thematic clarity, and, above all, the well-known story ensured comprehension by even the youngest of the audience, while the finer points, Obey's own dramatic method and his examination of the divine and human relationships which surround Noah, should have sustained the interest of an adult. But finally, to see actors and stagemen rise to the demands of production so well and with so much spirit was a pleasure for everyone.

For one comparatively young, Christopher Wood's performance as Noah was impressive. As the central figure, the action and speeches of the role were formidable, yet Wood managed not only to master the technicalities of the part with fluency and assurance but also bring to life the essentially individualistic character of Noah. Moreover, as Mrs. Noah, Julian Gray admirably created the warm, motherly character to support the towering figure of Noah and still brought out the subtle variation in the part when she has to choose between the apparent commonsense of the children and her husband's trust in God.

Noah's sons were played by E. M. Parsons, A. A. Ross and J. Stafford. As Ham—the son who decides to brave Noah for control of the Ark—Parsons had a long and important part, but his forceful and clear acting, notably in the arguments with Noah, was a credit to him and impressed the audience. Both Ross (Shem) and Stafford (Japheth), too, struck one by their relaxed and confident acting. At first sight these two characters may appear virtually identical, but the actors together were well able to bring out the contrast between the laziness and carelessness of Shem and the vivacity of Japheth.

Furthermore, A. Pitt, S. J. Bushell and R. G. L. Roberts effectively acted the parts of the three sisters, Naomi, Sella and Ada—the future brides of Noah's sons. J. S. Hindle, too, as the

Man performed most vigorously and understandably brought the house down. Yet behind the comedy of his coarseness and uncouth appearance he stood for humanity—ourselves, if we like, doomed by the wrath of God to perish in our own flood.

Of the cast final mention should be made of the impressive range of animals. For the fine headpieces we owe a great deal to the outstanding handiwork of Mr. Jones' wife. It was a pleasure to see the boys concealed within use them so well.

But to move away from the actors, the stagemen, under the direction of our new art master, Mr. Jones, should be complimented on the way they met the demands of sound, lighting and scenery. Once again, also, our warmest thanks should be extended to Mrs. James for her work in the theatre wardrobe. And finally, Mr. Willson—our Director of Music—should be congratulated and thanked for his excellent production. As musician, no doubt, at heart, he proved conclusively, despite the hindrance of illness in the school and the demands of a flourishing music department, that he could produce well-trained confident actors and a thoroughly co-ordinated performance.

Our performance of "Noah," one hopes, succeeded in entertaining everyone. A visit behind the scenes assured one of the enthusiasm of the actors and the pleasure they took in the performance itself, and to judge from the applause they received it would seem that their efforts were completely worthwhile.

N.J.D.

Noah ...		CHRISTOPHER WOOD
Mrs. Noah		... JULIAN GRAY
Shem		ALISTAIR ROSS
Ham	his sons	EDWARD PARSONS
Japheth		ANDREW STAFFORD
Naomi		ANTONY PITT
Sella	Three Sisters ...	RICHARD ROBERTS
Ada		STEPHEN BUSHELL
The Man		... JOHN HINDLE
The Bear		BRIAN SMITH
The Lion ANDREW ROBERTSON
The Monkey		CHRISTOPHER HORTON
The Elephant		MARK FISHER
The Cow ROLAND READ
The Lamb ...		NICHOLAS HANCE

The Wolf ROBERT INGLES
 The Tiger NOEL WILLFORD

Prompter: Nicholas Thomas
 Sound Technician: Christopher Elliott

(The cast was drawn from boys of the Middle and Junior School)

CRICKET REPORT

1st XI

The excessive rainfall during the first half of term caused five matches to be cancelled. At the time of writing only five matches have been played, of which one was lost, two were drawn and two abandoned at 6 p.m.

It was expected that the bowling this season would be adequate but that the batting would very much depend upon the captain of cricket, A. E. Hillier. In fact the batting weakness has been exposed, so far, only against the Crypt School, when Rendcomb collapsed from 35-2 to 43 all out.

A. E. Hillier has been the mainstay of both the bowling and the batting for four seasons. This season in five matches he has bowled 76 overs. Unfortunately the burden of captaincy and the amount of bowling he has done have affected his batting and he has yet to make a good score.

D. Black and K. Belcher have given good support with the ball and M. Barnes, as opening batsman, has played four valuable innings including a fine 39 against Burford Grammar School.

In the field many catches have been dropped and generally the ground fielding and throwing have been untidy.

Matches played:

May 2nd:

- v. DEAN CLOSE A XI (Away). Match abandoned.
 Dean Close 113-7 dec. (A. E. Hillier 4-23).
 Rendcomb 15-3.

May 22nd:

- v. CRYPT SCHOOL 1st XI (Home). Lost by 9 wickets.
 Rendcomb 43 (A. E. Hillier 17, M. R. Barnes 15).
 Crypt School 44—I.

June 5th:

- v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER 1st XI (Away)
 Match abandoned.
 King's School 146-5 dec. (Black 3-44).
 Rendcomb 53-2 (M. R. Barnes 13, T. V. Liddle II ret.)

June 12th:

- v. KINGHAM HILL 1st XI (Home). Match drawn.
 Kingham Hill 67 (A. E. Hillier 5-37, K. Belcher 4-14).
 Rendcomb 42-3 (M. R. Barnes 23 n.o., T. V. Liddle I 1 n.o.)

June 15th:

- v. BURFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1st XI (Home). Match drawn.
 Rendcomb 94-9 (M. R. Barnes 39, C. J. Gray 14).
 Burford 41-8 (A. E. Hillier 5-13).

The following have played for the 1st XI:

*A. E. Hillier (captain), *D. F. R. Black (vice-captain),
 *T. V. Liddle (secretary), *M. R. Barnes, *K. A. Belcher,
 C. J. Gray, T. Willford, N. J. Green, D. A. Tyler,
 N. M. Collins, N. A. Johnson, A. J. C. Walker, K. D. Warren,
 R. A. Law, J. S. Hindle. (*—Games Committee).

The following matches remain to be played:

Saturday, 22nd June:

- v. AVONHURST 1st XI (Away).

Saturday, 29th June:

- v. OLD RENDCOMBIANS (Home).

Wednesday, 3rd July:

- v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1st XI (Away).

2nd XI

The second eleven have played no matches yet this season. One however, still remains to be played:

July 3rd:

- v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL 2nd XI (Away).

Under 15 XI

June 5th:

- v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER U-15 XI (Away).
 Match abandoned.

King's School 88 (J. Gray 3—I 1).
 Rendcomb 66-8 (K. D. Warren 10, N. A. Johnson 18 n.o.,
 A. Thompson 13 n.o.).

June 15th:

- v. BURFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Home). Lost by 46 runs.
 Burford 88 (J. M. Gray 6-28).
 Rendcomb 42 (N. E. Hance 9 n.o.)

The following played:

K. D. Warren (captain), N. A. Johnson, R. A. Law,
 M. J. Treasure, N. L. Hillier, J. M. Gray, I. R. Niel,

A. Thompson, J. R. Harris, **R.** Mace, M. T. L. Stallard,
N. E. Hance, T. J. Patrick.

Under 14 XI

May 22nd:

- v. OAKLEY HALL 1st XI (Away). Lost by 21 runs.
Oakley Hall 77 (**J.** M. Gray 7-26).
Rendcomb 56 (**J.** M. Gray 25).

June 12th:

- v. KINGHAM HILL U-14 XI (Home). Lost by 37 runs.
Kingham Hill 86 (J. M. Gray 6-39).
Rendcomb 49 (N. E. Hance 16, N. Willford 13,
K. R. Underdown 9).

The following played:

J. M. Gray (captain), A. Thompson, C. J. Wood, M. J.
Brown, N. Willford, D. J. A. Rose, R. Mace, R. G. L.
Roberts, B. M. Smith, N. E. Hance, D. M. Wiggall,
P. E. Topp, K. R. Underdown.

Under-132 1st XI

May 22nd:

- ✓ OAKLEY HALL 2nd XI. (Away). Match drawn.
Rendcomb 191-7 (K. R. Underdown 62, D. J. Barling 34,
G. B. Jordan 28, C. E. J. Lyons 20 n.o., J. Millard
19 n.o.)

The following played:

J. M. Tyler (captain), B. G. Fisher, D. J. Barling,
R. P. Morris, K. R. Underdown, R. R. Ingles, G. B. Jordan,
J. Millard, S. Robbins, A. Pearce, C. E. J. Lyons.

Match still to be played:

June 26th:

- v. HILL PLACE SCHOOL 1st XI (Home).

Under-13½ 2nd XI

Match still to be played:

June 26th:

- v. HILL PLACE SCHOOL 2nd XI. (Home).

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The society read, on March 6th, "Death of a Salesman"
by Arthur Miller. This is a deeply moving play with well-knit
past and present scenes. The action is concerned with the

domestic troubles of an American family. The elder son, Biff,
rejects his hope for the future due to the disappointment that
he feels in his father after discovering him in a hotel room with
a strange woman. The father is thought to be going mad as
he daydreams about the past and talks to himself. His suicide
eventually leads to Biff's realising the great wrong that he had
done to his father.

We held last term's original compositions night on Mar. 13th,
and as usual the pieces were varied and most interesting. Comedy
was prevalent in most compositions. There were poems by
J. B. Quennell, R. J. Wood and P. V. Sage and comic

D. P. Kyle had combined comedy and gangsterism in his
piece while P. W. Taylor had supplied a science fiction story.
C. J. Gray, C. P. Maberley and N. J. Dakin had composed
serious works on the thoughts of a suicide, a murderer and an
honest citizen respectively.

The first meeting of the Summer Term was held on
May 15th. We read that well-known attack on war by John
Arden "Sergeant Musgrave's Dance." The attacking is done
by the author via the mouth of the sergeant. He and his three
fellow deserters are trying to point out to townspeople the
folly and rottenness of war. They do this under the pretext
of recruiting men for the army.

On May 29th we welcomed four new members, W. R.
Simpson, M. R. Dow, N. M. Collins and M. B. Rees. We then
read Dylan Thomas' "Under Milk Wood." This is a bawdy
account of a day in the life of a small Welsh seaside town with
the inhabitants' eccentricities and misdoings revealed in their
gossip.

We had our original compositions night on May 3rd which
was for some their last Rendcomb "Lit. Soc."

H.D.G.

MUSIC NOTES

Easter Carol Service

On May 5th, in Rendcomb Parish Church, an Easter Carol
Service was held, with several carols and an anthem, "O Sing
unto the Lord," which was written by Mr. John Willson, our
Director of Music. The carols were: "Christ arose on Easter
Day," arranged by G. R. Woodward, "On Easter morn he rose
again," arranged by John Willson, "It was early in the morning,"

written by John Willson, "This joyful Eastertide," arranged by Charles Wood.

The service had alternating carols and lessons similar to the Christmas Carol Service.

R.M., N.A.J.

*

David Shield, Richard Millard and Neil Johnson sang with Cirencester Choral Society in their production of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." David Shield sang a small solo part.

Purcell Concert

A concert was held in the Assembly Hall on Sunday, 12th May, with music by Henry Purcell. It was performed by the College choir accompanied by several professional musicians.

The first piece was a sonata for trumpet and strings with Leslie Burgess playing solo trumpet. This provided a lively and interesting start to the evening. The trumpet, though loud, did not swamp the rest of the orchestra. The sonata was in three movements: Mr. Burgess' performance was admirable. The last movement was particularly impressive. It contained many difficult trills which were delivered with exceptional clarity.

This was followed by a short anthem for alto, tenor and bass, "In God's word will I rejoice." This change in tempo and mood provided a striking contrast to the previous work.

The next and final number was the main item of the evening. It was written for the birthday of Queen Mary in 1694. We were again fortunate in acquiring the services of Peter Rose as counter-tenor or alto. After the overture came an alto solo, the words of which presented the main theme of the Ode. Following this was a chorus with the same words to emphasise the theme: "Come, come, ye sons of art!" Then came a beautiful duet for alto and soprano. The two voices, of very different tonal qualities, blended perfectly.

The next four numbers were for the alto, bass, soprano and bass soloists respectively. The alto solo was accompanied by recorders played by two boys from the College. The final number was a rousing chorus which ended the evening on a noisy, though pleasing note.

Guitar Recital by George Zarb

On Sunday, June 16th, the College was honoured to have the company of Mr. George Zarb, of Cheltenham, who gave an hour-long recital of music for the guitar. Mr. Zarb, who has been teaching guitar music at Rendcomb for two terms, gave an excellent performance of a great variety of music, ranging from a selection of six Renaissance lute pieces to two modern pieces by the South American guitarist and composer, Villa Lobos.

In the first half of the programme Mr. Zarb played alone a selection of pieces including "Pavan" by Gaspar Sanz, "Guardame las Vacas" by Narvaez, the above mentioned lute pieces, arranged by Chiselotti, two "Minuets" by Fernando Sor, a "Rondo" by Giuliani, two fast Spanish pieces, "El Vito," by Aspiazu and "The Miller's Dance," by Manuel de Falla, and "Choro" and "Study No. i" by Villa Lobos.

In the second half of the programme, Mr. Zarb was joined by a string quartet, well known to Rendcomb audiences, including Christopher Smith and Winsome Whittingham, violins, Barbara Roberts, viola, and Anthea Beamish, cello. Together they played two pieces by Boccherini, the "Pastoral" from Quintet in D, and the "Minuet" from Quintet in E minor. To end the programme a Concerto in D for lute and strings by Vivaldi was played.

The evening was a great success and was enjoyed immensely by the large number of boys who attended. We look forward to more concerts of this kind in future, and extend our thanks to all who took part. J.B.Q.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

This term there was a field meeting held on Tuesday, May 7th. Twelve members attended and the route followed the path through Conigre Wood, down North Cerney Bank, along the river to the lake and up the Cheltenham Drive.

The meeting was fairly fruitful, several lizards were seen on a log, crayfish and bullheads were caught and much interest was aroused by young dippers and a nest.

Among the breeding birds at Rendcomb this term there have been two pairs of coots, one near Mill House weir and one on the lake; two pairs of dippers, one under the bridge and one under the Cheltenham bridge and also one pair of Grey Wagtails. A great-spotted woodpecker's nest was found in Conigre Wood

and a pair of Herons started to build in the Old Park but failed in the attempt. A pair of Barn Owls nested in the Park but the nest was not actually found for certain. There are still a fair number of Barn Owls about but Little Owls have declined in numbers. At the end of last term a dead buzzard was found in the Old Park.

The badgers in the Old Park have reared young and in Conigre Wood some foxes have bred—the young could easily be watched from an adjacent tree. There has been no organised trapping of small mammals this term but several 3rd and 4th formers have been building traps similar in design to the Longworth traps and these have been very successful. Several bank voles have been tamed and have bred in captivity.

Under the proposed scheme for a Cotswold Water Park, three or four gravel pits have been scheduled as potential nature reserves. In order to provide data on one of these, not too far from Cirencester, the VIth form biologists have paid many visits and started to study the ecology of the area. The collected data will eventually be made available to the Gloucestershire Trust for Nature Conservation and the Nature Conservancy.

The main foundations of the work have been laid, the whole area has been mapped and the main vegetation has been super-imposed on to it. Species lists of the fauna and flora have been started and are already fairly extensive. The aquatic life associated with the Reed Mace (*Typha*) and Hard Rush (*Juncus inflexus*) which are fairly common at the pits, are being studied. Dragonfly species which occurred in the course of instigation were as follows: *Ischnura elegans*, *Pyrhosoma nymphula*, *Erythroinma najas*, *Enallagma cyathigerum* and *Libellula quadrimaculata*. Also nymphs of *Aeshna cyanea* were examined. Song posts of male birds were noted in an attempt to understand the territorial use of the habitat. This was especially studied in the case of the Sedge Warbler and the Reed Bunting. Late in the term the pit was visited by a Reed warbler, but there is no colony there as yet, of this species.

N.M.C.

REVOLTING STUDENTS

"Ce n'est pas par des crimes qu'un peuple se met en situation fausse avec son destin, mais par des fautes. Son armée est forte, sa caisse abondante, ses poètes en plein fonctionnement. Mais un jour, on ne sait pourquoi, du fait que ses citoyens coupent méchamment les arbres, *que ses enfants adoptent une mauvaise turbulence*, il est perdu."

JEAN GIRAUDOUX



Photo: D. R. Brown

Rendcomb Village.



Photo: C. M. Swaine

Spotted Flycatchers at Rendcomb College



Photo: C. M. Swaine

Little Ringed Plover at a Gloucestershire gravel pit



Photo: D. R. Brown

It has recently been said that, whereas in the past an undergraduate could be in danger of letting his social life interfere with his work, it is now his inclination to "demonstrate" which may encroach too much. This is a superficial comment and only partially true. There has always been political activity in our Universities. The current demonstrations are often politically based, but they seem to be for many students a source of social entertainment as well. This phenomenon is occurring throughout the world and deserves serious examination rather than flippant comment.

It is natural and desirable that students should have a sympathy with their contemporaries in other countries. This sympathy will bear more fruit in the realm of intellectual and ideological discussion than in that of political agitation. It is unlikely that a politically based international students' union has any more chance of success at present than has an international workers' movement.

The attention of British students has of course been drawn recently to the activities of students in Europe, particularly those in France and Germany. There is a limited amount of common ground here, and it is important not to let our thinking become confused by emotional appeals to international student solidarity.

German student "leaders," aiming apparently at political power, have appealed to the Trades Unions to support them and have received no response. It is not really likely that a German worker will feel any identity of purpose with students who are being educated at his expense to qualify them to earn more money than he can. It was perhaps naive of the students to feel otherwise.

In France the workers have briefly acted ostensibly in support of the students. This was due more to French political excitability and opportunism, to their "consentement frémissant à la révolte" than to any real identity of aims. It has not taken the workers long to withdraw to their own concerns, leaving the students rather pathetically out on a limb.

It is pathetic because the French students, now faced with being outwitted by adults cleverer than they are, have patent grounds for grievance. Their teachers take very little interest in them; their curriculum is overloaded and their degrees devalued to the extent that the ambitious are forced to work at two, or even three, degree courses simultaneously.

It is not surprising that this overtaxing work, coupled with adult indifference, has produced rebellion.

It is less easy to detect obvious specific grievances in Germany. Here the political and moral elements of revolt seem to have become confused. Behind a vociferous extreme left-wing leadership there seems to be a thoughtful body of opinion which rejects the moral standards of the previous generation. It is understandable that the generation which raised Germany from the rubble and despair of 1945 to its present material prosperity should show markedly material values. It is equally understandable that these values should be questioned by a generation born to comfort and comparative political stability. It is easy for young Germans to condemn their parents for having tolerated the Nazis; it is very difficult indeed for the parents to defend themselves.

So it is clear that any attempt to equate conditions in Britain with those abroad may lead to confusion. Conditions in our Universities are not like those in French Universities, though we must be on our guard against allowing them to become so. British parents do not have to face a trenchant moral indictment for their behaviour in the nineteen-forties. We must examine our problems locally and not in any vague context of world discontent.

However, one common characteristic of student dissatisfaction in all countries has been the wide publicity given to the not always coherent views of a vocal minority. This was to be expected of the gutter press, but radio and television have followed suit. Repudiation of these views by the majority of thinking students has received far less coverage. Those of us who are involved in education believe firmly in the basic good sense and in the idealism of the rising generation; we must do so if we are to continue. Unfortunately the general public is less likely to be convinced, and here the mass-media have performed an ill service.

An example of this is evident in the outcry of certain Tory backbenchers and members of the public against the recent BBC programme "Students in Revolt" and the immigration acrobatics which preceded it. It should be difficult for a balanced adult to regard Danny the Red as anything but a rather arrogant young man with an unspecific bee in his bonnet. That anyone should regard him as a serious menace to "Pax Britannica" shows how well the mass-media have done their

malignant work; it also shows how little faith some of us have in our children.

Granting that irresponsible publicity has done much to obscure the issues, it is also clear that something is wrong in our Universities. Fifteen years ago there were many prophets who said that by widening opportunities for Higher Education we were "scraping the bottom or the barrel." There were fewer who extended this pungent expression to include University staffs as well as students. From recent events in

least visible.

If one listens to the often rather inarticulate pleas of British students, two types of request seem to emerge. The first is a strongly felt desire for a "dialogue"; the second, put briefly, seems to be for a general relaxation of restrictions, unlimited sexual licence and easier exams, or no exams at all. The first is a request to which anyone seriously concerned with education must feel an instinct to respond. The second, however much one may desire not to mistrust motives, must be regarded with some suspicion.

The whole of education should be a dialogue. It is perhaps worth mentioning that students do not always seem prepared to play their part, but the responsibility must rest primarily with those who teach. If students react rudely and childishly by tearing up paper Union Jacks in front of Royalty or by shouting down someone invited to address them, the fault must lie to a great extent with those responsible for their upbringing and education. It points to a lack of dialogue in home and school as well as University, and this is an issue we must face honestly.

The raising of our children is one of our most important functions in life. They are our posterity, our immortality. British parents set an example to the world in being prepared to make sacrifices for their children, and our professional educators include very many men and women devoted to the service of youth. It is deplorable that this goodwill should be wasted by a lack of ability to communicate. This is a thought for both sides to ponder during the long summer holidays.

Youth is accusing maturity of failure to adapt to changing times. This is a perennial indictment, but there are two factors at present which those in authority should consider. One is that we are now receiving at Universities the first post-war

generations of undergraduates who have not had the often frustrating but salutary experience of National Service. The other is that, while some years ago most undergraduates were drawn from boarding schools, the majority are now young people who are leaving home and parental influence for the first time in their lives; the need for pastoral care is greatly increased.

The responsibility for thought and a re-appraisal of attitudes lies on both sides, but more emphatically with the adult generation. Youth has idealism but lacks experience, responsibility and power. This is not a time for pragmatism. We must not, as the French are in danger of doing, bring our students to submission by deviousness or by misuse of power. If my generation fails to achieve a dialogue with the next, each may blame the other, but the results will not be the less disastrous for that.

D. de G.S.

THE MAGICAL MYSTERY FLOOD

Time: five to seven, Friday evening. Only five minutes to go.

"Good evening," said a lady, who, believe it or not, was the mother of an animal, "have the preparations gone o.k. so far?"

"Not too badly," replied the producer, "I'm rather worried about the part where the actual flood comes, though."

By seven-thirty the minds of the audience had already turned to the interval, and the coffee to be served in the library. The play had gone quite well so far, but the producer was still anxious, "The flood, that'll be coming soon. I hope the audience don't think it too unreal."

Actually the flood went really rather well. After a hesitant start, the water rose up and up. Yes, this was a REAL flood. Those in the audience who couldn't swim were already drowning. The rest wouldn't have long. The producer was the last to go, perched high in his chair at the back of the room. The actors—well, they were all right. They were in the ark.

But it wasn't just the assembly hall that was being flooded. It was everywhere. Soon the top of the new arts block was disappearing beneath the flood. There hadn't been much need to get parts of it re-floored after all ...

Everything in the world, except the ark, had now disappeared. The tops of the trees, and the tops of the skyscrapers, even higher than the trees, had all gone.

Aboard the ark there were important questions to be decided. What should be the fate of the animals? Surely, if the ark ever returned to earth, it wouldn't do just to have human beings?

"I don't want to be a horse for the rest of my life," whined one thankless creature.

"Shut up," screamed Noah, "You ought to be pleased you're not drowned."

"I'm glad I turned up to rehearsals after all," replied another, more grateful horse.

"That's the spirit," said Noah, gently, "it's a miracle that any of us, animal or human, are alive,"

So that was settled.

The days passed by: the flood had stopped rising but it certainly wasn't subsiding yet. Of course there were only five human beings in the ark now, Noah, his wife and his three sons. They were rapidly becoming bored—there was so little to do. But Noah believed in looking on the bright side of things. "We won't go hungry," he said after one particularly depressing day, "there are plenty of animals aboard"

The animals never talked now. They couldn't. The ungrateful horse, for instance, wanting desperately to return to human form, had thought he would make one last appeal to Noah. He opened his mouth to speak, but the only sound he could emit was a kind of neighing. Noah, rather surprised, gave him a sugar lump, and he went away quite happily. It wasn't so bad being an animal.

Fancy, he thought, I walked vertically once. What a waste of my front hooves. All this, of course, was very pleasing to Noah. But the boredom and loneliness. Oh dear ...

But the inhabitants of the ark weren't alone. There was a man and a woman coming towards them in a large motor boat, more of a ship really. They were engrossed in a whispered conversation:

"Here's the last of them, the only survivors. They look easy enough prey," muttered the man.

"Very easy indeed. No need for deception," the woman replied.

"Good evening, I'm Sin and this is my son, Death."

"The rest ... the rest are all dead, I suppose?" questioned Death, his eyes gleaming.

"Yes, we are the only ones left," replied Noah, rather nervously. He already knew Sin, vaguely. She wasn't so bad. But her son, he didn't seem so attractive.

"Well anyway," said Sin, "we've got a nice new boat here, and you're in that dilapidated old ark. Why not come and join us? We'll take you home."

"And there won't be any water, where we live," added Death.

This was too good a chance to miss. Noah accepted the invitation on behalf of the others. "Do the animals come too?" he added as an afterthought.

"Oh yes, most certainly," replied Death, his eyes gleaming.

Soon the last remnants of life on earth were in hell. When the flood eventually subsided, the earth was just one soggy, uninhabited mass of mud.

Time: nine o'clock, Friday evening

"I thought the flood went really rather well," said a lady, now the mother of a small boy, whose face was still smeared with make-up. "But it was rather frightening, and I didn't like the ending much."

"Urn, no, but ... er ... realistic," stammered the producer.

"Very. Goodnight." **M.R.B.**

THE BIG WIN

Evans the Post, Abernelli branch, that's me! Just on my rounds see. Mrs. Rees got one today, official looking too, from the pools people.

"Morning Mrs. Rees, won the pools, is it?"

"Morning Thomas—oh, look at the time! I'll have to rush to the Co-op before it shuts—'bye Thomas."

Well off I go again, see, and who do I meet but my old friend, Ivor Williams.

"Morning Ivor! I see Mrs. Rees has won the pools, then."

"Really? How much?"

"Can't say. She rushed off down to the Co-op without telling me. Could be a big one, though!"

"I tell you Thomas—John Thomas will be pleased; always had a soft spot for Myfanwy ever since her husband passed

away. And Jones the Milk, too. I know for a fact he's interested and now there's money in it too ... "

Well, you can always rely on Ivor to spread the news around quick, and sure enough at the Dragon that night, there was John Thomas and Bryn Jones glaring daggers. News of the 'big win' was all over Abernelli and wherever Myfanwy went people would stop and point. All the single men would straighten their ties and say "Morning Mrs. Rees," or "Nice day, Mrs. Rees." A very eligible widow was our Myfanwy !

There were really only two of them in the hunt—or so everyone thought. There seemed no one at all likely to hit the jackpot, other than Bryn Jones and John Thomas that is—until the stranger appeared.

Tall and handsome he was—with a certain something. Suddenly he and Myfanwy were seen at all the best places ; at the Llanbognor mini Eisteddfod , at the annual Llanrumney jazz festival and even at the Newport Plaza. Nobody knew who he was, or where he came from.

It became obvious to Bryn Jones that he and John Thomas would have to join forces to defeat this smooth operator from foreign parts, and so, amidst a torrent of Welsh abuse (the very worst kind), he suggested his plan to John Thomas, who very reluctantly agreed.

Over a pint of beer they decided to write him a poison pen letter. With the aid of a dictionary, it went something like this

Stranger,

Unless you are on tomorrow's train out of Abernelli, your internals will be scattered all over Wales by the first post, Monday morning.

Yours sincerely,

X

(Villainous, hired assassin)

That night in the Dragon Bryn Jones and John Thomas were in the best of spirits. Drinks all round it was—until who should walk in but Myfanwy and the mysterious stranger. Walked straight over to Bryn and John's table, they did.

"Bryn Jones and John Thomas, isn't it?" said the stranger in a deep voice.

"Myfanwy has told me so much about you boys. Let me buy you a drink."

Bryn and John exchanged glances.

"Oh there's stupid of me! Not introduced myself isn't it! Superintendent Eiffion Jones, Welsh Flying Squad .. Mfanwy's brother."

"Well I must be off milking the cows for tomorrow's round," said Bryn. "Sorry I couldn't stay--and you promised to give a hand John. A pleasure its been,

meeting you" and before you could say "Thorcia-gogoch they were out of the door.

I haven't seen either of them for three weeks. Myfanwy brother Effion has gone back to his job in Cardiff and everything is back to normal—excepting that is, that Myfanwy and

HELM OF FRYG 2

It was the third round in the semi-finals of the Intergalactic Top-of-the-Form, Part 4.

The compere for this round of the competition, chosen as usual for his nationality, was Edmund Helm, Terra Ambassador Extraordinary. He sat staring distractedly at the two rows of contestants in front of him, trying desperately to remember all he had been told about them, while the spectators flooded into the auditorium, accompanied by unearthly groans, squeaks and hisses.

He pulled himself together and forced himself to study the four squat, round-faced, obscene figures in their chlorine-filled glass cylinders. These were the Thorcians, from the planet Thorx. They were current favourites for the title of "Most Intelligent Children in the Universe" and, as expected, were in the lead by 496-329. Consequently they were in good humour, though no-one had ever seen an angry Thorcian.

The other competitors, the Negraargs, were a completely different proposition. They were roughly humanoid in form but had six tentacles, at the moment all twitching nervously. They were extremely temperamental at the best of times but now, as they were losing, they were positively dangerous and their usual dark green colour had turned to a bright glowing

of violence from this quarter. Remembering this, Helm's index finger, glistening with sweat, strayed nervously towards the red button which would cause the anti-matter protective screens to rise around him. Helm jerked it back self-consciously and addressed himself to the plastic information sheet before him, waiting anxiously for silence to fall in the auditorium. At last all was quiet. Helm switched on the microphone and began to clear his throat. He checked himself immediately—the sound would have caused an uproar amongst the Negraargs as it was the equivalent of a deadly insult. He realised suddenly that his palms were sweating.

Then he announced the subject of round three of the quiz: "History of specific planets" and posed the first question. "Who won Earth war III? Negraarg no. I to answer." He waited for the Translex to translate, then pressed the "answer" button. After some hesitation and anxious fluttering of his tentacles, the Negraarg answered with a nervous guttural bark, translated as "Red Chinese" by the machine.

Apprehensively Helm pressed the "negative" button and transferred the question to Thorcian no. I. This time the answer came back immediately, accompanied by a confident smirk—"the English."

"Correct, Thorcians have now gained 4 points plus a bonus of 10 as first team to reach 500 ."

All hell broke loose. An infuriated Negraarg leapt up, gesticulating with all six tentacles. Immediately a squad of Frygian police materialised and grabbed him. Fighting them off with five of his feelers, the Negraarg grabbed a rotten fruit from the refreshment table with the remaining one and lobbed it at the umpire, barking madly. Helm's finger, momentarily paralysed, darted towards the big red switch to raise the prospective screens, but too late! The rotten fruit hit him with a resounding smack in the eye. As he subsided in a dead faint on the floor, the Translex screamed at him: "Favouritism! The ref's biased! Quisling! just because we're coloured!" The crowds of Negraargs in the audience took up the fight, and violent struggles broke out.

Two hours later, on Earth, news screens flashed their message to the public, "Terran Ambassador hurt in student race riot on Fryg 2." There followed a picture of Helm, his face covered with a mess of rotten fruit.

A few minutes later a `Ferran ship was speeding towards Fryg 2, bearing yet another Ambassador Extraordinary to the slaughter. P.W.L.

DEMONSTRATION

The seething, stinking, savage mass of humanity wended its way through the city back streets, flowing round and sometimes over obstacles and making in the direction of the city centre. Among it was a young man named Jean. He was a young man of twenty, and a stereotype of all demonstrators who find themselves overcome with anger at authority, and who fuss about some petty, half-forgotten thought, word or deed, vaguely read about in a newspaper which was glanced through at breakfast and which impressed itself on a hungry irritable person who faced the prospect of a day's work.

Jean always took part in demonstrations and had joined this crowd because of the boredom of the hot summer afternoon, and also because to demonstrate was the thing to do, even with a steady job, easy money and easier living. All his so-called mates did, partly through boredom and partly through unintelligence. Rarely did they know anything about what they were demonstrating for.

The pace of the strangely quiet mob had quickened as the broader streets were reached. Behind them now were the filthy back streets, filled with the choking stench of half decayed rubbish. The narrowness and oppressiveness were gone, and all breathed easier and walked more certainly. There was not the danger of ending on your back in a pile of dung and rotted foodstuffs that there had been in the back alleyways and streets.

The crowd swept round the corner and into the central plaza. The front rows of people faltered and stopped, uncertain. Necks were craned to see why. The reason was obvious; there, drawn up in a square round a raised platform with microphones, stood several files of soldiers. In their hands were sparkling new rifles, and their red and blue uniforms shone in the sun.

A heavy silence descended upon the scene. It was as if the world had stopped to watch and listen. Jean realised that the mob needed a leader; none of his friends was there; now was his chance. He pushed his way through the crowd towards the front, and suddenly he was in the open space between the crowd and the troops. He could see people grouped round the

the square, watching, waiting. Turning and yelling at the crowd, he rushed forward.

Everyone in that mob which Jean had followed so eagerly stood still and watch with curiosity as he stopped in front of the nearest soldiers. He shouted, insulted and gesticulated. No one moved, and gradually he quietened as the soldiers remained unmoved and the crowd stood still.

Slowly realisation dawned on him, as two policemen stolidly approached. A groan of anguish escaped from his lips as he watched the crowd, murmuring and laughing, move slowly out of the square. There was a big match on today, as well as the institution of the mayor. The troops were taking part in the mayoral ceremony and the crowd was off to the match.

H.D.G.

OLD BOYS' NOTES

D. M. Grant visited Rendcomb in April bringing his wife and two children. He practices medicine in London. He has recently been awarded a Nuffield Travelling Fellowship to North America and Scandinavia. His task will be to study the use of computers in general medical practice.

Robin Tingle was married to Gillian Sandra Reynolds in Cirencester recently. We offer our congratulations.

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We offer congratulations to W. M. E. Stubbs; having got a first class in the Natural History Science Tripos Part IA and first class in Part IB he has this year obtained another first class in Part II.

R. N. Horne, who came down from Oxford after reading Politics, Philosophy and Economics, began by working as an economist with the Scientific Civil Service in London—mainly with the Tropical Products Institute. Disliking life in London he gave this up and taught for a time in Kenya. While teaching in Mombasa he became engaged to an American girl whom he has since married. He is now teaching economics at Carlisle Grammar School.

Gerald Harrison has left Cambridge and has been appointed an Assistant Lecturer in English at the University of Aberdeen. His brother, Andrew, who is a lecturer in Philosophy at Bristol University has an exchange lectureship for six months at the University of North Carolina.

R. Comley, our Registrar, is anxious that those who have received questionnaires should return them to the Registrar at the college. J.C.J.