

THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE



Vol. 17 No. 4

May 1976

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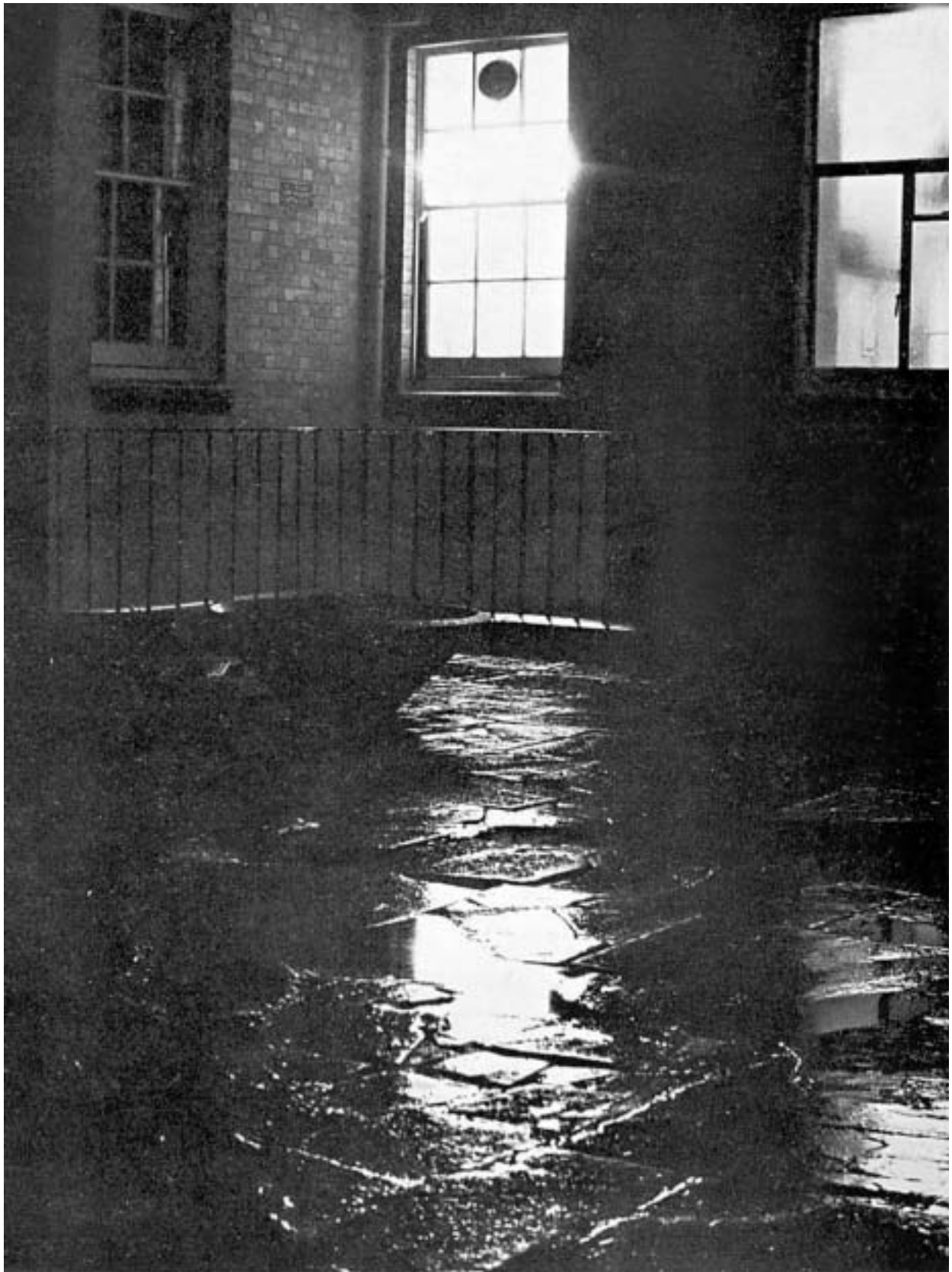
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EDITORIAL

I am floating in a stream of consciousness. How to write an editorial? What to put? What does the reader want? A parade of learning packaged in cellophane; a cascade of poetry like summer blossom or winter snow; wit as effervescent as "Andrew's Liver Salts"; or perhaps an empty page. Yes, why not an empty page? Let the reader be free to create his own thoughts, make his own doodles or even construct a paper aeroplane. But the editorial must not be any blank page - it must have a regal tone, it must emanate wisdom, and sparkle like a sheen-shone window. It must, above all, have character.

But what sort of character? It seems the questions can never be resolved. "Why?" or "When?" are relatively easy to answer - they can be defined within our limited understanding of what we call "truth". But what about "what?" - a devil to decide, especially concerning a blank page which is fast losing its empty space, and hence, meaning. For what has meaning but emptiness? - free from pollution, corruption, commercial salesmen and learning. This page could have belonged to our ancestors and their history - a history of life, nature, and excitement could have found a place in our past prime. But now it is just another jingle-full of letters, full of people, full of peanuts (jingle fresh!), what is the difference? As the print expands, exudes, exterminates the innocence that can never be regained, we must mourn that this page must now suffer like us, that this page is no longer free.

School-life is a passing thought, full of impressions, sensations, successes and disappointments and each day contains another lesson, whether academic or not. But the poetry of the simple and complex things alike cannot be shared. Between the conception and the execution there is a gulf which words cannot cross, for our very form of communication is the greatest form of non-communication .. "We can pretend, we can fall in love, or join the same party. It makes no difference ... Is it any consolation that we're all in the same boat?" ... So if I am misunderstood I am misunderstood, but would you have understood an empty page any better?



MISCELLANEA

Winter Term, 1975

Leavers at the end of the Summer Term, 1975 were: I. Bartlett, S. Blyth, C. Brain, N. Crowe, J. Dixon, A. Don, R. Evans, A. Goodenough, S. Honeyball, M. Hooper, M. James, D. Knox, A. MacGinnis, C. Mathias, A. Medhurst, P. Millard, S. Oughton, S. Pendell, B. Pritchett, S. Reason, C. Robinson, P. Sayers, L. Schnitzer, J. Taylor, J. Wilson, S. Wormleighton, D. Yates, M. Hamer, A. Moulton, S. Fear, K. Margetts, A. Raymont, I. Underdown, M. Winstone, and M. Reid. We wish them, and those who left at the end of the Winter Term, 1975, every success in the future.

* * * *

Films shown this term have been: "Puppet on a Chain"; "Dirty Dingus Magee"; "Nothing but the Night"; "They Only Kill their Masters"; "The 25th Hour"; "Ransom for a Dead Man"; "The Dirty Dozen"; "Caravan to Vaccares"; and "Gold".

* * * *

Lectures this term: Mr. G. Richardson gave a lecture entitled "The Old Lady: Public Servant with a Private Eye" on 21st September; Tony Smythe gave a lecture about a "Journey to Wangyal's Peak" on 28th September; Mr. K. C. Shepherd of the B.B.C. gave a lecture on 9th November on "The Making of a Television Documentary"; and on November 16th Captain F. H. Dell, Chief Pilot of London Airport, gave a lecture entitled "But the Price was Higher."

* * * *

In preparation for their examinations, this year's Oxbridge candidates had a seminar on 23rd September with the Rev. F. L. M. Willis-Bund, Chaplain of All Soul's College, Oxford.

* * * *

Mr. Bell's 6A English group put on one of their 'A'-level plays this term - "Next Time I'll Sing to You" by James Saunders. Performances took place on the 10th and 11th October and, although the play's subject was the impossibility of putting on a play, these were extremely successful, despite a minor crisis on the first night which was averted by the ingenuity of Timothy Longworth, who played the part of Meff. Charles Hussey took the part of the 'script-writer' Rudge, Mandy Jones the part of Lizzie, a girl full of vitality who came across strongly in the performance, Philip Lyons the part of the analytical logician Dust, complete with a white lab-coat, and Robert Stroud the part of the temperamental actor playing 'The Hermit', authentically scratching his beard and complaining about the other actors in the play, who continually goaded him. The audience soon adjusted to the unconventional approach of the play and were able to laugh when Dust started to criticise them. Mr. Bell directed the play and Timothy Nicholas organised with the help of Stephen Hicks and Stephen Hewitt, who also helped him with the construction of the simple but effective stage. Alisdair Wilson co-ordinated all the stage 'props' and Stella Joel prompted. Dawn Mackonochie, helped by Jacqueline Crowhurst, did the make-up and costumes. Everyone involved worked hard to make this venture a success and it turned out to be an entertaining and educational experience.

* * * *

Vib Biologists visited the wildlife park at Burford on 12th October.

* * * *

On 16th October a VIth form party visited the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford, to see "Henry IV, Part 2". Falstaff was as jovial as ever, the Prince was very strong, the King's speeches were often very moving, but the most original touches were in the Gloucestershire scenes. On 8th December a party of VI and V formers went to an equally impressive performance at Stratford of "Henry V."

* * * *

Preachers this term included the Rev. Canon T. R. Holtby, General Secretary of the C. of E. Board of Education; the Rev. J. Philips, formerly Bishop of Portsmouth; the Rt. Rev. D. R. Maddock, Bishop of Dulwich; and Brother Michael from Marling School.

* * * *

Eight Oxbridge candidates were successful this year, two of whom took the examinations in their fourth term as members of the sixth form. This is a very pleasing result and we wish all of them the very best in their new life. Further details appear elsewhere.

* * * *

On the musical front, a performance of Handel's "Messiah" was given by the school choral society on 19th October in the gym, in order to accommodate the large audience. The performance, postponed from the summer term 1975, because of Mr. Wilson's climbing accident, was a great success. Details can be found later in this issue. On 7th December Christopher Dendy gave a piano recital which was again very successful.

* * * *

It was an eventful term for the literary society and on 12th November there was a reading of Dylan Thomas' "Under Milk Wood" accompanied by a variety of "Welsh" accents. On 26th November the society attended a performance of "The Friendship of Mrs. Eckley" - a play about the life of Robert and Elizabeth Browning - at the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham; details can be found elsewhere.

* * * *

On 23rd November there was a third form parents' meeting.

* * * *

In late September, members of the sixth form attended two items in the 1975 Cheltenham Festival of Literature: a lecture on the Dark Lady of Shakespeare's Sonnets, given by the historian A. L. Rowse in the Everyman Theatre; and a selection of readings from Jane Austen, given in the Town Hall by Edward Fox, Celia Johnson and others.

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Members of the sixth form on 7th October attended an illustrated talk on the poet Edward Thomas, part of this year's Stroud Literary Festival.

* * * *

The sixth form dance was held on November 29th and a number of young ladies from the Cheltenham Ladies College were our guests. The evening was very enjoyable but two weeks before the end of term seemed a little early for such festivity.

* * * *

A group of bird-watchers visited the Slimbridge Wildfowl Trust on 30th November-to watch the birds!

* * * *

On 12th October all members of the third form went on an outing to Wells and Cheddar Gorge and Caves and, on 28th November, to the new film of Dickens' "Great Expectations".

* * * *

An advent service of lessons and carols was held in St. Peter's Church, Rendcomb, on 30th November, and the term ended with the customary Christmas carol service in Cirencester church on December 14th.

* * * *

The school play this term was Terence Rattigan's comedy, "Harlequinade". Performances took place on the 5th and 6th of December and the stage was perhaps one of the finest ever produced at Rendcomb, certainly involving a lot of hard work from the stagemen. A review appears elsewhere.

* * * *

The Christmas dinner and sketches took place on Friday, 12th December. The staff bravely entered into the theme of "The Magic Roundabout", and first prize must go to Mr. Burden for his superb performance as Florence! The sketches were well received and the upper half of the school were treated to a sing-song round the Saul's Hall fire with Jacqui Crowhurst and Simon Fear (O.R.).

Spring Term, 1976

Mr. Derek Bell has now left us to work in London with foreigners learning English (E.F.L.) and we hope he will enjoy his new post. His trend-setting play productions at Rendcomb will be long remembered. We are glad to welcome in his place Mr. Nigel Paton who read English at University College, Oxford, and is teaching English and history at the college.

* * * *

Films shown this term were: "The Mechanic"; "Adolf Hitler - My Part in his Downfall"; "The Poseidon Adventure"; "The Last of Sheila"; "Bedazzled"; "Ooh, you are Awful"; "A Touch of Class" and "The Imitation General".

* * * *

On 17th January Edward Fox, well known for his part in the film "The Day of the Jackal", visited the school for an informal discussion with the sixth form. The evening was extremely successful and provided sixth formers with a golden chance to test at close quarters the claim that Mr. Fox is the headmaster's 'double'!

* * * *

As a result the very creditable song recital by Robert Sherratt of Vaughan-Williams' "Songs of Travel", accompanied by Christopher Dendy, which was held on the same evening was not as strongly supported as it might have been. Nevertheless, those who did attend were able to enjoy an evening of fine music.

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Parent/teacher meetings were held for Form IV parents on 25th January, Form V parents on 16th February and Form VIb parents on 7th March.

* * * *

Leavers at the end of the Winter Term, 1975, were: Nigel Bradbury, Jonathan Fletcher, Peter Lace, Phillip Lamphée, Catherine Ledger, Suzanne Marston, Paul Rose, Robert Weston, and Nicholas Smith. We are especially grateful to Phillip Lamphée for his work, both as contributor and editor, on behalf of this magazine.

* * * *

Lectures this term: Mr. R. A. Pearson gave an entertaining lecture on "Sport Parachuting" illustrated with a film, on 1st February; Mr. Peter Juggins, stonemason, gave an informative lecture on 8th February with slides about "The English Parish Church"; on 22nd February the Revd. R. W. Browell gave a lecture entitled "Barnardo Metamorphosis - a Study in Caring"; and Mrs. M. Lyle gave an illustrated lecture to the sixth form on 12th March under the heading "Holy Russia Writ Large. Has Marxism changed the U.S.S.R?"

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A party visited Gordon Russell Furniture manufacturers on Thursday, 19th February.

* * * *

On 1st February the second form visited the Slimbridge Wild Fowl Trust.

* * * *

Preachers this term included the Bishop of Tewkesbury and the Revd. G. W. Hart, Rector of Cheltenham.

* * * *

A sponsored cross-country walk was held on Sunday, 22nd February to raise money for the Guatemala Earthquake Fund. The route was the same one as used in the summer term 1972, and thanks are due to Mr. Willson for providing the directions again and to the staff and pupils who spent the day checking off the walkers. The large sum of about £730 was raised, certainly exceeding expectations especially since the walk had to be arranged at short notice, and even those unfortunates who lost their way and went on 'optional excursions' to Chedworth and/or Withington and/or Charlton Kings ultimately voted the day a success both as an experience and as a fund-raiser.

On the 25th February a sixth form party visited the Tate Gallery and the Round House Theatre, London, to see a performance of "Hamlet" - the Buzz Goodbody production that was previously performed at The Other Place, Stratford.

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Well-received musical recitals were given on 29th February and by Mrs. Rona Foster (piano) on 14th March.

* * * *

The Rt. Revd. the Bishop of Tewkesbury conducted a confirmation service for members of the school at St. Peter's Church, Rendcomb, on Saturday, 6th March.

* * * *

The debating society, which has remained inactive for the previous few terms, has now been revived, and on the 10th March a senior debate was held - a summary of which appears later. Junior debates, which have been flourishing in the absence of senior ones, were also held this term.

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On the 11th March a party of sixth form scientists visited a science exhibition at Reading University and on 10th March A.E.R.E. Harwell.

* * * *

A large sixth form party visited the Constable exhibition at the Tate Gallery on 18th March and a number of the party remained in London to see a performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" at the Sadlers' Wells Theatre. An account of this can be found elsewhere.

* * * *

On the 21st March a junior judo grading took place.

* * * *

The junior play this term was "The Old Wives' Tale", an Elizabethan comedy by George Peele, directed by Mr. Paton. The cast included senior girls and a review of this infectious comic extravaganza appears elsewhere.

* * * *

The sixth form dance took place on Thursday 25th March, and was very successful even though no party of girls from another school was invited this time. A number of individual guests had, however, been invited so there was no shortage of dancing partners.

* * * *

Members of the fifth form visited the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham on 25th March for a performance of "The Mating Game", a so-called "sexy" comedy. It inspired in one of the party a limerick which unfortunately we cannot publish...

* * * *

On the hockey field, in the annual Chapman Trophy game on 26th March, the scientists defeated the humanists 4 - 1 (a question of brawn against brain?)

* * * *

We acknowledge receipt of the following contemporaries and apologise for any omissions : *The Wycliffe Star, The Colstonian, The Decanian, The Kingham Hill Magazine, The Gresham, The Bloxhamist, The King's School Gloucester Magazine.*

* * * *

The new third form house is virtually completed and should be fully operational by the time this issue is read.

We are grateful to the following for providing photographs and drawings, etc. for this issue: Colin Hitchcock, Stuart Smith, Shane Galtress, Mark Holloway, Philip Faulks, Richard Hudson.

* * * *

Congratulations to Gerald Hedderwick, who gained entry to Welbeck College this term and will be joining Nicholas Smith (left Rendcomb in December 1975) there; good luck to both of them. Simon Baynham, who already has an army scholarship at Sandhurst, recently attended a Parachute Regiment interview which included a nerve-testing assault course-fortunately (or unfortunately) for him he survived to take his 'A' levels next term.

* * * *

The editors of "*The Rendcomb Magazine*" are Philip Lyons and Mark Holloway. The former contributed the editorial for this issue.

* * * *

Finally, we welcome all readers to the latest edition of "*The Rendcomb Magazine*".

"A HISTORY OF RENDCOMB COLLEGE"

"A History of Rendcomb College, 1920 - 70", an account of the origins and development of the college during its first fifty years, is to be published in May this year. The book was written by three former members of staff: Mr. C. H. C. Osborne; Mr. J. C. James who edited the entire project, and Mrs. Kathleen James, who completed the work.

The book contains over fifty photographs and about two hundred pages and will cost £3. It is being published by the Alden Press, Oxford.

Copies of the book (a hardback) can be purchased at the college, at Paul Weller's Bookshop, Cirencester, at the Promenade Bookshop, Cheltenham, and at Blackwell's Bookshop, Oxford, or ordered through other booksellers.

J.N.H.



COLLEGE OFFICERS

Winter Term, 1975

Senior Prefect: P. Rose

Prefects: J. Fletcher, P. Lamphee, R. Weston, P. Lace, S. Baynham, R. Barrett, C. Dendy, P. Walton, J. Stupple, J. Lyons, A. Parshall

Librarians: P. Lamphee, P. Lyons, R. Barrett, A. Rickards, M. Holloway, T. Wormleighton, J. Cooper

Church Ushers: S. Baynham, R. Barrett, P. Lyons, J. Crowhurst, S. Hewitt

Bell Ringers: P. Curtis-Hayward (Tower Captain), S. Hewitt, J. Lyons, D. Taylor, D. Crew, M. Holloway, J. Watson, V. Thresh, A. Wimperis, N. Smith

Senior Stagemen: T. Nicholas, S. Hicks, S. Hewitt

Stagemen: K. Nunan, P. Lorenzen, T. Wilson, S. Whittard, J. Sinclair, J. Watson, S. Smith

Photographic Secretary: P. Lace

Rugby Captain: P. Rose

Squash Captain: P. Rose

Games Committee: I. Forrest, J. Stupple, R. Weston, M. Griffiths, R. Thomson

Magazine Editors: P. Lamphee, P. Lyons

Netball Captain: T. Wolferstan

Music Librarians: A. Wilson, C. Dendy

Public Workman: P. Everatt

Spring Term, 1976

Senior Prefect: S. Baynham

Prefects: R. Barrett, C. Dendy, P. Walton, J. Stupple, J. Lyons, A. Parshall, J. Campbell, S. Hicks, M. Griffiths, T. Nicholas, K. Barraclough

Librarians: P. Lyons, R. Barrett, A. Rickards, J. Cooper, M. Holloway, T. Wormleighton, I. Cummings

Church Ushers: R. Barrett, S. Baynham, P. Lyons, J. Crowhurst, S. Hewitt, T. Nixon

Bell Ringers: P. Curtis-Hayward (Tower Captain), S. Hewitt, J. Lyons, D. Taylor, D. Crew, J. Watson, V. Thresh, A. Wimperis

Senior Stagemen: T. Nicholas, S. Hicks, S. Hewitt

Stagemen: P. Lorenzen, T. Wilson

Debating Committee: P. Lyons, A. Parshall

Photographic Secretary: R. Sherratt

Squash Captain: K. Barraclough

Hockey Captain: J. Stupple

Games Committee: M. Griffiths, I. Forrest, T. Longworth, R. Stroud, P. Walton, R. Thomson

Magazine Editors: P. Lyons, M. Holloway

Netball Captain: T. Wolferstan

Music Librarians: A. Wilson, C. Dendy

Public Workman: C. Hussey

MEETING OFFICERS

Winter Term, 1975

Chairman: R. Barrett

Secretary: A. Mathias

Meeting Banker: I. Read

Boys' Banker: J. Cooper

Assistant Boys' Banker: S. Elliott

Shop Banker: K. Barraclough

Senior Shopman: R. Stroud

Junior Shopmen: J. Ferguson, J. McGill

Entertainments Committee: S. Tyler, S. Buist, J. Purkiss, W. Knox, E. Radford

Paperman: J. Portch

Badminton and Squash Warden: J. Watson

Food Committee: R. Beckett, R. Hudson, J. Wilson, R. Yeats, A. Mathias

Amplifier Technicians: P. Maguire, C. Pulford

Broom Warden: M. Middlemist

M.A.C.: R. Barrett, J. Campbell, P. Lyons

Council: K. Barraclough, S. Baynham, N. Longworth, R. Stroud, J. Stupple, R. Thomson, T. Wolferstan

Junior Advocate: C. Hart

O.S. Cricket Warden: M. Webb

O.S. Hockey Warden: S. Howell
Rugby Wardens: S. Tyler, M. Cragoe, J. Archer, D. Sayers
Cycle Committee: I. Forrest, D. Sayers, D. Taylor
Table Tennis Committee: A. Sergison, J. Marson
Breakages Man: R. Swaine
Assistant Breakages Man: T. Wilson
Nominations Committee: J. Fletcher, P. Lamphee, R. Thomson
T. V. Committee: D. Brennan, J. Cooper
Christmas Party Committee: R. Stroud, R. Thomson, O. Davies, S. Tyler, E. Radford
Billiards Committee: C. Hart, A. Harris, S. Tyler

Spring Term, 1976

Chairman: P. Lyons
Secretary: J. McGill
Meeting Banker: R. Sherratt
Boys' Banker: A. Harris
Assistant Boys' Banker: R. Edwards
Shop Banker: R. Hudson
Senior Shopman: P. Curtis-Hayward
Junior Shopmen: S. Galtress, S. Smith (Va)
Entertainments Committee: S. Hewitt, P. Faulks, J. Ferguson, M. Cragoe, K. Nunan
Paperman: J. Marson
Food Committee: S. Freeman, D. Oughton, N. Longworth, S. Tyler, J. Falconer
Amplifier Technicians: I. Forrest, D. Brennan
Broom Warden: A. Jordan
M.A.C.: J. Campbell, P. Lyons, R. Barrett
Junior Advocate: M. Holloway
Cycle Committee: I. Boothman, I. Smalley, S. Elliot
Table Tennis Committee: J. Purkiss, P. Harris, A. Carter
Breakages Man: I. Pengelly
Assistant Breakages Man: R. Morshead
Nominations Committee: R. Thomson
Games Wardens: D. Sayers, J. Archer, M. Weaver, S. Brennan
T. V. Committee: J. Cooper, D. Brennan
Council: R. Stroud, J. Stupple, R. Thomson, K. Barraclough, T. Wolferstan, N. Longworth, S. Baynham
Out of Season Cricket Warden: R. Gwilliam
Out of Season Rugby Warden: M. Weaver
Games Committee: M. Griffiths, J. Stupple, T. Longworth, R. Stroud, R. Thomson, I. Forrest, P. Walton
Billiards Committee: S. Tyler, A. Harris, C. Hart

MEETING NOTES

Winter Term, 1975

THE Meeting has been very busy this term amidst a proposal by P. Lamphee for the re-constitution of the meeting. The proposal was split up into twenty different sections and it was decided that each section should be voted on separately. However, since the first section, 'That the General Meeting be replaced by a Representative Committee', was defeated, there was no point in going on with the overall proposal.

Two new sets of rugby shirts were bought during the term for £178. £150 was also given towards new hockey equipment.

It was decided that Park House should receive a more extensive selection of newspapers and magazines including "Private Eye", "The Times", and the "New Musical Express".

During the term the Dance Committee's and the Christmas Party Committee's allowances were doubled from £10 to £20.

A.M.

Spring Term, 1976

IT was decided at the beginning of the term that the shop should remain open this term, but be opened at more general hours to encourage a more profitable trade. Proposals concerning the purchase of a more intellectual selection of magazines for the sixth form common room were also discussed, but the proposal that the *New Scientist*, *New Statesman* and *Economist* be bought was defeated. However, the *Scientific American* will be bought for the common room, and *National Geographic* for the library. There was controversy over the question of the cancellation of *The Sun* by the headmaster. The headmaster told the Meeting that he felt he was justified in his action due to the corrupting influence on the younger members of the college.

A discussion concerning the renting of a colour television arose, but it was decided to postpone any further thoughts on this until after the summer. The Meeting's attention was brought to the staggering amounts of cutlery apparently 'lost' (mainly in the cooking areas), though a large amount of knives and forks were found in the swill bin. It was decided to recall all cutlery to the kitchens at the beginning of each term. It was also decided that the small snooker table should be re-cushioned and surfaced; there was some misunderstanding concerning the cost which varied from £48 to £88. Finally it was decided that the Motor Club should be restarted next term. The go-ahead for the purchase of a car (approximately £30) was given by the Meeting and the minibus garage was to be for housing of the car and tools.

J.M.

ACADEMIC SUCCESSES

THE following passes were gained by members of the college at G.C.E. advanced level in 1975:-

I. Bartlett	Physics; Chemistry; *Biology (M)
S. Blyth	English; History
S. Bolt	Physics; Chemistry; *Biology
N. Bradbury	Maths; Physics; Chemistry (M)
C. Brain	Physics; Chemistry
N. Crowe	Maths; Physics; Chemistry
J. Dixon	*English; History (M); French; Art
A. Don	Physics; Chemistry; Biology
R. Evans	English; History; French (D)
J. Fletcher	*Maths; *Physics; *Chemistry (D)
A. Goodenough	Physics; Chemistry (D); *Biology (M)
S. Honeyball	Maths; Physics; Chemistry; Music
H. Hooper	Physics; *Chemistry (M); *Biology (M); Art
M. James	English; History; French
D. Knox	English; History; French
P. Lace	*English; *History; Economics & Public Affairs
P. Lamphee	*English (D); *History (M); Maths
C. Ledger	*English; History (M); E. & P.A.
A. MacGuinnis	German
S. Marston	*English (D); *History (M); *E. & P.A.
C. Mathias	English; History; E. & P.A. (M)
P. Millard	Physics; Chemistry; Biology (M)
S. Oughton	English; History; French
S. Pendell	English (M); History; E. & P.A.
B. Pritchett	Maths; Physics; *Chemistry (M)
C. Robinson	English; History
M. P. Rose	English (M); History (M); French
P. Sayers	Maths; *Physics; Chemistry
L. Schnitzer	French
R. Weston	Maths; Physics; Chemistry
J. M. Wilson	Maths; Physics; Chemistry
D. H. Yates	Physics; Chemistry; Biology (M)

* indicates a Grade 'A'

(D) indicates a Distinction in the Special Paper

(M) indicates a Merit in the Special Paper

Ordinary level passes:-

R. Allen	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
A. Ashmore	English Lang.; English Lit.; Latin; French; German; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry.
R. Barrett	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
S. Baynham	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
R. Beckett	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
S. Beckett	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Geography; Mathematics; Physics; Biology
I. Boothman	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
D. Brennan	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Latin; French; German; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
D. Butler	English Lit.; History; Latin; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
J. Campbell	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
J. Cooper	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
J. Crowhurst	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
P. Curtis-Hayward	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Latin; French; German; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
E. O. L. Davies	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; French; Mathematics
J. Falconer	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
P. Faulks	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Art
S. Fear	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Latin; French; German; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
I. Forrest	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Latin; French; German; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
C. Gardner-Medwin	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
J. Garvie	(Form VIb)-Classics in Translation
B. Hall	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
M. Hamer	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Geography; Chemistry
A. Harris	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Latin; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
C. Hart	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Mathematics; Chemistry; Biology
M. Harvey	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
S. Hewitt	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Latin; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
S. Hicks	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
M. Holloway	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Latin; French; German; Mathematics
R. Hudson	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
C. Hussey	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
S. Joel	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
A. Jones	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
T. Lausch	English Lit.; History; Latin; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
C. Lee	English Lang.; English Lit.; Geography; French; Mathematics
N. Longworth	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
T. Longworth	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
J. Lyons	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
P. Lyons	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
D. Mackonochie	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
P. Maguire	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Latin; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
K. P. Margetts	English Lang.; English Lit.; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
A. Moulton	History; Chemistry
M. D. Oughton	English Lang.; English Lit.; Geography; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
A. Parshall	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
D. Pitt	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Latin; French; German; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
C. Pulford	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Geography; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
N. Raymont	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Latin; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
I. Read	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
J. Read	English Lit.; History; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
A. Rickards	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
N. Smith	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Geography; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
S. Smith	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
R. Stroud	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
J. Stupple	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
J. C. Terry	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Latin; French; German; Mathematics
S. Tyler	English Lit.; History; Geography; Mathematics; Chemistry; Biology
I. Underdown	English Lit.; History; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry; Biology
P. Walton	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
J. Wilson	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
A. Wilson	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
M. Winstone	English Lang.; English Lit.; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry
T. Wolferstan	(Form VIb) Classics in Translation
T. Wormleighton	English Lang.; English Lit.; History; Latin; French; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry

We would like to congratulate the following on their successful entries to Oxford and Cambridge Universities in the exams held during the winter term, 1975:-

Cambridge:

Tessa Wolferstan	Newnham College
Debbie Yates	Newnham College

Oxford:

Julian Campbell	St. Catherine's College
Phillip Lamphee	Trinity College
Paul Rose	Hertford College
Nigel Bradbury	St. Catherine's College
Jonathan Fletcher	St. John's College
Suzanne Marston	Lady Margaret Hall

RENDCOMB COLLEGE AWARDS, 1976

Special Award

Russell Copley	-	Ann Edwards School, Cirencester
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Seven Gloucestershire Foundation Places

Charles Hutton-Potts-	Coberley C. of E.
Robert Stephenson	- Rowanfield Junior School, Cheltenham
Simon Oliver	- Cold Aston C. of E.
Calum Dewar	- Minchinhampton Parochial School
Richard Smith	- Longlevens Junior School
George Morgan	- Longlevens Junior School
Simon Powell	- Mitton Manor School, Tewkesbury

Music Scholarship

Jeremy French	-	St. Hugh's, Faringdon, Berks.
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The Girl's Scholarship for entry to Rendcomb in September, 1976, was awarded to Deborah Harrison (Edgbaston H.S.)

LIBRARY NOTES

DURING the past year some 250 books have been added to the library, and the shelves are now virtually full. As a temporary measure, it is proposed to overflow into the house tutors' room next to the headmaster's study.

There have been numerous additions to the science, divinity and geography sections, and the library now represents more adequately the various subjects taught at Rendcomb.

Once again we are grateful to Mrs. K. L. James for a gift, this time the "*Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes*" edited by James Sutherland, which she has given us in memory of Gerald Harrison (O.R. 1953 - 60).

Finally, I would like to express my thanks, and those of the school in general, to Philip Lyons and the other librarians for the interest they have shown in the library, and for the valuable work they have done.

D. de G.S.



MUSIC

CHURCH MUSIC

Autumn Term

14th September	Lead Me, Lord	<i>S. S. Wesley</i>
21st September	O How Amiable	<i>R. Vaughan Williams</i>
28th September	Te Deum in B flat	<i>C. V. Stanford</i>
	Now Thank We All Our God	<i>J. S. Bach</i>
9th November	The Souls of the Righteous	<i>T. Nares</i>
16th November	Ave Venum Corpus	<i>W. A. Mozart</i>
7th December	In God's Word	<i>H. Purcell</i>
30th November:	(Advent Carol Service)	
	Carols: Carol of the Advent; Gabriel's Message; Adam Lay Y-Bounden	
14th December	(Christmas Carol Service)	
	Sir Christemas; Cherry Tree Carol; A Child is Born in Bethlehem;	
	The Holly and the Ivy; How Brightly Shone the Morning Star	

Spring Term

18th January	The Shepherds' Farewell	<i>H. Berlioz</i>
1st February	A Great and Mighty Wonder	<i>M. Praetorius</i>
8th February	Te Deum in B flat	<i>C. V. Stanford</i>
	Sicut Cervus Desiderat	<i>G. P. da Palestrina</i>
29th February	Deck Thee, O My Soul, with Gladness	<i>J. Cruger/J. S. Bach</i>
14th March	Turn Thy Face From My Sins	<i>T. Attwood</i>
21st March	O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem	<i>J. Blow</i>
	How Lovely Art Thy Dwellings	<i>J. Brahms</i>

The treble soloist on the 14th and 21st March was Richard Pledge.

RECITALS

7th December	Piano Recital by Christopher Dendy
18th January	Performance of "Songs of Travel" (R. Vaughan Williams) by Robert Sherratt accompanied by Christopher Dendy
14th February	Piano Recital by Roma Foster
29th February	Recital by Adrian Bell (trumpet), Graeme Connelly (viola), accompanied by Ian Pengelly, Clare Gardner-Medwin (piano), and the Rendcomb Brass Ensemble

J.W.

"MESSIAH"

For the half-term musical event at Rendcomb this year, the college choral society presented a full and authentic reading of Handel's *Messiah* under the baton of their director of music, John Willson.

The orchestra of eight strings, oboe, bassoon, two trumpets and timpani, under their leader Kathleen Malet, was joined by Roma Foster, harpsichord. The confidence of this ensemble was at once apparent in the Overture where an exhilarating tempo led to the tenor aria. Some of David Manifold's lower notes were lost, but he was well at home with his work and sang with a sensitive touch.

In the six choruses of Part One, there were times when the sopranos were not always happy with their wide interval leaps, and the basses could have done with more strength in the upper range. However, in "His yoke is easy" the trebles and altos seemed as it were to link hands as they danced their passages of thirds - a quality they had not fully attained in "For unto us". In all, this chorus of forty deserve praise for their crisp, clear entries and the tonal balance they maintained. They had the security of a very precise baton.

The Pastoral section enabled the strings to demonstrate their delicate and meticulous bowing; the drone work of the Symphony came out particularly well, even though the (only) cello proved at times too strong for the harpsichord.

It was John Willson's intention to present an authentic Handelian performance and this was enhanced by the inclusion of the voice of Derek Acock, counter-tenor, who sang those early numbers usually given to a bass voice. He had a crisp attack, long extended crescendos and sang with clarity throughout the wide compass of his voice.

The parallel female voice of Jacqueline Baxter (contralto), announced the coming Birth of Christ in a rich tone, nicely veiled in a celestial timbre which was sometimes missing in her lower voice. Her "He shall feed" was very well handled.

The exciting change of key from Miss Baxter's entry to the soprano voice brought in the singing of Patricia Manifold, soprano, whose flexible runs we had heard in the "Rejoice greatly".

As in previous years, Barrie Thompson took care of the bass solos. He selected a relaxed tempo which allowed him good vocal clarity in his long runs, singing with firmness and conviction.

Conviction was lacking, however, in the opening of Part Two, and this may have been due to the break for the coffee interval. Some cuts had been made in this part and this may have been wise, for the message of the text demands a degree of pathos not expectably within the experience of a young chorus. Indeed the sense of broken-hearted sorrow was not always present in the solos.

Realism of feeling, however, returned in the "Surely" chorus, and the choir managed tolerably well with the tricky fugal work of the "And with his stripes". Their highlight was "All we like sheep", to which considerable rehearsal time must have been given. For here the clarity of diction, coupled with a light and delicate pointing of the notation at the end of the phrases, was most rewarding.

David Manifold's sensitive "Thy Rebuke" led to the air "Behold and see" in which the strings maintained the rhythm with fine precision, and an enjoyable reading of "Thou did'st not leave".

If the chorus "Lift up your heads" could have shown more emphasis and éclat, the choir did exceptionally well with "Let all the angels", with the sopranos working especially hard. Time was when "Thou art gone up" was a bass solo, but it never struck a realistic chord. It came most apt then to hear it given to the counter-tenor. Indeed the very lightness of Derek Acock's voice lent greater emphasis to the Glorious Noise of the last chorus where vocal unisons and sustained phrases brought in the brass to put fire into the "King of Kings" section of the Hallelujah Chorus.

When the soprano opened Part Three with her much loved "I know that my Redeemer", there returned much more feeling to the work. Her challenging statement of faith was taken up with a very sensitive "Since by Man" from the choir with disciplined contrasts of colour. From this the bass built up with a firm and forceful "Trumpet shall sound", joyously joined by the trumpet soloist, Leslie Burgess.

There followed then the neglected Recitative and Duet for tenor and counter-tenor. They blended carefully to sing "O Death where is thy sting" and the chorus "But thanks be"; the inclusion of which made sequential sense to the coming "Worthy is the Lamb".

It was in this context that the thoughtful planning of the conductor revealed itself in the restraint he had been exercising upon the choir, thus reserving their energies for the finale of their three hours of work. Agreed a greater maturity of tone would have been welcome, but the basses gave their all; the soaring entry of the young sopranos, and the coming together of the voices for the full chords at the end of each phrase brought out all one looks for in these extended Amens.

When one recalls that the Three Choirs used to take all day over *Messiah*, the large audience of parents that filled the gym must have felt that the college choral society had given them a pretty good show lasting three hours and still resilient at the end of it.

E.S.

EASTER CONCERT

RENDCOMB's Easter concert, presented on Sunday, March 21st in the gymnasium, came to an end in a swirling snow storm, with a resounding fortissimo chord of A flat from the forty or so instrumentalists.

The college orchestra had been augmented by half a dozen guest players. Together they brought the evening to a close with an excitingly vivid and accurate performance of Finlandia. I stress the accuracy because in this early tone poem of Sibelius it would have been so easy for this young and eager orchestra to have slipped into a brash and vulgar reading. But, as one watched the eyes of the performers and the close attention they were paying to their conductor, one could sense the high quality of training they had achieved in rehearsals; and the taut reins with which John Willson was controlling them in the performance.

Imperial noises from the brass section and rich fluid tones from the woodwind joined with the soft contrasts in the strings. Particular mention should be made of the controlled crescendos of the cymbals and the beautifully sustained long rolls on the 'tymps'.

The concert had opened with another of Haydn's symphonies; this year the very popular *Clock* No. 101. The

players took a while to settle down and the strings (who were not always in accord) had difficulty in balancing the wind section, but their attack and particularly their tempo and lilt in phrasing were always reliable. They caught the whimsical attraction of the 'ticking' of the Andante and were very much alive in the tutti bars.

The flautists did extremely well in the Trio of the third movement, giving us a pleasantly fresh staccato quality without straining their breathing. It was in the Finale that the strings found their opportunity to display their technical skill, handling the tricky counterpoint with precision and clarity.

Returning from the coffee break which followed the Symphony, one became aware that an oboe player was missing from the woodwind desks.

It transpired that Christopher Dendy had in fact left his place and was sitting on the piano stool, whereupon with scant reference to the conductor, he broke into casual octave arpeggios. These were the opening Adagio of the Beethoven Fantasia (Op. 80), written for orchestra, solo piano and choir, but rarely performed.

Visitors to Rendcomb must be accustomed by now to John Willson's endless ability to delight and surprise us with a little known work from his bottom drawer.

Surely this Fantasia must outshine all other such offerings; not only in rarity of performance, nor in its historic interest, but particularly in the demand the work makes upon the orchestra in general, the choir certainly, and the solo pianist, who seemed to find work to do on every page. For him the final applause was prolonged and fully deserved - indeed earned, for clearly he had given considerable hours to his preparation of his part which demanded technical skill and relentless attention.

The work and the excellence of its presentation left one a-wonder at the ability of the college to mount it and at the courage of the director of music to essay the task. It struck me as a masterly interplay between musical textures and musical colours. Beethoven, by ringing the changes of matching the keyboard with varying combinations of instruments could have been trying out ideas; in any case his talents came through forcibly. After this kaleidoscope of sounds, the delicacy with which the voices insinuated themselves came as if the light of a new day was dawning. Something seems to have happened to the choir recently; they were giving us a new quality of voice, a greying of tone one had always wished for. They were handling their tone with conscious care.

In all a memorable evening. We had said in the Navy that "an efficient ship was a happy ship". This was true of the Easter music. The Finlandia finale left us all a happy audience and a happy team of music makers. Happy because they were efficient; they had done a job well. Very well.

E.S.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

THIS term has seen encouraging results from many members of the society; the high quality of photographs by Colin Hitchcock, Shane Galtress and Stuart Smith in particular. An exhibition of prints was held in the Arts Block, and several of these can be seen in the magazine.

The society has emerged from the gloom of its financial troubles, due mainly to the increase in meeting allowance, and has decided to resurface the darkroom benches and possibly replace the old print drier.

With summer approaching we look forward to many new members who will be made very welcome next term.

R.S.

LITERARY SOCIETY

THE Society held two meetings in the winter term.

The first meeting was in the form of an outing to the Everyman Theatre in Cheltenham on November 13th to see a performance of "The Friendship of Mrs. Eckley", by Ronald Gow - a world premiere of a play concerned with the life of the poets Robert and Elizabeth Browning. The action was centred on Sophia Eckley, an extremely close friend of Elizabeth, and one of whom Robert disapproved. The story was very moving and provided a clear insight into their life in Florence. The atmosphere of the nineteenth century was captured in the amusing dialogue and everyone enjoyed a pleasant evening of both serious and comic moments.

On November 26th a reading of Dylan Thomas's "Under Milk Wood" was held in the library. The play has over

seventy parts, but fortunately thirty people were keen to read, so there were no dialogues between one person! Mr. Holt introduced the evening with a brief resume of the background of the play. Tribute must be paid to all the readers who bravely produced Welsh accents, despite the ease with which one could lapse into Scottish, Irish or even Gloucestershire tones. The reading was very effective and everyone stepped into the little Welsh village of Llaregyb and its eccentric characters with surprising confidence.

P.J.L.

COMMUNITY SERVICES

LAST May Mrs. Holdaway took two sixth formers to Marlborough College to represent Rendcomb College at a conference about community service within schools. The main problem which arose from the discussions there was that of recruitment of volunteers to do community work: many schools resorted to making the activity compulsory. This, however, is not a problem at Rendcomb. In the past we have had more people wanting to do social work in Cirencester than the mini-bus could accommodate on its weekly trip. Therefore at the beginning of this school year it was decided that two trips would be made each week so that many more people could be involved in community work in Cirencester.

At the same time we began visiting the Pater Noster home for old people and the new geriatric hospital; both of these projects have been very successful. At Christmas a group of girls from the college entertained the old people in these homes, and their mince pies (as well as their singing) were obviously enjoyed.

We also visit the Pater Noster school for physically and mentally handicapped children twice a week and during the summer term help is greatly appreciated in encouraging the children to swim.

Now that the fine weather is here there is a great deal of work to be done in the garden, and several boys visit the old peoples' bungalows in Countess Liliass Road to help with the work outside. There are a few pupils who visit individual old people in their own homes. Mr. Simms has been known to Rendcomb for a long time and continues to receive his weekly visit. Mrs. Bridgeman is visited regularly, and also Miss Carey and her Aunt.

This year has been a very pleasing one for all those people involved in the community service in Cirencester and a great deal has been achieved. We can only hope that the enthusiasm will continue for a long time to come, so that many more people may benefit from this worthwhile activity.

J.C.

CLIMBING NOTES

LITTLE climbing has been done since Mr. Willson's accident last summer, but several boys are looking forward to resumption of normal activities next term, and a record number have signed on for the North Wales week in the summer holiday.

Reports from two Old Rendcombians are worth recording. Last Easter Antony Pitt came across a large school party which was totally unequipped for the icy conditions then prevailing on the Glyder tops in Snowdonia. A boy had slipped down a snow slope and, although unhurt, was stuck in a dangerously exposed position, unable to be reached safely by the leaders of his party. Antony, correctly equipped, was able to retrieve the boy and shepherd the party safely over the remaining summit and down to easier ground.

In January David Bell, walking alone in the Lake District in bad weather, found a boy with exposure, whose companions were trying to keep him walking - exactly the wrong procedure in the circumstances. David made them help him carry the boy to the best shelter nearby and then himself ran down the mountainside to alert the Ambleside mountain rescue team.

In both cases the prompt, decisive and correct action they took certainly prevented a more serious situation from developing and quite probably saved life.

J.W.



SCIENCE SOCIETY

THE recent activities of the society have included films and visits. The films have included Chromatography, Polymers, Thermodynamics, Air, Water and Limestone. The visits were to:

University of Reading

Both VIa and VIb scientists visited the university on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the granting of its charter. The departments which provided the 'open day' were chemistry, physics, geology, geophysics, engineering and cybernetics and the programme consisted of displays, demonstrations and lectures.

Atomic Energy Research Establishment, Harwell

This was a visit for members of VIa (science) and will be repeated next year. The tour followed the familiar pattern and included visits to a nuclear reactor and a cyclotron.

I.C.I. Fibres, Gloucester

This visit was for members of VIb (arts) as part of their study of polymers. A. Ashmore's report follows:- After we had made nylon in the laboratory, this visit was arranged for us to see the next stages of the processing before the nylon threads are sent to the various factories for dyeing, weaving and knitting. After a short talk about the factory, we were taken on a very impressive tour, seeing every stage of processing, from the receiving of small nylon chips (from I.C. I. Wilton) right through to the combining of 1,200 threads on to huge rollers (which are then sent to such firms as Brentford Nylons). Then, after an interesting tour of the laboratories, we had tea before leaving, having had an enjoyable and worthwhile afternoon at the factory.

R.K.

Contributions

CIRENCESTER

James Duncumb (Form III)

THE proud church rose firmly, but gracefully, above insignificant houses and shops. From the summit of its solidly beautiful tower a panoramic microcosm was revealed. Sprawling buildings ebbed outwards to their preordained limits, cushioned in the resilient colour of Gloucestershire countryside. Nothing contended with this mighty edifice for supremacy of the quiet kingdom.

Time has passed, years have revolved and a somewhat surprising concept is displayed: Cirencester was, and is, but a ball of clay in the hands of a potter.

This neighbourhood has witnessed some pretty thumping changes. In a comparatively short space of time a bypass and decorative roundabouts were moulded into life, by the potter's fingers of modern engineering.

A short break ensued.

Frantically, in a fever of work mania, frenzied fingers smothered a shade more of Cirencester's face. A skirt of stone about the passive might of the church resulted. But in that resistant stone, powerful lamps had been inlaid, so that their master could be illuminated in the hours of darkness. His proud body would be shown at night to all, proving his unrivalled position.

More leisurely hands commenced working on a third more enterprising project: another bigger bypass narrowly skirting the heart of the throbbing town. Mechanical aids disposed of the debris of centuries, revealing the clean body of virgin Cirencester. Concrete and tarmac, in some order, choked the untarnished earth, as subways, roundabouts, and all complementing creations were born. Traffic signs altered as often as traffic lights as the work progressed.

It's still not finished.

SUMMER MORNING

Clare Gardner-Medwin

As sleep was a difficult and slow task on a hot July evening, so the awakening the following morning was a gentle return from the land of dreams to an awareness of life. A faint humming drifted through the open window, and, as I

watched, a fat bumble bee fell off a wisteria bloom in a cloud of pollen. I could see the familiar form of the copper beech, dark against the sky, its leaves fluttering like molten pennies. Next to it the cherry blossom stood out like pink candy floss - a contrast to its more foreboding neighbour.

Under the trees the grass was covered with a fine dew, like droplets of mercury. Bees bounced among the flower beds, birds floated from tree to tree; the garden was alive. Yet already the heat of the day was apparent, the flowers could only be seen as if through water - a blur of colour. I looked a little longer. The clock struck nine and already the sun was at work destroying all that it had so carefully nourished. The day panted under the hand of a cool oppressor.

CHELTENHAM: WITH SOME APOLOGIES TO DYLAN THOMAS

Jonathan Portch (Form IVa)

THE postmaster stares firstly to the clock, where the hands indicate with disinterest that the time is eleven a.m., and secondly through the dusty window at the swarming housewives bustling along the aching, overburdened paving stones. Hypocritical apologies rise from collisions as the newly-hatched brisk shoppers meet with the shopping-laden veterans who are content to stop and exchange gossip for well kept secrets in the middle of the oncoming hordes.

Mrs. Tattler stood looking through the window at the overpriced materials thinking how nice she would look in a delicate gown to suit her...

Fat, ugly body like a walrus's stomach. Her husband was thinking of wages and dole queues and doctors' notes and why his wife could not have a lover and provide him with an excuse for a divorce. Marriage wasn't a pleasure, it was a tight, constricting strait-jacket with no escape route. Marriage, marriage, marriage! Why he had married this animated lump of ice-cream he would never know.

Meanwhile, two young children were marring the glass-front with puffs of mist which sprang from their finger-tips when they touched the invisible barrier that was keeping them from the dummies. Their minds awhirl with mischief and chocolate and revelations and...

Regrets. The pensioner sat on the bench by the startling infantry jacket, Boer War red telephone booths. He was trying to shake the years from his mind but they just tumbled to the bottom of his old grey overcoat and began to re-ascend his body. Life had been cruel to him; he had missed all the joys of liquorice and rocking horses; of courting and love; of money and success and of grandchildren to help him re-live his past.

The shop assistant smiled falsely to the awkward young bachelor. Why couldn't he see that the suit fitted him perfectly; that flared trousers were the fashion and that wide lapels were "in"? But no! The customer was always right and this one believed wholeheartedly in the saying. What a conceited, arrogant, out-dated...

Fashionable, correct, well-mannered and charming young man. Beau Brummel had a rival. No schoolteacher had, ever been so infallibly precise. The assistant was a fool. Why didn't he know the fashions? I will certainly not buy this sack-cloth suit. Tight trousers are "in". "Good day", said the schoolteacher curtly and, with a wry smile, walked out into the mid-day sun.

The postmaster walks wearily to the door and closes it on the bright, sunlit promenade. In the cool gloom of the Post Office he sits down to eat his lunch while the world goes on outside and the housewives fight for the bargains in the overcrowded shops.

CABRERA

Ann Rickards

The ship squeezed between the high rock walls,
Under the crumbling castle, once strong against the Gauls,
Bursting into the blue tranquillity of the bay
Like an atomic blast in Victorian May.
Engines roared, and her propellers churned the sea;
Whistling ropes, and soldiers secured her to the quay.
The gangplank poured jostling, colourful men,
Women and children into the sleepy dust. Once again
The island was aroused by high-pitched cry
Of beauty and delight, and running feet passing by

The bakehouse, Commandante's hut, and straw-thatched bar
 Between the cool waters and sun-baked rocks, stretching far,
 Strewn with gorse and sheep-bones. The peace destroyed,
 The tourists marched on, enraptured and overjoyed
 By the scene they were devastating; but with certain awe
 Did not penetrate, for fear of what had been before,
 Far into the thorns and rocks and withered trees,
 Sheep, lizards and spiders. They sensed, but did not see,
 The prison and the dungeons, where many French had died,
 Or the spring, or the monument, no other signs survived
 Of the thousands who had not come to see,
 But to die there-prisoners of war. But this was previously
 And peace, not lonely destitution, was admired
 By tourists, who, once their time there expired,
 Sailed away. The litter on the beach was consumed
 By small black pigs; then lifelessness resumed.



ACROSS THE RIVER

Mary Harvey

IT costs 8p to cross the river by ferry, 13p by underground, and 15p by tunnel, but for the last you need a car.

For those that make the crossing often, the two sides are two different worlds. One is the world of trade, commerce, business; appointments to keep, contracts to meet, financial stakes to worry about. It is there that those monuments to 'intellectual stimulation' stand - the concert hall, the art gallery, the museum, the theatre, and the courts, to uphold the standards of its populace "artibus, civibus et legibus". This world sees only men in pin-stripe suits, with rolled umbrella, slim black brief case, and opinions of the Financial Times index. It never sees fathers except on the odd wet Saturday when they drag, reluctantly, their children, unwilling, around the squeaky varnished floorboards of the museum. The south side is where men live, and where they raise their families. The south side sees births and bereavements. It sees harassed mothers hauling bawling brats around the supermarkets, and fathers walking golf courses on Sundays after church, or sailing with their sons.

So the eight penny crossing spans the two worlds. It is a period suspended in time, ten minutes when fathers do not worry about their children's education, or senior partners about the drop in profits. They are filled for that time with the smell of the river, the screaming of the gulls, and the romance of an historic port. On arriving at the quay, they know immediately the tide is going out; the ferry docking on the opposite bank is facing upstream and ships always dock in the tide. A man raises his umbrella to a man he vaguely knows but makes no effort to talk - he only woke up an hour ago. The hundred or so people around him jostle quietly; the odd laugh, and constant chatter of an office-girl, recounting the previous night's adventures are all that can be heard. Within five minutes the ferry chugs over, and ties up.

Now the noises begin, but not unkind, unfamiliar noises that grate upon sleepy ears, but the clang of the gang-plank, the odd, unintelligible shout of the ferry-man in his guernsey, distorted by the water. The crowd shuffles on, the

girls light their fags, the women climb upstairs and sit down in the open, unless it is raining. The men also climb upstairs, place their cases on a seat, and in most cases silently, with hands clamped behind their backs, walk slowly and steadily round and round the upper deck of the ferry. A ritual, a tradition; woe betide him who walks the wrong way.

On a beautiful day, those ten minutes are glorious. To the west can be seen, far in the distance, pale, silvery shapes, waiting for the tide to enable them to enter the port. An oil tanker is already half-way out of the estuary, and looking east one can see the obscene, bare expanses of rank upon rank of oil tanks at Tranmere Terminus. Far up the river, though, Runcorn Bridge arches, glistening in the sun, a foul colour perhaps, but the urban district does its best. Silhouetted against the eastern sky, bright at this hour of the morning, an aeroplane enters Speke. So low it seems, silent and still.

Suddenly, though, pugnacious little tugs buzz down the river, spoiling the silence. The ferry has now reached Prince's Landing Stage, and the Liver buildings rear up in front of the passengers, a water-front perhaps second only in fame to New York. The "City of Departures" greets the arrivals. The commuters hustle to the gang-plank, thinking already of the first post. The business men hurry off the ferry. They do not catch the acrid smell of unwashed humanity emanating from the dour-looking man in the drab raincoat and cloth cap. They do not notice the unkempt, pit-skinned men, lolling on the side, looking for something to do or the thin scraggy, bleached blonde girls, slinking from the water-front to bed, knowing they have no hope of more custom that night.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Benedict Hatchwell (Form III)

AWAY from the noise and bustle of Cheltenham the silence is complete, except for the raucous cries of the rooks in their bulky nests in the tall elms. On the desolate flood-plain on the Severn, geese graze like cattle, all the while uttering a low murmur. Grey sheets of mud, intersected by waders' footprints, line the grey waters and the grey sky glowers upon the richness of life. Heavy rain clouds move off in battalions and the sun triumphantly repairs the damage wrought by the rain.

Yellow gorse flowers on the Cotswold scarp add colour to the greens and greys of the grass and trees; rabbits disappear with a betraying white flash into the midst of the bramble thickets and skylarks plummet to the ground.

Stow-on-the-Wold is perfectly silent after a day of wind and rain except for the choir practising in the church over the way. Cows stir restlessly behind hedges, nonchalantly chewing on musty hay. In the woods, surprised wood-pigeons clap their way noisily through the trees and below in the leaf mould wild garlic unfolds the thin papery wrapping from the delicate white flowers. Even the, juggernauts careering along the main Cirencester to Cheltenham road look natural in the evening sun. From the exposed branches of hazel trees blackbirds fill the air with their mellow, fluty song.

A typical Cotswold manor house sits on the bank of the Coln. Spreading fingers of ivy grip the Cotswold stones, gradually suffocating the wind-worn edifice. As the dying orb sinks below the pylons striding along the opposite hill, owls appear, skirting the rough grassland for prey.

The sun creeps above the low horizon, flooding Tetbury with a weak, yellow light. The streets gradually come to life, the ancient market place, now empty, stands like a becalmed ship in a mighty ocean, with the cars and lorries moving lazily around it oblivious of its splendour.

The eastern sun glistens on the rippling waters of the Churn as it wends its way seaward.

Newly-killed rabbits and pheasants hang forlornly by their necks from the butchers' hooks in Cirencester, collecting dust and fumes from passing traffic. The ramshackle market straggles like a drunkard through the centre of the town, competing in originality with the shops, endeavouring to claim customers from them.

Between Tetbury and Cirencester you pass the pathetic dribble known as the Thames; its source, once guarded by the impressive statue, now bubbles alone from the hillside.

A heron lethargically flies across the valley, seeking rest from life.

BULLFIGHT

Stephen Smith

AN uncomfortably hot day in Madrid - the scene - a bullring. The gory fight has not yet begun, but soon the mounted matadors will enter and ceremoniously parade the recently raked ring. The crowd is enthusiastic and at last the fight begins.

Amid shouts of “El Magnifico!” the famous matador sways his red cloak around his gyrating body, blowing dust and grit in the eyes of the already enraged bull. The crowd is all attention; their hero is the matador to whom they pay great compliments and respect by throwing roses into the ring.

As the bull trots angrily around the ring the spears sway painfully in its back and soon the matador will thrust his glittering sword into the gap between the spears.

The bull scuffs the sunbathed ground, stirring fine dust which settles on his shimmering black calves. The bull charges, the matador neatly dodges him and further enrages him with his coloured cloak. The bull again scuffs the earth and jerks his head around, each movement sending a sear of pain ripping through his tough hide.

He snorts, sniffs the air with distaste and charges again at the blurred image in front of him.

The brave matador, positively god-like in his picturesque costume, stands proud, revelling in the garlands and praises of his audience. He stands and stares impassively at the weakening bull rumbling towards him; unperturbed by the rolling eyes of an animal ridden with pain and dying a slow death. The bull gores at the matador, just missing him, and a splash of blood from the bull lands on the matador's jewelled breeches. The audience are concerned for their hero, thinking it is his blood.

Then the picadors, mounted on white stallions from the Camargue, enter and slowly reduce the magnificent beast to a blundering hunk of sweating and bleeding tissue, splattered with the creamy froth blown from its agonized broken lungs.

The matador knows it is time for the killing; glistening with blood, the exhausted bull quivers in the hot sunlight of the Spanish bullring.

The toreador with the finest Toledo sword in all Spain stands goading the bull with his cloak. The bull stumbles towards him; the only sense he feels in his raw ruptured body is the will to fight back.

A cheer arises from the crowd, the bull crumples to the ground. The sweet acrid smell of blood and death intermingles with the aroma of roses thrown in homage to their hero. The bull is dead.

BONFIRE FROM AUTUMN LEAVES

Adrian Sergison (Form IVa)

THE leaves rustle as they dance round and round beating out their repetitive drone. They can fly! And then drop, dead.

Red-faced, ill-tempered, wrapped up youths come out of their nest-houses, away from their televisions to rake up the dancing configurations from the icy surface. Panting, misty, bleating, crying, the children laboriously sweep with the rakes - a pendulum with a fulcrum of a mittened hand.

A pile grows and a wellington - booted father supervises until a mountain of the crisp defeated leaves are at the peak. Match upon match is blown out by the protesting wind, then, finally defeated, it subsides for a minute and the bonfire is lit!

Black and condensing, grey and choking, swirling and whirling, the smoke pours from the hissing leaves and is lost in the glassy sky. The bonfire hisses and the children brood....

HAVE YOU FRIDAY ON YOUR MIND?

Alice Parshall

THERE is a flavour to Friday. Friday is something awarded to us all, as an inalienable part of our heritage - as much so as the downs, or the trees, or the income tax. So much so has it become that ‘the Weekend’ of which it is the forerunner, we have set on a separate mental plateau from the other days of the week, so that the latter part of our week is spent anticipating Friday, and the former lamenting Friday's loss.

“Friday's child works hard for a living” - True, on Friday even the least conscientious may feel a prick of pride or guilt, and be inspired to work for the valuable brown envelope, forthcoming on Friday evening - for that it is which makes Friday both the gateway, and the key to the weekend to follow.

There are ways of spending a Friday evening.

Some will go to the pub and hold lengthy and essential discussions of nuclear warfare, and wives, and world policy.

Some will spend long hours in preparation for week-awaited rendezvous, others will stay at home wishing they could.

Some will go to the pictures.

Some will wander around the park.

Some will find their weekend pre-dissolved in a welter of ill-observed expectancy. They are the ones who must well be able to imagine the frustration of the young whiting who awakes each morning to find his tail gone from his mouth - they find their weekend slips away from them.

When I was small and lived in London, and my father was still working, the only evening I remember him coming home at all was Friday. We would dream our plans for the following days - we would almost inevitably have our plans shattered by weather, or time, or their own sheer impracticality.

Now Friday night means warm beds in the spare room, fresh flowers and fish pie, and rooms rather fuller than usual of cigarette smoke. It means dogs barking their territorial instincts - a day ending with preparation, a day anticipating the next day.

Friday is an essence of its own, - a cheap smell of musk, like a prostitute bedecked with a wilting red carnation, pretending to offer more than can ever follow.



A TERRIBLE SONNET (or the wreck of the sonnet)

Philip Lyons

To G.M.H. our Poet.

I caught this morning morning's countryman, king-
dom of daylight's rustic, hyphen-hung-hulk Farmer, in his riding
Of a rushing push-bike (note the sibilants here), and sliding
High there, how he hung upon the hurl of an alliterative ring
In his ecstasy! then off, off did spring
As heavy stress swings hard on his behind: the churl in gliding
Fell into the ditch. My heart in chiding
Stirred for a word, - the syntax of, the sprung rhythm of the thing!

But inscape and instress can act, oh, leg, spoke, wheel, here
Buckle! AND the exclamation that breaks from thee then, a billion
Times told ruder, more emphatic, grates on my ear.
No wonder of it: sheer plod makes poem plough on,
Grind, and (note enjambement here, my dear)
Stall, gall itself and hide gold-revelation.

By courtesy of God's grandeur ...

THE RETURN

Amanda Jones

IN the violet hour of dusk you returned once again to this place of memory, and I was there to greet you. Yet you never saw my glance. There was no smile of recognition on those marble lips, and your glassy eyes reflecting unshed tears passed over me. Yet I was with you, for my touch was the touch of the breeze as it played with your hair; my voice was the voice of the wood pigeon echoing in the stillness of the hour; my scent was the scent of the lilac, and my tears were morning dew.

Then, in that sombre hour, when dusk merges into deepest night, I saw you turn, look back, then turn again, And in that look I knew it was goodbye. You never heard my cry, as it was the call of a solitary owl and it echoed in the void of night long after you had gone.

Now in the rosy hour of dawn, this place of memory stands erect, aloof, alone. And I will watch the hours, seasons, years, condemn this place to crumbling stone. Only I will live on. For I am the wind, I am the voice, the scent in the air, I am the cancer of sorrow in you.

DRAMA BACKSTAGE

Tim Nicholas

IT was six o'clock on the night of the school play. The situation was considered "in hand", but for one large and rather awkward factor - the dry ice had not arrived. Still, there was plenty of time, except for the nagging fact that the ice should have come at five o'clock.

By six forty-five the tension was high, even by the standards of the stagemen, who normally provoked a "spot of tension", just to add to the atmosphere. There was no need this evening; the dry ice had still not arrived. At seven o'clock, the welcome words "It's come" provided a slight easing of tapping fingers, and the sighs of relief blotted out all other sound on the stage.

However, within ten minutes disaster itself had struck a mighty blow. The whole electrical system had fused - there were no lights. The stagemen, coolly managing to retain their calm, leapt into action with the spur of panic in their sides. The infamous "technical hitch" had arrived in full force this evening, but, with traditional vigour, the stagemen reached eventual victory a mere five minutes from the start.

Using some of the dry ice (at minus seventy-five degrees centigrade) to cool themselves a little, they sat down at their lighting control board, only to find, to their slight dismay, that the lighting cues were mysteriously absent. They were in Park House. Three minutes to go. A worthy fellow was sent to fetch them, and with his successful return in Olympic

time, a quick thanksgiving prayer was said.

With an ample five seconds' preparation, we were ready for action. A single word to describe backstage performance is 'active'. At certain times several hands would dive for the same control knob simultaneously, then all try to turn it, with interesting results. At others, in an apparent respite, there would be the faintly worrying realisation that a cue had been missed, resulting in a frenzied burst of scrabbling activity. During an eruption of dry ice backstage, the dimmer board (and a few stagemen) were totally engulfed in an irrepressible wave of carbon dioxide, which reduced lighting changes to a matter of groping and memory. With everyone trying to lend a hand, there was a situation of many, many cooks, all spoiling each other's broth.

The play, however, was successful, but the producer approached us after the performance. "Well done", he said. "Did you encounter any difficulties?" as if expecting some gory tale to be recounted.

"No, very quiet this evening, as it happens, hardly a hint of a problem."

"Good", he agreed unbelievably, giving a few strange looks at the same time. "I hope it goes as well tomorrow night."

CYPRUS VILLAGE

Tessa Wolferstan

THE small rustic village was situated high in the Troodos hills, isolated except for a rough dirt track which wound its way to the mountain road. The situation seemed desolate, as if life did not exist, but on entering the village it was found to be a hive of laughter, happiness and hard-working people.

We led the weary donkeys, whose tattered panniers were laden with glistening mandarins up the main street, the only street. It was narrow and steep, a rough cobbled surface worn away with use. The mud was parched and cracked, but on each side were damper regions - the drainage channels used by all the houses in the village. The donkeys' metal shoes slipped on the hard stone leaving a white scar which soon disappeared as the dusty mud settled again. On both sides of the street were small mud houses, many of which had roofs of dry grasses piled over an ancient wooden frame, providing protection from the heat of the mid-day sun. Contained in the cracked mud of the walls were a fascinating number of things including grass, withered bush, stones and straw; the immediate scene was one of poverty and suffering, but this lasted for only a moment when you again became conscious of the happy, smiling faces around you. All along, people sat in dark, heavy clothes, dulled by dust; they sat on wicker-work chairs, the men smoking the traditional pipe and playing the traditional gambling game, whilst the women sewed, working industriously at their lace, and glancing with keen interest at the visitor. The children played and laughed happily, clamouring around the stranger, competing to hold hands. Everyone was content and the mid-day sun made the older members of the community nod their well-tanned heads in sleep. Their beings seemed to absorb the power of the sun.

On every house there grew a lush vine, its green leaves defying the sun and its fruit, hanging in elegant clusters, ripening quickly. The vine was beautiful and provided welcome shade. Inside, the houses were immaculately kept - the floor was of mud but had been recently swept. The house I was in had a large room, open at each end, where the villagers often gathered for a gossip. The furniture was made of the gnarled wood of the olive tree, one of the few trees that could withstand the hot, dry climate. The furniture was simple and consisted of benches and tables of similar form, the most elaborate pieces being two large chairs and a chest, beautifully carved in the form of icons. All the furniture was covered in hand-made lace, which had been made by the women of the house over a period of many years. Even the young girls were skilled at making lace. This main room led into the kitchen where I could see a few pots and pans and gourds containing water, and also led out into the garden which seemed a paradise in the parched, yellow hills. Numerous Mediterranean plants bloomed, the brightly coloured flowers radiating glory amongst the dark green foliage. Here we sat and conversed, mainly in gestures, sipping the traditional Turkish coffee and eating such local delicacies as crystallized orange peel, grape toffee and almonds. The small, beautiful house seemed to accommodate a large family and I was surprised until I remembered that the only protection that the building needed to give was protection from the summer sun.

A delightful hour passed before we continued up the village, passing yards inhabited by poultry and the rough stables where several donkeys and goats were tied up. These animals seemed to be representative of the whole community - they lived peacefully with themselves and one another, working hard yet enjoying their rest as they drowsily ate some hay. It was here that the donkeys, laden with mandarins, were relieved of their heavy burden and sent to rest before returning along the dusty path to the fertile valley several miles away.

At the top of the village stood the Greek Orthodox church in all its glory. The golden dome shone in the evening light and the bells were ringing as they called the villagers to the evening service. A few people were wandering into the church; the informal atmosphere seemed very realistic and I felt that those entering the church entered to praise the Lord, and not because it was a social obligation.

The cafe nearby was busy as several families assembled to talk away the evening in well earned rest, having toiled since sunlight in the vineyards which covered the surrounding hills.

I joined them and felt very content as I listened to the peaceful sounds of the evening and watched the red sun fading; and as I write this I think with extreme sadness of the terror that strikes such a peaceful village as the two nations of the island clash again in the horror of war.

AN IMPORTANT TRIFLE: CUTTING MY TOE-NAILS

Duncan Taylor (Form IVa)

IT'S funny really, but one of the things I derive tremendous pleasure from is, strangely enough, cutting my toe-nails. Now, you are probably thinking, what a revolting urchin, fancy enjoying cutting his toe-nails; so be it.

However, I get a wonderful sense of fulfilment and achievement and an overwhelming feeling of immense satisfaction after having pruned my ten adorable toes. To hear the erratic 'clip... clip . .' of the scissors and to see those ten little darlings wriggling below, to me is sheer ecstasy.

Most of all I like cutting the 'one that went wee wee wee wee all the way home': this is the ultimate test, not only does it require a basic understanding of the character of each toe, but also a certain practical skill acquired only with practice.

You are probably rather awed by my fervent zest for such a seemingly unimportant topic as this. But, my friend, you must look upon these necessities in life not as a deplorable and tedious task, but as a moment in your existence of extreme and rare delight: this is the secret of true happiness.

PANORAMA

Graham Moore (Form Va)

FROM the hillside in the height of summer, the rolling panorama of this area of Gloucestershire will always be a breathtaking sight. The air is warm and still, and a gentle heat haze can be seen shimmering at the bottom of the slope, where the first cluster of farm buildings nestle amongst several tall fine fir trees. The clouds have kept away, as if they could not face marring the deep blue sky with their white blots. On the horizon the Malverns can just be seen, and just in front of them lies the silvery Severn. Follow its meandering course to the left and you will see the bridge - only visible on such a day as this.

Around you is silence. You are unaware of any movement except a pair of courting larks bobbing up and down in the still air like toy boats on a calm sea. The fragrant smell of clover hangs about in clouds, and the bright yellow primroses and cowslips stand out on the short rabbits' grass like polka dots.

A bee drones by and drops onto a patch of white clover. On your right, in the valley, are the final frontiers of the town. Even the buildings of the factories are not ugly, for from such a distance they are meaningless. In the valley's centre is the chessboard of fields, each bordered with its own thorn bush or rough stone wall.

Far away, a train silently worms its way out of sight behind a hill - from here no more than a tumulus. As you watch it disappear a hawk hovers at the bottom of the slope, out of focus in the heat haze. Then it drops out of sight onto some unsuspecting rodent that has probably just tasted its last of the succulent grasses that emerge here and there on the hillside.

The sun smiles at you from its azure backcloth. Less than a hundred yards from you crouches a small rabbit, nibbling at a primrose plant. As you watch, it lollops away into the cool shadows at the bottom of the hill, and disappears under a gorse bush whose middle is full of brightly feathered goldfinches and pale pink linnets. You are at peace with your surroundings, and they are at peace with themselves. The pin-like pines break up the paler shades of the green and brown fields with their darker forms. The sky merges with the misty Malverns at the horizon, and the Severn splits the scene with its silvery line. No area clashes with another. Even the clusters of buildings that mark the end of the town fade out into the countryside leaving no ugly beginning or end to carve the panorama in two.

Here and there farms are dotted, and the fields are freckled with grazing animals. From such a height they could be anything from horses to sheep. A pair of lapwings glide by on fingered wings, uttering their shrill notes of peace and happiness.

Turning away you trudge quietly up the soft slope. At the summit you stop and snatch one last fleeting glimpse of

the view. Then it is gone, though it will always be there for anyone to stand, as you have done, and admire-a monument dedicated to the quiet beauty of the Gloucestershire heights.

LEAVING HOME

Anthony Flambard (Form V)

IT was one of those mornings, I thought to myself, as I sat hunched, with my elbows on the table, and with my left hand dejectedly mashing my soggy weetabix. The sizzle of bacon being thrown into hot fat came over my back and into my ear, my mind was infested with the thoughts of the next day's journey.

"Have you packed yet, love?" asked my mother. I pushed the sewage in my bowl away, and sat back with a bang in my chair.

"No", I replied, ending my no with a ten second sigh, which whistled at the end as I closed my teeth. My mother sensed my mood, and decided not to pursue the matter. She placed my breakfast in front of me. Damn! I thought, no broken egg. I dearly wished for one little thing which I could enlarge, and hence let out my dejected feelings.

When I had finished I made sure my chair scraped on the floor as I got out from the table; my mother still said nothing. It was one of those days now, I thought, my mother's using her brain.

I slouched out of the kitchen door, through the hall and into the lounge my eyes fell on the stereo system.

I laughed aloud, inside. The way out, I thought. I picked a Led Zep. record, put it on, and thoughtfully turned the volume down, just in case my trap caught the wrong animal, my father in other words. At that moment the sun came out and started to annoy me.

The day carried on as it had started, with my never ceasing attempts to annoy somebody always failing, and the feeling of tomorrow tying more knots in my stomach.

Night had fallen, and I was sitting on my bed, watching, criticising, and advising my mother as she laboriously packed my suitcase. My bed suddenly contracted as I heard my father sit down next to me. I looked towards his hands with the inevitable money and plane tickets protruding from them. His usual advice about not spending too much money on posters and records went in through one ear and out the other to fall in a wasted mush on my bed. I couldn't help thinking about the next day, and the hated sight of those pink papers in his hand. My stomach was now one huge granny knot.

When all the usual procedures of locking my suitcase, checking my tickets, passport, money and clothes had finished they wished me goodnight and showed themselves out of my room. I set the alarm clock and got into bed, looked around my room once, bare now that all the posters had been taken down, and fell asleep.

The noise of the alarm shattered my dream. Fire, I thought, as I dived into bed with Raquel Welch in a high class London hotel. I woke up to find no Raquel Welch but my mother with a cup of tea.

"That won't put the fire out", I said through my nose. My mother gave me a funny look and retreated from the lion's den. I gulped the tea down, and nearly dropped the cup as I felt my tongue swelling and almost bursting. She could've told me it was hot, I thought, but curiously the hot tea seemed to have undone the knot in my stomach, as I no longer felt worried about the journey ahead.

I jumped out of bed, got dressed, then laboured down the seemingly mile-long hall. Time seemed to flow past now, without having any meaning, and I suddenly found myself in the car, taking a final look at the house as it slowly disappeared from view. As we drove out of the camp gates, I thought here it is again, the end of the holidays, and the beginning of the count-down, until, that is, it will be time for me to come home again..

FRUIT OF THE WOMB

Kevin Barraclough

I remember
Ashes on the hearth,
Dancing shadows on yellowing walls.
Reading in the firelight,
Listening to the wind and the rain
On the window-pane.

Outside,
The angry night flung trees against the stars,
Hurling torrential rain,
Cascading over cowering cities.

Inside, in the firelight,
We were aware,
As always is the case with men,

Of the violence,
Lurking in the dancing pools of shadow,
But one can forget,
One tries to forget.

You see,
It was spectre bright
In the autumn rain, that season,
Like a halo of pearl
In the still air.

With the coming of winter
We had stared at the cloud, grey,
Racing over the distant horizons
Where pylon sentinels pointed their awesome way
Of fingered steel.
Massive, those hordes of banked grey
Racing over the bleak hill,

Our green hill, far away and
Bleak
Like the faces of men in moonlight
Like tired faces
In the light, grey rain.

Black,
The twisted trees on naked skylines
That cower under the racing sky,
The streaming, screaming, naked sky
That splits the laughing souls of men,
Oozing autumn rain in the mud
From the acid love-wound.

And now, in the darkness,
In the womb of the winter storm,
We knew, again,
What we had always known.
We knew, again, what we had learnt
One night,
In a sweaty, curtained room,
Neon lights flashing in the window,
Cars and television laughter from another room,
Flesh, glistening gently,
Breath, warm and desperate,
Clinging,
Afraid.

But it could not be.
Not then, Not now,
Not anywhere,
For life is not a dream,
And men must live their own lives.

Fingers came
And plucked out the fruit,
Flushing it away
To the blood and faces below the grey streets
Of our grey city.

Afterwards we laughed,
Hysterical from the pain
Sharp and bright in the spring air.

We had heard the song,
The song of bones under a dry hill,
Under a field of skull.
And we were afraid.

On the third day the Child returned,
Bleeding.
But it was too late.
The dream was already dead,
Long, long dead.

ETERNAL SPRING AND PASSING AUTUMN Michael Curtis-Hayward (Form III)

The mist fades, leaving a world of dew.
Grasses wave like wands in a waxing light,
Crystals clinging to clammy shoots.
They are dabbled in dew,
They are diamonds in a dreamy world.
A watery sun blinks
And drinks in the sweetness of spring.
The trees are freed from the tortures of ice biting,
Blossoms of joy deck the air;
I wander to the whispering wood.

Hawthorns spread their boughs to feel the dappled sunlight,
Larches reach to the sky
Brushing the last lonely clouds away.
Primroses sleep in their meek clusters.
Carpets of bluebells belittling winter's bareness.
Then suddenly the muteness of an infant morn is maimed,
And the air is dressed with bird song.

Wagtails soar in the sky, chirping endlessly,
Skylarks warble contentedly,
And the old fat pheasant lies in his bush
And a steady tap ... tap shows a woodpecker is at work.
To mark a birth a single swallow glides in the air.
A little brook murmurs approval.

Languid Autumn days linger on,
Apples bask watched by the benign sun,
Yellow-green blades of grass
Rocked to sleep by the wind.
Hazy days blend into mist-ridden nights;
Nature sleeps; her work is done,
Her children are provided for with fruitful blessings.
And I look down from sun-bleached Cleeve
And marvel.

The trees reluctantly lend their leaves
To the sweet West Wind,
Leaves dripping slowly off their drooping branches,
Feasts of burnished copper, blatant crimson,
Rich yellow and deep brown;
And I from sacred Humblebee
Look up and marvel.

Winter sends her scouts abroad,
The once peaceful nights begin to bite
And overlap the morn and eve.
Winter slowly comes in a shroud of espionage
Ready to pounce on Nature's fool's paradise.
But some are awake to this danger:
Squirrels gather forage,
Swallows hurriedly flee.
The old oak knows not and cares not;
And I on Langley
Dream of fires.

FROM PRELUDE TO PORTRAIT

Mark Holloway

Turn the page,
Your history is written there.
Reading words pulled from the air
The story here is ever clear;
Sad of the love that's lost
A life to start again.
The chapter started
Rising, flowing, feeling
Ending with an empty pathos
Don't let the void enlarge.

Brush strokes in a cloud-streaked sky;
The paint's still wet yet,
Give it time to dry.

The sun was slipping into a bank of cloud;
Horizon setting, soft wind the other way.
Indicating branches, onward, forward,
The sun might not set today.

He'll look back when the new day arrives,
The lover looks into the skies.
He won't make those mistakes again,
On the page inside a gilt-edged frame.
In the friendly future's other time.

SIGH FOR AN HOUR

Robert Stroud

This mood and I have not met many times before; maybe
once
In a room or place, unfamiliar, perhaps twice

I had been there, quiet, melancholy, rejoicing
In companionship, isolated and dazed
When this emotion swept through my soul,
ephemeral,
Hurricane; seized my conscious self-righteousness,
The frailty of this primitive settlement
Exposed; and left me to only confusion.

Veiled, hilariously sad, this stranger invites me
To reconsider my foetal notions, biases,
Conceptions whose foundations I have forgotten
But whose essences I do not question.
Impression of the impulse subsides, leaving
Hope-better wrong fanatic than uncommitted.

RIDDLE

Richard Woof (Form II)

I am man's enemy and yet his friend.
I help many suffering men
But I have taken many lives.
I am used every day by everybody
And man could not live without me.
Many men ride on me round the world.
Please tell me, what am I?

THE WISPY OBSCURITY

Philip Faulks

In some memory woven in a hot summer,
I watch an old basket weaver
With a head for the sun.



IMPRISONMENT

What does imprisonment mean to you?
Winter - faced men with no thoughts
Of yesterday, nor hopes for tomorrow,
Gaunt-faced custodians garbed in
A stainless world of steel and concrete.
What does imprisonment mean to me?
Dictionaries and subjunctives tempered with
Split infinitives. There are no bars as
Strong as language, or walls as
Thick as words.

* * * *

To the Editor:
Dear Sir,
It was my intention to submit to you an article on
'Apathy' for possible publication in your magazine.
However, I could not be bothered.
Yours etc.
Tim Longworth

WET ROOFS

Patrick Lorenzen (Form III)

Peering from the concrete grass,
Stepping stones shyly blink.
Heavy eyelids slip slovenly,
Across bloodshot eyes.

Rows of Crusader knights,
March nonchalantly to their impending victory;
Definite; silent apart from their own beat;
United they stand, divided they fall.

The sun hops from square to square
Upon the urban chessboard;
Invisible pawns take their course:
To checkmate infinite kings.

Stone tracks pick their way,
Along the eternal road;
All leading to an identical point.
The deathly, dirty city soul.

THE CLOWN

Jacqui Crowhurst

Often I have seen the trees against the sky,
Asking to be clasped and set in motion,
When the wind is tired.

The still grass still sways no
Shimmers only as the thread
Of silver, unwinding, rolling downwards.

And at the foot of the hill I have seen the Clown
Who watches the cars shimmering in streams

Along the road.
As he carves the branches he has torn
Into spears,
He sings and laughs - he plays.

Then sometimes the winds play,
Challenging the strength of the trees
Against the sky.

The water,
 races,
 faster,
 downwards,
 Carrying away the spears.
 So the Clown returns,
 And begins again.

RIDDLE

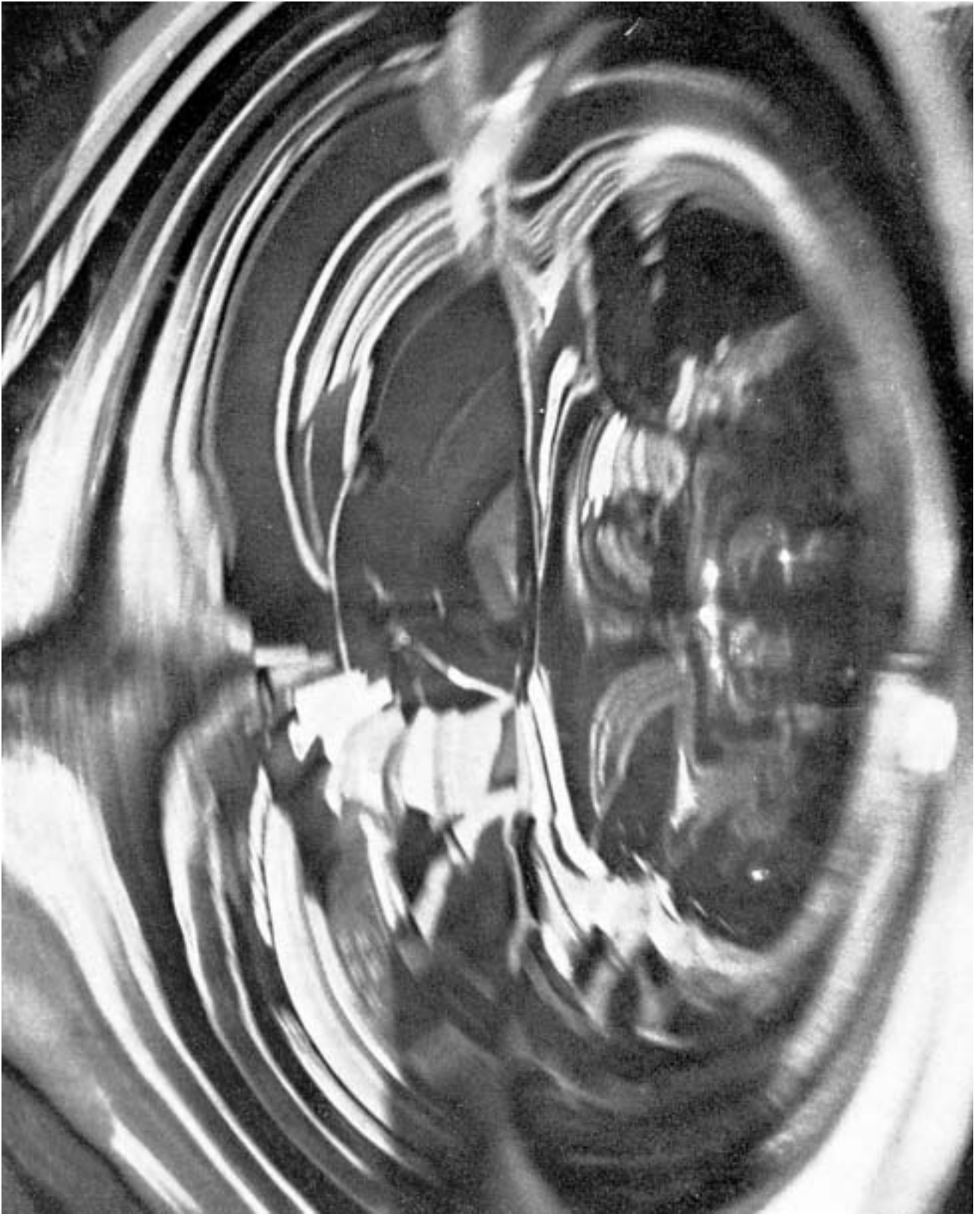
Richard Pledge (Form II)

I have a hat, two hands and a bottom;
I eat a little every day,
But take my time to eat my fill;
I raise my hat when eating.
On my hat are words imprinted,
And I am generally grooved and dusty.
Pray tell me, O wise man,
What am I?

A GAZE

Peter Haynes (Form V)

Cars crawl by like multicoloured insects,
Spring weeps down her umbered hues in shakes of breeze,
A lorry swings its lazy hulk around a bend,
And moves, stationarily, up a hill.
“Haynes, number three!”
My mind spins through demonic desecration,
Splinters of broken glass and Rory Gallagher
All in a non-existent moment.
“False, sir.”
Amazement turns round me at in a thousand faces.
The giggles saunter to the virgin ceiling
And rattle piously around my face,
Tinting me pink with shame.
My visage turns from the spotlight stares,
Out to the charcoaled morning,
Where a jet flashes past, blurring its wake,
Gilding the dirty trees for a sound - barrier second.
Inclining, I take a long drag from my biro
And grope at a pair of passing thighs.
“Yes, Haynes?”
The shock of the rapid fire alters my balance.
“You .had your hand up, what do you want?”
I fall, right over backwards like a lemming.
A squadron floods the sky like bees;
Even they laugh at me.



MOMENTS

Alisdair Wilson

The coach moved out.
Wheels turning, rolling, quicker through the area of
emptiness.
Pictures flashed by, blurred and yet so clear,
So clear, and rural England!
The washing line, hung low, and dirty,
Scum-ridden-depression!
Puke ceased and green appeared,
Colours rich, pure
In detail, Constable; and then a fog.
Smoke and architectural genius - combined;
Striking. And the river drifted by;
And there.

The people appeared,
Coughing, spluttering, knocking in the cold room.
The baton raised, and notes came forth,
Sweetly though not precisely.
Adagio followed by Allegro.
The end? No not quite, but relief.
Silence-and again music,
Slow though high-spirited, 'tick-tock
Went-the-clock' and on, "REPEATS".
Speed was gathered, a change of key,
The 'maggiore' - success!
And clapping.

Out we came,
Talking, laughing, retelling of all in the darkness.
Weary steps taken to the coach,
Riding through lights, flashing, stripped
Bright lights.
Little could be seen, now, but it was cosy,
Snug, as the murmur of the engine sang.
Sang, until not far, a change of gear,
A roar, a long climb
Under the bridge and through.
Home and reality, once more.

ALONE, CROWDED BY THOUGHTS

Nicholas Longworth

The pebble, at the limit of its energy,
Arches gracefully towards the profound
Black depths of the mill-pond,
Causing the dark lifeless water to stir,
Like my thoughts, into concentric motion.

Red, orange, yellow, aquamarine,
The sun sets in a shell-burst of colour.
I walk on, only vaguely aware of such
Monumental events, steeped in the passions
Of my own pained and anxious mind.

I pass unidentifiable shapeless shadows,
(If they giggle I detect their humanity),
The coolness of the evening caressing my troubled brow.
If one should not talk of politics, women or religion
At dinner, why should I, even to myself, now?

Once more I stand on the water's edge,
But now the rings have subsided.
Taking this as a hint, my mind replenished,
With a brisk step I return home
To the temporal delights of laughter and good beer.

HAIKU

David Rollo (Form I)

Lightning

Streaking through the sky,
Crashing on the houses;
In a flash it's gone.
* * *

The Lion

His golden coat gleams,
As he stalks for his prey,
The mighty one of the jungle.
* * *

The Scarecrow

Just standing there
Unwanted, lost, forgotten,
The straw man.

SEA FRONT IN WINTER

Timothy Daniels (Form I)

Sitting on the shingle,
Listening to the roar of the waves,
Crashing against the shore,
Swirling amongst the rocks.

Watching the gulls,
Wheeling on high;
Gliding, soaring, diving, climbing,
Swooping on the sea.

Walk along the pier,
The old man fishing for a living,
Sitting in the freezing spray,
Waiting, hoping.

Empty promenade.
Old paper-backs, forgotten under deck chairs,
Wind flapping canvas; somewhere,
Old ice cream stands, ices 5p.

Derelict hulk
Wallowing in a vortex,
Shrouded in sea mist and spray.
Smell of dead fish, floating, wafting.

Oh! Hurry the season of summer,
Crowded promenade again,
Queue of people for ice cones,
Shipwrecked salts spinning yarns.

THE EDUCATION OF ARTHUR ALMOST

Philip Lyons

Arthur sat on his little round stool,
Dangling his legs and chewing his crayon.
Teacher stood, huge and monster-like,
Beating the blackboard with chalk choked in hand,
Asked Arthur, menacingly, "What is one plus one?"
Arthur Almost, almost right, answered, "Three".

"Come out here, child!" screamed frenzied beast,
Chalk turned to cane and snarl swapped for smile.
Arthur did not cry, did not squeal,
Realising this to be part of his destined role
A life-time of bruises on his heart and his hands.
Held out his hands and waited.

The dragon devoured him.

Alone in the blazing furnace of teacher's belly
Arthur Almost, almost despairing, contemplated his fate,
Trapped and isolated and hungry for learning
Satisfying the appetite of a knowledge-crazed scholar
Lined with equations and jointed with facts,
Digesting the past and sweating the future.

The dragon drank down wisdom.

Fifteen years later out from the dragon
Came Arthur Almost, almost destroyed, but still breathing,
With "one plus one" on the tip of his tongue
And a calculator fixed to his brain.

God put this learning to the test:
"What is love?" he asked.
Arthur Almost, almost remembering,
answered, "Two".
God frowned and tried again.
But Arthur just answered the same,
Vaguely feeling what he could not quite remember,
Something extinguished by the dragon's burning hunger.

Arthur Almost, almost understanding, took out
The numbers from his brain to see if the answer was there.
God threw his hands up in despair.
Arthur Almost, almost right, took out his heart.
God smiled and Arthur smiled back.
But after a brief examination with no results
Arthur put his heart back and started counting again.

NOVEMBER

James Duncumb (Form III)

Autumn's joy recedes,
Winter's chill impedes
Metabolical deeds,
With its fiery cold.

Bright leaves fallen,
Dark buds swollen,
All warm birds flown
From the harsh land.

Naked trees rearing,
Bitter winds searing,
Sharp rain hindering
Beast and man alike.

Choking fog devours,
Evil frost overpowers,
As strengthening cold towers
Towards the wind-swept skies.



THE DEBATING SOCIETY

“This House believes that feet are becoming an inadequate form of transport” was the somewhat unusual but nevertheless interesting motion for the seniors’ debate on the 10th March. The motion was proposed by John Cooper, who was seconded by Juliette Chapman. They were opposed by Robert Stroud and Alice Parshall.

John Cooper gave an enthusiastic speech, on the uselessness of feet - indeed, on the hazards of even owning feet. Mr. Cooper did all but suggest that feet should be surgically removed at birth. He spoke also of the merits of more new-fangled methods of transport such as Apollo, and the motor car.

Opposing the motion, Robert Stroud’s fluent and punning speech succeeded in placing the sympathy of the floor on the side of the opposition, and explained how now, perhaps more than ever, feet were becoming the only viable long term transport prospect.

Juliette Chapman continued in the medical vein, educating the floor at length on the various maladies and deformities that might be present in the foot. A number of exhibits were produced, to illustrate the point.

Alice Parshall explained how all forms of transport, by land, air, and sea, could be foot-powered, and told the floor how many hours it would take to travel from England to America by paddleboat - a small fraction of one’s life, as it happens. Her anecdotes and quotations were well received by a somewhat critical audience.

The motion was thrown open to the house, who were allowed to ask the panel direct questions.

Simon Baynham, who chaired the debate, put the motion to the vote, after both sides had summed up, and it was defeated by 36 votes to 3, with 6 abstentions.

A.P., P.J.L.

THE first junior debate of the term took place on Wednesday, 28th January, 1976, when the motion under consideration was, “This house deplores the recent tendency to give women equal rights”. Nothing could have been more topical and a large audience attended to air their chauvinist prejudices or otherwise.

Steven Whittard opened for the motion with a solid, factual speech in typical style. He spent much of his speech in examining the financial implications of equal rights. He was intelligently supported by Dominic Ind.

For the opposition Richard Funnell delivered a speech of variable interest. He reminded the audience of the long and passionate history of the suffragette movement and urged that this movement’s fight should not be in vain. Michael Curtis-Hayward spoke ably in support of Funnell and did much to sway the house’s feelings on the subject.

Interesting points came from the floor, notably from Kevin Nunan, Richard Tudor, Neil Townend, and Callum Dick, before the motion was eventually defeated after a surprisingly close struggle: For 17, Against 22, Abstentions 3.

S.P.W.L.

The motion for the next junior debate was, “This house believes that no Englishman is ever fairly beaten”, borrowing a phrase from a play by a notoriously pugnacious Irishman, George Bernard Shaw.

Richard Pitt spoke first for the motion, mentioning the competitiveness of all Englishmen and their instinct never to give up. He reminded the house, by way of example, that England had done much to win the Second World War against severe odds. Next to speak was Richard Tudor, who emphasised how bad the English were at sport, rarely winning any major events. He also painted a gloomy picture of English politicians, who did little for their country, and English industry, whose shortcomings meant that our market was being flooded by foreign products.

Patrick Lorenzen spoke next for the motion. He referred to the spirit and determination of Englishmen, citing the bravery of Captain Scott on his way to the South Pole. Andrew Grainger then opposed the motion, introducing the tricky question of what happens when one Englishman competes against another.

There were a number of speeches from the floor. In reply to Patrick Lorenzen’s comment that the dastardly Scottish had dog pits at Bannockburn to trap their English cousins, someone pointed out that the English themselves had used similar methods when they put stakes in the ground at Agincourt.

The motion was then put to the vote and was heavily defeated by 33 votes to 6, with one abstention.

G.M.A.B.

BELL-RINGING NOTES

WE should like to thank Miss Bliss for a very successful term's ringing. There has been great progress in the teaching of beginners, and our band, which at the beginning of term consisted of four experienced Sunday ringers, has now increased to seven mainly in the last half of term.

We are looking forward to getting down to some real change ringing next term, so long as the bells have not been removed for re-hanging.

P.C-H. (Tower Captain)

BRIDGE CLUB

THE club met for three evening sessions during the term and it is encouraging to find an increasing number of keen bridge players in the sixth form.

At the final meeting a partnership competition was held - this was won by I. Read and J. Garvie.

W.J.D.W.

HARLEQUINADE

						CAST
<i>Arthur Gosport (Romeo)</i>	John Falconer
<i>Edna Selby (Juliet)</i>	Lucy Cullen
<i>Johnny (Prompt)</i>	Treve Evans
<i>Dame Maud Gosport (Nurse)</i>	Alice Parshall
<i>Fred Ingram (Tybalt)</i>	Shane Galtress
<i>George Chudleigh (1st Player)</i>	John Garvie
<i>1st Halberdier</i>	Phillip Lamphee
<i>2nd Halberdier</i>	Phil Faulks
<i>Duke</i>	Stuart Smith
<i>Jack Wakefield (Stage Manager)</i>	Nick Longworth
<i>Mr. Burton (House Manager)</i>	Robert Sherratt
<i>Miss Fishlock</i>	Dawn Mackonochie
<i>Muriel Palmer</i>	Wendy Hewitt
<i>Tom Palmer</i>	Roderick Thomson
<i>Policeman</i>	Simon Tyler
<i>Joyce Langland</i>	Tessa Wolferstan
<i>Director</i>	Derek J. Bell
<i>Stage Director</i>	Tim Nicholas
<i>Stage Managers</i>	Steve Hicks and Steve Hewitt
<i>A.S.M.s</i>	Stuart Smith, Joe Watson, John Sinclair, Tim Wilson, Patrick Lorenzen, Julian Bull, Steve Whittard, Kevin Nunan
<i>Set Designer and Construction Supervisor</i>	Keith Thorne
<i>Lighting Supervisor</i>	Tim Nicholas
<i>Make-up Supervisor</i>	Ann Thorne
<i>Prompt</i>	Taryn Nixon
<i>Programme Cover Design</i>	Richard Hudson

THE senior play, the farce, "*Harlequinade*", by Terence Rattigan, was performed on the 5th and 6th of December. The action takes place in the theatre of a Midlands town just prior to the first performance of "*Romeo and Juliet*", by a somewhat aged cast. After a series of startling revelations concerning the marital status of the leading actor, and culminating in the bastardization of his son "Little Basil", the play ends in utter confusion, as the actors realise that the audience is in front of them awaiting the performance.

The famous actor, Arthur Gosport, was convincingly portrayed by John Falconer, who captured the preoccupation of the actor in his own world. Lucy Cullen ably supported him as Edna Selby, his leading lady and wife. However, the arrival of an unknown daughter, outstandingly played by Wendy Hewitt, proves his present marriage to be bigamous. Muriel is accompanied by her uninspiring husband, played by Rod Thomson who managed to maintain an expressionless

face throughout the play, and her son, Romeo's grandson! Dame Maud, “an interfering old bag”, and another of the illustrious Gosport clan, was vigorously portrayed by Alice Parshall.

Tessa Wolferstan caught the cool realism of Joyce Langland, thwarted in her efforts to win her fiance, Jack Wakefield, from the theatre. Nick Longworth's sympathetic performance brought out the conflicts felt by this character. As stage manager, he had a willing assistant in his prompt, energetically played by Treve Evans.

The minor parts were also well acted. Dawn Mackonochie produced convincing hysterics as the fussy Miss Fishlock. Simon Tyler, as the policeman, echoed most people's idea of a typical provincial bobby. John Garvie as the old actor who never-quite-made-it, and Rob Sherratt as the House Manager, both gave commendable performances. Shane Galtress, Stuart Smith and the nuns, although they had little or nothing to say, gave additional colour to the performance.

Phillip Lamphee and Philip Faulks produced two side-splitting characters from the parts of First and Second Halberdiers.

Under the guidance of Mr. Thorne, Tim Nicholas and Steve Hicks, aided by the assistant stage managers, constructed a stage to the high standard the school has come to expect. The balcony, despite Edna Selby's evident concern, remained solid and was very effective. Mr. Gosport and Jack Wakefield might have had cause to criticise the lights, but certainly the audience could not. The Summer lightning was conveyed at the beginning and end by flashing spotlights, and accompanied by demonic laughter. Credit is due also to Mrs. Thorne for supervising the make-up, and everyone else who helped her. Taryn Nixon also deserves a mention for prompting, although she had little to do, and Richard Hudson for designing the programme.

This was Mr. Bell's last production at Rendcomb, so we are especially pleased it was such a success. The play was enthusiastically performed by all the actors, and well received by the audience, who found it very amusing and entertaining. We only wish it could have lasted longer.

J.L., M.H.

JUNIOR PLAY: THE OLD WIVES' TALE

THE PLAYERS

<i>Anticke</i>	Duncan Taylor
<i>Frolicke</i>	Matthew Cragoe
<i>Fantasticke</i>	John Purkiss
<i>Clunch</i>	Jonathan Smith
<i>Ball the Dog</i>	Julian Wilson
<i>Madge</i>	Simon Howell
<i>Erestus</i>	Michael Curtis-Hayward
<i>Thelea</i>	Adrian Sergison
<i>Kalepha</i>	Raoul Gilchrist
<i>Venelia</i>	Rosemary Beckett
<i>Lampriscus</i>	Timothy Etherington
<i>Harvest Girl</i>	Jacqui Crowhurst
<i>Huanebango</i>	Mark Raven
<i>Corebus</i>	Christopher Burkham
<i>Sacrapant</i>	James Quick
<i>Delya</i>	Tessa Wolferston
<i>Eumenides</i>	Jonathan Portch
<i>Wiggen</i>	Julian Walters
<i>Church Warden</i>	Richard Tudor
<i>Sexten</i>	Mark Webb
<i>Zantypa</i>	Lucy Cullen
<i>Celanta</i>	Juliette Chapman
<i>Jacke</i>	Richard Pitt
<i>The Well</i>	Jonathan Stafford-Mills
<i>Hostess of the Inn</i>	Wendy Hewitt
<i>Music</i>	Christopher Dendy, Richard Hudson, Graeme Connelly, Ian Pengelly
<i>Costumes</i>	Victoria Joel, Sally Hall, Alice Parshall
<i>Make-up</i>	Mandy Jones, Dawn Mackonochie
<i>The Technicians</i>	Stephen Hicks, Timothy Nicholas, Steven Hewitt, Steven Trigger, Andrew Carter, Julian Bull, Timothy Wilson, Keith Winmill, Paul Harris, Kevin Nunan, Patrick Lorenzen, Nigel Hall
<i>Director</i>	Nigel Paton



The junior play this term was “The Old Wives’ Tale”, an Elizabethan “comedy” by George Peele. At first glance this was an ambitious choice with its difficulty of language, yet as the play progressed it became clear that not only had the actors mastered the language but that much of the play’s humour lay in its visual aspect which was exploited to the full under Mr. Paton’s excellent direction. Anachronism was used very effectively in the costumes, especially that of the *Hostess of the Inn* (Wendy Hewitt) whose provocative “garb” was surely not how the playwright would have visualised this character, and also in various extra speeches such as the hostess and her menu of recurring baked beans!

On entering the Assembly Hall one was confronted by a few painted boxes and an old lurching cross. “How can a satirical Elizabethan comedy be enacted on this meagre stage?” was the question that one asked.

Then the music and the theatrical fog began as an overture to the play, filling the room with a carnival atmosphere. The action commenced with a clever bit of witty dialogue from *Anticke*, *Frolicke*, and *Fantasticke* (Duncan Taylor, Matthew Cragoe, and John Purkiss) to explain why this rather extraordinary play was to be performed. And gradually what had seemed to be a conglomeration of carefully rehearsed scenes fell into place, with the help of strong explanatory soliloquies from *Erestus* (Michael Curtis-Hayward) and *Thelea* (Adrian Sergison), and with the *Harvest Girl* (Jacqui Crowhurst) providing the necessary breaks in action with some superb singing, for the audience to gather their wits for another amusing but somewhat complex onslaught of archaic dialogue.

The necessary artistic touches were soon provided by the sorcerer, *Sacrapant* (James Quick), who, not content with filling the auditorium with fog, decided to wake up any slumberers with the liberal use of green and red flashes. These added greatly to the mystic atmosphere to such an extent that there were several quite noticeable coughs and the actors themselves tended to disappear, still talking, into smoky corners.

However, the whole audience seemed to be prepared to accept a small amount of carbon dioxide poisoning for the sake of a very enjoyable play, superbly acted and extremely well produced. Unfortunately, it is impossible to mention all the characters in so short a space, but everyone gave a very creditable performance, and thanks are due to all those who helped, behind the scenes, to make this a very successful and worthwhile production.

D.M., P.C-H., A.J.

CAREERS

ON 4th March, fifteen members of the fifth form underwent the I.S.C.O. / Birkbeck careers tests and questionnaires. This is the second time these tests have been carried out at Rendcomb, but the first time the interpretation and interviews have been conducted internally. The ‘victims’ may rest assured that their careers master is sympathetic to their feelings, since he also has undergone the tests to become qualified in their interpretation.

The main purpose of the tests is to advise a boy on his post O-level course and career by considering abilities, interests and personal qualities.

An investigation into the usefulness of this approach is currently being instigated and I hope to be able to produce the findings later in the year.

R.K.

BUSINESS GAME

THIS year the game was restricted to 6B, who were allowed to get on with the game with minimal advice from the management consultant.

Mistakes were made, inevitably, and in retrospect the board was aware of these mistakes and will certainly learn from them.

Next year it is intended to keep the same board, when we hope for further success. Congratulations on the victory over Dean Close.

R.K.



VISIT TO THE CONSTABLE EXHIBITION AND "IOLANTHE"

THURSDAY, 18th MARCH, 1976

WE enjoyed a very pleasant break near the end of the spring term when, as a party of sixth-formers and staff, we visited the Constable exhibition at the Tate gallery, and then those who wished went on to see Iolanthe at the Sadler's Wells theatre.

The exhibition was a magnificent experience for admirers of Constable's work and all those who love the English countryside. It was a unique opportunity to see, collected together especially for the occasion, a vast amount of the work of one of our greatest English artists; a tribute on the bicentenary of his birth. Constable is considered second only to Turner, whose exhibition we visited last year. Although the two were contemporaries, their styles are very different. The peaceful beasts and meticulous detail of Constable's impressions of the Suffolk country side contrast sharply with the dramatic seascapes by which we remember Turner. Constable sought to portray the landscape as it really was, and though his pictures may seem conservative to us, his use of light was quietly revolutionary. His work is not in the least esoteric and, if not our greatest, Constable is certainly our most loved artist.

The exhibition contained a bewildering amount of material, but it was well displayed. It was organised chronologically, with maps and biographical notes to aid understanding. The great advantage of this was that it enabled one to trace the development of Constable's style from the early sketches and smudgy water colours to the detailed and complicated six-foot canvases such as "The Hay Wain" and "The Leaping Horse". Everywhere Constable's great patience was evident in the quality of his preparatory sketches, sometimes full-size ones, in the twenty years of practice before he mastered oils, in the seven years of courting before he won his wife, Maria. The exhibits were effectively arranged in specially painted walls, dull pink for those paintings and drawings exhibited during Constable's lifetime, and grey for those not. However, some of them would have looked better against white or cream, and there was a further disadvantage in that in some cases, for example "The Lock", paintings of the same subject were separated and so difficult to compare.

The climax of the exhibition was of course the full-size canvases which Constable painted towards the end of his career. We appreciated, too, the chance to see full-size oil sketches of some of the paintings, such as "The Leaping Horse". The sketch for this seemed to have more movement and vitality than the finished work. As well as the large works, it was very interesting to see the sketch books, mostly postcard size, in which Constable lovingly captured cloud formation and other natural phenomena. It is fascinating to think that his large paintings grew from such small beginnings. Constable's knowledge and love of what he painted, his determination to express what he saw, were most impressive. As he once wrote, "We see nothing till we truly understand it."

Following the Constable exhibition some of the party returned to school, while the rest went on to watch a performance of Iolanthe given by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. Gilbert's cleverly alliterative second title "The Peer and the Peri", sums up the story admirably. The whole performance was most amusing and entertaining, but the Lord Chancellor, a stand-in for the evening, captured all our hearts with his irrepressible high spirits. The evening provided welcome relaxation after the intellectual stimulation of the afternoon, and the wit and gaiety were most refreshing.

The two visits made a well balanced and extremely enjoyable outing, and we would like to thank Mr. Thorne and Mrs. Holdaway for organising and accompanying the trip.

J.L., J.G.

RUGBY FOOTBALL 1975

1st XV Match Reports, Autumn 1975

v. A CIRENCESTER RUGBY CLUB XV, 14th September (Away).

Playing downhill in the first half we took the lead early on through a penalty goal by T. Longworth, and although Cirencester scored a try soon afterwards, we went ahead immediately with a penalty by Forrest. However, we did not use the wind and slope enough, changed round 10-6 down, and could manage only one more score, T. Longworth kicking a penalty. Cirencester fielded seven first team players, and we put in a highly creditable performance against a very experienced side.

Result: Cirencester R.F.C. XV 20; Rendcomb 9

v. MARLBOROUGH 3RD XV, 20th September (Away)

This was a match we should have won by a far larger margin; that we did not is attributable to general unsteadiness and lack of confidence. However, we showed the team's true capabilities in short bursts, resulting in tries for T. Longworth, D. Brennan, M. Griffiths and R. Weston; T. Longworth and P. Rose converted one each. It was a very

unsatisfactory win, but a win nonetheless.

Result: Marlborough 3rd XV 4; Rendcomb 20

v. KING EDWARD'S, BATH 1ST XV, 27th September (Away)

Playing with the wind and rain at our backs in the first half, we went ahead at once with a try by Rose from a quickly-taken penalty and never looked back. Good play from the backs put Caney over for a try in the corner, and we changed over 8-0 up. By this time the rain had stopped, making handling easier, but we let King Edward's in for a penalty goal and a try. What really won the match was a superb move, switching the ball from one side of the field to the other, then back again for Caney to go over near the corner. However, King Edward's scored a further try, and we had to defend hard to gain our first win over King Edward's for 10 years; a win that was fully deserved.

Result: King Edward's 11; Rendcomb 12

v. DEAN CLOSE 1ST XV, 30th September (Home)

Although Dean Close emerged as clear winners this was a very close and hard-fought match. T. Longworth kicked two good penalties in the first half, but we made two stupid errors within kickable distance and so changed round 6-6. In the second half Griffiths scored a good try, but from then on things slipped. The conversion was ruined, Jon Fletcher left the field injured, and Dean Close ran in three tries, two converted, and a dropped goal. The seven-man pack played superbly, winning more than its share of possession.

Result: Rendcomb 10; Dean Close 25

v. WYCLIFFE 2ND XV, 9th October (Home)

In the first half the two sides were very evenly matched, Wycliffe having rather more of the territorial advantage although we had a couple of good chances. Due to missed penalties by both sides there was no score at half time. Pressure early in the second half gave T. Longworth a penalty goal, soon equalised, but I. Forrest regained the lead almost at once with another penalty. The best move of the game put Caney in for a try and Weston scored another shortly afterwards. Poor tackling let Wycliffe in for a try under the posts on the final whistle, but the overall performance-greatly assisted by vigorous support-was excellent against a very good side.

Result: Rendcomb 14; Wycliffe 9

v. COLSTON'S 1ST XV, 11th October (Away)

Although Colston's were not as good as Wycliffe we played badly and let them control the game. The centres did not take out their opposite numbers quickly enough, and the pack were lacking in aggression. We were 0-3 down at half time, but, despite some good attacks, we let the game slip away.

Result: Colston's 14; Rendcomb 0

v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 2ND XV, 18th October (Home)

With a re-arranged back division we played well and deserved our win. A quickly taken penalty gave us our first try by Rose in the first few minutes well converted by Longworth, but we let Cheltenham come back, and they equalised. In the second half we won a lot of possession from the second phase and scored a second try through Rose, converted by Forrest. A series of well-contrived dummies put Forrest over for a third try; a penalty by T. Longworth completed the scoring. The most encouraging feature of the match was the determination showed by the whole team; in the last minutes Cheltenham pressed hard, but were denied any scores by excellent tackling.

Result: Rendcomb 19; Cheltenham 6

v. KING'S, GLOUCESTER 1ST XV, 5th November (Away)

This was a match we were perfectly capable of winning, but lost through simply playing badly. The tackling was weak, allowing opponents to stay on their feet and rejoin an attack. In the second half, down to 14 men, we fought back well with a try from P. Rose, converted by T. Longworth, and a penalty goal from C. Hussey; however, a breakaway try killed off our hopes, despite a further try by T. Longworth.

Result: King's 24; Rendcomb 13

v. HEREFORD CATHEDRAL 1ST XV, 12th November (Home)

The school played a very good match in all areas of the game, and were too powerful for the visitors. Tries were scored by: R. Weston (2), J. Stupple, C. Hussey, and T. Roberts.

Result: Rendcomb 27; Hereford C.S. 6

v. BURFORD 1ST XV, 19th November (Away)

Again we lost to a weaker side through bad play and not using the wind enough. Several penalties were missed, and the only scores we could manage were a penalty by Forrest and a try by Rose from a short penalty. Typically we played really well in the dying minutes when it was far too late.

Result: Burford 15; Rendcomb 9

v. PRINCE HENRY'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1ST XV, 29th November (Home)

This was one of our best performances, with tries coming from both wings as the result of good passing movements.

The backs were generally far more decisive, resulting in three tries for Hussey and one each for Stuppel and Griffiths. T. Longworth completed the scoring from the base of the scrum, and if we had managed to convert any of our tries or any of our penalty attempts the score would have been a better reflection of the game.
Result: Rendcomb 24; Prince Henry's 3

v. DEER PARK, CIRENCESTER 1ST XV, 3rd December (Home)

After early pressure from Deer Park we scored a good try through Bennett after a penalty movement, and immediately afterwards Griffiths scored an excellent try from the half-way line, running through several tackles; T. Longworth converted it. However, they replied with a try under the posts, and we changed round with the score at 10-6. Soon afterwards T. Longworth went off with a broken collar bone after a very late tackle, and we at once varied our game sufficiently to provide a try for Rose, converted by Hussey. Deer Park scored two more tries due to bad marking and tackling, converting one, and a Hussey penalty won the match for us. This was a bad-tempered game in the second half that we fought hard to win with a depleted side just holding out at the end.
Result: Rendcomb 19; Deer Park 16

v. OLD RENDCOMBIANS' XV, 13th December (Home)

A very strong old boys side controlled the game, especially in the backs where they ran in several tries. There were some rather baffling refereeing decisions but this would by no means have altered the result. Had we been able to field our first choice scrum half it would have made a great difference, but in the event our only scoring chances were from penalty kicks, both just missed by Hussey.
Result: Rendcomb 0; Old Boys 22

M.P.R.R.

Consistency is a difficult objective to reach in any game. This season the 1st XV have won some excellent matches against Wycliffe ends, Cheltenham College ends, King Edward's Bath 1st XV; but they have also lost matches by not playing with the experience gained from such fixtures.

However, Rendcomb has been witness to some of the best rugby played here in several seasons. I am not going to select individuals for special mention, as I feel the whole team played with tremendous enthusiasm and spirit throughout the whole term. I would just like to thank Paul Rose (captain) and Ian Forrest (secretary) for their excellent efforts in organising the team and teams this year.

The college chaplain handed me a book at the beginning of term—"Rugger - Do it this Way", by Mark Sugden and Gerry Hollis, dated 1949. It was not so much for me to read as to be amused at the various photographs in it. However, the summary of the book went as follows:

"Be fit, go hard, play together, counting on possession of the ball as nine-tenths of the art of the game. Add to this determined tackling and speed to exploit opponents' mistakes and rugger becomes open, fast, coherent - a great game to play and a spectacular one to watch."

All potential 1st XV players please note this message from the past!

The following have represented the 1st XV:

Paul Rose (capt.); Jonathan Fletcher; Robert Weston; Jeremy Stuppel; Robert Barrett; Philip Everatt; Roderick Thomson; Martin Griffiths; Robert Stroud; Kevin Barraclough; Timothy Longworth; Ian Forrest; Richard Caney; David Brennan; Owen Davies; Simon Baynham; Alan Bennett; Toby Roberts; Jonathan McGill.

B.J.H.

2nd XV

DURING the last four years, the college 2nd XV has doubled its fixture list to twelve matches, of which half were won this season.

The team had a strong nucleus of players, several of whom had already played 2nd XV rugby, and last year's under 15 XV provided a wealth of talent from which to fill the remaining places. In all, during the season thirty boys represented the college 2nd XV.

A fine team spirit developed as the season progressed due to the leadership of the captain, Peter Walton, and many other tireless individuals who played with a will to win and a determination never to give in. Such players as Cooper, Sinclair, Harris and Longworth all showed these commendable qualities.

The main strength of the team was in the backs who scored twenty-five tries in the twelve games. The forwards often found themselves against heavier packs, but usually managed to hold their own. Several forwards such as Roberts,

McGill, Bennett and Barrett were outstanding in the 2nd XV, and all won places in the college 1st XV sooner or later.

The first match against Marlborough was, as usual, a close one, with Rendcomb achieving a narrow victory due to the powerful running of Hussey, who scored two tries. Dean Close and Wycliffe, two strong rugby schools, provided stern tests and although defeats were sustained in both, the team played very well and was by no means outclassed in either. A trip to Bristol to play Colston's ended in Rendcomb achieving a second victory, closely followed by a third against King's School, Gloucester. The games against Cheltenham College and Bredon School were both exciting, closely fought affairs, the margin between the two sides in each case being a single try.

The second half of the season brought three victories and two losses. The backs, gaining in confidence, ran the ball well and some entertaining open rugby was played. Caney and Sinclair played well in the backs and scored eight tries between them in these games.

My thanks go in particular to Peter Walton who conducted the side admirably both on and off the field, and also to all the players, who provided their spectators with interesting and exciting rugby throughout the season.

The following played: Walton, Sherratt, Roberts, Mackonochie, Rundle, Pulford, Fletcher, Smith, Boothman, McGill, Bennett, Cooper, Barrett, Ferguson, Galtress, Lausch, Longworth N, Mathias, Hussey, Davies, Harris, Allen, Hart, Lee, Troughton, Caney, Stupple, Barraclough, Baynham, Everatt.

Results

v. Marlborough U.16 XV	Won 10-8
v. Dean Close 2nd XV	Lost 0-18
v. Wycliffe 3rd XV	Lost 0-8
v. Colston's 2nd XV	Won 18-9
v. King's School Glos. 2nd XV	Won 24-4
v. Cheltenham College 4th XV	Lost 7-12
v. Bredon School 1st XV	Lost 7-9
v. Dean Close 3rd XV	Lost 4-20
v. Hereford Cathedral 2nd XV	Won 22-0
v. Burford School 2nd XV	Won 30-0
v. Kingham Hill 1st XV	Lost 12-28
v. Cirencester 2nd XV	Won 29-0

Played 12; Won 6; Lost 6; Points for 163; Points against 116.

S.W.J.

U. 15 XV

Results

v. King Edward's School Bath	Lost 0-32
v. Dean Close School	Won 14-4
v. Wycliffe College	Lost 4-24
v. Colston's School	Won 14-0
v. Cheltenham College U.15 B	Won 34-0
v. King's School Glos.	Lost 12-42
v. Hereford Cathedral School	Drawn 10-10
v. Burford School	Lost 3-4
v. Bloxham	Lost 4-18
v. Cirencester School	Won 8-0

Members of the team: Sergison, Cannon, Hitchcock, Evans, Beanland, Nunan, Taylor, Carroll, Jordan, Archer, Masters, Moore, Marlow, Sayers, Haynes, Middlemist, Also played: Portch, Gotley, Ind, Carter.

Despite a number of injuries the team had quite a successful season. Improving as the term went on, an easy run in during the last few matches was expected but the inability to take chances let us down when a victory seemed likely. In the last match, the local derby against Cirencester, we managed to win a very close match by 8 points to nil.

Sergison, Hitchcock, Beanland and Taylor were prominent members of the pack, Archer proved a brave and effective scrum half, and among the backs Moore and Marlow often made penetrating runs.

P.H.

U.14 XV

Results

v. Wycliffe (A)	Lost 0-30
v. Cheltenham Junior School (H)	Won 40-0
v. Bredon (A)	Won 26-6
v. Bloxham (A)	Lost 0-38
v. Burford (H)	Won 14-6
v. Kingham Hill (A)	Won 14-8

Played 6; Won 4; Lost 2. Points for 94; Points against 88.

Despite two heavy defeats by very strong opposition, the U.14 team always played with spirit and skill. The forwards played as a powerful unit and always gave good possession to the backs. They will find as the play becomes less scrappy and the refereeing more reliable, the skills they have developed will be more productive.

Much was owed to the front row of Page, Edwards W. and Adams and to Ind, Duncumb and Ball who all made strong breaks in loose play.

At half-back, Ratcliffe and Hatchwell formed a good partnership with Twinning showing great penetration in the centre and Quick improving rapidly in both defence and attack.

The following played: Ind (capt.), Adams, Bull, Duncumb, Edwards W., Fidler, Hatchwell, Page, Pitt, Quick, Radford, Ratcliffe, Sherwin, Twinning, Tudor and Wilcox.

Also played: Allen, Harris M., Williams and Trigger.

D.A.H.

U.13 XV

Results

v. King's School Glos. (H)	Lost 13-20
v. Cheltenham College B (H)	Won 14-8
v. Oakley Hall 1st XV (A)	Lost 4-20

The team this season was drawn solely from Form 2. With illness and injury it meant that practically everyone in the form was involved, be it as captain, scrum-leader, player, touch-judge, travelling reserve or simply, but importantly, as vociferous spectator!

Though there were few outstanding individuals, the team played well against older opposition and with considerable spirit. The foundation has been laid for what should be a fairly successful team next season.

R.K.

HOCKEY 1976

1st XI Match Reports

v. COLSTON'S 1st XI, January 22nd (home) .

This was a very hard fought match, and provided a tremendous boost for the rest of the season. Colston's probably had more skill but our superior work rate and team spirit won the match for us. It was a fine achievement to win after being led three times. Scorers: Stuppel 2, Sinclair, Griffiths.

Won 4 - 3

v. KING EDWARD'S BATH 1st XI, January 31st (away).

This was the first time the majority of the team had played on a hard pitch and we were somewhat bewildered with the different style of hockey. A lucky goal from Mathias gave us our only score. Passes were struck too hard, and we never really mastered the speed of the game.

Lost 4 - 1

v. MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE 3rd XI, February 3rd: Cancelled.

v. PRINCE HENRY'S Evesham 1st XI, February 7th: Cancelled.

v. KING'S SCHOOL Gloucester 1st XI, February 18th (home)

This was a match which we thoroughly deserved to win on our performance. Passes were struck and stopped well and the team blended effectively. An enjoyable match. Scorer: T. Longworth.

Won 1 - 0

v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 2nd XI, February 24th (home)

Although we only won by a single goal one felt there was never any doubt about the outcome. There were several excellent build ups, and many shots were stopped on the line or deflected past their goal. Scorer: Sinclair 2.

Won 2 - 1

v. CRYPT SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER 1st XI, February 28th (home)

This was a very frustrating game indeed. Our forwards totally dominated most of the game, and were unlucky not to score more than 3 goals. The defence, though, were caught unawares, once in the first half and twice in quick succession in the second half, each time resulting in a breakaway goal. This was undoubtedly a match which should have been won. Scorers: Stupple 2, Thomson.

Drew 3 - 3

v. BROCKWORTH 1st XI, March 3rd (away)

This was perhaps one of our best matches of the season. It was played on a hard pitch, an immediate disadvantage, but on this occasion the pitch was very soon mastered. We scored an early goal through a short corner by Stupple but very quickly lost this advantage with Brockworth scoring two goals in rapid succession. However, we equalised just before half-time with an easy goal from Mathias set up by a left-wing attack. A final individual goal from Thomson secured the match for us and we deserved the win.

Won 3 - 2

v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL, March 10th (home)

A hard fought match which tended to become rather violent with tempers getting somewhat frayed due to some controversial umpiring decisions. The two full backs played an excellent game, not conceding a goal. Goals from Stupple (penalty stroke) and Thomson gave us a win.

Won 2 - 0

v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL 1st XI, March 13th (home)

A match in which we were soundly beaten by a far superior side who included several junior county players. It was a match, however, in which I feel everybody learnt a great deal about hockey; we had as much of the game territorially in the second half and ought to have scored. Congratulations to Bloxham.

Lost 6 - 0

v. DEAN CLOSE 2nd XI, March 16th (away)

A general lack of determination, together with the difficulties of playing on a hard pitch, lost us the match. Not a performance to remember.

Lost 3 - 0

v. OLD RENDCOMBIANS, March 27th (home)

The old boys selected a strong side, clearly bent on avenging last year's defeat. We were two goals down in the first few minutes and seldom touched our best form against a skilful team who played surprisingly well together and whose half-backs dominated. Poor finishing ruined the chances we had, especially in the second half, but the result was a just one.

Lost 4 - 0

Overall it has been a very successful season, matches being won against extremely good opponents. In several matches our performance has not been truly reflected in the final score.

Team spirit has been high throughout the season and many matches were won by sheer effort. My thanks go to all the team for their co-operation.

Richard Yeats has played superbly in goal all season. He has improved rapidly and made some magnificent saves. Philip Everatt has been a most reliable full back with a very strong tackle and is extremely quick to cover back. Peter Walton and Robert Stroud have competed for the other full back position all season, Walton with a great deal of skill and experience but less mobility than Stroud. Ian Forrest and Nick Longworth have both played consistently well all season; they are both extremely quick and have a very firm hit.

John Sinclair has improved enormously, gaining in skill and experience although having difficulty in stopping the ball on some occasions. Tim Longworth has been much happier as an inside this year than as a wing last year. He has set up many fine goals but at the same time has done a great deal of covering. Roderick Thomson has played with a great deal

of enthusiasm and aggression, continually pressurising the opposing goalkeeper, even if many of his shots tended to go wide. Martin Griffiths has used his speed as an inside to great advantage, covering almost as a halfback, and has used his skill to set up many scoring chances. On several occasions he has played for Gloucestershire Under 19 XI. Andrew Mathias, although somewhat hesitant at the beginning of the season, has used his skill to score several good goals, but really needs a little more speed. He has played for the Gloucestershire U.16 XI on several occasions on the left wing.

My thanks to Mr. Holt for his coaching and umpiring, Mr. Essenhigh for the superb condition of the pitch considering the number of home matches we have played, and to the games committee for their help and co-operation.

The following represented the 1st XI: Jeremy Stupple (capt.); Martin Griffiths (vice capt. and secretary); Roderick Thomson; Ian Forrest; Peter Walton; Robert Stroud; Timothy Longworth; Richard Yeats; Philip Everatt; Nicholas Longworth; John Sinclair; Andrew Mathias; Anthony Flambard; Owen Davies; Robert Barrett.

J.S.

As the above comments imply, it has been a successful season in which all boys benefited from the exceptional amount of hockey played on true, firm pitches.

At one point in mid-season (Played 7, Won 5, Drawn 1, Lost 1) the 1st XI threatened to achieve a particularly impressive record but the last three matches, two against very strong opposition and one on an unfamiliar all-weather surface, were all lost and the final tally was about average. The perennial problem of turning constructive midfield moves into goals seemed to be more acute than ever this year and some of our more powerful opponents showed yet again that, in all phases of the game, there is no substitute for skilful stickwork and that such flair comes only with dedication and individual practice. Our small numbers and lack of an all-weather pitch are formidable built-in disadvantages, and one suspects that real progress will come only with greater spare time use of the asphalt and greater individual determination to improve basic skills. Certainly at times this year's 1st XI, well led by Jeremy Stupple (now an established half-back in the Glos. Under 19 side), showed the way - though with the school projectionists showing such varied films on match Saturdays as "Bedazzled", "Ooh, You are Awful" and "A Touch of Class", perhaps consistency of performance could not be expected !

One useful innovation has been the use made on Monday afternoons of the Cirencester sports centre, excellent for improving skills and reflexes. Another helpful trend has been the arranging of more matches for the 3rd XI and for the youngest boys in the college, under the keen guidance of Messrs. Essenhigh, Hembry and White. The idea is to give more boys experience of the pleasures and satisfactions of match conditions and we hope that fixtures at these levels will now become firmly established.

Grateful thanks are due, firstly, to all the hockey staff for much time and effort; secondly, to David Essenhigh for the many hours spent maintaining the high standard of no less than seven pitches; and, thirdly, to Jeremy Stupple for all his assistance as hockey captain this season.

J.N.H.

2nd XI

Results

v. Colston's School 2nd XI (H)	Drawn 1 - 1
v. King Edward's, Bath 2nd XI (A)	Drawn 2 - 2
v. Prince Henry's, Evesham (H)	Cancelled
v. Marlborough College (H)	Cancelled
v. Bredon School 1st XI (H)	Won 3 - 1
v. King's School, Gloucester 2nd XI (H)	Lost 1 - 2
v. Cheltenham College 3rd XI (H)	Lost 2 - 4
v. Crypt School, Gloucester 2nd XI (H)	Won 15 - 0
v. Brockworth School 2nd XI (A)	Won 12 - 0
v. Bloxham School 2nd XI (H)	Won 4 - 3
v. Dean Close School 3rd XI (A)	Drawn 0 - 0
v. Old Rendcombians 2nd XI (H)	Lost 0 - 1

Once again unusually good weather has made for a full season's keenly contested and enjoyable hockey. Several members of the team have improved their game steadily throughout the season, most of whom will surely be playing in the 1st XI next year, which will be severely depleted by departures this year. Amongst these must be mentioned M. Holloway, O. Davies, C. Lee, A. Mackonochie, R. Caney in goal, and of course skipper Robert Barrett who played a sound game always and did much to hold the team together.

After the first half of the season of hard, evenly contested games going either way, but by no great margins, they

might have been spoiled by two heavy wins in mismatched fixtures. In the event their next game was their greatest success. Against a superior side they were 3 down inside fifteen minutes and looked set for a heavy defeat; pulling their game together they eventually wrested the initiative and won in the closing minutes.

The season closed with a narrow and worthy defeat by the Old Rendcombians.

J.R.D.

3rd XI

Results

v. Bredon School 2nd XI (H)	Won 5 - 3
v. King's, Gloucester 3rd XI (H)	Won 6 - 1
v. Cheltenham College 4th XI (A)	Lost 1 - 3

J.N.H.

Under 15 XI

Results

v. Colston's School (H)	Won 3 - 1
v. King Edward's School, Bath (H)	Lost 1 - 2
v. King's School, Gloucester (H)	Lost 1 - 2
v. Marlborough U.15B (H)	Lost 1 - 2
v. Cheltenham College U.15 team (A)	Lost 2 - 3
v. Brockworth School (A)	Won 3 - 0
v. Bloxham School (H)	Lost 1 - 3

As the results show, all the matches were closely fought. What they do not show, is the fact that the performance of the team deteriorated during the term. After playing well in the first three matches the U.15 team failed to produce the same standard of play in the later matches.

Although several players gave good performances, the team as a whole did not show the necessary application and determination in critical situations.

Carroll was a very sound goalkeeper; Middlemist and Hitchcock strong in both defence and attack; Haynes had the ability to snap up goal opportunities; and Sayers showed his skill when he moved to the right wing.

The following played for the Under 15's: G. Moore (capt.), N. Carroll, S. Brennan, N. Taylor, C. Hitchcock, M. Middlemist, A. Jordan, P. Sayers, P. Evans, R. Portch, P. Haynes and P. Harris.

In practice matches, Carter, Gwilliam, Hall, H-Gotley and Weaver showed some skill and often played with greater spirit than the team members.

D.A.H.

Under 14 XI

Results

v. Colston's (H), January 22nd	Lost 7 - 2
v. King Edward's, Bath (H), January 31st	Won 4 - 1
v. Bredon U.15 (H), February 11th	Lost 3 - 2
v. Marlborough (H), February 24th	Lost 7 - 2
v. Cheltenham (A), February 28th	Lost 10 - 0
v. King's, Glos. (A), March 13th	Won 5 - 1
v. Dean Close (A), March 16th	Cancelled
v. Bloxham (H), March 10th	Lost 8 - 0

The quite favourable weather this term has resulted in only one of the eight matches being cancelled. Unfortunately, the team's performance has been much less favourable, with only two wins and five losses.

At the start of the season it was difficult to pick a team, as there seemed to be two or three players equally suitable for most of the positions. Alas, this apparent good omen was inaccurate. Although several players have put in consistent and reliable performances (including two for whom hockey was a new game), the team as a whole has lacked co-ordination and punch, particularly in the circle.

The highlight of the season came on a bitterly cold Saturday afternoon, when with an east wind howling across our

frozen pitch, we played fast open hockey, to win a well deserved victory.

Team: J. Quick, G. Adams, R. Tudor, J. Ratcliffe, R. Page, W. Edwards, M. Twinning, N. Marlow, K. Nunan, D. Ind, J. Duncomb.

The following also played for the team: A. Fiddler, R. Pitt, B. Hatchwell, M. Webb, P. Lorenzen.

K.G.T.

SQUASH RACKETS

Captain: Christmas Term: Paul Rose.
Lent Term: Kevin Barraclough.

Results

CHRISTMAS TERM

1st V v. Cheltenham College 1st V (away). Won 3 - 2

(P. Rose, K. Barraclough and I. Forrest won at nos. 1, 2 and 4 respectively)

1st V v. King's School, Gloucester 1st V (home). Won 4 - 1.

(J. Stupple, I. Forrest, P. Lyons and R. Hudson won at nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 respectively)

1st V v. Belmont Abbey School 1st V (home). Lost 2 - 3.

(K. Barraclough and P. Lyons won at nos. 2 and 5 respectively).

1st V v. Cirencester S.R.C. (away). Lost 0 - 5.

1st V v. Cheltenham College 1st V (away, 2nd round of the National Schools' Tournament) Won 5 - 0.

(P. Rose, K. Barraclough, J. Stupple, I. Forrest and P. Lyons all won).

2nd V v. Cheltenham College 2nd V (away). Lost 0 - 5.

LENT TERM

1st V v. Malvern College 1st V (home, 3rd round of the National Schools' Tournament). Lost 1 - 4

(I. Forrest won at no. 4).

1st V v. Cheltenham College 1st V (home). Lost 2 - 3.

(K. Barraclough and P. Lyons won at nos. 1 and 4 respectively).

1st V v. Belmont Abbey School 1st V (away). Won 3 - 2.

(J. Stupple, I. Forrest and P. Lyons won at nos. 2, 3 and 4 respectively).

1st V v. King's School, Gloucester 1st V (away). Won 3 - 2.

(I Forrest, W. Henniker-Gotley and J. Sinclair won at nos. 2, 3 and 5 respectively).

2nd V v. Cheltenham College 2nd V (home). Lost 0 - 5.

K.J.K.

WEST OF ENGLAND JUNIOR JUDO CHAMPIONSHIPS

Pinehurst Sports Centre, Swindon, Saturday 10th September, 1975

FOUR of the five Rendcomb competitors, S. Tyler, S. Hewitt, J. Archer and D. Sayers were eliminated in the preliminary rounds, though J. McGill went on to lose in the quarter finals. We had hoped, however, that R. Caney would have obtained a better result, but he had to withdraw at the last minute to play rugby for the 1st XV.

There was a good turn-out for the championships and consequently it proved to be a long and drawn out day. We thought the fighting system could have been improved by the wider use of the p.a. systems as there was a risk of being eliminated by not hearing your name called out. Also we had to wait for about three or four hours before fighting and then some of us had to fight two opponents in a row.

Apart from the organisation problem it was generally felt to have been a worthwhile experience.

We should like to thank Mr. Thorne for taking us and giving us advice and moral support throughout the day.

S.G.H.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

DURING the lent term the junior house competed in the Gloucestershire Schools' under 13 cross country league. The competition consisted of three meetings, at each of which fourteen teams - about ninety runners - took part. Against strong opposition the Rendcomb team finished creditably in third position.

The team performances were: 3rd at Sir Thomas Rich's School; 5th at Whitefriars School; 2nd at Marling School.

Individual performances were: Simon Knapp (6th, 7th, 4th); Adrian White (13th, 17th, 9th); Callum Dick (12th, 18th, 11th); Calum Watson (26th, 25th, 25th); Timothy Evans (33rd, 33th, 26th); Graham Bocking (34th, 39th, 27th); Robin Webb (51st, 47th, 36th); David Lee (44th, 53rd, 51st); Richard Dunwoody (90th, 67th, 57th).

K.J.K.

GIRLS' SPORT

THE girls' sport has flourished this year, and perhaps most indicative of the overwhelming enthusiasm that everyone has shown is that it has increased considerably to include swimming and hockey, as well as squash and netball. With the increased variety, organisation has become more difficult and I would like to thank everyone for their co-operation, in particular Jane Wilson and Taryn Nixon for their assistance with the squash and hockey respectively.

Netball

This still remains our major sport, the enthusiasm having been sufficient to maintain a second team throughout the season. The first team suffered its usual quota of injuries; we were very sorry to lose Sue Pritchard, a very promising player, who has missed most of the season due to a knee injury. I can appreciate how she feels having missed part of it myself! However, despite all, the netball has been much enjoyed, and we have had some very competitive matches, the most enjoyable being against Dean Close and Wycliffe. The overall results of the season show that we have managed to maintain the standard of previous years.

First Team: Alice Parshall, Ann Rickards, Sara Freeman, Jane Wilson, Tessa Wolferstan (capt.), Mandy Jones, Jacqui Crowhurst.

Second Team: Taryn Nixon, Rosie Beckett, Juliette Chapman, Wendy Hewitt, Lucy Cullen, Jane Lyons, Sarah Robinson.

Also played: Vicky Joel, Dawn Mackonochie, Clare Gardner-Medwin.

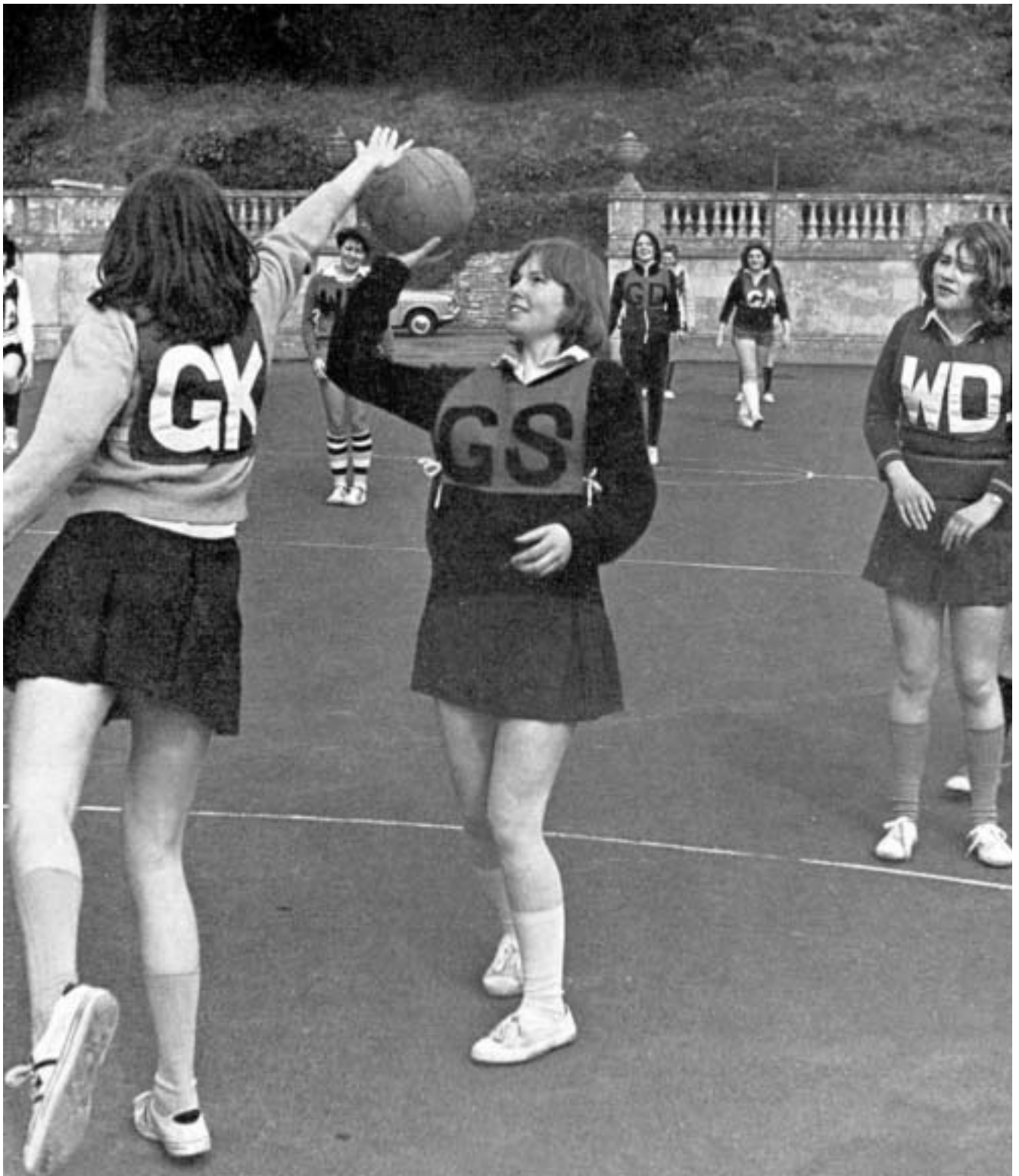
Results

<i>First Team</i>	WINTER TERM	SPRING TERM
v. Cirencester School	Won 17 - 3	Won 21 - 4
v. Dean Close	Drew 28 - 28	Lost 21 - 23
v. St. Clothilde's	Lost 10 - 20	Lost 11 - 19
v. Hatherop Castle	Won 34 - 6	Won 15 - 11
v. Wycliffe	Won 27 - 14	Won 20 - 14
v. Burford	Won 13 - 4	-
v. St. Mary's, Wantage	Won 16 - 13	Cancelled
v. Malmesbury	-	Won 24 - 6
<i>Second Team</i>		
v. St. Mary's, Wantage	Won 20 - 8	-
v. Hatherop Castle	-	Won 28 - 6
v. St. Clothilde's	-	Lost 9 - 17
v. Dean Close	-	Won 20 - 8

Squash

Although the team found they had little time for practice they managed to put up a reasonable fight against the Marlborough girls, despite the disappointing results. There was also a very good match against Pate's Grammar School. Alice, in particular, has played a very good game.

Team: Alice Parshall, Jane Wilson, Taryn Nixon, Jacqui Crowhurst, Lucy Brain, Wendy Hewitt



Results

	WINTER TERM	SPRING TERM
v. Marlborough	Lost 0-5	Lost 1-4
v. Pate's	-	Drew 3-3

Hockey

This year has been historic for girls' hockey in that it is the first year in which there has been a sufficiently large number of hockey enthusiasts with which to maintain a team. Considering the difficulties arising from several of the girls being new to the game, also a lack of time and pitches for practice, the results have been reasonable. Our greatest fiasco was losing 3 - 0 to the Rendcomb second form team! Nevertheless, the game has been enjoyed and I hope it will continue next year, and become more successful.

Team members : Sarah Robinson, Juliette Chapman, Wendy Hewitt, Sara Freeman, Rosemary Beckett, Jacqui Crowhurst, Tessa Wolferstan, Mary Harvey, Veronica Thresh, Jane Wilson, Taryn Nixon, Lucy Brain, Lucy Cullen.

Results

v. Hatherop Castle	Won 2 - 1
v. St. Clothilde's	Lost 1 - 6
v. Marlborough	Lost 1 - 2
v. Burford	Lost 0 - 2
v. Dean Close	Won 3 - 0

Swimming

This does not rate as a major sport, especially in the cold weather, but sudden enthusiasm resulted in a gala against Dean Close in the luxury of their indoor heated pool. The contest was very close, but we unfortunately lost the final race which cost us victory (70 - 76). It is hoped that there will be several swimming galas in the summer term.

Team: Alice Parshall, Tessa Wolferstan, Clare Gardner-Medwin, Lucy Brain, Taryn Nixon, Sue Pritchard.

Finally, I would like to thank Mrs. Holdaway for all the help and encouragement she has given us throughout the year.

T. W.

Much of the success of the girls' sport, particularly of the 1st netball team, who have only lost three matches during the season is due to the competence and enthusiasm of the girls' secretary, Tessa Wolferstan. All the teams are most grateful to her for her help.

C.A.H.

OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES

THE O.R. newsletter will be sent out in April and will contain the main news from old Rendcombians over the last year.

Old Boys' News

GERALD HARRISON (1953 - 60)

Ruskin College, Oxford, has decided to institute an annual lecture in memory of Gerald Harrison, formerly a lecturer at the college, who was killed in an accident in Yugoslavia in 1974. The first lecture, given by Raymond Williams of Cambridge last November, was attended by many of G's friends and former pupils. A fund is to be opened by Ruskin College to finance the expenses of the lectures and some of G's friends may care to contribute to this.

* * * *

Some news of recent leavers

Isobel Bartlett	Medical School (1976)
Sally Blyth	Royal Holloway College, history.
Nigel Bradbury	St. Catherine's College, Oxford (1976).
Charlotte Brain	University of Leeds, biochemistry.
Norman Crowe	University of Leeds, accountancy.
Jonathan Dixon	Bristol Old Vic Theatre School.
Andrea Don	St. Andrew's University, biochemistry.
Richard Evans	University of Leeds, history.
Jonathan Fletcher	St. John's College, Oxford, electrical engineering (1976).
Annabel Goodenough	Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, agriculture.
Stuart Honeyball	Sheffield University, mathematics (1976).
Henrietta Hooper	Newnham College, Cambridge, medicine.
Michael James	University of Leeds, social sciences.
Desmond Knox	Hatfield Polytechnic, general arts degree (1976).
Peter Lace	Durham University, law (1976).
Phillip Lamphree	Trinity College, Oxford, p.p.e. (1976).
Catherine Ledger	University of Sussex, humanities (1976).
Sandy Macginnis	Oxford Polytechnic, bilingual secretarial course.
Suzanne Marston	Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, English (1976).
Clive Mathias	Exeter University, law.
Andrew Medhurst	Banking.
Peter Millard	University of Leeds, marine biology.
Sarah Oughton	City of London Polytechnic, bilingual secretarial course.
Steven Pendell	Exeter University, law.
Bruce Pritchett	University of Manchester, accountancy.
Stephen Bolt (Reason)	Leicester University, biology.
Paul Rose	Hertford College, Oxford, history (1976).
Peter Sayers	University of Bath, mathematics.
Lilli Schnitzer	Secretarial course in South Africa.
Ian Taylor	Sound recordist.
Robert Weston	Southampton University, philosophy (1976).
Jackie Wilson	Newcastle University, accountancy.
Deborah Yates	Newnham College, Cambridge (1976).
Simon Fear	Hereford Technical College.
Nigel Raymont	Solihull Technical College.
Martin Hamer	Worcester Technical College
Nicholas Smith	Welbeck College.

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