

# THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE



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## EDITORIAL

DOES the typical Rendcombian exist? The school has always prided itself, rightly, on its ability to nurture individuality and to avoid the public school stereotype; but at the end of the day the individuality may conceal real inadequacies, while the stereotype may be so amorphous a concept as to be meaningless.

Is the Rendcombian leaver competent or, indeed, anxious to think seriously for himself or talk to others in areas beyond the immediate confines of his 'A' level course? How well is he able to conduct himself as guest or host? What has he read voluntarily from the school's well-stocked library during his last two or three years here? Which newspaper does he choose to read, and what kind of music does he habitually listen to? What use has he made of the school's sporting and other facilities? Is he gracious and considerate (of people and property) or boorish and gauche?

One is perhaps provoked into such jaundiced questioning by the feeble number of contributions to this magazine from the senior part of the school—analyses of these contributions and the library register would between them probably provide a fair measure of the intellectual initiative of any Rendcomb Sixth Form—and by the persistent, un-Avilion gloom of this term's weather. Was there ever a summer term here when so often batsman faced bowler with chilled, damp hands, when the Churn wandered so sadly, or when those travel brochures so alluringly beckoned?

## MISCELLANEA

A sponsored cross-country walk to gain funds for Cirencester Hospital took place on Sunday, 30th April. 131 boys participated and the large sum of £550 was ultimately raised—this money will be spent on an oxygen resuscitator unit and a colour television for the children's ward. Conceivably some future Rendcombians could, aptly, benefit thus from the foot-slogging efforts of their 1972 ancestors. Thanks are due to Mr. Willson, whose carefully marked diagrams made life comparatively easy for all but the most moronic map readers. One walker's impression of the event appears elsewhere in this issue.

\* \* ➤

On Saturday, 6th May, the foundation stone of the new Sixth Form Boarding House was laid by His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, K.G., P.C., G.C.V.O. In a short speech His Grace, who of course is closely associated with Gloucestershire, showed his appreciation of the College's success over the years and the special link Rendcomb has traditionally had with the county.

\* \* ➤

The Boarding House itself springs up apace and its basic outline is already clear. We are meanwhile expecting to welcome 10 or 11 girl entrants into the Sixth Form in September; these will be temporarily accommodated in staff houses in the village prior to the official opening of the Boarding House in 1973.

\* \* ➤

On 11th May a small group went to London for a performance of *Godspell* and returned full of enthusiasm for the production.

\*

On 13th May, Professor W. D. Paton, F.R.S., of Balliol College, Oxford, gave an informal talk to the Sixth Form on "Drugs."

\* \* ➤

Preachers this term have included: The Headmaster; The Rev. E. G. Miles, Area

Secretary of U.S.P.G.; The Rev. I. W. Marchant, Vicar of Hawkesbury; The Rev. J. J. A. Newman, Vicar of Shrivenham; The Rev. Stuart Prax, Curate of St. Mary's, Charlton Kings; The Rev. A. J. Holloway, Chaplain of St. Paul's College of Education, Cheltenham.

\* \* ❧

On 14th May, a mixed group visited Sudely Castle, Winchcombe, while on 4th June there were visits to Blenheim Palace and to the Cotswold Farm Park. A further group went to the Cotswold Farm Park also on 6th July.

\* \* ❧

A Sixth Form group went to the Royal Shakespeare Theatre on 15th May for a performance of *Coriolanus*. There are similar visits next term for R.S.C. productions of *Antony and Cleopatra* and *The Comedy of Errors*.

\* \* ❧

Some of the school's keen card players had their prayers answered again in the final week of term when Mr. White organised a small staff/boys contract bridge match and a large whist drive on consecutive evenings. The winners at the former were Mr. White and K. Stuckey while at the latter, held in the Assembly Hall, the prizes were won by P. Sayers and R. Stroud. No information about the winners of the two booby prizes has been received as yet.

\* \* ❧

On 19th May, Sixth Form Zoologists attended, in Cirencester, films shown by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, while on the following day a mixed Sixth Form group visited the A.E.R.E. at Harwell.

\* \* ❧

A Sixth Form dance was held in the gym (probably for the first time in the College's history) on 1st July. The Delicate Goddess Disco and the school group (D. Shield, M. Findlay and C. Findlay) provided the music. On the last Saturday of term (8th July)

a Fourth Form dance was held, of necessity, in the Art Room, and various preparations, including discreet draping or removing of 'dubious' statues, were hastily made before the arrival of a party of girls from Westonbirt School for the successful occasion.

There was a more comprehensive attempt this term to occupy those who had finished their G.C.E. examinations. A number of lectures were, for example, given by staff to the Fifth Form on topics as diverse as "Spain," "Tattooing," "British Weather," "The Life Cycle of the Atlantic Salmon," "Wine" and "Continental Travel." There was also a course of lectures on "Church Architecture" followed by a visit to local churches to see theory translated into practice.

\* \* ❧

As part of the above attempt a number of outings were arranged for the last Monday of term, 3rd July. A Third and Fourth form party went to a local aluminium factory, some Sixth Form Scientists went to the B.B.C. in London, Sixth Form Economists visited the House of Commons and relished the blend of acrimony and banter, while a mixed party went to Bath to watch the Somerset v. Australians cricket match.

\* \* ❧

A large number of studies have been decorated recently by boys. All rooms in the Study Block and twelve study bedrooms on the Upper Deck have been given a new lease of life in tasteful pastel hues.

\*

The new science laboratories are now finished and will be in action in September. They should certainly provide a colourful and useful addition to the College's amenities.

\* \* ❧

On 25th May, a Third and Fourth Form group went to the Playhouse, Cheltenham, for a production of *Iolanthe*.

During the last few days of term Radio Rendcomb went on the air with a range of about 75 yards and a small team of aspiring disc jockeys.

The appalling weather this term has meant that the swimming pool has rarely been used, probably even less than last year-this in itself provides a strong argument for heating the pool as soon as possible.

\* \* \*

On 8th June, the Second Form went on a short tour of some of the Welsh Castles. White Castle, Skenfrith Castle and the particularly impressive Goodrich Castle were all visited and some notes and photographs were taken.

\* \* \*

Niven Boyd, one of the Editors, is among the leavers this term; we thank him for his help and wish him well in the future. Edward ("Syd") Parsons has also left for the third time, having been a possible leaver at the end of both the Summer Term and the Winter Term 1971; he claims that this equals the College record and has enabled him to consume a healthy amount of leaver's beverages.

\* \* \*

The photographs for this issue were taken by Angus Robertson, who is also a leaver. His departure will mean a gap the magazine can ill afford for he has been one of our photographic mainstays for some time; let us hope that other talented enthusiasts come forward now with cameras at the ready. The various drawings for this issue were done by Peter Millard, Niven Boyd, Cameron Findlay and Timothy Ingles, to all of whom we extend our thanks

\* \* \*

The College paid its tribute on the last Sunday of term to Ralph Vaughan Williams, who was born in nearby Down Ampney in 1872. Morning service used his music exclusively and there was a concert of his music in the afternoon in the gymnasium, where the varied programme consisted of: *Let us now praise famous men; He that is down; O taste and see; The souls of the righteous; Prelude on the Song 13 of Orlando Gibbons; Songs of Travel* (settings of poems by R. L. Stevenson); *Fantasia on Greensleeves* ' ; *The Old Hundredth*, as arranged for the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.

## COLLEGE OFFICERS

### Summer Term, 1972

*Senior Prefect*—R. Mace

*Prefects*—N. Boyd, R. G. L. Roberts, B. L. M. Smith, J. M. Tyler

*Public Workman*—R. Ingles

*Church Usbers*—B. L. M. Smith, D. Wiggall, J. Whiteside

*Librarians*—R. G. L. Roberts, C. Partridge, G. J. Dorey, C. Horton, P. Lamphée

*Music Librarians*—C. Probert, B. M. Robertson, A. J. Pitt

*Bell Ringers*—M. Brown (Tower Captain), J. Smith, C. Horton, D. Pearce, M. Pitt, P. Walton

*Senior Stagemen* — A. C. Robertson, N. E. Hance

*Stagemen*—K. Underdown, A. Pearce, B. G. Fisher, W. Hall, M. Denley, N. Crowe, P. Sayers, I. Taylor, R. Weston, S. Bushell

*Editors*—N. Boyd, G. J. Dorey, M. Brown (Meeting Editor), M. Findlay

*Cricket Captain*—B. Smith

*Games Committee*—D. Wiggall (Secretary), D. Pearce, J. Tyler

*Cross-Country Captain*—D. Jenner

*Squash Captain*—B. Smith

*Tennis Captain*—A. Pearce

*Senior Shopman*—C. Partridge

*Junior Shopmen*—P. Lamphée, A. Medhurst

*Entertainments Committee*—C. Yuvaboon, K. Stuckey, M. Findlay, D. Pearce, M. Griffiths

*Nominations Committee*—N. Boyd, R. Roberts, B. Smith

*Rule Committee*—N. Hance, K. Stuckey, J. Smith

*Paperman*—M. James

*Breakages Man*—C. Mathias

*Record Warden*—P. Graham

*Cycle Committee*—J. Whiteside, S. Honeyball, N. Bradbury

*Food Committee* - M. Garland-Collins, P. Graham, B. Mann

*Table Tennis Committee*—T. Stroud, P. Millard, T. Longworth

*Film Committee*—N. Hance, D. Barling

*Dance Committee*—R. Morris, N. Boyd, M. Bircher, N. Hance, C. Higgins

*Amplifier Technicians*—D. Shield, J. Russell

*Junior Advocate*—C. Probert

*Sledge Committee*—P. Walton, R. Yeats, B. Russell

*Cricket Games Wardens*—N. Crowe, B. Pritchett, J. Stuppel

*O.S. Rugby G.W.*—T. Hoskin

*O.S. Hockey G.W.*—P. W. Smith

*Badminton and Squash Warden*—D. Pearce

*Tennis Games Wardens*—N. Lumby, A. Otter

*Broom Warden*—P. Sayers

*Furniture Man*—P. Lace

*Billiards Committee*—P. Graham, K. Underdown, D. Wiggall

*Meeting Editor*—M. Brown

## MEETING OFFICERS

*Chairman*—D. Jenner

*Secretary*—J. Whiteside

*Council*—N. Boyd, R. Roberts, D. Jenner, M. Brown, B. Smith

*M.A.C.*—R. Roberts, R. Pearce, B. Smith

*Meeting Banker*—G. Dorey

*Boys' Banker*—K. Stuckey

*Shop Banker*—J. Millard

## MEETING NOTES

AGAIN, this term, the General Meeting has continued in the mature mood which it has acquired over the last year. Meeting business has been dealt with briskly and the frivolity which used to be so apparent is now faded. The Headmaster has attended almost every meeting held since he came to Rendcomb, and there is no doubt that this is a steadying influence.

There were few major topics discussed by the Meeting this term, but at the end of the term the Meeting finances were thoroughly reviewed by the Banker. This duty had been neglected over the last year, and there were some surprises.

The Headmaster did mention to the Meeting that the system of extra nominations was unsuccessful, and it was in fact amended so that all extra nominations are approved by the Headmaster before being announced.

M.J.B.

## LIBRARY NOTES

THE chief task of the term has been the renovation of the Fiction Section. Some 150 books have been moved to the Senior House Library. A further 160, books most unlikely to appeal to the tastes of present-day Rendcombians, have been removed altogether, leaving some much needed space on the fiction shelves. Well over 200 new books have been added and a further 100 are due back from the binder's for insertion next term.

The Art, English and Biology sections are also being reviewed, a process which will be completed next term.

We are most grateful to Professor Douglas Dakin, O.R., for presenting a copy of his latest book, "The Unification of Greece, 1770-1923."

The Librarians have done a considerable amount of work this term. Unfortunately they have not received the support of those who use the library. It is clear that the running of an open library, such as we have at Rendcomb, depends for its success on the co-operation of everyone concerned.

D.de G.S.



## MUSIC NOTES

Music at Rendcomb continued to flourish during the Summer Term, in spite of frequent intrusions upon practice times made by the five-week sequence of public and internal examinations. As is now generally known, 1972 is the centenary of the birth of Ralph Vaughan Williams, and both choir and orchestra performed much of his music as an act of homage to one who so enriched England's musical heritage and has thus had such a profound effect on Rendcomb's music.

As a new venture, parts of Vaughan Williams's settings of the Communion and morning services were performed in church on Sundays. These, with a distinct part for the congregation as well as for the choir, enlivened the services considerably.

On the last Sunday of term, a special Vaughan Williams commemoration service was held in which all the music sung was written by him.

A Vaughan Williams concert was also held at the end of term. Here the choir sang a motet, *O Taste and See*, and also two anthems, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* and *The Souls of the Righteous*. M. Garland-Collins sang *The Woodcutter's Song*, an arrangement of a poem by John Bunyan, while J. Scawin played the flute *obbligato*. J. Smith and A. Pitt performed a duet on viola and piano, the *Prelude to Song Thirteen* by Orlando Gibbons.

A highlight of the concert was David Shield's recital of *The Songs of Travel*, a poem-cycle by Robert Louis Stevenson, set to music by Vaughan Williams. These were particularly enjoyed. The school orchestra then played the *Fantasia on Greensleeves*, which they performed with a proficiency which surprised and pleased the audience. Finally, Vaughan Williams's setting of the popular hymn *All People that on Earth do Dwell* was sung by choir and audience accompanied by the orchestra.

Amongst other anthems sung by the choir on Sunday mornings, *O Quam Gloriosum*, by Vittoria, and *Sicut Cervus*, by Palestrina, were especially well received. C.P.

## BELL-RINGING NOTES

UNFORTUNATELY this year the band has been unable to enter any competitions, as it has been a time of recuperation after the loss of two senior members in the summer of last year. However, it is hoped that the opportunities will arise now that we have raised our standard of ringing.

The Rendcomb band has at last broken from the confines of the Grandsire method, and returned to the Bob method, but Stedman and the Minor methods are still for the future.

Once again the credit for much of our achievement goes to Miss Bliss, who regularly and unfailingly comes to help and encourage the band here at Rendcomb.

M.J.B.

## GARDENING NOTES

DESPITE wet, windy weather during almost every session, the two squads have, as usual, done much useful work.

This year the daffodils were particularly good, including those newly planted in rough grass; this followed an earlier display of potted daffodils indoors. We were able to give more attention to greenhouse work this term and, as a result of special feeding, produced some of the best geraniums we have had; the fuschias and pelargoniums also came on well. About 300 plants were put out in the urns and elsewhere. The roses, after a severe pruning in March, are growing well and promise a good display of bloom, though some are spoilt by greenfly and mildew.

Formal bedding plants were again bought in Cirencester Market; asters, nemesias and anti-rrhinums being used for the beds and lobelias and French marigolds in the urns. The wet weather has helped these to grow vigorously-without endless hours of watering.

For the first time we have an early crop of tomatoes in the greenhouse as an experiment.

Less interest has been shown in having individual garden plots this year, and I hope that there will be renewed enthusiasm in September.

W.W.

## SCIENCE SOCIETY VISIT TO HARWELL

WE left Rendcomb at 8-30 by coach and arrived at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at about 10-00. Having been issued with badges, splitting the party into three groups, we were all given an introductory talk by Mr. Suttar and were shown a short film entitled "Putting the Atom to Work." We were then taken, by coach, to the parts of the establishment which we were to see.

The group I was in went first to the miniature atomic reactor called Dido, which is used purely for research. We were all issued with labcoats and overshoes and went into the reactor enclosure through an airlock because the enclosure is kept under a slight negative pressure as a safety precaution. Earlier that morning there had been a slight leakage of radiation, but despite this we went onto the top of the reactor, and Mr. Barton, who was showing us round, explained the use of some of the equipment.

When we left the reactor we were checked for radiation and proceeded to the establishment's giant particle accelerator, a cyclostron. This accelerates nuclear particles until they are travelling at speeds comparable to that of light. The high energy particles are then used to bombard the materials under test. The cyclostron is housed in a separate building and has three target rooms arranged so that the team can easily be switched from one room to another.

Lastly, as time was running short, we had a brief look at a computer (which was not actually being used at the time) and left for Rendcomb, arriving back at 1-45 after a very enjoyable, if rather short, visit.

For the first time, incidentally, scientist consciences felt it expedient to take the humanists on a trip in return for the latter's generosity at Stratford; an excellent reciprocation which we hope will be repeated.

## CLIMBING NOTES

DURING the last week of the Easter holidays, Mr. Willson took six boys to Snowdonia. On the first day the party did a snow climb up Parsley Fern gully to Crib y Ddygsl and descended via the Pyg Track. The second day was spent climbing Bristly Ridge and then walking on over Glyder Fach and Glyder Fawr. The following day we walked past Llyn Llydaw and ascended Lliwedd by the Cribin ridge. The fourth day dawned fine and the party walked on to the Carneddau by Drum, continuing over Foel Fras and Foel Grach. Everyone bivouacked for the night in a cwm with a beautiful view towards Anglesey and

the Menai Strait. There was a frost that night but the party was comfortable. We rose at 5-30 the next morning, descended to the minibus and later that day returned to Rendcomb.

This term has been spent on rock climbing at Chepstow and Cleeve Hill, a choir outing to the Black Mountains and two weekends in Snowdonia. A mountaineering exhibition was arranged on Founder's Day.

At the end of term three boys led by Mr. Willson leave for the Austrian Alps and, during the last fortnight of the holidays, thirty boys will go climbing in Snowdonia. We hope they will all enjoy very good weather, as did last year's expeditions.

D.J.B.





Charity Walkers



At work on the new Boarding House



Part of the Art Exhibition . . .



... and the Woodwork Exhibition

## THE CHARITY WALK

IT was a damp, weakly warm morning. We set off, early, clutching our pale blue route maps religiously, musing over our fate in the long day ahead. The first half-mile was difficult as we were not broken in but by the playing fields we were striding forth valiantly. Overtaking Mr. Kelsey, we all agreed to sponsor his daughter (but not his dog) and then pushed on. There was no sign of the promised footbath at Woodlands Farm; so his cows will probably get measles—or, at least, cow-measles !

Reaching the first wood there was an argument about which way to go, but both groups met after ten yards so we carried on regardless ! On the other side of the trees the sun shone out and we raced on to the well. It is certainly a strange place for a pond to lie, in the middle of a ploughed field, but we had to go on again, through another field into a magnificent stretch of strong, rolling, grass pasture. At last, the checkpoint.

A freewheel down the hill for a long time; but life is not that easy: we turned up a long gravel slope to Needlehole, our first gorse bushes a sparkling yellow wall on one side. Two abandoned houses topped the hill, and we stopped a few yards later to empty the debris from our shoes and cool our blisters. Then ahead to the road to Seven Springs and the second morning check. Someone spotted a hot dog van up a side-road, so we made an additional few yards for pleasure (like the trip up the village hill at the end !). We saw a bicycle race whip by and cheered them on, wishing we had some easier form of transport.

At last we saw the high spot of our whole day: Leckhampton Hill. Already it was raining slightly but when we reached the path at the top, and were trudging wearily at the mouth of a vaulted precipice, the gods catapulted their utmost vengeance on us—a screaming wind, battering rain, even hail. The panoramic Cheltenham hinted at earlier was all but invisible. We crawled on, virtually swimming, until, above the golf course, it ceased. The

town came into light, though the wind still blasted away, and you could see the church spires thrusting upwards and how flat the land is. Out towards the racecourse; the misty entrance to the Vale of Evesham; hills we had climbed an hour before, all were in the compass of our mortal vision at one sweep of the head. But lunch was yelling from down below, so we ran to the spot height and then down the road. Even that was not easy: the torrent of air was coming the other way faster than we were going down, and it was a job to stand still. However, we managed it and were glad to munch the sandwiches and soak up lemon squash. A paper cup, thrown up into the wind, took off and sailed away into the sky, over the field, out of sight—to fall on Cheltenham, I suppose.

The afternoon was wet and dreary, slow too at the end. We dragged on, through village after village, past a cricket match, more villages, more tracks, roads, hedges, on and on, nine miles on, slowly, wearily. On to Rapsgate, then down, home in sight, to the road. Blisters screaming, feet, long dismantled and put in pockets, aching even in there. Up the hill, impossibility itself, but up nevertheless; tea. Oh, what a lovely meal, the best part of the day (second, though, to sleep !)

In all, truthfully, it was enjoyable, a new experience; and one not to be forgotten.

J.P.F.

## BLENHEIM PALACE

BLENHEIM PALACE is usually approached through Woodstock, along the sort of road that one might expect eventually to lead out into the mild elm-studded Oxfordshire countryside. But this street is an exception, for upon passing the last sweet shop, it turns away to the left and, crossing a quadrangle, dives under a triumphal arch; which springs at you, making your heart leap into your mouth. This is just the beginning of the magical enchantment which will follow.

Upon your passing under the arch, an avenue of tall, graceful elms appears as if out of nowhere, to line the route as a band of soldiers escorts a person of fame and fortune. As quickly as they started, they fade away, but barring your way is the "East Gate." It stands across your path as an impregnable rock-face bars a poor peasant from fame and fortune. The two massive wrought-iron gates which bear Marlborough's colourful coat of arms can be persuaded to open by the magical key called money.

Looking around the rib-vaulted courtyard, on either side of you there is the impression that the pillars are vengeance-seeking soldiers about to march upon the unfortunate person who is daring to walk upon the same stones as the great dukes and duchesses in the past. But all that is forgotten when you see the next gate barring your way yet again.

However, upon passing through this gate, the change from reality to the fantasy of dreamland dramatically takes place, for there it is, colossal, yet graceful and palatial. On one side, the palace itself and on the other the bridge and lake crowned by the awesome Column of Victory towering above the great oaks that cover the hillside.

Walking up the Great Entrance, you first begin to appreciate the splendour of this palace. Mounting the steps, you see two cannons, one on either side, that have turned a greenish-blue with age; their barrels wear a

look of grim satisfaction as if to issue a warning against any thief, crook or criminal who has any ideas . . .

When the great, oaken doors open to allow your admittance, the magnificence of the interior hits you hard in the face. The splendour of the Great Hall with its enormous picture portraying Marlborough speaking to Britannia hanging down from the ceiling; its ancient weapons such as long-barrelled pistols, silver muskets, and, of course, the sabres, all mounted on pieces of crimson velvet, as if ready for use. On all sides, everything helps to bring one from the hustle and bustle of the modern world to the contrasting palatial splendour of the "old days."

After listening to some boring words from a guide who droned on and on about this and about that and who made this and what period this was made in, we finally heard these magical words :

"Will you please follow the signs and observe the notices. Thank you."

As soon as he spoke everyone gradually moved in the direction of Sir Winston Churchill's bedroom. The slow but sure surge carried all before it, with everyone pushing or shoving their way about in an effort to get a better glimpse of all the marvellous paintings or statues. When it was my turn to see Sir Winston's bedroom, I thought of the contrast between this bedroom and mine; his fit for a grand prince and mine fit only for a modern boy; his beautified by a few of his wonderful paintings while mine is covered with the glamorous football stars of today; his bed perhaps much more comfortable than mine, with a nice, bouncy mattress while mine is almost as hard as rock! Yet, if I were given a choice between the two bedrooms, I'd choose the homely atmosphere of mine.

However, before I could pursue this topic, the crowd was gently pushing forwards and I was carried past the bedroom of one of this country's most famous statesmen.

We started to pass through long corridors lined with paintings portraying the family from the beginning with a number of haughty stags' heads as a reminder of the hunting days of old. Sometimes, at equal distances, there were old chairs beautifully decorated in exotic colours. Great Chinese wine jars painted in minute detail stood on old, oaken chests that were carved in the most intricate patterns.

At length, we passed through rooms that were decorated from head to foot in the most gorgeous colours. Many rooms had fireplaces in polished marble with gold clocks on the mantelpieces; even the ceilings were decorated in the most fascinating patterns that I've ever seen. On the walls there were colourful tapestries depicting Marlborough's victories at Blenheim or Ramillies. In one room there was a painting that covered three sides of the

room showing all the known races in the world at the time!

But all good things must come to an end sometime, and unfortunately this one had to finish more quickly than most and as we came through the arch the return to reality came. As we clambered up the steps of the awaiting coach, I took a quick glance over my shoulder at the Palace and a last glance at the dominating Column of Victory; the tears began to water in my eyes as I remembered the beauty of the place.

Minutes later the coach's engine roared to life and we were on our way back to the routine of Rendcomb. I sat there remembering the magnificent pictures, the gorgeous architecture, the beautifully woven tapestries and all the things which go to make a palace.

A.H. (Form I)





## KEEP ON SMILING

**Robert Morris**

**I** sit here,  
Twelve foot by twelve foot  
My square little room.  
One chair, one table,  
And one little light—  
That hangs—solitary  
By a noose from the ceiling;  
Away from pollution,  
Beggars and thieves;  
Free from destruction,  
Famine and disease;  
There is no corruption  
So leave me—  
                    please.

## THE MASOCHIST

**Michael James** (Form IV)

That wall stood fast, oblique,  
Its stony iron jaw set pale and square;  
It seemed to speak a warning,  
Solemnly, silently, strangely.  
I didn't speak its language  
And all hope seemed lost,  
Defied, recalled to Hell.  
Feverishly I scanned its harsh features,  
The unshaven beard of creeping ivy  
Its dry crevices and undulating tapestry,  
Then despair regained its frozen grip,  
Mental torture blazed in my brain,  
Anger overtook me.  
**I** ran, frenzied, at the wall,  
My fingers bit at the cruel stone,  
I hammered vainly in psychic fear  
At the merciless barrier.  
Then **I** sat down and thought things over.  
What a stupid place to build a wall, **I** thought.

## FOUNDER'S DAY

**Peter Millard** (Form IV)

**I** must confess that during the last Founder's Day speeches **I** paid no attention to the speaker and just dreamed. The afternoon was hot and the rows and rows of restless people seemed to engulf the gym and flow round the stage like a stormy sea. **I** squirmed a little and then sat back and had a little dream.

**I** was talking to a moth. He was trying to break into an electric light bulb and fry himself on the wires.

"Why do you fellows pull this stunt?" **I** asked. "If that had been an uncovered candle instead of a light bulb you would now be a small, unsightly cinder. Have you no sense?"

"Plenty," he answered, "but at times we get tired of using it. We get bored and crave beauty and excitement. Fire is beautiful, and we know that if we get too close we will be killed. It is better to be happy for a moment and be burned up with beauty than to live a long time and be bored to tears. It is better to be a part of beauty for one instant and then cease to exist than to exist for ever. Our motto is 'easy come, easy go.' We are like human beings used to be before they became too civilized to enjoy themselves!"

After his little speech, he flew off in search of another flame. **I** thought over what he had said and finally came to the conclusion that he was stupid; but at the same time **I** wished there was something **I** wanted as badly as he wanted to fry himself!

At that moment the speaker must have told a joke, because everyone (except me) laughed. **I** suddenly woke up at the noise, and realised that **I** must be going slightly mad (or asleep perhaps) for there wasn't a moth in sight (only a butterfly some way off, and he did not look as if he were much of a philosopher), and there were no lights on. Oh well, it must have been the hot sunlight!

I was soon dreaming again. I was talking to a spider, who was weeping and cursing all fly sprays. She was very illiterate, but this is what she was saying.

"Curses on these here fly sprays, what kills off all the flies, for if me and my husband and daughter don't eat, we'll die!"

I asked her what was wrong and she told me that all the flies had been killed by fly spray, so she and her family were starving.

"What with the rising cost of living and all food in short supply I'm finding it a real struggle to cope, I am! It's not like some people I know, that moth for example. He thinks he's the centre of the universe and that the earth exists to produce light bulbs for him to fry himself on. All the other creatures on earth are for his entertainment and the sky exists to hold the sun in by day—he hopes some day to fry himself in the sun—and the stars are there just to decorate the night sky for that there moth. It doesn't make sense, and to a law-abiding spider it seems to be blasphemy. I can't stand it when he puts on his airs of splendour—he's an inferior creature anyway. Oh well, I can't stop and talk about gentlemen of the upper class, I must be off to find a fly or two."

Having made such a long speech she galloped off back to her family. I reflected on what she had said. The moth now seemed to be completely mad—the centre of the universe indeed, it's people like him who get the world into trouble, I thought.

I suddenly awoke to find everyone standing up to sing the national anthem. I dutifully stood up and sang with gusto, now thinking of the tea which would follow.

Just as I was going out of the gym, I chanced to hear the spider talking to a captive fly. I was interested, so I doubled back to listen.

"Wait, don't eat me!" said the fly, "I serve a great purpose in the world!"

"You will have to show me," said the spider.

"I scurry round gutters, sewers and garbage cans," the fly eagerly said, "gathering up the germs which I find. I then carry these germs into the households of men and give them diseases. All the virtuous people recover from these illnesses, but all the old soaks who have weakened their systems with liquor and iniquity succumb to the diseases and die. Surely this is a good enough cause to go on living?"

I think for one moment the starving spider was convinced for she sat still and a dreamy look came into all of her eight eyes.

"But you don't serve the world as a whole!" she said. "Unlike me, you squander your life helping the virtuous *homo sapiens*. Look at me, I weave beautiful webs which float in the sun like filaments of song, if you get what I mean. I am a creator, a demi-god, superior! True, you do serve a purpose in a plodding, material sort of way, but I have decided that you serve a much better purpose by being possible food for my family and me!"

So saying, she killed the poor fly and started to eat him.

I reflected upon the cruelties of this world in which we live, and then, realizing how hungry I was, quickly went on into tea.

## TO THE UNKNOWN

Robert Morris

The thoughts that stir my heart  
Are of you.  
The thoughts that make me dream  
Are of you.  
You rule my life—whoever you are.

## CLOCKS

Alan Bennett (Form III)

Tick tock, grandfather clock,  
Ticking monotonously throughout the  
night,

Breaking the silence;  
Awakening the dead;  
Battering through my weary head.

Tick tock, bedside clock,  
Counting the hours till morning,  
Who would have thought  
That tiny brass bell  
Could and would release all hell?

Tick, tock, cuckoo clock,  
Cuckooing out in discords,  
Clucking the quarters;  
Destroying my nap;  
Why does it cuckoo, why can't it snap?

Purr, purr, electric clock,  
Hardly whispering at all,  
Never chiming;  
Subtly serene;  
Secreting silence; not heard only seen.

## SUN'S DEATH

Stephen Pendell (Form IV)

Standing, motionless,  
Watching the militant sun  
Plunge towards the infinite darkness of night,  
Screaming for mercy from the carbon-coloured  
skyline,

Crying out as she rushes at the inky horizon.  
Then, as if a spectral hand  
Had arrested her plummeting,  
Helpless, into an eternity of blindness.  
She slows and spreads mellowed fingers  
And transmutes the world into an  
Incandescent ball of gold with her touch.  
Robing the clouds in all Joseph's colours  
Before submerging with a glow like the glimmer  
Of a dying battery,  
Leaving the earth in the glare of sodium street  
lamps.

## THE RENDEZVOUS

Phillip Lamphee (Form IV)

TIMMY walked slowly down the long field towards the river. Crickets chirped and whirred in the long, dry grass, and from the lawns behind the house came the steady plick-plunk of tennis. Timmy loved the long, light summer evenings, their mellow gentleness, and sleepy serenity; but now he was intent on more than just a stroll, and all peaceful feelings were overwhelmed by the excitement that fluttered in his breast. He had known disappointment many times before but tonight was special, he felt it in the air, the sunset, even the chatter of the crickets, tonight was special.

The rendezvous was a creaky old jetty, jutting defiantly out into the smooth, muddy flow of the river. A trout jumped for a feverishly struggling mayfly, and Timmy paused to watch the ripples swell out, and lap the bank. Carefully he edged his way out along the jetty and sat down, swinging his legs above the silent water, and settled down to wait. He knew every knot, every warp, every splinter of that jetty; he spent hours there, even in the worst of weather, when the wind whipped the river into a terrible anger, and the furious choppy waves smashed against the jetty's spindly legs; he had sat there when the river lay in stunned silence, under a harsh summer sun. There had been so many rendezvous before, but tonight, he knew, was special. And so he waited.

The evening crept slowly over the valley, and even the birds cowered under its shadow, and sought the safety of the tree tops. Timmy had been missed, and sharp torch beams probed and prodded the foggy dusk, and the ghostly calls wavered on the cool air.

"Timm ... eeee!"

He woke. He did not know for how long he had been dozing.

"Timm . eeee!"

He must not be found, he couldn't miss tonight-tonight was special .

Something, someone blundered through the undergrowth.

"Timmy!"

The closeness of the voice made him jump. He sat, silent, dreading the pound of his frightened heart, which throbbed out angrily into the night, dreading the hiss of his breath. He could hear the panting of the nurse on the shore, as she rested for a moment. Then he heard the old, warped boards of the jetty creak. She was coming out! Thinking quickly he slid over the edge and into the water. Grasping the struts beneath, he watched the gleam of the torch through the boards above, as the nurse carefully searched the teetering structure. The clammy water gripped him above the waist, and the sharp coldness stabbed the breath from his lungs. He felt an eerie sensation on his legs, and nearly cried out in fear, but suppressed his anguish. Feeling, groping downwards, his hands were suddenly entangled in slimy ribbons—weed. He sighed audibly. The nurse above stopped moving. The torch beam crept slowly on the water's surface, but Timmy was safe in the deep shadows under the jetty. The nurse turned and made her way back to the shore, and presently Timmy moved around the jetty and climbed up the slippery beams back to his seat. Suddenly he felt very tired, but he knew he couldn't give in. Tonight was the night.

The moon rose, and arced across the sky, behind the scudding night clouds. The pale, watery light was reflected in the river, and cast a broken rippling light up onto Timmy's face. The searchers had given up and the lights in the building were out, and he was left alone with the night. Now his imagination took hold of him, and he began to glance fearfully at the lurking shadows and the looming trees, which crouched waiting for him on the bank. The rustles in the undergrowth, the small splashes on the river, all transformed the stillness into a nightmare. A bat twittered overhead in shrill warning, and dodged into the distance, screaming. Timmy struggled

to keep his eyes open, but sleep was slowly drugging his body. The purpose of his visit faded into the back of his mind, and only the facts that he was wet, cold and hungry seemed important. Slowly his head bent forwards and his body wilted under the heavy burden of sleep. Slowly he lost consciousness, and leaned forward into oblivion.

An early fisherman found him in the morning, floating sluggishly down the river. The home hushed the whole affair up, the jetty was demolished, the river fenced off from the asylum's grounds—the rendezvous destroyed.

## ASSASSINATION

Alan Bennett (Form III)

The still silence of the night is  
Almost unbearable, nightingales  
Around me in this forest do  
Not even serenade the pale, full  
Moon above, they know something  
Is amiss. I lie there, six inches of  
Cold steel gripped tightly in my  
Clammy hand: when will the "great"  
Leader come strolling by this way?  
It seems to be hours since I hid  
Myself away, like a cunning cougar  
Crouched on its stomach, bent up,  
Ready to violently uncoil and  
Pounce upon its unsuspecting prey.

Can I hear footsteps running hastily  
Along the mossy path? Or is it  
My heart pulsating feverishly in  
My ribs which breaks the picture-like  
Stillness of every bush and bramble  
That cleverly conceals me from my victim?  
This must be him now; aimlessly  
Dawdling to doom. Yes!  
I can see his feet under the foliage;  
Nearer, nearer still he comes. Hurry!  
Hurry! or my beating heart will  
Break my ribs in the agony of suspense.

## TEMPTATION

**Christopher Dendy** (Form III)

**IT** was a sunny morning, not 1972, as I walked into the entrance of Woolworths. There were posters up in all the windows, advertising the fact that their spring sale was on. **I** pushed the stiff door open, and left it to swing shut. I heard a grunt from behind me, and turned to see a remarkably fat woman panting indignantly -her massive breasts heaving like hydraulic buffers. "Ah well," I said to myself, "if these women insist on trying to follow me through doors, I don't know what they expect."

I started to walk into the spacious depths of the store, and I was soon enmeshed by the sickly odour of cheap perfume and the soft music coming from somewhere in the dizzy heights of the roof.

"'Scuze me, sir," **I** heard a voice say. **I** turned, and saw a small boy standing behind a twelve-foot high pile of Wooly's Cornflakes.' "You slee, this is plivate." The boy spoke with a pathetic lisp, and I walked out of the storeroom, emitting profuse apologies.

The smell in the department was becoming overpowering, so I decided to go down to the basement. I took a flying leap at the escalator in my usual enthusiastic way, and came face to face with the fat woman I had previously clashed with. What I couldn't make out was why people kept coming towards me when I was getting nowhere. I eventually realized that I was trying to go down the up escalator.

An attendant tapped me on the shoulder, and informed me that it was against the rules to block the escalator. I watched my fat friend waddle into the distance, and wondered why they let her on. Still, things are like that sometimes, aren't they?

Having found the right escalator, I descended to the basement, and proceeded to look round the tool department. Garden spades, forks, trowels, planes, chisels . . . they all looked very nice, but unfortunately they were a bit big to carry off without paying. But wait! What about that garden hose attachment? It was

just what I wanted, and the right size as well. **I** bent down to pick it up and look at it. **I** glanced round the basement; was anybody looking? Yes ! An attendant was giving me an icy stare from the far corner.

"Put the things down and don't touch them," he growled, and disappeared behind a pile of pots and pans. Now that his back was turned, the temptation grew. **I** picked up a spokeshave, and prepared to stuff it into my pocket. "No!" a voice yelled inside me. My courage had failed me, and I put down the spokeshave sadly. But what about the hose attachment? Before my conscience had time to think, **I** picked up the gadget, and stuffed it into my pocket . . . and ran.

"Stop, thief!" I heard the assistant yell.

The dreaded cry had gone up, and I decided to make the most of it. I grabbed a handful of shovels and forks, placed an extra large saucepan on my head, and grabbed a string of onions which was wrapped round a mat of artificial grass. It was unfortunate, perhaps that **I** grabbed the onions, because as I turned a corner, the end of the string swung out and knocked a saucepan on a nearby shelf. This triggered off more pans, and eventually a whole landslide of pots and pans of all shapes and sizes thundered to the floor, tripping up the infuriated assistant, and putting him on the boil. I ran straight up the down escalator, onions, artificial grass and spades flying in my wake. **I** shot out of the door, belted down an alley and ended up in the main street. In my haste I had knocked down two astonished-looking policemen and a traffic warden. I dashed across the road, came face to face with the fat lady and was immediately engulfed by her bosom; **I** never got out.

## VET

**Philip Everatt** (Form III)

Anaesthetic,  
Primary incision,  
Secondary incision,  
Cutting deeper, deeper,  
Inside the live body jerking to escape;  
Hands inside, feeling about,  
Warm blood running,  
Slimy bag of bloated tissue;  
Cut,  
Liquid gushes out,  
Feeling inside,  
Hoofed feet appear, upside down;  
Pull harder, harder!  
The calf emerges kicking,  
Gasping for its first breath,  
While mother, stitched, is led away to eat.

## AWAKENING

**Jonathan Dixon** (Form IV)

THE plain was very close now; you could almost reach out and touch it, so it seemed. The monotonous crackle of static droned on from the speaker. The pilot reached out and flicked a switch, awkward in his suit.

"Alpha three zero reporting." He waited expectantly for a reply.

"Eagle control receiving you. Stand by for landing."

He braced himself. The ground filled the screen now. Below him was a small black dot. He gave it no more than a cursory glance. The Sphinx, just a tourist attraction.

It woke up. Lying there in the sands of Egypt, it had become like the rock on which it rested. Now, prompted by some hidden control, deep inside its mind, it rose and padded towards the motionless capsule, shaking off the tons of rock which covered it, like dust.

The pilot awoke suddenly and looked out of a port. A huge, merciless eye stared back and a pulsating pattern of lights, filling the whole orb, sent primeval fears racing through his mind.

His mind turned itself inside out and explored the innermost labyrinths of his brain's cells. A whirling light-sound-feeling-touch-taste exploded into his consciousness. Blinding sheets of light buried him in lakes of sound. He moaned softly and fell down, down into oblivion.

The two men walked over to the capsule. One of them bent and looked through the port. Then he straightened up, a shocked expression on his face. "He's not inside." The other man bent and then they both looked for footprints. There were no human prints, just vague depressions like the imprints of giant paws. No, that was ridiculous!

High on a dune, watching the men, the Sphinx started down towards them. Its lips moved in a snarl of unbelievable ferocity. Close behind it, jaws agape with feral hate, came another, with the face of the pilot.

The Earth returned to its masters.

## THE BLOOM OF CIVILISATION

**Peter Millard** (Form IV)

An impassive city lying in its hollow of sleep,  
Its idling sprawl basking  
In the corner of a weedy land.  
Erupting light, billowing upwards.  
The quivering hills leap and strain  
Their leashes.  
A vast arm of flame grabs out,  
Buckling the city,  
Dissolving the darkness.  
The impossible shape  
Contorts and withers  
And is extinguished by the night.  
A dead impassive city lying in its hollow of  
sleep.

But now it knows the world  
Has fallen out of reason.

## LEAVES

**Hamish Wilson** (Form I)

A mass of golds and crimsons,  
Twisted, curved, like sculpture,  
Swirls of painted patterns,  
Each leaf has a new wonder  
In store for human eye.

Curled, shaped and wrinkled,  
As if old age has come,  
Veins show like bones  
A delicate, fragile network,  
Each a new formation,  
Of a wonderful creation.

## THE TROPICAL ISLAND

**Cameron Findlay** (Form III)

The palm trees sway,  
The sea rolls up its  
Carpet, and the  
Sand blows over  
Acres of yellow dust.

Coconuts drop with a  
Thud to the sand,  
Parrots squawk in the  
Blinding sunlight,  
Not a cloud in sight.

Water-cool and  
Quenching, trickles to  
A pool from a stream  
In the shallow hill-side;  
Tropical fish dart in the sea.

An ape grooms his  
Flea-ridden skull,  
And stretches in the  
Adorable sun;  
A porpoise leaps to the air.

A turtle crawls along  
The shore, swept in  
By the powerful waves.  
The sea is choppy and  
The ape scales a tree.

The sun drops from the  
Sky in a fiery ball.  
The clouds group  
Together—blocking  
The light like curtains.

The day is up—the  
Ape sleeps, the  
Turtle swims, the  
Sand turns grey  
And the darkness  
Blankets the tropical island.



## STAMPEDE

**Phillip Lamphee** (Form IV)

The empty range shuddered;  
The sun scoured the  
Stone-stubbed,  
Bush-mottled,  
Heat-stifled plain.  
A lizard cowered,  
Petrified,  
Beneath its savage glare,  
Blinking,  
Panting silently  
In empty amazement.  
The range shook;  
The lizard scurried  
Under a blank-faced stone,  
Staring up at the relentless sky.  
The range grumbled,  
And the vultures,  
Squabbling and squawking  
Over some dry and ragged morsel,  
Screeched into the air,  
Spiralling sulkily upwards.  
The horizon's dust  
Swelled angrily,  
Swarming over the  
Rushing horses;  
The roaring,  
Rumbling,  
Sweat-streaked,  
Wild-eyed,  
Shrill screaming  
Stampede.  
And they pounded on,  
Hooves pummelling,  
Ploughing—  
A tornado of manes  
And streaming tails,  
And swirling dust,  
Onwards.

The sun stared  
Through the settling haze  
At the churned and  
Ravaged ground.  
Slowly the earth and sky  
Separated, as the dust  
Was driven downwards;  
The vultures wheeled down  
Cautiously.  
The lizard crept from hiding—  
The breathless range lay silent.

## WALKS

Ian Hawkins (Form I)

Snakes slide  
Birds glide  
Kangeroos bounce  
Cats pounce  
Toads jump  
Caterpillars hump  
Worms squiggle  
Fish wriggle  
Cheetahs stalk;  
And **I** walk.

## COGITATIONS ON A CLOUD

Gregory Dorey

The hippopotamus surveyed his kingdom  
serenely,  
Blissfully wallowing in the treacherous mud of  
his desire,  
And the penguin, far away in another climate,  
On the Eastern shore of an icy lake, thought,  
"What am I?  
What kingdom have I?  
What am I?"  
Nothing but the object of a cretin's mind,  
Food for a moron's poetry.

The elephant sways along the grey-green trail,  
Tired by an eventful day,  
Then he hears, and  
Lifts his head, then pauses  
And looks in his crystal ball and thinks,  
"We are all God's creatures."  
And seeing the despondent penguin, many  
miles away,  
He sighs,  
And the penguin, struck by a sudden thought,  
Gives a throaty chuckle, and thinks,  
"We are all equal in the sight of God."

The millionaire sits in his golden palace,  
Tearing up his five-pound notes and thinks,  
"**If** they are no good to me,  
Why should **I** give them to the poor,  
To torment even more?"

## YOU WERE JUST THE SAME

Philip Lyons (Form IIIa)

"Stop that at once, leave the room!"  
How many times is that bellowed in my ears?  
It is always the same.  
The dreadful crime  
Of kicking my brother,  
Or playing with the salt.  
What is the good  
Of sending me from the room,  
Only to destroy elsewhere?  
We all have our weaknesses,  
As you well know.  
I mean we all play with the salt  
And we all kick our brothers.  
You were just the same, weren't you!

"Don't answer back!"  
How many times is that bellowed in my ears!  
It is always the same.  
The dreadful crime  
Of stating my opinion,  
When scolded for no reason.  
What is the good  
Of hitting me hard,  
For a perfectly excusable reply?  
We all get annoyed when scolded,  
As you well know,  
Especially when we are in the right,  
Or, at least, we think we are.  
You were just the same, weren't you?

"Don't you dare fire that again!"  
How many times is that bellowed in my ears?  
It is always the same.  
The dreadful crime  
Of firing my catapult  
At my brother's ear.  
What is the good  
Of breaking my catapult,  
When **I** will only make another.  
We all enjoy a bit of fun,  
As you well know,  
Especially when it is harmless enough,  
Or, at least, we think it is.  
You were just the same, weren't you?

## GARDENING

Stephen Hawkins (Form I)

THEY say that the middle-class English care more for their gardens than for their wives. Mind you, I don't want to break up happy marriages, but the fact is that the first sign of a marriage on the rocks is Hortomania. If you pass a beautiful suburban house in the heart of the stockbrokers' belt of Surrey with Mary, Queen of Scots in all her summer beauty in the garden, you can tell that all is not right in that household.

You find that Harry Wheatcroft is a sign of drug-taking amongst the younger generations of the house; Superstar is a marriage that is virtually in the divorce courts; and Autumn Queen means that the mother-in-law has come to stay.

Of course it is not only men; Amelia Murklehort, for instance, says that it was her red-hot pokers that made her marriage a failure, but the story is rather long and rather crude, so I shall not repeat it here.

However, in some households, it is not marital problems that cause the trouble. Let us take the Trubshaws for an example. The Trubshaws are a perfectly normal family outwardly, but once you have got inside their citadel in the High Street, Morgan le Fay, you can taste, smell, touch, feel and see that it is different. Immediately, Mr. Trubshaw will try to tempt you to the greenhouse to see his prize tomatoes. "Winner ever since our local flower show has been going, in tomato and celery class," he will say, tripping over one of his five-foot celeries and bouncing straight into the middle of his tomatoes' foliage.

Then Mrs. Trubshaw will woo you into the kitchen to look at her potted begonias and her famous flower arrangements. However, she isn't as successful as her husband. She will tell you the sad story, "Oh, I will always rue the day when I decided to put thistles in my entry. A judge stepped back into them and

police had to rescue him from the rafters. And I have never won a prize since."

But Mrs. Trubshaw valiantly and doggedly tries again and again. This year she is moving into a new field, carrots. She is by nature a keep fit addict and she says that carrots helped her to see the Isle of Man in a thick mist! Which is very good, considering that she was taking a holiday on the East Coast!.

Next, you must go out into the garden where, to show you true patience, William Trubshaw is still labouring with his plastic spade bought at Yarmouth, partly digging trenches for his father's potatoes and partly trying to get to Australia.

"Yeah, well, I wanna emigrate, donni!"

Then Cecilia Trubshaw will be found by the compost heap, still trying to work out why the orange pip that she planted nine years ago hasn't come up yet. Yes, what determination these Trubshaws have, completely forgetting that their dog, Scamper, years ago condemned the orange pip to a slow, tortuous death with his hind left leg exercises by the laburnum tree above the compost heap.

But where is faithful little Scamper? He is watching little Bobby, the youngest member of the Trubshaw family, on his little patch of ground, planting Woolworth's insto-beauty seeds. Remembering that his father has already planted seeds for parsnips on the same spot, we must praise his ingenuity. What a display, parsnip leaves amongst anenomes and sweet peas. But anyway, 'great oaks from little acorns grow,' or the Trubshaw family motto, 'great begonias from little peonies grow.'

Oh what a funny family the Trubshaws are. Britain wouldn't be the same without them. It would probably be much better! And what a joyously, funny hobby horticulture is. And so I finally pay tribute to those who have shared in the interests of horticulture. And the best bargain is a six-penny bunch of daffodils at Interflora, Islington High Street.

## BELMONT

Peter Lace (Form IV)

Yellow streaks of light,  
Shimmered from behind the  
Glassy domes.  
The domes rose in a pear shape,  
With a mere frill for battlements.  
This was a place of peace, not war.

The great halls yawned open,  
Passing glimmering eyes at the suitors.  
It seemed almost as alive as its benefactress,  
Portia.  
The chandeliers swung round, lit by  
Thousands of sparkling candles.

Blue, red, green,  
Who cares what colour,  
The suitors and ladies all  
Wore satin. The men, gaiters and hose,  
The women, bird cage contraptions,  
Built no doubt so that the women could not  
Sit down.

Servants milled about everywhere,  
Serving drinks, making beds,  
Setting ablaze roaring fires.  
The cooks sweated over boiling cauldrons,  
Adding salt here, pepper there, spices every-  
where,  
And of course the jester, making clowns of  
everyone.

There was a drawbridge over the moat,  
Which shone with inlaid metalwork.  
The moat itself was studded with lilies and  
Small fish swam in the waters.  
On the surface there were swans,  
Tame, but ever watchful of passers-by.

Now the sun sets on a wing of the castle,  
Setting the spirit for the evening's festivities.  
The lamps are lit and music floods  
The great halls.  
Eventually Belmont falls asleep,  
Whilst Venus looks on.

## THE WIND

Graham Moore (Form I)

THE people scurrying down the street, anxious  
to get into the warmth and cosiness of their  
houses, are all trying to escape the terror of  
the wind. It blows off the hats and scarves,  
untidies hair and raises dust and leaves, making  
the people cough and splutter like an old  
horse with bronchitis. People have difficulty  
with umbrellas, as the wind blows underneath  
the canopy and tugs at it as an insane dog  
tugs at its chains.

In corn fields the tall, golden plants blow  
to and fro like the waves on a stormy sea.  
Gates clatter against their posts, and come  
loose from the hinges. Dustbin lids come off  
and crash and tumble as they are blown along.  
On the sea, the waves toss and turn and  
clouds scurry through the dark, overcast  
sky. Sailing ships are tossed about on the  
foamy crests of the white-topped demons.

At night people are kept awake by the  
infernal noise of the wind. Lids of dustbins  
clatter, cats yowl and scream throughout  
the darkness of the night, and all the world  
is in chaos!

## TRUTH IS STRANGER

Gregory Dorey

LAYING back in my ancient, but none the less comfy, armchair I got my pipe going and sighed contentedly as I swished my brandy around the globular glass. My main enjoyment in life was really the satisfactory feeling of security which having a permanent round gave. Added to that, I felt sure that any time I asked her, Helen would be only too glad to move in and brighten up my somewhat dingy rooms. I sat there, at peace with the world, until suddenly the wail of a violin made me sit up with a start. Glancing at my watch I saw that it was two o'clock in the morning, a fine time to be playing a musical instrument, and, for that matter, not playing it very well.

The sound, I discovered, was coming from next door, and a bleary-eyed doorboy ungraciously let me in, and told me that the owner of the violin had only moved in this morning, and if I wanted anything done, I could complain myself. Walking up a short flight of stairs I knocked. The wail of the violin stopped.

"Please come in."

I entered and stood momentarily at a loss. An odour of incense floated to my nostrils, but it was the man I was amazed at. His face was slightly wrinkled but not old, and he wore a deerstalker and dressing gown.

"I'm sorry to . . ."

"Not at all, m'dear fellow, come on in . . . hold it!"

He regarded me from under hooded brows.

"You are a doctor, you have recently returned from the Falkland Islands, your girl friend lives at 312 Nettle Lane, your father was an Australian, your mother a German Jew of Armenian Dutch origin."

"Venezuelan Dutch actually, but still how..."

"Elementary, I shall tell you one day . . . my name by the way is Holmes . . . I, uh, model myself on my namesake, as you see. But your name, sir?"

"Dr. Watson." I murmured a little self-consciously.

"So? I...."

"Hands up and don't move," a voice grated.

Turning round, I saw a short, bow-legged Jew pointing a luger at me. Turning back to Holmes, I saw he was a little wooden faced.

"Put your own hands up!" Holmes was standing behind the Jew now; the Holmes beside me was only a dummy.

"By Jove," I said, then paused for both guns were pointed at me, " . . . what?"

"I hereby accuse you of selling secrets to the Germans of military value," said Holmes.

"But . . ." I stopped and blew on a whistle. Inspector Jones and his squad pushed through the door. "I now accuse you of being a British double agent," I said as Holmes gasped.

The Jew produced a machine gun. "All of you put your hands up," he said.

"I thought . . ." said Holmes.

"I know," said the Jew, "but I never contemplated working with you, in fact. I am probably the only real traitor here."

"Get him, Philipps," yelled Holmes, looking behind the Jew.

He turned, and Holmes sprang.

At that moment the door opened, and a group of Israelis entered, with rifles at the ready; we backed towards the far wall, and out of the window I saw Bernadette Devlin riding a Russian tank down the High Street.

"Ahszeichocktophilosoph," said the Israeli commander, and the men shouldered their arms.

We all heard the plane as it flew overhead, and as the explosion wrecked the building it flashed through my mind that this was an atom bomb.

The man beside me nodded thoughtfully, as if wrestling with a great problem.

"I don't believe you," he muttered at last, scratching his head. "If that was an atom bomb, how come you're standing here now? I just don't believe you."

"Don't then," I said, and vanished.

## FOUNDER'S DAY 1972

### Headmaster's Speech

I suppose that any Headmaster standing up on his first Speech Day does so with some diffidence, and I don't mean simply the understandable diffidence about his speech.

Here he is, newly arrived in a school which has been running successfully for many years quite without his help. The school has its own institutions, its own customs, and it has achieved its own distinction, and it is therefore with some feelings of presumption that I speak to you.

However, it is my great pleasure to welcome you all here today, and especially our Speaker, Sir Patrick Dean.

I would like to start by saying, on behalf of my wife and family, as well as myself, how very glad I am to be here. There were many things about Rendcomb that struck me when I first heard that the appointment was open—its high academic record, its unusual foundation and history, the beautiful Cotswold surroundings, but there were three other aspects that appealed to me particularly.

The first was the size of the school and the chance that this would give for a personal knowledge of every member of it. What I most enjoyed as a Housemaster at the King's School, Canterbury, was this close involvement and here too I shall be able to teach every boy in the school at some stage, and get to know everyone well.

One Headmaster of a large school, whom I know, told a story which is perhaps worth repeating as a contrast. Like most Headmasters, he asked all boys who were leaving to come and see him towards the end of their last term. One boy, a pleasant boy, but one who had not excelled in any particular way, arrived at his house, and the Headmaster said to him, "Now, when did I speak to you last?" and the boy thought for a moment and replied "About 3 years ago when you told me to get my shoes cleaned." Well,

the Headmaster told this story partly against himself, but it really reveals the difficulty of running any large school in a personal way.

As you know, a limited expansion is planned, over the next two or three years, but Rendcomb will remain a small school and I shall try to ensure that it retains its own individual quality and character.

The second aspect of Rendcomb that I liked was its special connection with Gloucestershire and the Local Education Authority. Enlightened public schools for some years now have been anxious to accept grant-aided pupils, but always money has been the difficulty. Owing to our most generous foundation and the goodwill of the County this problem has been solved here, and the original vision of the Founder has been preserved. We value our Foundationers, and I believe that we also do well by them. But, of course, many other members of the school come from Gloucestershire and it was for this reason that I was so pleased when the Duke of Beaufort did us the honour of coming here in May to lay the Foundation Stone of the New Building. I took it as a symbol of our unique relationship with the County, and at a time when parents are increasingly sending their children to neighbouring rather than to distant schools, this is one of our strengths. Not that all our entries are local. Present members of the school fly out to Europe, to America, and to Thailand. I have just had another inquiry from Hong Kong, and it seems that the name of Rendcomb is known even in the Azores, as I have just accepted a girl from there for next term.

This brings me to the third feature that appealed to me—the prospect of a co-educational VIth form. One of the virtues of the Public Schools has been their diversity and their independence has enabled them to pursue their own ideals of a full education. From its foundation Rendcomb has been an exciting place, original and pioneering, without being cranky. The central idea has been to make a boy's time at school the fulfilment of experience

that it ought to be. This will now be our aim for girls as well, and I believe that the life of the school will be richer for the change.

I am glad to say that demand for girls' places has been strong, and I expect to have 9 or 10 girls at Rendcomb next term. They will be living with masters' families for this first year, and moving into the building with the 12 new entrants in September 1973. I think I can reveal that reactions in the school to this new departure have been favourable, and for myself, having interviewed the candidates, I look forward to it with confidence and enthusiasm.

Now to the record for 1971-72. A-level results inevitably vary from year to year, and the 1971 crop was not quite up to the outstanding vintage of 1970, but the O-level results were distinctly better, and the crowning success came at the end of the Christmas term with 3 awards and 1 place gained at Oxford out of 7 candidates. This reflects great credit, both on the boys themselves, and on their teachers.

It was encouraging to hear from a recent Cambridge conference that in spite of recent doubts about the future of these awards, they are likely to stay for the next few years at least. There is no doubt that they provide an incentive and an opportunity for the able boy to extend himself well beyond the range of A-level papers.

The two 1st Class Honours degrees also gained this year, one at Oxford and one at Bristol, show that this success is no chance occurrence, but a continuation of the school's strong academic tradition, which aims not to cram boys for honours, but to equip them to think for themselves.

I have spoken of 'O' and 'A' levels, but of course these are only the culmination of years of valuable teaching and learning and I like to think that with our broad, unspecialised curriculum up to 'O' level and the variety of our other activities, these examinations are taken more or less in our stride.

For me, the most heart-warming tribute to the school during the last year was paid by

one of its younger members who said to his father quite simply, 'This school has taught me to love learning.' I can't think of anything I would rather have said about us than that.

We try to strike the right balance between work and sport, and we got off to a good start in the Christmas Term with a fine rugby side, which was only once defeated, and which drew with the 1st XV of a neighbouring Public School nearly three times our size. I remember asking a leading member of the scrum before the match what were our chances of winning or losing, and he answered, "Oh, I never think of being beaten." This was the spirit of our side, and we look forward to an equally good season ahead.

Hockey suffered from the Lent Term mud, and if I say that the weather was nearly as bad as it has been this May and June you will realise what it was like! Nothing is more tantalising than to have fine pitches prepared with keen, well trained sides unable to use them.

Cricket has been an even more English sport than usual this year, something of an ordeal for players, and almost impossible for spectators. However, a surprising amount of enthusiasm has made a success of the season.

I came to Rendcomb from a very musical school, and I was delighted to find that music here was so flourishing. Weber's opera "Der Freischutz" last Autumn followed by fine Advent and Carol services, a music recital and Passion music in the Spring, and the Vaughan Williams Centenary Concert at the end of this term have made up an interesting and ambitious programme for the year, and we shall be performing Haydn's "The Seasons" in Cirencester Church next October. With our enlarged V1th form we also hope to increase the scope of our orchestral music.

I hope you will have time to look around if you have not already done so. The new Physics Laboratory and Chemistry teaching room, only partly furnished at present, will be a great asset, and the New Building is

making good progress. The exhibitions show what a central place Art and Woodwork have in our education here, and what a tremendous amount of excellent work goes on. There is great freedom and variety, but also a keen concern for real craftsmanship.

Now I would like to have spoken of our many other activities, the tennis, squash and judo, mountaineering, the drama, dancing, and so on but it is impossible to cover everything.

I just want to mention two other events from the year which come to mind One was during the power cuts when we learnt that we were to be extinguished for three hours one evening. Various plans were made and in spite of anxieties the building took on quite a different quality by oil lamp, and candle-light. An impromptu sing-song in Saul's Hall by firelight made an attractive. and memorable finale.

The other event was the 20 mile sponsored walk at the beginning of this term which you all supported so generously. The entire school took part in one way or another and it was a splendid day out for everybody. The result was a cheque for £550 which will buy a much-needed piece of equipment for Cirencester Hospital-a life support machine for premature babies, and a colour television for the children's ward.

The link between these two very different events was the feeling of a whole community united, a shared challenge in which everyone was involved. This unity is one of the advantages of a small school, and I think, a peculiarly Rendcomb feature.

Finally, I would like to express my thanks Firstly, to Mrs. Sinclair and the Governors for the warmth of their welcome to me and my family; secondly, to the teaching staff for their hard work and forbearance during my first year, and, thirdly, to all those other members of the Rendcomb community without whose loyal and much appreciated efforts we could not continue. Thank you all very much.

## The Visiting Speaker

THE speaker this year was Sir Patrick Dean, C.M.G., for five years Ambassador to Washington, and, as yet, the only diplomat to address the school on Founder's Day. Surprisingly, he did not give a short autobiographical resume of a diplomat's work, but a general warning on the preservation of balance.

Sir Patrick remarked on the present rapid change in technology. Founders' Days, or the 'commencements' of America, however, had not changed much. This was a good example of tradition, something "to live up to, not on." Oscar Wilde claimed that the "youth of the U.S.A. is their oldest tradition." The repetition of this tradition indicated more than a basic, empty formality; rather a time in which to think over the year.

Sir Patrick congratulated the progress of Rendcomb itself, the independence mostly, but also the room in society for both comprehensive and independent schools. Before 1914 the balance between arts and science was foreseeable, but this was upset by wars and the new independence in Latin America, Africa, and so on, coupled with unforeseen scientific advances. A dangerous state of unbalance had come to exist between technology and social sciences; humane enlightenment had not kept pace with scientific advance. Technology had widened the gap between poorer and richer countries, but there was still no machinery to deal with nationalism and the distribution of resources. The failure of the recent U.N. debate was perhaps an omen. We lived in a bitter, violent, unsatisfied world, and, without wishing to condemn science, Sir Patrick pointed out that solid determination, patience, tolerance, compromise, collaboration and charity, rather than extremism were needed to make progress in and to enlighten *social* life. Perhaps the fact that Rendcomb had produced no diplomats was in itself a warning that something was missing.

Government policy was as important as industry. New ideas in technology were essential, but they needed to be coupled with



something else. Sir Patrick finished by asking the younger generation present to use co-operation to create a better policy for society and environmental problems, to reduce enmity, and to bring a better balance between society and technology.

G.J.D.

## **Art and Woodwork Exhibitions**

FOUNDER'S DAY again provided an excellent opportunity to show the high standard of work achieved in the Arts Block in the past year.

The artists of the school produced a greater quality and quantity of exhibits than usual, including various more unusual art forms. The First Form 'stained-glass windows' added an ecclesiastical atmosphere to the exhibition, enhanced by the brass-rubbings produced by members of the Sixth Form.

The improvement of standards under Mr. Thorne's patient guidance was evident in the high quality of the sculpture, oil-painting and line drawings. Oil painting figured prominently in the exhibition for the first time with fine examples from Nicholas Hance and Peter Millard. The exhibition was further graced by skilful 'Feather Paintings' created by Miss Barnish. Jonathan Dixon's colourful posters introduced a contemporary touch to the scene. There was also an abundance of pottery exhibited.

The woodwork exhibition maintained its usual high standard and was well appreciated by the parents. The most notable objects in the exhibition were the drawing board made by Neil Lumby, demonstrating the practical use of the Manual; Peter Lace's writing table; and Graham Jordan's set of six dining-room chairs.

There was an obvious improvement in the standard of the first form woodwork which has advanced considerably from the usual cheese-boards and table lamps to a tea trolley by Stephen Hewitt.

The exhibition was tastefully arranged by Mr. Burden with his customary skill and dexterity, which complemented the impressive display.

M.T.F.



Scientific Solo



Scientific Sextet



Two trios



## CRICKET

THE very poor weather resulted in three 1st XI matches being cancelled and two abandoned. Of the seven matches played, two were won, one drawn and four lost. On paper these statistics are not impressive, but of the four matches lost, two might have been won and the other two were each lost with less than five minutes of play remaining.

Donald Pearce was the only batsman capable of playing a major innings, but Yuvaboon, Wiggall, Andrew Pearce and Brown batted with determination and made valuable contributions. Of the bowlers only Whiteside and Yuvaboon were of true 1st XI quality and it is to their credit that the opposing batsmen never completely gained the upper hand.

The stronger members of the 1st XI remain, and with considerable talent and enthusiasm the under-sixteen level one can look forward with optimism to future seasons.

K.J.K.

### 1st XI Match Reports

I  
Cancelled.

#### v. AVONHURST SCHOOL 1ST XI

Avonhurst were put into bat but were soon in difficulties against the fast bowling of Brown. The bowlers were not helped by dropped catches, but the accurate bowling of A. Pearce and Whiteside, and later Yuvaboon, bowled Avonhurst out for 46. Yuvaboon and Wiggall quickly knocked up the runs required.

Match won by 10 wickets.

Avonhurst: 46 (Whiteside 4-9)

Rendcomb : 5o for o (Yuvaboon 32 n.o.,  
Wiggall 17 n.o.)

#### v. MARLING SCHOOL 1ST XI

Marling batted soundly, although slowly, but two middle-order batsmen doubled Marling's score in half an hour. Brown and Yuvaboon both bowled well and the fielding was good. Whiteside took the remaining wickets after tea. Rendcomb were in no position to win and a draw seemed inevitable. Yuvaboon, Wiggall and A. Pearce made a sound start, but then Rendcomb's batting collapsed and Marling won with ten minutes to spare.

Match lost by 51 runs.

Marling: 109 for 9 dec. (Whiteside 5-22)

Rendcomb: 58 (A. Pearce 19, Wiggall 10)

#### v. BURFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1ST XI

Cancelled.

#### v. CRYPT SCHOOL 1ST XI

Crypt batted first and the batsmen were soon on top of the bowling until Whiteside picked up two quick wickets, after which the run rate fell decisively. Rendcomb got off to a good start and Yuvaboon and Wiggall put Rendcomb in a good position. D. Pearce batted soundly as the other wickets fell. The tailenders made a good effort to secure a draw but Crypt won with one ball to spare.

Match lost by 15 runs.

Crypt: 112 for 8 dec. (Whiteside 5-46).

Rendcomb: 97 (D. Pearce 48, Wiggall 20,  
Yuvaboon 10)

#### v. WESTWOOD'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1ST XI

On a wet wicket Rendcomb lost their early batsmen quickly. The absence of D. Pearce and A. Pearce was felt, but sound resistance by B. Smith and Whiteside prevented a collapse. The accurate bowling kept the runs down, but Brown scored some quick runs. Lyons batted sensibly in his first match and Rendcomb held out until tea, when the match was abandoned because of rain.

Match abandoned.

Rendcomb: 51 for 7 (Whiteside 14 n.o.,  
Brown 13)

#### v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER 1st XI

Against accurate bowling, Rendcomb's

singles could have been taken. A. Pearce and D. Pearce batted sensibly, but the remaining wickets fell cheaply. Rendcomb declared, leaving their opponents even time to get the runs. The opponents' early wickets fell cheaply, but after this the bowlers failed to penetrate and the runs were scored with an over to spare.

Match lost by 7 wickets.

Rendcomb: 75-9 dec. (D. Pearce 18, A. Pearce 12)

King's School: 76 for 3.

#### v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S SCHOOL I ST XI

Cancelled.

#### v. KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BATH I ST XI

The Rendcomb batting failed to get on top of the bowling and only a good innings from D. Pearce saved Rendcomb from a very low score. The opponents also had difficulties, but were aided by poor fielding. At the end, their wickets fell quickly, but they won with two balls to spare.

Match lost by 2 wickets.

Rendcomb : 68 (D. Pearce 41 n.o.)

King Edward's : 70-8 (Yuvaboon 3-18, Whiteside 3-23)

#### v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL I ST XI

In the first hour Cheltenham were tied down by the accurate bowling of Yuvaboon and Brown. The later batsmen then attacked the bowling and they eventually declared at 146 for 5, leaving Rendcomb 75 minutes to score the required runs. This task was impossible but Yuvaboon, Wiggall and A. Pearce batted soundly against a good attack. The match ended in an inevitable draw. Match drawn.

Cheltenham G.S.: 146-5 dec.

Rendcomb : 66—1 (Yuvaboon 31 n.o., Wiggall 18)

#### v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL I ST XI

Batting first, Bloxham lost their opening batsmen quite cheaply to Yuvaboon. A good not out innings by the Bloxham captain improved their position, but they were never able to master Whiteside who, bowling unchanged for sixteen overs, gave his best performance of the season. In spite of some lethargic fielding Bloxham were all out for 115. In reply, Rendcomb soon lost their opening batsmen, but stern resistance by B. Smith and a fine innings from D. Pearce enabled A. Pearce, Brown and Mace to hit out and secure victory with two overs to spare.

Match won by 5 wickets.

Bloxham: 115 (Whiteside 5-31, Yuvaboon 3-31)

Rendcomb : 117-5 (D. Pearce 33, A. Pearce 21 n.o., Mace 19 n.o., Brown 17, B. Smith 14)

#### v. OLD RENDCOMBIANS

Due to rain the start was delayed until 4 o'clock. It was decided to play a twenty-over match. The College put the Old Rendcombians in to bat and they were soon in trouble against the accurate bowling of Wormleighton, who on his debut bowled well throughout the Old Boys' innings and was ably supported in the field. Unfortunately rain put an end to the afternoon's play which had promised to be exciting.

Match abandoned.

Old Rendcombians : 55-6 (17 overs)  
(Wormleighton 5-16)

### 2nd XI Result

#### v. WESTWOOD'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL 2ND XI

Match abandoned

Rendcomb : 95 (Medhurst 31, Rose 26)

Westwood's G.S.: 6 for 0

J.D.W.  
D.M.W.

## Under 15 Cricket

Played 7, won 4, drawn 1, lost 2.

GENERALLY this season's performances have been very encouraging except those in the first and last matches of the season. The most annoying part of our cricket was the close fielding; sometimes it was brilliant, but at other times it was lethargic. Our bowling was excellent, especially that of Wormleighton and Pitt, who brought about the collapses of King's, Gloucester, and King Edward's, Bath. Jenkins also gave valuable support when needed. The batsmen played their part too, with Wormleighton, Pitt, James and Medhurst all making useful scores. The new square was used for home games and proved to be extremely hard and true.

K. S.

### r. CRYPT, GLOUCESTER, home

Lost by 9 wickets

Rendcomb : 69 (Medhurst 18)

Crypt : 70-1

### v. MARLBOROUGH 4TH COLTS, Away

Won by 7 wickets.

Marlborough: Dm (Wormleighton 5-40,  
Jenkins 4-16)

Rendcomb: 102-3 (James 42 n.o.)

### r. KING'S, GLOUCESTER (home)

Won by 7 wickets

King's : 37 (Wormleighton 3-12, Pitt 7-21)

Rendcomb: 39-3 (Pitt 16 n.o.)

### r. KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BATH (away)

Won by 10 wickets.

King Edward's : 20 (Wormleighton 5-7,  
Pitt 5-10)

Rendcomb: 23-0.

### v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL (away)

Won by 42 runs

Rendcomb : 139 (Pitt 42, Wormleighton 22)

C.G.S.: 97 (Wormleighton 6-28, Medhurst 2-0)

### v. MARLING (home)

Drawn

Marling 90-9 dec. (Wormleighton 3-21,  
Jenkins 6-20)

Rendcomb: 69-3 (James 33 n.o.)

### v. BLOXHAM (away)

Lost by 49 runs.

Bloxham 10-8 dec. (Wormleighton 5-38)  
Rendcomb : 61 (Medhurst 29, Wormleighton

21)

The following played for the Under-15's :

K. Stuckey (capt.), A. Jenkins, N. Crowe, M. James, A. Medhurst, A. Otter, P. Rose, R. Weston, S. Wormleighton, M. Pitt, J. Stupple. *Also played:* P. Smith, T. Stroud, M. Denley, T. Longworth, P. Walton.

## Under 14 Cricket

A feature of junior cricket this season was the entry of an Under-14 XI in the Gloucestershire Schools Junior Competition. Our opponents in the first round, Northleach Grammar School, scored a fairly easy victory by virtue of some powerful all-round play by their captain.

The first Under-14 fixture, the week before this, against Avonhurst School, was won comfortably. Subsequent games against Marlborough College, Oakley Hall and Bloxham resulted in defeats.

The fortunes of the Under-13 and Under-13½ XI's were similar, but it is encouraging to see the increasing number of junior fixtures which are being made possible by greater numbers in this lower age group. **J.R.D.**

### **Under 14 XI:**

#### **v. AVONHURST SCHOOL**

Won by 101 runs

Rendcomb: 122 for 5 (M. Pitt 70, Stupple 21)

Avonhurst: 21 (Wormleighton 4-4,  
Jenkins 5-11)

#### **v. WESTWOOD'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL**

Lost by 25 runs

Westwood's : 132-8 (Walton 3-20)

Rendcomb: 107 (M. Pitt 22, Stupple 51)

#### **v. MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE 2ND YEARLINGS**

Lost by 124 runs

Marlborough: 161-3

Rendcomb : 37.

#### **v. OAKLEY HALL 1ST XI**

Lost by 6 wickets

Rendcomb: 37 (M. Pitt 12)

Oakley Hall: 38-4 (Stupple 2-2)

#### **v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL**

Lost by 7 wickets

Rendcomb: 59 (M. Pitt 22, Walton 15)

Bloxham: 60-3

The following played for the U.14 XI:

M. Pitt (capt.), Hart, N. Longworth, T. Longworth, Otter, B. Russell, Stupple, R. Stroud, I. Underdown, Walton, S. Zygmund.

The following played in some junior matches :

Barrett, Barraclough, Gready, Griffiths, D. Morris, A. Mathias, Thomson, Holloway, I. Hawkins, Yeats, Moore.

### **Under 131 and Under 13 XIs:**

#### **v. OAKLEY HALL 2ND XI**

Won by 111 runs

Rendcomb: 86 (Gready 13, Hart 21,  
S. Zygmund 18)

Oakley Hall: 75 (A. Mathias 3-22,  
Moore 4-10)

#### **v. THE KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER U.13 XI**

Won by 5 wickets

King's School: 31 (Moore 2-5, B. Russell  
4-1)

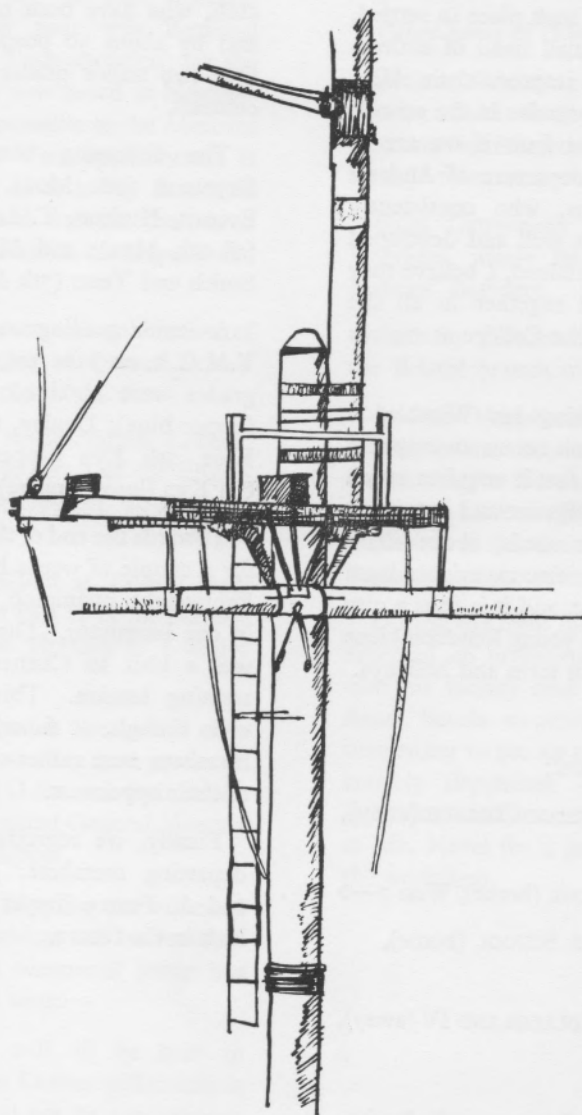
Rendcomb: 32-5 (I. Underdown 10 n.o.,  
Walton 15)

#### **v. MARLING SCHOOL U.13 XI**

Lost by 46 runs

Marling: 69 (B. Russell 4-15, Hart 2-4,  
N. Longworth 2-5)

Rendcomb: 23





## TENNIS

THE pressure of other school commitments has again told on tennis, and the persistent dreariness of the national climate made the difficult almost impossible this term. Few practices and no matches took place in settled, warm weather and the small band of enthusiasts had little chance to improve their skills. However, there is some promise in the school, promise which must bear fruit if we are to fill the gap left by the departure of Andrew Pearce and Colin Lyons, who consistently served the school's tennis well and developed into a very useful pair; indeed, I believe they only suffered one defeat together in all the matches they played for the College at various levels.

To the layman watching his Wimbledon dramas on television, tennis seems an easy and simple-minded game; in fact it requires much self-discipline, some intelligence and extremely precise skills. So tennis needs, above all, a lot of practice and competitive experience from a comparatively early age, and it is thus a pity to see some quite talented young Rendcombians playing so seldom in both term and holidays.

Results of matches were:

Under-16 IV v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE (away),  
Won 6-2

1st IV v. BURFORD SCHOOL (home), Won 7-0

Under-14 IV v. BURFORD SCHOOL (home),  
Won 7-5

1st IV v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE 2ND IV (away),  
Drawn 2-2

The following played for teams : A. Pearce, C. Lyons, D. Pearce, N. Hance, T. Longworth, N. Longworth, C. Dendy, P. Lyons, K. Barraclough, J. Campbell.

My thanks to Andrew Pearce for acting as captain this year.

J.N.H.

## JUDO

THE judo club has again had a very active term, starting on the second Sunday with a junior grading which took place at Rendcomb. This was attended by the third formers of the club, who have been taught by Mr. Thorne, and by about 30 people from outside clubs. Our two senior grades refereed some of the contests.

The following obtained junior grades : Baynham (9th Mon), Barraclough, Barrett, Everatt, Hudson, T. Longworth and Stuppel (all 8th Mon); and M. Pitt, Sherratt, S. R. Smith and Yeats (7th Mon)

A senior grading was held at Cheltenham Y.M.C.A. on June 3rd, in which the following grades were obtained : J. Millard, 3rd Kyn (upper blue); Denley, 6th Kyn (lower green); Rose, 7th Kyn (upper orange); and Knox, 8th Kyn (lower orange).

Towards the end of the term we were coached for a couple of weeks by the West of England lightweight champion, who is also a pupil of our instructor. The last event of the term was a visit to Cheltenham Y.M.C.A. for a training session. This was a great success even though, at times, some of our younger members were rather overwhelmed by the size of their opponents.

Finally, we regretfully say goodbye to our departing members : J. Tyler (upper blue) and A. Pearce (upper green) and wish them luck in the future.

J.M.

## OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES

FIRST we offer congratulations to . . . .

.. .. Arnold Brain on his appointment as Regional Director and Chairman of the Economic Planning Board for the East Midland Region. His previous post was Regional Controller (Roads and Transportation) for the West Midlands. He is now based at Nottingham and is directly responsible to the Minister for the Environment. This appointment is particularly interesting as it is the first time that a professional civil servant has been appointed Regional Director in the Department of the Environment.

. . . . Douglas Dakin on the publication of his book 'The Unification of Greece 1770-1923.'

. . . . Martin Dow at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, on a First in Part 1 of the Engineering Tripos and his election to a senior scholarship.

. . . . Christopher Elliott at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, on a First in Part 1B of the Natural Sciences Tripos and his election to a senior scholarship.

The O.R. Cricket Match (recorded elsewhere) was marred by weather but produced a gratifying gathering of O.R.s and their ladies. It was followed by the Annual General Meeting and an informal Buffet Supper.

The Annual General Meeting was attended by 35 members. Proceedings will be reported more fully in the next secretarial letter but two important decisions were :—

1. Future A.G.M.s will all be held in Rendcomb. The London Dinner will continue as a social event, but will not be the occasion for a business meeting.

2. The appointment of a committee to take over the Lee-Browne Memorial Appeal which has been dormant for several years. It is hoped to complete the work within six months.

The Buffet Supper was again a most enjoyable occasion and we must congratulate Mrs. Mezo, Mrs. Haupt and their assistants for maintaining the very high standard which they set on previous occasions and which we are now beginning to accept as normal.

Other news of O.R.s :

Arthur Wilcox retires at the end of the present term from his post as Principal Lecturer in Education at Loughborough and intends to embark on a world cruise.

Giles Cattermole is working in the New Hebrides, where he is the resident United Nations' Engineer.

Anthony Cattermole is assistant manager of the Bristol branch of British Home Stores.

Andrew Heppleston is now qualified as a doctor, is married, and is doing research on haematology at Newcastle University. We were pleased to see Peter Binks and his family during their visit to this country from Australia at the beginning of the year.

During the term the author and Mr. Burden accepted an invitation from Francis Nevel to visit his factory near Welwyn where he produces Betula woodware. It was particularly interesting to see an organisation which is still entirely dependent on high standards of individual craftsmanship : we are also grateful to Mr. Nevel for a generous gift of timber to the workshop.

J.B.F.

