

THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE



Vol. 18 No. 5

September 1979

CONTENTS

Editorial.....	3
Miscellanea	4
College Officers.....	7
Meeting Officers.....	7
Meeting Notes	8
Walter Telling	9
C. M. Swaine	10
Headmaster's Speech	n
Summary of the Guest Speaker's Speech	16
Church Notes	17
Church Music	18
Summer Concert	18
Rendcomb Fete.....	18
Photographic Society	19
Bridge Club	19
Debating Society	20
Community Services	21
Community Service Conference	21
Gardening	22
Computing	22
Year of the Child	23
VIB History Field Trip.....	24
The Russian Trip	25
Contributions	27
Cricket... ..	48
Tennis	57
Girl's Tennis	59
Judo	60
Golf	62
Old Rendcombian Notes	63



EDITORIAL

THIS editorial is proving exceedingly difficult to write. I started off by writing about the Appeal and its success but this degenerated into speculation as to why Rendcomb, with its rapidly expanding, inspirational buildings, still fails to produce many architects. Perhaps the rumour that our forthcoming Assembly Hall was to be shaped like a shell caused all prospective architects to fling their hands to the skies and exclaim: "Oh God, we see now that the field of architecture is too full of genius; we will seek out new avenues of discovery in needlework, gardening or maybe even mechanical engineering."

I then imagined myself trying to justify the existence of Rendcomb to a fervent socialist, attacking its insularity and cramped social structure. But I found this too easy, at least to begin with. "Insularity," I said, preparing for a put-down that would have warmed the hearts of Dorothy Parker or Bob Dylan—if lonely, cynical hearts can ever be warmed; "insularity" would no doubt account for our twice-weekly visits to Cirencester on Community Services. Our policy of "splendid isolation" allows the College to be used by the Hackney Adventure Holiday Group for children who live in deprived areas, in the Summer Holidays; but this is no doubt an exception. I had a lot to say about our supposed insularity! I then moved on to "cramped social structure" and, arguing with my socialist who was objecting to the supposed exclusive society of Rendcomb, I pointed out the various scholarships for local boys, citing myself as a beneficiary.

However, I suddenly realised that there was another interpretation for the phrase "cramped social structure" and this time my antagonist was myself. In Rendcomb, as in any public school, people from vastly differing backgrounds; differing in character, interests and ambitions, are suddenly placed together under a loose framework of discipline and routine. But unlike a day school there are no escape routes until the holidays. And pain often results; I can remember often longing to be far away from Rendcomb, not because I was homesick, unpopular, bullied or under stress from work but because I could not communicate. This is a subtle form of loneliness; after the initial burst of meetings there are few new faces in Rendcomb—you start to believe in the predictability of the people around you. Why ask questions if you can guess the answers which different people are going to give you? (that's rhetorical—don't answer it!). This is especially evident at the end of the long Winter Term. Why should young boys feel anger amidst Christmas parties and with a long holiday to look forward to? And yet they do—the only real fight I got involved in at Rendcomb was on the last day of term in the Third Form (for those interested, I got hammered). Is this an example of the social intensity of the "cramped social structure" at Rendcomb?

For a long time this question bothered me and I would commit myself to increase this feeling of the "stereo-typed role" which I believe afflicted me. And yet now I realise that such a pose was ridiculous and conceited, so conceited; I have been taught that people's weaknesses can often be their strengths (as for myself I know most of my manifold weaknesses but have trouble finding how they could be strengths; *c'est la vie*). What is all this soul searching leading to? Well, it is Rendcomb that has taught me this by virtue of its small population and constant meetings ordained by routine and I value this more than any academic or sporting success I have achieved on the way. Tolerance seems to me to be a positive form of patience.

And so, to summarize all these seemingly disconnected thoughts I would say that it is the size and idiosyncrasies of the school that make for Rendcomb's uniqueness. It is an education in itself; not all aspects of education are pleasant, though.

MISCELLANEA

ON the first Wednesday of term the Alternative Drama Group performed a trilogy: "Poosticks"; "The Army was the Answer"; "Don't Look for me... I'm Lost". The success of the evening seems to ensure the continuance of the group.

* * * * *

Christopher Dendy, an Old Rendcombian and Sarah Griffiths-Jones gave a recital on 29th April of various works for flute and piano. Annie's Song was greatly appreciated by the younger members of the audience.

* * * * *

This term the geographers, under the enthusiastic leadership of Mr. C. F. F. Terrill, had many outings. The Vth Form visited Cheddar Gorge, whilst the VIth Form group paid two visits to the Royal Geographical Society in London where they heard lectures on wine growing and limestone, as well as visiting the Geological Museum.

* * * * *

Mr. D. S. J. Price gave a talk on "The Black Death in Gloucestershire" on 9th May. He fully conveyed the terrible effect of the Black Death in the area, causing drastic depopulation in local villages. Mr. Price also imparted much of his knowledge on the Normans in Gloucestershire to his VIth Form History Group which he took on several most interesting field trips during the last few weeks of term. He also gave a most informative lecture on Rendcomb Parish Church at the end of term.

The Appeal Fund Fete was held on Saturday, 12th May, which was fortunately a beautiful afternoon and attracted a large number of people. The IMPS Motorcycle Team gave an exciting display and the Scout Band provided a rousing welcome to visitors. Thanks are due to everyone concerned for making it such a successful and enjoyable afternoon.

* * * * *

There were various talks and lectures this term on both serious and more light-hearted topics. Mr. C. F. F. Terrill spoke on "The Prospect for Human Survival", giving the message that we should look for quality and not quantity of life. Prospects are undoubtedly gloomy but Mr. Terrill managed to give some ray of hope. Capt. B. Irons who was also one of our visiting preachers gave a film and talk, and Mr. P. L. Rhodes discussed "Pop Music and its Criticism". Although Mr. Rhodes found little of worth in pop music in general, he found that such songs as Kate Bush's "Wuthering Heights" had many fine qualities.

* * * * *

Another VIth Form geography trip this term was to R. A. F. Insworth to visit their meteorology centre. The Rendcomb weather-station, under the control of the Geography Department, is now in full swing, with results being sent through to Bracknell.

* * * * *

This was a busy term for the Rendcomb Armchair Thespians. In collaboration with the Madrigal Group they produced "Four Seasons in the Mind of Man" for the school on Wednesday, 16th May. The 'RATS' met later on in the term for a reading of "Under Milkwood."

* * * * *

On Saturday, 19th May, VIth Form Scientists visited AERE Harwell where they were given a guided tour. In the last week of term, the scientists also went to Imperial College, University of London for the Open Day.

* * * * *

This term the Choral Society performed "The Creation" by J. Haydn. The four soloists were not from the school, but members of the choir excelled themselves, above all in showing their enthusiasm and enjoyment at having the opportunity to tackle this great work.

* * * * *

On 24th May the IInd Form visited Welsh Castles, the trip took in White Castle, Skenfrith, Grosmont and Goodrich. The following week the 1st Form paid a visit to the Corinium Museum and Chedworth Roman Villa.

* * * * *

The IVth Form Art and Woodwork Groups, plus several members of the VIth Form, visited "Art in Action" at Waterperry House, where one would see both modern and traditional arts and crafts being done. These included sculpture and printing, although a stall with homemade doughnuts proved to be the most popular attraction! Mr. Thorne also took his VIth Form Art Group to see the new Cirencester Workshops.

* * * * *

The VIth Form 'O' Level Classics Group were most fortunate in visiting Bradfield College where they saw a production in Greek of Sophocles' "Oedipus Rex", one of their set books. This was an unforgettable experience and everyone was most impressed by the standard of the production. Thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Quick for their generous hospitality.

* * * * *

A large VIB Group went to the Royal Shakespeare Theatre to see "Twelfth Night". Reactions to the production were mixed, but on the whole everyone appreciated and enjoyed it.

* * * * *

Mr. P. L. Rhodes gave a recital on Sunday, 17th June. His programme consisted of Parita No. 2 in C Minor by J. S. Bach, Schubert's Wanderer Fantasie, Nocturne in B Op. 62 No. 1 by Chopin and an enrapturing performance of Alborado Del Gracioso from Ravel's set of pieces 'Miroirs'. Although the upper school had exams, the recital was poorly supported by both staff and pupils.

On 3rd July VIA had an all day outing to Bath, which was an opportunity for both sight-seeing and shopping. There were several other outings during the last week of term and the school was almost empty when Forms II to V went to the Royal Show.

* * * * *

The VIth Form Dance was on the last Friday of term. It was held in the conservatory with a barbecue on the terraces and was a memorable occasion for all leavers.

* * * * *

Post-¹ A' level groups excelled themselves in the usefulness of their work for the College. Besides the traditional tasks of painting rugger posts, tidying up the Churchyard and painting the railings, other leavers decorated studies, mended chairs and tables, and, (with Mark Raven

and Mark Middlemist leading), tidied Park House grounds. A great deal of work was done in the Woodwork and Art rooms in preparation for the Founders' Day Sale in aid of the Appeal.

An archaeological test trench was dug on the site of a possible Iron Age Camp in the College grounds. A tantalizing piece of evidence was unearthed by Andrew Carter and David Marshall—a Romano-British Sherd (fragment of pottery) of the third or fourth century. But there was no evidence of building on the site and so the conclusion is that we still do not know when Rendcomb was **first** founded.

* * * * *

Term ended on Sunday, 8th July, the day on which the North Wales climbing party left under the supervision of Mr. J. Willson. Those pupils not too anxious to get away from College signed up to help with the Rendcomb Appeal Summer Ball which was to be held on Wednesday, nth July.

* * * * *

A gathering on the evening of the last day of term provided an opportunity for staff and friends to say farewell to Mr. Chris Swaine and his wife after twenty-seven years at Rendcomb. To mark their departure they were presented with a garden seat, projector screen and a cheque. We wish them a happy and well deserved retirement in Anglesey.

* * * * *

The drawings for this issue were provided by Josephine Taylor, Joan Hecktermann, David Beanland, Christopher Brealy and Guy Marsh.

COLLEGE OFFICERS

Senior Prefect: J. R. Steed

Prefects: S. J. Ratcliffe; E. M. Adams; J. S. Portch; N. I. M. Hall; D. R. J. Marshall;
M. A. R. Webb; A. S. Carter

Public Workman: D. C. Beanland

Church Ushers: M. A. R. Webb; P. J. Young; D. W. Sayers; D. R. Strong; P. A. Hooley

Librarians: J. R. Steed; N. D. Miles; W. F. Peplow; G. M. Ashe; E. P. Mackintosh; J. M. Taylor

Magazine Editors: J. S. Portch; M. J. Curtis-Hayward; J. M. Taylor

Cricket Captain: M. A. R. Webb

Cricket Secretary: R. I. C. Tudor

Music Librarians: J. Lewis; A. Pitt

MEETING OFFICERS

Summer Term, 1979

Chairman: R. Tudor

Secretary: C. Comrie

Meeting Banker: A. M. Twyman

Boy's Banker: A. Tong

Council: R. Tudor; D. Ind; K. Nunan

M. A. C.: D. Ind; B. Hatchwell; M. Twyman; C. Cannon; T. Evans

P. L. O.: K. Nunan; J. Bull; R. Pitt; D. Gassor; J. H. Gotley

Entertainments Committee: J. Quick; R. Tudor; M. Twinning; D. Webb; J. Bowerman; P. Stroud;
A. Martyn-Smith; A. Harris

Food Committee: S. Horne; M. Twyman; J. George; S. Badcott; D. Rollo; W. Wilkinson

Paperman: C. Stratton

Assistant Boys' Banker: P. Chivers

Broom Warden: A. Wilcox

Breakages Man: R. Hazell

Nominations Committee: R. Tudor; D. Ind; K. Nunan; J. Quick; S. Horne

Dance Committee: D. Taylor; J. Archer; T. Powell; P. Hooley; D. Marshall

Snooker Committee: M. Twinning; R. Pitt; R. Tudor

MEETING NOTES

Summer Term, 1979

THE MEETING expressed its gratitude to Mr. Fry and Mr. Swaine, who are leaving after many years of service to the school.

It was decided to hold a barbecue outside the dining hall before the dance this term. Tickets could be reasonably priced as a result of the profit made from the dance last term. The question of drink was raised, and it was decided to buy lager as it seemed to be more acceptable, though this would increase the price of the tickets.

After some dispute over the reason for the rule which forbids snooker to be played during the summer, the rule was repealed.

A proposal to hold "peasant lunches" on a regular basis, suggested by the Community Services Committee, was passed overwhelmingly. The money raised would go to a charity of our choice.

There was a discussion over the use of the amplifier by the junior forms. It was reaffirmed that this was permissible provided that both Mr. Knapp and a senior member of the Entertainments Committee were consulted first.

The Snooker Committee made some inquiries about the cost of re-covering the large snooker table in Saul's Hall, which is becoming worn after nine years during which the cloth has not been replaced. The Meeting were informed of various estimates, and was told that the Governors would discuss the issue at their next meeting.

I should like to thank the senior members of the Meeting who are leaving this term for their valuable contributions to its operation.

R. T.

WALTER TELLING

WALTER TELLING's death in June of this year brought a note of sadness and reflection to the summer term for all of us who had worked with him.

Coming to the College in 1930, he served as Clerk of Works until his retirement forty years later at the age of seventy. He served with all four of the headmasters appointed since the foundation of the College and will be fondly and gratefully remembered by countless members of the staff and boys.

Although between 1930 and 1960 we were a very small school, this meant also a very small staff, and considerable versatility was needed by all of us. No department of school life demanded a wider range of capabilities nor greater energy than the one he ran so well.

After surmounting the formidable difficulties of the wartime and post-war periods, he was confronted in the nineteen-sixties with a programme of expansion which more than doubled the area and diversity of his responsibilities. This expansion, at an age when most of us are thinking about retirement, he took coolly in his stride.

Over the years he built up an encyclopaedic knowledge of every aspect of his job. His vigilant eye never missed shoddy or incorrect workmanship by firms installing equipment. His standards were as high as his manner was modest and matter-of-fact.

His courage and fortitude were unusual. I remember not only the cool way in which he tackled a night-time intruder in the College, but also the speed with which he returned to work after receiving an injury which would have given greater pause to many a younger man.

Facing the demands made on his work in bad weather he was imperturbable and tireless. I remember his becoming drenched with water from the Stable Block cistern, water which immediately froze and made his clothing as stiff as a board. This experience, at over sixty, he passed off as an amusing anecdote.

His sense of commitment to his responsibilities was reflected also in his family life. I recall his concern to give his sons the best possible start in life and his quiet and serious sense of his duties as a father.

Our sincere sympathy goes to his wife and sons; we can well appreciate their loss. Those of us who served with him mourn with gratitude a colleague of quite exceptional qualities.

D. de G. S.

C. M. SWAINE

MR. SWAINE retired in July after twenty seven years as Head of Biology at Rendcomb, during which time the department has expanded considerably as the numbers in the school have increased. In the early days Botany and Zoology were taught as separate subjects at 'A' level, and there has been a steady record of successes with a significant number of his pupils going on to do research work after their degrees.

In the recent *Old Rendcombian* Newsletter a number of tributes were paid to him by former pupils. The following extract summarizes the views expressed:

"Schoolboys tend to judge masters on two levels: the personality level and then later on, when awareness dawns, on the level of 'examination results'. For me, and I know for countless others, C. M. S. was a gem on both counts;...

I carry C. M. S. around with me; I recall the ways he did things when I am dealing with my pupils. So the greatest tribute I can pay him is that C. M. S. is still teaching in the far flung islands (Orkneys) where I live at present and hopefully I may pass on some of the pleasure of Rendcomb Biology to my pupils, as he did so abundantly to his through his gentle and encouraging presence."

Mr. Swaine's particular interest in ornithology and in the flora and fauna of the Cotswolds was mentioned in Mr. James' *"History of Rendcomb College"*:

"In July, 1954, the *Chronicle* began its Natural History supplement, which was to outlast the decade. This impressive record of local flora and wild life generally, made by enthusiastic biologists and naturalists under Chris Swaine's scholarly supervision, already provokes nostalgia".

Pupils at Rendcomb have been able to take advantage of Mr. Swaine's vast knowledge in Natural History classes in the lower forms and in specialized Ecology classes in the sixth form. Full use has been made of the school grounds and the River Churn, supplemented by frequent, fascinating visits to the Wildfowl Trust at Slimbridge. For many years he has been well known in Gloucestershire for his lectures on the Natural History of the area and as a member of the Gloucestershire Natural History Society.

He has had the opportunity to travel widely because his daughter's husband was posted to the Yemen for a period, and his son, now a lecturer at Aberdeen, held a post at the University of Accra in Ghana. Members of the school benefited from his experiences in the form of lectures illustrated by his own slides. These lectures, like his Biology exhibitions, were all extremely interesting and we sincerely hope that his retirement does not represent the end of such talks.

I am in the privileged position to have been one of his pupils and one of his teaching colleagues. My ten Junior Biology exercise books remind me of his excellent diagrams, the clarity of his explanations and above all his infinite patience. As a colleague, his unvarying charm and co-operation were hardly ever ruffled by the panics and pressures which most of us succumb to.

A few years ago he bought a bungalow on Anglesey near a developing nature reserve, where he will be able to pursue his interest in ornithology. We wish Chris and Eileen Swaine many years of happy retirement.

C. J. W.

FOUNDER'S DAY, 1979

Headmaster's Speech

Mr. Chairman, My Lords, ladies and gentlemen.

Firstly, may I welcome on your behalf, Lord Wolfenden, our main speaker. I will only mention in passing his entry in "Who's Who" under Recreations. It is: 'getting used to retirement'. For anyone who has held such a variety of important positions this must be a challenge but in fact men of Lord Wolfenden's distinction often find themselves upon retirement busier than ever. It is extremely kind of him to be with us today.

Then a very warm welcome to you all. It is so nice to be able to see everybody under one roof again.

Before saying something about the school during the past year, I would like to add to what the Chairman has said and pay my own brief tribute to Colonel John Godman as a man of rare quality.

Every Governors' meeting was enlivened with his wit or with some amusing story prompted by the business in hand. He was a shy man, but he had a warm appreciation of people and he loved Rendcomb. He inspired immediate confidence as a man of absolute integrity, and I valued very much his trust in me. Shortly after my appointment here my wife and I felt privileged to be invited to tea and to see his wood garden at Banks Fee near Moreton-in-Marsh where he lived alone. We entered a house where time seemed to have stood still for half a century, yet he himself was always open minded to new ideas, as you would expect from a man who had presided over the development of this school, one of the most interesting educational experiments of the pre-war years. And it is largely owing to his negotiations with the County Council in those early days that Gloucestershire Foundationers still come to us—an arrangement which we value highly as a central part of what Rendcomb is about.

It is unlikely that any Chairman of Governors will again serve a school for 35 years, but I hope that John Godman's qualities of resolute independence and service to the community will continue to be, as they have been in the past, very special characteristics of this country. And I believe that these qualities are the very ones which would have appealed most strongly to Noel Wills whose memory we honour today.

Those two qualities I have just mentioned—independence and service—I regard as keynotes for 1979. Education should, as far as possible, be removed from the political arena, but it would be hypocritical for any Independent School to ignore the fact that we no longer have a Government pledged to abolish us. Having said that, my feeling in an election year is not primarily that one Government rather than another has been elected, but simply to be thankful that we have the freedom to choose. We so often take it for granted, and we need to remember sometimes how lucky we are to have this freedom. But freedom means responsibility and we do need to earn it.

I was reminded of these things when I visited my old school last year. I hadn't been back since leaving 34 years ago and when I saw how little had changed I didn't know whether to be glad or sorry. But over the portico leading into the school I remembered the Latin phrase:

Ostia magna mihi aperta sunt
Great gates are opened to me

Well, it may not strike you quite in that way when at the age of 11 you're tangling with Latin and Rugger, Physics and punctuality for the first time. In fact, you might be forgiven for thinking of that other inscription over the gate into Dante's Inferno—*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate*—'Abandon hope all ye who enter here'; but when you reflect on the range of learning and experience you encounter at school the opening of great gates is not a bad image. All that happens during this time is directed towards making you independent, with all the confidence that brings you.

And then, what was the Latin phrase over the great gate as you left school?

Gratis accepistis, gratis date

Freely you have received, freely give.

This is where our responsibility comes in, service to others, to our community, to our country.

We start to put this into action here among ourselves and in Cirencester with old people and handicapped children, because if we haven't learned something of our responsibilities while at school, then we haven't learned much, whatever our examination results. But in fact I think that most boys and girls here acquire both kinds of learning. You probably remember the story of the boy aged 14 who said that his father knew absolutely nothing, but at the age of 19 he said he was amazed at how much the old fellow had picked up in 5 years.

Now for some details. What are we teaching your children to enable them to cope in the world of post O. P. E. C. man?

I did mention 'silicon chips with everything' in my 1978 speech but that was almost at the start of the explosion.

On October 2nd last year the first leader in "*The Times*"—a sad casualty of our present troubles—was entitled 'Ineluctable Electronics'. A hasty glance at my dictionary gave me the meaning of 'ineluctable'—'against which it is vain to struggle' and from the article came the following sentence 'The availability of skilled people to programme the microprocessors is of overriding national importance'. A month later the first letter in "*The Times*" from the Duke of Kent, Chairman of the National Electronics Council, was headed 'Lack of Experts in Electronics'. The need continues to grow rapidly, as was indicated in a report only this week of 25, 000 unfilled jobs in this field.

There has been a keen awareness of this need here for some time in our busy electronics room, and the purchase of our teaching computer, which has now been joined by a second, has aroused enormous interest. I understand that it plays a good game of chess though it lacks the finesse of our best players. However, it is learning fast, and by the time it has coached our first group through their 'O' level in computer studies next year, it may indeed prove ineluctable.

Next a word about Modern Languages. With the English channel dwindling all the time, and the Parliament in Brussels full of Euro-Tories, you would expect the study of these languages to be booming. But this just isn't happening. In the country as a whole, the study of French is in decline, and German even more so. However eager foreigners are to learn English, if we are to play our full part in Europe and to succeed as a major industrial nation, we must produce linguists, and all pupils in secondary education by the time they leave school, should be able to make themselves understood in a foreign language. It really is rather ignominious if we have to be always on the defensive, as even Winston Churchill was when opening a speech to the French people he said in an execrable accent 'Prenez garde! Je vais parler Francais'.

I am glad to say that the study of French and German continues to attract able people here, and it will be possible next year for members of the VIth Form not specializing in languages to pursue the study of French beyond 'O' level or to take a foundation course in German.

And talking of pursuing subjects reminds me of H. G. Wells' description of a public school in his novel "The History of Mr. Polly"—'A number of subjects were pursued but none effectually overtaken'. Not so here, where we were fortunate again this year to win two holiday study scholarships to Germany out of 30 offered by the German Government in the whole country; our exchange visits to Annecy also continue to thrive, though I would like to encourage even more parents to take advantage of this opportunity.

And as I am mentioning visits abroad, 33 boys and girls from here enjoyed a highly successful trip to Moscow and Leningrad last holiday.

Now let me take one more academic example, the study of History. I have sometimes been asked what is the point, what relevance has it? My answer would be that it provides one of the best possible trainings for an intelligent boy or girl.

In examining the actions of great men, in understanding something of economic forces, in assessing evidence, in constructing a rational argument—what better way of perceiving that subtle balance between the ideal and the possible in the exercise of power towards improving our societies. If we know nothing of the past we are mere provincials in time, confused by the constant flow of trivial information.

I quote from Acton—'History redeems us from the temporary and transient, and fixes our minds upon abiding issues'. What I am saying is simply that we cannot survive by the development of science and technology alone, and the study of human problems and the human mind never goes out of date. Perhaps you will forgive a brief digression to illustrate this point. A professor attending a conference abroad wished to send a telegram to his wife. With remarkable originality he hit upon the message 'Having a lovely time; wish you were here'. Nothing wrong with the technology, but there was a human problem; the Telex typists were working to rule and unfortunately omitted the last letter of the message which then read 'Having a lovely time; wish you were her'. Having said this much about work, may I leave our results to speak for themselves?

Our average 'O' level pass holds steady between 7 and 8, with most VIth Formers adding one, or two a year later; and 3 sound or good 'A' level passes remains the norm. But as always, these results tell only part of the story, just as a Passport gives you entry into a country without saying much about you. The important parts of your education are those permanent qualities of mind and heart and character which you have acquired, and which remain with you throughout your life.

Now something about the Appeal, to which so many have contributed so generously—parents and former parents, Old Boys and Girls, Governors, friends and well wishers. Members of the school have also done their part, two years ago in a sponsored walk, this term in a Fete which raised over £1, 000 and today in the Sale of Art and Woodwork which I hope you have seen. The usual high standard of workmanship was evident, even when some mass production techniques were employed, and our new pottery kiln is proving a great asset. Even Sir Francis Goldsmith, who built Rendcomb, has contributed; the bells which summoned the lady's maid to the boudoir or the butler to the drawing room have now gained the status of antiques and have been selling like hot cakes. I must also mention the huge and handsome interest-free loan from the Dulverton Trust which has enabled us to go ahead at once with our plans.

The work on the Science Laboratories, essential and excellent though it was, might have escaped the eye of the casual observer, but nobody could ignore this magnificent Sports Palace in which the grass is always close-clipped, the climate always dry and temperate. In case you are wondering what these hangings are, they pull out to full length cricket nets in which we have this term entertained the East African World Cup Cricket Team; some winter coaching will give a further boost to our cricket in which there has been an increased interest this year, and our Hockey teams will find this practice area invaluable. In fact, there are few games that cannot be played in here, and I am sure you can imagine the pleasure that this building has already given. It's worth remembering that two years ago, when I asked a well known firm of fund raisers what we could expect to raise, they did their sums and came up with a figure of £28, 000. So far, we have exceeded their estimate by over £95,000 and there remains the Rendcomb Summer Ball on Wednesday, July nth which should add to the total. There are still tickets available for this, and we have priced them moderately to encourage everyone to come and celebrate a very special occasion. We hope that you will come prepared to invest in the tombola and we look forward to seeing as many people as possible there. Apart from the Ball, if anyone still wishes to make a donation it's not too late and this can be done by cheque—or if possible—by covenant. It really is surprising how easy it is to give £100 by covenanting £10 a year. All funds remaining will go towards the final Appeal building, our Assembly Hall and Theatre to be built on a new site. The old Gymnasium or Conservatory will be converted into the Senior Dining Room—and surely this will be the most elegant and attractive Dining Hall of any school?

You may not be aware that one spin off from the Appeal is that the staff are moving out of what was in Victorian times, the Servants' Hall, and having as their new Staff Room the former Billiard Room; but I do assure you that this elevation will not encourage us to spend our time trying to pot black, nor shall we forget that although we are masters, we are all of us servants too, servants of a school whose life and traditions we cherish. May I take this opportunity of thanking the Staff most warmly for their loyal and dedicated service this year.

I emphasise this year the minor sports which flourish here, those which rely more on individual performance than team work.

A long tradition of success in Judo has been continued, with 6 medals gained in the Dowty Junior Championship, one of them a gold.

Climbing is a very different sport, but it also involves pitting yourself against an opponent. As William Blake tells us:

Great things are done when men and mountains meet
This is not done by jostling in the street.

If you want to assess the strength, balance and determination needed, I invite you to step out to the climbing wall at the far end of this building and try to climb up it; and at a more modest level, year after year boys have made their first acquaintance with hill walking and elementary rock climbing at the camp in North Wales each summer.

Golf has suddenly attracted a number of keen players, and we are lucky to have a good course only four miles away; and Badminton has joined the other racquet games at which both boys and girls have been gaining increased success. As we are on the threshold of the Wimbledon fortnight it's appropriate for me to mention that a member of this school was last year the British under twelve tennis Champion, and only last month he represented this country against Israel,

Spain and West Germany. He is this year ranked No. 1 in the British fourteen and under tennis team.

Finally, although riding is non-competitive here it gives much enjoyment, more especially for its freedom from restrictions of time and place. You can take a white horse anywhere, and last week one girl got up at 5-30 a. m. to do just that. Furthermore it is, I believe, the only sport in which boys and girls, men and women find themselves on absolutely equal terms. From sports for the individual to those activities requiring perhaps more teamwork than any others—Music and Drama. Of these I will only record the great pleasure we derived from imaginative performances of Shakespeare and Stoppard, Beethoven and Mozart and Haydn. Our orchestra continues to enlarge its size and repertoire, and the school plays, always of a high standard, are beginning to benefit from our recently introduced drama periods for junior forms.

Before ending with a valediction I must mention the sad death a fortnight ago of Walter Telling who, as Clerk of Works, gave a lifetime of service to the school. During 40 years he gained a remarkable knowledge of buildings, grounds and everything electric and mechanical contained therein. His keen practical mind and readiness to turn his hand to anything, and his shrewd assessment of people made him invaluable to three successive Headmasters and our sympathy goes to his widow and family.

And now to conclude, we say goodbye at the end of this term to Mr. Swaine who is retiring as Head of Biology after 26 years.

Rendcomb has always been a favourable spot for Biologists and Mr. Swaine has more than upheld a distinguished tradition. He is well known in Gloucestershire as a naturalist and photographer, especially for his interest in birds. For his success as a teacher you have only to look at the record of those who have gone on to advanced work in Universities. His enthusiasm for his subject has inspired generations of scholars. But it is even more for his qualities as a person that we shall remember him. There was a characteristic note in one of his reports on a girl this term—‘she responds best to a friendly approach’—in brackets (don’t we all!). And this, I’m sure is why former pupils have paid tribute to him with such evident appreciation and affection. His sympathy and understanding made formal discipline unnecessary; they expected to find a good teacher, but they found also a friend.

So, as scholar, colleague and friend, we send our warmest wishes with Chris Swaine and with his wife, Eileen, to their new home in Anglesey. May they enjoy a long and happy retirement.

A SUMMARY OF THE GUEST SPEAKER'S SPEECH

Our guest speaker at Founder's Day this year was Lord Wolfenden of Westcott, C. B. E., a distinguished classical scholar who has been Headmaster of both Uppingham and Shrewsbury Public Schools; for further details of his distinguished career you should no doubt consult "Who's Who," a volume whose merits (or even defects) were sold humorously throughout the proceedings.

He began by opening the Sports Hall, showpiece of the Rendcomb Appeal at the time of writing, noting despairingly the myriad of different coloured lines covering its special carpet.

His speech was consistently aggressive and effervescent; he showed his love of the dramatic put-down from the first. He began by stating that his speech was addressed solely to those under nineteen years old and, as if to prove it, humorously rebuffed both the Headmaster's and the new Chairman of Governor's attempts to introduce him.

The main theme of his address was based around one word, "standards," and he went on to challenge the members of the audience to ask themselves whether they fulfilled their objectives to the best of their capabilities. He mentioned the academic aspect of the challenge, stressing the need to endure its hardships, perhaps unfortunately citing Biology in view of the attention focussed on Mr. Swaine, our distinguished Head of Biology, retiring after twenty-seven years at Rendcomb. Moving to Rugger, he speculated if the scrum always pushed their hardest, although he admitted with witty arrogance that the people with any intelligence were outside of the scrum!

However, there are more important things in life than academic or sporting success and Lord Wolfenden moved on to the question of moral integrity. He attacked the so-called "white-lie", the wilful giving of a wrong impression. He stated the old truth that actions make habits which, in turn, make up character. The inability to be honest with oneself, self deception, leads naturally on to the torpor of a wasted life. He demanded that we should not court popularity above all other considerations and that we should have the courage to say "No" when others around us are saying "Yes." He said that our guidelines should not be pious, sanctimonious theories but rather the standards which we should be setting ourselves every day. It is the propensity of the young to feel anger strongly and as Bishop Bardsley said in his vote of thanks afterwards, we had been made angry with ourselves.

We need to lose our self-respect, be honest with ourselves, in order to earn a greater, longer-lasting respect.

M. C. H.

CHURCH NOTES

THE end of the Summer Term means a change in the people involved in ushering at Church services. It is often not appreciated how much time has to be devoted to this very important job. This is certainly true of the role of Senior Usher who is responsible for organising the seating plan in Church and who is continually involved in revising the arrangements as situations demand. The function of Senior Usher during the past year has been expeditiously performed by Mark Webb, who has warded off chaos many times by his firm and efficient organisation. He has been ably assisted by Penny Hooley, Pip Young, Doug Sayers and David Strong who have performed the task of giving out books before Services and clearing up afterwards with great care and attention, and above all with courtesy and cheerfulness.

It seems strange during College holidays not to be treated to the impressive ringing of the campanologists before the Morning Service. They can rest assured that people in the Parish of Rendcomb recognise how lucky they are to have such an enthusiastic and capable group of ringers so near at hand.

The Morning Service is also enhanced by the College choir. The congregation at this service is indebted to the choristers for their enthusiasm and long hours of hard work they put in under their Director, Mr. John Willson. Thanks must also go to Mr. Peter Rhodes and Jeremy French who provide the organ accompaniment at the Evening Service.

Old Churches and their churchyards are notoriously difficult to keep clean and tidy, but in the case of St. Peter's Church we can be justly proud of its neatness, inside and outside. This is largely due to Mr. Frank Fry, who mows the main body of the churchyard and Mr. White and his helpers who cut the more inaccessible parts, and maintain the iron railings in good condition. David Marshall and Mark Raven have conscientiously cleaned the inside of the church every week during term time; they have been assisted in the more specialist cleaning of the brass, for example, by a number of pupils on Public Works. All these people must be thanked for their hard work and dedication.

Again, this term, we have had quite an impressive array of guest preachers. We had our first visit from the recently appointed Vicar of Cirencester, the Revd. John Lewis; on Whitsunday Bishop Cuthbert Bardsley, former Bishop of Coventry and a Governor of the College, preached; Capt. Barry Irons, Midlands' Secretary of the Church Army spent one Sunday with us, showing a film on the work of the C. A. in the afternoon; Mr. E. W. Fletcher, a regular visitor, also preached. Two services of hymns and readings were held this term: one taking up the theme of the first Whitsunday, in a Junior Service, and then on Trinity Sunday a Senior Service with a theme appropriate to that day in the Christian calendar.

J. H.

CHURCH MUSIC

29th April	The Strife Is O'er	<i>H. Ley</i>
13th May	This Joyful Easter-tide	<i>Dutch Carol</i>
20th May	Thou Visitest The Earth... ..	<i>M. Greene</i>
24th May (Ascension Day)	Now At Thy Feet Creation Lies	<i>J. S. Bach</i>
3rd June	If Ye Love Me	<i>T. Tallis</i>
17th June	Hymn To The Trinity	<i>P. Tchaikovsky</i>
23rd June (Founder's Day)	Let Us Now Praise Famous Men.....	<i>R. Vaughan Williams</i>
1 st July	Laudate Nomen Domini	<i>C. Tye</i>

SUMMER CONCERT

ON 20th May, the Choral Society performed Joseph Haydn's "The Creation" (in full). The guest soloists were Ruth Briddon (soprano), Michael Hartley (tenor), and Barrie Thompson (bass). The singers were accompanied by full orchestra led by Brian Webber and a small pipe organ, (hired for the occasion), played by Mr. P. Rhodes. The performance was conducted by Mr. J. Willson.

RENDCOMB FETE

SATURDAY, May 12th was F. A. Cup Final Day; it was the day of the Rendcomb Fete and the weather was the best of the year so far. Earlier in the week, parts of the College grounds had been flooded by torrential rain.

After the Fete had been opened by the Mayor of Cirencester, the Atherstone Championship Band entered the Estate garden to give their display. The sound of the music drew the late arrivals from their cars so they did not miss the display by the IMPS Motorcycle Team. This was quite remarkable when you realise that the arena as well as being small, sloping and uneven, was bounded on two sides by brick walls! Not one item was removed from their full display which included a jump over a car and motorbikes, a backwards formation ride and a comedy act featuring a runaway bike and sidecar. The climax was signalled by the pall of smoke produced by the fire jump.

The Band then played again, leading the audience over to the Main College, where the hydrogen balloons were already drifting over the Wilderness and the Treasure Sale was in full swing.

The visitors were then able to take part in a variety of activities: some passive such as buying tickets for the Bottle Stall or Grand Raffle and then enjoying the excellent refreshments while sitting in the sun. Others more energetically inclined could Trampoline, Bowl for a Pig, play Golf or Football.

After the colourful smoke of the Red Arrows had drifted away and the Grand Raffle prizes were claimed, people reluctantly began to leave.

The Band left in their coach, the IMPS had a swim after jig-sawing their bikes and equipment into their transporter and the College was restored to its usual state by parties of boys.

Cup Final Day?

Rendcomb Appeal £1, 100 : Weather o!

D. A. H.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

As expected, the summer term has brought extended opportunities and facilities for taking pictures and some of the better photographs were on display at Founder's Day.

Plans for next term's Society are ambitious and if successful will extend to include colour prints. This will facilitate a larger budget, however, and a future membership may well consist of those genuinely concerned for the welfare and advancement of the Society.

Having acted as Secretary for a year, I hope to give one of my colleagues a chance to hold this office. I trust he will gain as much satisfaction as I have; as well as keeping the Photographic Society on a progressive and expanding course.

R. C. P.

BRIDGE

THERE were four meetings during the term with three or four tables at each. At the last meeting a Drive was held, prizes being kindly presented by Penny Hooley.

First Prize: A. Tong and N. Blencoe

Second Prize: N. Price and Mr. Dennis

Consolation Prize: P. Uglow and C. Waddell

There has been considerable interest in Bridge this year and meetings have been enjoyable and well-attended. A few junior players have joined the Club and the outlook is good for next year.

W. J. D. W.

DEBATING SOCIETY

THE DEBATING SOCIETY began the term with elections for a new committee. Results were:

President: Richard Tudor

Secretary: Josie Taylor

Form Representatives: Andrew Grainger; Kevin Nunan; Ian McCulloch; Richard Bray
and John Lewis

There then followed a lively, informal discussion on education. A large number of people were concerned about the influence which teachers' biased views can have on pupils during the most impressionable years of their lives. However, Mr. Dyke claimed that one must be given something in order to reject it and that education is a process of action and reaction. Teachers have accumulated learning which they can impart to pupils and no one admitted that he could be capable of educating himself. Perhaps owing to pre-exam nerves, the Vth form seemed particularly anti-school and education. Julian Wilson believed that school was the adults' way of repressing the youth, whilst George Ashe felt one's school years would be better spent simply loving each other.

Our second meeting was an excellent opportunity for pupils to hear two most knowledgeable speakers air their views on the E. E. C. Proposing the motion that "Britain should withdraw from the E. E. C. " was Lt.-Col. Noel Paulley, a member of the Get Britain Out Party, whilst Mr. D. S. J. Price spoke in opposition.

Lt.-Col. Paulley gave a most persuasive speech backed up with impressive Agues and statistics. Next year Britain will be one of the largest financial contributors to the E. E. C. yet ranks only seventh beside other members. He claimed that we had been conned into joining the E. E. C., and since all promises, such as those of cheaper food, had been shown to be unable to be fulfilled we must now take steps to get out. He felt that Britain would only remain a member whilst the British people gave whole hearted support and that we were neither legally nor morally bound to accept the Treaty of Brussels.

In answer to this, Mr. Price began by praising and agreeing with much of Lt.-Col. Paulley's speech but maintaining that Britain's poor deal was a result of her joining too late. To give up everything, however, and leave primarily because of the totally inefficient Common Agricultural Policy, would be equivalent to letting the baby out with the bath water. Mr. Price stated that we cannot retrace our steps; we must make the best we can of the E. E. C., especially the security it offers.

This debate was attended by a large number of people and some interesting, if rather detailed points were made from the floor. Jon Portch made several perceptive comments. The motion was defeated by 30 votes to 10 votes with 10 abstentions.

J. M. T.

COMMUNITY SERVICES

VISITING has been limited this term due to exams and earlier afternoon lessons, but despite this it has continued where and when possible. Of the places and people we normally visit we were able to continue going to Paternoster House Old People's Home and to the individuals we visit around the town. Unfortunately, after half term, it was impossible to continue visiting Paternoster School (for disabled children), Querns Hospital or helping with disabled riding.

Because of the lack of numbers we have not been able to make use of the school's purchase of a new and larger minibus, although next term this should be of great benefit as it will mean that in extra ten people can be taken each week.

Unfortunately, we were not able to stage any parties at the school this term but two are planned for next term. In the penultimate week of term some members of 6A went to help at the Querns Hospital Fete, which was enjoyed by all. During the term three members of the school and Mr. Dyke attended the Community Service Conference at Windmill House, on which there as a separate report.

Despite our limitations, our work is still much appreciated, and in the way of "peasant" lunches, silver paper collections, etc., we try to get the whole school involved in community services.

J. Q.

COMMUNITY SERVICE CONFERENCE

THE C. S. Committee, with the addition of Mr. Dyke, had the privilege of attending a Community Service Conference at Windmill House for a weekend in May. On arrival, we were split into small groups in order to discuss the various activities approached by different schools. We were then given interesting talks on C. S. V. M.; one boy spoke of the work done in this country, while another told of the difficult, but rewarding, time he had had with the Mother Theresa organisation in Calcutta. The evening was also highly successful; groups acted out "role plays" in which C. S. members were confronted with difficult situations—a headmaster, believing in the tradition that pupils should join the Corps rather than do C. S., two old ladies who were adamant in refusing to attend a party—which they had to make the best of. Not only was this great fun, but the subsequent discussions were also very beneficial.

On Sunday, two debates were held; one concerning the question of where God "fits into" work in the community and another on the importance of fund-raising. In addition, there were talks and films on specialized C. S. activities such as aids for the blind, a scheme for preparing mentally handicapped people to live ordinary lives and a drama group.

We left having enjoyed the food and fellowship of the conference, but above all, full of enthusiastic ideas to bring back to Rendcomb.

J. H.

GARDENING

LAST autumn we took a large number of cuttings of geraniums and pelargoniums with the intention of using these plants for the formal bedding round the College. The greenhouse needed extensive repairs to the roof; in an attempt to make this waterproof, Mr. Partridge and some boys sealed the panes. The solid fuel boiler collapsed in the spring and a new system of gas heating (which turned out to be most efficient) was installed on the day before the first snow of the winter.

Unfortunately the roof repairs were only partly successful and the severe weather caused us to lose 80 geraniums and made the Carlton daffodils, potted in November, flower in March, a month later than usual. A new greenhouse is now clearly a priority.

The old rose bushes on the sundial terrace were removed last November and were replaced this year by a bed of petunias (Rosette, Blue Flash, Velvet Flash). Other planting out was affected by the heavy rain at the end of May and asters, salvias and marigolds have taken a long time to get established; most of the bedding plants were bought from Kennedy's of Stratton St. Margaret.

Several new climbing roses have been planted on the College terrace and at the Old Rectory. All the roses were manured during the winter and the advantage of this can already be seen in the strong new growth, even on veteran bushes. A particular success this year has been the large white shrub rose on the banks which has been covered in magnificent blooms for over a month.

I am once again most grateful for the hard work and loyal support given by the gardening groups during the year. Particular thanks are due to those who have helped with the gardening for two or three years and to M. Raven and D. Marshall for their additional work in the churchyard.

Tuesdays: T. Horton, M. Dibble, R. Shacklock, J. Watson, N. Blencowe, A. White, D. Denby

Wednesdays: M. Raven, D. Marshall, N. Wren, R. Bray, J. Teague.

W. J. D. W.

COMPUTING

IN June a second PET microcomputer was purchased with money raised by selling some unwanted Physics equipment. This has a bigger keyboard and twice the memory of the first PET.

The new computing room will be ready in September and will be used for project work in micro-electronics and computing.

D. A. H.

YEAR OF THE CHILD

DURING the Summer Term, the second form took part in a project to raise money for OXFAM and UNICEF to help children in Brazil. 1, 000 Lego bricks were donated by British Lego Limited and thousands more were given by College boys. These were used to build a model village to represent what would be built with the money raised. The form was split into groups, each being responsible for a certain part of the project e. g. planning, background painting, building construction, etc.

The model village consisted of a Community Centre, School, Workshop, Storehouse on stilts, Water Mill, Garage, Hospital with a Helipad on the roof and many houses.

The project was displayed at the Fete, when we also built a full size Shanty Hut to illustrate the terrible conditions in which most Brazilian children still live. The model village was again displayed at Founder's Day and in all £37. 76 was raised.

All the Lego has now been given to the Paternoster School for Mentally Handicapped Children in Cirencester.

S. J. B. and D. P. D. W.



VIB HISTORY FIELD TRIP

THE VIB historians spent the sunny afternoon of Sunday, 10th June investigating various sites stretching back beyond the time of the Norman Conquest. The visit brought home to us the abundant evidence of Saxon and Norman everyday life in our area of "Mercia".

We stopped first just past the village of Gotherington and looked out at Dixton Hill where the motte of a Norman castle is still recognisable. This is the only feature left of a castle built circa 1100, but we could easily appreciate the commanding view of the surrounding countryside which the castle must have enjoyed.

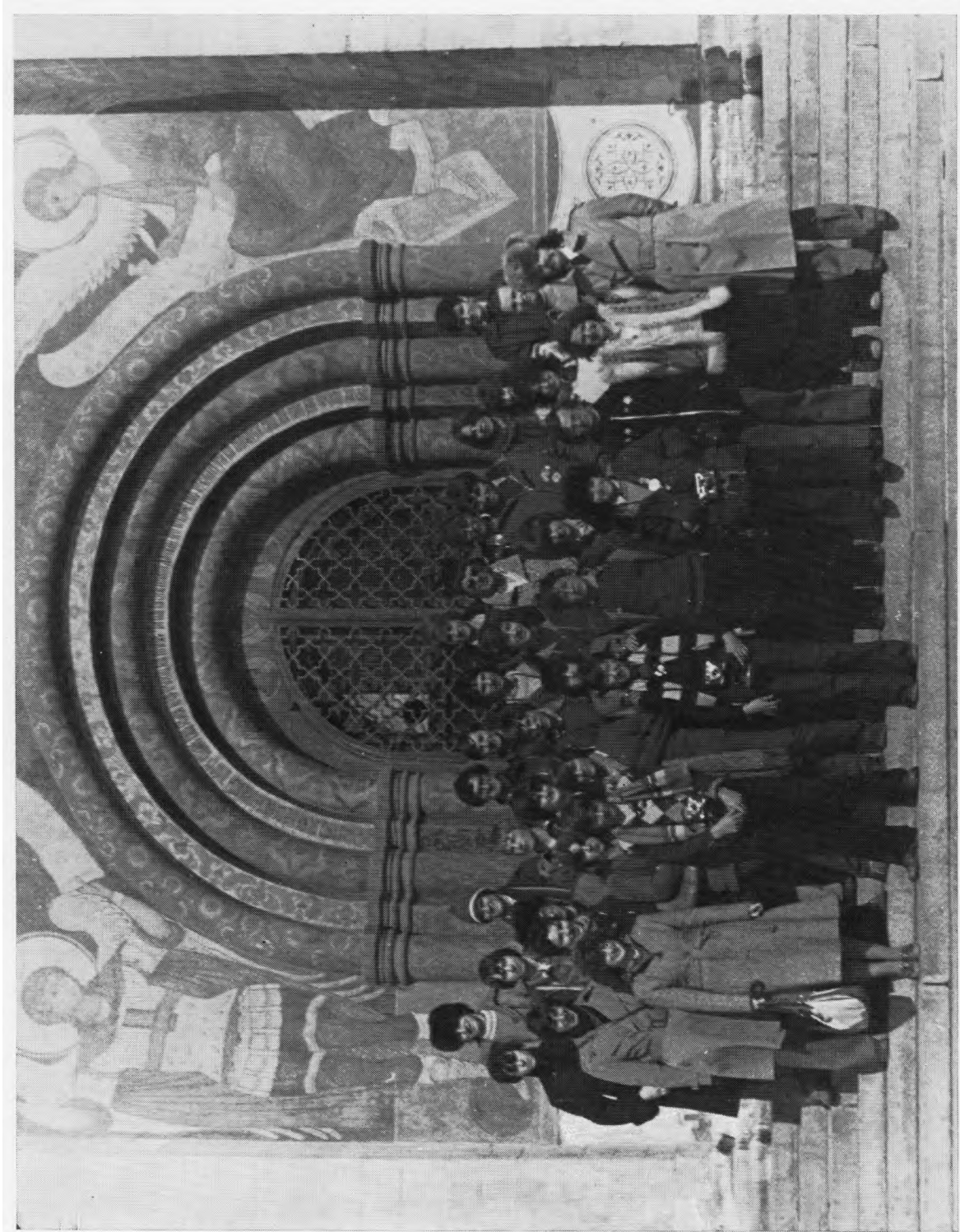
On the other side of Winchcombe lie Hailes Abbey and Church. The church pre-dates the Abbey by about a century built circa 1130 and is an excellent example of an early Norman parish church, provided that one ignored the polythene and hardboard of twentieth century conservationists. Rebuilding also took place at various stages during the church's history and this is especially evident when viewing the chancel arch: the pillars are of the solid Norman style and yet the arch ends in the graceful point of the Transitional style. Also of interest was the rare king-post roofing and the painting of hunts on the walls of the nave.

The Abbey itself, famous throughout Europe in the Middle Ages (as "gentil folk" well-versed in Chaucer will know) was one of the worst sufferers of Henry VIII's mindless trail of destruction at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries. The ruins left only serve to mock its former grandeur.

We then travelled along the Saltway, an ancient route linking the salt-flats of Worcestershire with Gloucester and Lechlade, skirted past Guiting Woods and arrived at Roel Farm. The farm and outhouses are the only buildings left from an otherwise deserted medieval village. There are many such deserted villages along the Saltway route but signs of roadways and huts were particularly good here and the walls of an enormous tithe barn were still standing. A village church was also standing, mingling with the other outhouses of the farm, the roofing of all the buildings was of beautiful Cotswold slate, making us realise the crime of importing great amounts of Welsh slate into the Cotswolds.

We then returned to Rendcomb, via Compton Abdale and Cassey Compton, travelling along the Whiteway, a route dating from pre-Roman times, probably at least 4,000 years old. The trip was both informative and enjoyable and many thanks to Mr. Price for taking us.

M. C-H.



THE RUSSIAN TRIP

DURING the Easter holidays a party of thirty-three students were taken to visit the capital and second capital of Russia; Moscow and Leningrad. The trip provided lasting memories for all who went, but for those who did not, this chronical will allow them to share the experience.

Leningrad:

On the evening of 31st March our Tupolev 154B touched down at the recently completed, though rather shabby, Leningrad air terminal; one surprise was the large number of propeller planes still in regular usage. After exhaustive customs and literature checks we met our guide, Olga, a Leningrader recently qualified in German Philology. By coach we travelled through a barely lit and certainly less than vibrant city-centre to our hotel, the "Sputnik". There we ate a meal, the pattern of which was to become familiar as our holiday progressed; rye-bread, cheese, meat-burgers, soggy-mash; sugary drinks and cakes seem very popular with the Russians.

During our first full day in Leningrad we visited the Peskaryov cemetery, burial ground of the many Leningraders who died during the siege of the city, and the battleship "Aurora", revered for the symbolic cannon shot fired from her bows during the early stages of the 1917 Revolution. In the afternoon we toured the Peter and Paul Fortress, built against the Swedes, and housing behind its walls a political prison (now a museum) from which nobody ever escaped, and a cathedral in which are buried all the Emperors of Russia, (also now a museum). Our first afternoon concluded with a trip on the Metro, probably the cleanest and most ornate tube system in the world; dropping litter and smoking are strictly forbidden, a law which is rigidly enforced. That evening we visited the theatre for a display of folk dances from Georgia, which left us lamenting the absence of a similarly effervescent folk-art in England.

The following morning was spent racing around the Museum of Russian Art, the afternoon being taken up with a visit to the magnificent St. Isaac's Cathedral (now a museum). This cathedral, similar in style to St. Peter's in Rome and St. Paul's in London, was one of the most richly decorated and splendid buildings we saw on the entire trip. One feature of special interest was the huge pendulum erected to prove that the earth rotates.

After leaving the cathedral we visited some city-centre shops. Window-dressing, at least literally, is a skill with which the Russians are not abundantly blessed, this giving many of the largest stores the duller appearance. Similarly, the packaging of their goods is purely practical. Prices seemed generally higher than ours; apples were 60p per kilo, colour televisions £510. However, salaries are much lower than here, ranging from £60 to £110 per month although rents are heavily subsidised. One Russian schoolgirl, who acted as our guide for some time, was fortunate to be the daughter of an aircraft pilot who earned £300 per month; she wore jeans which had cost him £200!

Our last day in Leningrad allowed more free time for personal sightseeing and shopping and also included a tour of the Winter Palace, now the famous Hermitage Museum. It houses many of the world's greatest art treasures including twenty six Van Dycks and twenty six Rembrants; in all, some 2.5 million exhibits. It was unfortunate that the speed with which we were pushed around the paintings left nothing but a blur of colour in our memories.

At 11-40 p. m. our train left Leningrad station beginning the eight hour journey to Moscow.

Moscow:

Our arrival in Moscow at 7-15 a. m. was heralded by a dispute between our guides and the station porters who refused to stack our luggage onto the trucks; this came as an intriguing surprise since we had all assumed, tacitly, that such a situation was impossible under a communist regime. At last, after a wait of some forty minutes, we were taken by coach to our Moscow hotel, the "Budapest. " Fortunately, we had been booked to eat at the "Russia, " a huge, first-class hotel, boasting six thousand rooms.

Although Olga accompanied us to Moscow we also had a new guide, Marscha, a Muscovite who spoke English with an American accent and endeared herself to us by her occasional forgetfulness and ingenuous air.

After a brief tour around we sampled the Moscow Metro, similar in many ways, though older and much larger than that of Leningrad. This was followed by a trip somewhat further afield and including a visit to the still incomplete Olympic stadiums.

The views to be had in Moscow were more panoramic and the city was a much livelier place at night than Leningrad. Our hotel was only five minutes walk from Red Square, (Red, incidentally, means 'beautiful' in Russian), and that evening we were privileged to see the Red Army rehearse their May-Day parade. One disappointment was that the seasonal closure of the Lenin Mausoleum coincided with our visit and we were thus unable to see the body of the man whose face is ubiquitous on propaganda throughout Moscow and Leningrad.

The following day, our group divided, some going to the Museum of the Revolution, some to Pioneer Camps (a type of scout organisation, though more intensely political), and the majority to a school; No. 37 in fact (all schools in Russia have numbers rather than names). This school specialized in English language teaching (English is very much the second language in Russia) and had obviously been preparing for our visit for some considerable time. Our party was disgraced during a general knowledge quizzing session about Great Britain, the Russian children demonstrating an impressive if rather parrot-like knowledge of our country.

Our last full day in Russia was spent touring the Kremlin, (Kremlin means 'fortress'), a part of the holiday that even the least architecturally-minded members of the group found stimulating. The golden cupolas and magnificent icons inside the Kremlin cathedrals made the most perfect, truly Russian snapshot. In the afternoon we visited a *Bereska* shop, designed purely for tourists, and sporting vodka, interlocking dolls and hundreds of souvenirs bearing the "Mishka" motif of the 1980 Olympic games, the cuddly bear. That evening we saw a dazzling performance by the Moscow State Circus, a fitting conclusion to our holiday.

We left for England the following morning, most people having thoroughly enjoyed their stay apart from the somewhat monotonous cuisine and occasional tendency towards herding of which the Russian guides were guilty.

By way of epilogue, a large number of the party were to be reminded of their trip for some weeks afterwards having contracted the intestinal parasite, *Gadria Lambliia*, which produced some most unpleasant symptoms. Despite this, the whole party can feel satisfied to have participated in a most fascinating and unusual experience which they will be able to recall with some pride in years to come.

P. L. R.

contributions

ALL IN A DAY

Jo Hobbs

7-15: cocks crow and alarm clocks rattle.
Len, yawns and turns over for another half hour's sleep.
Alf, leaps out of bed and grins widely into the mirror.
Ian, is already awake.

12-30: lunch is approached, slowly.
Len, sighs with a mortgaged mind and two kids to support.
Alf, day-dreams of his nearing date with a big sexy bint.
Ian, strolls through the park, hands in pockets, whistling.

4-30: the seconds tick away like time condemned.
Len, rubs his tired eyes and shuffles his feet.
Alf, hopes there's enough petrol in his K Reg. sports car.
Ian, watches out of the window, thinking.

12-30: television screens disappear into white dots.
Len, snores loudly, dreaming of bills and nappies.
Alf, curses silently after an unwilling lady.
Ian, pours out his mind into white paper with wide margins.

SHE BELONGS TO ME

Michael Curtis Hayward

She feels the dull throbbing of despair;
Wasted time and wasted people stay
In her heart. Fancy is exhausted
And cries herself to sleep each dead day.

Coffee spoons cannot lay open her secrets;
They lie deeper, darker, immobile,
Caught in a corrosive pool of experience,
Somewhere you and your springtime lust can never
Pierce with the sickly sweetness of those lies.

She is the fall, rich and yet fringed with cold nights:
Hints of a barren life spiked with city spite;
You are a False spring but what kind of summer
Can evolve from your rootless, vacuous smiles?
When life declines into drugged mists and
Backward glances, to what strong achievements
Can you cling in your hopeless stagnation
Of thought and deed? No, go and love someone else.
She belongs to me.

BLACK

Benjamin Uglow (Form I)

Black, silhouetting the forest trees at sundown,
Lurking behind buildings on a sunny day,
The bedside lamp going out.
Black is the lucky cat darting across the road,
The imprint upon the daily newspaper,
The disc rotating on the record player,
And the perilous night.
Black, the solitary space filling the cracks and the holes of the broken down walls,
The busy executive hurrying for work,
The chunks of coal for incineration.
The ominous plague of London.
And the mournful funeral dress.

FETE

Josie Taylor

Today I was doomed to die.
Today;
As summer skirts and cool-guy shades appear
After months of long snow,
And white floral prints flap revealingly
And choc-iced mouths gaze in rows
Patriotic colours furne the sky.
And I lie in my little Hell
Missing masters with their hair down
Who now show the colour of their hard-earned cash,
And Mothers, all rosy and loving,
Pay another service to the school with a flash
Of their own teeth—when they see the books
They gave—everyone a classic—have gone.
Now, even away from home, they feed
Their chauffeurs for the afternoon
With cakes and buns and what's in those?
While their little half-mast heirs of the Rectory
Eyes up the black and red machines,
Dreams of long-limbed models clinging round his back
Until the three-and-a-half foot dare-devil moseys up.
Named then lost balloons float above my head
To hang limply in trees. And the sun reflects from inclined blond heads
As humid fingers link amidst the public revels,
And 'bowling for a pig' decides my fate,
—Paddington's for sale—
But in the guise of lucky skill, no one wants me.

FETE

Robert Prynne (Form I)

Balloons serenely floating off into the distance were the first signs of the fete. I ran off eagerly to watch them depart, but I soon got tired of the eternal, intermittent hiss of gas and so I charged back to breakfast with seconds to spare.

After this short interlude we proceeded to what was supposed to be choir practice. However, this ended with a mild debate over the time of tea today, which seems a very strange subject for choir practice, but it was to be a very strange day.

Our first two lessons over, we went along to the Estate Garden to clear the ground of stones. The slave-drivers were ruthless; handing out sides at any insubordination. Eventually, after about ten per cent of all the stones on the pitch had been cleared we were instructed to remove the varied debris lying in the unkempt grass by the wall. I discovered several large hunks of wood each with a maddened red ant colony. I am still cultivating the large red areas on my arms and legs.

After lunch was over I slipped a blackcurrant jelly into my pocket for emergency rations, and took my meagre pocket money and put it into another pocket. These precautions taken, I strode out of the Rectory door ready to face the fete. I had helped clear the Estate Garden that morning for the IMPS, so I put my razor-sharp brain into action and proceeded in the general direction of the Estate Garden. My calculations proved correct; however, a large no-entry sign blocked the way. Pretending to be illiterate, I walked straight past, thereby gaining an exceptionally good view of the ensuing ceremonies.

The band blasted away whilst executing some rather clever but boring manoeuvres. But the deafening boredom did not last for long. Now there was deafening excitement: the IMPS. They shot about doing their many tricks and also tearing up our cricket pitch. I was having fits on the sideline. Then I wondered whether they were going to write "George Davis is innocent, O. K!" on one of the walls. But, surprisingly they did not. After all this ulcer-giving excitement I thought I needed a sedative, so, with my luck, and ten pence, in my sweaty hand I marched up to the bottle stall. My ten p. bought a bit of paper with twenty-seven written on it. Before I succumbed to the temptation of gambling again and then bought a can of Coke to drown my sorrow.

The sun bore down, I was sweating like a pig. I bought choc-ice after choc-ice and then suddenly some impulse made me buy a hot dog. Why I did this rather strange thing I am still wondering. I suppose the heat must have affected my central nervous system, but the fact remains that I bought a hot dog. I lay in the sun contemplating. Should I buy another choc-ice? I sat pondering for a minute, but the question was already answered for me. I had run out of money. I met up with a few friends and we scavenged around at the book-stall, hoping to buy up cheap, lurid paper-backs, but they were all above our combined price range: nothing.

I went indoors, only to find the inevitable had happened. Manchester United had lost the Cup Final. This was the last straw: our cricket pitch had been torn up, then frazzled, my pocket money was spent, and now Man. United had lost the Cup Final. Yet strangely, despite all these failures, I had enjoyed the fete.

HORSES OF THE CAMARGUE

Jonathan Morris (Form I)

THE thunder of hooves sounds like Rolf Harris and his wobble-board as the milk-white horses charge around their pen. Clouds of dust arise as the famous Camargue horses try to while away their captive life by careering around their barren piece of ground.

Suddenly, all is hushed, for some unknown reason the horses stop moving and stand silent in the centre of their pen. Their innocent eyes stare out large and black, their manes and tails billow in the soft wind. They almost merge with the overcast sky, as they wait for something unknown to anybody.

But then they are off again, every horse starting simultaneously as if by some prearranged sign. Their tails are left behind them as they gallop along, swerving and turning, narrowly missing the fences of their enclosure.

Captives of man's own selfishness, these horses stare out at the world, almost unable to realise that they are being held prisoner.

THE HOUSE

Simon Westcott (Form II)

Where the pines are bent over until they touch the ground,
And where rain, hail and snow beat across open heath.
By forests, dark and dreary, lies a house in shattered ruins;
Walls cracked with frost, broken open by the gales
And tormented by the weather.

It is a sorry sight, that building;
Derelict and scorned by nature herself.
Shadows sneak silently, softly up,
Minute by minute, hour by hour, day by day.

At night an eerie glow surrounds this house.
Where now the Lord haunts, with the invisible.
Who goes near? No-one!
Who hears? No-one!
For we are all afraid.

It is a sorry sight, that building;
Scorned and tormented by nature herself.
Soon, it too will be invisible,
Like the ones that haunt it.

FIRST NIGHT

Rebecca Rosengard

Peering into the blue light at a memorised page; muffled voices mingling with the agonised movements of groping shadows; I listen furiously to the forced voices on the stage. I stand and reluctantly let my black jumper slip from my shoulders as I move towards the wooden steps with a shiver. A poke in the back and I turn and smile falsely, oblivious to the anxious face urging me to hurry. I heave myself gently onto the stage and slink beside the curtain pressed close to the wing, my feet curiously cold in comparison with my throbbing cheeks caked with make-up. The dumb show begins and I immerse myself in cold terror, isolated from the friendly fidgeting of backstage; about to enter the world of judgement bathed in yellow light. The body of the courtier is dragged out with choking slowness, already the figure on stage is kneeling and, as a hand is raised to take the ring, I gently kick the remaining leg out of the way with my foot, hesitate, capturing the silence, and scream.

THE BABY

Philip Chivers (Form IV)

THE birds were singing and the bees buzzing about their early morning business when Alan White found the man he'd been tailing for the last five years. His orders had been "find him and bring him back—Alive!"

Alan looked down on the gibbering wreck on the ground in front of him. The man was insane; he'd cracked up. What could possibly have caused it, though?

"What happened to you, Barrett?" he demanded roughly.

"The... the... the baby!" mumbled the pitiful husk of a man lying at his feet.

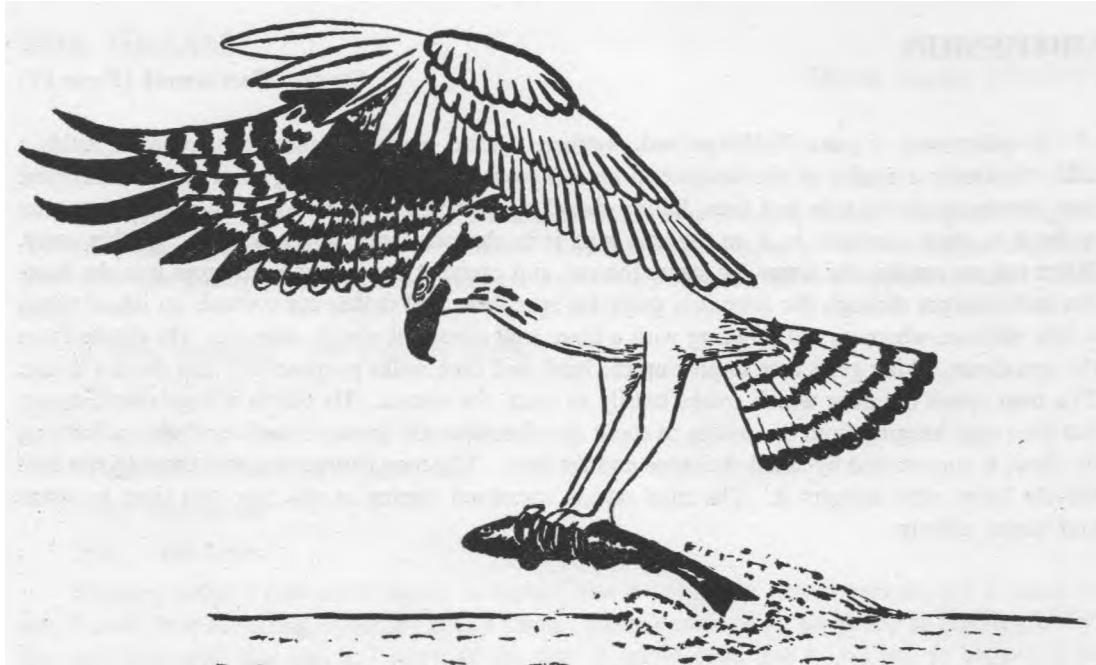
It was obvious to Alan that neither he nor his bosses could make any use of the wreck cowering on the ground. The shot rang out, reverberating from the trees and hills around, and the spark of life was extinguished in the living corpse at his feet.

Alan got into his car and drove away at top speed. He had to get back and report. He could make no sense of Barret's cryptic last words, but he could leave that for the boffins to solve.

He reached his superior's house, and walked up the unnaturally quiet driveway. As he reached the door he heard a man's voice, like his superior's but with a note of fear in it, shouting "No! Please, no! For God's sake!" and degenerating into mindless mumbling, like Barret's.

Cautiously Alan opened the door, getting out his heavy duty revolver. As the door creaked its slow way open, Alan saw his chief stagger out of the living-room and come at him, slobbering like a rabid dog. One blow from his pistol butt sent the madman sprawling, and Alan entered the room.

There on the settee sat the baby. It looked at Alan with its silver eyes, and Alan understood Barret's gibbering. His mind gone, he started to cry like a baby, reverted to the age of a few weeks, and the baby smiled. One day it would grow up.



MOTHER CARE

Benjamin Almond (Form I)

A warm atmosphere glides in a gentle breeze, high up, air bound on the mountain, an eagle swoops down like a Red Arrow. Feeding its young is all its tiny mind is thinking of. The elegant bird sprawls out its feathers, ready to land on the peak of the lonely mountain. A stone, waste land has now a strong nest built there; here the eagle's young waits, bewildered by its own surroundings, a baby to the world, and vulnerable to any creature from the hill or the valley below. A tree stands overhead like a guard to the youngster, protecting him with its long scrawny, outstretched arms. The hill in the distance makes this whole scene feel quieter and emptier than it really is, even the faded lake in the valley makes this place of "easy-going" almost unwanted by living things. Two birds live out their lives on the lonely peak of a mountain, in an old, broken, battered nest where many an eagle has lived and many are still to arrive.

ISLAND

Paul Partridge (Form I)

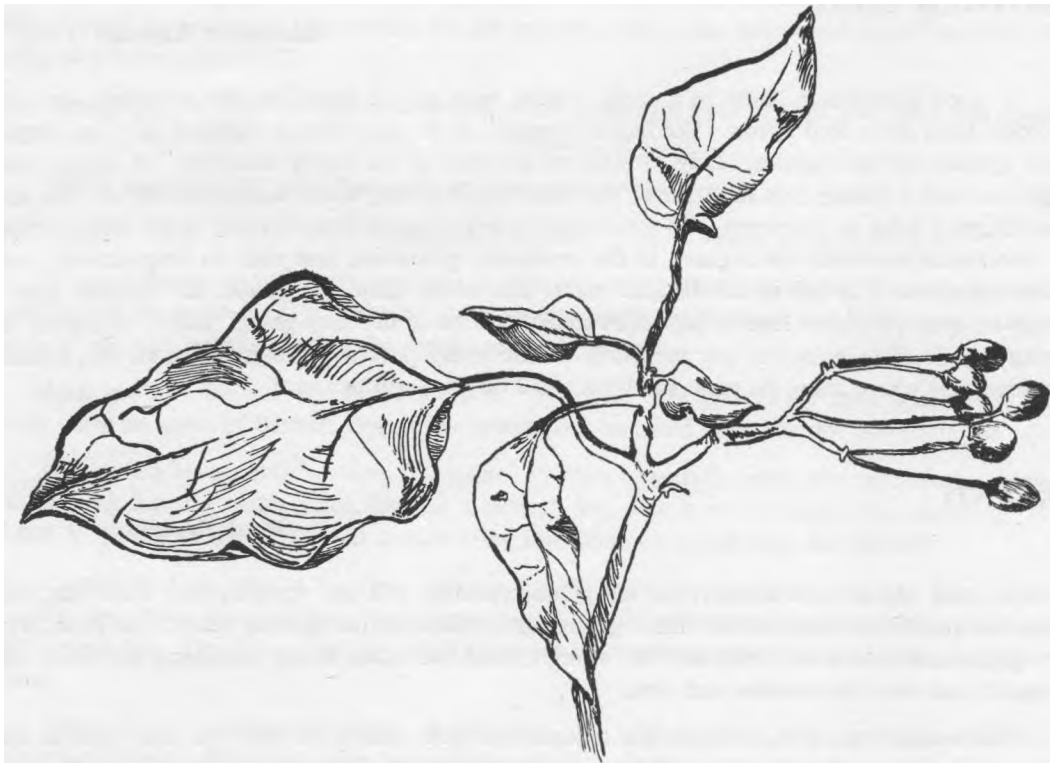
It is a scene of beautiful wonder, the tall palms, standing still and straight, with their long, thin branches and leaves outstretched like a green parasol shading the ground below; the sand, with its ripples and smooth curves, looks like a large, bleak mountain range, stretching for miles, and rounded and worn by weather and time.

The forest in the distance looks like a patchwork quilt laid down over the land, with its odd assortment of browns and greens. The sea, lapping upon the sandy shore, with all its splendour and beauty, looks like a large turquoise jewel stretching over a vast area.

OBSSESSION

Steven Hawkswell (Form IV)

A quiet road, a green BMW parked, waiting. Inside, a man, silent and motionless, holds a rifle. Suddenly a scuffle in the hedge and birds fly out, making deafening screeching calls. The man slowly raises his rifle and fires, killing the closest bird. He steps out of the car and crosses to fetch it, then carries it back to the car, puts it in the passenger seat and drives quickly away. When the car reaches the water, he leaves the car, and carrying the bird the man goes into the boat-hut and emerges through the door in a powerful speedboat and makes out towards an island about a mile offshore where an old building with a huge wall around it stands majestic. He climbs from the speedboat, taking great care to pick up the bird, and then walks purposefully into the old house. The man opens the door which creaks noisily to crack the silence. He enters a huge room, empty but for a cage hanging from the ceiling to about four feet from the ground. Inside, a baby, screaming for food, is surrounded by small skeletons and feathers. The man throws the bird through the bars for the baby, who devours it. The man stands transfixed staring at the cage and then he turns and leaves quietly.



THE DREAM

David Denby (Form IV)

HAVING completed my evening's work I made my way upstairs to my room. I was very tired. As I slipped into my bed I remembered that I had to... had to...

The sheets were very warm as the red sun went down over the dirty town. The pillow gripped my ears as night glided in through the window. The cats were singing to the birds in the morning. Yesterday was gone but today was not yet here as I waited in limbo for it to appear so that I could exist.

"I enjoy dreaming," said Smith to Jones.

"So do I," said Jones.

"What do you dream about?" said Smith.

"I can never remember," said Jones.

"Oh," said Smith.

"Oh," said Jones.

Slipping away, I remember saying to myself that I would not dream tonight, yet it came on me, I could hear it waiting under my bed, I think. Then it came, it all happened so fast, it grabbed me, and then, well that was it. I knew all the time it would come but it still had to happen to be satisfactory.

"What has that got to do with it?" said the superintendent.

"Nothing much", said Peter Brent, combing his hair and giving a wry smile.

He crossed to the other side of the room where Honeysuckle Goodinbed, his beautiful assistant, whispered, encouragingly...

I don't know why I bother half the time, I mean it doesn't do me any good, after all. I lie here talking to you about dreaming, whoever you are, and you smile and the I'm off again back to the land of wherever.

The glowing embers of the day died in the ash-grey hearth.

Night, the black soldier of yesterday,

Flies wicked and free on the clouds of the morning.

The crumpled minds of the waiting grow restless

As the ebony necromancer. . . .

The sheets are clammy as the yellow sun tries to dazzle me. The birds are twittering on in their annoying and insane manner, and today has finally arrived—late. My breakfast is rapidly reaching room temperature and we've run out of toothpaste.

"Morning," says Paul.

"Grunt," say I.

"D'ya dream last night?" says Paul.

"Grunt," say I, signalling that my reply was affirmative.

"What about?" says Paul.

"Dreaming," say I.

"What?" says Paul.

BEING USEFUL AROUND THE HOUSE

Robert Prynne (Form I)

EVER since I was a little boy in my pink toddler's suit people have been amazed at my remarkable industry. I am, as trendy psychologists say, a natural workaholic. I can well remember my very first ride in a pram. I lay there like a little plaster saint with an angelic look that would make old ladies cross the street to admire. But underneath this pious attitude there was a little demon striving to get out. My first ever job in that pram was to break my rattle. After a few hours' solid labour this was achieved.

With this experience in hand I moved on to bigger things. It was hard work but I kept going. I was nearly found out when my Mum noticed bruises and splinters on my tiny fists, but eventually I succeeded. There was now a six-inch hole in the bottom of my pram. When my mother found this out she gave me so much encouragement that it almost put me off work for life. However, despite these minor setbacks I was not put off. My workmanlike nature shone through. I would not stop.

After this graduation I entered the world of the professional worker. I would often go up to my mum and say,

"Mummy, please can I do something for a penny? " And she, great child exploiter as she was would say:

"Now then, Robert, how about polishing the tables? There's some polish and a nice clean duster in the broom cupboard. I'm giving you half an hour, to get working, scram! " So off I would go to the broom cupboard and try and reach the polish. I pulled out several interesting containers until I came to one that said "Polish" on it. I then went to the table, poured polish on the rag and wiped it all over the table.

After I had done this to every table I began to rub it off. It came off all right, but the wood underneath looked like a mouldy cheese finger. When my mother came back she got in rather a mood. Amid her ranting and raving I distinctly heard the words "metal polish" repeated several times.

I was still not put off work until gradually work was expected of me. I was not just doing it as a special favour to "Mummy". After ten years of hard labour I thought I had done my share, now I thought my lazy sisters would take over the numerous jobs. I was wrong. They worked out little washing-up rotas and such like. Naturally I objected but to no avail. What should have been a good long rest from work turned out to be another long slog.

To "get away from it all" I wrote an application form for a retirement home, Rendcomb, but still the talons of work have me in their grasp. Can I ever escape from work? For the next seven years it seems unlikely.

THE RIDER

Ian Stewart (Form V)

It was worse than normal, the wind was strong and whipped against his clothes; but still the man rode, hunched against the wind as he always was. He legs pumped the pedals, urging the wheels to go faster, and not to sink in so deep.

He is used to worse than this, though, he has had forty years' experience, so he first drew his flat cap lower over his face and struggled on. The weather was cold—biting with the wind's teeth and leaving his hands white and numb, gripping the handlebars immovably. From his nose dribbled a steady stream of moisture, dripping steadily off the end into the sea, and acting as a metronome from which he keeps his breathing in correct time.

Other than this he was sweating, his mouth gaped as he sucked for air, his cheeks were red and his eyes stared, searching the sand below him, seeing nothing, just concentrating on breathing, keeping the peddles moving and keeping the bike upright. The water swirled around the wheels, sinking them into the wet sand, robbing them of most of the power supplied as they sank and gripped with each stroke, spraying sand high up his back, leaving an erratic line to mark his unsteady passing.

He counted to keep his rhythm, but this was audible only to himself as the sea came thundering in beside him, each wave forming in the open sea and slowly gathering momentum until it broke and charged the land, each one directed to unsteady the old man trying to keep the bike moving.

The old man regarded the sea with awe, he had seen it in all its moods and tonight it was grey and threatening, except for a small area which sparkled and bedazzled as the sun, slicing between clouds, reflected and refracted off many planes.

This was the sea which placed in opposition the beauty of the shining section and the surrounds of the dark, ominous breakers, smashing up the beach with their force and driving the cyclist higher up the beach, his back bent by the force required.

He thought of the men out in their boats tonight and pitied them; with this thought he lost his rhythm, and coughed, the bike staggered dumbfoundedly as he searched for breath between his rasping. Finally he was forced to dismount and he swore softly to himself; it was no easy matter to remount in weather like this.

The beach shimmered gently, the pale light piercing out and emphasizing the patterns of sand, all leading off parallel into the distance, leading the cyclist home; here and there a piece of driftwood or litter spoilt the effect of spotlessness left by a retreating tide.

He huffed and puffed and struggled on.

FAMILY HOLIDAYS

George Morgan (Form III)

I padded over the sand in bare feet, being careful not to stand on any sharp stones that protruded menacingly from the ground. The sun glared on my head, and burnt my shoulder blades. I heard a distant call and turned to see a flustered mother waving her arms wildly. "Don't go out too far!" The words just managed to make their way through the heated air to my ears, and as soon as I had made sense of them I acknowledged with a wave. I turned once more and looked over the golden sand being sifted by a hundred pairs of feet. Withered men in flat caps were content to slouch in deck chairs, while plump old ladies chattered from under their floppy hats and sunglasses. Somewhere a child began to cry because it had dropped its ice-cream. The weathered beach-front hotels told of rainy days, but now the sun was here, and everybody was out to have a good time.

I turned to the sea with renewed enthusiasm. Young children and adolescents were screaming and shouting as they paddled, splashed and jumped in the deep blue water. I sprinted to join them, and felt the comforting cool water lap around my legs; I dived against a wave, and felt five years younger. The sea on a day like this brings out the best in everybody, and I felt like there was nothing else in the world but the sea. As the cool waves crashed around my sun-blistered body, I relaxed and thought of the morning.

Three hours in a hot airless coach is too much for anybody. The sun bore down on the coach relentlessly and fried us as we lay in our cooking-tin with wheels. To sleep was impossible, and nobody felt in a fit state to attempt communication.

At the end of the journey, feeling well and truly roasted, I thankfully tumbled out of the coach to be greeted by a fresh sea-breeze, and the familiar call of the sea-gulls as they floated in the azure sky.

A GOOD MISSIONARY

Fred Wilcox

"He's dead now, nobody remembers him, and except for his name there is nothing to remember."

"But what did he do?"

"He helped... he tried to help the natives and improve their lives, in fact he made their land into a paradise. He was a missionary, you see."

"What happened to him?"

"The natives killed him for bringing evil to their land."

"Oh! What a good missionary."

IN SYMPATHY WITH THOMAS HARDY

Michael Curtis-Hayward

Running water flowing free,
Passing dark, overhanging trees;
Bubbling on in self-contained ecstasy,
How I wish its spirit was in me!

This black tree still standing tall,
Its heart pierced by every idle squall;
It never bows and never falls,
Has no religion; nothing at all!
How I wish its spirit had fled me.

SLAVE

Ian McCulloch (Form V)

The rotovator turns, turns, and tills
Unceasingly, in the thick, brown mud.
It churns up the ground
To grow the plants
To feed a man.
Who will buy the petrol and the oil
To make the rotovator turn, turn and till
Unceasingly, in the thick, brown mud.

CUT-OUT

Josie Taylor

A lifesize cut-out
Tossed from wall to wall
In the wind, rain, wind, rain,
Littering the grounds
Like a greasy chip bag, a Men Only;
In each gust gashed, in each storm torn,
Till finding a haven
Jammed behind a drain pipe.
Peace?
Half in seclusion trying to get free
The other, dried crisp and weakened by a tear
To uncurl and absorb the light
Uncaring of the yellowing slowly.

CRICKET

Richard Smith (Form III)

Time passes in wickets and runs,
Distant white-clad figures stand.
Thunk, the ball travels lightly
Across the rich grass,
Batsmen shuffle across the wicket,
Lazy fieldsman retrieves
Like a hunting dog.
The sun views the game,
Uninterested, and when bored,
Plays on burnt bare backs.
Dismally we go out,
The target set, the field placed,
The game starts again.
Slowly over moves into over,
Eyelids heavy, awakened sharply,
The crack of ball to bat,
Fleeting image of battered red sphere
Interrupts my reverie.
Legs react, jolting into action,
The chase, the ball eludes the grasping hand.
The white finish line is advancing,
Gasp, last attempt, last resort, dive,
Ball, bounces, legs limp, body but bending,
breaking,
A tangle of white limbs and green grass,
Dazedly searching, panic;
Then creeps cheekily over the line to safety,
Dejected, sat sedately,
I rub my bruised elbow and battered knee.

SO LONG DEAD

Claire Comrie

She stood
Undecided.
Looking at eternity
That winter's day
In her spring.
As her mind wandered through a maze
Of motions
So long dead.

Colours flit like birds
Past her silent eyes,
Dipping as a heron
Gracefully gliding its way
Through a starry atmosphere
Of laughter;
So long dead.

The blossoms
Opening, throwing forth pollen
Into mists of confusion,
Carried away
As part of a grand design
To create
And recreate
Moments of forgotten beauty
Faded from reality.

The monochrome world of dawn
Waited around the corner
As twilight passed,
To refresh the sleeping world
And to awaken it to weeping eyes.

PIANO

Oliver Medill (Form III)

There she stands, alone.
It had been a good recital
But she was tired. Keys stiff
After moving every second.
Desolate, irresolute are the four wooden legs,
Pegs that keep her up.
Besides, she does not like Bach.

Wooden benches stand up also
Thirty feet above her, staring.
"Go away, you rude things."
It was very dark except for one spot light.
And that grew dimmer
As the sky grew lighter outside.

TREE SPHERE

Simon Powell (Form III)

Tree
leaves green
biology red
what a drag Russia,
smoking is in the park Satellite
football orbit
round earth
Sphere

O. K.?

Simon Barrow (Form II)

Who is a lunatic?
A good question,
One who's mad, insane,
Or maybe a looney,
Or one who scrawls,
On lavatory walls;
"Dyslexia rules K. O. "

THE SOUND OF STRUGGLE

Sean Hughes (Form IV)

Click.
The noise radiates from the diaphragm.
The music of a field flows
 In its own cycle.
The colours of the sounds
 Flow.
Green and brown,
warm and greeting.

Click.
The music
 Darkens,
And is then
 Impermeable.
The deep-throated roar of man
 The gun, the car,
 The music
 of
 Change.

And yet,
 Both exist together
 Nature versus
 Man.

2079

Julian Wilson (Form V)

A desert of concrete,
Clean, no rubbish.
Broken by square blocks
Of air pump towers
Recreation complexes.
It is all quiet
After curfew.

There is never any darkness.
Below ground
The plebs are asleep.
Silent, mechanically,
The Devo patrol marches,
Half robots
Half men.

ANNE FRANK

Russell Copley (Form III)

I enter a dim candle-lit room,
Water dripping off the ceiling
Like sweat running from my forehead,
Rising damp on the wall, a large black fungus.
Mother in deep, pensive thought;
Will we ever escape? Will we?
Or is it just a zany illusion?
But she still ticks on.
Still silence holds the room,
The candle out! Footsteps creak!
The cat jumps onto the table—
A sigh of relief, we live again!

WISHING-WELL

Duncan Taylor

The broken glass
The wishing well
Of dripping hands
And shifting sands
The one-night stand
The turn-around
“Kiss-me-quick”
I’m a sausage on a stick—
Split and tumbling skins
Of redness rawness—
Wine that is new will not hold
In skins that are old;
Sinking as a ship in the seascape
On the flatness of the wall,
Eternally poised, triumphant
In the swirling jaws of hell—
Suck me down.
Anguish on the face
That is broken glass.
Condensed in the brilliance
Of a crystal-tear
The rounded contortion of we two.
We have tasted the waters
And harboured the ailments.
Yes the sufferings they claim to cure
With simple wonder-eyed wetness—
But the blackness of this place depresses me
still.
And blanking out hopes
As coins swallowed in the darkness
Return no ripple nor sound
From the broken face
This broken place
The wishing-well.

THE KILL

David Appleton (Form II)

The gazelle is running,
Fear grips his mind.
The leopard is chasing,
Not far behind.

And now he is sprinting,
Eager to kill,
The gazelle is straining,
He must run, he will.

But now he has fallen,
Down in the dust.
The leopard is fighting
To kill, for he must.

A short but sharp scuffle,
Then a blow on the head.
The battle is over,
The gazelle is dead.

Although he’s victorious,
At hunting the best,
The leopard knows now
That he’ll die like the rest.

For man will be victor,
He’s killer supreme,
And it’s he who’ll destroy
Nature’s sweet dream.

FETE

Richard Tudor

The sun watches from his gallery
As the milling hordes buy, sell and talk
On the stage of grass and tarmac,
Wiping their brows and conversing,
Like the tired actors they really are.

The children bubble and float,
Not yet weighed down
By the heavy heat of life.
Their minds are focussed on fun,
They have no routines in which to moulder.

Everyone is part of the raffle of existence,
All pay for others' winnings,
Because they believe that the Hand
Will one day choose their number,
And their lives will be solved.

Still the wise Sun looks down,
Seeing the shapeless mass
As the blotch of humanity,
Who are all destined to be there
At one time, in the play.

The heat is always present,
Staring, pushing, waiting, winning.
They all succumb at the end of the act;
They have no choice, for Fete
Controls their movements, always.

FETE

Rebecca Rosengard

What's that over there?
Rendcomb fete.
What, the one that was advertised?
I forgot the date.
Quite a lot of people—can you see?
Oh! I forgot you can't.
Here, take these glasses from me.
The Imps are making one hell of a noise
—I suppose they're there to attract the boys.
Teas on the terrace,
A book stall... but wait,
Here comes the band—hurry before its too late,
We'll go up and see if there's anything going
—there's nothing else to do
Come on—stop moaning.

Balloons rising, blue
Against a pastel-coloured sky,
Filled with gas and floating to the trees on high.
There they rest observing
The people going by,
Their placards
Gently flapping in the breeze.
A skinny pig is poked and prodded
In a straw bale pen,
Desperately it hides in straw
—before it's prodded out again.

I wonder what it's there for?
I suppose it doesn't know
—Never mind—we'll have a cup of tea
and sit on the terrace
before we go.

DEADLINE

Ralph Collins (Form V)

"Sorry I'm late, boys, derailed rolling stock at Waterloo, now what's all this then? "

"Sir? "

"Shut up, Barnes. "

"Sorry, Sir. "

"I said shut up, Barnes. "

"Sir. "

"What is it, Nobbs? "

"Sir, why should derailed rolling stock at Waterloo hinder your approach to the Lab? "

"A valid point, Nobbs. "

"Sir? "

"Barnes, if you don't stop saying 'Sir' every twelve and a half seconds... "

"Sorry, Sir. "

"Now, what's all this then? Yes, Nobbs. "

"Sir, you've said that before. "

"Thank you, now as I was saying, yes that's right, derailed rolling stock at Waterloo, yes I saw it in the paper, rather a shock to the old system, caused me to prang my approach, hence I was eleven minutes late. "

"Sir? "

"Barnes, for God's sake shut up and write something for the school magazine. "

"Sir, this isn't an English Lesson. "

"Barnes, be careful what you say, it even bores the readers of the magazine. "

A clock chimed. The class disappeared.

"You know, George, the boys have gone AWOL, " said he to a dissected rat, who was staring at him blankly.

George silently acquiesced.

BRACKET IMPORTANCE

Sally Horne

THE young blade lolls into the crux of a shaky wooden fence, stained by rusting nails which have split the ends of the horizontal posts. His rather dashing-cut herringbone jacket is splashed with rays of sunlight which brush through the beeches above his head with generous sweeps.

A wave of furious concentration holds motionless his jaw, and with a violent jerk his arms are riveted obliquely, his eyes focus upon those gliding wings which soar into the sun.

The onlookers' attention darts to the sky and at the sound of the bullet being fired fists clench cucumber delicacies with all the finesse of an automatic impulse of fear.

The pheasant halts in mid-flight, falls, shot as accurately as our chap had earlier done up the popper of his cap to raise its peak.

His intense stare follows the streak which nose-dives into an unsuspecting dew-pond, producing a diamond shaft of bright light as the dead weight breaks the surface only to re-emerge, floating limply, to resemble the glass of corked ('Damn shame, that! ') claret which is held in the hands of gaping spectators.

But the show has ended for the ladies' party and it is time to pack away the smoked salmon sandwiches, though one should probably not mention the clearing-up process of a champagne lunch.

And our demon shooter returns to their laughter and is received with rapturous, ignorant applause, with all the excitement that greeted Noah's dove on arriving back at the ark with a twig between its beak.

TROPICAL BEAUTY

Benjamin Uglow (Form I)

THE natives work freely in the calm, tropical sunlight, they work for themselves in the natural beauty of the untouched world, without the cars, without the sky-scrapers, away from all this, in a corner of the world, all of their own, an unfound piece of a jig-saw about to be incinerated, and left as unwanted debris.

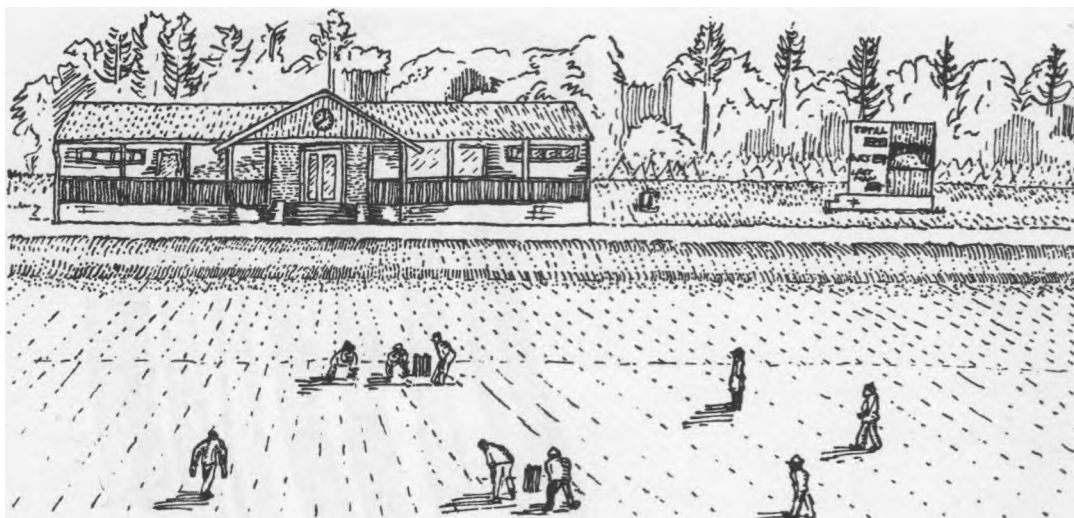
They gather tuna fish in wicker baskets made of their own hands, a golden cargo, pulled up triumphantly from the calm, belated ocean, fresh, awake, aware. These fish are their life, without them these men are nothing, the great wide ocean yields their life, or their death.

The men's torsos stand out, their black pigmentation against the ocean, they absorb the heat and appreciate the freshness and coolness of the water's spray against their bodies.

They have finished their work for this day, one of many for them, and they return to their huts and families laden with their sacred cargo, their answer to life. The sun has lowered in its great domain and the natives go home to repeat this day for hundreds of times to come.



sport



1st XI CRICKET

LOOKING back to last year's cricket report it appears that the two seasons possess many similarities: again, on paper, we had a strong batting side and the bowling ought to have been reasonable.

The batting improved beyond all recognition in the last week of term, after a very mediocre start. The biggest success of the season was probably to find an opening pair in Robin Webb and John Gotley, who were steady if not flamboyant, and who got us off to a good start in several matches. Of the rest of the batting Mark Burchell and Mark Webb both scored runs in the last week of term, and other players all contributed valuable knocks at various stages.

In the early matches the bowlers bowled well, with Michael Curtis-Hayward looking particularly dangerous. Mark Burchell, the only spinner, also bowled well but would have benefited from being able to bowl with another spinner. Frank Peplow, Mark Middlemist, Dom Ind and Richard Tudor were all capable of being very hostile, but also very inconsistent. The less said about the bowling at the end of term the better. . . .

The future of Rendcomb 1st XI cricket appears to be in good hands; only one regular player is leaving, and there is some talent coming through from the Under 15s and especially the Under 14s.

As a whole one feels that we should probably have won more games, and certainly that we should not have lost so many; an explanation maybe that on only one occasion did the bowlers and the batsmen do themselves justice... when we won by ten wickets.

Finally, I would like to thank the following on behalf of the team; David Strong, our tireless scorer, Richard Pitt, who carried out the often boring task of 12th man, Mrs. Wakefield and the kitchen staff for preparing the teas, and Richard Tudor, the Secretary. I would also like to thank David Essenhigh for his work as umpire and coach, and on behalf of all Rendcomb cricketers, for continually producing pitches of the highest standard.

Match Reports

- v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER (Away)
Cancelled due to rain.

- v. CRYPT SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER (Home)

After a disastrous start in which we slumped to 18 for 5 a few spirited knocks from the second half of the order helped us to recover to 79 all out. However, Crypt scored the runs with time to spare, despite some very hostile bowling from Mark Middlemist and some good fielding.

Rendcomb 79 all out (R. Tudor 18, C. Brealy 15).
Crypt 80 for 4 (M. Middlemist 4-17).

- v. WESTWOOD'S (Home)

This was a much improved performance after Westwood's had won the toss and elected to bat on a slow and slightly damp wicket. However, some useful all-round bowling reduced them to 65 all out. After tea our two opening batsmen, Robin Webb and John Gotley, batted very sensibly and scored the runs without too much difficulty.

Westwood's 65 all out. (M. Curtis-Hayward 3-25).
Rendcomb 68 for 0 (J. Gotley 32 n. o., R. Webb 26 n. o.).

- v. EAST AFRICAN I. C. C. TROPHY XI (Home)

A game which promised to be the highlight of the season was washed out completely by the dreadful May weather; instead the East Africans used our new Sports Hall for a practice session.

- v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S SCHOOL (Home)

After the incessant rain we were all glad to play some cricket. A heavy shower at lunchtime had affected the wicket which was very greasy early on, but dried out as the afternoon went on. They batted first and really batted for too long to hope for a result against some accurate bowling. Again our innings was given a good start of 45 for the first wicket, but wickets did start to fall after that as batsmen tried to gain valuable match practice.

Sir Thomas Rich's 101 for 5 declared (M. Burchell 4-44, M. Curtis-Hayward 2-28).
Rendcomb 69 for 4 (J. Gotley 37 n. o., R. Webb 19.).

- v. KINGHAM HILL (Away)

This game was played on an extremely soft, disintegrating wicket with an uneven bounce. Kingham batted first and we bowled and fielded reasonably well, their last wicket falling a few minutes before tea. Our batting afterwards was, with a few exceptions, an absolute disgrace. Of the earlier batsmen only Mark Webb showed any determination at all. When we reached 38-8 the game appeared to be as good as over. However, Michael Curtis-Hayward and Mark Webb looked to have pulled us out of trouble before the latter fell to a dubious l. b. w. decision. A game to be forgotten.

Kingham Hill 77 all out. (M. Burchell 4-28, F. Replow 2-10).
Rendcomb 65 all out (M. Webb 19, R. Tudor 15, M. Curtis-Hayward 12 no.).

v. KING EDWARD'S, BATH (Home)

Having lost the toss we were asked to bat on a hard and dry pitch. However, we made heavy work of some tight bowling and could only manage 51-5 at tea. Afterwards we pushed the score on to 90-9, with the help of a couple of lusty blows from Chris Brealy. We regretted our slow scoring rate almost immediately because they slumped to 14-4 but we did not have enough time to press home the advantage. At one stage the game could have gone either way but they lost three quick wickets, and time overtook both sides.

Rendcomb 90 for 9 (R. Webb 18, C. Brealy 13 n. o.).

King Edward's 76 for 7 (F. Peplow 2-10).

v. COKETHORPE (Away)

For once we won the toss, and asked the opposition to bat on a pitch of uneven bounce. However, our early bowling was very loose, a commodity we could not afford with one boundary only twenty yards from the bat. This was aided by some poor fielding and a little bad luck. When we batted after tea we started soundly enough with Robin Webb playing a solid innings, but we lost wickets gradually and closed at 103 for 8.

Cokethorpe 129 all out (M. Curtis-Hayward 3-23, M. Burchell 3-32).

Rendcomb 103 for 8 (R. Webb 38).

v. GLOUCESTERSHIRE DIOCESAN XI (Home)

Never was the maxim 'catches win matches' truer. Having batted very soundly, with promising innings from Mark Burchell and new-boy David Rollo, we threw the game away with our worst fielding display of the season to date.

Rendcomb 122 for 4 declared (M. Burchell 41, D. Rollo 30 n. o., M. Webb 18)

Clergy 123 for 6 (M. Curtis-Hayward 3-31)

v. MARLING (Away)

For the first and only time this term we met a team that was just too good for us; it included six Gloucestershire Under 19 players and one England u. 19 player.

Having won the toss we chose to bat. It was not a bad performance at all, with several players scoring useful runs. But the bowling which followed was nowhere near as good, with seventy runs coming from the first seven overs! However, Mark Burchell and Richard Tudor managed to stem the flow of runs, with the latter salvaging some pride by removing the England batsman's middle stump!

Rendcomb 113 (M. Burchell 22, K. Winmill 21, C. Brealy 21).

Marling 116 for 2 (R. Tudor 2-26)

v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Away)

Rendcomb batted first on an easy paced wicket against some accurate, quick bowling. However, both Robin Webb and John Gotley survived to make an opening stand of 68, with the latter playing some attractive strokes. The rest of the batsmen all made useful runs, enabling us to declare just after tea. But the display by the three quicker bowlers, was as in the previous game, appalling and yet again we threw away a game which we should not have lost.

Rendcomb 145 for 4 declared

(J. Gotley 55, M. Burchell 33, M. Webb 21 n. o., C. Winmill 15 n. o.)

Cheltenham G. S. 164 for 3.

v. OLD RENDCOMBIANS (Home)

Rendcomb batted first for the fourth consecutive time on a good, placid pitch. However, having scored very slowly in the first hour, we were able to accelerate and, with the aid of a good stand between Mark and Robin Webb, reached 149-4 before declaring after tea. Yet again our faster bowlers let us down badly, and the Old Boys batted with such panache, that we wondered what to do next; they hit the runs with about four overs to spare.

Rendcomb 149 for 4 declared (R. Webb 48, M. Webb 43, M. Burchell 22)

Old Boys 150 for 2

Team: M. Webb (Captain, wicket-keeper), K. Winmill, M. Middlemist, M. Curtis-Hayward, F. Peplow, M. Burchell, R. Webb, J. Gotley, C. Breal, R. Woof, N. Miles, R. Tudor.

Also played: D. Ind, A. M-Smith, D. Rollo.

M. A. R. W.

2nd XI

AGAIN, the 2nd XI have had an enjoyable season and the usefulness of an intermediate team between the U15s and the 1st XI became apparent when several members moved up into the first team.

We started poorly, losing to Westwood's after having failed to bowl them out. The batting was weak apart from 23 from Martyn-Smith and 17 from Portch.

Against Brize Norton we gained a steady start through Harris who scored 27. However our middle order batting collapsed and it needed an adventurous 53 from Pitt with good support from Grainger, 33, to give us a respectable total. Although we steadily gained wickets, with them at 73 for 6, it looked as if time would run out on us. With 2 overs remaining Peplow bowled two batsmen and in the last over Portch also gained two wickets, with victory being gained off the last ball of the match.

Our second match against Brize Norton was won more easily in a limited over match. Martyn-Smith gained 4 wickets for only 8 runs and then followed this with a fine 39 not out. With this and Harris' score of 18 we won easily by 9 wickets.

Our thanks go to Mr. Dennis and Mr. Essenhigh who umpired our matches and to Blencowe the scorer.

The following played for the 2nd XI:

A. Harris A. Martyn-Smith, R. Pitt, J. Portch, J. Archer, A. Grainger, N. Hall (Capt.), R. Shacklock, C. Cannon, D. Ind, K. Winmill, R. Woof, D. Sayers, F. Peplow, P. Evans, N. Price, N. Blencowe.

N. H.

U15 XI

Results: Won 4, drawn 3, lost 3.

v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Home) Match drawn.
Cheltenham 93-9 declared, D. Rollo 8-36.
Rendcomb 54-5.

v. KING'S GLOUCESTER—cancelled

v. CRYPT—cancelled

v. MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE U15 B (Home) Won
Rendcomb 108-4, D* Rollo 55.
Marlborough 97, D. Rollo 5-32,

v. BLOXHAM—cancelled

v. HACKNEY SCHOOLS' CRICKET ASSOCIATION (Home) Lost.
Hackney 110-7, R. Needham 4-27.
Rendcomb 30.

v. KINGHAM HILL (Home) Won
Rendcomb 112-6, R. Dunwoody 41.
Kingham 40, T. Barrow 4-15.

v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S (Home) Drawn
Rendcomb 125-6, S. Hawkswell 54.
Sir Thomas Rich's 110-9, T. Barrow 4-21.

v. KING EDWARD'S BATH (Home) Drawn
K. E. B. 140-3.
Rendcomb 110-8.

v. BREDON (Home) Won.
Bredon 77, T. Barrow 4-23, S. Knapp 4-24.
Rendcomb 78-3, D. Rollo 38.

v. COKETHORPE (Away) Won.
Cokethorpe 34, T. Barrow 6-10, D. Rollo 4-14.
Rendcomb 35-1.

v. MARLING (Away) Lost.
Marling 91
Rendcomb 42.

v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Home) Lost.
Rendcomb 98-8.
Cheltenham G. S. 99-6.

The following played: D. Rollo, S. Knapp, D. Lee, S. Hawkswell, T. Steed, T. Barrow, D. Hammond, N. Townend, R. Dunwoody, C. Schreiber, R. Needham. Also played, G. Brealy.

Our thanks must go to A. Wilcox who scored so efficiently all the term.

The batting was inconsistent and the cause of our three defeats. Despite the fact that the opening pair failed to score quickly the middle order batsmen, notably Hawkswell, scored fluently.

The bowling was not up to the usual U15 standard but T. Barrow bowled well and S. Knapp developed into a useful spinner. The fielding sharpened towards the end of the season and some good catches were taken.

D. R. S. K.

Under 14 XI

THIS team won seven matches out of the nine which ended in a result, and the only defeat was that against Cheltenham College in the semi-final of the Lords' Taverners Trophy.

Giles Brealy proved to be a competent captain of a squad of players who were prepared to put everything into each game. This attitude was reflected in the fielding which was always crisp, the captain himself developing into an excellent cover fielder. Mr. Essenhigh's coaching in the Sports Hall certainly was of great value in this direction.

At full strength, the team had five good bowlers, including Hedderwick as the spinner, but Ben Knapp's good length bowling was missed in the crucial match against Cheltenham College. Ian Bishop and Guy Healey developed into useful fast bowlers once they had learned that it is sometimes necessary to sacrifice speed for better accuracy.

The greatest strength of this XI must be the depth of the batting. The captain scored many runs, often very quickly, and looked very safe after the first few overs. Simon Oliver and Matthew Archer proved to be useful middle order batsmen.

It was a pleasure to umpire such a side and I would like to thank them for this season's efforts and wish them every success next year.

Congratulations must also go to David Webb on playing for Gloucestershire Under 13 XI.

Results:

- v. MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE 'B' (Home)—Drawn
Rendcomb 136-9 dec. (Brealy 39, Oliver 25, Archer 21).
Marlborough 62-2.
- v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL (Away)—Cancelled.
- v. KINGHAM HILL SCHOOL (Away)—Won.
Kingham 43 (Healey 6-27).
Rendcomb 44-3 (Brealy 32).

- v. WESTWOOD'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Away)—Won.
Westwood's 63 (Knapp 5-12).
Rendcomb 67-2 (Brealy 25 n. o.).
- v. KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BATH (Away)—Won.
King Edward's 53 (Hedderwick 4-13, Healey 4-13).
Rendcomb 54-3 (Brealy 36).
- v. MINSTER LOVELL (Home)—Won.
Rendcomb 217-6 (Brealy 130 n. o., Archer 30, Oliver 20 n. o.).
Minster 19.
- v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Home)—Won.
Rendcomb 103 (Oliver 45, Archer 21).
Cheltenham 46 (Bishop 7 for 6).

Lords' Taverners Cricketer Trophy:

- v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S SCHOOL (Home)—NO result (30 overs)
S. T. R. 55-8
Rendcomb 8-0 (rain stopped play).
- v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S SCHOOL (Home)—Won (40 overs).
S. T. R. 75.
Rendcomb 76-9 (Webb 23, Archer 21).
- v. WHITECROSS SCHOOL, LYDNEY (Away)—Won (30 overs).
Rendcomb 142-5 (Brealy 70, Knapp 38).
Whitecross 15.
- v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE (Home)—Lost (40 overs).
Cheltenham 177-7 (Healey 0-12).
Rendcomb 100 (Hazell 27, Hedderwick 19).

The following played: Brealy (captain), Bishop (vice-captain), Deacon (wicket-keeper), Hazell (wicket-keeper), Oliver, Healey, Hedderwick, Archer, Powell, Woof, Webb, Knapp, Smith R., Dewar, Jones, Tanner (scorer).

C. J. W.

Under 13½ XI

v. OAKLEY HALL 1st XI (Home)—Lost.
Rendcomb 70 (Deacon 29 n. o., Dewar 19).
Oakley Hall 71-4.

The following played: Hedderwick (captain), Hazell (wicket keeper), Webb, Oliver, Deacon, Dewar, Akers, D. Stewart, M. Smith, B. Freeman, Waddell.

C. J. W.

Under 13 Cricket

LAST year's side were the best Rendcomb had produced at this level for a very long time; this year's had less strength in depth but were equally enthusiastic and hard-working, making the most of their talents. The result was another unbeaten season, for of our five fixtures we won four and came extremely close to winning the final drawn game. Thus the long run of Under 13 cricketing triumphs continues—we have not tasted defeat for seven years, though rumour has it that 1980 may well destroy the proud sequence!

In our first game against Sir Thomas Rich's, Gloucester, our opponents collapsed to be all out for 89, scoring one bye after being 88-3, which must be almost Guinness Book of Records class. In reply we scored 90-5, David Webb dominating the innings. A week later we travelled to Bath and skittled King Edward's School out for 23, winning by 9 wickets before the tea interval. In the re-arranged match against Kingham Hill, we bowled the opposition out for 34, Richard Newman getting six victims cheaply, and won the game by 8 wickets. Next we batted first (unusually) against the Oakley Hall 2nd XI and made 113, Toby Brealy setting a captain's example and top-scoring with some resounding shots; our opponents were all out for 94 with three minutes to spare. Finally, in what was probably the best match of the term, Cheltenham G. S. made 136, to which we replied with 119-7 after being in sight of victory at 84-2 with David Webb and Richard Deacon going briskly—an excellent climax to a fine season.

Without wishing to single out the team's luminaries, one ought to mention the performances of David Webb as a batsman and Richard Newman as bowler. The former scored 158 runs for once out in the three games in which he played and, showing a big advance on last year, fully deserved his selection for the Glos. Schools Under 13 side. He also took a number of wickets with his accurate high-rise leg-breaks, and generally looked a most promising player. Newman bowled with hostility and good control (when not trying to emulate Proctor) and ended the season with 23 wickets at a cost of just over 4 runs apiece, a key factor in our success. Toby Brealy and Clive Fletcher both looked very promising all-rounders at times, though both suffer at present from lapses of concentration and confidence; greater experience should remedy this. Christopher Mansfield (when not adjusting his boot-laces or pads) also showed ability as an opening bat, though his range of strokes is currently too limited. Edward Wilcox hit well in the middle order and Richard Deacon impressed also when on loan from the Under 14 team. All the rest played their part at one time or another in the field or at the crease.

It was again a pleasure to work with such an amiable and keen group and I am grateful to everyone, not least David Webb and Toby Brealy, both of whom at various stages captained the team with judgement and good sense. Thanks also are due to our competent scorer, Philip Crowther.

The following played: R. Deacon, E. Wilcox, D. Appleton, T. Brealy, C. Fletcher, R. Hayward, J. Hutton-Potts, B. Knapp, C. Mansfield, R. Newman, A. Paton, S. Redman, A. Waddell, D. Webb (captain), C. Harris.

Results:

June 9th: v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S (Home).
Sir Thomas Rich's 89 (Webb 5-19, Brealy 3-20).
Rendcomb 90-5 (Webb 64 n. o.).

June 16th: v. KING EDWARD'S BATH (Away).
King Edward's 23 (Webb 5-7, Newman 4-6).
Rendcomb 26-1.

June 30th: v. KINGHAM HILL (Home).
Kingham Hill 34 (Newman 6-14, Brealy 3-19).
Rendcomb 35-2.

July 3rd: v. OAKLEY HALL 2nd XI (Home).
Rendcomb 113 (Brealy 37).
Oakley Hall 94 (Newman 6-16, Fletcher 3-15).

July 6th: v. CHELTENHAM G. S. (Away).
Cheltenham G. S. 136 (Newman 5-38, Webb 5-48).
Rendcomb 119-7 (Webb 71).

J. N. H.

TENNIS

1st VI

THIS season was the first that we have played VI rather than IV, and despite the difficulty in selecting a regular 3rd pair, we have had a successful season.

Consistently good play by the 1st pair, Steve Trezise and Andy Fisher, was the foundation of our successes, they could always be relied upon to win the majority of their games. The experience gained by the various members of the 3rd pair made up for their rather disappointing results. The balance between victory and loss often seemed to weigh on the 2nd pair in which Jal Allen played consistently good tennis making up for the occasionally erratic play of Ben Hatchwell. Overall, there is good reason to be pleased with this term's tennis and we look forward to a promising season next summer.

The following represented the College 1st VI during 1979: B. Hatchwell (captain), J. Allen, S. Trezise, A. Fisher, T. Clarke. A. Tong, P. Uglow, B. Knapp, S. Knapp, R. Smith, J. Gotley, S. Hawkswell, R. Pitt and R. Tudor.

Results:

v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S Lost 6-3.

Hesitant play by the 2nd pair failed to make up the losses of the 3rd pair against good opposition—a fair result.

v. CHELTENHAM COLLEGE Lost 85-5.

With 3 of the first 4 unavailable, we were forced to field a somewhat makeshift team and unfortunately this showed in the result.

v. WYCLIFFE COLLEGE 2nd VI Drew 4½-4½

We should have obtained an easy win but lack of practice during the previous weeks of rain led to a rather lower standard of play than usual, except for the 1st pair who played to their normal high standard.

v. WHITEFRIARS Won 5-4.

A good win in which all 3 pairs played well gaining us our first victory of the term.

v. DEAN CLOSE Won 5-4.

The phenomenally good tennis of Ben and Simon Knapp helped us to a very satisfying win against a good side; we regret that they were unable to play for us in previous matches as they would undoubtedly have taken us to further victories.

Under 16 VI

The following represented the College: B. Knapp, S. Knapp, S. Hawkswell (captain), C. Schreiber, N. Townend, G. Brealy, M. Smith and R. Palmer.

v. DEAN CLOSE

Match abandoned, Rendcomb leading 2-1.

v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S Lost 6-3.

Under 15 IV

The following represented the College: M. Smith, R. Palmer, M. Archer and R. Akers.

v. WYCLIFFE Lost 4-0.

GIRLS' TENNIS

DESPITE 'A' levels and the weather, the tennis team achieved numerous successes and maintained a high standard of play, considering the number of girls at Rendcomb. Both the first and second teams were integrated during the course of the second half of term and still managed to return victories. I would like to thank Jane Ingleton-Beer and Michaela Roberts for their help during the exams. I would also like to thank both Mrs. Holdaway for her enthusiastic support and Mr. Dyke for his coaching.

FIRST TEAM: Victoria Powell (captain), Carol Franklin, Liz Adams, Kim Knight, Kitty Roberts, Jane Stephenson, Helen Packwood, Jenny Watson, Joan Hecktermann and Sally Horne.

SECOND TEAM: Helen Packwood (captain), Ondine Glanville, Isabelle Weeks, Joan Hecktermann, Sally Horne, Jenny Watson, Michaela Roberts, Jane Ingleton-Beer.

V. P.

Results: First Team

v. Marlborough	lost	2-7	v. Cirencester	won	6-3
v. Cirencester	won	5-4	v. Hatherop	won	8-1
v. Westwood's	won	6-3	v. Wycliffe	won	6-3
v. St. Clotilde's	won	5-4	v. Dean Close	won	6-3
v. Dean Close	won	7-2	v. Charlton Park...	lost	1-8

Second Team:

v. St. Clotilde's	lost	3-6	v. Charlton Park...	won	6-3
v. Hatherop	won	6-3	v. Dean Close	won	5-4
v. Marlborough	lost	2-7	v. St. Clotilde's...	won	6-3

This has been a very successful season for the girl's tennis teams. Congratulations to all the girls who have played and a special 'thank-you' to Victoria Powell and Helen Packwood, the tennis captains for their efficiency and tremendous enthusiasm.

C. A. H.

JUDO, 1978-79

WITH thirty-nine members of the school now participating at Junior and Senior levels, Judo is increasing in popularity and standards are consequently rising. The increase in numbers can partly be attributed to the recent policy of starting Judo in the first and second years instead of the third year, but there is also a healthy increase higher up the school. The extra couple of years experience gained at this age will ensure more blue and brown belts in the future and also improve our results in gradings and competitions with other clubs, where boys often start at eight or nine years old.

There were two Junior gradings this academic year, the first being at Dowty Rotol in December. Seventeen were entered and blue belts were gained by C. Waddell and T. Burkhams. Other creditable performances came from D. White and T. Everatt, both gaining 4 grades. The second, at Gloucester Y. M. C. A., in March, produced some outstanding results; out of the thirty one entered only two didn't improve. Creditable performances included C. Statton and B. Jenkins becoming 10th (green) and 9th Mon respectively both starting off the day novices; C. Twinning up 5 grades to 13th (blue) and T. Daniels up 4 to 15th Mon only one grade below the elusive Junior brown belt, something which will hopefully become more plentiful in the next couple of years.

	<i>Beginning of year</i>	<i>10th Dec.</i>	<i>4th March</i>		<i>Beginning of year</i>	<i>10th Dec.</i>	<i>4th March</i>
T. Daniels	9th Mon	11th Mon	15th Mon	R. Hayward	8th Mon		9th
J. Everatt	8	12	14	B. Almond	8		9
C. Waddell	13	14		A. Maslin	7		9
T. Burkhams	11	13		A. Paton	7		9
C. Twinning	8	8	13	A. Aves	Novice	3	9
A. Wilcox	9	10	12	B. Jenkins	Novice		9
S. Hazell	9	9	12	D. Adshead	8		8
J. Bowerman	8		12	J. Morris	7		8
D. White	8	12		A. Mills	6	6	8
P. Chivers	7	11	12	S. McIntyre	Novice	3	8
B. Freeman	9	10	11	M. Archer	Novice		8
E. Wilcox	9	10	11	C. Dewar	Novice		8
A. Waddell	8		10	J. Kinch	Novice		8
A. Watts	8		10	S. Redman	6	6	7
C. Stratton	Novice		10	J. Suffolk	Novice		7
M. Uglow	9		9	N. Kinch	Novice		6
T. Pratt	8	9		I Bishop	Novice	3	5
W. Green	8		9				

The annual Dowty Open Junior Championship had 16 entries from Rendcomb, and 6 of these went on to win medals: S. Hazell a Gold, D. White a Silver and E. Wilcox, B. Freeman, T. Burkhams, T. Daniels, Bronzes: A very successful day.

In the senior class, competition has also improved, thanks to Paul Godsell, a black belt, visiting us each Tuesday evening from Cheltenham. Other brown belts from the Cheltenham Y. M. C. A. visit periodically and this gives life and incentive to many of the Seniors. Thanks must

be given to everybody who has visited us and also to Mr. Davis for his enthusiasm and superb coaching. Only one Senior entered a grading this year due to clashes with exams and holidays, but M. Twinning improved from 7th to 6th Kyu (lower green). It must be pointed out that, unlike the Junior grading system which works conversely, the novice works his way up from 9th to 1st Kyu (brown) and then onto a black belt.

In the future we are looking forward to the Gloucestershire Individual Junior Championships in September, the winners of which will represent Gloucestershire in the Western Area Championships. Many of our Seniors will become "Juniors for the day" as there is talk within the B.J.A. to raise the Junior age limit from U16 to U18. Lack of fair competition for 16 and 17 year-olds was the main reason for the change, as these were expected to fight mature men.

Finally, Mr. Thorne deserves usual praise for taking the large Junior class and for his consistent support for both Junior and Senior sections.

M.T.

GOLF

ON March 28th, the first Rendcomb College Golf team played in the *Aer Lingus* Schools Team Championship at Chipping Sodbury Golf Club.

Our team of David Rollo, Steven Hawkswell and Mark Smith was easily the youngest in the competition. They all battled well through the terrible conditions to finish 16th out of 24 schools. Steven's 85 gross being the 14th score out of 72 competitors.

On April nth, the same team played in the first Gloucestershire Schools' Golf Championship at the Gloucester Golf and Country Club. This time the team finished second, two strokes behind the winning team from Whitefriars School.

All three boys produced excellent net scores: David's 65 was good enough to win the individual trophy and he was well supported by net scores of 68 and 75 by Steven and Mark respectively.

On the morning of Founder's Day, Michael and Christopher Cannon and Oliver Medill played in competition on the 9 hole course at the Star Centre, Ullenwood. The Cannon brothers both returned creditable scores of 41 and Oliver won a golf bag in a target competition.

Future activities will include inter-school matches, group coaching under the Golf Foundation scheme and organised play on some local courses.

D. A. H.

OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES

THE Newsletter, circulated in May, contained the O. R. news of the last year.

At the reunion on July 7th there was a fair attendance at the Cricket Match, but few O. R. s were at the A. G. M. or the excellent buffet supper. I hope that all O. R. s will make every effort to support the A. G. M. next year.

The following officers were elected for 1979-80.

<i>President:</i>	J. B. Fell
<i>Chairman:</i>	M. Whittering
<i>Vice-Chairman:</i>	C. J. Wood
<i>Secretary:</i>	F. R. Glennie
<i>Treasurer:</i>	G. F. Smith
<i>Rugger Secretary:</i>	M. P. R. Rose
<i>Hockey Secretary:</i>	J. D. Whiteside
<i>Cricket Secretary:</i>	D. Peace
<i>Girl's Secretary:</i>	J. Watson

W. J. D. W.