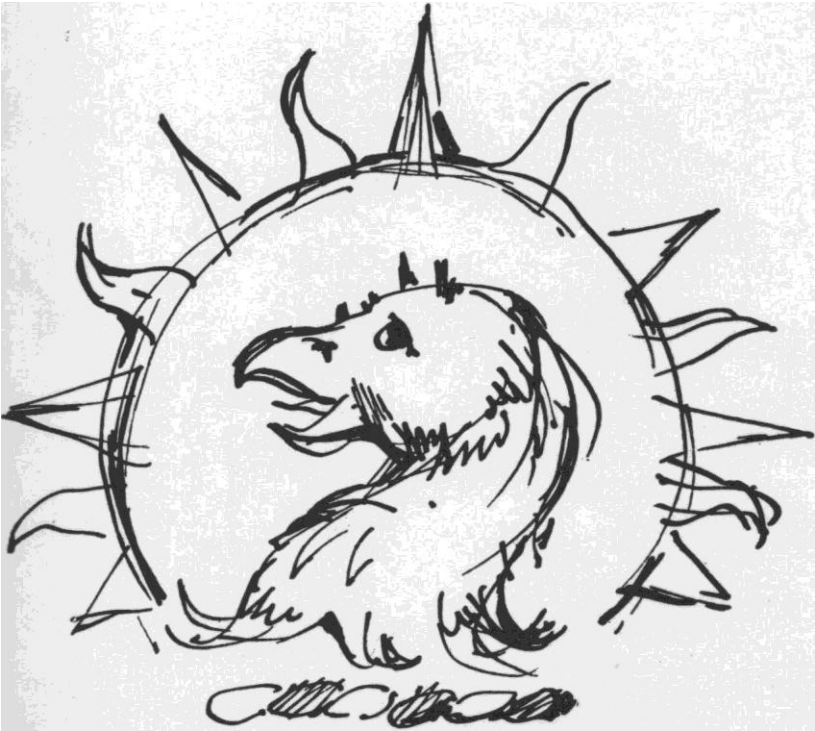


Rendcomb College Chronicle



Vol. 14. No. 1.

March 1967

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COLLEGE OFFICERS

Spring Term, 1967

Senior Prefect—R. J. Edy

Prefects and Group Leaders—F. R. Glennie, J. F. Harris, D. J.

Mabberley, G. F. Smith *Prefects*—W. A. Thompson, M. W. Harrop, J. A. Hiscox,

M. J. Dawson

Public Workman—P. Little

Choir Librarians—R. Millard, P. R. Free

Picture Man—R. C. Goodsell

Church Ushers—R. J. Edy, M. J. Dawson

Librarians—W. A. Thompson, D. J. Mabberley, R. C. Goodsell, H. M. Peterson, N. A. Dakin

Manual Foremen—G. F. Smith, R. J. Wood, A. J. Pain

Stagemen—G. F. Smith (*stage manager*), J. A. Hiscox, D. P. Kyle, A. J.

Pain, M. R. Dow, D. J. Simmons, R. A. Law, A. M. White, A. T. Patrick

Bellringers—F. R. Glennie (*tower captain*), W. A. Thompson, J. A.

Hiscox, N. J. Green, R. J. Wood, S. J. Brisk, A. J. C. Walker, E.

W. Yates, A. T. Patrick, N. A. Johnson, W. E. Hanks

MEETING OFFICERS

Spring Term, 1967

Chairman—J. F. Harris

Secretary—P. W. Taylor

Hockey Captain—F. R. Glennie

Hockey Secretary—M. W. Harrop

Running Captain—J. J. Fonseca

Games Committee: A. E. Hillier, C. J. Gray

Nominations Committee: R. J. Edy, F. R. Glennie,

W. A. Thompson, H. M. Peterson, D. J. Mabberley

Meeting Banker—M. J. Dawson

Shop Banker—D. P. Kyle

Boys' Banker—M. R. Barnes

Games Committee Treasurer—N. A. Johnson

House Committee Treasurer—N. M. Collins
Entertainments Committee—J. A. Hiscox, A. E. Hillier, R. J. Wood T. E. Bates, A. Thompson
Meeting Advisory Committee—J. A. Hiscox, H. M. Peterson, P. R. F. Chanin
Council—R. J. Edy, F. R. Glennie, J. F. Harris, W. A. Thompson, M. J. Dawson, M. W. Harrop, H. M. Peterson
Junior Advocate—R. J. Wood
Breakages Man—D. A. Tyler Cricket
Secretary—M. W. Harrop *Rugger*
Secretary—J. J. Fonseca
Magazine Committee—R. J. Edy, M. J. Dawson, T. V. Liddle
Senior Shopman—M. P. Grant

MEETING NOTES

Spring Term, 1967

Although there were no emergency or continuation meetings, there was a marked increase in the amount of valuable discussion, and no scarcity of business.

The most important proposal made this term was that for the joint purchase by the Meeting and the College of a power-roller for use on the games fields. The lack of one of these has been inconvenient to most, if not all, members during the past years, and this proposal met with a good deal of support. If bought, the power-roller will be the most important purchase made with the Meeting reserves for a long time.

The occasion of the *Boy's Own Paper* ceasing to be published caused a certain amount of discussion as to what should take the place of such a popular magazine, but a satisfactory replacement was found in *The Hobbies Magazine*, which was approved by the senior members of the school.

The junior office of Badminton Games Warden was abolished. In its place that of Badminton Warden was constituted, to be generally in charge of Badminton as well as looking after the equipment. This was to be a senior member and preferably one who did not play the in-season sport.

It was decided to buy the Reverend Mr. Hart a gift to mark his leaving the parish of Rendcomb. He was given a new cassock.

SCHOOL NOTES

Late Autumn Term, 1966

We bid farewell to the following and wish them well for the future: R. Billimoria, N. J. Brown, P. L. C. Smith.

* * *

The play *Becket*, by Jean Anouilh, was performed in the College on December 1st, 2nd and 3rd. A report appears elsewhere in this number.

The Christmas Party was held on Friday, December 9th, an end-of-term Dance on the 10th and the Carol Service on the 11th.

* * *

On December 2nd a party from Forms IV, V and VI attended a lecture in Bristol on "Modern Space Developments."

The film "Dr. Zhivago" was seen by Forms V and VI on December 6th, when also members of the 1st rugger XV visited Twickenham to watch the Oxford and Cambridge University match.

A college party went to Cirencester on December 8th, to hear a performance of Handel's "Messiah" given by the Cirencester Choral Society.

Spring Term, 1967

Mr. Nicolaou, who has taught the violin here since September, 1964, left at the end of the Autumn term to teach at schools nearer his home in Gloucester. We are sorry to lose him, and wish him well in his new work.

We welcome in his place Mr. Christopher Smith, a teacher of considerable experience and a well known figure in Gloucestershire orchestras.

* * *

We congratulate D. J. Mabberley on gaining an Open Scholarship in Natural Science at St. Catherine's College, Oxford.

* * *

We congratulate F. R. Glennie on captaining the West of England Schoolboys' hockey side in the Divisional Tournament at the Crystal Palace on January 5th and 6th. We also congratulate M. W. Harrop on being selected to play for the side.

John Gooding (O. R.) gave a lecture on March 3rd about his experiences in Russia. His interesting talk was followed by many questions.

On January 27th a lecture on High Altitude Research by Rocket was given by Mr. R. Evans of the British Aircraft Corporation.

A party from Form VI visited Gloucester on February 27th to see scientific films at Mullard Ltd.

On the 28th, members of the Natural History Society went to the gravel pits at Frampton-on-Severn, by kind permission of Major P. F. Clifford, and a party from the VIth Form visited the House of Commons.

* * *

A Dance was held on February 25th and we welcomed a number of young ladies for the evening.

The following films were shown during the term: *The High Bright Sun*, *What a way to go*, a film of African wild life and *Kidnapped*. *Double Bank* is scheduled for the end of Term.

* * *

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

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

The following passes were obtained at Ordinary Level in the Autumn examination, 1966:

M. R. Barnes—Latin
P. R. F. Chanin—Additional Maths
M. J. Dawson—Additional Maths
P. N. C. Evans—English Lit., History
H. D. Greenlaw—Latin
P. J. Hamnett—Maths, Physics
A. E. Hillier—English Lang., Physics
R. K. H. Hunt—English Lang., History
J. Kinnear—English Lang., History
P. V. Sage—English Lang., French
A. J. Savery—Biology
T. Willford—English Lang.

“BECKET”

by Jean Anouilh

The play was performed at Rendcomb on December 1st, 2nd and 3rd, 1966. It concerns the relationship between King Henry II and Thomas A’Becket from close friendship to the point where, in a mood of exasperated anguish, the King pronounces the fatal words traditionally ascribed to him, “Will no one rid me of him?”, and his Barons troop out to murder the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Anouilh’s version of this popular story moves rapidly from scene to scene displaying the different reactions of his principal characters in a variety of circumstances. He introduces many additional characters, often humorous, who provide a background comment on the actions of the central figures and provide lighthearted interludes to relieve the tragedy.

Altogether there were some forty people required for the cast—thus providing an ideal opportunity to give many young actors stage experience—while the set demanded many long hours of alert attention from the stagemen.

Bill Griffiths in the title role, used his experience and enthusiasm to bind the production together. His strong relaxed voice enabled him to convey Becket’s self-assured commanding air to great effect, while he also made us aware of Becket’s internal search for honour, with convincing sincerity.

Griffiths had an easier part to play than Nicholas Dakin who, as the King, was required to change his mood more rapidly and more frequently. This he achieved but, tending to strain his voice in his angry moments, he lost some of his subtler remarks when reverting to a gentler tone. However his use of facial expression was most effective.

Apart from these two characters there was a large cast of smaller parts. James Fonseca, as King Louis of France, successfully portrayed the proud arrogance of the monarch. He made the most out of his lines to convey the atmosphere of political intrigue humorously.

This atmosphere was sustained in the scene in the papal palace where Jack Hemming and Nicholas Wapshott, as the Pope and Cardinal, made us laugh at their accents and expressions.

To turn to the more serious, religious side of the play, David Kyle played the “Little Monk” with sympathy, whilst the abilities and deficiencies of thirteenth century Bishops were adequately demonstrated by Peter Little, Duncan Black,

Nicholas Evans and Henry Peterson. The latter in particular used previous experience to make Folliot come to life.

Of the other groups which appeared in the play pride of place must go to Michael Grant, Colin Maberley, Mark Collins and Philip Taylor whose bovine interpretations of the four English Barons were amusing and appreciated by all. However it was a pity that their most amusing scene took place sitting among the footlights where but a few of the audience could see them.

The royal family also played its part successfully. Kim Warren and Richard Millard as the Queen Mother and the Young Queen respectively filled their roles with feeling, while the young princes' "cats cradle" intrigued some younger members of the audience.

The other female role which must be mentioned is that of Gwendolen, admirably played by Nicholas Hillier. His singing was one of the most memorable parts of the play.

Finally a mention for the soldiers, Andrew Whittles and David Simmons, who effected their considerable amount of scene changing efficiently and quickly.

Here I make apology for not including any more actors in this summary, but all the names are included on the cast list. Nevertheless let the people who took these parts be assured that their efforts made an indispensable contribution to the performance.

From the actors to the stage effects and here hearty congratulations are due to Mr. Salter, the stage manager and his men and the Maberley brothers for the marvellous scenery and props—a shame that some of it was only on stage for a few minutes! Admiration should be expressed at the wonderful array of bright clothing which Mrs. James brought out from the depths of the acting cupboards.

We are most grateful to Miss Lloyd and the linen-room staff for the great deal of work they put in on the back-drop curtains, the caparisons of the hobby horses and a host of other details.

Mr. Jenkin and his musicians are to be thanked for the sound effects and stimulating programme music.

To conclude, "Becket" is the most adventurous play produced at Rendcomb in the time of the present Upper VIth and undoubtedly presented a strong challenge to both producer, actors and stagemen. The easy-moving performance, the confidence of the leading actors, and the efficiency of the men

behind the scenes prove how successfully this challenge was met by all concerned, especially by the producer.

Cast:

First Soldier	ANDREW WHITTLES
Second Soldier	DAVID SIMMONS
King Henry II	NICHOLAS DAKIN
Page	NOEL WILLFORD
Thomas Becket	BILL GRIFFITHS
Archbishop of Canterbury	PETER LITTLE
Bishop of Oxford	DUNCAN BLACK
Bishop of York	NICHOLAS EVANS
Gilbert Folliot, Bishop of London	HENRY PETERSON
Saxon Father	ANDREW SAVERY
Saxon Girl	TREVOR PATRICK
Saxon Boy	ALAN WHITE
Gwendolen	NICHOLAS HILLIER
First Baron	MICHAEL GRANT
Second Baron	COLIN MABBERLEY
Third Baron	MARK COLLINS
Fourth Baron	PHILIP TAYLOR
French Girl	JONATHON HARRIS
Little Monk	DAVID KYLE
Provost Marshal	OWEN RHYS
French Priest	ANDREW SAVERY
French Choirboy	DAVID TORESEN
Officer	STEPHEN BRISK
First Servant	NEIL JOHNSON
Second Servant	ALAN LAMB
Queen Mother	KIM WARREN
Young Queen	RICHARD MILLARD
Henry's Elder Son	ROGER PYECROFT
Henry's Younger Son	ROBIN BOWEN
Etienne	STEPHEN BRISK
English Priest	WILLIAM NESHAM
First Monk	WILLIAM HANKS
Second Monk	MICHAEL COX
King Louis of France	JAMES FONSECA
First French Baron	WILLIAM NESHAM
Second French Baron	PETER LITTLE
Duke of Arundel	OWEN RHYS
Pope	JACK HEMMING
Cardinal	NICHOLAS WAPSHOTT

Prompter: HARTLEY MOORE

CONCERT

The College was glad to receive, on Sunday, December nth, Mr. Nicolaou and some of his pupils from various local schools. They gave a concert for string orchestra. Mr. Jenkin accompanied some of the pieces on the piano. The programme was as follows:

Four Simple Pieces.. Two	<i>C. Woodhouse</i> Full Ensemble	
Duets	<i>H. Brown..</i> M. Bates and D. Bowen	
Sonata for Two Violins	<i>S. Leduc..</i> M. Seigel and	W. Griffiths
Trio.....	<i>H. Brown..</i> M. Grant, D. Bowen	and H. Bates
Concerto in A minor..	<i>Accolay..</i> W. Griffiths	
Mirror Canon	<i>Mozart..</i> M. Windsor and	C. Robertson
Seven Part Canon on a	<i>Bach..</i> Full Ensemble	
Ground Base Trio in G	<i>Telemann..</i> W. Griffiths, M. Seigel	
major	and M. Grant	

This was followed by five carols in which the audience was invited to sing. The hall was well packed and everyone enjoyed this fine concert.

Schools other than Rendcomb which were represented were:

Chosen Hill Grammar School, Churchdown Denmark Road
Grammar School for Girls, Gloucester Hucclecote Secondary
Modem School The King's School, Gloucester White Friars
School, Cheltenham

R. P.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

This term's Christmas festivities were more varied than the usual end-of-term party and were consequently of wider appeal. Celebrations began on the last Friday of term with a party aimed to please members of the Junior Forms but enjoyed by everybody. Topically, the theme this year was the Batcave complete with an unusually fallible Batman and a somewhat farcical Boy Wonder. The fancy dresses of C. P. Maberley (Madame de Pompadour) and M. V. Toresen (vampire) were outstanding although it was obvious that all had been prepared with enthusiasm. The prize winners were:

1st C. P. Mabberley (Madame de Pompadour)

2nd B. M. Smith (Witch)

3rd M. V. Toresen (vampire)

4th J. M. Tyler (gonk)

Most Original: M. A. Cox (Royal Mail (Male))

Most Colourful: P. Isaac (jester)

Also present was a long, green centipede arranged by A. Hillier. Many people took part in the other competitions which were a great success. The Group ably provided musical entertainment during the evening despite interruptions from Batman and his confederates. We take this opportunity to thank the catering staff for the party refreshments and excellent Christmas dinner, N. Wapshott for organising the amusements and, of course, the hard working C. P. C.

A Christmas Dance was held on Saturday night and was enjoyed by all present.

CAROL SERVICE

The Christmas Carol Service took place on Sunday, nth December in St. Peter's Church, Rendcomb, and was held in place of the normal Sunday morning service. The form of the service was seven lessons, one read by a boy from each form and one read by the headmaster, these lessons interspersed with carols. The boys who read were: J. Millard, J. Wookey, P. Free, N. Evans, P. Hamnett and R. Edy. The carols were shared between the Choral Society and the large congregation which filled the Church.

Members of the Choral Society had worked hard at the carols to be performed and the standard reached was very pleasing and contributed to a beautiful service.

There was also a good "box office"—a record collection of over £20 was taken for the organ fund. R. M.

The following carols and hymns were sung:

Once in Royal David's City

Past Three o'clock

A Virgin most pure

The First Noel Blessed be that maid

Mary Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Personent hodie

O come, all ye faithful

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

On Sunday, January 22nd, a competition in identifying plants and animals from coloured slides was held. This was mainly for members of the Junior School a number of whom attended.

On January 29th, David Mabberley (the chairman of the Society) gave an illustrated lecture on the orchids of Gloucestershire. He started by telling us of the great diversity of orchids and their peculiarities as a group of plants. He then went on to describe the orchids found in Gloucestershire, with the aid of some extremely good photographs by Mr. Swaine. Most of the Society attended this very interesting and well prepared lecture.

An outing to Frampton Gravel pits was organised on Tuesday, February 28th. We walked round the largest gravel pit, on which there were a great number of Coot and Tufted Duck, about twenty Canada Geese, five Mute swans, about five Great Crested Grebes, a few Pochard and two lesser Black-backed Gulls. We were also very fortunate to catch a close glimpse of two Siskins. There were not however, as many birds as there have been in the past, probably as a result of the mild weather.

We were fortunate that on Wednesday, March 8th, Mr. J. M. L. Peake was able to come and talk to us about Nature Conservation. He gave a very interesting illustrated lecture, showing how nature reserves are set up and maintained, and showed us some slides of some of the animals and plants that are being protected. Until very recently Mr. Peake was the General Secretary for the Gloucestershire Trust for Nature Conservation. He has done a great deal towards the establishment of Nature Reserves in Gloucestershire and to promote public interest in them.

P. L., N. M. C.

HOCKEY REPORT, 1967

With one match left to play, this season's eleven has been the most successful for four years. So far we have played eight games, winning four, drawing three and losing one. With several talented players from last year's side remaining, the problem has been to produce a coherent unit. Our main weakness has been in our approach to goal, a lack of intelligent and accurate passing by the forwards. Though we have partially overcome this defect,

there is still plenty of room for improvement. There has also been a marked tendency to carry the stick too high, a fault which still persists in some cases.

We began the season with our almost customary defeat by Dean Close. Playing on a hard pitch before we had had many practice games, we displayed three main weaknesses: slow clearance from our circle, too much individualism in mid-field and lack of hard shots at goal. Since that game various changes have been made to eliminate these faults.

Against Corpus Christi College and Bristol Grammar School, Harrop moved into the forward line and scored four out of our five goals in those matches. He has remained at inside left and has continued to score, which has solved the main problem.

Against Cheltenham College, Hunt was brought into the forward line instead of Edy. This gave us a more talented inside trio, who worked together better than previous combinations. Simpson also replaced Evans on the left wing. For the next match, against King Edward's School, Bath, Yuvaboon replaced Smith on the right wing, and Green added more stability to the defence by replacing Kyle at full-back. The eleven did not play well in this match, perhaps because it had not had time to settle down in its new form.

Thus by the time we played King's College School, Wimbledon, the team, whose nucleus had played sound hockey to hold Cheltenham College to a two-all draw, had reached its final shape. The K. C. S. game proved a well-earned draw against a stronger side. Against Monkton Coombe the team showed further improvement, and we broke our line of draws with a strongly contested victory. The forwards at last achieved a series of sound passing movements to gain three goals, while our backs and goalkeeper, notably the latter, time and again repulsed dangerous attacks and saved some seemingly certain goals! This happy result was marred by an untimely injury to Harrop which will remove him from the scene until the end of term—so we must rebuild the forward line.

The Eleven:

F. R. GLENNIE (*captain*). Profiting from useful experience in the holidays at the Crystal Palace, where he captained the West of England Schoolboys' Eleven, he has developed his game considerably this season, improving markedly on his

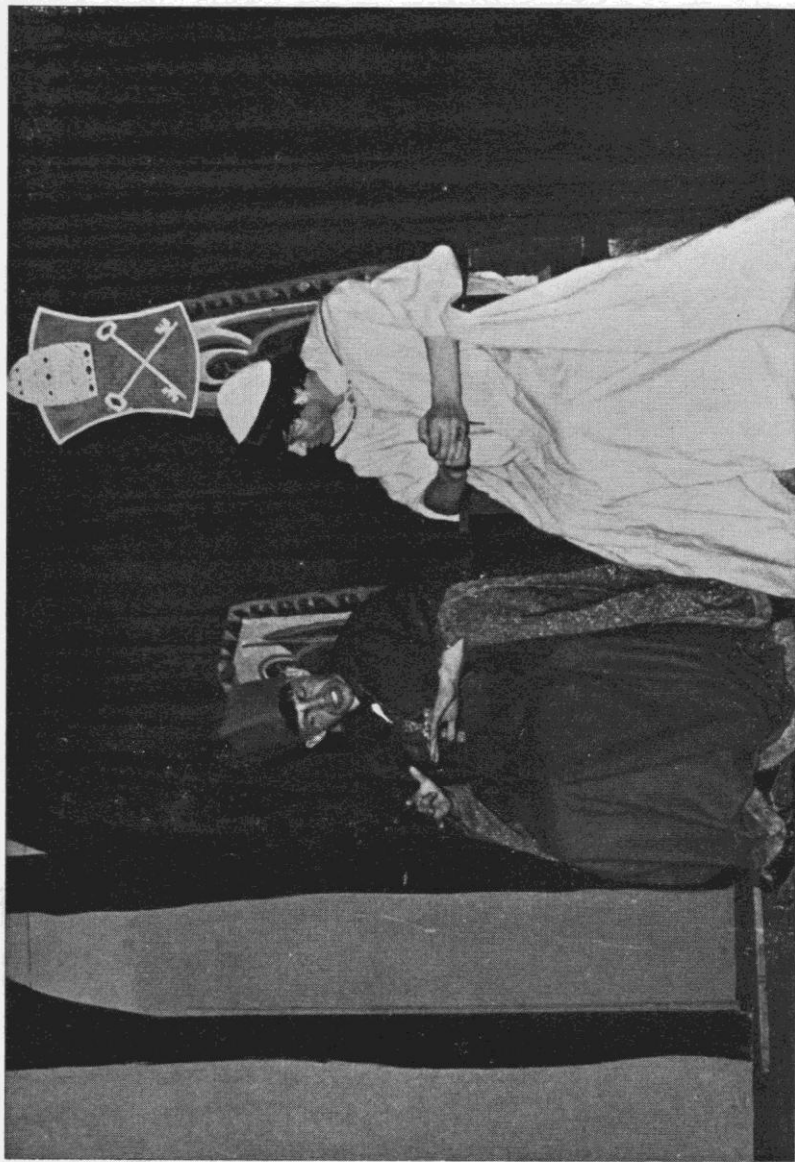


Photo: D. R. Brown

"Receive the money from the King, Very Holy Father, and receive the Archbishop too. The one will neutralise the other"

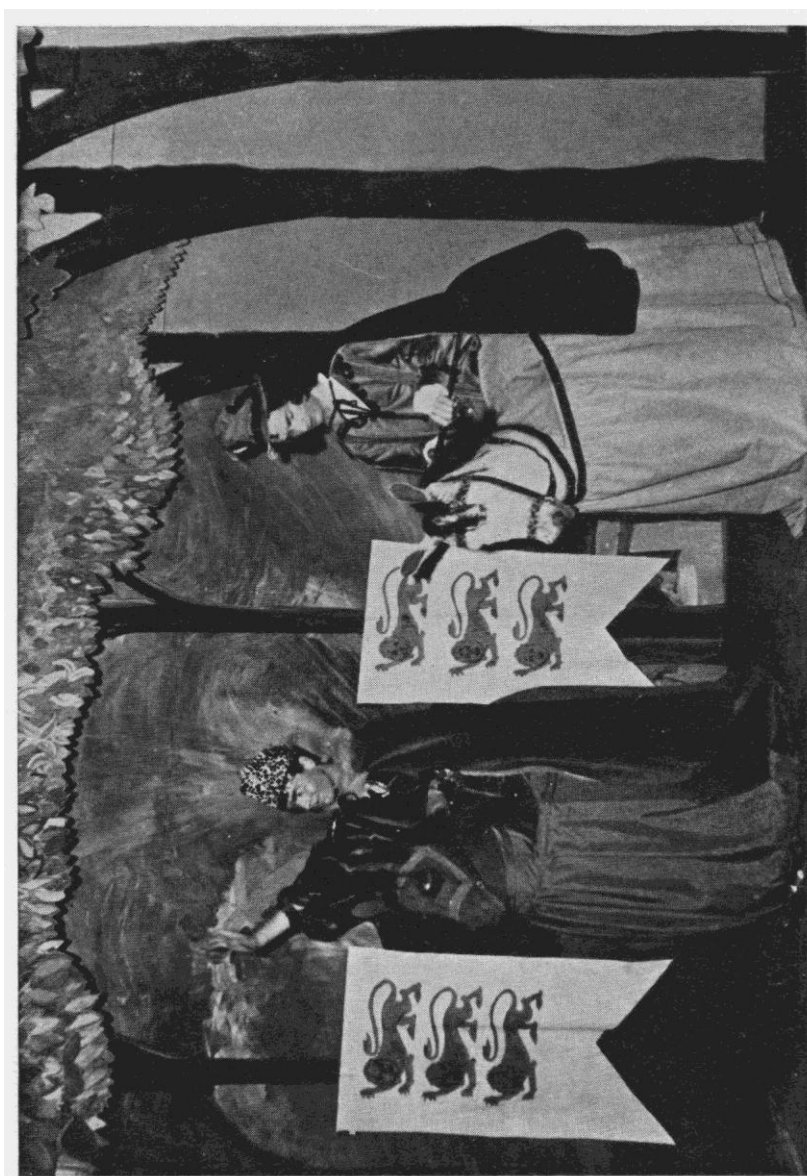


Photo: D. R. Brown

"Suppose I charged into this heap of frog-eaters now, instead of acting the goat at their Te Deum?"



Photo: D. R. Brown

"You insisted—against our advice, on attacking the King openly."



Photo: D. R. Brown

"Here it comes. The supreme folly. This is its hour"

last year's speed. At centre half, he combines a good sense of the field with good control and accurate passing. His stick-work is very good and if he can develop his flick-shot further, he should do very well in the future. He has been unquestionably the best captain Rendcomb has had for many years, and his control of an at times somewhat recalcitrant side has drawn admiration from several knowledgeable spectators.

M. W. HARROP (*Secretary*). Having played for the West of England Schoolboys during last holidays as a half-back, this term he has been the driving element in the forward line, scoring more than half our goals at inside left. He has often made scoring gaps for the left wing. His stick-work is exceptional for his age; he is developing a good shot at goal and, if he can develop a square pass to his inside right, he will undoubtedly become a very dangerous forward.

A. E. HILLIER (*Games Committee*). He began the season at centre forward but was moved to inside right because he possessed more drive than other players tried in that position. He has the ability to play good, constructive hockey, but he must cure himself of a tendency to dribble too far and school himself to anticipate an attack so that he is in the circle to finish the movement.

C. J. GRAY (*Games Committee*). He has not yet completely fulfilled last year's promise but has played steadily most of the time at left half. He has gained useful experience on the Games Committee and will be a valuable member of next year's team.

M. R. BARNES. AS last year he has kept goal for the whole season. Although uncertain of himself in the earlier matches, he has recently shown increased confidence and made several spectacular saves on the line. He has still to develop his kicking but this will come in time.

J. J. FONSECA. At last he has been allowed to remain in the same position throughout the term and has improved accordingly. At full-back his long reach has served him admirably to intercept passes, and he possesses a strong clearance hit. If he can cure his tendency to dribble before clearing and will remember his right wing, he will be most valuable next year.

N. J. GREEN. Having gained emancipation from the Second Eleven goal mouth, he has developed into an acceptable full-back with a powerful hit. Although often over-enthusiastic and thus

liable to forget his positional play, he has been a useful member of the team.

D. F. R. BLACK. A newcomer to the eleven, he has played at right half throughout the season. His play has improved markedly from match to match. His stopping and hitting have been reliable, and he has developed his ability to combine with the forwards in attack.

W. R. SIMPSON. Having recovered from a Rugger injury in time for the Cheltenham College match, he has played on the left wing since then. Supplementing his lack of stickwork with speed, determination and enthusiasm, he has developed a good understanding with Harrop and scored several useful goals.

R. K. H. HUNT. Although his lack of speed was against him, his skillful stick play eventually earned him his place at centre forward. His play has improved greatly in the last few matches and he is now showing a welcome energy in attack.

T. YUVABOON. He came up from the under-fifteen eleven for the match against King Edward's and has remained on the right wing since. Gaining his place through superior ball control, he has developed considerably while playing at the higher standard. Fast, with a good eye, he has been a valuable asset to the team.

R. J. EDY. He was selected for the opening matches because he was one of a very few forwards who showed a satisfactory vigour in his game. He later proved too slow for the eleven and was once again dropped. He has taken his repeated relegations with marked good humour and sportsmanship, and his qualities of leadership have been well exercised in the Second Eleven, where he has been the outstanding player.

The Second Eleven:

The Second Eleven has been unlucky so far to have three of its five matches cancelled owing to bad weather. The side has shown spirit and determination, and it is to be hoped that it will have a chance to show its mettle in the two remaining fixtures.

The Under-15 Eleven:

The season started well with a win against Bristol Grammar School by 5 goals to 1. The forward line, particularly the inside

trio, showed great promise, combining well and shooting hard. The centre forward, Yuvaboon, moved up to the 1st XI and though many combinations were tried, the attack never again had the same thrust.

In defence, the habit of playing together never developed. Under pressure clearances were desperate, never to a man and often woefully mishit. But for Hillier in goal the defeats may well have been heavier.

Johnson improved steadily and worked hard as centre half. Belcher always looked for the goal but his play deteriorates in defeat.

To date the fixture card reads as follows:

First Eleven:

Sat. 28 Jan.	v. Dean Close 'A' XI, Away, Lost 0—5	
Wed. 1 Feb.	v. Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Away,	Won 2—1
Sat. 4 Feb. Tues.	v. Bristol Grammar School, Home, Won 3—1	
7 Feb. Sat. 11	v. Cheltenham College, Away, Drawn 2—2	
Feb.	v. King Edward's School, Bath, Away,	Drawn 1—1
Sat. 18 Feb.	v. K. C. S., Wimbledon, Away, Drawn 1—1	
Tues. 21 Feb.	v. Marlborough College 2nd XI, Home,	Cancelled
Sat. 25 Feb. Sat.	v. Monkton Coombe 'A' XI, Home, Won 3—2	
4 Mar.	v. Lydney Grammar School, Away, Won 7—2	
To play:		
Sat. 18 Mar.	v. Old Rendcombians, Home	

Second Eleven:

Wed. 18 Jan.	v. Cheltenham G. S. 1st XI, Home, Lost 2—3	Sat. 28 Jan.
v. The Crypt School 1st XI, Home, Cancelled	Wed. 1 Feb.	v. Marling
School 1st XI, Away, Cancelled	Tues. 7 Feb.	v. Cheltenham College 3rd
XI, Away, Won 2—1	Tues. 21 Feb.	v. Marlborough College 3rd XI,
Home, Cancelled	Sat. 4 Mar.	v. Lydney G. S. 2nd XI, Away, Cancelled
Wed. 8 Mar.	v. King's School, Gloucester, 1st XI, Home,	Lost 0—4

Third Eleven:

Wed. 8 Mar.	v. King's School Gloucester, 2nd XI, Home,	Lost 1—5
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Under-15 Eleven:

Sat. 4 Feb. Sat. *v.* Bristol G. S. U/15 XI, Home, Won 5—1
11 Feb. Tues. 21 *v.* K. E. S. Bath, U/15 XI, Away, Lost 0—4
Feb. *v.* Marlborough College Junior Colts, Home, Canceled
Sat. 25 Feb. *v.* Monkton Coombe Junior Colts, Home, Lost 0—7

Under 13½ Eleven:

Sat. 11 Mar. *v.* Hill Place School U/13IXI, Away, Drawn 1—1

SUPPLEMENTARY RUGGER REPORT, 1966

Two matches were played at the end of last term after the Christmas number went to press.

Dec. 7th 1st XV *v.* Hereford Cathedral School 2nd XV Drawn 0—0

In a hard fought match we held the visitors to a scoreless draw. We played without Simpson for the greater part of the match as he regrettably broke his arm again. In spite of this handicap our defence was good, and our seven forwards held their own and in fact dominated the line-outs. Kyle was unfortunate in not securing a touchdown after a strong break by Dakin, and Glennie narrowly missed an attempt with a penalty kick. A draw was a fair result.

Dec. 10th 1st XV *v.* Old Boys' XV, Won 22—9

This game was played under atrocious conditions. The school did well to beat a much heavier and more experienced side. Early defensive lapses allowed the opposition to score two tries but the XV settled down in the second half and tightened their defences, to such an extent that they ended up very worthy winners. The match was a personal triumph for the captain as he was in superb kicking form. Equally memorable was the try scored by G. Smith, who showed a clean pair of heels to the opposition in his 60-yard run.

Scorers: 1st XV: Smith, Hillier, Fonseca (tries), Glennie (2 conversions, 3 penalty goals). Old Boys: Webb, Thomasson, Gough (tries).

THE SPANIEL

Once upon a midnight cautious, while I pondered, weak and nauseous,
Over some complex derivation I had done on Newton's law,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a snapping,
As of someone loudly yapping, yapping at my study door,
"Tis some visitor" I muttered, "yapping at my study door—
Only this and nothing more."

Then I felt my terror worsen, for my guest was not a person,
In there stepped a cocker spaniel, in his eyes a fixed glare,
Not the least obeisance made he, not a fraction moved or swayed he,
And the spaniel merely stood there, moving not one single hair,
Speaking out with grim conviction, moving not one single hair,
Quoth the spaniel, "root mean square."

How I marvelled this ungainly dog who quoted theorems plainly,
How he put his logic clearly, salient points all to the fore.
And I could not help agreeing that no living human being
Could ever put such logic forward, derivations without flaw,
Could ever make his point so hard, derivations without flaw,
Quoth the spaniel, " $3/4$."

Thus this dog with voice so mellow made my heavy brow unfurrow.
Thoughts of problems I could master made me sink upon my knee
But the spaniel set me grieving then by turning tail and leaving,
Naturally I begged him tarry crying out "Please stay with me."
Chasing him along the hallway crying out "Please stay with me."
Quoth the spaniel, "Q.E.D."

D.P.K.

ESCAPE

He fumed all the way home. Every Monday to Friday he silently
cursed and fumed his way to the office and back, and today was no
different. Eight miles and sixty minutes later, he reversed into the
driveway.

"Have a nice day at the office, dear?"

He pecked his wife with a perfunctory kiss, mumbled something,
whistled for the dog and was out, at last, into the night.

Out in the street, his footsteps echoed, and the dog's paws scratched along behind, both stepping on shadows that would advance and recede as they passed under the bleak glare of streetlamps. Once they were off the pavements and into the fields the only sounds to be heard were their breathing and the jingle of the leash he held in his hand.

With each step his condensing breath clouded his vision, and with each step he cleaved through it.

Now he left the path and crossed a ploughed field. His pace slowed as more clay stuck to his shoes until he knew how deep-sea divers felt when on land. Gratefully, back in the sea of long damp grass he paused while wiping his shoes clean, to inhale pure ice-cold air, perfumed with the smell of damp leaves and wood fungi.

The dog tore off, nose to the ground, like an automatic vacuum cleaner, on the scent of some rabbit.

Up above, stars blinked out of their diurnal slumbers and pierced their way through the midnight blue backcloth. The intertwining lace of autumn trees reached up to restrain the rising white-gold orb of moon.

He sighed, whistled the dog and turned for home. He would have to clean his shoes for the office before morning.

M. J. D.

IN THE SECOND BEGINNING WAS THE WORLD AND A SMALL COLONY OF MEN

In 1976 the seventh and largest of the Explorer series of spacecraft left earth. Its destination was any planet that could support human life and its object was to begin the colonization of that planet in order to relieve the pressure of overpopulation on earth. It was equipped with enough materials for resynthesizing and reconstituting food to last for 15 years and enough fuel for the same period. It also contained the basic tools for beginning a settlement and enough people to keep the settlement going until the population overspill from earth began to arrive. It was intended that the craft should return to earth by the end of ten years and great trouble had been taken to ensure that the crew and their families would have adequate privacy and opportunities for recreation during this long period.

In the first 6 years they found several planets which might have been suitable, but they all lacked any form of life and were

therefore useless. In the seventh year they developed a fault in the radio system and so lost contact with Earth. This meant that they had no way of finding their way back there again. Since then, they had been trying, desperately, to find a habitable planet before it was too late. Now at last, eleven years after they had set out they had found one. It had breathable air, suitable gravity, water, and plant life at least, if not animal life too.

By midday on the day after they arrived a party was ready to leave the craft which was orbiting the planet. They left in one of the smaller vehicles on board the ship and as they pulled away some of the initial optimism began to fade and the atmosphere became tense and silent. When they returned three hours later there was wild rejoicing at the news they brought. They had found a wide variety of more or less peculiar animals and plants and in spite of evidence of a lot of radiation in fairly recent years, the level was now quite tolerable.

The following day another forty set out to find a suitable spot for landing the large space vehicle and starting a settlement. After travelling over a great expanse of forest for several hundred miles they eventually found a clearing near a lake. They landed and found that the clearing was quite large enough for landing the large craft, and was also reasonably situated for a settlement. There was however, one odd feature about this clearing. Towards one end there was a large mound, like a mole-hill. On closer examination they found that it was artificial and made of a rock-like material.

The officer-in-charge, thinking it might contain some clues to the form of life on the planet, ordered some of his men to drill a hole four feet into it to see if it was hollow. When the drill reached three feet a lot of foul air was blown into their faces. The hole was enlarged considerably with explosives and the officer climbed through with breathing apparatus and a torch. Inside he found himself in what could only be described as a room. In the middle he saw a grotesque shape huddled over a kind of table. He examined it warily from a distance. It was humanoid and dead. Then a piece of paper on the table caught his eye. He came closer and read the last words of a dying man, "August 19th, 1982. I think the radiation will kill me today. What a way to end a population explosion."

P. R. F. C.

A VISIT TO AN AUCTION SALE

I wandered through the door marked "Auction Room" and into the depths, beyond. The whole atmosphere was completely changed from the quiet, peaceful, clean air of the outside world. Here the air was thick with smoke, intermingled with the sour, heavy smell of dried sweat on perspiring bodies. Everywhere was a wall of sweaty flesh. This room was much too small to hold an auction in.

I pushed and needled my way past the crowd, a complete mixture of people. Old people, young people, very rich people, not so rich people, and hot irritated fathers being a little unkind to equally hot and irritated children. Finding myself up against an old wall, I stopped, as this would at least be something to lean against, in the long hours that would follow. There was another small compensation. There was a very small window fairly near, so at least I would have some fairly fresh air, instead of the foul stuff in the middle of the room.

I had been told that some very old Victorian vases were being sold, and a friend of mine had asked me to see if I could get them, as a special favour, as he thought they would go well in his newly-bought house, but alas, he would be unable to attend. I, being stupid, soft-hearted and easily convinced, had been persuaded to come along, with staunch orders not to bid over £50; so here I was, with the money in my pocket, anxiously waiting for the sale to start.

At last, after what seemed an eternity of standing, cursing, and calling the auctioneer all the best and most juicy names I could think of, he banged his hammer and the hubbub gradually subsided.

The auctioneer, a bent, untidy and old man, with darting eyes which were continuously flickering over and around his horn-rimmed glasses, spoke out with a voice that was surprisingly deep and clear for his build and appearance.

"Right. Now we are all here, we can begin."

"Cheek!" I thought.

"Errr... yes. First item to be flogged, sorry, auctioned, is this marvellous antiquated old chair...."

And so his deep voice droned on and on. Different articles suddenly appeared from what appeared to be an endless storeroom, were bid for, and after five minutes haggling, were knocked down to the highest bidder, each time with a short sigh from the auctioneer.

Now, at last, the vases appeared. I guessed they were the ones, as they looked the sort that my friend would like. I looked about anxiously to see if anyone around me looked interested. No! Thank goodness for that.

“What am I bid for these *lovely* vases,” droned on the voice.

“Ten pounds,” I yelled.

A flicker of surprise showed on his face, as though he had not expected to sell them. I noticed he was still drumming his fingers as he had been all the time since the auction started. Flicking his eyes over the rest of the crowd and seeing no response he lifted his hammer. Suddenly, a seedy-looking character at the back yelled out, “Fifteen.”

I began to get hot under the collar, although that seemed hardly possible with the temperature as high as it was.

“Twenty” I shouted, looking angrily at him.

“Twenty-five!”

“Thirty!”

“Thirty-five!”

Here I stopped a minute, and made a pretence of looking in my wallet. I noticed him anxiously staring at me, and then a relieved look replaced it, as with a sigh I replaced my wallet and bid,

“Forty.”

Thank goodness. He must have guessed that I wouldn’t go much higher or anyway, he didn’t bid. Relieved, I jostled my way up to the desk, collected the vases and pushed my way back into the crowd. At last, after pushing and scrambling, needling, kicking, cursing and sweating, with my temperature dangerously high, for what seemed like centuries, I reached the door, and burst through into the hall.

Quickly I walked up the passageway, through a door, and into the air. Ah, how sweet it smelt, and how cool everyone looked. Then and there I resolved that it would be a long time before my friend talked me into going in *that* place again.

O. G. R.

THE PAPER MAN

Down in the dimly-lit basement, the paper was stacked round the walls. Box upon box of ordinary white paper, five hundred sheets to a box, sixty boxes to a pile, forty piles to a row and twenty-four rows. A feeble bulb cast vague shadows

across the silent room. The mills and rollers up above had ceased to pour out their endless ribbons, the cutters had bit methodically through their last paper blocks, the workers had gone home. The room was left alone to the paper and the man sitting in the cramped hardboard cubicle beside the door, the night watchman. He sat at his battered desk, his thermos and sandwich box at his side, with his head in his hands. He was not lonely or bored, but filled with anticipation, for he would spend the next few hours where he was happiest, alone in his paper womb.

The night watchman loved paper. He had done so faithfully ever since he could remember; not wallpaper or newspaper, but clean, new, white paper, reams and reams of it. Paper to him had always meant purity, it was one of the few things that justified the existence of mankind. His world was full of squalor, of filth. It was black and crumbling, rotted through by man's stupidity and sin; but paper would be the same for ever, dazzling white, clean, unmarred; paper gleamed dully in the dark; paper felt smooth and cool beneath your fingers; paper had sharp precise edges which bit into you when you ran thick solid blocks of it between your fingers. Now he was surrounded by it, walled in by it, entirely enclosed in its aching purity. Yet he could not let himself sink back into the protective safety of his paper walls, for he knew too that he was not pure. He was polluted, by the horrors and wickedness of the outside world. During his day he had sinned like all others, he knew he had sinned. He was not fit to exist within his paper world; a rotten cancerous growth which had to be cleansed.

Now, as every night, he slid from his cubicle, and padded silently across the thick linoleum. Reaching up to one of the piles, his fingers burrowed inside a box, and carefully pulled out the top sheet of paper. Tenderly he carried it back to his cubicle, and laid it on the desk. The paper gleamed unwinking in the faded light, cool, smooth yet unyielding. The man stroked it tentatively with his finger tips, while he gazed in awe at its forbidding purity. His surroundings blurred and misted, there was only the sheet of paper, clear and precise, defined by its arrow-straight edges. His mind was a black frame around it; nothing outside that concerned him.

He reached out blindly, grasped the pen, and made a thick convulsive black stroke at the top of the paper, which writhed

beneath its touch. After that he did not pause at all, but wrote steadily on. All the sins and squalors, evils and horrors of his day poured out onto the page. His thoughts of greed, jealousy, lust, hatred flowed in a sluggish black stream from the twitching chattering nib. The broad black line shattered across the paper, relentlessly choking and smothering the gleaming whiteness with its dark child-like scribble. Blackness spread in a blotched uneven shadow across the virgin surface. When it was done the man fell forward onto the desk, his cheek smudging the wet ink, and slept secure in his safe white womb; while his tea grew cold in the thermos at his elbow.

H. M. P.

OLD BOYS' NOTES

We hear, via Peter Binks, that Stephen Curry and his family have moved from Kenya to Western Australia and settled in Perth.

Richard Taylor is now working for the Devon branch of the National Farmers' Union, which he finds "an interesting change from practical farming."

John Gooding has been appointed an Assistant Lecturer in History at Edinburgh University. His book on Russia, *The Catkin and the Icicle*, has been translated in Swedish. His first novel *The People of Providence Street* is being published in the summer by the Bodley Head and in New York by the Viking Press.

Ken Shephard visited Rendcomb on February 26th. He is still with the B. B. C. In fact that evening his programme, "Museum Piece" from the Victoria and Albert was shown on BBC 2. Later this year he has programmes on "The Normans in Sicily" and on "Constantinople."

Many old boys will have seen Angus Primrose on television. He is now very much a king of boat builders and was, we gather, mainly responsible for designing and building Sir Francis Chichester's Gypsy Moth IV.

J. C. J.

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