

THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE



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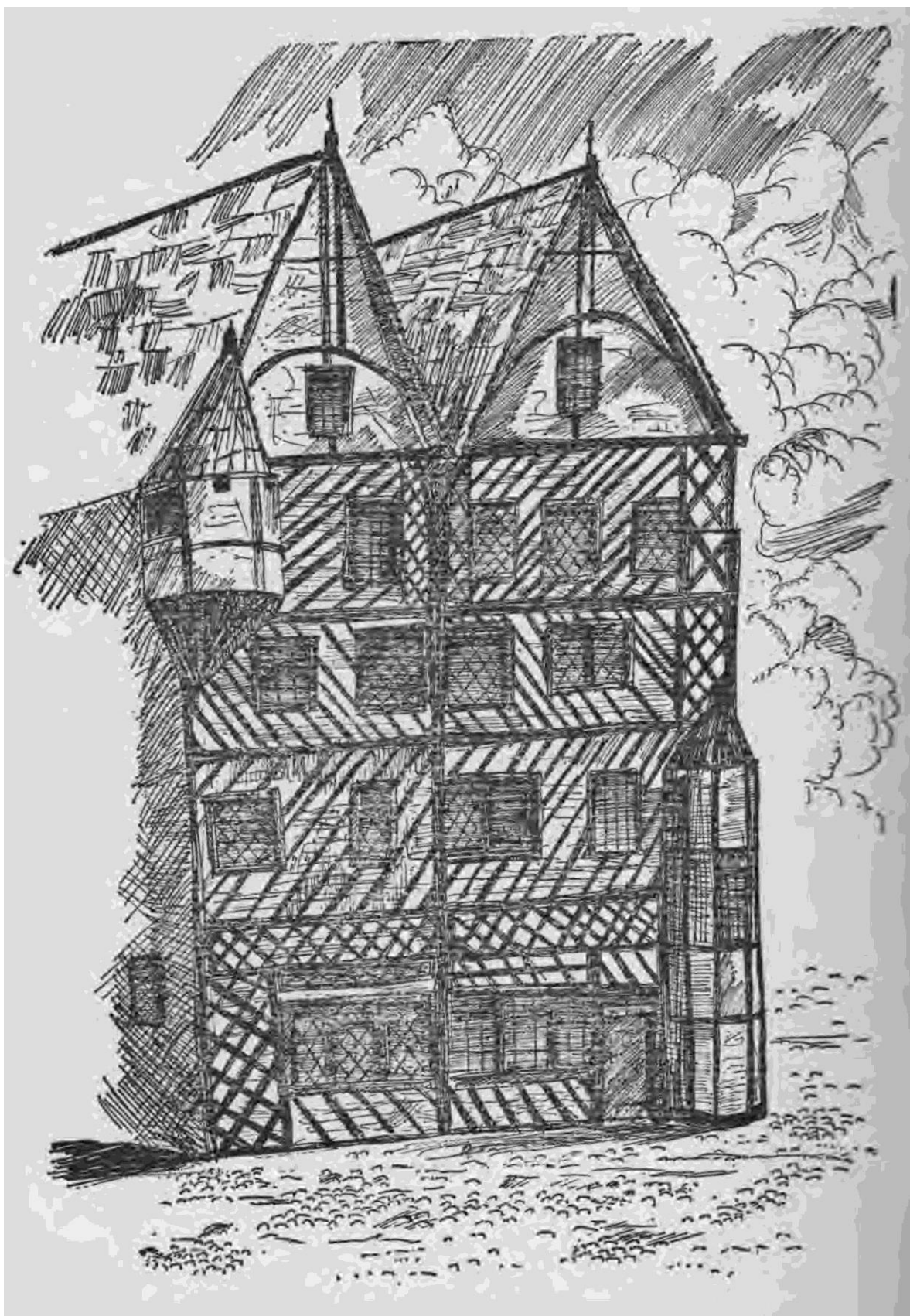
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Anthony and Jean Quick

EDITORIAL

IT seemed natural and expedient this term for the Editorial to consist of two brief appreciations, by Colonel Godman (Chairman of the Governors) and J. B. Fell (Second Master), of the work of Anthony and Jean Quick at Rendcomb over the past decade. The Editors would like to take this final opportunity of repeating congratulations to them and wishing them every success and happiness in future years.

At the same time we would like to offer a warm welcome to Mr. Roger Medill, the next Headmaster, and his family from Canterbury and wish them also a happy and prosperous time at the College.

ANTHONY QUICK came to Rendcomb as Headmaster nearly eleven years ago. During that time the College has increased its numbers from between 80 and 90 to over 150. There have been other changes. That these changes have been carried out very smoothly and with a minimum of opposition has been almost entirely due to the wisdom and tact shown by the Headmaster.

Scholastic successes have been kept at a very high level due to the excellence of the staff and to the constant help they have received.

From the circumstances and conditions of its foundation Rendcomb must form, and always has formed, an integral part of the county educational system. This has been most fully realised and the closest and most amicable relations have always prevailed. As Major Birchall, a Rendcomb Governor and Chairman of Gloucestershire County Council, said on Founder's Day, "When the County Council and Rendcomb have met to discuss any point it has not been across a table but round one."

In the last eleven years many improvements have taken place, notably the Arts Block, the Language Laboratory and more Science

Laboratories, and on the outside the swimming bath, more lawn tennis courts, the squash courts, a very large extension to the playing fields, and the new cricket pavilion. In the arranging of all these and in the supervision of their construction the Headmaster has taken the greatest interest and given all possible help.

So much for his work as Headmaster, but I feel that it will be as very human and very lovable beings that Anthony and Jean Quick will be remembered, not only in the College but over a large neighbourhood as well.

I know that as Chairman of the Governing Body I have found it a delight to work with him and we shall all remember the kindness and hospitality we have received from both of them.

I know also that we, the Governors, the Staff, both teaching and administrative, and the whole College will wish them both a very warm farewell and all best wishes for the future.

* * *

ALTHOUGH this is in the first case a purely personal reflection on the ten years during which Jean and Anthony have been with us, I am confident that the feelings expressed represent those of the staff as a whole.

Much has happened during these ten years. The College, under Anthony's direction, has nearly doubled in numbers and recent examination results leave little doubt that this has not been at the expense of lowering academic standards. The next phase of expansion is planned and already acquiring momentum. It is fair to ask if anything has been sacrificed.

One of the most cherished memories of earlier generations of Rendcombians is the feeling of personal involvement in a small "family" community, a quality probably more at risk than any other as the organization grows larger. It is in this connection, I believe, that Anthony Quick's outstanding personality has contributed so much. Capable of rapid

but penetrating decisions himself, he has always been willing to delegate responsibility where desirable and I feel that our particular type of house tutor system, which has evolved under his guidance, has preserved what was best from the early days.

Possibly less obvious from inside the College is Anthony's contribution to making Rendcomb more widely known and understood, both in educational circles and in the district. This also he has done well, and even in our own county we are no longer generally regarded as either a nudist colony or a theological college—both popular misconceptions in my early days.

The whole Quick family have become very much a part of Rendcomb and they will be widely missed in the village as well as the College. We shall miss Anthony's devastating onslaughts on all forms of bureaucracy and low standards, whether on the part of British Rail or the B. B. C. We shall miss Jean's unfailing kindness and understanding and her endless hospitality. Most of all, however, we shall treasure a wealth of personal friendship for both Jean and Anthony which must surely mean that we shall still see them often with us. Meanwhile we wish them every happiness at Bradfield.

Anthony has still a great role to play in the educational world and, for our part, we are content that possibly a little of Rendcomb will carry over into that role.

MISCELLANEA

WE were pleased to welcome Miss Barnish and Miss Thomas as Matron and Assistant Matron respectively this term.

Next term there will be two additional teaching staff: Mr. Jackson to teach Sciences; and Mrs. Holdaway to teach French part-time.

The College's numbers will rise to a record figure of about 175 next term and this will soon be progressing to over 200. The two Third Forms next term represent the first step in this upward direction.

More definite news about the Sixth Form Boarding House has been forthcoming. It will be sited just beyond the swimming pool and will include 48 study bedrooms and a common room. The main access will be from a road coming up from the Cheltenham drive.

On May 12th the College provided hospitality at a meeting of the Headmasters Association (Division 9).

* * *

On May 10th a Sixth Form party went to Stratford for a performance of *The Merchant of Venice*. A Third Form group went to *The Pirates of Penzance* at The Playhouse, Cheltenham, on May 18th.

* * *

A party of Sixth Form Scientists visited the computer at the North Glos. Technical College in the afternoon of July 1st; in the evening they saw Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* at The Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham.

* * *

Founder's Day was on Saturday, June 26th, the guest speaker being Dr. Wallace Sterling, Chancellor of Stanford University, California.

Reports of the exhibitions and main speeches are included in this issue. Other speakers were Colonel Godman (Chairman of the Governors), Major Birchall (Chairman of the Glos. Education Authority), Lt.-Col. Lord Wigram and Mr. Robert Wills. The Editors would like to join Colonel Godman in congratulating Major David Wills on his award of the C. B. E. for his work for the Ditchley Park Foundation.

On May 4th Mr. Willson took a party of 12 boys to a performance of Verdi's *Aida* at the Bristol Hippodrome. The production was that of the Welsh National Opera Company, and for some provided an excellent introduction to operatic splendours.

Mr. Holt took a party of 11 boys on June 8th to watch play in the Wills Professional Tennis Championships at Redland Green, Bristol. Since much of the play was abandoned during the week owing to persistent rain, the party was fortunate to see two hours of somewhat slippery sport.

During the term Mr. Burden took a party of boys to the furniture factory at Lydney.

The new cricket pitch was used for the first time this term and seems to be providing a fine, true surface for batsmen. Thus from the pavilion roof it is now possible to see, in Janus fashion, cricketing drama in both directions.

* * *

On 28th May a number of boys were confirmed in Rendcomb Church by the Bishop of Gloucester.

* * *

Preparations for the visit to France in August are now virtually complete: 23 boys will be going. It is hoped to include a full account, comic and / or tragic, in our next issue.

* * *

We sadly bid farewell to one of the Editors this term: Nicholas Thomas. His contribution has been considerable.

* * *

Photographs for this issue were taken by Angus Robertson. Line drawings, etc., were contributed by David Toresen, Peter Millard (Form III), Jonathan Dixon (Form III), Phillip Lamphée (Form III), Niven Boyd, Robert Sherratt (Form II) and Timothy Wormleighton (Form I).

COLLEGE OFFICERS

Senior Prefect—J. M. Gray

Prefects and Group Leaders—A. Lamb; I. R. Niel; A. J. Stafford; N. O. Thomas; C. J. Wood.

Public Workman—N. Boyd

Church Ushers—C. J. Wood; J. S. Hindle

Librarians—C. H. Moore; C. J. Wood; A. J. Stafford; C. Partridge; R. G. L. Roberts

Music Librarians—B. Robertson; C. Probert; A. Pitt

Bell Ringers—A. Thompson (Tower Captain); J. D. Williams; M. Brown; M. Fisher; C. Horton; J. Smith; D. Pearce; M. Pitt; P. Walton

Stage Manager—I. R. Niel

Stagemen—R. J. H. Laycock; C. H. Moore; N. Hance; A. Robertson; S. Bushell; A. Pearce

Editors—N. O. Thomas; N. Boyd; G. J. Dorey

MEETING OFFICERS

Chairman—A. J. Stafford

Secretary—P. Graham

Meeting Banker—R. Pearce

Meeting Advisory Committee—D. Williams;
A. Thompson; B. Smith

Meeting Editor—D. Toresen

Council—C. Wood; N. Thomas; I. Niel;
A. Stafford; J. Gray

Boys' Banker—M. Brown

Shop Banker—R. Roberts

Senior Shopman—N. Boyd

Junior Shopmen—N. Roberts; M. Toresen

Entertainments Committee—N. Thomas; R.
Read; C. Partridge; K. Stuckey; M. Wapshott

Paperman—P. Smith

Breakages Man—A. Jenkins

Cycle Committee—J. Russell; N. Powell;
W. Whatley

Cricket Games Wardens—R. Fry; A. Medhurst;
T. Stroud

Tennis Games Warden—D. Pearce

Badminton/Squash Games Warden—S. Robbins

Food Committee—M. Bircher; B. Smith;
R. Roberts

Film Committee—R. Morris; N. Boyd

Senior Tennis Groundsman—A. Robertson

Junior Tennis Groundsman—S. Reason

Billiards Committee—J. Tyler; N. Boyd;
R. Morris

Nominations Committee—I. Niel; A. Stafford;
N. Thomas

Amp. Technicians—D. Williams; R. Rolt

MEETING NOTES

Summer 1971

THE MEETING proceeded once again in its boring, light-hearted vein, achieving very little and scarcely justifying its existence. The major issue was the Headmaster's leaving present and it was eventually decided that he would be given some garden furniture for his new home at Bradfield. The M. A. C. announced its intention to "clean up" affairs by acting against those who disrupted the Meeting: Treasure was counselled for this offence, and Moore was also counselled for removing *Autocar* from the post-table.

D. M. T.

CHOIR NOTES

THERE has been no concert this term as the Choir have been busy learning their parts for next term's operatic production, *Der Freischütz* by Weber, on 24th October.

The anthems sung in Church on Sundays have been: "The Strife is O'er" (Henry Ley); "Lord For Thy Tender Mercies' Sake" (Richard Farrant); "Lift Up Your Heads" (G. F. Handel); "Now At Thy Feet Creation Lies" (J. S. Bach); "Come, Holy Ghost" (T. Attwood); "O Sacrum Convivium" (Vittoria); "Praise The Lord Ye Servants" (John Blow); "Hymn To the Trinity" (P. Tchaikovsky); "Hallelujah" (G. F. Handel).

J. W.

CLIMBING NOTES

IN the Easter holidays, this year's Alpine group and two other boys spent ten days in Glencoe to train on snow and ice. The mild winter meant that we had to go high to find suitable conditions, and most of the time was spent camping in a corrie hidden high up in the mountains, appropriately known as the "Lost Valley." The weather remained unkind (that is mild and wet) and we were not able to complete the full programme planned, though some useful days were spent on important techniques (and some unexpected ones including a river crossing, the river being swollen by heavy rain and fast-thawing snow).

This term the weather has remained unpredictable at weekends, though Wednesdays have generally been fine, and we have paid the usual visits to Cleeve Hill, Wyntour's Leap and the North and South Wales mountains.

At the end of the term fourteen boys leave for a week in Snowdonia. Most of them are juniors seeking an introduction to the magic and mystery of the mountains, but there are a few older boys who have been before coming to help with the supervision and leading.

The following week the Alpine group—Antony Pitt, Keith Underdown and Bruce Mann—leave for Austria to climb in the Stubai and Ötztal Alps, on graceful snow peaks and shattered rock ridges. In addition to climbing techniques, physical fitness is essential if the walking at high altitude is to be pleasurable instead of killing; members of the group have been seen going for a four-mile run before breakfast each day of the last week of term. All we need is a period of settled weather to end the run of disappointments we have had over the last eighteen months.

J. W.

BELL-RINGING NOTES

THE standard of ringing this term has continued to improve, with the new ringers doing particularly well. Rendcomb has seen another Cirencester Branch meeting this term, which is always a good opportunity for the more advanced ringers to further their ringing knowledge and experience.

Yet again, as is usual at the end of the Summer Term, we see the departure of several of our more experienced ringers. I should like to thank David Williams and Mark Fisher for their services over the past few years. We leave Martin Brown with a band which must be even younger than this year's, but I am sure they will all rise to the challenge and provide Rendcomb with a capable selection of ringers.

Finally, I should like to thank Miss Bliss for all the hard work she has put in, helping myself and the rest of the group over the years.

A. T.

THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

THERE have been several films shown this term covering a broad spectrum of topics. Many of the films were carefully selected to serve as revision for this year's G. C. E. examinations.

Due to 'O' and 'A' levels there have been no trips made by the society. However, VIA Chemists plus a few VIB Biologists visited the North Gloucestershire College of Technology for a brief introduction to computers. Mr. Davey, who took part in the Careers convention last term, gave us a short talk on the theory of computers. After this, we were allowed to produce our own program and data tapes which were then run through the computer. We would like to thank the computer staff for being so helpful and patient!

C. J. W.

FOUNDER'S DAY, 1971

The Headmaster's Speech

TODAY is in some ways a sad day for me, as it is the last Founder's Day on which I shall have the privilege of addressing you. It is nearly eleven years now since I first saw Rendcomb, and it is difficult to imagine what life away from Rendcomb will be like as it has become so much the centre of our interests and our friends. Both my wife and I will look back on our time at Rendcomb with great gratitude and affection—for the friendliness and the informality of the staff and the boys and for the sheer beauty of the site and the grounds. I would also like to thank the parents for the trust which they have shown in sending their sons here and the support which they have given, both to the school and to me. An independent school is, in the last analysis, in the hands of its parents, and our flourishing state today depends on the loyalty and faith which parents have shown in Rendcomb.

To the governors and staff I owe a deep debt of gratitude. To the boys and to parents the role of the governing body often appears rather shadowy but to a Headmaster it is all-important. The Chairman and the Governing Body have been of enormous assistance to me. When difficult decisions have had to be made I have always felt it easy to consult Colonel Godman, whose modesty hides a remarkable readiness for help and an extraordinarily well balanced judgement that reflects his very broad experience of men and affairs. The Founder's family maintain a very close link with Rendcomb and their continued generosity is demonstrated by the grants Rendcomb has received from the Dulverton and other family trusts for the swimming pool, the tenths courts and the language laboratory. I would like to acknowledge the great help that I personally and the school have received from Major David Wills. His unflagging interest in education and in Rendcomb ensured the decision to develop

Rendcomb and his financial skill has produced the means by which it has been done so that today the school is both well equipped and in a strong financial position.

But in our internal life the heat of the day is borne by the teaching staff on whom the fulfilment of the school's tasks must primarily rest. Rendcomb has been well served: half the staff have put up with me for the whole of my headmastership, and they have had a lot to put up with in the last decade; the school is much larger, the number of periods taught in the week has increased by five or six depending on the form; the number of games days is greater; and the number of extra-curricular activities has been expanded. This has involved a great increase in the amount of work which individual masters have undertaken. Moreover, as the school has grown, masters have taken increased responsibility. A great deal of work has been taken off my shoulders by Mr. White in the Senior House and Mr. Knapp in the Junior House, and by the House Tutors. To the Second Master, Mr. Fell, I owe the expansion and the success of the Science Department—a subject on which my ignorance is almost total—and the timetable. I have this year presented him with the biggest problem so far—the extra form—but I am sure he will solve it. Longest serving of all is Mr. Telling, who was appointed by the first Headmaster. He has an unrivalled store of knowledge about the buildings and the estate and has been of immense value to the College in these years of building; by his careful supervision he has prevented the muddles that are so wasteful of time and money. I also wish to thank the members and officers of the Glos. Education Authority for the help and advice they have given me in the entry of the Glos. Foundationers here—a scheme which gives Rendcomb so much of its unique character.

Now I want to turn to the school record for this academic year—the first in the school's second half-century. The 'A' level results

for last summer that you have before you on your programmes were quite outstanding. All candidates obtained some success and out of the sixty subjects taken, fifty-seven were passed at 'A' level, and, almost as impressive, a third of these—nineteen, including seven in maths—were passed at the top grade A. These are the best results we have ever obtained at 'A' level and are a great tribute to the teaching in the VIth form. The 'O' level results were satisfactory.

We had an excellent rugby season—for the second time running—Mr. Price is setting himself a very high standard to maintain. Mr. Dennis took over the hockey this year with a young and rather inexperienced team. Far more hockey was played this year as there was little snow and ice and this should rub off on our performance in future years. The cricket square on the new field is proving a good wicket but our batsmen have found it difficult to acquire runs both on this wicket and others this season. A wide range of activities has been maintained this year including a Careers convention, a concert in Cirencester Church, the staging of Anouilh's *Antigone*—ambitious, but a success due to the high standard of its production. I hope you will go over to the Exhibition in the Arts Block this afternoon, which will give you some idea of the wide range and high standard of work done in these departments. We have two school expeditions going abroad this year—one to France under Mr. Holt and Mr. Thorne, and Mr. Willson is, for the second year running, taking a group of his climbers to the Alps.

The prospects for Rendcomb in the seventies seem to me very exciting. The last two years have been a period of consolidation but, as you know, important new developments are under way. In September numbers at the school will be a record—about 170—so that Rendcomb has almost doubled in size in a decade. To teach the extra boys a new form will be started; so in September there will be for the first time two third forms. It is

planned in '72 and '73 to split Forms IV and V. This will enable us to reduce the size of the forms in the Middle School; in recent years they have been too large and when the forms are split we should be able to reduce the size to 18 or 20 boys in each form. We hope to start building the new Sixth form boarding house in April or May of next year. This will be completed by September 1973 when we plan to take our first entry of girls for a Sixth Form 'A' level course. I have already had several registrations for this course.

As I reflect over the years I have been at Rendcomb—it corresponds almost exactly with the Sixties—I feel very glad I was here for another reason. It has been a difficult period for schools—it is difficult at this close range to know why but I am going to hazard a guess. It has primarily, I think, been due to factors outside the school rather than inside school, that there have been certain developments in Society which are fundamentally hostile to good education and good schools. Among others I would identify three. First, the lowering of the tone of public life, represented perhaps most clearly by the rapid decline in standards of the mass media, above all of the B. B. C. In retrospect the T. W. 3 programmes were disastrous. The so-called great age of satire quickly degenerated into an obsession on television with the nasty, the squalid, the trivial, and the trendy. I am comforted to see from the papers in the last few days that I have a distinguished convert to these views in Mr. Wilson. Those in independent and public schools also have considerable experience of the way some producers slant their programmes. In the last few years I have hardly seen a B. B. C. programme on the independent schools or indeed on general educational themes which has not been biased, narrow-minded and dishonest.

Secondly, it has been the period when the use of drugs has spread through society into the schools and when London papers like *The Times* published advertisements recom-

mending their legalisation. But drugs, a serious problem in itself, was in some ways a symptom of a deeper malaise—the belief that there was always a short cut to the solving of the problems of the individual and society, that the easy answer was always the right answer. So the economic difficulties of the country were always to be cured by some painless remedy—a national plan, devaluation, an incomes policy—never by hard work, prudence or enterprise. Responsibility over work, over sex, over money has been at a discount, restraint and self-discipline derided; this creates an attractive but false world for the adolescent to grow up in. The so-called permissive society has been the irresponsible society in which the individual has been encouraged to think that however imprudent his actions he will be protected by an all-providing state. But those who are hacking at the roots of responsibility of the individual for his conduct are hacking at the roots of civilisation.

Thirdly, it has been the age when bureaucracy has expanded at an unprecedented rate in peacetime and education has not escaped its all-pervading influence. So the educational controversies of the sixties have been essentially administrative ones—organisation, reorganisation, school meals, school milk. The essential concerns of the teacher—what to teach, and how to teach it—have sunk into the background. Moreover, the aims of 20th century bureaucracy seem astonishingly unenlightened—to establish a drab uniformity in the society which it governs, and to increase its own power. In the independent schools we offend on both counts. There is a variety in independent schools which is abhorrent to the bureaucratic mind and we are the only part of the educational system which is still largely free from Whitehall control. The local authorities have been under increasing central direction. In this way I believe the independent schools to be more vital to educational freedom in this country than ever before. Bureaucracy is damaging in other ways. It is particularly irritating that when cuts in government

expenditure have to be made it is the services that are of use to its citizens that tend to go—I am disturbed to see that Cirencester Hospital is threatened and would like to pay tribute to the excellent service it has given and gives the school. There are many central government departments and agencies—like the Schools Council—which could well be pruned without any loss. But in modern society when the interest of the bureaucracy and the citizens diverge there is little doubt who wins.

But Rendcomb has been a good school to be at in the Sixties—because it is independent and because it is in the West country and so has to some extent been insulated from these developments. I am now moving nearer London, from which most of the follies of the sixties stemmed, but there are signs that some sanity is beginning to prevail there now. I hope so, but I am not going too near. We shall remain within reach of Rendcomb and will be able to come over to see the school and all our friends around. I shall remain deeply interested in the future of the school and shall count myself very lucky if we are as happy at Bradfield as in the years we have been at Rendcomb.

* * *

Dr. Wallace Sterling's Speech

THE guest speaker at Rendcomb's fifty-first Founder's Day was Dr. Wallace Sterling, Chancellor of Stanford University, California. We were honoured to learn that he had made the immense journey of over 6,000 miles specifically to talk to us that day. He said that he had retired from the Presidency of the University three years ago, and he defined retirement as when one "gets up in the morning with nothing to do, and goes to bed with half of it done."

Dr. Sterling is a historian and the general theme of his speech concerned the paradoxes of History in relation to human nature. He spoke of the grief and pain that Christianity has caused with its history of intolerance and religious persecution. This was illustrated by the story of a small town that could no longer support the churches of two different denominations. After failing to come to a negotiated settlement, a churchman from the one denomination said to the other that they would both have to continue teaching God's love, "you in your way, and I in His."

Man has discovered the laws of nature and has learnt to apply them, but has still been unable to bring peace on earth. Perhaps this failure is due to the impersonal nature of science, and also because man's mastery of nature is greater than that of his own intelligence. Man must have faith; Dr. Sterling said that his own faith was in the order of the universe, that he believed that the alliance between man and nature is an influence for good.

He observed that there was not yet a universal acceptance of the inequality of the individual; no two people are the same, and each one should strive to exploit his endowments, whatever they are, to the best of his ability. Apart from this it might seem that the individual is powerless to influence the mixed blessing of our modern technological society. But Dr. Sterling refuted this by mentioning historical influences for good: Jesus Christ;

Francis of Assisi; Florence Nightingale; influences for evil: Hitler; Attila; and more purely theological influences: Darwin and Marx, though he quoted the latter's wife as saying that she would have had a "happier and more comfortable life if Karl spent more time acquiring than writing about capital." The individual serves a valuable end by his continual fight for freedom against tyranny; here he cited the cases of Milton and Hampden. But he pointed out Burke's realization that "Liberty, to be preserved, must be limited;" and rephrased it in more American terms, "your liberty to swing your fist ends where my nose begins."

Dr. Sterling then talked of the value of Utopian idealists. They present challenges in order to improve present conditions, but these all too often transcend the realm of practicability. We should be grateful to realistic know-how, which advances the day when such dreams will be possible. Lastly he spoke of change and choice, saying that when the time comes for a change it is usually impossible to carry forward all the good values of your former existence into your new one. When you have to make a choice, it is essential to collect all the relevant data, to analyse it, to decide and then to act on your decision. Of course, you must live with the consequences of your choice, but you should never regret a carefully made decision.

Dr. Sterling finished by apologising if his speech had been too serious for the occasion. For, looking at the broad sweep of history, he felt that mankind had come through well, despite its failings.

N. O. T.

A Survey

ONCE again Rendcomb paid tribute to its Founder, and there was the usual annual gathering of parents and governors. Each year the gym seems to become smaller as the number of visitors increases but this did not really detract from the effect of the speeches. The speeches were less formal this year, and the opening speeches were largely praising Mr. Quick for his ten years as headmaster at Rendcomb. A fuller account appears elsewhere in the magazine. A new feature this year was the opening of Rendcomb's own "cinema bleu" which showed the film of Rendcomb that the B. B. C. could not show!

Art Exhibition

This was Mr. Thorne's first Founder's Day exhibition and it reflects credit on both him and his pupils. The exhibition was considerably larger than last year's and showed work from all strata of the school. Instead of a few producing much, almost everyone contributed.

The VIth Form supplied a larger selection than usual and the junior forms contributed the less serious but more colourful array. There was a large variety of lino prints, notably Michael Denley's tribute to Jimi Hendrix; scraper-board appeared for the first time in an exhibition here; Phillip Lamphee proved to be a man of varied talents, be it sculpture, graphic designs or merely writing his name! Other items of interest included a "vertical diptych" depicting Caesar's demise, by Jonathan Dixon; and an assortment of book folders which "embody all the basic skills needed to make much larger and intricate art folders." There was also a collection of photographs, all of which seemed to depict much the same objects. The Third Form, as a whole, deserve mention for their very original collection of posters.

The pottery section, although smaller than last year, maintained the previous standard. Amid the usual array of hand-modelled bowls,

Anthony Rose's goblet stood out on account of its ingenious combination of pottery and woodworking skills. A dash of colour was added in the busts of fat gentlemen by Simon Beckett, Ian Boothman, Michael Oughton and Alisdair Wilson.

Woodwork Exhibition

This was, in the opinion of Mr. Burden, "better than usual; " he was also heard to say while setting up the exhibition, "It's better than not having a job! " Obviously the most eye-catching object was the canoe, at long last completed by Andrew Medhurst and Phillip Lamphee. Graham Jordan again provided the most impressive selection, including an armchair, a garden table and a turned goblet. Other items worthy of mention include dining tables from Colin Lyons and Mark Fisher; a telephone seat made by Philip Smith; and an excellent writing-desk by Norman Crowe. Of course, there was the customary array of assorted boards, stools, lamps, trolleys and mallets. The "piece de resistance" had to be the freshly completed house for the Headmaster's daughter's rabbit; this was Ian Taylor and Bruce Pritchett returning us all, and the rabbit, to Nature.

D. M. T.





OUTING TO RAGLAN AND GOODRICH CASTLES

IN preparation for some history work on castles, we went on an outing to two castles, Raglan and Goodrich. We set off to Raglan Castle on Thursday, 24th May, at about noon, taking a packed lunch to eat there.

Raglan Castle is situated on the A40, about five miles north of Usk. The trip there took about one and a half hours by coach. On arrival we were faced with the Great Tower, on the right, the gate house, and on the far right the hexagonal tower at the end of the front wall. Raglan was a fortified country house, and when it was rebuilt in the 15th century it was constructed for comfort as well as strength. The strongest part of Raglan Castle is the Great Tower, built in the 14th Century. This is not, as one would expect, situated within the castle, but outside, next to the south gate. It is surrounded by a deep moat.

Raglan was the home of the Earl of Worcester

and it was the centre of Royalist resistance in the Civil War. When the king surrendered in 1646 it was captured by the Parliamentarians and made uninhabitable. After eating our packed lunches we went in and wandered around in a group which soon broke up. We left after forty minutes of looking around.

Goodrich Castle is situated on the River Wye at Walford. It is built of solid stone, the keep being finished in the 13th century and the outer wall in the late 14th century. It has a commanding view of the River Wye. At the start of the Civil War it was garrisoned by Parliamentary troops. It was soon taken by Royalist troops, who held it against a siege, but had to surrender in 1646, because the king did so. It was then made uninhabitable like Raglan. The castle is reached along a dirt track, and upon arrival we assembled in a barbican, a rare feature in a castle. The square keep is surrounded by a square wall, with a round tower at each corner. After about forty-five minutes of looking around

we set off in the coach for a pleasant run back to Rendcomb.

The whole Second Form participated in both visits, and made good use of two very enjoyable outings.

J. B. C.

CRICKET

THE great majority of matches this season were played in May and because of the good weather in that month, no matches were cancelled and only one had to be abandoned. The great disadvantage of playing so many matches in one month is the scarcity of time available for practice and the consequent lack of opportunity to eradicate obvious weaknesses in the team's play.

Mr. Quick's remark in his Founder's Day report that Rendcomb batsmen have been unable to score runs this season, at home or away, is not strictly true. The great problem has been in limiting the number of runs scored by the opposition; the maximum number of bowlers available has usually been four, occasionally three, and this obviously puts a great deal of strain on those bowlers. The team's success would have been greatly enhanced if the fielding had improved, both close to the wicket and in the deep. Too often, relatively simple catches have been put down, catches which must be held if a favourable result is to be obtained. All this gives a gloomy picture of the term's cricket yet many of the results have been far more encouraging than might have been expected. On the credit side were D. Pearce's solid and consistent batting at the top of the order, Whiteside's spin bowling, which made him the most successful of the bowlers, Gray's performances as an all-rounder and the general spirit of vitality and effort introduced into the side by the inclusion of such players as Yuva-boon, J. Tyler and Brown. However, everyone at some time or other has played an important part in the team's performances and contributed greatly to the enjoyment that the game offers.

We have been able to use the new pavilion all this season and the excellent amenities it offers have been greatly appreciated by ourselves and by visiting teams.

Match Reports—1st XI

v. Dean Close 'A' XI

This, the first match of the season, gave rise to a certain amount of optimism. The Rendcomb batting was reasonably steady although it took rather a long time to acquire enough runs to make a feasible declaration. Dean Close went for the runs and at the close of play they were only seven short with four wickets in hand.

Match Drawn

Rendcomb: 92 for 7 dec. (Gray 28, D.

Pearce 18)

Dean Close: 85 for 6 (Whiteside 3-48)

v. Sir Thomas Rich's 1st XI

In this match, the opposition batsmen took complete control and were able to score almost at will. Some hard hitting enabled Sir Thomas Rich's to declare at tea with 167 runs on the board. Any remote hopes that Rendcomb would be able to score the required runs disappeared when the first three batsmen were sent back to the pavilion with only seven runs scored. Dogged batting by D. Pearce and Gray, and later B. Smith ensured a draw.

Match Drawn

Sir Thomas Rich's: 167 for 5 dec.

Rendcomb: 66 for 6 (Gray 30 n. o.)

v. Marling 1st XI

Again the early batting failed, and it required a stand of 31 between Gray and Hindle to give the score a slightly more respectable air. When Rendcomb were all out, Marling were never troubled by the bowling and although Whiteside bowled well and was unlucky not to take a wicket, Marling cruised to a very easy victory.

Match lost by 9 wickets

Rendcomb: 65 (Gray 27, Hindle 16)

Marling: 66 for 1

v. Kingham Hill 1st XI

This was certainly the worst performance of the season. When Rendcomb fielded, poor ground fielding enabled Kingham Hill to score a comfortable 109. The batting of Rendcomb was dreadful, D. Pearce being the only batsman who ever got to terms with the bowling.

Match lost by 58 runs

Kingham Hill: 109 (Gray 5—28, Whiteside 3—32)

Rendcomb: 51 (Pearce 31)

v. Burford Grammar School 1st XI

Although this match was very short-lived because of rain, it inspired much-needed confidence in the team when Burford were reeling at 4 for 2.

Match Abandoned

Burford G. S.: 4 for 2

v. Crypt School 1st XI

When Crypt batted Rendcomb made a good start, taking a wicket in the first over. This success was continued with Whiteside bowling extremely well and the fielding restricting the scoring. Unfortunately the Rendcomb batting was extremely fragile and no one was able to get on top of the accurate bowling; only determined defence by B. Smith and Mace earned a draw.

Match Drawn

Crypt: 94 (Whiteside 6—35)

Rendcomb: 34 for 8

v. Cheltenham College 2nd XI

The opening batsmen gave Rendcomb a good start which was continued by the excellent batting of D. Pearce and later by the quick scoring of Graham and Wiggall. Rendcomb were able to declare with 146 runs to their credit and set Cheltenham the difficult but not impossible task of scoring the runs in one-and-a-half hours. Rendcomb started off by bowling six consecutive maidens but then Cheltenham, helped by some missed chances behind the wicket, began to score very quickly.

Yuvaboon, aided by Wiggall—who took two very good catches at deep mid-wicket—was the only bowler to have any success. The finish was extremely tense and exciting but in the end both teams had to settle for a draw.

Match Drawn

Rendcomb: 146 for 6 dec. (D. Pearce 59, Wiggall 22, Graham 18 n. o.)

Cheltenham College: 131 for 5 (Yuvaboon 3—39)

v. Westwood's Grammar School 1st XI

This fixture was a new one and Rendcomb soon found themselves struggling against the powerful batting of Westwood's. Moreover, they did manage to restrict the scoring rate so that the opposition was forced to bat on for some time after tea. When Rendcomb batted they lost a wicket without scoring, but afterwards batted reasonably steadily to draw the match.

Match Drawn

Westwood's Grammar School: 131 for 3 dec.

Rendcomb: 58 for 3 (D. Pearce 28 n. o.)

v. King's School, Gloucester 1st XI

Batting first, Rendcomb made a good, sound start but then lost wickets quickly. The situation was improved by steady batting from the middle and later order batsmen, but King's were able to win in an exciting finish in the last over of the day.

Match lost by 4 wickets

Rendcomb: 81 (Gray 18, Mace 16)

King's School: 82 for 6 (Whiteside 3—25, Gray 3—48)

v. Cheltenham Grammar School 1st XI

Certainly one of the best performances of the season; this was a very enjoyable game. The start made by Rendcomb was sound enough but very slow so that by tea only 54 runs were on the board. Some quick, and on occasions wild, hitting soon doubled the score and Rendcomb were able to declare at 112 for 6. Cheltenham started well but could never really

match the required scoring rate, while Whiteside's accurate bowling earned him several valuable wickets and added some extra impetus to the end of the match.

Match Drawn

Rendcomb: 112 for 6 dec. (Gray 31, D.

Pearce 25, Wiggall 16, Thompson 13 n. o.)

Cheltenham G. S.: 80 for 6 (Whiteside 4—31)

v. Old Rendcombians

Winning the toss, Rendcomb elected to bat and proceeded to score steadily, but very slowly. A brief but exciting innings from Hindle pushed the run rate along and after reaching 20 in the first hour, we made 70 in the second. Rendcomb declared shortly after tea setting the Old Boys to score 122 runs in 90 minutes. A fine partnership between Webb and Edy set the Old Boys on the way to victory although they were helped by some very poor fielding, several simple catches being dropped. A thrilling finish ended with the Old Boys scoring the runs required with two balls to spare.

Match lost by 2 wickets

Rendcomb: 122 for 6 dec. (Yuvaboon 42 n. o.,

D. Pearce 28, Gray 20)

Old Rendcombians: 123 for 8 (Whiteside 3—60)

The following played regularly for the 1st XI:

Gray (capt.); Hindle; Niel; Mace; D.

Pearce; Yuvaboon; Whiteside; Wiggall;

B. Smith; J. Tyler; Thompson. Graham,

Brown and Hance also played.

J. M. G.

Junior Cricket

Perhaps the main disappointment this year was the batting. Not until the last match did we find our true form. If our catching and fielding had been better we might have won more matches. The new square, which we used for the first time, has proved a very true surface. In the team itself, A. Pearce played some very useful innings and Wormleighton captured 19 wickets and proved to be the mainstay of the bowling. The Under-14s showed that they would be the nucleus of a good side next year. Against Westwood's G. S. 2nds a predominantly U-15 side gained a very satisfying victory.

The following played for the U-15's and 2nds:

Stuckey (capt.); Barling; Fisher; Robbins; K. Underdown; Fry; Jenkins; Leivers; Lyons; A. Pearce; Stroud; Medhurst; Wormleighton; T. Longworth; M. Pitt; Brown; Thompson.

RESULTS:

U-15's: played 7, won 1, lost 4, drawn 2

v. Marling (away)

Rendcomb: 29 (Barling 15 n. o.)

Marling: 32-6 (Wormleighton 3—15,
Barling 3-17)

v. Burford G. S. (home)

Rendcomb: 21-0 (Underdown 10 n. o.)

Match abandoned—rain

v. Crypt (away)

Rendcomb: 137 (A. Pearce 47, Robbins 21,
Stuckey 15)

Crypt: 108-3

v. Cheltenham College (Away)

Cheltenham College: 156—5 dec. (Wormleighton 3-52)

Rendcomb: 57 (Underdown 20 n. o.)

v. King's School, Gloucester (away)

Rendcomb: 61 (A. Pearce 23 n. o.)

King's: 62—9 (Jenkins 5—10)

v. Marlborough (home)

Marlborough: 112 (Wormleighton 5—30)

Rendcomb: 33

- v. Cheltenham G. S. (home)
 Rendcomb: 101—7 dec. (A. Pearce 46 n. o.,
 Fry 15 n. o.)
 Cheltenham G. S.: 62 (Wormleighton 5—22,
 Barling 3—18)

2nd XI:

- Played 1, won 1.
 v. Westwood's G. S. (home)
 Rendcomb: 131—7 dec. (A. Pearce 33,
 Robbins 25, Thompson 24).
 Westwood's: 68 (Wormleighton 4—14,
 Barling 4-29)

Under-14's:

- Played 4, won 1, drawn 2, lost 1
 v. Sir Thomas Rich's (home)
 Sir Thomas Rich's: 106 (Jenkins 8—50)
 Rendcomb: 89 (Rose 36, Longworth 22)
 v. Marling (away)
 Marling: 98 (Jenkins 5—24)
 Rendcomb 61—8 (Medhurst 16)
 v. Kingham Hill (away)
 Rendcomb: 63 (Longworth 17)
 Kingham Hill 26 (Wormleighton 6—11)
 v. Oakley Hall (home)
 Oakley Hall: 127—4 dec.
 Rendcomb: 126—9 (Pitt 59, Medhurst 34)

Under-13½'s:

- Played 2, lost 1, 1 match abandoned
 v. Burford G. S. Abandoned (rain)
 v. Oakley Hall, lost by 50 runs
 The following played for the Under-14 and
 Under-13½ teams:
 Rose; Walton; Stroud; Jenkins; Crowe;
 James; Knox; Medhurst; Pritchett; P. Smith;
 Wormleighton; Barrett; Campbell; Dendy;
 Gready; Griffiths; T. Ingles; T. Longworth;
 Pitt; Barraclough; I. Underdown; N. Long-
 worth; Hart.

TENNIS

This year's tennis has been hampered by the unsettled weather and by the pressure of other school commitments. With regard to the latter, it is becoming obvious that we need to define the position of "minor sports" at Rendcomb more clearly to prevent congestion and frustration. A small school can, almost certainly, support one sport only in any given term but it would seem wrong to deprive boys with some talent and enthusiasm for tennis the chance to pit their skills against boys from other schools and so widen their experience. At present the only day when tennis seems possible without causing problems is Sunday, now that other Tuesday afternoon commitments have increased—a limiting and unsatisfactory state of affairs to which there appears no immediate solution.

We have squeezed in a number of matches, however, and from these and from some practice sessions it is evident that talent exists. Lyons and A. Pearce, both significantly stronger than last year, were unbeaten in singles and doubles against all juniors they played, and they were well supported so that results were very respectable. Certainly there is a fair chance of some success in junior tournaments during the holidays.

My thanks to John Hindle for acting as tennis captain this term.

RESULTS:

- 1st VI v. Cheltenham College 2nd VI,
 lost 2½-6½
 1st IV v. Burford G. S. 1st IV, lost 1—5
 Under-15 IV v. Cheltenham College Under-15
 IV, won 5½-2½
 Under 13 IV v. Beaudesert School Under-13 IV
 drawn 4—4
 Under-16 IV v. Wycliffe College 3rd IV,
 won 7½—1½
 Under-15 IV v. Burford G. S. Under-15 IV,
 won 6—0.

K. S.

The following played in teams at various levels:

J. Hindle; C. Wood; C. Lyons; A. Pearce;
D. Pearce; D. Wiggall; G. Jordan; N. Hance;
A. Medhurst; P. Rose; T. Longworth;
M. Pitt; C. Dendy; J. Holloway.

J. N. H.

SWIMMING

THE pool has been used less this term than at any time since it was opened ten years ago. This was due to the lack of any really warm weather. Although May was sunny, the nights were cold and the water temperature remained low.

C. C. B.

JUDO

ON Sunday, 27th June, a junior judo grading was held in the gym. Stonehouse Community Centre provided 23 of the juniors—including three girls—and Cheltenham Y. M. C. A. three. This proved to be a great success and no doubt will be repeated in the future.

Grades obtained:

Knox from 0-5th Mon.
Reason from 4th-5th Mon.
Lamphee from 4th-5th Mon.
Denley from 5th-6th Mon.
Rose from 5th-7th Mon.
Lumby from 0-4th Mon.

C. C. B.

VOLLEYBALL

AT the end of the second year that we have played open-air volleyball at Rendcomb, it is encouraging to see that the standard of the game is always improving. This is largely due to the enthusiastic direction that is given by Mr. Price. A welcome intruder during the latter half of the term was Niven Boyd, who livened up the game considerably. We hope that next year's group enjoy the game as much as this year's have.

The following played regularly:

C. H. Moore; D. M. Toresen; N. O. Thomas; E. M. Parsons; D. J. A. Rose;
R. Laycock; N. Boyd; R. P. Morris; R. Read;
D. Shield; W. R. Tomlinson; P. J. Treasure;
R. Ingles; D. Walker; A. J. Stafford; D. G. Jenner.

D. M. T.

OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES

WE open on a sad note in recording the death in the Yugoslavian air disaster of John Wood (Georgie to his Rendcomb friends). This news has just reached us, and we offer our sincere sympathy to his parents and sister.

We congratulate:

Charles Carus-Wilson on his marriage to Miss Sally Bishop on April 12th this year.

Richard Sumsion and his wife on the birth of a daughter.

Bryan Glastonbury appears as the author of a report, "Homeless Near a Thousand Homes," a study of families in South Wales and the West of England, published by Allen and Unwin in May this year.

David Mabberley is back at Cambridge after his time in Kenya to continue working for his Ph. D. degree.

Among visits during the term was one from David Paine, who had not been back for some years. He is in the textile industry in Edinburgh and is married with two children.

Robert Edy, after teaching practice at Bishop Wordsworth's School, Salisbury, is joining the staff of Huish's School, Taunton, in September.

Cohn Mabberley is on tour in the U. S. A. with a theatrical group.

Frazer Glennie is studying for qualifications in Surveying and Estate Agency with Hobbs and Chambers at Faringdon.

William Nesham has spent a year at a language school at Guildford and is now hoping to go to the National Film School.

Robin Bowen, after deciding to give up advertising as a career, spent the ensuing six months first at a Goethe-Institut near Munich; then pushing trolleys for six weeks in a supermarket near Bonn; then working "au

pair" in a family hotel in Southern France. He is to start reading for his L.L.B at Central London Polytechnic in September.

Martin Stallard has deferred his entry to the Royal Agricultural College for a year and is to spend the time working on a farm further afield.

Some University news:

From Cambridge:

Christopher Elliott, Natural Sciences Tripos, Part 1, Class 2, Division 1

Paul Chanin, Natural Sciences Tripos, Part 2, Class 2, Division 1

Jonathan Hiscox, Engineering, Part 2, Class 3.

Henry Peterson, Architecture and Fine Arts, Part 2, Class 2, Division 2.

From Birmingham:

Nicholas Dakin, English, Class 2, Division 2.

David Kyle, Chemistry, Class 2, Division 1.

He is now joining B. P.

David Simmons is giving up Mechanical Engineering and, after taking A-level Biology, is intending to read Medicine.

An interesting glimpse of ways of filling in time between school and university: —

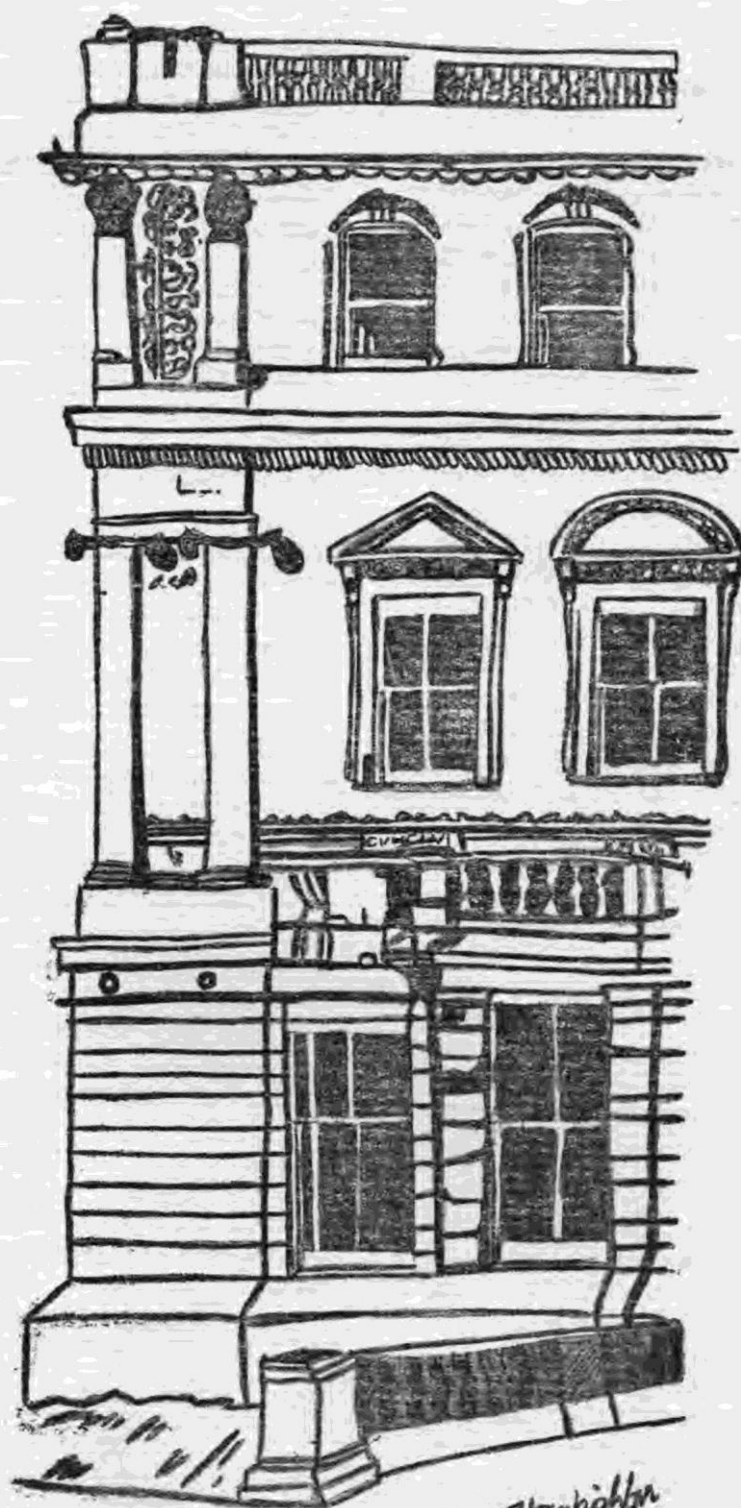
Nicholas Hillier, five months as a dustman. Richard Law, working with the agricultural firm of Aubrey Rees. Richard Millard, in the computer department at Southampton University. Roger Pycroft, with G. E. C. at Rugby. Owen Rhys, working in a warehouse in Bristol. Kim Warren, with I. C. I. at Widnes.

Robert Edy wishes to announce that his new address is: [REDACTED] Woodmancote, Near Cheltenham. He asks any Old Boys interested in playing rugby on December 4th, hockey on March 19th or cricket in the summer to let him know and not wait to be asked.

Early in July, as an experiment, a cricket match was played at Rendcomb between an Old Rendcombian XI and Chalford (a Stroud side). The game was very enjoyable and the Old Rendcombian team were narrow winners. It is hoped to arrange two Old Rendcombian cricket weekends next year.

The Old Boys team against the College on July 3rd comprised: R. Edy; N. Green; F. Glennie; J. Webb; G. Taylor; P. Callaghan; N. Johnson; R. Law; D. Tyler; M. Barnes; M. Stallard.

After the O.R. cricket match, reported elsewhere in the magazine, about 55 of us, consisting of O.R.s with or without wives and girl friends, enjoyed a splendid buffet supper in the Assembly Hall. Mrs. Mezo maintained what we have come to regard as the traditional high standard of catering and Miss Barnish made her first, and extremely efficient, appearance behind the bar. To those O.R.s who have not yet taken part in these delightfully informal functions, we offer a warm commendation
J. B. F.



THE CRASH

Timothy Nicholas (Form II)

I drove to the station in my Cortina and parked it in the car park provided. I knew that I was already a bit late and to my horror I heard a train in the distance—it must be mine, I thought, there isn't another "10-30" at Swindon. I shot round the corner to the ticket office with as much speed as I could get up. There was no one there—I banged on the counter but there was no reply, I banged again, harder this time—still no reply. I had almost given up hope when the ticket man, holding a magazine, emerged from a trap door. He was embarrassed and apologised to me for not being behind the counter; he said that he didn't think there'd be any more people wanting the "10-30" to London. He hurriedly gave me a ticket and I paid. Then I rushed along the passage which led up onto the platforms, only to find that I had to stop for another man who had to punch a hole in my ticket. I could hear the train in the station and was sure that it would leave just before I reached it, so I grabbed the ticket from the man's hand as soon as he had punched it, much to his astonishment, and sped up the stairs onto the platform to make a flying leap through one of the open carriage doors, even though the train was not yet moving. I was only just in time, though, for already porters were going along the platform shutting carriage doors and one of them was ready with his whistle and flag. I heard the whistle go just as I was inside.

The train started to move and I found my way along the corridor to an empty compartment, went in, slid the door shut behind me and sat down by the window. I started to turn over the morning's events in my mind—it had been a bad day from the beginning. I had got up, washed, dressed, and gone downstairs. I found that I had overslept and I discovered my tea on the kitchen table, luke-warm—much to my disgust. Then I had dropped my cup into small fragments

while taking it across to the sink, and on top of all these misfortunes it was a miserable day, starting off with drizzle and now pouring in typical English fashion. I felt my brief-case on the floor; at least that's something, I thought, I haven't forgotten that. We were now roughly ten miles from the station and doing approximately 80 m.p.h.

I felt a jerk, but I took no notice of it—probably a bit of British Rail's bent rail. Then another came; this made me think, and so I moved into the centre of the seat so that if anything went vitally wrong I would not smash my head against the window frame.

Then it happened — the front axle of the first carriage snapped; the front end of the train reared up and went careering down a slope by the side of the track, pulling the carriages behind it. At the bottom of the slope it burst into raging flame, killing both the drivers instantaneously. I lay, cut and stunned, on the floor of my compartment. I hauled myself up and managed to stand in the half overturned carriage, then I tried to climb up through the smashed door but soon fell back hopelessly. Again I tried. This time I managed to get two firm handholds and found a knob which I could put a foot on. After several attempts I managed to get through the broken door and out onto the top of the carriage. The heat from the engine was terrific, and I half fell and half jumped into the cool green grass. Here I collapsed, but only ten yards away I could see a gate and a road. I got up and staggered forward, the thought of "help" keeping me going. I was deafened by the roar of the flames. After about a minute I was on the road—then suddenly I heard a screeching, I fell, and then I was dead. I had fallen straight under the wheel of a fire engine.

VISION OF ETNA

Jeremy Read (Form I)

The rumble, the roar, then sparks flying wildly,
The explosion, the heat, then lava flies out.
The fireballs fall, bringing destruction in their flight,
Burning down trees, houses and mansions.
Streaming, streaming down the mountain,
a hissing death.
A young ass, floundering in the smoky lava,
Falling, dying, shrieking, crying.
Down came the workers, down from the vineyard,
Though they ran fast, the lava was faster.
Rocks fell and crushed them; lava cremated them.

DELUSIONS

Dennis Jenner

I've done my time.
So many miles, so very many miles of hell.
So long in that windowless box
That thirty of us were dead.
No longer can I remember the myriad sidings in which
I have waited—starving;
Nor the times innumerable that David's star
Has begot: "Low priority, you vermin, wait."
Sick, sick, sick in every way, like a shade
From the present, between the dead and the dying.
Monotony has ended, all is true—
They really do greet us with music,
And lead us to the bath-houses...





GANG WARFARE

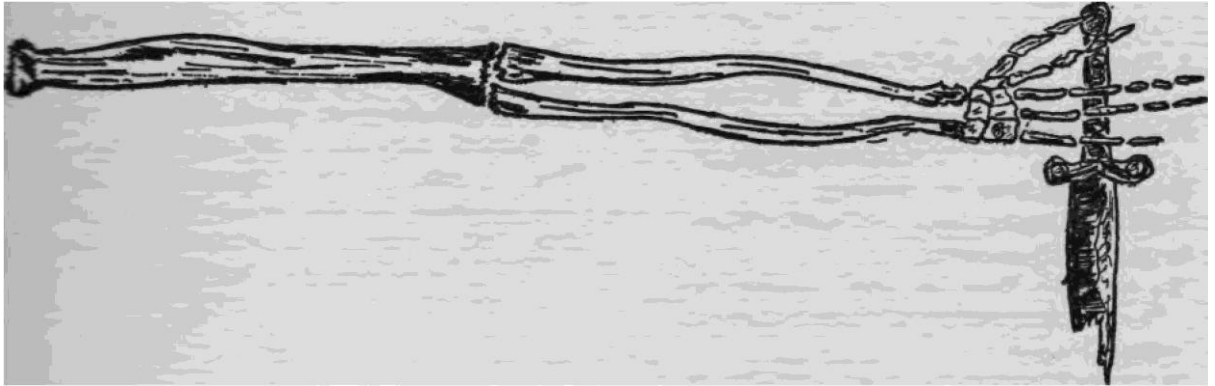
Graham Jordan (Form V)

Said the 'hard guy' to the 'sap,'
 "What have you been doing today?"
 "I've been picking primroses,"
 Replied a frail, terrified little squeak.
 "Not again," ordered the hard guy and his gang.
 "Scrubbers Lane is mating ground,
 For me and the boys."
 "My primroses, my primroses,
 My primroses for a 'Batman'."
 The 'Batman' appears upon the scene.
 And the 'boys' roar off like scalded dogs.

ROMAN PHENOMENA

Stephen Reason (Form III)

The earth shook upon the night.
 A slave's hand burns bright without
 destruction,
 A lion strolls the streets, untouched, untouched
 Quiet and stealthy.
 Men walk up and down
 On fire.
 The wind moans and trembles. The lion
 whistles.
 The rain twists in knotted ropes, whipping.
 Blood flows freely from the skies.
 No one may sleep;
 No one can sleep without dreams,
 Dream on dreams.
 A calf without a heart?
 Graves yawn and spill their contents,
 Warriors fight above, already dead.
 Nature's laws frolic and play
 In freedom, not held by forceful bonds.
 Time stands still, only what is time?
 Man-made creation.
 Death and life swap round
 And dead ride forth to die;
 The living are returned to live again.
 Straining earth, straining sky.
 The ranks of ghosts grow thin.
 The dead live and die again.
 The living died and live again.
 Dawn is here!



CASSIUS

Philip Lamphee (Form III)

Venus Rome, where is your lover now?
Where is he who stood upon these marble steps,
That man who felt their cold too late?
Where is that hard, soft-hearted man?
You, who have lost your brilliant sparkle,
You dull, cold, agonized statue,
Where is that sure expectant slave of liberty?
Venus Rome, where is Adonis now?
The waves of peace have washed away,
And fear, the screaming child of old experience,
Now laps at your citadel's once-strong doors.
The Sacrificer feels the bloody knife,
And the lambs leap up to fight the oxen.
Venus Rome, the fuse has now been lit.

A SONG OF SUMMER

Nicholas Thomas

A Song of the thousand dreamy, timeless
Summers.

A Song of the summer days of wind, and wave,
and wailing seagulls.

Summer is an American invention;

England has perhaps months of summery days,

But she has no Summer;

She owns the strong but subtle autumn, the
rainy winter and the windy spring.

Summer is a cult,

An unconscious attitude of mind, dependent on
the memory of past, hedonistic summers.

I remember summers of crunchy, tasteless
watermelon on the lakeside sand;

Of smoky, sandy, sunset campfires.

I remember wild summers of cliffs and caves
and pattering water-waders;

Of clambering the crumbling walls of the
castle crushed by Cromwell.

I remember picnicking in the sun of the dusty
dereliction of the neglected farm,

The forgotten, decaying corn, and the lively,
singing stream.

I remember lazy lunches in the sunny window
of the corner bookshop,

Drinking apple-juice and borrowing books of
matches from the warm, wealthy American
tourists.

I remember city summers;

The surprised, gratified expression of the office
worker

As he rolls up his shirt-sleeves and swaggers,
whistling, down the bright, hard pavement;
The sweating, swearing roadman, looking like
an urban lumberjack;

The ice-cream vans, swooping down at the first
touch of summer sun,

To buzz round the park gates.

I remember cool summers, for walking, not for
swimming,

And the cliff-top explorations on springy,
windswept turf.

I remember the impenetrable, sun-baked mud
flats,

Littered with relics of a gigantic bygone war.

I remember the dream-like summer of Mariposa
on the island;

The energy of the waves of the ocean-river on
one side;

On the other, the music combining with the
leisurely busy-ness of the harbour waters.

What is Summer without the unrecognised
memory of what summer has been?

How would I approach it if this summer was
my first, my original Summer?

THE OWL

Kevin Barraclough (Form II)

He sits up on his perch,
And stares defiantly down,
His eyes aflame,
His ears and name,
Have always shown,
That he was sown
By the watchman of the night.

He rules nothing,
As nothing rules him;
He is as independent
As the earth itself.
Though nations rise,
And nations fall,
For our help,
He need not call,
For we are nothing,
And he is all;
So speaks
The Owl.



THE ATOM SPLITS

The wasp buzzed as it flew
in tight circles around the jam-jar.
And outside, in the still, grey, dawn-fog
The aeroplane buzzed as it flew
Over the sprawling, filthy, predawn
overpopulated metropolis.

Down
dropped
the.

The wasp no longer buzzed
but it didn't matter to the corpses
Silence stalked the streets and
here and there a hand waved

Idly,
loosely,
Drip,
drip.

Grey dust fell soundlessly,
falling on the paving-slabs.
On the people's open eyes
But the people didn't notice

And the
bored sky
yawned

CASUALTY

Jonathan Dixon (Form III)

BLUE AUSTIN MAXI, red Ford Anglia, on the sleek, black, white-lined snake of a motorway. Crash barriers waver past the windscreens, barely covering the yellow, carbon monoxide-infested turf. Heavy foot on accelerator, speedo revolves clockwise, drawing up the numbers, sixty, seventy, eighty. "Christ, bloody fool, what's he doing?"

Black oil drips on black tarmac, blue uniforms bend over blue Maxi. Red blood runs on red paintwork. Sirens, wailing like the cats' dawn chorus. White-faced witnesses stand round the mangled remains of human and machine. "Honest, officer, I wouldn't have believed if I 'adn't seen it wiv my own eyes." Crisp, cool voice—like ice on a bourbon.

"O. K., sir, now save it for the station." White and red crosses of mercy. The ambulances stand waiting. "Here's one still alive, only just, though." Drivers do the jobs that they are trained to do. Efficiency is the key word. Stretcher fits neatly into the back of the van. Saline drip, connected to the one remaining arm of the victim, plinks ceaselessly, the thread that holds a life above the gulf of death.

Green railings with a white notice, "Ambulances Only." White-painted parking spaces. Signposts saying "Out-Patients," "Visitors," "Ear, Nose, Throat," "Casualty." "Casualty"; the ambulance roars in and the drivers unload the stretcher. White-painted, antiseptic-smelling corridors. A doctor runs in, shouts, "Don't let him flake out on us in the hall," then runs off again.

Red lights in a bank above a chrome-painted table. Glittering machines pump and glug in the background. Grim, Frankenstein figures in green cloaks and white masks play, carefully, with small, silver instruments. Soft monosyllables float above the still body of a once-active man. Not any longer; you can't be active with one arm and no legs.

A CRUEL DEATH

Ian Taylor (Form III)

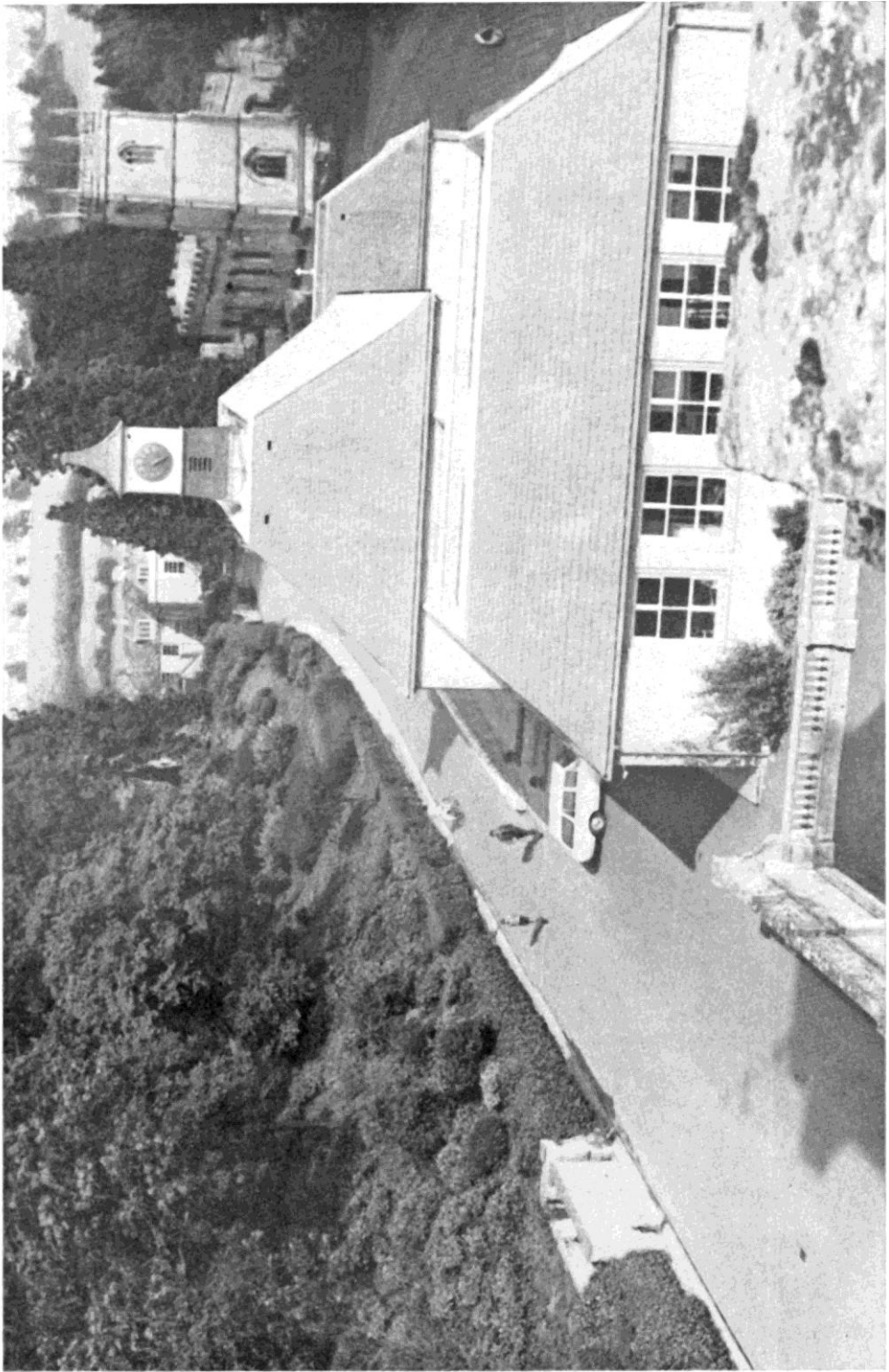
A sharp wind,
Howling gently in the gullies,
Hardening the scars upon my face;
While my trousers flap around my legs,
Like a pack of mad dogs.
There, in front of my watering eyes,
Like rotting sods of earth,
Strewn across the groaning land;
A valiant troop of murdered men,
Now at their journey's end.
As the skylark climbs into the racing sky,
A butterfly twitches between the straggled
bands of wire,
And a broken poppy weeps the tears of death.

COLOURS

David Toresen

In a world of sliding spectra
There is black and there is white.
Black is madness, white is clean.
So many of you are in the mess
That lies between the two; and I,
I am melting into the black.
Reality is cold, a bad trip,
And I don't want to go back;
It hurts
To see what people do to people.
In my dreams, my clouds of blackness,
Everyone is nice... we love each other.
But those in the white zone,
They too are happy; being totally sane,
They, like the mad, are outside reality.
The ones who must worry
Are those in the spectrum:
You.





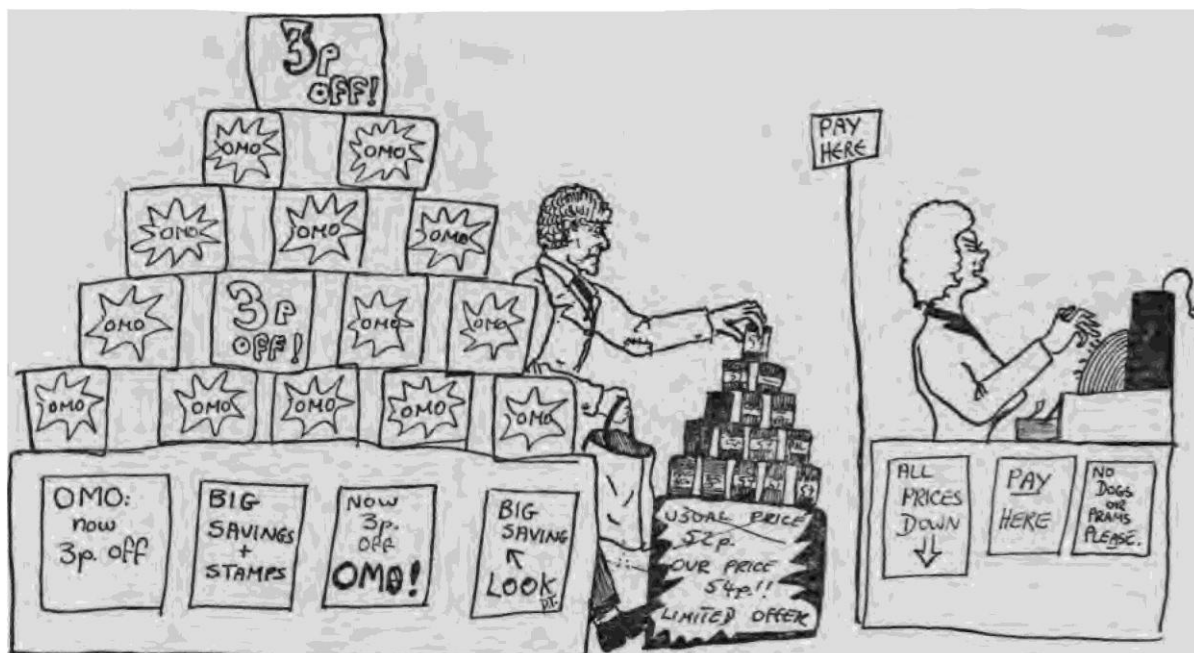
THE LORD IS THE LEADER!

Stephen Pendell (Form III)

We are gathered, my brethren,
To tell you of an unavoidable event! "
The grey wolf yawned,
The Leader took no notice.
"In the distant future,
(further yawns) I will die!
One of my sons shall control,
You choose which one! "
A black wolf monotoned,
"The Lord is the leader."
The first cub began to speak:
"Comrades, when I become ruler
All tasks will be easier,
All wolves equal.
Nobody shall dictate to you.
Comrades, vote for me, and
Utopian dreams become reality! "

The grey wolf yawned louder.
The black wolf chanted:
"God shall strike the unworthy."
The second cub began to talk.
"Friends, I will put an end
To all strife, I shall
Look after the people.
If you follow me I shall
Help you, let you have
Independence. Vote for me,
Friends, and you, the people,
Will vote for what you want."
The grey wolf yawned and said:
"Let them fight it out."
A chorus of growls went up.
There was a flash of lightning.
The ground trembled and shook
And the cubs dropped dead.
The black wolf sang,
"He hath passed judgement,
He was born king."
And the Lord laughed.





THE SHOPLIFTER

Jonathan Fletcher (Form III)

IT was Thursday afternoon, the quietest time in the week in the "Cheep-4-You" store. It was one of those huge places held together by tin cans and ubiquitous cash-desks that would have done well as a hangar for a jumbo jet. I picked up a wire basket and fumbled around trying to get the protruding metal clips into the "V. S. P." safety spring. I gave up and took a trolley instead.

It was then that I saw a man, in an ex-Air Force greatcoat, poke his head round the "Omo" at the far end of the detergents and soap sector. I thought he had lost his daughter or something and continued sorting through the grapefruits to find one that was not too brown and shrivelled. I packed that in after a bit of mathematical calculation which arrived at the conclusion that I had a chance of one in forty-thousand of finding an absolutely perfect grapefruit, and took a tin of orange

juice instead. Then, there he was again; this time peering over the tea into the manager's office. He turned round, smiled at me and then put two packets of "Cheep-4-You" non-astalamic instant coffee cubes into an inside pocket. I realised then the purpose of the greatcoat and decided to follow him. I cursed the squeaky wheel on my trolley and "borrowed" some "Cheep-4-You" oil from Hardware and Gardener's blockade of seeds and hacksaw blades. It ran like a dream. I put in four pounds of sugar to stop the orange juice rolling about and set off for the sausages. There he was, calmly stuffing pork pies behind his nine-inch lapels, three at a time. It all seemed so easy, and so pointless. Who would eat sixteen rashers of bacon, half a dozen pork pies and use six toilet rolls—all at once?

By now we were near the exit, by the children's toys and there he was, fiendishly binging rubber ducks and plastic bows and arrows into his spacious pockets. Then he walked up to a

cash and rang the bell. After about five seconds, for the sound to travel the colossal length of the store and penetrate the ears of the simple assistant, who was probably asleep, a groan was heard followed by a faint click of high-heeled shoes. It grew for a full half-minute and then we saw her as she came past the final furlong marker—the frozen vegetables. Meanwhile, old fairy-fingers had lifted fifteen panatelas and five packets of "pure gold" into his ex-Air Force turn-ups which were about nine inches deep. He paid for a plastic iron and ironing board, then walked out with about forty pounds worth of "Cheep-4-You" stock stowed aboard.

I thought to myself, "If he can do it, so can I," and I promptly loaded myself up with seven half-pint bottles of "Teacher's" whisky. I walked up to the desk and paid for my sugar and juice and was about to walk out when the manager tapped me on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, but you seem to have forgotten something." I turned round to his angry scowl and was about to bolt through the exit when I was stopped by Fred Fairy-Fingers.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I'm a police officer; are you having any trouble, sir?"

"Yes," said the manager, "he's just about to walk off with three and a half pints of "Teacher's!" "

"I'll take him down to the station," said Fred. We only got as far as the Post Office, where he "took custody" of the whisky and ran off laughing.

I didn't see him again for three years, until a university sit-in outside "Tesco," complaining about the rising cost of food!

THUNDERSTORM

Neil Lumby (Form III)

The air becomes chilly and humid
And the clouded sky turns
From puffed white to horrific green;
It darkens, and the green mingles with the
blackness.

Then light flashes in the sky,
And thunder returns the compliment.
Drops of rain fall here and there, steadily;
They become denser until rain thunders down:
The drops fall down, down into puddles and
torrents of water
Splashing about like prisoners of darkness set
free.

The sky lightens up again and again,
And slowly it stops and the dancing prisoners
run away,
Along dusty roads and down gutters, meeting
others,
Away to be caught again some day.

FROM THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

Julian Gray

THE tall, dark silhouettes reared up into the evening sky; craning, probing, inquisitive. The silence was almost total, broken only by the soft bubbling and gurgling of the water as it lapped against the quayside. One or two small launches bobbed on the oily water, bounding back from the huge rubber tyres hung along the walls. No one was to be seen. The appearance of the place was desolate and the equipment left lying around, seemingly at random, added to the air of confusion.

A mile away the 'local' was filled to overflowing. But instead of the usual babble and laughter of cheerful voices, the atmosphere inside was strangely tense. Speech was muted, and conversation was carried on in desultory tones. The landlord understood the mood and made no attempt to introduce an artificial gaiety into the crowded room. Trade was not as brisk as usual; already men were spending less, making the most of what they had in their pockets. A quick glance around the room would have shown a keen observer that the attitude of the men was divided into two. The first was one of bitterness, sullenness, and above all, anger. The second was more resigned and philosophical, belonging to the older men. No women were present, with the exception of a single barmaid. They were sitting at home, silent and brooding, but feeling much of the despair exhibited by their men folk. Disbelief, that was the all-pervading feeling. They had never really thought that it would happen, all along they had believed that something would turn up, but their native sense of optimism had betrayed them and had now been replaced by fatalism.

At closing time the pub slowly emptied. Some, once outside, set off briskly for their homes, others delayed a little, gazing over the black and deserted scene which until so recently had been a scene illuminated by brilliant arc lights, symbolic of the energy

and dynamism once characteristic of the place. After a little while these groups too broke up and dispersed. In the distance the silence was punctuated by the shouts and ravings of someone whose sense of frustration and bitterness, exaggerated by drink, had exploded in the form of a stream of curses and threats.

The mood of gloom and despondency was widespread, not limited only to this one area. Many tradesmen in the town pondered ruefully over what they had learned; it was certain to mean a drastic reduction in the amount of money spent and a consequent fall in profits for the shopkeepers. The repercussions of the blow, in the jargon of the newspapers, would be widespread; men would be laid off and the queues at the Labour Exchange would grow accordingly, local trade would suffer and the whole tempo of life in the town would slow down. But this was not the greatest problem. The shattering blow dealt to the confidence and the pride of the town would have the most far-reaching effects, and the damage caused would be irreparable. Pride had always been evident in the town; men and women had derived much personal satisfaction from the achievements of the place, their achievements. Now this sense of personal involvement would disappear. Whatever "standby" was introduced into the town's life to bolster up its flagging economy, the enthusiasm and energy so necessary for a prosperous and happy community would be lacking. The future was indeed black.

A strong sense of bewilderment was also present. Very few people in the town could comprehend the policy which had led to the shock, none could appreciate it. Most of the talk about debts and payments and aid had, until now, appeared unimportant, and only now was the truth made known to them. 'Lame ducks' had been a phrase frequently bandied about in the outside world, and scoffed at in the town. When the news had been broken, the first reaction, after the immediate feeling of incredulity and disbelief had worn off, had been to blame the management for

their apparent inefficiency and their withholding of the truth from the men. Some of the younger and more hot-headed had suggested a march on the management offices and a demand for resignations. But the older and more experienced had swayed opinion against such a course of action and an uneasy compromise had been reached. The men had always believed that more money would be forthcoming, in fact they had become so conditioned to the idea that vast reserves of capital were available that they had been tempted in the past to take more drastic action than they might otherwise have done. Trade union action had hampered work and cut back on profits and this had led to a sense of mutual distrust and hostility between the men and the management. This would not have been disastrous in itself, but long term commitments began to be more and more pressing and less and less profitable. A determination to secure work at the beginning of the decade meant short-term contracts with no allowances for the changing nature of the economy.

In a small dingy house not far from the pub, an old man sat staring at the bright red bar of his fire. Just visible on the walls of the sitting-room were framed portraits, issued by the company. He enjoyed looking at his pictures. They brought back memories and a great sense of personal pride and achievement. Forty-two years had been his donation to the life of the town and now what? A golden handshake, a weekly pension, he wasn't sure. At the moment, he was content to look into the past, turning his back on the future. As the clock on the sideboard chimed midnight an era ended.

THE SWEET TASTE OF SUCCESS

Edward Parsons

I have tasted hundreds of people
In my life, and generally
Their flavour is weak bitter
Almond, or merely vanilla.
But you, my love, your flavour is
Somewhat akin to fruity sauce,
With a hint of arsenic.



CONCERT

David Toresen

DUSK



"THIS WAY, MR. FLY"

David Toresen

THROUGH his glazed eyes the prophet could see a petrol station. That would almost certainly mean food and drink. He picked up his pack and guitar, and walked steadily towards this oasis. The hot, dusty road seemed endless as it stretched far beyond his horizon.

He gathers his energy and reaches the station. A moment of panic; and then he flexes his arms and walks in. There are two small tables, where a motorist can eat, a freezer containing ices and chilled drinks. A counter protects him from the bigot who owns the station. The bigot stares silently into the prophet's sunglasses. A fly buzzes against a dirty window, which has a pane missing. For a moment the prophet wonders at the stupidity of the fly: it could free itself so easily, like him. The bigot coughs, and he returns to reality. He orders a glass of milk and a roll. He pays and sits at one of the tables. The bigot stares, hatred in his eyes, and then turns on a radio. Country and Western music fills the room. It is loud. Too loud. The prophet drinks, eats and thinks

... He wiped the milk from his beard, picked up his things and headed towards the door. He said, "This way, Mr. Fly," but it did not follow him. The harsh glare of the sun made him blink twice. There were no cars in sight which could give him a lift. So he walked up the road a little way, sat on his pack and sang praises to his freedom...

... A tear mingled with sweat on his face, ran down his cheek, lost itself in his scraggy beard growth. He was alone and always would be. He put down his pack and guitar, turned his back on the road, walked into the desert; and the fly was still trapped against the window.

THE WALL

Stephen Pendell (Form III)

Standing stolidly, unmoving,
Scarred by birds and children alike.
Just waiting there, in scorching sun,
Blinding rain and swirling snow.
Unwilling,
Like a Herculean giant holding the world.
Straight, like a guardsman's back,
Impassive towards the world.
Legends inscribed on it,
Meaningless to the soulless sentry.
It will stand year in, year out,
Sightless, limbless, forbidding.
Like the muzzle of a gun,
Unquestionable.

**ON HEARING OF THE DEATH
OF THREE RUSSIAN
COSMONAUTS**

Edward Parsons

They say your faces were tranquil
When they opened the hatch of your
Spacecraft which had been away too long.
No sign on your faces of a struggle
For life, no grotesque contortions.
They propound theories of gravity barriers
Or mechanical faults.
I think I know the answer.
I think you met God.
Way out there in infinity
You met something you had not
Bargained for, something inexplicable
(At least, not by Comrade Brezhnev).
And when you realised whom you
Communed with, you saw no point of return.
Return to earth, stinking, overflowing earth,
Wars, both hot and cold, repressions, and the
rest
You could not, did not want to,
Move your eyes from Him to
The surreal reality below you.
Your bodies came down, with their
Tranquil smiles unmoving, but
The smiles of your souls live on above.
Listen not to Russian explanations, or
Even American. Neither should you mourn
Dobrovolski, Volkov and Patsayer.
They are with their maker.

SOMEONE

Richard Roberts

The little boy
Stood,
Stared
And did nothing.
He was just a little boy,
Nothing more,
Nothing less.
He will be different some day,
An adult,
Someone older
Who ought to know better.
Today he's just a little boy,
Stupid,
Starved.
Tomorrow a man,
Still starved,
Still stupid.





VILLAGE FETES

Phillip Lamphée (Form III)

UGGA WUGGA? " inquired the vicar.

"Mey uppon wuppon!" exclaimed Chief Hairy-Legs.

"Bula stanula uppon wuppon mey!" said the vicar as he cycled away, the stone wheels sending up clouds of dust. The Chief started a fierce dance and banged loudly on his chest, calling his tribe together.

"Bon gumma, won gumma, gumma bunna 'Fete', " he chanted as the tribe slowly gathered. Within the hour they were setting up their side-shows with excited speed. One great fellow was putting logs in a row so quickly that a dinosaur could not have had time to blink between each log's erection! Another chap joined him and with him he had six roundish boulders. After a hurried conversation they rolled the boulders at the logs and looked at each other with a gleam of satisfaction as the logs were knocked down. In another area the women were making pitchers of "wurrunge jooche" from the "wurrunge" tree fruits.

That afternoon the balls were flying, the logs were flying and competitors were flying to avoid the logs and balls. "Wurrunge jooche" sold well and the vicar was able to announce the total profits as two canaries, five hundred bananas and a bicycle.

Nowadays the story is much the same. A few slight changes have come about. For instance, the clouds of dust are now angry dogs, the logs and skittles fly at a greater velocity due to their streamlined bodies. "Wurrunge jooche" has been unforgivably corrupted into "orange juice," but is roughly the same in taste; repulsive to the end. Profits, due to the devaluation of the pound, drop annually and the war-dance calling together the village has a successor in this custom. A young child, under inexperienced supervision, painfully writes a document. A rare example of this work was posted near our house.

It read: —

NORTON VILLAGE FETE

ON

SATURDAY the 12th JUNE

Children's fancy dress

Raffles

Bottle Stal — White elephant stal

Donkey rides

PEESE COME

At the village school, boys and girls were up to their ears in "Copydex" and sticky paper. From this hard-working factory came the notorious "pretty" matchboxes, mutilated calendars and grubby spill-tins.

Meanwhile at home mothers would be baking in the kitchen. Sticky-fingered mums would barricade themselves in for a couple of days, occasionally grabbing husbands as pot-holders or jam-making assistants. Ah! The smell of burnt saffron cake, the delicious odour of flaming buns! What more could one ask for?

"All able-bodied infants to line up for 'the dashing white sergeant!'" bellows the headmistress. Under the care of the headmistress, the dance would start. Next is "All square" (an irregular octagon!) and then "Cumberland square eight" (North Reading triangular eleven!).

Well, after days of hard work, the day arrives. Mrs. Ponsonby-Smallpiece delivers a hasty speech, egged on by the vicar. Then it starts! Instead of the aimed for profit of £100, a loss of 10p would greet the vicar as he emerges from the women's cloakroom, smothered in lipstick.

"Well, it was worth it!" he grins. "It was worth it!"