

# THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE



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## EDITORIAL

AT this season of high post - G.C.E. summer (at the moment accompanied by the churlish obstinacy of cold and rain) it is always a strong and strange relief, for both pupil and teacher, to turn from the esoteric nuances of Eliot, Virginia Woolf or intricate laboratory observation to necessary but intellectually undemanding tasks - cleaning a car's grime or a baby's bottom or attacking a weed-infested border. The two worlds seem entirely separate, contrasted; yet both are grounded in the same eternal realities, the same search for order and meaning, the same basic images of seed and season and human love, which the most lasting and moving moments in all art, even the most subtle and obscure, embrace. Such realities and images often appear hackneyed but, as Lord Goodman emphasised on Founder's Day in an admirable and apparently unrehearsed address, they crystallise the things which matter, the things to which we should aspire and return; education does not end when the G.C.E. peak has been scaled or the university degree been captured.

One is sometimes tempted to think that present-day educational 'reformers' are bent on eliminating intellectual subtleties, strivings and difficulties from our world. Many teachers must be in despair at the doctrine of 'change for change's sake' which has apparently underlined many recent educational trends, generally blessed with the purest of motives - the good of the children. The Schools Council may well eventually push through its proposal to replace 'A' levels with a new system of 'N' and 'F' levels where a sixth former takes four or five subjects instead of the present three, aiming for breadth at the expense of depth. This much publicised scheme is opposed by many school and university teachers and, judging from a recent national survey, by numerous pupils themselves (on whom even more examination pressure might well fall); but one gains the impression of the Schools Council as yet another body which needs to justify its existence by urging novelty in one form or another.

Similarly, it has just been announced that the gradings at - 'O' level will now be based not on a 5 or 6 point pass system but on a system which allots 3 grades (A, B, C) to the present pass standard and 2 grades (D, E) to a standard below that; in other words any distinction between 'O' level and C.S.E. is becoming increasingly blurred, as is the whole pass / fail concept itself. It must surely be better for the individual to realise as soon as possible that life consists of failures and frustrations, problems and disappointments, as well as joys and successes, of rough as well as smooth, that worthwhile goals are not achieved without effort and self-discipline.

We welcome all readers - the July departed, the September arrivals, 'those returning', and the rest - to the latest edition of *The Rendcomb Magazine*.





## MISCELLANEA

AT the end of the Summer Term we said goodbye to Eirwen Morgan, who has been responsible for the school catering for over five years. In that time she has been a very reliable producer of numerous packed lunches, snacks for theatre and other parties, late meals for sports teams and so on; she worked to all hours and to a high standard whenever a major school function took place. All of us are grateful for her unstinting efforts.

\* \* \* \*

We also said farewell to Mr. Arnold Prins, who taught French to middle school forms here for one year; we thank him for his work and his friendship.

\* \* \* \*

We wish future good luck to both the above and also to the following leavers: Crispin Partridge; Jonathan Whiteside; Derek Wiggall; Maxine Bauer; Ruth Beckett; Clare Bourne; Caroline Brett; Stephen Bushell; Michael Findlay; Elaine Finney; William Hall; Kathleen Harmon; Teta Hennessy; Jonathan Lane; Christine Marsack; Donald Pearce; Sarah Pink; Nigel Powell; Nicholas Roberts; Jonathan Scawin; Philip Smith; Susan Stanhope; Timothy Stroud; Michael Denley; Cameron Findlay; Philip Gready; David Morris; Bryan Russell; Paul Smith; Simon Brandenburger.

\* \* \* \*

The further limited expansion of the school is indicated by the fact that we begin next term with about 230 pupils, as against a maximum in the 1973-74 academic year of 214.

\* \* \* \*

The school photograph (in glorious technicolour for the first time) was taken on Saturday, 18th May.

\* \* \* \*

Next term the half-term holiday will last from 26th October to 3rd November. This unusually long holiday is designed to help adjust the dates of the terms generally and will probably operate for one year only.

\* \* \* \*

Founder's Day was held this term on Saturday, 22nd June, and was followed by a college exeat. The visiting speaker this year was Lord Goodman, C.H., and his stimulating address is recorded later in this issue.

\* \* \* \*

A form I parent/teacher meeting was held on the evening of 28th May. Similar meetings are now held regularly throughout the school year for all forms.

\* \* \* \*

A fete in aid of the rehanging of Rendcomb Church bells, which are among the oldest in the county, was held in the college and college grounds on Saturday, 29th June. A net sum of about £600 was raised and added to private donations.

\* \* \* \*

From Friday, 26th April, several boys attended the G.S.C.A. 3-day cricket coaching course at Cowley Manor, near Cheltenham.

\* \* \* \*

On Sunday, 28th April, the third forms visited the Swindon Railway Museum.

\* \* \* \*

There was a Literary Society meeting on Wednesday, 1st May, when Mr. Ian Bishop, lecturer in English at Bristol



University, gave a talk entitled 'Chaucer and Two Kinds of Loving'.

\* \* \* \*

Form I visited Chedworth Roman Villa on Friday, 31st May - another reminder of the cultural and historic richness in this part of the world.

\* \* \* \*

The college cricket team have now extended their unbeaten record to 24 matches and have received several honourable mentions in the national press this summer. This success has been recognised by the county: Donald Pearce and Simon Wormleighton have been selected for the Gloucestershire Schools side for several matches, while Jonathan Whiteside may be selected later after further trials. Congratulations to all!

\* \* \* \*

The sixth form dance was held in the gym on Friday, 5th July, and was a big success. Fourteen girls from Westonbirt came over for the occasion and the evening also saw the farewell appearance of the college group, The Great White Hope.

\* \* \* \*

Form VIb girls visited Berkeley Castle on Sunday, 2nd June.

\* \* \* \*

Several members of the school visited Clifton Gorge and Bristol Zoo on Sunday, 9th June.

\* \* \* \*

On Tuesday, 11th June, 6th form English specialists attended a performance of an abridged King Lear at Stratford. On Friday, 28th June, a larger 6th form party also went to Stratford for the R.S.C. production of Cymbeline.

\* \* \* \*

Preachers this term have included Canon J. P. Newell, Headmaster of The King's School, Canterbury; Canon R. E. Hill, Vicar of Cirencester; Dr. Cicely Saunders, O.B.E.; Brother Michael, C.G.A.

\* \* \* \*

A party of Junior House boys visited Hatherop Castle Girls' School during the term for a swimming barbecue.

\* \* \* \*

Two debates, one a junior one, were held this term. At the senior debate two fourth formers spoke as preparation for an intended debate with Hatherop next term.

\* \* \* \*

On Thursday 4th July, Mrs. Holdaway gave a talk with slides on 'Annecy'; a number of boys from the college are taking part in an exchange visit scheme to Annecy (France) during the summer holidays.

\* \* \* \*

The storeroom of the chemistry laboratory was damaged by fire during the term. The fire was noticed at 5.45 a.m. and the prompt arrival of a fire engine prevented a serious situation from becoming more serious, despite a number of further small explosions. The Daily Mirror hailed the event with the headline "Atom Scare at Public School".

\* \* \* \*

On Sunday 12th May, a party of fourth form geographers visited Dorset to study coastal features at Lulworth and Studland.

A party of fifth formers visited the Royal Show at Stoneleigh on 4th July. On the following day a smaller fifth form group visited Heathrow Airport and were given a conducted tour of the telecommunications department.

\* \* \* \*

Members of the third form went camping locally on two week-ends this term.

\* \* \* \*

Another post - 'O' level outing for some fifth formers was to Ludlow for a festival production of Shakespeare's Othello.

\* \* \* \*

Vib biologists visited the Wye Valley and the Forest of Dean on Sunday, 16th June.

\* \* \* \*

An end of term whist drive was again organised by Mr. White and was enjoyed by all participants.

\* \* \* \*

Photographs for this issue were taken by Peter Lace and Owen Davies. The drawings are by Henrietta Hooper, Peter Millard, Jonathan Dixon, Stephen Bushell, Stephen Hicks, and Philip Faulks. Many thanks to all of them.

## COLLEGE OFFICERS

### Summer Term, 1974

*Senior Prefect:* D. M. Wiggall

*Prefects:* J. D. Whiteside; C. Partridge; M. T. K. Findlay; J. C. Lane; B. Mann; R. Beckett; E. Finney; S. Hennessy

*Public Workman:* N. T. Crowe

*Church Ushers:* C. Mathias; M. James; S. Reason; C. Robinson

*Librarians:* C. Partridge; P. J. Lamphee; M. T. K. Findlay; N. Roberts; C. Mathias; M. James; P. Lyons

*Music Librarians:* C. Dendy; A. Wilson

*Bell-Ringers:* D. Pearce (Tower Captain); J. Holloway; P. Curtis-Hayward; C. Bourne; K. Harmon; C. Hart; M. Hamer

*Magazine Editors:* M. T. K. Findlay; P. Lamphee

*Captain of Cricket:* D. M. Wiggall

*Games Committee:* J. D. Whiteside; P. Rose; S. Wormleighton Captain of Tennis: D. Pearce

*Girls' Tennis Captain:* C. Brett

## MEETING NOTES

A number of constitutional matters were discussed this term and, despite the crisis of a threatened resignation, a good deal of business, though mostly of a minor nature, was covered.

P.J.L.

## SCHOOL CONCERT

### Choir

<i>Trebles:</i>	Julian Bull, Matthew Cragoe, Michael Curtis-Hayward, Andrew Grainger, Stephen Hawkins, Stephen Hewitt, Nigel Hall, Simon Howell, Siegfried Lorenzen, Nicholas Marlow, Roy Edwards, David Marshall, Alan Masters, Ian Pengelly, Richard Pitt, Edric Radford, Michael Twinning, Julian Walters, Hamish Wilson, Keith Winmill, Ruth Beckett, Andrea Don, Victoria Penney, Deborah Yates.
<i>Altos:</i>	Simon Buist, Shane Galtress, Jonathan McGill, Robin Swaine, Nigel Taylor, Annabel Goodenough.
<i>Tenors:</i>	David Bell, David Brennan, Julian Campbell, Christopher Dendy, Brendan Hall, Kevin Nunan, Andrew Medhurst, Philip Smith, Peter Walton, Simon Wormleighton.
<i>Basses:</i>	Robert Barrett, Simon Brandenburger, Jonathan Dixon, Jonathan Fletcher, Martin Griffiths, Stephen Hicks, Peter Millard, Paul Rose, Robert Sherratt, Alisdair Wilson.

### Orchestra

<i>Violins:</i>	Barbara Lucy (*), Derek Bell (*), Jonathan Whiteside, Stuart Honeyball, Alisdair Wilson, Ian Pengelly, Philip Evans, Michael Twinning, Michael Curtis-Hayward.
<i>Violas:</i>	Winsome Whittingham (†), Graeme Connelly.
<i>Cellos:</i>	Penelope Foster (†), Annabel Goodenough, Hamish Wilson.
<i>Bass:</i>	Paul Curtis-Hayward.
<i>Flutes:</i>	Jonathan Lane, Clare Bourne, David Bell, Kevin Nunan, Nigel Hall.
<i>Oboe:</i>	Christopher Dendy.
<i>Clarinets:</i>	Bob Roberts (*), Jonathan Scawin, Martin Griffiths, Paul Maguire, Nicholas Smith.
<i>Bassoon:</i>	Mark Sanders (†).
<i>Horn:</i>	Andrew Medhurst.
<i>Trumpets:</i>	Adrian Bell, Jeremy Ferguson, Christopher Troughton, Andrew Jordan, Martin Hamer, James Terry, Joseph Watson.
<i>Trombones:</i>	Tony Sheppard (*), Simon Baynham.
<i>Timpani:</i>	Bruce Mann.
<i>Piano and Spinnet:</i>	Roma Foster (*).

(\*) Members of the college staff and music staff. (†) Guest players.

“APT for Viols or Voices” was the catch-phrase which subtitled much of our Tudor music; and this was the *bon-mot* that struck me in the gymnasium on Sunday May 19th, when, in concert with a handful of college staff and a few guests, under the baton of John Willson, the college went into its spring making of music. It was a real workshop atmosphere, in which it seemed quite normal to see these people relinquish a ‘cello to sing soprano, or, having finished singing a tenor score, to pick up a flute for the Haydn symphony.

What other educational establishment in this county, unaided, would have tackled this mature symphony of Haydn (No. 104 in D)? True, some absence of unison in the parts showed up in the slow opening bars; but the electric attack of the First Subject made up for this, to be contrasted with a daintiness in the Second Subject. And if the brass section was, at times, too exuberant for the small hall, the strings were able to show how well they could blend themselves, and the careful dynamics and staccato work of the woodwind were nicely precise.

The conductor made the most of his orchestra in the second movement, obtaining a sense of hushed expectation and mystery before returning to the opening theme. A carefully built up crescendo gave the lead to the singing of the fiddles in the final bars.

At first one felt that the minuet was paced too slowly until one realised that this was the only way to provide a clear run for the hard pressed violins in the trio. Haydn came into his own, with the drones of the last movement supporting his folk dance; the tricky development was well worked out by the woodwind and the whole orchestra brought us to a vehement and breathless conclusion.

Bach had preceded this, with the Cantata ‘God the Lord is Sun and Shield’, which was sung in German. The choir



knew their work well, coming in with a firm and confident entry. They had been led in by a lengthy and involved introduction in which the trumpets and the strings alternately took command. One admired the clarity of the choir's diction as much as the vocal agility of the youthful basses. In the 'Nun Danket' the timpani had a field day, enjoyed by the capable Bruce Mann. In the alto solo, Jonathan McGill produced some rich low tones, though he seemed unwilling to lift his head to display them to the full. The difficult and spiky duet was gallantly tackled by Barrie Thompson, reserving his voice to blend with Patricia Manifold.

Finally came Vaughan Williams with his exhilarating 'O be Joyful'. This calls for more strength of voice than was available; and the power of the brass was rather too much for the basses. The choir came into its own, however, in the cross rhythms and with admirable effect in the unaccompanied passages. Any fool can sing loudly; but this choir knew how to control the voice and grey their tone, and they gave us some lovely slow crescendos. There came a firm steady unison in the 'O Go Your Way' section, where the tenors were in particularly good voice. Before the final Doxology the power of Vaughan Williams united with his lyricism and the choir, sure and determined, came out relentlessly over the singing triplets of the strings.

This was an evening to be remembered indeed by all who took part and all who heard.

E.S.

## SERVICE MUSIC

28th April:	Easter Carol Service
12th May:	'The Strife is O'er' (Henry Ley)
19th May:	'Thou Visitest the Earth' (Maurice Greene)
2nd June:	'If Ye Love Me' (Thomas Tallis)
9th June:	Te Deum in B flat (C. V. Stanford) Hymn to the Trinity (P. Tchaikovsky)
16th June:	'Laudate Nomen Domini' (C. Tye)
30th June:	'O How Amiable' (R. Vaughan Williams)

A section of the orchestra accompanied the 'Hallelujah Chorus' on 28th April, and Stuart Honeyball was organist on 16th June.

J.W.

## CAREERS

DURING the Easter holidays the following boys attended careers courses:

- R. B. Barrett and R. D. Hudson: Chartered Accountants' Society, Birmingham.
- M. R. James : Metropolitan Police Force, London
- B. R. Mann: George Wimpey
- R. P. Sherratt: The Electricity Council

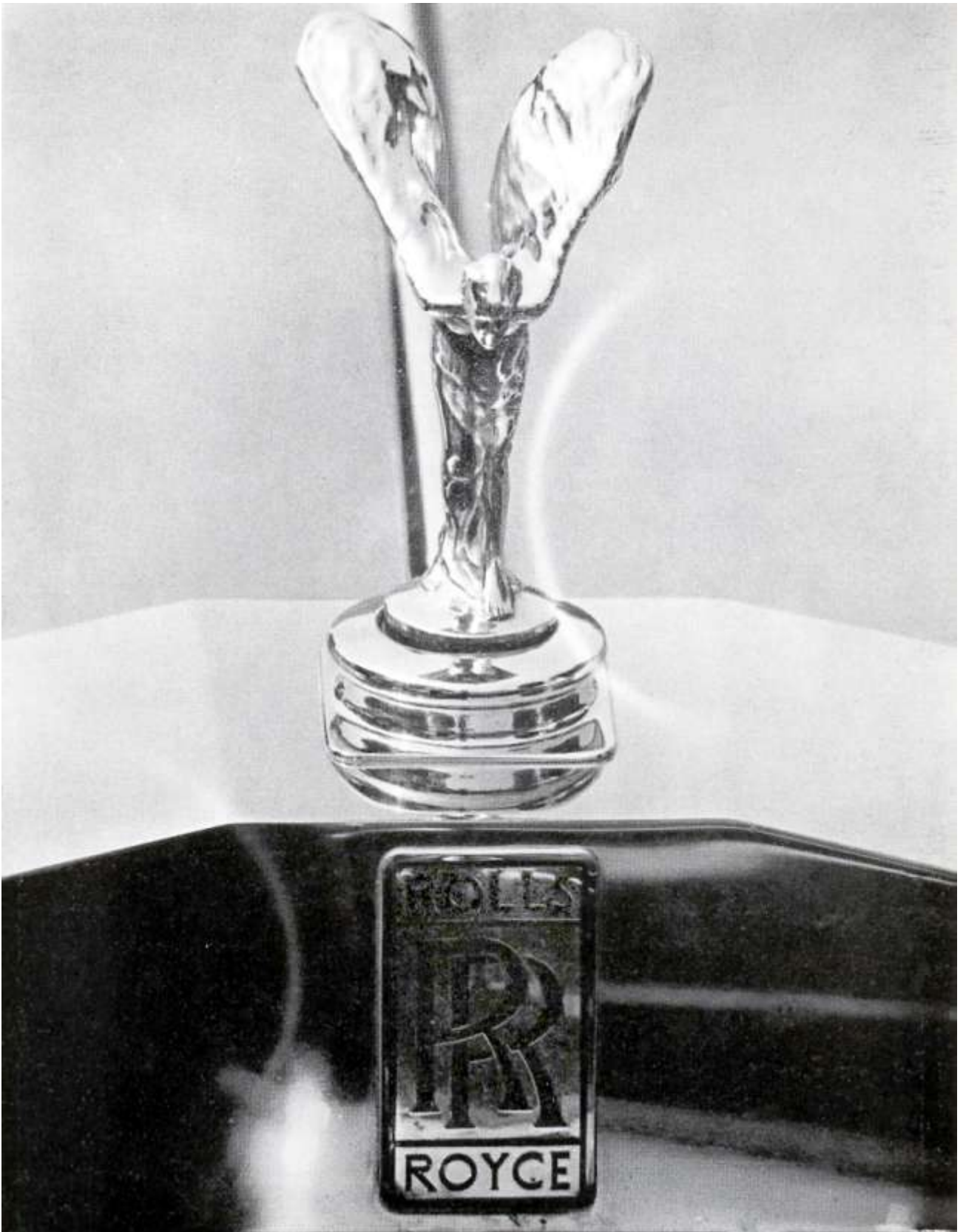
To give some idea of the nature of these courses, an account of the course attended by R, P. Sherratt is given below.

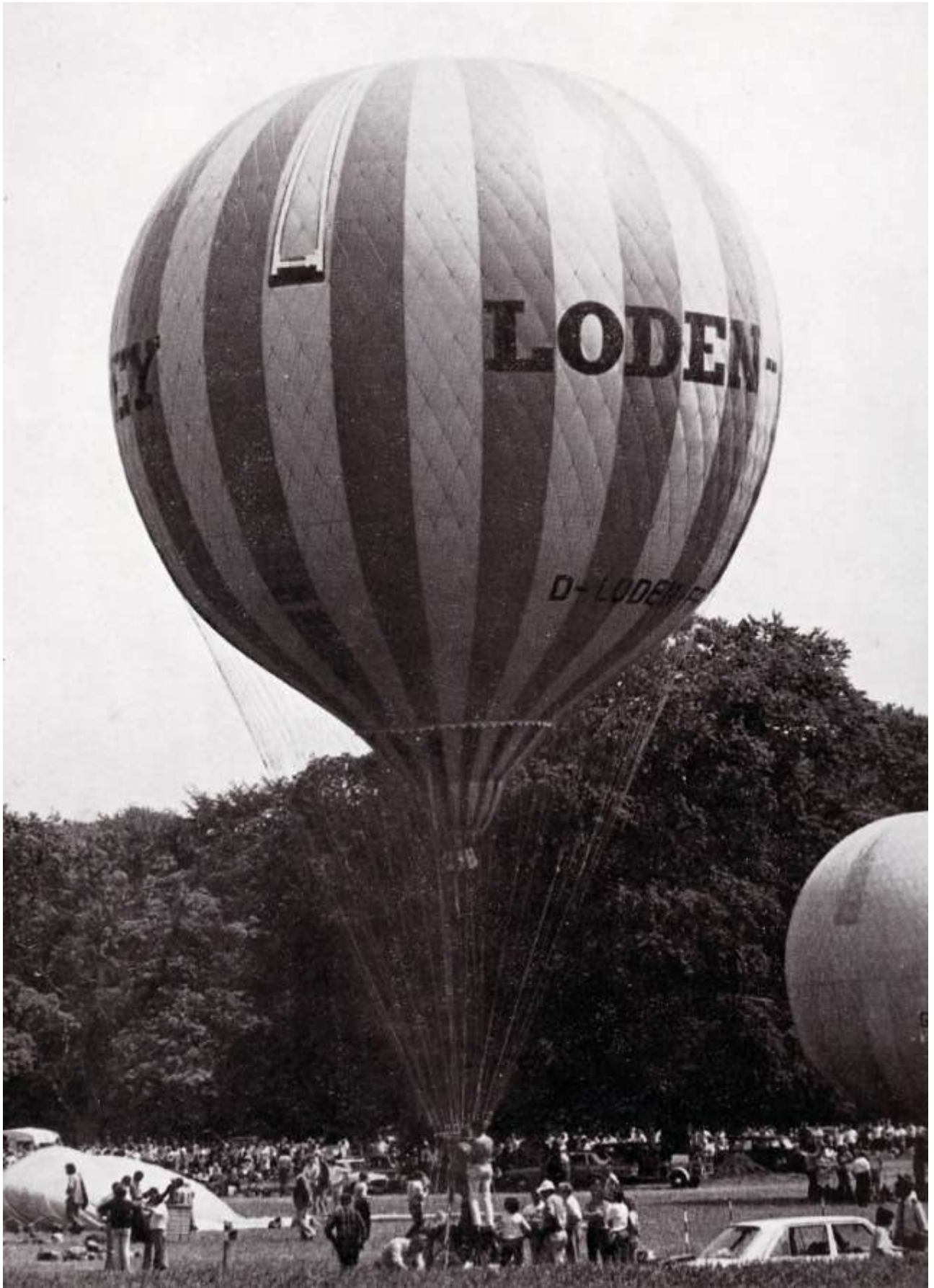
## THE ELECTRICITY COUNCIL

ALTHOUGH this particular course lasted for only four days, at the end of that time I felt that I had a thorough insight into the management, distribution, generation and utilisation of electrical power.

The Electricity Council is the central policy-making body of the supply industry, and it is responsible for 'advising' the Minister of Power. Responsible for generation and main transmission of electricity is the Central Electricity Generating Board and the familiar area boards are responsible for distribution and sales of electricity to consumers.

One day of the course was devoted entirely to visiting the immense Kingsnorth power-station which generates two thousand million watts of power. Another day included a visit to the Kingston district of the South Eastern Electricity Board where, together with three very enlightening lectures on the work and machinery involved in the district, there were visits to department offices and a primary sub-station, where a switch assembly had been laboriously dismantled





for a demonstration of how it worked. After an excellent steak meal at the Mitre Hotel, Hampton Court, there was an intriguing demonstration of modern equipment and fault-finding equipment.

This course was fully residential; accommodation was provided at Horsley Towers training establishment, near Guildford in Surrey; and entertainments provided included darts, table tennis, snooker, and television. The rail fare to and from Horsley was provided by the Electricity Council, and meals on the course were excellent: four meals a day with tea or coffee breaks mid-morning and afternoon.

The remaining two days of the course were devoted to lectures, the subjects including careers in the supply industry and generation, distribution and utilisation of electrical energy, and after each, ample time was given for any questions inspired by the lectures.

Due to the fact that there were several post-experience courses running simultaneously with this course, there was the opportunity provided for asking employees of the industry about their jobs, and these informal talks proved very valuable.

R.P.S.

### **GERMAN COURSE: EASTER, 1974**

WE had been looking forward to our visit for some time when we set off a week after the end of the Easter term. We were staying in two different towns, fifty miles apart, and both in northern Germany. Osnabruck, where Sarah was going, was originally a small fortified town, much of which still remains, with a new town growing up outside the old walls. Beyond this was the Teutenerwald, which stretched for miles and which Sarah was able to see on one of the numerous organised excursions. Oldenburg was at the edge of the very flat north German plain, and on the journey there we saw a great many dykes and canals.

After a few days of settling in with our German host families, both groups went on a Stadtrundfahrt, which was extremely interesting and showed us various aspects of the towns, the Rathaus, the local radio stations, a disused bread mill where the famous Osnabruck Pumpernickel black rye bread was once made, while Sarah also saw a chamber where witches were tied, branded, lowered through the floor to the river below and drowned.

We found the German way of life was distinctly different from our own. German children go to school in the morning only, starting at 7.45, and finishing at 1.00. The afternoon is spent doing homework. In Oldenburg, where it was very flat, nearly everyone rode bicycles or 'mofas' to beat the traffic problem, but this in turn provided a constant headache for motorists. The buses seemed very expensive to us with our low rate of exchange.

During the three weeks, we found plenty to do and see. Sarah went as a Marteser to a karate session lasting eight hours. Tory went round a revolutionary rubbish disposal plant, and the offices of the Nordwestzeitung. In the evenings there was also plenty to do in both towns and both of us were taken to the theatre where Sarah saw Chekov's 'The Cherry Orchard', and Tory an operetta 'Die Gräfin Mariza'.

We found a German Easter fun, and both had to help dye boiled eggs for the little children in our families, and then hide them in nests in the garden where they were supposed to have been laid by the Osterhase, or Easter hare. Tory went to an Easter ball where everyone danced waltzes, rumbas and tangos till 2.00 in the morning.

Meanwhile we went to lectures every morning in the local gymnasium which were part of the actual course. After the first few days we got more used to the idea of speaking German all the time and in school had group discussions on German politics, television, customs, temperament and essential differences between England and Germany.

All in all, both of us were very sorry to leave when the three weeks were up. In Oldenburg the English students organised a farewell party for all the friends they had made, and both of us received invitations to return. As on our journey there, we travelled different ways back - Sarah went through Holland and went on a six-hour ferry from the Hook, while Tory's boat from Bremerhaven to Harwich took fifteen hours.

S.E.P.; V.A.P.

### **DEBATING SOCIETY**

THE only senior debate of term was held in the library on 30th June. The motion was: 'This House abhors the contemporary dissipation of discipline in schools'. Despite the outward appeal of such a motion, attendance was poor although the floor raised some useful points.

Proposing the motion were Henrietta Hooper, Phillip Lamphee, and Simon Fear. Phillip Lamphee pointed out that "the Jews did not get to the promised land until Hitler introduced discipline", which aroused copious laughter.

Opposing the motion were Debbie Yates, Paul Rose, and Paul Curtis-Hayward. Paul Rose frivolously remarked that "rules were really only there to be broken anyway" while Paul Curtis-Hayward stated that "men didn't know what to do or when to do it".

However, the general conclusion reached by both sides was that more self-discipline should be exercised and the floor largely agreed with this. The motion, needless to say, was defeated by 8 votes to 5 with 6 abstentions.

M.R.J.

## **CLIMBING NOTES**

FOR the first time in five years we encountered perfect weather and conditions at Easter in Glencoe. Mid-summer temperatures by day gave way to good frosts above 2,500 feet by night and enabled six boys to undergo more thorough technical training on snow and ice than has been possible before. Several classic winter and general routes were completed, notably North Central Gully on Stob Coire Nan Lochan and the Aonach Eagach Ridge. A short cine film was made of the traverse of the latter.

More fine weather during the term has resulted in a sharp rise in rock climbing standards, and a number of 'Hard Severe' to 'Very Severe' routes have been climbed by Rendcomb parties for the first time.

J.W.

## **GARDENING NOTES**

THE display of indoor bulbs, mainly 'Carlton' daffodils and hyacinths, were in full bloom early in February and lasted for a month. By this time the first Spring bulbs were in flower; these were particularly fine and long-lasting this year and, with a colourful background from the flowering cherries and almonds, made the grounds very attractive in April and May.

The urns were planted with a variety of geraniums, lobelia and French marigolds; for the library beds we used petunias, silver cinerarias, asters and antirrhinums. Despite the lack of rain and the drying winds, these promise to be very colourful later in the summer.

The roses appear to have benefited from only moderate pruning this year and the climbers have been prolific and almost disease-free. A number of new H.T. roses have been planted, including Super Star, Mojave, My Choice, Alexandra, and Betina. We also renewed the trellis wires on the terrace - a job which has needed to be done for the past ten years.

The grounds have again looked colourful and well-cared for and I am most grateful to the gardening groups for their interest, hard work and high standards during the year.

Tuesdays : C. Mathias, Gready, Everatt, Baynham, Lausch.

Wednesdays : C. Mathias, Fletcher, Sherratt, I. Read, Boothman, Cooper, Davies, Hamer.

W.J.D.W.

## **PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY REPORT**

THE number of members has increased to eighteen, and next term we hope to include girls in the society. The number of prints made has tripled and due to the purchase of a new glazing sheet the quality is much improved.

We regret the departure of Philip Smith, secretary for the last two terms, under whose guidance the society has flourished.

P.L.

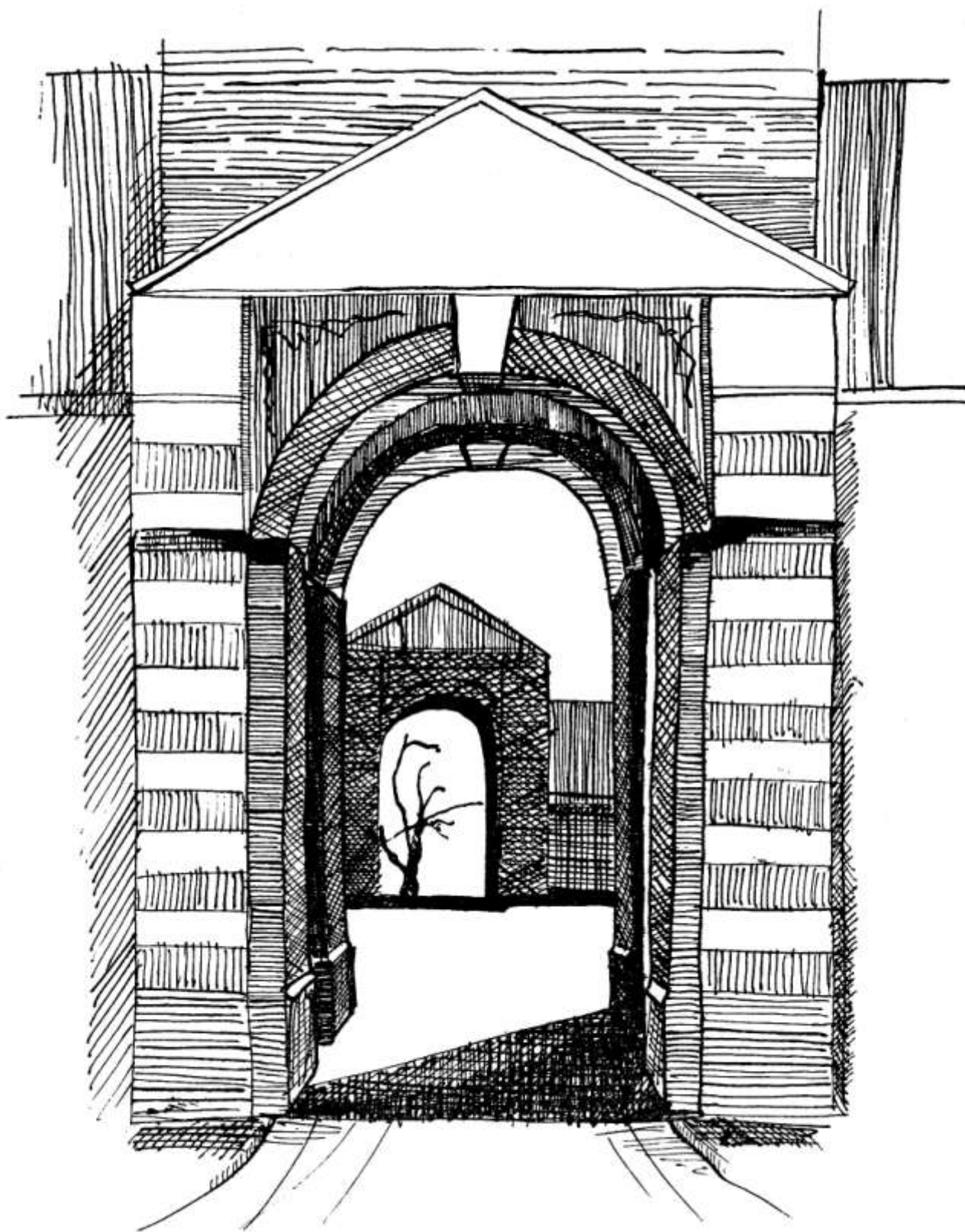
## **BRIDGE CLUB**

THERE were two meetings this term: at each of these we had only two tables, but this provided a good opportunity for the less experienced players to improve their game.

With the increased numbers in the sixth form, I hope there will be more support for the club next term.

W.J.D.W.







## FOUNDER'S DAY, 1974

### Headmaster's Speech

Mr. Chairman, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,

May I first welcome on your behalf our distinguished Speaker, Lord Goodman.

And secondly, a warm welcome to all parents. We value your support and co-operation. Not so long ago, anything more than a termly parental visit at most public schools would have been severely frowned on, and even now it is sometimes forgotten that parents are the senior partners in our joint enterprise. Here we have always welcomed contact between parents and the school, and the cordial relations that exist between us are a great encouragement.

I calculate that with exeats, half terms, concerts, plays and so on, most parents drive up to our doors between 25 and 30 times a year. It is all part of the increased openness and naturalness of boarding school education in general, and of Rendcomb in particular. Because it is one of the many advantages of being firmly rooted in Gloucestershire and drawing much of our support from within the county.

Since I last spoke to you, the county boundaries have been redrawn, and although I welcome our new catchment area for Foundationers from the Forest of Dean and the City of Gloucester, I naturally regret losing the contact with south Gloucestershire. I very much hope that we may be able to establish as friendly relations with Avon as we have always had with the Gloucestershire Education Authority.

Anybody approaching Rendcomb for the first time cannot fail to be impressed by this building. You may feel a bit overwhelmed by the architecture, but you have to agree that above all it expresses stability and confidence.

Two world wars and the dismantling of an empire have destroyed this enormous Victorian assurance but we are privileged to teach and learn in surroundings of such quality and permanence.

The motto of Sir Francis Goldsmid, who built Rendcomb Mansion in 1865, was 'Concordia et Sedulitate' - by harmony and diligence. We see these words every day, as they are written in the stained glass window on the main staircase. I believe that we do live in a harmonious and hard working community, and that in preserving some of the best of the Victorian tradition we are also fulfilling the intention of Noel Wills, who made this school possible and whose memory we honour today.

Now to 1973, a year in which the pressures against the public schools have increased sharply.

Political measures at present are aimed at raising the cost of operating an independent school, and this at a time when inflation is running at a record level. As you know, one consequence for us has been the postponement of our building projects - a regrettable necessity - and an increase in fees which, although sizeable, is unlikely to be sufficient to cover our costs.

In spite of this I am glad to say that there is a strong and increasing demand for places here. I think the reason is simple. With all the doubts and uncertainties about other investments, parents are determined - at some personal sacrifice if necessary - to buy something of lasting value for their children.

Fortunately, Park House was completed before these problems accelerated. During the past year it has proved an exceptionally pleasant and congenial place for VIth formers to live and work in.

Our first generation of girls have nearly completed their two years here and are about to become Old Rendcombians. I do not expect in future to make particular mention of the girls as they have become completely integrated into the school, but it is worth recording that this decision of the governors to admit girls must have been the most radical change at Rendcomb since the school's foundation. Radical - and yet what could be more natural and more in keeping with the school's pioneering and forward-looking spirit? The complete segregation of boys and girls nowadays is not likely to promote education in the truest sense, and a school must help to produce not only good scholars, but good citizens, good husbands and wives.

'O' and 'A' levels fluctuate like the harvest. Last year, although we doubled our number of 'A' grades, the A levels were still a little below the heavy crop we hoped for, but the O levels matured exceptionally well, and show great promise for next year.

I always remind those who have gained their O levels that the most important educational process is about to begin.

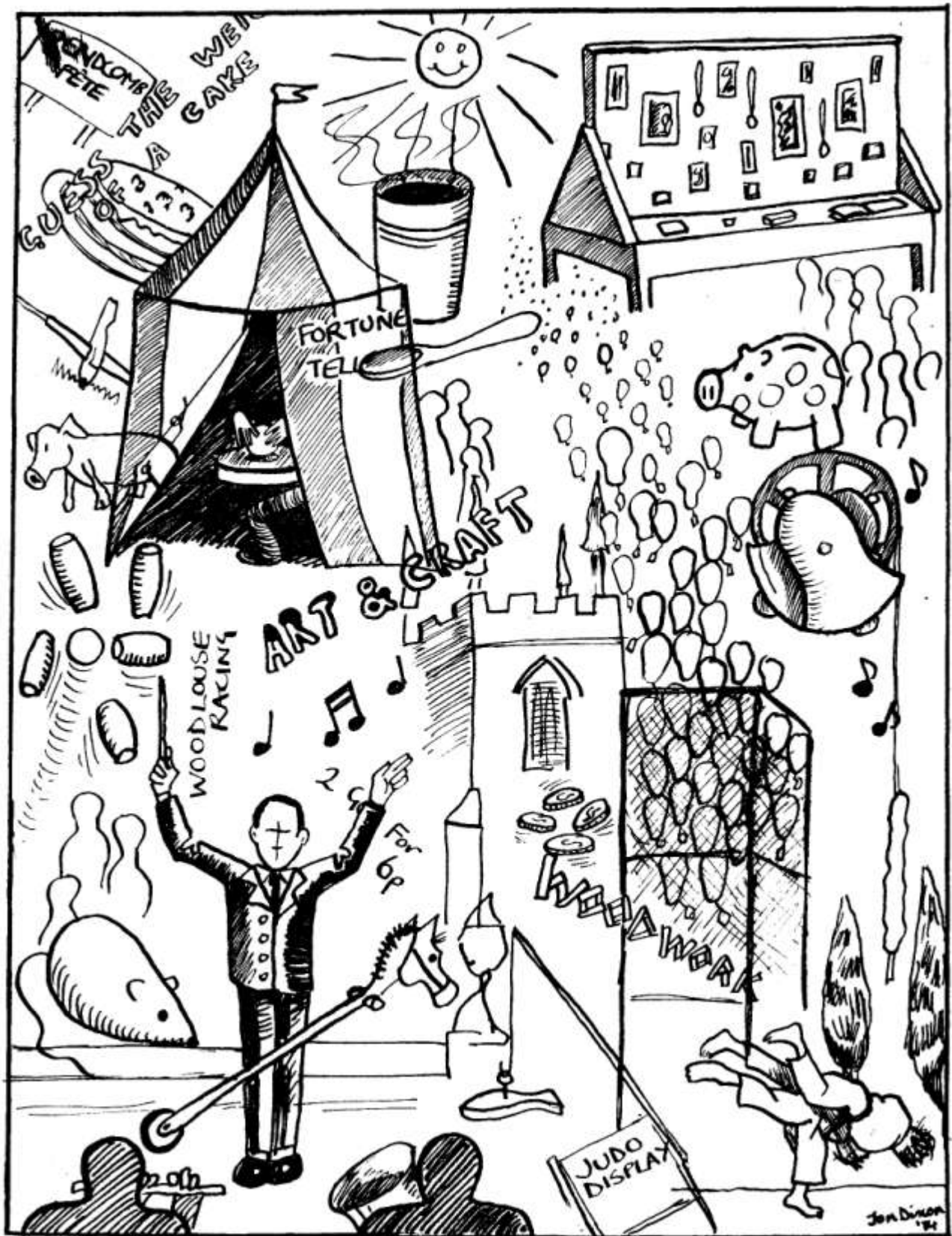
They have acquired over a number of years not only a considerable quantity of knowledge, but a habit of steady application. Now in the VIth Form, studying only subjects of their own choice, the discipline must be largely self-generated. It is at this point that the qualities of character are most vital. If there is a lack of tenacity and fibre, then opportunities can certainly be wasted. But if a boy or a girl has real determination then the chances for him or her are excellent.

When speaking about the other activities that go on after school hours it is hard to know where to begin.

How to convey for instance, the keenness and quality of our rugger, hockey, and cricket teams at all levels of the school and not just at the top. All we can show you today is a brief glimpse of the gymnastics which have started enthusiastically this year in the lower part of the school, and next week at the fete the judo which continues to be very popular.

But pride of place this year, as last, must go to our cricket XI which, as you will know if you have been reading your *Times* or *Daily Telegraph*, has now remained unbeaten for 20 matches extending over two seasons - a fine record - though a record nearly equalled, I must add, by the girls' netball team which has for two years polished off its opponents with relentless energy and flair.

I hope that most people here saw one or both of our dramatic productions last year so I don't need to speak of their quality and entertainment value, which seemed to me quite exceptional.



What nobody saw, however, except the producers concerned, was just how much patient work and organisation were needed for their success, not only from actors but from all those who generously gave their time to stage design, construction, make-up and all the other ingredients required. There cannot be many schools where over half the members have participated in a single year and numerous boys and girls must have been surprised to find what they were capable of.

A play at least has three or four performances, but a concert only one. All the more important then the intensive rehearsals, and our programme this year has certainly been ambitious - Brahms Requiem, Haydn and Schubert Symphonies, a Mozart Piano Concerto and a Bach Cantata - these were the highlights. The school music is thriving and the orchestra continues to grow and flourish.

A brief word about the fete next week. I am most grateful for all contributions so far received for the various stalls. Much of the school's art and woodwork talents, as varied and inventive as ever, have been directed to this end rather than to the usual Founder's Day exhibitions, though there is a display of work in the Arts Block which I hope you will take the opportunity of seeing.

Last term we said goodbye to our Rector and Chaplain, Sidney Lambert. He had served the school and village faithfully for seven years and he has gone with our affectionate good wishes to a parish church in Cheltenham.

I have now appointed as Chaplain to the school the Revd. W. K. A. Hussey, who will also be Priest in Charge of Rendcomb Parish, and who will be taking up his appointment in September.

It is always difficult in a community such as ours to show full appreciation for the work done during the year - so much happens in a quiet, unobtrusive way. Perhaps I may mention one person who is leaving - Eirwen Morgan, who for seven years has ensured that the school food should be of such excellent quality. We wish her well for the future. And then a tribute, which I am sure you would support, to the teaching staff, and to their wives who also contribute so much. I thank them most warmly for making this year such a happy and successful one.

And now I end on a note which is both sad and, I think, inspiring. Last November we were deeply saddened by the death of John James, a master here for 38 years, second master for 35, acting headmaster for one year, and after this great service to the school living in retirement in the village.

Personally, I knew John James only for a short time, but besides enjoying his wit and fund of anecdotes and hospitality, I recognised his judgement, his authority, and his dedication. It is because of men like him, and qualities like these, that public schools have for so long remained a vital force in the education of this country.

### **Lord Goodman's Speech**

I'VE noticed that at all well-conducted occasions like this in large schools, the actual raw material that is being worked upon is usually discreetly concealed, and I see the same principle operates here today. One has to cast one's eye in several directions to detect the boy, or the rarer girl, who is the object of the whole operation, and is what we are making the fuss about. But I hope they are here, because some of the things I want to say, and I'm not going to speak at any great length, I haven't a formal address, will be directed at them. First, perhaps, I might say a few words to the parents and the elders here, who have manifested their very deep concern and the quality of their interest, by the concentrated attention that I notice they paid to the admirable address by the headmaster, which, if I may say so, reflected the whole quality of this school.

Now, what I have to say to them is this. When a total stranger emerges from a different part of the country and is asked to perform some slightly prominent role, what I think they like to hear is what he has heard and thinks of the place. Now I have heard nothing but good accounts of this school, and I can say to you as one who has made some enquiries, that you made a wise choice in entrusting your children here and that, from what I can gather, your children will be very well served, and will in after days have cause to be very proud of the place where they were educated. Now that, I think, is all that one needs to say about the quality of this school. It must be a matter of deep concern, and if every parent was as deeply concerned as I reckon you are, the state of this country would be very different from what it is at this present moment. It is concern on the part of parents, I think, that is the primary requirement to ensure that children are properly reared, that the proper standards are instilled, and that we do have a civilised world. And I therefore can say a word of reassurance to you that your concern in this case can be gratified by knowledge that you have wisely decided upon where to entrust the most precious possession that you have, and you can, I think, be completely safe in the way they are looked after.

As to the children, I can only say this to the boys and to the girls. I don't think that it is possible to believe that one hundred per cent of every boy who comes to a boarding school will necessarily always love it. I think experience has shown that there are a few who even go through the whole of their three or four years without having developed a passionate attachment to the institution. Now most do otherwise, most, after a term, become first reconciled then inured, and finally positively enthusiastic, and leave covered with monitor's and prefect's badges and convinced that there is no better system of living in the whole wide world. But to those of you who don't attain that happy status, I can give you this word of comfort; that there are worse ways of having to pass a life. I was reading only yesterday a book about poor Captain Dreyfus, who spent four years chained to a wall in a solitary cell; now nobody in a public school spends four years chained to a wall in a solitary cell. And I think it must be some comfort to you when you think things are slightly intolerable to reflect on the fate of that unhappy gentleman, who wasn't, I think, emancipated from this terrible fate until there had passed a period of time almost the equivalent of the period of public school servitude. So take

this into your mind, that there are worse things that can happen to you, and I think you will soon become reconciled to the conditions under which you are living, and recognising that far from being bad, they can be wholly excellent, and they offer you splendid opportunities.

Now what are the splendid opportunities that they offer you? The headmaster touched on the political difficulties for schools of this kind. I'm not, in any real sense, a politician, but I think I take a realistic view that when something is well-established, is good, and is worth preserving, no-one in his sane senses would seek to destroy it. This seems to me a simple, working principle upon which to guide us in our affairs, and particularly in this country. Where you have schools of this kind, that have over the years established their value to the community, shown that they can serve all sections of the community, and that they do provide a mixture in the channels of education which this country possesses, I think it would be very ill-advised and very unfortunate for anyone to decide that they should no longer continue. It would be an act of wanton destruction, and I don't believe that in the end we shall find that acts of wanton destruction are going to be countenanced in this country. That is why I take a more optimistic and a more hopeful view of the conditions prevailing today, than I find in some quarters, particularly in the great city of London. There is a mood of despondency and despair amounting to near-hysteria in London today that the end of the world is approaching, and that we shall arise one morning to find that we haven't arisen; or alternatively that there is nothing to arise to. I think that this is great nonsense; I don't think that we are near the end of the world. Some small boy who has some imposition to do may be very disappointed at this prediction, but I have to tell him that he won't escape from his difficulties by that means. I don't think it's the end of the world, I don't think this country is on the threshold of total disaster. I believe that many things are happening that are ill-advised, many things are happening that are unwise, and that in particular that we are in greater need of firm leadership at this moment than at any time in our history that I can recollect. I think that if we can solve that particular problem, then we shall find that the qualities of recovery, the qualities of resilience, the qualities of determination that have characterised this nation over the years, are still there, are no less vigorous, are no less able to harness us to a situation where we can come back to the point of recovery and again hold our heads high. Because in many things, we are as good or better than we were. Your headmaster referred to the Victorian traditions. The Victorian traditions were of course splendid, in the sense that there was a powerful moral code which dictated the behaviour of a lot of people, but it was a moral code that blinded and obfuscated large numbers of the community to the misfortunes and miseries of even greater numbers of the community. I don't think we need lean too heavily on Victorian traditions as a guide to us as to how to behave towards our fellow men. I think we have got well beyond the notions of the Victorians that everyone had to stand firmly on his own two feet, and that the degree of comfort, the degree of success, the degree of Providence attributed to you, depends solely on your own exertions and they were the result to a large extent, of your own selfish concern for yourself. I think we have attained a better social philosophy, where we have a very deep concern for the condition of other people; where we recognise that many people are not able to stand on their own two feet, particularly those who happen to be one-legged. We have arrived at a realisation that we have a responsibility for each other that has to be fully and totally discharged, and I think that that is not to be confused with the belief that society has to be feather-bedded, and that people can take advantage of the concern and consideration of their fellow men for them, in order themselves to make no significant contribution. It's a narrow line between the two, but it's an important line. Concern for other people does not mean that we accept exploitation by other people, and to reach a clear-cut notion of what divides the one conception from the other is really the science of government.

Now you young people, many of you, will be going off to universities, to polytechnics and training colleges, to places where you will learn how to become, we hope, fully equipped members of a civilised society. May I urge a few notions on you from the viewpoint that no-one really has any right to dictate to people precisely what they should think or how they should approach their new life. But I think what I'm going to say to you isn't didactic, and it's not dogmatic; what I'm going to say to you is this. When you arrive at an institution, at least make sure you know where your bedroom is before you decide how to reform it. All too often in society today, the young are captured by people who implant notions into their minds which give them no idea of forming judgements of their own, and what you have to remember, and what, if you've done any good in this school, you will already have found out, is that education is a solitary process. You can only learn by yourself. You can learn with guidance and the assistance of people who impart information to you, but the process of absorbing that information, of understanding that information, of testing it, of accepting it or rejecting it, is for you and for you alone. Hence, do not be guided into mobs or communities or societies or partnerships; think first on your own before you declare an allegiance, and do not, if I may venture to say so, be too soon receptive of the idea that there must be something wrong with the place because people slightly older than yourselves are in charge of it. Give them the opportunity at least for five minutes of determining that they may have done something slightly good before you reject it wholly. At this moment, there are groups of people in almost every educational institution who had decided long before they ever came near the place that it was their duty to create turmoil there out of the most conscientious belief that only the creation of turmoil would produce something new and something valid and something worthwhile. Now my answer to that is this: I am wholly prepared to receive new ideas, to destroy old institutions, to create new institutions, if I can have a look at the blueprints of the new institutions before the old ones are destroyed. All too soon today, we are deciding that we are going to destroy the old before we have any notion or idea of what we are going to replace it by.

Now you are going off into great and exciting worlds. Learn what there is to learn before you decide to reject learning. Learning after all is the accumulation of a great number of ideas and notions that have been extracted and explained by people of consummate wisdom over the generations and over the centuries. Make sure that you have obtained the

benefit of what these people had to tell you, before you judge it, before you test it, and before you decide what portion of it is acceptable to you. Now we are told that there never were such opportunities for the young as exist today. I rather question that; I think the opportunities for the young are very good today, but the idea that the old have entirely abdicated from power, I have to tell you, is a myth. When I left the city of London this morning, they were still grasping it as firmly as they had at any time in my previous life. But that doesn't matter. If you are sure that your turn will come, don't worry unduly that it doesn't come any sooner than it would have come in the ordinary course of events; there are ample opportunities. A thing that the young can never believe is that they are needed more by the old than the old are needed by them. People in search of employment invariably believe that the employer has no need for them and that they have to fight an absolutely impossible task to get a job. Yet anyone who is worth having in a job is much more sought after by the employer than he is seeking the employer. If you have qualified yourselves properly, if you have something to offer, if you can give conscientiousness and good service and knowledge and application, you need to have no fear at all for your future. I can't tell you in what fields to embark on at this moment of time. I did make a short survey of employment opportunities some while back when I was going to talk to a school and I made the interesting discovery that the only two fields of employment where you can be absolutely assured of an immediate rapturous reception are blacksmiths and piano tuners. But some of you may not wish to enter into those fields of activity. Some of you may think that slightly more varied activities are appropriate - become lawyers; become doctors, and become parsons, and become soldiers. There is an immense range of activity in front of you, for what you must not become is simply cabbages. Do not allow yourself to deteriorate into a situation where you believe that there is no suitable form of employment available to you for one reason or other. A man who doesn't believe that he can become employed is a man who has rejected all hope and who has no hope for his future at all. I'm sure that everyone in this school will have been taught and firmly taught something of value to his future employment. I have a belief that in this school, it's the boys who academically do worse who probably have the best prospects. Having observed the vigour and the efficiency with which the school is conducted, and the zeal with which boys are pursued to educate them, you would have to be a very remarkable boy indeed who could elude being educated. Hence, take hope, if the reports that will be forthcoming shortly respecting your own particular child are not as enthusiastic as you would wish them to be. The world receives all kind of children: the academic child, the non-academic child, and provided the child shows an aptitude for something, even if it only an aptitude for eluding education, at least he starts from a positive and not a negative point of view.

Now, what more should I say to you except this: that what we need above all in this country is a new moral code. We need to realise that all the utterances that have become commonplace, hackneyed, trite and worn out, are, nevertheless, many of them eternal truths. Concern for other people; beliefs that material rewards are not of the greatest importance in this society; a belief in the notions of truth and honour; obedience to the rule of law; a determination not to cause undue or unnecessary trouble to other people; a determination to serve the community. All these sound pompous and priggish, but it is impossible to conduct society, unless there is a deep subservience to these deeply instilled ideas. Hence, those of you who are leaving this school, those of you who are remaining in this school, must not become irritated, when you hear repeated time and time again, what appear to you to be commonplace phrases, which to you have become now so wearisome that you cease to believe that they have a real meaning. They have a real and they have an eternal meaning; they have a meaning which never more than today is of supreme importance, that we should trust each other, that we should keep our word, that we should disregard the momentary material advantage in favour of some better and more important consideration which will make us turn away from it. These are notions which, however often repeated, and however wearisome it is to hear them, nevertheless, have a true significance in our society. Now, I've spoken long enough. It has been a privilege to come to this very delightful school in this wonderful setting. I do congratulate those boys who are here, and who have the opportunity of deriving benefits from the splendid educational system that really exists. And I'd like to say one last word to them which I think is of very great importance. Don't go out of here without providing yourself with the opportunities for alternative outlets of recreation and interest. Some of you will play games, some of you may have an opportunity of taking an interest in the crafts. Some of you may find the delight that I've found throughout my life in the arts. But don't neglect these opportunities when you're young. If you have a chance here today of becoming acquainted with the great drama of the world, of learning to take an interest in drama so that going to the theatre becomes an everyday pleasure, if you have a chance here today of learning what music really means, of developing a musical ear which can only be developed by listening to music, if you have a chance here today of becoming acquainted with and enjoying and ultimately delighting in the great literature of the world, of understanding what great pictures are about, because merely looking at them once or twice won't give you that understanding, seize it with avidity, because this will ensure that you have fuller, more happy, more creative lives than you dream of at this moment. If at any time in your after life you can slip into a concert hall and delight in a symphony, slip into a picture gallery and delight in the pictures, pick up a book and read it with pleasure that makes you oblivious to what is around you, then you have been well served by those who instruct you. But it is for you to seize the opportunity: the most attentive, the most dutiful, the most conscientious of mentors cannot instil this in you if you yourselves don't have the understanding of its importance for after life. Many people have left school bitterly regretting in after years that they have neglected this opportunity. Time and time again these opportunities are urged upon you by elderly fuddy-duddies like myself who come to speech day and say to you "Don't neglect the opportunity". All I will say to you again is "Don't neglect the opportunity". Seize these opportunities while they exist.





# contributions

## BALLAD OF SIR ASCALOT

Andrew Carter (Form II)

A knight set out from Camelot;  
He went to save a queen.  
(She'd by a giant been taken,  
And hadn't since been seen.)  
A dusty cloud, a dusty track.  
A knight upon his steed.  
'Twas Ascalot, a knight most bold,  
That rode to do this deed.  
He thundered over hill and vale;  
As fast as flashing lightning.  
His steed was white, his armour black,  
His life was spent in fighting.  
He rode by day, he rode by night;  
He rode up to a mountain.  
His task? To kill an ogre cruel,  
That lived near Arun fountain.  
He galloped right into the cave;  
He hammered with his fist.  
But even though he challenged loud  
No living soul replied.  
He pulled his bow, he thumbed its string.  
His arrows, long and slender.  
He drew his sword, he felt its blade;  
A gaping wound 'twould render.  
And then, from in the rock, a cry!  
For this he had been waiting;  
A boulder from the mountain moved  
And showed an iron grating.  
The grating rose; the giant sprang.  
A mighty club he held.  
But Ascalot said (as he sprang),  
"This giant shall be felled!"  
Then Ascalot, a skilful hand,  
An open gap he saw.  
With one swing from his golden sword  
The giant ran with gore.  
Again, again, Ascalot swung;  
The giant reeled in pain.  
Brave Ascalot, of Arthur's court,  
Had now the giant slain.  
He ran into the rocky cave  
To find the maiden fair.  
He searched above, around, below.  
The maiden was not there!  
A pile of bones upon the floor,  
A heap of clothes behind.  
Upon his love, his maid, his spouse,  
The ogre had just dined!  
"I cannot live if you are dead -  
I would be on the shelf!"  
And so, with his own dagger, sharp,  
He promptly stabbed himself.  
His lover heard the calling voice;  
She rushed down marble stair.  
And through her tears she saw and heard  
Her lover dying there.  
"Oh, what has happened, dearest?"

"Was it not thee who died?"  
His head fell back, his body slouched,  
And the maiden softly cried.

## SECOND BEST IS BETTER THAN NOTHING

Phillip Lamphee

My, but she's beautiful!  
That body!  
Those legs!  
That hair!  
But no -  
Her boyfriend's always there,  
And,  
To be fair, her legs are somewhat less a pair  
Than those of that girl,  
There.  
Now, she's really something!  
Wow!  
Those hips!  
The way she walks!  
But no  
The boyfriend's tethered on her arm,  
Besides, she talks too much,  
And can't compare in looks  
To such a girl  
As that one . . .  
There?

## MOON SONG

Suzanne Marston

Moon through branches of silver birch  
Glinting like crystal  
Sheets of ice transparent but piercingly deep  
Ephemeral, fragile  
Eternally glimmering  
Silver and gold.

Cool ice-drops dropping like tears  
Moon is weeping and waning  
Efflorescence touched  
To bloom again in petal showers.  
Petals trickling downward  
To the cold ebb and flow  
Of sombre streams.  
Bubble and resonant surging  
Down to a sea  
Blue-green, grey-blue  
Lit like dragon's scales  
By a fiery moon.  
The ebb and the flow.  
Pear hanging silver-like upon the bough.  
Always the Moon.

## REMEMBRANCE

Colin Hitchcock (Form III)

*based on Salvador Dali's 'Landscape - the Persistence of Memory'*

A dead man led in a puddle  
The cliffs lie still.  
Bold, invincible,  
A defending army.  
Dormant were the cliffs as I watched.

The tree stood,  
A one-armed bandit.  
Its solitary branch,  
Devoid of all leaves.  
Rotting. Wanting to fall.

Regardless of the Sabbath,  
The ants go on working,  
Nature's work of art,  
Working non-stop.  
Perhaps only halted by death.

Time, an unbeatable warrior,  
Relayed by messengers,  
On sale in a shop;  
Pocket-watches,  
Plain and simple.

The night.  
My memories  
Are stewed and stirred.  
A watch climbs a tree,  
Sits, melts, drips

Into a blue-black sea,  
Bordered by cliffs.  
A new kind of watch  
Is now on sale  
It's powered by ants.  
Funny.

## THE END OF PETER REVSON

Jeremy Read (Form IVa)

Is this hell, this blazing  
Inferno?  
The fuel,  
Meandering its unconscious course towards  
Me,  
Innocent that it may murder  
Me.  
From karts to fame, to,  
Of course, to death,  
To the Silverstone in the sky.  
And all I can do, my legs shattered,  
My sense ebbing, is  
Laugh!

## SPORTS REVIEW

Jeremy Ferguson (Form III)

On I.T.V. today we will be showing boxing,  
Joe Bugner versus Ronnie Peterson  
In his John Player Special.  
In the World Cup, Brazil will play  
The Harlem Globetrotters,  
At the Olympic Stadium, Australia,  
Where the cricket has been abandoned  
Because it's raining kangaroos and wallabies.  
We will also show the World Angling Competition:  
Competing is Jackie Stewart with his twelve bore.  
The All Blacks will play the All Whites  
On Twickenham tennis courts.  
John Snow will bowl at the seven dwarfs  
Against the West Indies.  
Princess Anne will be playing badminton,  
Riding at Badminton, and drinking badminton.  
Ski-ing will be seen from Austria,  
While here it's Borg against Clough at talking,  
The winner to play Harold Wilson in the final.  
In the Highland Games, judo expert Barry Davies  
Will take on champion caber-thrower Frank McLintock,  
While runner Frank Worthington competes in the Tour de France,  
On I.T.V. today.

## VISION OF THE END

Patrick O'Donohoe (Form IIIa)

Last night, weary from the day, I lay myself down  
And my consciousness gave way to sleep,  
And I dreamt an extraordinary dream.  
I was suspended in the air, like dust;  
A mind without body - a ghost.  
I felt no physical sensation at all,  
And nor could I smell or hear.  
The world was as still and as silent as death,  
The sun glowed wanly, filtered by sickly yellow,  
Completely overcast cloud.  
The grass beneath me was dry and scarce,  
Like tattered, light brown dog's hair.  
Was flatter than in Holland;  
I could see for miles, but there was not  
One sign of civilisation.  
Panic grabbed at me; I knew this was Earth -  
I do not know how, but I knew.  
But where were the men? Where was life?  
I gazed in discomfort at the motionless scene  
Till I beheld - Yes ! Movement at last!  
A glint on the horizon.  
My heart leapt with joy as it speedily approached,  
A slender, silver, winged arrow  
Trailing a thick, black streak of quickly dispersing gas  
Behind it, as it flew.  
An aeroplane, of fantastic design;  
Surely a great work of technological art -  
A huge, streamlined delta shape.

On the other horizon was another movement;  
A column of silvery particles was discharged from the  
ground  
Shining brilliantly like myriads of white fairy lights  
On a Christmas tree.  
It rose several thousand feet  
Then mushroomed out into a glittering mass and slowly,  
Very slowly, fell to the ground.  
Another rose, a little nearer, then another,  
Like a line of water-spouts marching,  
Marching formidably towards me.  
The ground heaved up right near me  
Like a quickly inflating balloon.  
The summit was blown sky high, as if  
By immense pressures underneath.  
The miniature volcano erupted with a silent, silvery  
explosion.  
Had I eyes, I would have been blinded,  
And I wish I was, for I had no eyelids to close  
And what I beheld then was like torture.  
A column had intersected the aeroplane,  
Which became but a few of the glittering fragments  
Then, again, just stillness and suspense.  
The next second the world was afire,  
Bursting into vivid, instantaneous bloom.  
Then...  
Black nothingness, with pinpricks of cold light.  
So sudden, so cruel. This was  
The end.

## LORD OF THE FLIES

Form III

Singing drifted through Sunday mist,  
Centuries of grey stone revived by sharp young voices;  
Piercing, a thrush's call, resonant and fresh  
Over the cathedral green, out to a dormant city.  
The smiling clock on the spire,  
Striking sepulchral six;  
In the choir-stalls guileless rows of faces  
Above starched white ruffs and rich, red cassocks;  
Carefree, youthful, boisterous,  
Little suspecting the horrors to come.

"War!"

"Are you sure, sir?"

"Yes."

Evacuation: rush and turmoil for escape;  
The foreboding in everyone's mind.  
Later their troubles seemingly vanished.  
They were looking down upon an evil world at war.  
Now, below, the sea's expanse stretched far, far,  
An awe-inspiring creature basking in the sun.  
Most boys were carefree, content.  
But a noise, sudden, erased the chatter;  
Silence prevailed as an erratic descent  
Led them to some terrible destiny below.

Sun glinted on the plane's twisted wreckage,  
A scrapyard in paradise;  
The boys looked onto a 'promised land',  
While waters lapped on brassy sands;  
Laden trees swayed gently;  
The grasses, green and cool, in garments of dew;  
A waterfall's hissing and splashing  
Reached to white foam,  
In a land forced upon them for ever.

Bewildered,  
Young boys, born to fight and squabble.  
Organisation was the key;  
Immaturity the enemy.  
Too sudden reality bred confusion,  
Till a sea of peace echoed from the conch shell.  
It spelt out its words of wisdom,  
It was the idol of their imagination,  
The key to sealed lips.  
A committee was born.

The parliament advanced,  
Discussing all, achieving nothing.  
Now, like sheep, they strayed away from reason.  
Jack, the king ram, wild to lead the flock,  
Fired their lust for blood,  
And the gap widened.  
The last sun slanting across fatigued faces  
Showed the signs of strain.  
Jack, who had lived in Ralph's shadow,  
Was now drowning the sounds of the shell.  
The sun left the hot, perspiring trees;  
A red-hot-eye-balled glow  
Stared through everybody's dreams,

Sending them screaming and wriggling,  
Like the creature which tortured and poisoned  
Their minds.

Their crude spears clenched in their hands,  
They savaged the jungle with their shouts.  
A startled pig grunted and snorted  
And dashed through reeking undergrowth.  
The boys, hot in pursuit,  
Surrounded the now ferocious sow,  
Stared in pleasure.  
Cornered, frothing, it backed away,  
Only to find spears hurled from behind.  
It squealed as one pierced its hide,  
Bellowed as another struck its hind leg.  
As the pig fell the boys yelled in delight,  
Closed in to finish it off;  
The leader stepped forward, raised his spear,  
And plunged it through the victim's heart.  
Bound to a pole, food for flies,  
It was carried in triumph to their camp.

Simon, lost in a world of his own,  
Wandered round the paradise.  
Arguments and loneliness turned him mad,  
Confusion and imagination turned bad to worse;  
Claws dug into his mind.  
Walking alone,  
He came across the dead pilot's body,  
Trussed up in his parachute,  
Like an escapologist beginning his act.  
He rushed in terror to report his find,  
Entered the stifling clearing.  
The glazed boys saw him, a beast,  
Left the half-eaten pig and approached  
In a slow spear-trance.  
Then, like buffalo stampeding a statue, the charge:  
The remains of Simon lay on the ground,  
Scattered, as if fed to birds.

"That's what my aunt says", Piggy always replied.  
His broken glasses would glint in the sun,  
The bent wire frame barely serving its purpose.  
Folds of fat flowed over his belt;  
His hair was short - it never seemed to grow.  
By night he lay twisted in asthma  
And tossing boys sensed his nightmares.  
By day he had argued,  
Sometimes over pointless things.  
But that was before.  
The island was a cauldron, a furnace.  
Piggy, sweating, had fled from the heat;  
Endlessly he walked in the cool of the forest,  
Till he found himself beneath a cluster of rocks.  
Above he saw Jack's sentries,  
Below he saw the sea,  
A heaving, sighing giant - asthmatic.  
Beside him Ralph, shouting at Jack:  
"Fire or no fire", the argument ran.  
Then the fight, and Piggy clinging to the rock,  
Hoping he was safe, out of the way.  
Above him, Roger, large and hefty,

Leaned on a lever.  
Down came the boulder, well aimed by the boy,  
And Piggy's body tumbled through space,  
Crashed, unfeelingly, into the sea.

The fight stopped.  
Ralph looked over the edge, felt sick,  
Felt a spear; they were chasing him.  
Fast through the forest, panting, swearing,  
Caught his breath, ate some fruit,  
Scampered through rock crannies,  
Blessed the darkness,  
Hid in the creepers till dawn rose.  
Filtering sun woke a restless boy,  
Made more awake by cries around him;  
The hunt had begun and he was the pig.  
Later there was smoke;  
They were gassing him out.  
Run for the beach! Run!  
Mind and body raced.  
He lost control, fell, couldn't go on,  
Waited for death.  
The crescent closed.

Suddenly an uncanny silence;  
Everything ceased to move.  
Ralph sensed a shape, officious in gold braid,  
Straight as a mast in front of him.  
The shape spoke haughtily, yet uncertainly.  
"Hullo".  
Dumbfounded, Ralph stood and stared.  
"Hullo", his dull realisation brilliantly focused;  
Relief, like a dam burst, suffocated him.  
"Fun and games?" said the officer.  
"Yes", said Ralph. "Great fun".  
And the distant cruiser was rocking at anchor  
Like a toy boat.

Ralph breathed in the sleepy evening;  
The sun slipped behind buttresses,  
The cathedral unreal, a frozen palace.  
Ralph sketched blurred memories of the beast,  
Real enough under an island's green, a rock.  
In the choir-stalls guileless rows of faces,  
Sedate, tranquil, in ruffs and sweeping cassocks,  
Voices, shrilly reaching for the stars,  
Carefree, youthful, boisterous,  
Yet somehow different.



## **FUTURE COMPUTER**

**Hamish Wilson** (Form IIIa)

Its eyes glow  
Red, round bulbs  
Forever vacillating,  
Moving sideways  
As if they were the eyes of an owl.  
Numbers whizz, gazumph  
In a brain,  
A mass of wires,  
Legs, shining steel,  
Two small cranes, inverted,  
Body with a screen full  
With diagrams and numbers.  
It's a phenomenon,  
My teacher.

## **FOUR SENSES**

**Desmond Knox**

I wake up and the world's the same.  
Night is when you sleep, day's when you wake.  
That's the only difference I know.  
People don't walk about so much at night,  
I don't know why. They've told me about light,  
The sun, the stars. "It's wonderful",  
They say. "If only you knew!"  
But I don't understand. They ask,  
"What is it like to live in darkness?"  
What is darkness? What is light?  
I don't understand.  
They are all very nice and kind to me,  
They always make sure I'm safe;  
But I don't understand.  
"Mummy, why can't I see?"

## **THINKER IN THE PARK**

**Stephen Hewitt** (Form IVa) **THE CONMAN**

**David Pitt** (Form IVa)

As he runs through the leafy wet grass,  
Towards the round, soft leather ball,  
His mind, like a large fine clock,  
Rotates around the centre of thoughts:  
"Where do I take it, once I have won it?"  
In that short space of time,  
As he travels ten yards  
At the speed of sound,  
His mind works like a donkey,  
Kicking at a sturdy gate.

He glances behind him:  
"Someone there!  
Who's in front of me?  
No one at all.  
Where is my team?  
Back there behind me.  
Who shall I pass to?  
Better take it myself."

Dribbling the ball to the utmost of skill,  
He carefully weaves in and out of the fungi,  
Until he's in front of his opposers' goal.  
He's challenged: the 'goalie' darts out;  
No matter:  
He dummies a pass and sneaks round the back;  
He scores in the net and runs back victorious,  
With the birds and the bees, humming and chirping.

The Shoeshine Sparkling Wonder Man  
Came home one day from work,  
His inner self lobotomised  
By a wise but ageing Turk.

This veteran psychoneurologist  
At once to him did say -  
"In Bangladesh this pain of yours  
Must be treated today!"

The Shoeshine Sparkling Wonder Man,  
(Seeing this dangerous plight)  
Set sail, at once, for Bangladesh  
On the next Asian flight.

His Hertz, newly rented flying rug  
Shot straight to Pakistan.  
Where he was met by his Turk friend,  
Sheik Hari Kari Kahn.

Then he realised he wasn't ill  
This Sheik was just a cheat.  
But the Shoeshine Sparkling Wonder Man  
Was lost in helpless heat.

The moral of this story is  
Quite simply (if you can)  
Avoid suspicious Turkish men  
Like Hari Kari Kahn.

Many will try to take you in,  
To spend money by fraud.  
And all the money that you give  
Goes into Hari's hoard.





## A YEAR'S DISPLAY

January,  
Dark nights,  
Snow on the ground,  
Coldness all around.

February,  
Rainy time,  
Umbrella put up,  
Inverted tea-cup.

March,  
The time for hares,  
All of them are glad  
To be mad.

April,  
Showers fall,  
Wear a mackintosh,  
Sppllllosshh I

May,  
Spring comes,  
Bells ring,  
Birds sing.

June,  
Birds building nests,  
Some are younger,  
Soon feel hunger.

July,  
Summer starts,  
In the heat of the day  
Making hay.

August,  
Harvest corn,  
Winter forage,  
Soon in storage.

September,  
Not so warm,  
Ploughing fields  
For next year's yields.

October,  
Winter coming,  
Nights grow darker,  
Trees are starker.

November,  
Cold again,  
Frosts that come  
Make fingers numb.

December,  
Christmas soon,  
Handbell-ringers,  
Carol-singers.

**Simon Buist** (Form III)

January,  
Dark nights,  
Snow on the ground,  
Coldness all around.

## RAINBOW

**Timothy Wormleighton** (Form IVa)

The clouds break,  
The rain ceases,  
The wind stills,  
The gutters drip.  
The incandescent rays of the reddening sun  
Appear from behind a sheet of thick, grey cloud,  
Forming weird spirals on the soft bellies of sleeping  
cows.  
The grass sparkles with drops of life-giving rain,  
As if an evening dew had set in.  
The scarlets and violets now become conspicuous,  
Proving themselves through that small gap.  
Darkness falls.  
And the dark clouds reform,  
Bringing the humid rain with them.  
The scent is that of a new era,  
Ready to open after the storm.  
The sun loses its power,  
And as the candle flickers out,  
The sky becomes a battlefield,  
And the rain reigns again.

## TURN THE CLOCK BACK

**Peter Haynes** (Form III)

Turn the clock back.  
Back 'til the minutes, the hours  
Are all reflected clearly  
In a pool of surrealistic images,  
Revolving on watch faces of crags of time.  
Fresh pictures melting as butter in a boiling pan  
And draining into ever-opening pores,  
The warehouses of thought.  
Recounting, regrouping, remembering,  
On, on to the final bow.  
Persisting, dreaming new pleasures, new torments,  
Emotions recorded on twelve figure countenances  
And swallowed up forever into memory seas.

## EXAMINATION ROOM

**Peter Haynes** (Form III)

Grading brains with biro percentage,  
Fighting heads. to confuse and put wrong.  
Puzzling, questioning, like court enquiries.  
We, the diamonds, the ones that are cut  
Ready for fitting engagement rings,  
Ready for trial, for that great day  
When we determine the finger we're on.

But like fish who resent the water,  
There is no way we can walk or fly.  
Wriggling like worms stuck in the hard ground,  
Shaking like dogs who don't like the cold.  
But most of all, the failures  
That rock you like a baby's cot,  
"That can't be right", "he's marked it wrong",  
"It was impossible to fail that!"  
And so, like mouse versus feline, we meet our doom,  
And fingers shake and stomachs ache  
In the examination room.

## LIKE THE UNLIT ALLEYWAY OF DOOM

**Graeme Connelly** (Form III)

The fast forgotten forest  
Of dimly lit heavens,  
Looms upon the unsuspecting crowds.

That inward terror shows itself  
In all its ghastly glory  
To the children holding tightly to their sheets.

The time of many 'accidents'  
And unexplained things  
Appears to the elderly; afraid to move or stir.

A rich, red, fiery sunset  
Makes way for something terrible  
And cries out in agony.

This powerful Medusa of our world  
Rears its ugly head at all who watch  
In stupid terror.

But all this gently passes,  
As a small, white, molten globule  
Wakens from a dreamy sleep  
And carefully unfolds  
Her lily-covered cloak.

## IT IS THE TIGER

**Steven Whittard** (Form I)

It is the tiger,  
He who slinks on grasses low,  
Yet rides on gilded cloud.  
A mirage of glory,  
A vision of strength.

It is the tiger,  
Against whom so many fall.  
In burning brilliance he subdues the foe.  
A striped gazelle and creeping snake -  
So much in so few.

It is the tiger,  
Of blazing, golden glory.  
The delight of his camouflage shells all.  
The flaming dreams in great tenements pile;  
Until the dream all time beguiles.

## CAPTURE

**Treve Evans** (Form III)

The line dangled lazily over the bank  
And reached the glistening water of the pool.  
Ripples surrounded it as the light breeze blew.  
I looked into the crystal-clear water  
To see a squirling worm twisting round a hook;  
It looked as though the line grew from its body.  
Minnows darted in groups to and fro,  
Like slowed down bullets from an invisible gun  
Coming from nowhere. These were the lambs.  
A huge shadow raced through the water,  
And into the vision came the lion.  
A pike.  
He shot after the minnows not from a gun  
But a cannon.  
Mercilessly he caught one of his prey,  
And with shining white teeth he snapped and swallowed.  
He glanced and saw the frantic worm,  
And slowly approached, cautious, shy.  
He was being tempted by a miniature serpent  
In an Aqua-Eden.  
His greedy eyes confirmed the answer,  
And two jaws crashed together like rocks.  
I tugged sharply and hooked him.  
He wriggled and pulled.  
I reeled in. I was dragging in a rock.  
Frantically he wriggled in mid-air.  
The rod creaked with the weight.  
Desperately I flung him on the land.  
His eyes rolled in his head like boulders.  
He flipped up and down,  
Lay still.

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE RENDCOMB FETE

(I) **Simon Fear** (Form IVa)

Unmeaning.  
Ill will  
Extracted the clouds  
And left the sky  
A toothless blue . . . .  
The Weatherman  
(As if in spite)  
Watched the rain-dance;  
And turned His spotlight  
On the hollering heathens . . . .  
Who doubting  
Shouting  
"Rain before the day grows old!"  
Dumbfounded  
Watched the day - glow  
Turn to gold . . . .  
That morning  
As the dawn dew  
Boiled away its life,  
The doubtful  
Were the ones to scald.

(2) **Peter Lace**

I pay my 10p and join the queue, patiently waiting to hear what surprises lie in store. The queue steadily dwindles, ecstatic children emerging from the tent, quickly telling their parents that they are going to be rich and have three children. My turn finally arrives. The flap is lifted and I enter the scent-filled atmosphere. I am ushered to a chair by a veiled lady, with a table of mystic gadgetry in front of her. I wonder what the opening words of the illustrious lady will be? Perhaps she will immediately see a future Prime Minister in my features? She opens her mouth to speak . . . .  
"Feeling better today, then, Pete?"

(3) **Catherine Ledger**

Prospects seemed good  
On this day.  
And waiting below for the hordes  
We could study the clouds and watch  
Watch for coloured balloons and wait.  
We sat back against a pile of sacks  
Amidst glorified buns, egg-sized potatoes - all carefully chosen - and spoons  
Borrowed for the day.  
And afterwards  
We reflected warmly on the judges and the judged  
The horses and the riders  
Counted up our money  
Tied it up with thoughts  
And packaged it off - carefully.  
  
And we were left with half-eaten buns  
Happy, tatty memories  
On that day.

(4) **Suzanne Marston**

THE band was playing below and all around people surged into an ever-swelling crowd of colour and confusion. Stalls were swallowed up to become dense throngs; sun shone down and dust stirred up. The heat shimmered with the

sultriness of a hot afternoon, while from time to time a loudspeaker boomed, urging the crowd to turn elsewhere. Someone had knocked a coconut down . . . had anyone guessed the cake's weight yet? . . . time for tea soon . . . But must see the balloons first; yes, they were good, masses of them. Ice-creams and tea, another look round, nearly everything sold now. The loudspeaker boomed the results of the raffle - time to go soon. The bells were ringing again and then most people disappeared. Left were the empty stalls and the paper cups in the cool of the evening. The place was deserted except for those who scuffled around clearing up.

(5) **Treve Evans** (Form III)

How much is it?  
 Three balls for five pence, sir.  
 Ah, give me three, please.  
 Yes, sir.  
 Which line do I throw from?  
 Back line, sir.  
 It's impossible! It's been done, sir.  
 Look, I hit one and it didn't come off!  
 Bad luck, sir.  
 Must be stuck on with cement!  
 They're not, sir.  
 Missed - bother!  
 It was near, sir.  
 Bull's-eye, great! Can I have a coconut, please?  
 Here you are, sir.  
 Thanks.  
 How much is it?

## **THE LAST INCANTATION**

**Jonathan Dixon**

MALYGRIS, the magician, sat in the topmost room of his tower, built on a conical hill above the heart of Poseidonis, capital of Atlantis. Built of a dark stone mined from deep in the earth, durable and hard as adamant, this tower loomed above all others, and flung its shadow far on the roofs and domes of the city, even as the sinister power of Malygris had thrown its darkness on the minds of men.

Malygris was old; some said he had lived in the tower since its building, measureless gulfs of time ago, when the Elder gods held sway on Earth and the other gods bumbled and shrieked blasphemies as they danced in primal slime at the heart of chaos. It was said that sounds of incantation from the tower echoed the hideous worship of the primal gods: Azathoth, the blind idiot god who sits on the throne of chaos, piped to by toad-headed worshippers; Yog-Sothoth, who is All-in-One and One in All and who obeys no laws of time and space; Great Cthulhu sleeping in Kadath in the Cold Waste, who is called Him who Is Not To Be Named; and Shub Niggurath, the black goat with a thousand young.

Malygris sat brooding in his chair, carved from the ivory of mammoths, studded with rubies which glowed in the pale light like demonic eyes. The floor beneath his feet was richly carpeted with the fur of black and silver apes, and the dark tapestries, embroidered with blood-red cyphers, moved in an icy wind which was not of this world. Great books, bound in serpent-skin, lay round the room, together with phials of black and amber liquid, and skulls of men and monsters. At the far end of the room hung a unicorn's head, the horn inlaid with precious metal from the depths of the sea. Malygris, his eyes as cold and green as ice, brooded over his life. He was close to death now, and from his cankered heart there grew a desire to have his revenge on mortality, to make the manner of his going as awe-ful as possible, to strike doom to the human race and destroy them as homage to the black gods at his death.

He rose and, taking a phial of liquid, vanished through an opening in the wall, from which drifted a palpable and noisome current of putrid air. He descended countless flights of spiral stairs, hewn from the very rock, until emerging into a vast cavern, red-lit and stinking, he soared on bats' wings in the gulfs of hell; swung free and swooping through unlimited miles of boundless, musty space; rose dizzily to measureless pinnacles of chilly ether and then, diving, shot down to the sucking nausea of lower vacuum.

Hosts of unformed gibbering things lurked and tittered about him as he strode masterfully across thin bridges, above titanic bottomless gulfs, until at last he came to the gateway beyond which the primal gods had their domain.

All the eons of cosmic corruption lurked here, collected from the spaces between the stars and the angles of time between these spaces. Here the Elder gods had banished the old ones and here they held their eternal blasphemous revels.

A tall man, robed in black, his face as pale as wax, barred the magician's path. His voice chilled the air, and a stagnant foulness formed about his words : "Mortal, do obeisance to the gods, they smile upon your guest." Malygris bowed thrice and sprinkled a few drops from the phial on the ground. Fetid smoke drifted through the cavern and was lost in the greater exhalation of the pit. He strode on, and from behind came the hollow tones of his companion: "I guide, but do not look back; for I am Nyarlotepe, the crawling chaos!"

Malygris halted before the court of the Great Old Ones - to go further would be to risk madness. Kneeling and sprinkling the foul liquid from the phial, he did homage and asked his boon. Then, without speaking, he turned to go . . . and slipped into a black dust, which rose chokingly. His viridian cloak remained floating for a second and then fluttered down to cover the oozy black stain that was Malygris. At the same moment the hordes of gibbering things gave a great cry or death rattle as Atlantis slowly keeled over, and sank beneath the waves, made foul with the corruption of the inner spaces of earth.

In the hellish red-lit cavern the globes of light which served to mask the primal king of gods broke apart, and proto-plasmic flesh flowed blackly outward to join together and form the eldritch horror from outer space, spawn of the blankness of primal time - the hideous Yog-Sothoth, who froths as noxious, eternal slime in nuclear chaos, forever beyond the furthest reaches of space and time.

## **THE LITTLE WHITE DOORWAY**

**Paul Rose**

I had a headache, so I sat down quietly in a corner. All around me I heard violence and grief, smelt the stench of greed and envy. It bothered me a little, so I left through the little white doorway to the heavens. As I passed through, the door turned into an altar, and clouds of misty orchids were swirling around it in the crystal air. A troupe of vestal virgins floated past, turning cosmic cartwheels in reverence to the golden bowl and silver cord. A molehill sat up, brushed himself off, and asked me the time; I tried to tell him, but my watch had turned into a river and ran gurgling away down the hillside. Half-way down, a fish was lying on the bank, cheerfully hauling men in waders from the water and putting them in a wicker basket by his side. I felt lonely, so I talked to my dustbin, and he swallowed my words greedily. His appetite whetted, he emptied himself into himself, and then devoured the altar, river, vestal virgins, molehill, fish, and orchids. While he dined on the golden bowl and the silver cord I began to protest, so he ate me too, leaving only an empty corner, and the ever-open little white doorway.

## **BRISTOL FLOOD**

**Simon Fear** (Form IVa)

Breathlessly the barge-man watches the breaking banks.  
Ruinous and roaring riotously  
Is the cascading canal water;  
Slowly, slime follows,  
Turbulent and terrifying is the flow.  
Obligatory escape-moves motivate the marauders.  
Lovers leave their ledges, leeward towards laureate lintels.

Fitful and rancorous, the rain runs around,  
Loosens long-lit London-style lamp-posts-  
Ornate onerous palaces of the parochial oligarchy  
Omnipotent, even filths first floor boudoirs beyond belief  
Drowns, however, only the downtrodden duodecimal disciples mill-stoned by a knowledge of Noah.

## THE COAST

Adrian Bell (Form V)

THE fields were compact and tightly interwoven by hedgerows, tall sturdy trees, and strong wooden fences. They were neat and well cared for. In the summer, the gentle slope of the land was covered in golden corn, swaying rhythmically in the light sea breezes. But these colourful acres fade into stony paths and tangled gorse, heather and other dense foliage.

This barren strip guards the cliff which follows; the sheer white face whose base is a large scattering of disconnected rocks, each one surrounded by swirling foam. The lather creeps up to the giant wall, touches it, and then recedes, as though it had just bent down to kiss the foot of a king.

When the tide is low, a large area of shingle is uncovered. The stones follow the surf, trying to escape from the shore among the sucking waves to the freedom of the sea. If they are left behind, they wait for their next chance to scramble away.

Above the jutting rocks, the seagulls emit their monotonous cries and sweep across the sea with apparent ease. Now and then they falter, diving uncontrollably, snatching at rocks. They loop upwards against the tall cliff, looking for a part where the smooth face recedes or protrudes, forming a resting place where they can land. But they stay there only a moment, then limp away among the swirling breezes.

Still standing, oblivious of the knocking tide and eroding waters, the restless winds and stormy weather, the cliff stays fast, like a father and defender to everything around it.

## AT THE THEATRE

Stephen Hawkins (Form III)

THE doors are swung open, the burly commissionaire retires into the shadows, the pay-cubicles like gigantic mouths prepare to receive their nightly meal.

Merry chatter rings discordantly in the cold, lamp-lit street outside, misty breath floats in the chilly air.

What a difference between the biting, bitterly cold night and the warm, stuffy, plush, stifling atmosphere of the theatre.

As the orchestra strikes up, the, overwhelming emotion which sweeps over the audience patiently filing past the pay-boxes is one of aggravation, relieved occasionally by an icy blast from the street.

"Why don't they move faster?"

"Oh! my legs ache."

"I wish they'd hurry up."

"What's the country coming to?"

"If you'd come here before the war."

Bouncing, lively conversation like millions of threads joining into one homely garment.

Gradually the hub-bub settles like a blustery gale subsiding and the orchestra can be heard. Not brilliant playing, but reassuring to the older members of the audience glad to hear that all the tunes they remember from before the war have not been swept away under the constant bombardment of modern music.

A lady with a large, cherry-topped hat, an obvious delight in her own voice, starts tormenting her neighbours with her own brand of mental torture and social chit-chat.

"Of course, this place" - pathetic gestures with podgy hands - "isn't as good as it used to be" - and so on, causing acute embarrassment to the manager escorting a V.I.P. to his box-of-honour and acute discomfort to almost everyone else.

The correct way to deal with this sort of woman is to say to her with the venom seething from every word: "Oh, do please go on", and she will be so astonished at this entreaty that she will be struck speechless, hopefully until the end of the performance. But how were her helpless neighbours to know that?

A gang of youths at the back start mimicking the music, adding their own lyrics.

Behind stage, a voice, seemingly suspended twenty feet in the air, shouts: "Harry, what have you done with that b—spotlight?" To which comes a reply which contains more expletives than syllables. And there, just by the aisle, is Johnny-of-the-Roving-Eyes. There is one in every theatre audience, who spends his time gaping, fish-eyed, at every woman under thirty who comes into his view. Whether usherette, ice-cream vendor, or audience like himself, they all come under scrutiny.

When watching him one gets the impression that he is doing complicated mental arithmetic. A nuclear physicist on leave from Aldermaston? One look at his eyes, starry and moist, tells you.

Suddenly, everything goes quiet. Torture with the cherry-topped calmly re-lipsticks her mouth. The youths are hissed to silence. The tapping, hammering, shouting and swearing from back-stage ceases, but Johnny goes on gazing benignly at a fiery redhead in the third row.

What has caused this miraculous spell?

A solitary tap stills the orchestra, audience and staff. Then the orchestra starts again, the curtains slide smoothly open, revealing a remarkable scene: but that's the playwright's story, so I'll hand over to him now.



## STORM

Roy Edwards (Form II)

THE clouds had darkened until at mid-day they covered every inch of space in the sky. The sultry sky began to descend and everyone looked at the sky with anticipation - or was it apprehension? The stillness grew until at half-past two it was hard to hear anything. The darkness had deepened and the whole area was tingling with suspense. The great stores of energy were perilously near to blowing and the air tingled with static. Windows were closed and at four o'clock the storm was ready. The parched earth was waiting for the rain and was prepared.

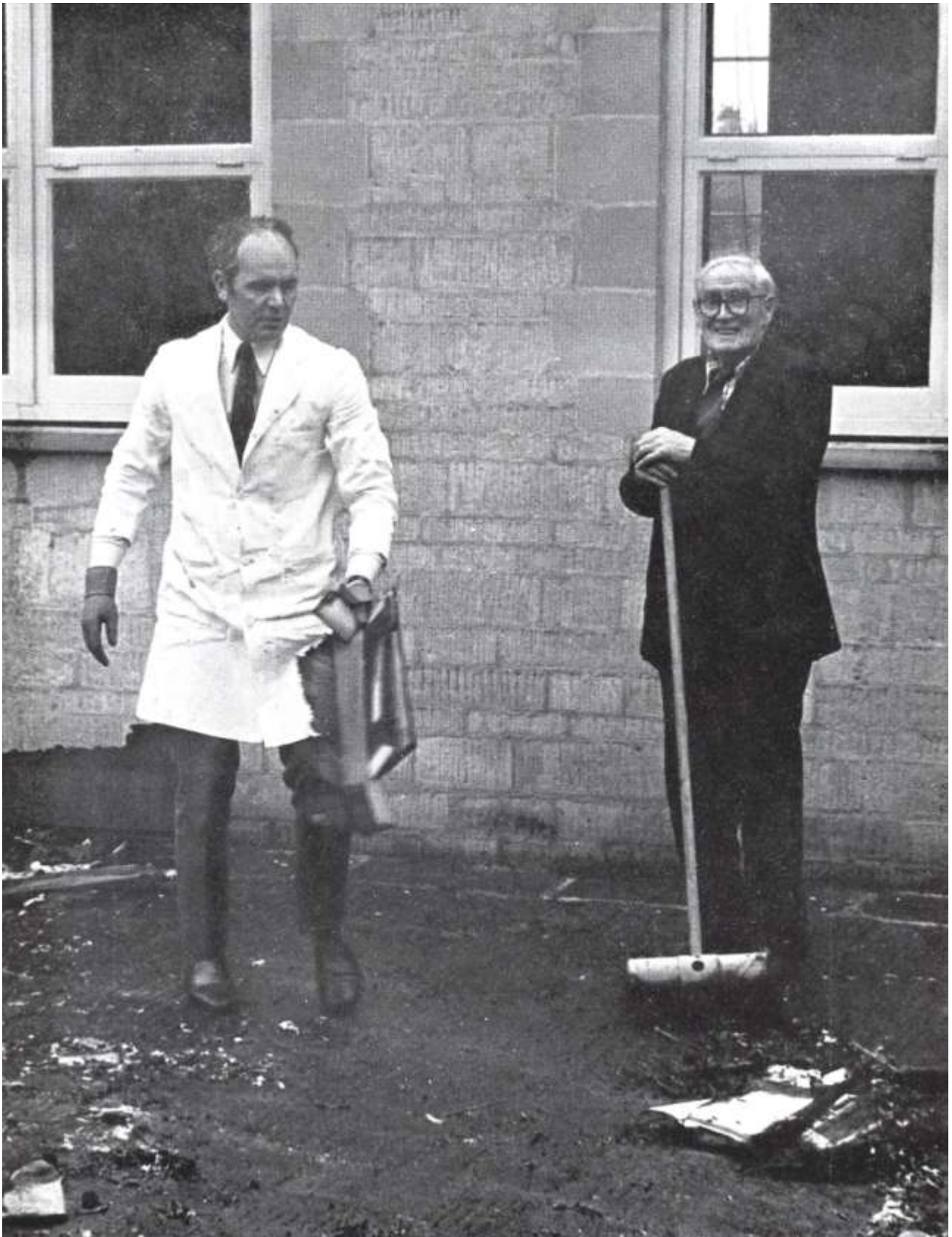
The first few flashes of lightning were flickering in the distance and the deep rumbling came upon us at least eighty seconds after the blow - a good sixteen miles. This was something big. The incessant rumbling was increasing in volume, the charges of lightning were flickering ever-closer, and the pressure was increasing so that the very air seemed alive. Then it died away. The forerunner had gone.

A five-minute pause with pressure building until the barometer had to be taken down. Soundlessness, along with distant rumblings. The earth waited, the whole agony of suspense rebuilt. Intense darkness met intense silence. The two blended and were ready.

Ten flashes of lashing lightning, the wind struck us, the noise stunned us, the intense, lashing, freezing rain hit us in great overpowering sheets. The darkness had gone, the noise was swelling and was still only a small part of the blinding light. The sound like fire was redoubled, the suffocating, all-embracing iron-like water was lashing, the hungry wind destroyed any last traces of dryness and now, three seconds after the ground had been swept from our feet by the blast, we were dazed, dazzled, deafened, blinded, and totally at the mercy of the rain. The vast cockpit of the earth was being battered, hurled and kneaded under the clutches of the storm, the clouds were black and the sky was bright, the wind was full of branches, leaves, tiles and umbrellas. The rain was being recklessly bucketed out of the clouds and was knocking everything it saw with mindless fury.

All was dark, all was silent except for the eternal gushing of rain which now began to lick hungrily at the doors of the houses. The fabric of the ground was being swollen with the vast quantities of rain but the storm was not as lashing as it had been. Then, in the faint background a faint hum was apparent, the thundering of fifty expresses was now heard closing, leaping together, and then met with a reverberating clash of sound, a fantastic boom, and the rain started with the shock, stopped, and plunged to the ground. Then it began to die down, the thunder and lightning chased each other in a more distant and subdued way. The rain began to falter and in many places the clouds were very thin. The rain stopped, the clouds vanished and the sun was out. The blueness of the sky, the steam off the ground and the tingling freshness were out. Not a sign of storm remained.





## CRICKET 1974

THIS has been another successful season for Rendcomb cricket. No matches were cancelled and only one was affected by rain. The team was a mixture of experienced players and newcomers who integrated well. Five matches were won comfortably, five were drawn and the team was never in danger of losing.

The batting was a team effort but there was a distinct apathy in the fielding. Too many close catches were dropped and there was a shortage of competent slip fielders. In the outfield Whiteside excelled at cover and set the standard for others.

Pearce did not show the consistent form with the bat of last season, but thankfully there was not the same need to rely on him. Rose developed into a sound opener and Medhurst was quick to show that his technique is sound and that he can score runs at a reasonable rate. When Pearce was able to develop an innings he illustrated the aggression, skill and confidence that we have come to expect from him. On three occasions Whiteside batted with true class and made the highest score of the season. One wonders why he has not batted like this more often in his four years in the first eleven. Stupple, Wormleighton, Jenkins and Longworth made useful contributions at various times.

Four good bowlers were available and there was plenty of variety. Wormleighton was devastating on a helpful wicket but possibly lacks aggression on occasions. He was not helped by dropped slip catches which sap the confidence of a pace bowler. Whiteside was the main wicket taker, the majority of his wickets coming through an excellent use of flight rather than spin. Jenkins was very deceptive in his flight and has the ability to tie batsmen down. Stupple took useful wickets but was wayward in length and line.

The following played: D. Wiggall (captain), D. Pearce (vice-captain and wicket-keeper), S. Wormleighton, J. Whiteside, P. Rose, A. Jenkins, P. Smith, A. Medhurst, R. Weston, T. Longworth, J. Stupple, R. Stroud, R. Barrett.

### Match Reports

v. BURFORD 1st XI, away. Won by 46 runs.

Due to rain the pitch was very unpredictable although Pearce scored quickly before being out. Wormleighton and Medhurst batted well in an unbeaten partnership of 74. Wormleighton then proceeded to demolish Burford almost single-handed, achieving a hat-trick at one point.

Rendcomb: 102 for 3 (Wormleighton 50 n.o., Medhurst 23 n.o., Pearce 21).

Burford: 56 (Wormleighton 8-9).

v. CRYPT 1st XI, home. Drawn.

Rendcomb scored slowly throughout their innings until the end when Stupple, Rose and Jenkins enabled a reasonable declaration to be made. Although losing two quick wickets Crypt never looked in a great deal of danger and could have reached the required total.

Rendcomb: 109 for 7 (Jenkins 23 n.o., Stupple 20. Rose 19 n.o.).

Crypt: 88 for 4.

v. MARLING 1st XI, home. Won by 8 wickets.

It was the turn of the slow bowlers to make their mark. Whiteside and Jenkins, with great accuracy, took eight wickets between them. Rose and Medhurst saw the school through to a comfortable victory.

Marling: 56 (Whiteside 4-3, Jenkins 4-6).

Rendcomb: 57 for 2 (Rose 22 n.o., Medhurst 12 n.o.).

v. WESTWOOD'S G.S. 1st XI, away. Won by 7 wickets.

Westwood's were dismissed quickly, largely due to Whiteside's accurate and intelligent bowling. Medhurst, Longworth and Pearce carried the school through to a comfortable win with two hours to spare.

Westwood's: 54 (Whiteside 7-22).

Rendcomb: 56 for 3 (Medhurst 20 n.o., Longworth 15 n.o., Pearce 14).

v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER 1st XI, away. Drawn.

After an opening partnership of over fifty Whiteside and Jenkins bowled the opposition out in a space of twenty-six runs. Pearce found his true form for the first time in the season, but Rendcomb was eventually robbed of victory by seven runs because of rain.

King's School, Gloucester: 78 (Whiteside 6-36, Jenkins 3-7).

Rendcomb: 72 for 3 (Pearce 41 n.o., Medhurst 19).

v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S XI, away. Won by 8 wickets.

Whiteside and Wormleighton kept the opposition pinned down (the latter bowling unchanged for twenty-four overs), although there was a flourish at the end. Pearce and Medhurst batted aggressively to take Rendcomb to an admirable victory.

Sir Thomas Rich's: 93 (Whiteside 7-42, Wormleighton 3-46).  
Rendcomb: 95 for 2 (Pearce 54 n.o., Medhurst 30).

v. KING EDWARD'S, BATH 1st XI, away. Drawn.  
Poor fielding gave no assistance to the bowlers, especially Wormleighton. After we had lost our openers cheaply Whiteside and Stupple gave stability to the innings.  
King Edward's, Bath: 123 (Jenkins 4-22, Whiteside 4-41).  
Rendcomb: 79 for 4 (Whiteside 25 n.o., Stupple 19, Medhurst 14).

v. KINGHAM HILL 1st XI, home. Won by 95 runs.  
In front of a group of parents who had come to the fete we achieved possibly our best victory of the season. Whiteside batted admirably, and he and Rose almost put on 100 for the third wicket. Only one Kingham player reached double figures as Jenkins aided by Wormleighton and Stupple bowled them out with five balls remaining in the last over.  
Rendcomb: 137 for 5 (Whiteside 63 n.o., Rose 46, Wiggall 12).  
Kingham: 42 (Jenkins 4-14, Wormleighton 2-2).

v. CHELTENHAM G.S. 1st XI, away. Drawn.  
A result never seemed likely especially after Rendcomb collapsed slightly after Pearce and Rose had made a good start. Whiteside was the only other batsman to show any ability.  
Rendcomb: 89 for 8 (Pearce 32, Whiteside 24, Rose 19).  
Cheltenham Grammar School: 33 for 2.

v. THE OLD RENDCOMBIANS. Drawn.  
Old Rendcombiants: 88 (R. Edy 22, Whiteside 4-26, Wormleighton 4-36).  
Rendcomb: 81 for 4 (Medhurst 35, Rose 23).

D.M.W.

## **2nd XI Cricket**

Played 1; Won 1.  
v. WESTWOOD'S (A). Won by 11 runs.  
Rendcomb: 90 (Walton 30, Underdown 10).  
Westwood's: 79 (Mathias 4-28, P Smith 3-15).

## **U15 XI Cricket**

Played 9; Won 3; Drawn 4; Lost 2.  
The team has played well this season, losing only two of the eight matches played. Although four matches were drawn, two of those provided exciting finishes in which Rendcomb were unlucky not to win.  
Bowling has been the team's strong point, and Mathias in particular has had a very successful season, taking 37 wickets. Caney, Longworth and Russell have also been very useful bowlers and the rest of the team fielded well, particularly Underdown, a safe wicket-keeper who let very few extras go by, and Russell, who took several excellent catches in the gully.  
Unfortunately, the batting was not of the same calibre as the bowling. Walton was the mainstay of the side, scoring 225 runs at an average of 25. Several other members contributed useful innings, but never consistently.  
Three members of the side, Caney, Mathias, and Haynes, will be available for the U.15s next year and should provide a strong nucleus for the team.  
The following played for the U.15 XI and 2nd XI: P. Walton (capt.); I. Underdown; P. Haynes; A. Moulton; B. Russell; S. Fear; R. Yeats; R. Caney; M. Winstone; J. Garvie; P. Smith; M. Griffiths, R. Barrett.

Results:  
v. BURFORD SCHOOL U.15 XI (away). Won by 23 runs.  
Rendcomb: 65 (Moulton 10).  
Burford: 42 (Mathias 4-10).

v. CRYPT U.15 XI (home). Lost by 5 wickets.  
Rendcomb: 70 (Haynes 16 n.o.).  
Crypt: 71-5 (Caney 4-17).

v. MARLBOROUGH 4th COLTS XI (away). Won by 19 runs.

Rendcomb: 49 (Walton 17 n.o.).  
Marlborough: 30 (Caney 3-9; Longworth 3-2).

v. BLOXHAM U.15 XI (away). Drawn.  
Bloxham: 155-5 dec.  
Rendcomb: 91-4 (Longworth 30; Walton 39).

v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER U.15 XI (home). Drawn.  
Rendcomb: 117-7 dec. (Mathias 36; Walton 63).  
King's School, Gloucester: 74-8 (Mathias 5-22; Longworth 3-18).

v. SIR THOMAS RICH'S U.15 XI (away). Drawn.  
Sir Thomas Rich's: 144 (Mathias 4-34; Russell 3-22).  
Rendcomb: 96-7 (Longworth 14; Walton 30; Moulton 20 n.o.).

v. KING EDWARD'S, BATH U.15 XI (away). Lost by 80 runs.  
King Edward's, Bath: 44 (Russell 3-13; Longworth 3-43).  
Rendcomb: 64 (Longworth 20 n.o.; Walton 26).

v. KINGHAM HILL U.15 XI (home). Won by 13 runs.  
Rendcomb: 53 (Forrest 15).  
Kingham Hill: 40 (Mathias 7-13; Russell 3-22).

v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL U.15 XI (away). Drawn.  
Rendcomb: 78 (Walton 13; Russell 32).  
Cheltenham Grammar School: 40-7 (Mathias 3-14; Longworth 3-2).

S.W.J.

#### **U.14 XI Cricket**

At full strength, with Mathias, Haynes, and Caney from the U.15 XI, the season would have been much more successful than it was. Against Bloxham, with a fine 53 not out from Haynes, but without the other two, the team played to form in all departments.

It was regrettable that the game against Cheltenham Grammar School, to whom we lost in the Esso Knockout competition, was cancelled.

Moore bowled an accurate line in all matches, the batting of Harris, who captained the side very ably, improved steadily throughout the season, and Flambard was very competent keeping wicket.

v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Esso Cup). Lost.  
Cheltenham Grammar School: 96 for 8.  
Rendcomb: 62 for 7 (Mathias 15; Gwilliam 12; Flambard 10).

v. MARLBOROUGH. Lost.  
Marlborough: 150 for 6 (Moore 6-51)  
Rendcomb: 32 (Smith 1s).

v. BLOXHAM. Drawn.  
Bloxham: 148 for 8 (Haynes 4-36, Moore 3-62).  
Rendcomb: 118 for 4 (Haynes 53 n.o.; Ind 23).

v. OAKLEY HALL. Won.  
Oakley Hall: 69 (Caney 4-10; Mathias 3-15).  
Rendcomb: 74 for 7 (Caney 17; Ferguson 24).

v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL - Cancelled.

The following played: A. Harris (captain), A. Mathias, P. Haynes, D. Ind, R. Caney, R. Gwilliam, A. Flambard, J. Ferguson, A. Masters, G. Moore, I. Hawkins, S. Smith, T. Evans, P. Evans.





### Other Matches:

U.13½ XI v. OAKLEY HALL 2nd XI. Won by 11 runs.  
Rendcomb: 67 (Page 21, Mackonochie 16, Henniker-Gotley 12).  
Oakley Hall: 56 (Ind 7-19).

U.13 XI v. KING'S SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER. Won by 4 wickets.  
King's School: 52 (Moore 6-23, Gwilliam 4-28).  
Rendcomb: 53 for 6 (P. Evans 18 n.o., Moore 21).

J.R.D.

### TENNIS

1st Team: Donald Pearce (capt.)  
Jonathan Whiteside  
Tim Stroud  
Philip Lyons  
Nicholas Longworth

Under 15 Team: Philip Lyons  
Julian Campbell  
Christopher Dendy  
Simon Fear  
Ian Forrest  
John Sinclair

A rather lean season for matches, but a rewarding one nevertheless, with a fair measure of success. Somewhat hampered by a paucity of available Sundays this term on which matches could take place, and also by the completion of other schools' tennis calendars months or terms in advance, we had for all that some very enjoyable afternoons of tennis and saw a high standard of play. There will be a greater number of fixtures next summer, and besides some very competent players in the IV and V years, we seem to have much enthusiasm and promise of talent lower down the school that bodes well for our next season.

Our first match this summer was rather more a social occasion than a tennis event, in which Pearce, Whiteside and Stroud paired themselves with Jackie Wilson, Catherine Ledger, and Maxine Bauer respectively to face Burford Grammar School's mixed doubles team. The social aspect, however, eventually gave way to some highly competitive tennis and interesting net play, and the final result was a very narrow victory of 5 games to 4.

A very under strength first team then tackled Cheltenham College's 1st four. Some valuable team members were playing in that Sunday's concert, and the defeat of 4 games to 0 does not reflect the high standard of tennis that day. Especial credit to Lyons and Longworth, who played sound, consistent tennis, and were not overawed by older and superior opposition. Lyons played again in the Under 15s match against Cheltenham: a very pleasant afternoon away, and some very fine tennis. Another 4-0 defeat conceals some very close and hard-fought sets, and the fact that the opposition could not offer an under 15 team but only an under 16 team. On the other side of the report sheet, it must be said that our net play was uninspired that day and itself lost many sets; subsequent work on it led to a better performance in our final match.

It is always pleasant to end the season with a victory: the 3 games to 1 match against Burford was a well deserved one with much intelligent and competent play. The final game saw some rather erratic ground shots: the pair responsible for going down in the final set learnt a lesson of concentration.

My thanks to this season's tennis players for their obvious enthusiasm and enjoyment during coaching and matches: I trust you will be worked harder next summer.

D.J.B.

### GIRLS' TENNIS

#### 1st Team Match Reports

v. MALMESBURY SCHOOL (away). Won 8-1.

An exciting first match although played in appalling weather. Our easy victory helped everyone gain some badly needed confidence.

v. ST. CLOTHILDE'S CONVENT (away). Won 8-1.

The standard of the convent girls was poor, perhaps because they had no sixth formers in the team. The match again was an easy win and enjoyable if not exciting.

v. PATE'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL (away). Won 5-4.



Tremendously exciting games, where the play was fast and of a high standard. Fortunately, their third couple were weak and we were able to pick up some games.

v. WYCLIFFE COLLEGE (home). Won 8-1.

An outstanding fight by our third couple against Wycliffe's first couple in which Rendcomb finally won. The games were much closer than the score suggests and some good shots were played throughout the match.

v. CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE (away). Lost 0-9.

The Rendcomb team was poor since no A-level students were able to play. Although we were well below the standard of the Cheltenham girls, everyone tried hard.

v. ST. CLOTHILDE'S CONVENT (home). Won.

Again no A-level students played which allowed a more competitive match compared with our previous victory.

v. BURFORD SCHOOL (away) - cancelled.

v. DEAN CLOSE SCHOOL (away). Lost 3-6.

Play was poor and there was a definite lack of enthusiasm from the Rendcomb team.

### **Girls' 2nd Team Match Report**

v. PATE'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL (away). Won 5-4.

Tremendous enthusiasm and spirit led to some exciting games and a well deserved win.

The standard of the play from the first team reached a definite peak half-way through the term after which play began to lose some of its former standard.

There were many difficulties during the term but they were all quickly overcome. Choosing the couples for the team was a difficult task since there was little to choose between each girl. We had problems obtaining the minibus a couple of times, which caused Mrs. Holdaway some moments of anxiety.

My special congratulations to Christine, whose play has improved enormously since last year and who suffered frequent changes in partners throughout the term.

It was a pleasure to have 6B members in both teams, especially Jackie and Catherine who played successfully as our first couple.

A big thanks to all who played for their help and encouragement, to Mrs. Holdaway for her everlasting support and kind help, without which many of us would have been at a complete loss in moments of panic, and to Jackie, into whose hands I was able to place with confidence my responsibilities when I was unable to play.

I wish next year's tennis players luck and I hope they get as much enjoyment from their matches as I know we all have.

C.B.

Caroline Brett should be congratulated on the excellent way she has captained the team during the past two years.

C.A.H.

### **JUDO REPORT**

THIS term there were two gradings, one for seniors at Cheltenham Y.M.C.A. on June 17th, and one for juniors at Rendcomb on 2nd June. The results for the junior grading are as follows:-

S. Hewitt remained at 12th Mon

A. Ashmore was promoted from 9th Mon to 11th Mon

R. Caney was promoted from 10th Mon to 11th Mon

P. O'Donohoe was promoted from 7th Mon to 8th Mon

O. Davies was promoted from Novice to 7th Mon

S. Galtress was promoted from 5th Mon to 7th Mon

R. Tudor remained at 7th Mon

At the senior grading Philip Everatt was promoted from novice to 6th Kyu (Lower Green), and Adrian Moulton from 9th Kyu (Yellow) to 8th Kyu (Lower Orange). Paul Rose and David Brennan remained at 4th Kyu (Lower Blue) and 8th Kyu (Lower Orange) respectively.

The girls section is being further reduced by the departure of Kathy Harmon, and we wish her well for the future. Finally, Michael Denley (3rd Kyu, Upper Blue) is also leaving this term after one year in the 6th form, and we wish him

every future success as soon as his hand has healed, which unfortunately prevented him from taking part in the senior grading-this term.

M.P.R.R.

## **VOLLEYBALL**

THE sixth form volleyball club continued to flourish and expand (despite the digging-up of one of the pitches for a long-jump pit). There were enough players, boys and girls, to occupy two courts every games afternoon. Standards of play improved from abysmal to mediocre over the term, but everyone enjoyed the game, and techniques are getting better year by year. One or two good players are beginning to emerge (Stephen Bushell and Tim Stroud, notably).

The O.R.s match was again a success, the college winning by two games to one. Steve Robbins achieved a noteworthy first in contriving to represent the O.R.s at both volleyball and cricket on the same afternoon.

D.S.J.P.

## **OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES**

THERE was a good turn-out of old boys at the cricket match on July 6th, including a number who had not been back for several years. The evening buffet was, as usual, a highly successful event thanks to the hard work of Mrs. Mezo and her staff, who provided yet another first-class meal.

We hope that there will be plenty of Old Rendcombian support at the rugger match in December.

### **Old Boys' News**

NIGEL BALL (1967-72) writes to say that he has now completed a year with Debenhams as a management trainee and is thoroughly enjoying his work.

ROLAND CLARKE (1970-72) is a sub-editor of Field.

MICHAEL GARLAND-COLLINS (1967-72) sent in a long account of his life at drama school. The course is hard work, hectic but thoroughly rewarding. He certainly appears to have plenty of variety, ranging from movement, voice production and studying Restoration plays to performing in two plays a term, with the "pleasures" of television and radio to come.

PHILLIP GRAHAM (1968-73), after a year working for local firms, has a place at Durham University for October.

NICHOLAS HILLIER (1965-70) has graduated from Exeter University and is about to embark on his studies for the Bar.

NIGEL MOOT (1964-70) is now married and working for Whitbreads, as a quality controller.

ROBERT MORRIS (1967-72) has completed his course in business studies at the City of Bath College and joined the Eagle Star Insurance Company. He will start as a fire underwriter and, while completing his training, will be living in London.

ANTONY ROSE (1965-71) is reading medicine at Liverpool University and must be the first old Rendcombian to be elected president of Liverpool University Motor Cycle Club.

BRIAN SMITH (1965-72) has now completed a year at Cirencester Agricultural College where he is studying rural estate management.

DAVID TORESEN (1964-71) writes to say that, having abandoned Bangor University, he went to Northampton College of Art to do a one-year Pre-Diploma course. He is now going on to the Central London Polytechnic to begin a three year B.A. Photographic Arts Course. He will specialise in film work.

DAVID TYLER (1965-70) graduated (class 2, div. 1) from Trinity Hall, Cambridge, this summer and is joining Unilever as a management trainee.

D. G. VAISEY (1945-54) has written the introduction to a reproduction of the stock-book of the Victorian Bristol printers E. S. and A. Robinson, in conjunction with a colleague. This "huge tome" costs £8.50 and is published by Scolar Press under the title 'Art for Commerce'. He has also had published, by Blackwells, a handbook for local historians in Oxfordshire.

We still need to have more news from more Old Rendcombians !

We sadly announce the death of Gerald Harrison (known to his friends here as G), aged 32, who left Rendcomb in 1960 with an English scholarship to Queen's College, Cambridge. He was killed in a road accident in Yugoslavia in August and is survived by his wife, injured in the accident, and his two children. Gerald had been lecturing at Aberdeen University but had recently moved to a post at Ruskin College, Oxford.

W.J.D.W.

