

THE RENDCOMB MAGAZINE

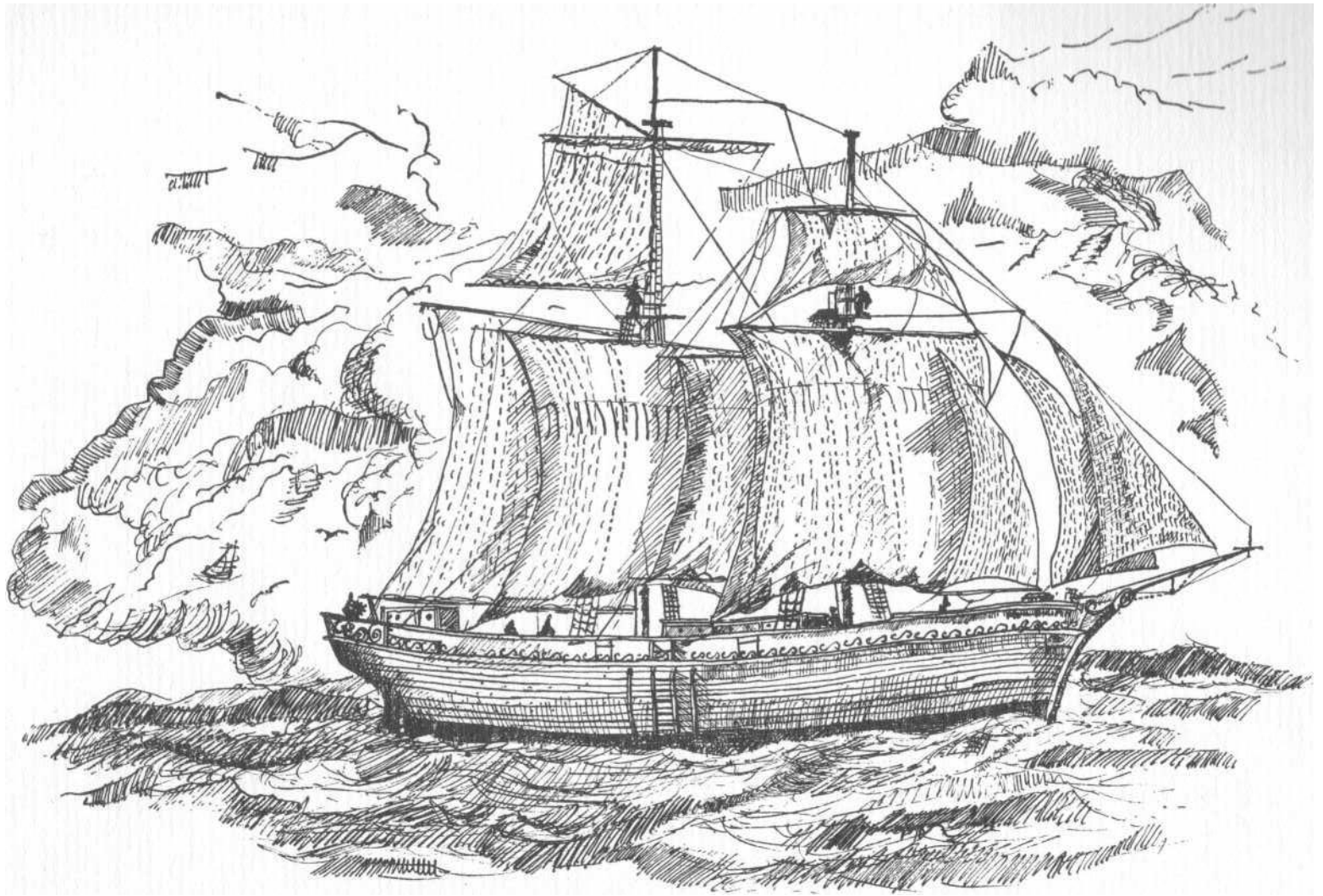


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EDITORIAL

As the winds or first breezes of change scurry through Rendcomb, the school's immediate future takes on a clearer shape: if current plans prosper, the number of pupils at Rendcomb will be about 250 by the mid-1970s. Some may see this increase as a mistake and recall fondly the not-so-distant, intimate days when the College numbered 95 and even less. But most people, viewing the situation in a national perspective (not always easy at Rendcomb) and conceding the need for some small boarding schools of sound academic quality, will probably agree that 250 is a desirable number which, like the present 170, well combines the preservation of 'family' intimacy with greater flexibility in personal relationships and increased opportunities and facilities.

The main pitfalls are evident. Rendcomb could ultimately become just another small public school, losing much of its special character in the process. Further, not only the exceptional friendliness and democratic vitality might be at risk but also academic standards, as sundry outside activities, desirable in themselves, erode the time and energies of all (too often the same few) concerned. In its relaxed way Rendcomb to date has kept some of the finer virtues of the small grammar school and the College's reputation has always been based largely on its academic level; recent G.C.E. and university results show a healthy state of affairs. Thus the problem will be to preserve these standards while simultaneously increasing the variety of opportunity in other fields. Again, co-education is untried here, though the experience of other schools suggests that it brings nothing but good. The College will also eventually have to decide whether to restrict the entry of girls to the VI Form or whether to take them at 13 or 11, and if so in what numbers. The *timing* of such decisions could well be crucial.

In the transition period particularly, tolerance, loyalty, goodwill, a readiness to experiment, effort, humour, humanity, and a sense of proportion will all be much needed. But perhaps never in its history has the College's future seemed brighter than at this moment.

MISCELLANEA

Winter Term, 1971

WE were pleased to welcome the new Headmaster, Mr. Roger Medill, and his family to Rendcomb this term. Previously he had been a Housemaster at the King's School, Canterbury, and we trust that he finds life in Gloucestershire at least as congenial as life in Kent

* * *

We were also glad to welcome Mr. Steven Jackson and his wife and Mrs. Charlotte Holdaway to the staff and wish them well here.

A number of preparatory school headmasters were entertained and shown round the college on 26th October.

* * *

Congratulations to Julian Gray, Andrew Stafford and Christopher Wood, who gained Open Awards in English, History and Natural Sciences respectively at Oxford this year.

* * *

Weber's opera *Der Freischutz* was performed at the college on Sunday, 24th October, and numerous boys were involved in vocal or other capacities. A fuller account appears later in this issue.

* * *

A small group of senior boys went with Mr. Willson to the London Coliseum for a production of Wagner's opera *Lohengrin*.

* * *

Parties of VI Formers went to Stratford on 18th November and 29th November to see performances of *Much Ado About Nothing* and *Othello*. Small Upper VI groups went to Samuel Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape* at the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham, on 4th October, and Peter Luke's *Hadrian VII*, also at the Everyman, on 21st October. On 4th November Form V went to the Playhouse, Oxford, to see Jonathan Miller's Oxford and Cambridge production of *Julius Caesar*. Form III went on a form outing on 3rd December to Stratford to *The Merchant of Venice* and Form IV went on 7th December to the production at the Everyman, Cheltenham, of *Who Killed Santa Claus?*

A party of 40 boys went to Bristol on 25th October to attend a lecture by Mr. Don Whillans on the recent Everest expedition.

VIIth Form English specialists went to two lectures given in the Cheltenham Festival of Literature this year: Nevil Coghill's talk on "Chaucer's Women" and Robert Gittings' talk entitled "A Portrait of John Keats."

There were two carol services this year, one on 28th November to celebrate Advent and the second on the last day of term, 12th December. The Advent service was a largely internal event held in Rendcomb Church but the Christmas carol service was held for the first time in Cirencester Parish Church in view of the limited space at Rendcomb. This innovation meant that all parents, friends, and boys of the school could join in the service in a way that has been impossible in recent years, and the experiment was an undoubted success. An estimated 700 people attended the service of readings (both poetical and biblical) and carols, and boys left for the holidays immediately after the service.

The Christmas Party was held on Friday, 10th December, and again contributed to end of term euphoria. The theme was the Space Age and incorporated members of the Committee and Mr. White, who dressed up as Dr. Who. A large number of the staff and their families also went in fancy dress of sundry hues and fashions. The sketches were mostly well received and we are grateful to the C.P.C. for all their efforts.

The social whirl was again intense on 27th November when a VI Form dance was held in the College and a younger group attended a dance at Westonbirt School.

Films shown on Saturday evenings included *Planet of the Apes*, *Viva Maria*, *Popeye*, *Yellow Submarine*, *The Undeclared*, *Dr. No*, *Hannibal Brooks*, *Our Man Flint*, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *Caprice*.

The erudite C. J. Wood, representing South Glos., made his mark in a schools' mathematics quiz at Stroud on 12th November.

We welcomed the following boys to Rendcomb at the start of the Winter Term: Richard Evans, Simon Baynham, Cameron Findlay, John Garvie, Brendan Hall, David Morris, Toby Roberts, Bryan Russell, Paul Smith, Robert Stroud, Richard Yeats, George Zygmund, Nicholas Smith, Stephen Zygmund, Simon Buist, Nicholas Carroll, Graeme Connelly, Treve Evans, Anthony Flambard, Andrew Harris, Ian Hawkins, Stephen Hawkins, Stephen Hewitt, Colin Hitchcock, Simon Jackson, Jonathan McGill, Andrew Mackonochie, Andrew Mathias, Graham Moore, Patrick O'Donahoe, David Pitt, Stuart Smith, Robin Swaine, Nigel Taylor, Timothy Wapshott, Joseph Watson, Hamish Wilson, Simon Young.

We said goodbye to the following at the end of the Summer Term, 1971: Alan Lamb,



Mr. Roger Medill, the new Headmaster and Mary, his wife

Photograph by courtesy of the "Gloucestershire Echo"



The Christmas Party 1971



Roland Clarke, John Hindle, Roger Laycock, Hartley Moore, Ian Niel, Richard Rolt, Nicholas Thomas, Andrew Thompson, David Williams, Mark Fisher, Peter Treasure, Michael Toresen, Roger Sampford.

* * *

We acknowledge receipt of the following contemporaries and apologize for any omissions: *The Wycliffe Star*, *The Gresham*, *The King's School*, *Gloucester Magazine*, *The Beaudesert Park Magazine*, *The Richian*.

Spring Term, 1972

THE BISHOP OF TEWKESBURY confirmed 14 boys from the College in Rendcomb Church on Saturday, nth March.

* * *

Two visits to the Wildfowl Trust at Slimbridge were organised by Mr. Swaine this term and were much enjoyed.

* * *

The Entertainments Committee this term organised, among other things, Hockey, Badminton and Chess Tournaments. These were very popular and the Chess Trophy was won by R. Ingles.

* * *

A VI Form dance was held on 7th March but was only a partial success because a party of invited ladies from Westonbirt could not come. However, despite the resultant surplus of males, the dance was enjoyed by many and we hope that next term's dance will be exceptionally good. Our thanks to Nicholas Hance and Niven Boyd for the silhouettes and decorating arrangements and to the Delicate Goddess Discotheque for the music.

* * *

Films this term were as follows: *Guns of the Magnificent Seven*, *In the Heat of the Night*, *Hombre*, *The Battle of Britain*, *The Russians are Coming*, *Von Ryan's Express*, *The Vikings* and *The Devil's Brigade*. A mixed bag but most were well received.

* * *

Bridge lessons were organised this term by Mr. White for a group of VI Formers, who are now well past the elementary stage. Various masters have occasionally joined in the sessions.

* * *

A whist drive was held on the last Friday of term under the auspices of Mr. White. Seventeen tables were made up and there were several prizes. Whist drives have been held in the past but this is the first at the school for some years; we hope the practice will become more frequent.

* * *

Squash is now a well-established sport at Rendcomb, as a fuller account later in this issue indicates. To complete the sporting final Friday, the squash team were defeated 3—1 by a 'veteran' staff quartet. On the previous Wednesday a hockey team comprising staff and prefects astonished themselves by holding The Rest, containing a large number of the 1st XI, to a 3—3 draw — but, though on the crest of such successes, the staff emphatically wish to deny rumours of a staff/ boys rugby match.

* * *

The Junior Play this term sought and acquired the services of Mr. Kenneth Kendall, the B.B.C. news-reader. He kindly taped a mock TV news bulletin, part of the play, and accompanied the completed tape with a letter conveying good wishes for the production.

* * *

We are grateful to Mrs. Fell and Mrs. Price for their gifts to the Acting Cupboard.

* * *

A proper portable school calendar came into existence this term and has proved a very handy source of reference.

Three history lectures were given this term by Mr. Price on "Marx," "Marxist Leninism" and "The Soviet System." Historians and Economists were, of course, present but there was also quite a large attendance of scientists and masters.

* * *

Preachers this term were: The Ven. G. F. Hutchins, Archdeacon of Cheltenham; the Revd. D. R. Dendy, Vicar of Bledington; Lawrence Bowser, Esq., West of England Secretary U.S.C.L.; Brother Michael, Headmaster of Marling Junior School; the Revd.

A. M. Lee, Diocesan Youth Chaplain for Cheltenham; Father O'Donnell, from Cirencester. The last-named was the first Roman Catholic to preach in Rendcomb Church since the Reformation, another indication of oecumenical trends. A lecture on "Dr. Barnardo's" was given by the Revd. R. W. Browell on 9th February.

* * *

The time-honoured art of debating also returned to Rendcomb this term. Two week-end debates were held and a fuller report appears in this issue.

* * *

The new VI Form Common Room came into operation this term and has proved a very successful centre for various social activities.

* * *

A small party of senior boys went during the term to Covent Garden for a performance of Wagner's opera *The Flying Dutchman*.

* * *

Two VI Form parties went this term to the new Wyvern Theatre, Swindon, to see the film version, starring Paul Schofield, of *King Lear*; whilst another VI Form group went to *Conduct Unbecoming* at the same theatre. IV and III Form outings were to *Conduct Unbecoming* and *The Black Macbeth* respectively, both also at the Wyvern Theatre.

* * *

At the end of the Winter Term, 1971, we said farewell to the following: Julian Gray, Anthony Rose, Andrew Stafford, David Toresen, Christopher Wood, William Tomlinson, Jason Gillham, David Walker and Richard Fry.

* * *

Among the leavers was David Toresen, who has served this magazine well as an editor. Our thanks and best wishes to him.

* * *

Roma and Penelope Foster gave a much, appreciated piano and cello recital in February, following Roma Foster's successful piano recital last term.

* * *

Contingency plans were made to overcome the inconvenience caused by the power cuts, and under the experienced leadership of Mr. White these proved very successful. Some memories went back to more significant hardships and the atmosphere was relaxed and tolerant. In fact, the one evening when the whole school was plunged into darkness for several hours proved to be a memorable one. Various activities were devised and enjoyed by candlelight, and the evening concluded with a splendid impromptu rock sing-song in Saul's Hall, lit up by a great log fire.

* * *

As a direct result of recent Snowdonia fatalities, Mr. Willson, who has a Mountain Leadership Certificate, lectured to the school on "Mountain Safety" during the final week of term. A fuller account appears elsewhere. A small party of Rendcomb boys had, in fact, taken the fatal route on the day before the Dulwich tragedy but were roped and had crampons for protection.

* * *

A sponsored charity walk has been planned for Sunday, 30th April. It was proposed that it might begin at 6 a.m. so that walkers might

sample the best of the morning but the Meeting preferred the more gentlemanly hour of 9 a.m. for the 1972 Great Trek.

* * *

Intellectual and aesthetic weight has been added to the editorial board by the arrival of Michael Findlay, who is to be an editor from next term.

* * *

Photographs in this issue are by Martin Brown and Angus Robertson. Drawings are contributed by Niven Boyd, Peter Millard (Form IV), Martin Brown, Stephen Hicks (Form III), Stephen Zygmund (Form II), Hamish Wilson (Form I), Jonathan Dixon (Form IV), Timothy Wormleighton (Form II), Simon Jackson (Form I). Many thanks to all of them.

COLLEGE OFFICERS

Winter Term, 1971

Senior Prefect—J. M. Gray

Prefects—N. Boyd, R. Mace, R. G. L. Roberts,
D. J. A. Rose, A. J. Stafford, C. J. Wood

Public Workman—D. Toresen

Church Ushers—C. J. Wood, R. G. L. Roberts,
B. M. Smith

Librarians—C. J. Wood, A. J. Stafford, R. G. L.
Roberts, C. Partridge, G. J. Dorey,
C. Horton

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

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

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

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

Editors—N. Boyd, G. J. Dorey, M. Brown,
D. Toresen

Rugby Football Captain—J. M. Gray

Spring Term, 1972

Senior Prefect—R. Mace

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

Public Workman—R. J. Read

Church Ushers—R. G. L. Roberts, B. M. Smith,
D. Wiggall

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

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

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

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

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

Editors—FL Boyd, G. J. Dorey, M. Brown

Hockey Captain—R. G. L. Roberts

Games Committee—N. Boyd (Vice-Captain and
Secretary), R. Mace, J. M. Tyler, D. Wiggall

Cross-Country Captain—D. Jenner

Squash Captain—B. M. Smith

MEETING OFFICERS

Winter Term, 1971

Chairman—C. Wood *Secretary*—R. Fry
Council—A. Rose, N. Boyd, R. Roberts, D. Jenner, M. Brown
Meeting Banker—B. Smith
Boys' Banker—J. Tyler
Shop Banker—D. Mackonochie
Senior Shopman—R. Pearce
Junior Shopmen—B. Mann, A. Pearce
C.P.C.—R. Morris, M. Bircher, D. Shield, C. Partridge, N. Roberts, M. Wapshott
Entertainments Committee—R. Mace, M. Bircher, N. Hance, A. Medhurst
Paperman—A. Jenkins
Breakages Man—P. Rose
Rugby G.W.'s: P. Rose, D. Knox
Badminton^ Squash G.W.: R. Fry *O.S. Cricket G.W.*: M. Pitt *O.S. Hockey G.W.*: R. Barrett
Record Warden—J. Millard
Cycle Committee—C. Partridge, M. Denley, A. Otter
Furniture Man—S. Reason
Table Tennis Committee—S. Robbins, R. Weston
Amplifier Technicians—A. Robertson, J. Russell
Rule Committee—R. Roberts, M. Garland-Collins, B. Smith
Sledge Committee—K. Barraclough, P. Walton, Barrett
Groundsman—D. Bell
Billiards Committee - P. Graham, K. Underdown, D. Wiggall
Food Committee—J. Russell, W. Tomlinson, F. Leivers
Broom Warden—N. Ball
Dance Committee—R. Morris, W. Tomlinson, M. Bircher, N. Boyd, J. Gray

Spring Term, 1972

Chairman—R. Mace
Secretary—N. Ball
Banker—J. Tyler
Boys' Banker—B. Robertson
Shop Banker—A. Robertson
Senior Shopman—M. Bircher
Junior Shopmen—M. Findlay, D. Pearce
Entertainments Committee—D. Jenner, M. Brown, D. Shield, C. Findlay, D. Morris
Paperman—D. Hendry
Record Warden—P. Graham
Cycle Committee—R. Ingles, W. Hall, S. Reason
Table Tennis Committee—D. Pearce, C. Lyons, J. Garvie
Rule Committee—A. Pitt, J. Smith, C. Jones
Food Committee—J. Tyler, J. Millard, F. Leivers
Amplifier Technicians—J. Russell, D. Shield
Broom Warden—P. Rose
Breakages Man—P. Lace
Hockey Games Wardens—A. Medhurst, M. Denley, T. Longworth
O.S. Rugby Games Warden—K. Barraclough
O.S. Cricket Games Warden—R. Barrett
Furniture Man—A. Pearce
Sledge Committee—P. Gready, R. Hudson, A. Bennett
Rule Committee—A. Pitt, J. Smith, C. Jones
Badminton and Squash Warden—C. Lyons
Billiards Committee—P. Graham, K. Underdown, D. Wiggall
Nominations Committee—B. Smith, R. Roberts, R. Pearce
M.A.C.—B. Smith, R. Roberts, N. Boyd
Council—N. Boyd, R. Roberts, D. Jenner, M. Brown, B. Smith
Junior Advocate—M. Brown
Dance Committee—R. Morris, N. Hance, M. Bircher, C. Higgins, N. Boyd

MEETING NOTES

UNDER the supervision of Mr. Medill, the general mood of the Meeting has changed. More serious business has been conducted—the Meeting rules have been, at last, revised thoroughly, a long overdue action; and instead of delaying business the Meeting seems far more anxious to finish it. Occasionally the Headmaster has used the Meeting to make an announcement on some relevant subjects, an example being the matter of charity appeals, on which he feels that individual direct donations are preferable to money voted to a charity from the Meeting bank. Behaviour has improved, and more notice has been taken of miscreants.

M.J.B.



EXAMINATION RESULTS 1971

G.C.E. 'A' level

THE following gained passes in the subjects indicated:—

R. R. Clarke	English
J. M. Gray	English*, History* (D), French
J. S. Hindle	Maths, Physics, Chemistry
A. R. Lamb	Pure Maths*(D), Applied Maths
R. J. H. Laycock	English, History
R. Mace	Botany (M)
C. H. Moore	Physics
I. R. Niel	Zoology
E. M. Parsons	English, History (M), Maths
R. C. Rolt	History, Art
D. J. A. Rose	Physics*, Chemistry*(M), Zoology
A. J. Stafford	English* (M), History* (M), Econ. and Public Affairs
N. O. Thomas	History (M), French
A. Thompson	Maths, Physics, Chemistry
D. M. Toresen	English, History, French
C. J. Wood	Maths*, Physics*, Chemistry*(D)

*—Class A

(D)—Distinction in the Special Paper

(M)—Merit in the Special Paper

G.C.E. 'O' level

D. Barling	English Lang., English Lit., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology
G. Dorey	English Lang., English Lit., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology

B. Fisher	English Lang., English Lit., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Biology
P. Graham	English Lit., History, Latin
N. Hance	English Lang., English Lit., History, Mathematics, Biology, Woodwork
C. Higgins	English Lang., English Lit., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
C. Horton	English Lang., English Lit., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
R. Ingles	English Lang., English Lit., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
C. Jones	English Lang., English Lit., History, Latin, Mathematics
G. Jordan	English Lit., History, Latin, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
J. Millard	English Lang., English Lit., History, Latin, French, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
C. Partridge	English Lang., English Lit., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
S. Robbins	English Lit., English Lang., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
D. Shield	English Lang., English Lit., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
J. Smith	English Lang., English Lit., History, Latin, French, Physics, Chemistry, Biology
K. Stuckey	English Lang., English Lit., History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology

W. Tomlinson	English Lang., English Lit., Latin, French, Mathematics, Chemistry
P. Treasure	English Lit., History, Mathematics, Woodwork
K. Underdown	English Lang., English Lit., Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Woodwork
D. Walker	English Lang., English Lit., History, Mathematics, Chemistry
J. Whiteside	English Lang., English Lit., Religious Knowledge, Latin, History, Mathematics
D. Wiggall	English Lang., English Lit., History, Mathematics, Latin
C. Yuvaboon	History, Mathematics

Other Academic Distinctions

Peter Little—First Class Honours, Botany and Zoology, Bristol

Martin Harrop—First Class Honours, Philosophy, Politics and Economics, Oxford

Julian Gray—Open Exhibition in English at Trinity College, Oxford

Andrew Stafford—Open Exhibition in History at Trinity College, Oxford

Christopher Wood—Open Scholarship in Natural Sciences at Exeter College, Oxford

THE VIth FORM HOUSE

AFTER various delays, work has at last started on the new VIth Form House in the Park, and the Duke of Beaufort will lay the Foundation Stone on Saturday, May 6th. The layout of the 48 study bedrooms will incorporate some of the suggestions put forward by the VIth Form.

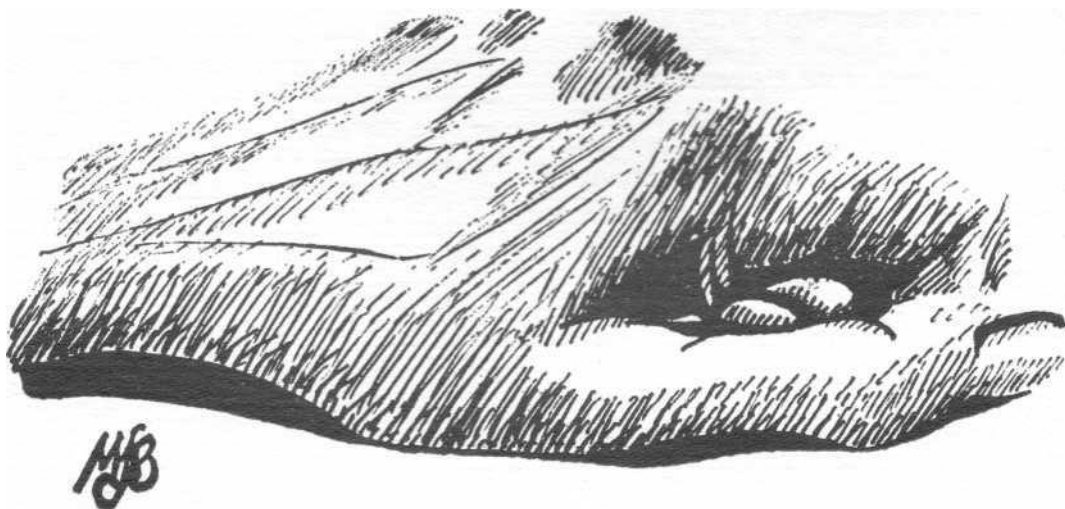
Peter Falconer and Partner of Stroud have designed an efficient-looking modern building with a flat roof which will provide an interesting and probably controversial contrast to the traditional style of recent years. However, the architectural styles of Rendcomb already reflect the changes of five centuries and the building, which will at least be of Cotswold colour, should provide a very comfortable and attractive place in which to live and study. We are very pleased that Messrs. Partridge will be constructing the building and thus continuing their long connection with the school

R.M.A.M.

FIRST OF MANY?

"Rendcomb's Lone Girl Scholar" and *"The Girls break into Rendcomb"* screamed the headlines, and co-education had entered yet another public school, but not so much with a bang as a whisper. The advent of the first girl to Rendcomb had previously been regarded with some trepidation but, in the event, Maxine Bauer proved to be just the girl to integrate smoothly into the school, and the misogynist's nightmare of boys' shattered lives and ruined examinations proved to be groundless. As if to underline this whole-hearted acceptance of the new departure in Rendcomb's colourful history, the debate on the motion that "This House is in favour of Co-education" was passed by a large majority—a very different result from that of a debate on the same motion just twelve years ago which was unanimously defeated. The novelty of having a girl within Rendcomb's confines soon wore off, and she was accepted on equal terms with everyone else in the school. Maxine Bauer had previously attended co-educational schools in America, and this, together with her friendly personality, doubtless helped her to adapt easily at Rendcomb. And Maxine herself? She enjoys Rendcomb tremendously and advises any girl who might be thinking of coming here to have no fears!

D.G.J.



THE CHOIR

IN the past two terms, the choir has continued to grow and numbers have now reached a record level of fifty-four which comprises nearly a third of the school! Coupled with this increase in size have been several departures from tradition. In the Winter Term, two such ventures included an Advent Carol Service held, by candlelight, on 28th November and the performance of the end-of-term Christmas Carol Service in Cirencester Parish Church. Although the latter involved some administrative difficulties, it overcame the overcrowding previously prevalent at this event.

In the Spring Term, by way of experiment, Evensong was sung on 13th February. This proved successful and will, it is hoped, be repeated. On Palm Sunday, the last day of term, a special service was held in the morning. In the afternoon, the choir gave a concert in which Antonio Caldara's setting of the "Stabat Mater" and F. Suriano's "St. John Passion" were performed, the latter by a smaller choir of 14 boys.

The choir sang the following anthems:

Ecce nunc benedicite (*Palestrina*); Ascribe unto the Lord (*Travers*); Now Thank we all our God (*Bach*); How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings (*Brahms*); Saviour, who did'st healing give (*Freylinghausen*); O for a closer walk with God (*Stanford*); Lead me, Lord (*Wesley*); The Souls of the Righteous (*Nares*); The Shepherd's Farewell (*Berlioz*); O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem (*Blow*); Lord for Thy Tender Mercies' Sake (*Farrant-Hilt oh*); Blessed be the God and Father (*Wesley*); O Vos Omnes (*Palestrina*); Turn thy face from my sins (*Attwood*); Ave Verum Corpus (*Mozart*).

C.P.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

ON Wednesday, 22nd March, a concert was given by the boys in the school orchestra. This consisted of three pieces for recorder group; a piano solo; a duet between tenor recorder and spinet; a sonata with violins, cello and spinet; and five pieces for orchestra. In spite of difficulties facing the performers, notably their inexperience and the notorious acoustics of the Assembly Hall, the concert went fairly well and was very much enjoyed by all those who attended.

C.P.

DER FREISCHUTZ

How lovely that we have staged and produced a full-scale opera with so much enthusiasm. As a member of the audience, I found the enjoyment of those around me proved the success of the idea.

Der Freischutz was first produced in Berlin in 1821. Weber is now regarded as the founder of romantic opera and the music is interspersed with dialogue in the manner of a present day 'musical.' The leading roles, particularly that of Agnes, are long and taxing and Weber uses a large orchestra including full brass.

John Willson, our Director of Music, achieved both balance and control in the performance which took place on October 24th. In spite of their inexperience and youth all the soloists could be heard, including the trebles. They sang with simplicity and conviction and their loyalty to both producer and conductor gave the whole performance excellent discipline.

The evil scene in the Wolf's Glen gave an opportunity for boys and producer to use their imagination and in the 3rd Act the delight of us all at seeing our lively 1st and 3rd formers pretending to be demure bridesmaids is something we shall always remember.

One wonders how it was done in such a small school, where academic work is of primary importance, where the only means of realising such an ambition was to use the gymnasium and a temporary stage and how such a good orchestra was assembled. Rendcomb is to be congratulated, not only on its standard of performance, but also on its ability to overcome obstacles and realise ambitions.

R.F.

CAST

Killian, a peasant ... ANTONY PITT

Cuno, head ranger ... JONATHAN WHITESIDE

Rodolph and Kaspar,

two young foresters serving under him

RICHARD FRY AND DAVID SHIELD

Agnes, Cuno's daughter ... ROBERT SHERRATT

Annie, her cousin ... PETER WALTON

Zamiel, the demon hunter DAVID TORESEN

A Bridesmaid JONATHAN MCGILL

Prince Ottokar ANTONY PITT

A Hermit ... MICHAEL GARLAND-COLLINS

Chorus of Peasants, Hunters, Invisible Spirits and Bridesmaids: Graeme Connelly, Stephen Hawkins, Stephen Hewitt, Simon Jackson, Jonathan McGill, Hamish Wilson, Nigel Raymont, Robert Barrett, Adrian Bell, Julian Campbell, Christopher Dendy, Philip Gready, Martin Griffiths, Stephen Hicks, Timothy Hoskin, Richard Hudson, Timothy Longworth, Nicholas Longworth, Philip Lyons, Timothy Nicholas, Martyn Pitt, Alisdair Wilson, Jonathan Dixon, Jonathan Fletcher, Stuart Honeyball, Michael James, Philip Lamphee, Neil Lumby, Andrew Medhurst, Peter Millard, Andrew Otter, Paul Rose, Simon Wormleighton, David Bell, Bruce Mann, Philip Smith, John Millard, Stephen Robbins, Jonathan Smith, Robert Morris, Clive Probert, Brian Robertson, John Russell

* * *

Stage Band:

Flutes ... Jonathan Lane, David Bell

Clarinet Jonathan Scawin

Violin Stuart Honeyball

Viola Jonathan Smith

PILLAR TO POST

THE JUNIOR PLAY this term was by John Waterhouse, and performances took place on March 18th and 19th.

Just as professional actors are told to beware of dogs and children, so amateur theatre productions are told to avoid farce. This custom has been adhered to for former Rendcomb productions, and has finally and skilfully been broken. Usually, on the occasion of the Junior Play, one is ready to make allowances for lack of experience and also the age of the actors, but here this was not necessary. The acting was generally superb, and the actors' resourcefulness was admirably demonstrated in the ad-libbing on the first night. What is essential to these productions is a degree of team spirit, and this was obviously present here, even if the cast stretched it to an unwillingness to hurt each other even when required to do so.

The production was, on the whole, full of polish and professionalism, pleasing everyone who was present. Paul Rose took the part of Albert Drinkwater with great verve, despite his tendency to show the audience which jokes he thought they ought to laugh at, and the delivery of his words and the timing of his actions were excellent. Jonathan Dixon played the difficult role of sidekick (an easy part to overdo) very successfully, and his nervousness and guilty expressions brought the house down. What was surprising was the strength of the acting in the female roles, headed by Roderick Thomson as the dominant Mabel Drinkwater, who, considering his age of twelve and a half, was brilliant; and Christopher Dendy as the forward, passionate Mavis. These made a delightful pair and they were backed by Cameron Findlay as the over-anxious Lily. All three settled into their parts very well, giving convincing performances.





The Christmas Party 1971



The beginnings of the new Sixth Form Boarding House



Who is this?

All-male productions tend to lapse slightly during romantic scenes, but Dendy's thrusting performance, coupled with Philip Lyons' portrayal of the provocative Sonya, who successfully 'vamps' most of the males in the play, made us feel that the girls of Rendcomb had finally arrived.

The two toughs were powerfully depicted by Barraclough and Reason, the former never once letting his Irish accent lapse, a very difficult achievement. Last, but by no standards least, was Timothy Hoskin as the weak-willed, weak-bodied Ernie. He neatly avoided the pitfalls of excess, making a worthy follower of Richard Briers.

The lighting, make-up, costumes and set were of the high standard which we have come to accept at Rendcomb, and which perhaps are too easily taken for granted; we are grateful for all the hard work which had clearly been done in this field. No one could possibly mistake the untidy 'Coronation Street' house. Great attention was paid to detail with the properties, down to the potty and frying pan wielded by the two ladies during the 'chase.' The organiser of sound effects must be congratulated on his achievement of introducing all the sound effects at his disposal into the plot, and also the attainment of a degree of realism due to the specially recorded news broadcast which Mr. Kenneth Kendall kindly made for us at the B.B.C.

Pillar to Post was in the style of the Brian Rix farce, with lovely young (half-dressed) ladies being deposited about the stage, and the humour and slapstick was obviously enjoyed by the actors as much as anyone else. The bawdy puns were readily appreciated by all in the audience and the producer must be praised for his imagination in manipulating the actors on such a small stage, and for a really enjoyable performance (in which the prompters' services were not once required on either night) in a term crowded with sundry other school activities.

G.J.D. and M.G-C.

CAST

<i>Horace Truefoot, a postman</i>	JONATHAN DIXON
<i>Mabel Drinkwater ...</i>	RODERICK THOMSON
<i>Albert Drinkwater, a postman,</i>	
<i>Mabel's husband</i>	PAUL ROSE
<i>Lily Truefoot, Horace's wife</i>	CAMERON FINDLAY
<i>Ernie Drinkwater, Albert and</i>	
<i>Mabel's son</i>	TIMOTHY HOSKIN
<i>Mavis Omeroyd ...</i>	CHRISTOPHER DENDY
<i>Mr. O'Flaherty ...</i>	KEVIN BARRACLOUGH
<i>Sonya Le Roy</i>	PHILIP LYONS
<i>Mr. Brown</i>	STEPHEN REASON
<i>Two Male Bodies</i>	
	BRENDAN HALL AND TIMOTHY NICHOLAS

BELL-RINGING NOTES

AFTER the loss of Andrew Thompson and David Williams, this year's band began as a new and comparatively unpractised one. However, we should be able now to keep at our present strength for at least a year.

Rendcomb ringers helped ring for the Carol Concert in Cirencester Parish Church at the end of the Winter Term. It was a welcome change to ring different bells after a term at Rendcomb.

We would like to thank Miss Bliss for her regular help and support with our learning and ringing and for the effort she has put into furthering the Rendcomb band.

M.B.

CAREERS

ACTIVITY in careers guidance has followed last year's pattern with the additional introduction in the form of the Business Game.

Careers courses have recently been attended by: Brown (Chemistry at The City University and Industrial Chemistry/Chemical Engineering at Birmingham University); Probert (Industrial Chemistry/Chemical Engineering at Birmingham University); Jenner (British Home Stores and Lloyds Bank); Tyler (Shell-Mex and National Westminster Bank); Mackonochie (Wimpey and Son).

R.K.

CAREERS CONVENTION

ON February 24th a Careers Convention for the Fifth and Sixth forms was held in the Assembly Hall. First there was a film and a talk on careers in the RAF by the Schools Liaison Officer, Squadron Leader Walton. Next, Mr. Wilkinson, a practising solicitor from Cirencester, gave us a lively lecture on his profession. In the second half of the convention Mr. Joddrell, a chartered surveyor, talked about the wide variety of careers under the general heading of surveyor. To round off the convention there was a film on banking careers accompanied by a talk by Messrs. Rouse and Simpson of Lloyds Bank.

C.H.

THE BUSINESS GAME

THE game is designed to introduce students to the associated decision-making of business management. It, therefore, involves the interpretation of company reports and the forming of policies, dependent on the actions of their competitors.

The organiser, International Computers Ltd. and the Institute of Chartered Accounts, hold a meeting in London before the game to discuss the faults and merits of the last one.

Three schools (or "companies") compete against each other, and the company with the greatest profit after seven "plays" goes into the next round. There were 243 schools in the first round.

Marketing, transport, production costs, plant investment, research and development, and the retail price of the "finished article" are the variables to be considered.

Our board consisted of fifteen members, with about ten "shareholders" voicing their opinions in our many heated discussions. The schools in our group were King William's College, Isle of Man, and Harold Hill G.S., Essex.

With a tight budget and a great deal of plant investment, "Rendcomb Enterprises" was making the biggest profit when the report showing all three companies' finances came out. (Total assets being £16,693,900.) The second such report showed us to be £260,000 behind "Company 1." ("Company 2" was never a dangerous rival). In a final bid to win, and find out the result of rather exaggerated moves for future reference, we lost even more of the market, and failed to reach the second round.

However, the "game" was closely fought and the members of the board gained a lot from it. Many thanks to our Financial Adviser, Mr. Kelsey, for all his work.

With the invaluable experience of this "game" perhaps Rendcomb will do better when we next compete in Autumn 1972.

C.J.W. (MANAGING DIRECTOR)

THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

THE following films have been shown at recent meetings: *The World Thinks Tomorrow*; *A Walk in the Forest*; *Paint*. In addition, on the last Friday of the Spring Term three Science Society films were shown for those not attending the whist drive. All were produced by the Ford Motor Company.

The first was filmed at Le Mans during the famous 24-hour race. It showed not only the race itself but also effects of such an event on the community.

The second one followed the life-history of a new Ford truck from drawing-board to production-line, enlightening us on the complexities of such a vast project.

Finally, there was a film about a group of Oxford students, sponsored by Ford, who took a Ford truck over 10,000 miles of desert terrain to prove its reliability and also to collect samples for scientific research.

Activities next term will include a visit to the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell and a lecture on "Pharmaceuticals" by C. J. Wood, who is now doing research for I.C.I.

Accounts of a lecture and two outings follow.

R.K.

PAINT IN SOCIETY

ON March 23rd two representatives from the Berger group of companies, Messrs. Pike and Stay, gave a short talk on the uses and qualities of paint. A film was shown first, illustrating and tracing the history of paint and painting from cavemen and ancient Egypt, to the present day.

Mr. Stay then gave a quick resume on the literature provided before the visit. This outlined the various uses of paint, how to apply it, and basically what it is composed of. He then gave the school the chance to fire questions at them.

They gave comprehensive replies to the questions asked from all possible aspects, to conclude a very interesting talk.

S.R.



OUTING TO READING UNIVERSITY

WE left Rendcomb by coach at 10-00 a.m. and arrived at Reading in time for coffee and biscuits in the 1st year laboratory, one and a half hours later. After a brief description of the course we were shown round the applied science and engineering department. First year work was general in nature and was carried out in suitably equipped laboratories, while 2nd and 3rd year work was on projects. Each project was carried out by a team of students within the limits of a fixed budget provided either by industry or the university.

The projects we visited were mainly to do with energy conversion and they included development work on the 'Sterling Engine' and associated research into a 'super-conducting heat pipe' and fluid-bed breaking. We then saw an engine with a water-filled piston that was still in the very early stages of development and an electricity generator similar to a high- powered Van der Graff machine, called an electro-gas dynamic generator using particles of helium gas to convey electric charges. Before lunch we also looked at some projects on turbulence in air and liquid flows.

After a cheap but well-cooked lunch in the Students' Union canteen, we glanced in at the University library and then walked over to the department of cybernetics and applied instrument physics which is on the other side of the spacious memorial park in which the University is built. Here were demonstrated elements of computer technology and feed-back control systems. While in this department we visited some adjacent laboratories and were shown two industrially-backed projects into the viscosity and elasticity of lubricating oils under varying conditions.

After a talk from Professor Felbert about the University we had tea and biscuits and returned to Rendcomb by coach after a most enjoyable day.

J.M. and D.J.S.

ROUSSEL PHARMACEUTICALS VISIT

ON Thursday, November 18th, a party of VI Form scientists paid a visit to the Swindon plant of Roussel Pharmaceuticals. Not only was this trip of general and educational interest, but also systems of employment were discussed with our two guides.

We were told of the fast growth of the plant, which is a British subsidiary to the International Roussel Uclaf Group, centred in France. The control laboratories (for checking regularly the products of the plant) and the sterile areas were found to be of most interest. The latter were sealed to entry of any unwanted bodies by a constant air pressure rather above normal inside the laboratories, so that air flowed only out, and ultra-violet radiation baths for those entering who then must wear sterile suits for working with the chemicals. However, the largest part of the plant was taken up by the bottling, packaging and tubing side of the business. Unfortunately, their search laboratories were closed to us for obvious reasons of security.

We concluded the visit with a discussion with two members of the Roussel staff about the whole business of drug manufacture and the connections and results with the public.

M.B.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

DEBATING at Rendcomb was revived this term on the topical motion that "This House is in favour of Co-education" and the attendance was, not surprisingly, high. The motion was proposed by David Barling and seconded by Martin Bircher, who between them convinced the doubters that the merits of coeducation in the cause of peaceful co-existence far outweighed the disadvantages. The opposers of the motion, Niven Boyd, and his seconder, Bob Morris, faced a difficult task in persuading the audience that co-education was best for all concerned when it was not allowed into the confines of a boarding school, but certainly made a good job of attempting it. Various members of the audience also spoke when the motion was thrown open to the House, mostly, it must be admitted in favour of the motion; points in favour of co-education were raised by Martin Brown, Jonathan Tyler, Nicholas Hance, Robert Barrett, Richard Hudson, William Buckingham, Antony Pitt, Martyn Pitt and Graham Jordan. Only two people raised doubts about the wisdom of what was proposed, both, it may be noted, in junior forms: Phillip Lamphée and David Pitt. The motion was carried by 70 votes to 14.

The second debate of term, in many ways a more successful one, was on the motion, "This House is in favour of Britain's entry into the Common Market." The opinion of the House prior to the debate was not polarised to the extent as it had been over co-education, and the superior oratory of the proposers swung the vote in their favour. Kim Stuckey proposed the motion, with Gregory Dorey seconding, and their argument was copiously illustrated with facts and statistics to prove the economic necessity for Britain's entry. The opposition, led by Brian Ingles and seconded by Brian Smith (who is, however, a dedicated European!), made an emotive appeal to British nationalism, although, it must be admitted, at times with no great display of confidence. Perhaps under-

standably with the complicated subject under discussion, few of the House felt able to speak, but Clive Mathias and Graham Jordan spoke in favour of the motion, while John Millard spoke against it. When the motion was put to the House, it was carried by 16 votes to 11 with 2 abstentions.

D.G.J.

CLIMBING NOTES

THE first major event of the autumn term was a visit to the Peak District. The party split up into two groups, meeting at the pub in Flash (the highest village in England), then moving on to the bivouac site. We rose at 3-30 a.m., and returned in time for breakfast.

On November 6th, the climbing group went to Snowdonia, camping overnight in the Llanberis Pass, and on the following day climbed Pen-yr-oleu-wen, Carnedd Dafydd and Carnedd Llewellyn, but were prevented from conquering the other three of the group, Yr Elen, Foel Grach and Foel Fras, by high winds, one being strong enough to blow one person off his feet!

Between these expeditions, visits were paid to Cleeve Hill and Wintour's Leap, in varying weather conditions, and to the Brecon Beacons. Also, a start was made on the Cotswold Way, usually on Monday runs supplemented by Wednesday walks, and Offa's Dyke Long-Distance Footpath.

We returned to Snowdonia for the first few days of the winter holidays, to get practice in snow technique for the Alps. On the first day we climbed up into Cwm Gias, searching for snow, but found little, and climbed Parsley Fem Gully to the summit of Crib Y Ddygsl, descending by the Miner's Track. The next day, we tried to climb the remaining three of the Carneddau group, but were again forced back by high winds. When we returned, it was generally agreed that we should return home, and so we spent the night hopping from

one service station to another down the M6 and M5.

In the Spring, very little rock-climbing was done, the major climbing activity being the taking of a party of beginners to Wintour's Leap on the penultimate Sunday of the term. Offa's Dyke Path was continued, and the route of the planned charity walk was checked by map runs on Mondays and Wednesdays. Also, on the Mondays of the last half of the term, the climbing group learnt how to ski on an artificial mat at Dudley.

We went twice more to Snowdonia. The first occasion was at half-term, where we learnt how to build an igloo, before doing a snow and ice climb in Cwm Gias, coming down the same path as the ill-fated scouts used the next day, at night! The final two days were spent in frustrated attempts to find good conditions for snow and ice climbing.

Two weeks later we went up again, camping overnight in the Llanberis Pass. Sunday was spent in practising skiing in Cwm Cywion in mild sunlight and fairly good snow.

B.R.M.

MOUNTAIN SAFETY LECTURE

ON March 21st, Mr. Willson gave a lecture to the greater part of the school on mountain safety. The lecture was aimed at those who were at that time or who might in the future become involved in Rendcomb expeditions, those who might take to the mountains in later life and the responsible citizen whose right it is to be informed about such a matter of life and death, particularly in the light of three separate fatal mountain accidents involving schoolchildren which had occurred during the preceding four months.

Mr. Willson began by presenting his audience with the question of whether or not Mr. Medill was right in allowing Rendcomb climbing to continue. The main justification for this, as he saw it, was that, even if there were no climbing at school, many boys would sooner or later in life be drawn towards the mountains, and it is therefore better for them to be properly equipped and trained physically, psychologically and technically to understand and meet the dangers, rather than have to learn the hard way, perhaps too late. He divided mountain victims into three types: those succumbing to a combination of exhaustion and severe weather, those falling and injuring themselves, and those hit by things falling on them. He then talked about these cases, giving advice on avoidance of avalanche-prone areas in dangerous conditions, and a thorough covering of the causes of exposure accidents. Here he was aided by Mr. Swaine, who delivered a brief synopsis of the biological effects of temperature change on the human body. Mr. Willson outlined the precautions, in the way of clothing, equipment and fitness training necessary to cope with the hazard of severe weather. He then took for his subject the avoidance of falls in winter conditions, having as exhibits an ice-axe, crampons, rope and abseiler. After a brief summary, questions were invited.

J.S.

IRELAND 1971

Julian Campbell (Form III)

He opened the door.
Fighting the sharp catch,
Stepped into the new morning.
An ecstasy of clearly defined diamonds
Sparkled from the white vegetation;
The cold air surged, biting
Deep down in his body.
His stiff boots rubbed his feet,
The ice cracked in submission,
Like powdered glass.
His coat was cold, he pulled it
Tight around him.
Like a breaking pane of glass,
Peace was shattered.
The man dropped,
A coat falling from a rack.
Like wind and rain
Coming in through the broken pane,
People ran towards the limp body
And the trickle of blood.
A smoking rifle lay at the base of a tree.
A mile away ran
A man, full of a happy devil.

AT THE HAIRDRESSER'S

Michael Findlay (Form V)

THE summer holidays end abruptly with visits to school outfitters, shoe shops and the inevitable barber.

That particular summer, my hair had grown for seventeen weeks and was beginning to become respectable from my own point of view, and embarrassing from my parents'! I finally agreed to being 'trimmed' and one day during the latter part of my final week of freedom I was taken to Cheltenham, feeling like an old horse on its final journey—to the knacker's yard. I was fed the customary propaganda, such as, "They always do it nicely at Cav. House," and, "It's time it was shaped properly." I was oblivious to all these

homely remarks at such a time, and remained silent in the back of the car with a sullen frown of self-pity engrained on what could still be seen of my face.

On arrival in Cheltenham, my impending doom seemed all the more vivid and I stamped along The Promenade feeling my hair blowing freely in the warm breeze. Cavendish House seemed even stuffier than usual and the escalators seemed to escalate far too swiftly. Eventually I was in the salon with the buzz of razors and click of scissors deafening me. I watched with horror as a man was shorn by the barber I had booked.

"If it's bad," I thought, "I shall kill myself. I shall become a monk and never speak again."

The barber had finished with his first victim and was grinning inanely at me.

"He was first," I said desperately, pointing at someone sitting beside me.

"No," he assured me, "You booked. You're next." I sat in his chair and stared at his diploma, expecting to see the name 'Sweeney Todd' scrawled on the dotted line, in blood.

"Just a trim, sir?"

I nodded. Barbers have a remarkable knack of starting with a trim and ending with a 'short back-and-sides.' Ignoring my fear during this traumatic experience, the barber chattered on aimlessly.

"What I like about this job is that you can look around the room while you work."

My hands sweated, my neck itched, and my hair floated helplessly down onto the floor.

"A wig," I thought. "That's the answer."

I looked at a price-list for wigs on the wall and decided against it.

"All finished, sir."

I looked up and saw my face again.

"Thank you," I grunted.

I paid and left.

"I shall become a dustman," I mused.

"A hairy dustman."

EARLY MEMORIES

Phillip Lamphee (Form IV)

The alarm rang.
Out into snow and lashing rain we ran;
We hunched up under heavy coats.
Shuffled through the crisp and gleaming
Fallen leaves,
Flooding the narrow pathway through the
 churchyard;

Under the resolute chestnuts,
Standing tall,
Spurring the nipping, acrid autumn winds.
We hurried

Into the clammy darkness of the sunken lanes,
Out of the screaming light of the town.
Down we trudged, squelching through the
Freezing puddles;
The clinging mud grabbed at our staggering
leg

The slippery stones

Tore wildly

At our scrabbling feet.

Up an icy bank.

We rushed across the frosted glassy grass,
Skidding as the frozen tufts tripped us; Our
boots crunched into the tough and icy

paths.

Clambering

Over a rugged concrete wall, which scratched

and

Grazed our knees,

We charged

On past the welcoming lights.

At last

We reached our aim.

Home.

Home from school.

THOUGHTS

Jonathan Fletcher (Form IV)

WHAT a silly place to go. Any river with even a small amount of sense would turn round at such a thickly woven clump of bushes. It meant a large detour up a steep hill, the top of which was screened by the thicket of thorns. I wheeled right and started up the slope. It hadn't been much of a useful afternoon; I had intended to get away from life, and my parents in particular, and go somewhere to think. I had no plan as to what to think about — just think. I had started to think, but had given it up when I came to the conclusion that my parents weren't really as bad as it seemed; it was my fault.

Then I noticed the pill-box, relic of the war, memorial of the un-attempted invasion. The cast-iron door opened stiffly and I scrambled in. I was not, however, the first person to reach it. The floor was inches deep in cigarette packets, newspapers, wrappers and all the usual junk of a secluded spot in the country. But the slits in the wall and the concrete-pillar seats provided ample scope for vivid imagination. A column of German troops marching awkwardly down the other side of the valley. The Panzers on either flank. Stukas howling onto the town over the far hill; and two of us here, between the Jerries and death. Rat-tat-tat-rat-tat-rat-rat-tat. Down went the front rank. I turned round to get more ammunition and my hand was licked as if with soggy sandpaper. A cow had joined the army!

Having deserted, I carried on along the river towards the road. I decided it was time to do a little more philosophising. Hundreds of people flashing past yet I was alone, to all intents and purposes, with no means of communication to those humans. Like being a millionaire in a desert, I mused. Useless; pointless; hopeless.

Still, I couldn't live without those people, useless as they seemed, and it was also time to eat. So I hurried back along the road to my bike, not far from the thorn bush, and joined the noisy throng in the race for survival.

THE UPPER-CLASS WOMAN

Jonathan Dixon (Form IV)

THE woman wore too much make-up. Her lizard eyes had lids like waves, they were so greeny-blue. Her lips were vivid orange and the wrong shape. While she talked, she waved her plump hands idly, as if the vast array of rings she wore were an intolerable burden. I wondered why she didn't take them off. She talked on, incessantly waving, as if she were signalling to someone. I felt my eyelids drooping. Suddenly, I was snatched back to reality by an interrogative tone in her voice. She had asked me a question!

"Er pardon?" I stammered, conscious of her eyes regarding me as if I had some vile disease.

"I asked you," she said coldly, "what you are doing at school?"

"Oh ... er, well. . . I . . . um . . . nothing special."

She regarded me with horror, then in a patronising voice said kindly, "Well, I do not expect you can help it, going to a modern school." She laid great emphasis on the 'modern' and I began to feel uncomfortable. I hoped it wasn't going to show in a blush, but, sure enough, I felt my colour rise and the hairs at the back of my neck prickled.

"When I was at school, we worked very hard." That was a lie, she probably had a governess, and had never been to school with *common* people. "But then, I went to a proper school..."

"Oh, but... er ... I go to a proper school too," I interrupted.

"I," she said in a frightful voice, "was taught never, under any circumstances, to interrupt my bet ... elders." She had meant to say 'betters,' but had thought better of it at the last moment. I began to feel depressed. Why, oh why, did my parents have to drag me along to these posh parties, where I was so out of place?

The woman had gone. For that I was extremely grateful. I was rescued from my corner ten minutes later by my parents. I was still clutching a sherry. I put it down, feeling vaguely nauseated.

In the car my mother said, "Well, wasn't it worth going to see Mrs. Baker?" I didn't answer. I was still seeing the frown of contempt on the plump woman's face, and her hand, arrayed with rings, idly waving, reflecting the light from the crystal chandelier.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN

Dennis Jenner

I-Ching raps on the door of my mind: it opens, and I enter the real world of my subconscious.

I see and I touch the fantasies of my youth with efficacious faith:

the country house with stereo in the parlour, the invincible force and the immovable object, the rich old eccentric who bequeaths to me; and to crown it all—the elixir tree.

Is this all—what the dark side of the moon?

The grave doth gape—but this one is not empty....

I pass where angels fear to tread through the charnel-houses of my mind

and the pollution of the Lethe.

And ever on with frozen tread to the doorway back to madness:

But it is not there ... all is despair in the real unreal,

CRUCIFIED

Martin Griffiths (Form III)

What is the pluperfect of *sum*?
I fade away into an ancient time.
Far away in the depths of my mind,
I find myself seated on an ass.
It walks in a stately way.
And people throw palms at me.

I wake again, As the master shouts,
I said, boy, what is the pluperfect of *sum*?
I mutter an apology,
And give him what he asks.

I fade away again into my dream. There are
people all around, I'm in a court,
In the defendant's place.
A man in white robes questions me,
I answer straight away,
Without thinking at all.
I'm led away, down into a cell;
And I wake up.

Returning to sleep, I see some Romans,
I see a cross, wooden and large.
The nails force through
My hairy hands,
And I scream aloud in agony.
As the thirst gets greater,
And the blood pours out,
The heart-beat quickens,
And breathing strains.
The storm is come,
The lightning flashes!
And the thunder rolls!
And the bell goes;
And I wake up.

THE COMING OF SPRING AND ... •

Andrew Harris (Form I)

LIKE a boy awakening from a dream, spring creeps
into our world, shining forth its radiance with
splendour. Its breezes refresh the memories of the
forgetful, bringing back memories of romances
once forgotten to minds of the old.

Spring is a time for romances, both old and
young, its blooms blossoming in the sun, buds
springing from green boughs: surely these suggest
romantic scenes of happiness and love.

The streams that were ice in the clutches of
winter turn into transparent blue waters, cascading
over mountainous terrain, or flowing through
valleys rich in flowering daffodils, and budding
branches upon green trees.

The thought of death as coldness overtakes
them rallies them on to fight and conquer. In the
end, victorious, the plants return to their original
blossoming state.

... THE DESOLATION OF WINTER

LIKE a grand army triumphantly conquering
country after country, winter enters the world
stealthily marching through submissive plants,
allowing them to suffer and die. A gleam of sun
serves as a moment of hope to the suffering life but
is soon tranquillised into the misery of submission.

A break in winter's spell of desolation lets life
return to normal for a short period. While rejoicing
at the thought of overcoming winter, the plants
forget winter is never completely beaten. Once
again, the anger of winter has overpowered the gay
plants into bleak solitude; hungry and forlorn, the
plants are driven into nakedness.

A WILD SCENE

Stephen Hawkins (Form I)

I can't remember its name or even where it is, but it is there, forward in my mind, nameless, locationless, its barren rock, towering pinnacles of the sea's tyrannical temples, hidden beneath in the shape of caves, myriads of them with their walls resounding with the sea-god's gentle approaches.

It is arrived at through a leafy glade which in the day looks like a fine woven tapestry and at night like a ghost's grey, shadowed army of sentries with fixed bayonets.

As you approach the little rock wall over which you have to climb to enter this city of cold, blue, reclining Buddhas and pagan ceremonies, you may have hoped, from the sounding of the lyrical sea, that you would come upon a golden stretch of precious tiara.

But hopes would be rudely shattered as you entered the citadel over the wall. There is a crude path, hardly even a worn, well-trodden track, an almost vertical, slimy turquoise way which takes you down to the bottom.

This gargantuan, awe-inspiring, stern-looking cove, monument of the silver-sheened neighbour, the moon, and her marvellous effects on the sea and tide, looks unkindly around.

When the bottom has been attained, you can take stock of your situation. This tarnished jewel beside an off-silver sea is built in a rough semi-circle. From left to right, in the cove, there are caves hidden and open and on the extreme right is a little point that sticks a podgy thumb out into the sea.

Let us take a visit on a stormy night. Night of any sort is bad enough beside the sea, but a stormy night really has to be seen to be believed.

As soon as the first clap of thunder is heard the more timid permanent inhabitants of this Eastern paradise is an English setting scurry under an outlying boulder. Don't

think that this wild extravaganza of the orient is entirely uninhabited. There are limpets and barnacles, crabs and mussels, all going in their own way to safety.

By the time the lightning has first appeared and the storm has tightened its hold around the darkening bay, with its shivering fingers, even the stout-hearted lobsters scurry into the sea to avoid this other unusual water that pours from heavenly buckets onto an unsuspecting world and horrified bay.

The wind is up, the dark reflections of the cliff's many towers fall onto the water. The moon is obscured, the rocks are momentarily aflame, the pebbles are shimmering, gleaming and then 'dying' for a few minutes and the sea is thrashing the coast, letting it know who is the master.

The earth and our little cove have just survived the ravage from the elements and as the wind falls, the stem, tall cliffs pause for a moment and maybe give an emotional sigh of relief as life comes back to normal again.

THE CHOIRBOY

Timothy Hoskin (Form III)

Little Martin Woodstock, the nephew of the
vicar,
Deputy head choirboy at St. Matthew's,
Edinburgh Square.
He sits in the pew with his Eton-style collar.
The cleanest and best-kept boy of all
With his grey Sunday suit, and his blue Sunday
Tie,
His little red cassock, and his blue
Off-balanced cap.
Ruthless "Plunger" Martin, leader of a tribe.
On the north end of the Island by the Platform.
Dancing in a frenzy, shouting, screaming,
cursing.
Painted brown, black, and red, with human
Blood.
With skin-scraped knees, and a blood-stained
Spear,
His grease-sodden hair, and his red, sore feet.

THE AD-MAN'S CREED

Stephen Hicks (Form III)

I believe I can sell anything,
Anywhere, any time, to anyone.
I believe that with a few words
I can sell the Empire State Building.
I believe I could make anyone
Pay something ludicrous for anything.
I believe the nation is such a sucker,
I could sell the moon twice over.
I believe words are the key to
Everyone's dream of a fortune.
I believe I can sell size five shoes
To a mug with size three feet.
I believe I can sell long-sighted
Glasses to short-sighted eyes.
I believe in cheating and fraud,
And I can sell anything
so THERE!

END OF THE ERA

Nigel Bradbury (Form IV)

THE desert stretched out to a hill-less horizon.
There was the occasional dune of dust that made
it seem like a real desert, but this barren plain told
of the anguish of man's suicidal sadism. This was
not ordinary sand—it was a sterile dust, deposited
out of the white-hot vapours of atomic
explosions. The dunes marked where once stood
the marvels of man's imagination; now razed
down to tiny stumps of condensed metal.
Overheard a watery blur marked where the sun
was, as it vainly tried to force its rays through a
saturated gaseous solution of radio-active dust
once called air. This decrepit scene covered the
majority of a distorted land-mass which used to
be called North America. To the south lay a more
recognisable southern continent, on which grew a
few patches of moss where the dust was damp
enough. The sea was covered in a black slime—
the semi-decomposed remnants of a once
unlimited mass of life which had rotted until even
the bacteria in it died. In the sky huge flashes of
lightning occurred as radioactive isotopes of
cobalt and uranium gradually changed back into
harmless lead. Every day a new island was born
as volcanoes spewed up the remnants of those
civilizations which had been drowned during the
upheavals. In the colder polar regions huge
glaciers of melted and re-frozen ice marked
where man had continued his wars in the only
habitable parts of the earth. Now these too were
sterile.

Ten miles underground, below the earth's
north magnetic pole, the last insane remains of
mankind were surviving.

During the wars some people had frozen
themselves in neutral animation units, and had
programmed robots to store them in the arctic ice.
When the earth had shifted its axis, however,
many of these deep-freezes had been thawed out
by temperate weathers and the units had faltered.
Some of the occupants had peacefully died, but
others

had been exiled to an eternal suspended animation—never to be woken as the long-term time switches had been destroyed. The last surviving colony of humans had fled into the deepest trenches of the arctic ocean—and when these had been crushed, closed and fused by underwater H-bombs they were left trapped in the bowels of the earth. This had not been entirely the fault of man. He had built machines to wage his wars for him, but you cannot beat a machine. All of mankind had been sent scurrying for shelter as the machines sterilized earth, and then they had wiped themselves out completely.

Now man was a thing of the past. Mutated races fed off the algae in the caverns under the oceans. Man had been turned into a less intelligent and much more brutal form, and within a few years practically all homo- sapiens had been exterminated by this race in the caverns.

A few dozen had fled to the surface; and now the last group of intelligent humans trekked across no-man's land, hoping to cultivate the mosses of the southern continents and retire into some deep crevasse that had been hewn out by nuclear bombs.

The bizarre vehicle crawled across the crystallized terrain. Lead plates provided sufficient damping to the fierce radiations that were emitted from every dust particle in the air. Cosmic rays, too, pounded the shell of mankind as the protective Van Allen belts, which once dampened these deadly thunderbolts, had long since been blasted out of earth's orbit. Spindly legs kept the machine from contacting the ground dust as even the three- foot thick lead could not keep out such strong radiations as would be issued forth from this. At last, after weeks of clumsy travelling, the vehicle reached the southern continent.

The findings were disappointing. Instead of finding some simple ferns which could be mutated and cultivated to give edible varieties the party found dying mosses and lichens. Without such a source of food it looked as

though mankind would have an ignoble end—feeding off a limited food supply on board his would-be vehicle of salvation. However, man was doomed to die less peacefully. His nature told him that his death was to be magnificent—but suicide. The final decision was made as the machine examined an island about five miles off the coast. Little did man know that had he waited and let nature take her proper course the earth would return, in the course of millions of years, to her former beauty. Little did he know that his vicious and small-brained rivals would mature to form a much more peace-loving and successful race than he ever had. When the command was given to set off the chain of reactions which would result in the destruction of this last surviving group a few of the other race watched from ancient derelict cities at the coast. All at once the sea boiled, creation shook and to them Atlantis had sunk.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL

Derek Wiggall

A friend is always around when wealthy
Chances give him purpose to swindle.

A friend is always gone, when not healthy,
And profits dwindle.

A friend always skilfully explains
What they said behind your back.
A friend goes home when it rains;
Then puts you on the rack.

Be careful, my friend, whom you choose
In this elusive world of ours.

For only you will be destined to lose;
Be left to count the hours.

PIRATES

Stephen Hawkins (Form I)

THE very word 'pirates' should conjure up to any person who is capable of the most trivial flight of imagination a picture of gay, swashbuckling, romantic or devilish men interested only in gold, rum and women. I personally can say that although this concept of a pirate is at first appealing, the real story is of wicked men, not caring for anything except themselves and their personal profit in a gory, hot environment.

But if you forget all that the realistic books tell you and go to a cinema to see a celluloid tangle in which the hero invariably survives, few strands of truth can be gleaned from this over-grown. Hollywoodian forest of music adventure and romance. Maybe a visit to 'Old Jamaica' or Trinidad will be enough to destroy some of this pipe-dream. Here the climate is so hot that for an English, French or Spanish settler life would be one big fight against the climate, the insects and the inhospitable natives.

Secondly, look at records from those cities and villages which were unluckily fired and pillaged by the pirates. No one would go out to have their city or village pillaged by anything, but when there were pirates reported lurking around the coast it was just as well to pack up and go, because when pirates attacked, they really attacked.

Some pirates, however, used more subtle means of obtaining what they wanted. One pirate went to the Governor of Gambia pretending to be an envoy and managed to get away with ten thousand silver pieces. These are the only ones with the faintest trace of glamour.

Some pirates just looked gruesome but some really were gruesome. Perhaps one of the nastiest of them all was a woman. She married a pirate captain and once had a whole ship's company shot. The pirates are renowned for their dreadful tortures and victims' deaths.

Pirates were a dreadful lot and should never really have been glamorised but somehow, I don't know what we would have done if those old films had not been there on Sunday afternoons and maybe it is better if this is the idea we remember, not the horrible truth.

EARLY MEMORIES

Jonathan Fletcher (Form IV)

I remember, for a start, my first house,
On Watling Street, before the motorways.
But I don't recall a smelling, growling
Caravan of trucks, except for one red bus,
Turning the corner opposite
One cold October morning.

It just remains, Gibraltarian,
Against the balding trees.
But now which has certainly
Failed to make the standard time requires,
The glass veranda dawdles into focus.
Gateway to the garden, garage, greenhouse.
Its contents? I cannot say at all;

Except the cat.

Great furry monster, dirge for the rats,
Queen of the cats.

She spent her nights
With a saddle-back boar, preening his vermin,
Sharing his straw. But it fades;

And enters now a fence,
Frontier of Shakespeare's county,
And limit of my wanderings.

RELIGIOUS CHANGE

Martin Brown

(1)

Bleak waste—a desolation of matter;
Empty syllables for a meaningless existence.
Shuffling, in chill dampness. Uncomforting,
ragged sleep.

Disease-infected scurrying and scraping—
Silent noises, unnerving nerveless being. Musty
rags; ageing darkness; deathly endlessness...

(2)

Bent in deep pondering, musing at humbleness,
Greatness holds reverently aloof.
Viewing the passing of ages as daily occurrence,
in
Immortality. Stooping to consider sweet nature
As gentle amusement for heavenly boredom.

AFTERMATH

Robert Morris

The darkness in the sky,
A suspension of particles,
Settles on the ground—
unmasking all the evil past.

The trees are autumn-naked,
The land all bare and dry—
a charcoal mattress.
Nothing stirs, there is no life.
The bomb fell a long time ago.

The time passes; days, weeks, or years?
I begin to imagine things,
My mind gets lonely
And then tells me I am dead
the same as everyone else.
At last there is peace.

WELL, ITS LIKE THIS

Kevin Barraclough (Form III)

LITTLE BENNY sauntered into my study, closed the door behind him and stood up, looking at me.

“Good morning, Mr. Law,” he said. I casually returned the compliment.

Benny was now six years old, about four feet tall, and exceptionally awkward. His parents had sent him to me, so that I could explain Christianity to him. I called him over to sit on my knee.

“Now listen, Benny. Your parents have sent you here so that I could tell you about the most important thing in life.”

“If it’s about the birds and the bees. I’ve already learnt it at school,” he answered.

“No, it isn’t about that. I will tell you about it now.

About two thousand years ago, there was a baby born in a stable. This baby was to be called Christ.”

“What, like I’m called Benny?”

“Yes, almost, well, not really, but anyhow; he was born in a stable ...”

“I was born in a hospital.”

“Yes, well, Jesus was born in a stable.”

“Who’s Jesus?”

“Jesus was the one who was going to be called the Christ ... er, like you’re called Benny. However, wise men came to worship him, because they knew he was going to be the wisest man in the world.”

“But my mother says my father is the wisest man in the world, and Jimmy’s parents say that Jimmy’s father is the wisest man in the world.”

“Er, yes, well, er, they aren’t *exactly* the wisest men in the world because Jesus was, and is.”

“You what?”

“Never mind,” I said, shrinking from the idea of explaining to him how Jesus is not dead.

“Then they told me a lie.”

“Well, er, not exactly, because er . . . Well, anyhow, let’s not bother about that.”

“Now you know that there is only one God, and he has only one son, and that is Jesus.” I paused and waited for Benny to interrupt, but he did not, so I continued.

“Now Jesus grew up, and never committed a sin in his blameless life. And while he was growing up, he helped his parents a lot, and they, in return, loved him dearly.”

“My parents don’t love me, because they spank me sometimes and send me to bed.”

“But they only do that because they love you.”

Benny looked very puzzled and I waited for it to sink in. He then slapped me across the face.

“Benny!”

“I only did it because I love you.”

“Oh ye gods,” I cried in despair.

“Mr. Law,” said Benny in a puzzled tone, “you said there was only one God. But you just said, ‘Oh, ye gods,’ and that means that there must be more than one God, and that means you’re lying, and Mummy says I shouldn’t trust anybody who lies.”

“Oh, shut up,” I said, losing my grip on myself.

For the next hour, I read him parts of the New Testament and by the time I had finished he was asleep. I had missed out parts that he would not understand (when Jesus tells his disciples to turn the left cheek when slapped on the right!).

However, I had done what I set out to do, and I think, perhaps, Benny has some idea of what Christianity is about. But, perhaps, I will not open the door of Christianity in Benny’s face, and leave him to the possibilities of getting the wrong ideas about religion, although, somehow, I don’t think Benny will change as a result of my devastating lecture.

EARLY MEMORIES

Jonathan Dixon (Form IV)

I remember my childhood as a dream.
An ever-changing dimension of miracles
Where nothing seems real now.
The tubs of geraniums in the “front,”
A concrete garden littered with flowers
That always seemed dry or dead.
The railway lines not far away,
Their intermingling points stretching on.
On to infinity far away.
Then I recall moving away,
Gone were the soot and noise of the town.
Instead the peace of a small village
And the square miles of garden,
An Eden for climbing and smoking: free,
Free it was, and wild.
The village school with its old, cracked bell
That called me to its tumbling wall,
Where you could watch for earwigs.
I remember watching the building of a house,
A new house, the first new one I had lived in,
The dappling of the leaves on the new brick,
And the sunlight on the windows.
The cows in the field across the fence;
I knew each one like an old friend,
As I did Nelson, the old, one-eyed horse
That lived in perfect unity with Ned,
The grey donkey in the same field.
The years dragged by in a lazy spiral.
I grew, and learnt, and left the village
To go to boarding school to learn some more.
But I know that the village is still there,
And the memories I have of it, and it of me
Cannot be erased by any human hand.
I go to town sometimes and there’s our old
house,
Lived in by someone else. The trains still run
But diesel now, inferior to steam.
In my mind, however, steam trains still clank by
And their soot falls gently . . . burying my
memories.

GREEN

Neil Lumby (Form IV)

Green; it is cool like a gentle breeze,
Like slime and moss, wet and slippery,
Growing and appearing, everywhere.
Gloriously reflected in one’s mind.
Living in palms and seas,
Of far-off lands and dreams,
Rolling against the sandy shores,
Rushing and foaming against the reefs,
Where coloured fish
Dart in and out
The green-gleaming corals.
Seaweeds that sway
Like the mermaid’s hair
Are scattered on a green-tinged
Sandy underworld.

THE REJECT

Paul Rose (Form IV)

NUMBER 71824c rolled slowly along the conveyor belt. His slowly-forming brain registered as new parts slotted into place, and his alloy body grew more and more like the drawing on the wall. The vast hall was almost silent except for the soft purr of an electric motor, and dull thuds as new components were welded into his open chest. He did not question his surroundings; that thought had not entered his head because it had not been put there in the early stages of his life. He passed into a dark place and waited for what he knew would happen. Something would, but he was not certain what. All at once a blue flash seared across his cuboid brow and he lost all sight. Sparks passed through and through him and the conveyor belt underneath him shook. His mentality faded....

The next thing he knew was that there was an empty place on the line, and he was on a private belt with no-one else on it. Joy passed into him via a capacitor and two diodes. He was destined for higher things than the others; maybe even the kingship was vacant! Full of lights, he left the hall, and continued his lonely path along a dim passage; the ceiling was only just above him, and from time to time the walls brushed against his arms. Then the belt stopped, and he was irresistibly pushed onto a small trolley, which began its short journey at once. The question was still not in his head.

Short minutes later, 71824c moved onto a dais. Below him was a great glowing platform with a few mortals on the other side. He was right! He was to be crowned on the gilded floor in front of him, and his electric thoughts moved the trolley forward only a few feet. Annoyance was not in his megawave brain cells, so he slowly stepped forward towards the coronation platform. He put a foot in it, and fell through among a mass of molten metal and energy beams.

Down in the collector basin below the two dustmen grinned at each other.

"That disposal unit is a marvel," said one.

"Aye," answered his colleague, "but I reckon that faulty assembly line is costing United Robots a bundle."

O GOD, IF THERE BE A GOD SAVE MY SOUL, IF I HAVE A SOUL

Gregory Dorey

It has been said

That the solar system is like an onion with
The concentric layers representing the orbits of
the planets and

The sun as the base for the layers. Men
Are sometimes comparable to the solar system, for

Often they know of nothing beyond their
comfortable lives, but

The parallel is still more complicated, for
everyone is like an

Onion at heart, a common

Onion.

The exterior we present to the world is like
The wrinkled brown skin of the onion, very
Different to that inside. When we peel off
The perhaps bluff, probably handsome, possibly
pleasant

Outside, we are left with the layers of the
interior; deceit,

Violent nature, cruelty, vice, the

Filth of man's character, the

Layer of dirt underneath. And

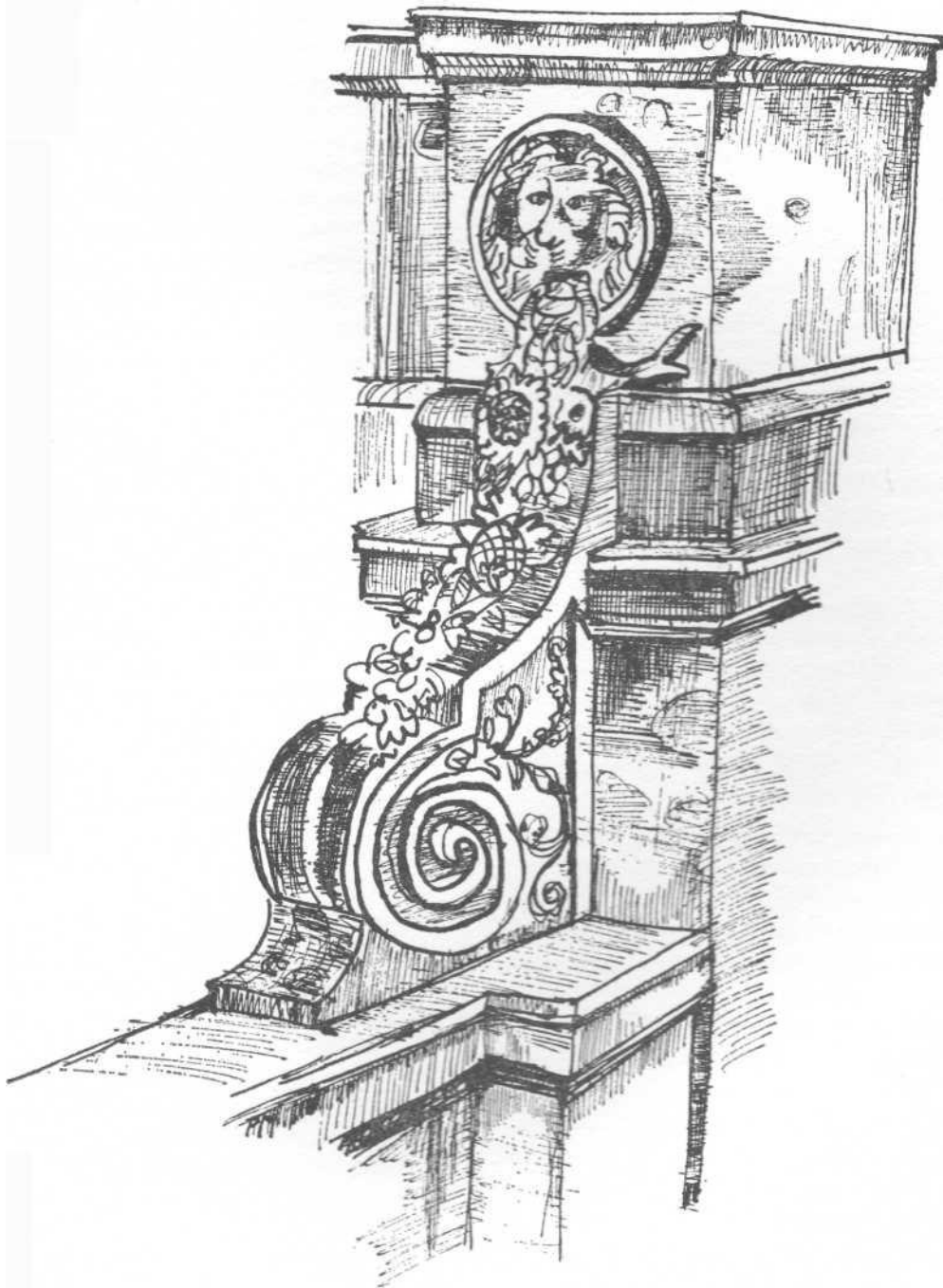
Is it wrong to take the comparison any further?

Is it not true to say that when we tear off our
Outer layers, when

We reveal our true natures, *is* it not then true, to
Say that we cause those nearest us

To cry,

Like an Onion?



THE AUSTRIAN ALPS TRIP

1971

LAST summer, Mr. Willson took a party of three boys, Bruce Mann, Keith Underdown and Antony Pitt to the Austrian Alps. He and Pitt motored down through Belgium and Germany and then walked across the Stubai Alps to meet the other two who had travelled by coach. We returned along a similar route to the van in Sölden, climbing on the way a long rock ridge to the summit of the Wildspitze, one of the highest mountains in the Stubai.

We then returned to the Otztal Alps: from the first hut, a long glacier and snow ridge took us up the Similaun. Next, we climbed the Feneilspitze. The hut to which we descended we found full of Italian soldiers, and so we had to continue to another hut. The following day we went up a glacier for six hours, but because of fatigue and heat we had to turn back, although our aim, the Weisskogel, had been in sight a long time. The last day in that area we went up the Fluchkogel and Kesselwandspitze. It was an interesting day: we had a little of everything—footpath, glacier, rock ridge and snow slope.

Over the next two days we went up to the Breslauer Hut, and climbed the Otztaler Wildspitze—the highest mountain in the Tyrol. Another English party on our route (rather harder than the normal route) was having acclimatisation and technical problems. Consequently, our arrival on the summit was delayed and we were greeted there by a thunderstorm.

The last day, our planned tour already completed, we spent lazily riding in chairlifts before taking Bruce and Keith back to Innsbruck to catch their coach.

Mr. Willson and I returned to the Otztal to try again at the epic mountain on which we failed last year — the Hoher First. A quick look at the proposed route showed it to be nearly impossible, so we climbed the north

face instead. It proved a very interesting climb, being partly on hard snow and partly on ice, with three pitches of rotten rock at the top. We were pleased to reach the cross on the summit. The descent was via a tricky rock ridge and crevassed glacier. The cloud came right down on the glacier and so visibility was limited but we could see spectacular thirty-foot ice walls, and enormous sheer-sided crevasses of interminable depth. Finally, we arrived back at our tent, late in the evening, sixteen hours from our departure in the morning.

We were lucky with the weather all the time. There were a few cloudy days, but on no day were we kept in. We are going again this year with even higher hopes: the north face of the Similaun, one of the most serious ice climbs in the Otztal, for example.

A.P.

SNOWDONIA 1971

ON the last afternoon of the summer term 12 beginners and 3 senior boys left Rendcomb and travelled to Snowdonia. By 6-00 p.m. camp had been pitched in the Ogwen Valley.

The following morning dawned unbelievably clear and the party climbed Tryfan, arriving back in time for lunch. The afternoon was spent introducing junior members of the party to rock climbing. The next day the party walked over Glyder Fach and Glyder Fawr—two of us continuing onto the next in the range, Y Garn—in very hot, clear weather and descended into the Llanberis Pass where we camped for the rest of the stay. The river at this site is larger than the one at Ogwen and when a dam had been built it was possible to bathe and nearly deep enough to swim in. On Wednesday morning the junior boys either lay in the river or visited the village shop while Mr. Willson climbed the “Flying Buttress” with three of us, who were intended to lead the route in the afternoon. However, it was decided that it was too hot to do this, so the afternoon was spent at the camp site.

The next morning the whole party arose at 3 a.m. and left the camp site three-quarters of an hour later to climb the Snowdon Horseshoe. The aim of this ‘Alpine’ start was to complete the route before the temperature rose too high. It was very enjoyable climbing the first mountain, Crib Goch, as the sun rose over the Glyders. We arrived at the Snowdon cafe at 8-45 a.m. and persuaded the proprietor to open early. On the last mountain, Llinvedd, one boy felt sick. So while Mr. Willson stayed with him the rest of the party came back down to the valley. (The sick boy came down later in the afternoon). We arrived back at midday.

On Friday the party climbed the “Flying Buttress” and in the afternoon we had to return. The weather throughout the whole week was truly incredible and rather uncharacteristic of Wales. This helped to make the week such

an enjoyable success and I thank Mr. Willson for taking us.

D.J.B.

FRENCH TRIP, 1971

ON Tuesday, 17th August, the party set off from Rendcomb at 10-40 a.m. After a 41-hour drive, we reached Canterbury where we stopped, got out of the coach, walked to and “did” the Cathedral and, finally, walked back to the coach—all in the space of 40 minutes! We then drove on to Dover where we disgorged into the hotel. After a welcome hot meal, the evening was spent exploring Dover. Returning to the hotel, we went to bed, only to discover the great volume of sound produced when an adjacent hoverport and several flocks of seagulls had a noise-making competition.

The next morning we got up for an early breakfast. A coach took us to the ferry at 11-00 a.m. and, after very little delay, we all got onto the ferry, which left at 12-30. We had a smooth, uneventful crossing. Most people had business at the “Bureau de Change.” There was no seasickness among ourselves and the hour spent crossing passed very quickly. On reaching Calais, we disembarked and were shepherded through Customs and onto our French coach by an employee of the School Travel Sendee.

Everyone having been surprised at the opulence of the coach, we set off on our six-hour coach journey to Rheims. Most people soon adjusted to driving on the ‘wrong’ (or right) side of the road and distraction was provided by the primitive state of French agriculture (such as the horse-drawn plough seen just outside Calais). The most conspicuous difference between French and English countryside was immediately noticeable—there was an almost total lack of hedges between fields.

A short stop at Saint Quentin showed us just how backward sanitation can be. First attempts at spoken French met with varying

success. However, a technique soon evolved whereby repeating a key word several times seemed to produce results. Attempts at coherent grammar were soon abandoned.

The journey was resumed and we soon reached Rheims. After depositing our luggage at the hotel, we had an evening meal—the first of a monotonous series of chicken and chips. The evening was spent examining Rheims by night. A torrential rain storm with violent thunder and lightning enlivened things, scattering cafe tables and chairs and wrenching at awnings. Brief power failures added to the excitement. However, the storm abated in time for us to leave our various shelters and scuttle back to the hotel. More entertainment was provided there with inebriated members of the French soldiery prowling around the roofs.

Next morning, we consumed our first continental breakfast; on the whole, it was fairly well received. The following hour was spent in a general perusal of the shops in Rheims. Many people were surprised at the low cost of fruit, especially peaches. Shortly, the coach picked us up and we drove to the champagne cellars of Pommery and Greno, on the outskirts of Rheims. A guide appeared to take us round and, with us, a French party also; so she found herself having to give a bi-lingual commentary. We were astonished at the size of the underground network of corridors, each named after a famous international city, and their vast capacity. Apparently, fourteen million bottles of champagne were kept in reserve down there, with an input of three million bottles per annum, balanced by an equivalent output. Much to our regret, only the over-21's were allowed to sample the products.

Our next journey was to Rheims Cathedral. This was a very impressive building and there was much of interest to see. After lunch (which many people thought distinctly equine in origin despite assurances of porcity), we began the long journey to Paris. At a short stop at Meaux, en route, we were surprised

to see the familiar sight of a “Co-op” looking strangely out of place in a French provincial town. Later we were to discover that they were as commonplace in France as in England.

From Meaux, it was not far to Paris. In spite of the fact that we arrived there promptly as the rush-hour began, we met no traffic problems and soon we were installed in our hotel — a great improvement on its Rheims counterpart. A recalcitrant lift provided much amusement but generally the stairs were used, being quicker, easier and more reliable. After dinner (chicken and chips) in a roadside restaurant, we split up into small groups to sight-see around Paris. Everyone was impressed by the Metro, which was faster and simpler than the London Underground, if somewhat more austere.

Our first morning in Paris was spent on a coach tour. A friendly, helpful guide directed the coach driver and dexterously manipulated our route so that we saw as much as possible in the limited time available. Much of the time at Notre Dame was spent discussing the notorious hunchback's feats and wondering, not for the last time, at the ubiquity of the American tourist. The free afternoon was spent in breakneck tours of Paris, including two separate parties visiting the Louvre. Many people ascended the Eiffel Tower and were suitably dizzy and awestruck.

After dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne took us all to the Montmartre district of Paris. It was some way off, a half-hour journey even on the Metro. On arrival, we saw the once infamous Moulin Rouge and then walked to the top of the hill to see the Basilica of Sacre-Coeur. By now darkness had fallen and so it was impossible to appreciate the oriental splendour of the exterior. We were, however, able to go inside and everyone who did was struck by the incredibly intense atmosphere of the place, which indeed seemed almost theatrical.

The short time remaining was spent on individual exploration of Montmartre and then we returned to the hotel via the Metro.

Saturday began with a trip to Versailles. After a brief wait outside, we were let in and then had a longer wait in the vestibule while Mr. Holt tried to find us an English-speaking guide. Unfortunately, the best he could unearth was an irascible, sandwich-eating midget who refused point-blank to take round so large a party as ours, evidently preferring to assist a wealthy American family (we noticed him still waiting three hours later). So we had to make do with guide books until able to latch onto a “Grand-Tour” group and look American. In this way several people got free guided tours.

Needless to say, everyone was very impressed by the architectural grandeur of Versailles. There was much to look at in such a huge place, but, as usual, it was very crowded. After examining the chateau, we were introduced to the French “sandwich” (in our packed lunch); this consists of a hunk of French bread, sliced down the middle, plus filling.

The afternoon was spent at Chartres. Here we were able to go round the Cathedral—a most imposing building, in which resided a quantity of enormously rich stained glass and a fragment of the Holy Veil. Also in Chartres, a market was being held. It was interesting to look round this, but there was little temptation to buy anything.

Once back in Paris, we had dinner. Afterwards some people took a rest from the eternal round of sight-seeing and spent the evening in the hotel; while the hardier souls amongst us spent it trudging round the streets of Paris in the rain.

Next morning, we left Paris, going as far as Fontainebleau (en route someone reported seeing the French Concorde). At Fontainebleau, after inspecting the chateau there and also the gardens, the time in hand was spent looking in the local shops, a surprising number of which were open, considering that it was a Sunday. Having consumed another packed lunch (this one was complete with individual can-openers) we drove on to Chambord,

where we had ample time to look round the large, picturesque chateau, before completing our journey to Tours.

Once in Tours, after a brief Benidorm-style scare, we were soon at our destination. It was called the “Hotel du Pont Neuf” and sure enough, just across the road, a bridge, the “Pont Napoleon,” crossed the River Loire. Everybody was well satisfied with this hotel. In general, the rooms and the service were the best encountered so far. After a delicious meal, we were able to make some quick nocturnal tours of Tours. I think everyone was grateful to get to bed that night after a gruelling day’s travelling.

Monday was to have been an entirely free day; in fact, the morning was free and we spent it looking around the shops in Tours, where those people who had not exhausted their pocket-money yet were able to buy souvenirs more cheaply than in Paris. After lunch, the afternoon’s plans had to be rearranged since the chateau at Azay-le-Rideau was closed on Tuesdays, the day of our projected visit. Nevertheless, Mr. Holt managed to arrange for the coach driver to take a voluntary party there on the Monday afternoon. About half the party decided to go and those who did were amply rewarded by an unrushed visit round the charming little chateau. The only thing that marred the tour was the rather weak English spoken by the guide who showed us round. However, he was able to communicate to a greater or lesser extent and what did get through was very interesting.

After dinner in the hotel, everyone was driven to Chenonceaux; at the chateau here nightly “son et lumière” performances were given, the theme of the half-hourly display being the historical evolution of the chateau. The hopes of the more “permissive” members of the party, raised on hearing that the performance was entitled *Au Temps des Dames de Chenonceaux*, were not entirely fulfilled. A loudspeaker commentary (in French) and background music were broadcast and the château itself was the main centre of attraction,

being lit in clever ways by strategically-placed spotlights which also made beautiful use of the reflection effects in the water of the lake in which the chateau stands. "Les earphones" providing an interesting commentary in English were available from the ticket office.

We returned late to the hotel, but were all in bed by midnight.

The next morning was mainly taken up by a visit to Amboise. This was the only chateau we saw which bore any resemblance at all to an English castle. We were given a tour by a guide who spoke slow, clear French and we could follow him with ease, especially since we were provided with notes in English. At Loches, our next port of call, we only had time to see the chateau from the outside. By now, several people were feeling queasy owing to the adverse travel conditions (hot, stuffy coach and narrow, twisting roads). However, the stop at Loches plus travel sickness pills, distributed by Mrs. Thorne, saw us safely back to the hotel.

The afternoon was free, but later Mr. and Mrs. Thorne took a voluntary party of ten to the luxurious Olympic swimming complex on the environs of Tours. In the evening, several people walked as far as Tours Cathedral, illuminated at night, and then sat down on the adjacent lawns, listening to a loudspeaker broadcast of 18th century music and suffering the effects of rising damp. We went to bed fairly early, mindful of the 5 a.m. reveille next morning.

On Wednesday, most people were only semi-conscious as we left, having breakfasted, at 6 a.m. The long journey from Tours to Dieppe, in marvellous weather, was punctuated by stops for an indisposed member of the party. However, we made good time, despite a hold-up at Rouen, and very quickly, it seemed, reached Dieppe by noon.

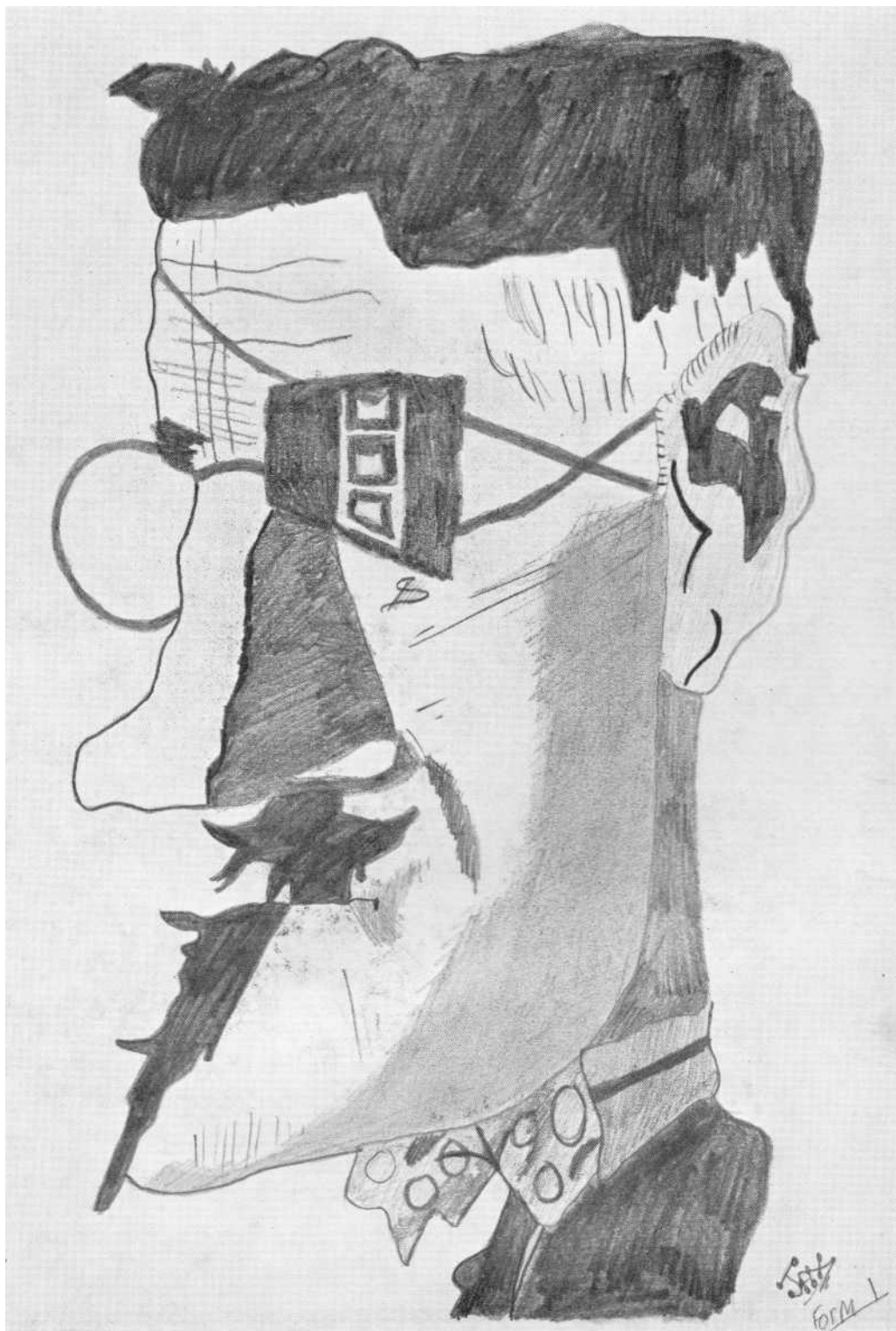
After parting with our luggage, we embarked on the ferry. Once under way, most people visited the duty-free shop on board, but few seemed to go to the Bureau de Change to exchange unspent French money. The calm

three-hour crossing dawdled past and on reaching Newhaven, we had a short delay while our baggage was relocated. Only one person had any trouble with Customs officials and this was settled amicably enough.

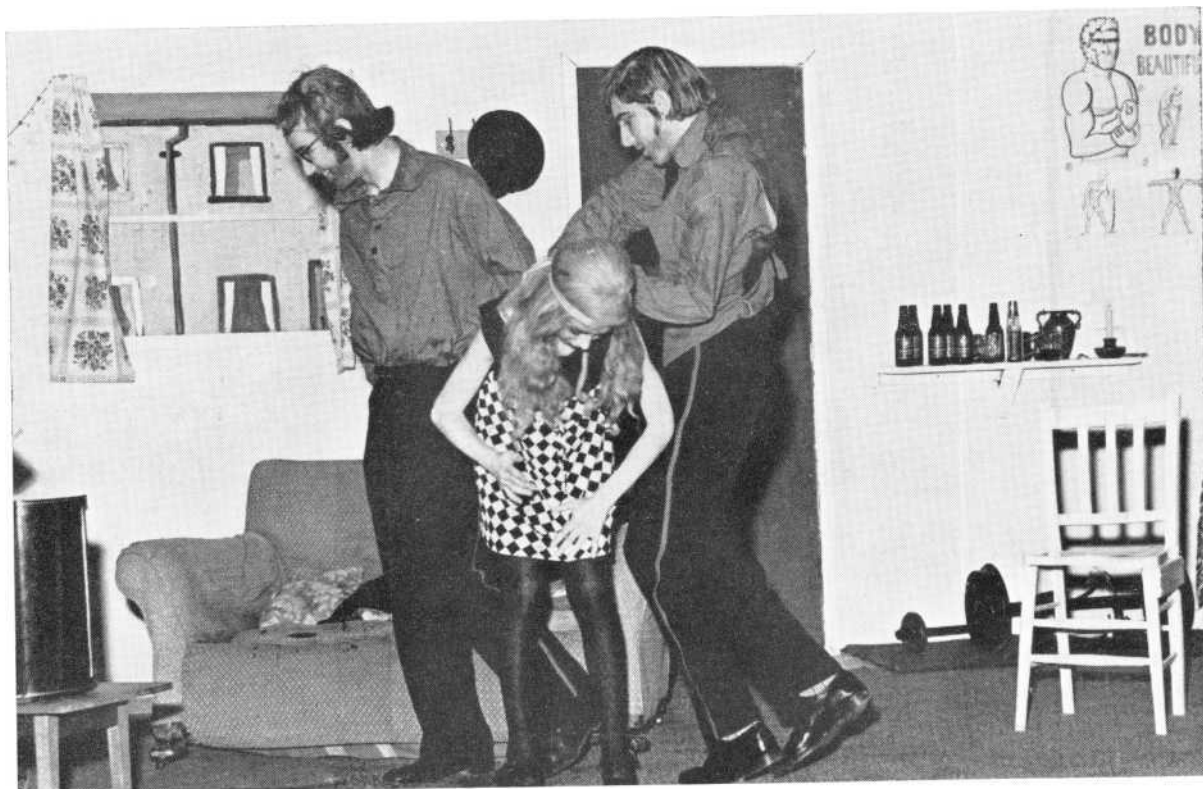
We were met by the same driver who had hurtled us down to Dover. Having settled in the coach we began the journey back to Rendcomb. After short traffic jams in Sussex we only stopped once, for a ten-minute lay-by halt for hot dogs and coffee, and we made good time, the coach eventually reaching Rendcomb at 10-45 p.m. To quote the immortal phrase: "We were tired but happy."

Everyone who went on the trip found it very enjoyable, interesting and a most valuable experience. I would like now to record the gratitude felt by everyone for the painstaking care and consideration of Mr. Holt and Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, which contributed so much towards making the trip the success it was.

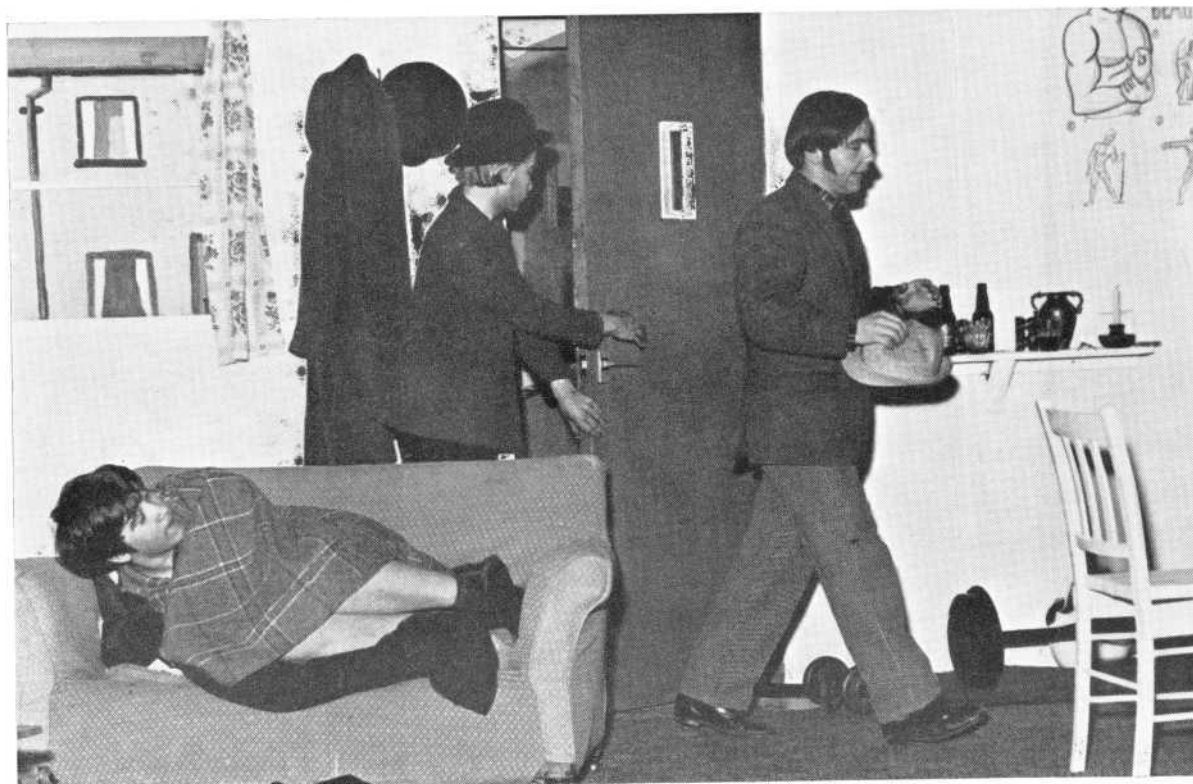
C. P.



..... And this?



"Pillar to Post"



THE LIBRARY, 1920-1972

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY, during its fifty years' existence, has passed through various phases. They may conveniently be marked by the period of rule of successive Master-Librarians in charge. The first master-in-charge of the Library was C. H. C. Osborne, who taught history here from 1920-25. He started with a couple of dozen books and gradually worked up to about 1,250. Mr. Osborne had probably more influence on the school libraries of England than any other man. Just before the last war two separate organisations, The School Library Association and The Library Section of the Library Association, arose. The latter sought to bring as many school libraries as possible under the general control of the public libraries of England. This rivalry was wasteful and Osborne procured the fusion of the two bodies as an independent association. Later he became chairman of the new body to which almost every school of any sort now belongs.

When he left Rendcomb the library here went through a bad period and it next passed, in 1934, under the control of a well-known Rendcomb figure, Robin Wilson, the author of books on the National Gallery and sculpture which are still on the library shelves. He was a man of wide culture who, before he came here, had been a high official in the library service of Ireland. He knew a great deal about libraries and set out to re-organise the library here in the Dewey System—an essential reform. This was a big task and after two years he fell by the wayside leaving the re-organisation incomplete. In 1936 the Headmaster, seeking to clear up the situation, called on J. C. James, who had none of the talent of Mr. Osborne or Mr. Wilson, but who excelled them only in length of office, lasting for 36 years, a sort of persistent George III, though perhaps without his occasional lapses.

The sum available for development during the early part of this everlasting reign was very small, being at one period only £25 a year.

This was particularly serious as much of the History and English Sixth Form work was based on the library. Gifts from parents or friends helped, though extensive "donations" from those who were clearly changing house and wished to get rid of the book accumulations of a life-time could be embarrassing and leave some strange volumes on the shelves.

For many years a popular book (in the hobbies section!) was "A Bachelor Girl's Guide to Etiquette." This was a source of endless delight. It told young ladies how to shake off unwelcome admirers in the street—"a quick, firm step and a cold stare." A particularly graphic section detailed the stock of underclothing required by an Edwardian young lady.

More seriously, however, the library stock gradually grew. In 1936 it stood at about 2,000 but by 1960 it had reached about 6,000; after a savage purge it fell back to about 5,000 in 1972. In the period after the war a good deal was spent on furnishing and fittings. Carpets (costing £600) have contributed to comfort and above all to silence. Curtains costing £150 were presented by Mrs. Sinclair. The Victorian shelving was removed and replaced by new oak shelving round the walls, costing £800. Parker-Knoll chairs (costing £250) were installed. The oak shelving was part of a war memorial. In 1961 the library was completely re-catalogued.

The dominating memory, however, of this long reign in charge of the library is the devoted work of the little group of boy librarians who have, throughout the years, done the job. They have faced the boring termly check—an absolutely essential chore; they have entered books, kept down the size of the missing book list and left the Library tidy at the end of term. During the war when books were hard to get there arose the custom of the termly visit to Cheltenham. In war-time, petrol rationing made the visit quite an adventure, including free-wheeling down Charlton Kings hill to save precious fuel.

Another custom which grew up was the termly librarians' supper and it seems fitting

to end this account by thanking Mrs. James for providing, serving (and washing up) over 100 librarians' suppers.

J.C.J.

CIRENCESTER AND THE CIVIL WAR

CIRENCESTER is probably best known for its role as Corinium—one of the major cities of Roman Britain. This was certainly the most glamorous period in its long history, but there was at least one more episode of excitement before the descent into the status of a sleepy market town.

During the great Civil War of the seventeenth century, Cirencester played an important and exciting role. Indeed it is firmly believed by the locals that the first physical violence of the revolution took place in the town when the king's deputy lieutenant, Lord Chandos, visited the town in August, 1642, to consult with the gentry on the troubled times. After it had got about that Chandos was coming to 'execute the commission of array'—that is arrange for the recruitment of forces for the king—his lordship was greeted by over a thousand 'soldiers' upon his arrival at the Market Place. Having given a written assurance that he did not come to raise troops, Chandos was allowed to spend the night in the King's Head Inn, during which time his coach was hacked to pieces. However, his lordship escaped with the assistance of some of the local 'gentry,' the Berkeleys and the Masters, who were ardent Royalists.

This opposition to the king resulted from a deep-felt resentment of the shoddy treatment which the local clothiers and dyers had received from James I's government. The lack of any help for these people after the plague and the constant interference of Crown Agents bred poverty and hatred. When Charles further attacked the middle-class merchants during his period of absolutism, patience finally ran out, and the townspeople of Cirencester,

in common with those of Gloucester, Stroud and Malmesbury, became a prey to the political and religious propaganda of the Puritans and Parliamentarians.

It was the town's geographical position which made it of importance to both sides. To the parliamentarians it was a valuable outpost on the border of the Royalist South-West and Wales, while to the king it was a dangerous threat to his headquarters at Oxford. Furthermore, Charles wished to stop wool supplies going from Cirencester to Gloucester and instead to divert them into his own coffers. Early in 1643 he described the town as 'the key to Gloucestershire' and determined to take it. Massing about six thousand troops on the hills around Cirencester, Prince Rupert made a vain attempt to frighten the town into submission in January, 1643, but it was only taken after a full-scale assault in February.

The battle to capture Cirencester was a brutal, destructive and violent affair, during which a great deal of structural damage was caused, the comparatively large Barton Farm being completely destroyed. Three hundred townsmen were killed and over one thousand taken prisoner. The treatment of the latter demonstrates that despite claims to the contrary the Geneva Convention outlook on warfare was not followed. After being locked in the Church for two days the prisoners, who included several men of noble birth and the town's vicar, were herded through the snow and mud, chained together, many almost naked, along the road to Oxford where they were imprisoned in the dungeons at Bridewell. It was claimed that in prison they suffered worse cruelties at the hands of the goalkeeper—one Smith—than did the Turkish galley slaves at those of their masters. Whether that was so or not they were 'persuaded' to sign a 'Warning Piece' to the country in which they praised the king for his mercy and blamed those whose propaganda had led them, simple ploughmen as they were, to rise up in arms against their rightful rulers. It would seem fair to suppose that a certain amount of 'pressure' must have been used to obtain these signatures.

Another important, if farcical, incident occurred after the failure of the king to capture Gloucester, a town no bigger than Cirencester at this time. When Essex had broken the siege, he made, by means of a forced night march, for Cirencester where more Royalist troops were based. When he arrived, he surrounded the town and sent an advance party in. However, this party met no opposition at all, the Royalists believing the soldiers to be their own forces returned from Gloucester—that is until they were dragged out of their beds and thrown into the Church. However, Essex could not linger and Cirencester returned to

being an effective Royalist garrison town until the end of the war.

Much of the centre of the town is today much as it was during this war, and it is strange to think of frenzied fighting, murder, arson and cannon fire, together with all the other aspects of an anarchistic and bloody conflict, taking place in the peaceful streets of Cirencester. They certainly did and for a few years this quiet market town was an object of great strategic importance, with a part to play in the shaping of the nation's destiny.

A.J.S.





RUGBY FOOTBALL, 1971

THE success of recent years was continued, perhaps added to, this season. The team won six of its matches and lost only one, a very creditable record. An encouraging sign this term has been the upgrading of two fixtures, against Bloxham and against Cheltenham College, indicative of the improving rugby standards at Rendcomb. Next year, it is hoped that the number of fixtures will be greater, thus increasing the competitiveness of the rugby.

This year's team has been an excellent blend of experience and enthusiasm. Throughout the term the team has played with an obvious enjoyment and this adds tremendously to morale. One failing of the team has, however, been its tendency to lose concentration and determination when things are not going well. Fortunately, "response" to any sort of a stimulus was usually strong and consequently we managed to pull ourselves out of trouble.

In almost every department of our play we have performed very competently, concentrating on eliminating our own mistakes and capitalising on the "enemy's" errors. Yet a very important element of "flair" has usually been present, both in the scrum and in the backs and this has enabled us to develop as a positive team capable of attacking quickly and strongly. In fact, the try-scoring potential of this team is possibly higher than that of any recent team; it has been the defence rather than the attack which has been suspect. Tackling was normally hard and consistent but on more than one occasion tries which should have been prevented were scored against us.

All of the backs were penetrative and elusive runners, often relying on an adventurous full-back to make the overlap. The service they received from the half-backs was always neat and conducive to open play. The scrum did remarkably well in the set pieces considering how often they were outweighed by the opposition, but they really came into their

own in the loose when their drill combined with ferocity to produce a scrum always capable of providing a plentiful supply of ball for the backs.

But I think no-one would argue with the view that our success can be attributed directly to the standards of drill and training instilled by our coach. Rugby seems almost to have been elevated to a science, or perhaps with such codenames for moves as "carrot," "turnip," "pigs" and "shovel," the word should be "cultivated." These pre-arranged moves, along with many others, never failed to disconcert opposing sides.

All in all, the season can only be seen as a tremendously successful and enjoyable one. Injury problems and absentee problems were negotiated with little apparent difficulty and the team impressed and entertained our supporters, valiantly led by the headmaster, throughout the term.

1st XV Match Reports

PLAYED 8, WON 6, DRAWN 1, LOST 1

c. Marlborough College 3rd XV, won 20—4

This match is always very much an "experiment" in team tactics and personnel and this year's was no exception. In very hot, tiring conditions our three-quarters were able to run in four tries because of weak opposition tackling and we cruised to a fairly comfortable victory.

v. Bloxham 1st XV, drawn 16—16

A fine and very exciting match with Bloxham equalising in the last minutes of the game. The whole team played well, with the scrum winning some excellent possession. Unfortunately we paid the penalty for some over-eagerness and conceded several penalties, two of which were converted.

v. Cokethorpe 1st XV, won 17—10

Played in very bad conditions, this game degenerated rather in the second half with much energy being fruitlessly expended in line-outs. We managed, however, to raise our game sufficiently to run in two tries, especially after a penalty try had been awarded against us for obstruction.

v. Cheltenham College 2nd XV, lost 8—16 Our only defeat of the season, this was a great disappointment. After being in the lead 8—3 at half-time, we restarted with a tremendous amount of pressure on the Cheltenham line. Failure to score allowed frustration and stupidity to enter our play and we could not restrict the later Cheltenham revival which brought them two tries.

v. Prince Henry's GS 1st XV, won 23—4

Many of our moves worked in this match (notable was a neat dropped goal by our fly half) and we established a superiority mainly through the excellent spoiling play of our scrum-half who prevented the opposition from making use of their possession around the base of the scrum.

v. Cirencester School 1st XV, won 18—8

Some sustained hard running by our whole back division enabled us to pick up eighteen points in the first half, a lead which seemed unassailable. Playing up the slope after the interval, our weak tackling let in two tries and we were lucky that we did not concede more points.

v. Marling 2nd XV, won 23—9

A very enjoyable and competitive match. We had an 'edge' in most aspects of play which we were able to translate into points. Tackling in this match was good except in one case when they were allowed to score from a line-out. A text book penalty move by us preserved a comfortable lead, which later proved to be a fine victory.

v. Old Rendcombians, won 21—0

In the first half play was very even with both sides threatening to score. We broke through to score and thus take a lead at half-time. After the break we began to outclass the O.R.'s and the backs scored several tries. The last few minutes were rather a scramble with both sides having lost impetus.

J.M.G.

Julian Gray's account of the season printed above makes no mention of his own outstanding contribution, both as captain and as player, to the side's success. He was the principal try-scorer and set up as many tries for others as for himself. He had excellent support from the other three-quarters, Andrew Pearce in the centre and Barling, Fry or Brown on the wing — all fast and brave players. At full-back, Hance had his off-days, but could produce performances of genuine class. The half-backs' supply of the ball was neat and intelligent, Yuvaboon distributing the ball very cleverly and Tyler at scrum-half excelling at disrupting his opposite number and stealing the ball.

At forward, the College team had a strong, hard-working front row from Shield, Jonathan Smith, Parsons and Millard, who had the added advantage of being very quick about the field. Bircher improved rapidly as a fiery second-row player, supported by Russell who was dragged out of retirement to fill the vital gap in the forwards. Donald Pearce promised well for the future in his one game. The greatest strength of the side lay with the back row: Toresen played with spirit on the blind side, while Jordan and Boyd constantly improved in their ability to find the ball, and to break up the opposition's attacks.

I hope that the confidence inspired by this season's results will encourage next year's teams. There is a really formidable fixture list planned for next season, including the First XV's of two fine rugby-playing schools,

Dean Close and King Edward's, Bath. The Second XV list has also been enlarged.

Under the charge of Mr. Jackson, the Second XV quickly became an important factor in College rugby. Like the Under-15 side, however, the Second XV is nearly always at a disadvantage against the teams of larger schools, but both Mr. Jackson and Mr. Burden have been prepared to work to improve losing sides knowing that they provide the essential experience and skills for a successful first team. Similarly, the junior rugby, under Mr. Kelsey, Mr. Jackson again and, of course, the indefatigable Mr. White—who introduces the first year to rugby on such an emphatic note of authority—has shown all the spirit and enthusiasm which is so important for the improvement of future standards.

D.S.J.P.

Under-15 XV

Only three players were left from the previous year and at no time during the term could a regular side be chosen. Despite losing heavily against some strong sides the team always played with spirit but had to rely too often on M. Denley and P. Rose, who show particular promise.

The following played: A. Jenkins, P. Smith, T. Stroud, N. Crowe, M. Denley (capt.), J. Fletcher, D. Knox, N. Lumby, S. Pendell, A. Pritchett, P. Rose, P. Sayers, I. Taylor, M. Wapshott, R. Weston, S. Wormleighton, K. Barraclough, R. Barrett, P. Gready, M. Griffiths, M. Pitt, G. Zygmund.

RESULTS:

- v. Hereford Cathedral, drew 24—24, home
- v. Bloxham, won 14—4, home
- v. Cokethorpe, lost 10—18, away
- v. Cheltenham College 'B', won 9—0, home
- v. Colston's, lost 8—30, away
- v. Marling, lost 4—42, home
- v. Kingham Hill, lost 4—56, away
- v. Cirencester, won 18—4, home

Under-13 XV

Overall a very good season, the only disappointing performance being against Hereford. The most outstanding feature was the way the XV played as a team with plenty of running, passing and backing-up.

- v. Avonhurst, won 28—18
- v. Hereford Cathedral School, lost 20—4
- v. Oakley Hall, lost 12—4
- v. Kingham Hill, won 12—4
- v. Cirencester School, won 32—4

HOCKEY 1972

THIS season, hockey once again suffered from the adverse weather and “asphalt” hockey was greatly strained by the larger number in the school. An additional playing area should be available for next season and will be of enormous value in providing all-weather hockey.

The benefit of this larger number has been felt primarily in junior hockey, where this term an Under-14 XI has been a more coherent unit in the extra game. One or two more fixtures for this XI could now be introduced. There have, too, been more potential 1st XI players, and in consequence the 2nd XI was a more useful team, although their results do not compare with last season’s successes.

Five matches only were played by the 1st XI, in all of which they gave a good account of themselves. Had it not been for the extended period in mid-season without a match, they might well have developed into a very efficient team.

In the forwards A. Pearce and R. Mace were the more dangerous strikers with much improved form. They were very ably supported by J. Tyler, D. Wiggall (whose game steadily improved with experience) and by J. Yuvaboon, whose thrust and skill are only now beginning to tell.

The half-back line of E. Parsons, N. Hance, and R. Roberts combined efficiently in midfield, though under pressure their constructive distribution was sometimes thrown out of gear.

Full backs G. Jordan and D. Pearce, both individually sound players, were sometimes guilty of misunderstanding whilst providing a fairly solid defence.

In goal N. Boyd and, more recently, S. Bushell each played with determination, though both display a tendency to an early commitment in coming out too far too soon.

K. Underdown and S. Robbins also played in the XI. R. Roberts gave energetic encouragement as captain on the field.

1st XI Match Reports

PLAYED 5, WON 1, DRAWN 1, LOST 3

v. Colston’s School, drawn 0—0

The match was played in appalling conditions and was abandoned with seven minutes to go. Both teams were evenly matched and with ball control difficult in cold, gusty sleet, the score was a just result.

v. Marlborough College 2nd XI, lost 0—1

Rendcomb were unlucky not to win this match. The only goal of the match came through a defensive error and was quite against the run of play. Marlborough were constantly under pressure and had we profited from our opportunities; the score could well have been the other way.

v. Dean Close 2nd XI, won 4—2

Played on an excellent surface, after so long, and a fast game ensued. Rendcomb soon established command and were ahead by four goals before over-confidence and positional lapses resulted in two break-away goals.

v. Bloxham, lost 1—3

Playing with a weakened side against a 1st XI opposition instead of last year’s ‘A’ XI, it was soon apparent that we would do well to hold them. We did so until halftime, turning round 1—1, when hampered by minor injuries, Rendcomb faded.

v. Old Rendcombians XI, lost 2—4

An excellent game to complete the season, against a strong O.R. XI. Both sides played fast, precise hockey and only the greater thrust of the O.R. forward line produced the winning margin.

2nd XI Results

PLAYED 3, DRAWN 1, LOST 2

- v. Colston's 2nd XI, lost 1—2
- v. Marlborough 3rd XI, lost 0—2
- v. Bloxham 2nd XI, drawn 1—1

J.R.D.

Under-15 Hockey

The side this year was a fair one, though, compared with the 1971 team, too unstable in defence to give hope for more than average results. In the event, all three matches were lost, although our limited numbers always make this quite possible and at least the final match suggested a significant improvement.

The home match against Colston's was unsatisfactory from almost every angle. It started nearly an hour late, and at about half-time, with the score at 1—1, a freak storm broke over the pitch and made conditions appalling for hockey. Unfortunately we were playing into the teeth of the storm and ultimately capitulated 5—1, though this result was distinctly unlucky in the circumstances.

Next we were trounced 9 -1 at Marlborough, whose Junior Colts had previously defeated Dean Close 9—0 and who proved physically much too powerful and direct for a largely untried and timid defence; probably it would be more sensible to play their Junior Colts 'B' side, who already play a number of matches.

Finally, we lost 3—2 to Bloxham (away), who scored a last-minute winner after we had led 2—1 until halfway through the second half. The other matches were unfortunately cancelled and, indeed, the persistent rain made team-building extremely difficult throughout the term.

However, the team showed some real promise: to mention a few, Denley will make a very useful goalkeeper, Otter and Medhurst were neat wing-halves, and Rose, thrustful and skilful, will be acclimatising himself

in the 1st XI before long, as will the fast-improving T. Longworth in the slightly more distant future. Others, too, progressed well, though much of the skill was, frustratingly, demonstrable only on the asphalt as black clouds scowled over saturated pitches.

My thanks to A. Jenkins for captaining the team.

The eventual team selection was: M. Denley, M. James, P. Gready, A. Otter, A. Jenkins (capt.), A. Medhurst, T. Longworth, T. Stroud M. Pitt, P. Rose, I. Taylor.

Also played: N. Crowe, N. Lumby, P. Walton, W. Buckingham, R. Weston.

J.N.H.

SQUASH REPORT

FOR the first time in the history of Rendcomb, squash matches were played against other schools. After intensive coaching by the Headmaster, quite a reasonable standard was attained so as to enable the team to win three out of their four matches.

In our first match, against King's School, Gloucester, 1st V, the team emerged triumphant by four matches to one; this victory served to boost the confidence and morale of the team to a new high level. The second match —against Cheltenham College 2nd V—was an altogether much closer match with the eventual result of Rendcomb winning by three matches to two. By this time, not unexpectedly, the morale of the team was extremely high and we entered the match against Dean Close 1st V with an undue amount of confidence; nevertheless, once again we emerged triumphant by four matches to one. Our first defeat of the season was in our last match, against Marlborough College Colts, whose extra experience allowed them to dominate and to defeat us rather heavily by five matches to none.

Our appreciation goes to Mr. Medill, for without his enthusiasm, which rubbed off onto the team, a less spectacular set of results might have been recorded in our first season.

Those who played were:—

B. Smith (capt.), M. Bircher, G. Jordan,
A. Lyons, A. Pearce, D. Pearce, J. Whiteside, T. Longworth.

B.S.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING REPORT

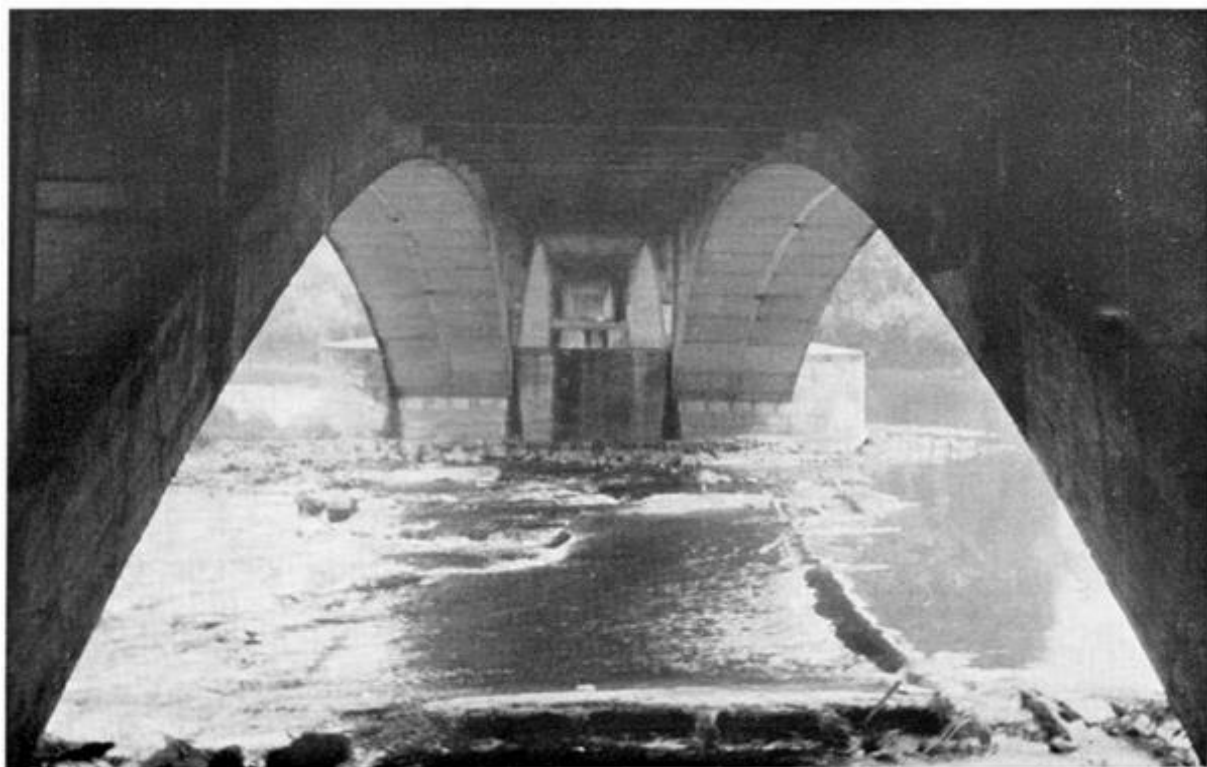
THE Rendcombian running team was revived in the Spring Term with a small but dedicated band of enthusiasts. The team ran twice in the North Gloucestershire Schools Cross-country League, but the team came last on both occasions, although only just, largely because many of our better runners were involved in hockey fixtures. However, individuals of the team, notably Dennis Jenner, Martin Bircher, Bob Morris and Bruce Mann, put up good times in the face of stiff opposition. The team this term was captained by Dennis Jenner; and Martin Bircher, Bob Morris, Nigel Ball, Brian Robertson, Antony Pitt, Bruce Mann and Angus Robertson ran for the team.

In passing, the "Round the Labs." relay-race should be mentioned, in which Martin Bircher set up a new course record. The event was organised by the running captain and the large turnout of over 50 demonstrates the enthusiasm that exists within the school for shorter distance races.

B.G.J.



Gaston at Amboise



The Bridge over the Loire at Tours



Spring Term Symbol

JUDO REPORT

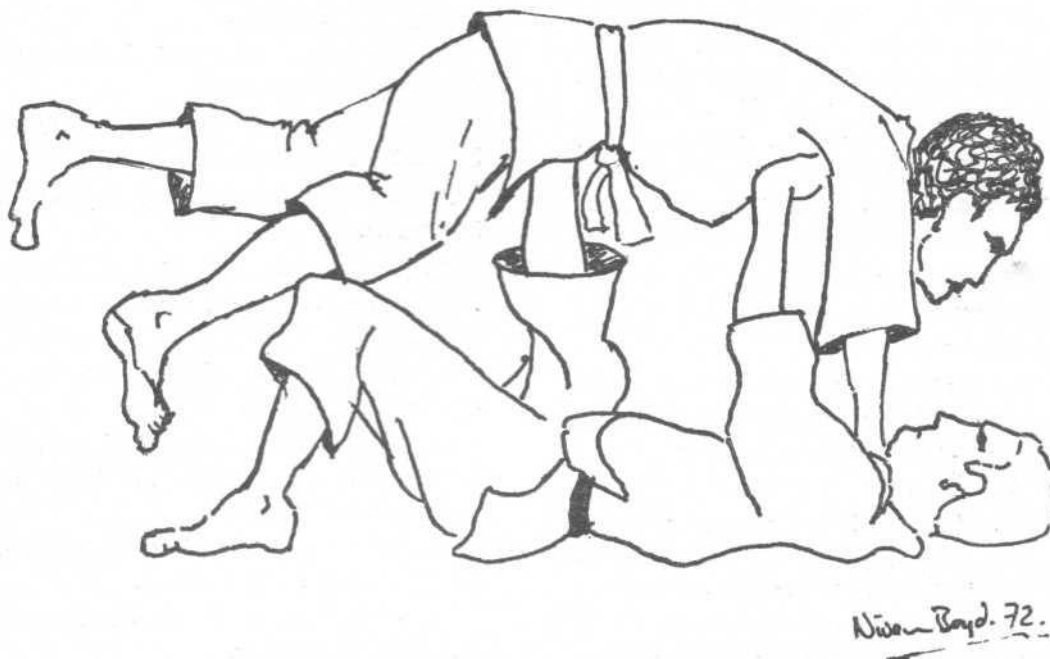
THERE has been judo at Rendcomb for nearly three years now. Although some members of the club have fallen by the way we now have twenty-six boys taking part. Boys are allowed to start when they reach Form III or above. The newcomers are taught by Mr. Thorne, who used to organise a club at his previous school, while the boys who have been doing judo for more than a year, or who have reached sufficient standard, are taught in the senior group by Mr. Davis, 1st Dan.

The fourteen junior boys are taught the fundamentals of judo, both in *randori* (contest) and in theory. So far they have learnt four throws. By the end of the year, under Mr. Thorne's instruction, the boys will have a reasonable grounding for learning the more sophisticated and specialised work we do in the senior group. These juniors are taking their first grading on the third Sunday of next term and we hope they will obtain 4th, 5th, 6th or even 7th Mons (junior grades).

The senior group has had two gradings in the last two terms. At the first grading, at Cheltenham, in November, the following were promoted: J. Tyler, green to blue (upper); J. Millard, orange to green; A. Pearce, orange to green (upper); Denley, novice to orange (upper); D. Pearce, novice to yellow; Rose, novice to yellow; Reason, novice to yellow.

The second grading took place at the end of the spring term, at Cheltenham. Against apparently stronger opposition the following were promoted: J. Millard, green to blue (lower); Rose, yellow to orange (upper); D. Pearce, yellow to orange (lower); Reason, yellow to orange (lower); Knox, 7th to 9th Mon; Lamphee, 7th to 9th Mon; P. Millard, 6th to 7th Mon. Unfortunately, the other member of the class, N. Boyd (green upper), could not take part in the last grading due to an injury.

J.M.T.



OLD RENDCOMBIAN NOTES

OLDER members of the College will learn with regret of the death during the winter of Mr. Sidney Shimmin who was in charge of our music during the 1930's. His wife, Peggy, who also took part in some of our musical activities, died about 18 months ago.

Our congratulations to:—

Robert Bolton-King and his wife on the birth of a son.

Alec Richards and his wife, also on the birth of a son.

Fraser Glennie on his marriage on November 6th, 1971.

Geoffrey Smith on his marriage to Miss Judith Fell on January 1st, 1972; this was a genuine Rendcomb occasion with the wedding in Rendcomb Church, followed by a reception in the College.

The Annual General Meeting and London Dinner of the O.R. Society on Saturday, October 16th, produced a disappointingly small gathering. At this meeting Mr. J. C. James was elected President of the Society and the new headmaster, Mr. R. M. A. Medill, was welcomed to his first O.R. function. Subscription rates to the Society were fixed at 25p annually or £4 for life membership. Members present were: M. Ashe-Jones, M. Petter, J. Muirhead, M. Thompson, A. Magor, J. Alder, R. Wood, D. Hogarth, C. Brisley, J. North, R. Medill, J. James and Mrs. James.

Geoffrey Bye has now moved to Connecticut after 10 years in Venezuela. He is still with the Shell Oil Company.

Nicholas Dakin is attached to New College, Oxford, to study for his Diploma in Education and has been appointed English Master at Wrekin College.

David Henshaw is a Lecturer at Bishop Lonsdale College, Derby, and is studying the philosophy of dance at the London Institute of Education. He has appeared on TV in *The Canterbury Tales* and *The First Churchills*,

Mark Collins, now at Wadham College, Oxford, is hoping to take part in the Oxford University Primate Expedition 1972 to Borneo.

Paul Chanin is attached to Exeter University and is studying the biology of feral mink on Dartmoor.

Michael Dawson has now qualified as a doctor and is working at the Westminster Hospital.

Paul Heppleston is doing research on seal biology and is based at Lowestoft.

News of more recent departures:—

Alan Lamb—Bristol University reading Mathematics.

Roland Clarke—continuing his studies in Canada.

Julian Gray—Trinity College, Oxford, in October to read English.

John Hindle—Leeds University reading Chemistry.

Hartley Moore—West Bridgeford College of Technology.

Ian Niel—working with Bristol Corporation.

Richard Rolt—North Gloucestershire College of Technology.

Anthony Rose—Liverpool University in October to read Medicine.

Andrew Stafford—Trinity College, Oxford, in October to read History.

Nicholas Thomas—Bristol University reading Drama.

Andrew Thompson—A.E.I. Manchester and Birmingham University; sandwich course in Engineering.

David Williams—Articled to a firm of chartered accountants.

Christopher Wood—Exeter College, Oxford, in October to read Chemistry; now with I.C.I. Pharmaceuticals.

William Nesham—Enfield College of Technology reading Social Sciences.

Roger Laycock — North Gloucestershire College of Technology.

Trevor Patrick—training as Radio Technician at G.C.H.Q., Cheltenham.

Mark Fisher—University of Southampton School of Navigation.

The Careers Master, Mr. R. Kelsey, would welcome any information about opportunities for school leavers; he would be especially interested if any O.R. would be prepared to

discuss careers in his own particular field with a group of senior boys.

May I thank all O.R.s who have supplied information for these notes. We are still very dependent on second-hand information, so please let us know more of your own doings; we are interested.

J.B.F.

