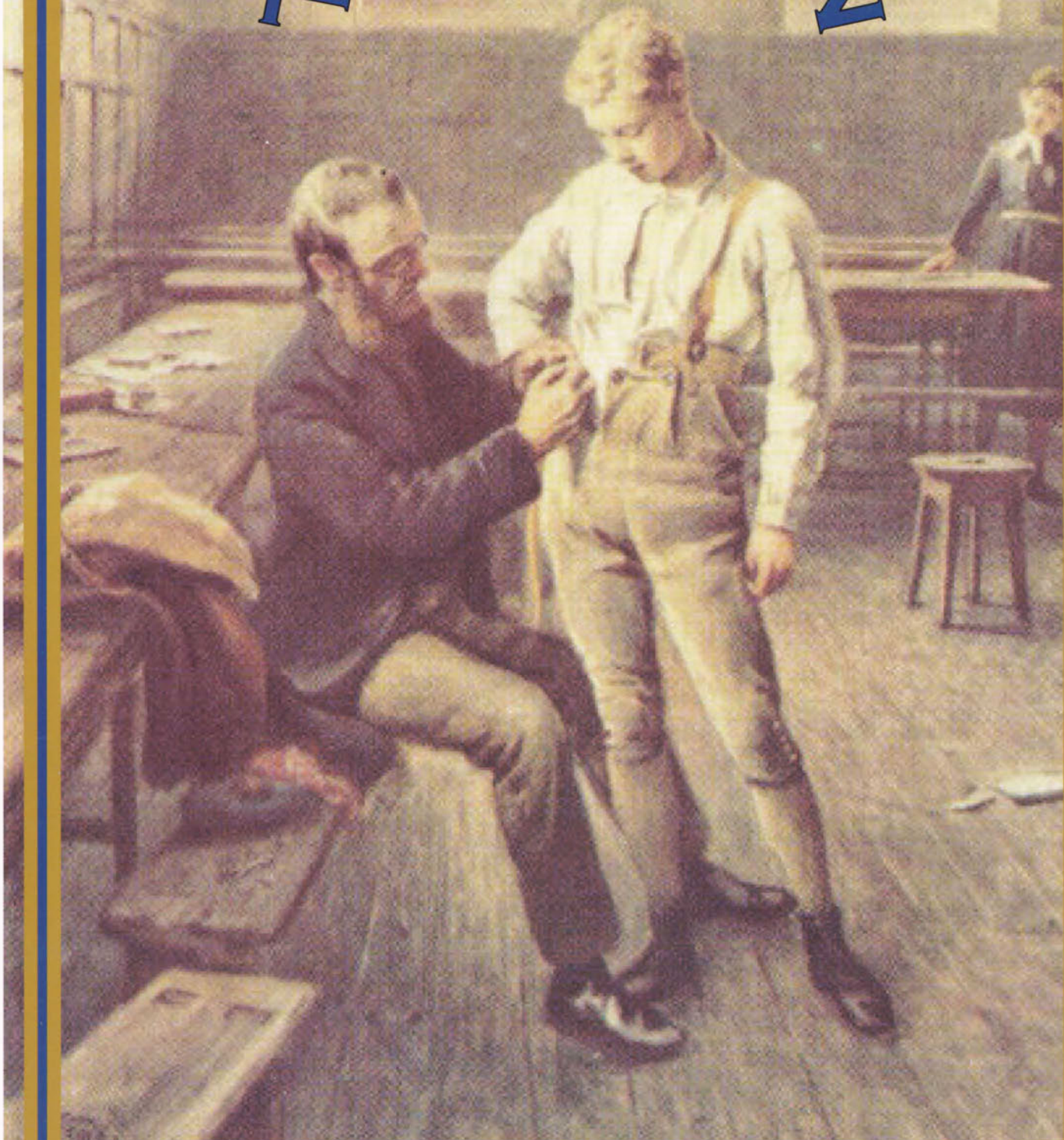


THE RICHIANZ 2007



SPORTS DAY 2007



Apologies for the very late arrival of 'Richian 2007'.
These circumstances have been brought about by a heavy work load. Sincere apologies to all.



The school magazine has seen many changes of style and format since the first issue of *The Plutonian* in 1909 (Pluto was the Greek god of "rich(e)s"). The *Richian* this year has been compiled largely by students. Some of our Lower Sixth were brave enough to volunteer that they would present articles relating to the work of the school's departments, or write up particular activities. There have also been contributions from some former students, and, as usual, from Old Richians. The final result has been collated by Mr Pickard and Mrs Austin, who are grateful for all contributions received, and who look forward to working with a new group of students on the next *Richian*.

The *Richian* is a 'snapshot' of a year in the life of the school. We don't highlight the mundane routine, or the things that do (occasionally) go wrong – and that's as it should be. We choose here to celebrate the remarkably wide range of activities which 'add value' to the school, and reflect well on the achievements of students, past and present. My thanks to the editors, who have shown that Sir Thomas Rich's legacy continues to provide a wealth of experience for our students. Long may that continue.

Garde ta Foy.



1666

President's Report 2007

This report really covers two years of my Presidency as, because of the death of David Hook at a critical time in the Association's calendar, details and news of former members of the School and other events were rather lost in the ether.

I have been honoured to follow in the footsteps of two of my former colleagues, John Lewis and Robby Robinson, with whom I played in both the Rugby and Cricket teams at school. In referring to these gentlemen and our particular era reminds me that I "walked down memory lane" in reading a lesson at the Carol Service in St. John's Church last Christmas. Fortunately on this occasion, however, I did not have to walk, in all weathers, from the school in Barton Street!

The Association is in good order but would be even better if greater support was forthcoming for the various functions arranged for members. Having said that, those of us who reside in distant parts of the UK. do have regrets in not being able to lend greater support to those events. I know that there are many former pupils who live in the Gloucester area who have lost contact over the years. If you know of someone, please try to persuade them to join the Association – or even just to come to the Annual Dinner!

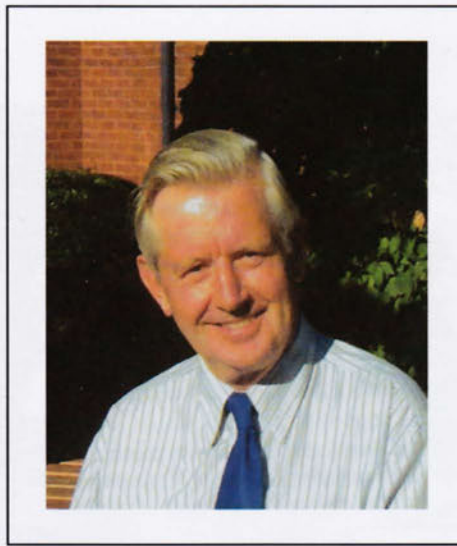
A changed format for the Annual Dinner was received with considerable enthusiasm by those present and it is hoped that next year the event will gain even greater support. There were two speakers on that occasion. Alan Pilbeam, had almost been part of the fabric of the School since 1962, and it was fitting that the Association presented him with a silver salver in recognition of his dedication to it. Jeremy Lai Hung left Rich's in 1997 and is now on the staff at Dartmouth Royal Naval College.

During the past year the Committee has been revitalised mainly by the efforts of our Treasurer, Andrew Bishop, who has spent many, many hours persuading and cajoling others in order to ensure that the Association did not fail in its objectives. Your new committee will be working very hard to encourage "Old Boys" to take part in functions which are arranged and to keep the Association website up-to-date. It is hoped that you all will assist by passing on any information which you may have from past times, photographs included, which will be of interest to other former members of the School.

I now pass the baton to my successor, Alan Pilbeam, who I know will take over with all of the enthusiasm which he has shown over so many years, and wish him all success in his tenure!

Garde Ta Foy

Brian (Bill) Hughes.



FORTY PLUS YEARS ON

There were no interactive white boards, no computers, no DVD's in those days.

Didactic teaching using chalk and blackboards and hard-back textbooks without coloured illustrations, was the procedure in most classrooms. Boys sat in rows of desks; for fifth formers (Year 11) the seats of the desks swivelled so they could sit more easily. Numbers of boys in a class could be as large as 35, and masters wearing gowns taught from low raised platforms. There were no girls in the school and only one part-time female teacher. A sharp 'clip round the ears' encouraged concentration and the cane was used from time to time.

Yet despite the formality and apparent rigidity there was great freedom and scope for initiative both inside and outside the classroom. There was no national curriculum to follow, and as the syllabus for each subject was brief, there was little more than past examination papers to guide in planning a programme of lessons. Staff were able to devise their own courses and to work without the constraints of such frequent examinations as we have today. They could take time to follow the interests of their classes - digression was popular! Some woodwork classes even found time to construct the bowls green.

There were few available Saturday jobs and senior games fixtures took place on Saturday afternoons. The rugby teams travelled in ancient and rather unreliable coaches on long journeys - to Pontypool, Brecon, Bath, Bristol and beyond. Because there was a full time grounds man, the cricket square was maintained to a standard high enough for county fixtures, and there were highly successful rowing and tennis clubs. The presentation of trophies in assembly was the norm for a Monday morning.

Many activities took place after school hours or in the holidays. Field courses were always in the holidays. Two notable events of the late 1960's were the construction by sixth formers of a hovercraft that actually hovered, and which carried a first year boy around the Dutch barn; and the launching of a rocket that reputedly put the first ant into space. At the same time a lively correspondence was conducted in the Citizen by some sixth-formers concerning flying saucers 'observed' above Gloucester.

Most boys had school dinners. The raised area round the hall was for dining and there were often three sittings. Very rarely were boys allowed into school during break time or the lunch hour - the sign of an umbrella in the window of the secretary's office signified that it was judged to be too wet for boys to remain outside. This happened about twice a year!

Covered cycle sheds stood where the E rooms are today. Many boys and staff cycled to school. Those masters that came by car favoured Standard 8, Morris Minor and Triumph Herald models. Only the Headmaster impressed with an Austin Westminster!

One third of the school sang in the Choral Society, including all the 1st XV, and the singing in morning assembly could be heard in Nine Elms Road. Sounds from the music room [now the Lower Sixth common room] permeated the whole school. There was no bursar to handle school finances and no administration staff, apart from the secretary.

But the portrait of Sir Thomas Rich, now in the foyer, stood on an easel on the hall stage, presiding over the school each morning and willing each new member of the school to 'Garde ta foy'. Happy days!

Alan Pilbeam



A new recruit to our Management Team

Mr. Morgan has joined as Deputy Headmaster with oversight of the Lower School. Born in Buckinghamshire, he was educated at Bedford School, where, in addition to his studies he enjoyed singing in the Chapel Choir and playing the Trumpet. After gaining a BSc in Geography from Royal Holloway College, University of London, he went to Hughes Hall, Cambridge, where he took his PGCE. He has also completed a Master's degree in Educational Management and the NPQH. Mr. Morgan joins Rich's after nine years at The Royal Latin School, where he was Assistant Head Teacher. His principal responsibility was for the Sixth Form.

Whilst not local to the Gloucester area, there are family connections. Mr. Morgan's father Richard attended Rich's as a pupil, campaigning for Fives Courts to be built on the school's present site during the move in 1964. The family connection is one of the reasons why he was attracted to apply for the position.

Mr. Morgan has thoroughly enjoyed his first academic year at Sir Thomas Rich's and the challenges that come with having a new job. As a teacher who thinks that traditions are important and is at home in an environment where neither the academic, sporting or creative elements are privileged above the others, he has been impressed with the wide range of activities that take place on a day-to-day basis. It is clear that by the time the sixth formers leave Rich's they are well placed to make a contribution to society. This, he believes, is a result of the broad and balanced education offered at the school, which is innovative yet free from the influences of fashion.

Mr. Morgan's interests include cooking and walking and he is hoping to make the most of the Cotswolds during his time in Gloucestershire.

Sir Thomas Rich's carries with it generations of happy memories

A Reflection of Rich's 1941-48 through the eyes of Mr Passey 'The Elder'

As was the custom, there appeared in "The Citizen" one Summer day of 1941 a list of thirty-three "Scholarship Boys" who had been awarded places at Rich's. Consummation followed promptly on 16th September when the same thirty-three found themselves assembled with another larger number. These were the fee-payers who, we soon learned, received a bill at the end of each term. They often hailed from the posh parts of the City. I, a lad from darkest Tredworth, heard in awe of Estcourt Road, of Hempsted and even Oakle Street (he came by train!)

I recollect so vividly the flurry of emotions that assailed me this first day. Academic gowns not only of teachers but weird creatures called Observators. Was it true that they had the power of life or death over such as me? There was the terror of possibly getting lost in the labyrinthine corridors of this widespread establishment - and who but an Olympic athlete could reach the far-flung loos and get to the next lesson on time?

We soon learned things were different there. Saturday Morning School (Wednesday afternoons off); different teachers for different subjects; moves from room to room - and woe betide those who dawdled. A-la John Betjeman we too were summoned by bells - a specially appointed boy would ensure that his duty was fulfilled at each period end. And all this tight organisation was executed in accordance with the POINTS FOR GENERAL OBSERVANCE, copies of which were delivered to us that first day and which were posted in every room. This document, it seemed to me, covered but every aspect of expected behaviour of every Richian, whether in or out of school, day or night.

My beginnings at Rich's were, of course dominated by the war - now two years old. We were not too sure who would win it and Rich's had already made a contribution to the War Effort by hosting a whole school (George Dixon's Grammar from Birmingham) evacuated temporarily to Gloucester, which had already received the attention of the Luftwaffe. Other raids were to follow and the school had a couple of near misses when bombs fell on Montpellier and in the Widden/Barton Street area. Air Raid Precautions (ARP) meant that many of the Staff, supported by Sixth Formers, took up nightly duties patrolling the premises for incendiary bombs.

As time passed, we grew accustomed to a regular feast of learning from a variety of teachers (numbers depleted because of the war). Many were only temporary, some all too permanent. Miss Thompson, for example, had been a 'temp' straight from College of Art in the previous war - 1917! She battled famously with those whose artistic qualities were limited. Most deft was she with the palm of her hand as she tried to "improve our perspective". Then there was Freddie Freeman, Head of Physics, notable for his love of Boxing, which he frequently illustrated, as he "swiped overboard" some recalcitrant youth perched on a stool in the Physics Lab. Characters like: Bill Tully and Alan Sinkinson (Maths) Idris Williams (Chemistry), Harry Hands (French) were but some who brought learning to our ears and eyes as the years all too swiftly passed by.

But the over-arching character was the Headmaster, known by all as "Ted" I readily confess that his zeal for teaching (Geography usually) became the very model of my own endeavours in the profession. His leadership was of the same high standard. His word was to be obeyed; his presidency of Morning Assembly was ever the occasion of wise words or clear instructions delivered without fear or favour. He tolerated no nonsense. And yet it was he, with a nation at war, who was often required to handle the bereavement of a boy whose father or elder brother had been killed in action. A huge number of fathers and elder brothers were serving in the forces and Ted so often became a father figure in a very real sense. I remember well how he shared a tiny portion of my life at the death of my cousin Norman, a Richian himself, who was shot down in the Far East.

My tale is far from told but how can one cram seven years into such little room? The war eventually came to an end and much of the school's life was transformed. For our year there loomed School Certificate Examinations and thereafter the joys of Sixth Form privilege. Soccer had disappeared - we now led the



field in Rugby. We struggled with a variety of playing fields – Coney Hill Hospital generously allowed us excellent Cricket facilities. University places won were on the increase, and Westgate house began a revival in its fortune. The Drama Society flourished with proper public productions, the first post-war School Journey was arranged with many of the participants paid for from unspent funds accumulated during the war.

So brief a history is only a glimpse of one boy's memories. But the Tommy Psalm comes to mind as I close. O, Sir Thomas, that sixteen thousand pounds of what God gave, you did lend back again and it became, in the succeeding years, a legacy in the hands of good and wise. I, for one, am grateful and realised with some sorrow one Saturday morning in late July 1948 that the following day I would be joining a very different establishment in Catterick for my National Service.

A Few Memories of My Time . . . Mr Passey Snr

On leaving Dinglewell Junior School in the early seventies we were all presented with the gift of a mounted black and white photograph of our year group, perched cheek by jowl on chairs and tables. A few years later I realised it might be worthwhile to add names to the photograph for future reference. Already by that stage I had forgotten names and since then the different handwriting styles and different pens have born witness to my frequent, yet failing, attempts to complete the task. Indeed, the newer the pen the fewer the number of names.

Next to the photograph is a section for the teachers to sign their names and opposite a few lines of printed text finishing with,

"...and full enjoyment of the wonderful privilege of being young"

"the privilege of being young" it was a phrase that, as a youngster, always intrigued me. I was never been quite sure what message it was supposed to convey, privilege never seemed to be the right word.

Oakleaze is a long road when you are a new boy; plenty of time for the tears to well up and the doubts to surface, "I'm scared, mum", my only words as the car pulled up. The car was a bronze Hillman Humber estate bought from the monks of Prinknash Abbey who had used it to transport their pottery to the city. I even remember the number plate, BFH 938J.

Mum's comfort: "It's a good school and Mr Stocks will not stand for any nonsense", were fine and appropriate words.

For countless generations of young Richians Room 5 and the late and admirable John Burrow, were synonymous with of 1A (later to become 1S). The piano in the corner, the Terence Cuneo picture, with mouse, proudly displayed and view of the main Birmingham-Bristol railway line so much clearer now that the infested elms had been chopped down. The brand new desks because "you can be trusted" made one very proud. The decision by Mr Burrow to allow me to change House from Westgate to Eastgate, because my friend was in Eastgate, turned out to be one of the defining moments in my time at Rich's.

When I look back at my time at Rich's I am greeted, in the main, with happy memories. Many leave the School and have no interest in looking back, preferring the future to the past. Perhaps the fact that I returned sixteen years after I left, but in a completely different role, is as great an indication of my positive experiences as much as anything.

When asked, "How have things changed?" or "Tell us about the good old days, Sir", I find myself with those rose tinted spectacles. A bit like Christmas TV in the 70s; much better then, than now, until of course, you come across a copy of the Radio Times from the 1970s and laugh at how time has distorted your memory. But yes, things have changed; silence as we entered assembly, detention lists posted for all to see, with reasons for the detention being given, and then read out in assembly by John Winstanley, the formidable Deputy Head. We longed for 'Perveur' to be read out, the wags giving an appropriate dental plosive. Lunch tickets bought on Monday morning, five in a line, sign on the back. No ticket, no lunch. Two lunch sittings and the words of the Grace still etched on my mind, "Sanctify, O Lord, we beseech thee, these Thy good things....."

During my time at Rich's three members of staff influenced me more than any others.



J Anthony Stocks,

Headmaster for my first two terms before moving on to Wolverhampton Grammar School.

Known as JAS/JASPER. In the two terms he was my Headmaster he earned my respect more than just about anybody else. Firm and fair, committed and true. Not afraid to call a halt to morning assembly, "We will sing the hymn again". He tells the story of an occasion when in an assembly: he gave the School a collective telling-off about running in the corridors. Later that day, late for a lesson, he was spotted running by a young pupil who, whispering loudly, was heard to say, "No running". The history books do not tell us what happened to that pupil. Of course he had a sense of humour as well. Surely a man who left Rich's before his time.

Michael W. Rangeley, Director of Music.

I still remember singing Shaw's, Hills of the North Rejoice (sung to Little Cornard) as my auditioning piece for the School Choir and seven years later, the highlight of the Choir 21st birthday celebrations tour, Bach's In Tears of Grief, at Sherborne Abbey.

Second-best was never acceptable. "Somebody got it wrong because they were not here last week" direct and clearly aimed at me. No, I was 100 miles away camping in a lay-bye just south of Exeter on my way to race in the nine mile Dart-Totnes Head of the River race. It was difficult sometimes getting the balance right; being torn between two committed teachers (Rangeley and Middleton) both of whom wanted nothing but the best. But my love of singing would never have been there but for 'Mower's' dedication. Choir, Choral Society, Madrigal Group, Carol Services, Evensongs at the Three Choirs Cathedrals; even the School rules set to Gregorian chant during one concert: Psalm 151 it was called. I remember singing with Messrs Moss, Rangeley and Davies.

Graham 'Shiner' Middleton, Physics Teacher, rowing coach, panel-beater and welder.

Nine miles of Dart-Totnes was a sprint compared with the Boston Marathon: thirty-one miles of Canal and River Witham from Lincoln to Boston Stump. The glycogen-reinforcing diet, Bill Spear's grey transit van with holes in the floor, fumes pouring in, and orange boxes to sit on; Health and Safety issues were a little more lax in those days. My English teacher's (Alan "Cabby" Broome) words still as clear as ever: "Passey, if I read one more account of you rowing..." And then the World Record the School holds, Rowing Loch Ness faster than anyone. A Guinness Book of Records entry in the late 1970s and early 1980s.

We spent hours of rowing in all weathers; from the depths of the winter, when hands froze to the blades to the heat of the summer. Graham, ably supported by Bill Spear, cajoled, shouted and guided us all to excellence. At the same time he set up and ran, with the help of Wendy his wife, Middleton Motor Panels. When not teaching/coaching/running the business he would be building trailers - often at school!

"I need to weld this trailer together, lads. Hold on to these two pieces and shut your eyes. Tell me if it hurts."

And, of course, the defining moment I referred to earlier. I was in Eastgate. Graham Middleton, rowing, Eastgate and winning all went together. There was the Eastgate 'great run'. Was it five Cock House competitions out of seven won during my time at Rich's?

There are things I miss. There was more personal tidiness. Running after school activities has become more difficult. Until 1988 we were a City Grammar School. Now we take from the county and beyond. It is difficult for many to stay beyond the 3.30 pm bell. School productions attracted far more people. Is there less commitment to the School?

There is no longer The Cock House party and the Prefects irreverent 'play'. Every member of Staff was fair game and they enjoyed it. But was that really a party-can rolling across the stage? Had the prefects really been drinking beforehand?

John Drake, Senior Technician (1964-2000), once told me that during his tenure some standards had dropped but there is far less shouting by staff and the staff pupil/relationship is far better and so things can't be all that bad. And things I don't miss; 4.10pm finishes on Monday, Tuesday and Friday with Choir going on until 5.30 pm and beyond!

Was it '... a privilege to be young'? But of course in full context the passage falls into place.

'We hope that as you look back at this folder in after years it will bring back pleasant memories ... and full enjoyment of the wonderful privilege ...'

Yes, it was a privilege - but not just to be young but to be young and to experience so much in so few years. With heartfelt thanks to everyone.

Alan Passey (1972-79)
Head of Physics



The Circus

The Circus; a mass of vibrant colours, incredible sounds and unique smells. As you walk into the ticket tend, the crowds of people who are queuing are amazing. Hundreds of humans bustling, talking and each wearing a completely different set of clothes.

Pay for your tickets, walk into the main tend and everything overwhelms you. The thousands of sparkling colours of the different items and equipment located in the main ring, glistening in the spotlight. The sounds of the crowd cheering and chattering.

The monstrous "BOOM" of the cannon and the "CRACK" of the ringmaster's whip. Giant elephants, tiny mice and cheeky monkeys support the acts and amaze the crowd. The acrobats, in dazzling, sequin-covered costumes, swing from platform to platform hundreds of feet above the ground, faultless as they fly. The smells, the so many different scents of the air; the whiff of the animals, the potent stench of popcorn and the surprisingly pleasant smell of Burning gunpowder.

The delicious creamy chocolate fondue melts in your mouth like ore in a furnace. The handles of your seat send a shiver down your spine, cold and dry, whilst the comfort of the soft, fluffy cushions keep's you captive for the whole of the show.

Chris Passey 9R



Lord Willoughby de Broke Visit

On Wednesday 13th June 2007 the L6th Economics class were lucky enough to have the chance to hear UKIP member Lord Willoughby de Broke present his particular version of right-wing politics! He came to talk

about the EU in particular and to persuade us that it was certainly a bad thing for the UK to be part of it. He also set out to convince us of the dangers of the euro and the benefits of a free market. He argued that the EU *"is not only bad for Britain's economy and prosperity, but it is an alien system of government that will ultimately prove to be totally unacceptable to the British people"*!

Certain members of the class plucked up the courage to question him on his opinion, and many were to find that he had a clear and vigorous riposte to their point. Some, however, managed to give him pause for thought. The class certainly had mixed political views before his lecture, but I have to admit that more people seemed to be agreeing with him by the end. Lord Willoughby de Broke was an extremely interesting person to listen to even if you thought his ideas were mistaken! I would like to thank Mrs Banks for organising the talk and Lord Willoughby for coming to talk to us - the whole class thoroughly enjoyed it.

Thomas Williams L6H



LEVEL ONE AWARD in Sports Leadership/Top Link Festival

This year has seen a marked increase in the uptake on this course, with the number of students taking the course rising from nine last year to twenty-four this year. The course is aimed at Year Ten students who have an interest in developing their leadership skills through sport. The sessions took place on Wednesday and Thursday lunchtimes.

Following work to develop the student's leadership skills in school they were provided with an opportunity to lead sporting activities at Elmbridge Junior School.

At the end of the course the students organised a very successful Top Link Festival. This involved them organising a sporting event for pupils from Primary Schools in the local area. The event was held on June 7th on the school field. The students invited Year Two children to take part in a friendly football tournament, with Year 6 children taking part in a knockout tag rugby tournament. The event was attended by one hundred and fifty pupils from Dinglewell Infants,

Dinglewell Juniors and Elmbridge Juniors as well as pupils from Longlevens. It was great to see the students demonstrating their leadership skills. Throughout the afternoon the students took on a variety of roles including: time keepers, results, referees and referees Assistants.

Matt Lodge L6G

Spanish Exchange with Oviedo, Asturias (2007)

It was a cool, dark evening when we first met together outside Denmark Road to greet our Spanish partners. After a fantastic week which included a trip out bowling, building friendships, going out to a disco and entertaining our guests when they visited England and our schools, we finally bade them farewell on a rainy morning. It was a sad occasion. But now, it was our turn.

Outside Denmark Road, we gathered together to begin our venture to Spain. It was very early and dark, and on Monday 15th October we began our voyage. The journey to Stansted was surprisingly pleasant and mostly taken up by singing on the bus.

After arriving at the airport, it wasn't long before we embarked on the next stage of our trip, and boarded our craft. A relatively short skip over the water, and we were in Spain, where we waited for our bus. And we waited. And waited. Mr Hearn and Mrs Pines talked about phoning the bus company, but decided not to. Almost a half hour passed, and Mr Hearn eventually phoned to see what was happening.

Meanwhile, some of us purchased drinks, and then sat around playing cards, generally losing to the girls from our sister school. Finally the bus arrived, and we sped off towards Oviedo, by now an hour late. On the bus, we were handed our diaries.

Finally, we arrived at Oviedo, where our families greeted us, and then took us to our relevant places of residence. As it was already late in the day, we mainly stayed with our families for the first evening and prepared for the next day.

After a wholesome breakfast, we made our way to the school for the first of our trips. Our journey by bus took us to the medieval monuments outside Oviedo. Many of us were intrigued by the 10th Century monument, but more of us were watching the fog, which seemed to form a dome over the city that pulsed in and out slowly. After viewing a hunting lodge and a church covered in inscriptions, we returned to the city and then walked into the centre. Here, we followed a trail of some of the most important statues in Oviedo, including: Woody Allen, the Fountain of Gabon (a former mayor of Oviedo), the Horses and finally "El Culo" (the Bum – don't ask), and a trip to the Cathedral.

We then departed on a brief shopping trip to grab edible bread, souvenirs and any other items of interest, for example European adaptor plugs. We finally returned to the school and arrived back with our families that afternoon.

On Wednesday, we visited the Town Hall, where they were setting up the main Auditorium to watch the Formula One race on Sunday. Alonso was born in Oviedo so was viewed as a local hero. Cheering for Hamilton was a serious offence. First, however, we had to attend a couple of lessons. Whilst I cannot account for most of our number, some of us were fortunate enough to attend "Etica." I believe that it is their version of PSHCE. Then, we journeyed to the Auditorium, ate on the roof of the hall and finally returned to the school.

That evening we all departed for and met up at the bowling alley.





We played a couple of games against our Spanish counterparts, and then retired to eat in MacDonal'd's next door, where we generally enjoyed ourselves.

On Thursday, we visited Cabarceno Nature Park, where we saw a multitude of animals and wildlife ranging from bears to lions to gorillas to eagles. There was an aerial display which had falcons and other birds of prey actually landing amongst the audience, to the delight of most of us and the terror of others. After that, we visited the ever popular town of Santillana del Mar, also known as the "place of three lies". The name suggests that it is pure (it used to be the most crime ridden town in Northern Spain), that it was on flat land (it is spread over a couple of hills), and that it was by the sea (the nearest body of water is miles away). After looking into the Museum of Torture, attempting to organise Hide and Seek, and having the girls convince some of the lads to wear make-up on the return trip, we were on the road back to the school again.

On Friday we had another trip, this time by train to the aquarium near the coast. On the way there, we passed by the new commercial centre. Simply put, it is huge. It towers over smaller buildings and looms out ominously across several streets in a strange horseshoe shape. At the aquarium, we observed a variety of creatures including sharks, penguins, lobsters and otters, which the girls found adorable. After that, we had lunch on the beach, threw around a rugby ball, lost a rugby ball, and travelled through the area to reach an even larger beach on the other side. After a while here, we returned to the school again.

At the weekend, we didn't see as much of each other mainly due to being with our individual families all of the time. However, we did unite on Saturday evening for a night out eating at a restaurant. On Sunday, we met up briefly for a trip to the market and then later that day for the race. Crowds of people lined the streets, and one of us was brave enough to turn up in an England shirt. Unfortunately Hamilton didn't win, but neither did Alonso, and afterwards everyone went for a trip to the celebrations down at the Fountain of Gabin where many of us went for a dip in it. Some of us even appeared in the papers the next day in photos of the party.

Monday came too soon, and we had to visit their lessons for the day. I found myself sitting at the back of a maths lesson along with a Tommie's lad and a Denmark girl, struggling to understand the concept of "Polynomials."

After a couple more lessons we collected our suitcases from the classroom in which they were stored, and we bid a mainly tearful farewell to our Spanish friends. A half hour later, we were on our way home.

We had a fantastic time, and everyone would love the chance to go again. We made some new friends, many of which we are still in touch with, at both Denmark Road and in Spain. Of course, we all improved our Spanish as well.

I would personally like to thank Mr Hearn and Mrs Pines for organising this wonderful opportunity, and everyone else, whether they are parents, teachers or fellow exchange students, for making this a truly enjoyable experience.

¡Adios, amigos!
Dave Pewton, 11S

SPANISH PLAY: *Mi padre no me entiende*

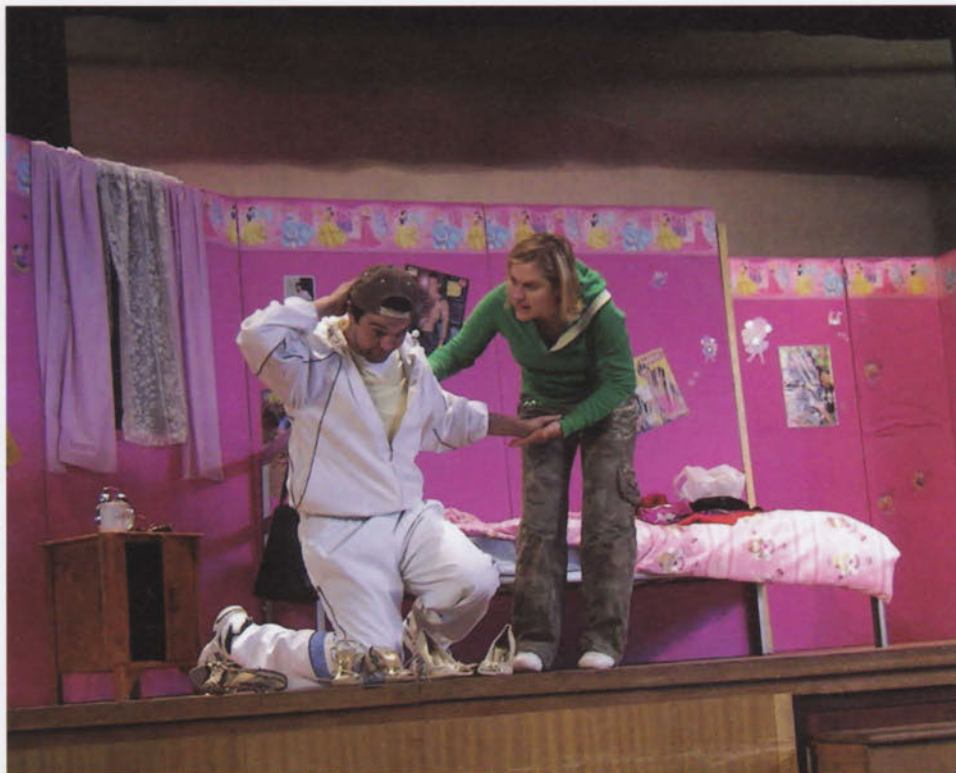


After a successful visit last year to STRS, we were pleased to host once again the Onatti Theatre Company for their Spanish Play, *Mi padre no me entiende*. The performance was also attended by pupils from Barnwood Park School.

This was a funny and fantastical play exploring the wishes of one fifteen year old girl, Pilar. Pilar doesn't want much, just a brand new dad! Frustrated and fed up, she longs for a dad who will understand her, treat her like a grown up and, what's more important, spend lots and lots of money on presents, gifts and clothes!

Most teenagers would love to change their parents sometimes - make them cooler, trendier, or just less embarrassing! Pilar has had enough of being treated like a nine year old. She wishes she could replace her dad, but nobody told her to be careful of what she wished for - it just might come true!

The play provided excellent revision for our Spanish students as it was especially written to tie in with vocabulary and topics covered in KS3 and GCSE.



Spanish Assistant: Juan Carlos

As anyone who has visited a foreign country will recall, the language barrier can be a real challenge. Even for Sixth Form students of Spanish, it can be difficult to convert the material learnt in lessons to actual, useable language. One of the best ways to get the most out of a language is to use it regularly, by communicating with a native speaker.

Fortunately, in recent years, STRS has had the privilege of hosting a Spanish assistant, who is dedicated to this important task. This year has been no exception: in September, the department was happy to welcome a new assistant: Juan Carlos Montero, from Zaragoza, in the north east of Spain.

Although the topics discussed have been extremely diverse, Juan Carlos' dedication has never ceased to amaze the AS- and A2-level students. Not only does he have a radio sound bite and newspaper clipping for every occasion, but he's always in school before the important exams to offer a little support, and he makes a fantastic paella...

Juan Carlos departed in May to spend the summer working for a publisher in his home city; we look forward to hearing all about it upon his return for the autumn term!



Jack Vickery L6C

SPANISH WORK EXPERIENCE in Valladolid: Spring Half Term 2007

Spanish work experience. It had seemed like such a good idea when I signed up: improve your Spanish *and* have a quick holiday...but as the bus pulled into Valladolid on that grey February afternoon, I'm sure I wasn't the only one who was beginning to have a few doubts.

Valladolid is an industrial city of about 420,000 people, and capital of the autonomous community of Castile and Leon, in northern Spain. After being stripped of its capital status in 1561 by Philip II, the city diminished in significance, and lost a lot of its historical elegance. Still, it was our home for a week, and by the time we left, we had learnt to love it.

Despite initially being accompanied to some of the city's entertainment venues by our hapless group leader, the most daunting thing was to locate and present ourselves at our workplaces on the Monday morning. Nevertheless, the people of Valladolid were nothing if not helpful, and everybody found their way to their various shops, bars and nurseries eventually.

My placement was at a travel agency near the centre of town; I spent the week at a desk, sandwiched between the two proprietors, Cristina and Charo. Even though I just chatted idly - and sold the occasional holiday to London - the experience really aided my confidence. For example, answering the phone in a foreign country is many people's worst nightmare, but by Friday, I was merrily chirping "*Estival Tour, ¿digame?*" into the receiver, and hoping for the best.

Of course, there was more to life than work, and during our free time, we immersed ourselves in the Spanish culture. The city's plethora of bars were a good place to start, but we also spent a lot of time just wandering the streets and enjoying the beautiful park with our new friends from other British schools.

I returned to Gloucester at the end of the spring half term contented; not only had my confidence been boosted, but my proficiency in the language had clearly improved. This kind of programme would be of immense benefit to anybody who seriously wants to test their Spanish, while experiencing the thrill of being set loose on a big, new city, like Valladolid.

Jack Vickery, L6C

It is with the deepest sadness that news broke of the untimely death of an outstanding student, Jack Vickery, during our first term in 2007. Reading his articles you will appreciate our loss. We miss you, Jack.



The Cathedral of San Pablo



The Plaza Mayor

SURVIVING CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY - Richard Parker

Firstly let me apologise in advance, I graduated as an engineer. Anyone who attends university can tell you engineers don't mix well with words, numbers maybe, algebra possibly, but prose are often very far beyond our grasp.

I know it is a cliché but going to university is a life changing experience, the opportunities you have are incredible, it is one of the only times (as far as I have experienced) where you finally have the freedom of an adult yet very little of the responsibility. If there is one thing I have learnt, and I am going to say it now, is that you have got to take them to enjoy life as an undergraduate.

Having completed my time at Cambridge there is no way of avoiding the truth that university is hard work. This is not the whole story, it's not all about work and it's not all about having fun – there must be a balance and I think it helps if I make that clear as hopefully this is the only point at which I will mention work!

Right enough of the depressing start I seem to have made, what about my personal experience? I knew I had got off on the right foot when I turned up to college and discovered that not only did they cook for me but they would do my washing and send someone around to clean my room each week. It was better than being at home! Probably not the typical experience but I wasn't going to refuse.

One of my first memories is of turning up to the fresher's fair and having every club and society you can think of handing me fliers and taking my name down to try archery, athletics, swimming, running or the more quirky like the assassins' guild or fiddlywinks. Then you spend for the rest of your university career receiving emails and fliers about the next meeting for so-and-so and scratching your head wondering in what frame of mind you must have been to ever think that it was a good idea.

Most people settle into a couple of societies with which they become forever associated and by the end of a 3 or 4 year course will be talking a completely different language to a normal person. In Cambridge this applies most especially to the rowers ("boaties") who will discuss blades, cox boxes, tapping down, squaring, crabs etc. with anyone whether or not you can decipher any useful meaning from the, more often than not, monologue. Long distance running is my thing, which does mean I am one of a small, although seemingly growing, breed of people who actually enjoys cross-country running. I will never forget running in the 5th team for the university in the varsity match and pushing past two dark blues on the finishing straight, or jostling for position in the pack, during a college race, as a hail storm hit and fog came in making it impossible to see more than five meters ahead – absolutely quality and I really mean that.





The people you meet definitely play a large role of any university experience. You are suddenly living in close proximity to people who as you make friends and get to know them open your eyes to completely new things. Meeting the lab technician who after realising that there was a surplus of liquid nitrogen suggested we all find things to freeze and smash, is a good example; finally a use for all that stationery I had been lugging to lectures. How about the house mate who decides to build a pizza oven from bricks, old underground piping and a supermarket trolley in the back garden – the key is to get a good flow of air going and then ensure you don't get caught by the porters on their nightly rounds! Maybe the couple of girls who fall for one of the lectures or realise that being female in an engineering department has its advantages, especially when it comes to lab mark ups.

Good friends are essential to surviving the boring parts, like sitting in a library working late at night, not the most scintillating place. Try being there sat next to a friend as she progresses from listening to music, to humming along, to full on cabaret dancing – I'm sure the Chinese group sitting on the next table were more than a little scared. A cup of tea in a friend's room will solve almost any problem ranging from exam stress to homesickness; in fact if you stay long enough the whole world will have been put right.

One of the biggest highlights of university, for me, was standing looking out at a packed church filled with 570 people as I was baptised. Now that was amazing although I am not too certain I can remember everything I said as I explained why I was there. When you look out and see a packed room and try to look away by glancing upwards only to see packed galleries, it is hard not to turn into a jabbering fool, especially for someone who very much prefers to be back stage.

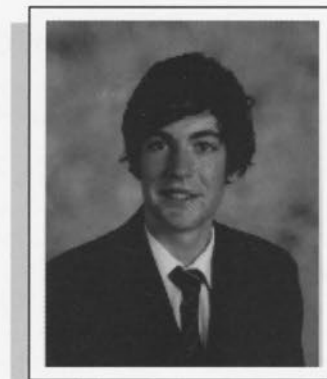
Then there are those chances that you have to take because you may never get the opportunity again. For me, being in Cambridge meant I had to have a go at rowing. While my first early morning outing might have been a bit chilly – the icicles discovered hanging from the oars as we went back to the boathouse were a testament to that, it was not to be missed. I will not easily forget waiting for the starting cannon at the start of bumps (Main Cambridge inter-college race) or the excitement of closing and bumping the boat ahead. Sports are not the only thing, how about saying Grace in Latin at the beginning of a formal meal with everyone dressed in formal attire complete with gowns. Cambridge, as I am sure other universities do, has a number of eccentric quirks and these are the things that, I think, must be experienced. I have missed some things because I didn't take full advantage from the start but I have no regrets about the things I have done.

So university for me has been an amazing time, I have learnt a lot and experienced things that I will not soon forget. I am very jealous of all those embarking on it for the first time this year, enjoy!

Richard Parker

MATHEMATICS at STRS

Reading the newspapers, it is easy to believe that 'technical subjects'- and Maths in particular -are in serious trouble. Many of you will have seen headlines reporting on the national pattern of decline in the numbers of people taking mathematics at a higher level. It is often quoted that only around 10% of students that study at AS have chosen Maths. This means that far fewer than one in ten young people currently receive anything more than the compulsory minimum level of mathematics. This, of course, leads to many worries within Government and industry, such a low level of subscription to one of the core subjects (or *the three 'R's* as one witty speller named them) can only be worrying to an economy which is increasingly looking for skilled workers and developing more high tech industry. Fortunately, within Rich's the outlook is far brighter, numbers are high and results are generally strong. While many critics have commented on the extremely low number of people gaining a C level pass at GCSE (generally considered an indicator of adequate numeracy), this is thankfully not really an issue at the school with percentage of C grade passes being in the very high nineties. In addition every student has a good opportunity to gain high A or A* grades and many of them will carry on to study the subject at A level.

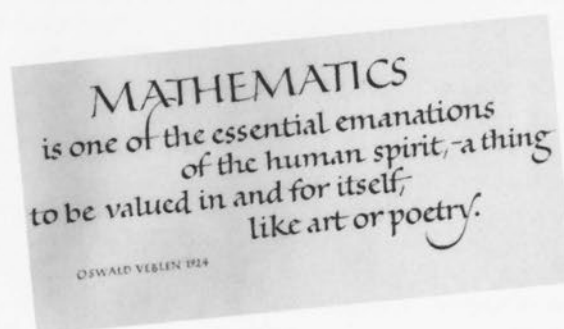


Talking to the maths department they would probably put forward a variety of reasons for the current success: youth, vitality, glamour and excitement. Joking aside, the department does enjoy good facilities, resources and staff. For those who don't know the school, the Maths rooms are situated around the new quad and do benefit from modern and comfortable surroundings. Comprising nine staff, and headed by Mr Fowler, the Maths department is one of the largest in the school and has plenty of experience. The department likes to continue its 'cutting edge' and 'forward looking' image through its use of technology: the addition of an interactive whiteboard to the department has certainly caused quite a shake up, while the extensive use of photocopiers is nothing short of pioneering.

Based on the governments' framework, the subject could be seen to break down into three major sections at Rich's: Years Seven to Nine are built towards key stage three targets culminating in the year nine SAT's exams, students in years ten to eleven will study towards their GCSE, and finally for those continuing the subject, years twelve and thirteen are spent studying for the AS and A2 respectively (the constituent parts of the overall 'A-Level'). Above this general structure students will also find themselves setted (or streamed) to try and help give everyone the best opportunity, one set then take the GCSE at the end of year ten and continue to take a further 'Additional Maths' GCE qualification in Year Eleven.

Personally, I am only really qualified to talk about the AS and tentatively the A2 part of the course. During sixth form, students will study three modules from a range of mathematical topics (for example at AS level this would be Core 1, Core 2 and Mechanics) In addition further mathematicians take an additional three modules each year, ranging from the obvious (such as statistics), to the not so obvious (for instance, discrete mathematics). I would like to take this opportunity to dismiss the idea that - as I am often challenged - *Maths doesn't help you in the real world*. I would ask any such thinkers to reconsider. Questions often help us to solve real-life problems for instance: the total number of nuts collected by a squirrel who considers the most practical way of collecting his (or her) nuts each day is in fact to follow a geometric sequence (e.g. 1, 3, 9, 27, . . .) Although the intelligence of such a squirrel compares favourably to that of many students, Cambridge University Press clearly feels it is a question which we should be able to answer. I hope I have not undermined my argument with such an example because Maths is certainly an essential part of so many processes within society and business.

At this point some quick minded individuals will probably have noticed the unavoidable irony stemming from a student of science and mathematics (perhaps the least qualified for extended prose) writing an article about a department which seemingly lacks the key talking points of trips, exchanges, theatre visits or the like about which these articles are generally written. Although perhaps not the most exciting department to read about, Maths is certainly a great subject to be studying. For any students considering continuing their study of mathematics I would certainly recommend it, not only due to the terrible lack of fulfilment I would feel if I considered that I had spent years pursuing a pointless subject, but also because it is in fact the last remaining subject at this level from which the numbers have not yet been extracted; the fate of too many subjects. For anyone with any inkling towards numbers and problem solving (at which point I must say that everyone views the subject quite so favourably) I would certainly take the opportunity while it still remains to study numbers in case the great and good decide that perhaps the study of mathematics would be better pursued by giving students like myself better skills to write articles like these...



Robert Murtagh L6R

Sixth Form Geologists in Coverack in Cornwall

2006 – 2007

Ireland Trip report (adapted from a report by Sheila Alderman).

There have been several fieldtrips this year. Firstly, the Upper Sixth went to Spain, followed by the Lower Sixth trip to Coverack in Cornwall. Year Nine went to Herefordshire. Upper Sixth also went to Pembrokeshire and joined the Lower Sixth for the Ireland trip.

It wasn't a great start when the minibus key was lost causing a half hour delay. We eventually found it in the trailer of luggage. Stena were particularly uncooperative in not letting us through the barrier as we were only five minutes late and the 9.00am ferry was still docked. We booked a place on the slow ferry in the afternoon and all doing a super-shop in Holyhead Tesco where we bought most of our self catering provisions for the trip. The real bonus was we had time to explore the geology on Holyhead Island at South Stack where the folded greywacke of the South Stack Formation are spectacularly folded.

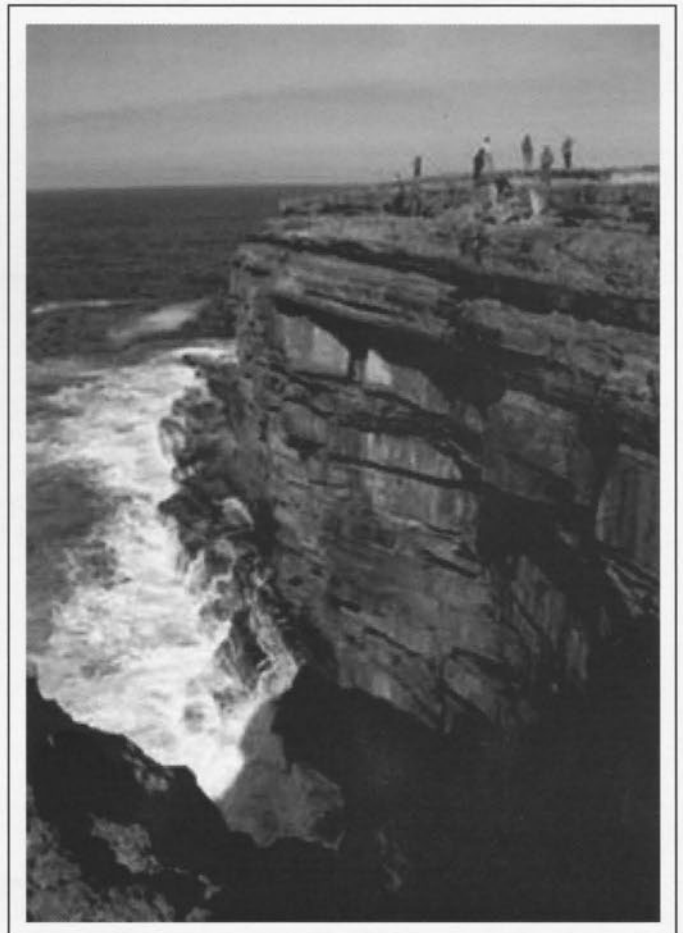
The ferry achieved a relaxing and smooth crossing soon shattered by an expectation that we would have to go through Dublin to County Sligo two hundred kilometres away. After twenty-odd of us buying fish and chips to the horror of the shop in Mullingar we arrived finally at Inniscrone at 11:30 pm, twenty hours after leaving Gloucestershire.

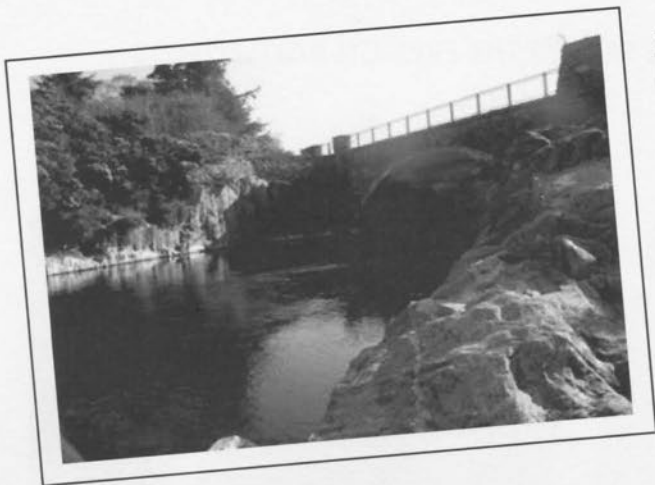
Our first Irish geological location was north of Killala on the way to Ballycastle. We looked at the boulder clay with very angular clasts indicating this is near the bedrock, as the clasts could not have travelled far. One of the boulders on the beach showed excellent convolute bedding, probably caused by the dewatering of quicksand. On the Friday we mapped the beach at Inniscrone and then looked at other sites on Killala Bay. We finished up at Kilcummin Head (right).

On the Saturday we visited sites at Pontoon Bridge (near Foxford) and Lough Anaffrin. At Lough Anaffrin we were allowed to park just outside a house while we walked down to the site. Then as we ate our lunch at the Minibus we were asked questions by the children of the family who lived there. I think they were called Laura and Joseph. Then we moved on to the other two sites on the Swinford to Ballina road. At the final site a lady offered to make everyone a cup of tea, but we could not take her up on the offer as it was the end of the day and Mr Green needed to go to Knock to pick up Dr Quartz and Betty.

On Sunday the sites were Blacksod Bay, Doolough and Letterbeg Mullett Peninsula, Cross Point and Spinkadoon. These are in "An Ghaeltacht" the Irish speaking area right on the coast. On Monday we returned to AnGhaeltacht to visit sites at the Corraun Peninsula and Achill Island west of Newport.

Tuesday was the free day, and so some went to Sligo, some to climb Nephin and the rest to stay in Inniscrone. Wednesday could be summed up as Ballisodair with Carboniferous Limestone, Highland Boundary Fault Sliswood.





Formation and Dave is rescued by an Irishwoman. We looked for a mine in a working quarry, but could not find it. Mr Green was taken to it at the bottom of the quarry by the safety supervisor to collect a sample from the remains at the bottom of the quarry. The next quarry could not let us in because they were going to blast it shortly and the Health and Safety man was there. On to the next site, where DG handed a green mineral around, said it was asbestos, then decided it was green talc. Rich was able to get one minibus started but the other wouldn't. Turned out it was a dodgy battery. One lady stopped to help and drove DG off to the garage, returned with some biscuits and then took him to another garage. We all packed into our bus and set

off home, abandoning the next sites.

Thursday was taken up by sites for the unconformity at Windy Gap and Clew Bay near Croagh Patrick west of Westport. The penultimate day Friday was used to look at sites West of Ballycastle and at Downpatrick Head. This was to look at the Carboniferous Limestone and Dalradian contact. Stopping for lunch at the Ceide Fields site where the group photo was taken. Saturday was the final day as we travelled across Ireland, back to Dun Laoghaire for the 6pm ferry to Holyhead. We parked up at the docks and took the DART into central Dublin. Five minutes to the close of the check-in at the dock and the last one back arrives. The ferry was delayed getting to Dun Laoghaire and then late into Holyhead. Just time for Fish and Chips before driving back to STRS. We arrived at 2:30am on the Sunday.

Simon Raywood L6C

Geology field expedition to the Pyrenees, October 2006 Five minute interview with Matthew Newell

So Matt, what did you most enjoy about the visit?

What was there *not* to enjoy? The ferry crossing made it feel as though we had actually travelled somewhere; the Spanish culture was inspiring; the food was fantastic. Buying our own food was probably the best thing; I was able to practice my language skills *and* choose whatever I wanted to fry! The Spanish eat their meals much later in the evening than in the UK, so at 11 o'clock, the streets were still filled with people, enjoying the night.

And what did you learn about the region?

Apart from the geology of the region - which was quite unlike anything I had ever seen before - I was able to find out more about the opinions of the people I met. Being in the Basque region, I had expected to hear some strong views. However, most people thought that closer integration with Spain and Europe was the way forward. These conversations with the locals were of great value, because they helped to improve my level of Spanish *and* my appreciation of the important current affairs in Spain.

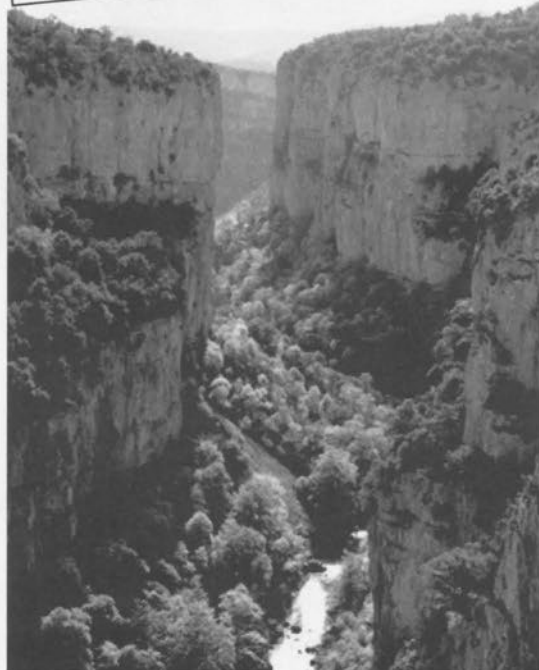
Was there anything about the trip that you didn't enjoy so much?

That's really difficult to answer, because there wasn't any aspect that I didn't enjoy. I suppose I found it a little bit more difficult to get by in the bigger towns, like San Sebastian...but that was just because I didn't know my way around. Besides, the hotel manager was very friendly, and was happy to chat away with me, and to correct my Spanish. I just wish I could go on the trip again next year!

Many thanks for your time, Matthew.

¡De nada!

Jack Vickery L6C



Foz de Lumbier, Spanish Pyrenees



YEAR NINE TRIP TO THE FRENCH BATTLEFIELDS



In October a group of Year Nine history students went to France to visit the battlefields of the First and Second World War. The trip was designed to expand upon the topic that they had covered in class - and all agreed that visiting the scenes of combat and the cemeteries in which soldiers are buried, allowed them to understand the realities

of war. The trip was also a journey of discovery and commemoration. While at school research was undertaken with the help of the Commonwealth Commission's data base to find and commemorate the sacrifices made by relatives and old Richians. During their stay the students visited The Menin Gate, where they witnessed a ceremony which takes place every day, in a memorial arch dedicated to the soldiers from the Ypres battlefields, for whom there is no marked grave. The ceremony has been held at 8 o'clock every day for 55,000 days, one ceremony for every soldier on the memorial. Over the remaining three days of the trip the students spent a day on the Somme and visited the German and Allied trenches at Vimy Ridge. They also had the opportunity to explore the long underground tunnels made by the Canadians. The third day was spent on the Ypres Salient where both Allied and German cemeteries could be found.

Much was learnt about the tactics of war but also the realities of such conflict. The tragedy and bravery of the soldiers was clear and the waste of life was also highlighted by the sheer scale of the cemeteries and memorials to the fallen soldiers.

The trip had particular importance for those who were able to find a relative and lay a cross in remembrance. Callum Ireland found his great-grandfather's grave and Fred Lewis his Great, Great, Great Uncle's.

The trip was a great success with everyone thoroughly enjoying their time in France. It gave the students the opportunity to understand a part of history that closely affects us all today, and the ability to develop their own personal judgements of war. They now have a better understanding and appreciation of modern day Europe.

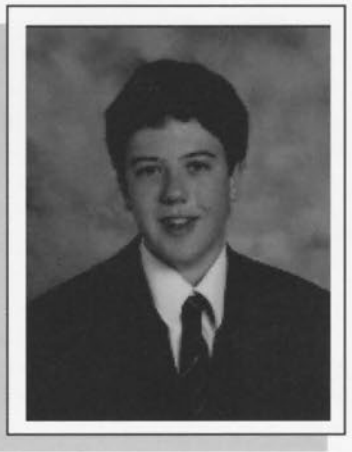
Hannah MacAskill (L6T)

HOUSE PUBLIC SPEAKING

On May 3rd, the annual House Public Speaking Competition was held, with a new and improved formula, each house now contributed both a senior and junior team, each of which contained three members; a chairman, a main speaker and a secondary speaker. Every year group was represented, as the teams debated one of the four topics:

- *Higher education for all eighteen to twenty-five year-olds should be wholly funded by the UK government (Seniors)*
- *Nothing more can be done, in the UK, to legislate for greater female equality with males (Seniors)*
- *After one hundred years, it's time for our school uniform to change (Juniors)*
- *Jamie Oliver has helped to make school meals much healthier (Juniors)*

The competition was fierce as the competitors attempted to argue, counter-argue and in some cases counter-counter argue. The attentive Year Seven audience provided excellent questions, putting our speakers on the spot. Mr Pickard adjudicated this years competition, he expressed his pleasure with the quality of many of the debates, especially with the juniors, where many of the participants will no doubt go on to represent the school in inter-school competitions in later years. The competition was a very close run contest, with Westgate coming out on top; all participants would like to thank Mr. Pickard for his adjudication.



Tom Chapple L6H



RELIGIOUS STUDIES PHILOSOPHY TRIP

Religious Studies, unlike many other subjects, has a limited number of options open when it comes to field trips other than *Going to look at some churches*, the common suggestion from peers who are not taking the subject. However Cheltenham's Ladies College holds an annual Philosophy convention where known speakers are invited to lecture, and enter into debate with, students from local schools. This year was particularly enticing as the two main speakers were Keith Ward and Antony Flew, both prominent figures in the world of philosophy: Keith Ward being the Head of the Faculty of Theology at Oxford and Antony Flew being the main proponent of 'Falsification', a large branch of philosophy.

The conference was held in CLC's main hall, brimming with grandeur and fully equipped with plasma screens on the walls for those sitting at the back - the elaborate setting matching perfectly the status of the event being held. Around three hundred were settled and ready when Keith Ward took the stage and began his first lecture. This lecture concerned his explanation of his belief in God, and the undermining of common-sense and empiricism, a big topic for a morning's work. This was then swiftly followed by an array of questions, with Tommie's students getting their money's worth and forcing Keith Ward to break into a light sweat with questions concerning the perfection of God, and modern science. Following a short break Keith Ward took on his second topic, falsification and verification, and after a brief joke at the expense of Fundamentalist Christian views of creation, proceeded to argue against the theories Antony Flew nurtured into mainstream philosophy, until it was lunchtime.

For the final part of the day, a debate between Flew and Ward was held, fuelled by questions from the audience and prompting from the event organiser. Firstly however, Antony Flew spread more light upon his Falsification theories by reciting the 'Parable of the Gardener', a story concerning an invisible gardener (God), a wild - but seemingly tended - garden (Earth) and two explorers (us) who then argue about whether there is a gardener or not, and set up experiments to find him. His attempt to make the topic more accessible was not wholly successful, with a few of us being left more confused than before, but thankfully modern science was brought up again and the always 'friendly' topic of evolution was brought up, forcing both philosophers to be very reserved in their answers.

Overall the trip was very interesting, even if at times the topics were a little 'in depth'. And even if there had been nothing else, I personally came away feeling I had learnt a new skill from the two professors: how, successfully, to avoid answering a question.

Chris Brown L6C

Hockey at Sir Thomas Rich's

Sir Thomas Rich's eagerly awaited first game of the 2006-7 season, against Newent School, got off to a flier; a quick ball to the wings resulted in a goal-mouth scramble and the ball was nestled into the goal by debutant Tom White. Newent were powerful on the counterattack, and – with help from lapses in man-marking – achieved several goalmouth scrambles, none of which, however, ended in a goal. Alex Winter marked his promotion to captaincy with a brace of goals either side of halftime, the second from the penalty mark. Matt Brookes returned to goal-scoring ways with a well-worked manoeuvre from the left, and Winter buried the final nail in the coffin with a close range drive. All-in-all a promising performance, with plenty of individuals contributing to the team performance.

Despite winning at Newent, Rich's needed a lot of practice, especially defensively. Bournside School put the new defence to a stern test in the second match of the season. Having been camped in our own half for over twenty minutes, Rich's began to break on the counter attack, and scored just before half time with a scrappy goalmouth scramble. Half time substitutions changed the defensive line-up, and Bournside managed to capitalise after half time with a similar goalmouth mix-up. The defence held strong for the remainder of the match, and Ben Troughton and Alex Winter both came close to giving Rich's the lead; those chances missed were sorely rued, as Bournside snatched the win with twenty seconds left on the clock. The team were gutted, but could take many positives from this narrow defeat.

On the back of a narrow defeat to Bournside, Rich's next opponents were a reformed, mixed Newent side. Rich's fielded a weakened side, with captain Alex Winter among the absentees. Initial weaknesses in the Rich's defence were quickly exploited by Newent's forwards, and the home team were awarded two penalty strokes in quick succession – one expertly saved by James Bayly. From that point on, simple concentration lapses and the quality of the opposition gradually chipped away at the Rich's defence, and a half time score of 4-0 was a fair reflection of the half. Rich's efforts in the second half were to some avail, Matt Brookes continuing his good form by scoring Rich's only goal. The final score of 8-1 did not flatter the opposition, who outclassed an under strength Tommies' team; even so, good performances from both lads (especially Troughton, Bodger, and Grimshaw) and ladies (especially Gemma Henzall, Susie Champion and Nikki Hooper) showed a lot of promise in the Rich's Mixed Hockey set-up.

After a closely fought match against Denmark, the school came up against a physically powerful Ribston Hall mixed team. The one telling factor on this game was the poorly kept Ribston grass pitch, which scuffed up and provided many problems, namely the occasional bobble at the wrong time! After a very scrappy period of play, Ribston began to dominate possession, as Tommies found the pressure on the wings too much to handle. The resulting goal was equally scrappy, with a true goalmouth scramble going the way of the home team. With a 1-0 half time score, the School were confident they could pull a result back, as now they were playing with the sun to their backs. A neatly worked run by Jamie MacLaren from one 'D' to the other resulted in Matt Brookes scoring again, his fourth in four appearances. Consistent pressure from Tommies against a weary Ribston defence resulted in a penalty corner, which was clinically dispatched by captain Alex Winter. Although the match was never safe, Rich's did not panic, and played out the last ten minutes as calmly as possible for a satisfying 2-1 win.

STRS 2nd XI P3: W2 D1

Kings School Gloucester: After losing the toss, Rich's were sent in to bat on a very hard, green wicket. The openers provided a promising start for the first eight overs until both fell within six balls. The middle order provided stern resistance, captain Jamie Malaren with fifty-seven. Richard Dwight provided entertainment in the final few overs, crashing 29* to set up a firm total of 213-9 from thirty-five overs. Dwight continued his good day with ball and bat with excellent figures of 7-30 from seven overs; Tom White and Andy Green picked up the other wickets and Rich's bowled King's out with twenty-six runs and nine overs to spare.

Marling School: Again losing the toss, Rich's were sent in to bat on a variable wicket at STRS. The initial run-rate was high until batsmen 2, 3, 4 and 5 fell for only thirty-two runs. Steve Base, Will Latter and Andrew Green built the innings, each scoring heavily. Richard Dwight came in again, to crash 37* from the last three overs to set Marling 213 to win. Unable to replicate his match-winning figures from the weekend, Dwight's departure was costly. However, Ben Ruxton took four and Andy Green three, in addition to two catches each for Sam Horder and Steve Base, propelled Rich's to a comfortable victory, bowling Marling all out for 147.

Rendcomb College: After winning the toss on a beautiful wicket, Rich's batted until tea – just shy of forty overs – and posted 197-3, with excellent performances from Heyden (40), Base (59) and Latter(52*). After tea, Rich's made a poor start with the ball, giving away several extras per over. Just as Rendcomb looked likely to chase the total, 3 wickets fell in quick succession, and, with the score at 41-3, Rendcomb were never going to attempt the win - especially with only twenty overs remaining. With Rendcomb finishing on 98-5 from thirty-six overs, Rich's felt a 'winning draw' was a justified result. Congratulations to all on a fantastically successful season.

Top scorer: Steve Base – 124 at 41.3, **Top wkt taker:** Richard Dwight – 7wkts 7-30 **Best figures 50's:** Steve Base – 59, Jamie MacLaren – 57, Will Latter – 52* **5 wkts in season:** Richard Dwight – 7, Ben Ruxton – 5, Andrew Green – 5

WATT is the unit of power?

Physics at AS Level anyone...? Don't all rush at once, form an orderly queue and if everyone's comfortable enough I shall begin to inform you of why Physics at AS level could literally take you to another dimension!

When considering my AS level options Physics did not seem an immediate choice as I had not felt that confident with the subject at GCSE level and I was more than aware of it being a very challenging AS level to participate in. So why choose it...?

It was brought to my attention that studying Physics to a higher degree than GCSE was considered to be a very rounded subject choice that offers those studying it to demonstrate the ability for their reasoning and perception in applying various concepts to a given situation, a highly employable skill for later in life. Furthermore, that Physics beyond GCSE was far more involving and satisfactory to study as various topics could be approached in a more mature manner that ultimately allows for an overall greater understanding for the concept.

It soon dawned on me that AS Physics was an extremely wise subject choice and it hastily became the most interesting of all my AS options I had undertaken. The topics covered built on previous GCSE knowledge, filling in the gaps that had led me to become less confident with the subject. The closely associated link with Physics and Mathematics as complementary subject choices became apparent in the module of Mechanics and Molecular Kinetic Theory where many of the mechanics calculations performed supplemented my AS maths, vastly increasing my overall understanding of the concept and application of Newtonian Physics, that acts as the basis for many other topics such as the kinetic gas theory.

In addition to some recapping of previous knowledge the syllabus offered the opportunity to employ my newfound understanding of applying concepts to new ideas and form my current understanding of the previously inconceivable thought that light can act as both a particle and electromagnetic wave, 'wave particle duality'.

Initially I struggled to wrestle with this intellectual minefield, but with the help of an over-qualified, enthusiastic and dedicated school Physics department I was soon on my way to understanding the duality of light and the greater repercussions of this on our understanding of the world as we see it today.

In conclusion, the transition of GCSE to AS level Physics is not the 'quantum leap' that many people foresee it to be. Whilst a general interest for the subject is required, your understanding and passion for Physics is nurtured to leave you thoroughly motivated to carry the subject on to A2 and even beyond... Finally to those cynics that would say physicists don't have a sense of humour: what's the difference between a beauty therapist and quantum theorist...?

The quantum theorist uses Planck's constant as a foundation, whereas the beauty therapist uses Max Factor of course!



Thomas Walters L6B

School House Competitions

The school has a long and relatively successful history when it comes to competitiveness against other schools, especially locally. So why is there this eternal *internal* competition within the school itself? Well, you'll all be aware that, in the usual circumstances, not everyone gets a go. No matter what it is: rugby, drama or music - there is not enough scope for everyone. We weren't all blessed at birth with a music prodigy's skills, yearnings for success on the rugby field, or the fiendish logic of a chess master. And thank goodness we weren't. Wouldn't the world be dull?

The variety of boys attending Sir Thomas Rich's means, sure enough, there's something for everyone to take part in. From house chess to, house swimming, to house art. And even then, if you're the kind of pupil who prefers to concentrate on schoolwork, you're helping out all the same. 'House Work' is still very much a part of the whole competition. Of course, there's always one bright spark who likes to sweep the board in everything - often with unbearable modesty about it too. All the same, if you were never destined to play international rugby, but fancy a nice 'throw about' on the rugby field, House Rugby gives you the chance to enjoy a bit of light-hearted competition as well as be part of a team.

Cuisine de la France



It took weeks of preparation, finding a recipe, and practising vocabulary, but finally on the frosty morning of the 15th December, the Year Twelve French students trooped into school, loaded with French delicacies, all set for the cooking competition of that afternoon. However, the challenge that they were to face was more than just producing a three-course meal in two hours. In addition to cooking, they would have to remember all of their ingredients, utensils, and table layout in *French*, if they were ever going to be the Champion of the kitchen! Cooking isn't easy at the best of times, but under pressure and under the piercing eyes of the judges it was inevitable that it was going to be a difficult task.

So, at approximately 1.30 on Friday afternoon, the 8 groups stepped into the cooking laboratories where their destiny was going to be decided. Would they prevail as a French chef, or would their culinary skills be forgotten, and be replaced by burnt crêpes or hopping frogs legs? However, in the end there were no major gastronomic disasters -

no burnt hands, severed limbs or general casualties, thanks to the safety rules that were learnt by heart by each of the aspiring chefs. Furthermore, although there were a few well-done crêpes, everyone survived the afternoon unscathed, and that included the cooking room itself, which (unbelievably) did not burst into flames!

There was a range of delicacies on offer for the judges during the afternoon, including gourmet salads, crêpes cooked to perfection and chocolate mousse. However, eventually, it was clear who had won the battle to be the top chefs in the kitchen. The victorious team was that of Tom Williams, Alex Guilford and Tristan Clapham who impressed the judges with their delicious delicacies, beautifully arranged table and - let us not forget! - their exceptional linguistic skills.

Overall, it was an enjoyable contest for all, and helped everyone to unleash their linguistic ability alongside their knowledge of the kitchen.

Sephron Mansell L6H

Bank of England Interest Rate Challenge 2006/07

Over the course of the last year, five leading economists from the Upper Sixth entered the Bank of England Target 2.0 Challenge, to advocate a future course of Monetary Policy to several prominent members of the Bank of England. After a storming performance in the first round, team members Paul Gladwell (Captain), Sam Brewer, David Anderton, James Hewlett and Tom Hards progressed to a more competitive

second round where the members faced considerably stiffer opposition.

The team undertook significant preparation for both rounds, ensuring their speeches and presentation covered the major aspects that needed considering. Weeks of preparation, involving scouring newspapers and the internet for facts and figures and also consulting leading economic commentators such as the effervescent Evan Davis and larger-than-life Kenneth Clarke, resulted in an informed and well-rounded presentations, singled out for praise by the judges.

The seventeen minute presentation, covering issues such as house prices, wage inflation, the unwinding of carry trades and the general performance of the UK economy, was followed by questions probing deeply into areas

discussed by the team. In the area finals, despite a solid performance in most areas, the STRS team was edged into second place by Bablake Public School. Still, second position left the economists in joint seventh place out of the 265 teams that entered and with £650 of prize money, not to mention the value of the free meals and nibbles consumed by members over the course of their progression to the penultimate round.

The team would like to exploit this opportunity to express their gratitude to Mr Seales and Mrs Banks for guiding the team and keeping them on track. Good luck to next year's team!

F J Banks



Esperanto Club Trip to Bulgaria:

In 2005, Sir Thomas Rich's announced a link with the Tsanko Tserkovski Secondary School in Bulgaria, and the Scuola Mediolo Cavour in Italy. The schools are linked through the Comenius Project, which aims to promote European co-operation through joint curriculum-based projects and to develop links between countries and cultures. The language of communication for the project is Esperanto.

After successful trips to Bulgaria and Italy, the project gained popularity and a school from Spain joined us at the meeting in Gloucester. The fourth leg, which had the theme "Cultures and Traditions" was hosted by Bulgaria in April, where a school from Lithuania observed with a view to joining the project.



Bulgaria- A 3:00 am departure from Sir Thomas Rich's meant that everybody was tired, but we still managed a game of Trivial Pursuit on the way to Heathrow, whence we flew to Sofia. Arriving at 1:30pm local time at the very modern, attractive airport left us open-mouthed at how much it had been modernised in a year and a half; we were later to find out that we had landed in a completely different terminal to that of our previous trip.

We were met by the Mary-Anna and the headmistress of Tsanko Tserkovski School at the airport, and were quickly taken to our hotel on the outskirts of Sofia. Expecting us just to want to unpack, or relax after our long journey, Mary-Anna asked us what we wanted to do. Unbeknown to her, Mr. Gowler had spotted a tempting mountain, and, being a Geographer, wanted to climb it.

We enlisted the help of a Sofian man who told us that there was a cable car service to the top of the mountain, and that he could drive us there. To our great disappointment, the cable car service was temporarily out of order, and there was no way that we could climb the mountain, although we did get to explore more of Sofia, and some members of our group even managed to find an American cowboy and have a go on one of his horses.

By the time we had finished our mountain escapade, we decided that it was time to have something to eat. Wanting to embrace the culture of Bulgaria, we caught one of the numerous trams into the centre of Sofia where we walked around in the evening sun, finally deciding to dine in one of the Chinese restaurants where the amount of food we ordered reflected how hungry we were. When the ninth plate of food arrived we realised that we may have over-ordered and that it was going to be a struggle to finish everything. Eventually we went back to hotel and climbed into bed after a very tiring and enjoyable day.

After breakfast the following morning, we embarked on a day trip into Sofia to see the many attractions that it held. The coach journey was certainly not uneventful. Whilst we were looking out at the spectacular parks that the centre of Sofia has, blue flashing lights and a siren were heard from behind. To our horror, we were being pulled over by the Bulgarian police. Thoughts of jail and prison cells entered my mind, and by the look of other people's faces, I wasn't the only one who was nervous. Ten minutes later, we were underway again: apparently we had driven into a no-coach area.

We finished our journey at the Alexander Nevski Cathedral where we learnt its history and that it was built in honour of the Russian soldiers who died to liberate Bulgaria from the Ottoman rule.

On our walking tour of Sofia we saw the parliamentary buildings, the President's home, and other churches. Boyana church was regarded by many as the highlight of the trip in Sofia where magnificent (C12th??) paintings could be seen and explained by a very exuberant tour guide.

In what seemed no time at all, it was time for us to return to the airport to pick up the Italians. This time, we went to terminal one, and realised that they hadn't in fact modernised the airport as much as we thought, but that we had arrived in a completely different terminal! The arrival of the Italians meant that we would now leave Sofia and be driven by coach to the town of Polski Trambesh in the north of Bulgaria.

The third morning of our trip was spent in the Tsanko Tserkovski School making "Martenitsa" which are little woollen people, and which signify health and good luck. We were put into groups of two and sat at a table of four, where two children from the school were also sat and instructed to follow what they did. After a lot of complicated twists and turns everyone seemed to have a decent looking woollen man and woman. The making of the Martenitsa is a Bulgarian tradition to signify the ensuing spring and "Mart" is the name of the month March.

The highlight of the day though, was the concert in the evening, where we were front-row guests in the new concert hall, and had the chance to watch the students from the Bulgarian school present to us their traditional dances. The trip to Bulgaria was exciting, interesting and never had a dull moment. The level of Esperanto spoken had improved greatly from our last visit and I am looking forward to the next Comenius Project trip to Spain in October 2007.

Tom Bosworth L6H

Right: English and Lithuanian contingent

COMENIUS PROJECT

Visit to Polski Trambesh
15th – 18th April 2007

We embarked on our journey to Bulgaria with a certain lack of enthusiasm, due only in part to the unbearably early start: 3.00am! We remembered the cold, the basic accommodation and food and the hard pillows from our previous visit. But we had forgotten the glorious scenery, the wonderful hospitality and friendliness of the Bulgarians and the pleasure which arises from renewing friendships.

Mariana Genscheva, the Project Co-ordinator, and the Headteacher of the Tsanko Tserkovski School Polski met us at Sofia airport and stepping outside we were immediately impressed by the sight of the snow-capped Vitosha Mountain. We were the first group to arrive and enjoyed a memorable evening exploring Sofia in the sunshine and indulging in a very good Chinese meal.

The following day was also spent in Sofia. The highlight of the day was a visit to the Boyana church which was adorned with astonishing frescoes, the work of anonymous 13th century artists. They represent Bulgaria's most important contribution to medieval art. Also impressive were the Russian Church of St. Nicholas with its onion domes and the Alexander Nevski Memorial Church, (right) built to commemorate Russia's costly contribution to Bulgaria's liberation (1877).

Our second day was based at the Tsanko Tserkovski School. We were warmly greeted by the Bulgarian pupils and enjoyed working alongside them, although communication was at times rather difficult. The focus of the meeting, however, was the exchange of information on our customs and traditions. These were presented in Esperanto by **Jack Vickery**, **Adam McNally** and **Tom Bosworth** and encompassed

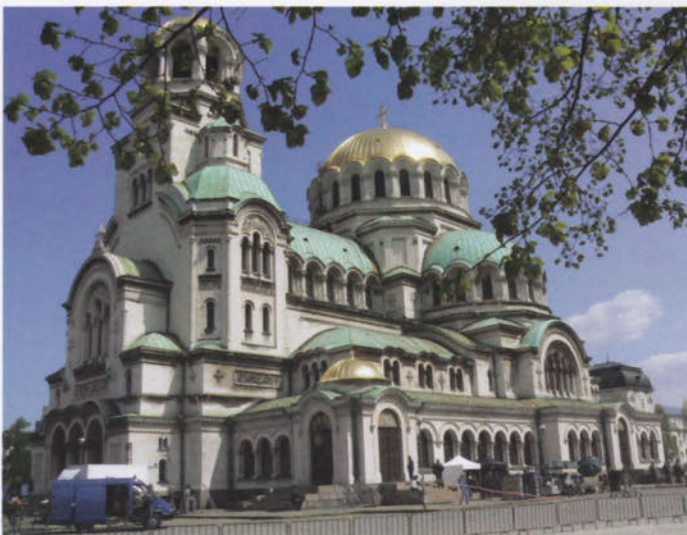


traditions in Scotland, Ireland, England and Wales. The other partner countries, Italy, Bulgaria, Spain and Lithuania, likewise gave a presentation of their traditions and national costumes. A concert in which the Bulgarians performed their vibrant and colourful traditional dances rounded off a very successful day.

The final day was soon upon us and we were able to see a little more of Bulgaria as we travelled first to Pleven to see a military museum (Pleven had been the greatest Turkish stronghold in Northern Bulgaria) and then to Trojan where we visited a monastery.

It was in every way an excellent trip. We are fortunate in having such conscientious partners who work hard to achieve collaboration and friendships between the schools, thus ensuring the success of the project.

J Hewett



Traditional Bulgarian greeting with bread, spices and wild geranium leaf



Arts Experience 2007

This year's Arts Experience was originally intended to be based on African culture, but as this replicated a topic we had covered in recent years, we decided to broaden the theme to include 'Folk Culture from around the World'. This allowed us to include a wide range of activities, including carnival figures, Maori dances and Russian folk songs, amongst other items.

The aim of the whole event is to give all Year Eight pupils the opportunity to take part in a collaborative arts activity over a period of three days. With this in mind, normal timetable is suspended and each pupil chooses an arts specialism on which to concentrate. This can include Dance, Drama, Music, Film or Visual Art.

The first two days are spent instigating and practicing a piece which is then put into a run-through in the hall on the third morning, prior to a presentation to other pupils and families on the final afternoon.

As the pupils can spend an extended time on their chosen activity, they are able to study it in much further depth than would normally be possible. It also allows for continuous progression, so the work can be evaluated and refined through practice, engendering deeper understanding. Pupils were also encouraged to put in their own ideas, rather than being led entirely by supervising staff. This resulted in a more personal approach to each piece.





STRS AUSTRALIAN RUGBY TOUR 2007

Results

1st XV

All Saints Anglican School 0 STRS 33

John Paul College 7 STRS 36

Merewether HS 14 STRS 18

Hills District XV 5 STRS 8

2nd XV

All Saints Anglican School 0 STRS 34

John Paul College 0 STRS 35

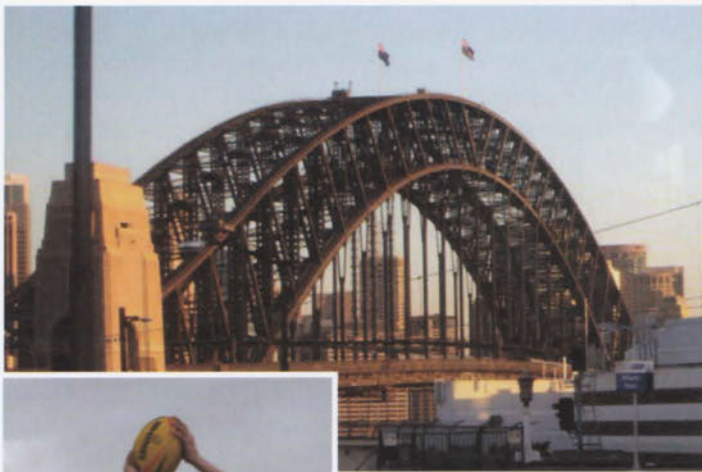
Hunter Valley GS 1st XV 25 STRS





In the winter of 2005 the School's first major sports tour was conceived. Within weeks of the first letters going out, thirty-six boys had signed up for an U17 Rugby Tour to Australia in July 2007. In March 2006 a Fund-raising committee made up of Parents and Staff held their first meeting at School and a very ambitious target of £15000 was set. No worries! Well . . . the boys, parents and friends rose to the challenge magnificently and by June 2007 we had not only met that target but exceeded it, having raised the outstanding sum of £15,600! Fund-raising activities included six bag-packing sessions at Sainsbury's in Cheltenham [5] and Gloucester [1] which raised £3770, a sponsored swim [£1520], a very enjoyable Barn Dance at Asman's Farm [£660], car boot stall [£70] and a well attended Race Night and Auction in the School Hall which raised £2550. In addition, £7050 was donated to our Tour Fund by a number of very generous sponsors including High Tech Windows Ltd, Severn Sound, Swift Frame, the Chelsea Building Society Snape Construction, Carter Construction and Allstone Sand and Gravel. One of our Parents, Mr John Green, deserves a special mention for managing the sponsorships. The fund-raising not only allowed us to purchase £10,000 worth of kit for the squad but also to provide a number of extras on tour including the Sydney Tower visit [Sydney's highest building] and an end-of-tour presentation dinner on a floating restaurant in the attractive surroundings of Darling Harbour.

We set off for our antipodean adventure from School on Saturday 14th July, all kitted out in our smart new tracksuits and looking forward to the twenty hour Qantas flight to Sydney via Bangkok! After a short internal flight from Sydney north to Brisbane we arrived at our first base where we stayed for four days, the magnificent Super Sports Centre on the Gold Coast. Elite athletes from all over the world, including Longlevens of course, train for major events at this centre which boasts some outstanding facilities including a fifty metre outdoor pool and nine accommodation lodges. The 'welcome board' in reception included teams such as the Australian Olympic Swimming Squad together with a number of other English Schools teams including Pates' Girls Netball team to the great disappointment of our boys! It was not the first time that the words, 'what a small world', were uttered. It was an ideal place to start the tour, immersed in such a sporting atmosphere, and the squad trained extremely hard under the expert guidance of Mr Sims and Mr Gallagher, and the clear blue skies of the Queensland Coast. The locals were complaining that it was the worst winter they had had for forty years and you could hardly blame them: it was cloudless, very sunny and only 24-26c! We, on the other hand, were not complaining! Wednesday 18th July was a very special day in the history of the School: the first match played by a Rich's 1st and 2nd XV's on a major sports tour. The venue was perfect for such an occasion: All Saints Anglican School, a large, flourishing independent school with outstanding Sports' facilities. Both teams rose to the occasion magnificently and played some outstanding rugby to get the Tour off to a dream start; the 1st XV played the best rugby I have seen in my time here and



won 33-0 against a very successful side, and the 2nd XV also won impressively 34-0.

At the customary post-match barbeque, speeches were made, gifts exchanged and friendships forged. It was an emotional and memorable day and well worth the nineteen month wait!

The following day was spent relaxing at 'Dreamworld', the Gold Coast's equivalent to 'Alton Towers' where, between taking pictures and sketching, Mr Lockey seemed to be in his element- the more scary the ride the better for him! For some of us, just watching was enough to raise the heart rate!

From the Gold Coast we travelled south by coach to Coffs Harbour, where both sides recorded two more wins against John Paul College, and then onto Newcastle, where the 1st XV beat Merewether HS 1st XV 18-14 and the 2nd XV lost to a strong Hunter Valley GS 1st XV 14-25 in a hard fought encounter. On route we visited the beautiful resort of Port Macquarie, where the boys took the opportunity to 'strut their stuff' for the first time on an Australian beach, and a Koala Park which provided many a photo opportunity.

After a two-night stay at the Broadmeadow Sports Centre in Newcastle we moved on to Sydney, where we would be spending the last six days of the Tour. For the first three nights the boys were hosted by families connected to William Clarke College, which was a great experience for them. This Tour was not just about playing rugby but also about making friends with people 12,000 miles from home and experiencing a different way of life. It is pleasing to note that since returning from Oz we have received a number of very

complimentary e-mails from host families about the conduct of our boys. We have our opinions about how good Rich's lads are when on School Trips, but it's nice to have it confirmed from such independent sources. The whole squad were excellent ambassadors for the School both on and off the field for the whole seventeen days of the Tour.

William Clarke College had obviously got wind that we had won five of our six games because they had arranged for their 1st XV to play Sydney District XV, which was slightly different to our Itinerary! Needless to say there were a few mutterings amongst the management but we took up the challenge! The boys, of course, did not let us down, and rose to the challenge once more to win both matches! From the rugby point of view it was a magnificent end to the Tour to see our 1st XV defeating the Hills Sydney District XV 8-5. At this point a special mention must be made of Dr Bob Bell, parent of one of our forwards, Jack Bell. Bob was instrumental in keeping the Tour party fit and well and without his medical skills a number of the squad would not have played as much as they did. Bob was a very popular tourist who also ran Mr. Lockey close for the David Bailey Award! Another of Mr. Lockey's many roles on Tour was to update the School Web-Site with his match reports to keep our friends at home abreast of our progress.

For the last three nights of the tour the boys joined the Staff at the Wentworth Travelodge on the edge of Hyde Park [where did they get these names from?]. With the matches behind us it was now time to explore one of the world's great cities and take in the famous sites such as the Harbour Bridge and Opera House. We packed an awful lot in to the last three days, including the Sydney Harbour Bridge Climb, a trip to Manly and its famous beach, guided tours of the Telstra Stadium where 'Jonny' dropped that goal, and the Aquatic Centre [the Olympic Swimming Pool], jet-boating in Sydney Harbour and an end-of-tour presentation dinner in Darling Harbour.

We returned home via Singapore, arriving back at School on Monday 30th July. The Tour had been a great success both on and off the field and we now look forward to both of the senior XV's carrying forward their outstanding Tour form into the new domestic season, particularly in the Daily Mail Cup!

The Tour could not have taken place without the great support of my three colleagues, Messrs Gallagher, Sims and Lockey who all played major roles in the planning, fund-raising and day-to-day running of the Tour, the Fund-Raising Committee, the School's Support Staff, our Sponsors, the companies and individuals who provided lots for the Auction and, of course, the parents. On behalf of the boys I would like to thank you all for your magnificent support.

Mr C.Carter [Tour Manager] Mr J.Gallagher [2nd XV Coach], Mr R.Lockey [Assistant Tour Manager]
Mr R.Sims [1st XV Coach], Dr R.Bell, W. Alder, G. Angell, H. Arnold, A. Beard, J. Bell, C. Blake, C. Broady, A. Clegg,
M. Day, N. Drury, A. Dryden, M. Eaton, W. Edwards, B. Fabbro, R. Farrow, M. Fatica, T. Smith, P. Stanley, C. Surman,
J. Walter, J. Williams, B. Franklin, A. Galling, A. Gree, J. Hinds, W. Latter, M. Lodge [Captain], P. Moore,
S. O'Neill, J. Payne, R. Payne, J. Peett, S. Pritchard, B. Rees, B. Ruxton, M. Seaborn.

C D Carter

An Unforgettable Moment

It was a cold and frosty night. What else could be expected of the silky white mountain slopes on the border of Finland and Sweden? "The weather is 20°C" said the weatherman, in his native tongue, as I read the subtitles on the blaring television set. Although the walls were padded thick with insulation, I couldn't help but shiver. But then again, the ice is one of the main attractions for English folk, who are usually perfectly happy with the snowfall at home if they can scrape together a lump of muddy snow from the gutter.

A knock on the door and a heavily accented voice registered as 'lights out' but I could not help but help feeling that to sleep now would be an enormous waste, as the sky was so clear. As a boy, there was nothing I liked better than to lie back at night in the garden and study the stars. Sirius A, B, the North Star. All beautiful. On nights such as this, shooting stars were bound to plentiful also.

I waited until midnight on that hard-mattressed bunk inside my little wood cabin, or, as I affectionately enjoyed calling it, my 'cupboard.' It was rather miniscule, although could sleep two. There were the bunks, the T.V. (black and white), a kettle, a small hob, and a tiny, tiny table, situated right in the corner. At first it was cosy, cute; but I soon found it rather uncomfortable and continually banged my limbs against everything possible.

The clock struck 11:50 and I could no longer wait. I donned my ski-wear to brave the cold outside, and carefully, quietly, I inched the window open and dropped silently into the soft pillows of snow beneath. I impressed myself with this stealth. The sky cried flakes upon my face looking up at its constellations, the stars luminous and magical. I trudged along to the frozen lake, where no trees or cabins could hinder my view, wincing as my moon boots crunched into the snow, compacting it and forming a path. I lay there, on the icy mattress in the middle of the lake, and time was forgotten.

But then it happened...

The Aurora Borealis burst into life. My eyes grew wide. I was amazed, shocked. I was the luckiest man in the world in that moment. The colours, green and purple, shimmering and twisting, moving with a life of their own, A strip of red, a dash of azure. This was like a picture of the Aurora – it was so superior. An ethereal yellow, bright and vivid, flying over the lake, when all turned white and shining, a huge wisp of smoke from god's pipe. Another burst, crimson and s-shaped, twinkling like a diamond in the rough.

And then it was gone. Had I dreamed it? Dozed off in the soft white snow? I doubt one could dream of such a wonderful sky. I knew that it was an unforgettable moment that I would cherish for life.

Tom Parry 11S

Ballad

Murder at Poulton Farm Well

Now if you think you're safe and sound
With people you know well;
Beware of this and look around,
Your home could be your hell.

A man from Poulton, Ernest Wall
Lived with his wife called Nell;
They took a lodger, name of Paul
Who shared their home as well.

Now Ernest was a drinker true
He liked the Falcon Inn:
Paul used to like a triple too –
Some tonic with his gin.

One Friday night they went to drink
In silence they did sit;
Their noses red, their cheeks bright pink
Paul's fingers twitched a bit.

At closing time they both stepped out
Paul pulling Ernest's arm;
Though Ernest cried Paul gave a clout
And yanked him to the farm.

Ernest never went back to Nell
And wasn't seen for days;
They found his corpse deep down a well
Savaged in many ways.

Ripped apart from stomach to heart
Poor Ernest hacked to bits;
His bleeding head, a thing apart
His eyes two bleeding slits.

This is my tale it's over now
A story said and told;
About two men who had a row-
One dead and now...stone cold.

Hector Palmer 7T

The Room

During the hours of daylight, that shine through the double open windows, the room is deserted. Nothing moves, apart from the occasional fly, nothing breathes. The room's colours look dull and faded, yearning for their colours to be renewed. The occupant has gone and the room is dead.

Every object in the sunlit room tells a story of the night, when they feel alive. It passes the hours of depression brought onto them by the day. The laptop purrs in standby mode, feeling as though it is lacking its life feed, wanting to be touched and feel like the bed, which consumes the master for the majority of his stay. The cupboards want to be closed, left wide open by the sunrise dash around the room, in search of clothes. The books want to be turned to their final pages and discover the purpose of their lives, but no. These are the pleasures that the night bring.

Tick tock, goes the clock, counting down the day which goes on for what seems like forever. Beep beep, the alarm has been triggered, but cannot be stopped. On it goes until the energy dies out the clock is drained. Then distant noises get closer, sunset has come bringing with it the night and on this winter's eve, the room's occupant. The door slams open, finally receiving its craving for movement, swinging on it's axis it rebounds letting the master enter and engaging the room.

Darkness has finally arrived and thus bringing life. Its belongings are chucked carelessly onto the bed and the drawers, once so neat, are now swung open and rummaged through in desperate need to find food. The windows are closed and the riots begins.

Life is restored to the ageing laptop; charging it to maximum and making it feel young. The music is blaring out of the speakers, vibrating around the room, bringing life and colour to everything it touches. Seeking its way past any obstacles and into every nook and cranny. The room is alive again and there is never a dull moment. An ageing room has been brought back to life until, the beast sleeps. Then the room recovers and starts to look forward to the next night.

Connor Hunt 10R

ENTER SHIKARI

Enter Shikari have been working hard for many years and have built up a very loyal fan base. Touring as an unsigned band, they have created a very exciting and lively reputation for their live acts. *Enter Shikari* are a post-hardcore band who incorporate rave and screamo sounds. Their name is well known and the question now is can they live up to the hype?

It all started in 2003 when four young lads from North London came together and the musical fusion that is *Enter Shikari* was formed. However getting to where they are now wasn't easy. Three years of non-stop touring ensued before they became a band to



watch. Further complications such as a year taken out because of university and other problems, but from playing tiny crowded basements, they have now become the second ever, unsigned band to sell out London Astoria. They have made this whole journey by themselves without the help of managers and have now set up their own record label, 'Ambush Reality' that is run by the band members and friends. This has left other major record labels biting their tongues. *Enter Shikari*'s first single, *Mothership* entered the UK singles chart from one week on Downloads alone.

They have recently released their debut called *Take to the Skies*. It starts off with the track 'Stand Your Ground; This Is an Ancient Land' mixing atmospheric synths with haunting vocals. It certainly creates anticipation, which is worthwhile when the band breaks into song two, 'Enter Shikari.' The switch is like a cork flying off a bottle; with a torrent of pounding riffs and

screams from the front man, Rou Reynolds, mixed with the melodic voice of bassist/backing singer, Chris.

Songs such as 'Return to energiser' and 'Ok time for plan B' are slices of rock gold with mixed sounds and styles from hardcore to emo. *Enter Shikari* have therefore merged sounds that were previously tabooed together, to break musical boundaries with their new unclassifiable genre of music.

After being energized by some of the earlier tracks, you're then uplifted by the catchy, if not slightly cheesy disco beats in songs such as 'Jonny Sniper' and 'Labyrinth' that are produced by keyboardist, Rou. This is what is good about this debut album. It is well rounded with licks from numerous musical genres and I feel this will ultimately unite the music scene.

However, the genre dipping hasn't been pulled off with the acoustic tracks such as 'Adieu' which are quite a break in the album, not really fitting in and it also takes the crowd chanting theme overboard with almost the whole song being lines which the audience chant, 'to carry you home' is just one of the many. There is also far too much filling between tracks. An example of this is the track 'Standing like Statues' which is played three times to link songs, but all this achieves is making you get up and skip the track.

Any negativity is forgotten however during the live acts, which are so adrenaline filled and action packed because with *Enter Shikari* you don't know what you're going to get. It could be anything from human pyramids to stage dives and who could forget the mini trampolines! The concert fall is all black except for the flashing luminescent lights everywhere you look. The atmosphere is out of this world with people unable to keep even still before the band have arrived on stage. The audience is whipped into a frenzy of dancing and moshing and the music keeps everyone going. Fans get so into the music because of the lyrics are emotional and issue based, but this doesn't take from the overall show because biting riffs and looping synths are thrown out everywhere whilst Rou Reynolds is launching himself off a mini trampoline. The concerts are a thrill a minute shows which is an impressive feat from such young lads.

Another thing that *Enter Shikari* have brought back is glo-sticks and they really add to the overall crazy atmosphere. Not a gig for someone who suffers from epilepsy. Glo-sticks have become fashionable and they're even incorporated into outfits. We should be thankful to this band that have made new rave famous again. Not since bands like *The Prodigy* have people been so excited by the idea of going to a rave, but you get so much more that a mere rave with *Enter Shikari*, you get a show, with dramas going on everywhere you look. Off stage too, at one concert, drummer Rob Rolfe, recorded that six ambulances, the police and a fire engine were summoned to the gig. However, after the show; people keep on coming back for more. It is clear that *The Prodigy* had the emphasis on the dance but with *Enter Shikari*; it's all about the rock.

Driving around in their ex-Royal Mail van they bring people what they want night after night and still manage to pass under the watchful eye of the major labels. I think it's only a matter of time before they grow so big, they're going to need some help, but this isn't necessarily a bad thing. As long as they don't get ahead of themselves because people love them for their originality, not their size. They've certainly had a hypnotising effect on Eastenders seventy-nine year old Dot Cotton who has been to many *Enter Shikari* concerts. This is another example of how this hybrid band can touch so many people by tapping into everyone's interests.

The band currently has over 650 gigs to their name and they are still expanding (which is ironic considering they were highly selective of choosing their record contract) keeping the title of the UK's top unsigned band. They are currently touring in the USA and Canada but will be returning to England soon. With a debut like this, I don't think *Enter Shikari* are going to be exiting any time soon. 9/10

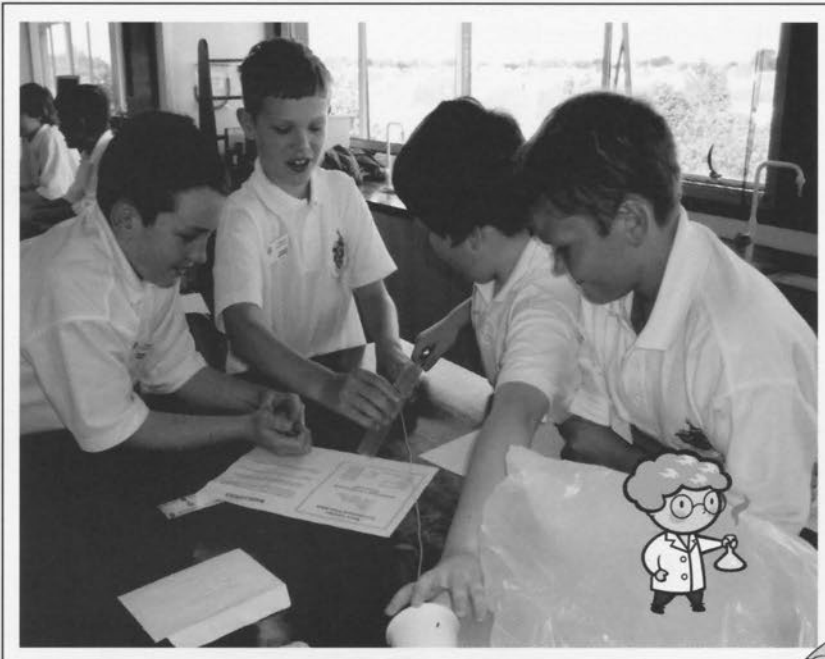
Mission to Mars' - Science Summer School 2007



After the success of the first Science Summer School in 2006, a second year followed with even greater success with maximum spaces available being filled. On 31st August and 3rd September, just before the start of term, forty-seven students took part in the STRS Mission to Mars (aka Science Summer School). Ms Prinsep, Mr Haynes, Miss Adamson and Mr Woolf, helped by **Joe Lowe, Paul Gorman** and **Chris Parry**, supervised a variety of fun and exciting science activities. Mrs Chapman, Mr French and Mr Boon, our team of wonderful lab technicians supported the event by organising all the necessary resources for the activities.



On the first day the students made aliens from green slime, built scale models of living quarters that could be used for survival on Mars and designed badges to celebrate the Mission. It was all great fun and the aliens proved to be most popular. The best badge designs were rewarded with a mug bearing the design, and there were prizes for the best alien and the best building.



On the second day the students undertook three challenges. They made rockets (a repeat of last year's successful and very popular activity), with a prize for the one that travelled the furthest. They made landers to safely deposit a fresh egg on the ground, having been dropped from a great height. A prize was awarded to the team that successfully completed the challenge with minimum resources. And finally they made solar powered ovens from pizza boxes with the hope that they would be able to cook beaten egg but unfortunately the weather wasn't on our side. This was another fantastic day and it was great to see so much enthusiasm and teamwork.



Once again, Summer School was a huge success – the students told us how much they had enjoyed it! No one went home empty handed as all of the participants received a pack of NASA astronaut ice cream and a T-shirt.

**Where will you be
next year? ...
when we're having fun!**

K Prinsep



PSYCHOLOGY SUCCESS!

The psychology department have been celebrating recently with the successes of last year's students gaining an award from the Good Schools Guide. The award was for the best results in A-level Psychology achieved by girls at a selective state school in England. Although many of the boys achieved excellent grades last year, the girls just beat them, with nearly all achieving an A or B grade at A level. This award was confirmation that the psychology department at Sir Thomas Rich's School is one of the strongest in the country! So well done the Psychology team!

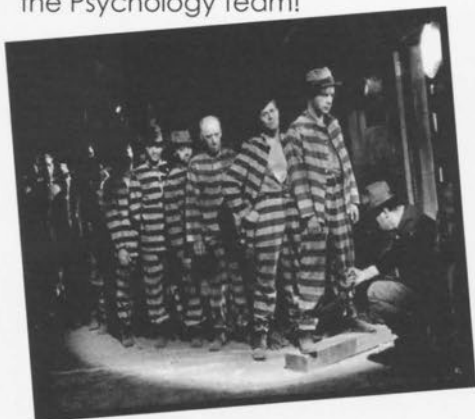


The Upper Sixth Students make friends with some murderers!

It has been a particularly exciting year for the Upper Sixth psychology students who were lucky enough to visit a conference centre to speak to four criminals who had committed various crimes including murder and drug dealing. The students were able to ask the prisoners any questions they wished about their specific crime, or about their experiences whilst in prison: a very different and enlightening experience to help them along with their psychological studies, of which they found very useful.

April Ramsey explained what she felt about visiting the *Behind Bars* conference – "I gained a lot from the experience; it allowed us to see into the minds of the criminals which is a very special opportunity. We spoke to them about various things and they also gave us some 'inside knowledge' such as how we can protect our houses from burglary by the use of automatic lights. This increases the amount of defensible space around a building. Defensive space is anything that makes an area seem occupied, or owned, like fencing or having a well kept garden. This makes it psychologically more difficult to invade as it appears to be private, rather than public territory".

Other students also mentioned how useful the experience was, as it allowed various insights as to why people re-offend, which can often be explained by their having been institutionalised for so long they begin to see the prison as home; hence they are fearless in returning, becoming accustomed to this way of life. It also allowed the Upper Sixth Students to ask any questions about life in prison and the psychological effects prison has on people. A very useful and exciting experience for the Upper Sixth Psychology pupils.



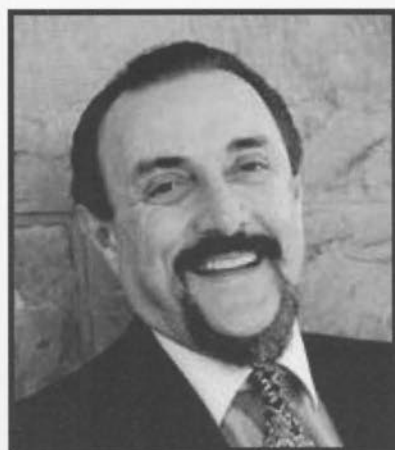
Zimbardo in town!

Furthermore, four lucky Lower Sixth psychology students have been on a rather exiting trip. On the 19th April this year, Adam Leeming,

Ashley Bray, Alex Timms and Matthew Broadhead went to London to see one of the most infamous psychologists of the 20th Century, Philip Zimbardo, PhD.

The conglomeration of psychology students from throughout England gathered in the hall of the Emmanuel Centre, which posed as an ironic contrast to the talk given by the legendary psychologist, who focused on the promotion of his latest compilation of research, *The Lucifer Effect - How Good People Turn Evil*. Although three respected senior examiners provided interesting insights into AS Psychology and its applications, it was apparent that Zimbardo would inevitably steal the show, demonstrated by the uproar of cheering upon every mention of his name.

Zimbardo began with a vow from his past: that he would never deliver a dull lecture. He kept his word. The seasoned psychologist touched on key aspects of his book, questioning our stereotypical assumptions of allegedly 'evil' people in recent history, such as the men and women of the Rwandan Massacre and even the American soldiers of the Iraq Prisoner camps. He delved into the effect of situational attributes on our behaviour, as shown in his prison simulation study, which suggested that being given a certain role and put in a certain position is enough for a person's behaviour to change dramatically. Zimbardo argued that this situational factor was more important than the innate dispositional traits (natural personality) in influencing behaviour.



Zimbardo wrapped up the conference with a question and answer session followed by an appreciative applause as the audience rose with respect.

Sir Thomas Richs' very own Psychologists!



As well as studying the investigations/experiments of leading psychologists, the Lower Sixth students, in preparation for their exam, also had to carry out some investigations of their own. For example Joe Stephens aimed to investigate whether there is a correlation between the hours of sleep a person has and their self-report of happiness. Joe did this by asking students from the Lower Sixth how many hours of sleep they got per night and also to rate their happiness on a scale of one to ten. His results showed a significant correlation (at the 0.05 level of significance) of 0.390. This enabled Joe to conclude that students are happier if they receive more sleep - consequently he came up with the idea that, 'perhaps schools

should start later then everyone will be more cheerful'. Some of the teachers would like this too! (Although the idea of going to bed early might work too?! Ed.)

Another example of a student's work is Kate Harrap's investigation to see if more dreams are recalled if people sleep for longer, based on the study by leading psychologists Dement and Kleitman. Kate investigated this by giving out questionnaires which asked participants how many hours of sleep they had had the previous night and how many dreams they could recall. Results showed a strong correlation between the number of hours sleep and how many dreams recalled, which suggests that the more hours of sleep, the more dreams you have and therefore are able to remember.

The Lower Sixth students have thoroughly enjoyed their first year in Psychology and the vast majority are continuing their psychological studies in the second year for the interesting A2 course.

Rachel Nolloth & Hannah Matthews

STRS 1st XI 2007

By Alex Winter (1st XI Captain)

The 1st XI had a poor season as far as results go; however, our young, inexperienced side did compete well at times, and often, had one aspect of the performance been improved, we would have been more competitive.

Our opening fixture was perhaps the toughest – an 'away' to Kings', Gloucester. The first ball of the match nipped off the seam to clean bowl Andy Downes for a duck, and that set the tone for the remainder of the match. Partnerships never really got going and it was the runs from Alex Winter (45) and a useful forty-two from Niall Drury, supported by Ben Fabbro's twenty-one, that were the main contributors to a total of 180. Nevertheless, for a 50-over game it was a below-par score, and Kings made light work of it, losing only three wickets in the successful run-chase, despite taking forty-six overs to reach their target. STRS' bowling lacked penetration and had they been able to nip out a couple of wickets early on, it might have been a different story. Some dropped catches also hindered the cause.

Away at Marling, the batting struggled again, admittedly on a difficult pitch. It was another forty-two from Niall Drury, lower down the order, that rescued the innings after the top five had been shot out for forty runs between them. Ben Griffiths' grafted twenty-two also propped up the total to 137-9 from 30 overs. STRS were then seemingly in total control having reduced the home side to 57-7 and then 89-8. But again, dropped catches and poor bowling were the culprit as Marling's senior batsman made sixty-five in a match winning innings that saw the home side romp home with three overs to spare, despite Simon Guilor's 3-17 from six overs.

For a side supposedly stacked with batsman, it was failings in the batting that were again the major factor in another defeat, away to Pates. Despite winning the toss and batting, this time on a much better pitch, only four batsmen made double figures, with Alex Winter's 28 the only notable score. The innings also included a dramatic collapse from 57-2 to 90 all out as STRS were forced into the field before the tea interval, but Richard Dwight's two wickets provided hope. However, on resumption Pates comfortably knocked off the remaining runs for the loss of just two more wickets.

Surely traditional rivals Crypt couldn't make it a blank season for the school? This time they fielded first but it started pretty disastrously. Crypt were rattling along at nearly 7-an-over at the half way stage, before Alex Winter clean-bowled four batsman for just fifteen runs as Crypt were dismissed for 175. For once, STRS got off to a flier and were well up with the required run-rate, largely thanks to Andy Downes, who eventually ran himself out for an excellent 83. Chris Surman's measured 33 and Will Alder's twenty-two guided the school to victory with two overs to spare. It was a well-paced run-chase and a well deserved victory for the efforts shown throughout the season.

Hopefully the experiences gained this season will augur well for the future, and lead to more successful campaigns in years to come.

The Circus

The colours were rotating like a windmill; the roar of the crowd shook the ground, the anonymous person (of an unknown age) stood on the sweet, sugar gauze of candy floss touched the anonymous persons lips and they felt like a child with fresh leaves under their bare feet.

Nick Towers 9R

Masses of people moved into the massive tent, they scurried along like ants. You could sense the excitement in the air as we looked towards the colourful arena in anticipation. The smell of snacks and fizzy drinks wafted around us. The lights went out, the arena went silent, and everyone looked towards the stage. Suddenly there was a wave of different coloured lights and aerobic, agile acrobats came unto view, leaping and flipping through the air. The drums started rolling and got louder, the excitement grew. As the drums peaked on their crescendo fireworks went off. Bang! A flash of lavish light and the ringmaster emerged, a silhouette against the illuminated wall.

Robbie Brewster 9R

As the circus opened, there was a huge smell wave of popcorn and candy floss as if you were about to eat them. Then as you entered through the gates the blinding lights shone from every direction and lit up the dark, cloudy night. It was as if it were midday. Within five minutes it was covered in a layer of screams from little kids and parents telling them off for running away. The first ride pumped their bodies into adrenaline mode which made them want to go on more and more rides. Every ride was as if they were going into space. The Ferris wheel was like a huge cheese ball rolling down a hill. And as the night went on the people began to get hotter and hotter even though it was a cold night. When it comes to the end it is like a mosh pit in a rock concert as they rush home to put their children to bed.

Matt Nash 9R

Standing at a back of a queue as long as Africa is extremely tiresome, but I knew that beyond the tunnel lay my dreams, yes, the brand new ride! I have been waiting for this moment since the beginning of time! Everywhere, newspaper ads. Television, posters, everywhere, this ride was described s the best thing since Christmas. I looked at my watch, it was getting late, and this was taking forever! I noticed to my left a giant wheel as big as the world spinning, yeh, they were having fun, but nothing compared to what I was about to experience, oh no, their cheesy smiles were nothing compared to my ear to ear laughter. To my right, a tiny man with a concealed face, smothered in paint, was prancing around like a child with a lolly pop. I could tell by his gaunt look that he was as thick as my biology text book. Still, nothing could take my mind off the ride, not even the fancy magician who could pull a rabbit from a hat could beat the ride. When I looked ahead, the queue had disappeared, I saw upset faces all around me, and then, to my horror, I saw a sign with 'Ride Closed' hanging from the large banister, NO! It cannot be! Disappointed, I dragged the weight of an elephant on my heels, great, not, I end my dream as excited as my Digested sandwich.

Jon Evans 9R

As the small boy entered the circus, his senses were overwhelmed by a barricade of sounds, smells and sights; the forever present 'Hurdy-Gurdy' that he knew would be going round...and round...and round in his head for the rest of the evening. The sweet smell of candyfloss and toffee-apples wafted up his nostrils, the boy couldn't wait to have the succulent taste in his mouth.

He was hit by the sensation of bright, vivid colours, ranging from turquoise to scarlet, from fluorescent yellow to indigo. He could see the pink, fluffy clouds of candyfloss being carried around by other red-faced enthusiastic children. It was like looking at the world through a kaleidoscope of colours. The Barrel-Organs rolled over-and-over chanting their incessant tune.

This was the circus. With the bizarre atmosphere where an ordinary coconut could be turned into something for a competition. A place, like no other.

Tim Brown 9R

The massive, colourful ceiling loomed over like an eclipse. Oversized multi-coloured balls rolled around like rainbows in motion. The air tasted awful, and was only just bearable. Clumsy clowns clattered among each other. It was a kaleidoscope with all the magnificent, contrasting colours.

Paul Anderson 9R

As the two trapeze artists walked into the pitch-black dome, the spotlights beamed onto them, revealing a man and a woman glittering like the scales of a fish. The lights suddenly shone onto two towers that looked like scaffolding as giant as double-decker buses.

Reaching the top, after an immense climb, the man placed his legs, so that they were hanging on a suspended metal bar. Now the safety net is rolled away, to the audience's astonishment. They both jumped off and the audience gasped. As they flew through the air, they both reached out and grabbed hold of each other. The audience sighed with relief as they safely landed on top of the tower.

Matt Janin 9R

As I walked along the path, my eyes were drawn upwards by a massive red and yellow mass of material. The giant arms of the structure, reaching upwards to support the canvas. The structure was lit from inside making it glow like a huge spaceship. Then I was aware of the overpowering smell of the sawdust stinging my nostrils, and the pounding beat of the drums in my chest.

Luke Jones 9R

The lights go down on the stage and everyone remains quiet, you could cut the tension with a knife. The clown's roll on, as stupid as can be, they are as stupid as a fish and as clumsy as Robbie Brewster. The clowns try to be funny and fail at nearly every attempt. The custard pies make a huge SPLAT! On their faces. The acrobats are extremely entertaining jumping, flipping in mid air. The dancers are wonderful, the light changes on their dress like a rainbow as it gleams in your face. The crack of the Ringmaster whip frightens you as the noise goes right around the tent.

Luke Jones 9R

When the small boy was the grand age of seven, he went to his first ever circus. From the outside, the big top was as big as the world, and as colourful as a rainbow. From where the boy was standing, he could taste and smell the delicious candy-floss blowing in the wind under his nose. As he went inside he sat in the soft and welcoming chair. As the lights dimmed, the audience silenced, until there was a sudden 'BANG!' and a puff of smoke on the stage. As the smoke cleared a pair of funny clowns stood there. The two of them had a massive water fight with foam and water (also hitting a boring, unhappy man in the audience). After the clowns, came the acrobats who whizzed and whooshed above and around the stage. As they left there were bright lights being shone on the dark, night, sky.

Un-attributed

The performers burst into the ring with a flurry of activity; the agile acrobats somersault through the air and the clowns trip up over their own ridiculously long shoes. A moment later everything goes pitch black. Suddenly a wave of brilliant, rotating, multicoloured lights shine through the murky smoke. This seems to hypnotise the captivated audience's minds. After this the drums begin to rhythmically boom, like a salvo of cannons obliterating the peace around them. As soon as the drums reach their crescendo of noise, they stop. A single beam of white light shines at the ring master who sits motionless upon the cages.

Leo Kirby 9R

As the small boy walked through the tent door he was welcomed by a roaring crowd. Suddenly there was a loud trumpet like an elephant calling for its mate. The ground was warm and sweaty from the thousands of bare-footed people that had just come off the beach. Looking around the small boy could see bright colours; and then "ROAR" the puma jumped out of its cage and leapt through the brightly blazing ring of fire, seemingly untouched by the burning heat. "BANG," a mad man flew out of a cannon and landed on a floating trapeze. It looked as easy as pie.

Ayrton Peel 9R

As the little boy entered the circus the colours hit him straight away. The whole circus glowed with colour as the sun beamed down on it. He walked into the first tent on his right. It was pink with a green and yellow flag on the top. As the little boy entered he realised the sheer size of it. It was like a TARDIS. This tent was the trapeze tent. The acrobats were extremely skilled flinging themselves across the tent from pole to pole making it look as if it was as easy as taking candy from a baby. At any time they could have fallen but that would never happen. They finished with a bow and the crowd roared with applause. The little boy left the tent and walked over to the food stands. The smell of hotdogs and burgers filled the air.

Alastair Barnard 9R



My trip to Parvatiben Muljibhai Madhvani Girls School

As we drove from Bristol to Heathrow airport along the M4, I started to think about what it was really going to be like to spending three weeks in Uganda at PMM School. In the weeks leading up to the trip I had read the Bradt travel guide to Uganda cover to cover but I still had several unanswered questions in my head. What would the people *really* be like? How accepting would they be of western visitors? How easy would it be to get from the international airport in Uganda to the town of Jinja (a journey of approximately 120 km)? Had I remembered all of the essentials such as anti-malaria tablets, a decent first aid kit and gifts for the sponsored girls? Remembering the essentials was the easy part, and something I had complete control over. However, the unknown cultural aspect of this experience was something I would only find out about once in the country – the people, the smells, and the food – all things that you really have to experience first hand by actually being in a country.

As we approached Terminal 3 of Heathrow I really started to feel excitement at the prospect of this trip. Even the journey was a mini adventure in itself; London to Dubai, Dubai to Addis Ababa in Ethiopia before the final leg of the journey to Entebbe international airport in Uganda.

After almost a day of flight, random sleep and countless teas, coffees and plane meals, we finally touched down in Entebbe mid afternoon on 15 July 2007. We were guided off the plane to the arrivals suite which was really nothing more than a small building adjacent to the side of the runway.

As we waited for the bags to appear on the conveyor belt, I looked around the airport. I was really surprised to see how basic everything was. No computer screens, no fancy PA equipment – very far removed from Heathrow. Also, everything seemed to be so much more laid back compared to in the UK. I finally spotted the bags on the conveyor and we collected them before walking towards immigration control. After paying the 50 US\$ for a visitors visa, and getting my passport stamped, we were free to walk towards the arrivals suite. I was immediately taken by how friendly everyone seemed to be. Even the official at immigration control welcomed me to the country and told me he hoped I really enjoyed my stay in Uganda.

The first job was to find a taxi that was prepared to drive me to Jinja. Of course, plenty of people asked if they could drive us, whether they were official drivers or not – it is very important to realise how (relatively) rich you are in a country such as Uganda where the average annual income is only 300 US\$ and locals are desperate for your trade. After much deliberation, we finally chose a driver after he convinced us that he was an 'official' taxi driver, he knew the way to Jinja, and his car was in a good state of repair. We also negotiated a price, payable upon arrival.

The road between Entebbe and Jinja is regarded as a good road in Uganda but I can't think of any road in the UK which is comparable to it. It is very badly maintained only has tarmac at points and speed limits are simply not enforced. It was a bumpy, and at points, scary ride as the driver darted the car from one side of the road to the other to avoid large holes and undertook lorries at the same time as having a conversation with us about what we hoped to do whilst in the country. 3 hours later we arrived in Jinja, found the hotel from a map Mrs Arnold had given me and paid the taxi driver. It was starting to get dark, so we checked into our hotel and rang the headmistress of PMM School, Mrs Lujwala, explaining that we had arrived. She told us that she would see us in school at 08:00 the following morning.

We had breakfast at the hotel before walking to the school. Along the way we saw lots of school children walking to various schools in the area – the majority waved and said 'hello Mzungo' which is a friendly expression for 'white person'! Eventually we spotted some of the girls from PMM School identifiable by their burgundy uniform with an embroidered badge with the motto 'Struggle for Success' on it.

As we walked up the school drive we could see lots of the girls sitting in the school field working in small groups. As we walked past, they welcomed us. We then saw the buildings of the school. The main school building is 3 stories with classrooms on



each level. The grounds in which they are set are very well maintained and the pupils obviously take a great pride in their learning environment as there wasn't a single piece of litter anywhere. We also found out later during our stay that the girls clean the school and one evening we saw some of the girls cleaning the windows of the home economics room.

The administration building is a separate block set to the right of the main building and is home to several offices including the headmistress' Office. This is where we had agreed to meet during the phone conversation the previous night. We knocked on her door and were welcomed in. She immediately made us feel extremely welcome and offered us a drink and a (very) fresh banana from one of the school's banana plants, before going through a detailed itinerary for the first week of our stay.



Looking around the office, I noticed the Sir Thomas Rich's Shield on the wall adjacent to the PMM one. This highlights just how much the link between the two schools means to the staff and pupils of the school.

Left: Sir Thomas Rich's and PMM School shields.

The first part of the day was spent looking around the school. The pupils were all very well behaved and obviously greatly value their education. We were shown where the school food was produced, where the girls' dormitory was and also got to look at some of the science laboratories.

The dormitory was very basic and contained bunk beds stacked in threes. There was very little space between the beds and the girls had to hang their belongings from the end of each bed. Despite the lack of space, the girls were very well turned out and took pride in wearing their school uniform.



The science laboratory that I looked around had five Bunsen burners attached to a gas cylinder. There was not sign of any safety glasses or test tube holders. I later found out that pupils held their test tubes by rapping a rolled up piece of paper around the tube.



We were given the opportunity to observe several lessons during our time at the school. Often, classes could be as large as sixty and resources were extremely limited. They proudly showed us some of the text books that had been sent in the past from Sir Thomas Rich's and it was nice to see that they were being put to such good use.

Thanks to Sir Thomas Rich's School, pupils can now enjoy undertaking some science experiments in their classes. Practical work is so important in science and it is great that pupils at PMM School now have this opportunity. They really make use of the limited resources that they have and patiently took it in turns to use the Bunsen burners and the few chemicals that are available to them.



The next part of the programme was the meeting of the sponsored pupils. This turned out to be really good fun. We took some party balloons with us from the UK, the sort that make sound when released and fly into the air. We also took some stationary across to give them as exercise books and pens are still considered luxuries in Uganda. We spent about 1 ½ hours with the pupils and had a competition to see who could get their balloon the furthest. As the pupils became more relaxed and confident we also attempted to answer their many questions on subjects such as what life was like in the UK, how we were finding Uganda and whether we liked their school.

Walking back from the school towards the hotel that evening, reminded me just how poor the majority of Ugandans are and just how much we take for granted in the UK. The area immediately around the school is residential and there was rubbish everywhere. The reason being, they don't have refuse collection or a means of taking the rubbish to a designated area away from where they live. We had been told by the headmistress that many of the girls from the school come from rural areas and are much poorer than people living in the urban areas, such as this one next to the school. It seemed very difficult to imagine how anyone could be any poorer than some of the people who were waving to us as we made our way back to the hotel.

During my time at PMM School, I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity to teach some A-level chemistry lessons. This was probably my favourite experience of the trip. The pupils were so perceptive and once they adjusted to my English accent, really participated in the lesson. I was amazed by their level of chemistry and really pleased to see them enjoying the subject so much.

Left: Mr Haynes Teaching A-Level chemistry

Just as at Sir Thomas Rich's, extra-curricular activities are very valued and considered to be an important part of school life. Now that PMM School admits boys at senior level (equivalent to the UK Years 12 and 13), football has recently become introduced as an extra-curricular activity. During our time at the school, we saw the first competition game to be played by the boys of the school. The two teams were arts and science. It was really exciting to watch and the cheering from the girls was fantastic. Even though it was raining, everybody was really enjoying themselves!

Left: Final result: Arts 2, Science 3.

Volleyball and netball are very popular activities for the girls at the school and we took the opportunity to watch several of these games.



Dance and music play a big part of their extra-curricular programme and one evening we were treated to an excellent display of tribal dancing and music. The performance started off with a recital of their school song, before the drums started and the girls and the boys put on a show for us lasting nearly 1 hr. The local people of Jinja generally buy their day to day supplies from the market. The market at Jinja was amazing. You could buy almost anything there – from bike wheels to food, clothes and building supplies – the list was almost endless.



We took the opportunity to visit Bujugali falls on the River Nile. It is here that you can watch locals braving the grade 5 rapids with only a jerry can for buoyancy! I was astonished by their bravery and gave them the customary tip for watching them.

In addition to the Falls we visited the source of the Nile which was one of the few touristy places around Jinja. It was well worth a visit though, and one of those places it's nice to say you've been to.

The programme afforded us the opportunity to visit some primary schools in and around the region. Some classes contained 140 pupils and some of them didn't even have paper and a pencil and so write on small blackboards with a piece of chalk. This particular school is called Buwenda Primary school and is a typical rural school.

We also visited an urban primary school called Main Street Primary School. One of the main differences between this and the rural school was the extensive use of English in the urban school and the slightly smaller class sizes.



Once we had spent a couple of weeks in the school and we had built up a good rapport with the sponsored girls, it was decided that we should visit the homes of two of them. There was no way of letting the families know that we would be coming as they both lived out in the villages, so we turned up unannounced with a teacher from the school, the two girls and a very enthusiastic minibus driver who seemed to be able to get the minibus

anywhere – road or no road! It was at this point when I really realised just how much it must mean to the families for their daughter to go to school. They were so proud that we had visited their village and the reception that we got was fantastic.

Generally in Uganda, extended families all live together and more and more people kept emerging from a small hut which was the home of one of the sponsored girls called Fatina. I thought back to the homes of the urban families I had seen on the first day of the trip near the school. I could now see how it was possible for families to be even poorer than them. The family of Fatina had almost no possessions, yet they were all smiling. It was clear just how much good the money we raise at Sir Thomas Rich's does in giving Fatina a chance that she would otherwise never get. There is no way that her family could ever afford to send her to school. They are self sufficient and I was later told by one of the teachers, that they probably never even venture into Jinja as they have no means of getting there and have no reason to go.

Overall the trip to Uganda was an amazing experience. The people are so friendly and they have really good family values. Education is very important to them and it is nice to feel that we are helping some of the children in Uganda to build a better future for themselves through the link between our school and theirs. We should all be very proud that it is our fundraising efforts that allow this link to occur and to be so successful.



Once we had spent a couple of weeks in the school and we had built up a good rapport with the sponsored girls, it was decided that we should visit the homes of two of them. There was no way of letting the families know that we would be coming as they both lived out in the villages, so we turned up unannounced with a teacher from the school, the two girls and a very enthusiastic minibus driver who seemed to be able to get the minibus anywhere – road or no road! It was at this point when I really realised just how much it must mean to the families for their daughter to go to school. They were so proud that we had visited their village and the reception that we got was fantastic.



Generally in Uganda, extended families all live together and more and more people kept emerging from a small hut which was the home of one of the sponsored girls called Fatina. I thought back to the homes of the urban families I had seen on the first day of the trip near the school. I could now see how it was possible for families to be even poorer than them. The family of Fatina had almost no possessions, yet they were all smiling. It was clear just how much good the money we raise at Sir Thomas Rich's does in giving Fatina a chance that she would otherwise never get. There is no way that her family could ever afford to send her to school. They are self sufficient and I was later told by one of the teachers, that they probably never even venture into Jinja as they have no means of getting there and have no reason to go.

Left: The home of Veronica, another girl sponsored by Sir Thomas Rich's school.



Overall the trip to Uganda was an amazing experience. The people are so friendly and they have really good family values. Education is very important to them and it is nice to feel that we are helping some of the children in Uganda to build a better future for themselves through the link between our school and theirs. We should all be very proud that it is our fund raising efforts that allow this link to occur and to be so successful.

Music 2006-2007

I often remember what it must feel like for a young Richian, perhaps in Year 8 or 9, or even a Year 7 pupil, to go on the school stage or performing-podium to play a piece on his instrument to a large audience of peers and close contemporaries.

This is what happens at the end of February year after year in the annual House Music competition, or in the Spring or Summer concerts.

It may not be the first time the 'competitor' has performed in public - indeed, some have regularly played in other school concerts or even assemblies. For these, there is still a slight thrill of apprehension as they embark on two or three (usually feeling more like twenty-three) minutes of sharing their musical skill with an expectant group of onlookers.

For the first-timer, this 'thrill' probably translates more into butterflies or, at worst, anxiety when confronted with their turn. The hours of practice which may have gone into preparing a particular piece somehow suddenly become irrelevant as the pressure of the moment takes over and the first few bars of the introduction are being played. Fingers, lips, hands, breathing and posture seem to take shape and happen almost subconsciously as the piece finds musical expression.

To try to put this experience into words is quite difficult and only someone who has undergone the same can probably do it. I can remember the first time I played in public, or at least, to someone other than my family in the comforting surroundings of my own home: it was when I took my Grade 1 Violin exam at The Garden House, Elmbridge Road - then, the Gloucester centre for the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music. Nervousness causing a few 'pearlies' of the bow and the odd understretching of the fingers, trying to get that G# in tune are distinct memories of the occasion. I passed the exam - not brilliantly - but well enough to encourage me sufficiently to carry on to the next hurdle.

It is with this in mind that I am constantly amazed at the number of boys (and girls in the sixth form) who seem to handle these occasions with increasing confidence, or apparent confidence; some even request a repeat or repeats of the spotlight attention! The opportunities for learning an instrument are there for everyone. It is something which many take up and subsequently enjoy for the rest of their life as a hobby; it is also something which many take up and, disappointingly, give up after meeting their first hurdle.

For those who have passed that first hurdle and, indeed, many more since, it seems right that they share their musical talent and enthusiasm with their peers at school, enhancing their own aptitude by joining one or more of the instrumental groups. Like sporting, dramatic and academic talent, music is one of those areas which should be exploited positively as a natural part of growing up in school, and not just kept for evenings or weekends.

J W Thompson

The Stratford Experience

On the 19th of September 2007 my friends and I set out on a residential that we will never forget. The trip started when we arrived at the youth hostel at quarter past ten in the morning. The youth hostel was located to the east of Stratford upon Avon in a sleepy village called Alveston. As we got out of the two mini buses that accommodated us on the one-hour drive, we raised our heads and gazed at the massive structure that we would be staying in over the next three days and two nights.

As soon as we dropped our bags off in our spacious rooms, we walked three miles to reach a park, which housed an eighteen hole crazy golf course. When we got there we collected the balls and clubs that would be vital to play the game. We were split into groups of four and began the challenge. We all enjoyed playing as it gave us a chance to meet and bond with each other.

Later on in the day we walked a few hundred yards down a narrow road in the sunshine from the crazy golf to the butterfly farm (which is the largest in Europe). We reached the entrance with great anticipation. As we strode through the door I thought to myself 'I hope there are spiders.' When we reached the educational room we learnt about the interesting world of butterflies before entering the farm itself. When we entered the farm we suddenly saw almost a sea of butterflies dance right in front of us. It was an amazing sight, one that I will never forget. After we marvelled at how delicate the creatures were for fifteen minutes we moved on to the house of the spiders. In that creepy place we saw loads of scary tarantulas we even saw some scorpions as well. After we examined the animals we had a quiz, which I won.

After the butterfly farm we went to the swimming pool where we swam for an hour and ten minutes. I really enjoyed this because it was really deep and we had a competition to see who could touch the bottom of the pool; this was not easy as the pool was around twelve feet deep. I was really tired after the swim and so were all of my other classmates, which was why Mr. Woolf got the minibus to drive us all home.

When we arrived at the hostel we had dinner, which was made up of chilli con carne, rice and chips. I thoroughly enjoyed the tea, as it was one of my favourite meals. After tea we had to write our diaries, which I actually enjoyed because it gave me a chance to chat with my roommates. When we finished writing up our diary Mr. Wolf took us outside to play dub-dub in (which is a fun game to play). Then after a hard day's play we went to bed, falling asleep almost immediately.

The next day we woke up bright and early excited about the day's activities. After getting ready we went down for breakfast, which was delicious. This consisted of sausages, bacon and egg with toast and juice to drink. We started the day's activities with a treasure hunt that was based around the small village of Alveston. The treasure hunt was fairly hard but very enjoyable up until the point when I dropped my bag and coat off in the minibus and it started to rain. This meant that I was trekking through Alveston in the driving rain in my tee shirt and trousers. When it stopped raining I was very pleased to get dry and then we had a very welcome lunch in the play park.

After lunch we walked up to the bus stop where we boarded an open topped bus, which took us on a tour of Stratford. We got off the bus to visit Mary Arden's house who was the mother of William Shakespeare. It was very small compared with a modern house but she owned quite a lot of land.

We then went to a brass-rubbing centre where we were shown how to take a brass rubbing. Despite being taught by experts my brass rubbing still looked pathetic but it was a fun thing to do. We then went back to the youth hostel, we ate a delicious supper of sausages and gravy with chips and sweet corn and peas. After supper we wrote up our diaries but we did not have time to play games outside and we were quite pleased to go to bed as we knew that the following day we would be going to the car museum.

On the morning of the third and last day we were buzzing with excitement, as we would be visiting the long awaited car museum. We ate our breakfast with the speed of light and ran to the minibuses, all wanting to be the first in line. When we arrived at the car museum we could hardly contain our excitement as we just had the knowledge that we would be driven around on the off road course which was meant to be really bumpy. It was amazing! We saw loads of modern fast cars but most importantly they were all British. The off road experience was absolutely great, at one point we felt that we were going to roll over as we were on a massive angle. The visit to the car museum was my favourite outing. After the car museum we came home.

I really enjoyed the experience of this school trip because it was great fun and it gave me the opportunity to bond with my classmates.





Headstart 07 - Christopher Blake and Michael Skidmore

Headstart is a taster course for engineering where you spend one week in a university looking at what would be involved in a typical engineering degree at university. The week included many different activities designed to be entertaining, to inform us about the courses that the university had to offer, and to improve our managerial skills and team work.

The course that we attended took place at Newcastle University where we stayed in student halls and ate in the canteen to get a real taste of student life in Newcastle. This experience was extended in that we also attended lectures and workshops on civil, marine, electronic and mechanical engineering. We also had talks from employees from companies who informed us about what they do and how they apply engineering to their day to day jobs.

We also did a practical session in which we had to design and manufacture a winch arm that could be attached to the side of a helicopter and be able to lift a mass of 50kg. There were strict specifications that had to be adhered to in order to qualify for the competition, in which the models would be tested to destruction. Some structures were more successful than others as the destructive mass varied from 20kg to 90kg. Afterwards we were expected to give a presentation on our structures detailing how they succeeded or failed.

One afternoon was spent on an industrial visit to a local engineering company. Chris went to Newcastle Aviation Academy where they let him loose on a Boeing 737-200 for an hour. Mike went to Black & Decker where he learnt about the prototyping and patenting process for a "Dustbuster" hand-held vacuum cleaner and also had a tour of the manufacturing plant. Both of us gained valuable information about industry.

However, the course was not all work as the university mentors pointed out. They generally had the motto "work hard, but play harder". Evening activities included fire-fighting, raft survival, and how to survive a helicopter crash - all essentials for everyday life in Gloucestershire.

Overall we had a most enjoyable time and would recommend it to anyone who has an interest in doing engineering at university. The experience was not only educative, but also a lot of fun.

Religious Studies Philosophy Trip

Religious Studies, unlike many other subjects, has a limited number of options open when it comes to field trips other than *Going to look at some churches*, the common suggestion from peers who are not taking the subject. However Cheltenham's Ladies College holds an annual Philosophy convention where known speakers are invited to lecture, and enter into debate with, students from local schools. This year was particularly enticing as the two main speakers were Keith Ward and Antony Flew, both prominent figures in the world of philosophy: Keith Ward being the Head of the Faculty of Theology at Oxford and Antony Flew being the main proponent of 'Falsification', a large branch of philosophy.

The conference was held in CLC's main hall, brimming with grandeur and fully equipped with plasma screens on the walls for those sitting at the back - the elaborate setting matching perfectly the status of the event being held. Around three hundred were settled and ready when Keith Ward took the stage and began his first lecture. This lecture concerned his explanation of his belief in God, and the undermining of common-sense and empiricism, a big topic for a morning's work. This was then swiftly followed by an array of questions, with Tommie's students getting their money's worth and forcing Keith Ward to break into a light sweat with questions concerning the perfection of God, and modern science. Following a short break Keith Ward took on his second topic, falsification and verification, and after a brief joke at the expense of Fundamentalist Christian views of creation, proceeded to argue against the theories Antony Flew nurtured into mainstream philosophy, until it was lunchtime.

For the final part of the day, a debate between Flew and Ward was held, fuelled by questions from the audience and prompting from the event organiser. Firstly however, Antony Flew spread more light upon his Falsification theories by reciting the 'Parable of the Gardener', a story concerning an invisible gardener (God), a wild - but seemingly tended - garden (Earth) and two explorers (us) who then argue about whether there is a gardener or not, and set up experiments to find him. His attempt to make the topic more accessible was not wholly successful, with a few of us being left more confused than before, but thankfully modern science was brought up again and the always 'friendly' topic of evolution was brought up, forcing both philosophers to be very reserved in their answers.

Overall the trip was very interesting, even if at times the topics were a little 'in depth'. And even if there had been nothing else, I personally came away feeling I had learnt a new skill from the two professors: how, successfully, to avoid answering a question.



CLASSICS IN YEAR 12

Throughout this course, Year twelve has studied a range of topics, including various Greek plays with Mrs Roberts, for example, Aeschylus; "Agamemnon", Sophocles; "Electra" and "Oedipus". They have also reviewed C5 Athens, its culture, religion and society in order to enhance our understanding and appreciation of the plays. With Mr Brookin, a critical study of Homer's epic poem was carried out. The poem is about the return of Odysseus from the siege of Troy to his home in Ithaca. With Mr Riley Year Twelve studied the history of the Roman occupation of Britain from the earliest contacts, through invasions of Julius Caesar in 54 and 55 BC, and Claudius in 43 AD, to the end of Roman Britain in the Fifth Century AD. Year Twelve have also visited the theatre to see a performance of the Sophocles' play "Oedipus the King", in November, the students also visited London to hear talks from classical tutors. These trips helped to develop our understanding of the plays. Below is a picture of Year Twelve students who went to Caerleon, to visit Roman sites. They walked across an old Roman fortress, and tried on some of the Roman soldier's uniform. As you can tell it suits them well!



PUBLIC SPEAKING

I am British. This is evident in my utter dependence on tea; my cut-glass Brief Encounter-esque accent and my undying belief that Tim Henman will one day triumph at Wimbledon. Yes, I am as British as a pigeon in a bowler hat singing selected Beatles favourites whilst perched on a red London bus...

On 15th March a Tommies team entered into The Cheltenham Rotary Club Public Speaking Competition at the UCAS headquarters in Cheltenham. The team consisted of Chris Mandella, as Chairman; Adam McNally, as speaker and myself, as Voter of Thanks. Adam spoke on the topic of 'Is Britishness Outmoded,' a speech which the judges commented was certainly 'unique' and 'quirky.' Furthermore, the judges went as

far as to create an award on the spot for Adam, and he was invited back to speak to the Rotary Club as a whole. The competition was tough, as there were teams from Dean Close, Pates Grammar School, Cheltenham Ladies College and St. Edward's. Despite the judges congratulating our team on various aspects of our presentation as well as a group of the Rotary Club, Dean Close came out on top with what was certainly a very polished performance. The evening was very enjoyable and our thanks must go to Mr. Pickard for organising our participation, but also to Chris Mandella who stepped in admirably at the last minute due to unforeseen circumstances.



Tom Chapple L6H

SPORTING FIXTURES

Netball

Played: 14 games

Won: 9 games

Lost: 5 games

This was the second netball season for STRS as we have been able to continue with our fixtures due to the growing numbers of girls in the sixth form and the continued commitment from the Upper Sixth girls who started the team last year.

We have had a mixed season, but have won more games than we lost. This is excellent when we consider most of our games are against the big comprehensives in the area, with many more girls on role and teams that have been playing together since Year Seven. A big thank you to Emma Hopkins in the Upper Sixth, who will be leaving in the summer, for being captain this season. I look forward to lots more fixtures next academic year, as there is already a lot of talented players in the current lower sixth.

M F Brown

Rugby

Rugby U13's: 'A' team P/11 W/6 L/4 D/1

With a fairly successful season the U13's should be pleased with the effort they have put in; winning more games than they lost conceding a total of 104 points whilst scoring an impressive 335 points throughout the season. The defeats have all been close fought affairs, such as in the opening game of the season against Monmouth in which we played very well but lost narrowly by 17 – 14. Throughout the season, the side has played with great spirit and developed some good patterns of play, particularly in attack. Their defence has been strong in most games and the forwards have produced good quality first and second phase possession against similar sized packs. In the back row, Lewis Norfield-Jones and Luke Andrew have worked tirelessly in defence and their support play has been a highlight of the season. There is a lot of attacking ability in the backs and they have combined with the forwards very skilfully on a number of occasions to produce some excellent tries.

'B' team P/5 W/3 L/2 D/0

Of their five games this season, the 'B' team managed to score a total of 121 points whilst conceding just 64. They have worked hard in training and developed a very good team spirit. Their season kicked off with a great win against Monmouth (20- 12) and they also defeated archrivals Crypt away impressively 43 – 0. One of the defeats was against a powerful King's School 'A' team; the score was 25 – 0 to King's at half time but we played with much greater confidence and skill in the second half, scored two very good tries and finally lost the game 35 – 12. A highly creditable performance by the side throughout the season.

C D Carter

Rugby U14's: P/13 W/4 L/9 D/0

A season of mixed results with a total of 266 points scored but a total of 293 points conceded. The Y9's have been a real credit to the school with their commitment, positive attitude and approach to training and the fixtures have been excellent. Despite set backs, injuries, defeats by larger opposition and other disappointments, the team spirit has been second to none. They haven't moaned, offered excuses or blamed anyone and have displayed great fortitude. I am confident that this will set them up well in the coming years. Thanks to all boys for their contributions.

P D Lloyd

Rugby U15's: P/17 W/4 L/12 D/1

It has been a difficult season for the Colts this year with a total of 231 points scored and 309 points conceded. They have played good rugby and their commitment as a squad has been superb. However, due to a combination of unforced errors and missed tackles, they found themselves on the wrong side of some narrow defeats. They have all worked hard and put in numerous brave performances. Although results have not gone their way, they have shown good improvement throughout the season.

R G Williams

2nd XI Football 2006-2007

The 2nd's were restricted to only three fixtures this year, as potential opponents had difficulties in fielding teams. There were wins against Bournside [3-1] and RGS Worcester [2-0], but despite STRS dominating possession, Pate's won their game [1-0]. There having been so few fixtures, colours have not been awarded this year - but this is a young team who played encouragingly well, often against older boys, which augurs well for next season.

YEAR 13 WORK EXPERIENCE IN FRANCE



Few disciplines in the academic curriculum are as demanding as learning to speak French with confident fluency. In addition, we all agree how important it is occasionally to venture out of the cloistered calm of school, to spend some time in the more abrasive outside world of work. For the past six years Rich's has put these two experiences together in one package-using a daunting period of work experience in Central Brittany, to enable Year Thirteen students of advanced level French to improve their command of the language.

Since the scheme began, almost sixty of our sixth formers have worked in various enterprises in and around the important regional centre of Pontivy (Morbihan).

This is quite a challenge for participants in the scheme, made no easier by their need to leave at dawn each morning, but every single one of our **stagiaires** has won acclaim from their employers for their cheerful willingness to master both the skills required in their various work placements, as well as the essential specialist vocabulary such work has involved.

Over the years, students have worked in schools and cafes, boutiques, bricomarches and boulangeries, garden centres and hyper-markets. Perhaps the most demanding assignment linguistically has been to work in the Sous-Prefecture-Pontivy's answer to Shire Hall, where two of our students in recent years have been most successfully placed. Tom Williams in 2007 even read the news, forecast the weather and conducted interviews for Radio Bro-Gwened, the local radio station.

From the class of 2006-7, James Darrall, Sinead Dawson and Andrew Sagar won masses of fans from among the children they taught in local primary schools. Jason Davies and Raymond Rees galvanized the retail sector in downtown Pontivy, while Andrew Downes revelled in the life of a French golf professional at the Rimaison club. Jessica Tunstall vastly increased the numbers of the regular clientele at the Café L'Escale and Matthew Brooks, in a white coat, played a vital, but challenging, pastoral-cum-medical role among the elderly patients of a nearby **foyer de logement**- a retirement-nursing home.

As in Gloucester, in Brittany all work and no play makes Jacques a dull boy, so the visit is always packed with social activities, such as Breton dancing, international badminton encounters as well as plenty of ping-pong, pool and baby-foot back at our residential accommodation- a beautiful, restored 19th century former flour mill at Kergoual, near the village of St. Nicolas des Eaux. The main recreational activity as always, however, quite rightly, **haute cuisine**, the digestion each evening of sumptuous, 4-course **cordon bleu** meals cooked by Alan and Helene Line, the directors of the centre who also arrange the work placements.

The success of what is a demanding but vastly enjoyable experience which dramatically enhances the linguistic skills and confidence of all its participants, can clearly be seen by looking at the academic courses they choose. Of the eight graduates of the 2006-7 Kergoual experience, no fewer than six have gone on to embark on double-language degree courses at university this autumn.

Where are they now?

David G. Billingham (1957-1965)

Having left Rich's in 1965 David went on to qualify as a Solicitor forming his own practice, David Billingham & Partners in January 1978. The practice will celebrate its thirtieth anniversary in January next year. The practice has just opened a further office in Tewkesbury (well above the water level!).

For a number of years David was Her Majesty's Coroner for Gloucester. He is Chairman of the Gloucestershire Advocacy Board for Children in Need and in care. He is president of the Chamber of Commerce and has for many years sat on one of the Legal Services Commission South West Committees. He is an area Board Member for Young Enterprise of which a fellow Old Richian, Richard Cole is the Chairman.

In Association terms David was re-elected as Honorary Secretary in September 2007 starting the forty-third year as an officer of the association having been Assistant Secretary, President and for many years Honorary Secretary.

Leo M. Crowley M.D. (1954-1961).

Leo M. Crowley entered STRS as a Gloucestershire County Scholarship Winner in 1954. He soon impressed Dai Joseph, however, setting the long-standing long-jump record for eleven year-olds at 15 feet. Making the cricket and athletic teas with his peers, he subsequently became colts (under-15) fly half and rugby captain, partnering Keith Ray (scrum-half) in the Gloucester Schools and Gloucestershire County schoolboys (Versus Somerset and County of Bristol). He was fortunate enough to be further selected as an inside-centre for Gloucestershire, Bristol and Somerset vs. Dorset and Wiltshire. Other honours included Gloucestershire AAA youth champion (440 yards), North Gloucestershire F.A. County Cup winners (Churchdown United) and was a member of the same team who lost to Manchester United in the 1960-61 "People" Newspaper National Indoor 5 a-side finals at Wembley Town Hall (televised live by ITV). He was a member of the 7-a-side winners at Kingsholm the same year. Assisting Terry "Doc" Haines getting Gloucestershire Athletics Club restarted that year; he also won the "B" 220yards at the London Harriers Athletic Club meet at White City. He was appointed Observer in his final year and needless to say he was House Captain, as Northgate House became "Cock House" for the first time in a decade.

Dr Leo M. Crowley graduated M.B., Ch.B (Honours) from the faculty of Medicine, The Queen Victoria University of Manchester, graduating in the top half of his class and winning the outstanding Intern Award, graduating to senior House officer at Park Hospital, Davyhulme, Manchester. He then completed his family Practice Externship through Graduate Union University of Melbourne, Australia and subsequently earned his M.D. degree through the

Graduate Union with a master's Degree in Public Health (M.P.H) from the University of Hawaii (International Health 1980) and Harvard University Boston, Massachusetts (Health Services Administration 1989). He is currently a fellow of the American Colleges of Preventative Medicine, Urgent Care Medicine, Quality Assurance and Utilization Review; and the American Academies of Disability Evaluating Physicians and Pain Management. He is a certified Medical Review Officer and holds honorary Fellowships from the American College of International Physicians and the World Medical Association.

His medical articles are published in the International Physician, World Medical Journal, the London School of Health and Hygiene, Dynamic in Health Care, Group Practice Journal, and Medical Interface to name a few. He also is the author of "James Joyce. A Fictional Journey of a Young man with Poor Traits, to an Old man, the Artist without Portraits" published by Pisces Press.

His recent three visits to Gloucester have included reunions with classmates Keith Ray, Peter "Paddy" Ireland, Peter "he's a neat'un" Price, Bernard "Bern" Price-Smith, Richard "Dickie" Day former rugby standouts Brian Smith and Graham Gay and former City of Gloucester Mayor Terry "Doc" Haines.

Nigel Dean (1961-1966)

Nigel is now into his Fourth Year of his second spell at Sky Sports. After three years producing the Spanish football coverage he has moved on, just like David Beckham from Real Madrid, to something else. He is now producing the Goals on Sunday and Football League Magazine Shows.

Nurses surround Nigel. Eldest daughter Lucy has just graduated from Southampton University with a first class honours Degree in Nursing. She works in the Cardiac Unit at Southampton General Hospital.

Youngest daughter Jenny is halfway through the same University course and doing well. Wife Christine is at the Alzheimer's Research Unit at the Southampton University Hospital Trust.

Glyn George (1971-1977)

Glyn enters his twentieth year of employment at the Memorial University of Newfoundland this autumn. Before that, he worked in Surrey and Bahrain. Throughout that time he has enjoyed teaching mathematics to engineering students. His enthusiasm for the subject started at STRS, thanks to one recently retired Deputy Headmaster.

Glyn now serves as a member of the University Senate and as Chair of the committee on Undergraduate Studies for the Faculty of Engineering and Applied Science. In his spare time he has served on two local school boards, on the executive of the Newfoundland and Labrador Federation of School Councils (NLFSC) and as secretary and Chair of one of those school councils. In 2005 the NLFSC conferred an honorary life membership on him.

Leisure interests include history and science fiction. Glyn would be pleased to hear from other Richians of the 1970's

William Godwin (1993-2000)

A busy year with language training in Nepal before Christmas before returning to my battalion, 1st Royal Gurkha Rifles in Brunei. Focus then switched to preparation for our deployment to Afghanistan this autumn. Occasional and welcome escapes on leave to my girlfriend, Gloucester and various corners of East Asia also featured. Now at home on pre-deployment leave looking forward to a week in North Wales.

Jeremy Thompson (Jamie) (1997-2004)

Graduated with a 2.1 BSc (Hons) in Pharmaceutical Sciences from Nottingham University this June. He is remaining in Nottingham to undertake teacher training for a year. He will be specialising in Biology to Secondary Level. All those Years under Mr Bowie, Mr Morgan and Mrs Zurick must have paid off!!!

John M. Davis.

John recalls how, in the late 1940's, fellow Richian Ron Butler and I mud larked on the Severn foreshore while fruit picking at Frampton during summer holidays. That was by way of comparison with my "mud larking" on our other great estuary, The Humber, more than half a century later. John Davis is a Trustee of the Ferriby Heritage Trust and he has sent a very interesting article from the current issue of "Logistics" Magazine looking at evidence that prehistoric supply chain development was instigated in the Humber some 4,000 years ago. The Ferriby ships were sewn-plank Bronze Age oak ships, carbon dated to 2035 BC and the long term objective of the Ferriby Heritage Trust is to build a full size replica to sail across the North Sea. Further information can be obtained by contacting John Davis on pr@nilspin.com.

SAILING AT SOUTH CERNEY

This club ran for the first six weeks of the summer term and was attended by twelve Year Ten students. The course was funded by 'The Big Lottery' and was therefore free for the students to attend. The club took place on a Thursday afternoon at South Cerney Outdoor Education Centre. Each session lasted for two hours and was led by two instructors from the centre. The students clearly enjoyed the sessions and developed their sailing skills.

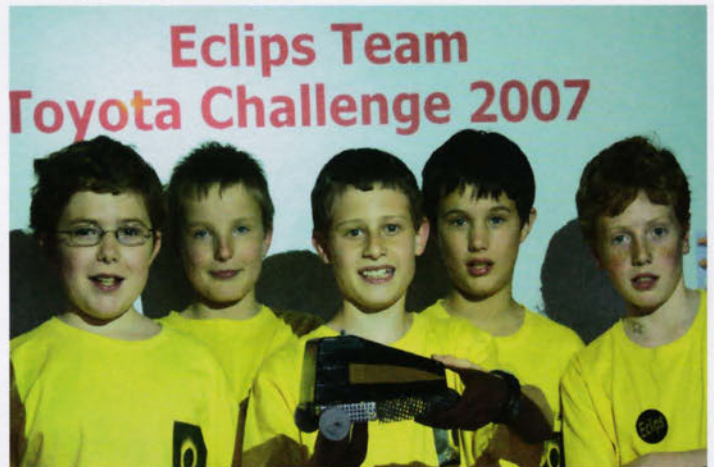
At the end of the course all of the students passed the Royal Yachting Association's Stage One and Two course. It is hoped that they will continue to sail in the future.

Matthew Lodge L6G

D&T - TOYOTA CHALLENGE 2007

Two teams from the Y7 Technology club at Sir Thomas Rich's were successful in going forward to the South West regional finals of the Toyota Challenge 2007 earlier this term.

The Eclips Team built a Solar Powered car to race along an eight metre track.



From left to right, **Christopher Sullivan, Douglas Bruce, Samuel Clissold, Oliver James** and **Lewis Allen-Jones.**

The second team, Live to Ride, built a programmable car capable of negotiating obstacles with its micro-switch sensors on the front.



Above are **Akshay Patel** on the left with **Jack Lyes** holding the car. The three other team members were, **James Parker-Mowbray, Joshua Clegg** and **Jack Taylor**.

The two teams were selected to compete against seven other teams in their category from over seventy entries. They were the youngest group competing against GCSE students and other older groups.

They received generous sponsorship from Mr Simon Kettle at Set Point Gloucester for additional electronic equipment and from British Energy for their T-shirts to help create their team image.

Although not succeeding to the finals this year, they learned a great deal about the competition and came away with some stimulating ideas. They will be back.

S Hancock/S James



'Tommies Riches'



