

REDCOMB COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

Vol. 6, No. 8.

February, 1939

Rendcomb College Magazine

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SCHOOL NOTES.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1938.

We are quite aware there are many ways in which the Magazine could be improved. Some of these cost money. Better printing, better paper, illustrations and so forth. These matters are under review. But there is one problem that concerns us more immediately, and that does not involve any increased expense- That is how to improve the quality and variety of our contributions. People who imagine that Editors are overwhelmed with a mass of material, and that the only difficulty we have is to decide what we shall have room for, are entertaining an entirely false conception. We get only too few spontaneous contributions and it must be confessed that seldom—especially in the would-be humorous ones—do they come up to publication standard.

There would' seem to be waves in our creativity. Literary talent is a variable phenomenon. We have, we believe, published articles, especially poems, that have reached a high standard of excellence and can compare well with the original work found in any School Magazine. But poets are born, not made, and at any rate it is not poetry that we primarily require. We want well-written prose, both serious and diverting. We would like to get better reporting, and' in particular we should welcome communications from Old Boys that would help to keep us in touch with them and their occupations.

We have never turned down any contribution that came up to scratch and we assure literary aspirants that every consideration will be given to their efforts.

Too much of the Magazine has in the past frequently come from the Editor's own pen. We want more variety, more discussion. The Magazine ought to be a forum for public opinion and we extend an invitation to our readers to enter the lists.

Term began on Monday, 19th September. It brought with it the usual changes that we expect at the beginning of a school year. We missed many old friends and welcomed new additions to our numbers. Minor alterations had been made on the top floor of College, involving changes in the rest rooms and staff

quarters- Like the map of Europe our internal arrangements have for sometime been in a state of flux, but we believe that the final readjustments have now been effected!

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A change has been made in the times of our evening meal. Instead of the former school tea we now have supper at 7. 15 p. m.

Afternoon tea is available earlier, and the substantial meal is taken at the later hour after the end of second preparation.

Preparation starts at 5. 40 p. m. instead of 6. 30 p. m. as in the old regime. The result is that a longer time is available for entertainments and rehearsals before the beginning of third prep, at the usual time.

As was to be expected the change has been greeted with a diversity of reactions, but the advantages are already apparent and we believe it to be a more civilized arrangement.

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Early in Term the European Crisis loomed like a dark cloud on our horizon. We took no panic measures. People who expected to see the Park break out into an eruption of trenches were disappointed. We were well served in the matter of Air Raid Wardens. The Headmaster, Mr. James, Mr. Richards and Mr. Fell are all fully qualified experts. We had our measurements taken for gas-masks, with a minimum of disturbance, and for the rest we went quietly about our business.

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We welcome Mr. C. Mack, B. A., who has come to us from Hindley and Abram Grammar School and Cambridge as assistant Mathematics and Physics master in the place of Mr. Weatherhead.

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Miss Williamson has joined the staff temporarily as assistant matron. The Term has been an excellent one as regards health and it is a good sign when we see our assistant matron busy arranging flowers instead of rushing about with trays and thermometers. Perhaps we should not use the word rushing. Our domestic arrangements run far too smoothly for that suggestion.

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We regret to have to record the death of Mr. Wright's father, Dr. Oswald Kentish Wright, which occurred suddenly at his home at Reading on the 25th October. Dr. Wright had visited Rendcomb some ten days earlier and had been at the performance of two of our one act plays. He had had a distinguished career and held an important position at the Ministry of Health.

Half Term took place from Friday 4th November till Tuesday the 8th. We had a day longer than usual in celebration of the birth of a son, Keith, to Mr. and Mrs. Neal, which happy event transpired on the 1st November.

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We have further casualties to record in our loss of trees. The two magnificent beeches that shaded the steps on the Back Lawn are now no more. The one further from the College had broken in two, and on the 4th October, a giant bough came down from its companion bringing a chestnut tree with it in its crash. It was necessary to get the rest of the tree felled as it was hollow and threatened to fall towards the manual workshop, and on October 15th, a gang of woodmen armed with a caterpillar tractor set to with a steel hawser pulling the great weight counter-gravitation-wise up the slope, so that when cross-cut it fell in the desired position outwards across the lawn. The school assembled to witness the crash, the sound of which was clearly audible all over the village.

The resulting wreckage left a formidable mass of lumber to be dealt with. The larger trunks and branches were dragged by the winch into the park, leaving great tracks in the turf. Working parties of boys under the Headmaster's direction made quick work with the remainder.

We deplore the havoc that is taking this toll of our timber.

* * *

Wood-pigeons are no strangers to Rendcombe, but the flocks of them that visited the park to feed on the beech-mast this October were surely phenomenal. Like Milton's fallen angels they swarmed.

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa.”

The ground beneath the trees was covered with their soft grey feathery sheen, and when they rose in heavy stumbling flight the air was alive with their clattering wings.

* * *

One minor result of the “Crisis” remains to be related. The Headmaster and J. M. Murry had gone to the Midland Regional Studio at Birmingham to take part in a broadcast arranged by Mr. Tucker entitled “Unwillingly to School.” It happened to be the afternoon of Mr. Chamberlain's fateful return from Godesberg and his arrival took precedence of all other programmes. “Unwillingly to School” was faded out and the school was left very unwillingly disappointed and not a little indignant at this unforeseen last-minute interruption.

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At the School Certificate Examination held in December. H. W. T. Bates and P. D. B. Levett matriculated.

The Christmas Entertainments were spread out over a longer interval than usual. The dress rehearsal of the School play "Arms and the Man" by Bernard Shaw, took place on the 9th December, and was attended as usual by an audience from the village. Parents' Day followed on the 10th. An innovation was made this year. The Headmaster addressed the assembled guests in the Big School and made suggestions as to a closer contact between parents and the College which were well received and are likely to result in further developments.

A week later the Marionette Players presented their puppet show "The Invisible Duke", and the College party was deferred until the evening of the 20th December, two days only before we broke up.

Decorations were on a less lavish scale than those of the last few seasons but were none the less effective. We remember years when it might have been said that Birnam Wood had come to Dunsinane, and the massacre of greenery that took place on such occasions was one that could not be perpetrated in perpetuity without seriously despoiling our shrubberies.

The college party went off with the customary gusto. As well as dancing it included a variety show with musical items and a sketch produced by the staff. Fancy dress was optional rather than *de rigueur*. Out of doors the landscape was in white and the cold spell plus our abundant supply of logs resulted in blazing fires in the Halls, the History Room and the Library, which were kept up as long as the hard spell lasted.

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The weather conditions were very wintry when we broke up on the morning of the 22nd December. The bus stuck on the Village Hill and had to be dragged up with a tow-rope. Delays by road and rail were encountered everywhere, but we all reached our destinations somehow, and nobody was marooned.

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The following boys entered the College at the beginning of Term:—J. F. Alder, J. R. C. Baillie, I. M. Bryce, J. M. Faulks, S. H. Groves, M. C. Harries, R. E. Hayward, R. A. S. Primrose, C. C. Richardson, and J. L. Russell. B. H. Harben joined the School in December, and F. J. Willis left at the end of the Term.

OLD BOYS' NOTES. MICHAELMAS TERM, 1938.

F. H. Jones has been appointed Senior English Master on the staff of Camberley Secondary School.

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R. C. J. Brain has been elected a member of the Executive Committee for the Gloucestershire Local Government Association He is much the youngest member of the Committee.

Geoffrey Ash, who is a ship-building apprentice at Lowestoft has been concerned with the construction of outboard hydroplanes. For his summer holiday he was fortunate enough to be taken on as a member of the crew of a 12 ton yawl which went north to Scotland and subsequently came down to Southampton.

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Philip Alder is being taken on three months' probation as an engineering apprentice to the Bristol firm of Thrissell and Co., Ltd.

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R. A. T. J. Skelton has been appointed to the staff of Howsham School, Lincolnshire.

* * *

J. F. Roberts has been elected Captain of the Portsmouth Athletic Club.

* * *

E. R. Cooper is a draughtsman in the drawing office of the Fairey Aviation Company at Southampton.

* * *

Until recently R. O. J. Cooper was employed by Messrs. J. Sainsbury and Co., Ltd.

* * *

Robert Hutton sailed with the Air Force detachment for service abroad on the 25th October. He will be stationed at Khartoum.

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B. M. L. Simon has been articled to the firm of Chartered Accountants, R. F. Bryant and Co.

* * *

J. H. A. Muirhead is still at University College, London, where he is doing Engineering. During the summer vacation he had a post in Liverpool with the Automatic Telephone and Electric Company. During the crisis he was helping with the assembly and distribution of gas masks. He has been awarded his Athletic and Hockey Colours for University College and was Captain of the Athletic Club for the 1937—1938 season.

Robert Gurdon sailed on the 9th October on the "Jersey City" bound for New Orleans and from there to Yokohama. He is a ship apprentice.

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A. E. A. Brain has been playing centre-forward regularly for the Leicestershire County Hockey XI.

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V. D. Page is a transformer designer with the English Electric Company at Stafford. He is also a pilot in Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve.

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B.H. Peacock is doing Civil Engineering at Bristol University. He is in residence at Mortimer House and plays Hockey for the University 2nd XI.

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J. R. Davies, who is Secretary of the Downend Hockey Club, writes to say that Rendcombians, past or present, who live in the Downend area and who would like to play Hockey will be very welcome if they will get into touch with him.

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D. C. Richardson and D. D. Haig have presented' their canoes to the College for the use of Forms I and II.

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The Old Rendcombian Society held its Annual Dinner on the 12th November, 1938, at the Holy wood Restaurant, London. The following were present: —

J. E. Allen, A. P. Browning, R. H. Betterton, R. M. W. Campbell, R. F. Butler, A. R. Curtis, J. A. Davis, D. Dakin, N. Dalton, J. H. Dixon, D. Field, M. H. Gleeson-White, B. V. Harris, D. B. Haes, F. H. Jones, J. C. James, C. E. Hartland, P. Lambert, J. Lambert, N. B. C- Lucas, D. W. Lee-Browne, J. C- Maslin, J. H. Muirhead, F. Nevel, E. J. Miller, H. J. Phillips, A G. G. Richards, L. T. Robinson, J. F. Roper, J. H. Simpson, N. Slade, M. M. Tugwell, C. W. Wells, J. R. Wheeler, and L. B. White.

MEETING OFFICERS.

LENT TERM, 1939.

Chairman: J. F. Spencer.

Council: E. R. S. Gillham, W. A. Wyon, P. H. Tuft, R. L. Short,
M. F. Lane, E. R. Morris, J. F. Spencer.

Meeting Selection Committee: E. R. S. Gillham, W. A. Wyon,
R. L. Short, M. F. Lane, E. R. Morris.

House Committee: E. J. Powell, M. A. C. Levett, G. W. Ivens,
J. G. Sterry, H. P. Lecky.

Games Committee: E. R. S. Gillham, W. A. Wyon, R. L. Short.

Games Treasurer: H. W. T. Bates.

Games' Secretary: H. W. T. Bates.

Groundsman: L. H. Hyett.

Senior Shopman: E. R. Morris.

Shopmen: R. F. Boyland, M. A. Bullen.

Banker: P. G. Forrest.

Breakages Man: H. S. Palmer.

Secretary: E. B. Smith.

Auditors: J. Owen, C. E. H. Tuck.

Finance Committee: P. G. Forrest, J. R. Luton, F. H. Dutton.

Entertainments Committee: E. R. Morris, P. A. Cutts, P. A.
Herring, E. J. Clissold, H. S. Palmer.

Cycle Men: P. Binks, F. R. Dobbs, L. H. B. Hatherell.

Paper Man: C. E. H. Tuck.

Pauntley Committee: J. G. Sterry.

Athletics Committee: E. R. S. Gillham, R. L. Short, D. F. Gallop.

Record Committee: R. L. Short, J. F. Spencer, H. W. T. Bates,
P. D. B. Levett, F. R. Dobbs.

Amplifier Committee: R. L. Short, J. F. Spencer, P. Binks,
P. A. Cutts, F. R. Dobbs.

Magazine Committee: E. R. Morris, J. R. Harmer, D.

Montgomery. Drying Room Committee: C- F. Bailey, J. Owen, D.

Montgomery. Games' Wardens: Hockey—R. F. Boyland, E. J. Powell.

„ „ Football—P. F. Gurdon.

„ „ Cricket—P. S. Jackson.

„ „ Tennis—R. F. Boyland.

„ „ Indoor—E. J. Clissold, P. B. Lane.

Tennis Groundsmen: J. F. Spencer, S. A. Trayhurn.

Lecture Committee: P. H. Tuft, W. A. Wyon, E. R. Morris,
J. R. Harmer.

LECTURES.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1938.

We had fewer lectures this Term than usual. It is, we think, a pity that with the exception of Mr. Richards' talk on Normandy, we had none from members of the College. We hope that this will be remedied. We believe it is a thoroughly good thing to make use of native talent.

Two of the lectures dealt with China, but it would be hard to imagine more widely different approaches to that subject.

Among our visitors was Mr. W. H. Auden. Although it was his first _ visit to Rendcomb he was not entirely a stranger. His name was already familiar to us on account of his poems and of his joint authorship with Christopher Isherwood of "The Ascent of F-6". It is interesting to note that he and the Headmaster were contemporaries at Gresham School, Holt.

On Friday, September 30th, Miss Esylt Newbury lectured to us on China. At this time our thoughts were centred on European affairs, and the task of 'carrying us away' to China was obviously a difficult one. While many of the slides shown were very interesting, it was perhaps hard to expect us to get enthusiastic about the exploits of the "good" and "bad" generals, and the hatching of the egg chaos. These stories would probably have had more effect on a younger audience. To any whom the lecture failed to satisfy, however, we would like to say, that China is a large subject to deal with in sixty minutes.

On Monday the 15th of October, Captain Lawson Smith gave us a lecture on Diving. A master diver himself, he gave us a brief but interesting talk. He brought with him all his diving equipment which was placed on the stage.

Captain Lawson Smith started his lecture by explaining to us that the diving season is in summer and that the diver is unoccupied in the winter. He went on to speak of the great pressure to which a diver is always subjected when working in the sea. Below a certain depth a rubber diving suit is inadequate and a steel suit must be used. Ascent to the surface must be made in slow stages.

He then demonstrated the various necessary gadgets fitted to the walls of his 40 pound copper helmet. His suit is made of rubber and canvas and is inflated with compressed air to withstand the pressure of the water. Lead weights on his shoulder and waist and heavy boots complete his equipment.

The more spectacular part of the lecture came when he demonstrated his ray acetylene torch to us. It quickly cut through a large bucket when it was submerged in water.

Next, the lecturer demonstrated the method of using rock drills; these are necessarily very heavy to counteract the buoyancy of the water. He then showed us high explosives which are used for underwater blasting.

The lecture was concluded by Captain Lawson Smith walking round the room in his cumbersome diving suit, which had been inflated with the help of two willing stagemen. This was one of the best lectures we have had for a long time.

Mr. Burford needs no introduction to a Rendcomb audience. On the 16th October he lectured to us on "Stage Design."

In addition to his work as an architect, Mr. Burford has a first-hand knowledge of stage-craft and his lecture explained in a very vivid way the devices that are used to produce the most spectacular results. Much of his work has been done for the London Casino which specialises in very slick revues involving the use of sets designed to produce the maximum of effects with the minimum of labour. His lecture was for the most part strictly technical and was illustrated by slides of models that he had designed and carried into execution.

We were amazed at the amount of use that can be made of "flats". These are cheap to construct and easily handled during scene changes. When different stage levels are required "rostrum" construction has to be employed. It is much more costly as it has to be solidly built and is more difficult to shift. The greatest ingenuity is displayed in the construction of mechanism needed for spectacular transformation effects. A fountain, for example, can be made to turn into a basket of flowers, out of which emerges a bevy of pretty girls. We saw how it was done and marvelled at the economy of means.

He dealt with the problem of screening the wings and of producing an effect of deep perspective recession. It all sounds so simple when one sees it demonstrated, but the utmost skill is required in the lay-out of the flats which are used to achieve the result.

The Headmaster in proposing the vote of thanks remarked that Mr Burford is one of the few privileged persons who (like Mr. Bernard Shaw in the case of the B. B. C.) are permitted to address a Rendcomb audience without his knowing at least something of what the lecturer is going to say.

From which it will be gathered that Mr. Burford's remarks were not without certain sly touches of his sardonic humour. We remember in particular his description of a port scene—a setting for the exploits of sailors come ashore—all delivered with an imperturbable gravity. We have always enjoyed Mr. Burford's wise knowledge and we hope he will soon come again.

Mr. Richards gave us a talk on Normandy, on November 1st. Talks given by our own staff and boys are always widely appreciated and enjoyed, and this was no exception to the rule. In the summer holidays, Mr. Richards and a party of boys had been on a cycling tour from Saint Malo to Paris, and back via Rouen and Havre, and we were shown pictures of the places of interest they came across. We can all appreciate a good variety of architecture, and some of the quaint old towns we caught glimpses of were delightful. It was a pity that such a carefully arranged talk had to be curtailed, but we saw enough to convince us that such tours as these are definitely worthwhile.

On Monday, 21st November, W. H- Auden lectured on his visit to China. He had gone out with Christopher Isherwood to find out about conditions there during the Japanese war of invasion. Such a pair were far removed from the conventional traveller. Isherwood is gifted with a photographic directness of perception. Auden, less visually observant, has an intuitive approach especially towards persons. He is more interested in people than in places.

The lecture was an excellent piece of reportage, diffusive but alert, conversational in manner, and lit up as good conversation is with odd and very individual turns of phrase. (Who is it has described Auden as one of the English Eccentrics?) One learnt more of his impressions than of actual facts. The result was vivid, arresting, and, in spite of the horror of much that he described, entertaining.

We were left with a feeling of the immensity of the catastrophe that is happening to-day in China, a realisation of the fearful sum of human misery, and of the impotence of the individual to avert the disaster. We have grown so accustomed to violence that we look on as at a news-reel in a cinema. Such observation is often curiously minute and detached as when the lecturer described an air raid witnessed from the roof of a hotel. It was like watching an exciting and dangerous game. A plane shot down, tumbling from the sky like a piece of crumpled tinfoil. The eye records the excitement and even the beauty of that inhuman pattern of destruction, brilliant and crisp in the clear air. The rest does not bear thinking of.

He showed us many slides. Mostly they were of people—a study of types—full of psychological interest. Humour and kindness and fortitude and unwearying endurance, doomed to end as shapes of suffering. Not necessarily of defeat. There are certain qualities that can never be crushed. It is to the persistence of these that we, as well as the Chinese, must look if we are to survive.

Wednesday, 23rd November, saw the English Classical Players with us once again. They performed Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

Surely this play is the ideal type for a school audience. The sequence of humorous catastrophes which follow each other with increasing speed as the plot matures makes one pleasantly conscious of the impending issue. Sheridan was the complete master of dialogue; he introduces the element of satire in portraying the narrow-minded scandal-mongers of the period, and yet keeps them true to life.

The players were all well-cast, Ronald Long justifiably walking away with acting honours. He played the blustering, domestically narrow-minded, and yet lovable Sir Peter Teazle with much feeling and gusto, and we trust that his first appearance at Rendcomb may not have been his last. Monica Murray as his wife, Lady Teazle, captured our hearts from the first. She mastered her dialogue well, and caught the naughty but adorable spirit to perfection. It will be some time before that pink hat will be forgotten. Lawrence Ray was his usual competent self as Joseph Surface; perhaps it was the unattractive personality of his part, but it seemed that his very evident ability was not given enough scope to render complete justice to himself. There remains nothing but praise for the remainder of the cast, and it would be of no consequence to single out more individuals. The female cast was, as a whole, the best we have seen here for some time, and nowhere was the right spirit lacking.

Without exaggeration, the production of the play was a spectacular success; it was taken at the right tempo, and the audience had no time to become restive. The costumes and stage settings were of the usual high standard, and altogether, the whole show struck a very high note.

ACTING

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1938.

A high level of production was maintained this Term, and increasing use was made of sound effects and lighting. A new set of foot-lights has been constructed, and additional floods have been provided. None of the plays required the use of a dimmer.

A notable improvement to the stage has been the construction of a new proscenium which extends several feet in front of the curtain. It is framed with a valance and side drops of dark velvet curtains and gives a pleasing effect of added depth to the stage.

Members of Form V. performed "Thread O' Scarlet", by J. J. Bell, on Saturday, 15th October.

This is a thriller in one act, and accompanied by the “Monkey’s Paw” provided an evening of unmitigated horror. The setting is a traditional English village inn, on a stormy night. Migsworth, Smith, and Butters, three villagers, are seated at a table with tankards before them, as the curtain rises. Immediately we experience the full blast of the storm, for the door is open, and we hear the landlord refusing more drink to an unseen person to whom we are introduced later. Interest is centred on the three at the table, as the door is closed, and there is comparative quiet. From their conversation we learn that that morning a man had been hung for the murder of a friend of Breen’s, the man whom we heard demanding drink. Butters, in a complete daze, was one of the jury who found the murderer guilty. The strain has apparently affected his brain for he continually mutters half-incoherently about scarlet threads and innocent men, which amazes the other occupants of the inn.

A traveller enters out of the storm, and after a few tentative snatches at conversation he becomes talkative. He tells how his driver narrowly escaped collision with a man in a red muffler. This causes consternation all round, and the traveller has to be acquainted with all the facts of the murder. An old farmer had been battered to death and his bag of money stolen. Various facts, chief of which being that he was the owner of a red muffler, pointed to Jacob Forge’s guilt, and he was hung. They discuss the traveller’s adventure on the road, and then Breen is heard again trying to force an entrance. This time he is successful, and enters in an extremely dishevelled and uncertain state.

The climax is reached when he produces the dead farmer’s money bag and pitches it on the floor. Shortly afterwards he collapses, being caught by the watchful traveller as he slips to the floor. They undo his coat, and discover a scarlet muffler. At last the silent Butters is stimulated to action. He shriekingly accuses the dead man of burgling his safe, and then realises that he has condemned himself- It was he who had stolen the bag and killed the farmer. The cast all pulled their weight and created the right atmosphere. Jackson, Palmer and Luton as the landlord, Migsworth and Smith respectively were all sound and clear. Cutts had a difficult part to play, and he played it well. M. Levett looked his part as the imperturbable traveller, and Tenty got a good deal of fun out of Breen. The whole play was well produced and attained the desired effect.

“The Monkey’s Paw” written by W. W. Jacobs, is a thriller. The story, briefly, is about a monkey’s paw which has a superstition attached to it. It is brought to the family of the Whites by a friend of theirs, a Sergeant-major Morris. He is well known to the family for his ‘tall stories’. The Sergeant happens to tell them one night the history of the paw; he shows it to them, and then tells them of the three wishes that any owner can have. Mr. White is intrigued and asks his friend to give the paw to him so that he may try his luck. The Sergeant is unwilling but finally agrees. That night, after the Sergeant has left, the family decide to wish and Mr. White wishes for two hundred pounds.

Soon after, Herbert, their son, has to go off to night work, at a power station in Fulham.

The next morning when Herbert is due to arrive, there is no sign of him, but a representative of the firm comes to the Whites, bringing a grim tale. Herbert has been killed, mangled terribly by the machinery and the firm wish to offer the Whites some sort of compensation, two hundred pounds.

So we arrive at the last scene. The Whites are sitting down by the fire when Mrs. White remembers the paw. Why not wish Herbert back? She forgets how he was mutilated by the machinery. Mr. White slowly wishes, nothing happens. They think that the wish has failed. Then there is a thunderous knocking on the door. It was Herbert! He had to walk from the cemetery.

His wife is struggling with the door; the bolt is stiff, when Mr. White remembers he has one more wish. He had dropped the paw previously, now he searches feverishly for it. At last he finds it, “I wish my son dead and at peace” The knocking ceases abruptly, the bolt gives, Mrs White wrenches the door open—no one is there. The moonlight streams in.

Such is the plot in brief. It is obviously improbable, but once this improbability is seen and accepted by the audience, the full horror of the play presents itself.

The acting was of a high standard. The parts of Mr. and Mrs. White were played by E. R. Morris and C. F. Bailey respectively, and were acted with sincerity and feeling. E. R. S. Gilham as Sergeant-major Morris was convincing. D. F. Gallop as Herbert, the son, looked his part and played it well. Lastly R. L. Short took the part of Samson, a small but difficult one.

The knocking at the end might have been a little more thunderous perhaps, and the window seemed to be rather out of place in the set, but these are small points and taken all round it was a good production and well put across, and, to use a Rendcomb phrase “a good show.”

“Arms and the Man” is a play that is always well worth the doing. In a curious way, although it is one of the earliest of Shaw’s, it refuses to date. The plot is that of a musical comedy. The scene is laid in Ruritania. Reality is at the Nth remove. It is full of fun rather than satire and tilts at no windmills other than human vanity and our insatiable love of humbug and intrigue. The situations are entirely fictitious. (Few of Shaw’s are otherwise). The people talk brightly and make love, moving in a sort of comic pattern. Off the stage we should hardly recognise one of them unless it were Louka who is the pert little wench of all comedy and who pays men back exactly as they deserve.

The play calls for crisp acting, for lightness, and here and there just that touch of caricature which must never be allowed to become exaggeration. These qualities we got.

F. R. Dobbs hit the right note of military obtuseness and self-importance as Major Petkoff. Catherine, his wife, was well done by C. F. Bailey, without emphasis and with very real conviction. The part of Raina really requires a girl. A. W. Morris had not the subtlety that is needed, but he did it as well as anybody in the school could have done it. E. R. S. Gillham had a role after his own heart. His was just the figure that wreaks havoc in feminine bosoms. The strong he-man who never realises the shallowness of his bravado. (We are referring to Major Serguis—not Gillham). E. R. Morris did not find his part quite as congenial as that of Tobias, last year. But he had a certain disarming ingenuousness, and ended by making us accept his version, no small feat in a role that combines the canny with the preposterous. C. E. H. Tuck as Louka was very good indeed. She made one of the most natural wenches imaginable—we doubt if a girl could have done any better. J. R. Harmer and D. F. Gallop as Nicola and a Russian Officer gave adequate renderings and the whole production was well timed.

The settings were good Mr. Molineaux is a wizard, but the garden scene was a little confusing in its perspective. The mosques and minarets never really seemed to be quite sure where they were meant to be. And the clothes line was a bit too prominent. It rather flapped in one’s face. But these were small blemishes in a production that was in the best Rendcomb tradition.

LAST NIGHT VARIETY.

In attempting a revue entitled “Round About Rendcomb” we attempted a great deal, and from the artistic point of view the result was no more than mediocre. The series of short sketches had rather the effect of introducing the audience to past-history scenes, and leaving the rest to the imagination. The

stranger would have been dumb founded! But for us, introduction was all that was necessary, and amateurish attempts at impersonation generally hit the mark.

In the traditional manner, a blare of music set the ball rolling. Mr. Mack proved his worth at the piano; the never failing Mr. Richards was once again in attendance playing a recorder, supplemented' by Cunnison and Russell. Someday we shall dream of Cutts with his violin; Bassett and Richardson, as piano-accordant and drummer respectively, completed the party.

If some of us had forgotten work for the time being, we were rudely brought to our senses, as the curtain rose on an examination hall. Messrs. 'Browne', 'James,' and 'Fell' entered in a business-like manner and started 'to work' at their A. R. P. papers. They were later joined by 'Mr. Richards' on his bicycle, and as the curtain fell we were informed that all had passed.

The next scene showed the fully qualified Air-Wardens demonstrating their skill in dealing with 'fire' and other incendiaries common in warfare.

Elsewhere in the magazine can be found facts about the passing of two mighty beeches. The entertainers decided to rub a sore spot and presented an eager group of boys watching the felling of a tree with a tractor in attendance- After many hours of ceaseless vigilance, the disconsolate group shuffle off, and no sooner they were out of sight, than the 'tree' fell with a bump. Did someone whisper "tractor"? I seem to have seen Martin Browne driving it with considerable skill on less festive occasions.

The next scene was an apt representation of a theft which the Headmaster had some-time experienced in London. An overcoat and attaché case had been stolen from the back of his car during his absence. This act was perhaps below the standard of some of the others; there was not enough of the 'funny stuff' and not a few misinterpreted the story.

We can only hope that the last scene was not a typical Rendcomb setting. In front of a public-house sat three country yokels who exchanged cryptic remarks.

A "recitation" by the Headmaster revealed him in the guise of both quick-change artist and comedian. His accent (Lancashire?) was quite inimitable- We hope he will be persuaded to appear in a similar role again-

The proceedings terminated with a burlesque of "The Corsican Brothers" presented by the Pedagogues. We shall not attempt to unravel the plot. Suffice to say it was a tragedy of blood, a drama of real passion and revenge. We were let into the secrets of Corsican vendetta and French intrigue. Murder most foul was expiated by duel most gallant. We witnessed two moving deaths, scenes of high life in the foyer of the Opera

House in Paris, and revenge stalking for blood in the forest of Fontainebleau. The whole thing was burlesqued and carried off in histrionic hysteria. The language was that of demotic romance.

The all-star cast consisted of Mesdames Lee-Browne, and James, and M. M. Lee-Browne, Richards. Neal, Wilson, Gross, and Wright. Need more be said?

On Saturday, 17th December, the Puppet Players presented "The Invisible Duke," an adaptation of a play by Sladen Smith. It was a good choice. It is always difficult to decide how much a puppet play should concede to dialogue, and how much it should depend on grotesque action, and scenic effects. Here we had only a single scene, that of an astrologer's laboratory in the 13th century, but we had plenty of action of the bizarre and spooky kind. And the situations were humorous. For these reasons we preferred this production to "Hassan."

The technique, of the players is developing. We liked the use made of music. The chord's of the Chopin prelude—in itself quite an irrelevant piece of music—were effective. They established an undercurrent of reverie, a sort of dual mode of perception which persisted after the actual music ceased.

The movements were good and a steady advance has been made in the vocal production.

It remains to record the cast and to say that all gave a creditable performance.

The dramatis personae were played as follows: —

Part.	Actor.	Voice.
Astrologer	M. Bullen	C. Barnett
Nekko	A. Caverhill	I. Bryce
Dekko	I. North	C. Bassett
Duke	P. Cutts	D. Montgomery
Emilia	G. Bodman	J. M. Murray
Francesco	R. Margetts	F. Dutton

BELL-RINGING.

As I got nearer the Church the bells grew louder and louder until finally arriving at the foot of the tower the full clanging and clashing of the bells could be heard.

In the Church itself it was cool and dark. The stone floor echoed the footsteps of those just entering, and little of the ferocity of the bells could be heard now. Behind a screen the bellringers toiled. The rattle of the ropes could be heard as they disappeared through holes in the ceiling. There were six ringers and only the strangely remote sound¹ of the bells, the noise of the ropes, and an occasional word from the conductor could be heard. Up and down went the ropes, right up to the ceiling then down straight as a die.

Inside the ringing chamber it was hot and stuffy- The men at a word from the conductor had stopped ringing for a brief rest. The faint sound of the bells had stopped. The men sank down on to the hard wooden benches, little was said.

There was a grunt from the conductor and the men rose, and taking the ropes started to ring. A sudden burst of sound and the ringing got under way.

How is it done? And what is happening? First a little technical terminology is necessary to make this clear. The end of the rope is called 'ropes end', not a very startling fact perhaps; the tufted portion of the rope is called the 'sally', and is usually about six feet up the rope.

When a bell is rung, she (a bell is feminine) turns nearly a complete circle. How do you ring? When the bell is at rest it is said to be 'set', provided it is not 'down'. This, while perhaps appearing complicated is in reality very simple. If the mouth of the bell is downwards then the bell is said to be down, if upwards and stationary, the bell is 'up' and 'set'. Taking it then that the bell is set, the ringer takes hold of the rope's end in his left hand, and 'sally', in the right hand, and 'pulls her off,' which means that the bell swings down and up the other side, rope's end goes above the head and now the ringer pulls her off from rope's end side and she swings down and up to 'sally' side again. It is really a simple motion but rather difficult to describe on paper.

Good ringing is very pretty to watch, everything is smooth, easy and without any apparent effort; although to the beginner it requires much energy to ring for twenty minutes without a break.

In ringing, the rope must always be taut, have no crinkles in it. This is a way by which a good ringer can be told, by his rope—whether it is clean and straight—or whether it is buckling all the time.

After a beginner has been taught to ring, he will be shown how to 'ring down'. This consists of allowing the bell to come down gradually, so that eventually the mouth of the bell is downwards. This is done by checking the rope and not allowing the bell to have her full swing. As the bell gets lower more rope is unwanted and coils have to be taken in by the ringer, as the rope would become unwieldy if it were allowed to straggle about, and that tautness, so much desired, lost. In a good set of ringers, this ringing down takes about three to four minutes. Ringing up, on the other hand, is the exact opposite. The coils are started with in the hand, and the bell has to be pulled up, rope being let out as she nets higher. Opinions vary as to which is the most difficult for the beginner. I would say that the ringing down is the harder of the two, for the taking in of the coils is apt to put the beginner off and make him get out of time.

Ringing, ringing up, and ringing down, then, are the beginner's first tasks. Next he is taught how to 'chime'. This is done when the bell is down. The rope is tugged with an even pressure each time. It differs from ringing in that the bell describes only a small arc, whereas in ringing the bell nearly describes a circle, consequently chiming is not so loud as ringing.

When finally the beginner has learnt these things, he rings 'rounds', to teach him to keep in time with the rest. After he can keep in time reasonably well he tries his hand' at 'changes.' The difference between 'rounds' and 'changes' may be explained as follows: if there are six bells then, if they are rung in their correct order, from the highest (the treble), to the lowest, (the tenor), they are said to be in rounds; a 'change' is any variation of this order. In figures, 123456 is a round, whereas 135246 is a change. This last change is called 'Queens,' all the odd numbers and then the even numbers, but not every variation is given a name. The art of change ringing is such that at every pull a rearrangement of order is brought about, until without repeating a change the bells come back into rounds. It is usual in change ringing for the tenor to come last, for being the heaviest it is the most difficult to change her place.

After the beginner has mastered all these things he is initiated into the secrets of the 'Dodge,' the 'Bob,' the 'Single,' 'Plain Bob,' and Treble Bob,' then 'Grandsire Triples' and 'Grandsire Doubles.' All of them he learns and after that he may well be counted a fully qualified bellringer. It takes many years though to become a bellringer, and' perhaps I have given the impression that it is a quick and easy art. This is quite wrong, to become a bellringer takes much time and a great deal of practice.

This short passage contains only the merest outline of bellringing, and several weighty volumes could be written on the subject. But if it has awakened any interest in the art, then its object is gained. For there are few who think of the tradition and skill behind the ringing of the bells. . . .

They were ringing down now and I watched the ropes as they came flashing down from the belfry. The treble had a coil in ... now the second had taken one in, they were getting low, the order wasn't so good now. the tenor had' taken a coil in, yes they were all pretty well down. They had gone into chiming now, they were in rounds—123456. 123456. Round they went. After about five minutes the conductor cried 'Off', and the sound ceased abruptly.

The five minute bell, or last bell, was tolling mournfully. But this soon stopped too, the organ was playing the first hymn, and the bells were silent.

Up in the belfry the huge and solid bells were mute. Their great wheels and clappers were motionless. To look at them it did not seem possible that they were capable of such ferocity and noise. It was dark, cold and dusty up there, and the bell ropes hung straight as steel cables; so the bells were silent, the bellringers had gone. Silent until the next Sunday, when once more they would send their voices over the fields and hedges calling men and women to prayer.

J. R. H., February, 1939.

AN IMPRESSION OF CHAMBORD

We had spent the night at Blois and had planned a full day for ourselves. Immediately after breakfast we made a hurried tour of the chateau which has a very sinister history and then packed up the car and set off for Chambord.

To reach Chambord you cross the Louvre and strike away through a country with very few salient features. It is rather dreary, heath type of country which, however, is cultivated, as nearly all France is, in a very thrifty and intense manner. At the end of half-an-hour's drive we reached the gate in the wall which encircles the enormous park—it has 21 miles of circumference—and drove along an incredibly bad, but straight road. At last the chimneys and pinnacles of Chambord rose apparently out of the ground and soon we emerged from the avenue to face an enormous building which can only be described as fantastic. The many towers, turrets, cupolas, chimneys and gables make it look more like part of a city than a single building.

It is a white building, built of stone in the Renaissance style, but in spite of its architectural formality it gives the impression of an Aladdin's palace; it seems as though it might be whisked away at any moment. The speciality of Chambord is its prodigious round towers of which there are eight, one at each angle of the inner and outer square of the building; for the castle is in the form of a larger structure which encloses a smaller one. These towers prevent the castle from appearing crushed by the enormous number of its upper protuberances.

The castle is now owned by the State, and on entering we passed into a sort of museum where postcards and souvenirs could be bought. We were conducted round the castle by a guide, passing through a wilderness of chambers most of which were quite bare, although one or two were left furnished as they had been when the castle was occupied. The great feature of the interior is the celebrated double staircase, rising straight through the building, with two courses of steps so that people may ascend and descend without meeting. From the roof there is a fine view over the surrounding country. The castle was

built by Francis I, as a "hunting box", and no doubt the ladies or the court used to watch the hunt from the roof. The coat of arms of Francis is in evidence in the masonry of the building at every turn. The gardens which can be viewed very well from the roof are laid out in the formal French manner. The moats have been filled in but in the front a river has been diverted to add a touch of surprise to the vista.

Being built by Francois I, Chambord has always been owned by royalty, but it has been rather seriously neglected' by them. It never appears to have been a favourite residence of French kings. Louis XIV paid several characteristically brilliant visits, but with Versailles and other palaces near Paris, the later French sovereigns had little reason to take the air in the dreariest province of the kingdom. The Revolution, of course, despoiled it of all furniture and decoration, but the main buildings were untouched' and Napoleon gave it to a favourite general of his. It soon fell into the hands of the Bourbons, however, and it was at Chambord that an attempt to restore the Bourbons was planned. The carriages, with the royal coat of arms, to be used for the triumphal entry into Paris are still preserved in the castle. They were never needed to fulfil their function.

On the whole Chambord makes a great impression. In spite of its past or perhaps because of it, it has a sad and desolate air. It appears out of place nowadays; in the past when it was the scene of great activity, when the enormous stables were full of horses, the kitchens full of servants and with charming and romantic ladies in the state apartments, then indeed it would appear with its right setting, but to-day it serves only as a reminder of the wealth of that aristocracy.

It speaks with a muffled, but audible voice of the vanished monarchy which had' been so strong and so splendid, but today is only a sort of fantastic vision.

We drove away from Chambord in the afternoon and, catching the last glimpse of its towers as we rounded a corner in the woods, made for Orleans and later for Chartres.

W. A. W.

FIRST GLIMPSE OF FRANCE.

Five o'clock on Thursday morning found our party shivering on the deck of the channel steamer "Dinard" as she was entering St. Malo. We were all feeling rather stiff and sleepy because we had passed the night trying to get to sleep on some hard benches on deck. The morning was rather fresh, as is to be expected at sea at that time of day, and we were wandering round trying to keep warm. But suddenly we all forgot our grievances as we became aware of the scene in front of us. The sun was just coming up showing in sharp outline, the old sea port. The tall dignified Church surrounded

by houses, looking yellow and dark green in that light, with an occasional fort built on one of the rocky islands, with which the harbour is strewn, and a few fishing boats lying idly outside the breakwater, framed as it were by a yellow glow all round it in the sky, made a sight never to be forgotten. At 6. 30 a. m., a small barge came alongside and took off all the passengers who wanted to land early. We got into this and were taken to the landing stage, where we went through the customs without any difficulty. After being told' that we couldn't take our bikes out till 9:30 we went into the town.

It was, I think, an excellent time of day to see a foreign town. The shops were just opening and people were doing all their morning duties- Tradesmen setting up their stalls underneath the grim walls of the town, seamen washing the decks of their boats and waiters in the Cafes putting out the chairs and tables on the pavement. We selected' a Cafe and after ordering breakfast we began to look round us, and in a very few minutes the character and appearance of the passers- by was soon picked to pieces by our critical party. After buying numerous postcards to send home, and obtaining our bikes, (not withouttrouble) from the customs we looked around the town. We explored the old towering walls, and were struck by the marvellous view of the town and its queer winding cobbled streets and stone-built houses, some of which date back to when the town was a pirate stronghold. We then made our way to the sea shore. There were magnificent sands strewn with rocks which are frequent in that part of the rugged coast. The water was clear blue, and as there was a very hot sun, it was quite warm. We lost no time in changing and taking a dip in the swimming pool which had been made on the rocks and was filled with sea water. When we finished bathing we dried ourselves and sunbathed a bit. We had a picnic dinner on the beach consisting partly of English food and partly French, although the vintage was French entirely. After a good meal we dressed and while one member of our party remained to make some repairs to his bicycle and look after the others, the rest of us explored the old castle which was built on some rocks. Now that the tide was out, it was possible to get at it. It was very exciting looking round this pirate fortress which commanded the channel leading to the harbour and afforded an excellent view of the surrounding islands. You would almost feel you were living in those distant days. After an exciting time scrambling back over sea-weed covered rocks which would have been a joy for biologists, we reached our bikes, and after packing our belongings started out for Dinan. We were arrested on the way by a remarkable Church which we looked over. We stayed there for quite a time listening to some very good singing by a man who was

accompanied by the Church organ. On leaving the Church we found that a member of our party had strayed away, but we found him further on in the town. When our party had gathered together and consulted the map we, set off towards Dinan, having spent a memorable day which we shall never forget.

F. R. DOBBS.

VERLAINE AT BOURNEMOUTH.

He sat on the front at Bournemouth
And watched the couples pass;
He breathed upon his pince-nez
And, wiping, sighed "Alas"
He wondered what his mother
Was doing now at home;
He wondered why young Arthur
Blew ditties through a comb.
He said "Ah youth is youthful"
A lump rose in his throat.
He put his pince-nez on his nose
And buttoned up his coat.
And while the youthful couples
Walked westwards on to Poole,
He smote his hand against his brow
And tottered back to school.

NEMO.

ENTOMOLOGY IN THE NEW FOREST.

Our expedition to the New Forest began on Monday, August 1st., when we cycled in two parties, one from Swindon and one from Bath. The weather was very hot and we did not hurry over our journey. A meeting place had been arranged in Brockenhurst, but Mr. Neal, who had made the journey on the previous day had selected a camp site about a mile from Brockenhurst on the Lyndhurst road. Here we stopped to find Mr. Neal and Mr. Willis, who kindly transported most of our equipment, erecting tents and organising the camp. It was situated about 100 yards from the main road within easy reach of a farm where supplies of milk and water were obtainable.

That night we did not stay up late and after an evening meal were soon in our tents and asleep.

It is impossible to describe our entomological activities until something is said of the methods used. In the daytime we devoted most of our time to catching butterflies which may be found as long as the sun is shining and their capture depends on your ability to track them until they settle or in some cases to catch them while they are in flight. The day does not end at nightfall for it is then the moths are in flight and several methods are used to attract them. One is called "sugaring". A solution of diluted treacle is made up and to it is added a

few drops of amyl acetate, a fragrant acid used in the manufacture of sweets. A small quantity of this is placed at intervals over an area in trees or other objects which are free from surrounding foliage in order that the smell may spread. Such pitches are numerous in the New Forest and one may be sure that a series of trees marked with a dark streak, denotes a good hunting ground. The trees which have been sugared are visited in rotation after a time and if it is a good night the moths may be seen feeding on the solution. They are each put in a separate box regardless of what they are for no attempt is made to recognise them by torchlight except in the case of some uncommon species. This means that the entomologist must carry large numbers of boxes about with him, and any number up to a hundred is quite usual.

Light is used to attract moths. A sheet is erected, supported by poles and guy-ropes and on to it a light is directed. In our case this consisted of two acetylene cycle lamps. This much light, although it was not quite good enough to attract many moths, did succeed in attracting some nearby campers who brought a motor bicycle and replaced our light by their headlamp.

Moths may also be found on bramble blossoms and these provide many good catches although great care is necessary to avoid tearing your net.

We were rather unlucky with our butterfly catches, for during the week prior to our visit a heavy hailstorm had killed off a great number and badly damaged the survivors.

As our visit lasted for more than a week it was necessary to set many specimens during that time. If they are killed and left their wings become stiff and break off when an attempt is made to set them, so that much of our spare time was spent at this task. The setting boards used were fitted into a box so that the specimens were not damaged when moved about.

The weather was very warm except for one day—Sunday, August 7th, which I am sure will be remembered for a long time by all the members of the party. After lunch it began to rain and the rain was accompanied by thunder, lightning and hail. One tent suffered in particular for the rain went through the walls and underneath the ground sheet. By the end of the storm there was hardly anything inside which was not wet. It was impossible to sleep there that night so the occupants were forced to seek shelter at a nearby farm where a barn full of straw afforded excellent sleeping accommodation. The next day was devoted almost entirely to driving the wet tent and getting everything in order once again. Luckily the weather was once again fine, and clothes lines were fitted up and the driving blankets presented a true Monday morning appearance. On the following Wednesday our stay ended and Mr. Willis arrived once more to pick up our equipment.

I am sure that we all enjoyed our time there. It had enabled us to collect some of the numerous species which abound only in the New Forest and for which visits such as ours are made. The expedition was made more of a success by the fact that Mr. Neal with his previous knowledge of the Forest was able to acquaint us with all the rules and regulations which apply to campers and entomologists and to obtain the various permits necessary. We are all grateful to him for giving up part of his holiday in order to come with us.

D. F. G.

CANOEING.

There has been an appreciable increase in the number of canoes in the college during the last two terms. There are now fourteen canoes actually in commission. This includes the well-known sailing canoe, known as the tub, and two veteran 17 foot double seaters, one of which has recently been repaired. The rest are single seaters of what might be called standard design.

These boats have all been used at intervals during the last year. In the summer there were a number of expeditions to the Severn at Tewkesbury. But it seems that the sport is more popular in the winter. And last term there were more expeditions including several to the gravel pits at South Cerney where the canoes were able to sail.

Even so, our own lake has not quite lost its appeal. And on one occasion during the winter term, an informal regatta was held. This included a number of races round the island, which demonstrated the advantages of a large water line length, as a seventeen foot canoe won both of them. On the other hand in the short two mile races, which included a sharp about turn, the fifteen foot canoes had the advantage. The afternoon was rounded off by attempts to perform balancing feats. In spite of the small beam of the boats only one person fell in, and the tricks included standing on our head's, and balancing on the peak of the cockpits.

There is also great activity in the workshop where a number of new boats are being built and existing ones repaired. They should all be ready by the summer and when they are launched the total number of boats in the college will be twenty-three. And since this includes three sailing canoes, I think we can look forward to some exciting racing.

P. H. T.

RENDCOMB RHYMES.

Arnold in the long jump-fit
Fell on his leg and fractured it:
Mr. Hosken cried aghast—
“That jump was shorter than his last 1”

II.

David' with a six foot chisel Cut his finger to the gristle;
In half an hour the lad was dead—
Bronx, who watched him dying, said—
“Take, Oh, take his corpse away
He'll help the Lab. on Founder's Day.”

III

In the vivarium poor dear Jim
Died when an adder got at him:
Mr. Neal in tearful mood
Whimpered—“See that? Pretty good! ”

IV.

Practising the Cycling Test
Gallop crashed and passed out west;
Mr. Gross said, sighing gently,
“Two new headlights for my Bentley. ”

V.

Roper perished when he fell With his Kodak down a well:
Abbott in an awful fright
Asked “Is the Kodak still all right? ”

VI.

Striker Smith on Founder's Day
Fell in some acid and burnt away:
Mr. Fell beholding Striker
Exclaimed “Good Heavens, where's my Leica? ”

NEMO.

FOOTBALL

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1938.

The weather was kind and we were able to play all of our matches and there were very few games' days when it was impossible to play on top. Throughout the school there has been greater enthusiasm than for some time and we have amongst our juniors several enthusiastic people who may become real footballers—a type which is somewhat lacking in numbers in our first XI at the moment, although it is much better than it has been.

Our first XI only suffered two defeats by old opponents, Swindon College and Mr. Richards' XI.

Our actual football was not so inferior to the Swindon team's this year. This improvement showed all through the season and was one of the reasons for the success of the team, another reason being the greater speed of the forward' line.

It is interesting to note that never before have we had such a number of people just outside the 1st XI who play the same standard' of football as the rest of the team, consequently although it is harder for the selection committee and those people just outside the team it keeps the interest in the first game greater.

From the very beginning we had difficulty in finding a centre forward, and when Harmer eventually showed such promise we thought we had solved the question. Harmer kept his place for the rest of the season although he did' not quite fulfil his original promise. Gallop moved from the centre to the left wing where his speed and ability to centre from the left were a great asset. Short at inside left played consistently good football and scored many goals. Morris, the other inside and Willis on the right wing were not outstanding although Morris would be of real use to the team if he would' pass more and make greater use of his increasing speed.

When Harmer went into the forward line Hyett took his place at left half and played soundly but he must not waste his throw-in from touch, as he so often did. Wyon, the other wing half however, made the best possible use of his long throw. He is a good defensive half whose passing has improved considerably. Gillham played in the centre and was a tower of

strength. He has immense energy, and a very powerful tackle and makes fine use of his head. His ball control, always uncertain, improved somewhat.

We had considerable difficulty with the back division. First it seemed impossible to find anyone who could use his left foot at all. Although Powell might have filled the position earlier he was not really dependable until later on in the season. Bates and Spencer filled the position at first, but Neads coming from left wing where he was a useful stop-gap, made with Powell a better pair in the last two games. Powell must realize that a back's work is not finished when the opposing forward has passed him with the ball.

Lane played very well in goal, though he was unreliable at times. It is a pity we could not find another goalkeeper as Lane might have solved our centre forward problem altogether.

The first team was: —

Goal: Lane.

Backs: Spencer, Bates.

Halves: Wyon, Gillham, Harmer.

Forwards: Willis, Morris, E. R., Gallop, Short, Neads.

The final team was: —

Goal: Lane.

Backs: Neads, Powell- Halves: Wyon, Gillham, Hyett.

Forwards: Willis, Morris, E. R., Harmer, Short, Gallop.

1st XI MATCHES.

September 24th, v. Commonweal School, Swindon,
Home. Drawn 3—3.

As well as being our first match of the season this was our first match with this school, and in spite of our lack of practice we lead until a few minutes before the end when they equalised with two quick goals. This drawn game might easily have been a win in our favour had we been able to score on a few of the many missed chances.

OCTOBER 1st—v. OLD BOYS—HOME.

Drawn 5—5.

This was an enjoyable and exciting game, the score being a very good indication of the play.

OCTOBER 15th DEAN CLOSE 2nd XI HOME.

Won 4—0.

The team played well together and the result was a decisive victory.

OCTOBER 22nd—v. SWINDON COLLEGE—HOME.

Lost 1—3.

Swindon started well and scored 3 goals in the first quarter of an hour. The rest of the first half was fairly even but we managed to score just before the interval. The second half demonstrated very clearly the lack of drive in our centre, as we were attacking consistently and downhill during the entire half and yet failed to score.

OCTOBER 29th—v. HANLEY CASTLE—HOME.

Won 7—1.

For this match Gallop played on the wing and Harmer came into the centre. As indicated by the score the game was one-sided.

NOV. 12th—v. COMMONWEAL SCHOOL, SWINDON—AWAY

Won 4—1.

Once again the newly arranged forward line proved successful, but the game was not outstanding in any way.

NOVEMBER 19th—v. SWINDON COLLEGE. —AWAY.

Won 6—4.

For the first time for many years we beat Swindon. The reason being almost entirely due to the combination of our usual tactics with a great deal more ball control than we had previously shown.

NOVEMBER 26th—v. HANLEY CASTLE. —AWAY.

Won 10—5.

From the beginning we established our superiority. Our opponents did not play well together and we were given ample opportunities for running up an even higher score. Our defence however deteriorated towards the end.

DECEMBER 4th—1st XI—v. Mr. RICHARDS' XI—HOME.

Lost 0—1.

Mr. Richards' XI was composed of Staff considerably strengthened by three members of the local club. The game was played in pouring rain on a very slippery pitch, and the superior weight of the staff team was an advantage. Their forwards had more of the ball, but excellent play by our defence kept the score down.

NOVEMBER 30th—v. DEAN CLOSE 2nd XI—AWAY.

Won 4—1.

The game, was more even than the score suggests and the few opportunities for scoring were better used' by our forwards. The ground was heavy and the ball difficult to control.

OCTOBER 8th—v. KINGHAM HILL—AWAY.

Lost 2—3.

NOVEMBER 9th—v. KINGHAM HILL—HOME.

Lost 0—5.

In both games our rather young average 15 XI played well, but found their larger opponents too good for them. The forwards who were on the small side seemed strangely shy of shooting and they must learn to pass harder.

JUNIOR XI—v. NORTH CERNEY SCHOOL.

A very junior team beat their considerably weaker opponents 11—0 and 6—0. Although the second time the team was composed mainly of forms 1 and 2. Quite apart from what was shown in these two matches there is considerable latent talent among the juniors.