

# Rendcomb College Magazine.

MAY, 1925.

Vol. I. No. 1.

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## EDITORIAL.

Ever since the magazine started we have looked forward to the time when we should have it printed. Expense has been our constant difficulty. Now, however, we are able to take the initial step and we hope that as our circulation increases we shall be able to lower the present price to, at most, one shilling.

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Last term is memorable among other reasons for the decision that we should attend corporately a Morning Service in the Parish Church. We have no School Chapel; but it is hoped that the Service will increasingly make amends for that defect. We already have the vigorous nucleus of a choir.

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We look forward this term to a successful Cricket season, which we hope will be able to start at once—weather permitting! —as we no longer have the sports in the Summer Term.

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It was unfortunate that the Sports were prevented from being run at the

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end of last term, especially after many people had practised for them very thoroughly. It is the first year they have been put off since they were started, but it is better that they should be left out altogether than postponed until this term, when interest has died, and Cricket is coming into its own. Special praise is due to the efficient organisation of the Sports Committee.

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As we had no magazine last term, owing to the new conditions, in which our time for publication is the beginning of every term, the report of the December play, which was very kindly written for us by Mrs. M. V. Harker, has unavoidably been left over to this number.

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In order to make our Personal Column as interesting as possible we hope that former Masters and Old Boys will keep continually in touch with us.

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In this and future numbers of the magazine all articles not written by boys will be above a name or initials *in brackets*.

## PERSONAL NOTES.

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Mr. L. C. Schiller has been appointed an Inspector of the Board of Education, and is at present working at the Office of the Board in Whitehall.

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Mr. C. J. Thomas is at present Director of Music at Groton School, Groton, Mass., U. S. A.

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B. J. Brooks is an aircraft apprentice in the R. A. F., undergoing his training at Halton.

F. L. Stevens is helping his father in his business at Brimscombe.

A. E. H. Tullett and C. J. Gough are working with Messrs. Russell & Sons, Lygon Cottage, Broadway.

L. F. Stradling is working with Messrs. Coley of Stroud, and studying for his Pharmaceutical Examinations.

H. L. Theobald is working with Messrs. Duck, Son & Pinker of Bristol, piano manufacturers, &c.

L. G. Puffitt is apprenticed to the Bristol Wholesale Cabinet Making Co.

B. V. Harris has returned from Persia, and is at present studying at a School of Art in London.

R. H. Newport has recently started work in the Cirencester Branch of Lloyds' Bank.

The addresses of all the Old Boys may be obtained from the Headmaster or the Secretary.

## SERVICES.

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On Sunday, February 22nd, a service was held at the College; Mr. W. F. Bushell, Headmaster of Solihull School, gave the address.

## ARCADY.

They say that Fauns in Arcady  
Are common as the breeze,  
And Nymphs and Dryads may be seen  
In fountains, lakes and trees.

Lovely, they say, is Arcady  
But lovelier still to me  
Dean Forest and the Severn  
Flowing silver to the sea.

No need to go to Arcady  
For Satyrs or their kind,  
Or hearkens for the pipes of Pan  
Or e'en the player find.

For at Speech-house there are Dryads  
And Fauns at Staple Edge,  
And Pan beside the Severn plays  
Among the rustling sedge.

H3.

## MEETING NEWS.

The first comment that it occurs to us to make on the activities of the General Meeting during the past term is that they have tended to be rather severely practical. Questions of principle rarely seem to have arisen—which may, or may not be a good sign. The practical work of the Meeting and its Committees has never been better done. The Entertainments and Sports Committees, in particular, have been most successful, and the members of the latter deserve our sympathy, in that their excellent arrangements were finally frustrated through no fault of their own.

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As our numbers grow larger, it is inevitable that more work should be delegated to Committees, but on two occasions the Meeting showed decisively that it wished to retain power in its own hands, once when it overruled the Selection Committee in the choice of one member of the eleven, and again when it rejected the unanimous suggestion of a subcommittee as to the arrangement of the cricket ground. On the second occasion, however, the Meeting, on being presented with fuller information subsequently reversed its decision.

On the other hand, in one matter that has given rise to a certain amount of dissatisfaction the Meeting merely divested itself of authority. Ever since the Wireless Apparatus had been installed many people had felt that the system of terminal Wireless Committees was not satisfactory, and the Meeting decided to elect a permanent semi-expert committee with autocratic powers. As a result, a far more systematic attempt is being made to make the best use of the Apparatus at the available times.

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One of the most interesting discussions of the term arose from a proposal that the Sports should be abolished as they bring little interest except to a few especially athletic boys. The proposal was decisively rejected, but the discussion revealed a general desire to improve the Sports by increasing the number of competitions and substituting team for individual events.

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In one important direction the Meeting assumed a new responsibility. Hitherto the inspection of the rooms cleaned by the boys before breakfast had been taken under the direction of the Headmaster. The Meeting showed itself ready to superintend and organise the whole of the cleaning.

[J. H. S.]

[R. R.]

## THE RENT VEIL.

Some years ago there lived a young professor, called Jennings, whose deep and continuous study had won for him great success and a good reputation. He had passed his degree with ease after a long and industrious career at Oxford University, and had taken a large house about half a mile from the town.

He had many friends, nearly all of whom lived in Oxford, and although they had urged him to live nearer them, he had chosen a rather quiet and isolated spot on purpose that his studies might be undisturbed. He was unmarried, and lived with none but a manservant, who slept in the town.

Two of the young professor's friends were engaged in earnest conversation about him before a fire in one of the former's rooms.

"Yes," said the elder man, named Ledley, "I quite agree that he should see more of the hurry and bustle of town life instead of isolating himself. Why, I feel almost frightened to go near his house at night. There is scarcely another building in sight, and it is terribly quiet. But he says it aids his studies."

"He studies too much," said the other, "I have not seen him for a month, and even then he was pale and thin. In fact, he looked thoroughly ill."

"He wants rest," returned Ledley, "he has had a frightful mental strain. I should like very much to pay him a

visit some time, and see how he is getting on."

"If you are free, I will meet you tomorrow night at seven, and we will stroll up together. It does not get dark till half-past eight," said Tipping.

"Right-ho!" said the other, and the conversation changed.

Accordingly, the next evening the two met, and walked leisurely towards the young professor's house. But it was rather later than they had imagined, and the Summer air had grown chill by the time they had reached the drive. The garden was large, but dreadfully neglected and overgrown, and the tall trees on either side of the drive had so spread as to allow only a tiny glimpse of the house between their thick foliage. The ground under foot was damp, and a short distance away a fountain trickled noisily. A mossy stone seat was visible near at hand.

"There has recently been a vague rumour about Jennings in the town," said Ledley. "I gather that he is not so popular."

"I should think not," said Tipping, "a person living in such surroundings as these is not likely to be. Ugh!" They shivered, and hurried on.

As they approached the house, a weird cry reached their ears. It seemed to come from the house. A moment after, a light appeared in Jennings's study, for it was twilight.

"What was that?" They both stopped. "Oh! only some night-bird!" returned Ledley.

"It wasn't! I hate this place!"

"Don't be an idiot!" They moved on.

The professor was very white when he met them.

"I really am awfully sorry," he said, "but I simply can't see you. I'm very busy and I don't feel very well. Really you must excuse me!"

"I hardly call this the right treatment for two friends," said Ledley, angrily, and they went away, offended. After they had been walking for about five minutes, they heard the same cry again, but it was faint because of the distance.

"There it is again," said Tipping. "I shall be glad to see the lights of Oxford once more." And they turned on their torches and quickened their step.

At about ten o'clock the next night Ledley was disturbed at his work by his telephone bell ringing violently.

He went to it.

"Well?" he said.

"It is I, Jennings, speaking. I am really sorry about last night, you know, but ----"

The voice died away curiously, as if the speaker had turned away in the middle of the sentence.

"Well?" asked Ledley, sharply.

"For heaven's sake come at once," the voice began, with considerable emotion. "Don't fail your friend! Believe me, I am in the most dreadful state. Do come!"

That was all. Astonished, Ledley put up the receiver, hurriedly put on his greatcoat, and in two minutes was motoring swiftly through a chill, moonlight night. The hedges and trees appeared and vanished like spirits, until the form of the house loomed ahead. The car dashed beneath the great trees of the drive, and drew up near the house. The

engine ceased. Dead silence, broken only by a weird wail from the house. Ledley's blood ran cold. He felt almost fixed to the ground with some unknown terror. He felt as if he had run unnecessarily into some great danger. He longed to be in the centre of the busy town again. A strange power seemed almost to prevent him dreaming of leaving the place. He was bound to go in. He was alone!

He glanced across the lawn. It was lit up by the moon; from the shadow of the bushes at the edge of it seemed to come myriads of white, airy figures, some clustering round the fountain and the stone seat, others approaching him rapidly. He felt cornered. The place was alive with them. He dashed in at the front door, up the stairs, and burst into Jennings's study. He could scarcely move; he seemed paralysed. He was hemmed in on all sides by figures, spirits.

The moonlight streamed in at the window, and revealed the figure of Jennings stretched on the floor, dead and white. A white figure was at his throat.

"Too late," it muttered, and all the spirits vanished. A note fluttered from the sill. It was written in Jennings's writing. Ledley read: —

"Some months ago I tried to communicate with my dead uncle. I knew I could and I did. I did it frequently. At last he appeared to me against my will more and more often. Others came. They increased in numbers, and now they have overwhelmed me. It is my own fault. Please forgive my action of last night."

E. WEBSTER, Form 3.

## RENDCOMB CHURCH.

### I. —GENERAL.

Rendcomb Church is dedicated to St. Peter the Apostle, and was built somewhere about 1520, by one of the Tame family. Sir John Tame and his son, Sir Edmund and Sir Giles Tame, are all said by various authorities to have built the church, but which of the three is actually responsible for it is not known. Sir Giles Tame is the least likely, most modern works on the subject being in favour of one of the other two. The earliest work which we have consulted is Atkyn's "Ancient and Present State of Gloucestershire," published in 1712. He, however, appears to be unreliable, and his idea of the church is given by an illustration in his book, a framed reproduction of which now hangs in the school library, and shows very well the uncertainty of his information. In Rudder's "New History of Gloucestershire," published in 1779, Sir Giles and Sir Edmund are both mentioned as possible builders, and in more modern works Sir Giles is rarely included.

It is very probable that the Church was built partly by Sir John Tame, and, after his death, finished by Sir Edmund. Apparently that is what happened at Fairford Church, and evidence points to the theory that both buildings were erected at much the same time.

Besides having an estate at Fairford, Sir John was also the Lord of

the Manor of Rendcomb, and Sir Edmund became Lord of the Manor after his father's death. Sir John died in 1500, and if it were he who started building Rendcomb Church it would probably have been finished soon after that date. Sir Edmund's initials in the old glass of the window opposite the South Porch are evidence that he was at least partly responsible for the Church. The tradition which states that both Churches were built by the same architect points in the same direction. It tells of a path between Rendcomb and Fairford, along which the architect is said to have ridden when going from one church to the other. Besides this it is said that the glass of Rendcomb was that left over from Fairford; and there are several similarities which will be discussed in a future article. The screens of both buildings are another piece of evidence. The two screens of Rendcomb Church are both nearly the same as that at Fairford. Both the buildings have many other similarities. For instance, the pinnacles around the roof of Fairford Church are almost identical to those on the tower at Rendcomb Church. The windows of both Churches are very alike, except that those at Rendcomb are not so elaborate or of such fine workmanship. The buttresses and battlements are both like those at Fairford. All this indicates that the two Churches had the same architect, and were therefore built about the same time, which means that Rendcomb Church was completed by 1520 at the latest, and was almost certainly commenced not earlier than about 1470.

Like that of Fairford, Rendcomb Church replaced an older building, parts of which still remain imbedded in the North wall, which differs from the rest of the building in the material of which it is built. The church is built of smoothly hewn stone, except for the North wall, which is quite rough. It is thought that originally there was no South aisle, but a North aisle instead. In building the new Church the old North aisle was pulled down and the material of which it was built used to fill up the bays between the pillars which divided it from the nave. The old pillars, which are of the late Norman period, can now be seen from inside the Church; and outside the arches which sprang from them are also easy to recognise, and show that the old building was much smaller than the present one. In the same wall can be seen the jambs of a door which probably belonged to the North aisle, and which was used as an entrance into the Church after it had been moved to its present position, but it has since been filled up.

The building now consists of a nave, which is flanked by a South aisle, a main chancel at the East end of the nave, in which is the sanctuary railed off by Jacobean altar-rails, a South chancel in which the organ now stands, the tower at the West end, the lower portion of which is open to the Church, and a recently built vestry. The roof of the nave and aisle is original, and also similar to the roof at Fairford. The furniture is modern, and so is the altar, but it is

in keeping with the rest of the Church. The roof of the Chancel was built between 1843 and 1887 by Stephen Price, the local carpenter, at the cost of the rector of that time, Joseph Pitt, who is also responsible for the organ and the restoration of the preaching cross.

Rendcomb Church is of the Perpendicular style, and its ground plan is similar to many Cotswold Churches which were built at the same period, mostly by the wool merchants who were then at the height of their prosperity.

There are many interesting points about the building, which make it worthy of a great deal more notice than it receives, to be discussed in future articles, which we hope to publish regularly in each number of the magazine until we have dealt with the whole building, its possessions and history.

### A MOONLIT NIGHT.

I love a calm and moonlit night,  
When twinkling stars adorn the sky;  
The busy world doth seem to sleep  
And all our earthly troubles die.

Some people say that ghosts appear  
On such a night, in churchyards cold,  
But really we need never fear  
For this is but a legend old.

A. P. BROWNING (Form I. ).

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

### *Results of Matches Played During Spring Term 1925.*

RENDCOMB COLLEGE, 5; NORTH CERNEY  
2ND XI., 1.

RENDCOMB COLLEGE, 1; CHELTENHAM  
GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 3. HOME.

For this match the team was somewhat different from last term. It was as follows: —Stanley, L. B. White, Dakin, Barwell and W. S. Morgan, forwards; C. Jones, Daubeny and Raggatt, halves; Smith and A. T. Wilcox, backs; Small- man, goal. The defence was sound throughout and we were a little unlucky not to win. Had the shooting of the forwards been better (for about three open goals were missed) we might have recorded a substantial win. However, the team gave, on the whole, a quite creditable performance against heavier opponents.

RENDCOMB COLLEGE, 2; SWINDON  
SECONDARY SCHOOL, 3. AWAY.

The team was the same as against Cheltenham Grammar School. At halftime we were losing 3—0. Throughout, the team failed to adapt themselves to the conditions—hard, dry ground and a light ball. The backs gave a sound display under the circumstances. During the second half the team improved, and the shooting, which had been weak in the first half, was good at times. The result was that two goals were added and the team made a good effort to draw level.

RENDCOMB COLLEGE, 0; MR. SIMPSON'S  
XI., 2.

Unfortunately for this match the weather was bad. The ground was in a terrible state, and consequently the game had to be abandoned just after half-time. During the first half the team, playing

down the slope, failed to benefit from the advantage. Not once did they really get going. After half-time the team quickly conceded two goals.

RENDCOMB COLLEGE, 2; EVESHAM GRAM-  
MAR SCHOOL, 1. HOME.

Fortunately, Evesham Grammar School were able to give us an home fixture. Consequently, we managed to end our season with a win. The defence was fairly sound, while the forwards combined well in mid-field, but lacked finish. Some good shots were made, and the score would have been much greater but for the admirable display of the visiting goalkeeper. The team was as follows: —Stanley, L. B. White, A. T. Wilcox, Terrett, W. S. Morgan, forwards; Barwell, Daubeny, Raggatt, halves; Smith and Dakin, backs; Small- man, goal.

### THE SECOND ELEVEN.

RENDCOMB COLLEGE, 5; NORTH CERNEY  
BOYS, 0.

RENDCOMB COLLEGE, 0; CORINTH  
COLLEGE, 0.

Hitherto this fixture has been an "A" team match, but this term it was thought better to confine it to the 2nd XI. The team was as follows: —Baxter, Weaver, Dainton, Betterton and Bunce, forwards; Hook, Terrett and C. Jones, halves; Davis and E. Jones, backs; Clarke, goal.

The team gave an excellent display against opponents who entirely outweighed them. The two backs kicked well and tackled soundly; the halves, although the wing halves did not always mark their men well, worked hard. The forward line combined well, and with little more luck might have scored once or twice.

### GROUP GAMES.

First Round: North 2, South 0.  
West 3, East 1.  
Final: West 1, North 0.

D. D.

## FOOTBALL SEASON 1924=5.

On the whole it may be said that the football season just ended has been the most successful in the history of the College. The record of the First XI. does not at first appear to compare altogether favourably with that of previous years, but far stronger teams were encountered than formerly and until Christmas, at any rate, they were quite an effective combination. It is satisfactory to be able to record that a number of the newcomers show real promise, and there is any amount of enthusiasm among the juniors. There has been much better football played in the second game than ever before, and it could be improved at once considerably if all players would resist the temptation to wander from their places. The inter-group matches were extremely close contests, and the West, who were admirably led by their captain, had to struggle hard to win.

To turn to the First Eleven—they played eleven matches, of which five were won, four lost, and two drawn. Only one match was lost before Christmas, and the team's best football was probably played in the two matches against Dean Close and the first game against Swindon. Newport's departure at Christmas left an awkward gap in the forward line, and experiments made with a view to strengthening the forwards only weakened them further. In the last match, however, the team—in their original formation—recovered some of their lost form.

The best feature of the team—a proof both of physical fitness and determination—was their power of retrieving an unfavourable situation and outplaying their opponents at the very end of the game. Their principal weakness was the inability to finish off attacks by effective shooting. But for this, there might have been only two defeats to record. In mid-field the forwards were individually good, though the passing was sometimes wild. White and Stanley were an effective wing, and the former, though variable, was always dangerous; Morgan was the most improved player in the side, Wilcox a useful centre, and Newport a forward who could make use of an opportunity. But all alike were inclined to miss easy chances when near the enemy's goal.

The half-back line was the main strength of the team. Daubeny at once settled down to the central position and became the most effective player in the team. His energy was invaluable, and he became more skilful in attack as the season advanced. Raggatt, though still slow, was a much sounder player than before, and Bar-well was always neat and skilful. At right back Dakin was admirably cool, judicious in his kicking, and a reliable tackler. — Smith, though much less safe, was often vigorous and effective. Wilcox, when he was at back, played a really good game. Smallman in goal was inconsistent. He would save some really hard shots, only to be beaten by comparatively easy ones.

It is difficult to find quite the right opponents for the Second Eleven, and some of their matches need not be

taken as very serious tests of football. Against Corinth College, however, they did well to draw the game. Their play, as a whole, was vigorous rather than skilful, but in Davis and E. Jones they had a very promising pair of backs.

[J. H. S. ]  
[I. C. B. ]

### VICE VERSA.

To be able to judge of a play or of acting it is essential that one should be able to hear what the players say, and in this respect Rendcomb College performance of ' Vice Versa ' was among the best amateur performances we have been privileged to witness. The audience were given time for the points to get home and to give the well-earned applause without losing the succeeding lines.

To turn to the individual performances, D. D. Christie was considerably better in his original part of Bultitude père, which he did well, but in losing his personality he somewhat failed to acquire the jovial and sportsmanlike characteristics of his schoolboy son. On the other hand C. Jones carried on his father's mentality, after the change in personality, with great skill. Raggatt as Parradine, the ne'er-do-well brother-in-law, was not quite convincing enough; he made the character rather too much of a villain, and too little of a plausible and attractive scoundrel, which we think was the author's intention. A. Smith as Doctor Grimstone gave a very

good interpretation, only marred by an untimely sense of humour. Newport as Mr. Blinkhorn gave an exceptionally good character-study of the purely fictional junior master and showed how much good acting can make of a small part.

Of the schoolboys Daubeny as Chawner deserves special mention.

Bardrick as Dulcie was a very pleasing young person though unfortunate in her choice of a hat which rather tended to a total eclipse.

Detailed criticism is always easy to make, but the best of a good performance is the spirit in which one leaves the theatre, and we certainly left Rendcomb with the feeling that ' Vice-Versa ' had been a jolly good show.

[M. V. H.]

### MY GARDEN.

At present, if they could be seen My  
garden's flowers are small and green;  
They are in the bloom of spring,  
Happy birds about them sing.  
Soon my flowers will open wide,  
No more their brilliant colours hide,  
But show what kind of flower each  
grows—

For now in springtime no one knows.  
Soon open wide for all to see And  
beautiful my flowers will be. Strong,  
withstanding wind and rain, Bowing  
but to rise again.

Later as the year grows old Will my  
garden turn to gold,  
Will petals dim and fall away,  
Their colours turn to dark decay; —  
Whilst I'll have travelled far away.

D. D. C.

## ACTING DURING THE SPRING TERM.

Early in the term, a number of boys performed charades on Saturday evenings. Good as their efforts had been previously, they surpassed themselves this term by reason of more careful preparation. Costumes were more judiciously chosen, and the acting, although it can be improved upon considerably, was quite good.

Form I. delighted us with an evening of French song. Most of the rhymes were familiar, for everyone learns them. They were quite well sung, and the little acting that was possible was admirable. Townsend, in particular, sang very well. The show would have been better finished had they rehearsed with the curtain-man, for short delays at the end of short scenes are apt to be irksome.

On several evenings, Christie and A. Wilcox presented short sketches, which as a rule were really humorous and found appreciative audiences. Once or twice their efforts became rather dull. On the whole, however, they merit great praise, for they set themselves extremely difficult tasks, and usually carried them out. We hope other people will make similar attempts.

The West Group presented their admirable revue about half term. It was obvious that much careful preparation had been spent on the show. The programme was ambitious, but it

was carried through with zest to the end. It was also well varied. The "horror" scene was probably the best, in that it was most real and filled one with terror. The scene in which mannequins appeared kept one rocking in one's chair, when Daubeny, as a most amusing Frenchman, was on the stage. Every scene, in fact, was a success. Obviously, one cannot comment on such a performance without referring to individuals. Daubeny, in his two roles of French dress designer and judge, did what was asked of him extremely well, namely, to make us laugh. A real Frenchman! W. S. Morgan and J. Phillips as the Cockney walkers-out (I dare not call them lovers), with their good-natured bantering and their love for popular songs, were also highly amusing. Everyone did very well, and the members of the West Group have reason to be proud of such a performance, for the acting was good, the humour was refreshing, and it was full of life. They, in their turn, and we too, have to thank Mr. Richings for such excellent preparation. The show approached school entertainments in standard.

From the point of view of acting, the term has been a great success, and the standard of Saturday night entertainments has been considerably raised. We welcome the idea of Groups giving Saturday shows, and but for the epidemic of colds, two other groups would have entertained us.

A. S.

## LECTURES.

At the end of the Christmas term Mr. Holden once more inspired us with his enthusiasm for beauty. He lectured on "English Water Colour Painting," and showed us some beautiful slides of famous pictures. He taught us how to look at a picture and understand its composition.

On the 28th January Mr. Wills gave a delightful lecture on "Craft-work in precious metals and stones." The beautiful models which were passed round were made by Mr. Wills, who tried, very unsuccessfully, to pretend that he was not himself extraordinarily skilful, and that his work was simple. We all enjoyed the lecture which included a practical demonstration of making a silver watch chain, and we hope that Mr. Wills will soon come again.

On the 6th March Mr. Household lectured on the U. S. A. He impressed us with the newness of the country and with the extraordinary keenness of the Americans for education. He also told us about the enormous amount of work to be done in such a new country, and how different peoples emigrate to the States. England appeared very backward when he told us of the labour saving devices and the organisation of the traffic. We were all fascinated by his picture of the U. S. A., and some of us at the end of the lecture began to consider the question of emigration.

On the 14th March Mr. Burford lectured on "The Architectural Development of the English House." He drew lightning sketches on the blackboard of every kind of house from very early times to the present day. The slides, which included pictures and plans of famous houses, were very clear and interesting, and altogether the lecture opened up to us a new study which everyone could enjoy.

R. G. D.

## AN ENJOYABLE AFTERNOON.

It had just been raining. Large puddles filled the narrow road outside. The weather could not worry me, though; I was snug in the depths of a cosy armchair in front of a roaring fire. I had just settled down with an interesting book I had been wanting to read for a long time. I sighed with satisfaction and revelled in the lazy joy of nothing to do for an entire afternoon. For half an hour I was a picture of idle content, sinking deeper into my chair.

Then there came a knock at the door. That began it all. I knew that it was that annoying person Brown, who always paid visits at inconvenient times, an inconsiderate person who could never take a hint. I pretended not to hear. The knock was repeated. Then the door opened and Brown looked into the room. "Hullo," he said, "just the day for a stroll. The air's as fresh as anything and the ground is hardly wet at all. You'll never do yourself good

sticking indoors on a day like this. I'm really concerned about your health, really I am.... " With a little tact I felt sure I could persuade him to go. " I really can't come today; I've a dreadful headache, and my doctor has ordered me to keep warm; doctor's orders, you know, so I can't help it. " " Tut, tut, my friend, a good brisk walk does one no end of good... just the thing to make a headache go. " I knew it was no use arguing; he seemed determined to make me go out with him. I put up a last defence. I coughed— a harsh racking cough calculated to melt a heart of stone. It was no use. He was smiling expectantly. With a groan I arose and yawned. He gave me a hearty slap on the back with a "There, there, that's the way. " I donned my woolly greatcoat and a hat. He opened the door for me and a freezing blast pervaded the room. I shivered and we stepped out into the street. Instead of being almost dry, the ground was muddy and slippery in the extreme. We splashed along silently for a time; my anger would not permit me to talk. He tried to be amiable and started talking about the joys of friendship, but I said I did not agree with him, and so "to cheer me up, " as he put it, he started telling me one of his racy anecdotes. He had told me it several times before, and when I had not laughed he had looked pained; this time, however, he was almost splitting his sides with laughter, gurgling fantastically deep down his throat. I walked on and he followed me, ever and anon breaking into a hoarse

chuckle. Suddenly he went off into a fresh paroxysm of laughter, rocking this way and that in his mirth. I really could not see the joke, and I told him so. He explained it to me, and, to appease him, I smiled. He still thought it had not sunk in, and so I forced a laugh, or, I fear, he would still be explaining the wretched thing to me. After a while we turned back and walked home silently; he was apparently hurt, while I was extremely angry. At last we reached my house, and I was looking forward to a quiet doze in front of the fire. I turned to say good-bye to him, but I was cut short with a "Thirsty day, isn't it? Funny how hungry you get when you're out walking. " I refused to take the hint. " I know; isn't it queer? " I returned. He appeared nonplussed for a moment, then his face brightened in a smile. "I say, did I leave my gloves in your house?... " "I don't think so, " I replied, and walked indoors.

A. W.

### DISTANT MUSIC.

Distant music down the breeze  
Sounding wild and low,  
Rising high it shrilly calls,  
Trills and quavers, sinks and falls,  
Seems to ebb and flow.

Silence falls but in my heart—  
Lives the music even  
Echoes o'er the heart-strings play  
Sounding faint and far-away,  
But forgotten never.

H3.

## CAUSERIE.

When the acting is over and the clamour has died down we remember—too late—those who have been neither applauded nor thanked. They wear no cavalier colours, they may sport no cavalier airs: indeed they are shirt-sleeved, grimed without the aid of grease-paint, and humbly attendant on the whispered command of producer or “star.” It is in our excitement that we forget; and they are very unobtrusive. I hope they know we are grateful to them for their valuable aid—those scene-shifters, light-men, and curtain-ringers.

\* \*

It is easy to appear ungracious I find, especially when I receive gifts. I think eloquent and sincere thanks; but I do not say them. I have a vivid recollection of once making matters worse by saying the wrong thing. It was my birthday. I had received two presents of special note, one an antique brass inkstand, the other two silk handkerchiefs. She who gave me the inkstand looked at it, and my eyes rested on the handkerchiefs. She told me how she had found it. I murmured “How topping!” or some such inanity, and picking up my finery asked her, “Don’t you admire these?” Later I remembered I had not seen her since I had unpacked the inkstand, so I had not really thanked her at all.

\* \*

Other people are so good-natured. (One’s friends are one’s worst foils.)

I have received many pleasant gifts, and one of those I treasure most is a sixpenny edition book a friend who was “hard-up” bought for fourpence and sent me.

\* \*

Other people are so gracious, too. It is one of my dearest ambitions to be rich enough to buy exactly the right presents for my friends because it is so pleasant to learn from their simple and honest expressions the gratification they feel.

\* \*

It is other people, too, who have taught me one of the most important things I have yet learned—though after I had been first mis-led. I was assured, once, that between friends thanks were not only superficial, but impertinent, for, they said, a friend offers all he has to give, and so wishes to own nothing; but they beguiled me. I am very sure later counsel is truer, and it is strengthened by experience; all gifts are valueless if they are claimed as rights. He who takes

denies himself the pleasure of receiving. And no one ready to give welcomes a thief. If friends acknowledged each other’s freedom to offer or to withhold at discretion, they would appreciate better the favours they receive, and pay the donors the courtesy of sincere acknowledgment.

\* \*

It is odd that we are conspicuously polite to people we meet only once, and abominably rude to those we love best!

[R. R.]

## A DREAM.

Gordon Brown, a country gentleman, who was a scientist, went to bed one night and had a very curious dream.

He dreamt that he went in a peculiar aeroplane, which was made of an alloy of tin, steel, copper, and silver ore. This machine had peculiar electric powers and carried 100 cylinders of oxygen, and food enough for twenty days. It had one wing, like a monoplane, and had no propellers, although in the interior there were three gyroscopes, worked by electricity. Gordon noticed also that there were four curious men on board, although they had a chamber to themselves. They seemed to be wrapped in furs, and he could not see their faces, as they seemed to have masks and eye-like goggles covering them. They were all only about four feet high.

They never seemed to eat anything, although he saw several boxes or crates which were not made on this earth. They seemed to be made, and afterwards he found out they were, of the same metal as the aeroplane, which was lighter than aluminium.

In this aeroplane he went to Mars, or, at least, what he thought was Mars. It was very bare, hardly any vegetation could be seen, and what he could see was very small plants with round yellow berries, and no leaves. The machine had landed on the top of a small hill, and from it he could see for a long way. He noticed several cages with little doors in them. He could not make out what they were, until he saw the door of one suddenly open, and

three little Martians stepped out. They were carrying spades or paddles, and as he followed them they went round the corner of a hill, and suddenly stepped on to the surface of a sheet of water which he noticed was a canal. He, too, stepped on the water and found that he was standing on a flat raft, the surface of which was on the level of the canal. Two more Martians were on the raft, but they did not seem to be a bit surprised at him, but paddled on, until at last they stopped at the edge of the canal, which was faced with metal blocks, so that it was absolutely regular.

The Martians got off the raft, and strode away to the hills. Gordon followed them. Finally they stopped at a platform, nearly as high as themselves. Gordon noticed that it was made of the same metal as the aeroplane. There was a lift near by, and out of it came several Martians clad in white robes, with a design of a round ball, with what looked exactly like Europe and Africa on it. Then Gordon understood. These people worshipped the earth as their God. The priests stood on the platform, and stretched out their hands towards the earth, and muttered strange incantations. This surprised Gordon, for he did not know they could talk. The priests descended in the lift, and the Martians got back on the boats again. So did Gordon, and this time he noticed that there was a trap-door in the floor, which could be pulled up by an iron ring. He pulled it up, and saw a cavity underneath, in which were a machine and several Martians. It was pitch dark, but he could just make out a huge heap of something in one end. Then he shut the trap. The Martians got off the boat, and Gordon followed them. They stepped

into one of the lifts and so did he, and they went down, down. Suddenly one of the Martians switched on a light, which he noticed was made by two carbon points. He saw they had stopped by a huge gallery, also lighted up, into which ran many branch galleries. Along this were going many Martians, some of them pushing curious metal trucks. No one took any notice of him whatever so he strolled down one of the side passages, and saw an opening in the wall. He walked in and saw two or three Martians sitting on the ground. They seemed to

be eating. Suddenly Gordon heard a rattling noise outside. He looked, and there was a large carriage, made of metal, in which were several Martians. Gordon mounted and the machine went off. It seemed to go for miles before it stopped at the end of the gallery. Gordon dismounted and got into the lift, and in a moment was on land again. He ran to the aeroplane, jumped in, arrived at England, and—woke up.

Dormitory 9. D. Field, H. Baxter,  
G. Eyles, W. Jones (Forms I. and  
II.)

