

RENDCOMB COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

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Rendcomb College Magazine

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FEBRUARY, 1941.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Michaelmas Term, 1940.

Term began on Friday, 20th September. Looking back one can scarcely realise the gravity of the crisis through which this country was passing in those remaining weeks of summer following the fall of France. It was quite surprising to find that the vacation for most of us should have been so normal.

But we knew that the war was bound to bring many changes, and when we reassembled we fully expected to find many new departures.

Mr. Fell, Mr. Wright and Mr. Coleman were no longer with us, and Mr. Young was getting ready to go.

For the first time in the history of the College we welcomed women as full-time resident members of the staff.

Mrs. Manifold came to take charge of French, and Miss Alway to teach Mathematics, while Mr. Richards took over Mr. Fell's work at the laboratory.

It was necessary to make provision for the probability of Mr. Young's departure and Mr. Wilson and Mr. James undertook to make themselves responsible for Latin up to School Certificate. To release them from their subjects in the lower school, Mrs. James and Mrs. Coleman stepped into the breach.

Actually Mr. Young was left to us for the term and we were able to revert to the normal in his department, still however retaining the services of Mrs. James and Mrs. Coleman for certain English, Mathematics and History classes.

Mrs. Manifold comes to us from Cambridge and Woodford High School, and Miss Alway is the first graduate of Bristol University to join the Rendcomb staff.

Mr. Gross, whose promotion to the rank of Captain in the Royal Artillery we recorded in our last issue, is a gunnery instructor in a Cadet School somewhere in England. Mr. Fell is a Pilot Officer in the R. A. F. doing a course in Signals. Mr. Coleman—in the Royal Navy—has just gone to sea. Mr. Wright is an Officer Cadet in the Royal Artillery, and Mr. Young has just left for training with the R. A. F. (January, 1941).

Other recent staff changes include the appointment of Miss Colies as Headmaster's Secretary. Miss Le Masurier left at the end of Term.

During the Term the various War Activities that we outlined in our last number have proceeded apace. Steady and continuous work was maintained on the trenches, and in addition progress was made with the reconditioning of the athletic pitches.

The poultry-men have continued their good work, and as well as the supply of eggs they were able to furnish us with excellent table-birds for the Christmas party.

First Aid practices were held throughout the Term, some of them most alarming in their realism.

The fire-fighting parties went on with their training and took part in a demonstration with live incendiary bombs over at the stable courtyard. In each instance the bombs were dealt with expeditiously and reduced to the condition of damp squibs.

Combined A. R. P. and fire drill practices were held. The National Savings Group continues to receive weekly increments, and through the Meeting Almoner collections have been made for the Red Cross Fund.

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On Saturday, 12th October, we had a visit from Mr. Shoran Singha. He spoke on the present situation as it concerns India. On Sunday quite a number of staff and boys made their way in to Cirencester to hear him preach at the morning service in the Congregational Church.

In the evening he gave a talk to the school during House Prayers.

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On Monday, 21st October, there was a lecture on "Fire Fighting."

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On the 8th November we had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Wallis Hosken and their son, Romilly. It was the first occasion they had visited Rendcomb since their marriage.

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The Half Term holiday took place on Saturday, 9th November. It was a very wet day. Some went home. Others we remember meeting on a somewhat dreary walk to inspect certain bomb craters. Most people went to the pictures. "Pinocchio" was being shown at Cirencester. And in the evening there was a very lively dance in Big School.

Though the customary School Play, with the performance for the village, as well as for the parents, had to be dropped this year, we had quite a good Term's acting. Four plays were produced, as well as the Puppet Shows. Special performances of the latter were given at Rendcomb House to which the village was invited and we had a packed audience which included a number of our refugee guests. *

On Sunday, 15th December, a Carol Service was held in Rendcomb Church. It was the first of its kind that we have attempted and it was a real success. Mrs. Wills showed her interest by coming over from Miserden to be present. A fuller account of the service appears elsewhere in this issue. *

We had a visit from Mr. Parry Jones (tenor), Miss Margaret Balfour (contralto) and Miss Ella Ivimey (pianist) on Monday evening, 16th December, when they gave us a recital arranged under the auspices of C. E. M. A. It was a singular privilege to hear such artists in our midst but it was a pity that some of the songs chosen were unworthy of the singers. Possibly they may have found it difficult to assess their audience's capacity, but we assure them that they need have no hesitation in giving us the classics. We are indebted to them for a concert that only the most exceptional circumstances could have brought our way. *

Our Christmas Party took place on Wednesday, 18th December. It is customary to say that each year's party was the best we have ever known, but such statements are apt to become *cliches*. This year's party was a good one and the kitchen staff excelled themselves. Instead of dancing all the time to the amplifier we had an improvised dance band, an innovation which has distinct possibilities. *

We extend our *Salvete* to the following new boys: —

I. G. Barnett, G. H. Bye, J. E. Carus-Wilson, A. F. Harrison, D. Henshaw, E. A. Jones, C. Baillie-Lane, R. T. Lindsay, J. D. Menzies, W. S. Munroe, D. J. Payne, B. W. Plenderleith, C. J. N. Richardson and T. T. Walters.

HONOURS.

A. S. C. Smith: Exhibition to Emmanuel College, Cambridge (Botany, Zoology and Physics).

THE GENERAL MEETING.

Officers, Lent Term, 1941.

Chairman—M. A. Bullen.

Council—E. R. Morris, A. S. C. Smith, J. R. Harmer, E. J. Powell,
J. W. H. Neads, C. E. H. Tuck, M. A. C. Levett.

Meeting Selection Committee—E. R. Morris, A. S. C. Smith, J.
R. Harmer, C. E. H. Tuck, L. H. Hyett.

House Committee—J. H. Quick, M. J. Bedwell, R. E.
Hayward, E. J. M. Jefferies, D. M. Grant, N. P. Morris.

Games Committee—L. H. Hyett, E. J. Powell, S. A. Trayhurn.

Games Treasurer—E. J. Powell.

Games Secretary—S. J. Curry.

Groundsman—M. A. C. Levett.

Senior Shopman—D. A. C. Smith.

Shopmen—J. Owen, D. H. Hill.

Banker—H. P. Lecky.

Breakages Man—D. G. Taylor.

Secretary—H. S. Palmer.

Auditors—D. G. Taylor, L. H. B. Hatherell.

Apprentice Auditors—J. F. Alder, N. P. Morris.

Finance Committee—L. H. B. Hatherell, J. M. Faulks, J. F.
Alder.

Entertainments Committee—J. M. Murry, J. C. Beck, D. M.
Grant, R. T. Wood, N. M. Wood.

Cycle Men—J. L. Russell, L. H. B. Hatherell, N. P. Morris.

Paperman—A. R. Margetts.

Meeting Almoner—J. C. Beck.

Athletics Committee—L. H. Hyett, S. A. Trayhurn, J. W. H.
Neads.

Record Committee—M. A. Bullen, P. A. Cutts, F. H. Dutton.

Amplifier Committee—P. A. Cutts, M. A. Bullen, P. Binks, D. A.
C. Smith, F. H. Dutton.

Magazine Committee—J. R. Harmer, S. A. Trayhurn, D.
Montgomery.

Drying Room Committee—S. J. Curry, J. L. Russell, D. H. Hill.

Engagements Man—N. M. Wood.

Games Wardens—Hockey: J. J. North, J. A. Cunnison,
P. B. Lane.

Football: D. M. Grant.

Cricket: D. M. Grant.

Indoor: R. Brain, B. W. Plenderleith.

Football Secretary—D. A. C. Smith.

OLD BOYS' NOTES.

In our last issue we printed a list containing forty-three names of Old Boys and Staff known to be serving with the Forces. Since then the following fourteen names have come to our notice. We are anxious to make this record as complete as possible and to keep it up-to-date. The Editor would be glad to receive any further information, also news of promotions and distinctions.

W. N. Durham (Royal Corps of Signals).
C. Eyles (Royal Corps of Signals).
W. T. Greenway (Royal Army Pay Corps).
W. F. Jones (R. A. F.).
G. A. Lowe (Gloucestershire Regiment).
A. C. Magor (R. A. F.).
B. J. Meadows (R. A. F.).
J. H. A. Muirhead (R. A. F.).
V. W. Pullin (Royal Artillery).
D. A. Richards (Royal Tank Regiment).
D. C. Richardson (Royal Navy).
A. C. Wager (Royal Corps of Signals).
C. W. Wells (R. A. F.).

Staff:

J. G. Young (R. A. F.).

C. E. Coles after service as a signaller in the R. N. V. R. has been given a commission.

P. Elwell has been promoted to Flight Lieutenant.

W. Burns who was one of the first members of the Singapore Naval Base Police is being trained as an R. A. F. pilot in Canada.

J. D. Sinclair has passed his various tests and has achieved his wings in the Fleet Air Arm.

J. H. A. Muirhead and C. W. Wells are Pilot Officers in the R. A. F.

F. Meiklejohn who is a Chief Engineer in the Merchant Service had his ship sunk by a Nazi airman. He has now been appointed to another vessel. He has recently become engaged to Miss Muriel Tribbeck, of Cowes, I. O. W.

Mervyn Tugwell was recently married to Miss Elizabeth H. Walker and they are now living at [REDACTED]

Keynsham, Bristol. He registered in June, but owing to the fact that he is in the planning department of Messrs. Fry's (Food Production) he is at present reserved and not permitted to join up.

An Informal Old Boys' Dinner was held in Cheltenham on Saturday evening, November 23rd. The following were present: R. F. Butler, F. R. Dobbs, A. G. Ensor, J. Eyles, C. Gough, J. Lambert, P. Lambert, D. W. Lee-Browne, F. Nevel, N. A. Perkins, J. Phillips, A. G. G. Richards, J. H. Simpson, D. C. Terrett, R. N. D. Wilson.

It was a pleasant gathering, under wartime circumstances, which kept the thread of such meetings intact. It was good to see one or two people who had not been previously at dinners, and R. F. Butler, who organised the evening, is to be congratulated.

In the absence of D. Dakin and C. W. Wells, D. C. Terrett and J. R. Wheeler were respectively elected Chairman and Secretary for the coming year. In the event of Terrett being called up, Francis Nevel was deputed to take his place.

B. M. L. Simon is now in Australia, and R. M. Winter has returned from Canada and is serving in the Pioneer Corps.

C. S. T. Widdrington was married recently. We have no further information.

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V. Pullin writes:—"You will be interested to know that R. C. J. Brain was married on 24th October, 1940. Thus the noble band of bachelors loses the finest catapult-shot that ever set foot in Rendcomb Park."

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J. F. Roper is working with an Electrical Transformer Company at Hayes, Middlesex. He has been awarded a Diploma in Honours for Engineering, at Faraday House.

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Nicholas Dalton has passed his Final L. D. S. exam. Owing to the disruption of railway and bus services, from his home to London, he was in danger of losing his final revision period. To avoid this he did the journey on a bicycle, daily for three weeks—50 miles per day. He has now been appointed as one of the four House Surgeons at the London Dental Hospital. He will hold this post until he is called up in six months' time.

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Birth: —A Son—David Peter—was born to Dr. and Mrs. Peter Wyon on 22nd August, 1940.

Francis Nevel, D. C. Terrett and D. B. Hales are all living together at ██████████ Primrose Hill, N. W. 3. and would welcome any Old Boys having to visit London. D. Terrett has been appointed to a job in the Ministry of Supply. The official description is "Statistics Officer" and his work has to do with tank production.

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B. H. Peacock has been interviewed by the Technical Committee of the Joint Recruiting Board, and has been ordered to aircraft work. He is working with Westland Aircraft, Limited, Yeovil. The opportunity may lead to his becoming an aircraft designer.

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T. D. Wright passed the Board of Education Examination in Painting at Reading University. Owing to the sudden death of his father, he has returned for the time being to Rhodesia.

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B. J. Lumby is a pupil on a farm in Somerset.

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P. F. Gurdon has been working on a fruit farm. He writes "As soon as I'm old enough I will join the R. A. F."

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R. L. Short, who is at Reading University, has been made Treasurer of the Grounds Committee, in which capacity he is responsible for the expenditure of over £500 per annum. He has also other University Union offices. He was nominated as President of his Hall and only missed election by one vote.

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D. F. Gallop is at Reading University. He is a member of the O. T. C. and First Hockey XI.

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P. A. Herring has been apprenticed to the hotel trade. He is at present at the Grand Hotel, Torquay.

ACTING.

Michaelmas Term, 1940.

"G. 7." by J. R. Harmer.

On Saturday, 12th October, "G. 7," a spy play by J. R. Harmer, was produced by the author. It was his second play to be performed here, and was in the thriller tradition. Though neat and reasonably exciting it was not outstanding. We preferred the author's Victorian melodrama to this international crook affair. The plot concerned one Beamish, who

by a remarkable series of tricks, outwits a German spy ring who are attempting to take from him some stolen plans of an impending German invasion. W. P. Thomas, as Beamish, did not find his part too congenial, but, nevertheless, performed well, as did C. D. M. Barnett and N. C. Stone as the two German spies. M. A. C. Levett as Jimmy, Beamish's friend, struck just the right note of nonchalance that one would expect of a Secret Service agent. But we are not out to demolish with faint praise. The play was a success—and we never get enough of this “Home produce.”

“SHIVERING SHOCKS,” by Clemence Dane.

“WOLVES,” by J. J. Bell.

This double bill was presented by members of Form IV on Saturday, 30th November.

The first is a somewhat super-heated thriller written to produce the requisite number of shocks and to that end exploiting all the usual business of secret inventions, crooks, detectives in disguise *et hoc genus omne*.

It provided an excellent thirty minutes of suspense. It was played quite slickly, though two of the minor parts were a bit sticky. B. W. Plenderleith gave a good performance of the part of Captain Dallas, V. C. N. P. Morris as his "gentleman's gentleman" was not entirely at his ease, but it would have been hard to have been at ease in such a household. J. F. Alder as Hughes the inventor remained too much his own estimable self. We did not get enough of Hughes. We liked the sleek stealth of A. F. Harrison as one of the crooks, and the downrightness of J. J. North as Dawson.

The most finished bit of acting was that of R. T. Wood as Inspector Pollock, alias Rowley—a drunken Jehu. It was a part that gave excellent scope for a wide range of effects and he rose to the occasion.

“Wolves” is a play with a tense atmosphere. This is apparent from the moment the curtain rises. Brash and Farrant are on each other's nerves, and the wolves, in every sense of the word, are at the door. It is something more than a Grand Guignol thriller. There is characterisation as well as the gruesome end.

The acting was impressive and restrained. We got real feeling here. Every gesture was effective and well-timed. The noises off and the lighting were well contrived. And the killings were done with that deliberate accuracy which is the only way to make stage murders convincing. Nothing was blurred or fumbled. Movement and spacing were excellent.

Both pieces showed every sign of effective producing and if the second was the more convincing it was because it was the better play.

The cast of "Wolves" was as follows: —

Brash D. M. Grant.

Farrant F. T. Luffman

Francis Lugard... D. H. Hill

And the honours were equally divided.

"A ROGUE IN BED," by Ronald Elwy Mitchell.

This Welsh comedy produced on 14th December, was very amusing. The story was a tale of village life and, as the title suggests, about a rogue, who deprived of the use of his legs remained in bed. There he told the villagers their fortunes for, it was understood, a small consideration.

Uncle Elias, the rogue, whose guiding maxim was "The Lord helps those who help themselves" was played admirably by E. R. Morris. He acted with restraint and subtlety, and he served as an excellent centre from which the rest of the cast could work. And D. Montgomery as Hannah his daughter lived up to her father and exhibited praiseworthy filial qualities.

The cast was large and there is hardly space to comment fully on each person, but S. A. Trayhurn as Mrs. Morris was magnificent—swelled with righteous indignation, her hat feather following every toss of her head. F. H. Dutton with golden locks and drowsy lovesick eyes caught and made a minor character part. J. Owen as the shrivelled Miss Pugh Bach, with high voice sighing and dying like the wind, also created character. The remaining cast was: N. C. Stone as Captain Hughes, W. P. Thomas as John Roberts, C. E. H. Tuck as Aholibah Jones, D. A. C. Smith as Hugh Parry, and lastly P. Baillie-Lane as Mercy Lloyd.

The grouping and make-up were well managed, especially the grouping for the doleful song—which was a high spot. Altogether it was a good play, and there was certainly team work.

THE PUPPETEERS.

"Muffin's Midnight Mystery" was an original play devised and produced by the puppeteers. The setting was, as usual, here in the College, where a number of unlikely and disturbing but not impossible incidents took place. The plot concerned a spy who with devilish ingenuity did some signalling to the enemy from the Tower. Fortunately Fate, accompanied by her inevitable "ironical twist", intervenes appropriately.

For the spy is killed by a bomb dropped from the 'plane he had signalled, and on this note of victory and triumph over evil the play ended.

Muffin and Peewit of course are hopelessly and completely mixed up in the whole business, and amongst the many odd events occurring one of them is discovered sleeping with a badger. Mr. Gregg the Housemaster in spite of untiring efforts is still no further in his suit for the hand of Paulette, the tight-rope walker.

There were some nice touches in this play, such as Mr. Gregg's praise of Paulette's arrangement of the flowers— drooping sad weeds.

The scenes, three in all, were excellent. Altogether this play was the best of the "Muffin-Peewit" series so far. Mr. Gregg and the others have become real characters, and they, especially the untiring Mr. Gregg, have our interest and our sympathy in their many and varied adventures.

The cast in order of appearance was as follows: —

Septimus Gregg	F. J. Sime
Muffin	J. J. North
Peewit	N. P. Elson
Samuel Clay (gardener)	R. S. D. Balter
Paulette Bland	N. M. Wood
The Spy	R. S. D. Balter

There was a variety performance following this play. A pleasing new note was struck when Mrs. Manifold sang a Spanish love song to the accompaniment of the guitar. The song was for a romantic set showing a plaza, a fountain bathed in moonlight, and a dark haired señorita on a balcony, and below a Spanish hidalgo serenading her.

R. S. D. Balter gave us a "second edition" of "Lazy Bones" which was amusing, and used, for the first time we believe, some glove puppets.

"St. Michael Comes to Shepherd's Bush," by James Parish, was a stage play put on in its entirety. It was rather different from anything else the Puppeteers have so far given us. And in addition to the humour and fun there was an idea behind it all; there was something to think about.

The play centres round the fact that twenty one years ago the Little Man, as a soldier in the Great War, brought back from Flanders two fragments of stained glass forming part of a window in a cathedral that was under shellfire. These he put in his greenhouse in his own home, and now the characters of the Saint and the Devil come to his house to obtain their respective pieces. The consequent action when they and the Little Man meet form the dramatic content of the play.

As one set only was required there was scope for concentration on the scenery, and full advantage was taken of the lighting and colourful opportunities.

The limited action required was performed competently by the cast which was as follows:—

	Actors	Voice
Little Man	J. J. North	F. J. Sime
Wife	I. M. Bryce	N. M. Wood
The Saint	N. P. Elson	R. T. Wood
The Devil	R. S. D. Balter	E. J. M. Jefferies

THE CAROL SERVICE.

The service was modelled on the lines of the well-known “Nine Lessons” service used at King’s College Chapel—a series of carols interspersed with lessons that unfold the story of man’s redemption. As at King’s College, each of the lessons was given to a different reader, and before we go on to the music may we say that the excellence of the reading was a matter of comment?

The carols were well chosen. We liked best “*Puer nobis nascitur*” also “O’er the hill and o’er the vale,” and “*In dulci Jubilo*.”

The chorus from Handel’s “Messiah”—“And the glory of the Lord” was an ambitious thing for the choir to attempt but the result fully justified their choice. The tempo was excellently maintained, and if the tone was a little forced at times, the whole effect was decidedly happy. Indeed we have never heard such good singing at Rendcomb. There was life and variety and quite often moments of real beauty. It shows what we can do when we try. The whole service had that charm which comes from spontaneity.

Mr. Young, who put in much good work in training the choir, conducted, and Miss Alway was at the organ.

ALBA.

Oh, miles away across the fields and streams
There is one lying softly for whose sake
The brightest day would turn itself to night:
Small wonder, that though she sleeps, I am awake.
J. R. H.

ON SILENCE.

There were two things which I sought frequently in my early childhood, but my perseverance was never rewarded. The first forlorn quest was for the end of the rainbow, a longing stimulated by a story read to me by an aunt, about pots of gold awaiting the successful pilgrim. The second is less easily explained, less fanciful and certainly proved more elusive; it was a deep and passionate longing to experience, even for a few brief seconds, an absolute silence. It originated I believe in a game which we used to play, my brother and sister and I, in the heart of the woods surrounding our home. Lying in the ample shade of some big oak or beech tree, we would remain motionless for minutes on end, mentally noting every audible sound, far and near, until eventually our concentration dwindled and we would sit up and compare notes. Strange the variety of sounds that penetrated our densely wooded fortress; in the remote distance, the barking of dogs, the shrieking of an engine's whistle, the crowing of a lordly chanticleer. Nearer at hand, the shrill notes of the thrushes and whitethroats above our heads, the tapping of the woodpecker's beak, the summer breeze rustling in the tree-tops and the scarcely audible murmuring of some hidden stream. It was not necessary to invent noises, for that great deserted forest was never still.

"In the midst of life" silence has no place, and I decided that to experience silence meant escaping from life. In my dreams I would fly on a magic carpet to the middle of the Sahara desert where there is no life; just an endless expanse of sand and sky. Then I found that the silence enveloped and overpowered me; I was frightened and wanted to scream.

Later on, at school, we were taught that "le silence est d'or"; saying it in French was somehow meant to give it an added force that denied contradiction. I have a deep-rooted suspicion of foreign catch-phrases; their employers are cowardly men who seek to evade questioning by implying the support of another tongue. Three minutes were set aside each night in which it was hoped we would be converted to the art of silence; I remember it chiefly as a time when bed springs squeaked more violently than usual, and when unfinished arguments were carried on in subdued whispers. Once, the dormitory was more quiet than usual and the atmosphere was comparatively still; alas, through the open window there blundered in a bat, and the air was quickly filled with mats, launched with characteristic vigour and inaccuracy. It eventually flew out again, followed by a mat which lay soaking on the lawn below until the morning.

I learnt at school to put confidence in the reticent rather than in the garrulous person. Strength and silence are frequently

housed in the same soul, but the strong and silent are so easy to overlook. Their reliability is written in their faces, but they are by nature unobtrusive and undemonstrative. I used to single them out from the rows of faces in the dining room; those that never upset their glass of water, or threw their date-stones.

It must have been the annual service at the war memorial on Remembrance Sunday that first led me to think of silence as something sacred and awe-inspiring. Arrayed in my wolf-cub's uniform, in which I rather fancied myself, I used to form part of a parade that included the local ex-service men, the church choir, the Girl Guides and Boy Scouts, besides crowds of ordinary men and women with nothing particular to distinguish them. At eleven o'clock, after hymns and prayers, came the traditional two minutes silence in honour of the dead. Fascinated, I watched the ex-service men remove their black bowler hats, exposing their half-bald pates to the November drizzle. By half-raising my eyes I could see the clergyman's surplice flapping in the breeze on the other side of the square. From the top of the war memorial a large lead soldier surveyed the scene with a fixed stare. Over on the right a dog broke through the ranks of the Guides and sauntered aimlessly round the central arena. After what seemed like eternity the bugler would blow the last post and the crowd would immediately spring to life again. The solemnity of the occasion was impressive, and the details will ever be present in my mind. But silence of the kind that I had experienced only in my dreams was even further away here than it had been in the woods; gradually I came to abandon hope of ever experiencing a completely inarticulate silence.

I shall always consider that night has rather unjustifiably been labelled silent. At one time I attributed my fear of night to the same source whence sprang the fear of my dreams. But I discovered that it was the darkness that gripped me, the fear of unseen witches and goblins that made me run, particularly past the churchyard wall, when I was out alone at night. But I never found night-time silent; everything indeed seemed subdued in the presence of darkness, but if the birds were quiet I could usually hear the owls sending their weird messages across the house-tops. Down in the garden below the cats appeared to live a very active nocturnal existence and the trees were never quite still. Sometimes as I lay in bed I would resolve to be a Trappist, and following Polonius' advice, take each man's censure but reserve my judgment. But the morning always found my tongue wagging as fast as ever. The silent always pay for their sagacity by being overlooked.

I no longer look for the silence of my dreams, and I have similarly abandoned my pilgrimage to the rainbow's end. It was never a very sustained attempt in any case, as the rainbow is a rare phenomenon. But I continue to respect the silent man, and I still think of pots of gold when it rains on a sunny day.

E. R. M.

FOOTBALL REPORT, 1940.

Perhaps the most fitting epithet for our second war-time football season would be: "enjoyable and encouraging." It was not outstanding in any way. Youth, speed and vigour were the salient characteristics of a 1st XI which countered skill by dash, usually at the expense of team rhythm. Given a soft ground and a fairly heavy ball, our superior stamina and speed frequently brought us victory. On one occasion when conditions necessitated copy-book football, with its dual implication of body-balance and ball-control, the final score of 3-7 very fairly stressed the magnitude of our defects.

As in former years, with very few exceptions the team appeared to forget that heading is an essential element of the game. This applies particularly to the defence where it was almost wholly absent, but the forwards too would be well advised to forge what can become a very effective weapon of attack.

Our final score-sheet manifests the presence of certain match-winning qualities however. The team's spirit was indomitable, and it is interesting to observe that on the two occasions when we lost fairly heavily, the goals scored in the second half were 2-2 and 1-0 in our favour.

After the first match the team was unchanged throughout the term. The centre-forward problem necessitated bringing Trayhurn out of goal; he settled down in his new position quickly and on occasions played very well, though he should bustle more and shoot sooner. Cunnison kept goal, and considering his limited experience he usually preserved a remarkable coolness and reliability; his very occasional habit of missing a simple shot was a little disconcerting. Playing Tuck as full-back proved a successful experiment which was suggested by his previous play there in the junior team. His speed in recovery was particularly notable, and next year he will be a great asset to the side. Margetts, right-half, has a fine tackle and positions well; he was handicapped by his slowness, which will of course improve, and his apparent complete inability to head. If he could overcome this latter defect, his possibilities, already good, would be really excellent. Palmer on the right wing at times revealed definite potentialities, but was on the whole disappointing; he was

not fed too well by his inside right, but the inside forwards usually waited in vain for effective centres from the right. D. Smith took rather a long time to show his very real ability as an inside forward, but in the last few matches he dispelled any doubts there might have been concerning his quality. He was practically the most finished, as well as the youngest player in the side, and will score many goals in future seasons. Powell, Hyett, Harmer and Neads had all proved their worth last year, and played conspicuously well throughout the term. The first three were the foundation on which the strength of our defence was built, and Neads on the left wing always constituted a dangerous menace to opposing defences. He deserves special praise for the fine spirited way in which he has tackled many and various positions with success; he could finally be relied upon to play well almost anywhere.

The Captain, E. R. Morris, was an outstanding player, and helped to create a very good spirit in practices and matches. His remarkable finish prevented him playing the part more appropriate perhaps to a captain and an inside right, namely of opening up the game for other forwards; but it contributed more than any other single factor to the success of the team.

The Junior XI displayed plenty of skill and won convincingly against Sir Thomas Rich's at home. In the bottom half of the first and the top half of the second games however, there was a disquieting lack of talent which may present difficulties in the near future, but our ultimate high standard appears secure.

RESULTS.

1st XI.

September 28th, v. Swindon College, Away. Lost 3-4.

October 19th, v. Commonweal, Home. Won 4-1.

October 26th, v. Sir Thomas Rich's, Away. Won 5-2.

November 16th, v. Commonweal, Away. Lost 2-5.

November 21st, v. Royal Naval School of Music, Home. Won 3-1.

November 30th, v. Swindon College, Home. Lost 3-7.

December 5th, v. Royal Naval School of Music, Away, Won 2-0.

December 7th, v. Sir Thomas Rich's, Home. Won 5-1.

"Average 15" XI.

October 12th, v. Kingham Hill, Home. Lost 0-4.

November 23rd, v. Kingham Hill, Away. Won 2-1. Junior XI.

October 19th, v. Sir Thomas Rich's, Away. Lost 2-4.

November 14th, v. Sir Thomas Rich's, Home. Won 5-1.