

Rendcomb College Magazine

VOL. 6. No. 3.

JUNE, 1937.

SCHOOL NOTES.

LENT TERM, 1937.

Lent Term, or Hilary Term, or Easter Term (call it as you will), this year has been a rather lean term, not in length of days but in happenings of the kind dear to Editors. Not that it has been without events, or even events that it is a pleasure to record. But as in a rainy and late Spring one is apt to forget those mornings when the sun really shone, seeing in retrospect a monotony of ill-conditioned days, so looking back, not a few of us may be inclined to remember it as a term of divers visitations somewhat mixed in their nature. "Misfortunes," so says an old ballad, "never come singly." (The pessimists way of saying "It never rains, but it pours") However, the main thing is that those troubles are over and done with; that there were no major casualties, and that the last victim is now well on the way to recovery.

And now to the bright spots.

G. M. Wilson has been awarded a Scholarship in Modern History at Lincoln College, Oxford.

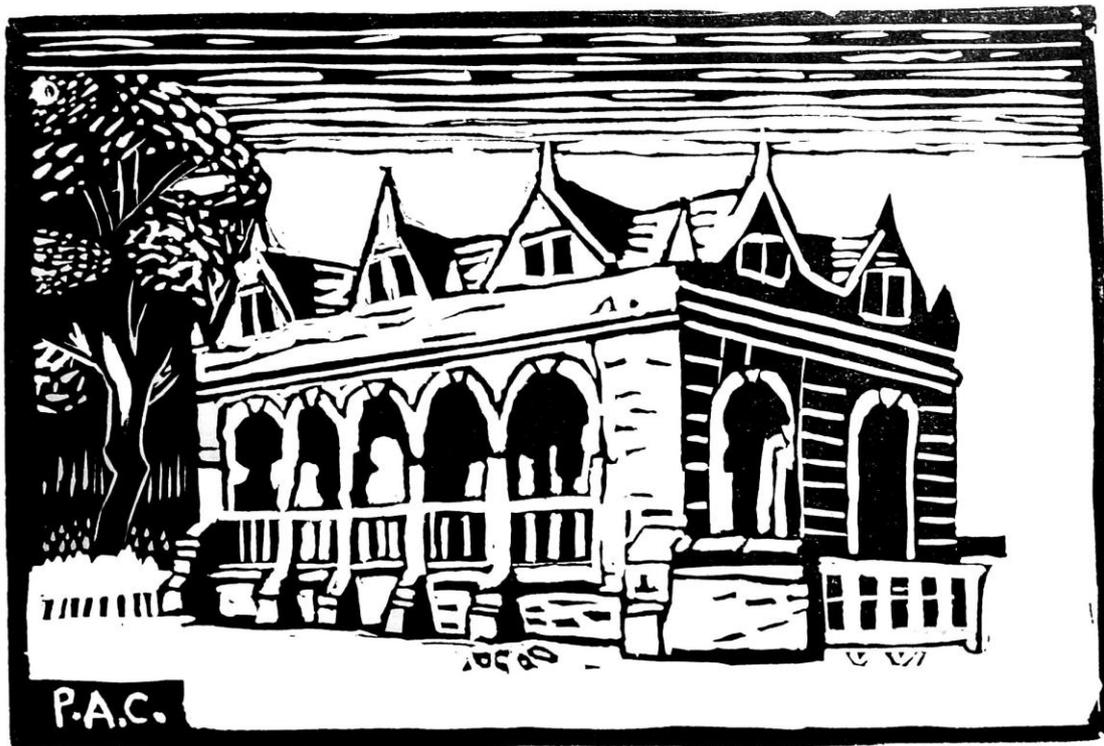
W. Y. Willetts has won the Dulverton Scholarship, awarded this year in Natural Science, at Bristol University. (Incidentally he is the first holder of the Scholarship).

Finally, as we go to press, we have the news that A. E. A. Brain has been awarded a British Empire Scholarship in Engineering at Loughborough College.

We congratulate the recipients on their honours, and wish them every success in the future.

We have pleasure in recording the birth of a son (Michael) to Mr. and Mrs, A. G. G. Richards, on 29th March, 1937.

During the Easter Holidays Mr, E. G. Neal was married to Miss Betty Thomson. The wedding took place on the 30th April, at Boxmoor, Herts, the service being



conducted by Mr, Neal's father, the Rev. F. Neal, of Naunton, Glos. A reception was held afterwards, and later the couple left for the honeymoon, which was spent in North Wales. We wish them every happiness.

We welcome Mr, P. H. Pooley, who has come as Secretary to the Headmaster until the end of the Summer Term, Already he has made many friends, and we hope that he will enjoy his stay with us,

It is a pleasure to see Peter Lambert back with us again in such excellent form after his long illness. He returned to School at the beginning of term, and has resumed his onerous duties as College organist. Two new boys have joined the College, P. R. Highley, from Northcliffe House School, Bognor Regis, and B. M. L. Simon, from Bunce Court, Lenham.

J. R. Billany left early in term. He obtained a position with good prospects as apprentice surveyor to a firm of contractors who are carrying out the work at South Cerney Aerodrome, and went, at short notice, to take up his new work. Our good wishes go with him.

Good use has been made of the Cinema and the Sunday evening shows of films were generally appreciated. Force of circumstance interfered considerably with our acting, necessitating the postponement of the French plays, nevertheless three plays were produced, notices of which appear elsewhere.

Interest in the Puppet Theatre continues to grow and an excellent performance was given in the last week of term. Both technically and artistically a great advance has been made since the marionettes made their debut at Christmas. We congratulate those concerned and look forward to further developments in this interesting and highly attractive craft.

OLD BOYS' NOTES.

D. Field has again had an exhibit in the Royal Academy.

T. Greenway has been elected to the joint Parish Council for Saul, Evenlode and Tretherne.

We have pleasure in recording the following notice of birth ;
TERRETT.—To Esther May, wife of Dan Terrett, at Onslow Road Nursing Home, Richmond, on the 28th May, 1937 a daughter, Denise Ann.

R. H. Newport has joined the staff of the Mercury Theatre Notting Hill Gate, and is acting in the capacity of Assistant Stage Manager during: the present run of "The Ascent of F.6."

MEETING OFFICERS. LENT TERM, 1937.

Chairman : Haig.

Council : Brain, Wilson, Morison, Richardson, Willetts, Field, Haig.

Election Committee : Wilson, Brain, Morison, Tuft, Haig.

House Committee : Morison, Richardson, Ash, Bates, Collett.

Games Committee : Gillham, Brain, Wilson, Morison, Haig.

Captain of Hockey—Gillham.

Hockey Secretary—Haig.

Senior Shopman : Wyon.

Banker: Russell.

Breakage Man : Peacock.

Shopmen : Bates, Gallop.

Secretary : Short.

Auditors : Spencer, Willis; Forrest (apprentice).

Finance Committee : Gallop, Lane, Forrest.

Entertainments' Committee : Sinclair, Morris, Cutts, Palmer, Levett, M.

Cycle Men : Ash, Bates, Collett.

Paperman : Lane.

Pauntlev Committee : Willetts.

Record Committee : Willetts, Sinclair, Short, Stone, Harmer

Suggestion Committee : Wilson, Tuft, Field.

Amplifier Committee : Stone, Short, Sinclair, Morris, Cutts.

Magazine Committee : Wilson, Haig, Field.

Drying Room Committee : Russell, Lane, Willis.

Games Wardens : Cricket—Morris.

„ „ Tennis—Richardson.

„ „ Football—Constable.

„ „ Hockey—Stone, Morris.

Tennis Groundsmen : Godsell, Constable.

Indoor Games Wardens : Ash, Bullen.

ACTING.

LENT TERM, 1937.

In the fourth week of term Form IV. gave a performance of "The Dear Departed," a one-act comedy, by Stanley Houghton The action takes place in the sitting-room of a small house in a provincial town. It would, indeed, be more correct to call it a farce than a comedy, for the situation is more amusing than probable, and the parts are sketched as caricatures rather than portraits.

When the curtain rises a death has taken place in the family circle. Abel Merryweather, a jovial old toper, has been called to his rest, and Mrs. Slater, his daughter, with whom he had been living, is dragooning her husband Henry Slater and her daughter Victoria into a suitable state of mourning. Her sense of loss, however, does not prevent her acquisitiveness from asserting itself, and amid the preparation of the funeral baked meats she finds time to purloin a bureau and a clock from the room of the deceased, installing them with racket and noise, in her own apartment, before the arrival of her sister, Mrs. Jordan, and her sister's spouse. They enter in complete mourning and are duly informed of the manner of the regrettable event. Neither of the daughters had much use for the poor old man when alive, and their pious condolences soon give place to a sisterly squabble over the division of his effects.

In the midst of the wrangling strange footsteps are heard descending the stairs, and to their horror and amazement the dead man breaks in upon the conclave. He is not slow in realising what has happened, and soon spots the theft of his bureau and clock. A family brawl supervenes in which none of the parties come off creditably. After a deal of washing of dirty linen, old Abel Merryweather leaves them in a state of stupefaction by announcing his forthcoming wedding to a widow, the landlady of the "Ring o' Bells," in which he was wont to spend so much of his time.

"It's a good thing you brought that bureau downstairs, Amelia, it'll be handier to carry across to the "Ring o' Bells" next Monday."

G. Constable gave a good interpretation of the part of Mrs. Slater; A. E. Godsell played her equally acquisitive sister. Mrs. Jordan. P. Alder and D. W. Stone, as their respective husbands, demonstrated that men at times have a little more modestly than their women-folk. P. D. B. Levett was a nasty, tell-tale, little girl, and E. R. Morris was the old ruffian whose supposed death and subsequent resurrection provided the mainspring of the plot.

On the 7th March, Form II, presented "The Bishop's Candlesticks," by Norman McKinnel. It is a dramatic adaptation of a well-known episode in "Les Misérables."

The Bishop is one of those unworldly men who would willingly give away everything he had if he thought by doing so he could help anyone. His sister, Persomé, by contrast, is a thrifty practical French housewife, who considers that her brother's good nature is being imposed upon.

While the Bishop is reading after his supper, a stranger enters stealthily. He is starving, and demands food in a threatening manner. The Bishop, quite unperturbed, sets a meal before him, during the course of which the intruder tells his story. He is an escaped convict who has been sent to the hulks for stealing in order to buy food for his dying wife. Ten years of prison had coarsened and hardened him, until now he sees every man's hand against him. He has lost both faith and hope, and is little more than a ravening beast. The Bishop offers him hospitality for the night. Left alone for a moment his eyes fall on two silver candlesticks on the Bishop's mantel-piece. He is handling them when the latter re-enters. "Ah, you are admiring my candlesticks. They were a gift from my mother." That is all the Bishop remarks, as he leaves his surprised guest to slumber in solitude. But the temptation is too much for the convict. He cannot resist such a valuable prize. Bundling the candlesticks under his coat, he slips

out into the night. The slamming of a door wakens Persomé, who rushes into the room and finds the thief and the candlesticks gone. She wakens the Bishop. He is heartbroken, not so much at the loss of his possessions as at the man's ingratitude. While they are talking a noise is heard outside, and policemen enter with the convict in handcuffs. They had arrested him on suspicion, and then had discovered the candlesticks under his coat.

To everyone's surprise the Bishop says, "This man is my very good friend, and I have given him the candlesticks." He orders his immediate release. The convict is overcome by the Bishop's goodness. Humbly, and almost sobbing, he asks for his blessing, and is about to go when the Bishop stops him. "Stay, my son, you have forgotten your property." And he presses the candlesticks into the man's hands. The stranger can hardly find words to speak. The Bishop's action has touched something deep down in his heart, something that had long lain dormant, and he leaves the Bishop's dwelling a man once more, and no longer a wild beast.

It is a very simple and moving play, full of deep, spiritual meaning. An ambitious undertaking for so youthful actors, but considering their years, they made a very good job of it.

C D M Barnett played the part of the Bishop quietly, and with feeling. F. R. Dobbs had the role of the convict. If we say that it suited him, we hasten to add that we mean this entirely in the complimentary sense. C. E. Tuck as Persomé, P. G. Forrest as Marie (the Bishop's servant), gave pleasing performances. P. A. Herring and S. J. Curry were two business-like gendarmes.

On the 3rd April, Form I. played "A Fool and his Money," by Laurence Housman.

It is a slight piece, a romantic idyll with the simplest of plots. Two outlaws are planning to waylay a fool and rob him of his money. They prepare an ambush. The fool comes on singing and is inveigled into sitting down by one of the footpads, while the other lurks behind a bush, ready at a signal to divest him of his gold.

By his sheer naivety the fool completely disarms his assailants. He unfolds such a pathetically simple story, is so completely trusting and unsuspecting that even the toughest of toughs would be hard put to raise a finger against him.

D. Montgomery, who played the part of the fool, caught the spirit of the piece admirably, and he was well supported by D. A. C. Smith and W. A. J. Caverhill, as the two robbers, who turned out to have tenderer hearts than they expected.

RENDCOMB MARIONETTE PLAYERS.

“JACK POINT.”

On 7th April the Rendcomb Marionette Players gave us another puppet show. This time a version of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera “The Yeomen of the Guard.” The story concerns a certain Colonel Fairfax, the hero of the tale, who has been unjustly imprisoned on a charge of sorcery, as the result of the machinations of his dastardly brother. The Colonel is to be executed, and his great wealth will, in due course, come to the brother. In order to prevent this, the Colonel, who like all good heroes, is a bachelor, decides to get married. Sir Richard, his friend and jailer, induces a beautiful gipsy girl to marry the Colonel, and, blindfolded, she becomes his wife. By the agency of the Roman Catholic priest the Colonel then proceeds to escape, and flees to the woods, where he meets and falls in love with Elsie, the beautiful girl whom he has just married. Neither Fairfax nor Elsie know who the other is, and both are heroically undemonstrative because each is “pledged to another.” Elsie, however, has another lover, a certain Jack Point, a jester. This fellow knows the exact situation, and in order to eliminate his rival, he goes to the police and gives information which leads to the second arrest of the Colonel. The latter is returned to his dungeon, and the executioner starts polishing up his axe. At the last moment the priest, who had previously distinguished himself by aiding and abetting the Colonel's escape, rushes in with a reprieve. The tangled problems are all smoothed out, Elsie and the Colonel fall into a long embrace, and all live happily ever after—all, that is to say, with the exception of the wretched jester, who is left alone on the stage singing the song of rejected love.

“The song of a merry man moping, mum,
Whose look was sad, and whose glance was glum,
Who supped no sup and who craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a lady.”

The marionettes, though by no means perfect in their actions, are improving steadily, and their manipulators who, after all, have had no great experience of their new art, are to be congratulated on their success. Colonel Fairfax was suitably heroic, and kept a stiff upper lip and straight back, even when looking death in the face. Elsie was in appearance seductive and glamorous, though somewhat jerky in her movements. The best of the characters, however, was surely Jack Point, whose dance was most vivaciously performed. The jailer, the priest and the executioner were sound, if undistinguished. The performance was greatly enjoyed by the whole school, and we can only hope that a “puppet play per term” has now become a Rendcomb slogan.

The manipulators of marionettes are, by necessity, the most retiring and self-effacing persons. If even a hand of one of them appears on the scene it is a mark against them. But we do not see why their names should be as hidden as their faces.

The following was the cast : Colonel Fairfax, P. A. Cutts; Sir Richard, F. R. Dobbs ; Elsie, M. A. Bullen ; Jack Point, R. F. Boyland; the Priest, J. R. Luton; the Executioner, J. E. B. Houston.

VILLAGE CRICKET.

I paused, in my stroll through the village street. Something had caught my eye in the Post Office and general stores window On the side Of the road. I looked, and saw a small notice written in neat hand-writing. This is what it read:

A CRICKET MATCH WILL BE PLAYED

on SATURDAY, JULY 15th,

Against

HOLME LACY.

Stumps pitched at 2.30 p.m.

FAWLEY

will be represented by :

Mr. Gold (capt), Mr. Smith, Mr. Joy, Mr Bannock,
Mr. Critchley, Rev. T. Lyle, Mr. Godfrey, Mr. Holder,

Mr. Davies, Mr. Parker and Mr. Jones.

Umpire : Mr. Bird.

Stumps will be drawn at 6.30 p.m.

I sat down on the wooden bench beside the shop door. Village cricket, with its quaint old pavilions and its scanty spectators will always appeal to me more than the cheering thousands at Lords or Kennington Oval. It is played with such a grand spirit of friendship and tolerance. No selection committees or stern eyes of professionals watch over our villagers at their game. The spectators come to cheer the good hits and sympathise with the bad. Where is the villager who will blame his fellow for a lost match ? Rather would he blame himself. "It is just a game," they say, "what does it matter who wins? We came for pleasure and we are well satisfied. We ask no more."

I can visualise that cricket match even as I write. There is the old pavilion with its age-worn roof. Beneath its drooping eaves is a worm-eaten seat. Its back has long been broken off. On it is seated the aged Mr. Hodgkiss, the village champion in his day, his small white beard rustling in the gentle breeze. At his box in the corner is the white-haired scorer bent low at his task. In a far corner a crowd of youths are punting a football in the long grass. Two seats have made an excellent see-saw for the younger children's amusement. The hedge running

round the field is low and gives a view of a group of grey Cotswold houses huddled together in the sweltering heat. The silence is broken by an occasional burst of applause from the more attentive spectators, or by the monotonous hum of a passing vehicle on the dusty white road. From within the pavilion comes the clatter of crockery, as tea is laid for the two teams. Out in the centre of the field a real battle of wits is going on between batsmen and bowlers. Our villagers are faring badly against the keen attack of the visiting team. Six wickets have fallen for a meagre 41 runs, amongst the unfortunates being the redoubtable Mr. Gold, captain, and the best all-rounder in the district. The village parson, Rev. Thomas Lyle, is stoutly defending his wicket, although his eyes are unaccustomed to the glaring light of the sun, which the white screen is unable to keep off. He is getting a very old man now, his hair has long been grey, and his short, stiff legs make him clumsy on his feet. For all this, he is the merriest personage on the field, and his eyes twinkle as a ball misses his stumps by inches, while the disgruntled wicket keeper mutters, "Another coat of varnish." His partner, Mr. Godfrey, village smith, a gigantic man with powerful wrists, is not so lucky. He is tempted by a half volley, which he jumps out at, misses, and is clean bowled. He walks away, and Holme Lacy breathes freely once more. Mr. Gold greets him on his return to the pavilion with a sympathetic "Bad luck!" whilst old Mr. Hodgkiss shakes his head wisely and mutters, "Aye, aye! Cricket b'aint what it was in my day, not by no means." However, thanks to hard hitting by Mr. Jones, and rather shaky defending by the Rev. Mr. Lyle, Fawley manages to collect 75 hard-earned runs. After the tea interval, Mr. Bannock bowls like a man inspired, and captures seven wickets, Holme Lacy failing to pass the 50 mark. Our villagers, after giving a cordial farewell to their opponents, disperse in groups, some to their evening papers and wireless, others to the village inn, whilst Mr. Lyle hurries home to prepare his sermon for the following day. The pavilion is shuttered, the ground deserted, and every sign of the afternoon's battle is gone.

Village cricket will never grow old and decay. May each Springtime find its champions keen and fresh as the green grass on which they play.

E. R. MORRIS (Form IV.)

TO ALL POETS NOW AT SCHOOL.

Where the wild rose blossoms best,
And the dipper builds his nest,
Where caught in a wooded fold
Of the hills, and ringed with the gold
Of king-cups, the lake is a jewel:
Where boughs brought in for fuel
Are chiselled ivory-white
By the winter-starved rabbit's bite:
Where music is always near to soothe
And the beech-tree stems are smooth,
And the wild duck fly round
From the island tree-crowned,
And the tree-rat is known,
But the red still holds his own :
Where syringa bushes bless
The wind in the upper wilderness ;
Morning mists in summer float
Over purple Woodmancote;
Crackling mats of beech-mast bruit
Welcome to the journeying foot,
As eager expeditions march
To Chedworth or Elkstone Arch :
The air is keen, the sky is blue
Against the golden stone, for you.

One could be long-one could go on,
But "my letter is almost done.
Rendcomb poets, do you see
How, before your chance is gone,
You should let your eyes be, tree,
And your hearts calm to command
The detail and mass of this land,
Slope of hill and leaf of tree.

I failed in this alluring task ;
That you succeed is all I ask.
Be warned by me who wandered round
Fretting and looking at the ground,
Who courted intellectual ills
In disrespect to all the hills,
And when I sometimes tried to sing
Their praises, couldn't say a thing,
Because their understanding dwells
In great calm souls and nowhere else.
I failed in this alluring task,
That you succeed is all I ask.

ANON.

THREE FABLES.

I.

THE WOLF AND THE CAT.

A braggart Wolf had earned a name
For living in a self-love dream,
And, having no becoming shame
For his disgusting self-esteem,
Was called before the Lion's court
To justify his blatant pride ;
And marching gaily by his side
Into the judgment hall was brought
A Cat, who, once the prisoner's friend
(So-called), had now contrived his end.
Proceedings started; everyone could see
What the eventual settlement would be.
The Cat gave evidence that would condemn
Even the most respectable of men;
And after a short but snappy case
The Wolf was branded a disgrace
To all four-footed things, and sent
To suffer the inevitable punishment. A

But as the Cat rejoiced at his success
(The Wolf's belongings became his by law),
And hurriedly collected the largess,
The Lion lifted a judicial paw.
"You," he exclaimed, "The Wolf's base passion fed ;
You call yourself his friend and are his curse,
You are the one that made him worse,"
And, turning to the court, he said:
"Prepare another spade and hearse !"

This story has three morals; first,
That those too swelled all tend to burst.
Secondly, you will come to find
Of every sort of foe, the worst
Is he who ever has designed
To pose as friend. And thirdly learn
Informers are caught out in turn.

II.
THE CAT AND THE COCKEREL

A Cat renowned for being sly,
Once asked a Cockerel casually
Whether he'd like it to invest
His capital in a concern
Which would be certain to return
A vast and ceaseless interest.
The Cockerel, a dingy creature,
In whom all greed was second nature
Jumped at the chance : he was the kind
That lust for wealth will render blind
To the most patent tricks. He took
All his cash from sates and banks
And with the most profuse of thanks
Gave every copper to the crook.
Amazed at such an easy theft
The Cat took up the swag, and left.
I think one hardly needs to say
He's not been seen again that way.

This little story three things tells :
That many bad eggs have quite good shells
And, secondly, that gold's a dupe,
And greed will land you in the soup.

III.
THE TWO FROGS.

Two frogs, a fine upstanding pair,
Were playing—well, exactly where
I Cannot say : opinions vary,
Internal evidence suggests a dairy—
At all events, as I was saying,
The two aforesaid frogs were playing
A friendly game of hide-and-seek :
They always played it once a week,
And their behaviour up to date
Had brought no contretemps with fate.

But on this sad occasion. Jack—
That was the first frog's Christian name—
Hopped in some creams and closed the game;
Besides, ere Jill could be sent back
She'd jumped, and landed just the same

She promptly gives up hope and cries;
“No more I’ll see the red sun rise,
No more the pond shall please my eye
With steady scum and water fly,
I shall not see the weedy bank,
Nor swim the crystal water tank ;
Ah no, alas! I sink, I die.”
And so, accordingly, she sank
Jack, on the other hand, was brave,
And round and round the pail he went,
Flapping against the milky wave,
Quite calm in his predicament.

Now here’s the outcome, reader note,
In trying thus to keep afloat
He beat the cream to froth, and that,
Because he kicked and flipped and smote,
Was soon a shiny butter pat.
Not knowing how it came about,
Jack climbed the butter and hopped out.

You’ve heard this story times before,
Perhaps you’ll hear it many more
Before the grey-beard sexton delves
Your passage to the eternal shore ;
That Heaven helps those who help themselves.

NEMO (Form VI.)

A WAYFARER’S NOTES.

27th February.—Saw a kingfisher while walking with X along the river below the Cirencester Drive. A vivid streak of azure. A moment of sheer delight, so brief that one is only aware of its passing. Some of the best things in life are like that. Had I been alone I wonder would I have really believed that I had seen it?

9th March.—Snow Again. Part of its loveliness lies in the reversal of values. The river ebony black, the meadows lighter than the sullen sky. It is like, looking at a negative.

18th March.—V said to me that ever since he was born he has been wondering where a tiger keeps his fangs. He has still plenty of this life left for wondering, if he keeps it up. The remark was entirely unconnected with anything we had been saying, and I could think of no adequate reply. Blake would have been able to make a poem out of this.

4th April.—Set down this reflection. “The Mediterranean was the only ocean known to the Ancients. They were right.” Strange that this thought should have come to me in church. Usually my mind does not wander during a service. Later : Saw a hedgehog on my way back from Chedworth this afternoon. A lonely beast. So are all animals that carry their protective armour about with them. The hermit crab, the tortoise in its shell, even the humble snail. They have made a habit of retirement. Some human beings affect one similarly.

7th April.—The holidays in the offing. Thinking of travel. It does not matter so much where, or how far, one goes. Everything depends on having an observant eye. Some people would find as much adventure in a hike from here to Gloucester, over Birdlip, as others would in a cruise to the Canaries. Even a bus journey can provide matter for a saga.

I enjoy the very mechanism of travel. I love trains and railway stations, and the shape of embankment and cutting. The surprise of arrival in a new town, of getting one’s bearings. The pleasure of maps and plans, of time-tables even.

Things one does not like, however. The queue at the booking office, or waiting for the gangway. (In particular they always seem to manage disembarkations badly). The solicitous porter. The queries at the, unknown hotel. The persistent guide who is invariably misinformed. The beauty-spot known beforehand from a post-card. The over-rated panorama. The sunset effect that never fails to come off.

15th April.—Some of these last at their worst in Switzerland. I am in Montreux. It is full of shops that sell “Scotch Wool for Knitting.” I ran bang into a Christian Science Church with Free Reading Room. There are no natives. Only hotel-keepers and waiters, and I get a malevolent and gloomy sort of pleasure from noting that their hotels and tea-shops are empty.

17th April.—At Milan there is a vast and sumptuous new station. I find it more exciting than the fret-work Cathedral. An orchestra plays in the marble restaurant, and its strains are relayed by loudspeakers to the platforms, so that you arrive to music, Verdi or Puccini echoing under the lofty steel and glass spans of the arched roof. Can you imagine this at Paddington or Euston?

At Milan I stay in a hotel where "English is spoken." That is to say, English of a kind. On leaving I was presented with a card setting forth the virtues of the establishment in four different languages. The "English" version runs as follows:

"House completely renewed,
Baths. Rain Water.
Central Heating Restaurant.
Moderate Prices.
Portier In der Station."

The "Rain Water" puzzled me until I glanced at the French version, and saw it was a translation of "Eau courant." Two other notices that I came across amused me. One in a large church at Verona:

"IT IS FORBIDDEN TO ENTER THIS CHURCH
ON BICYCLES."

And at a railway junction:

"NO SHOUTING FOR TRAINS IN THIS STATION."

I have never felt tempted to shout for trains, and for a moment I was at a loss to know what was intended. Then the French version came to my rescue. Before a train leaves it is usual for porters to come along shouting "En voiture," the French equivalent of "Take your seats." At the junction in question this ceremony was overlooked.

10th May. Paris. It is amazing how much space the French papers are devoting to the Coronation. It is definitely front-page news, and there are many pictures of the Royal Family, of the decorations, of the Abbey. The French, like the Americans, having dispensed with Monarchy for themselves, are interested in other peoples' kings. Visited the Degas Exhibition, and was especially interested in his studies of race-courses, and carriages and horses. But, indeed, I have seen too many pictures in the last fortnight, and bought too many post-card reproductions. I find it almost impossible to leave a gallery or exhibition without making purchases of the kind. Sometimes, indeed, the reproductions give me as much pleasure as the originals. I suspect there is something wrong in this.

14th May. Rendcomb again. The first feeling on arrival being as always, a sense of the beauty of our surroundings. After the rush of London, suffering from a bus strike, and Coronation overcrowding, the spaciousness and the quiet, especially at night, is a thing to be thankful for. Do we appreciate it as we should?

Everyone seems slightly different in holiday clothes, but tomorrow working suits will appear again, and I shall feel really at home.

“Are you glad to be back ? “

“Well, come to think of it, there are worse, places.”

Ego (with emphasis) “*There are*”

WAYFARER.

P.S.—The last few lines are an example of a smart way of beginning an essay, very highly thought of in Form II. So I thought I would make it do for my ending.

THE GREEN LEAVES THEY SHALL WITHER.

On a day I walked through Wiltshire,
Over the April sky ;
Over the wide, wild, Marlborough vale,
Into the dusty, green, chalk dale,
And over my going an antique horse
Stood white on the firm breast of the hill,
Cut clear as a crane’s bleak bill,
Raising his time-worn eye.

My heart was tilled with a strange freedom
On the hot, tarmac’d road,
While lorry chassis’ lumbered Aldershotward
Purring, rippling, lifting dust to the hedge.
I yelled in my ecstasy, hollered loud,
And, undaunted, the muddy Froxfield lark
Dived headlong from the gold cloud
Down into the green heart of England,
Through the pure antiphonal melody
Of a road-drill’s spontaneous bark.

“The green leaves they shall wither,”
And my heart will congeal and grow cold,
And the efficient, khaki-clad A-A man
For him the bell will be tolled,
The clean, clear streets of Hungerford
Will fill with filth and litter
And the ignorant Hungerford sheep
Graze where grass grows bitter;
And the time-worn eye of the antique horse
Become covered with turf as a matter of course,
But the restless heat will pour down white and stark
On the Wiltshire Down and the Froxfield lark.

W. Y. W. (Form VI)

HOCKEY.

LENT TERM, 1937.

This term saw an innovation in the form of another XI. A Club XI. composed of Staff and Boys. The chief reason for this was the scarcity of fixtures obtained for the 1st XI., and the comparative ease, with which they could be arranged for a Club XI. affiliated to the Gloucestershire County Hockey Association, of which we are now members. On the whole the idea was a success, and the games were popular.

We were unfortunate this year not only with the weather, which continued to render the pitch unplayable until late in the term, but also with the number of people who were "off games." There was considerable chopping and changing in the forwards of the 1st XI. The first formation was: Morison, left wing, Short, Richardson, Willetts and Haig. Later in the term Willetts was changed to left wing in the absence of Morison, and proved good, Short taking his place at inside right. Haig, on the right wing, was uncertain at times, but was of use to the team when he got his centres in, a thing which he must learn to do more often. Brain once played at inside left and, although undoubtedly good in this position, he is of more value to the team at centre-half. Taken all round, the forwards this year were better than is usual in a Rendcomb team.

The, normal half line was: Gillham, left half, Brain and Wyon. Brain, as usual, was good both in attack and defence. Wyon's first season in the 1st XI, was quite successful, although, as a rule, he was better at defending than attacking.

Wilson and Peacock as backs started off a little uncertainly, but soon settled down as reliable hard-hitting players.

Spencer, the regular goalkeeper, was good, his speed increasing considerably after a short time. He must learn to use his stick more. Bates, who played several times in Spencer's absence, on the other hand, used his stick well, and quite as much as a good goal-keeper should. He is not, however, so good with his feet, but ought to improve, as this is his first season in goal.

The final team was:

Morison, Short, Richardson, Willetts and Haig, forwards;
Gillham, Brain and Wyon, halves; Wilson and Peacock, backs;
Spencer, goal.

MATCHES.

FEB 13. —HANLEY CASTLE. Home. Won 3 - 0.

Spencer played in this match, and although faster than last year, he was still slow. We had most of the play, and won quite easily.

MARCH 6. —HANLEY CASTLE. Away. Won 5 - 1.

Hanley was playing a slightly weakened team, but the pitch was very, very sticky, and they scored the first goal. In spite of the fact that two of the forwards were not playing their usual game and that Brain was out of the defence in the forward line, the halves, Field, Gillham and Wyon played very well. Wilson and Peacock were very certain when pressed.

MARCH 18.—DEAN CLOSE. Home. Cancelled.

APRIL 3.—OLD BOYS. Won 5-2.

This can scarcely be called an Old Boys match, as only four old Boys turned up. However, with Mr. Hosken and five boys, we had a very pleasant ten-a-side game. It is well to note that most of the boys were younger people, who played extremely well for their size, and showed promise for next year.

CLUB XI.

With Mr. Hosken and Mr. Gross greatly increasing the speed and attacking power of the forwards, the halves had less attacking to do than usual. The Headmaster played at centre half in one game, but was unable to play in any more. Mr. Richards replaced Wyon at right half, and otherwise the team was the same as the 1st XI.

JAN. 23. —STROUD H. C. Home. Cancelled.

JAN. 30. —MILLFIELD H. C. Home, Cancelled. .

FEB. 6.—BEDFORD STRAGGLERS H. C. Home. Won 4-1.

We proved altogether too strong for our opponents, and won easily. Bates played in goal.

FEB. 27.—BEDFORD STRAGGLERS H. C. Home. Cancelled.

MARCH 20.—MILLFIELD H. C. Away. Won 6-1.

We won this match and, although it was an easy victory, the game was remarkable for the lack of combination.

GROUP GAMES.

The South were the, strongest team and won the games in spite of their lack of dash and combination.

The East played the West first and beat them 3-0. They next played the South and, although they were defending most of the time, the South decidedly did not have the best game. The one East goal ended an individual effort by Wilson, while there was nothing remarkable about the two South goals.

When the South played the West the ground was much drier than it had been for the other two games, and, although the game was slow in the beginning, it was fast and bumpy towards the end. Brain played a very good game for the West, ably backed up by Bates and Collett, who played well considering their inexperience as backs. The score was 3-0.

East v. West, 3—0.

South v. East, 2—1.

South v. West, 3—0.

RUNNING.

THE NORTH CERNEY RACE

This race was run on Tuesday, April 6th. There was a large entry, a far larger one, indeed, than has been seen for many years, and it is to be hoped that the popularity of this most interesting of all our runs is once more on the increase. From the start Gillham took the lead, which he held right up until the end. For a large part of the time Brain was within 100 yards of him, but the gap at North Cerney was considerable. After North Cerney the pace began to tell, and Brain dropped back, Peacock taking second place. There was, however, no possibility of Peacock overtaking Gillham, who won with a very long lead, and not very far outside the record. The other starters all ran well, according to their individual powers, and all are to be congratulated on a hard and exciting race.

Results:

1. Gillham, 22 mins. 33.8 secs.
2. Peacock, 24 mins. 30 secs.
3. Haig, 25 mins. 31 secs.

Other runners were: Brain, Willetts, Field, Sinclair, and Richardson.

THE SENIOR LODGES.

This together with the Junior Lodges, was run under fairly good conditions during P.T. on March 28th. It may have been illness or lack of enthusiasm but there were only three starters. Gillham took the lead straight away, and at the Cheltenham Lodge led by fifty yards, with Brain just in front of Ash. All along the road the distance between the runners steadily increased until at the Cirencester Lodge Gillham led Brain by about two hundred yards. For the first part of the drive Brain kept the distance between himself and Gillham about the same, but towards the end Gillham drew away again at a sprint.

1. Gillham, 13 mins. 58.3 secs.
2. Brain, 14 mins. 31 secs.
3. Ash, 15 mins. 15 secs.

THE JUNIOR LODGES.

This was won by Constable. There was a fairly large entry and a considerable spirit of keenness. Constable ran steadily and well, and was in front the whole of the time. Owen, who was second, ran an excellent race, and is to be specially congratulated on his performance. Of the other runners, Jackson and Gurdon P. provided an exciting neck-to-neck finish, which the former won only by a matter of a few inches.

Results:

1. Constable, 15 mins. 17.6 secs.
2. Owen, 15 mins. 36 secs,
3. Forrest, 16 mins. 15 secs.

Other runners: Jackson and Gurdon P.

THE INTER-GROUP RELAY RACE.

This race lacked the excitement of former years, partly owing to the superiority of the South team. The South took the lead from the beginning, with the West second but the East took second place before the Cheltenham Lodge, was reached. This order was maintained throughout the race, the South increasing their lead and the West falling back a little during the second half of the race.

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