

RENDCOMB COLLEGE  
MAGAZINE

Vol. 6. No. 6.

June, 1938

# Rendcomb College

## Magazine

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JUNE, 1938.

### SCHOOL NOTES. LENT TERM, 1938.

School re-assembled on Friday, 14th January. From then onwards we had what is called in reports "a clean bill of health." The weather was on our side, and we were able to sing with gusto and veracity: "Summer suns are glowing," when the calendar suggested that we should still be in the throes of winter.

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We came back to find numerous changes in the College. Our "design for living" had undergone various alterations during the holidays. Facing the Back Drive—near the cycle shed—we found the new office for the secretary, a neat bungalow type of building that very speedily has fitted itself into its setting. The internal changes are somewhat complicated, but we believe that an account of these may prove interesting to Old Boys.

The Headmaster's study on the ground floor has been converted into a class-room, occupied by the denizens of the former Sixth Form class-room. The latter has now affixed to its door a notice reading: "Quiet Room. Silence." It is used as a classroom during teaching periods, and after school hours is available for those who desire a sanctuary for reading and writing, where they will be free from disturbance.

The Headmaster's study has been transferred to the room that was formerly Miss Simmon's sitting-room.

The Prefects' study has been brought down from the top floor, and is now the room that had been used before as the College guest room. It has been provided with a lush carpet, and the walls decorated with the two Medici prints of Dutch Masters, Vermeer's "View of Delft," and Hobbema's "Avenue at Middleharnis." These two gifts from Mr. J. R. Bateman used to hang in the Music Room, and look much more effective in their new setting. The former Prefect's study is now a dormitory.

The music rooms on the top floor have been transferred to Rendcomb House. The large cupboards that used to line the walls of the smaller of these (the Stock-room) have been brought down to the first floor landing, and the two rooms vacated have been turned into staff bedrooms.

Dormitory eleven (on the top floor) has become the new rest-room. Miss Simmons' successor (now known as "The House Warden") has the former rest-room for her sitting-room, and the dispensary as bedroom. Both of these rooms have been altered to suit their new use.

A new dispensary has been constructed on the first floor landing, at the top of the stairs, immediately adjoining the lift-shaft. Actually this change, which one feared might be rather obtrusive, is almost unnoticeable.

These are the major alterations. The minor ones are not so startling—e. g., the matron's former bedroom is now the College guest-room; two new bath-rooms have been furnished, and last but not least, a new telephone exchange on the automatic system has been provided, with additional internal extensions.

These changes, as we said in our previous issue, represent the last "general post" that can be played with the space at our disposal inside the present College building. They have given us an extra class-room, an extra dormitory, and have added to the general amenities by making on the whole a better lay-out. Viewed singly, certain of the alterations have their inevitable drawbacks. But the final result is all to the good. Our next expansion will necessitate new building.

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The new Term brought with it changes on the staff. We welcome Miss M. Lister, who comes to take the place of Miss Simmons. She had been at Westonbirt before she came to Rendcomb, in charge of the Citizens' House, and brings with her a fine tradition of service and responsibility. Already we feel that we know her, and can assure her of our warmest regard.

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We also welcome Mr. P. K. Wright, B. A., who comes to us from Cambridge, and the staff of Birkenhead Grammar School, as Modern Languages' Master.

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We regret to chronicle the departures of Miss L. Stringer and Mr. E. Tucker, which took place at the end of Term. Miss Stringer had proved herself an efficient and popular assistant matron. We are glad to know that she has gone to a post that she held formerly, and where she is certain of a welcome.

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Mr. Tucker is the sort of secretary that makes himself at once indispensable. And he was more than that. He had many strings to his bow. (Incidentally, he was a remarkably good producer, and will be missed badly in our acting).

He was offered a post by the B. B. C. in their Midland Regional Studio at Birmingham, and although we know he was reluctant to leave Rendcomb, he felt that the invitation was one that could not be turned down.

We wish him every success in his new venture.

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Mr. James has moved into his new house. Now that it is inhabited we can form a better idea of the pleasant home that it will make. The exterior fits excellently into its Cotswold setting.

Corbusier—the modernist French architect—once described a house as “a machine for living in.” A rather sterilized conception. We in England manage to contrive things better, and nowhere is there a more humanistic tradition of domestic architecture than in our own Gloucestershire.

“Mr. James’ house” (which we now hear is to be known as “Conigre House”), is an excellent example of our compromise between ancient and modern. It has been designed to catch all the sun, to give every room a delightful outlook, and internally is equipped with what house-agents describe as “every modern convenience.” Yet already it blends with the landscape—as few of the so-called “functional” houses ever do. The garden is rapidly taking shape under Mr. James’ direction, and before long we may be expecting invitations to “tea on the terrace.” Which terrace possesses a view that might make many a one green with envy.

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During the Term considerable improvements have been effected on the athletic pitches. In particular the “take-off” for the javelin throw has been improved, a level cindered run-up having been provided. Fresh sand has been supplied for the jumping-pits, and there only remains the completion of a new bridge over the sunk fence to round off the improvements in this part of the Park.

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It is a good thing to find that public opinion has been exercising itself on what we may call the subject of hymnology. We sing seven hymns a week in house prayers, apart from those used in church, and there have been complaints that we sing some hymns too often.

The critics, however, have gone further. They have attacked the words and music in certain instances. Such interest is to be commended. A voluntary committee of censors has laid down, with official approval, suggestions for our future procedure. Certain hymns are to be given a rest for a year at least. Certain others have been suspended indefinitely.

A letter to the Editor (printed elsewhere) suggests that there is another point of view which may be taken in regard to their findings. Controversy is always a sign of life, and anything that puts more reality into our doings is always to be welcomed.

Indifference is the one thing to be reprehended.

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On Monday, 14th March, a fire broke out in the Old Park, on the other side of the Cheltenham road. For a time it looked as if serious damage might be done to the young trees that have been planted there. But a party of boys lent their hands to the rescue, and the blaze was extinguished before any considerable destruction had been done.

\* \* \* \* \*

While we are on the subject of trees, we may be permitted to comment on the loss of one or two fine specimens in the Park. Age and the weather have wrought havoc, and two fine beeches, one on the terraces above the back lawn, and another near the Temple, have been destroyed. Further afield, on the slope near the cottage in the Park, there is now a sad wreckage of timber.

\* \* \* \* \*

The cinema shows on Sunday evenings have been enjoyed greatly. There has been a notable improvement in the pictures presented. These have included a fine reel made by Grey Owl, which he had not time to show at his lecture. Grey Owl is with us no more; we regret his untimely death, and have no wish to enter into the controversy that has gathered round his name. Nothing can detract from what was essentially a vivid personality, and we are glad to have met him, if only for one brief afternoon.

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The Art Room has continued to be a hive of activity. Puppets and pictures have grown apace, but posters have been somewhat of a novelty. Each of the plays produced this Term has been heralded by a poster, and in some cases, by more than one, the voluntary and entirely spontaneous work of those concerned. We commend this new departure, and salute with approval the work on the sandwich boards which announced the tripartite bill of our last Saturday evening's entertainments.

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One boy left at the end of Term. G. G. Constable (Form V.) has gone to a post at the Oxford University Press. He carries with him our wishes for his success in his new work.

## OLD BOYS' NOTES.

Old Boys' Day took place on Saturday, March 12th, and the following were present: J. R. Billany, H. E. Miller, D. C. Uzzell, P. H. Wyon, J. E. Allen, J. R. Davies, E. R. Cooper, R. V. Waters, G. V. Waters, P. Dyke, W. Y. Willetts, and R. H. Bettison.

A report of the hockey match appears elsewhere. We were glad to welcome our visitors, and we hope that their numbers will be increased at our next gathering.

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As a result of work done at Rendcomb, A. E. A. Brain has obtained promotion from the first to the second year at Loughborough, on condition that he makes up the necessary hours in the engineering workshop.

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M. H. C. Martin has been appointed Senior French Master to Harrison College, Barbados.

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Guy Buck is working as a pupil on one of the farms run in connection with Messrs. Smedley's well-known fruit-canning concern.

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John Gillham has joined the Army.

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W. Y. Willetts won the Javelin Event at the Bristol University Sports.

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We are glad to be able to print a letter from H. L. Theobald, who is serving with the South Africa Police. We only wish we had more communications of a similar kind.

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M. R. Weaver is in Egypt with his R. A. F. Squadron, and will be there for three years.

## MEETING OFFICERS.

LENT TERM, 1938.

Chairman: D. D. Haig.  
Council: D. G. Morison, E. R. S. Gillham, B. Peacock, D. D. Haig, M. F. Lane, R. L. Short, W. A. Wyon,  
Meeting Selection Committee: D. G. Morison, E. K. S. Gillham, B. H. Peacock, P. Tuft, D. D. Haig.  
House Committee: F. J. Willis, J. F. Spencer, P. H. Highley, J. Neads, S. A. Trayhurn.  
Games Committee: E. R. S. Gillham, D. G. Morison, D. D. Haig.  
Games Treasurer: W. A. Wyon.  
Games Secretary: D. D. Haig.  
Groundsman: J. F. Spencer.  
Athletics Committee: D. D. Haig, R. L. Short, E. R. S. Gillham.  
Senior Shopman: H. W. T. Bates.  
Banker: M. H. F. Fischer.  
Breakages Man: A. S. C. Smith.  
Secretary: J. F. Spencer.  
Rule Committee: D. G. Morison, P. Tuft, J. E. Spencer.  
Auditors: A. S. C. Smith, P. G. Forrest.  
Finance Committee: A. S. C. Smith, D. F. Gallop, L. H. Hyett.  
Record Committee: R. L. Short, D. G. Morison, J. F. Spencer, P. Alder, F. J. Willis.  
Entertainments Committee: P. A. Cutts, P. H. Highley, P. Alder, H. S. Palmer, C. F. Bailey.  
Cycle Men: L. H. Hyett, J. W. H. Neads, P. A. Herring.  
Paperman: P. S. Jackson.  
Pauntley Committee: M. F. Lane.  
Amplifier Committee: D. D. Haig, R. L. Short, P. Alder, P. Cutts, D. W. Stone.  
Magazine Committee: D. D. Haig, D. G. Morison, E. R. Morris.  
Drying Room Committee: B. M. L. Simon, P. R. Highley, E. B. Smith.  
Games Wardens: Hockey: E. R. Morris, P. R. Highley.  
" " Football: P. Alder.  
" " Tennis: M. F. Lane.  
" " Cricket: G. G. Constable.  
Indoor Games Wardens: J. Sterry, E. J. Clissold.  
Tennis Groundsmen: A. E. Godsell, G. G. Constable.  
Shopmen: L. H. Hyett, B. M. L. Simon.  
Apprentice Auditor: E. J. Powell

## ACTING.

LENT TERM, 1938.

Four plays were produced this Term, not counting the puppet play of which an account appears under a separate heading. They were a varied bunch, and provided quite a good contrast. Only one had any pretensions to literary quality. This was Lady Gregory's Irish comedy, "Hyacinth Halvey." But in spite of its well written dialogue, the action is too long-drawn out, and much of its effect was lost. There was a deal of astute satire in "Foiling the Reds." This play was excellently produced, with just the light touches that it required. The same applies to "Parlez-Vous Francais?" which was one of the best school French plays we have seen. Here the character acting was on a high level. Form It. diverted us with a sort of mad-hatter's tea-party — actually it was a royal breakfast table—and the end of Term produced an "All-In" variety show that struck the right note of impromptu entertainment.

First in point of time was "Great Aunt Jemima," acted by members of Form II. on Saturday, 26th February. It was a burlesque, with a highly fantastic plot.

The individual performances (as was to be expected) were uneven. Some were promisingly good, and much of the "business" was decidedly amusing. The cast was as follows:

King Bertram, D. Montgomery; Queen Pallida, D. G. Taylor; Great Aunt Jemima, J. A. Cunnison; 'Prince Lollipop', W. A. J. Caverhill; Princess Pauline, J. Murry; 'Court Jester', D. A. C. Smith; The Butler, N. C. Stone; Two Servants, F. H. Dutton and P. B. Lane.

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Saturday, March 19th, brought us Mr. Tucker's interpretation of a satirical burlesque, "Foiling the Reds." The slickness of production was the most outstanding feature of the performance. This, we feel, is all too often lacking in amateur shows. Individual performances were excellent. P. A. Herring as the vamp, captured Charlie and the audience alike by his elusive personality. E. R. S. Gillham gave a demoniacal portrayal of the Socialist, and P. Alder was good as Trotsky. The three workmen were amusing, if a little indistinct. The rest of the cast was: 'Sir Ezekiel McQuinkerdeck', H. W. T. Bates; his Secretary, P. F. Gurdon; Mr. Cunard. D. W. Stone; Mrs Cunard, C. F. Bailev; three Workmen, B. H. Peacock, E. R. Morris, P. A. Cutts; Factory Lass, P. S. Jackson.

On Saturday 26th of March, we were treated to a most entertaining evening, no less than two plays and one variety being performed.

The first item was a play by Lady Gregory, entitled "Hyacinth Halvey." It is a fine play, if somewhat undramatic; perhaps necessarily so because of its peasant setting and its very Irish character.

The difficulty clearly lay in keeping up the interest in what one might call an hour's village gossiping. The actors had thus a difficult task, in which they did not always succeed. It was also a pity that the very subtle humour of this comedy did not quite come over, and so was lost to the greater part of the audience. The acting, however, was good on the whole, considering all the difficulties the play presented.

C. E. H. Tuck as Mrs. Delane (owner of the Post Office), and S. A. Trayhurn as Jas. Quirke, the flesher, gave excellent performances, and made us wish that neighbours always got on as well together as those two did. A. W. Morris as Hyacinth Halvey was not quite convincing in the role of the sanitary inspector, who, because he gets fed up with his angelic nature, as depicted in his testimonials, steals a sheep and abstracts a half-crown from the church collection-box, and immediately afterwards confesses it. J. Owen as Fardy Farrell, Halvey's accomplice, did his whistling well, and P. F. Gurdon was a very amiable and pleasant sort of policeman, whom you would not mind riding into at night without a lamp on your bicycle. Lastly there was Miss Joyce, that frail old lady in black, quite well acted by C. D. M. Barnett. As a conclusion, we would like to say that the scenery, though extremely simple, was very effective.

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The second play was of a very different nature. It was in French, and appropriately called "Parlez-Vous Francais?" Here the humour directly came from the delightful French atmosphere and the superb acting. The play started off in an original way, and did not slacken in elan and wit. The scene is a typical French middle-class room with the table laid for breakfast. Soon enough Madame and Monsieur start a family squabble, spilling coffee, which Madame says is "chaud" and Monsieur says is "froid," and before long Monsieur leaves the room in protest. Now Madame has the stage for herself, and for some time keeps us in constant laughter with her piquant eccentricity. Then Chevalier comes along and makes love to her, and urges her to go with him to New York. Madame writes an explanation to her husband with "la plume de son oncle," and after much sobbing and many "adieux" to her five children (incidentally admirably drawn by Mr. Molyneux), the couple leave for America. Monsieur finding the note that Madame left on his return, is at first heartbroken. He takes out a pistol, but luckily the shot goes into the audience and not through his heart. Marie, the jolly little maid of "dix-huit ans et deux mois," rushes in, and after a further reaffirmation of her age, falls into the arms of Monsieur. There the curtain drops, unfortunately.

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It was a very light but charming comedy, very well played. H. S. Palmer, as Madame, was excellent, and so was J. H. Quick as Monsieur. They caught the spirit of the play absolutely, and

seemed completely at home in their French surroundings. A. R. Tenty as Marie the rosy maid, and J. R. Luton as the gallant Chevalier, were both good. We must not forget J. R. Gurdon as the Compère, who, though he spoke English, contributed his bit and notably a dinner suit to our enjoyment.

It is not usual to congratulate the producer, but we feel that he deserves our special admiration, not only for the production, but for his skill in making English boys speak good and distinct French.

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The last item on the programme was a variety show. It started off with a second relay from the Trembly Stadium, not nearly as good as the first relay last Term, done by P. Lambert and P. L. Field ("When I was in the Punjab.") The jokes were rather feeble, and we only got a very cheap kind of laugh out of it. We wish people could learn the lesson that soups are never as good warmed up as fresh!

The re-relay was followed by a presentation of "Macbeth in a new form," by Tod Slaughter and Co. The title might just as well have been "A Midsummer Night's Dream," for there was nothing suggestive of Macbeth, except, perhaps, the sinister role of F. J. Willis. Or were we to take C. F. Bailey and J. R. Gurdon playing darts, as the witches, throwing for Macbeth's fate? However, we had at least one murder and one execution, which is satisfactory in regard to the small size of our community. D. W. Stone and J. R. Harmer were amusing detectives, and P. Alder, as a doctor, cleverly imitated a certain lecturer on life-saving.

There were a lot of good ideas in this act, but Tod Slaughter and Company still have to learn to "make the show snappy," which is so essential for really first-class variety. For example, the end was much too drawn out, when it became obvious that Mr. James was the culprit. But it is no easy thing to produce good variety, and our enthusiastic actors have had little experience that way yet. We look forward to future presentations.

### **RENCOMB MARIONETTE THEATRE.**

#### **"FORBIDDEN FRUIT."**

On Saturday, 26th February, these players gave us another puppet play, entitled "Forbidden Fruit." The scenario and dialogue were a home-grown product, and the play linked up to "The Rencroft Mystery," and had a boys' school in the background.

It was all in the best picaresque tradition, and was well handled. The puppets walked and gesticulated, and ranted and collapsed; climbed walls, fell into holes, were scared and alarmed, all most divertingly. The scenic properties were excellent.

The manipulators were as follows: Muffin and Peewit, schoolboys, M. A. Bullen and L. H. B. Hatherell; Marjorie, A. R. Margetts; Colonel Blood, C. F. Bailey; Pug O'Brien (a burglar),

G. H. W. Bodman; Aubrey Rivers (a poet), C. D. M. Barnett; Samuel Clay (a sexton), N. P. Morris.

## LECTURES.

LENT TERM, 1938.

On 28th January P. Levett gave a talk on "Harrow and Harrow School." He had chosen his illustrations carefully, and gave a good description of that interesting old town on the hill. Harrow has now, to a large extent, been swallowed up by the growth of Greater London, but its unique situation and its crown of fine buildings, still enable it to preserve its atmosphere and personality. To most of us Harrow means the School. We were shown pictures of the buildings, of the playing fields, and swimming pools, but only a Harrovian could tell us much of the inner side of the School. What Levett knew he communicated well. These lectures given by boys deserve encouragement, and we hope that next Winter Term will produce a further crop of such.

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On Tuesday, February 15th, Captain Daintree lectured to the School on "Life-Saving." This was his second visit to Rendcomb, and even to those who remembered his former talk he was full of interest. He demonstrated in some detail Professor Schaffer's method of the resuscitation of the apparently dead, and explained various ways of rescuing drowning bodies from the water. His demonstration of the method of rescuing people from a wrecked ship by means of a breeches buoy was as amusing as before. With the rapid growth of canoeing and sailing activities in the School, we feel that precautionary lectures like these may prove of great value!

On reference to "Who's Who." we find some interesting facts which are worth quoting. "Captain J. D. Daintree, C. B. E. — In 1900 Superintendent of Wei Hai Wei Naval Dockyard. In charge of Newhaven during the latter years of the War, and Inspector-General of the Coastguards in the late twenties." Captain Daintree is a past master at the art of exposition. For one of his years his vigour and youthfulness are almost amazing. He has had a full life, and in a double sense is more than qualified to speak of "Life-Saving." We hope we may all be as hale and hearty as he is, when we come to his age.

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On Tuesday, March 15th, Mr. Barnett gave us an interesting and well-illustrated lecture on the last cricket tour in Australia. He took us round the world in very good company. Apparently an England cricketer's life is not entirely devoted to fielding to Don Bradman, as there was time to fraternise with the koala and the platypus, and even go surf-riding, and have the privilege to be rescued by a stalwart three times your own size.

His description of the tests threw interesting side-lights on what we were up against. It would appear that a meteorological expert should accompany each M. C. C. team in future, for the way to win test matches seems to be to have the thunderstorms on your side; if this happens you can throw mud at the other team, or alternatively put the cap on their chances by removing the said article from the offending batsman's head on to the wicket.

The lecture was especially interesting in view of the Australians' visit this summer, and we look forward to seeing Mr. Barnett give England a good start in the quest for the ashes.

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On the 29th March the Headmaster gave a talk on his recent voyage to Norway and the Arctic on a Fleetwood trawler. He made the passage as a "half decky," or learner, and, judging by the account he gave, the conditions which exist in these boats are not very pleasant. The vessel was one of a fleet of modern trawlers, built by MacFisheries, Ltd., at great expense, but which, he said, is already showing a profit.

They set out from Fleetwood and made for the west coast of Norway, sailing up the fiords to the Arctic, where the trawling was commenced. During the actual fishing work went on continuously, with very little time for sleep or food, the deck hands spending their time gutting and sorting fish, which were then stored in ice. The catches were, from a biologist's point of view, uninteresting, only a few species of fish being caught. When the hold was full or, in this case, when the weather became so bad that trawling could not be continued, they returned home.

The Headmaster gave us some idea of the type of man who goes steam trawling, explaining that in most cases it is a job which one takes only when everything else has failed. This, perhaps, accounted for the extreme lack of cleanliness which the crew displayed. A number of them hardly washed or changed their clothes during the whole voyage. The crew are paid 40/- to 50/- per week, but the captain and mate, working on commission, are able to earn as much as £20 and £10 respectively per week in a good season.

The skipper apparently had as much contempt for navigating instruments as the crew had for washing, since he never used any during the voyage.

The whole talk was illustrated by photographs which the Headmaster had taken while on board. These, coupled with the talk, gave us a very good idea of the conditions of work on steam trawlers. And we were lucky to have the story from someone who had seen for himself.

## BATHYSPHERE.

In the deep concavity of a hemisphere  
They bathed, those myriads,  
Courting the grey tides of exploding lights,  
And, like on summer nights, the purple dusk,  
They bit with the grin of fear.

Into those fatuous regions I too have gone,  
A pallid sail-fin through the darkening swirl,  
Tenuous, planktonic, tissue,  
To where from the yawning cavity of a violin  
No note had ever come.

Zeppelin to where sharks have strode  
And the upward gleam of teeth, my traffic indicator  
Plumbing volcanic depths,  
And at 30,000 feet vibration of neon stopped  
At the blunt end of the road.

Below where instrument fails, nor dial nor pointers flicker,  
Stands a new sign-post, pointing away from life,  
And, like on summer evenings, in warmth  
And darkness, there, contacts wait to be won.

W. Y. W.

## POEM

His delicate features shall recall  
Her early face,  
This angle in the cherried wall  
Their meeting-place.

That old love was like enough  
The type to this,  
And our regard shall match their love,  
Handgrasp their kiss.

NEMO.

## LETTER FROM H. L. THEOBALD.

British South Africa Police,  
Miami, Southern Rhodesia,

13th April, 1938

Dear Mr. Lee-Browne,

Many thanks for your letter, which I received a few weeks ago. I am sorry that I did not answer it at once, but I'm afraid I am a very poor correspondent.

Since leaving Rendcomb I have lost touch with most of the fellows who were at College with me. This, I must admit, has been entirely my own fault. I spent well over three years in Port Elizabeth, where I was employed in a radio saloon. When my contract expired I decided to try and join the British South Africa Police, and eventually succeeded in doing so. I have now been in this Force for over four years and like the life, though there are moments when one feels bored and "fed-up" These soon pass, however, and I have no reason to regret my choice. This is distinctly a single man's job, but up to the present I am perfectly content with my bachelor state.

I'll now try to give you some idea of our work. Although we are called the British South Africa Police, a great deal of our time is taken up with military duties, as we are the first line of defence for the Colony. We are, indeed, a sort of cross between the Army and the Police.

Owing to the limited number of Europeans in these parts, most of our police work consists in dealing with the refractory native, or "munt," as he is known in the vernacular. Serious crime is not very prevalent, but we have our share of stealing, robbery, assaults, matrimonial offences, and the like.

Stock theft takes up a great deal of our time, as the native is a firm believer in "What I have I hold" where cattle are concerned. As very few of the farms are fenced, it is quite an easy matter for cattle to be driven to a distant district, and (until one grows accustomed to native psychology) a very difficult matter to trace the missing beasts.

Our chief duty in this district is the patrolling of the different areas under our command. In the past this was done on horse or mule; provisions, etc., being carried on pack horses. It was a slow and lengthy business, and in the outlying districts, where motor transport is impossible, it still is the only method.

At my present station all of our patrolling has to be done on foot. There are no roads, and horses or mules cannot be used on account of the tsetse fly. The bite of this insect is fatal to animals, and is often so to human beings, among whom it carries the well-known "sleeping sickness."

I am at the moment in charge of this station, as I was fortunate enough to pass my promotion examinations in July of last year.

Actually I took them earlier than most people do. Without wishing to appear boastful, I think I am right in saying that it is unusual for a man with only four years' service to be in charge of a station. I have one other European fellow with me, and six natives. The European at the present time is down in the Zambezi Valley, some 90 miles away from camp. He will not be back again for at least another two weeks, and as there are no other Europeans within 30 miles, you can imagine, that if one thought about it, one could easily become somewhat morbid. However, that is beside the point, and I can always find something to keep me occupied. My chief distraction (when not out hunting) is tending our flower and vegetable gardens. I say tending, but it really means supervising the natives, who know a great deal more about gardening than I do.

As we are an out-station, one is responsible for a great variety of things. My duties here consist of the following: Chief of Police, meteorologist, immigration officer, lock-up keeper, cattle inspector and public prosecutor. In fact, I am "general factotum" over an area of 7,000 square miles!

To revert to the question of transport, the whole Force is gradually being mechanised, and at the present moment we have approximately 150 motor cycles and 50 motor trucks. These, naturally operate in towns and their vicinity. We haven't as yet aspired to aeroplanes, but I suppose the time is not far distant when we shall be flying round the country, instead of riding "our long-faced friends."

Here, at Miami, postal arrangements are somewhat primitive. There is only one mail per week (inwards and outwards) and this is carried by a native runner to the nearest lorry depot, which is 83 miles away. As we receive papers once a week, we are in the habit of getting news of the outside world when everyone else would have forgotten about it. However, the authorities have apparently realised this, and have been gracious enough to supply us with a battery radio set, which is, of course, a great boon, and provides us with a certain amount of pleasure during the evenings. Apart from that there is nothing to do in the evenings except read and sleep, but as I read anything I can find, I can always occupy my mind. Then, of course, there is ample time to study law and native language, etc. Whilst no one is compelled to pass the native language examinations, to be able to converse with the natives is a great asset, and as an added incentive, a cash bonus is paid to any of the Force who pass the examinations, which actually are fairly easy! The natives themselves are only too pleased to help one learn, as a white man living in this country is not so respected if he cannot speak the language.

As we are set down in the heart of the Rhodesian bush, hunting, or if you prefer it, big game shooting, is a continual pastime, and the trophies which adorn this camp substantiate this. In fact, at the moment we have a pet (?) lion who regularly roams around

the camp. This may sound far-fetched, but I assure you it is absolutely correct. Down in the Zambezi Valley all kinds of game abound, and as the police here at Miami are allowed to shoot anything, some very exciting things happen at times. So far I haven't had to run, but I'm expecting to do so every time I go out with a rifle. I am due for a trip to the Valley early next month, and if anything very exciting occurs I will write and let you know.

Just in case any of the fellows might think of joining this Force after leaving Rendcomb, I'll give you some idea of the conditions of service. The first period of service is for three years, and at the end of that time you can sign on again for an indefinite period, or, by giving three months' notice, can get a discharge. This also applies to receiving discharge. The first six months are spent in Depot at Salisbury, where the recruit goes through a very strenuous training, consisting of riding (in the approved Army fashion), animal management, mounted rifleman training, musketry, law, first aid, foot drill, with and without arms. Upon attestation, uniform is issued, and this has to last for one year. Kit, which is very cheap, can, of course, be purchased to augment this issue. Rates of pay are as follows: 1st year, including the Recruits' Course, £150; 2nd year, £168, and 3rd year, £185.

These are, the rates which were in force when I joined, but there has been such a "moan" for some time that a Committee was appointed to go into the matter, and we have just heard that pay and allowances are to be increased. In the past, a great number of fellows have taken their discharge after the first three years, and as a chap is not much use as a policeman for his first three years, the money which has been expended on his training is largely wasted. The pay and allowances have been increased in the hope that fellows will make the police a career. Leave is granted after the first three years, and every subsequent three years. Five months' leave, three months of which are on full pay, and two on half pay, at the end of every three years.

So much for the Force.

I have kept up my games. Whilst in, Port Elizabeth I was fortunate enough to captain the Eastern Provinces against Motherwell F. C. when they toured South Africa in 1934. A few weeks later I joined the police, and was again selected to play for Rhodesia. Since then I have been playing regularly for the police team, but now being away at Miami, and far from Salisbury, I haven't the opportunity. Other sports, such as tennis, golf, Badminton and swimming, are off the map here. Tennis, however, is played practically everywhere, even here in Miami. I won't try to describe the courts. That would be an impossibility!

I do not know definitely yet, but I hope to come home on leave at the end of this year. My leave was actually due last May, but I postponed it until I could save up more cash.

I was supposed to be sailing from Cape Town on June 28th, 1938, but have again put the date off. As a matter of fact I wanted to see what Miami was like, and the Superintendent, at the time when this station was due for relief, did not know whom he could get to send here. When I do come home I should be only too pleased to visit you and give you any more information which you might find useful.

Will you please give my regards to any of the fellows with whom I was at Rendcomb. Again thanking you for your letter.

Yours sincerely,

H. L. THEOBALD.

### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, —It has been brought to my notice, that a group of persons, consisting, if I am right, of the members of one form, have been moved to make suggestions about the hymns in use in College, and that their recommendations have secured official sanction.

Such an interest is indeed a healthy sign, but the results of their intervention invite criticism, and I trust you will give me space to deal with some of the issues raised.

It is clear that they have been actuated by two motives.

1. To avoid the repetition of certain hymns which (they allege) have grown too familiar through use.
2. To discard certain others, which they dislike for one reason or another.

I take the question of repetition first. The religious services of the College have followed largely the tradition of the Church of England. (That, to the present writer, seems entirely excellent). The Anglican use, however, involves repetition. Every Sunday we sing the “Venite Exultemus,” the “Te Deum” and the “Jubilate.” (There are few variants to this order). And I submit that the compilers of our incomparable Prayer Book knew what they were about when they decided on this reiteration.

Therefore I do not see why certain very fine hymns should be suspended simply because they have been sung at the most two or even three, times a Term.

Admitted one does not want the same hymn over and over again, but when our censors decide to suspend such magnificent chorales as the Bach “Ah, Holy Jesu,” and the “O Sacred Head sore wounded,” and his setting of “Wake, O wake,” then one is entitled to protest.

These do not suffer from such use as we have given them. They are among the finest hymns in “Songs of Praise, “and to be deprived of them even for a year seems a loss. The same applies to “All People that on Earth do dwell,” to Bunyan’s noble two, and Herbert’s lovely paraphrase of the twenty-third Psalm, set to a lively old English air.

I would not be so concerned if many of those retained did not seem by comparison very poor indeed.

We have been left with 93 hymns “already known” from which to draw our selection. Of these nine are suitable only for special occasions, e.g., “Come, ye thankful people, come” (Harvest); “Hark, the herald angels sing” (Christmas); “God be with you till we meet again” (End of Term). (And a poor end of Term at that). That leaves us with 84 suitable for general use.

Now, in a Term of twelve weeks, we require 72 hymns for house, prayers, plus 36 for Sundays. In all 108 hymns. So some repetition is inevitable. Why should we not be permitted to repeat the best?

It is true that our censors have supplied a list of several hymns “to be added and learnt if necessary.” These amount to twelve in all, four of which are limited to special seasons. We are learning others, but few of them are likely to establish a general popularity.

So much for the repetition problem.

Now for the complete rejections. Actually I do not quarrel with these, except in one instance. Indeed, I could have willingly added not a few to the list of the condemned, e. g., “On Jordan’s banks,” “In Asia born,” “From Greenland’s icy mountains.”

I dislike these geographical hymns, and I would have gladly given an indefinite rest to “When through the whirl of wheels,” which strikes me as a somewhat sentimental attempt at “Christian” Socialism.

But while a case can be made out for the complete rejection of certain hymns on the ground of their mediocrity, I fail to see any justification for the banning of really fine hymns.

I prefer the repetition of these to the expedient of falling back on inferior substitutes, and I contend that our censors have given us very scanty guidance in the way of new recommendations.

I am, Sir, yours etc.,

PRECENTOR.

## **HOCKEY.**

LENT TERM, 1938.

Weather conditions this year were better than we have had for some time, and possibly this was one of the reasons for our good record, although another is undoubtedly an increase in the number of good forwards.

We only lost one match. That was to the Old Boys, who fielded a strong team against our slightly weakened 1st XI. The good weather conditions, coupled with a large fixture list, gave us more hockey matches than we have, had in previous seasons.

The Club XI. continued to flourish; it did not lose any

matches, although it drew with Cirencester HC. I should like to see fixtures arranged for this team which would really test it, as our opponents have up to now been fairly easy prey to our superior speed and fitness. However, with the probability of a depleted forward line next year, we may have more even games.

The 1st XI forwards were: Gallop (left wing), Short, Morison, Lane, Haig. At first Morison played on the left wing, but was of more use with his powerful shooting at centre forward. Gallop played better on the wing, where he was less hustled. Short played well at inside left, even though his play took him too far back at times. Lane, the other inside, hangs back too much, but he has a good eye, and scored quite a number of goals when he was in the circle. Haig still suffers from uncertainty, but was still our best right wing, being very fast over short distances.

The halves were: Bates (left half), Gillham and Wyon. Bates was good, and has promise of being an even better half back. Wyon is very effective in his defence, although his passes leave much to be desired.

Peacock was a good, effective, hard-hitting back, although rather uncertain at times. Godsell has a good eye and a powerful clearing drive, but is inclined to be, slow. Spencer played well in goal, but dropped off towards the end of Term.

### 1st XI. MATCHES.

JAN. 29. —DEAN CLOSE 2nd XL Away. Won 6—3.

At half-time we were losing 1—2, but the forwards played well together in the second half.

FEB. 24—HANLEY CASTLE. Home. Won 3—1.

The first half was fairly even, but the pace was too much for Hanley defence in the second half, and we won comfortably.

MARCH 10. —DEAN CLOSE 2nd XL Away. Drawn 2—2.

We started this match at a disadvantage, being without two of our regular players. We were losing until quite near the end, when we equalised with two quick goals. This was, perhaps, the, hardest and fastest match we had.

MARCH 12. —OLD BOYS. Home. Lost 1—4.

Again weakened, we took the field against a very strong Old Boys' team. Our forwards were foiled again and again by J. R. Davies, who took the ball off their sticks almost as they were shooting. It was good to play a team of 11 Old Boys.

MARCH 19. —HANLEY CASTLE. Away. Won 4—1.

There was nothing remarkable about this game, except the extreme hardness of the pitch. We should have scored more: goals, but were unlucky in our shooting.

## **CLUB XI.**

FEB. 15. —BEDFORD STRAGGLERS H. C. Home. Won 3—0.

The game was rather scrappy, the hockey not being of a very high standard.

FEB. 12. —MILLFIELD H. C. Home. Won 3—0.

Our opponents were much stronger this year than when we last played them, but we still won fairly easy.

FEB. 26. —LEONARD STANLEY H. C. Home. Won 9—0.

This was the only match which the weather did not favour. Soon after the start it began to rain, and went on all the way through. Perhaps the only comment to be made is that the score was 9—0, and we should have got many more goals.

MARCH 5. —BEDFORD STRAGGLERS H. C. Away. Won 7—2.

This was quite a good game, very fast for the forwards, and played under an almost overwhelming sun. We did not get our last few goals until towards the end, although we were attacking most of the time.

MARCH 26. —CIRENCESTER H. C. Home. Drawn 0—0.

Without any combination, especially among the forwards, but with a certain amount of vigour, we played against a stronger Club team than usual. Had we combined more we should probably have won.

## **ATHLETICS.**

On March 24th we had our first Athletics match of the season against Kingswood School, Bath. We lost, but on hearing during the holidays that Kingswood tied for the Schools Challenge Cup in the Public Schools Sports at the White City, we realised that we were tackling very formidable opponents.

In the 100 yards, 440 yards and 4 x 220 yards relay we were well beaten, but in the mile Gillham ran a very fine race, and was only beaten by inches. In the shot and long jump we had second and fourth places, and in the high jump second and third place, Gallop clearing 5ft. 2ins. to win second place. We took first and third places in the javelin and discus, Gillham's 157ft. 6ins. and Morison's 111ft. 10½ins. being the winning throws.

The whole team pulled their weight, and we may look forward to some good matches during the Summer Term.

## **NORTH CERNEY RACE.**

The North Cerney Race was run on Monday, March 28th. There were only four entrants, and the race provided no thrills. Gillham quickly increased an early lead, and finished an easy

first. His time would certainly have been better had he had more serious competition. Short and Peacock finished together, and Wyon was fourth.

The times were: Gillham, 23mins. 15secs.; Short, Peacock, 25mins. 15secs.

### **THE JUNIOR LODGES RACE.**

There was quite a large entry for the Junior Lodges, which was run on March 30th. The race failed, however, to yield much excitement. Luton set a hard pace at the beginning, but did not maintain his early lead, and he was overtaken by Owen at the Cheltenham Lodge. He steadily increased his lead, and won comfortably in 15mins. 17secs. Tuck passed Luton on the Cirencester Drive, and finished second.

The times were:

1. Owen, 15mins. 17secs.
2. Tuck, 16mins. 3secs.
3. Luton, 16mins. 23secs.
4. Gurdon, P., 16mins. 41secs.

### **THE SENIOR LODGES RACE.**

This was not run this year as there was only one entrant, who preferred not to run alone.

E. R. S. G.