

**RENDCOMB COLLEGE
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Rendcomb College Magazine

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OCTOBER, 1944.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Summer Term, 1944.

Summer weather in these latitudes even at its best is apt to be somewhat of a glorious uncertainty. (It is true that a special Providence seems to look after Founder's Day). This year—as will be remembered—"D" Day ushered in a spell during which the clerk of the weather seemed to be doing his worst. Threatening days of strong wind and blustering showers found our thoughts with the men on the invasion beaches, and although in bright intervals the sun shone on the Top for occasional cricket matches, we are more inclined to remember the stoical Americans in canvas on a sodden ground, and School Certificate Examinations in the Village Hut proceeding to the accompaniment of rain pattering on the roof, and a dreary light coming in through rather cheerless windows.

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Term began on Friday, 5th May, and as usual the first few days found us at work on the field. This year we are having a change of crops, and market gardening has supplanted potato growing. Those responsible for planning the work had things well laid out and weeding, digging and planting went ahead well, with excellent results.

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On Wednesday, 10th May, we celebrated our "Salute the Soldier" Day. Last year it will be remembered that "Wings for Victory" Week was the occasion of quite considerable festivities, but as the date this year was so near the beginning of Term, wisely, if reluctantly, it was decided to limit our activities to a single day. Notwithstanding this quite a diverting series of "try-your-skill" events was arranged on the Back Lawn. These were well patronised and one had the opportunity of trying one's prowess in a variety of ways and at the same time helping the cause.

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Like many another commodity coconut matting is in short supply, and such as can be obtained is of inferior quality and inflated price. We returned to find the first floor landing denuded, and for some time the top floor too went bare until gangs got to work at carpet-beating, and such as was serviceable was laid down again.

The College photograph was taken on Tuesday, 30th May. This year we had a new background provided by the trees on the Front Lawn. It was a pity to waste our splendid Wellingtonia. Whatever may be said of the familiar fauna, the flora is a distinct improvement.

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Commemoration Day fell on Friday, 2nd June. It is interesting to note that this was the actual date of the opening of the College in 1920. We know that a good many people were unaware of what Commemoration Day really did commemorate. This year the date and the event happened to coincide, so we need no longer remain in a state of blissful ignorance. Celebration took the usual war-time form, and many boys were able to rejoin their parents. As usual the kitchen managed to produce more than substantial packed luncheons, and we were blessed with excellent weather. On the evening following, Saturday, 3rd June, there was dancing in Big School.

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Parents' Day took place on Saturday, 17th June, and saw a goodly attendance in spite of transport difficulties. An account will be found elsewhere in this issue.

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On Sunday, 23rd July, Big School was lent to one of the R.A.M.C. Blood Transfusion Units, and for several hours presented the appearance of a hospital ward. A gratifying number of donors turned up. Boys are not allowed to volunteer for this office, but a number of the Staff were among those treated—and there were no casualties.

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We are indebted to Miss C. M. Powell for a gift to the Music Library of some pianoforte music and two Beethoven orchestral scores. She has also given a viola for the use of the College.

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The Governors of the College have purchased from the executors of Canon Sewell's will a beautiful white embroidered altar frontal and a similar altar cloth. These were made by Canon Sewell's mother about 1870. They have been presented to Rendcomb Church by the Governors in memory of Canon Sewell.

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At the London School Certificate Examination held in July the following passed : J. R. C. Baillie, C. J. N. Richardson, G. S. Davis, N. P. Elson, R. I. G. Hale, R. M. Lewis, I. S. Menzies, J. M. Henshaw, R. W. T. Buckingham, M. Butler, P. S. W. Beck and C. M. Carus-Wilson. Of these three obtained matriculation exemption.

At the Cambridge Higher School Certificate Examination J. M. Murry obtained the certificate in History, English and Art; R. Brain, N. P. Morris, J. F. Alder and B. W. Plenderleith in Physics and Mathematics; R. T. Wood and D. M. Grant in Botany, Zoology and Physics; and J. J. North in Botany, Zoology and Chemistry.

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Miss E. K. Finlayson, after nearly ten years of devoted service to the College, retired at the end of term. A Scotswoman, with all the sterling qualities of her race, she was most painstaking in her work in the Linen Room. She cared for us well, and if she admonished us at times We knew it was for our good. Kindliness and a shrewd sense of humour won for her many friends, and she takes with her our good wishes. The boys presented her with a landscape picture accompanied by a letter from the Chairman of the General Meeting expressing their appreciation, and the Staff made her the gift of a book token. We wish her many happy days in retirement.

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Miss G. Joyce left us at the end of term to take up a post at Wynstones School, Brookthorpe, Gloucester. We shall miss her, and we wish her every happiness.

Mr. D. B. Frowde decided to return to his former profession of architect. In him the College has lost an excellent master whose sense of design was in the best tradition of our manual workshop. Our good wishes for his success go with him.

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The following boys joined the College this term : M. B. Shephard, K. M. Shephard, and G. J. Chagrin.

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We extend our Valette to the following boys who left at the end of Term :—D. Montgomery, F. H. Dutton, J. M. Murry, N. P. Morris, I. M. Bryce, R. S. D. Balter, and R. T. Lindsay.

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The North Cerney Race was not run this year on account of a lack of entrants.

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We had a visit during the term from Squadron-Leader J. B. Fell, who is attached to the R.A.F. Delegation at Washington D.C.

THE GENERAL MEETING.

Michaelmas Term, 1944.

Chairman—D. H. Hill.

Council—D. H. Hill, D. M. Grant, B. W. Plenderleith, R. T.

Wood, J. J. North, R. Brain, R. E. Hayward.

Meeting Selection Committee—D. H. Hill, B. W. Plenderleith, J. J. North, R. Brain, R. T. Wood.

House Committee—R. M. Lewis, J. D. M. Smith, R. J. Kendal, C. C.

Richardson, T. R. Morris, C. J. N. Richardson.

Games Committee—D. H. Hill, S. H. Groves, R. Brain, B. W. Plenderleith.

Senior Shopman—N. P. Elson.

Shopmen—G. S. Davis, E. A. Jones.

Banker—C. M. Carus-Wilson.

Breakages Man—R. W. T. Buckingham.

Secretary—R. E. Hayward.

Auditors—J. C. Waterton, J. M. Henshaw.

Apprentice Auditors—R. J. Kendal, M. B. Shephard.

Finance Committee—K. J. Hanney, M. B. Shephard, J. D. Draper.

Entertainments Committee—P. W. Sumsion, C. B. Lane, E. A.

Jones, J. D. Draper, T. R. Morris.

Cycle Men—M. C. Harries, T. T. Walters, G. H. Bye.

Meeting Almoner—J. D. Draper.

Paperman—D. J. Payne.

Amplifier Committee—M. C. Harries, N. P. Elson, J. R. C.

Baillie, T. T. Walters, J. D. Draper.

Magazine Committee—J. W. Sumsion, J. R. C. Baillie, D. G. Knight.

Drying Room Committee—J. M. Faulks, M. Butler, N. M. Wood.

Record Committee—D. M. Grant, D. H. Hill, R. T. Wood, J. W.

Sumsion, J. R. C. Baillie.

Salvage Organiser—R. I. G. Hale.

Salvage Committee—D. J. Payne, W. S. Monroe.

Mowing Man—N. P. Elson.

Assistant Mowing Man—R. I. G. Hale.

Public Work Man—D. M. Grant.

Apprentice Banker—J. C. Waterton.

Games Secretaries—Football, J. W. Sumsion; Hockey, C. C. Richardson.

Games Wardens—Football, J. W. Sumsion, K. E. Banks;

Hockey, G. H. Bye; Cricket, R. I. G. Hale; Tennis, M. Butler; Indoor, K. M. Shephard, E. Davis.

Groundsmen—Football, J. M. Henshaw; Cricket, J. W. Sumsion;

Tennis, D. J. Payne, W. S. Monroe; Golf, I. S. Menzies.

Trapper—D. J. Payne.

OLD BOYS' NOTES.

Roll of Honour.

Denis W. Stone. Trooper, R.A.C. Killed in action in a tank battle in Normandy towards the end of July, 1944. At Rendcomb September 1933 to July 1938.

Distinctions.

Wing Commander Douglas Haig, D.F.C. (with bar) has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order.

L. H. Hyett has obtained First Class Honours B.Sc. (Civil Engineering) at King's College, London.

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G. J. Ash is an Engine-room Artificer in the Royal Navy (Submarines) .

E. R. S. Gillham is a Lieutenant R.N.V.R. in command of an M.L.

F. C. Raggett is a Flying Officer (Education) in the R.A.F.

Flight Lieutenant V. Douglas Page, D.F.C. is now serving in India Command.

M. C. Thompson is now in the Fleet Air Arm as Leading Radio Mechanic.

W. P. Thomas has been balloted for the Mines.

The following Old Boys visited College during the Term :

Douglas Haig, D.F.C., D.S.O., Dr. Alastair Wilson, Clive Barnett,

G. M. Wilson, J. H. Quick, A. R. Margetts, J. E. Houston and P. A. Cutts.

PARENTS' DAY—17th JUNE, 1944.

Parents' Day this year followed the pattern of our previous war-time gatherings. It would be wrong to call it an austerity or even a utility function, for many of the graces still survive, but it contained nothing novel for an Editor to report.

The sun shone. Our guests arrived, and we were glad to welcome them in such numbers. We were sorry that Mrs. Huntley Sinclair was not able to be with us, but Lieut.-Colonel J. Godman made an excellent Chairman at the assembly in Big School. (Indeed one particularly happy remark of his made at the close of the proceedings sent us away in good heart).

The Headmaster had much to tell us of our Old Boys' achievements and distinctions in the Services and in other walks of life, and he gave a good account of our year's activities.

Afterwards tea was served in the Gym. There was a Puppet Show at the House, and an excellent standard was maintained in the woodwork exhibition and the display at the Art Room. The puppet exhibits again attracted much attention. Among them the miniature properties, carefully designed to scale, were of more than ordinary interest.

We believe we are voicing the opinions of our visitors when we say that it was one of the most enjoyable Parents' Days that we have had.

BIOLOGICAL EXPEDITION.

On Commemoration Day Mr. Neal took the biologists on an expedition to Newent woods. It was a more ambitious venture than in previous years but the greater effort was more than justified.

The party cycled to Gloucester and went on from there by train to Newent. Accommodation on this train was very limited, but by packing up the Royal Mail carefully in the absence of the guard, the bicycles were safely stowed away!

It turned out a beautiful sunny day and collectors had a good bag. Different members of the party concentrated on different insect groups with, the result that a very varied and interesting fauna was seen.

The Lepidopterists were cheered to find the Wood White flying in some numbers ; this very local butterfly is confined to a few scattered woodland localities in Britain. The other noteworthy capture was of three specimens of the White-barred Charming moth. This is not only a rare month, but it had never previously been found in Gloucestershire.

Large numbers of Diptera, Hymenoptera, Hemiptera, and Coleoptera were also collected, at least two of the latter being county records and one of them a great rarity in Britain.

Lunch was a grand interlude, the cooks producing a splendid concoction from dried egg and sausage meat !

On getting back to Newent Station we were told that there would not be adequate accommodation for the bicycles, but neces-

sity is the mother of invention, and when the train arrived we stood the bicycles all down the corridor. Crickley Hill was a bit of a struggle for the weak and aged, but we arrived in good time for supper after a very successful and enjoyable expedition.

THE PUPPET PLAYERS.

On Parents' Day, 17th June, the Puppet Players presented a show at Rendcomb House.

It is interesting to note how these players go on adding to their repertoire without repeating themselves. They have a gift for lively invention, and "Captain's Orders" illustrated admirably how they are able to hit upon a plot that gave plenty of scope for action and exploited an entirely new situation. Here we had a boy-all agog for adventure of a piratical kind, a troublesome brat, a problem alike to his father and to the ship's crew that he joined. The play showed how he was licked into shape, not entirely by the gentlest of means. He emerges, however, a better and a wiser lad, with the makings of a useful seaman in him. The scene was "On board the deck of a lugger," a stage admirably suited to a diversity of adventures. The manipulation was skilful. How does one make a puppet smoke a cigar with real smoke? Anyway, it was done, and the audience was kept intrigued by a series of surprises.

The cast was as follows :—

Captain	R. W. Smith
Mate	R. Margetts
Bill	F. D. Humphris
Ginger	R. K. G. Bick
Cook	M. W. Brain
The Boy	R. J. Kendal

MUSIC.

A programme of music was performed in the Music Room on Wednesday, 21st June. The orchestral introduction was a pleasing novelty and the standard of solo items showed a distinct advance. Altogether an enjoyable hour was spent and it only, remains to give a list of the items, individual comment being out of keeping with the spirit of these communal "music-makings."

Orchestra : Toy Symphony, 1st Movement Haydn
Piano, C. M. Carus-Wilson. Instrumentalists : R. T. Wood,
D. M. Grant, N. M. Wood, J. W. Sumsion, P. W. Sumsion,
R. J. Kendal, Miss Young, Miss Powell, Miss Carnell. Conductor, J.
D. Draper.

- J. R. C. Baillie : Piano, "Le Soir" Gliere
 K. J. Hanney and R. 1. G. Hale : Piano Duet, "Waltz" ... Zilcher
 Forms I and II : Song, "Fatherland's Psalm" Grieg
 C. C. Richardson, R. T. Lindsay, Miss Carnell :
 Piano Trio, "Valse Noble" Gurlitt
 D. M. Grant : Flute Solo, "Andante, Bouree, Minuet" ... Handel
 Accompanist : Miss Carnell.
 J. E. Carus-Wilson : Piano, "Humouresque" Poldini
 Violins I and II and Piano (R. T. Wood, Miss Powell, J. W.
 Sumsion) : 1st and 2nd Movements "Double Violin
 Concerto" Bach
 D. J. Knight : Piano, "The Towing Path"John Ireland
 M. R. F. Butlin : Piano, "Sarabande and Minuet" Bach
 Choir : "Brother James" Air (with descant by Gordon Jacob).

A LETTER FROM THE MINES.

It seems that I am quite settled down in this valley for the duration, or maybe longer. After four months' wait at home I was eventually called up and spent August in a Bevin Boy training centre. They didn't overwork us : for example, they allowed us altogether nine hours to learn how to use a spade ! I remembered the P.W. at Rendcomb, digging the trenches and the dash-track. The lectures given us on coal mining were very useful. The training was a gradual breaking in to the atmosphere of the mines. There were all types of people there—Bevin Boys aged anything up to 40. The older ones were mostly people who have volunteered out of the forces for various reasons. One volunteered out of the Navy to write a book (for once the shift is over the day is our own), another to be with his family, and another because he had been a pilot in the Air Force and had been grounded. There were two camps in this centre—those who had been balloted for the mines and who wanted to join the forces, and those who had opted out of the forces. All day there were violent arguments between them as to the merits and demerits of the mines and the forces. However, the month was soon finished, and we all found ourselves at different collieries over South Wales ready to start real work.

I have been here for six weeks now and am working at the coalface with another collier. This is an old pit with very little modern machinery underground. This probably means harder work, but I prefer it this way. Machinery makes a noise, and you can't hear if the roof or the coal face is ready to fall, so you get no warning. Furthermore, with machinery one would probably be doing the

same simple thing all the time. I am here for four months' further training, after which time I may move to another colliery. I suppose that after that time, if we have shown promise, we may be given a place of our own to work. Rather like qualifying for a commission! —a fully-fledged collier.

Of course down there it's dark and dusty ; what air you get has already been round part of the mine and is stale. It's hot and you're sweating most of the time ; maybe you have a low ceiling to work in. I actually have about 4ft. 6ins. Now these things all sound very terrible, but the truth is that as one gets used to them they become mere everyday things, and one doesn't think about them.

At the end of the shift, before setting out to the pit-bottom where the cages go up and down, we sometimes gather together— those in the immediate vicinity—and have a “concert.” We gather in one of the haulage roads where it is about twenty feet high, place our lamps in a row and screen them with our food boxes, and so make perfect stage lighting. Then one of us goes on to the “stage” with black face and black clothes and gives a one-act drama as we call it, or a monologue. (These are not always very polite.) We finish up by singing some of the Salvation Army hymn tunes, such as, “Bringing in the sheaves,” closely followed by “She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes,” or some such tune. And we do sing well, at least we all naturally fall into harmony, although I shan't say anything about the quality. Then we all go home, wash, and become respectable citizens once more.

This is a very narrow valley, about fifteen miles long and densely populated. Up till about twenty years ago it was a cul-de- sac. Now a road has been built at the end, crossing into the next valley, and a railway tunnel has been cut. On either side there are mountains, and it is nothing to see in the main streets, where the shops open and the buses run, a solitary mountain sheep walking calmly along. We get plenty of rain here, but since the weather underground is always the same, it makes little difference to me.

W. P. THOMAS.

GOLF—THE PUTTING COURSE.

It starts innocently enough—a few straight strips of grass with no more obstacles than occasional rose beds and a decorative flower pot which appears to have a singular attraction for golf balls. We manoeuvre past these successfully and complete the first four holes in nine. With heads held high and pride in our hearts we mount the steps to the fifth tee. The fifth hole is on a small piece of grass

with sloping terraces above and below, which are arranged with precision in such a way that the ball either goes up too far and rolls all the way back again, or fails to reach the top of the first. We leave this hole, rather flustered, and tee our ball for the sixth, which is a good forty yards away at the top of a grassy bank, with the Wilderness behind and a sand pit on the way. There is a multitude of courses for the ball to adopt here : it may land in the bushes or in the Park ; it may overshoot the hole and land in the undergrowth of the Wilderness, but in all probability we shall top our shot and the sand pit will receive it with open arms. Once we get it on to the grass above all is well, but by this time our score would do Hammond credit.

With diabolical ingenuity the seventh hole is arranged in such a manner that we may get bunkered again. We shall certainly leave it with our nerves severely disarranged. Though the course has eleven holes it is highly probable that we shall stop after the eighth ; the counter attractions are so great that the ball rarely deigns to land on that undulating slope, euphemistically termed the "Green." The bushes, the hollow tree stump, or the small pond below it all offer a last resting place for a golf ball, and it may take any of them. If we are lucky enough to possess another ball we continue -our game.

The ninth is a short, easy hole and playing it we regain our confidence, and we shall need it. For the next hole is far away beyond the cricket nets ; a Gym. window on the left and a Music Room window behind. We stand a good chance of hitting either of these, but we may just get tangled up in the nets ; or alternatively achieve the distinction of missing them all, in which case we shall hit some stone steps or a flower pot, and lose the ball completely. We play the last hole sadly and return indoors vowing solemnly to take up knitting.

D.G.K.

CRICKET.

The English winter, like Charles II, is "an unconscionable time a-dying," and only late in the cricket season did it finally sink to a dishonoured grave, depriving us of three weeks' cricket. The bad weather, combined with the lack of equipment in the nets, were factors which militated against a successful season, but which, nevertheless, were to some extent overcome. The lack of nets was especially acute for the juniors, who rely on them for much of their practice.

The First XI was far weaker than its predecessor, for lack of a reliable medium-paced bowler to maintain the attack. Nevertheless,

J. M. Murry and D. M. Grant bowled consistently well, the latter especially maintaining a good length. D. Montgomery provided intelligent and resourceful bowling in most games. B. W. Plenderleith, who last season was a very promising spin bowler, had a tendency to quicken his pace and consequently kept a very erratic length.

The batting, as a whole, though not lacking in skill, was deficient in spirit. Often the sudden fall of two or three wickets mesmerised succeeding batsmen and it was left to one or two individuals to retrieve our fortunes. The opening pair, D. M. Grant and N. P. Morris lacked sufficient range of strokes to be effective and D. H. Hill and B. W. Plenderleith rarely settled down. J. M. Murry played several valuable innings. D. Montgomery was probably the mainstay and had the virtue of adjusting his batting to the occasion. C. C. Richardson and C. J. N. Richardson combined audacity with eye, the latter especially making use of his excellent cover drive.

The fielding progressed with the season, but everyone should remember that anticipation is the hallmark of the good fielder, and that players should use their initiative instead of remaining like pieces on a chessboard.

The progress of the Junior game was the most gratifying aspect of the season. Three-figure scores were quite common and there was plenty of enthusiasm. It was very unfortunate that they could not get enough practice at the nets. It is to them that we look for future elevens instead of the middle school, whose apathy belies its own ability.

D. Montgomery proved a good captain not only on the field but, what is perhaps more important, off it. His organisation of the games in somewhat dispiriting circumstances was admirable.

Once again we owe a great debt to Mr. James, Mr. Neal and Mr. Knowles for their untiring work in the nets and on the field. It is to their coaching that we owe much of the success we achieve. Theirs is the unremitting task of producing results with inadequate equipment.

1st XI Results.

May 20th.—R.A.F. (Down Ampney), Home. Rendcomb 40 (Montgomery 13), and 28 ; R.A.F. 44 for 0 wks, dec., and 63 for 2 wks. Lost by ten wickets.

May 27th.—North Cerney, Home. Rendcomb 60 (Grant 26) ; North Cerney 55 (Murry 4 for 16). Won by 5 runs.

June 4th.—R.A.F. (Agricultural College), Home. R.A.F. 155 (Montgomery 7 for 47); Rendcomb 112 (Plenderleith 40, Richardson, J., 16 n.o.). Lost by 43 runs.

June 10th.—North Cerney, Home. N. Cerney 50 (Murry 4 for 7, Montgomery 3 for 16); Rendcomb 58 (Montgomery 19). Won by 8 runs.

July 16th.—R.A.F. (Agricultural College), Away. R.A.F. 141 for 8 wkts. decl. (Hale 3 for 19); Rendcomb 32. Lost by 109 runs.

“A” XI.

May 13th.—Cirencester Grammar School, Home. Rendcomb 47 ; C.G.S. 31 (Grant 4 for 13, Plenderleith 4 for 16). Won by 16 runs.

July 22nd.—Cirencester Grammar School, Away. Rendcomb 44; (Hale 12); C.G.S. 87 (Grant 8 for 38). Lost by 43 runs.

“Average 15” XI.

June 3rd.—Dean Close, Away. Dean Close 109 ; Rendcomb 37. Lost by 72 runs.

July 15th.—Dean Close, Away. Dean Close 165, Rendcomb 16. Lost by 149 runs.

Junior XI.

May 20th.—Cirencester Grammar School, Home. Rendcomb 33; C. G. S. 70. Lost by 37 runs.

July 8th.—Cirencester Grammar School, Away. C.G.S. 26; Rendcomb 42. Won by 16 runs.