

Rendcomb College Magazine.

JANUARY, 1926.

Some people think that the business of a school magazine is to act as a chronicle of events, chiefly for the use of Old Boys and friends of the School. But, besides endeavouring to fulfil this demand as completely as possible, it has to keep a much wider horizon before it. There are many who are not very interested in football matches, lectures, and other events, but who are very interested in the chief work of the school—the training of good citizens. For this reason a school magazine ought to show what the boys are thinking, and their outlook on the world and its problems. Even ordinary stories show what the tendency of a school is. A magazine is usually all a school has in which to express its ideas, ideals and opinions, and the development of its thought, work and pleasures. If it does not leave room for literary work and self-expression it is incomplete. Nor need its literary side be dull. If it is, then either the magazine is not representative, which is wrong, or there is something decidedly wrong with the school itself. A school magazine ought to be as humorous as a comic paper—and a good deal more humorous than most! —and

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as absorbing as the best periodicals. It ought to be interesting to anyone who chances to read it, and who does not know anything about the place from which it comes when he picks it up, but who would like to know more by the time he has read it through. This may be an ideal which we may as yet be far from attaining; but that ought not to discourage us.

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This term has been particularly interesting owing to the introduction of prefects into our system. We must make it quite clear to those who do not already know, that this does not mean that we have introduced what is commonly meant by the "Prefect System." The General Meeting, consisting of all those to whom it decided to allow the right of voting, still carries on as before, prefects merely filling in a gap otherwise left open, and bearing jointly the work and responsibility of former individual officials, such as the Clerk of Duties. As far as we can tell from one term's experience this new step in our development has taken place at just the right moment in our history, and has been, taking everything into consideration, very successful.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Three addresses were given at Sunday evening services last term by the Rev. M. De la Hey, Rector of North Cerney, the Rev. L. Westmacott, Vicar of Cirencester, and Mr. W. E. Urwick. Mr. Mackenzie spoke to the school at the end of term on The Big Brother Movement for emigration to Australia.

Miss Davies has been succeeded by Mrs. Collins, and Mr. Lucas is our new history master; to them both we offer our warmest welcome.

This term, too, we welcome Mr. Ferguson, who has come to teach French, and since he is here now we are glad he was not able to succeed Mrs. Osborne immediately, because in the interim we have made another good friend in Mr. Prior who retired from Cheltenham College in the Summer, and, until Christmas, came out every day by 'bus to take our French periods; he at once became a general favourite.

Early last term Miss De la Hey brought out a party of Country Dancers who delighted us with widely representative folk dances, excellently performed; Miss De la Hey added to our enjoyment by singing unaccompanied folk songs. Our enthusiasm was reawakened and forthwith, under the very able tuition of Miss De la Hey, we formed a class of twenty-four to learn country-dancing, and we are glad to say she does not think her time entirely wasted!

At present the shop is being run by Mrs. Simpson and Mr. Campling;

under their efficient management it has returned better profit; they are creating a high standard that will be helpful in the future when boys take over the shop again, and certainly the editor of the magazine is grateful to them for the increased revenue! The shop has been moved to the still-room; its old quarters have been converted into a drying room, so that games are possible on all wet days.

It has been found impossible after all to hold to our original plan for the Fresh Air Fund; boys cannot be sent to us for the day. In consequence the subscriptions of present members of the College have been returned, and the residue—£3 4s. 8½d.—has been sent to the Headquarters of the Fresh Air Fund in London. A new subscription list will be opened shortly for the Home of St. Francis, Batcombe, Dorset.

Two chairs and a table, made by Soles, Baxter and White respectively, are attractive additions to the furniture of the hall; the table, a really beautiful piece of work, has been much admired, but it is a pity that careful workmanship should be marred by the difficulty of buying seasoned wood.

For a fortnight last term we enjoyed sledging on frozen slopes, and sliding; for three days, too, we were able to sledge on snow; but we have not yet discovered a run that is not impeded by a hedge or ditch or brook. The lake was frozen over, but not sufficiently for skating.

Ichabod! Ichabod! Files have yielded place to note-books!

PERSONAL NOTES.

H. Jones is now a student-teacher at L'Ecole Normales, Evreux, Eure.

R. Hussell is working with Messrs. Duck, Son and Pinker at Bristol.

H. P. Smallman is a pupil-teacher at Chepstow.

J. Phillips is working with Messrs. Lister, Engineers, at Dursley.

D. Terrett is working in a stock-broker's office in London.

D. Cooper is entering the service of the Blue Funnel Line (Alfred Holt and Co.), as apprentice.

H. I. Barwell is shortly starting work with Messrs. Macey and Co., Motor Agents and Engineers, London.

We congratulate H. Hook on having three of his poems accepted by the editors of "Poetry of To-day." One of them appears in this magazine.

Addresses of former members of : he College can be obtained from the Headmaster or the Secretary.

A FEW SAD ENDS.

I.

Dear Arth*r was a charming boy,
No nicer could be found;
His heart was great, his form was, too:

His whole, a perfect round.
And Arth*r did quite well at school,
Was ev'rybody's friend,
But when he left—I weep to tell
His miserable end.
Arth*r made the whole world laugh
Till ev'rybody cried,
And such a sight broke Arth*r's heart
He pin'd too thin and died.

II.

Alas! I weep to tell the tale
How P**l*y liv'd and died:
He could not pass a Greek exam.
However hard he tried.
And so, he ceased his chosen way,
His halo laid aside:
He sought For nought
But praise from men
And sad it is to say,
He died a dreadful death because
He chose "The Other Way."

III.

Beware! all ye who leave this school
Of what you do, I pray,
Or you may perish like poor T*m
Did but the other day.
He made himself a steeple-jack
And Clifton Bridge did scale,
But slipp'd into the Avon
And was swallow'd by a whale.

IV.

D*n C**p*r to great things aspired
And left to go to sea;
He fought the foe, one gun he fired—
It answered R. I. P.

V.

Most sad of all these ends to tell ~
Is that of him who wrote these verses,
Needless to say, *he* ended well—
In spite of ev'rybody's curses.

D. D. C.

RENDCOMB CHURCH.

III. —GLASS.

Although much of the coloured glass in Rendcomb Church is comparatively modern, and very ugly, there is still some of the original glass which was put in when the present building was erected. This old glass was probably made at the same place from which the beautiful glass of Fairford Church came, and is usually considered to be the surplus left over from its windows. As both churches (as we have already seen) were probably built about the same time, and very likely by the same architect, certainly at the cost of the same family, the theory is very probable, and it is borne out by the similar characteristics of the figures found at both Fairford and Rendcomb.

Originally all the windows were filled with coloured glass, but in the Civil War the Puritans left very little. Here and there, particularly in the tracery of nearly every window, small pieces have survived. Finely pictured little figures in silver grey—so rare now!—lighted up by golden tints, also rare, can be found in various places. In the tracery of the East window there are angels bearing the signs of the Passion. In a window by the organ there is an old man in a monkish habit, and one wearing a helmet, illuminating what was probably meant for a missal.

On the North side in the window nearest the tower can be seen in the tracery, reading from left to right, St. Sebastian and a dark skinned lady in a satin dress. St. Clement (in the next window) wearing a triple crown and St. Apollonia. In the third window there is the Virgin and Child, enthroned, and St. Christopher.

In 1847 an unsuccessful attempt was made to restore the old glass; the imitation only served to show more clearly the beauty of the original.

In the centre window on the North side there is much old glass, and the figure of Jacob in the centre light has been restored. In the West light there are the initials "E. T.," probably those of Sir Edmund Tame, who built the church. Here and there are the heads of demons similar to those at Fairford. All three lights of this window consist chiefly of the original glass, which is in very little order, but is probably a medley of glass collected together after the Puritans had visited the village.

In the windows on each side of this are some medallions of excellent Flemish glass, about two hundred years old. They portray, in the left hand window, Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness, Jacob about to sacrifice his son Isaac, and the two Apostles, St. Peter and St. James; in the right hand window are pictured the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the first miracle at the marriage feast at Cana, and the presentation before Herod of St. John's head on the charger. These little scenes are very beautifully drawn, and show in strong contrast against the loud, objectionable pictures in the window at the West end of the South aisle. It is a great pity they are so difficult to see; at present they are too high up to enable one to study them closely. They would also look better on the South side, where they would benefit from the sun shining behind them.

On the new glass we need not dwell. It is similar to that of so many other churches. It is fortunate that it is not more prominent than it is.

D. D. CHRISTIE.

The following criticism of last term's play, written by Mrs. Allan Harker, is reprinted by kind permission of the Editor of the *Wilts and Gloucestershire Standard*; —

THE RENDCOMB PLAY.

SCENES FROM "THE CHRISTMAS CAROL" OF CHARLES DICKENS.

The true test of the worth of a play is if after it is over you feel that for a brief space you have been caught up into another world. That world may have been grim, fantastic, romantic, or purely comic. But if, as the curtain fall together for the last time, you come back to the present with a sort of wrench, that play has had its own atmosphere. The scenes given at Rendcomb from the famous "Christmas Carol" were full of atmosphere and of period, too, which sometimes is almost equally difficult to produce.

The play opened with Scrooge's office, Scrooge and his clerk sitting at their respective desks, with two lighted candles on each, in a room so grim and bare and cold-looking that in spite of the warm, comfortable auditorium one really shivered.

A. Wilcox, as Scrooge, gave a masterly and somewhat new reading of the part. He was not only the curmudgeon, mean, miserly and bullying, that one usually associates with the part of Scrooge: he had all these unpleasant vices, but he had them in a curiously deadly form. He was so quiet, he looked rather pathetic, and yet he gave a picture of unloved and unlovely old age that was as subtle as

it was strong. His voice was extraordinarily convincing and well sustained.

There were, in all, nine short scenes: —Scrooge's office; outside Scrooge's house; Scrooge's chamber; a school-room Christmas past; Fezziwig's office, Christmas past; the Cratchit's house, Christmas present; a rag shop, Christmas to come; a churchyard, Christmas to come; Scrooge's office, Christmas present.

Six of these scenes deal with Scrooge's dream, and in five of them he had to stand at the side, outside the stage proper, watching his dreams, without in any way interfering with the action on the stage. This he did admirably, for although always restrained, he showed how the various scenes moved him. And in the last scene of all he suffers a complete change of heart, his voice changed also and was the emotional broken voice of a hysterically, happy old man.

T. Price, as Bob Cratchit, was not quite so successful with his voice, which remained unmistakably young and fresh, but his gestures were free and expressive; and in the Christmas dinner scene with his family round him he kept things going in a wonderful way. C. Nicholson, as Mrs. Cratchit, in spite of a somewhat youthful appearance, considering her large family, was really motherly. You believed in her goose and her pudding. It was a jolly scene, this Christmas dinner at the Cratchit's, very natural and full of *tempo*, when it might so easily have dragged and been heavy. Tiny Tim did his little part beautifully, and it was not his fault that at Rendcomb people as young as the Dickens Tim are not yet admitted to the school.

A. J. Davis, as Mr. Fezziwig, made

the very best of a small part, and has the makings of a good comedian. The scene in Fezziwig's office was a delightful one, where the apprentices, W. M. Tugwell and W. E. Bardrick, with two maids, A. C. Wager and C. H. Nawton, and a quite adorable Mrs. Fezziwig (whose name I cannot find), danced Sir Roger de Coverley, and danced it uncommonly well. H. I. Barwell, as Scrooge's nephew, played well and easily, and looked handsome in his Early Victorian clothes. As the ghost of Marley, D. D. Christie was dignified and impressive and beautifully distinct. The scene in the rag shop was admirably-staged, and really did make one's flesh creep. All were good, but H. Phillips as Mrs. Mildew gave a particularly clever presentation of a horrible woman.

It was a large cast, and everyone deserves recognition, for all did their very best, and a good best, too. During the short intervals between each scene, K. J. Morgan, F. Knefel, R. Townsend, A. P. Browning, C. V. J. Taylor, J. Allen, J. C. Maslin, N. Durham, B. Langdon-Davies and C. Eyles sang most delightful carols with great charm. The singing did a great deal towards the production of the Dickens atmosphere and was most enjoyable.

Among the minor characters, C. Price stands out for his rendering of little Ebenezer Scrooge at school; he was a really pathetic figure and one remembers him, although he was only on the stage for a few minutes. F. C. Raggatt was natural and easy as Mr. Cheerly.

One thing is particularly striking in all the plays they do at Rendcomb, and that is that there are no long waits

and that the prompter's office appears to be a sinecure; also, that the plays are always short and leave you wishing there was more to come. A large gathering of parents and friends thoroughly enjoyed a really artistic and unusual treat.

N.B.—J. B. Harrison as Mrs. Fezziwig was, unfortunately, not mentioned on the programme.

ACTING,

There has been very little acting during the past term. There were several charades, but the only acting, excepting, of course, "The Christmas Carol" at the end of the term, was a performance by members of Forms I. and II., and "Grand Guignol," and a scene in a cinema studio called "Flaming Passions" acted by members of Forms VI., V., and IV. The most successful of these performances was "Flaming Passions." There was not much art, but there was plenty of farce, and after "Grand Guignol," which was too difficult for the conditions, it came as a relief to many of the audience.

It is to be hoped that by next season Form II. will take a greater part in acting than they have hitherto, and that they will do as much as possible by themselves, and reproduce their characters according to their own individual interpretations. At present acting is bound to suffer owing to the difference in ages between Forms IV. and III. and Form II. Next year, however, this difficulty ought to be past.

D. D. C.

MEETING NEWS.

The history of the Meeting during the past term necessarily involves a reference to various important, though necessarily permanent, changes in our general organisation. For a number of reasons, principally, of course, the fact that we vary so widely in age, it has been found advisable to restrict Membership of the Meeting to the boys who have passed through the two lowest Forms. There is also now for the first time in the history of the College a body of Prefects who, in addition to their other duties, are responsible for seeing that the rules of the Meeting are kept by younger boys. It has followed inevitably that the business of both the Meeting and the Council has shrunk in quantity, and become in some respects less interesting. Another fact that has contributed to the decrease in business is that the chief Committees have been working smoothly and efficiently, and their policy has not been often disputed.

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Undeniably there was a danger lest the General Meeting in its legislation might not always adequately consider the interests of the junior forms. But this has not actually proved a serious difficulty; and in the solitary case of anything like oppressive legislation, a reputation from the younger boys was able to secure most of what they desired.

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One interesting development has been the desire of Forms II. and I., though excluded from the General Meeting, to have at least some collective control over their own members.

After hearing that one or two rather unsatisfactory Form Meetings had been held, the General Meeting appointed two of its number to act as chairmen of the junior Form Meeting with power to preserve order.

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Among the more interesting pieces of business may be mentioned the decision to embark upon a far more ambitious programme of cricket matches next season. This policy is only possible because the levelling of the cricket ground has been taken in hand with the most favourable prospects. The winter games have been well managed, though there was, perhaps, too little variety until the frost made its appearance. The Selection Committee evidently enjoyed the confidence of the Meeting.

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The work of the Council, like that of the Meeting, fell off considerably in quantity, but its decisions carried no less weight than before, and the latter, whether penal or not (and especially, perhaps, when they were not), have proved on occasion the one effective way of teaching manners.

[J. H. S.]

PERSEPOLIS.

Persepolis is ruined; all
The towers that reached the heavens lie
low,
But still the spirits linger there
Of mighty Kings of long ago.

The lion and the lizard couch
Where many a noble captive bowed,
The night-owl shrieks her wild despair
From minarets that once were proud.

The phantom of Jámshyd may yet .
Walk through his ruined halls of gold,
And down the night breeze sound the
 plaint
Of Kaikobád, great king of old.

But they are gone, and of their pomp
Nor sign nor trace remains to show.
Kings, city, glory—all are sunk
To memories of long ago.

H₃

THE BELLS.

“ ’Tis sweet to hear the distant bells
Come chiming o’er the lea;
And Merriment or Heaviness
May in their voices be. ”

“ I have rejoiced to hear their sound ”
(And would rejoice e’en now,
But cannot, for the wretched things
Are making such a row).

Pity, I beg, the Poet, who
With none too ready quill
Is plying all his “gentle art”
His empty purse to fill.

Dark thoughts of vengeance fill my mind
Too grim to be related;
The kindest is, that ringers all
Should be assassinated.

Let’s try again, “ Their music sweet
Makes all my being thrill. ”
(My present attitude of joy
Suggests I’m feeling ill).

We’ll change the metre round a bit
“ The peasant in his humble cot
Hears them and listens joyfully. ”
(That last line is mere tommy-rot.)

“ Sweet voices of the long dead years”
(A horrid noise! I’m glad they’re dead—
Oh! there they go again—and worse.
I can’t write verse. I’ll go to bed!)

H₃

THE PROBLEM.

Sir Edward was sitting at his writing desk, smoking a cigar in the room which he called his study. It had just struck nine o’clock, and Mr. Redburn, his secretary and confidential adviser, had gone out for the evening. He was alone in the house except for his old deaf housekeeper who was downstairs, probably reading a book, or knitting socks for charity. Sir Edward was pleased with his cigar, and, above all, with himself. In about ten days’ time the great revolution which he had been planning all his life was due to commence. The final consignment of guns and ammunition had arrived last week and had been distributed. Yet for all that he had a lurking fear at the back of his brain that something was going wrong. He had not been sitting there long before he was aware that somebody was in the room, and turning round he saw a man dressed in a grey cloak, his head and face covered with a cowl like that of the Klu Klux Klan. The man did not move: he stood there with his arms folded, and Sir Edward felt that the eyes behind those shadowed slits were sifting the very foundations of his soul. He felt hypnotised, but being by no means a coward he asked the man to sit down in the most comfortable chair he could find, and having offered him a cigar which was refused, he asked what he could do for him.

The stranger replied in a deep rich voice which somehow Sir Edward expected, perhaps from the size of the guest or the sombre garb in which he was clad.

“You have heard, no doubt, ” he said, “of the Four Grey Councillors and their brotherhood, and the cause for which they stand. You may perhaps have noted the disappearance of

certain famous anarchists such as yourself who have met with strange accidents. From your face you appear not to have realised how closely you've been watched these last weeks, but in point of fact, we have preferred to leave action till now. We demand that you give us all your documents, plans, and other papers, now, and pay the penalty of a traitor to God and your king."

"May I ask," interrupted Sir Edward without a tremor in his voice, "what that penalty is, and if you will join me in a whisky and soda?"

"In answer to your second question I should be only too pleased, and I will explain the penalty over our drinks."

Sir Edward moved to the sideboard as if to fetch two drinks, and noting that his guest's attention was attracted by his fine collection of pottery in which, as everybody knows, Sir Edward is a connoisseur, he made a spring for the door and opened it, only to find another similar figure with folded arms in command of the doorway.

"By the way," drawled his guest, from his easy chair, "you might look out of the window and see if you can see a car anywhere about."

Sir Edward obeyed, and on drawing back the curtain which hung before the window, the weather being cold, he saw another similarly garbed man.

"Never mind," remarked his guest patronisingly, "I made allowances for any attempt to escape. I even went so far as to cut the telephone wires. Yes, that's enough soda-water, thank you."

Sir Edward, realising that escape was impossible, returned to his seat armed with two drinks, misgivings in his heart.

There was a pause.

"The penalty is death," remarked the stranger in a perfectly unemotional voice. "Will you please get that pack of cards from the table drawer over there?"

Sir Edward obeyed with a start. "Why! this man knows better than I do where I keep my cards!" he thought.

The stranger was standing looking into the fire, and just by the table Sir Edward knew there was the switch which worked the secret panel. At a deft touch the panel slid back, only to reveal another man similarly garbed. Sir Edward gasped, while his guest remarked with a smile. "We have a full house, to-night, eh Sir Edward? Never mind, but while you're over there you might get those cards."

Sir Edward obeyed with more alacrity than he was wont to display.

The guest took the cards and the three other strangers came in and sat round the table. The pack having been duly shuffled by Sir Edward they cut, and the keeper of the secret panel drew highest. Having returned the cards to the pack the other two withdrew, and the first guest, producing a small automatic revolver from somewhere under his garb, gave it to the panel stranger, at the same time taking off his grey cowl.

Addressing the stranger he said, "It is, I think, seven years since you saw your father whom you think dead, but you now behold him in living flesh, not as the man you used to know, but as a leader of the greatest anarchist movement in the world" With these words he left the room.

The stranger, who was a young man of about thirty, blanched under the shock, and Sir Edward, steadying himself against the mantelpiece, gasped, "My son; is it possible? —I thought *you* were dead!"

“ It is only too true, ” replied the stranger.

It was then that the real terror of the situation dawned upon the young man. If he obeyed, he had to shoot his own father. If he disobeyed the Society would shoot him and his wife and children....

He raised the revolver....

At the sound of the shot the first guest entered the room with a grim smile, to find Sir Edward with his face contorted with grief, supporting in his arms the dead body of his son.

M. GLEESON-WHITE.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Christmas Term.

**SEPTEMBER 26TH. —RENDCOMB COLLEGE
v. MR. SIMPSON'S XI. HOME.
WON, 8—3.**

For the first match the team played quite well together. Unfortunately, Mr. Simpson's XI. was rather weaker than usual.

**OCTOBER 3RD. —RENDCOMB COLLEGE v.
SWINDOWN TECHNICAL SCHOOL.
HOME. LOST, 1—3.**

Although we lost by a margin of two goals, this match was one of the best of the term. The team played together well, and finished up hard. Davis, at right back, succeeded in stopping many dangerous “ rushes ” on the part of the opposing forwards, and in spite of their greater size, managed to kick well up the wing.

**OCTOBER 10TH. —RENDCOMB COLLEGE v.
WYCLIFFE COLLEGE. AWAY.
WON, 3—2.**

Everyone was in good form, and our win was quite unexpected. Against a decidedly heavier side the team played well. However, after

White had scored his third goal there was a tendency to slacken the pace, which had hitherto been fast, and although we then seemed to have the game in our favour it was a dangerous policy.

**OCTOBER 17TH. —RENDCOMB COLLEGE v.
DEAN CLOSE SCHOOL. HOME.
LOST, 1—10.**

After the Wycliffe match this game was disappointing. The forwards were unable to keep the ball long enough to shoot properly. The defence was not as sound as before, chiefly through the inability of the centre-half to mark the Dean Close centre-forward. Even allowing for our definite inferiority the score does not quite represent the run of the game's play, as several mediocre shots were let through by the goal-keeper, which had a disheartening effect on the rest of the team.

**OCTOBER 24TH. —RENDCOMB COLLEGE v.
CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL.
AWAY. WON, 3—1.**

As we were without our customary centre-forward the team had to be considerably altered and, as the result showed, we benefited from the new formation. It was encouraging to see that, although Cheltenham was first to score, everyone played harder than ever. Dainton's excellent centres along the ground considerably influenced the result. Dakin, who came up from left-back to centre-half, seemed to have found his right place and was able to make up for the weakness at right-half.

**OCTOBER 31ST. —RENDCOMB COLLEGE v.
RENDCOMB ATHLETIC. HOME.
WON, 8—3.**

For the first half of the game the play was very evenly divided, and at the interval the score was 2—2.

little later the forwards combined well and scored five goals in succession, Except for this short period the game was fairly even.

NOVEMBER 7TH. —RENDCOMB COLLEGE v. RENDCOMB ATHLETIC. HOME. WON, 14—1.

The return match was rather disappointing, and as the score shows, very unequal. The whole team took advantage of our opponents' weakness. White shot consistently "first-time," and in all scored seven goals.

NOVEMBER 21ST. —RENDCOMB COLLEGE v. DEAN CLOSE SCHOOL. AWAY. LOST, 1—5.

The return match at Cheltenham was very different from the game at home. For the first twenty minutes we were pressing, and weak shooting was the only reason why we were unable to score. Towards the end of the second half the Dean Close centre-forward was successful with three good shots. During the last ten minutes of the game the team rallied and were rather unlucky not to score. Our opponents were a much superior team and had the advantage in weight and speed.

Hard frost prevented. three matches, against Wycliffe College, Cheltenham Grammar School, and Swindon Technical School, from being played. They have all, however, been arranged for this term.

SECOND ELEVEN.

OCTOBER 7TH. —RENDCOMB COLLEGE 2ND XI. v. CORINTH COLLEGE. HOME. LOST, 1—5. Considering that this was the first occasion on which the Second Eleven played together and that they were

playing against a considerably heavier team they gave a quite creditable performance. The forwards, on the whole, lacked dash, while the backs did not keep their positions sufficiently well.

NOVEMBER 18TH. —RENDCOMB COLLEGE v. KING'S SCHOOL. AWAY. LOST, 1—5.

This match was lost entirely owing to lack of dash and energy during the first half. Some of the team who had not played for the school before completely lost their heads and seemed paralysed when the ball came near them. Gleeson-White, Honeybone, Elwell and Smallwood played well. If the others had shown the same determination the match might have been won.

NOVEMBER 18TH. —RENDCOMB COLLEGE 2ND XI. v. CORINTH COLLEGE. AWAY. LOST, 0—4.

The team played very much better. In spite of their disadvantage in weight the forwards, who played more together than before, were several times unlucky not to score. The halves were not as sound as usual, and the backs extremely uncertain.

DECEMBER 9TH. —RENDCOMB COLLEGE 2ND XI. v. KING'S SCHOOL. HOME. DRAWN, 2—2.

It was very gratifying to see the second XI. hold their own. The forwards played splendidly; they combined well, but, unfortunately, the shooting was wild at times. The defence, with the exception of Hook, tackled feebly, often being content to amble by the side of an opponent without attempting to rob him of the ball. Smallwood, in goal, kept up his high standard.

R. G. D.

PAVILION FUND.

The Committee, who made their appeal through the last number of the Magazine, feel that the response has been most encouraging. Although their appeal did not reach Old Boys, parents and friends of the College till after the beginning of the term, the amount already subscribed (apart from promises) is roughly £60. It is a cause of particular gratification to the Committee that this total is made up of a considerable number of donations ranging from £5 to one shilling and is not the result of only a few comparatively large gifts. It is hoped that it may soon be possible to give detailed consideration to the questions what kind of building can be erected, and what is the most suitable site.

At the same time there is still a large sum of money to be raised if we are to get to work in the spring, and we again ask all who are interested to help us by sending sums large or small to the Headmaster or the Hon. Treasurer. We make the appeal all the more confidently because so many people have already expressed their sympathy with our object.

The contributors include the following:—

The Headmaster, Mrs. Simpson, The General Meeting, R. Richings, Dr. Gladstone, K. T. Gemmell, H. P. Smallman, C. Jones, Mrs. Taylor, Dr. Sanger, H. L. Theobald, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Evans, G. F. Johnson, H. Barwell, Mrs. Raggatt, Mrs. Riviere, Mrs. Allen, N. B. C. Lucas, R. G. Davis, W. C. Smallwood, Mrs. Sinnott, P. R. Dainton, Mrs. Dainton, Mrs. Christie, Mrs. Morgan (Whitcombe), H. Terrett, B. H. Clarke, Mrs. Leigh-Mallory, W. W. Field, F. G. Dakin, J. Eyles, Mrs. Townsend, F. Bunce, J. W.

Wells, Mrs. Price (Henbury), W. H. Page, F. and Mrs. Butler, H. I. S. Bendixson, Capt. Nelson, H. Jones, L. C. Schiller, A. Roberts, T. Price, E. A. Durham, W. C. Maslin, Mrs. Harrison, H. J. Newman, F. Jones, Miss Jukes, Mrs. Eyles (Berkeley), Mrs. Baxter, Miss R. F. Butler, Mrs. Soles, Mrs. Honeybone, Mrs. Parsons, The Rev and Mrs. Stradling, J. H. Leycester, D. C. Terrett, N. B. Nicholson, Mrs. Webster, C. A. Campling, Mrs. Brown, P. Gardiner, Mrs. Newport, Miss Newport, North Group, Mrs. Weaver, Mrs. Phillips, E. C. Elwell, C. H. Perkins, F. Greenway, East Group, Mrs. Stanley, South Group, T. Bardrick.

J. H. SIMPSON.
R. RICHINGS,
I. C. BELL, Hon. Sec.
R. H. NEWPORT, Hon. Treas.
A. SMITH,
R. G. DAUBENY.

THE ENTERTAINMENTS COMMITTEE.

As the number of boys in the school increases so the difficulties of the Entertainments Committee increase. When we were a community of about forty it was comparatively easy to arrange entertainments; now we have sixty boys it is far more difficult. Acting is the only occupation which draws together boys of all ages. The acting this term has been chiefly undertaken by boys in Forms III., II. and I. Form IV. have done very little; the upper forms can be excused on the ground of work. Maybe in future it would be better for the Committee to concentrate on providing amusements for the younger people only. We should gain, perhaps, in their quality, but the inevitable loss would be in the esprit-de-corps which so far has been a notable feature of our organised evening amusement

F. C.

THE BARBER.

A most agreeable, benevolent, honest, but at the same time, inquisitive fellow is an English barber. I mean the average man one meets with in any town haircutter's within three hundred miles of London. For some reason barbers are all the same. They pretend that they are very concerned about your welfare: they are hypocrites.

Yet you are reliant on them. One morning you arise and find your hair needs cutting. Then you consider you have had enough experience of the barber's inquisitiveness to know that any secret will most certainly leak out in conversation with him; you, therefore, don't go. Within the next three weeks, however, you realise that you must eventually face your foe, for on looking in the mirror you find that your hair has grown like a poet's.

Your face set with determination, you enter the shop with cheerful indifference. You lay your hat upon a chair, and wait. The barber is talking agreeably with someone else. Judging from their conversation; he is certainly the barber's oldest friend with whom he has accidentally met. At last the client rises, and prepares to go. It is really pathetic to see the barber at this parting. Tears have almost gathered in his eyes. The "Good-day!" which escapes his lips is full of pain. When he sees you, however, the change is wonderful. His eye brightens, his tongue is loosed. You feel thankful to have been such a cheer to him at a time of loss, and your sympathy at once goes out to him. He greets you like an old

friend. The haircutting is, of course, only a minor detail. Your hair is long, he says, and should have been cut before. You need hair-grease and scalp massage, and hair stimulant. He then remarks on the weather. A fine day, but cold. What could be more agreeable? He trusts the cold has not affected your family? your wife? And how is business? How really sympathetic he is! It is time you said something. You do. You say that business is pretty well, and you end by telling him everything you can think of about it, and by confiding in him. Five minutes later you emerge from the establishment—a broken, bitter man—realising that your secrets have been extracted from you; that in the same place, for many weeks to come, you and your affairs will be tossed from mouth to mouth, tossed, in fact, upon the billows of public opinion. The fact that your hair is cut does not give you the least comfort.

E. WEBSTER.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The Librarian gratefully acknowledges the gift of *The Forest* by John Galsworthy, Selections of Rupert Brooke's poetry, *Lawn Tennis Lessons* by Eustace Miles, Palgrave's *Children's Treasury of English Song*, and two volumes of *William*.

Other additions are Swinburne's *Study of Shakespeare*, Compton-Rickett's *History of English Literature*, Saintsbury's *Manual of English Prosody*, Trollope's *Barchester Towers*, Bronte's *Wuthering Heights*, Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, Reade's *Martyrdom of Man*, Marriott's *Eng-*

lish Political Institutions, Volumes I. and II. of the *History of Herodotus*, and *The Glory That Was Greece*.

Apart from “specialist” books, the general reading last term covered a wide selection of authors and subjects, and although some hardy annuals requiring little effort of appreciation show no signs of withering, a number of rare blooms were in demand. Poetry, and short stories that do not rely entirely upon exciting incident, have come more into their own. The Carnegie book-box was not of special help to us last term; some of the books in it we have in our library, others we have read before, and a few were entirely unsuited to our requirements; but our own new books of fiction have been very popular.

THE LIBRARIAN.

**RENDCOMB COLLEGE
AUTUMN
TERM EXAMINATION
PAPER.**

(Candidates are earnestly requested not to answer more questions than they know.)

1. Give the context of the following:
 - (a) Please sir, may I have my wages?
 - (b) “Tell me the old, old story!”
(in song).
 - (c) I never get tired of listening to anyone on the staff.
 - (d) There are many kinds of apples.
 - (e) That’s a fallacy.
2. Write an essay on Marmalade.
3. (a) If an order is given in the Manual Room at the be

ginning of the term, when will it be completed? (Illustrate by a graph.)

- (b) If a cold is worth one sulphur tablet and two cough lozenges, what is the price of hot lemon-and-honey?
4. Show how the Encyclopaedia Britannica can fail as a help in essay writing. Give examples.
5. What do you associate with the following? With what intonation should they be delivered? (To be done by old as well as by present boys): —
 - (1) “I’ll say no more.”
 - (2) “Now hadn’t Bartley Fallon great venom in him?”
 - (3) “Where were you, John?”
 - (4) “Victoria, Victoria, I’m surprised at you!”
 - (5) “He says nothing.”
 - (6) “Mayn’t I stay at home and have a tutor?”
 - (7) “The God Dionysus...”
 - (8) “You emulate the wild ass.”
 - (9) “Why, Christmas Day!”
 - (10) “Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of body or mind....”
 - (11) “Mother made the gravy hot and Peter mashed the potatoes.”
 - (12) “A history in all men’s lives, figuring the nature of the times deceased”

THE EMPTY BOX.

On board the pirate ship, "Grey Ghost," the smugglers were making Merry—Black Roger, the captain, Daredevil Dick, and Bull Fisher.

Black Roger said: "Dick, you know that we have not much money. We must capture a ship, or the men will rebel. This fool"—and he kicked Bull Fisher—"will rebel, too, or I am much mistaken!" So the matter was settled.

The next morning they sighted a ship lying becalmed. They drew up to it, and then there began a fierce fight. The pirates won, although they lost many men. On board was a stowaway, who was taken prisoner, Stakey, a seaman, stepped forward and stabbed the stowaway in the back. He gave one loud, last cry, and shouted: "This box contains buried treasure, and——" and died. Roger at once stepped forward, drew a pistol, and shot Stakey dead before he had time to move. Then he went down the gangway and searched the cabin, but found nothing save the captain's big silver-plated ebony box. He just opened this a little way and saw inside diamonds and rubies, sapphires and opals, emeralds and amethysts, and all kinds of coins, from a gold sovereign to a copper mite. He shut down the lid, and hid the box on the "Grey Ghost," for he meant to keep it for himself. However, he soon found that the treasure preyed upon his mind. He dreamed about it and he kept on associating it with a "Grey Ghost," the namesake of his ship. Wherever he went he seemed to see a tall grey man in long grey robes carrying the ebony box with silver decorations in his hands. He kept on

thinking that the grey man said to him in a ghostly voice, "The box will kill you, the box will kill you!"

At last, one dark night, when they were off the Wild West coast of Scotland, near their old smugglers' cave on the coast of Skye, he took the box, and with one look at it threw it into the sea. As he did so a dreadful moan rose and fell in the night, seeming to surround the ship. It was so dreadful that the seamen came running up the gangway with blanched faces. They found their captain staring at the place where he had thrown the box. As they watched, a grey, ghostly figure arose from the water, and aimed a javelin at Black Roger. As he saw it he gave a loud cry, and fell on the deck. The ghost ran swiftly across the water in the light of the moon. They saw it go into their cave and disappear. The next day Roger recovered and set sail for the East, away from that dreadful place; but in the night a dreadful storm sprang up and they were driven north until they came to a land of ice they had never seen before. So they landed, and found fresh water in a pool, and they had just filled four barrels, and Black Roger was just drinking a beaker full when out of the water rose the grey figure, and again the cry came over the water, rising and falling on the still air. Roger turned and fled, but the figure threw a javelin and hit him on the arm, then fled, moaning.

Roger lay in a fever for many days, for the javelin was poisoned. When he recovered he set sail for the west, and sailed in among the ice floes off Northern Scandinavia. He and his mates went inland, and came to the mountains, which ascended higher and higher, until they seemed to reach the sky. Roger climbed them, and at last

found water in a most unlikely place, in a pool coming out of a cave. He filled a tin and drank, and then a dreadful moan came out of the cave, exactly like that of the "Grey Ghost" of the box, and when Roger heard it he turned and fled. It was wonderful that he was not killed, for the side was steep and stony, and he set a huge boulder rolling that narrowly missed Dick's head. But out of the cave came the "Grey Ghost," old and shrivelled now, with javelins in his hands, and behind him such a devil that mortal had never seen. Roger, looking over his shoulder, saw the devil breathing forth fire, and he let out such a dreadful yell that all those who heard him quaked. The men helped him on to the "Grey Ghost," and they set sail for Skye. On the way Roger was so ill that the ship's doctor did not expect him to live, but at last he recovered. They reached Skye and landed, and made a camp, but Roger avoided the cave, for he said that these meetings with the Grey Ghost had unnerved him. This was easy to see, for he who had been a brave man was now poor and weak, and his face was lined and seamed.

One day several of them went exploring, Roger amongst them. They came to a high cliff and half-way down they saw a huge bird, white and brown, lying dead on a ledge. Roger volunteered to go down and get it. A long rope was tied round him, and he was let down; but as he descended, the bird disappeared, and, instead, a cavern opened; from within came again that cry, only this time it had a note of happiness in it. Roger was let down into the cavern, for his mates did not know that the bird had gone, and he disappeared. After a time one

of his companions looked over, and saw, instead of the cavern, the ledge, and on it the *empty box*.

D. FIELD (Form II.).

THE BLACK BAG.

It was an ordinary, common, everyday cloth bag. But—it bulged mysteriously in several places. Moreover, it was black. Combine the two circumstances with the fact that it was bound tightly round at the top with cord, and the mystery that enshrouds it is a sure attraction for the curious. It had no possible owner near as it reposed, so obviously unattended, on the Park seat.

Small wonder, then, that presently a little boy crept stealthily up to investigate, and, after the manner of the Great Detective to find a clue wherewith to pierce the mystery. He first of all eyed it askance, making sure that nobody noticed. Then he sidled up to the seat and sat down. It was not long before he began, with fluttering heart, to fondle the cord and eventually it came apart in his hands. But with the ideal of the Great Detective ever before him he gave a cursory glance around, although his fingers were twitching to open the bag.

His luck was out; for there approached, eyes on ground, an old man stumping along with a tapering stick. With a look of startled guilt the boy crept behind a neighbouring tree wondering if he had been seen. No, he had not. With a grunt, the old man shouldered the bag, stuffed into it another lot of waste paper collected from behind the seat, and passed on.

A. W.