

Rendcomb College Magazine.

MAY, 1927.

Vol. 1. No. 7.

NOTICE.

The time has come, the Editor believes, to be polite but very firm! because the Magazine really must be paid for. Subscriptions are due at the beginning of each academic year, that is, in September, not at the end, in July; and as the endowment for the magazine is very small, belated subscriptions mean a yearly deficit until the first number for the next year is being prepared. Therefore, will subscribers kindly send now their subscriptions—4s. 6d. —for the year ending July, 1927, and be prepared to send in September their subscriptions for the year ending July, 1928.

It has been suggested that some subscribers might care to compound their subscriptions and become life subscribers by a payment of £2 10s. Obviously it will be necessary to limit the number of such patrons; and should the cost of the magazine be reduced the balance of their money would be returned. Cheques should be made payable to the Editor.

PERSONAL NOTES.

We were extremely sorry to have to spend another term without Mrs. Simpson, but we hope to welcome her back before long.

Mr. Shimmin was married to Miss E. M. Whittington at St. Michael's, Cornhill, London, on April 19th. They have our very best wishes for their future happiness.

B. J. Brooks writes from Duxford, Cambridge, where he is continuing his training in the Royal Air Force.

P. Elwell has left to take up his apprenticeship with the Great Western Railway Company at Swindon.

R. G. Betterton has successfully-passed his final examinations at Moulton Farm Institute.

L. B. White, running for St. Paul's Training College, Cheltenham, against Saltley Training College, was 3rd in the 100 yds., 2nd in the 220 yds., and 1st in the quarter-mile.

D. Dakin is at present teaching at a preparatory school at Huyton, near Liverpool.

H. P. Smallman is a resident master at the Royal Albert Orphanage, Camberley.

H. R. A. Jones and M. Gleeson-White passed the London Matriculation in February. The latter has left to work at chemistry with the intention of going to Edinburgh in September.

A. Smith was a member of the eleven that played in the final round of the inter-college association football cup competition at Oxford.

LECTURES.

On February 26th Miss Simpson lectured on Regional Survey work and spoke of the recognised importance of it in schools. She showed us a number of beautifully prepared maps of one district that enabled us to compare geological structure, relief, communications and historical development, and to deduce from such information the likely state of agriculture, industry and building, and the occupations of the inhabitants. This most interesting talk inspired Form II. to make the Survey of Rendcomb Parish that appears in this number.

On February 28th Miss Simpson gave us a fascinating lantern lecture on a tour in the Carpathians in parts where her party were the first English people seen. Miss Simpson told us of the industrial, agricultural and educational progress in the Carpathians, of the colour, the rough modes of living and working (the roofs of houses can be lifted off with poles!), and of the practical creations of the artistic natives. This talk made Geography live.

On March 18th the Reverend C. Lee Wilson talked to us on Missionary work in the Sudan, and showed many remarkable lantern slides. He gave us a vivid account of the primitive, isolated, and often dangerous conditions of life in the Mission, of the way of life of the natives, and of their customs and characteristics. It was the story of a great adventure which enthralled everyone. Mr. Lee Wilson said nothing about himself, but we realised the devotion and heroism that such a task as his must require.

Friday afternoon talks were continued during the term.

E. W.

A BRIEF SURVEY OF THE PARISH OF RENDCOMB.

Rendcomb is a village in the Cotswolds, five miles north of Cirencester and ten miles south of Cheltenham. The parish extends over more than 2,585 acres; the country is undulating and the valleys of the Kennel and the Churn run through it.

The soil is chiefly limestone with small patches of clay. The sub-soil is very thin, especially on the heights, so that it is largely a sheep-rearing district. There are roughly 1,600 acres of grazing land, few of which are suitable for cattle rearing. Hay is scarce owing to the poorness of the soil. For the same reason there is very little arable land; in most of this wheat is grown. There are, however, a few fields sown with turnips, clover, buckwheat, winter oats, maize, kale and cabbage. Forty years ago the east side of the Kennel valley bore very rich crops of barley and oats. Oxen were used to plough the steep hill slope, and where the ground was very rocky a breast plough was used. The site is now down for grazing, and is planted with fir copses which form the Hebrew characters of Sir Francis Goldsmidt's name—he built what is now the College. There are seven farms in the parish; the best equipped of these is Marsden, which has been developed into a model hamlet where the boundary lines of the parishes of Chedworth, Colesborne and Rendcomb converge.

About 20 per cent, of the district is forested, Southmore Grove and a third of Marsden Hill Plantation were cut down and sold last winter. A herd of deer used to inhabit Rendcomb Park, and senior members

the school remember seeing the last of them. Game is preserved in Clifferdine Wood and Marsden Hill Plantation; in the Park there are a few pheasants and a great many rabbits. The Park is planted with a great variety of trees, including two beautiful avenues of beech and oak that once encircled it; there are also maples, sycamore, lime, birch and elm trees, and various rare specimens of firs; elsewhere the woods are chiefly composed of firs, hazel and ash trees.

The hedges are few and thin; most fields are bounded by walls made of loose limestone blocks quarried in the parish.

The Churn, the headstream of the Thames, rises at Seven Springs, flows through an unfertile valley, and enters Rendcomb parish at Marsden, skirts Clifferdine Wood, and flows through the Park, completing the southern boundary. Fishing in the parish is preserved and chiefly consists of rainbow and common trout. A lake has been artificially made in the Park, with an island in the centre on which many wild birds breed, notably wild duck, moorhens and coots. At the northern end of the lake a swampy patch of ground has been planted with willows. At Marsden the Churn drives a pump which pumps water from neighbouring springs into cattle troughs. In the village the river used to drive the mill, which is now a private dwelling-house. Water from the Kennel, a tributary of the Churn, is used to supply Calmsden, Chedworth, Chedworth Laines, Rendcomb Buildings Farm, Green Meadow Farm, and, when necessary, the College. It is pumped up into a tank by the side of the White Way, containing 90,000 gallons, and gravitates

to where it is needed. The village is ordinarily supplied by springs at Southmore, which is on the other side of the valley. The water gravitates to tanks in the Park and then supplies the College and the village; in times of drought the supply is eked out by water from the Kennel.

The chief local industry is farming: the little corn that is grown is exported; the wool is sold by auction in the mediaeval town of Cirencester. Milk, butter and eggs are sent out from Shawswell Farm to Woodmancote and North Cerney. Cows grazed in the valley produce milk for the village. Some pigs and a few goats are reared. A new venture has sprung up on the site of the old aerodrome. For the last eighteen months two ladies have successfully run a poultry farm and now have 600 laying hens and 1,000 chicks. Comparatively few rabbits are shot; moles, which are very common, are trapped for their skins. In the village are resident an engineer who attends to the parish water supply and the College electricity installation, a plumber and a smith. Hitherto there have been two shops, one combined with the post office, the other with the market garden at the top of the village. The market garden was originally the kitchen-garden of Rendcomb House (now the College). A strip of clay runs through it and ends in the Rectory garden; in these gardens alone can roses be satisfactorily grown. The market garden has recently fallen vacant and its shop has been closed down. Stone is quarried in several places.

The nearest railway station is at Chedworth on the G. W. R. (lately the M. & S. W. J. R.), three miles away; this is a branch line from Andovers-

ford Junction to Cheltenham. Rendcomb, however, is connected with Chedworth only by cart tracks and bye-roads. The G. W. R. route from Cirencester is faster, and is served by an omnibus service from Cheltenham, and is therefore the station for the village. There is one taxi in the parish, and a carrier's cart goes to Cirencester twice a week. The nearest telegraph office is at North Cerney, a village about 1½ miles away. The road between Cirencester and Cheltenham is a second-class road and is the best in the parish. The White Way is a Roman road connecting Cirencester and Evesham.

The Church has been discussed in previous numbers of the magazine. The College is the largest house in the parish: there are three other large residential houses besides the Rectory: the doctor's house is just outside the boundary. The Rectory is a fine Georgian building; the Cottage, the farm buildings, eleven cottages in the village, the post office, and parts of Marsden Manor and Lodge Farm date from an earlier age; there are nearly fifty other houses in the parish that have been erected within the last eighty years, but of these there are very few that uphold the Cotswold tradition. The village school adjoins the spacious stables belonging to the Rendcomb estate. The College was built about sixty years ago as a country house, in the Italian style, and now accommodates sixty boys. Recently the aerodrome has been bought for building purposes, and already four semi-detached villas are being built for Cirencester business men.

The residential population of the parish is 250; it has remained level for the last ten years.

FORM II.

ESSAY.

ROUNDAABOUTS AND SWINGS.

The little town was all agog for the fair. On the wide green dozens of caravans were dotted about and around them many pack horses were tethered. A few mangy chickens were scratching near their wheeled homes, while the dark women travellers were busy making supper for their rough husbands. The silence of this scene was broken by dull, heavy thuds of mallets, which were busy knocking in tent pegs. At the further end of the common fifty or sixty villagers were watching the erection of the roundabouts, the chief source of attraction at any village fair, while close by the younger generation was overseeing the building of the swings, to which it usually resorts when its money is too small for the merry-go-round. Everyone was merry, chattering, eager, hoping and even praying that the fine spell of weather would last for another twenty-four hours. The hairy, sunburnt arms of the caravanners were working with all their power. Gradually the sun went down, and as it grew darker the villagers left the scene with a jolly "Good-night," and "See you on the horses to-morrow," but the noise of the mallets resounded far into the night, and when at last the travellers had finished they went and made up a sparkling big fire, around which they drank their soup and sang songs and told stories of their many adventures.

The sun rose early and dispersed the fine mist that hung in the valleys, and all the children of the village

became excited and counted through their money several times until they had decided how many rides they could have on the roundabouts and swings. At two o'clock the gates were opened after a grand procession had paraded the town. Immediately a great rush was made for the "horses," and people in their eagerness slipped and stumbled as they mounted the platform. Soon the great organ began some popular melody. It ran right through the people; they shivered with excitement.

The "horses" looked splendid. They were a new set, and all the boys tried to believe that they were on "Derby" winners and bet the others that their mount would win. The organ shone; everyone thought it was real gold. On the sides were brilliantly carved soldiers who beat time on cymbals, while every now and then silver-looking hammers crashed out the time on brass drums. A few sporting old ladies mounted more sedate-looking animals and clung tight to the glittering twisted brass poles for fear of falling, and here and there blushing youths were holding frightened sweethearts and slyly giving them concealed kisses; while horrible boys of about twelve years were saying, "Did you see that? he kissed her. O! my word, fancy old Bob out with that girl from the shop. Well I'm blowed. I should'n'a thought it."

Soon the showman bawled out "All ready," and one or two desperate youths sprang to the slowly moving platform and stumbled to vacant mounts. O! how everyone was happy. As the horses gained speed and began their vertical

motions, boys bumped in the saddles, waved their hats, joined in with the accompanying music and shouted to their friends down below. Their spirits rose higher, their speed increased, they threw away their hats, they held tighter, and they lost sight of their friends. But it was all too short. Soon the engine stopped and the platform moved to rest. The riders awoke and the music stopped. It was beastly for those boys. They had forgotten this world in their pleasure; but still when they had recovered their balance and clear sight they looked around for other enjoyments, and soon saw the swings.

"How much more have you got?" shouted Tom. "Only a tanner," replies Bill. "Well, let's have a swing then," says Tom, and so they quickly climbed into their swing, paid the showman his money, and began to pull. The boat moved slowly at first, but then with two excited boys tugging with all their might in order to go higher than anyone had been, it rapidly mounted until they could see only a silver line for the stream, only mere dots for people, and mere blotches of colour for the side-shows. How they wanted to show what lads they were! But as all things that are overdone lead to discomfort, so these boys' "tummies" began to sink. But they would not go slower. They thought rather to drown their discomposure by going still higher. And so they tugged more, until the showman, fearing that they would come to grief, halloed to them a stern word of warning: "Hi! go steady there, you young devils, or out you'll come." Then having remembered that they had had enough, he lifted the pole and brought the boat to rest.

A. J. DAVIS.

MEETING NOTES.

Although it was in many respects an unusually interesting term with regard both to the Meeting proper and to its judicial organ the Council, it is not altogether easy to convey this interest in a short series of notes which, when there is no room for details, are apt to appear rather "scrappy." Moreover, some of the most interesting incidents are too personal for inclusion in the pages of a magazine that is read by a number of people outside the College itself.

Two principal impressions remain as a result of the events of the term. The first is the extent to which the work of the Meeting would be developed, and its responsibility enlarged, if our range of ages was rather smaller; if, for example, it was that of an ordinary public school. Continually difficulties arise (some of them, fortunately, very interesting difficulties) because our two junior forms are too young to be full members of the Meeting. The second striking fact that has emerged from last term is that a good deal of the "machinery" of the Meeting and its Committees requires a certain amount of tightening, and the introduction of slightly more formal methods of doing business. During the two years preceding last July there had been few changes in personnel, and people who had worked together in the Meeting since the opening of the College, and knew each other's ways of acting and thinking, were enabled to dispense with all but the minimum of "machinery." But in September more than half of the members of the Meeting were new to it, and experience has proved since then that rather more formal

methods, especially in Committees, are advisable. This point of view was put forward forcibly in one or two of the last meetings of last term, with particular reference to the management of finance, and next term is likely to begin with proposals for a general overhauling of methods.

To come to various incidents of the term. A generous gift to the Meeting of money to purchase a bicycle for general use led to some rather contentious business, as the boy who had been elected to make the arrangements left unexpectedly, and the Meeting found itself in possession not of a bicycle, but of a number of non-related parts. However, the business was happily settled, and the bicycle finally purchased will be of great use.

One interesting incident was an appeal against a decision of the Council that inflicted punishment for an offence against the rules of hygiene. The voting of the Meeting when appealed to was equal. The Chairman's casting vote supported the Council, but further evidence that was volunteered subsequently caused the Council to reverse their original decision.

Partly in consequence of this incident, the Meeting decided that a member of the two junior forms, if brought before the Council, could have the assistance of one of the prefects of his Group, to help him to explain his point of view, and to help him generally.

For some terms past a number of boys have subscribed each term to the Home of St. Francis, Batcombe, Dorset. Although this fund has been given with enthusiasm, and the voluntary collectors have shown praiseworthy energy, the Meeting was not wholly satisfied with the

efficiency of the organisation, and decided that in future the fund will be raised by a committee of one member from each of the four Groups.

Perhaps the most interesting discussion that took place during the term, and the one that aroused the most feeling, was in connection with the decision of the Meeting to abandon the inter-group "Lodges" run. The name of one old boy in a distant quarter of the world was invoked. "If . . . were here, you would not dare to do this." As, I believe, this matter is to be the subject of correspondence in this number of the Magazine, I will not enlarge upon it.

One financial measure, that may sound a detail, but is in reality of some importance, was carried at the last meeting of the term. In future, the Finance Committee will always make payments to the treasurers of the "spending" Committees, and not pay directly into their accounts in the Bank.

[J. H. S.]

FAMOUS SAYINGS.

Eh? What did you say, sir?

When I say no talking in the gallery, I mean no talking in the gallery—get out!

Now we'll have no more of this.

Um, er, er, I don't quite know what you're doing. I don't want to punish you.

I say, Blocus, do you read much Henty?

Now, come along there; don't fool about.

(A boy seeing a picture of a pipe.)
Is there a thing by which you can eject the seccotine?

No, sir, not necessarily, sir; it's a fallacy.

THE BROADLANDS.

The setting sun sinks below the
rushes,
And the cool mist descends upon the
moor;
Now done is the even-song of
thrushes,
The lazy rooks fly home with chirp
and caw.
Smooth a boat glides up the glassy
river,
Spreading before her bows smooth
golden waves
Which run ashore, starting reeds
aquiver,
Rousing water-rats from their muddy
caves.
Night sets in and everything is still,
The lonely bittern booms from some
far creek,
And with his sullen cry the air doth
fill.
When vagrants of the night their
homes all seek,
And quiet reigns once more, who
should appear
But Mother Moon to see her chicks
are here.

D. HAES.

SNIPPETS OF WISDOM.

Charles II. lived until he died, not having to be killed.

Gladstone's Land Act said that the Irish tenants were to have compensation for self-improvement.

Si je vous tue j'aurai l'air d'un mangeur d'enfants. = If I kill you there will be nobody to look after the children.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

As we were starting "rugger" on February 24th there was little time for "soccer" this term. The object of the Selection Committee was to find players for next season, and therefore all the 2nd XI. matches were made "A" matches. The quest for new players was not altogether a success, as we have not yet found a suitable centre-forward, but there is plenty of material for making a useful side for next year.

Of the three first XI. matches, two were won and the other lost. It was unfortunate that Elwell had to leave a few days before the Cheltenham Grammar School fixture, for his absence weakened the defence. However, although we lost 7—1 we had much more of the play than the score suggests, and the heavy ground was most unfavourable to our light side.

The match against Burford was played in a slight drizzle and the greasy ball was difficult to control. The team, which was weakened by the absence of two players, was not at its best, but managed to win by 2 goals to 1.

Some of the "A" team matches were decidedly bad. It was partly our fault, as we put too strong teams on the field; but the two matches against Cheltenham Grammar School Juniors were full of excitement, and gave us very hard games, which were what we aimed at.

The full list of results is as follows—

1ST XI.

Cheltenham Grammar School, 7;
School, 1. Away.
Burford Grammar School, 1; School,
2. Away.
School, 5; Chelt. Tech. Old Boys, 0.
Home.

"A" TEAM.

Cheltenham Technical School, 1;
School, 4. Away.
School, 15; Chelt. Tech. School, 0.
Home.
Chelt. Grammar School (under 15), 3;
School, 3. Away.
School, 3; Chelt. Grammar School
(under 15), 0. Home.
School, 2; Corinth College, 0. Home.

GROUP MATCHES.

The inter-group matches were the most successful we have ever had. They were played under the usual American tournament rules and so we had six games. The West won, as was generally expected, although the result was not certain until the last match. All the games were very hard, and many players who had not previously showed any promise played very good games. In these matches most of the work falls to the few older people, and the amount of work done by some players was extraordinary.

Some of the scores suggest that the games were one-sided. But this is not so. For often goals were the results' of individual efforts, or the general weakness of the goal-keepers.

North, 0; West, 5.
East, 0; West, 6.
South, 3; North, 1.
North, 1; East, 6.
West, 13; South, 2.
East, 8; South, 1. A. J. D.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

It must be many years before Rugby can ever take the place of Soccer as our chief winter game—this is impossible in view of the paucity of our numbers and the great differences in size and age that exist in that small number. But there can be no doubt that Rugby has come to stay, and, ever increasingly, one hopes, to

assume a large place in our winter games. Twenty-four of the older boys abandoned Soccer about half-term and concentrated on Rugby. Our difficulties were many, as, at the most, we could only play twelve a side, having only five forwards. Most of the players had never seen a game, and only two or three had had any experience of Rugby before. After a month's practice we played a Wycliffe College team and we were beaten 32—0. The score may sound overwhelming, yet the team deserves praise rather than discredit, for they never gave up heart, though outplayed in every department. Inexperience was obvious everywhere. If the ball came out of scrum the back division were unable to swing the ball out along the line and develop an attack. We were bad at marking and adopting the right tactics to spoil passing movements. The forwards were outweighed, yet they never gave up their task; they were always vigorous. The halves at times played well but did not mark their men and gave the opposing halves an easy job in passing out or breaking through. The three-quarters and back were confined entirely to defensive work, and their tackling was courageous, even if they could not stem the ever-rising score. But inexperience was always the most to blame, and for this reason criticism of the play is really useless. The match was invaluable in giving us an idea of what the game is like and much new experience, all of which will show up with profit next season. It will be wise next year to devote a whole term to Rugby, confining Soccer to the autumn term; its success warrants that.

One word of praise is due to the masters of the staff, who have initiated us so enthusiastically and successfully into this new game.

W. S. M.

THE LAND.

R. G. Betterton, writing from the Moulton Farm Institute, has such interesting things to say about conditions on the land that we have asked his permission to quote from his letters.

In speaking of lectures he recently-attended he says:—"The first (lecturer) was the manager of the Midland Markets, Banbury; he spoke on the present conditions of markets in England. The markets are carried on in just the same way as (the) were in the reign of William the Conqueror, and the farmer ought to wake up and get conditions altered. Markets ought to be centralised and efficient, and the rings of dealers should be broken up.

"The other lecturer was the Feeding Expert at Harper Adams College. Four or five years ago he started as organiser in Wiltshire, and soon began to rouse up farms. . . . He starts off his lecture by saying that he is the only man who knows how to feed a dairy cow, and explains his method; and by the time he has finished speaking you are convinced he is. In this way he makes farmers think (a very hard thing to do), and they realise there is something in what he says

"Both these men have shown that the so-called 'Agricultural Depression' is not a depression, but sheer laziness on the part of the farmers.

Their point is that no roots (i. e., mangolds or swedes) should be fed to cows, as they are too expensive to grow, and too bulky. If you ask a farmer why he grows roots he will say 'to fatten bullocks'; ask him why he keeps bullocks, he will say 'to make muck'; ask him what the muck

is for, he will say 'for the roots'; and that is how most things in Agriculture are carried on. If the farmer is so anxious to grow roots, he should grow either sugar-beet or potatoes; both return from £5 to £10 profit per acre."

In another letter Betterton says of the Milk Campaign: "It has nothing to do with certified and Grade A. milk. It is simply a campaign to get people to drink more clean milk and to keep it clean in their houses. Milk is the cheapest and best food on the market. It is the healthiest, and it is possible to live on about one gallon a day, the total cost being between 2s. and 2s. 6d.; can you live more cheaply on anything else? The English drink less milk per head per day than any other nation in Europe or North America."

In reply to a question about prospects on the land, Betterton writes:

There is no place for the hardworking, intelligent youth without capital in England. His only job is as a farm labourer, unless he can typewrite, knows shorthand and can keep books; then there are limited places on estates, with a prospect of one day becoming manager if his knowledge of practical agriculture is sufficient. An intelligent youth becoming, say, a porter, has a chance of rising to become an inspector or something of that sort; but a youth of twenty years becoming a waggoner still remains a waggoner when he is old enough to apply for an old age pension; and, what is more, he will get cursed if he does a bad day's work, but no one praises him if he does a good one. Farmers say that if you pay the men more they become lazy and want more still. That is

simply because they have the wrong class of men on the land; if they paid higher wages they would get more intelligent men. They often complain that the waggons nowadays are not very good, that few labourers can hedge, ditch or thatch, or that fewer men can milk really well. That is because all the proficient men have gone to more highly paid jobs."

Surrey farmers are instanced as being successful by adapting themselves to their markets. "Their soil is mostly greensand, and their rainfall is low. With the help of plenty of London manure they have improved their conditions... so that in spite of a bad soil, high rent and foreign competition in fresh vegetables they make their farms pay" by growing "carrots and other vegetables out of season."

"The present-day farmer should concern himself about people's luxuries and grow such things as asparagus. No one spends more than they can help on bread, yet most people are willing to pay a great deal for anything out of season. It is not the farmer's job to grow wheat for the country; it is the job of the country itself to see that it is properly supplied. . . . This may seem very selfish, but agriculture is a business, and as one it should be made to pay. No other business is carried on in the neglectful way that farming is."

Among the remunerative products of farming are, Betterton says, "milk, sugar-beet, potatoes, pigs and poultry in with the general farm; from these and various sidelines such as black currants and vegetables the farmer ought to be able to make a reasonable profit."

A FANTASY.

I had been out for a long walk and was returning, when I reached a stile not more than half a mile from my home. I sat down with my back against it, facing into the field. It was quite ordinary, having a road on one side, on another a stream and on the others ploughed fields. The actual field was level and there was nothing but grass growing there. I was very tired; I watched the sun set, while its failing light turned rapidly into a crimson glow which slowly but surely became extinguished.

* * *

As I came to my senses everything appeared almost dark; at the other side the river—which before had glided peacefully along, had become a mass of turbulent foam. Then to my amazement the field began to split from the corner where I was seated to that opposite me. When the split had become fully ten yards wide, I saw a block and two executioners, a priest and a woman. One of the executioners blindfolded the unfortunate woman while the priest read two short prayers. The woman laid her head on the block. The other executioner raised his axe and started to bring it down with terrific force. ... I could not look for horror. I heard a sharp crack. A moment later, when I again ventured to look up, men, woman and block had sunk into the abyss and the seething waters revealed a head three times and then no more.

Hardly had I recovered from this horror, when, nearly half-way up the field, a gallows came into sight and a man, struggling for life, became visible. He had the fatal rope round his neck, a scarred and livid face and only one arm. He seemed for a

moment to become cool and then out of the conspicuous silence came a voice, "Pull the bolt." The condemned jumped at the top of the gallows but failed to reach; the trapdoor dropped and the man fell down to his death. The chains creaked and then began to pull the whole scene into the cavity below.

Then for a moment I saw a vivid scene from the inquisition which appeared and disappeared almost instantaneously. I heard suffering voices which grew nearer and louder and then receded into the distance. Then I became possessed with an awful consciousness of the nearness of it all, and I could not but wonder what would happen next. Slowly I became aware of a ship which encompassed me, and the sea around it. A pistol was placed in my hand. I fired it. It was seized and removed, as I heard a man fall heavily to the deck. Then I saw that I was a seaman and that my fellows were conspiring against me. After a long time I heard the sentence—"He must walk the plank for shooting the bo'sun." I was bound and blindfolded and directed on to the plank. I stepped cautiously forward, fearing every moment that I should reach the end. The sea seemed to blaze up. Forward I went—my foot suddenly found no plank and I began to fall. . . .

* * *

"Are you well? I saw you there three hours ago. I should not sleep in gallows field if I were you." I looked up into the face of a shuddering yokel who was digging me in the ribs. I explained my situation and hurriedly he helped me over the stile, and having landed me safely in the road bade me good-bye and scurried off into the darkness. N. A. PERKINS.

ACTING.

The Entertainments Committee this term attempted to stimulate acting by means of a competition, in which any group of boys could enter and act, the best group to receive a prize. Enthusiasm was evidently stimulated, for five groups entered, but the standard of the efforts offered must have been poor, as only two groups were allowed to compete.

On March 21st Meadows' group gave a charade in four scenes, which were quite well worked out. Most of the actors were indistinct and could not get their words across to the audience. This is a fault which is painfully obvious in all the private entertainments given nowadays; but it could easily be eradicated with a little care. The best scene and acting came from Ensor, as a clergyman, in spite of some time-honoured and time-worn jokes.

The following Saturday, F. Knefel and his group presented "Six Scenes from the Great War." It was an amusing show, if not, in places, intentionally so. F. Knefel was the best actor, but generally the standard was not good. It was evident that the play had not been rehearsed enough, for neither the scenes, which possessed little or no dramatic incident or quality, nor the acting were worthy of the labour that must have been expended to make the properties. This entertainment showed that something must be done next year to further sound acting amongst the juniors. At present there is no standard.

On April 5th the V. and IV. Forms acted an abridged version of "Le Barbier de Seville." This was a

very pleasant show, though one would doubt whether most of the audience understood exactly what happened, for everyone spoke their French much too fast. Beaumarchais' humour was appreciated in situation if not in language. Davis, as Bartholo, was good, though he deteriorated as the play went on, losing his old man's voice and manner. Harrison, a coquettish Rosine, deserved far more amorous attentions from Tugwell than were actually received. Nicholson, taking the responsible part of Figaro, was lively and gay; and Webster, as Don Bazile, though his part was small, carried it off well, acting capitally. One feature of the play was the fact that nearly everyone was word-perfect—a very creditable feat.

The North and South gave, on the last night of the term, what proved to be a happy entertainment, very much after the style of the VI. Form show last year. The success was due in no small measure to A. Wilcox, who was evidently the moving spirit behind everything. He is to be congratulated on the witty rhymes in his piece, "Down Through the Ages," acted by the junior members of the groups; and his pompous manner in A. A. Milne's "The Man in the Bowler Hat" was good, if tedious at times. Mention ought to be made of Webster, who as Don Bazile in "La Barbier de Seville," and as an excessively romantic lover in this show, proved that he has a sense of farce. The two groups are to be congratulated on a plucky show, which, though it had many imperfections, provided us with a very happy last night of the term.

W. S. M.

RUNNING.

APRIL 2ND. —NORTH CERNEY.

It is a pity that the North Cerney course is not more easily accessible to spectators, who are only able to witness the start and finish of an exciting race. Although the weather conditions were rather unfavourable—part of the course being through a downpour of rain and partly through deep mud—there was considerable enthusiasm. The winner led most of the way and achieved what was, under the circumstances, a good time. Places and Times.

1. Wilcox ... 26 min. 40 secs.
2. F. Jones ... 27 min. 40 secs.
3. Gleeson-White 28 min. 15 secs.

APRIL 4TH. —LODGES RUN
(UNDER 15).

A large entry of 27 for the junior Lodges run provided an extremely keen and well-fought-out contest. The winner led practically the whole way, and completed the course in really excellent time. There was a close fight for second place, and C. Eyles, who was second, only beat Wager by a few feet. The times for second and third places are correct to five seconds.

Places and Times.

- 1) Honeybone... 14min. 29 secs.
- 2) C. Eyles... 15min. 0 secs.
- 3) Wager... 15min. 0 secs.

APRIL 6TH. —LODGES RUN (OPEN).

As was apparent last year, the juniors take a considerably greater interest in running than the seniors. For this reason a number of younger people entered for the race, and contributed greatly to its success as a sporting event. F. Jones, the winner, led the field the whole way.

Places and Times.

1. F. Jones... 13 min. 58 1-5 secs.
 2. Gleeson-White... 14 min. 5 secs.
 3. Baxter... 14 min. 10 secs.
- A. W.

REVIEW.

“The Field of Mustard,” by A. E. Coppard. (Jonathan Cape 1929.)

All the stories in “The Field of Mustard” are as near the ideal of short story perfection as possible. Their themes are original, and the publisher may well be justified in his claim that they are unequalled by any living English writer.

The characters, especially the males, are of the “lower-middle class.” The men strike one as being creatures without any definite ambition. They are unpractical dreamers. The women are far more vigorous. The characters are varied from Christine, “a charming waitress” to Shiloh, the old man “no bigger than a thimble.” They are all complete and clearly cut.

The stories usually contain a love interest, but it is never a very happy affair. Humour and pathos are admirably combined: one can scarcely refrain from smiling at the “Owd ven’rable’s” cry of “There goes your old gal” as he drowns his last hope and puppy; but at the same time the old man is pathetic in his stoicism.

The plots are well worked out, especially that in “Judith”; the news of the murder is stunning in the surprise it creates.

Each story is a gem; it is fresh in its originality; Mr. A. E. Coppard is a born story-teller.

F. H. JONES.

THE CRIME.

David Macpherson was a man who never took crime seriously. He always looked upon it as a source from which writers of detective books took the facts from which they made up their fascinating stories.

He was a young man, about twenty-three, just fresh from Cambridge. His father was manager of a firm of diamond merchants. He wanted his son to succeed him in his post, but David's whole interest lay in the direction of crime. One day he went to see his father, and met Cecil Parkins. Mr. Parkins was also fairly young, although a little older than David. He was very dark, with almost black eyes which seemed to pierce you through and through, and, what was most noticeable, a livid scar across his left cheek. Soon after David came in, however, he went away, and David did not see him again for a long time.

* * *

Soon after this David went away to a small Scottish village for a holiday. He was having a nice time and he used to go out very often with an old professor who was staying at the same hotel as he was.

One morning he picked up his paper, and, glancing through it, he saw under flaring headlines an account of a robbery which had taken place at his father's firm. This is what he read: "A valuable diamond belonging to Mr. Cecil Parkins, of South Kensington, has been stolen from the premises of Messrs. C——. The manager, Mr. Macpherson, is suspected and has been arrested. The crime must have taken place...." David got no farther. He let the paper drop, and for a moment or two he hardly knew what he was doing.

He was awakened from his thoughts by a knock at the door. He opened it and there stood the old professor, who told him he had promised to go for a walk with him. At last David was persuaded to go. They walked together along the cliffs, and presently the old man said, "Stop a moment. I have something to tell you." Suddenly he pulled out a revolver and said to David, "Do not try to escape, but listen to me. I am Cecil Parkins; at least, that is one of the many names under which I travel." He then jerked his beard, which proved to be a false one and came off, disclosing the features of Mr. Cecil Parkins.

"I am," he continued, "one of the greatest professional crooks of the day. This jewel is really one which I stole from an old Indian priest several years ago. Recently, however, I discovered that your father suspected me of committing a murder and was making private enquiries. So I faked up this charge against him by taking the jewel myself and leaving clues which pointed at him as the thief. Having prevented your father from exposing me, I intend to do the same with you. I followed you here on purpose to murder you. But you will die accidentally. You will fall over this cliff and nobody will ever dream that you have been murdered."

He advanced, revolver in hand, towards David, who suddenly flung himself at the crook's ankles and threw him over the cliff. He was then so overcome that he fainted.

* * *

There is no need to tell how David was praised for his brave deed. It is sufficient to say he proved his father's innocence, and that he is now a clever young detective who is never so happy as when he is engaged in the pursuit of crime.

D. BOULDING. (Form I.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor,

Dear Sir, —Recently the meeting decided to hold a “Lodge” Team Run in place of the North Cerney Relay, and the new event promised to be an open and “sporting affair.” Suddenly the meeting, in a weak frame of mind, and prompted by several of the older members, principally from Forms V. and IV., abandoned the run altogether. Hardly a sound reason was put forward as to why this step should be taken. Those in favour of it said they did not “like” the race or had not the time or the will to train and run for their groups. Such is not the leadership which will ever cause athletics to prosper in the school; and in any case it is bad policy for the meeting to reverse a decision of this gender before the thing in question has been given a trial.

Last year was the first in which we paid serious attention to athletics, and in every direction a worthy start was made, for we were fortunate in having one or two good runners and jumpers. This step taken by the meeting must seem, then, retrogressive after the beginning made last year. It will be a pity if all long-distance team racing is abandoned, for it certainly stimulates individual running. One argument put forward as to why the race in question should be dropped, namely, that very few wanted it, was proved fallacious by the numerous entries received for the individual runs. The decision appears, therefore, to have been prompted by selfish, rather than altruistic, motives, though

the two, perhaps, were, by some process of rationalisation, made identical. But no one would be willing to admit that. —I am, Sir,

Yours truly,
W. S. MORGAN.

All contributions to the magazines not written by boys are signed by names or initials *in brackets*.

Addresses of former members of the College may be obtained from the Headmaster or the Secretary

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Owing to a series of misfortunes several meetings had to be postponed or cancelled last term. Our biggest disappointment was that Mr. de la Mare was prevented by influenza from coming to speak to us on “Craftsmanship in Verse.”

On February 20th F. Jones read a paper on Russian Literature which eclipsed in its success all previous papers given by members of the Society. It was comprehensive and scholarly and very much “alive,” but marred by a poor delivery.

W. S. Morgan, on March 20th, gave us an excellent survey of the field of eighteenth century novels. He dealt in some detail with Defoe, Richardson, Smollett and Sterne. His paper was very well arranged if, perhaps, a little loose in exposition. He read copious extracts during and after the paper, and again one felt that members would enjoy meetings more if they came to them having specially read a little on the subject of the paper beforehand.

[R. R.]

PAVILION FUND.

The fund has been growing steadily, and the total is now approximately £185. The sum of about £25 still remains to be raised, and we anticipate that our friends will readily subscribe the additional amount, particularly after seeing the picture of the Pavilion that is included in this number of the Magazine. Everyone appears to be pleased with the building, which

will look even better in the summer against its background of trees.

Those who have kindly subscribed to the fund since January are: — H. B. Nicholson, W. E. Bardrick, J. Boulding, S. Boardman, C. H. and Mrs. Uzzell, V. Collett, C. D. Waters, A. Curtis, J. Batten.

[J. H. SIMPSON (Chairman).
R. H. NEWPORT (Treasurer).]

