

# Rendcomb College Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1925.

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## EDITORIAL.

It is a generally accepted fact that he who writes of the weather does so because he has nothing of interest or importance to say. Yet one cannot record a true impression of last term without introducing meteorology. We had in the years 1923 and 1924 two wet and cold summers, and we dreaded a repetition of them, but last term broke all the laws of the English summer. It is an old adage that our summer consists of "three fine days and a thunderstorm." But this year the unusually benignant Weather Clerk leaned back (no doubt) in cushions of clouds and smiled complacently on the officials of the Air Ministry, who were tearing their hair at the weather's unusual and unscientific procedure. For the first time, then, we have really had something which may evolve into a cricket team in the near future. For the first time we have gone out into the world to try our hands on foreign fields. Cricket has started to come into its own, and looks like persisting, regardless of our difficulties in the way of a ground and practice. There will no doubt always be some "Non-Cricketer" diehards: the greatest of sports,

like everything else of importance, has to suffer ruthless criticism.

We can say confidently that our first printed number of this Magazine was a success, and a second issue of it was required to satisfy the demand. There are still some of the first numbers available should any subscriber care to have one.

In the future we hope to achieve better results, for at present the supporters from whom we receive most contributions for publication are members of the lower forms, particularly the new Form II. (which was last term Form I.). We must point out, however, to those who are not acquainted with the fact that the older members of the school are very busy working for Scholarship and Higher Certificate Examinations, and if we have to make an appeal to anyone, to arouse them to their duty towards the Magazine, it is to the members of the middle forms.

We have succeeded in obtaining a number of outside subscribers among friends interested in Rendcomb, and we hope the number will increase; the present cost of the Magazine is 4s. 6d. a year, post free, but we look forward

to the time when increased subscriptions will enable us to lower it to at least 3s. 9d.

Our best wishes go with Mr. and Mrs. C. H. C. Osborne, who have gone to Street, in Somersetshire, where Mr. Osborne will be Head master of a Technical School and will take part in various Adult Educational activities. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne have been here since the school was founded, and have contributed to its welfare in numerous academic and social capacities, and their loss will be deeply felt by all who knew them.

#### PERSONAL NOTES.

It is a great pleasure to announce the marriage of Mr. Schiller to Miss Handover, and the engagement of Mr. Shimmin to Miss Whittington. We offer them our heartiest congratulations.

Mr. Thomas has been appointed Professor of Music and Head of the Music Department at Wells College, Aurora, New York. He assumes his new duties in September.

A. T. Wilcox is apprenticed to Messrs. Ruston & Hornsby, Ltd., Engineers, at Lincoln.

A. J. Stanley is working in the office at Messrs. Russell & Sons at Broadway.

C. Jones is training on a farm near Oxford.

A. Smith goes into residence at Oriel College, Oxford, in October.

#### THE DISCUSSION SOCIETY.

This Society, which was inaugurated a year ago, was not expected to meet during the Summer, but last term we had the good fortune to hear two papers read by visitors.

On May 24th Mr. Gunn entertained us with "A Plea for Individualism," which was more amusing than provocative of discussion. He deplored the decline of individuality and spontaneity, which he thought due to the modern conception of democracy. The debate wandered from the point owing to the wide scope of the subject.

A month later Mr. Lipson read us an interesting paper on "War and Peace." He believed that war could be avoided by perfecting the system of the League of Nations. The clear limits of the subject produced a vigorous and general discussion. This was probably the most fruitful of progressively interesting meetings.

R. G. D.

#### ENTERTAINMENTS.

On two occasions last term Form I. delighted us with their acting.

On the first, a short French comedy was presented on the out-door theatre. The actors were word-perfect, and had taken a good deal of trouble over the play. Their pronunciation was excellent, and they invariably spoke audibly.

On the last night of term they entertained us with "Under the Greenwood Tree," a short, ambitious pastoral. It was a novel performance, and it well deserved the applause it gained. The actors were spirited, but were inclined to be self-conscious.

A. WILCOX.

## MEETING NEWS.

In one principal feature the work of the Meeting last term was similar to that of the previous term; it consisted rather in the efficient conduct of established routine than in breaking new ground and discussing questions of principle. Some changes, however, in the previous arrangements for the Summer term were inevitable, merely from the increase in our numbers. This applies particularly to the organisation of cricket. For the first time we had a large number of junior boys, who had to play cricket without much previous experience of the game. It was decided that for boys in their first year an extra "compulsory" day was desirable, and the supervision and umpiring of their cricket and other games demanded the attention of the Games Committee. Some discussion arose about the powers and duties of the latter body, causing an acute difference of opinion as to how far its members should themselves supervise work carried out by their orders.

Early in the term the question of the Wireless Apparatus, left over from last term, came up for settlement. It was decided without much exposition that the apparatus should be sold, and eventually a purchaser was found. Although the price obtained was larger than had at one time seemed probable, it was considerably below the initial cost of the apparatus, and the incident will remain a valuable warning against hasty and ill-advised expenditure. The Meeting wisely decided that only a minor part of the cost should be used in immediate relief of the taxes, and that rest should be directed to objects

of "capital expenditure," including, the Pavilion Fund.

Principally on account of the extension of cricket, the taxes reached a higher figure than ever before. In the circumstances this was perhaps inevitable, but it is to be hoped that in future expenditure will be more evenly spread throughout the year, and that greater care will be taken of material when it has been purchased.

One point worthy of notice is the drastic and salutary action taken to prevent junior members of the school trying to use the Council for frivolous or personal ends. It was notable, too, how consistently the Council supported servers at meals in the execution of their authority.

Some interesting and valuable discussion was provoked by the discovery that one of the junior members of the Meeting was in debt to several other boys, one of whom had lent him money on ridiculous terms of interest. The Council decided that until the creditors were repaid the offender should have no control over his money, his allowance should be paid to one of their number, who after paying taxes out of it should direct the remainder to repaying the debts. It was held, however, that the interest was not to be repaid, and by a subsequent rule of the Meeting lending on interest was forbidden.

[J. H. S.]

[R. R.]

## SCHOOL NOTES.

There have been no formal lectures this term, but we have had the privilege of hearing two extremely interesting addresses. The first was given by the Bishop of Gloucester when he stayed at the College on the occasion of his visitation to the parish. The Bishop spoke of the natural beauties by which we are surrounded, and reminded us of the advantages they afford us in our work, but the main theme of his address was the proper use of leisure; he considered it as important as any other study, and urged us to employ our spare time profitably and creatively, pointing out the impossibility of boredom when leisure is regarded as a period of instructive amusement.

The second address was delivered on Sunday, June 21st, by Captain Callwell, Headmaster of a school in Uganda. His boys are not only building their own school, but he first had to teach them how to make the bricks to build with. They walk or cycle from homes that are an exceedingly long way from school, and sometimes spend several days of the holidays on the journey. Their school life is in many respects similar to ours, and they are proficient in European sports, but we felt some compunction upon realising how meagre their social pleasures are. Captain Callwell showed us photographs of his pupils and the school, and told us amusing details about their daily life, such as the exigencies of their scrupulous cleanliness and the enormous daily consumption of their staple food—bananas.

Mr. Simpson has recently published a book, "Howson of Holt." It is a memoir of the late Headmaster of Gresham's School.

For some weeks we were able to bathe during the afternoons and evenings in the Churn. Latterly the water was unfit to bathe in, but we had the advantage of it during the worst of the hot weather.

This year the Annual Outing took place on Wednesday, July 1st, and it was decided to spend the holiday in separate parties. We set out at eleven o'clock with lunch and tea, either to see the cricket match between Gloucester and Lancashire at Cheltenham, or to cycle or walk to attractive centres within easy reach where the pleasures depended rather upon our surroundings and personal efforts than upon entertainments where admission fees are charged. The venture was acknowledged as a great success.

On July 25th the first Choir Outing was held. The ten members of the choir spent the day in Cheltenham, chiefly in rowing on the lake in Pittville gardens.

The Tennis Championship was won this year by R. G. Daubeny, and the Junior Singles Tournament was won by H. P. Dainton.

The Editors of "Public School Verse" announce the appearance of Volume V., which contains poems from thirteen schools, and invite members of the school to forward contributions for Volume VI. before December 21st, 1925.

We heartily congratulate R. G. Betterton on gaining one of the Ministry of Agriculture's Class III. Scholarships for the sons of agricultural workers. This will entitle him to a period of training at the Northamptonshire County Farm Institute, Moulton.

We congratulate the following on obtaining the School Certificate of Bristol University:—D. D. Christie,

M. H. Gleeson-White, H. R. A. Jones, A. J. Stanley, D. C. Terrett, L. B. White, A. Wilcox; and we further congratulate D. D. Christie on qualifying for matriculation.

### AN ADVENTURE ON THE MOORS.

One dark December night a tall, strong-looking man was walking along a Yorkshire moor, when suddenly he saw a flash of light in the darkness. Almost at once he recognised it as a message in the morse code.

“Good God!” he cried aloud, “if that message did not say ‘He is dead! Strangled!’ my name isn’t Gordon Perrin.”

He started running through the gorse bushes as fast as possible, jumping ditches, until he came to the house at which he saw the light.

The house itself was whitewashed, so that it had a weird appearance in the darkness. It had large windows and a great front door, studded with nails.

There was a light in one of the windows. Gordon went up to it and looked inside. The sight nearly made him faint—in the middle of the room lay a man, his face twisted with pain; in fact, the whole body was in a twisted position of agony, whilst, dancing round him, were about twenty little shadowy men only two feet tall. At first he thought that they were human dwarfs, but he was mistaken; they were little spirits, for one of them actually disappeared in one side of the man’s body and came out at the other. To make sure that he was not dreaming, he produced his camera and took a photograph of them.

Suddenly he jumped through the

large French window and tried to stop them, but he was overpowered, and would have been strangled too had not a weird cry arisen in the woods. Suddenly they all stopped still, trembling. Then they made one great rush to the window and were gone. He fainted.

Soon he recovered and forgot that it was not his house, and went up the stairs and found a bedroom. He lay down on the bed and soon fell asleep.

In the morning the milkman came as usual, knocked at the door, and, looking in at the drawing-room window, he saw the man lying on the floor, dead. This gave him a shock at first, but he soon recovered his presence of mind, and drove his pony as hard as he could to the nearest police-station where he could find a police sergeant.

When they arrived they found Gordon lying asleep on the inhabitant’s bed. The policeman was so clumsy in putting on the handcuffs that he woke Gordon up.

In a trice he had knocked the policeman and the milkman over and was flying for his life. He was pursued for about a mile, then he stumbled, and fell into a hollow. Consequently he was captured and kept in prison till he was tried a week afterwards.

At the trial nobody would believe his story until he produced his photograph, which was handed to the judge and jury. Then the jury retired.

It was not long before they returned, and their verdict was “Not Guilty.”

After this Gordon resolved never to enter into an adventure in which he was taking risks of being suspected of committing a crime, because next time he might not come off so luckily.

W. JONES (Form I.).

## CRICKET.

One feature of the cricket this season has been the adoption—owing to the unsatisfactory state of the ground—of a coconut matting pitch, which has been used for net practice as well as matches and games. It did not turn out to be either so fast or so true as was expected, but it was certainly a great improvement, and has made play possible on several days when it would otherwise have been impossible. It has also saved considerable time in preparing the wickets.

On the whole, good progress has been made throughout the term. I am not sure that the best use has always been made of net practice, and there has been no organised fielding practice; but the games have always been played keenly, and this, after all, is the best training for match play.

The team has improved in many ways, especially, perhaps, as regards fielding. In the last away match, for example, eight catches were taken out of a possible nine. The throwing in, however, is still very unsatisfactory. Fielders must remember that in an attempt to run the batsman out it is not their job to hit the wickets. On an uncertain ground, or from close in, the ball should be thrown full toss to the man at the wicket. On a good ground, from more than say 15 yards away, it should be a genuine “long-hop.” In either case it should reach his hands just by the bails.

Considering that “every member of the team has some idea of batting,” the results have been very disappointing. Most of the XI need to improve their defence, but still more to acquire the right mental attitude towards the bowling; viz., that of concentration

without nerve strain and respect without fear. This attitude, which is almost equivalent to the “match temperament,” can only be developed by playing matches; and considering that this is our first real cricket season, it is not surprising that there is room for improvement in this respect.

The team was most unfortunate in losing A. J. Stanley, who was certainly one of the best three bowlers, early in the term. In spite of this, however, the bowling, which has fallen chiefly on the shoulders of Wilcox and Dakin, has been most satisfactory, the wickets of all our opponents having cost actually less than 6 runs apiece.

Smith also is to be congratulated on his captaincy, and especially on the judgment he displayed in managing the bowling.

It is particularly encouraging to have found some really promising juniors. Out of the present second form there are six boys who should be playing for the school in two years' time, and the third and fourth forms have already three members in the team.

[I. C. B.]

## DUSK.

When dusky night is falling,  
And mists are rising slow,  
I hear the voices calling  
Of friends I used to know.

But I see no more their faces,  
And their voices sound afar,  
While in their vacant places  
The cold grey shadows are.

H<sup>3</sup>

## CRICKET MATCHES PLAYED DURING THE TERM.

### JUNE 4TH. v. DEAN CLOSE SCHOOL "COLTS." AWAY.

*Lost—73 to 100 runs.*

The team had not run into form. The bowlers did very well, but the fielding was often "ragged," and many runs were given away. On going into bat a poor display was given. Dakin alone faced the bowling with confidence.

### JUNE 13TH. v. SWINDON TECHNICAL SCHOOL. HOME.

*Drawn—College, 72 runs; Swindon  
Technical School, 47 runs for  
7 wickets.*

In this match the team had much the best of a drawn game. Some of the Swindon team arrived late, and our team batted first. The visitors lacked one of their best bowlers until almost the end of the innings. A bad start was made, six wickets being down for thirty runs. Clarke played steadily, and with W. S. Morgan, who hit lustily at the end, made what might have been a poor total into a fairly good score.

The fielding again was "ragged," although two excellent returns made easy work of running two men out. Dakin and Wilcox both bowled very well.

### JUNE 17TH. v. TEWKESBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL. AWAY.

*Won—122 and 96.*

For this match the ground was in splendid condition. Dakin's innings of 46 was a fine achievement, and quite overshadows any other personal distinction of the season. He hit well all round the wicket, but specialised

in late-cutting. It was by far the team's best batting display, but somewhat marred by two regrettable errors in running between the wickets.

The fielding was poor, especially the slip-catching, and Dakin suffered most. He had little luck. At one time the end promised to be very exciting, the home team having scored 87 for the loss of five wickets. Clarke was then put on to bowl, and did some excellent work. Keeping a splendid length he quickly dismissed the remaining batsmen, taking four wickets for only three runs.

### JUNE 24. v. TEWKESBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL. HOME.

*Lost—62 and 79.*

Our bowlers did very well in dismissing Tewkesbury Grammar School for 79 runs. The team then made a very poor effort, everyone showing a painful lack of defence except White and Barwell.

### JUNE 27TH. v. CHELTENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL 2ND XI. HOME.

*Lost—43 and 50.*

As before, Dakin and Wilcox were the mainstays of the team in bowling, especially Wilcox; he varies his pace and break with marked success. Half of the visiting side was out for 10 runs only. In several places the fielding was weak. However, there is excuse for poor ground fielding since the state of the turf made the ball fly about to an unpleasant extent. With the poor total of fifty to be passed, a victory might reasonably have been expected, but the batting broke down completely against some admirable good-length bowling by Leavy and Addis, the Cheltenham bowlers. Nevertheless, it was a most enjoyable game.

**JULY 11TH. v. RENDCOMB VILLAGE.  
HOME.**

*Won—81 and 71.*

Stanley was available for this match, and took the place of W. S. Morgan, who was unable to play.

The fielding was again disappointing, the throwing in being bad. The visitors could do nothing against Wilcox's slow bowling. Towards the end of the innings White took three wickets at little cost. An excellent innings of 25 was played by J. Miller for the village.

Although Dakin quickly made 21, we had a poor start, six wickets being down for 44 runs. Then Stanley, Daubeny, Barwell and Baxter defended stubbornly, and the visitors' total was passed. In making the winning hit, Baxter, who showed great promise, sent the ball to the boundary with a splendid on-drive.

**JULY 21ST. v. CHELTENHAM  
GRAMMAR SCHOOL 2ND XI. AWAY.  
*Won—84 and 54.***

The grass wicket at Cheltenham proved rather fast and "bumpy," and the team failed to accustom itself to the change of pace. Three batsmen were given out l. b. w., and slip-catches disposed of others. Our score of 84 was not good enough for such a small ground. Baxter again played well, choosing the right ball to hit fours. Wilcox defended well, and seemed to have settled down for a good score when he was "gorked."

In this match the catching and ground fielding were very good; eight wickets were caught, only one was bowled, and the other was stumped. Not one catch was dropped. The

bowling was very good, Dakin enjoying one of his best days, Barwell keeping a splendid length, and Wilcox "mixing them" well. These three bowlers provided an excellent contrast.

**JULY 25TH. v. RENDCOMB VILLAGE.  
HOME.**

*Won—63 and 30.*

In this match the start was very poor, although White, going in early, made 20. Eventually the fair total of 63 was reached. White, Daubeny, and Gleeson-White, who seemed to have regained confidence, all played forcing games. Dainton showed a very good defence.

The fielding was of the same high standard as at Cheltenham, and this, coupled with excellent bowling, particularly on the part of Dakin, who had the remarkable analysis of six wickets for seven runs in eight overs, was responsible for such a poor score by the village team. It was a good ending to a successful season.

A. S.

**FLAXLEY WOODS.**

When I go down by Flaxley Woods  
I think on thee, I think on thee.  
The trees the golden sun-light floods  
Full fair to see, full fair to see.  
And there we roamed in days long past  
Such days as never again may be;  
But all things have an end at last—  
Sweet rest to thee, sweet rest to thee.

H<sup>3</sup>



## PARENTS' DAY.

We are deeply indebted to a Parent for the following letter on Parents' Day. —Ed.)

June at its best—a radiant day with golden haze filling each distant valley and crowning every hill crest. Rendcomb at its best? Well we thought so last October when the trees wore their joyous Autumn dress; now, in their fresh new green, we are not so sure! As we alight from an overcrowded 'bus and stroll under the grateful shade towards the outdoor stage, we try to decide—but our own particular atom of humanity having by now discovered our arrival and claimed all our attention, the decision has to be postponed.

We are conducted and politely deposited among other parents and friends sitting in the auditorium before the stage of an open-air theatre, both of which are so cleverly contrived as to appear entirely natural ones. The play seemed to be particularly happily chosen with an especially effective final "curtain," the acting really excellent and appreciated and applauded as it deserved. Afterwards we return by "glade and grove" to the College for tea; here as we wait a few minutes on the terrace facing the wonderful view there is time to talk a little and congratulate one another on being able to come—some of us from far-away, unget-at-able places which meant starting early and travelling late— but this, after all, matters nothing so that we are *here*.

As one looks down the long tables laid in the Gymnasium, filled with visitors and boys, and waited upon so efficiently by more boys—as though it were an every-day occurrence to be hosts to so large an assembly—one wonders how it is done: not without much thought and a good deal of trouble one knows, yet without any appearance of fuss or bustle. Everybody seems to know his particular job and does it; if there are queries we hear none, and see no one who does not look as if he is thoroughly enjoying himself.

Unfortunately, that return 'bus allows little time for mere speculation; there is time to peep into a room where the excellent manual work of the boys is displayed, but no time to examine it thoroughly, and then time only to shake hands again and "Good-bye"; but one leaves with a feeling of having assisted at an "occasion," these boys, quiet and self-possessed, but alert and very much alive, glowing with health—a "happy breed" indeed! Is it not much to feel that some of the best material supplied to the world is being moulded in ideal surroundings into "such dear souls" as shall not disgrace even this "demi-paradise"? One would like to go on speculating; instead—"Listen, Mother, there's the 'bus—jolly glad you were able to get here—but *do* try and not send so many" but the rest is lost in the din and dust of departure.

In the homeward 'bus we sit beside someone to talk "Rendcomb" delightfully, and at the end of the long journey there is at least one happy and grateful (if tired).

PARENT.

## REDCOMB CHURCH.

### II.—ARCHITECTURE.

Except for the Norman work embedded in the North wall, Rendcomb Church is entirely a Perpendicular Church. It was built towards the end of the Perpendicular Period, yet shows no signs of the decline that followed about forty years later. To understand properly what the Perpendicular Style stands for, and what it means to our local Architecture, it is advisable to make a brief survey of its growth, which really commenced with the Early English Style.

If one examines any of the Churches in the district which were built either by the Normans or the Saxons one cannot help noticing the chief differences between them and buildings of a later date. The Arches of the Saxons and Normans were round, their windows small and usually square or rectangular, and their pillars massive and circular. The whole atmosphere of the buildings is usually that of heaviness, lowness and horizontal lines. With the Early English style a great change took place. Starting about 1190, there grew up for the first time a love of great heights, tall pillars and arches pointed, usually acutely, as were the windows. The feeling of oppression and heaviness, with the characteristic horizontal line was changed to an air of lightness and elegance, and perpendicular line.

The windows were often grouped together in twos or threes. Each window was long and thin, and pointed at the top. These were often all surmounted by a dripstone or arch, and the space under the dripstone left by the pointing of the

windows was frequently pierced with circles. The divisions between each window became narrowed, until the windows under the same dripstone were divided only by a thin "pillar" of stone, or mullion as it is called, so that each window became a "light," and the collection of lights, formerly separate windows under one dripstone, became one large window. Two, or even three, such windows, with two or three lights each, were then sometimes joined under another dripstone, the space beneath it left by the tapering of the two or three smaller dripstones being pierced with circles. At times the mullions intersected at the top as they tapered to a point, but this is not usual. The pillars were no longer thick and round, but formed of several circular shafts, bound, sometimes, to the centre shaft by stone bands. The pillars were tall and usually graceful, and were surmounted by tall pointed arches. The mouldings of the arches and the capitals were deeply cut, and bold in relief. The windows were also richly, though in no way gaudily, moulded in many buildings.

In 1272 came the Decorated Style, whose chief characteristic was elaborations of the Early English Style. The lights of the windows were decorated with floral designs, and the tracery above the lights and under the dripstones came to be made into complicated geometrical designs, with intricate floral designs and patterns. The pillars were no longer built with a few detached shafts, but were many narrow shafts clustered tightly together. The capitals were richly carved, and sometimes surmounted by richly carved canopies or niches, and the figures in them and in other parts of the church were noticeable for their easy and graceful pose. The doors,

like the windows, were often surmounted by elaborate tracery. The sedilia (the seats in the sanctuary for the clergy) and the piscina (where the water used in cleaning the chalice after Mass was poured) were very elaborate and highly carved.

From 1360 to 1399 came the transitional stage between the Decorated and Perpendicular Style. The mullions, besides forming pointed arches above the lights of the windows, also ran straight up to the dripstone. The circular and geometrical patterns of the tracery tended more and more to become perpendicular rectangles, until eventually the elaborate designs and flowering lines of the Decorated Style merged into the stately lines of the Perpendicular Style (1377-1547).

The pillars ceased to be clustered shafts, but were usually plain and octagonal. The arches were not generally so acute as those of earlier styles, but the general effect of the buildings was one of vertical lines, and tall, stately interiors, which gives the Perpendicular Style its name.

These Perpendicular characteristics are plainly visible in Rendcomb Church. The mullions of all the windows are carried up to the dripstone, and above the lights, the rectangles between the mullions are divided and re-divided into smaller perpendicular rectangles. The pillars are tall and stately, besides being octagonal. The arches, like all the windows except the West, are slightly flattened. The West window is more pointed than the others, presumably to agree with the taller and more pointed arch between the nave and the tower.

Compared with other churches of local villages, Rendcomb is true to the Style it represents by its lofty interior.

From outside it has rather a low aspect, due chiefly to the breadth of the building as compared to its length, and also to the comparative shortness of the tower, whilst the embattlements round the top of the walls (frequently found on churches of the period) tend to make the roof look flatter than it really is, and the width of the windows take off from the height of the walls. This, however, is not so apparent from within.

### THE FAIR MAID OF THE WEST.

Play in Four Acts, by Thomas Hey wood. (Adapted.)

First Captain ..... H. H. Bunce.  
 Second Captain ..... C. Jones.  
 Carrol, A Gallant... F. C. Raggatt.  
 Spencer, A Gallant H. I. Barwell.  
 Captain Goodlack... D. D. Christie.  
 First Drawer ..... W. S. Morgan.  
 Second Drawer ..... R. A. Hussell.  
 Bess Bridges ..... W. E. Bardrick.  
 Fawcett, A Gallant. D. C. Terrett.  
 Roughman, A Swaggering  
 Gallant ..... A. Smith.  
 Clem, A Vintner's  
 Apprentice ..... A. J. Davis.  
 First Sailor ..... R. G. Betterton.  
 Second Sailor ..... D. A. Cooper.  
 Surgeon ..... A. Wilcox.  
 Kitchenmaid ..... J. B. Harrison.  
 A Spanish Captain... H. P. Smallman.  
 A London Merchant. A. Wilcox.  
 Other Sailors ..... L. B. White,  
 W. S. Morgan, C. W. Clarke, J.  
 Phillips, C. Jones, H. Jones.  
 Heralds ..... H. P. Dainton,  
 K. J. Morgan, H. T. Price, W. M.  
 Tugwell.

The performance of the Elizabethan play, "The Fair Maid of the West,"

in the open-air theatre of Rendcomb College, on June 6th, was a complete success. Everything conspired to make it so. The weather was perfect; the grounds and beautiful trees were looking their best; the actors showed that they were really interested in their work, and from start to finish the play went without a hitch. It is recorded that Sheridan on being asked which of the performers he liked best in a certain piece, replied, "the prompter, for I heard more and saw less of him than anyone else." There was no room for any such sarcasm at Rendcomb; the prompter was not heard at all—a highly creditable fact when the difficulty of learning Heywood's dry and commonplace lines is taken into account—and there was not one of the actors who did not speak clearly and distinctly. Indeed, judged as an exposition of elocution, the performance was most creditable. Much thought and time had evidently been devoted to the production, and Mr. R. Richings is to be warmly congratulated upon the staging of the play, and upon the costumes, which were historically accurate, and most artistically contrasted in colours.

In "The Fair Maid of the West" there are really only three characters that are differentiated sharply from their fellows. Of these the best is the heroine, *Bess Bridges*, who is a fine example of womanly purity and constancy, with a happy dash of the daring spirit of Rosalind, who may very well have served as her prototype. She was very well played by W. E. Bardrick, who was equally happy in skirts and in doublet and hose, and played with genuine spirit the scenes with the swaggering "*Roughman*." Bardrick's chief defect in the part

was an absence of appropriate modulations of voice. The lines given to *Bess* were spoken in too even a tone; and her "dear *Spencer*," was addressed without tenderness, and *Roughman* without an assumption of manly vigour. But for this defect, and lack of gesture, the performance would have been excellent. As *Roughman*, A. Smith failed to make the most of his part. Either from innate modesty, or some other cause, he could not assume the air of a swaggering gallant. He wagged his arms energetically when he should have used his hands, and motions which were meant to be expressive of arrogance and bluster were in reality ineffective and rather grotesque. His facial expression was much better, and he spoke many of his lines with spirit. As far as acting was concerned, the chief honours of the performance were easily carried off by A. J. Davies, but then he also had the best part in the play. *Clem*, a Vintner's apprentice, is really a clever bit of low comedy characterisation, the part being well written and consistently developed. It was admirably played by A. J. Davies, who acted with spirit, confidence, and an entire absence of self-consciousness. A special word of praise must also be given to W. S. Morgan as the *First Drawer*; J. B. Harrison, as the Kitchenmaid, from whose ladle *Roughman* received a well-deserved reproof; and A. Wilcox, who made up very cleverly for the very small part of the *Surgeon*, and acted capitally.

That the other performers were less effective was certainly not due to want of conscientious effort or efficiency, but to the colourless characters they had to represent. *Spencer*, *Captain Goodlack*, *Carrol* and *Fawcett* speak

different words and do different things, but otherwise they are colourless, without individuality and distinction, quite uninteresting, and supremely difficult to galvanise into a semblance of life. Such parts would tax the resources of the most skilful and experienced actor; and the wonder, therefore, is not that they failed to impress at Rendcomb, but that those who portrayed them were able to extract as much as they did out of such poor material. As *Spencer*, H. I. Barwell was quite good. He might have been a little more impassioned as the lover, but then for all her constancy and devotion *Bess* was equally unemotional in tone and manner. If Barwell and Bardrick would cultivate their powers of observation, they will soon see that youths and maidens, men and women, exhibit much more emotion under the influence of love than *Spencer* and *Bess* were allowed to show! F. C. Raggatt as short-lived Carrol spoke his lines not without spirit, fought well, and died well.

D. D. Christie was an excellent *Captain Goodlack*, and particularly good in the earlier scenes with *Spencer*, where his expressions of caution contrasted effectively with the determination of the hero to stake all for love and think the world well lost. D. C. Terrett did his best with the particularly ineffective part of *Fawcett*. In the opinion of John Addington Symonds there are few tavern scenes in Elizabethan drama better painted than those which form the introduction to the First Act of Heywood's play. As the two Captains in the opening scene H. H. Bunce and C. Jones acted capitally. As the *Second Drawer*, R. A. Hus-sell, and the *First* and *Second Sailors*, R. G. Betterton and D. A. Cooper,

deserve special praise for their acting and the excellence of their make-ups, though, as already said, the "dressing" of the play throughout was really as good as it could possibly have been. The *Heralds* were admirable; and nothing could have been better than the clear and neat lettering of the notices which kept the audience informed of where the action was taking place. As the designer of the sign-boards, B. V. Harris must be congratulated. But everything was of secondary interest compared to the great sea-fight, and all those who had the good fortune to witness it will ever remember the thunder of the guns, the terror of the shells exploding on the deck of the English ship, the vast volumes of smoke that unfortunately concealed the gallant action of Captain Good-lack's men who, ignoring the fire of the dastardly foreigner, grappled the Spaniard, boarded her, took the captain prisoner, and brought back from the grave "dear *Spencer*" to his devoted *Bess*.

Then followed a spirited hornpipe, so much appreciated that it had to be repeated, danced to the melodious strains of Mr. I. C. Bell's flute. Finally, a delighted audience broke up with cheers for the Head Master.

[C. C. OSBORNE.]

#### OLD GARGE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Them wi' tha longest yurs 'ull 'ear most,  
Them wi' tha sharpest eyes 'ull zee most,  
Them as drinks most beer 'ull zleep  
most—  
But them wi' tha longest lives 'ull bury  
most.

H<sup>3</sup>.

## PAVILION FUND.

### AN APPEAL.

The need of a Pavilion has for some time been felt, and increasingly as our numbers grow. At present there is no shelter of any kind on the playing field. All games material has to be carried over half a mile up a steep hill. Our facilities for entertaining visiting teams compare unfavourably with those of our friends. There is nowhere to leave the mowing machine and other implements that are becoming necessary as our cricket ground is improved. Those who watch the games most closely feel that we shall not get the best from that side of school life until we have the advantages that a pavilion affords.

Just because we have been given so much, we are anxious to try to do this for ourselves. We believe that if we appeal to the increasing number of boys, old boys, parents, and friends of the College we shall be able to raise a sufficient sum by private subscription. The sum we aim at in the first instance is £150. That sum will, we hope, enable us to erect the outer walls and roof of the Pavilion, and, once these are provided, we hope that we can ourselves complete the fitting and furnishing. The exact amount that can be done by our relatively unskilled labour can only be settled at a later stage.

A meeting was held at the end of last term, and the Committee put forward their proposals. They were warmly supported. Subscriptions already promised are: Mrs. Simpson, £5; J. H. Simpson, £5; General Meeting (Wireless Fund), £4 10s.; R. Richings, £2; besides a number of smaller contributions.

Subscriptions, however small, will be gratefully received, and should be sent either to the Headmaster or to R. H. Newport, France Lynch, Stroud.

J. H. SIMPSON.

R. RICHINGS.

I. C. BELL.

A. SMITH.

R. G. DAUBENY.

R. H. NEWPORT

(Hon. Treasurer).

## THE RED DEVICE.

Tick, tick, tick... I looked at the diabolical instrument that was so relentlessly spelling out my doom. For one brief instant it reminded me of the kitchen clock at home; but no, there was no comparison. The tiny homely clock on the kitchen mantelpiece was in no wise like this terrible machine that should decide my fate. I was awestruck. It seemed to gloat over me and snatch a fearful joy as it so persistently ticked on, slow, but ever sure. At what hour, I wondered, would the calm and measured pulse stop and so rid me of my awful agony.

I was seized by an overwhelming desire to dash the infernal apparatus with all my force to the ground. My cause was hopeless. My hands seemed pinioned to my sides. I was powerless to act. As the minutes passed I grew reckless. Suddenly I was jerked slightly forward, the steady pulsation ceased, and with a yelp of defiance I jumped out of the taxi, paid the fare indicated, and left it forever behind me.

A. WILCOX.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE PINCHBECK WATCH.

Holmes and I were sitting in our rooms in Baker Street. It was a raw July morning, and we had a bright fire burning. Suddenly Holmes laid down his violin on which he had been practising, knocked the ashes of Black Bulls-eye out of his pipe, reached for the cocaine bottle, changed his mind, and took up his revolver instead. While carefully loading it he remarked, "I observe, my dear Watson, that you have been lately in some small but amazing difficulty." "Wonderful," I said; "but how can you tell?" "I observe," remarked Holmes with a chuckle, "that you have no collar-stud. Also I remember that you were late for breakfast. Combine the two circumstances—simple, my dear Watson, simple." I was much amazed by my friend's sagacity, and would have remarked on it, but at that moment the door bell rang, and our landlady announced Miss Tutt to see you, sir." She ushered in a young lady of thirty-five, who collapsed into a chair and burst into a storm of tears. "Come, come!" said Holmes kindly. "I am" sobbed our fair visitor. She dried her eyes on a small lace handkerchief which she pulled out of her pocket. "My name," she said, "is Tutt. I live at 88b, Millwall Road. I am in great trouble. Please help me." She burst into tears again. "Tut-tut," said Holmes, and then, correcting himself, "Dear me! Could you give me any further information?" "Last night," said our fair client, "I placed in a cupboard a valuable pinchbeck wrist-watch which was my little brother's. When I went to the cupboard this morning it had gone." Holmes and I looked

at each other in surprise. Suddenly Holmes sprang to his feet, thrusting his revolver into his pocket. "Come on Watson!" he cried. "Call a cab. There is not a moment to lose." He busied himself with putting various things in his pockets. I ran to the door, and was nearly knocked down by the onrush of a large animal.

"Oh, it's my dog Chunks," cried our visitor. "He seems attached to you," she added, as I detached the dog—a massive Pekinese—from my leg.

I hurried downstairs and called a cab. Three minutes later we were all ensconced inside, and the dog firmly tied to the back axle. "88b Millwall Road," cried Holmes to the driver, and we sped away. Holmes was very silent during the ride.

As soon as we arrived at the pretty suburban villa Holmes sprang from the cab, and, without staying to pay the cabman, dashed into the house.

I followed more slowly. The cabman was most tenacious.

When I came to the scene of the crime Holmes was scrutinising the cupboard through a telescope. He next placed a stop-watch in the cupboard occupied, our client assured us, by the stolen watch. Nothing happened. The watch was still stopped when we examined it five minutes later. And it had stopped where we had put it.

Five minutes' sharp work with a gas-detector disclosed a gas leak, just as we finished stopping it, Holmes was seized by Chunks. He seemed struck by an idea. Chunks was struck by a telescope. A second stroke missed and hit our client. "Do not be so rough with poor dumb animals," she said. "Really, Mr. Holmes, this is a great blow to me." But the idea prevented Holmes from apologising. "Quick, Watson," he

cried, "run to Woolworth's and buy a pinchbeck ring." I flew on his errand, and cannoned into the cabman, who was sitting on the bottom step of the stairs. When I returned with the ring he was still unconscious.

Holmes rapidly fixed a piece of string to the dog's collar, gave it the ring to smell, and followed it as it dashed along the street. Twenty yards away we met Mrs. Tutt. Giving her a searching glance and an equally searching sniff it hurried on, till it dashed into a shop, over which hung three brass globes.

When we ran into the shop, which we all did except Holmes, who ran into the door post, we found the dog holding the shopkeeper by the scruff of his trousers and pointing with its paw to the pinchbeck watch which lay on the counter.

The trial came on in due course. The claim of the defendant that the plaintiff's mother had pawned the watch was met by a "Tu quoque," his excuse of ignorance by a "ne plus ultra" and his plea of not guilty by a "flor fina." When the judge solemnly pronounced sentence, "Fined seven shillings and sixpence, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul," Holmes and I both felt that we had steered a hard case to a worthy conclusion. H<sup>3</sup>.

### RABBITS.

Rabbits are very jolly little animals, although they do such a lot of harm to trees and plants. If you are walking over the Cotswold Hills, you nearly step on a rabbit and away he goes with his little white tail, or, as countrymen call it, his "little white ticket," sticking straight up in the air. Again, if you stand quite still against a tree, and are dressed in grey or brown, you may see rabbits by the

dozen come up to your very feet, but if you look straight at one he will scuttle away, and in a few seconds not a single rabbit can be seen. I have done this many a time, and sometimes have even caught a little bunny, but have let it go again, and away it would run to its burrow. I used to have a tame one, born in captivity, who was black all over. I kept him for a long time, but a weasel or stoat got into the pigsty where he was kept, and poor bunny came to a sad end.

Toy Rabbits, I have always found, come in for all the rough work. It is always "Peter Rabbit" who breaks a cup, never "Teddy" or "Monkey." They are always kept clean and tidy, and wrapped up, and put into go-carts, and wheeled around until they fall out, and then there is a terrible to-do; Bunny is seized and flung at the go-cart because he is old and dirty, and is the best object on which Baby can vent his rage. Poor Bunny! My brother has got a toy one, and whenever we want some fun on a fine day, Bunny is picked up and we go out on to the wide downs and there we have a fine game of catching until we are tired, and Bunny has lost an ear and most of his stuffing, and then we go home to dinner or tea, very hot, fling Bunny into a corner for another day, and sit down.

I wonder why it is that some old-fashioned people say "Rabbits" the moment they wake up on the first of any month, and expect to receive a present. I have done it once or twice, and each time had an egg given me, one that I had not possessed before, of course. Last time I did it after I had called to a friend in the road, and I got a present in the shape of a branch which broke in my hand as I was climbing a tree, with the result that I nearly fell down.

DICK FIELD (Form I.).