

Rendcomb College

Magazine

JANUARY 1930.

Vol. III, No. 2.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The number of boys in the College this term is again 65, two boys having left in December, and two new boys having filled their places. The leavers were D. B. Haes and B. Meadows. The new boys who have joined this term are J. M. Kirkman and J. F. Meiklejohn. The two new boys are at present living at the Headmaster's house, the Old Rectory, where in future two or three boys will be accommodated.

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D. B. Haes passed the General School Certificate Examination of London University in December.

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A strong feeling has been manifested, in the General Meeting and elsewhere, in favour of trying to raise the standard of the school cricket nearer to that of the school football. Our cricket in the past has been admittedly inferior, in spite of the good play of a few outstanding individuals. Several suggestions have been made, and some have already been

adopted, in order to attain the result that is desired. Practice at the beginning of the cricket season has clearly been hindered by preparation for the Athletic Sports against Burford Grammar School, which have hitherto taken place towards the end of May. These Sports will in future be held at the end of the Easter Term, so that cricket practice can start as soon as the Summer Term begins. Another hindrance, which will shortly be remedied, has been the lack of suitable pitches for net practice. In future there will be one net, with a matting pitch, on the enclosed tennis court, and additional ground for several more nets will be levelled on the cricket ground. The levelling will be undertaken by the boys during the current term. It is not expected that any conspicuous results of these and other changes will be visible for several seasons, but we will hope that a foundation is being laid.

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We are deeply grateful to Sir Cecil Armitage, who last summer gave a

collection of African butterflies to the College, and has now presented a further large collection of insects, mostly British. These include a very representative set of British butterflies and moths, which will be most useful for purposes of identification. A number of cork-lined cases are included in the gift.

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Two very useful additions to the possessions of the College may be recorded – a new lantern, which will do justice to the slides of our lecturers, and an additional piano for music practice.

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Amongst the most delightful events of last term was a visit from Brother Douglas, who brought us welcome news of the Home of St. Francis. He stayed at the Headmaster's house for the weekend of the 27th November, talking informally to the School on Saturday evening, and preaching twice in the Parish Church on Sunday. Many members of the College had the opportunity of hearing him for the first time; and to all of us his visit increased our existing admiration for the wonderful work that is being done at the Home of St. Francis.

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The following are prefects for the Spring Term: –

J. A. Davis, C. W. Honeybone, N. A. Perkins, D. Field, W. F. Jones (East); J. Eyles (West); C. H. Nawton, C. W. Wells, P. H. Wyon (South).

The principal positions of responsibility to which the General Meeting has elected for the term are: –

Chairman. N. Durham.

Secretary. A. R. Curtis.

Games Committee. J. A. Davis, C. W. Honeybone, W. Jones, J. Allen, J. Maslin.

Sports Committee. C. W. Honeybone, J. Eyles, J. Maslin.

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House Committee. N. A. Perkins, P. Wyon, R. Collett, G. T. Morgan, C. Gandy.

Cycle Shed Committee. N. A. Perkins, J. Allen, J. Lambert.

Banker. C. Taylor.

Shopmen. C. W. Wells, D. Field, T. Greenway.

Council. J. A. Davis, C. W. Honeybone, D. Field, W. Jones, J. Eyles, C. Nawton, C. W. Wells.

OLD BOYS' NOTES.

H. J. Phillips is working in the gardens of Messrs Hewitt of Solihull; he hopes later on to take a course at Kew Gardens.

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H. H. Hook is at the Salisbury Theological College.

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W. E. Bardrick writes from an address c/o F. K. Loone Esq., Sandstone Island, Hastings, Victoria. He is working on a farm situated on an island

some forty miles South of Melbourne, and writes very happily.

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A. Smith, who is in the Education Service of Northern Nigeria, will be returning to England for his first leave in February.

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D. B. Haes has entered the service of the firm of A. E. Winter & Co. Ltd., Furniture Makers, of Norwich. He will begin by going through the workshops, with a view to learning every side of the business.

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A. Wilcox has gained his Colours for Cross-Country Running at Reading University. We gather that a one-act play of his will shortly be produced by some members of the University.

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We note that F. H. Jones represented St. John's College, Oxford, in the Inter-College Relay Races.

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B.J. Brooks was posted from No 19 (Fighter) Squadron, Duxford, to No. 84 (Bombing) Squadron R. A. F., Shaibah, Iraq Command, on October 30th, 1929.

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The Rendcomb Ramblers played a very enjoyable match on Boxing Day at Cheltenham, against a team of Cheltenham Grammar School Old Boys. Unfortunately, owing to accidents at the last moment, the team was one member short, but the match showed what a formidable side the Ramblers would be at their full strength. A fast and interest

ing game was won by the Ramblers by three goals to none, Dakin scoring twice in the first half, and Weaver once after half-time. The Ramblers defence was very sound, Dainton playing a particularly fine game. The team was P. J. Witts (sub); C. J. Gough, J. A. Davis; C. Eyles, H. P. Dainton. K. J. Morgan; A. C. Wager, D. Dakin, L. B. White, M. R. Weaver, F. H. Jones.

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W. S. Morgan, who is at Queen's College, Cambridge, has been successful in winning a College Essay Prize. He was also playing football regularly for the College till he was incapacitated by a slight injury.

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We noticed with pleasure appreciative comment in the press on the scenery designed by B. V. Harris for "The Macropulos Secret," by Kapel Capek, which was recently produced at the Hull Repertory Theatre.

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

The Editor will be glad to receive immediately the many outstanding subscriptions to the Magazine for the past two years. It will be particularly convenient if those who no longer wish to receive the Magazine terminally, will inform him of that fact.

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

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL 1929.

At the outset of the season it was generally thought that the team would be particularly weak. Several of the best players had left, and the possible substitutes were limited. Against such teams as Cheltenham Grammar School and Marling, weight rather than cleverness had to be taken into consideration by the Selection Committee. Therefore the choice of players was restricted, and after Greenway had been injured, the team remained unaltered until the end of term.

From the point of view of results, the team equalled last year's performance, having won seven matches and lost but two; but there the analogy ends. Whereas in 1928 the team was composed of 'natural' footballers; this year it almost entirely consisted of the eleven heaviest players in the school. Yet despite this, the team was usually out-weighted by its opponents, and had to rely upon sheer determination to win. The success of the team therefore is all the more creditable since there were none of those elements present, either weight or ability, which usually contribute to success.

Last year's left wing remained intact, and with Honeybone at centre-forward and Allen at inside-right, there was plenty of material for building up a strong attack. Unfortunately the outside-right position was never quite satisfactorily filled, and although Burns played pluckily, he will have to wait for another season until he is strong enough to do his best. Despite this promise, the forward line was never very formidable. Honeybone received insufficient

support from his inside forwards, but managed to score goals when they were badly needed. Allen's constructive play was good, and was only marred by weak shooting. Eyles and Wells played well together, but did not fit in with the rest of the line, and so, much of their good work was wasted.

It was in defence however that we were most likely to be weak. Fortunately Langdon-Davies proved a sound goalkeeper and Meadows an admirable right-back. The rest of the defence played hard, although not always well, and managed to break up our opponent's moves. That the team thus constituted should have such a fine record seems hardly credible. It may be that our opponents were rather weaker than usual, but when everything has been taken into consideration, it must be admitted that the team had a successful term because all the players knew what their job was and put all their energy into its execution.

Below is appended a list of results.

First Eleven.

	F.	A.
Old Boys	4	3
Burford G. S....	9	0
Hanley Castle G. S.	6	3
King's School	5	2
Dean Close 2nd XI	3	2
Cheltenham G. S.	2	8
Swindon College	6	3
Marling School	1	3
King's School	3	2

Second Eleven.

	F.	A.
Cheltenham G. S. Juniors...	3	3
Northleach G. S.	0	9

'A' Eleven

	F.	A.
Cheltenham Tech. School...	8	0

GROUP GAMES.

Since there are now only three groups, the competition for places in the Group Elevens is much severer, and the standard of football is therefore higher. The West team was no longer the strongest side, and with the South enriched by the division of the North, an interesting competition was assured. The East commenced by defeating the West, and a similar feat by the South, meant that everything depended upon the East v. South game. This the East won rather more easily than expected, and so broke the monopoly that the West held for four years.

Results:

East 6 v. West 0
West 1 v. South 6
East 5 v. South 1

One interesting feature of the season was that three games were able to be played at once, and the standard of football amongst the youngest players suggests that there is no paucity of talent for the future.

J. A. D.

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

On Saturday December 14th the Annual Christmas Entertainment for parents and friends took place. Between the two plays, selected carols were given by the choir, whose tuneful singing was greatly appreciated by the audience. The full programme is printed below, and is followed by an account of the performance kindly written for the Magazine by Mrs. Gandy. We have again to thank Mrs. Ferguson and her helpers for many beautiful and striking costumes, and also Mr. Browne, D. Field and D. B. Haes for two excellent stage sets.

PROGRAMME.

THE DISCOVERY

By Herman Ould

Christopher Columbus... C. W. Wells
Pedro Gutierrez (an officer)
C. W. Honeybone
Pepe (a page-boy) M. H. Martin
Juan Patino D. Field
Diego Garcia C. Nawton
Francisco J. Eyles
Guillermo Ires N. A. Perkins
Other Seamen D. B. Haes and
P. H. Wyon

Scene: On board the "Santa Maria".

Time: October 11th, 1492.

CAROLS.

Christ was born on Christmas Day.
Eastern Monarchs Sages Three.
Up! Good Christian Folk.
The Holly and The Ivy.
Furry Day Carol.

THE HAPPY MAN

By M. E. F. Irwin.

Amoret, Amabel and Amaryllis (the three Princesses)... J. R. Wheeler, C. Sidgwick and L. Robinson
The King (their Father) A. P. Browning
The Doctor C. T. Gandy
The Poor Man W. Jones
Lord Granthosom G. T. Morgan
Richards (his valet), C. S. Widdrington
Lady Rosamond A. G. Ensor
Mohamet (her page) C. E. Coles
John (a country-man) J. G. Collett
The Girl (his lover)... K. H. Nelson
The Washerwoman.... E. D. Boulding
General Volmar D. Field
The Happy Man V. W. Pullin

Scene: The road past the palace garden.

On December 14th two plays were acted by Rendcomb boys before a room-full of parents and friends. These plays were "A Happy Man" by M. Irwin, and "The Discovery" by Herman Ould, and the choice seemed to me a good one. Each has a caste of considerable size, and the type of character is varied; moreover a definite contrast is provided, since "A Happy Man" is a humorous fantasy, and "The Discovery" a piece of serious historic drama.

The first piece was perhaps the more difficult undertaking, since it depends largely for its success on the capacity of the actors to present a series of distinct and clear-cut characters. But when I look back on the performance after an interval of a week or two I find that only a part of the caste remain quite real in my mind. General Volman, as a bombastic demagogue, struts about the stage and retains his personality; so does the gay little figure of the Happy Man, dancing in from some fairy world of his

own; so does the Princess Amaryllis, with her slightly mocking air; so, I think, would the Lady Rosamond, only unfortunately her headgear had the effect of making her look a figure of fun instead of the lovely languishing lady that she is intended to be. If the others never quite succeed in coming alive it is not to say that therefore their performances are without merit. Some of them only needed to have visualised themselves just a little more clearly to have made themselves into real people. Some of them, too, needed, when once on the stage, to forget themselves more completely. For example, the three princesses—who sustained long and rather difficult parts with considerable spirit—unfortunately let the audience see that they were ill at ease by the way in which they twisted their handkerchiefs about in their hands continually; Amaryllis was guilty in this respect as well as her sisters.

When the curtain went up for "Columbus" we found ourselves looking at a scene of which the Arts League of Service—that admirable company of travelling actors, who are masters of simple stage design—need not have been ashamed. It was remarkably effective, and so were the sailors' dresses and make-up. Columbus himself had a difficult part, and acted with dignity and sincerity, but he did not quite rise to the big moments, and, like several others in both plays, his use of gesture was very weak. And he wants to study how to deliver a speech that is spoken away from the stage. Francisco and Guillermo, the two sailors, played with a real sense of drama, and Pepe, the cabin-boy, put considerable feeling into his part. One of the best things in this play was thought, the way in which the "noises off" were given by the crew,

though they themselves were not always quite animated enough on the stage.

In conclusion there is just one thing that I want to say. It is this: I could not help feeling that the whole show would have gained enormously if a little more time could have been spent on the final rehearsals. When once every one is thoroughly familiar with his words, their positions, their exits and entrances and various pieces of business—then is the time to see that the breath of life is blowing freely through the piece and that each character is getting all that there is to be got out of his part, no matter how small it may be.

It is always so much easier to sit down and write appreciatively than critically of such an entertainment as this, and if I *have* been a little critical it is only because I am sure that the actors of Rendcomb prefer to be taken seriously.

[From our contributor].

LECTURES.

On October 24th Dr. Hubbleton Lulham gave us a very charming and amusing lecture on "Rustic Life and Humour." He began by telling us some of his humorous experiences of country people, and then went on to show us slides of various aspects of country life. There were many slides on Gipsy life, a subject with which the lecturer was, partly through his medical practice, especially well acquainted. His slides on the subject of Nature were certainly some of the best many of us had seen, and were clearly a selection from many that must have needed great patience to secure; those showing hoar-frost scenes, and incidents in the life of young king

fishers were, perhaps, those most of all appreciated.

On October 30th Captain Cannon, of the R. S. P. C. A., delivered a lecture on "Dogs and Horses." He first traced their early histories, and showed us slides of early Egyptian dogs, and then followed their development, as far as is known of it, down to the present day. He showed us many slides of the different kinds of dogs and horses, and explained their introduction, use, and characteristics. We were also shown a few slides of the work of the Society's inspectors in the prevention of the ill-treatment of animals.

On November 16th Mr. Marston gave a talk on some of the Antarctic expeditions of Sir Ernest Shackleton, which was especially interesting because he had himself been on most of the expeditions described. His description of the privations, and the risks run therefore seemed more real than they would have done ordinarily; for it seemed hardly credible that men should ever have survived in spite of such apparently hopeless situations as those in which the members of Shackleton's party found themselves after the sinking of their ship. Perhaps the most wonderful part of all was the description of the heroism of the other party which had worked its way across from the Australian side of the Antarctic Continent, which showed so well what men can do when everything seems to militate against their survival. Whether anyone came away desirous of exploring the Antarctic is doubtful, but certainly everyone increased considerably his admiration for the unselfishness and courage of the explorers.

Mr. Edgar Marsh gave a lecture on November 21st about the 'Salving of

Ships.' One realised how difficult it was for both Man and Science to contend with the limitless power of the Sea. After a description of the three kinds of accidents which involve salvage work, namely sinking, burning, and running ashore, the lecturer showed us slides of the various formings of diving-suit commonly in use, as well as of different types of pumps employed. He then gave several examples of accidents to particular ships, together with the different methods successfully employed in salving them.

On Saturday, October 5th, Mr. Eric Thompson, of the Field Museum, Chicago, talked informally in the Big School of his exploration and excavation work connected with the Mayan civilization in British Honduras and Guatemala. The ceramics and other remains of complicated religious cults are likely to prove a rich and original study for archaeologists, while the remains of temples and pyramids demonstrate the cultural level to which these almost unknown peoples attained.

THE DISCUSSION SOCIETY.

On November 27th Miss Simpson talked on Village Life and its tendencies and prospects, as an introduction to a discussion on the future of Village Life. She made special reference to various village communities in Czechoslovakia and Switzerland which have only in the last few years, if at all, felt the influence of Western Europe. Though this talk, which was illustrated with lantern slides, was much appreciated, the discussion which followed proved too involved for the majority of those present.

On December 3rd the Rev. Martin de la Hey, of North Cerney, talked on the history of the Church in England with special reference to the subject of Disestablishment. Beginning with the Mediaeval Church, he traced the history of religious organization in this country through the Reformation and Reform periods down to the Prayer Book Measures of recent years. The discussion which followed centred largely round the contemporary arguments for and against, and the probable effects of the Disestablishment of the Church of England.

RECITAL.

On the evening of Saturday, December 7th Mr. Aubrey Standing gave a recital from Dickens' "Christmas Carol." Introducing the dramatized version of this well-known work he first explained the moral behind it and the analogy of Tiny Tim as the Christ Child. In his subsequent performance Mr. Standing depicted admirably the contrast between the soulless miserly Scrooge and the joviality of those around him. To anyone hitherto unacquainted with this most famous of Christmas Books this evening must have formed a most excellent introduction; it was especially interesting to those present who had seen the 'Carol' acted in the College four years ago.

C. T.

THE HOBBIES CLUB.

During' the past term the Hobbies Club has not been on the whole very progressive, owing mainly to the large number of new boys who were enrolled at the beginning of the term. Much interesting work was done however in the Meccano Section. Work continued slowly but surely both in the Weaving and Field Sections, the former holding a few meetings under the direction of Mrs. Gobey. Among foreign stamps received for the Hobbies Club collection were a large number of American issues kindly sent by Mr. Eric Thompson, of the Field Museum, Chicago.

D. B. H.

THE OVERTURE.

He heard it the first time he went to a theatre, and because he always remembered that occasion, he never forgot the overture.

It gave him the feeling that one always has when looking forward to future delights. It recalled the theatre to him — the heavy plush of the curtains and seats, and the discreet buzz of the audience.

He grew old and he became ill. It was an autumn evening, and the doctors had left him, thinking that when they returned he would be gone.

His bed lay alongside the window, which looked down upon a quiet square. An apology for a garden grew in the middle where passers-by would sometimes sit and rest.

The sun was setting and the smoke which coiled upwards was tinged with

fading gold. An ex-serviceman came into view, playing on a tin whistle. The tune sounded familiar to him.

It was the overture.

C. T. G.

THE VILLAGE.

Scattered along the left hand side of the road lies the village. Behind the cottages the hills rise sharply, and finally disappear from view in the fleeting mass of cloud. Below, the river glides smoothly on its winding course. The narrow strip of grass along the bank gives way to more hills, covered with restless pines and beeches. A cool wind blows across the valley, and trees, river, and houses stand out sharply in the sunshine.

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The wind has dropped now, and the first few spots of rain are falling. The pine trees no longer sparkle in the sunshine, and the smooth surface of the river becomes a mist, silvery with tiny drops of rain.

The village has become silent, no footfalls along the meadow paths, no shouts of children in the street.

Slowly the smoke rises from the chimney tops and is dispersed by the pouring rain. Water from the roadway gurgles through the drains, while down the hillside tumble numerous streams, rushing in and out of crevices, in their haste to meet the river.

Softly the clouds rise and the rain ceases. The sun peeps out and throws its rays over the sodden land. As night slowly draws over the valley the silence is momentarily broken by shouts of children.

B. J. M.

A LONG VACATION.

It was but a chance suggestion which led me to seek work as a tourist guide during the vacation. A self-penned and highly complimentary reference and an interview with the fierce looking, Brahms-bearded manager of -----'s sufficed, and within a week I was speeding, in the company of another undergraduate, to Montreux in Switzerland to take up my duties as a tourist guide. A few hours wait in Paris, and we were away through the night, awaking in a beautiful June morning to behold the first mountains, the Savoy Alps, enveloped in a slight blue haze, rising, gaunt and grey, from the still blue waters of the Lac Lemman. The air was fresh and clear, as though made for a fairy throat. And so through vineyards, we pass along the shore's edge to Montreux, a town of hotels, nestling at the foot of the hills at the far end of the Lake.

We had conducted a party of tourists out so far, and two or three impressions of that journey are still vivid to me. Great had been our excitement on a perusal of the tourist list, to find that the greater part of our party were entitled "Miss," greater still our disappointment to find that the average age was at least 45. It was the first and last time in which the word "Miss" flattered our youthful hearts, for such ladies form a large proportion of the tourist traffic. Again, how quickly did my vain fabric of literary French collapse on encountering the reality! It needed a month's intensive and vociferous conversation with chauffeurs and innkeepers before the breach in armour was repaired, and a necessary repair it was, for no other way was so efficient in preserving our dignity and

authority before the tourists, as to pour out a flow of French to the chauffeur or a local native.

During that journey I was supremely self-conscious of a little badge I wore, an "honour" denoting my dignity as a guide or courier. That badge had its vices and virtues. It was especially valuable with the "professionals," porters, hotel managers—a strange breed of men—fellow couriers, and train guards. It gave one a status, a worldly, well-travelled aspect; one was not a gullible, fleecable tourist. It could always obtain for one a first-class compartment, a free lunch and a bottle of wine on a tour. But its holder was expected to be a mine of encyclopaedic, travelling, domestic and geographical knowledge, and one was marked out as a Mecca, a piece of flypaper to which fled all and sundry travellers in distress, clients of the firm or not. One lady, travelling from Italy, asked me in the Simplon Tunnel what was a suitable hotel near King's Cross, what was the price of its rooms, and what time she would arrive in Dundee! An American was annoyed because I acknowledged the fact that I did not understand the internal mechanism of a train window which was jammed. A guide and did not know! Incredible! It was for us to ladle out oil on troubled waters, when travellers were in trouble with the customs or the train guard and all tempers were getting frayed. Yes, it was a full and varied life, never lacking incident and excitement, *le piment de la vie*.

We were soon broken into our work. In the day we escorted tours, varying in numbers from 4 on the expensive Chamonix trip to 60 and 70 on the popular St. Bernard tour. It was not too easy managing 4 or 5 big charabancs of people,

keeping them all supplied with information along the whole route, inducing a friendly and jovial spirit amongst a car of strangers, seeing that all had their lunch and tea, collecting tickets, fares and coupons off 70 people and not being one short, taking them round a town like Geneva without losing anyone, and above all keeping to time. In the evening we worked in the office, booking excursions, reserving train seats and hotel rooms, exchanging money, and doing the whole host of things which fall within the range of a tourist office. We were more fortunate in our tours than our brothers at Ostend and other Belgian resorts, who were condemned to incessant boredom of renovated battlefields. Our tours embraced the walled town of Gruyere, a castle dominated eminence, gaily coloured and preserving a unique mediaeval character; Chamonix, at the foot of Mont Blanc, a country of exhilarating peaks and glaciers; the Hospice of St. Bernard, where the wind, ever bitter, blew over an awe-inspiring desolation of grey barren rock; and round the Lake to Geneva, through a world of old-time culture and religious strife, recalling the names of Calvin and Francis de Sales, Voltaire, Rousseau, Byron, Shelley, Mme. de Stael, Hugo and a host of others. Can one ever forget that view from the bank above the junction of the grey, muddy Oroee and the deep blue Rhone, across Geneva to the mighty eminence of the snow covered Mont Blanc, rearing itself up, a veritable Leviathan of the Alps, forty miles away.

At first we were greenhorns. We openly acknowledged our omissions of geographical knowledge. But this George Washington attitude of truth was soon abandoned and we became brazen-faced "authorities" on everything

and sundry. Our imagination knew no bounds. Everybody wanted to see Mont Blanc, and given any decent view with some snow-covered mountains in the distance and within 40 degrees of the right direction, there we found "him." We developed a keen sense of the dramatic, often at the expense of truth. I mistook the two groups of Protestant Vaudois, the Swiss and the Italian, and on the bridge over the Rhone connecting Protestant Vaud and Catholic Valais, I would spout forth Milton's sonnet demanding vengeance for the massacre of the Vaudois, and would describe the march of the bloodthirsty Valaisans across this bridge on their dire errand of slaughter. So well did we describe Napoleon's crossing of the St. Bernard Pass that he himself must have turned in his eternal sleep and given himself another pat on the back.

Our clients were often amusing. I remember plainly a certain Mrs. Pink, widow, with face and person suited to her name, who wrote gardening notes and maintained the correspondence column for jilted lovers in Clara's Weekly, and tried to convert me to spiritualism; and her inveterate companion, Miss Bacon, tall and angular, "on the lean side please," who travelled 2nd class, boarded 3rd, and expected 1st class attention. There was the squib of a man, with a Yorkshire accent, who asked me in Geneva if he could catch a train to the French frontier (10 miles away and in open country!) as he wanted to buy some French cigarettes; and the over-fed American and his wife, whom even the prospect of the magnificent Piase Vache Falls, 260 feet high, could not lure out of the car. "Say, boy, (the insolence of him!) but I've seen too many of these falls to be kidded into

seeing this one." But all Americans were not like this one, and I much preferred escorting them to the English. They were always interested, had opinions of their own, could talk, which few English can do intelligently, and were often charming. At Domo d'Ossola, over the Italian frontier I used to meet a unique Italian tourist agent, who spoke with a broad Scotch accent and told me Aberdeen jokes.

Travel will never disappoint anyone who seeks to find fresh experience, in human personality and picturesque incident. Once the Swiss train from Italy was crowded with Swiss peasants who had been engaged in the shooting competition at Bellinzara. Everyone was hushed in that long, dark journey through the Simplon Tunnel. Then the train burst in the sunlight and fresh greenery of Switzerland, and there still lingers in my mind the spontaneous cry which sprang to the lips of these peasants as they passed from darkness back to the welcome light of their own land—"Vive la Suisse!"

It was pleasant work for an undergraduate. He was but an amateur, and

after the evening's work was over, there still remained the romance of the lakeside, the moonlight, and fair clients still to be amused before the day was over. But tourist work is a sorrowful career to be undertaken for life. In the most beautiful scenery in the world, the canker of boredom creeps in, for it is a life of routine and red tape, coupons, reserved seats, tickets, and yet more coupons. A blight envelopes the mind, and not even the view from the Col du Fordaz, 5,000 feet up, of the Rhone Valley stretching away and in the distance, the snow peaks of the Bernese Oberland, seemingly afloat in the air; not even the thought of the historical background of the Bernard Pass, with its Emperors, Roman and mediaeval, its pilgrims and its Napoleon, can awake enthusiasm, brighten the eyes and quicken the tongue. Travel has no meaning to most of them; it has lost its lure. It is a sad thing, for travel ought to be one of the joys of existence, for there is no other thing which so infallibly frees us from the grooves of our own particular mode of life, broadens our minds and intensifies experience.

[W. S. M.]

