

RENDCOMB COLLEGE Magazine.

October, 1931.

Vol. IV. No. 1.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We heartily welcome to the staff of the College Mr. J. C. Janies, Mr. A. G. G. Richards, Mr. J. S. Hurnall, and Mr. V. Brooks. Elsewhere in these columns will be found the references made by the Headmaster on Founder's Day to the masters who left at the end of last term. We wish them all every happiness in their respective careers.

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D. Field, W. Jones, C. G. V. Taylor, and C. W. Wells were successful in obtaining the Higher School Certificate of Cambridge University.

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By the time these words are in print we hope that the new Science Laboratory, which has been constructed out of part of the former stables, will be in use. It will be used at first as a general science laboratory, principally for Physics and Biology, and it is hoped that the adjoining room will be converted into a second laboratory in the course of the next few years. The room now in working order is capable of holding a class of twenty-four boys, and is fitted for use both as laboratory and lecture room. The College is to be congratulated on at last possessing a laboratory where scientific work can be carried on in pleasant conditions and with satisfactory equipment. We very much appreciate the value of this addition to our resources.

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The number of boys in the College this term is 66. The following left the College in July: A. P. Browning, W. Burns, D. Field, P. Harding, C. W. Honeybone, W. Jones, J. Maslin, V. D. Page, N. A. Perkins; P. R. Woodruff.

The new boys who have joined the College this term are: J. Billany (Cirencester Council), R. Campbell (Halstead Place), E. R. Cooper (Blakeney Council), R. O. J. Cooper (Hopton C. of E.), M. H. R. Dowding (Chipping Sodbury C. of E.), P. J. Dyke (Mangotsfield C. of E.), P. Field (Bibury C. of E.), E. R. Gillham (Winterbourne Council), H. Gwinnell (Kingswood, High Street Council), W. Harris (Wollastone Council), T. Kitchen (Southrop C. of E.), P. Lambert (King- well Hall, Bath), A. C. Magor (Bisley C. of E.), D. Morison (Kingswood, High Street Council), H. H. Selby (Brockweir Council), R. Short (Bitton Council), P. Tuft (Clarence School, Weston-super-Mare).

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We acknowledge with thanks two gifts to the Library, each including a number of volumes, from Miss C. A. Simpson and Mr. J. R. Bateman. To the kindness of the latter, too, we are indebted for the two delightful prints now hanging in the Music Room.

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Our readers may be interested in a change of nomenclature. What was formerly the Geography Room will in future be known as the History Room, and the former Greek Room will now be called the Sixth Form Room.

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On Saturday, June 27th, the Headmaster took five boys to a performance of the Antigone at Bradfield College.

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The Old Boys' Football Match against the College will take place on Saturday, October 3rd. The Christmas Entertainment will probably be on Saturday, December 19th 1931.

The half-term holiday will be the weekend from the 14th to the 16th of November.

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On Monday, June 1st, the Rev. S. Franklin, of Cirencester, came to give a talk on the League of Nations and Disarmament. He confined his attention for the most part to what may be called the selfish motives for disarmament, leaving the moral case for it as too plain to need any further statement. He stressed the crushing financial burden of armaments upon the chief powers at a time when the world's finances are already from other causes in a weak position. He pointed out how further procrastination in disarmament by those powers which were victorious in 1918 would provide a justification for armament on the part of powers then forcibly disarmed. He also emphasised the triviality of the incidents which frequently give rise to wars, instancing cases from S. America.

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Prefects for the Autumn Term are: — South: C. W. Wells, I. Allen; East: C. O. V. Taylor, W. S. Boardman, J. R. Wheeler; West: W. T. Greenway.

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The following are among those elected by the General Meeting to positions of responsibility: — Chairman: J. Allen; Secretary: J. Miller; Captain of Football: J. Allen; Football Secretary: A. R. Curtis; Banker: M. H. Martin; Games Committee: J. Allen, A. R. Curtis, C. W. Wells, J. Dixon, J. R. Davies; Council: C. W. Wells, W. T. Greenway, C. Sidgwick, J. R. Wheeler, J. Allen, J. Dixon, C. G. V. Taylor; Shopmen: C. Sidgwick, J. Miller, A. Wilson.

OLD BOYS' NOTES.

W. S. Morgan sailed on August 20th for the Straits Settlements, where he has been appointed to a post in the Government Educational Service. He will probably be stationed at first in Singapore.

A. E. H. Tullett writes from Lurgan, Co. Armagh, where he is at present working for the Minimax Co. Ltd.

B.J. Brooks took part in the operations in the Southern Desert, Iraq, between November, 1929, and January, 1930, which resulted in the surrender of Sheikh Faisal Ed Dawish and Naif Ibn Hithlain. More recently he has been at Khanaqin with a detached Flight of No. 84(B) Squadron engaged in operations against Sheikh Mahmoud and his rebel followers, in Southern Kurdistan. After several encounters between the rebels and the Iraq Army, the Royal Air Force succeeded in driving Mahmoud and a few of his followers across the frontier into Persia, once again proving the value of air action in mountainous country.

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W. E. Bardrick writes from North Devon, Yarram, Victoria, where, after having had experience of agricultural work of different kinds, he is working on a dairy farm.

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H. L. Theobald writes very happily of his first impressions of life at Port Elizabeth. He appears to have found a promising opening in the kind of business with which, he became familiar in Bristol.

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An engagement of marriage is announced between A. Smith (who left the College in 1925, and is now in Northern Nigeria) and Miss Stella Romilie Forbes, of St. Saviour, Jersey.

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D. Dakin has been appointed to a post on the staff of the Haberdashers' Aske's Hampstead School, London.

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P. Harding is working in the offices of Messrs. Lister, of Dursley.

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C W. Honeybone is working in the offices of the Imperial Tobacco Company at Bristol.

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W. Jones is temporarily engaged at the Rating Office of the Cirencester Rural District Council.

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A. Wilcox gained Second-class Honours in Mathematics at Reading University.

N. A. Perkins will go into residence at St. John's College, Oxford, in October.

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H. F. Thomson is now in the Royal Air Force.

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J. Maslin has entered the Teachers' Training Department of Loughborough College.

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D. Field has entered the Cheltenham School of Art by means of a County Junior Art Scholarship.

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

FOUNDER'S DAY.

(By the kindness of the Wilts and Gloucestershire Standard.)

The annual celebration of Founder's Day took place on Saturday, June 20th, when there was a large gathering of persons interested in education, parents, and friends.

The Rev. Canon Sewell, Chairman of the Governors, was in the chair, and he was supported on the platform by Mrs. Noel Wills, Mr. C. Cookson, Mr. H. W. Household, Major V. L. Dawson, and Mr. F. James, members of the Governing Body, Sir Alan Anderson, K. B. E., and the Headmaster.

In presenting his annual report the Headmaster said that his first duty was to associate himself very heartily with the welcome already offered to Sir Alan Anderson. There could be no more welcome or valuable guest at any school than one who could speak with his intimate knowledge of the world of commerce and affairs; for he could tell them among other things what that world is looking to schools to provide, and what qualities and qualifications boys must possess if they were to find in that world a place where they could do work of credit to themselves and service to others.

He was never quite sure how far on those occasions it was proper for a headmaster to welcome, as it were, the Governing Body to their own school. But that was one of the relatively few times when they had the opportunity of seeing

them there as a body, and they greatly appreciated their presence. He wished very much that the vice-chairman, Colonel Russell Kerr, had not been prevented from coming by absence abroad. Above all they were glad to have with them Mrs. Noel Wills. In the particular circumstances of the school no encouragement could mean to any of them—particularly to himself—as the knowledge that they had her continued interest, good will, and support, and few knew as well as he did how generously and wisely and far-sightedly she promoted their welfare. During the past year he had received much kindness—both personally, and, as it were, officially—from members of the Governing Body. But he would like to express his special thanks to Major Dawson, with whom circumstances brought him into contact over a great many matters of greater or less moment, for the continual help that he has received at his hands.

To the large number of parents there that day—and there were no more welcome visitors—he would only say how greatly he appreciated the way in which some of them—as he knew well, by what they said and wrote about Rendcomb—were maintaining and increasing the reputation of the school throughout the country.

He was glad, too, to see a number of Old Boys there, and he hoped that all of them would repeat their visit, and many others as well, on the day which was peculiarly their day—the day of the Old Boys' match.

Schoolmasters always found it a little surprising—though it was certainly very gratifying—that so many visitors who had no personal ties with a school were good enough to come year after year to proceedings which must, in the nature of the case, have a certain similarity. Of those there that day some, no doubt, were interested primarily because they aimed at reproducing many of what were commonly called the "public school" qualities; and others because they were trying to build what was in some respects a novel form for school society. Whichever of these two sides of work appealed to them most, they were very glad to see them there.

Passing to some of the details of a thoroughly happy and interesting, though not especially eventful, school year, he found that nine boys had left Rendcomb during the past twelve months (none of them, as it happened, from among our Gloucestershire scholars). One of them was taking a medical course at Leeds University, another was destined for Edinburgh University, with a view to Forestry, one hoped to enter the Royal Air Force, and the rest were entering on various professional and business careers.

In September they would again be at their maximum of some 67 boys, the number that they reached every second year, after each successive entry of Gloucestershire scholars. For the 15 vacancies in September there were no fewer than 240 candidates from the public elementary schools of the county.

Since last year there had been placed in the hall an honours board to record the academic honours won by members of the College. He always felt it was in one sense a lean year if he could not announce at least one university scholarship or exhibition, and he was therefore glad to be able to call their attention to the last name on that board—that of N. A. Perkins, who during the year won an Open Mathematical Scholarship at St. John's College, Oxford. Perkins came to them as their first open scholar from the Junior Department of Dulwich. He had more than justified his selection, and he hoped that some of their other open scholars meant to follow his example. He believed his award at Oxford was no more than he deserved, and that they would hear of him as winning other honours in the future for himself and for his school. He would like to mention two other honours that were recorded on the programme. F. H. Jones, an exhibitor of St. John's College, Oxford, had been awarded a Lord Kitchener Memorial Scholarship, and D. Field's exceptional artistic talent had won for him a County Scholarship to the School of Art at Cheltenham.

They had made an innovation this year in taking their School Certificate Examination in December, rather than in the following June. For their particular purpose that arrangement had certain distinct

advantages, apart from the fact that it added a new spice of excitement to the post on Christmas morning. At any rate, it worked all right this year, for of the 14 boys who entered 13 obtained certificates and the 14th was, in his opinion, one of the more intelligent members of the form.

Another innovation marked the Christmas term. He had long believed that the work of this, by far the most strenuous term of the school year, would gain from a mid-term break, and the Governing Body kindly allowed him to arrange for a week-end in November, when nearly all the boys went home. That little holiday was tremendously enjoyed by the boys, he gathered that it was approved by parents, and he did not notice any disapproval of it on the part of his colleagues!

With regard to the general work of the school, he entertained very high hopes of the present third form, who consisted for the most part of the entry of 1929. They constituted one of the most promising groups that they had had there. Work with such a group made one realise how unnecessary could be the whole apparatus of marks, and orders, and prizes, that we resolved in early days to discard. There was an article written years ago by their Founder about the early Rendcomb, at which he often looked to revive memories and receive guidance. In it occurred the words "Work and games are abundantly worthwhile. Neither is the former rewarded by prizes, nor the latter by colours. The need for such does not exist...." The Rendcomb boy would not understand a bribe. I think he would feel insulted by it.

Science had hitherto played a very subordinate part in their curriculum, though he attached high value to the Biological work which Mr. Browne had hitherto carried on under considerable difficulties. The time had come, however, when they felt that for general educational reasons, as well as for more purely vocational reasons, more opportunity must be given for scientific work, and Science would gradually be substituted for Mathematics as a Higher Certificate and Scholarship subject. The beginning of the change would coincide with, and be tremendously assisted by, the provision of a new laboratory

in the former stable buildings, which he was assured would be ready for use by September. That change had one regrettable consequence, for it meant that they had to lose the valuable services of Mr. Bolton King, who had done admirable work in raising the Mathematics of the school to the highest level they had yet reached. They would all retain very grateful and agreeable memories of him.

Manual work and craftsmanship had always played a larger part with them than in many schools. The longer he watched them, as they were taught there by Mr. Browne, the more he was convinced of their value as school subjects from both the manipulative and the aesthetic aspects. A number of boys, who started with apparently no special talent, came to spend a great deal of their spare time in the workshop, and they produced in and out of school hours the kind of work that they would find exhibited in Big Schools. The more specially skilful had also had the opportunity of showing their work elsewhere. At the Three Counties Show this year, Seven out of their nine exhibits, when judged on an equal basis with professional work, were specially commended, while one was awarded one of the four certificates given for the whole exhibition by the Rural Industries Bureau.

They were rather proud—he hoped not too proud—of their past record at football, which was decidedly their best and most popular game. Last year's first eleven, very well led, certainly lived up to their tradition, and repeatedly beat the teams of very much larger schools. In the Easter term they made a successful start with hockey, as their third school game, and once more they had an extremely interesting and exciting athletic sports contest with their friends from Burford Grammar School, defeating them by the narrowest margin. He felt that the cricket season there is only just beginning, the season, he meant, for those who played cricket, as distinct from the season for those who read about it. So far it had been mainly a story of sodden pitches and matches conceded or interrupted owing to rain. When matches had been possible the result of curtailed practice had been very evident.

With regard to the internal organisation of the school, he would like to say a word in appreciation of the work done by the prefects. A number of them were leaving Rendcomb this term, after serving the school well. In sense of duty, loyalty, and a desire to help younger boys, they seemed to compare favourably with anybody of prefects that he had known elsewhere. The fact that, for certain purposes as members of the General Meeting, they were on the same level as everyone else, might make their position more difficult, but it also lessened the standing temptation of the efficient prefect to take himself too seriously. An old boy wrote to him the other day from a distant part of the world, "If I did learn one thing more than another at Rendcomb, it was to bear criticism." A valuable accomplishment, he thought, for anyone who had to govern, whether at school or elsewhere.

One problem—it was, of course, far more than a Rendcomb problem—which had most seriously exercised him during the past year was that of finding promising openings for a number of their boys when they left. They had in the past done a great deal in that way—perhaps more than they need have done—but he could assure them that it was work which was not at the moment getting any easier. General as the problem was, it was, perhaps, especially acute in the case of boys of first-rate character and ability whose parents lived in small country villages and might not be able to support them at a distance from home during their first years of employment.

He could assure them that they were doing what they could by getting into direct touch with employers, and by other means, to help parents in the very difficult decisions that at present often confronted them, though they could not, of course, relieve them of their primary responsibility in the matter.

That was his first opportunity to speak of the work of Miss Simmons, who took over the domestic duties of the College in September. He was grateful to her for what she had done both to preserve the health of the boys, which during the winter terms was remarkably good, and also to maintain inside the College the atmosphere

of friendliness and informality by which they had always set great store.

The staff had never been a happier family than during the past year. Unfortunately, three of them would have to be replaced in September. Mr. Hessing sailed a week ago for India, where he was to be headmaster of an important boarding-school. In the four years that he was with them he rendered great service both to the work—especially the sixth form work—and to the games of the College, and his understanding of the way in which things were done at Rendcomb was singularly acute and sympathetic.

They were also losing Mr. Bateman, who had done much for the intellectual life and good taste of the community. He was grateful to him for the way in which he had encouraged a love of literature among boys of all ages, and for the help he had given with the school acting. He only wished that for that day's play, with which he had taken immense trouble, he had better luck as regards the weather, for outdoor rehearsals had been seriously interrupted.

When so much relatively was leaving, he was all the more appreciative of what remained, and nothing was more comforting than to know that they had among them Mr. Campling to keep a watchful eye, and to ease the working of the machine in ways that were too many to number.

The headmaster of a comparatively new school should be as alive as anyone to its shortcomings and immaturities, and he hoped he did not fail in this respect. But one thing he felt he could say with assurance—that the school produced boys who might be called individuals. He believed it was still true, as was written by their Founder, "there is no attempt to force them all into the same mould—encouragement is give to enterprise and initiative." It was far easier to recognise individuality than to define it. He certainly would not attempt to do the latter. But one mark of it was surely the ability to form one's own conclusions, and not to accept too readily the facile and second-hand pronouncements of the market-place. In an age of mass-production and mass-suggestion he believed that to be a valuable

quality, and it was presumably of that a father of one of their old boys was thinking when he wrote to him a few weeks ago: "I feel more than ever confident that the way Rendcomb boys are trained into an independent way of thinking gives them an invaluable start in life." He hoped his confidence would continue to be justified.

The Chairman said they were once again permitted to celebrate Founder's Day, and he thought it was most important that they should always have in their minds what that day meant. It really should bring into their minds a tremendous sense of gratitude for the very noble work which their late friend did at Rendcomb and for the county of Gloucester in general, and for the noble help which he always had from the gracious lady sitting by him on that platform, who had always helped that place and whose continuing generosity towards Rendcomb College, as he knew more than most people, had been a generosity which few people would have exerted.

The one reason which prompted him to come there that day in the face of many difficulties was that he wanted to express that Founder's Day meant having in their hearts a real gratitude for the work that had been done for Gloucestershire boys by that very unique foundation.

A man of great ability many years ago, when he was asked what was the most difficult virtue to practise, said: "Gratitude: people are always willing to take, and then forget." That was not their attitude, and he hoped they would always have that attitude of real gratitude for that which was past and of which they were now reaping the benefits, and that for years to come their Gloucestershire boys would benefit in that way, a way which, as he said, was almost unique and which, as they had heard from the Headmaster's report, was doing such good work, on which he congratulated them.

His next duty, an extremely pleasant one, was to welcome their guest, Sir Alan Anderson, for so kindly coming there at great inconvenience to himself and expressing to them his sound knowledge of the world, of which they wanted to

He hoped in the following term they might have a new laboratory opened, and, if he might throw a bombshell for once into the thought of their Sixth Form, to give them something to think about in the coming vacation, it was to commend to them a difficult subject, but one which he believed in the next twenty or twenty-five years would pay them, the study of one of the most important things they possessed—the study of the mind. It was now called by the name of psychology. It was an elusive thing, but it was a thing now being studied to great advantage, and he would venture to suggest that they might do worse in the midst of all their sport to get some elementary book on psychology and see how large a part of their life, future and present, depended upon a right exercise of the mind.

Sir Alan Anderson said both the Headmaster and the Chairman had trailed their coats for him to tread on, and to tell them exactly how to get on in the world. (Laughter.) He might have a shot at trying to give them tips later on, if they would first realise how unreadable all tipsters were. He could not deny, of course, that he had been travelling for about forty years along the road that they were all starting, but after forty years the road would be all re-made and different, and details of his journey would really misfire. At the same time some general ideas about that life travel did not change, and it was the function of the school and the church to give those to them.

Incidentally, they were very lucky in being brought up in a good school. He thought schools had improved quite a lot since his time. The public schools in his time were very good, but the elementary and private schools thought that cramming was the great thing, that the amount of knowledge stuffed into a boy's head was the great test, and some of them continued in that way.

One of his boys went to Eton. He had a report from his master which struck him as extremely wise. The boy was very unlearned, but the master wrote: — “The boy ought to get on all right. I think he came from a very good school. He came to us quite friendly and unafraid.”

That was the attitude in which they must all approach life. On the whole life was a good place, this country was the best of all countries, and life was very much a mirror which threw back to them very much what they presented to it: and if they went forward “friendly and unafraid” they probably would find people friendly with them and not afraid to help them on.

In general when they went out into the world they would find everyone was fair, nice and kind to young people—if they were decently minded young people, of course, and did not give themselves airs—just as an old dog was kind to a puppy. And they would find that an old clerk would take a positive pride in showing how he was bringing them on and what men he was going to make of them, if they started young enough in making him think he was the real thing. But education took time, and often a young man got to work after varsity just a little too old to be patronised by the old clerk.

Through life they would carry with them the memory of Rendcomb, founded by a kind, nice, wise man of his day and watched over now by his wife. Rendcomb was just a specimen of that attitude towards them, which was not new at all. Rendcomb was a child with at least a thousand years. He was lodged, fed and taught at the expense of Henry VI. for five years, and it was a wonderful story, the way in which that desire of the men blessed with wealth to help the next generation expressed itself in the form of culture and education beyond what they would otherwise have got. They owed a tremendous debt to those wise founders.

If they were interested in how to get on in the world, let them look at the careers of a few of those men. William Long, who was born in 1324, became so great a man that “everything was done through him, and without him nothing was done,” and he was so much regarded by the King that he was given a special bonus of a day. That man they would say was a pushing, active business man, not too scrupulous, but he was marked down by Edward III to be the Great Man of England. He was pushed into holy orders and became Bishop of Winchester.

He later became Chancellor, and within ten years of being that active business man he had not only become great and acquired wealth, but he had the power of giving wealth away. He founded a college at Oxford, New College, and a college at Winchester within ten years of rising from being a clerk to being a great man. He thought quite obviously Edward III had spotted his man and allowed him to have that wealth because he knew he would pass it on. William Long became William of Wykeham.

There was a master at Winchester who in exactly the same way was picked out by Henry VI, and in ten years he, too, was given enough wealth to carry on the foundation of Eton, and he founded Magdalen College.

What they discovered, those great founders, was that the object of a school was not so much learning but to teach them how to learn. The motto of one of those two great men, "Manners makyth man," stood as fresh to-day as when it was thought of.

There was generally a catch in a top. If a tipster was so all-wise, why should he go on writing for papers? But the tip was generally on the lines of a person at a prize fight who said "Go in and win" when one was getting beaten.

One of the great leads was undoubtedly ambition, but there was another tip which they could get from literature: to avoid cant, avoid trying to be genteel, to be honest in language and actions, and not to be shy. All those things could be expressed quite readily in literature, and, if they were interested, there was a very good book by Quiller-Couch on the art of writing. They could only influence people by ideas. An idea was good if they could get it into the head of the other man. People wrote "He was the recipient of a teapot." Good English would be "They gave him a teapot." That was quite simple, and it was quite necessary to be simple. People would say "He was carried home in a state of distressing intoxication." In good English that would be "They took him home drunk."

If they went right back to the New Testament, the great Teacher of the world clothed His lessons in exactly those simple words, and it was no doubt partly because of that they had stuck in their minds right through the ages. When He had a difficult thing to tell He cast the idea in the simplest possible form of words: "A sower went forth to sow"; "The kingdom of heaven is like the leaven which a woman took"; "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

It was perfectly marvellous the effect of good English which had a thought behind it, and they being educated had the chance to use good English to drive good ideas, but they must have the idea. What would they say of "sleep"? Shakespeare said, "Sleep, which knits up the ravelled skeins of care." They might not want to be literary men, but men of action, but actions were always clothed in words, and when putting what they thought into words it was necessary to think clearly. They had been given the chance to know when they were thinking "muzzy" and when they were thinking clearly, and they had to choose between the two, but if they wanted to succeed in life they must think clearly.

Sir Alan Anderson was warmly thanked for his address, on the motion of Mr. C. Cookson, seconded by Mr. H. W. Household.

Immediately after the speeches the company moved to the open space in front of the College, where a display of Morris Dancing was given by three Morris Sets.

The three Sets danced well. There was plenty of strength and force without grace of movement being sacrificed. The footwork was always neat and the timing good. The Sets kept perfectly together and no one Set was outstanding.

The colours of the bell braid were the School colours and provided a very charming contrast to the traditional white trousers of the dancers.

After tea there was the usual exhibition of manual work in Big School. The general standard was well up to that of previous years and several visitors, who were qualified to judge, considered that in originality and variety of design the work

was above the level of former exhibitions. The work of J. C. Maslin deserves special mention, both for its quality and because the quantity indicates that he has acquired a creditable speed in working—the point where, everything else being equal, the professional nearly always leaves the amateur.

Forms II and III showed by their work that they have talent in their ranks—but at the same time they want to realise that it is they who have to produce the bulk of the exhibition next year.

These forms also produced, under the guidance of two members of Form Va, a useful exhibit of their Biological work during the year.

THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY.

(We are fortunate this year in having received two separate criticisms of the play given on Founder's Day, and regret that space does not enable us to give both in full.)

“At 5.30 p. m.” said all our programmes, “scenes from *The Shoemaker's Holiday* will be acted in the woodland theatre.” The woodland theatre! How many schools can say that? even in these happy modern days, when people do algebra in Jacobean mansions, and recite *Macbeth* instead of the multiplication table.

It was not exactly at 5.35 after all, nor even precisely 5.45, but the audience was quite happy, sitting in front of a green grass stage (well raked, as the learned say), admiring a neatly carpentered stage house with real casement windows, backed by some of the most magnificent trees in Gloucestershire.

Still, we were pleased when Sir Hugh Lacy and the Lord Mayor of London strolled forth in conversation from the trees, two fine figures of men, handsomely dressed, and with good carrying voices. Sir Hugh looked at the ground too often, but that may have been aristocratic reserve, and he spoke like a nobleman, and Sir Roger was every inch a Mayor.

The Shoemakers shop and the Journeymen workers were a delightful group, harmonious and spirited throughout, even down to the pot boy. They were varied, too; they did enough and not too much, and even seemed to put in some real work on the leather (and perhaps some real drinking from the pots). They had, of course, the advantage of two excellent individual actors. Simon Eyre was an admirable figure, lifelike and jolly, and Firk was the best actor on the stage. He acted all the time, not only when people were looking at him, and he was not afraid of being alone on the scene, a great test of an amateur. These scenes must have been very well stage-managed; the entrances, and especially the exits, were always effective, the colours were gay (I particularly liked the American cloth jerkins), and there was very little “masking” (getting in the way of other actors). The scene where Roland Lacy, the disguised hero, sat on a stump and hummed a song, while the journeymen carried on their action in another corner, was most successful.

The ladies were not quite so good, but much harder to do. Margery, Simon's wife, was vivacious, and made a good figure at the window. Rose, the Lord Mayor's lovely daughter, should, I think, have been more responsive. A little dignified flirting would have become her, as undignified flirting became her maid, Sybil. She was a thought to matter of fact, even for the forward Lady Dekker makes her. And heroines might be allowed curls, real or acquired. But the garden scenes and the Morris dances were festive and pretty, and a good relief to the shoe-making. Roland and Rose might have got more fun out of the shoe fitting comedy, when their extremely unobservant parents nearly discover them.

All the minor characters were good, and very well got up (the Rendcomb costumier must be a resourceful person. Askew and Dodger made their small parts quite distinct, and the latter had a secretive, but-toned-up aspect which was quite like a nobleman's gentleman. The kind was most kindly, and the Dutch skipper unmistakably Dutch. . . .

The play was well-chosen. It reflected the spirit of the school—service and good comradeship.

‘Work apace, apace, apace, apace:
Honest labour bears a lovely face.’

This is the theme of the play, and this is what the shoe-makers readily make us believe—that good work and honest work are the secret of a successful life.

The ‘mad lord mayor’ is an embodiment of the geniality and good nature which we feel must have belonged to the author himself. The shoemakers take a pride in their work: your journeyman shoemaker lives a life free from care: he sings at his labour and jests and laughs with his companions. He is so sure of the goodwill of his master that he can sharpen his wit on his mistress’ tongue.

No work could be dull in such a company. Simon Eyre is a jest in himself. He laughs everyone into a good humour. He rules by his merriment. Mistress Eyre gets sworn at often enough for interfering with his men, but knowing her husband uses her merely as a butt for his jesting she ‘lets that pass.’ Besides she has learnt discretion: Simon will stand no pishery pashery—she must let all things pass. But Simon is a most loveable character. There is no subtlety or deceit in him—he is as honest as he is merry. We are told he can be serious at a council meeting, but we only see him in the humorous vein. D. Field brought out well his frankness and good nature, but the part afforded him little opportunity for change and development. J. H. Dixon however was able to bring light and shade to the character of Firk. He made him a delightful humorist, and his laughter was catching. He so thoroughly enjoyed himself in the part that we enjoyed every moment of his company, J. Miller as the maid had evidently imagined his part intensely. In all his movements and gestures he was the woman. He acted naturally and with quaint humour. His was a finished performance, graceful, individualistic and alive.

Some of the characters were inclined to recite rather than act—to move woodenly instead of with ease and naturalness. But

all did their best to make the play go with a swing and to keep it bright with laughter.

We thank them all for a very enjoyable evening.

CAST.

Sir Hugh Lacy, Earl of Lincoln C. Sidgwick
Sir Roger Oateley, Lord Mayor of London C. W. Wells
Askew, Nephew to Lincoln... C. Taylor
Roland Lacy, otherwise Hans M. H. Martin
Simon Eyre, the Shoemaker... D. Field
Firk, Eyre’s J. H. Dixon
Roger, commonly Hodge Journeyman A. G. Ensor
Margery, Wife of Simon Eyre A. Wilson
A Boy D. C. Richardson
Rose, daughter of Sir Roger G. M. Wilson
Sybil, her Maid J. Miller
A Dutch Skipper E. D. Boulding
Dodger, Servant to Lincoln... P. Harding
Ralph, a Journeyman A. R. Curtis
The King A. P. Browning
Apprentices: A. E. Brain, J. R. Davies, H. Miller, V. Pullin, D. A. Richards. A. E. Shield.

A POET REPROACHES HIS MUSE.

I write to ask, O Muse,
Why ever you refuse
The offer of my services. You always
intervene,
When e’er I try to write
A poem, brief and light,
The sort of thing you want to see, in this
term’s magazine.
You come and cut a caper
When I’ve neither pen nor paper,
But when I settle down to work, you’re
nowhere to be seen.
You keep me sitting there,
Building castles in the air,
A door slams and I come to earth, and
wonder where I’ve been.
You’re not exactly vicious,
But you’re moody and capricious,

You're hardly ever bountiful, and usually
mean
(In consequence you've forfeited the boon
of my esteem).

To show you're not my creditor
I'm sending to the editor
This rhythmic meditation
On my lack of inspiration.

J. R. W.

OLD BOYS' DAY.

The first regular Old Boys' Day was held on Saturday, July 18th, as it was found to be impossible this year to arrange for it to be held on the day that has been chosen as most suitable—the Saturday before Whit-Sunday. Although it was not a particularly convenient day for many, a representative gathering assembled by train, omnibus, and motor-cycle, and the hours of re-union were spent very happily. A number of Old Boys were present at luncheon in the College (there were some who had not seen the dining room since it was panelled) and afterwards a meeting took place in Big School, at which the preliminary arrangements were made for the annual dinner in London in November. A committee were also chosen to select the football team to play against the College on Saturday, October 3rd.

In the morning the weather had threatened to make the cricket match against the College team impossible, and a football match had even been suggested instead! But after luncheon conditions were slightly better, and it was found possible to play, though the pitch was abnormally slow. The Old Boys' team was not particularly strong, indeed it contained one or two formerly ardent non-cricketers; but it proved strong enough to beat the College side, who lost largely owing to mistakes in the field. The score was as follows: —

RENDCOMB COLLEGE.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| W. Jones, b. Wager | 12 |
| A. R. Curtis, l. b. w. Dakin | 5 |
| P. W. Harding, b. Dakin | 2 |
| C. W. Honeybone, b. Dakin | 4 |
| P. Woodruff, b. Gough | 11 |
| W. Burns, l. b. w. Gough | 2 |
| C. W. Wells, b. Gough | 18 |
| R. C. Waters, c. Wager, b. Gough... | 0 |
| D. V. Page, c. Dakin, b. Meadows... | 7 |
| F. J. Batten, c. Meadows, b. Gough... | 0 |
| J. E. Allen, not out | 1 |
| Extras | 6 |

Total 68

OLD BOYS.

| | |
|--|----|
| C. Gough, c. Allen, b. Batten | 17 |
| W. Smallwood, st. Jones, b. Batten | 2 |
| P. H. Wyon, c. Allen, b. Page | 11 |
| D. Dakin, not out | 24 |
| A. C. Wager, c. Harding, b. Page... | 10 |
| C. Eyles, c. Batten, b. Page | 1 |
| B. J. Meadows, c. Wells, b. Batten | 2 |
| W. S. Morgan, c. Burns, b. Page..... | 0 |
| J. B. Harrison, b. Page | 12 |
| M. W. Crump, b. Page | 0 |
| N. Durham, b. Batten | 0 |
| Extras | 2 |

Total 81

Other Old Boys present, in addition to the cricket team, were C. Jones, M. W. Tugwell, F. Knefel, C. H. Lawton, J. Lambert.

In the evening all those present were entertained at supper by the Headmaster and Mrs. Simpson at the Old Rectory.

A MISTY MORNING IN THE DOCKS.

Once in a while the city, enveloped in fog, takes on a gloomy, unusual air. The townfolk, awaking to another day of labour, find twilight where there should be daylight, and darkness where there should be shadow. A clammy veil of penetrating moisture, through which the dim outlines of the warehouses and the ships are faintly visible, clings to the surface of the river as it slides under the bridge.

Through this veil and from every direction appear slowly moving boats, whose gurgling as they pass through the water is the only premonition of their approach. Above, where the darkness is slightly lessened, bulky crates of fruit and heavy barrels of oil swing round on the dimly perceptible ends of wire ropes, as though supported by some mysterious power which works in the semi-light. Sounds without visible origin impress themselves the more on the consciousness because of their lack of connection with anything and because they are the only indication of more distant happenings, sounds which in the daylight awake no interest seem full of meaning in the fog.

At last a breeze stirs the cloudy air. The light brightens and gradually the world becomes a world of sight instead of a world of sound; a belated sun shows his face and soon the city presents its usual appearance.

G. D. W.

CRICKET.

Judged by the number of defeats which the first eleven suffered, the past cricket season was not satisfactory. The team consisted of all those, except P. H. Wyon, who had contributed to the previous season's success, and his place was adequately filled by P. Woodruff. The bad weather at the beginning of the term interfered with practise, but this does not explain all our failures. The fielding of the team was on the whole good, but there were occasional lapses, as in the Old Boys' Match. In bowling R. Waters improved considerably as the term advanced, but he still has a tendency both to bowl too fast and to aim too frequently at hitting the stumps. Batten was reliable and rarely expensive, but he would have been more successful had he made the ball pitch farther away from the batsman. The batting has been of a varied nature. It showed little confidence. Woodruff displayed much ability in defence, and he played several innings of great value to the team, but he was liable to decide to hit a ball before it had been bowled. Those

who professed no knowledge of cricket, and who went to the wicket with the intention of hitting, were extremely successful. Burns in particular proved that he has a good eye.

In the immediate future there will still be a good nucleus around which to form a team. Only two or three of this year's eleven will be left, but apart from these, G. Waters, Martin, and Morel have already played in matches, and their ability will manifest itself with more experience.

The Juniors have retained their enthusiasm for the game, and although they lost both of the matches with Oakley Hall, they should in no way be discouraged. This term they have devoted much of their free time to practise, and for the valuable assistance which has been rendered to them at nets, we are deeply indebted to Mr. Hessian and Mr. Dakin.

RESULTS.

May 25th, Misarden C. C., Away. Won.

Some good bowling by R. Waters and Batten led to the dismissal of Miserden for 30 runs. The chief feature of our batting was some admirable hitting by Burns, who contributed 32 of our total of 81.

May 30th, Swindon College, Home. Lost.

Play was restricted owing to bad weather, and the bowlers found some difficulty in controlling the ball. Our opponents batted first and declared after scoring 86 for 8 wickets, and they then dismissed us for 65.

June 6th Tewkesbury Grammar School.
Home. Lost.

The bowling of both sides was good in this match. All our batsmen were uncomfortable, and we only produced 30 runs. Eight of our visitors' wickets were down for 21 runs, but their last men added another 30.

June 13th, Rendcomb C. C., Home. Lost.

A good innings by the opposing captain enabled the village to score 68 runs, but their bowling was of a high standard, and our innings closed for 42 runs (Curtis 12).
June 17th, Corinth College, Home. Won.

Our run of misfortune terminated in this match. The pitch was good for batsmen, and batting first, we declared at 95 for 8 wickets. Curtis made some good strokes on the off in his innings of 30, Woodruff played patiently for his 21, while Wells' 20 was the result of some hard hitting. Our visitors were dismissed for 21, Curtis taking seven wickets for seven runs.

June 25th, Dean Close 2nd XI, Home.
Won.

Batting first on a good wicket, our opponents made 37 runs. Our bowling was particularly good in this match, and R. Waters troubled the batsmen considerably with his leg break. Our batting was consistent, if a little slow, and we reached the total of 140 (Honeybone 47, Curtis 29, Batten 18).

June 27th, Swindon College, Away. Won.

At Swindon we atoned for our former defeat. The scores on both sides were low. Batten and R. Waters bowled unchanged, and with the assistance which the pitch gave, Swindon made only 25. Too many of our batsmen made the mistake of stepping back on the wicket, but we eventually made 38.

July 9th, King Alfred's School, Wantage.
Home. Won.

This new fixture proved a success, and it would be wise and enjoyable to continue it. Batting first, we scored 112 runs. Harding and Curtis played well for their totals of 22 and 24 respectively, while Burns (24 not out) and Wells, 12, produced runs quickly. R. Waters again bowled well, and our opponents' innings was closed at 68.

July 11th, Burford Grammar School.
Away. Lost.

This match was fought out with much keenness, for Burford had not been beaten previously this season. Out batting was not very successful, and we were saved from a collapse by Woodruff's valuable innings of 27, which was almost half of our total of 68. Our bowling was initially good, and we captured four of our opponents' wickets for less than twenty runs, but eventually Burford scored 90 runs for 8 wickets,

July 25th, Misarden C. C., Home. Drawn.

Batting first, we scored 62 runs for 6 wickets (Burns 19, Honeybone 18, Jones 17), but rain then fell heavily, and what would have been a good game had to be abandoned.

July, Rendcomb C. C., Home. Lost.

This return evening match was another success for the village. Batting first they scored 53 runs, while we replied with 40 runs.

C. W. H.

Group Games.

The East Group beat the West by seven wickets, but the East and South match proved more one-sided than was expected, the South defeating the East by an innings and 34 runs. The West gave a good display against the South, but the latter eventually won this match and the competition.

LAWN TENNIS.

The first part of the Summer Term, 1931, in connection with Tennis, may be summed up accurately in one word—Rain; the second part may be summed up in two—More Rain; so often was it wet, in fact, that Tennis was restricted to about twenty days during the whole term. Nevertheless, the Tennis Tournament for 1931 was completed, while a semi-fine day which presented itself between the almost continuous sequence of rainy days at the beginning of term, enable the 1930 Singles Final (which unfortunately had to be postponed from last summer) to be won by Wells against Honeybone, 7-9, 6-4, 6-3, 6-2. In comparison with this, the 1931 tournament was a most exciting and strenuous match, and was eventually won by Honeybone against Wells, 7-9, 9-7, 6-4, 8-10, 6-1. Onlookers say that the tennis displayed was of a surprisingly high standard, considering the state of the lawn. Well! perhaps it was! Honeybone thoroughly deserved his victory, his placing and back-hand play being superior to that of Wells.

The complete list of winners of the Singles Tournament is: —

1923-26 R. G. Daubeney.
1927 W. S. Morgan.
1928-29 F. H. Jones.
1930 C. W. Wells.
1931 C. W. Honeybone.

The Open Doubles was won by Honeybone partnered by Noble, against Allen and Martin, 7-5, 7-5, the latter pair playing well to reach the final. Pullin and Davies beat Skelton and Lowe in the junior Doubles Final, while Pullin was the junior Singles Champion, defeating Bettison in the final. Pullin is certainly one of the most promising in the lower half of the school, and with practice and good coaching he should make a useful player.

As usual, tennis matches with Wycliffe College were arranged this year, but an unfortunate outbreak of illness at Wycliffe prevented the away match from taking place. The home match was played on July 6th, and although we had the usual downpour of rain in the middle of the afternoon, a result was reached by playing three sets instead of five. Wycliffe again won the match. Honeybone and Curtis, the first pair, won the first set 6-3, but rather disappointingly failed to retain the lead, and lost the next two sets 6-2, 6-2. The second pair, Maslin and Page, were hopelessly outplayed and easily lost the first two sets 6-2, 6-2. Wells, by persistency rather than brilliancy, beat his opponent in the Singles, after a very close encounter, 6-3, 4-6, 7-5.

So ended a rather dull and disappointing term from the point of view of tennis. Before concluding, we should like to express our appreciation of the kindness of the Headmaster in allowing us the use of his courts at the Old Rectory (except, of course, when it rained).

C. W. W.

“THE STRENUOUS LIFE.”

On the cricket pitch I lie,
Letting boundaries go by,
Hit no ball and make no jest,
I'm at cricket, and at rest.
Sometime back in days gone by
I caught someone—was it I?

Do not ask, I have forgot
Whether it was I, or not.
Some day I may have to catch
Someone else—if in a match.
Do not argue, but admit
That we need not think of it.
On the cricket pitch I sit,
Playing “cricket”? Not a bit!
Shout not “Over,” make no jest,
I'm at cricket, and at rest.

C. S.

THE JAMAICAN COAST.

“We're picking up the pilot in ten minutes. Shake a leg, sailor.” Two weary cadets regard the quartermaster of the watch with decidedly hostile glares, but he, being a professional turner-out, continues unrelenting, “The Mate wants one of you on the bridge, pronto, so turn out.” Ships will arrive at ungodly hours, and, in the half deck, the Mate's word is law, so the senior cadet is on the bridge, note-book to hand, in a surprisingly short time. A strong breeze blowing off the land defies sleep, and soon it is with a very pleasant sense of well-being that one jumps to the “Old Man's” commands.

Jamaica looms up ahead, smelling of spices and fruit, while fine on the port bow, Folly Point light winks at the entrance of Port Antonio harbour. The pilot launch phutt-phutts alongside, then “Morning, Captain. You can give her full speed,” as the pilot tumbles up the bridge ladder. The “Old Man” orders “Full Ahead,” the Third Mate at the telegraph swings his handle and acknowledges “Full Ahead, Sir!” while the cadet repeats “Full Ahead” and notes the time. Away to port the dawn has begun to silhouette the mountain peaks, and Folly Point draws nearer. From snatches of conversation drifting into the wheelhouse from the wing of the bridge, one gathers that we are going along the coast for fruit this time. Pleasant thought, for that means Montego Bay and Oro Cabessa, diminutive ports along the north coast of Jamaica. Montego Bay is the fashionable resort of the island, the possessor of a very fine bathing beach, the

famed Doctor's Cove. The rising sun illumines the intricate channel ahead of us, and it is highly instructive to watch the pilots skilful conning. Rapidly; go the orders to engine room and helmsman. Dead Slow! Hard-a-starboard! Helm a-midships! Half astern! All these require to be noted with the exact times, for reference in case of accident. Quickly the picturesque harbour formed by Navy Island opens out, and it's "Let go your port anchor, Sir! Four shackles in the water" from the pilot. The Mate on the foc's'le head echoes "Let go, Sir," while "chips" at the windlass is hidden in clouds of iron rust as the chain leaps through the hawse-pipe to its sandy bed. "Break out your flags" says the Third Mate. "All hands muster on the boat deck for the doctor, quickly now, son" orders the "Old Man." Stow your log gear as soon as you can" comes from the Second Mate coming for'd from the poop. These varied commands send one cadet on the jump to all parts of the ship at once. Bronzed sailors, grimy firemen, and pale stewards are somehow marshalled in a line while the doctor from the shore makes a cursory examination before the ship can be granted "pratique." Down flutters the quarantine flag which has just been hoisted to the yardarm, while binoculars, telescopes and any other gear that might be desirable to the black rogues ashore is stowed away carefully. Then it's a spot of coffee from the galley and any unconsidered edible trifle that may be looking for a home.

The Mate can be relied upon to break the peace with a list of jobs to be done right now, so we climb into the old dungarees and turn to. However, he may relent later in the day, so one lives in hope. He does, and after lunch we beg, borrow or steal a boat and beat it for the beach. Swimming in a palm fringed cove, revelling in limitless tropical fruit, and sampling rum punch rather tentatively, these are the attractions to which we give ourselves for the afternoon, until, tired out, it's return to the ship to learn that we sail for Montego Bay at midnight. About ten p.m. a horde of natives pour aboard and proceed to heave up their large double-ended surf boats to our davits, amid much unnecessary noise in the opinion of those wooing sleep below. About a couple of hundred of them prepare for a two-day voyage, establishing themselves in every conceivable

and inconceivable corner of the ship. If you walk along the deck, be sure that half a dozen dusky forms will appear under your feet, fast asleep in the middle of the fairway. Others fill the lifeboats, hatch-tops, and even the scuppers, perfectly happy and cheerful.

At midnight we weigh the "pick" and seven hours later drop it again in Montego Bay. Almost immediately surf boats laden high with bananas put out from the shore, while our boats leave the ship, looking for all the world like so many huge water beetles. Intermingled with them are the canoes of the fruit and curio sellers, setting the bay alive with craft in two minutes. Doors open in the side of the ship, while gleaming black bodies pass the fruit from the lighters, the majority pictures of perfect physical manhood. The graceful white vessel amid blue sea and sky, surrounded by the minor craft, and all against a lovely tropical background creates an unforgettable picture.

In the holds the men are singing hymns, their voices blending in a surprisingly pleasing sound, while in the fruit canoes enormous women are haggling over the prices of mangoes and alligator pears just for the fun of it.

Having exhausted our supply of fruit, we leave the bay in the evening and return, anchoring in Ora Cabessa for a few hours to collect what they may have. On arrival in Port Antonio we go alongside the wharf to complete our cargo. Here the women do most of the work, long lines of them extending from the trains to the cargo doors, each member poising a bunch of fruit on her head. Among them are women of mixed races, some Caribbean or Indian, while a lighter brown skin and almost beautiful face in comparison with her companions, betrays a girl of Hindu or Chinese origin. We all fervently hope that they will not be tempted to sing, for that is the one accomplishment that a Jamaican woman had best leave to her man.

Soon our cargo nears completion, and the holds are prepared for the circulation of the cool air which will keep the fruit fresh on the passage home. When and the vessel draws clear of the wharf. After creeping out of the harbour, the last door shuts, the fans are started, the pilot bids us farewell, and we are homeward bound again. [H. T. P.]