

RENDCOMB COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Vol. 9 No. 2

December, 1949

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Rendcomb College Magazine

Vol. 9, No. 2.

December, 1949.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Summer Term, 1949.

Term began on Monday, May 2nd, and ended on Tuesday, July 26th.

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During the term two large parties of boys went to Stratford to see performances of "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Macbeth." Form V again went to Bristol to see some cricket after the School Certificate was over. They also saw the film "Scott of the Antarctic" in Cirencester.

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Parents' Day was on Saturday, June 25th. The main items of interest were the meeting of parents in Big School, tea in the Gym, Puppet Shows, the Workshop Exhibition, and the Laboratory Exhibition, of which a full account appears elsewhere. There was a rather larger number of parents present than usual and fine weather helped to make it a very enjoyable occasion.

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Commemoration Day was on Friday, June 3rd. Unfortunately, this was one of the few wet days of the term.

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The cricket match against the Old Boys was played on Saturday, June 4th.

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The North Cerney Race was held on Friday, June 17th.

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Our good wishes go with Mr. P. J. R. Bambury who left at the end of the Summer Term. We welcome Mr. A. R. Loveless who has come to take charge of Biology.

We offer our good wishes also to the following boys who left at the end of the Summer Term:—T. T. Walters, M. J. Morgan, C. B. Lane, P. W. Sumsion, R. W. Smith, D. Henshaw, S. P. Steed, C. J. Beeby and I. M. Sinclair.

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We welcome the following new boys who entered the school at the beginning of the Autumn Term, 1949: —M. R. Hancock, J. B. O'Brien, A. G. B. Wallace, P. G. Auden, M. G. Cooper, P. Gilbert, H. A. Gough, A. P. Hayes, G. H. G. Herbert, R. F. Stimson.

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The following boys passed the London General School Certificate Examination in July, 1949:—M. Boase, P. D. de Iongh, D. C. de Peyer, R. J. van den Driessche, P. W. Dutton, P. M. Gerrard, R. H. Jones, M. G. Petter, M. D. Rayner, J. W. J. Reed, K. A. Statham, N. H. Walter, C. D. Whittle.

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The following passed the Cambridge Higher School Certificate Examination:—R. K. G. Bick, C. J. Brisley, G. J. Chagrin, L. V. Crawford, D. Henshaw, M. E. Knight, D. G. Milligan, P. D. Quick, R. W. Smith. In addition P. W. Sumsion obtained a distinction in Art. C. B. Lane obtained a pass in Art and M. J. Morgan obtained a pass in Economics.

T. T. Walters completed his exemption from the London Intermediate B. Sc. (Engineering) examination.

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During the summer holidays the forecourt was completely re-asphalted. It was twenty-three years since it had last been done and was badly in need of repair. The new surface is much appreciated for games of all kinds and roller skating has become popular.

External painting was carried out at the House during the same period.

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As usual a party of boys stayed behind for a few days at the end of the Summer Term to help with cleaning.

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Several parties attended concerts in Cheltenham during the term and during the Festival of Contemporary Music a large party saw "Albert Herring."

During the summer holidays, all our pianos underwent extensive renovations. The finished work comes up to our highest expectations, and we now have four pianos which are nearly as good as new. But we could easily make good use of seven instruments.

We are very grateful to Dr. Sumsion for the gift of a considerable quantity of piano music. This makes a very welcome addition to our Music Library.

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We regretfully record the sad deaths, during the summer holidays, of Miss K. Beswick and of James Johnson. We offer our sincerest sympathy to Miss E. Beswick and to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

Miss E. Beswick has very kindly consented to take over her sister's eye patients at the College.

COLLEGE OFFICERS.

Autumn Term, 1949.

Senior Prefect—J. C. Waterton.

Duty Group Leaders—J. C. Waterton, R. J. Kendal, C. J. Brisley.

Work Man—P. H. S. Harris.

Music Warden—P. D. Quick.

Librarians—R. J. Kendal, P. D. Quick, P. W. Dutton, D. C. de Peyer.

Manual Foremen—R. Gready, B. Plenderleith, J. R. Smith, P. D. de Iongh, R. J. van den Driessche, A. J. Paish.

Picture Man—M. J. Miles.

Stagemen—P. J. Ryman, P. G. Cockell, B. Plenderleith, A. J. Paish, C. D. Whittle.

Deck Chairs—P. M. Gerrard.

Lamp Men—A. J. Paish, P. W. Dutton.

GENERAL MEETING.

Officers, Autumn Term, 1949.

Chairman—J. C. Waterton.

Secretary—J. D. Painter.

Football Captain—E. Davis.

Field Secretary—C. J. Brisley.

Games Committee—R. J. Kendal, R. Gready.

Games Committee Treasurer—B. Plenderleith.

House Committee Treasurer—P. J. Ryman.
Banker—P. M. Gerrard.
Apprentice Banker—D. G. Vaisey.
Finance Committee Treasurer—P. L. Waite.
Finance Committee—R. A. Powell, R. W. Alder.
Auditors—P. W. Dutton, J. H. Shield.
Apprentice Auditors—R. M. Sumsion, D. G. Vaisey.
Senior Shopman—P. G. Cockell.
Shopmen—A. J. Paish, D. C. de Peyer.
Almoner—J. D. Painter.
Entertainments Committee—M. Boase, J. M. Astill, D. G. Vaisey,
P. D. de Iongh, C. D. Whittle.
Record Committee—P. D. Quick, K. A. Statham, J. Kitto, G. J.
Chagrin, J. Gilchrist.
Cycle Committee—C. D. Whittle, H. J. G. Hay ter, P. J.
Cresswell.
Amplifier Technicians—J. R. Smith, R. H. Jones.
Apprentice Amplifier Technician—P. J. Cresswell.
Drying Room Committee—J. D. Painter, M. J. Edwards, R. A.
Powell.
Magazine Committee—P. L. Waite, R. M. Sumsion, P. W. Dutton.
Furniture Committee—F. R. Herrmann, J. M. Harrison, R. M.
Sumsion.
Paperman—P. M. Gerrard.
Breakages Man—R. W. Muchamore.
Poundman—H. J. G. Hay ter.
Inspectors of Nuisances—D. E. Barbour, J. K. Comrie.
Indoor Games Warden—D. J. Forster.
Football Games Wardens—J. W. J. Reed, A. J. Paish.
Football Groundsman—R. H. Jones.
Junior Football Groundsman—J. M. Harrison.
Football Secretary—R. Gready.

Hockey Games Warden—F. R. Herrmann.
Hockey Secretary—J. H. Shield.
Cricket Games Warden—J. M. Harrison.
Cricket Groundsman—M. E. Knight.
Cricket Secretary—K. A. Statham.
Tennis Games Warden—F. R. Herrmann.
Tennis Groundsman—D. C. de Peyer.
Public Workman—P. D. Quick.
Selection Committee—J. C. Waterton, R. J. Kendal, C. J. Brisley,
P. D. Quick, P. G. Cockell.
End of Term Entertainments Committee—P. G. Cockell, E. Davis,
R. J. Kendal, J. C. Waterton, C. J. Brisley.
Council—C. J. Brisley, J. C. Waterton, L. V. Crawford, R. J.
Kendal, E. Davis, J. H. Shield, P. H. S. Harris.

OLD BOYS' NOTES.

Raymond G. Lawrence, who joined the Navy by direct entry from the training ship H. M. S. Conway in 1947, is now a Midshipman R. N.

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M. C. Thompson has obtained the B. A. (Commerce) degree of Manchester University and has been granted a further year to specialise in Personnel Management.

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B. W. Plenderleith has been awarded the Forder-Finlay Challenge Cup for the best all-round Class I Cadet in the Cambridge University Air Squadron 1948-9.

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M. C. Richardson is one of the partners in the firm of "Small Craft", Southampton.

A. R. Margetts was married to Miss Suzanne Ross Holt at the Holy Innocents' Church, Fallowfield, Manchester, on August 6th, 1949.

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K. E. Banks was married at Netley, near Southampton, on July 30th. We have no further details.

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Angus S. Primrose was married early in the summer. We have as yet no further information.

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After a year in Survey R. A., 18 months in Germany as a sergeant in the Army Education Corps and six months in an architect's office, W. S. Monroe is at Cardiff Technical College reading for his A. R. I. B. A. Examination.

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E. J. Powell is a member of the Engineering Staff of Woolwich Polytechnic. He obtained a First Class Honours degree, Mechanical Engineering, University of London, in June, 1949.

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At the Royal Aero Club's National Air Races at Birmingham Airport, Elmdon, Flying Officer E. B. Smith, flying a Vampire, representing the County of Gloucester, was second in the Royal Auxiliary Air Force inter-squadron race, August, 1949.

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David G. Taylor, who was in the Navy during the war, is now in charge of his father's business as a manufacturer's agent in the clothing trade.

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The following were present on Old Boys' Day, Saturday, June 4th: J. E. Allen, P. Binks, G. H. W. Bodman, R. Brain, M. A. Bullen, G. H. Bye, C. M. Carus-Wilson, T. P. Denehy, F. H. Dutton, R. E. Hayward, P. B. Lane, P. D. B. Levett, E. J. Miller, V. W. Pullin, A. G. G. Richards (Staff), H. Selby, W. F. Smallwood, A. R. Tenty, W. Y. Willetts.

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The following also visited the College during the Summer Term:—J. M. Faulks, R. T. Wood, J. E. Carus-Wilson, D. G. Taylor, Rev. J. R. Bateman (Staff), P. B. Lane, C. E. H. Tuck, J. F. Alder, R. G. Lawrence, C. M. Carus-Wilson.

LABORATORY EXHIBITION.

The laboratory exhibition was again presented on Parents' Day this term after last being held two years ago. The physical and biological sections were both well represented and there was also a smaller chemical section.

The mainstay of the physical exhibits was provided by a number of instruments which had been made in the laboratory as permanent pieces of equipment. Occupying the darkened senior laboratory alone was a cathode ray oscilloscope, built from surplus R. A. F. material, which was used to show the wave form of musical notes. The main component of this instrument is a cathode ray tube in which a beam of fast moving electrons is produced and focussed on the flat end of the tube, light being emitted by the special coating on the glass wherever the electrons hit it. Normally a spot of light is seen in the centre of this screen, but the electron beam can be drawn aside either horizontally or vertically by applying a voltage between one of the two pairs of deflector plates inside the tube. When it was used to demonstrate the wave form of a musical note a time-box voltage was applied to the horizontal deflector plates causing the spot to move steadily across the screen and then suddenly fly back and start again. A microphone was suitably coupled to the vertical deflector plates, and the vibrations of the air were used to produce corresponding voltage fluctuations between this pair of plates. The time-box frequency was then adjusted to the frequency of the note picked up by the microphone, and a stationary picture of the wave form of the note was seen. Whistling produced a regular and smooth picture, showing it to be an almost pure note, lacking in harmonics. A mouth-organ, however, showed an irregular wave form, denoting the presence of a number of harmonics, which give the note its own peculiar characteristics. This exhibit clearly demonstrated the relations between quality and wave form in any note, both being directly influenced by the harmonic content of the note.

The other exhibits were in the general laboratory. Here the show piece was a modification of Wilson's cloud chamber, showing the tracks of alpha-particles emitted by radioactive elements. The sudden expansion of an enclosed volume of water-saturated air produces super-saturation. The Alpha-particles, arising from a source inside the enclosed space, ionise molecules in their path which they approach closely, and these ions act as centres for condensation for the water vapour, with the result that a line of mist appears in the track of the particle.

A quadrant electrometer was also exhibited. This instrument is usually used for electrostatic purposes, but it can also be used as a voltmeter as it was on this occasion. It consists of four hollow insulated quadrants connected in opposite pairs. A light vane is

suspended by a fine torsion wire so that it hangs symmetrically between the quadrants. The vane is kept at a constant voltage and any difference in voltage between the pairs of quadrants produces a deflection of the vane, measured by optical means.

The rest of the physical exhibits were electrical except for a model showing how a sailing boat can move into the wind. When it is realised that the only force that the wind can exert on the sail is perpendicular to the sail, and not in the direction of the wind, it is easy to understand how this feat is accomplished.

Most of the other exhibits were designed to show the laws governing the motion of a current-bearing conductor in a magnetic field. As powerful magnets were used in several cases, parents were warned to remove their watches before entering, as steel hair-springs are violently affected in the neighbourhood of these magnets. The simplest demonstration comprised a length of aluminium tape laid on the bench, and attached to it at each end. About six inches above it was suspended a powerful horseshoe magnet, and when a current was passed through the tape it rose from the bench until it was quite tight and its centre was between the poles of the magnet. This was followed by three models working on exactly the same principle but incorporating rotors, allowing them to work continuously.

Completing the physical section were two exhibits depending on eddy currents for their action. In the simpler one an aluminium disc was dropped between the poles of a powerful horseshoe magnet. This caused large currents to circulate in the disc, the work required to produce them being taken from the energy of the falling disc, and slowing its speed very considerably. The last model was probably the most baffling of all to those who tried to understand its working. This was a shaded pole motor, consisting of an electro magnet energised by alternating current, between the poles of which passed the edge of a freely pivoted disc. A piece of aluminium was placed on one pole of the magnet, partially covering it, and the disc then obligingly rotated. The reason was quite a different matter.

The exhibitors must congratulate parents on either remembering their physics or being able to read and understand the large number of explanatory notices which were attached to the exhibits. Hardly any questions were asked and no bricks were dropped.

The chemical section provided the most amusing exhibit of the day. Carbon dioxide, a heavy colourless gas, was produced and poured into a measuring cylinder, from whence it was again poured into a gas jar on one pan of a swinging balance. As though aided

by an invisible touch, the balance went down heavily on one side as the carbon dioxide replaced the air in the jar. The only other chemical exhibit was a working example of steam distillation. Nitric acid and phenol were mixed together, the reaction producing a mixture of two nitrophenols. These were separated by blowing steam through the mixture and as one component is volatile in steam it was carried away and condensed, leaving the other behind.

The biological section was also extremely interesting, but is at a disadvantage as usually very little of it can be prepared much beforehand. The main space was devoted to leaves, their structure and function. Their structure, or rather their diversity of structure, was illustrated by two collections of leaves from within two hundred yards of the laboratory. The first contained leaves from different plants, and the second consisted of only dandelion leaves. In both cases the variety of shapes and sizes was quite remarkable, and in the latter collection the differences due to the environment, as well as hereditary factors, were marked.

The microstructure of a leaf was shown with the aid of annotated diagrams and microscope slides, in which the cell structure was clearly visible.

There were several placards explaining the importance of leaves, pointing out that leaves are the ultimate source of complex organic compounds needed by plants and animals. Simple inorganic compounds are photo-synthesised in the leaves which make use of the sun's energy with the aid of chlorophyll. An amusing method of making photographic prints was demonstrated. A leaf was covered with a negative and placed for some time in the sunlight. It was then boiled in alcohol to remove the chlorophyll and stained to reveal the starch. As starch was made only in those portions exposed to the light, and also as it was stained black, a positive was obtained from the negative.

Among the remaining exhibits were examples of the sundew and the bladderwort, both insectivorous plants, followed by a pretty collection of local wild orchids. Animals were represented by a grass snake and an adder, accompanied by diagrams showing how the gape of the jaws can be increased to swallow large objects. There were also a number of lizards, extremely plentiful during the summer, which completed the exhibits in the general laboratory. The aquarium tanks in the lobby were well stocked with fish and newts caught in the lake and neighbouring ponds.

All the exhibitors were very gratified by the appreciation shown by parents, and felt themselves well rewarded for the work they had put into the exhibition.

J. C. W.

WE LENT A HAND ON THE LAND.

On arriving at a Volunteer Agricultural Camp at Laleham in Middlesex on the 20th of August, we were disconcerted to find that in our week's stay we should be unlikely to get more than three days' work—barely enough to cover Our board and lodging expenses. This, we were told, was because of the drought. A few people enjoyed the idea of having an inexpensive holiday with no work, but the majority of volunteers were anxious at least to earn enough-money to cover the initial thirty shillings for their keep.

The camp consisted of a number of concrete huts, including dormitories for the campers, a recreation room and a quiet room, a dining hall, washing places, and an office and living quarters for the manager and her staff. In the recreation room the campers could play the piano, table-tennis and darts. Some took refuge in the quiet room where they attempted to read and write to the accompaniment of rowdy games of cards or draughts. The dormitories each provided accommodation for about twenty people.

There were over a hundred people in the camp, which was within fifty yards of the banks of the Thames. Many of us went swimming, for the weather was kind. One night, after a dance organised by the Camp Welfare Committee, hordes of us enjoyed a midnight bathe and danced the hokey-cokey on the bank afterwards. These proceedings came to an abrupt end when we were asked to stop by an irate houseboat dweller. After a walk and a "go" on the swings in Laleham Park, we turned in at 1.30a.m. As a matter of fact this was not particularly late, as some campers went to bed as late as three o'clock, often in very high spirits. Naturally this was very trying to those who wished to sleep, and was the cause of more than one outburst of furious invective.

The work, which was varied, began on Monday morning. The more fortunate volunteers were engaged in stripping carnations; others tended tomatoes and lifted potatoes. We were in a party of sixteen who assisted the dollar drive by removing deadly nightshade and other weeds from crates of mint, which was later to be exported to America as mint sauce. It was mainly the girls who picked potatoes, while the less strenuous mint sorting was left entirely to men. We were told that this was because girls previously employed on mint had frequently fallen asleep.

The company, as we expected, was diverse, but we had not anticipated such a variety of accents. Scottish, Irish, Welsh, American, French and many North Country accents were mixed with the (to us) more familiar strains of London. The occupations of the campers, too, covered a wide field. Many of the girls were teachers or student-teachers, and the men varied from a sociologist

to a railway employee. Unlike the food, the company was most enjoyable and stimulating. We met plenty of interesting people and made some cordial friendships. The holiday was most pleasant, and one we intend to repeat in the near future.

P. D. Q., G. J. C.

AN EVENING'S BADGER WATCHING.

The flies droned and buzzed around my head interminably, alighting on my bare legs, tickling, biting, attacking, waiting only for a wild sweep of my hand to be off once more in irritating circles above me, just out of my reach. How I envied my two companions for their long trousers! They knew nothing of my torments. I sat, a projection from the tree-stump behind me sticking into my back, on the hard ground, my legs outstretched before me. The grey mound rose amongst a glossy green of Dog's Mercury, bare and worn. I was not twelve feet from the nearest badger hole; the other, fifteen feet or so away, was half-hidden by the bole of a healthy sycamore. I hoped that the animals would come out of the nearest hole, though I had been assured that on previous occasions the other entrance had been used.

My legs were white in the dusk. If they came out now they would surely see me. I carefully moved my uncomfortable position and ejected a pointed stone from beneath me.

I heard a muffled rumbling beneath the ground, and froze. Perhaps they were coming out now. It was certainly time. A dog barked somewhere in the distance and the sound of voices came from across the valley. A heifer on the bank below brushed clumsily against the iron fence of the wood. Tiny moths arose from among the leaves and hovered some distance above the ground. The sett appeared more indistinct now. I was impatient, and the ground felt cold beneath me. I was stiff, and wished I had brought something soft to sit on. I moved once more, with as little noise as possible. A pigeon flew over on soft wings and went to roost noiselessly in a nearby tree. I compared the hulla-baloo caused by a disturbed pigeon, the flurry of wings, the snapping twigs, with its silent landing.

It was still quite light outside in the open, but the tall young sycamores hid the wood in shadow. The gloom gathered under the trees, over the sett, in the rabbit-holes, and between the nettle stems, making everything indistinct. Oh! Whenever would the badgers come? Had my movements betrayed our presence? We had thought there was no wind, but there were the sycamore leaves

stirring, nodding in disagreement. There was some wind. But which way was it blowing? Had the badgers scented us? Were they afraid to come out?

The rabbits began to play over to my right, stamping, scuffling. I dimly heard a wireless playing over in the village. A bird up above, suffering perhaps from insomnia, was chattering quietly to itself. The hoarse scream of some night-bird rang ceaselessly through the trees.

The hour struck from the laboratory tower—ten. Surely they must come now? If they did not, we would never see them for the darkness.

I was becoming very impatient and very uncomfortable, and began suddenly to shiver. Next time, I decided, I would bring a rug. We might just as well go away, I thought, as it would be certainly too dark to see them if they did come out. Turning my head, I found my two companions watching the sett intently; I turned back and moved my position slightly, watching for any stir among the shadows.

And then suddenly it was there, a black mass darker against the brown earth at the nearest entrance. It had come without the slightest sound. I held my breath, shivering. Was it going to come right out? I wanted to move. The animal advanced a little. What was it doing, scenting the air? Suddenly arose from it a sound like that of a small steam engine. Pom-pom-pom—It was scratching—pom—pom—pom. It ceased, moved on a yard or two and began again. I hardly dared to breathe. The badger moved once more and poked its snout down the other entrance. The tree hid it from my sight. I turned my eyes back to the hole whence it had emerged. Another badger had appeared. It began to come out, another followed, and yet another, all in one black mass—three cubs. Three small bodies made towards their parent. A few scufflings followed and then, led by her, for it was too small for a male, they began to come in our direction, advancing cautiously and haltingly. Now they were right between us, when with a start, sensing something amiss, they turned and ran back at a jog-trot to the sett. But they did not go down. A cub came round the tree, its nose in the air towards me, sniffing, sniffing. It came within a yard and a half of my foot, driven by overpowering curiosity. I must confess I was rather frightened although it was so small. Then it trotted back to rejoin the others, satisfied. They all set off at a run through the wood, and we heard them clattering through the undergrowth.

I discovered I was shivering violently. A torch was switched on. We rose and made our way to the gate. They would not return for a long time, but we were pleased with the evening.

As we descended Kennel Bottom, the moon, a perfect sphere, was rising in a red glow from behind the wood, lighting up the valley, as we directed our steps homewards through the shadows.

P. W. D.

A CANOEING TRIP.

One by one we slid our canoes down the steep grassy bank and into the water. We started to load them up and in a few minutes our dreams came true and we were actually paddling down the river Thames to London and home! It was a glorious feeling to know that we were at last alone and our own masters. From now on we would have to look completely after ourselves.

At the point where we started our trip—just below Lechlade—the river is very narrow and very windy. It runs mostly through meadows of short, thick grass where cattle are lazily grazing, and the cows would stand and stare at us in a disinterested manner, all the time chewing. Often we would be able to see where the river ran ahead of us on the further side of the meadow, and yet we would meander through the meadow a long time before we got there.

Soon we came to our first lock which was the only one on the whole trip which we had to manage by ourselves (it would be the first!). With the aid of a man who couldn't speak a word of English we managed—after a great deal of bother—to get our canoes through.

A little further downstream we stopped, had a swim and lunch (consisting of school sandwiches) and were soon paddling once more. We went on for a considerable time, the only interruption coming when we decided to put up our sails and John found that there was something wrong with his and he couldn't use it; and I found that the river meandered far too much for sailing anyway. The next break came when we stopped for tea and had another swim (and John nearly had one more than he meant to).

By 5.30 we decided it was high time we started to look for a place from which we could telephone—our orders had been to telephone home at the end of the first day. This did not look very hopeful and it seemed even less so when we were told at the first inn we tried that the telephone was out of order. But in the end, after walking a long way over very flat country in a lovely evening sun, we arrived at a farm where not only could we telephone but we also got eggs and milk.

Just below Tadpole Bridge we found a suitable camping spot, the only disadvantage being the very steep banks which meant we had to leave our canoes in the water and unload with considerable

difficulty. However we soon had our tent pitched and having eaten and washed up (we cooked on our solid fuel) we were ready for our first night in the tent. It had been a wonderful first day and we had done about 9 or 10 miles. The river was still very much the same as it had been in the morning except for the weeping willows which were now very frequent.

The next morning we were wide awake by 4 o'clock. We both realised the madness of the situation but nothing could be done about it so we got up, had a swim (it was hardly light by then), lit a camp fire and started to cook breakfast. By 7 o'clock we were on the water again. At nine we had gone five miles and reached a place called Newbridge. By now it was obvious the weather had properly broken. The sky was one grey mass of clouds and already we could feel a few great blobs of rain. Still we paddled on steadily, stopping just past Eynsham to try to boil some eggs. The wind was blowing so strongly now that we used up all our fuel and only just managed to get a decent warm lunch.

The Thames could now call itself a respectable river. It was much wider than it had been a few miles back, and the meanderings were far less frequent. In fact the next stretch was quite straight and I managed to do a good bit of sailing, though John was unluckily still unable to. The very strong wind had by now cleared the sky and the sun shone brightly, so that as we came out of Godstow lock the many towers and roofs of Oxford glistened in the distance. It was a lovely sight and very unexpected, though rather misleading because the town looked much nearer than it really was, and it took a long time before we eventually reached Folly Bridge. Having left our boats we walked into the town centre, and after a good high tea we separated to do our shopping.

It was after six by the time we met each other again, which meant we had to leave Oxford in a hurry in order to pitch our camp before it became dark. We had to go over three miles downstream before we succeeded in finding a suitable camping ground, though in the end it was at least a good one.

The next day as we were waiting for the lock to open just above Abingdon, two boys, also in canoes, caught up with us and it was not long before we had made friends. They had just come from Cookham to Oxford and were now returning. We did our shopping together in Abingdon, which is a pretty little town. Then we had a good spell of sailing down to Clifton Hampden with a break for lunch. Later we had a swim and our friends caught us up again and for a little way we went along together, but they had to stop to mend their rudder, so once more we were by ourselves. We went along for a few miles until, just beyond Wallingford we found an ideal camping ground, and soon had a lovely supper

sizzling in the frying pan. By the time we had finished, our two canoeing friends had arrived and pitched their tent near ours, so that night we had company.

After our customary swim we were ready to tuck in for the night but before going to sleep we talked about our day's journey. It had been quite different from our previous one and a half days' canoeing. Beyond Oxford the river is completely grown up. There are many boats of all kinds cruising up and down stream. The gardens of large houses slope down to the edge of the water and the river no longer meanders through wild meadows, nor runs past banks of high rushes and water-flowers. But still we had not seen a single island of which we were going to see so many further downstream.

The next morning we were up by seven o'clock and soon had some good hot coffee boiling on the fire. By about 8.45 we had rolled up our tent, and everything was safely packed in the two canoes. We said goodbye to our friends, who had by now just woken up, and were once more paddling downstream. It was not a very healthy looking morning, the sun only glimmering through the grey overcast clouds at long intervals, but we were feeling full of life and had soon done several miles before we came to the first island just above Goring. Unlike its name, Goring is a very pretty village and situated in one of the most beautiful parts of the Thames valley. It has a very attractive bay just to one side of a large weir and we landed our canoes next to the Swan Inn whose terrace comes right down to the water's edge.

Having done our shopping we went on down the river which was now far wider than before and ran through a kind of gorge covered with deep green foliage which was both cool and pleasant.

We were now only nine miles from Reading, and by about 3.30 we were sailing at speed down that handsome stretch which leads to Caversham bridge. On one's right is a great promenade and on the left the gardens of large houses stretch down to the water's edge. We left Reading by a long wide stretch of water whose banks are surrounded by immense gasworks.

Feeling very tired, we at length reached Sonning, which is a very pretty place indeed, though we were in no mood to acknowledge this as we were very hungry and could find no place to have tea. After walking through the town about three times we did eventually find a tea house and felt a good deal better after we had eaten something. Before leaving Sonning we rang up home and made arrangements to meet my parents the following day at Marlow, and we then passed under what, I believe, is the oldest bridge on the Thames.

It was a glorious evening as we brought our two canoes alongside our new camping ground for the night and started to unload them. Before supper we both plunged into the river and had a much deserved swim after a long day's paddling. We ravenously ate our supper of fried potatoes and the eggs we had bought in Goring, after which John did some fishing; but even though the fish were jumping into the air all around him trying to catch flies, they refused to be tempted by his bait.

At about 10.30 the next morning we arrived at the well-known Henley-on-Thames. On this particular Saturday before Bank Holiday it was a busy little town and we did our shopping not without queues. Having spent one and a half hours in Henley (mostly reading the paper and eating cherries) we pushed on and started down the very long and wide stretch of river where all the regattas are held. We thought we would never get to the end of it for we were beginning to notice the strain of four days paddling and my back and bottom were aching considerably. Still we managed to go on until we found a pleasant island where we stopped for lunch.

We had now reached the fashionable part of the Thames which, although it is very beautiful, with many islands, tall trees and a lovely mellow greenness, is yet somewhat spoilt by the many crowds of people and boats. Just by Hurley the river is one maze of islands and it is lovely to paddle quietly through the many lanes of great trees. At Hurley lock there were so many boats going and waiting to go through that we decided to pull ours over the rollers. Past the lock the river is very straight and wide, and all we could see was one mass of boats and on either bank swarms of campers, in fact the water was quite wavy with the wash of so many boats. After a weary stretch of paddling we eventually reached Marlow, just on time, for my parents were there on the bridge waiting for us. They hired a punt and we spent a lovely lazy afternoon together. At about 6 o'clock my mother, father, sister and Kim (my dog) had to leave, and we were paddling alone once more. We had decided to pitch our camp a few miles past Bourne End lock but when we were about a mile beyond Bourne End and there was still no lock, we realised we must have been mistaken in thinking there was a lock. As it was getting late we wished to camp but this was impossible because all the camping places were taken. At Cookham we could still find no camping place. We were now canoeing by a steep hill covered with thick foliage where it would have been impossible to pitch a tent. About a mile above Maidenhead we came to an island where it was just possible to camp, and except for the fact that there was not a patch of grass and the ground was covered with ashes and litter, it was a very good little camping spot. We fried our supper of potatoes and peas on our solid fuel cooker and were soon ready to go to sleep.

I opened my eyes and slowly became aware of a soft pita-pata on the roof of the tent. I poked my head outside. Ouf! What a horrible morning. Everything was drenched in a dismal rain. We dressed ourselves in disgust and started to think about breakfast. We both felt like some hot coffee but alas we had lost the matches! So we had to content ourselves with the last bits of bread and nearly all that was left of our butter.

We soon had everything packed including the bedraggled tent, and covering ourselves up as best we could, we set off downstream once more. At Boulters Lock I gave the 'keeper what I thought was one folded pound note as I had no change. A little further on I suddenly realised to my dismay it was two pound notes I had given him, but we both knew it was futile to return now, so on we went, paddling monotonously. We were getting thoroughly sick of paddling and my back was aching a good deal as I said, half in fun, to John, "Let's go home!" John's mind seemed to have been working on somewhat similar lines and before long it was settled. We would get to Windsor, find a place to leave the boats and ring up my father to come and fetch us. We were both rather ashamed and yet pleased at our decision, so we started to find excuses and were relieved at finding a great many!

In spite of the weather many holidaymakers were coming on the river which was still very lovely with the sight of Windsor Castle in the distance. We had been making ourselves paddle at a steady rate and when we eventually reached Windsor we were very pleased to get out of our cramped positions. We had a good lunch and then rang up home and made arrangements to be met at 3.30 on a certain bridge. We then set about finding someone to keep our canoes for us, having unloaded them and left the baggage in what we hoped would be an unnoticed corner.

After trying a considerable number of boat houses and having almost given up hope of ever finding anyone to look after our canoes, we found an obliging Mr. P. Dann in Datchet, about two miles below Windsor, who kept our boats for 3/6 a week.

As we were walking back along the road from Datchet to Windsor munching an ice cream, I thought I heard the familiar hum of a motor, and sure enough, on turning round, there were my parents with the Vauxhall come to take us back to civilisation after an unforgettable holiday.

F. R. H.

FIRST DAYS IN THE ARMY.

The army utility van bumped through the narrow streets of the city. Inside, seated on wooden boxes, three of us were wondering what the future held in store for us; the other passenger, more accustomed than ourselves to the swaying of the vehicle,

smoked nonchalantly. He was an army instructor returning from leave; we three recruits fresh from school and a rapidly receding civilian life.

Reaching the camp we were ordered out of the van. A corporal on a bicycle escorted us from office to office. Interviews with the C.O., the C.S.M., and a host of others, who took particulars. This interest in our persons was very reassuring; obviously the army was not a completely impersonal machine. This impression was strengthened when we were fitted with boots. Having heard that in the army everything is either big or too big, it was a surprise to be given not only an "8" but an "8 medium" a surprise which compensated for the fact that my "denims" were an inch too long.

Four o'clock brought us, complete with mugs and knives, forks and spoons, to the "dining-hall," a name more reminiscent of other places than of a barracks. Rather conscious of our "civvy togs" amidst the multitude of "denims" we queued up for our first meal in the army.

We were introduced to our N. C. O.s; one a "National Service" man like ourselves. Our platoon officer, we found, was also a National Serviceman.

The next problem was to settle down in our barrack room. It commanded what must have been the best view in the camp; a panorama of the hills surrounding Winchester, chalk hills resembling the Cotswolds in certain respects, but in other ways how different! No grey stone walls but hedges whose dark green was emphasised by the tones of the hills. In the centre, as if framed by the hills, rose the lengthy Norman nave and short tower of Winchester cathedral. On the west the suburbs of the city sprawled almost to the camp.

The following days seem now rather confused. There was much waiting, but they passed quickly enough. At 6.30a.m. "reveille" (pronounced "revallay") sounded on the bugle. A moment later we were told to "get our feet on deck," an expression which seemed rather out of place. There followed a rush to the wash-house, where one secured a mirror and basin if one was lucky. But the mirror and basin were at least there; we were not "roughing it" yet.

The time between "reveille" and breakfast was spent in a rush contrasting with later periods of the day. We were to wear our "denims" and army boots, and soon everyone was clad in a sober khaki. But even here little differences of tone showed themselves: some were of a reddish hue; some were almost olive green. We marched down to breakfast in platoon order, feeling less conspicuous as new recruits.

After breakfast another rush around. Beds had to be made, not in the normal manner, but with sheets and blankets folded up in a special way; an art which took some time to acquire. Fortunately everyone was co-operative, and by asking our neighbours, we managed to get everything fairly shipshape.

The morning "periods" are broken up by a NAAFI break, which is largely taken up by queuing if you wish to obtain some refreshment. Not that tea and cakes are the sole objects dispensed by the NAAFI. They also sell cleaning materials such as blanco (khaki) and metal polish, and we found that we had to buy plenty of these.

Tips on how to clean things from "old-timers" are twenty for a penny in the army, but it is not always wise to follow these. Stories about life at the camp are also apt to be exaggerated.

After tea recruits are free—except for cleaning, fatigues, and any other little duties that may crop up. Some go to the NAAFI or Y. M. C. A. in search of further refreshment, while if one has the time or inclination for reading, there is a camp library and a "regimental room." With cleaning and polishing to do, however, 10.30p.m. soon comes round, and unless one is wary, one may find oneself with the bed still to make when the lights go out!

(Rfn.) M. J. Morgan.

ENTERTAINMENTS—SUMMER TERM, 1949.

The unusually good weather which prevailed throughout the term encouraged most forms of outdoor games. As usual rounders was very popular and was played at least once, and sometimes twice, during most weeks.

Although "Cycle Polo" had now died out, cycle games in general were still very much in vogue. As a result of some over enthusiasm, however, people were to be seen from time to time straightening out buckled wheels.

"French and English" in the wilderness, and release on the terraces were usually popular events when held.

Once during the term an outdoor scavenger hunt with prizes was held and this attracted a large number of entrants, mostly from the junior school.

As is usual in a summer term, dancing practices were not often held, but the one dance that was held at the end of term was enjoyed by all and provided a successful finale to the term's entertainments.

CRICKET, 1949.

Because of the alterations which are being made to the Playing Field, cricket was carried on in very difficult circumstances as there was only one square left for the use of the whole school. This meant that some boys had only two games in the term; the majority however, had at least three and members of the 1st XI and Junior XIs naturally had more. The weather helped towards the success of the season and the long dry spell enabled us to use each pitch several times. Had the season been a wet one it would have been difficult or even impossible to make the square last out the term. The School owes much to the efforts of Mr. Telling and the outside staff generally, who fought a never ending battle against invading rabbits that penetrated the damaged fences.

The 1st XI were very successful throughout the season and only lost one match. In fact one of our problems at present is to find strong enough opposition. The batting in particular was of a far higher class than that of all our opponents and if we had played on good pitches throughout the season our scores would have been far higher than they were. The first five or six batsmen were all polished and effective. The bowling was less good and a great deal depended on whether Harris was or was not "on form." Nevertheless, we managed to dismiss most opponents very cheaply.

We played two "A" XI fixtures with Kingham Hill and one with Dean Close 2nd XI. These proved very useful matches and gave those boys who could not get in the 1st XI a chance to have some match experience. Our Junior XI fixtures were, in the main, too young to suit our junior cricketers. We played several "under 14½" fixtures and these just missed some of our most promising juniors. Keeness was an important factor in these junior matches and a high standard of fielding was maintained.

The nets were used throughout the term and one piece of coconut matting was bought; the two old pieces wore through very quickly once the season had started. A large number of balls was used and 23 were bought over the whole term. This number was probably due to the weather, which made the new matting and ground very hard, and consequently ripped up the balls at an alarming rate. A disturbing feature of the net practice was the small amount of steady coaching which the juniors received; this must be remedied next year if we are to keep up our 1st XI standard.

In the 1st XI Davis and Reed made extremely competent opening batsmen. Davis showed a power to adapt himself quickly to the situation in each match and scored rapidly. His sixes over mid-on and mid-off became quite a regular feature in the middle of the season. He also maintained his high standard of wicket-keeping after a rather shaky start at the beginning of term. Reed timed his shots well and was especially good at playing the ball

off his legs; he must, however, learn a safe back shot. He bowled extremely well throughout the term. Gilchrist was again a powerful batsman; on several occasions he pulled the team out of some awkward situations, and once he was settled in, his batting was a joy to watch. Harris was in some ways the most correct batsman in the side. A certain hesitancy in the early stages of his innings made him less successful than he deserved to be. When at his best he was a magnificent batsman, combining great power with delicacy. As a bowler he was variable, but could be, on his day, very accurate.

Sumsion was an excellent captain, always trying to use the limited ground available in the fairest way. He was most conscientious on and off the field. As a batsman he had style but failed to make as many runs as he might have done through his failure to hit the ball outside the leg stump. In the slips he made some quite brilliant catches.

Statham developed into a useful slow bowler as the term progressed. His batting in matches was disappointing and he must learn not to hook or glide everything on the leg stump; he showed some beautiful batting in the nets, however, and should be able to score more next season. Brain contributed some forceful batting on several occasions when runs were needed; his forcing back shot was particularly effective. He must be more alert in the field, however. Plenderleith showed promise as a batsman and had greatly improved from the previous season; he was also very keen and accurate in the field. Paish contributed some useful bowling towards the end of the season and should have more chances next year. His hitting too should be useful in the future.

Gready made some valuable runs on occasion with his hard hitting to leg. He also bowled in several matches. Brisley maintained a high bowling standard throughout the season and was a keen fielder in the deep. Shield and de Peyer both played in several matches and showed considerable promise. De Peyer has an ability to score all round the wicket which will stand him in good stead next year.

In the Junior XI Waite proved an able captain for two of the matches and bowled well throughout the term. Beeby and Harrison batted well and Harrison's bowling was of useful pace. Astill and Alder showed batting promise and should improve steadily in the future. Gay was a useful bowler and Horne took several wickets towards the end of term.

Mr. Austin gave an enormous amount of his time to umpiring and encouraging the keen cricketers. We are very grateful for his help throughout the term.

We owed much once again to Mr. James for his co-operation and help both on and off the cricket field. We are most grateful for his constant organising and controlling of the alterations to the games field. It is due to his care and keenness that the field will be a real credit to the school and a great source of pleasure to the boys of the future.

Needless to say we are all enormously appreciative of Mr. David Wills' generosity in making the scheme possible.

1st XI Fixtures.

- May 14. Cirencester Grammar (Away): won 83—68. Gilchrist 34, Harris 15, Reed 4 for 2, Brisley 3 for 13, Gready 2 for 9. This proved a good opening match and we got Cirencester out with only 5 minutes to spare.
- May 19. Dean Close "A" XI (Away): Drawn; Rendcomb 128 for 5 dec. Rain stopped play. Gilchrist 89 not out, Reed 15. This was a disappointing match as we held a strong position at tea-time; a severe thunderstorm made further play impossible.
- May 21. Burford Grammar School (Home): Won 101—35. Reed 32, Gready 21, Harris 3 for 0, Brisley 2 for 8, Reed 3 for 17.
- May 28. Mr. A. C. Austin's XI (Home): Won 126 for 8 dec.—39. Davis 43, Harris 32, Brain 19, Statham 5 for 12, Harris 2 for 7. This was a very enjoyable game although rather one-sided.
- June 4. Old Rendcombians (Home): Won 80—113 for 4. Reed 37, Davis 31, Statham 25, Reed 6 for 31, Harris 3 for 33. This was a reversion to village cricket of the profitless sort. J. Allen showed up our bowling weaknesses with a hard hitting innings with the horizontal bat, but for the rest our opponents were hopelessly weak. Most of the bowling was almost too bad to hit and if the game had been taken seriously our 113 for 4 might have reached Test Match proportions.
- June 11. Cirencester Grammar School (Home): Won 43—134 for 6. Gilchrist 54 not out, Davis 44, Harris 7 for 19. We won this match easily—more easily than the score suggests.
- June 32. North Cerney (Home): Lost 93 for 4 dec.—94 for 5. Gilchrist 39 not out, Davis 38, Brisley 2 for 12. This was an unfortunate match as it occurred at the height of hay-making and failed to start until 7.00 p.m. The team were unable to score quickly enough against the North Cerney bowling and our medium pace bowlers were definitely more vulnerable to quick hitting.

July 2. Sir Thomas Rich's "A" XI (Home): Won 82—93 for 7. Harris 36 not out, Brain 17, Reed 5 for 37, Harris 2 for 11, Brisley 3 for 25. We managed to get sufficient runs in time to win this match. Harris played a really beautiful innings.

July 20. Sir Thomas Rich's "A" XI (Away): Drawn, Rendcomb 99—79 for 6. Sumsion 18, Harris 15, Harris 2 for 10.

July 23. The Next XV (Home): Won 71 for 10—43 for 14. Statham 16, Sumsion 12, Paish 12, Reed 5 for 18, Brisley 5 for 15, Paish 2 for 1. This proved an interesting match and gave several middle school cricketers a chance to play in a match.

"A" XI Fixtures.

June 18. Kingham Hill (Away): Drawn, Rendcomb 104—64 for 9. Gilchrist 56, Brain 16, Reed 5 for 34, Brisley 4 for 15. This match had an exciting finish when we just failed to take our opponents' last wicket in time.

July 9. Kingham Hill (Home): Won 141 for 7 dec.—39. Gilchrist 47, Paish 19 not out, Statham 19. Reed 7 for 21, Harris 2 for 15.

July 16. Dean Close 2nd XI (Home): Drawn, Rendcomb 131 for 9 dec.—2 for 3, rain stopped play. Reed 38, de Peyer 18 not out, Gilchrist 17, Harris 2 for 1. Our Dean Close matches seemed doomed to be stopped by rain! De Peyer played a good innings. Our "A" XI appeared to be much the stronger side.

Junior XI.

May 7. Cirencester Grammar School (Home): Won 103 for 9 dec.—69. Statham 50, Astill 18 not out, Harrison 2 for 2, Waite 4 for 16.

June 11. Cirencester Grammar School (Away): Lost 34—65. Waite 4 for 12, Edwards 1 for 0.

July 18. Kingham Hill (Away): Won 86—55. Beeby 25, Gough 10, Gay 7 for 10, Harrison 3 for 10.

July 2. Sir Thomas Rich's (Away): Won 49—31. Beeby 14, Harrison 14, Waite 5 for 10, Horne 3 for 10.

ATHLETICS.

In the North Cerney race, run on June 17th, under very hot conditions, de Peyer, repeating his success in the Lodges last term, won by about three-quarters of a minute from Morgan, last year's winner. The time of 23 min. 37 secs., though considerably slower than last year's which came very close to the record, was nevertheless very creditable for the conditions.

Results:

D. C. de Peyer—23 min. 37 sec.

M. J. Morgan—24 min. 24 sec.

F. R. Herrmann—25 min. 55 sec.

R. J. van den Driessche—26 min. 11 secs.

The excellent weather enabled us to be out on the Athletics pitch most days. In the middle and junior groups some energetic training was put in and good performances recorded. Enthusiasm amongst the seniors as a whole was disappointing this year. Amongst the notable exceptions, however, one boy has jumped 20ft. in the long jump and over 5ft. in the high jump, and another has done nearly 38ft. in the Hop, Step and Jump. Discus throwing has been more popular this year. It is good to see many more boys in the lower half of the school doing the Western Roll. The advantages of this type of jump over the scissors style will be seen as they go up the school.

THE GAMES FIELD.

In our last issue it was stated that a full report of progress would be printed in this issue. However, as the work is still far from complete and sowing has been postponed until March, 1950, it has been decided to leave the report until a later date.