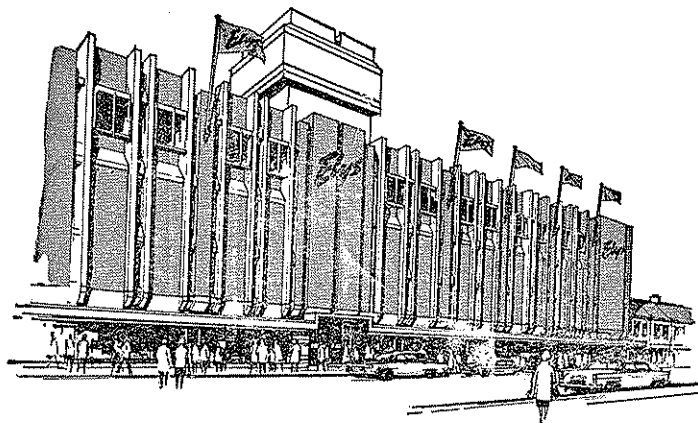


SPUR

WINTER 1966



SCHOOL OUTFITTING

As the officially appointed school outfitters to the Raynes Park County Grammar School for Boys Elys are particularly happy to be able to offer to parents the wide experience we have attained in school outfitting.

Buying the children's school clothing need not be the problem that it is sometimes thought to be and parents are assured of expert and helpful advice from a willing and friendly staff at Elys.

Moreover, shopping for school outfits is made easier for an ever-increasing number of parents who are wisely taking advantage of our Budget Account system of payment. Not only does this method spread the payment of the larger beginning-of-term purchases, but it is immensely convenient to be able to charge other mid-term items to your account.

Our Budget Account explanatory leaflet will gladly be sent to you on request.

ELYS of Wimbledon

Telephone WIMbledon 9191

VOLUME 22

NUMBER 1

THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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IN MEMORIAM

It is with considerable regret that we have to record the death on December 23rd of Doctor John Garrett, the School's first Headmaster from 1935-42, when he left on his appointment as Headmaster of Bristol Grammar School.

A Memorial Service has been arranged for January 12th in Bristol Cathedral.

Tributes will be paid to him in the next edition of "The Spur."

SCHOOL OFFICERS

Head Prefect : A. P. Howard

Deputy

Head Prefect : C. R. Shoebridge

<i>Prefects :</i>	R. A. Adams	A. T. King	M. J. Ridler
	M. A. Bedford	P. R. Hutchings	D. G. Rose
	P. H. J. Chapman	G. R. Lake	P. C. Salter
	C. Q. Colombo	P. A. Malam	P. Standish
	R. A. Cordey	A. R. W. Marsh	G. A. Thompson
	G. E. Emerick	J. G. McCubbin	P. M. Thomson
	S. H. Gebbett	B. G. Pearce	A. Tickner
	S. R. Hall	B. H. Perryman	L. C. Williams
	G. A. Hopper	P. R. Phillips	

September

<i>Appointments :</i>	T. C. Feline	R. J. Hawley	S. R. Parr
	D. R. Green		

<i>Library Prefects :</i>	D. R. Green	P. R. Phillips
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Hall Prefect : S. H. Gebbett

EDITORIAL

THE PREFECTORIAL BODY

Over the years, complaints concerning our body of prefects have inevitably come in a regular flow.

As the editors of this magazine are members of this exclusive sect, we feel that it is necessary to point out that there is more to being a prefect than lounging in comfortable armchairs, drinking coffee, and listening to Big L.

Prefectorial duties could be affably described as "tedious." What could be more conducive to a stagnant mind than standing at the North Entrance half the lunch-hour constantly repelling the invasion of the "mob"—by the end of the duty we have a perfect right to *lean* against the wall! After picking up 300 squashed milk bottle tops from the floor, wiping down and re-positioning every table in the dining-room, and retrieving screwed-up Minichip packets from the fire bucket containing sand, the comfort of an armchair, and the transformation of the Prefects' Room into a "rehabilitation centre for the sick," follows necessitously. Sitting in the library telling everyone to "shut-up" every five minutes leaves little to enthuse over. Yet these menial tasks have to be done.

Thus the compensatory "honour" of being a prefect—a light-blue tie, a "school-officer" on your U.C.C.A. form, and a general "good-chap" image, seems scant reward.

Neither, members of the school, are prefects sadistic in their outlook. "Impots" and "dets" are tools of school efficiency, and not merely an excuse for a newly-appointed "blue-tie" to get even with the boy who punched him on the nose in the 4th form. Truly martinet tendencies are seldom found in the character of a prefect.

Next time you commit an outrageous act of treason—and are condemned to an hour's detention—spare a thought for the prefect who has to stay and supervise—the power to give detentions also lies with you!

If general conduct and behaviour proved faultless in the future, the need for prefects to perform these time-consuming duties, and even for the existence of the body itself, would disappear, and philosophers who have "All men are equal" as their axiom, will have achieved their Utopia.

From experience as an ordinary schoolboy, I am sure this day will never dawn.

SCHOOL NOTES

On December 7th the Council of the London Borough of Merton unanimously approved a scheme for comprehensive education. Raynes Park has been designated a High School, catering for the age group between thirteen and eighteen. The school's numbers under this scheme are likely to increase to about 850 when this plan is fully implemented by, it is hoped, 1971. In order to accommodate these numbers, it is proposed that what is now Bushey Junior School be incorporated as a part of the school premises. Some new buildings for sixth form accommodation and technical facilities particularly, will also need to be provided.

* * * *

In September we welcomed to the school staff Mr. R. Beeney as assistant Mathematics Master, Mr. W. P. Holmes to help with the English teaching, and Mr. A. Woolley to assist part-time the Classics department. Mrs. J. A. Hadley is giving valuable assistance to Miss Woodhouse as assistant School Secretary.

During this year we are glad to have the services of Mlle. C. Oldra as French Assistants and Herrn P. Gareis as German Assistant. Their help has already been much appreciated and we trust that their stay in England will be enjoyable and useful.

* * * *

Among other visitors, it was a particular pleasure to welcome Dr. C. Day-Lewis on an 'incognito' visit early in the term to renew his old association with the school. We were also glad to meet Mr. Michael Simpson, a producer in B.B.C. Television for Schools, who wished to hear sixth form opinions on his production of Gogol's "Government Inspector."

It has been possible to persuade speakers to come and speak to the Upper Sixth on Monday afternoons, and our thanks are due to the following speakers for giving up their valuable time on our behalf :—

- Oct. 17 M. Freeberne, Esq., on "China."
24 W. Lanouette, Esq., on "American and British Elections."
31 Professor D. J. Wiseman on "Beginnings of Religion in the Ancient Far East."
- Nov. 14 Dr. J. Marr on "Hinduism."
21 Dr. E. Mendelson on "Buddhism,"
28 A. J. Doig, Esq., on "Gilbert and Sullivan."
- Dec. 5 Professor C. F. Beckingham on "Islam."
12 N. C. Royds, Esq., on "Advertising."

* * * *

In his visit to the school to audit the General School Fund, the Chairman of the Governing Body, S. W. Billingham, Esq., was entertained to his first school lunch and seemed very satisfied by its quality.

The accounts, duly passed, showed that with a decline in numbers of the school and the mounting costs of so many of the extras provided by the fund, action was necessary to prevent the account from being an annual loss; this could not be indefinitely sustained. Income from subscriptions was £50 less and likely to decline further. In addition, it was decided that the social occasion, if it were held in the future, would be devoted to specific objects rather than as part of the essential ordinary income of the fund. The excess of expenditure over income on the fund last year was £150. The costs of games expenses continued to be a heavy item, as was the production of the 'Spur'; Library periodicals and society membership costs also increased. The higher subsidies on all trips organised by the school are costs which are willingly borne, but nevertheless have to be paid for.

* * * *

The school has been the recipient of two gifts which will be of great value. Mr. F. C. Murray, former manager of the Odeon Theatre, Wimbledon, gave us a large platform which will be a very useful addition to stage properties. The Holy Family Secondary Boys' School in Morden had no further use for their printing press, print and composing frames, and very kindly offered these to any school that could make use of them; the Printers' Guild who had themselves found some other replacements at bargain prices, have now had a magnificent increase in their equipment, and their already considerable efforts will be much encouraged; the school is very grateful to the Headmaster, Mr. S. Cummins, for his generosity.

The school is indebted in many ways to the help given it by the Parents. They have now formed themselves into a fully-constituted body under the chairmanship of Mr. J. H. Twite. They have held two lectures, one by Mr. A. C. Riley on "The Studio Workshop," and the other by Mr. P. Secretan, Consultant Educational Psychologist, on "Problems of Adolescence." Both meetings were well attended, as was the Christmas Party held on Saturday, December 3rd, when £77 was raised towards providing amplifier equipment for use in the Hall—the first of the specific objects the Association chose to provide for the school. The ladies have kindly provided refreshments for many of the school functions and this has been much appreciated.

* * * *

Three parents have also given quite specific assistance and their willingness to give up so much of their time is worthy of mention. Mr. T. W. Williams agreed to take over the responsibilities of Group Scoutmaster of the School Troop; Mr. C. D. Anstes has regularly come to assist with the coaching of the Under 13 Rugby XV on Tuesday afternoons, and Mrs. J. F. Earl kindly offered to run a parents' sewing circle to make costumes for the school play. The school is indebted to them for their help.

* * * *

In its first venture of the kind, the school would like to thank Miss L. E. Mackie, Headmistress of Wimbledon County Grammar School for Girls, for agreeing to some of the sixth form girls joining the Dramatic Society in this year's production of the school play.

* * * *

The portrait of the school's third Headmaster, the late T. H. Porter, Esq., was completed by Mr. A. C. Riley. It is now installed for all to see in the vestibule.

* * * *

Two collections for charities have been made during the term—£5 13s. 10. was collected for the British Legion and £6 4s. 6d. for the Kay King-Hall Memorial Fund.

* * * *

Congratulations are due to two boys in the school for honours won. The Head Boy, A. P. Howard, a member of the 1st Coombe Scout Group, gained the Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award; K. Butcher was awarded a Royal Naval Scholarship.

* * * *

We offer our congratulations and best wishes to Mr. J. A. R. Innes on the occasion of his marriage in August. We are also pleased to record the birth of a daughter, Kathryn, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Aldersea, in March; a son, David, to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wyatt, in June; and a son, Gareth, to Mr. and Mrs. B. H. James, in November.

THE PORTRAIT OF MR. T. H. PORTER

Visitors to the Headmaster's study will have noticed the portraits of the first two Headmasters of the School which hang there. The portrait of John Garrett was painted by Claude Rogers; that of Charles Wrinch by Gerald Cooper.

In keeping with this tradition Cecil Riley was invited to paint the portrait of the late Headmaster, Henry Porter. It was a difficult undertaking, and it is no secret that Mr. Riley considered it to be the hardest of tasks. All who have seen this work and who knew Mr. Porter recognise the depth of feeling and sympathy with which Mr. Riley has treated his subject. It is indeed clear that no one could have given us a greater insight into the stature and gentleness of Mr. Porter. The School stands in great debt to Mr. Riley for both his skill as an artist and his inspiration in this work.

T.H.

THE ANNUAL PRIZEGIVING

A sad atmosphere prevailed at the School Prizegiving on Monday, 10th October, for, despite an increase in examination passes and success in sporting activities, a familiar face was missing—that of Mr. T. H. Porter, Headmaster for nearly 20 years, until his death last November. The Chairman of the Governors introduced a former chairman, Mr. J. Hood Phillips, who paid tribute to Mr. Porter.

Looking to the present and future, however, Mr. Giles, in presenting his first report as Headmaster, said it would be wrong not to show any concern for the reorganization of secondary education in the borough. The future of Raynes Park, he said, would not be known until later this term.

The School has now been in existence for thirty years, and this year there has been a 10 per cent. improvement in A-level, and 15 per cent. in O-level passes, with the pleasant result that the pass rate is above average for London grammar schools. The grades of pass, however, were in many cases the minimum. School activities have flourished, and our sporting programme has met with a high degree of success.

Our guest for this evening was Dr. C. Day Lewis, poet and author. We were fortunate, too, on this occasion, in that he was accompanied by his wife, Jill Balcon, the actress, who presented the prizes and silverware. Mr. S. W. Billingham said that Dr. Day Lewis had been a great friend of Raynes Park ever since its foundation.

Our distinguished guest then went on to tell pupils that "The arts in this school are built into your life," and he stressed the necessity for the arts. He also stated that education did not end when a person left school, nor did it ever end.

Alderman V. Talbot, Chairman of Merton Education Committee, thanked Dr. Day Lewis; and the lordly status of the prefects was expressed by their leader, who, incidentally, seconded the vote of thanks somewhat obstreperously. The proceedings were then closed.

A. P. Howard.

PRIZE LIST

Form Prizes

1.Z	N. A. Holmes, J. W. Bates
1.Y	J. G. Goldsmith, A. J. Williams
2.H	D. K. Pinnock, P. A. Robinson
2.C	R. Barford, M. Loxton
3.F	P. J. Smith, P. C. Horton
3.A	G. H. Roberts, P. J. Rand
4.K	D. M. Roberts, P. S. Beardsmore
4.I	D. C. Woodcock, J. J. Humphreys

Lower Sixth—

Arts	D. R. Green, D. G. Rose, A. T. King
Mathematics	R. E. Pengilley, I. P. Greenaway
Science	D. H. Nutton, M. A. Bedford
Economics	P. M. Thomson, S. H. Gebbett

For performance in "O" Level G.C.E.

Tr.D	G. C. Bond, J. S. Milton, P. J. Dufty, R. J. Coppen, E. J. Currie.
V.G.	G. B. Brookes, S. N. G. Down, R. P. Lea, P. B. Nicholls, S. A. Shea, P. Keen.
V.B.	J. D. Needle, J. R. Parker, A. B. Powell.
V.J.	S. A. Finch, G. C. Gosling, R. P. Myers, R. M. Peet, S. F. Silver.

For performance in "A" Level G.C.E.

Upper Sixth—

Arts	R. J. Hendry, C. Q. Colombo, S. N. Clarke
Mathematics	R. H. Plummer, D. G. Ross, N. P. Ross
Science	P. J. Gorton, I. D. Page, A. J. Ring Whitman Prize (Biology) : T. C. Feline
VI Economics	P. Mottershead, D. J. Hutchins, A. P. Trundley

General Prizes

"Outside Effort"

Hobbies	G. M. Elmore, D. K. Gilman, P. J. Gorton, N. H. Thompson.
Music	J. Chappell.
Art	S. N. G. Down, R. M. Padwick.
Craft	D. G. Ross, N. P. Ross, A. F. Whitten, T. L. Perry, V. H. Davies.
Beaverbrook-Bennett Prizes	D. C. Milnes, B. T. Holmes.

Kilburn Prize	S. T. Kelley, P. C. Horton.
Mrs. M. J. Monroe Prize for Spoken French	R. P. Lea.
Old Boys' Prize	R. P. Myers.
L. A. G. Strong Prize	P. Mottershead, R. P. Myers.
John Robbins Prize	No award.
Alderman Cobbett Prize	L. C. Williams.
Leaving Prize to Head of School	D. R. Lindsey.
	S. J. Pollak.

Advanced Level Certificates

VI Arts	S. N. Clarke, C. D. Colman, C. Q. Colombo, N. R. Corke, D. K. Gilman, J. A. Haw, R. J. Hawley, R. J. Hendry, A. P. Howard, W. K. Howard, P. R. Hutchings, P. I. King, P. J. Lovell, P. H. Marsh, C. Marshall (Merit in Geography), G. J. Miller, G. Nutting, M. J. Ridler, C. R. Shoebridge, P. Standish, L. C. Williams.
VI Mathematics	L. F. Humphrey, M. A. Hyman, K. G. Jones, B. G. Pearce, R. H. Plummer, L. S. O. Pun, D. G. Ross, N. P. Ross, R. M. Smith, R. T. C. Whitaker.
VI Science	A. J. Aloof, J. C. Belcham, R. J. Biellik, D. C. Bryant, D. L. Clarke, I. C. F. Culpin, T. C. Feline, P. J. Gorton, C. L. Gray, N. J. High, A. E. Hollander, G. R. Lake, T. I. J. Mann, T. H. E. McManus, I. D. Page, S. R. Parr, A. J. Ring, G. P. Taylor, M. Underhill.
VI Economics	R. P. Batten, R. J. McI. Edwards, A. P. Garrett, C. E. Hingston, D. J. Hutchins, P. L. Leyland, D. R. Lindsey, P. Mottershead (Merit in Economics), B. L. Preece, M. J. Stone, A. P. Trundle, P. J. Twite, J. W. Young.

TROPHIES

From School Competition

Eric Parker Cup	D. C. Bryant
Eric Parker Cup (Runner up)	C. R. Shoebridge
Robert Hall Colt Cross Country Cup	J. S. Milton
Michael Welby Debating Cup	Newsoms
Weightman Chess Cup	Halliwells
Parents' Rugby Cup	Cobbs
Governors' Cricket Cup	Newsoms
Spur Society's Hockey Cup	Newsoms
Cray Swimming Cup	Cobbs
S. H. Marshall Cross Country Cup	Newsoms
John Garrett Athletics Cup	Newsoms
T. W. Powys Cobb Tennis Cup	Newsoms
B. C. Michez Cup for Gymnastics	Cobbs
P. W. Garrett House Play Cup	Cobbs/Newsoms
John Timpson Music Cup	Gibbs
A. R. Pannell Basketball Cup	Cobbs
Junior Shield (Half-year Cricket)	Cobbs
B. T. King Cock House Cup	Newsoms

RICHARD III

December 14th-17th

What a pleasure to hear a group of young actors MAKE SENSE of Shakespearean verse! The most outstanding achievement in the school's production of "Richard III" was surely this, that the level of clearly phrased and sensitive delivery, even on the part of the weaker actors, never fell to non-communication: all too often, even in many professional companies, elaborate Elizabethan conceits cohere into a more, or less, pleasant sound, failing to enrich, elucidate or underline the meaning of a speech. With this keystone in place, the producers built a most impressive production. The pace of the dialogue never lagged; it tautened or rose to a climax on the waves of the plot, and the artistic control was obvious in the fine timing of, for instance, the alternate scenes with Richmond and Richard's armies as they prepared for battle.

Movement on and off the stage was crisp and easy; full use was made of the two exits at the side of the forestage and there was a touch of the Theatre of Cruelty in Rivers, Grey and Vaughan being dragged from the back of the auditorium blindfolded and bound, to their execution on stage, and a daring nearness in the playing, so close to the audience of the scene when Richard receives Hasting's head. The rather static grouping of the characters on stage was perhaps meant to underline the ritualistic aspects of the play and certainly served as a telling contrast with the wide restlessness of Richard who used the set fully.

The set was a most important element in unifying the production. Simple and colourful, it could, in split seconds, be changed from palace to dungeon, and the roof-high throne was a masterly touch. The battlement was a less successful device but the flexible use of the two gates, sometimes hung with clear bright standards to signify which army was appearing, sometimes used as prison bars or simply as a barrier between the commons and their betters, was most imaginative.

Very important too were the costumes—rich self-colours on the whole and tailored to each figure—great aids indeed to convincing acting and some fine tableaux on stage.

The play, and therefore the performance, is indubitably Richard's and so much depends on the strength of this main actor. McCubbin rose to this challenge. If, at first, it was difficult, as Richard shared his cunning with the audience, to adapt oneself to his handsome Puckish grin instead of the traditional Machiavellian twistedness, he consistently built up the interpretation suggested by the producers in the programme; the story of a man excessively exercising his mental faculties. The blond openness perhaps indeed gave more credibility to those scenes of duplicity, the earlier one with Anne or the later one with the Mayor and citizens. Weightier thoughts of Richard as a malcontent, a stock figure in Elizabethan and Jacobean tragedy, were provoked by McCubbin's constant and effective use of his

deformity and by a maniacal stare above his audience on the one or two occasions when he saw power within his grasp, and by his increasing enjoyment in the shedding of blood. Shakespeare's wide understanding of human nature involved not only illustration of, but pity for, such a character—there was no sentimentalising of this in Richard's delivering the metaphorically phrased realisation of his guilt:—

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues."

It would be invidious to mention particular names in the admirable supporting cast: there was clever differentiation between the nouveau riche of the Queen's nobles and the older ones who had seen kings come and go. Though the stiffness of some acting fitted the formality of the sin-retribution pattern to illustrate the justice of the Tudor line, some of these courtiers could and should have been less two-dimensional by using their faces and bodies as well as their voices. Flude as Buckingham rightly kept something in reserve for his hypocritical scene with the Mayor and Commons, and for the later one when Richard turns even on him, but he could have filled out his acting more in the first half to act as a bridge between the dynamic Richard and the mere ciphers which were the lesser lords. Myers as Hastings might have helped in the same way whilst providing too a comparison and a contrast with Buckingham since he was one of the old school who did not choose to play along with Richard.

A welcome innovation was that the female parts were played by girls from Wimbledon County Grammar School; none of these parts is easy and the three Queens and the Duchess of York gave most praiseworthy performances. G. Freeman as Edward's widow and later, Richard's wife, showed how her deep grief for her first husband was crossed by an inescapable, though doomed, attraction to Richard, and J. Singleton, the Duchess of York, projected the endless misery of continual bloodshed, very movingly. Clearly without their presence, it would have been extremely difficult for boys to provide the emotional element to any degree of realism.

Better make-up might have helped three at least of these royal women and the lack of character make-up was felt in the boys' appearances too—the Archbishops might have looked more ecclesiastical and the murderers more murderous. The tremendous cast list, not forgetting the Crowd and the Yeoman, accounted for this,

By and large this was a splendid school production on which all concerned, particularly the producers, Mr. Poulter and Mr. Holmes, are to be handsomely congratulated.

A.J.K.

CAST

King Edward IV	...	C. Shoebridge
Edward, Prince of Wales	} Sons of the	...
Richard, Duke of York		...
George, Duke of Clarence	} King	...
Richard, Duke of Gloucester		...
(Afterwards King Richard III)	} Brothers of	...
		...
Edward, son of Clarence	} the King	...
Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.		...
Archbishop of Canterbury		...
Archbishop of York		...
Bishop of Ely		...
Duke of Buckingham		...
Duke of Norfolk		...
Earl of Surrey, his son		...
Earl Rivers, brother of Queen Elizabeth		...
Marquis of Dorset	} Sons of Queen	...
Lord Grey		...
Earl of Oxford	} Elizabeth	...
Lord Stanley		...
Lord Hastings		...
Lord Lovel		...
Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower		...
Sir Thomas Vaughan		...
Sir Richard Ratcliffe		...
Sir James Tyrel		...
Sir James Blunt		...
Sir Walter Herbert		...
Sir William Brandon		...
William Catesby		...
Lord Mayor of London		...
Queen Elizabeth, wife of Edward IV		...
Queen Margaret, widow of Henry VI		...
Duchess of York, mother of Edward IV		...
Lady Anne, widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, later		...
married to Richard III		...
Margaret, a daughter of Clarence		...
Gentleman		...
First Murderer		...
Second Murderer		...
First Citizen		...
Second Citizen		...
Third Citizen		...
Page		...
Scrivener		...
First Messenger		...

Second Messenger P. Metcalfe
 Third Messenger J. Chappell
 Fourth Messenger C. Spraggs
 Priest C. Spraggs
 Sheriff R. Elliott
 Executioner P. Twite
 Crowd : S. Pearce, M. Pickstone, C. Kelly, I. Evans, R. Earl, A. Isaacson,
 M. Szymanski, I. Parker, P. West, J. Marjoram, P. Onraet, P. Kelley,
 N. Arthur, C. Willcox, W. Slinn, A. Lee, P. Szanto, R. Sinclair.
 Yeomen : A. Blakeburn, B. Holmes, M. Healey, G. Elliott, C. Newport, M.
 Williamson, M. Adams.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Gillian Freeman, Linda Vine, Susan Adcock, Sylvia King, Penelope Laker and Jane Singleton appeared by kind permission of Miss L. E. Mackie, Headmistress of Wimbledon County Grammar School. We should like again to express our gratitude to the Headmistress and to Mrs. M. Ralphs, the Senior English Mistress, for giving every assistance during this first venture in co-operation between the two schools over the production of a play.

CREDITS

Set and stage extension constructed by Robert Smith, together with members of the Stage Guild : M. Bedford, V. Davies, M. Adams, J. Bishop, G. Elliott, T. Smith, A. Cocks, P. Metcalfe, N. Moss, K. Merton, P. Brunton, S. Martin.
 Decor and properties by Cecil Riley, Eileen Creane and Joan Miller.
 Stage Director : Roger Beeney,
 Stage Manager : V. Davies,
 Sound Effects and Properties Manager : M. Bedford.
 Assistant Stage Managers : G. Elliott and M. Adams.
 Lighting Supervisor : G. Borrett.
 Lighting Assistants : J. Bishop, M. Frost, B. Pearce, N. Richards.
 Prompters : P. King, P. Thompson.
 Assistance with Make-up : Mrs. Chappell and Peter Smith.
 Production Assistant : C. Shoebridge.
 Front of House arrangements by John Carter, assisted by I. Masters.
 Costumes from the School Wardrobe supervised by G. Lake.
 Special thanks are due to Eileen Creane and Joan Miller, and to Mrs. Earl and the many other parents who have given such valuable service in the making of costumes.
 The Play was Produced by Norman Poulter and William Holmes,
 Programmes and tickets were printed by the Printers' Guild under Robert Smith and A. Whitten.
 Special thanks are also due to C. Spraggs, J. Chappell, R. Keefe, J. Leonard M. Loxton.
 Cover for programme was designed by Cecil Riley.

THE CAROL CONCERT

December 20th

A Carol Concert, it seems, gives endless opportunities to an enterprising programme-planner wishing to share his own idea of Christmas with his audience and performers. Last year we were invited to a thoughtful and meditative offering; this year the emphasis was on conviviality, goodwill and hope—quite properly preceded by a moving Christmas selection from the "Messiah" by the Concert Choir, fresh from their public performance in St. Matthew's Church. For part III Mr. Aldersea had devised a long and varied sequence to suit all tastes, from those who like their carols jazzed-up and their Scottish reels anglicised to those who enjoyed Bach from the Wind Ensemble and Bizet from the vigorous, although depleted, School Orchestra. Charles Dickens inevitable stole the show with Mr. Pickwick and Company at Dingly Dell. But the most uproarious treat was part II, a real Mummings' Play, with a benign Father Christmas distractedly directing the antics of his mediæval troupe. How much was accidental we shall never know. What better to set the scene for a packed and convivial programme planned with relish and performed with gusto?

D.E.J.

HOUSE NOTES COBBS

House Captain : C. Q. Colombo.

Vice-Captain : A. Tickner.

House Prefects : R. Adams, T. C. Feline, A. T. King, J. G. McCubbin.

This term has seen particularly a renewal of the struggle between Cobbs and Newsoms. All competitions, however, have been quite successful.

We are likely to finish second in the Tennis, and owe our thanks to Pottinger for leading the team. Tickner has managed well to 'persuade' his Basketball team into coming to practices and matches. The Seniors have gained second place, and now the Competition depends on our Colts.

The Chess team, under the skilful leadership of Feline, is likely to win the Cup.

This term's most important activity—the competition for the Rugby Cup—has resulted in Newsoms and ourselves level-pegging in the Senior and Colt sections; it is now up to the Juniors.

Pepperell's leadership in the Colts has been admirable and his great talent has helped the team considerably. He is to be congratulated on his Surrey selection. Both Williamsons have been important members of the Colt side.

An injury-ridden Senior side managed to draw with Newsoms, Rissen and Potten having a large part in our success. Most of the Seniors rose to the occasion in important matches. Schwartz, Tickner and McCubbin

played above their usual standard, and Flude, King and Swan—the find of the season!—played decisive roles. Thus, despite lack of talent, Cobbs have not lacked drive and enthusiasm.

Next term there is Hockey, Drama, and Cross Country. In the latter a more concerted effort is required from all to qualify.

GIBBS

House Executives : S. R. Hall, P. M. Thomson, M. J. Ridler, B. G. Pearce.

House Prefects : P. H. J. Chapman, S. H. Gebbett, A. R. W. Marsh, L. C. Williams.

"A wave of gadgets swept the country" wrote a schoolboy about the prelude to Toynbee's Industrial Revolution—I think it may be too much to ask that the innovations in Gibbs House will lead to any vast increase in output, although one lives in hope.

The extension of the House system—the 'Group system'—has at last got on its feet, and credit must go to the group leaders. There has been some difficulty with the group meetings, as there has been little to discuss, after a relaxation in House activities after half-term, but, on the whole, they have been a great success.

The major competition this term has been Rugby: it was a little disappointing that practices were not allowed during the second half of the term, for if we were to stand any chance at all, it would be through preparation. The results were perhaps true to form; both the Colts and Seniors losing three matches and winning one. Thanks must go to Mr. James and Marshall for the work they have put into training the Colt team.

Our Juniors have yet to show their colours, but their considerable talents may yet pull off a few surprises.

The Basketball Competition was also completed this term. There seems to be a distinct lack of Basketball players throughout the House, except perhaps for A. R. W. Marsh, and thus we managed to beat only Halliwells.

Tennis is not yet completed but it is likely that we will finish second to Newsoms. Credit must go to R. Smith and especially S. Finch, who produced some magnificent performances.

The House Supper and Review was another success, although there was a distinct and unusual lack of silverware. Much toil and strife was put into the review, and there was some doubt as to whether it was all worth it, until it was all over. The highlight of the evening was a masterly sketch by that dynamic duo, Apeman and Boy Wonder 'less.'

What can we look forward to next term? I think no miracles, although the House Play Competition is always an unknown quantity, and with J. Lee and M. Ridler producing it, anything can happen.

Above all, however, the premier object of the House system must be kept in mind. The House system has the purpose of increasing contacts within the school, not merely for the sake of competition, and in this Gibbs House is out in front.

HALLIWELLS

House Captain : M. A. Bedford.

Vice-Captain : G. E. Emerick.

House Prefects : G. R. Lake, D. R. Green.

We started this term with many Rugby practices in an effort to boost our chances in the competition. To a great extent these practices were well attended and proved worth-while, but there appears to be a feeling in the Seniors that they are not worth bothering about; as was seen later on in the term, however, a bigger turn-out from Seniors could have made all the difference in the Rugby Competition. I am indebted to Emerick, Vincent and Perry for their help in organising and running these practices.

The Colt team under the leadership of Bellamy surpassed all our expectations by winning all their matches; congratulations to all involved. The Seniors, however, were unable to win one match: they tried, but in most matches were outplayed. The Juniors have yet to play, but in practice matches they have beaten all the other Houses.

The Senior Basketball team played quite well under Ainger, but owing to a lack of good players, the team entered the Competition with little hope of success. Despite this they played quite well and were unlucky to finish third equal. Now it is up to the Colts to see if they can improve on our position.

The Chess Competition has yet to be finished but we seem assured of third, if not second place, which is very creditable.

In Tennis the House is fairly certain to occupy fourth position, but in some very close matches luck seemed to desert us in vital moments. Thanks are due to Fischer for leading both the Chess and Tennis teams.

Just after half-term we held a House Supper which proved an enjoyable evening for all who attended. I must thank the mothers who gave their evening and came along to help in the running of the supper.

This term has not been too successful, mainly because the Sports Competitions this term were our weakest. Thus, next term with more effort on the part of every member of the House I think we shall achieve better results.

MILTONS

House Captain : C. R. Shoebridge.
Deputy House Captains : R. A. Cordey, B. H. Perryman.
House Prefects : R. J. Hawley, P. Standish, P. A. Malam.

It is very difficult to write a full report on the progress of the House this term, as we have completed only one competition and are still in the middle of three others. The completed competition, Tennis, found us in fourth position, despite the hardy efforts of Standish, the Captain, and his team.

So far, the competitions we have begun leave us in quite an advantageous position. Our Senior Rugby team, under the captaincy of Perryman and Cordey, played very well, soundly defeating Gibbs and Halliwells, and we lie third in the competition with a strong Junior team to play the decisive final games. The one less agreeable spot in our progress this term has been the Colt results in the Rugby. Newport, the Colt Captain, gave a really fine example to the rest of his team, but regrettably this example was not followed up as it deserved to be, and a combination of weak play and bad luck brought about our downfall. Nevertheless, particular congratulations are due to Newport.

Basketball has been efficiently captained by Williams to leave us again in third position. I do not feel that this position entirely does justice to the ability of the team, and certainly luck was, once more, not on our side. We have the Colt Competition to come next term, and wish the Captains, Carpenter and Newport, every success.

There is very little to report in the Chess Competition, in which we have played and drawn one match against Halliwells. Let us look forward hopefully to next term, and wish Peet, the Captain, every success.

We have every reason to look forward with hope to next term. We are a strong House in Dramatics and Debating this year; we have competent Hockey players and experienced Cross-country runners; our Junior Rugby team promises to do well. There is no reason for our not being in a very strong position by the end of next term, provided all members of the House pull their weight in the Cross-country and Gymnastics.

I should like, finally, to thank Cordey and Perryman for their work as Deputy House Captains. As a non-sportsman, I have been particularly grateful for their support and organization of sports activities.

NEWSOMS

House Captain : A. P. Howard.

Vice-Captain : P. C. Salter.

House Prefects : G. A. Hopper, P. R. Hutchings, S. R. Parr, P. R. Phillips, D. G. Rose, G. A. Thompson.

With our success in the Cock House Competition last year still fresh in our memories, we felt all the more ready to start this term's activities. Our enthusiasm has, I feel, been dampened by the fact that no Cup Competition has been finished as yet, despite the longevity of the term.

The House has been, nevertheless, very successful this term, our only loss, besides that in Chess, inevitably, being in a Colt Rugby match. Senior Basketball provided our most convincing display, for under the leadership of Salter, ably supported by Hopper, we crushed all opposition. These two universal sportsmen, together with Naylor, Parr and Thompson, are so far undefeated in the Tennis Tournament, with one match left to be played.

In Colt Rugby we were not as successful as we would have liked, but under the guidance of Russell, Parnham and North, managed to win two and draw one match. In Senior Rugby we won three games and drew the other—with our old rivals from last year, Cobbs, with whom we share first place in the Senior Competition. Naylor, Beardsmore and Phillips distinguished themselves, as did our ubiquitous Salter-Hopper sports team. It was for these games that we put forward our full strength, including such players as Hutchings—who came "out of retirement," and Mellor—who opened the scoring against Gibbs, and scored our try in the hard-fought game with Cobbs.

This, then, has been the story of this term, but we must look to the Spring to see the completion of the first phase of the Cock House Competition.

I REMEMBER

I came to Raynes Park on the 13th January, 1944, not in this case a portentous date, although at one time I began to wonder, because, when I was umpiring my first hockey match on the Alliance ground, all the members of the team and I were the victims of someone who helped himself to all valuables left in the pavilion. I was just in time, too, for the "Little Blitz" on London, and remember listening to shrapnel pattering on the school roof when A.A. batteries opened up during A.T.C. evening parades. Worse was to follow with the coming of flying bombs which caused us to scurry repeatedly to air-raid shelters, sometimes to have midday meals there, to leave the cricket pitch in undignified haste when V1's broke cloud and "cut-out" above us and, finally, to divide the School into three parties, one of which went to Salisbury, one near Cambridge, and the third, of which Mr. Smith and I were members, to Inkpen, a lovely village in Berkshire. Here we had the unusual experience of teaching in a cow-shed, sleeping in a rat-infested barn, and coping with unusual cooking facilities at an unearthly hour each morning.



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Fortunately, our tribulations were short-lived, because we were able to move to West Woodhay, a fine Inigo Jones country mansion, with furniture supplied by the Ministry of Works, thanks to the initiative of Mr. Wrinch, our Headmaster. I have vivid recollections of tiny camp beds in the centre of large airy bedrooms with stark carpetless floors, but numerous bathrooms with a seemingly endless supply of hot water, were available, not appreciated by sundry pupils who seemed to enjoy a respite from thorough washing. During our stay there, the School settled down to a reasonable routine, including paid assistance to farmers and fruit growers in the vicinity, but continuity was spoilt by pupils drifting back to London in small groups as conditions apparently improved. At that time most of the woods in the area covered pockets of American troops living under canvas and preparing for the Normandy landings, and we were still more forcibly reminded of the war when we saw the departure of the huge fleet of glider-towing planes for the ill-fated Arnhem expedition.

My wife had joined me at West Woodhay, and towards the end of our stay there, she and I were in complete charge, so few had the pupils become. We left finally towards the end of October, 1944, having seen that all furniture was duly returned to the Ministry of Works, and made our way very precariously on over-laden bicycles to the nearest railway station, once the last of the pupils had gone. Though not on the staff, my wife had taught some Mathematics at West Woodhay "to keep myself busy" as she termed it, and shortly after our return she came to School to teach "for a few days" during someone's absence, but remained for more than twenty years.

At the end of the war, Mr. Milton and Mr. Cobb returned to the Staff, and as Mr. Gibb was Senior Master throughout the war, Mr. Newsom a very frequent visitor, and Mr. Halliwell a guest at West Woodhay during the Summer holidays, I can claim to know all the original Housemasters, four of whom were very keen and capable sportsmen, especially Mr. Milton, who was a hockey blue and Welsh international, a fine cricketer, soccer player, gymnast and long-distance runner. He is now Professor Milton, Acting Principal of University College, Salisbury, enduring the uncomfortable aftermath of U.D.I. in Rhodesia.

During the post-war period, before decrepitude overtook me, forcing me to abandon too-strenuous activities, I taught some P.T. games, Maths. and French in addition to English. To add to the variety, I have lively memories of instructing A.T.C. cadets in ballroom dancing, juniors in the performance of Sir Roger de Coverley, and second-formers, all of whom seemed to have two left feet, in the mysteries of the hornpipe, for a junior musical play. How my wife suffered in playing the tune for the last-mentioned activity over and over again, until it must have seemed like a nightmare!

In the midst of all this activity, there have been many lighter moments, especially in the Common Room. Here, I have seen a member of the Staff walk across the floor on his hands in sheer exuberance (at the end of term), another produce a huge magnifying glass every time he wished to read the newspaper, and a third, unrecognized at the door, because of his beard,

grown in the Summer holiday, solemnly say to the boy who asked for him "I'll go and see if he is here." We have had members of the Staff who would have been perfectly at home on the variety stage: one could imitate his colleagues most faithfully; another could produce most entertaining topical calypsos almost at will. Somewhat sadly, I must mention a little April-the-first joke which unfortunately misfired. A member of Staff of several years ago had an unusually weighty tread, and the place where he stood on the platform was marked this particular morning by a pair of outsize chalk-drawn footprints—a little jest worthy of a better fate than to be treated as a case of *lèse-majesté*.

Perhaps you will have gathered from my somewhat random reminiscences that School need not necessarily be dull and humdrum all the time. I sincerely hope so. The main features of life at Raynes Park have been the warm, friendly atmosphere of the Common Room, throughout all its changes, and the close liaison between staff and pupils which was unknown when I was a boy.

W.H.H.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

THE TIP

P. J. Tuley, 3A.

It happened not very long ago, the time I hit Abervan. Man had poured many things on me, as I stood up there, watching the village beneath me. Every day I heard the clanking of the bell to bring the children in. Every day more slag was piled upon me. As I grew larger and larger I was blotting out the sunlight for the school. Few children came to see me, they were too frightened of my dreadful size.

Each day I mounted up until I stood there, my might spreading in every way. I stood there, tottering on the heights. The little children did not think of me, rising on the hill; they ran and laughed into the school, and as the last one went in, I began to move. I tried to hold back, but it became too great for me and, with a sigh, I gave in.

I still remember sliding down the hill, gaining speed. Then, with an awful thud, I hit the school. I heard screams and cries, the sound of falling rafters, then I poured in through the windows, swamping the desks and anybody at them. One teacher tried to defy me, and with one mighty blow I hit her, I crashed through the wall, bringing debris of desks and wood with me. Armed with these, I hit the class, in my rage I destroyed everything.

My pace was becoming slower, but still I went on, encasing anything in my path with mud. I saw children running before me, but soon I overtook them. I saw fear in their eyes and knew why I poured into the classrooms, sometimes meeting myself coming back. Suddenly I found myself on the road, and I slipped across it, and I hit the houses like a flood. They crumbled under my weight, hurtling down upon them. They never stood a chance of escaping me.

But now it is all over, a thousand men work at me, vainly trying to move me. They sweep me off the road but I come back again. Some of the children were encased in me and are helped out; others will never get out. Some were late for school and missed me, but many were there, and many are still there. Hundreds of women cry, hundreds of men work to clear me without hope. Every so often they are silent, then they go back to work.

THE GIRL FROM THE MOORS

R. P. Myers, L6A.

The blue sky became smeared with, and eventually covered by, thick, grey clouds. The hills changed shape and became less barren and greener. Trees appeared and hedges flashed past on the roadside.

On the back of the open lorry he lay, his head on the rucksack, staring vacantly into the distant expanse of sky. He lay, stretched full out, his hands pushed hard into the pockets of the plastic mac that flapped and shook in the rushing wind as the lorry threaded its way along the thin line of the road, tracing its path, first across the hills and the valleys of the mist-shrouded moors, where small patches of white snow still lay in the hollows that protected it from the rain; then across the rolling agricultural plains where the patches of white were not snow but the roofs of barns and sheds, and finally once more back into a barren world; a world of concrete, wet newspapers, lights, and smells of factories and drains, of people and loneliness, where it no longer was bordered by trees and bushes and no longer cut through fields of grass and sheep but through a maze of slums and people. On the moor the road had been the sole indication of civilization while at its other extremity it writhed ignominiously beneath the oppression of it.

His motionless eyes passed beneath the changing sky, and his eyes received the picture but the brain lay far away, disconnected from that sense and the eyes served no purpose. His thoughts, though, were not being controlled by his brain: the thoughts were autonomous and welled from nowhere, unasked for, unconnected and illogical—the brain was not functioning; the thoughts grew untended and often unheeded, but they were there. The brain, the heart, and the body were dead and accepted anything, and the thoughts grew and lived on the dead, like maggots, and though unconnected were all vaguely inspired by one creator; their lives all traced back to the one central theme—the one idea, and it was because of that idea that the body was feigning death for only in that condition could it hope to escape unscathed from the nagging thoughts. Only the dead cannot be killed. It was from that one idea that he was trying to hide, and that idea was her, or rather it was the fact that she was no longer 'her,' that he was returning home and would in all probability never see her again. It was from this that he was hiding; it was this idea which necessitated his artificial mortification. The inevitable emotions that would be instigated by the thoughts were dead.

From moor to plain—from plain to London; from her to London, that was the idea that he was trying to escape from; and he was succeeding but he knew he would, in the end, lose as he knew he could only remain dead as long as nothing disturbed him and awakened the dead. Then, he knew that his barriers would crumble and fall, his defence be broken: he would succumb to the enslaving thoughts, to his love for her, if love was the word for he had known her only four days, four short days that in retrospect seemed to be full of events capable of filling four years. It could not be defined in words as love, desire or affection. His barrier was only a wall outside which would always lurk that one besieging idea and the only way in which to defeat it was first to be defeated by it and then to allow it to die slowly, but he had not the courage to open the gates by himself, not there anyway; somebody or something would have to batter them in and he knew that they would; but he lay dead.

The lorry reached Tower Bridge and he picked his still dead body of it and put it on the pavement and searched for the railway station.

By no means reincarnated by the train journey, he reached home, walked in through the familiar black back door and entered the house. He shut the black back door behind him and absently greeted his mother; answered the questions about the holiday with perfunctory replies, but the first shot was fired and chipped a stone from his barricade when he was asked if he had met any 'nice young females,' but the blow was small and he answered without any emotion that he had become acquainted with some girl from Leeds. He answered without thought or emotion, but it was a shot—the first weakening. He was aware, though, that his real enemy was not people but himself and time, boredom, for the latter would eat through the barricade as the sea pounds at and eventually destroys the strongest of cliffs. Without any logical thinking, he knew that he must not allow himself to do nothing or become bored. In accordance with this, he once again left the house and spent the evening at the house of one of his friends, a marxist., but only superficially was he present. He did not enter into the exuberance of the people around him. He discussed politics, argued about religion and the need for faith, even spoke of his holiday, but only of where he went and not of what he did. The evening and night passed as a dream, like someone reading a book without paying attention to the contents. His body was there but he was not.

The following morning he commenced his work with an artificial enthusiasm, but, as time wore on, the walls began to flake and fall and, when he sat for several minutes staring out of the window at the rain falling on the grass in the garden, the battle was overtaken by its inevitable fate; the wall fell. The barricades were down; the dead emotions were captured and awakened from their enforced sleep. In an instant the wave of pain, torment and anguish swept across the breaches, establishing a new king on the throne, a king who was supreme, whose rule was tyrannical, who to be subject to required strength to endure and to finally revolt against; a king

that had patiently waited for victory and who had gained the throne. It was this king who the boy had feared, whom he knew he must succumb to, and the triumphant king was depression.

The first knife edge of cold steel sank in and it was his love or desire that wielded the weapon. Every incident of their friendship slashed and tore at his mind; their first meeting, first physical contacts, the walks on the moor, the evenings at the pubs, the soft and caressing hands, the frantic lips, the vitality, the childish conversations, jokes and familiarities on the moors and the happiness inspired simply by her presence and the wild kisses and caresses. All presented themselves in a tormenting kaleidoscope and her face, laugh and words continually recurred to press home the attack.

He stared with contorted face for several minutes out of the window, not seeing the rain falling on the grass in the garden, and then rose and went rapidly in search of his friends in an attempt to stop himself from being sucked down into the cruel trap of depression. But he had no friends who could offer him any help: they had not shared his experiences; they had not been an integral part of his love so why should they, or how could they, understand the feelings that he could not explain. He left his friends without having imparted anything of the real events and without having revealed his true, turbulent state of mind. He returned sadly home, through the black back door and into his prison. He was no longer able to divert his mind and was unable to recommence any activity.

He wandered from room to room, stared madly out of the windows in hope of seeing someone, listened for the telephone, though he knew it could never be her, and became more and more frantic. He had to find something to do but what was the point of doing anything: everything was made futile by the message which burned before his eyes and throbbed in his ears—never again can you re-live those four days or that experience. The circle was shattered. She would have returned home and he knew neither where that was nor what her surname was, and instinctively he knew that even if he could contact her the severed ends could not be rejoined and he could never re-live those four days—those four days that he wished he either could live over and over again or had never lived at all. What was the point in living in the box he called his house amongst people that did not belong to him? Life was possible only back there on the moor with her, that was the only possible happiness and only a maddening, tormenting existence confronted him at home. He had to get out of the house; to scream, to find someone, anyone with whom he could share his torture, but no one passed the windows, only figures with dogs, prams and brief-cases.

The first tormenting images of her subsided into a more general despair, a hopelessness, a futility which brought likely death, that ought not to have greeted him for fifty years, to the next day with only forlorn wanderings and despair in the short interval between birth and death in which only she could be the redeemer. All the pointlessness of life fell on him: the ridiculousness of eight million people all living in little boxes with little

gardens in which they grew little flowers in a conglomeration called London, and he one tiny speck in the blind eight million. Before he had always believed that to take one's life was pointless and wrong, for some relief of the situation must occur and some happiness must lay in store, but now he understood what despair was, nothing logical but a craving, eating disease far more deadly than any other for it seems incurable.

He would shout and scream and beat his fists against the wall, though he still retained enough sense to realize also the uselessness of this. Why did there always have to be suffering? Cure mental suffering and one also killed any deep-felt emotions of pleasure or happiness. The two go in an inseparable unit; one complete cycle or wavelength. How could he stop his despair? The prospect of the evening and the night when he would lie alone in bed in the dark and think was terrifying. He must do something—anything—but how could he when there was no point in it? Even if he could kill the despair and cure his depression, the blank empty life would still lie ahead of him; that was not a mental obsession but a fact.

He sat at a table and put on a record. He took up a pen that still lay on the sheets of 'foolscap' from the morning's work and began to write in an attempt to rid himself of the disease. He played the same record continually, over and over again. At times he would rise, begin to pace around frantically and sing loudly with the record, especially when the grandeur of the 4th movement was reached when his fervour would reach a pitch and he would clench radiators, chairs, anything—with white, tensed fingers. After a while these outbursts decreased and, after changing the record, he continued to write leisurely, using a dictionary and searching for the precise words to explain himself. His cure began to take effect. His despair no longer held him in its iron grasp, and he began to concentrate on his writing rather than on her and the holiday, and he finally laid down his pen, thought for several minutes, then picked it up again and wrote the final sentence.

EAST GERMANY

A. S. Young, 4F.

For twenty-eight days of my summer holiday last year, I was visiting relations of mine in Communist Germany, or the Democratic Republic as they flatteringly call themselves. This was rather an unnerving experience to begin with because one remembered that if anything political was said in favour of the decadent West, the result would probably be a thirty-year sentence of salt mining in Siberia for being a filthy Capitalist spreading false imperialist lies. However, on talking to them, one found them to be as natural as West Germans except for their Communist indoctrinated political views. They actually believe what they are told about the West.

Living conditions are still rather dated, though. Butter is still rationed and milk is scarce. The roads are dug up to lay gas pipes and the trenches are left for the house owners to fill in. Having waited until all the trenches have been filled in, the roads are again dug up, but this time for electricity,

and the cycle is repeated; then it is water or telephone cables or sewage pipes, and so it goes on. Owing to this constant upheaval of the roads, they are always dusty in hot weather and so everything is dirty. On the subject of roads, some of their "motorways" are still cobbled.

This is a typical satellite state; the man the Communists want as Premier is voted in in the true democratic style, but as the ballot is never counted by any others than those who will lie sufficiently to the public, the true result is never seen. Therefore the poll is faked and he who is wanted in gets in. Everything revolves around the worker. If a man works a certain number of hours unpaid overtime per annum, he will be eligible for residence in a "luxury" flat which has been specially built for him. His rent is cut by a small amount and he believes that he is on to a good thing. The flats, however, are built in the Japanese style so that normal conversation can be heard two flats away. If this is possible, it should be easy to imagine what it would be like if the people next door were having a flaming row!

Everyone must have his or her identification cards wherever travelling. To travel without one could mean serious trouble because the authorities might think you are a spy. Travel, moreover, is restricted to a certain area. The whole country is divided up into areas about the size of London. Within this area, travel is restricted, but there must be room on that marvellous innovation of theirs, the Workers' Bus. If the first bus is full, you just have to wait for the next one. The buses have virtually no suspension, the roads have already been described and the drivers have French or Spanish natures. This results in a "senseless seat" even if the journey is only a few miles. If you wish to travel in comparative comfort, however, there is a train service which is just about bearable, though, I believe, the engines and rolling stock saw Hitler. To travel outside the zone, permission must be sought from the officials. Reasons for going are picked to pieces before you may be given a grudging 'Yes,' but to travel outside your zone without permission . . . No, England is not too bad!

THE SHANNON CORNER FLYOVER

S. McLachlan, 2H.

I arrived at Raynes Park in September 'sixty-five when they had just started the concrete supports of the new flyover. After three months the huge white supports were already towering forty feet high. Then, after they had made fourteen, they went right back down the road before Shannon Corner and started to build a ramp. The ramp is still not fully completed now but all it needs is the tarmac on top. This ramp is solid concrete and brick for at least one hundred feet, where it breaks off and balances on the first support. Of course this will increase the amount of cars and so they started to widen the road leading to Richmond Park.

By Spring 'sixty-six the ramp at the other end was completed and also led out on to the first support. Now they started to go overhead, and

quickly extended the flyover on to ten of the supports, leaving just four in the centre stretching over the old road. By now they had already started to whitewash the banking at the side of the flyover. For one day they stopped the traffic while building over the top of the road. By September everything was ready and it just needed the main parts of the road to be filled in. By Spring 'sixty-seven all the noise and dust will be gone.

"WE LOVE THE PIRATE STATIONS— PLEASE DON'T TAKE 'EM AWAY . . ."

R. W. Wiles, 4F.

Radio, like the newspapers, is a means of communication, and should be free from pressure. The off-shore radio stations claim 25,000,000 regular listeners, and who are the Government to say they shouldn't have them? If the Government have any reason to think our radio stations should be put off the air, they should consult the public. It is doubtful whether the Bill will go through, because any politician who lends his name to this Bill and in effect says that 25,000,000 people are a lot of idiots, will surely be heading for trouble in his constituency. The Government says they are illegal (but refuses to elaborate on the point), and they play records without paying for them, even though it is well-known that they pay an average of two shillings for every disc played. As Radio Caroline's Managing Director says—one man to interfere with freedom of speech was Hitler. That should not happen in Britain.

The 1948 Copenhagen Convention allocated air-space for 208 stations in Europe: today there are 510. If the off-shore stations are to be branded as pirates, then there are 292 other stations just as guilty, including A.F.N., Vatican City, and the Voice of America.

If this Bill actually does go through, then the Government are in for trouble—from me, at least.

THE AGONY OF THE SELWYN TROPHY RUNNER

P. Rand, 4F.

This cross-country match in which many Surrey schools compete is held on Epsom Downs near the racecourse. We change in a large house at Tattenham Corner, using the 'Library,' before going out into the freezing wind, along a drive, across the road on to the Downs where the wind at once numbs our legs as we wait for the Juniors to start their race. We await our turn, jumping, running—anything to try to keep warm.

Immediately the Juniors have finished, officials call us into position. Eventually the sorting out of teams is completed and by now everyone is freezing and "fed up." The gun is fired and we are off! There is barging, pushing, elbowing, as 120 runners jostle for position, and at this stage either rain or snow inevitably starts to fall and continues throughout the race!

At first the going is good, and I feel fresh. The course is along a straight, into the first turn and up a steep and, by now, slippery hill. I am already exhausted, but manage to stagger over the brow to see that the leaders are now far ahead. Try as I may, I cannot catch up with them, but struggle on thirty yards in the rear. The long back straight is now completed; my legs are agonising, and I have a stitch, but at last I am approaching the long, gradual, curving decline that leads to the finish. It is about now that M.C.G. shouts 'encouragingly,' "Get up with that next group!"

I obediently do a short sprint to bring them back to me, then plod past the start and have a second view of what is now an all-too-familiar course. As I climb the hill again, I have but one desire—to give up! The top is reached by a half-walk, half-crawl, and somehow I start running again in an almost upright position. Before long the encouraging shout is again heard, with a slight variation—"One last spurt NOW!" I put all I have left into that last killing downhill stretch. It gains me a few places even though it means I am hardly able to reach the finish.

At last, however, the funnel is gained, and my number is taken. I am now free to collapse on to the wet ground, which I find I can do without much difficulty.

THE CROSS COUNTRY RUNNER

G. Petrides, 2H.

I start from foot of crooked tree
And make a steady run up;
I pad along by golfer's course,
As if to do a ton-up.
I puff, I pant, I wheeze, I blow,
To be the flippin' winner;
For boys may come and boys may go,
But I go on for ever.
I stumble, stumble as I go,
Through thorn and bush and bramble,
I slip and splatter in the mud,
As out of ditch I scramble.
With here and there a fellow Cobb,
In singles or in townsome,
And here and there a Halliwell,
And here and there a Newsome.
"I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glide,"
My plimsolls out are wearing,
And as I pass a barbed-wire fence,
I hear the sound of tearing.

I squelch and scrunch 'cross icy bog,
The last hill now before me ;
I round the corner and I see—
The winner's flag below me.
I strive, I try, I stretch, I strain,
To be among the winners ;
For boys may come and boys may go,
But I go on for ever.

LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY

R. P. Myers, L.6A.

Inquisitive dark faces ; white-toothed children,
Inspect the teeming station of the 'New World.'
From boat they were hustled to train,
Which now deposits and deserts them.
They inspect the dirt, the blank, pale faces.
They feel the cold rain falling in the curtained,
Terrace-housed streets ; the sun shining
Through a strangling, thick atmosphere.
This greets them, yet still they come
To this glittering world of civilisation
And hope to find abundant the fabulous
Luxuries of life and the litter of money.
They find the dust-carts and barred doors ;
'Blacks go 'ome' and dank dreariness
With faint murmurs of 'We shall overcome.'
But when is that 'some day' ?
When will shut doors be open ?
'Not, 'we shall overcome,'
But 'we must overcome.'

WITH-IT MAN

Hell's bells, twinkle toes,
'Where d'you get those dig-me clothes ?
You went to London for a treat,
And spent your time in Carnaby Street ?
Now the fashion's changed,
You're on your own.
Paint the old 'uns red,
And start your own.

LIFE OUTSIDE

Through the closed glass panes
Set in the plain white frames,
The old lady, shrivelled by Time,
Will day long, every day, stare
At the passing foreign world of mime
That may portray apathy or care.
Yet, through those window panes
Of the world out there, so near,
Not one sound does she ever hear.
It's an ever-moving, never-ending picture,
Though the backcloth's static through the years ;
The characters will but rest secure
For seconds in that aged stare.
Buildings slowly materialize in the air ;
Colours just change with the season's brush,
But people are ephemeral in their rush
To be done with their hurried flight
Across that old lady's vague sight.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

G. H. Roberts, 4F.

It was night and he was frightened
As he walked beside the park,
But welcome was the lantern
That his way lit through the dark.

For night holds unknown terrors
For one who is afraid ;
And to his Destination
A treacherous way is laid.

With night, so with life,
But there 'tis Christ who lights the way
For us mortals all to follow,
As the Holy Gospels say.

DEPARTURE 299 TO HELL

M. Williamson, 41.

One
One alone
One of three hundred
And all around lay nothing
Nothing that is except them
The others
Two hundred and ninety-nine of them
Lying there motionless
Not a movement
Not a sound
Still
Quiet
Dead
All dead but one
And all for one mistake.
Two hundred feet
For three hundred lives
But one
Whose one mistake spilt blood
Red blood everywhere
The blood of three hundred
All but one innocent
Yet dead.

The warning ignored
The mistake made
The blind eye turned
The outcome grave
The pity of it all
The pity of them all, and their relatives, their friends
The pity of the one alone
The thought, the dread
The fear of surviving of living
While they lie there, their life stolen
Their happiness and joy gone.
The one wants to join them
One still with sight in his eyes
One still with speech in his mouth
One still with thought in his mind
The thought of terrible life
Unable to face another person

The thought of a dead life rather than a dead death.

Fear

Trembling fear.

And then there is the box

That small black box

The box that holds the truth

Truth to be told to everyone

Truth of the one mistake

At the price of three hundred

Less one

A coward

But not just three hundred

Three hundred families

But one of a coward

A frightened coward

A terrified coward

Alone.

And now the regret

What a fool not to listen to the warning.

I deserve to die

That is, I want to die

I deserve to live

But fear it

The fear

Silent fear

Alone

Oh to die

Why should I live?

Why me

Alone

In fear?

THE 'PLANE

D. W. Evans, 3K.

The engines roar

The propellers whirr

Then faster and faster, and,

The 'plane, with the grace of a bird,

Slowly takes to the air.

The wheels fold in,

The 'plane floats up,

She drifts with the clouds

Towards the stars

Till out of sight.

CONTEMPLATION ON RHODESIA

J. Bulmer, 4F.

Have you heard the Liberty Bell ?
It rings all day and raises hell.
Smith and Wilson battle it out,
A draw is the result of this bout.
Aboard the 'Tiger' they meet and talk,
For two long days they squawk and squawk ;
They reach Gibraltar with no decision,
Both had failed with their mission.
Wilson returns and sends George Brown
To see the U.N. in New York town ;
Mandatory sanctions they will apply :
No one can see the end drawing nigh.
Commissions offer advice expertly,
They only have thoughts about their fee ;
No one hears a voice—among the fights,
A lone Rhodesian, "I want my rights."
No food will get in,
Bank accounts become thin ;
Till Smith will comply,
Rhodesians will die.

ODE TO A FOLK-SINGER IN PURGATORY

D. Peet, 4F.

It should have been a matter of short time,
Before in neon lights my name would shine,
But I was wrong.
I thought my music would be O.K.
That to appreciative people I should play,
But I was wrong.
I would wander down the track
With my guitar 'cross my back,
Searching for my fortune and for fame,
But money was so rare
And my table always bare,
So I had finished soon my game.
Now I have time, as I lie here and rot,
To ponder o'er the question, whether I'd have made it, or not ?
But now I have expired, perhaps my songs will sell
As I sing my heart out, in heaven, or in hell.

TIME

J. F. Allan, 4F.

People rushing all around,
Aimlessly wandering, never ceasing,
Rushing to save time,
When there is all the time in the world.
If the button is pushed,
There will be no time to rush,
Or hide in tin shelters ;
No time for hurry ;
No time for bustle ;
Just peace, solemnity.
All pain and grief will cease ;
All restlessness will end—
We will be in peace,
Safely in eternity.

THE SPACE AGE

R. Randall, 3K.

A flash—
And with a vibrant roar
A silver needle threads the clouds,
Leaving a wake of black smoke
Polluting the air.
Ripples of heat lap
Against the concrete bunkers
Concealing me—
Faces upturned ; wrinkled with
Anxiety for their brainchild.
The pencil of light
Heads for the stars,
Carrying the curiosity
Of a nation.
But this is not new ;
No strange novelty at which to marvel ;
For ever since Adam and the Apple,
Man has wanted to know.

THE MOTORWAY

N. Moss, 3K.

Stretching on for miles
Dead straight ;
Cars rushing past at speeds never dreamed,
Fifty years ago.
Black tarmac edged by green
Grass, with bridges
In white cement at intervals ;
Lorries' exhaust fumes
Choking cars behind ;
Seen from the air,
A black ribbon
Barred
With grey and white.
Dotted white lines ;
Stretching on,
Till all lanes seem one
Dot on the horizon,
Ending at last
At a roundabout,
A hub with many
Spokes radiating
Round it.
What wonders man
Can create !

THE MODERN AGE

R. Keefe, 3K.

They're building a flyover ;
There it stands, significant
Of the modern age,
A mass of concrete and steel,
The result of months of upheaval and irritation, yet
Majestic.
"To ease the traffic," they say ;
"To prevent traffic jams."
But, do they think of beauty ?
Beauty, such as pretty stretches of green,
Now, converted to a pile of mud, bricks and clay.
This, they say, is the modern age.

A TRIBUTE TO A GASWORKS

I. C. Robertson, 3K.

Upon the hill above the village stands the massive gasworks.
The sky is dark and clouded, and the rain falls hard,
Falls hard on the glistening metal of the gasworks.

The moon appears and suddenly the new steel gasworks is no
more ;

In its place appears a shimmeringly cold iceberg or a snow-
capped mountain.

Down in the village the people had objected to it !

Calling it ugly, no more than a mass of steel.

They wrote to their M.P. referring to it as grotesque ;

But how could their lies be heard

When there it stood, a witness to its own beauty,

A witness to the unconscious artistic genius of some Midland
industrialist ?

EVENING

P. A. Robinson, 3K.

The lake, so placid,

Reflects soft ducks that ripple and dart

From the drooping boughs of stooping willows ;

Diving deep

Into the thick, clammy water

Caressing them.

The wreaths of mist, with white fingers

Steal over the lilies,

And the burning sun is extinguished

Until it's tomorrow.

The starlings, silhouetted,

Rush over the fast-dying expanse of golden-red

And are gone,

Gone with the day.

NIGHT

R. Currie, 3K.

Night, O night,

a veil of blackness

shimmering,

dotted with diamond

crystals.

Twinkling,

a thing of beauty,
enveloping the tired world in a
ghostly shroud,

Till morning breaks
and the dawn wakes into a
red sun,
glowing with unearthly
brilliance.

The early sky,
a mass of watery
colours,
clouds tinged with mourning
cloak the scene,
Heralding a day
in the calm, new world,
till dusk,
and
peace.

THE LOVABLE MONSTER

A. J. Shephard, 3K.

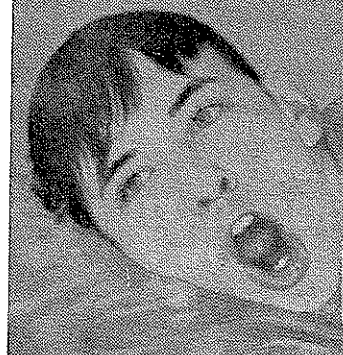
In the cold and frozen Arctic seas,
Lives the gigantic polar bear,
With enormous feet and a square set head,
And long white shaggy hair.

Upon the bleak ice-floes he sits,
Awaiting his prey,
An unwary seal, a silver fish
That darts through the spray.

Night falls and he throws his body
Down on to the rough ice-floes,
And, as his bed drifts out to sea,
He rests in sweet repose.

How lovable a monster is he !
How peaceful he seems to me !
How is it that he is termed
The brute of the Arctic Sea.

Lengths ahead!



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ELEGY TO A REFEREE WRITTEN IN A FOOTBALL STADIUM

A. Marsh, 4F.

Football fans of varying degree
Spur on their teams to victory
By various means, such as roaring and ranting,
The waving of rattles, or shouting and chanting.
These chants are all right as they spur a team on
To play even better until the game's won ;
But at waving and singing support does not stop,
And bottles and darts are thrown in on the top.
The ref's only human, and prone to mistaking,
And the linesmen add theirs to those of his making,
So, if he is wrong, don't blame the poor chap,
It wasn't unfair, but a genuine mishap.

BATTERSEA DOGS' HOME

N. H. Ware, 4F.

Last Christmas I went to the dogs' home,
As I wanted one as a pet ;
The sight and the sounds as I stepped through the door
Are things I shall never forget.
There was silence, as if by magic,
The moment I came into view ;
And their eyes lit up with hope once more,
In case I was someone they knew.
Noses pressed against the wire netting ;
Tails started wagging fast ;
This was the moment each waited for,
Perhaps his owner had come at last.
Ears went down and tails ceased to wag
As I passed each wired-off section ;
It might make thoughtless people think,
If they came here and had a moment's reflection.
Why don't owners who won't buy a licence
Have all their dogs just put to sleep.
And save all this needless misery
Of turning them out on the street.
It wouldn't take much extra effort
To call the R.S.P.C.A.,
Though they haven't the nerve to do that,
Yet they have for the other cruel way.

Surely the faithfulness and trust
So completely and utterly bestowed,
Is worthy of a better fate
Than wandering about on the road.
As Christmas comes around once more
I'd like to visit this home once again ;
But am very much afraid the scene
Would cause me too much pain.
I know it's the season of goodwill toward men
But this really makes my blood boil ;
And I wonder how mankind can be so cruel
To creatures so loving, so loyal.

MY SCHOOL DAY

P. Russell, 2H.

At ten to eight in the morn,
When I have chilly feet,
I go downstairs and with a yawn,
I eat my shredded wheat.
I get to school in time to play
A ragged game of "he,"
And after prayers begins the day
Of educating me.
At one o'clock it's time to eat,
We all queue up for dinner,
We have a stew with lots of meat,
It doesn't make us thinner.
The afternoon begins at two,
It's time for French and German ;
If I cannot "parlez-vous,"
I know I'll get a sermon.
At four o'clock it's time to leave
Our lessons far behind ;
But alas, the homework we receive
Really is a grind.
When I get home, it's time for tea,
Batman's on tonight ;
But before I switch on our T.V.,
My homework must be right.
At nine o'clock, I'm off to bed,
Clean my teeth I must,
There is another day ahead
Of toil and sweat and dust.

SOCIETIES

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Many people will flash their eyes over the above title, and read no further. If you have read even so far, you will be one of a small number of people that do take an interest in this rather eccentric society.

Our activities this term have been unusually well attended, with as many as twenty-five Seniors coming to the History Room on Fridays to hear the answer from two visiting speakers to such questions as "Is prayer any use?" and "Is the Bible a waste of money?" Our routine meetings are not so crowded, but the numbers are still much above the estimated 1% of Christians in this country. We reckon that at least 6% of the school is actively Christian, and about a quarter of the school would say that it was Christian if really pressed.

We renew the challenge to all "sleeping" Christians to wake up and to have the courage of their convictions.

A. E. Hollander.

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The Autumn Term has seen two meetings of the Society. The first was a reading of "The Mostellaria" of Plautus. This play, about the early return of a father to his house, where his son is in the midst of a "party." The typical Plautan slave, comes to the rescue, and son and friends are forgiven.

The meeting thence rose or, as comment would have it, sank to wine and chickpeas.

This Term's final meeting, held on December 18th, was a talk on Apollonius Rhodius, by Mr. A. Woolley. Apollonius, perhaps the least read of all Greek writers, was Librarian at Alexandria and Governor of Ptolemy. His main work "Argonautica," tells of the winning of the Golden Fleece by Jason and the Argonauts. It is a remarkably inconsistent work with gems of subtle, psychological insight often preceded and/or followed by long passages of astonishingly garish taste. Most of the best poetry is contained in the third book. Apollonius' debt to Homer is manifest, particularly in his use of simile and metaphor, but he is more than a mere imitator and often succeeds, by means of skillful adaptation, in throwing new light on a familiar object. He frequently delights with his keen eye for detail.

On weighing the evidence, it must be admitted that by Apollonius' time the art of writing was, to say the least, moribund. To revivify it, a writer of Vergil's genius was required.

The President kindly listened to the minutes of the previous—the 60th—meeting of the Society, and conversation with wine followed.

THE ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY

This term has not been a very active one for the Society, as owing to bad weather and defective equipment, observations have been rather limited. We have not, however, simply rotted in idleness, but tended to divert our efforts to new and rather neglected fields. The recruitment of new members, neglected by previous secretaries of the society, has been re-started by a ruthless advertising campaign during the earlier part of the term, and has brought in a large number of boys from both the Lower and Senior School.

Equipment has also received some attention. The rumours in these reports of improvements to come in the telescope have at last been realised. During the summer holidays both the main mirror and the 'flat' of the telescope have been re-silvered, and, as far as we can judge, have vastly improved in performance, even in the murky atmosphere through which we have to observe.

Alas, although the main telescope is optically perfect, mechanically it is well-nigh hopeless for half the time, in spite of the vigorous application of oil, and the fixing of springs, tyre-levers, and even glue and tacks, in appropriate places. At the moment there seems to be little we can do.

Another source of great annoyance has been the sighting telescope, without which we cannot align the main telescope on even so large an object as the moon. The old gunsight which we have used for some time now, mounted on blocks of wood, has proved rather unsatisfactory, and without the "sighter" the main telescope is useless. Fortunately the Headmaster has agreed to our buying a new small telescope to fit the old sighting telescope rings. This new telescope should be more powerful and easier to align and, most important, almost impossible to damage by hauling the main telescope round by it.

All in all, although the term has been nearly void of observations, the Society has been far from inactive, and we hope to do extremely well next term.

J. Salisbury.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

This term has proved a resounding success for the few appearances of Raynes Park debaters.

Of paramount importance was the brilliant speaking of C. R. Shoebridge and L. C. Williams, who represented us in the Metropolitan Schools' Debating Tournament, sponsored by the Evening Standard. In the first round, Wimbledon College and St. Catherine's were disposed of on the motion "This house gets the entertainment it deserves," and of some significance was the fact that the only other school to get through was the Ursuline Convent, with whom we have regular debates. The second round saw stiffer competition, but, undaunted, Raynes Park and Ursuline defeated six other schools, of which Mitcham Grammar, Lady Eleanor Holles, and

Wandsworth Grammar, were in our 'heat.' Debating, appropriately enough, in the Council Chambers of Wimbledon Town Hall, our speakers opposed the motion that "Europe needs a Channel Tunnel," and I personally believe that their success was not only due to their well-reasoned arguments and excellent delivery, but also to their adherence to the etiquette and techniques of debating, which many competitors deemed unnecessary.

We extend to them, and indeed, to the Ursuline Convent also, our sincere congratulations, and wish them luck at the penultimate hurdle.

On a less formal occasion, the school entertained a team and twenty supporters from Tiffin Girls' Grammar School, Kingston. In order to make the motion—"This house believes the emancipation of women to have been disastrous" even more amusing, we requested them to *propose*. With Raynes Park represented by L. C. Williams, S. H. Gebbett and D. G. Rose, we crushed them by twenty-two votes to eleven, thanks to their supporters supporting us! Although the evening was thoroughly enjoyable, the voting aggregates (three abstained) showed up the miserable support of members of the school. I am sure that if more were to try debating they would not find it as stuffy and circumspect as it is made out to be.

I should like to point out that the Junior Debating Society has been particularly active, and sincere thanks are due to Mrs. Monroe and Mr. Carter for their sponsorship of both branches of the Society.

S. H. Gebbett.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

Six lectures in the astoundingly successful Travellers' Tales series (now in its second unashamed year!) were added this term.

While P.O.D. enlightened us on the Irish way of life, Hoffman of VI Economics re-lived his visit to Israel, which was followed by an interesting study of Austria by Jackson of 5G.

Mr. King gave two illustrated talks on his impressions and the modern economic history of Russia, following his trip last summer, little knowing that three months later he would be there again, as a prize-winner of A.T.V.'s "Double Your Money." Opportunity knocked (!) for Mr. King to improve his ciné panning techniques, and the now-famous television personality returned to present the fruits of his experience, exclusively, to the Geographical Society. Our thanks and sincere congratulations, Mr. King!

Another facet of the Society—namely the Film Evening—continued the tradition of a 'film-break,' but of more significance was the provision of four excellent educational films—with the Government-controlled price pegged at 1/-!

The topics of Pakistan's second Five-Year Plan (1960-65), Australia's Snowy Mountain Hydro Electric Power and Irrigation Scheme, the German inland canal network, and the tedious 450-mile drive of a cattle drover across Western Australia, were all interestingly covered.

Excellent coffee, biscuits and buns, along with the sterling work put in by P.O.D. and M.J.S., helped to make the evening worthwhile for the 50 boys who attended.

S. H. Gebbett.

THE MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY

The first talk to the Society entitled "Duals, Duels and Jewels" was given by J.A.B. This proved an interesting and instructive talk. The second meeting was very entertaining as "Magical Squares" were discussed under the direction of R.J.B. The final talk of the term, which was for Seniors, was given by Mr. Johnson on his post-graduate work in aeronautics, which was principally concerned with rocket re-entry into the atmosphere. Although some members found the mathematics a little involved, everybody learned something.

Meetings this term have mainly been for all members of the school and it is hoped that a few more Juniors will attend in the future. Attendance has not been exceedingly high, but all the meetings have been very worthwhile.

I. P. Greenaway.

THE SPUR MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

Early in the term the branch line was permanently relaid in '2-rail,' and now the only phase of the modernisation scheme remaining to be done is the re-laying of the viaduct. The reconstruction of the stations has begun, and it is hoped that the reconditioning of the rest of the scenery will follow shortly. In this respect we have been very fortunate in receiving more buildings, as well as more rolling stock from the makers.

Membership this term has been good, and the number of new members recruited from the First Form was above average. We would, however, be grateful for the services of another father who is willing to help supervise our meetings. Anyone interested, whether his son is a member of the club or not, will be made very welcome on Wednesday evenings!

S. L. Buckingham.

THE PRINTERS' GUILD

The term began with the introduction of some recently-purchased 12-point Gill Sans type, and ended with the acquisition of two new composing-frames, fifty type-cases, a new treadle-press and a large quantity of type.

During the course of the term, we received over a dozen orders. These included the School Play programmes and tickets, School song labels, and the usual influx of social requirements.

The response to our campaign for new members has produced results, although several members appear to have lost interest, especially during the production of the Play programmes. Thus the majority of the work has fallen on to a few shoulders; C. Spraggs, J. Chappell, J. Leonard, R. Keefe, M. Loxton, P. Ward and D. Magee should be especially praised for their efforts.

Finally, I must issue a plea to all future customers. If you intend to place an order with us, you can expect good results *if you give us a reasonable time margin for the completion of the order.*

A. F. Whitten.

No. 565 SQUADRON AIR TRAINING CORPS

During the Summer holidays members of the Squadron attended camps at R.A.F. Gaydon and R.A.F. Bruggen. At the same time, F. S. Hyman was participating in an exchange visit to Canada, and Sgt. Flude was training at Blackbushe under the A.T.C. Flying Scholarship Scheme.

The first major visit this term was from the R.A.F. Recruiting Team which showed three films aimed at recruiting cadets to the R.A.F. Other talks delivered this term included one on "R.A.F. Germany" by Sgt. Richardson and Cpl. Needle, and a talk on "Flying Scholarship" by Sgt. Flude. At the beginning of next term a third talk, this time on Canada, will be delivered by F. S. Hyman.

This term the Squadron received two flying details, one at White Waltham, the other at Farnborough. There was no flying at the former owing to fog but a party of ten cadets managed to get airborne in a Devon at Farnborough.

A similar pattern of success and failure was followed in Aircraft Recognition when, having won the Trident Trophy at the Air Britain Competition, the same team was unplaced in the A.T.C. Regional Competition. C.W.O. Faulkner and Cdt. Ball deserve special mention for their performances in the Air Britain when they came second equal against formidable opposition.

This policy of win one, lose one, was also evident in the sporting field this term when, after losing 2-3 to 1924 (Croydon) Squadron in the Spitfire Cup earlier in the season, the Squadron Soccer Team beat a local Scout Troop 5-1 on a muddy pitch with only ten men.

At regular Saturday morning shooting the following cadets obtained their A.T.C. Marksmanship Badges: Cdts. Pashby, Burns, Uzumeri, Pilkington, Chalfont and Young.

This term also saw the introduction of .303 shooting at Pirbright to the list of Squadron activities, and a further detail has already been arranged for the New Year. It is hoped that this will become a regular activity.

Congratulations are due to Sgt. Flude who, over half-term, successfully completed his Flying Scholarship, and thus became the first cadet in the Squadron to achieve this distinction for over four years.

On the home front, the term saw the end of the first full Inter-flight Competition which was won by 'B' Flight after a closely-fought contest. The initial organisation of this competition was entirely due to C.W.O. Faulkner, who left us this term to commence training as an Air Traffic Controller in Bournemouth.

During his eight years' service with '565' "J.F." has been extremely active in Squadron Administration and, although it is difficult to choose one of his many achievements, I think that he deserves special thanks for his work on a systematic Training Programme which has enabled a more complete training to be given to cadets.

This term's examination results are an outstanding example of the success of his work. The results are as follows: Cadets Chalfont, Hickish, Metcalfe, Pelly and Richards all passed their Basic Examinations, whilst Cadets Burns, Dudman, Harper and Pashby passed the Leading Cadet Examination, the last three with Credit.

Promotions this term were as follows: Cpl. D. G. Flude to Sergeant, Cpl. J. Richardson to Sergeant.

Finally, although recruiting has been brisk this term, there is still ample room for any members of the School who would be interested in joining either the Squadron or the Junior Air Guild.

J. D. Needle.

"R.A.F. GERMANY"

Staggering through London's Underground at 5.00 p.m., with a somewhat heavy kitbag, I reflected on the events of the past few months when we had planned and generally organised our campaign.

Eventually we arrived, cold, tired, wet and hungry, at R.A.F. Hendon, and it was to the credit of the R.A.F. that they were able to satisfy all four of us.

At 4 a.m. on the following cold, windy August morning we tottered out into the morning air, after four hours' sleep, and across to the somewhat distant ablutions. At this hour of the day we were regretting our rashness at accepting the offer of a week's camp in "Deutschland," at the same time making uncomplimentary remarks about the state of the lawns at R.A.F. Stations.

By 7.15, following a wholesome R.A.F. breakfast, we arrived at Victoria Station slightly happier, and boarded one of British Rail's "luxury" trains. Two and three-quarter hours later we stepped out of the B.U.A. Viscount on to German soil . . .

Luxury was a by-word at this station—all paid for by the R.A.F. (with apologies to the British Taxpayers)—from comfortable beds, each with a minimum of six springs, to a coach and driver to save our energy for more useful things. We were also provided with ample, well-cooked (i.e. *burnt*) food, something which is a rarity for Air Cadets who are staying as guests of the Royal Air Force.

The first function our coach driver had to perform was that of driving all 28 of us into Düsseldorf. (It should here be recorded that Her Majesty's Armed Forces are not popular among the "locals" and we had, therefore, to venture forth under the guise of British tourists at all times—all right, but if this is the case, then why use a blue R.A.F. coach as transport?) Here certain cadets succeeded in finding not only the nearest bar, but also the shortest route to it! Subsequent visits to Overloon, Roermond, Venlo and Münchengladbach provided all cadets with an unrivalled opportunity to sample some of the better-known German "beverages."

Thanks must here be given to the staff at the station who tried to make our visit memorable, and some of the highlights of this camp can now be released to the hitherto unsuspecting British Public :—

First on the list was a casual stroll through a miniature jungle infested with marshes and mosquitoes (our repellent was, as we were later informed, in fact after-bite cream—"wunderbar!") in a vain attempt to evade capture at the hands of certain much-maligned R.A.F. officers.

Later in the week we were given a preview of the R.A.F.'s latest missile when, in the middle of a fire-fighting demonstration, the extension on a CO2 fire extinguisher emitted a loud hiss and proceeded across the field with considerable rapidity, eventually coming to rest over three hundred yards away. This was followed by a classic comment from the Flight Sergeant in charge of the demonstration, "Sorry, chaps, that was not . . . well, supposed to happen."

One cold but sunny morning 28 healthy, enthusiastic cadets made their way to the station's open-air swimming pool for a morning's swimming and Dinghy Drill . . . at 12 noon 26 frozen cadets crawled out of the bath, scraped off the icicles, dressed and rejoined their two, more sensible companions—who bore the cries of 'skivers' and 'slackers' with considerable dignity—for lunch.

Eventually, however, B.U.A. were forced to send five brave men and two even more courageous women to save Germany from certain disaster—not to mention a beer shortage—and the party was returned to the comparative safety of the British Isles.

Within twenty minutes of our arrival the Customs Sheds were besieged by 28 Air Cadets but in the face of such formidable opposition they capitulated, thus allowing us to pass through unhindered. At least half of the aforementioned cadets were now wearing a smile of satisfaction as they inevitably had to claim that they had just 'beaten the Customs'—no wonder Britain is 'in the red'!

British Rail, after a determined attempt to save their trains, finally yielded to sheer weight of numbers, and all cadets were safely, if not speedily, conveyed to their homes, but left with nothing except some photographs and their own memories to remind them of "that camp."

J. O. Needle. J. Richardson.

INTERNATIONAL AIR CADET EXCHANGE VISIT or "How I went to Canada for nothing!"

My trip to Canada, which lasted just over three weeks, and cost me only my pocket-money, first became a reality one day last April when I was one of 63 Air Cadets from all over the country who gathered at R.A.F. Innsworth in Gloucestershire to be told which country they would visit. I was one of the lucky ones, being allocated a place in the party visiting Canada.

From April until July my time was spent revising for 'A' levels and preparing for the visit. It seemed a long time before, at last, the day arrived and on Tuesday, 26th July, I went to R.A.F. Uxbridge for final preparations. A day was spent having our personal belongings checked and last-minute briefings.

On Thursday morning I went by road to R.A.F. Benson and from there flew to R.C.A.F. Marville in France. The afternoon and evening were spent sightseeing at the nearby Verdun battlefields.

The following afternoon we took off from Marville on the 12-hour flight to Trenton, Ontario, landing there at 10 p.m. local time with the temperature at 81°F. After a morning's briefing we went by road to Toronto where we were split up and introduced to our hosts for the week-end. I was staying with a family in the suburbs in a huge luxury bungalow with its own swimming pool and a garden as large as Wembley Stadium. The week-end was spent sightseeing in Toronto, at Niagara Falls, swimming, enjoying barbecues, and one evening sampling the night life of the city.

Unfortunately the week-end ended all too soon, and we had to travel westward to Edmonton by air. Here we spent a few days visiting Jasper National Park in the Rocky Mountains and a Stampede (Rodeo) in the Peace River Valley. Here also we had our first taste of official receptions, which were soon to become very frequent—as were the speeches to be made.

Again all too soon we had to say goodbye to our new friends and fly west again, this time to Vancouver where we spent a wonderful week as guests of the Province of British Columbia. As at Toronto, we stayed with private hosts. This time I was staying, together with another of the party, with a family in Richmond, a suburb of Vancouver. Again the house was very comfortable and the family extremely hospitable.

Our stay in British Columbia included three days on Vancouver Island. During the week our time was arranged so that we were always occupied. To supplement the usual sight-seeing and official receptions we were invited to a number of parties. Another day, a boat-trip amongst the islands in the estuary was arranged, with swimming for those that wanted to in the shallow (150 fathoms) water by the islands!

On Sunday, 14th August, we were due to fly back east but because our aircraft became unserviceable we were delayed for a day. Our hosts took this opportunity to drive us into the State of Washington across the border in the U.S.A.

On Monday morning we went once again to Vancouver airport where we boarded the aircraft to fly back to Trenton, en route making stops at Edmonton and Winnipeg.

Here we spent three days, during which we visited the city of Kingston Ontario. Here I delivered a letter of greetings to the local Mayor from Alderman J. A. Belcher, the Mayor of Kingston-upon-Thames. On the same

day we visited the Royal Canadian Military College and at the nearby Old Fort Henry we watched the world-renowned military tattoo.

For another day our flight to Ottawa was delayed by bad weather. The city itself was shrouded by mist and rain, but we finally reached our last reception at the R.C.A.F. Officers' Club where we were presented to the Canadian Minister of National Defence.

The final day was free to spend as we pleased. That evening we embarked on the aircraft taking us back across the Atlantic. The ten and a half hour flight was mainly at night and since we were all exhausted almost everyone managed to catch up on the sleep lost during the previous three weeks. Arriving at Marville we had time for lunch and to go shopping in the "P.X."—a tax-free store run for the servicemen—before flying back to Benson.

Here a quick Customs check was followed by a coach trip to Uxbridge. From there we dispersed homewards after 3½ glorious weeks. It was with rather mixed feelings that I arrived home; sorry that it was all over but glad to be able to relax.

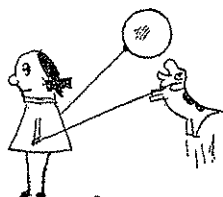
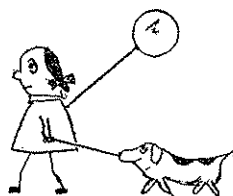
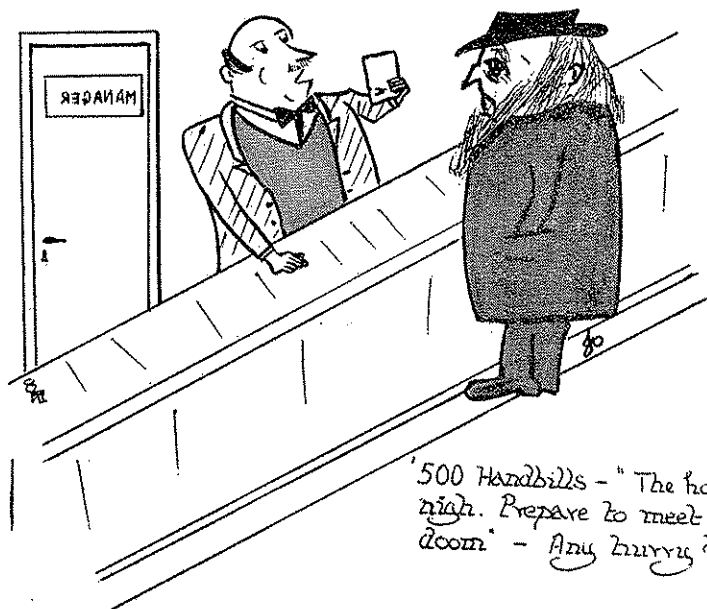
I am extremely grateful to everyone who helped to make this the most exciting event in my life. I wish to thank all members of the Air Training Corps at all levels (in No. 565 Squadron, at Surrey Wing H.Q. and at H.Q. Air Cadets) and those in Canada; the organisers in Alberta, Ontario and British Columbia; my hosts the Kerneys in Toronto and the McWhinnies in Vancouver, and the many others who were always so friendly and hospitable; last, but by no means least, our escorting officers, Squadron Leaders Bailey and Price from Britain and Flight Lieutenant Murrell, the Canadian, all of whom gave up much time to ensure that the complete visit went smoothly and successfully.

These worthwhile visits are awarded free to selected members of the A.T.C. and any keen cadet has the opportunity to be chosen for an Exchange Visit, for a flight to Cyprus or Singapore or for a week's stay in Germany.

M. A. Hyman (Flight Sergeant).

Congratulations to Michael Hyman on securing this rich reward, and thanks to him for a most interesting account of his expedition.

THE QUICK PRINTING CO.



THE CHESS CLUB

Captain : P. Fischer.

Hon. Secretary : T. C. Feline.

The School Chess teams have met with mixed fortunes this term. The seniors did not have the best of terms. The team has played Surbiton twice, drawing the first time, but in the second fixture we suffered an unexpectedly heavy defeat. On the other hand, the match against Rutlish proved to be the best win for years against our local rivals, and against Kingston we lost a very closely fought match.

We have a very strong junior team, which so far this year has not lost a single match. The 'discovery' of the year has been Oatway, who has won all the six matches he has played for the school.

The school entered two teams in the Sunday Times Knock-out Competition; the second team consisted of juniors only. In the opening round, the first team met very strong opposition from Hillcroft Comprehensive, and lost. By a coincidence the second team also met Hillcroft's second team, and won. In the next round, however, they met St. Joseph's Academy's first team. They lost but go on to the third round (to be played next term) on handicap.

RESULTS (School's score first)

	1st	2nd	Junior
v. Surbiton	D. 3 -3		D. 2 -2
v. Hillcroft	L. 1 -5	W. 4-2	
v. Rutlish	W. 5 -1		W. 3 -1
v. Surbiton	L. 1 -5		W. 3½ - ½
v. Kingston	L. 2½-3½		D. 2 -2
v. St. Joseph's		L. 2-4 (Won on handicap).	

The teams were :—

Senior : Fischer, Feline, Brookes, Peet, Ainger, Rand, Harmes.

Also played : Underhill, Marshall, Chester.

Junior : Rand, Marshall, Ankari, Marcousé, Oatway.

Also played : Maunder, Williamson.

The Senior House Chess Competition has been almost completed. With one or two matches still to be played, Cobbs are certain to win this section, with Halliwell's and Miltons following closely behind. The winners of the Chess Cup will be decided from the combination of the senior and junior sections—the latter being held next term.

We should like to thank Mr. Innes for his sponsorship and help in running the Club.

SPORT

RUGBY

Master-in-Charge : D. F. Alldridge, Esq.

Captain : B. H. Perryman.

Hon. Secretary : P. M. Thomson.

RESULTS OF SCHOOL MATCHES

Opponents	1st XV	2nd XV	U.16 XV	Colt XV	U.14 XV	U.13 XV
Wimbledon County	9-3			19-8	23-16	0-20
Shene	3-3	8-17		28-8	33-3	0-36
Wimbledon County			17-3			
Beckenham	6-14	12-10	26-5	25-0	18-11	5-13
St. Joseph's	18-3			3-3	46-3	0-42
Bec.	11-9	16-0		3-29	12-14	0-11
Surbiton	3-8	3-14	11-11	8-8	25-0	6-16
Wimbledon County	15-0	48-0				
Wallington	0-13	10-14	17-5	20-11	25-3	3-20
Harrow	6-17	0-25	0-8	0-9	24-8	9-6
St. Nicholas	3-23	0-19	16-3	19-8	6-11	9-3
Thames Valley	6-6	10-3	23-3	8-8	6-6	12-0
Reigate	0-11	0-0	19-3	3-17	0-14	0-40
Gunnersbury	14-0	20-8				
Reigate	0-11	0-0	19-3	3-17	0-14	0-40
Hinchley Wood	8-3	11-0		35-3	24-0	0-19
Guildford	6-3	8-21				
Chiswick	0-11	0-18	6-14	0-12	0-0	0-20
Beverley 1st XV		0-29				
Reigate						34-0
						U.12 0-15
William Ellis	0-15		8-0	3-11	6-8	6-8
Old Boys	0-24	0-41				

RECORD OF TEAMS

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Points	
					For	Against
1st XV	18	7	2	9	108	166
2nd XV	16	6	1	9	156	219
U.16 XV	10	7	1	2	143	55
Colt XV	14	6	3	5	174	135
U.14 XV	14	8	2	4	248	97
U.13 XV	15	4	-	11	84	254
U.12 XV	1	-	-	1	0	15

FIRST FIFTEEN

Captain : B H. Perryman.

Vice-Captain : P. M. Thomson.

The season has been an average one as far as results are concerned and many teams might be content with our record. The team, however, cannot look back on the season with any great satisfaction. Almost unchanged from last year's, it was one of high potential and capabilities, but only on a few occasions did it reach the standard expected from it.

It was not through lack of ability that many of our matches were lost, but because of an approach to the game which was generally half-hearted and which does not lead either to an enjoyable game or a successful one.

Looking on the brighter side, however, we find that several of our victories were in excellent games. The season's best were undoubtedly those against Bec and Guildford. In these matches the team showed its best form. The forwards, playing against heavier opposing packs on both occasions, worked extremely hard throughout the games, especially in the loose. They were able to obtain good possession, which the three-quarters used to advantage by playing fast, open, attractive rugby.

A characteristic of the season has been the large number of people who have represented the Fifteen. Changes have been made regularly as a result of competition for places, particularly in the three-quarters, and we have not been slow to experiment with players in order to find the best combination.

I would like to thank Mr. Alldridge on behalf of the team for the many hours he has given to our training, and to the encouragement he has given us throughout the season. Our thanks too, to Mr. Warner for his superb work at Oberon and for his friendly support at home fixtures, and also to the Headmaster whose support during the term has been greatly appreciated.

Colours : Perryman, Thompson, Rutter, Hopper, Howard.

Half-colours : Emerick, Williams.

PEN PORTRAITS

Howard (full-back) : A very reliable full-back, hardly put a foot wrong all the season.

Graham (wing) : A newcomer to school rugby. What he lacks in weight and experience he has made up for in some determined running.

Bedford (wing) : He juggles well with the ball and runs strongly.

Haines (wing) : Although more of a footballer than a rugby player, he has been an asset to the team.

Hall (centre) : A sound player in defence; tackles well, but a little disappointing in attack.

Naylor (centre) : Improved towards end of the season and showed ability to penetrate some strong defences.

Colombo (centre) : Not our keenest member. Nevertheless he has shown great ability in attack and defence. Leading try scorer this season.

Salter (fly half) : A reliable player in a new position, but did not show the form of previous seasons.

McCubbin (scrum half) : A strong, aggressive player. At his best in this position.

Thompson (prop) : A player of great determination and strength. As Secretary, we are much in his debt for the smooth running of the year's fixtures.

Rutter (prop) : A tireless worker and scrum player. He was sorely missed after being injured against Hinchley Wood.

Henry (prop) : A welcome addition to the side halfway through the season. Although often reluctant to enter loose play, his breaks have brought us several tries.

Vincent (hooker) : He has served the team excellently and has improved his hooking in the set scrums.

Davies (2nd row) : Although unspectacular, he has played hard and provided much of the strength in the scrum.

Adams (2nd row) : A useful player in the scrum but seems to have lost much of the fire of last season.

Hopper (No. 8) : Converted from full-back, he has had a first-class season and proved particularly useful as our main jumper in the lines.

Marsh (wing forward) : A most useful attacking player who plays an intelligent game at wing forward. Unfortunate not to have gained a regular First Fifteen place.

Perry (wing forward) : Probably our most improved player. He has been a great asset to the team in attack and defence.

Perryman (wing forward) : As captain he has shown spirit and determination and where others have failed, his hard, sure tackles and his ubiquitous covering have frequently saved the situation.

Also played : Barton, Coppen, Cordey, Down, Tuley, Whitten.

SECOND FIFTEEN

Captain : G. E. Emerick.

The second fifteen has had its most successful season for several years. The abundance of talent, together with undaunted spirit and fitness, has been the reason for our success. At the beginning of the season the side was very unstable, but owing to a great team spirit and open rugby in adverse conditions, we defeated Beckenham and Bec; we then suffered reversals against the "Old Enemy," Surbiton and Wallington, largely the result of our own mistakes, but Wimbledon County provided us with adequate compensation in what was in some ways an afternoon "stroll in the sun." This victory, however, provided us with confidence for our

ensuing battle with 'Gunnersbury, whom we defeated, largely owing to the magnificent "driving" and open rugby displayed by our forwards. We then embarked, after a defeat on the slope of St. Nicholas, on our most successful period of the season. Boasting a full-strength side containing eight players with first fifteen experience we defeated both Thames Valley and Hinchley Wood in splendid matches, the latter providing our best try of the season, and drew with Reigate in a hard-fought and skilful battle, the "magic sponge" being required on several occasions. We were defeated but not disgraced by a superior Guildford side and also by a strong Beverley first fifteen on a "mini-pitch."

This year, as ever, we have suffered from injuries and the requirements of the First Fifteen, but, as our results have shown, we have not been weakened by the absence of one or two key players; instead we have learnt to fight no matter how great the odds.

Finally, I should like to thank Mr. Alldridge on behalf of the whole side, for the many hours of practices and tactics talks that he has arranged for us, and I think that we have partly repaid him by displaying some of the most skilful rugby seen in a second fifteen for many years.

The following have played this term: Barton, Bedford, Brewer, Brown, Burgess, Butcher, Cannons, Clutterbuck, Cocks, Collins, Cordey, Davies, Down, Emerick, Graham, Haines, Henry, Kaill, Lee, Lovering, Malam, Marsh, McCubbin, Naylor, Parsons, Patrick, Pearce, Ridler, Schwartz, Tickner, Tuley, Vaughan, Vincent, Whitten, Williams, Wingate.

UNDER SIXTEEN FIFTEEN

Captain: A. T. Williams.

A good season was enjoyed through excellent team work. Tackling has improved throughout the season, especially in the three-quarters, which contains a few promising stars of the future in Cocks and Beardsmore. The forwards were usually up against taller and heavier packs, but they made up for their lack of height and girth with greater mobility and fierce tackling, especially by Burgess.

The match against Surbiton, where the team pulled up from 3-11 to draw 11-11, proved the best match of our season.

Thanks must go to Mr. Alldridge for training and supervising our team.

Those who played for the team: Beardsmore, Burgess, Brewer, Cannons, Coppen, Currie, Cocks, Frost, Harper, Murphy, Murrel, Kaill, Taylor, Collins, Rissen, Potten, Reeve, Mullens, Williams.

COLT FIFTEEN

Captain: J. R. Pepperrell.

This season has not been up to our usual standard, owing to the departure of four of our major players, whom we wish the best of luck in their new schools.

Again we started well, winning our first three matches convincingly. Here, I think I must comment on the good, hard standard of rugby displayed

by all of our opponents this term, with Wimbledon giving us one of the best games of the season. After we had gained these victories, team spirit and enthusiasm surprisingly fell, and as a result of this only twelve men turned up at Bec, and only half-strength teams could be produced against Surbiton, William Ellis and Chiswick, although the team which did eventually play put up a fine display.

Wallington, one of our weaker opponents, gave us a hard match, although four injuries hindered our chance of winning.

In the middle of the season seven members of our side were sent to the Surrey trials. They were: Bellamy, Blakeburn, Healey, Newport, Williamson, Metcalfe and Marshall, but although everybody played to the best of his ability, only Bellamy finally forced his way in, owing to very good displays of his well-developed side-step. Blakeburn must also be congratulated on leading our pack admirably. Special mention must also go to Healey, Williamson, Hickish and North, who have always put everything into the game.

The following have also played: Parkham, Hickish, North, Milnes, Harris, Blakeburn, Bulmer, Russell, Paget-Clarke, Marshall, Lee, Holmes, Farazmund, Pepperrell, Williamson, Healey, Bellamy, Carpenter, Metcalfe, Noquet, Staines, Robinson, Newport.

Our thanks must go to Potten, Kaill, Collins and Currie for helping us out in our hour of need.

UNDER FOURTEEN FIFTEEN

Captain: T. Williamson.

This season has not been as successful as last season, although we won the majority of our matches. My personal thanks go to Mr. James, our coach, and S. Young, whose help in training the forwards has been a great help.

The season has been very disorganised, as we have been seeking for the best team we can field by changing players about to find their natural positions.

We started the season happily, winning our first four matches quite comfortably, but realised our fifth match would be hard, as Bec always prove excellent opposition. We lost this "battle" narrowly by two points, losing too much of our early confidence. This showed in our next game against Surbiton but, after a shaky start, we regained our old form to beat them handsomely. This, too, was the case in our next match against Wallington, whom we also eventually beat. The next four matches were very hard. On the first of these matches, against Harrow, we recovered well after they had scored an early try, to beat them convincingly. Against St. Nicholas, they were leading at half-time and kept on to their narrow lead throughout this game, although we had a hard rally on their line near the end. We played well in our next match to hold Thames Valley with three reserves in our scrum, but with a full team in our next match we suffered our heaviest defeat for two years against an unbeaten Reigate team.

We were weakened in the last few minutes of the game by the injury of our fly-half, Meller, and during this time Reigate scored two tries, thus making our defeat seem heavy. The next week we continued to play well to beat Hinchley Wood without much trouble, but lost this form the next week in a pointless draw against Chiswick, after both teams had been near to scoring twice. The next two matches were cancelled owing to rain, but in our final game, after a two-hour coach ride which disheartened the team, we lost by a narrow margin to a fresh William Ellis team.

My last words must go to anonymous parents and friends who gave up their Saturday mornings to watch and to support us. To these people go my grateful thanks.

The following have played: Young, Holden, Brammell, Armsby, Gwynn-Jones, Moss, Bee, Nicoll, Sharpe, Lloyd, Mayer, Meller, Bartlett, Feist, Robinson, Hammett, Loxton, Currie, Marcousé, Chappell and Robertson.

UNDER THIRTEEN FIFTEEN

Captain: N. Holmes.

Our first four matches were lost by totals which we prefer to forget, especially the cricket score raised by St. Joseph's. These poor results were by no means entirely due to those who actually played for there was frequently the unpleasant ogre of absenteeism against us too. As the team began to work together our losses—in the next three games—became less severe. Then came our first surprise victory against St. Nicholas, to be followed by wins against Harrow and Thames Valley to complete a hat-trick. This, however, was unfortunately followed by another hat-trick of a less happy variety, before we had a big win against a 'B' side from Reigate.

Special mention must be made of Brack, Lovell, Miles, Russell, Seeley and West, all of whom have played consistently well.

Thanks are due to Mr. Atkin for organising the side, to Mr. Anstes for giving up time to train us, and to Hall and Thompson for appearing to help us in practices.

The team has been selected from: Anstes, Brack, Cossey, Devine, Fordham, Goddard, Hayes, Haynes, Holmes, Kerse, Lovell, Marjoram, Miles, Newman, Orr, Patty, Russell, Seeley, Szanto, West and Williamson.

* * * *

This team deserves a tribute for maintaining its spirit under all circumstances, and Holmes, especially, should be commended for his work as captain.

G.J.A.

CROSS COUNTRY

Master-in-Charge : M. C. Gleed, Esq.

Captain and Secretary : S. R. Parr.

In a term which has seen much travelling by all teams, considerable success has been achieved, particularly by the Colts and Seniors.

The Senior (Over 15) team is probably the strongest on record, both in numbers and quality. Statistically, this is supported by the fact that the team has been undefeated throughout the term, and this even without full strength teams on many occasions. This run means the team has now not been beaten since February 19th, 1966, and undefeated at home since October 23rd, 1965.

The customary opening match against Rutlish proved to be the closest—solid team running ensuring our narrow four points victory. The team next travelled to John Fisher School whose course provided the "novelty" of knee-high tufted grass, barbed wire fences, and pot-holes. The home team, adept in such conditions, built up a distinct advantage, while many of our runners were finding difficulty staying erect whilst moving in a forward direction. With our team's recovering, however, and being poised for a last mile counter-attack, the race came to an abrupt finish, after about 1½ miles running. The race was declared void! We are, however, looking forward to entertaining John Fisher on our course.

The match against Kingston the following week started a run of overwhelming victories. In this race we packed eight into the first ten positions. An undefeated Mitcham squad were effectively disposed of, even though we lacked three top runners. Surbiton, where the runners were paced by motor-bike through the streets of Claygate village. Bec and Battersea suffered similar fates.

Throughout the term Thompson has run consistently well, setting a school and course record against Kingston. To single out more individuals in a term of team effort would, however, be unjust.

The Under 15 team has had a similarly successful term, losing only one match, on the difficult John Fisher course. D. Evans has fulfilled the promise he showed as a Junior, being unbeaten individually in school matches this term. Rand, Ansari and Tovell have all backed up consistently.

The Under 13 team has struggled through the term handicapped by numerous injuries which kept the team well below full strength. Towards the end of the term, however, there was a marked and encouraging improvement which, it is hoped, will continue next term. M. Lucas and Goddard have recorded notable individual performances.

In open competition teams entered the annual Selwyn Trophy organised by Epsom & Ewell Harriers and run in three legs over Epsom Downs. The Under 17 team returned the best performances, finishing 2nd and 3rd respectively in the first two legs and were reasonably certain of finishing 2nd overall, but a team much reduced through illness could only manage 7th place in the final leg.

Surrey A.C.'s Inter Schools' event has never been successful team-wise, but Ainger deserves mention for an efficient run to take the individual 3rd place medal in the Under 17 race.

The following ran:—

Under 13: Ayles, Baker, Beaumont, Bush, I. Evans, Goddard, Goldsmith, Ives, Ketchell, M. Lucas, P. Lucas, Petrides, Simmons, Tupper, Vipond.

Under 15: Ansari, Bolt, Boxall, Brown, D. Evans, R. Finch, Maunder, Oatway, Rand, Randall, Shephard, Spokes, Tovell.

Over 15: Ainger, Barnett, Brookes, Chester, Feline, S. Finch, Fischer, Milton, Mitchell, Ness, Nicholls, Parr, Thompson, Warner, Wilson.

RESULTS

Match	Age Group	Result	Individual Successes
v. Rutlish (H)	O.15	Won 39-43	Thompson 2nd
	U.15	Won 30-48	D. Evans 1st
	U.13	Lost 45-36	M. Lucas 2nd
Selwyn Trophy (1)	U.17	2nd/10	Brookes 10th/50
	U.15	13th/15	D. Evans 11th/102
	U.13	17th/19	Goddard 18th/130
v. John Fisher (A)	O.15	Void	
	U.15	Lost 23-15	D. Evans 1st
	U.13	Lost 24-14	Goddard 3rd
v. Kingston (H)	O.15	Won 27-59	Thompson 1st
	U.15	Won 36-44	D. Evans 1st
	U.13	Lost 56-28	M. Lucas 1st
Surrey A.C. Inter Schools	U.17	5th	Ainger 3rd/50
	U.15	6th	D. Evans 9th/50
v. Mitcham (A)	O.15	Won 23-58	Thompson & Ainger 1st
	U.15	Won 29-55	D. Evans 1st
	U.13	Lost 55-27	M. Lucas 2nd
Selwyn Trophy (2)	U.17	3rd/12	Ainger 6th/80
	U.15	12th/25	D. Evans 9th/124
	U.13	15th/26	Goddard 17th/174
v. Surbiton (A)	O.15	Won 21-65	Ainger/Parr/Th'ms'n 1st
	U.15	Won 29-51	D. Evans 1st
	U.13	Lost 46-38	M. Lucas 1st
v. Bec (H)	O.15	Won 26-53	Thompson 1st
	U.15	Won 21-46	D. Evans 1st
	U.13	Won 6-24	M. Lucas 1st
Selwyn Trophy (3)	U.17	7th	Ainger 10th/50
	U.15	7th/12	D. Evans 11th/100
	U.13	7th/20	M. Lucas 11th/150
Relay v. Kingston	O.15, U.15, U.13	Won 32-46	—
v. Battersea (H)	O.15	Won 15-52	Ainger/Thompson 1st
	U.15	Won 23-70	D. Evans 1st
	U.13	Won 28-47	Goddard 1st

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BASKETBALL

Master-in-Charge : D. F. Alldridge, Esq.

Captain : P. Salter.

Hon. Secretary : C. Ainger.

RESULTS

	Senior	Colts
Southborough	W.O. ...	33-22
Mitcham	27-28 ...	
Reigate	44-36 ...	
Southborough	W.O. ...	14-22
Glyn	25-32 ...	
Glyn	24-40 ...	
Pollards Hill		27-6
Purley	34-81 ...	
Reigate	63-27 ...	
Carshalton		32-23
Morden Farm		46-8
St. Peter's	53-64 ...	
Garth		70-14

UNDER EIGHTEEN SIX

This term the team has played reasonably well, especially as it is comparatively inexperienced. Against the better teams, such as Glyn, the standard of play has risen considerably without much success, but against teams of a similar standard play has become uninspiring, though successful. Yet again the perennial problem of shooting has hampered the team's success. No member has scored consistently well, although Hopper and Tickner have usually been the top scorers. Probably the better displays were due as much to a tightening in defence as to an improvement in shooting. The number of games actually played has been few, because opponents have cried off, and consequently although practices have been quite well attended and the basic skills improved, the team has been short of actual match practice, which is really essential. Perhaps next term, as we have played the better teams, our results will be more rewarding.

Thanks are due to Mr. Alldridge for his coaching, particularly in the development of new tactics, and to Ainger for his very strenuous work as secretary.

PEN PORTRAITS

Tickner : When the mood takes him, he hypnotizes the opponents, dribbles to the corner, sniffs, grunts, looks around, coughs, shoots and scores—an interesting player.

Ainger : A fast break specialist when on form—but when that will be no one knows.

P. R. Phillips M. J. Ridler

Marsh : A solid player—will arouse interest at the mixed schools.

Hopper : Apt to forget to bounce the ball, but otherwise a tower . . . of strength.

Rissen : A sturdy player who seems keen on having his shower earlier than the rest of the team.

Potten : This boy shoots from anywhere—and misses.

Others who have played are : Kaill, Butcher and Cocks. The latter deserves thanks for his efforts as scorer.

Salter : Has not quite regained last year's uncanny ability to lose the team on away matches, but with a little more practice over the holidays should get back into his old habits. On court he has played extremely well, and has captained his side with great enthusiasm.

A. Tickner.

COLT SIX

Captain : M. Williamson.

This term has been very successful, our team now lying top of the league. Only one match was lost, that being against Southborough in a much bigger gym than we had previously been used to, and at the same time, in the absence of two of the first five players.

During the term the whole team's skills have improved greatly, mainly thanks to Mr. Aldridge who has spent much of his time coaching us.

Pepperrell has done well, now our top scorer with 39 baskets to his credit. Carpenter, Newport, Russell and Metcalfe have also worked hard in attack, and Blackburn, Parnham, Healey and Bellamy in defence.

Congratulations should go to Pepperrell and Newport for gaining a Surrey trial, despite the fact that they were just edged out of the team.

We were luckier, however, in having five in the Merton Borough team.

Congratulations to Williamson on being chosen to captain the Merton Borough side.

J. Pepperrell.

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