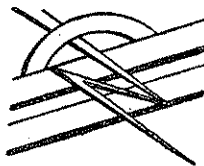


RAYNES PARK COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

The

SPUR

SUMMER TERM 1958



VOLUME 13

NUMBER 3

# THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK COUNTY SCHOOL

*"To each his need, from each his power"*

Vol. XIII

Summer Term, 1958

No. 3

## CONTENTS

	page
School Officers ... ..	3
Headmaster's Notes ... ..	3
General School Fund ... ..	4
<b>House Play Competition</b> ... ..	5
House Notes:	
Cobbs ... ..	7
Gibbs ... ..	8
Halliwells ... ..	9
Miltoms ... ..	10
Newsoms ... ..	11
Sixth Form Society:	
<b>Flowering Cherry</b> ... ..	12
<b>Expresso Bongo</b> ... ..	13
Geographical Society Field Journeys:	
The Mole Gap ... ..	14
The North Downs ... ..	14
Classical Society ... ..	15
Christian Union and Scripture Union ... ..	16
Astronomical Society ... ..	16
Spur Model Railway Club ... ..	17
Gramophone Society ... ..	18
<b>The Society - a prospectus</b> ... ..	18
<b>Vincent</b> ... ..	20
<b>The Last Mission</b> ... ..	21
<b>I Watch the Clock</b> ... ..	25
<b>Saga</b> ... ..	26
<b>Childhood</b> ... ..	29
<b>The Bramble Bush</b> ... ..	30
<b>On Leaving Cambridge - Goodbye to all What?</b> ... ..	31
Cricket:	
First XI ... ..	32
Second XI ... ..	34
Colt XI ... ..	34
Tennis ... ..	35
Athletics ... ..	36
Results of School Sports ... ..	37
Results of School Swimming Sports ... ..	39
Acknowledgements ... ..	41
Editors ... ..	41

## **SCHOOL OFFICERS, Summer Term, 1958**

**Head Boy :** G. D. Crocker.

**Second Boy :** A. A. Beattie.

**Prefects :** J. M. Adams, T. G. Ayres, J. M. H. Chambers, J. A. Colmer, G. A. Currie, J. Davie, B. R. H. Doran, J. D. M. French, R. P. N. Housego, C. J. How, W. R. Lintill, B. G. W. Morley, R. K. Stevens, A. Thomas, M. A. Yeldham.

**Captain of Cricket :** B. G. W. Morley.

**Secretary of Cricket :** M. A. Yeldham.

**Captain of Athletics :** R. Impey.

**Captain of Swimming :** G. D. Crocker.

**Captain of Tennis :** R. P. N. Housego.

**Secretary of Games Committee :** C. J. How.

**Prefect of Hall :** W. R. Lintill.

**Prefect of Library :** J. A. Colmer.

### **HEADMASTER'S NOTES**

We had to say farewell last term to Mr. A. P. Firth, who had given generously of time and energy, though with us for only a year, in the teaching of French and German. He was one of those whose career, on the staff of an Egyptian University, was truncated by President Nasser, and to whom justice is overdue. We wish him good fortune and success elsewhere.

As an addition to the Staff this term we welcome cordially Mr. K. Hounslow, who after taking his degree at Melbourne and teaching in Australia has settled in this country and comes to us from one of the L.C.C.'s monster comprehensive schools, at Tulse Hill. Mr. C. H. Hobbs also joins us to work part time, having retired from a headship after long and varied teaching experience. I am sure both have much to give the School and that we shall find them an accession to our strength.

University results have contained disappointments for some Old Boys, and for us, but there are compensations. P. J. Parsons, on top of his Craven and De Paravicini Scholarships, his 'proxime' for the Ireland, and his First in Classical Moderations, has carried off in his fourth year at Oxford both the Chancellor's Latin Verse Prize and the Gaisford Greek Verse Prize, and been privileged at the Encaenia to read from both of his compositions to an audience containing, among others, the Prime Minister and

the Leader of the Opposition. He has, finally, been elected to the Derby Scholarship, and returns to Oxford for postgraduate work. Only the few classical scholars among *The Spur's* readers can appropriately revere this remarkable list of achievements, but the rest will join in congratulating him.

We congratulate too P. A. Tanner, who has gained a First Class in English Literature Part II at Cambridge, as he did in Part I, and been elected a Major Scholar of his College, Jesus. He leaves for America with a Commonwealth Fellowship, and has earned his year in the sun of California.

H.P.

### GENERAL SCHOOL FUND

G.S.F. balance sheet for the year ending at Easter was recently audited, and has been accepted by Governors. Keeping these accounts, with daily outgoings, small or large, on a score of different heads, is a complex job, and we are all in Miss Woodhouse's debt for the order she always produces from confusing details.

The year's picture is satisfactory, with a surplus of income over expenditure of £165. 10s. 3d. — £10 more than the contrasting deficit of £155 odd last year. Income comes from the Garden Party, — £400 was transferred to G.S.F. from the 1957 event, — and parents' and boys' subscriptions, totalling £296. 1s. 4d. over the three terms: in all £696. 1s. 4d. The main expenses were as follows:— on this magazine and the termly diaries we are out of pocket £148. 13s. 5d.; on games expenses, mainly on school teams of all kinds, we spent £213. 5s. 1d.; on Library expenses, (in addition to special gifts, mainly at Open Night, of £48. 19s. 3d.), and various subscriptions, £60. 0s. 0d. exactly; on visits, conferences, trips to theatres, etc., £22. 3s. 8d.; on laying in film, and other expenses for the Cine Club £40. 10s. 1d.; and on a large variety of lesser items, such as piano covers, items for the Oberon Pavilion, the garden, photographs, and so on, £45. 18s. 10d. These total £530. 11s. 1d., leaving the balance stated.

They were not the only expenses of the year. Prizes and prize-giving cost £75. 13s. 8d., which was met by £24 of special donations and a grant from Tuck Shop reserves. The orchestral accounts are in themselves complex. After receipt of contributions from parents and the County towards tuition, the money taken at the Concert and the Carol Service, there was still £79. 9s. 3d. to find for the cost of tuition, music and sundries. This too was met by reducing Tuck Shop balances. Without this use of reserves to the extent of over £130, the balance of income over expenditure would have been very small. And well and profitably though the Tuck Shop serves us, it cannot continue to produce funds on this scale.

Work on our new buildings should have begun before this issue appears. At it nears completion we shall need to spend money on the gardens surrounding it, on pictures for new walls and other supplementary items, and for all this we should be accumulating reserves, not spending all our income, for the meantime. We must therefore not incur any expense which we can reasonably avoid.

H.P.

## HOUSE PLAY COMPETITION

The plays chosen for the competition were ambitious and varied and they set a very high standard. It is remarkable with what ingenuity such difficult plays were adapted to the running time limited by the rules to one hour, and yet with what success three of the plays came over to us in the audience. Inevitably there were short comings in one direction or another but there was so much that was good theatre, both artistically and technically, in all the plays that to adjudicate at this competition was not only a privilege but also a joy.

There were several questions I had to ask myself about each play. Has the producer shown enterprise? Has he been faithful to his author? Can we believe in the characters the actors portrayed? Has the play made a dramatic impact upon us? In other words, was it good entertainment?

The success of Halliwell's presentation of *His Excellency* by Dorothy and Campbell Christie lay chiefly in the sustained performance of **M. McLean** in the very difficult title role. His portrait of the honest-to-goodness ex-working class man, now promoted to the governorship of a British Colony, was strongly drawn. The playing of the more orthodox characters of the British Colonial Service lacked the polish to strike the necessary contrast. The pace of the play was insufficiently varied. It seemed too hurried and staccato. It was, however, a play well worth watching.

J. B. Priestley's *Desert Highway* performed by Cobb's gained most marks for its clever setting of a disabled tank in the Syrian desert. **D. L. Barley's** decor successfully gave us the feeling of a parched and desolate spot. **D. Clay**, as Trooper Elvin, played with attack, a quality which was lacking in the other players and in the production as a whole. Mr. Priestley's

points are often difficult to capture and many of them certainly eluded us.

There were some very amusing moments in Newsom's production of Bernard Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion*. Much of the wit and humour of this evergreen play successfully came across, through careful attention to pointing and timing. **S. F. Partridge** handled his large cast with skill and there were some delightful groupings. Costumes and decor were very pleasing and with just a little more care for detail could have been perfect. The whole cast acted well as a team and each brought a measure of skill and contributed to a wholly pleasing entertainment.

Gibb's choice of Frederick Knott's suspense drama *Dial M for Murder* was, I thought, unwise. Here is a play which relies for its success upon the careful build up, step by step, of its plot. We must be made to follow each step and tension must be sustained and heightened as the play progresses if we are to believe, for the period of the play at least, in the illusion of a very improbable story. **T. G. Ayres** and **P. J. Venison** were unable to create the necessary illusion because they were handling a play which could not survive drastic cutting. Their difficulties were increased by a lack of audibility and clarity of diction. Some of the climaxes were quite well achieved but the playing was altogether too relaxed.

Finally Milton's presentation of T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* was easily the most difficult of the plays to interpret and yet quite the most effectively staged. **J. M. Adams'** talented and artistic production was matched only by his powerful and skilful playing of the part of Becket. We were presented with a series of beautiful stage pictures in which excellent use was made of varied stage levels, groupings and lighting. With his natural, easy flowing movement and gesture, varied pitch and pace of voice Adams gave us a very fine performance indeed, especially effective in the sermon scene. The rest of the cast gave splendid support and though the choral lines could have been varied with advantage by the giving of occasional lines to single speakers, the chorus was particularly to be congratulated on its precision and control. Milton's had a strong team, efficiently welded together and I had little hesitation in awarding them the Trophy.

J. H. HALLAM.

## HOUSE NOTES

### COBBS

**Captain :** A. Thomas.     **Vice-Captain :** J. M. H. Chambers.

**Prefect :** A. A. Beattie.

The fact that the Cock House Cup was outside our grasp has not prevented the House from making a fine concerted effort in the competitions.

Owing mainly to the efforts of the Colts, who won three and drew one of their matches, the House was placed second in the Hockey.

The Senior cricket team has not proved entirely successful, although this is by no means the fault of our captain, Clay, who has worked hard to get a winning combination. Owing to the weather only a few of the matches have been played and these have been lost by narrow margins. The Colts have not finished either, but have done better than the Seniors, having won one game and lost the other.

In the Athletics Sports the general lack of individual talent in the House had an adverse affect on our final placing. Lying second before Sports Day, we dropped back and ended in fifth position. I was absent owing to exams and it was left to Bowerm to pick the best team. Winners of open events were Bowerm (two events), Millington, Page and Gibbons.

This year's House play was *Desert Highway* by J. B. Priestley. It entailed a great amount of hard work from all concerned. Although we did not win the cup, the cast must be congratulated on their acting, particularly Clay, who played a middle-aged cockney. The meticulously prepared set earned praise from the adjudicator.

The Tennis Competition has also suffered from the weather and is still undecided. Although our team has not disgraced itself, it is now certain that we shall not win the cup.

The Swimming Sports have not taken place at the time of writing. At the moment we are lying fourth in the qualifying but, as we have some fine swimmers, we should be able to gain a place. Chambers has worked hard with the team and his efforts should bear fruit on the night.

The Juniors, although often uncertain, should provide several good teams for the House in future years.

On behalf of the House I must congratulate Bowerm on his election to the post of School Hockey Secretary next year.

I would like to thank Messrs. Atkin and Kilburn for all the time they have given this year in seeing that the boys have obtained the maximum enjoyment possible from the various sports. Perhaps next year will see their efforts better rewarded.

A number of Seniors will be leaving this term and they will be greatly missed by everyone. I personally would like to thank everyone in the House for their co-operation which has considerably eased my work.

A.T.

## GIBBS

**Captain :** W. R. Lintill.

**Prefect :** T. G. Ayres.

We concluded the Spring Term this year by coming third in the Hockey Cup Competition, which gives us three vital points in the Cock House Competition. We did not fare so well in the House Play Competition, but, being handicapped by having to cut our play from three hours to sixty minutes, I feel we have to congratulate all those concerned on a job well done in the face of great difficulties.

This term we have achieved considerable success in the field of cricket. The Seniors have so far beaten Halliwell's and Cobbs by comfortable margins, and also Newsoms, in a very close game, by the narrow margin of seven runs. This leaves the game against Miltons, which will virtually decide the destiny of both the Cricket and the Cock House Cups. Our victories have been due to some very fine bowling by our captain, Wearn, the steady batting of P. C. Clark, T. G. Ayres, Frank-Keyes and Howsden, and to the keen fielding of all members of the side. We have further cause to congratulate ourselves in that we have no less than six players in the 1st XI and a further two in the 2nd XI. The Colts too have had no small measure of success, winning two and losing one of the matches so far played. I feel that the fine batting and bowling of Nicholls deserves special mention, but nevertheless cricket is a team game and all members of the Colts merit our thanks.

In Athletics we did not fare as well as anticipated — finally coming third. There were some notable performances, however. P. C. Clark won the Senior javelin with an excellent throw of 140 ft.; Keen won the Minor 440 yds.; Eastwood won the Major high jump with a new record of 4 ft. 6 in.; the Major relay team also won their event, breaking the existing record by two seconds. To these especially we offer our congratulations, and to all those who helped both by competing on the day and by gaining points in the qualifying.

We have still to hold the Swimming Sports, but we are at least 100 points ahead in the qualifying, which in itself is a great achievement. We should, barring accidents, win the Swimming Cup quite easily. I feel I must mention Frank-Keyes, our captain, and offer him our thanks for all the work he has put in on our behalf. How he manages to get so many people to turn up at the baths so early each Saturday morning is quite beyond me, and for this we are really grateful.

In the Tennis we came second to Halliwell's, and our congratulations are due to T. G. Ayres and to all the team.

Our position in the Cock House Competition at the time of writing is second, being two points behind Miltons. Thus it is entirely upon the cricket and the swimming that our chances depend. I cannot but feel optimistic as to the outcome of these events.



We have relatively few people leaving us this term, so that next year we can field virtually the same teams as this year against Houses less fortunate than ourselves, who are losing many of their most active members. Thus next year should see us firmly established as Cock House. To those who are leaving — we hope you will carry with you the good spirit that always prevails in Gibbs House.

W.R.L.

### HALLIWELLS

**Captains :** C. J. How, R. P. N. Housego.

**Prefect :** J. A. Colmer.

**Treasurer :** A. T. Rogers.

This has been quite a satisfactory term on the whole. Cricket has proved one of our weakest points. We are able to record only one win, whereas we have been beaten twice, and still have Cobbs to play. The Seniors have proved lacking in skill, but have tried hard. Unfortunately the same cannot be said of the Colt team. A team is hardly likely to be successful if it consists of only four members and is expected to play a team of eleven.

In the past the Athletics Cup has been considered the private property of Halliwells, but this year it has passed into the possession of Miltons. Perhaps it is time that some other House won it. We gained fourth place, being edged out of third place by Gibbs by a mere eight points. This shows how very necessary it is for every member of the House to gain qualifying points.

Swimming has never been a strong point of the House, and this term we are lagging behind in qualifying points. However we can hope for success in the Sports under the leadership of M. Chiddick.

We have succeeded in winning the Tennis Cup, resoundingly beating our four rivals. Our congratulations are due to R. P. N. Housego and the team. It is a pity that the sports in which we have been successful are only the minor ones.

We are looking forward to the House Supper which is to take place on 23rd July. Our thanks are due to A. T. Rogers for his hard work in connection with this celebration and indeed for his work as treasurer throughout this year. It is a difficult and thankless task.

Our congratulations are due to R. J. Young on being awarded the Eric Parker Cup. We feel that he is a very deserving choice, and indeed if every member of the House had played with as much determination and vigour as Young we would once again have had the Cock House Cup in our possession.

Both House Captains are leaving and would like to thank the House for their support in the past and to wish them every success in the future.

C.J.H., R.P.N.H.

## MILTONS

**Captain :** G. D. Crocker.

**Prefects :** J. M. Adams, J. Davie, B. R. H. Doran J. D. M. French,  
B. G. W. Morley, R. K. Stevens.

At the end of last term we won our first cup since Christmas 1954. This was the dramatics competition, and our play was T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*. The success was due to the hard work put in by the cast under the direction of our actor-producer, John Adams, who spent a great deal of his spare time on it, working out costumes, scenery etc. On all rehearsals something went wrong, but on the night luck was on our side and everything went off just right. The whole cast turned out to be very good actors, but John Adams' excellent performance seemed to put everyone else in the shade. Among the cast we had J. Davie, B. Morley, B. Doran and J. French, to whom we all owe our congratulations.

The week after our success in the dramatics our Senior and Colt hockey teams won their last matches, giving us the Hockey Cup. Our Seniors had a strong team led by Bob Stevens, who was also School Hockey Captain. In the team we had a number of school players — B. Morley, J. Davie, J. French, Holmes, B. Doran and Cumes. The whole team played very well indeed and deserved their success.

This term our luck held out and we made it a hat-trick by winning the Athletics Competition. This was only the second time we had ever won this cup, the first time being in 1946. I am glad to say that nearly everyone pulled his weight in the qualifying, so that on the day we were favourably placed. In the field events the day before we picked up a few points, and were third when the track events took place. In the sports everyone concerned ran so well that we were placed in all but two of the events. Up to the last minute we were only winning by a few points, but in the relays the Major and Colt teams came second, and the Juniors and Seniors both won, which clinched the result for us. Our success in the relays was due to the hard work put in by Jimmy Davie, who trained all the teams and made sure that their change-overs were working perfectly. Individual winners in the Open events were: R. Stevens (long jump), B. Doran (discus), and the Senior relay team consisting of J. Davie, Ekins, R. Stevens and G. Crocker.

The only other competition that has finished so far this term is the tennis, in which our team, led by Holmes, was placed third. We were unfortunate in only having a few people who could play tennis, so that the team could only be chosen from a few. In spite of this, those who did play pulled their weight, and we were unlucky not to beat Gibbs.

At the time of writing we are first in the Cock House Competition — something that we have never won since the school opened. The result of this competition lies with the cricket and the swimming, as

Gibbs are a close second. In the cricket the Seniors have so far won both their matches, and the Colts have lost one. The Seniors have a strong team led by the School Cricket Captain, B. Morley, and the team includes B. Doran, Holmes and Cumes. We can only keep our fingers crossed and hope that both the Colts and Seniors win their remaining games.

Our chances in the swimming are rather slim, I'm afraid, as very few people have bothered to do any qualifying. As a result we are lying third, one point ahead of Cobbs. We can therefore only hope that everyone concerned on the day does very well indeed.

For the first time in a number of years the House Notes finish on a more promising note, with the Cock House Cup within our grasp. This term the House loses a number of Seniors whose absence will be sorely felt, notably B. Doran, J. French, R. Stevens, Holmes, Blandford, Vincent and Bourne. To all these we wish the best of luck in the future, and to those who are staying, good luck with House activities next year.

G.D.C.

### NEWSOMS

**Captain :** M. A. Yeldham.

**Prefect :** G. A. Currie.

This term we have been unfortunate in losing yet two more seniors in R.M. Stevenson and I. M. Andrews. The latter, although not brilliant at sport, could always be relied upon to do his best, while the most fitting tribute I can pay the former is to say that the only activity in which he did not represent the House was chess. They both have our good wishes for the future.

In last term's *Spur* only two Senior hockey matches were reported. In the final analysis of the four games, we achieved the modest result of one match lost and three drawn. The Colts, who had played three games, concluded their season with a draw against Halliwell's.

Once again we have had to be content with second place in the House Play Competition. Our production was, I can safely say, a good one, and its success was in no small way due to the efforts — I might almost say struggles — of our producer, S. F. Partridge, in controlling an exceptionally large cast. His best performances, incidentally, were given during rehearsals. It is difficult to single out any one member of the cast as worthy of special praise, but N. G. Cottee gave an admirable performance in a difficult role, and he was ably supported by C. R. Spencer in one of the best performances in a woman's part that I have ever seen. And surely D. A. Groves' exit from his position on the rostrum was as good as that of any demon king.

Our athletics team did well to pull up from last position in the qualifying to second position on the day of the Sports. For this we have to thank especially the effort of the Colt team, in which Cottee R. won one event, and Harper and Redshaw two each, whilst for the Major

team, Elsdon won two events, and Peters broke the 440 yds. record. Our congratulations are due to him, and to Redshaw as captain for the work he has put into organising the team.

As far as cricket is concerned, we have not done so well. The Seniors have played and lost two matches, to Halliwells and to Gibbs, the latter by seven runs only, however. The Colts have played three of their matches, losing two and winning one (with surprising ease against Halliwells). The Juniors, whose competition is now on a knockout basis, were defeated, somewhat needlessly, by Gibbs. Our first form is not without talent, however, and with Manger and Jackson as a nucleus we have high hopes of next year.

At the time of writing, the Swimming Sports are a week ahead. Qualifying has gone fairly well, but could have gone much more satisfactorily. It is a pity that many people who could have gained points have just not bothered to try. There are, in fact, several members of the House who are content to drift along doing nothing to help in House activities. When approached they always reply that they "can't do it". The fact is that they have never tried, and when given the opportunity to prove their worth they often try to avoid doing so. I hope that in future this negative attitude will cease.

Finally, I must extend my thanks to all members of the House who have captained House teams this term. They have all given a great deal of time to organisation and planning, and their work has been much appreciated.

M.A.Y.

## SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

### FLOWERING CHERRY

Owing to the enforced diversion from school dances it has been necessary for the Sixth Form Society to look elsewhere for its end-of-term celebrations. The gap has been filled twice recently by jaunts to the West End. On both occasions it has been to see plays which have achieved good reviews and kindly attendances.

In the first week of the Easter holidays, about thirty boys from the sixth made the trek to the Haymarket Theatre: the theatre which stands in the road of the same name looking rather like a large icing cake with candy-stick pillars supporting its frontage. The play was *Flowering Cherry* by Robert Bolt. This very fine literary achievement, which keeps to the modern trend to represent modern mundane life as simply and barely as possible, was acted extremely well by a small cast which included Sir Ralph Richardson, Miss Celia Johnson and Andrew Ray, the famous son of the well-known Radio comic.

The play itself concerns the dreams of the 'small man' and his family — The Cherrys. The father, played by Ralph Richardson, is an insurance clerk and he lives with his family in a small typical Suburban establishment. The household consists of his wife, two adolescent,

'scrappy and growing-up' children, and a permanently replenished barrel of scrumpy (rough cider to the uninitiated). All this, plus two old country pokerers, further relics from Cherry's rural upbringing, feature as symbols of his life, his ambitions and more noticeably his numerous failures. Needless to say the most prominent of these failures comes in not so small doses from the cider barrel. During the course of the play we are made to love, hate, and finally feel indifferent towards the hero, who, never being able to come to grips with himself, eventually leads even his wife — played very sympathetically by Celia Johnson — so far up 'the garden path' that she is forced to leave him.

The actual construction of the play, from set to dialogue was very enjoyable and first class Theatre. All those present from Raynes Park appeared to thoroughly enjoy themselves and Mr. Stephenson, under whose guidance we were introduced into the West End 'clique', led us in a manner befitting one who is obviously not altogether unfamiliar with that peculiar arena.

S.F.P.

### EXPRESSO BONGO

After repeated urgings by Mr. Stephenson, who seems to live in the Saville Theatre, a party of sixth formers — 'the boys' — were induced to visit that theatre to see *Expresso Bongo*. The hollow, all-praising, pocket summing-up criticisms which appear in the evening papers have described *Bongo* as "The best British musical of the year" which is hardly surprising since it is the only new British musical. And in any case, in order to be the best British musical in even the last five years *Bongo* doesn't have to be very good.

The story is simple. It is merely a satire on our very own guitar-packing, agent-troubling, mother-loving bundle of song — Tommy Steele, who is ably played by James Kenney, with an expected twist at the end thrown in, I presume, to illustrate the up and downs in show business. Steele, alias Bongo, is discovered, as they say, by a small time agent in the form of Paul Scofield, whom we originally regard as the villain of the piece, but end up by sympathising with. As far as Scofield's performance was concerned, one was never quite sure whether its 'hamminess' was intentional or not.

The show opened with a bash and the first half finished with a crash, yet the second half was strangely disappointing from the point of view of liveliness. The story kept just a little too much true to life and subsequently the gaiety gave way to more serious morality. Many of the tunes, though not distinctive were lively and the well directed dancing was vivaciously executed. However, although the visit was enjoyed by all, I am still waiting to see a good British musical.

All concerned would like to thank Mr. Stephenson for obtaining the tickets, and we all hope that the 'educational visits fund' which financed this outing, will educate us still further in the future — perhaps next time with *My Fair Lady*.

P.J.V.

## GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY FIELD JOURNEYS

### THE MOLE GAP

The nine men and a dog who comprised the second year Geography-sixth's expedition to the Mole Gap were relieved to find that the previous day's thunderstorm had given way to a clear and sunny day. The object of the exercise was to walk from Leatherhead station to Box Hill station, observing the river terraces and other geographical features of the Mole area at first-hand, and then to climb Box Hill in order to obtain a panoramic view of the ground covered and the surrounding scenery.

Although not as high as expected the water was very dirty, making aquatic observation difficult. But the valiant effort of John Barfoot, who donned Wellington boots and waded out in a vain search for a swallow hole, should not pass unnoticed. However, examples of the pre-glacial, post-glacial and flood plain terraces were abundant, while among other interesting features seen was an artificially filled-in ingrown meander. After a refreshment halt the party walked along a steep chalk escarpment, which had little in the way of terraces, but where the characteristic vegetation of Beech, Yew and light undergrowth was observed.

The climb of Box Hill was memorable from both a geographical and humanitarian aspect, the former on account of the magnificent view from this southerly face of the North Downs. It comprised the gault clay area directly below us, the greensand of Leith Hill, the beginning of the Ashdown Forest ridge, and, in the distance, the chalk hills of the South Downs. In addition to this, from the other side, was the Mole Gap itself plus an excellent example of a dry valley. Unfortunately the portly member of our party found the scramble up the hill to be a fraction beyond his means, and he wishes to record in *The Spur* his gratitude for the "tow" given by J. D. Timpson, Esq., and R. J. Holmes.

Even the fifteen minute wait for a train did not detract from the pleasure derived from what had been both an instructive and enjoyable day. The "guests", the dog and especially the "geographers" of the party were indebted to those whose planning had made for such a pleasant way of rounding off the Sixth-form Geography course,

J.H.T.

### THE NORTH DOWNS

On the morning of 15th July, the first year sixth Geography group assembled in somewhat assorted attire at Motspur Park Station. The object was to traverse the North Downs from Ashted to Boxhill under the guidance of Mr. O'Driscoll.

Upon arrival at Ashted station, the group made a diversion to find the Rye Stream, a mosquito infested trickle, which technically flows

in a Strike Vale. The party, well and truly bitten, then made for Headley across the London Clay, the sand and gravels of the Tertiary deposits and the Chalk of the Downs. After following several dry valleys and exploring a chalk-pit, the group came to Headley, situated among the three thickly wooded hillocks of loam and pebble deposits which here overlie the chalk. Refreshments were then taken before the party progressed to Headley Heath, a flat expanse of sand and pebbles covered with heathland vegetation in large patches — once the shore of the Pliocene sea, where lunch was taken.

The journey continued on to the Clay-with-Flints covering of the Chalk upland. A diversion was made on reaching the Boxhill Road to see the view across the Weald from Betchworth Clump, the highest point on Boxhill, being 726 feet above sea level. Visibility was not good but the group was able to see beyond Reigate and Redhill to the east and as far south as Chancetonbury Ring. The "geographers", after another stop for refreshment descended Boxhill by way of the Pilgrim's Way and the Mole stepping-stones to Boxhill station.

The group's thanks are due to Mr. O'Driscoll for his patience and guidance on this trip. I am sure they all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

V.E.B.

## CLASSICAL SOCIETY

On Thursday, 27th April the Classical Society met for a reading of Aristophanes' comedy *The Birds*. Twenty-one members were present, including two young ladies from Wimbledon High School, which was very encouraging. The required ornithic atmosphere was enhanced by the presence of Messrs. Fowles, Partridge, Finch and Shelley. Star performers included P. J. Parsons, both in his part as the running bird, and in his prompting of the less well-informed members in the fine art of pronunciation. Dr. Morgan gave a vivid representation of Greek bird song, and Mr. Kilburn was realistic as an illiterate Thracian named Triballian. Everyone present had some part in the play, and everyone performed with great vigour and enthusiasm. During the interlude the society partook of light refreshments, consisting of cheese, biscuits and coffee, prepared by the gentle hands of the President himself, aided and abetted by the Secretary. When the play had been completed the President thanked all present for coming and invited them to a meeting at the end of the following term. This meeting was to take the form of a "Saturnalia" but as in subsequent conversation it was realised that no-one knew what this was, the President decided to give a lecture entitled *The Wizard of Mantua*. This is to take place on Thursday, 24th and the society is looking forward eagerly to the occasion, the more so because a *moretum* is being prepared. (For the benefit of those who will not be coming this is a garlic country dish !)

C.J.H. (Secretary).

## CHRISTIAN UNION AND SCRIPTURE UNION

Since the last report in *The Spur* the Christian Union has published its own magazine which proved to be successful. As only one hundred copies were printed, these were sold among friends and members, bringing in enough money to provide Scripture Union Notes for four months. It is planned to bring out another edition early next term and to make it, if possible, more widely available.

It was decided this term that the Christian Union should cease to meet during the long examination period, but up till then we met regularly for Bible Studies which proved useful and interesting to all who attended.

On the other hand the Scripture Union has been meeting regularly, only missing two weeks because of examinations. The meetings have included Bible studies, quizzes and a film-strip of Scripture Union Missionary Work in Ghana. It is important for us to remember, and to pray for, the world wide work of the Scripture Union in telling men of the love of Christ Jesus.

We can look forward with some confidence to the programmes for next year of both the Christian Union and the Scripture Union. A more ambitious programme than usual is planned for the Christian Union, including more outside speakers — several from missionary societies, and more discussions about practical problems of our faith. It is also planned to hold regular prayer meetings again. The Scripture Union, too, can hope for an interesting programme, including more film-strips and if possible, one or two meetings where members can take a leading part themselves.

R.I.

## ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY

Contrary to common belief, the Astronomical Society has been meeting regularly on Wednesday evenings throughout the term. The Society's programme has been singularly down-to-Earth, consisting in the main of discussions and talks about different aspects of Astronomy and the Heavens, but has been none the less interesting for all this. Several of the more senior members have contributed talks, including one by N. E. Cole on the subject of the moon and its surfaces. This was to have been rather more extensive than it actually was, but unfortunately the epidiascope gave up the ghost at the last minute. Other talks were delivered by Ross and Shute on the subjects, respectively, of Mercury and Venus, and the 200 inch Hale Mirror on Mount Palomar.

This term, the Society has been suffering the inherent complaint of all Astronomical Societies during the Summer months — late darkness. For most of the term the telescope has had to be out of action owing to the fact that there was nothing to observe, and so the most interesting part of the study of Astronomy has been denied members. The keen-



ness of the small but staunch membership of the society in the face of a non-practical, non-observational Summer programme does them all credit.

Mention must also be made of the unfailing enthusiasm of the Society's President and sponsor, Mr. Trinder. He has been the life and soul of the Society, an ever-present encourager of boring speakers, and a mine of information on things Astronomical and otherwise.

Lastly, the Society extends a welcome to all members of the school who are genuinely interested in the study of the great and mysterious expanse of the Night Sky. Perhaps there are some who are interested, but feel their knowledge inadequate for the select brotherhood of the Astronomical Society. The fact of the matter is that the Society exists for the study of Astronomy, and we are all dependent upon each other for the little knowledge we do, in fact, possess. In other words, we're learning all the time. Why not come along and help us?

C.R.S.

## SPUR MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

Throughout the Winter and early Spring, club members have been busy preparing the layout for display at the Annual Garden Party, when once again the model attracted a steady flow of young visitors — and their parents — throughout the afternoon. Despite the bus strike, the Garden Party was an unqualified success and, in common with other stalls and displays, the Spur Model Railway was happy to report no diminution in attendance. The Organisers and members of the Club were gratified to hear the very favourable comments which were made respecting the additions and improvements which had been effected both to the trackwork and to the scenic backgrounds. Fresh "turf" had been laid over Cobb's Hill and along the railway running at its foot, whilst excavations had revealed the presence of the ruins of Cobb's Castle — hitherto not on view to the public! The young fir trees and poplars planted in April had reached maturity by the end of May, whilst in the urban district of Newsom Vale a whole street of shops had sprung up — literally overnight! Newsom Vale Station buildings had undergone a complete refit and restoration, whilst the suburb of Milton Park had extended considerably from the river right round to the recreation ground. The evenings we had spent with glue, paper and paint were adequately rewarded.

Less conspicuous, but even more important, have been the steady improvements in the track itself. Although built so many years ago, the layout has stood up very well to continual use, and particularly to the wear and tear of mounting and dismantling each time it is brought into use. But repairs to points, cross-overs and other vulnerable parts are attended to immediately the need arises, so that we can be assured that all three controllers can go straight into action, each directing the progress of an independent train.

We still have much to do, however, before we can be really satisfied, and during the months to come members of the club will be occupied each Monday evening in various tasks which will make our model even more efficient and attractive than it is now.

S.G.C. and R.L.F.

## GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

On examining the list of works which have been played this term at the Gramophone Society, I find it to be much shorter than I had expected. One reason is that the Summer term is very largely taken up with G.C.E. examinations when meetings are impossible, and another that a choral work of considerable length has been played — Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*. This was composed in 1900 having as its inspiration Cardinal Newman's poem of the same name. Although we lost an impression of the whole by spreading the work over several meetings, I think we also profited by meeting each part fresh and being able to give the concentration this kind of music requires. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducted the Liverpool Philharmonic with Richard Lewis, Marjorie Thomas and John Cameron as the soloists. It is a pity that such music tends to be neglected at the present time, for it has a serenity and a beauty of its own.

Another work of some consequence which has been played is Beethoven's *Violin Concerto in D major*. The soloist was Herbert Krebbers who had excellent opportunity to show his obviously near-perfect technique. The Hague Philharmonic Orchestra gave him a sound backing.

One composer whose works had so far been lacking from the programmes this year was Bach, but this was rectified by a record of two *Brandenburg Concertos* — nos. 2 and 4. Both pieces are typical of Bach's superb part-writing and a lively and sparkling rendering was given by the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra.

The remaining work heard this term was Mozart's *Clarinet Quintet*, a pleasant enough piece, which was played by the New Italian Quartet.

R.J.Y.

## THE SOCIETY — A PROSPECTUS

Since the foundation of The Society fifty-nine years ago its sphere of influence has extended across the oceans and penetrated the heart of every continent. Today there are few areas in the world not covered by our vast organization. Our newest branches have recently been formed on the island of Fernando Po and at the American Base at the South Pole.

In his presidential address at last year's International Convention, Sir Sebastian Longfoot paid tribute to "... the unselfish and energetic activities of members throughout the world." He concluded by saying that in The Society men and women of all classes, colours and creeds were linked in the pursuit of high and noble aims calculated to promote a greater understanding between nations. It is perhaps fitting at this point to mention briefly the fundamental aims of The Society. They are few and simple. Its primary aim is to encourage the scattering of all types of litter, wherever and whenever it will cause urban areas to become more filthy and rural areas to become less attractive. Secondly, it seeks to ensure that the younger generation, by instruction and example, is fully educated in its responsibilities towards defacing the country with rubbish and refuse. Thirdly, it will combat the attempts of any organization to impede its noble work with the utmost vigour and violence. (Incidentally, it was with surprise and anger that the Central Committee of The Society learnt that an Act of Parliament had recently been passed which enforces a fine of ten pounds for the unlawful deposition of litter in public places. Such wrathful astonishment is rendered more acute when we remember how well The Society is represented in both Houses.)

Membership involves no annual subscription and is open to all. There is a flourishing Junior Section of The Society which has many loyal branches in schools and colleges. Rumour has it that this year's winner of the Sebastian Longfoot Junior Challenge Cup for the most extensive and effective litter distribution, will most probably be the Raynes Park sub-region of the Wimbledon and District Schools area.

Prospective members are strongly recommended to make use of the correspondence training courses organized by The Society. The first course comprises basic training in the art of scattering orange peel, sweet papers, sandwich bags and back copies of the "Daily Mirror". The second course trains members to proficiency standard in the art of bottle breaking and scattering, the siting of old prams and broken cars in the most frequented beauty spots, and the careful decoration of street corners with selected pages from "The Times". The advanced syllabus concentrates on more subversive kinds of work, such as the removal of litter baskets and kindred receptacles, and anti-

park-keeper activities. Let it not be thought, however, that The Society restricts its activities to those formulated in the various syllabi. Ingenuity is encouraged — and rewarded. For instance, last year's winner of the Crummet Jubilee Cup for the most outstanding personal achievement was Mr. C. B. Shankshift, an official of the Borough Engineer's Dept., who, while searching for his sandwiches in the driving cab of his dustcart, inadvertently pressed the switch operating the hydraulic tipper mechanism, and caused the deposition of a full load of refuse in the centre of Whippington High Street, busy with lunch-hour traffic. Congratulations once again, Mr. Shankshift !

This is but a bare outline of the organization and activities of The Society; nevertheless it is hoped it will be sufficient to encourage many to become members, and to lend their talent to the defacement of all that is neat and tidy in the cities and towns of the world, to the destruction of all that is beautiful in the natural scenic splendour of the seven continents.

“Remember folks,” (as our friends of the American branch would say) “*Every week is Litter Week !*”

J. M. A. Hon. Secretary.

## VINCENT

EAR lopped, love crazed  
Midst the whirling hay and cypress trees you stood  
Watching the crows  
Black harbingers of death  
Flapping idly over the corn heath.  
There in the midi-sun of Provence you stood  
A wild ragged man  
Trying to live a life that was true  
In Borinage, and mine, and hovel,  
Loving life and woman,  
But now you stand repulsed.  
After raging in your self-inflicted cell  
You came into the hot sunlight  
To die.  
The barrel is cold against your stomach.  
Boiling thoughts of thirty restless years

Spin through your head,  
Of the candle flame, and love,  
And sienne.  
Your brother Theo what will he think  
And Mr. Groupil too.  
But his mind, flamed by the unshaded sun  
Torn by the whipping mistral,  
Was made up,  
And as the crows flew  
And the sky twirled in whorls of light  
Around his sun-maddened head  
And as the cypresses spun around his twisted sight  
He crossed the barrier away from mortal men  
And sank to the resilient earth.

M.M.

### THE LAST MISSION

The cloud-latticed moon rose visibly above the gloomy Lancasters. All was quiet except for the softly chugging bowser and the whirring bomb-hoists as they lifted their deadly load into the bays. The crews lounged around in the dispersal room and played cards, drank tea and coffee and told dirty jokes. The laughter was uneasy. One man stood alone by the bar. He was the tail gunner of "P for Percy", the foremost of the Lancasters that stood waiting on the tarmac outside. This was the last mission of his tour and when it was over he would have three months precious leave before he saw another aircraft again. But he was not happy at the prospect. Between him and the leave was one last mission. If only he could live it out and return. . .

"What about a drink, Jim?" said his friends but he was too deep in thought even for his usual scotch.

The Flight Commander came into the dispersal room. "Time to go chaps. You know your numbers in your respective squadrons. The target as you may know is the Dortmund-Ems canal, take-off in ten minutes time at 1823 hours, proceed due East to the Ruhr and pick up the canal as per briefing. Pathfinders have liberally scattered the target area with incendiaries, though they've just given us a tinkle that some stupid B - - - -

planted his lot on an allotment half a mile from the canal. So watch it. Gunners, watch out for fighters from Bardufoss, they're pretty hot after the Dams raid. The old station commander was carpeted by Uncle Hermann Goering for not sending fighters after 617 when they bombed the Dams; several squadrons have copped it around that region and we don't want that to happen to us, do we ?"

They cheered him as he left the room. Chiefy Griffiths was an understanding man. He knew how they felt, he tried to make their tough, chancy life more enjoyable and he succeeded.

The pilots and their crews filed unhurriedly out to their bombers. Jim mounted into the fuselage and made his way back to the little cell in the tail where he was to be incarcerated for the next two hours — unless he had to leave it for the freezing, wind-torn void and the howling 109's. He pulled the doors open and levered his cumbersome body through the gap and into the tiny seat. Once in place he shut the doors and was alone.

He felt acute claustrophobia. The equipment closed in on him as he slammed the doors shut and turned to his guns. They were reassuring, shiny and efficient and he caressed them lovingly. He pulled the handles that traversed the turret and went through his own ritual of checking the power-operated turning mechanism — left, right, left, right, swing the Brownings up, down, up, down and settle down for the long wait.

The aircraft quivered as if with excitement and he could see the dust-devils flickering in the tail-light's beam.

"O.K. Rear-gunner ?" said the cracked voice in his intercom.

"O.K. but cold, Charlie !"

"Rear turret going cheap, central heating and all mod. cons. eh ?"

"The Romans could do it, why can't the War Department ?"

"Out of the question. They needed a slave to stoke the boilers !"

He pulled his diary out of the knee-pocket of his flying suit. "Last raid of tour," he wrote. "Took off 1823 hours." The rest was somewhere in the indeterminate future.

The aircraft jerked and rolled slowly down the runway. As it left the tarmac he shuddered. That was always the worst part of the flight for him — the separation from Earth, the snapping of the bond between him and life. The bombers mounted into the night sky and suddenly he felt different, serene and peaceful. The other bombers were ranging themselves into formation and the cloud-fluff dropped away below them. He felt as if he was alone on a cloud, floating, non-existent, on the astral. The cool touch of the guns on his cut-away mittens brought him back to the present. "Permission to test guns" he said into the microphone.

"Permission granted" came the answer. He swung the battery round so that it pointed out to the open sky and squeezed the triggers. The Brownings chattered aggressively and jumped in his hands. He could see the tracer from Cartwright in the mid-upper pencilling out a path through the sky with geometric precision. His hands were becoming colder now and he blew on them to warm them. His breath formed momentarily a diaphanous white blanket round his fingers before it dispersed. The clouds seemed so silent and serene, it seemed impossible that those same clouds were soon to erupt chattering 109's and bellowing Junkers 88's into whose slim bodies he must pump shells until his belts were empty. Suddenly he felt the influx of adrenalin that made the process of waiting for action so irksome. He wriggled in his seat, pulled out a clothback, "Dracula", and settled back in the limited space at his disposal to read.

When he came out of his reverie the squadron was crossing the French coast. The scarred beaches showed clearly in silhouette through the thread-bare sky. They seemed so inoffensive, but he knew that further inland the Boche was waiting with his flak. He pushed the paper-back into his pocket and turned to his guns. His eyes narrowed as he scanned the gloom for the fighters. He knew that Bardufoss was a long way away but the fighters from Occupied France might soon be in the region.

Suddenly he felt frightened. Somehow he knew that when the 109's came it would be his turn to join the ranks of those who had "got the chop" on active service. He prayed silently that it might not be him this time . . . not this time.

Twenty minutes later the Ruhr threw off tell-tale shards of light and he could see the canal, a thin silver vein, branching off

it. He could also see the black dots of the 109's . . . The bomber circled round for the kill and he was left alone with the sky. "This is it," he thought, setting his teeth. An orange spinner hurtled at him out of the gloomy black and he stared, fascinated as the thin white wings spat jaggedly at him. The tinkling of smashing perspex on the instruments behind his head galvanised him into action. His fingers contracted automatically and the guns clattered insanely but the 109 flickered over his head, unharmed. Another came in and bits flew off it as the shells cut into the wing-roots. He shaded his eyes against the flash and ducked as the debris thudded into the fuselage and the turret. He grinned, wet his finger and drew an imaginary 1 in the air. The next one came in from above, whirling and twisting to avoid Cartwright's tracer. But the wings flew off and the fuselage dissolved before he could squeeze the triggers and add another to his score.

The bomber skipped upwards as the bomb-load slithered in a glinting stream into the darkness. The whirling 109's hurtled in on his exposed seat. He felt uncomfortable, defenceless despite the twin Brownings under his hands and the orange spinners seemed to be coming at him from all sides. He felt himself traversing the turret, swinging the guns up and down, shuddering as he jerked the triggers, a burst here, a burst there, a writhing turmoil of orange and black, roaring cannon and grim-faced Luftwaffe. Somehow he knew that this was not as it should be. There were too many: he had never seen so many 109's before, they must have known about the raid and made preparations . . .

In a vague sort of way he heard Cartwright's soft screech as a cannon burst cut him in half. It broke off finally and a squeelchy thud vibrated the turret.

Another burst disappeared over his head, at first he felt nothing but soon the paint began to peel on the doors and he felt an uncomfortable warmth creeping up his back, through his flying suit. In sudden panic he turned, ripped the door open . . . recoiled from the inferno. He parachute was a mass of charred ashes and the bomber was splitting along her spine. There was only one thing to do. Another man had done it before him when his parachute had been burnt and he had landed in a prison camp . . . He looked down at the ground below. Green firs



waved reassuringly at him from the tree-clad hillside and he knew that he must take the chance.

He traversed the turret as far as it would go, and, with a silent prayer, did a back-flip out into space.

He did not feel the wrenching at his heart as he fell because he was unconscious within a second.

His body hit the green blanket below in a flurry of leaves. They floated slowly down to cover the pitiful lifeless bundle on the ground with a softly rustling shroud.

C.R.S.

*Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying,  
The sweetest rose that blooms to-day,  
To-morrow may be dying.*

I watch the clock  
As it tidies the hours  
And sweeps the day and its dust to a corner;  
Clean as a cat  
Wipes its face  
Move the hands over the surface.  
Hours hustle into years  
And the chimes toll your death, young lover,  
Toll your dust,  
When your shrivelled eyes smile at worms  
And your vows rust in the grave.  
And me ?  
A volume musty with the wisdom  
That ages have, like misers hoarded,  
Unamused and unamusing;  
Too wise to dribble foolish nothings  
To trade in love's cheap jewelry.  
Yet wise, ah far too wise, not to feel the valves  
Warm with pulsing blood,  
Brimming to burst and burn my books to billets-doux,  
If once two eyes I loved poured love in mine  
And lips spilled senseless words, clear as life itself.

J.D.

## SAGA

'No worse deed than this had been committed among the people of the Angles since they first came to the land of Britain —

THE ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE.

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It was a cold, grey evening in spring when they murdered the King.

We had been hunting in the Andredswold, over by Dorset, all afternoon and the steam of mouldering fern surrounded us like a mantle. The ground, racked with frost, was sword-hard and as the hooves of our horses drummed across the forest floor they emitted an eerie throbbing sound, echoing through the valley.

Edward the King was still jocular, although sweat lined his brow and there was a stench of stag's blood on the spear which dangled from his saddle. He looked older than his seventeen years — he rode erect, his thighs hard against the pommel, and his handsome crow-black hair brushing the lower branches.

So the King chatted gaily with his earls, his milk-white teeth flashing in the half-glow of the forest, and, even then, as he laughed a shadow seemed to hover over his face, a broad menacing band — but perhaps it was only the effect of the sun through the leaves.

At last the trees thinned out on both sides and the gloom lifted. We left behind the unmistakable smell of the forest — the compound of a living scent of flesh and fur and the death-stink of rotting vegetation. We cantered down over the dewy grass under a sky lit by the first stars and the coral-pink streamers of the setting sun.

It was soon obvious, from the direction he had taken, that the King intended to sup with his step-mother Elfrida in the stronghold at Corfe. There was little love lost between the two relatives, yet we could hardly be refused food and drink — as it also appeared to the King, for he turned west across the reeds of Purbeck, leading the way on his magnificent creamy bay, which was reputed the fastest stallion in England.

The evening, as I have said, was cool and we were tired from head to foot with the day's exertions: we certainly all

needed bread and ale to revive our weary muscles. Yet when the walls of Corfe reared up ahead, our pace seemed to slacken as if by general consent. The breathing of my horse became broken and heavy, and the whites of his eyes rolled huge and frightful. Still the King was galloping ahead and we were compelled to spur on our mounts and follow in his wake. It would have been disgraceful for Edward to arrive separated from his hunting-party.

Something was definitely different about the castle at Corfe, yet at first I could not think what it was. Then I realised that the outer stockade, instead of being left its natural oaken colour, had been darkened with pitch to the shade of a thundercloud. Perhaps that was why we did not see the raven until we approached close to the gates. But it was there all the time, perched on the stakes, and when it saw us it let out a hoarse croak and lumbered off into the evening sky.

At once a freezing silence gripped the party: for a few minutes there was only the harsh sound of horses breathing. It is unfashionable in these pious days to take any notice of omens and superstitions and all the necromantic paraphernalia of our ancestors — yet I believe that on that day each of us had a little of the old faith rooted in his soul. There was something so incredibly ugly and sinister about this croaking bird that we each felt our arteries run with ice and our throats dry up. Beneath each of these richly-coloured tunics there was still an awful veneration for the gods of our forbears.

Edward, who had sensed the silence which overhung the party behind him whirled round in the saddle. "Are ye sparrows to be awed by a miserable raven?"

From that instant, the features of his face remained stamped on my memory. I can still see the thin sneering lips, the slender arched eyebrows, the grey-green glittering eyes through the mists of time. In fact, it was the last time I saw his countenance.

Reluctantly, and with our hands slightly trembling on the reins we urged our mounts down the slope. The castle remains a vague and muddled image in my memory — I can see little more than the tall greystone postern gate through which we rode, and the brook, sluggish, green and vitreous, which embraced its walls.

The clatter of our arrival brought a stream of people running into the sand-dusty courtyard. Among them, for the first time, I saw Elfrida, the King's step-mother, red-brown hair swirling to her shoulders: the colour of her kirtle, blent blue and green of the sea, giving her a curiously unearthly appearance. She walked to the King's horse and politely enquired what he had come for.

"A drink for my stomach," replied Edward.

I swear that a few of us were irked with the King at that moment, for not remembering our needs, but we held our tongues. Elfrida motioned to a servant and received a long horn of wine which she offered to the King.

Edward swung his head back and swallowed down the drink. As he took the horn from his lips one of the servants clapped him on the shoulder. Suddenly the tight ring of strange faces which which surrounded him seemed to close in.

It was the first time I had seen a man die. The knife flashed, Edward rocked back in the saddle and slumped forward again into the horse's mane.

Earl Gyrth screamed, "You wolf."

Edward writhed in the saddle: at last his head rose, dazed and befuddled like that of a diver breathing water. The lips fell open:

"Damm you Elfrida and all your children", roared the King.

The clouds drifted across the sky in all their pink-gold majesty, like witnesses to the deed. And, perhaps it was my imagination, but I seemed to see a shadow slide down the heavens, the blue-black shape of the raven, its wings drooping downwards in the symbol of doom.

When I looked down the King was dead.

It is thirty years since I wrote what you have had the grace to read above. Perhaps you do not believe in curses. But I have seen Canute the Dane prancing on his horse over the flag-stones of our cities, and the miserable descendants of Alfred paying tribute to the House of Norway. And I have seen the charred walls of cottages, and flames in the hayfields and the sky black with arrows.

Elfrida and her descendants purchased the King's murder with their own damnation.

J.B.

## CHILDHOOD

THE roaring light of buzzing  
Became a summer blue with bees  
And fluff ball hanging on the air  
Over my protected bed.  
Next, crawling in dark passageway,  
Seeing diamonds on the carpet  
And varnish on the hallstand.  
Then to a glossy picture book  
With shiny blackberries and robin redbreasts;  
After, to be hugged screaming into school  
By ogreish headmistress  
Who grew nicer as the days went on  
And changed into a summer of beads,  
Paper, pens, milk crates, and girls  
Who let you teach them how to skip  
Over by the cokestack in the schoolyard.  
Strange that it was always summer  
With hot toffee papers sticking on the playground,  
Basking in the hot stream of history  
On a dusty afternoon,  
Looking at the cool green minnows on the classroom window sill.  
Then,  
A new world:  
The junior school.  
To be plunged into a pit of vick-rubbed bandaged boys  
Who raced around the compound  
Screaming with rough voices and tennis balls;  
To hide, frightened by the stream of life  
With passing jibes and punches,  
No girls now, only rough, tough voices.  
Then; a grey morning,  
A pen, some papers, and some questions  
And the tough boys were silent.  
Another unfamiliar playground  
With huddled groups of new boys in the corner,  
Another vast unfamiliar hall with unknown faces;  
Then I was plunged into a whirlpool  
Of French, Latin and Homework.  
Then to be racked by love,

Torn and crushed against the rocks of self-pity  
When she would not let me carry her books.  
Upwards and outwards I went  
Knowing everything, knowing nothing  
Ever questing, delving into my consciousness —  
Thence to sit on a park seat one hot day  
Hearing the insects whining  
And some child glugging in its pram  
Its undecided eyes looking through its rolled up face  
At a dangling woollen pom-pom.

M.M.

### THE BRAMBLE BUSH

(Being a freshly discovered poem by William Wordsworth)

Up on the verdant hillside  
There dwelt a bramble bush,  
Growing there in nature  
Full of blackberries so lush.  
I liked the bramble bush  
For it appealed to me,  
So one fine day I measured it,  
T'was two feet six by three.  
But it knew too much liberty  
And pricked me as I went,  
So I tore the plant from out the ground  
And each foul stem I bent.  
No more the wretched bramble bush  
Shall make my ankles sore  
For I took it down from the verdant hill  
And left it on the moor.  
So there my little bramble bush,  
Now what will you do?  
And don't answer back, my little friend,  
Or I will stamp on you.  
When next I saw the bramble bush  
'Twas rambling o'er little rills,  
So I went and kicked the wretched thing,  
Then searched for daffodils.

M.M.

## ON LEAVING CAMBRIDGE — GOODBYE TO ALL WHAT ?

Well, one shilling and twopence for a start. I envisaged the range of facial distortions which would greet my efforts to cash a cheque for the fourteen pence which I had left in the bank after May Week. The haughty sniff, the disdainful "tut", the suppressed snigger; worst of all perhaps the serious unruffled enquiry "Would you like it in silver or copper, Sir ?" No, I couldn't face it. Not that I don't need the money — but consider the shame of it.

Goodbye too, to some of the absurd bric-a-brac that gathers itself around one by a process of insidious accretion. I bade for instance, a tearless farewell to a large tin of sardines which I had managed to open perhaps a quarter of an inch before the key had got grotesquely bent, beyond all words useless. (Who makes keys for these sardine tins anyway — some manic-depressive jester in league with chthonic forces ?) Also a trumpet — battered into eternal silence by some music-loving post office hireling. This I gave to an Australian ex-sailor who said he could make a lampstand out of it. Perhaps he can at that, he looked strong and purposeful. Also a pair of shoes which proved to have the water-resisting efficiency of a string bag.

These and many others — all trivial items, of course. Those more potent things which still intoxicate the memory prove so impalpable that if one lunges at them with crude generalisation ("Good friends", Good times", etc.) one misses all their essential quiddity. One is seeking to trap something composed of innumerable subtle nuances, and so one can only hint at the occasional fugitive fleeting moments which seemed to embody a mood, an atmosphere — perhaps even an era. Reminiscing is, of course, a perversely private business. A recalled moment which we have invested with a weighty subjective significance may pluck a song from one memory — and yet make another yawn. I will therefore only hazard a couple.

I think I first realised I was in a University atmosphere after a short exchange with my first supervisor which came about as follows. I was waiting outside his room which happened to be

at the top of a flight of stairs. He arrived a little late and as he was opening his door asked, "How long have you been up here?" Thinking he meant in Cambridge, I nervously answered, "Three days, Sir." Without turning to me, he coolly said after a just perceptible pause, "Good of you to wait all that time."

And perhaps I finally realised that I was leaving Cambridge permanently when I came to bid the first of many farewells. I shook my friend by the hand and started mouthing a conventional sentiment, "Goodbye: have a good . . ."

I was about to say "Long vac", but suddenly realised that this was no longer the apposite phrase. I re-phrased my farewell. "Goodbye: have a good life."

He grinned: "Yes — you too".

P. A. TANNER.

## CRICKET

### 1st XI

**Captain:** B. G. W. Morley,

**Secretary:** M. A. Yeldham.

**Master-in-Charge:** W. H. Herdman, Esq.

That we have not had a successful season cannot be denied: but it has not been time wasted for I hope that firm foundations for next year have been laid at this high cost.

Only two players were left from last year's team, the remainder came to us as somewhat inexperienced colt and second team players. As a result, they have only recently begun to settle down to the rather hectic tempo of 1st XI life. Most of our batsmen have spent most of the season struggling to find form, and only three, Kingham, Howsden and Morley have scored more than 50. Because of this the team has had to be packed with batsmen, and Wearn and Bond only formed our bowling attack. These two players have managed admirably and deserve every congratulation.

The team usually included:—

**Kingham:** He has a good eye and is a natural stroke-player, but better ball-control would cut down the number of involuntary strokes.

**Crowe:** He is a solid batsman, capable of staying in, if he gets more power into his shots and develops a greater variety of strokes, he will make a very successful opening bat.

**Holmes:** He is also a solid batsman, whose nature is against aggressive play. With more power and a greater variety of strokes, especially off the front foot he could easily become a batsman of some class.



**Howsdon:** He is the real stylist of our team, and has more than once been our saviour of the side. In addition to appreciating his liveliness in keeping wicket, I feel that he has great possibilities as a bat if only he cares to get enough practice.

**Frank-Keyes:** He has only recently struck batting form, but has been extremely useful as a change bowler. More practice can remedy most of his batting flaws which are fortunately minor ones. I wish him more success next season.

**Yeldham:** He took over the secretarial work this year and has handed it extremely well; in this capacity he merits our grateful thanks. He has only recently found his batting form, but more strokes off the front foot would constitute a vast improvement, and I am sure he can do it.

**Clark:** He is a good close to the wicket fielder, and as a batsman he has a good eye and is eager for the runs, but he needs lots of practice and more self-confidence if he wants to improve.

**Ayres:** He has proved to be more at home opening the batting than lower down the order, and with some stroke practice off both the front and back feet he can become quite an attacking bat. He has also been successful as a spin bowler, forming half the side's spin attack.

**Bond:** He came to us from the colts, but has settled down quickly and has bowled consistently well with considerable success. He must keep the ball pitched up to an attacking batsman and not allow his speed to slacken off. He is a promising bat and believes in going for the runs, a good maxim.

**Wearn:** He has made great improvements on his last year's form, and has bowled consistently well throughout the season, although without a great deal of luck. He has also had great success as an attacking bat, often teaching the more recognised batsmen a thing or two.

We have managed to give a respectable account of ourselves in most of our matches, and although we have no convincing wins to our credit, on several occasions we have held the upper hand at the close. Although it is disheartening not to be winning occasionally, we need a great deal of self confidence, and I am sure that, given this, and practice, plus the determination to put the bat to the ball, we should have a much better team next year.

B.G.W.M.

#### **MORLEY :**

In captaining the 1st XI this year, Morely has had the extremely difficult task of leading an unsuccessful team; and he has done this very well.

His enthusiasm and cheerfulness have always been apparent, and when he is on form and after the runs, it seems that he can hit any-

thing. His 33 not out against Beckenham was, in fact, the best example of fast scoring seen this year, and in addition to this, he has proved himself to be a useful change bowler. I am sure that all concerned will join me in congratulating him on the successful completion of a difficult season as captain.

M.A.Y.

## 2nd XI

Although the results do not look particularly good on paper, in actual fact this season has proved a generally successful one. The only real criticism is the lack of consistency of the team. There have been many good individual performances, but also a tendency to collapse and commit batting suicide if a couple of quick wickets have been lost. Much of this is due to lack of confidence — which in turn is due to lack of practice. The remedy is obvious. The usual loss of promising players to the 1st XI has further weakened the team from time to time.

In spite of this, however, we have had some good wins and have been on top in several drawn games. Where we have lost we have done so honourably. In general, the optimism and enthusiasm of the members of the team have made this an enjoyable season for all concerned.

The team has been chosen from:— Holmes, Housego, Lintill, Hayhoe, Farmer, Cumes, Gibbons, King, Hart, Williams, Clay, Groves, Crocker, Crowe, Doran.

Clark, Redshaw, Foulsham, Venison, Davie, Wright and Furminger also played.

B.R.H.D.

## COLT XI

This year's Colt XI, though less talented than some we have had, does not lack enthusiasm and the desire to improve. Redshaw and Foulsham have helped to give stability to a young team, and Redshaw as captain has put in much unselfish effort.

All the matches have been enjoyable, and there have been one or two close finishes. An encouraging feature of the team has been the play of its Third form members, Nicholls, Dalton and Courtenay. Slater, Nicholls and Burgess have borne the brunt of the bowling, and all have bowled well at times. In batting, Dalton plays some good shots, and useful innings have also been played by Redshaw, Foulsham, Attwood, Nicholls, and Courtenay. Clarke continues to show promise, but is still mainly defensive. Foulsham has kept wicket competently, and the fielding has been reasonably good.

The following have played for the Colts this term:— Redshaw (capt.), Foulsham, Thompson, Clarke, Attwood, Slater, Burgess, Nicholls, Dalton, Courtenay, Jacobs, Early, Heaver, Steer and Corbett.

G.J.A.

## TENNIS

**Captain & Secretary:** R. P. N. Housego.

This term it was decided to have two Tennis Tournaments — both a Junior and a Senior Tournament. As a result of this, one in every five boys in the school entered for the competition. Since only the Oberon court has been available to most of the school, it is not surprising that the tournaments are both a little behind. In the Senior Tournament, however, the outcome in both the singles and doubles competition is regarded as a foregone conclusion. It is unlikely that Kingham will even be extended in the singles, whereas he and his much improved partner Crowe, appear too strong for any other pair in the school.

The situation in the inter-House competition can best be shown by a table:—

	P.	W.	L.
Halliwells ...	4	4	—
Gibbs ...	4	3	1
Miltons ...	3	1	2
Cobbs ...	4	1	3
Newsoms ...	3	—	3

Miltons v. Newsoms to be played.

The competition has, however, to a large extent been spoilt by the cunning employed by rival captains. A system to overcome this must be put into force next season.

The school tennis team has undoubtedly proved itself the most successful of the school teams this year. In its first match against Purley Grammer School it is true that an untried team was defeated by six matches to three. Against Wandsworth, however, the school won by five matches to four, with Clay and Standish making successful débuts. The school proved too strong for Mitcham Grammar School, whom it defeated by seven matches to two. One match against Strand School remains to be played.

The school, with one obvious exception, is now rich in tennis players of average talent, who only lack the edge of brilliance because of want of match practice.

Team chosen from:— Clay, Crowe, King, Kingham, Holmes, Housego, Standish, Young.

R.P.N.H.

## ATHLETICS

**Captain & Secretary:** R. Impey.

**Master-in-Charge:** R. Hindle.

As usual the School team competed in the Wimbledon District Schools' Sports on 20th May, winning the Intermediate cup, and coming third in the Junior competition. The Intermediate relay team, Davie, Kingham, Impey and Bown, set up a new district record of 47.5 seconds. Individual winners were: Bown, 100 yards. and High Jump; Kingham, Long Jump; Hopper, Discus; while in the Junior competition Wood won the 90 yards under 13; Nicholls, 100 yards under 14; Brown, 440 yards and Eastwood, High Jump under 13.

It was rather unfortunate that the triangular match with Sutton and Surbiton, at Hook, should have been at half-term, as this meant that the team was somewhat diminished. Consequently the team suffered a considerable defeat. Redshaw, who won the Intermediate Long Jump with a leap of 18 ft, 0½ inches, was the only member of the school team to gain a first place. We may draw some additional consolation from the fact that the team is comparatively young — it is virtually the Intermediate team running in the open events.

Two days later there was a match against Wimbledon Athletic Club and Wimbledon College, held on the new track in Wimbledon Park. Unfortunately the weather was very bad, and shortly after the start it began to rain, steadily getting worse until the match was eventually abandoned with Wimbledon A.C. leading from the school team. Of the events that did take place, Crocker won the 220 yards; Millington the shot; Stevens the Javelin and Partridge the High Jump.

The School entered a team for the Surrey Grammar Schools' Sports on 3rd June but without any success. Several members of the school team represented Wimbledon in the secondary schools match on 29th June, but none achieved even a place in the finals.

In comparison with previous years Athletics have reached a low ebb. This can only be rectified by the individual team members themselves, who must take the trouble to spend time in training for their events, and constantly endeavouring to improve on their own performances.

Halliwell entered the school sports with a lead of more than 50 points in qualifying, but after the field events this lead was reduced to only 30. However, during the course of the sports the position changed continually, until towards the end, Miltons established a lead which they increased throughout the relays, to win with a lead of almost 200 points.

R.I.

# RESULTS OF SCHOOL SPORTS

<i>Event</i>		<i>1st</i>	<i>2nd</i>	<i>3rd</i>	<i>Time or Distance</i>
<i>Long Jump</i>	Senior	Stevens (M)	Kingham (H)	Clark (G)	17' 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
	Colt	Redshaw (N)	Baker (C)	Williams (G)	16' 3"
	Major	Osbourne (M)	Clark (G)	Flynn (H)	13' 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
	Minor	Goulding (M)	Lancaster (M)	Tickner (C)	11' 5"
<i>High Jump</i>	Senior	Bowern (C)	Partridge (N)	Clark (G)	5' 3"
	Colt	Cottee (N)	Lawrenson (H)	Jacobs (C)	4' 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
	Major	Eastwood (G)	Mawer (M)	Alsbury (C)	4' 6" (New Record)
	Minor	Raison (C)	Gawn (N)	Charleton (H)	3' 8"
<i>Shot</i>	Senior	Millington (C)	Morley (M)	Lintill (G)	41' 3"
	Colt	Carson (H)	Powers (C)	Westall (G)	31' 1"
	Major	Wilton (G)	Nisbet (M)	Jones (C)	27' 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
<i>Discus</i>	Senior	Doran (M)	Yeldham (N)	Lintill (G)	110'
	Colt	Hopper (N)	Burgess (H)	Seymour (C)	125'
<i>Javelin</i>	Senior	Clark (G)	Young (N)	Yeldham (N)	139' 10"
	Colt	Hall (H)	Gillieron (G)	Dwyer (M)	97' 4"
<i>Pole Vault</i>	Senior	Thomas (C)	Yeldham (N)	Ayres (G)	7'

# Results of School Sports—continued.

Event	1st	2nd	3rd	Time or Distance
100 yds.	Senior Colt Major Minor	Bowern (C) Redshaw (C) Eldon (N) Wright (M)	Crocker (M) Slaten M) Cox (G) Holland (G)	Kingham (H) Baker (C) Osbourne (M) Crowe (N)
220 yds.	Senior Colt Major Minor	Impey (H) Hopper (N) Eldon (N) Wright (M)	Bowern (C) Foulsham (C) Rusling (M) Holland (G)	— Nicholls (G) Burgess (G) Crowe (N)
440 yds.	Senior Colt Major Minor	Impey (H) Foulsham (C) Peters (N) Keen (G)	Gibbons (C) Brown (M) Burgess (G) Goulding (M)	Stevens (M) Carson (H) Satchell (M) Brazier (C)
880 yds.	Senior Colt	Page (C) Burgess (H)	Miller (M) Nicholls (G)	Partridge (N) Eatough (M)
Mile	Senior	Gibbons (C)	Taviner (M)	Colmer (H)
Relay	Senior Colt Major Minor	Miltons Newsoms Gibbs Miltons	Halliells Miltons Miltons Newsoms	Cobbs Halliells Newsoms Gibbs

Final Order: Miltons 1001; Newsoms 807; Gibbs 784; Halliells 776; Cobbs 759.

# RESULTS OF SCHOOL SWIMMING SPORTS

Event	1st	2nd	3rd	Time / Distance	
3L Breast-stroke	Open	Crocker (M)	Cottee (N)	Gould (N)	90.8 secs.
3L Free-style	Minor	Benée (G)	Spanos (N)	Dudley (H)	23 secs.*
1L Free-style	Colt	Carson (H)	Bond (G)	Wheeler (N)	18.8 secs.*
1L Free-style	Senior	Chambers (C)	Crocker (M)	Clark (G)	18.3 secs.
1L Back-stroke	Junior	Benée (G)	King (N)	Lonsdale (M)	29.5 secs.
1L Back-stroke	Colts	Westall (G)	Goddard (M)	Hampden (N)	25.5 secs.
1L Back-stroke	Senior	Bourne (M)	Higgs (H)	Frank-Keyes (G)	25 secs.
1L Breast-stroke	Junior	Jones (C)	King (N)	Crick (H)	28.8 secs.
2L Breast-stroke	Colt	Trapp (G)	Cottee (N)	Page (C)	53.7 secs.
Plunge	Open	Maclean (H)	Yeldham (N)	Crocker (M)	40 ft.
1L Butterfly	Open	Carson (H)	Cottee (N)	Goddard (M)	26 secs.
1L Free-style	Junior	Wood (G)	Spanos (N)	Seymour (C)	22.4 secs.
2L Free-style	Colt	Trapp (G)	Carson (H)	Seymour (C)	44.3 secs.

# Results of School Swimming Sports—continued.

Event	1st	2nd	3rd	Time/Distance
BBL Free-style	Senior	Crocker (M)	Tibble (N)	75 secs.
BBL Medley Relay	Junior	Gibbs	Cobbs	85.8 secs.
BBL Medley Relay	Colt	Gibbs	Halliells	71.1 secs.*
BBL Medley Relay	Senior	Miltons	Newsoms	74.2 secs.
Plain Dive	Open	Chambers (C)	Westall (G) Crocker (M)	—
Springboard Dive	Open	Chambers (C)	Crocker (M)	Tibble (N)
BBL Back-stroke	Open	Trapp (G)	Chambers (C)	Naggs (N)
BBL Back-stroke	Open	Trapp (G)	Chambers (C)	76.5 secs.*
4L Free-style Relay	Junior	Gibbs	Newsoms	Halliells
4L Free-style Relay	Junior	Gibbs	Newsoms	114.6 secs.
4L Free-style Relay	Colt	Gibbs	Newsoms	Cobbs
4L Free-style Relay	Colt	Gibbs	Newsoms	83.2 secs.*
4L Free-style Relay	Senior	Cobbs	Miltons	Gibbs
4L Free-style Relay	Senior	Cobbs	Miltons	96 secs.

\*Denotes New Record.

Qualifying Points	...	145	290	119	146	188
Gala Points	...	165	262½	95	147½	200
Total	310	552½	214	293½	388	

Final Placings: Gibbs 1st; Newsoms 2nd; Cobbs 3rd; Miltons 4th; Halliells 5th.



## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

The following magazines have been received: The Aldenhamian, The Ashtedian, The Beccehamian, The Bristol Grammar School Chronicle, The Bryanston Saga, Caterham School Magazine, Dolphin, The Fettesian, The Kingstonian, The Radleian, The Record, The Rutlishian.

The editors wish to apologise for any inadvertent omissions.

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