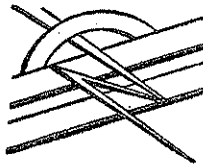


RAYNES PARK COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

The  
SPUR

SPRING TERM 1959



VOLUME 14

NUMBER 2

# THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK COUNTY SCHOOL

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

Vol. XIV

Spring Term, 1959

No. 2

## CONTENTS

	page
School Officers, Spring Term, 1959	3
Headmaster's Notes	3
House Notes:	
Cobbs	4
Gibbs	5
Halliwells	6
Miltons	7
Newsoms	8
The Welby Cup House Debates 1959	9
Da Vinci Society	10
Classical Society	12
Geographical Society	13
Gramophone Society	13
Astronomical Society	15
Christian Union and Scripture Union	15
Spur Model Railway Club	16
Literary Society	17
A Visit to <i>Macbeth</i>	18
<i>Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme</i>	19
Answer My Question	20
Sunday Religion	22
Poem on Nyasaland	23
Hot at Latin	24
XP	26
The Shin Game	27
Hockey 1st XI	29
Hockey 2nd XI	31
Hockey Colt XI	32
Inter-House Cross-Country Race	32
Colt Rugby	33
Rugby v. Hockey	33
Editors	35

## SCHOOL OFFICERS, Spring Term, 1959

*Head Boy:* J. A. Colmer.

*Second Boy:* J. Davie.

*Prefects:* T. G. Ayres, V. E. Bown, R. L. W. Brookes, M. Chiddick, P. C. Clark, J. A. Colmer, N. G. Cottee, J. Davie, R. J. Holmes, R. Impey, R. E. Lach, M. McLean, B. G. W. Morley, S. F. Partridge, P. C. Redshaw, D. A. Rolt, P. J. Venison, D. Wearn, M. A. Yeldham.

*Captain of Hockey:* 1st XI M. A. Yeldham.

2nd XI P. C. Redshaw.

*Secretary of Hockey:* V. E. Bown.

### HEADMASTER'S NOTES

One important item missed the post for the last issue of *The Spur*. Since the present group of Governors was formed their Chairman has been Mr. J. Hood Phillips, who from County Hall had much to do with the beginnings of Raynes Park, is familiar to all of us from Prize Day appearances, his unfailing support at Open Nights, and many other occasions, is the father of an Old Boy, and one of the School's oldest and most valued friends. We are greatly in his debt, and rely upon continuing so since he remains in the Governing Body, but he has now felt obliged to resign the Chair.

We are fortunate in welcoming as his successor Mr. E. F. Dakin, who has already visited the School and met masters and boys. He adds the many calls of this office to the voluntary work he already does on the Divisional Executive (over whose Finance and General Committee he presides) and elsewhere. Probably only the Headmaster has much idea how much work and thought is put into the administration of the School by these gentlemen and others, at much loss of limited leisure: busy people are usually the most willing as well as the best qualified to give such help. But gratitude is due to them from us all, and is their only return.

Mr. S. W. Billingham, on whose constant support also we have learned to rely throughout the School's life, has agreed to continue as Vice-Chairman, to the unfeigned satisfaction of both Governors and School.

The success of 565 Squadron A.T.C. in winning the Wing Pennant for the best Squadron in Surrey, for the second year, is already recorded; congratulations are repeated on this mention of it, nevertheless. Another trophy now accompanies it, presented by his parents in memory of Bill Wood, who, until his untimely death last January, held a commission in the Corps with another squadron. It is appropriate that we should be the first holders of this very handsome thing, for Mr. Wood was an Old Boy of the School, leaving in 1942. We appreciate the honour of having this memento of him in at least temporary trust, feeling that we have some kinship with his family in their irreparable loss.

HENRY PORTER.

## HOUSE NOTES

### COBBS

*Captain:* V. E. Bownen.

*Prefect:* D. A. Rolt.

This term we have had to bid farewell to two of our Prefects, A. A. Beattie and M. R. Chambers. We wish them every success in their future careers.

The Hockey season, if it may be termed a season, when a Hockey game became little more than an occasional extra, was handicapped by bad weather and an influenza epidemic. Illness, injury and other sundry reasons have necessitated the employment of seventeen seniors at various times in the House team. However, excuses apart, the season has not been a happy one. The unfavourable conditions were not conducive to practice and consequently we have had to field a group of individuals rather than a team. As individuals, considerable promise was shown, seven players being chosen to play for the School this term. As a whole, the results I am afraid must be allowed to tell their own unhappy story.

The Colts after a good start to the season, an unexpected defeat of Newsoms, faded and have since incurred several rather heavy defeats.

A marked contrast to the failure of the Hockey was the victory of the Cross-Country team, though deprived by influenza of our favourite for the race, Page. There was much keenness among this group of Seniors, a virtue which unfortunately did not break into the realm of hockey. Training was at a maximum, and the peak fitness achieved by this group resulted in several surprising, yet well deserved, placings. May I extend the congratulations of the House to Foulsham who won the event, and to Pacey-Day 5th, Strutt 10th, Jenner 11th, Steer 16th and Griffin 20th, plus all those who turned out to represent their House.

At present the Chess team, having beaten Newsoms and Miltons and lost to Gibbs, are lying second in their competition. By a good performance next term against Halliwells they may well win the cup for the second successive year.

The Juniors, displaying much enthusiasm, a virtue which is currently affecting most of the present Junior school, entered their Rugby competition with a zest and fervour which is an example to us all. They have lost two matches, but against Newsoms they held their own and did well to win by a narrow margin.

The House Play cast, ably directed by A. A. Rolt, put on a comedy, *On Monday Next*, by Philip King. The play portrays the struggle of a weekly repertory company attempting to rehearse a new but hopelessly poor play.

The two remaining activities of this term, Swimming qualifying and the Gymnastics Competition, have been progressing and are as yet unfinished.

With the success of the Cross-Country behind us we look forward to next term, when we may be expected to give a good account of ourselves, particularly in the field of Athletics.

VIVIAN BOWERN.

## GIBBS

*Captain:* T. G. Ayres.

*Prefects:* P. C. Clark, P. J. Venison, D. Wearn.

Gibbs house notes must of necessity begin by congratulating Nicholls on his appointment as captain of England's Colt Rugby XV; he has moved from trial to trial, from success to success, and we are proud of his final achievement. To continue on a personal note, we lost, at the beginning of the term the "Barfeet", and at this end of the term, Peter Clark. The "Barfeet" were always prepared to help in any section of house activities: Clark was always necessary in any section. He played in almost every house team, and next term we shall miss him a lot. Good luck to them all.

The main competition of the season — that for the Hockey Cup — is still undecided, although the position of second seems very probable for us. The seniors lost their first match against the unofficial favourites, Miltons, but in their second match against Newsoms, after a scrappy start, they settled down and won 3-1. In the last match to date, against Cobbs, Frank-Keyes scored all the goals in our 4-1 victory. The colts, settling down after various antics by their goal-keeper, unfortunately lost to Miltons, but defeated Cobbs 5-0. Our prospects in the Hockey Cup next year seem already to be rosy, since the outstanding players of the team — Venison, the captain, Bond, who is to be congratulated on the award of colours, and Frank-Keyes — are all staying on, while from the colts Early and Nicholls will help considerably.

The juniors fared well in their rugby until they met Halliwells, to whom they lost. However they beat Cobbs 21-0, Newsoms 49-0, and Miltons 29-0. Their victories are due considerably to the speed of Cox, the captain, who has scored a majority of the points; he has been ably supported by Evans and Castling. Congratulations to the juniors. Rugby has been at a very high level this year in Gibbs, and an aggregate of the points shows the amazing figures of 278 points for and 43 against!

This year we have excelled ourselves in the Chess Cup. Ryder has led a very competent team, beating all opposition, which now stands in a position of winning the cup, depending entirely on the result of an "outside" house match.

In the Cross-Country we distinguished ourselves only to the extent of coming last. Congratulations however must go to Deed, who came 3rd, and to Cushing who came 18th. It was indeed a pity the other members of the team were unable to obtain better positions.

George Bernard Shaw would no doubt turn in his proverbial grave if he were to discover how much we have cut from his play, *The Apple Cart*, which we are producing as our house-play this year. We have been dogged by illness — four members of the cast are absent at the time of writing — but with Venison as producer, we hope to obtain a satisfactory position.

In the Debating Cup, we fared better than expected: we beat Cobbs in the first round, and then defeated the reigning champions, Halliwells. In the final against Miltons our standard dropped considerably, and the team was defeated. Nevertheless, congratulations are due for obtaining the position of "runners-up".

At the time of writing the Gymnastics Cup is still being contested. Next term, we have a very full sporting programme with Athletics, Cricket, Swimming and Tennis on the agenda: qualifying for the Swimming has already started, while for Athletics it begins immediately the term opens. If we are to retain the Cock House Cup — and I believe we all wish to — we must all contribute to our utmost wherever we can.

TERRY AYRES.

### HALLIWELLS

*Captain:* J. A. Colmer.

*Prefects:* M. Chiddick, R. Impey, M. McLean.

Though the events of the past term offer little scope for excessive eulogy, it would be equally out of place to indulge in recriminations. This would imply that members of the House have not given of their best, and such a verdict would, I think, be far from the truth.

Hockey has never been our "forte", and of the three senior matches which have so far been played we have lost two and won one. Constant changes in the team, due to illness, have produced on all occasions a

certain tardiness in settling down into the game. Nevertheless, Crowe has shown considerable vigour as captain, and was ably supported by a number of more regular players such as Burgess and Williams. The Colts, with one win and two draws to their credit, have once again done something to redress the balance.

In connection with the Cross-Country Race, it was hardly to be expected that we should retain the cup in the face of strong opposition from Cobbs and Newsoms; for we had lost a large number of those moderate runners whose close packing of the middle places enabled us to win the trophy last year. Our runners, however, put up a creditable show, and we came third. Burgess in particular is to be congratulated on a strenuous performance to secure fourth place.

Our failure to retain the Debating Cup was doubtless the occasion for a greater degree of surprise and disappointment. Indeed, had not half our proposed team for the semi-finals succumbed to influenza, we might well have reached the finals. Even so, it must be roundly acknowledged that we lacked much of our last year's talent.

The Juniors still remain our greatest comfort, and have lived up to expectation with two resounding victories in the Junior Rugby.

At the time of writing two competitions remain undecided, namely Chess and Dramatics. In the Chess Competition we have drawn with Newsoms and lost to Gibbs, but still have two more matches to play. Rehearsals for the House Play, Patrick Hamilton's *The Duke in Darkness*, are now in their final stages, and though in recent years we have not distinguished ourselves in this field, we may, I think, anticipate a creditable performance.

Looking forward to next term, I should like to remind the House that qualifying in Athletics and Swimming provides an opportunity for everyone to make an active contribution in the interests of the House. A concerted effort of this nature is the more necessary in view of a general lack of "star" performers.

J. A. COLMER.

### MILTONS

All who have taken part in the term's activities (and that by no means includes everybody) may be well satisfied. We have won the Hockey and Debating Cups and didn't do too badly in Chess, Cross-Country, Gymnastics and Dramatics competition.

The Hockey Cup, of course, has been the prize of this term's campaigning. Both senior and colt hockey teams won three matches and drew one; together they cracked in over forty goals and conceded only five. Much of the credit must go to Holmes: leading goalscorer, his unflagging energy in bullying, badgering, cajoling and inspiring the senior team was something I have never seen before — certainly not from a Miltons' captain. His coaching of the colts combined with Courtenay's determined leadership made them into a workman-like team. Holmes,

Morley, Cumes, Slater and Heaver were the stalwarts of the senior side and Edwards, Sinfield, Brown and the tireless Courtenay the backbone of the colts. The colts played with a ruthlessness that is all too rare in the present diluted spirit of House competition. You must keep it up!

We were somewhat fortunate to win the Debating Cup, as we only narrowly defeated Newsoms in the first round and in the final met a Gibbs' team who had trampled over the body of Halliwells, the flu-stricken favourites. Still, Morley, Holmes, Lach, Oakley and Davie must be congratulated on successfully skating over thin ice to win the cup.

We did not enter seriously for the Cross-Country and did well to finish fourth: Eatough (5th), Heaver (9th), and Cumes (15th) were our best runners. As a result of the admirable keenness of the lower and middle school we came third in the Gymnastics competition. But for the shocking laziness of certain seniors who do nothing anyway we might have won the cup. In the Chess competition we shall probably finish third.

Our House play was among the "also-rans" but as producer I have no regrets. We chose a difficult play that could well have succeeded. Bad cutting due to the intricacy of the dialogue and diffidence in grappling with staging and technical problems were our faults. Morley, Holmes, Goddard and Oakley especially put in fine performances.

I shall not bore you much longer; just let me wish good luck to Charlie Lach: we shall miss him; neither a natural sportsman or intellectual, he always gave his utmost in both spheres. More than that is impossible, less useless. Let all who read these lines take note.

J. DAVIE.

### NEWSOMS

*Captain:* M. A. Yeldham.

*Prefects:* N. G. Cottey, R. L. W. Brookes, P. C. Redshaw,  
S. F. Partridge.

This term, one of the busiest as far as house activities are concerned, has proved, on the whole, successful as far as we are concerned.

The main House activity has been hockey, and in this the seniors have every reason to be pleased with themselves. Of the four matches played, they have won two, drawn one, and lost one. The colts' results, on the other hand do not seem particularly inspiring. In true Newsoms manner, they lost their two "easy" matches, and drew the two "hardest". As a result of these endeavours, we finished third in the hockey competition.

The inter-house cross-country race, after having been several times postponed, was finally run on 12th March. Our team did well to gain second place, special praise being due to S. F. Partridge, our first runner home, who captained the team.



The juniors, whose rugby competition began this term, have still not enough determination to win matches. Many of them refrain from tackling an opponent until at least three or four other members of the team have succeeded in reducing his attack to a slow walk. They then enjoy a sort of "free-for-all", without paying any attention to the whereabouts of the ball. They must realise that this sort of play will never win matches.

In the first round of the house debating competition, as was the case last year, we met, and were defeated by Miltons. The team spoke fluently and well, and were only narrowly defeated, mainly by the masterly speaking of J. Davie for Miltons.

The chess competition has also been held this term. At the time of writing, the final results are not available, but I am assured by all members of the team, that we have done surprisingly well in this, one of our weaker fields of house activity.

After twenty one years, the house play competition has been won by Newsoms house. The play chosen this term was Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. This was thought by some to be a bad choice of play, but in the capable hands of S. F. Partridge, the production was a great success. This was his third house play production, and after having seen his two previous efforts placed second each time, I am sure everyone will want to congratulate him on this final success. Our thanks are due to him, to the cast and stage hands for the work they have done.

Finally, I should like to extend my thanks to all house members who have participated in activities this term. Their work has not been without success.

MICHAEL YELDHAM.

### THE WELBY CUP HOUSE DEBATES 1959

Results:

	<i>Houses</i>	<i>Motion</i>	<i>Voting</i>	<i>Judges' Verdict</i>
Jan. 19	Cobbs v. Gibbs	'That this house regrets the coming of the Comprehensive School'	6-6	Gibbs
Jan. 26	Newsoms v. Miltons	'That this house regrets the continuance in England of party government'	6-9	Miltons
Feb. 16	Halliwells v. Gibbs	'That this house believes in snobbery'	8-10	Gibbs
Mar. 2	Gibbs v. Miltons	'That in the opinion of this house 'Manners makyth Man''	11-8	Miltons

Winning House. MILTONS.

The House Debates this year provided some good entertainment and it seems a pity that attendance (as the voting figures show) was so poor. We congratulate a handful of juniors who having sat in on one debate thought it worth while to sit in on all the rest: later in their school history they will doubtless be found at the rostrum themselves.

Of faults, to deal with those first, it would be true to say that they were a repetition of those found in previous years. Though House Debating Captains had again had their attention drawn to a note on the judges' mark sheets which reads, "No speaker will be penalised merely on the score of brevity, but *will* be penalised if he merely 'goes on' to fill up the time", many speakers did 'go on' in just the manner in which they had been asked not to. In consequence some of the judges are in favour of a shortening of the time allowed, and some of the speakers lost many valuable marks. There was naturally some unevenness of talent within the house teams, but scores might have been higher had more attention been paid to the 'batting order'. In debating the performance of the last man in is of special importance and the number one speaker will lose his side vital points if he proves inadequate in making the final summary however brilliant may have been his opening speech. One floor speaker flagrantly ignored the rule not to read his speech and not to have more than ten words as his original notes.

On the positive side many speeches were well thought out and the arguments presented with force and even at times with wit! Speakers in general have learnt to address their remarks to the chair and their voices to the House, and so have added brightness to proceedings which can become very dull when half thoughts are murmured uncertainly into incipient beards.

The chairman would welcome suggestions for improvement of the debates in any way from the teams and the audience, as well as from the judges for whose patience we owe deep gratitude.

H. A. PRATT.

### DA VINCI SOCIETY

The first meeting of this term was held on 19th January when a recording of the poem *The Ancient Mariner* was played. The poem was the subject for this term's Da Vinci Art Competition and the programme was arranged to give inspiration to the entrants. The main narrator in this recording was Richard Burton supported by members of the Old Vic. We are grateful to Mr. Eldergill for kindly lending us the record.

*Il Demoniaco nelle Arte* and *Le Monde de Paul Delvaux* were the titles of the two films shown at the second meeting of the term on 26th January. The first film dealt with the mystical paintings of such artists as Bosch, Brueghel and Dirk Bouts in which we were shown the mediaeval conception of Heaven and Hell. The fantastic, inventive imagery of these artists was clearly shown in this strange and moving film. *Le Monde de Paul Delvaux*, based on the paintings of the Belgian Surrealist painter, in a way presented us with a twentieth century inter-

pretation of the same theme. One felt that, though the styles of the paintings shown in the two films were very different, the meaning behind Delvaux's work was very near to that of the earlier artists. This was a very well attended meeting, with an appreciative and understanding audience.

Mr. Rudgley once again held his listeners spellbound, this time with his talk *Comic Drawings*, which he gave to the Society on 16th February. In his talk, which was fully illustrated by a whole series of humorous drawings, Mr. Rudgley stressed the aspect of the drawing which was funny in itself. These drawings are perhaps the most successful of comic art and we were introduced to examples of work by Searle and Steinberg, both masters in this field. One was left with the pertinent thought that this comic drawing was quite a serious business.

After the half-term holiday Mr. Kilburn introduced us to *Rock, Reinhardt, Sor and Segovia*, a programme on exponents of the Guitar. This talk was covered by a most imaginative selection of recordings from low to high-brow guitar playing. It was obvious by the end of this talk that there was much more to be obtained from the guitar than "choing, choing, choing !"

The criticism and announcing of the awards of the Spring Term Da Vinci Art Competition based on the poem *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* (readers please note: this is the correct spelling. ACR has not done it again !) were held on 9th March. This time the judges were the Headmaster, Mr. Rudgley, Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Eldergill. There was a record entry of works for this competition and the standard was generally high. In the Middle School the final award was shared between Loveday and Riley, who both submitted works of considerable merit. The best entry in the Senior School by Wood, while of a good standard, was not considered to be of sufficient merit to receive an award but was highly commended. Myers, who submitted a very promising composition, was awarded the prize in the Junior School. A packed audience attested to the real interest shown in these competitions and their attendance was fully justified by the excellent criticisms offered by the judges. We would like to offer them our thanks for all the time and thought they put at our disposal.

A shroud of mystery covered the announcement of Mr. Ayton's talk on 16th March. The title *Who Dunnit?* did not really help matters and it was not until the appearance of Sherlock Holmes, in the person of Mr. Ayton, that the mystery was solved. Musical crimes (not of the school orchestra's making), crimes of forgery, were placed before us only to be expertly solved by Mr. Ayton. We were presented with a number of very interesting musical works written by eminent composers in the manner of others and it was very interesting to see the way in which some composers subtly inserted some of their own idiosyncracies into these works without greatly altering the deceptive appearance of the pieces. As is usual with Mr. Ayton's talks, a great deal of preparation

had gone into it and we are grateful to him for a most interesting lecture. 'Bourne-vita' no doubt staved off night starvation and enabled him to burn the midnight oil on our behalf.

The last meeting on 23rd March was something of an occasion. We were most fortunate in being able to welcome to the Society Mr. Lawrence Lee, A.R.C.A., who was the Chief Designer of the glass for the new Coventry Cathedral, to talk to us about stained glass and in particular his work on these new windows. On listening to his most informative talk, ably illustrated by colour transparencies taken by Mr. Lee, we gradually came to realise the magnitude of the task he had to accomplish. Viewing the plans and photographs of this great contemporary project one was left in no doubt of the rightness of the award to Basil Spence for his adventurous design for the new Cathedral. Mr. Lee told us that the glass should be in position in 1962 when perhaps the Society will be able to make a special visit to see it in all its splendour. We would like here to thank Mr. Lee for coming to talk to us and to say that we regarded it as a great honour. The signed book on the new glass which he presented to the Society will be well treasured.

Mr. Lee's talk was a triumphant end to what has been, I think, the best year the Society has enjoyed. At each meeting we have had a full house with standing room only, a testimony to all our excellent speakers to whom we owe our thanks. As is our practice we shall not meet in the Summer Term and so look forward to a continued vigorous life in the Society next Autumn.

CECIL RILEY.

### CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Since the last edition of *The Spur* there have been two Society meetings. The first, held on Tuesday, 17th December, was addressed by Wilbert Denny, M.A., a lecturer at Queen Mary College, London. His subject was *What I like in the Classics*. It transpired that there was not much he didn't like but, farrago though it was, his talk was so spiced with anecdotes and amusing remarks that it could not fail to prove entertaining. According to Mr. Denny Homer slipped up over the augments and Cæsar appointed idiots as lieutenants, and who would disbelieve him? Mr. Denny produced the cream in the coffee (more than the secretary could do) with an impression of Churchill reading one of Cicero's Catiline orations. We owe our thanks to Mr. Denny for such a diverting ramble.

For our one and only meeting this term, held on Friday, 23rd February, the Society sought refuge in the warmth of the Headmaster's study to hear a talk entitled *The Jews in Antiquity*. The Headmaster delivered a paper that was authoritative and at the same time enjoyable to the layman. He sought to trace the history of the Jews from the Babylonian conquest down to the fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70. He succeeded in giving a clear picture of the national character and of the suspicion in which its conservatism and isolationism were held by foreign-

ers. He cast doubt upon the legend of the Septuagint — seventy scholars, seventy rooms, seventy versions all the same; no, he didn't believe it — and told of one Alexander Janaeus, a High Priest, pelted with oranges for altering the Feast of the Tabernacles. The Headmaster must be congratulated on the amusing way he dealt with a scholarly subject.

J. DAVIE.

## GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

This term the Stephenson Meteorological Screen has been finally put into service, and a team is now taking daily readings.

The Geographical Society Film Evening, held on 3rd March, had a somewhat poorer attendance than was expected; however, maybe we can rectify that next term. The four films shown were all in colour. The programme opened with a film on the wild life of *Wankie National Park* in Northern Rhodesia. The photography was in true Armand and Michaela Denis tradition with a large range of tropical fauna represented. The second was entitled *Why not visit Finland*, and for the first ten minutes it threatened to be a mere tourist advertisement for Helsinki. But suddenly it blossomed out into an excellent regional study of the country and was thus a film of considerable geographical interest. A break was made at this point for refreshments. Next was a film about life on a South Island, New Zealand, sheep-station, *Snowline is their boundary*. This included some excellent photographic work in the Southern Alps where the sheep are grazed at a considerable altitude on the fringes of the snow-capped ridges. The last film, *They left the Valley*, told the story of an African village which had to be moved, "lock, stock and barrel" to a new site, to enable the Zambesi valley to be flooded to form a huge reservoir behind the great Kariba Dam.

Once again Mr. O'Driscoll had provided an excellent programme. It is a great pity that so few allow themselves to benefit from these interesting yet educational gatherings.

The Society has planned for next term, in addition to the Film Evening, two field journeys to be undertaken by Sixth Formers who thus will have an opportunity to study Geography in the field. Also, during the Easter Holiday, members of the Upper Sixth are undertaking a study of the River Mole between Leatherhead and Dorking.

VIVIAN BOWERN.

## GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

In retrospect, the music played at our meetings during this term seems a little scanty; this time we can put the blame on the unwelcome intrusion of influenza and the more unwelcome intrusion of examinations. Another apparent fault is the lack of any modern works in the list, due to the unfortunate unavailability of any such recordings. We should be very grateful if anyone who has recordings of works of modern composers

(for example, Stravinsky, Ravel, Debussy, Poulenc, etc., etc.), would lend them to us for a Thursday meeting, so that we can balance our programme and widen our outlook. Of course, it goes without saying that we would be equally pleased and thankful to receive recordings of works by the Old Masters.

This term we have been treated to Beethoven's genius twice: his *Third Piano Concerto*, perhaps the most poetic of the five piano concerti, was gently and poetically executed by Wilhelm Kempff, with the backing of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Paul van Kempen. The three *Leonore Overtures* and *Fidelio Overture* — all overtures to Beethoven's one and only opera *Fidelio* — were all played with brilliant power by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Hermann Scherchen; although some of our members found the playing of the four overtures one after the other a little hard to digest, it was interesting to compare them with each other.

The week between these two Beethoven records, we had a programme of Russian music: three very pleasant works by Tchaikowski (the *Italian Caprice*, *Adagio for Strings*, and the delightful *Dance of the Flowers* from the *Nutcracker Suite*); these were followed by Borodin's *Polovtsian Dances* from *Prince Igor*, and provided us with a fiery finale. In this instance we heard the orchestral version (orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glazunov), which loses some of the quality of the original choral work; but as the choir is usually drowned by the orchestra, its disappearance is no great loss.

More power was presented later in the term by Brahms' *First Symphony* — a majestic work with some extremely moving and heavy passages. The theme of the fourth movement, very similar to the Hymn of Praise from Beethoven's Ninth, with its rousing fanfare, provided a perfect finale to some wonderful music, which was admirably performed by Eugen Jochum and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.

Wonderful playing in a somewhat lighter vein was given by the Concertgebouw Orchestra under Edward Van Beinum in Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony*, a very enjoyable work which we coupled with Schumann's *Manfred Overture*.

Although, as can be seen from above, our programmes chiefly hovered around the Romantic period, we did make a couple of excursions into the Classical age — at one meeting we heard Mozart's *Clarinet Concerto*, but our enjoyment of his *Flute and Harp Concerto* was ruined by the untimely ring of the school bell before we had finished the first movement — one present day worry from which even music cannot provide refuge. At another meeting we delved further into history and played some works by Handel — the popular suite from the *Water Music* arranged by Sir Hamilton Harty, followed by two of the *Concerti Grossi* for strings, typifying Handel in a quieter mood.

Two final points: We extend our thanks to Mr. Riley for allowing us to take refuge in the Art Room every Thursday, and we invite more boys to come along and join us in listening to good music. We get a great deal of pleasure out of it; why shouldn't you?

ALAN OAKLEY.

### ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY

The Astronomical Society has been less active this term than usual. The darkness which might have afforded opportunities for observation has been obscured by fog and cloud, and so the Society has been confined to the Biology Lab. for most of its meetings. Therefore, the main subject of these notes must needs be a chronicle of talks delivered with varying degrees of clarity by different members of the Society.

The first meeting of the term took the form of a talk by C. R. Shute on the subject so beloved of Science-Fiction writers — the possibility of Life on Mars. With personal regret he ruled out the idea of animal, even less anthropoid, life on the planet. He then discussed the possibility of some kind of plant life which lived in the main upon oxygen contained in reservoirs in their tissues.

The next meeting comprised a talk by N. E. Cole on the subject of the Venusian atmosphere. He considered that it might well be composed of atomised oil — a theory, I am led to believe, attributable to a certain Dr. Hoyle (Fred.) whose worthy name has become a standing joke among the members of the Society in connection with "Oyle and his Oil" — with which many pieces of primeval matter were stuck together to form the Universe.

Other talks included several by Mr. Trinder upon different aspects of the night sky and even one by Howard of the First Form on Jupiter. A certain amount of observation also took place including a fruitless search for a star-cluster which M. D. Ross swears exists between Castor and Pollux. We are still looking for it . . .

C. R. SHUTE.

### CHRISTIAN UNION AND SCRIPTURE UNION

Owing to exams, house plays, 'flu, etc. we have had only two meetings of the Senior C.U. this term. With appropriate minor alterations the same will be said for the summer term. And so the situation will continue, at any rate until Christians in the senior school cease to regard the C.U. as a miniature church with its own hierarchy and beasts of burden, and remember that they individually are apostles of Jesus Christ and personally responsible for the spreading of the Gospel. This task, however, can only be done through fellowship:-

*So we being many are one body in Christ and members one of another.*

At the moment our body is a cripple, and what sort of life is that to offer anybody.

By way of contrast both the Middle-School Christian Union and the Scripture Union have been flourishing. The former has been continuing its work on the New Guinea Mission, which culminated in a talk and appeal to the Scripture Union and a wonderful colour film of New Guinea shown by Canon Bodger who has worked as a missionary in New Guinea for many years. Film, exhibits and literature were all first-rate. The Scripture Union too, though its membership has decreased slightly, is full of zeal and enthusiasm. Particularly successful have been sketches on Biblical stories which have made them live as they should: there are no characters in the Bible, only real people. Bible studies, quizzes and a film have all been part of a fruitful term.

J. DAVIE.

### SPUR MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

During the winter months there has been considerable activity by the platelayers, linesmen and maintenance staff in the re-laying of worn track and pointwork. The results have been very satisfying and have ensured smoother, easier working of main and branch lines, whilst at the same time improving the general appearance of the layout as a whole. The flyover is now receiving attention and should be fully functioning again by the time this report reaches you.

Following the tradition of true railway engineers, we endeavour to ensure the continuance of at least a skeleton service throughout the period of "modernization", and even though the soldering iron, screw-driver, pliers and wire are much in evidence, yet the trains continue to run to their limited schedule: although engineering work was being undertaken at the foot of Cobb's Hill, for example, a shuttle service was possible between Newsom Vale Station and the Spur, even though the through train to Oberon and Halliwell Green had to be temporarily withdrawn. Normal service has now been resumed.

A recent acquisition has been the new Diesel BO-BO, with green livery, and she now normally heads the passengers or freight trains to and from Oberon, and is occasionally pressed into service on the main line run through Milton Park.

We have been pleased to welcome several new members during the term, and whilst the aim of the club is to provide all members with the opportunity of *operating* the trains, we have been glad to see that they have willingly given a hand with repairs and renovations which from time to time become necessary, thus ensuring that the Spur Model Railway maintains its overall efficiency week by week.

S. G. CARLOW & R. L. FORSDYKE.



## LITERARY SOCIETY

Once more has this society cast wide its net. It is perhaps the most sedentary society in this society-saturated school, but it is certainly not the least ambitious. Not content with fourteenth century England nor twentieth century Europe, some score of schoolboys, and Mr. Stepheson, brushed up their Deep South accents and relived the Old Testament. An incongruous combination of time and place? Perhaps, but Mark Connelly in his play *The Green Pastures* has made such a combination and presented to us 'religion for and as seen by the American Negro'. But any really deep religious significance was lost on us, and the reading quickly assumed comical proportions. Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Noah and his Ark, God and his Archangel Gabriel: all were there with accents more or less correct. M. McLean played the part of God in a suitable subdued and authoritative manner, providing perhaps the most authentic imitation of Ray Ellington that we heard. J. A. Colmer, unsatisfied with 'realizing hidden dreams of power' among the insects, gave hints of a hitherto cunningly concealed romantic streak in his rendering of Zeeba, the girl friend of Cain the Sixth. The discovery of many unknown names among the well-known Old Testament characters may have sent more than one to read his Bible again: anyway, if not, it provided plenty of laughs. Romping through the pages we were delighted to find such characters as Flatfoot, a Little Boy Gambler, a Master of Ceremonies, and many more.

The one disappointment of the evening was the absence of our friends from Wimbledon High School. I hope we have not scared them off for good. For making possible this pleasant evening we should be grateful to Mr. Stephenson, the President, and to J. Davie, a hard working Secretary; and, for making the evening pleasant, to H-lm-s for forgetting to talk sometimes.

The Spring Term was concluded with a reading of *Our Town* by Thornton Wilder, the notable American playwright. This is a well-known play about life in a small New Hampshire town during the first decade of the century, and the author, by a skillful interweaving of past, present and future, has impressed upon us that, fundamentally, it deals not with a specific town and specific happenings but rather is intended to be a comment on small-town life in general, seen from many points of view. As such, *Our Town*, could be compared with *The Life of the Insects*, but the difference, and it is a big difference, is that the latter is a satire against man's foibles whereas the former is on the whole approving and homely in its manner.

So much for the play: what of the players (or rather readers?) We were pleased to welcome again some feminine support from Wimbledon High and to compliment them on their excellent reading. Of the 'old lags', S. F. Partridge made a convincing Stage Manager and creditably performed the difficult task of 'setting the scene' in words. That was fairly obvious casting, but there were some surprises among the others. (All complaints to J. Davie!) J. A. Colmer, after two successive aways

was at home with the Professor; M. McLean delighted with his cooing rendering of Mrs. Webb; P. J. Venison undoubtedly showed us he did not waste his time at Wimbledon Theatre and put a lot of meaning into the even lines of Dr. Gibbs; C. L. West proved an unduly cheerful, and rotund, undertaker; and the juvenile romantic lead was taken by someone who I know will *never* be asked to take the juvenile romantic lead again. Despite any shortcomings in acting (or reading) ability the evening passed very pleasantly. For the refreshments, which touched new heights of excellence, we must thank these anonymous members who are not content just to sit and read but must (in both senses) be up and doing.

From all this, it is easy to see that this is a thriving society; although play readings are perhaps the most popular, one or two new faces appearing at each meeting, they are not the only form in which the Society can make itself felt. C. R. Shute has regaled a select group with his poems, and Mr. Stephenson has introduced us to W. B. Yeats. All in all it has been a successful term and one which augurs well for the future.

GRAHAM V. FRANK-KEYES.

### A VISIT TO MACBETH

On Thursday, 26th February a party of about 50 Upper Fifth formers made their various ways to the Old Vic to see Douglas Seale's production of *Macbeth*. Everyone arrived safely and we took our places in the very front stalls. The audience consisted mainly of schoolgirls — a fact which our party were not slow to appreciate.

The play opened with the three witches who set the tone of the play. The scene was immediately moved to a battlefield, amply strewn with bodies, by use of lighting which, all through the play, was imaginatively used.

The staging also was clever and, although the scenery was simple, the scene was changed easily and credibly. The only fault, as far as lighting was concerned, was the indistinct appearance of the apparitions in Act III. This was unfortunate because they lacked their significance.

The acting was well up to the Old Vic standard. Michael Hordern was extremely good as Macbeth. He made one realise the emotional strain and torment that Macbeth endures. He was especially good towards the end of the play when like a beast at bay he was hunted down and killed. One felt genuine sympathy for him and one wished that, if he had to die, it was not at the hands of a rather effeminate Macduff. Macduff (John Phillips) was, I thought, rather disappointing. He was too old and far too genteel. He did not resemble the rather rough-and-ready warrior that Macduff is supposed to be. One could tell that by his hat which evoked titters from the rather unsympathetic audience! Another excellent performance was given by Beatrix Lehmann as Lady Macbeth. It was an unusual, but effective, interpretation of the character. She did not attempt to dominate Macbeth by ordering him to do things but by

continually nagging or ridiculing him, which is more appropriate as she is not very large. Her best scene was her last, the sleep-walking scene which, apart from the unfortunate fact that her candle was not alight, really held the audience. Jack May gave another good performance as Banquo. His appearance as the ghost drew horrified gasps from the audience and, although not remotely ethereal, the appearance and disappearance of the ghost was cleverly manipulated.

Although it was not hailed by the critics as great, by Old Vic standards, the production was adequate for our needs. By combining good acting with variety of pace, good lighting and staging and clever production, it made a thoroughly worthwhile and enjoyable afternoon and our thanks are due to Mr. Stephenson for arranging the trip and obtaining the tickets.

CHRISTOPHER STEER.

### LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME

This is a famous play by a famous author — Molière — and it has been around long enough for the Institut Français to have learned how to play it properly. Unfortunately they have not; and a party of sixth-form French students was inflicted with an exceedingly bad performance.

M. Jourdain is the bourgeois who attempts to turn himself into a noble by merely putting on fine clothes, learning how to dance and fence, and filling his head with elementary rules of pronunciation. He becomes the laughing stock of his wife and daughter, his maid, and indeed of everyone who comes into contact with him. In the end he is duped by a fantastic confidence trick into granting his daughter in marriage to a bourgeois when he had sworn she should marry none but a nobleman. The witty, polished dialogue, the faulty construction and the almost incredible *dénouement* which is Molière's play must be carried off throughout with a magnificent flourish if it is to hold the interest of the audience — there must be no pause for breath. What this production lacked was attack and verve on the part of the players and, even more important, the producer. This play is a godsend to an imaginative producer who wishes to elaborate and invent freely — for that is what Molière intended. The printed words themselves, though obviously important, must surely be backed up by great extravagance and colour in the costuming and décor if the full worth is to come across. But no! the Institut Français displayed no imagination at all, and a humdrum, ordinary performance was all that they could aspire to. Even that was not forthcoming because the acting was incredibly bad. M. Jourdain was played too dully to excite any emotion, and consequently the whole production was out of gear from the start. The four teachers of the social graces showed no enthusiasm and threw away their lines. Their costumes were too fine in comparison with those worn by M. Jourdain, so robbing the play of much of its usual delight — that of seeing a vain fool dressed up like the proverbial dog's dinner entirely out of keeping with his surroundings. Overacting, although a fault on the right side, can become tedious, and

the minor parts of Covielle and Nichole were almost thrown at us in a desperately unsuccessful attempt to gain a few cheap laughs.

Enough has been said to show that this was a poor production in almost every respect: the exception was the performance of the part of Mme Jourdain who was the only one to attack her part at all vigorously with voice and action. The shrewish, scolding nature, the down-to-earth attitude was conveyed admirably by her, and while she was on stage the pace quickened appreciably. One good actress does not make a play, however, and we came away dissatisfied.

GRAHAM V. FRANK-KEYES.

## EXTRACTS FROM ANSWER MY QUESTION:

### A fantasy of the mind

. . . . And there are obscene and blasphemous creatures, whose very existence is a slander on the name of God. And they crawl loathsomely in a festering pit of corruption, amidst ungodly growths, where the stench of decay is fast upon the nostrils, down in the slimy walled vaults, lit only by their own satanic glow. But the crusaders' sword will never harm these hideous creatures, for they dwell deep in the vaults of the mind of man, where the light of day shall never reach . . . .

\* \* \* \*

He clawed hopelessly above his head, caught hold of a branch and hung limply, too weak and frightened to pull himself up onto it. He was still waist deep in the water, surrounded by the irregular lattice of branches and roots, indistinct and vague, the nightmare creation of a surrealist satan.

\* \* \* \*

There was no reason why the creature down there in the inky pool should not drag him down, but his mind was too exhausted to think of that. He just hung, limp and corpse-like, scarcely breathing. Perhaps the creature was perplexed by his stillness for it vanished into the deeper pools. Long after it had passed through the barrier of mist he could still hear the water washing off its back.

At last he pulled himself back onto the lunatic trelliswork and continued his journey. His mind was asleep but his body kept on working. His mind was dreaming . . . .

He was only a little boy and the nursery was a long way up those steep, dark stairs. The thing crouched in the shadow at the corner of the staircase and it waited for him as it had done a thousand times before. It waited and it frightened him, because it knew he was alone and it was black and big and he was only a little boy . . . .

\* \* \* \*

But to sleep he had to reach the nursery and the thing was in the shadows. He would have to make a dash for it; get past the thing and slam the door.

He was running and the stairs went on for ever. The darkness was complete but he knew the thing was there. It was waiting.

It was after him and he could hear its feet sliding and slapping, wet on the eternal stairway: Jacob's ladder, and the devil was chasing him up it !

He looked back and he could see it faintly in the darkness. A monstrous blasphemy, a hideous white creature, like some giant butterfly or perhaps like a gigantic devil fish. He ran on, stumbling, panting, crying . . . .

He looked back. There was black oily water behind him and the level was rising. The thing was still following him, just below the surface of the water, unrelenting, inexorable. A hideous clawed hand rose from the scummy surface, followed by a black scaly arm, obscenely human. Still he ran on . . . .

The nursery was just above him Ten stairs . . . .

Nine ! The thing coming relentless.

Eight ! Oh Christ ! It's leaving the water.

Seven ! It can't catch you. You're too quick.

Six ! Too quick.

Five ! Don't look back.

Four ! Oh Christ ! Those footsteps . . . .

Three ! Wet and splashy. What can its feet be like ?

Two ! The nursery door's opening !

One ! George !

Oh Christ ! George !

George, as big as the church tower, but vague and misty, all except for his pallid face, and his great staring eyes.

George, huge and terrifying, with gigantic eyes, and he was waiting for someone.

Not fair ! He was three years older, and bigger. David did not like him but he was company, and it was only when you were alone that the thing on the stair would chase you. He was safe now.

He hoped George would not speak. George had a beautiful deep voice, even when he was very young, but he made things sound so important, even silly things. But why was he acting so queerly ?

"Come with me". Blast, he had spoken !

"Come with me". His voice filled the landing, the house, the city.

But David did not want to. The nursery was so near.

"Come with me". David knew now that he would have to. Not fair ! George was three years older, and bigger, and David wanted to go to bed. He had to follow George instead, when he could be asleep.

They glided down the empty staircase and along the echoing corridors, their feet never touching the floor. It was funny; you never knew how large a house was until you went around it at night, when it was dark and quiet and beautiful . . . .

Somehow you felt nobody had ever been there before. It was rather a holy sort of place. Strange, because it was not in the least like that in the daytime. It was more compact too in the waking hours, less rambling . . . .

\* \* \* \*

"I want to go back", he said.

"You can't go yet", replied George, gliding on.

"But I want to", persisted David. "I want to go back to my nursery".

"You can't go back", answered George obdurately. "You're the same as everyone else. They're given an easy life in an easy world. They moan about their little troubles and they haven't the sense to drink them away. They're soft. Put them in a hard world and they cry. They want to go back to their nurseries and their nappies and their blasted little feeding bottles. Well you aren't going to. You understand, you aren't going back" . . . .

\* \* \* \*

When he looked up George was gone. He felt old and strangely unclean. Tainted, that was it, tainted with the breath of Satan and the breath of George.

He looked down at his clothes. They were torn and dirty and blood-stained. Somewhere the dream had merged into reality, the makeshift reality of the fantastic world in which he now lived. How much was dream and how much was fact he could not tell, but somehow, while his mind was elsewhere, his body had dragged itself from the swamps. And now, here he was beside a strange grave . . . .

P. J. LOVEDAY, (Fourth Form).

\* \* \* \*

*(Answer my Question, a long story, won the first place in the first presentation of the L. A. G. Strong Memorial Prize).*

### SUNDAY RELIGION

**P**IOUS Sunday morning rustles into church,  
long-faced among hymn-books,  
disdainful at the oak-pew mustiness,  
but glorying piously  
in rightness of worship.

Pious Sunday morning floats in organ-music  
admiring; sings old songs  
whose words sound obscurely religious;  
warm thought of godly men.

Pious Sunday morning prays,  
peeping at God through furtive fingers  
or thinking light thoughts  
in the darkness.

Pious Sunday morning renders  
tribute to propriety with clinking lavishness.  
'The offering for the work of God'  
is but an offering to reputation.

Pious Sunday morning blankly hears the sermon,  
fine words heard but not understood,  
glimpses of Deity, tenuous,  
lazily blown away.

'We shall rise for the Blessing;  
In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost,  
Amen'. And pious Sunday morning rustles out,  
having paid her hollow homage  
to her Sunday God.

CHRISTOPHER SHUTE, (Sixth Form).

### POEM ON NYASALAND

OVER the solid lake  
The great tufted cranes rise and spread their piebald wings  
And flee before the spewing rain, on the dull grey breast  
Of the stormclouds swelling in the east.

It is going to be an extremely uncomfortable day  
For the blood-tunicked Askari who stands, rifle in hand,  
On the crest of the hill; but rain is not his only anxiety.

The leash is loosed, and the dog is about to savage its master,  
For the ravening teeth are already gnashing, groping rabidly  
For the whiteman's tender calves. But whether it is the

tyranny of steel  
Or the tyranny of propaganda it will be tyranny all the same;

One can be sure  
That the whip will crack down again on the hound's back.  
Men like roulette chips are shoved on to the board  
Before the faceless gamblers of the world; but whether  
The board is white or black or a chequer of both  
It is certain that the chips as a class remain unable as ever  
To determine their destiny  
And that the great tufted cranes could never  
Outwit the tyranny of the elements.

JOHN BULL, (Sixth Form).

### HOT AT LATIN

It was hot. It was clammy. A heavy drowsiness hung over the form-room. Why did they always pick a boiling hot day for a Latin Lesson? On the other hand, I mused, why shouldn't they? There was always the chance that the burning fury of the sun might shrivel up those deadly, dog-eared text books, leaving nought but smoking ash. Then what a rumpus they would kick up! I could imagine the printers frantically having to set up their type all over again; the examiners tearing their hair in frustration; and the Classics master begging the Head to be allowed to teach pottery for a while.

Through a haze, I gazed enviously at the Latin master. He had artfully taken up his usual position in the shadows, which strangely, were never cast over his pupils. The latter slowly but surely roasted as they surveyed their tantalisingly white and cool text books on the sweating desks.

Somehow or other, the same heat turned our all-knowing Latin master's words into a sort of buzz, rather like that of a persistent wasp. Then I noticed that his gown had suddenly changed into a toga; his head had sprouted a flashing golden helmet; while his limbs had become sun-tanned and brawny. His brown shoes are now transformed into sandals, and I formed the impression that I was staring at a Roman general. The funny thing was, I wasn't a bit surprised, not even when the form-room misted up, and then suddenly cleared — to reveal a large Roman camp, dotted with tents. Our Legion, of which I was one of the more massive members, was standing stiffly at attention ready for



battle. The sun beat down relentlessly; our faces glistened with manly sweat. Our leader faced us, and, as his snapped-out orders cut through the heavy atmosphere, I could see that his deep-set eyes were hard, and his leather-brown face grim. He knew our lives were at stake, but he could not forget that the existence of Rome depended on our grit and sacrifice.

"The Queens' slaves are about to love the senator's wine!" he rapped out. (Again I wasn't surprised, as my Latin text book had told me that the Romans were always saying this sort of thing.) At once the most highly efficient soldiers in the world took up their respective positions. All listened intently as the general went on to conduct an interrogation which began with "How many sons will have sent you togas by the fifth hour?" and ended with "Why are the gods not making the Etruscans' wives more beautiful?"

He had scarcely finished when we heard the sound of the enemy approaching. Nearer and nearer they came, so near that I could hear their voices, in a strangely familiar tongue:

"Hey, Jones, you sure the bell's gone? No one else's moving".

"'Course. I'm sure of it! Let's get up there before 'e comes!"

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! On they came. My heart missed a beat as I heard a boulder land somewhere in the midst of our camp.

"You idiot! Pick it up!"

"It's only a Latin book".

"He's looking. Quick!"

Would he never give the order to attack? Would they crush us as we stood there? The moment eventually came. Our great general, Dux Moriens (known to the rude soldiery as Dying Duck) roared in his stentorian voice:

"Abla-tive Absol-ute"

With the war cry "Trucido — first conjugation — I massacre!" on our lips, we soon routed the enemy, each of whom had a distinct resemblance to one or other of the more unpopular Raynes Park prefects.

We left the field marching in time to the general's "Hic-hic hic-haec-hoc", which to our ears sounded like "Left-left-left-right-left".

With the sun still blazing, we all assembled in the general's tent, a huge affair that somehow brought to mind a Grammar School form-room. Prisoners were paraded before us, among them the beautiful daughter of the enemy King. The general's heart softened when he saw her, and he kindly consented to grant her a last wish.

"Please", she begged, pointing to a handsome book-case "May I take some Geography text books?" Her voice was strangely familiar, and I vaguely thought she looked like a certain Geography mistress. Chivalry not being dead in the great man's heart, permission was graciously granted. Then he turned on me with fierce eyes.

"Translate!" he yelled.

Suddenly the green fields jumped up and became solid walls; the persistent wasp's buzzing becoming meaningful again; the general in his toga became the Classics master and his black gown.

"Translate, boy, translate!"

A text book on a desk gradually came out of a dispersing mist. I became aware of a ceiling and windows; in fact, a grim classroom. The sun still shone, but the Latin master's face was dark and threatening . . . .

ALAN GORMAN, (Third Form).

#### XP

AS I walked down a country lane

I saw a gibbet, arm outflung

From its beam, swinging there

A tattered scarecrow hung.

He had a turnip for a head

And he was stuffed with straw

Gold showed at his hands feet

And stuck out from his maw.

He gazed at the sky with hollow eyes

And never spoke a word,

He gazed at the sky with hollow eyes

And saw nor tree nor bird.

Doubtless he had forgiven the farmer  
Who hung him there for jest  
Cooled by dew, shaded by trees  
And by the wind caressed.

A party of hikers came by  
And looked with mocking smile  
The scarecrow looked at the heavens above  
And forgave them all the while.

As I walked down a country lane  
I saw a gibbet made of oak  
A crowned scarecrow hung on high  
And soldiers rent his cloak.

M. McLEAN, (Sixth Form).

### **"THE SHIN GAME"**

Spring is here, and a young man's fancy lightly turns to thought of . . . . hockey. Yes, the hockey season is here again, and once again the familiar cry, "Keep to the wings !" rings out across the fields. Before we go any further, don't misunderstand me, don't think I don't enjoy the game, it's just that I've encountered some of the difficulties in playing it.

The main one is playing on the left wing. Out there in the lonely wastes with only the right half, who follows you round like a hungry dog, for company, there are two major requirements: first you need your left hand on your right arm, and vice-versa, (this would enable you to grip the stick properly without doing an impression of a corkscrew with hiccups, every time you get a chance to hit the ball). Secondly you need your feet attached at right angles to your legs (this would enable you to run forwards AND hit the ball without going through violent body contortions and look like a scalded crab trying to tie its shoe laces).

On the rare occasions the ball does reach you (this usually happens when the striker mis-hits his pass to the right wing), you are immediately in difficulty, for even if you avoid the shin-crippling attack of your opponent, the ball either rolls into touch or proceeds towards the far goal-line at approximately the speed of sound. In the latter case, you chase optimistically after it

with the rest of the team screaming "Centre it ! Centre it !" You reach it, but too late, it is only an inch from the goal-line.

In the hope of saving it, there are two courses open to you: you can either stop it, in which case the opposing back will trot up and knock it down to the other end of the field, or you can attempt a reverse-stick hit which will in all probability fail miserably; (in fact since both manoeuvres entail overrunning the ball and incurring grievous facial injuries by impaling yourself on the corner post, you are well advised to just let it roll over the line).

Hockey of course has its disappointments off the field as well as on. For example, after arriving at the ground in a stuffy coach on a freezing cold afternoon, you struggle out of the coach (receiving painful blows in the teeth and abdomen from your travelling companions who thoughtfully get their hockey-sticks down from the rack as you go by) only to be informed that the ground is unfit for human consumption or something similar, by a plebeian character in gum-boots and a cloth-cap, and who not only has a remarkable pump-handle nose, but later turns out to be their senior classics master.

This you discover to your cost, for you too have travelled with your senior classics master, and as you stand there in the freezing cold wind they guffaw loudly at what Cicero said to Cæsar in 65 B.C. For those who have not heard the joke, the dialogue goes something like this:

Cicero: "Cur gallina viam transiit ?"

Cæsar: "Nescio, cur transiit viam gallina".

Cicero: "Ad rem obscenam".

Cæsar: "I don't wish to know that, kindly leave the Coliseum".

(For the benefit of those who do not understand this Latin there is a Latin-English Dictionary in most libraries).

Still, all these disadvantages are forgotten when you hear the thump of the ball against the back-board, and come off the field with the satisfaction that you have actually overcome this seemingly endless string of difficulties and scored.

PETER REDSHAW.

## HOCKEY 1st XI

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

*Captain:* M. A. Yeldham.      *Secretary:* V. E. Bown.

### Results

#### *Opponents:*

Kingston Grammar School	...	...	...	...	Drew	2-2
Trinity School	...	...	...	...	Won	3-1
Royal Masonic School	...	...	...	...	Won	2-1
Badingham College	...	...	...	...	Won	2-1
Thames Valley School	...	...	...	...	Won	3-1

Goals:

For: 12.

Against: 6.

Although the usually wet Autumn and January severely curtailed practices and fixtures, the hockey team had a very successful season, winning four, and drawing one, of the five matches played.

Once again the main strength of the side lay in defence, in which Morley in goal, Yeldham and Bond (backs) and Ayres (centre half) played very well indeed. The wing halves, Hooper and Cumes, were good in constructive play, but lacked bite in their tackling and close covering. On many occasions we were fortunate in having backs and a centre half who were so quick in recovery.

The forward line was variable and lop-sided, having greater strength on the right. Davie's speed enabled him to build up many attacks, in which he was well supported by Holmes, a most enthusiastic and energetic inside-right; Frank-Keyes at centre forward improved as the season progressed, and played particularly well against Thames Valley in the last match. Unfortunately Bown on the left wing, could not produce the form of the previous season. He was unfortunate in not having a regular inside partner, and seemed to lack confidence.

Two of the victories, at least, were gained against teams which held definite territorial advantage, and they vindicated the fast open game, as opposed to close dribbling which enables a defence to take up position more easily, especially when it is carried out to excess on an uneven surface. Next season, perhaps, when we should feel the benefit of regularly rolled pitches, there will be an improvement in speed and stickwork which will make the game more skilful and enjoyable for all.

W. H. HERDMAN.

A glance at the above results will show two things. In the first place, we have had, statistically, an extremely successful season, and secondly, we have played very few games. In actual fact, the monsoon that prevailed throughout the early part of the season, and at odd intervals during it, robbed us of eight of our thirteen fixtures. Those matches that we did play, however, yielded extremely satisfying results. The reasons for this are twofold. Firstly, the team possessed a potentially

sound defence and spirited attack, both of which combined on most occasions to produce good team hockey, and secondly, the lesson learned from last year's experiments in giving nineteen players a chance to prove their worth in the first eleven, has proved invaluable. Last year, for the first six of the nine games played, the team was continually re-shuffled in an attempt to find a match-winning combination. As a result, the best we could do was to draw two of these matches, losing the other four. Throughout the last three matches, however, no changes were made, and all these matches resulted in victories. In contrast, this year, team changes were made only when made necessary by the illness or absence of regular team members. I think that the results speak for themselves.

### MEMBERS OF THE TEAM

Morley — Goal Keeper: Colours 1958.

Despite the fact that he would far rather play as a forward, he has kept goal excellently this season. Once again, as in rugby, he raised the team's spirit throughout the season, and hindered its financial progress.

Bond — Left Back: Colours 1959.

A tenacious player. His tackling, covering and clearing, have been excellent. Those attributes earned him the award of his colours.

Cumes — Left Half: Colours 1959.

An extremely energetic player, who covers a prodigious amount of ground during each match. This may be due to the fact that he only owns one boot, but whatever the reason, it was mainly his hard work that earned him his colours.

Ayres — Centre Half: Colours 1959.

His stick-work and positional play have vastly improved since last year. This improvement, coupled with hard work, earned him his colours this season.

Hooper — Right Half.

A fine attacking half-back whose main weakness lies in his tackling. His stick-work, however, is exceptional, and this allows him on most occasions to clear the ball accurately and well.

Bowern — Left Wing.

He has been an able and capable secretary, and I should like to thank him for all the work he has done in this capacity. Although his play has not been brilliant, he has proved himself a capable left winger.

Venison — Inside Left.

He is a reliable, if not brilliant, forward, who would do better if he varied his direction of attack. His play should improve a great deal with experience.

Frank-Keyes — Centre Forward.

One of our two leading goal scorers. He would score more goals if he were faster — a fault not his own — and if his stick-work im-

proved more. He has a good eye for quick shots, and occasionally scores brilliant goals from the most unlikely positions.

Holmes — Inside Right: Colours 1958.

The second of our two top goal scorers. He is very keen on the game, and stops talking when playing seriously. His goals were due mainly to the fact that he possesses an extremely hard shot, and works well during the game.

Davie — Right Wing: Colours 1959.

He is very fast winger who can always be relied upon to give good service to his team's inside and centre forwards. It is his speed, and willingness to chase the seemingly irretrievable passes that are the hallmark of Raynes Park's play, that have earned him his colours.

In summing up, I think that the team can be justly proud of its unbeaten record, however few the games played, and regarded as the authors and instigators of an extremely successful season.

*Teams chosen from:*

Morley, Yeldham, Bond, Hopper, Ayres, Cumes, Davie, Holmes, Frank-Keyes, Venison, Bowern, Wearn, Slater, Gould.

MICHAEL YELDHAM.

## HOCKEY 2nd XI

### Results

*Opponents:*

Kingston Grammar School ...	...	...	...	...	Lost	1-9
Trinity School ...	...	...	...	...	Drawn	2-2
Royal Masonic ...	...	...	...	...	Lost	2-7
Badingham College ...	...	...	...	...	Won	4-0
Thames Valley ...	...	...	...	...	Won	9-0

As can be seen from the results, we have had a somewhat chequered season. The weather, as fickle as ever, robbed us of eight games out of thirteen, and a return of the 'flu epidemic prevented us from once turning out a full-strength team; in fact, as many as twenty players have been called upon for only five games.

After losing heavily to the greater experience of Kingston, we fared a little better against Trinity but wasted our chances. Though outclassed by Royal Masonic, there were signs that the team were combining better, and these were confirmed in the last two matches which we won comfortably.

The reasons for early losses are, I think, two in number: firstly, although the defence was sound when actually defending, they were a little slow in getting the ball away, tending to try and dribble it clear instead of a good firm hit. Secondly, the forwards, after doing some good approach work, were uncertain when presented with opportunities in the circle. In the final games however, both these faults were remedied with no small measure of success.

Crowe, as centre-forward, is a powerful shooter and has a good eye; these qualities have combined to make him our main goal-getter, scoring all four goals against Badingham and getting five more against Thames Valley. Foulsham, at centre-half, has been outstanding, combining a hard, determined tackle with a good service to the forwards. Both goal-keepers selected, Thomas and Ekins, played well, (the latter having a very powerful clearance) but both had an unfortunately large quota of bad luck.

Goal-scorers: Crowe (12); Gould (2); Baker, Burgess, Thompson, Redshaw (1).

*The team has been selected from:*

Ekins, Thomas, Heaver, Slater, Brookes, Clark, P. C. Thompson, Foulsham, Clarke, G. C., Steer, Attwood, Davies, P., Baker, Furminger, Jacobs, Burgess, Gould, Williams, J. T., Crowe, R. F. D., Redshaw.

PETER REDSHAW.

## HOCKEY COLT XI

1959 has proved a sadly disappointing season for Colt as well as for School Hockey. Fog, frost, and flood together reduced the available days to a mere six and matches to three only. Ground conditions, therefore, were never good, especially as it was not possible to use the new roller. In spite of this some very promising material was to be seen — Shaw, Clarke and Sinfield at full-back, Wheeler, Courtenay (Captain) and Nisbet at half-back, Brown, Hall and Early at forward all made marked advances, while many others developed steadily. I hope strongly that better ground conditions — probable — and an earlier start — possible — will set the scene for a marked rise in playing standards at Colt level in the next few years.

P. O'DRISCOLL.

## INTER-HOUSE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE

The annual inter-house race for the S. H. Marshall Cross-Country Cup was run this year on Thursday, 12th March, after a number of postponements due to illness and other causes. It was a mild sunny afternoon, and the course was fairly dry, save for the usual places along the brook. Partridge got away to a good start and set a moderate fast pace, though in doing so he served others better than himself. The race was a slow one, even by Raynes Park Standards, and this is possibly to be explained by the fact that a number of our more notable runners failed to find their usual form. Foulsham was the first home, with a time of 19 min. 54 sec.; Deed, who came third, is to be congratulated on his very creditable performance in what is in effect his first year of serious cross-country running. The house results were as follows:—

Cobbs — 1st, 125 points:

Foulsham 1st, Pacey-Day 5th, Strutt 10th, Jenner 11th, Steer 16th, Griffin 20th, Gates 29th, Furminger 33rd.



Newsoms — 2nd, 135 points:

Partridge 7th, Thompson 8th, Hooper 12th, Yeldham 17th, Cottee (N.) 19th, Figgins 22nd, Cottee (R) 23rd, Redshaw 27th.

Halliwells — 3rd, 166 points:

Colmer 2nd, Burgess 4th, Williams 13th, Dollery 14th, Impey 21st, Thornton 34th, Mottershead 38th, Higham 40th.

Miltons — 4th, 192 points:

Eatough 6th, Heaver 9th, Cumes 15th, Green 25th, Slater 26th, Davie 30th, Phillips 39th, Lach 42nd.

Gibbs — 5th, 226 points:

Deed 3rd, Cushing 18th, Johnson 24th, Wearn 28th, Ayres 31st, Venison 32nd, Thomas 41st, Williams 49th.

J. A. COLMER.

### COLT RUGBY

This selection of Nicholls not only as a player but as captain of the ENGLAND (15 group) team to play WALES at Leicester on 4th April is not only a just recognition of his merits as a player, but is also a compliment to the School. We, as a school, are proud of the honour done to Nicholls, we wish him a victorious captaincy and we look forward to his — and our — future success.

P. O'DRISCOLL.

### RUGBY v. HOCKEY

Of late, the eternal question of whether hockey and rugby can live peaceably side by side in a comparatively small school, has once more come to the forefront, and given rise to some often heated argument. This renewed discussion is due chiefly, of course, to the weather which has limited hockey games to an all time record minimum, but also partly to growing alarm at poor rugby results. When the school seven-a-side rugby team limp off the pitch in the Spring term, having been soundly thrashed by a neighbouring school they are apt to curse the fact that they must waste half the rugby season propped up by a hockey stick waiting for the occasional day when those familiar words "All hockey today is cancelled" do not ring in their ears. They are naturally despondent when a perfect rugby pitch is declared either too hard or too soft for hockey and they must once more do library duty or cross country.

A few hockey enthusiasts might plead, "Now fair's fair chaps; one man's meat is another man's poison. Let's give everybody a chance to play the game of his choice". But the truth is blatantly obvious. No matter what sports we play, apart from a fringe of sporting specialists, the hard core of the players is always the same. For instance, if we get down to hard, truthful facts, we will see that seven of the regular 1st's hockey team, Morley, Bond, Yeldham, Ayres, Frank-Keyes, Venison,

and Foulsham, play for the 1st rugby XV, plus Davie who is captain of the 'seconds'. Similarly, seven of the 1st's cricket team, Yeldham, Morley, Wearn, Bond, Ayres, Frank-Keyes, and Clark, also play for the 1st rugby XV. Therefore it is quite safe to assume that whether we played marbles or curling the same knot of people would be in the respective 1st teams, thus proving that the old saying "one man's meat is another man's poison" simply does not apply in this case.

If still undaunted our hockey enthusiast will say, "Well, if it's to be a case of either hockey or rugby, why don't we drop rugby and concentrate on hockey? Our results are much better, and as a sport it is far better suited to a small school than rugby". To which the rugby men will scoff, "Why are our results better? Because we play teams of fifteen year olds from tiny boarding schools. And, anyway, when we do come up against a comparable school, such as Kingston Grammar, we are beaten hands down. Why is this?" The answer, of course, is simply: because Kingston Grammar play hockey all the year round. Similarly Surbiton play rugby all the year round and as a result thrash us. Therefore, if we are going to raise the sporting prestige of the school, we have got to choose between hockey and rugby.

What are the "pros" and "cons" of our choice? Rugby caters for four more boys in each team (an argument which could be used against it considering the size of our school), it is said to be "character building", and evokes particularly enthusiastic support from members of the staff. Hockey, on the other hand, is not a "girls' game". One has to be just as fit for hockey as one does for rugby, but the great thing against it, is, considering the situation of Oberon, the weather. For proof of this let it suffice to say that under a third of the school matches have been played so far this season, in fact, only three, whereas a pretty extensive rugby fixture list could have been played off.

However, the final word must be left to the people who are most concerned — the boys themselves. For that purpose a survey has just been completed in which a random sample of 100 boys from the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth forms (i.e. those who play *both* sports) were asked two questions. Firstly:-

1. If the school were to drop either hockey or rugby and concentrate entirely on one of them, which would you prefer to play throughout the winter months?

In answer to this,

54% were pro-rugby,

40% were pro-hockey,

and 6% didn't know.

This seems to indicate a distinct victory for the rugby players especially those in the third and fourth forms who voted for rugby almost to a man. In the sixth form however the situation was different, hockey

just about beating rugby. This I suspect, though, was due to the fact that many people asked in the sixth played neither rugby nor hockey and that, when they were confronted with the choice, they choose hockey as a soft option. This, of course, the reader will bear in mind.

The second question was:-

2. Are you satisfied with the present system or do you think that the school should play either hockey or rugby all the winter ?

In answer to this,

55% said they were satisfied,

30% said they would like to play rugby all the time,

and 15% said they would like to play hockey all the time.

From this I will only draw two conclusions. Firstly it would appear that the rugby-lovers are twice as keen as the hockey players, and secondly that the school as a whole is not interested in poor inter-school results. Despite the fact that rugby is undeniably the most popular game, we are content to jog along with our "let's keep everybody happy" feelings, whilst our prestige throughout the county sinks lower and lower in the eyes of other schools. Let us wake up and enjoy victory with the same relish as we accept defeat !

P. J. VENISON.

---

### EDITORS

Norman Stephenson; J. Davie; T. G. Ayres; J. A. Colmer;  
N. G. Cottey; P. J. Venison.